

WISDOM AND DAMN GOOD ADVICE

Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

ALL
2011
NEW

JANUARY 2011

THE

OF

VIEA

Life

STING

WHAT
I'VE LEARNED

BY

GEORGE H.W.
BUSH

ROBERT
DUVALL

YOKO
ONO

AARON
FRED W.

RUTH W.

ROBERT
DENIRO

DANNY DEVITO

JODIE FOSTER

ROBERT
REDFORD

SAMUEL L.
JACKSON

MARY-
LOUISE
PARKER

RICKY
GERVAIS

TED
DANSON

JAMES L. BROOKS

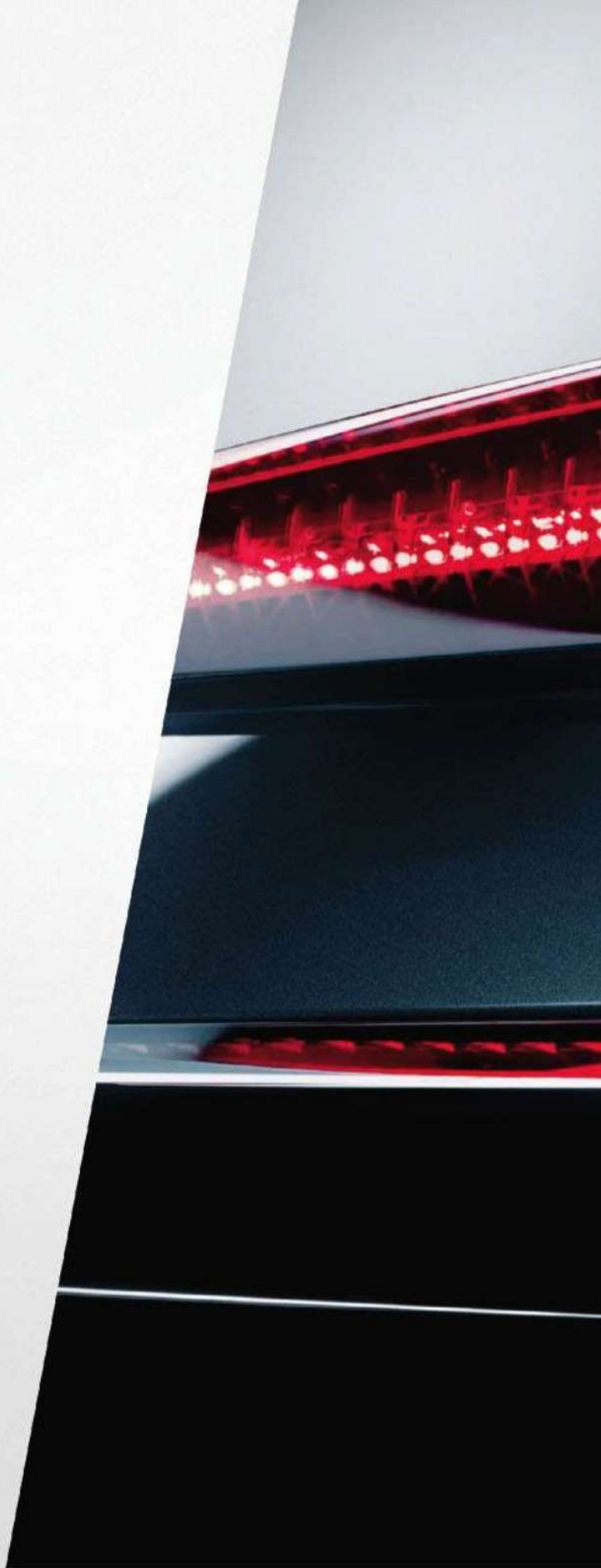
ALBERT BROOKS

PLUS

WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED

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LOTS OF POINTS.



NONE OF REFERENCE.

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BREAKS NEW GROUND, WHILE THE
BRAKE LIGHT DOUBLES AS A SPOILER
TO MAKE SURE IT NEVER LEAVES IT.**



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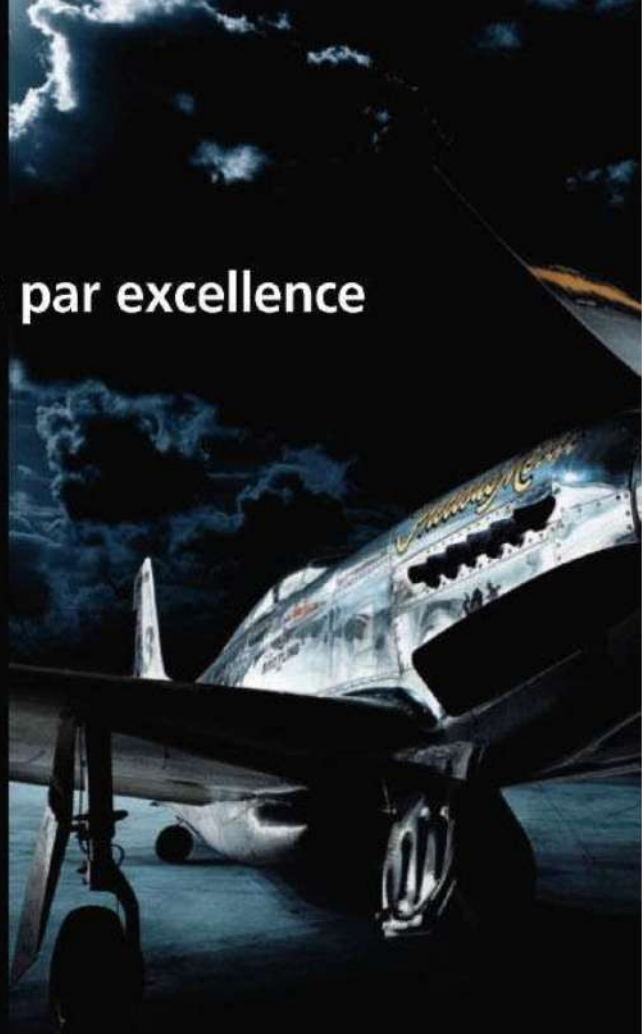
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KAHLÚA
THE ORIGINAL
SPIRIT OF VERACRUZ

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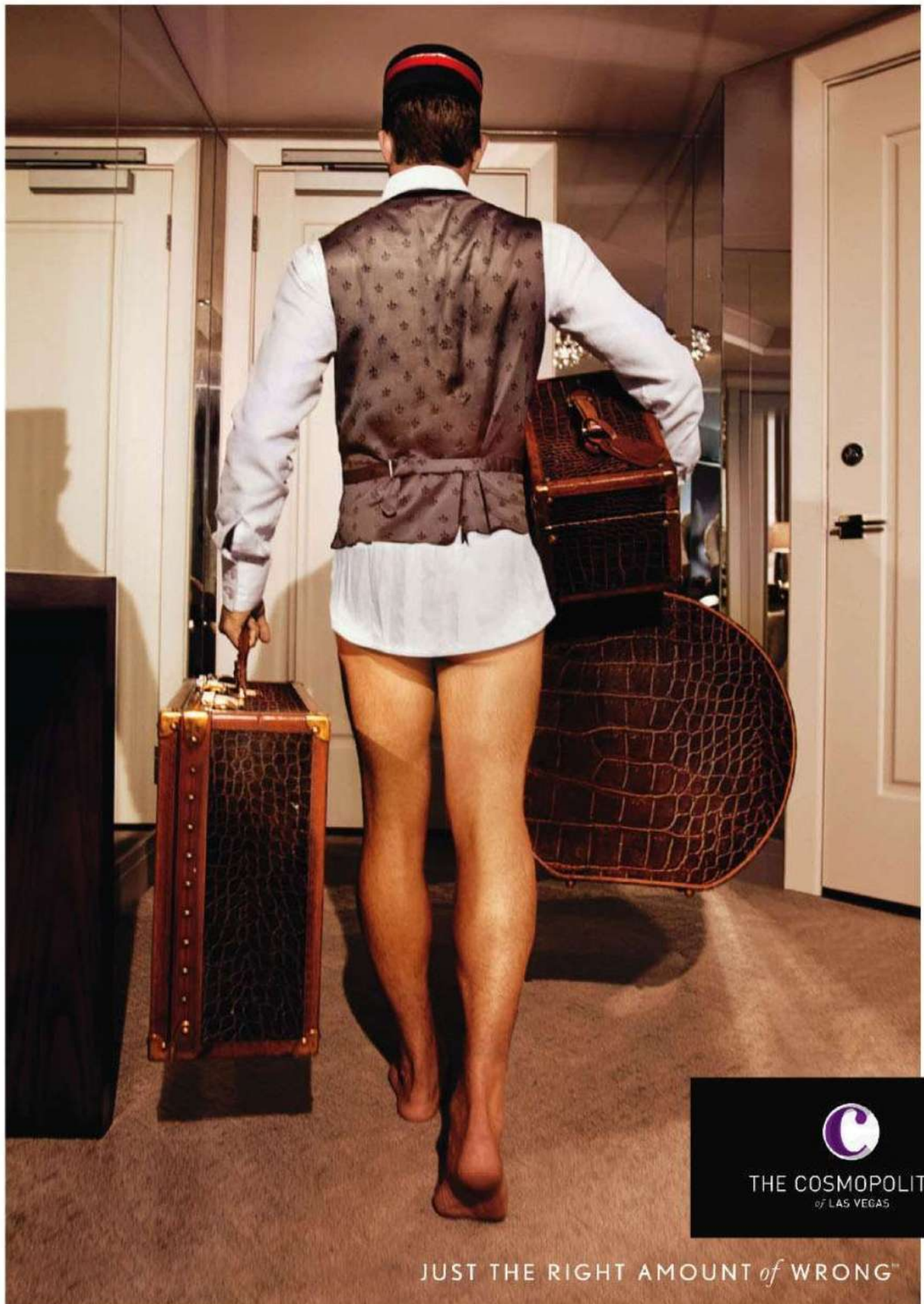
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THIS WAY IN

THE SOUND & THE FURY

This Month in This Way In: Your letters! [pages 10, 12, 16, and 17.](#)

Your letters with accompanying illustrations! [page 12.](#) Things we like about Canada [page 14.](#) Shows you might like on the DIY Network [page 16.](#) And a visual guide to the meaning of life—or at least to those people profiled in this year's Meaning of Life Issue [page 17.](#)



AND THE WINNER IS...

The November issue started with a big announcement: the naming of 2010's Sexiest Woman Alive, Minka Kelly ("Minka Kelly Is the Sexiest Woman Alive").

Minka Kelly is luminous. Like any woman, she is truly at her most beautiful when she is comfortable and relaxed—as she appears on your cover.

JORDAN CARSON
Edmonton, Alberta



After enjoying Luke Dittrich's article on Henry Molaison's brain ("The Brain That Changed Everything"), I got to the story on Minka. The picture on page 131 stopped me in my tracks. I may never get to C. J. Chivers's story on the AK-47 ("The Gun"). The next time you cover Ms. Kelly, I suggest putting her in the back.

JON KRAUT
Davison, Mich.

I do not know who Minka Kelly is. But the picture on the cover—her hands above her head, the softest T-shirt I have ever seen, her perfect stomach—proves it: She is the Sexiest Woman Alive.

ELLIOTT KRAUSE
Lawrence, Kans.

DO THEY HAVE THE PERFECT STOMACH? HOW SOFT ARE THEIR T-SHIRTS?

I have seen indigenous women of the Yanomami tribe in Brazil who are a thousand times more sexy. Get your eyes checked.

WILLIAM HOWERTON
West Palm Beach, Fla.

CONTEXT-FREE
HIGHLIGHT
FROM A LETTER
WE WON'T
BE RUNNING



"You idiots. I look forward to my next issue."

ESQUIRE SAVES AMERICA

This fall we challenged five men—former senators Gary Hart, Bill Bradley, Bob Packwood, and John Danforth, with MSNBC's Lawrence O'Donnell as chairman—to balance the federal budget. We published their plan of action, which has our country reaching a surplus by 2020, in November ("Balance") and forwarded a copy to every member of Congress.

Well done. Especially the dollar-per-gallon gas tax, which we've needed for decades. I noticed only one glaring oversight: the salaries and benefits for government employees, including members of Congress.

JIM CHRISTENSEN
Santa Maria, Calif.

What
You Wrote
About



Something alien to the
world of multigrain.
Taste.



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THIS WAY IN

Your findings are certainly worthy of consideration by this, or any, political administration. The report by the presidential commission with Alan Simpson et al. covers many of the same ideas, however, whether either Democrats or Republicans will utilize any of the findings is unlikely. No doubt these new reports will gather dust on

CONTEXT-FREE
HIGHLIGHT
FROM A LETTER
WE WON'T
BE RUNNING

"As a Burmese, I demand a public apology and a free paid subscription to GQ."

the same shelf as the Grace Commission report from two decades ago.

JOHN MILNE
Bethel, Conn.

Simply stunning. The impulse to kill the middle class runs deep. They want to cap the tax deductions we get on state and local taxes, install a tax credit on health insurance so we'll understand how important it is not to get sick, and make us keep working until seventy. Wow. So much for those golden years, eh? If those are the best ideas out there, we're all screwed.

LINDA MERLOTTI
Grand Rapids, Mich.

This collection of wealthy men shows all the compassion for working people of czarist Russia and prerevolution France.

LEON GINSBERG
Boone, N. C.

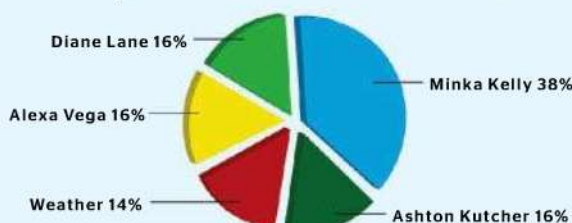
HENRY'S BRAIN

Also in the November issue, contributing editor Luke Dittrich told the story of Henry Molaison's brain. Sixty years ago, Dittrich's grandfather performed surgery on Molaison that inadvertently created the most influential brain of our time, changing what we know about identity and memory. Now a new doctor is about to cut into Molaison's brain. And everything we know stands to change again ("The Brain That Changed Everything").

THE MINKA EFFECT

On October 11, we announced 2010's Sexiest Woman Alive. The Internet responded.

Top five searches on Yahoo! (October 11)



2,297,546: Number of page views on Esquire.com on October 11.

10: Number of days it took for one million people to view Minka's video (available at esquire.com/swa-2010).

30.2: Percentage of searches on Esquire.com on October 11 for Minka Kelly.

0.2: Percentage of searches on Esquire.com on October 11 for Derek Jeter.

I have not read a more moving or fascinating article. It was written in such a way that I could understand everything in it, even though I'm not a scientist or medical practitioner by any stretch. More than that, it was entertaining in a way that was both morbid and gratifying.

LUKE HENDRICKS
Newnan, Ga.

I was horrified by the treatment of Henry. To destroy a person's life—there was no question he was better off before his surgery—and

then turn him into intellectual property with no compensation or basic human regard is so repellent that I feel ashamed to even be sharing humanity with everyone involved. I wish I could remove my own brain and rinse off this article.

ANN GREENAN
Escondido, Calif.

Dittrich's article was beautifully written, bringing to life some of the incredible research focusing on the brain of the now-famous patient, but I take issue when he says Molaison's brain "taught us everything we know about memory." That is an injustice to the hundreds of researchers who study learning and memory outside the realm of this one man's brain. Eric Kandel was awarded the Nobel Prize in physiology or medicine in 2000 for his work on learning and memory. Furthermore, our first understanding of the genes directly responsible for animal behavior stemmed from the groundbreaking work of geneticist Seymour Benzer. What we know about mem-

[continued on page 16]

THE ILLUSTRATED LETTER

Every so often, you send a story so compelling (or amusing), words alone don't do it justice. This month, associate editor Julian Sancton provided illustrations for a letter from Bryant Laney of Knoxville, Tennessee.



When I got my new issue of Esquire yesterday, I stood in front of the mailbox in awe of the beauty of Minka Kelly. Usually I get the mail quickly to avoid being run over....

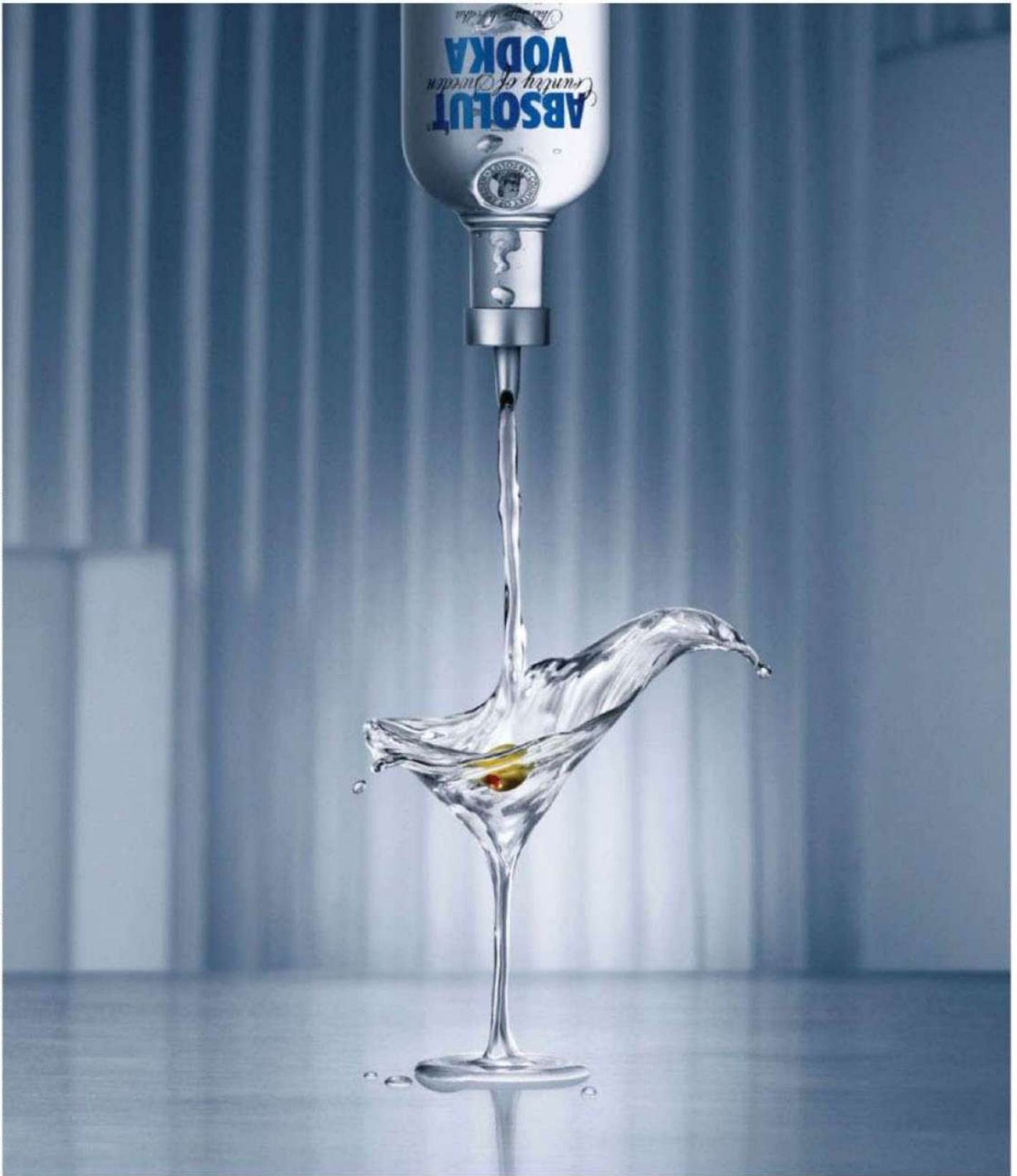


Not yesterday. After almost hitting me, a driver slammed on his brakes and yelled, "What on earth can be so important that you stand in the road and almost get hit?"



That's when I showed him the cover. He smiled at me, laughed, and said, "Okay, that would explain it. She is gorgeous." Then he got back in his car and went on his way.

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THIS WAY IN

A
Letter
from the
Editor



NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING



I was sitting in my kitchen with writer at large Tom Junod last night, watching some football (and Tom Brady's hair), and we were chatting about this very thing—with regard

WAIT. THAT'S NOT QUITE what I mean. What I mean is that our culture is overrun with pundits and commentators—especially in the worlds of sports, entertainment, and politics—who sit behind a desk and in front of a camera and gas on about what is going to happen. It's just about the only thing we produce anymore: unfounded opinion and vitriolic prediction.

to Mike Vick. When Vick went off to the big house for running a dog-fighting (and dog-killing) business, the unanimity of opinion was that twenty-three months away from the game would rob him of his legs and youth and NFL career. As we see, nothing could be further from the truth: He's every bit as good as he was in Atlanta, *and* he's grown an arm. (Why Pennsylvania's two NFL teams have disreputable characters under center is another question entirely.)

But whether the topic is President Obama's chances at reelection or the melting glaciers of Greenland, predicting the future is a tiresome pursuit, especially for those of us on the receiving end of said predictions.

This issue is the antidote to all that. No bullshit, no self-satisfied swagger or fatuous self-aggrandizement. Just Cal Fussman (and a few of our other writers) prompting a lineup of truly extraordinary people to share with us their hard-earned understanding of how life works.

A few weeks ago, I sat down to read early versions of most of these What I've Learned interviews, and when I saw the list of names, the potential delights seemed so endless that I couldn't decide in what order to read them. So I started alphabetically, and as I finished each one and prepared to open the next, I was overcome with a delicious sense of anticipation: Albert Brooks, James L. Brooks, George H. W. Bush, Ted Danson, Danny DeVito, Robert Duvall... Jodie Foster... Robert Redford... Aaron Sorkin, and on and on.

It's an extraordinary collection for a couple of reasons. First, these people know what they are talking about—they are experts in the professions they have chosen and masters of the lives they lead. And second, it's heartening for the generosity of spirit that's embodied in every one of them. Imagine: accomplished people sharing the things they *know* without rancor, pettiness, or jealousy.

Consider this our little refuge from the world. It's my favorite issue of the year. —DAVID GRANGER

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THIS WAY IN

[continued from page 12]

ory is the result of many researchers working across multiple disciplines with the unified intention of understanding behavioral

TWO THINGS YOU MIGHT WANT TO WATCH ON THE DIY NETWORK THIS MONTH

1. *The Vanilla Ice Project* (Thursdays at 9:00 P.M.) In this series about the nineties rapper's attempt to restore and flip houses, it's hard to tell what's more amazing: that Robert Van Winkle knows how to replace a toilet, or that it's somewhat interesting to watch him do it.



2. *Esquire's Ultimate Bachelor Pad* (January 6 at 10:00 P.M.) (pictured) Contractor and DIY host Amy Matthews presents the making of our 2010 signature design space, Esquire House L.A. (For our own take on the house, see page 52.)

biology. To ignore their contributions is a great injustice to their field of research.

CHRISTOPHER TABONE
Las Vegas, Nev.

YOU'RE WELCOME?

To help you prepare for the recent midterm elections, the November issue included a guide: "The Best and Worst Members of Congress."

Fucking bravo. I have read Esquire previously, despite what I viewed as a liberal bias; your other articles made it worthwhile. But this coverage was spot-on and bias-free—an even-handed calling out of idiots on both sides of the aisle.

JOHN B. GILPIN
Bossier City, La.

Bravo for calling out Joe Barton (R-Texas) on your ten worst list. His private-service focus was never more clearly on display than when he pointed out that Obama's demand for BP to establish a special fund from which to pay claims was authorized by neither any existing statute nor the Constitution. When the villain is as beyond the pale as BP, trivialities like the rule of law shouldn't slow anyone down, including that deplorable rascal Barton.

JASON ADAMS
Chicago, Ill.

You thought you could sneak some humor in on the "The Best and Worst Members of Congress" list by adding Barney Frank to the good-guys side, didn't you? We all know the key part he played in the mortgage crisis. I have to

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on the
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Yeah, our new iPad app costs five bucks. But it's really pretty. Plus, it comes with some entertaining extras, like these:

1. Amusing videos: Animated versions of visual rules, and iPad-only comics.

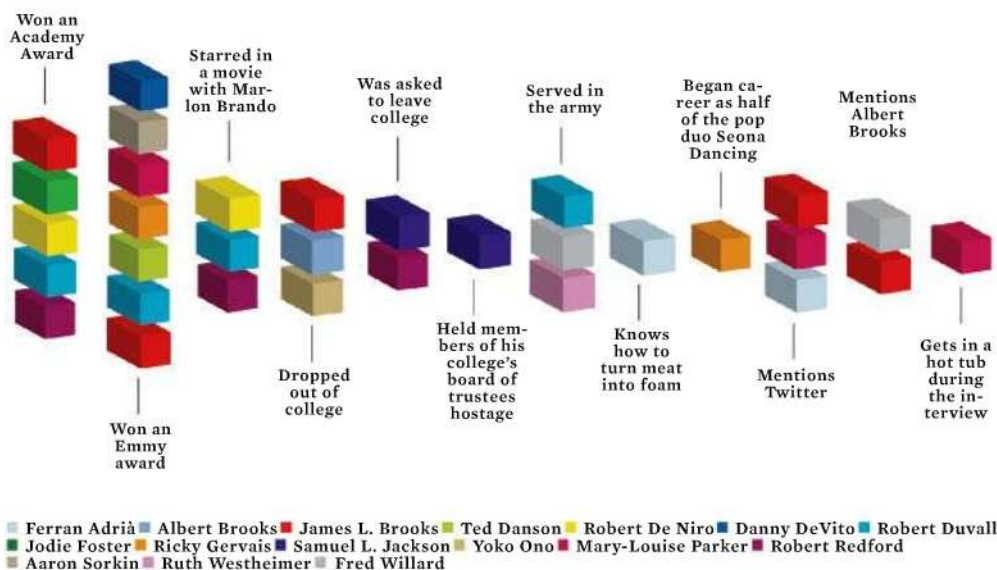
2. Interactive packing tips! After you read this month's guide to packing your luggage (page 41), practice on a digital suitcase.

3. A beautiful woman telling jokes: more Sarah Roemer (page 26). (Also available at esquire.com/funny-joke-videos.)

4. A beautiful woman lip-synching: Actress Daniela Ruah (pictured above) lip-synchs audio excerpts from Robert De Niro, Samuel L. Jackson, Danny DeVito, and other What I've Learned interviewees.

THE MEANING OF LIFE: A VISUAL GUIDE

The seventeen people profiled in this year's collection of wisdom, insight, and occasional lunacy (beginning on page 56) have some unique qualifications. Here are just a few of them.



admit, that was a good one.

JOHN R. SILVERS
Loveland, Colo.

Although Paul Ryan (R-Wisconsin) may have some good ideas regarding fiscal responsibility, for you to label Medicare and Social Security (which Ryan wants to cut) "entitlement programs" is completely wrong. Any program that I and others have been paying into for years is not "entitlement." It's an investment in our future. For many people, those programs are what keep them from starving to death or dying from illness.

DAVID MEAD
Hurst, Tex.

ELSEWHERE IN THE BIN

I live in a shitty little town in France where the postman usually nicks anything good I receive by mail. Amazon is a problem, so are magazine subscriptions and care packages from family back in the States. That's why I was happy to see your new iPad app. But I have a problem with the lack of a subscription option. I'd rather

kill trees, subscribe to the hard copy, and risk having it filched by the postman than shell out five dollars every month for quality journalism in pixelated form. If you can work this out, I promise I'll subscribe to the iPad version forevermore, or at least until iPads become obsolete.

MICHAEL DUNHAM
Contis-Plage, France

I began reading Esquire three years ago in an airport after the sudden death of my father, and it was the first thing to pull me out of the

darkness and give me hope during one of the worst experiences of my then nineteen years. This magazine picked up where he left off in teaching me about life and how to be a woman through the eyes of a man at his best.

TAWNY WARD
Santa Rosa, Calif.

I'm thirty-nine today, and I know almost nothing about alcohol. I just don't like the taste, so I don't drink it. I mean really, I don't like push-ups, either, and you don't see me doing those, do you?

But after subscribing to your magazine for a number of years, I have begun to enjoy the drink. I remember reading that the manliest drink a man can order is an old-fashioned without the fruit. Well, for my thirty-ninth birthday I treated myself to an old-fashioned without the fruit for the first time. I absolutely loved it. Thanks for making me feel like a man.

CHARLES FARRELL
Rochester, N. Y.

Thanks for approving skinny jeans in your October issue ("Esquire's New Rules for Men"). It was a huge relief to this skinny college student. I thought I had been doing it behind your back this whole time, and the guilt was unbearable.

ANDREW PARKER
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Editors' note: We were saddened to learn of the November death of Theodore Kheel, a noted New York City labor attorney and, in a 1962 promotional mailing, "The Esquire Man." His is an association we will always cherish.

Letters to the editor may be mailed to The Sound and the Fury, P.O. Box 1704, Sandusky, Ohio 44870. Also, Esquire encourages the use of e-mail (to editor@esquire.com or via the Web at esquire.com/talk) and fax (212-649-4305). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. For subscription questions, please go to service.esquire.com.

A NOTABLE OCCASION

As we enter what would have been the fiftieth year of Dubious Achievements, a brief look back:



1963:
BOOBY PRIZE OF THE YEAR
Fidel Castro,

playing ping-pong, told his opponent, "If you beat me, I'll give you Cuba."

1971:
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WILLIAM HALL DRILLED SEVEN HOLES IN HIS HEAD

WITH A POWER DRILL AND LIVED

William G. Hall of Shrewsbury, England, killed himself by drilling eight holes in his head with a power drill.



1986:
LIKE HIM OR NOT, YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT HE ASKS THE TOUGH QUESTIONS

During a trip to Jordan, Vice-president Bush asked Lieutenant General Zeid Bin Shaker, "How dead is the Dead Sea?"

1992:
KISS ME, I'M HISTORICALLY OPPRESSED
Berkeley, California, changed the name of Columbus Day to Indigenous Peoples Day.

2005:
IT WAS AN ALLEGORY, INFIDEL ASSHOLES!
During a period of widespread hostage taking in Iraq, an Islamist Web site posted an image of what it claimed to be U.S. soldier John Adam. The photograph was actually of "Special Ops Cody," a military action figure.



When machines start driving machines we'll consider a change.

Computers can measure performance. But computers can't feel. They don't have a pulse. Which is why Infiniti has a Master Driver, recognized by the Ministry of Japan for his extraordinary skill. His sole job is to provide engineers with human feedback. Emotional feedback. One drive in a G Sedan, Coupe, Convertible or the new G25 Sedan, and you'll instantly feel the exhilarating difference he makes. This is inspired performance. This is the way of Infiniti.



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Vehicle shown is G37 with Sport Package. Always wear your seat belt, and please don't drink and drive. ©2011 INFINITI.

 Shodo art by Masako Inkyo



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M a H B

MAN AT HIS BEST

THE VOCABULARY

TERMS AND IDEAS YOU WILL ENCOUNTER IN THE PAGES THAT FOLLOW. GREAT FOR CONVERSATION.



Fig. 1

mulita *n*:

LITERALLY "LITTLE MULE," A MULITA IS A GRILLED TACO TRADITIONALLY MADE BY SANDWICHING MEAT, CHEESE, AND A VARIETY OF GARNISHES BETWEEN TWO CORN TORTILLAS. FLOUR TORTILLAS ARE SOMETIMES USED. (SEE PAGE 20.)

SPAT *n*: A spontaneous argument over a minor point. Such as a mulita. (SEE PAGE 20.)



Fig. 2

ESCAPE PATH *n*:

The sarcastic repartee that two people engage in to end a spat in as civil a way as possible. (SEE THE END OF PAGE 20.)



Fig. 3

WINTERIZE *v*: To make something appropriate for the colder months—your home, your vehicle, your garden. Also, your whiskey. (SEE PAGE 30.)

SEXUAL WINDFALL *n*: Unanticipated benefits of sexual activity, such as calorie burn, mental clarity, stress relief, etc. (SEE PAGE 28.)

Fig. 4

Words and phrases a man should never say nos. 81 to 85

lesbo

yuck

little boys' room

little girls' room

gotcha!



Fig. 5

season 10 *n*:

1. THE THRESHOLD OF TIME AT WHICH A TV SHOW CAN NO LONGER REMAIN RELEVANT. 2. A EUPHEMISM FOR THE THRESHOLD OF TIME AT WHICH NOTHING CAN REMAIN RELEVANT. A PERFORMANCE, A CAREER, THE FAMILY PET, ETC. (SEE PAGE 24.)

EUPHEMISM
OF THE
MONTH



packing for Canada *v*: 1. Gathering things you'll need with you for a trip north of the United States. 2. Emotionally preparing to set out for any country that is better prepared to deal with a global-warming crisis than the U.S. (SEE PAGE 38.)



Q+A: AZIZ ANSARI

[BY STACEY GRENROCK WOODS]

Sprightly, 27-year-old Aziz Ansari plays Tom, a small-town guy with big-town dreams on NBC's *Parks and Recreation*, which returns for its third season this month. We met at Little Dom's Italian restaurant in Los Angeles one oppressively hot November afternoon.

ESQUIRE: How hard is it to stand up and tell jokes to people?

AZIZ ANSARI: It's not very hard. At a certain point, you've got to be pretty confident that you're good. If I do a show tomorrow and for whatever reason no one laughs, I'll be like, Wow, those people are weird.

ESQ: Does that ever happen?

AA: As far as a specific joke? I always hate telling my jokes in print 'cause I always feel like it reads so not funny and people read it and they think, Oh, so that's what that guy does in his stand-up? That's terrible.

ESQ: Fair enough. Let's not talk about comedy.

AA: I like food a lot.

ESQ: Great. Let's talk about food. What kind of food do you like?

AA: I like hole-in-the-wall places that are like really good, like taco trucks and things like that.

ESQ: Are you a foodie?

AA: I would say so, yeah. Have you been to that Taco Zone truck in Echo Park?

ESQ: More times than I care to admit.

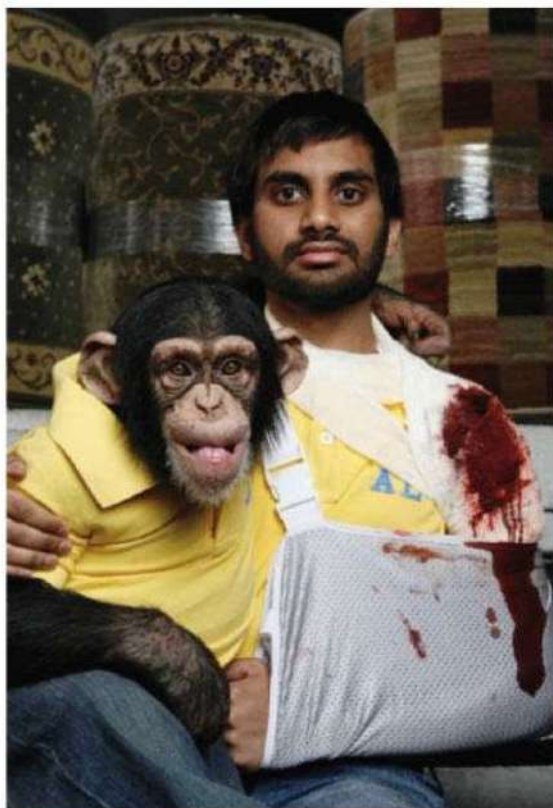
AA: Ever get the mulita?

ESQ: No, what's that?

AA: Off-menu item. They take a tortilla, put cheese on it, put meat on it, and put another tortilla on top.

ESQ: Sounds like a quesadilla.

AA: If it was a quesadilla, it wouldn't be called a mulita,



would it?

ESQ: But how does it taste any different?

AA: The shape and delivery system are different! It's a different experience. It's like sliders and a hamburger.

It's the same thing: a mini-quesadilla versus a quesadilla. Mulitas are the tiny tacos, like the circular thing.

ESQ: So you're talking about a corn tortilla?

AA: The little tortilla can't be flour?

ESQ: No.

AA: It's always corn?

ESQ: Yes.

AA: Why?

ESQ: Why? I don't know. You'll have to ask the Mexican community.

AA: I've never had such a heated conversation about tacos. Usually it's very positive and people are excited to hear about new things and not ready to take them down.

ESQ: I am excited to hear about new things.

AA: No, you're not. I told

you what a mulita was and you said, "Sounds like a fucking quesadilla."

[The corn versus flour tortilla debate continues at great length.]

AA: They both taste the same to me.

ESQ: I'm surprised to hear that, because they're made with two different things.

AA: What's the different taste?

ESQ: One tastes like flour, one tastes like corn. [Motioning to the plate of pancakes on the table] These are made of flour. [Laughing] Here, taste them so you have a point of reference.

AA: You're being really rude! That was a very condescending thing. Very unnecessary.

ESQ: Really? I thought this was a spirited exchange.

AA: I've never explained mulitas to anyone and then they got mad at me. Everyone else just says, "Oh, that sounds delicious. I'll try one!"

ESQ: Maybe they weren't really listening to you. I'm a journalist.

AA: Isn't there anything else you want to ask me about?

ESQ: Sure. I've always wondered, how come it's not called *Parks and Rec*? Wouldn't you think that would be a better title because it's catchier, and you'd also get the double entendre of *rec* and *wreck*?

AA: I think at one point they were debating between *Parks and Rec* and *Parks and Recreation*, and *Parks and Recreation* won out.

ESQ: And you've got some movies in development?

AA: Yeah, I'm writing a couple of movies, due next year, hopefully. My friend Jason [Woliner] and I are writing a movie for Judd Apatow about two disgraced astronauts who have to go back to the moon to clear their names. And then my friend Harris Wittels is writing a movie for myself and Danny McBride about two guys who are best friends, and then this Olympic athlete has a three-way with their girlfriends, and they seek revenge on him. Hopefully we'll make them eventually.

ESQ: What else do you have going on?

AA: I've just been touring, doing stand-up, and I'll probably record a special, hopefully next year sometime. It's been fun.

ESQ: I saw *Funny People*, in which you played boorish comic Randy. I thought that was your act.

AA: Oh, boy. Is that why you were so mean to me earlier?

ESQ: Maybe. What's your excuse?

AA: When was I mean?

ESQ: Would you like me to play the tape? I was being inquisitive.

AA: I don't know. Let's move on.

ESQ: I think you're starting to like me.

AA: I'm sure we'll hang out.

ESQ: Well, let's not get carried away.

[After the interview, Ansari walked with us to a local Mexican restaurant, where he tried both corn and flour tortillas. A compromise was reached.]

NEW
THIS
MONTH



A new Hopper
Dennis Hopper's
son, Henry, ap-
pears in his first
starring role as
a guy who likes
to attend funer-
als in the movie
Restless.



While *Mortals*
Sleep
Kurt Vonnegut's
posthumous col-
lection of previ-
ously unpublished
short fiction ex-
plores the perils of
modern life.



Vodka for whis-
key drinkers
Belvedere's new
"intense, unfil-
tered" vodka is
not distilled to the
point of neutral-
ness like vodka
traditionally
is, which means
you can describe
it with adjectives
other than
smooth or harsh.

Step 1

wearing a suit

Extra Step

not letting it wear you

THE EXTRA STEP MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

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WRITERS OF TIME

THE CHRONOGRAPH has come quite a long way since Nicolas Rieussec conceived a 19th-century device that used ink to literally “write time,” making it possible to record exact times at horse racing events. Today the chronograph is a standard feature in many sophisticated watches—a stylish and versatile instrument to measure our fast-moving lives. Here we explore the technological features, handcrafted manufacture, and intriguing history of these fine timepieces.

The **chronograph** is a timepiece with push buttons and the capability to measure elapsed time like a stopwatch.

Chronographs can be **manual**—wound by turning the crown—or **automatic**—self-wound by the wearer’s movement.



A replica of the original chronograph invented by Nicolas Rieussec in 1821. The turning discs from the original chronograph influenced the design of the Montblanc Nicolas Rieussec.



THE FINER POINTS

When a craftsperson is working on the smallest details of an individual timepiece, the tiniest puff of air can accidentally blow the delicate parts away. This is why, during such maneuvers, the Swiss watchmakers of Montblanc hold their breath.

ESSENTIALS OF A CHRONOGRAPH

1. **POWER TO MAKE IT RUN.** IN A TYPICAL TIMEPIECE THIS COMES FROM THE PULL OF A WEIGHT OR THE PRESSURE OF A SPRING.
2. **A MEANS OF TRANSMITTING THE POWER.**
3. **A REGULATING DEVICE OR ESCAPEMENT.** THIS CAUSES THE MECHANISM TO MOVE STEADILY AND PRECISELY, AND KEEPS THE MOTIVE POWER FROM RUNNING DOWN TOO QUICKLY.
4. **A DEVICE TO MARK THE TIME AND MAKE IT KNOWN.** THIS CONSISTS OF THE HANDS, THE DIAL, AND THE STRIKING MECHANISM.

MONTBLANC



MONTBLANC AND THE CHRONOGRAPH: A BRIEF HISTORY

1821

Nicolas Rieussec invents the chronograph. His is a wooden case containing a movement that drives two rotating dials on the lid; a fixed index leaves a drop of ink on the dials when a button is pushed.

1906

Montblanc is founded in Hamburg, establishing a tradition of European craftsmanship and authentic manufacturing by hand that continues to this day.

1969

The first automatic chronograph is produced.

MONT BLANC

TIMEWALKER CHRONOGRAPH AUTOMATIC

With their clean, architecturally inspired contours, the watches in the TimeWalker Collection are a compelling combination of traditional values with 21st century aesthetics. This classic timepiece will elegantly mark the memorable moments of your life.

NUMERALS, INDICES AND
HANDS ARE PLATED WITH
18K RED GOLD

SELF-WINDING
CHRONOGRAPH
MOVEMENT BEATS AT
A PACE OF 28,800
SEMI-OSCILLATIONS
PER HOUR (4 HZ)

BLACK CALFSKIN LEATHER
STRAP WITH STITCHING IS
SECURED BY A STAINLESS
STEEL PIN BUCKLE



THE FINER POINTS

The chronograph derives its name from the Greek chronos for time and graphein for write. It is fitting, then, that Montblanc, known for generations as the premier maker of high-quality writing instruments, should master the art of writing time.

MB R110 Montblanc's in-house movement.



THE VIEW



NICOLAS RIEUSSEC OPEN DATE

The Montblanc Nicolas Rieussec Open Date is a genuine rarity—a modern interpretation of the classical chronograph mechanism with an unconventional stopwatch function. For those who appreciate such a complex mechanical dance, the watch offers an unobstructed view of its intricate, magnificently decorated movement.

1997

Montblanc begins manufacturing its own timepieces at Montblanc Montre S.A. in Le Locle, Switzerland.

2008

Montblanc unveils the Nicolas Rieussec Monopusher Chronograph, its first watch movement manufactured entirely in-house at the annual luxury watch exposition in Geneva—Salon International de la Haute Horlogerie (SIHH).

2009

Montblanc reveals the Nicolas Rieussec Open Date, a chronograph that defies convention by providing the wearer and admirers a glimpse inside the movement through two skeletal, rotating discs.



THE PREDICTIVE QUIZ

WILL YOU BE WATCHING AMERICAN IDOL?

The tenth season premieres this month

Select your answers, then add up the assigned points.

1. Are you a man?

Yes (10)

No (-5)

Most of the time. (5)

2. Do you like cover songs?

Yes (-10) No (10)

3. Do you like pop music?

Yes (-10) No (10)

4. Have you ever literally sat on the edge of your seat?

Yes (-10) No (5)

5. Lee DeWyze is:

Last year's *American Idol* winner. (-5)

That zany cartoon owl on PBS. (5)

6. Do you frequently refer to television personalities by their first names?

Yes (-10) No (5)

7. If a 16-year-old boy were to sing "I Can't Make You Love Me," you'd think:

Awww (-5) Eesh (5)

8. Are you willing to listen to U2's "Beautiful Day" in its entirety?

Yes (-5) No (0)

9. Are you willing to listen to U2's "Beautiful Day" in its entirety?

tired when it's being butchered by a no-name singer?

Yes (-10) No (10)

10. How many episodes of the same show are you willing to watch in one week?

One (20)

Two (0)

Three (-10)

Will I get to vote at the end? (-20)

11. Are you a fan of voting?

Yes, it's an important way to involve viewers. (-10)

I was, until Crystal Bowersox got screwed last season. (-40)

Only in presidential elections. (10)

No (20)

12. Who is Simon Fuller?

The brilliant mastermind who brought *American Idol* to the U.S. (-20)

The guy who used to manage the Spice Girls. (0)

Don't you mean Simon Cowell? (20)

13. What did you think of *Big Brother 12*?

Loved it. (-20)

No way that's still on. (20)

14. The first few notes of the *American Idol* intro make you:

Excited (-10)

Nostalgic (-10)

Tearful (-20)

Change the channel (40)

15. J. Lo on *AI*:

Awesome (-20)

I don't understand what that means. (0)

16. Jennifer Lopez on *American Idol*:

Awesome (-20)

I'm still not clear on the meaning of this. (20)


17. Subtract 5 points for every *American Idol* winner you can name other than Carrie Underwood.

18. Are you excited for the fall 2011 premiere of *The X Factor* in America?

Of course. Simon Cowell is a genius. (-30)

What's *The X Factor*? (10)

Jamie Kennedy's show is coming back? (30)

19. We'll get to the next question...right after this commercial!

That was so cute! I love when they do that! (-20)

Stop it. (20)

20. Which of the following songs are you most likely to sing in the shower?

"A Moment Like This" (-20)

"Never Gonna Give You Up" (0)

Deer Tick's "Choir of Angels" (20)

"Pants on the Ground" (-10)

21. How do you feel about blatant product placement?

It's annoying. (10)

It's annoying, but I understand it. (0)

That's why I started drinking Coke. (-10)

I also bought a Ford. (-20)

Answer Key

More than 200 points:

You will not be watching *American Idol*.

150 to 199: You'll just watch the auditions.

100 to 149: And maybe Beatles Night.

Less than 100: You will be watching *American Idol*.

VISUAL
RULE
No. 74


●○○ Always



○○● Sometimes



○○● Never



Amy Matthews

host / licensed contractor

Esquire

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MaHB

FUNNY*
JOKE
FROM A
BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN

AS TOLD BY

Sarah Roemer

A blond is watching the news with her husband when the newscaster announces that six Brazilian men died in a skydiving accident. The blond starts sobbing uncontrollably. Confused, her husband says, "It is sad, but they were skydiving. There were risks involved." After a few moments, the blond, still crying, asks, "How many is a Brazilian?"

ABOUT THE JOKESTER:

It's a good thing Sarah Roemer likes coffee. Otherwise, she might not have walked into the San Diego 7-Eleven where she was discovered by a modeling agent as a teenager. And a few years later, she might not have stopped at the Los Angeles coffee shop where she was approached by the woman who eventually became her manager. Which means she might not have gone on to appear in movies—*The Grudge 2*, *Disturbia*, and the slapstick cheerleader flop *Fired Up*—or on TV, where the 26-year-old currently stars on NBC's *The Event*. The 24-style thriller involves aliens, government conspiracies, and a story line that's a little more conducive to getting out her aggression: "I'd much prefer to shoot people than cheer," she says. Maybe it's time to lay off the coffee.

—IAN BASSINGTHWAIGHTE

*Esquire cannot guarantee that this joke will be funny to everyone.





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DESIGNED TO HELP

- BURN MORE CALORIES
- TONE MUSCLES
- IMPROVE POSTURE
- REDUCE STRESS
ON BACK AND LEGS

GET BACK IN THE GAME

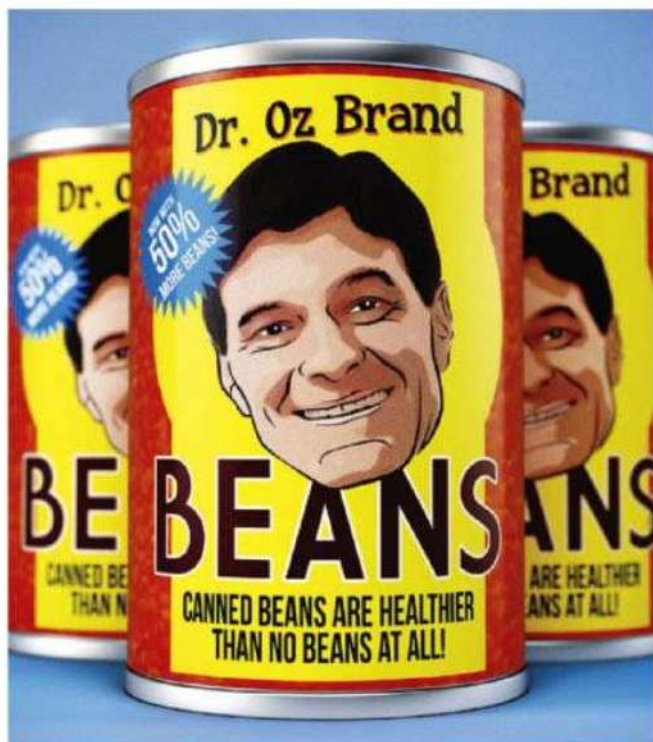
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ASK DR. OZ: THE LIGHTNING ROUND

If you had one of the world's foremost doctors cornered at a party, what would you ask him?

[BY DR. MEHMET OZ]



I eat a lot of canned foods. Not prepared foods full of chemicals—plain things like tomatoes and black beans. Should I be worried about the chemicals in the cans themselves?

The chemical most people are concerned about is called bisphenol-A (BPA), and it's in the inner lining of almost all food cans. There's evidence this hormone-mimicking chemical can cause problems in babies, but it's not clear how dangerous it is to adults. More than 90 percent of us have detectable levels in our urine. Until more information is available, I'd say the benefits of eating tomatoes and beans outweigh the risks associated with the can.

I need to take a sleeping pill to help me through long flights. Is that advisable?

I don't enjoy feeling like a caged animal either, and sleeping is the smartest way to pass the time.

It's fine to get help from a pill, but use the gentlest kind possible. Over-the-counter diphenhydramine pills cause fatigue without inducing outright sedation. Give the pills some help by using a blackout mask, earplugs, and drinking one—one—glass of wine.

I've seen articles about men who have more sex living longer. If I hit a dry spell with the ladies, can I make up for it by masturbating a lot?

Masturbation may temporarily relieve stress, which can improve your health, but it's no substitute for the real thing. First, unless you're especially creative, you're unlikely to burn many calories. Second, and far more important, you miss out

on the intimate relationships that have more lasting effects on your happiness and well-being.

The kitchen sponge: handy cleaning tool or bacterial breeding ground?

Breeding ground. But here's a quick trick that will kill, literally, 99.99999 percent of those bacteria: Toss the sponge in the microwave for one minute.

You ever try that with a marshmallow?

Yeah, it's pretty cool.

I get a headache maybe once a week. I think it's stress-related, but should I mention it to my doctor?

You could be having either tension or migraines—both are induced by stress. During a tension headache, your head feels stuck in a vise. During a migraine, your head throbs. They're both incredibly unpleasant but not outright dangerous. Try meditation, breathing exercises, or lavender-oil aromatherapy. If you're in serious distress, your doctor can give you some medication.

What is your favorite vegetable?

Broccoli.

Why do fevers make us ache?

A fever makes your body inhospitable to bacteria—the accompanying muscle aches are simply unfortunate side effects. But there's a benefit to the pain: The aches keep you in bed so your body can focus on healing itself.

My son wants to start lifting weights. He's 12. Do I let him?

It's fine for kids to lift weights as long as it's part of a regimen that includes exercise and sports. It's not a good idea for them to engage in bodybuilding before their skeletons are mature. They should also avoid maximal lifts, since their bones are still somewhat fragile. Check with your pediatrician, too.

How can I tell if I have a food allergy?

First, it's important to understand the difference between an allergy and intolerance. With an allergy, even the tiniest exposure causes hives, wheezing, and other discomforts. If you think you're allergic, an immunologist can inject microscopic amounts of food chemicals beneath your skin to see how your immune system reacts. Intolerance, on the other hand, means your digestive system can't handle a certain food, leading to gas and bloating. Dairy and gluten are common culprits. To determine whether you're intolerant of a certain food, avoid it for a few days. See if you feel better.

Speaking of allergies, what's with kids today having peanut allergies? That never used to happen. Is it bogus?

No, the problem really is on the rise, and it now affects about one in 125 children. Scientists think it may be related to parents putting creams that contain peanut oil on their baby's rashes, or children eating more foods containing soy.

Which is the less unhealthy stimulant when I'm falling asleep at my desk at 3:30: chocolate, or coffee with cream and sugar?

Chocolate. Stick with dark or semisweet kinds that are at least 70 percent pure cocoa, since they have the least milk and fat added. If you can't make it without your coffee fix, at least replace the cream with skim milk. It takes some getting used to, but eventually you'll wonder how you ever tolerated the thick stuff. Or get your energy from green tea, like I do, which offers powerful antioxidants as an additional benefit.

Dr. Oz is a heart surgeon, author, and host of the nationally syndicated Dr. Oz Show.



HOUSE OF HYPE'S POWER PLAYERS DINNER

In honor of the MTV Video Music Awards, House of Hype and Esquire produced its 3rd annual Power Players Dinner at a private mansion in Beverly Hills. The star studded event was hosted by music industry heavy weights Troy Carter, Vincent Herbert, Anthony Mandler, Chris Robinson, and Mike Caren and was attended by the likes of David Beckham, Ryan Phillippe, Jermaine Dupri, Mark Salling, Jesse Bradford, and Akon.

Guests enjoyed a seven course meal courtesy of world famous restaurant Philippe's, magnum bottles of Moët Imperial Champagne, Red Bull cocktails and Lady Gaga's all new water, Flav. To cap the evening, Grammy Award Winner Ne-Yo performed several of his hit singles including "Champagne Life" while offering a toast to all of the event's attendees with a special Magnum bottle of Moët & Chandon Nectar Imperial Rose. The evening's music was provided by DJ Cobra and Frank E. For more information about House of Hype please visit www.houseofhype.com.

EVENT PARTNERS:



1 (L to R) Music Power Players Troy Carter, Anthony Mandler, Ne-Yo, Mike Caren, Chris Robinson, and Vincent Herbert
2 (L to R) Glee's Mark Salling & David Beckham 3 Record Producer/Artist Akon 4 Actress/Model Sophie Monk
5 Esquire Director's Dinner Table Set-Up 6 (L to R) Ben Keywanfar, House of Hype, CFO, Todd Simons of Esquire, Ne-Yo, and Sam Keywanfar, House of Hype, CEO 7 Record Producer/Artist Jermaine Dupri

Photographer: Michael Bezjian, WireImage





WHISKEY FOR THE WINTER

When drinking under difficult conditions, look to the Irish

[BY DAVID WONDRIK]

One of the history of drink's many delicious little ironies is that Ireland's adoption of Guinness stout as its national beverage could be considered a temperance measure. Before that, the Emerald Isle's drink of choice was a thing called simply whiskey punch. A straightforward mix of whiskey—strong whiskey at that—with sugar, lemon peel, and just enough boiling water to make it hot, it was consumed by the tumblerful morning, noon, and night. From the 1750s, give or take a decade, up until the beginning of the next century, Ireland was literally punch-drunk, and indeed in 1821 King George IV could think of no better way to show his “affection” for his Irish subjects than by, as he pledged, “drinking [their] health in a bumper of whisky-punch.” (They might have preferred the right to vote.)

But then came a powerful anti-whiskey movement led by one Father Mathew, and after that the morning glass of lightly lemonized whiskey didn't seem like such a good idea. Far better to have a pint of Guinness “for strength,”

as the old ads always said. Ask a modern Dublin bartender for a whiskey punch and you'll get a blank look.

And yet, should you find yourself at Kehoe's crowded bar on South Anne Street in the heart of Dublin, you'll notice, among all the pints its patrons are holding, ring-handled glass after ring-handled glass, each containing a steaming, pale-amber liquid with a clove-studded lemon slice floating in it. “That?” says the bartender. “That's a hot whiskey.” Which is? “It's just Powers whiskey with a little sugar, boiling water, and a slice of lemon.” In other words, whiskey punch.

Nor is Kehoe's unique in this regard: Our informal survey of a dozen or so Irish bartenders, including more than a few pint-and-shot artists who claimed no knowledge whatsoever of mixology, turned up not a single one who didn't know how to make a hot whiskey. It's the oldest trick in the book: Lie low for a while, then change your name and go back to doing what you were doing, only not quite so much of it.

You can't blame the Irish: There are few drinks as instantly delightful as hot Irish whiskey punch. Powers is a rich, full-bodied whiskey, perhaps not as strong as those 200 years ago but a hell of a lot older and mellower. With just a

hint of sugar or, sometimes, honey (more for body than for sweetness), an equal portion of boiling water, and as much flavor a slice of lemon and a few cloves will give off without being crushed, mangled, or muddled into the mixture, it makes for a drink so smooth and obliging that you could see having more than one. Many, many more than one.

HOT WHISKEY

PROCEDURE: Cut a **lemon** wheel in half and stud the white pith between the flesh and the peel with 3 or 4 **cloves**.

- Rinse out a mug or hot-whiskey glass with boiling water to warm it. This is as essential a step with hot drinks as chilling the glass is with cold ones.
- Add 1 tsp **demerara sugar** or **honey** and 1 oz or so **boiling water**.
- Stir until sugar or honey has dissolved.
- Add 2 oz Powers **Irish whiskey** (Black Bush, Paddy's, and Clontarf single malt are fine substitutes), the lemon slice, and another ounce or so boiling water.

OR YOU
COULD DO
THIS...



The Bishop

Here's a rather less intoxicating drink that's practically as delightful and just as historic. (Dickens drank bowls of it.) And warm:

Wash an orange, stud it with 16 to 18 cloves, put it in a baking dish, and place it in a preheated 350 degree oven. Roast until browned, 60 to 90 minutes, and set aside to cool.

Heat 1 bottle ruby port and 1 cup water to a simmer, stir in 2 oz sugar, a pinch each of grated ginger, freshly grated nutmeg, and allspice. Cut the orange into quarters, add it (and any juices that have run out) to the port mixture, stir, and serve in small glasses. For a little more bite, add 4 oz cognac.

—D. W.

THE RULES

RULE NO. 331: Clothes that could be worn in the gym should not be worn on an airplane. Unless you're the champion. Or an old lady. Or both.
RULE NO. 363: Regards, in descending order of sincerity: kind, warm, kindest, warmest, best. **RULE NO. 370:** Rarely titter. Never snigger.



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TOY CARS FOR AMERICAN MEN

Design is more important than size

[BY SAM SMITH]

If you are a man in America, you want a few things: a decent hamburger. A clean garage. An insightful television show about the events of the day that doesn't involve yelling. And while we try not to talk about it, everyone wants to feel cool.

Like most innate desires, this want sometimes defies logic or practicality. Ever worn a cell-phone holster on your belt? Ordered chardonnay at a bar? Chardonnay tastes good and cell-phone holsters make sense. But both make us feel ridiculous, so we avoid them at all costs. Same with Segways, the elliptical machine at the gym, and the kids' menu.

Then, of course, there's the big one: We don't do dinky wheels.

That's the thing about small cars—they usually make you look small. While fuel economy, convenience, and green cred are important, no man wants to buy something

that makes him look like a jackass.

And yet for all the failed minimodels over the years—remember the Yugo and the AMC Gremlin?—there are some exceptions: the Volkswagen Beetle, which looked like Eleanor Roosevelt in a bowler but made everyone from janitors to physicists feel smarter. The first Honda Civic, which blew off Detroit's '70s excess and used technical subtlety to make cheapskater hip. And the Mini Cooper, which proved that speed and irreverence could overpower anything, including the ability of a Union Jack decal to make you look like a colonized eunuch. These mechanical midgets worked because they were larger than life. Size matters, but image matters more.

Three new asphalt tiddlers key in on this idea. At the top of the heap is the 140-inch-long Fiat 500 (101-hp I-4; \$15,000; 38/42 mpg, estimated), a chipmunk-cheeked tribute to Italy's postwar runabout of the same name. The 500 (pictured left) is classic Italian half-pint—getting into the rear seat is like stuffing yourself into a Pringles can, but the front-mounted four is funky and rev happy, and corners are snarfed up in zooming, giddy lunges. Think of it as *Roman Holiday* colorized by a bunch of cracked-out Apple engineers, or maybe a Dean Martin album breathed on by Lady Gaga. Drive a 500, you're simply a guy who likes stylish minimalism, no strings attached.

Two other fresh runts, the Mazda2 (100-hp I-4; \$14,730; 27/33 mpg) and the Scion iQ (90-hp I-4; \$15,000; 36/41 mpg, estimated), both hail from Japan. The Mazda shares a platform with the Ford Fiesta but is about 270 pounds lighter and a razor-sharp handler. The Scion is essentially a Smart Fortwo done right, with a usable backseat, a pillowy ride, and none of the Smart's math-geek-on-acid vibe. Like the Fiat, both offer adult bones that hang around long after the clown-car novelty wears off. You end up feeling as if you've downsized because it makes sense, not because someone told you to.

At the end of the day, that's the greatest hurdle—coming to terms with driving what my smart-assed southern grandmother once called a "road gnome." For ordinary people, the stigma is harsh: In the land of the free refill and the home of the monster truck, small car perpetually equals small steak and slight stature. As with most things, the answer is confidence. Cool is what you make it, so if you're going to drive little, think large. It takes a big man to pull it off, but if you live around here, size is in your blood.

PLUS
TWO
MORE



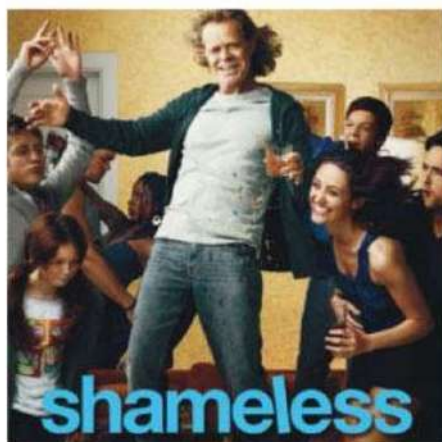
Ford Fiesta

The Fiesta is the smallest car that Ford sells here, a \$13,995 gem that offers up a soft ride and a whisper-quiet interior. Fiestas of old were tinny, jokey runabouts. In a welcome break from tradition, this is a real car.



Mini Countryman

A high-riding, four-door version of the brand's hatchback with available all-wheel drive. The Countryman is larger than the other cars here, but because it's basically a miniature SUV, the size bump is forgivable. A spacious interior and forgiving suspension are standard, and a grunty turbo four is optional. Essentially you're driving a detuned backwoods racer for \$22,350. Sort of. —S.S.



SHAMELESS

William H. Macy and Emmy Rossum star in the fearlessly twisted new Showtime Original Series SHAMELESS. The Gallaghers may not have much in the way of money or rules, but they know who they are—and they're absolutely, wildly, and unapologetically SHAMELESS, Sundays at 10 PM (ET/PT), premiering January 9th on Showtime.

Watch a 20-minute sneak peek now at sho.com.

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For more information, log on to: www.diynetwork.com.



THE STATE OF THE BEARD

Groom your beard already. An unkempt beard is an antisocial emblem of the worst kind of apathy: having something by doing nothing. It's the overgrown yard of the face. If you're going to have a beard, it should look purposeful. Refined. This whole "I didn't have time to shave today—or yesterday" look that's hung around for the last few years? Only if you just stumbled out of the forest. Or the weekend.

The beard has a lot of power. On a thin face, it can provide width. On a fat face, camouflage. In extreme circumstances, it can provide warmth, or even a place to hold your pencil. Used without discretion, however, it can just look sloppy.

When you choose to grow a beard, you're making a commitment—to trim (at least twice a week), to wash (at least once a day), and not to be surprised when parents hide their children from you, especially if you're also wearing a ski cap. The most important choice you make with your beard is where to end it. Never stop right at the jawline. And never let it grow like kudzu, reaching down so far that it melds with your chest hair. Find a spot somewhere between your Adam's apple and where your neck joins your head. Always taper.

If you do choose to get a manicure, it should not look like you got a manicure.

Never let them buff.

No man should use a product applied via mask.

Especially if it's spelled "masque."

Unless you are pitching in the World Series, there's never a good reason to dye your beard.

The time for irony with facial hair is over.

So, too, hats.

There is little chance that you smell the same as the celebrity whose cologne you just bought.

If you choose to have a part, it should start no lower than the center of your eyebrow.

Never let another man see you apply lip balm.

Ditto hand cream.

Rodney Cutler is an Ironman triathlete and the owner of the Cutler Salons in New York City and Miami.

2011 GROOMING ICONS



David Beckham



Chris Pine



Isaiah Mustafa



Ryan Gosling



Andrew Garfield

THE NEW RULES OF GROOMING

Updated guidelines to get you through the year

[BY RODNEY CUTLER]

There is no shame in moisturizer.

Eye cream, however, you may not want to leave out on your counter.

After last year's Fu Manchu, Brad Pitt's grooming habits are no longer worthy of emulation. (For more respectable options, see right.)

All this pressure to groom your entire body? Give in to a little bit of it.

A very little bit.

Seriously, just enough to show you care.

And your armpits are completely off-limits.

Very few people look good with "the Bieber." Unless you are an adorable lesbian, you are not one of them.

TWO NEW HAIRCUTS FOR 2011

1 A loose version of the James Dean. Ask for three to four inches on top, layered out, and a little shorter on the sides. Never slick it back. Use a product like Redken Wool Shake 08 (\$17; redken.com) to give it a little tackiness and hold, and then just run your fingers through it quickly to give it shape. **Examples:** Simon Baker, Javier Bardem.



2 An updated high and tight. I hate this cut, but it's dramatic and seems to be gaining popularity. Leave a few inches on top and have the sides buzzed very short; you want a little lip of hair around the crown of your head. Part it on the far side, then slick it with a heavy pomade like Murray's (\$3; murrayspomade.com). Some people even dye it black. **Example:** Michael Pitt.



Appy New Year.

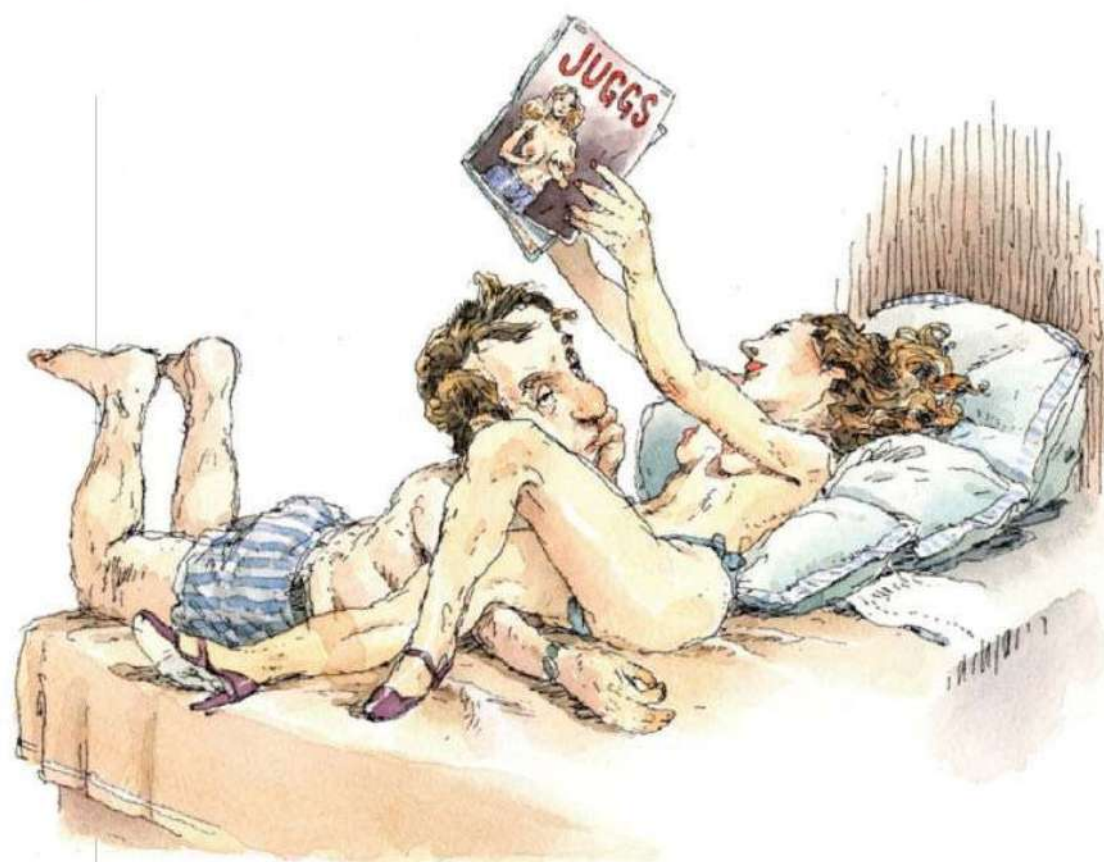


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Has anyone ever tried to calculate the recidivism rate for lesbians?

Lesbians are almost impossible to track, but some people will never learn. The only study I know of was done by psychologist Lisa Diamond of the University of Utah. Over a 15-year period, she found that about 8 percent of the 89 gay women she followed went on to reidentify themselves as heterosexual at some point, with a lot of them ultimately labeling themselves bisexual or "unlabeled." You can't label yourself unlabeled! The '90s are over!

So how do they get away with it? Lesbians by nature are very wily. According to Diamond, "A lot of these women will say, 'Well, I'm calling myself heterosexual. I'm still attracted to women, it's just that I don't necessarily think I'm going to end up with a woman.' Or 'I'm a sexual person and I'm not going to put my-

self in a particular box,'" with, I'm certain, no pun even fathomed. "Some will even say, 'I'm bisexual, but I don't want to identify as bisexual because it emphasizes sex,'" which I've read twice and still don't understand. Regardless, we simply cannot afford to lose any more lesbians. Imagine the talk shows that would go unhosted. That is why I call upon all citizens to work closely with local law enforcement and the good people at Lilith Fair. Together we can get that 8 percent down to zero.

I heard that men who masturbate have less chance of developing prostate cancer in the future. Is that the only benefit?

Objection, hearsay. Leading the witness. Sure, it's great for your overall mood and the quarterly figures at Johnson & Johnson,

but there's no clear evidence that excessive masturbation (which I define as more than twice a year) has any medical merit. "It's not a well established study," says Dr. J. Stephen Jones, of the Cleveland Clinic, in reference to this beloved prostate notion of yours. "It does not have a whole lot of scientific credence, and in fact many people would suggest that it might not be valid at all." Moreover, the medical community at large doesn't even care to study it. "It's a very private topic and certainly not one that reaches any level of medical inquiry," says Dr. Jones, further shaming you. So put that in your pants and stroke it.

My wife of 13 years is suddenly climaxing during intercourse! Previously, I had to get her there manually or orally before

it was my turn. I'd like to know what I am doing right, and how I can ensure I don't lose this new-found talent.

Christ, how should I know? What happens in your wife's pants is between her and her God. Maybe she changed her position or her rhythm or went off her meds or maybe she's just finally gotten her mind right, but as my regular readers know, "maybe" just doesn't cut it around here. For this one, I'm going to have to go back to school.

Ava Cadell, love guru and founder of Loveology University (where my book, *Careers in Screwing*, is required reading for all incoming freshmen), suggests women become more orgasmic as they get older. "There are different things that trigger that," she continues. "I know that when I've given a lecture, or when people have seen me on TV, or when they read a magazine... a message can be triggered by anything or anyone that lets them know, 'Okay, now I'm ready.'" Which confirms what I suspected all along: Your wife has seen Ava Cadell on TV, in a magazine, or on the lecture circuit (perhaps all three). It's the obvious answer, though I'll admit I've totally forgotten the question. "See," says Cadell, "women have to be ready between the ears before they can be ready between the legs," which is a pretty good saying, and one I plan to inscribe over the entrance of my future university, Whackoff U.

My wife recently told me I'm no longer allowed to smoke in bed. Is there something similar I can do to relax after sex?

I have just the thing: Go to your local flea market, get a nice, old-fashioned candy jar, and fill it with pills—OxyContin, Valium, NyQuil LiquiCaps. It doesn't have to be fancy, just aim for a nice mix of colors. Keep them on the nightstand like I do. Your wife will be pleased and you'll sleep better knowing you're doing all you can for yourself, your loved ones, and the planet.



Got a sex question of your own? E-mail it to us at sex@esquire.com.

This Month in Intercourse ▶ According to a study published in *The Journal of Sexual Medicine*, sugar pills are often enough to increase the sex drive of women who suffer from sexual dysfunction. • Researchers at Aarhus University in Denmark found that 48 percent of young male Danish tourists visited strip clubs while vacationing in Bulgaria. • A study in the journal *Proceedings of the Royal Society B* suggests that the ratio between index-finger size and ring-finger size among Neanderthals indicated levels of promiscuity. • University of Toronto researchers found that male rats raised with more sisters than brothers were less appealing to potential female mates.

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MAD DOGS, BAR TABS, AND THE LOOMING LAND RUSH

If global warming starts raging out of control, where will be the best place in the world to live in 10, 20, or 50 years?

"Two words," says Peter Ward, author of *The Flooded Earth: Our Future in a World Without Ice Caps* and professor of biology at the University of Washington: "New Zealand. It's beautiful. It's got mountains and highlands. It will always be immensely productive because it's got this volcanic soil. And it's got almost no people."

Robert Engelman, vice-president of the Worldwatch Institute, an independent think tank, tells AF, "The world will be in a northward migration toward the thinly settled areas of Canada, Russia, Scandinavia, and Alaska. What you're looking for, I think, is a democratic government in a country that doesn't have a large population right now."

"Canada probably has a system of government that would handle the resource conflicts likely to emerge better than Russia. But I suspect Russia will have a better agricultural base than Canada, because it has a better balance of soil, water, and sun."

"Certainly Canada," Professor Ward agrees. "The big issues are going to be having enough food and water, and Canada will always have plenty—I think it's go-

ing to be the richest country on the planet by 2100."

Still, AF isn't at all certain that a planet whose richest country is Canada can support any life worth living.

I read about an inner-city neighborhood where drug dealers fed their pit bulls food laced with gunpowder. True? What does lacing dog food with gunpowder do?

For one thing, it helps prove that *Homo sapiens* is a vicious, pea-brained species, and it's "something we've been hearing about for 30 years," Randall Lockwood, a senior vice-president of the ASPCA, tells AF. "We talk about three different kinds of dog fighters: the professionals, the hobbyists, and then the street fighters. That's part of the street-fighter mythology. There are lots of things street fighters do to produce a dog that will be more aggressive—spraying them with pepper spray, feeding them hot sauce. These are forms of abuse that produce a meaner dog, but not necessarily a dog that's going to win more fights. Old-timers look down on this as being stupid and unnecessarily cruel."

Sean Moore, a former dog fighter who's now an anti-dog-fighting advocate with the Humane Society of the United States, admits, "I've tried it. You mix it in the dog food. You're hoping that it makes the dog more mean, but it doesn't. I honestly didn't see any difference in the dog."

What it actually does, according to Dr. Tina Wismer, senior director of the ASPCA Animal Poison Control Center, is sicken the animal. "It can cause vomiting, and if you feed it on a continuous basis, it can cause stomach ulcers. It's really a horrible business."

Like another veterinarian once told AF, "I've seen bad dogs. But the problem is always at the other end of the leash."

How does international postage work? If I send a letter to France or China, once the mail leaves the U.S., it's the other country's financial burden to deliver it. Do countries settle up their tabs, or is it just an assumed courtesy?

Some truths are so dark, some secrets so well hidden, that sometimes, perhaps, it's better not to know, lest the world reveal itself so nakedly that we must turn away to preserve any semblance of hope and faith and trust.

But you asked, and so AF is duty bound to unmask the existence of the UPU—the Universal Postal Union, a Pynchonesque octopus of vast reach. Rhéal LeBlanc, UPU's communication program manager, cites a "terminal dues system whereby countries compensate each other for processing whatever incoming mail they receive from other countries."

"The calculation is based on a mix of weight and volume of the pieces of mail. To explain it in detail is very difficult. It's a very complex system that we have to manage. We have a group trying to make it as fair and equitable as possible. We make these decisions at a meeting every four years, called our Universal Postal Congress. The last meeting we had was in 2008 in Geneva, and our next congress will be in 2012 in Doha, Qatar."

AF can't wait until 2016, when they'll be gathering in Newark.

What is proper etiquette when ordering my first drink in a bar I've never visited before? Should I put \$20 on the bar or wait for the bartender to ask? Do I ask the bartender to run a tab?

The bartenders AF spoke with offer a range of opinions.

"Let the bartender ask for payment," advises Anthony Santiago, beverage manager at the Polo Lounge in Beverly Hills.

But "if it's the first time I've been to the bar," Jeff Bergman, manager of Arnaud's French 75 Bar in New Orleans, says, "I usually slide over my credit card and let them hold on to it if I want to keep the tab open."

"Offering to pay is never a problem," says Nick Jarrett, bartender at the Clover Club in Brooklyn. "Offer to start a tab, offer to pay—really there's no wrong way to go about it."

AF is pleased to note that there was a consensus among them that Mrs. Fella just doesn't understand him, and that this is a shame, because he's truly quite a decent fellow.

ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does or who has a guess that sounds right.



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THE ESSENTIAL

A WELL PACKED SUITCASE Or duffel bag. Or whatever beat-up carryall you're carrying these days. Because anyone can throw some stuff in a bag and hope for the best, but when you know not just *what* to pack but *how* to pack, getting out of Dodge for the weekend gets a whole lot easier. Like how you can save space by placing rolled-up ties inside shoes and shoes along the case's perimeter. Or how you should fold and stack everything from tailoring (along the bottom, the better to avoid jostling) to T-shirts and sweaters (along the top). Or how you can pack a suit jacket so it won't get too wrinkled (inside out and folded up). There's an art to it, and you can check out the new book *Louis Vuitton: 100 Legendary Trunks* to see how globe-trotters like Ernest Hemingway and Douglas Fairbanks used to pack their Vuitton luggage. Those guys knew how to travel in style, and even if you don't have a collection of handmade leather goods to call your own, you can still learn a thing or two.

THREE DAYS, TWO NIGHTS

WHAT YOU'RE PACKING FOR A QUICK WEEKEND AWAY



DESTINATION:

THE MOUNTAINS



1. For a day of skiing and a night of après-ski, a fitted goose-down jacket is still the warmest thing around. **2.** Invest in a good pair of snow boots with gripping soles and a rubber shell that stands up to slush. **3.** The darker the jeans, the more light they'll absorb and the warmer they'll keep your legs.

SUGGESTED PACKING LIST: For day: □ down jacket □ two sweaters □ flannel shirt □ two T-shirts □ turtleneck □ pair of dark jeans □ pair of hiking boots □ gloves. For night: □ wool blazer □ two dress shirts □ pair of dark corduroys □ socks and underwear as needed. Nylon duffel (\$99) by the North Face; nylon down jacket (\$815) by Stone Island; cotton-flannel shirt (\$69) by L. L. Bean Signature; wool-and-cashmere turtleneck (\$750) by Spurr; cotton jeans (\$99) by Banana Republic; waxed-canvas-and-rubber boots (\$110) by Sorel.

DESTINATION:

THE CITY

1. If you're not there for business, don't bother packing a suit. Instead, bring an unstructured, lightweight wool blazer and contrasting trousers. **2.** A tailored topcoat—not too long and not too short—is all the coat you need. **3.** Brown monk-straps are dressy enough for night and casual enough for day. They also look good with everything.

SUGGESTED PACKING LIST: For day: □ overcoat □ sweater □ two T-shirts □ pair of jeans □ pair of comfortable walking shoes. For night: □ lightweight navy-blue blazer □ two dress shirts □ turtleneck □ pair of gray trousers □ pair of monk-straps □ socks and underwear as needed. Polycarbonate-and-aluminum trunk (\$890) by Rimowa; cashmere overcoat (\$4,395) and two-button silk-and-cashmere jacket (\$2,195) by Ermenegildo Zegna; silk-and-cashmere turtleneck (\$1,350) by Hermès; wool-flannel trousers (\$195) by Boss Black; leather monk-straps (\$650) by A. Testoni.





DESTINATION:

THE WOODS

(OR THE JUNGLE. OR THE BUSH. SAFARI, TOO.)



1. You want a cotton jacket that won't tear easily. Make sure it's tough and has plenty of pockets. **2.** Because temperature always fluctuates, layering is key. **3.** Even if it's warm, you don't want to risk cutting up your legs by wearing shorts. Try a pair of light jeans to protect your legs. **4.** High ankle boots. Trust us.

SUGGESTED PACKING LIST: For day: □ jacket □ two henley shirts □ two T-shirts □ pair of light jeans □ pair of ankle boots. For night: □ two dress shirts □ pair of khakis □ socks and underwear as needed. *Leather duffel (\$398) by Kenneth Cole; cotton-twill jacket (\$125) by Linc's DC & Co.; nylon windbreaker (\$495) by Zegna Sport; cotton henley (\$85), Converse by John Varvatos; cotton jeans (\$98) by Bonobos; leather boots (\$325), Rag & Bone Crafted by Timberland Boot Company.*

DESTINATION:

THE BEACH



1. Come sundown, a lightweight water-resistant jacket staves off the chill. Plus, you can wear it on the plane. **2.** Cotton piqué polo shirt for day, Sea Island cotton dress shirt for night. **3.** No flip-flops at dinner. People are trying to eat, man. **4.** You need only one pair of swim shorts. Opt for a quick-drying nylon pair.

SUGGESTED PACKING LIST: For day: □ lightweight water-resistant jacket □ four T-shirts □ two polo shirts □ pair of khaki shorts □ pair of swim shorts □ pair of flip-flops. For night: □ pair of khaki pants □ crumpled unlined blazer □ two dress shirts □ pair of loafers □ socks and underwear as needed. *Leather duffel (\$428) by Coach; cotton jacket (\$138) by Life After Denim; cotton polo (\$40) by Nautica; polyamide swim trunks (\$200) by Vilebrequin; flip-flops (\$22) by Havaianas.*



→ AND DON'T FORGET YOUR DOPP KIT ←

□ Hair-and-body wash □ shaving cream □ razor □ moisturizer with SPF □ aftershave □ deodorant □ cologne □ toothbrush □ toothpaste □ floss □ nail clippers □ lint roller □ Band-Aids □ safety pin □ ibuprofen □ crisp \$20 bill □ extra pair of contact lenses (optional).



PROFILE

THE JOURNEYMAN

HOW ANDREW BUCKLER GOT HERE—AND WHERE HE'S HEADED NEXT

"AT THE END OF THE DAY," says Andrew Buckler, "the only thing that explains why we're still here, particularly after the last two years, is that there is a person, me, behind the label. When all the money went away, and wholesalers were practically disappearing from the face of the earth, it was my own belligerence that said we're going to figure out a way to make this work." And in some sense he's right—that Buckler, the line he founded in 2001 with a single pair of jeans, couldn't have survived two recessions and grown into a full men's-wear operation without someone, somewhere having a backbone (and some balls). But at the same time, his clothes probably had something to do with it, too.

Take the collection in stores now: Buckler cites Kerouac and *On the Road* as his inspirations, and between the patterned sweaters, flannel shirts, and generously cut suits, it's all about Americana and heritage and the other moods and movements that are selling so strongly this season. And that's how it's been for most of Buckler's ten years as a name-brand designer. The urbane, high-priced

denim craze of the early Bush years? Buckler was there. The austere skinny-suit trend of the mid 2000s? Buckler was there. The designer has a knack for knowing exactly where he needs to be, exactly when he needs to be there, adapting his roguish, slightly subversive sensibility to suit the climate.

And then there's that backbone. "I've always been a petite fellow," he says of growing up in London. "And when you are a smaller person—that Napoleonic complex or whatever—you want to make something of yourself. You want to get there. Nobody's going to roll out a red carpet—I've had to fight and struggle to get where I am." And he shows no signs of giving up the fight. He recently debuted his first made-to-measure tailoring line. He's opening more brick-and-mortar shops around the U.S. And for spring, he's leaving behind the Beats and exploring the light, layered sportswear of 1920s Bauhaus Germans. After that is anybody's guess.



Two-button wool suit (\$1,300) by Buckler. For more, visit andrewbuckler.com.

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ASK NICK SULLIVAN

The Esquire fashion director will now take your questions

I'm looking for an outdoor jacket that looks just as good in the city as it does on the run-down farm I bought upstate. I've looked in catalogs, but everything is either old-mannish or very bright and technical. Any ideas?

MARK WARFIELD
Brooklyn, New York

Ah... the rural escape. Back to the country idyll of knitting your own honey, raising feral children in hard-boiled cat-fur dirndls, and settling down to a life of utter poverty as the buildings—and your equity—collapse around you. Well, that's my dream, anyway. The garment for you is a Barbour jacket, of either the Beaufort or the Bedale variety, and you can buy it new—even new, it offers the pleasing promise of imminent decline—or vintage, with eBay finds having even more musty authenticity and dilapidation but at a reduced price. Or you can get the best of both worlds with the pre-aged but brand-new Barbour International [FIG. 1], made specially for J. Crew to celebrate the iconic jacket's 75th anniversary.

A colleague of mine recently claimed that one should never wear a tie with a blazer or sport coat, only with a suit. Is there any truth to it?

DAVID HARDAWAY
Austin, Texas

David, your friend is probably one of those sartorial rebels who wears a hockey jersey under his blazer—and a headband. In any case, no, there is no truth to it. You might have noticed that a lot of men are giving their suits a rest these days, and because of that, the sport coat is in the



FIG. 2



FIG. 3

ascendant as both a casual option—tieless with jeans—or dressy with flannel pants, a dress shirt, and, yes, a tie. Only thing that doesn't work for me is wearing a tie when jeans are present.

I really like "jumping hour" watches, where the hour is featured by itself, and the minute hand sweeps from 0 to 59 and then resets. My dream watch is the Vacheron Constantin Saltarello, but I can't afford anything near what that goes for. Is there a similar watch out there for less than \$5,000?

TOM MAYS
Riverside, California

Jumping-hour watches are complicated and therefore usually the domain of high-end brands. But you're in luck: Raymond Weil recently pitched into the fray with the affordably priced Don Giovanni Così Grande Jumping Hour [FIG. 2]. It's a classic, rectangular watch, with the minutes shown conventionally and the hours with a window at 12. All for \$3,750.

Being a short, slim man, ties often look too big, too long, and out of proportion to the rest of my body. Sometimes

I'll wear skinny ties, but are they formal enough for job interviews and the like?

MINH DOAN
San Jose, California

They're plenty formal, and since your proportions are different from the average guy's, your tie's proportions should be, too. A note of caution: Tread a fine line between old-school and fashionable—like this knit tie [FIG. 3, \$105] from Thomas Pink—while avoiding the trendier, *Mad Men*-inspired look that is fast waning.

Could you recommend some high-rise (calf or knee) winter dress boots that are stylish, waterproof, and high enough for me to tuck my suit pants into?

JEREMY SOUTHARD
Hoboken, New Jersey

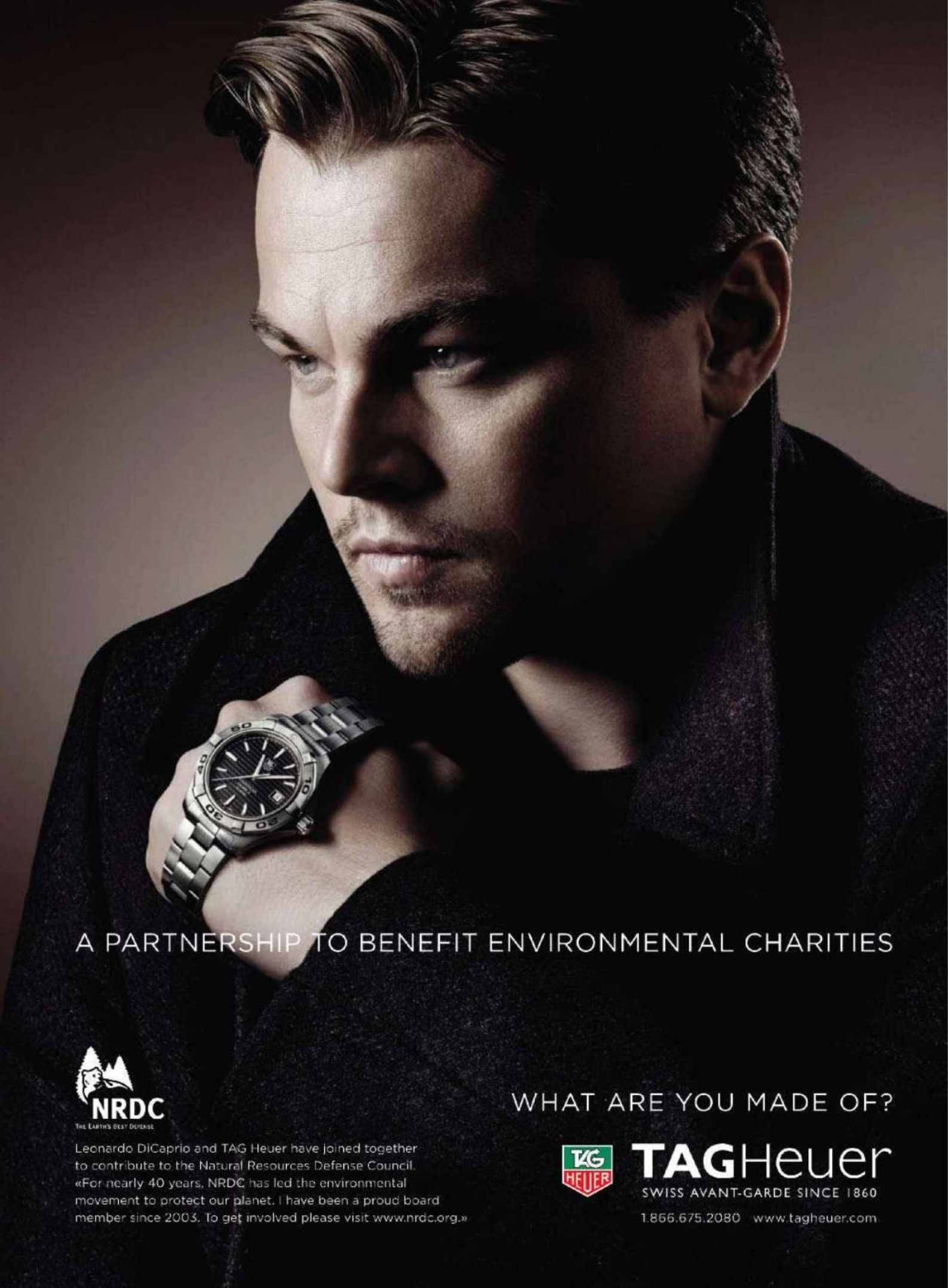
No, Jeremy, I will not recommend you a dress boot. Because you are not Errol Flynn and this is not the Spanish Main. What you need is a practical pair of rubber Wellingtons, which allow you to march to work through slush ponds without so much as breaking stride.

Got a question for Nick Sullivan? E-mail him at esqstyle@hearst.com.



FIG. 1

Barbour 75th Anniversary limited-edition International jacket (\$849), available exclusively through J. Crew.



A PARTNERSHIP TO BENEFIT ENVIRONMENTAL CHARITIES



Leonardo DiCaprio and TAG Heuer have joined together to contribute to the Natural Resources Defense Council. «For nearly 40 years, NRDC has led the environmental movement to protect our planet. I have been a proud board member since 2003. To get involved please visit www.nrdc.org.»

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IS JAMIE OLIVER THE BIGGEST LOSER OF ALL?

BY STEPHEN MARCHE

JAMIE OLIVER CANNOT get over how fat Americans are. On the first season of his hit ABC show[•], which debuted last year just as Michelle Obama was launching her national antiobesity initiative[•] and the ninth season of NBC's cash cow[•] was



The Let's Move! campaign



The Biggest Loser

getting serious, the British celebrity chef could not believe that nearly half the adults in Huntington, West Virginia, were obese. He could not fathom how much they ate. He was outraged at the quality of the chicken the children were eating at school. And though he literally tried to get the town's residents to eat their vegetables, the West Virginians were back to flavored milk and "processed-food Fridays" the minute he left. Now Oliver is back for a second season and trying his luck in L.A., where he'll take another shot at convincing Americans to choose mushroom pappardelle and seasonal parsnips over a burger with fries. He will fail, of course, not for lack of effort but because he just doesn't get the fact that excessive consumption is woven into our national DNA. Being an American means and has always meant eating too much, even if the likes of Jamie Oliver tell us not to, and even if, as one study predicts, it means the next generation of Americans could be the first to expect a shorter life span than the one before it.

Oliver means well, and I admire his guts. The guy has sold twenty-four million cookbooks and starred in a dozen television shows in his native country. His crusade to improve school lunches in Britain was a triumph; it changed how an entire generation of schoolchildren eats lunch. He understood the roots of the bad food they were eating—cheap, lazy, shortsighted government administrations mired in bad practices—and against that framework he knew what role to take, the firebrand reformer, a traditional role in Britain. With "Food Revolution," he's trying to transfer that approach to the United States, but anyone who has lived in America knows that the government is not the cause of American fat. Americans are. The obesity problem is social—historical, even—not political. The founding myth of the country, and its most important holiday[•], is a spectacle of overeating. Expansion has always involved feasting. The story of the western frontier is the story of driving immense herds of protein across



Jamie Oliver's Food Revolution





Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives

an empty landscape toward their eventual slaughter. The industrial explosion of the mid-to-late nineteenth century that swelled the population of the country demanded huge amounts of food, and the Greatest Generation didn't create the most powerful country in the history of the world while on a diet. Food was their fuel, and if they worked hard and brought home lots of bacon, why not eat it?

That's where we ran into trouble. Our eating habits were formed during times of immensely productive manual labor. If you're working twelve-hour shifts at the car plant, you can eat whatever you want. You can even eat the food celebrated on Guy Fieri's show[•], which drifts from restaurant to restaurant featuring all these delicious extravagances of the industrial age: burgers with skirts of bubbly cheese, fried chicken and waffles with maple syrup and hot sauce.

But these foodstuffs are now reminders of better times, like the boarded-up factories in Detroit: We used to be able to eat them without consequence because we used to work a lot harder. With five and a half million manufacturing jobs lost since 2000, unemployment still above 9 percent, and many American workers happy to sit at their desks while underpaid immigrants and overseas workers do the heavy lifting for them, many of us are working less, and working less physically intensive labor, than at any time in recent history, and we've got the extra pounds to show for it. So while America's gut is a medical problem on a massive scale, it is also a clear indicator of industrial, and possibly national, decline.

Which is why having a Brit lecture Americans about obesity is so galling. For one thing, England was recently declared the fattest nation in Europe, meaning Oliver might want to clean up his own house before coming over and criticizing ours. And for another, the English have always seen lecturing Americans as a cherished part of the Special Relationship. And for our part, Americans usually entertain British advice because we know, in some sense, that the Brits have been in our shoes before. It reminds me of how the generals of ancient Rome, riding in victory parades after battle, would always keep a slave holding a crown over their heads and whispering in their ears, "All glory is fleeting. All glory is fleeting." So we've welcomed British commentators in America, living memento mori to remind us that global dominance--theirs in the nineteenth century, ours in the twentieth--is ultimately fleeting. Oliver has just, and I think it's quite by accident, cut too close to the bone. It's one thing to be



Undercover Boss

told that all glory is fleeting when you're in triumph; it's quite another when you're struggling to pay your mortgage.

Oliver treats the epidemic of obesity in America as it should be treated--as a public-health crisis--and his approach only makes our own perverse reactions to the growing emergency seem more ridiculous. The First Lady wants us all to start gardens[•]--a loopy suggestion undertaken for a photo op--while fat people keep eating deep-fried butter at the state fair and thin people continue to check the daily postings on thisiswhyyourefat.com[•]. But if you're looking for a solution to the weight problem, you won't find it on "Food Revolution" or even "The Biggest Loser." Instead, head over to CBS, where its breakout show[•] has fat-cat CEOs busting their asses doing a hard day's work. Because only when we figure out how to put Americans back to work, and how to rebuild a sagging infrastructure and stanch the flow of jobs overseas, will the pounds start melting off. ■

WHEN CHINA RULED THE WORLD

OR WHY THE "CHINA CENTURY"
WILL BE THE SHORTEST ON RECORD

BY THOMAS P. M. BARNETT



T

THERE'S A MOMENT IN PART TWO of Quentin Tarantino's revenge epic, *Kill Bill*, in which legendary martial-arts master Pai Mei teaches the Bride how to exact her revenge by delivering the killer blows instantly and then waiting for her nemesis to drop. Pai Mei "hits you with his fingertips at five different pressure points on your body, and then lets you walk away. But once you've taken five steps, your heart explodes inside your body and you fall to the floor."

And the battle is over before it really begins.

Okay, a gruesome analogy, perhaps, but apt. I'm here to tell you that America plunged its fingertips into the Middle Kingdom's body politic across the 1970s, beginning with Nixon going to China in 1972 and culminating with Jimmy Carter's normalization of relations in 1979. The first embrace allowed aged Mao Tse-tung to extinguish his nonstop internal purge known as the Cultural Revolution by firewalling his fears of Soviet antagonism. The second cemented China's wary-but-increasingly-warm relationship with the United States and allowed Deng Xiaoping, who narrowly survived Mao's insanities, to dismantle the dead emperor's dysfunctional socialist model, quietly burying Marx with the most revolutionary of eulogies—to get rich is glorious!

Deng chose wisely: Reversing Mikhail Gorbachev's subsequent logic, he focused on the economics while putting off the politics. This decision later earned him the sobriquet "the butcher of Tiananmen" when, in 1989, the political expectations of students quickly outpaced the Party's willingness for self-examination. But it likewise locked China onto a historical pathway from which it cannot escape, or what I call the five D's of the dragon's decline from world-beater to world-benefactor: demographics, decrepitude, dependency, defensiveness, and—most disabling of all—democratization.

Let us begin this journey right where Deng did, with a focus on the family.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STEP NO. 1: DEMOGRAPHICS, OR THE BIRTH OF A NATION OF SELFISH "LITTLE EMPERORS"

DENG GOT THINGS rolling in 1979 with his controversial one-child policy, which has to date wiped an entire America's worth of souls (three hundred million) from the ledger. The demographic dividend was substantial: China's ratio of dependents-to-workers dropped steadily over the next three decades as fewer kids entered the system and the percentage of elders held steady.

That labor boost established the so-called China price by making its labor the cheapest in the dependable world. By inserting itself at the top of numerous global production chains, China became the assembler of last resort and thus consolidated Asia's existing trade imbalance with the West. Two and a half trillion dollars of accumulated reserve currencies later, China's economic "genius" is hailed around the planet, even if all it did was out-Asia the rest of Asia by pushing aside all the other pig-

lets suckling at Mama America's teat.

But as the recent global financial crisis made clear, that pig-out strategy has exhausted itself, meaning China needs to rely more on internal consumption for future growth. That's no easy pivot to engineer, and yet it's made all the more imperative by this year's closing of China's demographic golden hour—meaning, from here on out, fewer new workers enter the labor pool (one-third less sixteen- to twenty-four-year-olds over the next twelve years), while many more elders exit it.

That dual dynamic will not only age China more rapidly than any nation in human history—by 2050 China will have more old people (four hundred million-plus) than America will have people (four hundred million)—it will dramatically drive up the price of its factory labor in coming years. That irreversible pathway is already presaged by last year's highly successful worker strikes along the industrialized coast, with wages lifted by a quarter on average. China's "factory girls" are looking to upgrade far more than just their wardrobe, and that means the nation will increasingly export low-end manufacturing jobs to all those neighboring capitalist running dogs (Bangladesh, Vietnam, etc.) nipping at China's heels.

As a result, China is forced to move up the production chain as rapidly as possible to generate the higher wages increasingly demanded by hard-pressed workers facing the "4-2-1 problem"—namely, four grandparents and two parents expecting their sole offspring to provide in their old age. But guess what? After being raised as "little emperors" within their pointy family pyramids, these young'uns ain't exactly looking to "eat bitterness" like their long-suffering parents did. They want careers and not just jobs, and will seek personal satisfaction in their modern lives, not merely lifelong sacrifice.

Some Western demographers have posited, due to the female shortage created by the one-child policy, that China will be forced to field a vast force—as in tens of millions strong—of wifeless men who'll gladly wage wars around the planet to burn off all those unrequited hormones. My guess is that mama's only boy, as overweight as he's fast becoming, will be looking for a cushier route to rid himself of all those ancestral expectations.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STEP NO. 2: ACCELERATED DECREPITUDE, OR RAPID ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT AT THE COST OF ENVIRONMENTAL AND SOCIETAL BREAKDOWN

CHINA'S HEADLONG RUSH to industrialize was pursued with the most Marxist of prejudices—bending nature to man's will. That's a desperately hard trick to pull off when one fifth of humanity, having previously subsisted on 7 percent of the world's freshwater supply, decides that it wants to instantaneously increase its caloric intake. Fish just live in the water, but cattle consume tremendous amounts of it to produce dairy products and beef, two foodstuffs that have experienced explosive growth across China over the past decade. The country is now one of the biggest dairy producers and importers in the world, and given its precipitously dropping water table, expect China's addiction to foreign milk to spike in coming years.

What water China does not already consume it goes out of its way to despoil, leaving its still-growing population with a per-capita water supply that's one-quarter the global norm. Most of China's biggest cities already face significant water shortages, and the majority of the country's surface water is considered too dirty for consumption and, in some cases, even indus-

trial use. Upwards of seven hundred million Chinese consume polluted water every day, setting in motion a long-term public-health disaster of unimaginable proportions.

Officially, China admits that pollution costs the economy about 3 to 4 percent of its annual GDP, but Western observers say it's more like 10 percent. A similar range of opinions exists on the price of political corruption, which goes hand in hand with environmental degradation in wearing out the social fabric of trust across China. Sun Liping, a sociology professor at Beijing's prestigious Tsinghua University, triggered a Web sensation in 2009 with a paper arguing that China faced less danger from social unrest than from social breakdown as a result of pervasive corruption, which he compared to "cellular necrosis" within the body politic. Meanwhile, the Party satisfies itself with "killing the chicken to scare the monkey," or showy efforts at anti-corruption designed to scare the masses straight.

Like most catch-up artists before it, including rising America of the nineteenth century, China has cheated its way to the pinnacle of the global economy, racking up hidden debts of unprecedented proportions. But heading a single-party state, Beijing remains insidiously adept at disguising that mortgaged future, with government officials even going so far today as to publicly harangue America for its spend-now-and-pay-later mind-set. Have you no shame, comrade?

In the end, China's pervasive short-term thinking exacts a terrible moral price as everybody cheats everybody else with nary a pang of conscience, as lies upon lies are statistically amassed to achieve China's annual growth rate of 8 percent or better. Eight is a magic number to the superstitious Chinese, who will need all the luck they can get.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STEP NO. 3: RESOURCE DEPENDENCIES, OR CREATING THE MOST VULNERABLE ECONOMY IN THE WORLD

NOT CONTENT with recently surpassing the U.S. as the world's biggest CO₂ emitter, China just snuck past America this year as the world's biggest energy consumer, too. Naturally, this was interpreted throughout the West as yet another sign of China's world-shaping dominance instead of what it truly represents: China's skyrocketing resource dependence on the most unstable regions in the world.

If America is addicted to foreign money and foreign oil, then China is addicted to foreign supplies of just about every commodity known to man—save highly polluting coal. Even China's rare recent bright spot, the confirmation of vast gas shale deposits, comes with a particularly inappropriate price tag: a water-intensive rock-fragmenting process that's just now coming under intense scrutiny in pioneering America for its tendency toward chemical contamination of the surrounding environment.

Sometime around 2030, China is expected to surpass the United States as the world's biggest importer of oil. Already China is more narrowly dependent on Middle Eastern oil than the United States, for whom the Persian Gulf is the number-five most important supplier (after number-four South America, Africa, our North American neighbors, and, first, the U.S. itself). Recently, Saudi Arabia started sending more oil to China than to the United States, reflecting the fact that East Asia already draws the lion's share of Middle Eastern exports, a percentage that will only grow with time as India and China—increasingly fierce economic compet- [continued on page 112]



HOW A MAN LIVES*

For the eighth year in a row, we've taken a beautiful home—this time a 1968 house in Los Angeles's Hollywood Hills neighborhood that was custom renovated for this project—and with the help of renowned designers and luxury brands, turned it into the ultimate living experience. This year's house features a revolving sitting area, a three-thousand-square-foot patio, and a six-foot-tall picture of a moose. What we're most proud of, however, is the money it helped us raise for charity. Although the moose really is extraordinary.

*IF THAT MAN HAPPENS TO BE RIDICULOUSLY WEALTHY



MASTER BEDROOM SUITE

DESIGNED BY ANNETTE ENGLISH
FOR SALVATORE FERRAGAMO



1. The one-of-a-kind headboard is made of Japanese silk pressed between recycled-glass panels and lit from within. **2.** The east wall covering is made of bark. **3.** A fox-fur blanket that, while maybe not the most animal-friendly, sure is soft. **4.** The forty-seven-inch LG plays "Kiss," a video piece by R. Luke DuBois that renders kissing scenes from famous films into a series of lines and dots. **5.** Instead of a four-post bed, English commissioned floor-to-ceiling strings of handmade beads, meant to remind visitors of the heel of a woman's shoe. **6.** In the adjoining master closet hangs *Moose by Specimen Cases at Deyrolle*, a six-foot photo of a moose by William Curtis Rolf.



MEDIA ROOM

DESIGNED BY AMY MATTHEWS
FOR DIY NETWORK



1. Eight custom recliners sit on a sixteen-foot turntable. In thirty seconds, the turntable can rotate from facing the gaming wall to facing the television wall. 2. Like nearly everything else created in the last eight months, the whole system can be controlled by an iPad. 3. A pair of limited-edition Les Paul Signature CS3.7 speakers from Thiel. It's one of only ten, each signed by Les Paul. It's one of only one also signed by Spike Lee, Amy Poehler, and the Doors' Ray Manzarek. 4. The first 3-D TVs that do not require glasses will be released later this year. 5. In 2008 more than forty-seven billion gallons of beer were consumed globally. 6. Which led (indirectly) to this countertop, which is made out of recycled beer bottles.



TERRACE

DESIGNED BY KYLE SCHUNEMAN FOR DONQ RUM



1. A three-thousand-square-foot patio. 2. The twenty-eight-foot-long “fire wall” was inspired by the Cherry Flambé, a drink served at some of our parties. (To make: Mix two ounces dark rum with half an ounce each Cherry Heering liqueur, dry vermouth, and simple syrup, two dashes bitters, and one pinch cinnamon powder with ice. Stir. Strain into a martini glass and garnish with a caramelized cherry. Flambé with a torch.) 3. In order not to obstruct the view, Schuneman used furniture with a profile under twenty-eight inches. 4. Potted bamboo plants on the patio are supposed to evoke the feel of the sugarcane used to make rum. 5. On the other side of the fire wall is a sundeck. And below that is the now-empty dirt patch where a bush used to grow—until it was torn out for blocking the view.

GREAT ROOM

DESIGNED BY ELAINE CULOTTI FOR HUGO BOSS



1. The water in this fountain flows from the ceiling down a plate of glass and in front of the open fireplace. 2. Epiphytes: plants commonly found in rain forests that gather water on their leaves and are thus a little harder to kill. 3. The walls are covered in bamboo, faux snakeskin, and faux ostrich. 4. The ceiling is faux leather. 5. The furniture, however, is actual cashmere. 6. The Ameba pendant light fixture—a five-piece customizable set that can be combined into an infinite number of shapes. 7. Over the dining-room table is the Luceplan Hope light, which comprises eighty-four magnifying lenses and cannot be combined into any other shapes. 8. On the east wall is a \$250,000 Jean-Michel Basquiat painting called *Back of the Neck*.



STUDY

DESIGNED BY MARK CUTLER FOR CORUM



1. This room measures eight by fourteen feet. It's tiny. In fact, it was originally a closet, housing the electrical panel, ductwork for the central air system, and the controller for the thermostat. 2. To create the illusion of a larger space, Cutler paneled the room in a dark mahogany, which he contrasted with very light furniture. 3. The floor of the room is a continuation of the brown leather from the adjacent staircase. 4. *Untitled Landscape*, by Luc Leestemaker, whose work has been featured in such films as *Erin Brockovich* and *Spider-Man*. 5. Informal bonsai grow vertically, with a trunk that is not perfectly straight. And even though it sounds pretentious, it's actually pronounced “bone-sigh.”

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RECORDING STUDIO

DESIGNED BY DENISE KURIGER AND BLUE MICROPHONES FOR ABSOLUT VODKA



1. Formerly the pool house, this room contains \$500,000 worth of recording equipment—including an Eric Clapton Fender Stratocaster, an electric archtop ES-335 Gibson, a Mini-moog Voyager analog synthesizer, and a \$6,000 Blue Bottle microphone. 2. This custom isolation booth blocks up to sixty-five decibels of outside ambient noise, which is more than enough to cover the sound of people splashing around in the pool. 3. The floor is covered by an all-wool custom-designed rug, and the wall upholstery was hand-dyed in France. 4. Over our four months at the house, dozens of musicians performed here for charity events, including Liz Phair, Macy Gray, violinist Gingger Shankar, Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders, and the bands Frightened Rabbit and A House for Lions. 5. The mixing board was made by Solid State Logic, a company partly owned by musician Peter Dinklage, who did not perform here. Though he was always welcome.



VIRTUAL REALITY LOUNGE

DESIGNED BY LUXURIOUS
ANIMALS AND NOAM
MAITLESS FOR LUFTHANSA



1. A customized flight simulator (which you can install in your own home's Virtual Reality Lounge for \$200,000) lets you "fly" over fifteen locations—designed as floating islands—including New York, Tokyo, Hong Kong, and Kazakhstan. 2. The infrared camera used to detect movement has not yet been released to the public. 3. Custom-made miniaturized air jets blow air in the player's direction to simulate the acceleration of actual flight. 4. Tilting your arms turns your "plane" to the right or left. To "fly" higher, step back. To "fly" lower, step forward. To ease your embarrassment when people catch you "flying," step slowly out of the room. 5. Greyhound club chairs from the newly launched Esquire Home furniture collection. 6. Big Ben.



Esquire
HOUSE 2010

L.A.



MUSIC LOUNGE

DESIGNED BY LISA DELENA
FOR HEINEKEN



1. Heineken requested that nothing in this room incorporate the color green. 2. The wall carvings are meant to remind you of guitar picks. (Other guitar parts represented in this room: the pick-guard, reflected in the mother-of-pearl wall covering; a stack of Marshall amps, alluded to in the black-paneled wall; a guitar bridge, evoked by the silver-shield tile on the bar; and the head of a Fender Stratocaster, which inspired the custom leather banquette in the seating area.) 3. Showcased on a shelf above the bar is a vintage Washburn mandolin from DeLena's personal collection. The mandolin's design won an award at the 1893 Chicago World's Fair. 4. A special draft-beer tap called the Heineken Extra Cold Tap, which chills beer to exactly 32 degrees. 5. Obscura Digital's mFrame, a sixty-five-inch multitouch screen that allows you to flip through tens of thousands of images of the Hard Rock Cafe's rock memorabilia, including Johnny Rotten's boots and Elvis's karate gi. 6.



For more on the Esquire House, go to facebook.com/esquire.

Esquire

THE MEANING

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

ROBERT DE NIRO

YOKO ONO

SAMUEL L. JACKSON

ROBERT DUVAL

ROBERT REDFORD

AARON SORKIN

MARY-LOUISE PARKER

GEORGE H. W. BUSH AND BARBARA BUSH

RUTH WESTHEIMER

TED DANSON

DANNY DEVITO

RICKY GERVAIS

FERRAN ADRIÀ

JAMES L. BROOKS

FRED WILLARD

ALBERT BROOKS

JODIE FOSTER



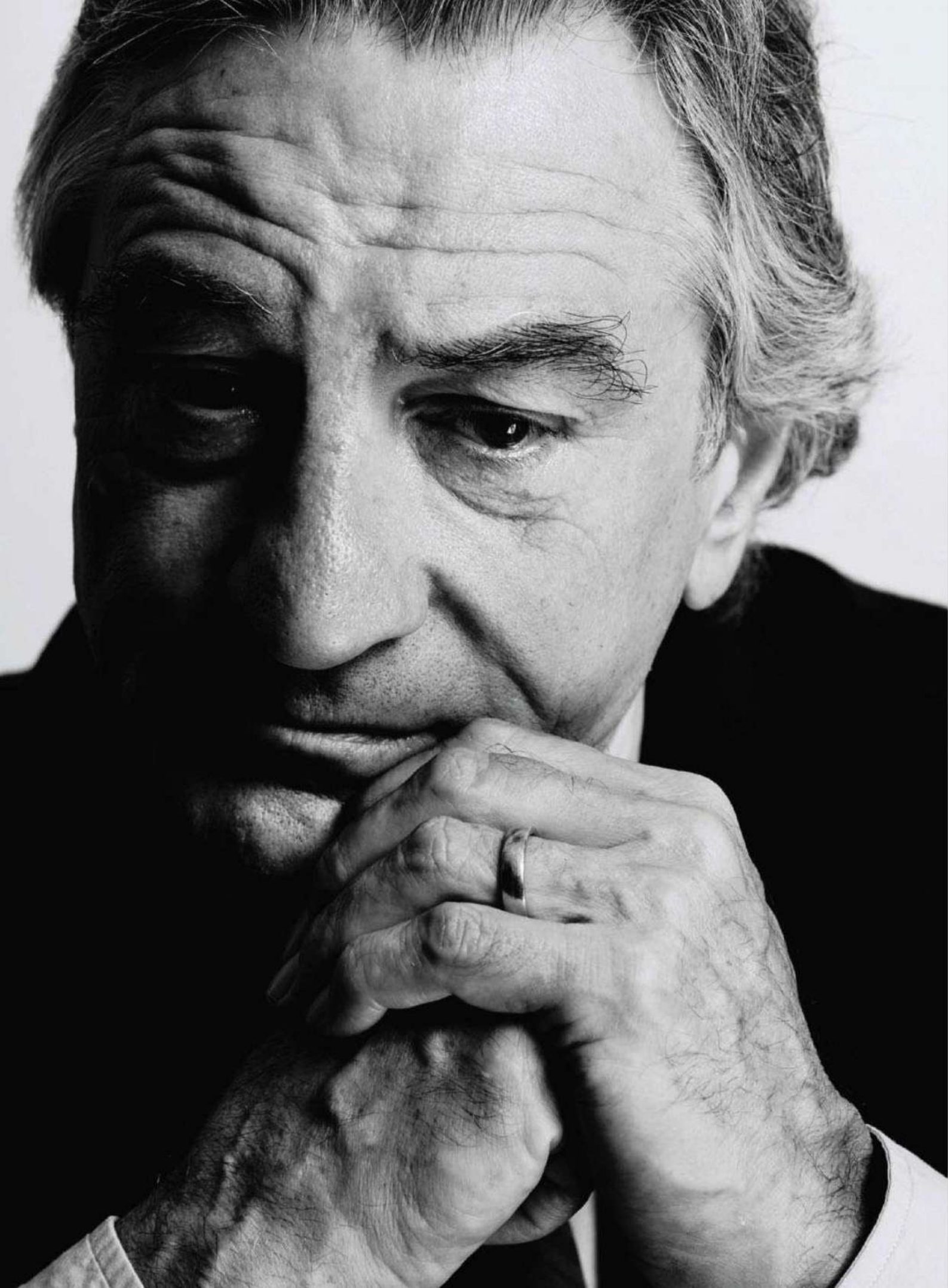
For a collection of every What I've Learned interview ever published in Esquire, go to esquire.com/meaning-of-life.

ANING OF

THE

THE ORIGINALS

They are the ones you can't forget. People whose accomplishments and influence are vast—in film, in music, in food, life, and history—but also whose work is unmistakably their own. What they have done and how they have done it, no one else could. None of them is easily imitated, and none will ever be replaced. For that reason alone, they make us glad.



WHAT I'VE LEARNED

ROBERT DE NIRO

ICON, 67, NEW YORK • INTERVIEWED by CAL FUSSMAN

OCTOBER 26, 2010

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL PARRY

- **Those who say** don't know. Those who know don't say. That holds up over time.
- **So does:** If you don't go, you'll never know. I tell that to my kids.
- **Ten years** seems only a few years ago.
- **If it's the right chair**, it doesn't take too long to get comfortable in it.
- **Italy has changed.** But Rome is Rome.
- **We made a rubber wall** for the jail scene in *Raging Bull*. It was hard rubber foam. Smashing your head into a real wall wouldn't have been possible. You've got to do it till you're happy.
- **I'd like to look** at all of my movies once just to do it—just to see what it makes me think, to see what the pattern was. But with all the movies I've been in, that would mean watching two or three a day for a month. I don't know where I'd get the time.
- **If Marty wanted** me to do something, I would consider it very seriously even if I wasn't interested.
- **My definition** of a good hotel is a place I'd stay at.
- **If I remember** correctly, there were not many sequels at the time. *The Godfather* was one of the first. So we didn't think about sequels the way we do now. I remember seeing the entire street between Avenue A and Avenue B converted into the early twentieth century. The storefronts, the insides of the stores. The size of it was incredible. You knew what you were doing was ambitious.
- **I'll always be** indebted to Francis.
- **When I did *The Deer Hunter***, I thought, Thailand is such an interesting place. I'll be back soon. But I didn't get back for something like eighteen years.
- **Everybody can criticize.** But at the end of the day, you know Obama's intentions are in the right place.
- **You should've done this.** You should stand up for this more than that. The president's got to deal with that every moment.

▶ 1973: *Johnny Boy*... 1974: *Vito Corleone*... 1976: *Travis Bickle*... 1978: *The Deer Hunter*... 1980: "Did you fuck my wife? Did you fuck my wife?" ▶

Imagine what it would be like with all the different forces coming at you, having to compromise, to weigh the consequences of one decision as opposed to another. It's tricky. Come to think of it, it's kind of like being a director.

> **I always tell actors** when they go in for an audition: Don't be afraid to do what your instincts tell you. You may not get the part, but people will take notice.

> **From Jodie Foster** (see page 92):

By the time I got the role in Taxi Driver, I'd already made more stuff than De Niro or Martin Scorsese. I'd been working from the time I was three years old. So even though I was only twelve, I felt like I was the veteran there.

De Niro took me aside before we started filming. He kept picking me up from my hotel and taking me to different diners. The first time he basically didn't say anything. He would just, like, mumble. The second time he started to run lines with me, which was pretty boring because I already knew the lines. The third time, he ran lines with me again and now I was really bored. The fourth time, he ran lines with me, but then he started going off on these completely different ideas within the scene, talking about crazy things and asking me to follow in terms of improvisation.

So we'd start with the original script and then he'd go off on some tangent and I'd have to follow, and then it was my job to eventually find the space to bring him back to the last three lines of the text we'd already learned.

It was a huge revelation for me, because until that moment I thought being an actor was just acting naturally and saying the lines someone else wrote. Nobody had ever asked me to build a character. The only thing they'd ever done to direct me was to say something like "Say it faster" or "Say it slower." So it was a whole new feeling for me, because I realized acting was not a dumb job. You know, I thought it was a dumb job. Somebody else writes something and then you repeat it. Like, how dumb is that?

There was this moment, in some diner somewhere, when I realized for the first time that it was me who hadn't brought enough to the table. And I felt this excitement where you're all sweaty and you can't eat and you can't sleep.

Changed my life.

> **Jodie told you that?** No, I have no memory. People have memories of things that I don't remember. She was, what, twelve? Amazing...

> **If you don't do it** the right way now, it'll never be what it should be—and it's there forever.

> **It's always** the same old story—the fine line between the money and quality. Do we have to spend this for this? Well, yeah, because if we don't...

> **If there's a shortcut** taken when you're building a hotel, people are going to notice and feel cheated out of something. It's kind of like a movie: Cumulatively, all the shortcuts and cheats take away from the texture.

> **Sometimes** if you have financial restraints, it's a benefit. It forces you to come up with a more creative way.

> **I just go** to the theater. Nobody bothers me. I don't even get

recognized. I do it a certain way.

> **Couldn't get into** the IMAX 3-D *Avatar*.

> **As long as** you've got kids, there's gonna be a problem.

> **I don't know** if I've been taught anything by my kids. But things are revealed to me. They unfold. Now you're a grandfather. And your kids are giving you advice.

> **It's interesting** when your kids give you advice. I had a conversation with my oldest son the other day. He was saying, "You should do this... and this... and this." Not that I agreed with him on everything. But it was a good feeling.

> **You get older**, you get more cautious.

> **Situations come up** that you've been through and you can see where they're gonna go.

> **Good advice** can save you a little aggravation.

> **I just had** my twins here. They're fifteen. When I was a teenager, there were less restrictions than I put on my kids. But I know those restrictions are important. Yet they have to have room. It's a delicate balance. You say, I survived it. How could they? And yet they do. With a little luck.

> **I might laugh** more now than when I was younger. I'm less judgmental.

> **It takes a lot** for me to give one of my father's paintings as a gift.

> **I've kept** my father's studio for the last seventeen years—since he passed away. I've kept it just about the way it was. At one point I was thinking of letting it go. Then I had a gathering of family and friends—you know, to see it for the final time. Videotape it. But I realized it's different in person than it is on video. It's another experience. So I've held on to it.

> **Be brave**, but not reckless.

> **No matter what** Marlon did, he was always interesting.

> **Shows you how** primitive things used to be: We had to set up a tripod to videotape Marlon's scenes in the screening room at Paramount so I could study his movements. I played it on a little reel-to-reel.

> **Marlon and I** never talked about our performances in *The Godfather*. What was he going to say? We knew each other. I spent time on his island with him. But you don't talk about acting. You talk about anything *but* acting. I guess the admiration is unspoken.

> **Yeah, you can make** new friends. I recently met a couple of people that are a lot younger than me. It's a nice thing.

> **Reality is** this moment.

> **Some people** understand what it is to create something special, and others are thinking what they can get out of it.

> **I'm not going** to read all the books I want to read.

> **I might like** to do things that are more *retiring*. Like sit in a place and just look at the view. Take a nice walk. Have a coffee. But not retire. As long as I'm enjoying what I'm doing, why retire?

> **You go through** a lot of different phases in life. I used to have dessert all the time as a kid. Now I don't eat dessert much. Except when I'm in special restaurants and I tell myself, Well, I'm *here*. I have to have the dessert.

> **Now is now**. Then is then. And the future will be what the future will be. So enjoy the moment while you're in it. Now is a great time.

"MARLON AND I NEVER TALKED ABOUT THE GODFATHER. WHAT WAS HE GOING TO SAY? WE KNEW EACH OTHER. BUT YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT ACTING."



WOOL PIQUE CARDIGAN JACKET, COTTON SHIRT, SILK TIE, AND
FLANNEL TROUSERS (PART OF SUIT) BY GIORGIO ARMANI.

De Niro stars in *Little Fockers*, out December 22.

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

YOKO ONO

ARTIST, 77,
NEW YORK

INTERVIEWED BY
TOM JUNOD
JULY 29, 2010

- > **I'm sorry**, I can't tell you everything I've learned. I have to be careful.
- > **I don't know** if I've learned so much from people as from events. Events are the best teacher for us. You try to learn from people, there is always some bend to it.
- > **You can call it freedom**, you can call it a situation that was not very conducive to having a relationship with your parents. I thought that that was life. It was the only life I knew.
- > **The beginning** is not all that important at this point.
- > **John had** the best voice. The most interesting voice, let's put it that way.

> **Obviously**, it was a very negative thing for me to lose such a good partner. He was very good. He was a very strong and beautiful and protective force for me. But his words and his music are still here. It will still affect people. And that's the only thing they knew, anyway, when he was alive. So that's the fate of an artist. It's not a bad one. As long as you are what you have created, and what you wanted to share with the world, it's still there.

> **I have a big job** in addition to music: to keep his voice going.

> **The most frequent one** that I get is, Can we change the lyrics to "Imagine"—"No religion, too"? The religious people want it.

> **We are all** gurus now.

> **There was an incredible power** that was against me. And that power, I hope I was able to use it to do something good. Power is power. It's energy. And if you get big, big energy, you can use that in a good way.

> **It was such a waste** that he had to go when he was forty.

> **What is teaching me** is the fact that we have to learn how to turn around negative energy into positive energy. On a very small scale, for instance, people used to call me Dragon Lady. And I didn't answer that one. And one day I said, Thank you for calling me Dragon Lady, because the dragon is such a powerful animal. And thank you for thinking I'm so powerful. From then on nobody called me Dragon Lady.

> **It's a waste of time** to think that if you colored a painting red what might have happened if you painted it black.

> **I think John** was a little more negative than I was.

> **Is truth always positive?** Of course. Once the truth comes out, you know, it's all right. We're scared that if the truth comes out that it's not all right. It's the other way around.

> **I go to the park** on Sundays. And I see men pushing babies. And it's beautiful. They don't know that John was the first one to do that. The very first one. No man would be caught doing that before John.

> **I think one of the reasons** that I'm surviving is the incredible negative power that was trying to erase me. It was not the truth that I broke up the Beatles.

> **It was inconvenient**, as an artist, when you're creating things, not to have people like it, not because of the work I was doing, but because it was me. It's just an inconvenience.

> **You can be very wild** and still be very wise.

> **Sean is half Japanese and half English.** All these people who have two or three countries inside of them, they used to be messed up. Now there's so many of them, it's a society in itself.

> **I still feel** that I'm an outsider. About two days ago I was thinking, It's wrong to think I'm an outsider. I'm just part of the world.

> **You can't always be** in awe of someone's talent, living with them.

> **We thought** that we were punks.

> **I just think** it's wrong not to pursue the possibility of anything.

> **I didn't think** I would be a widow. Nobody thinks they are going to be a widow. And the minute I was a widow, I started to see what a test it is to be a widow in this society.

> **Paul, musically**, is extremely knowledgeable as well. He's just as quick to write songs. He's just different, that's all.

> **I knew Jackie.** But I didn't chat with Jackie. Women are very kind of protective of the situation that they're in. So they don't chat. I didn't open up, and she didn't open up, either. We're part of a very strong system. You don't talk for your own survival.

> **I know** on a very universal rule, hurting people is very bad. If I spoke up, I might hurt some people. Even if those people may be deserving. Their children, their grandchildren—they don't have to feel that there is something wrong with their fathers.

> **There are** conspiracy theories. I'm not saying it was definitely just a deranged person.

> **There is** within me this feeling of guilt because I couldn't stop it.

> **Back then**, we didn't know anything, really. I look at videos and everyone is smoking. It's sort of annoying now.

▶ 1968: "Revolution 9" ... 1969: The bed-ins ... 1970: Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band ... 1980: Double Fantasy ... 1984: Milk and Honey ... 2007: Imagine Peace Tower, Reykjavik ...



Andy Warhol's 1971 Polaroid
snapshot of Yoko Ono.

2010: To commemorate Lennon's seventieth birthday, Ono oversaw the Gimme Some Truth campaign, which included the eleven-CD *John Lennon Signature Box*

SAMUEL L. JACKSON

ACTOR, 61, NEW YORK

INTERVIEWED BY

JOHN H.
RICHARDSON

OCTOBER 1, 2010

PHOTOGRAPH BY
MARCO GROB

➤ **I never asked** for anything except a purple light saber. George said, "Well, light sabers are either red or green." I said, "Yeah, but I would like a purple one."

➤ **I was raised** to be cautious. I went to work with my grandfather, who cleaned office buildings and furnaces, and there would be twenty-year-old guys callin' him Ed, and he called 'em Mister. My grandfather was this old guy, very dignified, but he never looked 'em in the eye. He'd look at me like, "Turn your head down! Don't look the white men in the eye 'cause they'll think you being uppity or arrogant." Now the name of my production company is Uppity.

➤ **I was the crackhead** in *Jungle Fever*. I was two weeks out of rehab. I'd been smoking cocaine for a year and a half, two years, and I understood the nature of the disease. I had done the research. So when I started talking to Spike about it, I said, "You don't see him high that much.

You always see him when he needs something. He's on a mission to get some shit. That's what I wanna do." And that was my breakthrough. That got me into Hollywood. It was the perfect marriage of experience and opportunity.

➤ **I don't understand** how people live without creating. You know? I don't know how you do one picture a year.

➤ **When they killed Kennedy**, black people were thinking, Oh, my God, white people are gonna come down and kill us all today! All the rights that Kennedy gave us are going away! So they sent us home from school and said, "Stay in the house."

➤ **I wasn't one** of those people that was gonna walk around and get spit on and get slapped and not fight back. We were doing some kind of crazy things, like stealing people's credit cards and buying guns with 'em. And because of that, some FBI people showed up at my mom's house in Tennessee and told her she needed to get me out of the South or I was either gonna be locked up or killed. So she came to Atlanta and took me to the airport and put me on a plane for L. A.

➤ **When I came to New York**, it was bubbling. We watched each other, we encouraged each other, we went to auditions together, we rode trains together, and every Monday we had great parties. But it was also a time of, you know, drugs.

➤ **All of a sudden**, Morgan's gone. *Boom*. Then Denzel's gone. The opportunities were there, but I was just never prepared because I was a little bit off, you know? And then when I finally got it together—*boom!* It just happened.

➤ **I always wanted** to do a big pirate picture.

➤ **I haven't had** a drug dream in ten or twelve years. All of a sudden, I had one, like, two weeks ago. Even in the dream, you're hiding shit from people! People that you know pop up in the dream and you got this big-ass ball of cocaine in your hand and you stick it behind your back and go, "Yeah, I'm all right." And then you wake up and you feel as bad as if you'd actually done it.

➤ **I went to the movies** a lot when I was a kid. That was my joy. Saturday mornings, my mom kicked me out of the house, I went to the movies at nine in the morning and watched cartoons and serials and the double-feature horror picture, and then I would meet her later for the adult stuff. So I love movies that way. So I'll do a movie like *Snakes on a Plane*, and I'll do a film that's very serious. And I'll do a comedy, because it's there.

➤ **I've never been to jail**. I've never been arrested. I've never been locked up. I'm a good son, a good father, a good husband—I've been married to the same woman for thirty years. I'm a good friend. I finished college, I have my education, I believe in education, I donate money anonymously. So when people criticize the kind of characters that I play onscreen, I go, "You know, that's part of a story."

➤ **I wanna be** a scratch golfer for at least one month in my golf career. That's all I want.

➤ **My dad was** an absentee dad, so it was always important to me that I was part of my daughter's life, and she deserved two parents, which is part of what informs us staying married for thirty years. 'Cause everybody has a chance to say, "Fuck it," and walk away, you know? But you also have a chance to say, "Okay, fuck it, I'm sorry." Even if you're not.

➤ **I haven't done** a western yet.

➤ **1994:** "You know what they call a Quarter Pounder with Cheese in France?" ... **1996:** *A Time to Kill* ... **1999, 2002, 2005:** *Mace Windu* ... **2006:** *Snakes on a Plane*





Duvall was most recently seen in the film *Get Low*.

ROBERT DUVALL

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

ACTOR, 79, FAUQUIER
COUNTY, VIRGINIA

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
OCTOBER 8, 2010

PHOTOGRAPH BY
GILLIAN LAUB

- **Seeing your name** on the list for KP or guard duty when you're in the Army is like reading a bad review.
- **When I knew nothing**, I thought I could do anything.
- **A friend is** someone who many years ago offered you his last \$300 when you broke your pelvis. A friend is Gene Hackman.
- **If you don't have** heroes in the beginning, you don't grow.
- **Making the first *Godfather*** was more laughs than making *Godfather II*. That's because Jimmy Caan was in the first *Godfather*.
- **Sometimes** I'll be flipping the channels and come across *The Godfather* or *The Godfather II*. I'll say to myself, Let me watch five minutes. Coppola made them so beautifully

that I end up watching the whole thing.

- **Coppola always** wanted my mother's crab-cake recipe. He came to my house to talk about doing *Godfather III*, and I wrote it down for him. But I decided not to do *Godfather III*. It boiled down to money. If you're gonna pay Pacino twice what you pay me, fine. But five times? Come on, guys. The thing is, when Coppola left my house, he forgot to take my mother's crab-cake recipe. He kept calling, but I think it was more for the recipe.
- **A young actor** once asked me, What do you do between jobs? I said, Hobbies, hobbies, and more hobbies. It keeps you off dope.
- **Sometimes** working fast is better than waiting, waiting, waiting to get it right.
- **"I love** the smell of napalm in the morning. It smells like victory." People come up to me and say it like we're the only two people in the world who know.
- **The attention** I get on the street is enough to be flattering, but not so much to be a nuisance.
- **Art is** competitive.
- **When you dance** tango fast, you have to think slow.
- **I met my wife** in Argentina. The flower shop was closed, so I went to the bakery. If the flower shop had been open, I never would've met her.
- **I was a little concerned** about being with a much younger woman at first. So I asked Wilford Brimley about it. Wilford is a very sharp guy. He used to be a bodyguard for Howard Hughes. He said, "Let me tell you something, my friend, the worst thing in the world for an old man is an old woman!"
- **You never know** how reality is going to coincide with your dreams. You're optimistic, and you go from there.
- **A horse is** not like a dog. It don't love ya.
- **De Niro**, how's he doing these days? He's got his own set of rules, that guy.
- **When I was four years old**, I observed a sheepherder eating at my uncle's ranch in Idaho. I couldn't even speak well, but I said to my mother, "That man eats like this." And I started imitating him. All the cowboys and cowhands were laughing at my imitation. So I guess I've always enjoyed characters.
- **I feel like** our country is just a big giant kid with tremendous talent—like an athlete. A big giant kid that's made mistakes, but there's a lot of potential.
- **Maybe I'm wrong**. But I think if the United States went down, it would be kind of a dark world.
- **Sometimes**, when you look back on it, the \$10-million-and-under movies are some of your favorites.
- **You get to** a certain point where your career kind of works for itself—although you can never take that for granted.
- **Getting together** with friends and holding court over a meal is one of the great things in life.
- **Say hello** to Brando and he'd know you wanted to say hello to him, so he'd ignore you. He had a way of playing a game with life. You never knew what to expect. Because other times, out of nowhere, he'd reach out to you in a way that was very special.
- **When I finished *Lonesome Dove***, I said to myself, Now I can retire. I've done something. Let the English play Hamlet. I'll play Augustus McCrae.
- **What is it** that Michael Caine says? "You don't retire. The business retires you." So until they wipe the drool away...
- **Virginia's** the last station before heaven.
- **I have** this great horse named Don Manuel—Manu, for short. When your photographer comes, Manu will probably try to get into the picture. He always does, that horse.

▶ 1962: *Boo Radley* ... 1972, 1974: *Tom Hagen* ... 1979: *Santini*—and napalm in the morning ... 1983: *Tender Mercies* ... 1989: *Augustus McCrae* ... 2009: *Crazy Heart*

ROBERT REDFORD

ACTOR, DIRECTOR, 74,
SUNDANCE, UTAH

INTERVIEWED BY
MATTHEW BELLONI
JANUARY 23, 2010, AT THE
SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL

➤ **When I was a kid**, nobody told me I was good-looking. I wish they had. I would've had a better time.

➤ **You'd have to be** inhuman not to be flattered. But it was so obsessive so quick that some part of me didn't trust it.

➤ **The way you** really find out about the performer's seriousness about the cause is how long they stay with it when the spotlight gets turned off. You see a lot of celebrities switch gears. They go from the environment to animal rights to obesity or whatever. That I don't have a lot of respect for.

➤ **There were some** hairy moments. Some strange dark character was sending me gifts. They

kept coming and coming... The guy was obsessed with me and Joan Baez. They had a SWAT team and infrared binoculars, and they threw us out of the house. They caught the guy, and he was insane. They put him away and he died in prison.

➤ **I have a lot of land**. I bought it because I had a very strong feeling. I was in my early twenties, and I had grown up in Los Angeles and had seen that city slide off into the sea from the city I knew as a little kid. It lost its identity—suddenly there was cement everywhere and the green was gone and the air was bad—and I wanted out. I went to Utah because I didn't know anybody there.

➤ **Speed**. I've always liked speed. I own a car that I shouldn't be talking about because I'm an environmentalist, but the 1955 Porsche Spyder 550 RS is the finest sports car ever made.

➤ **Man, it's a lot tougher**. To really be out in nature in a pure way, without being directed, without being there as a result of some marketing plan, just to find yourself pure in nature—I made a film about this, *Jeremiah Johnson*—it is not easy.

➤ **Sometimes** your gut doesn't work.

➤ **There was a woman** who was obsessed in the sixties. She'd stalk me and stalk me. Finally they found a gun in her purse and arrested her. She was a dope addict.

➤ **I was in a small charter plane** flying from Santa Fe to Santa Rosa, and the engines went out for nine minutes. You go through that checklist. Then you get down to what it's gonna feel like. *What's it gonna feel like?* I still wonder.

➤ **I grew up** in a pretty cynical environment. All my friends gave each other a horribly bad time. We'd destroy each other with criticisms, but for me it was a sign of friendship. If someone gave me a hard time, I'd say, "Well, I guess he's my friend." I think Paul and I had that relationship.

➤ **It did come out** of the films, and it did come out of the characters we played in the films. The characters—you knew they were friends because they gave each other such a hard time. We'd play tricks on each other. The more sophisticated the joke, the better. And of course, no one would ever acknowledge the joke. If I'd play a joke on Paul, I'd never hear about it.

➤ **I'll never forget** meeting a kid I really liked in grammar school and going to his house to go swimming. I just couldn't conceive of a house with a swimming pool in the backyard. Did I stay his friend because of the pool or because I really liked him? I don't know.

➤ **Growing up**, I was heavily into sports, and you're given these slogans: "It doesn't matter whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game." I realized that was a lie. You could be the worst-behaving character in the world. If you won, it didn't matter.

➤ **Scots ethic**: Don't forgive easily. And I think that's a negative. *Ordinary People* was about that. Scots are pretty tough folks. They come from a tough land and they've got tough minds.

➤ **Life is** essentially sad. Happiness is sporadic. It comes in moments and that's it. Extract the blood from every moment.

➤ **Nothing beats** a margarita. It comes close in L. A., but you've got to go to New Mexico or Arizona for the right agave plant.

➤ **Speak out** for what you believe and what you feel. Or don't. You have to live with yourself.

➤ **Humor**. Skill. Wit. Sex appeal. That order.

➤ **Sometimes** I'll look at the women on magazines in the market: They all look alike! New this, new that, top this—forget it.

➤ **The one that** came the closest happened at the festival, late eighties or 1990. I was coming into the Egyptian Theatre for opening night. A guy from Tennessee had driven up with the sole intention of killing me. They found the guy next to the box office and he had a gun. He admitted it. He said, "I'm glad you got me. I was gonna kill him."

➤ **Whatever** designs nature, whatever makes it work when you observe it closely, that's good enough for me.

➤ **Things don't** work as well anymore. You get angry. I'm pretty blessed to be able to do a lot of things still. But there's an inevitability here.

➤ **People don't** remember who the critics were.

The movie star,
circa 1965. His eighth
film as director, *The
Conspirator*, will be
released in April.



AARON SORKIN

SCREENWRITER, 49,
LOS ANGELES

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
SEPTEMBER 8, 2010

PHOTOGRAPH BY
TURE LILLEGRAVEN

➤ **Everybody does lists** of the hundred greatest movie lines of all time. "You can't handle the truth!" always seems to be in there, which is very nice to see. But for me, the best line will always be: "We're going to need a bigger boat."

➤ **The rules are** all in a sixty-four-page pamphlet by Aristotle called *Poetics*. It was written almost three thousand years ago, but I promise you, if something is wrong with what you're writing, you've probably broken one of Aristotle's rules.

➤ **You're allowed** one *fuck* in PG-13. The rules are silly. Not all *fucks* are equal and not all *cocksuckers* are equal.

➤ **I had a lot of survival jobs.** One was for the Witty Ditty singing-telegram company. I was in the red-and-white stripes with the straw boater hat and kazoo. Balloons. Even when you're

sleeping on a friend's couch, you have to pay some kind of rent.

➤ **I desperately need** the love of complete strangers. That's one reason I overtip. I love when skycaps, waiters, and valets are happy to see me.

➤ **The only political experience** I've ever had came in sixth grade when I had a crush on Jenny Lavin. Jenny was stuffing envelopes after school at the local McGovern-for-President headquarters. So I thought it'd be a good idea if I volunteered, too. One weekend they put us all in buses and took us to White Plains, the county seat, because the Nixon motorcade was coming through. We went with signs that said MCGOVERN FOR PRESIDENT. I was holding up one of these signs and a 163-year-old woman came up from behind, took the sign out of my hand, whacked me over the head with it, threw it on the ground, and stomped on it. The only political agenda I've ever had is the slim hope that this woman is still alive and I'm driving her out of her mind.

➤ **I do not diminish** the incredible symbolic importance of a black man getting elected president. But my euphoria was a *smart* guy getting elected president. Maybe for the first time in my lifetime we had elected one of the thousand smartest Americans president.

➤ **I kind of worship** at the altar of intention and obstacle. Somebody wants something. Something's standing in their way of getting it. They want the money, they want the girl, they want to get to Philadelphia—doesn't matter. And if they can *need* it, that's even better.

➤ **Whatever the obstacle is**, you can't overcome it like *that* or the audience is going to say, "Why don't they just take the other car?" or "Why don't you just shoot him?" The obstacle has to be difficult to overcome. And that's the clothesline that you hang everything on—the tactics by which your characters try to achieve their goal. That's the story that you end up telling.

➤ **Oh, I'd love** to get *A Few Good Men* back. I feel like there isn't a scene where, if I could have it back for half an hour, I couldn't give you a better scene.

➤ **I keep thinking** that I graduated from college a couple of years ago when it was actually 1983.

➤ **You'll be able to say** "motherfucker" on network television before you'll be able to take God's name in vain.

➤ **When you're a hit**, you get a little more elbow room and you walk with a bigger stick.

➤ **Except when** I didn't have any, money has never been that big of a deal to me.

➤ **A friend is** somebody who says the same things to your face that they would say if you're not in the room.

➤ **By the way**, you don't have to necessarily always enjoy being with your friends. It's possible to have friends that drive you out of your mind. Don't you have friends that you've had since you were a little kid? And you constantly have to explain to people who're just meeting him: "I've known him since fifth grade. He really is a good guy. Trust me. Really—he's got a heart as big as Montana."

➤ **I feel like** if I'd gotten married once a year, every year since I was twenty-five, there would never have been the same five groomsmen twice. Two new people would always be coming in. My brother is a constant. He would stay.

➤ **There are these signposts** along the way of getting older. The first is when the Playmate of the Month is younger than you are. Suddenly you're starting to feel dirty because you're twenty-three and she's nineteen and you really shouldn't be looking at that picture.

➤ **The next thing** that happens is professional athletes are younger than you are.

➤ **Then coaches** and managers are younger than you are.

➤ **And finally**, the last one that happens: I'm the same age as the president of the United States.

➤ **When I'm done** with an episode of television, I feel euphoric for about five minutes and then I'm Sisyphus.

➤ **All being finished** means is that you haven't started yet.



MARY-LOUISE PARKER

ACTRESS, 46, NEW YORK

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
AUGUST 4, 2010

- > **I'd rather** have to put my teeth in a jar at the end of the day than Twitter.
- > **Running from something** and running to something are the same thing.
- > **I don't get tired** of hearing that somebody liked my work. I'm not for everyone. If I were a beer, I definitely would not be a Budweiser.
- > **Avocado is** the perfect food. It's so substantial. So rich. There's something sensual about an avocado. You peel it and then you have to scoop out the rest and kind of lick it. Avocado makes everything better. A burger. A sandwich. It's support. It just backs everything up.
- > **"I'm sorry, but..."**—no. A qualified apology is not an apology. I can forgive most anything. But I won't forgive anything if it's defended. That's just weakness.
- > **If being honest** is the goal, I can unzip to a pretty deep level. But what you get today is not necessarily what you'll get tomorrow.
- > **Being naked** has a certain element of drama.
- > **I'm not jealous.** I would expect a man I'm with to look at a beautiful woman. If he doesn't, he's trying to hide something.
- > **You meet a woman** who's clumsy and doesn't read, and because of that it won't work. But then you meet a woman who's clumsy and won't read, but she's just right for you. The two can have the same failures, but some ineffable alchemy allows you to forgive the right one anything.
- > **My parents** taught me how to be a parent. But I'll never live up to it.
- > **I like to pretend** that I'm a tough guy. It's kind of an admission of defeat if I have to ask for help—or even kindness. But if it doesn't come, at some point I snap and demand it.
- > **"I read your journal."** I can respect that. Good for you. Everybody would read your journal. But how many people would tell you that they did?
- > **Your journal** has probably been read, I've got news for you.
- > **I might have to get in the hot tub.** Can you still talk to me in the hot tub? Would that be weird?
- > **I never feel** more useful than when I'm making my kids a bowl of soup.
- > **My daughter** made an amazing jump in the pool the other day. I said, "You're so brave." She said, "No, I was scared." I said, "That's why you're brave. If you weren't scared, you wouldn't be brave at all. You'd just be dumb."
- > **I like to restructure** the rules to make them fit my own needs.
- > **I'm not gonna go** off if there are no M&Ms in my trailer.
- > **At a certain point** you know the last chapter, and you don't want to have to write it.
- > **There's always** going to be somebody smarter, prettier, nicer. It's better to appreciate it instead of being threatened by it or defending yourself against it.
- > **Mediocrity** is underrated.
- > **My kids have taught me** that I'm not as good a person as I like to think I am, and that I'm not as bad a person as I sometimes think I am.
- > **People who** show up and don't know their lines or come in without an idea just can't be taken seriously.
- > **We have Monet Day** in the house. We buy a bunch of flowers from the deli, float them in the bathtub, and then paint them. We've also done Dalí Day. We put on mustaches and burn paper clocks. I haven't figured out how to do Van Gogh Day.
- > **It's nice to have** the luxury of not being overburdened with a self-image.
- > **There's bliss** in watching *Antiques Roadshow* and then having some chicken salad. That can be thrilling.
- > **It takes much more** skill to write something thoughtful than to just be mean.
- > **Why do actors** end up with other actors? Where else are they gonna meet other people? Somebody who works at Macy's might go out with somebody else who works at Macy's, right?
- > **No regrets.** But there have been things that are worth regretting.
- > **My son once** asked me, "What happens when we die?" I said, "Nobody really knows. Some people think that the spirit"—and he stopped me. "What's a spirit?" "Well, it's a part of you that doesn't change and people think that some part of it lives on." He said, "Here's what I think. I think we go into the ocean, we wash up on a desert island, and Georgia O'Keeffe finds our bones and then she paints them." And I said, "I'm going with your version."

▶ 1991: *Fried Green Tomatoes* ... 1994: *Bullets over Broadway* ... 2003: *Angels in America* (Globe) ... 2001 to 2006: *The West Wing* ... Now: *Weeds* (Globes)



GEORGE H. W. BUSH*

FORMER PRESIDENT, 86,
AND FIRST LADY, 85,
KENNEBUNKPORT,
MAINE

INTERVIEWED BY
A. J. JACOBS
SEPTEMBER 20, 2010

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CHRIS BUCK

> **George H. W. Bush:** Dad led by example. Mother would lecture us.

> **She'd say,** Give the other guy credit. Nobody likes a braggadocio, George. Don't talk about yourself all the time.

> **Dad would just** go out and do stuff. He would come home from Wall Street on the train. The other men would all go home and have a dry martini. He'd go down and serve as the moderator of the Greenwich Representative Town Meeting. And we remembered that.

> **Oh yeah,** I have a piece of the Berlin Wall... they make them in San Antonio.

> **What struck me** about her? Her beauty. Her sheer beauty. And her dress! She had on a green-and-red dress. Spectacularly beautiful woman. And I asked somebody, Who is that beautiful girl? That is Barbara Pierce, why? I said, Well, I'd like to meet her. And he brought her over. We said hi. Then they started playing a waltz. I said, Barbara, I don't know how to waltz. And she said, Well, let's sit

down. So we sat down, and the rest is history. Been sitting down for sixty-five years.

> **Never** did learn to waltz.

> **Barbara Bush:** I think you ought to treat your spouse like you treat your friends. You clean your house for your friends, you make sure they're taken care of, and a spouse comes second. I think you oughtta treat him like a friend.

> **It's been** pretty easy. You might not know this, but Bar's not that difficult to live with.

> **If you each** go 75 percent of the way, it's a perfect match.

> **I waited** till my eighteenth birthday to sign up. My dad wanted me to wait two more years. But he was all for it.

> **He was proud** of you. I think that was the only time you ever saw your father cry.

> **He took me** down to the station to say goodbye. And off I went. Knew nobody in the Navy. It was different then. Most everybody wanted to serve.

> **Your brother** was physically not eligible because of his eyes, and it killed him.

> **I was walking** out of the high school chapel at Andover. And somebody came running across campus and said there's been an attack. The next day, December 8, they convened a special chapel service. The headmaster, a tough guy, said, "All right, when you hear that 'Star-Spangled Banner' played, I want to see you guys standing at attention! I don't want you slouching in here like you've done here all the time." Never forgotten it.

> **I went back** to Chichi-Jima in 2001. They said, This is where your plane went down. It was very emotional for me. You go to this little town and there are all these Japanese kids with flags—"Welcome, welcome."

> **I don't remember** a lot of the details. Also, I think of my mother—"Nobody likes a braggadocio, George." I'd rather sit and look at the surf out there. So beautiful.

> **I was offered** a job on Wall Street by my uncle. But I wanted to get out. Make-it-on-my-own kinda thing.

> **You told me** that you sat on the subway and realized you wanted to work with something you could touch, not Wall Street.

> **Well, I don't remember** that. But I could well have said that back then.

> **I'm going to do** one more parachute jump. My ninetieth birthday, June 12, 2014. I liked it better when they let me do it solo. Now I go strapped onto some guy. My third-to-last jump, they said, I don't think you should jump today. I said, What are ya, worried about an old guy? They said, Well, how about a tandem jump? So I did a tandem jump. I've been doing it ever since. But the solo is much more fun.

> **The USS George H. W. Bush** is a great thing in my life. It's amazing. A great honor. The difference between this and the old carriers when I was a pilot is unbelievable. Five thousand people on it—it's like a city.

> **Gorbachev** was always very pleasant. I was the first one to have any contact

*
**AND
BARBARA
BUSH**



WHAT I'VE LEARNED

with him, because I went over as vice-president when he took office. And so I told Reagan that we've got a different guy here, a different leader. He's easy to work with, good sense of humor. Could be tough, he could get angry, but I liked working with him. I give him great credit for how the world is today.

➤ **I got this letter** today, asking Barbara and me to come to his eightieth birthday.

➤ **I went to see** Lyndon Johnson, and I was telling him I wanted to run for Senate. And he said, "The difference between the Senate and the House is the difference between chicken salad and chicken shit." Johnson was amazing.

➤ **I don't write** letters anymore. Got a few to write now, to thank doctors at the Mayo Clinic. But other than that, I just don't do it.

➤ **When I was president**, trying to rally the country behind what became Desert Storm, Jimmy Carter wrote all the members of the United Nations Security Council and urged them not to support me in the resolution that would have given all countries, really, the right to use quote whatever means necessary unquote, and aggression. That means use force. And he lobbied against it. He went to foreign leaders. I mean it's just unconscionable. They asked him about it last night on the TV.

➤ **He was proud of it.**

➤ **One of our meals** in China was upper lip of wild dog. Why the upper? They have to leave the dog with something.

➤ **After they told** us that, we weren't hungry.

➤ **Taylor Swift** is very nice. Twenty years old, unspoiled lady.

➤ **Tiddlywinks** is a very important game. We haven't played lately, Barb. The secret—it's the wrist action. It's a delicate flip with the... it's hard to explain.

➤ **Most restaurants** we go, they remember—you're the one that doesn't like broccoli. You gotta be famous for something.

➤ **Well, the worst thing** about the time that I was president I think was losing the election. Yeah, I really wanted to win, and I read smart reporters saying all these harsh things, like "He's not really trying" and "He feels he's got it." And that's not really true at all in my view. So that was a hurtful thing.

➤ **I loved going** to Camp David. That was a marvelous getaway. You get on a helicopter, you're up there in twenty-eight minutes from the White House lawn. You get off the chopper and there's no press, no nothing, you just go in and see the top-run movies. You could talk to foreign leaders without intrusion.

➤ **I didn't give** him any advice at all. But I was a very proud dad.

➤ **Too late**, if he hadn't learned by then. He had a good example.

➤ **I never said**, Now that you're president, here's what you've gotta do—no advice like that. He had his own people around him, good people. I had my chance.

➤ **What is** my most treasured possession?

➤ **Your boat.**

➤ **I was going** to say my boat, but I'm trying to think if there's



something else.

➤ **Your father** gave you something. *Wings maybe? You gave them to George W. Bush.*

➤ **I think** the boat is my favorite possession. But we're not things people.

➤ **If I could** accomplish one thing in 2011? Probably I'd say be alive and not be drooling.

➤ **How about** getting George P. home [from service overseas]?

➤ **He's asking me**, darling. Maybe have a great-grandchild. We have none.

➤ **Jimmy [Carter]** was terrible to

George, so I didn't ever appreciate that. You don't criticize a successor and other presidents. I wouldn't, and he did. He got very personal about George, and I never appreciated that.

➤ **Dana Carvey** is wonderful. He never was hurtful. I mean, he was funny, you know... "Wouldn't be prudent." Very nice.

➤ **The great thing** about *Air Force One* is when you go to some foreign country, it's kind of the symbol of the United States. People are pointing it out and... magnificent aircraft. Magnificent.

➤ **Compare it** to the Russian one we were on.

➤ **Well**, that was old and awkward.

➤ **Dark** and dreary.

➤ **But we don't** wanna criticize because we were lucky to be on it.

➤ **The Queen's Bedroom** was good. That's where we stayed when George was president. There was kind of a wicker thing over the toilet in the Queen's Bedroom. There I was, sitting where Barbra Streisand had sat. I couldn't believe it!

➤ **Cut that**, George.

➤ **Why?** What's wrong with that?

➤ **I loved** "Hail to the Chief." Loved it. Not like Jimmy Carter.

➤ **He thought** it was too much folderol.

➤ **What was it** that Phyllis Diller said? "All my friends are dying in alphabetical order." She looks at the obituary, "Oop, yep, there he goes." So there are not that many of those left. A lot of the good ones are gone.

➤ **What did** I think my kids would do?

➤ **We thought** that they would be dictators.

➤ **No**, we didn't know.

➤ **We just** prayed they'd grow up.

➤ **They were all** wonderful and we were very blessed.

➤ **They are.**

➤ **I got** pretty good at horseshoes. I got to be family champion here for a while.

➤ **I think** the phrase "kinder and gentler" resonated. I don't remember how I came up with it. Probably some speechwriter wrote it. But I felt that way. Still do.

➤ **It's much worse** to read criticism about your son than yourself.

➤ **He read** every word.

➤ **Read it.** Listened to it.

➤ **I love the phrase** "insurmountable opportunities."

RUTH WESTHEIMER

SEX EXPERT, 82, NEW YORK

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
SEPTEMBER 23, 2010



➤ **Skiers make** the best lovers because they don't sit in front of a television like couch potatoes. They take a risk and they wiggle their behinds. They also meet new people on the ski lift.

➤ **A lesson** taught with humor is a lesson retained.

➤ **The biggest concern** among men is still penis size. I tell them the vagina accommodates penises of all sizes. Then I tell them to go home, and, in the privacy of their own room, stand in front of a full-length mirror, bring themselves to full erection, and admire. You will never worry about penis size again because you won't be looking down upon it. You'll be looking at it from straight ahead.

➤ **The principal** concern for women is not

having an orgasm. But a woman has to take responsibility for her own orgasms.

➤ **It's up to** the man to not be offended when she tells him what she needs. He shouldn't say, "I know that!" And he shouldn't say, "The woman that I had before you had ten orgasms without her telling me anything!"

➤ **It's not a competition.** No penis can duplicate the vibrations of the vibrator. And no vibrator can replace a penis.

➤ **There will never** be a day when there is no such thing as prostitution. Quote me: I would like to see prostitution legalized.

➤ **The time** has come when women should pay for a gigolo. Why should only rich men have young, beautiful women? Rich women should have

young, beautiful men.

➤ **In the Jewish** tradition of the Bible it says, "Speak to her softly, so that she will want to engage in sexual activity." In today's world, there's a little bit of a danger in that people don't really talk to each other. You see couples walking in the street, each one of them texting someone else. That worries me.

➤ **It's pornography** for me only when it involves violence or children.

➤ **I'm never** embarrassed to say, "I don't know."

➤ **Part of my** success is because I'm very old-fashioned.

➤ **Boredom** is the biggest problem. The same position. Same day of the week. It becomes boring when you don't bring any added flowers home.

➤ **Most people** at one time or another—when they don't have a sexual relationship—masturbate. They should. But I don't want them to masturbate the whole day. Relieve the sexual tension, then go out and find a partner.

➤ **I gave a talk** in Egypt. There were 250 couples of the Muslim faith. The questions I got from them, about who should initiate, about premature ejaculation, about inability to obtain or maintain an erection, about sexual satisfaction of women, were the same questions that I get here.

➤ **Testosterone** levels are highest in the morning.

➤ **Yes, I was** trained as a sniper in the Israeli armed forces. This was after the Holocaust. I was a very good shooter. I once went with my grandson to a county fair where you shoot a water pistol at the clown's mouth. We came home with twelve stuffed animals and a goldfish.

➤ **I don't like** to see teenage men wearing very tight jeans. The sight of an erection belongs in the privacy of the bedroom, living room, or kitchen floor.



Danson will publish
a book, *Oceana*,
about the world's
oceans, in March.

TED DANSON

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

ACTOR, 63,
LOS ANGELES

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
SEPTEMBER 14, 2010

PHOTOGRAPH BY
JEFF MINTON

- **A friend is** someone who will allow me to be a really bad friend and not hold it against me.
- **My job** on Larry David's show is to make him intensely Larry, to make him as Larry as you could possibly make Larry. Put him into a corner, box him in—so that the explosion is bigger.
- **Comedy has** to be rooted in sadness or it's worthless to me. Sam Malone, the alcoholic...
- **My lessons** didn't come at my father's knee. Like all good lessons, they were learned from example.
- **I grew up** in Flagstaff, Arizona, without a television or any connection with pop culture. My father was a director of a museum and research center. Many of my friends were Hopi kids, which meant I'd go to their villages and mesas. They'd pray and dance to their gods the way they'd been doing for hundreds of years. So I was blessed with tolerance.

➤ **Courage is** something I don't know how much I have. You can't plan for it. You either do the right thing or you don't when the moment comes.

➤ **If you've got integrity**, it will smack you very hard when you fuck up.

➤ **If you don't have integrity**, you'll go on for a very long time beating the crap out of people, robbing, stealing—and there's nothing inside you that tells you what you're doing is wrong. Life won't even bother to slap you.

➤ **To grow up** knowing you're loved is astounding. It's a huge gift to a child.

➤ **The only reason** to be a celebrity is you get to meet interesting people.

➤ **You want to know** who you are in the world for real? Hang around with your kids. They don't give a rat's ass what you do for a living.

➤ **The secret** to our marriage? We laugh a lot.

➤ **Your kid** turning sixteen is a reason for prayer. As a parent, they're out of your control. You never had control anyway. But now it's really clear that you need to pray—because that's all you've got.

➤ **A good script** is one that doesn't let you go, "I get it!" on page 5.

➤ **My wife** has known Bill and Hillary Clinton for thirty years. Bill is like her big brother. It's not so much the president part that strikes you about him, as he is so remarkably bright. They're both so powerfully bright. Their great joy in life, the thing that bonds them together, is that they love to fix things. It's just a joy to be around them. We laugh and talk about kids and life and movies—it's not what you'd think.

➤ **Anything great** can be used as a weapon.

➤ **When you're not** in love and you've just had sex, then it's kind of like, "Well, what's next?"

➤ **Everything** that I thought or believed in went flying out the window in the face of the stark realness of my mother dying. I really have no idea....

➤ **We could** commercially fish out the oceans while at the same time environmental damage messed with the bottom of the food chain. There are so many stresses on the ocean that we could literally collapse it if we're not careful.

➤ **Look**, no one gets out of this alive. That's not the game plan. We all die. So nobody's going to get an award for saving the planet and get to live forever. Okay, then, let's engage the problems with a joyous and hopeful heart. Because it doesn't matter if we blow it. It's not like this is a desperate game where if we win, we won't die. We all die.

➤ **Why is it** that we can make our sandwiches together, walk our dogs together, roll up our sleeves and make something in our community better, but as soon as we talk about ideas, whether it's religious or political, we become entrenched. I can't stand what looks to me like the selfish, shortsighted righteous far Right. They cannot stand my liberal dada dada. And we will fight to the death. When only two minutes ago we were making sandwiches together.

➤ **Can I have** as many guests as I'd like? Okay. Three. Jesus of Nazareth. Muhammad. And Buddha. We'd have some grape leaves—something simple and easy to digest. A little green tea. I'd say, "Fellas, let's talk..."

➤ **To be held** in low esteem by Larry David is like being on Nixon's enemies list.

➤ **Your children** may rat on you. Your wife will fire back at you. But if you're not kind to your dogs, what can they do? A really big test of how kind a human being is comes with how well he treats his dogs.

➤ **Acting was** the perfect outlet for a guy like me, who's always wondering what it's like to be you.

➤ **1982 to 1993:** Sam Malone... **1987:** *Three Men and a Baby*... **1993:** Blackface for Whoopi... **2000 to present:** *Curb*... **Now:** *Bored to Death* (best pothead ever)

WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED

THE COLLECTED WISDOM OF ESQUIRE READERS

2011, ABRIDGED

> **You can't always hold** yourself to the expectations that you hold yourself to.
—Chance Ryan, 24, Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

*True friendship
is when you'd go to
jail for a month
so your friend
doesn't have to go to
jail for a year.*

—Joseph Carpenter, 41,
Westport, Conn.

NEVER BUY A CHEAP GARDEN HOSE.

—Jason Pettus, 31, Atlanta

> **Being out of work** for seven months in 2010 taught me character, humility, and persistence. But it also really sucked.

> **If a coworker is brewing** Island Coconut blend in the coffeemaker, do not say, "Hey, it smells like a strip club in here."

—Yale Hollander, 42, St. Louis

*Everyone wants to be unique.
Unique, like everyone else.*
—Bernard Dahl, 31, Montreal

> **Chances are**, if you're using a pay phone, things aren't going well.
—Rob Johnson, 27, Lexington, Ky.

> When ironing a shirt, forget the part that tucks into your pants.
> Without chorizo, scrambled eggs lack glamour.
> Hang at least one abstract painting on the wall. It could persuade the liberation of your spirit.
> Nice cleavage is not crucial for a good relationship, but it helps.
—Maurice Yanez, 63,
Sierra Vista, Ariz.

> **Never lie** on a polygraph. The needles get all bent, and then they ask you even more questions.
> **Spy like** no one's watching. Undergo interrogation like it's never going to hurt.
> **The fact that curiosity** killed the cat isn't an argument for not being curious; it's an argument for not being a cat.
> **How much of your** "to do" list is really a "to have done to me" list?
—John Alejandro King, 40,
Washington, D. C.

**NEVER EAT AT A CHAIN
RESTAURANT WHILE ON VACATION.**
—Curry Smith, 26, New Orleans

> **When people with money** try to cloak their insecurities with money, it actually makes those insecurities come out blazing. You can't tell them, though.
> **Don't complain** about hair loss until you have to. At some point, you'll look back on your twenties and think, God, I wish I had that head of hair now. Ten years of unnecessary anxiety.
> **People who are unoriginal** are boring. Aping, mimicking—there's always someone who does what you're trying to do better than you. It's like a bad comic doing a bad Al Pacino. I'd rather watch Al Pacino.
> **Always think fastball.** You can adjust to an off-speed pitch.
—Rett Coluccio, 34,
Newport Beach, Calif.

> **It's better** to leave two hours earlier or two hours later than to lose your life to traffic.

> **Get in shape to play.** Don't play to get in shape.

> **My woman** is smarter than me, stronger than me, and within six months would be just fine without me. A motherfucker's got to pay attention to his relationship.

—Russell Bryan Love, 44,
Santa Cruz, Calif.

NOBODY REMEMBERS TO CHECK YOUR ELECTION PREDICTIONS ONCE THE RESULTS ARE IN.

—Jim Varian, 57, Atlantic Beach, Fla.

> **The best icebreakers** are costumes and fake mustaches. Or going to a college that has the same name as you.

> **One of the saddest** things about Americans is that we're too much in a hurry. When is the last time you stopped to look up at the moon?

> **I have a goal** in life to raise \$1 million for a charity. I don't know which charity yet, but I do know that when I find the right one, \$1 million will not be enough.

> **If you can't get laid** while playing Van Morrison's greatest hits, you never will.

—James Blessum, 21, Des Moines

> **There is a direct** correlation between the amount of stubble people will forgive and the neatness of your haircut.

> **Few women understand** ties. Get yourself an extensive collection and make it known that you don't need any as gifts.

—Adrian Quick, 27,
Sydney, Australia

Don't ever throw someone under the bus. Not literally, not figuratively.

—Jaimie Graham, 31, Houston

> **God is debatable.** Cormac McCarthy is not.

—Marc Lewis, 25, Raleigh

Never, ever ask her if it's that time of the month.

—Elliott Langston, 25, Providence

> **Of all the things** I've become attached to, the ones I superglued to myself caused the greatest regret.

—Daniel Rahe, 30, Tacoma

> If someone gives you a back scratcher, your back will begin to itch more.

> Religious or not, no one going through a tough time minds hearing the words "You're in our prayers."

> If you flatter an older woman, she'll usually see right through it. But it will always work.

> Sometimes the "before" is better than the "after."

—Brian Gotta, 46, San Diego

SOMETIMES YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD BAR FEELS MORE LIKE HOME THAN HOME.

—Derek Gale, 30, Chicago

> **Wearing nice underwear** at work feels as good as real power.

> **The idea** that comes to you as you fall asleep is always worth getting up to write down. No matter how much you remind yourself to remember it in the morning, it won't come again.

> **It may have been** said before—probably by a schizophrenic—but the voice in your head that seems the least in line with what you think you understand of the world is often the most worth listening to.

—Joel Breuklander, 24, Brooklyn

JUST BECAUSE IT'S IN STYLE DOESN'T MEAN IT LOOKS GOOD ON YOU.

—Dean Stattmann, 22, New York

> **I once read** that you should always overtip waiters, because those extra couple of bucks will mean more to them than they would to you. I don't know if that's true, but it's a nice thought.

—Chris Gayomali, 25, Brooklyn

WHAT I'VE LEARNED WHILE UNEMPLOYED

BY MICKEY CHAPATTE

53 • SAN DIEGO

> **Ten months** is a very long time.

> **Every time a right-wing** asshole is on TV talking about how the unemployed could get jobs but they don't because they are getting paid not to work, I want to throw something at the TV. But I can't afford a new one.

> **I now understand** why some people never want to retire.

> **I always took pride** in the fact that I was not one of those guys whose ego was tied to his career. But when I lost my job, I was amazed at how much my ego was hurt.

> **Having two kids** in college is not a good time to be unemployed.

> **I went back** to coaching because I had the time and I wanted to give to others.

> **I was reminded how** much the kids give to me.

> **Thirteen- and fourteen-year-old boys** do not care if you have a job or not, they just want to be coached. They want you to treat them like the young men that they're becoming, and it helps if you're a little immature yourself.

> **There are people** who are far worse off than I am.

DANNY DEVITO

ACTOR, 66, LOS ANGELES

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
SEPTEMBER 27, 2010

➤ **I don't look ahead.** I'm right here with you. It's a good way to be.

➤ **I walk into this beautiful,** well-appointed office and there's Jim Brooks and a bunch of the others. I had my sleeves rolled up and I throw the script on the table and say, "All right, who wrote this shit?" Nothing happens in the room. There's total silence. And then they just fucking died laughing. I sat in the chair and they couldn't stop laughing. From that moment on, I was Louie on *Taxi*.

➤ **Summers in Asbury Park** were hot, man, hot. The sand was blistering hot, so you'd run on the beach from blanket edge to blanket edge. When you do, people get mad at you.

➤ **I always wanted** a swimming pool. The kind where you just go out in the yard and dive in. As a kid, you'd dig a hole, throw in some water, and get a mud pit. That was, like, a big thing in New Jersey. The first thing I did when *Taxi* hit and things starting rolling was look for a place with a swimming pool.

➤ **My father** came up through the Depression. He was like a hobo for a long time, on a freight car, traveling through twenty-one states. His whole attitude was, there are three sides to every story, so you gotta make sure everything is copacetic before you commit.

➤ **I never had a problem** being bullied. I think it's an important thing for kids to know. Have an equalizer with you. The guy who says, "Ain't nobody gonna touch Danny!"

➤ **When you were a kid,** you used to hear, "They can allow a certain amount of rat parts in a hot dog." What do you mean you can allow a certain amount? Who says, first of all? And what are you talking about that there's rat parts in my hot dog? Are you kidding me? The Food and Drug Administration allows it? What? Who gave them the permission to allow rat parts in my hot dog? They say, "Well, there's no way to get them out." Well, who put them in in the first place?

➤ **Commerce.** There's a story about Salvador Dalí. Everyone is waiting for him to come to a lecture, and he's late as usual. People are standing out in front of the hall, a fancy Rolls-Royce pulls up, and it's filled with cauliflower. And Dalí is packed in with the cauliflower. That's how he felt.

➤ **Rhea's Jewish.** I'm Catholic. It's always worked well. We do the seders and the Christmas tree. We hide the matzo and have the Easter Bunny. But we don't do things like Lent. We've never fasted when you're supposed to in the Jewish religion. We only do the fun stuff. We took away the burning-in-hell part.

➤ **If you're going to** have kids, there's only one way to go. They have to know they're the most important things in your life, and once you're doing that, there's no way that you could not learn from them, because they just give you stuff constantly.

➤ **I guess** the almighty dollar has totally done in everybody who's got any kind of altruism in their hearts. Nobody's ready to get their balls cut off for what they believe in. Is anybody out there with his dick on the line? Who?

➤ **On the other hand,** why would you be a politician in Mexico? That's a short lease on life.

➤ **It's not a thing** you can put your finger on, because you can never know what Jack Nicholson's thinking. Sometimes we're talking and you just have to go along for the ride because he's always going somewhere.

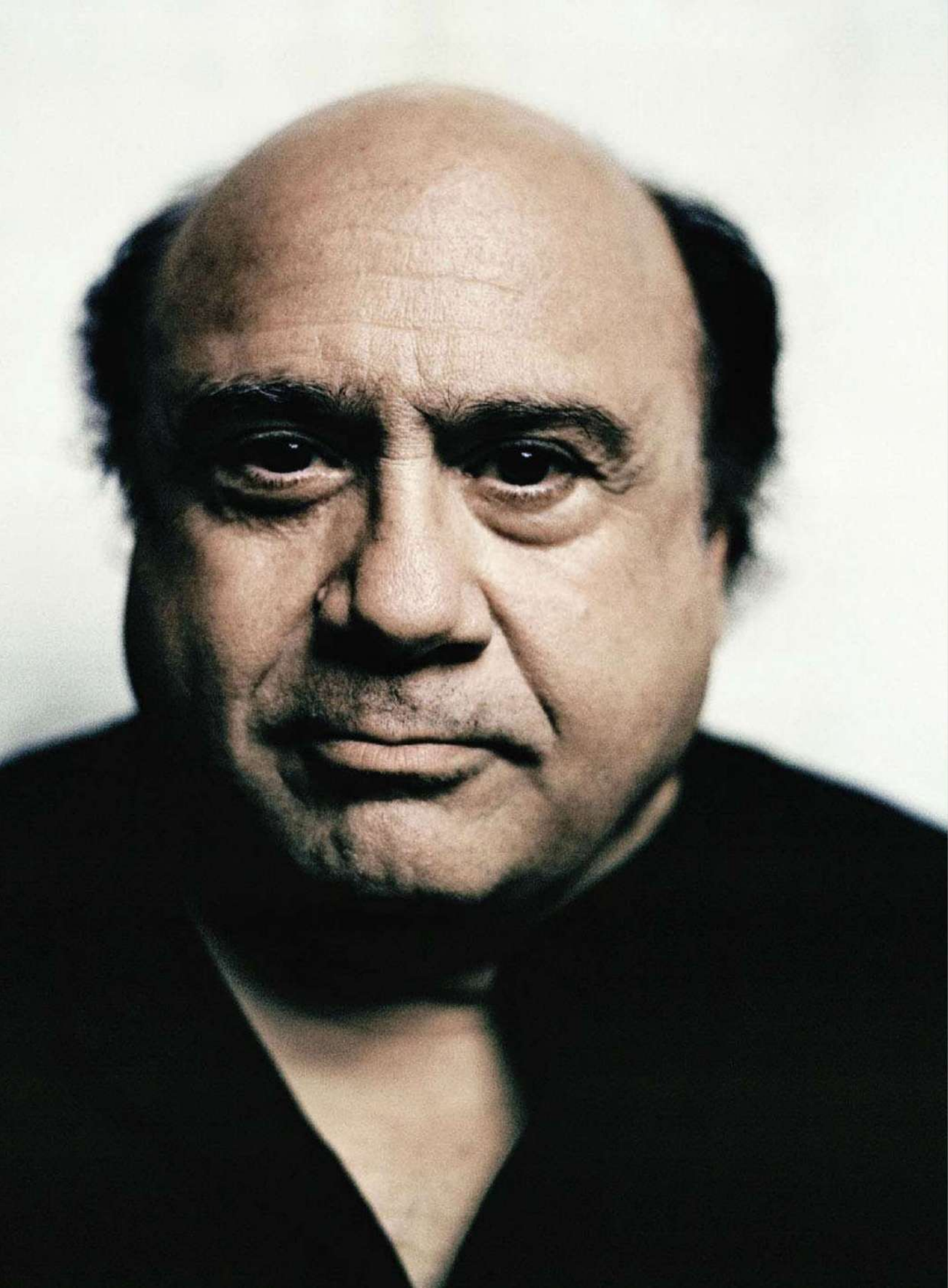
➤ **A good part** for Arnold would be a burlesque lederhosen guy.

➤ **Yeah,** I've been to the Leaning Tower of Pisa. It's a tower, and it's leaning. You look at it, but nothing happens, so then you look for someplace to get a sandwich.

➤ **You have to give people** permission to laugh. That's why they would always cut to the banana peel in the Laurel and Hardy movies.

➤ **Karl Rove's dad** was a homosexual. Why is he afraid of that? Why does he become one of these guys who stands in the way of gay rights?

➤ **I could invite anybody** to this dinner? Anybody? Let's see... Enrico Caruso. I'd want to just have a little pasta with him and talk about his life. I'm a big fan of opera. So I'd also like to have Verdi at the table. Paganini would be really interesting because he was tormented by his father. They say that when he played, he was like the devil. I would throw Brando in there because it would make it so interesting. I don't know if he was a raconteur, but wouldn't it be nice to have Elvis Presley over? And, of course, Nicholson. Maria Callas. Leonardo da Vinci. Fellini. It's okay to have a big table, right?



RICKY GERVAIS

COMEDIAN, 49, LONDON

INTERVIEWED BY
SCOTT RAAB
AUGUST 25, 2010

- **A sore throat** means cancer until the doctor says, "Don't be so stupid."
- **No one can say** I've failed except me, artistically, because no one knows my ambitions. They don't know what I was trying to do.
- **Whenever I hear** someone in TV or a comedian called a "genius," I think, Medicine lost another one. You mustn't put even someone as great as Larry David alongside Newton.
- **Newton couldn't** tell a joke. He'd fluff every line, but he had other strings to his bow.
- **I'd never tried** my hardest at anything before *The Office*. I put everything into it and I never compromised—and I learned what an amazing feeling not compromising is.
- **We've got** a little bit of David Brent in all of us. We all sometimes mistake popularity with respect. We all want to be liked. We all wonder whether our perception of ourselves is exactly the same as the rest of the world's. And we all want to feel that we belong.
- **The only thing** I ever demanded was final edit.
- **Stand-up is** the last bastion of self-censorship outside the novel.
- **I never forget** that I'm still a real person in the real world. I never completely suspend my disbelief in art.
- **I love** Laurel and Hardy. I love them because they're precarious. I love them because even though outwardly the comedy comes from them saying, "I'm with this idiot, I'd be better off without him," you know they wouldn't. You want them to fucking hug. They found the DNA for comedy, and it hasn't been improved upon.
- **The funniest person** you know isn't a comedian. He's a friend of yours or a family member, because of the absolute wealth of input you have together, the two-way connection.
- **Americans are told** they can be the next president of the United States. In Britain, we're told, "It won't happen to you. Don't be stupid. Don't even try."
- **Honestly**, no one swears like the British. A cockney saying "cunt" is the scariest thing.
- **I'm overwhelmed** with feeling when I see a mountain or a dolphin, or when I think of how amazing evolution is. I just know that it wasn't made by design, that's all. And I know that when we die, we're dead. But love isn't an illusion.
- **Hell is guilt.** That's my hell.
- **After *The Office*,** the check came through, and it slightly ruined it. Because I didn't want it to be mixed with why I was proud.
- **It's like a giant panic room** we've got. The whole house—you press a button and steel shutters come down on every window. I have good security. It's fundamental. And we're in the nicest neighborhood in London. You never know.
- **I'm not paranoid**, though. It's more to do with comfort, privacy, security. Fundamental. You can't enjoy your life if you're worrying about other things.
- **I think** I'm giving the wrong impression—the shutters make me look like a mental case. They just come down over the windows at night, on the inside. When we go to bed.
- **I don't** want to impress people I wouldn't cross the road to talk to. I want there to be a strict door policy at my club. I want to go, "You can't come in. You won't like this. And I don't want you to like it."
- **I don't like** it when people say, "I did it for the money." I don't like it when they go, "I'm just being honest." Okay, fine—but now I can't count you with this other group of people that've never let me down. Neil Young, he's never let me down.
- **Music is still** to me the greatest art form. I'm in awe of it. A chord can make me feel sick.
- **Intelligence is** certainly linked to violence in hominid evolution, because we were born without armor and claws and teeth. So we had to work out ways to live and to kill, and we were great at it. We're the best at it.
- **If you're going** to try serial killing, do it properly. Don't just kill 'em. Kill 'em, fuck 'em, eat 'em. If I was a judge and you came to me and you'd killed twenty people, I'd say, "Did you fuck 'em and eat 'em?" and you said, "No," I'd say, "Get out of my fuckin' courtroom."
- **I have a gym** in my house. The thing is, though, I'm only trying to live longer so I can eat more cheese and drink more wine.
- **These are pajamas.** They're getting a bit thin, though. I've got to throw these away soon. Nothing bad. They're clean and they're comfortable. Who are we trying to impress?

➤ **2001 to 2003:** *The (British) Office* ... **2005 to present:** *The (American) Office* ... **2005 to 2007:** *Extras* ... **2008:** *Ghost Town* ... **2010:** *Cemetery Junction*



Gervais hosts the Golden Globes January 16; his HBO special, *Out of England 2*, debuted December 18; and *The Ricky Gervais Show*, an animated series, returns on January 14.

FERRAN ADRIA

CHEF, 48,
BARCELONA, SPAIN

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
OCTOBER 12, 2010

➤ **Could you imagine** people eating a painting—if they could introduce a painting into their bodies? It's probably the artist's dream, and we have the opportunity to do so.

➤ **From the beginning** I asked myself the whys, and I continue to ask myself.

➤ **If you study** at the French Culinary Institute, you're at a very good school. You'll probably learn a lot of things. But maybe too many, in order to change things. If this is so good, why do I need to change it?

➤ **Yes, it's true**, we inserted an air pump into a tomato and blew it up. It was a punky phase that we went through. People have this image of us being polite and serious. But normally, we are quite crazy.

➤ **Oh, that's easy.** Don't think of the watermelon as a watermelon. Think of it as a tomato. From this point, then, cook it. It's very fleshy fruit. Obviously, you need to have a big piece. Prepare your tuna and, instead of rice, complement it with the watermelon.

➤ **People need to understand.** If they go to a show on Broadway and find seventy people working but only fifty spectators, how much would the ticket cost? That's what El Bulli's about. There are seventy actors who are playing for just fifty spectators. Is the price expensive? It's relative. How much does a normal dinner at a five-star hotel restaurant cost? Four hundred dollars. It's the same as El Bulli. But you can also think of it this way: How much would it cost to eat something that nobody else is eating?

➤ **Two million reservation requests** and eight thousand seatings is stupid. Imagine if you were driving a taxi and there were twenty people around your cab trying to get in. You can only fit four. What would you do?

➤ **One of the reasons** behind transforming El Bulli into a foundation is this: My life has become about getting somebody a table.

➤ **I never even dreamed** of being a chef, and that's fundamental.

➤ **Somebody who's doing** an avant-garde discipline is hardly ever happy. The reason is that their search in life has something to do with the avant-garde—and they can hardly ever get there. The difference in the story here is that we weren't looking for that.

➤ **Yes, I can tell you** why God did not want me to like bell peppers. It's necessary that there's something I do not like.

➤ **If there were** fifty different products that I didn't like, that would be a problem.

➤ **There are trillions** of different possibilities of combinations in food. Where will you start? That's what we think of as the mental palette.

➤ **Salt is the only product** that changes cuisine. There's a big difference between food that has salt and food without it. If you don't believe that, ask people who can't eat salt.

➤ **You need an entire life** just to know about tomatoes.

➤ **To do creativity** at the level we do it... five days a week, eight hours a day, it doesn't work. I dedicate more than double the time most people do. Thus, at the same level of talent, I have an advantage.

➤ **When we're ill**, one of the last things we have that we can enjoy is food.

➤ **Risk is** to do something that 99 percent of the time would be a failure.

➤ **It wasn't that we realized** we were revolutionary. It was other people's appreciation that caused us to look back and understand what we'd done and how incredible it was.

➤ **When you get back** from your day's work, do you interview your wife? No, you'd never think of doing that. Would you think that I'd go back home after fifteen hours of being a chef and continue being a chef?

➤ **One person's creative** references won't necessarily be useful for another person. Each moment, each person, each situation is different and important. I am married, and very happily married, but we don't have children. If I had children, this interview would be different. I don't know how it would be different, but I know that it would be different.

➤ **I used to go to bed thinking**, Why did one person like it but the other person didn't? One thought it was too much and the other thought it was not enough. It took me fifteen years to understand. Every person is a world. It's better not to ask. Otherwise, you're going to end up at the psychoanalyst.

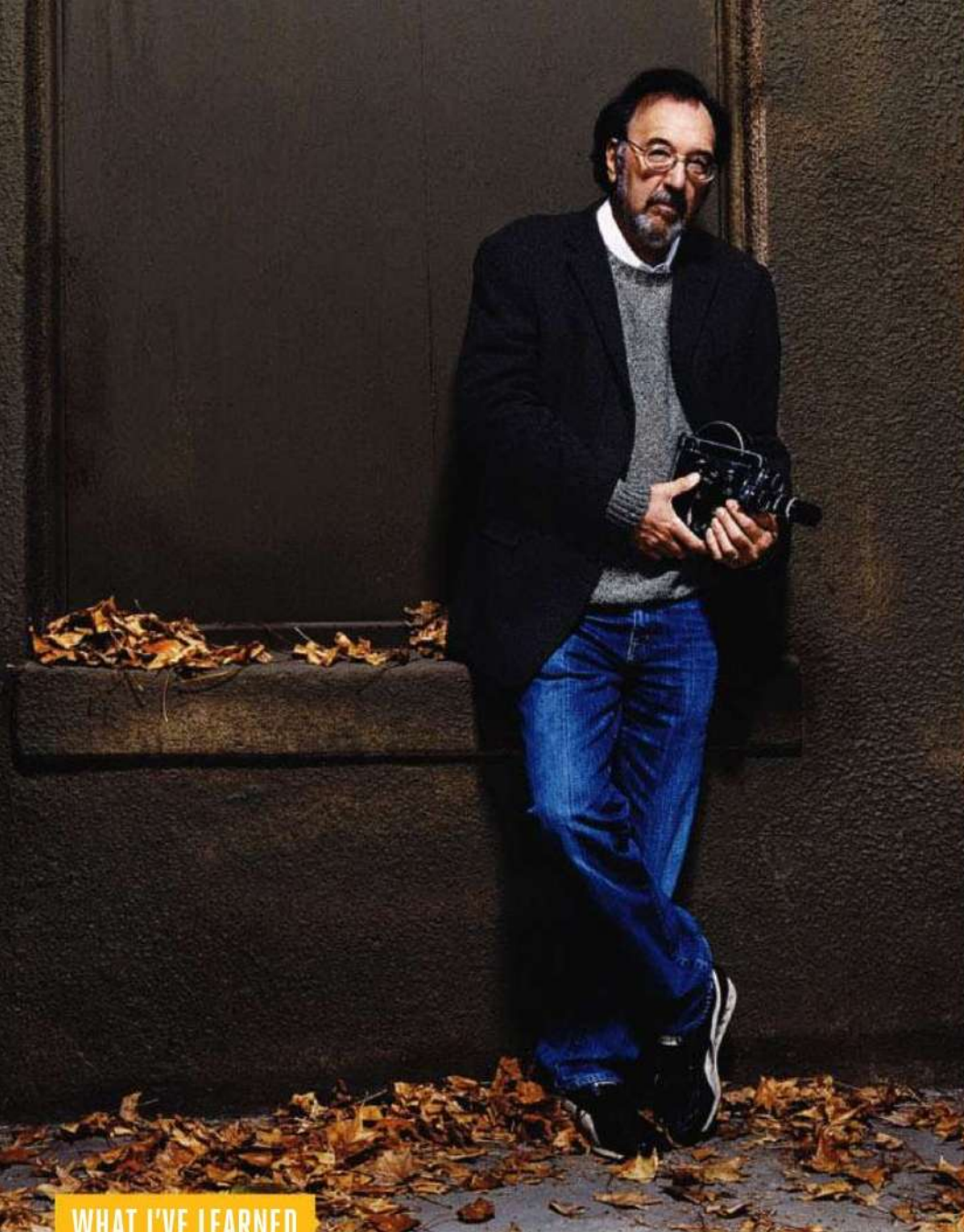
➤ **When people arrive at El Bulli**, everybody goes through the kitchen. It's a way of making them feel at home. When they leave, the only thing I ask is whether they've been happy. Everything in between, I don't particularly care.

➤ **You can see it** on the Internet now. New society demands that people share their knowledge. It's asking multimillionaires to share their money and creative people to share their creativity. Whoever doesn't share their wealth, be it knowledge, money, or creativity, will be dead.

▶ **1987:** Assumes title of head chef at El Bulli in Spain... **1987 to present:** Messes with humans' understanding of food; widely regarded as the best chef in the world



Ferran, by Colman Andrews
(Gotham Books), was
published in October.



WHAT I'VE LEARNED

JAMES L. BROOKS

WRITER AND DIRECTOR,
70, LOS ANGELES

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
OCTOBER 15, 2010

low anybody doing any kind of comedy. You could do broad comedy, romantic comedy, farce, social commentary, satire. You could do burlesque. Everybody serves the

- **There's a reason** there's a reason.
- **I always fight** hard to push a movie to the point where it pulls me.
- **Every laugh** you have at the keyboard does not mean everybody else will laugh. But laughing helps sustain you to move forward.
- **The Simpsons** has a dynamic of its own not quite controlled by anybody. This is a show that will fol-

◀ Brooks wrote and directed *How Do You Know*, out December 17.

show. And the Simpsons stand ready in their dressing rooms.

➤ **My father** was an alcoholic and model of what to avoid. My mother taught me survival.

➤ **Linking up** the things you were with the things you become is what growing up is.

➤ **I had an argument** years and years ago with another comedy writer. Jack Nicholson and Dustin Hoffman were the biggest guns at the time—long may they wave—and we had an argument about which one was number one. I took Jack, and I finally won the argument by saying he could play either role in *The Odd Couple*.

➤ **I have a rule** in research: The third time you hear something, it's generally true.

➤ **Am I constantly** surprised when things work out differently than I'd expect? Sometimes. Sometimes the surprise isn't pleasant and you want to blow your head off.

➤ **I have salesman's blood**, and unfortunately I exist in a time when everyone's a salesman.

➤ **The difference** between sex and love? Well, the great thing is when there isn't one, right?

➤ **Nothing's** going back to the way it was.

➤ **You're not going** to hear with a straight face about a guy that doesn't participate in child-

care anymore. It just doesn't exist. That thing that people made movies about—*Mr. Mom*—is about as antique as any notion of fatherhood could be right now.

➤ **There's always** something falling to the floor. I'm a juggler in constant oops mode.

➤ **I laugh** every day. There are days when my laughs are pretty hollow. Dust comes out of your mouth and your bones make a funny sound. But I'm laughing.

➤ **To me**, every script should begin with "Fade in: Tax-incentive state." That's what's happened.

➤ **That first promo** tour: "Oh, my God. Somebody's meeting us at the plane." "Holy shit. There's a limo." By the third stop it's "Where's the limo?"

➤ **The Mary Tyler Moore Show** came along at the beginning of the women's

movement. I don't think that show was seminal. I think its timing was seminal.

➤ **A television job** that's working is the best job in the world. You get to do something you like. You get to do it with people you like—usually. You have community of a sort that you're denied in movies, because shows can go on five, seven years, even decades. People meet, they get married, they have children. It's like a town. It's enormously secure—until it isn't. But as long as it is, it is, and it's great.

➤ **Every day**, somebody talks to me about Albert Brooks.

➤ **In the movie** I have coming out, the heroine has a saying taped on her mirror: "Courage is mastery of fear, not absence of fear."

➤ **People used to say**, you know you're in the hands of a good screenwriter when you're not aware of the writing. I've never subscribed to that. In *Juno*, suddenly you're riveted by the fact that people haven't talked like that before. I think the treat is always when you are aware of the writing.

➤ **In the history** of the earth, there's never been more people writing. Everyone's a writer. Everybody spends time trying to let people know who they are. Twitter.

➤ **Nothing is** a matter of course when you get to do your own thing. It's always a gift that can stop giving and probably will.

➤ **Twice in my lifetime** magazines have done surveys on the best character on television: One recently was Homer, which was great. The other—at the time—was Danny. It's just insane what that meant. Danny DeVito beat out Jackie Gleason. That's fantastic. *Taxi* wouldn't have happened without Danny. His was the home run, and nobody else could've gotten to first base with that character.

➤ **People always** marvel at this gossamer thing that happens in life, and it happens often enough, so we all get to hope for it.

➤ **Whenever** she walks in, and it's the right *she*, you're lucky.

➤ **I saw** *Annie Hall* with a group of people working in comedy and television. We were all stunned. Stunned. It was like watching a spaceship land. That something that funny could also be that beautiful.

➤ **You know** you're in love when you're more yourself than you ever imagined possible. I put that line in the movie, but then I had to cut it out. Maybe I'll get it back in there. I'm still working.

➤ **You root** for your son to have a girl he laughs with.

FRED WILLARD



ACTOR, 71, LOS ANGELES

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
SEPTEMBER 3, 2010

➤ **You think** you want to be famous. Then you see twenty or thirty people with cameras running after somebody coming out of a restaurant. And you say, "That might be fun for a night." The idea is to be just famous enough that when you walk into a restaurant, the maitre d' says, "Oh, I have a nice table."

➤ **Ballet** I love for about five minutes. Then I want to see a comic come out.

➤ **When I was a kid**, I remember one aunt drinking on Thanksgiving and falling asleep at the dinner table. Her husband said, "Betty, wake up and finish your drink."

➤ **Opera has** made me consider suicide.

➤ **Flying** into Bora Bora makes you feel like you're in *The Wizard of Oz* and suddenly it's Technicolor.

➤ **I wish** sex could last as long as love.

➤ **There was** ABC, CBS, and NBC when I was a kid. That was it. How difficult it must've been to be successful back then. Now I look up and notice I'm watching Channel 504. Everyone is a star of some show.

➤ **The remote** has saved my sanity.

➤ **If you're going** to take a risk as a comic, make sure it's surrounded by other things that you're certain are funny.

➤ **When I was a kid**, hearing something from the president was like hearing something from God. Now I hear the president and think, What is he, crazy?

➤ **My daughter** thinks I'm a little more on the straight and narrow than I actually am.

➤ **If you like** Albert Brooks, you'll like anything he does.

➤ **Comedy** relieves you. A lot of times we think we're the only people bothered by certain things. Then you hear a comic say, "Don't you hate it when..." And it's "Oh, my God! Of course!"

➤ **Animated** voice-over guys have it good.

➤ **A great director** is someone who makes you feel like you're moving forward.

➤ **I'll tell you** what does bother me: English actors doing American accents. I wouldn't want to see five Americans doing Monty Python.

➤ **Another thing** that annoys me: They do the inductions to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in New York. The museum is in Cleveland.

➤ **I remember** hearing that when James Dean finished *East of Eden*, he sat in his dressing room and cried because the filming was ending. When they say, "That's a wrap for Mr. Willard," I say, "Oh, boy, thank you."

➤ **It seems** to me you're always retired in this business. You know, after your last job.

➤ **When you** get to a certain age, it's kind of the same thing. There's no new school to go to, no new teachers. There's some comfort in that.

➤ **What makes** a successful marriage? Well, I've been married about forty years now. My wife and I went back to Hawaii in 2001 to renew our vows. It was a hip-pie thing. We found a woman—Reverend Jackie. Picked a spot out by the ocean where a guy was playing guitar. I think he was the best man or something.

➤ **My father** died when I was young. He was out delivering Christmas packages like he did every year. My mom said that after he delivered the packages, people looked down at him from the buildings and he always turned around and waved, but he didn't that day. He got in his car, had a heart attack or something, and died. He was buried on Christmas Eve. I had no brothers and sisters, so I was all by myself. It really changes you. For the rest of your life you're always expecting something bad to happen.

➤ **I had** a ham-and-cheese sandwich last night. It was the best sandwich I ever had. Just wonderful. White bread, American cheese, ham, tomato, mustard. Mary made it. Mary says I'll tell you virtually every meal I eat is the best I've ever had. She's right.

➤ **I've heard** a lot of comedians were young when their parents divorced, or when a parent died or was killed. It forces you to have a sense of humor.

➤ **One of** the great things about kids is, they haven't heard a lot of the old jokes. You can get away with the corny ones.

Brooks stars in *Drive*,
due out later this year.



ALBERT BROOKS

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

COMIC, 63, LOS ANGELES

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
SEPTEMBER 30, 2010

► **I was on** the defensive as soon as I got to the first class where they took roll. "Albert Einstein?" All the kids would be snickering. It's one of the three most famous names on the planet. You might as well be called Jesus Christ. Or Moses. First, I used the name Al, which I didn't like. But at least it sort of camouflaged it. The thing is, I liked the name Albert. I just couldn't use it with Einstein. So I changed the last name when I thought I could really accomplish something, and I didn't need that name to be funny.

► **When they made** *90210*, there were people outside of Beverly Hills who went, *Ooooooh!* But you don't go *Ooooooh!* when you're in there. You're worried about passing the Spanish test.

► **In the beginning** of any career, in every job, people are always forcing you to the middle.

► **I'm not** a person who I ever thought would do well with divorce. Not that it can't happen. I just didn't want that. So I waited a long time to meet the right person. Then I finally met someone that I was willing to be divorced from.

► **Art and resistance** are great together. That's what art's made for. Look at Vincent van Gogh: He didn't cut off his ear because he was selling well.

► **Acceptance is** going to a restaurant where the salad's not great, but the steak is fine.

► **The biggest waste** of brainpower is to want to change something that's not changeable.

► **I don't want** to get close to people who have secrets that I don't know about.

► **Relaxation is** the absence of worry.

► **I was on** the road opening for Neil Diamond in the early seventies. That was a reasonable audience. Better than opening for Sly and the Family Stone, that's for sure. When the headliner got a little more hard rock and the drugs became heavier, it wasn't a good mix for comedy. Ever try and be funny to a guy on meth?

► **All you have to do** to be a bad guy in a movie is put a knife into somebody's eye. But when you look at the real bad guys in the world, they're all people you'd have a drink with. Ted Bundy was the most personable guy in the world. John Wayne Gacy was a fucking clown at a party.

► **I've never** been disappointed, because I've never given somebody I liked that much power.

► **I don't know** that I can define fear. But one of the sources of fear is holding up some sort of model life that doesn't exist and feeling like you're far away from it.

► **You can equate** acting to a tennis game: When you're playing one of the best, you get better.

► **I have children.** I have a family to support. But I really could live in a one-room apartment, as long as the television worked. I never needed anything. Just a comfortable chair and I'm fine.

► **There's nothing** funny about flying to Houston.

► **A lot of people** say they'd like to be a billionaire. But they never ask themselves: Do I want the brain of that billionaire? They think about the money. But to have that money, you'd need that kind of brain, and you'd have to have those thoughts at night and all the stuff that goes with it.

► **So I think** if you're happy with your brain, you're powerful.

► **My father** died at a huge Friars banquet in 1958. It was for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. He got up in the middle of the show, came to the mic, and just killed. You can hear Desi laughing—I have this on tape. It was always amazing to me how it happened. He didn't die on the way to the mic. He didn't die in the middle. He was great, and he finished. Then he sat down and died. He had a lot of bad commas along the way, but he had a great period.

► **My mother** was supportive without knowing it. Deep down she wanted all the right things, she just didn't see the world like I did, and she's not supposed to.

► **Look,** I was never Elvis. I held myself back. I turned things down. I made it very difficult for myself to become famous, and maybe it was so I could process it all. But it's gone on gradually over a long time, and I don't have paparazzi following me.

► **I got so good** at writing to a budget, my brain was restricting myself. I'd write, "It's a stormy night." Then I'd cross out *stormy*. I'd write: "It's a calm night." Then I'd cross out *night*. It's noon. Because you know how much night costs. You know how much rain costs. Nothing comes free in movies.

► **I have tried** to tell an original story to my kids every night of their lives. My son just turned twelve. I must've told five thousand stories. When I try to repeat one three years later, my daughter says, "You told that one." Kids have the opposite of Alzheimer's: They remember too much.

► **We're an odd** animal that understands there's an end. My dog doesn't know she's going to die. She can't. If she knew she was going to die, she would know how to drive.

► **1975:** *SNL* contributor, season 1... **1976:** *Taxi Driver*... **1979:** *Real Life*... **1985:** *Lost in America*... **1987:** *Broadcast News*... **2003:** *Finding Nemo*... **2008:** *Weeds*



Foster directed and co-stars in *The Beaver*, to be released later this year.

JODIE FOSTER

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

ACTOR AND DIRECTOR,
48, LOS ANGELES

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
OCTOBER 1, 2010

- > **Fears.** Some of them are wounds that exist long before we exist.
- > **My mom** was always late. It drove me crazy as a child. So I'm always on time—or early.
- > **There's** a tremendous amount of power that comes from not having to say yes.
- > **It's very hard** for me to get a new car. It's really hard for me to get a new house. It's really hard for me to move on from the things that give me stability. I just... don't. There's a tenacity to that which is great, because I'm totally loyal. But that keeps you living in the past a bit. And it's hard to embrace the future if you are continually holding on to who you used to be.

> **There are** probably a series of moments that tell you what you are going to become. To me, that doesn't mean a moment I thought, I'm going to be famous and get a bunch of Academy Awards. To me, it's the moment that you know you will be the one who fulfills your mother's vicarious power issues.

> **I love** Los Angeles. I loved growing up here. I love living here. But it's a different approach in life. If you have a problem, you just go to the beach. You play volleyball or something. There's an external way of handling all your issues.

> **Often** people think of strength as surviving. But I think it's surviving intact, and there's a big distinction.

> **My definition** of a friend is somebody who adores you even though they know the things you're most ashamed of.

> **All my films** are about people in a spiritual crisis. *The Beaver*, for sure.

> **You couldn't** pay me to be in my twenties again. I didn't know that I was ever going to be successful. I didn't know if I would be able to ever afford a place to live. I didn't know if I would take care of my family. These seem like dumb questions when you're forty-five. But when you're twenty-three, all these are just a bunch of question marks ahead of you. I can't live with that anxiety.

> **The hardest** thing about life in your forties is that it's heavy. You have to take responsibility for it, because you made it heavy. You're the one who wanted to have children. You're the one who wanted to have a big job. You're the one who wanted to have more than one house. You're the one, and you have to take responsibility for those choices. I wouldn't do it any differently, but part of me will always miss being light.

> **The second** half of the job is trying to get that back.

> **People** are always surprised when I say that I'm an atheist.

> **In my home**, we ritualize all of them. We do Christmas. We do Shabbat on Fridays. We love Kwanzaa. I take pains to give my family a real religious basis, a knowledge, because it's being well educated. You need to know why all those wars were fought.

> **Jonathan Kaplan** was adamant that the rape scene in *The Accused* be everything that we rehearsed. There would not be one ad-lib. But even after going through a massive amount of rehearsal, after every take, three of the guys just started crying. They were a mess. I had to spend my time telling them, "It's okay. I'm fine. Everything's okay." There was one guy who was not a mess at all. He was like, "My hair okay?" He was my buddy. That was the guy I could hang with because at dinner we just talked about his dog or his life.

> **Some part** of my brain is fried in the mathematical department. I can't retain numbers. If you tell me to be there at 9:30, I have to write it down because I remember 8:45 or 10:20. I can't remember my phone numbers. I don't know what eight times seven is. I've seen through the new occupational therapies how they isolate parts of the brain that are damaged. For me, it's the whole abstract-number thing. But I can tell you a story about anything and remember it all.

> **Fear is** the number-one emotion that we're spending tremendous amounts of brainpower to cover up.

> **I can shop** for stationery. Books. Little kids' clothes I can do. Sporting goods. Hardware. But not my own clothes. I go into a clothing store and start shaking. There's so much to pick from, and I never pick anything good. I have to rely on movies I make. I have in my contract that they have to give me whatever clothes my character wore. Because otherwise I wouldn't have any clothes to wear.

> **The most interesting** thing about being a parent is being witness and supporting what they already are. It's standing there in awe. You get to be the one on the sidelines clapping.

> **In the end**, winning is sleeping better.

▶ **1976:** *Taxi Driver* ("Whatcher real name?" "Iris.")... **1988:** *The Accused*... **1991:** "Well, Clarice, have the lambs stopped screaming?"... **2006:** *Inside Man*

—IN MEMORIAM—

WE NOW PAUSE TO LOOK BACK at the wisdom of past What I've Learned subjects who died this year. May they be seated at the table in the kingdom of heaven, which was once defined in these pages by Evel Knievel (What I've Learned, July 1999) thusly:

"Heaven is a place you can go and drink a lot of draft beer and it don't make you fat. You can cheat on your wife and she don't get mad. You get a beautiful female chauffeur with nice, hard tits—real ones. There are motorcycle jumps you never miss. You don't need a tee time." Amen.

JOHN
WOODEN

BASKETBALL COACH, ENCINO, CALIFORNIA • OCTOBER 14, 1910–JUNE 4, 2010
INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN, FEBRUARY 2000

> **You can do** more good by being good than any other way.

> **I'll never** adjust to the loss of Nellie. We were married for fifty-three years. No man ever had a finer wife. Prior to her loss, I had some fear of death. Now I have no fear. I look forward to seeing her again.

> **Be more concerned** with your character than your reputation.

> **If I am** through learning, I am through.

> **My father** gave me a two-dollar bill for my grade-school graduation and said, "Hold on to this and you'll never be broke." I still have it. A lot of times, that's all I've had. But I've never been broke.

> **Don't let** making a living prevent you from making a life.

> **I don't think** I was a fine game coach. I'm trying to be honest. I think I was a good practice coach. I could tell you right now what we did at every practice I had at UCLA—every day, every minute. It's all on paper.

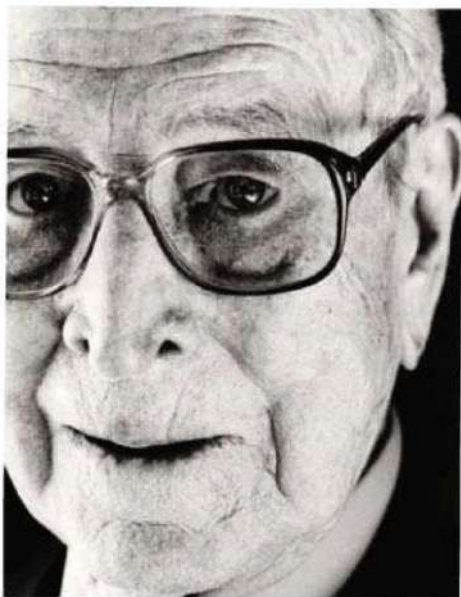
> **I don't like** to be like the guy in church who coughs loudly just before putting money into the offering plate.

> **I had three** rules for my players: No profanity. Don't criticize a teammate. Never be late.

> **If a player's** not doing the things he should, put him on the bench. He'll come around.

> **I don't believe** in praying to win.

> **Coming off** the floor after the NCAA semifinal win over Louisville in 1975, it just hit me: time to go. It was an emotional thing. I can't explain it. I went to the dressing room, congratulated my players. I said, "I don't know how we'll do against Kentucky, but regardless of the outcome, I never had a team give me more pleasure. It's been a great year, and I'm proud of you. This will be the last team I'll ever coach."



JIMMY DEAN

SINGER, SAUSAGE KING,
CHAFFIN'S BLUFF, VIRGINIA
AUGUST 10, 1928–JUNE 13, 2010
INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN
OCTOBER 2001

> **You gotta try** your luck at least once a day, because you could be going around lucky all day and not even know it.

> **When I was** a kid, I used to think, Man, if I could ever afford all the ice cream I want to eat, that's as rich as I ever want to be.

> **I don't have** a record of me singing that I can listen to. I hate to listen to me. Even "Big Bad John." I can show you a place in "Big Bad John" that's just pitiful.

> **You can** strive for perfection...and sometimes that makes you a miserable son of a bitch.

> **Being a Baptist** won't keep you from sinning, but it'll sure as hell keep you from enjoying it.

> **Do what** you say you're going to do. And try to do it a little better than you said you would.

> **How I came** to make sausage: I was raising hogs in west Texas—about six thousand a year. It was going along really fine, and then the market fell out. All of a sudden I was losing about twenty dollars an animal every time I sold one. What in the hell am I gonna do? I can't stand this forever. So I was having breakfast in a little old diner in my hometown. Sausage and eggs. I pulled some gristle out from between my teeth about the size of the end of your little finger and I said, "Man, there's got to be room for quality sausage in this country." That's over thirty-five years ago, and we've been number one in this country for a long, long time. Now I'm more famous for my sausage than my music. That's all right.

> **I shouldn't** have favorites, but I think the jalapeño-smoked is the best that we do.



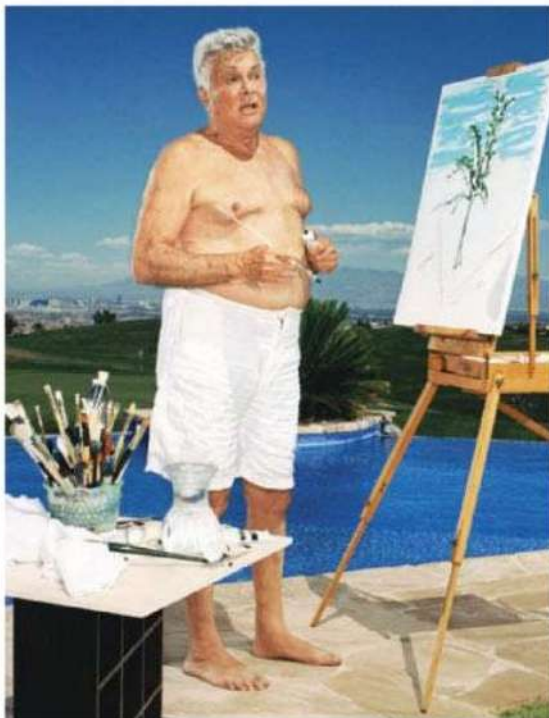
TONY CURTIS

ECENTRIC, LAS VEGAS • JUNE 3, 1925–SEPTEMBER 29, 2010
INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN, JANUARY 2006

> **How many** people on this planet are van Goghs? Imagine an abstract painter who's fucking nuts, who cuts off his ear, who lives with potato eaters when he could live better. Sells one painting his whole life. Imagine finding a nut like him in the Bronx. Wouldn't be hard.

> **When I left** the Navy, I used the GI Bill to get into the Dramatic Workshop, on Forty-eighth Street. Walter Matthau and Harry Belafonte were students there, too. We were all just trying to make it. Later on, I went out to California, and good things started happening for me. When I came back to New York to do a promotion for *City*

Across the River, they gave me a suite at the Sherry-Netherland and a huge black limo. I took it around to show my buddies in the Bronx and then went by the Dramatic Workshop. It was a terrible, rainy afternoon, and who do I see out in front? Walter Matthau. He's got a long, heavy coat on with a *Racing Form* sticking out of the pocket, and he's looking down at the gutter. The look on his face says, "What's ever going to happen for me? Nothin'!" So I tell the driver to pull alongside him and stop. Now Walter's



watching the limo. I roll the window down, look at him, and say, "I fucked Yvonne De Carlo!" Then I roll the window back up in a hurry and tell the driver to get the hell out of there.

> **No, no, no**, he wasn't mad! For years, Walter loved to tell that story at parties. He'd make it last twenty minutes.

> **Wanna hear** some poetry? Here's one I wrote: You cannot ask a fish not to swim / It's the only thing that makes him him.

> **I could be** a handsome man at ninety.



GEORGE STEINBRENNER

OWNER, NEW YORK YANKEES,
NEW YORK CITY
JULY 4, 1930–JULY 13, 2010
INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN
JANUARY 2002

> **If you haven't** got a hernia yet, you ain't pulling your share.

> **I defy** anyone to eat a powdered jelly doughnut without getting some of it on them. Not that it stops me from trying.

> **Before** every home World Series game, I walk the restrooms of Yankee Stadium to make sure they're clean.

> **Don't** just drink from the gymnasium fountain. Drink from every fountain on campus.

> **My dad** never let me have an allowance. He gave me chickens. I had to feed them, gather the eggs, and sell them. I kept ledgers. I had to run it like a business. When I went off to military school, I sold the business to my sisters for too much, and they haven't liked me since.

> **I don't** want to see Yankees with long hair. I don't go for that crap.

> **Having** people scream nasty things at you is part of sports. I've had my share of it. They pay their money, they can say what they want.

> **New Yorkers** are strong people. They've got to fight in the morning to get a cab. They go to a lunch place at noon, they gotta fight to get a table or a stool off the counter. You have to give the city a team that's filled with battlers.

> **Patton had** his shortcomings: He couldn't get along with the others. But every time they got in trouble, who'd they turn to?

> **The ability** to have is so you can do things for others. If you can do things for others who are less fortunate, then it will come back to you.

> **My grandchildren** can get away with anything around me.



DAVID BROWN

PRODUCER,
NEW YORK CITY.
JULY 28, 1916–
FEBRUARY 1, 2010.
INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN,
JUNE 2001

> **Work yourself** to death. It's the only way to live.

> **I've never** loved a dumb woman. The brain, combined with moderate good looks, is an overwhelming aphrodisiac.

> **It doesn't** comfort me to know that with my passing there will be no pain. I don't want to leave the party.

> **Marriage** to a woman more successful than you can work, provided you take pride in her achievements and are secure in your own. For years I was known as Helen Gurley Brown's husband, and, frankly, I loved it.

> **Good health** is beautifully boring.

> **Never sleep** with anyone who has more trouble or less money than you have.

> **The most** unlikely women are the most explosive lovers.

> **German** women are hearty, and they enjoy older men.

> **I once took** Mae West to a restaurant. Nobody bothered her. When we left, there was a standing ovation. That's respect. That's love. It's overdone now.

> **Never be** the first to arrive at a party or the last to go home, and never, ever be both.

> **Avoid stocks** whose names begin with *Bio* or end in *-ics* or *-ix*.

> **Eat** just enough to fill out facial wrinkles.

> **After seventy**, if you wake up without pains, you're dead.





Nylon-and-down parka (\$4,800) by Louis Vuitton; cotton-corduroy trousers (\$456) by Etro; nylon-and-leather gloves (\$140) by Mountain Hardware; goggles (\$100) by Anon.

A JACKET'S FRINGE BENEFITS

A little good old-fashioned fur along the edge of your nylon jacket's hood will catch snow as it falls and hugely improve visibility. This comes in handy when climbing mountains. Or, you know, shoveling driveways. Either, really.



THE ASCENT OF MAN

FOR ALL THE MINOR MIRACLES OF MODERN TECHNICAL OUTERWEAR, SOME OF THE WARMEST CLOTHES ON EARTH ARE STILL MADE FROM THE SAME STUFF THAT COVERED MALLORY AND SHACKLETON BACK IN THE OLD DAYS. HERE'S HOW TO MIX THE HIGH TECH AND THE LOW WITH STYLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARNABY ROPER



Previous page: Polyamide puffer jacket (\$1,195), wool-and-alpaca Fair Isle sweater (\$415), cotton shirt (\$325), and cotton trousers (\$275) by D&G; leather boots (\$210) by Vasque; viscose-and-cotton scarf (\$125) by Rag & Bone; Polartec gloves (\$35) and nylon gaiters (\$70) by Mountain Hardwear.

BLEND THE OLD WITH THE NEW

Wool is warm as hell and comes from nature. Nylon, also sometimes known as polyamide, is incredibly strong and made by man. Combine the two in a blended cloth and you get the best of both worlds.



Wool-and-polyamide jacket (\$795) and cotton jeans (\$350) by Calvin Klein Collection; cotton vest (\$725) by Moncler; cotton shirt (\$40) by Calvin Klein Jeans; nylon mesh boots (\$150) by Timberland; vintage scarf from What Goes Around Comes Around NYC; cashmere gloves (\$305) by the Elder Statesman; gaiters (\$80) and crampons (\$160) by Black Diamond Equipment; ice ax (\$75) by REI.



**DON'T FORGET TO
LOOK GOOD**

You want your jacket to perform and you want to stay warm. But function doesn't have to come at the expense of form. Consider Armani's double-breasted, finely patterned take on the winter jacket, which, when buttoned up, provides some soft definition to the torso.

←
Nylon-and-down jacket (\$2,395) and wool-and-cotton trousers (\$850) by Giorgio Armani; wool-and-mohair cardigan (\$750) by Etro; cotton shirt (\$80) by Kenneth Cole Reaction; suede boots (\$180) by Timberland; wool gloves (\$38) by Coach; blackened stainless-steel Vintage BR 126 Heritage chronograph (\$4,200) by Bell & Ross; nylon backpack (\$279) by Osprey; titanium mug (\$40, part of set) by Snow Peak.





**A FEW THINGS TO
KNOW ABOUT DOWN**

It's the warmest stuff on earth, for one, with each cluster of down containing dozens of filaments that trap warm air. For another, a down jacket's insulating ability is measured in "loft," the number of cubic inches an ounce of down fills. Good stuff fills 650; the best, 850. Last but not least, you have synthetic alternatives to the stuff plucked from ducks and geese. PrimaLoft and Thermore tend to dry a lot quicker than all-natural down and usually cost a bit less.



Nylon-and-down jacket (\$695), wool turtleneck (\$265), and cotton trousers (\$145) by Polo Ralph Lauren; nylon backpack (\$259) by Osprey; climbing helmet (\$51) by Black Diamond Equipment; ice ax (\$75) by REI.



Watch these scenes
come to life on the
Esquire iPad App
and at [esquire.com/
snowed-in](http://esquire.com/snowed-in).



Nylon parka (\$1,595), wool cable-knit sweater (\$570), and velour trousers (\$565) by Prada; polyester vest (\$129) by Patagonia; cotton-flannel shirt (\$69) by L. L. Bean Signature; leather boots (\$170) by Rockport; wool hat (\$245) by D&G; wool gloves (\$30) by Banana Republic; snowshoes (\$249) by Crescent Moon.





**INVEST IN (AT LEAST)
ONE BULLETPROOF
SWEATER**

Okay, so it won't stop bullets, but a thick wool sweater will block wind, repel water, and keep body heat in and cold air out.

Layer it under a nylon jacket and that's usually all the warmth you need.



Polyamide-and-down parka (\$595) and cotton jeans (\$175) by Boss Black; wool sweater (\$99) by L.L. Bean Signature; cotton shirt (\$75) by Lincs DC & Co.; leather boots (\$228) by Cole Haan; nylon gloves (\$100), harness (\$125), gaiters (\$80), and crampons (\$160) by Black Diamond Equipment; goggles (\$135) by Oakley; ice ax (\$75) by REI.



Nylon jacket (\$1,100) by Moncler; wool-and-cashmere turtle-neck (\$750) by Spurr; wool-and-viscose trousers (\$375) by John Varvatos; silicone-and-leather mountain boots (\$475) by La Sportiva; cashmere hat (\$60) by Banana Republic; nylon gloves (\$140) and nylon backpack (\$340) by Mountain Hardwear; goggles (\$135) by Oakley; harness (\$125) and gaiters (\$80) by Black Diamond Equipment.

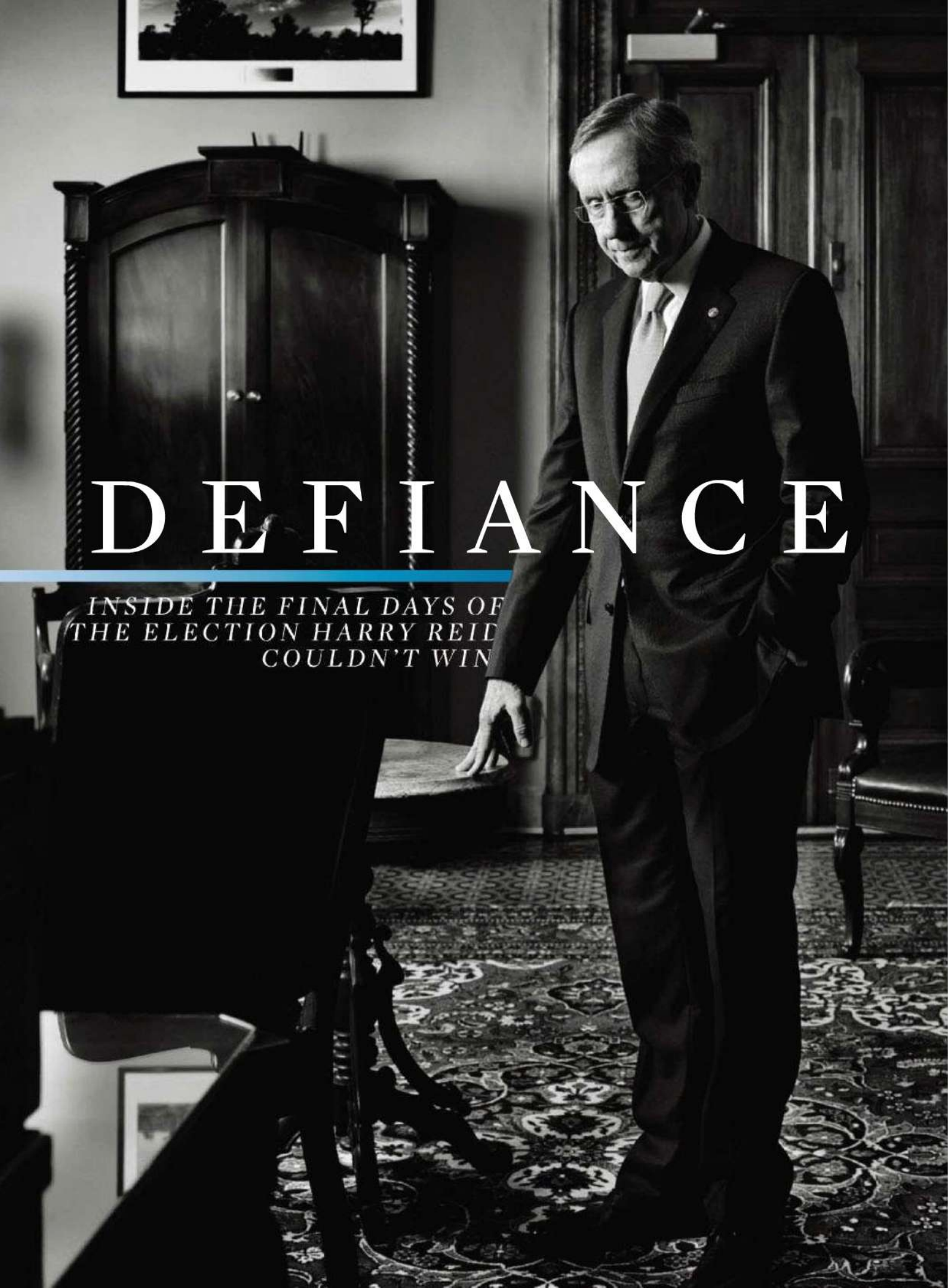
HAVE SOME FAITH IN THE EXPERTS

Moncler has been kitting out mountaineers in down jackets for nearly sixty years. Burberry was on George Mallory's back during his runs on Everest in the twenties. These brands have decades of experience behind them, and if they're good enough for the legends, they're good enough for you.



Cotton parka (\$2,195) and nylon puffer vest (\$595) by Burberry Brit; cotton-twill trousers (\$40) by Land's End Canvas; vintage scarf from What Goes Around Comes Around NYC; ice ax (\$75) by REI.

FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 115. GROOMING BY VALERY GHERMAN FOR DEFACTO. SET DESIGN BY SEAN PATRICK ANDERSON FOR ART DEPARTMENT.

A black and white photograph of Harry Reid, an older man with glasses, wearing a dark suit and a light-colored tie. He is standing in a room, looking down and slightly to his left. His right hand is resting on a wooden surface, possibly a table or a cabinet. In the background, there is a large, dark wooden armoire or cabinet with two doors. The floor is covered with a patterned rug. The overall atmosphere is somber and reflective.

DEFIANCE

*INSIDE THE FINAL DAYS OF
THE ELECTION HARRY REID
COULDN'T WIN*



THE SENATE
MAJORITY LEADER
IN THE DEMO-
CRATIC LEADER'S
SECOND-FLOOR
CAPITOL SUITE.

H

E LOOKS VERY TIRED.

On the last full day of his last campaign, all the asking and arguing is done, and now he's just exhausted. An aide will come in soon and press him to please go back to his room at the Vdara and just rest. He says he will, he will, as soon as he's finished here. He has some idea that maybe he'll catch game five of the Series down in Texas. He's pretty rabid for baseball, grew up a big Indians fan, and the Cardinals, too—

glued to the radio down in Searchlight, Nevada, his only portal to the outside world—but he'll root for just about anybody as long as it's not the Yankees. He *hates* the damn Yankees. Rooting for them is like rooting for the fat cats to beat the little guys, which makes no sense whatsoever, if you ask him. So yeah, baseball, maybe later, back at the Vdara.

But Harry Reid's not going anywhere just yet, and here he sits parked on the phone in his headquarters, a warren of plain rooms in a featureless Vegas neighborhood of office parks showing FOR LEASE signs most every block. He yawns. He's impeccably dressed—high collar, perfect knot, charcoal-gray suit with a chalk stripe. Yawns again. Behind his glasses,

his eyes, which he never seems to fully open, look like sanded marbles. Light-purple bags underneath. When he was a kid in high school, he had to work

BY MARK WARREN



for his living, and he'd keep going on such little sleep that on the night shift at the bakery, he taught himself to sleep standing up. On the campaign he hasn't been sleeping much at all, and he says with a dry laugh that he hasn't been dealing with the stress of this campaign "as well as you might think." Back in 1998, when he ran a terribly dysfunctional campaign and pulled out his reelection over John Ensign by just 428 votes after a month of lawsuits and missing ballots and psychic torture, Reid took up yoga. He says it's not so hard to do, you just have to sweat a lot in a hot room. But lately he hasn't had time for yoga or much else. And he's in another race that's just a killer, and what's worse, his opponent this time is crazy. The only real difference between '98 and now is that no one expected him to lose in '98, and no one expects him to win now. No one.

But it is disregard like this that has always propelled him. Back when he was in law school at George Washington and working full-time as a Capitol Hill cop, and Landra was pregnant with their second and his car died and the schedule was killing him, Reid went to one of the deans of the law school—fellow named Potts—to plead his case and ask for some financial assistance. And Potts came back at him with "Mr. Reid, maybe the law is not for you. Why don't you just quit?" Instead, Reid doubled his course load, finished law school early, and vowed to leave that miserable town and never go back. So he's got more than a little chip on his shoulder.

Now everybody says that he is about to be swallowed by history, served up like a sacrifice. Many in the press say he ought to just capitulate to the power of this narrative and are actually impatient with Reid's noncooperation in the face of a tidal wave. Guy doesn't seem to understand. Could be because the paper in Vegas seems to hate him so much; it's enough to make one jaundiced by media narratives. "For the past eighteen months, they wrote two editorials a week against me," Reid says. "One Sunday, they ran five pieces of negative stuff *plus* a cartoon against me. As a journalist, that would have made Mike terribly upset."

Mike is Mike O'Callaghan, a one-legged Korean War hero who showed up in Henderson to teach at Basic High when Harry was a senior, and the meeting turned the boy's world on its ear. O'Callaghan became Reid's history teacher, and boxing coach, and stand-in fa-

ther—all that and a newspaper publisher and the most popular governor in Nevada history, too. All those years ago, O'Callaghan just saw something worth saving in Reid, who, when he was only thirty, was elected O'Callaghan's lieutenant governor.

Back then, Reid had the look of a guy with something to prove, a handsome and hungry look. Kind of a tough guy, or an actor who would have been cast in that kind of role in seventies movies. There's a picture that was taken in June 1972, on the afternoon he and his three brothers buried his father—another Harry Reid—who had killed himself a few days before. Reid had been in his office off Las Vegas Boulevard in the early afternoon when his mother called. "Pop shot himself" was all she said. Reid flew down the highway to Searchlight to find his father still lying there on a mattress of blood, gun by his side. He dealt with the coroner and did what he could to console his shattered mother. Reid doesn't speak euphemistically, and he loved and admired his father, but he was a *drunk*. A drunk who beat Reid's mother, Inez. That is, until Reid got to be fourteen and big enough to take him down, with the help of his little brother, Larry. In this picture, Reid is thirty-two. He is flanked by his brothers and mother and an uncle. They all wear smiles that seem to be born of resignation and relief. But in Reid's face is something else—defiance.

His looks have been reshaped by time, but almost forty years later, he is no less defiant. Look at him a little more closely. He's grayer than he was a year ago—the hair above his ears is snow-

ON ELECTION NIGHT—AN ELECTION THE WORLD SAID HE WAS CERTAIN TO LOSE—REID SHOCKED EVERYBODY. HE HAS NEVER WON BIG, BUT HE HAS ALMOST ALWAYS WON.

white now, that's new—maybe a little more stooped, and at the moment he's showing every hard second of his seventy years. He worked in the mines as a child, in the dark with his silent father, scratching at the earth well after all the gold was gone. And after that he was a determined if not particularly skilled boxer. No knockout puncher, his best punch was a left jab, and he knew how to work the body, and so he won more than he should have. Once he was sparring with a pro, well out of his weight class, and he remembers that the next day his forehead was sore from the beating he took.



HAT'S WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE NOW. "WHO'S

next to call?" Reid asks the young man with the list seated across the folding table from him. He has dozens of people to call this afternoon. Reid has decided to spend the last evening of his last campaign thanking the people who have canceled a year of their lives for

him, in what out in the world now looks to be a doomed effort. Fifty-three field organizers scattered all over Nevada. Fifty-three calls to make. It is one thing to acquit yourself well when things are good, and quite another when you face humiliating defeat. That the most powerful man in the United States Senate has chosen to spend the waning hours this way is not lost on the few people who are with him in the room.

"Senator, this young man's name is Manny Lopez Del Rio. He went to Cal Berkeley, very funny kid," says Preston Elliott, who runs the coordinated field organization for the Nevada Democrats. Another

aide dials. "Hi, Manny, I have Senator Reid on the phone for you."

"Manny, how are you? Harry Reid here. How was Cal Berkeley?" he says. "I've got a granddaughter going to school there, a freshman. Yep. Yep." Reid listens intently for half a minute. "I simply didn't want to let the day go by without telling you how much I appreciate, Manny, what you've done. Because of you and the other organizers, we have a nice lead coming out of the early vote"—Nevada permits voting twelve days before Election Day—"and if we have a decent day tomorrow, we'll win this thing. We're only thirty hours away. Do you have thirty more hours in you? Thank you so much, Manny. I'll never forget it."

He hangs up.

"We're just, uh, twenty-eight hours out," says Jon Summers, Reid's press aide.

"Is that right?" says Reid, turning around in his chair to give Summers a glance. He looks as though he can't quite believe it's almost over. "Okay, who's next?"

"Leora is our regional for the Henderson office. She's having a good day today. Her last check-in had fifty-two volunteers who are out walking."

"Hi, Leora, I have Senator Reid on the phone for you."

"Leora? Preston tells me you have fifty-two volunteers. Isn't that wonderful? ... What percent of your target do you think you got out in the early vote? Half? Leora, I am so grateful to you, and will never forget you."

He hangs up, and says to no one in particular, "I'm glad we're doing this."

The calls can only be described as ... tender. It must be said that Reid is not renowned for his tenderness, especially when it comes to his telephone skills. In fact, he is notorious for his brusqueness on the phone. The stories are legion of Reid simply hanging up without warning or goodbye when he has concluded his business, leaving the person on the other end talking to a dial tone. So with each new call, with another incredulous field organizer in the frenzy of the biggest Senate race in the nation, the accretion of kindness and gratitude in this small closed room takes on the air of the extraordinary. Here is this man, a public figure for more than forty years but nonetheless still a figure of sticks and dust in the public imagination, pouring out his heart in what could be his swan song.

Outside this room, dozens of staff go through their last-minute drill, the receptionist's phone rings and rings—*Yes, we need Spanish speakers for tomorrow. Your mother, too? Terrific.* But there is a sense that the culmination of all their efforts

is happening behind this closed door. A lone union man with dirty work boots and a red nose stands bolt erect near the reception desk and looks at the door, keeping vigil. "He's always stood with us," the man says. "I'm gonna stand with him, no matter what."

The thing is: Reid feels bad.

After a lackluster debate performance two weeks ago in which he was widely judged the loser against his extreme and somewhat eccentric opponent, Sharron Angle, he has felt rotten. "I'm mostly mad at myself," he says. "I prepared hard for it, and got some bad advice in the prep, but felt I put us in a hole. With not much time left, it's my job to dig us out of that hole."

Washington media masher Jim Margolis, the maker of Reid's ads, had been in charge of the debate prep, and he had had Reid memorizing canned responses to fit the one-minute format, the effect of which was stultifying. It was the debate that had all of Washington putting the finishing touches on Harry Reid's obituary. And when they started to say that this was really it for Harry Reid, and that there was really no way he could pull this off, something changed in him.

A few hours ago, up in North Las Vegas, he introduced Michelle Obama to a crowd in a high school gymnasium. She'd come to excite the base and get out the vote. It was a large, boisterous, mostly black crowd, drawn there by the First Lady's star power. But as Reid spoke, something unexpected happened. He is a famously dull speaker. He has a thin voice, a hunched manner, and is given to mild, even banal language. But not today. He was going through his speech, which he had printed out on two little cards. The theme was *I'm not finished fighting*. It wasn't so much the words that were different, a Teddy Roosevelt-ish populism that is at the core of his view of the world, but how Reid spoke them, his authority, his conviction—for once in his life, he was commanding an audience with the passion of his voice.

And as he hit the windup—*I'm not finished fighting the big banks, the big insurance and big oil companies that take advantage of us!*—the crowd, which had been waiting politely for Mrs. Obama, was

surprised to instead find itself swept up in a speech by Harry Reid. A chant—*Harry! Harry! Harry!*—started low and then built, until it filled and echoed in the big space. Reid tried to continue, but that only aroused the crowd more, and so finally he just stopped, the enveloping voices sweeping him up, and he surrendered with a broad grin.

Harry Reid had stirred an audience that had thoroughly expected to remain unstirred. He had launched a populist salvo back at the Tea Party, which had monopolized such gestures all year. "I think those people have actually been manipulated by big business," he would say later. "Power brokers, chambers of commerce from around the country—they don't want anything the Tea Party wants. They want to maintain control of government, and this was their cynical way to do that. The Tea Party might seem new, but it's not new. Toward the end of World War II, when you had Father Coughlin out there spewing his venom, you had people upset because Truman was the accidental president, just like Obama is the accidental president,



REID AND OBAMA (HERE IN JULY) HAVE FORMED A BOND THAT'S AS STRONG AS IT IS UNLIKELY. AT LEFT, REID (SECOND FROM LEFT) WITH HIS BROTHER DON, HIS MOTHER, HIS UNCLE SPUD, AND HIS BROTHERS LARRY AND DALE ON THE DAY THEY BURIED HIS FATHER, JUNE 1972.



and the economy was headed downhill because the war was grinding down, and you had Coughlin with eight million people listening to his poison. So this is not new."

What was new, in the dying light of this campaign, was that Reid had showed something close to rhetorical power, which he typically just does not possess. Some political figures are filled up, replenished, by contact with masses of people. Some seem depleted by such rigors. And then there's Reid, with his feathery voice and his opaque countenance, who most often just seems to want to be alone. In Washington he attends no receptions, socializes hardly at all, and spends every free minute with Landra, his wife of fifty-one years. There was a moment, just before he walked out to face the crowd in that high school gym, when he stood still and by himself, held his speech between his fingertips, and cast his eyes downward in a prayerful pose, as alone in a crowd as a man of the people can be.

The central mystery of his public existence has been: How did someone like Harry Reid, with his unconventional collection of political skills, ascend to such astonishing heights? And beneath even that: How does anyone of consequence crawl out of a hole in the ground in Searchlight, Nevada?

Several people close to him point to what they admiringly call his "ruthlessness." He is not much for small talk, and he can cut to the quick. Once, a member of Congress paid a visit to lobby Reid on behalf of his father's appointment to a federal appeals court, and as the congressman eased himself into his chair, Reid said bluntly, "Your father's not going to be an appellate judge."

When he was Tom Daschle's deputy as Democratic leader, Reid never left the Senate floor. He became a master of the institution's rules, to such an extent that he would sometimes keep things in order on the Republican side as well. And during those years, he became a master of the Democratic caucus, too. Senators would constantly come to him with needs, and he would make notes, and he would stuff those notes in his jacket pocket, and by the end of every day, that pocket would be full. He became student and scholar of his ideologically diverse caucus. And he had another remarkable skill that he brought to bear. "People think, Oh, he's such an unassuming man. He's so quiet," says a longtime confidant. "But what he's doing is allowing somebody else to express who they are, and he just figures out a way, sometimes just by looking at somebody—he's the most watchful person in Washington—to gauge how much they need affirmation. He's the master of it. He's figured out, in the Senate, who exactly all of his colleagues are and what kind of rewards system they need, and what really makes them tick. It's an extraordinary craft."

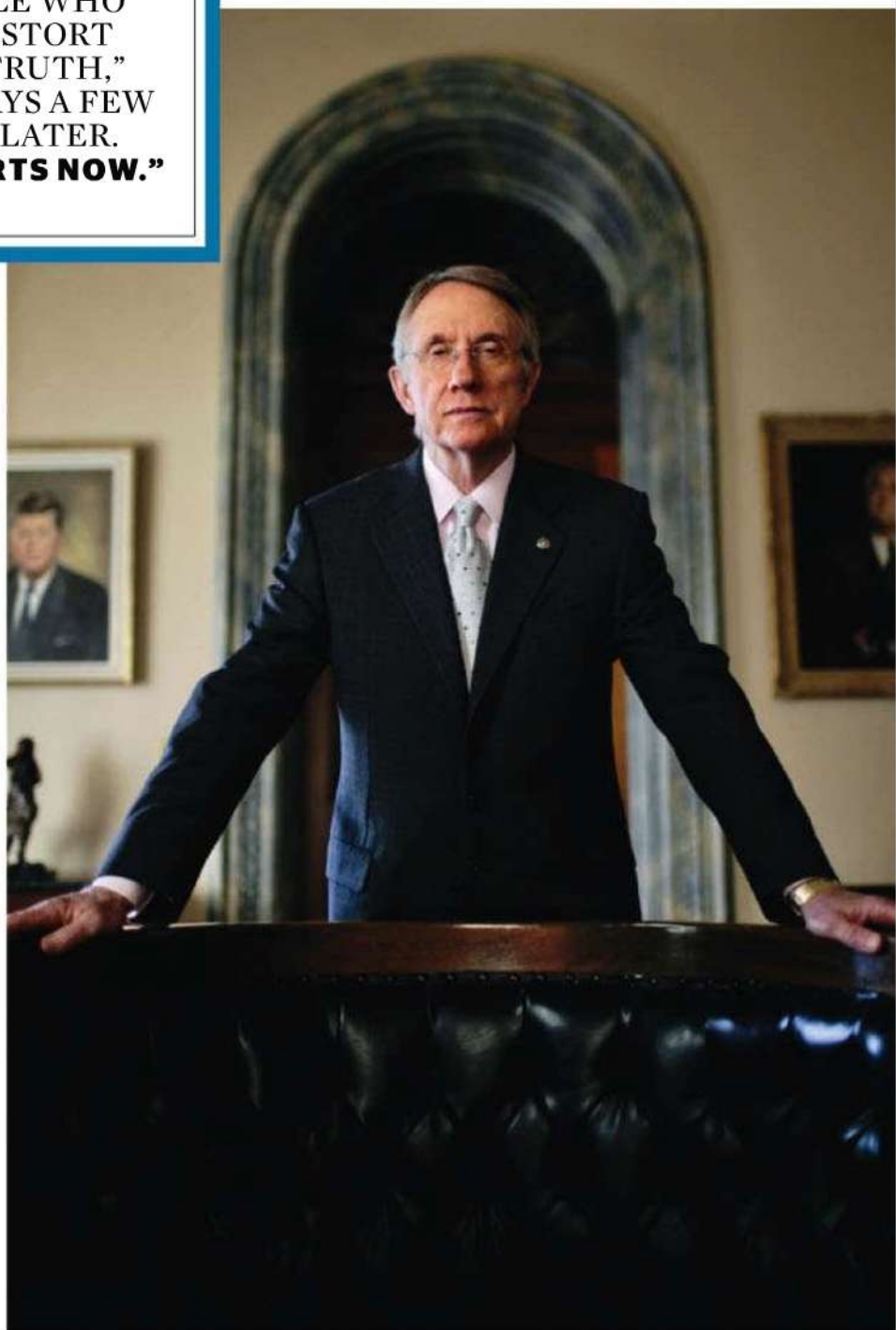
"H

I, JON," HE SAYS, STARTING ANOTHER CALL. "DUKE University, you must be smart... Thirty hours, let's work like a dog, okay?... Hi, Ebeth, I like your name, but did they mean to call you Elizabeth? I have children with unusual names, too... Hi, Daniel... Hi, Lauren... Hi, Stephanie... Didn't want the day to go by... I'll never forget what you've done... If ever I can help you..."

Reid stops, looks at his BlackBerry. "Someone sent me a message: 'Thinking of you. Proverbs 3:5-6: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not on thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."' Okay, that's nice."

HE SEEMS NOT OF THE WORLD—OF VEGAS, OF WASHINGTON—BUT HE RELENTLESSLY PREVAILS IN IT.

"WE HAVE TO TAKE IT TO THESE PEOPLE WHO SO DISTORT THE TRUTH," REID SAYS A FEW DAYS LATER. "IT STARTS NOW."



"Starting tomorrow," Elliott says, "trust is all we've got."

Reid is an intensely faithful Mormon but holds his Bible close to his vest. It is part of what makes him different from the many pharisees in his profession. So does coming from a place like Las Vegas and making his bones in Vegas when he did. Back in the Vegas of the sixties and seventies, Reid was a hotshot lawyer, known often for being the lawyer of last resort. He would take the cases no one else would take, either because they were impossible to win or would pay no money, or both. He would defend people down on their luck, or people he felt were wrongly accused, prostitutes and showgirls. He often took no money or accepted barter. He took more than a hundred cases to trial, a number almost unheard of today, winning most of the time. And then, as chairman of the Nevada Gaming Commission in the late 1970s, he is widely credited with taking on the mob as it was making its last stand and ridding Las Vegas of organized crime, making the modern city possible.

That he did all this without once setting foot in a casino for fun, or without allowing alcohol to pass his lips, or without being killed (he was under constant threat of death for four years, and a gangster planted a bomb in Landra's car), is a minor miracle. And that he walked through the world that became Las Vegas with a bearing of biblical rectitude while at the same time becoming the most ardent advocate gaming has ever had in the United States Congress just makes you scratch your head in wonder.

He also did it without shedding any of the closest friends that he's made through the years—some of whom have lived on the edge of the law in Vegas. But Reid is an intensely loyal man. When the Midnight Idol himself, Wayne Newton, was making a bid to buy the Aladdin in the late 1970s, rumors (false, as it turned out) began to circulate that the mob was his silent partner in the deal. The entertainer came before Reid's commission and was being interrogated about some of his friends and acquaintances when he said, "... Frankly, if I have to sacrifice my friends, I'm not sure I even want this license."

On hearing this, Reid stood up, said he felt the same way about his own friends, and that he'd do everything he could to make sure Newton got his license, which he did, and even though Newton is a staunch right-wing Republican, he and Reid have been blood brothers ever since.

To understand Reid and the depth of his loyalties, one must know that the election of 2010—with the balance of power in the United States Senate at stake and its seismic implications for him personally—is not even close to being the most important election of his life.

That was the election his junior year in high school, when he made treasurer. The effect was profound on a nobody from nowhere: He felt a moment of regard from people for the very first time. His most ardent and enduring friendships were also formed at that high school in Henderson, to which he would hitchhike forty-six miles. His closest friends today are three high school classmates—Don Wilson, Richey Vincent, and Jimmy Joe Balk—and another buddy he met about the same time, through boxing.

The boxer's name is Gary Bates. He doesn't box anymore, but deals blackjack in the casinos. He's a colorful character, even by Vegas standards. Given a choice between jail or the Marines, he chose the Marines, where he became a serious boxer. Got out and went pro. Fought Norton and Cooney, and was Sonny Liston's sparring partner. He was also a collector for loan sharks and a general heavy. He considers Harry Reid to be his best friend in all the world (when the gangster planted the bomb in Landra's car, Bates offered to kill him; Reid thanked him and declined), and he idolizes Reid's incorruptibility.

"If they ever brought a scandal to the surface about [Harry] having a pecker problem, I'd cut my own throat," Bates says. "I'll give you a razor and you keep it, and if it ever surfaces, just bring it to me, and that's it, I'm gone."

"I've heard other people express that very thing," I tell him.

"They didn't say I'd cut my throat."

"Well, no, they didn't go quite that far."

"I study sin and the devil and Satan, and I'm pretty much aware what's going on. Mormons are funny. They can get a bunch of them together, then all they want to do is be good. And you say, Hmm, how does that work? How does a big set of tits on a billboard not affect you? I'd be pissed off if he's fooling me. I want to be as good as Harry. If someday I ever have to eat those words, it would just break my heart."

"We won't know until we get to the finish line. All my brothers are dead now, and they all know the answer. We always assumed that God just says, You're dead now, the least I can do is let you know who killed Kennedy, how Marilyn Monroe died, and if Harry Reid is getting a little on the side."

That a man whom many regard as the most boring in Washington is the source of such paradox, deep loyalty, and at first glance almost unaccountable political success is what also makes him the most mysterious man in Washington. An upright Mormon who guards Sin City like a hawk and is given to saying things like "I don't like rats. I don't like squealers." A poetry lover who shares verses with close friends but doesn't seem to have an ounce of it in him. A devoted student of policy and power who tossed aside Robert Caro's third book on LBJ, *Master of the Senate*, because it was just too vulgar to get through.

Harry Reid seems not of the world—of Vegas, of Washington, of conventional life in general—but somehow he relentlessly prevails in it.



TONIGHT—ELECTION NIGHT—REID IS SECLUDED

in his suite at the Vdara, as Nevada Democrats begin to gather next door in a ballroom the size of a football field. He sits with a top aide, David Krone, along with his son Josh and Landra, the person he trusts most in the world. During the last few weeks, he and Landra have talked about losing and have quietly prepared each other. No planning beyond that, really, just *We'll get through this*. A few days before leaving Washington in early October for the stretch run, the television in his condo at the Ritz-Carlton broke, and so as not to anger the gods, he and Landra decided to wait and see what happened before they got it fixed. No time for hubris. Which could almost be the motto for Reid's whole campaign.

When Brandon Hall, his campaign manager, was first approached to work Reid's reelection, he was told that he'd have between \$20 and \$25 million to spend. Hall recalls thinking to himself, Spending \$25 million? *On what?* Are they going to buy a TV station?

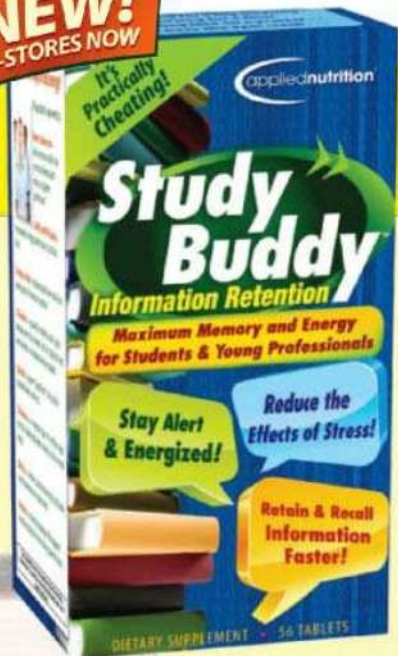
But by the time the polls close tonight, Reid will have spent every penny, deploying the most expensive and ruthlessly efficient campaign in the history of the state. Over the last weekend, sixty thousand doors were knocked on. On voting day, there is a field operation of four thousand people sweeping the state, getting every last Reid voter to the polls. At 6:55, a Reid voter is reached on the phone. "I can't make it. I've got my kids." Polls close at 7:00. "I need you in line by 7:00," a campaign worker tells the man. "Gather up the kids, we'll be right there."

"I told everyone who would listen," Reid says, "that I had the best campaign operation in the history of Nevada, maybe in the history of the country. Not boasting. You never know until the votes are counted, but we'll just have to show 'em."

Now up in Reid's suite, the polls are closing on the East Coast, and the networks are starting to call races. But the main narrative is clear: Harry Reid is dead. As Chuck Todd once again delivers the last rites on MSNBC, the senator walks over to the television and turns it off. "That's enough of that," he says. The four then sit in a pensive silence and stare at the blank TV for half an hour, the condemned

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Harry Reid

hoping for a reprieve.

But by early evening, as the polls close in Nevada and the returns begin to build, the numbers look surprisingly good.

The vote from Clark County (Vegas) appears even stronger for him than most expected. And even Sharron Angle's home county, Washoe (Reno), is very competitive.

The TV comes back on. And it's not long before Reid is on the phone again, but this time people are calling him. Joe Biden calls to say, "Looks like you've got it, Harry!" And then the president calls, too, to say, "Congratulations, friend!" But Reid's not so sure.

He's been through this too many times before to get carried away. They don't call him Landslide Harry for nothing. He isn't going to believe that he's won until Rebecca Lambe tells him so. Lambe is Reid's top strategist, the mastermind who designed this expensive plan. She's all business. "Until I hear from Rebecca, I'm not the winner," Reid says.

Even after Fox calls it for him, he still won't let himself fully believe it. The rural counties could still kill him. And what's happening in Reno? His jacket's off and his shirt's untucked and he's not going anywhere until it's certain.

Just then, Lambe calls David Krone's line. "Get him dressed," she says. He's taken Washoe by 5 percentage points. It's over. In fact, the election is not even close.

Soon Reid is getting ready to go next door, where he has one last speech to make in this campaign. The staff is still fielding a flood of calls, but then Mayor Cashell from up in Reno is on the line. Guy's a Republican, but he endorsed Reid because he said that Angle had "wild ideas."

"I want that phone!" Reid says, reaching for it. "Is that my wild man? We did it! They didn't know what hit 'em, did they?"

He seems taller, and the broad smile, which hasn't had much practice, is back. His eyes are clear, and the bags have disappeared in the warm hotel light. He wears the look of a man with something to prove.

A few days later, as he's preparing to return to Washington, he gets on the phone again, from Searchlight. "History will judge that the things this Congress did were the right things to do," he tells me. "I totally reject this notion that the country voted against the policies we have worked so hard on. Of course, it's hard to tell a man who's out of work and under water all the great things you're doing for him when he doesn't feel it yet. But we did a terrible job of communicating the importance of these things to the country. We have to take it to these people who so distort the truth. It starts now."

I remind him of the comment by the Republican leader in the Senate, Mitch McConnell, that his own number-one priority now is to make Obama a one-term president. "It's a very foolish thing he said," Reid replies, not sounding the least bit tired. "We're gonna have to make him eat those words." ■

China

[continued from page 51] itors, mind you—account for roughly half the future global growth in energy demand.

China's emerging dependence on foreign food sources, despite its stated commitment to long-term self-sufficiency, will only grow as global warming's impact is made increasingly clear by extended droughts across China's southern agricultural lands. Best indicator? China's strategic rush to buy up or lease farmland across South America and Africa in recent years. Considering that China was among the first nations to slap restrictions on food exports when global agricultural prices spiked at the end of 2007, you have to wonder how much stock Beijing puts in such paper agreements. Sure, in many developing countries, elites are easily bought off, but just remember whose interests will be threatened when the food riots begin... or when the insurgents reach the copper mine... or when the terrorists start bombing their oil rigs.

Globalization increasingly wears a Chinese face, meaning—over time—China will be the first one to get sucker-punched by every violent extremist out there. And not all of them will be satisfied with a red envelope stuffed with renminbi.

STEP NO. 4: A GROWING DEFENSIVENESS, OR WHEN SOFT POWER ISN'T ENOUGH

For now, China's version of dollar diplomacy (another tried-and-true trick out of rising America's bag) opens doors throughout the developing world. The dialogue is simple enough:

CHINA: "Is that your old mine there?"

REGIME: "Yes."

CHINA: "And that port over there—yours, too?"

REGIME: "Uh-huh."

CHINA: "Can I build a railroad from the mine to the port? And expand the port? And the mine, too? All I need is a long-term contract for everything underground."

REGIME (getting visibly excited): "Any strings?"

CHINA (ignoring the question): "Here is a down payment—cash. Let me be clear: environmental record, human rights... I don't interfere with such things. I just want stuff!"

REGIME: "Absolutely!"

CHINA: "Oh, and if rebels are too much trouble, we can help there, too."

Is China replicating the colonial patterns of the past? No, in the sense that it seeks no local political control—just influence. And when you're willing to spend that much money on much-needed infrastructure, you're going to win friends left and right. Plus, China provides something that the West never could manage in its boom-and-bust dynamics: sustained long-term demand for commodities across the board. After Asia, Africa is the fastest-growing continent in the world right now, and it's largely due to China. Ditto for a rapidly devel-

oping Latin America. So if China replicates the West's cruel indifference to these regions' political deficiencies and economic inequality, it's actually doing more to address them by jump-starting infrastructure construction and enabling long-term income growth.

In the end, there is no such thing as a "China model"—just China's demand. And that's enough.

But while China's economic and network connectivity skyrockets throughout the developing world's most unstable regions, its political-military ability to defend those burgeoning interests still boils down to all those red envelopes stuffed with cash. This is brilliant as market-entry strategies go, but only so long as America remains obsessed enough with the nexus of terrorists and failed states to make the long-term efforts at nation building, local-military capacity building, and the like. But given that transnational bad actors take advantage of failed states but aren't created by them per se, America's global-police-man role will diminish slowly over time.

Meanwhile, rather than taking up any slack, China will continue free-riding as long as possible, fixing a "broken window" here and there but not feeling responsible for any nation's or region's stability. Rule of thumb: If China calls for an "international solution," it doesn't give a damn about the situation, because when Beijing does give a damn, it'll aggressively work the diplomacy on a bilateral basis—all the better to make its cash have maximum impact. An excellent example is Sudan, which, if it splits in two this year, may lapse back into civil war. America, with its new Africa Command, will feel itself on the hook and respond in some multilateral manner (with UN and African Union peacekeepers). But China? Bet on Beijing to play both sides against the middle: importing oil from both north and south and transferring arms as required.

That sort of implicit, limited-liability partnership with America—Washington provides the military muscle and China cleans up on the post-conflict resource extraction—already exists in multiple locations: In Iraq, our "shock and awe" has resulted in China being the only state with oil contracts both north (Kurds) and south (Arabs). In Afghanistan, our counterinsurgency efforts continue while China plants a \$3 billion investment in the Aynak copper mine. As for People's Liberation Army casualties in both theaters? Zero.

Eventually, the American public will figure out what's going on and start demanding China pay its own way. "American blood for Chinese oil" hasn't appeared on protest placards yet, but it should—and will eventually.

STEP NO. 5: A BOTTOM-UP DEMOCRATIZATION, OR WHAT CONSTITUTES POLITICAL AUTHORITY WHEN THE PARTY'S OVER

Impossible, you declare. Nixon opened the door to China almost four decades ago and the place is as undemocratic as ever!

Untrue. The Chinese Communist Party may keep a tight grip over the political system and free speech, but China's economy is almost Dickensian in the freedom it offers robber barons, corrupt government officials, and all the schemers in between. The well-connected capitalist can destroy everything in his path, confident that the complaints of the downtrodden won't go anywhere—until they erupt in violence. And even then, our man can rest assured that when social push comes to government shove, some local official scapegoat will stand in front of the firing squad and not he.

China is just three decades old—in Deng years—so it's useless to ask why the country hasn't yet moved to a multiparty democracy. Instead, ask yourself how the Chinese Communist Party can hold on to power past 2030, given all these destabilizing trends.

China is closing out its chapter on extensive growth (more resources to build more stuff) and heading into an economic future that will increasingly be determined by its ability to foster intensive growth (rising productivity and innovation). Sinking the magic eight ball in the corner pocket every year is relatively easy when all it takes is more, more, more! This is not an academic issue: The Party's unchallenged rule is based on delivering the goods—year in and year out—and China is inexorably headed toward slower growth rates, as well as the occasional recession.

And when things switch to deciding which industries—meaning technologies—should rise and which should fall, does anybody really think a collection of party pals sitting in Beijing is going to figure all that out on their own? Soviet technocrats couldn't pull it off, and neither did the Japanese. That kind of crowd wisdom is only found among real entrepreneurs, angel investors, and the like, and those types of capitalists want both a hands-off and yet decidedly responsive government, or the kind where you have to pay politicians only when there's an election.

China cannot forever suffer a single-party state simply because it needs a government that isn't afraid of its own citizenry and its increasingly complex demands. As the nation's huge middle class continues to emerge over the next couple of decades, China's single-party system will fail—time and time again—to protect it from the future, which cannot be commanded. Ruling over a vast poor country is easy, because all the poor want from government is protection from their circumstances. Ruling over rich city-states within such a system is equally easy, because all the rich want from their government is protection from the poor. But that growing middle class? It wants protection from uncertainty—the future. The middle class has achieved its decent standard of living and wants to pass it on to all those only children. Spook it and it will turn on you with a fury not easily contained, for after all, these are people of real education and accomplishment. They will

not be ruled over like children for long.

Don't expect the Chinese Communist Party to run a mistake-free foreign policy, either, and it's this current state of brittleness that marks China as an unserious competitor to the U.S. in international security. So long as China features a single-party state, its leadership will be too timid to wage wars anywhere—including across the Taiwan Strait. Why? Because the CCP cannot afford a single loss of face. Superpowers don't just win wars; they have to be able to suffer significant losses and still pull out acceptable stalemates. Absent the ability to rotate ruling parties, China remains a paper tiger—as in, looks good on paper but doesn't have the stomach to risk anything.

The good news is, China will experience two crucial generational shifts in leadership over the next two decades, both of which will ease it in the direction of allowing more political pluralism. In a couple of years, the fifth generation of leadership will emerge from its decades of being groomed. The leading light in this group is Xi Jinping, who most expect will succeed Hu Jintao as president. (Representing the other China, and Xi Jinping's biggest dilemma, is the imprisoned Liu Xiaobo, winner of the 2010 Nobel Peace Prize.) Expect this generation to let Hong Kong play lead goose in this slow-motion democratization by conducting semifree elections for its parliament and top leadership—as currently planned—near the end of this decade.

By the time the so-called sixth generation reaches its political apogee in 2022, expect the party to be closely and deeply divided between the more cosmopolitan coastal faction (tint these states bluish) and the more conservative interior faction (keep coloring these western provinces red). This division, already well in the works, will significantly temper China's foreign policy, balancing the needs of outsiders (what China owes the world) with those of its own less-fortunate citizenry. Thus, by the time post-Mao China hits the half-century mark, when democratization will kick in for real, the country will have become a superpower no less captured by special interests at home and abroad than the United States is today. ■

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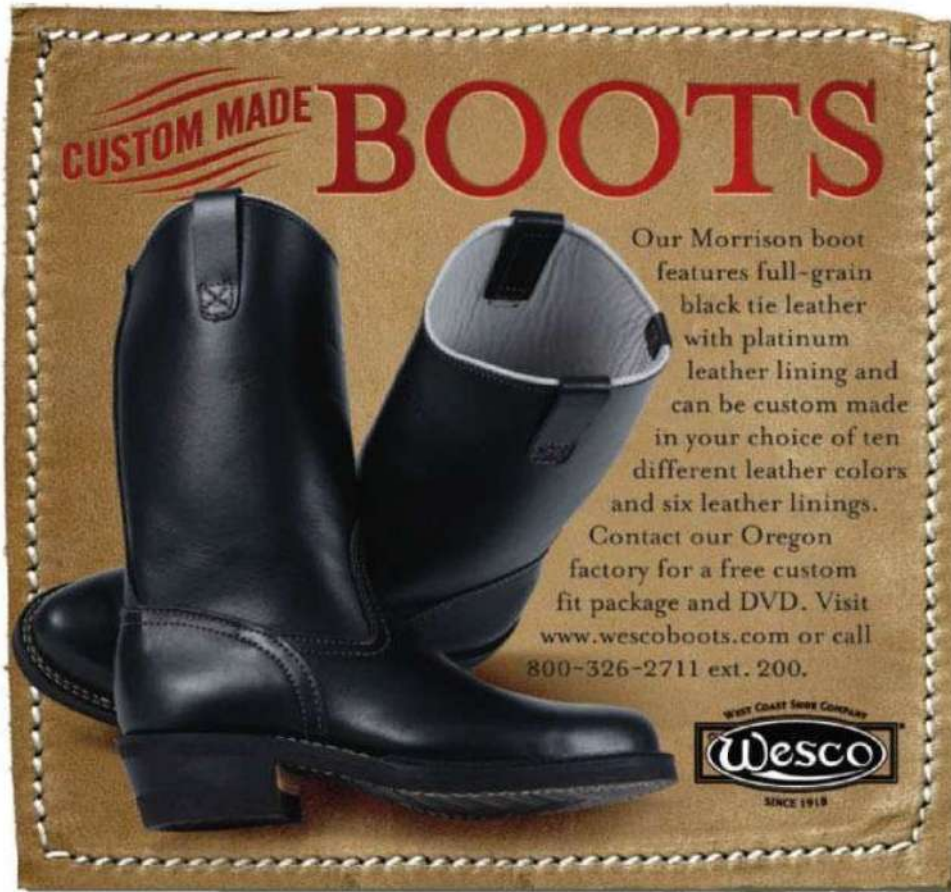
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For the items featured in *Esquire*, please consult the Web site or call the number provided.

Style, p. 41: Louis Vuitton **suitcase, suit, henley, shirt, T-shirt, tie, jeans, shoes**, louisvuitton.com. Bresciani **socks**, bresciani.it. **P. 42:** The North Face **duffel**, northface.com. Stone Island **jacket**, stoneisland.com. L.L. Bean **Signature shirt**, llbeansignature.com. Spurr **turtleneck**, scoopnyc.com. Banana Republic **jeans**, bananarepublic.com. Sorel **boots**, sorel.com. Rimowa **trunk**, rimowa.com. Ermengildo Zegna **overcoat, jacket**, zegna.com. Hermès **turtleneck**, hermes.com. Boss Black **trousers**, 800-484-6267. A. Testoni **monk-straps**, 212-223-0909. **P. 43:** Kenneth Cole **duffel**, kennethcole.com. Lincs DC & Co. **jacket**, lincsdco.com. Zegna Sport **windbreaker**, zegna.com. Converse by John Varvatos **henley**, bloomingdales.com. Bonobos **jeans**, bonobos.com. Rag & Bone **Crafted by Timberland boots**, barneys.com. Coach **duffel**, 866-262-2440. Life After Denim **jacket**, 310-985-6400. Nautica **polo**, nautica.com. Vilebrequin **swim trunks**, vilebrequinonlinestore.com. Havaianas **flip-flops**, havaianas.com.

The Ascent of Man, p. 96: Louis Vuitton **parka**, louisvuitton.com. Etro **trousers**, etro.com. Mountain Hardwear **gloves**, mountainhardwear.com. Anon **goggles**, anonoptics.com. **P. 97:** D&G **jacket, sweater, shirt, trousers**, 800-979-3038. Vasque **boots**, rei.com. Rag & Bone **scarf**, 212-727-2990. Mountain Hardwear **gloves, gaiters**, mountainhardwear.com. **P. 98:** Calvin Klein Collection **jacket, jeans**, 877-256-7373. Moncler **vest**, barneys.com/coop. Calvin Klein Jeans **shirt**, macys.com. Timberland **boots**, timberland.com. The Elder Statesman **gloves**, elder-statesman.com. Black Diamond Equipment **gaiters, crampons**, blackdiamondequipment.com. REI **ice ax**, rei.com. **P. 99:** Giorgio Armani **jacket, trousers**, giorgioarmani.com. Etro **cardigan**, etro.com. Kenneth Cole Reaction **shirt**, macys.com. Timberland **boots**, timberland.com. Coach **gloves**, 866-262-2440. Bell & Ross **chronograph**, bellross.com. Osprey **backpack**, ospreypacks.com. Snow Peak **mug**, snowpeak.com. **P. 100:** Polo Ralph Lauren **jacket, turtleneck, trousers**, ralphlauren.com. Osprey **backpack**, ospreypacks.com. Black Diamond Equipment **helmet**, blackdiamondequipment.com. **P. 102:** Prada **parka, sweater, trousers**, prada.com. Patagonia **vest**, patagonia.com. L.L. Bean **signature shirt**, llbeansignature.com. Rockport **boots**, rockport.com. D&G **hat**, 800-979-3038. Banana Republic **gloves**, bananarepublic.com. Crescent

Moon **snowshoes**, crescentmoonsnowshoes.com. **P. 103:** Boss Black **parka, jeans**, 800-484-6267. L.L. Bean **Signature sweater**, llbeansignature.com. Lincs DC & Co. **shirt**, lincsdco.com. Cole Haan **boots**, colehaan.com. Black Diamond Equipment **gloves, harness**, blackdiamondequipment.com. Oakley **goggles**, oakley.com. **P. 104:** Moncler **jacket**, 646-350-3620. Spurr **turtleneck**, scoopnyc.com. John Varvatos **trousers**, johnvarvatos.com. La Sportiva **boots**, sportiva.com. Banana Republic **hat**, bananarepublic.com. Mountain Hardwear **backpack**, mountainhardwear.com. Oakley **goggles**, oakley.com. **P. 105:** Burberry Brit **parka, vest**, burberry.com. Land's End Canvas **trousers**, landsendcanvas.com.

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WHAT I'VE LEARNED

JESUS H. CHRIST

SON OF GOD, 2,011, PRETTY MUCH EVERYWHERE

INTERVIEWED BY
ROSS MCCAMMON



- > **Swarthier than** you thought, right? I get that all the time.
- > **Frequent?** Are you kidding me? Okay, here's one ... and another one ... And there's a "Jesus Christo!" ... It's a lot of outcry. Off the hook, if you'll pardon the expression. It's a direct line.
- > **We've become so rash** all of a sudden. But I get it, I get it.
- > **Yeah, 2010.** I know. An earthquake, then hurricane after hurricane after hurricane, then the Tea Party, then Ohio State loses to Wisconsin. But here's the thing: I'm. Not. In. Charge.
- > **It's just H.** It doesn't stand for anything. Ulysses S. Grant was the same way.
- > **Incidentally,** when I'm having a hard time, I say, "Ulysses S. Grant!" I'm kidding, of course.
- > **"Samuel L. Jackson!"**
- > **Those given** the most credit are the ones who neither need it nor deserve it. Miley Cyrus thanking me for winning an MTV award, for instance—that was all you, sweetheart.
- > **And Tony Romo.** "God's plan"? Let me get this straight: God called a blitz package that a Cowboys guard didn't pick up, allowing a Giants linebacker to slam you into the turf, which fractured your clavicle, ending your season—that was part of God's plan? Here's a plan for Tony Romo: Check your Jesus complex, son.
- > **Prosperity gospel?** Please.
- > **It's funny:** On a philosophical level, I agree with Michael Pollan on pretty much everything. Personally, however, I find him an insufferable putz. Go figure.
- > **They're all solid** in their own ways: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and, I guess, John. But you should have heard me in the "Q Gospel." Never made it into the Bible. Lost to time. But it was like a "Jesus' Greatest Hits."
- > **Mel.** Mel, Mel, Mel, Mel, Mel.
- > **Tax collectors.** After all these years, they still get to me.
- > **Shroud of Turin?** Not me. The piece of toast, however ...
- > **For the record,** I wasn't a carpenter. I was a *tekton*. It's an old word for handyman. You need lots of stuff fixed, you call a tekton.
- > **Never forget** where you came from. I come from a small town in the country. Four hundred people tops. It shaped me.
- > **A man should** have a creed. And a mission. You have a creed and a mission, you'll be all right.
- > **You want comfort?** Look to the tunic.
- > **The ones I like:** Lord of Hosts, King of Kings, J. C., Lamb of God, Prince of Peace, Immanuel, Emmanuel, Sweet Jesus in Heaven, the Light of the World, the Bread of Life, the First and the Last, the Gate and the Way. But Jesus is fine. My friends call me Jesus.
- > **I have no idea** who the hosts are or why I'm lord of them.
- > **Idiots** have a way of killing themselves off. Most of the time you don't have to do it for them. I know it really doesn't seem like that right now.
- > **The difference** between love and sex? Pass.
- > **It's either** pre-Easter or post-Easter, if you know what I mean.
- > **I've been ignoring** the haters for years. I started that.
- > **You become a man** when you see the heavens torn apart and the Spirit descending like a dove. At least that's how it happened for me.
- > **Do not judge,** so that you may not be judged. For with judgment you make, you will be judged. I'm reiterating, of course.
- > **I'm here.** I'm right here.
- > **Can I** get an Amen?

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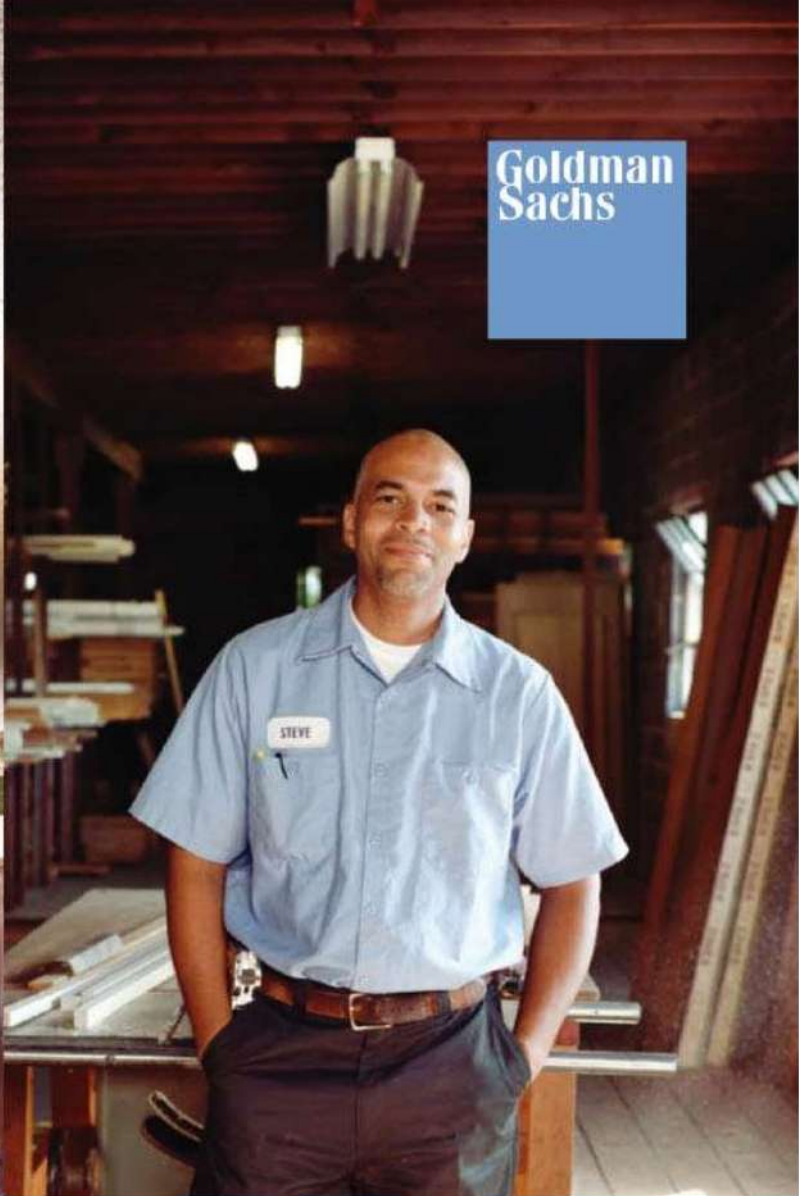


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