

KENDRICK LAMAR | STEELY DAN

INSIDE THE RETURN OF 'ATLANTA'

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Rolling Stone



The
BLACK PANTHER
Revolution

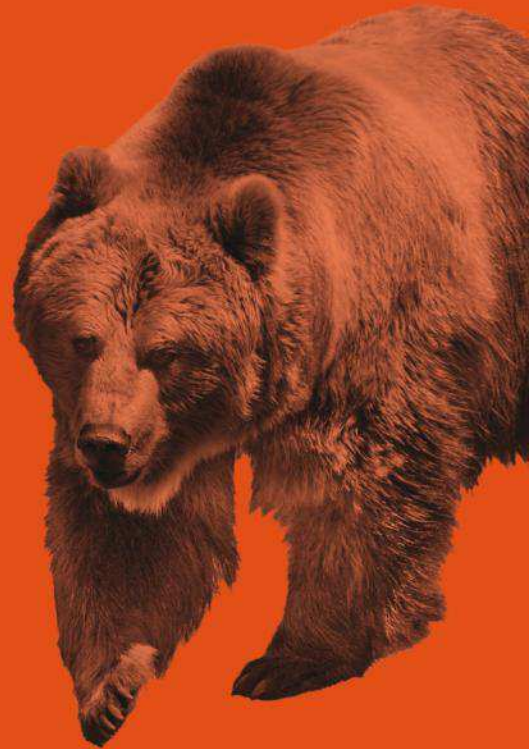
CHADWICK BOSEMAN *and the*
MAKING of a RADICAL SUPERHERO



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RS1308 “All the News That Fits”

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ON THE COVER Chadwick Boseman photographed in Los Angeles on January 28th by **Norman Jean Roy**.
Grooming by Saisha Beecham at Cloutier Remix. Styling by Alison Edmond at Art Department LA. Coat by Palace Costume. Pants by Devil Fashion. Black Panther necklace by Marvel.

NEW RULES

“Women are stepping up,” says Dua Lipa. “We just have to be given a chance.”
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Halford

MUSIC

RETURN OF JUDAS PRIEST

Together for nearly 50 years, Judas Priest are among the last bands of the first wave of heavy metal still going strong. Rob Halford and his bandmates reflect on their epic run and the release of their new album, *Firepower*.

Saoirse Ronan

MOVIES

THE OSCAR GOES TO...

Who will win big? How will #MeToo change the show? Read our full coverage of the Academy Awards to find out.

CULTURE

BILL NYE TALKS WEED

From Jeff Sessions to pot's effect on male fertility, our favorite "Science Guy" sounds off on all things marijuana.

PROFILE

RIHANNA: 30 FOR 30

For Rihanna's 30th birthday, we count down her top 30 songs, from "FourFiveSeconds" to "We Found Love."

JULIAN CASABLANCAS

The Strokes singer and his Voidz bandmates stopped by for an in-depth interview, with host Brian Hiatt, about their new album, *Virtue*; the state of pop; why Casablancas needs a non-Strokes creative outlet; and much more. Rolling Stone Music Now airs live on SiriusXM's Volume channel Fridays at 1 p.m. ET. Download or subscribe on iTunes or your podcast provider.

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Correspondence

Love Letters
& Advice



Bono Looks Back

IT MAKES ME SAD AS AN American that there are rock & roll stars who are far more articulate, brilliant and qualified for the office of the president than Donald Trump ["Bono: The ROLLING STONE Interview," RS 1304/1305]. I say Bono for president!

Anita Morris
Culpeper, VA

IT'S RARE THAT SOMEONE AS famous as Bono understands the impact that their celebrity can have on the world. His humility comes through when he speaks, and his actions prove it's genuine. I've never bought a U2 album, but after reading the article, I actually may go see them in concert.

Tom Galan
Via the Internet

I CAN'T QUIT LOOKING AT Bono's picture on the cover. He's still that 14-year-old kid who left home.

Rich Davis
Citrus Heights, CA

I FIND IT SIGNIFICANT, and not at all surprising, that Bono still finds inspiration from the Psalms of David. They are a lovely and painful narrative of the human experience: self-doubt, loneliness, identity crises, cries of injustice, and also hope, grace and great joy.

Drugged-Out Justice

In RS 1304/1305, Paul Solotaroff investigated how district attorneys in Massachusetts used tainted lab tests in thousands of drug convictions – and covered the whole mess up ["And Justice for None"]. Readers responded.

OUR CRIMINAL-JUSTICE system utterly fails to ensure that scientific testing admitted in court is reliable. Until we take the necessary steps, state crime labs will continue to focus on convicting defendants rather than on producing accurate test results.

Joe St. Louis, Tucson, AZ

JUDGE CAREY IS A HERO for having the stonies to make this ruling, and Luke Ryan, that tenacious defense attorney, is a superhero. Here's hoping that new laws punish those who hide and subvert evidence.

Neena, via the Internet

I WONDER WHAT PERCENTAGE of authorities could under oath truthfully state that they have never broken the law while in uniform or on the job.

J. Alexander McFarlane
Melbourne Beach, FL

Not unlike so many great U2 songs.

Kim Lower
Roanoke, VA

Keep On Truckin'

HAVING BEEN IN THE TRUCKING business since 1976, I'm always interested in the future of my craft ["Death of the American Trucker," RS 1304/1305]. Electric trucks, state-of-the-art safety enhancements and futuristic self-driving vehicles are all welcomed and encouraged. But until we get politicians who are more interested in our decaying infrastructure than the next

THIS TARNISHES THE INTEGRITY of the justice system, especially when it takes years to be corrected. It also devastates the individual. There is a dire need to create a just means to address wrongful convictions.

Radha Natarajan, Boston



ARE WE REALLY SAYING that the busts that produced the evidence are irrelevant and void? The mentality that police and prosecutors always "get it wrong" is part of the problem with the victim mentality we suffer in this culture.

Jerome Lawrence
Hilliard, OH

election, and in increasing federal and state fuel taxes, I'm not too worried about losing my job.

Mark Washatka
Appleton, WI

Camila Breaks Out

2018 WILL BE CAMILA CABELLO's year ["From Cuba With Pop: Camila Cabello's Rise," RS 1304/1305]. I do have a feeling there will still be Fifth Harmony backlash to deal with, but she's always been the most talented of the five. Going solo was a genius career move!

Ozziesmare
Via the Internet

Greta Rambles On

STOP COMPARING GRETA VAN Fleet to Led Zeppelin ["Greta Van Fleet's Misty Mountain Revival," RS 1304/1305]. I think it's great that they are embracing the Sixties and Seventies, but I want to give them time to hone their sound.

Debbie Walkman
Via the Internet

FROM MY FIRST 45, "I WANT to Hold Your Hand," to Tool and more, rock & roll has helped keep me going. Now Greta Van Fleet is up there with them. Keeping those rocks a-rollin'!

Jeff Brown
Blue Hill, ME

Bon Jovi Forever

I AM SO EXCITED BON JOVI made it into the Hall of Fame ["Rock and Roll Hall of Fame: Meet This Year's Class," RS 1304/1305]. Songs like "Always" still make me cry, and "Livin' on a Prayer" is as relevant now as it was back in the Eighties. I have moved my life-size Richie Sambora poster to the ceiling above my bed. Well done, boys. No one deserves it more.

Ash Keir
Via the Internet

Seger's Deep Roots

BOB SEGER IS REAL, AUTHENTIC music from the soul of America [Q&A, RS 1304/1305]. He was "alt-country" and "Americana" before the terms were invented.

Uberman1
Via the Internet

Contact Us

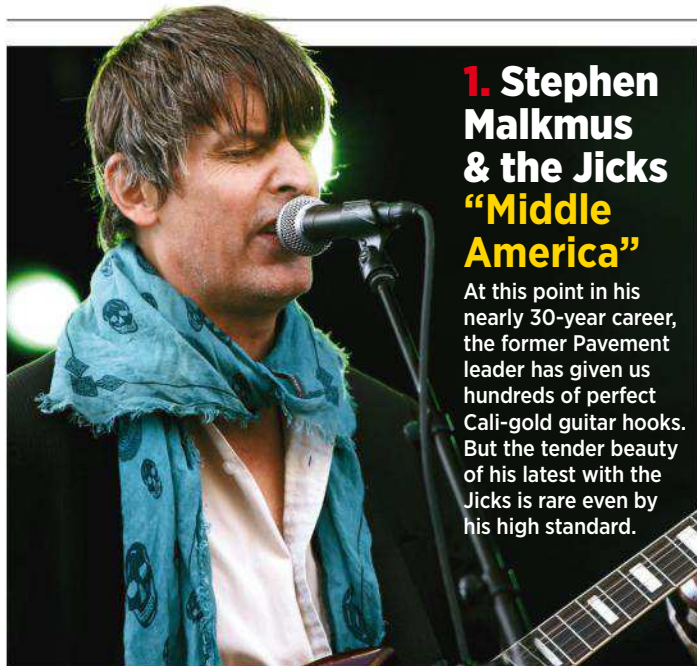
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The Playlist

OUR FAVORITE SONGS, ALBUMS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW



1. Stephen Malkmus & the Jicks "Middle America"

At this point in his nearly 30-year career, the former Pavement leader has given us hundreds of perfect Cali-gold guitar hooks. But the tender beauty of his latest with the Jicks is rare even by his high standard.

2. John Prine "Summer's End"

At 71, Prine will soon release his first album of new songs in more than a decade. "Summer's End" is as immediately familiar as your favorite easy chair, a casually vivid reflection on change as the only thing you can really count on.

3. Low Cut Connie "Beverly"

With echoes of Joe Jackson and Billy Joel, these lowbrow rock & roll idealists hit a surprisingly moving note of piano-pop grandeur.

4. Dean Summerwind "Parked Out by the Lake"

This viral-smash country parody is a one-joke wonder ("I'm parked here by the lake/Eighty miles from Santa Fe/And it's the lake that you remember where I park"). It's still as catchy as anything on real-country radio.



5. Blood Orange "June 12th"

Blood Orange (a.k.a. U.K. art-pop explorer Dev Hynes) makes avant-R&B songs that can come on like passing moods but still manage to feel like radical political statements. That's certainly the case with this gauzily chill meditation on race, love and individual freedom.

6. Kali Uchis feat. Tyler, the Creator, and Bootsy Collins "After the Storm"

Sweet-voiced Colombian-American R&B singer Uchis teams up with a funk royal (Bootsy) and a hip-hop absurdist (Tyler) for a sumptuous ode to staying tough in hard times.



7. Dream Wife "Let's Make Out"

Dream Wife are three women who met in college in the U.K. and bonded over a shared love of David Bowie and disdain for patriarchal bullshit. This snarlingly catchy song from their debut LP is the kind of make-out jam that bites your tongue and sends you home bleeding.



MY LIST



Joe Elliott

My Favorite Glam-Rock Songs

Def Leppard just made their catalog available to stream, and they'll tour with Journey this summer.

Mott the Hoople "All the Young Dudes"

I was enamored with Ian Hunter's persona and voice. Every time I hear the song, even now, hair on my arm stands up.

T. Rex "Metal Guru"

This is the perfect pop song. It wasn't necessarily the best song Marc Bolan ever wrote, but it's stunning as a stand-alone three-minute tune.

David Bowie "Starman"

What a strange creature he was. When he did this on *Top of the Pops*, it connected with so many people, from Boy George to Morrissey to me.

Wizzard "See My Baby Jive"

John Lennon once said, "Glam rock is just rock & roll with lipstick," and that's what Wizzard was. This song is like Phil Spector's Wall of Sound.

Gary Glitter "I'm the Leader of the Gang (I AM)"

Nobody talks about Gary Glitter, because he's a child molester, but there's no doubt that in 1973 he made a fantastic song.

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Rock & Roll



THE NEXT EPISODE
Lakeith Stanfield (left) and Donald Glover on set

How 'Atlanta' Reloaded

FANS OF "ATLANTA" LEARNED early on to set aside expectations. From the very first episode, the FX show — about an aspiring rapper named Paper Boi (played by Brian Tyree Henry) and his cousin-manager Earn (played by Donald Glover, also the show's creator) — was a slyly odd ride: Storylines would appear and disappear; notes of magical realism would crack the surface; violence would collide with absurdist humor. Its hyperspecific point of view, honed by its

The hip-hop-centric show became a surprise hit last year. So why did the writers take a left turn for Season Two?

BY JONATHAN RINGEN

entirely African-American writers' room, connected with a bigger audience than expected and earned Glover two Emmys.


But the show's runaway success created a problem when it came to crafting the second season, which debuts March 1st. When you've already made an episode with an African-American actor playing Justin Bieber, what's the most surprising thing you can do? "When you set that up with the first season," says Stephen Glover, Donald's brother and lead writer of many of the

GUY D'ALEMA/FX

show's best episodes, "keeping [viewers] off balance becomes harder to do. And we didn't want to just re-mine the same stuff for the second season."

Instead, the show goes in the opposite direction and focuses more on linear narrative and storytelling. Earn begins to grow into his role as Paper Boi's manager, while Paper Boi himself grapples with an identity crisis as his rising fame gets in the way of his main source of income, selling weed. "We've kind of been comparing the season to a sophomore record," says Hiro Murai, who directs the bulk of the episodes (Glover helms the rest). "We've drawn Kanye parallels – if the first season is *College Dropout*, this one is *Late Registration*." Or, as Henry puts it, "The first season created this land of absurdity, whereas the second season is more linear – our feet are definitely on the ground."

Atlanta's portrayal of the music industry becomes deeper and more gimlet-eyed this season. Paper Boi goes into the studio with a local MC who loads his rhymes with constant drug references, in the style of current superstars like Future and Young Thug, and is dismayed to learn the MC's clean-living reality doesn't match his image. "Rap started as this very black, sociopolitical type of thing," says Stephen. "It's turned into pop music – we laugh about how everybody is doing the same thing in their songs. They're all doing the same drugs, drinking the same lean. Not all of these people are really drinking lean! They just know how to sell records."

The success of *Atlanta* comes at a time when there's a growing wave of acclaimed and hugely profitable projects by African-American creators, including *Black Panther* and *Get Out*. "The way Donald and I look at it is that Hollywood is realizing, 'Holy shit, we can make a lot of money!'" Stephen says. "But we want to get to a point where [funding projects by black filmmakers and show-runners] isn't just something they do to make money. Where people don't see us as a fad." And if any fans are worried that the shift toward linear storytelling means there won't be any surprises, the alligator that plays a key role in one of the first second-season episodes should set their minds at ease. "Before we started writing, we spent a week in the writers' room, just talking about our lives. And we ended up with some" – Stephen says, laughing – "*wide-ranging* ideas for Season Two." 

The New Muse: Secret Shows, Trump Bashing and a Return to Basics

Frontman Matthew Bellamy breaks down three ways the stadium prog band is catching up with the times and rethinking the future. By Andy Greene

No Concept, No Problem

Muse have spent the past decade crafting elaborate, symphonic concept albums that take on everything from drone warfare to political revolution. But in a radical twist, they have decided to lose the high concepts and release new songs individually weeks after recording them, working with different producers along the way. "It reminds me of when the band first started, where you're thinking about just one great song rather than a whole album," says frontman Matthew Bellamy.

"It'll lead to a consistently good listen throughout, since all of the tracks are going to have very individual sounds and experiences."

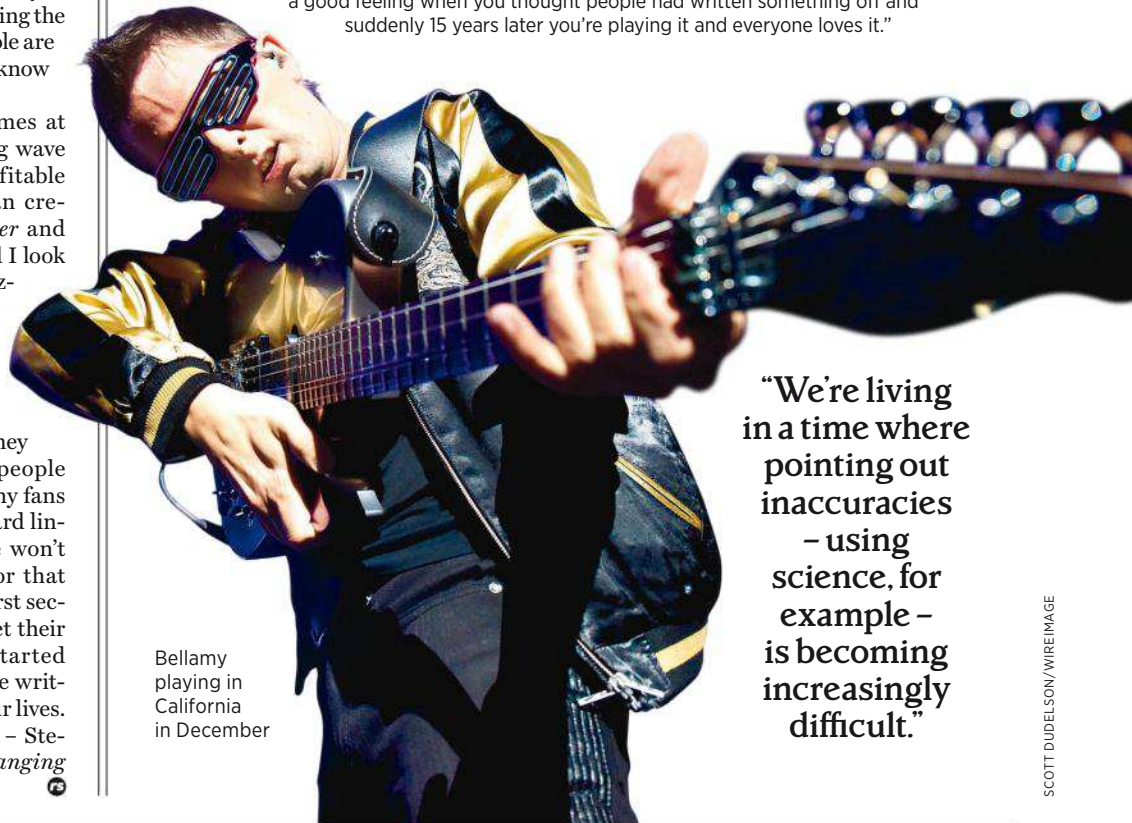
Looking for Truth in the Trump Era

Bellamy, who was born in Cambridge, England, spent a lot of time watching cable news while on tour last year. "It's hard to comprehend the level of bubble that the U.S. news works within," he says. "We're living in a time where pointing out someone's inaccuracies – using science, for example – is becoming increasingly difficult and sometimes perceived as an insensitive thing to do." He decided to channel those thoughts into the new song "Thought Contagion," a huge anthem about the evaporation of facts.

Concerts for Hardcore Fans Only

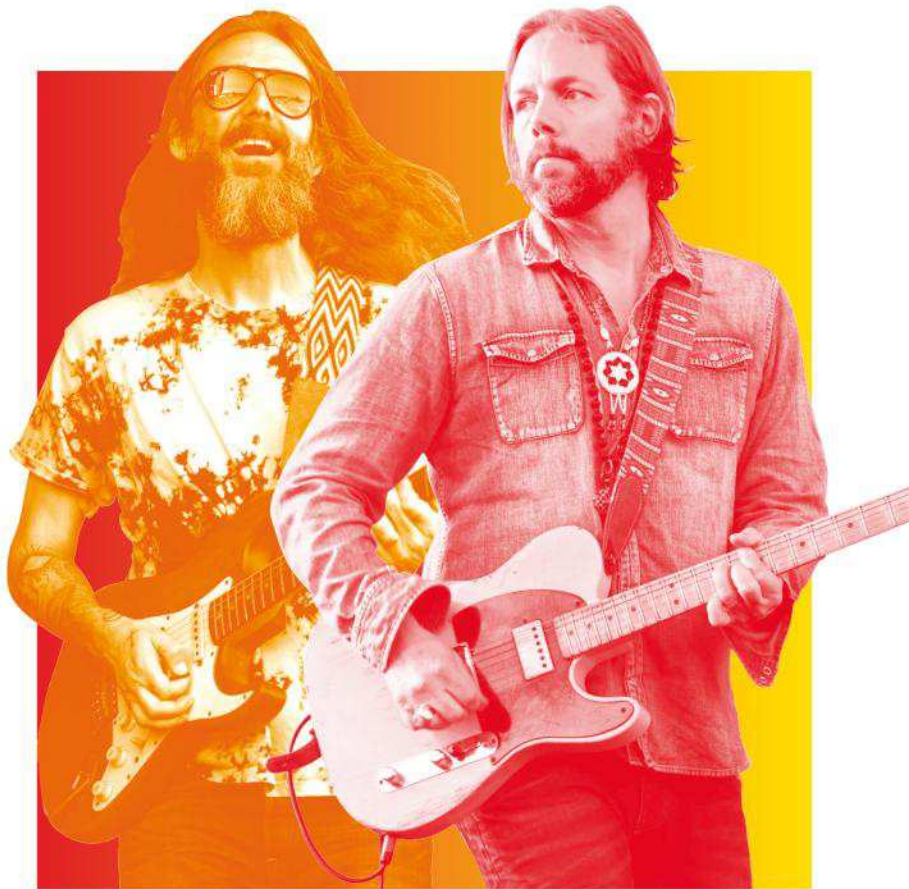
Muse will headline a series of festivals including Bonnaroo this year, but they've recently begun working considerably smaller shows into their schedule. In August, they let their fan club vote on super-deep cuts for a show at London's small Shepherd's Bush Empire. They're following it up with a Paris show where fans will pick between two thematically similar songs, like best prog song or best B side.

"I've been so surprised they even know some of these songs," says Bellamy. "It's a good feeling when you thought people had written something off and suddenly 15 years later you're playing it and everyone loves it."



Bellamy playing in California in December

"We're living in a time where pointing out inaccuracies – using science, for example – is becoming increasingly difficult."



The Battle of the Black Crowes

Chris and Rich Robinson have competing tours celebrating music they made together

CHRIS ROBINSON WAS NOT HAPPY LAST YEAR WHEN HE LEARNED his brother, Rich Robinson, was taking the music of their old group, the Black Crowes, on the road with other ex-members; Chris even called it a “Black Crowes tribute band.” But just a year after Rich announced his group, the Magpie Salute, Chris has formed his own spinoff band, As the Crow Flies. “Chris has a tendency to run his mouth,” says Rich. “And actions speak louder than words. Now *he’s* in a Black Crowes tribute band.” It’s just the latest chapter in the war between the brothers Robinson, who split for the second time after their 2013 tour, when Rich said Chris insisted on putting founding drummer Steve Gorman on salary and taking a larger share for himself. “He pretends to be this peace-loving hippie that doesn’t care about money,” says Rich, “while trying to take everyone’s money.” Chris says that he has no ill will toward his brother, even though they haven’t spoken in years. The Crowes are following a long-standing tradition of sibling band members breaking into warring camps. “There’s a power struggle with brothers,” says Rich. “And it’s pretty sad because brothers make great music, too.” **ANDY GREENE**

HARD TO HANDLE
“He’s trying to take everyone’s money,” says Rich of Chris Robinson (left).

FROM TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT: SCOTT DUDELSON/WIREIMAGE; TIM MOSENFELDER/GETTY IMAGES; SACHA LECCA; PETER BYRNE/VEP/GETTY IMAGES; JOSEPH OKPAKO/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES; BOBBY BANK/GETTY IMAGES; LARRY MARANO/REX SHUTTERSTOCK; ANDREW MACCOLL/REX SHUTTERSTOCK

Siblings at War, at Home and on Tour



OASIS

LIAM VS. NOEL GALLAGHER

In Oasis, Noel Gallagher wrote the songs and his brother Liam (left) sang them. But they’ve barely spoken since a vicious backstage brawl in 2009. “He’s a fuckin’ twat,” says Liam, who launched his first solo tour last year. “The songs don’t belong to him.”



THE KINKS

RAY VS. DAVE DAVIES

After 30 years of tension – and an endless debate over who is responsible for the sound of “You Really Got Me” – Ray (left) and Dave Davies split in 1996 and have been touring separately ever since. A reunion seems unlikely. “It’d be lovely to do something,” says Dave. “But he’s a bit of a control freak.”



UB40

ALI VS. DUNCAN CAMPBELL

In 2008, UB40 frontman Ali Campbell (left) quit the group over business and personality conflicts. The reggae-pop band replaced him with his now-estranged brother, Duncan, causing Ali to take a competing UB40 on the road. The brothers haven’t spoken since. “It’s bloody awful for Mum,” said Duncan.



PARTY LINE
The phone scene at a Future show in New York

Artists to Fans: Lose the Phones!

ON HIS LAST TOUR, JACK WHITE decided he'd had enough. The sea of cellphones facing him had become such a distraction that he was having trouble performing. "The way they react tells me what to do next," says White. "And if they're not really *there*, I don't know what to do next." Now, White has decided to ban phones entirely from upcoming shows, hiring Yondr, a company that locks concertgoers' phones in pouches upon arrival; they stay inside until venue staff unlocks them. "It adds some-



Locked Away

Yondr's pouches, used by Jack White, Haim, Chris Rock and more

thing to experience a show without any interruption from Snapchat," says Jon Lieberberg, manager of Haim, who also have used Yondr. Not everyone is enthusiastic. Concert exec Randy Phillips calls outlawing phones a "bad idea," while Nashville promoter Brock Jones says social media at shows has become a key marketing tool: "The last thing [artists] want to do is shut down socials during the show." But White's manager Ian Montone isn't worried: "It hasn't affected ticket sales at all, as we sold out almost the entire tour in less than a week." **STEVE KNOPPER**

ROCKERS SAY GOODBYE, SERIOUSLY

The rock world has never seen a rash of retirements like this. In recent weeks, some of the most legendary performers have declared they're giving up the endless highway. Here's a guide to 2018's last waltzes



Elton John

Elton, who has two kids, says he's retiring because his priorities have changed - but not before a 300-date, three-year tour. He swears it's not just a marketing tool: "I'm not Cher, even though I like wearing her clothes. This is the end."



Neil Diamond

Anyone who saw Diamond on his 50th-anniversary run knows he hasn't lost a step. But he is now canceling the remaining dates after a Parkinson's diagnosis. "This ride has been 'so good, so good, so good' thanks to you," he said.



Paul Simon

Simon cited the death of his long-time guitarist Vincent N'guini as one reason his Homeward Bound tour will be his last: "I'd like to leave with a big thank-you to the many folks who've watched me play over the last 50 years."



Joan Baez

At 77, Baez is launching her Fare Thee Well run. "I asked my first vocal coach, 'When will I know it's time to quit?'" she says. "He said, 'Your voice will tell you.' I just don't wanna do the six-weeks-on-the-bus thing anymore."

FROM TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT: SACHA LECCA; YONDR; LESTER COHEN/GETTY IMAGES; MICHAEL KOVAC/WIREIMAGE; GARY GERSHOFF/WIREIMAGE; FABRICE COFFRINI/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

SPICE UP GAME NIGHT SNACKS!



PEP IT UP!®





Lucy Dacus: Rock's Reluctant Hero

After struggling with success, the singer returned home to pour her heart out on a personal new LP

BY SARAH GRANT

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, LUCY Dacus was a 19-year-old indie-rock songwriter with a day job working in a Richmond, Virginia, photo lab – the kind of person who was happy to kill a Friday night by tucking into a Russian novel. So she needed to do some adjusting when her debut LP, 2016's *No Burden*, touched off a 20-plus-label bidding war and two years of constant touring. “My sense of community was crippled,” she says. “I wasn’t talking to my friends, and I was interacting with fans who think they know me, but I know that they don’t.”

It’s not hard to imagine fans thinking they know Dacus just from her music; *No Burden* was full of the kind of starkly personal, sharply written songs that can create a weird sense of familiarity. Her even-more-intense new album, *Historian*, isn’t likely to alleviate this situation. One highlight is “Night Shift,” a seven-minute distortion-soaked ballad about her relationship with her former bassist, whom she dated for five years and broke up with the day after they finished touring for *No Burden*. “I didn’t realize how bad he was treating me until I realized how bad he was treating my band,” she says. Dacus, who keeps a journal she’s been updating almost every day since elementary school, started writing songs when

she was a teenager after becoming obsessed with her dad’s record collection, particularly David Bowie. “When I heard ‘Five Years,’ off *Ziggy Stardust*, I just started crying. There was a depth to it that I just hadn’t accessed before. It broke the mold for me.”

Dacus thought a lot about Bowie while recording her new album. “How are you going to fit everything in one life?” she wonders. “The album itself, I hope, asks people to prioritize the things that make them content. And to be aware of, but not caught up in, the eventuality of death.”

Lately, Dacus has turned her attention to the idea of stability, perhaps as a reaction to her hectic life on tour. “Having familiar facets of my life means so much more now,” she says. She just bought a house in Richmond, her hometown, and has been focused on winning out the people in her life who don’t make her happy. “If there are people who treat me wrong, I either talk to them about it or I don’t talk to them anymore,” she says. “It’s been the most thoughtful and considerate thing I could do for myself and other people. I am going to try to do that forever.” In fact, she says, she wrote a song about it. PS



Dan Auerbach's Favorite Garage Powerhouse

Who Shannon and the Clams, an Oakland garage-pop crew whose girl-group harmonies and raw punk power caused Dan Auerbach to sign them immediately after hearing their songs in a Memphis record shop.

Sound “I’m the latest bloomer ever,” says vocal powerhouse Shannon Shaw, 34, who didn’t start playing bass until she was 25 and had met guitarist Cody Blanchard. They bonded over classic R&B. “There’s never been a better singer than Etta James,” says Shaw.

Clam Bake Shaw came up with their name while playing a solo gig. “It was a dumb joke – there were no Clams,” she says. “I would have picked a different name if I knew it was gonna turn into anything.” PATRICK DOYLE

Shannon and the Clams



Soccer Mommy's Bedroom Dream Pop

Who Twenty-year-old Nashville native Sophie Allison (a.k.a. Soccer Mommy) went from being a college student putting her dreamily confessional bedroom-pop songs on Bandcamp to getting a record deal and making an album with War on Drugs producer Gabe Wax. “It just grew,” she says of her rapid rise.

Cleaning Up Allison’s excellent studio debut LP, *Clean*, adds extra guitar heft to the low-fi sound of her early releases. But it’s her mix of swooning melodies and tough lyrics that makes her stand out: “Your Dog” recalls classic Liz Phair; it begins, “I don’t wanna be your fucking dog,” and only gets more biting.

Young Gun “I started playing music when I was five,” says Allison, who first got interested in music downloading Taylor Swift, 50 Cent and Avril Lavigne songs from iTunes. BRITTANY SPANOS

THIS

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Smart-Speaker Showdown

They'll play anything you tell them. But which is right for you?

BY JONATHAN RINGEN



APPLE HOMEPOD

Apple literally turned speakers upside down, placing seven horn-loaded tweeters around the bottom and a single woofer firing up the top.

Six built-in mics help HomePod adapt to any room's acoustics.

Apple HomePod \$349 apple.com

Apple completely upended standard speaker design, filing around 200 patents for its Siri-powered speaker, which creates rich, room-filling sound with zero fuss – it just works. But its downside is also classically Apple: Its smart functions are only compatible with Apple Music. If you care more about sound than virtual-assistant capability, HomePod is hard to beat.

Sonos One \$199 sonos.com

This little speaker has surprisingly robust sound. Want to talk to it? That part works well, too. It's powered by Amazon's Alexa, so you can play Amazon Music, Spotify, Pandora and more. That openness sets it apart – plus, you can buy two for the price of one HomePod to create stereo sound.



SONOS ONE

The One is more of a classic speaker, with a tweeter and a midwoofer stacked on each other.

In addition to Alexa, the device will soon be compatible with Google Assistant, which does an even better job of understanding natural language.

The Coolest, Smallest and Smartest

Make your existing speakers talk to you, dial up concert films and more

Amazon Echo Spot \$130 [AMAZON.COM](http://amazon.com)

This teeny orb has a feature the others can't match: a screen. Use Amazon Prime to dial up concert films like *Grateful Dead: Truckin' Up to Buffalo* while you make dinner. The 1.4-inch speaker isn't mind-blowing, but it can be easily connected to others.

BEST FOR Your kitchen or bedside table.



Amazon Echo Dot \$50 [AMAZON.COM](http://amazon.com)

What if you already have a stereo you love but want to get in on the smart-speaker action? This hockey-puck-size gizmo will imbue your current sound system with a state-of-the-art brain, so you can tell it what you want to listen to and more.

GO SOLO It also works as a stand-alone unit, but don't expect much more than smartphone sound quality.



Google Home Max \$399 [STORE.GOOGLE.COM](http://store.google.com)

The smartest smart speaker: Google's simple, elegant device has killer voice-recognition tech – it will even tailor music to whom-ever is in the room.

KILLER SOUND The largest of the bunch, giving it low-frequency oomph.



LET YOUR SPEAKERS BE YOUR BRAIN

1. Search by Lyric

Tell these speakers, "Play the song 'I woke up naked on the beach in Ibiza'" to hear LCD Soundsystem's "Losing My Edge."

2. Tune Your Guitar

Alexa and Google Assistant both have apps to help you tune up, including standard and alternate tunings like drop-D.

3. Newsy Playlists

It's the week after the Grammys: Say, "Play Grammy music," and any virtual assistant will serve tunes by the winners.

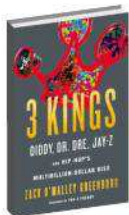
4. Beat the Intro

In Alexa's trivia game, you're tested on lyrics to hits that have key lines bleeped out. New challenges appear in the app daily.

BOOKS

Secrets of Hip-Hop's One Percent

How Jay-Z, Dr. Dre and Diddy out-hustled their peers to rule three of music's biggest empires



IN THE PAST 20 YEARS, HIP-hop has produced enough wanna-be Warren Buffetts to fill the biggest strip club in Atlanta. But, according to *Forbes* editor Zack O'Malley Greenburg's new book, *3 Kings*, only a trio of artist-entrepreneurs have risen to

a status that rivals the corporate titans: Jay-Z, Dr. Dre and Diddy. What sets them apart? "[They] built their fortunes by creating a 24/7 head-to-toe lifestyle," Greenburg writes, having branched out into movies, sports management, alcohol, fashion, TV, music streaming and beyond. Greenburg did more than 100 interviews for the project – including paying a surprise visit to Tidal's shadowy Oslo headquarters – connecting the kings' artistic personae to their endeavors: Dre, the laborious sonic perfectionist, marketed audiophile-worthy Beats headphones to the masses; Jay, the reserved jet-set player, has invested in luxury items like Basquiat paintings and a company described as "Uber for private jets"; Diddy, the omnidirectional hustler, will do anything from reality TV to promoting acne medication (according to most reports, Diddy is the richest, approaching \$1 billion, with Jay close behind). The book explores pivotal moments in what old-school icon KRS-One has called "the hip-hopitization of corporate America," like how an entry-level rap fan at Coca-Cola helped rebrand Sprite for the urban mar-

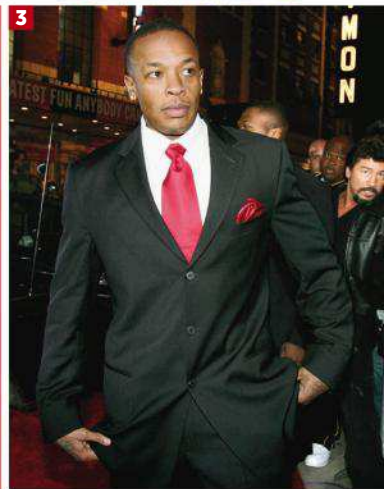
ket in the Nineties, and the meeting by the ocean when Dre and Jimmy Iovine hatched the idea for Beats ("Fuck sneakers," Iovine said. "Let's sell speakers!"). The number of hundred-million-dollar deals Greenburg chronicles is staggering. But he's also aware that hip-hop's megamogul phase is fading, as artists like Kanye West and A\$AP Rocky forgo chasing huge profits in a search for prestige ("a currency that's becoming perhaps more valuable than the dollar"). *3 Kings* proves it was sweet while it lasted.

JOHN DOLAN



Cash Kings

(1) Jay-Z announcing his purchase of Tidal, which he acquired in 2015 for \$56 million. (2) Diddy at the New York Stock Exchange in 2016, where he rang the closing bell. (3) Dr. Dre at the 2004 launch of Eminem's satellite channel, Shade 45.



FROM TOP: SAM HODGSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX; MARK SAGLIUCCO/WIREIMAGE; FRANK MICELLOTTA/GETTY IMAGES; MICHAEL PUTLAND/GETTY IMAGES



Loggins

YACHT ROCK'S STRANGE VOYAGE TO REDEMPTION



In the late 1970s, there wasn't a name for the smooth, AM-friendly music made by the likes of Hall and Oates, Orleans, Kenny Loggins and the Doobie Brothers. But a series of viral videos retroactively dubbed it "yacht rock," as it appealed to a very white, upscale audience and an odd number of songs had nautical themes.

Greg Prato's oral history tells of the rise, fall and semi-ironic resurgence of the genre, including new interviews with John Oates, Jim Messina and more. "It's amazing this style came to be," Fred Armisen writes in the foreword. "It must take an incredible amount of restraint to play that gently."

ANDY GREENE

THE UNTOLD STORY OF VAN MORRISON'S MASTERWORK



In 1968, Van Morrison was a rock & roll refugee, an Irish blues poet on the run after a bitter fling with pop stardom.

Down and out in Boston, he wrote one of rock's most beloved masterworks, *Astral Weeks* – and then blew town. In this fantastic chronicle, Ryan Walsh unearths the time and place behind the music. Morrison fell into a scene full of characters like Lou Reed and Peter Wolf, who was spinning the blues as an after-hours DJ. Walsh even catches up with Morrison's long-lost flower-child bride, Janet Planet, now selling her love beads on Etsy, who tells him, "Being a muse is a thankless job, and the pay is lousy."

ROB SHEFFIELD



THE VOICE Staples in the '70s. Prince said of her singing, "It's like when you see someone possessed – Mavis can call that up like *that*."

Dylan. They first met on the set of a 1963 folk television special, back when she was the lead singer of gospel music's most revolutionary group, the Staple Singers. Dylan had been a fan since high school; in 2001 he said listening to Staples' voice on after-hours gospel radio "made my hair stand up." He and Staples had a fling in the Sixties, with Staples famously rejecting his marriage proposal. Since reuniting on their first tour together, in 2016, they realized their chemistry never left.

The Dylan tour is the latest chapter of Staples' remarkable second act, which has included five albums, a hit documentary and a Kennedy Center Honor. (She's also become kind of an indie-rock go-to, singing on recent singles with Arcade Fire and Gorillaz.) It's a series of events she didn't foresee earlier this millennium as she reeled from the death of her father and musical mentor, Pops Staples, who steered the family group to success with early-Seventies hits like "I'll Take You There" and "Respect Yourself." Around the same time, she quit the road to stay home in Chicago with her sister and bandmate Cleedy, who was suffering from dementia. Mavis wanted to get back to work, but labels weren't interested. So she reached into her savings and recorded 2004's *Have a Little Faith*, kicking off a productive streak that intensified when she met Jeff Tweedy, who got her back to her gospel roots while adding a modern, Wilco-ish twist on 2010's *You Are Not Alone*. Tweedy went on to produce two more albums for Staples,

Mavis Staples' Second Act

Protest songs, big shows and quality time with Dylan: The return of a gospel-pop icon

BY PATRICK DOYLE

MAVIS STAPLES IS SITTING in the lounge of her tour bus outside the Tower Theater in Philadelphia, telling a story about her current tourmate, Bob Dylan. The other day, Dylan asked Staples to rehearse a duet of "Gonna Change My Way of Thinking," a funky gospel rocker from *Slow Train Coming* that the pair rerecorded in 2002, earning a Grammy nomination in the process. But the rehearsal hit some roadblocks. First, they couldn't settle on who has to sing the

line "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse." "He said, 'You're going to sing it this time. I did it for you last time,'" Staples recalls. "I said, 'You didn't do it for me. It's your song!'" And with the song's seven verses, Staples, 78, had trouble getting the lyrics straight. "I asked him, 'Do you have a teleprompter?' He says" – she drops her voice to Dylan's guttural rasp – "I'm too cheap to buy a prompter, Mavis. I told him, 'You can buy one for me, Bobby!'"

Staples may be one of the few people alive who can good-naturedly kid Bob

Staples, including last year's *If All I Was Was Black*. "It's hard to be sad around Mavis," he says. "She came to visit my wife when my wife was going through cancer treatment in the hospital, and it was a party. She just has an effortless ability to make people feel better."

Staples hasn't been so upbeat lately. Yvonne, her last living sister, is now suffering from dementia too. "I'm hurting right now," Mavis says. She just got off the phone with her. "She said, 'Mavis, I love you. Mavis, I love you' – and she'll say that

over and over and over," says Mavis. "When I said goodbye, she said, 'Toodle-oo,' and that made me feel better."

Then there's "that filthy man in the White House": "I don't see no good in him. And the children, his boys, are *snakes*, you can tell. It's like Satan is in the White House. The first thing you wanna do is stop immigrants from coming to the United States? He's against women. He treats ladies like nothing. He's worse than any president I've ever seen. I mean, we did John F. Kennedy's inauguration - that's how long I been here!"

She's referring to the early days of the Staple Singers, just before they made the controversial move away from straight gospel and toward R&B with a strong social-justice bent. The group decried racial disparity in hits like "Why? (Am I Treated So Bad)" and the rousing 1965 Selma anthem "Freedom Highway"

- favorites of Martin Luther King Jr., who took the group along to open rallies for him. The Staples were routinely in danger while traveling the Southern gospel circuit, often getting hassled and worse. Mavis recalls one journey in 1964, when, as the family's late-night driver, she went inside a Memphis gas station to get a receipt. The attendant called her the n-word; Pops punched him, and the family ended up in jail after the attendant said he'd been robbed. "I've never been so scared in my life," says Mavis. "I was happy to see we were going to jail - I thought they were gonna take us out into the woods and lynch us."

Mavis has been reminded of those days lately. "There's suddenly been a rebirth of bigotry and hate," she says. "The only difference I saw between back in the day and those men marching with them torches in Charlottesville was that they showed their faces, no sheets." She expressed her outrage to Tweedy, who saw an opportunity to get Staples back to once again singing about what was happening in the world. He wrote a series of songs in only two weeks, including "Build a Bridge," which offers a hopeful alternative to Trump's border wall, and "We Go High," named after the famous line in Michelle Obama's 2016 Democratic National Convention speech. They formed *If All I Was Was Black*, Mavis' deepest work in decades. She had a difficult time singing "Little Bit," an apocalyptic opener about an unarmed black teen getting shot by a cop

after being pulled over. "I had to stop singing because I got choked up," she says. "Because when I sing a song, I visualize what I'm singing about." Mavis co-wrote several of the songs, including "If All I Was Was Black," about an imaginary conversation with a racist. She also insisted the album be named after the song, even when her camp disagreed. "It's breathtaking to have her be so willing to still stick her neck out there," Tweedy says. "I think it's a bold choice for the album title."




SHE'LL TAKE YOU THERE Staples onstage in the Netherlands last summer

Tweedy was a little self-conscious about writing such pointed songs in Mavis' voice - "I didn't wanna put words in her mouth that weren't her experience" - but Mavis says he nailed it. "It makes me feel better to sing these songs because I'm singing something that I feel like I'm helping," she says.

Staples, true to form, gives credit to her collaborators: "The Lord has really put me with some

geniuses." She mentions Prince - after the Staple Singers stopped releasing albums in the Eighties, he signed her to his Paisley Park label and wrote and produced two albums, 1989's *Time Waits for No One* and 1993's *The Voice*. ("It's like when you see someone possessed," Prince told writer Greg Kot. "They get the Holy Ghost in them and they're overtaken by something. Mavis can call that up just like *that*. I look at her and I wonder if...she goes somewhere else.")

Three months after our first meeting, Staples calls with an update from her modest Chicago apartment, which is decorated with paintings of Prince and other heroes - Miles Davis, King. She just played several new songs at Chicago's Vic Theatre, and the response was rapturous: "A black friend of mine came up to me after and said, 'Mavis, I am so glad to see the white people are woke.' I'd never heard that before!"

The rest of the Dylan tour was a blast, too, although they never got to do their song together. (Dylan's bass player Tony Garnier told her Dylan couldn't find a slot that worked with the other songs.) But she still wrote Dylan a card on the final night in New York, thanking him for sharing his audience with her. Once again, she was summoned to his dressing room. "He wanted to say goodbye in person, and we hugged," she says. "I ain't telling you no more. Don't write all of my secrets. But, yeah - we did a lot of hugging." 

Donald Fagen Moves On

"Steely Dan was just me and Walter, really," says Donald Fagen. "It was like a concept we had together." But Walter Becker died in September, leaving Fagen to carry on, fronting Steely Dan - which he might call Donald Fagen and the Steely Dan Band if not for commercial concerns from "suits" - on the road with the Doobie Brothers this summer. (He's also suing Becker's estate, which is claiming that an old agreement transferring band rights to Fagen is invalid: "We're just trying to defend the contract," he says.)

LAST VISIT WITH BECKER

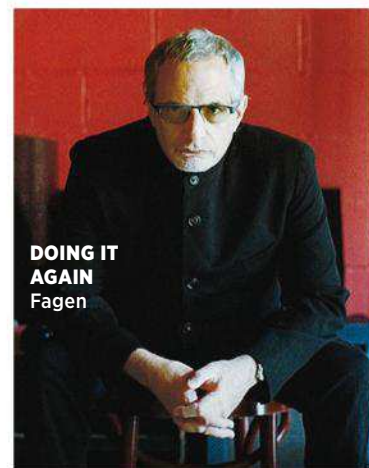
"When I put a chair next to the bed, he grabbed my hand. It was something he had never done before. We had a great talk. He was very weak, but still very funny. I'm really glad I had those hours."

LAST DAYS OF THE DAN

"Walter had some health problems," Fagen adds. "After 2011-12, I think just being ill for so long, he had a little bit of a personality change and he was much more isolated. He wasn't that interested in working on Steely Dan records anymore."

BECKER'S LYRICAL GIFT

"Walter had greater powers of observation as far as people's psychology goes. He could've been a novelist or short-story writer - if he'd had the patience."



DOING IT AGAIN
Fagen

THE FUTURE

"I'm feeling really good," says Fagen, who turned 70 in January. "I try to do enough exercise to keep myself from falling apart." In addition to Steely Dan, he toured last year with the Nightflyers, a group of young musicians from Woodstock, and may record an album with them. "We have a fantastic band," he says. "I've got a couple of fantastic bands." **BRIAN HIATT**

Check out the full Fagen interview at RollingStone.com/podcast.



Migos, Drake and Future (clockwise from left) have all released albums that pass the hour mark.

Pop's New Long Game

The rise of hour-plus mega albums

BY ELIAS LEIGHT


WITH 24 TRACKS CLOCKING IN AT ONE HOUR AND 46 MINUTES, MIGOS' *Culture II* lasts long enough to listen to all of Pink Floyd's *The Wall* and still make it more than halfway through *The Dark Side of the Moon*. Its Number One debut on the *Billboard* album chart is the latest twist in streaming's reshaping of music consumption: the rise of mega albums. On Spotify, the duration of the top five streamed albums rose almost 10 minutes over the past five years, to an average of 60 minutes.

What's driving the trend? "Stacking albums with extra songs is a strategic way to achieve certain goals," says Malcolm Manswell, a marketing manager for Atlantic Records. In 2014, *Billboard* incorporated streaming into its chart calculations (1,500 on-demand streams equals one LP), and two years later, the Recording Industry Association of America adopted the same formula for album certifications. Longer albums that generate more streams can lead to Number One chart debuts and gold and platinum plaques. Last fall, when Chris Brown released the

45-song *Heartbreak on a Full Moon*, it was certified gold in less than 10 days. Album certifications remain "the indication of a great artist," says Manswell. "On the sponsorship side, this stuff helps labels sell an artist or argue for why a brand should use an artist."

Mega albums can also drive revenue. "If the user preference is to stream a whole album, there's economic incentive for having more tracks in play – real income across millions of users," says Tracy Maddux, CEO of CD Baby, a digital and physical distributor.

Not everyone buys into the new approach. Constructing his throwback-flavored *24K Magic*, Bruno Mars went for a vinyl-length

33 minutes – and was rewarded with an Album of the Year Grammy. "More isn't always better," says Joie Manda, executive vice president of Interscope Geffen A&M, who has overseen releases from Rae Sremmurd and Machine Gun Kelly, among others. "If you throw out 100 songs a year like you're buying 100 lottery tickets, that's not a good plan – you can compromise the quality of your album by having more songs." 

“If you throw out 100 songs a year like you're buying lottery tickets, it's not a good plan.”

Mega-Album Champions



Drake

Views

1 hour and 21 minutes

Including the nine-month-old "Hotline Bling" on *Views* helped drive up traffic for this album – at 2.45 billion streams, it was the most-listened-to album on Spotify in 2016.



Chris Brown

Heartbreak on a Full Moon

2 hours and 38 minutes

Though none of its singles cracked the Top 40, Brown's eighth album still went gold faster than any he'd ever released, juiced by the volume of its 45 songs (57 in the deluxe edition).



Future

Future and Hndrxx

2 hours and 10 minutes

"If I miss a day, I'm afraid I'll miss out on a smash record," Future told *Rolling Stone* in 2016 of his work ethic, which powered two back-to-back albums in February 2017.



Lil Yachty

Teenage Emotions

1 hour and 9 minutes

Yachty broke through in 2016 with the mixtape *Lil Boat* – 13 tracks at a modest 40 minutes – but his major-label debut isn't so lil: 21 tracks that stretch it past the 60-minute mark.



Lana Del Rey

Lust for Life

1 hour and 11 minutes

Of the 38 Number One albums last year, 12 ran more than an hour. Seven were hip-hop, but three came from alternative artists: LCD Sound-system, Brand New and Del Rey.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: CHAD BATKA/THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDOX; HARMONY GERBER/GETTY IMAGES; RMV/REX SHUTTERSTOCK

IT'S BEEN MORE THAN A WEEK since Logic performed his hit "1-800-273-8255" at the Grammys, and he's still taking the evening in. "Kendrick Lamar gave me a little head nod of respect," he says. "Damn, he's one of my biggest inspirations." The performance was the culmination of a breakthrough year for Logic (born Sir Robert Bryson Hall II), who just five years ago was a broke rapper living on friends' couches. But last September, his hit climbed to Number Three on the Hot 100, and it has been streamed more than a half billion times on Spotify. (The song also tripled calls to the suicide prevention hotline, which it's named after.) The next step? Opening an office. He's calling from a Los Angeles comic-book store, where he's shopping for decorations. "I want the place to look like Comic-Con," says Logic, an unapologetic nerd who regularly solves a Rubik's Cube onstage while rapping. He's also planning a film, set in a record store, which he will star in. "I don't want to be tied down to one thing," he says. "I'm excited to kick the world's ass."

How did you come to write a hit about suicide prevention?

I spent six figures of my own money to get a tour bus and do a fan tour for my second album. I surprised fans at their houses, and we'd eat food and play video games. People kept saying, "Your music saved my life." I was like, "What the fuck?" And then I thought, "What if I tried to save a life with a song?"

Eric Cartman sang a parody of it on *South Park* last season. How did you feel about it?

It was bittersweet. At the end of the day, *South Park* makes fun of everybody. But I wanna watch what I say: I have a sense of humor, but there are certain things that shouldn't be joked about. This is a song about suicide. They went a little far, but they're still talking about suicide, so it did shed more light on it, you know?

What's the biggest difference between Logic and Sir Robert Bryson Hall II?

The difference is Bobby has been neglected a bit. Now, after so much hard work, I get to do what I want. I'm gonna start taking trips and having fun. I've always wanted to act, so I'm making a movie. I just finished a novel and I'm excited to get it published. You can't put my talents in a box because my talents have put me in a mansion, and I'll be damned if anybody in the world can tell me what I can or can-

Q&A



Logic

The hitmaker discusses his painful upbringing, 'Star Wars' and what it's like to be mocked by Cartman on 'South Park'

BY ANDY GREENE

not do because they're scared to do it themselves.

Years ago, you worked at Wingstop. What'd you do there?

I cleaned, took out the trash and fuckin' cut carrots and made french fries. It sucked. I used to like the boneless honey-barbecue wings, but I ate that shit so much I haven't been able to eat it for years.

In 2015, you were hospitalized after having an anxiety attack. Is your anxiety under control these days?

I've had much less anxiety recently because I'm coping with it. I never really dealt with depression, just severe anxiety. I've been in therapy for years. My therapist has even said, "You don't need to be here." I'm handling my issues head-on, not running from them. **In your songs, you talk about growing up in a house with an alcoholic mother.**

I witnessed my brother selling crack, even to our own dad. My mom would use pills. I was like, "I'm not going to do this." I knew I wasn't going to beat women, even though I saw my sisters and my mom getting beaten. I knew I was going to do the opposite.

Have you let go of your anger toward your parents?

I've let go because they were sick. They should have gotten help.

On "America," you blast Trump, adding, "Shit, I'll say what Kanye won't." How do you square your love for Kanye's music with his decision to support the president?


To be completely honest, he has taken back the statements, apparently, so I can't really talk about that. I love Kanye. [*Kanye deleted his pro-Trump tweets but never retracted his endorsement.*]

If you met Trump, what would you say?

Nothing. There's nothing to say. And, respectfully, I'm not here to tell people who they can or can't vote for. **You're a huge *Star Wars* fan. What did you think of the last movie?**

I loved it. I enjoyed *Episode VII* more, but I may be biased since J.J. [Abrams] is a buddy. It was cool they took time to tell a story instead of jumping around to a bunch of action.

How do you feel about the decision to kill Luke Skywalker?

Who is to say he's dead? Did Yoda really die? Did Ben Kenobi die? We learned more about the Force in this movie, and it's not something in a bunch of books. It's something anyone, no matter where they come from, can have. In many ways, I feel like Rey. It's really cool to come from nothing and essentially be a nobody and make yourself somebody. 

RYAN JAY

**TERROR
TRAIL**
Daniels on
the hunt



'Looming Tower' Looks Back in Anger at 9/11

Daniels and Sarsgaard are brilliant as rival intelligence agents on bin Laden's trail

BY ROB SHEFFIELD

THERE'S A HAUNTING MOMENT early on in Hulu's *The Looming Tower* – just another night in New York City, back in 1998. An FBI special agent watches a TV interview with a terrorist named Osama bin Laden. The interview includes dire threats of attacks on America. The agent, John O'Neill, reacts to this news in the time-honored way: He goes


THE LOOMING TOWER
HULU

out and gets drunk, yelling into his cellphone, "We just got warned by Al Qaeda on national TV and our director slept through it!" Behind him, the World Trade Center towers sparkle in the skyline. Three years later, the towers will fall – and O'Neill will go down with them, killed in the north tower on 9/11.

Based on the Pulitzer Prize-winning book by Lawrence Wright, *The Looming Tower* is Hulu's excellent new drama on how the U.S. intelligence establishment failed to see these attacks coming. It's a tense flashback procedural where the FBI and the CIA have degenerated into open warfare, muscling into each other's way as they pursue rival investigations.

They're too busy rumbling over turf to get close to bin Laden, at a time when most of the country would have guessed Al Qaeda was some junior member of the Wu-Tang Clan.

Jeff Daniels is the center of *The Looming Tower* as O'Neill, the FBI agent who spent the Nineties on bin Laden's trail. He's a hard-partying blowhard who lives it up on the job, reasoning, "It's all work whether you get drunk doing it or not." Peter Sarsgaard is superbly slimy as his CIA nemesis Martin Schmidt. The premise is that 9/11 could have been prevented if only these CIA and FBI dudes went out for brewskis together; their mutual loathing helped set the stage for the United States' disastrous wars in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Tower is an incredibly affecting portrait of America in the Nineties. It's a more innocent time – as one character sneers, "All anyone wants to hear about is Monica's cum-stained dress." In 1998, with the Cold War over, foreign policy looked like a relic of the Eighties, like leg warmers or cassingles. America saw itself as a nation that had outlived its foes. A few years later, this moment would look like a sadly squandered opportunity. And part of the poignancy of *The Looming Tower* is that this America is gone for good. 

Letterman's Awesomely Ornerly Return

The late-night host is back, with a new look and no F's to give

David Letterman blew up the talk-show format as soon as he arrived on *Late Night* in the 1980s. So it makes a weird kind of sense for him to blow it up all over again, with his beard bristling and his grumpy streak

MY NEXT GUEST NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION
NETFLIX

untamed. His eccentric monthly Netflix chatfest, *My Next Guest Needs No Introduction*, is a whole new Dave – he interviews only fellow megastars, from Howard Stern to George Clooney to Barack Obama, giving each a full episode. It's bracing to see him back, since his avowed reason for quitting was that he didn't give a crap anymore – which wasn't exactly a secret to his viewers. But now he gives less of a crap than ever, skipping comedy bits to go straight for in-depth talk on his own cranky terms.



Know any good barbers, Mr. President?

It's in the booming genre of post-retirement vanity projects à la *Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee*, where Jerry Seinfeld accidentally invented an honorable way for veterans to get back on TV without returning to the ratings game. (Funny how Letterman is doing this while Jay Leno remains on CNBC in *Jay Leno's Garage*; this feud will never die.) No *Late Show* gags here – Paul Shaffer only appears via his theme music. Yet with its ornerly edge, it definitely feels like vintage Letterman. **R.S.**

FROM TOP: JOJO WHILDEN/HULU; JOE PUGLIESE/NETFLIX

R / EVOLUTION

An entirely new class of yacht




PRINCESS
CRAFTED IN PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

PRINCESSYACHTS.COM

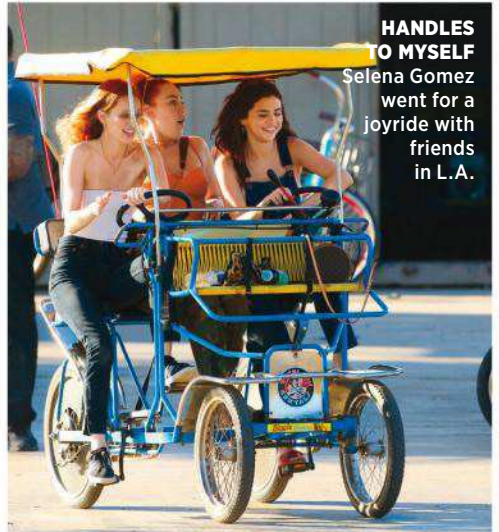
Random Notes

Hello, Dolly!

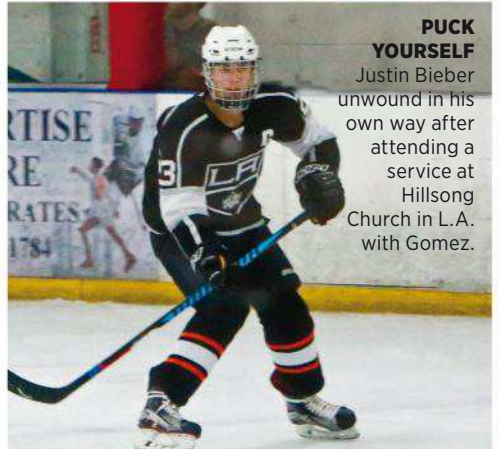
Some artists show respect for their elders with a loving cover song. But Adele wanted to do something extra-special to honor Dolly Parton, whom she called “the effortless queen of song.” The singer posted a photo of herself on Instagram dressed as Parton circa her “Jolene” days. “We wish we could possess an ounce of your ability,” Adele said. Parton, who name-checked Adele on a recent album, was overjoyed by the flattery. “I thought that was me back in the day,” she said.



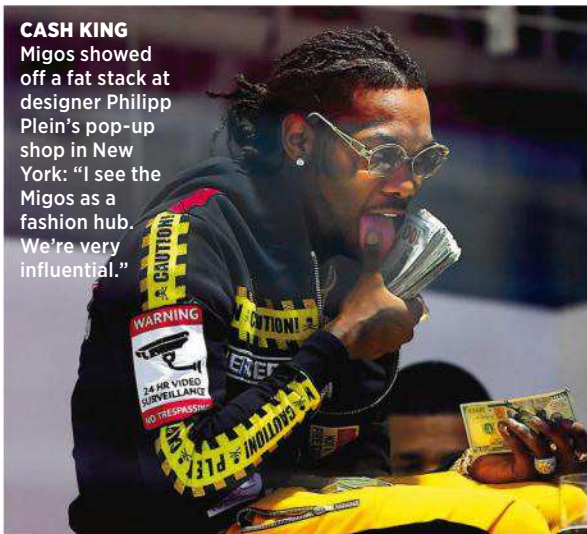
HANDLES TO MYSELF
Selena Gomez went for a joyride with friends in L.A.



PUCK YOURSELF
Justin Bieber unbound in his own way after attending a service at Hillsong Church in L.A. with Gomez.



CASH KING
Migos showed off a fat stack at designer Philipp Plein’s pop-up shop in New York: “I see the Migos as a fashion hub. We’re very influential.”



Cardi’s Couture

“I couldn’t contain myself,” said a star-struck Cardi B after hanging out with *Vogue* editor and style icon Anna Wintour at the Alexander Wang fall-winter show during New York Fashion Week. Cardi, who was out on the town all week with her fiancé, Offset of Migos, just announced she’ll be joining Bruno Mars on his upcoming *24K* victory lap. Bruno said he’s bringing her along on tour “so we can really turn your city upside down.”



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: LEFT: ADELE/INSTAGRAM; AZ/XTONLINE.COM; PEREZ/XTONLINE.COM; DAVID X PRU/ITING/BFA/REX SHUTTERS/STOCK; 24/PAPS.TV/5FLASH NEWS

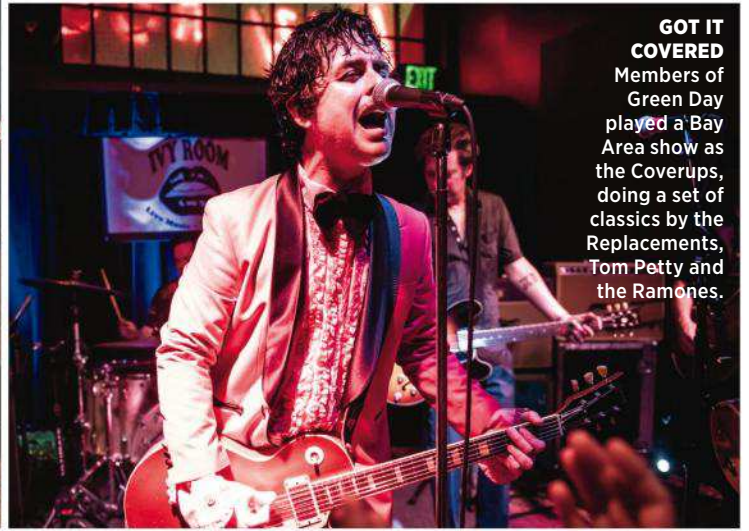
HALSEY'S DRESS STRESS

Halsey's entrance at a recent charity event in New York didn't go as planned, when a security guard stepped on the back of her dress. After certain media outlets blurred a photo to suggest she wasn't wearing underwear, the singer shot back: "I had on an entire pair of high-cut black underwear under the dress... Tabloid culture never fails to surprise me." She's playing several festivals, including NYC's Governors Ball.



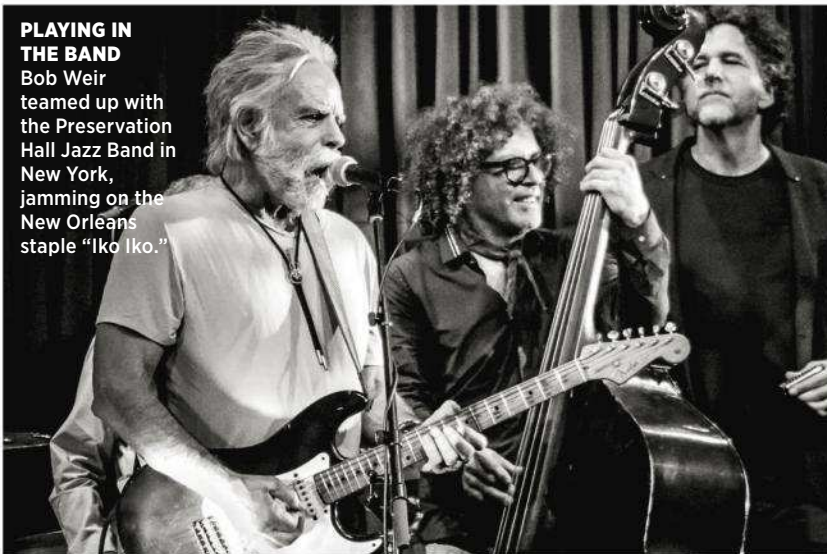
GOT IT COVERED

Members of Green Day played a Bay Area show as the Coversups, doing a set of classics by the Replacements, Tom Petty and the Ramones.



PLAYING IN THE BAND

Bob Weir teamed up with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band in New York, jamming on the New Orleans staple "Iko Iko."



MOTHERSHIP IN ORBIT George Clinton brought his Mardi Gras Madness tour to North Carolina. "We've got fathers and sons bringing each other to the shows," says Clinton. "It feels good as hell."

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: OUZOUNOVA/SPLASH NEWS; ALAN SNODGRASS; JEFF HAHNE/GETTY IMAGES; ERIKA GOLDRING/GETTY IMAGES; JEN ROSENSTEIN; GRIFFIN LOTZ

NINETIES LEGENDS STRIKE BACK

Shirley Manson and Fiona Apple teamed up for a charity show, where Apple wore a shirt denouncing Grammy chief Neil Portnow.



ARCADE PARADE

Régine Chassagne and Win Butler of Arcade Fire helped put on a Haitian-themed carnival in New Orleans.

The Weird and Wild Crusade for Clean Pot

The marijuana industry is a vast, toxic and largely unregulated market – can a corporate exec and a drug dealer make it any safer?

BY AMANDA CHICAGO LEWIS

LATE LAST WINTER, I FOUND MYSELF BARRELING DOWN THE freeway at 80 mph with a man who goes by the name Ziggy. Ziggy has been growing weed for 43 years, since the tender age of 15. He may be a criminal, but in the context of California's anarchic cannabis industry, he seems like a good egg, or at least smarter than most. Rain falls in great sheets all around us, but the pickup truck he calls the Beast hurtles onward, its monster-size tires swaying with the curves of the 101. He keeps a practiced hand on the steering wheel and brings a small shovel of cocaine to his nose, eyes never leaving the road. ¶ "That's Colombian supreme!" Ziggy roars, and

with a jack-o'-lantern grin hands the spent spoon to his business partner in the back seat, a former alcohol-industry executive named Michael Harvey. Harvey is a quiet man with thin lips and an impish smile. I first met him in 2015, over beers at a dark bar near the state capitol, where he was meeting with a lobbyist in the lead-up to legalization. "I'm not here," Harvey told me at the time, hoping his political string-pulling would remain invisible. "You didn't see me."

Over the course of the past month and a half, Ziggy and Harvey had driven more than 10,000 miles together, crisscrossing California in a mad dash to find uncontaminated pot. Legalization had finally passed a few months earlier, and regulations were still being worked out. Ziggy, the calculating criminal, and Harvey, the weed-loving corporate type, believed that when rules for pesticides went into effect, there would be an immediate shortage of clean product, and prices would skyrocket. They had seen what happened when Oregon implemented stringent standards for pesticides in legal pot: Hardly anyone was able to meet them. Within weeks, dispensary shelves in Portland were nearly empty.

Developing rules for pesticides has been one of the trickiest tasks for states undertaking legalization. And unfortunately, pretty much all of the marijuana in the United States is drenched in harmful chemicals. There's no good way to quantify the problem, because the majority of weed is still sold by drug dealers, and no one has done studies on what smoking or vaping these substances can do to you. But let's just say that if you like pot, you have absolutely exposed yourself to chemicals that can damage your central nervous system, mess with your hormones and give you cancer. There are toxicants in our vape pens, in our fancy prepackaged edibles and in the soil and water near many marijuana farms.

For legal crops, an agrochemical company will create a product to combat a bug or fungus, pay for research and then submit the results to the Environmental Protection Agency for review. But because the federal government is pretending the whole state-legal weed thing isn't happening, the EPA won't put money toward the approval of insecticides or fungicides for marijuana. Legalization has allowed pot to be grown at a larger scale than ever before, requiring far

more pesticides, but without EPA guidance, state governments are stuck making educated guesses about what to ban.

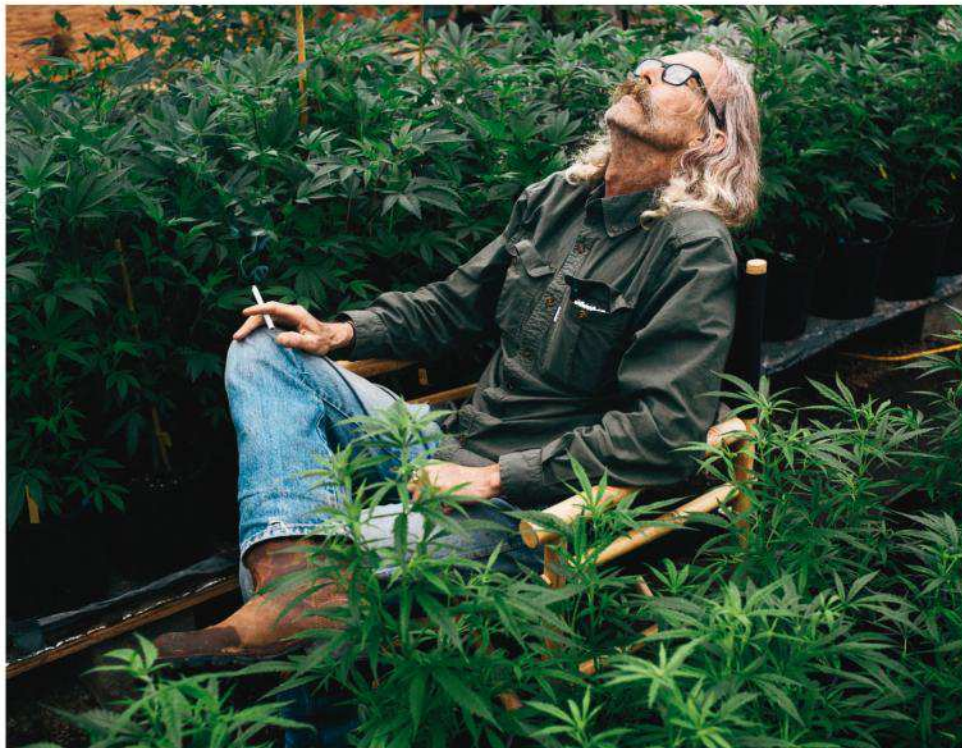
Ziggy and Harvey figured that once the new rules kicked in, pot shops would be so desperate to keep their shelves stocked, they'd be willing to pay a premium. So they decided to start a distribution company that only dealt in clean marijuana.

The plan was to buy pot, edibles, vape pens and hash oil in bulk and then sell everything to dispensaries for slightly more than they'd paid. They assembled an *Ocean's Eleven*-style team, including a high-end-dispensary manager, an early Facebook employee, and a guy they called Doctor Farmer Fucko, a grower with a medical degree who came from a Mafia family. The goal was to make \$50 million their first year, \$200 million their second and \$750 million by year five. The biggest challenge would be finding growers who had either been doing it organically all along or were so committed to legalization that they were willing to take a hit on their bottom line to clean up their operation.

Ziggy is not exactly the person you would imagine volunteering to combat a potential public-health crisis. People refer to California's pot industry as the Wild West, and, accordingly, Ziggy seems to have inherited the self-sufficient, nomadic toughness of a cowboy on the frontier – motivated by a quintessentially American desire for freedom and privacy, and operating according to his own moral code. He manages to tell me in a single breath that he is a man of honor, and that if someone stole from him he would wake them in the middle of the night and smash their hand with a ball-peen hammer "to where it's a stump, and you can't pick anything else up for the rest of your life."

"Is that something you've done before," I respond, "to a human being?" Yes, he says. More than 10 times, but fewer than 50.

Ziggy is tall, white and skinny, with long, graying hair and an unkempt mustache. He likes to say that when he's outside of Northern California's pot country, he looks



GOING GREEN Ziggy, who's been an illicit grower for 43 years, seemed better equipped than most to navigate legalization. "We need those people," says his partner, a former alcohol-industry executive.

homeless. And he does. In reality, he owns a Maserati, a BMW and a 1975 Scarab motorboat that can hold about \$100,000 worth of cannabis.

When legalization first began looming, Ziggy planned to move to Colombia and retire. Setting up a state-licensed marijuana farm seemed complicated, expensive and not worth the effort. Then he thought he might be bored: "What does somebody like me do next – go bass fishing?"

So he decided he would have one last adventure, and in the process give back to the idealistic, libertarian culture he'd been a part of for so long, by working primarily with smaller farmers and ignoring industrial grows funded by banker types. "It's the small guy that has the ability and the husbandry skills to produce that clean product," he says, explaining that he hoped to offer a fair price, so more farmers might survive legalization. "It's fostering the moral compass of the industry as a whole."

ABOUT 42 MILLION AMERICANS consume cannabis regularly, but it's difficult to estimate how many people have become sick from marijuana pesticides. Common contaminants like myclobutanil and bifentazate

might cause blistering rash, nausea, weight loss, vomiting – nebulous symptoms that most doctors wouldn't associate with marijuana use. And, as was the case with cigarettes, the worst public-health consequences of cannabis pesticides are likely insidious – we won't understand the full extent of what is happening for a few decades.

"Oftentimes, epidemiologists can't really see a pattern until enough numbers accumulate," says Frank Conrad, a chemist in Colorado who was one of the first to alert regulators to the potential dangers of pot pesticides. "I'm fairly certain that 10 years from now, we will get clusters of certain types of unusual illnesses in certain groups of people. And those may very well depend on who they are going to for their cannabis."

Likely only seven percent of the weed sold in the United States is screened for

One common pesticide among illegal growers contains carbofuran – a sixteenth of a teaspoon will kill a human being.

toxic chemicals – and many of those screening systems have proved to be ineffective. Even in pot-legal states like Oregon, Colorado and Washington, at least a third of all cannabis ends up on the black market, where profits come before product safety. One common pesticide among illegal growers contains the chemical carbofuran, which has been banned in the U.S., Canada and the EU for years. It takes only a sixteenth of a teaspoon of carbofuran to kill a human being. A researcher in Northern California found carbofuran in six out of the 13 local watersheds he tested. Andrew Freedman, former director of marijuana coordination in Colorado, oversaw more than 60 pesticide-related pot recalls in the state's fledgling legal market, calling it his "biggest fight" with the industry during his three-year tenure.

California, where legalization went into effect on January 1st, is set to be the front line in the battle over toxic pesticides. Lacking federal input, lawmakers did their best to write strict rules to

keep legal pot uncontaminated, but those won't be implemented until July. More important, no one knows how effectively the state will be able to enforce regulations. By its very nature, the weed industry attracts people willing to break the law. Many growers think of themselves as nonconformists and rebels – the kind of folks who hate the government and hate following rules. Not to mention the monetary incentive: What's to stop growers from continuing to sell their product to unregulated markets in other states, where prices are higher? Because California is the source of most of the country's cannabis, the government's ability to convince illegal operators there to enter the new, regulated system will have significant implications for the health of millions of people. So as it stands now, our best hope for safely grown marijuana involves trusting a wayward population of charlatans, opportunists and outlaws, who have very little incentive to play nice.

When it comes to dodging the expensive and bureaucratic pitfalls of legalization, Ziggy and Harvey are in a better position than most. Both men were separately involved in conversations about California's legal-marijuana framework as it took shape in Sacramento over the past few years – a

ROLLING STONE REPORTS

key advantage at a time when consumers, law enforcement and businesses alike remain confused about what is and isn't legal.

California State Board of Equalization member Fiona Ma, who helps oversee tax collection for the state, says Ziggy is one of her favorite people she's met in the past three years. Ma has been a crucial voice in the process of legalization, and Ziggy's radical honesty about what California's weed barons are thinking helped her understand the business. "Whatever rumors I hear, I call Ziggy, and he either knows the answer or he gets right back to me," Ma says.

Even with this advantage, getting the company off the ground would be a challenge. When I caught up with Ziggy and Harvey last winter, they were not only looking for farmers they could trust to grow without pesticides but a lab that could help them guarantee the clean-pot promise their business model depended on. They also needed to prove their value as middlemen, so growers and manufacturers would work with them rather than sell and transport their products to dispensaries themselves. All this in a market that has been operating for decades under no rules whatsoever.

"People who have been in this quasi-legitimate business, they're comfortable being criminals, and that creates this untrustworthy element where you can't keep anybody accountable for anything," says Meital Manzuri, a Los Angeles attorney who represents cannabis businesses. "The trustworthiness of where the product is coming from is the worst part. I recently had a grower say to me something so horrific, which was, 'Well, yeah, I know that there's probably some really nasty shit in here, but I've gotta offload it, and nobody's testing it anyway.'"

With so much uncertainty, many marijuana entrepreneurs in California still have one foot in the black market, or at least in a black-market mentality. This ambiguity was part of what drew Harvey and Ziggy together. Ziggy understands the illicit market; Harvey understands legal markets. Their partnership seems like a microcosm of legalization writ large: Could a person like Ziggy, a lifelong outlaw, truly change his ways? Was it even possible to establish a supply chain of clean weed in a market full of hustlers and snakes? Were we really just going to snap our fingers and turn the most

valuable crop in the state from something produced illegally on backcountry hills into a normal, lab-tested commodity?

IT'S ALREADY DARK BY THE TIME Ziggy parks behind a generic commercial building in Santa Rosa, about 60 miles north of San Francisco. He and Harvey are three hours late to a meeting at Pure Analytics, a marijuana-testing lab.

The lab's founder is an enterprising biochemist, product engineer and cannabis farmer named Samantha Miller. She and her husband warmly greet Ziggy and Harvey and lead them into a conference room, where Doctor Farmer Fucko is waiting. Ziggy takes the chair at the head of the table and Miller passes out samples of a

ing to get away with whatever would bring the most cash in the short term, they want to raise the bar and impose higher standards on themselves. After all, Miller was doing pesticide testing long before it was mainstream.

In California, as in every state with legal weed, there is a shortage of reliable testing labs. A 2015 investigation in *The Oregonian* found that many Oregon labs had been motivated by profit to rubber-stamp contaminated products, and everyone at the table knew things were the same in California. Some labs lack proper equipment and expertise, but others are simply lenient, in an effort to please customers.

"Oversight is necessary at all stages," says Rodger Voelker, a chemist who worked at

the Oregon Department of Agriculture and then ran a cannabis lab called OG Analytical. "Without labs being accredited, quite honestly, you can't trust them." Voelker's whistle-blowing helped lead to changes in state law; Oregon labs are now subject to random audits and are required to be certified by the National Environmental Laboratory Accreditation Program. Labs in California won't need to be accredited for at least another year.

There is very little reliable data about marijuana in California, but last February, NBC Los Angeles

found that more than 90 percent of pot products randomly purchased from 15 local dispensaries tested positive for pesticides known to cause health problems. In October 2016, the Berkeley-based Steep Hill Labs found that more than 83 percent of the products they were given over a 30-day period would have failed under Oregon's new regulations. And pesticides aren't the only problem. Last April, the journal *Clinical Microbiology and Infection* published a letter from scientists at the University of California Davis Medical Center who found that the 20 samples of medical marijuana they collected from California dispensaries all contained a variety of infection-causing fungi and bacteria - including *E. coli*.

Miller says she's doing her best to help clients clean up their cannabis products, but it isn't easy. Pesticide residue can linger, she says, in soil, in extraction equipment and in five generations of plants. This sounds similar to the findings of Mourad



WEED KILLER

Unregulated pesticides (left) contaminate pot and seep into the soil, impacting the food chain. There's a shortage of testing labs, like Pure Analytics (right), to monitor toxicants.

high-end vape pen she helped develop. Each pen is meant to trigger a specific effect. Harvey takes a hit of Calm while Doctor Farmer Fucko tries Arouse.

"We have to be absolutely stellar on transparency," Ziggy says. "Our business model is taking dope from point A to point B. But it has to be clean dope. And that's where you come in."

Miller tells them that she's already been approached about doing testing for five other distribution companies. "Contamination was worse this past year than it's ever been," she says. It becomes clear, as they exchange information and opinions, that Miller, Ziggy and Harvey situated themselves similarly within the slipshod cannabis market of California. Instead of try-

Gabriel, a research scientist who has been studying the environmental effects of illegal marijuana grows in Northern California. Gabriel has found chemical runoff as much as four years after a cultivation site was abandoned – killing protected species, seeping into other agricultural areas and making its way up the food chain.

The chief of California's Bureau of Cannabis Control, Lori Ajax, has said that out of the hundreds of pages of pot-related rules developed by state agencies, covering everything from edibles dosage to licensing costs, the regulations around pesticides and testing labs had been the hardest to develop. "There are no pesticides, herbicides or fungicides that have been approved for use [in marijuana farming] by the EPA, the agency that determines pesticide use by crop type," Ajax says. "Additionally, there are no crops that are exactly like cannabis, which makes it difficult to utilize standards set for other agricultural products."

Most of the information available on these chemicals has to do with inhalation in an industrial environment or eating them in food – not on how much might be too much to smoke or vape. Take myclobutanil, the active ingredient in a commonly used fungicide called Eagle 20. The federal government allows small amounts of myclobutanil on produce like grapes, but when myclobutanil is heated to temperatures above 396 degrees – say, with a lighter – it produces hydrogen cyanide.

"If you inhale hydrogen cyanide and it doesn't kill you immediately by shutting down your respiration, your body will clear it and convert it to thiocyanate," explains Conrad, the chemist in Colorado. "But if you're continually getting exposed to hydrogen cyanide and making thiocyanate, it can lead to different types of symptoms, like headache, nausea and vomiting." The best information he found about long-term exposure came from a study of Egyptian silver workers: "They had wasting away of organs, poor health and organ atrophy."

THE MORNING AFTER VISITING Pure Analytics, Ziggy and Harvey are back on the road. They head several hours north, starting on the freeway, but soon switch to local roads and then to a series of dirt paths. The Beast comes to a stop in a muddy clearing, next to a horse, some goats and a Ford Thunderbird. A bearded man comes out of a one-story house, wearing dirty boots and a camouflage-print jacket. He is a member of the self-described Nameless Posse, the group of *High Times* Cannabis Cup-win-

ning growers behind a pot brand called Nameless Genetics.

As the farmer approaches, he sees his horse is nuzzling Harvey's arm. "Her name is Miss Priss," he says. "She's kind of a cunt." Harvey laughs nervously. He left the alcohol industry for weed a few years back, but there are still parts of this world that seem to catch him off guard.

Inside, the shades are drawn and jazz is playing softly. A two-inch-thick book about mushrooms sits on the coffee table, next to a half-trimmed marijuana branch, some nugs and an ashtray.

"What would you expect from us, as a distributor, to work with you?" Ziggy asks. "Proof of funds," the Nameless farmer responds. "Show me the money. A lot of these distributors talk a lot of game, but if you pay..."

Most pot farmers, manufacturers and dispensaries initially hated the idea of distributors coming in to mediate sales and

"People in this quasi-legitimate business, they're comfortable being criminals," says an L.A. attorney. "You can't keep anybody accountable for anything."

cut in on their profits. When the California Legislature began developing rules for the marijuana industry in 2015, requiring third-party distributors emerged as a compromise between unions, law enforcement, weed lobbyists and tax collectors. The choke point of distribution was meant to ensure taxes would be accurately collected and contaminated products would not end up in the marketplace.

But producers like the Nameless farmer are skeptical. He pummels Ziggy's team with questions: How much would they be willing to spend per pound? How many dispensary relationships had they established? And, perhaps most important, would farmers get screwed so Ziggy and Harvey could increase their profit margins?

Part of the weed world's reluctance to accept third-party distribution comes from the dislike some felt for a company that lobbied aggressively to make distributors mandatory – a firm called RVR (pronounced "river"). Started in 2015 by a retired executive from the country's largest alcohol distributor, Southern Wine & Spir-

its, RVR made \$26 million in 2016 and for a while seemed poised to take over California marijuana.

But the weed industry doesn't work like other industries. Bargaining in with strong-arm corporate tactics, RVR rubbed a lot of people the wrong way, and despite its massive lobbying effort, third-party distributors did not become mandatory, which meant people like Ziggy and Harvey still needed to prove their worth. They try to make it clear to the farmer that they understand the market – and the culture – far better than their well-known competitor (whom Harvey actually worked for before joining up with Ziggy). After a few hours of negotiations, the farmer seems sold. But when I check in several months later, Ziggy tells me the deal fell apart.

And as time goes by, Ziggy sounds more glum each time I call. "The weaselry and the tomfuckery is really starting to get out of control," he says.

Legalization had become too difficult, too expensive, and a lot of his friends had gone back to doing things illegally. "The black-market infrastructure has been in place for eternity," Ziggy tells me. "The supply chain is already entrenched."

Then I call Harvey. He sighs. Growers had started complaining that they weren't getting paid, he says. Ziggy denies he had anything to do with this. "He's lucky they didn't beat the crap out of him," Harvey says.

The two are now speaking to each other through lawyers, the company on hold.

"Going through the compliance and dealing with the law enforcement, I think it was a little bit too much for him," Harvey says. But the experience hasn't soured his opinion of outlaws who are trying to go legal: "We need those people."

That need, of course, is the entire problem. For legalization to work, and for consumers to have access to uncontaminated weed, people like Ziggy need to start following rules. But as long as there are places where marijuana is illicit, there is a financial incentive for drug dealers to stay underground and sell potentially toxic pot. And as long as federal agencies like the EPA decline to study cannabis, what we know about its impact on our health will remain largely theoretical. With illegality comes uncertainty. There's no guarantee that the weed you're buying is clean. There's no way to know whether the small amounts of chemicals that you've been consuming for years are going to accumulate and make you sick.

It's enough to leave any pothead, in any part of the country, feeling paranoid. 🍀

TRUMP VERSUS THE WORKING CLASS



IN HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS, DONALD TRUMP VOWED TO champion America's "forgotten men and women." But in Washington – and at Mar-a-Lago, Bedminster and Davos – he has governed for the rich. He opened his presidency badgering companies for shipping jobs overseas. But outsourcing accelerated in his first year in office. He touts the GOP's corporate tax cuts, but this PR campaign obscures the billions that will be spent on stock buybacks to enrich investors. Indeed, the president has put Wall Street execs in charge of the economy – and pursued policies that lower pay, raise taxes and strip protections for the struggling American worker. Here's a breakdown of how Trump's undermining the middle class.

TIM DICKINSON

HIGHER TAXES

Hikes for workers

The \$1.5 trillion GOP tax bill gives permanent cuts to corporations and millionaires. But the tax cuts for workers expire after just a few years. By 2027, 83 percent of tax benefits accrue to the top one percent, while Americans earning less than \$75,000 – 86 million households in all – will face tax hikes.

Breaks for robots

Trump billed his tax plan as a boon to workers: "Our plan can be simplified in three simple words: jobs, jobs, jobs." But the new law offers a deep tax cut for capital investments, creating a perverse incentive to replace workers with robots. If previously the cost of employing five people or investing in automation might have been equal, the tax break tips the economic scales to robots – and leaves workers holding pink slips.

Jobs sent overseas

The Trump law taxes profits from American subsidiaries abroad at just 10.5 percent – half the rate for domestic corporate profits. That creates a powerful incentive to offshore factories and jobs. One prominent economist has called Trump's top legislative victory an "America-last tax policy."

LOWER WAGES

Overtime denied

In 1975, 62 percent of salaried workers got mandatory overtime; today it's just seven percent. A fast-food

assistant manager making just \$24,000 can be denied overtime pay. An Obama-era rule would have required overtime for anyone earning less than \$48,000, boosting take-home pay for more than 4 million working-class Americans. But the rule's 2016 implementation was blocked by a lawsuit. The Trump administration has refused to defend it in court.

Tipping employers

A proposed rule by the Trump Department of Labor would allow employers to "pool" tips, ostensibly to then redistribute the gratuities so that back-of-the-house employees like dishwashers earn a little more. But the proposed Trump rule does not require pooled tips to be redistributed. Owners could legally take them as profit. The Economic Policy Institute estimates that employers might pocket \$5.8 billion a year if the rule goes through.

Contract employees

Trump ended Labor Department guidance that prevented many big corporations from classifying employees as "independent contractors." The shift in status from employee to contractor will leave many workers without benefits – including unemployment insurance – and saddle them with self-employment taxes.

COSTLY LIVING

High housing costs

In his first act as president, Trump blocked a rate cut on the federal insurance required for many mortgages. The move cost nearly 1 million American homeowners an average of \$500 in 2017 alone.

Slashed deductions

The Trump tax bill limits the deductibility of state property and income taxes to \$10,000. In high-tax states like New Jersey, the yearly property-tax bill for a modest \$400,000 home can easily top \$10,000. That means middle-class workers will be subject to double taxation – long a Republican bugbear – paying federal taxes on the money they used to pay off their state tax burden.

FINANCIAL EXPLOITATION

High investor fees

Trump has blocked the “fiduciary rule” that would require many advisers to work in the financial interests of their clients, rather than maximize their own earnings through fees or juicy commissions. The rule would save mom-and-pop investors \$17 billion a year.

Gutting consumers

Trump’s budget director, Mick Mulvaney, now helms the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau, the watchdog agency conceived by now-Sen. Elizabeth Warren. Mulvaney is a fierce critic of CFPB, which he’s called a “sick, sad” joke, and he wasted no time in flipping CFPB’s mission statement, seeking now to identify and address “outdated, unnecessary, or unduly burdensome regulations” on business. In his short tenure, Mulvaney has blocked a crackdown on

payday lenders and stalled CFPB’s probe of the massive data breach at Equifax.

No class action

Trump signed legislation to overturn a ban on “forced arbitration.” This is a boon to bad financial actors like Wells Fargo, the bank that fraudulently opened accounts for thousands of its customers. Individuals seeking justice can now be forced into arbitration hearings, alone, against a giant corporation, and halted from banding together with others to sue in a class-action lawsuit.

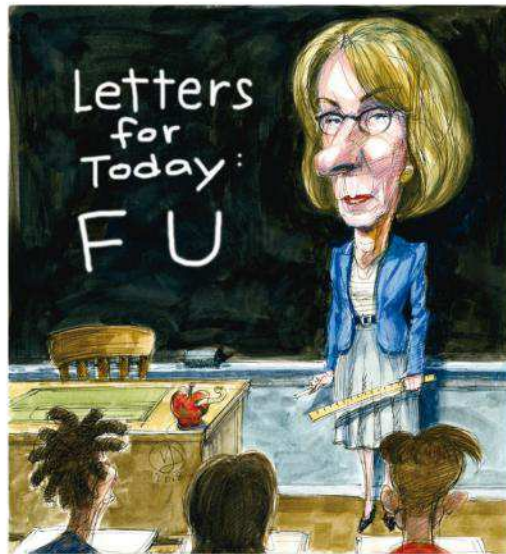
Tax cuts for the rich

Trump’s tax reform was supposed to ensure that “no corporation or individual, no matter how wealthy, is given an unfair advantage.” And he vowed to do away with the carried-interest loophole – a tax break for the wealthiest investors – insisting, “The hedge-fund guys are getting away with murder.” But Trump’s tax reform left the lucrative investor loophole untouched. The new law also created or expanded loopholes that will benefit the Trump family – including breaks for private-jet owners, real estate investors and heirs of the nation’s richest estates.

NO HEALTH CARE

Lost benefits

The Trump tax bill ended the individual mandate to



obtain health insurance under Obamacare. The mandate had spurred millions into plans that were highly subsidized – or free. Many lower-income working Americans, for example, do not realize they qualify for Medicaid. Without the push of the mandate, a projected 5 million Americans will drop off the Medicaid rolls, forgoing \$179 billion in benefits. The tax bill will lead to 13 million Americans in all losing coverage.

Spiking premiums

Ending the insurance mandate will lead fewer young, healthy Americans to enroll, leaving an older, sicker population in the Obamacare markets. This will drive a spike in premiums, according to the Congressional Budget Office. A separate Trump move –

blocking reimbursements to insurers for mandated cost controls – has already caused the price of “silver”-tier plans to jump as much as 38 percent.

DIPLOMA DEBT

Loan repayment

Under Education Secretary Betsy DeVos, the administration has rolled back protections for students swindled by for-profit colleges. An Obama-era rule let student borrowers defrauded by for-profit colleges cancel their student-loan debt. DeVos is keeping the burden of proof on students to show that the college harmed them. She’s also moved to scratch an Obama-era regulation that forced for-profit colleges to demonstrate employment success for graduates or lose eligibility to accept federal loan dollars.

OPIOID CRISIS

Little done on drugs

Trump made the deadly opioid scourge a focal point of his campaign, vowing to “dramatically expand access to treatment.” As president, Trump declared a national emergency on opioids – but made no moves on treatment, while placing an unqualified 24-year-old at a top post in the drug czar’s office. Trump championed GOP efforts to end the expansion of Medicaid, which

funds addiction treatment for thousands. (It took more than a year, and the work of Democrats in the Senate, to appropriate \$6 billion for the opioid fight.)

BURNING JOBS

Kneecapping solar

In his first major trade offensive, Trump imposed a 30 percent import tax on solar panels. While doing little to ensure a future for U.S. solar-panel factories, the tax is projected to destroy 23,000 well-paid jobs among solar installers and the manufacturers of equipment needed to mount solar arrays and plug them into the grid.

Cruel cuts

In his latest budget, Trump eliminates a rural-economic-development program, and cuts hundreds of millions of dollars from job retraining and programs for laid-off factory workers.

DANGEROUS WORKPLACES

Lax contracts

Trump rolled back Obama’s “Fair Pay and Safe Workplaces” executive order. It had forced businesses seeking government work to disclose compliance with federal workplace-protection laws before getting a government contract.

Unsafe conditions

The Trump administration has repeatedly favored corporate profits over human health. For the coal industry, the administration moved to weaken coal-dust standards, ended a rule to prevent mining waste from being dumped in streams and halted a study on the health impacts of mountaintop-removal mining. For Big Oil, Trump rolled back deep-water drilling protections designed to prevent another explosion like the one that killed and injured dozens on the Deepwater Horizon rig, and threatened to open drilling in coastal waters from California to Maine.



T H E

How Chadwick Boseman and Ryan Coogler created

B L A C K

the most radical superhero movie of all time

P A N T H E R

BY JOSH EELLS | PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY

R E V O L U T I O N

RETURN OF THE KING

Chadwick Boseman







TWO YEARS AGO, CHADWICK BOSEMAN was in a movie called *Gods of Egypt*. It was not a very good movie. But in addition to its not-goodness, it also became infamous for whitewashing—casting, as ancient African deities, a white guy from Scotland, a white guy from Denmark and at least seven white people from Australia. Boseman, the sole black lead, played Thoth, the Egyptian god of wisdom and inventor of mathematics. Before the movie came out, an interviewer asked him about the criticism, and Boseman said that not only did he agree with it, it was why he took the part—so audiences would see at least one god of African descent. “But, yeah,” he added dryly. “People don’t make \$140 million movies starring black and brown people.”

What a difference two years makes. Because now we have *Black Panther*—not just a \$140 million movie starring black and brown people, but a \$200 million one. It’s very overdue. Stan Lee and Jack Kirby created Panther, the first black superhero, way back in 1966, but he didn’t show up on the big screen until 50 years later, when Boseman stole *Captain America: Civil War*. Now, after a decade of Marvel Universe films starring a demographically disproportionate number of white Chrises, the world finally has its first African superhero movie.

“It’s a sea-change moment,” Boseman says. “I still remember the excitement people had seeing *Malcolm X*. And this is greater, because it in-

Contributing editor JOSH EELLS wrote about Dave Grohl and Foo Fighters in September.

cludes other people, too. *Everybody* comes to see the Marvel movie.”

He’s not exaggerating. The film broke a ticket-presales record for superhero movies, and at press time it was tracking toward a \$165 million opening—better than every Marvel non-sequel except *The Avengers* and possibly enough to crack the top 10 movie opening weekends of all time.

A quick primer: Boseman plays T’Challa, king of the fictional African nation of Wakanda—the richest and most technologically advanced civilization on Earth. He also

moonlights as Black Panther, an Afro-futurist warrior with superhuman powers charged with protecting his people. According to Marvel Studios boss Kevin Feige, Boseman was their only choice for the role. And when the call came, he was ready. “He said yes on the phone,” recalls

“IT’S A SEA-CHANGE MOMENT,” BOSEMAN SAYS. “IT’S A RENAISSANCE OF BLACK FILM. BUT IT’S STILL NOT ENOUGH.”

Feige. “I didn’t sense a lot of hesitation on his part.”

Up until now, Boseman, 41, was most famous for being the biopic guy, playing an unprecedented run of trailblazing African-American icons: Jackie Robinson (*42*), James Brown (*Get On Up*), Thurgood Marshall (*Marshall*). In a way, Black Panther is the logical next step—Thurgood Marshall with vibranium claws and a stealth jet. Boseman has for years wanted to play the character, keeping a journal with notes as

far back as 2012. “It’s perfect casting,” director Ryan Coogler says. “His physicality, his reserved personality, the way he looks younger than he is, wise beyond his years.”

“Chad gave a hell of a performance,” says Michael B. Jordan, who co-stars as his archnemesis, Killmonger. “I couldn’t imagine anybody else.”

A few weeks before the movie opens, Boseman is trying to lay low, sipping peppermint tea at the hipster L.A. coffee shop where he used to come to write, back when he was an aspiring screenwriter freshly arrived from New York. He’s in head-to-toe black—cardigan, T-shirt, chinos, socks—except for some suede Valentino sneakers and a beaded necklace of Pan-African red, gold and green. He’s tall and lean, with long, elegant fingers and the knuckles of a boxer. (Coogler says they would sometimes spar on set to get amped up.) One of his strengths as an actor is a quiet, intense watchfulness, and he’s the same in real life, taking in the world with a skeptical half-squint. (“I see everything,” Boseman says.) When he does speak, he’s invariably thoughtful and thorough. “You’re saying I’m long-winded!” he says, laughing.

In some ways, Boseman is a funny fit for a blockbuster action star. He’s “90 percent” vegan, casually name-checks radical black intellectuals like Yosef Ben-Jochannan and Frantz Fanon, and says he gets anxious onstage or in front of crowds. (“Going on a talk show? Oh, my God. Nah.”) But he also knows he’s a conduit for something bigger: “I truly believe there’s a truth that needs to enter the world at a particular time. And that’s why people are excited about *Panther*. This is the time.”

It’s a watershed moment for African-Americans and Hollywood. The cast is a murderers’ row of talent—in addition to Boseman and Jordan, there’s Angela Bassett, Forest Whitaker and several actors of immediate African descent, including *Star Wars*’ Lupita Nyong’o (who grew up in Kenya), *The Walking Dead*’s Danai Gurira (who was raised in Zimbabwe) and *Get Out*’s Daniel Kaluuya (whose parents immigrated to England from Uganda). And it’s not just the first superhero movie with a predominantly black cast—it’s the first with a black director, black writers, black costume and production designers, and a black executive producer. Community groups are renting out whole



theaters to screen it; people are running crowd-funding campaigns to buy tickets for black kids who might not be able to see it otherwise.

"We were making a film about what it means to be African," Coogler says. "It was a spirit that we all brought to it, regardless of heritage. The code name for the project was Motherland, and that's what it was. We all went to school on Africa."

"The money and manpower it takes to create this entire African world – it's a huge production," says Boseman. "But this is not *Star Wars* – this is a black superhero movie!" On one hand, he still can't believe it's happening. But on the other hand – why shouldn't it happen? Moreover, says Boseman, "What would it mean if it didn't happen? You'd be saying there's a second class of Marvel movies. A second-class citizenship."

For Boseman, the film's blackness is inseparable from its appeal. "Some [black] actors will say, 'I don't want to play a character just because he's black,'" he says. "And that's great, I'm not saying they're wrong. But that's missing all the richness that's been whitewashed."

He speaks passionately about black actors' struggle for good ma-

Panther Power

"I remember the excitement people had seeing *Malcolm X*," Boseman says. "And this is greater."

terial ("Very often, the humanity for black characters is not there") and Hollywood's double standard when it comes to identifying young black talent. ("Every year, agents fly to Australia to find the next great white actor. But where are they taking 14-hour flights to find the next black person?")

"There's a lot of great things happening," Boseman allows. "If you think about Barry [Jenkins], Ava [DuVernay], Ryan – it's a renaissance of black film. But it's still not enough. It's a numbers thing. If you have 15 shots, I got three. If you have nine chances to mess up, I have one. Each one of us knows that if you mess up, your career is done. I see the intensity. I see how Ryan is. If you have a dud, you'll never work in this town again."

He laughs. "Correct me if I'm wrong!"

WE LEAVE THE coffee shop, and Boseman climbs into the back of an Escalade, en route to *Larry King Now*. "Let me just call my mom real quick so I don't get in trouble," he says.

"Hey," he says when she answers. "I'm good, I'm just checking on you. Did you figure out what you're gonna wear to the premiere? The African skirt. Did I bring that back from Ghana? OK. Tell her to take a picture and send it to me."

They spend a few minutes talking about a *Panther* screening Boseman is setting up for 150 or so kids in his hometown. "All right," Boseman says. "I gotta go do this TV interview." He starts to hang up, but his mom stops him. "I love you, too," he says. "Bye."

Boseman grew up in South Carolina, in a small city called Anderson. His mom, Carolyn, was a nurse; his dad, Leroy, worked at a textile factory and had an upholstery business on the side. They still live there.

Chad, as he was called ("I actually don't know why my mom chose Chadwick – it's a weird name for a black man"), was the youngest of three sons. His middle brother, Kevin, is a dancer and singer who's toured in a production of *The Lion King* and danced with the Alvin Ailey company. His oldest brother, Derrick, is a preacher in Tennessee. "I *think* it's Baptist," Boseman says sheepishly. "I just gave them money,

but I can't remember what I wrote on the check."

Racism was a fact of life. His school district was still segregated until just a few years before he was born. "I've been called 'nigger,' run off the road by a redneck, like, 'Fuck you, nigger' – of course," he says. "Seen trucks flying Confederate flags on the way to school. I'm not saying it was an everyday occurrence – but if

be recruited to play college ball. But during his junior year of high school, a boy on his team was shot and killed. Boseman coped with the tragedy by writing a play in response to the incident, which he called *Crossroads* and staged at his school. He realized he liked telling stories. "I just had a feeling that this was something that was calling me," he says. "Suddenly, playing basketball wasn't as important."



ON A MISSION Coogler and Boseman on location last year. "We were making a film about what it means to be African," Coogler says.

Ryan Coogler's Rising Star

Fruitvale Station
2013
\$900,000 BUDGET

Creed
2015
\$35 MILLION

Black Panther
2018
\$200 MILLION

"At a historically black college, you're getting turned on to all these things – the pantheon of our culture," he says. "It's John Coltrane, it's James Baldwin. And it's Black Panther."

Boseman took extra acting classes to help improve his directing. One of his teachers was Phylicia Rashad, a.k.a. Clair Huxtable from *The Cosby Show*. She became his mentor. "She would do a play in D.C. and you'd go see it, and she'd drive you home and talk to you," he says. "How you eating? You look too skinny. You need a pork chop.' We were just trying to aspire to her excellence."

Rashad has fond memories of Boseman. "Chad was this lanky young man with big eyes and an endearing smile and a very gentle way," she says. "What I saw in him was the sky was the limit. He never asked me to introduce him to anyone – that's not his way. He was going to make it on his own merits."

While taking Rashad's class, Boseman and some of his classmates applied to a prestigious summer program at Oxford to study theater. They were accepted, but they didn't have the money to go. "She pushed for us," Boseman says. "She essentially got some celebrity friends to pay for us to go." ("I don't want to say who paid for me," he adds. "No, it's not Bill Cosby.")

While he was at Oxford, he studied the Western canon: Shakespeare, Beckett, Pinter. "But I always felt like black writers were just as classical," he says. "It's just as difficult to do August Wilson, and the stories he's telling are just as epic."

After graduation, Boseman moved to Bed-Stuy, in Brooklyn, where he fell in with New York's hip-hop theater scene, writing and directing plays featuring rapping stars and beatboxing Greek choruses. "What *Hamilton* is doing now," he says with pride, "we were doing 15 years ago." To pay the bills, he also taught acting to kids at the Schomburg Center, a black research library in Harlem. ("He was so proud and fulfilled by that," says Rashad. "When he talked about it, he became like sunshine – he loved it so much.") Eventually he started booking gigs on the usual shows – *Law & Order*, *CSI: NY*, *Cold Case* – before his big break playing Robinson in *42*. But through it all, he always looked for projects that had the same emotional weight he felt when he was 17 and a bullet took his friend and inspired his first play.

"THE CODE NAME FOR THE PROJECT WAS MOTHERLAND," COOGLER SAYS.

"WE WENT TO SCHOOL ON AFRICA."

somebody was feeling *tradition* that day..."

In the summer of 2015, two weeks after a white supremacist gunned down nine worshippers at the Emanuel AME Church in Charleston, South Carolina, Boseman, who was in Atlanta filming *Captain America: Civil War*, drove home to see his family. "My cousins hit me, like, 'Don't go this way, because they're doing a Klan rally in the parking lot,'" he says. "So it's not a thing of the past."

Boseman was a quiet kid who loved drawing and wanted to be an architect. He also loved basketball, and was good enough to

He applied to study directing at Howard, the historically black university in Washington, D.C., affectionately known as "the Mecca." In his book *Between the World and Me*, writer Ta-Nehisi Coates – a contemporary of Boseman's at Howard and, coincidentally, a writer of the *Black Panther* comics – calls it "the crossroads of the black diaspora," where "scions of Nigerian aristocrats in their business suits [give] dap to bald-headed Q's in purple windbreakers." Boseman ate it up. He got a job at an African bookstore and took a trip to Ghana. He also learned about a certain African superhero.

“For me, doing this, it has to be meaningful,” Boseman says. “Because that’s how it started.”

WHEN BOSEMAN got the role of Black Panther, one of the first things he did was ask his father to take a DNA test. He wanted to know more about his roots. “AfricanAncestry.com,” he says. “They get specific about what ethnic group you come from, as opposed to just what country.” (For the record: Yoruba from Nigeria, Limba and Mende from Sierra Leone, and Jola from Guinea-Bissau.) He says he’s also traced his American lineage as far back as he could. “To go any farther,” he says with a wry smile, “I’d have to go to property records.”

Boseman drew from a wide range of real-life influences for T’Challa: Shaka Zulu and Patrice Lumumba, Mandela speeches and Fela Kuti songs. He read about Masai warriors and talked to a Yoruba *babalawo*. For his fight scenes, he trained in African martial arts – Dambe boxing, Zulu stick fighting and Angolan capoeira. He also made two trips to South Africa for research. On one trip, a Cape Town street musician bestowed on him a Xhosa name: Mxolisi, or “Peacemaker.”

“I think it was his way of saying, ‘As an African-American, I know you’re disconnected from your ancestors and your culture and your traditions,’” Boseman says. “Here’s my way of welcoming you back.”

The most important thing to him was the accent. In the movie, the Wakandans essentially speak Xhosa, one of the official languages of South Africa, and when Wakandans speak English, it’s with a Xhosa accent. “I had to push for that,” Boseman says. “I felt there was no way in the world I could do the movie without an accent. But I had to convince [the studio] it was something we couldn’t be afraid of. My argument was that we train the audience’s ear in the first five minutes – give them subtitles, give them whatever they need – and I believe they’ll follow it the same way they’ll follow an Irish accent or a Cockney accent. We watch movies all the time when this happens,” he adds. “Why all of a sudden is it ‘We can’t follow it’ when it’s African?”

And then, of course, there was Obama. When the idea for a *Black Panther* movie was first hatched, a black man was president of the

Marvel’s First Black Superhero

Since Black Panther’s 1966 debut, he’s been one of the most political characters in the comics universe

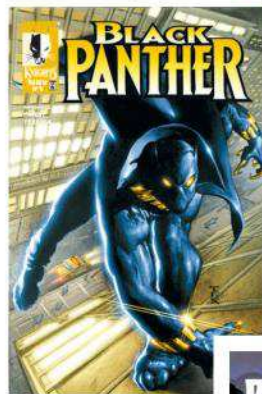


Enter the Panther

◀ The creation of Stan Lee and Jack Kirby, T’Challa first appeared as a guest star in *The Fantastic Four*, fighting an army of mercenaries out to exploit his African homeland for its resources.

Solo Series

▶ Kirby took his iconic creation for a 1970s-style science-fiction thrill ride.

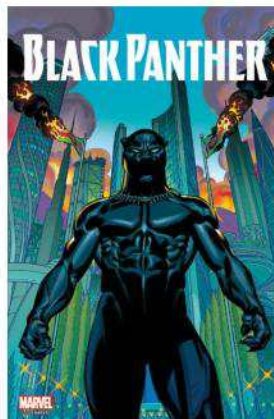


Nineties Reboot

◀ Christopher Priest was the Panther’s first black writer. His run helped form the film’s basis.

Literary Leap

▶ In 2016, Ta-Nehisi Coates began writing an acclaimed version of the comic. “What he’s [done] with *Panther* is just incredible,” Coogler said at the time. “He’s my favorite writer.”



United States. “I think his presence opened the door for it in a way,” Boseman says. He borrowed from Obama the concept of “a leader who’s not going to respond to criticism – the type of person who can hold his tongue and hold his ground.” He also says he and Coogler talked about vibranium – the ultravaluable metal that provides Wakanda its wealth and technological prowess – as a kind of nuclear weapon. “So it’s a similar thing,” he says. “Who would you want to get the call at three in the morning? I’d rather it be someone like [Obama] or T’Challa than... somebody else.”

Which brings us to the current officeholder. What does Boseman think T’Challa – the genius trillionaire monarch of Africa’s most sophisticated kingdom – would make of President Trump referring to certain nations in Africa as “shit-hole countries”?

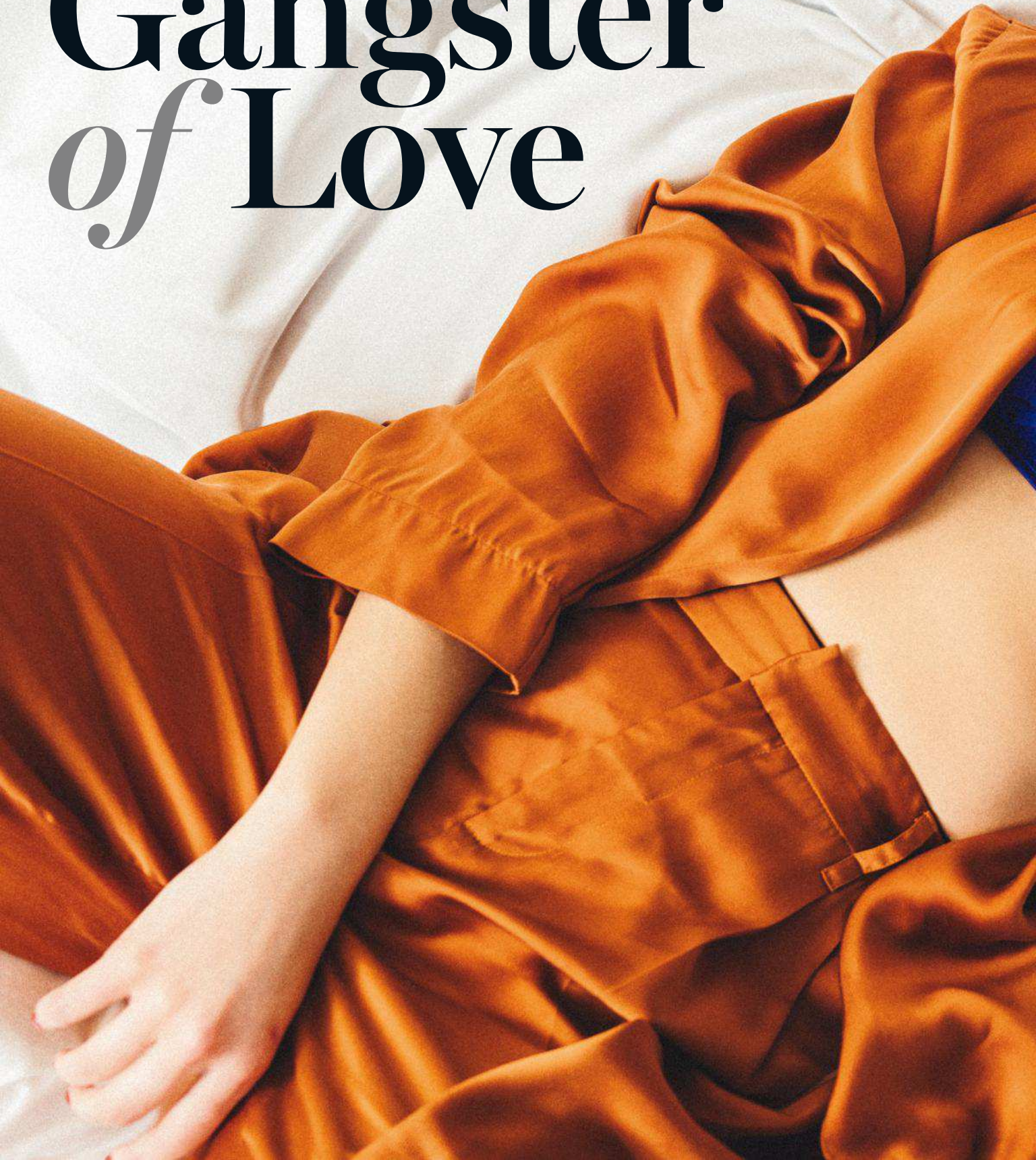
Boseman – who last year said Trump was “giving voice to white supremacy” – today just smiles. “I’d love to answer that,” he says. “But I don’t want to give him Panther time.”

A FEW DAYS LATER, *Black Panther* has its world premiere at a theater in L.A. It feels like half of black Hollywood is there: Don Cheadle munching popcorn in the balcony, Laurence Fishburne giving fist-bumps on the staircase, Donald Glover flossing resplendently in a tangerine suit, Jamie Foxx in a T-shirt that reads WAKANDA FOREVER. When the movie plays, there are cheers, tears, laughter and multiple standing ovations. It’s a celebration. People are feeling it.

Later that week, Coogler is sitting on a hotel balcony in Beverly Hills, trying to process it all. “Premieres are emotionally overwhelming, man,” he says. He was mostly focused on the 50 or so family members who came from the Bay Area to see it, some of them, like his grandmother, elderly and in wheelchairs. “I was just trying to make sure they’re OK,” he says. “My mind was on ramps.”

Much has been made about Coogler being the first black director on a Marvel movie, but comparatively little has been made about his youth. He’s only 31 – shockingly young to be helming a movie this gigantic. “He’s the youngest filmmaker we’ve ever hired,” [Cont. on 57]

Pop's Gangster *of* Love





How Dua Lipa went from
an adolescence in Kosovo to
a billion-stream hit

By **JONAH WEINER**

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRYAN DERBALLA



Some dudes on *Saturday Night Live's* crew are hammering together a green screen at Studio 8H when Dua Lipa walks past them in a long black dress, steps onto a stage, and seats herself atop a grand piano, dangling her legs from the end like a lounge act. It's the first Thursday in February, and two days from now, Lipa will take this stage as the evening's musical guest. She has reason to feel confident: A 22-year-old pop singer from London, Lipa was the most-streamed female musician in the U.K. last year; fans include Coldplay's Chris Martin and Bruno Mars; and her biggest single, "New Rules," has more than a billion YouTube views.

Lipa starts into "Homesick," a wounded ballad she wrote with Martin, which is far and away the sparest song in her catalog—a slow, spotlight showcase for her rich, smoky voice, whereas most of her songs tend toward brash, uptempo thumpers. Lipa's day-to-day manager, Jules, aims his phone at a monitor, shooting video of the rehearsal for reference, because Lipa's plan is to sit on the piano near-motionless for the entire song, and although she hopes this will register as subtly powerful, she also worries it might just come off as inert.

Lipa has learned that, when you're in the public eye, even the tiniest gestures can resonate. For instance: Last October, she borrowed a Taylor Swift *Speak Now* T-shirt from Jules and wore it to a soundcheck and meet-and-greet in Germany. Photos made it to Instagram, and Swift's fans spotted it and giddily circulated the shots. Soon Swift herself posted a euphoric comment online in response: "I AM SCREECHING WITH JOY." The next month, however, all her goodwill with Team Taylor went up in flames when some of those same Swift fans discovered a 2016 video interview in which Lipa, engaged in a cats-or-dogs-style quiz, was asked to choose between Swift and Kanye West—and went with Yeezy, emphatically and unhesitatingly. "I wasn't thinking about their beef," she says. "I was thinking about their music, and Taylor is amazing, but I'm such a hip-hop fan that

I would probably choose Kanye over anyone." The result was a barrage of hate from the Swift faithful. "They were sending me snake emojis for, like, three days straight. They're like, 'I hope you die.' I'm like, 'Yo! I literally didn't say anything.'"

Now, rehearsing at *SNL*, Lipa's worries about "Homesick" turn out to have merit. Legs crossed tight, back straight, she holds a cordless mic with her left hand and plants her right hand stiffly on the piano, not because it's what feels the most natural, necessarily, but because her vocal coach, Lorna, told her that this pose would help give her strength to catapult into the song's early, hard-to-hit high notes. The performance feels off, and, when it's over, Lipa grimaces: One particularly high note proved irksomely out of her reach.

Within seconds, she's in a huddle with her team. Jules presses play on the video he shot; Lorna launches into vocal drills. Lipa scrutinizes the phone and makes strange noises for Lorna, then the *SNL* camera crew is back in position and it's time for another go. This time, when the second verse starts, Lipa clutches the mic two-handed, holds it to her chest, then brings her left palm up beside her cheek, where, captured in close-up, it trembles and grabs, helping to put some more drama into the performance. It's a minuscule tweak, but Lipa could tell from Jules' video that it would make a big difference. (Come Saturday, she will repeat these motions almost exactly.)

Some three dozen crew members and assorted hangers-on watch, rapt. When she's done, the room breaks into applause. Looking effortless takes work.

DUA LIPA HASN'T performed for a room this small in a while. Last fall, she played two nights at Madison Square Garden while opening a bunch of arena shows for Bruno Mars. She has a sound suited to vast spaces: big beats, big hooks and even bigger vocals. She started posting YouTube covers from a friend's bedroom when she was 15, and even then she was unafraid to tackle full-throated material from heroes like Christina Aguilera and Joss Stone. These covers were part of a conscious strategy: "It was like a portfolio. I would go out to gigs and make friends, and if someone was like, 'I'm a producer' or 'I'm a songwriter,' I'd be like, 'Well, I have these covers...'"

A string of such encounters, in person and online, led her to Ben Mawson, a music manager whose client roster includes Lana

Del Rey. He signed her, and "literally the day after" booked her into the studio with what would become a parade of various writers. Lipa said she did have a rough notion of what she wanted to sound like, inspired by her twinned loves of pop and hip-hop, but its oddness would throw people for a loop: "I'd go into the studio, like, 'I want to sound like Nelly Furtado and J. Cole,' and people would be like, 'What the fuck?'"

Inspiration came from unlikely places. While co-writing with the London-based electronic act RITUAL, Lipa struggled to crack the code of an unfinished track: "I was going through a tough breakup. Someone who made me feel like I wasn't good enough. But when I wrote this song, I wanted it to seem like he couldn't get enough of me." The song "was good, but the chorus wasn't quite there. We were like, 'Let's scrap it.' And I was scrolling through Tumblr, and I see the words 'Hotter than Hell' in red on a black background. And I go, 'That's cool! What if he thought I was hotter than hell, and I just didn't want him?'" The single, "Hotter Than Hell," went gold in the U.K.

With that song, Lipa says she finally found a track that felt uniquely like her. It introduced her to fans as a sort of warrior of love: Moments of vulnerability and longing dot her lyrics, but her prevailing mode is to take no bullshit and take no prisoners.

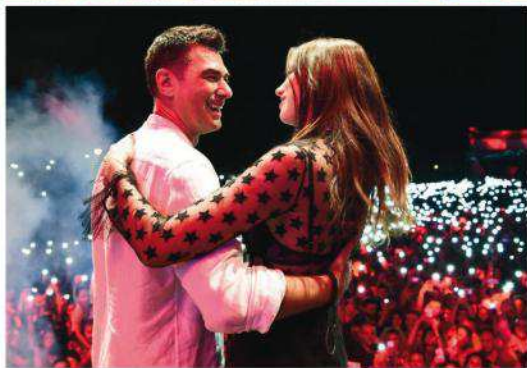
"New Rules" is framed as a three-point battle plan for cutting off a bad-news dude; a more recent single, "IDGAF," plays almost like the sequel, where a former romantic tormentor crawls out of the woodwork, interested in rekindling things, and Lipa mercilessly sends him packing.

These songs aren't exactly autobiographical, but Lipa says she's got ample experience in the chump-boyfriend department. Sometimes her exes were "emotionally manipulative"; sometimes their failings were more comical. "I dated this guy who literally would never eat a single vegetable," she recalls. "I was like, 'This is terrible. You eat like a five-year-old. I'm fucking out.'"

A couple of weeks ago, Lipa was watching the Grammys, blown away by

Kendrick Lamar's performance. The event was criticized for the preposterous facts that Alessia Cara was the only woman to win an award during the entire show and that Lorde hadn't been offered a solo performance despite an Album of the Year nomination. Recording Academy president

"I'd say, 'I want to sound like Nelly Furtado and J. Cole.' People would be like, 'What the fuck?'"



Lip A Faith

Above: Lipa has been working on new music with Mark Ronson (left) and Diplo. Left: In Pristina, Kosovo, with her father, who used to play in a Kosovar rock band called Oda.

Music filled the Lipa household thanks to her father, who sang lead, on the side, in a Kosovar rock band called Oda. “They did it for fun,” she says,

“but then they had a really big song called ‘Beso ne Diell,’ which means ‘Believe in the sun.’ I did a show in Kosovo two summers ago and me and my band decided to surprise my dad and sing it. It was so surreal, because everyone in the audience was singing along.”

In her early adolescence, the Lipas moved back to Kosovo’s capital, Pristina: “I could speak the language, but I couldn’t read or write, so moving there was daunting – the other kids weren’t going to be making spelling mistakes on their homework. Not only that, but just being the new girl in school, once everyone has formed their friendships. It was nerve-wracking.” But she made friends, and they put her on to hip-hop. Her first concert was Method Man and Redman. Second was 50 Cent.

At 15, intent on taking a shot at a music career, Lipa convinced her parents to let her move back to London without them, staying with a family friend and enrolling at the Sylvia Young Theatre School, whose alumni include Amy Winehouse and Rita Ora. A few years later, “it came to the point where I had to decide what I wanted to do for university, and I didn’t know,” Lipa

says. “I knew the only thing I wanted to do was music. So I was like, ‘Let me just take a year out and see what happens.’” Before that year was through, she’d landed her major-label deal.

WHEN SHE’S DONE REHEARSING at *SNL*, Lipa gets into the back of a car and heads to her hotel, on the Lower East Side. Paparazzi have been waiting for her here on and off, but none are in sight at the moment. We try to grab a table at the hotel restaurant, but they don’t open for another half-hour. We stand in the lobby, plotting our next move.

Downtime is rare for Lipa these days. A few nights ago, she was up in Montreal for a headlining concert. Not long before that, she was in Jamaica, at the venerable Geejam Studios, hashing out songs for her next album. “I want it to still be pop, but lean more toward soulful,” she says of the project. “My voice kind of lends itself to that genre.” She lists some of the things she’s been drawing on for inspiration: “Electric Chair,” by Prince; the new Francis and the Lights album; a lot of Outkast. She’s put in time in the studio in recent months with platinum-certified hitmakers like Mark Ronson and pop mastermind Max Martin. “I spent a week with Max, and it was the first time where I felt like there was a lot more method to the things I was writing about. First with him you lay down the melodies, listen to them over and over again, and say, ‘Maybe we should change this note.’” When it came to writing lyrics, “You couldn’t use the same words too often, next to each other. And not everything can start on the one, because it doesn’t keep it as interesting. I played him some of the stuff I did in Jamaica, and he’d say, ‘You could totally simplify this. Just repeat that twice. Make it easier for the listener.’ He has, like, a lot of rules and theories.”

That sort of systematic approach appeals to Lipa, who keeps dozens of running lists on her phone, which she pulls out to show me: “This is, like, the 100 books I should read before I die. I bought all of them, and my goal is to read them all.” She just finished Emma Cline’s Manson-murders-inspired *The Girls* and loved it. Now she’s in the middle of *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*. “I think it helps with my songwriting,” she says.

There’s still time to kill before the restaurant will seat us. “Are you opposed to eating dessert before you eat dinner?” she asks. We walk down the block to an ice cream parlor. “This is, like, the third day in a row I’ve come here,” she notes, digging a spoon into a cup of vegan vanilla something-or-other. “I don’t want to ruin my appetite,” she says. “But sometimes you’ve got to break the rules.”

AMERICAN

EXODUS

EXTREME WEATHER DUE TO CLIMATE CHANGE DISPLACED MORE THAN A MILLION PEOPLE FROM THEIR HOMES LAST YEAR. IT COULD SOON RESHAPE THE NATION

BY JEFF GOODELL

ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN McCABE

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URRICANE HARVEY, WHICH HIT TEXAS AND LOUISIANA LAST AUGUST, CAUSING \$125 billion in damage, dumped more water out of the sky than any storm in U.S. history. By one calculation, roughly a million gallons fell for every person in Texas. The water rained down on a flat former bayou that had become a concrete and asphalt empire of more than 2.3 million people. Highways turned into rivers and shopping malls into lakes. As the water rose, people scrambled for safe refuge – into attics, onto rooftops and overpasses. A Texas game warden captured a nine-foot-long alligator in the dining room of a home near Lake Houston. Snakes swam into kitchens. A hawk flew into a taxicab and wouldn't leave. ¶ As the deluge continued, tens of thousands of people fled – some in fishing boats down suburban streets, some in canoes, some on Jet Skis. Others risked a harrowing drive through water, fallen trees and swimming dogs. More than 30,000 people ended up in shelters. Thousands more headed up Interstate 45, toward Dallas, where parking lots at IHOPs and McDonalds were full of desperate people wondering how their suburban neighborhoods had turned into Waterworld. Many of them lived in their cars until the floods receded, and eventually returned to devastated homes. ¶ Some people who hit the road during the storm kept going. A few days after the waters drained away, I was driving across central Arizona on old Route 66, which novelist



John Steinbeck called “the Mother Road” – it was the route that hundreds of thousands of people took to escape America’s first man-made environmental catastrophe. Today, the ghosts of the Dust Bowl, the 1930s drought that caused a region roughly the size of Pennsylvania to dry up and blow away, haunt every gas station and roadside ice cream shop.

Near Flagstaff, I pulled into a service station and parked next to a Subaru with the words “We Survived Hurricane Harvey, Orange, Texas” scrawled on the back window in bright-pink letters. The mud-splattered car was loaded with luggage, boxes and a guitar case. A middle-aged woman and a scruffy man with wild brown hair pulled themselves out, looking road-worn and haggard. The man popped open the hood and fiddled with some wiring.

I nodded to the words on their back window. “How bad was Harvey?”

“Bad,” the woman said. She introduced herself as Melanie Elliott. “We had to get out of there.”

IN 2017, A STRING OF CLIMATE DISASTERS – six big hurricanes in the Atlantic, wildfires in the West, horrific mudslides, high-temperature records breaking all over the country – caused \$306 billion in damage, killing more than 300 people. After Hurricane Maria, 300,000 Puerto Ricans fled to Florida, and disaster experts estimate that climate and weather events displaced more than 1 million Americans from their homes last year. These statistics don’t begin to capture the emotional and financial toll on survivors who have to dig through ashes and flooded debris to rebuild their lives. Mental-health workers often see spikes in depression, PTSD and suicides in the months that follow a natural disaster. After Harvey, one study found that 30 percent of residents in flooded areas had fallen behind on their rent or mortgage. One in four respondents said they were having problems paying for food.

Politicians inevitably vow to rebuild, to make their city stronger than before. But in

than 1.5 billion people currently live in these regions. In the U.S., a recent study by Mathew Hauer, a demographer at the University of Georgia, estimates that 13 million people will be displaced by sea-level rise alone by the year 2100 (about the number of African-Americans who moved out of the South during the Great Migration of the 20th century). In Hauer’s study, about 2.5 million will flee the region that includes Miami, Fort Lauderdale and West Palm Beach. Greater New Orleans loses up to 500,000 people; the New York City area loses 50,000. The biggest winners are nearby cities on high ground with mild climates, good infrastructure and strong economies: Atlanta; Austin; Madison, Wisconsin; and Memphis.

“Most people don’t realize how much climate affects everything, from their property values to how hard people work,” says Solomon Hsiang, a professor of public policy at the University of California, Berkeley, who led a recent study that predicts, as the climate warms, there will be “a large transfer of value northward and westward.” And the wealthy, who can afford to adapt, will benefit, while the poor, who will likely be left behind, will suffer. “If we continue on the current path,” Hsiang says, “our analysis suggests that climate change may result in the largest transfer of wealth from the poor to the rich in the country’s history.”

The Southeast will be the biggest loser due to damage from increased flooding, higher heat mortality and lower agricultural yield – in some of the poorest counties in the region, the study predicts, income will fall by up to one-third. In contrast, the Northwest will see increased agricultural yields, lower energy costs (due to milder winters) and higher worker productivity. “The lesson of this study is, the future looks good for the Pacific Northwest, especially cities west of the Cascades, like Seattle and Portland,” says Hsiang’s co-author Amir Jina, an economist at the University of Chicago. “For the Southeast, it’s not a very pretty picture.”

There are plenty of unknowns in how this will play out, including unforeseen climate tipping points, technological innovations that help us adapt, and outbreaks of war and disease. But without a doubt, climate change is not only altering the physical boundaries of our world, it is challenging the very 20th-century idea that we can engineer our way out of whatever chaos comes our way; the big lesson of this century may be that we cannot. As the seas rise and the temperatures soar, we will have to give up ground. We will learn that “retreat” is not a dirty word. And we will become, more and more, a nation of refugees.

“CLIMATE CHANGE MAY RESULT IN THE LARGEST TRANSFER OF WEALTH FROM POOR TO RICH IN U.S. HISTORY.”

“It was a fucking disaster,” the man said, bent under the hood. His name was Andrew McGowan. “We got swamped.”

Orange, I later learned, is an old industrial seaport near the Louisiana border, population 18,643. The town has been hit repeatedly by recent hurricanes: In 2005, Rita savaged the city; three years later, Ike breached the city’s levee and flooded the streets with as much as 15 feet of water. Three people died. “We were just dealing with water all the time, constant flooding,” McGowan continued. “The whole place is going under.”

“Harvey was it for us,” Elliott added. “Too much water, we can’t deal with this anymore. We are going to San Diego.”

“What are you going to do there?” I asked.

“We don’t know,” McGowan said. “I’m gonna play some guitar and see what comes along.”

As they piled back into their Subaru and headed toward the highway, I thought of the old Woody Guthrie song about the farmers fleeing the Dust Bowl: “We loaded our jalopies and piled our families in/We rattled down that highway to never come back again.”

the coming years, as the climate gets hotter, the seas keep rising and storms grow more intense, those vows will become less and less credible. Climate change is going to remap our world, changing not just how we live but where we live. As scientist Peter Gleick, co-founder of the Pacific Institute, puts it, “There is a shocking, unreported, fundamental change coming to the habitability of many parts of the planet, including the U.S.A.”

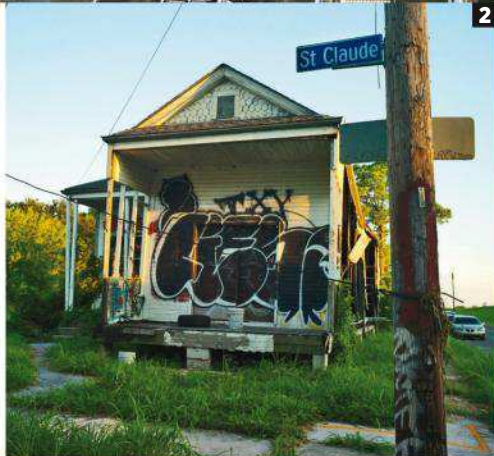
In the not-so-distant future, places like Phoenix and Tucson will become so hot that just walking across the street will be a life-threatening event. Parts of the upper Middle West will become a permanent dust bowl. South Florida and low-lying sections of the Gulf Coast will be underwater. Some people may try to stick around and fight it out with Mother Nature, but most will not. “People will do what they have done for thousands of years,” says Vivak Shandas, a professor of urban studies and planning at Portland State University. “They will migrate to better climates.”

One recent study in the journal *Nature Climate Change* predicts that by 2050, as much as 30 percent of the world’s land surface could face desertlike conditions, including large swaths of Asia, Europe, Africa and southern Australia. More

Contributing editor JEFF GOODELL wrote about Scott Pruitt in 2017.



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SEA CHANGE

(1) Flooding in downtown Miami after Hurricane Irma in September 2017. (2) A number of houses in New Orleans' Ninth Ward remain boarded and abandoned more than a decade after Hurricane Katrina devastated the city. (3) Tens of thousands of residents fled after Hurricane Harvey dumped 33 trillion gallons of water on the Houston area in August.



3

AT ABOUT 5 P.M. ON AUGUST 29th, 2005, Hurricane Katrina broke through the levee protecting New Orleans' Lower Ninth Ward. Ten feet of raging seawater tore into this working-class black neighborhood, trapping people in their homes without warning. About 80 people were killed by the storm in the Lower Ninth, the highest flood fatality rate in the city. Virtually every structure in the 25-square-block neighborhood was destroyed.

The Lower Ninth was ground zero, but Katrina devastated a wide area in and around New Orleans. About 1,800 people died; another 400,000 were displaced. This wave of displaced people became known as the "Katrina diaspora," and researchers are still trying to come to grips with exactly what impact it had on the demographics of the city. By most measures, New Orleans is thriving again, but it is a richer, whiter city than it had been before the storm. It is also smaller: The population of New Orleans today is about

390,000, roughly 100,000 fewer people than before Katrina hit.

In the Lower Ninth, rebuilding has been difficult. Despite hundreds of millions of dollars in aid, large parts of the neighborhood are still abandoned: empty lots, sidewalks that lead nowhere, trash blowing in the streets. New Orleans' official statistics estimate that the population of the Lower Ninth is 37 percent of what it was before Katrina, but Laura Paul, founder of Lowernine.org, a nonprofit devoted to rebuilding the neighborhood, contends the reality is much closer to 25 percent. The federally funded storm-recovery program made it almost impossible for homeowners there to get enough money to rebuild, she says; instead, many people took their measly settlements and started over elsewhere. "Every impediment to recovery that could have been thrown up in the path of low-wealth black families was thrown up," Paul says. "It was basically a form of institutionalized racism."

Still, there are hopeful signs: more than 100 pastel-colored solar-powered homes built by Brad Pitt's Make It Right foundation; 85 or so more traditional houses rebuilt with the sweat of volunteers from organizations like Lowernine.org. "We are absolutely committed to the long-term future of this neighborhood for as many pre-Katrina residents as wish to return," says Paul. But given the risks that New Orleans faces from rising seas and increasingly intense storms, that long-term future is in question. When I bring this up with Paul, she balks: "Worrying about the future is a luxury for privileged people. My friends here are worried about putting dinner on the table tonight, not what is going to happen in the city 20 or 30 years from now."

The likelihood of another catastrophic levee collapse has been greatly reduced, thanks to \$14.5 billion spent in the aftermath of Katrina on bigger, stronger barriers against the sea. But the city has other problems. For one thing, the protective coastline around it is vanishing. Louisiana is losing a football field of land to the sea every hour, due to a combination of subsidence, sea-level rise and reduced sediment flow from the Mississippi River. For another, large parts of New Orleans, which was originally built on a swamp, have been sinking for 100 years – some parts of the city have subsided as much as 15 feet. As a result, even ordinary rainstorms are becoming existential threats. Last August, nine inches of rain fell on the city in three hours, and it looked like Katrina all over again. "The city is like a big bathtub," says Ed Link, a professor of civil engineering at the University of Maryland who led the effort to rebuild after Katrina. "You can build barriers to protect it from storm surges, but when it rains, you still have big problems."

FROM TOP: KADIR VAN LOHUIZEN/NOOR/REDUX; MAGGIE STEBER/REDUX; MELISSA PHILLIP/HOUSTON CHRONICLE/7AP IMAGES

Back in the 1910s and '20s, a system of pumps powered by steam turbines was installed around the city to help with drainage. Most of those pumps and turbines, poorly maintained and poorly designed for 21st-century mega-rainfall events, are still in operation today. At the time of the flooding last August, only two of the five turbines that power the pumps were working; a week later, a fourth failed.

It will cost billions of dollars to upgrade the system. But city officials can't even find the money to keep the storm drains and canals free of debris and functioning correctly. At a council meeting after the floods, public-works officials admitted the city could afford to clear only 68 of the 1,300 miles of canals in 2017. And as the climate heats up, rainfall is likely to become increasingly intense. "If you are asking me to drain nine inches of rain, I need six times the pumping capacity, six times the drainage pumps and six times the canals," Joseph Becker, the former superintendent of the New Orleans Sewerage & Water Board, told the city council

The decision to move to safer climates is obviously deeply personal, influenced by a person's connection with the community they live in, their financial situation and their tolerance for risk. But for city officials in at-risk cities, homeowners like Brown are terrifying. "Once people start thinking about the long-term value of their homes and how they will be impacted by climate change, that changes the game completely," a county attorney in Florida says. What happens to the value of a house in, for instance, Fort Lauderdale, when the cost of flood insurance triples? "When I think about the future of South Florida, it's flood insurance that scares me the most," Wayne Pathman, a prominent Miami lawyer and board member of Miami Beach's chamber of commerce, tells me. Many officials fear a climate-driven exodus that pushes down property values, which in turn reduces property-tax revenues, which are central to funding city services like police and teachers, not to mention road repair and infrastructure maintenance, at precisely the moment when the city needs to spend

To shore up confidence in the future, at-risk cities like Miami and Phoenix tout everything from LED streetlights to carbon-offset programs. But for some climate-savvy residents of these cities, what's coming is all too clear. "I've loved living in Miami Beach," the poet Chase Twitchell wrote recently. "We had a beautiful apartment overlooking the bay, with endless crazy human activity to watch, and astonishing sunsets. But the ecology of the area is so damaged that I can no longer see the beauty. I see impending chaos and suffering. Time to go."

THERE WERE BOXES ALL OVER Robert Stevens' apartment in north Phoenix. Some were sealed tight with packing tape, marked "kitchen" or "bedroom," others open, spilling out shirts, or piled high with heavy programming textbooks. Stevens, 29, a slightly manic software programmer, was wearing jeans, a T-shirt and flip-flops as he carried his possessions out to a dusty RAV4. "I never realized how much shit I own," he muttered to himself. The next morning, he would be driving to Minneapolis to move in with his sister and do some freelance coding. "I must admit," Stevens said, motioning to the jagged desert mountains, "it's kinda beautiful here."

He had grown up in Buffalo and followed his girlfriend to Phoenix four years ago. He loved the sunrises, and often got up early to hike in the Phoenix Mountain Preserve. In fact, it was while hiking that his romance with Arizona ended. "I was out on a trail last summer, and it was ridiculously hot, and I had gone too far, and, I don't know, I just collapsed," he said. "I totally fainted. Banged my head on a rock. Scared the hell out of my girlfriend. She gave me water, and I was OK, but it made me think – what am I doing living here? Maybe it's a genetic thing or whatever, but I can't take it. This heat is *dangerous*."

Obviously, lots of people feel differently. Maricopa County, where Phoenix is located, had the highest population growth in the country in 2016. People come for the jobs, the relatively inexpensive housing, and some, yes, for the weather. In the winter, it's lovely. But in the summer, it's brutal. Last year was the hottest on record in Phoenix. The city's hot season – when temperatures can exceed 100 degrees – starts an average of almost three weeks earlier than it did 100 years ago and lasts two to three weeks longer in the fall. The heat sucks the moisture out of the soil and turns forests into stacks of kindling wood. Great dust storms, known as haboobs, billow in from the desert. The air gets so hot, planes at Phoenix International Airport can't get

"IT'S JUST LIKE THE STOCK MARKET. THE LONGER YOU HOLD ON, THE MORE YOU HAVE TO LOSE."

shortly after the August floods. "I don't need three or four more pumps, I need 400 or 500 more."

At a certain point you have to ask: How long can New Orleans, a city already below sea level, keep pumping? Lianne Brown, director of evaluation and research at the Louisiana Public Health Institute, thinks about that a lot. She moved to New Orleans with her husband 30 years ago and raised two kids there. They bought a historic house in Bywater, a neighborhood by the river that is on slightly higher ground than most of the city, and so less susceptible to flooding. Nevertheless, Katrina had a big impact on how they think about life in New Orleans. "My husband and I talk about leaving more often now," Brown tells me. "We have really come to realize how vulnerable we are. We have more anxiety about rising seas and bigger storms. Hurricane season is six months long now – that's a lot of time to feel stress."

For Brown and her family, the big concern is the value of their home. "It's our one asset," she admits. "We are wondering if we should unload it and move away while it's still worth something." In part because she lives in a gentrifying neighborhood, the value of her home has doubled since Katrina. It's worth \$500,000 to \$600,000 now. "But my worry is, for how long?"

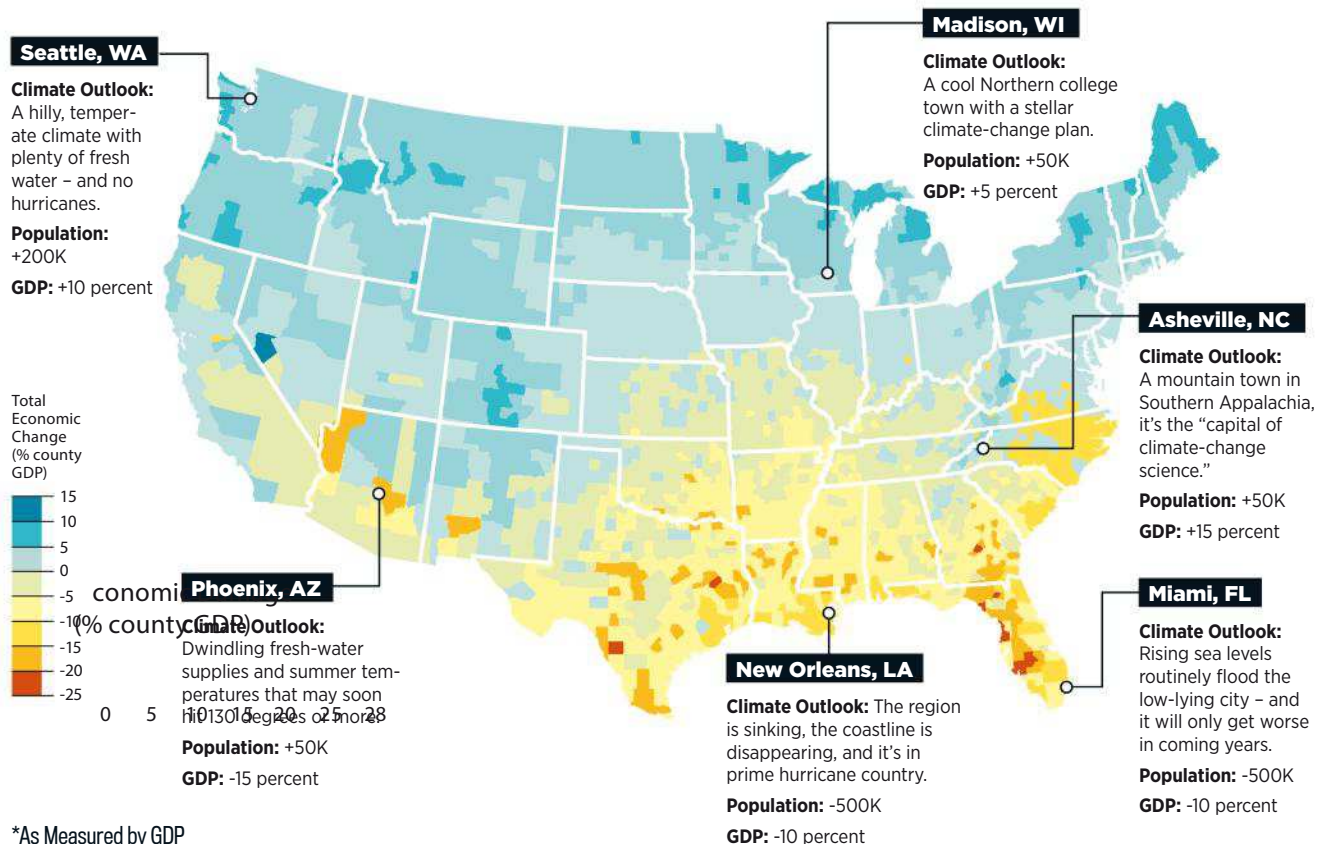
more to adapt to climate change.

It's a downward spiral for real estate that's very hard to reverse. "It's just like the dynamic in the stock market," says U.C. Berkeley's Hsiang. "The longer you hold on, the more you have to lose." And, in many cases, the regions of the country where climate-change denial is strongest, such as the Southeast, are exactly the regions where residents have the most to lose. "In many places, climate denial is going to turn out to have big economic consequences," Hsiang says.

Some cities and counties already feel the financial noose tightening. In Monroe County, Florida, which includes the entire Florida Keys, a recent study estimated 150 miles of roads need to be raised in the coming years to prevent flooding. Road-raising costs in Monroe County run as much as \$7 million a mile, potentially putting the overall price tag up to \$1 billion. In 2018, the budget for all road work and repair in the county was only \$25 million. At the same time, the longer places like Monroe County wait to adapt to rising seas, the more it will cost. Moody's Investor's Service, the influential credit-rating agency, recently announced that it will weigh climate risks when analyzing ratings for states and cities, thus making borrowing money more expensive for places that ignore climate risks.

The Winners and Losers of Climate Migration*

A look at the movement of wealth and people among American cities by 2080



enough lift under their wings to take off. Forests burst into flames, creating some of the worst wildfires in the nation. In the coming years, researchers expect Phoenix's temperatures to soar. Summer days above 122 degrees, the record high for the area, will become the norm, with the hottest days spiking above 134 degrees, the highest temperature ever recorded on Earth (Death Valley, California, in 1913).

In 2016, there were 150 deaths in Phoenix from excessive heat, hitting people of all ages: Rita Ortiz, 62, died of acute heat stress after the air conditioner in her apartment broke on a day when the temperature reached 108; Katilynn Taylor-Marie Daniel, a 14-year-old visiting Arizona from Washington state, went for a hike with her grandmother on a hot July day and died of heat exposure. “If there were an extended power outage during a hot summer spell, there could be dozens, even hundreds of fatalities,” says Gregg Garfin, a climatologist at the University of Arizona. In the urban areas of the city, temperatures are amplified by a phenomenon called the “urban-heat-island effect.” Concrete and asphalt absorb and radiate heat, turn-

ing the city into a kiln. Depending on the season, urban nighttime temperatures can be as much as 22 degrees hotter than the surrounding rural areas. City officials have launched a tree-planting campaign to increase shade, and designated air-conditioned spaces like community centers and firehouses as cooling refuges. These refuges work fine as emergency shelters during heat waves for people who can get to them, but many of the most vulnerable cannot.

Lack of water is another issue. Right now, Arizona gets 40 percent of its water from the Colorado River, 40 percent from groundwater, and the rest from smaller rivers and water recycling. Arizona's access to the Colorado River is particularly vulnerable, both from declining snowpack that feeds the river and for complex political and historical reasons – California has first dibs on water from the river, leaving Arizona subject to the ever-increasing demands of its western neighbor.

In Phoenix, city officials are not oblivious to what lies ahead. Water planners have made a big push for water efficiency – a typical household uses one-third less water than it did in 1990. They have nego-

tiated complex agreements to “bank” water in underground aquifers, and point out, accurately, that the city may end up recycling water – i.e., treating wastewater from toilets and other sources. They have also unveiled a campaign to “green” the city: The Phoenix City Council approved an ambitious new goal to reduce carbon pollution by 30 percent below 2012 levels by 2025, and a larger goal to achieve an 80 percent greenhouse-gas reduction by 2050, which allows Phoenix to exceed the requirements of the Paris Climate Accord. They passed an initiative to divert 40 percent of waste away from the landfill by 2020 and reach zero waste by 2050. The city is in the midst of replacing nearly 100,000 streetlights with energy-efficient LED lights.

Implicit in all of this is the notion that, however bad things get, Phoenix and the surrounding area will find ways to adapt. But in many cases, this is just another form of denial. One big factor is agriculture, which consumes about 70 percent of the water in Arizona. Especially problematic are water-intensive crops like alfalfa, which require up to 10 feet of water on the fields every year. At the same time, smaller Arizo-

na cities like Flagstaff and Prescott, which do not have access to the Colorado River, depend on fragile groundwater supplies; if they get pumped dry, those cities will have to import millions of gallons of water a day, or become ghost towns. "People have a lot of faith in adaptation," says Hsiang. "But when you go out and look at it in the real world, it's much less convincing. And it costs a lot, too." As Hsiang points out, if people walked around in air-conditioned spacesuits when the temperature soared to 130 degrees or higher in Arizona, they would have no trouble. "But who wants to live that way? And who can afford it?"

In Miami and other cities vulnerable to sea-level rise, there is much talk among architects and urban planners about sea walls and coastal barriers and floating houses. But in practice, it's much more

apolis, I met a homeless man who looked to be in his sixties outside the Arizona Center mall. He wore shorts and an old gray T-shirt. Sweat beaded on his forehead. "How are you doing in this heat?" I asked.

"I'm all right," he said. "If I get hot, I go sit in the mall until they throw me out."

He showed me a thermometer he has on his keychain. "I go in when it gets to 115."

"Pretty close to that now," I said.

He nodded. "Heat used to not bother me much. But it does now. I'm thinking of moving somewhere cooler. Ever been to Seattle?"

I told him I had.

"I hear it's nice, all green, lots of water," he said, looking out over hundreds of cars in the parking lot, sunlight glinting off their windshields. "Maybe someday I'll make it up there."

tween 2010 and 2016, the population grew about 7.4 percent, compared with 1 percent nationwide. "Construction is going crazy," says Tom Barr, an Asheville businessman who helps rebuild urban infrastructure around the country. "Realtors complain that they have no houses to sell."

Asheville also seemed like a good place to ride out climate change: lots of trees, water, a cool mountain climate (average summer temperature is about 82 degrees) and plenty of distance from rising seas. They know it's not immune to climate impacts: In 2004, back-to-back storms sent several feet of the Swannanoa River into a low-lying area of town; in 2016, after a drought, 60,000 acres burned in North Carolina, a good portion of these fires outside of Asheville. "No place is without risk," Kaplan says. "But in Asheville, the risks seem manageable."

Last year, the Kaplans bought a house in West Asheville, a hip, up-and-coming area. It's modest, close to the French Broad River, but up on a hill. Before they signed the papers, Jeff checked the elevation with Snapchat: The house was at

2,020 feet. "That ought to do us for a few centuries," he says.

Asheville is also the home of one of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's climate and weather data centers, which employ hundreds of climate scientists and data experts, as well as a nonprofit incubator of climate-related startups called the Collider. "We like to think of Asheville as the intellectual capital of climate science," says Josh Dorfman, a Collider board member. Most important for many new residents, however, is the feeling of protection by the rolling hills that surround the city. "You just feel safe here," one friend told me. "Of course, when the next big storm hits and everyone flees the Outer Banks and winds up here, it might feel more like a refugee camp."

Like Asheville, Flagstaff, Arizona, is seen by many as a refuge, a mountain retreat from the heat of Phoenix and Tucson. But it is also not immune to climate risks: It's surrounded by ponderosa forests that are prone to wildfires, and the city is dependent on a diminishing aquifer for drinking-water supplies. Nevertheless, Flagstaff has seen a boom in people from California and southern parts of the state. When I visited last fall, the mayor, Coral Evans, who grew up in a working-class neighborhood in Flagstaff, was worried about the influx. "In the coming years, we're likely going to have wealthier people, especially people who are living on the beach now in California and Florida, looking for new places to live when they get flooded out of where they live," Evans told

"TAMPA'S NOT GOING TO BE HERE IN 50 YEARS. HOW DO YOU PUT DOWN ROOTS IN A PLACE THAT WON'T EXIST?"

complex. Dan Gelber, the recently elected mayor of Miami Beach, has already slowed down a \$500 million project initiated by his predecessor to raise city streets and install pumping stations, in part because the project is so expensive, but also because residents are sick of living with ripped-up streets and traffic congestion. Longtime Miami Beach resident and political activist Dan Kipnis calls it "a populist rebellion" against the endless construction projects. Kipnis, who has been trying to sell his home in Miami Beach for more than a year, is sick of it too. "Somebody please get me out of here!" he e-mailed me recently.

Rather than struggle to adapt, it's often easier just to leave. Richard Hornbeck, a professor of economics at the University of Chicago who has studied the Dust Bowl extensively, argues that farmers in the 1930s could have adapted to changing conditions by planting different crops or shifting their fields to pastures for cattle or sheep. But they didn't. "There was inertia in staying with how things had always been done, and too much investment in certain kinds of farm machinery, for people to make the changes needed," says Hornbeck. Instead of adapting, many just headed to California.

Of course, some people are more mobile than others. As our world heats up, the line between those who can move to milder climates and those who are left behind will become increasingly stark. Not everyone has the cash to start over, or the fortitude to begin life again in a better place. Shortly after I helped Stevens pack up for Minne-

JEFF KAPLAN WAS SIX YEARS OLD, living in Kendall, Florida, just south of Miami, when Hurricane Andrew hit. "My dad and another guy held a mattress up against the door to keep it closed," he tells me. "Every time a window would blow out in the house, my mother would say, 'Oh, shit.'" But growing up in Florida, Kaplan thought hurricanes were just something you had to live with.

After graduating from the University of Florida, he found a job at a software-development firm and married his college sweetheart. They moved to St. Petersburg, where they rented a condo. "We intended to put down roots there," Kaplan says. They considered buying a house in Coffee Pot Bayou, a historic neighborhood near Tampa Bay, but it flooded so often that finding affordable insurance would have been nearly impossible. "We looked around St. Pete and saw the troubles they are already having with flooding," Kaplan explains, "and we realized that with rising seas, it's not going to be here in 50 years. How do you put down roots in a place that won't exist?"

They started thinking about other places to live, and settled on Asheville, North Carolina. Set at the edge of the Blue Ridge Mountains, Asheville (population 89,000) is an old railroad town known for good hiking, craft beer, a lively music scene and a mild climate. "When we were looking for a place to move, the choice was obvious," Kaplan says. Lots of other people apparently feel that way too. Buncombe County, where Asheville is located, is one of the fastest-growing counties in the East – be-



me. “When they go higher up and inland, are they going to displace the people who are there? I’m concerned about that. I’m concerned about the people who are going to get pushed out. Climate change is going to mean gentrification. And it’s going to mean inequity.”

In Miami, climate gentrification is already underway. Although most of Miami-Dade County is flat, there is some slightly higher ground downtown, as well as in historically African-American neighborhoods like Overtown. Jesse Keenan, a researcher on urban development and climate adaptation at Harvard’s Graduate School of Design, tracked the price-appreciation rate for 250,000 Miami-Dade properties over the past four decades. Keenan found that properties at high elevations have long appreciated faster, mostly due to nonclimate factors. However, since 2000, the correlation between elevation and price appreciation has grown more robust, which Keenan suggests is “early signaling” of preference for properties that may fare better during rising tides and climate change. Albert Slap, president and co-founder of Coastal Risk Consulting, a Fort Lauderdale-based firm that advises property owners on flood risks, has found a similar trend. “Property buyers are getting smarter,” Slap says. “They are moving to higher elevations, one foot at a time.”

WHILE I WAS IN ARIZONA, I STOPPED AT Canyon de Chelly National Monument, a sandstone canyon on the Navajo reser-

vation near the New Mexico border. This region of the Southwest, where humans have lived for more than 10,000 years, is one of the oldest continually inhabited places in the continental U.S. The Anasazi, an ancient Pueblo people, lived in the area for nearly 1,000 years. Then, in the 13th century, they vanished.

I toured the canyon with TJ Hunter, a Navajo guide who grew up nearby. There are no roads to speak of, just Jeep tracks on the banks of the river that runs through the bottom of the canyon. As we plowed along, Hunter pointed out the ruins of Anasazi dwellings high in the sandstone cliffs and spooky petroglyphs that are still visible on the canyon walls. Most anthropologists think drought, and perhaps the ancient equivalent of water wars with neighboring tribes, ended the Anasazi civilization. “The Navajo believe their spirits still live in the canyon,” Hunter says.

It seems absurd to compare the Anasazi ruins with a modern city like Phoenix. After all, we have iPhones, we have solar panels, we have all this great technology. But that may be a profound miscalculation, especially after you look at the damage Hurricane Harvey did to Houston, or the way that the California wildfires burned through areas no one thought were even at risk, or you wade through the streets of Miami Beach during high tide and try to imagine what the city will look


TROUBLE ON THE HORIZON

Thousands of families were forced to flee their homes in December after an unprecedented series of wildfires raged in Ventura, California.

like with six or seven feet of sea-level rise.

U.C. Berkeley’s Hsiang sometimes compares cities like Miami, Houston and Phoenix with Angkor Wat, the 12th-century city in what is now Cambodia. “At its

peak, Angkor Wat was the most technologically advanced city in the world,” he explains. “Their engineering skills were remarkable.” But despite all that prowess, when a mega-drought came, that was the end of their city. “Ten years before the drought hit, the people of Angkor Wat probably thought they were invincible,” Hsiang says. “They probably thought they were the biggest badasses on the planet.”

When I got back to Phoenix the next day, I couldn’t help but notice all the FOR SALE signs in suburban yards. President Trump was on the radio, talking about immigration reform, stoking fears of refugees and displaced people. By noon, the temperature had hit 110 degrees, and the sky was hazy with smoke from wildfires farther west. Hsiang’s work projects a near-total collapse of agricultural yields in the region, part of a decline from searing heat and drought that will reduce economic output by 25 percent. As I drove, I wondered if future humans – or human-like machines – would interpret the ruins of these shopping malls and car dealerships as 21st-century petroglyphs. What stories, if any, would they tell about the people who had once lived here? 

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DRAM · GOLDLINK · TASH SULTANA · ALVVAYS · WOLF ALICE · BELLY
FLIGHT FACILITIES · POND · TWO FEET · SIR SLY · A\$AP TWELVYY
LOU THE HUMAN · LOPHIILE · SLAVES (UK)

SATURDAY

TRAVIS SCOTT

JUNE 2

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THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM (PERFORMING *THE '59 SOUND*)
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JAPANDROIDS · KELELA · BROCKHAMPTON · LANY · THE MENZINGERS
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SUNDAY

EMINEM

JUNE 3

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Reviews

"I fight the world, I fight you,
I fight myself, I fight God.
Just tell me
How many burdens left."
—KENDRICK LAMAR, "Pray for Me"

Kendrick Flexes His Super-Powers

On the 'Black Panther' soundtrack, hip-hop's most important voice tries a new role: curator



Various Artists

Black Panther: Original Soundtrack

Top Dawg/Aftermath/Interscope

★★★★

BY JODY ROSEN

It's not every day that the marketing machinations of a multi-billion-dollar Walt Disney subsidiary align with the utopian imagination of the black artistic vanguard. But we live in strange times. Thus does *Black Panther*, the latest entry in the Marvel superhero movie franchise, arrive amid *Star Wars*-level hype. The *Black Panther* soundtrack album has been nearly as feverishly anticipated as the film, and no wonder: It is helmed by another improbable straddler of cultural categories, Kendrick Lamar, A-list pop star and Black Lives Matter-era protest poet nonpareil.

It's tempting to compare *Black Panther* to Curtis Mayfield's *Superfly* and Marvin Gaye's *Trouble Man*, classic blaxploitation soundtracks that channeled the social consciousness and sonic adventurousness of early-Seventies soul. But the



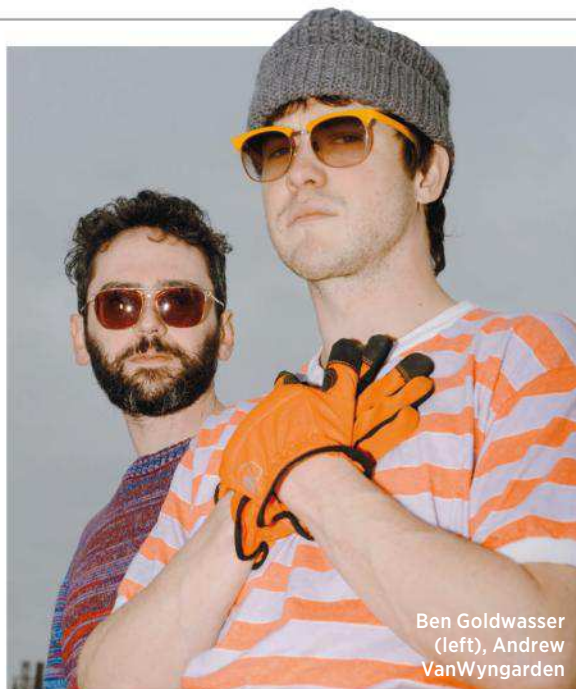
Reviews

analogy is imprecise. Lamar co-executive-produced the album, has writing credits on all 14 tracks and appears throughout. His main job, though, is a definitively 21st-century one: musical curator. Lamar corrals old friends from L.A. (Schoolboy Q, Ab-Soul), Southern-rap hit-makers (Future, Travis Scott), new-soul leading lights (the Weeknd, Anderson .Paak), as well as musicians from Africa.

The *Black Panther* saga has strong feminist overtones – its hero, King T'Challa, is aided and goaded by a corps of female warriors called the Dora Milaje – and some of the best moments on the soundtrack train the spotlight on women. Lamar partners with SZA in the plaintive “All the Stars”; in “I Am,” the English singer Jorja Smith wraps her rasp around a fractured torch ballad. There is lots of excellent rapping on *Black Panther*, but the most startling bars belong to Yugen Blakrok, a female MC from Johannesburg, who gets a feature alongside Vince Staples on “Opps” and outshines the headliner, no mean feat.

Most of the album is co-produced by Lamar's longtime comrade Sounwave, whose work here is bleak, beautiful, propulsive and spacious – a sci-fi sound for an Afro-futurist fable. Above all, *Black Panther* is an affirmation of Lamar's powers, a fascinating entry in a discography that is inarguably the decade's deepest. *Black Panther*'s comic-book mythology is goofy, but it resonates with Lamar's own favorite themes. Like King T'Challa, King Kendrick grapples with the burdens and blessings of an exalted perch: Uneasy lies the head.

Perhaps the most touching song on the album is also the most gauche, the closer, “Pray for Me,” in which Lamar pours out angst and bromides between schlocky refrains sung by the Weeknd. “I fight the world, I fight you, I fight myself/I fight God, just tell me how many burdens left.” At such moments, Lamar is something grander than a superhero: heroically human. **CD**



Ben Goldwasser (left), Andrew VanWyngarden

MGMT Get Back to Their Old School

The wry psych-poppers deliver a set of bright tunes with funny anti-phone lyrics

MGMT *Little Dark Age*

Columbia ★★★★★½



You can never go home again, especially when home is your college dorm room. On hits like “Kids” and “Electric Feel,” from their 2008 debut, *Oracular Spectacular*, the studio scientists of MGMT mixed pokerfaced irony, lightly exotic sonics and neohippie whimsy to help make indie pop a brighter place – pretty good for stuff they dreamed up while still students at Wesleyan University. But their next two albums – 2010's *Congratulations* and 2013's *MGMT* – were space-rock detours that eluded their fans.

MGMT are back to their roots on their fourth album, with concise tunes built from cushy keyboard beats and kiting melodies. *Little Dark Age* does a great job evoking the fizzy, dizzy New Wave psychedelia that made them surprise stars. “Me and Michael” and “James” luxuriate in open-hearted Eighties-synth romanticism. “One Thing Left to Try” is the only song that's about as catchy as their early high points. But there's a welcome new wrinkle: “She Works Out Too Much” and “TSLMP” (a.k.a. “time spent looking at my phone”) are funny, bemusedly cranky parodies of screen-obsessed solipsism. A more self-serious band might deliver that message with dour urgency. MGMT do it with a wry wink, making ironic detachment seem like a totally acceptable way to keep yourself from going nuts in 2018. **JON DOLAN**



Dashboard Confessional

Crooked Shadows

Fueled by Ramen

★★★★

The prince of emo proves he can cut it in today's pop world

A lot has happened in the 15 years since Dashboard Confessional propelled strummy, perpetually wounded boyhood drama to gold-record status. But Chris Carrabba is still true to the scene – “I'm always gonna be/About us,” he sings on the first Dashboard LP since 2009. These songs dress up his triumphant builds and throttled breakdowns in contemporizing pop touches. “About Us” can sidle next to Imagine Dragons in any playlist, and “Belong” is the sort of song you write when you see Shawn Mendes eating the lunch you packed back when he was larval. **JESSICA HOPPER**



The Breeders

All Nerve 4AD

★★★★

Alt-rock greats bring the drama on a sublime return

The first LP in 10 years by the classic Breeders lineup – led by singer-songwriter Kim Deal and her guitarist sister, Kelley – is everything one could hope for. Kim's vocals and the twins' guitars prowl and growl with grace and ferocity, creating fraught anticipation (“Nervous Mary,” “Walking With the Killer”) and a sputtery punk spark (“Wait in the Car,” “Howl at the Summit”), while the rhythm section noticeably deepens the record's sense of drama. Kim suffuses songs like the gorgeous “Spacewoman” with a lifetime's worth of heartache and alienation. You won't know whether to gasp or cry. *All Nerve* is a sublime return. **CHARLES AARON**



Belle and Sebastian

How to Solve Our Human Problems Matador

★★★★½

Scottish indie poppers bring wistful tunes and left-field moves

Belle and Sebastian might not be able to solve all our problems. But they can handle the ones that involve a lack of witty, tuneful indie pop. This 15-track set, originally released as three separate EPs, offers a tasting menu of their strengths – from “Show Me the Sun,” a glammed-up throwback about faith and doubt, to the Sixties pop of “Best Friend.” They even throw in a few surprises, like the drum ‘n’ bass ‘n’ pedal-steel romp “We Were Beautiful,” which works way better than it ought to.

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON



Caitlyn Smith

Starfire Monument Records

★★★★

Nashville pro/Wilco fan grabs her chance to break out

Caitlyn Smith, a 31-year-old singer-songwriter who’s penned hits for Meghan Trainor and Lady Antebellum, among others, steps out on her own with this excellent debut. Her voice is as big and versatile as any of the Nashville stars she’s worked with. On “St. Paul,” she sings about being 17 and driving to the city from her native Cannon Falls, Minnesota (“listening to the same three Wilco tracks”), and the acoustic “This Town Is Killing Me” surveys early-career struggles, including missing her grandfather’s funeral because she had to tour.

JON DOLAN



Palm

Rock Island Carpark Records

★★★★½

Philly oddball-pop crew’s confusing, catchy gems

Pulling candy-coated melodies, stop-start rhythms and contorted riffs into a cohesive, catchy whole isn’t easy. But this Philadelphia band makes it work. Palm’s second album is an avant-pop gem that channels the exploratory spirit of the Elephant 6 Collective’s most out-there offerings into shape-shifting songs that keep their hooks front and center. On the highlight “Heavy Lifting,” vocalist-guitarists Eve Alpert and Kasra Kurt accentuate their sweet harmonies, then fully take over and wring a dance party out of the chaos.

MAURA K. JOHNSTON



Brian Fallon

Sleepwalkers Island

★★★★

Roots-rock good guy grows up without getting soft

The former Gaslight Anthem frontman’s recent solo forays have been rootsy and quieter than his band’s New Jersey punk rock. His new one negotiates Gaslight’s Springsteen-meets-Clash uplift and a more eclectic sense of history (see “Etta James” or the Motown-steeped “If Your Prayers Don’t Get to Heaven”). Brian Fallon, 38, stares down maturity on the acoustic “See You on the Other Side,” and if his somewhat generic writing can’t always keep up with heroically growled vocals, his big heart is always undeniably in the right place. J.D.

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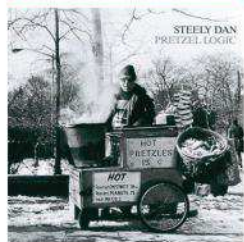
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Steely Dan: The Guide

Ranking every studio LP by the Seventies' most sophisticated band – from sardonic hits to lush jazz fantasias. By Jon Dolan

MUST-HAVES



Pretzel Logic

1974

Walter Becker and Donald Fagen were symbiotic buddies who met as students at Bard College during the late Sixties, hitting it off over a shared love of jazz, Bob Dylan and post-modern humor writers like Kurt Vonnegut and John Barth. Within a few years, they'd emerge as the most sophisticated rock band of the Seventies. "We'd work on music and lyrics together, inventing characters, adding musical and verbal jokes, polishing the arrangements, smoking Turkish cigarettes," Fagen once recalled. Their third LP, *Pretzel Logic*, is the near-perfect realization of their beautifully strange rock & roll ideal: "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" built an FM smash out of a piano bit from bop great Horace Silver, and there are loving tributes to Charlie Parker and Duke Ellington. But the album's power lies in the way they balance the cynicism of modern-L.A. noir like "With a Gun" and the sentimental beauty of "Any Major Dude Will Tell You."



Katy Lied

1975

Steely Dan tried to be a band in their early days, but by 1975 Becker and Fagen's perfectionism had scared off everyone but the most seasoned session warriors. The sleek surfaces shimmer on *Katy Lied*. But it's the concise grandeur of songs like "Bad Sneakers" and "Doctor Wu" that gives this very moving album its resonance. The high point: "Black Friday," a boogieing image of stock-market apocalypse.



Aja

1977

The golden peak of Steely Dan's studio obsessiveness (they'd stopped playing live years earlier). The groove on "Black Cow" is so smooth you could do lines off it, and "Deacon Blues" is an ode to mythic loserdom worthy of Kerouac. For a companion piece, YouTube the VHI *Classic Albums* episode about the LP, where Becker

and Fagen make fun of all the guitar solos they rejected for "Peg" before punching up Jay Graydon's Hawaiian-tinged killer.

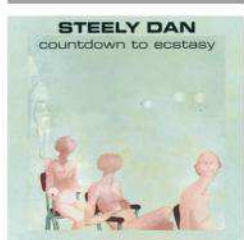
GOING DEEPER



Can't Buy a Thrill

1972

The Dan were still figuring it out on their debut, handing over some of the singing to flaxen-voiced hippie David Palmer. But triumphs abound, like the sardonically wistful "Brooklyn," certainly the first rock song ever to reference golf in its lyrics.



Countdown to Ecstasy

1973

Opening with the bloody-dagger piano swing of "Bodhisattva," the

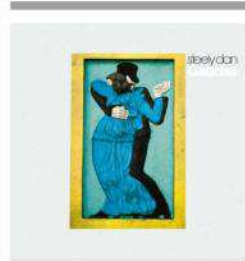
second Dan LP is their darkest, full of razor boys, showbiz kids and, on "Pearl of the Quarter," a hooker with a heart of glass. Even the bright hit "My Old School" ends up being about a college drug bust. Bummer.



The Royal Scam

1976

The grooves got a little too stretched out on the band's fifth album, and the tunes a little too thin. But there are whole movies inside the drug-dealer odyssey "Kid Charlemagne" and "Sign in Stranger," a Western set in outer space.

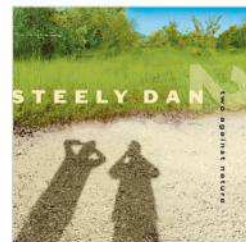


Gaucho

1980

For their last LP before a 19-year layoff, Becker and Fagen labored endlessly, turning the studio into an operating room. But even that antiseptic malaise can't quash the yacht-y grace of "Babylon Sisters" and "Hey Nineteen."

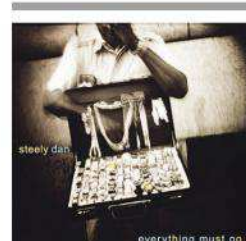
FURTHER LISTENING



Two Against Nature

2000

After their long and restorative hiatus, Steely Dan came back, not quite as great as their Seventies peaks, but still able to make a line like "I'm sizzling like an isotope/ I'm on fire" feel sweet to hum between lonely sips of Cuervo Gold.



Everything Must Go

2003

Their final album stared down death ("The Last Mall") and divorce ("Things I Miss the Most") with tasty resignation. And "Slang of Ages" features a rare, surly vocal from Becker, who passed away last year. RIP to the god.

By Peter Travers

The New Shape of Oscar

Time's up for actresses playing victims as female warriors take the lead on Oscar night

Best Picture

- ▶ Call Me by Your Name
- ▶ Darkest Hour
- ▶ Dunkirk
- ▶ Get Out
- ▶ Lady Bird
- ▶ Phantom Thread
- ▶ The Post
- ▶ The Shape of Water
- ▶ Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri

CHRISTOPHER NOLAN'S DAZZLING *Dunkirk* should have been a lock, with Jordan Peele's *Get Out* and Greta Gerwig's *Lady Bird* leading the indie youth charge. Now the innovators are out. And gay romance (*Call Me by Your Name*) seems so last year, when *Moonlight* won. With sexual predators on the prowl, Academy voters will want to honor a film that fist-bumps a strong woman. #TimesUp.

FAVORITE: *The Shape of Water*. Guillermo del Toro's tale of a mute cleaning lady (Sally Hawkins) fighting government pigs in the name of forbidden love has all the elements, plus a leading 13 nominations.

SPOILER: *Three Billboards*. Martin McDonagh did not win a directing nod, which hurts his film's odds. But Frances McDormand, as a mother seeking justice for her murdered child, strikes a chord.

Best Actor

- ▶ **Timothée Chalamet**
Call Me by Your Name
- ▶ **Daniel Day-Lewis**
Phantom Thread
- ▶ **Daniel Kaluuya** Get Out



And the Envelope, Please

Above: *The Shape of Water* leads the Oscar race, with Hawkins as a mute janitor who finds the ideal man in an underwater creature. Left: *Three Billboards* stars McDormand as a mother who takes on the law and an abusive patriarchy.

- ▶ **Gary Oldman** Darkest Hour
- ▶ **Denzel Washington**
Roman J. Israel, Esq.

MANY THINK THAT ACADEMY voters, with the force of #TimesUp, denied James Franco (*The Disaster Artist*) a nom due to allegations of sexual misconduct.

FAVORITE: Oldman. As Winston Churchill, the 59-year-old crowned his career with a portrayal that should finally win an elusive Oscar for an actor who should have a full shelf by now. **SPOILER:** Chalamet, the 22-year-old who scores a breakthrough as a teen in the throes of first love. Too young to win? His final scene alone is an acting tour de force that the veterans in his category might envy.

Best Actress

- ▶ **Sally Hawkins** The Shape of Water
- ▶ **Frances McDormand**
Three Billboards
- ▶ **Margot Robbie** I, Tonya
- ▶ **Saoirse Ronan** Lady Bird
- ▶ **Meryl Streep** The Post

STREEP, 21 TIMES NOMINATED, takes on first-timer Robbie. It's a third try for Ronan, 23.

FAVORITE: McDormand. She plays a mad-as-hell mom, brilliantly defining a year in which women battled a rigged system. **SPOILER:** Hawkins. As a mute janitor, the Brit actress didn't have words to take on the patriarchy. The fire's in her eyes.

Best Supporting Actor

- ▶ **Willem Dafoe** The Florida Project
- ▶ **Woody Harrelson**
Three Billboards
- ▶ **Richard Jenkins** The Shape of Water
- ▶ **Christopher Plummer** All the Money in the World
- ▶ **Sam Rockwell**
Three Billboards

PLUMMER WINS POINTS FOR replacing the disgraced Kevin Spacey. Still...

FAVORITE: Rockwell. Some argue that he makes the racist cop he plays too sympathetic. Nonsense. He's flawless.

SPOILER: Dafoe. An iconic film villain uncovers his heart in *The Florida Project* and quietly (maybe too quietly for Oscar) breaks all of ours.

Best Supporting Actress

- ▶ **Mary J. Blige** Mudbound
- ▶ **Allison Janney** I, Tonya
- ▶ **Lesley Manville**
Phantom Thread
- ▶ **Laurie Metcalf** Lady Bird
- ▶ **Octavia Spencer** The Shape of Water

BLIGE TURNED DOWN THE heat to play *Mudbound*'s good mother. Still, the race belongs to two moms who turned it up.

FAVORITE: Janney. Could anyone else have mustered the searing comic ferocity to show humanity in Tonya Harding's mother from hell?

SPOILER: Metcalf. The push-pull tension a mother feels for the daughter she loves and infuriates finds hilarious and heartfelt expression in a perfect Metcalf performance – celebrating a bond between women essential to navigating a world of men. Talk about timely. **RT**

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CHADWICK BOSEMAN

[Cont. from 37] says Marvel's Feige. "It's a tremendous gift that he has."

The wunderkind's previous two movies – 2013 Sundance darling *Fruitvale Station*, about the killing of Oscar Grant, an unarmed black man shot in the back by police while facedown on an Oakland subway platform; and 2015's *Rocky* reboot, *Creed*, about a young boxer who grows up in juvenile detention and learns to channel his anger in the ring – were both critical and box-office hits, leaving little doubt Coogler was up to the challenge. But Jordan, who starred in both of those films, says it was still "surreal" being on the set of a \$200 million movie with the same director who, five years ago, was shooting a \$900,000 indie with, as Jordan puts it, "some duct tape and one camera."

"Every so often, we'd be setting up the next shot," Jordan says, "standing off to the side, just the two of us like, 'Man, this shit's crazy!'"

For his part, Coogler has said he was too stressed to really enjoy it. "But every day, you'd see something and be like, 'Jesus. I'm really doing this.'"

Coogler has said *Black Panther* is the most personal film he's ever made – which seems unlikely, until he explains.

"I don't know if you've ever listened to James Cameron talk about how he made *Titanic*?" he says. "I've heard interviews with him, and he made *Titanic* because he wanted to explore the ocean. What he was really passionate about was deep-sea diving and finding underwater wrecks, and he looked at *Titanic* as an opportunity to do that, get paid and maybe get a movie out of it. He got this incredibly successful movie as a result of one guy's curiosity."

Coogler's *Black Panther* is about many things: family, responsibility, fathers and sons, the power of badass women. Immigration, borders, refugees. What it means to be black. What it means to be African. What it means to be a citizen of the world.

But it's also a movie about America – the America of mandatory-minimum sentencing and the trans-Atlantic slave trade. It's about how, in one character's words, "leaders have been assassinated, communities flooded with drugs." And it's about – in the haunting last words of another character – "my ancestors that jumped from the ships, because they knew death was better than bondage."

When Coogler was growing up in Oakland, his father worked at a juvenile hall in San Francisco. "It's called YGC – Youth Guidance Center," Coogler says. "It's where minors are incarcerated. And it's shitty."

When Coogler turned 21, he got a job there too. "Frisco is a city that's predominantly white and Asian," he says. "But you

go in there, and all you see is black and Hispanic kids. You'd see them facing an extended [sentence] that doesn't make sense. Or you get family-visit day and see their family: 'Oh, man. *That's* what these kids go back to? These kids don't have a shot.'"

Some of the issues Coogler started grappling with at YGC would become themes of his first two movies: broken families, over-policing and over-incarceration, the dearth of opportunities for young black men. They also show up in *Black Panther*. Mainly it's through the character of Jordan's Killmonger, an abandoned member of the Wakandan royal family who grew up orphaned in Oakland and became a Navy SEAL-turned-black-ops-assassin. He returns to his ancestral country to unseat T'Challa from the throne, as well as use Wakanda's riches and weapons to spark an international racial uprising. "Where I'm from, when black folks started revolutions, they never had the firepower or the resources to fight their oppressors," he says at one point. His plan is to arm people of color worldwide, "so they can rise up and kill those in power."

Jordan, like Boseman, drew from real-life figures for Killmonger: Malcolm X, Marcus Garvey, Huey P. Newton, Fred Hampton, Tupac Shakur. "This young black man from Oakland, growing up in systemic oppression, not having his mom and dad around, going to foster care, being a part of this system," Jordan says. "With [Killmonger] being African-American like myself, I understood his rage, and how he could get to the point where he had to do what he had to do, by any means necessary."

For Boseman, Killmonger and T'Challa are two sides of the same coin. Not quite Malcolm and Martin – because T'Challa is down to fight, too – but something similar. Radical versus diplomat, revolutionary versus peacemaker. "Those ideas, that conflict – I've been having that conversation almost my whole life," he says. "But it's never actually happened on a stage where you can hear it. So the fact that we get to have that conversation, and you get to hear it – and have to deal with it? That's what makes this movie very different."

In other words, enjoy your black-superhero movie. But be prepared to reckon with more than 500 years of systematic oppression, too.

"A lot of people bought tickets," Boseman says, grinning. "But they're not really expecting *that*."

AFTER A LONG DAY OF PROMO, Boseman is winding down at the Dime, a hip-hop cocktail bar near West Hollywood. He's with Logan Coles, his writing partner and close friend from Howard, and Addison Henderson, his

friend and trainer. They're here to celebrate: In addition to the movie, Coles' lady is eight months pregnant with their first child. "She's about to pop," Boseman says. He raises his glass of tequila: "To new life!"

While the DJ spins Tupac and Nas, they huddle in a banquet and plot what's next. We'll certainly see more of Black Panther this summer, when he'll team with Captain America to defend the world against an alien invasion in *Avengers: Infinity War*. But Boseman seems most excited to get back to writing. He and Coles are about to start work on a screenplay about a minister and anti-gang activist from Boston, whom Boseman hopes to play. They're also fine-tuning a script they wrote called *Expatriate*, about a 1970s airline hijacking, which Oscar winner Barry Jenkins (*Moonlight*) has already signed on to direct.


Boseman has a lot he wants to do. "There's a plethora of stories in our culture that haven't been told, because Hollywood didn't believe they were viable," he says. "It would be cool to see slices of history that you haven't seen with African figures. Like Africans in Europe – the Moors in Spain. Or if you go to Portugal, they have statues of black people all over the place. So not only have we been here," Boseman says, "but we've directly affected everything that you *think* is European."

"It's remarkable, man," Coles says. "I remember sitting in a coffee shop in Bed-Stuy, and we might have had enough money for two coffees. But we knew the homeboy that owned the place, they'd bring us soup, and we'd be there until night working on scripts. We never imagined superhero stuff."

The waitress delivers more shots, and Boseman proposes another toast. "To seeing the movie," he says. "And to knowing that it's good!"

Before we part ways, Boseman has had a change of heart. He's talking about the Oxford trip – the celebrity who gave Rashad money. "After we got back, we got a benefactor letter," he says. "Denzel paid for me."

Yes, that Denzel. "I'm sure he has no idea," says Boseman. "It was random." He wrote him a letter when he found out – "I couldn't wait to write my thank-you letter!" – but unless Washington is a hoarder or has a photographic memory, there's no reason to think he remembers an unknown college kid from 20 years ago. "I've been waiting to meet him, so I can tell him."

There's a reason he didn't want to tell me before. "You never want to make someone feel like they owe you something else," he says. "They've already given you whatever it is they were supposed to give you. But I realized this morning that I've gotten to a point where nobody would think that." He smiles. "I don't need any more help." 

George Clinton

The Parliament-Funkadelic legend on the essence of funk, the death of doo-wop and how to find great musicians

Who are the funkier people who ever lived?

When I'm just tryna funk, it's gonna be the Staple Singers, man – Pop Staples. And Ray Charles. Ray could take “Eleanor Rigby” and make *that* funky. He ends up doing that to anything – to me, that's raw funk. And then [Motown session bassist] James Jamerson – that is a *musician*.

And who is the least funky person alive?

Oh, my God! [Laughs] Probably Trump. Can't be no funk in the Trump! [Pauses] He ain't gonna like that.

Where did the idea of “free your mind and your ass will follow” come from? And do you stand by the advice?

I think I was just saying it as a stream of consciousness, you know? But as I get older, I see it as the same thing as “Let go and use the Force, Luke.” If your head ain't right, everything you try to fix is going to be messed up, 'cause your brain is what you need to fix it.

Same idea as “Maggot Brain,” really.

Yeah, same thing! Same thing. If you got maggots in your brain, everything you think is gonna be rotten.

What advice would you give your younger self?

Stop looking for anything else to be LSD. If you knew that it was never gonna be like that first hit, you could've stopped a long time ago.

So you never regretted LSD?

As soon as Woodstock happened, LSD was over. It became commercial, \$5 a tab. Then that mind-manipulation thing it did became dangerous because *anybody* could program your ass when you're on it.

How do you feel about white artists doing black music?

I'd bite off the Beatles, or anybody else. It's all one world, one planet and one groove. You're supposed to learn from each other, blend from each other, and it moves around like that. You see that rocket ship leave yesterday? We can maybe *leave* this planet. We gonna be dealing with aliens. You think black and white gonna be a problem? Wait till you start running into motherfuckers with three or four dicks! Bug-eyed motherfuckers! They could be ready to party, or they could be ready to eat

Clinton and P-Funk are touring and working on an LP.

us. We don't know, but we've got to get over this shit of not getting along with each other.

You and Bootsy Collins had an alien encounter, right?

Yeah, and we wasn't high. A light hit the car, and a substance like mercury out of the thermometer rolled up the side of the car. **Liquid metal that moved, like in *Terminator 2*?**

That's *exactly* what it looked like.

How have you been able to find such consistently great musicians over the years?

They usually be out of the box, but still appealing. Somebody you can't control, or won't do it normal.

I learned that anything that get on your nerves – the parents don't like, the old musicians don't like, and kids seem to be liking it – that's usually the shit.

But you then have to learn how to balance it. It can't go *all* up into the crazy, 'cause that's what you're flirting with.

Parliament came from your doo-wop quartet, the Parliaments. You've said when doo-wop was dying, you were sad but excited to see what was next, right?

Even though I loved the Fifties doo-wop, you couldn't hold on to it. You had to change, or you was gon' be antique real quick, like the Ink Spots. And then we were at Motown and you had the Rolling Stones, simple rock & roll became the new thing. So we turned the volume up and got slick, almost jazzy musicians – Maceo Parker, Fred Wesley, Bootsy playing simple, but making it smooth and brand-new – with the concept of clones or whatever we was talking about.

Are you optimistic or pessimistic about the future of this country?

I'm optimistic about it, because whatever happened, that's the way it's supposed to be. If He did it, He did it *all*. You just have to figure your way how to dance your way out of your constriction. And pray, have faith and all that shit.

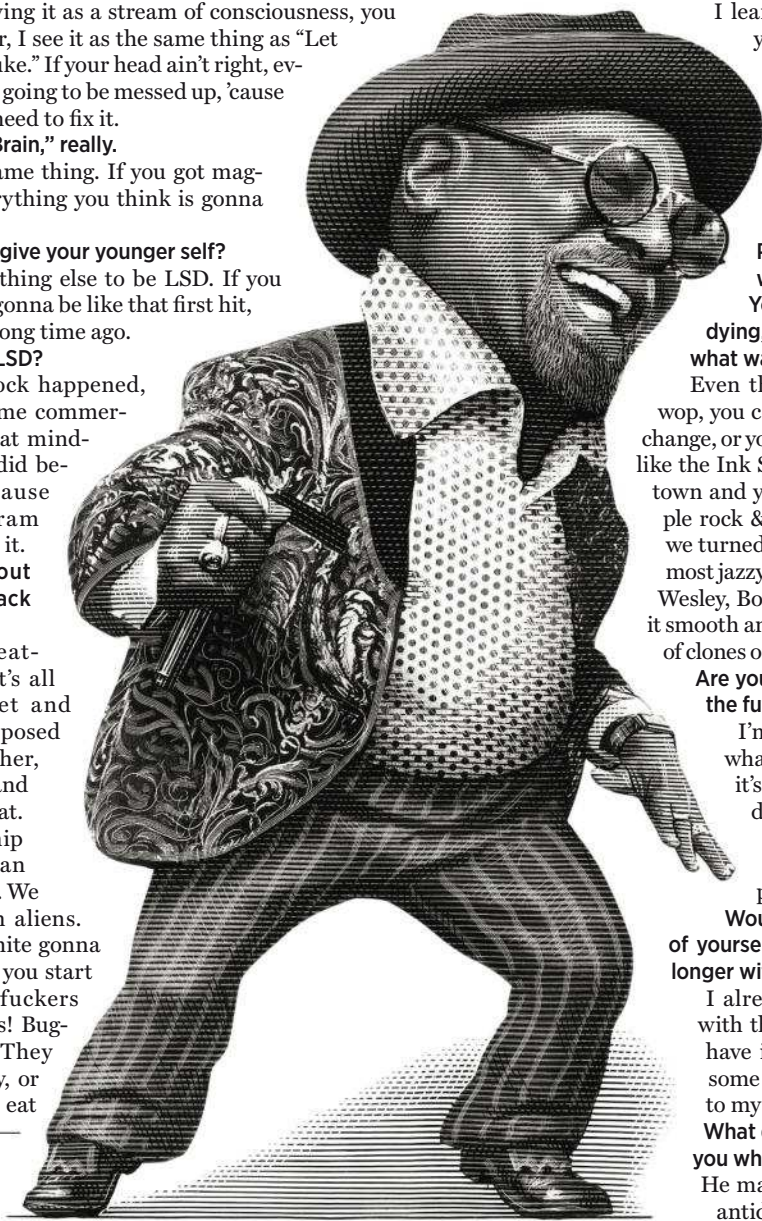
Would you be cool with a hologram of yourself going on tour after you're no longer with us?

I already made a hologram. I did it with the whole band. Maybe they can have it start performing in Vegas or some shit. I wanted to give something to my family.

What do you want people to say about you when you're gone?

He made me sick, but he gave me the antidote.

INTERVIEW BY BRIAN HIATT





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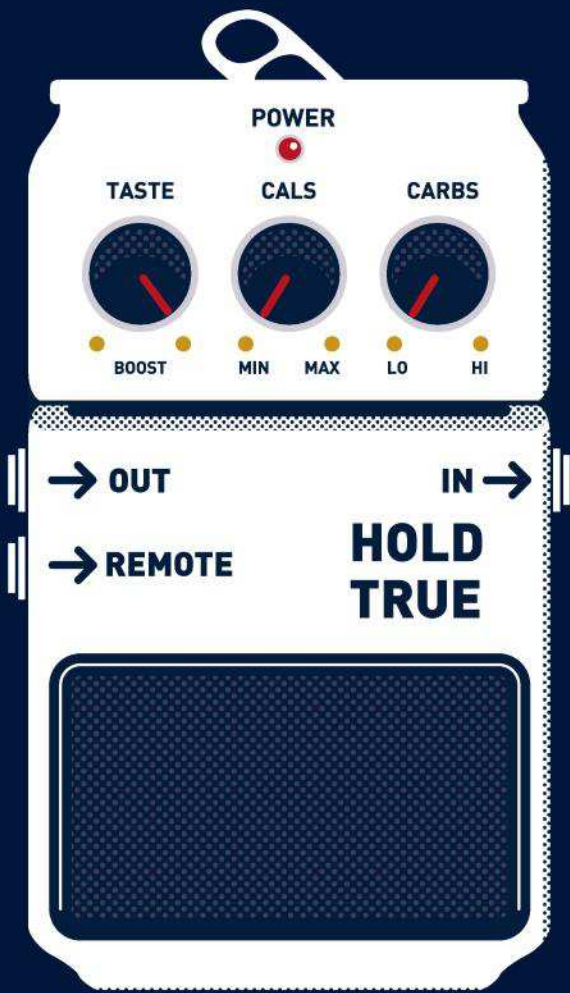
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