

VANITY FAIR

The SHOOTING STAR *and* THE MODEL

INSIDE *the*
OSCAR PISTORIUS MURDER CASE:
What PATHS TOOK *the* COUPLE to *That* FINAL NIGHT?



MARK ZUCKERBERG AND KEVIN SYSTROM:
What REALLY HAPPENED
When FACEBOOK BOUGHT INSTAGRAM

JUNE 2013

CHOUETTE INSTAGRAMS!
The GLAMOROUS, JET-SET LIFESTYLE of
KARL LAGERFELD'S PAMPERED CAT *in* PICTURES





OSCAR PISTORIUS

Posing for a photograph at his home on August 15, 2011 in Pretoria, South Africa

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The sale of **INSTAGRAM** to Facebook for a cool **BILLION** in the spring of 2012 was the ultimate Silicon Valley fairy tale: 18 months from launch to offer. But, for co-founder and C.E.O. Kevin Systrom, it was more of a roller-coaster ride, with several missed opportunities, at least two “aha” moments, and one major reboot. Photograph by Jonas Fredwall Karlsson.

ET CETERA

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A HOTEL IN TEXAS, AND ONE IN D.C.

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A HOTEL IN TEXAS, AND ONE IN D.C.

It's a staple not only of brainteasers but also of classic detective fiction: the "locked room" mystery. A crime—generally a murder—has taken place in a secure enclosure. There are few clues and no ready solution. It's the sort of story that has long intrigued *Vanity Fair's* Mark Bowden. When he was at *The Philadelphia Inquirer* years ago, he specialized in juicy crime mysteries—"dirtball" stories, as they were called at the paper. Reporters competed to get the best ones, if only because they were often billed over the masthead of the Sunday edition. Don't let a throwaway description fool you: in the hands of a writer like Bowden, "dirtballs" are pure pleasure. In the December 2010 *VF*, he reported "The Case of the Vanishing Blonde," which told the story of a young woman who was abducted from a hotel room in Florida. She was found miles away—raped, savagely beaten, and left for dead. And yet the hotel's surveillance system recorded no evidence of her having left her room. In case you missed the story and its conclusion, it's on our Web site, at vf.com.



Mark's article centered on the work of a Florida-based freelance detective, Ken Brennan, a former Long Island cop and D.E.A. agent with a "voice that sounds like it's strained through a cubic yard of gravel." He also has a passion for tight, shiny shirts, gold jewelry, and the glories of a mashie niblick. Brennan can be pried off the golf course only when a truly knotty and mystifying unsolved crime is placed before him. A Louisiana woman named Susie Fleniken read Bowden's "Vanishing Blonde" story and tracked down Brennan to tell him about her own unsolved mystery.

As Bowden recounts in "The Body in Room 348," beginning on page 164, Fleniken's husband, Greg, had died mysteriously in a Beaumont, Texas, hotel room in 2010. He had been lounging peacefully on the bed one night, eating a Reese's Crispy Crunchy bar, smoking a Merit, and watching *Iron Man 2*, when his life suddenly came to an end. The next morning, he was found lying on the floor of his locked room, the cigarette still between his fingers. There were no signs of forced entry, no sign of struggle or robbery, and no evidence of external trauma. The local police first attributed his death to natural causes. But when the autopsy revealed signs of severe internal damage, consistent with a beating, the medical examiner ruled the death a homicide. The police conducted a painstaking investigation, but couldn't figure out precisely how he had died or who had killed him.

Brennan flew to Beaumont, and with the help of the local cops he retraced every step of the investigation. I certainly won't give away the details of the mystery, or the conclusion, but I'll venture a few observations. First, Mark spins a true-crime yarn like no

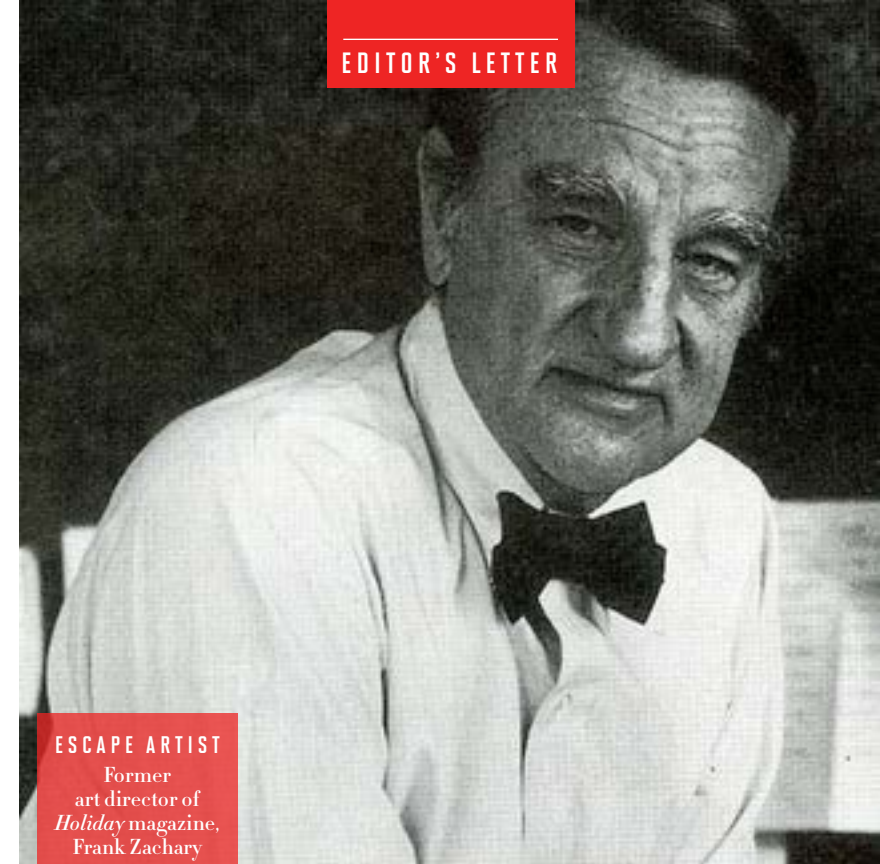
one else. Second, if you're ever faced with the criminally inexplicable, give Brennan a call. And finally, if I were a TV-network executive, I'd get the incomparable Dennis Farina to play Ken in a detective series called *Brennan*.

It has been four decades since President Richard Nixon delivered his first address to the nation on the subject of Watergate—the scandal that ultimately ended his presidency. It was a dark moment in the country's history, and no one knows this better than the four men who gathered recently inside *The Washington Post's* newsroom for a *Vanity Fair* photo shoot with Annie Leibovitz: the paper's dashing former executive editor, Ben Bradlee; the *Post's* reporting duo of Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein; and filmmaker Robert Redford, who, with director Alan J. Pakula and screenwriter William Goldman, adapted Woodward and Bernstein's book *All the President's Men* into the 1976 movie of the same name, in which Redford played Woodward opposite Dustin Hoffman's Bernstein. The four—Bradlee, Woodward, Bernstein, and Redford—re-united in the *Post* newsroom to mark Redford's upcoming Discovery Channel documentary, *All the President's Men Revisited*, an exploration of Watergate's enduring influence on media and politics.

Another pillar of American journalism, former *NBC Nightly News* anchor Tom Brokaw, was in Washington in the 1970s too, reporting from the front lines as the administration's cover-up was gradually brought to light. He salutes the Watergate quartet—"the men who gave us indelible memories of Watergate in fact and on the big screen"—in his Spotlight, "Once upon a Time in Washington," on page 154. Redford's original movie, Brokaw writes, cemented "an enduring and stylish memory of journalism's highest calling." And, he reminds us, Watergate reporting and Watergate moviemaking took place "without gunshots, special effects, Google search engines, or Twitter"—or even a face-to-face confrontation for that matter. I remember Woodward once telling me that throughout their investigation and its aftermath neither he nor Bernstein ever saw Nixon in the flesh.

Kurt Eichenwald's "Microsoft's Lost Decade" (*VF*, August 2012) received a ton of attention for its depiction of a software behemoth that was mired in bureaucracy and infighting even as it slipped into the shadows of Silicon Valley rivals it had once dominated. I expected a similar but updated story line when I sent Eichenwald out to Menlo Park, California, to cover Facebook. I expected him to find a young company that had experienced historic, explosive growth but that had also lost its way. Facebook had just been through a famously botched public offering, with Wall Street analysts predicting a coming Facebook Armageddon. There

NIGEL PARRY



ESCAPE ARTIST
Former
art director of
Holiday magazine,
Frank Zachary

Street analysts predicting a coming Facebook Armageddon. There was a litany of complaints: kids were sick of Facebook and were deleting their accounts; Facebook couldn't be translated into an effective mobile-phone app; and users would never tolerate directed and ever present advertising. But Eichenwald found a far different picture: a distinctly engaged and open chief executive in founder Mark Zuckerberg, still only 28 years old, leading his staff to pioneer a paradigm shift in advertising and marketing demanded by the Internet—a shift that had so far evaded anyone unable to see beyond traditional methods. Eichenwald shows how similar crises flummoxed and then challenged 20th-century marketers with the introduction of each new medium—from radio to Google. Then he takes us inside Facebook, giving us an intimate picture of the company's groundbreaking culture and effective leadership. It's the kind of deep inside view for which Eichenwald is celebrated, both in his award-winning journalism and in such best-selling business books as *The Informant* and *Conspiracy of Fools*.

What I find interesting about the current marketing revolution—and it really is one—is that the innovations are being devised by creative types like Zuckerberg rather than by people such as Microsoft C.E.O. Steve Ballmer, who come from a sales and marketing background. Perhaps for that reason, Zuckerberg's new technologies—which involve collecting reams of personal information about users, then micro-targeting them and engaging them in discussions with marketers—are also more than a little terrifying. Should salespeople really know that much about you? It's as if all of Facebook's creative energy is being laser-focused on turning users into obedient consumers even when no one is particularly selling you something. It's pretty much what my parents thought about television and their parents thought about radio.

Over the years, two of my most cherished acquaintances in the magazine world have been the great society photographer Slim Aarons (who died at age 89, in 2006) and his chum Frank Zachary, the famed art director (who recently turned 99). I met them through *Vanity Fair's* Jonathan Becker, and every few months he and I would join the two of them—along with veteran *Life*-magazine hands Arnold Newman and Douglas Kirkland—

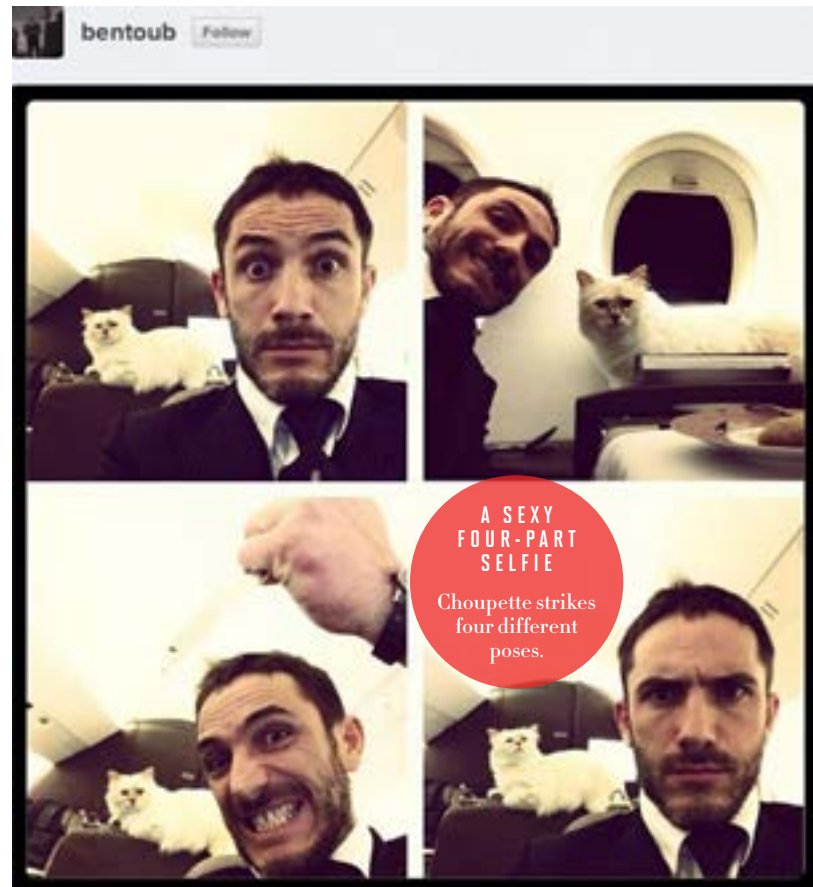
at Gallagher's Steak House, on 52nd Street. There they would kill a lunch hour and sometimes an entire afternoon chewing about the better, older days. They were great professionals, the lot of them, but the thing that bound them together wasn't anything to do with craft or career—it was the fact that, back then, they just had fun.

Slim was a tall, boyish drink of water, even in his 80s—and, in every way, a chatty, clubbable friend. His initial interest in taking pictures coincided with World War II. He volunteered in the photo lab at West Point, then began serving as an army photographer overseas, working alongside two *Life* photographers. Soon, Slim was scouting all over Europe and North Africa shooting pictures for *Yank*, the army weekly. He was wounded at Anzio and was awarded a Purple Heart. But after seeing combat up close—and losing his twin brother, Peter, in the war—Slim returned home and confided to Frank, "No more war for me. I'm going to shoot only pictures of beautiful people doing beautiful things in beautiful places."

And that he did—under Frank's seasoned guidance. Frank was the art director at *Holiday*, the lavish bible of travel launched at the dawn of the postwar years. There, the two friends—with their alpha-omega last names—captured an old, moneyed world that was new to Americans just then beginning to experience the wonders of jet-age travel. As Michael Callahan describes in "A *Holiday* for the Jet Set," beginning on page 120, Zachary spent his days at the magazine dispatching photographers to all corners of the world, armed only with a plane ticket, a hefty advance, an attractive assistant, and a pat on the back. As the illustrator Ronald Searle once observed, "[Frank] gave me all the space one could dream of, the chance to fill it with color, the freedom to travel and what proved to be the last of the great reportages. Off to Alaska! Cover all of Canada! Bring me ten pages on the dirty bits of Hamburg! No expense spared." In the process, from the years 1946 to 1977, *Holiday* itself became a glamorous, exotic destination.

— GRAYDON CARTER

UNDA STILLMAN (VIA AIGA)



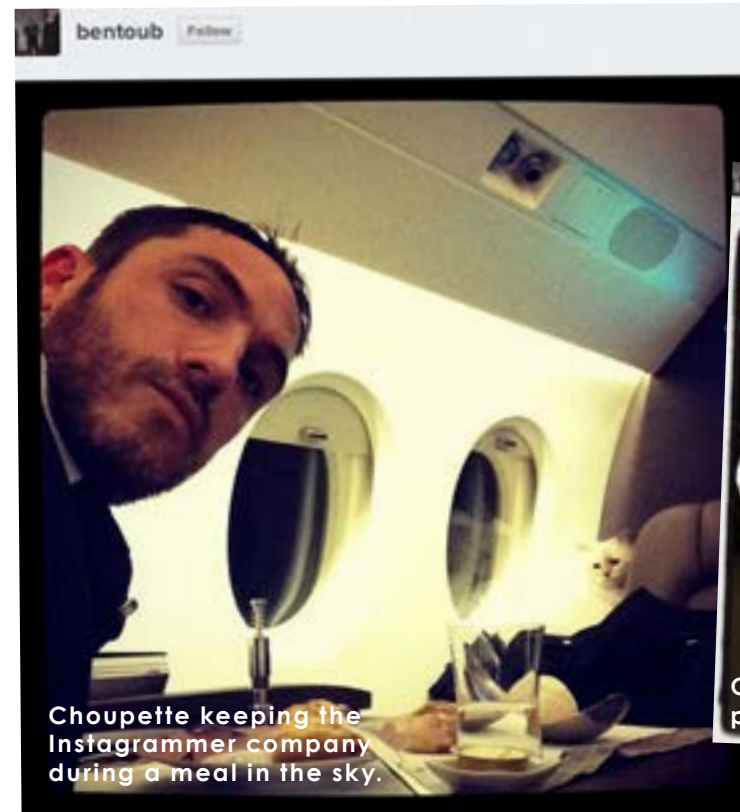
CHOUPETTE INSTAGRAMS!

The Glamorous, Jet-Set Lifestyle of Karl Lagerfeld's Pampered Cat in Pictures

By JULIE MILLER

It was a year ago this June that we first heard about Karl Lagerfeld's gorgeous blue-eyed diva of a Siamese cat, Choupette, who—with two personal maids, an iPad, and access to a private car, private jet, and unlimited Chanel—leads a more glamorous existence than many of us ever will. We have been tracking her rise in popularity—watching as she earned herself a deservedly detailed Wikipedia page, a 26,000-strong Twitter following, and the title of “the most famous cat in the world.” And today, during our daily hour of obsessive Choupette-related Google searches, we discovered that our cat crush also has a presence on Instagram.

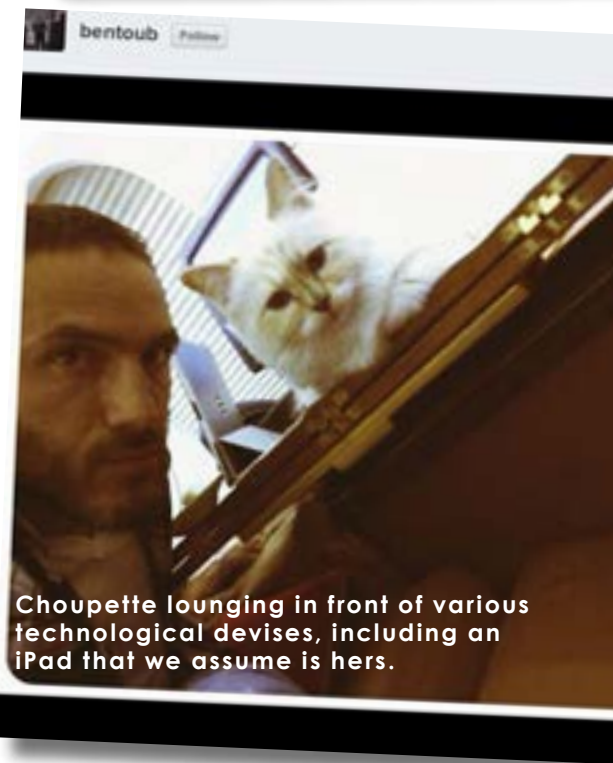
Unlike on Twitter, Choupette does not appear to have her own personal account, but she does make special guest appearances in the feed of Sebastien Jondeau, a handsome member of Lagerfeld's entourage. Click through below for photos of Choupette in her lavish domain (the world). Interestingly enough, when aboard Lagerfeld's private jet, she—unlike other passengers—has access to the cockpit during frequent trips to St. Tropez. Because, as the designer explains, “she loves looking at the sky.”



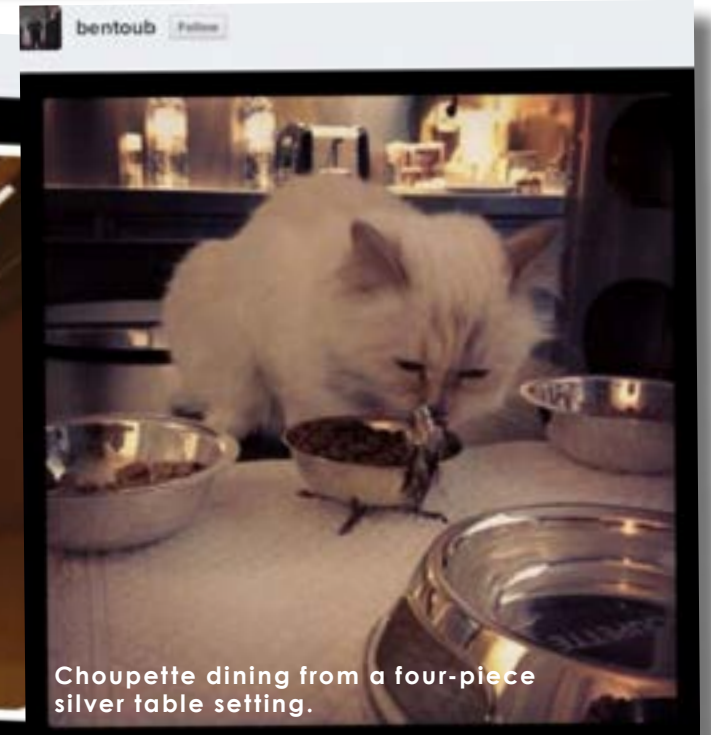
Choupette keeping the Instagrammer company during a meal in the sky.



Choupette presumably packing for her world travels.



Choupette lounging in front of various technological devises, including an iPad that we assume is hers.



Choupette dining from a four-piece silver table setting.

THE SHOOTING STAR AND THE MODEL

When Oscar Pistorius—the South African “Blade Runner,” who overcame a double amputation to compete in the Olympics last year—shot his girlfriend, Reeva Steenkamp, on Valentine’s Day, the millions he’d inspired were faced with a shocking possibility: that their hero was also a killer. With Pistorius claiming that Steenkamp’s death was an accident, MARK SEAL delves into the murder case that has rocked the country, and the paths the couple took to that fatal night.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM REX FEATURES/AP IMAGES.

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At four A.M. on February 14, Detective Hilton Botha, a 24-year veteran of the South African Police Service, was awakened by a phone call from his colonel. “Oscar’s shot his girlfriend,” Botha told his wife, Audrey, after hanging up. She didn’t have to ask who that was. “We all know Oscar,” she told me a month later in a Johannesburg café, where we sat with her husband. The whole world knows Oscar Pistorius, who overcame amputation of both legs when he was an infant to become the Blade Runner, competing at the age of 25 against able-bodied runners at the 2012 Summer Olympics in London. But Audrey Botha also knew him as the hotheaded youth her husband had arrested for assault in 2009, after he had been accused of slamming a door so hard on a female guest at one of his parties that it caused severe injuries. (Pistorius denied the allegation, and the charge was dropped.) Fifteen minutes after the call, Hilton Botha was at Pistorius’s home in the gated, high-security community of Silver Woods Country Estate, in Pretoria, one of the country’s three capitals, 30 miles north of Johannesburg. One of the first things he saw when he walked in the door was the body of Reeva Steenkamp, a beautiful, blonde 29-year-old model and reality-TV star, who had been shot three times by Pistorius, her boyfriend of four months. “There was a lot of blood, and I saw the body at the bottom of the staircase covered in towels,” said Botha. Minutes after the shooting, Pistorius had phoned the manager of the gated community, asking him to call an ambulance. Then he carried Steenkamp down the staircase from the bathroom, “her head and arms dangling,” according to a later newspaper report, and laid her on the floor. He reportedly gave her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and someone attempted to tie a tourniquet around her arm to stop the bleeding from one of the gunshot wounds. “She was still breathing, making a gurgling sound,” Botha recalled a witness saying. But a doctor who had rushed over from his nearby house said, “There’s head wounds—it’s not going to help,” added the detective. “And then she stopped breathing.

“It was a big house and very neat and tidy,” said Botha, “and you could see the money talking, with all the ornaments and portraits and paintings. There were shelves stacked with trophies. There was also one of those big box frames, with a picture of Mike Tyson, along with a signed boxing glove.”

The detective stepped around the corpse and went up the marble staircase to the master bedroom, where the shooting had occurred an hour earlier. The crime scene was actually the bathroom. “It was a large *en suite* bathroom,” he said, with a shower, two washbasins, and a toilet cubicle, the door of which was riddled with bullet holes. It had been bashed open with a cricket bat by Pistorius, who claimed he had broken it down after realizing that Reeva was locked inside. The bloodied cricket bat was on the bathroom floor, along with two cell phones and a 9-mm. Parabellum pistol.

In the café, Botha crouched down to show me his theory of how Steenkamp may have been covering in the toilet (a cubicle that measured 4 1/2 by 3 1/2 feet), with her arms crossed, which would account for why one bullet had gone through her fingers before entering her arm. Another bullet struck her above the right ear, and another hit her in the hip. “It does not matter where she was in that toilet, she wouldn’t have had a chance,” said Botha.

In a country plagued by police corruption, where eight officers were recently charged with murder for allegedly tying a man’s hands to the back of a police van and dragging him down the street (he was later found dead in his cell), Botha is proud of his record. “I try to investigate every case as if it were one of my own who was murdered,” he told me. A veteran of countless homicide investigations, he said he had immediately seen the Pistorius case as a simple one. A woman is killed by her husband, her boyfriend, or her same-sex partner. It happens every eight hours in South Africa, where “intimate femicide” is the country’s leading cause of violent deaths of women.

“There is no way anything else could have happened,” said Botha. “It was just them in the house, and according to the security registers she had been staying there for two to three days, so he had to be used to her by that time.... There was no forced entry. The only place there could have been entrance was the open bathroom window, and we did everything we could to see if anyone went through it, and it was impossible. So I thought it was an open-and-closed case. He shot her—that’s it. I was convinced that it was murder, and



I told my colonel, ‘You already read him his rights, so you have to arrest him.’”

Botha went into the garage, where Pistorius, in a bloody shirt and shorts, wearing his prosthetic legs, was sitting on a gym bench, surrounded by training equipment. “His head was in his hands, and he was crying. There was blood on him, but his hands were clean. We said, ‘Did you wash your hands?’ And he said, ‘Yes, because they were full of blood.’”

“Do you remember me?” Botha asked him, referring to the time four years earlier when he had arrested Pistorius on the assault charge. “Yes,” replied Pistorius.

“What happened?”

“I thought it was a burglar,” said Pistorius.

But the evidence indicated intentional murder, Botha told me. Why would a burglar lock himself in a bathroom cubicle? Why would the victim be shot through her shorts if she was using the toilet in the middle of the night? And why would she have taken her cell phone into the bathroom at three A.M.? (Unsupported media speculation would swirl that Reeva had received a tweet or a text from the South African Rugby star Francois Hougaard, a previous boyfriend, and that that may have ignited Pistorius’s rage.) According to Botha, the bullets had struck her on the right side, which meant that she was not sitting on the toilet but probably crouching behind the locked door. From the location of the bullet casings in the bathroom, the detective believed that Pistorius had fired at the door from less than five feet away. By standing straight and imagining himself pointing a gun at the door, Botha believed that the bullet holes were slanted

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS FREDWALL KARLSSON.

down, which would indicate that Pistorius had been wearing his prosthetic legs, not, as he would later claim, that he was on his stumps. But why would he enter the very area where he believed the burglar was lurking and begin firing, instead of grabbing his girlfriend and running for cover?

"It can't be. It's impossible," Botha remembered thinking after hearing Oscar's burglary story. Because of his certainty and his pursuit of evidence to prove it, the detective now feels, blame shifted from Pistorius to him. Botha was soon removed from the case, and shortly after that he resigned from the police force. His professional standing and reputa-

ing line last. The real loser is the person who sits on the side, the person who does not even try to compete." No other woman seemed to measure up to Oscar's mother; his autobiography recounts romantic disappointments and breakups. His only true love became the running track, on which he became "the fastest man on no legs" and "a symbol, a moment in history, a one-man parade of the human will," according to published reports. "At first, Oscar Pistorius seems like someone who has stepped out of the future," wrote NBC's Brian Brown. "His gait has the quality of a giant cat on the prowl, if such a creature were equipped with flipper-like feet instead of paws. As Oscar approaches, model handsome, out-

lence from 1948 to 1991. Others, including Oscar's father, Henke, pointed to the high crime rate in South Africa, where more than half the population earns less than \$65 a month. Henke, his brothers, and his father reportedly own a total of 55 guns, which, Henke told an interviewer for *The Sunday Telegraph*, were "for hunting" and "for protection." And why not? "You can't rely on the police," he said. "When you wake up in the middle of the night—and crime is so endemic in South Africa—what do you do if somebody is in the house? Do you think it is one of your family? Of course you don't."

"I can never see Oscar doing what happened in that room that evening," Mike Azzie, whom Oscar calls Uncle Mike, told me. A lifelong friend, Azzie has spoken to Pistorius almost daily since the shooting. They own a racehorse together, and Oscar is trying to sell his share to cover legal fees. "I ask him, 'How are you feeling, Ozzy?,' and he just says, 'I'm a broken man, Uncle Mike,' and every single time he mentions Reeva and her family." He recounted an incident when his son had slept over at Oscar's house and made a noise when he got up to get a drink of water in the middle of the night. "Oscar came running out with a gun in his hand," said Azzie. No one is safe in South Africa, he added. "They don't just come in and tie you up and rob you of your assets," he said. "They denigrate you in front of your family. They rape your wife and urinate over your children and shoot the man in the back of the head and leave the kids without a father.... So here is a kid who hasn't got legs; he hears noises in the house, has his girlfriend in his home, and straightaway goes into full combat mode and panics. He thinks, 'I've got to protect this girl. That's the only way I think it could have happened to this poor kid.'"

When I arrived in Johannesburg, I was told by a spokesman that the Pistorius family was not available for interviews, that they refused to participate in any more "media sideshows" like the one Henke had created with his comments, which many people considered racist. The family was focusing all of its energy on Oscar's defense. As for Oscar himself, who communicated with me through the spokesman, he was "still deep in grief" over Reeva's death; "the last thing on my mind," he said, was speaking to a reporter or agreeing to a photo session.

Reeva's friends and family, however, were eager to talk. One evening, a large group gathered at the home of the Cecil Myers family, where Reeva had lived during the last six months of her life. Cecil and Desi, their two daughters, and several of Reeva's friends related endless stories about the dead woman's love of life.

HE RECOUNTED AN INCIDENT WHEN HIS SON HAD SLEPT OVER AT OSCAR'S HOUSE AND MADE A NOISE WHEN HE GOT UP TO GET A DRINK OF WATER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

"OSCAR CAME RUNNING OUT WITH A GUN IN HIS HAND," SAID AZZIE.

tion came under fire, he said, because he had not been able even to consider that Pistorius had thought Steenkamp was a burglar before shooting her down in cold blood.

Against All Odds

Oscar Pistorius overcame a severe disability—he was born without fibula bones, which necessitated the amputation of both of his legs below the knee when he was 11 months old—by ignoring it. "Your brother puts on his shoes, you put on your legs," his mother repeatedly told him, inspiring him with her insistence that his disability didn't define him. His parents' divorce when he was 6, followed by his mother's death from an adverse drug reaction when he was 15, left Pistorius shattered. Estranged from his father, he and his brother were like "rudderless boats," he wrote in *Blade Runner: My Story*, his 2008 memoir. He had the dates of his mother's birth and death tattooed on his arm, and he turned a message she once sent him into a mantra: "The real loser is never the person who crosses the finish-

fitted in the latest Oakley shades and sleek Nike sportswear, with an admirably sculpted upper body, you can understand why anyone might wonder if this is a peek into our evolutionary future: half man, half machine."

As his ultimate challenge—fighting a murder charge, which could lead to life in prison—loomed, his family, friends, and spin doctors went to work, blaming everyone but Oscar for Steenkamp's death. "We have no doubt that there is no substance to the allegation and that the state's own case, including its own forensic evidence, strongly refutes any possibility of a pre-meditated murder or indeed any murder as such," said Oscar's uncle Arnold, a wealthy real-estate developer and spokesman for the large, privileged Pistorius family, whose vast and diverse business interests include mining, tourism, and property development.

Some blamed Oscar's predicament on his having grown up white in Johannesburg, the largest city in the former South African apartheid state, which nourished racism, terror, oppression, and vio-

Soon Cecil, whom Reeva called her Jo'burg dad, became very emotional. "I said he can rot in hell, and I meant it," he said of Pistorius. "It's all Oscar, Oscar, Oscar. What about Reeva?"

It was Reeva's "dream" to be in *Vanity Fair*; her petite, blonde mother, June Steenkamp, told me, adding sadly "that she had to lose her life to get it." We were in June's home in the southern seaside city of Port Elizabeth, a modest house filled with pictures of Reeva. June was still outraged over the fact that she had received flowers with a note reading something like From the Office of Oscar Pistorius, and that Oscar had had the gall to hold his own private memorial service for Reeva. Soon after the killing, she said, she had received a call from Arnold Pistorius. "I said, 'I've got nothing to say to you, and I don't want to hear anything that you've got to say,'" she told me. "And he said, 'I'm very sorry that I've troubled you then.' And I just put the phone down.... Maybe he wanted to invite me to their memorial, which I think was really out of line." Reeva's father, Barry, 69, a burly, bearded former racehorse trainer, remained outside, unable to speak without crying. "He's actually much more emotional than me," said June.

"We had her body brought here for the viewing at Doves funeral home," June continued. "It was freezing cold. She looked like wax. But beautiful still. I collapsed. They carried me out. I insisted on going back. I told her how much I loved her, and that I hope she is finally safe. Because of the way she died."

It's ironic that Reeva Steenkamp lost her life at the hands of a man with a gun. She and her mother were passionate, longtime advocates for women suffering from violence and abuse. In South Africa in the two-year period of 2011–12, there were 64,500 reported rapes, one every four minutes—the highest occurrence in the world, according to the U.S. State Department. Even the current president, Jacob Zuma, stood trial in 2006, charged with raping a 31-year-old AIDS activist. (He was acquitted.) As a child, Reeva wanted to be a lawyer, but when she was in law school fate intervened. "She was riding one of the racehorses, and she fell on her back," said June. "She had two crushed vertebrae. She was in traction, and the doctors said they can't be sure whether she is ever going to walk again. She lay there for six weeks, not knowing." In the end, Reeva made a full recovery, with what she would later call a massive new mind-set. "She decided she was not up to riding anymore," said June. She also decided not to practice law, though she earned a law degree and graduated at the top of her class.

She dyed her hair blond and became the face of Avon South Africa, cut her ties with an emotionally abusive boyfriend, and left Port Elizabeth for the bright lights of Johannesburg, where, she declared, she was going to become a model. "Her father was so against it because of something like this happening," said June. "It's a jungle, Johannesburg, one of the toughest places in South Africa to live."

"She phoned me and said she had just come out from Port Elizabeth and wanted to be a model," Jane Celliers, of Ice Model Management, told me. Celliers asked the girl about her dimensions. "I said, 'You are too short for Ice,'" she recalled. But Reeva

Engler remembered the cover picture of her in a hot-pink bikini, and said of one inside photograph, "She's eating an iced lolly." Reeva said in her interview, "I'm passionate about standing up in defence of those who do not realise their own rights."

She was 27, mature for a model, said Engler. "She needed to make things happen fast." During most of her first four years in Johannesburg, she lived with Warren Lahoud, a young exporter of South African vegetables with an easy smile and a pleasant air. "Reeva was driven, passionate, and when she set her mind on something, she would do it," Lahoud told me. "She

IT'S IRONIC THAT REEVA STEENKAMP LOST HER LIFE AT THE HANDS OF A MAN WITH A GUN.

SHE AND HER MOTHER WERE PASSIONATE, LONGTIME ADVOCATES FOR WOMEN SUFFERING FROM VIOLENCE AND ABUSE

pleaded with her just to see her. "And she walked in the door, and it was love at first sight."

Magazines, print advertising, and TV commercials followed. Reeva was the gorgeous blonde on television promoting Pin Pop lollipops, Toyota cars, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Cardinal Beer, and Hollywood Chewing Gum. But she needed a mainstream-magazine cover, and *FHM* was a hot monthly. "Girls in bikinis," Hagen Engler, the former editor of the South African edition, said, summing up the magazine for males. He remembered Reeva's dogged drive to be not only seen but also quoted. She was a bit heavy for bikini work when she arrived at Engler's door, but, thanks to yoga and determined dieting and exercise, she soon came back fit, firm, and still curvaceous. "Reeva was always sexy," said Engler. "In a bikini she could rock it." In addition, she was savvy to what she called "the game": building relationships. She began tantalizing *FHM*'s 70,000 readers, first with "a tiny little postage-stamp picture in a bikini," said Engler, "then a little bigger picture." Three years later she landed the December 2011 cover.

always told me how much she loved me." And everybody apparently loved Warren, especially Reeva's mother. "A real gentleman," said June Steenkamp. "I don't know what went wrong, but she was moving in different circles. There was her modeling, and he is a home guy, you know? She told me she was putting everything into her modeling now, and she had a few interviews for movies."

Reeva got a spot on *Tropika Island of Treasure*, a reality show, described to me as "Survivor with food and shelter." According to Jane Celliers, "At the time, Reeva wasn't a celebrity. She was a well-known model. *Tropika* built her status for the next four months—getting her on talk shows and in celebrity cook-offs." As Steenkamp's publicist Sarit Tomlinson, the managing director of Capacity Relations, explained, "When you are a celebrity, you have a mouth, a platform, a voice, where you can make yourself heard. Whether on Twitter, TV, radio—any medium—Reeva was passionate about violence against women and giving women a voice to make

REEVA'S PARENTS

June and Barry Steenkamp at their home in Port Elizabeth, South Africa.



themselves heard.”

In 2012, Reeva and Lahoud broke up. “I moved out and left her the apartment,” he said. “There were two months left on the lease. We just decided it was not working.”

After her lease expired, Reeva began looking for another apartment. In the meantime, she moved in with the family of Gina Myers, a makeup artist she had met at a red-carpet event. While she continued pursuing her career, she would briefly date Francois Hougaard, the Rugby star. But her destiny had been set years before, when she met a fellow model out on the town one night in Johannesburg. Her name was Samantha Greyvenstein, and she would introduce Reeva to her boyfriend, Justin Divaris, who runs the Daytona Group, the city’s premier distributor of luxury cars, whose showroom features Rolls-Royces, Bentleys, Aston Martins, and McLarens, and whose brand ambassador was Oscar Pistorius.

After phoning the Steenkamps to inform them of their daughter’s tragedy, Botha transported Reeva’s body for a postmortem to determine the cause of death. He instructed his colleagues to take Pistorius to a hospital for blood and urine tests. (Results have not been disclosed.) Then he returned to the crime scene to gather and bag evidence. He found unlicensed ammunition for a .38-caliber revolver and vials containing an unidentified liquid, along with syringes and needles. “We took the laptops, the iPads, the phones, the gun, the cartridges ... all bagged,

marked, and sent to different forensic departments,” he told me. He even took away the broken-down toilet door after someone offered a police officer \$50,000 for a picture of it. “If someone steals the door and sells it, we have no case,” said Botha.

The detective’s focus then shifted to Pistorius’s recent behavior. One witness recalled him dining with friends, a few weeks before Reeva’s shooting, at Tashas, in the Melrose Arch mall. One friend had a pistol, which he passed under the table to Oscar. The gun went off, and a shot ricocheted and almost hit another of Oscar’s buddies in the foot.

There was also an incident at the Kyalami motor-sport racetrack, where Pistorius confronted Quinton van der Burgh, the Cape Town coal-mining magnate and TV producer, after hearing that he had become involved with one of Pistorius’s former girlfriends. “He started screaming, and he said he would fuck him up if he didn’t stop messing around with his girlfriend,” recalled Botha. Van der Burgh got a lawyer to obtain a restraining order, said Botha, and van der Burgh’s friend Marc Batchelor, the former soccer star, urged Pistorius to back off. “Pistorius told Marc Batchelor he would break his legs,” said Botha. Batchelor told Johannesburg’s *Star* newspaper, “He called me ‘boy’ and ... said he wasn’t afraid of me. The man I heard on the phone is a different man from the image given out there. He carries a gun everywhere, and I have seen him be controlling to women.”

The detective remembered the

first time he had arrested Pistorius, in September 2009, for allegedly slamming a door on a woman named Cassidy Taylor-Memmore during a party at his home in Silver Woods Country Estate. At the police station, the superstar reportedly signed autographs and posed for photographs for “infatuated” officers. The case was quickly dropped, and Pistorius sued Taylor-Memmore for 22 million rand (\$2.5 million), claiming that his arrest had caused him to lose sponsors. Taylor-Memmore countersued. Neither side budged for years until several weeks after Reeva’s killing, when Pistorius reportedly withdrew his claim against Taylor-Memmore and entered into settlement negotiations.

I met with her lawyers, who described their version of the incident. During the party, Pistorius’s then girlfriend, the model Melissa Rom, confronted Oscar after catching him playing “kissy-face” with another woman. Incensed, he shouted abuse at Rom. Then, under the influence of alcohol, according to the attorneys, he chased Rom and her friend Taylor-Memmore from the house. Once outside, Taylor-Memmore realized that she had left her purse with her car keys in the house. When she tried to go inside to get them, Pistorius slammed the front door so hard that the top of it shattered, and flying pieces injured her leg. (Pistorius denied this account.)

After Oscar’s arrest for murder, some South African sportswriters who had promoted him and partied with him in his race to glory began to rethink their coverage. Radio host David O’Sulli-

van, for one, showed me a book of drawings by seven-year-olds in his son’s special-needs class. The boys were asked to draw pictures of their heroes, and most of them came up with rough figures of the Blade Runner. “I would hear the stories, that he had become quite big for his boots, but I always dismissed them,” said O’Sullivan. “Because when I would see Oscar he was just the nicest guy.

“The boat accident, where he carved his face up,” he continued, referring to a 2009 incident in which Pistorius slammed his speedboat into a pier on the Vaal River, breaking his jaw and several ribs and damaging an eye socket. When he emerged from a three-day coma, he had 180 stitches in his face. (Alcoholic beverages were later found on the boat, but police never tested Pistorius’s blood, and authorities declined to prosecute.) “I thought, The exuberance of youth. He’s a South African boy, becoming a bit of a star, a playboy, and why the hell not?”

O’Sullivan recalled Oscar phoning him from the Beijing Paralympic Games in 2008, bitching that he didn’t like the running vest and shorts supplied to him. “He wanted to go on the air and complain,” said O’Sullivan, who put him on his radio show. When Pistorius competed at the London Olympics, last summer, O’Sullivan interviewed the athlete’s roommate at the Olympic Village: “What is it like to sleep in the same room with a superstar? And he said, ‘I moved out. Oscar is always shouting at people on the phone.’”

“No one knew the real Oscar—no one wanted to dig deeper,” said Graeme Joffe, another sportswriter. “In 2011 he stormed out of an interview with the BBC when they asked him if, in his fight to run with able-bodied athletes, he had become ‘an inconvenient embarrassment’ to the International Association of Athletics Federations. At that age, 24, to behave like that, something was bubbling underneath. I think what you will find coming out in the trial is more of the obsessive, aggressive nature of Oscar Pistorius, which the world never knew. In hindsight, I saw the warning signs. No one was mentoring this guy. There was denial that anything was wrong.”

He was earning a reported \$2 million a year from his sponsors, which included Nike, Oakley, and Thierry Mugler perfumes, and no one wanted to stop the gravy train. “The last thing you want is a sponsor like Nike to think there is a problem,” said Joffe. “The incidents were turned into non-events.”

When Pistorius lost to Brazil’s Alan Fonteles Cardoso Oliveira in the 200 meters at the 2012 Paralympic Games, he

criticized the winner for having longer blades than he did. “It came across as real sour grapes,” said Joffe. “He blew up. He apologized the day after, not for what he said but for the timing of it at the track right after the race in front of hordes and hordes of media.”

Although Pistorius didn’t meet South Africa’s individual 400-meter qualifying standard to compete in the 2012 Summer Olympics, he was approved, it seems, just because he was Oscar. “It is a political decision that has been taken,” South Africa’s minister of sports and recreation reportedly told one radio station when asked about Pistorius’s selection. “He got to the semi-finals of the 400 meters,” said Joffe. “He was on the platform in front of 80,000 people with Usain Bolt. People didn’t know where South Africa was until Oscar stood on that platform. He was our brand, a world iconic figure, an inspiration to millions around the world, a disabled athlete competing with the able-bodied. There is no prize for trying to knock down a role model.”

Awesome Together

After the Olympics, Pistorius flew to America, where he appeared on *The Tonight Show with Jay Leno* and on *Piers Morgan Tonight*. By the time he returned, some say, the humble Oscar was gone, replaced by Oscar the Invincible. “He was bragging about his adventures in the good life,” a former confidant told me. “He was like, ‘I’m the man, I’m Oscar. The world owes me.’ That sense of entitlement. He wasn’t like that; he was made into that.” His friends, the confidant continued, changed from “the good old lads” to “the Southern Jo’burg tattooed skinhead-gang type. He surrounded himself with people who used violence and rage as an outlet for whatever you feel. God forbid, I didn’t see it going to this point. But I knew something was going to crack.” Even Gianni Merlo, the Italian journalist who helped Pistorius write his autobiography, wondered, “Have we unwittingly cultivated a monster?”

The stress of the Olympics took its toll. “He was in a foul mood,” said *Daily Mail* sportswriter Jonathan McEvoy. During workouts that May, McEvoy wrote, Pistorius’s “swearing would astonish the mothers and children also using the gym.” McEvoy told me, “He would storm out of the gym midway through a workout. He would be surly, rude. It seemed as though he survived on energy drinks and caffeine pills.” McEvoy asked Pistorius about the weapons in his bedroom—“a black pistol on the table next to the bed and a sinister-looking machine gun under the window”—and Pistorius responded,

“Protection, brother.” McEvoy wrote, “He couldn’t sleep—perhaps unsurprisingly given his caffeine pills and coffee diet. Often he would rise in the middle of the night and go with his gun and a couple of boxes of ammunition to the shooting range.”

He had a pit bull and a bull terrier, as well as two white tigers (which he sold to a Canadian zoo once they grew to 400 pounds) and shares in at least one race-horse. He owned a revolving collection of fast cars and had a \$300,000 McLaren Spider on order. He had one pistol licensed for self-defense, and had applied for licenses for three shotguns, a rifle, and two more pistols. “Had a 96% headshot over 300m from 50shots! Bam!” he posted on Twitter in November 2011, along with a picture of himself firing a pistol at a shooting range near Gemona, Italy, where he often trained. Six weeks before the 2012 London Olympics, he tweeted on his way to the range, “Amped to the max! Yeaahh boi!!”

According to an innkeeper friend of Pistorius’s interviewed by McEvoy, “He has a string of blondes.” On November 4, 2012, he met another one.

If you looked up ‘hot’ in the dictionary, it would have ‘Reeva Steenkamp’ in there,” one tweeter declared the day before Steenkamp met Pistorius. “On the 4th of November, I hosted a track day at Kyalami Race track,” Justin Divaris said in an affidavit. “I independently invited Oscar and Reeva to come and enjoy the day’s festivities.” He introduced them, he said, and “it was apparent that Oscar and Reeva were immediately attracted to one another.” Oscar invited her to accompany him to the South African Sports Awards ceremony that evening.

“I desperately need a dress for tonight!” Reeva said when she phoned Gina Myers. “What for?” Gina asked. “I’m going to the South African Sports Awards!” said Reeva. “With who?” asked Gina. “With Oscar,” said Reeva. “As friends,” she added.

Steenkamp, in a sexy pink tasseled dress, rocked the red carpet with Pistorius that night. Oscar told Divaris that he and Reeva had “hit it off.” Suddenly, everyone wanted to know more about Reeva Steenkamp. One of Oscar’s former girlfriends, part-time model Samantha Taylor, bared her claws, telling *City Press*, “Oscar has such a way with women. She’s probably not the only one he’s got.... Oscar is certainly not what people think he is.” (After Reeva’s death, Taylor’s mother posted on Facebook, “I am so glad that Sammy is safe and sound and out of the clutches of that man—there were a few occasions where things could have gone wrong with her and his gun during the time they dated.”)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS FREDWALL KARLSSON.

Pistorius pursued Steenkamp ferociously. "It wasn't instant for Reeva, but it was instant for Oscar," says Steenkamp's publicist Sarit Tomlinson. "He became overwhelming," said Gina Myers, adding that her father, Cecil, as protective of Reeva as he was of his own two daughters, told Oscar, "If you want this girl, you need to give her some space." But he never did. "He was here all the time," said Cecil Myers of Oscar's early courtship. "Then she started going to him, and we never saw him again."

"On the 26th of January, I saw them at Tasha's White Party, and I still have an image of them both dressed in white," said Andre Neveling, the editor of the celebrity magazine *Heat* ("If it's not in *Heat*, it didn't happen!"). Pistorius, anointed by *Heat* readers in 2011 as the country's hottest hunk, guest-edited a special issue and attended *Heat* parties, where, according to Neveling, he often accidentally danced on people's toes in his prosthetic legs.

They looked so much in love, and everybody was going on and on about what a great couple they made," Neveling continued. "Everybody thought this is 'the real deal.'" It seemed so real that Neveling began angling to land the first Oscar-and-Reeva cover for *Heat*. "But they kept saying, 'It's still new. Give us some time to enjoy each other's company before we jump into the celebrity circus.'" In fact, Reeva, who referred to Oscar in her tweets as "my boo," didn't want to be known merely as Pistorius's girlfriend.

"They were awesome together," said Johannesburg businessman Del Levin, who, with his wife, the TV personality Jen Su, were friendly with the couple. "We'd been out to dinner with him and Reeva two weeks before the incident. He had told us he was really unhappy and insecure in the house, and he had looked at a house in Sandton and was all excited about it. If he's guilty, people have two sides to them. The good person now has completely disappeared. I find it interesting that in the

press nobody has said one decent thing about the guy."

There were warning signs. "I thought, What the hell is she doing with him?" said Pepi Dimevski, owner of SA Hardcore Tattoos, who tattooed the word "lioness" on Reeva's ankle. "I told her, 'It doesn't matter how famous he is. His name is not good around people on the street.'"

"On the second of January, Oscar brought Reeva down to Cape Town, and they took my daughter and me out for breakfast," Reeva's cousin Kim Martin told me. "We spent about two hours together. I thought he was a nice guy, but when Oscar walked away from the table, I asked Reeva, 'Are you happy?' And she smiled and said in a hesitant response, 'Yes,' but I could see in her response something. And she said, 'We will have a chat.' I felt there were things that they had to deal with. They looked good together, happy together, but there was something that she could not talk to me about at the table. She said, 'We will talk about it another time.' But we never did."

The week of February 14 was Reeva's week. Thursday was Valentine's Day, and Saturday was the premiere of her first appearance on *Tropika Island of Treasure*. She wrapped a valentine for Oscar, probably a picture of the two of them together. Then, to ensure that her parents could watch her *Tropika* debut, she deposited \$100 into their bank account so that they could have the use of their cable TV, which had been shut off for nonpayment.

She spent February 13 polishing the speech she was going to give the next day to students at Sandown High School to commemorate the "Black Friday Campaign for Rape Awareness," following the death of a 17-year-old girl named Anene Booysen, who had been gang-raped outside Cape Town. "I woke up in a happy safe home this morning," Reeva wrote on Instagram. "Not everyone did. Speak out against the rape of individuals in SA. RIP Anene Booysen. #rape #crime #sayNO."

"I spoke to her the day before she died," said her publicist Simphiwe Majola. "I asked her to come to my office so I could see her present her speech." He said she delivered it with passion. She talked about growing up poor on a farm and later losing her self-esteem in an emotionally abusive relationship, only to regain it as a model in Johannesburg. She urged the students to realize the importance of being heard and realizing your value.

"The last e-mail I received from her was at a quarter past five P.M., and she died the next morning." He took out his computer to show me her final e-mails. She wanted to get involved with a brand like

Virgin Active Health Clubs, she wrote, and to launch her own lingerie line. In response to Majola's suggestion that she model herself after an international star, Reeva mentioned Cameron Diaz, whom she admired for her down-to-earth attitude and sense of humor.

Just before six that evening, Reeva Steenkamp was recorded driving her Mini Cooper through the massive gates of Silver Woods Country Estate. One month later, I drove through those gates and entered a vast development surrounded by high fences. Thieves had breached security there only twice, I was told. A house was burglarized four years ago, and a robbery in 2011 caused the development to increase its security procedures considerably. At present, equipped with what the Silver Woods Web site calls "a solid, electrified, security wall," the community seemed so safe that on the evening of the shooting Pistorius was sleeping with his balcony doors open.

"What do you have up your sleeve for your love tomorrow?," Reeva tweeted the day before she died. However, during what sounded like an argument in Pistorius's house between two and three A.M., according to Hilton Botha, "witnesses said they heard a lady scream, and they heard bullet shots fired, and then they heard a scream again and then another few shots fired."

"She wanted to make herself heard," said Sarit Tomlinson. "And she did." Gina Myers added, "I can't imagine living my life without her, but I know that something good will come out of it. People have heard her and will continue to hear her. She has become an icon."

NO TO KILLING OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN ... NO VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN ... PISTORIUS MUST ROT IN JAIL!

Those were among the messages on placards carried by members of the African National Congress Women's League as they picketed outside the Pretoria courthouse during the hearing to determine if Pistorius would be granted bail. I met with the league's fiery spokesperson, Jackie Mofokeng, and she made it clear that for the women's league, 500,000 members strong, Pistorius represents the ugly face of femicide: a man who killed his woman and expects to get away with it. Mofokeng seethed that Pistorius had been transported from the jail in the precinct where he was arrested to the Brooklyn police station across town. She explained that Oscar's confinement space in Brooklyn was "like a hotel"—a large cell with a television, a microwave, and 24-hour visitor privileges. "We want to know more about this!"

she snapped. "We want to open the can of worms!"

The day before Pistorius's bail hearing, his brother, Carl, had appeared in court on a culpable-homicide charge, stemming from a 2008 auto accident, in which he collided with a female motorcyclist, who was killed. "Accidentally killing women would appear to be a family pastime," wrote Richard Poplak on the Daily Maverick, a Johannesburg news Web site. (In March, Carl pleaded not guilty to the charge.)

Oscar's case began with a major victory for the prosecution when the crime was classified as Schedule 6, or pre-meditated murder, which meant that Pistorius would have to prove to the court "exceptional circumstances" in order to be released on bail. "The minute that the state said Schedule 6, he's in a whole world of trouble, and he has to show his hand," said a Johannesburg attorney with knowledge of the case. To escape the nightmare of probably having to spend up to two years awaiting trial in a hellish South African prison, Pistorius presented an affidavit of his version of events.

As Oscar sobbed uncontrollably in court, his attorney read the affidavit:

By about [10 P.M.] on 13 February 2013 we were in our bedroom. She was doing her yoga exercises and I was in bed watching television. My prosthetic legs were off. We were deeply in love and I could not be happier. After Reeva finished her yoga exercises she got into bed and we both fell asleep. I am acutely aware of violent crime being committed by intruders entering the home with a view to commit crime, including violent crime. I have received death threats before. I have also been a victim of violence and of burglaries before. For that reason I kept my firearm, a 9 mm Parabellum, underneath my bed.

Early that morning, Oscar said, he had gotten up to close his sliding glass doors and heard a noise in the bathroom.

I felt a sense of terror rushing over me. There are no burglar bars across the bathroom window and I knew that contractors who worked at my house had left ladders outside. Although I did not have my prosthetic legs on I have mobility on my stumps. I believed that someone had entered my house. I was too scared to switch a light on. I grabbed my 9mm pistol from underneath my bed. On my way to the bathroom I screamed ... for him/them to get out of my house and for Reeva to phone the police. It was pitch dark in the bedroom and I thought Reeva was in bed.

He heard "movement" inside the toilet, he said, and here he refuted his lifetime insistence that his disability did not make him different from anyone else. Now he was using his handicap as an excuse.

It filled me with horror and fear of an

intruder or intruders being inside the toilet. I thought he or they must have entered through the unprotected window. As I did not have my prosthetic legs on and felt extremely vulnerable, I knew I had to protect Reeva and myself I felt trapped as my bedroom door was locked and I have limited mobility on my stumps. I fired shots at the toilet door and shouted to Reeva to phone the police. She did not respond.

When he finally realized that Reeva was not in the bed, he said, he tried the toilet door. It was locked. He grabbed his cricket bat "to bash open the toilet door" and found her.

Unanswered Questions

The day after Pistorius's statement was read, Hilton Botha gave his testimony. He told the court there was "no way" that the killing of Reeva Steenkamp was self-defense. "A defenseless woman, unarmed, was gunned down," he said, adding that he had never believed Pistorius's story that he was trying to protect Reeva and himself from a burglar. "The accused could be a flight risk," he said, opposing the granting of bail. "He's definitely looking at 15 to life, and that's a serious case that anyone would run away from."

During Botha's testimony, as he laid out his version of the evidence and statements by witnesses who said they had heard Pistorius and Steenkamp arguing, Pistorius held his head in his hands, sobbing uncontrollably. Then his defense attorneys began a blistering cross-examination: How did the witnesses the detective interviewed know it was Reeva and Oscar, and not other neighbors, who were arguing? Since Reeva's bladder was empty, wasn't that consistent with Oscar's statement that she had used the toilet in the middle of the night? And wouldn't she have locked herself in the toilet after Pistorius yelled that there was a burglar in the house? "Botha on ropes, floundering," tweeted the BBC's Andrew Harding. Another reporter tweeted, "Hangdog detective conceding case point by point to a better-prepared defence."

What came next was even worse. "The bomb blew," Botha told me. At nine P.M. on his first day of testimony, he received a call from a fellow officer, saying that a two-year-old case, since withdrawn, was being reopened. In 2011, when Botha and other officers were investigating the grisly murder of a woman, a mini-bus taxi drove straight at them at 100 miles per hour, forcing them off the road. When the driver attempted to flee, Botha shot out the taxi's tires. Now the resultant charges—seven counts of attempted murder, one for each unharmed person in the taxi—were being



PISTORIUS IN THE COURTROOM
at the Magistrate's Court in Pretoria.

BY ANTOINE DE RAS/AFP/GETTY IMAGES.

REEVA'S FRIENDS

From left, Reeva's former boyfriend, Warren Lahoud, Gina Myers, Pearl Thusi, Kim Myers, Jane Celliers, Sarit Tomlinson, Cecil Myers and Desi Myers photographed in the garden of Cecil and Desi Myers' home in Johannesburg, South Africa on March 14, 2013.



reinstated. "I knew they had it in for me," Botha told me. "I think that they thought if I'm not on the case they have no one to testify from the scene."

The next day Botha was removed from the Pistorius case.

They thought I'm not going to testify, and if I don't testify, then everything that happened on the scene would be hearsay," Botha continued, adding that he had been replaced by a more senior detective. "They are going to subpoena me, and I'm going to testify."

"I come to the conclusion that the accused has made a case to be released on bail," Chief Magistrate Desmond Nair ruled on February 22, at which point a loud cheer erupted in the courtroom. Jackie Mofokeng saw that the person cheering was Kenny Kunene, a flamboyant ex-con famous for having served sushi on the bodies of near naked women in his nightclub ZAR (named for the currency code for South African cash).

"Kenny Kunene has already disrespected women by having served sushi from a woman's body, and now he's back, doing a sushi dance over Pistorius's bail while Reeva's family is still in mourning!" Mofokeng stormed. Kunene, who was chauffeured to court to support his friend,

told me, "Oscar's no fucking gangster. I was a gangster, and once you've been one, you recognize one. I believe in Oscar's innocence."

After Pistorius was granted bail, his attorneys successfully appealed the bail restrictions—which included abstinence from alcohol and not returning to his house—so that he could resume traveling and racing. (Cleared to leave South Africa, Pistorius must submit any travel plans to the court.) "It's like he's dancing on Reeva's grave," declared Mofokeng. The women's league, she assured me, will picket the court every day of Pistorius's upcoming trial. And if the magistrate, who alone will determine the verdict, sets Pistorius free, the league will protest until the end of Oscar's days. "This case is the worst, an embarrassment against women," she said. "We want him in the cells."

Pistorius's statement, which he disclosed to obtain bail, will be key in his upcoming trial, for which a date has not been set. "This whole case is going to turn on ballistics and cell-phone evidence," the Johannesburg attorney told me. "Oscar says, 'I was walking around on my stumps in a dark house, and I pumped a few rounds through the bathroom door.' So now they're going to start looking ballis-

tically. At what angle was Oscar standing? Was he upright on prosthetic legs or down on stumps? The bullets' point of entry and exit in the door is going to show the truth. He's opened the door on conviction: did he lie about being on his stumps?"

"Also, Reeva's cell phone was found in the bathroom. She may have been texting someone just before she died," the attorney continued. "Cell-phone records can remain on the network for 30 days. Oscar's version of events could also be contradicted by what went out on text messages or on telephone conversations."

"The general view is that Oscar's in trouble. I think they're going to run a trial and try to show that Oscar wanted to kill Reeva. Oscar's affidavit is going to be crucial to destroy his credibility. Is Oscar going to try to make a plea agreement? Everybody expects that. Is he going to be successful? We doubt it."

Hilton Botha feels confident that justice will be done. "They sacrificed me like a pawn on the chessboard, but now the king is in check," he said.

Pistorius and his team are not conceding anything. "I'll survive," Oscar was reported by the BBC as saying upon his arrest, though his family categorically denied it. "I always win."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS FREDWALL KARLSSON.

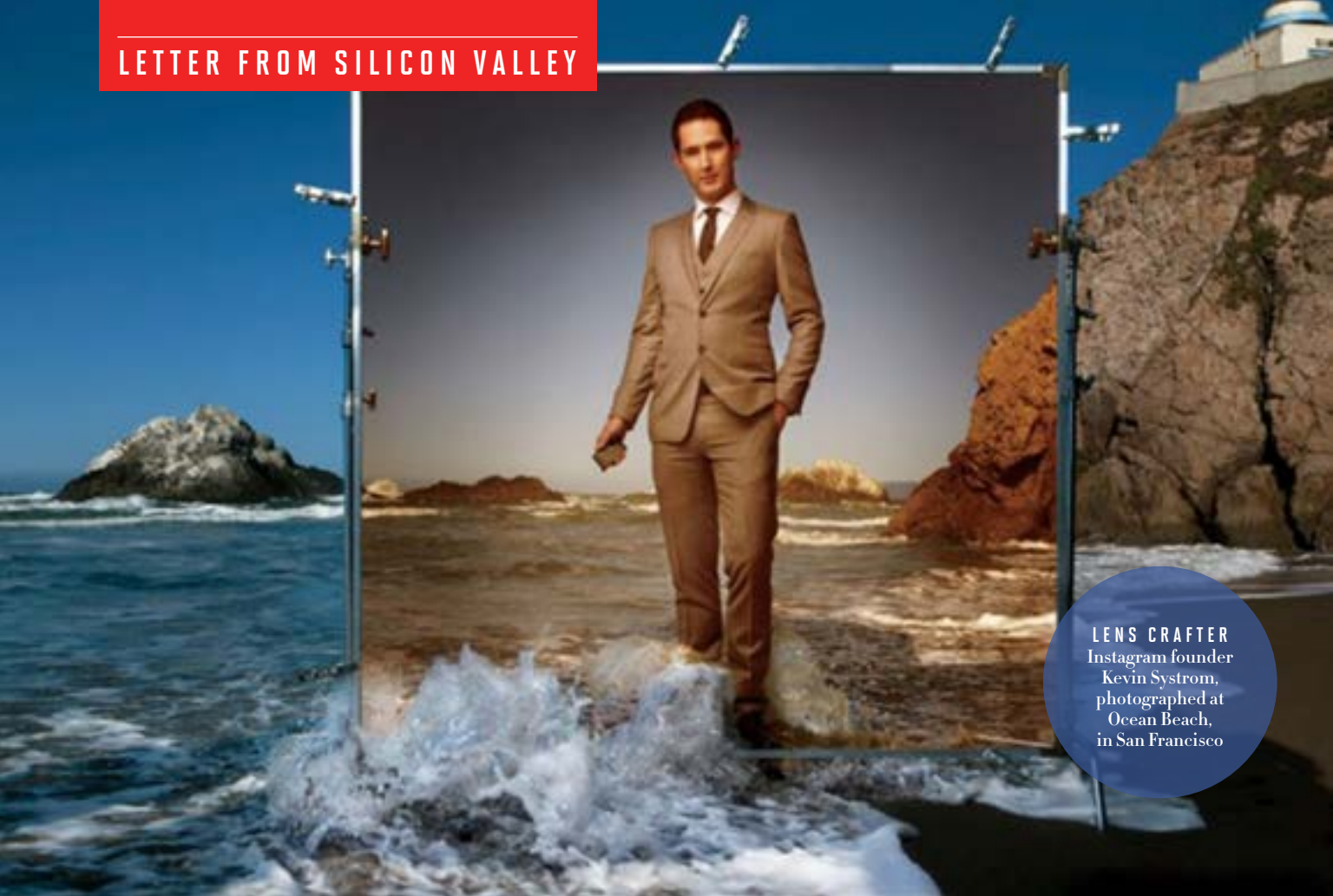
DURAN DURAN

When the Bomb Drops

Spanning Duran Duran's storied thirty year career, through the line-up changes, this collection includes exhilarating hits and must-have rare tracks.

OUT NOW

S-curve
RECORDS



LENS CRAFTER
Instagram founder
Kevin Systrom,
photographed at
Ocean Beach,
in San Francisco

THE MONEY SHOT

The sale of Instagram to Facebook for a cool billion in the spring of 2012 was the ultimate Silicon Valley fairy tale: 18 months from launch to offer. But, for co-founder and C.E.O. Kevin Systrom, it was more of a roller-coaster ride, with several missed opportunities, at least two “aha” moments, and one major reboot.

By KARA SWISHER

There's no picture of the moment when everything changed for Kevin Systrom. But if there were, it would look something like this: A lanky, very tall, dark-haired man in his late 20s sits on a bench at the Caltrain commuter station in Palo Alto, California. A sepia tone and weathered patina might underscore the mood of weighty contemplation.

It was early April of last year, and Systrom was waiting for his business partner, Mike Krieger, to arrive from San Francisco. Systrom had just left Mark Zuckerberg's nearby house and was still digesting the offer that the Facebook founder and C.E.O. had made him: to buy Instagram, the photo-sharing app that Systrom and Krieger had launched just 18 months before. The price Zuckerberg offered was \$1 billion—\$300 million in cash and the rest in Facebook stock, an especially generous-seeming deal, on the eve of his company's much-anticipated initial public offering.

The offer was even more impressive given Instagram's size and age. At the time, it had just 13 employees, operating out of a cramped space in the South Park section of San Francisco. Still, the small crew had managed to attract 30 million iPhone users in

San Francisco. Still, the small crew had managed to attract 30 million iPhone users in just a year and a half by offering a service that allowed a person to quickly upload, prettify through the use of filters, and publish images to the Web for friends to see. A version for Google's Android mobile operating system had launched the week before, gaining another million users in a single day. What's more, although the app generated no revenue, it had attracted so much attention from venture capitalists that the start-up had nearly closed an impressive new round of funding at a wildly high valuation of \$500 million. Zuckerberg had just doubled that, leaving Systrom with a lot to think about on that train-station bench.

Click. If there ever was a money shot to take for Instagram and Systrom, that was it.

Starting Up

In many ways, life has always been a bit charmed for Systrom, who grew up in the upper-middle-class Boston suburb of Holliston, Massachusetts. Such towns are full of smart, ambitious parents raising smart, ambitious children.

And so it was with Systrom. After high school at the nearby Middlesex boarding school, he made his way to Stanford University, having been drawn toward Silicon Valley early on. “That idea that you could get rich really quickly off of starting a start-up didn't really exist in Massachusetts, on the East Coast, during that time,” Systrom says.

It certainly did on the West Coast, where he entered Stanford's class of 2006 and majored in management science and engineering. After completing an internship at the company that would become Twitter, he would work for fewer than three years at Google and then for a little more than a year at a small travel-tip site called Nextstop. Systrom would then strike out on his own with a start-up called Burbn, the first incarnation of what would become Instagram. The game-play location-based service was named, in whimsical Silicon Valley fashion, after his interest in fine whiskeys and bourbons.

The Brazilian-born Krieger had been on an even more traditional techie path, moving to a job as an engineer and user-experience designer at the hot social-media platform Meebo in San Francisco after also graduating from Stanford. Krieger, who had come to the U.S. in 2004 and initially wanted to be a journalist, had majored in “symbolic systems,” an unusual combination of computing and cognitive science, which had also been the major of Yahoo C.E.O. Marissa Mayer and LinkedIn's co-founder Reid Hoffman.

Krieger, who has become the invisible man of the Instagram story, was, in many ways, its soul, according to Systrom, especially its programming one.

The origin story of Systrom and Krieger's partnership is almost a parody of a Silicon Valley founder meet-cute. Although the two had known each other at Stanford, it was much later when a friendship would click, after the pair kept encountering each other at the same San Francisco coffeehouses. Krieger recalls, “I'd see Kevin and we'd trade tips, and I'd be like, ‘Hey, have you tried this?’—new geeky stuff basically. I think we had this understanding that we were both interested in working on things that were beyond what we were just getting to do by ourselves.”

Systrom had been struggling to launch Burbn, and on one of those caffeinated days in 2010, he approached Krieger and said, “Hey, this is going to be a real thing—are you interested in being my co-founder?” Krieger was immediately interested. “I had an instant image in my head of: I'm working in San Francisco,” he remembers. “I'm working on this thing I love and it's just the two of us.”

The effort was not without funding, having attracted half a million dollars in investments—\$250,000 from the prominent Silicon Valley V.C. firm Andreessen Horowitz and the other half from Steve Anderson, of Baseline Ventures. Still, Burbn was fraught from the start, mostly because it didn't seem sufficiently different from the scores of other popular and established location-based check-in services—such as the then red-hot Foursquare—which allow you to share the places you visit and recommend them to your friends. Even Burbn's motto was decidedly squishy: “A new way to communicate and share in the real world.”

To make things even worse, Nextstop—the travel site where Systrom had worked earlier—would soon be sold to Facebook, where Systrom had also been close to working years before. “I was like, Great, I missed the Twitter boat. I missed the Facebook boat,” he says.

Peaks and Valleys

As often happens at start-ups, as soon as Krieger signed on, Systrom told him he wanted to begin afresh with Burbn and focus on a new idea. In Silicon Valley start-up terms, this is called a “pivot,” which is usually a polite way of saying you've screwed up and are starting over.

So, the pair began to ruthlessly re-assess Burbn, eventually deciding to create a separate service under the tongue-in-cheek rubric of Codename. Crucially, they dumped slow-moving Web-site coding

in favor of an app-only design, thereby throwing their lot in with the Apple iPhone 4, which had just been launched in June 2010.

But their real breakthrough was conceptual: “Instead of doing a check-in that had an optional photo, we thought, Why don't we do a photo that has an optional check-in?” says Systrom.

It was the sort of eureka moment that made perfect sense because the solution had been there all along: photography had been woven through Systrom's life, dating back to his time as the president of the photography club at Middlesex. “I was naturally inclined to take pictures, because it was much more about tweaking variables than it was necessarily creating something with your hands,” says Systrom, who in prep school had used a small Nikon S.L.R. camera to take all kinds of arty shots, from reflections in car windows to shadows in Chinatown.

At Stanford, Systrom opted to go abroad to Florence, Italy, for the winter term of his junior year, where he focused on photography. A teacher there persuaded him to switch from his Nikon to a plastic Holga that took square photos, a choice that would be echoed later at Instagram. Florence also marked Systrom's introduction to using chemicals in the developing process, such as selenium toning, which can give photos a distinct purple hue.

All this would ultimately be incorporated into the new app that Systrom and Krieger were busily sketching out by hand in notebooks in the summer of 2010. During the exhausting push, Systrom took a cheap vacation to a hippie artists' village called Todos Santos, in Baja California Sur, Mexico, with his girlfriend, Nicole.

On a beach walk one day, Nicole told him she would be reluctant to use the app he was working on because her pictures would never be as good as the ones a mutual friend took. “I said, ‘Well, you know what he does to those photos, right?’ She's like, ‘No, he just takes good photos.’ I'm like, ‘No, no, he puts them through filter apps.’ She's like, ‘Well, you guys should probably have filters too, right, then?’ I was like, ‘Huh.’”

“Like,” indeed.

Systrom went back to his hotel room and scoured the Internet, trying to figure out how to make a filter. That day, he created the first, which he called X-Pro II, after the “cross-processing where you take the wrong chemicals for the wrong film and you put them together.” He and Nicole started taking pictures using the filter and posted the first Instagram photo in this unusual style of a little Mexican dog lying next to Nicole's foot. Once they had the filters, they aimed to launch the new service

in just eight weeks.

Excited, Systrom and Krieger shared their new plans with their backers. Andreessen Horowitz had no objection, nor did Baseline's Anderson, who was soon working with them closely on the shift. "I remember thinking, *Finally*," says Anderson, who had been frustrated watching Systrom's difficulties in finding the right recipe for success.

When it came to naming the new service, Systrom and Krieger agreed that

AFTER INSTAGRAM'S LAUNCH, ZUCKERBERG HAD SYSTROM OVER TO HIS HOUSE IN PALO ALTO FOR DINNER SEVERAL TIMES TO TALK ABOUT WHAT HE CALLED "PHILOSOPHY."

"instant" was the key word. After trying hundreds of possible mashups, they settled on "telegram" as the second component.

With the beta version readied, Systrom and Krieger introduced the app to tech luminaries and key media outlets, mining connections from Stanford and their previous jobs in the Valley. Due in no small part to the combination of Systrom's infectious enthusiasm and Krieger's charm, the feedback was encouraging, especially when important figures such as Twitter's Jack Dorsey got interested. Systrom, who had interned at Twitter's precursor, Odeo, when he was in college (and sat right next to Dorsey at the office all summer), met with Dorsey to show him Instagram. Dorsey was an instant fan.

"From the start, Instagram was a simple application and a joy to use," Dorsey remembers. "I was blown away by how much detail they put into the experience. It reminded me about how much Kevin talked about photos [when he worked at Odeo]. There was an obvious obsession there, but it had never been put into practice until then."

Instagram launched on October 6, 2010, with users sharing on both Twitter and Facebook, among others. On that first day, the app had 25,000 users, and it grew exponentially from there.

Early on, there was a San Francisco Giants playoff game taking place at AT&T

Park, near the company's offices. As Systrom recalls, this led to another aha moment: "We were hearing the roars of home runs, not feeling like we were actually there," he recalls. "We did an ad hoc [search] within the database to see if anyone was using Instagram in the area, and there were 140 photos in the last two hours taken in the stadium, so we could see the game [through the app]. . . And that was the moment we realized Instagram could be far more than photo sharing."

Photo Ops

The media and general public alike were almost instantaneously captivated by Instagram, but it wasn't long before Systrom and Krieger confronted their first unexpected setback.

In 2010, around the time Andreessen Horowitz made its \$250,000 investment in Burbn, the firm had also put money into PicPlz, a photo service co-founded by longtime entrepreneur Dalton Caldwell. Though PicPlz was aimed at the growing Google Android mobile eco-system, and the V.C. firm was supportive of Systrom and Krieger's pivot, the investors felt they were facing an "ethical issue," as Horowitz later put it, and thus duty-bound to honor their relationship with PicPlz, to which Instagram was now, unexpectedly, a competitor—and so, a month after Instagram's launch, Andreessen Horowitz announced it was making an additional investment, of \$5 million, in PicPlz, forgoing any further investment in Instagram. (The firm would make \$78 million on the Facebook sale, thanks to its initial stake in Burbn—a roughly 31,000 percent return.) Systrom, who had been aware of the conflict, learned about the deal by reading it in *The New York Times* and was devastated. "Instagram was clearly taking off and we just wanted a fair shake," he says. "Andreessen Horowitz was a big name ...

and it was like, It sucks to get turned away."

Ben Horowitz, who had been through his share of investment and start-up disasters, says, "We should have told [Systrom] the second the decision was made." Indeed, Systrom felt ambushed at the time. "I chalk it up to a moment in time where we were really excited about the momentum we had and we just didn't quite understand the dynamics," he says.

There was still plenty of interest from other investors, though, and Systrom quickly zeroed in on one venture capitalist he thought would bring the most to the situation, including star power: Matt Cohler, of Benchmark Capital. The 36-year-old Cohler is a demi-god to entrepreneurs, with a résumé that includes an early stint as an exec at LinkedIn and then a spot as one of the first five employees hired at Facebook. He left his job there running product management in 2008 to become a venture capitalist.

"It was very clear [Instagram] was striking a chord and fulfilling an unmet need," says Cohler. "This was the first app I had seen for smartphones that was built native for this platform. . . It was a programmable remote for life."

By February of 2011, Benchmark was leading a \$7 million Series A round of funding, which valued Instagram at \$25 million and which also included investments from Dorsey, angel investor Chris Sacca, and another former Facebook tech star, Adam D'Angelo, who just happened to have been Mark Zuckerberg's roommate at Exeter, and was then running his own start-up, a question-and-answer Web site called Quora.

At a party just a month later, at a retro cocktail bar called Bloodhound in San Francisco, to celebrate millions more users, Krieger toasted Cohler and the group.

"To the good old days," said Krieger.

"Mike," replied Cohler, who was the grand old man of the group at 33 years old, "these are the good old days."

Deal Breaker

Indeed, with fewer than a dozen employees, Instagram found it nearly impossible to keep up with its geometric growth in users. While Krieger manned the tech operations, Systrom focused on product improvements and fielding interest from big companies looking to buy Instagram, still less than a year old. Chief among the suitors were Dorsey, at Twitter, and Zuckerberg, at Facebook.

"Kevin would call me and I would call him," Zuckerberg says of his relationship with Systrom during the early days of

Instagram. The two had been casual acquaintances ever since meeting at various gatherings at Stanford while Systrom was a student. (Zuckerberg had even tried to get Systrom to drop out to work at Facebook.) After Instagram's launch, Zuckerberg had Systrom over to his house in Palo Alto for dinner several times to talk about what he called "philosophy."

It wasn't just a matter of selfless mentorship and theoretical discourse, though; Zuckerberg had to pay attention to the rising tide of Instagram, especially since photo uploading had been a key element of Facebook's own initial surge in popularity.

"They got a lot of traffic from Facebook," Zuckerberg says. "And it occurred to me we could be one company." Presumably, it also occurred to him that the then little Instagram could pose a very real threat to Facebook. It was not an idle worry: Instagram was hip, elegant, fun, and "mobile-first," and moving to mobile was a burgeoning problem for the largely desk-bound Facebook.

Most of all, Instagram represented the constant fear that even the greatest of Internet giants fret about daily: in Silicon Valley, the young can sometimes eat the old, instead of the other way around.

Meanwhile, interest from Twitter waned while Jack Dorsey was distanced from the company for a time, due to his removal from the leadership infrastructure. When he returned as executive chairman, in March of 2011, Dorsey resumed his advances with new gusto, trying to convince Systrom that the social-media company would be his best partner going forward.

At the same time, Systrom got a call from another young and aggressive venture capitalist, Roelof Botha, of Sequoia Capital, an investor in Tumblr and a number of other trending start-ups in the social space. He had been watching Instagram's growth carefully and reached out to Systrom in early 2012, impressed by its "stickiness."

"A lot of hot start-ups were losing users as quickly as they get them, like people who get on a bus and then get off in the back," says Botha. "But they retained their users." Almost immediately Botha committed to \$50 million in new funding for Instagram.

Systrom was soon drowning in choices. With Instagram as the start-up du jour, he was invited to the tony conference run by the New York investment bank Allen & Co. in Arizona, the younger offshoot of the hoary Sun Valley power meet-up. Also in attendance: Jack Dorsey.

After talking a while in front of a campfire over drinks one night, Dorsey

and Twitter's then chief financial officer, Ali Rowghani, proposed to Systrom what they considered a formal offer to buy Instagram. The price was in the mid-\$500-million range, a combination of restricted and common stock—but no cash.

While Dorsey and Rowghani recall handing Systrom an actual term sheet, Systrom insists they did not, instigating a he-said-he-said that had serious and unpleasant consequences later. Whatever happened around the fire, Systrom stayed in touch with Twitter until he eventually called Dick Costolo, Twitter's C.E.O., on Wednesday, April 4, to tell him Instagram was going to take the huge Sequoia investment and remain an independent company.

"I SAT BACK AND THOUGHT, WHAT JUST HAPPENED?," BASELINE'S ANDERSON RECALLS. "HOLY SHIT—WHAT JUST HAPPENED?"

Systrom also contacted Zuckerberg to let him know about his decision. But, unlike Twitter, Zuckerberg wouldn't take no for an answer and texted Systrom the next day, asking to talk in greater detail about his interest. "A gesture does not equal an offer, because every tech company is always talking to every other," Zuckerberg says of his persistence. "So, I wanted to be very clear that we were very serious."

Zuckerberg had the power at Facebook to make quick and dramatic moves like this. He invited Systrom over to his home in Palo Alto on Friday, two days after Instagram had spurned Twitter, for a series of long and detailed talks about where the two men could take Instagram with Facebook's massive firepower.

"This never had the feeling of negotiation, because we kind of wanted to work together," Zuckerberg says. He wanted it very much, events would prove, and the discussions that Friday quickly led to an offer that was essentially double what Twitter had floated and venture capitalists had valued the company at. More enticing still, Zuckerberg's offer included a giant, \$300 million dollop of cash.

Systrom was overwhelmed by Zuckerberg's massive offer and intensity, which blurred his focus on keeping Instagram independent. "I'm not sure what changed my mind, but he presented

an entire plan of action, and it went from a \$500 million valuation from Sequoia to a \$1 billion [one from Facebook]," says Systrom. "Obviously, the equation was completely different." (The final value of the offer, after a drop in Facebook's stock, was \$736.5 million.)

What probably clinched the sale was one of the key promises Zuckerberg made to Systrom: to allow Instagram to operate relatively independently within Facebook, unlike a lot of other "acq-hires" the company had made and then proceeded to shut down and integrate.

"Most of the other things we bought were talent acquisitions, but in this case

we wanted to keep what it was and build that out," says Zuckerberg.

Systrom downplays the idea that this courtship was in any way remarkable. "I think everyone thinks that the acquisition was made in a dark room with Trent Reznor music playing. Do you know what I mean? Like there was some dramatic thing," he says, referencing a scene from *The Social Network*. "And it turns out that some of the biggest decisions get made relatively quickly, without much fanfare."

Well, a little. After leaving Zuckerberg's, Systrom called Krieger, who had to blow off his sister, visiting San Francisco from New York, to decide on Instagram's next steps. After he arrived in Palo Alto, the pair sat on the Caltrain platform and talked about what a deal could mean.

Eventually, as they were driving back to San Francisco, Systrom told Krieger, quite simply, "I really like Mark, and I really like his company. And I really like what Facebook is trying to achieve." The pair decided to sell right there and then. The entire negotiation would last from Good Friday to Easter Sunday.

Saturday, Systrom was back at Zuckerberg's to formalize the negotiations and come to an official acquisition agreement, which they would both sign. Their back-and-forth was interrupted by a television-watching party for *Game of Thrones* that Zuckerberg, an avid fan, was

throwing. Systrom spent much of the time outside in the yard, on the phone to the lawyers. "I didn't watch the show," he says. Rather, he spoke to his investors to inform them of the decision and get a sign-off.

Instagram was Facebook's prize.

And while Twitter may have been irked, others were thrilled. Systrom closed the funding deal with Sequoia before Instagram was officially absorbed



A COOL BILL
Mark Zuckerberg had the power at Facebook to make quick and dramatic moves like this

"I sat back and thought, What just happened?," Baseline's Anderson recalls. "Holy shit—*what just happened?*"

That was the same question Dorsey and Costolo were asking, for very different reasons, when, on Monday, April 9, the news was publicly announced, without a heads-up from Systrom or an opportunity to mount a counter-offer. "People can do whatever they want to do with their company," Costolo says now. "I don't think anybody has an obligation. I don't have any moral stance—that's up to him and his shareholders."

Dorsey says the news was harder for him to take, as he felt he had developed a bond with the younger entrepreneur. "I found out about the deal when I got to work and one of my employees told me about it, after reading it online I got a notice later that day since I was an investor," he says. "So I was heartbroken, since I did not hear from Kevin at all. We exchanged e-mails once or twice, and I have seen him at parties. But we have not really talked at all since then, and that's sad." Dorsey's last Instagram shot perhaps said the proverbial thousand words about it all: a picture of an empty Muni bus.

There would be more clashes with Twitter, including a regulatory hearing held by the California Corporations Department over the level of seriousness of the Twitter offer—hinging on the Arizona campfire moment. But, despite the brief drama that ensued, the deal was done and

into Facebook, thereby giving the firm an instant windfall. "I have to give Kevin a lot of credit for keeping his word," says Botha of a move to honor a handshake agreement that cost the young entrepreneur a small fortune.

Out of Service

Late that summer the small Instagram team headed south to Facebook's headquarters, in Menlo Park—30-some employees now ensconced in a small section of an enormous new campus.

Just weeks before, though, the smoldering controversy with Twitter had flared up again, when Twitter turned off the "follower" feature it had extended to Instagram—a move that, to many, smacked of retaliation for the spurned acquisition deal. "We look at them as part of Facebook, as a single organization," says Costolo. "I don't think it makes a lot of sense to tease them apart."

Soon after their move to Menlo Park, Instagram parried back by pulling its support for Twitter card technology. In simple terms, this feature keeps the photos of users inside the Instagram network, instead of offering good versions of those photos inside Twitter's stream. No surprise: Twitter launched its own filter feature soon after.

But another, larger, and more serious setback came less than a month later, when

Instagram introduced new terms of service, prepared by a Facebook lawyer, which quietly allowed the company to access users' photos for advertising purposes—without seeking permission or notifying them. Headlines such as **INSTAGRAM CAN NOW SELL YOUR PHOTOS FOR ADS** underscored the outrage of users—not to mention its celebrity following—who threatened to abandon the photo app over the change. (Instagram's user numbers actually grew during this period.) Systrom quickly backtracked by removing the offending clause, but the damage was done—especially given Facebook's reputation for intruding on the privacy of its users.

"The problem is actually more that we did it so quickly, without all the right senior people looking at it and going, 'Hey, why are we including this clause on advertising if we're not doing advertising yet?,'" Systrom says. "And that's the question I should've asked, and I made that mistake, and that's my fault."

Systrom says he treated the controversy as a learning experience, telling his team to consider Instagram a small country and to imagine how people would feel if someone had suddenly changed all the road signs to a different color. Since then, things have been much smoother, with the active user base growing by more than 1,000 percent since the acquisition, for a total of 100 million active users after only two and a half years on the market. That compares, interestingly, to the 200-million-user mark that Twitter reached at the end of last year, which was achieved over a six-year timespan.

But who's counting? Well, *everyone* in Silicon Valley always is, and some of them think with growth like this Systrom and Krieger should not have sold Instagram quite so quickly. For Systrom, such talk is pointless. "Hindsight is 20/20," he says, quite aware that Silicon Valley is littered with stories of hot start-ups that had spurned big acquisition offers only to "blow up or go sideways" soon after. In other words, for every Instagram, there are digital graveyards full of Friendsters.

With Facebook, which has just given Systrom a business partner to start figuring out how to make some money from the service, he believes the possibilities are endless, and very long-term. "It's wrong not to be thankful for what's happened," he says.

And yet, even after what is clearly one of Silicon Valley's best rags-to-riches stories, Systrom has declined to crack open and drink the best whiskey he owns—a 100-year-old bottle of Jim Beam—to celebrate his epic win. "If you open it, then you've opened it," he says. "I'm still waiting for the right occasion."

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