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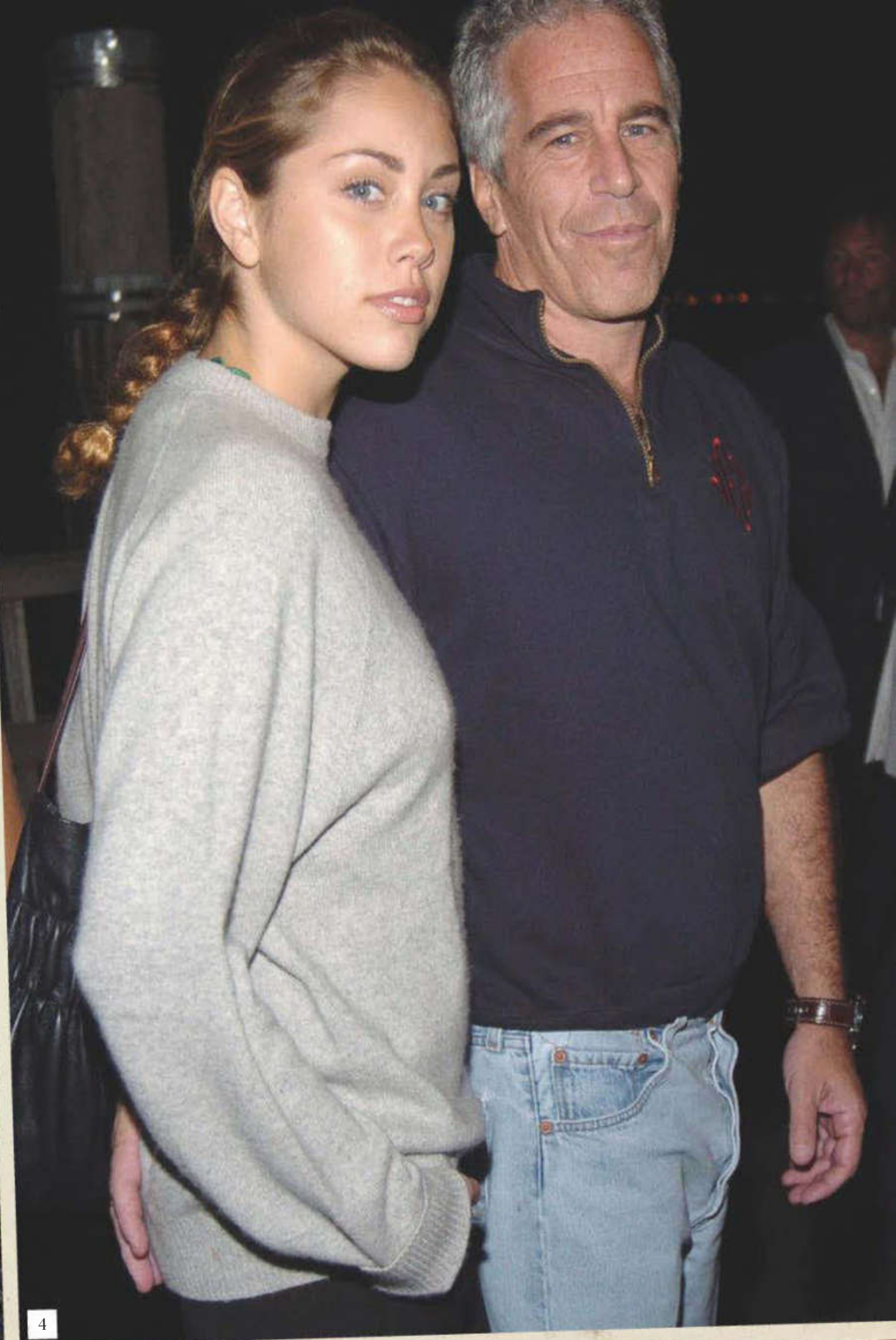
High places: 1 Bill Clinton, who was logged as a passenger on Jeffrey Epstein's private jet eleven times. 2 Ghislaine Maxwell, a long-term confidant of Epstein. 3 Epstein's apartment on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. 4 Epstein and an unnamed friend in 2005. 5 Prince Andrew and Heidi Klum at her Halloween Party, New York, 2000. 6 Headlines connecting the prince with Epstein, February 2011. 7 Epstein's private Caribbean Island, Little St James. 8 The billionaire's private jet at Palm Beach airport



2



3



4

# The anti-soc

This letter is a formal request on behalf of Mr. Edward [unclear] interview you, under oath, regarding interactions that you began in approximately early 2001. Jane Doe No. 3. Among other things, I would like to discuss events that photograph below was taken shortly thereafter.

Your Royal Highness:

I represent attorneys Paul G. Cassell and Bradley J. Edwards. They in turn represent a young woman pictured below who is being referred to as Jane Doe No. 3. That representation is in pending legal proceedings in the United States Federal District Court for the Southern District of Florida.



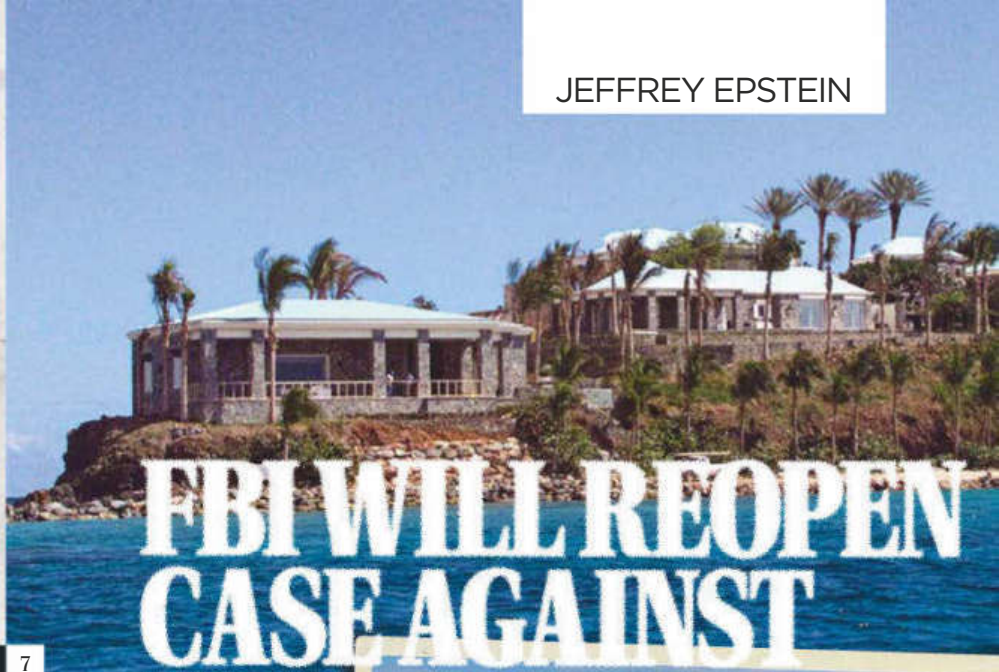
1st photos:  
Randy Andy  
with NYC  
sex creep



PRINCE  
& PERV

Prince Andrew (above) and Jeffrey Epstein (right) in photos released last week. Prince Andrew is seen with Jeffrey Epstein in a photo taken in 2006. Epstein is seen with Jeffrey Epstein in a photo taken in 2006. Epstein is seen with Jeffrey Epstein in a photo taken in 2006. Epstein is seen with Jeffrey Epstein in a photo taken in 2006.

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# FBI WILL REOPEN CASE AGAINST PRINCE'S FRIEND



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Photographs: Alpha Press; celebrityvibe.com; Mark Lawrence; Lawton/Splash News; NY Post/Splash News; Redux/Eyevine; Rex



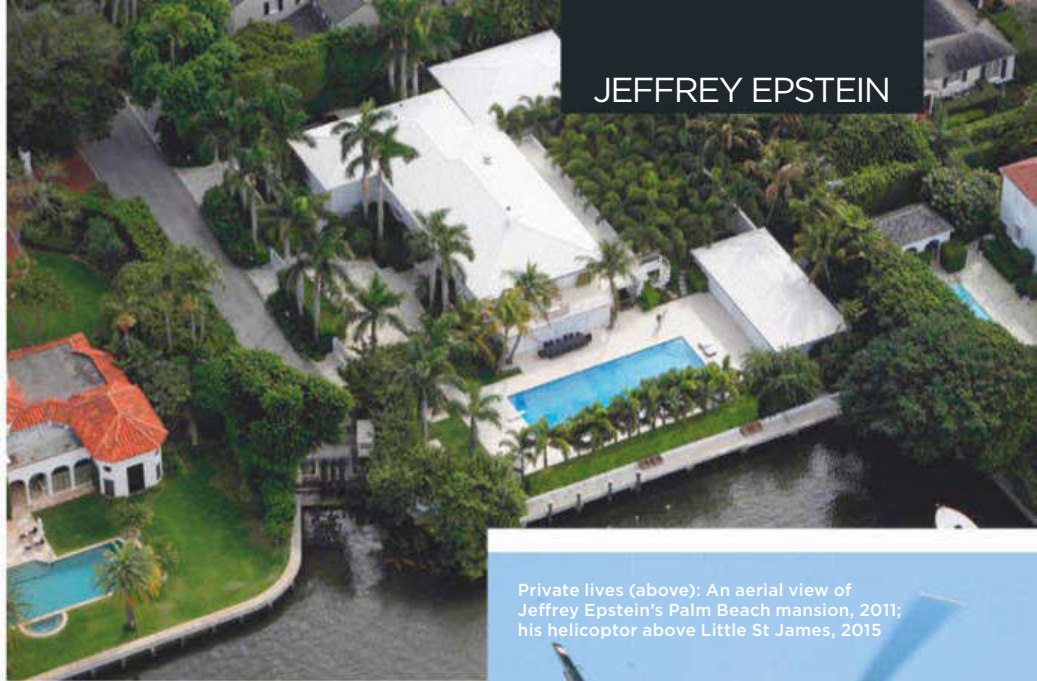
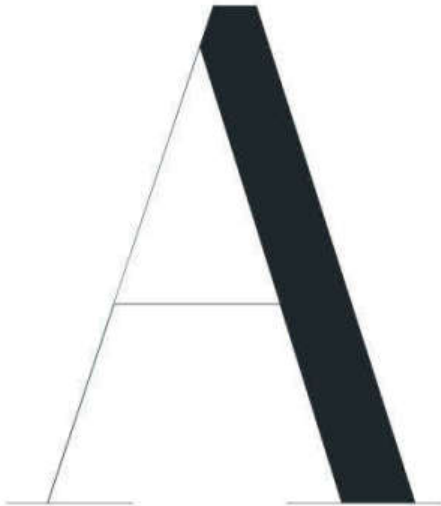
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Jeffrey Epstein counted royalty and presidents as his friends, so it was a perfect scandal when the billionaire admitted soliciting young girls in a controversial plea deal. Now GQ asks if this 21st-century Gatsby can continue to evade his accusers amid claims of a high-society cover-up

STORY BY CHRIS AYRES

# ial network





Private lives (above): An aerial view of Jeffrey Epstein's Palm Beach mansion, 2011; his helicopter above Little St James, 2015



As sex scandals go, the case of Prince Andrew, Duke of York, and a mysterious American billionaire named Jeffrey Epstein isn't lacking in much.

There's a Blofeldian private island in the Caribbean Sea, complete with its own helipad and lagoon. There's a custom-fitted business jet once used for a weekend visit to the royal estate at Sandringham. There are presidents and prime ministers – most notably Bill Clinton, perhaps soon to become the First Man (or First Dude, as he prefers) of the United States. There's even the socialite daughter of a crooked media tycoon, Ghislaine Maxwell, who shares her first name with the yacht from which her father, Robert, fell to his death after stealing £450 million

from pension funds. And then, of course, there are the girls: some barely teenagers (there is no suggestion of any wrongdoing involving anyone other than Epstein himself); most from a swamp-turned-ghetto on the Atlantic coast of Florida with the deeply ironic name of Royal Palm Beach. Lastly, there is the premature demise from cancer of Epstein's former butler, who kept a little black book, known as the "holy grail", detailing his employer's comings and goings... so to speak. Whatever secrets remain within it have followed the not-so-loyal manservant to his grave.

It's a wonder, in fact, that the Epstein affair, which brings to mind the plot of a Tom Wolfe novel crossed with Stanley Kubrick's *Eyes*

*Wide Shut*, hasn't made more news since the day it began, ten years ago, with a woman's distraught phone call to the police in Palm Beach County, Florida.

The woman in question complained that her 14-year-old stepdaughter had been approached by another girl from her high school, driven to a beachfront mansion on a dead-end street, and given \$300 (about £200) to provide a thong-clad massage to a man in his fifties named "Jeff" until he ejaculated into a towel. "The more you do [next time]," the girl was told, as she was escorted through of the gargoyles-flanked gates, "the more you get paid."

The man, of course, was Epstein – the twinkly eyed, velvet-slipped friend of Prince Andrew and Bill Clinton.

The investigation that followed took more than a year to complete. The sanitation department helped redirect Epstein's wheelie bins to the local police HQ. Phone records and flight logs were seized. Dozens of witness statements were video taped. All of which resulted in a heavily redacted, 22-page "probable cause affidavit" that set out the case for Epstein's arrest and trial on sex trafficking charges that could have put some of the world's most famous men on the witness stand and seen the defendant himself go to prison for most of the rest of his natural life.

But it never came to that, of course.

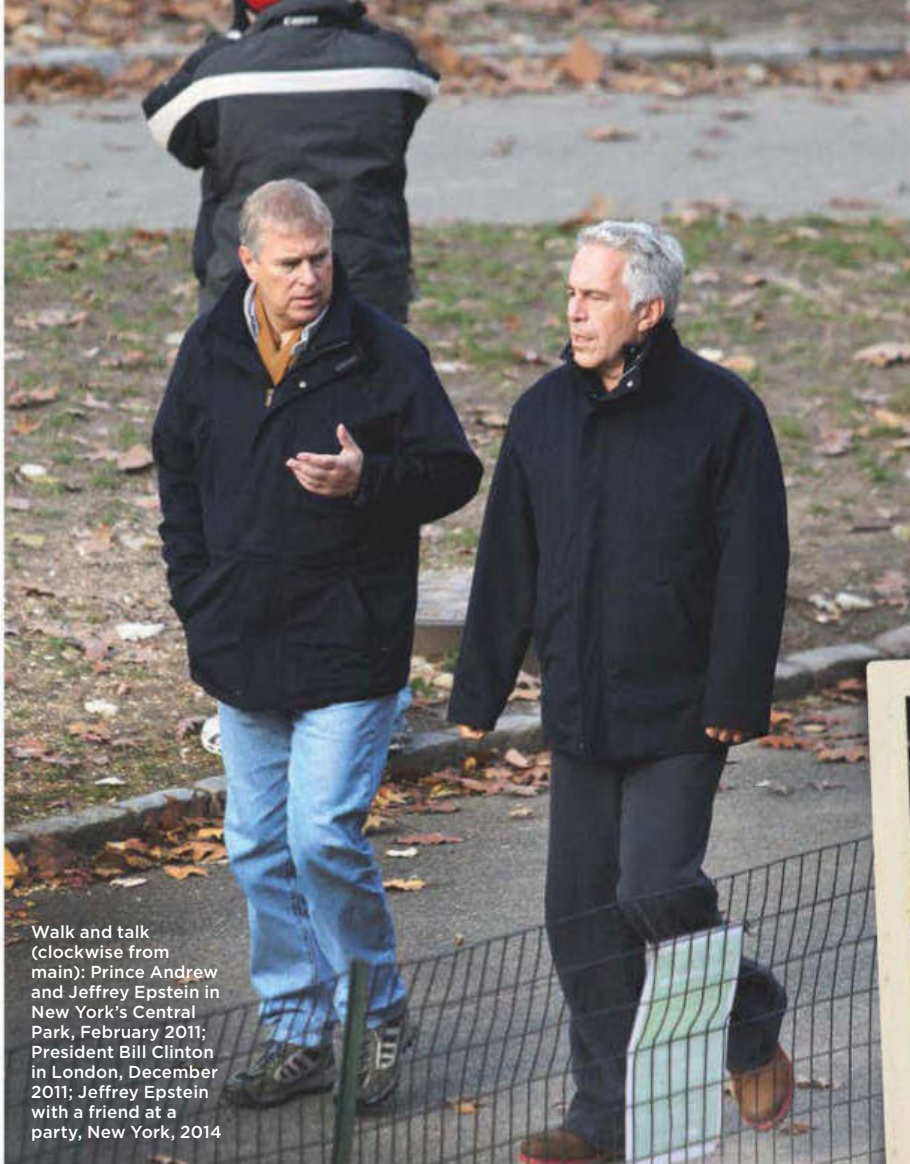
In 2008, the US Justice Department – at a time when George W Bush was still president – (→)

## The trial could have put some of the world's most famous men on the WITNESS STAND

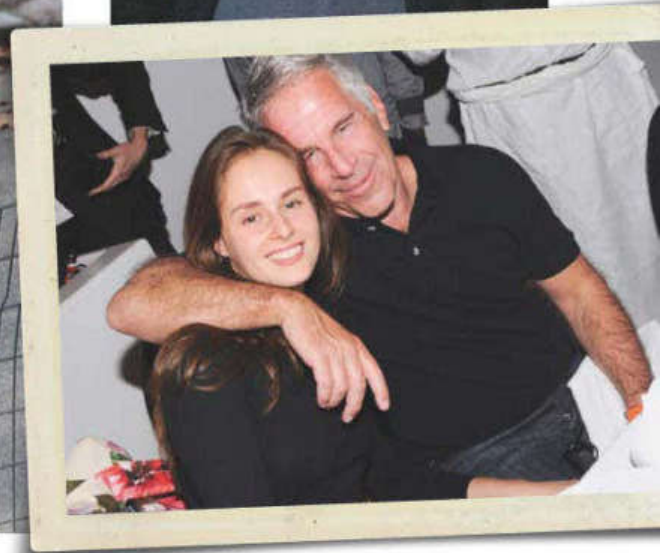
Candid camera: Prince Andrew and the Florida high-school pupil Virginia Roberts. Her claims about the prince have now been struck from the records







Walk and talk (clockwise from main): Prince Andrew and Jeffrey Epstein in New York's Central Park, February 2011; President Bill Clinton in London, December 2011; Jeffrey Epstein with a friend at a party, New York, 2014



➤ negotiated a plea deal instead. In a move that incensed local detectives, the highest powers in the US government allowed Epstein to admit guilt under Florida law to hiring prostitutes and soliciting minors, on the agreement that the far more serious federal case would be dropped. His punishment: 13 months in an empty wing of Palm Beach County Jail, from which he was allowed out, six days a week, up to 16 hours a time, to go to his office. After that, came a year of “house arrest” – during which he managed to visit his properties in Manhattan and on Little St James, his getaway in the US Virgin Islands, which he calls “Little St Jeff”. He couldn’t get out of having his mug shot taken for the US sex offenders’ registry, however.

Thus, what could have exploded into a scandal on the scale of the Sixties London Profumo affair has ended up a drip, drip, drip.

Civil lawsuits involving Epstein’s 40 or so alleged victims continue to move through the courts. Photographs keep being republished of Prince Andrew, sometimes with much younger women, on various ill-advised Epstein-related excursions. Meanwhile, flight logs of Epstein’s private jet have put President Clinton on the so-called “Lolita Express” no fewer than eleven times – at one point with Epstein, Maxwell and

## He could not get out of having HIS MUGSHOT TAKEN for the US sex offenders’ registry

the blonde female assistant who was alleged to have recruited other girls as underage prostitutes under what lawyers have called the billionaire’s “pyramid abuse scheme”. (The trips began three years before any allegations against Epstein were made.)

It has even been revealed that President Clinton once shared the jet’s cabin with Chauntae Davies, a former soft-porn actress listed in one of Epstein’s address books under “Massage – California”.

For Prince Andrew, however, the most serious “drip” – the one that threatened to bring down the whole dam – came in January, when new court papers were released concerning a former Royal Palm Beach high-school

pupil named Virginia Roberts. The allegations within them were so serious, Buckingham Palace was moved to declare them “false and without any foundation”.

The Roberts claims have since been struck from the record, so *GQ* won’t repeat them here, but the broader case to which they’re related goes on. Indeed, hundreds of private emails between Epstein and his advisors have just been unsealed as the proceedings gather pace. And with some of the highest-profile lawyers in the US on both sides, the Clintons on the campaign trail in preparation for Hillary’s bid for the presidency in 2016 and the tabloids hungry for anything new on “Randy Andy” and his disgraced billionaire friend, it looks as though this long and sordid saga isn’t anywhere near to being over just yet.

**C**omparisons between Jeffrey Epstein and F Scott Fitzgerald’s antihero Jay Gatsby aren’t in the least bit original, but the fact remains: no one seems to know exactly where his money came from.

For the first two decades of Epstein’s career, in fact, his name and fortune meant nothing on Wall Street or in the Square Mile of London. ➤



➤ Unlike, say, George Soros, who infamously helped sink the British pound in 1992, or the Koch brothers, who have meddled endlessly in US elections, Epstein was practically invisible until the early noughties, when he first loaned his private jet to Bill Clinton, prompting articles in New York's high-society press with headlines such as "The Talented Mr Epstein" and "Jeffrey Epstein: International Moneyman Of Mystery".

Whatever the source of Epstein's money, however, one thing is clear: he has a lot of it. Hence his ornate, French-style Fifth Avenue home on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, with 40 rooms covering 21,000 sq ft – the largest private residence in the city by most estimates. Built in 1933 by an heir to the Macy's fortune, it used to be an elite private school and sits opposite Bill Cosby's much smaller brownstone. Visitors say the entrance hall is decorated with rows of individually framed artificial eyes, once intended for wounded soldiers in England. Other features include a gigantic sculpture of a naked African warrior, a heating element under the street outside (so the snow never settles), and a lead-lined panic-room-cum-bathroom under the stairs with CCTV screens hidden inside one of the cabinets. Epstein's favourite touch, however, is a stuffed black poodle that sits atop a grand piano. "I want people to think about what it means to stuff a dog," he once explained, darkly, to a female reporter for *Vanity Fair*.

The Manhattan trophy home is only the beginning of Epstein's modern-day Maharaja lifestyle, however. He also owns the largest private dwelling in New Mexico – a castle-like stone fortress named Zorro, on a parched, *Breaking Bad*-style ranch, which he bought from the family of the state's former attorney general, Gary King, whose father was a three-term governor.

Then there's Epstein's apartment on the ludicrously grand, chestnut tree-lined Avenue Foch in Paris, at the end of which is the Arc de Triomphe. Not to forget Little St Jeff, his private island, and his beach-front spread in

Palm Beach – plus, of course, the fleet of aircraft he maintains to travel between them all: a Gulfstream IV, a Cessna, a Boeing 727, and a helicopter. Epstein is so rich, he once said that he considers eating in restaurants – ie with the general public – "like eating on the subway".

Given the opaque nature of Epstein's holdings, there is inevitable suspicion that all this could be part of some Bernie Madoff-style confidence trick. But it's a theory few seriously entertain. "He's got real investments, real tangible property," Jose Lambiet, a Palm Beach gossip columnist who has kept tabs on Epstein for the past decade and a half, tells *GQ*. "I don't know how much money he earns now. But I do think he's already made enough to last the rest of his days."

It's all very far removed from Epstein's upbringing as the son of a New York parks department employee, in lower-middle-class

Brooklyn on the other side of the East River from Manhattan.

Along with his younger brother, Mark, he attended one of the worst schools in the city, Lafayette High, since closed down. Yet he still managed to get into Cooper Union, a college in the East Village, among the most selective in the US, including the Ivy League.

By most accounts, he abandoned his studies before getting a degree and ended up at the similarly august Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences, an offshoot of New York University. But he left there, too, with nothing to show for it. Nevertheless, he landed a job teaching calculus and physics at The Dalton School on the Upper East Side, where he became a maverick, charismatic presence, compared by some to the Robin Williams character in *Dead Poets Society*. Fortuitously for Epstein, one of his awe-struck pupils was ➤

## Whatever the source of Jeffrey Epstein's money, one thing is clear: HE HAS A LOT OF IT



Powerful friends (from above): Jeffrey Epstein in a West Palm Beach court where he pleaded guilty to soliciting minors; Ghislaine Maxwell and Prince Andrew at Heidi Klum's party, 2000; Maxwell's apartment on the Upper East Side, Manhattan



Photographs: Celebrityvibe.com; Rex; Splash News

➤ the son of “Ace” Greenberg, then head of the Wall Street brokerage Bear Stearns (aka The Bear).

Greenberg nicknamed his employees the “PSDs” – Poor and Smart with a Deep desire to get rich. And when he took one look at Epstein, he knew he’d found a new recruit. Soon enough, Epstein was doing big business at The Bear – this was 1976 and Epstein was just 23 – but he quickly decamped to set up his own company, J Epstein and Co, which later became Financial Trust Company, registered on Little St Jeff. Today it is thought to employ about 150 people, mostly administrative staff.

What the company actually does, however, is a subject of much debate. Is it a hedge fund? A money-management firm? Or is it – as some claim – a bounty-hunting outfit, which earns commissions by collecting stolen millions on behalf of governments and rich people? Would the latter explain why Epstein is licensed to carry a concealed weapon (thought to be a Glock) and is reported to have a gun safe in a shower at one of his homes?

While Epstein hasn’t clarified any of this, he has stated, outlandishly, that he has a policy of refusing clients who are not in the top 2,000 or so of the world’s most ludicrously wealthy people – “the zero per cent”, as it were. “I was the only person crazy enough, or arrogant enough, or misplaced enough, to make my limit a billion dollars or more,” he once bragged.

As for the identities of all those billionaire clients, only one of them has ever outed themselves in the press: Leslie “Les” Wexner, 78-year-old founder of the American retail empire L Brands, who made much of his fortune through Victoria’s Secret (which he still owns) and Abercrombie & Fitch. Wexner got married late, at 55, and now has four children. Although he and Epstein have gone their separate ways since the latter’s legal problems, they were close for years. Epstein’s home on the Upper East Side, in fact, used to be owned by Wexner, and some believe the retail billionaire gave it to him for a token sum. Many believe that he was seduced, for want of a better word, by Epstein’s charisma and genius-grade IQ.

Epstein’s relationship with Ghislaine Maxwell – who led him to Prince Andrew – is even more curious. They met, reportedly, shortly after the death of Maxwell’s father (forever known as Cap’n Bob in *Private Eye*) whose body was found in 1991, floating in the Atlantic, just off Gran Canaria in the Canary Islands.

Maxwell, the youngest of nine, and by most accounts her father’s favourite, was crushed. Beautiful, single and about to turn 30, she had an Oxford education and an innate, hard-charging (some might say bullying) confidence, but was facing ruin, by high-society standards, with her one-bedroom Manhattan apartment and reported trust fund allowance of just £80,000 a year.

Epstein became her knight in zip-up fleece and faded jeans. For a long time the pair were said to be dating. There were rumours that Maxwell had started to manage Epstein’s properties. (There is much speculation over whether she was ever technically an employee of his.) “What Jeffrey wants, Jeffrey gets,” she once reportedly told the managers of his private island. And when they broke up – what Jeffrey wanted was to sleep with other women, apparently – they weirdly seemed to grow even closer. Maxwell was his “Queen Bee” as one employee put it. After all, if Epstein gave Maxwell access to the kind of wealth she had known before her father’s death, then Maxwell gave Epstein access to the kind of prestige that money can’t buy, namely her friendships with the Clintons and the royal family. Even the Pope and Fidel Castro were said to be in her social circle. Indeed, Maxwell was so trusted by Prince Andrew, he let her take him to a “hookers and pimps” party in 2000 hosted by Heidi Klum, who was dressed as you might expect (or hope) in

## Epstein gave Maxwell access to wealth; she gave him ACCESS TO PRESTIGE that money can’t buy

low cut, shiny black latex and arterial red lipstick. The paparazzi shots are still online: the prince looking about as at home as a corgi in a space suit; Maxwell in gold trousers and a platinum wig (it’s not clear if she was a pimp or a hooker), her arm draped over his shoulder.

What Epstein and Prince Andrew saw in each other when Maxwell brought them together, we can only imagine. The prince is known for many things, but an untamed intellect isn’t one of them, to put it kindly. So why did Epstein, a “collector of brilliant minds” who can hold his own with Stephen Hawking, find him so appealing – other than the ultimate social bragging right of hanging out with a royal? And what about the prince? Did the Queen’s famously spoiled son really, as has been claimed, learn to “relax” in Epstein’s presence, shedding his woollen socks and dressing in tracksuit bottoms around the house? Or did “Andy” (as Epstein calls him) see this Brooklyn-raised hustler in more calculating terms: as a means to help his ex-wife financially, so that she wouldn’t continue

to embarrass herself and her in-laws with her hair-brained money-grubbing schemes? Epstein did, after all, ended up writing the duchess a cheque – or rather, he gave £15,000 to her former assistant to cover unpaid wages and other bills.

If there were other cheques, no one would be surprised.

Then again, Prince Andrew, like Epstein, has been known to enjoy a bawdy laugh. So perhaps that’s how they bonded. There is a story, never confirmed, about an alleged visit by the prince to Little St Jeff, during which an unidentified female companion trod on a sea urchin while taking a stroll on the beach. Prince Andrew urinated on her foot to heal the sting. “The royal member has done its duty!” he roared, much to everyone’s delight.

It was near the beginning of Epstein’s dealings with the House of Windsor, just after the turn of the millennium, that things took an unsettling turn. The prince and Epstein were seen holidaying together in Florida and Thailand, surrounded by topless model-esque women in thongs. Epstein also attended the Queen’s birthday party, followed by a pheasant-shooting weekend at Sandringham (the private jet was given clearance to land at RAF Marham). Epstein and Maxwell even reportedly spent a weekend at Craigowan Lodge, in the grounds of Balmoral.

Stranger still, the prince was photographed with Virginia Roberts, the girl from Royal Palm Beach high school. His arm hangs around her bare midriff – although, once again, he looks profoundly ill at ease. Maxwell is in the background, grinning, a flashbulb glaring in the sash window behind her. Roberts was 17 at the time, allegedly. The location is unknown, but it was most likely Maxwell’s £3.7 million mews house in London.

What a teenager from the wrong side of the tracks in a Florida beach town was doing in such company defies explanation – unless, of course, Epstein was also present, and he’d brought her along to keep him company on the transatlantic flight. There is no suggestion that Prince Andrew and Maxwell had any knowledge of, or involvement with, Epstein’s solicitation of minors. Both have made public statements to that effect.

In fairness to the prince, he was by no means the only one to find this filthy-rich, would-be playboy philosopher an intoxicating presence.

Not long after the Roberts photograph was taken, Harvard University trumpeted a \$35m gift by Epstein, and the billionaire flew to Africa on his private jet for an anti-Aids and anti-poverty initiative with President Clinton, the actors Kevin Spacey and Chris Tucker, and the supermarket tycoon Ron Burkle,

Continued on page 324





## JEFFREY EPSTEIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

who is friends with Sean “Diddy” Combs and Leonardo DiCaprio. (Burkle has his own jet, apparently nicknamed “Air F\*\*\* One” in honour of the exploits that allegedly go on at 37,000 feet.) Epstein also joined a consortium that made a failed bid for *New York* magazine, known for its high literary style and association with Sixties “new journalism”. He served on The Council On Foreign Relations, a US think tank, alongside former CIA directors and US secretaries of state. And he founded the Jeffrey Epstein VI Foundation, to fund research into molecular biology and mathematics along with (ahem) “youth initiatives”. He even managed to get Stephen Hawking to visit Little St Jeff while at a conference on a neighbouring island. They discussed gravity.

Much of the appeal, you get the sense, was the whiff of danger – of sex, even – that came with Epstein in this stuffy, cerebral crowd: the loafers, no matter what the formality; the lived-in good looks; the monk-like teetotalism; and the ripped, almost steroidal chest. Not to mention the gun and the Harleys that he straddled at the weekends. And, yes, the girls. Young. Thin. Accents. What else would you expect of man who was BFF with the owner of Victoria’s Secret, and who was known to financially support MC2, a high-end modelling agency in Manhattan? (The agency’s French-born owner, Jean-Luc Brunel, is now suing Epstein for the loss of business caused by their association.)

Epstein’s friends would even joke to the press about the billionaire’s long-legged, not-old-enough-to-drink companions. Donald Trump, who owns the historic Mar-a-Largo Club near Epstein’s mansion in Palm Beach, once thundered to a journalist, “He is a lot of fun to be with. It is even said that he likes beautiful women as much as I do – and many of them are on the younger side.”

Others, including guests at Epstein’s dinner parties, found it awkward to mingle with these terrifyingly naive teenagers, who looked as though they should have been at home with their mums.

Many have argued that, in spite of the girls, there were no obvious signs of anything improper going on at Epstein’s properties.

Alan Dershowitz, a lawyer and former Harvard professor, whose clients have included OJ Simpson and Julian Assange (he also once represented Epstein, and is now countersuing Roberts’ lawyers for defamation) told *GQ* that when he visited Little St Jeff with his wife and kids, all they did was hunt for treasure on the beach. “We were all totally shocked when these allegations came out,” he says. “We knew that Jeffrey’s girlfriends tended to be 25-year-olds, and we chided him about that. But mostly they were professional models. That was different to any allegations of anyone being underage.”

The police who searched Epstein’s Palm Beach mansion after the first accusations against him emerged found it to be a rather less wholesome experience. There were soaps shaped like penises and vaginas in the guest bathrooms. Concealed cameras – one inside a clock – linked to a computer hard drive. And a stairway lined with photographs of young, birthday-suited girls. (One nude portrait hung next to a picture of Epstein and the Pope, allegedly causing distress to a Roman Catholic maid.)

In the “probable cause affidavit” that was later filed, long since leaked online, a parade of witnesses said that Epstein would get massages two or three times a day from females aged 14 to 16. None of them were qualified physical therapists. The massages were booked by Epstein’s blonde female assistant, Sarah Kellen. She coordinated with another girl, Haley Robson – just 17 when she started – to select new recruits from the high school they’d both attended. Robson told the police she was “like Heidi Fleiss” (the Hollywood madam) and that the girls were told to say they were 18 if ever asked their age. Privately, however, Epstein instructed Robson, “the younger the better”.

Most of the girls came from Royal Palm Beach, a slum built on alligator-infested wetlands next to a highway, directly under the flight path to the airport. Many of its residents are on benefits, and the crime rate – arson, car thefts, burglary – is high.

“Palm Beach is one of the wealthiest towns in America, but it’s surrounded by very poor communities,” explains Jose Lambiet, the gossip columnist. “The only thing in Royal Palm Beach is a McDonald’s. These are very poor families – alcohol problems, drug problems... you name it. Epstein got troubled youths from a troubled area. That’s what captured people’s attention here.”

Well, that, and the salaciousness of the allegations. Such as the claim that Epstein boasted of purchasing a “sex slave” named Nadia Marcinkova from a family in the former Yugoslavia. (There are photographs of her online – tall, blonde, elegant – wearing a flight attendant’s uniform, standing beside what appears to be the *Lolita Express*.) Or that he kept an armoire filled with devices such as “The Twin Torpedo” along with a jar

of peach-flavoured lubricant labelled “Joy Jelly”. (Epstein’s butler, Alfredo Rodriguez, had the unenviable job of washing the toys after they were left behind on the floor. He was also once tasked with delivering a dozen roses to a girl still at high school.) There were other stories, too – all devoured by the tabloids – that Epstein would orchestrate lesbian strap-on sessions between Marcinkova and his teenage masseuses while grinding himself into his beloved towels.

Later, Epstein’s lawyers explained to the police that their client was “very passionate about massages”. The billionaire had donated \$100,000 for a massage fund at the Florida Ballet, they said, because he felt they were “therapeutic and spiritually sound”.

**F**ury doesn’t begin to describe the reaction in Palm Beach to Epstein’s plea deal in 2008.

It was, by any measure, an extraordinarily lenient arrangement and included a crucial proviso that “the US will not institute any criminal charges against any potential co-conspirators”. Not only did this spare Kellen and Robson from criminal trials, but it also ensured that Prince Andrew and Clinton – and others in Epstein’s rarified world – would never be called as witnesses.

Epstein was humiliated, to be sure, and many of his friends deserted him, fearing scandal by association with a registered sex offender. (Rightly so, as Prince Andrew’s troubles have demonstrated.) But it’s thought that the settlements he has so far made with his victims add up to little more than a rounding error in his offshore holdings – and he was minimally inconvenienced by his stint in jail. The worst that happened to him was perhaps a video-taped deposition, leaked on YouTube, during which he was asked in excruciating detail about his allegedly “egg-shaped penis”. His punishment seems especially mild when compared to the similar, more recent case of a Florida man named James Mozie, who employed underage females at a home-brothel known as the “boom boom room”. Mozie got life and his girlfriend will be in prison for the next 13 years. The couple are black. They aren’t friends with royalty. Neither of them owns an island. Nor, for that matter, a jet.

It’s tempting to look for a Clinton-related conspiracy in the Epstein affair, but such thinking doesn’t bear much scrutiny. Yes, Bill Clinton was a frequent flier on The *Lolita Express*, but Epstein’s mentor, Wexner, is a close friend of George W Bush (they visited Jerusalem together) who supported the Iraq War and raised money for Mitt Romney. Epstein’s plea deal, meanwhile, was negotiated on his behalf by Ken Starr, the moral puritan best known for the Starr Report into the Monica Lewinsky scandal, which concluded that Clinton had lied under oath. Epstein’s

downfall, in other words, has uncomfortable connections to both Republicans and Democrats alike. Which perhaps explains why the story has been ignored with regards to Hillary Clinton's run for the presidency in 2016. "The only potential benefit [to her opponents] is if it helps build an ongoing narrative about super-rich friends and donor influence – but the Republicans have their own skeletons to hide," says Simon Radford, a British political scientist at the University of Southern California, who has worked as a "message architect" for high-profile US candidates.

Meanwhile, the prosecutor in Florida who agreed to Epstein's plea deal has argued that his decision was based on the risk of not getting any conviction at all if the case had gone to trial.

There's no doubt that some of the girls – young, inarticulate, perhaps not too bright, with dysfunctional families and poor decision-making skills – would have struggled to withstand questioning by some of the world's most expensive lawyers. This, of course, is why sexual predators usually target vulnerable women, and not, say, the daughters of senators. But Epstein would have argued that billionaires are vulnerable, too. That the girls and their *pro bono* lawyers only wanted his money.

Epstein, a generous donor to the Palm Beach Police department, also had the benefit of limited physical evidence. For this, he could thank his butler, Rodriguez, who told police that he didn't know the whereabouts of the little black book, which contained the names, addresses and numbers of his underage masseuses. Rodriguez later tried to sell the book (what he called the "holy grail") for \$50,000 to the lawyers representing the billionaires' victims. The lawyers instead tipped off the FBI, who sent an undercover agent to pose as the buyer, before cuffing Rodriguez after the money changed hands. "If this book had been produced when requested, Mr Epstein's sentence may have been significantly different," said the judge who gave Rodriguez an 18-month sentence in federal prison – a far more daunting prospect than Epstein's 13 months in county jail.

Rodriguez said in court papers that he had kept the book as an "insurance policy" to stop Epstein making him "disappear". He died from a rare type of cancer in January. He was 60 years old.

Heavily redacted copies of the "holy grail" have since been published. There were 21 numbers for Clinton; others for Tony Blair; the former Israeli prime minister, Ehud Barak; and Larry Summers, a former treasury secretary and president of Harvard. All of which you'd expect of a well-connected billionaire.

Rodriguez's circling of various entries has never been explained, however – and questioning him about it now may prove a tad difficult. Ironically enough, the black book,

along with The Lolita Express' flight logs – which are maddeningly vague and probably incomplete – would not have made it into the public domain if Epstein hadn't tried to sue one of the lawyers of the victims, claiming a racketeering scheme. More such collateral damage will no doubt result from the discovery process in the defamation cases involving Dershowitz, not to mention the lawsuit filed against Epstein by Jean-Luc Brunel, owner of MC2, the modelling agency.

Which brings us to the main reason why the Epstein affair is months or years away from being fully played out. Under the US Crime Victims' Rights Act, passed in 2004 by President Bush, the underage girls who were paid for sex by Epstein have the right to be "reasonably heard" in a plea deal. But in a case known as Two Jane Does vs US, the victims' lawyers (who didn't respond to repeated interview requests from *GQ*) argue that Epstein's pact was kept a secret from them. The legal saga has been rumbling on since 2008 and has so far proved unstoppable, in spite of loud protests by the US Justice Department. Even when Virginia Roberts' effort to join Two Jane Does as a plaintiff failed, the court said it was only because her allegations were "immaterial and impertinent to the central claim".

The next shoe to drop is likely to be emails between Epstein, his lawyers and prosecutors, which the court has said can be unsealed on the condition there's a good reason, and it's not done for the sole purpose of embarrassment. "My gut feeling is you're not going to see them in one big swoop," says Jose Lambiet, who was the first to report the ruling at the end of April. "They might show up in different pleadings, here and there, over some time."

Some think the case is still a long shot, given Epstein's wealth and connections. "Epstein was and continues to be protected by very powerful people," argues one victims' rights activist, who asked not to be named. "The attorneys representing the victims will have to be patient, focused, and courageous."

All bets are off, however, if the Jane Does succeed.


**E**pstein can't be prosecuted for the same crimes a second time under the US "double jeopardy" law. But if the Jane Does do prevail, the case will be broken wide open again, much to the discomfort of President Clinton and Prince Andrew, who has already given up his role as Britain's trade envoy since the scandal. "It's impossible to know [what would happen]," admits Dershowitz, who has ended his friendship with Epstein. "Maybe the young women [who settled with him] would have to give the money back. Then maybe they could sue him again. It's very hard to see what a remedy would be." Dershowitz is dismissive of suggestions that

the victims' lawyers are trying to hurt Hillary Clinton – after all, their team includes the likes of David Boies, who argued for Al Gore during Bush vs Gore. "I think the motive is money," he says. "But politics could become a means to get the money."

In an election year, that could get very ugly indeed.

Meanwhile, neither the Clintons nor the prince have helped themselves much in terms of keeping the tabloids at bay. The Clintons invited Ghislaine Maxwell (currently selling her New York home for about £11m) to their daughter, Chelsea's, wedding in 2010. The prince, meanwhile, attended a post-jail party that Epstein threw a few months later with Woody Allen and the TV anchor George Stephanopoulos, a former advisor to the Clintons, who was recently exposed as a donor to the family's scandal-plagued foundation. In what was either a staggering lapse of judgement or a bloody-minded display of loyalty to an old friend, Andrew was photographed with Epstein strolling through Central Park that weekend. In maximum contrast, Epstein's alleged former madam and "sex slave" – Kellen and Marcinkova respectively – have gone to ground and assumed new identities. They haven't given up their taste for the good life, however. Kellen is thought to have taken the name "Sarah Kensington" and started to date Brian Vickers, a famous Nascar driver.

Dershowitz, like others whose lives have been disrupted by the scandal, insists that he doesn't rue the day that he crossed paths with Epstein. "I met a lot of interesting people through him, so it's hard to regret," he explains to *GQ*. "I had dinners with Nobel prize winners, with astronauts, with presidents of universities." It was thanks to Epstein, adds Dershowitz, that he got to accompany Prince Andrew to a birthday party for Lord Rothschild, the Eton-educated investment banker and to another dinner with a senior British diplomat.

The sixth-in-line to the throne even took part in one of Dershowitz's classes at Harvard. Recalls Dershowitz: "He wrote me a letter afterwards saying that it was one of the most positive experiences of his life – and that he hoped that he, Epstein, and me could continue to educate each other." A thirst for knowledge, he maintains, was what excited him and the prince – not Epstein's female companions. "The only thing I ever discussed with Prince Andrew was the Middle East," he says. "Although he did once ask for advice... about playing golf with Bill Clinton." 



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