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OUR LEGITIMACY CRISIS

RUSS FEINGOLD

GAY TALESE HAS A COLD

MICHELLE DEAN

THE Nation.

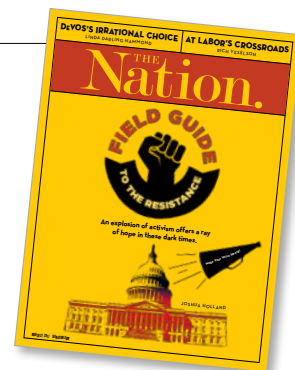
APRIL 3, 2017

HOW TO REVIVE THE PEACE MOVEMENT

We need to merge social-justice and antiwar activism.

DANIEL MAY





THE Nation. Cruise



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Letters

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A Note on Words and Images

As the author of "Education for Sale?" in the March 27 issue of *The Nation*, I wish to note that I did not write and was not made aware of the subtitle attached to the article: "Betsy DeVos is an evangelist for extreme school 'choice.' Can the education system survive her agenda?" Nor did I know of or approve the lead image that accompanied the article and made its way into social media. Both suggested a personal attack on Secretary DeVos, something I would neither engage in nor condone.

The Learning Policy Institute is a nonpartisan research institute dedicated to informing policy development. We do not take positions on legislation or on policy-makers. We are committed to working with policy-makers from any party who are dedicated to improving our education system to ensure that all students have access to empowering and equitable high-quality education.

My colleagues and I have significant concerns about the ways in which some approaches to "school choice" can serve to undermine that goal. Those concerns are based on unbiased, rigorous research about the outcomes of charters and vouchers utilized differently in a number of US states and some other countries, as detailed in my article. If we are to make improvements to create the high-quality education systems our students so badly need, it will not happen by demonizing one another, nor by simplifying the issues. It must happen through civil collaboration by everyone involved, and by applying evidence to the pressing problems at hand. Only then can we create an educational system in which all of our schools are worth choosing and all students and their families have real choices, with or

without charter schools.

LINDA DARLING-HAMMOND
President, Learning Policy Institute
Professor Emeritus, Stanford University
PALO ALTO, CALIF.

New Jersey State of Mind

Bob and Barbara Dreyfuss's story "John Wisniewski's Insurgent Crusade" [March 13] completely misses the reality of what has been going on in the New Jersey gubernatorial race for the past year. They make it appear as though Phil Murphy is the tool of the party bosses and county committee chairmen. The reality is that the state Democratic Party was widely splintered, with most support in the southern counties expected to fall behind Senate President Steve Sweeney and the northern counties supporting Jersey City Mayor Steven Fulop. Except nobody bothered to tell Murphy, who jumped into the race early and has worked his tail off ever since.

The surprise came when Fulop unexpectedly decided not to run and Murphy locked up the support of most of the county chairs. Murphy had the support of almost the entire state before Wisniewski even announced his candidacy. Wisniewski blames his lack of support on the backlash to his endorsement of Bernie Sanders. But the county chairmen don't care who the candidate supported in the presidential race; they just want to win back the governor's office, and they see Murphy as the best choice. To suggest that the party would not get behind Wisniewski were he to win the primary is ludicrous, and any comparisons to 2013 are ridiculous.

Murphy has earned the support of everyone who is behind him because he has been working every day, touting his inspiring personal story coupled with a detailed vision of what he will do as governor. Frankly, I am surprised and

letters@thenation.com

(continued on page 26)

Trumpcare Is Rigged

For seven years, demolishing the Affordable Care Act has been the GOP's animating crusade. By the time Donald Trump was elected, House Republicans had voted more than 60 times to repeal the law. But apparently, they didn't think much about what would replace it. As Trump recently

discovered, health-care reform turns out to be "complicated." But what the GOP finally proposed isn't a health-care plan—it's a tax cut for the wealthy, paid for by throwing Grandma under the bus. According to the Congressional Budget Office, 24 million people would lose their insurance by 2026 if the American Health Care Act becomes law, with 14 million losing their coverage next year.

Ironically, the GOP bill adopts Obamacare's essential framework, relying on tax credits to cushion the cost of insurance. But because of the way the AHCA structures those credits—by age, and without regard to income or geography—the poor and the elderly in high-cost markets will be the hardest hit. That change, combined with a provision freeing insurers to charge older people up to five times what they charge younger customers, means that a 62-year-old scraping by on \$18,000 a year in Nebraska's Chase County could see her annual premium jump from \$760 under the ACA to \$20,000 under the Republican plan, according to a projection from the consulting firm Oliver Wyman.

The AHCA also preserves some of Obamacare's popular provisions, including the ban on discrimination based on preexisting conditions and gender. But the bill overall is a huge, incoherent mess. Consider its substitute for the much-decried individual mandate. Instead of paying a tax penalty for failing to buy insurance, people would pay a 30 percent surcharge on their premiums if they experience a gap in coverage of two months or longer. Perversely, this penalty would discourage people who have dropped out of the health-insurance market from reentering unless they are sick. Along with reduced premium subsidies, it's a recipe for the very "death spiral" that Republicans have warned about.

Who does the law help? The richest 400 households in America, which will each receive an aver-

age annual tax cut of \$7 million. Health-insurance CEOs get a handout too: By increasing the amount of executive pay that companies can deduct from their taxes from \$500,000 to \$1 million, the GOP plan encourages bloated compensation packages. And younger, wealthier people shopping on the individual marketplaces may see lower rates and higher subsidies.

For everyone else, there is little to love about the Republican plan. It fails to meet President Trump's basic promise of "insurance for everybody." It also fails to satiate the far right's blood lust for a complete gutting of the ACA. It punishes the GOP's own base—working-class, elderly, and rural Americans, particularly in states that Trump won. It upends the financial structure of the entire Medicaid program, which covers 68 million people. And it eliminates a mandate for coverage of mental-health and substance-abuse treatment.

It's tempting to mock the GOP's botch job—and in particular House Speaker Paul Ryan, the supposed wonk-wunderkind who recently revealed that he has no idea how insurance works. "The people who are healthy pay for the people who are sick," he complained, referring to Obamacare, as if that weren't the basic premise of insurance. But messy as it is, the AHCA does exactly what Ryan intended: tear holes in the safety net for the poor while making life easier for the rich. Yet with every major doctors' and hospital group opposed to the law, and a number of Republicans suddenly feeling queasy about depriving their constituents of insurance, there's a real possibility the effort will collapse on its own. Republicans are caught in a bind between past promises and future consequences. Still, their predicament pales in comparison with that of those people whose lives are, quite literally, in the balance.



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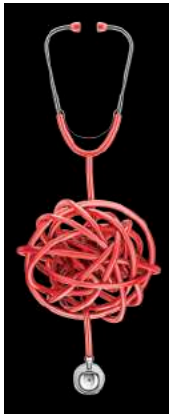
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DC BY THE NUMBERS



24M

Americans projected to lose their health insurance by 2026 under Trumpcare

20%

Highest estimated increase in average premiums for non-group-market policyholders

55M

Women who might lose their "no co-pay" birth control

48.5%

Americans who currently support Obamacare, the highest level of support since its inception (44% are opposed)

"It's going to be something special. I think you're going to like what you hear."

President Trump, describing his health-care plan to a group of insurance executives

Our Legitimacy Crisis

Citizens have lost influence over the political system.

Today, only two months into a new administration, we are facing the biggest crisis of legitimacy that our country has seen in a generation or more. But that crisis has been building for years. Normally, our democracy is considered the most legitimate form of government because the power rests with the people. But when this power dynamic is altered and citizens lose their influence, the legitimacy of the system is threatened. And that's what we now face: a system in which money speaks louder than voters, voting is made increasingly difficult, and the votes that are cast may not matter because of an archaic system known as the Electoral College. As a result, we, as citizens, are governed by representatives who do not reflect or respect the values and priorities of the majority, and our democratic legitimacy is in grave danger as a consequence.

To understand the roots of our current crisis, we must first look to the orchestrated attack on the pillars of our democracy that began seven years ago, with the lawless *Citizens United* decision. In the years that followed, it continued with a wave of racially targeted voter-suppression laws and last year's hijacking of the Supreme Court by the Republicans, capped off by a candidate who won the election but lost the popular vote by nearly 3 million. We cannot treat these issues as one-off concerns. Instead, we must respond to the broader threat as a citizenry, as a movement, taking action from the local level on up, and refusing anything less than the restoration of the power of the people—and our democratic legitimacy.

COMMENT First, our democracy is built on the foundation that elections are determined by voters, not by money. The Supreme Court's 2010 ruling in *Citizens United* has turned political campaigns into proxy wars between billionaires and giant multinational corporations that seek to buy not just elections, but the legislative and policy decisions of the government itself. The result has been a Gilded Age on steroids, with nearly \$6.8 billion spent on the 2016 elections alone. In my recent race for the US Senate, I saw personally how much influence these dark-money groups now enjoy, and how normalized their influence over down-ballot elections has become. In fact, the press now treats the strategy and plans of these groups as near-definitive indicators of whether a candidate can win. In the eyes of pundits, support from a billionaire now means a candidate on the rise. Only seven years after *Citizens United*, activity from the groups it created is assigned as much predictive power as any credible poll. This era of massive institutional corruption must end, and the only way to do so is by restoring the legitimacy of elections with a system that puts power back in the hands of individual voters.

Second, the fundamental right to vote must not be restricted once again for cynical political purposes. Voter-ID requirements may be the latest tactic, but we've seen this

evil before, in the form of the literacy tests and poll taxes of the Jim Crow era, which unconstitutionally suppressed the voting rights of African Americans. In today's version, Republicans, despite no evidence, invent charges of voter fraud in a deliberate attempt to justify voter-suppression laws that disproportionately—and intentionally—suppress minority and low-income voting. We must fight back, both by using litigation to overturn these laws and by working directly with the communities these laws disenfranchise. We cannot allow a new generation of black voters to face exclusion from our most sacred right.

Third, protecting the vote means protecting the power of the popular vote. Two of the last three presidents have been elected by the Electoral College in defiance of the national popular vote. The College is a historical relic that was designed to balance power between slave-owning and non-slave-owning states. Our democracy has come a long way since then, yet we have stuck with this antique. It is time to consign it to the history books and ensure that the popular vote decides national elections. The best solution is a constitutional amendment that eliminates the Electoral College. But states also have the power to at least nullify it by joining the National Popular Vote Interstate Compact; 11 states have already done so, and more should join.

Finally, the legitimacy crisis facing our system of government was also extended to the judicial branch, when GOP senators decided to abandon their constitutional responsibilities by blocking Barack Obama's nomination of Merrick Garland as a Supreme Court justice. They offered no legal justification for their actions, fully admitting that their sole intention was to sacrifice the legitimacy of the Court on a bet that a Republican would win the White House and allow them to secure their own nominee. I have never seen politics more cynical than this strategy, crafted by Senate majority leader Mitch McConnell. The severity of it and what it means for the country cannot be overstated, because the legitimacy of the Court will be questioned for a generation. The difference between Garland and Donald Trump's nominee, Neil Gorsuch, could be the difference between overturning or cementing voter-suppression laws, with future elections in the balance.

Dark money and voter suppression would be severe problems even in isolation, but combined, they are a devastating threat to the standing of voters. This is the crisis of our lifetime, and it must be met with a call to action to restore our democratic legitimacy. As citizens, as voters, we have work to do. And it starts at the local level: ensuring that we have a Democratic governor in Virginia to prevent hyperpartisan gerrymandering; increasing the number of states that enact the National Popular Vote Interstate Compact; overturning *Citizens United*. We may not have another national election for four years, but there are nationally relevant laws being debated and issues being addressed right now. What happens in four years depends on what we do today. And nothing less than the legitimacy of our democracy is at stake.

RUSS FEINGOLD

Russ Feingold served as a Democratic senator from Wisconsin from 1993 to 2011.

Dark money and voter suppression are a threat to democracy.

Q&A THENMOZHI SOUNDARARAJAN

Thenmozhi Soundararajan is the executive director of Equality Labs, a collective that explores art, story, and digital security. She was one of the first Dalit women

online (@dalitdiva). I was thrilled to speak with her about her vision for the digital side of the resistance. Her work blends tech and politics with uncommon savvy. —Laura Flanders

LF: What do we know about the Trump team's approach so far?

TS: Well, we know Rudolph Giuliani is serving as [an informal adviser on] cyber-security. Giuliani was responsible for some of the most regressive surveillance policies piloted in New York: stop-and-frisk, which we know led to the decline of relationships between people of color and police institutions, and right before 9/11 he created something called the Demographic Unit, which basically surveilled every mosque in a hundred-mile radius as well as community centers, community businesses, and even people's homes.

LF: What you're describing has more to do with policing than cyber-technology.

TS: People think that somehow, when we started to carry devices, we became more unsafe with regard to our right to privacy.... We have to reframe and understand that surveillance was always part of state violence and the US settler/colonial state. If you were black or indigenous, you were surveilled very heavily by the

colonial administration that eventually became our government. New York City in 1713 passed the "lantern laws"—because they were afraid of people mobilizing in the dark to resist slavery, anyone who was black or indigenous and over the age of 14 had to carry a lantern. If you didn't carry a lantern while you were walking, you could be subject to 40 lashes by your master and worse. That was the technology of the moment.

LF: Should we not own smartphones?

TS: I think it's about harm reduction. We know that these devices are going to leak data to people that want to do bad things to us. We can practice harm reduction by using circumvention tools, like Signal on the phone or DuckDuckGo as an alternative to Google.

LF: How tech-savvy do you need to be?

TS: Many of these things don't require a lot of technical knowledge; they just require patience and a collaborative community to help you. Equality Labs is a women-of-color, gender-nonconforming, trans-centered tech collective that says we cannot protect ourselves one at a time.

LF: What are people going through?

TS: Equality Labs did a series

of rapid-response trainings all throughout the country right after the Trump election, and there was widespread paranoia. People felt very disempowered. The groups that are the most vulnerable are so because of capacity: People are using Google Docs and keeping their databases on Google servers because they don't have the money for paid services. I think part of it is just being able to provide compassionate, very rational information at a time when there is a lot of disinformation. We've lived through massive surveillance in our communities before. This is what the heart of COINTELPRO was. Sometimes people from my mom's generation feel they have no place at the table because they don't really understand Facebook. I think elders offer critical understanding—strate-

gies people used, whether it was flags on buildings, code words, phone trees... all of that knowledge we need to bring back into our movements, and we need to bring *them* back.

LF: On the other side of this, people have real fears about subversive activity and terror attacks, and successive administrations have used those fears to justify increased surveillance. How do you intervene?

TS: The core of my strategy starts with self-care and compassion. We're very rational to have this deep fear, because it *is* frightening. We've seen people's lives utterly destroyed. Knowing that, I think that our best defense is actually caring for each other. We just have to be able to tap into the joy that will allow us to pass through this very dark period. ■

Surveillance was always part of state violence and the US settler/colonial state.

Adapted from Soundararajan's appearance on The Laura Flanders Show on teleSUR English.



ALTERNATIVE FACTS

About
“Last Night”

Before Bill O'Reilly introduced a guest named Nils Bildt, allegedly a “defense and national security advisor” from Sweden (see Eric Alterman's column at right), he asserted that a third of Swedish women no longer feel safe because the country has taken in more refugees per capita than any other European nation. Here are some numbers that show what's really happening with regard to crime and refugees:

275,000

Approximate number of refugees accepted by Sweden from 2014 to 2016

15.4%

Sweden's foreign-born population in 2012, up from 11.3% in 2000

13.3%

People in Sweden who reported assaults, threats, sexual offenses, robberies, fraud, or harassment in 2015—approximately the same level as in 2005

2%

People in Sweden who reported assaults in 2015—down from 2.1% a year earlier, and down by 0.7% since 2005

112

Murders in Sweden in 2015 (compare that with the United States, where there were 15,696 murders in 2015—a per-capita murder rate five times as high as that of Sweden)

—Mariam Elba



Eric Alterman



Kafka Wouldn't Dare

Fox's absurd unreality show is abetted by Trump's overactive, undersized hands.

Since its founding by Rupert Murdoch and Roger Ailes in 1996, Fox News has managed to act as an informal propaganda ministry and ideological enforcer for the Republican Party, even as it simultaneously masquerades as a reputable news organization. Impressed by its profits and the career opportunities it afforded, most journalists participated in the scam by refusing to call it out, no matter how often Fox transgressed the most basic rules of honest reporting. Both in style and in substance, Fox presaged the Trump administration and what my last column called its “Upside-Down Day” method of news management. When journalists did honest reporting on corporate and conservative power, they were accused of “activism” and “liberal bias.” When Fox concocted fake facts and then demanded political fealty to them from politicians and pundits, the network claimed to be presenting news that was “fair and balanced.”

Judged by almost any measure save those relating to professional ethics, Fox has been a spectacular success. Not only has it earned Rupert Murdoch and his fellow shareholders billions of dollars, but it has also permanently altered the media landscape. Today, conservative politicians need not worry about being caught lying so long as they tell the right lies. Fox doesn't only provide the script; it happily manufactures additional lies as needed in order to sustain the original ones. The net result is usually a media-driven “dispute” in which citizens are invited to choose between genuine and “alternative” facts depending on their own prejudices.

This ideological and intellectual swindle has run through countless manifestations over the past two decades. But only recently has the charade been reinforced by the diminutive thumbs of the president of the United States. How many times in the last two months have we all woken up and wondered what the hell Donald Trump is going on about now, only to learn about some lunatic rant on Fox that aired 10 minutes before the time stamp on his latest tweet? One of the clearest examples of this tendency, however, came not in a tweet but during Trump's Nuremberg-style rally in Melbourne, Florida, on February 18,

when he flummoxed much of the Western world with this question: “You look at what's happening last night in Sweden, who would believe this?”

Who indeed? Nobody, including his own staff, had any idea what Trump was talking about. The president himself later clarified that he had caught wind of a segment on Tucker Carlson's show in which a filmmaker named Ami Horowitz claimed, without evidence, that there's a connection between an alleged increase in Swedish crime rates and the rise of the refugee population in the country. But this was no clarification at all, as no one on Carlson's program had mentioned anything that had happened the previous night. Later, two of the law-enforcement sources cited in Horowitz's film complained to the real journalists who contacted them afterward that their work had been misrepresented.

“The president made stuff up by misrepresenting our own baseless reporting?” said the folks at Fox. “No problem.” Bill O'Reilly came to Trump's rescue by booking a fellow named “Nils Bildt,” whom Fox billed as a “Swedish defense and national security advisor.” Bildt came on O'Reilly's show to back up Trump's bizarre accusation with intimations of a conspiracy to suppress the truth. “These things are not being openly and honestly discussed,” he intoned. In fact, Bildt himself was a kind of walking alternative fact. He was not any kind of adviser to anyone in Sweden. Actually, he was an immigrant himself, having moved from Sweden to the United States in 1994—and, even more ironically, he was a criminal:

Convicted of assaulting a police officer, Bildt was sentenced to a year in a Virginia prison in 2014. When questioned, Bildt told reporters that he had no memory of being in prison that year, but that may have been because he was then living under another name. He also says he has no memory of telling Fox he had the qualifications the network



*How many times
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on about now?*



“Vote, write, speak, work, march, sue, organize, fight, struggle—whatever it takes to secure the blessings of liberty.”

—Molly Ivins

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Shortly after it was reported that Preet Bharara was investigating Fox News, Trump fired him, effective immediately.

pretended he had.

Recall that in addition to the public crimes against truth and democracy described above, Fox also appears to have acted as an actual criminal organization in private. According to myriad witnesses and alleged victims, its CEO, Roger Ailes, had long tried to treat the place as his own private bordello and used stockholder cash to pay hush money to his unwilling victims. And he was hardly alone: Bill O'Reilly has also cost the company millions of dollars to settle charges of his sexual harassment of his underlings. Most recently, the company paid out yet another multimillion-dollar settlement to a woman who, according to court papers described in *The New York Times*, was forced to give blow jobs to yet another Fox executive, Francisco Cortes. (For the record, everyone denies everything, except the payoffs.)

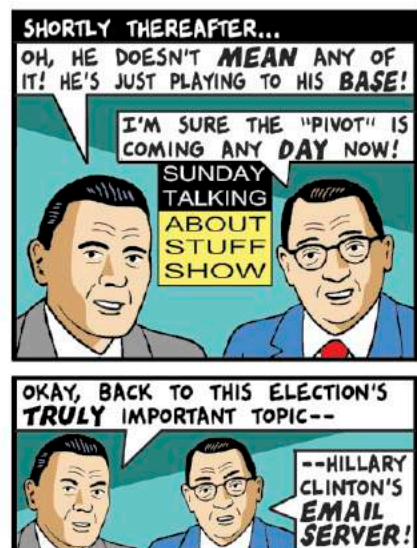
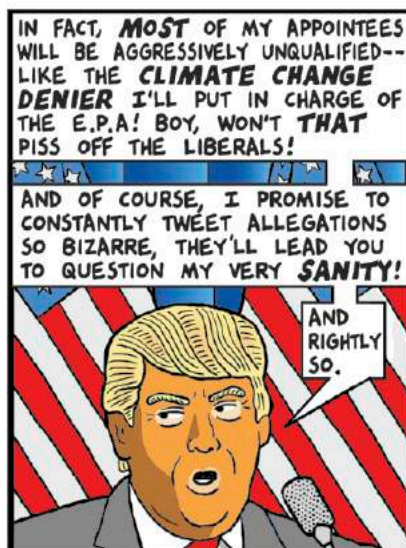
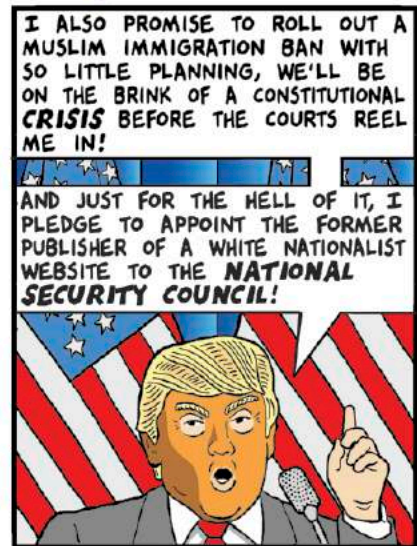
Now consider the news in late February that Preet

Bharara, then the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, was investigating Fox for potential criminal charges related to the secret payoffs. It's public knowledge that former anchor Gretchen Carlson netted a reported \$20 million alone, but it was the secret payoffs with shareholder money that inspired the investigation. Lo and behold, shortly after that report appeared, Donald Trump—a friend to both Murdoch and Ailes and a big fan of Fox News—fired Bharara, effective immediately. True, Trump summarily fired 45 other US Attorneys at the same time, but both Bharara and Senate minority leader Chuck Schumer had received assurances from Trump himself that Bharara would keep his job.

Coincidence? Not bloody likely. Moreover, rumor has it that Bharara's replacement will be Marc Mukasey, Ailes's personal lawyer. Kafka wouldn't dare. ■

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

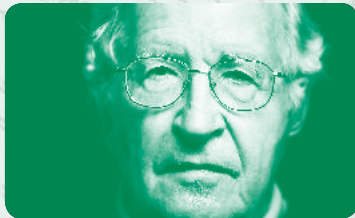


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"Noam Chomsky in *Requiem for the American Dream* directs the fierce light of his intellect on the utopian ideology of neoliberalism . . ."

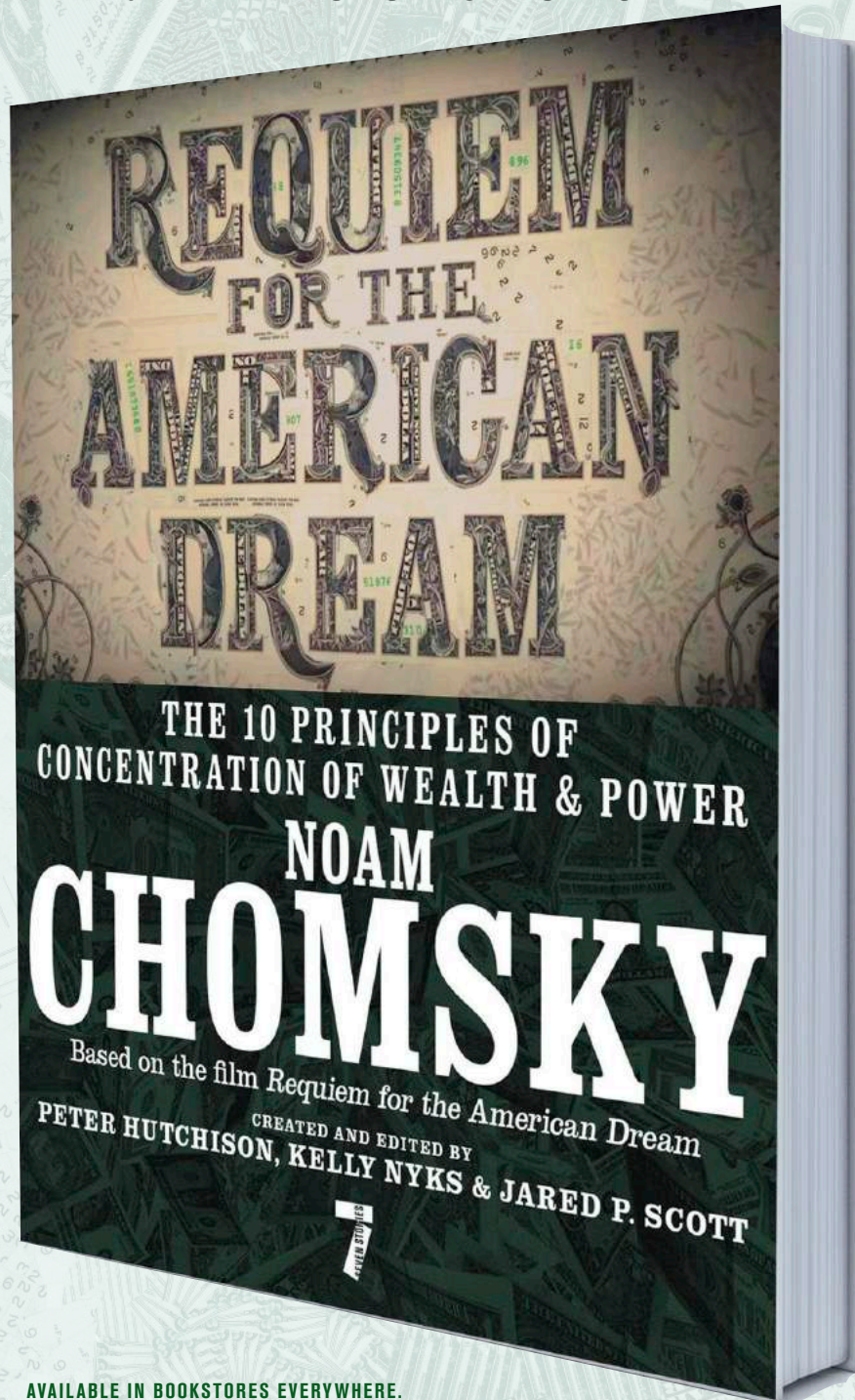
—CHRIS HEDGES, winner of the Pulitzer Prize and author of *Wages of Rebellion: The Moral Imperative of Revolt*



"During the Great Depression, which I'm old enough to remember, it was bad—much worse subjectively than today. But there was a sense that we'll get out of this somehow, an expectation that things were going to get better . . ."

—from *Requiem for the American Dream*

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AWARDS SEASON

Congrats!

The Nation is proud to announce the following honors:

Izzy Award

This award, named after the legendary left-wing journalist I.F. Stone, is presented annually by



Ithaca College's Park Center for "outstanding achievement in independent media." There

were three Izzy recipients this year—and two are *Nation* writers. Seth Freed Wessler won for his articles on abuses at for-profit prisons, and senior contributing writer Ari Berman earned the accolade for his reporting on voter suppression.

Daniel Singer Millennium Prize

Awarded by the Daniel Singer

Foundation, this prize honors journalism that exhibits the fiery and compassionate spirit that the



late socialist writer (and *Nation* European correspondent) exemplified. *Nation* senior editor Sarah Leonard was honored for her article "My Generation's Best Chance Is Socialism," an excerpt from *The Future We Want: Radical Ideas for a New Century*, which she co-edited with *Jacobin* magazine founder Bhaskar Sunkara.



James Aronson Award
Nation columnist Gary Younge is the recipient of the 2017 James

Aronson Outstanding Achievement Award for Social Justice Journalism. Administered by the Hunter College department of film and media studies, the Aronson Award honors reporting that exposes injustice, its underlying causes, and possible reforms.

Patricia J. Williams



Cruel Intentions

The idea that words and images have no real consequence is specious at best.

I went to the theater with a friend recently. Afterward, we sauntered around the unfamiliar neighborhood and wandered into what looked like a funky artisanal-beer emporium. Hanging by the entrance was a larger-than-life-size portrait of the actor Michael Richards. I froze, then turned and walked out. My friend, who is British, couldn't understand: "Isn't that just the guy from *Seinfeld*?"

My friend is also someone who keeps mistaking the Confederate flag for the Union Jack. To most Americans remotely familiar with tabloid media, however, Richards is the man who, in 2006, closed down his own comedy show by shouting at a black heckler: "Shut up! Fifty years ago, we'd have you upside down with a fucking fork up your ass!... You're brave now, motherfucker!... Throw his ass out, he's a nigger. He's a nigger! He's a nigger!" A predictable amount of brouhaha followed, culminating with an apology by Richards on the *Late Show With David Letterman*: "I'm not a racist, that's what's so insane

about this. And yet it's said, it comes through, it fires out of me." Then he hung his head and received a round of applause for having apologized.

I have spent my life working for civil rights, social justice, and freedom of expression, but at that moment I was just thirsty. I felt the sudden deflation of what had been a very pleasant evening. It made me feel sad... and old. An old, tired "snowflake," as right-wingers have taken to calling anyone with feelings. I started to explain to my friend what a "snowflake" was, but he reminded me that Milo Yiannopoulos is a Brit. He knew all about that.

Milo, of course, is the former *Breitbart* editor who angered a crowd at the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, by mocking a transgender student by name, all the while using a so-called "trigger cam" to live-stream the faces of students in the audience framed within a telescopic gun's crosshairs. Yiannopoulos shrugged off the distress his antics caused with a sneering dismissiveness: "[They] said I had used violent words, as though violent words were a thing."

To be fair, I don't believe that violent words are "a thing," either. Neither words nor iconography like swastikas or flags—or portraits, for that matter—are bats or guns or machetes. But it's a

conceptual mistake to pass off the gloating threat of a fork up the ass as performative passion. If we call people "garbage," "parasites," "cunts," "dicks," "niggers," "pussies," "apes," "kikes," "dykes," or "towelheads"—if we laugh about it, if we chant such words at rallies, if we take them in deeply by sheer repetition alone, then our vision changes. Our hearts shrink. Our exclusions grow meaner and more marked, our laws much more punitive.

While there has been much attention paid to the more horrendous and overt breakdowns of civility—physical attacks on Muslims and Sikhs, the toppling of headstones in Jewish cemeteries, fistfights on college campuses—this insistence that we should "man up" and laugh at cruelty is not without consequences. The violence that erupted at the University of California, Berkeley, campus over an appearance by Milo was apparently perpetrated by what was described as an outside group of about 150 masked people identifying themselves as antifascists (or "antifa"). Not good at

all. But here's something even more ominous in the long term: A petition has been launched on Change.org, now with almost 70,000 signatures, asking President Trump to "formally declare ANTIFA a domestic terrorist organization." Since antifa is less an organization than a broad philosophy urging particular "modes of action," it remains unclear what ideas would be included or what limits there would be to such a designation. There have also been calls to define Black Lives Matter as terrorists, as well as the protesters and water protectors fighting the Dakota Access Pipeline. This is an extremely serious matter: A categorization as "terrorist" places a person or group under heightened surveillance, infiltration, and the risk of having certain due-process rights suspended under the USA Patriot Act.

Let's concede that the First Amendment allows people to say whatever nonfactual things

It's a conceptual mistake to pass off the gloating threat of a fork up the ass as performative passion.

float through their heads. But we are at a moment when we must confront the hard realities of genuine censorship—and it's not about campus brawls or whether you think I cry too easily. The legal meaning of censorship has to do with the government silencing speech. Yes, speech should be utterly free as a general principle, but in our McCarthyite, anti-Muslim mood, the idea that words and images have no real consequence is specious at best. Words can incite, enrage, divide, or just take the wind out of one's sails. They can affect voting patterns by muddying the waters with "alternative facts" or leaked propaganda.

As a renewed "blood and soil" brand of white nationalism surges throughout Europe, so here at home, Iowa Representative Steve King has endorsed the Dutch fascist Geert Wilders as someone who "understands that culture and demographics are our destiny. We can't restore our

civilization with somebody else's babies." But King is no outlier: White House adviser Steve Bannon has also befriended Wilders—as well as Marine Le Pen, Frauke Petry, and other leaders of Europe's far right—thus placing our executive branch in the tiny hands of those who believe that geneticized "demography" is destiny. This notion that only people within a bounded—and biologized—cultural or ethnic geography can replenish a nation's citizenry is a segregationist instinct that harks back to the Southern white-supremacist Redeemer movement during Reconstruction. "Other people's babies" do not "restore." Restoration looks to a fictive past, echoing Donald Trump's promise to make America great "again."

Out on the sidewalk in front of the pub, I could all but feel the angel of history being blown backward, helplessly, into the future. I stood with my friend in the dark, quiet snowfall, wondering where to go. ■

Our executive branch is now in the tiny hands of those who believe that geneticized "demography" is destiny.

SNAPSHOT/LUCAS JACKSON

On Strike

A demonstrator is arrested during the Day Without Women protests in New York City on International Women's Day, March 8. Demonstrations took place in more than 30 countries, with thousands of women refusing to do any professional or domestic work to protest continuing economic inequality, racial and sexual violence, and war.



BACK ISSUES/1917

Revolutionary Hopes in Russia

In the March 22, 1917, issue, readers of *The Nation* were greeted with the following brief but portentous news summary: "Revolution in Russia, long overdue, matured last week so quietly and completely as to make the manner of it more sensational than if the streets of Petrograd had been drenched in blood. The news was not altogether unexpected.... Recently reports of food shortage in Petrograd, declared by the authorities to be unavoidable, and the announcement of an imperial order dissolving the Duma were followed by some days of complete silence."

A week later, *The Nation* was ready with a fuller report. A.J. Sack—identified as "Staff Correspondent for the Official Publications of the Russian Ministry of Finance"—wrote that "the possibility of a permanent co-



operation between the Liberal and Socialist forces" gave him hope for the future of Russia: "On the one hand, through the lessons of the terrible war, the Liberals in Russia have become radical as never before.... On the other hand, the lessons of the war have brought the Socialist leaders from the heaven of theory and fantasy to the prosy and concrete problems of earth. The hope can also be cherished that the democracies of Europe and of the New World understand the significance of the Russian Revolution as a vital factor in spreading the principles of democracy throughout the world."

—Richard Kreitner

KELLYANNE CONWAY ON THE COUCH

Calvin Trillin
Deadline Poet

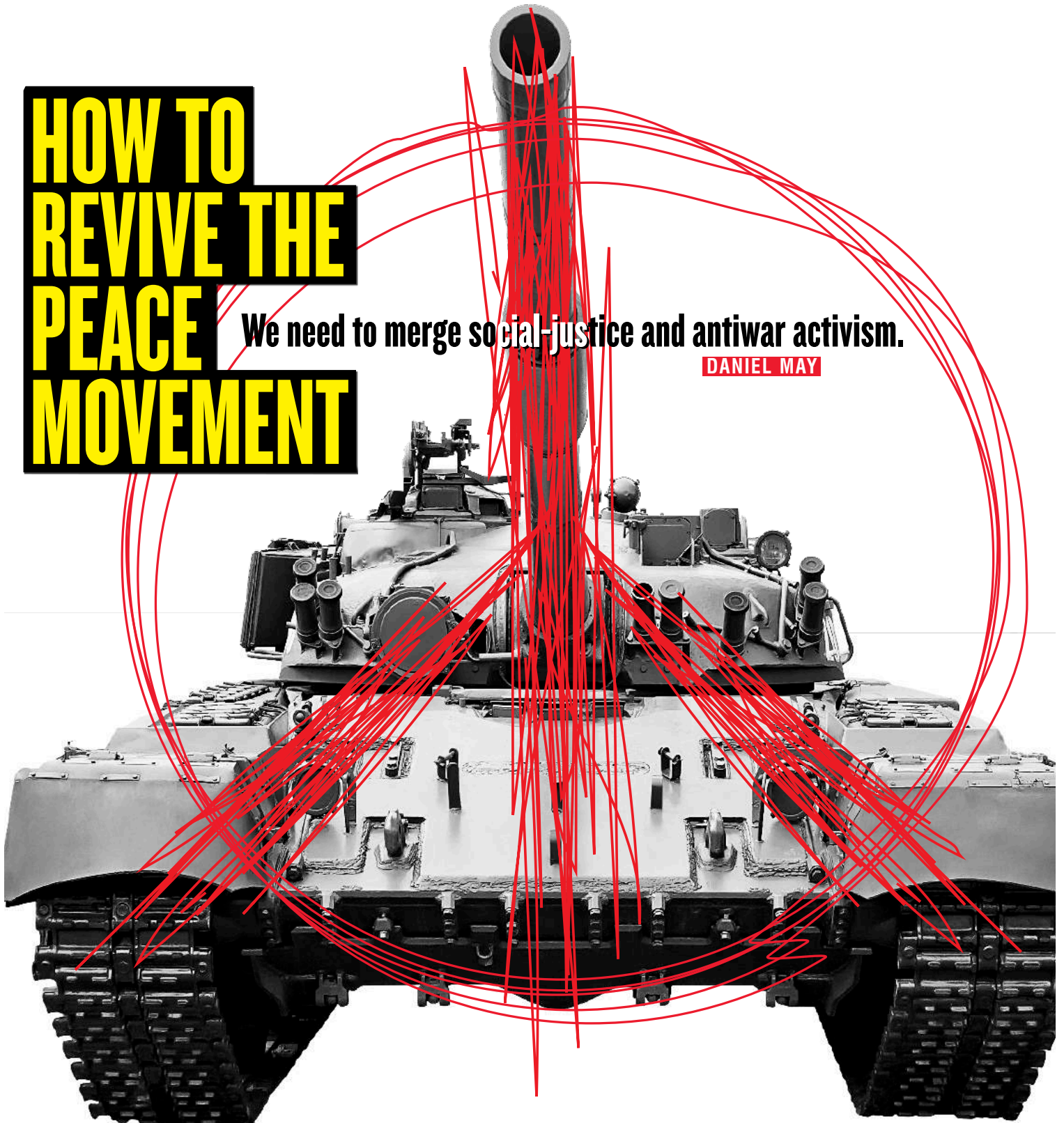
The way she perches on a couch
May not be reason to decry her,
But it's OK to mention that
Ms. Conway is a world-class liar.

The Nation.

HOW TO REVIVE THE PEACE MOVEMENT

We need to merge social-justice and antiwar activism.

DANIEL MAY



OVER THE PAST 75 YEARS, THE UNITED STATES HAS BUILT the greatest war-making force the world has ever known. Today, our country boasts an infrastructure of global surveillance, flying killer robots, and floating aircraft carriers, all administered from a network of more than 800 military bases in over 70 countries. In recent decades, we decided to erase from that infrastructure any semblance of democratic accountability, allowing the president to make war almost anytime, anywhere, for any reason.

This year, we put at the helm of this global killing regime a reality-TV star who has promised to “bomb the shit” out of our enemies, attack the families of terrorists, and reinstitute torture—and who, in February, proposed increasing the already bloated military budget by \$54 billion. Imagine the response of this president to a significant terrorist attack, the damage to our democracy and our world that he might unleash. It helps clear the mind.

In the face of such a nightmare, how do we build the peace movement we need? This is not a new question. Over the past decade, many thoughtful and talented organizers have been working to strengthen the antiwar movement. I came to these conversations a year and a half ago, when I was asked by the Colombe Foundation to help it determine how best to support new organizing against militarism. I began speaking with various organizers and leaders, both longtime antiwar activists and young folks shaping struggles for racial justice, immigrant rights, climate justice, and corporate accountability.

Throughout those conversations, there was consensus that the contemporary peace movement was not nearly powerful enough to mount a serious challenge to the forces of American empire and militarism. As the challenges facing that movement came into focus for me, so did their scale. It is hard to imagine a more difficult target, from an organizing perspective, than military policy. The US empire today leaves a great deal of ruin in its wake, but its cost is only vaguely felt by most Americans, while its gargantuan profits are pocketed by a few and its most recognized organization—the military itself—is widely celebrated as the most trusted public institution.

In the wake of the election, as the need for a constituency to challenge American militarism grows in urgency, how might such challenges be met? Doing so will require reimagining the constituency, strategy, and purpose of the movement itself. It is not at all clear that a “peace movement” or even an “antiwar movement,” as those have generally been conceived, will suffice. Rather, we need a movement that can speak to the anger that so many Americans feel toward the corporate powers that dominate our politics. Such a movement would expose how militarism is not immune to that influence but is particularly beholden to it. Can such a movement be organized?

Why We Need a Peace Movement— and Why We Don’t Have One

WHILE MOST PROGRESSIVES WOULD CONCEDE that the antiwar movement isn’t the power it once was, antiwar sentiment remains among the most potent forces in our politics. It was pivotal to Barack Obama’s election in 2008, and his two terms in office brought major victories for those who have spent decades organizing for a demilitarized foreign policy—most notably the nuclear deal with Iran and the establishment of diplomatic relations with Cuba.

Yet despite those achievements, the military that Obama passed on to his successor is largely identical to the one he inherited. Troops remain in Afghanistan, making this the longest-running war in American history. In the final years of his presidency, US Special Operations forces were deployed in over 105 countries—more than 80 percent of all of the nations on earth. Obama authorized over 1,800 drone strikes (that we know of), which killed at least 5,500 people. American arms are shipped throughout the world, supplying the machinery for Saudi Arabia’s bombing of Yemen, the Israeli occupation of the Palestinian territories, and Egypt’s domestic repression and counterterrorism operations in the Sinai, to name just three examples. All of this eats up an annual military expenditure larger than that of the next seven nations combined.

What have these billions brought us? Today, Americans are more likely to be killed by their own police, and much more likely to be shot by a neighbor, than by a jihadist. To some, this is proof of the effectiveness of our deterrence; to others, it is evidence of astonishing over-reaction. Either way, if the aim of the War on Terror has been to defeat terrorism, then the result has been an unmitigated disaster. In 2002, 725 people were killed in terrorist attacks worldwide; in 2014, that number was over 32,000. According to the Costs of War project at Brown University, the War on Terror has cost the country nearly \$5 trillion—enough to guarantee every American citizen a basic income. Or, if you prefer, enough to make public college free for every American student for more than 50 years.

Many on the left explain the relative weakness of a constituency to challenge this catastrophe by pointing to the limitations of the current antiwar movement. Its leaders are too old, the criticism goes, too white, too ideological, too pacifist, too hippie, too male. Others point to the ease with which the Bush administration was able to shrug off the global wave of protests against the Iraq invasion in 2003.

There is substance to all this, but in crucial ways the antiwar movement is more a victim of its success than its failures. It has largely won the public and the politics. The massive demonstrations against the wars in Vietnam and Iraq—and the disastrous consequences of those wars—generated real costs for politicians who supported

**The antiwar
movement
is more a
victim of its
success than
its failures.**

Turning the tide:
Protesters against
the Iraq War march
toward the Capitol
Building, Washington,
DC, September 2007.



them (just ask Hillary Clinton). Leadership of both parties today remains wary of support for direct intervention. Today, Americans are both opposed to war and accustomed to its permanence.

This paradox holds because our military policy has shielded itself from the public. Members of Congress pay a political price for authorizing war, so they don't seek authorization. Americans are reluctant to support bombing in countries they've never heard of, so the government keeps those bombings secret. We don't want to pay for missions that lack a clear rationale, so the money is borrowed from future generations. We refuse to allow our soldiers to be killed, so the government attacks its enemies with flying robots and out-sources much of the fieldwork to private contractors. We don't want to face the cost of our foreign entanglements, so a smaller percentage of our country is asked to serve, and serve longer. The irony is that these transformations follow from how politically unpopular war has become. Our wars feel so distant because they've been made more distant by design.

In the face of such a shift, the antiwar movement has struggled to adapt. A DC-based network loosely gathered under the "peace and security" label advances a diplomacy-first approach. The antiwar base organizes against intervention. Talented organizers and very smart thinkers lead a variety of crucial institutions, but the constituency usually emerges as a political power only in opposition to large-scale interventions. There were and remain important exceptions to this trend: the anti-nuke movement and opposition to military involvement in Central America in the 1980s, and organizing against the Israeli occupation today. But over the past several decades, popular opposition to US militarism has generally been confined to those moments that look like what we expect war to look like. The consequence is that American empire expands, with little domestic challenge to its growth. As Todd Gitlin, onetime leader of the anti-Vietnam War movement, put it to me, "So long as our conflicts are confined to the outskirts of empire, I don't see Americans getting too worked up about it."

Antiwar, Peace, or Anti-Imperialism?

THE TRANSFORMATIONS THAT OUR MILITARY POLICY has undergone present enormous challenges to organizing, but also opportunities. These changes have produced a startling consolidation of power and wealth—a ripe target for a political era defined by rage at crony capitalism and anger at a politics that serves only the wealthiest among us.

It is unlikely that President Dwight Eisenhower, who coined the term "military-industrial complex," could have imagined what has emerged in the past 25 years. Raytheon, the fourth-largest military contractor in the United States and the world's leading producer of guided missiles, received 90 percent of its revenues in 2015 from the federal government. In that year, Raytheon CEO Thomas Kennedy took home \$20.4 million in total compensation. Among the large military contractors, this is the norm. In 2014, the CEO of Lockheed Martin—which received 78 percent of its revenues from the government that year—was paid a total of \$33.7 million. In 2015, the CEO of

Boeing, the second-largest government contractor, earned \$29 million—and paid no federal income tax in 2013.

When most of us think of an antiwar movement, we imagine efforts to limit the horror that this lethal network unleashes and to slow its growth. And under President Trump, we will indeed need to challenge the expansion of the Pentagon and prepare ourselves to stop the next war. But in an era of flying robots, classified special-forces operations launched from bases dotting the globe, police departments overflowing with military-grade equipment, and Saudi pilots dropping US-made bombs on Yemeni villages, we need organizing that challenges the very nature of the beast—not just campaigns that arise sporadically to oppose its most egregious actions.

We don't yet have a good word for this beast, or for the movement that might challenge it. "Military-industrial complex" sounds both overly technical and dated; "antiwar" doesn't capture it; and "peace" is almost entirely absent from our political vocabulary today. The rhetoric of anti-imperialism has come to signal a politics confined to the academy, anarchist bookstores, and the drum circles at various protests.

Opposition to American empire, however, has deep roots in our politics. The Anti-Imperialist League was founded in 1898 to oppose American annexation of the Philippines and featured a former governor of Massachusetts as its president. Abraham Lincoln, William Jennings Bryan, and Mark Twain were all avowed anti-imperialists—as were W.E.B. Du Bois and Martin Luther King Jr. (and *The Nation*). Before the two world wars and the Cold War, the question of whether a country founded on self-rule could rule over others without cost to its democratic principles was hotly contested. American empire today functions through subtler means than annexation, but the future of the antiwar movement (or the peace movement, or whatever it comes to be called) will be determined by whether this tradition can be revived.

While this might strike some as naive, the shifting sands of our politics should unsettle those tempted to dismiss the possibility. The assault on corporate globalization that provided much of the energy behind both Donald Trump's and Bernie Sanders's campaigns carried with it an implicit critique of the military infrastructure upon which much of the global economy depends. Sanders used a primary debate stage, amazingly, to attack Henry Kissinger for working to overthrow Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk. And though he was a loathsome vehicle for the message, when Trump asked whether the United States should provide defense services for Germany, Japan, and South Korea, when he questioned whether we should remain in NATO, and when he lamented the disaster of the Iraq War, he raised issues familiar to critics of American empire.

Among the many alarming lessons of this election was that strong criticism of a globalized military—traditionally the ground of the left—can be manipulated by a shrewd right-wing

The question of whether a country could rule over others without cost to its democratic principles used to be hotly contested.

Global behemoth:
A US Navy F-18 fighter jet lands on an aircraft carrier in the South China Sea, March 2017.



demagogue. If progressives do not seize such ground, they will cede it to the isolationist right.

Antiwar Organizing and the New Movements

ANYONE WHO HAS SPENT TIME IN THE antiwar movement quickly finds that the tension that bedevils all progressive politics—the one between policy-minded institutional leaders and more radical activists driven by ideological commitments—is particularly acute in the realm of foreign policy. The brutality of violence and repression in places like Syria, for example, leads some to sympathize with what has come to be called “humanitarian intervention,” while others see in those same circumstances evidence of the catastrophic results of a misconceived prior entanglement. The upshot is that apart from opposition to large-scale wars like the one in Iraq, progressives as a whole have little shared agenda when it comes to America’s role in the world.

In speaking with organizers and activists about the future of the peace movement, these tensions were ever-present. Many older activists lamented that issues of militarism had become marginal to the broader progressive agenda. And yet most of the younger leaders with whom I spoke described the target of their struggles as inseparable from America’s global policy. The reason for this gulf, it became clear, is that each defines the problem differently. The traditional antiwar left defines itself in opposition to, well, war. Many younger leaders, on the other hand, are challenging the brutality of an empire that serves the interests of capital and perpetuates white supremacy.

“We know the same companies that are building our prisons are the ones building our bases,” said Ahmad Abuznaid, co-founder of the Dream Defenders, a Miami-based racial-justice organization. “If one wanted to organize folks in the US that understand the destructive impact of American militarization, immigrants would be a good place to start,” said Sofia Campos, former board chair of United We Dream. Max Berger, an organizer in the Occupy movement who is currently helping to launch #AllOfUs, a project to organize millennials behind a radical progressive agenda, captured the perspective of many young activists: “Do we want to be a country where people can go to college without being in debt their whole lives, or do we want to have hundreds of military bases around the world that protect the corporate interests of the elites that own our government? Do we want an empire, or a democracy?”

This orientation challenges the prevailing liberal consensus. The platform released last year by more than 50 organizations involved in the Movement for Black Lives, and the response it provoked, is indicative of the dynamic. “America is an empire that uses war to expand territory and power,” the platform declares. It calls for a cut in the military budget by 50 percent, the closing of all foreign US military bases, and an end to military support for Israel’s “genocide.” In tying the struggle for racial justice locally with America’s global military policy, the platform inspired those seeking to connect domestic injustice with global issues. (It also outraged some who wondered why a movement to achieve racial justice was



The new generation: Minneapolis students with Black Lives Matter walk out of school to protest police killings of black people, May 1, 2015.

addressing the Israeli occupation.)

The perspective of these new movements creates both opportunities and challenges for those committed to demilitarization. If a mass movement to combat militarism emerges, it will likely do so in the same manner as other contemporary movements shaking and shaping progressive politics: not by any existing advocacy institutions, but by a groundswell of grassroots organizing energy. As Heather Hurlburt, director of the New Models of Policy Change initiative, put it, in striking words from a leader at a DC think tank, “The progressive foreign policy agenda will not be shaped by us here in DC. It will be made by those young folks organizing in the streets.”

Yet today, engagement between the peace camp and the millennial movements follows a coalition model, as antiwar organizers reach out to other movements for support. Rashad Robinson, director of Color of Change, reflected that in the wake of the 2014 protests in Ferguson, Missouri, “you had all these folks jump on the anti-militarization bandwagon—as if the problem was just the military equipment, and not the police using them.” For people in the Movement for Black Lives, “that just confirmed that these activists care more about their pet issue than about actual black bodies that are getting brutalized.” Moving forward, the agenda will emerge with the relationships.

In the work of building those relationships, the leadership of those hit hardest by America’s foreign policy will prove particularly important: military veterans, some 20 of whom commit suicide every day; refugees, many of whom have fled countries decimated by US attacks or invasions; and Muslim Americans, who suffer the humiliations of Islamophobia on a daily basis. Groups like Military Families Speak Out, Veterans for Peace, Iraq Veterans Against the War, VoteVets.org, and more recent initiatives like Beyond the Choir need to be supported and strengthened. The same goes for organizing in the Arab-American and refugee communities.

So far, the lens of anti-imperialism provides a paradigm for many movements, but not yet a program. A strong case can be made that in fighting the violence unleashed on black bodies over the past four decades by the War on Crime and the War on Drugs—wars fought with some of the same equipment with which we have fought more distant conflicts—the Movement for Black Lives has become the most powerful antiwar movement in America.

(continued on page 18)

“We know the same companies that are building our prisons are the ones building our bases.”

—Ahmad Abuznaid, Dream Defenders

Daniel May, who has organized with the IAF, SEIU, and J Street, is a PhD candidate in religion, ethics, and politics at Princeton University.



HOW TRUMP'S ASSAULT ON IMMIGRANTS



WILL DAMAGE THE ECONOMY

The key sectors in which we can expect growth are dependent on immigrant labor.

by HERMAN SCHWARTZ



PRESIDENT TRUMP HAS PROMISED TO ADD MILLIONS OF “GOOD JOBS” to the US economy and to raise the gross domestic product by more than 4 percent annually, at one point asserting: “I think we can do better than that”—as much as 6 percent. “This is the most pro-growth, pro-jobs, pro-family plan put forth in the history of our country,” he proclaimed.

At the same time, the president has vowed to deport up to 3 million undocumented immigrants and to curtail future entries, branding immigrants as “gang members,” “drug dealers,” and “bad hombres.” After his January 27 travel ban on people from seven Muslim-majority countries was blocked by the courts, Trump devised a toned-down version applied to six of them—even though his own Department of Homeland Security has concluded that “country of citizenship is unlikely to be a reliable indicator of potential terrorism.”

Trump’s economic promises verge on the delusional. Most economists think even his 4 percent boast is unrealistic, and any hopes for economic growth will be undercut by his deportation plans. In 2016, GDP grew by only 1.6 percent; since 2009, capital growth has increased by only 1.1 percent. We may get a temporary surge from tax cuts and infrastructure spending, but the Congressional Budget Office estimates in its January 2017 Budget and Economic Outlook report that from 2017 to 2027, GDP will grow at an average annual rate of only 1.9 percent. *New York Times* economics reporter Nelson Schwartz describes Trump’s 4 percent target as “audacious at best and fanciful at worst.”

Trump’s promise to restore good manufacturing jobs to the Rust Belt is also dubious. Because of globalization and automation, few such jobs will return. For example, Trump boasts that he saved 1,000 (actually, fewer than 800) jobs at the Carrier air-conditioning plant in Indiana, but in a few years automation will kill many of those jobs anyway. By 2011, the auto industry was producing just as many cars as before the Great Recession, but with 30 percent fewer workers because of the increased use of robots and computers. As the *Times*’s Eduardo Porter concludes, “No matter what [Trump] does, he cannot bring back the coal jobs of yore or the old labor-intensive manufacturing economy.”

Deporting millions of undocumented immigrants will only make things worse. Economic growth requires a large workforce and increasing productivity. But the American population is aging, so we need more young workers. The number of Americans over 60 is expected to increase by more than 22 percent during the current decade, reducing our annual growth by 1.2 percent. And productivity has slowed down markedly in the past 15 years.

Aging has cut our birth rate as well. In 2015, the United States saw its lowest population growth since the Great Depression—and whatever growth we did have was from immigrants. In 2014, immigrant women accounted for about 900,000 US births, more than tripling the 1970 number, while births to US-born women fell by 11 percent. The foreign-born accounted for 23 percent of all babies during that period.

Trump’s harsh assault on undocumented immigrants will damage us in many key areas. Much of our recent growth has been in service occupations like retail, hospitality, home care, and health care; the Labor Department expects demand for home health-care aides in particular to rise by 40 percent in the next decade. Over 40 percent of undocumented immigrants are in these occupations.

These immigrants also comprise most of the laborers in agriculture and related industries, like dairy farming. Agriculture Department surveys in 2007 and 2009 found that almost half of these workers were undocumented, and the figure is higher in other sectors. “If you only have legal labor, certain parts of this industry and this region [California’s Central Valley] would not exist,” says

fruit farmer Harold McClarty. Many local businesses in these areas—restaurants, clothing stores, insurance agencies—would close. As one Washington, DC, restaurant owner put it, “Honestly, without immigrants, the restaurant industry wouldn’t exist.”

To spur growth, Trump plans to spend many billions on roads, sewers, and other infrastructure; housing is also recovering. This will require many construction workers, and there aren’t enough now—about 200,000 construction jobs are unfilled today, a rise of 81 percent in just the last two years. This has slowed the revival of the housing market as well as the overall economy. The shortage of construction workers will get worse because of Trump’s immigration policies—which, ironically, could even frustrate the construction of his “beautiful wall.”

Trump’s policies have also dismayed many in the tech sector and in science, medicine, and academia, all of which depend heavily on highly educated and skilled immigrants. For example, 42 percent of doctor’s-office visits in rural America are with foreign-born doctors, because immigrants must work in medically underserved areas like small towns, poor cities, and rural regions in order to stay here after their residencies or internships expire. Trump’s revised travel ban could immediately degrade patient care: Currently, more than 12,000 doctors in these communities are from two of the countries covered by the ban—almost 9,000 from Iran and 3,500 from Syria.

American universities and students will also suffer from Trump’s exclusionary policies. We now have about 1 million foreign students, 5 percent of our total enrollment; Iran alone accounts for more than 12,000. Apart from academic contributions, foreign students pay full tuition and other fees. Loss of this income would probably force a tuition increase for American students, since most universities, especially the public ones, are already financially strapped. A ban on foreign faculty and students will also undermine our educational and research capacities, threatening our leadership in these areas.

OPPONENTS OF IMMIGRATION CLAIM THAT IMMIGRANTS take jobs from Americans and drive down wages. There is some truth to this, but not much. American citizens simply don’t want many of the jobs now held by immigrants. “No feasible increase in wages or change in conditions would be enough to draw native-born Americans back into the fields,” says Jeff Marchini, a fourth-generation radicchio farmer in California, and farmers in Florida and elsewhere agree. This also holds true for our construction-worker shortage. These jobs pay an average of \$27 an hour, but American workers don’t want them—they are hard, unpleasant, and not steady.

Trump’s deep cuts in refugee-acceptance programs also undermine his rosy promises of economic growth. Refugees have helped revitalize cities like Buffalo, New York, which have struggled with obsolete industries and dwindling populations for decades. Nonetheless, Trump insists that he will deport millions of undocumented residents, and in early February, immigration agents began by arresting 678 people in 12 states. Although the DHS insists this was “routine,” many of those arrested were minor offenders or even people

“Honestly, without immigrants, the restaurant industry wouldn’t exist.”

—Washington, DC, restaurant owner

Herman Schwartz, a professor of law at the American University, is the author of *Right Wing Justice: The Conservative Campaign to Take Over the Courts* (2004).

whose only offense was being undocumented: 26 percent had no criminal record other than their illegal entry, which under US law is a misdemeanor unless repeated. None of them would have been deported under President Obama's "serious crimes" policy.

In fact, immigrants commit fewer crimes than the native-born: Only 820,000 of the 11 million undocumented have any criminal record, and only 690,000 have committed serious crimes. The Obama administration relied heavily on local cooperation to apprehend the latter, but many of these communities are now in sanctuary cities. They will certainly not cooperate, which poses what one Immigration and Customs Enforcement supervisor calls "perhaps [the] biggest challenge" for the agency.

The difference between the Trump program and Obama's is illustrated by Guadalupe García de Rayos, a 35-year-old Phoenix wife and mother of two American-born teenagers. Rayos, who has lived here for 21 years, was convicted of using a fake Social Security number eight years ago—a common offense among the undocumented—in order to become a janitor at an amusement park. Obama's DHS allowed her to stay despite a deportation order, but required her to check in annually with ICE, which she did. When Rayos showed up at ICE's offices in early February, however, she was arrested and promptly deported to Mexico. Her family is now without a wife and mother. And according to DHS Secretary John Kelly's February directives on deportation, *all* undocumented immigrants are deportable [see Julianne Hing, "ICE Amps Up," March 20].

One group not intended to be affected by the directives so far are the Dreamers, 750,000 young people who were brought here as children and are currently in school or in the military. Under Obama's Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA) program, they have temporary but renewable permission to stay and work. That can easily change, however: The new directives state that deportation relief must be determined on a case-by-case rather than class basis. Also, the Dreamers provided the federal government with personal information under a promise of privacy, but Trump's DHS directives abolish privacy rights for all undocumented immigrants.

Among the directives' most frightening provisions is an expansion of the "expedited removal" procedure—quick deportation without a judicial hearing. Under Obama, this procedure was used only for those here less than two weeks and found within 100 miles of the border. Kelly's new orders extend it to people anywhere in the country who have been here for up to two years.

Over 10 million immigrant families have at least one undocumented member, and as a result of these directives, the immigrant community is terrified. In New York, Florida, New Jersey, Arizona, and elsewhere, immigrants are staying off the streets and out of the stores and shopping malls, which is already damaging local economies. Children are being kept home from schools; exploited workers have become even more vulnerable; and law-enforcement officials worry that the immigrant community will no longer cooperate with them.

However, it's unlikely that Trump will be able to deport several million immigrants, at least in the foreseeable future, given the dire shortage of immigration agents, judges, and courts. Kelly does plan to hire thousands of new ICE and Border Patrol agents, but that will take time and many billions of dollars. And congressional Republicans may balk at the latter, especially since Trump hasn't indicated where the money will come from.

Trump's economic and immigration policies are dishonest, stupid, and cruel. His deportation and exclusion orders violate a principle fundamental to every civilized society and honored until now by both Democrats and Republicans: keeping families together. If stone and metal could cry, the Statue of Liberty would be weeping. ■

(continued from page 15)

But on its own, that movement will not dismantle a structure that demands such an oversupply of MRAPs (mine-resistant, ambush-protected vehicles) that they end up parked in the lots of over 500 police departments.

Such an effort will require that some of the younger leaders coming up in contemporary justice movements make the struggle against militarism central to their program, not just their analysis. Those organizers who make this their life's labor will find ways of exposing the cost and waste of imperialism, organizing against those who profit from it, and offering a clear choice between global military expansion and a democracy that serves its citizens. Perhaps their work will be framed by the profit made from killing, or by the costs of our globalized military, or by the disastrous consequences of foreign entanglements. Perhaps it will target particular institutions that benefit from the corrosive connections between racism, militarism, and oil; perhaps it will expose how a culture of violence abroad is manifested in a culture of violence at home. Perhaps it will be led by veterans, or by refugees, or by women, who bear the brunt of so much American violence. All of these directions, and more, will have to be attempted, tested, grown—and supported by funders, many of whom, after Obama's election, turned away from a focus on war and militarism. (For its part, the Colombe Foundation is launching a new fund to support such organizing.)

Whatever shape this organizing takes, it will run into the question that faces all oppositional politics: What alternative is on offer? This dilemma is particularly acute when it comes to American empire, opposition to which can easily devolve into a nativist isolationism. There is a long history to that trend—many leaders in the Anti-Imperialist League of the late 19th century were as racist as the imperialists, arguing that the browner populations of the Philippines and Puerto Rico didn't have the racial composition required for liberty.

There are two possible alternatives to American global hegemony, whose decline has perhaps been prematurely declared but is nonetheless on the wane. In one, the nativist impulse prevails and we have an even larger military, contained in a nation surrounded by walls and protected by travel bans. In the other, the United States embraces a true internationalism, working to build institutions to which it will also be accountable. At the moment, it may be difficult to imagine this latter path. But these past months have given us a glimpse of the consequences that await us if we fail to capture the anger that so many harbor toward an American empire that exacts such terrible costs and benefits so few.

Nothing is promised in politics. Movements rise and fall, truth-tellers often lose, xenophobic nationalists sometimes gain power, cowards frequently prevail. There is no determined arc to our history; no guaranteed results have been foretold. But at no moment over the past half-century has there been such an opportunity to ask whether our empire serves our democracy or undermines it. The question is whether those committed to a less brutal, less violent, more just, more equal country can muster the imagination, anger, courage, and energy to seize it. ■

Among the most frightening of Trump's new deportation directives is the expansion of "expedited removal."

How To: Get Rid Of Deep Belly Fat

LOS ANGELES –

Researchers have announced a radical new technique that **not only fights deadly belly fat, but also leads to slimmer waists, improved organ function, and perhaps even a longer, healthier life.**

The only catch? The establishment wants to spend 5 years – and \$65 million – testing this technology. But one doctor thinks that the technology is so effective, it is immoral to make people wait.

So he's offering his patients a new version of the technique... now.

"The science has already been tested. It's safe and effective," says Dr. Rand McClain, Chief Medical Officer at Live Cell Research. "I can't make people wait 5 years for something that could be helping them today." McClain is referring to a new field of health research that is said to activate a "master switch" inside your body's cells. **This switch** controls when your cells store fat, and when they convert the fat into energy.

Control the "master switch," the theory goes, and you also control fat.

To researchers, this is far more than just an appearance issue. Scientists at Harvard and Johns Hopkins Medical School recently stated that excess belly fat leads to diabetes, heart

disease, cancer, and even early death. And it could be even more important to Americans, who mistakenly believe that small amounts of exercise can radically change their bodies.

According to Dr. Todd Miller, professor in the Department of Exercise Science at George Washington University, "People don't understand that it is very difficult to exercise enough to lose weight. If that is why you are doing it, you are going to fail."

So a **new way to battle belly fat** – on the **cellular level** – could be the breakthrough the health community has been waiting for.

McClain feels the technique — which has been shown in clinical trials to actually alter specific cells in the human body — works best for people over 30, particularly those who may be experiencing excessive fatigue, weaker bodies, and even foggy thinking.

Best of all, McClain recently announced that he is making his method available – and affordable – to virtually all Americans.

With demand already high for his stunning technique, McClain created an online presentation detailing how the health breakthrough works.



You can watch the presentation here at **www.NoFat17.com**

This video has already caused a bit of an uproar, based in part on the honest, no-nonsense way Dr. McClain calls out both the medical industry and certain agencies. One viewer commented: "This is so interesting...I had physical problems for years and had NO IDEA how easy it was to fix. Why did I not know this before? Rand is telling it like it is...we need more doctors like this!"

But Dr. McClain's breakthrough has also caused some controversy.

When we reached out to other doctors for comment, many stated that, as with any newly released technique, people should be advised to watch the entire video report before committing to such an unconventional solution.

He's showed that it works, everyone agrees on that. But we don't want people to start using these quick shortcuts to better health. However if it works this well, it could put drug companies out of business. See his presentation here >> **www.NoFat17.com**

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I WAS DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH Hichem Lamraoui, one of the principal buyers for the Librairie du Tiers Monde in downtown Algiers, when an elegantly dressed young woman rushed into the store and asked the cashier if she could see the books from Éditions Barzakh. She wasn't talking about a particular author or series—she wanted to see the entire run of Barzakh's titles. It was as if someone at McNally Jackson in Manhattan or Moe's in Berkeley had asked whether there was a section devoted to New Directions. But in this bookstore, the best in Algiers, the Barzakhs sit together on a bookshelf directly across from the entrance. They are small, narrow, and taller than average, so they fit easily in the hand. Their paper is thick, ivory rather than white; their covers are matte, not shiny; and they occupy several feet of sales space at Tiers Monde, some 50 titles out of the nearly 250 that Barzakh has published since its founding in 2000.

The young woman took from the shelf a copy of Samir Toumi's *L'Effacement*, the sensation of the 2016 Algiers International Book Fair. One morning, the novel's nameless narrator looks in the mirror and is terrified to discover that he can no longer see his reflection. He consults a psychiatrist, Doctor B., who has some hunches about what might be ailing him. Forty-four years old, the narrator is the passive son of the dearly departed Commandant Hacène, one of the great heroes of the Algerian War of Liberation, and he is incapable of feeling or thinking for himself. He is horrified by all human contact, all warmth. Escaping from Algiers to the coastal city of Oran—a trip endorsed by Doctor B.—provides sensual distraction but doesn't solve his problems, and by the end of the novel the narrator has descended into paranoid madness.

Toumi's antihero is a civil servant in the gas and oil ministry who has obtained his position through nepotism. He enables the country to squander its natural resources. Doctor B., the novel's one source of sanity and comic relief, is a specialist in the "syndrome of effacement," a newly discovered generational malady. Doctor B. traces the syndrome to PTSD among the freedom fighters of the 1960s, which they unconsciously passed on to their children. The story could easily have been didactic, but Toumi, with a keen sense of place and class that is filtered through the narrator's sexual misery (imagine a Portnoy who can't desire), brings an ill-formed man into sharp focus and sweeps the reader through a horrifying tale.

As soon as it was announced, *L'Effacement* was the talk of the town. Toumi was going to explore the blasphemous idea that the national narrative of revolutionary glory had become exhausted through overuse, and even admit that the founding fathers' hold on national privilege had begun to seem a little ridiculous. The heroes of the Algerian War of Liberation are known as the *moudjabidine*, and since the nation's founding in 1962, they have been served by a much-glorified Veterans Administration that has overseen a set of rewards and privileges familiar to every Algerian. The *moudjabidine* were given the best apartments of the departed French colonials, and their standing in Algerian society has been continually reinforced through commemoration, law (one needs a *moudjabid* license to operate a taxi, sell liquor, or import a car), and decades of intermarriage and self-reinforcing elitism.

The War of Liberation has dominated Algerian history

so unequivocally that it has relegated all other eras and influences to the shadows. But today, the Algerians who were 20 or 30 years old in 1962 are dying, and their children and grandchildren will have to invent a future for the country without them. Toumi and his editors at Éditions Barzakh, Sofiane Hadjadj and Selma Hellal, hope readers will see the reflection of a new Algeria in the writing and publishing of books open to all imaginative possibilities.

EDITING AND PUBLISHING WERE NOT IN THE life plan of either Hadjadj or Hellal, who are a couple. Hadjadj, who is 46 years old, is secular, but his background is deeply religious. His father came to Algiers from the oasis farming community of El Goléa, in the Sahara, and the family owned small businesses before moving to the city and making a fortune in the building trade. Hadjadj, who is dark-skinned, describes his father as black. His mother, who wears the veil, grew up in the Casbah of Algiers, the daughter of Moroccan immigrants. In high school, and with the encouragement of his family, Hadjadj spent six years in Tunis studying the Quran to prepare for a future as an imam. Then he decided to study architecture instead.

Unlike Hadjadj, Hellal grew up in a liberal, secular, and Francophone environment, but her ties to Algerian history are deep. She was born in 1973 into the very *moudjabidine* elite skewered in *L'Effacement*. Her great-uncle, the lawyer Ali Boumendjel, was tortured and murdered by the French Army during the Battle of Algiers. Her grandfather, Ahmed Boumendjel, also a lawyer, was an influential member of the Front de Libération Nationale (FLN) and a minister in Algeria's first independent government, led by Ahmed Ben Bella in 1962. Her father worked in army intelligence during the War of Liberation, capturing radio signals and decrypting codes; her mother, Yamina Hellal Boumendjel, is a linguist and academic who served as an interpreter for the Algerian presidency.

Hadjadj and Hellal met through Algerian student circles in Paris, where they were both studying in 1996. Every Wednesday evening, Hadjadj audited Jacques Derrida's seminar on hospitality at the École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales, the graduate school of so-

Hadjadj and Hellal met through Algerian student circles in Paris.

People of the book:
Selma Hellal and
Sofiane Hadjadj,
February 2010.



cial sciences on Boulevard Raspail. Derrida, who was born in colonial Algeria, was exploring the ethical, political, and legal underpinnings of the right to political asylum and reading works on asylum and hospitality, from Sophocles to Kafka.

No topic could have been closer to Hadjadj's daily thoughts. An Algerian living in France on a student visa, he found a new report of murder or terror at home every time he opened a newspaper. The troubles, since known as the Black Decade, had come to a head in January 1992, when the Algerian government, heir to the revolutionary FLN, scuttled elections to prevent a takeover by the Front Islamique du Salut, an Islamic party. Throughout the country, mass protests broke out, followed by a violent military repression. By February 1992, the new military leaders had declared a state of emergency. That burst of violence was one act in a decade-long civil war that pitted armed Islamist groups against the Algerian military. In 1994 alone, dozens were murdered every day. Intellectuals from all walks of life were special targets of terror by the armed Islamist forces. In 1993, with the sociologist Pierre Bourdieu, Derrida founded a French committee of support for Algerian intellectuals, and by the time Hadjadj began auditing his seminar, Derrida was a beloved spokesman for the Algerian cause.

While Hadjadj pursued the intellectual reflections that would ultimately pull him away from architecture and toward literature, a few blocks away Hellal was studying at the Institut d'Études Politiques. She had gained entrance after passing the baccalaureate exam in Paris and preparing for the institute's rigorous entrance exam. During her student days, she felt uneasy with her largely French education; she'd arrived in Paris with only the rudiments of Arabic. Sometimes, she said, it seemed that her education had amputated her Algerian-ness. With Hadjadj, she found a partner who was both deeply intellectual and also, as she put it, "truly Algerian." She admired his courage, because while she saw herself as a dutiful daughter, he had managed to remain close to his family without conforming to their expectations. Hadjadj, on the other hand, was drawn to her family's history, to the many stories of political and personal sacrifice in the making of Algeria. For each of them, caught up in a quest for national identity in a time of civil war, the other contributed a missing piece of the Algerian puzzle.

For a year, Hadjadj and Hellal lived the emancipated life of an expatriate couple, free from family traditions and obligations and far from the violence at home. After separate odysseys and months of separation, the two reunited in 1999 in an Algeria that was barely recognizable. A negotiated cease-fire and amnesty for armed Islamic groups had created an uneasy peace. The years of terror had destroyed any confidence in public space: No one went to the movies, the theater, or restaurants. Entertainment had been reduced to satellite TV. There was no tourism to speak of—or literary culture. The country lacked even the basics of a civil society.

Hellal and Hadjadj could have helped to rebuild Algeria using the talents they'd already developed—she as a journalist (in Paris, she had started a radio career), he as an architect—but the couple had an-

other idea. They were convinced that Algeria couldn't recover from a decade of horror without the basic right that every European or American writer takes for granted: the right to imagine and to tell stories. So they set out to provide hospitality for Algerian literature itself, to assist a literary culture in danger.

THEIR FIRST VENTURE, WITH THE JOURNALIST Abderrahmane Djelfaoui, was *Parking Nomade*, a cultural review focused on the Algerians who had stayed in the country during the Black Decade and managed, under the worst possible circumstances, to create. The first issue featured the work of Larbi Merhoum, an architect who had recently finished a handsome new building in Mostaganem, outside Oran. The issue was a 90-page staple-bound pamphlet, with eight thick color pages showing the sleek new construction. In 1999, year one of *Parking Nomade*, the mere fact of producing an Algerian magazine, for Algerians, was an achievement in itself.

In 2000, with *Parking Nomade* as their blueprint, Hadjadj and Hellal founded Editions Barzakh. The name was inspired by the title of a French translation of a Spanish novel that Hadjadj loves—Juan Goytisolo's *Quarantine*—and by a concept in Islamic thought, a special state of precariousness or "in-betweenness." A *barzakh* is the mental equivalent of an isthmus, a limbo, but also a realm outside regular time and space. For Hadjadj and Hellal, *barzakh* crystallized the situation of their country, its survival after a bloody internal conflict, its delicate equilibrium. More pointedly, *barzakh* spoke to the precariousness of their national literature, straddling two languages, French and Arabic, and fighting for a home ground. (The spoken Algerian language, a dialectical Arabic called Darja, sounds as foreign to a speaker of standard modern Arabic as it does to a speaker of French. Darja, with its mix of Arabic, French, and Berber words and phrases, is itself a kind of *barzakh*, waiting to be written.) Éditions Barzakh publishes in French and Arabic, approximately one book in

Arabic for every six in French. Hichem Lamraoui of Tiers Monde says that nine out of 10 contemporary Algerian novels are written in French. But Malika Rahal, a specialist in contemporary Algerian history at the Institut d'Histoire du Temps Présent in Paris, is convinced that French will eventually disappear from the country for demographic reasons. A more immediate issue, she says, is that the use of French as a mark of prestige renders a small elite even more out of touch with the country's enormous economic inequalities. Walid Bouchakour, a cultural critic for the French-language daily *El Watan*, sees it differently. He points out that even though Algerian youth may now be schooled in Arabic, they still have a steady diet of French from satellite TV. There may be fewer readers of *El Watan* than of the Arab-language newspapers, he adds, but articles in *El Watan* still have

In Islamic thought, a *barzakh* is the mental equivalent of an isthmus, a limbo.

Set in stone: The Martyrs' Memorial, honoring the heroes of the Algerian War for Liberation, dominates the skyline of Algiers.



a real impact, nationally and internationally.

Several years ago, Hadjadj told me that Algeria's Franco-phone writers were reluctant to proclaim a love of French: "I've never heard an Algerian writer say, 'I love the French language,' and you can't say this in an Algerian newspaper—it's as if you were saying, 'I love France.'" These days, however, his view of the French legacy is more pragmatic, stressing the importance of a pluralist Algeria and the place of French within it: "We have to make the 18-year-olds understand that 80 percent of the men and women who led the revolution were French speakers." So Éditions Barzakh proceeds, publishing in French and Arabic—but mostly in French—and imagining a time when the choice of a language is not always already political.

A MORE IMMEDIATE TASK FOR BARZAKH HAS been to unravel another colonial legacy: copyright. Until very recently, the right to print and publish the canonical names of Algerian fiction—Assia Djebar, Mohammed Dib, Mouloud Feraoun, Kateb Yacine—belonged to French publishing houses. "Paradoxically, as an Algerian publishing house, we have to negotiate hard for the right to reprint them, because these are writers who do well in export," Hellal explained in a 2014 interview. When French publishers export the Algerian canon back to Algeria, the books can cost three times as much as those produced in the country.

More than money is at stake for Barzakh in springing free of the copyright trap. Algerians who want to exist as Algerian writers have traditionally felt obligated to win French recognition first. There are exceptions, such as the wildly popular Ahlam Mosteghanemi, the first Algerian woman to write a novel directly in Arabic, whose books sell in the millions. But she, too, lives outside Algeria, and publishes in Beirut. For a long time, textbooks were published at home and literary genius lived abroad. This is the situation that Barzakh wants to change.

By 2010, the publishing house's catalog featured titles from young first-time Algerian writers living in Algeria, established authors born in the 1950s, Franco-Algerian writers, and French or British authors writing on Algerian topics. Then came a completely unexpected windfall: The Prince Claus Fund in the Netherlands awarded Barzakh a €100,000 grant for cultural development. Because Algeria remains outside the international banking system, accessing those funds has been supremely complicated, but they have nonetheless made a huge difference. The award has allowed Barzakh to buy the rights to French books and to forge an even more ambitious list, one that includes new approaches to the Algerian Revolution. "Until a decade



Belles lettres: The Librairie du Tiers Monde in downtown Algiers has a shelf reserved for Éditions Barzakh's books.

Hadjadj's view of the French legacy is pragmatic, stressing the importance of a pluralist Algeria.

ago," Hadjadj explains, "it was only possible for the revolution to be narrated by a collective 'we.' Today, the revolution can be remembered through a plurality of points of view and mean different things to different people."

While mainstream Algerian publishers have brought out the memoirs of liberation heroes like Ahmed Taleb Ibrahimi and Zohra Drif, Barzakh has published the memoirs of singular, off-center lives. Its authors include Pierre and Claudine Chaulet, French *moudjabidine* who became Algerian citizens and remained in Algeria until their deaths; Alice Cherki, a Jewish Algerian-born psychoanalyst who worked with Frantz Fanon at a clinic in Blida; and Mokhtar Mokhtefi, who sent the manuscript of his memoirs to Barzakh a few months before he died at age 80. Writing in New York City, Mokhtefi was able to reconstruct the sights and sounds of life in his village of Berrouaghia and the constant pressure he felt to be something called a "Muslim Frenchman." The Algerian reviews of Mokhtefi's *J'Étais Français-Musulman* have featured accounts of his army-intelligence work in the legendary MALG transmission service, but the most moving parts of the book are Mokhtefi's descriptions of leaving his village to attend the French lycée in Blida. Before he went away, the school sent a list of clothing he needed to bring: His father refused to buy him pajamas, which Mokhtefi tried to explain as "a suit for sleeping," and he had never owned an overcoat.

THERE CAN'T BE A BODY OF ALGERIAN literature without someone in the country to print it. For Barzakh, that person was Chantal Lefèvre, the owner of Imprimerie Mauguin. In June 2015, Hellal and I drove from Algiers to Blida, an hour's journey on a busy freeway, to tour the printing press. Lefèvre was 69 years old at the time; she died a few months later. When Hellal and I arrived, she was smoking and sitting in the printer's office at the weathered desk of her great-great-grandfather, who founded the press in 1857. Lefèvre said that she was born in Algeria and left in the exodus of 1962, but she had never much cared for France, didn't know much about the place, and had spent most of her adult life in Spain.

Alice Kaplan's most recent book is *Looking for "The Stranger": Albert Camus and the Life of a Literary Classic* (Chicago).

She had never forgotten Algeria. In 1993, when intellectuals were being targeted and killed in the darkest year of the civil war, she returned “home” to try to save the family business, after the cousins who were managing the printing press died. Her first contracts were commissions from the Algerian government for official documents, and the government protected her, providing her with escorts whenever she left Blida by car.

In her own way, Lefèvre ended up protecting Barzakh. In its early years, she acted as an informal banker, not asking for payment until Barzakh’s books started to sell. It was she who found the quality ivory paper—an Italian stock called Avorio—and proposed the trim size, similar to the format of novels published by Actes Sud in France, and perfectly suited for Mauguin’s offset presses. Lefèvre had the highest standards for binding, paper, and the layout of the pages.

Many people in Algeria have a backstory in which colonial and postcolonial history collide. In Lefèvre’s case, as she contributed to Barzakh’s future, she was repairing her own past. Over lunch, when Hellal and I asked about the circumstances of her family’s exodus from Algiers in 1962, Lefèvre said “May 13” as though it were yesterday. Her father, Bernard Lefèvre, was a main architect of the May 13, 1958, coup d’état by renegade army officers against the French government in Algeria. The coup ultimately failed but nonetheless led to the demise of the French Fourth Republic and Charles de Gaulle’s return to power. Then, in 1961, Bernard was involved in another attempted coup, this time aimed at de Gaulle’s colonial government, which had begun negotiations with the FLN. In 1962, Chantal and her mother and siblings headed to Spain, not France: Her father had served six months in La Santé prison in Paris, and had escaped to Spain during a period of supervised parole.

I asked Lefèvre why she wanted to return to Algeria. “I needed to go where the pain was,” she replied. In their tribute to her in *El Watan*, Hadjadj and Hellal wrote of her hoarse voice, her cigarettes, her impossibly high standards, her willingness to destroy a less-than-perfect print run and start over again at night—a description that reminded me of one of the tragic colonial women in a Marguerite Duras novel. Lefèvre’s was “a commitment so all-consuming,” they wrote, “it might have been a priesthood. A priesthood in which she found herself but which also consumed her, and doubtless trapped her in the solitude of Blida.”

“MAKING A BEAUTIFUL BOOK IS ITSELF an act of resistance,” Hellal likes to say, remembering Lefèvre. For her, that act begins long before the book exists as a physical object, in dialogue with her authors. Too many Algerian publishers simply send manuscripts into print with little or no editorial oversight. Barzakh works with its authors from draft to draft, always attentive, as Hadjadj puts it, “to narrative structure, to a global view of the text and how its parts are balanced.” He offers an example: “We hunt down and eliminate private jokes. Maybe the author laughed a lot when he wrote the line, but he’s the only one who will



Kamel Daoud.



Alice Cherk.



Samir Toumi.



Mokhtar Mokhtefi.

**For
Barzakh, a
decolonized
literature
enjoys the
freedom of
its formal,
stylistic
choices.**

get it.” He thinks of their editorial ethos in terms of an Anglo-Saxon, rather than a French, publishing tradition.

When he looks abroad, I ask him—to France, or the United States, or Spain—which publishing houses stand out as having accomplished editorially what Barzakh wants to do? Jérôme Lindon’s Éditions de Minuit, he answers after a moment’s hesitation. Minuit began publishing underground in France in 1942 with books that were also acts of resistance—but once aboveground after the Liberation, it began to publish authors for whom, as Minuit author Alain Robbe-Grillet famously put it, “political commitment is... the full awareness of the problems present in their own language, the conviction of their extreme importance, and the desire to solve those problems *from within*.”

Writers who have worked with Hellal and Hadjadj say that they’re the yin and yang of editing. She is extroverted, detail-oriented, able to zero in at the sentence level, to understand the writer’s state of mind, the intimate factors behind writer’s block or a fear of excess. He is the strategist, the philosopher, a cooler character who keeps his writers wondering and yearning for his approval. It’s a combination that works.

Whereas postcolonial critics in American universities read Algerian literature for politics and for position, for a desire to see literature finally “decolonized,” Barzakh’s ambitions are different. For Hellal and Hadjadj, a decolonized literature is not necessarily a literature intent on striking a blow at the colonizer; it’s a literature that enjoys the freedom of its formal, stylistic choices, a literature that can escape the political stereotypes still at work in Algeria, where what you wear and which direction your satellite dish is aimed—east toward Mecca, north toward Paris—mark a person religiously and linguistically.

In 2013, Hellal and Hadjadj published a book that, to their astonishment, was embraced around the world as a supremely political work of literature. In *Meursault, Contre-Enquête*, Kamel Daoud recast Albert Camus’s *The Stranger*, giving a voice to the brother of the Arab killed by Meursault on the beach. The combination of very precise contemporary Algerian references and Camus’s familiar plot endowed the book with an astonishing plasticity and made it immediately relevant in any country struggling with senseless violence and “othered” populations—which is to say, most countries in the world. A full year after the initial Algerian publication, the novel was published in France by Actes Sud, which promoted it as if it were a brand-new book. It began to win prizes, and missed the biggest prize of all, the Goncourt, by one vote. In Algeria, 16,000 copies of the novel have been sold. In France, Actes Sud has sold a total of 242,000; and in the United States, sales of *The Meursault Investigation*, John Cullen’s translation for Other Press, have reached over 53,000 copies.

Now translated into more than 30 languages, Daoud’s novel has departed the closed system of Algerian literature in which, with the help of Barzakh, it was created. But the book’s commercial success hasn’t changed Barzakh’s fundamental mission. “In the end,” Hellal says, “the question that truly preoccupies us is this one: how to get someone to read, how to get them simply to hold a book in their hands. For us, every day, this is a deeply personal and social imperative.” ■

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Letters

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(continued from page 2)

disappointed that the authors of this article did not make a better effort to understand what has really happened in New Jersey and to be more objective when it comes to Phil Murphy.

STEPHEN P. DIGHT
MARGATE, N.J.

The Dreyfusses Reply

Nowhere in our story did we say that Phil Murphy is a “tool” of the party bosses in New Jersey. But Murphy, an ultra-wealthy ex-Goldman Sachs banker, has spent lavishly to fund his own campaign, judiciously using huge sums to finance state and county Democratic organizations. Fulop, with his own vulnerabilities starting to surface, took one look at Murphy’s well-heeled head start and chose not to run. Ditto State Senator Steve Sweeney, an ally of South Jersey boss George Norcross, who also opted out. It’s all straight out of the playbook of Jon Corzine, another Goldman Sachs alum, who bought his way to the governorship.

Murphy has spent several years preparing for the race, funding brand-new think tanks—in fact, thinly disguised campaign fronts—and locking up New Jersey’s top campaign strategists and pollsters, meanwhile keeping John Podesta, Hillary Clinton’s guru, up-to-date on his plans, according to WikiLeaks.

Mr. Dicht mentions Murphy’s “inspiring personal story.” It’s hard to see what’s inspiring about it: After 23 years at Goldman Sachs (through 2006), Murphy pocketed vast sums, including \$153 million worth of stock in 1999, when Goldman went public. He helped oversee the bank’s predatory practices in Asia, in Germany, and in New York. Upon leaving Goldman, he became the Democratic National Committee’s finance

chair, raising \$300 million from wealthy donors—for which President Obama named him US ambassador to Germany.

Murphy has had the temerity to call John Wisniewski a typical New Jersey boss. If so, he bosses no one, since virtually every top Democratic official in the state has dutifully lined up behind Murphy—just as elected Democrats overwhelmingly backed Clinton over Sanders in 2016. By backing Sanders, Wisniewski made few friends at the top. He’s counting on grassroots support against an establishment, boss-allied opponent. The primary is June 6.

BOB AND BARBARA DREYFUSS
CAPE MAY, N.J.

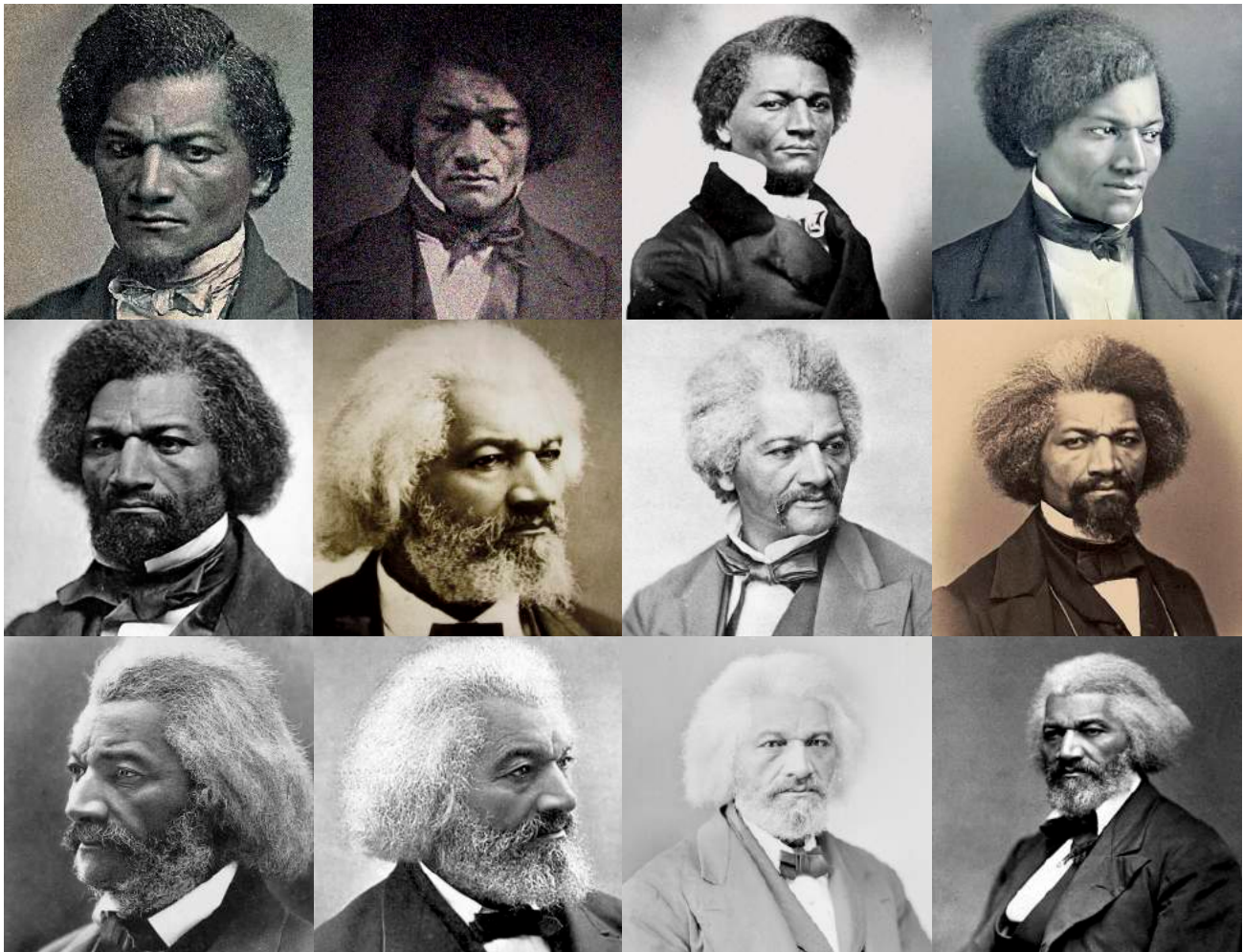
Birthing Equality

Thank you for Zoë Carpenter’s “What’s Killing America’s Black Infants?” [March 6]. The article does a great job explaining the causes of black infant mortality—and the way potential solutions are not limited to doctors’ offices, but lie in the social, economic, and physical environments that drive health outcomes for babies, mothers, and families.

The article mentioned the important work of the Lifecourse Initiative for Healthy Families in Milwaukee. This initiative, which is funded by the University of Wisconsin–Madison School of Medicine and Public Health through the Wisconsin Partnership Program, also works in Racine and Kenosha, as well as statewide, to change policies, systems, and environments so that all babies can thrive. For the Lifecourse Initiative to achieve its goal of reducing disparities in black-white infant mortality, we need everyone to understand this issue in the full complexity Carpenter so powerfully describes. Thank you for sharing this story.

DEBORAH EHRENTAL
Faculty Director, Lifecourse
Initiative for Healthy Families
MADISON, WIS.

Books & the Arts.



THE ENDURING STRUGGLE

For Frederick Douglass, the work of democratic politics never ends

by MATT KARP

AFTER FRED. DOUGLASS.—” barked an October 1850 headline in the *Mississippi Free Trader*, the state’s leading Democratic newspaper. The article below it went on to note: “We are very much pleased to learn that a party of Marylanders are in pursuit of the sweet pet and fragrant

expounder of the white negroes of the North. He is a fugitive slave, and the intention is to reclaim him under the late Fugitive Slave Law.”

This was an outstanding antebellum example of what we have lately come to call “fake news.” After eight years as a fugitive, Frederick Douglass had been legally emancipated in 1846 when a group of British abolitionists collected funds to purchase his freedom. No party of Maryland slave-hunters was headed north to pursue him, even after the passage of

the Fugitive Slave Act. The *Free Trader* wasn’t reporting on events; it was indulging in a kind of vicarious hate crime.

Yet in its mix of gossip, malice, and braggadocio, the *Free Trader*’s false report was characteristic of the opposition that Douglass faced in his lifetime of political struggle. For Mississippi’s Slave Power, Douglass presented an existential threat in two dimensions. First, his physical person, as an ex-slave turned celebrity abolitionist, was a dramatic personification of his radical

Matt Karp is an assistant professor of history at Princeton University and the author of This Vast Southern Empire: Slaveholders at the Helm of American Foreign Policy.

belief in human equality. To adapt what W.E.B. Du Bois once said of John Brown, Douglass didn't just use argument, he was himself an argument. Second, Douglass was feared because his oratory had dangerous implications: It might help generate a popular political movement against the slaveholding South. Thus the *Mississippi Free Trader* reserved equal scorn for the "white negroes of the North"—Douglass's anti-slavery allies and the larger Northern public that they hoped to awaken.

The power of the antebellum slaveholding class, after all, resided not only in its direct domination of black slaves, but in its ability to divide and exploit an even larger multiracial working class. Douglass knew how well this system worked from bitter personal experience: As a hired slave in Baltimore, he was assaulted by white dockworkers with bricks and handspikes. Yet he remained clearheaded about who benefited from this racial violence. As he wrote in 1855: "The slaveholders, with a craftiness peculiar to themselves, by encouraging the enmity of the poor, laboring white man against the blacks, succeeds in making the said white man almost as much a slave as the black slave himself.... Both are plundered, and by the same plunderers."

To uproot these plunderers required democratic organization in both the North and South. The obstacles were enormous, Douglass knew, for he seldom underestimated the tenacity of American racism—the prejudices and powers wielded by those Americans "who happen to live in a skin which passes for white." Nevertheless, the basic premise of his career was that slavery and white supremacy, for all their fearsome might, could be defeated through a political struggle that transcended racial and regional divisions. Only a broad popular movement, led by an abolitionist vanguard but embracing "the masses at the North," could overthrow "the slave-holding oligarchy" and establish a government truly devoted to liberty and equality for all.

Douglass had no patience for those in the antislavery camp who argued for withdrawal from a hopelessly tainted Union, or for the abandonment of a hopelessly degraded democratic politics. "If I were on board of a pirate ship," he declared, "I would not clear my soul...by jumping in the long boat, and singing out no union with pirates." Instead, abolitionists must dig in and fight, trusting in their ability to build a democratic alliance against slavery across the free states. "[T]he slaveholders are but four hundred thousand in number," he noted, "and we are fourteen millions...we are really the strong and they

The Lives of Frederick Douglass

By Robert Levine
Harvard University Press. 384 pp. \$29.95

The Portable Frederick Douglass

Edited by John Stauffer
and Henry Louis Gates Jr.
Penguin Press. 624 pp. \$22

are the weak."

For Douglass, political effort without radical moral principle was futile, doomed to a slow, unwholesome demise amid "the swamps of compromise and concession." But moral courage without political engagement—and without movement-building—was equally barren. "If there is no struggle, there is no progress," Douglass declared in 1857. The apothegm is justly famous as a defense of left-wing agitation, but it is worth remembering that both of its key words received equal weight. Douglass did not celebrate struggle for struggle's sake. He struggled because he believed he would win.

In our own troubled times, with reaction regnant and the formal opposition frail and confused, Douglass's belief in progress may strike readers as something of a quaint anachronism. But two new books—*The Lives of Frederick Douglass*, by Robert S. Levine, and *The Portable Frederick Douglass*, edited by John Stauffer and Henry Louis Gates Jr.—help underline just how urgently his vision of political struggle is needed today.

Both books pay tribute to Douglass's immense literary talents. In three decades, he went from the dirt floor of a Maryland slave cabin to a private audience in the White House, where he helped recruit slaves into an army whose mission was the destruction of the master class. His was one of the most remarkable and revolutionary lives of the 19th century, and he did not shy from writing about it: first in *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* (1845), published seven years after his escape from slavery; then in *My Bondage and My Freedom* (1855), written after his break with William Lloyd Garrison; and finally in *The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass* (1881 and 1892), which brings his story through the Civil War and Reconstruction.

Levine's book, which takes these autobiographies as its primary subject, retraces Douglass's lifelong effort to tell and retell his own astonishing story. Pushing back against the idea that Douglass's early intimacy with Garrison means that the *Narrative* should be read as a "black message" inside a "white envelope," Levine

shows how their collaboration—not at all a simple student-teacher relationship—gave the *Narrative* much of its power.

Levine also chronicles the dissolution of this collaboration. By the late 1840s, Douglass had become dissatisfied with Garrison's brand of abolitionism, in part because it abjured electoral politics in favor of a non-violent form of resistance that placed moral principle above political competition. Levine shows how *My Bondage and My Freedom* reflects Douglass's growing sense that the battle against slavery required ballots, and might ultimately demand bullets as well. Above all, he describes the antislavery firebrand as a mind in constant motion: "identity is never stable in Douglass; it is tied to the contingencies of the historical moment." Politics, ultimately, was about timing, and Douglass subordinated his quest for autobiographical self-understanding to his desire to make political change.

In the introduction to their new volume of Douglass's writings, Stauffer and Gates extend this argument, discovering in his shifting self-representations something of a philosophical principle. Just as Douglass "rejected the idea of a fixed self, so too did he repudiate fixed social stations and rigid hierarchies." With his own family tree shrouded in mystery—he never knew the identity of his father—Douglass responded by actively embracing fluidity, change, and the wholesome convulsions of a life devoted to struggle and progress.

Born into slavery on Maryland's Eastern Shore, Douglass learned that he could shift his shape, in a fashion, by imitating the voices around him. He preached barnyard sermons on the plantation, affecting the style and cadence of white ministers and addressing his master's pigs as "Dear Brethren." His talent for verbal mimicry evolved into a lifelong gift for satirical public speech. Later, on the abolitionist lecture circuit, Douglass would leave crowds in stitches with his canting impression of a hypocritical Southern preacher.

Among their selections, Stauffer and Gates include a previously unpublished 1864–65 speech, "Pictures and Progress," that highlights Douglass's own dual sense of himself as an activist and an artist, always striving to remake the boundaries of his world. "Poets, prophets, and reformers," Douglass argued, "are all picture-makers—and this ability is the secret of their power."

Douglass himself was especially attracted to the new art of photographic picture-making—a form in which the sit-

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ter, as much as the camera operator, could shape the portrait. It was no coincidence, as Stauffer and Zoe Trodd have noted in a recent collection of Douglass's portraits, that he became the most photographed American of the 19th century.

As a former slave who claimed his psychic freedom in the course of a two-hour fight with the slave-breaker Edward Covey, Douglass well understood the connection between the physical and the political. It was a duality that demanded both heroic acts of courage and tremendous acts of primping. "A man is ashamed of seeming to be vain of his personal appearance," he observed in "Pictures and Progress," "and yet who ever stood before a glass preparing to sit or stand for a picture without a consciousness of some such vanity?"

Paying close attention to his own person—a regime that involved meticulous grooming, fashionable dress, and even weight training late in life—wasn't just Douglass's concession to Victorian notions of self-improvement: It was a core element of his political character. With his body continually in danger, Douglass responded not by withdrawing into private life, but by

carefully fashioning an ever stronger and more confident public physical presence.

For Douglass, while politics flowed inevitably through the private and the personal, it always returned to the public and the collective. "Neither self-culture, nor any other kind of culture, can amount to much in this world," he asserted, "unless joined to some truly unselfish and noble purpose."

This is the danger in approaching Douglass as a primarily autobiographical writer. Most Americans today know him through the 1845 *Narrative*, the single-most-assigned book in US history surveys, according to a 2005 study. But a focus on Douglass's individual odyssey shouldn't cause us to forget that he devoted his life to a shared struggle against oppression.

Douglass's own career would be unthinkable without his collaborations with activists and politicians, from Garrison and Martin Delany and Susan B. Anthony to Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln. In his popular antebellum lecture "Trials and Triumphs of Self-Made Men," Douglass began by acknowledging that there was no such thing: "all had begged, borrowed, or

stolen from somebody or somewhere." As Levine shows, even his autobiographies were chiefly political documents. They were less concerned with exploring his private identity in formation than with exposing public crimes and inspiring a mass movement against them.

It is fitting, then, that Stauffer and Gates have put Douglass's speeches and journalism at the heart of their new volume. Douglass himself considered his time as a newspaper editor the most important period of his career. "If I have at any time said or written that which is worth remembering," he concluded in *Life and Times*, "I must have said such things between the years 1848 and 1860, and my paper was a chronicle of most of what I said during that time."

Douglass founded his newspaper, *The North Star*, in Rochester in 1848, on the heels of his ideological split with Garrison and his Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Douglass had grown skeptical of Garrisonian nonviolence, but the essence of the disagreement was about electoral politics: While Garrison and his allies thought abolitionists should boycott elections organized under a pro-slavery Constitution, Douglass came to believe that the ballot box could and must become a vital tool in the struggle against slavery. "Garrison sees in the Constitution precisely what John C. Calhoun sees there," he wrote—an impregnable fortress against antislavery political action in the United States. But Douglass believed that abolitionism must reject such rigidities, and he insisted that it become a movement that was as creative, forceful, and open to possibility as democratic politics itself.

A great theme in Douglass's antebellum writing was the necessary subordination of the past—dead, frozen, irrevocable—to the present: alive, fluid, subject to change. Politics must keep up with its times. "We have to do with the past only as we can make it useful to the present," he declared in his famous 1852 address on slavery and the Fourth of July. "To all inspiring motives, to noble deeds which can be gained from the past, we are welcome. But now is the time, the important time."

Douglass aimed his remarks at the conservative cult around America's founders, already well in evidence by the 1850s: "men seldom eulogize the wisdom and virtues of their fathers, but to excuse some folly and wickedness of their own." But his words were also, in their way, a message to his comrades in the antislavery struggle. If abolitionism was to grow from a moral position into a political movement, its advocates could not

Weeping Cherry

On a plateau, with little volcanic mountains,
a muddy river, dangerous when the snow melts,
a fertile valley, cattle breeders, and a music academy,
a tall, handsome, agile people, with straight black hair
and an enterprising spirit, lived peaceably. Though
there had never been hatred between the races,
after a quarrel over local matters, massacres came.
Men, women, & children robbed & deported—an evacuation,
they called it. Heads impaled on branches. Mounds
of corpses, like grim flowers knotted together.
A passing ship transported a few to a distant port,
where Mother was born, though now she, too,
has vanished into the universe, and the cold browns
the weeping cherry, vivid red mixed with blue.

HENRI COLE

let themselves be paralyzed by the weight of past horrors. The bloodstained history of slavery in America—200 years of pillage, torture, and domination—did not drive his thoughts upward, toward the promises of a peaceful heaven, or inward, toward the safety of a beautiful despair. Instead, Douglass turned outward, toward the daily rigors of struggle and the political possibilities of what he called “the ever-living now.”

For Douglass, the American future was not foreclosed. Seldom beguiled by the mythology of national exceptionalism—“Americans are remarkably familiar with all facts which make in their own favor”—Douglass nevertheless rejected the view, as fashionable then as it is now among some quarters of the left, that his homeland was somehow constitutionally impervious to change. “I know of no country,” he declared in 1857, “where the conditions for affecting great changes in the settled order of things...are more favorable than here in these United States.”

This confidence in that dark hour stemmed from a specific political calculation. Reaction, he believed, had overreached itself. The Fugitive Slave Act, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and the *Dred Scott* decision, all “measures devised and executed with a view to allay and diminish the anti-slavery agitation, have only served to increase, intensify, and embolden that agitation.” The advance of the Slave Power, red in tooth and claw, had torn up the old rotten compromises, exposed the bankruptcy of the old party system, and given new vindication to slavery’s most radical opponents. “Hence, the wolfish cry of ‘fanaticism,’ has lost its potency,” Douglass declared in 1855, “indeed the ‘fanatics’ are looked upon as a pretty respectable body of People.”

A new organized power in American politics, the Republican Party, had emerged from the ruins of the antebellum party system. For Douglass, “the great Republican Movement, which is sweeping like a whirlwind over the Free States,” showed that the North was ready to “bury party affinities... and also the political leaders who have hitherto controlled them; to unite in one grand phalanx, and go forth, and whip the enemy.” Even so, Douglass never became an unconditional supporter of the Republican Party, and often, before the Civil War, he appeared as one of its most scorching critics. Yet in a deeper sense, the electoral triumph of Abraham Lincoln and the Republicans in 1860 fulfilled one of his fundamental premises: that slavery in the South could only be challenged through a democratic alliance with “the masses at the North.”

When Southern slaveholders responded to Lincoln’s victory with armed rebellion, Douglass understood it as a reaction to the emancipatory potential of this new alliance. The “war of the Rebels,” he declared in 1863, “is a war of the rich against the poor. Let Slavery go down with the war, and let labor cease to be fettered, chained, flogged, and branded...and then we shall see as never before, the laborers in all sections of this country rising to respectability and power.”

Douglass lived to see his cross-sectional alliance of laborers—what Du Bois later called “the abolition-democracy”—successfully crush the rebellion, destroy slavery, and drive the most profound social revolution in American history. He lived, too, to see that alliance undone, and many of its achievements rolled back, by the resistance of white Southerners and the connivance of a Northern leadership that, as he wrote in 1894, had “converted the Republican party into a party of money rather than a party of morals.”

Struggle begat progress, and progress begat more struggle. This was the work of politics, of public agitation and democratic organization: It never ends. Douglass himself never tired of the fight or lost sight of his horizon—a political force “broad enough, and strong enough, to support the most comprehensive plans for the freedom and elevation of all the people of this country, without regard to color, class, or clime.” For Douglass, that meant ceaseless resistance to all forms of entrenched hierarchy, including the exclusion of women from politics. When he died suddenly on a February evening in 1895, his final day had been spent with Susan B. Anthony and Anna Shaw at a women’s suffrage meeting in Washington, DC.

Douglass devoted his life to eternal war on both “the system” and “the spirit of slavery.” The system went down in 1865, but the spirit, of course, lives on with us today, reorganized and remastered with all the perennial shrewdness of the ruling classes. It lives in every social order that contrives to elevate one group at the expense of another, every economic order that exalts capital and degrades labor, and every political order that denies the possibility of great change.

“This doctrine of human equality,” Douglass wrote in 1850, “is the bitterest yet taught by the abolitionists.” The struggle for that doctrine remains the central struggle of our day. It requires political as well as moral action, organizing as well as orations. Just as in Douglass’s day, we can only prevail if we believe we will win. ■

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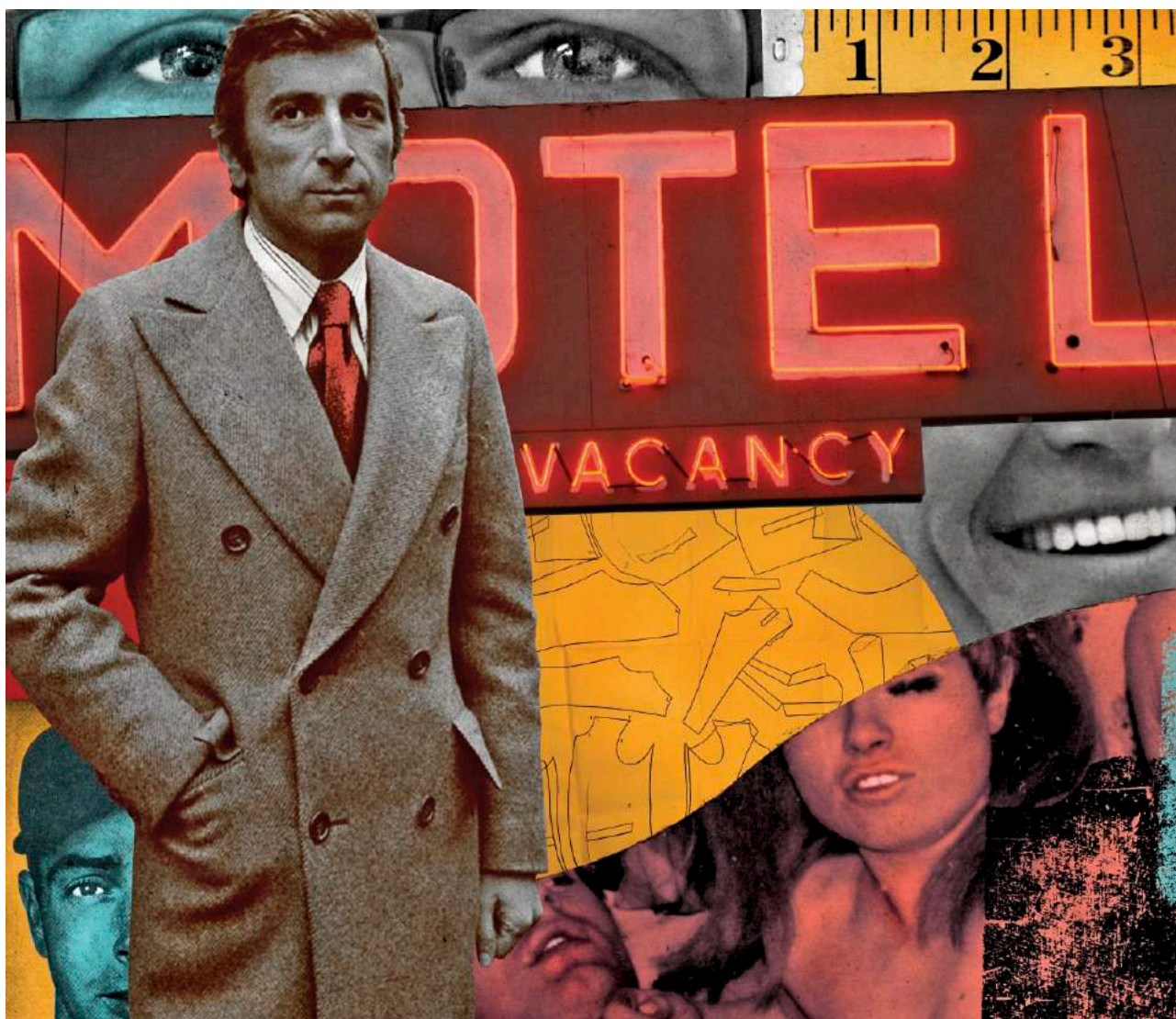
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THE SERENDIPITER'S JOURNEY

Gay Talese's eye for detail turned out to be not only his strength but also his greatest weakness

by MICHELLE DEAN

2016 was a bad year for most people, but it was especially so for Gay Talese. Now 85, he is at an age when most of his time should be spent collecting the thin portfolio of lifetime-achievement awards available to journalists. Instead, Talese continues to work, which

*Michelle Dean is the 2016 recipient of the National Book Critics Circle citation for excellence in reviewing. Her latest book, *Sharp: The Women Who Made an Art of Having an Opinion*, will be out in 2018.*

has gotten him into some trouble. Last April, a long reported piece of his appeared in *The New Yorker* called "The Voyeur's Motel." It was clearly intended as a jewel in his already bejeweled crown. It turned out to be something of cubic zirconia.

"The Voyeur's Motel" told the story of Gerald Foos, a motel proprietor in Aurora, Colorado, who fancied himself a sexual anthropologist. To conduct his studies, Foos had built a carpeted walkway beneath the motel's peaked roof that allowed him to

The Voyeur's Motel

By Gay Talese
Grove Press. 240 pp. \$25

High Notes

Selected Writings
By Gay Talese
Introduction by Lee Gutkind
Bloomsbury. 288 pp. \$20

spy on his guests through what looked like air vents in the ceiling. Over 15 years, he

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM ROBINSON

explained to Talese in an introductory letter he wrote in 1980, he had amassed a lot of anecdotal data about the sexual habits of Americans. He knew that Talese was writing a book on that subject—which became his 1981 blockbuster *Thy Neighbor's Wife*—and wanted to offer his assistance. “I have been wanting to tell this story,” Foos wrote, “but I am not talented enough and I have fears of being discovered.” He offered Talese everything he had, on the condition that he remain anonymous.

When Talese received the letter, he was wary at first, in part because he didn’t typically grant anonymity to his sources. Nonetheless, he got on a plane to Colorado and climbed up to the walkway to have a look for himself. Talese spied on people through the vent too, though he doesn’t seem to have seen much that he found worth reporting. Instead, he used the bulk of his eventual article to quote from, and elaborate on, the journals that Foos kept of his observations.

Mostly Foos recorded sex acts that ran the gamut from the pedestrian to the mildly bizarre. But at least once, he claimed to have witnessed a murder—a murder that he said he’d helped precipitate. After noticing two guests handling drugs, Foos sneaked into their room while they were out and flushed their stash down the toilet. The male guest assumed that his girlfriend had stolen the drugs, Foos reported, and strangled her to death. This incident came to haunt him. “The voyeur,” Foos wrote, referring to himself in the third person, “had finally come to grips with his own morality and would have to forever suffer in silence, but he would never condemn his conduct or behavior in this situation.”

In his *New Yorker* article, Talese has remarkably little to say about this incident or questions about the moral ambiguities surrounding Foos’s actions and his voyeurism. By way of analysis, he offers only the following: “I reflected that his ‘research’ methods and motives bore some similarity to my own in ‘Thy Neighbor’s Wife.’” Talese wrote that he’d always considered journalists to be voyeurs of a kind (in *The Kingdom and the Power*, his 1969 book on *The New York Times*, he made a similar observation). But that was all he seemed to think he needed to offer about the moral implications of voyeurism.

The piece, in short, was a little odd and a little emotionally disconnected, which was characteristic of almost all of his work, though Talese was never quite as distant as in this one. Nonetheless, it was a Gay Talese piece, and so it was expanded into a book by

the same name and published in July of 2016. Substantial portions were simply passages from Foos’s journal. The book was optioned by Hollywood, with Sam Mendes attached as director, for a reported “near \$1 million.”

Then, shortly before the book appeared, *The Washington Post* published an article by Paul Farhi that called Foos’s veracity into question. The reporter pointed out that Foos hadn’t owned the hotel for part of the time recorded in his journals. Talese, confronted with this information, did nothing less than freak out. “I’m not going to promote this book,” he told Farhi. “How dare I promote it when its credibility is down the toilet?”

Even before the disaster, Talese’s reputation had eclipsed his actual writing. His byline in recent years has become almost always as valuable to editors than anything that appeared below it. As one of the last surviving practitioners of what came to be known in the 1960s as the “New Journalism,” Talese is often sought after as an object of nostalgia. That era in journalism, according to its own mythology, witnessed a great flowering of magazine writing, and Talese was the center of it. But many of Talese’s New Journalism contemporaries are now gone. Norman Mailer and Hunter S. Thompson have been dead for at least a decade. Others, like Joan Didion and Tom Wolfe, have largely stopped writing, their last few books implicit valedictory addresses. An era is ending, and now Talese is one of the last practitioners left standing.

Talese’s output has slowed over the years, but he never really disappeared. He appears mostly in *The New Yorker*—an ironic perch, because in the 1960s and ’70s, the magazine would never have been interested in a writer like Talese. He had too much presence in his own prose; his reporting had a kind of performative elegance that was only matched by his in-person presentation. All his life, Talese has worn bespoke suits, a habit he’s often attributed to being a tailor’s son. No interview with Talese has failed to mention his self-consciously dapper look. At least once, he’s appeared on the cover of a magazine himself.

Talese’s origin story, his history as a tailor’s and a dressmaker’s son, is something that he’s written about a lot. It’s evident that from the time he was very young, he understood himself to be a bit of a weirdo, fundamentally an outsider, not rich, not advantaged. Born and raised in New Jersey, he had an archetypal working-class upbringing; in high school, the tailored suits he

liked to wear certainly made him a square peg, and he claims to have had little natural self-confidence. For some, this might have been reason enough to avoid a profession that requires meeting new people; but journalism was Talese’s way out of that early awkwardness, though he says even today that he’s unsure about his talents as a writer. “All I have is intense curiosity. I have a great deal of interest in other people and, just as importantly, I have the patience to be around them,” he told Katie Roiphe in *The Paris Review* a few years back.

As though to underscore its importance, this sartorially focused upbringing is the subject of the first piece in *High Notes*, an anthology of Talese’s greatest hits published by Bloomsbury in January. *High Notes* then goes on to provide something like a closet full of Talese’s nicest suits—or, at least, the ones someone seems to think are the nicest. There’s the obligatory inclusion of Talese’s signature piece, “Frank Sinatra Has a Cold,” beloved by journalists because it showed them how to profile a celebrity without access. Talese was denied a proper interview with Sinatra, but he managed to do what journalists call a “write-around” by patiently spending weeks interviewing everyone in the singer’s entourage. In place of access, Talese offered melodrama: Sinatra “was the victim of an ailment so common that most people would consider it trivial. But when it gets to Sinatra it can plunge him into a state of anguish, deep depression, panic, even rage.”

I confess that “Frank Sinatra Has a Cold” is not my favorite of Talese’s pieces. I much prefer “The Silent Season of a Hero,” his profile of Joe DiMaggio (not included in *High Notes*), in which Talese did have the opportunity to speak to his subject, and we get some insight into what might have led a practical, even-tempered baseball great to lash himself to the tempest of Marilyn Monroe. In the piece, DiMaggio strides through his post-baseball life with resigned dignity. His years on the diamond are over, Marilyn is dead, and he’s just another man waiting for the end. Perhaps some of the pathos in the piece comes from the creeping sense, not on exhibit in the Sinatra one, that it really was about Talese rather than DiMaggio.

“Still he is always an impressive figure at banquets such as this—an immortal sport writers called him, and that is how they have written about him and others like him, rarely suggesting that such heroes might ever be prone to the ills of mortal men, carousing, drinking, scheming,” Talese writes at one point; “to suggest this would destroy the myth, would disillusion small boys, would

infuriate rich men who own ball clubs and to whom baseball is a business dedicated to profit and in pursuit of which they trade mediocre players' flesh as casually as boys trade players' pictures on bubble-gum cards." It seems to escape Talese's notice, in this nominally critical passage, that for the most part, the tone of his piece is indistinguishable from that of those sportswriters. He is, on some level, writing for those rich men and small boys, too.

I first read Talese at New York University's journalism school, where he was regarded as something like the Joe DiMaggio of journalism. Back then, he was described as masterful and radical, without any kind of qualification. Male writers expressed excitement about the project that he'd told *New York* magazine he was working on: a book about his marriage to the publisher and editor Nan Talese. The union had evidently been somewhat troubled. Talese had already written one book about the sexual habits of Americans—the aforementioned *Thy Neighbor's Wife*—and the research for it put a strain on his marriage, and now he had decided to do another one, this time more specifically focused on his own life.

This project never sounded that different to me from the ordinary run of memoirs. But that didn't seem to temper anyone else's enthusiasm or to wonder about how Nan Talese might feel about the book. Here was a great writer proposing to tackle a thorny subject, went the theory. And Talese is a very good writer. His sentences are elegant and every line has a lot of observation packed into it. But Talese has also always been missing something. He is not a thinker, really. Nor is he willing to really engage in the thorny moral ambiguities of not only his subjects but his own writing. Talese, instead, is a recorder, an observer, and while that is an elegant thing to be when a subject isn't morally complex—when it's a sports player or a celebrity singer—that's okay, but when it comes to topics that do carry with them a host of questions that require more than observation, he can get lost.

In one of my favorite passages of his work taken from a small book he published in 1961 called *New York: A Serendipiter's Journey*, Talese describes the lives of New York's stray cats. (This one doesn't make it into *High Notes* either.) In it, he writes: "They move quickly through the shadows of buildings; night watchmen, policemen, garbage collectors and other nocturnal wanderers see them—but never for very long." Moving through the shadows, finding common ground with other noctur-

nal wanderers: This is also Talese's habit, though perhaps he wasn't so aware of it when he wrote that line. He is a feline creature, watchful and elegant. But despite—or perhaps because of—his lithe prose and sharp observations, he has always lacked the capacity to interrogate the deeper questions provoked by a story.

That's fine; it's not who Talese is. And in the matter of magazine profile writing, it often isn't necessary to have some larger intellectual or political insight about your subject, or even about the field you're working in. But when a subject proves to be a liar or a cheat or just otherwise someone a little more psychologically and morally complex than the powers of observation can capture, that's when someone like Talese gets into trouble.

After the *Washington Post* article, Talese quickly corrected himself. He gave a publicist-smoothed statement to *The New York Times*. "I was surprised and upset about this business of the later ownership of the motel, in the '80s," he wrote. "That occurred after the bulk of the events covered in my book, but I was upset and probably said some things I didn't, and don't, mean." The book went ahead as scheduled, tarnished, and appeared in July 2016.

That should have been the end of the saga, but it was not. In November, Sam Mendes told *Deadline Hollywood* that the film version of *The Voyeur's Motel* was dead. It wasn't the scandal over whether the story was true that bothered him; he'd already hired a screenwriter who had completed a first draft. But then Mendes discovered that a documentary had been made about Talese and Foos. Once he and the screenwriter watched it, Mendes recounted, "She and I...looked at each other at the end and said, 'we can't make our film.'" Not only was the material somewhat duplicative; according to Mendes, the documentarians were part of the story, but they're never described in either Talese's article or the book. Evidently, the documentarians' role was so large that Mendes couldn't see doing the film anymore: "The book we bought, is absolutely not the definitive version of the story it was claimed to be. In order to tell the true story, with any authenticity, it would need to involve the documentary team." Mendes abandoned the project.

Talese, for his part, told *Deadline Hollywood* that he blamed a competing producer who, upon being denied the option on his *New Yorker* story, had decided to fund the

documentary. He also said he believed that the documentary wasn't about the motel at all, but rather about "me as a researching journalist," and so it was fine to omit any mention of it in the story. It was just a small film being made by a friend, he clarified. All of these betrayals have set up the documentary in an interesting way: It now stands as the last intervention in this small disaster of truth, trust, and journalism that has capped off Talese's illustrious career.

In the end, though, it's all of a piece with Talese's approach: He often seems to miss something that's just under the surface. In the case of *The Voyeur's Motel*, what Talese missed had real consequences. He missed that the man in front of him was an even more unreliable narrator than he'd guessed, simply because he didn't ask for proof of his claims beyond that strange, grandiose journal. He missed that the documentarians covering him, solicitous and generous though they might have seemed, were not actually on his side, there simply to celebrate him. And he also missed that even if everything Foos told him had been verifiable to the letter, he was stepping into a larger ethical conundrum than the ordinary journalistic dilemma. Foos was doing something that was, if not wholly illegal, then definitely unethical. He'd invaded his guests' privacy without their consent—and Talese had nothing to say about it.

Talese has always been happy to claim the mantle of New Journalism; he has insisted that what he and his contemporaries did was something new and bold and exciting. Their work was measurably better than all prior writers of nonfiction, went the claim: They were deeper reporters than others, and they used the literary techniques and fine prose of fiction to help capture the ways that all reporting is, in part, subjective.

That they were preceded in this by American journalists reaching back to Nellie Bly, who innovated many of their techniques long before them, most of the New Journalists never seemed to acknowledge. Their eagerness, above all else, was to claim their novelty, and in retrospect, it seems that this may have been the most radical thing they did: to elevate the writer's style and personality above the subject matter, to insist on one's originality and boldness, and to subsume one's curiosity and sense of moral uncertainty into the idiosyncrasies of a persona. They largely succeeded in this ambition; and today, they are venerated by other journalists for having finally managed to become famous merely as bylines. But look, oh look, where it has got them. ■



Red Grooms transporting artwork to the Reuben Gallery, 1960.

WHEN DOWNTOWN WAS UP

A new exhibition on New York's artist-run galleries reminds us of a vibrant but now distant past

by **BARRY SCHWABSKY**

In the early 19th century, French art seemed to have a solid and smoothly functioning institutional framework organized around the Royal Academy, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and the annual salons, at which the works of accredited artists were displayed; their most important patron was the French state, and small-scale private collectors were few and far between. By the end of that century, a new system was beginning to take shape, one that relied on a network of private collectors and critics who came from outside the established institutions. Later dubbed the “dealer-critic system,” it helped popularize and champion the radical new art of Impressionism.

The romantic ideology of the artist as

a rule-breaking creative individual worked hand in glove with the developing private market because dealers recognized, as Harrison and Cynthia White argued in their classic 1965 study of the French art system in this period, that “their own interests required them to look at artists more than at individual paintings. A current painting as an isolated item in trade is simply too fugitive to focus a publicity system upon,” while from the artists’ point of view, making sporadic sales, even at good prices, was no way to earn a living, so that the “independent merit of a painting in and of itself was a principle directly hostile to the institutional imperatives of the dealer-critic system, and to the social and financial needs of the artist.”

The dealer-critic system functioned well enough for more than a century, helping launch not only French Impressionism but wave after wave of the European modernism that followed. It came to the United States a bit late: In New York City in the period between the two world wars, when artists and collectors, dealers and critics were all rare birds, it struggled to take root. But the sudden appearance of an important home-grown avant-garde in the 1940s, and then the arrival of an unprecedented number of younger aspirants (many of them beneficiaries of art educations funded by the GI Bill), created a problem similar to that of early-19th-century Paris: too many contenders for admission to a system unprepared to handle

them. Already by 1947, Clement Greenberg foresaw that in New York, the prevailing support structure for art—the 57th Street galleries and the Museum of Modern Art—was inadequate to the task, declaring that “it is still downtown, below 34th Street, that the fate of American art is being decided—by young people, few of them over forty, who live in cold-water flats and exist from hand to mouth...art-fixed misfits who are as isolated in the United States as if they were living in Paleolithic Europe.”

It may have been too early to recognize that “downtown” would soon gather critical mass, but at least for a short time, the misfits and young people in cold-water flats found ways to support each other and to create their own ways of making their work known without the help of the dealers and collectors and museums. Their aspiration was to create new kinds of exhibition spaces that would, as a young critic allied with them put it, become “a public extension of the artist’s studio.”

It’s this self-organizing bohemia that curator Melissa Rachleff is attempting to show us in the fascinating exhibition “Inventing Downtown: Artist-Run Galleries in New York City, 1952–1965,” now at New York University’s Grey Art Gallery through April 1. (The show travels to the Kunstmuseum Luzern in Switzerland next year.) As worthy of attention as the exhibition is the substantial book Rachleff has written to accompany it, which provides a comprehensive and in-depth essay on the history of these galleries, and which is a far cry from the standard exhibition catalogs being produced by many museums these days, whose physical heft belies the fact that their texts consist of bundled short articles. (MoMA, I’m looking at you.)

Both the book and the densely hung rooms at the Grey, which are full of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by artists who exhibited in these improvised galleries, offer a useful corrective to the oversimplified art-historical narratives on which we all too often rely unthinkingly. If you accept that in the wake of Pollock, Kline, Rothko, et al., ambitious young painters in New York in the 1950s were working abstractly, only then to begin incorporating found materials into their work with the arrival on the scene of Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns, leading directly in turn to the Pop, Minimal, and Conceptual art of the 1960s, think again. At the Grey, no one approach to art, abstract or figurative, dominates. Images and abstraction, paint and objects commune promiscuously here, with

seemingly every intermediate position on the spectrum sampled and every combination tried out. The artist-run galleries of downtown Manhattan were far more catholic in their sympathies than our latter-day art history would allow.

Rachleff sees the March 1953 exhibition of Willem de Kooning’s “Woman” paintings as a watershed moment for the New York art scene, heralding a reconsideration of the abstraction that had marked the previous decade. “De Kooning’s independence from critical rhetoric gave artists permission to follow their own concerns, without regard to critically designated ‘movements,’” she writes. De Kooning’s work is not included in the exhibition, as he was already a senior figure by the time the independent artist-run spaces began to proliferate in the early 1950s. But as other artists of his generation were consolidating their “signature styles,” he offered a powerful model for how productive it could be to evade categorization and slip between modes.

This indifference to categories and a will to juxtapose putatively antagonistic styles is perhaps what gives “Inventing Downtown” a sense of visual cacophony—a stirring one if you’re willing to plunge into it on its own terms. It’s not the kind of show you’d come to hunting for masterpieces. There are some terrific things to see here: for instance, Alex Katz’s *Ada Ada* (1959), a double portrait of the artist’s wife standing in a blue dress against a nebulous off-white ground, or Ed Clark’s *Paris Series #4* (1966), a sweeping abstraction whose horizontal bands of color are neither lines nor shapes exactly, but somehow pure manifestations of movement. But the show also includes any number of half-baked experiments, youthful misfires, or inadvisable manifestations of what Greenberg called “spasmodic feeling, high spirits and the infinite subdivision of sensibility”—some of them by artists who have since been lost to view, others by figures who would later become known for quite different work. “Inventing Downtown” is among other things a reminder that the old adage “the good is the enemy of the great” is an insidious fallacy; here we see that the good—and even the not-so-good—is the terroir that gives the great art of any given time and place its inimitable local savor.

All of this would have been irritating to an observer like Greenberg, for whom the “Tenth Street touch” represented exactly what to avoid in painting: the “close-knit variations or gradations of light and dark” that give much Abstract Expressionist painting (but also the kind of painterly figuration that flourished downtown in the ’50s) “its typical density of accents and its packed, agitated look.” That

agitation and density were inseparable from the effort to register the rough texture of urban life that Greenberg had at first appreciated in the art of Pollock, but which became increasingly distasteful to him as he began to see elsewhere the potential for an American version of the “bland, large, balanced, Apollonian art” of which he dreamed.

The best way to approach “Inventing Downtown” is to follow the curator’s lead and see it not as an exhibition of works or even of artists, but of places—or rather, of a unique kind of place: those exhibition venues that sometimes move from place to place but always reflect a confluence of artists who elected to exhibit their work together. Some of the best-known among them, including the Tanager Gallery, Brata Gallery, and Hansa Gallery, were structured as cooperatives; the artists shared the expenses of the gallery as well as the decision-making and some of the labor. Others were simply the studios or living spaces of artists who invited colleagues to show their work. For instance, the City Gallery was part of Red Grooms’s loft on Sixth Avenue, and 112 Chambers Street was Yoko Ono’s studio. Other groups used donated spaces, like the Judson Gallery, which Marcus Ratliff (later a prominent graphic designer) started with Jim Dine and Tom Wesselmann at the Judson Memorial Church on Washington Square.

The finale of “Inventing Downtown” is devoted to the Green Gallery, a commercial gallery on 57th Street whose founder, Richard Bellamy, had been the hired director of the cooperative Hansa (which itself had moved uptown during the course of its seven-year existence). Bellamy became a key figure in the New York art world and was known as “one of the remarkable, eccentric personalities of the city.” A recent biography, Judith E. Stein’s *Eye of the Sixties: Richard Bellamy and the Transformation of Modern Art*, offers a sympathetic portrait of an unconventional figure more adept at understanding art and artists than at the business of running a gallery. But in Rachleff’s telling, the Green Gallery—remembered as the launching pad for many Pop artists, among them James Rosenquist as well as co-op veterans like Wesselmann, and the Minimalists Donald Judd, Dan Flavin, and Robert Morris—portended the end of the heroic era of artist-run spaces downtown, as commercial success elevated a few of their denizens while marginalizing the majority (including many women and people of color).

Within the infectious hubbub that characterizes the exhibition as a whole, each of the 14

featured galleries reveals its own more or less capacious character. The Tanager Gallery, for instance, discovered a bent toward a painterly lyricism that remained closer in spirit to the École de Paris than was generally approved of in a postwar New York eager to declare its cultural independence from the Old World; something similar was true of the Hansa Gallery, founded by former students of Hans Hofmann, perhaps the main conduit between the early-20th-century European avant-gardes (Cubism, Expressionism, Matisse) and the New York scene from the 1930s until he closed his school in 1958. At Hansa, some fragile-looking collages by Robert Whitman, who would later become known for happenings and large-scale installations, seem like geometrically straightened-out descendants of Kurt Schwitters's Merz collages. Jacques Beckwith, an artist previously unknown to me, is represented by a small, very attractive untitled painting from 1959, a sort of abstracted landscape subtly composed of delicate touches of overlapping colors, eliciting a poignant expressive quality through limited means. By contrast, the exhibits from the two galleries run by Red Grooms—the City Gallery was succeeded by the Delancey Street Museum when he moved to the Lower East Side—tend toward a rowdier energy and are harder to classify, driven as they were by the influence of outsider and folk art; Lester Johnson's dark, heavily impastoed 1955 *Self-Portrait* is a striking example.

In a 1958 article on the legacy of Jackson Pollock, Allan Kaprow called on his fellow artists to “utilize the specific substances of sight, sound, movements, people, odors, touch” and, rather than only representing them in paint, to see that “objects of every sort are materials for the new art: paint, chairs, food, electric and neon lights, smoke, water, old socks, a dog, movies, a thousand other things that will be discovered by the present generation of artists.” The Reuben and Judson galleries, as well as Ono's 112 Chambers Street, became places to fulfill this prophecy in a new art of happenings, performances, and three-dimensional walk-through environments by the likes of Grooms, Whitman, Claes Oldenburg, and Simon Forti (as well as Kaprow and Ono themselves, of course). At the Grey, these happenings find only a pale representation by way of drawn scores, photos, and digitized films; the drawings and paintings from this milieu share a raucous and spontaneous quality quite distinct from the deadpan, koan-like concurrences typical of the happenings, “an art of radical juxtaposition,” as Susan Sontag called them at the time.

As the '50s edged into the '60s, some of

the artist-run galleries began to take on a political edge. Notable here was the March Gallery, whose leading figure was Boris Lurie, a Russian-born survivor of the Nazi camps who proclaimed an art of protest, of negation—an artist whose aesthetic was just “to strongly react against anything that's bugging you.” It would be futile to criticize his art for the crudeness of its attack—that was the point. Less abrasive approaches to political art were featured at another Judson Church offshoot called the Hall of Issues, where another former Hofmann student, Phyllis Yampolsky, invited “anyone who has any statement to make about any social, political, or esthetic concern” to hang their work.

The most artistically vital of the politically oriented factions to emerge downtown in the '60s was certainly the Spiral Group, the circle of black artists who gathered at Romare Bearden's loft on Canal Street. In a way, it's surprising to see them as part of a downtown movement—one might have more readily imagined them meeting in Harlem, the setting for much of Bearden's imagery. Like Bearden, the other original core members of the group (among them Hale Woodruff and Norman Lewis) were already in their 50s and 60s when they began meeting (unlike the other downtown groups, which were mostly populated by newcomers to the scene), though younger artists were subsequently invited to participate. The focus was on discussion rather than exhibiting. And in contrast with the March group and others, their work did not center on political subjects; in a sense, their existence as black artists was in itself contentiously political, to the extent that they could not come to a consensus about how to conceive the relation between their aesthetics and their politics—they were searchers, not proclaimers.

“Inventing Downtown” is a messy show, and a lot of the art that's in it is messy too—about as far from Greenberg's imagined Apollonian blandness as you can possibly imagine. Better still, it shows that art's history is messier than most of its chroniclers are willing to allow. Here's a scene that could have gone in many directions—it's the one that Pop and Minimalism came from, defining an internationally recognized mainstream, but it could have just as easily mutated instead toward a focus on the kind of imagist painting that took root in Chicago, or the assemblage art that became more closely associated with the San Francisco Bay Area.

To see a history that could have turned out otherwise is to experience with your own eyes the truth of its contingency. And it's a good

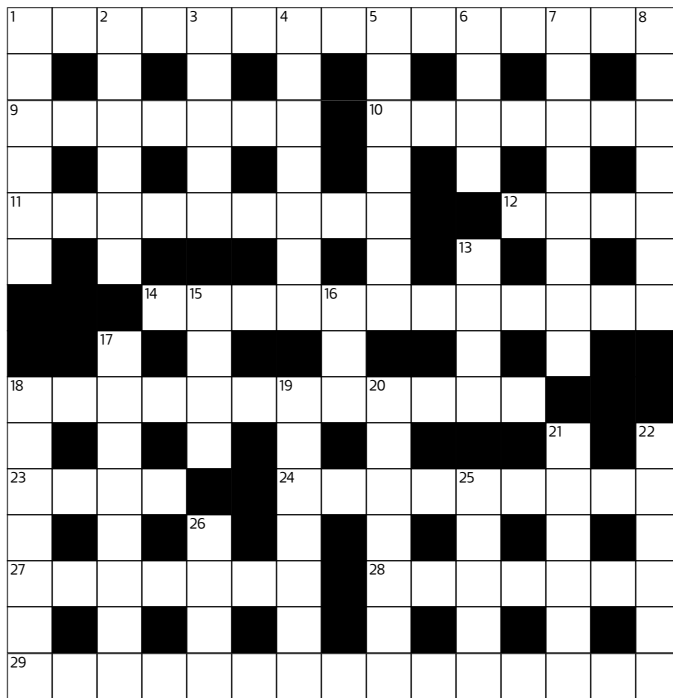
reminder that our own histories are still unfinished, that we can only guess how they are going to turn out. The story of modern art is not only a story of changing styles, successive movements, shifting aesthetic ideals; it's also a story about artists striving to take their fates into their own hands by creating institutions that reflect their real needs as social and economic conditions change. Perhaps for this reason, this historical survey seems strikingly relevant to New York today, where the gallery system does not appear to be working for most artists. In fact, it's not even working for most dealers; some of the most artistically adventurous of them have folded within the last year or so, among them the Tracy Williams Gallery, Lisa Cooley Gallery, and Murray Guy. (Just as I was finishing this article, I received the announcement that one of New York's most prominent galleries was in the process of closing. Its owner, Andrea Rosen, explained in an e-mail that this was necessary “in order for me to be fearlessly open and responsive to our times and the future.”)

“Inventing Downtown” reminds us of a past moment when the New York art scene was scaling up to dimensions that would have seemed unthinkable to its prewar denizens, yet in retrospect looks intimate and close-knit. It's easy to feel nostalgic, but that's not the point. “Downtown” as it existed then, or as it still existed in the late '70s when, as a teenager, I happened upon the punk-music scene headquartered at CBGB, no longer exists. There are no more cold-water flats either, and no one misses them, but places in which to carve out space and create an intensely interactive community around the passion for art have become almost nonexistent in the city. Some people think Hudson, New York, could be the next “downtown.” Others point to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Detroit... But I don't think a mere geographical shift is the answer. Now that real-estate interests have identified artists as the avant-garde of gentrification—something unimaginable in the 1950s—creating a new downtown elsewhere has become an exercise in futility: By the time you unpack your boxes, the rent goes up and you're forced to move again. What we do need, though, is for a new system to start taking form. For all we know, what finally emerges may resemble today's galleries as little as the galleries resemble the salons and academies of the 19th century.

In 1961, as the artists of New York were struggling toward the limelight, Marcel Duchamp was advising the opposite: “The great artist of tomorrow will go underground.” No one was listening. But somewhere, perhaps, an old mole is digging a new burrow. ■

Puzzle No. 3427

JOSHUA KOSMAN AND HENRI PICCIOTTO



ACROSS

- 1 Composer's material: one supporting Annan even halfway (6,9)
- 9 Care of flower: It can protect a tabletop (7)
- 10 Coors brew involves irrational sign (7)
- 11 River travel disrupted by Baroque organ (3,6)
- 12 Virtual assistant overthrowing goddess (4)
- 14 Guys get older with a riot's wild threesome (6,1,5)
- 18 Hop, skip, or jump during quiet period when cutting tangled ties—that's a magical solution (6,6)
- 23 Measure someone with a pain in the ear (4)
- 24 San Francisco limiting current with body of water that is supposedly unique (9)
- 27 Fruit train interrupting dance (7)
- 28 Second fall trip (7)
- 29 Draftee won't help changing musical work that provides a guide to the definitions in five of this puzzle's clues (5,3,3,4)

DOWN

- 1 Copper stored in dry safe (6)
- 2 Argue about a male descendent (6)
- 3 Key snippet of code missing from core (5)
- 4 Looking up, I see part of an epitaph in which there's a pole for fish (7)
- 5 Blue childbirth? (7)
- 6 Duck out before obscuring everyone's faces (4)
- 7 Little devil reportedly got high in jail (8)
- 8 Boy tossed oil into French wines (7)
- 13 Pigpen close to home is an eyesore? (4)
- 15 Pitcher almost married again, but turned back (4)
- 16 Antelope understood broadcast (3)
- 17 Doctor can't rile cat (8)
- 18 Begin to deposit pests in an elevator (5,2)
- 19 Fool is in favor with grandfather (7)
- 20 Raised request to break up instrument making watches (5,2)
- 21 Sounds of impact and disapproval for woody grass (6)
- 22 The woman's enemy points toward the top belonging to this... (6)
- 25 ...glass bird (5)
- 26 Eldest child, perhaps, with outspoken manner (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3426

ACROSS 1 anag. 9 anag. 10 S-WARM 11 TEN + E.T. 12 S(CALL + O)PED 13 hidden 14 anag. 18 LOVERS (anag.) + LANE 20 C + HOP 23 anag. 25 VIS(T)A 26 V(OIL)A 27 GO(BET + WE)EN (*gone* anag.) 28 letter bank

DOWN 2 ALU(MN)US (*usual* anag.) 3 U + PD + ATE 4 A + DAM'S 5 anag. 6 RESO (anag.) + LUTE 7 S(NAP + P)EA 8 AM + I + D 9 PI(TFA)LL (*fat* anag.) 15 TAL(KING)TO (*total* anag.) 16 anag. 17 AR[e] + RIVALS 19 VAR[y] + MINT 21 anag. 22 AVA + TAR 23 phonetic hidden 24 rev.



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