



THE BERLIN JOURNAL

A Magazine from the American Academy in Berlin

Number Twenty-Seven Fall 2014

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY
Celebrating Twenty Years

FICTION IN BERLIN
Jonathan Lethem, Mynona,
Nicole Krauss, Adam Ross

BARKOW LEIBINGER
Architectural Portfolio with
an Essay by Hal Foster

BEATRIZ COLOMINA
Collaboration in
Modern Architecture

THE HOLBROOKE FORUM
Harold Hongju Koh and Louise
Arbour on Peace and Justice

MONICA BLACK
Spiritual Redemption
in Postwar Germany

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Celebrating former Secretary
of State James A. Baker, III

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY'S
TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

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Keynote Speech by Leon Botstein

NOTHING POSSIBLE WITHOUT PEOPLE
Keynote Speech
by Frank-Walter Steinmeier

A BEAUTIFUL MIND
by Gahl Hodges Burt
and John C. Kornblum

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DIRECTOR'S NOTE

Designing the Future

HEADY TIMES during these last few months, as we reflected upon what the American Academy in Berlin has become twenty years after its founding. Ever mindful of the inflections of history, Academy founder Richard Holbrooke understood that Germany's relationship with the United States, just five years after the fall of Berlin Wall, would fundamentally change. He wanted to establish an institution such as the Academy that would be committed to cementing those bonds in ways that were yet to be articulated.

Our work has concentrated on this task—understanding how to articulate a new future for German-American ties. Our method is what we have come to call “slow diplomacy,” generated by bringing America’s best talents and having them build relations with Berliners and other Germans, and by projecting their ideas into the public sphere. This was a twofold conceptual approach very much unlike traditional strategies of building transnational relationships: not just academic exchange but a curious amalgam of intellect, personalities, and international dialogue. That is to say, the American Academy is not an ivory tower, an academic monastery where people simply produce books and articles they could write anywhere; it is not a think tank of individuals whose import and self-understanding is determined by their relevance as actors or interlocutors in the world of public affairs. It is rather a center of contact and dialogue, not always instrumentalized but always resourcefully guided and nourished, where ideas are permitted to ferment in the soil of a different culture.

Many things have changed since that crucial year of 1989, of course, and since the Academy was announced, in 1994. But as Leon Botstein reminded listeners in his keynote address at our anniversary celebration, the Academy’s roots are manifold, and many were laid long before the Berlin Wall. “What is astonishing, as I stand here in the garden of this house,” he said on October 8, “is that the most important post-unification effort to renew and sustain the transatlantic dialogue, the American Academy, is the creature of the nostalgia of the German-Jewish émigrés of the 1930s and 1940s. The Arnhold family, the Kellen family, Richard Holbrooke himself, Henry Kissinger, Gary Smith’s mother, like so many American émigrés of German-Jewish origin, retained a tremendously deep affection for the place from which they were expelled. Despite everything, they remained attached to the image of Germany.”

I belong to the generation that first experienced Germany through relatives who were forced to flee it; in my case, the cultural sensibility my mother and her family brought from Zerbst and Königsberg. The first gift I recall from my Tante Ruth was Mörike’s *Ausgewählte Gedichte und Erzählungen*, in the Blaue Bücher series. And I can still recite more of *Prometheus* than any comparable English poem, even if self-consciously, just having discovered Oskar Werner’s otherworldly declamation. Understanding and translating this culture has become a lifelong preoccupation, one that brought me to Germany three decades ago and that will keep me busy as I move on to new projects after my departure from the American Academy at the end of this year.

Speaking about the Academy, the German foreign minister recently invoked Jean Monnet: “Nothing is possible without people; nothing is lasting without institutions.” This institution is the work of the hundreds of talented individuals who have built and refined its design over the past two decades—as fellows, distinguished visitors, benefactors, staff, trustees, and friends. All have contributed to the projection of American excellence the Academy has come to represent. Barkow Leibinger’s brilliantly conceived lake-side pavilion to house studies for our fellows on the grounds of the Academy stands for our relentless search for distinction and innovation in designing the future.

All of these accomplishments, including our successful brokering of lasting personal relationships across disciplines and the Atlantic, would never have been possible without our exceptional and broad circle of supporters, in particular the great family behind the Stephen and Anna-Maria Kellen Foundation, the descendants of the Arnhold family who once called the Academy villa their home. As we mark two decades since Holbrooke first presented his bold idea, we thank the many individuals, foundations, and corporations whose generosity and personal involvement have made the American Academy in Berlin the extraordinary place it is today. It has been the privilege of my life to become its founding director, and I am supremely confident it shall continue to flourish.

Gary Smith

FOCUS





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Des Hughes, *Rust Never Sleeps*, 2013,
fiberglass, fabrics, iron powder, 199(h) x 216 x 83cm
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie Berlin

THE BLOT

In this excerpt from a novel-in-progress, American professional backgammon hustler Alexander Bruno has visited the emergency room of Berlin's oldest hospital, because of a nosebleed, a headache, and a strange blot that has overtaken his field of vision.

by Jonathan Lethem

"**DO YOU KNOW THE** way home from here to your hotel?" The young doctor who'd come to him in the waiting room had perfect, unaccented English.

"If you can direct me to the S-Bahn, I'll be okay."

"We're just across the river here from the Hauptbahnhof. It's a very pleasant walk across the old section of the hospital—come, I'll point you in the right direction." Perhaps the young doctor wished to observe Bruno placing one foot in front of the other before releasing him to his fate. Moving together to the sliding entry doors, they stepped across the red footprints.

"What are these for?"

"Excuse me?"

Bruno pointed. "They seem to lead nowhere."

"Oh, those! The red lead to the red zone, the yellow to the yellow zone. It waits for when it is needed."

"I don't understand." Out-of-doors, Bruno was overwhelmed by the world's resumption: the smell of exhaust and rotting grass clippings, the angled light, humans with a mission and purpose on earth, with paper cups of coffee in their hands. He and the doctor stepped together across the endless cobblestones, the cobble-dice, and out from under the pedestrian bridge.

"Yes, I know, it's odd, but no one ever thinks of it. These footprints indicate a plan for some emergency or catastrophe greater than the usual system can handle. The paths indicate where the more badly injured should congregate, as opposed to those with minor injuries." Under the demand of this explanation, the young doctor's accent began to revert around the edges. "There's a green zone as well, for those not requiring a doctor, but who have arrived to the emergency room because of losing their homes, or to donate blood, or so forth."

They'd crossed now, out of the grimly utilitarian modern complex, into another, more serene century. The old hospital was a grassy campus of red brick buildings, each with Shakespearean alcoves and porticos. Morning had broken out on the wide paths, with pale-pink sky visible through the greenery, and impossible numbers of birds twittering overhead. But when Bruno raised his eyes to the branches, the blot intruded. It dominated the upper half of his field of vision more than the lower. No wonder he'd become so concerned with what lay underfoot.

His escort had stopped on the path, to fish in his scrubs and come out with a pack of smokes, likely his real motive for stepping outside the ER. "You're well on your way," the young doctor said, lighting a cigarette. "Just follow the main road here through the old Charité, and you'll hit the river. You'll then see the train station. Just cross the river and you're there."

"How charming it is here."

"Charité was first built as a plague sanitarium, so it's a city within the city."

"It makes a pleasant sort of preserve."

"Yes," said the doctor, assuming a wry look, "with a great number of buildings and streets named for famous Nazi physicians."

Berlin, tomb city. Everywhere you walked on graves or bunkers, or the ghostly signature of the Wall. Really, it explained the red footprints: Why shouldn't future catastrophes be legible too, the columns of dirty bomb refugees or zombie survivors traced in advance? Between cigarette and cheap Teutonic irony, the blonde doctor had surrendered his angelic aspect, but no matter. He'd delivered Bruno from the terminal zone, to this little paradise of birdsong. Bruno was ready to part with him.

"I'll be fine."

"I'm sure you will."

Alone, Bruno settled into a false exultation. His bender could as easily have been the result of an all-night fleecing of some puffed-up financial wizard or real estate baron. It wouldn't make the first time he'd wandered the dawn streets of a foreign town looking to the newly risen locals like a vampire. The only difference was the absence of the money he should have had to show for it, and what was money?

Bruno smiled greetings in passing, swinging his backgammon case as he walked. The medical students, one younger than the next, answered with their eyebrows, beguiled from their Prussian reserve. One or two even gave forth with an awkward "Morgen!" Armed with a fresh shirt and a double espresso Bruno might not even need sleep, though nothing stood between him and eight or fifteen hours dozing in a curtained room except the brief journey back to Charlottenburg, and his hotel. He might even sleep away the blot, he felt now. Why not? Though he had no way of paying the bill, he assumed the keycard in his pocket still worked.

Crossing out of Charité and over the river, the Hauptbahnhof in sight, Bruno's spirit only soared higher. Berlin's sprawling indifference, its ungainly, crane-pierced grandeur, liberated him. Perhaps he'd only needed to blow the Kladow opportunity Edgar Falk had flung his way, and his subsequent vigil in the ER, to understand it. He'd wanted to dissolve his tie to Falk, not reconstitute it. Let the whole absurd episode—his being gammoned, his nosebleed—be taken as a departing fuck-you.

As he wended into the morning crowds approaching the sun-twinkling central glass atrium at the Hauptbahnhof—the train station another city unto itself, more chilly and anonymous than the medieval campus of Charité, but also therefore more familiar and versatile, with its Sushi Express and Burger King and international newsstand, its dozens of tracks leading anywhere he might wish to escape to—Bruno had in his giddy escapes from death and from his former profession concluded he needed only a new name. *Mr. Blot. Blotstein. Blottenburg.* It was there he fell. Not across the Hauptbahnhof's threshold, but before it, just past a construction barricade at the river side of the station entrance.

He fell into a shallow rupture in the walkway, a section where the cobblestones had been disrupted, the earth below laid bare. A small pile of the granite paving cubes lay to one side, at a point now level to his view. Bruno's legs had gone. He didn't try to stand again. The blot made everything confusing. His backgammon set was clutched to his chest still, or again. He saw the station, looming, a Zeno's-paradox target now. He'd been nearer to it standing on the other side of the river. The front of his face bled again. He moved his legs now, but only swam in the dirt and the rubble of stones. No one paid attention. He smelled dust, mud, sunlight, and grilling sausages, nauseating so early in the morning.

If only he had a wooden mallet, Bruno could pretend to be working. Did a vast supply of older cobblestones circulate throughout Berlin, endlessly repurposed for new walkways and bicycle paths, or did fresh ones need to be quarried and shaped? What would happen if he kidnapped one of the stones, took it out of circulation? Would the system collapse? Bruno imagined he could enjoy contemplating the rough cubes forever, now that they'd captivated his imagination, if he weren't lying sideways, watching blood from his nose drip into the dusty soil, if he weren't embarrassed to be seen here. *Forever* had become a squishy concept, anyway. Time slipped from him in blacked-out instants, like a film in which one blotted passerby was replaced by the next—a jump cut. How ironic, he thought, that just behind him, across the river, on the idyllic campus, a crumpled figure would surely find himself swarmed by compassionate attention, the medical students competing to show off their training. On this side of the bridge, beneath the edifice of the Hauptbahnhof, he lay beneath consideration, resembling as he did the contemptible derelicts and drifters accumulating at major train stations all over the universe.

He'd met his just reward for flirtation with the wish to disappear.

For amusement, Bruno reached out for one of the squarish stones. The result was more than he could have hoped for. He'd unknowingly been touching at his nose or lip; the fingers that seized up the stone dotted it with brash bloody fingerprints. Three fingertip-prints on one face of the stone, a thumbprint on another. 3-1, always a pleasant roll at the start of a game. Just close up the so-called "Golden Point" on one's own inner board, though this term had later been disputed, once computer algorithms confirmed it wasn't as valuable as one's bar point. But Bruno had decided to give up backgammon, so never mind. He brought the bloodstained cobblestone nearer. Touching his nose again—there was plenty of blood!—he carefully daubed the remaining faces, making a two, a four, a five and a six. Between glaring sun and absorbent stone, the dots of fresh blood dried almost instantly. The challenge was to keep from staining it further. Bruno wiped his fingers on his shirt, which had been sacrificed hours ago. The task was amusing enough to distract him from the matter of the opinion of passersby, or even whether they glanced his way or not. When the rough granite die was complete, he rotated it in all directions to confirm, around the obstacle of the blot, that he'd made no error. No. It was perfect. Bruno grunted in satisfaction. Then he opened his set, which was itself printed with flurries of reddish fingerprints, took out the two sets of wooden dice, the blonde and the ebony, and tossed them into the sidewalk's seam, into the dust. Then he pushed the giant die inside. He was just able to re-clasp the set around it. That the blunt object would damage the smooth inlaid wood of the board, Bruno was certain. He didn't care. The cobblestone die might be the most valuable thing he owned. It was proof, at least, of what Berlin seemed otherwise to deny: that he existed, here, now. □

BLIND RESTAURANT

What one
writer saw
—and did not—
in Berlin

by Nicole Krauss

For awhile we lived in Berlin, and one night we went out to a restaurant near Zionskirche, where one could eat and drink and afterward pay whatever one deemed fair. In other words, there were no prices; it was completely up to the customer. At the start of the night it seemed like an almost laughably wonderful idea in the way that, say, Swedish healthcare is: sweetly earnest, almost too good to be true, and impossible to imagine existing in America. But as the meal wore on, the generosity of the restaurant staff—who went on selflessly filling the table with tasty dishes without any assurance of being adequately paid—began to feel more and more burdensome. Rather than dismissing the question of money, the little game we were all playing only drew attention to it in the most exacerbating way; and not just the question of money, but of moral character. By the end of the meal it was clear that the only way out of the situation was to pay an exorbitant sum, many times more than one would ordinarily pay for such a meal, in order to wrestle back from the insidiously beneficent staff of the restaurant a shred of moral dignity.

The saving grace was that we had gone with a friend of ours, an Italian painter in his sixties, and along

with his elegant wife, the Italian painter had brought a Brazilian friend, and the Brazilian had brought a Korean woman, and as we were leaving the restaurant someone came up with the idea of going to a ping pong club. All of us piled into the Korean woman's 1974 Citroën. When you turn the ignition you have to wait a moment while the hydraulic pumps kick in and lifts the back part of the car off the wheels, and once we had all been buoyed up in silence, we took off in search of the club. It was difficult to find, and we'd almost lost hope when finally we came upon Mr. Pong on a street off of Schönhauser Allee: a small concrete room, with a DJ and about twenty kids with paddles. They all circulated the table counterclockwise, each taking a turn at hitting the oncoming ball. Whoever missed a shot was eliminated, until there were only two players left. These two played a little informal game—to three points, or five, whatever they felt like—until one banged the table with the paddle and all of the others jumped up to begin a new game. Young kids—19, 21 at most—racing madly around the table and barely talking to one another at one AM on a Tuesday. It was impossible to say whether they were friends who met every night, or strangers who had never met before. At a certain



Science For A Better Life

point, a girl with a choppy eighties haircut who made it to the finals quite often abruptly slipped her paddle into its case, tucked it into her messenger bag, and exited into the night. The Italian painter was older than everyone by forty years, his hair was white, and when he reached the finals everyone cheered for him. Otherwise the players made no acknowledgment of us.

The following week we went to a different restaurant, this time one where you eat in impenetrable darkness, served by blind waiters. At first J. felt claustrophobic and started to panic, but after about five minutes he began to settle into his blindness, and soon he had relaxed so much that he began to indulge in a medley of spastic facial tics and grimaces as the urge struck him. These continued throughout the meal (or so he said; of course I couldn't see a thing), and toward the end of the main course, nearing the desert, sometime after we'd lost, irrecoverably, the thread of our conversation, the spasms were augmented by a kind of squawking and a low hooting. Judging from the number of similarly strange noises that could be heard coming from other diners at sea in the darkness, I have to assume this loosening of inhibition was a standard reaction. As for me, the darkness only enhanced my tendency toward introversion. At certain points I had to struggle not to fall asleep. When J. spilled his beer, the waiter, who must have been hovering all the while at his elbow, let out a giddy laugh.

We had barely recovered from that when, some days later, we were invited to dinner at the home of two art collectors who lived in a huge white neoclassical house hunched over the road in the garden suburb of Dahlem. Inside there were only tall ceilings, veined marble, whiteness, and paintings by Kiefer, Warhol, Baselitz, and Beuys. We sat down for dinner at a table that appeared to be the only piece of furniture in the house. The conversation burbled along, interrupted now and again by the Indian staff who came and went with a variety of Ayurvedic dishes. We came around to the subject of the house. One Sunday, our host told us, he woke up and there were bright lights shining through the window—a TV crew was outside. What are you doing here? he asked. They told him that the house had belonged to a Jewish family who had lived in a small crawlspace under the roof for two years during the War.

The conversation then moved on to children—we had one son, like them, though ours was still an infant and theirs was now our own age. Our host, who clearly doted on his child, regaled us with stories about when his son was young. In those days, he said, I used to play tennis many afternoons with a certain Dr. Aunheim, who had trouble finding another tennis partner, and often I would complain about him to my wife. One day my wife took our son in the stroller to the drugstore. And what is your name? the druggist asked the little boy. Dr. Aunheim, he replied.

Berlin is full of these little abysses. □



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EMPIRE OF FADING SIGNS

The meanings
of Berlin in fiction

by Richard Kämmerlings

I “ABOUT TWO YEARS AFTER being graduated from college with a degree in unemployment—my thesis was on Metaphor—I’d moved from New York to Berlin to work as a writer, though perhaps that’s not right because nobody in Berlin *works*.” The narrator of Joshua Cohen’s short story “Emission” displays a thoroughly representative educational biography: an American college degree, a little jobbing, a little traveling, and then . . . Berlin! The epitome of that phase of life that lies somewhere between the fun of the campus and the seriousness of real work. Cohen was born in 1980, in New Jersey, and lived in Berlin from 2001 to 2007 as a correspondent for the Jewish magazine *The Forward*. Blame for his doing no work whatsoever can be placed more upon creative narration.

“However, my being a writer of fiction was itself just a fiction and because I couldn’t finish a novel and because nobody was paying me to live the blank boring novel that was life, I was giving up.” Shortly before his return to the United States, the narrator meets a young fellow American in a beer garden on the Landwehr canal. He has a more interesting story to tell: about the absurdities of identity in the age of the Internet, and his story is worth telling. Although Cohen himself has long since returned to New York, the Berlin non-working phase emerged again in his critically acclaimed book of short stories *Four New Messages* (2012).

Despite rapid gentrification and, recently, skyrocketing rents, Berlin is still a relatively cheap city in which to do almost nothing for a few months or years. But this is not the only reason why it lures artists in particular. In 2009

Singing on Bikes

“In areas in which you are very smart you might try writing history or criticism . . . where you are kind of dumb, write a story or novel, depending on the depth and breadth of your dumbness. . . . When you have invented all the facts to make a story and get somehow to the truth of the mystery and you can’t dig up another question—change the subject.”

—Grace Paley

I have thought about choosing home the way Grace Paley describes choosing fiction material. I chose Berlin because I wanted to live somewhere that didn’t make sense, where I was dumb, where I could wander down streets, watching, for more information, and ask questions of new friends until I slowly began to grasp my surroundings. I didn’t want a city that snapped “Who wants to know?” or a city so shiny it made my eyes ache to look at it, or a city where I thought “Oh, I get it,” after staring for two minutes.

None of my writer friends, German or foreign, come from Berlin. The city hurts our feelings on a regular basis. It never apologizes. It’s a good city for writing about other cities, because it makes you miss them so badly. But it’s a tender, vulnerable city, too. You hear a lot of people singing on bikes late at night, on their way home.

Brittani Sonnenberg is the author of *Home Leave* (Grand Central, 2014).

the writer Donald Antrim, then a fellow at the American Academy, spoke about the “weight of history,” as contrasted with his own origins: “But what do I know? I’m merely a writer—and an American writer, at that. . . . No real bombs ever fell on the cities and towns of my youth, and so my defense position is that I have no position, and I’m not here to teach anybody anything. My job and my aim are to make you laugh, and, along with laughing, to feel.” Here, Berlin enters the scene as a thoroughly contaminated historical area, burdened by the toxic heavy metals of two totalitarian regimes—its own “Empire of Signs” as Roland Barthes once termed Japan.

This is much the same image of Berlin that German-speaking writers propagated in their own works of the 1990s, like that of Thomas Hettche, originally a from the state of Hesse, in his somber Fall of the Wall novel *Nox* (1995). Berlin doesn’t figure as a cheerful city that makes a fresh start after division and the Cold War, but as a kingdom of ghosts, where the dead and undead of the twentieth century move along beneath the surface. The city as a body, covered with the scars of history. Donald Antrim means exactly that: no street, no house left burdened by the overwhelming severity of the catastrophic century. For politically sensitive writers like Jonathan Lethem—who traces his German roots and the history of his communist grandfather in his most recent novel, *Dissident Gardens* (2013)—this atmosphere is still an important inspiration today.

Overall, however, the semiotic character of Berlin as a place of remembrance for German and European history has been increasingly receding behind the image of a globalized party-metropolis, with its various scenes and countless creative businesses. The world-famous club scene, best represented by Berghain, is deftly captured in journalist Tobias Rapp’s 2009 book, *Lost and Sound*.

But what Generation Easy Jet sets out to find in Berlin is precisely not the horror of memory and the haunting reminder of “never again.” If they come from Eastern Europe or, increasingly in recent years, even from Israel, they bring along with them an extra-acute awareness of history. That approximately 20,000 Israelis, primarily young ones, now live here is not because of but despite the horrors of German history. This is perhaps the clearest sign that it matters less today what Berlin *means* than what—in everyday life—it is.

II. IN THE 1970S AND 1980S, Munich and Frankfurt—the home of Suhrkamp Verlag and the then Pope of literature Marcel Reich-Ranicki—played an equal role.

Even the pop literature of the 1990s found its clubs and parties in Munich, Frankfurt, and Cologne. There are still important German novels set in cities other than Berlin. There are Hamburg novels, by Michael Kleeberg, for example; or Frankfurt novels, by Martin Mosebach, Bodo Kirchhoff, or Wilhelm Genazino; even Stuttgart novels, by Anna Katharina Hahn. But these books usually describe a very specific, sometimes already historical milieu; Kleeberg’s Updike-like novels *Karlmann* and *Vaterjahre*, for example, concern the Hamburg bourgeoisie of the 1980s and 1990s.

But whoever wanted to write a truly representative novel about German society since the turn of the millennium could hardly ignore Berlin. There are good reasons why the Gerhard Schröder era was coined the “Berlin Republic.” Since then, increasing numbers of publishing houses have moved to the German capital or been founded here; the most important newspaper *feuilletons* have bureaus here. The literary business in Germany is practically congruent with the Berlin literary scene.

For many mid-career writers but especially for younger ones, Berlin is the most natural place to go after leaving their hometowns, or even countries. This “unfamiliar” place has long held a literary fascination for newly arriving writers, especially those from West Germany. Berlin was the Other to the “old” Federal Republic. David Wagner, born in 1970, in Andernach in the Rhineland, burst onto the scene in 2000 with *Meine nachtblaue Hose*, a novel that summons his West German childhood and adolescence. But he also came to personify the new flaneur, describing his adopted Berlin home in essays and sketches. Many authors continue

Performing Berlin

We moved here in winter, immediately cursing the dark and the cold. Shared apartments in Kreuzberg, Neukölln, in various stages of gentrification and with various degrees of heating. Meeting others like us there, arrived from Prague, from Melbourne, Montreal. Bites of falafel and gulps of Club Mate, bitter.

At the spare bars, poetry readings, the performance spaces, we eyed other, newer arrivals. Young and pretty, they dressed in black; interns by default, or until more expensive cities claimed, appreciated them.

We too took internships, were taken advantage of by the ruthless local rag, but somehow were never really “interns.” Freelance teachers, translators, editors, we wrote about our new city with detachment for a hungry foreign press. The war, the East, “memory.” A state of exile that was never political, only economic. Romantic, sometimes, but indirectly; we never dated Germans, would never.

Spring took us by surprise. Light returned. Bright, the lakes beckoned. Friends were always visiting. Proudly we obliged them with a select tour past remaining ruins, epic playgrounds, mysterious clubs where we were always on the list. Home at sunrise, miraculously; never more exhilarated than when we were performing Berlin for outsiders.

The summer city, we made it our own.

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to do something like this today, albeit in a more humorous manner, in the ever-more lively scene of public readings, where many newcomers find their first audiences.

In the 1990s, Berlin was the main gateway to the West for Eastern Europeans. Writers like the Hungarian-born Terézia Mora, recipient of the German Book Prize in 2013, and the Kiev-born, Bachmann Prize-winner Katja Petrovskaya are now an integral part of German-language literature and the Berlin scene. Many younger writers are on their way, too, like Olga Grjasnowa from Azerbaijan. These younger authors can rely upon networks already established by writers from Budapest and Prague who had come before reunification on DAAD or other scholarships—Péter Nadas, Péter Esterházy, and György Dalos, for example.

But Eastern Europe, with notables like Wladimir Kaminer, inventor of the *Russendisko*, is no longer the main literary font in the German capital. As seen in the satirical topos of Joshua Cohen's story, Berlin has become a seemingly inevitable station in the life of an emerging writer, no matter where he or she comes from. Americans, British, Spanish,

French, Scandinavians—life in Berlin tempts young, talented writers not only because of the still laughable cost of living and rent (when compared to New York, London, or Paris) but also because of the general atmosphere. And it's not just about literature. Berlin is also a magnet for artists (who need studio spaces and galleries) and musicians (who are looking for tolerant rehearsal studios and small clubs). Writers just follow them, because a kind of ground has been laid in which creative talent can take root and grow. Berlin now occupies the space once held by eighteenth-century Italy: a station on the way to an aesthetic education, what British noblemen once famously called the Grand Tour.

That an extended stay in the German capital promotes the creation of art is, of course, utopian, but it's not a complete self-deception. The flip side of the young, hip artist-city Berlin is the temptation of endless procrastination. You will never know how many novels were not written because of Berlin or how many promising pop-bands from around the world were buried alive in basements and clubs. Art does not arise by itself just because a place has a lot of artists living in it. It is significant that a Jonathan Franzen does not come to Berlin to attend exciting literary festivals—an author of his caliber could do so anywhere in the world—but rather to explore rare birds of Brandenburg and western Poland. These are fauna that could better serve the subject of a new novel than the not-quite-endangered species of night owl at Berghain.

III. HOW DOES BERLIN FIGURE in contemporary literature? More interesting than the adolescent sex-and-drug excesses of Helene Hegemann's scandalous 2010 novel *Axolotl Roadkill* is the powerful ordinariness of Berlin, which could not be further afield from the cliché of "party metropolis." Kathrin Schmidt's *Du stirbst nicht* (2009) describes the life of a mother and wife in the very eastern part of the city. The extraordinariness that befalls her is a near-fatal illness and the loss of her ability to speak, along with the dissolution of gender boundaries. This has nothing at all to do with a specific city. Berlin serves as a mere example of the larger German quotidian. After all, the globalized and digitized economy is not bound anymore to just a few hubs. In her 2009 novel *Der einzige Mann auf dem Kontinent*, Terézia Mora introduces the reader to the anonymous business world of the present, where it is *ganz egal* if one is in Neukölln or Brooklyn or some other provisional place in the world.

The most compelling and humorous Berlin novel of this season is by Kristof Magnusson, who has Icelandic roots—which he ironically revealed a few years ago in his wonderful 2005 saga-parody *Zuhause*. In his new book, *Arztroman*, Magnusson accompanies an emergency doctor named Anita on her nightly missions in Berlin's various neighborhoods and social milieus. She meets lung-disease-afflicted pensioners in the *Schrebergarten* (garden plots); peels the remains of risk-taking 18-year-olds from a car wreck, and saves a one-night-stand who suddenly collapsed in front of his blind date. Throughout these episodes,

Strength in Numbers

After a rash of recent articles suggesting that Berlin is "over," that it's time for young creatives to pack up and move to Leipzig, I thought I'd check out the competition. So I went to Leipzig. I found a city whose hip outskirts physically resemble Prenzlauer Berg, circa 1997. But there were only a very few young writers and editors there—and they were dreadfully serious.

This is not Berlin's problem: Berlin has a surfeit of young American writers and literary magazines with more staff than readers. This strength-in-numbers lends the scene a lightness, a casual cynicism that is refreshing. Rents may have risen, but waves of kids in their mid-twenties continue to come here to write that novel. They're steeped in American irony—some may even be post-ironic—but at least it's part of their make-up. They're anchored by the heavyweight transients who come through on fellowships or on book tours; the result is the nearest equivalent to the Paris-of-the-1920s that any of us are likely to see in our lifetimes.

The downside: there aren't literary father figures to slay here; there's no Master American Narrative of Berlin to beat. Freshly published authors drink warm beer at readings and literary quizzes at St. George's Books in Prenzlauer Berg, or stronger drinks at the monthly reading series at Kaffee Burger. Free and easy.

Still, numbers matter. Berlin's shot at producing great American literature is largely predicated on the sheer volume of talented people who pitch their tents here for a year or two. One of them will hit the jackpot sometime.

Ralph Martin is the author *Ein Amerikaner in Berlin* (Dumont, 2009) and *Papanoia* (Piper, 2011).

A Place to Talk Semicolons

I came to Berlin to write, and did for a while. But writing got lonely, and while I didn't find it hard to meet other writers, the conversations always felt loaded. I felt I was prying. I discovered I like prying into writers' projects. I wanted to hear about their progress, so along with attending readings at bookshops like Another Country and Shakespeare & Sons, and going to *SAND* launch parties, I started something called The Reader Berlin. We bring writers together and twist the arms of poets, authors, editors, and translators to offer evening courses and one-day seminars. Writing shouldn't take place in a vacuum, and there are some conversations you can't have over cigarettes on bookshop stoops, like "Do you hate my use of semicolons? Just tell me if you do! And where should I try and get this piece published?"

There are lots of writers here and a definite scene of sorts. Is Berlin a good place for young writers? Well, writers need time, and time is money, so it depends if you can score a cheap flat and keep yourself afloat financially. That's still possible. Germans respect artists even if they aren't very successful (yet), and Berlin is a liberating place. My advice, just don't get too lost in the nightlife.

Victoria Gosling is a novelist and the editor and founder of The Reader Berlin.

Magnusson portrays Anita as a modern, single woman in Berlin who pushes her way through life with a lover and a patchwork family. This is also a way to experience Berlin: at night and from below, devoid of techno music.

You can hardly hear that music at the edges of the city, anyway. It's an ironic twist that Thomas Hettche, the former diagnostician of the present, has literally and literally returned to Berlin in his latest novel *Pfaueninsel*, which was shortlisted for the German Book Prize. Long a resident of Frankfurt am Main, he returned to dig deep into the history of Prussia and illustrate the fate of a nineteenth-century female dwarf.

In Berlin, the Prussian renaissance is already over. Its most visible expression was the municipal battle to rebuild the Stadtschloss, the city palace. If Hettche can now place a small footnote of history at the center of his novel, he can do so only because Berlin has been freed from the symbolic over-determination it once had. When the German capital becomes "poor but sexy" rather than a threat to its own residents and neighbors, then the richness of its historical places and subjects becomes available once again to narrative invention. Berlin should not and does not want to make history anymore. It wants instead to provide the material that makes for good stories—and not just German ones. □

Translation from the German: Tanja Maka

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MARINA

by Adam Ross

THE FIRST GIRL I ever kissed had a boy's name, James. She was a protégé of my mother's, and a gifted ballet dancer who studied with her, privately, at Carnegie Hall. My parents had befriended hers, the Gordons. They had a place in Montauk, on the tip of Long Island, and under the pretense of scouting properties (mother was always trying to convince my father to buy a home there) we would rent a car, drive out Friday night, and spend the occasional weekend with them. This was 1977. I was ten and James nine. She had a younger sister almost her age whose name was also masculine—Alex—and unless both families went to the beach, the three of us happily abandoned our parents to ride bikes through the scruffy backwoods where it was impossible to get lost, for we could always hear the sea to our south and soon discovered that all side roads, no matter how winding, invariably returned us to the Old Montauk Highway. We were often alone for hours, and if we had money and felt ambitious we biked several miles over that humped road into town. This trip always seemed stirring to me, since from certain hills the coastline would present itself, the breakers slowly boiling in the distance before thumping invisibly and out of sync below.

The village, meanwhile, felt more like an outpost than a town with its low-slung knickknack shops, their facades white and unadorned, their awnings flapping in the gusts blowing in off the Atlantic and carrying sand from the dunes that filled the asphalt's cracks or snaked hissing across the sidewalks. Our destinations were multiple: to Puff 'n' Putt for miniature golf, though the games never seemed to last as long without our parents in tow; or to Johnny's Bait-n-Tackle to peer at the arrayed hooks and brightly-colored bobbers; or to White's General Store for Sting Ray kites that always broke free of their strings before day's end. If we managed to be disciplined, we'd save up for Sloppy Joes and soft ice cream at John's Drive-In. The town kids hung out here, skateboarding in its parking lot or gathering in packs that always seemed to cluster around a boy and girl holding hands. We'd watch them for a while, not belonging, and then set off for the long ride home.

The Gordons' house was wondrous. Built on a hill and set back in the woods, it was octagonal in shape and rose up on stilts, its second and thirds floor banded by decking. The surrounding branches were hung with bird feeders, seed-filled globes thronged by hungry finches that perched and then flew off like bells shaken in your fist. In the summer, when returning from the beach we were ordered into the outdoor shower, a gray wooden stall just off the gravel driveway, and I'd go first so I could hurry to the third floor and lay face-down afterward, peering between the deck's slats in order to catch a glimpse of James naked before she ordered me away. Though sometimes she'd spot my molten shadow pooled at her feet and gaze up at me curiously, as if waiting for me to say something, the soap bar foaming in her clasped hands as she stood with her arms folded across her chest, whether for warmth or modesty it wasn't clear. Her skin always seemed brighter than anything else in that dark, boxed space, and we'd stare at each other long

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enough to be aware only of the water forking over her torso to lap gently on the wood flooring, until she called out my name or I stated the obvious—"I see you"—to break the spell. While there was nothing coltish about her body, something about her face was equine, a jutting, elongated shape to her jaw and cheeks that was (in ballet's odd, thoroughbred requirements) part of her gift. Her height, too. Her already perfect proportions. Her long, expressive hands, the index finger on each a separate creature. Like her beautiful mother, Rebecca, she was hazel-eyed and raven-haired and often our leader when we played, narrator and protagonist, damsel in distress or evil queen, and on this particular night she taught us a game she called *Scary Movie*.

For privacy, James directed Alex and me to the basement. A black spiral staircase ran down the house's center, a structure that gonged under footsteps and carried sound from top to bottom, like a tin-cup telephone. The grownups lingered on the top deck after dinner, their laughter occasionally bursting like waves in the night. There was a fireplace and the television up there, but in the evenings we spent most of our time in the basement anyway, where discarded toys ringed an inactive sauna. James put Alex and me on a pair of bean bag chairs and explained *Scary Movie*'s rules as follows: We have gone to see *Jaws* at the drive-in theater. One of the girls is the boy's date, the other the chaperone, and she sits up front because she's the mom. The movie is terrifying, and during the worst parts we scream, and then we hold each other.

To this day I remember exactly what James was wearing: cut-off denim shorts, their legs furry with loose threads where they'd been sheared, and a macramé bikini-top richly hued with deep purple and orange. James rarely let poor Alex sit with me, though when she did she lay heavy and graceless in my arms, inert with nervousness but still excited that we'd included her. During the parts James deemed scary, she and her sister screamed so piercingly that their father Greg appeared at the stairwell's mouth.

"What the hell's going on down there?" he yelled. His voice froze us in kabuki expressions, a few strands of James's hair springing loose to dangle near my lips. "Jesus Christ," he concluded, smacking the banister so hard that his wedding ring rang a final warning. After which James ordered us all into the cave.

Cut into the cinderblock and lined with exposed plumbing, the crawl space was darker than the rest of the basement, not much longer than our outstretched bodies. A large, cast-iron pipe ran parallel to the floor along the far wall, warm to the touch; its red shutoff valve, hung with a tag labeled WARNING, was wide enough to function as a bench on which Alex dutifully sat, folding her hands in her lap to watch us. James spread out a beach towel and laid down on it with her hand propped under her ear, and then I joined her, mirroring her identically.

"Now we kiss," she whispered. She took my wrist, placed my hand on her hip and, unprompted, in no hurry, I slid my palm over her back to run a finger along her spine, pressing it against the vertebrae. Upon which her body gently

swung toward me, and we kissed. It was too busy at first, with too much side-to-side tilt in our faces—we were aping kisses we'd seen on *Charlie's Angels* and *Love Boat*—plus a darting action to James's sharp tongue that began with no feeling but soon eased to enjoyment. We paused after a while so James could pinch a stray hair from her mouth, our faces hovering close, and to let her know to keep kissing me I pressed into her back again, Alex's breathing the only sound as our lips joined (we'd forgotten all about her). There's no telling how long we'd have stayed there if Greg hadn't reappeared at the stairwell's mouth.

"What is going on down there?" he shouted.

And we burst from the room, knocking over empty suitcases and yelling at the top of our lungs now that the silence had become dangerous.

THAT WOULD BE THE LAST WEEKEND we spent with the Gordons. For dinner Saturday we went to Gosman's, a waterside restaurant fronting Lake Montauk's channel near where it issued out into the Sound and just down the road from Uihlein Marina, whose slips housed sailboats and yachts, commercial trollers and also famous sport charters, like Frank Mundus's *Cricket II*. Suspended on the dock above it was a model, over twenty feet long, of his most famous catch, the largest Great White ever landed in America. My mother, who was always encouraging me to read, had bought me Mundus's memoir, *Monster Man*, and I was so obsessed I'd brought it along to dinner.

"He's the guy Quint's based on," Greg told me, seeming pleased. "The captain from *Jaws*. You take him to see it, Shel?"

"Too scary," said my father.

We were eating at a table adjacent the pier. Alex, James, and I had finished navigating the placemat's mazes, filled in all the Tic-tac-toe grids, and broken our crayons coloring its map of Long Island. Seagulls watched us from atop every piling. No matter how hard I threw my steamertails they hopped into the air with their wings outstretched to snatch each prize, then landed in the same position as if tethered by an invisible string.

"C'mon," Greg said, "it'll put hair on his chest."

"His friend's in therapy over it."

"A movie?" In the neardark, Greg's eyes bulged. "You're fucking kidding."

My mother shook her head. "He's terrified of water now."

"You mean like going in the ocean?" Rebecca asked.

"He won't even take a bath," my mother said.

"He's afraid to take a shit," said my father.

"But why?" Greg asked.

"He thinks," my father said, "the shark's gonna swim up the pipe and bite him on the ass."

Just a ripple, at first, from Greg, but soon all the adults were seized by laughter. Our mothers covered their eyes, shaking with it. My father, weeping now, wrapped his arm around Greg's neck. Across from me, James pressed her fist to her cheek so hard it slanted her eye.

"Can we go play on the jetty?" Alex asked.

The question was so inspired that we were immediately excused.

Up and down the jagged rockline we climbed, sometimes on all fours, toward the tip's flashing lantern. The sun had dropped beneath the horizon, its rim nautilus-pink but collapsing to blue. Two stubborn fishermen who looked Mexican were standing on the point with their hands stuffed in their pockets and rods tucked under their arms. We inspected their buckets: empty. The overnight trollers groaned passed us, setting out for deep water, their outlines black except for their winking masthead lights, their captains visible within the illuminated pilothouses, the countless lines strung between jib-poles and crosstrees conferring the illusion the boats were tangled in inky webs. Then I heard James scream.

I found her lying face-down next to Alex, staring into a gap between the rocks. "It's a kitten!" she cried. "It's trapped! It won't come to me!"

I heard mewing.

"Kitty!" Alex called into the cave. "It's okay, kitty!"

She reached into the crevice while James sat up and yelled, "Daddy!" We were at least a hundred yards from the restaurant and now both girls were sobbing.

James gripped my arm and shook it. "You have to get my dad!"

I returned with Greg, who'd run to his car for a flashlight and net. The Mexicans, bemused and passive, stood watching the girls, too fearful of their tears to help.

"She's going to drown!" James screamed at her father.

"You have to save her!" Alex added.

Greg ordered them to calm down, then lay flat and shined his light into the rocks. The kitten stood on a ledge, soaked, mewing, and well out of reach. Its ears were enormous, like a bat's. A boat passed, and the wake broke against the jetty, water suddenly foaming around the cat's feet. It slipped a few times, looking a little desperate, and finally balanced itself on the slick rocks.

"The tide's coming in," James said.

"Hurry!" Alex cried.

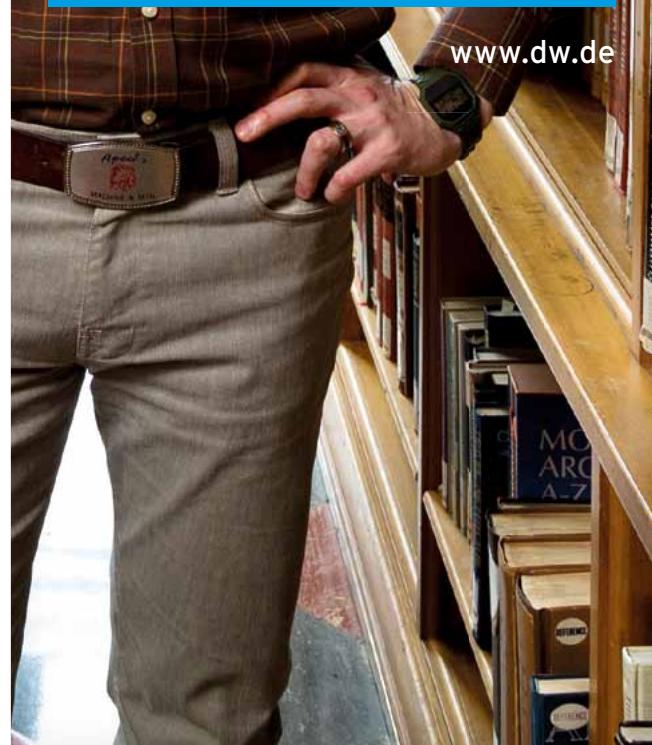
"Everybody shut up!" Greg snapped, then told me to train the light on the kitten. With the net he was trying to pin it against the wall and drag it toward me, but it kept hopping around and suddenly disappeared in a gush of water, gone for an endless minute, only to be flushed out again by another spew, its front paws splashing madly as it scrounged back up on a rock. Then another boat passed and there was an enormous crash when its wake flooded the rocks, swallowing the kitten just as Greg made a final lunge.

"I got it!" he screamed, though when he lifted the pole the mesh was empty. We peered all around but the cat was gone and the girls were clutching their father and sobbing. I, too, started crying, right when one of the Mexicans touched Greg's back and dangled the kitten in front of him, holding it by the scruff, its legs spread and claws extended, water dripping from its tail. The man pointed between his boots at the rocks from which the cat had miraculously emerged.



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Duncan Moench is an assistant instructor and PhD candidate in Austin, USA



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"Al parecer a mis pies," he said, offering his rescue to the girls.

Afterward James turned to walk back, shivering and happy, the kitten wrapped in her sweater and clutched to her chest, Alex and me hurrying alongside.

"You're not keeping that goddamn cat," Greg warned them.

Spotting our parents in the parking lot, we ran to tell them all about it. Cars slowly bounced by, kicking up dust. My mother asked to hold the kitten, regarding its face in the light flung from the restaurant. Silverware rang. Wind whistled through the masts and set them gonging, the early September chill tangy with rotten shellfish. Another car's headlights passed, and once our eyes adjusted, we could see the stars. My mother looked at my father.

"It's like the kitten we found in Venice," she said, "on our honeymoon. Remember that old man who offered him to us? He was trying to feed it liver."

"Did you keep it?" I said.

"For a few days," she told me. "But he died."

Driving to the Gordons' afterward, my mother let the cat ride in back with me.

"She'll need a name," she said, peering over the seat. Then, to my father: "We can make a litter box tonight. Fill a cardboard box with sand, don't you think?"

My father shrugged, keeping his eyes on the road.

By the time we arrived, Greg had a fire going. I joined Alex and James by the hearth, our soles pressed together to form a loose triangle, a little pen for the kitten. We rolled a superball between us and she eyed it chin to floor, her hind-quarters raised and tail stiff. She pounced clumsily, spinning on the hardwood, scratching our hands when we tried to extract the toy from her grip, our backs hot from the blaze. We tried out a few names but none stuck. We did Rock/Paper/Scissors to see who'd get to sleep with her and I won.

"We're out of wine," Greg mentioned.

"I'll go," my father offered.

"Wait," Rebecca said, searching through her purse for her cigarettes. She cursed under her breath, then looked up at my father and touched her index and middle finger to her lips. "I'll come too."

Neither James nor Alex knew her mother smoked. Earlier that day, I'd ridden back from the beach ahead of my mother and the girls and went straight to my room, when I caught her. Rebecca had just started dinner and was having a drink with my father. They stood together on the deck above, their figures divided between the planks' gaps, the smoke from Rebecca's cigarette flying from her lips like some freed spirit to quickly dissipate in the trees.

"They haven't caught you yet?" my father asked.

"There've been close calls," Rebecca said.

"Would you quit then?"

"Quitting is hard. Sneaking around is easier."

"Both are difficult."

"True."

Soon after Rebecca and my father left on their errand, the girls and I were shuttled off to bed.

Beneath the sheets with me, the kitten purred as she lay gnawing at my finger or digging her rear claws into my palm. Her ferocity made me slightly afraid, but finally she curled up and fell asleep. I heard James whisper my name, then she pulled back the covers and gently slid in next to me, the kitten vibrating between our bellies.

"I have a name for her," she said.

"Me, too."

"What's yours?"

"You go."

"Marina," she said.

It was perfect. There was no need to tell her mine.

"Marina," I repeated. We lay with our foreheads pressed together until James fell asleep as well.

A long time passed. Sounds of my mother and Greg talking, followed by silence. I was unsure whether or not to rouse James, so I took Marina with me and wandered upstairs. The fire was still blazing. Climbing up the staircase, I heard Greg move from the couch and cross the room to lean against the chimney, he and my mother both watching the fire. My mother did an especially poor job of pretending not to notice me. Her hair was down, her arm stretched across the couch's back, the impression Greg left beside her on the cushion slowly disappearing, like steam from a mirror. For an instant her beauty struck me the same way it did when I flipped through pictures my father had taken of her, as if by some strange perspective I was able to regard her not as my mother, or even as my father might see her. The logs popped, shuddering once, sparks twining up the flue. Greg was wearing waders—giant rubber overalls—with a heavy sweater beneath them, and a stocking hat. When I approached, he pointed at Marina and said, "Let me see that thing."

He took her in his hands and ran his thick fingers over her shut eyes, then set her on the mantle. Now awake, the cat stood stunned for a moment, unsure of her balance. She seemed petrified by the height, but when Greg reached out to pet her she batted his hand with her paw.

"You want to play, huh?"

From a rack mounted on the wall, Greg removed a surf rod and then freed the popper's barb from the guide loop, slowly taking in the line for greater control. In his fingers he lightly held the reel-seat, resting the pole's handle between his legs, and lowered the rod tip toward Marina. As the lure turned tight loops, her eyes blurred into a single line as it twirled, her candy-red mouth shining. She raised her paw to gauge the distance, her head bobbing between the bait and floor, then swatted once, half-heartedly, and missed, only to settle back and crouch as if to spring. There seemed to be an invisible sphere enclosing the lure, as weirdly strong as the force pronged between magnets, and it was suddenly clear that Greg wanted neither to hook her pad nor make her fall but to accomplish something far more expert. He made some inner adjustment, minutely shifting his position, his waders creaking, and when the lure dropped into the nether between Marina's reach and the void, she rose on her hindquarters, both her paws outstretched, and stood.

At this Greg raised his free arm, each holding the pose like a circus performer, and to confirm this wonder I glanced at my mother. She was covering her mouth with one hand, her knuckles white on the other as she clutched her sweater's lapel. When the cat took a final swipe at the hooks, my mother gasped; and *this*, more than anything else, seemed to give Greg the satisfaction he'd sought. He lifted the rod and the lure floated away, at which point Marina returned to all fours, her tail brushing the mantle's edge, both she and my mother watching Greg's every step as he returned the pole to the rack.

"Where's Dad?" I asked.

"What?" she said. With a hint of a slur, she added: "He's not back yet."

Greg checked his watch. "If I'm taking him to the point, he'd better come soon."

"For what?" I asked.

He indicated the pair of waders draped over a barstool. "To fish."

"You need to go to bed," my mother said.

"Will you come with me?" I asked.

Like a ricochet the question bounced between them and then killed something.

Greg turned to look at the fire. "Don't forget the cat," he said, though it was unclear to whom he spoke.

My mother laughed, taking Marina by the scruff and then cradling her. She did this forcefully, with great confidence. It was unusual to see. She pressed her free hand on Greg's sweater-thick arm.

"Nighty-night," she said.

A musty smell rose from the basement as we walked down the staircase.

"What if something happens to Dad?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"He's not a good swimmer. Couldn't he drown?"

"Greg'll be careful."

"What if he isn't?"

When my mother noticed James in my bed, she bent to firmly squeeze her shoulder, whispering to her as she looked around the room, disoriented, both of us watching as she stumbled out and back to her own bedroom. After pulling back my sheets, my mother sat next to me while I lay there, patting my chest and leaving her hand there before giving me a quick kiss. She searched my face and then said something she'd never told me before.

"You look like your father," she said. It sounded like an accusation, so I didn't reply. When she stood to leave, she pressed her weight against me, losing her balance for a moment as she walked across the room, turning at the door to wave to me.

"Goodnight," she whispered. Then she disappeared into blackness, as if diving under water. She pulled the knob until the lock clicked into the catch, leaving me—just as all of them did, all of the adults—to try and make sense of everything I'd seen and heard. □

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IN A CITY OF MONUMENTS

Strategies of remembering

by Susan Stewart

ALONG WITH THE REST of the Western world, Berlin has inherited a tradition of making and preserving monuments that descends from the Romans. Indeed the Latin noun *monumentum* indicates physical objects, such as tombs, and written records alike; the word comes from the verb *monere*, to remind or warn. Yet the ever-present potential for forgetting is what prompts a monument in the first place. And the contrast between a monument's finite physical form and the unending, erring, abstractions of memory leads to an often-tragic relation between objects and the memories they evoke. Every object is destined to become inscrutable; every inscription is destined to be worn away. Horace, the Roman poet of the first century before the Christian era, wrote in the third book of his *Odes*: "I have completed a monument more lasting than bronze, and higher than the regal site of the pyramids, one that the eroding rain cannot destroy, nor the unrestrained north wind, nor the uncountable series of years and the flight of time." He meant by this that his poetry would not be vulnerable to the erosion weather and time can wreak upon even the greatest of built human structures. Even so, his anxiety that his words, too, might not endure is palpable.

To survive as a physical form, a monument needs care and restoration. For its meaning to survive, it needs the continual engagement of institutions. There is no guarantee, however, that those institutions themselves will last. Within a time frame of less than a hundred years, Karl Friedrich Schinkel's neoclassical masterpiece, the Neue Wache (the New Guardhouse) was known as a "Memorial of the Prussian State Government," as the site of the Nazi *Heldengedenktag* (Heroes' Memorial Day) services, as a "Memorial to the Victims of Fascism and Militarism," and, in its current incarnation, as a "Central Memorial of the

Federal Republic of Germany for the Victims of War and Dictatorship." Even if a monument endures, changes of regime and the succession of generations are likely to transform what it means. Christian Daniel Rauch's great mid-nineteenth century equestrian statue of Frederick the Great and his retinue still stand at the heart of the city on Unter den Linden. With its 24 male figures and hovering goddesses representing the sovereign's virtues, it has outlasted monarchy and mounted armies alike. Its many inscriptions are increasingly useful as clues to its message.

Not every landmark is a monument. A monument imposes itself upon you and asks, or warns, you to remember it. For historians and architects of monuments today, Berlin is a well-known laboratory for designating sites of attention and memory. Whereas Hans Stimmann, the former building director of Berlin, declared in 1991 that his task was to "sustain historical development, which relates history and the future to one another," other officials and various groups of citizens have sought especially to sustain, and further discussion of, still vivid memories of the lived past. Albert Speer's "theory of ruins" contended that National Socialist buildings would impress viewers with their might for a thousand years. Today only a few of those buildings, such as the deteriorating Olympic Stadium, are visible at all. Meanwhile, immediate knowledge of the war and its consequences will vanish as the survivors of the war reach their late age. The events of the War are known to the next generation through first-hand narratives. For a new generation, these soon will be second-hand narratives.

Within the built environment of contemporary Berlin, many approaches to remembering the War can be found. On the smallest but not least effective scale, the Cologne sculptor Gunter Demnig has created and situated individual

commemorative paving stones for those who were deported and killed by the National Socialists: Jews, Sinti, Roma, homosexuals, political and religious dissidents and disabled persons. His small bronze pavers record the names and dates of each victim and are placed on the ground at the thresholds, or former sites, of those houses where they were seized. Demnig calls the markers *Stolpersteine*, “stumbling stones”; they are fitted at a slightly raised level into the pavement. The sculptor’s goal is figuratively to “trip up” and inform oblivious passersby. Demnig now has made more than 43,500 *Stolpersteine*; they can be found in hundreds of locations in many German cities, including Berlin, as well as other locations where deportations took place.

The city has followed quite different strategies at the sites of the destroyed Berliner Stadtschloss and the damaged Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtnis-Kirche. The massive ongoing reconstruction from the ground up of the eighteenth-century Stadtschloss, damaged by Allied bombs and razed by the GDR in 1950, is a utopian project, projecting an image of the past into the future along the lines of Stimmann’s tenets. The Kaiser-Wilhelm-Kirche, with all but part of its spire and entrance hall destroyed during the Battle of Berlin by Allied bombs, is now designated a *Gedächtniskirche* (Memorial Church). The remaining ruin of its spire was stabilized in the 1950s and stands—like its counterpart, the stabilized ruins of Coventry Cathedral in England—as a testament to its own destruction and the suffering of war.

The early twentieth-century Viennese art historian Alois Riegl was the first to put forward a theory of “age value”—that is, value endowed by continuing in time. Riegl explained that what endures in a ruin is not necessarily integral or intelligible. Instead, the very ambiguity of the form—the flux brought on by its constantly changing state—is what modern viewers appreciate in a ruined monument. As opposed to historical value, which encompasses those aspects of a structure typical of its moment of origin, age value is created by survival in time. Riegl believed that the more signs of aging, the more valuable the work. In the Stadtschloss project, with its nostalgia for origin, and the Gedächtniskirche, with its sculptural form underscoring its own vulnerability, we find vivid examples of this contrast. The reconstructed palace will be bound to an ever-receding nostalgia for origin; whereas the church, incorporating its history into its form, has acquired an additional purpose.

“Age value” plays a role, too, in Peter Eisenman and Richard Serra’s *Denkmal für die ermordeten Juden Europas* (Monument for the Murdered Jews of Europe). The monument’s 2,711 concrete stelae—placed within a grid of sloping, uneven, pavements—disorient us and compel our attention, just as the *Stolpersteine* do. Yet the almost overwhelming magnitude and weight of this work is being undermined by weather. The concrete slabs already are showing signs of deterioration, and the viewer is moved not only by the terrible history they commemorate but also by the fact of the monument’s vicissitudes in time. The work’s “inscription” is its underground information center, which provides a historical context for the Holocaust and

registers the names of all its known victims. As Eisenman and Serra have represented a genocide through the abstraction of their massed stelae, the information center records the names of individuals through inscription. But *known* victims, as we cannot forget, is a term that inevitably indicates masses of unknown victims. Other societies have created tombs for “the unknown soldier” as a similar means of acknowledging individuals when violence and time have combined to erase their particularity. What we remember in the end is that some soldiers are unknown.

Today, if you google “Berlin Monuments” you are likely to discover the handsome website of the city’s “Senate Department for Urban Development and the Environment” at the top of your page. There, clicking on “Monuments,” you will find a list of more than sixty monuments, a small portion of the many hundreds of monuments and memorials within the city boundaries. The government organizes these eighty structures, which range from excavations of medieval and early Renaissance settlements to vestiges of the Berlin Wall, under the following categories: World Heritage, Unter den Linden, Horticultural Monuments, Archaeological Monuments, Churches, Residential Buildings, Industry and Technology, and Berlin Wall. If you are searching with other categories in mind, such as the lives of Jews in Berlin before the Holocaust, you will be stymied. The “Neue Synagoge” appears under the category “Churches” and the “Jüdische Friedhof Weißensee,” built in 1880 and one of the largest Jewish cemeteries in Europe, under the category “Horticultural Monuments.”

Monuments are among the most controversial of built forms, and their controversy always lies in their inadequacy and in the inevitability of their failure. We pose impossible goals for them when we expect them to last forever, to convey permanent meanings, to manifest all of our beliefs and ideas about the dead. Our Roman heritage includes unnumbered vanished buildings; those Roman ruins that remain, unlike the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtnis-Kirche, are constantly returning to a state of nature. They remind us that neither our bodies nor our buildings can transcend time.

The starkly compelling German word for monument, *Denkmal*, or mark/sign/time of thought, indicates a pause in the flow of existence given over to acknowledging and pondering a designated place. Yet we live in time and therefore must find means of memorializing in time. We face the unending, and very expensive, task of conveying to each new generation our knowledge of the past. We can put up monuments, assuming their messages will cohere, or pull them down, assuming their meanings will disappear. What is more difficult, and necessary, is to commit ourselves to judging together, out of the vast raw material of human achievements and errors, what is ethical and worthwhile, beautiful and good, useful and true.

A monument can be a temporary means of teaching the living about the past. But it is only in the continual transmission of our values, in the life of thought, language, and critical reconsideration, that we can find any permanence. □

THE CREATOR

Writing from the dream-world of Berlin,
circa 1920

by Mynona (a.k.a. Salomo Friedlaender)

Translated from the German

by Peter Wortsman

Translator's Note

“Who is Mynona? Almost incomprehensible: either very good or very bad. I will have to read more by this author,” wrote the implacable Viennese critic Karl Kraus upon first discovering a text of his published in 1910 in *Der Sturm*, a leading Berlin-based literary review of Expressionist art and writing. After reading another text in the next issue, Kraus concluded: “Mynona is very fine. Who is this?”

In the inverted anonymity of his pen name “Mynona”—“Anonym” (anonymous) read backward—Salomo Friedlaender was toying with and perhaps unwittingly predicting his fate. The author known as Mynona—a philosopher-satirist fabulist likened in his day to Voltaire; a self-styled “synthesis of Kant and clown (Chaplin),” as he dubbed himself in a letter to his publisher, Kurt Wolff (also the publisher of Franz Kafka, with whom he was sometimes mentioned in the same breath); an active member, along with Raoul Haussmann, Herwarth Walden (a.k.a. Georg Lewin), Else Lasker-Schüler, Alfred Kubin, and Georg Grosz, of the German literary and artistic avant-garde that thrived between World War I and World War II; a literary iconoclast and forerunner of the Dadaists—has been essentially erased from memory.

Friedlaender was born on May 4, 1871, into a bourgeois Jewish family in the backwater town of Gollantsch, in the Prussian Province of Posen, on the border with Poland, to which it was re-annexed following World War II. His father was a cultivated doctor and his mother a woman of musical talent and refinement. He lived to witness and suffer the total collapse of the enlightened German civility to which he had committed himself heart and soul, fleeing to Paris, where he managed to avoid deportation by being bedridden, too sick to move, and where he died in penury on September 9, 1946, a year after the end of the war.

He pursued the study of philosophy, flirted with Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, then fell under the influence of Kant and one of his modern interpreters, Ernst Marcus (1856–1928). He produced a substantial corpus of serious philosophical works, the best known of which are *Friedrich Nietzsche: An Intellectual Biography*, 1911; *Schöpferische Indifferenz* (Creative Indifference), 1918; a pedagogical textbook, *Kant für Kinder* (Kant for Children), 1924; and *Das magische Ich* (The Magical I), 2001, a posthumously published work completed in French exile, which he considered his magnum opus.

Parallel to his philosophical writing, a raucous Mr. Hyde to his meditative Dr. Jekyll, under the pen name Mynona he produced novellas, novels, and art criticism, including the first monograph on the painter Georg Grosz. But he was best known for a vast body of short prose texts he called *Grotesken* (grotesques), which he presented at various avant-garde venues of the day, including the Neopathetisches Cabaret in Berlin, the unofficial clubhouse of the Expressionist poets, published in *Der Sturm*, *Die Aktion*, and other leading avant-garde journals, and subsequently collected in more than twenty volumes. His writing attracted the attention, and later sparked the friendship of, among others, the philosopher and theologian Martin Buber, and the artist Alfred Kubin, who illustrated a number of his works, including the following excerpt, from Mynona’s book *The Creator*, from 1920, just published in English by Wakefield Press, which I had the privilege of translating.



Drawing by Alfred Kubin from the original 1920 German edition
© Eberhard Spangenberg/
VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn 2014

EARLY ONE MORNING AROUND three I awakened from a deep, dreamless sleep. My dark-red eiderdown was all puffed up. A hand rested on it. But it wasn't my hand. Definitely not. Right there in front of me I saw a young, dainty, but somewhat pallid hand; perhaps it was my night lamp that made it look so pale. In any case, that hand gave me the willies. I hardly dared budge, only my eyes scanned the room. Then I discovered, to my great surprise, that the door to my room was half open. Compulsive as I am in my personal habits, for many years I have made sure to lock and double-lock the door. I pulled myself together and sat up. Only now did I notice that there was somebody standing behind the eiderdown, between the door and the Spanish screen beside my bed. It was a young lady with strikingly large, light gray eyes. Her facial expression was rather friendly. It was as if she had just entered the room with the concern of a concierge to see if I needed anything. With her hand she sought to pat down my eiderdown to look at me. No sooner did I sit myself upright than she promptly left the room through the open door. But I was absolutely determined to lock the door. I climbed out of bed, intending as quickly as possible to slam the door shut and turn the key; instinctively, however, I peeked through the crack between the door and the doorpost. Heaven help me! What did I see? Instead of my familiar corridor, I beheld a wide, hall-like passageway with Gothic cross-vaulting. Far in the distance I caught sight of that figure with a long, white, burning candle in her hand; she turned a corner and disappeared. The passageway went dark.

Terrified, I locked myself in and leapt into my bed; at that very instant I woke up and realized that I had been sleeping and had dreamt the apparition. I examined my door and found it to be locked tight, indeed as usual, double-locked; earlier I had only turned the key once. So it was definitely a dream of an eerie apparition, a kind of incubus. I pondered it a while. My landlady, an elderly, harmless spinster, surely had nothing to do with the dream. We two were the sole tenants of that tiny apartment. Dwelling on such unsettling dreams does not shed any light on them. But I couldn't get back to sleep and so decided to get to the bottom of this strange business.

I am one of those people who seek a justification for the gist of my dreams not in some bodily condition, but rather, inside myself, as a condition of my soul. Yes, I am indeed

inclined to consider my body as a physical manifestation of my soul. What then befell me? Who was that girl? What in the world prompted her to attend to me? Why did my corridor look different? How to explain that the door I had pains-takingly double-locked stood ajar? And how was I going to go about figuring out the solution to this riddle that had thrust itself upon me and seemed to demand a solution? There was only one effective way I could imagine: namely, by means of my imagination.

With the help of memory, the imagination has the capacity to make the most fleeting impressions present again. It trembles with a ghostly presence that, once perceived, is already past. In the realm of the imagination I proceeded to peer into the gray eyes of that apparition; and the impression remained so intense that even now it gives me goose bumps. In my mind's eye I addressed many questions to this visualized presence; in this way, a communion was established between us that seemed more imaginary than it was. Our communion with paintings, with portraits is already quasi-magical. Everything perceived by a living gaze becomes animated, as the images of saints do before the eyes of a believer. Such is the force of the imagination. It may not be reality; but it is no longer the stuff of mere whimsy either; it has already taken one step toward actualization. In an Andersen fairy tale, a child climbs into the painting of a rowboat and bobs down a painted river. In much the same way did I lose myself in contemplation of this figment of my imagination, until dream seemed like reality. He who has a lively imagination has a double face, twice the senses. Real-life images, be they only dots or splotches, take on a dreamlike, otherworldly character. Especially at twilight or at night, a piece of clothing lying around, a door curtain, a smoky ceiling, or a dropped towel can reveal the most striking physiognomies. But who is strong-willed enough to be awake and asleep at the same time? This experiment is dangerous for weak dispositions. They had better not try it. For sampled illusions grow ever more vivid the more you tease them forth; they turn visionary, hallucinatory, and in the end, usurp waking reality with the wildest effects. Dreaming takes the upper hand, and he who cannot control its caprices or hold it at arm's length falls prey to madness. He who can, however, as I will demonstrate forthwith, can achieve the impossible. He becomes a magician, a wizard, and nothing can stand in his way. □

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Camilo Vergara, *Former Camden Free Public Library,
2nd floor reading room, Broadway at Line St., Camden,
New Jersey, 1997*

COLLABORATIONS

The secret life of
modern architecture
by Beatriz Colomina

About fifteen years ago, I gave a lecture in Madrid, the city where I was born. The lecture was on the work of Charles and Ray Eames, and most of the discussion at the dinner afterward centered around the role of Ray—her background as a painter, her sense of color, and so on—much to my surprise, since I was surrounded by very well-known Spanish architects, all of them men. Soon we were talking about Lilly Reich and what an enormous role she must have played in the development of Mies van der Rohe's architecture, about the importance of such projects as the Silk and Velvet Cafe, a collaborative work by Reich and Mies for the “Exposition de la mode” in Berlin (1927), where draperies in velvet and silk hung from metal rods to form the space. Everyone agreed that there was nothing in Mies's work prior to his collaboration with Reich that would suggest this radical definition of space by suspended sensuous surfaces, which would become his trademark, as

exemplified by his Barcelona Pavilion of 1929. And then one of the architects said something that has stayed with me since: “It is like a dirty little secret that we—all architects—keep. Something that we all know, that we all see, but we don't bring ourselves to talk about it.”

The secrets of modern architecture are like those of a family. And it is perhaps because of the current cultural fascination with exposing the intimate that they are now being unveiled, little by little. If one is to judge by the publications of recent years, there is increasing interest in the ways in which architecture works. It is as if we have become just as concerned with the “how” as with “what.” And the “how” is less about structure or building techniques—the interest of earlier generations of historians—and more about interpersonal relations. The previously marginal details of how things actually happen in architectural practice are now coming to light.

As we shift our focus from the architect as a single figure, and the building as an object, to architecture as collaborative effort, we begin to see the other professionals: partners, engineers, landscape architects, interior designers, employees, builders, as well as photographers, graphic designers, critics, curators—and the media experts who produce much of modern architecture in media and as media. Even the clients—previously treated as “problems” for the architect or as “witnesses” to the impact of the architecture—figure as the active collaborators they are.

In the postwar period, all the “great masters” associated with other architects on key projects. In 1943 Walter Gropius founded The Architects Collaborative (TAC) with a group of younger architects. In 1950 the Museum of Modern Art held an exhibition on the Chicago firm Skidmore Owings and Merrill (sOM), acknowledging for the first time a corporate office. In the show, a more anonymous collective subsumed the individual architects, but wherever their names did appear, a key woman architect in the firm, Natalie de Blois, was systematically left out. Mies van der Rohe worked with Philip Johnson on the Seagram Building (with the crucial intervention of Phyllis Lambert, as both patron and young architect). Gropius collaborated with the corporate office of Emery Roth and Sons on the Pan Am Building. Wallace Harrison “stole” from Le Corbusier the forms for the new headquarters of the United Nations in New York.

Rem Koolhaas suggests that such partners are overlooked even though they add the more idiosyncratic features. “From the 1930s, when he began ‘working’ with Lilly Reich,” he writes in his 1997 text “Eno/abling Architecture,” “Mies left the theatrical to others—perversion by proxy. From her silk and velvet to Johnson’s chain mail in the Four Seasons, what is the connection? Who took advantage?”

Collaboration is the secret life of architects, the domestic life of architecture. Nowhere is this more emblematic than with architects who live and work together, with couples for whom there is complete identification between home life and office life. Ray and Charles Eames, in the 1950s, provided a model for “couplings” in following generations, in particular for Alison and Peter Smithson, whose partnership in turn provided a model for Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown, and for Enric Miralles and Carmen Pinós a generation later. Such couplings invoke nervousness and resentment from all camps, including from women. The myth of the isolated genius remains one of architecture’s most stubborn and regressive concepts. Even when the firm’s name, Charles and Ray Eames, recognized the two as equal partners, other institutions, particularly East Coast institutions—the Museum of Modern Art, the *New York Times*, Harvard University—were in denial. A devastated Esther McCoy wrote to the Eameses apologizing that the *New York Times* had erased Ray’s name from the article she had just published about their work:

Dear Charles and Ray: The *Times* story was an embarrassment to me as it must have been painful to you. It was originally (as requested) a 5000-word story and was cut at their request to 3500, and when Paul Goldberger received it, he called and said it was fine. Then he turned me over to the editorial assistant, a Barbara Wyden, who had endless complaints I won’t bore you with, but the two things we settled down in a death struggle were that Ray’s name must be included and that the chaise must not be called a casting couch. . . . For twenty years I have worked peacefully with editors. Now already in 1973 I have come up against two editors who are unbelievably arrogant, the basis of their complaint being that I didn’t understand the broad audience. This is sheer nonsense; the broad

audience isn’t titillated by the phrase “casting couch,” nor does it object to a woman being credited for work.

The Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) never fully acknowledged either Ray Eames. Only Charles was credited in the institution’s first exhibition of their work, a “one-man” show, called *New Furniture Designed by Charles Eames* (1946). The museum also chose to ignore other members of the Eames office, including Gregory Ain, Harry Bertoia, Herbert Matter, and Griswald Raetze, all of whom resigned, “ending a particularly fertile period of the Eameses’ careers.” The exhibition and catalogue of the *Good Design* exhibition of 1950–51 continued not to credit the work to Ray, even though she figures in many photographs installing the show next to the curator, Edgar Kaufmann, Jr. Only on the last page of the catalogue are there a few lines about her “assistance” in preparing the show and book. The first draft of Arthur Drexler’s introduction to the 1973 exhibition *Charles Eames from the Design Collection* reduced Ray’s role to an assistant. The second version, however, includes an addendum that describes Ray as “closely associated with furniture design and the production of films and exhibition” from the beginning.

The institutional recalcitrance in acknowledging both Ray and Charles Eames stands in contrast to the deep admiration expressed by Alison and Peter Smithson, who treated pieces of the Eames oeuvre as precious icons and paradigms for their own practice. To the Smithsons, for example, the now-iconic Eames chair was “a message of hope from another planet,” the only chair one could put in any interior today, the only one they would put in their own living room. “Eames chairs belong to the occupants not to the building,” they wrote. “Mies chairs are especially of the building and not of the occupant.” This observation informed the Smithsons’ conception of how to design furniture, as they wrote in *The Shift* (1982):

With the first interior sketches of this project [Burrows Lea Farm, 1953] . . . we realised we had a problem. . . . What was to be put in as furniture? We needed objects that achieved a cultural fit. . . . There could not be falling back on the Thonet sold in France and used by Le Corbusier. . . . As a response to the realisation came the Trundling Turk, a chair which looked as if it might follow its owners from room to room and out onto the beach (p. 22).

The Smithsons' chairs assume the same characteristics they had ascribed to the Eameses' chairs. They occupy the space vacated by the Thonet, share the same period as the architecture, and belong to the occupant, not to the building. The Smithsons have absorbed the Eameses' mode of operation rather than the specific details of their forms.

The Smithsons' identification with the older couple seems to emanate from the pervasive sense of domesticity. Literal domesticity, as when Peter reflects on the Eameses' breakfast table, then wanders back in time to the Walter and Ise Gropius breakfast table in Massachusetts, to end with an image of Alison at breakfast, on a snowy day in their country house at Fonthill. And conceptual domesticity, as when, in the same article, he organizes the history of architecture from the Renaissance to the present as that of a small family with only six members: Brunelleschi, Alberti, Francesco de Giorgio (representing three generations of the Renaissance) and Mies, the Eameses, and the Smithsons (three generations of modern architecture).

The Smithsons made many more family trees, and the couple's insistent inclusion of themselves is key. In the modern architectural genealogy, which they knew so well and which they were able to communicate in such a brilliant way in their writings, the Smithsons wanted to see themselves as following the tradition of Mies. (Peter writes, "My own debt to Mies is so great that is difficult for me to disentangle what I hold as my own thoughts, so often they have been the result of insights received from him.") But if Mies was the architect of the heroic period, the Eameses were the ideal for a second, less heroic generation straddling World War II, and it was with them, in fact, that the Smithsons felt in closer alliance.

In these family trees, the emphasis on women surfaces again, in what Peter calls "the female line": "Much of our inheritance reaches us through the female line . . . Truus Schröder-Schräder, Lilly Reich, Charlotte Perriand, Ray Eames . . ." The line continues all the way down to Alison Smithson, in what Peter calls a "conscious homage to the founding mothers." The Smithsons were very sensitive to women's presence in the history of architecture of our century, more than any historian or critic of the period. But the women they identify are always in couples. They refer to Margaret Macdonald and Charles Rennie Mackintosh, Charlotte Perriand and Le Corbusier, Truus Schröder-Schräder and Rietveld, Lilly Reich and Mies, and so on. A couple identifying other couples, perhaps identifying themselves with those couples, as when Alison writes: "I can see the part played by Ray Eames in all that they do: . . . the perseverance in finding what exactly is wanted; although the seeker may not know the exact object until it is finally seen." Or, when writing about Mies, Peter suddenly remarks, as if talking to himself: "I want to know more about Lilly Reich."

It is not just heterosexual couples that interest the Smithsons. When discussing Johannes Duiker in *The Heroic Period of Modern Architecture*, Peter writes: "It is not for me to deal

with the relationship of Duiker and [Bernard] Bijvoet, I speak of them as one eminence." And on the occasion of Pierre Jeanneret's death, Alison and Peter wrote a moving "tribute":

We have a very spare file called *Significant Houses*. In it is the Farnsworth, a few early Rudolf houses, and very little else. The earliest document is from the *Architect's Journal*, June 27, 1946. It was this we rethought of on the death of Pierre Jeanneret. The house shown there embodies the sweetest collaboration with Jean Prouvé—who really has been unfortunate in his architect collaborators (p. 42).

The Smithsons pay tribute to Pierre Jeanneret by showing his house with Prouvé. They remove him from Le Corbusier's gigantic shadow only to pair him up again, in "the sweetest collaboration." In the process, they introduce the question of Prouvé's unhappy "marriages" to a succession of architects, including Toni Garnier, Marcel Lods, Le Corbusier, and Georges Candilis. But since the homage is to Jeanneret, bringing up the matter of partnership raises questions about what is perhaps the most unexplored partnership of the century, that between Jeanneret and Le Corbusier, and about what the former may have contributed to the latter's work.

The 1950s offered many other couplings as well. Gwendolyn Wright has recently shown how Catherine Bauer, a social historian, "metamorphosed" the practice of the architect William Wurster, whom she met and married in 1940, by "politicizing" him, infusing his domestic designs with her social and political ideas, just as he helped her to "become aware of the needs of middle-class American families, both in city apartments and suburban homes." Bauer, Wright contends, had earlier radically transformed the work of Lewis Mumford, by spurring him "to take on the grand themes of technology and community, which will become the basis of his best-known books," and Mumford, in turn, encouraged Bauer

to “contemplate aspects of design that could not be quantified, to broaden and humanize her definition of housing reform,” during the several years of their love affair while he was married to someone else.

Mumford had met Bauer in 1929: “We were drawn together by our common interest in modern architecture,” he wrote in the autobiographical *My Works and Days*, from 1932. “From the beginning we were excited by each other’s minds, and plunged and leaped in a sea of ideas like two dolphins, even before our bodies had time for [one] another.” Bauer helped Mumford organize the housing section of the 1932 MoMA exhibition *Modern Architecture*. Her “challenging mind,” he wrote, “had a stimulating and liberating effect upon my whole development.” To Mumford, she “played the part of Hilda Wangel in Ibsen’s play: the voice of the younger generation, bidding the Master Builder to quit building modest, commonplace houses and to erect instead an audacious tower, even if, when he had reached the top, he might fall to his death.

Anne Tyng, one of the first woman architects to graduate from Harvard, became Louis Kahn’s lover while working in his office and collaborating closely on key designs. In a 1954 letter to Tyng, while she was in Rome, he wrote, “I am waiting anxiously for us to be together again in our wonderful way of love and work which again is nothing really but another form of that love.” Tyng later said, “We were both workaholics; in fact, work had become a kind of passionate play. We were able to bring out each other’s creativity, building on each other’s ideas.” As the full tragedy of the relationship and Kahn’s ultimate selfishness unfolds, the letters between them remain filled with the details of designs. Published design becomes inseparable from private soap opera.

As the institution of record for the field, MoMA found itself caught in disputes over attribution. Tyng, for example, who had ended her relationship with Kahn in 1960, shortly before the Museum’s *Visionary Architecture* exhibition, was surprised when the

exhibition did not credit her work, particularly the City Tower in Philadelphia. She writes,

I did not get an invitation to the opening. When I asked our secretary about it, she said my name might not be on the credit label. I immediately asked Lou if my name was credited. He answered no, so I suggested it might be better if he called the museum than if I called. There was no *Sturm und Drang*; he simply called and my name was added. I was profoundly shocked that Lou would do such a thing, especially since *Perspecta 2* (1953), *Progressive Architecture* (May, 1954) and the *Atlas Cement* brochure on the tower (1957) gave credit to both of us. I could not believe that his desire for recognition would erode his integrity, since sharing credit with me would not necessarily diminish his fame.

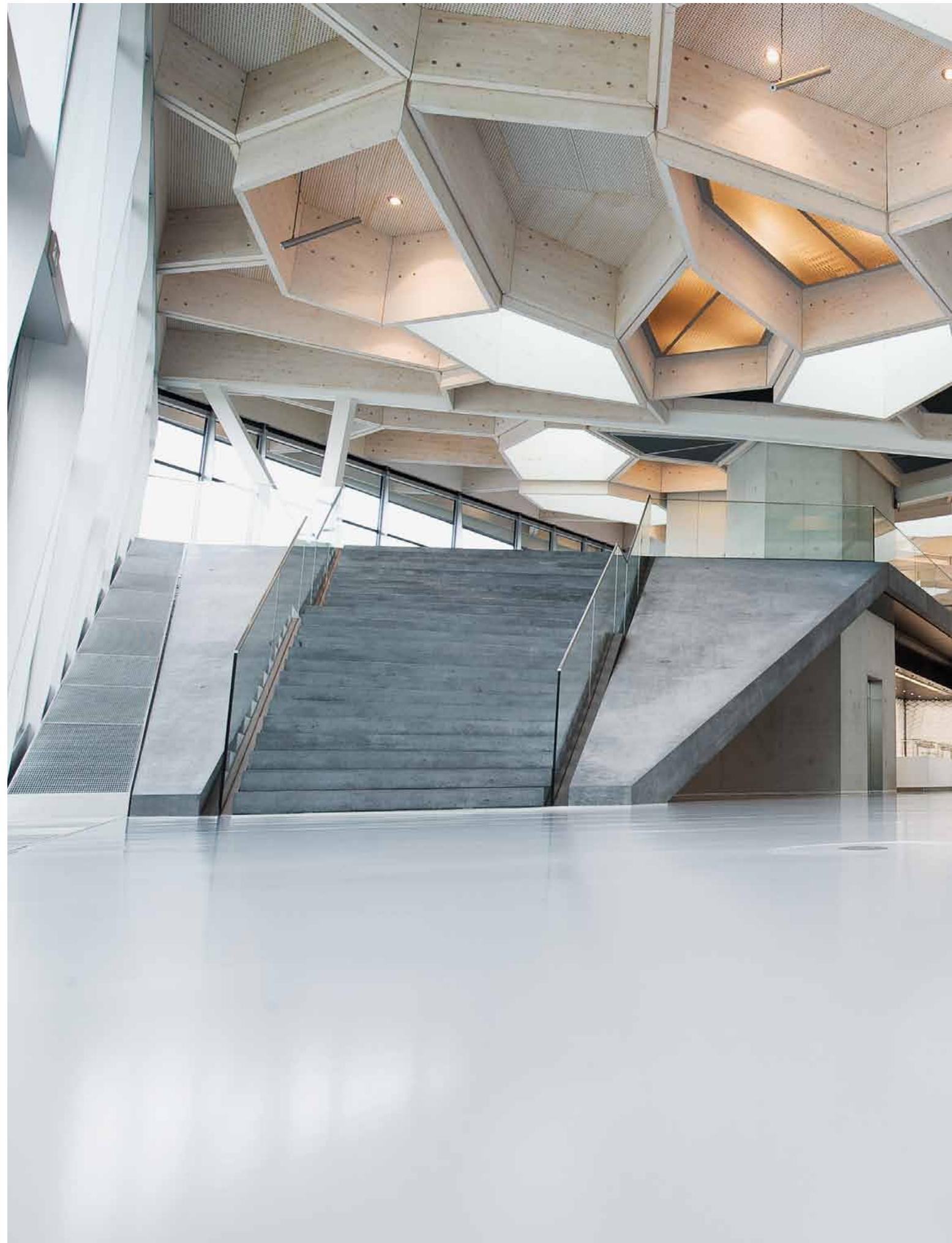
In the end, the City Tower appeared as “Louis Kahn and Anne Tyng, architects associated.” The MoMA exhibition *Architecture and Engineering*, of the following year, also credits both Tyng and Kahn. In 1973, a year before his death, Kahn publicly if inadequately acknowledged her role when he gave the National Academy of Design a self-portrait, together with a 1946 portrait he had made of her, with the inscription:

This is a portrait of Anne Tyng Architect who was the geometry conceiver of the Philadelphia Tower. Well that is not exactly so because I thought of the essence but she knew its geometry. To this day she pursues the essence of constructive geometry, now teaches at the U. of P. and other places like Harvard etc. We worked together on my projects from a purely conception base. Dec 27, 1972.

Even in the moment of acknowledgment, he draws a line between essence and geometry that really makes no sense in a project that is all geometry.

Perhaps the growing fascination with collaboration is part of our current voyeurism. Talk shows, blogs, and social networking sites are redefining what we consider “private.” Can we expect architecture to remain immune? We are increasingly less concerned with the heroic figure of the modern architect, with the façade, but delve ever deeper into his internal weaknesses. Architects themselves have started to tell us private stories about their desperate attempts to get jobs, about their pathological experiences with clients, about falling in the street, and even about their masseuses. And we pay more attention than when they were trying to dictate to us what their work meant. On the one hand, there is a concerted effort to demystify architectural practice and debunk the heroes. On the other, all the private, messy details are incorporated back into the heroic images, in a new kind of therapy.

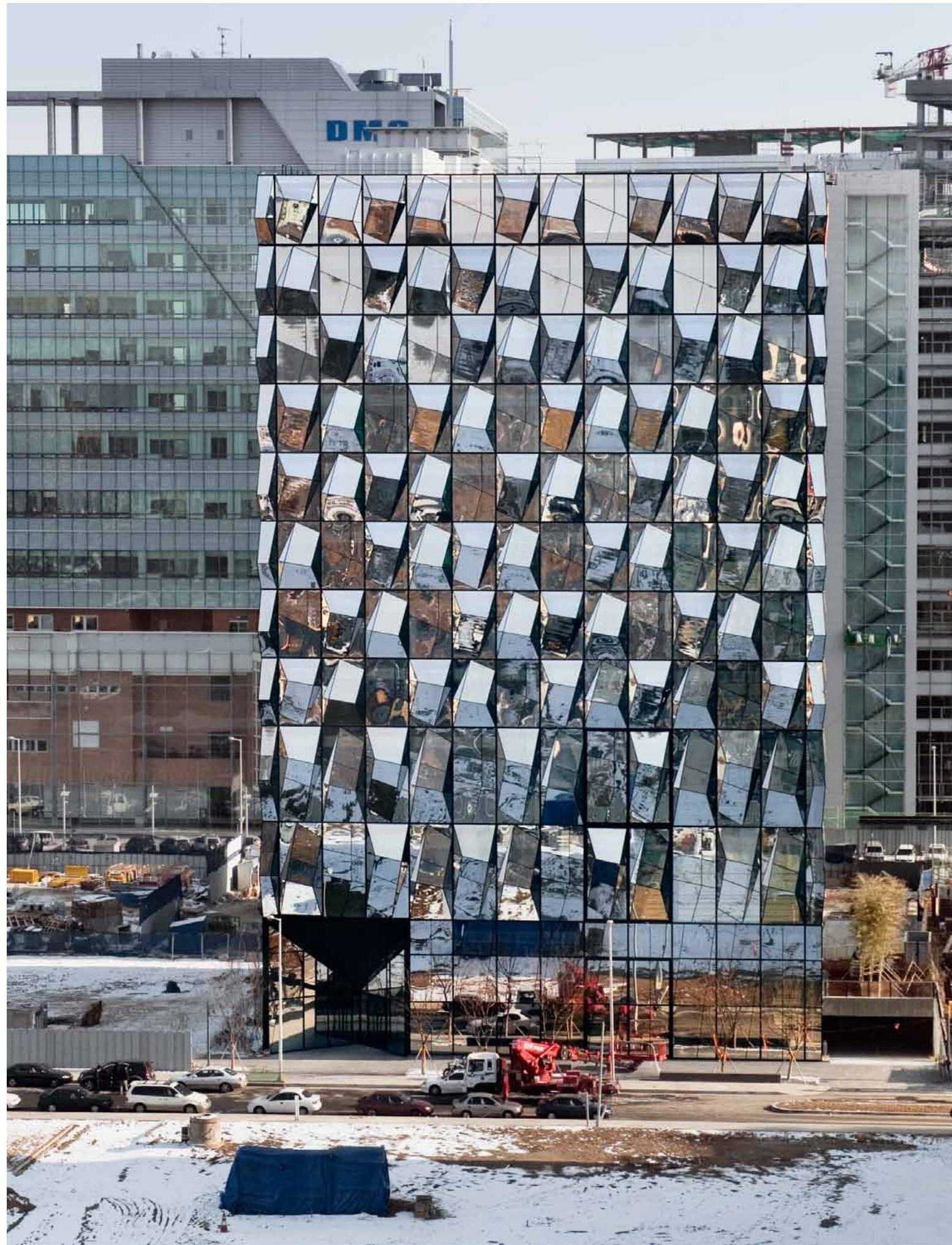
Is this just a new form of attention to the same old figures, demystifying them but in a way that keeps them at the center of our attention, in a moment when we might otherwise be drawn to alternative figures, alternative practices? Women, after all, are the real ghosts of modern architecture—everywhere present, crucial, but strangely invisible. Unacknowledged, they are destined to haunt the field forever. Correcting the record is not just a question of adding in a few hundred names. It is not just a matter of human justice or historical accuracy. It is a matter of more fully understanding architecture and the complex ways it is produced. □

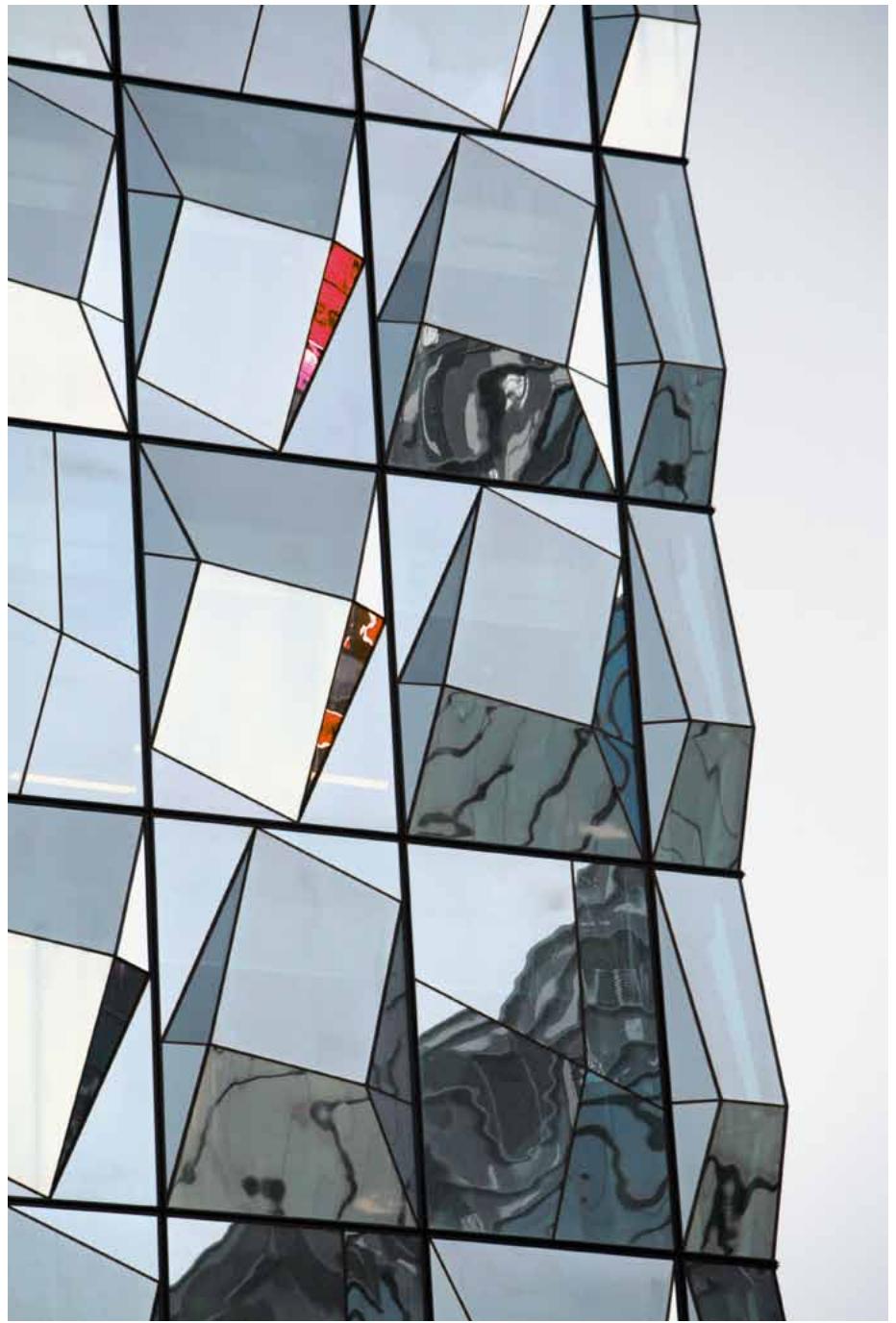


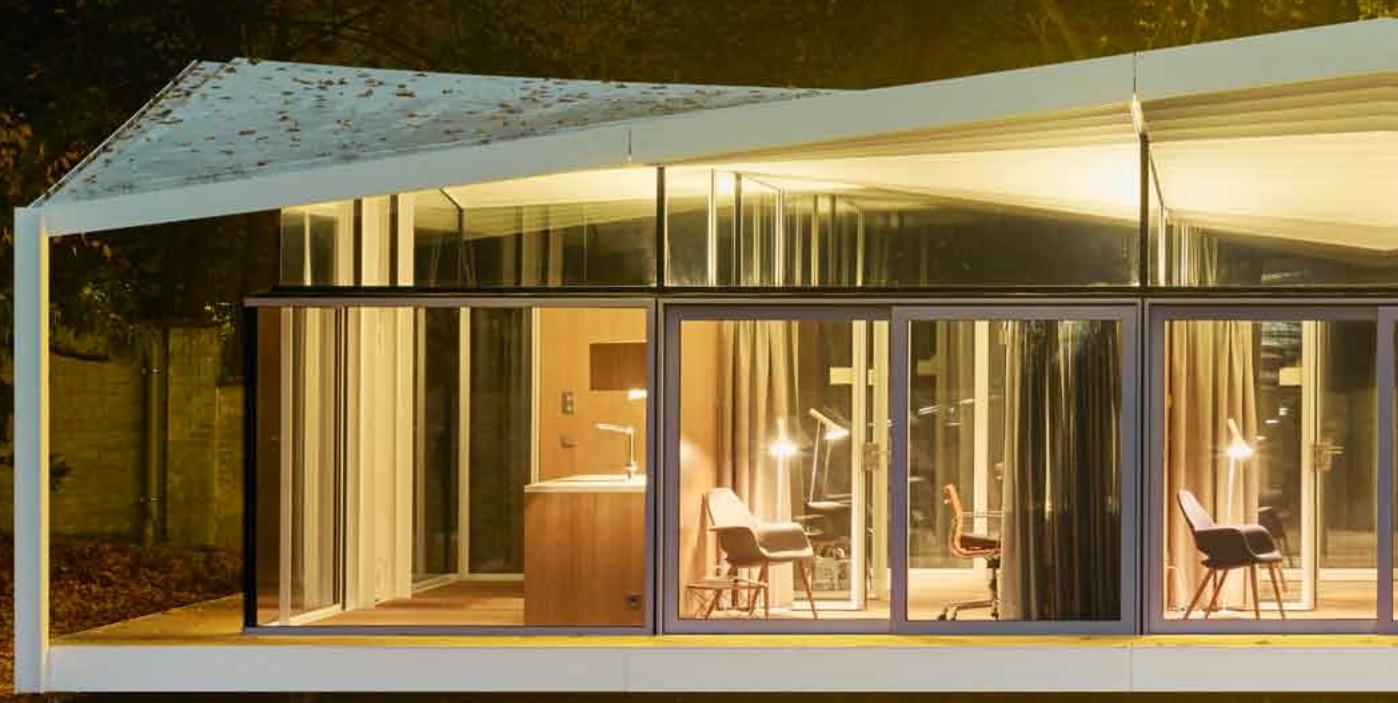


Barkow Leibinger

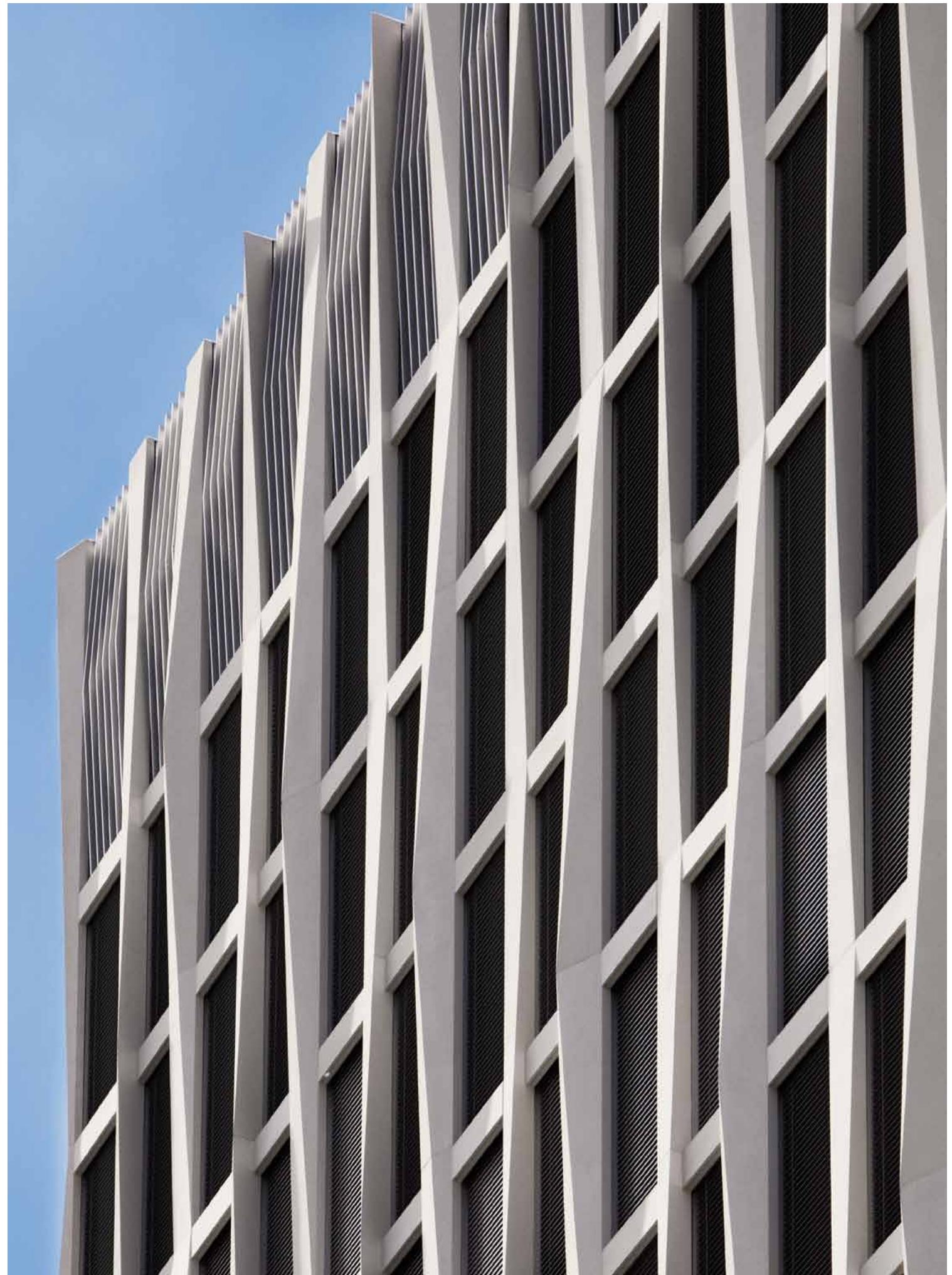
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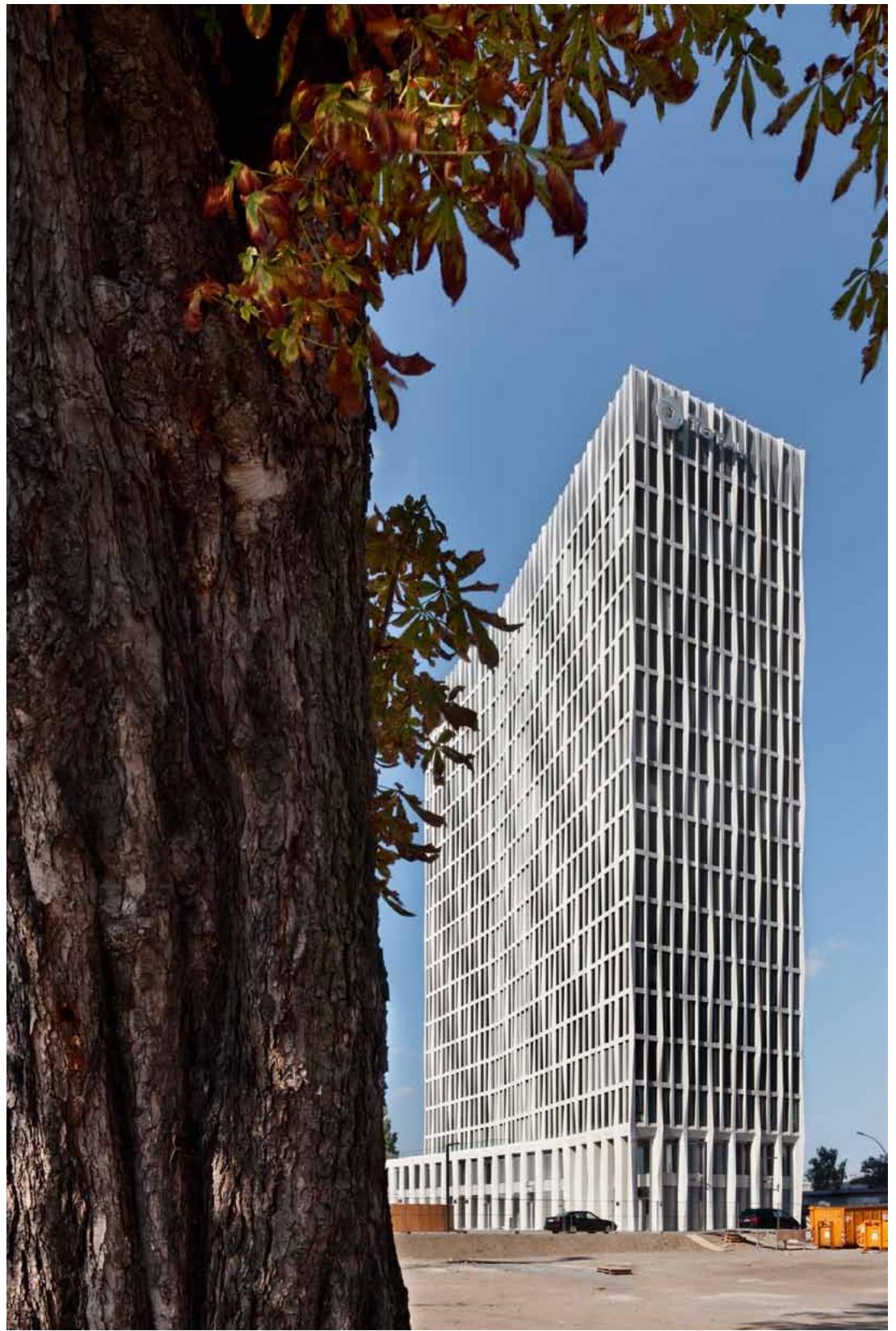
















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[1] *Trumpf Campus Restaurant*, Ditzingen, Germany, photo by David Franck

[2] *TRUTEC Building*, Seoul, Korea, photo by Amy Barkow

[3] *TRUTEC Building* (detail), photo by Corinne Rose

[4] *Fellows Pavilion*, American Academy in Berlin, Germany, photo by Stefan Müller

[5] *Tour Total* (detail), Berlin, Germany, photo by Corinne Rose

[6] *Tour Total*, photo by Corinne Rose

[7] *Loom-Hyperbolic*, Marrakech, Morocco 2012, photo by Johannes Foerster

[8] *Loom-Hyperbolic* (detail), photo by Johannes Foerster

ARCHITECTURE AS INSTRUMENT

The role of *Spielraum*
in the work of
Barkow Leibinger

by Hal Foster

One origin myth of modern architecture involves the voyaging of German designers like Walter Gropius to North American cities such as Buffalo, where they first saw *in situ* the industrial structures, such as grain elevators, that they had already proposed as models for functionalist buildings in Europe. The partnership of Frank Barkow and Regine Leibinger is a new variation on this old theme of international encounter: in the late 1980s the American Barkow and the German Leibinger met at the Harvard Graduate School of Design (GSD, where Gropius had once presided as chair). In the literature on the office, this encounter is taken as a primal scene: Frank Barkow, the rangy man from Montana, impressed by the huge infrastructural projects and the great land art of the American West (e.g., hydroelectric dams, in the first instance, *Spiral Jetty* by Robert Smithson, in the second), meets Regine Leibinger, the sophisticated daughter of the innovative director of TRUMPF, the designer-manufacturer of laser-cut tools based near Stuttgart (which is also where a classic of European modernism, the Weissenhof Siedlung, is located). After training at the GSD, under the chairmanship of Rafael Moneo, the two young architects set up a practice in Berlin, in 1993, at a time when the new Europe came to represent what

the old America once did: an expanded horizon for ambitious building.

Although Barkow Leibinger have produced both domestic and cultural projects, as well as two landmark office towers, the TRUTEC Building in Seoul (2006) and the Tour Total in Berlin (2012), they are best known for industrial architecture. At the same time Barkow Leibinger are fully aware of how such design has shifted in meaning and motive. On the one hand, the factory is no longer separate from other typologies, such as the laboratory; on the other hand, the work undertaken there is no longer distinct from other activities, such as research and experiment, modeling and computing. So even as Barkow Leibinger “recover essential aspects” of industrial architecture, they have also adapted to its changed parameters, and anticipated still newer ones. If “today technology is representation-less,” as Frank Barkow suggests, Barkow Leibinger do not buy into the fantasy of dematerialization that drives the post-Fordist ideology of “light construction.” In effect, they see industrial architecture as a set of operations involving materials and techniques both new and old, and they develop these operations in architectural terms, often mimetic of industrial ones, that are “repetitive, serial, and additive.”

Ten years ago, some members of their generation spoke of a “new pragmatism,” while others insisted on a “design intelligence” that was “projective” rather than “critical.” Both notions pointed to a renewed commitment to practice, not an aversion to theory or representation *per se* but, rather, an advocacy of knowledge that is intrinsic to architecture, that emerges from its distinctive protocols of research, experiment, calculation, and execution. Barkow Leibinger favor a slightly different term, “design performance,” which can be taken to indicate an architecture that meets the highest standards of industry (or any other client), to be sure, but that is also performative in another sense— inventive, even playful. This is a cohort that, not concerned with a signature style, is responsive to given conditions of client, program, and site, and that is alert to how advances in technology and engineering can be turned to architectural ends.

“For me it always has to be comprehensible and it has to be appropriate,” Regine Leibinger remarks. “Those are key terms for [our] architectural approach.” That approach is an ethical one too; certainly it was for the early advocates of modern architecture. The common term for this modern commitment was “transparency,” which for the most part operated by analogy: if the materials, structure, and construction were made clear, then, it was thought, other aspects of life often shrouded in secrecy—social relations, economic operations, political decisions—might also be drawn into the open, into the clear light of democratic understanding. That analogy, which was active in modernist art too (where the common phrase was “truth to materials”), was always a shaky one, and today it is flouted by many architects whose production of atmospheric and affective effects mostly abets the obfuscation that now dominates these other realms (again, the social, the economic, and the political).

This is why it is so important that Barkow Leibinger insist on “legibility,” the term they prefer over “transparency.” Again, the legibility they seek is hardly

that of a postmodern *architecture parlante*, yet neither is it simply that of a modern structural transparency, the assumed self-evidence of construction in brick, concrete, glass and steel, and so on. If much technology is “representation-less” today, Frank Barkow and Regine Leibinger do not leave it there, in its own black box; they work to put various techniques into action and, in doing so, not only to demonstrate them but also to transform them in ways that are appropriate to present conditions.

Another Barkow Leibinger mantra has it that “tools shape materials that make forms, not the other way around,” a sequence that reverses the usual order of design. Here they acknowledge the importance of the symbiotic relationship they have enjoyed with TRUMPF, a strong client that led Barkow Leibinger to consider “how digital fabrication technologies can be used to make buildings.” Yet they have also worked with other fabricators and engineers to incorporate new materials and techniques into the design process. In this manner, Barkow Leibinger also look back, beyond modern architecture, to the materialism of manufacture advocated by Gottfried Semper. (Their interest in “carpeting,” for example, recalls his fascination with textiles.) The outcome is a distinctive “atlas of fabrication,” in which materials and techniques are legible in the structures and spaces that result, in ways that unite design and program as well as construction and site.

Another Barkow Leibinger motto is *Kein Stil, sondern Haltung*, which can be translated roughly as “Position over Style.” “Position, in our case,” they add, “favors process over preconceived form,” and by “process” they mean specific operations performed on specific materials that are deemed appropriate for a given project. Forty-six years ago, discontent with the pictorial effects of a Minimalist art that contradicted its own program of literal transparency, Richard Serra also developed a set of specific operations to be performed on specific materials, a protocol laid out in his famous *Verb List* (1967–68): “to roll, to crease, to fold . . .”

These tasks governed his first mature works: sheets of lead rolled, folded, torn, or otherwise manipulated; molten lead splashed along the base of a wall and peeled back in creased rows; slabs of concrete stacked on top of one another or sheets of lead propped up against each other; and so on. In their exhibition catalogue *An Atlas of Fabrication* (2009) Barkow Leibinger present a “list of actions” of their own: “2D-Cutting, Casting, Cutting/Stacking, Bending, Punching, Welding/Inflating, 3D-Cutting (Revolving), Anticipating.” Although these operations, sometimes separate, sometimes combined, are often sophisticated in technical terms, they are usually simple when it comes to legibility. Like Serra, Frank Barkow and Regine Leibinger think of practice as a matter not only of experiment and execution but also of demonstration and disclosure.

“The work of Barkow Leibinger comes to us from inside architecture,” the architect George Wagner has written, and it is true: theirs is a reflexive language, one developed recursively through building. It is a language they always revise in accordance with the constraints of the program and the conditions of the site, and it is a language they always extend through other activities such as competitions and master plans, prototyping and archiving, teaching and exhibiting. It is a language in which architecture is an instrument, as complex or as simple as the case requires.

This brings us back to “design performance,” from which I want to draw a final implication. There is always an element of inspired performance in *bricolage*. And as the greatest philosophers in German aesthetics tell us, such play (*Spiel*) is also essential to art; it opens up a realm for an imaginative response to any question. In the end, this is what Barkow Leibinger offer us all: *Spielraum*, room for play, space for invention. □

This excerpt is adapted from Foster’s essay in the forthcoming book *Barkow Leibinger: Spielraum* (Hatje Cantz, December 2014)

EXTRAORDINARY EMERGENCY

When events everywhere seems to be fraught with urgency, what is an emergency?

by Hillel Schwartz

In the spring of 2009, with money collected from friends and neighbors desperate to leave Sri Lanka during the final furious months of a 26-year civil war, a fisherman named Antony Chaminda Fernando Warnakulasuriya bought and provisioned a boat. On March 31, he sailed out of the coastal city of Negombo with 31 others, heading for Australia. Three weeks later, the Australian navy intercepted the boat near Barrow Island, not 31 miles from the Australian coast.

Warnakulasuriya was arrested and charged with facilitating illegal immigration.

Tried in November 2010, he was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison. His lawyers appealed to the Supreme Court of Western Australia on the grounds that the District Court judge had misdirected the jury. When the appeal was heard in August 2011, at issue was the very notion of “emergency.”

All sides had to contend with Section 10.3 of Australia’s Criminal Code, which provides that a person is not criminally responsible for an offense if committed in response “to circumstances of sudden or extraordinary emergency,” so long as that person “reasonably believes” that: “(a) circumstances of sudden or extraordinary emergency exist; and (b) committing the offence is the only reasonable way to deal with the emergency; and (c) the conduct is a reasonable response to the emergency.”

But what exactly is a “sudden” or an “extraordinary” emergency? Aren’t

all emergencies by definition sudden? What makes an emergency extraordinary, when common sense and a modicum of everyday optimism would suggest that all emergencies are events out of the ordinary? And just whose belief was to be established as reasonable: Those facing a sudden, extraordinary emergency in Sri Lanka? Naval officers intercepting a boat “in trouble,” in waters thousands of miles from the putative emergency? Departmental heads administering Australian immigration law? Moreover, was it the reasonableness of the belief in a circumstance of emergency that must be pondered, or the reasonableness of the action prompted by the belief? The jury members themselves were perplexed and sent a note asking for clarification.

Judge Eaton of the District Court explained that the emergency need not be both sudden *and* extraordinary. As to what the concepts “emergency,” “sudden,” “extraordinary” meant, that was up to the jury to decide, for each word had an “ordinary meaning.” How the words might be taken conjointly, as with “extraordinary emergency,” he tried briefly to clarify, struggling to elude tautology: “We use the word ‘extraordinary’ generally speaking, to mean something that is not ordinary, something that’s out of the ordinary, something that is unusual or remarkable or out of the usual course. We use the word ‘emergency’ to describe a circumstance that requires that there be some immediate action. So in a medical situation, it may be that somebody has to have emergency surgery to deal with a problem that has presented

itself and needs to be dealt with with some immediacy rather than being put off until later. So an extraordinary emergency, in that sense, is something that's out of the ordinary, something that's unusual or remarkable, and is something which needs to be dealt with by some degree of immediacy, actions sooner rather than later."

"Sooner rather than later," wrote Justice Buss for the Supreme Court, was an unfortunate phrase. The law nowhere insisted on the *immediacy* of emergency. What's more, the Parliamentary Committee that had crafted Section 10.3 was known to have specifically revised its final draft so that the words "sudden or extraordinary emergency" were *not* defined in terms of "an urgent situation of imminent peril"; instead, the words were "left to the jury as ordinary words in the English language." The District Court jury has thus been misled into thinking that delay in response to a perceived emergency could be taken as proof that the emergency was neither extraordinary nor sudden.

On January 24, 2012, Justices Buss, Hall, and Pullin set aside Warnakulasuriya's conviction and ordered a new trial. In the opinion, Justice Hall sympathized with the jury's perplexity and the judge's tribulations. "The difficulty," he wrote, "is that the ordinary meaning of the word 'emergency' does include a time imperative, as dictionary definitions bear out. *The Shorter Oxford Dictionary* defines 'emergency' as a situation especially of danger or conflict that arises unexpectedly and requires urgent action or something which occurs suddenly or unexpectedly." Indeed, as Hall acknowledged, "It may be thought that a non-sudden emergency is self-contradictory." If pressed to maintain such a self-contradiction, that odd and decidedly *uncommon* phrase "extraordinary emergency" probably fit the bill, for it "may denote a situation of extreme gravity and abnormal or unusual danger that might well have occurred suddenly but persists over a period of time."

Was Justice Hall thinking of the long "State of Emergency" that had been imposed in Sri Lanka since 1983

and lifted just months before the decision was rendered in *Warnakulasuriya v. The Queen* (2012)? Had the Parliamentary Committee intently chosen language meant to encompass the hundreds of more temporary, if often prolonged, States of Emergency declared by local, regional, and national authorities around the world over the past decades to cope with natural or unnatural disaster (e.g., industrial explosion, radiation leaks, chemical fires), epidemic, recurrent rioting, terrorism, or civil war? What summoned this enlarged, ungainly, even oxymoronic lexicon of emergency?

Emergency itself was no new idea, of course. Besieged cities in classical Greece fabricated emergency money while the satyr Pan gamboled in and out of panic. Ninety-four times during the tenure of the Republic, the Roman Senate had invited a dictator to take control when faced with economic upheaval or severe civil disorder. Reviewing Roman history, Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Locke initiated five hundred years of debate over the legitimate reasons for declaring a State of Emergency, the juridical and political entailments of such a state, and the ethical implications of yielding to its demands. Nor were people in 2012 necessarily confronting an objectively larger set of emergencies, whether simple, sudden, or "extraordinary." In each era, what was understood as an emergency had differed considerably according to political rank, social station, legal status, financial resources, military or medical vulnerability, food security, and the precariousness of one's environmental situation (under a volcano, near a geologic fault, on a flood plain, athwart a border).

The befuddling lexicon of emergency as reported in *Warnakulasuriya v. The Queen* resulted, rather, from a confluence of changes in the Western ecumene since the late 1700s: changes in cultural senses of time and timing, in personal and collective senses of place, and in real, present capacities to respond to "real and present dangers." My short essay will not bear the weight, or the wait, of a full narrative of this

threefold shift, but an example of each may demonstrate the historical momenta of such befuddlement.

Time and Timing. Although mothers for millennia have had tacit standards for what constitutes a health emergency for their children, it was not until 1855, when systematic triage was implemented during the Crimean War, that the medical notion of emergency could become a commanding model for immediate response. Nikolai Pirogov, a respected Russian surgeon who had pioneered the field use of ether, began sorting the many neglected wounded at Sevastopol into groups by (1) those who required instant surgical attention, (2) those who required pain relief, medicine, or mild debriding and bandaging, and (3) those who could not be helped except with a quiet place to die in the presence of a priest. These principles would inform gradations of urgency implemented at clinics and hospitals, and eventually the military, schools, and government offices. As physicians and surgeons adopted techniques against sepsis and shock; as they embraced experimental laboratory results from bacteriology, hematatology, and cardiology; as they exploited newly synthesized anaesthetics and tailored pharmaceuticals; and as they became adept at using ever-more sophisticated diagnostic devices, the number of conditions that fell into category 1 actually increased—substantially so.

It was an almost-miraculous irony. Effective modern practice meant that wounds earlier thought negligible were in need of swift attention, lest they become infected. Vice versa, more serious conditions thought intractable and fatal could be happily resolved, so long as they were caught and treated in time. In double-time, for quick, confident intercession was what modern medicine was all about. In consequence, parents, teachers, nurses, insurance adjustors, and ambulance drivers have had to accommodate an ever-multiplying number of medical instances that ought to be handled as emergencies. By the twenty-first century, public health authorities were advising that the "sudden emergencies"

of heart attack, stroke, embolism, and childhood asthma be attended within the hour, if not within minutes, while the slower progressive damage caused by smoking, overeating, indolence, and addictions to sugar could be magically reversed if ceased NOW. Abetted by wristwatches and alarm clocks that measure time in seconds, minute-by-minute rail and flight schedules, and split-second photo-finish races, the imperatives of medical triage toward a discriminating urgency have been applied well beyond the stricken human body.

Place. From stock-market crashes to Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth: The Planetary Emergency of Global Warming and What We Can Do About It* (2006), emergency, it seems, is everywhere. That emergency might be planetary is itself a signal shift. Although the darker apocalypses within traditions East and West, North and South, have thrilled readers with images of a sudden, thorough, earth-wide destruction, in the past such visions have been read out as local warnings toward repentance: this is what will happen if we here, in this place, persist in our evil ways. Each such apocalypse made sure of a nearby, familiar, prayerful emergency exit.

But starting with a revolution in the manufacture of cheap paper and the contemporaneous nineteenth-century march of telegraph poles, places have become so networked that proximity is determined as much by ease of two-way communication as by geography or topography. As a result, our sense of place, wherever we are, is rarely exclusive to an ecosystem or polis. People may still cotton to a particular growing zone or landscape, may still gravitate toward a certain hilltop or hometown, but we have come to appreciate our lives as conditioned by events at an increasingly imaginable distance, as far away perhaps as the solar flares disrupting reception of the World Wide Web.

When the Ford Motor Company in July of 2014 thinks to sell its top-of-the-line cars by promoting their new safe-stopping auto-monitoring features

under the slogan, "It's 360 degrees of chaos out there," it is manifest that emergency has overrun place. These days we need global positioning systems to get from one spot to another through mazes of streets in megalopolitan settlements and their associated shanty towns that will, by 2030, harbor a third of the world's population. We need global satellite systems to track "severe weather," rampaging forest fires, the acidification of the ocean. We need global geographic information systems to manage coastal emergencies caused by oil spills.

The more that we are networked, the more we become individually aware of series of emergencies that move swiftly beyond the local, or that threaten continually to impinge upon us wherever we choose to stand. As with the shift in our sense of time and timing, the shift in our sense of place has multiplied the number of emergencies to which we are exposed—emotionally and psychologically, if not physically.

In this context, we can sympathize with that Australian jury asked to determine whether it was reasonable for Antony Warnakulasuriya and his fellow Sri Lankans to believe that they could escape a local emergency by heading out unheralded into the open ocean to cross to another continent itself beset by extensive drought and vast forest fires.

Capacities. It was, yes, reasonable that in an emergency one would attempt to *do something*. Sudden, extraordinary, or otherwise, emergency presumed a need for action. This the prosecution and the Bench both conceded—though the action itself be ill-conceived. "Reasonable" was not synonymous with wise, cogent, or successful. Justice Hall made this explicit with reference to sudden emergency, which "creates a sense of immediate danger, one which will occur almost instantaneously unless the accused takes countervailing action. In this case there may be little opportunity for calm reflection or for the mustering of resolve or fortitude." As for extraordinary emergency, "which persists over a period of time,"

one could but hope that its persistence would compel not just fortitude but thoughtful response. At legal point was not the human capacity to recognize emergency; it was the basic reasonableness of wanting to escape immediate cognizable danger, then the reasonableness of believing that going elsewhere (e.g., to an essentially peaceful, lawful country 3,000 miles away) was an apt, timely escape.

Emergency today cannot be a mere "state"—of jeopardy, risk, or tragedy. As it has come to be understood over the last three centuries of industrial derring-do, electrical wiring, electronic programming, and digital prestidigitation, emergency is a sharp provocation to act—a summons, usually, to collective action within the hour, the day, or the archetypal "48 hours." What distinguishes the early twenty-first century from the early eighteenth is that countries and citizens across the planet have erected scores of new infrastructures to deal with most every emergency: tornado watchers, EMTs, hazmat teams, incident management mobile units, international relief organizations, evacuation plans embedded in architectural codes, seismic recording stations. And each and every kind of emergency is believed to demand a quality and immediacy of response neither expected nor possible three centuries ago.

That is why imputations of delay or hints of the slightest consideration of delay were so critical to the Supreme Court's review of Judge Eaton's directions to the jury. Our real, present capacities to respond to "real and present dangers" are far more effective in the short-term than the long-term. Given our capacities to intervene so quickly *in media res* or to rescue and resuscitate minutes after-the-fact, not only is immediacy inherent in emergency—emergency is contingent upon immediacy. So our ability to grasp, recognize, and acknowledge "extraordinary emergency," or what Rob Nixon has called the "slow violence" of millions of unexploded land mines, of nuclear contamination, of the degradation of aquifers, is by comparison stunted.

So, what of Antony Warnakulasuriya? He was out of jail and back in Sri Lanka by February 2012. A fortnight thereafter, on the 16th, he was shot dead by police who fired on a group of fishermen in Chilaw-Wella. They were protesting fuel-price hikes implemented by the government as one of the austerity measures imposed in return for help from the International Monetary Fund. Some 30,000 mourners, both Tamil and Sinhalese, came to Warnakulasuriya's home to offer their condolences to his wife and two daughters; perhaps 20,000 gathered in the cemetery. At an obvious distance from the burial plot stood hundreds of soldiers and 1,500 police who, on the day prior to the funeral, had obtained a decree from the Chilaw Magistrate Court that stated "the dead body is not allowed to be used for any violence." There was none.

In March, the Department of Defense and Urban Development announced that Sri Lanka had become the first country in the world to defeat militarily an internationally proscribed terrorist organization (the Tamil Tigers). In October, the International Commission of Jurists issued a report on "The Crisis of Impunity in Sri Lanka," noting that although the State of Emergency had officially been lifted, the government had promulgated new anti-terror regulations that effectively maintained the state's emergency powers. Those regulations were still in place when, during the summer of 2014, Australia found itself tangled in an international imbroglio over its detention-at-sea and brusque processing of boatloads of Tamils arriving in Australian waters, seeking asylum.

When does an emergency end? The phrases "sudden emergency" and "extraordinary emergency" twist us out of the toils of tautology into a paradox: the more immediate our approach to emergency and the finer our capacity to deal instantly with emergencies of all kinds, the more widespread the emergencies we confront appear, the less sudden they feel, and the longer they seem to last. Now that's extraordinary. □



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THE CURE BRINGER

Seeking spiritual
redemption in
postwar Germany

by Monica Black

Germany's prestige abroad has reached new heights of late, with commentators attributing the country's success to cautious and rational planning, with a view to the long term. In a July 2014 *New York Times* editorial, Roger Cohen proclaimed Germany "Weltmeister"—not only in international soccer and business—but equally in more quotidian arenas, including the manufacture of high-quality windows. Historians of the Federal Republic, too, have often and rightly emphasized Germany's unlikely and astonishing reinvention after 1945. In the wake of monumental defeat in World War II and the enormous human and moral catastrophe of the Holocaust, Germans rebuilt two countries, almost from the ground up. After the end of communism in East Germany and the 1990 reunification—now 25 years on—a new Germany has emerged, one that could be said to be a better country, in a number of important respects, than any of its predecessors. Today's Germany enjoys a broad-based, participatory democracy that, while flawed like

every other, nevertheless nurtures considerable social mobility, economic freedom within carefully considered constraints, cautious diplomacy, and a quite understandable aversion to war. No one in the 1940s or 1950s could have predicted any of this.

As true as the success story is, though, it also leaves a whole lot out. There is a persistent imbalance between the amount of effort historians have given over to explaining how, to paraphrase Peter Fritzsche, Germans became Nazis (that is, a great deal), and how much we have dedicated to understanding how they became new kinds of Germans after 1945 (considerably less). Yet the postwar era entailed an extraordinary feat of transformation on nearly every level—not least in terms of how people thought, what they believed, and how they saw the world and their place in it. Appreciating fully the sweep of postwar German history and the Federal Republic's present-day success almost necessarily entails taking a closer view of the period immediately following the war—before the Economic Miracle—and trying to

recapture a sense of the massive dislocations of that era, how much there was to be fixed, and how daunting the prospect of fixing it seemed to be.

The 1950s, contrary to many popular images, were not just a "simpler time," when saving for a first automobile or washing machine defined life's ultimate goal. And for all the hard-nosed rationality with which Germans are frequently credited today, in the late 1940s and 1950s, uncanny events, inexplicable wonders, apparitions, and terrifying end-times prophecies proliferated in West German popular culture alongside ghosts, nightmares, and a variety of powerful existential anxieties. As society recreated itself, new ethical visions erupted—spontaneous, fragmentary, uniquely time-bound—to answer the burning questions of the moment. Yet as critical as these questions were—"Does life have meaning?" "Why do we become ill?" "Will good or evil triumph in the world?"—they mostly could not be answered, just when people seemed to need firm, undeniable answers most. In short, the early postwar era was a time of great spiritual tribulation. In

those years directly following upon the multiple horrors of Nazism, Germans from many walks of life grappled in very different ways with the nature and meaning of evil.

The immediate postwar period's popular preoccupation with evil is an unwritten chapter of the era's history, its various manifestations now almost entirely forgotten. Forgotten, too, is the man who, perhaps as publicly and pointedly as anyone, talked about and drew attention to the theme of evil in those years. His name was Bruno Gröning, and from the moment he burst into public view, in the spring of 1949, he became a nearly inescapable presence, a name on the lips of almost everyone, from politicians and regional officials to medical doctors and university professors, from police detectives and psychiatrists to lawyers and members of the press.

Gröning, it was said, could heal the sick, make the blind see, make the deaf hear. In his presence, many attested, pain that had endured for months or years subsided. Joints made stiff by disease and age became supple. People came to Gröning with every conceivable malady: headaches, sciatica, sinusitis, and insomnia; epilepsy, arthritis, heart disease, asthma, cancer, thyroid and circulatory trouble, ulcers, angina, gall bladder and liver problems, and on and on. Gröning told those on crutches or paralyzed and in wheelchairs to take up their beds and walk, and some—as many attested at the time—did just that. For these feats he was nicknamed the “Miracle Doctor” (*Wunderdoktor*) by the press, and he attracted tens of thousands of supplicants, who journeyed long distances to see him and sent him so many letters that postmen in some towns had to have dedicated assistants to help deliver them all. Gröning’s acolytes called him Miracle Healer (*Wunderheiler*), Miracle Doer (*Wundertäter*), Cure Bringer (*Heilspender*), even Savior (*Heiland*). He became the subject of a documentary film, attracted workers and aristocrats, men, women, and children, city and rural folk, as well as movie stars and

government ministers and members of the Allied occupation administration. His personality was assessed by various experts, including the psychoanalyst Alexander Mitscherlich. He appeared in the pages of *Der Spiegel* multiple times and once on its cover. The mere rumor that he might surface in a particular location was enough to draw thousands spontaneously to that spot and tie up traffic for hours.

If all of this is striking now, it’s not just because Gröning and the phenomenon he helped to inspire have so thoroughly faded from view. Germany is the country that gave the world Max Weber, who saw as a key marker of modernity the world’s “disenchantment”—the decline of magic, and the rise of an instrumental-scientific outlook and value system. If ultra-rationality and technocracy have often formed one side of Germany’s public image abroad, Romanticism, moody landscape painting, and suicidal poets—to say nothing of the Nazis’ occultist leanings—have formed the other. Today, German society’s secularism is often assumed, but religious life here has always been multifaceted and operated on many levels, and not all Germans have fit within long-established religious communities or been contained by traditional places of worship. Bruno Gröning’s greatest impact was felt amongst crowds that gathered around him on the grounds of an inn called the Traberhof (“horse farm”) in Rosenheim, a small town near Munich. Some called it the new Lourdes.

For Gröning, health depended first and foremost on faith in God. Born in 1906 into a large, working-class, pious Catholic family, he grew up in the Gdańsk (then Danzig) suburb of Oliva. Though he does not appear to have been conventionally religious, he nonetheless spoke as a devout believer who taught his followers that “the greatest doctor is the Lord God.” “All people were worthy of being healed, no matter their nation, race or religion,” he said. “We are all children of God and have only one father and that is God.” And yet he contrasted this ecumenical message with other statements: “Things only go well for those who are good.”

“Only a good person finds his way to himself, to the health of his body, and to God.” “I cannot help bad people.” And on another occasion: “God wants the person who has acknowledged that evil debases him to be helped.” But, he continued, “don’t come to me and tell me that you have not had a *Schweinhund* in you.”

Sickness and healing from sickness, in other words, were no more morally neutral in Germany in the 1940s and 1950s than in the time of Jesus of Nazareth. Gröning not only insisted that belief in God was fundamental to becoming well, but also that the illness of the godless was godlessness, and that those not right with God were beyond cure. (These ideas were certainly no invention of the Miracle Doctor, and they long predated the 1940s. Villagers in the interwar period in Koerle, in Hesse, one historian of medicine has shown, believed that sickness and health were the product of God’s wrath or mercy. They also got their children immunized, and so hedged their bets.)

Coming to Gröning and asking to be healed implied submitting to spiritual judgment. While searching desperately for healing, some of his supplicants also wanted to know *why* they were ill. Was illness a sign? A punishment? Did it say something about one’s life, fate, past? A master butcher from Fulda hoped Gröning would cure him of a variety of ailments. As he stood for hours waiting and reflecting on the sources of his troubles to a reporter, he wept, “I haven’t done anything to anyone.” The sense that misfortune might somehow be connected to guilt—to having done something to someone—was already in evidence in the war. Some Germans asked whether the Allied bombing campaign revealed God’s disfavor. Was Germany being punished, and if so, what for: for drifting away from God? For the persecution and murder of the Jews?

Similarly, for Gröning, evil was no mere metaphor. It lurked everywhere, a palpable and living presence in the world. Nearly 90 percent of people, he claimed, were its “prisoners.” He once ordered a tree to be cut down because he was convinced that it was occupied by Satan and therefore to blame for

the “suffering and . . . devil possession of all the sick people living nearby.” A woman who asked Gröning for help with a stomach ailment was told, “The devil is grinning out of your face. I cannot help you. Please go.” Another woman, Frau H., went to visit Gröning hoping to be cured of infertility. She returned, according to her pastor, in a state of “total spiritual and religious bewilderment,” plagued by the most “anxiety-provoking visions and seized by the belief that she was possessed by the devil.” Frau H. had been a healthy woman, her pastor wrote, “but now gave the impression of someone ready for a psychiatric clinic.”

To be sure, Gröning and his devotees were not the only ones concerned about evil after the war, and there were many ways—new ways—of thinking about it in the wake of the twin catastrophes of war and genocide. Hannah Arendt famously wrote that as death had been the defining issue of post-World War I intellectual life, evil would be the crucial question of the post-World War II era. Karl Jaspers, Arendt’s teacher and frequent interlocutor, was similarly concerned with evil. “Moral and metaphysical guilt do not cease,” he wrote. “Whoever bears them enters upon a process lasting all his life.” This is the language of stigma, which was pervasive in postwar discussions about how to reinvent politics and national identity in the wake of “events that were experienced as metaphysical evil,” as historian A. Dirk Moses writes. It was not uncommon after 1945 to refer to Nazism as *Unheil*—meaning disaster, but also suggesting the unholy, the un-whole.

Certainly, postwar intellectuals understood evil differently. They had no truck with the devil. For Arendt, it was indeed crucial to emphasize that evil belongs to us, human beings, and is in that sense never “radical”—that is, never supernatural or monstrous or inhuman in origin—and that it is comprehensible. “Evil possesses neither depth nor any demonic dimension,” she wrote to Gershom Scholem. Jaspers expressed discomfort just after 1945 with the then-commonplace idea that Hitler had been a demon. With respect

to Nazi criminality, he wrote, “I regard any hint of myth and legend with horror,” because it lent the Nazis a level of “greatness” that was wholly inappropriate, given their “total banality,” and “prosaic triviality.” Nonetheless he, too, sometimes spoke of the Nazis as devils that had fallen upon the German population, “possessing” it. Historian Friedrich Meinecke also referred to Hitler as demonic.

Of course, illness has often been—and sometimes continues to be—seen as divine punishment for sins. Dirt, ugliness, rottenness, and forms of physical imperfection, incompleteness, or unwholesomeness have been equated with evil in many societies. To ask, “Why am I ill? Or, “Why me?” is to assume that such questions can be answered, and that some entity can answer, or indeed is responsible for answering. After the war, Germans sometimes asked their pastors questions such as, “Why am I ill, when villains have it good?” To be “sick,” Gröning suggested, was to be inhabited by evil. But his talk of evil may also have hinted at the realization that everything had gone wrong, that bad things had been done, and bad things had gone unpunished. Everyone has a *Schweinhund* in him, Gröning said. *Things fall apart*.

Gröning offered ways toward spiritual healing to some, harsh judgments to others. He claimed to act as a channel for healing “through the spirit,” by encouraging a return to God—at least, for the worthy. This greatly perturbed some clergy, who found the Miracle Doctor’s message at odds with a Christian doctrine of salvation through the acknowledgment of sins. At the same time, Gröning’s talk of evil was ambiguous: what did it mean that the devil was grinning out of someone’s face? Gröning never put too fine a point on things. Like many of his contemporaries, he had been a rank-and-file member of the Nazi party, had fought at the Eastern Front. He had a past and had experienced his own share of misfortune. He served time in a POW camp, became a refugee after the war. Both his sons died very young; like many others’, his marriage had crumbled after the war.

The preoccupation some Germans had with evil after 1945 and Gröning’s enormous success point both to a powerful and lingering unease in postwar society as well as to a desire for cure, for wholeness, and perhaps, for some individuals, also for forgiveness. Gröning came to preside over a community—the huge crowds who followed him from place to place—who sought to be whole again. Their quest was bodily and spiritual, but also redemptive. They went to meet him in places from which the Miracle Doctor had banned evil, as he banned the woman from whose face the devil leered. In the gatherings around him, there was often much spontaneous singing of hymns, and people could be heard to shout “Thy kingdom come!”—linking Gröning’s appearance to the reign of Christ. “Those healed [by Gröning] and witnesses [to his spontaneous healings] . . . equate him with Christ,” wrote one supporter, himself a doctor. One woman referred to Bruno Gröning as “the good son of God.”

That his followers likened Gröning to Jesus was a consequence of many things—most obviously, a reputation for curing the sick. But like Jesus, Gröning, too, said unwelcome and disturbing things. When he talked about evil, when he said that he knew about one’s inner *Schweinhund*, he was also pointing to the evidence of defeat and humiliation, to the spreading stain of loss. If for some, the Miracle Doctor promised to usher in a new age of redemption, of divinely-authored healing, and of fixing what was broken, for others, his untimely ideas may well have seemed like an accusation.

Today, Arendt’s inquiries into the meaning and nature of evil remain particularly current. She went on to write what could be thought of as an extended treatise on the subject, *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, in which she began to come to the conclusion that evil-doing was less a problem of malevolent intentions than “an inability to *think*, namely from the standpoint of somebody else.” What Arendt now famously termed “the banality of evil” was essentially a problem of

Berliner Festspiele
Martin-Gropius-Bau

thought, a failure of imagination. Rather than having demonic intentions or killing from malicious desire, perhaps the thing we call evil, Arendt sensed, meant having no intentions at all. Simply doing what is expected, without reflection, can be evil. Without being able to think through one's actions and their consequences, scheduling trains becomes a link in a chain that culminates in mass murder.

We still debate exactly what Arendt meant by evil's banality, and what it means to us now. Gröning and the phenomenon he helped inspire have, by contrast, largely slipped out of memory. The reason for this is not obvious; after all, Padre Pio and Oral Roberts are still very much remembered, certainly in their own national contexts but even well beyond. Gröning's absence from popular memory in Germany today might be explained by the course of the faith healer's own later life. In the early 1950s, Gröning began to be investigated by prosecutors in Bavaria. This culminated ultimately in his being tried for manslaughter; he had allegedly told a young follower with tuberculosis to stop going to the doctor, and she had died. But in 1959, even before the legal proceedings against him were decisively concluded, Gröning himself died.

By then, West Germany had changed—dramatically so—and that is perhaps equally important. In the late 1950s, the economic miracle was in full swing. Society had stabilized; there was hope for the future. People had begun to believe that positive change could last, and the despair that often hung in the air in the early postwar years yielded to greater security, greater optimism. The hard and painful questions that Gröning and his followers had so obliquely yet indelibly raised perhaps no longer seemed as pressing. Maybe, too, those questions—about guilt and innocence, right and wrong, good and evil, sickness and health—now seemed especially shameful. Shameful not only because they pointed to the stigma of loss, to the pain of the past, to grief and destruction, but also because those who posed those uncomfortable questions—Gröning and his adherents—were not deemed credible in a society that was reconceiving itself once again, and for which mysticism of whatever strain seemed especially embarrassing. Or it might also be, that on the cusp of the 1960s, with the memory of the war fading like a bad dream, West Germans just no longer felt punished. □



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10 September 2014 – 4 January 2015

The Vikings

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Mamma Roma, Pier Paolo Pasolini,
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11 September 2014 – 5 January 2015

Pasolini Roma



W. Krichik: Experimentell-methodische
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THE HOLBROOKE FORUM

The second meeting of the Richard C. Holbrooke Forum working group will convene at the Hans Arnhold Center from December 18–21 to discuss “peace and justice,” led by co-chairs Harold Hongju Koh, of Yale Law School, and Michael Ignatieff, of Harvard Kennedy School. The group will address the sequencing of peace and justice in post-conflict situations, including in the Balkans, Libya, Rwanda, Syria, and Sierra Leone, and how the International Criminal Court’s looming decision about a “crimes of aggression” statute might affect the calculus of peace and justice. The following two articles, by Harold Hongju Koh and workshop participant Louise Arbour, the former UN High Commissioner for Human Rights, assess the overlapping demands of freedom, peace, and justice in international law.

The Law of Kosovo

by Harold Hongju Koh

RICHARD HOLBROOKE’S distinctive contribution was to align three potent tools—diplomacy, force, and law—to achieve durable political results. Force and the threat of force brought the Bosnian protagonists to Dayton in 1995 to an historic diplomatic negotiation that Holbrooke led. At Dayton, he ingeniously marshaled all elements of American power to secure an agreement: a constitutional settlement with the force of law that has now endured for two decades.

Today, we live in a very different world. For America and Europe, the task of aligning force, law and diplomacy to forge stable political solutions has become far more challenging. In today’s world, how relevant is the “Holbrooke Formula” of using force, combined with diplomacy, to generate law? To answer that question, the

American Academy in Berlin convened the Holbrooke Forum, a novel gathering of thinkers, scholars, diplomats, and former government officials. The Forum comprised an intense three-day discussion of international statecraft and law that is scheduled to repeat every summer and winter. Michael Ignatieff and I agreed to serve as Forum co-moderators, and the first session, on “Statecraft and Responsibility,” was held with great success in June 2014. At the second session, in December 2014, we will grapple with the issue of “Peace and Justice.” To international lawyers and diplomats, what exactly does that topic connote?

LET ME ILLUSTRATE by taking two moments in the stormy life of the tiny state of Kosovo: NATO humanitarian intervention in 1999 and Kosovo’s Declaration of Independence in 2008. In 1999, NATO famously took military action in Kosovo without express Security Council authorization, in a watershed exercise of the collective use of humanitarian force to prevent humanitarian slaughter. Some of those who argued that NATO should intervene to prevent humanitarian slaughter in Kosovo nevertheless concluded that such intervention should be treated as “illegal but legitimate.” At the time of the Kosovo intervention, Richard Holbrooke was

US Ambassador to the United Nations, and I was US Assistant Secretary of State for Democracy, Human Rights and Labor. At the inaugural June 2014 Holbrooke Forum session, the participants struggled over the question of whether humanitarian intervention in Kosovo was legal, legitimate, or both. We tried to relate the Kosovo precedent to the ongoing agony of Syria, and the participants were divided on the question of legality.

Some participants thought—as a matter of international law—that humanitarian intervention is simply barred by the prohibition of the threat or use of force in Article 2(4) of the UN Charter, a provision designed to ensure non-intervention and protect sovereignty. But in my view—and in Holbrooke's, too—this view is overly simplistic. Such an absolutist position amounts to saying that international law has not progressed since Kosovo. It takes a crucial fact that marks the Syrian situation—Russia's persistent, cynical veto—as an absolute bar to lawful action, not as a sign of a systemic dysfunction that bars the UN from achieving its stated goals in Syria: protection of human rights, preservation of peace and security, and a proscription against the deliberate use of banned weapons. A “per se illegal” rule would overlook many other pressing facts of great concern to international law that distinguish Syria from past cases: the catastrophic humanitarian situation; the likelihood of future atrocities; the grievous nature of already-committed atrocities that amount to crimes against humanity and grave breaches of the Geneva Conventions; the documented deliberate and indiscriminate use of chemical weapons against civilians in a way that threatens a century-old ban; and the growing likelihood of regional insecurity.

On reflection, a “per se illegal” rule barring intervention is plainly overbroad. If no self-defense considerations arose, such a rule would permanently disable any external collective action, for example, to protect the population of any UN permanent member state from genocide. By treating the veto

alone as dispositive, the *per se* position denies any nation, no matter how well-meaning, any lawful way to use even limited and multilateral force to prevent Bashar al-Assad from intentionally gassing a million Syrian children tomorrow. In the name of fidelity to the UN and this rigid conception of international law, leaders would either have to accept civilian slaughter or break the law, because international law offers no lawful alternative to prevent the slaughter. The question not asked is whether preventing that slaughter would further the purposes of international law and the UN system far more than a rigid reading of Article 2(4) that privileges one systemic value—territorial sovereignty—over all others.

THE CUSTOMARY INTERNATIONAL LAW

concept of humanitarian intervention has a historical pedigree that dates back to Grotius and the seventeenth century. Since the birth of the UN Charter, examples of state practice that illustrate humanitarian intervention in action include India's incursion into East Pakistan to help create Bangladesh in 1971, and Tanzania's intervention into Uganda to help oust Idi Amin in 1978–79. Chapter I of the UN Charter states “Purposes and Principles” that guide the United Nations, including: “To maintain international peace and security . . . promoting and encouraging respect for human rights” and, quoting the Charter's preamble, “to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war,” including, presumably, by stopping renewed use of chemical weapons. Read in context, the Charter's bar on national uses of force should be understood not as the end in itself, but a means for promoting the UN's broader purposes.

Article 2(4) states that “all Members shall refrain in their international relations from the threat or use of force against the territorial integrity or political independence of any state, or in any other manner inconsistent with the Purposes of the United Nations.” The use of the word “other” leaves open whether Article 2(4) would permit a threat or use of force against the

territorial integrity of a state, in a case where that threat or action was critical or essential to effectuate the UN's broader purposes. As Article 51 makes clear, Article 2(4)'s ban is not categorical: the Charter expressly accepts one customary international law exception permitting use of force against another state for purposes of individual and collective self-defense. So does the Charter accept another exception that permits the threat or use of force against another state when a persistent Security Council deadlock obstructs the UN's capacity to achieve its stated humanitarian, anti-war purposes?

During Kosovo, I thought that the US should argue—as the British, for example, subsequently concluded—that humanitarian intervention is lawful “so long as the proposed use of process is necessary and proportionate to the [humanitarian] aim and is strictly limited in time and scope to this aim.” Indeed, some 18 other NATO members implicitly accepted the legality of some form of humanitarian intervention without UN Security Council approval. In August 2013, the British Attorney General recast that legal analysis to argue again that humanitarian intervention in Syria without Security Council resolution could be lawful under international law. But almost immediately, as a policy matter, the UK Parliament voted not to proceed. After Kosovo, Secretary-General Kofi Annan captured the UN's ambiguity about a narrowly tailored form of humanitarian intervention in situations of great extremis by issuing a statement that recognized occasions when force might be necessary, while also referring to the importance of Security Council authorization. This catalyzed the international legal movement to explore whether there is an international Responsibility to Protect (R2P).

The R2P movement shifted the legal debate from the statist claim that individual nations have an amorphous, discretionary “right of humanitarian intervention” to the collective notion that the international community has a duty or “responsibility to protect” a nation's citizens when the national government has undeniably forfeited

that responsibility. Under R2P reasoning, a national government's failure to protect its own citizens from gross abuses creates a vacuum of protection that other entities may lawfully fill. But which entities?

At the 2005 World Summit, member states declared that "we are prepared to take collective action . . . through the Security Council . . . on a case-by-case basis . . . should peaceful means be inadequate and national authorities are manifestly failing to protect their populations from genocide, war crimes, ethnic cleansing and crimes against humanity." In 2006, the Security Council reaffirmed that conclusion in its Resolution 1674 on the protection of civilians in armed conflict. And in 2011 the Security Council "[r]eiterated the responsibility of the Libyan authorities to protect the Libyan population" by voting, with Russia abstaining, for all necessary measures to ensure the protection of Libyan civilians.

Left unanswered in this legal evolution was what should happen if—as in Syria—both the national government and the Security Council fail to fulfill their responsibility to protect? While the UN Charter obviously gives the Security Council first responsibility to act, when a state uses chemical weapons to kill its own civilians, does Article 2(4) make that an exclusive responsibility? Or if the Council repeatedly fails to fill the vacuum of protection by discharging that responsibility, could a group of states with genuinely humanitarian motives act collectively and lawfully for the sole purpose of protecting civilians? Anticipating this question, the International Commission on Intervention and State Sovereignty—on which Michael Ignatieff sat—argued 12 years ago that, "if the Security Council fails to discharge its responsibilities in conscience-shocking situations crying out for action, then it is unrealistic to expect that concerned states will rule out other means and forms of action to meet the gravity and urgency of these situations."

IN SOME WAYS, Syria presented—and still presents—an even more urgent case for humanitarian intervention than Kosovo. Assad plainly attacked innocent civilians with chemical weapons, and there are credible reports from the Organization for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons and the US and allied intelligence that the Assad regime could have carried out such attacks. Whether or not chemical weapons are still being used, there can be little doubt that large-scale deliberate attacks on Syrian civilians continue. In response, I believe that a group of nations could fill the vacuum of protection without invoking either a "legal right of humanitarian intervention" or even a legal claim of R2P, in the sense of an international legal duty to intervene. What these states would claim instead is an *ex post* exemption from legal wrongfulness. The International Law Commission's Articles on State Responsibility recognized that extreme circumstances such as distress and necessity would preclude claims of international wrongfulness against an acting state, and permit certain forms of countermeasures to stop illegal acts by others. Whether the action would ultimately be judged internationally lawful would then depend critically on what happened next: particularly if the Security Council condoned the action after the fact.

In Kosovo, by comparison, NATO took action, and the Russians offered a UN Security Council resolution of disapproval. Yet 12 of 15 Council members voted to reject it, including many non-NATO members, effectively agreeing that the NATO intervention could continue. In Resolution 1244, the Security Council later approved the Kosovo settlement, effectively ratifying the NATO action under international law. By analogy, in domestic law, onlookers generally have no legal responsibility to act as Good Samaritans, but when they act prudently the law generally excuses them from wrongfulness. I believe that Kosovo stands for a similar principle: that under certain highly constrained circumstances, a nation could lawfully use or threaten force for genuinely humanitarian purposes,

even absent authorization by a UN Security Council resolution. Under this view, had the United States led a humanitarian intervention in Syria in 2013, it would not have been in flagrant breach of international law, but rather, in a legal gray zone. The US and its allies could have treated Syria as a lawmaking moment to crystallize a limited concept of humanitarian intervention, capable of breaking a veto stranglehold in extreme circumstances, such as to prevent the deliberate use of forbidden weapons to kill civilians.

THE 2014 UKRAINE CRISIS raised a second question challenging the Kosovo precedent. On July 22, 2010, the International Court of Justice (ICJ) in The Hague ruled by a vote of 10–4 that the February 2008 Declaration of Independence announced by the Provisional Institutions of Self-Government of Kosovo was "in accordance with international law." For me, and I know for Richard Holbrooke, that was a particularly gratifying moment. At the time, Holbrooke was President Obama's Special Representative for Afghanistan and Pakistan. Now serving as legal adviser to the State Department in the Obama administration, I had argued on behalf of the United States to the ICJ in the Kosovo case. It is not often that as a government lawyer, you have the opportunity to argue for the legality of work that you did as a policymaker. And so it was with surprise that a year later, I learned that my Kosovo presentation was being quoted on the Kremlin website—by the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and by President Putin himself—to claim that Crimea's 2014 "Declaration of Independence" must also be lawful.

Deceptively, President Putin relied on an introductory quote from my oral observations, pointedly omitting a key distinction that I drew only moments later. I opened my argument by saying: "... international law does not regulate every human event, and . . . an important measure of human liberty is the freedom of a people to conduct their own affairs. In many cases, including Kosovo's, the terms of a declaration of independence can mark a new nation's

fundamental respect for international law." But soon thereafter, I gave this explicit caveat: "We do not deny that international law may regulate particular declarations of independence, if they are conjoined with illegal uses of force or violate other peremptory norms. . . ." My oral observations noted three key factual circumstances that made Kosovo's Declaration distinctive: "That Declaration was the product of not one, but three overlapping historical processes, which did not preordain Kosovo's Declaration but do help to explain it—the disintegration of Yugoslavia; the human rights crisis within Kosovo; [and] the United Nations response."

None of these three elements was present in Crimea. First, Kosovo was the last of several states to secede from the former Federal Republic of Yugoslavia and confirmed the disintegration of that nation. By contrast, before Crimea's declaration, Ukraine was a stable territory undergoing a change in government, whose territorial stability was challenged only after Russia's purposeful interference and use of force.

Second, the people of Kosovo declared independence only after suffering through years of bloody repression and crimes against humanity by the Serbian Government. Russia could point to no parallel human rights crisis in Crimea.

Third, Kosovo did not declare independence prematurely, but only after an exhaustive process within the UN system, which ended up reaching the conclusion that Kosovo's independence was the last resort, and the only practical outcome going forward. Again, no similar process transpired in Ukraine. Crimea's declaration of independence and incorporation into Russia occurred almost overnight, and was not the last available option reached after a lengthy attempt to find a negotiated solution with Ukraine. While Kosovo was protected by a complex legal regime established under UN Security Council Resolution 1244, Crimea was illegally entered and occupied by Russian forces, which led almost

immediately to Crimea's annexation into Russia. Crimean independence did not follow effective exhaustion of political remedies within the United Nations or any other intergovernmental organization. To the contrary, in Crimea, the UN General Assembly passed a resolution calling on all parties to desist from any actions that would affect the territorial integrity of Ukraine or change Crimea's status.

To international lawyers, these factual differences make all the difference. To me, the best reading of the ICJ's Kosovo Opinion is as creating a high threshold for a Declaration of Independence to be deemed internationally lawful. The 2008 Kosovo Declaration of Independence cleared a high bar that Crimea's 2014 declaration came nowhere close to meeting. Kosovo established an international legal precedent, but one whose factual pedigree few other declarations of independence can match. This is another issue on which I think the Kosovo precedent should stand for "lawful and legitimate." For in its Kosovo Advisory Opinion, the ICJ simply did not fix what was not broken, and thus it satisfied the first test of legitimacy for any difficult decision: namely, "first, do no harm."

Like Dayton, the two legal faces of Kosovo illustrate the Holbrooke Formula in action: prudently combining force with diplomacy to generate law. NATO bombings in Kosovo brought the warring factions to the table to forge a zone of political autonomy for Kosovo. Over time, with UN, American, and European support, that autonomy ripened into independence. While international law has yet to fully recognize the legality of the collective use of humanitarian force that made Kosovo's independence possible, an international court has now blessed Kosovo's Declaration of Independence as internationally lawful. Force, diplomacy, and law brought peace to a troubled Kosovo, and with it, an important measure of international justice. □

Freedom, Peace, and Justice

by Louise Arbour

"Whereas recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world."

"Whereas it is essential, if man is not to be compelled to have recourse, as a last resort, to rebellion against tyranny and oppression, that human rights should be protected by the rule of law."

—Preamble to the Declaration of Human Rights (1948)

WARS HAVE BEEN FOUGHT in the pursuit of freedom; peace disrupted by the pursuit of justice. The linkage between the respect for human rights and peace, justice, and prosperity is explicit in the Preamble Universal Declaration of Human Rights (UDHR).

The Declaration, however, remains largely aspirational. Its commitments are hostage to the competing principle of state sovereignty—which places on states, almost exclusively, the responsibility for the wellbeing of their citizens—and to the weak institutional structures that are designed to promote and protect human rights at regional and international levels.

In what follows, I would like to examine how three modern doctrines—international criminal justice, the responsibility to protect, and the rule of law—have contributed to the advancement of peace, and how to make it more likely that they might do so in the future.

International Criminal Justice

The first effort at using personal criminal responsibility for war crimes, crimes against humanity, and genocide after the Nuremberg Trials—the establishment of the Tribunals for such crimes perpetrated in the former Yugoslavia and Rwanda—was an initiative of the United Nations Security Council. That made it, theoretically, an exercise in the pursuit of peace. The Security Council's jurisdiction came from its exclusive power as the world's guardian of international peace and security. That the initiative came from a quintessentially political body may explain why, right at the outset, this imaginative justice initiative was seen as a political tool at the service of, if not subservient to, the objective of securing peace.

It was, of course, depicted by those it targeted as a means to pursue political interests less noble than peace, and they routinely denounced it as selective and biased. But even for its proponents, the basic assumption was that in emphasizing personal guilt rather than collective responsibility, it would serve to prevent large-scale vengeance and retaliation, and contribute to national reconciliation. That it would serve as deterrence, as criminal prosecutions are always claimed to do, was also assumed. Twenty years later it behooves us to question what evidence supports these assumptions.

The Rome Statute that created the International Criminal Court (icc) in 1998 repeated this link between peace and justice. The Court was set up in fact to redress the lack of universality that tainted the ad hoc tribunals for the former Yugoslavia and for Rwanda and subsequent initiatives in Sierra Leone and Cambodia. The objective of creating a court by treaty was to eventually enlist the voluntary adherence of all UN member states and thus counter the claims of selectivity and coercion.

Like its predecessors, the icc was anchored in the ideal of advancing peace. Indeed the preamble of the Rome Statute states that “such grave

crimes threaten the peace, security, and wellbeing of the world.” While the statute champions accountability, much of its language assumes that justice is—or should be—an instrument of peace. It asserts that peace and justice are equally desirable objectives, with the added assumption that they are mutually reinforcing.

But the past two decades have shown that this is often not the case. Peace is unlikely to be sustainable over time without justice. But in the short term, the initiation and unfolding of criminal prosecutions can complicate if not impede peace processes.

The skepticism over the contribution that criminal justice can make to peace was expressed very forcefully in a February 2014 opinion piece by former South African President Thabo Mbeki and Professor Mahmood Mamdani in the *International New York Times*. The title says it all: “Courts Can’t End Civil Wars.” One would be tempted to retort that they were never meant to. But that would be to suggest the whole thesis could be dismissed easily. It cannot.

This is not the familiar rant against accountability institutions by those who may have good reasons to fear accountability. Rather, it poses the question that many champions of international criminal justice refuse to tackle head on: are criminal trials an adequate response to politically driven mass violence? Mbeki and Mamdani assert, “Mass violence is more a political than a criminal matter. Unlike criminal violence, political violence has a constituency and is driven by issues, not just perpetrators.” Arguing for a model that recognizes that all survivors—victims and perpetrators alike—will have to live together in peace, Mbeki and Mamdani state: “There is a time and a place for courts, as in Germany after Nazism, but it is not in the midst of conflicts or a nonfunctioning political system. Courts are ill-suited to inaugurating a new political order after civil wars; they can only come into the picture after such a new order is already in place.”

This is not new. It calls for the familiar sequencing of peace and

justice initiatives, whereby justice is not abandoned altogether but rather substantially delayed, as has been the case in many Latin American countries. I find more troubling the following observation by Mbeki and Mamdani: “In civil wars, no one is wholly innocent and no one wholly guilty. . . . Victims and perpetrators often trade places, and each side has a narrative of violence.” Instead of pursuing criminal trials that define and to some extent fix the identities of victims and perpetrators, the authors call for “a political process where all citizens—yesterday’s victims, perpetrators, and bystanders—may face one another as today’s survivors,” as they claim was done not only in South Africa but also in Uganda and Mozambique.

I confess that I find this model difficult to envisage in a postconflict environment, like that of Rwanda in the immediate aftermath of the genocide. Yet Rwanda today is leading in the pushback against the icc. In the end it is not persuasive to collapse means and ends, political objectives, and criminal methods. It amounts to a total repudiation of the Geneva Conventions governing the conduct of war. And as much as many claim that these conventions are outdated, the core assumption that civilians are “wholly innocent” and therefore improperly targeted, should not be so easily abandoned.

This is a much more serious challenge to the future of international criminal justice, indeed of national war crimes prosecutions as well, than the current spat between the African Union and the icc. In essence, Mbeki and Mamdani are calling for a rejection of the entire enterprise, or at least its postponement probably for decades.

Of course, there are contrary arguments: the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia (icty) was created while the war was still raging in Bosnia; it was not designed to stop the conflict—nothing else had succeeded in doing so at that point—but was launched in the hope of reducing the atrocities associated with the conflict and, eventually, distancing

the perpetrators' communities from the collective responsibility that might otherwise be visited on them by those seeking revenge. And for what it's worth as a precedent, Slobodan Milošević surrendered in the Kosovo war just a few days after having been indicted as a war criminal by the Tribunal.

I believe we are at a crossroads. There are essentially two ways forward. One is to segregate as much as possible the juridical from the political, which I have long advocated but which I believe is not on the immediate horizon. The other is to muddle along with the status quo, which will require yielding more to the political imperatives of peace, at least in the short term, than the justice advocates of the last few decades have wanted to concede.

This doesn't make for tidy advocacy, of course; and it's not a message many in the human rights community like to hear. But to pretend otherwise—to pretend there is no tension between peace and justice and that "we deserve both" without explaining how—is unhelpful and, given the increasing challenges to both the institution and, now, the concept itself, it could prove devastating.

Better would be to recognize this increasing tension and, for now, design a framework for navigating the risks in each individual case that accommodates, as best possible, the goals of both peace and justice. The Rome Statute—like many of our other instruments of international justice—offers little clarity on how we should do that. This is hardly surprising given its implicit assumption that the goals are inherently mutually reinforcing.

The current peace talks taking place in Havana between the government of Colombia and the FARC rebels offer a real opportunity for addressing these issues constructively. These talks present a serious chance for peace in a country plagued by sixty years of ferocious conflict. And yet the peace talks today are constrained by legal developments internationally (as Colombia is a party to the Rome Statute) and domestically (as much of

the same requirements are written into Colombian legislation). These preclude blanket amnesties (or, to use President Mbeki's language, "yesterday's victims, perpetrators, and bystanders all facing one another today as survivors.")

There is a point of convergence in Colombia between peace and justice. But it can only be reached if there is an agreement to compromise and maximize the attainment of both. Proponents of a peace deal at all costs must concede that it would not be viable, not probably even upheld by the courts, unless it contained acceptable measures of accountability for the many atrocities perpetrated by actors on all sides of the conflict.

In turn, rather than insist that all perpetrators be prosecuted—an unrealistic prospect in any event and a demand that would almost certainly result in either the FARC opting out of the talks or the military top brass blocking them—justice advocates must support an approach that would focus on those most responsible for the most serious crimes. Even there, considering that some of them might be able to hold the peace process hostage to their personal interest, there must be incentives for them to come forward. Without compromising the core integrity of justice, this could include lenient treatment in exchange for disclosing facts, expressing remorse, and making some form of restitution.

Reasonable as this may sound, it is not easy to put in place. Not all seem to share my deeply held view that all good things—truth, justice, even peace itself—can be pursued with too much zeal and obtained at too high a price. But compromise should not be confused with unjustified political interference into judicial processes, of which there are several unfortunate examples.

The most recent disturbing example of this is the decision by the Assembly of State Parties (ASP) to the Rome Statute to amend the "Rules of Procedure and Evidence" of the ICC to allow the judges to excuse "persons mandated to fulfill extraordinary public duties at the highest national level" from the requirement of presence

during their trial. This amendment came as a result of intense lobbying from several African heads of state in support of Uhuru Kenyatta and William Ruto, elected respectively president and vice president of Kenya after having been indicted by the ICC for international crimes related to the post-2007 election violence. The indicted Kenyan officials argued that the fact of their having joined political forces and winning the elections testified to a desire by the people of Kenya for "reconciliation"—implying that they faced a choice between that and retribution—and that their continued presence at the helm of the government was required, particularly in light of the abiding external threats to domestic peace.

While the amendment served to diffuse, if not merely delay, the confrontation between the Court and some states parties to the Statute, the special treatment it provides for persons in authority reintroduces the very elements of selectivity that the Court was designed to reject. Worse still, it provides for a preferential treatment for those who are invariably the primary targets of a court that only has jurisdiction when national courts are unwilling or unable to act and must therefore focus on those most powerful and responsible for the most serious crimes.

The two UN Security Council referrals to the ICC—Darfur in 2005 and Libya in 2011—reflect once again political considerations that taint the justice process. For Libya's referral, the relevant Security Council Resolution (#1973) exempts from the reach of the ICC nationals of states not party to the Rome Statute, except, obviously, Libyans. This explicitly self-serving exception made by a body of which three of its five permanent members (China, Russia, and the US) are not party to the treaty in question and one (the US) was active in the Libyan conflict, is a flagrant repudiation of the Rule of Law, premised as it is on equality before the law.

This triumph of political weight could perhaps be overlooked if the

justice dividends were overwhelming. But we're far from that. With the ICC receiving no additional support—financial, political, or operational—even in cases that are brought into its jurisdiction by the might of the Security Council, I believe that, in the end, such politically tainted referrals do more harm than good.

Expected to expand the reach of accountability, they, in fact, undermine it. It is one thing to explain why the ICC is inactive in Syria. Syria is not a party to the Rome treaty. But it is then difficult to explain why the Court is engaged in Darfur and Libya, while neither Libya nor Sudan is party to that treaty. The answer lies in Security Council politics, not in any principled application of sound legal principles. Worse still, nominally empowered by the Security Council, the Court is then left exposed to the obvious observation that it is impotent to deliver on its threat of accountability.

Under the current institutional model of international criminal justice, this intermingling of judicial and political considerations is perhaps inevitable, but I believe in the long term it is unhelpful to both.

Many have called for accountability for atrocities perpetrated in Syria and in South Sudan, to take two very current examples. Since neither is a signatory to the Rome Statute, however, the jurisdiction of the ICC could only be activated by the Security Council. The political paralysis in the Security Council may in fact be a relief to those seeking a political solution to the conflicts—in Syria because accountability would undoubtedly complicate the search for an already elusive deal; in South Sudan because it could prove a red flag before the bulls who were so recently on the attack against the ICC.

In both cases the arguments advanced by President Mbeki may prevail. Until the creation of the ICC these arguments had in fact for the most part prevailed, if only by default. Very few countries had launched criminal prosecutions for mass atrocities committed on their territory at times of conflict, and even fewer without

international assistance. Only time will tell whether true, sustainable, national reconciliation is more achievable when “survivors”—victims, perpetrators and bystanders alike—are left to move forward without any reckoning for the past, than when criminal prosecutions are used to stamp political violence as criminal. A very different path was taken in Rwanda than in South Africa for instance. It's too early to tell whether either society is truly reconciled.

Peace is not the only interest that is currently putting international criminal justice under attack. In parallel to the emergence of the ICC, several states, predominantly Spain and Belgium, have acted under the principle of universal jurisdiction for international crimes to assert their jurisdiction over foreign nationals for crimes committed outside their territory. Belgium retreated considerably some years ago, and Spain is now also in the process of doing so, ostensibly under pressure from China (after a Spanish magistrate issued international arrest warrants against Chinese former president Jiang Zemin and former Prime Minister Li Peng on matters related to Tibet). This followed similar initiatives against other high-profile foreigners, most notably, charges against Augusto Pinochet, which had legal ramifications in the UK and eventually in Chile.

It is not only economic consequences that are persuading Spanish lawmakers to back off. Diplomatic and political complications more broadly are fuelling the pushback. So the resistance to the entire accountability enterprise launched some twenty years ago is at an all-time high.

The Responsibility to Protect

The Responsibility to Protect (R2P) is another recent articulation of human rights and humanitarian imperatives in the face of impending mass atrocities. Embraced by the United Nations General Assembly in 2005, the doctrine was first articulated by the International Commission on

Intervention and State Sovereignty, which itself had been launched as a response to the NATO-led intervention in Kosovo in 1999, which was conducted without Security Council approval.

This history is important to understand the utility of the doctrine and, to some extent, its current shortcomings. It asserts that states have a responsibility to protect people under their jurisdiction from genocide, war crimes, and crimes against humanity, and if a state proves unwilling or unable to discharge that duty, responsibility shifts to the international community.

R2P envisages the use of force to prevent atrocities only as a last measure, to be used when all others fail, and then only with Security Council backing. But in reality the controversy around R2P has focused mostly on the use of force.

Few object in principle to the idea of preventing mass atrocities through development, diplomacy, advocacy, mediation, capacity building and the like. But many such initiatives cannot really be characterized as efforts in preventing atrocities. In fact to do so could be counterproductive: even the weakest and most vulnerable state will resist early assistance extended under the label “prevention of genocide.” It's readily apparent, too, that for all the rhetoric about “early warning,” the earlier the warning, the higher the wall of state sovereignty (and the quicker such a wall will be erected). In turn, the weaker the state and the more imminent the danger to civilians, the easier—still not easy, but easier—it is to make external intervention possible.

This is the sharp end of R2P: how and when to mobilize support for military action to prevent atrocities. The crises in Libya and Syria have amply demonstrated the crucible of the doctrine and its limits.

The doctrine was instrumentalized by NATO in Libya as an act of war to effect a change of regime. NATO used its Security Council mandate to protect civilians to oust Muammar Qadhafi, leading to outcries that a humanitarian doctrine was used essentially for political ends. While it is difficult to contemplate how Libyan civilians

could have been protected from their murderous leader without his removal from office, the fact that his demise was not explicitly part of the request for the Security Council mandate gives some plausibility to the claim of deception and has aggravated the suspicion in many parts of the world that the West cannot be trusted with such doctrines. R2P, moreover, has also been of little help in coming to the rescue of the more than 100,000 civilians since killed in Syria.

One problem here, less acute than in the case of international criminal justice, is that R2P operates again in the gray zone between law and politics. The doctrine, to an extent, overlaps with the requirement to prevent genocide, a legal norm explicit in the widely ratified 1948 Genocide Convention and reflecting customary international law binding on all states. The reluctance of some to use the term genocide during the unfolding slaughter in Rwanda, the controversy about its use in Darfur, and now the occasional emergence of the term in the contexts of Syria and the Central African Republic, may reflect an understanding not only that genocide is the ultimate crime but that the obligation to prevent is real, even possibly justifiable.

Not so, at least not yet so, in the case of the other mass atrocities contemplated by R2P; hence the dilution of the responsibility to a mere political one, however morally compelling it is in the eyes of many. Not only that, it is a political responsibility that invariably is assigned only to the offending state. It is not coincidence, I suggest, that in its resolutions on Libya, the Security Council only spoke of Libya's responsibility to protect its people. Although the 2005 General Assembly was clear that this responsibility fell to other states *in extremis*, that was not explicitly embraced by NATO and its backers. In short, we are left adrift between a legal obligation that often will not speak its name, and a political one that obeys different imperatives.

The ostensible irrelevance of R2P in the face of the massive civilian casualties in Syria may not be fatal to the concept. Some could even argue that

the doctrine still works, even there. It calls, after all, for the application of a proportionality test before launching a military intervention. Applied to Syria, this test would recognize that the many arguments against military strikes might lead to the conclusion that the external use of force could serve to escalate rather than mitigate the conflict and therefore do more harm than good.

Surprisingly perhaps, the strong call for humanitarian access in Syria is not advocated as an R2P imperative. Hard as humanitarian access is to achieve through Security Council engagement, the chances of success of that effort would probably not be enhanced today by reliance on the doctrine. In short, for now, R2P, like justice, is on the defensive.

Where Does This Leave Us?

Quite apart from the numerous rationales advanced in their support, international criminal justice and R2P share a common root in Article 1 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights: "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act toward one another in a spirit of brotherhood." It is, I believe, that "spirit of brotherhood" that calls for the protection of victims of mass atrocities, ideally in a preventive way, but ultimately through accountability and redress. It might be wise to distance these doctrines, which are grounded in human rights, from international politics and further anchor their roots in law. For instance, in the case of R2P, an additional protocol to the Genocide Convention to include crimes against humanity could potentially be a game changer.

Not that this provides any guarantee of their implementation. But it should alleviate their erosion from political processes that were never designed to implement fundamental individual rights. The one body that purports to have this function, the United Nations Human Rights Council,

is structurally just as unsuited as the Security Council to advance legal norms segregated from political considerations, and has more than amply demonstrated its inability to overcome that flaw. It is a body of states, where state interests are traded. To expect anything else of it is simply unrealistic.

The Security Council, the pre-eminent institutional forum in cases of deadly conflicts, was mandated neither to champion fundamental human rights nor to be guided by the spirit of brotherhood evoked earlier. The veto of the five permanent members was explicitly given to them so that they could protect their national interests, not so that they could advance any kind of international public interest. Recent commentary suggesting otherwise has great moral appeal but, again, is not grounded in either political realities or institutional history. And the current pressure to reform the Council by increasing its membership is unlikely to affect that.

The Rule of Law

Let me turn to the doctrine I believe holds the most promise for conflict prevention: the Rule of Law. At this point both greater doctrinal clarity and institutional capacity in the UN system would be required for the Rule of Law to deliver on its promise. Promotion of the Rule of Law has become the new mantra in international affairs, both in development projects and in the prevention of conflicts. But what is contemplated is often an impoverished version of the Rule of Law, used as a substitute for law enforcement, which in turn can easily be manipulated to strengthen the repressive capacity of the state.

Properly understood, the Rule of Law carries a much more ambitious agenda. To understand it one must first understand the role of law in free, democratic and peaceful societies. One could conceive of the law as merely the instrument for the orderly exercise of power. Even in that limited sense it can have some virtues: it is explicit, predictable, capable of compliance,

and so on. One step above that, one may view the law as the neutral regulator of social conduct: everyone is subjected to the law; treatment in the application of the law (even if not necessarily in its content) is equal. These facts bring a measure of fairness into the regulation of human affairs, and remove some arbitrariness.

Understood this way—that is, mostly in procedural terms—the Rule of Law is nothing more than rule *by* law. As such it requires that laws be properly enacted, in a nonarbitrary way, and that they be governed by a series of rules, some constitutional, some administrative, that validate the legal process. Laws must be public, nonretroactive, intelligible; they must adhere to the principle that no one is above the law, and must be of general application. There are disputes as to some procedural requirements but, broadly speaking, they are designed to ensure the primacy of law over force or human arbitrariness.

But both these views fail to embrace the full capacity of the Rule of Law, beyond its formal and procedural advantages over unruliness and arbitrariness. Utilized to its full capacity, the Rule of Law regulates conduct in a way that maximizes individual liberty. This may be seen as a paradox, as laws are often perceived as restricting freedom, particularly in legal systems that rest on the assumption that everything is permitted unless it's prohibited by law.

But if content is inserted into the Rule of Law, the paradox disappears. This understanding of the role of law in society was first expressed by the French cleric and philosopher Jean-Baptiste Henri Lacordaire, who said, "Between the strong and the weak, between the rich and the poor, between the master and the slave, it is freedom that oppresses, and the law that sets free." In other words, the role of law in a free and democratic society is to liberate, not to restrain.

This requires inserting content into the Rule of Law: people should be governed by just laws, justly enacted and justly enforced. This required content is reflected in international human

rights instruments, conventions that most states have ratified and should be implementing in any event.

I don't want to suggest that we could dispense with law enforcement institutions, or even with the use of overwhelming force, in some circumstances, in the enforcement of the law. But for the most part, demonstrably just laws have a better chance of generating voluntary compliance by a large segment of the population, freeing capacity to address deviance in proper ways. At the other extreme, profoundly unjust laws are either barely enforceable (so great is the scale of noncompliance) or else have to be enforced by increasingly drastic measures, thereby, in time, aggravating the disrespect that they attract and forcing escalation in repression.

In a democracy, laws designed to maximize greater freedom for all require special treatment for the most vulnerable. It cannot be assumed that their interests will be properly reflected in majority-rule governments. In a system that fully embraces the substantive Rule of Law, legal protection will typically then be extended to vulnerable minorities through the courts, particularly if the political system is not sufficiently inclusive to ensure their protection through the legislatures. The Rule of Law therefore engages all branches of governance, not just the executive (too often the center of power to whom the legislatures may be subservient) or the legislatures (who may express the tyranny of the majority). In other words, a state cannot claim to be operating under the Rule of Law merely because it has a strong and competent security and law enforcement sector if the laws themselves discriminate and oppress and if there is no redress from unjust laws, or from laws unjustly applied.

Despite the growing interest in the promotion of the Rule of Law internationally, legal theory is not about to replace interstate politics, and the sacred principle of state sovereignty will make difficult the promotion of a substantive vision of the Rule of Law. Yet a richer understanding of it would go a long way toward preventing conflicts by focusing,

as it should do, on justice and equality rather than on repression. It would make the Rule of Law a more effective conflict prevention tool.

Putting in place just, nondiscriminatory laws, and enforcing them, are among the most important of long-term conflict prevention measures. Such laws would prevent the emergence of the unresolved grievances often at the heart of conflict—or at least facilitate their peaceful resolution. This is again a tall agenda where law intersects with politics. The Rule of Law may serve to set people free, but in doing so it must constrain power, and those with power are usually, and not surprisingly, reluctant to see it curtailed.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights asserts that the foundation of freedom, peace, and justice lies in the recognition of the inherent dignity and equal rights of all members of the human family, and that those rights must be protected under the Rule of Law.

The international human rights agenda has been under siege for some time, ironically often in the name of human rights values such as cultural identity and religious freedom. When human rights violations become cause and effect of deadly conflict anywhere, they mortgage our conscience, if not our security. In the rush to provide relief we should not lose sight of the integrity of the tools at our disposal. Today I'm afraid they are under siege and in a state of considerable disarray. □

This essay is adapted from the author's Inaugural Roland Berger Lecture in Human Rights and Human Dignity, delivered on February 17, 2014, at the University of Oxford.



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BOOK REVIEWS

NOT YOUR ORDINARY AMERICAN BY POROCHISTA KHAPOUR

A review of
American Innovations

By Rivka Galchen
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
May 2014
192 pages

When Rivka Galchen's debut novel, *Atmospheric Disturbances*, came out in 2008, I wolfed down the work in a weekend, possessed. I immediately called a friend and said, "This is the book I've waited to read for ages!"—a touch Nabokov, a touch Borges, a touch Murakami, many touches something altogether new—and with the added bonus of being by a woman, a young one, just barely older than me (Galchen was born in 1976). I could have drowned in envy if it weren't for the fact that I found Galchen so needed, so vital, so essential . . .

And I still do. For years I've been reading Galchen with deep interest. Her stories in the *New Yorker* and *Harper's* only further cemented my feelings after reading her novel. I cannot remember a time I did not find a work by her mesmerizing, bizarre, magical, uproarious, utterly singular.

Many writers go into fiction because they want to inhabit many realms, presumably. But Galchen allows the reader this joy just as intensely, if not more. Her indulgences are nothing compared to her readers'. This new collection of short stories inspires the feeling that, no matter what, you will be somewhere very much else, and yet anchored in emotions and sentiments that will feel altogether you. This combination has absolute novelty and makes *American Innovations* truly

merit the real meaning of that platitude that I often feel is nearly impossible to experience, that near-mythical: *an absolute joy to read*.

In the ten stories, all told from perspectives of women, though inspired by classic stories told by men, Galchen provides windows into all sorts of fragmented psyches, from wildly surreal to painfully real. Furniture walks out on her owner; a lawyer feels compelled to promise the requested Chinese delivery order over and over for a wrong number; a woman finds herself growing a third breast; a molecular biologist poses as a journalist traveling through Mexico City; a pregnant writer finds herself husbandless from a man who has a blog called "I-Can't-Stand-My-Wife-Dot-Blogspot-Dot-Com." The near and far of this collection are unified by a consistently uncertain, resolutely distracted, deeply insecure voice that here comprises Galchen's color palette.

There are many layers here for many readers. As her publishers feel compelled to emphasize in the jacket copy, the primary tie that binds this collection together is the referential foundations. Some of the stories are based on, inspired by, retellings of, or actual responses to some of the greatest hits of the canon: "The Lost Order" takes off from "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," "The Region of Unlikeness" is an homage to "The Aleph," "American Innovations" riffs on "The Nose." James Thurber, Jorge Luis Borges, and Nikolai Gogol don't suffer a bit by association, nor do Galchen's stories rely on the reader dismantling the framework. Instead, they play with their canonical counterparts like sibling stories or companion pieces, which backlight and barely illuminate. Galchen doesn't lean on, much less even vividly conjure, Gogol's nose for her far more disturbing breast in the title story, just as the "daylight ghost" protagonist of "The Lost Order"—an unemployed

environmental lawyer—would not immediately bring to mind Mitty if Galchen didn't repeatedly have her think "I was never a Walter Mitty myself."

One of the most unforgettable stories in the collection is "Sticker Shock"—quite simply a relentless exchange between a mother and daughter. It details all that remains quantifiable in their relationship. Galchen seesaws between the concerns of the mother and daughter—debts and mortgages, real estate and investments, age and weight—and turns them into a domestic nightmare of hyperreality. Here the stylist in her shines—the minutia overload and OCD cyclings of this piece make it a perfect parable for not just one family's failings, but so many interpersonal modern debacles.

Here you see shades of *Oblivion*-era David Foster Wallace—and indeed Galchen is the first writer I have read since Wallace who wholly grants the postmodern, the metafictional, the absurd, and the seemingly purely cerebral, the gift of heart, soul, and spirit. But it's not just infusing something hard and dead with something soft and springy. Galchen can see that the heart and mind are inextricably linked, that there is not one without the other. But whereas Wallace and his contemporaries Jonathan Franzen and Donald Antrim and so many other writers of their generation sought to write BIG books with massive themes, epic plots, high conceits, and intricate maximal prose, there is a smallness about Galchen's scope that somehow makes the strangeness she sees in our contemporary universe more strange. The smallness of our word, tied together further by the tangles of the Internet and social media, is deftly conjured in Galchen's deeply intimate microcosms where miscommunication is a rather accurate expression of the confusion of being alive today. None of her

characters really know what they want, where they are going, what lies before them—and Galchen seems to make a good argument, in hooking us to them, that neither must we.

Galchen seems deeply interested in our world, as she doles equal parts high and low culture, without artificially merging the two—the poles are simply necessary ends of a spectrum, neither possible without the other. Take the beginning of “Wild Berry Blue,” set in suburban Oklahoma: “This is a story about my love for Roy, though first I have to say a few words about my dad, who was there with me at McDonald’s every Saturday, letting his little girl, I was maybe nine, swig his extra half-and-halves, stack the shells into messy towers.” In “the Region of Unlikeness,” the final moments present that “the general theory of relativity is compatible with the existence of space-times in which travel to the past or remote future is possible.” There is ethereal metaphysics, and then there is the raw, plastic, cruddy stuff of life; there is quantum physics and chaos

theory; and there are also the icons of mundane American commerce; and they belong seamlessly in one universe for Galchen, as a complete given, as if to consider it any other way is to miss life’s point. When this pushes into the realm of fabulism, you can especially see the wizardry in full effect.

It makes sense then that to place Galchen in some literary tradition or another seems a reductive task. Galchen’s influences are many. In trying to gesture toward canonical works she tricks the reader by breaking away stylistically as well as conceptually from those forefathers. In Galchen, you are more likely to find the absurd madcap-isms of prose poet Russell Edson, the tense and terse emotional restraint of Lydia Davis, even the urban ennui of poet Frederick Seidel, plus a fabulism most focused on real-world magic of math and science that feels like Kafka architecture with Aimee Bender furnishings. It’s utterly impossible to give Galchen a set place in contemporary letters because she has created a place for herself as a true original. Her own

biography may be mostly to blame: a Canadian-born Jewish-American raised in Oklahoma by a meteorologist father and computer programmer mother, educated in New York in the Ivy League, with degrees in medicine and in creative writing. Galchen is not your ordinary American, and so it makes sense that her wiring is consistently extraordinary.

I’ve had a long love affair with prose stylists, and in that sense, too, Galchen had me hooked six years ago. When, in a low moment, the protagonist of “The Lost Order” says of her mutterings, “*I language along*,” I can’t help but think this is key to reading Galchen. She, too, *languages along*, but in the best way. To read her is to process language uniquely because it’s a language that comes from the *whole* of a human, the sum of so many conflicting and somehow cooperating parts, such that the telescopic and microscopic become indispensable aspects of the everyday and yet insurmountable project of understanding. □

ARTICULATE SOUND BY HANS VAGET

A review of *Absolute Music: The History of an Idea*

By Mark Evan Bonds
Oxford University Press,
June 2014, 375 pages

One of the most exciting and momentous events in all of music occurs in the last movement of the Ninth Symphony, where Beethoven in his mighty composition sets to music Friedrich Schiller’s “Ode to Joy.”

In a symphony, such a fusion of music and poetry had until that time been unheard of. Should we think of Beethoven’s innovation as the logical outgrowth of the preceding parts of the work, and, indeed, of the entire symphonic repertory? Or was it a regrettable lapse of aesthetic judgment? Can Beethoven’s setting of Schiller be

said to be beautiful? Or is it downright “*unschön*”? Finally, are we right to see the Ninth as a harbinger of things to come? Or should we take it to be an aberration that adulterates the purity of a perfectly self-sufficient medium? This set of issues is pivotal to the dramatic story that lies at the heart of more than two centuries of theorizing Western music and that Mark Evan Bonds reexamines in *Absolute Music*. The book offers a wide-ranging survey, from Pythagoras to Carl Dahlhaus, of the “standing” and philosophical dignity of absolute music—purely instrumental music, that is, with no textual basis or literary program.

The central figure in this story is not one of the great composers, as we might expect, but rather Eduard Hanslick, Vienna’s leading music critic and the author of a fiercely contested but still indispensable definition of the essence of music: *Vom Musikalisch-Schönen* (On the Musically Beautiful,

1854). In his youth, Hanslick was an ardent admirer of the creator of *Tannhäuser*, but he soon became skeptical and mutated into Richard Wagner’s most formidable opponent. What triggered this change of mind was, as Bonds tells it, Wagner’s 1846 analysis of Beethoven’s Ninth, in particular his vivid description of the last movement, with its elaborate setting of Schiller for four soloists and chorus. With the cunning of self-interest, Wagner interprets the striking transition from instrumental to texted music, the well-prepared and hence inevitable-sounding “entrance of language and the human voice,” as the foundational event of the revolution that he himself was itching to initiate and that would soon bring us his *Gesamtkunstwerk* and the music drama.

Crucial to the unfolding of this absorbing story was Hanslick’s decision to turn the tables on Wagner himself, for he felt that the self-appointed leader

of the “music of the future” was taking music in an entirely wrong direction. It was Wagner, in his comments about the Ninth, who actually coined the term “*absolute Musik*.” He used it in decidedly negative sense, branding purely instrumental music as outdated because of its distance from the world of ideas and emotions, its sterility and inability to voice the pressing issues of modernity. Wagner alleges that Beethoven himself was frustrated by the lack of music’s articulateness and that in the Ninth Symphony he addressed nothing less than music’s secret yearning for the word—a yearning that Wagner, and in their own less palpable ways, Hector Berlioz and Franz Liszt, were striving to satisfy.

Hanslick would have nothing of it. In a courageous stand against the momentum-gathering wave of texted music and of program music, he declared absolute music to be the only legitimate and pure form. Music in this pure, instrumental form was, as Hanslick saw it, essentially the play of “tonally animated forms,” which is Bonds’s translation of Hanslick’s famously slippery formulation: “*tönend bewegte Formen*.” Henceforth the pro and contra of absolute music set off a polarizing tsunami of philosophizing about music, which Bonds illustrates with a number of judiciously chosen examples.

Given Wagner’s intellectual temper, it was inevitable that Hanslick would land on top of the composer’s enemies list. He was so irritated that he wanted to name the pedantic traditionalist of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* “Veit Hanslich”—in an all-too transparent jab at his pesky critic. In the end he named him “Sixtus Beckmesser,” of course, and for reasons that lie far beyond personal antagonism, Wagner made Beckmesser one of the three chief protagonists in the high stakes musical comedy that is *Die Meistersinger*. Nonetheless, Beckmesser rubbed off on poor Hanslick, who could never quite shake off the opprobrium embodied in Wagner’s hapless “Marker.”

Bonds touches upon the Beckmesser-Hanslick connection only in passing, and he is even more reticent

about the most unsavory dimension of the whole story: the question of Hanslick’s Jewishness, with all the messy implications that come with it. Hanslick’s mother was of Jewish descent but had converted to Catholicism before her son’s birth. In the second edition of his notorious pamphlet “*Das Judentum in der Musik*,” Wagner, in vintage racist fashion, outed Hanslick as a Jew and identified him as the head of an anti-Wagnerian conspiracy. In light of the insistence with which these matters have been dealt with in recent years, it is understandable that Bonds decided to steer clear of this minefield and to remain focused on aesthetic and historical issues.

As for the character of Beckmesser, his fortunes at the hands of his handlers on stage and in the scholarly literature are both curious and instructive. For a long time he was understood to be the epitome of a hopelessly outclassed would-be artist, devoid of true creativity; in Theodor Adorno’s view he was a palpable caricature of a Jew. For obvious historical reasons this negative view has now been replaced by a more sympathetic treatment, so much so that in Katharina Wagner’s recent Bayreuth production “Beck” emerges as the true artist, the only one who is untainted by compromise with society.

Something comparably revisionist appears to be going on in Bonds’s book with respect to Hanslick. Bonds concedes that Hanslick was not as original a thinker as he liked to claim; that he was “uncharitable” in acknowledging his intellectual debts; and that he “was happy to serve as figurehead of musical conservatism.” But Bonds gives lavish credit to his hero for having “radically altered the discourse about the essence of the art” and for having been “far more radical” than is generally acknowledged. At the same time he wishes to take Wagner several notches down, arguing that the creator of *Tristan* and of *The Ring of the Nibelung* enjoyed the “support of a great many fellow composers and music critics” and therefore does not “qualify as a true radical . . . because a true radical stands in the minority.”

Be this as it may, Bonds has set the stage for showing us that, consciously and unconsciously, it was Hanslick’s conception of music that guided modern music away from Wagner and toward a more sober and modest idea of music shorn of metaphysical ambitions. It is here, in the chapters about the aftermath of Wagner and Hanslick, when the leading composers set to “de-program music history,” that this book takes on the features of a history in the emphatic sense. The epoch-making swing of the pendulum toward “music as music, as opposed to music as metaphysics,” makes Hanslick the apparent winner in the historical struggle over absolute music, which, “associated for more than a generation with the music of the past . . . would soon become the watchword of musical modernism.” Bonds points to Claude Debussy, Arnold Schoenberg, and Igor Stravinsky as the most vocal protagonists in the “away-from-Wagner” movement. Its spirit is perhaps best summed up in Stravinsky’s witticism: “*La musique est trop bête pour exprimer autres choses que la musique*” (Music is too stupid to express anything except itself). Bonds does not fail to point out that Debussy, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky, while advertising their newfound convictions, were at the same time carefully covering the tracks of their own earlier involvement with program music.

Where does the author of this impressive and illuminating book come down, in the end? He appears to side with Carl Dahlhaus and others in declaring that the “conceptual dichotomy of absolute and of program music was unsustainable. . . . The two extremes came to be seen more and more as opposite ends of a conceptual spectrum.” This confirms the wisdom of the venerable adage that escaped both Wagner and Hanslick as they dug in their heels in the heat of their epic controversy: In the house of music there are many dwellings. □

LIFE FROM THE FIELD

BY ANDREW J. BACEVICH

A review of
Foreign Correspondent: A Memoir

By H.D.S. Greenway
Simon and Schuster
August 2014, 304 pages

Anyone who has had the privilege of meeting David Greenway (as I have) knows him to be a person of very considerable charm, grace, and good humor—in every way a class act. It is therefore at least slightly disconcerting to contemplate the cover of his splendid new memoir.

Wearing jungle fatigues and what was then known as a “boonie hat,” the author glares at the camera. Whether his expression is meant to convey consternation or annoyance or disgust is impossible to say. Yet despite the interpretive ambiguity, the image is an apt one. The photo captures Greenway on the job, somewhere in the South Vietnamese bush, the still youngish journalist covering, and consumed by, the biggest story of his career.

For those of a certain age, Vietnam remains personal—the first war that retains a grip on our consciousness. For my parents, “the war” meant World War II. For my children, “the war” refers to whatever confusing mess the US has lately gotten itself into in some quarter of the Islamic world. But for my generation, “the war” is still the one we either experienced at first hand or opposed.

Although *Foreign Correspondent* ranges widely, chronicling Greenway’s travels to dozens of hotspots over the course of a long reporting career, Vietnam provides the narrative hinge on which his account turns. Decades after it ended, the war remains for Greenway a touchstone.

“It was Vietnam that obsessed me,” he writes. It seems fair to say the obsession persists. What the Americans did there and the consequences that ensued, not only for the Vietnamese but also for the other peoples of Southeast Asia, continues to haunt Greenway. What haunts him even further is the evident inability

of Americans to grasp and to act upon that war’s lessons.

Raised in comfortable circumstances, Greenway arrived in Vietnam by way of suburban Boston, Yale, the United States Navy, Oxford, and Henry Luce. Part-time work as a *Time-Life* stringer while attending graduate school led to full-time job in Luce’s empire and the start of the career that eventually included long stints with the *Washington Post* and the *Boston Globe*. Greenway had the good fortune to become a “hack” (his term) when print journalism was still in its golden age. Reporters traveled first-class and stayed in the best hotels. Salaries and expense accounts were generous.

More by happenstance than intent, Greenway’s beat became “the vacuum of retreating empires.” At the time, the Cold War—East vs. West, freedom against communism—seemed to be the big story of the day. Experience has persuaded Greenway otherwise.

After World War II, Europeans began shedding their colonial possessions, for holding sway over other races had become more costly than profitable. Some left of their own volition, others only after suffering considerable humiliation. As this “great process of decolonization” unfolded, Greenway writes, it found “America stepping into other people’s empires,” largely oblivious to the challenges that waited. Here, according to Greenway, was the actual big story of the postwar era: the US foolishly “going down the old colonial roads, trying to force yet another people to be more like us and adopt our values.” This describes Vietnam in a nutshell, and other misadventures as well.

As a reporter, Greenway shows abundant curiosity and courage. So wherever the story is, he goes. In Vietnam that meant venturing deep into the field where US troops slogged through jungle or rice paddies. While covering the war close up, he was shot down twice and wounded once. Although he had arrived in-country believing in the war, witnessing it at firsthand changed his mind. His conclusions echo those of Graham Greene: Whether because of innocence or ignorance, in Vietnam “the Americans

never really knew what was going on.” But they blundered on anyway.

Alas, things don’t necessarily get better with time. When Greenway carries his story forward into the post-9/11 era, he finds the US reverting to old habits of mind that Vietnam ought to have demolished once and for all. The same “conspiracy of wishful thinking” recurs. In Iraq and Afghanistan, Washington once more embarked on futile efforts to remake others in America’s own image or, failing that, to inflict so much pain that the adversary “would one day come to the negotiating table.” Greenway has seen this movie before and therefore is not surprised by the difficulties that the US once more encountered.

Woven throughout the narrative are vignettes recounting Greenway’s personal experiences as an observer and interpreter of events large and small. There were more than a few adventures to be had along the way, whether searching for cannibals in New Guinea, covering a Muhammad Ali prizefight in Kuala Lumpur, illicitly buying parrots in Sandinista-governed Nicaragua, or crossing the Khyber Pass on a train pulled by an ancient steam locomotive.

There was also the occasional gaffe. In 1977, during Anwar Sadat’s historic visit to Israel, the Egyptian president was touring the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Greenway, then serving as *Washington Post* bureau chief in Jerusalem, had the chance to ask just one question. “Mr. President, what does it mean to you, a devout Muslim, to be here in the very heart of Christianity?” he asked. “Young man,” came the dour reply, “I will have you know that there are more Christians in my country than there are Jews in Israel.” End of interview.

Many other colorful characters make cameo appearances. Clearly Greenway’s favorites are his fellow war-correspondents—Peter Arnett, Gloria Emerson, Horst Fass, Sean Flynn, Michael Herr, and Clare Hollingworth, to name only a few. Daring and fearless, they were obviously great company. Spending time with them must have been a rare privilege, which David Greenway invites us all to share. □

A PIVOTAL YEAR

BY ANDREW J. NATHAN

A review of
China 1945: Mao's Revolution and America's Fateful Choice

By Richard Bernstein
 Knopf, November 2014
 464 pages

The US–China relationship is notoriously a mix of cooperation, competition, and occasional conflict. But its dominating feature is a profound mutual distrust, which has only increased over time in both countries. The stronger China becomes economically and militarily, the more Americans wonder whether Beijing's assertiveness in regional territorial disputes and its breakneck naval development signal a resolve to drive the US out of Asia. The more the US responds by tightening its alliances in Asia and increasing its diplomatic presence—the so-called “pivot to Asia”—the more the Chinese perceive an effort to encircle them strategically and to threaten their regime with soft power instruments like human rights and democracy promotion.

Against this background, the occasional attempts to cooperate—for example, agreements on reducing greenhouse gas emissions and lowering trade barriers announced at the November 2014 APEC summit—do not signal a warming relationship. They merely recognize the rare policy areas where the two sides' separate interests happen to intersect.

Why are China and the US so fundamentally at odds? Chinese and Americans get along well as individuals when they cooperate for academic or cultural purposes, visit one another's country, or do business. The two economies are intricately intertwined and almost painfully interdependent. China might reasonably view the US presence in Asia as a stabilizing factor instead of a threat, and the US could view China's rise as evidence that engagement worked.

Indeed, partnership was what the two countries anticipated as World

War II drew to a close, in 1945. Chiang Kai-shek, a converted Christian married to a US-educated wife, relied on American support and allowed the Americans to advise him on military and fiscal policy. For Washington, the alliance with China was a key link in planning for the postwar world.

To be sure, there was a complication in the US–China alliance: the existence of a strong communist insurgency in China's northwest, led by Mao Zedong. To find out whether the communists threatened the alliance, Washington dispatched some young foreign-service and military officers to the communist capital of Yan'an. There they found an egalitarian, vigorous young leadership that stood in sharp contrast to the exhausted, hierarchical, corrupt regime in Chiang Kai-shek's capital of Chongqing. The Americans were kept in the dark about a totalitarian thought-control campaign that was taking place in the communist camp during their visit.

The distinguished journalist Richard Bernstein—a longtime friend of the American Academy in Berlin (and my graduate-school classmate)—describes this encounter in his vividly realized account of the historical forces that collided in 1945 to shape China's future relationship with the US. In *China 1945: Mao's Revolution and America's Fateful Choice*, Bernstein details how communist leaders received the Americans with warm hospitality and held long conversations in which they portrayed themselves as nationalists and democrats, for whom communism was a vague and distant goal. Likewise, as Bernstein explains, they charmed most of the American journalistic corps that was reporting on wartime China. While the areas under Japanese occupation or the control of Chiang Kai-shek's generals sank into chaos and cruelty that Bernstein describes with heartbreakingly clarity, the communist districts were orderly, with a kind of Spartan sufficiency. Moreover, the Westerners were charmed by the communists' suave representative in Chongqing, Zhou Enlai, and his beautiful female spokesperson, Gong Peng.

The Americans badly needed a truce between Chiang's and Mao's forces in order to preserve China as a postwar ally. Mao welcomed an American mediation effort, which was begun by the US ambassador to China, Patrick Hurley, and continued by President Harry S. Truman's special representative, General George C. Marshall. On January 10, 1946, Marshall was able to report an agreement to a ceasefire between the two sides. US military personnel fanned out to monitor the truce in various parts of the country. The two sides agreed to reduce and eventually merge their armies.

Yet when Marshall returned to China after a six-week home visit, the situation had fallen apart. Fighting between Chiang's and Mao's troops had broken out again in the northeast (then called Manchuria). And the situation proved to be irretrievable as the communist forces picked up more and more strength. By 1949 they had driven Chiang's forces out of mainland China.

What went wrong? Some believe the US should have aided Chiang more strongly. Bernstein rules this out, and for good reasons. His regime was too riddled with corruption and too demoralized to have been shored up by any realistically conceivable amount of American support. Others argue that the US should have found a way to establish cooperative relations with Mao's regime. This might have averted many tragedies. Within China, the destructive years of Maoist oppression could have been softened. The Korean War with its aftermath of decades of crisis might have been avoided. The US would not have imposed a policy of “containment and isolation” that delayed China's economic development, split Asia into Cold War camps, and led to the war in Vietnam, Sino-Japanese enmity, and the long-running and still-continuing struggle over Taiwan. Today the two countries might be exploiting all the benefits of cooperation instead of viewing each other as rivals and potential enemies.

Bernstein sadly concludes that this second option also did not exist. Some of the reasons were political, including Washington's perhaps ill-advised

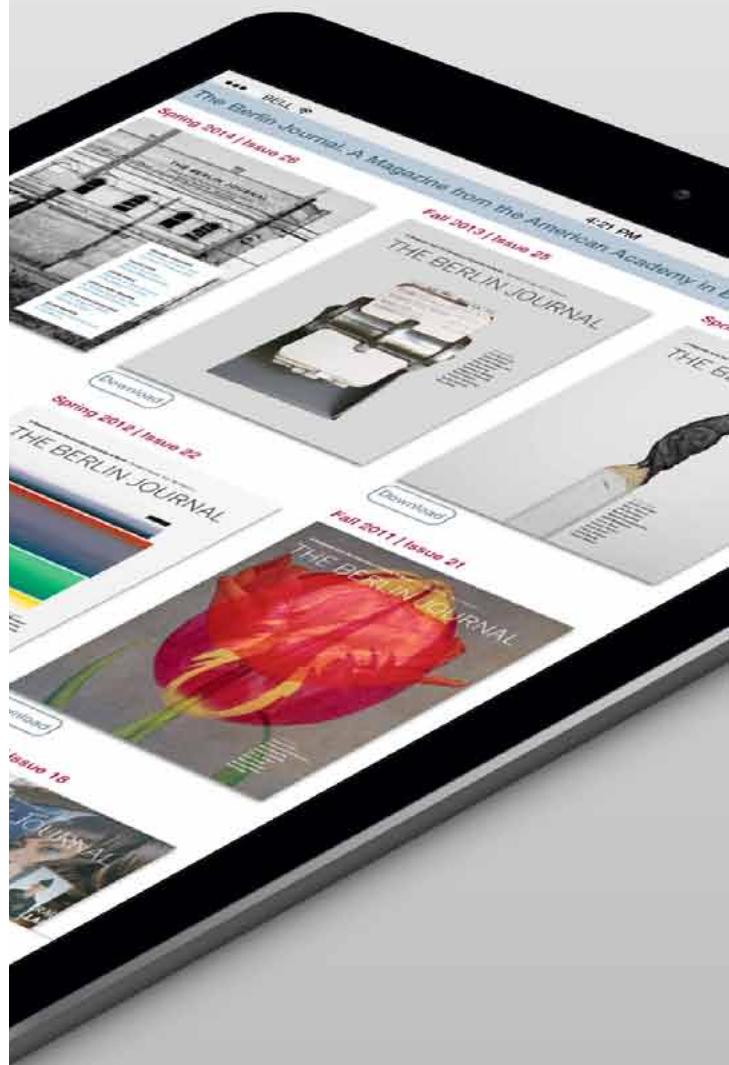
loyalty to Chiang Kai-shek and the American commitment to democracy. Some were strategic, including Mao's need for Soviet help to develop China and his reasonable fear of challenging Stalin, who was nearby, well armed, and ruthless. Above all, however, Bernstein concludes that Mao's revolutionary vision, to which he had been committed all his life, made cooperation with the US impossible. It was Stalin's model and Stalin's support that Mao valued. The communists' signs of interest in friendship with the US had all along been nothing more than tactical feints, designed to buy time to reposition their troops in the northeast, with Stalin's assistance, so they could re-launch the civil war.

The question of "Who lost China?" agitated American politics in the early 1950s and continues to interest historians. Bernstein's answer is "no one." By 1945, China was no longer—if it ever had been—America's to lose. A gifted historical storyteller, Bernstein uses the single year of 1945 as a lens through which to look backward to the years and decades of events that flowed together to make that year what it was, and forward to the years and decades of events that that year helped to shape. China's current leaders, he believes, are just as uninterested as Mao was in the fundamental values of liberal democracy that shape American strategy. If they are no longer communists, and no longer entranced with the Russian model, they nonetheless remain as committed to their own vision of China's future as Mao ever was—a future in which China, not an outside power like the US, is the dominant power in Asia.

As the West strives to construct a better relationship with China, it would do well to remember the lessons of a turning-point year seven decades ago. Bernstein's skilled, timely retelling justly serves the purpose. □

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PRESIDENT JOACHIM GAUCK HONORS THE AMERICAN ACADEMY

Federal President Joachim Gauck stresses the similarities between the US and Europe at the anniversary celebration of the American Academy

Given the new threats that face the German-American partnership—*independent of the security discussions of the past*—it must now prove itself by emphasizing shared values. This idea was a connecting theme throughout the American Academy's twenty-year anniversary celebration on Tuesday at Schloss Bellevue, at the invitation of Federal President Joachim Gauck. Among the guests were former secretaries of state Henry Kissinger and James Baker. Baker, who led the US State Department from 1989 to 1992, is to receive the 2007-established Henry Kissinger Prize this evening at the Hans Arnhold Center, in Wannsee, for his outstanding

contributions to the reunification of Germany and the peaceful resolution of the Cold War.

Federal President Gauck said that the network of contacts between the United States and Europe is tighter than that between any other two regions of the world. Now and again he departed from his prepared manuscript to make the point that despite all recent public discussions, one must not forget what the USA did for German freedom. It is true that new numbers from the German Marshall Fund point to increasing estrangement between Germans and Americans. But because “the world has fallen into disorder in a new and troubling way,” Europeans and Americans see the new threats of the present very similarly. It is clear that there is need for further discussion. “What we have in common will once more

prove to be more important than what may separate us.”

Kissinger recalled the day he fled Germany. He never dreamt that he might one day be invited by a federal president who had done so much for the realization of human dignity and human rights. Director of the American Academy Gary Smith was accompanied by his parents, who had travelled from Austin, Texas. They, too, recalled their flight from the Nazis. “We were very lucky,” said his mother.

The birthday reception is at the same time a goodbye party for Gary Smith, who is leaving to return to scholarship. Both Gauck and Kissinger thanked the departing director for his longstanding contributions to the German-American relationship.

—Elisabeth Binder,
from *Der Tagesspiegel*,
October 8, 2014



NOT AN ACCIDENT OF HISTORY

Speech by President Joachim Gauck

These remarks are from Federal President Joachim Gauck's speech marking the twentieth anniversary of the American Academy in Berlin at Schloss Bellevue, on October 7, 2014

Allow me to begin with a few remarks on this building where we are gathered today. It is very familiar to most of you, but perhaps not to everyone: Schloss Bellevue is the Federal President's official residence. However, it is also a forum in which people meet to exchange views and to discuss with one another. It is a forum in which the events of the past bloody century have been commemorated this year in a variety of ways—the centenary of the outbreak of the First World War from many different perspectives. Or take another example: citizens of outstanding merit were presented

with the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany in this very room and at this very hour yesterday. You should see this palace as a forum in which Germans can meet and talk with each other, with institutions, about who they are. It is a forum for better understanding, a forum where people can come together. That is the reason why I am beginning today with these remarks about this building—for it is serving us too as a forum for coming together.

Bringing people together and widening horizons, that is the task of the American Academy, and that is why this forum is so well suited to the occasion we are celebrating.

Dear Gary Smith, I saw in your eyes that you agreed with me straightforwardly.

There are many links across the Atlantic: first of all, the many, many personal

friendships and family ties, then business relations, the wide range of cultural links and the academic partnerships. The planes crossing the Atlantic are full of politicians, schoolchildren, students, researchers, artists and business people. There is always something that has to be discussed with someone on the other side of the Big Pond. Our links are therefore institutional but also individual. No other two regions of the world have established a more close-knit network of contacts than the United States and European countries. Within this meshwork of transatlantic relations, however, there is a special organization here in Berlin, which plays a very special role: the American Academy.

Housed in the former villa of a family once driven out by the National Socialists and forced to sell it well under its market value, and now generously supported by the very same family, the Arnhold-Kellens, the American Academy has become a center of American intellectual life in Europe. It is a cultural gem here in Berlin, on the Wannsee lakeside.

This was made possible by good ideas and hard work—and especially talented individuals. Gary Smith, you first came to Germany because of your love of the works of Walter Benjamin. You built up the Einstein Forum in Potsdam and then the American Academy, which had been founded by Richard Holbrooke. To this very day, I still catch my breath a little when I mention the name Richard Holbrooke, whom I had the honor of meeting several times in person. How we would all have loved to have him with us today. And now, Gary, you are returning after a break of 17 years to what fascinated you at the outset of your remarkable career: writing and researching. I wish you all the best for the future. And I would like to thank you for all your ideas and for your commitment to American-German relations. Above all, however, I would like to thank you for making the Academy an "intellectual airlift," as you said yourself. The transfer via this airlift has benefited both Berlin and Germany. Many thanks for that!

We can see this most impressively in the shape of the fellowship program: Fellows



of the American Academy, you have come from all corners of the United States, from all academic disciplines, and from all cultural spheres to spend an academic semester in Berlin. You are the ambassadors of a country of thinkers and writers, a country of universities and research institutes. Anyone in Europe who wants to take a close look at current American debates should visit that magnificent lakeside villa. Anyone who wants to find out more about a wealth of issues beyond the usual images and clichés, is in the right place at the American Academy. Let me therefore express my wish for the American Academy: may it continue to be a magnet for the intellect, a forum for transatlantic exchange, under its new director.

And I have to add another comment here—quite spontaneously. As I just read the sentences I wrote earlier—how I have just described America—it occurred to me how differently some people, especially here in Europe, perceive the United States these days. Not all of that was in the sentences in which I described America's intellectual

life and culture. Currently, enlightened people who are aware of the cultural diversity in America and have helped to raise awareness of it here in Europe have a tough job, for too many people with too little knowledge say too much about this other country. Here in Berlin, we are very much aware what this very different country has done for the freedom of Germany and Europe. As recently as 1989–90. We cannot therefore sit back and allow public opinion in Europe and in the United States to drift apart.

I am pleased that two great pioneers who have supported the American Academy are with us today. Both of them served as US Secretary of State, and both of them fostered the transatlantic partnership. Henry Kissinger, James Baker, welcome to Schloss Bellevue!

About ten years ago we debated whether Europeans and Americans lived on different planets, for some observers felt that our security policy cultures were so different. Today, the world has fallen into disorder in a new and troubling way, and Europeans and Americans once more

have a very similar take on the challenges and threats of the present. However, a new debate has now emerged. Again, it seems, I have just briefly touched on this, as if Germans and Americans live on different planets when we look at the Americans' different approach to counterterrorism, data protection, or the work done by intelligence services. A recent survey by the German Marshall Fund even provides statistics on the growing alienation of Germans from America.

Such data should be cause for concern for anyone to whom the transatlantic alliance is important. It is patently clear that there is a need for discussion. We welcome this discussion, which we should foster together. Many of you here today can, and indeed will, contribute toward this crucial American-German dialogue. And I am firmly convinced that even if differences remain, what we have in common will once more prove to be more important than what may separate us. The debate on the relationship between freedom and security in the United States and Germany must be conducted

in earnest, and it must be conducted with strong arguments. And if the weighing up of the options in each country sometimes leads to a different conclusion, the reasons for this should then be clearly named.

The transatlantic partnership is not an accident of history. It has firm and deep roots on which we should pause and reflect time and again. Those who stand for nothing, fall for anything, said Alexander Hamilton, one of the founding fathers of the United States. What the United States stands for—for a free society and for open, critical debate—has been brought into very sharp focus here in Berlin, in the American Academy. Complex issues are approached as they deserve to be approached—with profundity and in a way that highlights subtle nuances. And as for our encounters with art and culture, we experience surprises, inspiration, and joy. I therefore hope that the atmosphere on the Wannsee will be found at many more encounters between Germans and Americans, between people from both sides of the Atlantic, thus helping to advance our partnership.

Thank you very much.





Gahl Hodges Burt, Andrew Gundlach, Leon Botstein



Norbert Röttgen, Peer Steinbrück, Michael Schäfer



Gary Smith



Nina von Maltzahn, Pauline Yu, Lothar von Maltzahn

THE 2014 HENRY A. KISSINGER PRIZE AWARDED TO JAMES A. BAKER, III

The Honorable James A. Baker, III, sixty-first US Secretary of State, received the eighth annual Henry A. Kissinger Prize on the evening of October 7, 2014. The award recognizes Secretary Baker's contributions to German reunification, the peaceful resolution of the Cold War, and his central role in international negotiations following the fall of the Berlin Wall, exactly 25 years ago. "Secretary Baker is a trusted friend, a remarkable public servant, and a seminal US Secretary of State," Henry Kissinger said at the ceremony in Berlin. "In a period of upheaval, when German reunification became possible, no one was confronted with a vaster array of challenges in so brief a period of time and handled them more masterfully."

Baker's achievements over four decades of service in senior government positions include serving as Under-Secretary of Commerce for President Gerald Ford; as Secretary

of the Treasury under Ronald Reagan; as Secretary of State under George H.W. Bush; and as senior counselor to President Bush during the organization of the 34-nation alliance in the first Gulf War. Baker's dedicated service has been characterized by vision and pragmatism, and his principled, politically skillful approach aided his ability to devise solutions to the most difficult challenges of postwar history, foremost the collapse of the Soviet Union and NATO enlargement.

Laudations at the ceremony were delivered by German Minister of Finance Wolfgang Schäuble; former Minister of Foreign Affairs and Vice Chancellor of Germany Hans-Dietrich Genscher; US Secretary of State John Kerry, via video message; and Henry Kissinger. Recalling the critical steps of 1989–90, Minister Schäuble said, "Unlike our European partners, the United States—as a superpower—was not afraid of a reunified Germany. Rather, it had the

greatness to support us and to trust in us. For this, Germany cannot thank you enough."

Hans-Dietrich Genscher offered these words in a tribute to the man who served as his American counterpart throughout negotiations regarding the reunification of Germany: "On the 9th of November, the very happy day when the Wall came down, I tried to thank my Western colleagues for their help and support, so I called James Baker. The operator of the Foreign Office in Bonn connected me with Baker, and before connecting us she said to him just three words: 'Mr. Secretary, God Bless America.' And today, twenty years later, I will repeat this to my friends, to Henry Kissinger, to James Baker, and to the American people: God Bless America."

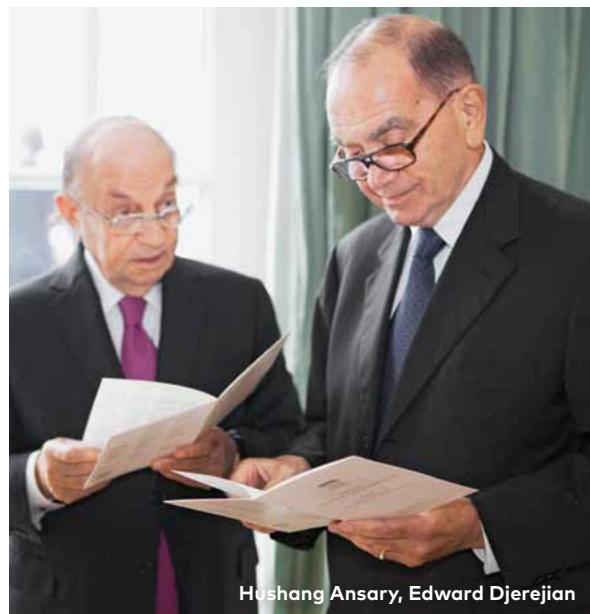
In his acceptance remarks, Secretary Baker thanked his German political counterparts but also recognized the groundwork that made their immense political

achievements possible: "None of this could have happened but for the indomitable spirit of the people of East Germany and those of the other captive nations of Eastern and Central Europe. Their undying yearning for freedom could not be indefinitely contained. They are the true heroes of this story, and they are a vivid reminder that freedom works."

The 2014 Henry A. Kissinger Prize was underwritten by Bloomberg Philanthropies; the Honorable and Mrs. Hushang Ansary; the Honorable Edward P. and Mrs. Françoise Djerejian; Robert Bosch GmbH; Goldman Sachs and Company; the Honorable John F.W. Rogers; Unternehmensgruppe Tengelmann, Helga and Erivan Haub; and Nina von Maltzahn.

A special publication presenting the full speeches and discussion at the 2014 Kissinger Prize is forthcoming in early 2015.







THE AMERICAN ACADEMY CELEBRATES ITS TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY



Christoph Israel, Max Raabe

Two hundred invited guests gathered in a garden tent at the Hans Arnhold Center on the evening of October 8 for the twentieth-anniversary celebration of the American Academy in Berlin. Joining the Academy's trustees and management were long-standing friends, benefactors, journalists, and former staff for a night that included inspired speeches, a performance by Max Raabe, a short film about the Academy by trustee Volker Schlöndorff, and addresses by German Foreign Minister Frank-Walter Steinmeier and the president of Bard College, Leon Botstein. The evening was generously underwritten by the Holtzbrinck family and Jeane Freifrau von Oppenheim.

In his tribute, Minister Steinmeier called the Academy a "jewel of the transatlantic partnership," thanked executive director Gary Smith for his dedicated service, and lauded the Arnhold-Kellen family for

their longstanding engagement: "How often have we made the pilgrimage to this villa on the Wannsee," he said, "which before the Nazi era belonged to the Jewish banking family Arnhold, whose descendants have shown such tremendous generosity in helping to transform it into this wonderful place of encounter. . . . We extend our gratitude to your family, Nina von Maltzahn and Andrew Gundlach."

Minister Steinmeier's remarks were followed by a captivating musical performance of songs from the 1920s and 1930s by the German singer Max Raabe, founder of the Palast Orchester, accompanied by pianist Christoph Israel.

Raabe's time-travelling repertoire was contextualized in the keynote speech by Leon Botstein, an accomplished historian and musician who, in his leadership of Bard College for nearly four

decades, has embodied, in the words of Gary Smith, "the academic-entrepreneur *non plus ultra*." Botstein drew a connecting thread through evening: "What's very interesting as I stand here in the garden of this house," he said, "is that the American Academy is the creature of a very unusual nostalgia . . . the nostalgia of the German-Jewish émigrés. . . . The Arnhold family, the Kellen family, Richard Holbrooke himself, Henry Kissinger, Gary Smith's mother, like so many American émigrés of German-Jewish origin . . . retained a tremendously deep affection for the place from which they were expelled." (*The full speech is found on the next page.*)

A series of toasts were then introduced by the evening's master of ceremonies, Stefan von Holtzbrinck, delivered by journalist and trustee Kati Marton; former German Interior Minister Otto Schily;

New York Times columnist Roger Cohen; Harvard historian Charles Maier; *Washington Post* journalist and author Anne Hull; Ambassador John B. Emerson; and, finally, Baroness Nina von Maltzahn, a founding trustee and granddaughter of Hans and Ludmilla Arnhold.

"I remember being asked in a family discussion what my grandparents would say to the idea of an American Academy in Berlin," the Baroness recalled. "I responded that I thought it would be a perfect thing to do, to which my aunt explained—exclaimed, actually—"That's exactly what I said!" And, Leon: You made people understand the *Why*. Thank you. It makes me so happy to see my grandfather's spirit reflected in the way the American Academy nurtures cultural diversity, expression, and understanding in this house, and beyond."



A CRUCIBLE OF CULTURE

Keynote Speech by Leon Botstein

Ladies and Gentlemen! Please understand that if I were prone to nightmares, one would certainly be an invitation to follow Max Raabe on a public stage. I cannot imagine a more daunting circumstance in which to give any kind of talk of any length.

I have long been a fan of Max Raabe. Not only for his capacity to perform so utterly elegantly and because he is so innately and fabulously musical, but also because he has unearthed an entire repertoire that has vanished. For those of you who can't get to sleep and have a good Internet connection, I recommend all the Max Raabe material that is available on YouTube. Max Raabe, in my experience, has redeemed insomnia. Among the items most worth seeing is a documentary of Max Raabe on his first trip to Israel. It is a remarkable documentary, one in which elderly survivors are in tears as they hear music they have not heard in decades but know by heart.

Many—if not most—of the creators of the music that he sings, both the lyrics and the music, were Jews, and when the Nazis came to power, this genre disappeared. He has reconstructed it with the Palast Orchester in a fantastic way. His is a great achievement not only as performance but as authentic musical archaeology, one that brings something forgotten back to life.

If one was ever in search of a witness to the transatlantic partnership between Germany and the United States, it can be located in the music of the 1920s and early 1930s that Raabe performs. The style is unthinkable without the American influence. Consider Walter Jurmann (1903–1971), the Viennese-Jewish songwriter who appropriated American models and whose career took off in Berlin during the 1920s. After fleeing to America after 1933 he went on to compose for Hollywood (as you just heard)—including for the Marx Brothers. Max

Raabe has provided us a multi-layered example of the transatlantic symbiosis that sustains the American Academy. It was worth the entire trip to Berlin.

In 1907 the German economist Werner Sombart wrote an article comparing Berlin and Vienna. He wrote it because during that period Berlin had become quite arrogant about itself and looked down on its rival Vienna. Sombart took aim at all the anti-Viennese Berliners. He described Berlin as essentially a soulless place that was completely mechanistic, where people were only interested in time, power, and money. The worst insult he could hurl at it was that it was rapidly becoming New York—the symbol of materialist modernity.

In contrast, Vienna was a place of culture and *Kultur*, and the jokes Berliners made about the Viennese and Austrian habits—their *Gemütlichkeit* and their *Schlampigkeit*, all of this familiar stuff—were simply evidence of the stupidity, the arrogance, the dangerous blindness, and material greed of Berliners. *Kultur* was the distinct essence of all good things German.

It is fascinating that when Sombart insulted New York as the historical destination

point of Berlin's culture, what he didn't fully realize is the extent of the history of interaction between Germany and America. That experience constitutes the pre-history of the Academy. The Academy has a *Vorgeschichte*, if you will, because, as many of you know, in late nineteenth-century America, Germany was the most important cultural influence on what became America. Our universities, originally somewhat imitative of the British, were completely transformed after the Civil War by an American embrace of the model of the German university. In New York City, in 1900, there were probably 150 German-language newspapers and periodicals; one could survive in the City of New York speaking German. If you went to the Metropolitan Opera you had no need to speak English. When Anton Seidl conducted, there he needed no English, and when Gustav Mahler came to take over the New York Philharmonic in 1907, the year of Sombart's essay, there was likewise no necessity for him or for Alma to learn a word of English.

Apart from the German-speaking religious communities in the Midwest and the South that came into being after 1848, there were choral societies all over

the country, as far as San Francisco—*Liedertafel* and *Männergesangvereine*. They were all directly imitative of a German tradition, initially liberal and later virulently nationalistic—constituents of the *Deutsche Sängerbund* that first developed in the 1840s, here in German-speaking Europe.

This all came to a very abrupt end in 1917. Yet when we think of this city in the 1920s—the Berlin that one can see clearly and candidly through the Russian novels of Vladimir Nabokov, who lived here at that time—the influence of America and the migration of Americans to Berlin, continued not only in science and music but in painting, architecture, and popular culture. The transatlantic exchange and communication for which the Academy stands have indeed a very long history indeed.

Ironically, the most important pre-history for the American Academy in Berlin is the rise to power of Nazism, and the emigration to America of a whole cadre of German intellectuals, scientists, and artists, some of whom returned after 1945. For those of us who grew up in the United States after World War II, the American university would be unrecognizable without figures such as Karl Löwith, Leo Strauss, and Werner Jaeger, the classicist; Hans Morgenthau in politics, at Columbia; Franz Neumann; and, of course, all the Frankfurt School members, including Theodor Adorno (who returned) and Max Horkheimer. And, of course, one cannot forget the obvious: the emigration of scientists, among whom Einstein was by far the most prominent. In the visual arts, Hans Hoffman, Josef Albers, and Max Beckmann come to mind (as well as Lyonel Feininger, American born of a German musician, who moved to Germany only to return after the Nazis came to power) and, in my own field, music, young

talents including Lukas Foss and Andre Previn, Kurt Weill and Hanns Eisler, for whom the Music Academy right here is named, who was actually forced out of the United States together with Bertolt Brecht in the late 1940s. And there was of course Arnold Schoenberg, whose uncontrollable arrogance was a parody of an unquestioned sense of German superiority in matters of high culture that came along with the post-1933 emigration.

As a Jewish child émigré myself who was not from German stock, I grew up with the well-known joke about the encounter of two dachshunds in Central Park. They meet and sniff one another, and both figure out that they are German-speaking. One asks the other where he's from. Vienna, he says, and the first one replies, "I'm from Berlin." The Berliner asks, "How do you like it here?" They both end up complaining about the *Wurst*, the apartments, and the fact that Central Park isn't quite the *Tiergarten* or the *Volksgarten*. After this bemoaning, the Viennese concedes that it is, after all, not too bad, considering the alternative. The Berliner agrees but adds: "Yes, all that isn't really important, but what really bothers me is that in Berlin I was a St. Bernard."

We grew up in the shadow of this tremendous cultural German emigration—particularly of writers, (consider Heinrich and Thomas Mann and Carl Zuckmayer)—and the radical transformation of the American university.

The end of the war revealed the extent of Germany's cultural loss. What is interesting is that German intellectuals after 1945 tried to figure out why the German universities and German cultural institutions, from museums to opera houses and orchestras (particularly in Berlin), and indeed the German intellectual and artistic community, in many different ways, both heinous and utterly

thoughtless, collaborated with the Nazi regime. The result was a sense that perhaps there needed to be an effort to reform the German university. Jürgen Habermas, in the later 1960s, argued that what the German university ought to do is imitate the American: institute something that we would recognize as the liberal arts or the college experience in the United States, and try to reform the way in which the professors were appointed and courses of study organized. Inspired by the American philosophical tradition of pragmatism, he suggested that the hierarchical, authoritarian system—the kind of education of extreme obedience that Walther Rathenau described experiencing as a young man, in a critique of the German educational system that he wrote before World War I—be abandoned. If one could find a way, Habermas argued, to reform the German school system and university so they would be more like the American (on the assumption that the American common school and university, in its hybrid form of English and German, were somehow contributors to sustaining democracy), there might be a chance for democracy in post-war West Germany. Although this did not come to pass, the transatlantic dialogue continued in the midst of the Cold War, partly motivated by the extreme fear and danger represented by the Cold War and by the Soviet Union.

To turn now to Germany after the fall of the Berlin Wall: what is astonishing, as I stand here in the garden of this house, is that the most important post-unification effort to renew and sustain the transatlantic dialogue—the American Academy—is the creature of a very unusual nostalgia, a sentimental echo of the nostalgia we heard so wonderfully evoked by Max Raabe, and that is the nostalgia of the German-Jewish émigrés of the 1930s and 1940s. The

Arnhold family, the Kellen family, Richard Holbrooke himself, Henry Kissinger, Gary Smith's mother, like so many American émigrés of German-Jewish origin, unlike their fellow Jewish-European refugees, retained a tremendously deep affection for the place from which they were expelled. Despite everything, they remained attached to the image of Germany. No equivalent of the American Academy in Berlin, funded by survivors and descendants of Polish Jewry, is as yet imaginable in Poland, and nothing like it is remotely thinkable for Russia or Ukraine, at least certainly not sponsored by the Jewish emigration from those places.

Gershom (or rather Gerhard) Scholem used to claim that there was no "symbiosis" between Germans and Jews in the years between the 1780s and 1933. I am not quite sure he was right. Why did these German Jews who were forced out actually return in the 1990s with the idea of putting an institution into place that would sustain, after the end of the Cold War and German unification, the transatlantic dialogue and exchange of ideas and of people between their new welcoming *Heimat*, America, and the old one, Germany? The answer goes back to Sombart's critique of Berlin's conceits and his privileging of culture as a major aspect of what Berlin needed but lacked.

The German Jewish émigrés held fast to the belief that *Bildung* and cultural attainment, including an aesthetic sensibility, were instruments of civilizing people and the world. This ideal was an extension of a late nineteenth-century and very widespread belief that Germany was a kind of pinnacle of true humanistic civilization, placed in the middle between raw Russian "barbarism," effete French "superficiality," and the "crass materialism" of the Americans.

The dachshund and St. Bernard exchange implicitly

reveals this conceit. For example, all of us who studied music with émigrés constantly heard about how terrific it all had been in the old country, and we, as Americans, were considered simply unwashed and *kulturlos*, and hopelessly resistant to true cultivation. Even my parents—*Ostjuden* who never lived in Germany—looked with a kind of horror at America's vulgarity, as if such vulgarity had not existed in Germany. Germany before 1914 put itself forward politically and culturally as a kind of a broker between East and West as a cultural ideal. Friedrich Naumann's concept of *Mitteleuropa*, which was a serious idea for many a great social scientist and keen mind, was rooted in Germany's pride in its cultural and scholarly preeminence. It revealed the glib conviction that Germany and particularly Berlin would become the cultural capital of the world, perched between the two extremes of America and Russia. Sombart's critique of Berlin was fueled by his frustration at Berlin's failure to grasp its proper destiny.

Ironically, after unification Germany has indeed re-emerged as unusually powerful—the essential instrument of Europe, economically, politically, and culturally. Placed between America and Russia, Berlin is and will doubtlessly remain for decades to come the cultural capital of Europe, a cosmopolitan destination point for artists, young people, students, and the place of dominant cultural institutions. But in this political context, one might ask, to what end?

The American Academy was built through German-Jewish philanthropy and enthusiasm on the premise that the answer lies in some connection between culture and civility, between art and culture and the way we conduct our lives in the public space of everyday life. The irony of this belief is that it has survived not only among the victims of the failure of that connection, but despite the complete

disproving of the link between culture and civility. It was during the Nazi era that culture and the attributes of its devotees—*Geschmack, Bildung*—offered no barriers to barbarism and no barriers to hate and to the unthinkable. Indeed, the elites of culture and scholarship collaborated. So, why did the survivors of this colossal failure return to the premise that culture matters in politics?

I think the American Academy was created explicitly to give the role of culture and the arts in politics a second chance. The work that Gary Smith has done with the Academy initially may appear on the surface to be about politics (including the hobnobbing, if I may say so, with foreign ministers and ambassadors and other power-brokers) but it is not. The fellowships at the Academy represent the core belief that through the arts, education, scholarship, literature, and research, through what we call the humanities, the development of the *Geisteswissenschaften*, the development of sensibilities and thought processes that are speculative and are imaginative, that somehow there will emerge a connection between the flourishing of those activities and the way we conduct our political and personal lives. At its core the Academy under Gary's tenure stands for the proposition that there is a link between democracy and freedom and learning, a link between learning and art-making and the defense of freedom, especially in the contemporary world and particularly in the public space that has changed very dramatically with modern technology.

The Internet is, after all a large, undifferentiated sewer of self-expression, in which it is impossible to distinguish what's true from what's false. In it all sort of items look alike. And we, the users ever more addicted to it, rather than having a dialogue with others, end up, with the help

of Google's algorithms and Amazon's manipulation, just confirming what we already believe, and visiting sites with which we are already comfortable. So the massive technological expansion of freedom, communication and self-expression has actually led to a kind of incrustation of conformity. The more we have access to more information and data, the more we can say anything we want and blog to our hearts' content, the more we become predictable, ordinary, and imitative.

And it is not enough to have inner freedom, just as inner emigration was helpless during the Third Reich. To assert that one is immune to the constant assault from the web of technology is unconvincing. Since inner freedom is not enough, the Academy has become devoted, in my view, to the proposition that precisely in the modern, technological world, the face-to-face encounters, the work of artists, and the expression of ideas by individuals in real time and real space will actually emerge as the last vital bastion of dissent.

We may talk a lot about freedom, but very few of us use it. We say we like dissent but we really don't like to hear somebody say something we don't already believe. I have not met or seen a politician whose mind was changed by evidence. In my country we talk a lot about democracy and we have candidates debate one another in a mockery of what is a debate. I would vote—no matter what her political position might be—for any candidate who in a debate, faced with a set of arguments and evidence, said, "You know, now that I have listened, I concede that I might be wrong."

Inspired by the highly sentimental and idealized hopes of Americans of German-Jewish origin, the American Academy has become a kind of crucible, a meeting place, where people can figure out how to resist what's happening in the

world beyond the forms of inner emigration that flourished under Stalin and Hitler. That technique of inner emigration, using the imaginative capacities of poets, particularly musicians, kept some measure of freedom intact, and survived under the radar screen of censors and tyrants. But after 1989 we know that this is not enough. The purposes of dissent, dialogue, scholarship, finding that things which have been held to be true may not be true, whether in history or in the natural sciences, but for this Academy particularly in areas of philosophy and politics, require and demand an intrusive public presence. Thought and expression are vital in ways that cannot be only interior; they must be exterior and in the public discourse. This Academy is devoted, in an idealistic and nostalgic way, spurred on by a generation that saw the death of the dream that *Kultur* and *Bildung* would lead to a civilized world, to restart that process.

The German-Jewish philosopher Hannah Arendt, herself an émigré to America, challenged the conventional distinction between the word (speech) and the idea of action. She argued, idealistically, that speech is and must be a form of action. What this Academy is dedicated to—in a generous and eclectic definition of speech, including making of visual art, of music, performance, and, of course, literature and scholarship in the fields that Fellows come to work in—is the proposition that speech is indeed a form of action and should be politically engaged.

The tremendous irony and beauty of the music performed by Max Raabe, with its tremendous twists on the classical tradition and its inner jokes, is that it is part of a long tradition of using music and comic theater as modes of dissent and social and self-criticism. Its challenge to the conceits about romance and sexuality—and its undermining of the

clichés of self-important individuality and notions about what is morally right and wrong—help show the way forward. The goal of the Academy can only be approached in a transatlantic way within the patterns of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, of an exchange back and forth, not forced by emigration or by tyranny, but

exchange encouraged voluntarily. Two societies, German and American, that are democratic, and pluralistic, might actually come to believe that Berlin, particularly because of its history and its immensely bright future, can become a place in which the connection between culture and freedom, and culture and justice, can be reshaped in a way that does

not render all that we do in the arts and humanities irrelevant and merely private.

That is the future of the American Academy, in my view. It is also the legacy that Gary Smith so ably has left us with. I want to thank Gary, all the Trustees of the American Academy, all its benefactors, and its Fellows for making this place possible, and for

redeeming the cherished hopes of those who fled from this very place, not willingly but who nonetheless have now come back, some only in spirit, to finally, we hope, make possible a dream brutally destroyed in 1933.

Thank you.

NOTHING POSSIBLE WITHOUT PEOPLE

Keynote Speech by Frank-Walter Steinmeier



As Jean Monnet, one of the fathers of European unity, so wisely stated: "Nothing is possible without people; nothing is lasting without institutions."

The American Academy, whose twentieth birthday we are celebrating today, is a truly remarkable institution.

But it never would have become a reality without equally remarkable people who, with their imagination, their experience, their passion, their foresight—and, yes, their money, too—created this jewel of transatlantic cultural exchange

and filled it with life. Mentioning them all here individually would surely provide splendid entertainment for the rest of the evening.

Especially considering that each and every one of you could expect to be named personally. But not to worry, I mean to limit myself to two this evening. That is: to two people.

In the beginning, there was Richard Holbrooke, who at that time was the American Ambassador to Germany—a diplomat with knowledge

and mastery of the full range of instruments of diplomacy, and who was willing to apply them. Anybody who experienced him in action, and I had that privilege a number of times, was cured once and for all of the cliché that diplomacy consists principally of subdued chitchat. Slobodan Milošević was not the only one to get a taste of this. It was Richard Holbrooke's abiding ambition, as his wife Kati Marton once described it, "to do something, not just to be something"—and, Kati, I am delighted that you can be here today "to do something, not just to be something." As it was in Berlin in 1994, as well.

Richard Holbrooke recognized very clearly that, after the Cold War's end and Germany's reunification, the strong transatlantic bond could no longer be maintained solely by an existential external threat. New threads were needed with which to span the Atlantic. Holbrooke had great confidence in this new Europe but took a demanding stance toward it. Europe, he insisted, should take responsibility for its own future and security, especially where this was called into question and challenged, as in the Balkans. Holbrooke wanted to create a place for mature, enlightened dialogue across the Atlantic as a living expression of our enduring community of shared values, which he felt so personally a part of.

Ideas instead of infantry, words instead of weapons—

not merely abstractly, on paper, but rather as encounters in flesh and blood. This was the notion upon which the American Academy was founded.

How often since then have we made the pilgrimage to this villa on the Wannsee—which before the Nazi era belonged to the Jewish banking family Arnhold, whose descendants have shown such tremendous generosity in helping to transform it into this wonderful place of encounter. For this, too, we want to give our heartfelt thanks this evening. And I am very pleased that members of this family are also among us today. So, we extend our gratitude to your family, Nina von Maltzahn and Andrew Gundlach!

It is thanks to you that we have been given the opportunity in this place to see and hear the best minds that America has to offer: artists and scholars, poets and philosophers, politicians and non-politicians. And this is important because there are those in Europe and, I admit, also some in Germany, who, even today, harbor and carefully nurture the prejudice that American culture is shallow. For many who hold this bias, the American Academy and the great number of its fellows who have lived here in Berlin over the years have been living proof to the contrary.

Holbrooke, this man of many talents, helped the

Academy to get off to a good start. He mobilized funds and friends, and he accompanied this young institution with special devotion and care for the rest of his life. I am sincerely delighted that the Academy has initiated the Holbrooke Forum, in which he is not just honored and remembered—this would not be enough—but which, as he would have wanted, is committed to looking toward the future and seeking answers to the great questions of our time. For that was always his aim: to find practical solutions with which to counter the violence, the poverty, and the suffering in the world. Solutions that bring us, step by step, closer to peace, justice, and unfettered development for all people—in the Balkans, in Africa, and in Afghanistan, where I worked with him a great deal.

What challenge would Holbrooke turn to today? In this time in which the world seems to be completely losing its bearings? The crisis in eastern Ukraine that threatens the framework for European peace, in which he personally invested so much energy and effort? Or the threat posed by the gangs who propagate diabolical terror in Iraq and Syria, cloaked in the religious guise of the “Islamic State”? Or, once again, the future of the transatlantic partnership, a friendship that meant so much to him?

At the turn of the millennium, while Germans were still enjoying the momentous gift of being surrounded, after 1990, by friendly neighbors for the first time in their history, the United States suffered the shock of the attacks of September 11. Since then, we have at times differently judged the challenges of the world, which has led us to different conclusions on more than one occasion. But in today’s tumultuous world, that which we Western democracies share, as champions of a free and peaceful world order,

is infinitely greater than what divides us. The decisive question is: how can we successfully translate this affinity into practical common action for a new world order? That is the true challenge facing us and, even more, the next generation, which, unlike us, has not been shaped by the Cold War.

To win over the younger generation to this partnership, this transatlantic partnership, we must do more than simply shrug our shoulders at the loss of trust brought by the NSA affair and the Snowden revelations. We must find a way to enter into dialogue about the challenges of our digital future—one that ultimately yields a shared understanding and shared solutions.

We must succeed in pulling the great project of the Transatlantic Trade and Investment Partnership, the TTIP agreement, out of the shadows of rumor and misperception and advance it for what it is meant to be: a project to jointly establish norms and values that can be disseminated around the world and can set standards—Western standards—not for a globalization of corporations but for a globalization that, far beyond our borders, lends weight and impact to our ideas of proper economic management, social balance, the dignity of work, civil liberties, industrial and intellectual property rights, democracy, and the quality of life and its environmental compatibility.

In today’s world, the competition between political systems is in full swing. Our Western democracy has a quality that, despite certain difficulties, causes me to look to the future with optimism: the capacity to call ourselves into question and to renew ourselves. This is our strength in a world that is changing at a dramatic pace and in which the ability to learn and adapt increasingly makes the difference. I believe this to be the reason that many people in

the world still look to us—to America and Europe alike—with great expectations. And look to us with respect. Democracy is strong when it does not become ensnared in ideology, when it is not timid but rather faces its problems realistically and allows space for free thought. Domestically, Germany has achieved exactly that. Though it hasn’t been easy, we have undertaken economic reforms and opened up in terms of our social policy. Today, Germany is economically strong and socially more open precisely because we were not complacent but rather were willing to take and respond to criticism.

Germany needs this open thinking in its foreign policy as well. This country is, after all, probably more closely intertwined with the rest of the world than any other country of comparable size. Our prosperity and security depend on our not seeing ourselves as an island.

The American Academy represents, and indeed spans the Atlantic with this very openness of thinking. It lives this openness every day. It radiates the charm and the productivity of critical thinking. For many years now, one person in particular has been encouraging, provoking, inspiring, and spurring it along. And that is the guiding spirit of this house, namely Gary Smith.

“Nothing is possible without people,” said Monnet. Without Gary, the Academy would never have become what it is today. And it is difficult for us to imagine this place of encounter without him. In the last two decades, he not only has lured hundreds of the smartest minds in America to Berlin, but he has—if I may say so, dear Gary—also seen to it that they leave their best assets here: their ideas, their enthusiasm, their passions, and their friendship with our country.

This is why, dear Gary, not only our very special thanks,

but truly, from the heart, our full admiration and tribute go out to you as well as to your comrades-in-arms at the Academy this evening. The American Academy has grown and matured. It has made and continues to make its intellectual mark on the life of the city in so many ways. It owes an inestimable part of this success to you and your unfailing energy, your affection for this country, your perpetual curiosity—not to mention your brilliant and singularly American talents as a networker and fundraiser. Yes, it takes these qualities, too, ladies and gentlemen.

The friendship and partnership between the United States and Germany needs institutions like the American Academy, and it needs people like Gary Smith. It needs your active support, the active support of us all. And because we have always had this over the years, our very special thanks also go this evening to Gary’s wonderful wife! Dear Chana, dear Gary—not only at the American Academy, but also very personally, America and Germany have clearly grown very dear to each other.

I don’t believe there is anybody here in this room who can quite imagine how the Academy will go on without Gary Smith.

Dear Gary, it is with infinite regret that we let you go this evening. Not only I but also everyone here in this room hope that you will always leave more than one suitcase in Berlin. So that we may continue to build on your wealth of experience and count on your sage advice—and not only on your sage advice but also on your humor, your wit. All of this will, no doubt, be sadly missed at the Academy. And so we look forward to having a glass of wine together, somewhere and some time in Berlin.

This is true for me and for many others, too. So, dear Gary, I say to you not just “thank you,” but also: “See you soon!”

Many thanks.





Benita von Maltzahn, Maggie Bult, Andrew Gundlach, Vera Blinken



Karen Roth, Erik Spiekermann



Mark Smith, Gary Smith, Aaron Smith



Alexandra Gräfin Lambsdorff



Frank-Walter Steinmeier, Ines Pohl, Dieter Grimm



Gary Smith, Byron N. Smith, Irene Smith



Roger Cohen, Gary Smith

BERLIN AND NEW YORK HONOR GARY SMITH

On the afternoon of November 18, 2014, Berlin mayor Klaus Wowereit awarded the *Verdienstkreuz 1. Klasse des Verdienstordens der Bundesrepublik Deutschland* to Gary Smith on behalf of Germany's President Joachim Gauck. The medal is Germany's highest civilian honor, presented to individuals for outstanding political, social, and intellectual contributions to society. The medal recognizes the Academy's founding executive director, who is retiring at the end of 2014, for his three-decades of service to deepening German-American intellectual and artistic relationships through institutional support of the arts and culture, and by brokering political and academic exchange in the German capital and beyond.

Just a few weeks prior, Smith was likewise recognized

at the Deutsches Haus at New York University, where he was awarded the second annual Volkmar and Margret Sander Prize, on October 20th. *New Yorker* staff writer and alumnus George Packer delivered a laudation, and the Serbian operatic baritone Željko Lučić performed. The prize committee of the Sander Prize praised Smith for his "innumerable contributions to the innovative dialogue between the scholarly and public spheres and his expert commentary on political affairs in the German news media."

The Volkmar and Margret Sander Prize, established by Professor Margret Sander in memory of her late husband, Volkmar, the former head of the German Department of NYU and founder of the Deutsches Haus, which he directed from 1977 to 1995. Sander, who passed away in



Photo by Thomas Platow, Landesarchiv Berlin

2011, was dedicated to promoting the knowledge of German literature and culture, and to portraying contemporary German literature, art, and academia for audiences in the United States.

The annual prize, awarded for the first time in 2013

to the historian Fritz Stern, is endowed with a \$5,000 grant, and honors individuals who have made outstanding contributions to the cultural, political, and academic relationship between the German-speaking world and the United States.

KATI MARTON ON BOARD

The Academy is proud to announce that journalist and author Kati Marton joined the board of trustees in spring 2014. Over the past four decades Marton has combined a career in journalism with human rights advocacy. She was a reporter for ABC News, where she was the Bureau Chief from 1977 to 1979, as well as for the Public Broadcasting Service and National Public Radio. She serves on the boards of the International Rescue Committee, the New America Foundation, the

Central European University, and the Committee to Protect Journalists, which she also formerly chaired. Marton's journalism has been published in the *New Yorker*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Times of London*, the *Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Newsweek*, *Vanity Fair*, and the *New Republic*, among others, and she is the author of eight books, among them the *New York Times* bestseller *Hidden Power: Presidential Marriages that Shaped History* (2001) and *Enemies of the People: My Family's Journey to America*



Photo by Brian Palmer

(2009), a National Book Critics Circle Award finalist. Marton was married to the late diplomat Richard C. Holbrooke, the founder of the American

Academy, and has been instrumental in the creation of the Richard C. Holbrooke Forum for the Study of Governance and Diplomacy.

PROFILES IN SCHOLARSHIP

Presenting the fall 2014 class of fellows and distinguished visitors

West Germany in the immediate postwar years is the focus of **Monica Black**, an associate professor of history at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville and the the Academy's John P. Birkelund Fellow. In her study "Evil after Nazism: Miracles, Medicine, and Moral Authority in West Germany," Black uses the biography of a spiritual healer named Bruno Gröning to examine the relationships between sickness and health, the meaning of evil in Germany after Nazism, and the era's overwhelming sense of spiritual upheaval.

Berthold Leibinger Fellow **Beatriz Colomina**, an architectural historian, curator, and theorist, has taught since 1988 at Princeton University, where she founded the Graduate Program in Media and Modernity. In her Academy project, "X-Ray Architecture," Colomina investigates modern architecture's relationship to medicine and the internal structure of the human body, arguing with myriad examples that the former simply would not have been possible without the latter.

Berlin Prize Fellow **Daniel Eisenberg** is a filmmaker who teaches at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. At the Academy, he is working on the second of his three feature-length film essays in his project "The Unstable Object," which problematizes the nature and meaning of work, objects, consumption, and the networks that comprise the production and consumption of goods in a globalized world.

Bosch Public Policy Fellow **Myles Jackson**'s Academy project, "The Genealogy of a Gene: Patents, HIV/AIDS and Race in the Age of Bio-

capitalism," uses the CCR5 gene as a heuristic tool to probe three critical developments in biotechnology from 1990 to 2010: gene patenting, HIV/AIDS diagnostics and therapeutics, and race and genomics. The project ties together intellectual property, the sociology of race, and molecular biology by showing how certain patent regimes have rewarded different forms of intellectual property.

Guna S. Mundheim Fellow in the Visual Arts **Anthony McCall** is a British-born American artist specializing in cinema and projected film. McCall is known for his "solid-light" installations, a series he began in 1973 with his seminal *Line Describing a Cone*, in which a volumetric form composed of projected light slowly evolves in three-dimensional space. McCall's work explores the way in which the lines between sculpture, cinema, and drawing are traversed and redefined.

A specialist in Northern European art of the early modern period, Nina Maria Gorrisen Fellow **Mark Meadow**, of the University of California at Santa Barbara, explores the histories of rhetoric and collecting as well as ritual and spectacle. In his Academy project, "Quiccheberg's Containers: Inventing Practical Knowledge in Early Modern Collections," Meadow examines Quiccheberg's *Inscriptiones*, a key early treatise on collecting, along with a range of primary sources and *Kunstkammer* artifacts.

"We live in an age of data," writes Axel Springer Fellow **Daniel Rosenberg**, professor of history at the University of Oregon. Rosenberg is working on "Data: A Quantitative History," wherein he investigates the ways privacy, security, and interpretation of data

have risen to some of today's most pressing public policy issues. An intellectual historian, Rosenberg specializes in questions of historical representation and the history of language, philosophy, and art in eighteenth-century France and Britain.

Adam Ross, a Mary Ellen von der Heyden Fellow in Fiction, is working on a new novel, *Playworld*, which tells the story of Griffin Hurt, a child actor who finds himself surrounded by adult children. He spends most of his adult life, after quitting acting, trying to find a role to play. Ross, who was a child actor, is the author of the novel *Mr. Peanut*, a *New York Times* Notable Book, and a collection of short stories, *Ladies and Gentlemen*.

Hillel Schwartz, a Holtzbrinck Fellow, is a poet, cultural historian, and author. Schwartz is writing an intellectual and cultural history of the concept of emergency, which today, he argues, are associated with health, severe weather, climate change, and contraception, but also with fashion, vitamins, and daycare—a remarkable shift in both nature and notion since "emergency" first appeared in written English, in the seventeenth century.

Siemens Fellow **Louise E. Walker** is assistant professor of history at Northeastern University. She focuses on colonial and modern Mexican and Latin American history, social movements, and the history of capitalism. In her project "Debt, Bankruptcy, and Usury: Capitalism in Mexico from the Late Colony to the Present," Walker describes how bankruptcy litigation in colonial courts—like the Inquisition or today's Credit Bureau—demonstrate that

concerns about the ethics and practices of the debt economy have recurred throughout modern Mexican history.

Anna-Maria Kellen Fellow **Marjorie Woods**, of the University of Texas at Austin, is a literary historian working on medieval pedagogy. Her project "Weeping for Dido: Rhetoric, Gender, and Emotions in the Medieval Classroom" looks at marginal annotations in medieval Latin manuscripts to learn what passages received special attention from teachers and were performed by students in the classroom—including how performing speeches by women allowed boys to explore emotions that were otherwise denied them.

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Javier Solana, President, ESADE Center for Global Economy and Geopolitics; former EU High Representative for the Common Foreign and Security Policy, Secretary General of the Council of the European Union, and Secretary General of NATO

ALUMNI BOOKS

Donald Antrim

The Emerald Light in the Air: Stories
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, September 2014

Mark Evan Bonds

Absolute Music: The History of an Idea
Oxford UP, June 2014

Hillary Brown

Next Generation Infrastructure
Island Press, May 2014

Candida Höfer: Düsseldorf.

Essays by Lothar Baumgarten, Benjamin Buchloh, et al. August 2014

Anne Carson

The Albertine Workout (Poetry Pamphlets)
New Directions, June 2014

T. J. Clark and

Anne M. Wagner

Lovry and the Painting of Modern Life
Tate Publishing, May 2014

Nicholas Eberstadt

The Great Society at Fifty: The Triumph and the Tragedy
American Enterprise Institute, May 2014

Peter Filkins (Trans.)

H.G. Adler
The Wall: A Novel
Random House, December 2014

Rothko to Richter:

Mark-Making in Abstract Painting from the Collection of Preston H. Haskell
Texts by Hal Foster, Susan Stewart, et al. Princeton University Art Museum, July 2014

LaToya Ruby Frazier

The Notion of Family
Aperture, September 2014

Richard B. Freeman,

Joseph R. Blasi, et al.
The Citizen's Share: Reducing Inequality in the 21st Century
Yale UP, June 2014

Janet Gezari (Ed.)

Emily Bronte
The Annotated Wuthering Heights

Belknap Press, September 2014

Francisco Goldman

The Interior Circuit: A Mexico City Chronicle
Grove Press, July 2014

H. D. S. Greenway

Foreign Correspondent: A Memoir
Simon and Schuster, August 2014

Susan Howe

Spontaneous Particulars: The Telepathy of Archives
New Directions / Christine Burgin, October 2014

Anne Hull

Untitled Memoir
Henry Holt and Co., October 2014

Martin Jay

and Sumathi Ramaswamy (Eds.)
Empires of vision: A Reader
Duke UP, March 2014

Ha Jin

A Map of Betrayal: A Novel
Pantheon, November 2014

Pierre Joris (Trans.)

Paul Celan
Breathturn into Timestead: The Collected Later Poetry. A Bilingual Edition
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, December 2014

Branden W. Joseph (Ed.)

Kim Gordon: *Is it My Body? Selected Texts*
Sternberg Press, May 2014

Alex Katz

Alex Katz: Revised and Expanded Edition
Texts by Carter Ratcliff, Ivana Blazwick, et al.
Phaidon Press, September 2014

Thomas DaCosta Kaufmann

and Michael North
Mediating Netherlandish Art and Material Culture in Asia
Amsterdam UP, July 2014

Wai-ye Li

Women and National Trauma in Late Imperial Chinese Literature (Harvard-Yenching Institute Monograph Series)
Harvard University Asia Center, June 2014

Norman Manea

Captives
New Directions, December 2014

Walter Mattli and

Thomas Dietz (Eds.)
International Arbitration and Global Governance: Contending Theories and Evidence
Oxford UP, September 2014

Hiroshi Motomura

Immigration Outside the Law
Oxford UP, July 2014

Esra Özyürek

Being German, Becoming Muslim: Race, Religion, and Conversion in the New Europe (Princeton Studies in Muslim Politics)
Princeton UP, November 2014

Phillip Phan

Conversations and Empirical Evidence in Microfinance
Imperial College Press, December 2014

David B. Ruderman

A Best-Selling Hebrew Book of the Modern Era: The Book of the Covenant
Harvard University Press, June 2014

of Pinhas Hurwitz and

Its Remarkable Legacy
University of Washington Press, October 2014

Mary Elise Sarotte

The Collapse: The Accidental Opening of the Berlin Wall
Basic Books, October 2014

Amity Shlaes

The Forgotten Man: Graphic Edition
Illustrated by Paul Rivoche and adapted from (the 2007 edition) by Chuck Dixon
Harper Perennial, May 2014

P. Adams Sitney

The Cinema of Poetry
Oxford UP, October 2014

Francesca Trivellato (Ed.)

Leor Halevi and Catia Antunes
Religion and Trade: Cross-Cultural Exchanges in World History, 1000–1900
Oxford UP, September 2014

Hayden White

The Practical Past
Ed Dimendberg (Ed.)
Northwestern UP, September 2014

Alan Wolfe

At Home in Exile: Why Diaspora is Good for the Jews
Beacon Press, October 2014

Peter Wortsman

Cold Earth Wanderers
Pelekinesis, November 2014

Peter Wortsman (Trans.)

Mynona (Salomo Friedlaender)
The Creator
Illustrations by Alfred Kubin
Wakefield Press, October 2014

Dimitrios Yatromanolakis

Fragments of Sappho: A Commentary (Hellenic Studies, 34)
Harvard University Press, June 2014

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A BEAUTIFUL MIND

by Gahl Hedges Burt and John C. Kornblum



THERE ARE CERTAIN WORDS that come to mind when thinking about Gary Smith: chaotic, hectic, mad, brilliant, genius, unashamed, big appetite, out of the box, multi-dimensional, and academic entrepreneur are a few that we immediately think of. Put all of that together and you come out with a mixture of a personality that could only be ascribed to Gary Smith. There is no other like him, and there most likely never will be.

It has been our immense privilege to have spent the last twenty years with Gary. As he has grown, so have we. From our first infant steps during the creation of the American Academy in Berlin, to today, the road has been bumpy but never uninteresting. There was no road map for the American Academy. Richard Holbrooke had an idea, but the idea needed to be nurtured and grown, which is exactly what Gary Smith did.

How was this mad genius created? We are not sure. He started out as an ordinary Texas boy, but he soon turned his love of reading into a study of German and, finally, of the life of Walter Benjamin, which eventually brought him to Germany. Marrying Chana Schütz, and having three wonderful children with her, anchored him to Berlin. It was our good fortune that at the birth of the American Academy Gary's name was suggested. Richard Holbrooke and Gahl met Gary in the bar of the Carlyle Hotel so many years ago, and from there, a beautiful partnership was forged.

Gary's understanding of academia and his ability to put scholars on a public stage for German and American edification and enjoyment was his real genius. He organized art gallery exhibitions, concerts, lectures, debates, and he broadcast them through just about every form of media he could think of. Fairly soon, the American Academy in Berlin was quite well known, to the point where we were both being solicited for information about the fellowships, rather than the other way around, which was certainly where we started.

Gary can look at the landscape around institutions like ours and figure out what no one else is doing. Sometimes he comes up with the most outrageous plans you have ever heard of. More often, though, he comes up with an angle that delivers something people are very much wanting. And why is he able to deliver again and again? Mainly because Gary is a collector of ideas and people. He has the innate ability to connect the right person with the right idea and with a big smile on his face, convince you that you should join him on this incredible journey—and maybe even convince you to pay for it as well!

Gary Smith has undoubtedly put the American Academy on the map. His ability to combine good ideas with hard work is unsurpassed. He tirelessly worked for us to find our place among other fine German-American institutions. Our fellow trustees join us in thanking Gary, in saluting Gary, and expressing our enormous appreciation to him for giving us two decades of his life.

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