THE BERLIN JOURNAL

A Magazine from the American Academy in Berlin
Number Twenty-Nine Fall 2015

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Josef Joffe, a founding trustee of the American Academy in Berlin, is editor/publisher of *Die Zeit*. His latest book is *The Myth of America's Decline* (2013). **Karsten Voigt** was a Social Democrat member of the Bundestag from 1976 to 1998 and served as the German federal government's coordinator of German-American Cooperation from 1999 to 2010. **William I. Hitchcock** is a professor of history at the University of Virginia and the Pulitzer-nominated author of *The Bitter Road to Freedom: The Human Cost of Allied Victory in World War II Europe* (2009). **Gail Halvorsen**, the original Candy Bomber, is a retired career officer and command pilot in the US Air Force. **Michael Hoth** is a retired US Air Force sergeant and administration specialist at Tempelhof Aiport. **Philipp Gassert** is the chair of contemporary history at the University of Mannheim and co-author of *Amerikas Kriege* (2014). Fall 2015 Holtzbrinck Fellow **Mary Cappello** is a writer and professor of English and creative writing at the University of Rhode Island. **Michael B. Miller** is a professor of history at the University of Miami and the fall 2015 Nina Maria Gorrissen Fellow of History. **Jason Pine** is the fall 2015 Bosch Fellow in Public Policy and an assistant professor of anthropology and media, society, and the arts at SUNY Purchase. **Adrià Julià**, a Los Angeles-based multidisciplinary artist, is the fall 2015 Guna S. Mundheim Fellow in the Visual Arts. **Alena J. Williams** is an assistant professor in the Department of Visual Arts at University of California, San Diego. John Dewey Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University **Philip Kitcher** is working on his project "Renewing Pragmatism" as the Daimler Fellow of fall 2015. Fall 2015 Axel Springer Fellow **Vladimir Kulić** is an associate professor of architecture at Florida State University. **Anthony Marra** teaches writing at Stanford University and is the fall 2015 Mary Ellen von der Heyden Fellow in Fiction. **Martin Dimitrov** headed the Richard C. Holbrooke Forum summer 2015 retreat. He teaches political science at Tulane University. Academy trustee **Wolfgang Ischinger** is a German diplomat and the chairman of the Munich Security Conference. **Paulina Bren** teaches history at Vassar College and is co-editor of *Communism Unwrapped: Consumption in Cold War Eastern Europe* (2012). **Tara Bray Smith** is the author of *West of Then: A Mother, a Daughter, and a Journey Past Paradise* (2004), a memoir about Hawaii. **Adam Ross**, a 2014 Academy alumnus, is a writer and author of the award-winning novel *Mr. Peanut* (2010).

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PUBLISHER Gerhard Casper
EDITOR R. Jay Magill Jr.
MANAGING EDITOR
Johana Gallup
ADVERTISING Berit Ebert
DESIGN Susanna Dulkinys
& Edenspiekermann

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Am Sandwerder 17–19
14109 Berlin
Tel. (49 30) 80 48 3-0
Fax (49 30) 80 48 3-111
americanacademy.de

14 East 60th Street, Suite 604
New York, NY 10022
Tel. (1) 212 588-1755
Fax (1) 212 588-1758

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PRESIDENT'S NOTE

Crises in the Partnership

SINCE ARRIVING IN BERLIN, I have frequently listened to reporters and others stating their belief that the US-German relationship is in trouble. "You have become president of the Academy at a time when the German-American relationship is at an all-time low—in fact, when it is in the midst of a historical crisis." I have also heard more sanguine views on the matter, but this one seems to be the most prevalent.

Revelations about the scope of the National Security Agency's intelligence gathering have undoubtedly increased German criticism of the United States, especially among the younger generations, and have sparked the concern that this episode might signify the onset of a long-term rift, even though a number of observers note that differences voiced in public do not reflect the reality of continued cooperation in government-to-government relations.

In the more than fifty years that I have lived in the United States I have observed many a crisis in German-American relations.

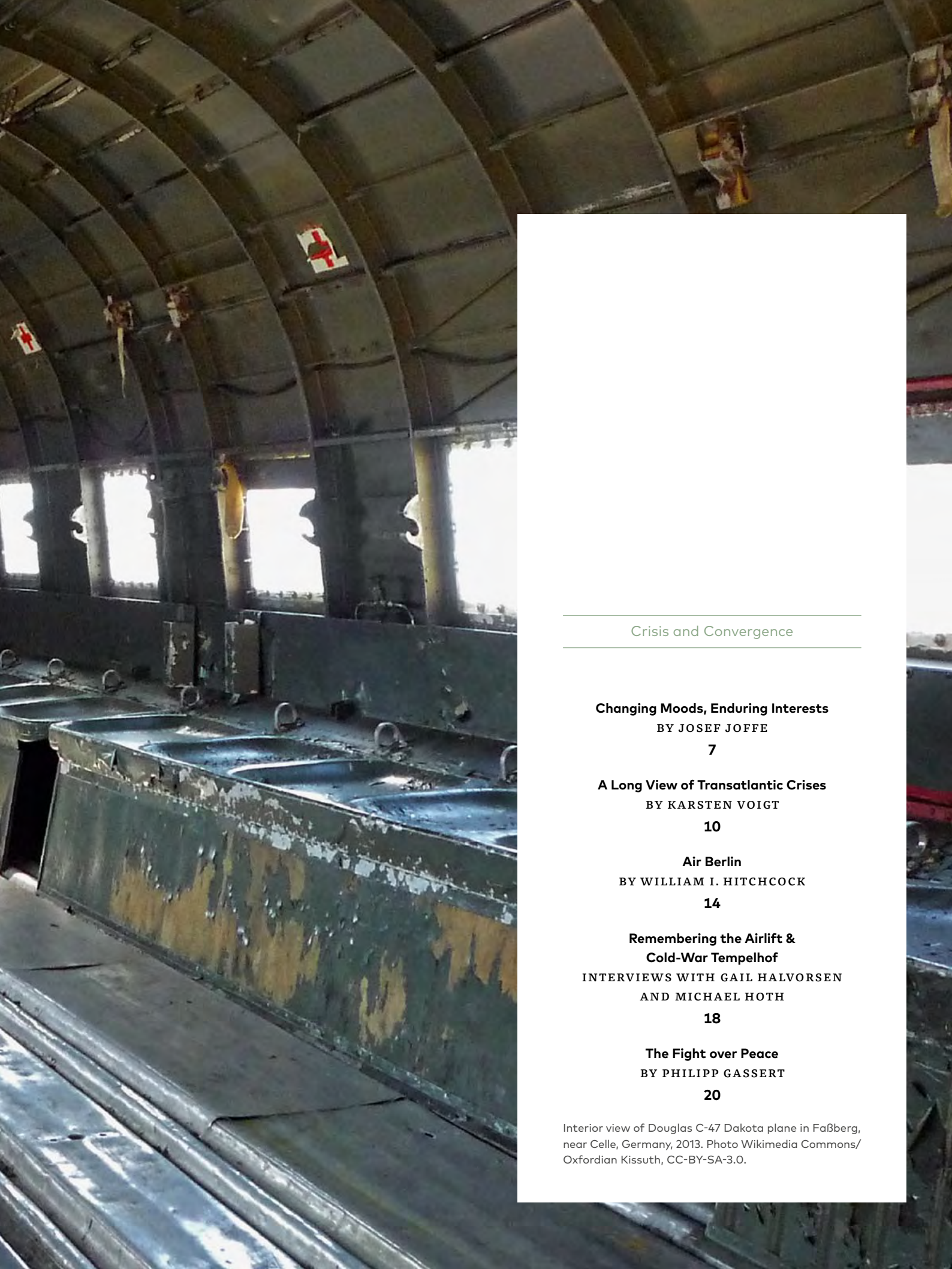
The Focus section of this *Berlin Journal* is therefore dedicated to taking a look at past tensions the two countries have endured, as well as at some of the highpoints of the relationship since the end of World War II. In the opening essay, *Die Zeit*'s Josef Joffe, a founding trustee of the Academy, observes, "The record shows that Germany's affection for the US has waned since the early postwar years, yet in spite of an ever-changing setting, common interests have prevailed." Karsten Voigt was for more than twenty years a Social Democratic member of the Bundestag and from 1999 to 2010 served as the German federal government's coordinator of German-American Cooperation. Voigt, from a political and from his personal vantage point, analyzes some of the multiple, at times existential, crises that have impacted the countries' alliance. University of Virginia historian William I. Hitchcock lends a micro-history of the Berlin Airlift—that chapter in US-German relations that last year marked its sixty-fifth anniversary. This history is enlivened by two eyewitness accounts by men who flew planes in and out of Tempelhof, both during the Airlift and the Cold War. Finally, University of Mannheim historian Philipp Gassert looks at the context and consequences of the 1979 NATO Double-Track Decision. Taken together, these articles suggest that the nations' intertwined twentieth-century histories have led to a series of interactions that at times have been more emotional than those between sovereign nations usually are. They also show that the values forming the bedrocks of our political systems—democracy, freedom of the press, rule of law, and inalienable human rights—have endured.

As always, the bulk of the *Berlin Journal* is dedicated to our resident fellows, whose presence and work at the Academy comprises the heart of our mission. The Features section offers a mix of essays and stories from some of America's most interesting scholars, writers, and artists. Philosopher Philip Kitcher looks to John Dewey's hallmark work *Democracy and Education* for keys to reconceiving our own democratic virtues; writer Mary Cappello's first-person account ventures into the topic of overlapping moods and sound; architectural historian Vladimir Kulić discusses Yugoslavia's imaginative Cold-War building projects; novelist Anthony Marra offers a vivid story from his new collection; historian Michael B. Miller hinges French identity to the country's many waterways; anthropologist Jason Pine investigates the home-manufacturing of illegal narcotics in the American heartland; and Los Angeles-based artist Adrià Julià offers some images of his latest multimedia work.

We hope these contributions will entice you to join us —in person or via our livestream channel—at the Hans Arnhold Center, which in many ways itself symbolizes Germany's complex history in the twentieth century and its singular relationship to the United States.

Gerhard Casper


FOCUS



Crisis and Convergence

Interior view of Douglas C-47 Dakota plane in Faßberg, near Celle, Germany, 2013. Photo Wikimedia Commons/ Oxfordian Kissuth, CC-BY-SA-3.0.

CRISIS AND CONVERGENCE

An overview of German-American
flash points and high points since World War II

How serious is the current rift in American-German relations? Triggered by revelations about the National Security Agency's activities in Germany, tensions between the two countries have recently increased. But is this truly a "crisis," as some commentators worry?

Rather than attempting to provide definitive answers, the focus section of this *Berlin Journal* presents a few historical perspectives to place recent developments in a broader context. Academy trustee Josef Joffe, editor/publisher of *Die Zeit*, and Karsten Voigt, the SPD's coordinator of German-American affairs for over a decade, offer side-by-side, overarching analyses of recent German-American affairs. The section then highlights two specific moments in the history of convergence and crisis: the remarkable achievement of the Berlin Airlift, of 1948–49, and the 1979 NATO Double-Track Decision, which created tremors throughout German society during the grave uncertainty of the Cold War.

CHANGING MOODS, ENDURING INTERESTS

The German love affair with America ended long ago, but government-to-government relations could not be better

by Josef Joffe

GERMANS DON'T REALLY LIKE the United States. Says who? The Pew Research Center, in a fresh study, from June 2015, on America's global standing. Forty-five percent of Germans held a negative view of the United States; just one-half were favorably disposed. So the "likes" have a slight majority, but for a better grasp, look at the other countries in the survey: in Spain, Britain, France, Poland, and Italy, the approval rates range from two-thirds to over four-fifths of the population; the negatives vary from 14 to 27 percent. So, Germany stands out with the highest "don't like" number in the bunch. But hold it. If you don't like one opinion poll, try some others.

In another Pew report, more than seven out of ten Germans regard the United States as a "reliable ally," according to data collected in May 2015. On the eternal "Rapallo Question"—Germany playing Russia against the West—the United States wins, hands down. Almost six out of ten prefer "strong ties with the US," while Russia gets a paltry 15 percent.

How to explain the discrepancy between the "don't like" and the "strong ties?" The missing link is a sober assessment of Europe's strategic reality in an age of renewed Russian expansionism. It consists of three sets of numbers.

One, Germans deeply cherish the Western alliance, with almost seven out of ten in favor. But, two, they don't want to fight for it, as yet another recent Pew Research Center study found out. Asked whether their country should use force in the event of a Russian attack on an alliance member—say, on Poland or the Baltics—almost six out of ten Germans respond with the slogan of the American anti-Vietnam generation, as it were: "Hell no, we won't go." Thus, the times are a-changin'. In past centuries, Prussians and Germans were quick to conquer the lands to the east; now, they don't seem to care.

This indifference to Germany's glacis does not make sense. So, on to the third set of numbers, which resolve the puzzle. Germans believe by a majority of seven to three that, *in extremis*, Uncle Sam will come to the aid of Germany and threatened allies. So it is pacifism, plus free-riding. Why defend yourself, let alone others, if you can outsource security to the United States? This rosy outlook dovetails nicely with the belief in the "reliability" of the United States and the strong preference for the US over Russia. Uncle Sam will be there for us.

He'd better be, as the hard realities suggest. Germany, once the most feared nation in Europe, has become as aggressive as a pussycat. No more Clausewitz, that Prussian strategist who famously proclaimed that "war is the continuation of policy with the admixture of other means." Force is no longer an integral tool of German diplomacy. The country has put its money on trade, suasion, and institutionalized cooperation.

Nor does Germany have the tools. The current army has shrunk from 680,000 during the Cold War (West plus East Germany) to 180,000. Once numbering 3,500, main battle tanks have dwindled to 250. Compared to the Cold War, defense outlays have more than halved, from 3 per cent of GDP to 1.2. When Berlin deployed some 8,000 troops to Afghanistan, the Bundeswehr was practically at the end of its tether. It lacks projection forces, readiness, ordnance, and the sophisticated state-of-the-art stuff, like space-based surveillance. Given its melting defense budget, Berlin will not acquire the wherewithal any time soon.

Hence, the free-riding reflex, as mirrored in the public opinion figures and in the refusal to fly along with Allied forces in the air war against Libya's Muammar Gaddafi, in 2011. Given the mindset as well as the lack of resources, it makes perfect sense to like the Alliance and trust in an America that, after all, has lent Germany its strategic umbrella for the past seventy years.

This outlook also explains the staggering US-German opinion gap on the issue of whether "Germany should play a more active military role." More than five out of ten Americans say "yes" to greater German commitment. Yet in Germany, less than half as many opt for more engagement. By the time this poll was taken, ISIS and Russia were already on a roll.

"Verweil doch, du bist so schön. Werd ich zum Augenblicke sagen," declaims Faust; roughly: "Please stay, thou art so lovely, I shall plead with that blissful moment." At this point in history, Germany's moment in the shadow of American power may not last, given the return of power politics in Europe and the expansion of Terror International all the way into Turkey, a NATO member since 1952.

YET CULTURE DOES NOT CHANGE as quickly as the strategic setting. Once a pariah among nations, the New and Improved Germany has found moral worth as bastion of peace and restraint. Pacifism has replaced bellicism; gone are the imperial reflexes of yore. Today, this German giant is surrounded only by friends, a breathtaking historical change. Why collect enemies when friendship is so sweet?

Moral worth regained—and the urge to advertise it—explains public, especially published, opinion toward America, which is neutral at best but more often ranges from critical to unsympathetic. A content analysis of the media would not reveal a surfeit of affection for the United States. The distinct exceptions are *Die Welt* and the mass tabloid *Bild*.

What are the sources of estrangement?

First, nobody likes the mighty, and the United States, the world's Gulliver, inspires resentment by dint of sheer weight and invasiveness, not to speak of America's wars in the early 2000s and its drones and stealth bombers in the current decade.

Second, America is the steamroller of modernity, the disruptor of ancient dispensations that forces Europeans to adapt and compete. This pressure does not sit well with America's cousins, who have lost their cultural supremacy to the upstart from across the sea. Their children wolf down fast food, dance to American tunes, gobble up Hollywood's latest, sport Nikes and baseball caps, and imitate the informal manners, even the body language, of their American contemporaries. But pop culture is not the only problem. Harvard and Stanford have displaced the universities of Göttingen and Heidelberg, once the global model. Sixteen of the world's top-twenty universities are American. The first German one shows up in slot 51, according to the most-often cited global ranking of Shanghai's Jiao Tong University. Third, the "chattering classes" love to hate America as a spearhead of unregenerate capitalism and as a threat to the expansive and egalitarian welfare state of postwar Europe. The unwritten social contract enshrines equality and stability rather than the uncertain benefits of competition. Americans cheer winners, Germans worry about social—that is, distributive—justice.

American capitalism doesn't quite correspond to the projection; government transfer payments as a fraction of GDP have risen relentlessly since the New Deal. Yet Americans are far more attuned to those Calvinist virtues the German sociologist Max Weber saw as the engines of earthly success. Restlessness, hustling, and "making it" still predominate in the culture. Tomorrow will be better than today; that article of faith is central to the American creed. Germans, looking back at the horrors of the twentieth century, are not so sure. Hence, they prefer an egalitarian, caring capitalism that protects and provides while serving up change in palatable doses.

But change is as rapid as it was in the first industrial revolution, beginning in the mid-nineteenth century. Not to put too fine a point on it, but the future in the digital age is being invented—and astronomic fortunes are being made—in Silicon Valley, where the world's best and brightest congregate. They hail not only from such usual suspects as China and India, but also from France and Germany. The world's icons and images are *Made in U.S.A.* Nor does American culture—high or low—need a gun to travel. Its progress does not come from imposition but seduction. As Uncle Sigmund would pontificate, we hate the seducer as well as ourselves for yielding to temptation.

Continuing, Dr. Freud would invoke the subconscious need for compensation. Like: the Americans have the power, but we have the social and moral advantage. They bomb others and kill their own, be it in the execution chamber or in the streets of Ferguson. We respect the Other; they oppress their minorities. We share the wealth; they specialize in inequality. They know the price of everything and the worth of nothing. These yahoos like to go to war while we, after centuries of bloody-minded imperialism, have finally learned the ways of peace.

A caricature? Of course. But the socio-cultural divide highlights a puzzling paradox, which is the divergence of public/published opinion and the enduring kinship of governments. Not even the Iraq War, when anti-Americanism was rampant in Germany, could unhinge the partnership.

Chancellor Schröder did cobble together an anti-Bush alliance with France and Russia. Yet he also granted basing and overflight rights to the US, while German troops guarded US barracks to free American soldiers for duty in Iraq. This is what good allies do.

Chancellor Merkel deftly deflected rising anger over NSA snooping, preserving the close cooperation of the intelligence services. In spite of mounting agitation against TTIP, the transatlantic trade pact, Berlin keeps holding the line. Obama and Merkel stayed in tandem when Putin moved into Ukraine. They also did so during the nuclear negotiations with Iran. In contrast to its traditionally trade-dominated diplomacy, Berlin helped to uphold sanctions against Moscow and Tehran.

Government-to-government relations remain as agreeable as can be, given a slew of disparate interests that bedevil all diplomacy. The relationship has survived each and every crisis since 1949, when the Federal Republic was born. As Germany celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of reunification, in 2015, the political class remembered the indispensable services of the George H.W. Bush administration. Washington smoothed the path to unity by cajoling Moscow and corralling London, Paris, and Rome, seeking, at least, to brake the momentum.

STATES HAVE NO PERMANENT FRIENDS, only permanent interests—a piece of homily variously ascribed to Palmerston, Talleyrand, or De Gaulle. The record shows that Germany's affection for the US has waned since the early postwar years, yet in spite of an ever-changing setting, common interests have prevailed. Why? Germans still cherish America's strategic umbrella, and the US likes to have Germany around—Europe's linchpin and strongest economy.

The problem is indifference to the outside world, and it afflicts both countries. So, one last set of numbers: one-half of both Americans and Germans agree with this statement: "Our country should deal with its own problems and let other countries deal with their own." Only four out of ten say, "Help others." The gap will not narrow, as a look at the age cohorts reveals. Among the young, 57 percent of Americans and 54 percent of Germans opt for self-containment.

For all their cultural differences, Americans and Germans share similar isolationist reflexes. These numbers reflect not national traits but rather the common ways of postmodern democracy, foreseen almost two hundred years ago by Tocqueville, still the sharpest-eyed analyst of the democratic mind. Eventually, he predicted, democracies would turn pacific, preferring their own gardens to the costly pleasures of power and glory. Majorities in America and Germany are currently confirming Tocqueville's point, whatever else divides them. □

A LONG VIEW OF TRANSATLANTIC CRISES

Increasing closeness, increasing friction

by Karsten D. Voigt

IN 1969, WHEN I WAS ELECTED national chairman of the Young Socialists (*Jungsozialisten*—Jusos), the SPD youth organization, the future US ambassador to Germany John Kornblum was a young diplomat stationed in Bonn. Many years later, he told me that after that Young Socialist congress, American diplomats had been gripped by the fear of a grave future crisis in transatlantic relations. The prevailing analysis was: "If this generation of Young Socialists one day assumed the leadership of the SPD or—even worse—control of the federal government, relations between the US and Germany would be plagued by conflict and mistrust." Henry Kissinger expressed similar skepticism to me when Joschka Fischer became foreign minister. These pessimistic scenarios of the future have proven to be wrong.

Since the founding of the Federal Republic of Germany, its relations with the US have shaped not only its foreign but also its domestic policy. In the future, too, the US will remain Germany's most important partner outside the European Union. Differences between the US and Germany notwithstanding, common interests and values prevail. But relations between the two countries over the past several decades have been subject to repeated periods of discord. Some of these have passed quickly. Others have developed into serious crises.

Despite the overwhelmingly positive outcomes, in retrospect, one will never be able to count on transatlantic crises resolving themselves. On the contrary, in politics there is no law of the series—especially not of a positive one. Each generation will therefore have to begin anew the work of overcoming differences in opinion and forging commonalities. This is all the more true given that, in years to come, German and American politics will have to prove themselves in the face of completely new challenges.

MY PREDOMINANTLY POSITIVE VIEW of American politics was first shaken during the Hungarian crisis of 1956. Over half of my school class was made up of boys who had fled Germany's Soviet-occupied zone with their families after the uprising on June 17, 1953. That's why we were, more than other students, interested in developments east of the Federal Republic of Germany. The American government's rhetoric at the time had created the impression in me that that the US would rush to the aid of the Hungarian democrats against the Soviet troops. From my vantage point, the contradiction between the US government's words and its actions robbed the roll-back rhetoric of the then-American secretary of state, John Foster Dulles, of all credibility.

After the Berlin Wall went up, in 1961, I perceived the actions of the US administration as ambivalent: on the one hand, the tanks at Checkpoint Charlie confirmed American security guarantees for West Berlin. On the other, it became clear, once and for all, that, indispensable as American military power was for the protection of the West, it was unsuited and ultimately largely irrelevant in the quest for bringing change to East Germany and Eastern Europe. Later—in my opinion, much too late—President Kennedy flew to Berlin, where he was welcomed by jubilant crowds. Despite the cheers, however, I understood that American and German priorities weren't always identical. The experiences of that period prompted Willy Brandt and Egon Bahr to develop their *Ostpolitik*. For similar reasons, they led me to join the SPD, shortly after the Wall was built.

The decades that followed 1961 were fundamentally shaped by an unchanging constellation: West German politics was always aware that it needed US backing for its *Ostpolitik* and domestic policies. At the same time, it was clear to the politicians in both Washington and Bonn that the perspectives, aims, and methods of the two governments were by no means always identical. Listening to Egon Bahr and Henry Kissinger speaking about this period, one could clearly feel the simultaneity of intensive cooperation and mutual reservation. German and American *Ostpolitik* had, in part, differing motives. But they complemented each other in their outcomes.

The Vietnam War didn't substantially influence the relationships of various West German governments with the US, but it changed a whole generation's image of the United States. While young Germans of my generation could identify with domestic American resistance to US policy, it was the actions of US administrations that dominated our perception of the country, painting a negative picture in our minds. Willy Brandt was indignant of the fact that I publicly accused him of having an insufficiently critical stance toward America's Vietnam policy. He saw in this reproach a challenge to his moral integrity. And this moral integrity was, above all else, what it was all about: Western values were being betrayed by Western policies. An accusation then, and again later, during George W. Bush's Iraq War.

The weak reaction of the US and other NATO members to the coup by Greek colonels in April 1967 increased the suspicion that, for the US, geostrategic considerations took precedence over respect for democratic values. And when, in August 1968, Soviet troops violently ended the experiment of "Socialism with a human face," it reinforced the narrative among the undogmatic Left that the two world powers, America and the Soviet Union, resembled each other to the degree that, in their respective spheres of influence, they made the limits of the democratic right to self-determination dependent on their geostrategic interests. When we demonstrated with red banners in Frankfurt's Niederrad district that August, in front of the Soviet military mission, against the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the mission was protected not only by the German police but also by American GIs. Our suspicions were reinforced when Allende's democratically elected leftist government was toppled—with US assistance—in a bloody military coup, in September 1973.

The Vietnam War and the military coups in Greece and Chile shook US democratic credibility. But they didn't lead to serious conflicts between the US and West German governments. This was different with the Yom Kippur War, in 1973. Back then, the US delivered weapons to Israel via West Germany without informing the federal government in advance, let alone asking for its permission. After tolerating these shipments for a time, the Foreign Office protested against the further use of Bremerhaven for this purpose (Chancellor Willy Brandt seemed at the time to have taken a different position on the matter than Foreign Minister Scheel). The US and, of course, Israeli governments reacted with indignation.

Two problems that played a role in this conflict repeatedly led to friction in the following decades. One was to what extent the consideration of Arab sentiments and interests limited German solidarity with Israel. The second was the extent to which actions by US government agencies on German soil compromised the sovereignty of the Federal Republic of Germany. The latter point is central to an understanding of the current conflict over the behavior of the National Security Agency. Some time after the end of the Yom Kippur War, before I had become a member of parliament, I traveled to Washington for the first time, where I was asked at the State Department what position I would have taken as a German politician in this situation. My answer back then was that such American arms shipments from German soil without the prior knowledge and approval of the federal government were unacceptable. But with an eye to our relations with Israel, I would have agreed to an American request of this kind.

In the latter half of the 1970s, questions of nuclear strategy and related issues of nuclear arms control began to strain transatlantic relations. The resulting conflicts did not confine themselves to national borders. While the protests of the peace movement in Germany were aimed primarily at the policies of various US administrations, they also demonstrated against decisions the US had made in substantial part with the involvement of—and, in some cases, only at the urging of—the German federal government.

IN WEST GERMAN PUBLIC OPINION, an antinuclear mood had been dominant since the end of World War II. At the beginning, it had been directed, above all, against the positioning of nuclear weapons on German soil, and especially against Franz Josef Strauss' advocacy at that time for German possession of nuclear weapons. The use of nuclear technologies for civil purposes, on the other hand, had the support of the majority of the population. This changed gradually over the course of the 1970s. For their part, Federal Chancellor Schmidt and his government endorsed not only an expansion of the civil use of nuclear energy but also the modernization of nuclear weapons as part of the Western strategy of deterrence.

When the US and the USSR reached a SALT accord, Helmut Schmidt was disposed to agree to the stationing of neutron weapons in West Germany, given the superiority of the Soviet Union and its allies in the area of conventional arms, should arms-control negotiations not result in Soviet willingness to reduce stocks of conventional weapons. When the Soviets began stationing SS-20 medium-range missiles, Schmidt feared the possibility of nuclear blackmail by the USSR in a crisis, since the strategic parity agreed to in the SALT treaty—even as the Soviet Union preserved its simultaneous superiority in other areas—would undermine the American security guarantee. In this sense, Schmidt's 1977 speech at the IISS in London was, above all, a declaration of mistrust toward President Jimmy Carter. Schmidt's reservations were heightened when Carter, in 1978, surprisingly and without consulting his allies, decided against the production of neutron weapons.

Jimmy Carter's decisions regarding nuclear weapons and his initiatives against nuclear proliferation were quite popular among left-leaning sections of German society, in part more popular than those of Helmut Schmidt. I was not convinced by Schmidt's military arguments for the development and placement of new US medium-range missiles. Even after the SALT accord, I thought the existing American nuclear weapons were sufficient to deter the Soviets from embarking on any military adventures in Europe. However, after numerous trips to the USSR, I no longer believed that the Soviet Union could be moved to reduce, let alone dismantle, its nuclear weapons without the threat of the stationing of American medium-range missiles. Giving priority to arms-control policy, I then voted for the NATO Double-Track Decision in 1979. At that time, I was still the spokesman for the left wing of the SPD. My stance on the NATO Double-Track Decision led to my being removed from this post in 1982, primarily at the instigation of Oskar Lafontaine.

In the subsequent years, the implementation of the NATO Double-Track Decision repeatedly led to serious strains in the German-American relationship. Relations between the governments during the period of the Reagan administration revolved, above all, around the significance of arms control, which the US didn't prioritize as highly as did Germany. The two countries' respective rhetoric and policies toward the USSR also figured prominently. Anyone who, like President Reagan, spoke of the Soviet Union as the "Evil Empire" had no credibility with Germans committed to policies for peace. The reservations vis-à-vis the Reagan Administration were significantly greater among the German population than in the government. The mistrust of these segments of the population, however, was directed not only at the US but also at their own government. It was primarily the conflict with its own political base that ultimately brought down the Schmidt government.

No issue in the transatlantic conflict moved more people to demonstrate publicly in the following years than the conflict around the stationing of medium-range nuclear missiles. Helmut Schmidt wasn't always right in his political and military beliefs. In terms of outcome, however, history proved him right. I know many former protesters who still have difficulty admitting this. When, in later decades, the remnants of the peace movement, members of parliament, or even members of the federal government tried to take up the issue of "nuclear arms in Germany," they found that it never even remotely resonated with the public as it had in the early 1980s. After the end of the East-West conflict, with the change in Germany's geostrategic situation, the fear of nuclear war on German soil began to wane.

AFTER GERMAN REUNIFICATION, the topics subject to transatlantic conflict also changed. Geostrategically speaking, Germany today finds itself better situated than it has for centuries—surrounded by nations that are friends, want to be friends, or at least claim to be friends. For this reason, Germany today is in demand as an exporter of security and stability, unlike during the Cold War, when the potential conflict situations and the associated range of deployment scenarios for the German armed forces were clear. This is no longer the case, which makes decisions more difficult and, at the same time, increases their urgency.

At the start of the Gulf War, in 1991, Helmut Kohl could still claim that the Basic Law barred German participation. Based on this argument, he limited Germany's contribution to financial support of the US campaign. From the German side, one could have also said more honestly that it would be unwise to commit German soldiers for foreign military operations so long as the Soviet troops had not been completely withdrawn from Germany. Yet in parts of the peace movement, too, the constellation that had defined the debate on the NATO Double-Track Decision had changed: a minority of those who had demonstrated against it showed an understanding for the American action against Saddam Hussein. Others protested against the "War in the Gulf" and consciously avoided demonstrating in locations where American soldiers and war matériel were loaded to be sent to the Gulf. Thus, for months, American transport planes took off from the military section of Frankfurt Airport, in full view of civilian passengers, without conflicts arising as they had in the early 1980s.

The Iraq War begun by President George W. Bush, in 2003, took place against a completely changed backdrop: immediately following the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington there were spontaneous professions

in Germany of sympathy for the US. Federal Chancellor Schröder promised the US the "unlimited solidarity" of the Germans. And this was not limited to words. In a departure from German postwar tradition, the German military took part in the mission in Afghanistan. Cooperation between the intelligence services was intensified, and common strategies against international terrorism were developed.

But when President Bush took the attacks of September 11 as a pretext for war against Iraq, in violation of international law, the mood in Germany quickly turned; one of the most serious intergovernmental crises of the postwar period ensued. Schröder's "No" to the Iraq War was justified and remains so, too, from today's perspective. His "No" was aligned with the principles of German postwar policy with regard to peace policy and international law. His rhetoric, on the other hand—especially his speech in Goslar—was influenced by the national election campaign that was simultaneously underway.

Shortly after the start of the war, I traveled to the US, seeking to help prevent lasting damage to the German-American relationship. This was in keeping with the aims of the federal government. Although it had spoken out very clearly against the war and thus against the policy of the Bush administration, it had no objections to the use of American bases in Germany. This was taken for granted by the US. As could be seen in the behavior of the Turkish government, however, it should not have been. Had the German government taken the stance of the Turkish government, the bitter conflict between the Bush administration and the Schröder/Fischer government would have resulted in a lasting crisis in transatlantic relations.

The federal government went a step further: it made available 8,000 German soldiers to protect the American military bases. In this way, it contributed indirectly to increasing the numbers of deployable US troops. The German government opposed America's war, but, of course, it still wanted the US to win this war. And it searched for new common ground. Out of this arose the German-American cooperation to prevent Iran from developing atomic weapons.

When I explained during my American visit how Germany, despite its clear and principled "No" to the Iraq War, supported the US more substantially than did a number of the other countries that had stridently voiced their backing of the US, Germany's behavior was taken as a matter of course. Yet it wasn't at all. This assistance ran counter to Article 26 of the German Constitution, which made preparations by the federal government for a war of aggression a punishable offense. In Germany at that time, when the accusation was levied that practical support for the US marked a violation of Article 26, I responded evasively.

The terrorist attacks on New York brought lasting changes to the US, both internally and in its actions toward the outside world. In the perpetually contentious balance between security and freedom, the pendulum swung heavily to the side of security. Meanwhile, small corrections have been made, yet compared to the pre-September 11 era the emphasis has remained on security. When I taught at a college in Arkansas, during the "German Autumn" of the 1970s, German measures to combat terrorism were seen as a revival of German authoritarianism. Today, I more often hear the accusation that the Germans, because of their history, lack the resolve to decisively act against terrorist dangers.

THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE ACTIONS of the NSA fits into this context. In the past, too, the American intelligence agencies played a different and more important role than the German intelligence agencies. Covert military operations on the ground in other countries, especially without prior parliamentary authorization, and targeted killings of presumed terrorists using drones would constitute a violation of Germany's legal order. When leading German politicians and diplomats assumed that their American allies wouldn't eavesdrop on their telephones and computers, this was naïve. In America, Britain, and several other NATO countries, friendship doesn't preclude spying on one another. Many of my American interlocutors assume that this is—in contrast to German practice—German policy as well. Any hope of German politicians that they might move the US to conform to German practice is an illusion. In the future, we will have to continue to deal with this difference between the political cultures as unemotionally as possible.

Germany and the US invoke essentially the same fundamental values. But in individual cases, they practice a different hierarchy of values. Their political cultures, histories, and self-conceptions also differ. The more one works to achieve an understanding of these differences, the more constructively one can deal with any conflicts that may arise. This will be even more important in the future than it was in the past, as Germany will have to engage more strongly in matters of foreign and security policy on the borders of and outside of Europe. This role is new for Germany. Understandably, we are still unpracticed and unsure in filling this role. The US should practice understanding and patience in this area. On the other hand, Germany should continue to be not only a partner but also a counterpart when the US—as in the Iraq War—causes additional instability rather than fostering stability.

The US and Europe increasingly have relations not only in foreign policy but also in areas of domestic policy. The fight over TTIP, the protection of privacy, and the limits to the freedom of expression on Facebook touch on conflicts that used to belong primarily to domestic policy but that today are matters of both domestic and foreign policy. Out of this increasing dissolution of domestic policy boundaries arise new points of friction. The resulting conflicts are seen by some observers as a sign of "estrangement." I see them, on the contrary, as a result of increasing closeness. Increasing closeness doesn't always lead to greater sympathy but often also to additional points of friction. Foreign policy actors on both sides of the Atlantic must in the future, more than before, learn to deal with these "problems of closeness." □

AIR BERLIN

The planes that changed morale

by William I. Hitchcock

From **JUNE 24, 1948** until May 12, 1949, Tempelhof Airport, in Berlin, was the center of the world. Over the course of that year, every 45 seconds an American or British aircraft took off or landed at the sprawling airport complex, navigating bad weather, slick runways, blocks of nearby apartment towers, careening fuel trucks, overworked ground crews, and a leaden sky filled with the heaving, lumbering transport planes that were bringing life-giving supplies to the embattled city of Berlin. The Berlin Airlift, a massive relief operation designed to meet the daily food and fuel needs of 2.1 million people in the Western sectors of Germany's former capital, did more than rescue a besieged city. It also changed world politics.

Before the airlift, Germany was still an unwanted stepchild of the Western powers: divided, occupied, difficult to govern, with an uncertain future. After the airlift, the ambiguity disappeared. Britain, France, and the United States quickly moved to forge a new West German state and link it tightly to the West. The new Federal Republic of Germany, formed in May 1949, progressively gained international legitimacy by joining the Council of Europe and receiving Marshall Aid. It would join the European Coal and Steel Community in 1951 and, in 1955, West Germany was invited to take a seat alongside its former bitter enemies in the NATO military alliance. All this occurred as a direct consequence of the emotional experience of the Berlin Airlift. What led the Western powers to expend such huge resources and accept enormous risks—including the risk of war with the Soviet Union—to bring aid to the people of Berlin?

Located more than one hundred miles deep in the heart of the Soviet zone of occupation, Berlin could only be accessed with the forbearance of the Russian authorities. The roads, railways, and even the rivers and canals that crossed the Soviet zone all were carefully monitored by the Russians. Cars, trains, and barges carrying vital daily supplies of food and coal into the city were often halted for inspection and endured unexplained delays. Flights into Berlin had to follow specified air corridors from Hamburg, Hannover, or Frankfurt. The Soviets did not wish to share Berlin with the other occupying powers, and they set out to make access into the city as difficult as possible.

The tension over Berlin reflected the larger contest for Germany itself. The victorious wartime allies had agreed at the end of the war to work together to govern defeated Germany, to dismantle its war industries, reshape its government, and re-educate its people. Yet the occupiers bitterly disagreed on basic matters such as how to rebuild the German political system, how to reorient the German economy, and how to contain German power so that the nation could never again threaten the peace of the world.

As the occupiers bickered, Germans suffered. Food, electricity, coal, and housing were all in terribly short supply. For more than two years after the war, Germans had to survive on a diet of 1,000 calories a day, mostly supplied from outside the country. Berlin still looked like "the city of the dead" that greeted the victorious Allied armies in 1945. Housing was very scarce; half the buildings in the city were in ruins. The lucky residents who had shelter often did not have heat or running water. Such shortages undermined the claims of the liberators that life would be better under democratic rule. As the governor of the American zone, General Lucius D. Clay, put it at the time, "You cannot build real democracy in an atmosphere of distress and hunger."

The Soviet authorities seemed in no hurry to improve the quality of life in their zone of occupation. The Russian people, after all, had suffered terribly at the hands of the Germans, and they felt little sympathy for Germany's troubles. The Soviets took some pleasure in dismantling German factories and shipping them back to the Soviet Union, along with tons of desperately needed coal. Germany languished, and the consequences hit not only Germans but other European nations whose economies relied upon Germany as Europe's engine.

By the middle of 1947, the Americans had given up looking for common ground with the Russians. Secretary of State George Marshall announced his plan for European economic recovery in June. The Marshall Plan announced a new start for American reconstruction efforts across Europe, signaling that the US would defy Soviet obstructionism. Meanwhile, the British agreed to fuse their zone with the Americans, creating the nucleus of a West German state. The Anglo-American occupiers now allowed an increase in industrial productivity, and laid out new institutions for German self-government. By the start of 1948, even the often difficult French had aligned themselves with this Western policy of German recovery.

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Having accepted the breakdown of joint control in Germany, the three Western occupation powers called a conference in London in February 1948 to plan for the creation of a West German government. They excluded the Russians from the conference. In retaliation, the Russians increased their interference with rail and road traffic into Berlin, slowing deliveries to a crawl. General Clay cabled his superiors in Washington with dire prognostications: "For many months," he wrote on March 5, "I have felt and held that war was unlikely for at least ten years. Within the last few weeks, I have felt a subtle change in [the] Soviet attitude which I cannot define but which now gives me a feeling it may come with dramatic suddenness."

In this atmosphere of increasing tension, the allies worked feverishly in London to frame the institutions of a new German state. In June 1948, they released their plan. They would allow the Germans to call a Parliamentary Council to draw up a new German constitution. The powerful industries of the Ruhr would be placed under an international authority that would monitor production of coal and steel and ensure strict German compliance with all disarmament requirements. But the key point was that now the Allies would encourage, not inhibit, economic recovery. The London agreements, everyone knew, marked the start of a new West German state. As a crowning gesture, General Clay announced, on June 18, 1948, the introduction of a new currency, the Deutsche Mark, to replace the inflated and worthless Reichsmark. The new currency would also be valid in Berlin. The United States would make its own Germany, whether the Soviets liked it or not.

They did not. America's actions, supported by Britain and France and, of course, welcomed by most Germans, provoked a swift and serious Soviet response. On June 24, the Russians cut electricity to the Western zones of Berlin, and blocked all rail, canal, automobile, and pedestrian traffic into and out of the city. More than two million people in the Western sectors of the city were now hostages.

What **DID THE RUSSIANS HOPE** to gain by this assertion of strength? Clearly, they did not want war with the United States. But the formation of a West German government was a direct provocation, one the Soviets could not accept with equanimity. If the Allied powers wanted to forge a new West German state, they would not be allowed to take Berlin with them. Stalin gambled that the Western powers would give up on Berlin and leave it in Soviet hands.

The Allied powers had three choices: leave Berlin; stay and do nothing as the city starved; or try as best they could to break the blockade. It was an easy call: to give up Berlin now would be to admit defeat not just in Berlin but in Germany and perhaps in Europe. The events of Munich in 1938 were very fresh in the minds of the decision-makers. Americans vowed never to appease Soviet aggression.

Although the precise means to supply Berlin were as yet unclear, President Harry Truman and British Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin were both determined that they must remain in Berlin at all costs. On June 26, Bevin told the press that "we intend to stay in Berlin," and he secretly asked the Americans to send a fleet of B-29s, capable of carrying atomic bombs, to Britain to demonstrate this commitment to the Russians. (The planes were sent—without their atomic payload—in July).

The same day, President Truman, in a move that was never anticipated by the Russians, ordered a massive airlift to supply the city until a solution to the blockade could be resolved. It was a masterstroke. The Russians could easily cut off ground traffic into the city, but the only way to halt an airplane was to shoot it down. That would have been an act of war that the Russians dared not take. And so the relief of Berlin would come from the skies.

Or so everyone hoped. Berlin needed two thousand tons of foodstuffs a day—flour, cereals, meat, potatoes, sugar, coffee, milk, fats, and oils—to survive. One American C-47 transport plane could only carry 2.5 tons—a drop in the bucket. And what about raw materials like coal, oil, and gasoline that heated homes, fueled the city's electric plants and factories? Power stations alone needed 1,650 tons of coal a day to produce electricity. Worse than that, the Americans, who had built ten thousand C-47s during the war, now only had seventy of them in working order in all of Europe. The rest had been mothballed after the war.

The gigantic scale of the problem was immediately evident on the first day of the airlift, when American C-47s and Royal Air Force Dakotas managed to bring in just eighty tons of food into the city. At that rate, Berlin would soon starve. General Clay thought the airlift would never be able to meet Berlin's needs and considered sending an armed convoy along the Autobahn to challenge the Russians and dare them to fire on American soldiers. Fortunately, he never attempted such a confrontational scheme.

That is because, with astonishing speed, the airlift, dubbed "Operation Vittles," picked up steam. What started as an improvisation by a small band of can-do pilots turned into a meticulously planned operation governed by slide rules and timetables. The man who really made the machine work was William H. Tunner. Known as "Willie the Whip," Major General Tunner was a humorless, driven Air Force officer, who during World War II had organized the extremely difficult supply route known as "the Hump"—flying supplies from India across the Himalayas to Allied forces in China. Taking over the Berlin Airlift in late July 1948, Tunner immediately imposed order upon the chaos.

Tunner aimed to squeeze more hours out of his planes and his pilots. He set up a grueling regimen that kept aircraft in the air 24 hours a day, without let up or rest. He asked General Clay to get him more planes, especially the larger C-54 "Skymasters" that could transport ten tons each, and Clay got President Truman to approve the transfer of 160 of the behemoths to Berlin. Tunner had all available reserve pilots and some commercial pilots called up for immediate service in the airlift. And he initiated the construction of a new airport, Tegel, that would be built in three months, mostly by German manual labor. Ground crews worked regular 16-hour shifts and sometimes stretched to 24. Airmen, when they were not flying, slept in hastily built Nissen huts on airfields, in a deafening roar of aircraft engines.

Tunner's **system produced results.** In July, Allied aircraft notched 13,000 flights into and out of Berlin. That figure rose to almost 20,000 by September. The planes ferried 70,000 tons into the city in July; 120,000 in August; and 148,000 tons in October. A steady stream of planes roared overhead day after day, night after night, without pause. By the fall of 1948, Tempelhof had 50 percent more traffic than LaGuardia airport, then the busiest in the world.

And yet it was barely enough. One hundred days into the airlift, Berlin was receiving only about 40 percent of the already-meager shipments that reached the city before the blockade. And when heavy fog rolled across the city in November, flights were dramatically scaled back. Berliners shivered in a dark, cold city during the winter of 1948–49. But Tunner's system eventually turned the tide. In January, the skies cleared and the tonnage ticked up, to 170,000 tons, then in April 1949 to 235,000 tons. In May the staggering figure of 250,000 tons of food and fuel was flown into the city: over 8,000 tons a day. In the end, US and British aircraft delivered 2.3 million tons of food, fuel, and supplies into Berlin.

Behind the scenes, Tunner forced his exhausted pilots to adhere to his grinding routine. Publicly, the blockade was given a human face by the actions of a tall, gangly Mormon from Salt Lake City, named Gail "Hal" Halvorsen. A wartime transport pilot, Halvorsen was pressed into service as the blockade began. He noticed that each time he approached Tempelhof airport, small groups of skinny children gathered to watch the big planes soar down to the runway. Halvorsen hit upon the idea of dropping his personal ration of candy down to the kids. One day in late August, he gathered up donations from other pilots and threw an armful of candy bars tied to handkerchiefs out the window of his C-54 airplane.

Within a few days, the groups of expectant children grew larger, and thank-you notes addressed to the "Candy Bomber" started to show up at American airbases. Halvorsen figured he would get into trouble, but Tunner knew a good public-relations opportunity when he saw it. Halvorsen was put in front of reporters, who splashed his story across the American papers. His act of kindness captured the imagination of readers across the country. Schoolchildren began sending thousands of donated handkerchiefs to Halvorsen to use as parachutes. Candy manufacturers boxed up bars of chocolate for delivery to Rhein-Main airbase, where they could be distributed by the pilots. Just before Christmas, Halvorsen received 13,000 pounds of candy bars, all of which was distributed to children's Christmas parties across the city.

Deutsche Bank
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Sports Fellow of the Year 2015: Sophia Saller

Congratulations on achieving top performance in sport and studies

For the third time, Deutsche Bank and Deutsche Sports Aid Foundation have named the sports fellow of the year. The award is given annually to an athlete from the Deutsche Bank Sports Scholarship programme who excels not only in their sport but also in their academic career. This year's winner of the public poll is triathlete and mathematics student Sophia Saller. The under-23 world triathlon champion for 2014 earned a Master's degree in mathematics at the University of Oxford, graduating with first class honours. She is currently reading for her doctorate in Oxford and will be competing in the World Triathlon Series with the aim to score high.

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Berliners were, of course, grateful for the material goods the airlift delivered. Yet more than food and fuel, the Berlin Airlift delivered something Germans had not had for many years: a sense of moral purpose. The city was imprisoned by a cruel blockade that punished defenseless women, children, and the elderly; that cut off medical supplies and electricity to hospitals; that starved civilians of even their meagre rations. Yet still the spirit of Berliners soared. The popular social-democratic mayor of Berlin, Ernst Reuter, declared to a packed stadium of 50,000 Berliners on the day the blockade began that "we shall apply all the means at our disposal and repel to our utmost the claim to power which wants to turn us into slaves and helots for a political party. We lived under such slavery in Adolf Hitler's empire. We have had enough of that." On September 9, some 300,000 Berliners staged a giant rally at the burnt, vacant Reichstag to protest Soviet restrictions, and a handful of youths climbed to the top of the Brandenburg Gate and tore down the Soviet flag.

The American public, watching daily reports in the press about the airlift, also shared this sense of common purpose and moral certainty. Just three years earlier, American and British aircraft had rained down tons of lethal bombs on the German people; now they were risking war to supply the captive city with basic supplies. The generosity of the Allies was a story that war-weary peoples around the world longed to hear. And men gave their lives for this effort. Seventy-three Allied airmen were killed during the airlift, the victims of mid-air collisions, engine failure, crash-landings, or just plain fatigue.

The blockade marked a new era for German-American relations and created a groundswell of favorable public reaction toward the Western powers. The Russians watched glumly as Ernst Reuter, General Clay, and President Truman took on the mantle of Germany's saviors. For the Russians, the airlift was a propaganda and diplomatic fiasco. After a year, Stalin had had enough and finally ended the blockade, on May 12, 1949. He did so in exchange for a Western pledge to re-open discussions on Germany's status. This meeting, held in Paris during June 1949, produced no agreement and revealed that all the parties had taken firm and inflexible positions on the division of Germany.

The blockade also galvanized opinion in the West and in Germany itself. The NATO alliance grew directly out of the airlift experience and was formed in April 1949. Many Europeans, once reluctant, now embraced the American military presence in Europe.

For the West Germans themselves, many of whom felt wary about taking the first step toward statehood and thereby formally dividing the country, the blockade steeled their courage. In August 1949, with memories of the blockade fresh, Germans held national elections, and the Christian Democrats won 7.36 million votes, nudging out the Social Democrats, who won 6.93 million. On September 15, 1949, the new German Bundestag, meeting in the new capital city of Bonn, elected Konrad Adenauer as federal chancellor. □

Remembering the Airlift: An Interview with Gail Halvorsen

The *Berlin Journal* was delighted to receive answers to a few questions from Gail Halvorsen, the Candy Bomber, now age 94, from his home in Utah.

Did you and your peers have a sense that the airlift might escalate into World War III, or were you not concerned with geopolitics? How intensely did you sense the Soviet threat?

A lot of us were concerned that the situation could escalate to that level. How the last war started was fresh in our memory. Stalin's real object was unknown, and that was the concern. He was headed west. He hadn't downsized his force, as we had. He had underground factions in Italy and France. President Truman said, "We are in Berlin, and we will stay in Berlin." The ball was then in Stalin's court. It was up to him—unpredictable.

We were involved with geopolitics. Our military had monthly briefings at all locations to advise us of the current world situation including geopolitics. Good briefings! Because of the briefings I was concerned.

What did you think of being called the "*Schokoladenonkel*"? Did you suspect that your actions would have such resonance with West Berlin?

I liked it. Chocolate was certainly appropriate with a positive connotation, and *Onkel* sounded like they accepted me as relative! They had little to no chocolate for a long time. That was a special niche. I thought it was cool. I had no idea that it would turn out so well with the West Berlin survivors, young and old.

How did you come to see the US-German relationship during the days of your crucial involvement with the airlift?

One change factor was the sacrifice of the 31 American and the 39 British Airmen who gave their lives to keep the former enemy alive. The success of the overall airlift combined with that sacrifice became the healing balm on the wounds of war. These were the contributing reasons that enemies became friends!

What was your most memorable moment from your service in Berlin?

It was when 20,000 pounds of flour was being unloaded by former German servicemen from my aircraft, on the ramp at Tempelhof. A little girl carrying a worn teddy bear in her arms came up to me at my C-54. She tried to give it to me. I couldn't understand her. I didn't want to take it. I thought it was all she had left of

her personal belongings. Her mother, in good English, said that during the bombing of Berlin they would go to the air raid shelter if they had time. If not they would go in their basement. It was there her daughter would clutch the bear in her arms. The bombs fell around them but not on them! A teddy bear is a good luck symbol in Germany. The little girl wanted to give it to me to save the lives of our crew! She didn't know I was the Candy Bomber. That made it even more meaningful! I wasn't married at the time. Later, when I had children, the teddy bear lasted through three of our five. It was a constant reminder of the gratitude of the Berliners as a whole. □

Cold-War Tempelhof: An Interview with Michael Hoth

Two questions for Michael Hoth, retired US Air Force sergeant and administration specialist at Tempelhof Airport, where he was on active duty from 1966–1970. Hoth has lived in Berlin since 1992.

Can you describe a bit the atmosphere of Tempelhof in 1968? This was the year of enormous social upheaval, in both the US and Germany—and in Berlin with the undercurrent of Cold-War tension. What was that like?

The atmosphere at Tempelhof in 1968 was exciting for a young American airman but also gave a sense of being in a trip-wire situation. We had been told that if the Soviets, along with the GDR and other Warsaw Pact allies, were to attack West Berlin, we were expected to hold out until reinforcements could reach us from West Germany and other NATO allies. There was a certain sense of absurdity to this plan and a great amount of skepticism on our part. A fatalistic attitude prevailed: if the Soviets and their allies wanted to take West Berlin, they would merely hang POW signs on their side of the Wall and we would become the largest concentration of POWs ever. We and the other Western Allies (France and Great Britain) were outnumbered approximately twenty to one, so our attitude was to "eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow . . . "

Nevertheless, our US Air Force mission was to keep the three air corridors viable at all times. This mission was accomplished with enthusiasm and zeal. The US Army's Berlin Brigade was to provide armored and artillery defense for us.

Air Force personnel at this time had very good relations with the local West Berlin populace, whose memory of the 1948–49 Berlin Airlift was still fairly fresh. But two events occurred in 1968 that did cause us to take pause and wonder which direction world events would take. The first was when Alexander Dubček was installed as the new President of Czechoslovakia, in January 1968, and started relaxing some of the authoritarian rules, leading to the Prague Spring. On August 21, 1968, the Soviets and their allies invaded Czechoslovakia and ousted Dubček. This happened to be the day my wife and I had chosen to take leave and visit friends in Bavaria. As we transited the 110 mile route from West Berlin, through the GDR, to the West German border at Helmstedt, we observed large convoys of Soviet military personnel and equipment heading in the opposite direction. It was not until the next morning that I found out what had happened. After contacting my duty section, I was advised to stay where I was and not attempt to return to West Berlin until the situation stabilized.

The second event that affected us was the rise in anti-American demonstrations that student activists were holding to protest America's involvement in Vietnam and Southeast Asia. These demonstrations mostly took place near the Free University, which bordered the US Command Headquarters, in the Dahlem district, and in the vicinity of the Technical University, which was conveniently located in close proximity to the America House, on Hardenbergstraße, in the British Sector. The demonstrations hit their peak when one of the most outspoken of the activists, Rudi Dutschke, was shot in the head, on April 11, 1968, by a disgruntled German ultra-conservative named Josef Bachmann. Those of us who were members of the forces were advised to stay away from any of these demonstrations.

What was your most memorable moment from your service in Berlin?

Just choosing one is hard, so I will give two that stick out in my memory. Berlin in the 1960s was a great place to interact with some of the great and not-so-great personages of the era. My first exposure was being part of the welcoming contingent at Tempelhof to greet Willy Brandt, in late November 1966, when he returned home to West Berlin, from Bonn, where he had been selected as the West German foreign minister. I also met his successor, Heinrich Albertz, in 1967 and Mayor Albertz's successor, Klaus Schütz, also in 1967. Mayor Schütz was kind enough to give me his direct telephone number, in the event I ever needed to contact him. I was also part of the first military formation that President Richard Nixon inspected as commander-in-chief, in February 1969, shortly after he took office.

But the memory that has had a lasting impact on me was meeting USAF Colonel Gail Halvorsen, in 1969, at the Tempelhof Open House, which was an annual two-day event and drew 200,000 to 300,000 Berliners. Colonel Halvorsen had been invited as a special guest, from his stateside assignment, for his role as the Berlin Candy Bomber, during the Berlin Airlift. He returned as the base commander of the 7350th Support Group (Tempelhof Central Airport) in January 1970, and I served under his command until October 1970. □

THE FIGHT OVER PEACE

What was the NATO Double-Track Decision all about?

by Philipp Gassert

Under the slogan "No to Rearmament," more than one million people came together across the Federal Republic of Germany in the fall of 1983 to demonstrate against the deployment of cruise and Pershing II missiles. The missiles were to be stationed in West Germany and other European nations, in accordance with NATO's Double-Track Decision of December 12, 1979. Human chains, sit-down blockades, and large-scale demonstrations dominated the press photos. In that abundance of protests—ranging from small-scale street theater, local marches, and missile-depot blockades to mass events like the chain of hundreds of thousands of citizens that stretched from Ulm to Stuttgart, on October 22, 1983—"peace" was the defining issue.

Despite all of it, the Bundestag, with the votes of the Christian Democrats (CDU/CSU) and the Free Democrats (FDP), implemented NATO's decision to station missiles, on November 22, 1983. This also marked the end of one of the longest and fiercest debates in Bonn's parliamentary history. Shortly thereafter, the first missiles were stationed in Mutlangen, near Stuttgart, and in Comiso, Sicily. The peace movement had failed to realize its short-term political aims. Over the following years, however, it remained capable of repeatedly mobilizing people to action for peace-related political issues. Although the Kohl-Genscher administration emerged from the conflict stronger, a second missile debate appeared to be a political impossibility, as Helmut

Peace march, Dortmund-Brussels, 1983. Photo © ullstein bild, Klaus Rose

Kohl himself admitted when, at the end of the 1980s, a new round of modernization loomed, this time of NATO short-range missiles. The "fight for peace" had clearly left deep marks in West Germany's political culture.

The West German fear of decoupling

What was this great transatlantic fight over peace about? To the proponents of the NATO Double-Track Decision, the causes and effects were clear. In Foreign Minister Genscher's view, the Western *re*armament—a term he very deliberately coined—was triggered by the Soviet challenge. He held that the deployment, beginning in the mid-1970s, of ever more Soviet SS-20 medium-range missiles posed a new kind of threat to Western Europe. Federal Chancellor Kohl saw this as having given the Warsaw Pact an arms advantage over the West, which now threatened to undermine NATO's doctrine of flexible response that had been adopted in 1967–68. The West didn't possess any corresponding weapons. This posed a potential dilemma for the American president: in an emergency, he would have had to decide to either come to the aid of the US's European allies with intercontinental missiles or to accept a decoupling of Europe, in a move to safeguard his own country against a Soviet intercontinental counterstrike.

However, the portrayal of the NATO Double-Track Decision as being merely the answer to a unilateral nuclear arms push by the Soviets is indeed only half the truth. To understand its origins, one must dig deeper into history. The Double-Track Decision was a paradoxical consequence of the détente of the 1960s and 1970s. In a famous speech often seen as the birth of the Double-Track Decision, delivered by Federal Chancellor Schmidt at the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London in October 1977, he cautiously pointed out that the medium-range systems, which had a considerable reach, had been "forgotten" in the SALT talks between the superpowers on intercontinental missiles. According to Schmidt, the SS-20 fell precisely into this "gray area," as none of the existing treaties applied to it. Because they threatened above all Europe and East Asia due to their range of 5,000 kilometers, this was a problem. It opened up a gap in the escalation continuum. NATO had no flexible-response stage with which to react to the SS-20.

Even at that time, there was—especially within the Western strategic community—considerable doubt regarding Schmidt's thesis that the SS-20 divided Western deterrence into two spheres. After all, the British and French each had substantial nuclear capabilities of their own. Planners like Sir Michael Quinlan, chief strategist of the British government, didn't share Schmidt and Kohl's fear of the potential regionalization of a nuclear war in Europe. Nuclear weapons, he maintained, sent an important political signal. They served deterrence, that is, the prevention of war, or, failing this, the rapid ending of a conflict. In certain circumstances, in keeping with an option stated in NATO's strategy document MC 14/3 of 1967–68, the targeted ("demonstrative") detonation of a single atomic bomb, or a few precise nuclear strikes against strategic targets, would suffice to achieve this. For the French, the German question was in any case more important than a Soviet nuclear threat. To allay German fears, Paris supported the NATO Double-Track Decision without becoming directly involved.

The Double-Track Decision was also a consequence of the technological leaps that had taken place or were imminent in the latter half of the 1960s, and to which both sides, NATO and the Warsaw Pact, were obliged to respond. In accordance with the Harmel Report, NATO pursued a strategy of détente *and* defense by deterrence. By means of a diplomatic *modus vivendi*, one sought to achieve greater security through détente, while at the same time not neglecting, but rather modernizing, one's own defense. Traditionally, both the US and NATO as a whole relied militarily on technological solutions and nuclear deterrence; these were lower cost and hence less burdensome to taxpayers and politically more acceptable ("a bigger bang for the buck"). The price was NATO's relative disadvantage in conventional arms. For the open societies of the West, nuclear weapons were better because they were cheaper. Moscow thwarted this calculation as it approached nuclear parity, from the 1960s onward.

Thus it wasn't the East alone that pushed the arms spiral upward. Long before the SS-20 became a problem, new conventional and nuclear weapons systems were being planned by NATO. Pershing II and cruise missiles had been in development since 1969 and 1970, respectively, and construction of the neutron bomb resumed in 1972, after it had been suspended in 1958. Both alliances developed new airplanes that revolutionized warfare, such as the MRCA Tornado, with dazzling high-performance electronics and capable of delivering nuclear and conventional weapons behind enemy lines at low altitude, or the so-called Backfire bomber of the Soviets, a potential intercontinental bomber that unsettled the Americans. These were complemented by a new generation of artillery and battle tanks such as the Leopard 2. These new weapons threw into doubt, as the Potsdam military historian Oliver Bange noted, the heretofore prevalent war concept, based on World War II, of large-scale, decisive tank battles.

Reciprocal perceptions, including of threats, are central to an understanding of the Cold War. The causes of the Soviet missile build-up are therefore a subject of heated debate among historians. One side argues that the USSR, always well-informed about NATO deliberation and planning, wanted to preempt the expected modernization of the Western arsenals with their SS-20. According to this view, Moscow, being ideologically convinced that the West had inherently belligerent intentions, countered with its own new weapons the imminent introduction of the cruise missiles and Pershing II, which had been in planning since 1970. Other authors hold that, during the decadent phase of the late Brezhnev era, the Soviet "military-industrial complex" ultimately acted independently of political requirements, whereas the orthodox anticommunist interpretation of the USSR assumes aggressive motives on part of the East.

The NATO Double-Track Decision was not solely about the Soviet challenge; it was also about the internal cohesion of the transatlantic alliance. It was one of the results of a deep crisis in transatlantic trust. Another contribution was German political elites' growing self-confidence and their concern that thirty years after the end of World War II, East and West Germany were once again threatened with becoming a battlefield. When the Cold War made a conspicuous return, after the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, West German Christian Democrats were definitely less inclined to adopt the sharp anticommunist rhetoric of the American neoconservatives around Ronald Reagan. The West German governments continued to hope for orderly cooperation between East and West and sought to secure the advances that had been made druing the period of détente. This stood in sharp contrast to the US administrations, which, in part for domestic political reasons and because of the Vietnam trauma, from Jimmy Carter onward, took a more confrontational stance toward Moscow.

Schmidt's self-assured admonitions to Washington, as well as diverging perceptions of détente, therefore need to be seen as part of an intra-Western line of conflict that contributed to the making of the NATO Double-Track Decision. As the Berlin political scientist Helga Haftendorn argued many years ago, the Double-Track Decision was based partially on a German-American misunderstanding. In the tradition of his predecessors Adenauer and Kiesinger, Schmidt was plagued by the nightmare scenario of a superpower complicity at Germany's expense. He saw the advances in détente achieved by the US and USSR in the framework of the SALT talks to be of little benefit to the Germans. His remarks in London in 1977 were an emphatic reminder to the Americans that SALT would potentially create imbalances, and thus more insecurity, in Europe. On the part of the Carter Administration, this was interpreted as a call for more weapons. The NATO Double-Track Decision opened an effective way out of this dilemma: the threat of rearmament in the medium-range segment (Pershing II and cruise missiles) was coupled with the offer of negotiations as well as a unilateral decommissioning of hundreds of outdated NATO nuclear weapons (something that has been completely forgotten).

Thus, the Double-Track Decision was designed in part to bridge divergences within NATO and strengthen transatlantic cohesion. The Western alliance had suffered greatly from the upheavals due to the Vietnam War, and Europeans and Americans had drawn different conclusions from détente. After Carter's inauguration, Schmidt had held out little hope for an improvement in German-American relations because of what he saw as Carter's amateurish politics. With the Double-Track Decision, NATO was able to demonstrate unity. NATO went to great lengths to prevent the appearance of a nuclear isolation of West Germany. For this reason, the nuclear-armed cruise missiles were to be deployed not just in the Federal Republic, but also in Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Italy (the Pershing II missiles were stationed only on German soil because of their more limited range). For Schmidt's successor, Kohl, as well, following through with the deployment was of critical importance for the political alliance. He accused the peace movement of anti-Americanism and conjured the frightful vision of a transatlantic estrangement due to American disappointment over ungrateful Germans.

The specter of nuclear Armageddon

The peace movement had little patience for these diplomatic intricacies. It countered the advocates of rearmament with its own transatlantic alliance. Given the destructive potential of nuclear weapons of any range, the peace movement simply lacked an understanding of strategic war games or the political scenarios of NATO. From Oslo to Athens, a mighty opposition took shape. The membership figures of Britain's Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament soared from 3,500 in 1980 to over 100,000 in 1985. In 1980, more than four million in the Federal Republic signed the "Krefeld Appeal," even though it had been initiated by communist groups. In October 1981, 300,000 demonstrated in Bonn and 250,000 in London's Hyde Park. Mass protests were also held in Amsterdam (350,000), Brussels (200,000), and Rome (500,000). New York was brought to a standstill in June 1982 by a demonstration of nearly one million, the largest in the city's history up to that time. And millions more were mobilized in the following years as the faltering Geneva talks made the missile deployment ever more probable—culminating in the forest walk of negotiators Kvizinski and Nitze, in July 1982.

The fear of a nuclear apocalypse spread throughout Europe. When questioned as to their motives, peace-movement supporters named moral indignation over the destructive power of atomic weapons. This resonated in the popular culture. In drastic images, films like *The Day After*, *Threads,* and *When the Wind Blows* envisioned the "nuclear holocaust," the dire consequences of a nuclear exchange, and the protracted human suffering due to radiation exposure. They depicted the post-nuclear collapse of public order in orgies of anarchic violence and prophesied the new Stone Age of the "nuclear winter." The German word *Angst* lodged itself in the English vocabulary. Songs like "99 Red Balloons" and "*Ein bisschen Frieden*" (A Little Bit of Peace) climbed to the top of the pop charts. The powerful return of the specter of nuclear death was not a matter of course, however: for years, nuclear warheads had been stored in Europe without much public protest; people had grown accustomed to living "with the bomb."

So, why did this debate now provoke such fear, when the world had been living in the shadow of the atomic bomb since 1945? The political and cultural context offers some answers. One part of the answer is simply "Reagan," "Thatcher," and "Kohl"—the protagonists of the conservative turn of the 1980s whom the peace movement was fighting, and not just for reasons of foreign policy. After all, the NATO Double-Track Decision had originally been a social-democratic idea.

Only after Callaghan, Carter, and Schmidt had been ousted by inner-party resistance—articulated in part around the Double-Track Decision—the parliamentary left roundly rejected rearmament. As foreign-policy matters normally don't decide elections, the Double-Track Decision was well-suited to the straightening of domestic political fronts. This included its proponents as well: it allowed Kohl, Reagan, and Thatcher to demonstrate steadfastness and the willingness to make "unpopular" decisions at little domestic political cost. The issue of the Double-Track Decision became an arena in which various political forces worked out the *Wende,* especially given that Reagan perfectly personified the left-liberal European anxiety with regard to American policy.

The missile controversy was thus partly a struggle for West Germany's self-image. As the massive criticism of Reagan and the pronounced anti-Americanism of some opponents of the Double-Track Decision shows, it was about how to deal with complex processes of societal change, which the struggle over peace nonetheless allowed to break down into clear alternatives. Against the background of the oil price shock, doubts had grown in the 1970s concerning technological approaches to solving problems, as represented by bestsellers like *The Limits to Growth*. In the SPD, the upper hand was gained by those such as the recently deceased Egon Bahr, and by Erhard Eppler, then state party chairman of the SPD in Baden-Wuerttemberg, who propogated "post-materialistic" values, not least in the interest of reintegrating the alternative left-wing spectrum into the SPD. Here too, they were at odds with Chancellor Schmidt. There was an analogous dynamic within the British Labor Party, where a similar culture war loomed.

This "fight for peace" therefore also served as a space for reflection upon the much-discussed "change in values" of the time. The issues included questions of the Federal Republic's integration in the West, given the criticism aimed at Reagan and the US, and the challenge this represented to an apparent West German foreign-policy consensus. The questioning of whether the security-policy plans of the Reagan administration were in line with German interests ultimately even led to a strengthening of the Western orientation of the Federal Republic. Proponents were forced to relearn how deterrence functioned in the alliance. The peace movement, for its part, continually pointed to its transatlantic networks and solidified its own Western ties. On this basis, West German peace-movement activists vehemently refuted the accusation that they harbored anti-American prejudices. After all, American activists also took part in peace marches in Bonn and sat down alongside Germans to block the Mutlangen missile depot's gates.

Even in the critical years of 1981 to 1983, public approval of NATO and of the alliance with the US remained consistently strong, even registering higher numbers than ten years before. The struggle over peace thus reinforced West Germany's Atlantic orientation on all sides. Opponents as well as advocates of the NATO Double-Track Decision saw themselves as part of a transatlantic political community—a community divided among itself, across all national borders. With consensus on the foreign-policy course of the Reagan administration lacking in the US, such unity couldn't have been expected in West Germany either. While Kohl lamented that on his visits to the US he had to answer "probing questions" from *his* American friends as to "where the path of the Federal Republic was leading," the Green member of parliament and peace activist Petra Kelly stressed that she and *her* American friends were "fighting for hope." And SPD chairman Willy Brandt made it clear to *his* friends in the US that the rejection of new missiles was not anti-Americanism but was rather in keeping with the demands of the American "Freeze" movement, which found strong support in the Democratic Party and among liberal senators like Edward Kennedy.

What remains?

Uncompromising though the positions often were during the rearmament debate, a thirty-year retrospective view sheds light upon just how much the opposing sides shared. Neither did newly "harmony-craving" West Germans drift off into international political irresponsibility and obliviousness to the obligations of power, as the Bonn political scientist Hans-Peter Schwarz feared in 1985, nor were they about to separate from the Western alliance as "migrants between East and West." Neither did the grim scenarios of a world thrown into "nuclear holocaust," as predicted by authors such as Jonathan Schell and Anton-Andreas Guha, come true, nor did the slogan of the journalist and CDU renegade Franz Alt, "Missiles are Magnets," prove to be a timely alarm. Indeed, the cultural and political integration with the West seems to have been solidified—incidentally, in parallel with West Germany's gradual acceptance of its burdensome National Socialist legacy as a positive resource for its national identity.

To what degree the resistance against the "nuclear madness" contributed to a change in thinking among conservative forces, too, once the rearmament had been implemented and the West had demonstrated its unity, will remain an open question. For his part, as early as 1981 Reagan surprisingly proposed the "zero option." He ended his second term in office in 1989 as a president of peace. Reagan made a greater contribution than any other US president to achieving the massive reduction of the nuclear arsenals of the superpowers. The USSR, too, softened its stance. The Communist Party's new general secretary, Mikhail Gorbachev, ended the ruinous arms buildup policy and challenge to the West, with which his predecessors had failed completely.

And when, on December 8, 1987, eight years almost to the day after that fateful NATO decision in Brussels, Gorbachev and Reagan signed the INF Treaty to liquidate all medium-range missile systems, a European nuclear war became improbable. □

FEATURES

New Work by Academy Fellows and Visitors

Adrià Julià, *Untitled* (from the *Truc Trang Walls* series), 2006. Photocollage, 140×178cm.
Courtesy Dan Gunn, Berlin.

GONG BATH

The overlapping orbs of sound and declension

by Mary Cappello

All I had said was "mood" and "sound" and "envelopes," in response to the question, "What are you working on?," when a friend of mine invited me to a group event, or an individual experience, I wasn't sure which. It would require twenty dollars, she said; it would last for about an hour. She said she'd thought I'd really get a lot out of a "Gong Bath."

Immediately I pictured a take-me-to-the-river experience. I think I thought a midwife might be present. I needed to know if nakedness was a requirement, or if a bathing suit was optional. I imagined a toga, or endlessly-unwinding winding sheet. The water would be turquoise-tinted and warm—bathtub-warm but bubbleless. Everything would depend on my willingness to go under—to experience a form of suspended animation. No doubt sounds would be relayed to me—underwater healing sounds—to which I'd be asked to respond with my eyes closed, all the while confident I would not drown.

Then I remembered how my mother was ever unable to float and how her fear of water fueled her determination that my brothers and I learn to swim early on. My mother can't swim, but throughout my childhood she writes poetry in response to the call of a nearby creek that she studies and meditates near. I maintain an aversion to putting my head under water even after I do learn how to swim. How can I ever push off or dive deep if my mother cannot float?

Swimming won't ever yield the same pleasure for me as being small enough to take a bath in the same place where the breakfast dishes are washed. No memory will be as flush with pattering—*this is life!*—as the sensation that is the sound of the garden hose, first nozzle-tested as a fine spray into air, then plunged into one foot of water to re-fill a plastic backyard pool. The muffled gurgle sounds below, but I hear it from above. My blue bathing suit turns a deeper blue when water hits it, and I'm absorbed by the shape, now elongated, now fat, of my own foot underwater. The nape of my neck is dry; my eyelids are dotted with droplets, and the basal sound of water moving inside of water draws me like the signal of a gong: "get in, get out,

get in." The water is cool above and warm below, or warm above and cool below: if I bend to touch its stripes, one of my straps releases and goes lank. Voices are reflections that do not pierce me here; they mottle. I am a fish in the day's aquarium.

The Gong Bath turns out to be a middle-class group affair at a local yoga studio, not a private baptism in a subterranean tub. The group of bourgeoisie of which I am a member pretends for a day to be hermits in a desert. It's summertime, and we arrive with small parcels: loosely dressed, jewelry-free, to each person her mat and a pillow to prop our knees. We're to lie flat on our backs, we're told, and to try not to fidget. We're to shut our eyes and merely listen while two soft-spoken men create sounds from an array of differently sized Tibetan gongs that hang from wooden poles, positioned in a row in front of us. Some of the gongs appear to have copper-colored irises at their center. In their muted state, they hang like unprepossessing harbingers of calm.

At its furthest reaches, science's mood is poetry, at that point where it gives up on controlling the things it studies, agreeing instead to a more profound devotion to spare sounds whose tones the mysteries of existence brush up against asymptotically: the rustle of pages weighted with results, the fluttering of questions pondered in obscurity, the settling of a log on a forgotten fire, the hiss inside the grate. Even in its earliest incarnations, the science of acoustics turned to water as its scribe by dropping a pebble on a liquid surface—plunk—and watching the rings around it form. So, too, mood finds a home in circles and widening gyres: the geometry that accompanies mood—whether fore-, back-, sur-, or gr- is "round." And now these gongs waiting to be struck are also ringed, from darkest center to shimmering edge.

Even if I'm the sort to be eminently seducible—ever in the mood for love—I'm not sure that makes me a quick study. I'm a ready convert to any religion, keen to smuggle its riches into the waters of a deeper understanding: this art. Which might explain why my first Gong Bath was so affecting, but the power of suggestion is only part of it. If sound's amplitude is full enough and the roof beams not too low, if the human subject is surrounded on all sides by sound, she really has no choice but to give in to it.

Our guide explained that the sound of the gongs had the power to fill up every particle in the room until a bath of sound was formed—a Gong Bath. It was true: the sound was so highly resonant and painstakingly slow to fade that I began to feel awash in it. For a person who hates to swim, I was amazed by how the more the sounds filled the particles that made me, me, the more I felt that I was living in some blissfully underwater place without the need to come up for air. Sometimes the sound was bowl-like; other times, it was bell-like. Think of the sound achieved by running your finger around the circular edge of a glass, but the glass is made of felted metal or of wood. Sometimes the sound was snared, faint as the needles against paper on a lie-detector test, or birds' feet stick-like in snow. What sounded like water pulled forcibly over pebbles made me feel my body was literally raked. Other times the sound was a booming trundle, loud enough to liken you to early theater-goers who fled their seats convinced by the screen's illusion of an oncoming train in 3D. But you stay your course, not knowing what's next, only that the gong's most powerful effect has been to enliven one part of you while making another part supremely groggy.

I know it will sound like I was tripping if I say I felt as though I was dropped down a watery chute inside a Gong Bath. The sounds slowed things down to the point of a drugging of my inner voice: suddenly that voice was the cab of a hot air balloon that I had to climb up into to enter should I ever feel the need to return to it. Is it possible for the mind to revert to pure sound? I began to have a feeling I'd never known before: my eyes weren't rolling backwards into my head—this wasn't exactly an ecstatic state; behind their closed lids, my eyes felt as though they were sliding to either side of my head. This must be what happens to us when we die, though I wasn't for that moment afraid of dying.

The lover's discourse—any word uttered by the beloved—takes up residence in the lover's body and rings there unstoppably. This pang that requires Roland Barthes to halt all occupation he calls "reverberation." Without the aid of microphones or speakers, the sound of gongs materializes and reverberates in the supine body—for my own part, I felt sound enter though the palms of my hands and the heels of my feet. In the concert hall, a cough or sneeze, whisper or crunch is a too ready reminder of the body of our fellows in the room. At a rock concert, we maybe sway or sweat together in a half-high haze but are careful still to keep the edges of other bodies a-blur; we pitch our tent on the edges of group oblivion. In the Gong Bath, other bodies are nodal points that sound bounces off of. I felt sound bounce off the body of the person next to me, onto me, and on down the line; I felt it in my stomach like a pang.

Here we might want to pause to distinguish between auditory hallucinations and auditory hallucinogens, with the Gong Bath a form of the latter. Was I letting myself get all New Age kooky, producing a form of socially acceptable psychedelia that has no basis in fact? That sound can affect the central nervous system goes without saying. That sound can therefore be harnessed therapeutically to allay pain or alter the course of a disease has never been the drawing card of modern Western medicine. A little research can go a long way, and a student of mine once made me aware of prescribable sounds, or "audioceuticals." Vibroacoustic Therapy is discounted as simply silly, along the order of overly priced vibrating easy-chairs, until someone gives a sound massage to a person with Parkinson's and finds that circulation is enhanced and rigidity decreased. White noise as a treatment for ADHD, vibrating insoles to help the elderly maintain balance, or the

space-age sounding SonoPrep—a skin-permeation device through which a blast of low-frequency ultrasonic waves opens a pore in the skin in lieu of a needle—suggests territories we've barely begun to broach. Though neither I nor anyone I know has been offered a non-invasive therapy tool that can liquefy tumors of the prostate and the breast, or sonically bore a tiny hole into an infant's deformed heart-valve, the sound technology and its practitioners apparently do exist.

What's this got to do with mood? Applying sound to mood is not my method; I want to make sidekicks of mood and sound, to consider them in sync, then see what emerges from that thought experiment. Oceanographers tell us that sound moves faster in water than it does in air, but isn't air part liquid? They say they can measure qualities of sound that are impossible to hear. They observe that sound pushes particles together and pulls them apart, and that sound is the effect of a material's compression and expansion. When they add that the speed of sound in water is dependent on night or day, temperature, weather, and locale, I begin to feel I'm in the realm of sound with mood. So too when they describe a dolphin's "kerplunk" as a slap of a tail on water to keep an aggressor at bay; when they note a whale's "moans, groans, tones, and pulses," and a seal's underwater "clicks, trills, warbles, whistles, and bells," I begin to glimpse a mood, part-sea.

A philosopher steps in and says the body itself is a skin stretched over resonant matter beneath. We are our own water filled drums of emotionality and indigestion, of sounds and moods. A poet parts ways to say that water is sound; sound creates moods; all mood is aqueous sound.

It's the feeling a Gong Bath gives of encountering sound beneath a threshold, submerged, and then absorbed that makes me ally sound with mood as liquid. The Gong Bath doesn't affect my mood—it's the model for a mood; it is a mood, and it can't be reproduced. It says that mood and sound meet at the place of touching. Sounds touch me, and mood is the window of allowance, wide or narrow, to let sound in: my moods are equivalent to what I let myself touch, and be touched by in turn, but also what I have no choice in the matter of being encased in. A tongue stuck to a cold pole; bare feet in mud. The bare of your back; the sting of my words. If I were a cat, touch would create a purring machine; if you over-touch me, I swat. Give us this day our daily sounds. How conscious are we of our ability to create our own soundscape exclusive of earbuds? How will you tune your day? What will you tune into with no instruments at your disposal but your whistle and gait?

Lest I seem to idealize my twenty-dollar experience, I should note that fifty minutes was way too long a time for listening to gongs. Five minutes would have had the same effect, but the gong players wanted to give us our money's worth. Every Gong Bath since my first one has left me cold. They've really flopped. The second one I attended was on the far other end of the continent from the first, but the guide, it turned out, had trained the people back in Providence, Rhode Island. The room was too small, and everyone felt nervous. Nor was the atmosphere improved by the suggestion that we could have the same experience if we only bought the leader's home-made CDs which he stacked and unstacked in a sad little pile at the beginning and the end of the class. The third and final bath was headed by an overly self-conscious woman who talked more than gonged, who sang songs whose lyrics likened humans to totemic animals, and called upon the healing winds. It was cold in the room, and some people wrapped themselves in so many blankets that they appeared as a row of impenetrable pods or middle-aged campers devoid of starlight.

What happened to me in this Gong Bath is that I never got past the all-too-probable tendency to supply an image to every sound I heard, even entire narratives. Though the images were as unconsciously imbued, inexplicable, and private as those one experiences in dreams, I remained a translator stranded upon a shore and not a bather, immersing down and in. The images were dark: a boy shivering in his coat before drowning; my open mouth attempting but unable to pronounce the name of the person nearest to me in life and longing, my long-term partner, Jean. There was a Toucan and a typewriter, an avalanche of marbles, a body encased in wax. Having stirred up some unpleasantly tinged flotsam and jetsam, the Gong Bath left me feeling bereft, unlike great music "that move[s] us," as Peter Kivy once wrote, "because it is expressive of sadness," not by "making us sad." Sad music puts us in an exalted mood, rendering us capable of experiencing the expression of sadness.

In order for a Gong Bath to work, sound has to obliterate language for a spell so we can touch mood's casement, its resonant shell. We have to be coaxed by sound to suspend our image-making tendencies even if pure mind like pure sound is impossible. But why should we try? After my first Gong Bath, I was convinced the phenomenon was going to become the audioceutical fad for twenty-first century Americans. It could join the ranks of our half-understood borrowings from traditions not our own, providing an opiate to the all too comfortable classes, a soother to a whine. My prediction was a way of denying that I was in search of something, of an experience, deeply felt, and not just an observer doing fieldwork. I wanted to be invited to go under while you provide the sounds, to shed anticipation and bathe in curiosity, alive for a spell in the day's aquarium. □

Excerpted from *Life Breaks In: A Mood Almanack*, forthcoming from the University of Chicago Press in fall 2016.

LA VIE AU BORD DE L'EAU

River cities of the Loire

by Michael B. Miller

In the year 1578, François de Valois, Duke of Alençon and Anjou, arrived in the city of Angers, in western France, to an extraordinary scene: a sham fortress on the river, assaulted by galleys filled with men dressed in Muscovite, Moorish, Turkish, or other garb, the two sides armed with canons and pikes, all to the accompaniment of beating drums. The spectacle transpired for the amusement of the royal visitor but also for the crowd of perhaps sixty thousand people lining the waterfront, peering out windows, and packed onto local bridges. Such events—half honorific gesture, half civic pomp—were repeated for at least another two centuries, sometimes accompanying the greatest ritualized moment of all along the river: the *Sacre*, or *Grand Sacre*, held on the day observing the Feast of Corpus Christi. The city of Angers's procession was special, famed for its great "torches" or massive assemblages of life-size wax figures, frequently representing an Old Testament scene, set in elaborate housing and requiring at least 12 men, sometimes 16, to carry them. The great cortege of guildsmen, clergymen, and municipal officers wound from the cathedral across the Grand Pont to the abbey of Ronceray, on the right bank, where the candles on the torches were lit, and then on to the chapel at the Tertre Saint Laurent.

In French river cities there have long been associations between town and water that, even if history has frayed them, have never altogether broken. Even when the French Revolution replaced the *Sacre* with its own symbolic rites, its adherents still followed the course of its predecessor.

Today, more than half a million people a year cruise the rivers of Europe. These voyages traverse from one river city to another, where history and leisure converge as readily as the streams themselves. They have become a boon for the travel industry as well as for the contemplation of Europe's past. Yet as one river city cedes to its successor, and as the stories become a kind of river trope, one wonders how many of those who glide down these ancient waterways ask what actually makes a river city, or how interwoven with history the quality of "river cityness" actually is.

France, as the opening scene suggests, offers a particularly good example of how finely tuned this very simple concept—river towns—can be. This is a country where geography and administration have long aligned with its rivers, the great *fleuves* of the Seine, Loire, Rhône, and Garonne, and the often only slightly shorter *rivières,* like the Moselle or the Marne. Any foray into public works records will reveal by department more rivers and streams than even a connoisseur of French history had ever imagined. Practically all of these are lined by villages and towns. Of the more than ninety departments—France's basic administrative unit since the French Revolution—in the country proper, over 70 percent are named for rivers that run through them. A still greater percentage of the capitals of these departments are located on or by a river. There are cities in France that are not on rivers, of course, but their opposite is so preponderant that the distinction "river city" seems redundant. If nearly all cities are on rivers, big or puny, what quality does the river bring to their identity?

Take Lyon, traditionally France's second (or third) largest city, depending on when you're counting. Here city space, city history, city architecture, city pleasure, and city ritual were all tied to the city's rivers in one way or another. Even when railroads put paid to the greater share of river traffic, or when nineteenth-century city expansion spread far beyond the river banks, mental mapping in Lyon remained river-oriented.[1] Lyon lies at the confluence of two rivers and thus possesses four river banks; it is almost a sitting duck as far as writing about river cities

1 I look specifically at Lyon in "Lyon: The Meaning of a River City," a paper presented at the River Cities: Historical and Contemporary symposium, Dumbarton Oaks, May 8, 2015; an extended version will be published in a forthcoming volume on river cities by Dumbarton Oaks.

goes. What, then, of France's river cities sited on a single river, perhaps high above for protection from flood waters below, where city life and culture face inland as much as towards the river? How can we see in these cities, too, a validation of the ways French life, history, and identity have entwined with the country's rivers, and how that rich and evolving relationship produced river cities in more than name?

Two Loire Valley cities—Orléans and Angers—will serve this purpose well, because at first glance neither would appear to possess the striking river-city qualities of a town like Lyon. River traffic has all but deserted since the coming of the railroad, in the middle of the nineteenth century. In neither city are the great noble structures—ecclesiastical or governmental—built along the riverfront. Neither city's promenades are aligned primarily with the river or with river views in mind. In Angers, postwar economic revival began with the creation of an inland industrial park adjacent to Route nationale 23 and the Paris-Nantes railroad, as if to confirm a turning of the city's back upon the river. Indeed Angers, identified as a Loire river city, sits not on the Loire but on the Maine, a 12-kilometer stretch of water formed by the conjoining of the Sarthe and Mayenne rivers, offering a water-borne passage south to the Loire. Here was a different kind of river city justified by its access to a body of water it did not border.

Yet Orléans and Angers had both been strategically sited on rivers for their waterborne connections and for two millennia had lived off and prospered from the commerce of the Loire. This was a first definer of their river-city identity, even if railroads reduced these trades to a memory well over a century ago. The Loire is France's longest river, but anyone who has traveled along it will have noticed that sand often seems as bountiful as water and that in summer months the river is exceedingly shallow. At best, mariners could get eight or nine decent months of voyaging out of the river. Yet unlike the serpentine Seine, the Loire runs relatively straight, with strong downstream currents and prevailing ocean westerlies that can propel a sailboat four hundred kilometers upstream. In the absence of any competitive land transport, the Loire functioned well into the nineteenth century as France's primary east-west transversal. Merchant boats used the Loire to transport wines from Burgundy; Mediterranean oils, Venetian silks, and the products of the Levant transshipped via Lyon; salt from Poitou; leathers and oranges from Spain and Portugal; metals from England; cloth from Flanders; wines from Bordeaux; and the wines, tiles, and other products of the rich Loire Valley itself. Following the opening of the New World, colonial products, especially sugar, poured in via Nantes. The 1642 construction of the Briare Canal, linking the Loire to the Seine upstream from Paris (and thus an easy waterborne voyage), confirmed the Loire's role as a provisioner of the capital, although the river had already been a conduit to the city for centuries.

It is not surprising, then, to find that Angers, located at the passageway between the three immediate rivers to the north (Mayenne, Sarthe, and Loir) and the Loire to the south, or Orléans, located at the critical point where the Loire bends west, came to serve as great transit points of French trade before the age of steam. Orléans especially was one of the great emporium cities of France. Even before the Romans it had flourished as a commercial center. Maintaining their seat in the city were the quaintly named yet powerfully influential "*marchans fréquentans la rivière Loyre et autres fleuves descendans en icelle*" (roughly: merchants frequenting the Loire River and its tributaries), who exercised a monopoly of river navigation along the entire Loire basin and assumed the role of keeping the river as free as possible of natural obstructions and feudal tolls. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, both Angers and Orléans linked urban renewal to the building of quays along their waterfronts.

Of the two, Orléans was the greater river city—at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 32 sugar refineries profiting from the river's flows—although as late as the 1860s Angers could boast that ten thousand boats frequented its port in a given year. But in the modern age, river traffic, especially along the poorly navigable Loire, was living on borrowed time. If railroads stripped these cities of nearly all their transport purposes, the construction of better road networks a half-century earlier began the process of diverting Orléans's transit traffic through other cities, particularly Paris.

Ironically, it was the riverborne steamboat, destined a short career but long enough to validate upstream traffic on the Seine, that dealt the knock-out blow to Orléans's formerly commanding position on the Loire. The geographer Roger Dion, in an article that spelled out the rise and fall of Orléans's river trade, noted that by 1900 it was possible to compare the loss of Loire river skills to that of the mastery of medieval stained glass, so completely had river traffic seemingly dried up. But memories and identities died hard. At least up to World War I, the business communities of Loire river cities, including Orléans and Angers, were lobbying for grand engineering projects to remedy defects and resurrect the glories of the past. Loss of function did not translate into loss of connection to the river. We are told that Orléans sulked for decades over the eclipse of its commercial centrality, but in that sulk it remained as much as ever wedded to the Loire.

It would, however, be a poor river city whose ties to the water were strictly economic; religion, too, played a role. From the early Merovingian years into the High Middle Ages we find the abbeys whose renown was often coterminous with these river towns and whose names carried over to city quarters, founded along river lands and granted river rights over tolls, fisheries, and mills as the source of their wealth. Their histories were also river histories.

The abbey of Ronceray, established in 1028, on the right bank of the Maine, by Foulques Nerra and his wife, Hildegarde, Count and Countess of Anjou, was one of Angers's most celebrated institutions. Its charter accorded it mills on the approaching bridge and adjoining fisheries. Not long after Ronceray's founding, the abbey become embroiled in legal conflicts with Angers's Chapter of Saint-Laud over mill rights, at the point where the Maine flows into the Loire. Rich and powerful, a convent house for the daughters of the aristocracy, Ronceray grew into a dominant presence in Angers and an essential way station in the city's most ritualized moment, the aforementioned *Sacre*, the elaborate procession that led across the bridge from one side of the river to the other. At Orléans, many of the great ecclesiastical foundations—Saint Mesmin, Saint Aignan, the Convent des Augustins—were likewise river-bound in some way or another.

Even where cities grew back from the waterfront, the river determined city space. Loire river towns, for example, as noted by geographer Yves Babonaux, were often built along two axes, one paralleling the riverfront and the other traversing the city and the river. At Orléans, when the depth inland from the river was at most a thousand meters, the waterfront extension was double that length. Road patterns also aligned with the river valley, an ancient pattern replicated, often with disastrous urban effects, by the building of postwar highways.

In fact, the consequences of living on and off the river were often catastrophic. Orléans, the *entrepôt*, had reached right down to the river, which left it vulnerable to the fickleness of Loire waters, which repeatedly overflowed into the city. The historical chronicle of Orléans is peppered with the dates of great floods, recorded as far back as 581. Angers was built higher off the river, but its bridges were battered and occasionally broken by flood waters. Its elevated siting resulted also from the strategic choice to command the river valley, as powerful a motivation behind Angers's establishment as the pursuit of river gain—for while the river took, it also brought. From the ninth-century Normans who sailed up the Loire and the Maine and burned both cities practically to the ground, to the Wehrmacht in 1940, who bore down on Orléans with the strategic imperative of capturing a bridge, the history of these Loire cities was often as much defense from invasion as expansion through trade. Both cities ringed themselves with fortifications and focused their strong points on the river. Until the nineteenth century the Châtelet, a Merovingian fortress whose origins may date back to the

Roman era, dominated the Orléans waterfront. It has been said that Clovis made it his palace, although another city historian identifies its construction with Clovis's son, Clodimir, in 511. Louis VII married Constance, the daughter of the King of Castille, in the Châtelet, in 1160. Later it housed the province's medieval courts. Still, its primary purpose was to command the river and the bridge across it and to defend the city from attack. The Châtelet stands no more, but no one who proceeds downriver to Angers will fail to recognize that the signature structure of this city is its riparian counterpart, the colossal citadel constructed by Saint Louis above the banks of the Maine.

Bridges especially reveal how city life centered upon the river. In Angers as well as Orléans, bridges were also symbolic places. On the central bridges of both cities stood a great stone cross. Built as a passageway, the bridge was also a processional path for the ceremonial and ritual life of the city.

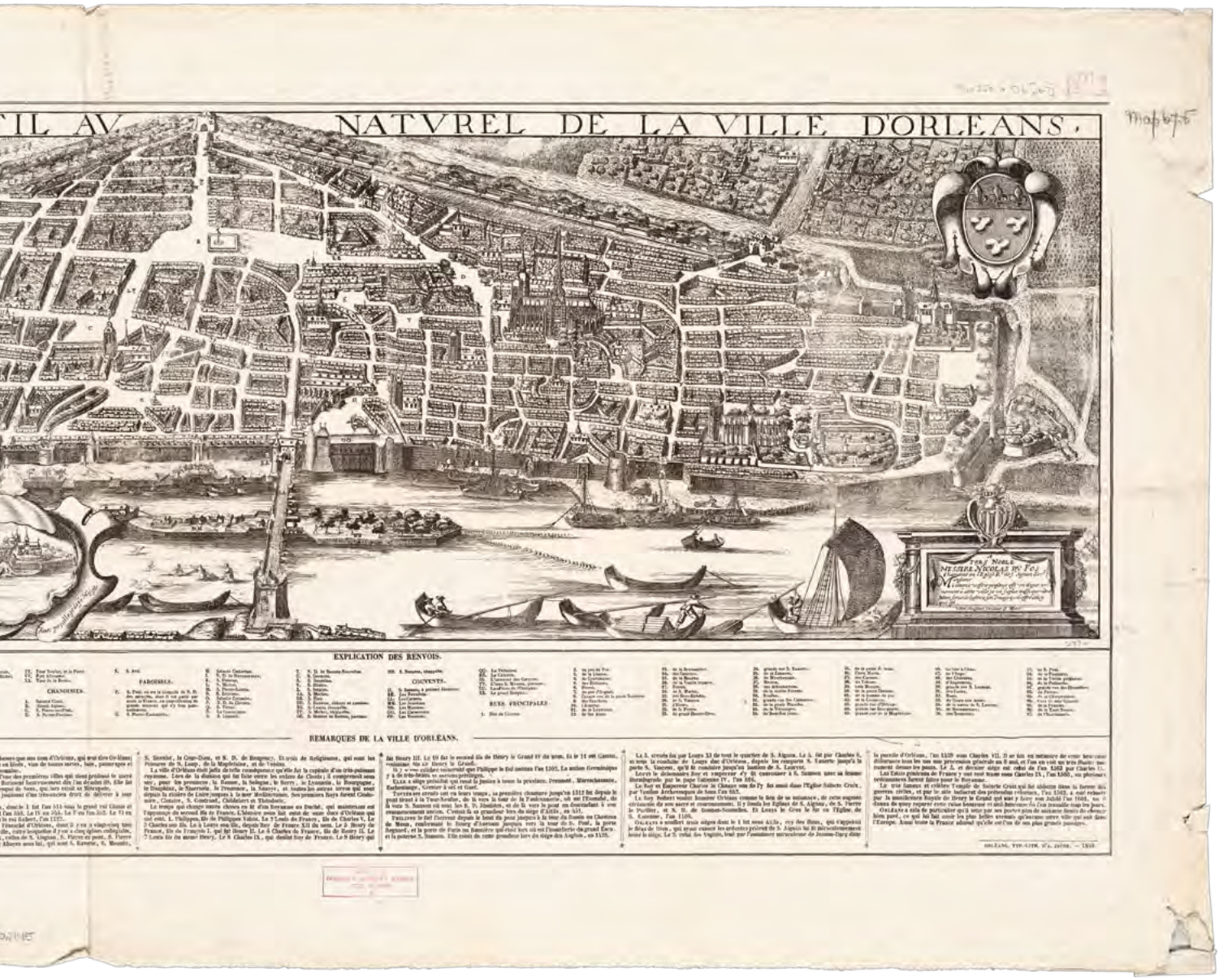
At Angers there were two principal bridges, the Pont des Treilles, which was already being shredded by the Maine in the seventeenth century, and the stone bridge built by Foulques Nerra in the eleventh century and known as the Grand Pont. To these could be added the series of bridges that spanned the Loire at Ponts-de-Cé, only a few kilometers away and, in truth, an Angers suburb: the author of an 1862 guide to Angers described Ponts-de-Cé as "the place of choice for Angevins; on Sundays and holidays they go there in great numbers." Forming part of Angers's southern defenses, the Ponts-de-Cé had their own storied and bloody river history.

But let us stay with Angers proper. Both bridges were very old. The Pont des Treilles was a twelfth-century bridge. The Grand Pont was older and stood at a point where, according to Angers's nineteenth-century archivist, bridges had existed "since the earliest times." Both bridges possessed mills. The city's fairs had been held on the Grand Pont down to the thirteenth century. Until the nineteenth century, shops lined both sides of this bridge; a thoroughfare to the other bank, the bridge was also one of the great commercial avenues of the city. Ralph de Diceto, dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, visited Angers in the twelfth century and sang its praises. As late as the French Revolution the bridge remained a desirable location. From 1791, we get this advertisement: "For Rent—House situated on the Grand Pont, comprised of five beautiful rooms, four with fireplaces, two fine lofts, and one cellar, said house having a very pretty view of the river." It was, of course, across this bridge that marched the bearers of the fantastic "torches" on Corpus Christi. Today a version of the *Sacre* still occurrs—even if the Grand Pont has been rebuilt and renamed the Pont de Verdun.

At Orléans, history could not be written without the bridge, because it was there, at its heavily fortified southern terminus, that Joan of Arc raised the seven-month siege of the city that is the foundation of her legend and of ultimate French triumph in the Hundred Years War. There is no other moment in French history to rival it, not even 1944, when liberation from occupation came, ironically, with the return of the Anglo-Saxons. The story was a fabulous one, but no more so than what the city and its historians made of it. Only a few years after the events themselves, the people of Orléans inaugurated the tradition, continued into the present day, of parading across the bridge and back on May 8, the day following the decisive battle and when the English abandoned the siege. This was Orléans's equivalent to Angers's *Sacre*. Just two years following Joan's rehabilitation, in the 1450s, the city erected a monument to the Maiden and placed it on the bridge. As Léon de Buzonnière noted in his nineteenth-century architectural history of Orléans, "The bridge and the banks of the river had been the principal theater of her glory, the bridge served as the pedestal to her statue. From there she dominated the waves of the Loire and could, so to speak, look out still upon the sites bearing witness to her exploits."

De Buzonnière was typical of his age. The nineteenth-century historians

of Orléans did not just tell the great siege story; they made it into the city's defining moment. They told it as Joan's epic, but also Orléans's: in 1429 Orléans's people, rich or common, male or female, had rallied to the national cause and with great sacrifice had held and then retaken the bridge. Thus, as river traffic waned in the nineteenth century, a prolonging of identity with the river occurred, as memory if no longer as waterborne business. Nor did bridges over the Loire ever lose their functional or symbolic significance. When the old bridge neared collapse, Orléans built a new one in the eighteenth century that projected the transversal axis formed by the city's main street, rue Royale, across the Loire. In the



Plan et profil au naturel de la ville d'Orleans, Gilles Hotot, 1648. The Norman B. Leventhal Map Center at the Boston Public Library.

twentieth century occupation began with the capture of the city's bridges in 1940 and reconstruction with their rebuilding, once the Germans were driven out. Yet another bridge opened the city's twenty-first century, just as a 1998 two-volume history of Orléans explicitly ended with its conception, the closing bracket to a two-thousand-year-long parenthesis that had begun with Caesar's seizing of the original bridge across the Loire.

Closure—also that of nearly two millennia of river trade—has never truly ended river identities in France. At the end of the nineteenth century, the old riverboats and princely river visits had largely vanished, but in their stead were now rowboats and sailboats and the pleasure of river walks and river regattas. First on the Loiret, the romantic 12-kilometer river that parallels the Loire just beyond Orléans's left bank, then on the Loire, the boating clubs of the Loiret (Orléans), Tours, Saumur, and Angers competed for prizes before shore-gathered crowds. In 1831, at the peak of its river traffic, Orléans had built a vast warehouse, the *Entrepôt*, a soon-to-be white elephant, until, significantly, the boating club converted it into a boat-house. Regatta races merely updated centuries-long rivalries between towns like Orléans and Tours, or Angers and Saumur, for political and commercial precedence. Again, association, even as competition, turned towards the river.

Babonaux, writing on the middle Loire in the latter half of the twentieth century, stressed this "riverness" by twinning Orléans and Tours as towns whose likeness and intimacy with the river set them off from other towns no more distant but outside the Loire Valley. Meanwhile, Angers, for all its postwar growth, remains anchored to the Maine. Because proximity to a river had always had sundry connotations, towns founded to profit from the river were still river-bound in memory and usage, even after those bounties vanished. As river cities today rediscover their waterfronts and profit from new river trades, they need only to look to their riverine past to comprehend their river future. □

METHLABS AND INDUSTRIAL ALCHEMY

A toxic allegory of social suffering

by Jason Pine

Meth cooking is at once sacred and sorcerous because of its alchemical promise. The base matter of chemical-industrial, mass-consumer everyday life—Wal-phed Nasal Decongestant, Coleman Camp Fuel, Walgreens Instant Cold Packs, Energizer batteries—is transmuted into an elixir to cure all ills, the ills of precarious living: underemployment, insecurity, and the internalized feeling of being unproductive. With demiurgic mastery, meth cooks tap occulted potencies and with their arts produce an acrid powder that heightens the pleasure derived from engaging in repetitive tasks, whether it's factory work, working concrete, cleaning, or screwing. Or tinkering at home, including cooking meth. Users stay awake for days, sometimes weeks. They feel exuberant, invincible, and free of all obstacles, like hunger, fatigue, and boredom. They "get more life." Many of the people I spent time with in a northeastern Missouri county began using meth on the job, where colleagues and supervisors introduced them to it. The social pressures to use can be considerable, but even more powerful is the allure of newfound energy and enthusiasm to work longer hours in order to make ends meet.

A sacred art and a country-kitchen tradition. This is a perverse way of describing home meth-manufacture, but really it isn't. For one, "ordinary" working-class country living and cooking in the so-called American heartland rarely resembles the pastoral that more cosmopolitan types might imagine it to be—just as urban cosmopolitanism is a phantom a half-hour north, in Ferguson. The country kitchen is laced with leaching heavy metals and industrial chemicals that are pervasive in "Middle American" consumer products that populate country, suburb, and city alike, from foods to cooking tools, to countertop, table, and floor.

Many methamphetamine cooks in the small-town Missouri county where I've been conducting ethnographic fieldwork on and off for a decade hint at the distinctive material world with which this singular craft is entangled. That world is composed of a regional geography and topography, a consumer-culture landscape, and forms of labor and other material cultural practices. Until recently, Missouri had the highest number of methlab busts in the country for about a decade (currently it is number two, after Indiana), and one northeastern county had by far the highest number in the state, earning it the unfortunate title of Meth Capital of the United States.

However, the statistics that produce this "Meth Capital" gloss over the complexities of the political and economic geography that makes measuring methlab incidents possible or desirable in any given county or state. Rather than revealing the extraordinariness of one area of the US, the statistics obscure the intricacies of what I call "narco-capitalism," or how drugs are entangled with broader economic interests, cycles, and forms of embodiment, and of what my colleague, William Garriott, in his book *Policing Methamphetamine,* calls "narcopolitics," or how concerns about drugs are woven into forms of governance, particularly policing.

While on a one-year visiting professorship at the University of Missouri at Columbia, from 2005 to 2006, I quickly learned, while talking to people and reading the local news, that methamphetamine manufacture and use were of great concern. The topic both troubled and fascinated me, and I decided to pursue it as a research project. One of the people I talked to

told me that he comes from the county with the highest number of methlab busts in the country (205 in 2005), far exceeding the number of busts in the next county (135) on the infamous list of the Missouri State Highway Patrol. This person told me his aunt was caring for a meth cook and user with terminal brain cancer and that both his aunt and her patient were willing to talk with me. When I took them up on the offer I soon entered into the small networks of cooks and users, active and recovered, in a county where meth seemed always to lurk, if not in actuality as the statistics suggest, then at least as specter.

I spent ten months with nearly a hundred people in the county who were involved, in one way or another, with meth. These included meth cooks and users and their families, addictions treatment specialists, chemists, physicians, dentists, parole officers, narcotics agents, judges, public defenders and prosecutors, Walmart and other retail-store employees, church pastors, pawn-shop owners, and many others. I hung out in bars and restaurants. I visited thrift stores and storage units, and all the Walmarts, Home Depots, Dollar Trees, and Family Dollars. I went to the mouse races at the Lions Club. I met with a partner of a start-up pharmaceutical company whose sole reason for being was to produce a meth-cook-resistant, pseudoephedrine-based cold medicine. I visited the county jail and the storage unit where confiscated methlab equipment and chemicals are kept, and I spent an afternoon in the narcotics agents' safe house. I also rode with the agents when they went on meth busts. I attended a Presbyterian service most Sundays. I attended auctions and gun shows, participated in shooting competitions, and I completed a concealed-carry licensing course (which became a spinoff project on small-town "gun culture").

After I moved back to New York, I made follow-up research trips to the county (three weeks in 2012, four months in 2013). Some of the people I knew were nowhere to be found. Others were incarcerated or had died. A few—too few—were recovering but suffered other terrible obstacles and traumas. Some people whom the court system had snared and released on parole were immobilized by debt and severely restricted earning opportunities. One man I have gotten to know well invited me to the wake of his teenage daughter, who had died of a heroin overdose.

My research provided a readily available way of making sense of the high incidence of methlabs in the area: deindustrialization. The shift from large-scale, single-location factory production to globally dispersed nodes of production, and from material production to knowledge production and service work, combined with uneven geographic development, has left many people of once-thriving industrial centers, such as St. Louis, Detroit, Pittsburgh and their surrounds, without jobs that can provide a living wage. People move away for opportunities elsewhere and new talent (teachers, doctors) and new businesses are difficult to attract. In Missouri, the megalith Walmart has snuffed out other retailers (and even some manufacturers), while providing cheap goods and low-wage jobs with limited possibilities for advancement. Those who remain in these areas are effectively dispossessed of the means to live decently and opportunities to make changes to their material conditions.

The term "postindustrialism" has long been used to characterize the new economy, but it generally refers not to these geographic areas but to places that have enjoyed job growth and greater circulation of information, goods, and services, as well as increases in a different kind of poverty, that is, precarious non-contractual or limited-contract flexible labor. In areas like Missouri, home of the Old Lead Belt and many of the first and latest Walmarts—and where nearly 10 percent of the population performs manufacturing labor—"late-industrialism" is a more appropriate descriptive term. It refers to a late stage in a long industrial era that overlaps with postindustrial novelty elsewhere. I borrow this term from the anthropologist Kim Fortun, for whom it means deteriorating infrastructure, wasted landscapes, climate change, knowledge production and governance laced with commercial interests, and a persistent consumer desire for toxic goods that continues to motivate their mass manufacture.

But dispossession and a limited future are not enough to explain the radical decision to take on the risks associated with the DIY manufacture and use of a powerfully addictive, illegal narcotic. I have found more answers by looking carefully at the material life of this late-industrial region, including the material composition of meth and its material effects. The sheriff's department of the county where I conducted most of my fieldwork (I have also conducted fieldwork throughout Missouri and Arkansas, as well as parts of small-town and urban Texas, New York, Vermont, and California) publishes a complete listing of the addresses of methlab busts on a yearly basis. I visited some two hundred addresses and found many homes destroyed by fire and abandoned and others that were simply abandoned and subsequently stripped of all recyclable materials and fixtures. I also found many homes that bore no signs of being a methlab and were up for sale or for rent or had already been passed on to new residents. In one case, I posed as a renter to find out if the owner would disclose the property's former status as a methlab (it is unlawful not to disclose the information, if you have it), but he never did. In another case, I came upon a site where it seemed none of the evidence had been collected. Dirty syringes, powder encrusted jars, a camping stove, gas mask, empty packages of cold medicine, and a hundred dissembled pieces of electronics and mechanical objects, as well as severed fork ends with prongs resculpted into the form of hands giving you the finger. When I asked the narcotics agents why they did not gather the evidence, they told me that I had just reported a new, active methlab.

Spending time with cooks and experiencing firsthand the grain of their everyday materiality (and the material environment they help to shape) has helped me better understand why small-scale home methlabs could be so pervasive in this and other similar regions in the US. And the stories they told me contain several hints. What follows is one of them.

The cooking oil was starting to pop, so he turned down the electric skillet. It was ready for the Pyrex pie-plate. In his hand he held the Pace Salsa jar. At the bottom of the murky liquid, the yellow was done changing to dark yellow. The darker the better, like rusting. That's what old Will would always say.

Eric siphoned off the fuel and poured what was left in the Pace jar into the pie plate. Then he put the pie plate in the skillet. And like every other time the Pyrex touched Teflon, a drop of cooking oil splashed on his hand. And like every other time, the same thought came. It came an incarnated sign, a hieroglyph branded on his skin.

You burn that muratic off it in a 'lectric skillet like this, Will told him while stirring the yellowed mixture with the long plastic spoon. If I ever get breakage, it all stays right there in the 'lectric skillet.

I gotcha, said Eric to his mentor. So instead of burnin' up the burner with the muratic, it's only the skillet gets messed up.

Will shook his head. *Fire*. I don't wanna be around no *fire*. That's why I'm here.

That's why I'm here. Eric repeated it like a prayer or a spell with each cook.

What's that? His girlfriend heard him talking. She was already worked up. She was prone to some pretty wild tweaking, like that one time he found her outside and there she was at three o'clock in the morning rewiring the cable.

Oh my *God*, was all he could say.

Eric was too concentrated on what he was doing to hear Kelly's voice. They were in a log-cabin resort. He always stayed on the second floor because he could see the few scattered houses on one side and the protected forest on the other, giving him a head start on packing if needed.

Eric never had the TV on because he wanted to be able to hear everything, but nothing he could name drew his eyes to it. The screen stared back, blind and dumb.

It's just *thoughts*, he told himself.

It was after midnight. He always waited until after midnight, because he was playing with that Black Magic stuff. He's a believer in Jesus Christ and God, but cooking is satanic. It's sorcery.

Just as he turned his attention back to the skillet, the Desert People showed up. They was in the TV but really it was a reflection on the screen—two people with cone heads just like in Star Wars. Standing by the stove where he was doin' his thing, just grinning. One of them looked in his pot and nodded.

His girlfriend made a noise. She was looking at the TV too.

That fired him up. What do you see? Point at it and describe it!

He knew now it *wasn't* just thoughts, but he wasn't going to tell her what he seen so he could hear it from her.

Kelly pointed to the TV. There's two Desert People in there standing at the skillet. This time she wasn't just tweaking.

Oh my *God*, he whispered.

The first thing Eric's story underscores is that meth is cooked from ordinary domestic consumer products. Energizer lithium batteries (lithium is a key ingredient not mentioned in the above scene) and muriatic acid, commonly used to clean brick patios or unclog drains, are available at big-box stores like Lowes and Walmart, which have long dominated local retail markets across the Midwest. In the same stores one finds acetone, or paint thinner, and Coleman camping fuel, the brand favored by cooks. Pyrex, Teflon, Pace Salsa jars, and plastic spoons. These are cooking materials found in stores almost anywhere in the US, including the little-box chain stores Dollar Tree and Dollar General, which are ubiquitous across much of Missouri and beyond. Meth is strikingly easy to make, particularly because the precursor ingredients are wholly accessible.

And meth is easy to make in small-town and rural Missouri, where there is space and seclusion. Wooded, rocky ridges and ample distances between homes—this last feature reportedly an inheritance of a frontier sensibility falsely attributed to Daniel Boone as the maxim: *When you see the smoke rising from your nearest neighbor's chimney, it's time to move on*. On the contrary, people are very neighborly, but they do indeed mark, and often police, the borders of their property with dogs, fences, purple blazes, and NO TRESPASSING signs (some of them hyperbolically threatening). Minding one's own business often goes with the territory.

Geography and topography were important until around 2008, when the Shake-and-Bake recipe emerged. This method doesn't require anhydrous ammonia, the dangerously volatile farm fertilizer whose sale is regulated by the federal government but which in farming regions is at least available for theft. The anhydrous ammonia "two-pot" recipe produces a powerful smell and, when things go wrong, a powerful explosion. The Shake-and-Bake methlab produces far less of a smell and, although it is small, can be just as dangerous—perhaps even more dangerous, as the ingredients are combined in a single plastic soda or Gatorade bottle. The cook holds the bottle in his hands. Shaking the bottle speeds the reaction, but pressure builds up, making it necessary to intermittently "burp" the bottle by opening the cap to provide release. But when the pressure gets too high or when moisture ignites the lithium strip (peeled from the battery) and turns the bottle into a blowtorch, the injury is close-range and catastrophic.

I have found it useful to bracket the singular, and sometimes spectacular, qualities of meth cooking in order to consider it as one practice within a repertoire of local material cultural practices. Approaching it in this way

throws into relief the do-it-yourself quality the craft shares with more common regional practices, such as fixing one's own vehicles (also known as shade-tree mechanics), home improvement, homesteading, hunting and fishing, and dressing your catch. The material familiarity and manual dexterity entailed in this repertoire can contribute to the perception that it is reasonable to tinker with potentially harmful chemicals extracted from household products in order to produce a substance of great value.

In fact, this perception explains, in part, the metaphor of "cooking" that meth-makers invoke. Meth, in other words, is a homey domestic product. Some "recipes" are coveted like precious secrets and shared only with privileged intimates, sometimes across multiple family generations. Secrecy is a form of intimacy. The metaphor is so powerful that, although methlabs are found anywhere in a house (just as the ingredients of meth are found in any ordinary home and the consumer landscapes they populate), manufacture of meth is always called "cooking." It's as if methlabs have siphoned off a vital power from a fundamental human practice, where domesticity, intimacy, commensality, and cultivation are collapsed into a chemical cottage industry.

This kind of cooking carries the home through startling transmutations. The boundaries between the garage (or yard), bathroom, kitchen, and bedroom blur, and their materials and objects intermingle. Acid burns through countertops and pipes, heavy rust covers pots, pans, doorknobs, and door hinges; trash piles upon the floors of every room (trash can be incriminating, so some meth cooks avoid taking it out). Cooks also set up labs in abandoned and wrecked homes and are always on the watch for new locations, just as other residents are aware of the outer signs of home methlabs.

Home methlabs can also be immaculate. The increased focus and attention to detail that taking meth induces can be channeled toward obsessive cleaning and organizing. One cook, for example, Dymo-labeled every tool in his tidy garage, including each of the components of his methlab. Other cooks develop creative ways of keeping their labs hidden or even camouflaged in plain sight. In all of these reverse-engineered, unmade and redesigned homes, cooking is the primary activity, and food is the last consideration (meth suppresses appetite for food), perhaps precisely because meth is affective, even spiritual, nourishment. Meth fires up attention, interest and energy. It makes life exciting. It makes life worth living.

On the other hand, Eric did not have a home. Home was where he made meth. He checked into cottages and extended-stay hotels (including one that I unwittingly stayed in), set up shop, and then moved on when the cook was done. Cooking was his mission. He believed that he was a priest and the people he supplied with meth were his parishioners. He would cut people off if they were failing "to put bread on the table" for their families. Once he even paid the electric bill for someone in his "parish" who had gotten in too deep. The vitality, the supreme—yet seemingly xenobiotic—nourishment that he provided his users made him the demiurge, the earthly creator whose works could do both good and evil. Eric's sacred art was passed on to him by his older mentor, Will. This sort of apprenticeship is common among meth cooks, like a male-centric country-kitchen tradition. With the emergence of the smaller-scale Shake-and-Bake method, which yields only enough meth for use among a few intimates, it seems that more women have taken up the craft.

These transmutations of home economics and workaday habits are not unique to meth cooks and meth users. They are homologous with the self-enterprising and self-designing practices of middle-class and more affluent Americans, who respond to imperatives to remain on alert to shifts in stock, real estate, consumer, and job markets that might leave them feeling underproductive or worse: unemployed, hopelessly indebted, and dispossessed. Many people turn to pharmaceuticals like Adderall (an amphetamine widely prescribed for Attention Deficit Disorder), Modafinil (an increasingly popular alternative wakefulness drug used by the armed forces, paramedics, academics, stock brokers, and tech-industry professionals) and other performance enhancement biotechnologies, including Viagra for sex, non-prescription supplements for improved cognition, sleep, and mood, steroids and testosterone for athleticism, sex, and physique, and more direct corporeal interventions, like the enlargements, reductions, lifts, and tucks of plastic surgery. These enhancements have economic value in different vocations and social worlds, and the two are usually entangled. They perform powerful material functions but they also have enormous symbolic purchase on everyday socioeconomic material life in the US and elsewhere, where aspirations for *more* and *better* are moral imperatives.

In my writing and lectures about this research I am committed to making these connections across socioeconomic classes, practices, and materials. I do this not only conceptually but also on the level of language. I shaped Eric's story, for example, from carefully transcribed recordings of conversations and recast them in an ambiguous voice, a literary technique called "free indirect discourse," which blurs distinctions between author, narrator, and subject. This is a way of rejecting the transcendent voice of the God-like academic observer, who narrates life-scenes while disavowing any connection to them.

Methlabs and the explosion of materials they host are indeed fascinating and troubling, but to approach them only for this reason risks further marginalizing the people and places associated with them. For me, methlabs are like allegorical forms. They are inextricably entangled in the material life of a place but they can also be critically interpreted (a practice Walter Benjamin likened to alchemy) as the explosive matters in which my own middle-class cosmopolitan life is implicated. □

Adrià Julià

Portfolio

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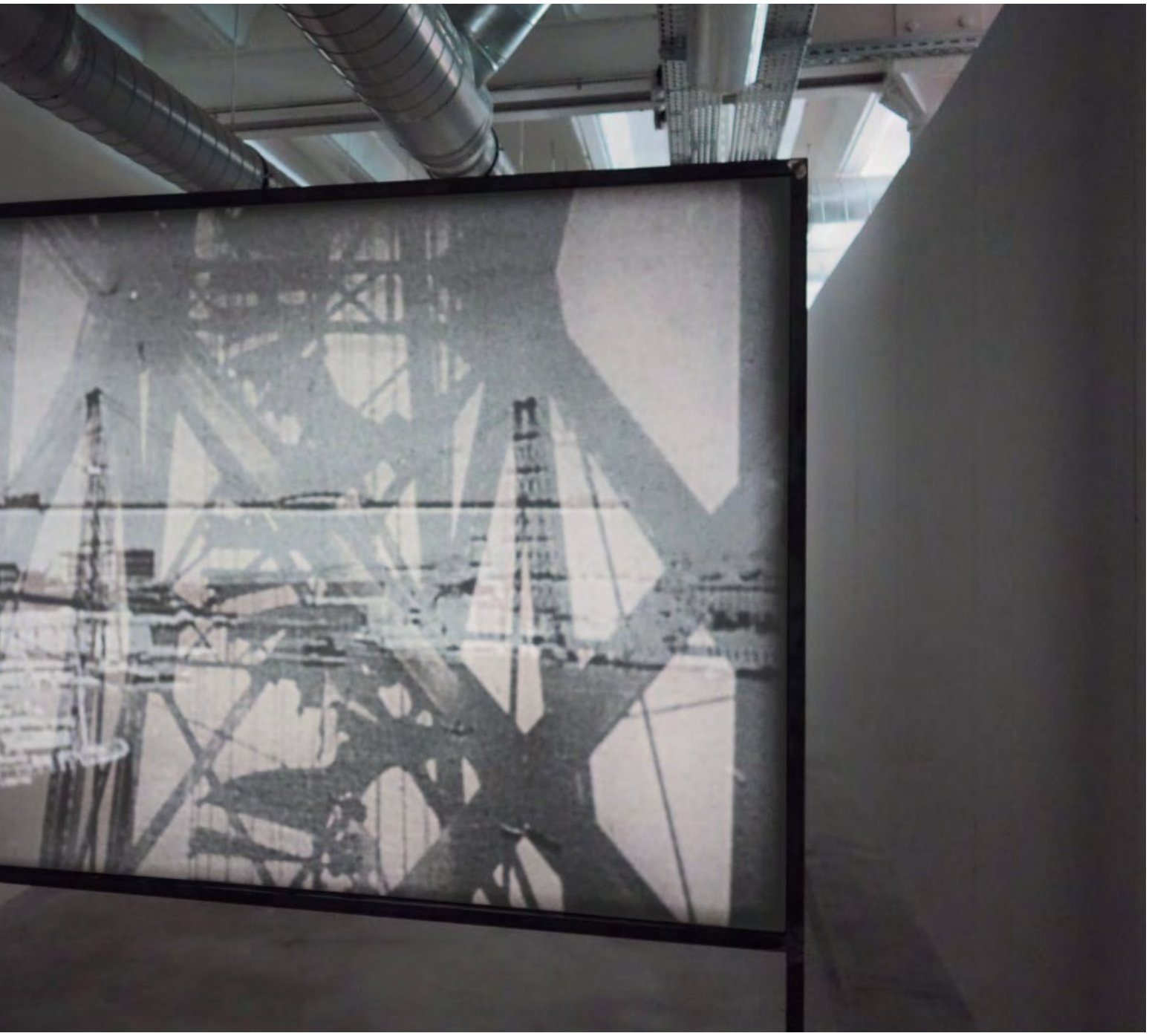
[PREVIOUS PAGE, 1, 2] *As if the Sea Indeed Was a Bottomless Reservoir of Well Preserved Anachronisms*, 2014. Red wall, translucent screen, two 16mm films, black and white, silent 1'11" and 48" loops. Installation view at Friche la Belle de Mai, Marseille.

[3] *Film Script for Square Without Mercy*, 2014. 33 Petanque balls, plastic container. Courtesy Dan Gunn, Berlin.



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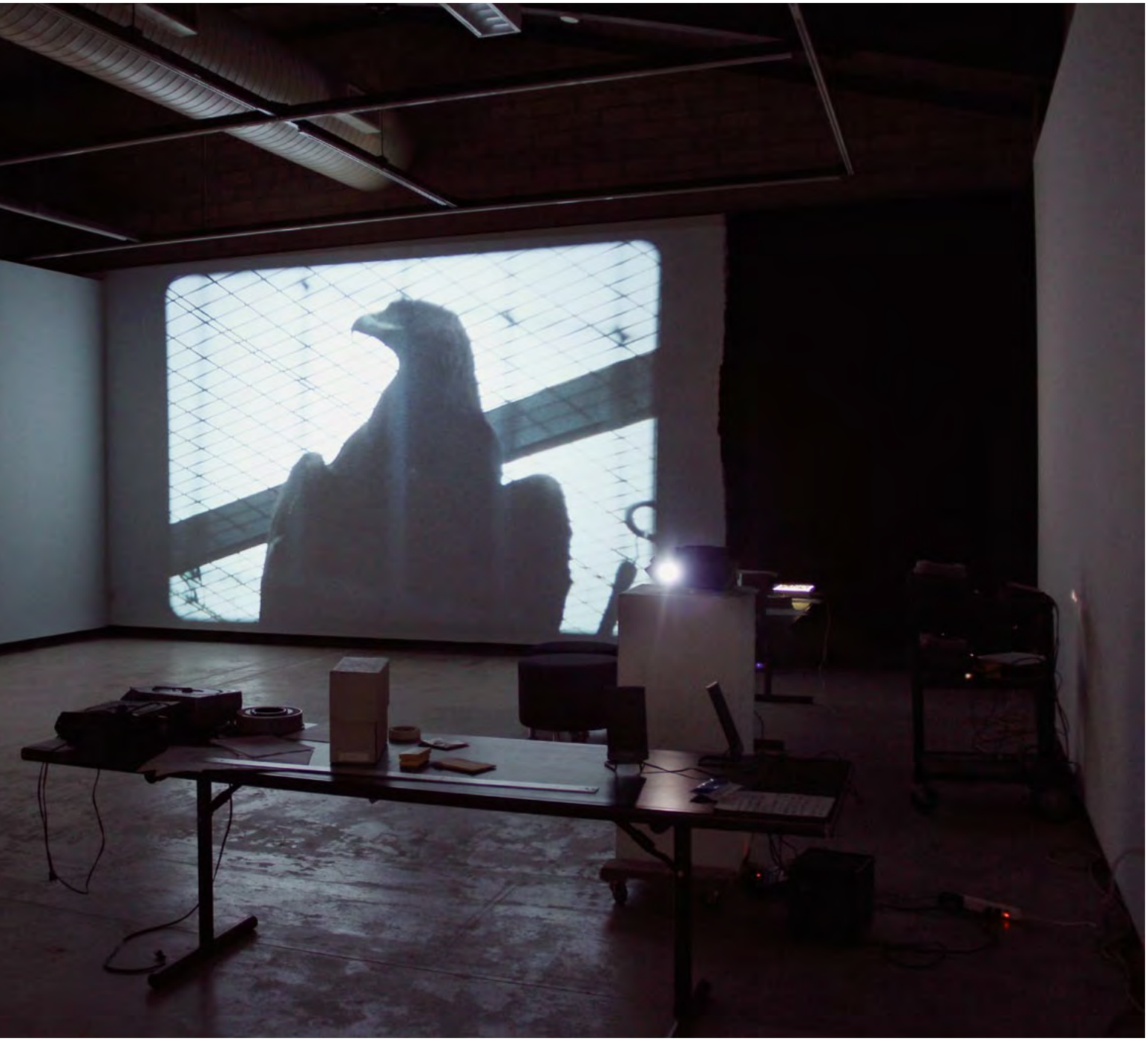
[4] *Notes on the Missing Oh*, 2009–2011. 3-channel video installation, video, and 16mm b&w film transferred to video, sound, 1 lightbox. Installation view at Project Art Centre, Dublin, 2011. **[5]** *Campus*, 2013. Installation. 2 slide projectors, 1 video projector, sound. Installation view at Todd Madigan Gallery, California State University, Bakersfield.

NEXT PAGE:
[6, 7] *Negative Inchon* (from the *Notes on the Missing Oh* series), 2012. C-prints, 70×100cm each. Courtesy Dan Gunn, Berlin.



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Fragments, Recollections

By Alena J. Williams

WHEN ROLAND BARTHES writes about love in *A Lover's Discourse: Fragments*, he emphasizes the difficulty in bridging the divide between two subjects. But he points out that their inextricable connection takes shape in the "mere" words, "I love you," which he spells out as a unified word: "I-love-you," underscoring mutual investment and constitution. This short statement points out that the intersection of subjectivity—by way of the verb "love"—is at once a complex and double-edged sensibility. It is this sensibility, which lies at the nexus of ideas about subjective identification and cinematic representation, that has long marked the work of Los Angeles-based artist **Adrià Julià**.

Since completing his MFA at California Institute of the Arts, in 2003, Julià has been mining a vast field of cinematic imagery as a means of questioning the presumptions of cultural representation. Sharing an affinity with the strategies of American artist Jack Goldstein and German filmmaker and essayist Hartmut Bitomsky, the archaeology of cinema lies at the center of his practice, and yet one also comes across a variety of social and political reflections in his work by way of photography, drawing, sculpture, and installation. Indebted to the conceptual art and structuralist film traditions of the 1970s, Julià is primarily concerned with perceptual lacunae. Yet, instead of attempting to fill the gaps, he gives them greater space to take shape and materialize, developing new psychic and metaphorical relations between historical events, artifacts, and their modes of depiction. For example: taking Barthes's text as a point of departure for his recent piece *Perpetual Monologues Apropos of a Loved Being: Los Angeles 1943–1991* (2015), Julià created a slide show by reanimating a series of vintage postcards of Los ~~Angeles~~ he collected online. Played back with a computerized voice reciting hand-written messages to anonymous loved ones, the work reflects Julià's inventive handling of a variety of media while addressing subject relations, displacement, and longing.

To meander through Julià's repertoire is to encounter what French film theorist Christian Metz identified when he suggested, in *The Imaginary Signifier: Psychoanalysis and the Cinema*, that cinema was a "chain of mirrors," a "mechanism"—"like the human body, like a precision tool, like a social institution." His work not only ties perception to technological tools but also to the materiality of the body. Often these ideas play out in a dialectical manner. In one of the images from his *Cat on the Shoulder* series (2013–ongoing), ~~made with flat lenticular lenses~~, Julià interrelates a free-form line-drawing with an iconic portrait of Hungarian war photographer Robert Capa carrying his 16mm camera. When Julià's image is held, manipulated, turned, inspected askance, Capa and his camera appear to merge together as a singular body with the insides made visible—like a cartoonish vivisection. In contrast, in ~~*Handheld Line and The Recording Finger*~~ (2013), ~~two distinct 16mm films~~, Julià approaches similar content with a cool conceptualism. Instead of depicting a figure like Capa, Julià seeks to register his own interface with the camera—in one case, directing his gaze at a masked window in multiple exposures, and, in the other, filming ~~himself in front of a mirror with his hand on the shutter-release button~~.

~~*The Recording Finger*~~ is a pivotal work because it attempts to capture that barely perceptible moment when the camera operator releases the button to stop recording. Julià examines this identification between the human body and the film camera further in *Grip* (2013)—comprised of two color photographs of differing views of a handgrip detached from its camera—and in *Recording Machines* (2014), a 16mm film featuring a series of plasticine replicas of a hand in the poses necessary for releasing the shutter for a range of analogue film cameras.

In the large-scale installation *As If the Sea Indeed Was a Bottomless Reservoir of Well-Preserved Anachronisms* (2014) and his *Notes on the Missing Oh* series (2009–2013)—Julià unearths the relationship between history, site, and event. In *As If the Sea Indeed Was a Bottomless Reservoir of Well-Preserved Anachronisms*, two 16mm films capturing the same square in Marseilles are projected on either side of a translucent screen. Derived from Bauhaus artist László Moholy-Nagy's 35mm film *Impressionen vom alten Marseiller Hafen (Vieux port)* (1929) and postwar newsreel footage of the same urban space, the images play back in a darkened corridor in non-synchronized loops, converging into what Moholy-Nagy might call a "poly-cinema"—a cinema of overlapping and competing images. According to Moholy-Nagy, poly-cinemas "make new demands upon the capacity of our optical organ of perception, the eye, and our center of perception, the brain." In Julià's *Notes on the Missing Oh*, a series of video and 16mm film installations, sculptures, color and black-and-white photographs, he excavates a wealth of material around the ruins and voids of Terence Young's 1981 film *Inchon*, a failed epic drama that sought to capture the victory of the Korean War's 1950 Battle of Inchon.

But much like the interface of the subject and the camera—or the interrelation of two lovers—Adrià Julià's work reflects the dialectical interweaving of two positions, eschewing spectacle in favor of fragments and conjuring up new recollections rather than solid facts. □

A DEEPER FREEDOM

John Dewey's *Democracy and Education* revisited

by Philip Kitcher

JOHN DEWEY WAS America's most influential philosopher. *Democracy and Education*, published in 1916, was his most influential book. In it, Dewey summed up his experience at the Laboratory School at the University of Chicago—a progressive school he founded in 1896 and which remains in operation—and pointed to further educational reforms he saw as urgently needed. The provocative juxtaposition of the title invites people who have heard of Dewey (and his impact on American schools) but who have not read his book to guess its central thesis: education aims not merely to prepare the young to make a living but also to shape future citizens who will make informed and reflective electoral choices. That conjecture sells Dewey short. He proposed a far more radical position, one with far-reaching consequences.

Already in 1902, Dewey had explained how his yoking of education to democracy was not simply a plea to add another subject, "Civics," to the school curriculum. "Even when the democratic impulse broke into the isolated department of the school," he wrote in "The School as Social Center," delivered before the National Council of Education, "it did not effect a complete reconstruction, but only the addition of another element. This was preparation for citizenship." To understand the "reconstruction" Dewey envisaged, the deep connection to be forged between democracy and education, it's crucial first to understand how he gave content to both these difficult concepts.

IN DEWEY'S TIME, as in ours, democracy was often identified with a system of government in which the citizens regularly have opportunities to vote, choosing from a slate with more than one candidate, after there have been more-or-less free and open discussions of the issues taken to be at stake. For those who identify it in this way, democracy is in place when people troop to the polls and emerge happily waving ink-stained fingers in the air. From Dewey's perspective, such scenes equate democracy with its superficial manifestations. To see the scenes as paradigmatic offers no insight into democracy's distinctive value. Dewey preferred the penetrating judgments of hostile critics to the shallow rhetoric that flourished in his day, as it does in ours.

Plato, whose dialogues Dewey enjoyed reading and re-reading, was

no fan of democracy. He feared that the ignorant urges of the many would overwhelm the wisdom of the few, leading democratic states to ruin. Yet he recognized the charms that seduce democrats. They will, he claimed, celebrate the freedom democracy brings.

History bears out Plato's prediction. Briefs for democracy have been drafted by self-styled champions of liberty. But what exactly is the freedom they have hoped to secure? For John Locke, and for the American revolutionaries who followed him, freedom centered on non-interference. To be free is to enjoy safeguards against those who would intrude into your life, coercing your body or seizing your land. But as the agricultural society shaping Locke's conception of private property evolved into a world dominated by industrial entrepreneurs, this conception shifted. Freedom became identified in terms of a capitalist economy. Democracy's central task turned out to be one of protecting the ability of citizens to engage in productive endeavors, ventures ensuring continued growth.

Today's "neoliberalism," with its emphasis on not interfering in the working of capitalism, reflects this economic turn in understanding freedom, and consequently democracy. In its extreme form, it supposes that the freedom deserving protection extends to the ability to invest almost unlimited amounts in candidates who will support the policies you favor. The money you donate (or should it be "lend"?) can be used to advertise the merits of your preferred ideas in the public forum. Investment becomes a mode of free speech—as the Citizens United decision has proclaimed.

When citizens are clear about where their interests lie, voting can serve as an expression of their freedom. If, however, the distribution of time at the public megaphone reflects patterns of investment, Plato's critique takes on a new twist: collective judgments do not go awry because the citizens are stupid (as Plato wrongly supposed); freedom is just as easily undercut by artificially-induced ignorance and confusion. This is so, Dewey would have argued, because, too often, popular celebrations of "democracy" are too polite. That is to say, politicians from many nations sing the praises of their "democracies" at a time when the important forms of freedom are being eroded. In an age when governments often seem most concerned with protecting the assets of the wealthy, "democracies" are turning into statistical plutocracies. In some countries, perhaps most blatantly in the United States, election results are the product of a vast electoral machine. At one end, the plutocrats insert the cash; at the other end, the ballots are cast and counted. Plutocracy is *statistical* because the contributors can only act to raise the chances of achieving the electoral outcomes they desire. Yet it would be entirely wrong to attribute freedom to the tiny cogs—the voters—whose actions mark the final stages of the machine's operation.

Milder neoliberals oppose the identification of investment with free speech. They might recruit Dewey as an ally, seeing his connection of democracy and education as emphasizing the importance of an informed electorate. Indeed, they might be inspired by his specific suggestions about the acquisition of capacities for cogent reasoning, hoping that children schooled in critical thinking will be more likely, as adults, to find their way through the fog induced by well-funded "free speech." Yet again, Dewey's concerns go deeper. For him, the Lockean tradition that culminates in neoliberalism, whether mild or extreme, distorts the importance of freedom.

Opponents of democracy often see more clearly what neoliberals overlook. A third of the way through *Democracy and Education* comes a sentence to startle Dewey's readers: "Much which has been said so far is borrowed from what Plato consciously taught the world." Dewey elaborates by praising Plato's sense of the interdependence between social arrangements and the education of the young. "It would be impossible to find a deeper sense of the function of education in discovering and developing personal capacities," Dewey writes, "and training them so that they would connect with the activities of others."

That deeper sense has been lost in the wake of the industrial revolution (with its undeniable economic gains), as social institutions, the educational system prominent among them, turn away from that proper function—human growth.

In Dewey's judgment, Plato encrusted his educational insight with two errors. First, his division of people into three classes—the ordinary workers, the soldiers, and the philosopher-guardians—radically underestimates human individuality. In addition, a young person's fate is imposed from the outside, assigned by the guardians in their wisdom. Like the intelligence testers who are his contemporary heirs, Plato was confident that inborn potential and inborn limits can be reliably identified, enabling educators to turn a child in the most suitable direction.

John Stuart Mill's classic essay *On Liberty* forcefully challenges both Platonic assumptions. Following Kant and Wilhelm von Humboldt, Mill insists that a person's life must be her own:

> The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs or impede their efforts to obtain it. . . . Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves, than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.

He continues by lamenting the ways in which customs and social pressures narrow the range of options people view as open to them. Instead, healthy societies should foster individuality, encouraging "experiments of living." A precondition of doing so is a rich education, one that allows children to explore a variety of themes that might underlie their lives, leading them to a reflective and informed choice of which might best suit their own propensities and talents.

Dewey applauds Mill's radical revision of Plato's insight, and his detailed suggestions about the reform of American schools emphasize the importance of self-discovery. He also takes a further step, one compressed in his talk of connecting "with the lives of others." Although Mill is skeptical about the value of an existence lived by a hermit upon a pillar, his account of freedom imposes no condition to exclude it. Autonomy is everything. Your own good might be a purely solitary occupation, lacking even the slightest interest to anyone else.

On Liberty follows a long Anglo-Saxon tradition of conceiving freedom as freedom *from*. We are free when others are prevented from interfering with our projects. (In the language of Isaiah Berlin's famous distinction, this is *negative* freedom.) Dewey's early philosophical training immersed him in a different lineage, particularly in the writings of Hegel, and, despite his later preference for a Darwinian form of historicism, some Hegelian residues —particularly from the *Philosophy of Right*—persisted in his thought. Chief among them is the conception of individuals as finding themselves through relations to others, through being joined in a community.

Education ought not only to equip you to find your preferred way but to do so through connections with other people. The worthwhile life is not only autonomously chosen, but it is a life whose actions and whose satisfactions are embedded in a community. Now "community" is a notoriously vague and ambiguous word, and Dewey ventures no definition that might anchor a responsible interpretation. Instead, his readers have to glean his conception from the specific values he finds in community life.

Over twenty passages in *Democracy and Education* explain how the members of a community are related to one another. They must be like-minded, sharing "aims, beliefs, aspirations, knowledge"; they must engage with one another in the pursuit of common goals, adjusting their actions to the behavior of their fellows, each feeling the success (or failure) of the venture as his success (or failure). In healthy communities, these "conjoint activities" do not simply consist of preserving the lore or the institutions as they currently are, but of attempts to improve them. Community life should not block the paths individuals hope to follow or forbid fresh "experiments of living." Rather, the healthy community aims at its own progressive development, achieved through the growth of its members, as they find their own chosen ways.

Above all, the members of a community are in conversation with one another, and that conversation is crucial to forging the individual identities: "What one is as a person is what one is as associated with others, in a free give and take of intercourse." Dewey maintains that "the very process of living together educates," and that education is critical for the formation of the self:

> Through social intercourse, through sharing in the activities embodying beliefs, he [the growing person] gradually acquires a mind of his own. The conception of mind as a purely isolated possession of the self is at the very antipodes of the truth.

The heart of democracy is the generation of freedom—the "only freedom which deserves the name"—through exchange of ideas on terms of equality, in a conversation that envisages further social progress. "A democracy is more than a form of government," Dewey writes, "it is primarily a mode of associated living, of conjoint, communicated experience."

THREE IMPORTANT consequences flow from this vision of the interconnections among freedom, democracy, community, and individual development. First, Dewey's title is carefully chosen. For democracy, as he understands it, is a form of lifelong education; equally, the growth to be fostered by education must engage the child in conversation and cooperative projects with others, in democracy as "a mode of associated living." Second, democratic freedom must go beyond the negative freedom of Mill and his Anglo-Saxon tradition, providing opportunities for meaningful contributions to community life. Citizens of democracies must be free *to* participate in rich exchanges with their fellows, and the conditions for their doing so must be in place. Third, among those conditions must be enough equality, of opportunities and of resources, to enable the educative exchanges to be reciprocal and the joint activities to be genuinely shared. Dewey's egalitarianism is explicit:

> . . . this idea [the idea of education as continued growth] cannot be applied to *all* the members of a society except where intercourse of man with man is mutual, and except where there is adequate provision for the reconstruction of social habits and institutions by means of wide stimulation arising from equitably distributed interests. And this means a democratic society.

Dewey believed that the America in which he lived decisively failed this test. The economic results of the industrial revolution "relegate many men to a servile status."

> . . . the majority of human beings still lack economic freedom. Their pursuits are fixed by accident and necessity of circumstance; they are not the normal expression of their own powers interacting with the needs and resources of the environment.

Democracy and Education renews a theme Dewey had sounded more than a decade earlier. Material socialism, dedicated to the equal distribution of material resources, can be a topic for debate; but "there is a socialism regarding which there can be no such dispute—socialism of the intelligence and of the spirit." Equally divided or not, the resources, including the public goods of a community, must be distributed so that all can share in the exchange of ideas and the projects that

express the freedom of the individual members.

The failure of American democracy in the early twentieth century as in the early twenty-first goes beyond the widespread "suspicion that political parties, their leaders and platforms, are agencies administered by commercial forces," as Dewey wrote in a 1906 paper, "Culture and Industry in Education." It is apparent in the conditions of work, in the plight of the boy of fifteen, whose job consists of grinding the slight roughness off a piece of iron, "grinding at the rate of over one a minute for every minute of his day." Dewey's example recalls a passage, late in *The Wealth of Nations*, where Adam Smith recognizes the effects of intensifying the division of labor: the worker becomes "as stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human to be." The insight did not lead Smith to rewrite the opening chapters with their applause for the division of labor (he moves quickly on to his next topic). Marx, however, learning his political economy by reading Smith, discerned in this example the alienation of labor under industrial capitalism. So too did Dewey.

Post-industrial economies have changed the sites of alienation but hardly abolished the phenomenon. Our contemporary world retains the inequalities that interfere with Deweyan democracy. Our societies have arguably weakened the ties that unite the members of genuine communities. As Pope Francis has reminded the world, the economic framework for contemporary social policies distorts our visions of ourselves and blocks the possibility of the global cooperation required for coping with urgent environmental problems. Dewey's analysis brings us to the same diagnoses, not in the language of any specific religious view, nor in the idiom of revolutionary politics. Instead, his calm prose begins from ideals to which the vast majority of Americans would pay lip service. The logic of his argument proceeds from the core of democracy itself. We would do well to pay attention. □

BUILDING BETWEEN WORLDS

Yugoslav architecture and Cold-War hospitality

by Vladimir Kulić

When Berlin found itself divided by barbed wire, on the morning of August 13, 1961, the Cold War assumed architectural form. Within a short time, the Berlin Wall became much more than a pragmatic device to prevent East Germans from fleeing to the West; it became an architectural metonymy for a world divided by ideology and a stand-in for an entire period in global history.

Less than three weeks after the construction of the Wall, another urban project with far-reaching geopolitical connotations arose, some six hundred miles to the south. On September 1, 1961, the leaders of the so-called Third World gathered in Belgrade for the first Conference of the Heads of State or Government of Non-Aligned Countries. The ceremonies during the meeting included a walking sojourn into the empty plains of New Belgrade—socialist Yugoslavia's new modernist capital—to plant "trees of friendship" in what would become known as Friendship Park. The seeds had surely been planted: over the next thirty years practically every foreign statesperson who visited Belgrade contributed a tree to the park, totaling more than 120 trees at the time of the country's collapse, in 1991. The list of contributors reads like a "who's who" of the Cold-War era: Third-World leaders like Jawaharlal Nehru, Indira Gandhi, and Sirimavo Bandaranaike; three US presidents: Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter; two secretaries general of the Soviet Communist Party: Leonid Brezhnev and Mikhail Gorbachev; leaders from both sides of the divided Europe, including the Bundesrepublik's Willy Brandt and Helmut Schmidt, as well as the GDR's Erich Honecker; and a dozen crowned heads, including Emperor Hirohito of Japan, Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain, and King Carl Gustaf of Sweden. Many of them have long since deceased, of course, but in Friendship Park they continue living through the trees they planted, side by side and on an equal footing.

Friendship Park was one of the key symbolic sites of Yugoslavia's socialist globalization, a space of geopolitical representation par excellence, where the country's commitment to open borders and cooperation across the ideological divisions was reinforced with every new tree-planting ceremony. But Friendship Park was also something more: it was a representation of space that projected a vision of the world as it should be, if seen from a subaltern perspective.

Indeed, the global Cold War was not just a confrontation between the West and the East; it was also fought in, over, and by the Third World, then struggling for decolonization. The Non-Aligned Movement, as the historian Tvrtko Jakovina argues, thus emerged as the Cold War's "third side," even though it was not organized as a military alliance but rather as a relatively informal network of political and economic cooperation. Yugoslavia's place in the movement was logical, even if not entirely obvious. With its long history of struggle for independence and its reputation for resisting the imperial incursions—staving off Stalin in 1948 was a defining moment in that history—the country was a natural ally of the various anticolonial movements and the young postcolonial states across the world. But it was also a European country that was comparably more developed than many of its peers in Africa or Asia and thus not really a part of the Third World. As a matter of fact, in the global system of the Cold War, Yugoslavia did not really belong to the remaining two "worlds" either. It maintained close economic and cultural ties with the First World, but it was certainly not a developed capitalist country; and it was a socialist country but not a member of the Second World institutions, such as the Warsaw Pact and the CoMEcon. On the symbolic map of the Cold War, Yugoslavia occupied a unique place at the fulcrum of the three-world system, serving as a conduit of modernization between the developed and the developing worlds, as well as a cultural mediator between the rival ideologies.

The Iron Curtain, which divided Europe from the Baltic to the Balkans into two opposed *blocs*, solidified especially firmly around Berlin to form a fortified *wall*. At its southern end, however, it parted to allow people, goods, ideologies, and culture from either side of the Iron Curtain to spill over into Yugoslavia, where they could be mixed and negotiated. It was there that East and West Europeans could

temporarily meet, most regularly at the Adriatic coast, a favorite space of mass leisure. Many such sites across Yugoslavia reveal that the topology of the Cold War was far more complex than we normally assume: instead of absolute binary division, that topology was more akin to a Moebius strip, its two seemingly opposite sides united by the same underlying dreamworld.

In constructing Yugoslavia as a site of Cold-War encounter, architecture contributed much more than providing a few useful metaphors. On the one hand, it was instrumental in the building of a vast new infrastructure of hospitality. In addition to providing for the burgeoning tourism industry, that infrastructure also included the facilities for numerous international and global events, such as the 1979 Mediterranean Games in Split, Croatia, or the 1984 Winter Olympic Games in Sarajevo. On the other hand, architecture became a currency of global exchange, as mobile designs began circulating across geopolitical borders with increasing regularity and speed. In that process, Yugoslavia became the recipient of architectural expertise from either side of the Iron Curtain and, at the same time, started exporting architecture across the world, most notably to the Non-Aligned countries of Africa and the Middle East. Although motivated by distinct goals, these two modes of architecture's geopolitical engagement were often so closely interrelated that at certain moments they became almost indistinguishable. The influx of foreign architectural expertise often acquired such representational power that its original purpose of aiding the country's development became overshadowed by a sense that Yugoslavia was actually *hosting* foreign architecture on its soil. In return, the expertise in designing the hospitality infrastructure became one of the country's successful exports, across Eastern Europe, Africa, and the Middle East.

Consider, for example, Skopje. On July 26, 1963, the capital of Macedonia was destroyed in a massive earthquake that killed over a thousand inhabitants and left more than 150,000 homeless. Within days, aid started pouring in from all over the world. Prefabricated homes, hospitals, and schools were shipped from countries as distant as Mexico. The US and Soviet soldiers arrived in the city to help clear up the rubble, engaging in a highly symbolic display of collaboration, their first since the onset of the Cold War. Even some anticolonial liberation movements from Africa chipped in as a sign of solidarity. Such efforts were quickly interpreted as potent symbols of Cold-War détente, tying in with the enthusiasm generated by the recent signing of the Partial Nuclear Test Ban Treaty.

Similar interpretations carried over to the urban plans for the reconstruction of Skopje, which the United Nations spearheaded as a way of building expertise for all subsequent post-disaster interventions. The planning process was coordinated by Ernst Weissmann, a former apprentice of Le Corbusier and the founding member of the Yugoslav group within CIAM (*Congrès internationaux d'architecture*

Hotel Haludovo, Malinska, Krk island, Croatia. Architect: Boris Magaš, 1972. Photo © CCN Images, Zagreb.

moderne), the leading organization of modernist architects. Weissman, who immigrated to the United States just before the war, was an official of the UN Secretariat's Department of Economic and Social Affairs, and it was through him that the UN enlisted numerous international experts in the planning of Skopje. These included, most importantly, the influential office Doxiadis Associates from Greece, known for their involvement in the planning of Islamabad in Pakistan, and the Polish planner Adolf Ciborowski, whose international reputation rested on his leading role in the postwar reconstruction of Warsaw. The UN also organized a highly publicized competition for a detailed plan of the city center and invited the proposals from several prominent international offices, including the Dutch architects Jaap Bakema and Jo van der Broek. The winner was Kenzo Tange from Japan, who proposed a system of massive Metabolist megastructures evocative of the traditional urban forms of the "city wall" and "city gate," an immensely ambitious project that likely would have surpassed the technical and material abilities of countries considerably more developed than Yugoslavia. Originally, Tange shared the first prize with a Yugoslav team whose proposal was considered more "realistic," but the representational power of his name was such that he ultimately received the commission on his own. Indeed, this was the first major project ever by a Japanese architect outside of Japan, and it testified to how that country reinvented itself after the war into a peaceful and constructive contributor to international relations. In turn, for the UN the selection of Tange showcased its role in fostering international cooperation, and for the Yugoslavs it demonstrated their openness to such cooperation.

The reconstructed Skopje became something akin to an international architectural exhibition, offering a global cross-section of the aesthetics and technologies characteristic for the 1960s, as well as the varying ambitions and strategies of exerting cultural influence. Whole neighborhoods came to be associated with certain countries, for example, large tracts of prefabricated homes that came from Scandinavia. Poland funded the construction of the Museum of Contemporary Art, which was designed by a team of leading Polish architects. Switzerland donated a school, designed by another prominent CIAM member, Alfred Roth. Rather than donating individual buildings, the superpowers opted for contributions with more far-reaching effects. The Soviet Union thus constructed a factory of prefabricated concrete panels, whereas the United States awarded a group of young Macedonian architects with scholarships for graduate studies at leading American universities. The successful replication of the American cultural influence was the most explicit in the work of the architect Georgi Konstantinovski, whose Brutalist designs from the late 1960s clearly revealed that he had been a student of Paul Rudolph at Yale and then an employee at I.M. Pei's New York office.

Skopje established a precedent for further transsystemic collaborations in the field of planning. For example, it was again the United Nations that coordinated a wide range of international offices and agencies in the regional planning for the Adriatic coast, another quintessential site of Cold-War encounter. That encounter was even more multifaceted than the one in Skopje. Socialism promised subsidized leisure time for everyone, but early on it became clear that tourism could also be a business capable of bringing in much needed hard currency. By the time the UN became involved, in the late 1960s, the Adriatic had already emerged as one of the chief summer destinations in Europe. Participating in the postwar boom of mass tourism East and West, it brought together diverse sets of population: the locals employed in the tourism industry; the continental Yugoslavs vacationing in workers' resorts or commercial hotels; West Europe's lower middle classes attracted by some of the most affordable prices on the Mediterranean; East European tourists, who could more easily obtain permits to travel to a fellow socialist country than to the West; and the occasional international celebrity staying in one of the increasingly common luxury hotels. The architectural infrastructure built for such an encounter was appropriately diverse, ranging from modest camping sites and socialized resorts to sprawling high-end complexes, equipped with their own swimming pools, casinos, and marinas. The regional plans for the coast helped coordinate such complex construction and were explicitly directed toward avoiding overcrowding and overbuilding, the pitfalls of mass tourism found elsewhere on the Mediterranean. They were rather successful, as they allowed the coast to retain much of its natural beauty until the late 1990s, when the commercial pressures began undermining the plans and regulations established under socialism.

Political representation was never far from tourism; in fact, it actually may have been instrumental in inaugurating the Adriatic as a desirable destination. The most iconic site associated with nonalignment in Yugoslavia was not really Friendship Park but an archipelago off the coast of Istria, where President Tito started developing his summer residence as early as 1946. It was at the Brijuni Islands that he met Prime Minister of India Jawaharlal Nehru and Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser to discuss the ways in which the developing world could oppose the Cold War, thus paving the way for the founding of the Non-Aligned Movement. It was also there that he received close to a hundred heads of state and countless other officials, many of whom also planted their trees in Belgrade's Friendship Park. But it was also there that he received the less official guests, including the members of the international jet-set with whom Tito liked to socialize, most famously Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren, and Carlo Ponti. Everything about the Brijuni defied the stereotype of the allegedly drab socialist environments, offering instead an attractive image of relaxed

style and hedonism. The message was, no doubt, political, distinguishing the country from the rest of the socialist world and thus buttressing its independent foreign policy. But it was also a subliminal advertisement for the tourism industry, making it clear that visiting Yugoslavia was not only politically acceptable; it was also desirable.

The construction of tourism infrastructure boomed after the economic reforms of the mid-1960s. Answering the expanded market mechanisms, efforts to raise the comfort level of tourism facilities acquired prominence in the following years as a way to encourage the influx of hard currency. Yugoslavia had the reputation as "one of the cheapest countries in Europe to visit," as the *New York Times* reported in 1960. The available accommodations were accordingly modest. When the esteemed architectural critic Ada Louise Huxtable visited Dubrovnik in 1969, she still found the rooms in one of the city's best hotels, the modernist Excelsior, to be at the *Existenzminimum* level: "In the West, we would call it excellent economy accommodations."

By the early 1970s, however, luxury resorts and marinas started appearing in greater numbers, ushering in a new hedonistic lifestyle one would not expect to find in a socialist country. Had Huxtable returned to Dubrovnik a few years later, she would have had a chance to enjoy proper American-style luxury, for example, at Babin kuk, a sprawling complex designed through a collaboration between the Yugoslav office Centar 51 and the office of the well-known American modernist Edward Durell Stone. In Istria, she could have stayed at Bernardin Hotel in Portorož, designed by The Architects' Collaborative from Boston, which had famously included Walter Gropius. Or, she could have gone to Haludovo at the island of Krk, a sprawling resort and casino designed by the Croatian architect Boris Magaš, one of the first on the Adriatic to offer a self-sufficient postmodern environment, in which the guest could spend the whole day roaming from one ambience to another without ever leaving the premises. Halfway through the construction, Bob Guccione, the founder of the American "magazine for men" *Penthouse*, decided to invest in Haludovo, forming a joint venture with the original owner, the Yugoslav shipping company Brodokomerc. Guccione was a believer in the power of tourism to promote understanding between nations, and he hoped to bring an end to the Cold War by encouraging people to travel. It is probably fair to say that Haludovo played a negligible role in bringing down the Berlin Wall, but it certainly staged some unusual encounters, as the *Penthouse's* "pet girls" served the well-to-do Americans, who gambled side by side with the likes of the non-aligned leader Muammar el-Gaddafi or Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme.

The 1970s were, no doubt, the period of Yugoslavia's most intense global engagement. The country hosted the Conference for European Security and Cooperation in 1977, the Mediterranean Games in 1979, and secured the hosting of the Winter Olympics in 1984. Hosting all these events required the construction of vast new architectural infrastructures. At the same time, the exports of architecture exploded, especially to Africa and the Middle East through the networks of non-alignment but also in the aligned world. For example, in the early 1970s, Yugoslav companies were almost simultaneously engaged in the construction of the Olympic village in Munich and of the massive Panorama Hotel in Oberhof in the GDR. It was highly symbolic that this exceptional decade of global exposure culminated with Tito's funeral, in 1980. Yugoslavia survived for another eleven years, maintaining and in some ways even strengthening its position as a site of encounter, but it also had to deal with the rise in nationalist particularisms and economic problems, which undermined two of the three pillars that supported the country; when the Berlin Wall collapsed, the third pillar —non-alignment—lost its apparent purpose as well. As Germany reunited, Yugoslavia disappeared.

That urban spaces would be reinscribed with new meanings after Yugoslavia's disappearance was, of course, natural. Yet it is still surprising how thoroughly—even brutally—that has occurred in many instances. In an act of bitter cynicism, Slobodan Milošević's regime chose Friendship Park as the site for the monument to the 1999 NATO bombing, sending the message that no friendship is forever. Nevertheless, the park is still there, even if it has not welcomed many high-level contributors in almost 25 years. The Olympic facilities in Sarajevo were not as fortunate, as most of them burned down during the Bosnian war, in the early 1990s. Other sites suffered in the transition to neoliberal economy: after changing hands several times, between increasingly shady owners, Haludovo has lain abandoned for years, its once lavish hallways and pools now covered in shattered glass. But perhaps the most willful negation of one's own cosmopolitan past has occurred in Skopje: over the past five years, the otherwise impoverished government of Macedonia has invested an undisclosed amount—reportedly in the range of tens of millions of dollars—in reinventing the city as a national capital. Every trace of the downtown's international origin disappeared behind an elaborate stage-set of quasi-Baroque facades, transforming Skopje into an orgy of historicist kitsch. What was once a display of global solidarity has become a theme-park of frustrated nationalism.

All these episodes reveal how the different forms and motivations of hospitality—political representation, commercial tourism, and transfer of expertise—worked in synergy to force the Iron Curtain to part and open a space of encounter in a world defined through division. If some of these stories appear unfamiliar, strange, or perhaps even bizarre, whence does their strangeness originate? Is it merely a local aberration of the "normal" order of things? Or does it point to the essential strangeness of the Cold-War world? □

THE END

by Anthony Marra

The following story is adapted from the author's new collection, *The Tsar of Love and Techno*.

THROUGH THE CAPSULE'S stern portal, the sun is a coppery wink. But no, it is no longer the sun, only one star dissolving by degree into the gauzy sweep of the Milky Way, for the moment still polished brighter than the others.

A half billion kilometers past Neptune's orbit, the vaporizer died and the cabin turned into a desert. Dryness unlike anything I've ever felt: a low acrid burn that makes my joints groan, makes my skin hold the shape of a pinch long after my fingers let go.

I sift through the dust for my forehead and press my finger to the skin. The pain is iridescent. I imagine the bruises in lush purples and crimsons, and wish for a mirror, if only to see those colors again. Turning toward the portal window, metal crinkles. Beneath my uniform, sheets of foil insulation hold my heat to my body.

To reach the end of the solar system I must have journeyed for years, but it feels as if I have only just arrived, just woken here.

The coughing resumes, more spirited than before. It is a point forever pressed against my trachea. The balaclava brings little relief. Goggles fastened from spectacles, foam, and duct tape shield my eyes. A postage stamp of skin unseals from my wrist and drifts into the air. I am turning to dust. Soon I will suffocate me. The cassette tape is buttoned in my breast pocket. It is the only part of me that isn't disintegrating.

Wiping again the glass, I peer through the observation portal but every point of starlight is small enough to snuff with a thimble. Beyond the titanium and thermal lining of the capsule hull, the temperature treads over absolute zero. Solar panels are winged on either side of the entry hatch. An emergency fuel cell stores enough energy to filter the air and

A POSTAGE STAMP OF SKIN UNSEALS FROM MY WRIST AND DRIFTS INTO THE AIR. I AM TURNING TO DUST.

eject the dregs once more, twice more, before reaching the Kuiper Belt.

Consider that last horizon line: the outer limits of the solar system, an elliptical orbit of frozen methane, ammonia, and rock. Even with an operational navigation system, the capsule couldn't pass through. And if it could, what then? Consider the emergency fuel cell, the taste of filtered air. Consider how the last gasp of electricity might otherwise be used. I can breathe clean air again, for a bit longer,

or I can power the onboard computer, play the tape, and hear for the first time the last song of an extinct world.

THE COSMOS BEGAN with the poster of the periodic table father hung on the bedroom wall. Warm sunshine of halogens, deep indigo of transition metals: more color in those elements than the rest of the room. It stretched a pixelated rainbow over my bed.

With his deep shaking bass, a ball bearing rattling in his voice box, father described the bonded weight of protons, the unmappable orbits of electrons. I sat on the floor in a legless chair and listened to him explain that hydrogen, with one proton, and helium, with two, were the only elements naturally present after the Big Bang. They gathered into gaseous clouds which then turned into stars fusing protons at tremendous temperatures. Every element heavier than helium was forged in the nuclear reactions fueling stars, then launched across space in the flash of a supernova.

"Hotter than inside the nickel smelters?" I asked.

"Millions of times hotter," father said. He pointed his cigarette to the twenty-eighth element and held it long enough for the atomic number to disappear within an ash-ringed hole. "The nickel smelted inside the furnaces was first smelted in stars."

The list went on, father enumerated: the lead in factory paint, the iron in barbwire, the gold in the Party boss's teeth, the aluminum coins of counterfeiters, the sulfur in the air, the radon leaking beneath the police holding cells, they all came from supernovas.

Before we married, when we were still in school, I took you in Lake Mercury, and its mercury also came from supernovas, as did all the exotic chemicals that so saturated its waters it remained unfrozen throughout the Arctic winter. We walked on the gravel road that lassoed the silvery banks and you told me about your great-grandmother, the famous prima ballerina of the Mariinsky, about how you were a terrible dancer and hated the ballet lessons you had taken as a child. I took your mittened hand in my own, pressed through the layers until my fingers found the valleys between your vertebrae. I trumpeted a melody from *The Nutcracker* and we cratered the frost.

"This is a march," you stammered. "You don't waltz to a march."

"I don't even know what a waltz is," I said, spinning you in a circle, then dipping you until your hair swished against the gravel. Below big burgundy clouds, in an amphitheater of decimated industry, I taught the granddaughter of a prima ballerina to dance. What an improbable thing it was to be alive on Earth.

I WAKE TO THIS forever night, this starlit amnesia. The nightmares ceased not long after the capsule passed the rings of Saturn. I no longer see visions. Perhaps I have become one. Through the observation portal, I watch the darkness that has dreamed me.

How long have I been in flight? One hundred and twenty kilometers go by in the instant needed to articulate the thought. The watch on my wrist died long ago. And if I wanted, if I tried, what is time quantified by the revolutions of a dead planet around a receding star, what measurement of reality remains to me?

With a pocketknife I carve the outline of my left hand above the observation portal. Hundreds of other traced left hands cover the floor, ceiling, and walls of the capsule. I remember photographs of hands painted on cave walls and I sweep my palms across the scored surface. The carvings evidence a past outside the capsule of memory, the only proof that I do not belong to an eternal present tense.

When the dust grows dense enough to suffocate me, visibility will have dimmed to zero. The blindness through which the capsule drifts will have finally entered, will have finally won. The emergency fuel cell is buried beneath the cabin floor, coupled by red veins of wire to a circular button the shade of a robin's egg nested on the instrument panel. Coiled in copper is enough energy to refilter the cabin air or power the computer tape deck for a short while.

When I lived on Earth I would watch you sleep. You would listen to your headphones, propped on a haystack of cushions. When you fell asleep, you would slump to the mattress and the cushions towered overhead. Once, I woke to your cries, a cushion fallen on your face. I turned on the lights and lifted the cushion. Your cheeks were wet plum flesh, a dampness warpainted in the hollows of your eyes.

"You're okay, you're okay. There's nothing there," I said.

"There isn't?" you asked.

Consider the beliefs of the ancients who hand-printed cave walls. Consider the stars as apertures in a spherical firmament, pinpricks in a veil through which the light of an outer existence shines. Are those pinpricks points of entry or departure? What darkness does this plane cast onto the next?

I HAD BEEN MARRIED for year and I had a promising future in the space program when the colonel called me into his office. He explained the operation in an office so thick with cigarettes the divan exhaled smoke when we sat. "One third of the GDP of our glorious socialist republic is funneled through the military," he said. "This great expenditure creates pockets of wealth and secrecy in which men of our vision can work unhindered." Nuclear apocalypse was a potential tipping toward probability. Ostensibly, the operation aimed to put a man in orbit, able to radio the ground with firsthand reports on the global fallout of nuclear war. But the colonel had greater ambitions. He knew what nuclear war meant. He was a patriot. Victory was simple: The last living member of the species would be a Soviet citizen.

I worked in the isolation of the Siberian Arctic with a team of cosmonauts, engineers, and scientists. In underground laboratories, we pushed the bounds of technology, breakthroughs never recorded in academic journals. The elements labored to meet productivity requirements. Surviving beneath the surface of the Earth, beyond reach of sunlight or society, proved a fine education for what was

to follow. Every six months, I received a two-week furlough to come home to you.

For the longest time, I hadn't known why the colonel had chosen me to pilot the capsule. There were younger, smarter cosmonauts, cosmonauts without pregnant wives waiting for them at home. When the capsule passed Saturn, the fragmented rings of ice and rock burned with the light of ten thousand crushed skylines. The surface of the gas giant wheeled with the lazy stirs of buttermilk in a saucer. I thought of Saturn, the father of the Gods who consumed his progeny, and I wondered if the colonel chose me precisely because of the commitments that had anchored me to Earth, if he chose me because he knew I would mourn the vanished future as only a parent can.

On the far side of the observation portal spreads a vastness that exceeds conviction. There is doubt. I am gifted with doubt, treasure it as I would a final revelation, as if I have made the call and heard the response and cannot know if the voice in my throat is my own or the echo of the answer I seek.

I turn on the radio.

Transmissions from Earth ceased three weeks after leaving its orbit. Static reigns, my only companion. Cosmic microwave background radiation: the residual electromagnetism of the Big Bang. For 13.7 billion years, this same static has reverberated across the frequencies. The act of creation endures, even after the created ends. This I cannot doubt.

The dust sandpapers my throat. Don't cough. Don't stir the air. Swallow the itch and turn the radio volume clockwise until it fills the cabin. It may be the voice of God.

RIGGED WITHIN the onboard computer is a cassette deck. Due to precise weight restrictions, I was allowed only one cassette tape. On the official paperwork returned to the colonel, I indicated a compilation of Brezhnev speeches. But we both knew the one that is now buttoned in my breast pocket would take its place.

On the last day of my furlough, I wrapped a tape recorder in my knit hat and left it on a pushed-in kitchen chair. Your hair clung in thick, damp ropes when you walked into the kitchen, the scent of lavender soap and a sundress I had never seen before. Soft teal, I miss that color.

I told you I would be gone for the day and you nodded without looking at me. We were together for two weeks every six months and you were three months pregnant. There must have been another man, I knew this and did nothing.

I smoked three cigarettes in the alley outside before returning. I was only gone thirteen minutes. "I forgot my hat," I said and slid the tape recorder into my pocket. The next morning, I boarded a military transport plane with the tape secured in your duffle. The tape, itself a sealed capsule, went directly to the colonel.

Several months later, the colonel woke me, anxious and breathless, the apocalypse no longer theoretical. Technicians strapped me into the pilot's seat. The colonel slid the cassette tape into my breast pocket. "This is it," he said. "This is it."

My head snapped back three seconds after ignition and the capsule rose on pillars of smoked light. As the rocket tore into the stratosphere, I turned to the observation portal. Lines of exhaust striped the sky; open, empty atomic missile silos studded the land. What divine imagination could conjure something so imperfect as life?

Consider the face of Earth. America and the USSR possessed enough nuclear warheads to destroy all life many times over. Dust filled the skies and the air became blindness, suffocating those not already incinerated—a fate, it seems, that has followed me to the solar system's end. The radiation would mutate every living thing. Our son was a few months old.

Halfway to the moon, I decided not to listen to the tape until the end. First I was afraid the tape would hold a betrayal, that I would hear you pick up the telephone and call the other man, that it would make me remember humanity with the crimson vision of a vengeful deity. But now that I am in a position to make final judgments, none are necessary. Now I simply wonder what you did for thirteen minutes one morning when you were alone.

The tape, whatever it contains, is the last word, the answer to the question I have become. I wait with it, weigh it against the taste of filtered air.

THE DUST THICKENS as I disintegrate. The upper layers of skin have dried and flaked into the air and all that I am is pink, tender, raw. Is this it? Is this how we end? In blindness? In despair?

I press my goggled eyes to the observation portal. Wipe the window and look out, repeat ad infinitum.

MY HEAD SNAPPED BACK THREE SECONDS AFTER IGNITION AND THE CAPSULE ROSE ON PILLARS OF SMOKED LIGHT.

Then, one of ten thousand strokes reveals the rim of Pluto. The moon Charon beside it. Beyond, the points of starlight overwhelm.

Unimaginable to see it, with bare eyes, right there. Beige encrusted rock. Ridges rising beside ravines. Could the colonel have considered this while calculating the ascent? No, this is something else. The intersection of great improbabilities; miraculous, what could be more so? At the edge of the solar system, so far from home, I see a familiar planet.

A moment and it's gone. Crane my neck, push against the glass, but the planet is now far behind. The capsule drifts past the reach of the Gods. Pluto and Charon usher me on. I turn from the window with a dance in my chest where my soul has at last risen from its

gravity. Dust fills the observation portal. I can't see my hand reach out, flip the button's safeguard. I can't see the robin's egg blue of the fuel cell release. A gentle whir, something like a fan in oscillation, cuts through the dark.

Slide the cassette, first from my breast pocket, then from from its case. Insert the cassette, twist dials, click switches, and then, through the wiring of the cabin speakers, your voice.

BUM BA-DA-DA DUM BUM, DUM DUM DUM.

It's you, it is. You mangle the march from Act One of *The Nutcracker* in the feral scat of the deaf or deranged, a voice so bursting and boisterous it's a wonder your slender frame can summon it. You belt wildly, off-pitch and on tempo, the slosh of dishwater, the clatter of forks under the faucet, your fingers dipping into soapsuds, the bubbles blinking out against your wrists. I murmur the melody along with you.

You have waited for me past the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, past each of Saturn's rings. It's ridiculous, so stupid, I know, to cross the entire solar system just to hear you butcher Tchaikovsky. If ever there was an utterance of perfection, it is this. If God has a voice, it is ours.

Consider the calcium in the collarbones I kissed, the iron in the blood flushing your cheeks. We imprinted our intimacies and our cruelties upon atoms born from an explosion so great it still marks the emptiness of space. A shimmer of photons bears the memory across the long dark amnesia. We will be carried too, mysterious particles that we are.

In what dream does the empty edge of the universe hold this echo of vitality? In what prayer does the last human not die alone? Who would have imagined you would be with me, here, so far from life on Earth, so filled with its grace?

It gives me hope. □

Adapted from "The End" from *The Tsar of Love and Techno: Stories* by Anthony Marra.

THE HOLBROOKE FORUM

Strongman Theory

Martin Dimitrov, Wolfgang Ischinger, and Gerhard Casper on the persistence of authoritarianism

Gerhard Casper, president of the American Academy in Berlin: Over the course of the more than two and a quarter centuries that have passed since 1776 and 1789, popular sovereignty has become the prevailing doctrine for legitimating government around the world. I hope you have noticed that I named these two dates chronologically: in Germany it is largely unknown that the American Revolution came before the French Revolution. It is very important to drive home that point! I'm a constitutional historian, and you will therefore understand that this is a fact very close to my heart.

Now, popular sovereignty has its logical stipulation in a social contract. The oldest still-working written constitution in the world is that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Its preamble, from 1780, states, "The body politic is formed by a voluntary association of individuals. It is a social compact by which the whole people covenants with each citizen, and each citizen with the whole people; that all shall be governed by certain laws for the common good." That, of course, led to democracy, though in extremely various incarnations. Nevertheless, we can trace to 1776 and 1789 that in order to be legitimate, a government really has to be democratic. And so we all have this great commitment.

In 2005, my Stanford colleague Larry Diamond and an Italian political scientist named Leonardo Morlino published an edited volume called *Assessing the Quality of Democracy*. It is a very rigorous, very good book that shows how many countries that call themselves democracies do not, in fact, live up to that label.

What I found absolutely fascinating about the Holbrooke Forum that took place here over the past few weeks, was that the various autocratic governments do what they do in order to endure. Normally when we talk about an autocratic government, we have the idea of an oppressive dictatorship. That is part of the story. But the participants in this Holbrooke Forum retreat showed the very varied methods autocratic governments employ as they try to endure. This is something that our habitual thinking does not really allow for.

Martin, perhaps you can speak to this briefly, and then to you, Wolfgang.

Martin Dimitrov, associate professor of political science at Tulane University; chair of the Richard C. Holbrooke Forum retreat The Persistence of Authoritarianism: Thanks, Gerhard. Ladies and gentlemen, it's a great privilege for me to get to introduce to you what our group has been doing for the past three weeks, and the intellectual puzzles we have been dealing with.

This retreat emerged from a problem that recent democracy-promotion efforts have lately faced. In the 1980s and 1990s there was a lot of optimism about the global spread of democracy, and more and more countries were becoming democratic. Then, in 1998, the number of democracies stopped growing. And in the past two decades, despite the Color Revolutions and the Arab Spring, the number of governments that are defined by Freedom House as "free," which means the number of liberal democracies, has stood still at 46 percent of countries in the world. The obverse of this trend is the global persistence of authoritarianism. There are some countries and regions in the world that are especially important—China, Russia, and the

Middle East—which are outposts of authoritarianism, and the knowledge of why they have survived as long as they have is insufficiently deep.

I think there are several problems in our understanding of the resilience of authoritarianism today. One is that a lot of thinking about the problem occurs in specific disciplines, so interdisciplinary dialogue rarely takes place. Another problem is that scholars of authoritarianism tend to focus on a specific area, such as the Middle East or China, and they don't often engage with specialists on authoritarianism in other areas. And the third problem is that there are two separate lines of inquiry about authoritarianism that take place on the two sides of the Atlantic: one in the United States, and one in Germany. The idea for this retreat was to bring a truly interdisciplinary group together that was able to counter these problems. We have political scientists, historians, sociologists, and a political geographer. We have specialists on China, specialists on the Middle East, specialists on Latin America, specialists on the former Soviet world, and on contemporary Russia.

Every day for the last three weeks, we heard a presentation and then brought in a German discussant who commented and gave us the German perspective on the persistence of authoritarianism. In the end, we will produce a book, which will, of course, take some time.

Repression is an important factor in authoritarian regimes, but there are limits to what a focus on repression alone can explain, so we wanted to investigate other mechanisms that help the survival of these regimes. What we are mostly interested in are the strategies that regimes can deploy to build what we call "public support for authoritarianism." Accordingly, the counterintuitive title of our book, is *Popular Authoritarianism: The Quest for Regime Durability*.

What we do in the book is first to problematize the issue of public support: What is it? What kinds of regimes believe that they need it? What kinds of technologies do they use in order to collect information on the levels of public support that exist? We have a substantive section on the strategies that authoritarian regimes use to engineer public support: one is welfare and the other is catering to the consumption preferences of the publics in authoritarian regimes—in Eastern Europe, China, the Middle East. Another section deals with strategies of cultural governance, or the use of ideology and propaganda to engineer public support for the regime—such as neoliberal ideology as a fantasy of the good life in Syria or the use of public spectacle in Central Asia and how that might create loyalty to a regime. We also look at countries that were autocratic, became democratic, and then moved back into weak authoritarian rule.

Wolfgang Ischinger, chairman of the Munich Security Conference, former German ambassador to the United States: Well, thank you, Gerhard. I don't claim any expertise, but from my hands-on, practical experience in diplomacy, when we're discussing this from a policy perspective, we are talking about one of the most complex and difficult issues that democratic governments are dealing with. Let me try to make a few points: part of the debate is about the difference between status quo and change. I've been struck by the fact, having lived for a while in the United States, that the United States has, since 1776, been a non-status quo power. The post-WWII Bonn Republic was, by definition, a non-status quo power because our *Grundgesetz* states that we are trying to create something different, namely a reunited Germany. We were anti-status quo. My impression is, if I bring Russia into the equation, that today the US continues to be seen by Russia as a symbol of revolutionary change. Because from Russia's perspective, these famous Color Revolutions didn't happen by themselves. In the Russian narrative, they were helped by someone else. And that someone else was probably based in Langley, or somewhere nearby.

Germany, since the 1990s, has moved from being an anti-status quo power to becoming very much a status quo power. All the polls indicate this. Most Germans believe, "Please, everybody leave us alone. We've had enough change. Things are fine the way they are; we don't need more of this."

Russia, of course, since approximately 2011, when Putin re-assumed the role of president, has declared a kind of war on revolution, with much the same intensity as George Bush declared a war on terror. When you think about it, Russia today, the home of communist world revolution, is now the country that protects things as they are. Russia hated the departure of Yanukovytch; Russia hated the removal of Mubarak in Egypt; Russia totally despises Western attempts to get rid of Bashar al-Assad in Syria. The list goes on. Russia is the protector of things as they are, no matter how bad they are. If it is in power, it can count on being protected by Russia. I think that is part of our situation today.

I think one way to think about it is to make a distinction between the short term and the long term. If you are thinking of the year 2015, we probably need to accommodate certain dictatorships because we need to deal with them as they are. In the long term, however, I think it is correct to try to do whatever we can—as long as we conduct politically correct activities—to encourage the development and evolution of less autocratic and more democratic governments.

In the long, long, long term, those countries that do not give personal freedom to their citizens are going to be inherently less stable than democratic governments. If we want a world that is stable in the long term, then that is probably not an incorrect recipe. But it is extremely important—and there are no easy solutions—for this. Anyone who tells you that they know exactly how to handle this is probably telling you a bit of a story.

Casper: Martin, to what extent is status quo an important element in the maintenance of autocratic governance? Do you agree with Wolfgang's thinking about the dominance of status quo thinking in Russia?

Dimitrov: One aspect of authoritarian rule is that there is a subclass of authoritarian regimes that are very good at learning from the collapse of other authoritarian regimes. They promote a message to their populations about the negative aspects of the transition away from authoritarianism: chaos, unemployment, civil war, perhaps the total collapse of authority. This is one way through which they manage to promote support for the status quo. So, yes, this is absolutely a very important aspect.

Casper: I'll open this up to the audience. I should also say that in my former life I was an American law professor, and American law professors, when they enter a room, advise everyone that they will call on them if they don't speak up voluntarily.

Thomas Matussek, former German ambassador to the United Kingdom, United Nations, and India: I would like to ask a question not so much about the traditional dictatorships or autocracies, but I see a trend in many democratic countries toward authoritarianism. There is a country I know quite well, India, where the overwhelming majority of people want the strongman in order to get rid of chaos, corruption, and so on. We see this in Hungary; we see this in Turkey; we see it in Japan. So, this is the argument that puts the onus on democracies to explain why democracy is better equipped to handle the problems of today and tomorrow. And there are many people, including here in this country—and I think immediately of PEGIDA—who think it is nice to have a democracy when the times are OK: "But why don't we do it like the Romans did: in times of crisis, get a dictator to get rid of the problem, and then sail smoothly into the sunset."

Dimitrov: This is the big issue with which we conclude the volume I mentioned. We have several contributions that focus on this rather troubling issue of public support for authoritarian rule in democracies. One of them analyzes what the author calls Orbánization, or others like Orbán emerging throughout Eastern Europe. It is a troubling problem.

We don't have definitive answers on how democracies can avoid slipping back into authoritarianism, but one of the issues we discussed at great length is how important *institutions* are to the maintenance of democratic rule. What our participants have observed is that these reversions from democracy tend to occur in places that have not had a lot of experience with democratic rule. The long-term answer is that we need to be able to establish stronger institutions.

Another aspect we talked about is the foreign policy of the United States and what that democracy has done to tarnish the attractiveness of democracy.

Ischinger: The strongman temptation you describe is a temptation to some. The problem I see is that once you go down that road, it's not always easily apparent how you are going to get rid of your strongman once you have invited him to solve your problems. He might wish to stay on, and then you have a different type of problem. So, again, my approach would be to think in terms of the short term and the long term.

In the short term, maybe the strongman can perform better, and we have seen such examples. But at the end of the day, if there is significant prosperity and peace, people want participatory systems of government. They don't want a dictator; they want to be part of the decision-making. In this sense, in the short term it makes sense not to succumb to this temptation. If we had had a strongman in Berlin, our new airport would have finally opened. But I wonder if that situation would be good for the development for society as a whole. So, we should probably accept the fact that sometimes decision-making is weak, and it's deficient and cumbersome. We experience that here every day in the extremely inefficient manner in which the European Union tries to solve the Greek-Eurozone problem.

Casper: I have been in Turkey frequently in recent years. Clearly we have had a strongman phenomenon in Turkey, to which the brakes may now have been applied. What strikes me so much in the discussions of this group is that, just as autocratic governments are very different from one another, and they use different methods, the "slide" into authoritarianism has very different impulses. I was always struck by how different the various publics are in Turkey. Obviously the largest public is the Anatolian public, which has a large fundamentalist Islamist inclination, and therefore identifies with Erdoğan. That then brings this strongman mentality into play.

Matussek: What about Singapore?

Dimitrov: The interesting thing about Singapore is that it seems to fit the pattern that Wolfgang is describing: yes, there is a demand for a strongman, and a strongman who is able to deliver economic growth, but what Singaporean citizens want is more participation. The share of seats that the People's Action Party (PAP) has in parliament is declining. We may be unhappy at the speed of this decline, but we do seem to have a breed of dictatorships that is managing to allow for some public participation alongside the strongman.

I think Russia is another example of this type of dictatorship. There, of course, the desire to have a strong hand came against the background of the disaster of the 1990s: a government that was technically considered democratic but with somebody who was fully incapable of governing, a country that was falling apart and barter was emerging, and scholars were writing books about the imagined Russian economy because things did not seem to operate according to any economic logic. So, people wanted someone who could govern. They got that person, but there also remained a limited amount of electoral competition, allowing Putin to claim that Russia is a democracy. It is those types of regimes that are very problematic.

Ischinger: Maybe the kind of authoritarian type of rule or democracy in Singapore is a kind that does allow for a kind of evolution in the direction, over time, of more freedom. It seems to me that countries like China and countries like Russia today will have a much harder time. President Putin, for example, has felt that without further restrictions on civil society, as we see today, his regime is going to be under some degree of threat. There is more repression and less freedom for civil society in Russia. It's not getting better; it's getting worse. It's not clear if that trend will be reversed. So, are there authoritarian regimes that have a capacity to reform and to open up? And are there others that are constructed in a way that will lead to more and more repression because they feel threatened, as Russia does today, both from the inside and the outside?

Dimitrov: One of our participants, Tom Gold, a sociologist from the University of California, Berkeley, wrote a paper on Taiwan. Now, Taiwan offers a very interesting case, where democratization occured—in the paper's argument—not as a result of some strong domestic pressure for democratization but as the result of Chiang Ching-kuo wanting to leave a good legacy for himself. What is interesting about Taiwan democratizing in the 1980s is that it occurred under conditions of robust economic growth. This is an interesting example, because there have not really been any other cases where autocrats willingly set the conditions in place for giving up power. Whether Singapore will follow that example is unclear.

We have discussed the danger of repression increasing under autocracies, and the danger, of course, is that autocrats face unpleasant surprises. When they repress at high levels, they cannot be certain what the actual level of discontent in society exactly is, and those that are discontented can get organized and protest dictatorship and so forth. In this regard, Putin's strategy of intensifying repression may undermine the system.

Elizabeth Pond, author and journalist: In the 1990s, when democratization seemed to be the way things were going, the basic political assumption was that if you create rising living standards, a certain weight of middle class, then you will get a natural evolution toward democracy. Particularly in the case of China, this is not the case. Was there any hypothesis in the group as to what the driving dynamic is here?

Dimitrov: Larry Diamond was with us the last few days. He ends his paper on an optimistic note, which is that China is unlikely to survive as a single-party communist system beyond Xi Jinping's second term in office—which means the next eight years. His optimism is driven by the fact of rising per capita income and the expectation that, as incomes rise, they drive middle-class demands for democratic rights. But China has defied all predictions social science makes. There is a rising middle class, but we don't seem to find the indications of a demand for democracy. So, what is driving that? Some say innate Chinese characteristics, Confucian values, "the Chinese are different," and so on. Of course, predicting the future of China is dangerous.

As a group, we are largely pessimistic about the future of democratization in China, primarily because we have spent a lot of time thinking about the strategies that the Communist Party is deploying in order to build public support: through the education system, welfare policy, and the stymying of political civil society. All told, there is a very conscious effort by the Chinese government to prevent a move toward democratization. If anything, it would be a split in the Party—a divided elite—that would be predictive of a likely move away from the present authoritarian system.

Ned Wiley, business advisor: I am interested to know if the group addressed the issue of media and media technologies and the changes that are happening, and whether that could play a role in the persistence of autocracies. Over time we've seen George Orwell, Josef Goebbels, *Russia Today*—control of media in autocracies, control of communications. There was some hope with the Arab Spring, the "Twitter revolutions," that these communications were going to make control in autocracies very difficult and would therefore play a role in the decline of the persistence of autocracies. That doesn't yet seem to be the case. Will they play a significant role in what happens over the coming years?

Dimitrov: Indeed the arrival of the Internet came with the supposition that it would take down authoritarian regimes. Recall that in 2000 President Clinton said that nailing down the Internet is like nailing Jell-O to a wall, you can't control it, so it will bring down dictatorships. It can have destabilizing effects for authoritarian regimes, but for that to happen certain preconditions have to be in place. You have to have enough public discontent within the system, where technology would allow the discontented to get organized. You also have to have a government that is incapable of blocking that technology. We unfortunately have numerous examples of regimes doing just that: Iran during the "Twitter revolution" that never took place; China, in the Muslim-dominant region of Xinjiang, where all Internet service was cut off; there are also Cuba and North Korea. There is a diffusion of Internet-filtering technologies from one authoritarian regime to another: Russia is borrowing Chinese technology; when you are in Havana, all of the cameras and surveillance technology is also Chinese-produced; Egypt also cooperated with China in that way. Technology on its own cannot have the effects that many hoped it would have. Twitter does not break down authoritarian rule. Discontent does. □

The above discussion is derived from a public talk that took place at the Academy on July 9, 2015, to conclude the Richard C. Holbrooke Forum Summer Retreat, where a group of international experts on authoritarianism worked together on a forthcoming book for Cambridge University Press.

Boredom in the Bloc

The uses of television in Soviet-controlled Czechoslovakia

by Paulina Bren

LOOKING AT POSTWAR EASTERN EUROPE, the GDR often seems to be the exception, the odd man out of the Eastern Bloc. The GDR, after all, had something no one else did: a capitalist version of itself just a stone's throw away. Moreover, courtesy of West Germany's television signals, this alluring counterpart was in full view. Yet, looking into the Czechoslovak communist archives, one sees that the East European regimes did not view their German brothers as exceptions but rather as crucial guides forward. The GDR, in its exceptional position, was tasked with testing the ground for the imminent information explosion thought to be just around the corner. In Czechoslovakia, Party experts worried that with the advent of satellite technology—which they predicted would be widespread by the late 1970s—the entire country, indeed the entire Eastern Bloc, would be flooded with Western TV broadcasts. This would be an invasion for which they would have to be fully prepared. The regime, therefore, carefully tracked Czechoslovakia's border areas where West German and Austrian television waves had already penetrated the Iron Curtain.

Here, special aerials able to catch Western television signals were readily available: produced by a cooperative in Pilsen, they were de rigueur for all new high-rise apartment buildings. But at the end of 1971, as the post-Prague Spring purges were winding down, the manufacture of these television antennas abruptly ceased, and the antennas vanished from stores. As for the already installed aerials, while they were not physically removed, they were subjected to a campaign of persuasion. In the region of Chomutov, for example, so-called street committees visited owners of pre-existing antennae and reminded them that, for politically conscious citizens, domestic programming was sufficient.

But, of course, it was not. As one anonymous letter to Czechoslovak State Television lamented: "I wish that you would all realize that a person, after running around all day, wants to enjoy himself in front of the television set. Except that this very entertainment is as elusive as an autumn crocus." The real threat, in other words, was not antennas but boredom.

Jan Zelenka, the head of Czechoslovak state television, informed General Secretary Gustav Husák that surveys revealed that the majority of border residents did not switch to Western television for alternate interpretations of world events. They switched for the entertainment. It was especially programs "too strongly adapted to the demands of the Prague intellectual elite" that had border-region Czechs and Slovaks tuning in to the latest capitalist *Krimi*. Comrade Bogomolov, representative for the Soviet television agency APN, thus urged Czechoslovak state television to learn from the GDR and increase the focus on "light genres," thereby "bringing in masses of viewers, and not remaining satisfied with only winning over the politically and culturally mature type of viewer."

Czechoslovak State Television took his advice, and GDR's formula proved transnationally successful. Writing to Husák, Zelenka bragged: "We've carried out a successful experiment. Before 7:00pm [when the television news goes on], we schedule undemanding, entertaining, and largely music-oriented programs." As a result, "viewership of television news rose by at least 5%, which means minimally 300,000 people. Similarly there was as much as a 30% increase (that is, 1.5 to 2 million) in viewers of the television news on Friday and Saturday if what followed was a program that interested a large audience."

Another piece of advice from the East Germans was no less significant: to slot the political news in with action films and television serials that resembled those produced in the West but which, at the same time, were comfortingly identifiable as East German. This particular piece of advice—to create domestic programming that had the excitement of the West and the worldview of the East—was easier said than done. And yet, Czechoslovakia's victories, however few, were significant. *The Thirty Adventures of Major Zeman*, a propagandistic take on postwar Czechoslovak history as told through the eyes of a police detective, replete with car chases and exotic locations, was so popular in Czechoslovakia that it also premiered in the GDR in 1976 to accompany the lead up to the SED Party Congress. There it was "watched by enemies of the GDR (read: West Germans) and fully held up in competition with capitalist productions such as the detective serials *Van der Valk*, *Privatdetektiv David Ross*, and *Tot Eines Touristen*." The following year, *A Hospital on the Edge of Town*, a celebration of socialist healthcare told through the trials and tribulations of the staff at a Czech hospital, also burst across and then through the Iron Curtain. West German viewers were in fact so enthusiastic for the series that, in 1981, Czechoslovak State Television signed on to a second set of episodes to be co-produced with a West German company.

Yet despite these rare moments of airwaves travelling East to West, the general hum of the Eastern Bloc was that of boredom. The predictability of life, as well as the inevitability of its daily predictability, was the common note, its shared history; and the most popular television programming, watched by millions across the Bloc (and beyond), could offer merely a respite. In recalling communism, it is sometimes easy to forget the boredom. □

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NOTEBOOK

News from the Hans Arnhold Center

Fellows of the Class of Fall 2015.
Photo © Annette Hornischer

Hans-Dietrich Genscher, Henry A. Kissinger, Giorgio Napolitano, Gerhard Casper

Gerhard Casper. All photos by Annette Hornischer

Henry A. Kissinger, Frank-Walter Steinmeier

Giuliano Amato

Maggie Bult, Wolfgang Malchow

2015 HENRY A. KISSINGER PRIZE

Honoring Giorgio Napolitano and Hans-Dietrich Genscher

On the evening of June 17, 2015, the American Academy in Berlin presented the ninth annual Henry A. Kissinger Prize to former Italian President **Giorgio Napolitano** and former German Foreign Minister **Hans-Dietrich Genscher**. It was the first time two winners were honored in the same year and the first time the award has gone to a non-German European.

Among the 250 guests were Austrian President Heinz Fischer, Italian Foreign Affairs Minister Paolo Gentiloni, and US Ambassador John Emerson. The audience was welcomed by Gerhard Casper, president of the American Academy, and by Honorary Chairman Henry A. Kissinger, who spoke to the key roles President Napolitano and Minister Genscher played in establishing and protecting Europe's postwar unity. He praised both for their "willingness to maintain vision through many difficulties" and as figures he identified "with the mood of the Atlantic relationship."

Napolitano and Genscher's achievements were detailed by the evening's two laudators, Italian Constitutional Court Judge Giuliano Amato and German Foreign Minister Frank-Walter Steinmeier. President Napolitano remains one of Italy's most widely respected statesmen, Amato reminded, and the longest serving president of the modern Italian republic (2006 to 2015). He was first elected to the Italian parliament in 1953, at the age of 28, and served for ten consecutive legislatures. He is credited with ending the isolation of the Italian Communist Party, whose leader he ultimately became, after having fought against the Nazis and the Italian fascists during World War II. Under Napolitano's guidance the party sought dialogue with center-left parties in Italy and Europe and became the Democratic Party of the Left in 1991. An early supporter of European integration, Napolitano later served in the European Parliament, for five years, until 2004. He was appointed Senator for Life in 2005.

German Foreign Minister Frank-Walter Steinmeier spoke to the remarkable career of Hans-Deitrich Genscher, the Federal Republic of Germany's longest-serving Foreign Minister (1974 to 1992) and a key contributor to the peaceful resolution of the Cold War and Germany's reunification. Genscher, who had served as Minister of the Interior under Chancellor Willy Brandt, was widely respected in Paris, London, Washington, and Moscow for an effective but quiet diplomacy that would eventually help to end the Cold War—perhaps most vividly remembered by his late-night, September 30, 1989 announcement from the balcony of the German Embassy in Prague. Throughout Genscher's long political career, he played a prominent role in maintaining close US-German relations, dealing frequently with his counterparts in the US government—and, in particular, James A. Baker, III—during the period of German reunification.

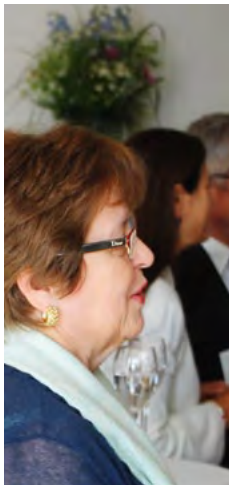
The 2015 Henry A. Kissinger Prize was generously supported by Bloomberg Philanthropies, Robert Bosch GmbH, and Cerberus Deutschland Beteiligungsberatung GmbH. □

Giuseppe Vita, Giulio Napolitano, Maria Elena Boschi, Pierferdinando Casini

Margit Fischer, Clio Maria Napolitano, Heinz Fischer, Walter Kissinger, Henry A. Kissinger, Giorgio Napolitano

Heinz Fischer, Marianne von Weizsäcker, Gerhard Casper

Gaby Fehrenbach, Franz Fehrenbach, Henry A. Kissinger




Barbara and Hans-Dietrich Genscher


Judy Van Rest, Gahl Hodges Burt

WELCOMING THE NEW CHAIRMAN AND THREE NEW TRUSTEES

The American Academy in Berlin's trustees elected **Gahl Hodges Burt** as its new chairman at the spring 2015 board meeting. A founding trustee of the American Academy, Burt has spent the last thirty years in government service and with multiple NGOs. From 1973 to 1982 she worked at the US Department of State, serving as personal assistant to Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger and then as assistant chief of protocol. She later served as White House social secretary to President and Mrs. Reagan. She sits on the boards of the International Republican Institute, the List Project, and the Polyphony Foundation.

Three new trustees were elected to the board: **Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck** is a writer/director best known for *The Lives of Others* (2003)—recipient of the 2007 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film—and *The Tourist* (2010), recipient of three Golden Globe nominations. He is a member of the International Council at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, a Commander of the Bavarian Order of Merit, and the North Rhine-Westphalian Order of Merit. In 2013, he was named a Young Global Leader by the World Economic Forum. **Vincent A. Mai** has been chairman and CEO of the Cranemere Group Limited since the firm was founded, in January 2012. Originally from South Africa, Mai's distinguished career has taken him from S.G. Warburg & Co., in London, where became executive director; to Lehman Brothers, where he co-headed the firm's investment banking; to AEA, in 1989, where he was CEO and, as of 1998, chairman, until the end of 2011. Mai is chairman of the board of Sesame Workshop (producers of *Sesame Street*) and on the boards of the Juilliard School and the International Center for Transitional Justice. He was a director of the Council on Foreign Relations, where he remains a member, and of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, where he served as chairman of the investment committee. **Maureen White** is a senior fellow at the Foreign Policy Institute at the Paul H. Nitze School of Advanced International Studies, at Johns Hopkins University. She was the senior advisor on humanitarian issues in the Office of the Special Representative to Afghanistan and Pakistan in the US Department of State during the tenure of Richard C. Holbrooke. White served as national finance co-chair of the 2008 Hillary Clinton for President Campaign and as national finance chair of the Democratic National Committee, from 2001–2006. She has worked with a number of international humanitarian organizations addressing human rights, refugees, and children affected by armed conflict, and represented the US government at the UN's Children's Fund from 1997–2001, working closely on HIV/AIDS. White serves on the boards of the International Rescue Committee (IRC), National Democratic Institute (NDI), International Women's Health Coalition (IWHC), and the Center for Global Development (CGD). □

GET SMART

During the summer months the American Academy received an exciting in-kind sponsoring from longtime supporter Daimler AG: a new smart car, called the **smart fortwo**, which replaces the previous car Daimler loaned to the Academy. The smart will allow the American Academy to offer its resident fellows flexible, demand-oriented research support. We are grateful to Daimler AG for supporting our work in such a generous way since 2012. □


Bertram Johne, of smart center Berlin, with Gerhard Casper, president of the American Academy in Berlin

PROFILES IN SCHOLARSHIP

Presenting the fall 2015 class of fellows and distinguished visitors

HOLTZBRINCK FELLOW

Mary Cappello is the author of four nonfiction books, including the *Los Angeles Times* bestseller *Awkward: A Detour* (2007), *Swallow: Foreign Bodies, Their Ingestion, Inspiration, and the Curious Doctor Who Extracted Them* (2011), and *Called Back: My Reply to Cancer, My Return to Life* (2009), which won an Independent Publishers Prize. Cappello's writing has appeared in *Salmagundi*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Southwest Review*, *Cabinet*, *New York Times*, Salon, and NPR; her work has been selected six times for *Best American Essays*. Her time at the Academy is being spent on a new book, *Life Breaks In: A Mood Almanack*, a meditation upon the relationship of mood and sound. Cappello is Professor of English and Creative Writing at the University of Rhode Island.

SIEMENS FELLOW

Robin Einhorn focuses on the complex relationship between Americans and taxation and on the continuing influence of slavery on American antipathy towards taxation. A regular book reviewer for *The Nation*, Einhorn is author of *Property Rules: Political Economy in Chicago 1833–1872* (1991) and *American Taxation, American Slavery* (2006). At the Academy she is working on a new book, *Taxes in US History: Myths and Realities.* Einhorn is Preston Hotchkis Professor in the History of the United States at the University of California, Berkeley, where she has been honored with a Distinguished Teaching Award.

ANNA-MARIA KELLEN FELLOW

Monica H. Green, Professor of History at Arizona State University, specializes in the history of health and on gender and medicine in medieval European history. She is the author of *Making Women's Medicine Masculine: The Rise of Male Authority in Pre-Modern Gynaecology* (2008), awarded the 2009 Margaret W. Rossiter Prize, and *Women's Healthcare in the Medieval West: Texts and Contexts* (2000), which was co-recipient of the 2004 John Nicholas Brown Prize from the Medieval Academy of America. Green's Academy project, "A Global History of Health," is a historical narrative of all major infectious diseases, across the continents.

GUNA S. MUNDHEIM FELLOW IN THE VISUAL ARTS

Adrià Julià is a multidisciplinary artist based in Los Angeles whose work includes multimedia installations and performances, with a particular interest in the interdependence of individuals and their surroundings as they negotiate concepts of memory, resistance, and displacement. He studied art at the Universidad de Barcelona, the Hochschule der Künste in Berlin, and at the California Institute of the Arts. Julià's work has been presented worldwide and was included in, among others, the 2007 Biennale de Lyon, the 29th Sao Paulo Biennial, and the 7a Bienal do Mercosul in Porto Alegre, Brazil.

DAIMLER FELLOW

Philip Kitcher teaches the philosophy of science at Columbia University. His most recent books include *Life after Faith: The Case for Secular Humanism* (2014), *Deaths in Venice* (2013), *Preludes to Pragmatism* (2012), *The Ethical Project* (2011), and *Science, Truth, and Democracy* (2001). Kitcher was elected a fellow to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 2002, and, in 2006, the American Philosophical Association awarded him its inaugural Prometheus Prize for lifetime achievement in "expanding the frontiers of science and philosophy." His Academy project, "Renewing Pragmatism," expands and updates John Dewey's version of American pragmatism.

AXEL SPRINGER FELLOW

Vladimir Kulić is an associate professor of architecture at Florida Atlantic University. His publications include *Modernism In-Between: The Mediatory Architectures of Socialist Yugoslavia* (co-author, 2012) and *Sanctioning Modernism: Architecture and the Making of Postwar Identities* (co-editor, 2014). "Building between Worlds: Yugoslav Architecture in the Global Cold War," Kulić's Academy project, centers upon Yugoslavia as a unique space of architectural encounter during the Cold-War period, yielding a nuanced account of transnational exchanges of architectural expertise. Prior to coming to Berlin, he was the Ailsa Mellon Bruce Visiting Senior Fellow at the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

MARY ELLEN VON DER HEYDEN FELLOW IN FICTION

Anthony Marra is the author of the *New York Times* bestseller *A Constellation of Vital Phenomena* (2013), which won the National Book Critics Circle's inaugural John Leonard Prize. His reviews and essays have been published in the *New York Times, Washington Post, Wall Street Journal,* and *New Republic*. His first story collection, *The Tsar of Love and Techno*, was published in October 2015. *The Peacock Palace,* his Academy novel-in-progress, explores the cultural and political shifts in Italy and America from the 1920s to 1950s. Marra received his MFA from the Iowa Writers' Workshop and was a Stegner Fellow at Stanford University, where he now teaches fiction writing.

NINA MARIA GORRISSEN FELLOW OF HISTORY

Michael B. Miller is a professor of history at the University of Miami. He has published extensively in the fields of modern French and European history, business history, and maritime history. His most recent book, *Europe and the Maritime World: A Twentieth-Century History* (2012), was awarded the 2013 Hagley Prize for the best book in business history and the Alfred and Fay Chandler Book Award for 2010–2012. Miller has held several fellowships and received the University of Miami Provost's Award for Scholarly Activity in 2014. In his Academy project, "France and Its Waterways," he proposes a new framework for exploring the intersection of French geography, history, and identity.

BOSCH FELLOW IN PUBLIC POLICY

Jason Pine is Assistant Professor of Anthropology and Media, Society, and the Arts at Purchase College, State University of New York. Pine's research focuses on people's everyday pursuits of personal sovereignty in alternative economies. His first book, *The Art of Making Do in Naples* (2012), examined how underemployed aspiring singers became entangled with the Camorra, the region's powerful organized crime network. In his Academy project "Methlabs, Alchemy, and the Matter of Life," Pine looks at small-scale methamphetamine manufacture in rural Missouri to better understand how people engage in the "alchemical" work of self-production as they inherit the toxic landscape of late industrialism.

ELLEN MARIA GORRISSEN FELLOW

Moishe Postone is a distinguished social theorist who has taught modern European intellectual history and critical social theory at the University of Chicago since 1987. His extensive publications concern global transformation and critical theory, memory and identity in postwar Germany, and modern anti-Semitism. Postone's book *Time, Labor, and Social Domination: A Reinterpretation of Marx's Critical Theory* (1993) has been widely translated and won the American Sociological Association's prize in theory. At the Academy, he is writing a book that rethinks the first volume of Marx's *Capital* in order to recast its fresh significance to contemporary life.

BOSCH FELLOW IN PUBLIC POLICY

Christina Schwenkel is an associate professor of anthropology at the University of California, Riverside. Her research focuses on Vietnam's historical memory, aesthetics, visual culture, and transnationalism, drawing from her fieldwork in Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City. The author of *The American War in Contemporary Vietnam: Transnational Remembrance and Representation* (2009), Schwenkel, in her Academy project, "Planning the Postwar City: East German Urban Design and its Afterlife in Vietnam," examines the legacies of socialist-humanitarian practices and transnational movement between Vietnam and former East Germany.

RICHARD VON WEIZSÄCKER DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Eric R. Kandel, MD, is one the world's most renowned neuroscientists and recipient of the 2000 Nobel Prize in Medicine. He is University Professor at Columbia University; Kavli Professor and Director, Kavli Institute for Brain Science; Co-Director, Mortimer B. Zuckerman Mind Brain Behavior Institute; and a Senior Investigator at the Howard Hughes Medical Institute. A graduate of Harvard College and NYU School of Medicine, Kandel trained in neurobiology at the NIH and in psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. Editor of the standard textbook *Principles of Neural Science*, Kandel is also the author of several prize-winning books. He has received 22 honorary degrees, is a Foreign Member of the Royal Society of London, member of the US National Academy of Sciences, and of the National Science Academies of Austria, France, Germany, and Greece.

FRITZ STERN LECTURER

Andrea Köhler is a New York-based cultural correspondent for the Swiss daily newspaper *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, for which she has been writing since 1995. She is the author of *Lange Weile: Über das Warten* (2007), published in English as *The Waiting Game: An Essay on the Gift of Time*; and editor of *Das Tier und Wir* (2009), *Kleines Glossar des Verschindens* (2003), and, with Rainer Moritz, *Maulhelden ~~un~~ Königskinder* (1998). Her recent essay on the history of shame, "Scham und Schamlosigkeit" (2013), received wide acclaim. Köhler is recipient of the 2003 Berlin Book Critics Prize.

AIRBUS GROUP DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Hal Harvey is the CEO of Energy Innovation, a senior fellow for Energy and the Environment at the Paulson Institute, and founder and former CEO of ClimateWorks Foundation, a network of foundations that promote polices to reduce the threat of climate change. From 2001–2008 Harvey served as Environment Program Director at the William and Flora Hewlett Foundation, and from 1990 through 2001 as president of the Energy Foundation, which he founded. Harvey has served on energy panels appointed by Presidents George H.W. Bush and Bill Clinton and has published two books and dozens of articles on energy and national security issues. He is president of the board of the New-Land Foundation and chairman of the board of MB Financial Corporation.

STEPHEN M. KELLEN DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Jared Cohen is the founder and director of Google Ideas and an advisor to the executive chairman at Alphabet, Inc. He is also an adjunct senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations and a *New York Times* bestselling author. Previously he served as a member of the Secretary of State's Policy Planning Staff and as a close advisor to both Condoleezza Rice and Hillary Clinton. In 2013 Cohen was named as one of *TIME*'s "100 most influential people." His American Academy lecture is "Shifting Power Dynamics in the New Digital Age."

AMERICAN ACADEMY BOOK PRESENTATION

Robert M. Beachy is an associate professor of history at Underwood International College at Yonsei University, in Seoul. His recent research focuses on the origins and development of sexual identity in nineteenth- and twentieth-century Germany. His new book, *Gay Berlin: Birthplace of a Modern Identity*, situates the origins of modern male and female homosexual identity in Germany between the 1860s and the Weimar Republic and suggests that it was in Berlin, rather than in other European and American cities, that contemporary gay and lesbian identity first emerged and flourished.

AMERICAN ACADEMY LECTURE

Wendy Doniger is Mircea Eliade Distinguished Service Professor of the History of Religions at the University of Chicago Divinity School. Her research and teaching focuses on Hinduism and mythology. She has published over forty books and translated several major works, among them a new translation of the *Kama Sutra*—the subject of her Academy lecture, "Nature and Culture in the *Kama Sutra*."

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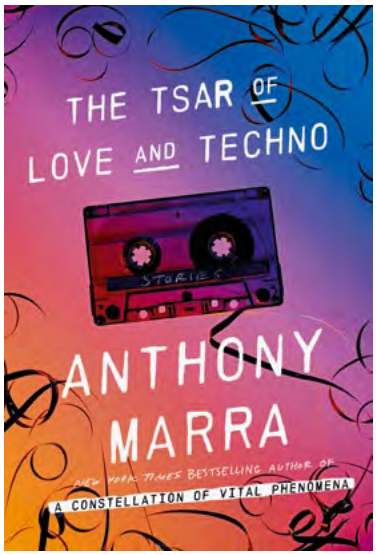


THE TSAR OF LOVE AND TECHNO
BY ANTHONY MARRA

Hogarth
October 2015, 352 pages

A Review by Adam Ross

I'm always suspicious of linked story collections, those unfortunate hybrids that suffer their dual allegiance to the short form's economy and the novel's expansiveness. It takes a madly ambitious writer to believe such an enterprise can succeed in the first place; once animated, the creation tends to show its sutures as it shambles forward, its stitches straining to hold its disparate parts together, like Frankenstein's monster. Of course, the exceptions—Alice Munro's *The Beggar Maid*, Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, and Denis Johnson's *Jesus' Son* come to mind—are, by contrast, as wondrous as griffins, so that when they *do* work, they seem even more magical. To this short list, add Anthony Marra's *The Tsar of Love and Techno*, the follow-up to his highly lauded debut novel, *A Constellation of Vital Phenomena.*

Set during the Russian-Chechen war, *Constellation* primarily focused on several Chechens struggling to survive the conflict while somehow retaining their humanity. It is a time-jumper of a novel, spanning the years before, during, and after the war, and is also morbidly hilarious. So, too, *The Tsar of Love and Techno*, beginning, as it does, in Leningrad in 1937, during the Red Terror, and ending in Outer Space, Year Unknown. Shot through with the same perverse humor, this collection is a companion piece to the novel, but its cast of characters is predominantly Russian. Not surprisingly, the political forces acting upon its players are communism, totalitarianism, and the Wild-West brand of cartel capitalism that filled the vacuum following the USSR's collapse. "*A half century had past*," thinks Vera, in the story "Wolf of White Forest,"—she, a child-hero of the party lionized for unwittingly turning in her own mother as a traitor but now barely surviving in modern Russia—"and with it the Soviet Union, Marxism-Leninism, the infallible tenets of communism that had undergirded her faith—and now she found herself the citizen of a nation politically enfeebled and spiritually desolated enough to permit prayer to an authority more omnipotent than its government. But how do you trade your gods so late in life?"

This question hangs over the entire collection, and every character forced to answer it pays a high price. In the opening story, "The Leopard," Roman Mikhailovich Markin, agent of the Department of Party Propaganda and Agitation, appears at his sister-in-law's apartment with a terrible edict. She must erase all the remaining images of her dead husband, Vaska, a declared enemy of the state who was executed as a religious radical. Markin is on a perverse mission of mercy, having arrived to do his dead brother, "a final service" and ". . . ensure that his fate doesn't become a family trait." His sister-in-law's compliance sets in motion a chain of unforeseen repercussions whose tragic and redemptive effects reverberate through subsequent decades.

Markin's peculiar genius, it turns out, is his ability to seamlessly airbrush enemies of the state from photographs and paintings—to disappear them or, in the case of Lenin, give them eternal youth by touching them up—a talent he honed sketching his beloved brother's face when they were boys. He's a hybrid himself. "I am an artist first," Markin says, "a censor second." In a private act of Promethean rebellion, he begins to resurrect his brother by surreptitiously painting him into every work he censors. But Marra is acutely aware that in a totalitarian state "one's art is subordinate to the mandates of power" and that deviating from this fact will get you killed. Inevitably, Markin soon finds himself falsely accused as a traitor—by whom he never learns—and then disappeared himself.

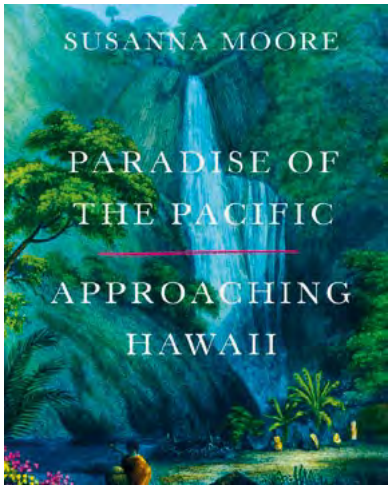
The state erases and, in response to such overwhelming power, the artist creates, using all the talent, not to mention humor, at his or her disposal, in order to win back some freedom. This plot limns the trajectory of *Tsar*'s intermeshed stories. In "Granddaughters," Galina Ivanova—whose grandmother was both a prima ballerina of the Kirov and traitor exiled to Siberia—lacks her forebear's dancing gifts but is blessed with another, more germane one to post-fall-of-the-Wall Russia: "being the center of attention." She wins the Miss Siberia beauty contest, then the hand of an oligarch, and goes on to become a famous movie star. In "Prisoner of the Caucasus," Kolya, an embittered Russian mercenary and imprisoned soldier, is forced to cultivate his captor's land in the Chechen Highlands—a creative and transformative act that bestows the first peace he's enjoyed in years. "He rakes the dirt, amazed

by its looseness, its warmth. The one time he buried a body back home, he had to empty a clip into the frozen ground to break it up enough to begin digging. When the head of the blue-handled trowel comes loose, he flings it into the trees. From then on he does all garden work with his hands and at the end of the day they are so dark with dirt he no longer recognizes them as his." And in "Palace of the People," Chechen war veteran and double amputee Junior Sergeant Kirill Andreyevich turns begging into an art, with the added benefit of earning himself a fortune, by literally palming his way through the Russian subway system. "All these people who opened their purses on the metro," he tells his assistant, "when they see a legless vet, they feel ashamed and maybe a little pity. But when they see me crawling across the metro car, they see someone defiant, silent, not *begging* for anything, and they feel pride."

One of the many powerful effects of Marra's collection, especially for an American reader, is an overwhelming appreciation—it's practically crass to say it—of American liberty. Story to story, you can almost hear Polish labor-leader Lech Wałęsa calling out his famous question-cum-accusation: "America, what have you done with your precious freedom?" In *The Tsar of Love and Techno*, people's careers, hopes, and bodies are decimated by Russian bombs, NKVD agents, and landmines; museum directors are forced to become taxi-driving tour guides; soldiers earn their postwar living as drug-cartel enforcers; children become heroin couriers; and, rather than help their kids with homework, parents teach them how to keep silent during a prolonged interrogation. In "Wolf of White Forest," the wonder of America's blessed and hard-won freedom isn't lost on Lydia, a Russian email-order bride whose brief stint living in Southern California opens her eyes to its miracle: "When she saw her first wheelchair ramp in LAX, she had mistaken it for some kind of weird public sculpture. When she learned what a wheelchair ramp was, she felt a pure rush of patriotism for a country she'd only been living in for a few months." And yet, ironically, Lydia, forced by an annulment to return to Kirovsk, finds herself also unable to trade in her newfound American god and succumbs to loose-lipped dissatisfaction—a dangerous, out-of-place luxury in Mafia-controlled Russia—which has lethal consequences.

The Tsar of Love and Techno is arranged as a mix tape, a gift from one brother to another, but its throughline is more akin to the landscape painting *Empty Pasture in Afternoon,* by nineteenth-century Chechen master Pyotr Zakharov-Chechenets. It is the first image into which Roman Mikhailovich Markin inserts his brother and is subsequently rescued from the wreckage of a Russian bombing raid by Chechen Ruslan Dokurov, the deputy director of Grozny's art museum, in the story "The Grozny Tourist Bureau." (It depicts the exact spot where Ruslan's wife and child were killed.) Throughout the collection, it changes hands over and over again, borne on the winds of political upheaval. Ironically, painter Zakharov-Chechenets was also a man of dual allegiance, adopted by a Russian noble but discriminated against by his newfound countrymen. "Here is a Chechen who learned to succeed by the rules of his conquerors," says Ruslan of him, wryly, perhaps because the deputy director recognizes his own predicament in the painter's, "a man . . . to be admired and pitied." The passage of this painting through *Tsar*'s world—the additions, elisions, and damage it suffers, not to mention its ultimate restoration—takes on something akin to novelistic crescendo as the collection concludes.

Admittedly, *Tsar*'s stories don't always work as stand-alones, and one occasionally feels that Marra the novelist is overstuffing his narratives with meaning or overstaying his welcome in order to connect the thematic dots. "A phrase is born into the world both good and bad at the same time," wrote the Russian short-story master Isaac Babel, himself shot dead by the NKVD, under suspicion of being a Trotskyist, in 1940. "The secret lies in a slight, almost invisible twist. The lever should rest in your hand, getting warm, and you can only turn it once, not twice." Marra can be forgiven for sometimes ignoring this advice because he aims so high. *The Tsar of Love and Techno* confirms him as a major talent. It will be something to see when he finally decides to write about America. □



PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC: APPROACHING HAWAII
BY SUSANNA MOORE

Farrar, Straus and Giroux
September 2015, 303 pages

A Review by Tara Bray Smith

"The history of Hawai'i may be seen as a story of arrivals," writes Susanna Moore in her newly published history of the island chain, *Paradise of the Pacific: Approaching Hawaii*. "This is true of many cultures," she observes, "but in Hawai'i, no one seems to have left." The drama following the colonization of one of the world's most geographically isolated places—at first spores and seeds, then birds, finally humans—is the subject of Moore's book, which begins with the first outpouring of lava above the surface of the sea millions of years ago and ends with the official, some claim illegal,

annexation of Hawai'i by the United States in 1898.

Moore herself, a *haole* raised in the islands in the 1950s and early 1960s, left for New York after high school. (A complex word, *haole* signifies a foreigner, or something not native to Hawai'i, but has come to mean, basically, white.) She has recently moved back, perhaps a fulfillment of her point about no one ever leaving—even Obama returns in the winter—and in her books one reads the fascination mixed with longing of a writer who has made her childhood home the subject of her life's work. Like Didion with California, or Faulkner with Yoknapatawpha County, Moore's focus skitters back again and again to the islands of her youth. Her first three books of fiction, including the well-received *My Old Sweetheart* (1982), were set at least partially in the islands; and *I Myself Have Seen It: The Myth of Hawai'i* (2003), and *Light Years: A Girlhood in Hawai'i* (2007), both nonfiction, along with this elegant, deeply sympathetic work of history, can be read as a kind of double trilogy, bookending nearly forty years.

She presents Hawai'i's history more or less chronologically, starting with its colonization by seafaring South Pacific islanders somewhere between 300–800 CE. Black-and-white illustrations complement Moore's nuanced portrait of ancient Hawaiian civilization, the art of which, especially its featherwork and *kapa* cloth, is considered among the most stylistically advanced in the Pacific. Sources are familiar but glow in the light of new combinations: Captain Cook's crisp notation about the apparent spread of venereal disease after his landing in 1778—the first known contact between Hawaiians and Europeans—has its libertine counterpoint in the less-known diary of French artist Jacques Arago, "one of the more sophisticated observers" of Hawai'i, who accompanied the navigator Louis de Freycinet on his 1819 voyage around the world:

> I found . . . [the queens] at the door, lying on a bundle of cloth; never have I seen such women. They were not more than five-feet six-inches in height, but so dreadfully fat as to be out of all proportion. Their countenances were mild; and they were elegantly tattooed; one of them had even her tongue tattooed. Their familiarity had not that air of licentiousness which characterizes the women of the lower classes. They allowed themselves however to be very freely handled; and he who should lay his hand on the bosom of one, would be thought very deficient in politeness if he were to forget the other.

Two years later the nude Hawaiian body, along with the entire socio-religious system of *kapu*—it has trickled down into English as the much less refined "taboo"—would become one of many contested sites in the moral and cultural battles that followed the arrival of the first company of American Protestant missionaries, in 1820.

The missionaries' earnest, if sometimes racist, memoirs, along with contemporary histories written by native scholars, tell the story of the near decimation and robbery of a people. There is considerable melancholy here, and Moore traces with sensitivity and thoroughness the history of the Kingdom of Hawai'i, which began with Kamehameha I's uniting of the islands in 1810 and ended with Queen Lili'uokalani's forced abdication, at the hands of an American-backed Committee of Safety, in 1893. She avoids reveling in the tragedy, as so many historical observers have done; her story of Queen Ka'ahumanu, Kamehameha's favorite wife and a bold political actor, is particularly rollicking. And though Moore's steadfastly factual accounting could be seen as a way of evading the fraught politics of identity in a place like Hawai'i, we feel she's earned it when she allows herself a rare moment of commentary: "It is impossible not to feel at times ambivalent, and to risk the ease of disapproval, if not condemnation of foreign interference when reading Hawaiian history. It will be the obvious view of most readers that the Hawaiians should have been left to work out their own history."

That history, one of an advanced Pacific society (Hawaiians knew iron but, until Cook arrived, had to wait till it washed ashore) in confrontation with a newly industrial one, would be one of the last such meetings in the history of the world. It is the story of understanding and misunderstanding, and the drama, passion, and loss that reverberates from such an epic clash. It is also the story of survival. Hawaiians and Hawaiian culture, especially the language, thanks to a robust school language-immersion program, survive, even thrive. Part- and full-blooded Native Hawaiians now number somewhere around 500,000 in the United States, approaching, or perhaps exceeding, the pre-contact population.

We understand a paradise to be something set apart, a kind of earthly heaven. The word's Persian root, *pardes*, means "pleasure-ground" or "park." In 2014 Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg bought 700 acres on the north shore of the island of Kaua'i. It has become something of a fashion for wealthy Californians, especially from Silicon Valley, to acquire property in the islands. (Larry Ellison, formerly of Oracle, bought 97% of the island of Lana'i in 2012.) They learn to surf, take up paddleboarding. They like their privacy.

It turns out that paradise is also a place where power lodges itself. Honolulu is the headquarters of the United States Pacific Command, USPACOM, the world's largest unified military command, covering fifty percent of the earth's surface and more than half of its population. In this way, Hawai'i's story is also the story of how power insinuates itself into a place; how it clothes itself in piety and practicality, but also in the raiments of a dream: of paradise, a place not quite real, and so, easily ignored. Moore's comprehensive, expert account lends the island chain the renewed attention it deserves. □

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