THE BERLIN JOURNAL

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PRESIDENT'S NOTE

Intellectual Alchemy

I HAVE OFTEN thought of my own joyous fellowship semester at the American Academy (fall 2003) as "the year of Hegel and Hagel." One of the fellows' projects focused on the canonic philosopher G.W.F. Hegel, while one of our Distinguished Visitors was Senator Chuck Hagel of Nebraska, later US Secretary of Defense. It was during Senator Hagel's visit that I met Richard Holbrooke, who bounded out of a press conference in the library of the Hans Arnhold Center to seize a bit of time with the fellows.

In recent months, I have been learning more about some of the initial conversations among the founders of the American Academy, to whom we owe not only its clarion identity and quality, but also its unique capacity to highlight and to integrate the practices and goals—theoretical and practical, scholarly and worldly—of the arts, humanities, and public policy. Richard Holbrooke's will to knowledge, John Kornblum told me, was voracious and uniquely eclectic; he wanted to learn about everything from everyone and everywhere. Stephen Kellen championed the centrality of the arts and humanities. Fritz Stern, whom we now also sadly miss, insisted that every aspect and process of Academy life and work adhere to the highest academic principles. The resulting institution: Holbrooke's Academy, Kellen's, and Stern's, announces "arts, humanities, and public policy" as its foci. Still more important than the fact that these things are practiced here, however, is the fact that they are practiced in an integrative way, one in which scholarly knowledge seeks engagement with the world, and in which the complexity of worldly affairs requires multiple modes of expertise and interpretation. The communication among people and fields that happens here is the envy of every university that I know.

In these contexts, the *Berlin Journal* is much more than a publication of the Academy. It is, rather, a paper version of the *life* of the Academy, a version in which what happens in Berlin can be shared with our local and global communities alike. As a reader and collector of its numbers from the start, I want to seize the honor of introducing my first issue as president of the American Academy by recognizing and thanking R. Jay Magill and his team for the feat of duplicating on paper the very energy, alchemy, and indeed the uncompromising aesthetic, of the Academy's intellectual life.

No better example of these qualities is the issue you are opening here, and in particular its opening "Focus" section. These essays understand Berlin as the degree-zero of modern destruction and renewal; they speak individually and also seem to speak to each other, as if a conversation were taking place somewhere in the Hans Arnhold Villa.

The opening pages of Leonard Barkan's new book, *Berlin for Jews*, may amount to the most joyous autobiographical take-off I have ever read; the book itself will continue with a kind of archaeology of Berlin's Jewish past via a reading of the graves of the cemetery at the Schönhauser Allee. Esra Akcan's account of urban and social stress inside the Turkish Kreuzberg of the 1980s looks back implicitly to the city's Jewish past and explicitly forward to the question of refugee integration today. Her plea for an analytical focus on the category and experience of the non-citizen is fundamental and timely, resonating as well with the review of the joint meeting of the Holbrooke Forum and the Brookings Institution on the "Global Refugee Crisis," as well as with Mary Ellen Carroll's interview with Syrian playwright Mohammad Al Attar. The focus on Berlin at the crossroads of destruction and renewal alters its angle of approach only slightly in Christina Schwenkel's enlightening portrait of the GDR's role in the rebuilding of the Vietnamese city of Vinh following the period of US aerial bombardment between 1964 and 1973. Finally, the Hegelians and anti-Hegelians among our readers alike will delight at the juxtaposition of two of Hari Kunzru's sentences: "I agreed with Hegel that 'the content is not the object but the subject'" followed by "I have a friend whose relationship advice I used to take until I realized he was a solipsist"!

Naturally, the *Berlin Journal*, through its riches and its pleasures, provides one way for the life of the American Academy to make its way into the world, to become more sustainable over time and space. Always, the scalability of specificity, refinement, originality, and intimacy is a daunting problem in the mass-consumerist world. The American Academy shares this predicament with every institution of higher learning. At the same time, and notwithstanding the poetry of the Hans Arnhold Villa, the Academy lives interstitially: between the United States and Germany; between scholarship and policy; between legacy and the drive to better the world. In the coming years, and with the help and ideas of the broad constituency that begins with the readers of the *Berlin Journal*, we will seek new ways to honor our legacy and extend our reach.

Michael P. Steinberg


FOCUS

Berlin Renewals

Trenton Doyle Hancock, *Bloodshot Eyes, Trippy Patterning, Red, Green, and Yellow Coloration. Yep, This Piece Must Be about Traffic Lights*, 2016. Mixed media on canvas, 40 × 30 × 1.5 inches. Photo by Thomas R. DuBrock.

KREUZBERG 10963

Living and dying in the *Asihaus*

by Esra Akcan

I decided **TO REVISIT THE** square brown building near Berlin's Potsdamer Platz on June 5, 2012, to converse informally with the residents whom I had interviewed in the previous two years, as part of the research for my book *Open Architecture,* about Kreuzberg's urban renewal during the late 1970s and 1980s. Little did I know that this was an unordinary day in the building's life: the shocking news I had just received was about a murdered woman in Kreuzberg that had actually taken place here.

During my research, I had heard neighborhood habitants nicknaming the building, with a sense of dark humor, an *Asihaus* (asocial house), but I had hardly encountered an event this traumatic. The night before, one of the residents was violently murdered by her husband in front of her six children; her throat and breast were cut out and thrown into the *Hof* (courtyard). A memorial with flowers and a photograph of her appeared there the next morning. Soon after I arrived, the courtyard filled with neighborhood residents, civil society groups, and local journalists, who had all gathered to mourn and protest domestic violence.

The building is located adjacent Berlin's Potsdamer Platz, but it hardly enjoyed such centrality when it was originally constructed in the middle of a ruined neighborhood, just steps away from the Berlin Wall. Designed by the renowned German architect Oswald Mathias Ungers, the six-story structure infuses itself smoothly into the city fabric, complying with the principles of the urban renewal project IBA 1984/87 (International Building Exhibition), of which it was a part. An astonishingly large number of cutting-edge architects from Europe and the United States were invited

Esra Akcan, detail from the work *Adding a Layer under the Mercator Grid*, 2012, part of the Istanbul Design Biennale.

for this urban-renewal and public-housing initiative to design for rundown Kreuzberg, an area that had been heavily destroyed during WWII and left to decay afterwards, an area comprised of an extraordinary number of noncitizens, predominantly from Turkey, who had arrived as "guest workers" since 1961 and as refugees since 1980, after being divested of citizenship in the wake of the coup d'etat and its subsequent violence.

Constructing on land that almost entirely belonged to the city government, the IBA had by 1989 provided 4,500 new apartments in its *Neubau* (new building) section, under the directorship of Josef Paul Kleihues, and it had renovated 5,000 existing apartments and supported 700 self-help projects in its *Altbau* (old building) section, under Hardt Waltherr Hämer. While the 11-person Neubau team appointed approximately 200 international architectural firms, including Ungers, the 39-person Altbau team appointed around 140, mostly local offices, and many historians and artists.

Initially considered for a post of director, Ungers was one of the masterminds for the IBA-Neubau. He was invited to develop an overall urban plan, to act as a jury member in architectural competitions, and to design two building complexes. He had already theorized upon "critical reconstruction," and in one of his projects for Charlottenburg he had illustrated how empty Berlin lots could be reconstructed by completing them into a perimeter block, rather than destroying the remaining buildings and starting from scratch. Similarly, the proponents of the IBA 1984/87 distanced themselves from the postwar, large-scale urban transformations for which existing buildings were demolished to build anew, and from standardized housing projects constructed

at the peripheries of the city as freestanding massive blocks rather than perimeter blocks defining the streets and courtyards. What Berlin needed, they believed, was not another tabula rasa, not another comprehensive master plan, but rather district plans that would "carefully repair" and "critically reconstruct" the city's prewar fabric.

The IBA commissioned Ungers to develop one such district plan, for an area called South Friedrichstadt, in 1981. The architect had already fashioned a project for the same site four years earlier, albeit for a bigger territory, where he had explored the morphological potentials of the block structure by filling gaps, mimicking the existing buildings yet proposing a lot of variations. For the IBA, Ungers analyzed the area when it had reached its maximum development in the past, documented the erasure of the urban fabric during World War II and the postwar-planning process, and, finally, proposed solutions to critically reconstruct it. Zooming in one step further, he designed the architectural project for the IBA's Block 1: the square brown building that would later be named the *Asihaus* (in collaboration with Bernd Faskel and Hans Müller, 1982). In what he called the "dialectic" between the as-found conditions of the site and his "rational" interventions, Ungers divided the block into a square grid; his building filled in the corner square. The dimensions of the grid derived from the adjacent square lot, where the only remaining prewar neoclassicist building *Meistersaal* (1910–13) still stood. Recovering the square grid was consistent with Ungers' overall intentions to reconstruct the collective memory of the site.

Archival **RESEARCH REVEALED THAT** the *Asihaus* had a special place in the immigration policies of the Berlin Senate, the IBA's employer, which had imposed a ban on the move of additional noncitizen families to Kreuzberg (*Zuzugssperre,* 1975) and a 10 percent foreigner quota in every building of West Berlin (1978). These housing laws were transposed into the functional program of the IBA Neubau buildings by checking the percentage of large apartments that would have been appropriate for the stereotypical big Turkish families. Justified as "de-ghettoizing" and "desegregation" measures, these regulations deliberately targeted the guest-worker families—as it was technically impossible for them to have become citizens—and sought to change the proportion of the noncitizen population in the area.

The migrants from Turkey protested these laws, and the IBA Altbau team subverted them by advocating careful urban renewal without the displacement of the current residents, including the guest workers and refugees, whose numbers reached in some areas almost 50 percent—well above the maximum 10 percent quota specified by the Berlin Senate and applied in the IBA-Neubau functional programs. While reducing noncitizens' chances of moving into the new buildings, the IBA Neubau designated some formal experiments specifically as "foreigner zones." The *Asihaus* was one of them. Once Ungers' design was selected for this remote edge of Kreuzberg, the architect was given a functional program with an unusually high number of five-to seven-room apartments that must have been intended for the guest-worker families with many children. The building is a rigorous geometrical experiment of sorts. Ungers extended the site's square grid onto the building itself, and designed a square in a square. The *Asihaus's* nine-square plan creates a square courtyard at the center of a square building composed of eight square towers, served by four square stairwells, all placed in a city block divided into a square grid; all four facades are composed of square windows, and the eight free-standing square towers are bridged on the fourth floor. Ungers crafted a masterful ground plan to accomplish the geometric ambitions of his scheme. Almost no apartment is the same as another, so that the apartment units could be accomodated in this form, in stark contrast to the standarized dwellings of generic mass-housing projects.

But the choice of such an architectural design to lodge large guest-worker families was inconsistent. The oral histories I have conducted with the occupants in Ungers' building speak to the mixed opinions of living in a passageway-like building opened from all sides, and organized around a small, paved-up courtyard with no playgrounds for the many children who would grow up here. "The problem is not the architecture, it is the users," said Mr. Karaoğlan, who lived in an apartment with a terrace; Şenay X, who lived in a duplex that was accessed directly from the courtyard, partially agreed; so did Fatma Barış, who lived with her four children and husband in one of the largest units on the third floor. Residents faulted each other, but some of the tensions must have been augmented because of the building's design and dimensions.

Take the courtyard. Nobody spent leisurely time in this small courtyard, as all residents confirmed, except the kids who played football there. While the IBA was proud of providing ample space for playgrounds inside the large courtyards of the perimeter blocks, here, the fact that kids played in the courtyard was a constant cause of controversy. Apart from the noise, their balls frequently broke the windows. Some residents refused to give the ball back once it shot inside their living room and broke a vase or two, which frustrated the kids, who threw eggs at the windows in return. When people enjoyed grilling on their terraces on the sixth floor, others complained that the smoke entered their apartment. While friendly neighbors liked talking to each other from one window to another across the small courtyard, not so the night-shifters who tried to sleep in the mornings.

Even **THOUGH UNGERS DID** not welcome alterations in his designs, residents left their marks on the building much beyond usual repair and maintenance, in order to redress the difficulties that the geometric ambitions of his ground plan imposed on the everyday use of space. The Barış family resided in a unit with two entrance bridges on both sides as a

Esra Akcan, photograph of the memorial at Köthener Str. 35–37, Berlin-Kreuzberg, June 5, 2012.

result of the uncompromising symmetric plan. Rather than respecting the integrity of this symmetry, Fatma Barış decided to use only one entrance bridge and turn the second into a bedroom for her daughter. With four children and a limited budget, she prioritized a room of her daughter's own over the symbol of cosmic order. Most of the winter gardens in the building had been turned into additional bedrooms for children. With a tradition that goes back to the Berlin Wall, the Kreuzberg neighborhood is famous for its ubiquitous graffiti. The *Asihaus* was also full of predesigned images placed by artists precisely on the square niches between architectural axes, as well as ad hoc texts anonymously scribbled on walls in common areas, which most residents considered vandalism. This street-art culture seems to have inspired Bekir Barış, Fatma's teenage son, who adorned the walls of his own and his siblings' rooms with different graphics representing their personalities and matching the furniture color of his mother's careful choosing. With her design sensibilities and his wall images, their apartment has been one of my book's best examples to illustrate the voice of resident-architects in shaping and improving Kreuzberg's living spaces.

The day **OF THE MURDER** in the *Asihaus* also prompted me to prepare *Adding a Layer under the Mercator Grid* as part of the 2012 Istanbul Design Biennale, a multimedia installation that carried my ongoing research into new forms. While the drawings, archival documents, photographs, and interviews revealed many aspects of Kreuzberg's urban renewal, it proved to be difficult to access the experience of women who were subject to domestic violence. Hemmed in by German discrimination and their Turkish husbands' machismo, these migrant women's voices had become silenced.

The installation was comprised of a set of staged photographs trying to represent the invisible and the inaudible. Gathering information mostly from court translators and neighbors, I reenacted six traumatic stories in an apartment of the housing block designed by Peter Eisenman and Jaquelin Robertson for the IBA 1984/87—a building attained after a competition project that also exposed the complexities of victimization and exclusion in the context of a postwar Germany trying to come to terms with anti-Semitism. Each story was represented by a staged photograph that froze one moment prior to the event and by a quotation from a translator who had spoken to me about the event. For example, a quotation from Fatma Barış referred to the murder in the *Asihaus* .

Adding a Layer under the Mercator Grid was also a cautionary reminder about the mistake of idealizing "the victim" as a synonym for the good, just as Friedrich Nietzsche warned that the victim—the slave, in his case—was not necessarily the embodiment of the good simply by virtue of being the opposite of the master. Being a target of discrimination is not a guarantee of immunity toward exerting discrimination over others. In the case of Kreuzberg, multiple layers of race, ethnicity, and gender functioned as categories of exclusion, including those between German and Turkish, Turkish and Kurdish, Turkish and Arab, women and men. In extreme cases, such hostilities turned into physical violence and murder, as had occurred in the *Asihaus*. Ms. Karaoğlan told me that day: "We complain about others, but such a crime happened in our community. You are doing research. Please also conduct research into our Turkish women and Turkish marriages. I asked my neighbors who knew her: didn't you ever tell her that she lives in a social-welfare state, that she has many rights, she could go to the police? [...] She constantly lived in fear; she probably did not know her rights."

Ms. Karaoğlan's emphasis on rights strikes a significant chord in Kreuzberg's urban renewal, because it was not only the inability to enjoy women's rights but also the lack of sufficient noncitizen rights and the continuing paradoxes of human rights that affected this process. As the world witnesses the most extreme refugee crisis since World War II, and as negotiations over the lives of Syrian refugees expose the radical crisis of the current human rights regime, Berlin's experience with former guest-worker and refugee housing gains further relevance.

Working on public housing and urban renewal in a noncitizen city district has therefore carried me to a theory of open architecture, which I define as the translation of a new ethics of hospitality into architecture. Open architecture as collectivity, as democracy, and as multiplicity are different modes of hospitality in architectural practice. This new hospitality would be at its best when directed toward the noncitizen, because nothing exposes the unresolved contradictions of modern international law and the current human rights regime as effectively as the noncitizen. Refugees as stateless persons throw into question the very limits of the human rights that are defined under the precondition of being a citizen of a state. This new hospitality towards the noncitizen has to evolve constantly as long as the current definition of citizenship enforces conditional and limited hospitality, and as long as refugees and global migrants continue to remain disenfranchised. □


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THE TURKS

Excerpt from a manuscript in progress

by Han Ong

AT WITTGENSTEIN'S:

Heike: I'm sorry that this Rudy, he is . . . *(slight shrug of the shoulders)*.

Han: It was my fault. I got prematurely excited.

Heike: Berlin is very surprising. You could still find this *(her fingers like vapors wafting upwards)*.

Han: I only have two days left.

Heike: Two days is still two days.

Han: What if my friend lied? Maybe there is no such guy. Or maybe he's dead. Or no longer in Berlin. For all I know, he could've moved to New York, inspired by Laurence. And for all I know, he's been walking around New York looking for Laurence. Never to know that Laurence died. Anyway I'm here to tell you about New York. Is there anything in particular you wish to know?

Heike: You are maybe wanting to be outside in the sun, this rare winter of Berlin, since, as you said, only two days are left?

Han: I'll just have to live with this trip being a failure.

Heike: You are maybe not too hard on your expectations? You are not glad to just be in Berlin?

Han: No, I am.

Heike: *(Laughs)* You are not sounding so sure.

Han: Maybe I'm not really glad. Don't be offended.

Heike: It is all right. For me, I live all my life in this city so you can understand it is not so exciting to me. Besides, you are from New York, so I can see coming to Berlin is maybe for you (*a twist of the lips and a shrugged shoulder*).

Han: Why are your Turks so sad-looking?

Heike: Excuse me?

Han: On the trains they sit—I don't know how to put it—but there always seems to be a space, some space, between them and the person beside them. I mean, if that person is not a Turk, and I mean not just a physical space, but a kind of, a psychic space, if that makes sense?

Heike: It is their choice, no?

Han: I'm sorry. Meaning?

Heike: If they want to be apart, they become apart, no?

Han: And that's not because . . .

Heike: Because of us, because of the Germans?

Han: You don't think so?

Heike: Because we are unfriendly, because we are unkind, because we do not welcome them?

Han: I offended you.

Heike: I am not a Turk. It is not right to be asking me.

Han: I shouldn't have brought it up.

Heike: In New York there is no, what you are saying, psychic space of separation, physical space of separation?

Han: Well . . . In New York everyone is separate. But also in New York, when you go into the subway, it's not a block of—maybe block is not the right word, but, well, OK, block is the only word—block of white people and then to the side, looking uncomfortable, emanating discomfort, this group of minorities. In New York, everyone is a minority, including the white people. Everyone. It's one of my favorite aspects of the city.

Heike: As I am saying, you should not be asking me. I am not a Turk. Anyway, maybe I am too close to it, too used to it. Still I cannot say that this is my observation. To me the Turks are not so separate. Maybe ten, twenty years ago, yes, but today?

Han: So, I don't love Berlin. Not like the man whose ashes I am supposed to scatter before I leave. He loved Berlin. He came back here over and over. If I asked you, *What am I missing, what would make me love your city?*

Heike: I am not so interested in this, that you should fall in love with Berlin. Some people don't. You are the *don't*. There will always be people like you. This man whose ashes you are returning to Berlin, he is a Jew?

Han: How did you know? Did I tell you already?

Heike: Jews—especially from America—they have this funny relationship to Berlin. Maybe I should not say funny. It sounds like judgment. But I am not judging.

Han: Funny how?

Heike: A place of hate, of hateful things, to turn it into a place of love. Well, first, of course, forgiveness, then maybe reconciliation, and then love.

Han: What is being reconciled?

Heike: The past with the present.

Han: Plus he was a writer, and I was told you love writers here.

Heike: That is true. We love writers. We love books. We do not understand people who do not love books. To us this is crazy. And destructive. How is it possible to be a civilization and not have love of books?

Han: Thanks for hearing me out. Shall we talk about New York now?

Heike: (*Smiles*) Where everyone is a minority.

Han: Or at least where no one is a block, yes.

Heike: What do you do in New York? If I can ask.

Han: I'm a writer.

Heike: Ahh. So we would love you in Berlin!

Han: Would you?

Heike: They love you in New York?

Han: No.

Heike: So you should reconsider Berlin.

Han: Like Laurence.

Heike: We would love you in Berlin, if you are good. If your books have value. And interest. We would. Why wouldn't we? Ahh. You think you are the Turks. That is why you look at them and they bring out these thoughts. That is why you bring them up. You are afraid that in Berlin you will be, as you say it, apart like the Turks.

Han: I am apart like the Turks. The culture of staring in your city, it's brazen and unsettling.

Heike: We stare at you? On the train?

Han: On the platform. Inside the trains. At stores. And you don't look away when I stare back. You're not embarrassed. In New York, no one would be caught dead doing what you do, expressing that level of naked interest.

Heike: This staring, you can see it is only human?

Han: Meaning anthropological as opposed to racist?

Heike: You don't think so?

Han: In Berlin, I would be the Turks. Always the Turks.

Heike: Wait. But you are a writer. You say you are a writer.

Han: Yes?

Heike: Apartness—this is a gift for a writer, no? Almost all the writers they stand apart and when they write this is the vision they use—the standing apart, the being apart, the looking because others are looking at you and you feel different. This is a blessing? Beckett, the Irish writer, he feels this way? Roth, the Jewish writer, he feels this way? The woman from Austria who won the Nobel Prize maybe seven years ago, she feels this way? It is the way to talk about something new because you have the guarantee of having thoughts different from the thoughts of so many people who do not stand apart. You have originality.

Han: The barista, when I asked about you, she mentioned that you used to teach?

Heike: Freie Universität. Seventeen years.

Han: Did you teach literature?

Heike: (*Laughing*) You are saying I am lecturing you? Yes I taught literature. Also German history.

Han: If you are lecturing, I'm glad to be lectured at. You have been more than kind, Heike. You've been extravagant. Shall I begin about New York?

Heike: (*Laughing*) Why not? If it is more interesting than my thoughts on literature.

Han: It's the most legible, the most navigable city in the world. It's arranged in a grid. You know a grid?

Heike: Lines on lines.

Han: Exactly. Downtown to uptown, the numbers start small and then get bigger. The big avenues, which intersect the numbered streets, go from, for example, First Avenue on the east, to Twelfth Avenue on the west.

Heike: But this I can find out in the guidebooks, no?

Han: You can.

Heike: So let me ask you. Tell me the soul of New York, can you do this?

Han: Soul as in . . . ?

Heike: You don't know soul? Spirit. Essence. One place that has this total feeling that only New York gives you.

Han: If I ask you the same thing about Berlin?

Heike: I would say, without hesitation, this neighborhood, where I have lived for forty years. And I will say this because, yes, it is a very obvious answer, too obvious, but still it is true, it is a place that has become transformed from run-down and dirty. Well, maybe not dirty, but ordinary—some place you do not think about but only pass, to some place of maybe not beauty but serenity, and yes, you can say this very same thing about a lot of other neighborhoods in Berlin, that they have become changed into someplace unrecognizable, but what you cannot say about them but it is true of this neighborhood, is the children, the number of children, the sound of them, and not just them but the sound of the pet dogs, and of the conversations on the street corners and coffee shops between the young parents, and the sound of the older people making a kind of baby talk with the children, and it is one of the few occasions in the day when the old people can smile or have someone to interact with, and all of this, it adds up to a picture of hope, yes, hope, because, well, first and most obvious, you cannot be having children unless you have hope—for the future and for the

world—and second, you use many words in Berlin for Berlin, so you are accustomed to all the gray words, but suddenly this neighborhood, you cannot use the gray words, it would not be right, so you resign yourself to maybe being sentimental by saying hope, although you say it very cautiously, but hope is not sentimental, not when you talk about Berlin, which has been through so much surely it can be allowed to go through hope too? And hope is also not sentimental when you talk about this neighborhood because I have lived here in Prenzlauer Berg for, as I said, over forty years so I can remember when there was not so much of this sound, so I know that this sound is new, and yes also, I have to admit, frightening, but frightening the way life is frightening you know? And really, after the war and the Communists and the Russians, to be frightened by children? Really this is foolishness. So yes, I would say this neighborhood. This is the place I would choose for the spirit of Berlin and that spirit is hope and who in one million years would have thought that we would use that word, and not only that, but that I would use that word, to talk about Berlin, and not use it with nostalgia or irony but simply to say of Berlin that this is it, this is a place of hope. To imagine such a day! (*Laughing*) You do not agree with me?

Han: I didn't say anything.

Heike: You do not think it is right for me to use the word hope when talking about the true spirit of Berlin?

Han: Who am I to say? I haven't lived here.

Heike: But you disagree with something. What?

Han: Children equal hope.

Heike: But in Germany we have a population problem. This is well known. Our economy is healthy but not enough people have children, and at some point in our future we will be a country of majority older people. Older people looking after one another. So children, to me, to any person who studies history, can only mean hope. □

BERLIN FOR JEWS

A twenty-first century companion

by Leonard Barkan

THE FIRST TIME I entered into psychotherapy, traumatized by a love affair that didn't happen and by separation anxiety when I was forced to leave the East Coast for Southern California, I was determined to be a good patient and tell the truth. So at the very start, I announced that there were three secrets so terrible and private that I had to get them off my chest immediately, lest I never arrive at real honesty with the doctor. I polished off homosexuality and masturbation lickety-split. But when I came to the third secret, despite all my lofty determination, I was struck dumb, and I spent the rest of the session—and several more sessions—beating around this particular burning bush. The secret was that I had often pretended I wasn't a Jew.

Let me take that apart. First of all, I *am* a Jew, 100% Ashkenazi (actually, 93% by official DNA count, thanks to Ancestry.com) in the most standard manner imaginable: Litvak, Ellis Island, Lower East Side, enthusiastic consumer of gefilte fish and pastrami, knishes and belly lox, not necessarily at the same time. My largest claim to distinction within this vast archetype, I suppose, is that my family was passionately antireligious. The only Jewish ritual in which I ever took part happened to me at the age of eight days (they were resentfully placating some grandparent or other), and I'm glad to say I have no recollection of it. But my family's militant secularism is its own kind of stereotype—not the last time we'll hear about that phenomenon in these pages—and so it hardly frees me from the Jewish mainstream.

Now about that pretending. Why did I do it? There were, as they say in the social sciences, push factors and pull factors. The pull factors are easy: J. S. Bach, John Milton, Piero della Francesca. The truth is, I have never quite learned how to love great art without believing what it says. The push factors are a far more delicate subject. I suppose that, like children everywhere, I was becoming a mutant version of my parents. Having made the great leap from shtetl poverty to the Manhattan middle class, from Eastern European polyglot to elocution-teacher English, from rabbinical orthodoxy to left-wing secularism, they didn't look back. Or rather, they looked back often, but with disapproval, with self-congratulatory relief, and (especially) with mockery. That was their gig; as for me, faced with all that disagreeable baggage, I simply checked it and threw away the key.

My double life—and that's what it was, since I could hardly mix my WASP personality transplant with a home life full of latkes, sarcasm, and jokes about Tish Ba'av—might be said to have climaxed, and eventually dissolved, in my attendance at a High Anglican church in New Haven that outdid all others in a race to imitate the rituals of something like twelfth-century Catholicism: holy water, stations of the cross, miasmas of incense, and a stray nun, left over perhaps from some monastic foundation that didn't get the memo when Henry VIII shut them down. The vibrantly berobed figure who presided over this medieval spectacle was one Father Kibitz, a converted Jew. (That's his real name. I couldn't invent a better one, so, *alav ha shalom*, he must be identified here.) I'm not sure I ever exchanged a word with him, but I spent numerous Sunday mornings in the thrall of his sacred spectacle.

The following year, when I was allowed to choose a second language, I unhesitatingly opted for German. Not so cool.

I should say, to Father Kibitz's credit, that, unlike me, he concealed nothing about his origins. (He couldn't have: his nose and his Bronx accent would have made it impossible. But perhaps I was just as transparent.) It must have been some combination of seeing him and seeing myself, along with the more pedestrian fact that I was about to begin a new life three thousand miles away, and therefore free to dis-reinvent myself, that caused my whole impersonation simply to evaporate.

Once the air cleared, I began to realize just what kind of Jew I was. I had grown up in New York, I had a considerable vocabulary of Yiddish, I loved poems and paintings and symphonies but saw no contradiction in loving the Marx Brothers just as much. I devoured starchy comfort food and spicy irony with equal enthusiasm. There were just two things that I didn't do: I couldn't see myself graduating from the theater of Father Kibitz to that of the shul around the corner; and I saw no reason, living as I was in the midst of such a rich European tradition in America, to abandon it for the Middle East. I was happy that such institutions—the ancient house of worship, the modern nation—existed, since they were clearly guardians against a history of terrible circumstances that threatened all of us. But I felt no need to inscribe myself in their book of gold, nor, for that matter, to define myself in relation to that history of terrible threats, which, *Gott sei Dank*, had pretty much left me alone. I was a cultural Jew, and I wasn't ashamed any more.

THE OTHER PART of the story has to do with the matter of German. When I was 12 and began language study, I chose Latin: that's what most members of the cool intellectual crowd, along with a sprinkling of irredeemable nerds, did at my school. The following year, when I was allowed to choose a second language, I unhesitatingly opted for German. Not so cool. I have no recollection of the logic, if there was one, behind this selection. I only know that me and German clicked. Of course, there was the fact that, with the experience of hearing my parents try to keep secrets in Yiddish, which I had long since decoded, learning German was something of a pushover. This came as a complete surprise to me since no one, a mere decade after the end of World War II, was advertising the common ground between the language of the Nazis and the language of their most abject victims.

Not that all the prominent German Jews I admired spoke Yiddish: many of them would have been horrified by such an implication. But thinking about it now, I realize that Jewish upward mobility of the cultural kind in which I was raised had always seen German as the preferred language and civilization. It was the language of science, the language of philosophy, the language of classical music: what more could a Jewish boy like me ask for? It's curious that the monstrosities of the 1930s–40s did not—at least in my experience—wholly dislodge this privileged position. I don't know how my parents lived through those two dreadful decades, albeit from the safety of Manhattan, without any shred of prejudice against all Germans. They weren't particularly high-minded in other respects, particularly in the love-thy-neighbor or forgive-thine-enemies sort of ways. But I still remember how, when referring to the atrocities of those years, I was cautioned by my mother always to say that it was the *Nazis*, rather than the *Germans*, who had perpetrated them. To be sure, with everything I now know, I'm not quite so confident about separating the two categories as she was.

Then there is the fact that in New York during the postwar years, all the Germans we knew *were* Jews. Indeed, more than anyone else, they are the inspiration that led me to the experiences that made me want to excavate my own.

They were the grown-ups who read poetry for pleasure, who served four-course meals with matching wines, who played string quartets at home: what more could a Jewish boy like me ask for?

IF I THEN SAY—and it's true—that I've patterned myself in imitation of a refugee generation whose full life story was anything but enviable, that's not the only problem with this picture. Once upon a time, I pretended I wasn't a Jew. What kind of pretending is it now that I seize upon the grand aristocracy of Jewish Berlin as though I belonged somehow among their descendants? In fact, those who formed my personal heritage did not establish a worldwide shipping empire out of Hamburg nor dispense neoclassical wit in the company of Henriette Herz and Philippine Cohen, nor did they revolutionize the early twentieth-century practice of medicine. They rather cobbled together a pious and poverty-stricken existence somewhere among the pogrom-visited villages between Minsk and Pinsk. And if our people's history is somehow stretched tortuously between those *mitteleuropäisch* summits of cultural achievement and the extermination camps, I am once again no first-hand informant, my people having been safely ensconced in America just about long enough to have severed any personal ties of memory to the six million. I can only say I hope it's exactly those disjunctions that give me license to speak of my experience.

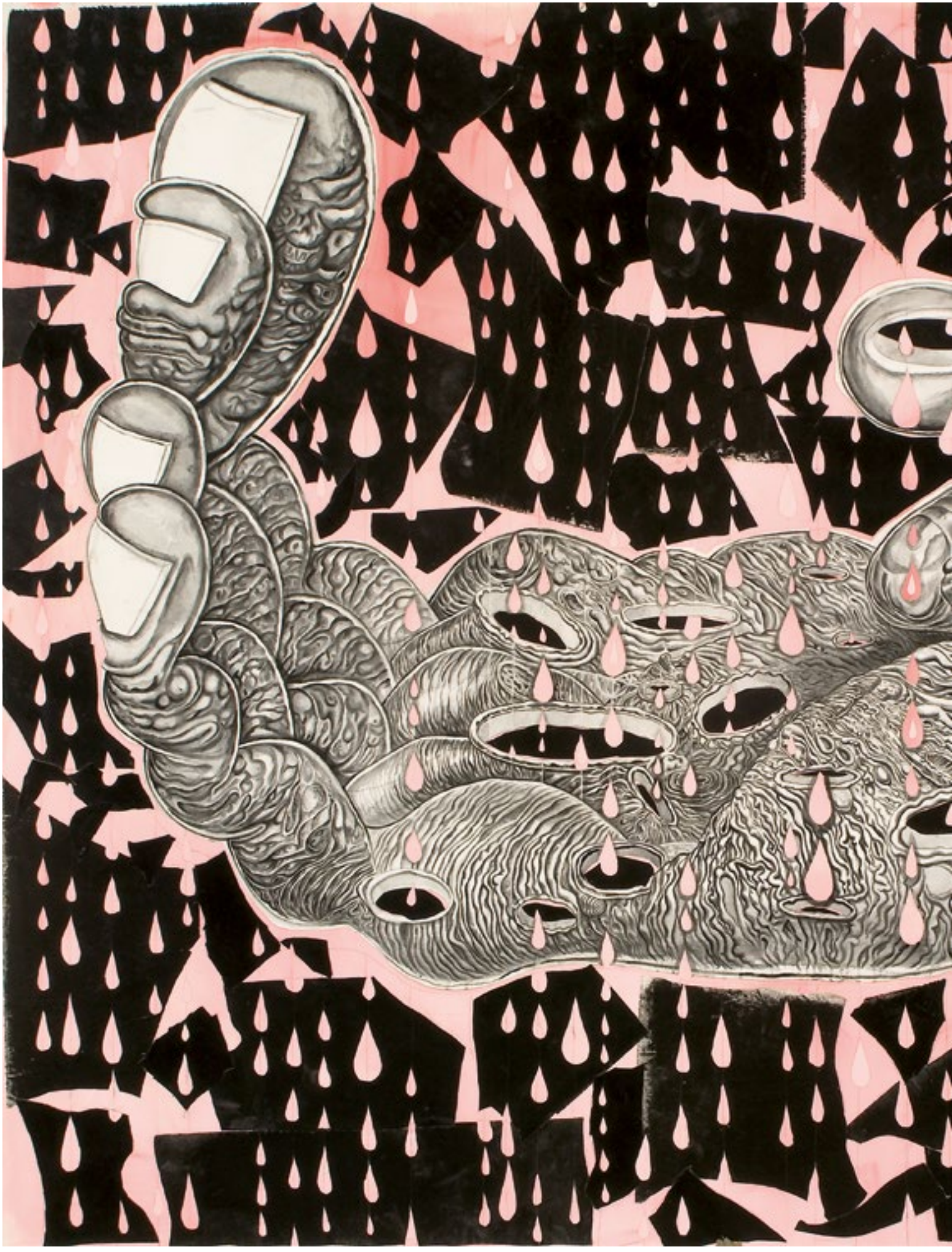
But none of this discovery of my inner German, however prepared by early life, would have taken place if I hadn't, less than ten years ago, fallen in love-at-first-sight with Berlin.

But none of this discovery of my inner German, however prepared by early life, would have taken place if I hadn't, less than ten years ago, fallen in love-at-first-sight with Berlin. Mind you, I wasn't one of those Jews who refused to go to Germany: over the years I had visited Goethe's house in Frankfurt, sung "Die Lorelei" *auf Deutsch* while passing her legendary rock during my personal Siegfried Idyll of a Rhine journey, gazed at ancient sculpture in Munich's Glyptothek, and tasted Riesling on the banks of the Mosel. In fact, courtesy of all those A-pluses in German class, I was selected as an exchange student from my high school to the Schadowschule in West Berlin—except that the year was 1961, the Soviets had started to build the Wall, and no little boys from New York were going to be shipped off to that particular theater of the Cold War.

When I did venture there, along with my spouse, it was in the midst of a year's residence in Italy, a circumstance almost fictional in its appropriateness, since Rome had through several decades of my adult life been the official adopted home, fostering a sense of my origins in the manner named by Freud as "the family romance"—children's practice of inventing alternative parents, generally of higher social standing, from whom they have been abducted by the pair of ordinary schmoes who tuck them into bed at night. Rome wasn't exactly my fantasy parent, and I never pretended to be an Italian, though I was occasionally mistaken for one. But when I took that momentous flight from Fiumicino to Schoenefeld, it turned out I was finding a second second home.

Mind you, if I am sending you on this quest for Berlin—which I do, in the book this prologue introduces, *Berlin for Jews*—it's not just about the Jewish thing. Of course you know that Berlin is fascinating. I don't need to tell you about visiting Museum Island and the Brandenburg Gate, about the ever-expanding arts scene in Mitte, Neukölln, Friedrichshain, and further gentrifying points east, not to mention the twee scene in Prenzlauer Berg (fight your way through the baby carriages to a sublime selection of cafés, galleries, and quaint street scenes). You may also be eager to do the Cold War tour—Checkpoint Charlie, the Stasi Museum, the Gedenkstätte der Berliner Mauer, etc., even if it leaves me a little, well, cold, since I'm always wondering, if they were so hungry for freedom as to risk their lives by evading the Wall in 1965, where was that hunger for freedom thirty years earlier? But let's not go there, *yet*.

I HAVE SPENT MUCH of my professional life as a literary scholar, thinking about Shakespearean tragedy. The heroes of those dramas are sometimes fundamentally good people (Hamlet), sometimes a mixture of good and bad (Othello, Lear), and sometimes pretty thoroughly bad (Macbeth). And yet we are gripped by all their fates, and, to one extent or another, we mourn them all. Berlin is just such a tragic hero: I am gripped by the city, and I mourn all the destructions, whether of persons, places, or cultures—those inflicted *by* Berlin and those inflicted *on* Berlin (which were, come to think of it, *also* inflicted *by* Berlin). On the other hand, Shakespeare's tragedies nearly always end with some glimmer of future hope. *Berlin for Jews* aspires to be a tentative in that direction. □



Trenton Doyle Hancock

Artist Portfolio

In 2014, after about six years of making what I call "psychological self-portraits," I began experimenting with animation. They were very short and simple, and felt like an interesting way to push the self-portraits I had been focused on into an increasingly larger narrative. At the same time, I began work on a short live-action film called *What the Bringback Brought*, with the short animations feeding the narrative and building scenes. The narrative of this film involves me—the artist—being kidnapped by furry, striped, mutated brutes called Bringbacks, who force me to be a performer in a psychological theater. After several rituals are played out on-screen, I go through molting phases, one of which is called the "Bringling" phase. I am ultimately transformed into a furry Bringback, with the role of producing toys related to the Moundverse and Mind of the Mound (name given to the Trenton Doyle Hancockian meta-reality).

Several of my recent works closely mirror key scenes from the film, such as the small grisaille paintings *The Letting*, *Concerto*, and *Head Tread*, and have a distinct filmic quality. Another trio of paintings, *8-Back Icon Series: Torpedoboy*, *8-Back Icon Series: Bringback*, and *8-Back Icon Series: Trenton Doyle Hancock,* serve as models of toys that I must produce, an outcome of my transformation to a Bringback, and nod to my love of toys and packaging of toys made in the 1970s and 1980s.

These and other paintings are united by a shared grid pattern that had haunted the film and that has now become entwined with the paintings. The pattern itself comes from the linoleum quatrefoil floor tiling in


BLACK
WHITE
SHRIMP
FISH

[1]

[2]

All images © Trenton Doyle Hancock. Courtesy James Cohan, New York.

[PREVIOUS PAGE] *The Bad Promise,* 2008; mixed media on canvas; 84 × 108.5 inches.

[1] *Plate of Shrimp,* 2012; acrylic and mixed media on canvas; 60 × 54 × 1.5 inches; photo by Jason Mandella. **[2]** *I Want to Be at the Meeting After the Separation,* 2014; acrylic and mixed media on canvas; 90 × 108 × 3.25 inches.

my grandmother's house and the many memories I have of lying on that floor trying to impress my grandmother with the drawings I was making. It seems the pattern has grown to become an integral structuring element in my recent works, and it simultaneously serves as a barrier, grid, compartmental device, and familial foundation. Since I see my process as additive and do not "retire" any imagery, grids have become an important frame to shape an ever increasing cast of images and icons that inhabit my world.

In the past, grids have taken many forms: a system of veins, tree branches, arms, hands, legs, floral arrangements, and even text. They help shape and organize my subjects into bite-sized chunks that accumulate and swirl into increasingly larger narrative fields. Currently, the quatrefoil pattern is pervasive in my paintings, and it serves as a multivalent formal tool that stitches together the growing collection of images and icons that circulate throughout my paintings.

– Trenton Doyle Hancock, 2016

[3]

[4]

[5]

[3] *Finally!*, 2016; mixed media on canvas; 48 × 37.5 × 1.5 inches. **[4]** *As U Now Enliven a Test …*, 2012; Acrylic and mixed media on canvas; 24 × 24 inches. **[5]** *The Former and the Ladder or Ascension and a Cinchin'*, 2012; acrylic and mixed media on canvas; 84 × 132 × 3 inches.

CULTURE AND REVOLUTION

Underground publishing in West Germany, circa 1968

by Timothy Brown

IN JUNE 1968, the American literary critic Leslie Fiedler gave a talk on postmodernism at Freiburg University. "Cross the Border, Close the Gap: The Case for Postmodernism" argued in favor of erasing the artificial distinctions between "high culture" and "pop culture," sparking a fierce debate in West German literary circles. After the publication of Fiedler's talk, in the weekly *Christ und Welt*—a second essay in the issue was entitled, tellingly, "Indians, Science Fiction, and Pornography: The Future of the Novel has already Begun"—the newspaper launched a series of "Fiedler Discussions," in which various well-known writers and critics weighed in on the significance of Fiedler's intervention.

Fiedler had been challenged during his talk by audience members who worried that his call for a literature of "myth, irrationality, dream, and ecstasy" was misguided, for reasons peculiar to the West German situation. "Only we who have again and again to wrestle with the phenomenon of National Socialism," the poet Hilde Domin told Fiedler, "can actually grasp, how dangerous is what you have to say." The novelist Martin Walser spoke in a similar vein, charging Fiedler's talk with being "against enlightenment in the worst sense." In the forum in *Christ und Welt*, in which the writer Peter O. Chotjewitz denounced Fiedler as a "counterrevolutionary," Walser called for a "democratic, myth-destroying, courage-giving writing." Unsurprisingly, the polymath writer and subcultural figure Rolf Dieter Brinkmann vigorously defended Fiedler in his contribution to the forum, in an essay provocatively entitled "Attack on the Monopoly: I Hate All Writers."

The battle lines drawn in this debate cut across the entire field of the anti-authoritarian revolt that was spreading like wildfire in West Germany in 1968. The question of whether the turn to an exacerbated form of personal subjectivity and the deployment of images of popular culture represented a legitimate form of engagement, or whether it represented any sort of engagement at all, was of central importance to the subsequent development not only of literature and alternative publishing, but also of the anti-authoritarian political struggle itself.

It is worth noting that this distinctly West German firestorm was entirely a response to the penetration into the Federal Republic of influences from North America. The primary culprits in a *Kursbuch* piece by Martin Walser were countercultural prophets such as Tuli Kupferberg, William S. Burroughs, and Marshall McLuhan; imitators such as Brinkmann, Helmut Heißenbüttel, and Peter Handke, whatever their artistic shortcomings, were guilty primarily of the crime of trying to import the *wrong* America. Walser believed—incorrectly, as it happens—that the counterculture and the political "movement" in the United States were separate phenomena; in fact, they cut across each other in significant ways. Indeed, the American literary underground played a critical role in helping prepare the way for the rise of the generational revolt that underpinned the American and German student movements. Moreover, the literary output of the American underground was posed precisely against the market forces that otherwise conspired to push quality into the background.

In the same month that the "Fiedler debate" was raging in the pages of *Christ und Welt*, the writer and critic Hans Magnus Enzensberger opened up another front in the war over the status of literature in a seminal issue of *Kursbuch*. Famous for Enzensberger's much-cited (and much misunderstood) announcement of the "death of literature," the issue also contained an essay by Karl Markus Michel, who, in contrast to Walser, claimed to detect the traces of a new literary praxis in "pop and happenings and many forms of the subculture" and in the wall slogans and placards of the insurrectionary students in the recently passed Paris May. Of greater impact in the debate was Enzensberger's essay in the volume, which called into question the very "usefulness" of literature altogether. Diagnosing a situation in which literature had developed a function as a "safety valve"

that decreased rather than increased the impetus toward political action, Enzensberger claimed that literature had lost the social or political relevance it once held.

Enzensberger's provocative remarks came at a time when literary practice was already changing to accommodate the perceived need for greater social relevance. The advent into literature of the "68er-Generation" (a misnomer, since the New Left literary project was very much a multigenerational affair), was marked by a rejection of earlier models of politicization. Or perhaps it is better to say that earlier models of politicization came to seem increasingly out of step in the overall climate of radicalization from the mid-1960s.

This trend played out in pronounced form around one of the primary vehicles of "political writing" in the postwar period, the legendary Gruppe 47. An informal writing circle whose membership included a veritable who's who of postwar German letters, Gruppe 47 played host to a number of writers—Hans Magnus Enzensberger, Uwe Johnson, Peter Handke, Reinhard Lettau—associated with the radical turn in West German literature. Yet the group itself and, in particular, the iconoclastic author Günter Grass, increasingly came under attack from those who advocated a more thoroughgoing politicization of literature. Ulrike Meinhof's well-known piece in the magazine *konkret*, which accused the group of having been left behind in its politics to the extent that it had become a tool of the ruling class, helped lend weight to the critical tone.

Rainer Langhans of the Kommune 1 at the printing press. Photo courtesy of Archiv Rainer Langhans.

Attempts to stake out new vistas of social relevance for literature—such as in the "documentary turn" of Peter Weiss, F. C. Delius, and Günter Wallraff, which drew on transcripts and reportage—came up against the hard reality that literary production took place within the larger sphere of capitalist production, a fact that rendered problematic any claims for a revolutionary literature. Enzensberger had highlighted this problem in his essay in *Kursbuch* 15, which emphasized the ever-growing ability of modern capitalism to commodify art and destroy its revolutionary potential. "Through industrial detours, via advertising, design, and styling," he wrote, "[literary interventions] wind up sooner or later, mostly sooner, in the consumer sphere."

Almost simultaneously, the "Culture und Revolution" working group in the Berlin *Sozialistischer Deutscher Studentenbund* (SDS) weighed in on the debate with a piece in the leading weekly *Die Zeit*. Entitled "Art as a Commodity of the Consciousness Industry," the essay elaborated on the questions posed by the status of the literary product as an item of capitalist consumption. A central theme had to do with the role played by production and distribution; if the goal of left-wing authors and publishers alike was to develop a "revolutionary" literature, there was also a general recognition that capitalist relations had embedded themselves in the very production of literature itself. "A large number of the titles collected [in the 1966 edition of the *Bibliography of Revolutionary Socialism*] were difficult to access," wrote SDS leader Rudi Dutschke, in his introduction to the 1969 edition. "The situation has partly improved since then, above all through anarchist bootleg-production, and through the activity of the presses that have been integrated into, or created by, the movement itself, but also through the bourgeois publishers hoping to enlarge their market."

"Bourgeois publishers" did play a major role in expanding the left–literary sphere in West Germany, maintaining their preeminence until, and to an extent after, the advent of the radical left's own presses toward the end of the decade. Major presses such as Suhrkamp and Rowohlt were quick to develop specialty imprints aimed at a leftist student audience. Dutschke himself was published in Rowohlt's "rororo aktuell" paperback series, as was student leader Daniel Cohn-Bendit. Publishers such as Fischer, Kiepenheuer & Witsch, Melzer, Europäische Verlagsanstalt,

Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag, and Luchterhand all were involved in publishing for the student left. A glance at the titles available in the crisis year of 1968—texts by the major Third World revolutionaries (Che, Fanon, Ho Chi Minh), major New Left thinkers such as Marcuse, up-to-the-moment works on the student unrest in France, treatments of the controversy around the Springer press monopoly and on the student movement itself—indicates the heavy involvement of the major presses in helping to create the left publishing sphere in West Germany in the late 1960s.

But this wide availability of texts was a double-edged sword. Many saw in the pronounced role of the mainstream press an act of capitalist recuperation that sold the left back its own ideas—much the way Thomas Frank's *Conquest of Cool* (1996) pointed out how American advertising catered to hippies—robbing those ideas of their subversive potential. In terms of content and style, the publishing programs of the major houses were seen as incursions into the territory of the anti-authoritarian movement. "The new Luchterhand typescript, the Sammlung Luchterhand, the low-priced Basis books of the Europäische Verlagsanstalt," noted a 1971 essay by Peter Götz von Olenhusen, "[and] countless paperback editions from Suhrkamp of the Rowohlt paperback texts of socialism and anarchism, are all examples of borrowing from the programs of the bootleg publishers."

Then as today, for authors with the opportunity, publishing with large presses offered many advantages, not least the promise of money and the possibility of reaching a large audience. Yet, as Rudi Dutschke experienced when he had to defend himself against charges that he had "sold out" by publishing with Rowohlt, the struggle over who had the right to speak for the Left cut to the heart of the anti-authoritarian revolt. As the Ça Ira press put it at the time:

> What is being communicated (our criticism) is more and more determined by the means of communication. We can be "revolutionary," print, write, talk, whatever we want: the machine (the bourgeois publishers, marketing organizations, printers, etc.) absorbs everything, makes it into [mere] decoration, quickly exploits it: our words must mean something in practice! That means, that we must switch over to *self-organization,* if we don't want our critical stance to become just a higher form of nonsense.

THIS QUESTION OF self-organization, one of the key motifs of the entire 68er project, was central to the initiatives enacted in the wake of the Frankfurter Buchmesse of 1968. It had been taken up at the Buchmesse by a group calling itself the *Literaturproduzenten* (literature producers). Founded by Jörg Schröder, Frank Benseler, Walter Boehlich, and Lothar Pinkal, the group took its inspiration from Walter Benjamin's famous essay "Der Autor als Produzent" (The Author as Producer). In that essay, accessible only some thirty years after its genesis in a talk of Benjamin's in Paris, the Marxist philosopher problematized the notion of literature as a value-free sphere of knowledge, arguing that it was capable of "assimilating, indeed of propagating, an astonishing amount of revolutionary themes without putting into question its own continued existence or that of the class that owns it." In this spirit, the Literaturproduzenten demanded a democratization of the administration of the Buchmesse and mooted plans to organize a *Messerat*.

Calls for democratization and self-management were met by the establishment of "authors' advisory committees" at Luchterhand, Suhrkamp, and other publishing houses, while at Bertelsmann, authors and editors founded the so-called AutorenEdition (Authors' Edition), a line of publications run democratically and collectively by the authors and editors themselves. The founding of the Verlag der Autoren (Authors' Press), in March 1969, by editors at Suhrkamp, who felt themselves no longer able to reconcile the discrepancy between the content of the publications and the capitalist relations that governed their production, represented a logical extension of the push toward self-management. These initiatives took place alongside a wave of press foundings that, by the end of the 1960s, accompanied the establishment of a vibrant and partly self-contained milieu with its own instrumentalities of production, distribution, and sales.

Some of the new presses, like Jörg Schröder's März Verlag, focused on widening the West German bridgehead of the "latest mood from the West." Others, like the Roter Stern Verlag founded by Schröder's associate K. D. Wolff, after his departure from März, catered to the explicitly political texts prized by the student-left milieu. All of these presses, among them Trikont, Linkeck, Oberbaum, Ça Ira, Peter Paul Zahl Verlag and many others, were founded on the principle that the left should have its own media, rather than simply relying on the market-based decisions of the big publishers.

From the end of the decade and into the 1970s, attempts accelerated to create an alternative (underground) public sphere aimed less at storming the commanding media heights, as at the SDS campaign to "expropriate" Axel Springer, than in creating access to the grassroots publications that exploded out of the anti-authoritarian revolt. This turn was marked by the rise of so-called "info" services seeking to draw together small local publishing initiatives into a network with regional, national, and international reach. One of the most important of these was the "Non-Conformist Literary Information Center" (Ulcus Molle Infodienst) established by Josef Wintjes in November 1969.

A computer specialist for Krupp, aspiring poet, and great fan of American Beat literature, Wintjes found a calling in the effort to collect and publicize the output of the countless new small presses and bedroom publishing operations. These so-called *Minipressen* were featured in a number of conventions, the most successful and influential of which took place in Mainz in September 1970. Displaying a wide selection of experimental Pop-art books and examples of the international underground press, the convention also featured lively debates about the meaning of

subculture in general and the significance of *Minipressen* in particular.

These debates informed the pages of *Ulcus Molle Infodienst*, which, alongside publication notices and mail-order listings, contained Wintjes' stream-of-consciousness musings on the state of the underground and short pieces by guest publishers discussing the philosophy behind their work. Billing itself as "a mouthpiece of the alternative press," *Ulcus Molle* sought to connect young authors with publishers while advertising the latest underground publications of every type: "internat[ional] underground newspapers, political writings, bootleg publications, newly published poetry, bibliophile editions, spoken word." Wintjes' aim was to encourage communication on the widest possible basis while helping to crystallize a burgeoning underground "literary TOTAL SCENE." Just how extensive in range and diverse in interests this "total scene" was at the end of the 1960s comes across clearly in the pages of Wintjes' publication, which featured periodicals such as *Aktion* ("class struggle porno-facts left-engaged underground APO-info"), *Edelgammler* ("poetry-satire-prose" from Bavaria), *Hotcha* ("authentic underground design, internationally oriented," *Ex-Libris* ("independent press Nuremberg/politics/music-literature"), and a hundred others blending the hard-political, subcultural, and the literary–bohemian left(s).

In 1971, Wintjes and his co-editor Frank Göhre launched a series of "Scene Readers" designed to capture the eclecticism of the alternative publishing milieu. With the "Project *Ulcus Molle* Scene Reader 72," the journal launched an extended discussion of its own publishing program and of the scene generally and aimed at collecting contributions for publication in concert with the 1972 Frankfurt Book Fair. "We want ideas and constructive contributions to the self-understanding of the German scene," wrote Wintjes and Göhre,

> that is, we want theoretical critiques of the actual circumstances of that which can be lumped under the category of progressive subculture. We want protocols and studies based upon practical rank-and-file work that can demonstrate meaningful learning processes within the counterculture.

The following year, Wintjes launched an explicit discussion of the "scene" concept in the pages of *Ulcus Molle*. The anarchist and underground publisher Peter Paul Zahl, writing from prison, where he was serving a sentence of four years for shooting at a police officer, observed:

> It seems to me that it must be clarified who or what the SCENE is. and/or whether it actually exists? The "polit[ical]-scene"—is there one? The macro[biotic]-scene. the yippie-scene. The drug scene. The jesus-, -allah, -buddha, -maharishi, -hare krishna,—etc. scene. who or what is SCENE? [...] is scene [an] import good made in uSSa like bubblegum, western[s], levy's [sic]?

Referring to the common practice of adopting terms and phrases of the American counterculture—"cool," "dig it," "shit" (for drugs)—Zahl wrote: "Is it in and of itself logical when the scene as a symbol of the great refusal is adopted on the basis of expressions adapted from the language of the occupier?"

FOR WINTJES, AS for Rolf Dieter Brinkmann, the vitality and inspiration coming into Germany from abroad trumped these concerns, not least because the originality and individualism of the alternative scene offered a necessary antidote to the "stereotypical (publishing) programs" of the increasingly monopolistic large publishers. Referring to his enterprise with dry but literal wit as "the experiment of a single individual without any capital," Wintjes assumed the role of an alternative Robin Hood, fighting for the creative and political worth of the underground against the large publishers. These he often called out by name ("Peter Melzer I'm waiting for an answer!") in humorous but pointed diatribes against recuperative intentions and exploitive prices. Wintjes' up-to-the-minute commentary on forthcoming publications—"When you become happy, is that already revolutionary?????"—serve as a useful barometer of the kinds of questions that were being asked circa 1968 and afterward. In every case, Wintjes' comments were informed by a concern with *authenticity* as the ultimate arbiter of aesthetic, political, or spiritual worth, a concept that played a key role in other aspects of the anti-authoritarian revolt as well.

The listings and commentary in *Ulcus Molle* read like a series of dialectic snapshots of the anti-authoritarian revolt in its moment of transition from a narrowly defined "student movement" to the more complex and diffuse interplay of initiatives and voices characteristic of the fractured "alternative" culture(s) of the post-1968 period. Yet the central questions being posed on the cusp of the 1970s—about the possibilities of working within the framework of capitalism; about recuperation; about the ownership of the cultural means of production; about the merit and content of "cultural" versus strictly "political" means of rebellion; about the value of working to change society from within versus attempting to leave it behind—cut through the entire anti-authoritarian revolt almost from its inception. The sheer number of publications produced beginning circa 1967–68, as well as their wide geographic distribution, both within West Germany and beyond, indicate the extent to which the anti-authoritarian revolt in West Germany was a product of the desire to express hidden or inchoate ideas and perspectives. Any account of 1968 in West Germany that focuses narrowly on the student movement at the expense of the sphere of "literary" production misses an aspect of great contemporary and long-term significance. □

RUINATION AND RECONSTRUCTION

East German utopian planning in postwar Vietnam

by Christina Schwenkel

ON THE OCCASION of the fortieth anniversary of the Paris Peace Accords, signed in January 1973, former California state senator and anti-war activist Tom Hayden penned a critical editorial in the *Los Angeles Times*, entitled "Buried History in Hanoi." In it, Hayden commented on the swirl of media attention and resurgence of public debate over the end of US involvement in Vietnam, in contrast to the negligible reportage of the fortieth anniversary of the infamous "Christmas Bombings" of northern Vietnam only one month earlier.

It is well known that the Paris Peace Accords led to the cessation of US military operations in Vietnam. Yet while the withdrawal of US combat troops and military advisors definitively ended the conflict for the United States, the war raged on in Vietnam. What is less known is that the Accords, in marking a decisive end to aerial bombing, also set into motion an immense socialist aid apparatus that would radically transform the devastated landscapes of Vietnamese cities. Among the allied socialist countries to offer assistance was the German Democratic Republic (GDR), which would play an instrumental role in postwar reconstruction, most notably in the industrial city of Vinh, located three hundred kilometers south of the capital city of Hanoi.

A lack of comprehensive knowledge of such urban projects is not incidental. The mass bombing of Vietnamese cities is largely forgotten in American public memory; this was the take-home message of Hayden's critique. The average US citizen knows little about the extent of the casualties and devastation of the air war. US public memory of "strategic bombing" has instead centered on other losses: failed policy, downed aircraft, and captured, killed, or missing pilots. Indeed, much of the discussion today around the controversial "December bombings," in 1972, during stalemated talks, addresses the decision-making process rather than the human costs: "Who was the stronger advocate for aerial attacks, Kissinger or Nixon?" asks an online exhibit by the National Archives and Records Administration. Sadly, Vietnamese individuals who suffered the traumatic effects of such imprudent acts are elided in these discussions. The American public has instead moved on—that which is no longer "news" is quickly subjected to oblivion—giving little thought to the aftermath of the bombing and how affected persons went about rebuilding their lives and cities when the threat of violence subsided.

A few quick facts to resuscitate memory: Between 1964 and 1973, the United States carried out sustained air attacks across the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV or "North Vietnam") in an effort to reverse the progress of socialist modernization, upend industrial production, and hinder the flow of troops and supplies to southern battlefields. While the Vietnamese named the protracted air strikes America's "War of Destruction"—*Chiến tranh Phá hoại*—Americans called them by their code names: "Operation Rolling Thunder" (1965–68) or "Operation Linebacker I and II" (1972), as well as other unnamed campaigns of indiscriminate bombing leading up to the infamous Christmas strikes, in 1972.

It is estimated that close to eight million tons of ordnance were dropped on Vietnam, more than twice the amount dropped by the allies during World War II. Smaller cities like Vinh bore the brunt of such violence, their decimated landscapes becoming a metaphor for the imminent collapse of postcolonial modernity. True to its threat, the US Air Force displayed its technological might to the world by bombing regions of Vietnam "back to the Stone Age." For postwar planners from "fraternal" countries, these leveled towns provided a blank canvas for the construction of new utopian cities that offered the possibility of the socialist "good life" to displaced and war-weary populations.

This was the case with the "red city" of Vinh, in the province of Nghệ An, an area of Vietnam synonymous with hardship and resilience—attributes that underpin its proud intellectual and revolutionary traditions. For instance, it is the homeland of national poet Nguyễn Du, the

A cratered city before and after reconstruction. Images courtesy of Raimer Buntrock.

father of Vietnam's modern nation-state Hố Chí Minh, as well as a host of other historical and cultural icons. During the war, Vinh became notorious for the scale of devastation it experienced: according to US military reports, over a ten-year period, the port city was subjected to more than 5,000 air strikes that annihilated strategic infrastructure, such as power plants and railway lines, but also destroyed people's livelihoods, killed entire families, and devastated social, cultural, and economic institutions, including markets, hospitals, schools, and pagodas. When the raids came to a conclusive end, in January 1973, there was little left to the city but ruins, rubble, smoke, and ash; these sites and smells remain seared into the memories of inhabitants who experienced the protracted terror. In describing the scale of urban catastrophe, these inhabitants frequently invoked Dresden as a historical point of comparison, one laden with deep moral and ideological significance that intersected with GDR collective memory of World War II: victimization at the hand of US imperialism.

This analogy between Vietnam's and Germany's wartime pasts (bound up with its own selective remembrance in the case of the GDR) was generative of important social and political affinities. The GDR's deep identification with Vietnam's anti-imperialist struggle mobilized widespread support among citizens for solidarity campaigns, securing continuing political and humanitarian support from Berlin. Hanoi was less interested in commonalities drawn between histories of destruction, however, than it was in Dresden's "rise from the ashes"—a model of urban regeneration officials hoped to achieve in Vinh. For the more than two hundred GDR practitioners who would travel to Vinh—urban planners, engineers, and other skilled professionals—the massive reconstruction project carried out between 1974 and 1980 presented an opportunity to translate expressions of political solidarity into concrete social practice. At the level of the state, this *brüderliche Hilfe* (fraternal aid) provided a moral platform for East Germany to depict itself globally as a benevolent benefactor to Third World countries fighting for decolonization, and to contrast this *productive* assistance with West Germany's *destructive* support for imperialist interventions, including the US-orchestrated war in Vietnam. A Cold War politics of *Vergangenheitsbewältigung*—of coming to terms with the past—was thus poised to play out in and through the war in Vietnam.

The reconstruction of Vinh City with the technical and financial assistance of East Germany was part of a large-scale, multilateral recovery program for Vietnam involving socialist and socialist-leaning countries across Asia, Europe, and Latin America. Like the Marshall Plan of post-WWII Europe, an emphasis on industrialization to regenerate the economy channeled massive investments into the rebuilding of infrastructure. Unlike Western Europe, however, for Vietnam the path to building a brighter, more prosperous future (at the time) was through a centralized socialist economy, rather than through capitalism. Socialist rehabilitation of cities, with its promise of adequate housing and basic services for all citizens, would prove key to securing the legitimacy of the Vietnamese state.

GDR utopian designs for social transformation of Vinh City coalesced around the architectural technology of the *Wohnkomplex*, or housing complex, also referred to as a "microdistrict," to denote an integrated residential area with apartment blocks and on-site public services. The master plan for the estate was impressive for a small but expanding city such as Vinh, which in its prewar years had consisted mostly of one- or two-story buildings, often made of thatch or wood.

Planners initially proposed 36 apartment blocks (each with five floors) that would house an estimated fifteen thousand workers and cadres with notable contributions to socialist nation-building. This plan proved too ambitious, however, due to a lack of available resources. The urgent need to rebuild factories to produce essential construction materials was concurrent with the manufacturing of housing. By the end of 1980, when planners and technicians returned to East Germany, only 22 blocks had been completed, providing shelter for approximately 9,000 tenants. Still, this was a tremendous feat given the material constraints that had necessitated the import of equipment and machinery from East Germany, from construction cranes down to iron nails. Some of these relics can still be found in use in the city today.

The housing estate not only showcased the spectacular potential of socialism—and GDR technology—to rebuild the devastated city anew, with high-rise buildings, parks, a stadium, cinema, trade center, and other public spaces of social activity. It also served as an ideological tool to transform rural-to-urban migrants into productive and disciplined worker-citizens. State provisioning of housing was closely tied to a bio-political project of reforming individuals, such as the new migrant labor force not yet schooled in the art of modern living. Self-contained apartments that emphasized the nuclear family would offer urban dwellers a new path to postwar modernity: private facilities, such as indoor kitchens and plumbing, would reduce the domestic workload, expand leisure time, and increase worker productivity. And yet, the hopeful dreamworld of socialist prosperity and material well-being quickly dissipated after tenants moved in to find that newly built infrastructure often did not function or perform as planned.

Residents had an ambivalent relationship with the housing blocks. Those who positioned themselves as modern urban subjects often felt they were "ideal" (solid-brick homes were a luxury compared with collective thatch housing during the war years). Others dreaded moving into the boxed high-rises and having to climb flights of stairs. In contrast to the self-proclaimed urbanites, they imagined a future fixed on a rural elsewhere. Despite such ambivalence, residents were quick to defend the technical and ecological achievements of the buildings: After a careful study of demographic and environmental indicators, planners adopted an "eco-socialist" approach to the wider design of the *Wohnkomplex*. Indeed, their limited resources demanded it. Air flow, natural lighting, and passive heating and cooling

through the tactical planting of trees, the positioning of the buildings, and the layout of the units, facilitated a more economical and healthful living environment. In the utopian imaginary of a post-rubble "socialist city," rebuilding and regreening were inextricably linked, inadvertently producing one of Vietnam's first "eco-cities."

Over time, the housing complex emerged as one of the greenest residential areas of Vinh. Older inhabitants who fondly remember East German assistance are quick to point this out. Among the mature trees stand dilapidated but still fully occupied buildings, brimming with vibrant social life. A lack of municipal investment in repairs has contributed to the steady decline of the blocks over the past thirty years. Once the pride of the city and a model—at least in theory—for Vietnam's urban recovery, the apartment blocks have come to suggest a city in crisis once again. Such crisis has attracted widespread attention and efforts of intervention, from Vietnamese developers and urban speculators to international aid and development agencies, including from Germany, almost all of whom advocate demolition.

Residents are more divided, particularly across generations. Memories of solidarity remain strong and influential among the older population, the original inhabitants who experienced traumatic loss and displacement in the wake of bombing, and postwar re-emplacement owing to GDR assistance. Their sentimental relationship to this formative past is signified in the materiality of the buildings that carry the mark of "socialist friendship" in the overlaid letters *VĐ* (Vietnam-Germany) embossed above the entryways. This sensibility has strengthened in recent years with the returning trips of German technicians, who have been treated like celebrity heroes in the local press. To demolish the blocks would be to eradicate this deeply symbolic history from the landscape, a history now discredited as a "failed experiment" by some international actors. Demolition also threatens to re-displace occupants and uproot their tight-knit community. And yet living among decay entails significant risk, leaving the critical trilemma: to preserve (as "heritage"), to renovate (if salvageable), or to remove (and rebuild)? Competing economic, political, and historical interests are at stake in finding an adequate solution to the crisis. In an unanticipated, if not ironic, way, Vinh has re-emerged as a political battleground for the ongoing struggle to define and control the shifting contours of German memory. □

THE DEUTER INSTITUTE

Adventures in the familiar

by Hari Kunzru

I THINK IT IS possible to track the onset of middle age exactly. It is the moment when you examine your life and instead of a field of possibility opening out, an increase in scope or proliferation, you have a sense of waking from sleep or being washed up on shore, newly conscious of your surroundings. *So this is where I am*, you say to yourself. *This is what I have become.* It is when you first understand that your condition—physically, intellectually, socially, spiritually, financially—is not absolutely immutable, that what has already happened will, to a great extent, determine the rest of your story. What you have done cannot be undone, and much of what you have been putting off for later will never get done at all. Your strength and ingenuity have revealed their limits. You can see a time in the future when you will need to rest. In short, your time is a finite and dwindling resource. From this moment on, whatever you are doing, whatever joy or intensity or whirl of pleasure you may experience, you will never shake the almost-imperceptible sensation that you are travelling on a gentle downward slope into darkness.

It was in this state that I arrived in Berlin the next day to begin a three-month residency at the Deuter Institute, out in the far western suburb of Wannsee. It was just after New Year, and the wheels of the taxi crunched down the driveway over a thin crust of snow. As I caught my first glimpse of the villa, emerging from behind a curtain of white-frosted pines, it seemed like the precise objective correlative of my emotional state, a place that I recognized from some deep and melancholy place inside myself. The house was large but unremarkable, a sober construction with a sharply pitched, grey-tiled roof and a pale facade pierced by rows of tall windows. Its only extravagance was a glass-walled modern annexe that extended out from one side, an open space that seemed to be some kind of administrative center.

I paid the driver and staggered up the stairs with my bags. Before I could ring the bell, there was a buzzing sound, and the door opened onto a large, echoing hallway. I stepped through it like a prince entering some fairytale ogre's lair, but instead of a sleeping princess, I was greeted by a jovial porter. His effusive warmth seemed at odds with the somber surroundings. Had I had a pleasant journey? Would I like some coffee? If I needed anything, anything at all, I had merely to ask. I assured him that my only desire was to wash up and take a look at my office.

"Of course," he said. "Please allow me to help you with your cases."

We took an elevator to the third floor, where he showed me in to a sort of luxurious garret. The space was clean and bright and modern, with pine furniture and crisp white sheets on the bed, tucked under the sloping beams of the roof. The heaters were sleek rectangular grids, the windows

double-glazed. In one corner was a little kitchenette, with hotplates and a fridge. A door led through to a well-appointed bathroom. Despite these conveniences, the room had an austere quality that I found pleasing. It was a place to work, to contemplate. When the Institute had contacted me to offer me the fellowship, I had immediately pictured myself as the "poor poet" in a nineteenth-century painting I'd once seen on a visit to Munich. The poet sits up in bed wearing a white sleeping cap, edged in gold thread, with gold-rimmed spectacles perched on his nose, and a quill clamped between his jaws, like a pirate's cutlass. His attic room has holes in the windows and is obviously cold, since he's bundled up in an old dressing gown, patched at one elbow. He has been using pages from his own work to light the fire, which has now gone out. His possessions are meager: a hat, a coat, and a stick, a candle stub in a bottle, a wash basin, a threadbare towel, a torn umbrella hanging from the ceiling. Around him books are piled upon books. Flat against his raised knees he holds a manuscript, and with his free hand he makes a strange gesture, pressing thumb against forefinger. Is he scanning a verse? Crushing a bedbug? Or is it a hole, an absence? Could he be contemplating the meaninglessness of existence, nothingness, the void?

The poet does not care about his surroundings, or if he does, he's making the best of things. He is absorbed in his artistic labor. This was how I wanted to be, who I wanted to be, at least for a while. The Institute's full name was the Deuter Institute for Social and Cultural Research. Its founder, an industrialist with a utopian streak, had endowed it with a minor part of a fortune made during the years of the postwar economic miracle, with the vague aim of fostering what he termed "the full potential of the individual human spirit." In practical terms, this meant that throughout the year a floating population of writers and scholars were in residence at the Deuter family's old lakeside villa, catered to by a staff of librarians, cleaners, cooks, and computer technicians, all dedicated to promoting an atmosphere in which the fellows could achieve as much work as possible, without being burdened by the practical aspects of daily existence.

I unpacked my cases and put my toiletries in the bathroom. As I moved around, I could feel my spirits lifting. The view from my window was starkly beautiful. A snowy lawn led down to the shore of the lake, where an iron fence marked the boundary of the property. Beyond it, a few small boats, their decks sheathed in plastic covers, were tied up at a little pier. The surface of the water was grey and gelatinous, undulating rather

than rippling in the light wind. When I opened the window, I could hear an eerie clinking sound, incongruously like alpine cow bells, which I realized must be the aluminum rails and ladders of the boats knocking against their moorings. I thought about some lines from Hölderlin:

> Die Mauern stehn
> Sprachlos und kalt, im Winde
> Klirren die Fahnen

The walls stand speechless and cold, the weather-vanes clatter in the wind. I was pleased, even a little smug, that this line had sprung so easily to mind. It was apposite in many ways. Its presence in my consciousness, so available to be applied to the view from my window, suggested that even before I'd formally begun it, my project at the Institute was already under way.

MY PROPOSAL HAD been titled "The Lyric I." Though most of my published critical work concerned prose fiction, I had decided to write about the construction of the self in lyric poetry. I wrote about the lyric as a "textual technology for the organization of affective experience, and a container in which modern selfhood has come to be formulated." This sounded important and good. I quoted Madame de Staël on the difference between the self in lyric poetry and fiction:

> Lyric poetry is expressed in the name of the author himself; no longer is it borne by a character. [...] Lyric poetry recounts nothing, is not confined by the succession of time, nor by the limits of place. It spreads its wings over countries and over ages. It gives duration to that sublime moment in which man raises himself above the pleasures and pains of life.

I noted, along with Adorno, that "lyric expression, having escaped from the weight of material existence, should evoke images of a life free from the coercion of reigning practices, of utility, of the relentless pressures of self preservation." I agreed with Hegel that "the content is not the object but the subject, the inner world, the mind that considers and feels, that instead of proceeding to action, remains alone with itself as inwardness and that therefore can take as its sole form and final aim the self-expression of subjective life."

I have a friend whose relationship advice I used to take until I realized that he was a solipsist. If he told me that I ought not to have an affair, as to do so would be very destructive to my marriage, it was because just then he needed to hear someone else say that to him. Instead of addressing whatever issue I'd raised (which could have been something completely different) he was essentially conducting an argument with himself, against his current impulse to cheat on his wife. When the Institute accepted my proposal, and I was forced to reread it and consider it as a piece of work that might actually have to be executed, I realized that it had precisely this character. Deep down I had no real desire to understand how lyric poets had historically experienced their subjectivity. I wasn't that interested. It was a piece of wishfulness, an expression of my own desires, the desire to be raised above the pleasures and pains of my life, to be free from the coercions of a toddler, the relentless pressures, financial and social, of living in New York. I wanted to remain alone with myself as inwardness. I wanted, in short, to take a break.

I showered and changed, and took the elevator down to the lobby. I knocked on the glass door of the porter's lodge and asked to be shown to my office. The jovial porter walked me through a large reception room, hung with abstract paintings, descendants of the kind of work that used to be exhibited in West Berlin as evidence of American vigor and creative liberty. We passed a dining room with French windows giving out onto a snow-covered terrace. Beyond the dining room was a glass door which led to the annex I'd seen from the taxi, a large open space with desks and filing cabinets arranged in little clusters, atolls of wood and metal on a sea of blue carpet tile. I assumed this was where the administrative staff worked, so I was surprised when the porter tapped his keycard on the door and gestured for me to step inside.

"Here," he said. "You'll find everything you need."

I told him I didn't understand.

"Your workstation. You have a fast internet connection. The password is in your welcome pack. If you need the use of a computer, it will be the pleasure of the IT department to supply one."

He demonstrated the task light, which switched on and off with a wave of the hand. I looked around at the other desks, some of them clean and bare, others with the telltale signs of regular occupation—books and papers, family photos, coffee cups. I don't know what I'd expected. An oak-paneled library, an airy biomorphic pod. But the one constant to all my fantasies about my working life at the Institute had been privacy. Seclusion and a lockable door.

"I'm sorry. I can't work here. I need to be alone."

He looked blank.

"It will be impossible for me to concentrate."

His blank look crumbled into one of intense sympathy, as if I'd just announced that I'd been bereaved, or diagnosed with a serious illness.

"Please don't worry. It is always hundred percent quiet. The rules are very clear. It is strictly forbidden to talk. The atmosphere is like a library. If people must make phone calls or meetings, there is another space."

"But it's . . . "

I realized I was embarrassed by what I was trying to say. When I was younger, I'd worked in many public places, university libraries, even coffee shops. The question of noise wasn't at the heart of the creeping horror I felt. The desk I'd been assigned was in the middle of the room. As I wrote, people would be moving around behind me, out of my view. Other "workstations" (the porter's neologism

had stuck in my mind) were located nearby, in positions where I would be able to see their occupants' screens. My own screen would be visible to others, perhaps not close enough to read a piece of text, but certainly close enough to judge whether it displayed a word document or a video playing on a social media site. I myself would be visible from every angle. My body, my posture. I have a visceral dislike of being watched while I write, not just because the content might be private, but because all the things one does while writing that are not actually writing—stretching, looking out into space, browsing the Internet—seem somehow shameful if they're monitored by others.

Somewhere in Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*, the writer imagines himself as a peeping Tom in a darkened corridor, terrified by the sudden possibility that he'll be caught, that the Other (that important philosophical personage) will shine a flashlight on him and reveal his shame. As long as he feels he's unobserved, he is a pure consciousness, existentially free. As soon as there's even the possibility of observation—a rustling sound, a footstep, or the slight movement of a curtain—all his freedom vanishes. "Shame," he writes,

> is shame of *self*. It is the recognition that I am indeed that object which the Other is looking at and judging. I can be ashamed only as my freedom escapes me in order to become a given object. [...] I am in a world which the Other has made alien to me.

I knew that many, even most people, had working lives that included this kind of alienating surveillance, as a matter of course. The police function of the open plan office is not news to anyone who's ever worked in one. At the bottom end of the scale, the intensity is much higher. In a call center or at a shipping warehouse, bathroom breaks are monitored, work rate is quantified, and penalties are imposed on those who fall behind. But none of this applied to me. I was a scholar who had won a prestigious competitive fellowship. I certainly didn't need to be nudged or pushed along by The Other. The workstation was a kind of insult, a lowering of my status. It was unacceptable.

I told the porter that under no circumstances would I ever write in that space. My room was very comfortable. I would be perfectly happy to work in there.

He looked uneasy.

"Of course," he said. "You must do as you wish." □

FEATURES

New Work by Academy Fellows and Friends

A radiation warning sign near the site of Kopachi village, inside the Chernobyl Exclusion Zone, September 29, 2015. Photo by Sean Gallup/Getty Images.

WHERE FRUIT FLIES FEAR TO TREAD

The slow death of an ecosystem

by Kate Brown

Ukrainian-born Daniel Einor is a graduate student in biology at the University of South Carolina. Thin, with soft brown hair and eyes to match, he is the most junior member of the international team of evolutionary biologists led by Danish biologist Anders Møller and the primarily Canadian Tim Mousseau, who work at least twice a year in the Chernobyl Zone. The two scientists lead a team that studies the effects of low doses of radiation on organisms and ecosystems.

Daniel and I were pursuing a runaway mouse in the team's makeshift field lab, in the *shtetl* of Chernobyl, in a former parlor lined with wire cages, each one holding a mouse or vole, tagged with a number and wearing a tiny clear plastic collar. Attached to each collar was a diminutive dosimeter; and each mouse had a label coded with the location where it had been caught, along with radiation readings taken at ground level at three places surrounding the trap.

Daniel had the job of measuring the mice, taking blood samples, and then placing each animal in a small balsa-wood box, which he lowered into a 500-pound lead cave. He would then insert a portable gamma spectrometer, the kind Homeland Security personnel use when inspecting cargo for radioactive material. The spectrometer gives the count of photons released from various radionuclides coming from the frightened, shivering bodies of the captured mice. The gamma spectrometer was set to measure radioactive cesium-137, a by-product of nuclear fission and the most common radioactive isotope in the Zone. Mice don't travel far from where they're born, so the count of radioactive isotopes tends to match that of the surrounding soil where the mouse was trapped. Mice found in "hot" areas often have high counts of cesium-137.

When Daniel would pull the box from the lead cave and open it, the agitated mice would bite down hard on his gloved hand. If he didn't quicken his grip, they'd make a run for it. A couple times an hour, we stopped our work to pursue a runaway, flushing the frightened creatures from under shelves, crates, radiators, and jugs.

My job was simple. I pinched seed-sized feces from the corners of empty cages and dropped them in small, plastic vials, labeling them and tossing them into a Soviet-era fridge.

The feces would eventually travel to South Carolina to be analyzed for microbial content.

This wasn't my normal line of work. By profession, I am a historian. I ended up in the Zone to follow the only team of biologists I could locate who were actively working on Chernobyl. Last year, Mousseau and I collaborated together on a grant from the American Council of Learned Societies. Møller and Mousseau's team, funded from small private foundation grants, has published more than a hundred articles about their Chernobyl work. Their oeuvre defies the usual popular-press depictions of the Zone as either a land of two-headed monsters or a thriving wildlife paradise. Their studies describe biological organisms struggling in a state of reduced fitness and fertility in an ecosystem quietly persisting in a state of ecological crisis.

In the first two decades that followed the Chernobyl explosion, on April 26, 1986, the Zone was off-limits to all but employees. Left only to imagine it, writers and directors conceptualized the Zone as the darkest spot on earth. In films, video games, and novels, zombies, mutants, and criminals haunted the Zone, which had become a scrim on which to project the most despairing nightmares of apocalypse or damnation. This picture evolved after 2002, when the Ukrainian government opened the Zone to limited tourism. Journalists and adventurists, myself included, showed up. Escorted by guides, we wandered the abandoned villages and the city of Pripyat. With tourism and the state's re-branding of the Zone into a nature preserve, a new vision, just as biblical as the image of a metaphorical Hades, materialized. The Zone, deprived of humans, spelled the return of the lost Garden of Eden.

Reporters noted the appearance rare owls, eagles, wolves, and bears. In early 2005, biologists counted 64 wild Przewalsky horses, expanded from 21 animals that had escaped captivity six years earlier. The influential 2006 World Health Organization report, *The Chernobyl Forum,* picked up on this current, suggesting that Chernobyl ecosystems were healthy and thriving. Several biologists declared that human activity in the form of forestry, farming, pesticides, and hunting is more devastating to local plants and animals than the world's worst nuclear power plant disaster. "The Zone," journalist Mary Mycio wrote, is an "unintentional wildlife sanctuary."

Tim Mousseau and Anders Møller were puzzled by these stories. Møller first visited the Zone in 1991. A specialist in barn swallows, he found birds in contaminated areas that had albino patches and other abnormalities he had never seen in his twenty years of research. Mousseau first visited the zone in 2000. When the *Chernobyl Forum* report came out, he and Møller looked closely at the footnotes. "It was all anecdotal," Mousseau recalls. "There was no research to back up the claims." Ukrainian and Russian research had petered out in the 1990s, with the collapse of the post-Soviet economy—and thus funding. Meanwhile, few Westerners had even worked in the Zone. The two biologists teamed up.

Mousseau grew up in an itinerant military family and has a been-everywhere, unfazed quality about him. Even so, when he took a first walk in a forest of the Zone, he was caught off-guard by a strange occurrence. Spiders normally thread webs between trees across a path, leaving sticky strings for walkers. *Why no webs?* he wondered. He went actively looking for arachnids but found few. When he and Møller made a formal count—over three years, in 700 sites, following line transects—they discovered that at very low levels of radiation (at below one hundred times greater than normal levels) spiders decreased significantly.

They turned next to fruit flies (*drosophila*). For geneticists and evolutionary biologists, fruit flies are the jam to their occupational bread and butter. They have giant chromosomes and reproduce quickly, which makes them ideal subjects to track genetic mutations. In the Chernobyl Zone, however, Møller and Mousseau had trouble finding fruit flies outside of the town of Chernobyl. That too was startling. Most people have trouble getting summertime *drosophila* out of their kitchens. But in highly contaminated areas, fruit trees—apple, pear, rowanberry, wild rose, and cranberry—produced much less fruit.

Puzzled, Mousseau and Møller looked for the pollinators that fertilize fruit trees. Again, they counted few bees, butterflies, or dragonflies. At 898 points around the Zone, they counted an average of one-third of a bumblebee and half a butterfly. The pollinators, they realized, had been decimated by the release of radiation in soils where the insects lay eggs. Because there was less fruit, not just fewer fruit flies, fruit-eating birds such as thrushes and warblers suffered demographically and declined in number. Frugivores, in turn, serve as seed spreaders. With a decline in frugivores, fewer fruit trees and shrubs took root and grew. And so it went. The team investigated 19 villages in a 15-kilometer circle around the blown nuclear plant and found that all of two apple trees had seeded after the 1986 explosion. Those two lone trees exhibit the tapering endpoint of the cascading effect of extinction. The peril of a few species of small, winged creatures magnified to threaten the entire surrounding ecosystem.

Noticing the absence of fruit flies led to what Mousseau calls his "Silent Spring" moment. Rachel Carson's 1961 blockbuster documented how DDT sprayed to kill insects was also decimating wildlife, especially birds, in communities across the United States. In the preface, Carson—who at the time was quietly dying of breast cancer—wrote that one day she had noticed the birds in her lush Washington, DC, suburb had gone silent. This simple act of observation sent her on a quest that led to her seminal text, which inspired the modern American environmental movement.

Møller and Mousseau's micro-level analysis pointed to depressed populations and reduced fitness among insects, birds, and large

animals in areas with high levels of contamination, drawing rival scholars to the topic. In 2015, University of Portsmouth professor Jim Smith and his coauthors published a two-page letter in *Current Biology* stating that their count of large fauna in the contaminated zone in Belarus showed no radiation damage to populations. The biologists, whose worked is funded by a British foundation that supports sustainable energy development, including nuclear power, used data gathered from Belorussian helicopter flights over the reserve. In a follow-up study in 2016, they used scent to attract animals to 94 camera traps in order to photograph wolves, foxes, raccoons, dogs, and wild boar. Finding no difference between areas of high and low contamination within the Zone, the scientists concluded their work showed "wildlife's resilience in the face of chronic radiation stress." Despite the meager and preliminary nature of these findings, the global media picked up this story and ran with it, as they had in 2002 when the Zone opened. As humans consider the seemingly unstoppable rollout of global warming, no message is more soothing than one in which nature, damaged by human technology, rights itself. The dueling articles have produced a scientific stalemate, one familiar in the field of harmful but profitable toxins. It took quarrelling scientists decades to agree that products such as tobacco, lead, and arsenic are harmful to human health.

As evolutionary biologists, Møller and Mousseau are interlopers; they began their careers outside the field of radiation ecology. Their critics tend to be physicists by training. Biologists study habitats and bodies of insects and animals. Physicists study isotopes and the energy they emit. Radiation ecologists begin with numbers—the levels of radiation and estimated doses to bodies. With those doses they make larger predictions about general harm to populations. Physicist Jim Smith argues that Møller and Mousseau are wrong because the levels of radioactivity they record are too low, according to established statistical models, upon which nuclear regulatory agencies have relied for decades to assure the public they are safe. Scientists have recalibrated and lowered the permissible dose a half-dozen times since they were first established, in 1928. Møller and Mousseau's work is threatening because finding genetic and somatic damage at the low levels they record might force international nuclear regulatory agencies once again to lower the doses recommended as safe.

In response to their critics, Møller and Mousseau have kept working. In the summer of 2011, after the meltdown of three reactors at the Fukushima Plant, they added Japan to their list of annual peregrinations through radiated terrain. In the Fukushima Prefecture, they found a similar pattern of dramatic effects on species' richness and abundance, alongside skewed age and sex ratios among birds. They teamed up with a group of physicists in France who performed the mathematical heavy lifting to estimate individual doses for each tiny bird. This is the kind of evidence physicists consider reliable. To be convinced of damage from radioactivity, they look for a linear relationship between abundance and absorbed doses. The French scientists' dose reconstructions showed that doses of radioactivity directly tracked in a linear fashion with declining numbers of birds.

But dose reconstructions are not their main aim. Møller and Mousseau want to know what happens in the wild when biological organisms are exposed to man-made ionizing radiation. Scientists have pursued this question in labs since the inception of the Manhattan Project. Those studies, generally carried out in labs funded by atomic agencies, have tended to find minimal or no damage at low doses. Møller and Mousseau contend that in the wild, animals' exposures are greater than in lab simulations because of multiple exposures and generational genetic impact. The problem is that experiments in the wild are subject to uncontrollable and variable factors—weather, human and animal molestation, and genetic variability. Field experiments cannot be duplicated exactly, and so scientists have trouble authenticating their work. "Lab scientists," Mousseau quipped, "think we are crazy." Møller and Mousseau also differ from the lab scientists in that they are interested in most everything they can count and measure. For this reason their *shtetl* field lab is a cluttered place: mice cages in the parlor, frozen butterflies in the aging fridge, mushrooms stacked in the hallway, and collections of invertebrates on the porch. When the team notices something odd, they have set out to study it, to bring their observation beyond the anecdotal, which is the charge they level against the journalists and scientists who assert the zone is a thriving nature preserve. It is a messy business, the work of perfecting the art of noticing.

As we drove around the Zone escorting voles back home, I practiced my own observational skills by guessing approximate radiation levels and matching my speculation to the Geiger counter. It became a game, if a dispiriting one. In the *shtetl* of Chernobyl, the birds in June started to sing at 3 AM and increased in volume and intensity until sunrise. Chernobyl clouds missed the town of Chernobyl, and it records levels of radiation lower than background values. Out in some forest spots, I would listen for birds but found mostly silence amid a few shrill calls. I'd check my counter to find high contamination levels. Then I'd look around for pine trees because they are especially vulnerable to radioactive decay. Before the accident, foresters cultivated pine for commercial production because it grows fast, tall, and straight; pine trees exposed to radiation show disorganized growth. Tree trunks, rather than extending board straight, split into columns, creating trunks shaped like the letter Y or a Ukrainian trident. Pine needles, which normally point in one direction, scatter drunkenly left, right, up, and

down. The exposed pines aren't pretty, but at least they are there. In areas registering more than 40 microsieverts an hour, the biologists have a hard time finding any pine trees at all.

As we stopped to drop off some voles, the dosimeter measured 10 microsieverts per hour on the road, twice the rate of a transatlantic flight. When we steppt into the forest, it gave off a warning beep at 30, then rose to 42 microsieverts per hour. I did not relish the feeling of walking through woods knowing they were "hot," though I knew that by current radiation standards I was in no danger unless I remained there for months, ate and drank from it, burrowed in the top layer of soil, as insects and voles did. Even so, knowing the woods were radioactive dampened the pleasure of being in a lush, northern forest on a breezy, summer day.

As we turned over the cages, the frightened voles make a dash for it. We made quick work of it and headed back to the road. Radioactive isotopes concentrate in biological organisms, which mean the more nature, the higher the readings. In contrast to everyday life elsewhere, asphalt in the Zone is safer than the forest.

All day long, our vehicles ambled up and down the broken roads of the Zone, as the team repatriated the voles. Bouncing along, I puzzled over the controversy about wildlife abundance in the Zone. No one disputes the fact that animals exist there. The more pertinent question is: How do biological organisms fare on contaminated terrain? Motion-triggered cameras, lab experiments, and mathematical equations cannot wholly answer that question. For that it takes boots—wet, muddy, and rubber ones—on the ground, work that is tedious and bug-bitten, and it takes senses trained to notice subtle changes. Perhaps because this labor is so thankless, few scientists have been willing to pose the long overdue questions about the effect of chronic low doses of radiation on biological organisms. Yet these questions are germane to existence in more and more places around the globe. □

LIFE WITHOUT AUTHORITY

Boko Haram and the crises of Nigeria

by Michael J. Watts

The tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living. And just as they seem to be occupied with revolutionizing themselves and things, creating something that did not exist before, precisely *in such epochs of revolutionary crisis they anxiously conjure up the spirits of the past to their service, borrowing from them names, battle slogans, and costumes in order to present this new scene in world history in time-honored disguise and borrowed language.*

Karl Marx, *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon*, 1852 (emphasis added)

ACCORDING TO THE UN OFFICE for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs, roughly 4.4 million people in the Lake Chad region of northeastern Nigeria are in need of urgent food aid. Famine-like conditions are widespread, extending even to large urban areas such as Maiduguri, the capital of Borno State, a city that has doubled in size in the last two years and currently hosts over 2.4 million displaced people. According to Médicins Sans Frontières, 39 percent of the region's children suffer from acute malnutrition. Such desperate conditions are not the result of deteriorating climatic conditions in the drought-prone West African Sahel; they are a consequence of a seven-year Salafist insurgency officially known in Arabic as *Jama'atu Ahlis Sunna Lidda'awati Wal-Jihad* (People Committed to the Propagation of the Prophet's Teachings and Jihad), popularly referred to as Boko Haram.

It is hard to exaggerate the devastation that Boko Haram has unleashed upon vast tracts of the northeast of Nigeria since 2009 and the horror it has wrought by attacks across the country's Muslim north, including in major cities such as Kano, and the capital, Abuja. Since 2009, Boko Haram has killed more than 20,000 people, the majority of them Muslim. The years 2014 and 2015 witnessed a massive escalation in both the scale and character of violence. Fatalities increased sharply, and some four hundred conflict events in 2014 alone accounted for more than 7,500 deaths, the majority of which were perpetrated in remote border communities. Another 11,000 deaths were attributed to Boko Haram in 2015, marked by large-scale abductions (the 276 Chibok girls were famously kidnapped in April 2014, but the total figure now exceeds two thousand, many of whom are still captive) and enhanced terrorist tactics, including beheading, the deployment of young female suicide bombers, sexual violence, and slavery.

While Boko Haram is seen as opposed Western education—"Boko Haram" translates loosely as "Western education is forbidden"—only 7 percent of its attacks have been directed at schools: 40 percent are directed at government and security forces, 25 percent at private citizens and property, and 10 percent at religious figures and institutions. Conflicts with Nigerian security forces had escalated in 2009, when Boko Haram's leader—a charismatic and well-connected radical Islamist preacher, Mohammed Yusuf—mysteriously died while in police custody. Assassinations carried out by motorcycle riders targeted representatives of the state who Boko Haram followers believed had cheated or failed them: politicians, officials, rival religious scholars, and especially representatives of the dreaded police and security forces, who routinely engaged in extra-judicial killings,

according to international human rights groups. According to UN assistant secretary-general and regional humanitarian coordinator for the Sahel, Toby Lanzer, Boko Haram has become the deadliest terrorist group in the world.

Dramatically, on August 26, 2011, Boko Haram launched an audacious attack on Abuja. A massive car bomb detonated in the UN compound killed 23 persons and seriously injured more than a hundred. Within ten days of the attacks, two videos were released to the media, including 25 minutes of speeches by the alleged bomber, who is seen holding an AK-47 rifle. A man claiming to be a spokesman for the sect told local news services that the alleged bomber was Mohammed Abul Barra, a 27-year-old married man from Maiduguri. In the videos, a young man speaks in measured tones wearing a striped shirt, a turban, and what appears to be a suicide vest. The UN is referred to as a "forum of all the global evil" and praises are offered to Osama bin Laden, the al-Qaeda leader killed by US Special Forces in Pakistan two months prior. A few months later, on Friday, January 20, 2012, following of afternoon prayers, at least twenty coordinated bomb attacks on policy and security installations were launched in Kano. Close to two hundred people were reported dead, and the city—the commercial, religious, and political epicenter of the Muslim north—was placed under lockdown. Summarizing the movement's political intentions, a Boko Haram spokesperson said, "We do not believe in any system of government. [...] We are fighting against democracy, capitalism, socialism, and the rest. [...] The Nigerian government is illegal [...] because it is not protecting Islam."

Boko Haram is now globally networked with jihadist movements in and outside of Africa, including Al-Shabaab in Somalia and al-Qaeda in the Islamic Maghreb (AQIM). In March 2015, in the wake of declaring the establishment of a caliphate in Borno, Boko Haram pledged allegiance to the Islamic State (IS) and claimed the role of being the group's "West Africa Province." In early August 2016, IS announced in a two-page interview in its weekly magazine, *al-Naba,* that Abu Musab al-Barnawi, a top military commander, had been appointed as Islamic State's new governor for West Africa, apparently seizing the leadership from Abubakar Shekau, who had led Boko Haram after the alleged murder of Yusuf.

THE ORIGINS OF BOKO HARAM predate the events of September 11, 2001, but the movement cannot be understood outside of the discursive shifts with the global Muslim world and the concept of global jihad, which were central to the attacks in the United States. The group's origins can be traced to an Islamist study group in Borno in the mid-1990s. When its founder, Abubakar Lawan, left to pursue further studies at the University of Medina, a committee of sheikhs appointed Mohammad Yusuf as the new leader. In 2003, Yusuf ousted the sheikhs, charging them with corruption and failure to preach "pure Islam"—and founded a movement known as the Yobe Taliban, rooted in a largely rural, impoverished Kanuri region of Yobe State, seventy kilometers from the state capital, Damaturu. Modeled on al-Qaeda and the Taliban, and self-consciously imitating their dress and affect, followers believed that the adoption of sharia law in the 12 northern states in 2000 was incomplete, reflecting the temerity of a Nigerian secular state not committed to upholding Muslim precepts. Conflicts between members of the movement and local villagers escalated, and the Yobe State Council compelled the sect to move. They decamped to a remote location near the border with Niger.

Between 2002 and 2009, Boko Haram clashed with local villagers and police and dispersed to various locations across the northeast, making Maiduguri a new hub. The group was drawn into state politics and drew sustenance from the Nigerian political arena, insofar as Yusuf promised to deliver votes in the hotly contested 2003 gubernatorial elections, in return for the adoption of a more aggressive stance toward sharia law. Boko Haram's high-level political connections quickly fell apart, however; their expectations were not met by the local political class. Angered by the duplicity of local politicians, Yusuf withdrew from the political arena and established a religious complex with a mosque and an Islamic boarding school in Maiduguri, along with a prayer group that he called "people committed to the propagation of the Prophet's teachings and jihad." He quickly ran afoul of local authorities, however, and relations with Borno State security forces deteriorated.

To grasp Boko Haram's dynamics and fervor—particularly its goals of restoring "true Islam" and waging war against unbelievers—requires an understanding not simply of the spiritual and economic insecurity of its recruits, but of the fragmentation of, and contestation within and among, segments of organized Sunni Islam in northern Nigeria, most especially a panoply of revitalization movements seeking religious reform *(tajdid)*. Key to understanding the contentious field of religious ferment is how the authoritarian politics and developmental failures of secular national development in oil-rich Nigeria—the country is an archetypical "petro-state"—was read through the cultural lens of *tajdid* in order to fully implement sharia as a means of Muslim self-realization.

The dominant Sufi brotherhoods associated with the ruling emirate classes came into conflict with a conservative modernizing movement that emerged in the 1960s, led by Abubakar Gumi (himself supported by radical Muslim populists critical of the ascriptive and reactionary system of the Sufi Brotherhood and old emirate social structure). Gumi's formation was linked to his exposure to Saudi patronage and to Salafist groups such as the Muslim Brotherhood, which had adopted the doctrines of Sayyid Qutb, who advocated the condemnation of Muslims as *kafir* (unbelievers) for embracing un-Islamic practices *(bidah)*. In founding a mass-based organization in 1978—Yan Izala—to provide a modern interpretation of

sharia, Gumi represented not only a reformist movement within northern Islam, but also an all-out assault on Sufism.

The movement drew sustenance during the economic recession of the 1980s because, as Johns Hopkins University scholar Paul Lubeck has pointed out, the call for sharia law invoked a sense of economic and political justice for the poor and a type of open egalitarianism that appealed to an alienated and insecure cohort of youths. Young men in their twenties and thirties were not only excluded from the market order—they were unemployed—but they had also been expelled from most institutions of political and civic order. But at this point—during the years of military rule in the 1980s and 1990s—the reformist movement fractured and fragmented amid more or less militant and radical assessments of what sort of Islamic restoration was required. Splits within Yan Izala, and the rise of new Shi'ite groups drawing inspiration from the Iranian Revolution, coupled with the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq and the all-encompassing war on terror, provided the ground from which a charismatic leader could emerge, recruiting impoverished youth and Koranic students locally and within a transnational space—the Chad Basin—which was wracked by poverty, conflict, and violent accumulation.

IT IS TEMPTING TO SEE Boko Haram as a product of contention within Islam, triggered by the abject poverty of the Muslim north of the country. All human security indices are astoundingly low across the region: malnutrition is almost twice the national average in the sharia states; the Multidimensional Poverty Index (MPI) is 45.88 compared to 27.8 in the non-sharia states; female literacy in the north is 17 percent compared to 69 percent in the south; the percentage of married women using contraception is 3.4 percent in the sharia states compared to 14 percent nationally; and, not least, total fertility rates in the north are more than seven per woman, making for a massive youth bulge. Overall, the picture is one of economic descent and declining per capita income, coupled with radically declining health and education standards.

But poverty is a poor predictor of militancy. What is critical is how poverty across the north coexisted with, and in many respects was a product of, what is popularly called "governance failures." In practice, this meant profound and multiple crises of legitimacy for the institutions of secular national development and, by extension, for the northern ruling classes, which confronted growing hostility from millions of *talakawa* (commoners). Popular resentments among youths grew due to dwindling state resources, a precipitous decline in human security, and the crumbling of both the old emirate system and of local government. Insurgent Islam, not surprisingly, was directed against the failures of secularism, Western development, and of the *yan boko* (the Western-educated). Dispossession entailed the loss, as it were, of material and ideological legitimacy: the moral and political failings of the state, the loss and decay of customary values and forms of authority, a sort of ideological expropriation by organized Islam, the decay of state apparatuses, and the perceived diminution of Muslim power within the federation.

THE CASE OF NIGERIA offers up a radical version of what is sometimes called the crisis of the postcolonial state: multiple crises of authority among customary, religious, and formal state institutions collectively producing a world of profound alienation and dislocation. The federal state had failed to deliver development and was synonymous with graft and limited capabilities ("carry go" as the local vernacular has it), but this was no less the case with the institutions with which most Nigerians had some modicum of direct contact (namely local governments, elections, and the judiciary, all of which were limited at best and bankrupt at worst, and public services such as schooling, water provision, and power). Institutions of customary rule—whether the relics of the old emirate system in the north or the chieftaincy systems in the south—were no longer legitimate or effective systems of authority either, and most youths felt excluded from their gerontocratic orders.

There is the special case of the security forces—especially the police and army—whose purpose was to provide protection and impose law and order. In practice, the police have become objects of utter contempt, not only for their corruption (the endless roadblocks and taxes levied on vulnerable travelers, for example), but also because of the extent to which so much of the urban and rural violence in both regions was triggered by excessive police actions. Not least, even religious authority—seen most vividly in the deep contention over Muslim practice and what constituted "true Islam"—has been thrown into question. For some Muslims, failed secular nationalism and the miserable track record of failed postcolonial governance has contaminated many of the dominant religious organizations and their leadership.

The illegitimacy—indeed the ethical and moral bankruptcy—of Nigeria's systems of governance and authority created a vast space of alienation and exclusion, a world in which the armies of impoverished youths were neither citizens nor subjects, a social landscape in which the politics of resentment could and did fester. Contempt became the ruling ideology. These floating populations in the north—the lumpenproletariat, Koranic students, and land-poor peasants, and even university graduates with no career prospects—were detached from the old gerontocratic order, each unable to fulfill the norms of personal advancement through marriage, patronage, or work. Youths occupied a social space of massively constricted possibility, a world in which economic recession and the dreadful logic of provisioning and self-interest reduced millions to the level of unfulfilled citizenship—something the anthropologist Murray Last properly refers to as "material, social, and political insecurity."

Seen through this particular lens, Boko Haram is a product of a deeply flawed—and oil-fueled—secular post-colonial development project that has produced a new sort of generational politics—the youth crisis—which has generated all manner of violent reactions, Boko Haram among them, to a moribund and decayed national political system. This forbidding situation is compounded by the fact that Nigeria currently confronts a major economic crisis as oil prices—and therefore resources available for development—have fallen.

AGAINST THE BACKDROP of the failures of former president Goodluck Jonathan to prosecute an effective counterinsurgency, President Muhammadu Buhari, who assumed office in May 2015, promised to rid the country of Boko Haram before the end of the year. Many high-ranking army officers were replaced, and Buhari appointed Lieutenant General Tukur Yusuf Buratai commander of the international task force established to defeat the group. Assisted by South African mercenaries and military personnel from Ukraine, the Nigerian army has in fact been able to recapture swaths of territory, and to regain control of local governments that had been held by Boko Haram in the poverty-stricken northeast. On Christmas Eve 2015, the Nigerian president announced that his country had "technically won the war" against Boko Haram. Yet, in the first quarter of 2016, the group was still wreaking havoc across the northeast and beyond. More than one hundred people were killed by Boko Haram in the first two months of 2016, and they continued to drive many more from their homes. In February, three female suicide bombers launched a vicious attack in Maiduguri, killing 58 people.

While Boko Haram's operations have been pushed to the border areas of the country, and the military has made headway in reclaiming territory, large parts of the northeast are not yet fully under government control. Boko Haram may have been weakened, but it most certainly has not been defeated. To drive home the point, in June 2016 a massive military assault by Boko Haram in Niger, near the Nigerian border, resulted in 32 deaths and compelled 50,000 to flee. Then, on July 28, 2016, a UN humanitarian convoy with military escort came under Boko Haram gunfire during an ambush in northeast Nigeria's Borno state, killing three humanitarian staff members. As the Nigerian army slowly regains control of part of the region, the true scale of the Boko Haram crisis is only just becoming clear. □

IRREDENTIST CHIC

Marketing the nation in post-socialist Hungary

by Virág Molnár

Image courtesy Miklós Zsiros

As I idly browse the travel section of a bookstore called Anima, in Budapest, I unexpectedly encounter some provocative material: a seemingly ordinary road atlas for Hungary that turns out to be a political exercise in symbolic cartography. The atlas is entitled *Magyar Élettér autóatlasz* (Hungarian Habitat Road Atlas), where the Hungarian term for "habitat" is a clear allusion to the German *Lebensraum* concept appropriated by Nazi ideologues to justify expansion into Eastern Europe. The script under the atlas's Hungarian title is written in rune-like letters purported to have been used in Transylvania in the ninth century. The atlas offers navigation through the territory of "Greater Hungary," a term used to designate the country's borders before the 1920 Treaty of Trianon, which reduced Hungary to one-third of its pre-World War I size. Inside, the editors expressly formulate their intent in the preface, entitled "Road to the Future":

> At first glance, this publication of the Hungarian Habitat Foundation looks like any other professional road atlas. The area encompassed by the map at the outset is divided into numbered squares, and the individual plates on subsequent pages display a detailed view of roads of various types, settlements of various sizes situated along the roads, and the enlarged city map of larger urban areas. *Everything, everything is in Hungarian.* Even just the map of the waterways of the Carpathian Basin amounts to a declamation about the past, present, and the future. [...] This is an unprecedentedly precise, boldly sincere, witty, and, incidentally, useful road atlas that builds on the knowledge of the past and serves the needs of the present, while pointing to a hopefully happier and more just future. *To a future in which things, objects, and places regain their real names. This atlas is one of the most beautiful and jovial testimonies to an emerging awareness. It is not a nostalgia map but a map of the living past, a kind of intellectual and spiritual conquest.* [emphasis added]

According to the publisher, more than 30,000 copies of the atlas have been sold over the past four years, and an updated edition came out in 2014. While the atlas is available in each "national bookstore," like the one I was in, it is also distributed more widely: in 2014 it was sold in 43 stores nationwide and available via mail-order purchase.

Now, it would be a mistake to imagine this bookstore, and ones like it, as stuffy, low-end, hole-in-the-wall establishments tucked away in remote corners of Budapest and other cities, peddling *samizdat*-style radical literature. On the contrary, they tend to be highly visible, airy retail stores like Anima, located in upscale shopping malls in the well-to-do XIIth district in Budapest, or on the main streets of large urban areas and in shopping centers of middle- and upper-middle class neighborhoods.

The stores' windows give away the political leanings of the literature on offer inside. The most common include a vast sea of material on the national trauma of the Treaty of Trianon, Transylvania, the Holy Crown of St. Stephen, runic script, or Arvisura, a modern reconstruction of the mythic origins of Hungarians, rooted in shamanistic spiritualism, recorded by a steelworker from the northern Hungarian city of Ózd. Works on Hungarian prehistory refer to Hungarians' roots in Central Asia, the trajectory of their migration, and the ninth-century conquest of the Carpathian Basin. There is also literature that investigates speculative theories about Hungarians' links to various real and mythic peoples—Finno-Ugric, Hun, Scythian, Sumerian—and theories that offer evidence that Jesus was actually Hungarian. There also seems to be an elective affinity between radical nationalism and a variant of new age spiritualism, as esoteric literature takes up an entire section in these stores and includes recent work that blends esotericism with more "traditional" Hungarian origin myths.

Finally, there are large magazine stands that display "history" magazines. While these include the BBC's Hungarian-language *History* magazine, the lineup is dominated by radical nationalist publications, including, most prominently, *Trianon* and *Greater Hungary*, but also *Dobogó: Hungarian Mythic History, Magyar Krónika* (Hungarian Chronicles), and *Zsarátnok* (Fire Starter).

Curiously, one stand I saw also included a copy of the Hungarian translation of Thomas Piketty's *Capital*. This is not a coincidence. It evidences an important alignment of critiques of liberal capitalism and radical nationalism—a critique that has found voice, not without irony, through the purchase of symbolic objects and clothing that express a sense of national loss.

The partitioning of Hungary remains one of the major collective traumas of the country's twentieth-century history. In addition to losing two-thirds of its landmass, it became landlocked, the population was halved, and nearly one-third of ethnic Hungarians became stranded beyond the new borders in neighboring countries. This triggered a massive refugee crisis: between 1918 and 1924 roughly 350,000 ethnic Hungarians migrated to Hungary from the detached territories, straining a country already destabilized by the aftermath of the war, the Communist revolution of 1919, and the violent failure of the short-lived Hungarian Soviet Republic (March 21 – August 1, 1919).

Widespread injustice felt over the Treaty of Trianon translated into broad support for Hungarian irredentisim and revisionism, a major factor in the rise of fascism and Hungary's status as a German satellite state by the 1930s. From the ousting of the Communist government, in 1920, to the German occupation, in 1944, the country was ruled by a regent, Admiral Miklós Horthy. As one contemporary witticism summed up the country's bewildering status: "Hungary was a kingdom without a king, ruled by an admiral without a fleet, in a country with no access to the sea."

It was in this interwar era that the image of "Greater Hungary" was born, becoming a powerful visual symbol of the geographic and political dismemberment of the country and the

ultimate emblem of Hungary's victim narrative. The image was reproduced in countless forms, displayed in homes, schools, cafes, public institutions, and in the streets. In schools, students began and ended their day with a special prayer that expressed belief in "Hungary's resurrection"—the restoration of its prewar borders.

During the socialist period after World War II, the Greater Hungary symbol was strictly taboo. The Treaty of Trianon was part of the curriculum taught at schools but could not be openly and publicly questioned. Any criticism of the Treaty of Trianon was off limits because of its close association with the irredentism of the interwar period, and because of Hungary's disgraceful involvement with the Axis powers in World War II. The use of the Greater Hungary image was never officially banned under socialist rule, but self-censorship effectively kept it out of public view. Any overt expression of national sentiments and embrace of national traditions were likely to be interpreted as a sign of excessive nationalism and a potential political transgression in most socialist countries, especially in Hungary.

The use of the Greater Hungary image was never officially banned under socialist rule, but self-censorship effectively kept it out of public view.

The Greater Hungary image is a classic instance of what Anthony Smith, the eminent British historian of nationalism, calls an "ethnoscape"—a landscape that territorializes ethnic memories and endows them with intense emotions and poetic ethnic meaning. Traumatic events that are inscribed in space and territory are particularly likely to remain salient and easily retrievable. The centrality of ethnoscapes in nationalist populist iconography also highlights the geopolitical dimension of populist politics largely overlooked by discourse analytic, electoral, and party-focused studies of right-wing populism in Europe. Undoubtedly, the geopolitical dimension of populism and nationalism is particularly acute in Central and Eastern European countries—with their long histories of foreign domination, experience of semi-colonial rules and regional exploitation, as well as colorful memories of resistance to such oppressive systems of dependence—which allows nationalist sentiment to be reactivated in order to make sense of contemporary geopolitical relations with, for example, the European Union.

The Greater Hungary symbol was first widely visible on a seemingly banal object: the car bumper sticker. Cars across Europe normally display a sticker indicating the country in which the car is registered. Today this information is incorporated into the respective European Union license plate, but many drivers still continue to affix a separate country sticker. Until recently, this sticker in Hungary had not served as a platform for statements of political identity; it was just a nondescript oval-shaped sticker with the letter "H" in the middle. But since around 2000, a growing number of cars have been displaying a country sticker in the shape of Greater Hungary.

Car stickers were soon followed by a flood of ordinary objects: key chains, refrigerator magnets, pins, iron-on and sew-on appliqués, Baby-on-Board signs. Greater Hungary is also an integral motif in the iconography of nationalist tattoos, and various applications of the image enjoy a presence in radical nationalist fashion, from cotton socks to T-shirts to baseball caps. Add to this list: wooden wall clocks, modern self-adhesive wall-decals, and embroidered wall tapestry—all in the shape of Greater Hungary. Somewhat more sporadically, one can encounter the symbol on wine etiquettes, etched into metal liquor flasks, glass carafes, or food trays, and on various types of toys, jigsaw puzzles, or board games. There is also a small cottage industry among pastry chefs that turns out spectacular Greater Hungary-shaped cakes.

Greater Hungary kitsch is joined in the radical nationalist marketplace by clothing companies like Thor Steinar, currently the best-known and most economically successful neo-Nazi-friendly brand. It resembles WASPy American pseudo-collegiate brands such as Abercrombie and Fitch, Hollister, and Aéropostale, but with a distinctly Nordic aesthetic—and a calculated use of subtle references to Nazi iconography. The brand's logo, an upward-pointing arrow with a zigzag and two small dots, alludes to two illegal Nazi symbols. In recent years it has faced competition from brands like Ansgar Aryan or Erik & Sons, which employ more overtly political and directly neo-Nazi symbolism.

These international brands are available in Hungary, but radical nationalist clothing brands there differ from Western European counterparts. The brands Harcos (Warrior), Szervető, and takács all sprang to life during the first decade of the twenty-first century. Harcos, the most widely known, is embraced by national rock bands like Romantikus Erőszak (Romantic Violence), Secret Resistance, and Hungarica. A sponsoring agreement between Harcos and Romantikus Erőszak states that the musicians must wear Harcos apparel during all of their concerts, interviews, and on CD covers.

The man behind Harcos is Csaba Kis, originally a car locksmith from Balmazújváros, a small town in northeastern Hungary—an area with a strong support base for the radical right-wing Jobbik party. He started designing and printing T-shirts under the Harcos label in 2004, creating the clothing line for "people who are willing to openly display their patriotism." Since 2009, each garment has included the following "warning":

> WARRIOR (HARCOS) is not only a fashion label, it is [...] a weapon against the system that is

governed by the most harmful ideology ever, that of liberalism. We use HARCOS apparel to distinguish ourselves from the grey mediocrity, the slaves of the system who do not feel that the Hungarian people of the Carpathian Basin are one and indivisible regardless of the present borders. For us it is natural to express LOVE FOR OUR HOMELAND and appreciate our ancestors who made unforgettable sacrifices so that we can still raise our head with dignity IN THE HEART OF EUROPE. We who wear HARCOS apparel are fighting for a country in which the national interests of Hungary triumph above all. I recommend my clothing line, THE RADICAL PATRIOTS' WEAR, to everyone with no age limit, but only to those who identify with the above values.

The brand Szervető stresses the importance of employing runic script, just like Harcos, and of producing garments locally, but it also favors aesthetics that highlight radical nationalism's more spiritualist side. An extensive explanation on the company's site explains the origins and symbolic meanings behind the brand's name, which sounds like a real word but was actually invented "to evoke the magical beauty of the word formation and connotational power of the Hungarian language." A small, family-owned firm active in the garment industry for the past twenty years, Szervető was primarily in the business of making T-shirts. The owner notes that they launched the Szervető brand because they did not understand "why everyone should wear T-shirts that say 'I love NY' or apple sauce in Chinese characters. We were really annoyed by the fact that as young adults we could not find everyday wear that was Hungarian, unique and carried a meaningful message while it was also affordable and comfortable." They also emphasize that the symbolism of the brand demands that each product be Hungarian-made in every respect: in design, manufacturing, and distribution. The T-shirts are silk screened and embroidered in small artisanal shops. One of their signature designs, the "sun worshipper," takes "ten hours and 60,000 stitches to make."

The brand takács exemplifies yet another facet of Hungarian cultural uniqueness and superiority. The label carries the last name of its designer, Zsuzsanna Mária Takács, the long-time partner of András Bencsik, owner of another nationalist bookstore called Szkítia. (Takács also designed the uniform of the Hungarian National Guard, the paramilitary wing of Jobbik.) The symbolism of the brand owes its origins both to Hungarian folk traditions and to the visual and material culture of the time of the Hungarian conquest of the Carpathian Basin, between the ninth and eleventh centuries, often referred to in Hungary as the Árpád Age. As essay by Bencsik on the company's site asks, "How many thousands of years must it have taken for such a highly developed formal-design vocabulary to emerge if it has taken European product design two thousand years to mature?"—suggesting that Hungarian civilization is much older than other European civilizations. He also scolds Hungarians for forgetting their heritage and technical know-how while commending the designer for reintroducing ancient motifs into contemporary Hungarian wear.

Symbols such as Greater Hungary, ancient motifs from the premodern era, and rune-like typographic characters condense complex historical narratives into a powerful sign that can be easily objectified, reproduced, and diffused. Everyday material objects in the form of commodities, in turn, propagate representations of a mythic past, increasing the visibility and domestication of their originating radical nationalist discourse. These symbols carry meaning in and of themselves as signs, and once they are turned into banal everyday objects and are circulated through differentiated consumer markets, they contribute to the normalization of radical politics simply by their sheer presence and visibility. In the end, these nationalistic objects shape conceptions of social and political reality through what the French philosopher Jacques Rancière has called the "distribution of the sensible."

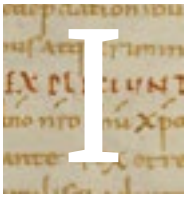
During the twentieth century, Hungarians had the misfortune of being forced to live under both right- and left-wing authoritarian regimes, and authoritarian governance sharpens the need for symbolic politics—not just because of the omnipresence of an elaborate political-propaganda machine that helps to cement and sustain authoritarian rule, but also because regime-critical political views need to be skillfully disguised to evade censorship and restrictions on free speech. Symbolic politics cultivated under these circumstances tend to endure well beyond authoritarian times and become a characteristic idiom of political discourse. As Hungary has gone from its position in the 1990s as the most liberal country of the former Eastern Bloc to the most conservative populist regime in the EU, the spread of coded nationalist symbolism explains some of the divergence between Western and Eastern European trajectories of populist politics—particularly in light of just how popular this kind of radical politics has become. □

Once these symbols are turned into banal everyday objects and are circulated through differentiated consumer markets, they contribute to the normalization of radical politics.

CAPITULARIES

The curious persistence of Frankish law

by Jennifer R. Davis



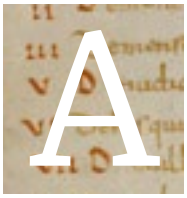
IF WE COULD imagine standing in Rome around the year 500 CE, as the old empire had been gradually replaced by new kingdoms, we would see a world in transition. Decades of innovative research has demonstrated that rather than an era of collapse, the period of the end of the Roman Empire was a time of creative ferment, particularly in the areas of cultural and religious expression. Someone in the city of Rome itself would have lived in a society shaped both by the still flourishing eastern empire, what would become the world of Byzantium, and the new power on the ground in Italy, the Ostrogothic kingdom, ruled with clear deference to the only emperor left, the one in Constantinople. This was a new world, but one with clear Roman continuities.

In the year 500, this Italian society would likely have seemed to be the world of the future, a reflection of the strength of the Ostrogothic kingdom, arguably the most powerful and sophisticated of all the post-Roman kingdoms. Yet the real power of the future was far to the north. The Franks, a Germanic confederation, had emerged into the historical record somewhat later than some of their fellow newcomers to the Roman world, and they played less of a role in the drama of the end of Roman power. But in the years around 500, under Clovis, one of the defining kings of the early Middle Ages, Frankish power was taking shape. In time, the Franks would come to rule most of Western Europe, reviving the imperial title with the Christmas Day coronation of Charlemagne, in 800 CE, copying much of what we know of the Latin classics, and giving Europe the rough contours it retains to this day.

There are numerous reasons why the Franks followed a trajectory that differed from the other successor kingdoms in the West—for one, their use of law. The early Middle Ages was a period of extensive and important legal change. Most of the successor kingdoms produced their own law codes, the so-called *leges nationum* (laws of the nations), though the ethnic character of these laws is a complex issue.

The period also saw the emergence of canon law collections and of other forms of ecclesiastical legislation, such as episcopal capitularies (statutes produced by bishops). The Franks participated in these developments, but they also produced a form of law known as the capitularies, laws predominantly subdivided into chapters, usually produced by Frankish kings. This unique form of law was one of the key tools the Frankish kings used to rule their increasingly expansive territories. They were thus not simply political productions; they addressed a plethora of topics beyond the scope of secular law: from the distribution of justice to the assigning of penance, from the mustering of the army to admonitions about the cultivation of Christian virtues and additional facets of life in the Frankish kingdoms.

One of the most notable features of this kind of law was its dissemination. Capitularies were typically produced at courts (despite some dissent about this point), and they articulated ways of achieving the goals, values, and plans of kings and their advisers, both lay and ecclesiastic. Yet despite the importance of these texts for the royal courts that produced them, the courts did not take charge of copying them. Of the roughly 250 surviving codices, a few were written at courts, or for kings. Most, however, were not. They were instead written for particular individuals or institutions who wanted copies for their own purposes. The surviving corpus of capitulary manuscripts thus offers a plethora of evidence for the actual use of law, for how and why various communities living in the orbit of Frankish power chose to take up and adapt laws originally produced by kings.



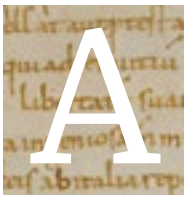
AT THE STAATSBIBLIOTHEK in Berlin, a manuscript written somewhere in the northern parts of the Frankish kingdom during the first half of the ninth century (Theol. Lat. Fol. 355) is comprised of a number of texts, particularly sermons. These

include sermons often copied in the Carolingian period, such as those of Caesarius of Arles, and sermons that are less common, such as those of Ephraim the Syrian.[1] The manuscript contains a range of other texts, mostly religious but with some historical excerpts. It also includes a capitulary on monastic life composed at the court of Charlemagne's son and successor, Louis the Pious.

This monastic legislation produced by Louis's court during the early years of his reign was part of a concerted effort to reform monastic life. In consultation with his advisers, Louis the Pious sought to legislate and enforce the use of the Rule of St. Benedict in all monasteries in the Carolingian world. The Rule of St. Benedict is a guide for communal monastic practice, composed in sixth-century Italy, though derived, in part, from earlier monastic writings. Partly influenced by the advice of Anglo-Saxons who served as religious advisers to the Carolingian rulers, significant segments of Frankish society came to believe in the superiority of the Rule of St. Benedict as a guide for the monastic life. Louis the Pious went further than any of the other Carolingians in attempting to define a model of ideal monastic practice for his empire, one founded on the Rule of St. Benedict. While this monastic reform movement was supported by much of the imperial court, it was not welcomed everywhere.

At this point in the early ninth century, Carolingian monasteries organized themselves in a range of ways: some followed the Rule of St. Benedict, some followed other rules, some followed customs of their own devising, or a combination thereof. Some monasteries followed no rule at all. But the organization of monasteries was not solely a religious question; it was also a political one. According to Carolingian political thought, kings held an office, for which they would answer to God. Protecting religious life was one of the primary duties of kingship; thus any good king had to pay attention to the state of monastic life. Moreover, the primary role of monasteries in the Carolingian world was to serve as loci of prayer, as places that concentrated and directed the prayer resources of the empire. The salvation of kings and their kingdoms depended on harnessing this reservoir of prayer.[2] Monks, as the best prayers, were fundamentally important in the Carolingian world. To ensure the most rigorous and effective form of monastic life, Louis the Pious and his advisers set about trying to legislate how that process should work. Their efforts were deeply contested, including by influential abbots and aristocrats not convinced of the value of the Rule of St. Benedict. In the end, however, Louis's reform was implemented, and Benedictine monasticism became the standard form of monastic life in the West for centuries.

The capitulary in Theol. Lat. Fol. 355 was thus a controversial and contested text. The choice to copy it in this manuscript illuminates the reception of Louis's reforms throughout the empire. The religious reforms of the Carolingian kings articulated first by courts could only be effective if taken up locally. The inclusion of this monastic legislation alongside a range of religious texts reflects an understanding propagated by Carolingian reformers that monasticism was integral to religious life more broadly, and that interest in preaching and other theological issues combined easily with an interest in monastic life. This manuscript, virtually contemporary with Louis's controversial effort to enforce the Rule of St. Benedict, shows us some of how ninth-century communities began to engage with Louis's vision of monastic life, a process that would ultimately result in the success of his reforms.

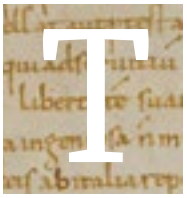


A SECOND MANUSCRIPT preserved in Berlin takes us beyond the chronological limits of the Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties that actually produced the capitularies. A manuscript known as Savigny 2 is a codex of canon law written in Freising around the middle of the eleventh century; it contains a recension of a different capitulary associated with Louis's monastic reforms, one of a group of related manuscripts that transmits these texts. The fact that capitularies continued to be copied after the Carolingian dynasty (which ended in the east in 911 and the west in 987) is striking. These laws were associated with a dynasty of kings no longer in power and often include provisions so tied to the nature of the Carolingian empire that it seems difficult to imagine their utility in a post-Carolingian world. Yet many manuscripts from the tenth to twelfth centuries survive, including some very large and important collections.

There are several reasons why these manuscripts continued to include old capitularies. In the case of the Savigny manuscript, the topic of the monastic capitulary is germane to a collection of ecclesiastic law. But what is particularly interesting is that it is included as an independent text added into the canon law collection. That is, the individual chapters of the capitulary are not taken apart and inserted where relevant. Rather, the text as a whole is carefully written out chapter by chapter, as capitularies usually were in the ninth century.

This preservation of the capitulary in its original format tells us something important: in the eleventh-century codex, some capitularies were useful not just for their content, but as coherent, cogent statements on particular issues. The capitulary had value *as a discrete text*, not just a legislative corpus to be mined for information. This evidences a conscious respect for at least some capitularies as texts into the eleventh century. In a sense, one can read the Savigny manuscript as a statement of the success of capitularies: long after the fall of the Carolingians, in a region joined to the empire by conquest (Charlemagne took over Bavaria in the 780s), capitularies as individual, separate texts still had much to offer compilers. The treatment of this capitulary in the Savigny codex illustrates that scribes from the ninth century to the eleventh continued to find it useful to copy this text as one coherent unit, not just as a source of law but as a compelling textual production.

Some scholars have questioned if the capitularies should be treated as a recognizable legal genre. This manuscript helps support the argument that capitularies were indeed a genre understood as such in the Middle Ages. Those who copied this law more than a century after its composition still thought its structure and textual integrity important and worth preserving, underscoring that the text had value for both its form and its content.



THE CAPITULARIES are usually left out of most histories of Western law. They were a particular product of an early medieval moment, one in which law was recorded in a format different from the revived Roman law tradition that would shape the future development of European law. Yet, by ignoring them, we overlook a period of legal innovation that has much to tell us about how European society took shape during the early medieval period. Precisely because capitularies were not usually copied at the courts that produced them, we can understand these texts not just as statements of royal aspiration, but as reflections of how different communities sought to make use of them. The particular nature of the corpus of surviving capitulary manuscripts and its extent allows us to see not just how Frankish kings wanted to order their society, but how individuals in the Frankish world actually turned these legal texts into tools for their own purposes—and how they sought to reimagine the world after Rome. □

1 For transmission of Ephraim, and interest in his work associated with Louis's monastic reforms, see David Ganz, "Knowledge of Ephraim's Writings in the Merovingian and Carolingian Age," *Journal of Syriac Studies*, no. 2 (1999) [2010]: pp. 37–46, especially p. 42.

2 I draw here in particular on Majke de Jong, "Carolingian Monasticism: The Power of Prayer," in Rosamond McKitterick (ed.), *The New Cambridge Medieval History* II (Cambridge University Press, 1995), pp. 622–53.

DELIVERING

by Tom Franklin

YOU'RE THIRTY-TWO YEARS OLD and delivering pizzas.

Your manager is twenty-one.

Your co-deliverer, let's call him Dave, is late fifties and gray, bushy eyebrows and unshaven and untucked shirt with an explosion of gray hair at his unbuttoned collar. Always a Razorbacks cap, because this is Fayetteville, Arkansas. Dave doesn't like you because, among other things, you're a graduate student and he's a lifer.

You stand in the hot little back room of Pizza Hut folding pizza boxes out of brilliantly designed pieces of cardboard and watching the television monitor that gives the address of the next delivery. Whichever driver's at the monitor gets it. Next guy in gets the next delivery and so. Sometimes they stack up, three, four, five addresses in a row, and you've noticed that Dave often takes ones lower down the line, out of order. You start to look for a pattern, and, after you've been delivering for a few weeks—

You're terrible at it, though. Delivering. This has to be said. You have no sense of direction. You wind up and down the nauseating mountains around Fayetteville with two, three, four pizzas cooling in their padded carrier on the seat beside you. You contemplate being a thirty-two-year-old grad student, that Dave hates you for it. He sees you as a young punk born with a silver spoon in his mouth, all that. Never mind that that's as far from the truth as you are from the present address clenched in your fingers, the wrongly numbered mailboxes clicking past. Unaware of student loans, you paid for your own college, nine years for a BA in English, working at a warehouse (three months), at a factory that made sandblasting grit (four years), a chemical plant (three years), you worked first, second, third shifts, doubles, triples, you commuted.

YOU'RE TERRIBLE AT IT, THOUGH. DELIVERING. THIS HAS TO BE SAID. YOU HAVE NO SENSE OF DIRECTION.

You did time in offices, gas stations, automotive repair shops, in a hospital morgue as well as delivering—but that's another story—for the Epicurean Dinner Club . . . You once took five classes while working eighty hours a week, got four A's and a B. And now, at last, you're where you were meant to be in the Master of Fine Arts writing program at the University of Arkansas. You've met the woman you're going to marry, have made good friends, have never been happier. You've put your writing first, for the first time in your life, and you've realized that the series of jobs you worked in your twenties have provided you a writer's education, which differs from the academic one the University of Arkansas is giving you.

This short story appeared in *Don't Quit Your Day Job,* ed. Sonny Brewer (M P Publishing Ltd., 2010). Reprinted by author's permission.

Summers, though, when cash is slow, you find yourself broke enough to venture out into the unspooling streets of Fayetteville, the pizzas ever cooler, about to call the Hut for directions, again, to be told, again, how to get there and then stand, again, with a tepid Large Everything, facing the face that says *No tip, buddy*, and hearing that eternal question: "Ain't it free if it ain't here in thirty minutes?"

"No," you grumble. "That's Domino's. Or was. They quit doing it because pizza drivers kept getting killed."

Is this true? Maybe.

Back in the car, back on the road, back into the Pizza Hut parking lot where Dave's Dodge pickup sits there chugging.

There's another thing about Dave. He has this youngish wife and this toddler daughter. You know this because they come to work with him, show up at eleven each day and sit there, in the truck, as Dave goes in for his first delivery. Then they ride with him as he delivers and ride back and sit waiting in the truck with the windows open as he pushes inside the flapping gray back door and emerges a few moments later with another box.

This is against the rules—ride-alongs—but nobody, Roger the manager or the twenty-one-year-old shift manager Rick, or you—says anything. One of the perks of working at Pizza Hut is that you get a meal each shift. Whatever you want, within reason. At some point, a lull in deliveries, Dave will order three personal pan pizzas for him and his family. And breadsticks. They'll drink fountain sodas and sit there on the Dodge's bench seat and eat facing forward, listening to the Cardinals. The girl reads sometimes, but the mother and wife, she just sits.

You pass them, not making eye contact, as you push back into the Hut, your padded delivery container cold. Dave's there watching the empty screen. Rick, the shift manager, long black ponytail, thin, is trying to get Dave to form boxes out of the stacks of cardboard on the shelves.

You cash in and come to the back and excuse yourself past Rick and begin making boxes. Rick gives you a grateful look, and Dave shoots you one that says, "You're a kiss-ass little college prick." Truth is, you like making boxes, the quick progress and product, faster the more expert you become. One thing you've always found to be true, when writing stories, is that when you're in the middle of figuring something out—a plot point, a character trait—any small, real-life accomplishment helps. A crossword puzzle, filling the recycling bin, making a pizza box, they all feel like a kind of progress; also, mindless handwork somehow frees your mind to find its own answers, fold its own boxes.

But not now. Now, as your fingers crimp and tuck, Dave and Rick engaged in a staring match, four addresses appear on the television.

"Watch it," Dave says as he steps past Rick, closer to the screen, and squints through his bifocals.

"102 Olive," he says, going to the ticker and tearing off two tickets, the first and third.

You say, "That's out of order."

He barely looks up. "So?"

"What's the logic," you say, perhaps the wrong way to phrase it, "in you taking whatever address you want?"

"The logic," he says, looking over his glasses at you, "is that I'm faster than you."

"What he does," you tell Rick, "is take the addresses with the best tippers." You hate how your voice sounds, like a tattletale, and that the authority figure you're tattling to is a decade younger than you are and the peer you're tattling *on* is twenty years older and getting mad. And how can you blame him? With his family out in the truck, waiting, living on tips, and here you come, hot shot, grad student, challenging him with logic.

"Well?" you say to Rick.

"Dave," he says, "that's really not fair."

"Fair?" Dave says, looking from me to Rick and back.

Dave doesn't know now that he'll be fired in a year or so for a scam he'll perpetrate, a selection of coupons he'll apply to a customer's payment, pocketing the difference. You, you'll graduate and with your new MFA move on up to being a receptionist at the Best Western Inn & Suites just off the interstate. Second shift, weekends. You'll find you're not suited for that type of work either.

But now:

"Fair?" Dave says again.

You could play the wife and child card. How they're outside right now, against the same Pizza Hut Policy Machine that demanded you shave your beard. But if you did that, went and opened the back door to where they sat, patient as a photograph, said, "Ride-alongs are against the rules," what would happen then? Where would they go? The truth is, you're not entirely sure if the truck's not their home.

So pull off your Pizza Hut cap and shirt and stand there in your T-shirt. Somehow it feels right and even a little heroic. You say it. "I quit."

SOMEHOW IT FEELS RIGHT AND EVEN A LITTLE HEROIC. YOU SAY IT. "I QUIT."

And you walk past Rick, who folds his arms, betrayed. Shaking his head, Dave is already looking back at the screen as more addresses appear. He'll get them all now.

You walk outside into the cool mountain air and nod to Dave's wife and child confined in their truck as some Redbird hits a liner up the middle. That's how you feel. You just got a hit. Not a homer, or even a double, but that great sweet-spot bonk as the baseball zings off your bat past the shortstop's glove and you're racing toward first.

You get in your Nissan and crank it up. Well, you suppose, shifting into reverse, shouldn't every writer walk off at least one job? Won't you grow via experience, deepen into a deeper man? Certainly these cold pizzas will wind up in a story somewhere, sometime. □


WMAA
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I
CAN'T
IMAGINE
EVER
WANTING
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Daniel Joseph Martinez

Artist Portfolio

[1]

[PREVIOUS PAGE] *Museum Tags: Second Movement (overture) or Overture con claque—Overture with Hired Audience Members,* 1993. Whitney Biennial. Paint and enamel on metal; dimensions variable.

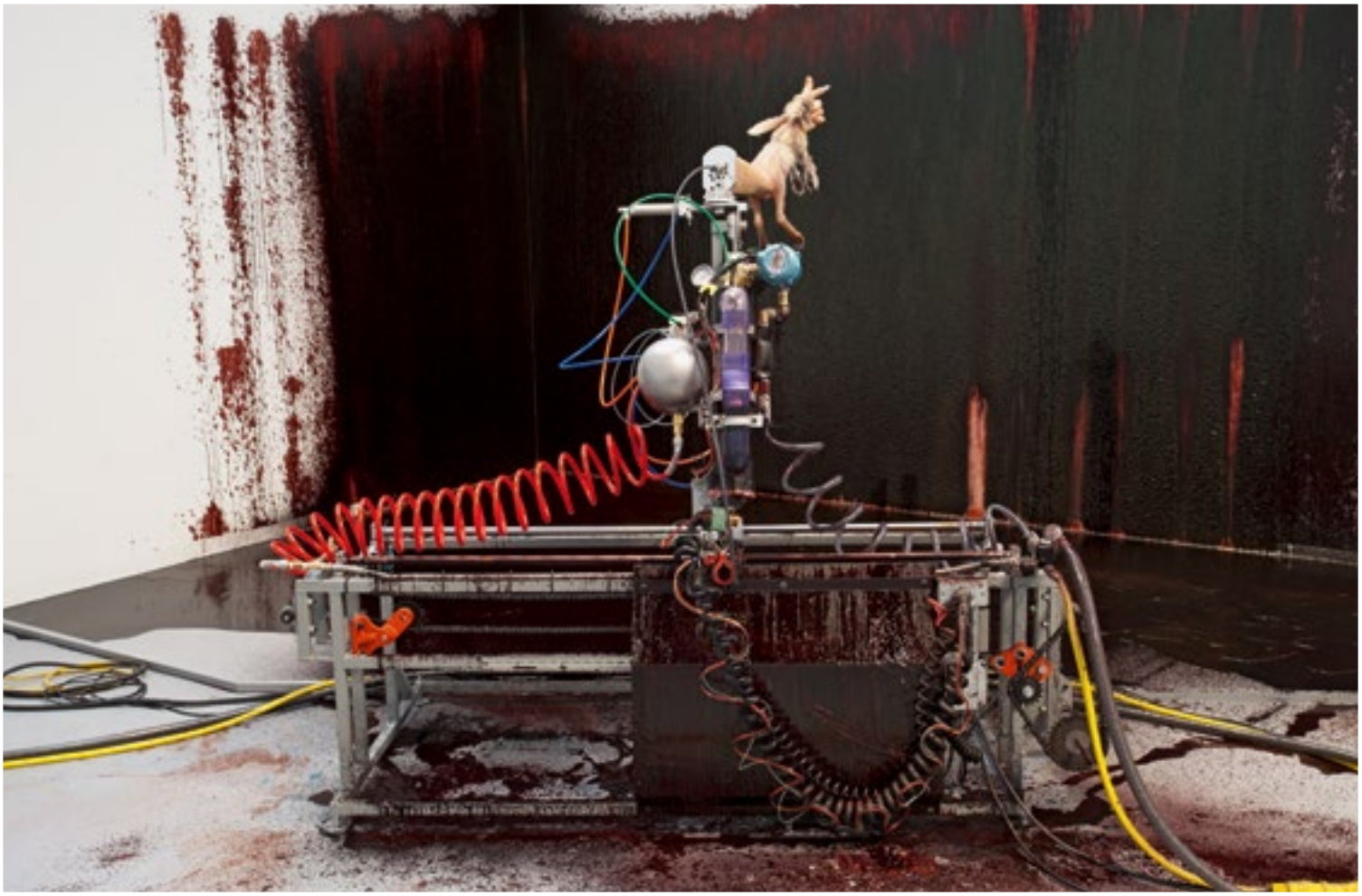
[1, 2] *If Only God Had Invented Coca Cola, Sooner! Or, The Death of My Pet Monkey,* 2004. Portfolio of 22 screen prints with letterpress; 27.93 × 21.93 inches. Edition of five; one artist print. San Juan Triennial, La Perla, San Juan, Puerto Rico, 2004. **[3]** *Call Me Ishmael, The Fully Enlightened Earth Radiates Disaster Triumphant,* 2006; the 10th International Cairo Biennale for the US Pavilion, Museum of Modern Art, Cairo, 2006; California Biennial, Orange County Museum of Art, Newport Beach, California, 2008. **[4]** *Redemption of the Flesh: It's just a little headache, it's just a little bruise; The politics of the future as urgent as the blue sky,* 2008; computer-controlled animatronic cloned sculptural installation, fiberglass and animal hair over aluminum, and synthetic "blood." Dimensions variable.

[NEXT PAGE] *the west bank is missing: i am not dead, am i,* 2008; two 11-sided sculptures, each consisting of clear Vacuform, aluminum, torn *New York Times* cover photograph, and sound component. Sculpture: 15 feet 10 inches h × w.

[2]

[3]

[4]



A SCAFFOLDING OF VIRAL SIGNIFIERS

By Juli Carson

There's always a *problem* with **Daniel Joseph Martinez's** artwork, one attended by the perpetual question, "Just who or what is the subject here?" To ask this question is *exactly* the point.

Martinez's ethos intentionally refuses the art historian's straight-on, museological gaze, one tethered to aesthetic movements or genres. Nor can his work be gleaned from the signature, ideological perspective of Left or Right politics. Rather, Martinez's practice should be approached from the position of the biological term "anamorphosis"—a gradual, ascending progression or change into a higher form. The "subject" of Martinez's work—both art and artist—pulsates in and out of our line of vision,

surfacing from and dissolving into the very scaffolding of heterogeneous signifiers that define it politically and aesthetically. But only then—gleaned from this vantage—does the work appear to us, momentarily, undistorted.

Consider the following critical-theory-inspired works: A proposal by György Lukács—*the realist must penetrate the laws governing objective reality in order to uncover the deeper, hidden, mediated network of relationships that go to make up society*—results in Martinez's hosting a series of museum tags inscribed with fragments of the statement "I Can't Imagine Ever Wanting to Be White." A proposal by Ernst Bloch—*the modernist's willful flirtation with madness mirrors man's everyday ensnarement within modernity's insidious transnational web*—leads to his hosting an interdisciplinary installation based on Michel Foucault's interpretation of the *Narrenschiff* (Ship of Fools). A proposal by Bertolt Brecht—*realism means being able to see hidden laws that decide how the processes of life develop, although such laws cannot be spotted by the camera*—sends Martinez off to host a sculpture exposing the imbrication of a planned community in Irvine, California, and settlement housing in Israel's West Bank. A proposal by Theodor Adorno—*since art is the negative knowledge of the world, the artist necessarily maintains aesthetic distance from the world s/he critiques*—has the artist showing 121 monochromatic paintings of global organizations committed to enforcing politics through violence. And finally, a proposal by Walter Benjamin—*the surrealist strategically mobilizes the outmoded, in which objects of the past flash up in the present the instant they are recognized, then never seen again*—results in a Martinez "theatrical" *détournement* of Jacques-Louis David's *Death of Marat,* in which the artist casts himself in three parts of a murderous orgy.

One of the Frankfurt School's primary debates—the disagreement over which aesthetic best served progressive politics—produced the avant-garde dialectic between realism and modernism. It's a residual debate that pops up in the dialectic between first-generation conceptualism and late-modernist painting (in which Martinez was schooled, at CalArts) and continues in the contemporary dialectic between social practice and gallery exhibition. In addition to these influences, Martinez is an autodidact of such unexpected sources as the sixteenth-century philosopher-heretic Giordano Bruno, the first theoretician of an infinite universe. Bruno was burned at the stake, but perhaps his real crime was a disavowal of dialectics—practiced by scholastic Dominicans and Neoplatonist Augustinians—alternately writing in Latin for one audience and in dramatist vernacular for another. This "whatever works" tactic echoes another of Martinez's sources, *On the Sublime,* in which the Greek rhetorician Longinus argues that it is of little importance *which* literary genre and subject matter the artist took in his aesthetic pursuit. As a matter of transgressing conventions of thought, the sublime could be found in *any* artwork made accordingly. In many ways, the ancient "sublime" translates into the twentieth-century "avant-garde" and then into the twenty-first-century "critical."

Viewed this way, Martinez's corpus is less humanoid than it is *viral*—an "organism" whose indigenous "inside" is given enduring life by an "outside" agent. The metaphor is apt: as a class of infectious agents distinguished by their smallness, viruses pass through very fine filters that block other cells. This transgressive capability is essential to a virus's survival, in that it replicates by using the biochemical mechanisms of a given host to synthesize and assemble its separate components. Because the virus's host varies radically in shape and form, the parasitic virus (alone) is untraceable through normative morphological analysis. Martinez's work likewise eludes art-historical accounts that are defined by the linear, dialectical flow of one historical event after another within a larger succession of homogenous movements. *Martinez*—the contemporary art canon's heretical artist-virus—defies definitive historical placement and reasoning because he is a shape-shifter, instantly adapting to the discursive host cell his artwork invades in order to both contaminate that host and replicate itself through it. The heterogeneous *invasion* into a homogeneous host demarcates the artwork-retrovirus's "content," while the ultimate "form" that this retrovirus takes—after its invasion—is purposely arbitrary.

If I have conflated the proper noun "Martinez" with the noun "artwork" under the term "virus," it's to underscore that the artist—present in his practice—is an agent paradoxically *under erasure,* which brings us to deconstruction. Derrida famously pondered the impasse of the spoken word, at once authenticating the subject's presence outside language and ensnaring him or her within it. For the very word-image-utterance made as proxy for the subject's presence simultaneously instances his or her own absence. Hence Derrida's insistence that writers and artists alike recognize the *heterogeneity* of the word or sign: at once there and not there. As he argued: "One cannot get around [this], except by [...] beginning to think that the sign ~~is~~ that ill-named ~~thing~~, the only one, that escapes the instituting question of philosophy: 'what is . . . ?'" This signature graphic mark of deconstruction—Derrida's striking through the privileged present-tense form of the verb *to be*—accurately reflects the heterogeneity of the sign. To simply negate it, to remove or not use the word "is," would be a dialectical reversal, circling us back to mythological, pure presence. Analogously, if any graphic operation could be imagined as *picturing* Martinez's aesthetic operation—combining the positivist strategies of first-generation conceptualism with a branch of Derridean identity aesthetic-politics—the ~~is~~ would be it.

Such is the contagious work of Daniel Joseph Martinez. □

LEMONADE

Excerpt from a screenplay

by Ioana Uricaru

Moji and Mara are sitting in Moji's car, in a deserted parking lot in an industrial area. Moji is a US immigration official; Mara is a Romanian woman who has recently married an American, after having known him for only two months. Moji is in charge of her green-card application. We are in the middle of their conversation:

MOJI: Have you done some babysitting, house cleaning, things like that?

MARA: No. I know I am not allowed to, until I get my work authorization.

MOJI: You're not allowed to do what?

MARA: To work.

MOJI: Accepting an offer of employment before you receive your authorization is a break of your parole and would be grounds for deportation.

MARA: I know that.

MOJI: Do you understand what I mean by employment?

Mara nods.

MOJI: Can you tell me what employment is?

MARA: Having a job.

MOJI: Wrong. Employment means providing services or labor for an employer for wages or other remuneration.

Mara looks at him.

MARA: That's what I said.

MOJI: Labor *or* services. For wages *or* other remuneration. Do you see the difference?

Mara nods, unsure.

MOJI: Take, for example, prostitution. If you have sex with somebody for money, that's a criminal act and you can get arrested and go to jail. But if you have sex with somebody in exchange for, say, a favor—not money—that's not a criminal act. You can't get arrested, but you can get deported.

MARA: *(timidly)* I . . . I don't think that's true.

MOJI: *(calmly)* Well, I don't think you're really qualified to make that argument. That's what lawyers are for.

Pause.
A cell phone rings.
It rings a couple of times.

MOJI: *(calmly)* It's yours.
Mara fumbles through her purse, for quite a while. By the time she takes out the phone, it has stopped ringing. The display says "missed call."

MOJI: Who was it?

MARA: My husband.

He takes the phone from her and looks at the display. Then he turns the phone off and places it on the dashboard.

MOJI: Before I forget. There's another problem with your paperwork.

MARA: *(barely audible)* What problem?

MOJI: You didn't check a box on your form.

He gestures to the back.

MOJI: There's a folder, in the back seat.

She looks at him, unsure—he gives her an impatient look, then taps on the dashboard clock.

MOJI: I don't have all day.

This seems to somehow reassure Mara; if he's in a hurry, this can't take very long—so she twists around and reaches to the back seat. The folder is behind the driver's seat, so she has to stretch in such a way, between the front seats, that she comes very close to Moji.

He reaches out and grabs her—one arm around her waist, the other hand planted firmly on one of her breasts. She jerks back instinctively but he holds her in place with all his strength.

MOJI : You've got it?

He pulls her back, as if this whole maneuver was just to help her reach far into the back seat. Mara is all red. She hands him the folder. Moji is a hundred percent calm, even in a good mood. He goes through the papers in the folder.

MARA: Can you tell me what's wrong?

He gives her a quick look.

MARA: Please.

MOJI: What, you're in a hurry all of the sudden?

MARA: Yes, I have to go, I have to be somewhere.

MOJI: Somewhere important?

MARA: Yes.

MOJI: More important than your immigration situation?

She doesn't answer.

MOJI : Tell me, you have something more important going on right now than fixing your immigration status?

Mara swallows hard.

MARA: No.

MOJI: I'm trying to help you, but if you are in a hurry . . .

MARA: No. Thank you.

He goes *back to the file and pulls out a form.*

MOJI: Here. You didn't check the box.

He hands her the form and indicates the missing checkmark.

MARA: I didn't know what to write.

MOJI: It's a pretty straightforward question.

He reads out loud, squinting a bit; the writing is very tiny.

MOJI : See here on line 17, it asks if "you or any of your family members are or have been affiliated with the Communist Party." And you can check "yes" or "no." You didn't check anything.

MARA: I didn't know what to check.

MOJI: Well, were you or weren't you? Or your parents?

MARA: My parents . . . have been . . . technically, so to speak, affiliated with the Communist Party, in Romania. But that's not really . . . important.

MOJI: Because you decide what is important.

MARA: Because everybody was affiliated . . . I mean it was mandatory, all children were members of the Communist Youth, in school . . .

MOJI: Were you a member of the Communist Youth?

MARA: Yes, because everybody was.

MOJI: Then write "yes."

MARA: But that will look bad, it's like I'm saying that I'm a Communist, that I, and my parents, joined the Communist Party because I wanted to. They didn't ask us if we wanted to or not, it was mandatory.

MOJI: It says there, on the bottom of the form, that you promise to answer truthfully. So you have to check whatever is true.

She's almost in tears.

MARA: Are you going to deny my application because of this?

MOJI: What kind of a question is that? You have to tell the truth. Do you only tell the truth when it's good for you?

MARA: But this doesn't make any sense . . . this is not why that question is there . . .

MOJI: The US government has a very good reason why they put that question on the questionnaire.

MARA: I know . . . I know that I don't have to say . . . to write something that is not good for me, that is against me.

MOJI: Where did you hear that? From your friend who is not a lawyer? Or from a movie? People say that shit a lot in movies, no?

She doesn't answer.

MOJI : Well, you're right, in a way, just so you know, it is called the Fifth Amendment. And if you want to use it, you say that you want to plead the fifth. Is that what you were thinking of?

She nods.

MOJI : Well the problem with that is that only US citizens can use it. Because it's a US law. It's a right for US citizens. So, that's not a valid reason for an alien to not check the box.

A moment of silence. A car drives by and parks somewhere in the lot. □

TO STOP THE WAR

The following interview with Berlin-based exiled Syrian playwright Mohammad Al Attar was conducted by conceptual artist and spring 2016 Academy fellow Mary Ellen Carroll. The interview began in August 2015 at the Civitella Ranieri Foundation, in Umbertide, Italy, and was completed at the American Academy in Berlin in July 2016. The interview will be published in its entirety later this year.

Photo by Lovis Ostenrik, Watermill Center

Photo by Giorgia Fanelli, Civitella Ranieri

Mary Ellen Carroll: The Syrian middle class and its demise is a subject you have raised on numerous occasions—from the description of your own childhood in a Damascus suburb to the influence on your work of the Egyptian filmmaker Mohamed Hamed Hassan Khan. You discussed how the middle class is a stabilizing factor in both politics and the economy. It also checks and balances the ruling elite, while providing an aspiration for the less fortunate. The obliteration of the Syrian middle class has accelerated the destruction of infrastructure and basic resources for everyone in the country, which is now, as you've said, at its breaking point—if not already beyond.

That evidence is in the numbers: in 2011, the prewar population of Syria was more than 23 million people. Since the start of the war, on March 15, 2011, more than 4.8 million people have been registered as refugees, per the UN's most current statistics, and more than 250,000 people have been killed, half of which are civilians. The media frames this as people who have lost their lives, but their lives have been taken.

Mohammad Al Attar: Let me begin with the media and the numbers, as the international media is, in fact, missing numbers; they are actually much higher. We don't know the exact figure because a significant number of people are missing. The majority of them are being detained by the Assad regime, and there are others detained by the Islamic State and other paramilitary troops. But the majority are being detained by the regime, and we do not know if they are even alive. We do not have accurate numbers or even a way to ascertain if they are living. The number circulated by human rights organizations and even by underground Syrian activists both agree that the numbers are higher than those declared.

Carroll: Those numbers are facts, and in 2013 you did an interview with Noam Chomsky in which you asked him if he *now* had advice for the situation in Syria. He said that he had no advice, except to say, "You have to face the actual facts and not stay in a world of your own imagining, saying 'I want this' and 'I don't want that.'" In interviews about

your own writing and Syria you have been asked the question about what the Syrians want. Given the concessions that need to be made, what do you imagine the end to be and how do you see this happening? What do you want within the realm of the real?

Al Attar: To stop the war. I know that sounds like a simplistic answer, but it is necessary for anything to change and before the entire country is divided up and reduced to rubble. When I say "stop the war," it must be permanent and with the consequence of justice. This goes back to the "how," and the answer is by achieving a minimum of justice, that is how. It is really the bare minimum. Syria is surrounded by historical examples of bloody wars, some of which have been civil wars and some of which have been with other nations. Most of them have been ended by imposed agreements or treaties. But those treaties did not consider or require the minimum of justice. We have the example of Iraq. As we know, there was no reason for the US to invade Iraq. There was no legitimate or even practical reason, and it is clearer now, following the leaks of information that have come to light. There is a large percentage of people who do not feel sad about Saddam Hussein's removal from power. Following his removal, we all experienced the wrongful policies put forth by the Americans. This is another case where the minimum of justice was not achieved. Sometimes ending the war or ending a tragic situation can lead to more horrible circumstances in the long term—even in the medium term.

Carroll: Making the reality of the crisis in Syria visible and, more importantly, audible, is necessary for justice. We see and hear first-hand accounts on social media and in the mainstream media and even the short documentary films on the Internet by the collective Abounaddara. You frequently post on the situation on Facebook while you are in production, or now that you are living in exile, in Berlin. With regards to infrastructure and access to communication, there are accounts of the Russian military using ultra-high frequencies to block cellular networks. This evidences how invaluable the airwaves are to warfare and to the individual. With the digitalization of TV, it is now possible to retrofit and utilize lower frequencies (UHF/VHF) for broadband wireless communication. This could have a radical impact in the creation of informal networks to be established on the ground by individuals. But there is still a blind spot in regard to the representation of the situation by Syrians themselves, both of citizens inside of Syria and those outside its

borders—refugees and asylum-seekers who are now in other countries. Where is that representation? Who is that voice?

Al Attar: As of now, there is no *one* Syria, there is no united Syria, there are no united Syrians. And so the question of creating a system and giving voice or representation is very important, even if no one has the right to speak on behalf of a population, especially a population already divided. But when I talk about ending the war, this is one of the few things that everyone agrees upon—even among those with differing positions or in direct conflict with one another.

In my own experience as a playwright, I am very concerned about representation. I am self-conscious about the audience perceiving my work as representing Syrians everywhere, or that it is being seen as "Syrian." It is important to me that an audience knows rather that this is me, or sometimes a group working together on the production. It is not anonymous. Ethically, this distinction is crucial. When you speak about the general context and it sounds like, "Syrians want this, Syrians need that, Syrians expect this"—this is something you cannot avoid. But it should also be clear that, as the writer, director, actor, or artist, that you speak for yourself, or for the group you represent. In politics, you speak about your party. That is representation.

Carroll: Speaking of representation, I want to return to the media and its role and referring to the crisis in Syria as both a civil war and a proxy war. Your characterization of the civil war as "absurd" is a specific reference to the Theater of the Absurd. It was precipitated by World War II and the absence of meaning and language—and of basic human principles—for the atrocities people were witnessing. There is also the legacy and the work by Brecht, Genet, Ibsen, and Augosto Boal, in the Theater of the Oppressed. You have also referred to theater as a "democratic political project." Is this language and the use of "absurd" still something you align yourself with or adhere to?

Al Attar: It's an interesting comparison, but before we talk about language and form of theater, it's important to reflect on the current situation, for context. Starting in March 2011 until the beginning of 2012, we had a peaceful revolution in Syria. In early 2012, a new reality started to emerge and we witnessed the signs of militarization. We were against militarizing the revolution and we wanted it to remain a peaceful revolution. At a certain point, however, it became inevitable, and it was almost impossible not to go in this direction. The excessive use of force and power by the Assad regime pushed for a reaction. Violence was the Assad regime's strategy, and the effect was to ruin the moral positions of protesters. It was clear across the Arab world that the protestors had superior values and demands. The Assad regime also pushed for the very specific condition that members of the military would defect. Those defectors became the most wanted. But they were not the only ones sought after; the regime went after their families and their towns, their businesses. It was this antagonism that started the military opposition. By the end of 2012, the militarization of the revolution had become the dominant aspect of the conflict. This is also when international intervention began, thus creating a proxy war.

Carroll: Personal and political engagement became for you the subject of your work; your "ethical imagination" was engaged. Was the expansion of the ground war, or "civil war," into the proxy war a seminal moment that reinforced your commitment and process to develop work about the situation in the theater?

Al Attar: My sense of human rights and social justice started long before the war and before my work in theater. Growing up in the suburbs of Damascus, in a very normal and stable environment, I had questions about injustice after seeing the contrast between the reality outside our home and what I heard inside our home, from my parents and close neighbors. On the streets outside, bitterness grew within most of us. There was a fear of everything. This pushes you, by default, to be more engaged with the process of change and in public life, though not necessarily in politics, per se.

After all, this region is steeped in words and struggles and conflict. We grew up with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, which is also an Israeli-Arab conflict because of the occupation of Arab territories including the Golan Heights, which is Syrian according to United Nations Security Council Resolution 497. When we were kids, we were aware of the news from Lebanon and then Iraq and then the Gulf War. It was hard not to be engaged in these debates, even if you didn't want to. But politics means danger in Syria. You cannot speak about politics; you cannot practice politics; you cannot manifest politics; you cannot form a party or even a civil-society organization. With all of these prohibitions and totalitarian rules, everybody was engaged in discussions about the region, about the contradictions between what the regime says and what it practices.

This led to my realization that theater is political by default. It is a political form of art. I am sure many people state this in a different manner or would disagree, but just look at the form of theater: it asks for engagement, like an ensemble work of collaboration. Theater does not exist without an audience. It is the reciprocal relationship between the sender and the receiver that creates an interaction. It is a medium in which politics is hard to push aside. There are different methods, of course, and I am not saying that all forms need to be politically engaged. But I think it is an essential part of the concept of theater to be socially engaged and, at the very least, to raise questions.

I am not neglecting the importance of entertainment in theater. I like entertainment, and I think that the theater that does not entertain is bad theater, even if it carries a good message. But even if it is badly done or horrible, even if you are speaking about the most noble or important topics, it must be engaging. □

THE HOLBROOKE FORUM

The **Richard C. Holbrooke Forum** welcomed its first director in mid-September 2016. **Jan Techau**, former director of Carnegie Europe—the European Center of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace—brings to the Forum expertise in the fields of transatlantic relations, NATO, EU integration, and European security policy. He opens up this Holbrooke section of the magazine with an essay entitled "Strategic Haplessness," an energetic take on the state of European security.

This past February, the Richard C. Holbrooke Forum held a solutions-oriented workshop entitled **"The Global Migration Crisis: Its Challenges to the United States, Europe, and Global Order."** The workshop was hosted by the **Brookings Institution**, in Washington, DC, and welcomed a distinguished group of international law and policy experts to discuss the acceleration of global migration, particularly to Europe, but also to North America and East Asia. During the four-day workshop participants discussed the root causes as well as practical political and legal solutions to the global crisis of migration. Discussions were moderated by co-chairs **Michael Ignatieff** (Central European University), **Harold Hongju Koh** (Yale Law School), and **Nader Mousavizadeh** (Macro Advisory Partners).

Several of the workshop's key results are reflected in the white paper *The Refugee and Migration Crisis: Proposals for Action,* which was published by the Brookings Institution in September; a shorter version is published in the pages ahead. Also included is a short excerpt from a public discussion that took place as the workshop's closing panel, with **Tamara Cofman Wittes**, Senior Fellow and Director of the Center for Middle East Policy at Brookings, and **Elizabeth Ferris**, Senior Research Associate at Georgetown University and a Brookings Non-Resident Senior Fellow in Foreign Policy. The next Holbrooke Forum workshop is scheduled to take place in spring 2017. For more information, please visit **holbrookeforum.org**.

– Sarah Mie Nass, Senior Coordinator, Richard C. Holbrooke Forum

Strategic Haplessness

How the West risks losing its core

by Jan Techau

"EUROPEANS ARE FINDING out the hard way that they live in an eminently strategic landscape." This is the one-sentence answer I tend to give when people ask me how I would sum up European affairs after having worked for five and half years in a foreign-policy think tank in Brussels. I am using this sentence to highlight the hard time Europeans are having trying to grapple with both the issues—and the crises—of the day, and the underlying geostrategic trends of which the daily issues are merely the symptoms.

The most important strategic factor shaping European politics at the moment is the much diminished security subsidy infused into the European market by the Old World's protector, the United States. It is so important because the absence of this asset is a strategic game changer for Europe.

It means that the old instability that is the historical normal for Europe, which was suspended for almost three generations, is coming back at a fast pace.

The American security subsidy came in two forms. First, by means of hundreds of thousands of US troops on the ground in Germany and across Western Europe, and second, by means of political trust that America infused into the historically unstable continent. Not only did America's presence protect Europe from external invasion and nuclear blackmail, it also settled the internal rivalries that had torn apart the continent for two millennia. The dominant military power in Europe was non-European, the old question of which European power would dominate the continent, a question over which millions had died, was moot. The new outside balancer, this time from across the Atlantic, not across the Channel, kept Europe externally safe and internally stable, because America was not only the protector but also the arbiter of last resort between the Europeans. Much of the integration process that the Europeans have put in place since the mid-1950s was built on this trust subsidy.

Europe's many political problems, both externally (Russia, Ukraine, refugees, Syria, IS) and internally (the Euro crisis, Brexit, the lack of EU reform) are either caused or greatly exacerbated by 25 years of systematically reducing America's political and military presence in Europe. The lack of American political investment in Europe has encouraged the Kremlin to challenge the peace order erected in Europe after the dissolution of the Soviet Union. America's absence has deepened suspicions about the viability of its security guarantee, which in turn has deepened the divisions between those Europeans who feel threatened by Russia and those who don't. The absence of America's mediating influence led to the resurrection of old feelings of mistrust and rivalry among Europeans, something that has been especially visible since Germany has had to assume a leadership role far beyond what other Europeans or the Germans themselves feel comfortable with.

Furthermore, America's lack of interest in leading from the front in Europe's Southern neighborhood left Europeans in charge of crisis management in Libya, and left the Syrian wound to fester, without anyone of decisive strength tending to it. Europeans are not strong enough militarily or willing enough politically to assume a position of power that would enable them to fill the leadership and capabilities vacuum that America's lack of interest in wider European affairs has created. As a consequence, others are filling the vacuum. Note not only Mr. Putin's deep forays into European affairs. Note also Mr. Erdogan's attempts at strategic free roaming. Note especially China's growing political influence in Europe. The space that America is vacating is quickly being taken by others, none of them particularly interested in Western values, and all of them pursuing an agenda that is different from or openly opposed to that of the West.

AND THIS IS PRECISELY where we currently stand in Europe. It is a continent that realizes that its internal and external affairs are not a done deal, that America's political nudging, shepherding, and investing, and sometimes its not so subtle coercing, is not going to come back. And, most importantly, that taking care of things yourself is enormously costly.

Not only does it cost money, it also means that under the pressure of tough judgment calls, differences in mentality and interest between Europeans that were once irrelevant and invisible are now becoming visible again—and taking their political toll. One wonders what the management of the Euro crisis would have looked like had America's leaders been fully aware of Europe's strategic vulnerability and fully grasped its destructive impact on its allies.

And while Europeans and Americans alike are starting to realize just how strategically potent the mix of internal and external turmoil in Europe really is, their survival instincts have not yet kicked in. The Euro crisis, Russia's brutal reentry into geopolitics, the refugee crisis, lackluster growth, lost generations, IS terror, populist uprisings, Brexit—none of these hard blows have yet led to the decisive action that Europe needs: reforming the common currency's governance, liberalizing labor markets, pushing hard for TTIP, investing more in defense, opening markets to developing countries, bringing more democracy to the EU, and developing a migration, integration, and border protection regime that works across the whole EU.

Europe is far away from reforming itself internally, and it is even further away from developing the ability to take care of its own global affairs. The dependency on the US remains, and will remain for the foreseeable future.

This spells trouble, because the US is nowhere near making Europe a strategic top priority again. The reinvestment in Europe, announced with much fanfare by the Obama administration after the shock of the Ukraine crisis, is only symbolic in size and has changed very little about the long-term trend that has been going on since the early 1990s. America will continue to look at Europe as a second- or third-tier strategic issue.

Both Europeans and Americans need to do more for Europe, but they don't want to because they are strategically hapless. If this continues, Europe will get more divided and more unstable, external players will gain in power, the West will lose transatlanticism, which is its core, and the world will lose much of its stability, the core of which is the West. High time for our strategic instincts to wake up. □

The Global Refugee Crisis

Practical solutions

Elizabeth Ferris and Tamara Cofman Wittes

The below is an edited excerpt from a public discussion held at the Richard C. Holbrooke Forum at the Brookings Institution on February 5, 2016. It was moderated by Martin Indyk, Brookings' vice president and director for foreign policy.

Tamara Cofman Wittes: Obviously, the exacerbation of the war in Syria and the rise of ISIS are the major factors driving this vast refugee flow that we have spent the last several days talking about, but migration from the Middle East and from North Africa into Europe has been a challenge for the European countries for a long time. It has certainly been exacerbated by the Arab uprisings of 2011 and the breakdown in order across the Arab world. There is a long legacy here that Europe is struggling with and Arab states are struggling with in dealing with this challenge.

It was the great misfortune of the Arab peoples that they went through this historic transformation and this upending of their region in the middle of a global recession. Both the United States and the European states faced tremendous challenges in trying to respond to these events in a way that was at all concomitant with the scope of the challenge. Back in 2011 and 2012, the Europeans made a set of commitments to these "states in transition," as they were then called, summarized as "more for more." If these countries do *more* in terms of stabilization, political reform, economic reform, inculcating the changes that would be necessary for human flourishing, then Europe would offer *more*: more mobility for people, more money, and more access to markets.

Looking back at the track record of the last five years, the Europeans have not done a very good job of fulfilling their end of that commitment. Although a number of Arab states have slid over the precipice, others have done quite a bit of work. I see the ambassador of Morocco here in the front row. I think that country certainly falls under the latter category.

In geopolitics, there are twin challenges driving the violence, driving the refugee crisis. I think we have to really reckon with the nature of what's happened, and the obstacles that it presents. What happened in Syria, what happened in Libya, and, to a lesser extent, in other parts of the region, is that leaders who ruled by squelching and destroying every independent social institution that might present a challenge to their rule were challenged from below, and when they were challenged, they responded with violence.

A breakdown in the social contract preceded these uprisings, of course, but it was the violent response of these leaders that broke these states apart. That created a demand for non-state violence as a response to the violence from the state.

The outcome that we have in many parts of the Arab world today is a breakdown in order, a breakdown in authority, but, fundamentally, a breakdown in social trust. In Syria, a breakdown in social trust in what was, before the war, one of the most diverse, cosmopolitan societies in the Middle East.

The degree of destruction of social trust means that even if the conflict were to end tomorrow, the barriers to refugee return, refugee resettlement, the reconstruction of a stable social and political order are tremendous. One of the things we need to think about is how we can preserve, where we can, and rebuild, where we must, social cohesion for refugees and internally displaced persons (IDPs) where they are.

What this means in practice is that we have to think beyond food and shelter and livelihoods, which are all urgent and important, but refugees and IDPs need to feel safe in their environment, the community where they are living now. They need to either create or embrace a set of basic rules about how to live together and how to live in that community. That's true whether they are still in Syria, whether they are in camps in Lebanon, Turkey, or Jordan, or whether they have now moved into European countries, where they are trying to integrate and resettle. To feel secure, they have to rebuild social trust. That means that our focus on practical needs, education, and jobs is important but insufficient. They need skills and platforms for dialogue, for conflict resolution. They need the tools for establishing and cultivating a sense of citizenship and, to be sure, some of the NGOs and governments working with refugees both in the region and increasingly in Europe are working on and contributing to this, but it is, right now, a very, very small piece of the overall picture.

I would encourage us to pay more attention to it going forward. I've heard in recent days that some European countries are asking NGOs interested in working with refugees to think about things like citizenship education, and I think that's going to be a tremendously important part of the puzzle.

Martin Indyk: Thank you, Tamara. Beth, broaden the lens for us, if you would, to the question of refugee policy in the institutions that deal with refugees. What's your take on what's being done, and what needs to be done from that community?

Elizabeth Ferris: First of all, I want to say how much I appreciate that we began by talking about some of the big ethical and moral questions. I think in ten years, we will look back on what's happening with Syria with real shame. I think that's across the board, whether it's the United States or Europe. Nobody is doing enough, in terms of either resolving the conflict


Tamara Cofman Wittes and Bruce Jones


Elizabeth Ferris


Martin Indyk

Michael Ignatieff and Leon Wieseltier

Photos by Paul Morigi

that has produced this large number of refugees and IDPs or in actually meeting their needs and thinking long-term about that. I know there is a lot of information about the numbers, but half of Syria's population has been displaced, seven million inside the country, and that's a very loose figure. We really don't know. The possibilities of getting good estimates are very limited. About 4.6 million refugees in the surrounding countries, these countries have been incredibly generous and hospitable, but they have done their part. They are crying for help. They have been crying for help for several years saying, "You know, we can't do this alone. We have social tensions and economic costs, and don't have the governmental capacity to even register or process or provide assistance to the refugees."

Most of the refugees in the region are not living in camps. When you have a refugee camp, you can have a UN official and the government in charge. You know who is responsible. You know who is not getting food. When the refugees are dispersed, as they are completely in Lebanon, mostly in Turkey and Jordan, when they are living in urban centers, and nobody is watching, nobody knows what malnutrition is, there is no accountability of who is actually responsible for finding them and meeting their needs and so on.

Those who are displaced within Syria are much more vulnerable. Questions of access, I think, are scandalous, in terms of the UN's and other non-governmental organizations' ability to actually deliver assistance, humanitarian, impartial, lifesaving assistance.

You read this week [February 2016] in the *New York Times* that the UN has made 113 requests to send in aid convoys, and less than 13 have been successful. Something is terribly wrong. Then you have the populations that are trapped or besieged that can't move, that the UN euphemistically calls "hard-to-reach areas," half a million people. That's a tremendous scale of suffering.

Leon Wieseltier said earlier that this is an emergency, and indeed, it is. But this has been going on since 2011, and there is no end in sight. We have to think of this as a protracted, long-term situation, to work now for solutions.

Kemal Kirişci and I have been working on this for several years and are publishing a book in the next month or so on Syrian displacement and the political consequences. It seems like every time we go back to the region, there's less hope. Refugees and government officials are expecting this to last 10 or 15 years. It's time that we no longer work as business as usual.

In terms of some of the policy options, clearly more money is needed, but frankly, that's the easy part. We saw in London impressive pledges of over $10 billion to work with Syrian refugees and Syria on a multi-year basis. It's not enough, but certainly people are stepping up to provide some financial support for this horrendous crisis, which is occurring in the midst of simultaneous mega crises in other parts of the world: in South Sudan and Yemen, the level of destruction is horrendous. The humanitarian community is stretched to the breaking point. It's not just money, it's people and energy, and who can figure out and think through all of these different crises at the same time, given the lack of political will. It is a shame that only 2,500 or so Syrians have come to the US. The US is a country of immigrants and has a proud tradition of refugee resettlement.

It's a shame the way in which the refugee issue has become securitized. As Michael Ignatieff mentioned earlier, this isn't about terrorists. This is about the victims of this conflict that we have been unable to prevent or stop, looking for a place to be safe. UNHCR next month is convening a meeting to look at what are being called "alternative safe pathways" for Syrian refugees. Maybe it's hard for the US to go from 2,000 to 200,000 refugees resettled in a year, but maybe there are ways we can ask our universities to offer scholarships to Syrian students.

Maybe we can tweak some of our immigration policies to enable Syrian-Americans who have lived here to bring not only their kids and spouses but their uncles and their grandmothers. There may be ways that we could encourage Syrians to come to the US without going through this laborious, time-consuming process of refugee resettlement.

There are things that can be done to really allow the United States and other countries to exercise responsibility in a coherent way. I think one of the tragedies of looking at the refugee situation, particularly in Europe, is the lack of burden- or responsibility-sharing. It has become, almost: if somebody arrives in your country, it's your problem. That wasn't how the international refugee regime was constructed. This was to be a collective response: when you arrive in a country, it isn't just that country. You should feel that you have the support of the world when you allow people who are fleeing conflict and persecution, unspeakable violence, to find safety. We have lost some of that responsibility-sharing that needs to be put back together somehow. □

The Refugee and Migration Crisis

Proposals for action

by Michael Ignatieff

In February 2016, the Richard C. Holbrooke Forum at the American Academy in Berlin joined together with the Brookings Institution to convene a meeting of experts in forced migration and refugee issues, together with senior leaders from the American and German government.

This report, prepared for the Brookings Institution and the American Academy by a research team at the Harvard Kennedy School, under the direction of Professor Michael Ignatieff, one of the co-conveners of the Holbrooke Forum, builds on that discussion with two specific policy recommendations for the US government.

RECOMMENDATION ONE: BUILD A COALITION FOR REFUGEE RESETTLEMENT

In addition to the 100,000 refugees from around the world that the United States has committed to accept in 2017, it should commit to select, screen, and accept 65,000 additional Syrian refugees currently in Turkish and Jordanian camps for resettlement in the United States in 2017. The 65,000 in question are those that the UNHCR has identified as among the most vulnerable—women and children in families broken apart by war, together with individuals traumatized by injury, violence, or torture who cannot receive adequate rehabilitation in refugee camps and need to be given a chance at a new start in safety. This would raise the overall total of refugees that the United States accepts per year to 150,000, at an additional estimated cost of about $700 million. By announcing a commitment of this magnitude in New York later this month, the United States would be sending a message of solidarity to the Syrian people, to the frontline states, and to UN members who have, so far, failed to shoulder refugee burdens.

To build a coalition of resettlement countries, the United States should target states who traditionally have not taken many refugees, including several in South America and the Gulf, and Muslim-majority countries in South Asia. Every refugee that can be resettled outside of Europe by this US-led coalition reduces the drownings in the Mediterranean and the pressure on Europe.

While it is clear that refugees admitted to the United States have not been responsible for acts of terrorism, the US public will have to be reassured about the security implications of a commitment to the Syrians most in

need of resettlement. The following measures would allow the United States to rapidly resettle 65,000 refugees without compromising its national security:

1. Consolidate screening personnel in frontline states. By consolidating the screening process abroad, the United States can avoid transferring documents and lengthy delays. When security, medical, and customs officials are co-located with the populations they are screening, multiple examinations and interviews can be completed on the same day. Forward-deployed screening personnel allowed the United States to rapidly and securely screen more than 10,000 Syrian refugees in 2016, a nearly tenfold increase from the year before. Likewise, the Canadian government, which will partner with the United States at the UN Summit, was able to resettle 25,000 Syrian refugees in four months by sending several hundred screening personnel to the frontline states.

2. Streamline security and medical processing. More processing should be done in parallel. For example, medical screening should begin at the same time as security screening so that lengthy medical tests can be completed without causing delays. Medical screening should be contracted out to selected local clinics where the refugees can go directly. This will reduce the burden on US government staff and the backlog of refugees waiting for medical clearance.

3. Introduce new digital tools to speed up the adjudication process. USCIS and the Department of State have already developed a suite of digital tools, including the modernized immigrant visa (MIV), to increase the efficiency of the adjudication process. The US Digital Service, a team within the federal government that uses technology to improve access to government services, can work across agencies to support the creation of a secure and efficient digital screening process for Syrian refugees.

RECOMMENDATION TWO: LEVERAGE SUPPORT FOR FRONTLINE STATES

President Obama's Leaders' Summit will enable the United States to translate the pledges made by states at recent donor conferences into reality. The United States has fulfilled its pledge to deliver $5.6 billion to Middle Eastern refugee relief since 2011, making it the largest single donor. This record gives it commanding authority to persuade other states to honor their pledges.

The Summit should close the gap between pledges and actual disbursements. At the Supporting Syria and the Region donor conference in London in February, contributing states pledged more than $10 billion in aid. They focused their attention on the needs of frontline states and the refugees they host, earmarking aid for access to education and economic opportunity. At their annual joint meeting with the International Monetary Fund (IMF) in March, the World Bank approved a financing model of $100 million intended to create 100,000 jobs for Jordanians and Syrian refugees living in Jordan.

The World Humanitarian Summit held in Istanbul in May brought together more than 9,000 representatives from governments, civil society, academia, and the private sector. The Istanbul meeting resulted in a reported 1,500 commitments in total, which the UN has vowed to track on a "Commitments to Action platform."

Despite these promises and pledges, the Syrian Crisis Fund, which is supposed to finance the internationally agreed humanitarian response plan and the regional refugee and resilience plan (3RP), is only 41 percent funded. Only $3.1 billion has been delivered of the required $7.7 billion. At the Summit, the United States should work to leverage past promises into concrete funds earmarked for the Syrian Crisis Fund.

The United States should increase its already substantial contributions but, most of all, it should use the Summit in September to leverage contributions from other wealthy countries, including Japan, the Gulf states, and Saudi Arabia. Two permanent members of the UN Security Council, China and Russia, need to contribute at a level commensurate with their international influence. The United States could gain the support of these nations by linking their cooperation on refugee resettlement with other issues of interest. For example, both Russia and China are concerned about terrorism originating in Syria, and they might fund refugee programs in frontline states in exchange for increased intelligence sharing on threats of violent extremism.

As the Obama administration rightly argues in its outcome goals for the Summit, the aid needs to be disbursed in such a way as to make it easier for the host states to relax restrictions on access to education and the labor market for refugees. The overall goal of humanitarian assistance should be to increase the self-reliance of refugees and their families, especially in cases where their stay in frontline countries is likely to be protracted.

Turkey

The Turkey-EU refugee deal, concluded in March 2016, has been thrown into question by instability and repression in Turkey following the failed military coup in July. It is now unlikely that the EU will honor its commitment to visa-free access to the EU for Turkish citizens. If this commitment breaks down, it may jeopardize both EU humanitarian assistance to Turkish refugee relief efforts as well as Turkish actions to control refugee flows into Europe. At the same time, the attempted military coup and its aftermath have shaken the NATO alliance and complicated US-Turkish relations. This is the moment, difficult as it is, when a US commitment to assist Turkey in its refugee integration and resettlement efforts might help to stabilize the broader US-Turkey relationship and set it on a new course. If possible, the United States should seek to persuade the government of Recep Tayyip Erdoğan to maintain the EU-Turkey deal that has stabilized refugee inflows into Europe. The United States can use financial commitments to refugees on Turkish soil in order to encourage

Turkey to open up its labor markets further to allow refugees to work and to expand its programs for refugee children to go to school.

Jordan

The Government of Jordan, in partnership with the UN, donors, and nongovernmental organizations (NGOs), has recently produced a three-year refugee response plan ("Jordan Response Plan to the Syria Crisis 2016–2018"). The JRP lays out a comprehensive plan to move from a crisis response framework to a resilience-based approach. While the international community has supported this plan, total financial commitments to date total only 8.9 percent of the $2.67 billion required to implement it.

Increased financial and political support for the JRP is crucial to its success. In particular, Jordan has indicated that it will be able to develop 200,000 job placements suited for Syrian refugees, and that this total could be increased if donor countries increase their financial support for five development zones across the country in which Jordan plans to invest. The United States has already lowered tariffs on Jordanian goods and it should encourage its allies to do the same in order to improve the capacity of the Jordanian economy to provide employment for refugees and their own citizens.

Lebanon

Lebanon hosts the highest number of Syrian refugees per capita. In contrast to Jordan, Lebanon's political dysfunction and lack of institutional capacity make it ill-prepared to provide suitable support for refugees. Furthermore, negative public and political attitudes toward refugees make a focus on long-term planning and resilience challenging. Any long-term planning and development the government might do on behalf of refugee populations—rather than needy Lebanese—is seen as politically toxic. No amount of external pressure will change this political reality.

Lebanon's policy of discouraging refugee documentation compromises aid and service delivery to these populations. In May 2015, at Lebanon's request, UNHCR stopped registering new refugees. High fees (approximately €180 per adult) for the renewal of legal refugee residence status encourage refugees already in-country to become undocumented. As a result, many refugees are undocumented and lack access to humanitarian assistance. In 2015, 89 percent of Syrian refugees in Lebanon reported lack of food, or money to buy it, in the previous thirty days.

Successful support for Syrian refugees in Lebanon will need to work around, not through, government channels. This support can be implemented in two major ways:

1. Direct grantmaking to trusted local NGOs. Direct grantmaking to legitimate NGOs on the ground avoids political complications and channels the money directly to organizations equipped to implement programming. While legitimate local NGOs are not plentiful, organizations like Basmeh & Zeitooneh are well respected and have the capacity to implement increased refugee support programming.

2. Partnerships with the private sector. The Middle East Investment Initiative, a nonprofit organization focused on sustainable economic growth, has developed a Middle East Recovery Plan focused on partnerships and favorable loan structures with local private-sector companies. This approach is promising in that it connects available funding directly to companies who can employ those in need. Donor companies could set up grant programs that specify a certain quota of refugee employees.

CONCLUSION

The United States has reasons of conscience and reasons of state to act now to take its fair share of refugees and to leverage full funding for the frontline states. Moving beyond the September Summit, the incoming US administration will have a challenging agenda: it must work with its NATO partners to help stop the unconscionable drownings in the Mediterranean, to bring stability to Libya, and to use a combination of military pressure and diplomacy to bring the carnage in Syria to an end.

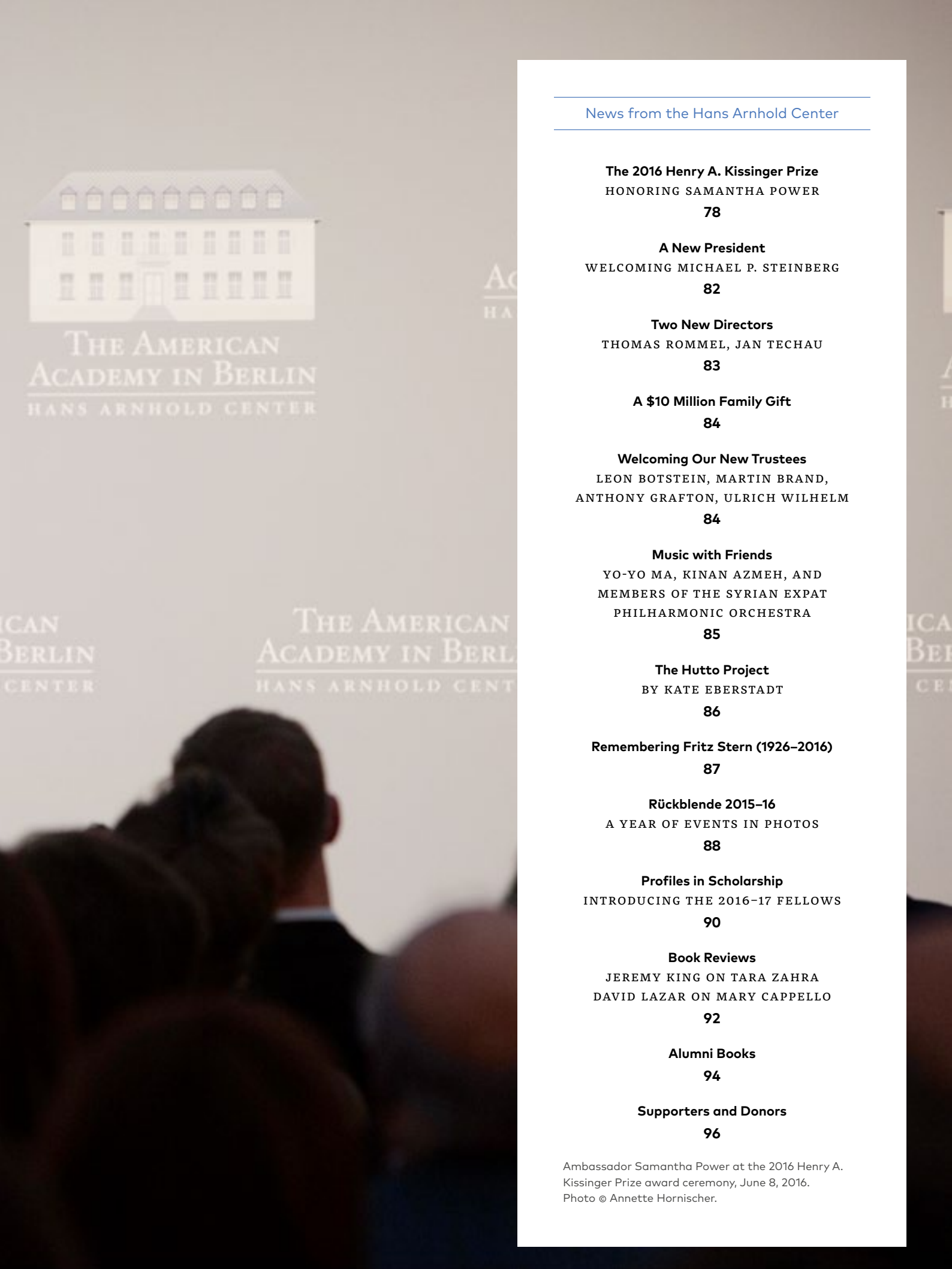
Europe, in its turn, must transition from unilateral border protection measures toward a thoroughgoing strategic engagement with the societies on its Mediterranean frontier. Specifically, Europe should work with its Mediterranean neighbors to contain uncontrolled migration flows, while also developing legal temporary migration streams to address its own demographic deficits and their development challenges. In this way, the crisis can be slowly transformed into new partnerships that will address the imbalances that cause migration flows in the first place.

Finally, the larger geostrategic imperatives of common US and European action on refugees and asylum need to be kept in mind. A strong and unified North Atlantic Alliance is the principal check against Russian adventurism. If Europe and the United States can improve cooperation on refugee issues, it will enhance their capacity to work together on common security challenges.

Forced migration and refugee policy pose enormous political challenges for democratic leaders. They must convince electorates frightened by terrorism that generosity toward strangers is not only humane, but also prudent. They must convince their fellow citizens that generous refugee and asylum policy, together with assistance to other states burdened with refugee flows, actually makes their country safer. We do not minimize the political challenges entailed in adopting the recommendations in this report. □

The above action-steps are excerpted from a white paper by Michael Ignatieff and a team of researchers at the Harvard Kennedy School (Juliette Keeley, Keith McCammon, and Betsy Ribble) entitled The Refugee and Migration Crisis: Proposals for Action, UN Summit 2016. *The full paper was published by Brookings on the occasion of the United Nations' Leaders' Summit on the Global Refugee Crisis, held on September 20, 2016, and convened by President Barack Obama.*

NOTEBOOK



News from the Hans Arnhold Center

Ambassador Samantha Power at the 2016 Henry A. Kissinger Prize award ceremony, June 8, 2016. Photo © Annette Hornischer.

All photos by Annette Hornischer

Henry A. Kissinger, Samantha Power

Christian Schmidt

Marianne von Weizsäcker, Regina Casper, Gerhard Casper, Samantha Power

Christoph Heusgen

THE 2016 HENRY A. KISSINGER PRIZE

Honoring Samantha Power

On the evening of June 8, 2016, the 2016 Henry A. Kissinger Prize was awarded to the United States Permanent Representative to the United Nations, Ambassador **Samantha Power**. The prize, awarded annually to a distinguished figure in the field of international diplomacy, recognized Ambassador Power for her "determined pursuit of a more secure, peaceful, and humane world." She is the first woman to receive the prize. In attendance at the ceremony, among 350 invited guests, were German cabinet ministers **Thomas de Maizière** and **Christian Schmidt**, members of the Bundestag, German media, a number of Academy trustees, and members of the Kellen-Arnhold family.

The laudation for Ambassador Power was delivered by **Christoph Heusgen**, the foreign policy and security advisor to Chancellor Angela Merkel; introductory remarks were delivered by the Prize's namesake, former Secretary of State and Academy honorary chairman **Henry A. Kissinger**. "I invited Samantha to lunch when she was appointed as UN Ambassador," Kissinger recalled in his remarks, "expecting that we would define our battlelines, and then, having carried out our obligations, would observe each other from a distance. I am proud to say that she has become a close friend. [...] There is no doubt about where Samantha stands with respect to our values."

At the United Nations, Power has worked to rally the international community to respond to global threats—from the Ebola outbreak to the rise of violent extremist groups—and has been a persistent and forceful advocate for human rights and democratic accountability. In a moving speech, she outlined the diplomatic fusion of the traditional idealism and realism camps: "I would like here to put forward a simple thesis that once may have been controversial in a gathering like this one," Power said. "And that thesis is the following: it is now objectively the case that our national interests are increasingly affected not just by what happens between states—but also what happens to *people* in states." Her 45-minute speech was subsequently published as "US Diplomacy: Realism and Reality," in the August 18, 2016, issue of the *New York Review of Books*.

Power formerly served on the National Security Council as Special Assistant to the President and Senior Director for Multilateral Affairs and Human Rights. She was also the Anna Lindh Professor of the Practice of Global Leadership and Public Policy at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, where she was the founding Executive Director of the Carr Center for Human Rights Policy. The Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *"A Problem from Hell": America and the Age of Genocide* (2002), Power is also editor, with Academy alumnus Derek Chollet, of a book about Academy founder Richard C. Holbrooke, *The Unquiet American: Richard Holbrooke in the World* (2011).

The Henry A. Kissinger Prize has been awarded annually since 2007. The previous recipients are Helmut Schmidt (2007), George H.W. Bush (2008), Richard von Weizsäcker (2009), Michael R. Bloomberg (2010), Helmut Kohl (2011), George P. Shultz (2012), Ewald-Heinrich von Kleist (2013), James A. Baker, III (2014), and Giorgio Napolitano and Hans-Dietrich Genscher (2015).

The 2016 Henry A. Kissinger Prize was generously underwritten by **Bloomberg Philanthropies, Robert Bosch GmbH, and Daimler AG**.

You can read the full text of the speeches by Ambassador Power, Henry A. Kissinger, and Christoph Heusgen in a special brochure about the 2016 Henry A. Kissinger Prize on the Academy's website, americanacademy.de. □


Michael P. Steinberg, Katharina Galor, Alexandra von Lambsdorff


Norbert Röttgen, Marianne von Weizsäcker


Wolfgang Malchow, Pascal N. Levensohn


Henry A. Kissinger, Thomas de Maizière

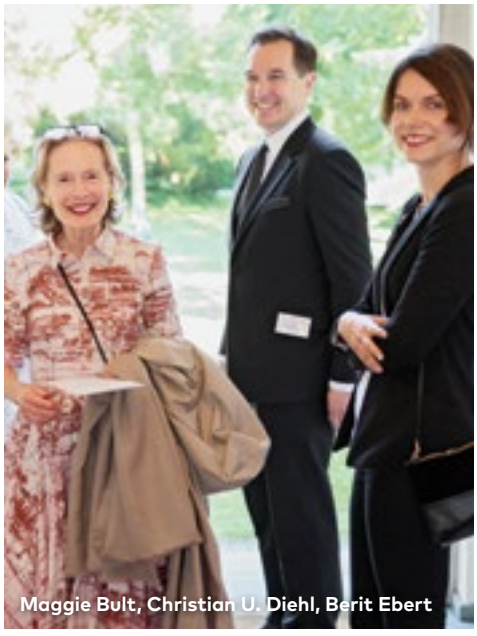

Gregory Barker, Gahl Hodges Burt


Gaby and Franz Fehrenbach


Eckart von Klaeden and Henry A. Kissinger


Sarah Solmssen and Peter Y. Solmssen

Samantha Power, Andrew Gundlach, Henry A. Kissinger, Nina von Maltzahn, Jutta Falke-Ischinger



Maggie Bult, Christian U. Diehl, Berit Ebert

Nina von Maltzahn, Christopher von Oppenheim

Elizabeth Jennings, Kati Marton, Katharina Galor

Gahl Hodges Burt, Guido Goldman, Bill Drozdiak

Wolfgang Ischinger, Katrin Suder

All photos by Annette Hornischer

WELCOMING MICHAEL P. STEINBERG

New President of the American Academy

On March 31, 2016, the trustees of the American Academy in Berlin appointed Brown University professor **Michael P. Steinberg** the Academy's next president; he began his five-year tenure on August 15.

Steinberg succeeds Gerhard Casper, a former president of Stanford University and longtime Academy trustee, who led the Academy on an interim basis, from July 2015 to July 2016. "I am extremely pleased that Professor Steinberg has agreed to serve as president," Casper said. "His broad experience and innovative approaches will enhance the Academy's programs to foster greater understanding and dialogue between the United States and Germany. With him, an Academy alumnus [Anna-Maria Kellen Fellow, fall 2003] will for the first time assume the leadership."

Before his arrival as Academy president, Steinberg was vice provost for the arts and the Barnaby Conrad and Mary Critchfield Keeney Professor of History and Professor of Music and German Studies at Brown University. He was the founding director of Brown's Cogut Center for the Humanities from 2005 to 2015, and, between 2009 and 2013, dramaturg on a joint production of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung* for the Berlin State Opera and the Teatro alla Scala, Milan.

Educated at Princeton University and the University of Chicago (PhD), Steinberg was a visiting professor at each of these universities, as well as at the Ecole des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales, in Paris, and National Tsinghua University, in Taiwan. He was a member of the Cornell University Department of History between 1988 and 2005.

Steinberg's principal research interests include the cultural history of modern Germany and Austria, with particular attention to German-Jewish intellectual history and the cultural history of music. The author of studies of Hermann Broch, Aby Warburg, and Walter Benjamin, his books include *Austria as Theater and Ideology: The Meaning of the Salzburg Festival* (Cornell, 2000), of which the German edition (*Ursprung und Ideologie der Salzburger Festspiele*; Anton Pustet Verlag, 2000) won Austria's Victor Adler Staatspreis, in 2001; *Listening to Reason: Culture, Subjectivity, and Nineteenth-Century Music* (Princeton, 2004); *Reading Charlotte Salomon,* co-edited with Monica Bohm Duchen (Cornell, 2006); *Judaism Musical and Unmusical* (Chicago, 2007); and, most recently, the co-edited volume *Makers of Jewish Modernity: Thinkers, Artists, Leaders, and the World They Made* (Princeton, 2016).

Photo by Jürgen Stumpe

Steinberg has written and lectured widely on these topics for the *New York Times* and at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Bard Music Festival, Aspen Music Festival and School, and the Salzburg Festival. A member of the executive board of the Consortium of Humanities Centers and Institutes, Steinberg is the recipient of fellowships from the American Council of Learned Societies, National Endowment for the Humanities, and the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. In fall 2003, he was the Anna-Maria Kellen Fellow at the American Academy, where he worked on the project "Modernity and Secularity in German-Jewish Thought and Art, 1780–1960." □

A SMART CAR

In May 2016 the Academy received a generous in-kind sponsorship from partner **Daimler AG**: a new **smart car** for use in the 2016–17 academic year. The **smart** allows the American Academy to offer its resident scholars demand-oriented research support from Berlin's many libraries and archives. We are grateful to Daimler AG for supporting our work in such a generous and thoughtful way since 2012. □

The American Academy in Berlin's Head of Hospitality and Facility René Ahlborn and Development Manager Berit Ebert with Bertram Johne of smart center Berlin.

TWO NEW DIRECTORS

The American Academy in Berlin is pleased to announce two new additions to its management staff: **Thomas Rommel**, the Academy's new director of programs, and **Jan Techau**, director of the Richard C. Holbrooke Forum. Both appointments were made by Academy president **Michael P. Steinberg**. "I am delighted to bring two such distinguished colleagues to the American Academy in Berlin," Steinberg said. "By working together to align more closely the Academy's three core activities—residential fellowships, guest lectures and special events, and the Holbrooke Forum—we will create an even more effective platform for German-American collaboration on issues of global importance in our three key areas—the humanities, arts, and public policy."

Jan Techau, Thomas Rommel

Photo by Annette Hornischer

As director of programs, Rommel will guide the implementation of an integrated program in the arts, humanities, and public policy, consisting largely of public lectures and other events by Academy fellows and Distinguished Visitors. He comes to the Academy from Bard College Berlin, where he was rector and provost. "The American Academy is a unique place for learning, scholarly collaboration, and debates that go beyond single academic projects," Rommel said. "Here, American fellows and guests from across a broad intellectual and cultural spectrum network with colleagues from Berlin—and with a German audience. I am very much looking forward to being a part of this exciting exchange."

Rommel received his doctorate and *Habilitation* in literary studies at the University of Tübingen and was a professor of literature and coordinator of undergraduate and graduate programs in the humanities at Jacobs University Bremen. He has held visiting positions at Northern Arizona University, Columbia University, and Joensuu University, in Finland. Co-editor of the online journal *Prolepsis: The Heidelberg Review of English Studies,* Rommel has spent his academic career on eighteenth-century thought, Romanticism, and literary theory. He has written books on Lord Byron, eighteenth-century literature, and the history of ideas, and an introduction to philosopher and economist Adam Smith. He has also edited volumes on English studies and Anglo-Irish drama and is currently working on a monograph on the Anglo-Dutch political philosopher and satirist Bernard Mandeville.

Jan Techau comes to the American Academy from Carnegie Europe, the European think tank of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, where he worked on EU integration and foreign policy, transatlantic affairs, and German foreign and security policy. "Jan Techau's policy know-how and extensive network make him the ideal person to define topics and bring together the right mix of experts," Steinberg said. "This will produce the sort of groundbreaking knowledge and transformative insights for which Holbrooke was known." As director of the Holbrooke Forum, Techau will help to design and orchestrate an ongoing series of international workshops with policy and legal experts—who in the past have included Harold Hongju Koh, the former chief legal adviser to the US State Department and dean of Yale Law School, Michael Ignatieff, of the Harvard Kennedy School, and Thomas Bagger, of the German Federal Foreign Office—to address topics ranging from global migration, international legal norms, and resurgent authoritarianism. "In these demanding times for diplomacy and international statecraft," Techau said, "the Holbrooke Forum will add thoughtful analysis and useful advice to German, European, and transatlantic public-policy debates."

Before joining Carnegie, in 2011, Techau served in the NATO Defense College's Research Division. Prior to that, he was the director of the Alfred von Oppenheim Center for European Policy Studies at the German Council on Foreign Relations in Berlin (2006 to 2010); from 2001 to 2006 he was part of the German Ministry of Defense's Press and Information Department. In addition to his role at the Academy, Techau is also an associate scholar at the Center for European Policy Analysis and an associate fellow at the American Institute for Contemporary German Studies. He is a regular contributor to German and international news media. □

GENEROUS GIFT FOR THE HANS ARNHOLD CENTER

In early summer 2016, the American Academy in Berlin received a $10 million donation from **Nina von Maltzahn**, a longtime member of its board of trustees and member of the Arnhold-Kellen family. The funds will go into an endowment to operate the Academy's Hans Arnhold Center and to maintain its grounds. "This gift will help to strengthen the Academy's 'infrastructure' for fostering dialogue and understanding between our two countries," Academy president Gerhard Casper said. "That 'infrastructure' consists of one of the most beautifully located and handsome villas on the Wannsee, with a park-like garden. Nobody understands the importance of the setting for the Academy's work better than Nina."


Nina von Maltzahn

The villa that today bears the name of distinguished banker Hans Arnhold was the family's home from the mid-1920s to the late 1930s. The Arnhold family home served as an important salon for many Berlin artists and intellectuals. Musicians came regularly to perform, among them cellists Gregory Piatigorsky and, once, Pablo Casals. The Arnholds were also known for their collection of Impressionist and Expressionist art.

The Arnhold's eldest daughter, **Ellen Maria Gorrissen** (1916–1996), Nina von Maltzahn's mother, spent her formative years in the house, along with her sister, Anna-Maria. "I'm passionate about helping to maintain my grandparents' former home," Maltzahn said, "as a vibrant center for lively cultural and scholarly exchange."

Von Maltzahn is a longtime supporter of the American Academy in Berlin. In 2013, she fully funded a refurbishment of the Academy's gardens, and, in 2014, helped finance construction of a lakeside pavilion to provide additional workspace for the Academy's two-dozen yearly fellows. She also endowed the Nina Maria Gorrissen Fellowship in History, which has been granted to two scholars per academic year since 2011. Von Maltzahn has also helped to fund the Max Beckmann Distinguished Visitorship and numerous Academy concerts by the Philadelphia-based Curtis Institute of Music, whose board she chaired for the two years prior to May 2016 and on which she remains. She is also an honorary member of the board of the chamber music series Spectrum Concerts Berlin, a patron of the Salzburg Easter Festival—a renowned classical music festival founded by Herbert von Karajan in 1967—and a member of the Metropolitan Opera International Council. □

WELCOMING OUR NEW TRUSTEES

At its 2016 meeting, the American Academy's board of trustees elected four new members: Leon Botstein, Martin Brand, Anthony Grafton, and Ulrich Wilhelm.

Since 1975 **Leon Botstein** has been the president of Bard College, where he is also the Leon Levy Professor in the Arts and Humanities. He has been the music director and principal conductor of the American Symphony Orchestra since 1992, and from 2003 to 2011 was the music director of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, where he is conductor laureate. Botstein serves as editor of *Musical Quarterly* and, beginning in summer 2018, will be the artistic director of the Grafenegg Academy, in Austria.

During Botstein's tenure at Bard, the college has established 12 graduate schools, the Conservatory of Music, and the Levy Economics Institute. Bard's reach internationally has expanded dramatically under Botstein's watch, leading to the creation of new programs on several continents, including the first liberal arts college program in Russia, a joint program on the West Bank between Bard and Al-Quds University, and with the American University of Central Asia. Botstein inaugurated the Bard Music Festival, a summer series of concerts and lectures that focuses on one composer each summer, and he has pioneered linking the liberal arts and higher education to public secondary schools, resulting in the founding of seven Bard High School Early College programs, in Maryland, New Jersey, New York, New Orleans, and Ohio.

For his contributions to music he has received the award of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and Harvard University's prestigious Centennial Award, as well as the Cross of Honor, First Class from the government of Austria. Other recent awards include the Caroline P. and Charles W. Ireland Prize,

the highest award given by the University of Alabama; the Bruckner Society's Julio Kilenyi Medal of Honor; the Leonard Bernstein Award for the Elevation of Music in Society; and the Carnegie Foundation's Academic Leadership Award. In 2011, Botstein was inducted into the American Philosophical Society.

Martin Brand is a senior managing director of the Blackstone Group. Since joining the group's private equity division, in 2003, he has focused on investments in technology and financial services as well as on the strategies and finances of companies under ownership.

Previously, Brand worked as a derivatives trader with the FICC division of Goldman Sachs in New York and Tokyo (1998–2000) and with McKinsey & Company in London (2000–01). He received a BA and MA in mathematics and computation from Oxford University and an MBA from Harvard Business School.

Brand currently serves as the chairman of Exeter Finance Corp. and on the board of directors of Ipreo, Kronos, First Eagle Investment Management, OPTIV, and Lendmark, as well as on the board of the Harvard Business School Club of Greater New York and the Watermill Center, on Long Island.

Anthony Grafton is one of the foremost historians of early modern Europe and the current Henry Putnam University Professor at Princeton University, where he has taught since 1975. His special interests lie in the cultural history of Renaissance Europe, the history of books and readers, the history of scholarship and education in the West from antiquity to the nineteenth century, and the history of science from antiquity to the Renaissance. Grafton is noted for his studies of the classical tradition from the Renaissance to the eighteenth century, and in the history of historical scholarship. His current project is a large-scale study of the science of chronology in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Europe. Author of a dozen books and the co-author, editor, co-editor, or translator of many others, Grafton has been co-editor of the *Journal of the History of Ideas* since 2007. He also writes on a wide variety of topics for the *New Republic*, *American Scholar*, and the *New York Review of Books*.

Grafton has been the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship (1989), the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize (1993), the Balzan Prize for History of Humanities (2002), and the Mellon Foundation's Distinguished Achievement Award (2003). Anthony Grafton is a member of the American Philosophical Society and the British Academy. In 2011, he served as president of the American Historical Association.

Ulrich Wilhelm is the director general of Bayerischer Rundfunk (BR), a public radio and television broadcaster based in Munich and part of the ARD consortium of public broadcasters. He has represented the German public service media on the executive board of the European Broadcasting Union since 2013.

Wilhelm studied journalism at the German School of Journalism in Munich (1981–83) and then law at the Universities of Passau and Munich. After stints as a freelance journalist for BR and a Congressional Fellow in Washington, Wilhelm joined the civil service, in 1991, initially in the Bavarian Ministry of the Interior and later in the Bavarian State Chancellery. He became the highest-ranking civil servant of the Bavarian State Ministry of Sciences, Research, and the Arts in 2004 and, in 2005, permanent State Secretary, Spokesman of the German Government, and Director of the Press and Information Office of the German Government, a position he held for nearly five years.

Wilhelm is a member of the senate of the Max Planck Society, the university councils of the Technical University of Munich and the University of Erlangen, and the board of trustees of the BMW Stiftung Herbert Quandt, American Jewish Committee, and the Roland Berger Foundation. In 2013, he was awarded the Bavarian Order of Merit. □

MUSIC WITH FRIENDS

On Wednesday, March 23, 2016, cellist **Yo-Yo Ma** delivered an intimate performance at the American Academy with musicians from the Syrian Expat Philharmonic Orchestra: clarinetist **Kinan Azmeh**, violinists **Jehad Jazbeh** and **Sousan Eskandar**, and guest violist **Volker Sprenger**, of the Hanns Eisler School of Music Berlin. The house concert, entitled "When Strangers Become Friends," included a short film by Azmeh and a subsequent discussion about culture, identity, and migration. Long colleagues in the international Silk Road Ensemble, created under Ma's artistic direction in 2000, Ma and Azmeh have been devoted to exploring musical boundaries and the ways in which art can connect people across nationalities. Audiences and critics in more than thirty countries throughout Asia, Europe, and North America have embraced the ensemble's impassioned mission of cross-cultural understanding. At the Academy, the group performed works by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and modern Turkish composer Ahmed Adnan Saygun. □

Sousan Eskandar, Kinan Azmeh, Yo-Yo Ma, Volker Sprenger

THE HUTTO PROJECT

by Kate Eberstadt

Photo © Brune Charvin

When I arrived in February 2016 at the emergency refugee camp in Wilmersdorf, I saw a six-year-old child standing in the doorway. She had a weathered winter jacket, furry boots, and crossed her arms in front of her body, hiding her hands in her sleeves. She stared through the glass door out at the world, which was, from her view, a street, a Deutsches Rotes Kreuz supply truck, a plot of open grass, and a fence.

This scene does not change quickly when you are not enrolled in school, live in a single gymnasium with 170 other people from eight countries speaking ten different languages, and have almost no organized activity to anchor your day.

It was hard not to notice that she was half-bald, and that parts of each of her fingers were missing. Her face was scarred, pulling down the edges of her lips. She was alert but painfully shy. Her gaze orbited my path, curious, silent. It is a story we all know from reading the news, and yet there is nothing that can fully prepare you for it: the presence of a child who has been forcefully uprooted.

On February 19, we began the Hutto Project, named in memory of my high-school choir director. Our choral music program for displaced children in this emergency camp would convene three times a week for the next six months, in hopes of giving them an alternative space to grow.

Our students had journeyed from Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Moldova, Palestine, and Syria. Walking through the gymnasium hallways, you had the sense of unease as aboard a ship navigating unpredictable waters. Chaos and random tensions and outbursts within the camp were counterpoint to the contagious stagnation and paralysis that comes with living in a fully public space.

Our students slept in bunk beds in one open room with no privacy: no walls, no doors, no room for solitude or focus. Their soundscape was inherently subjected to the living patterns and behavioral tics of others. Every action in their environment could be seen by all, whether parents, friends, volunteers, strangers, or the Red Cross staff.

This panoptic state was not unlike constantly standing on stage, and it was only the first stage of many. Like other highly monitored minority groups, our students were often viewed—and will continue to be—through the lens of one aspect of their identity: asylum seekers. For them, surveillance is an unavoidable element of life—all the more necessary to learn to stand in front of others with a firm center.

Within the architecture of this makeshift living environment, as I watched these children move through space, the words of renowned theater artist and architect Robert Wilson echoed in my mind: "How do you stand on a stage? It's not easy." This voice was not far from recollection, as I had spent the past few summers in residence at the Watermill Center, on Long Island, a laboratory for the arts, watching Wilson train performers. Convening in a rehearsal tent for hours at a time, he drew out the most powerful performances, instilling precision, concentration, focus, and strength. "You move from the center. All movement comes from the center."

But how do we find this core, especially in the midst of chaos?

A music program seemed the logical answer because, of the many paths of reaching this center, to me, music has always been most the direct. Unrestricted by the finite and fragile nature of spoken language, music has a unique ability to access the deepest, most honest parts of us. This is even more so when words fail—when you are swimming in a classroom through fragments of Kurdish, Arabic, Russian, Farsi, English, and German. Here, music can speak.

The process of growth is delicate; it takes a lot of time; it takes adequate room. It would be essential to establish a firm structure. Only within a solid framework could our students have the ability to focus, learn, and grow.

The greatest challenge was creating this structure in a complicated environment, and our job was made much easier by the grace of the Berlin people. In an act of immense generosity, the Deutsches Rotes Kreuz Wilmersdorf provided our group with a free classroom for half a year.

This may seem easy in theory, but on the first day of rehearsal, when 25 children between the ages of 3 and 14 scatter running and

screaming throughout your sterile office, dragging scooters and tracking mud through the hallway, one's generosity could be compromised.

But the DRK's gesture was the firmest structure of all, and thus, our stage was set. Four walls, a rehearsal schedule, and our cast: our Hutto Project team, friends from the Watermill Center, volunteers from the American Academy in Berlin and elsewhere, and our students.

The Hutto Project curriculum became rooted in repetition of familiar exercises: warm-ups, scales, breathing techniques, movement, posture, and stage presence. On occasion we would see slight variations in our students, as they carved out more and more space for themselves. When you meet over an extended period of time in the same room with the same people and practice the same exercises, the smallest gesture has immense potential to reverberate.

Such as when, after weeks of rehearsals, the child you met on the first day raises her hand for the first time. She volunteers to participate in a mirror exercise in the center of the classroom.

Fully in the presence of her peers and in the presence of herself, she gestures in parallel with her partner. Every focused, delicate articulation of her digits stretches up to the sky, open. □

www.thehuttoproject.com

REMEMBERING FRITZ STERN (1926–2016)

The American Academy in Berlin lost a dearly beloved friend on May 18, 2016: distinguished historian **Fritz Stern**. He died, aged 90, in New York City.

Stern was a founding trustee of the Academy; it was to him founder Richard C. Holbrooke turned when seeking advice as US Ambassador to Germany, in 1993. "He is one of Germany's greatest unintentional gifts to America," Holbrooke later said at a dinner in honor of Stern, "and he has, in turn, devoted his life to helping Americans and Germans understand Germany through close examination of its—and his own—past."

Stern was born in Breslau, Germany, in 1926. He fled with his family in 1938, at age 12, to New York City (Queens), where he attended school and then Columbia University, where he received his PhD, in 1953. He would teach there for his entire professional life, until 1996, with stints at Cornell and a variety of posts throughout Europe, including the Freie Universität Berlin.

Author of a dozen books, Stern was the recipient of the Peace Prize of the German Book Trade, the German National Prize, the Leo Baeck Medaille, and the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany; he also held honorary degrees from Oxford and Princeton. The Academy's annual Fritz Stern Lecture honors his scholarly legacy.

Stern's intellectual focus was on the nineteenth-century origins of the National Socialist movement in Germany and its sociocultural characteristics. His many essays and lectures, published in several collections, use biography as a window through which to view the twentieth century. These include portraits of Germans and German Jews, politicians and scientists, from Walter Rathenau and Ernst Reuter to Max Planck, from Albert Einstein (whom Stern met as a young man) to Nobel-winning chemist Fritz Haber, his godfather.

Stern's books include *The Varieties of History: From Voltaire to the Present* (1956), *The Politics of Cultural Despair: A Study in the Rise of the Germanic Ideology* (1963), and his monumental work, *Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichröder, and the Building of the German Empire* (1977), a double biography and in-depth look at the relationship between German Chancellor Otto von Bismarck and Jewish banker Gerson von Bleichröder, whose family bank was later subsumed, in 1931, by the Arnhold bank. The book was nominated for the National Book Award in History.

Stern's most recent solo book was the much-lauded *Five Germanys I Have Known*, published in 2006. Subsequent books include *Unser Jahrhundert: Ein Gespräch* (2011), with Helmut Schmidt, and *No Ordinary Men: Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Hans von Dohnanyi, Resisters Against Hitler in Church and State* (2013), written with his wife, Elisabeth Sifton. □

IN MEMORIAM

Christopher Middleton
1926–2015

American Academy in Berlin
alumnus of fall 2001

RÜCKBLENDE 2015–16

A Year of Events in Photos

Jared Cohen of Google Ideas at the Rotes Rathaus in Berlin

Hermann Parzinger, president of Stiftung Preußischer Kulturbesitz, introducing the fall 2015 class of fellows

Spring 2016 fellow Brenda Stevenson at the US Embassy in Berlin

Princeton's Michael Gordon speaks with fall 2015 fellow Monica Green at Alex Offener Kanal Berlin for the Academy's NPR Berlin program

We are grateful to our friends, supporters, and cooperation partners in Berlin and Germany for their generous help with Academy lectures, discussions, readings, and productions.

Photographer Barbara Klemm introduced the spring 2016 class of fellows

Nobel laureate Alvin E. Roth's book presentation at ESMT Berlin, spring 2016

Fall 2015 fellows Moishe Postone, Robin Einhorn, and Mary Cappello at the fellows presentation

Spring 2016 fellows Mary Ellen Carroll and Spyros Papapetros

Robyn Creswell, Roxani Margariti, Brenda Stevenson, and Pamela Flanagan on the Hans Arnhold Center terrace, spring 2016

Spring 2016 fellow Steven Hill at Telefonica Basecamp in Berlin. Photo by Christian Klant, © Telefonica Deutschland

Nobel laureate Eric Kandel at the Academy, fall 2015. Photo © Jürgen Stumpe

Conductor Donald Runnicles and Adelle Eslinger-Runnicles attend Yo-Yo Ma's spring concert

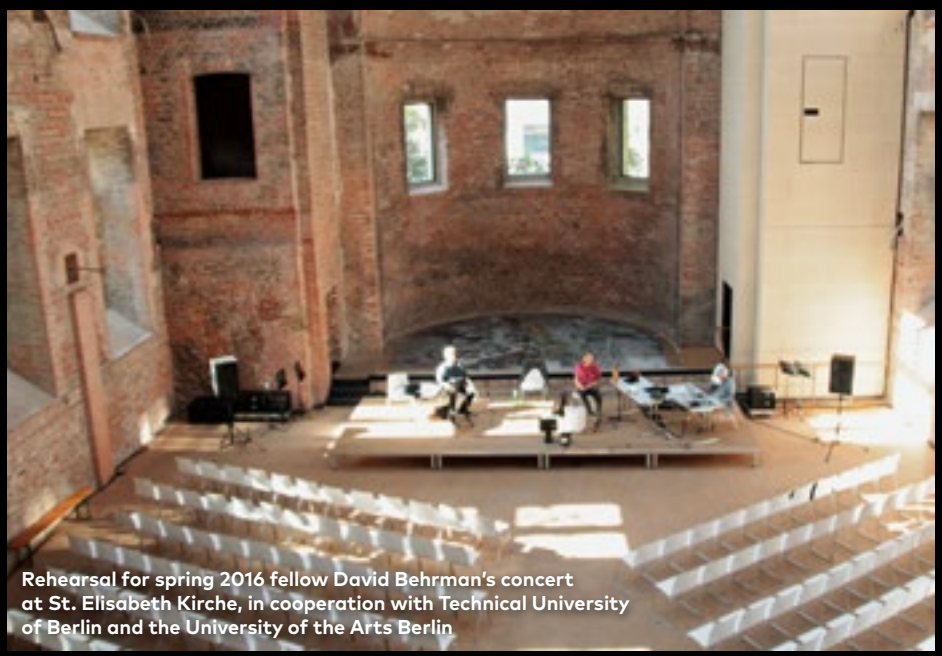
Joshua Hammer at the English Theatre in Berlin for the US Embassy Literature series

Alice Kelley, alumnus Tom Drury, trustee Christine Wallich

Michael Salu and spring 2016 fellow Hari Kunrzu

Hellmut Seemann, president of Klassik Stiftung Weimar, and trustee Regine Leibinger, winter 2016

Francis Fukuyama at the Academy, spring 2016



Rehearsal for spring 2016 fellow David Behrman's concert at St. Elisabeth Kirche, in cooperation with Technical University of Berlin and the University of the Arts Berlin

PROFILES IN SCHOLARSHIP

Presenting the fall 2016 and spring 2017 classes of fellows and the fall 2016 Distinguished Visitors and guest lecturers

ANNA-MARIA KELLEN FELLOWS

Mary Ann Doane (Fall 2016)
Class of 1937 Professor of Film and Media, University of California, Berkeley
Doane will be completing a book on the use of the close-up in film practice and theory. From smart phones and tablets to television screens and IMAX, the use of scale, Doane argues, has repercussions for the spectator's orientation in and navigation of space—and, by extension, the body's relation to space in modernity.

Charles Häberl (Fall 2016)
Chair and Associate Professor of African, Middle Eastern, and South Asian Languages and Literatures, Rutgers University
Häberl will continue his research of the Mandaeans of Iraq and Iran, one of the Middle East's smallest and most ancient religious communities. Focusing on Mandaean folklore about persecution and migration, he will speak with members of this community who have sought refuge in Western countries, including Germany.

AXEL SPRINGER FELLOWS

Virág Molnár (Spring 2017)
Associate Professor of Sociology, The New School for Social Research
Molnár will explore the role of civil society in the right-wing radicalization of Hungarian politics since 2000 to understand how Hungary, probably the most staunchly liberal and democratic of the former Eastern Bloc countries throughout the 1990s, has become one of the most nationalist-populist regimes in Europe.

Aili Mari Tripp (Spring 2017)
Professor of Political Science and Gender and Women's Studies, University of Wisconsin–Madison
Tripp will examine why women's rights in Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco are being expanded through the adoption of constitutional and legal reforms at a pace that exceeds that of the rest of the Middle East and North Africa. She is interested in explaining the emergence of these trends amid heightened Islamist influences in the region.

BERTHOLD LEIBINGER FELLOW

Rebecca Boehling (Fall 2016)
Professor of History, University of Maryland, Baltimore County
As director of the International Tracing Service in Bad Arolsen from 2013–15, Boehling focused on the victims of Nazi persecution. In Berlin, she will make a comparative assessment of how the United States, Great Britain, and France approached the process of undoing Nazi influences in post-World War II German society, examining the divergent theories behind denazification and how they were implemented.

BOSCH PUBLIC POLICY FELLOWS

Timothy Brown (Fall 2016)
Professor of History, Northeastern University
In his project "The Greening of Cold War Germany," Brown seeks to understand the similarities and differences in environmentalism and related social movements in the Federal Republic of Germany and the German Democratic Republic from 1968–1989. Throughout, he traces the intellectual and cultural history of the Green movement alongside its political development.

Kate Brown (Spring 2017)
Professor of History, University of Maryland, Baltimore County
Brown is writing a history of human survival in the territories surrounding the Chernobyl nuclear power plant. In one of the first archival-based histories of Chernobyl, she explores how people negotiated daily life in the new conditions of daily exposures to radioactive isotopes.

DAIMLER FELLOW

Paul Guyer (Spring 2017)
Jonathan Nelson Professor of Humanities and Philosophy, Brown University
In his Academy project, "Mendelssohn and Kant: Forms of Freedom," Guyer not only examines the two figures' intellectual exchange over the course of their careers, but also renders a nuanced picture of the legacy of the Enlightenment today.

DIRK IPPEN BERLIN PRIZE FELLOW

Ioana Uricaru (Fall 2016)
Filmmaker; Barksdale Jr. Assistant Professor of Film and Media Culture, Middlebury College
Uricaru will be working on a screenplay and film project inspired by the American intelligence project Operation Paperclip, which recruited German scientists and brought them to the United States at the end of World War II.

ELLEN MARIA GORRISSEN FELLOWS

Esra Akcan (Fall 2016)
Associate Professor of Architecture, Cornell University
Akcan will explore the concept of open architecture in the context of housing regulations for noncitizens, with a focus on the 1984/1987 Internationale Bauausstellung (IBA) that took place in Berlin-Kreuzberg. At a time when Germany is taking in record numbers of refugees, her project offers perspectives on how local populations and policies, the supply of housing, and noncitizens have interacted in the urban sphere.

Harry Liebersohn (Spring 2017)
Professor of History, University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign
Liebersohn will show how the globalization of music since Edison's invention of the phonograph is part of a new phase in the history of cultural encounters. He looks at musical innovators who, when confronted with diverse aural worlds, developed expertise in both recording and listening to create a new global culture.

GUNA S. MUNDHEIM VISUAL ARTS FELLOWS

Daniel Joseph Martinez (Fall 2016)
Artist; Donald Bren Professor of Art, Claire Trevor School of the Arts, University of California, Irvine
Martinez uses photography, painting, site-specific installation, printed works, performance, and public interventions to raise politically inflected questions. In Berlin, he will focus on an interrogation of war and architecture, contemplating the disappearance of Western civilization in an age of intelligent machines.

Trenton Doyle Hancock (Spring 2017)
Artist, Houston
Hancock's intricate candy-colored prints, drawings, collaged-felt paintings, and site-specific installations work together to tell the story of the "Mounds"—bizarre mythical creatures that are the tragic protagonists of his unfolding narrative between good and evil.

HOLTZBRINCK FELLOWS

Wendy Hui Kyong Chun (Spring 2017)
Professor of Modern Culture and Media, Brown University
Chun will investigate the persistence and transformation of categories of race, gender, class, and sexuality in the era of network analytics. She will look at the ways in which allegedly neutral machine-learning algorithms merge methods to identify specific individuals with those that target social identities.

Adam Johnson (Spring 2017)
Writer; Phil and Penny Knight Professor in Creative Writing, Stanford University
Winner of the 2013 Pulitzer Prize for *The Orphan Master's Son*, Johnson will use his time in Berlin to continue work on a new novel. He again explores entangled questions of displacement, scarcity, resource distribution, sustainability, social organization, and war.

INGA MAREN OTTO FELLOW IN MUSIC COMPOSITION

Thessia Machado (Spring 2017)
Sound Artist and Composer, New York
Machado will be working on compositions for two installations/instruments that she developed in 2016. Because these installations consist of simple acoustic and synthesized sounds—as well as motors, sensors, and modulating ambient stimuli—her compositional strategies acknowledge the physicality of how sound is produced and the relationships among sound sources.

JOHN P. BIRKELUND FELLOWS IN THE HUMANITIES

Jennifer R. Davis (Fall 2016)
Assistant Professor of History, The Catholic University of America
Davis will focus on a kind of medieval law called "capitularies" and their uses in the Frankish kingdoms, specifically how and why different communities chose to adapt royal law for their own purposes—and how they survived well beyond their origins.

Jane O. Newman (Spring 2017)
Professor of Comparative Literature and European Languages and Studies, University of California, Irvine
Newman will finish her book on the German-Jewish scholar Erich Auerbach (1892–1957). Auerbach belonged to a generation of German-Jewish scholars whose work, Newman argues, became the foundation of most humanistic disciplines in the United States.

MARY ELLEN VON DER HEYDEN FELLOWS IN FICTION

Tom Franklin (Fall 2016)
Writer; Associate Professor of English, University of Mississippi
Franklin's books strive to blend what the author loves about "high" literature with what he loved reading as a young person: the horror novels of Stephen King or the fantasy novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs. At the Academy, he will work on a novel set in rural Alabama.

Molly Antopol (Spring 2017)
Writer; Jones Lecturer of Creative Writing, Stanford University
Antopol will work on a new novel, *The After Party*. As in her previous book, she will continue to explore her interests in surveillance and privacy, politics, and the Cold War.

NINA MARIA GORRISSEN FELLOWS OF HISTORY

Alex Novikoff (Fall 2016)
Assistant Professor of History, Fordham University
Novikoff will examine the penetration of scholastic learning into arenas of public life that flourished far beyond the supposedly cloistered environment of the medieval university. His work shows how this intellectual and cultural exchange contributed to the formation of a pre-modern public sphere.

Mark A. Pottinger (Spring 2017)
Associate Professor of Music, Visual and Performing Arts, Manhattan College
Pottinger will examine the role of the natural sciences (geology, physiology, electricity, and magnetism) in defining the sound, look, and understanding of the supernatural in early Romantic opera of the nineteenth century. He will focus on the friendship and collaboration between Giacomo Meyerbeer and Alexander von Humboldt in Meyerbeer's *Robert le diable* (1831), one of the most successful operas of the nineteenth century, in order to discuss the connections between Humboldtian science, eclecticism, and the diabolical in music.

SIEMENS FELLOW

Michael Watts (Fall 2016)
Class of 1963 Professor of Geography and Development Studies, University of California, Berkeley
Watts will explore the effects of oil capitalism and uneven state capacities in Nigeria. His work serves as a case study for grasping the relations between political violence and forms of authority, two issues of pressing global importance often little understood outside specialist circles.

Fall 2016 Distinguished Visitors and guest lecturers

RICHARD C. HOLBROOKE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Janine DiGiovanni, *Middle East Editor of* Newsweek *and Contributing Editor of* Vanity Fair

KURT VIERMETZ DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Barry Eichengreen, *Professor of Economics and Political Science, University of California, Berkeley*

MARINA KELLEN FRENCH DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Jeff Koons, *Artist*

AMERICAN ACADEMY LECTURER

Douglas Rivers, *Professor of Political Science at Stanford University; senior fellow at the Hoover Institution; and Chief Scientist at YouGov*

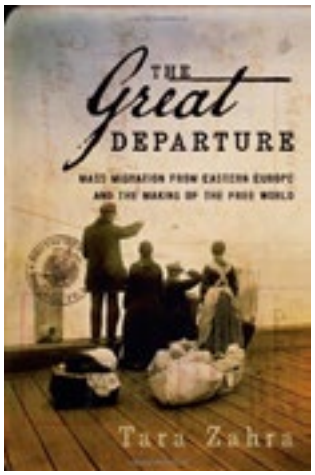
STEPHEN M. KELLEN LECTURER

Joseph Stiglitz, *Recipient of the 2001 Nobel Prize in Economics and University Professor, Columbia University*

FOREIGN POLICY FORUM LECTURER

Robert F. Worth, *Contributing Writer,* New York Times Magazine

BOOK REVIEWS



THE GREAT DEPARTURE: MASS MIGRATION FROM EASTERN EUROPE AND THE MAKING OF THE FREE WORLD
BY TARA ZAHRA

W. W. Norton
March 2016, 400 pages

A review by Jeremy King

Who, in the Americas, does not know the classic images of immigration from Europe? The masses of people huddled on ocean liners; the confusion and anxiety upon arrival, whether at Ellis Island, Halifax, or Buenos Aires; the working-class neighborhoods filled with the sounds of many languages and the smells of many foods; the hard work that overcame all obstacles? They are part of family lore for millions of whites, romanticized, mythologized, and politicized at home and in public life.

By now, multiple historians have explored that lore, complicating and correcting it with new fact and context. Matthew Frye Jacobson's *Whiteness of a Different Color* (1999) and *Roots Too* (2008), for example, make brilliant sense of the "ethnic revival" during the 1970s in the United States. The offspring of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe, Jacobson shows, responded to denunciations of white privilege by civil rights activists by refashioning their past. Recently assimilated Italian-Americans, Polish-Americans, and Jewish-Americans, among others, now rejected being lumped together with white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, or WASPs, and made much of supposedly unmeltable ethnic differences. If racism had rendered opportunities unequal, then hyphenated Americans were not offenders but victims—like Negroes. Or so icons of popular culture such as *The Godfather: Part II* and *All in the Family* seemed to imply.

As Old World states lost loads of people to New World ones, what were the effects on the great majority who stayed behind in Europe, as well as on their governments? This question, refreshing in English-language scholarship, is at the heart of Tara Zahra's new book, *The Great Departure: Mass Migration from Eastern Europe and the Making of the Free World*. Focusing on the case of Austria-Hungary, together with successor states such as Czechoslovakia and Poland, the professor at the University of Chicago has written a transnational history of emigration, from the huge wave during the decades before the First World War, through the large refugee crises set off by Hitler and Stalin, and on to the smaller ones of more recent times. Counterpoints to the main American movements are pulses of people in the direction of Western Europe, especially between the wars and then in the new millennium.

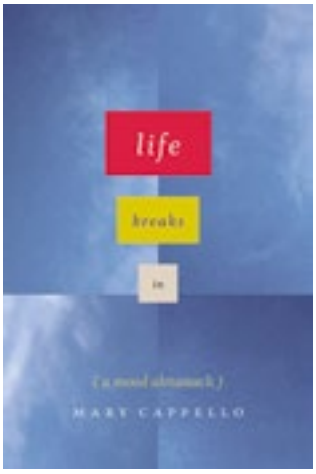
One of Zahra's contributions is to debunk myths about the lands whence so many immigrants to the so-called free world came. Far from autocratic and backward, Austria-Hungary rested on liberal, constitutional foundations and provided for the equality and social welfare of subjects much more generously than did New World counterparts. Zahra also argues that governments in East Central Europe and in the Americas interpreted freedom differently. While the latter emphasized freedom of movement, the former stressed stability, safety, and social solidarity *in situ*. The latter also saw non-WASP Europeans as dubious whites, whereas the former saw their citizens as persons whose whiteness required vigorous defense and affirmation, lest they sink overseas into slavery or other unfree labor. These differences of emphasis generated friction, but also a lasting and curious cooperation. Beginning in 1924, the Johnson-Reed Act drastically restricted immigration to the United States from Europe, while continuing to prohibit it from Asia. And beginning in the late 1940s, an Iron Curtain drastically restricted emigration from Soviet-occupied Eastern Europe. In neither case, writes Zahra, were the barriers imposed unilaterally. Rather, they were "the product of collusion," an alloy of Western xenophobia and of East European efforts to "protect the 'freedom' of citizens by keeping them at home."

Using sources in English, German, Polish, Czech, and French, Zahra tells her story through vignettes arranged chronologically into seven chapters. The first vignette centers on a trial in 1889 of Jewish emigration agents in Austrian Galicia, who were accused by a prosecutor of being "parasites" who made a living "from the blood of our peasants." The site of the trial, called Oświęcim in Polish, has a German name made infamous by the Nazis: Auschwitz. Five innocent men ended up in prison, victims of anti-Semitism, of an army's need for soldiers, and of the tension between a constitutional right to emigrate and state efforts to prevent citizens from destroying their own dignity. Next comes a chapter that draws on a tour in 1910 by African-American leader Booker T. Washington of Austria-Hungary's most downtrodden districts. Seeking new methods of

uplift for his people, Washington paid particular attention to Slavs, whose situation he described as "more like that of the Negroes in the Southern States than is true of any other class or race in Europe." Zahra, complementing recent, path-breaking studies by Andrew Zimmerman and by Sven Beckert about efforts at forging economic and ideological links among Germany, Africa, and the post-Reconstruction South, documents official alarm in Austria-Hungary that American exploitation of immigrants was undermining the status of all Austrians as white Europeans and free laborers. She also cites a conclusion by Washington that looked beyond citizenship and race: "the man farthest down in Europe is woman." Further chapters follow mass migration through war, genocide, and revolution, highlighting both the continuities and ruptures of the Cold War with earlier eras.

The final pages of the book, which Zahra wrote in large part at the American Academy in Berlin, cover developments since 1989. No great flood of people to the Americas followed the fall of the Wall. In large part, that was because once Europe's East joined the free world, its long-confined inhabitants could no longer claim political asylum in another country. Western Europe, meanwhile, was much more accessible. Several million people succeeded in settling there even before 2004, when the European Union (EU) expanded eastward—opening the door for nearly a million Poles, for example, to find jobs in the United Kingdom. This freedom of movement for workers can be understood as equality at last for East Europeans, but also as privilege for white Christians. "While Poles and Czechs now fly through passport controls at European airports," Zahra writes, "the Mediterranean has become a graveyard for desperate asylum seekers from Africa."

Had *The Great Departure* been published a few months later, perhaps Zahra would have commented on Donald Trump, whose political rise counts as the newest US chapter of the story she tells about migration, freedom, and race in the age of globalization. Certainly Zahra would have discussed the British referendum this past spring, in which a narrow majority voted to leave the EU. Behind Brexit is hostility not only to refugees from Africa, the Middle East, and beyond, but also to immigrants from Eastern Europe. On the Continent as well, whiteness continues to come in different colors. How will transnational equality and racial privilege play out, both in the EU and in the US—where the first African-American couple in the White House may soon be succeeded by an immigrant from Slovenia and by a European-American intent on walling off Mexico and barring entry to Muslims? Anyone seeking purchase on this question will do well to read Zahra's excellent exploration of its past. □



LIFE BREAKS IN: A MOOD ALMANACK BY MARY CAPPELLO

University of Chicago Press
October 2016, 408 pages

A review by David Lazar

"I'm in the Mood for Love" is a song with lyrics by one of my favorite lyricists, Dorothy Fields, a writer who would fit well in the gallery of mood-inducers Mary Cappello explores in *Life Breaks In*, her fifth book, just published by the University of Chicago Press. In the song, the lovers are enveloped in a state, with "a cloud above," not in love, but *in the mood* for it, an antechamber, a separate state, something different from certain feelings. As Cappello writes, "Feelings are things that our language says we 'have'; moods are things we are in, and they lack a verb form: we never say we're 'mooding.'" Dorothy Fields, of whom we know little, despite her impressive canon of lyrics ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Moody's Mood," "On the Sunny Side of the Street") never married and kept her privacy rather fiercely. As with some of the figures Cappello explores—Florence Thomas, who designed Viewmaster dioramas; Margaret Wise Brown, the author of *Goodnight, Moon* and the *Noisy Book* series; Charles Hubbard and G.W. Hinckley, co-creators of the magical spaces in the L.C. Bates Museum—Cappello, too, is able to create soundscapes that both represent and create mood.

But what is a mood, exactly? Strike that last word, actually, because mood, according to Cappello is the antagonist of the exact: "If I could sum up the aesthetic challenge of this book," she tells us, "it would be this: not to chase mood, track it, or pin it down: neither to explain nor define mood—but to notice it—often enough, to listen for it—and do something *like it*, without killing it in the process." In other words, Cappello, who in her other books, *Awkward*, for example, and *Swallow*, has made a habit of calling our attention to states of being that are too often unremarked—she may be the most phenomenological of contemporary nonfiction writers—brings us to attention. The *ars poetica* of Cappello's work is a constant search for an expanded ontological vocabulary. She tells us, "I've come to believe that language will supply not just the answers but the questions we have yet to pose so long as we care to study it, trouble it, work with it and let it do its work, and play, in turn."

And formally, *Life Breaks In* is full of play; it is, as the subtitle suggests, an almanack of erudite and autobiographically playful dances around the possibilities of what mood

might be. If the proverbial mansion has many rooms, so does Cappello's book: sometimes biographical, at times dazzlingly in etymological and verbal rondes, veering from forays into philosophy, theory, literary and art criticism, into aphoristically poetic sections of speculation, fragments of autobiography, puns (Cappello is both amusing and self-effacing, despite the high-wire choreography of combining source material and speculation, lyrical riffs and serious scholarship). She tells us that she likes writing that "resists its reader; I'm suspicious of the easy invitation that bows to protocol, or the stuff that chatters recognizably," but the only thing recognizable in this admixture is Cappello's honed ability to switch gears, to educate us as she follows her curiosity in prose that honors the sentence, whether it's formal, lyrical, or both:

> Eclipsing, overlapping, moods and clouds are layered transparencies, not just one mystic writing pad *à la* Freud, but many sheets of shapes divined, only readable from the side: viewed sagitally, we glimpse a hint of color where light leaks in, orange, now lavender, now gold.

As our guide to the realm of mood, "a baseline state of being that moves persistently and with radiant evanescence," Cappello returns throughout *Life Breaks In* to three metaphors, or motifs: clouds, rooms, and songs or sound. Her associations are idiosyncratic: Joni Mitchell, Charles Burchfield, Viewmaster, for example. But this has the effect of setting loose our own associations—as mine was at the beginning of this review. *Yes, of course, "Both Sides Now," but then there's also "Cloudy," or "Moon River."* Cappello is a cultural gourmand, in the best sense, and analyses about this escapable subject become dialogic in this way—triggering our own associations, cultural and autobiographical. I was particularly taken by her discussion of Florence Thomas, whose painstaking construction of magical sets for Viewmaster lead to some of the most centrally poised writing on mood in *Life Breaks In*, when Cappello connects to our solitary experiences—for those of us of a certain age—of being alone, and she notes, most importantly, quiet, with those small rooms held up to the light:

> Moods, in this light, are the things we turn to in order to express what cannot narrate and have no words for. Ineluctably private, moods in a sense *manifest* some persistent remnant of experiences that exceeded our capacity for representation or symbolization.

But of course it is in making the private public that Cappello performs the difficult duty of the writer, almost but not completely impossible in this case: trying to catch those will-of-the-wisp states of being we all so casually and unthinkingly refer to. She understands that she needs to capture it without killing it, and she does.

Finally, two things. First, Cappello is a Barthesian, and one of her strategies in *Life Breaks In* is the use of photographs, joined by captions, frequently matched to cause friction, tension, active viewing by the reader. In these and many other instances in the book, she is a student of life's *puncta*, or wounds as Barthes conceived them in *Camera Lucida*. They are personal, individual, and only Cappello can see them in the corners of rooms or photographs, but she allows us to understand how seeing them as she does creates meaning for her: the crossed legs of a boy, like a woman, on a medallion, the inherent sadness of a kitsch porcelain figure of a girl.

Second, *Life Breaks In* is most powerfully, along with its many other formal modes, an epistle. It's a missive to the moods of joy inherent in domesticity that the writer shares with her partner, Jean, who shows up in cameo, on the stairs, or in the other room, in asides, and in passing, yet who clearly affects and helps create the atmosphere of her life.

The missive that, in Lacan's sense, is most clearly delivered, as gratitude and dedication, is to Cappello's mother, Rosemary. If our hearts and minds are the chambers in which mood inheres, and in which Cappello took refuge from an early age, her mother was the song of liberation that seemed to take and still takes her to that most evanescent liminal place, where perhaps a song, in her voice, is heard from an open window.

Life Breaks In is a book of many moods, certainly. It is also a *tour de grace* of scholarship, formal invention, and the discovery of hidden corners of emotional articulation: cloud rooms. □

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