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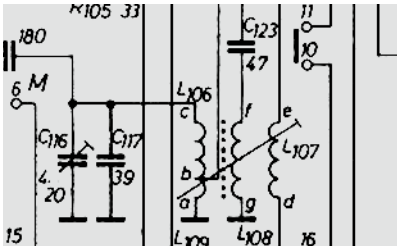

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PRESIDENT'S NOTE

Lentando Largo

ANYONE WHO AGREES with the great American chronicler Henry Adams that history is accelerating would find ample support for this view in 2021. A year of miracles and horrors has challenged us all. Fires burned out of control in California and other parts of the American West as well as in Greece and Turkey in Europe's southeast, while epochal floods in Germany and Belgium and the eastern US, from Louisiana to New York, claimed their toll of victims—all underscoring how unprepared even the wealthiest countries are for the effects of climate change. Balanced against this dismal record is the extraordinary achievement of the COVID vaccines developed principally in the United States, Germany, and the United Kingdom with unthinkable speed and efficacy. They are responsible for saving countless lives.

If that rough accounting of our interactions with the natural world evinces gains and losses on both sides, the ledger in the political sphere is more puzzling. Western nations have shown surprising agility in dealing with the massive economic challenges created by the pandemic, though less imagination has been exhibited in building a genuinely global supply of vaccines. At the time of this writing, public attention is focused on Afghanistan, where twenty years of work—measured in thousands of lives and trillions of dollars—evaporated in a matter of days. The Islamic Republic of Afghanistan disappeared when the Taliban seized control of Kabul and resurrected its Islamic Emirate of Afghanistan, a sequential collapse of startling speed. The consequences for millions of women and girls who had attended schools, built careers, and established themselves as leaders in society, and for the thousands of people who had aided the United States and its partners in Afghanistan, could well be dire.

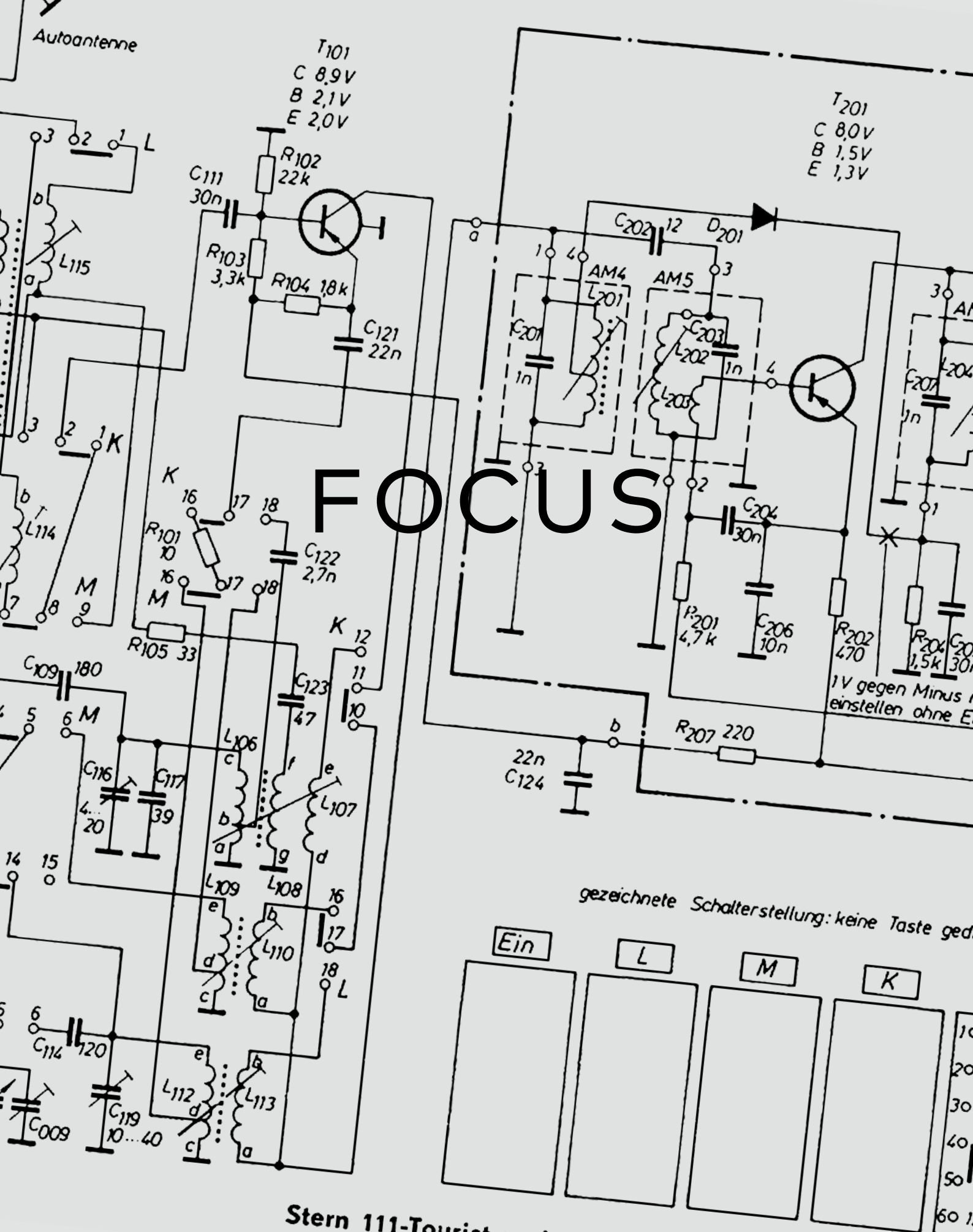
The end of the American mission in Afghanistan recalls to mind the remark of another Adams—Henry's grandfather John Quincy Adams—American ambassador in Berlin, secretary of state, and sixth US president. In his 1821 Fourth of July Address, Secretary of State Adams declared, "Wherever the standard of freedom and Independence has been or shall be unfurled, there will her heart, her [blessings] and her prayers be. But she goes not abroad, in search of monsters to destroy. She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own." That quotation has been much cited in foreign policy discussions in recent years as a cautionary mantra of a different American approach to the world.

The entire meaning of Adams's exhortation remains a matter of debate, but at the American Academy in Berlin the sense that a full circle has been navigated is today palpable, as this issue of the *Berlin Journal* demonstrates. The backdrop for Adams's address was the discussion in the young republic of whether it had a responsibility to come to the aid of insurrectionists fighting for their independence half a hemisphere away, in Greece. The effort of the Orthodox Christian population to free themselves of Ottoman rule had aroused the sympathies of Christians across Europe and the United States, raising questions about whether governments in those countries would intervene in the growing war of liberation. Yanni Kotsonis, the Academy's fall 2021 Gerhard Casper Fellow and a New York University historian, is writing a history of this pivotal conflict, excerpted in the pages ahead. In that age of growing nationalism, the Greek Revolution had a catalytic effect on the notion of self-determination for peoples submerged in the empires of the time. It also affected discussions of what lengths the United States and others should go to spread democracy. The contemporary continuation of this debate will be addressed by Academy fellow Michael Abramowitz, president of the eminent Washington-based NGO Freedom House, who asks "What is the Future of Freedom?" at his talk at the Hans Arnhold Center.

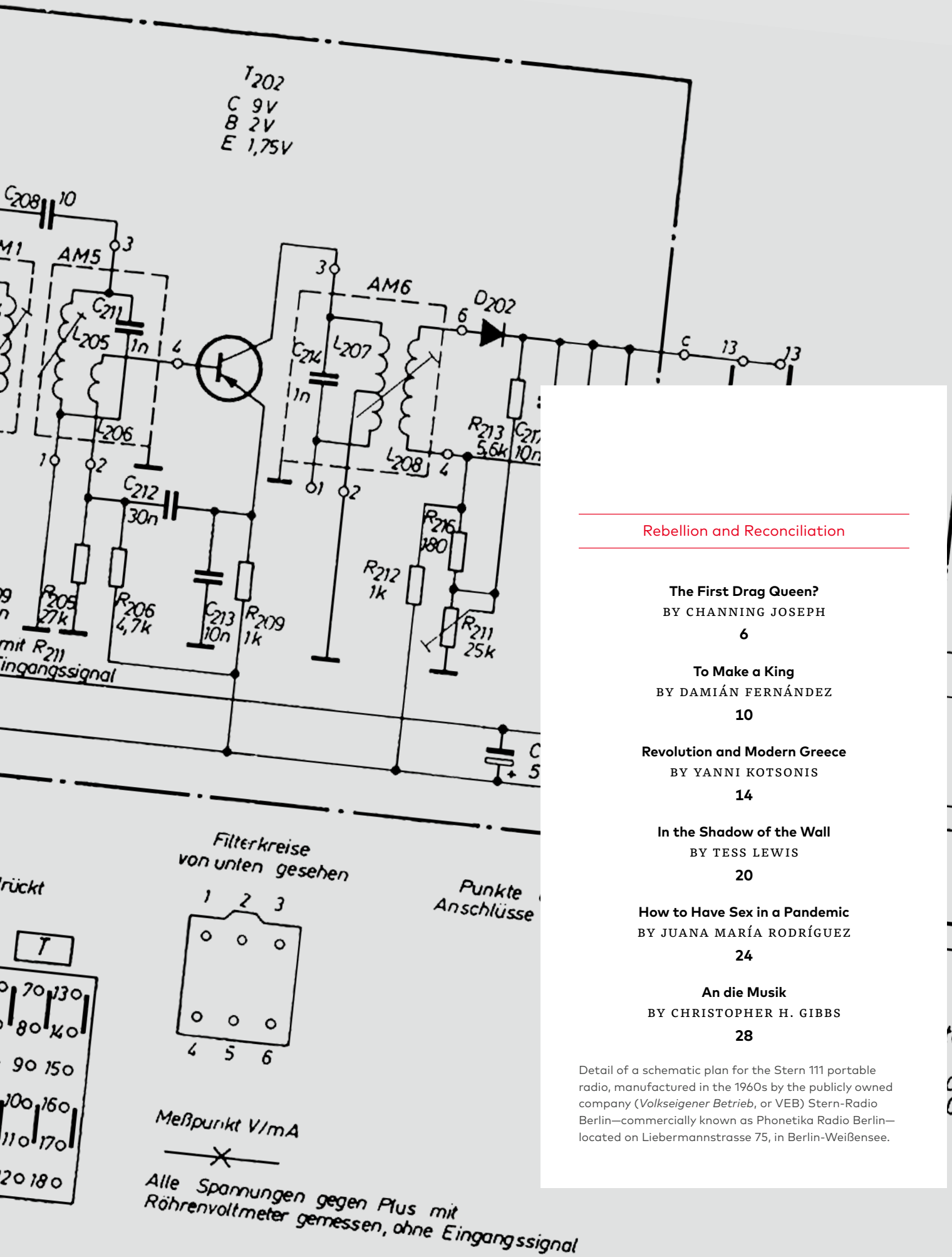
Rebels of other varieties are also under discussion in this issue. Channing Joseph, of the University of Southern California, is examining the life and legacy of William Swann, an African American born into slavery who, in his words, was the nation's first "queen of drag." Swann, Joseph writes, was also "the earliest recorded American to take specific legal and political steps to defend the queer community's right to gather without the threat of criminalization, suppression, or police violence." Also at the Academy this academic year, Tess Lewis continues her translation of German novelist Lutz Seiler's work about a young man's subversions and accommodations in post-unification Germany, and Damián Fernández, of Northern Illinois University, explores how rebellions shaped early concepts of the state and political authority in the Early Middle Ages—specifically in Visigothic Spain. This year is also rich in fiction (consider the scenes from Samantha Chang and Ladee Hubbard's novels herein) and longform nonfiction, including by *ProPublica* journalist Alec MacGillis, who is writing about a world weaning itself from coal, and by Deborah Amos, of National Public Radio and Princeton, whose Academy project examines how a German court is dealing with the question of accountability for Syrian torture and other human rights violations.

If the past is prologue—and it always is—then these and our other fellows' projects will continue to edify, enrich, and educate American Academy audiences in Berlin and elsewhere during what we hope will be a less accelerated year.

Daniel Benjamin



Stern 111-Tourist und Stern 111-Record



Rebellion and Reconciliation

Detail of a schematic plan for the Stern 111 portable radio, manufactured in the 1960s by the publicly owned company (*Volkseigener Betrieb*, or VEB) Stern-Radio Berlin—commercially known as Phonetika Radio Berlin—located on Liebermannstrasse 75, in Berlin-Weißensee.

Actor Jack Brown (in drag) with unknown dancing partner performing the Cake-Walk in Paris, 1903.
From the David Hoffman/Boaz Postcard Collection, National Museum of American History

THE FIRST DRAG QUEEN?

Striking a pose for emancipation

by Channing Joseph

HIS NAME WAS William Dorsey Swann, but to his friends he was known as "the Queen." Both of those names had been forgotten for nearly a century before I rediscovered them while researching at Columbia University. Born in Maryland in 1860, Swann endured slavery, the Civil War, racism, police surveillance, torture behind bars, and many other injustices. But beginning in the 1880s, he not only became the first American activist to lead a queer resistance group, he also became, in the same decade, the first known person to dub himself a "queen of drag"—or, more familiarly, a drag queen.

In 1896, after being convicted and sentenced to ten months in jail, on the false charge of "keeping a disorderly house"—a euphemism for running a brothel—Swann demanded (and was denied) a pardon from President Grover Cleveland for holding a drag ball. This, too, was a historic act: it made Swann the earliest recorded American to take specific legal and political steps to defend the queer community's right to gather without the threat of criminalization, suppression, or police violence.

When I tell people that I'm writing a book about the life of a former slave who reigned over a secret world of drag balls in Washington, DC, in the 1880s, the looks of shock, delight, and even confusion on their faces tell me all I need to know.

My research on Swann began 15 years ago, when I stumbled upon a *Washington Post* article from April 13, 1888. The headline leaped off the page: "Negro Dive Raided. Thirteen Black Men Dressed as Women Surprised at Supper and Arrested." According to another news account, more than a dozen escaped as the officers barged in and Swann tried to stop them, boldly telling the police lieutenant in charge, "You is no gentleman." In the ensuing brawl, the Queen's "gorgeous dress of cream-colored satin" was torn to shreds. (The fight was also one of the first known instances of violent resistance in the name of LGBTQ rights.)

To nineteenth-century observers, Swann's dance party was a shocking and immoral fiasco perpetrated by a vanishingly tiny minority of "freaks."

To nineteenth-century observers, Swann's dance party was a shocking and immoral fiasco perpetrated by a vanishingly tiny minority of "freaks." The *National Republican*, another Washington daily, said of the men arrested in the raid, "It is safe to assert that the number living as do those who were taken into custody last night must be exceedingly small." Yet, despite their minuscule numbers, they made quite an impression: hundreds of onlookers followed the men to the station to steal a glimpse of silk and skin.

That spring night in 1888 wasn't the first time the DC police had broken up one of Swann's dances (nor would it be the last). A similar raid occurred on the night of January 14, 1887. The *Washington Critic* dutifully reported, "Six colored

men, dressed in elegant female attire, were arraigned in the dock at the Police Court this morning on a charge of being suspicious persons. [. . .] They nearly all had on low neck and short sleeve silk dresses, several of them with trains," as well as "corsets, bustles, long hose and slippers, and everything that goes to make a female's dress complete."

Drag balls had been going on in secret for years. Invitations to the dances, for instance, were often whispered to young men at the YMCA, and newspapers described the arrests of several Black men wearing "bewitching" fascinators, silk sacques, or cashmere dresses while en route to balls. In 1882, Swann served a jail term for stealing plates, silverware, and other party supplies. But the 1887 raid was the first time the wider world learned of him and the motley group of messengers, butlers, coachmen, and cooks.

Swann's drag balls came with grave risks to his guests' reputations and livelihoods. A large but undetermined number managed to flee during the police raids, but the names of those arrested and jailed were printed in the papers, where the men became targets of public scorn. With the news coverage, the world took an interest—everyone from neighbors and police to local officials and even psychiatrists. Now that the group was publicly known, it would prove to be a fascinating new subject for researchers trying to grapple with the complexities of human sexuality and psychology. Lacking any of the terms we use today, like "cross-dresser," "transgender," and "gender-nonconforming," Dr. Charles Hamilton Hughes described Swann's group in an 1893 medical journal as an "organization of colored erotopaths" and a "lecherous gang of sexual perverts." Another psychiatrist, Dr. Irving C. Rosse, described them as "a band of negro men with . . . androgynous characteristics."

On the one hand, the publicity made it more difficult for Swann and his friends to stay hidden from those who sought to do them harm. On the other, now that their existence was widely known, more people might have been interested in joining his secretive all-male family.

Swann's gatherings continued, featuring folk songs and dances, including the wildly popular cakewalk (so named because the best dancer was awarded a hoecake or other confection). Many guests dressed in women's clothes, though some wore men's suits. Harlem's famous Hamilton Lodge masquerade balls, which began in 1883, were traditional masked dances and would not be "taken over by the gentry from fairyland," as one *Baltimore Afro-American* reporter colorfully put it, until 1925 at the very earliest.

The actions of Swann and his followers were particularly significant in light of nineteenth-century attitudes toward masculinity. At the start of the Civil War, President Abraham Lincoln, glossing Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, urged an apprehensive nation to "go forward without fear, and with *manly hearts*" (emphasis added) to fight a war that would eventually lead to full citizenship for all Black men. In 1879, the *Evening Star* reported that the abolitionist Frederick Douglass advised that "with a full complement of *manly qualities* the negro could and would make himself respected in every part of the republic." In post-Civil War America, there was very little patience for men who subverted gender norms.

On April 16, 1862, President Lincoln signed the Compensated Emancipation Act, freeing all slaves in the District of Columbia. In the years after that, Washington came to be seen by newly liberated African Americans as a place of freedom and economic opportunity. Swann and many others in attendance at his balls were born in bondage, and many probably expected to live out their lives that way. Some of his friends vividly remembered growing up and coming of age in the antebellum years, when they were subject to their masters' whips and whims. Finding love and joy in community with one another was essential to their survival.

Finding love and joy in community with one another was essential to their survival.

Swann was the property of a white woman named Ann Murray and was living on her plantation in Hancock, Washington County, Maryland, when Union soldiers marched through in the winter of 1862. His intimate friend Pierce Lafayette—whose elegantly furnished two-story home was the site of the 1887 party—had been born enslaved in Georgia. Lafayette had been owned by Alexander H. Stephens, the vice president of the Confederate States of

America. (It's interesting to note that Lafayette's prior relationship with Felix Hall, a male slave dubbed Lafayette's "negro Mistress," is the earliest documented same-sex romance between two enslaved men in the United States.) Also, two of Swann's younger brothers attended his balls dressed in women's clothing, demonstrating that the group truly was an extension of his family.

IN 1900 AND BEYOND, after William Swann's retirement from the drag scene, his little brother Daniel J. Swann continued the family tradition in Washington. He provided costumes for the drag community there for roughly five decades, until his death, in 1954—through the rise and fall of notable Black DC drag queens like Alden Garrison and "Mother" Louis Diggs. (By the early twentieth century, newspapers in the Baltimore and Washington area had documented the use of family terms to denote rank within groups of ball participants, with "mother" reserved for an older person serving as a mentor to younger ones. The term "queen," though used loosely today, was until the 1960s often reserved for someone in a position of honor and leadership in the community.)

Today, more than a century after William Swann's last known ball, the houses of the contemporary ballroom scene maintain the same basic format as the House of Swann's. The balls feature competitive walking dances with exaggerated pantomime gestures, and they are organized around family-like groups led by "mothers" and "queens." Strikingly, descriptions of balls from the 1930s are sprinkled with phrases like "strike a pose," "sashay across the floor," and "vogue." Such expressions, now part of mainstream popular culture, are regularly heard on FX's *Pose* and VH1's *RuPaul's Drag Race*.

Though the Stonewall uprising of 1969 is often touted as the beginning of the fight for gay liberation, Swann's courageous example forces us to rethink the history of the movement: when it began, where it came from, and who its leaders were. Coming of age at a time when an entirely new form of freedom and self-determination was developing for African Americans, Swann and his house of butlers, coachmen, and cooks—the first Americans to regularly hold cross-dressing balls and the first to fight for the right to do so—arguably laid the foundations of contemporary queer celebration and protest. □

This essay first appeared in *The Nation* (February 17, 2020, issue) and is reprinted here with permission.

TO MAKE A KING

Rebellion, legitimacy, and the Visigothic quest for order after Rome

by Damián Fernández

Outside specialist circles, the centuries that followed the so-called fall of the Roman Empire in the western Mediterranean are still known as the "Dark Ages," despite heroic efforts to rehabilitate the period over the past half century. To a certain extent, early modern prejudices are responsible for tainting this era with gloom, and its sense of obscurity is reflected by the limited number of texts that have survived from the period. Still, overcoming these misconceptions yields access to the rich history of a time that has been so often distorted in the service of nationalist or religious agendas. This is particularly true for the Visigothic Kingdom of Toledo, the post-Roman polity that ruled over the Iberian Peninsula and a small strip of southern France from the mid-sixth century until the Arab-Berber conquest, in the early eighth century.

The Visigoths were a confederacy of different ethnic groups that had coalesced around the leadership of a Gothic warlord elite by the fourth century in the lower Danube region, in Eastern Europe. They fought against but also on behalf of the Romans. After settling in Roman Aquitaine (present-day southwest France), in 418, they carved a polity within the fissures of the crumbling empire. Defeated by the Franks in 507, Visigothic elites joined with the descendants of the Roman ruling classes to build a kingdom that lasted nearly two centuries, until the Islamic conquest of the Iberian Peninsula, in 711. The distinction between Romans and Visigoths thus rapidly disappeared, since by the sixth century little beyond family memory separated them. As a result, by the seventh century, "Roman" primarily referred to the eastern Roman empire (today known as

Detail from the *Codex Vigilanus,* Spain, 976 CE, showing three early Visigoth Kings of Hispania (L–R), Chindaswinth (642–653), Recceswinth (649–672), and Egica (687–702). Courtesy Real Biblioteca del Monasterio de El Escorial, Madrid. Copyright: bpk

the Byzantine Empire) rather than an ethnic category that excluded Visigoth descendants. The Visigothic kingdom, as such, like the other so-called successor states, illustrates how societies navigated the complexity of ethnic identities in a world that was in many ways still "Roman" but had to adapt to new political frameworks.

But the Visigoths and (eastern) Romans still differed in a few ways. For one, emperors ruled over the Roman empire from Constantinople, but kings ruled locally over the Visigothic polity. Visigothic kingship was also different from that other main post-imperial polity, the Frankish kingdoms. The Franks were a confederacy of Germanic-speaking peoples who had taken control of present-day northern France, Belgium, Netherlands, and western Germany amid the crumbling Roman Empire. By the sixth century, they were ruled by the members of one family, the Merovingians. They followed principles of succession, which included partitioning the kingdom among the heirs of the deceased ruler. The Visigoths, on the contrary, had few rules of succession—neither birth nor election guaranteed access to the throne. Co-rulership was possible (among father and son, for example), but partition was less common. While kings did occasionally inherit the throne from their fathers or were chosen by a council of bishops and magnates, more often they acceded to power as a result of palace intrigues, silent coups, or violent revolts and rebellions.

DESPITE THE OVERALL documentary dearth of the period, we are relatively well informed about these rebellions, usurpations, and coups, thanks to an unusually wide array of

sources. One is the only piece of narrative history that survives from the period, the *History of King Wamba*, about a revolt crushed by the king in 673. Chronicles, the other main historical genre, include a series of short entries about numerous coups and rebellions. Other sources are records of Church councils, which could issue ecclesiastical sanctions against those who broke oaths of loyalty to the king, and served as negotiation arenas for kings with dubious legitimacy. Written Visigothic laws evidence punishments meted out upon rebels and oath-breakers. Even hagiographies—religiously inflected accounts of the lives of saints—could not avoid mentioning conspiracies and rebellions, offering valuable clues to historians. All in all, Visigothic authors seem to have been keenly interested in—or simply unable to ignore—the figures of rebels and usurpers, evidencing that state-building after Rome was not only a matter of military conquest, it was also an arduous process of defining the contours of political legitimacy.

Why did contemporaries perceive rebellion and usurpation as a critical problem? Because no less than half of the kings of the sixth and seventh centuries were overthrown, a tally that does not include rebels who actually failed. The Visigoths' quarrelsome political culture was a frequent theme both for Hispanian authors and for writers from other kingdoms, who pondered its harmful effects on the kingdom's life. Writing from the nearby Merovingian kingdom in the late sixth century, the bishop Gregory of Tours

Late-Roman Christian authors intervened in polemics that directly or indirectly addressed the relationship between the Christian god and the emperors—and thus the portrayal of rebels.

claimed that the Goths had adopted the abominable practice of killing kings they did not like. The Burgundian chronicler Fredegar echoed this opinion, describing the Visigoths' presumptive habit of killing their kings as "the disease of the Goths." Back in the Visigothic kingdom, Bishop Isidore of Seville deplored that the Goths were destroying themselves through the mutual devastation of civil wars, even though they were aware of the danger. In sum, intellectuals of the age characterized Visigothic politics as perennial rebellions with pernicious effects on society.

When talking about political insurgence, intellectuals and royal propagandists in the Visigothic kingdom had at their disposal a rich literary tradition inherited from the Roman empire. Despite the political vicissitudes of the fifth century, when the empire disintegrated in the West, Roman elite culture and idioms of power carried over to the cultural landscape of the newly crafted kingdoms. When they considered a king illegitimate, Visigothic writers referred to the ancient figure of the Roman usurper, calling him *tyrannus*: a "tyrant." Classical authors also described tyrants as violent, greedy, and enslaved to their impulses. Visigothic literature often echoed descriptions of these moral failings, sometimes also portraying tyrants as undermining social hierarchies. Thus the Late Roman tradition of "usurpation" describes both the illegitimate ruler and the morally flawed leader—a distinction sometimes articulated as "tyrant by origin" and "tyrant by exercise." Both the rebel *and* the tyrant, according to this view, stood in opposition to the ideal king.

THOUGH ALL post-imperial kingdoms were deeply rooted in Roman traditions, the political, religious, and literary portrayals of rebels/usurpers changed over the course of the centuries that followed Rome's demise. Visigothic intellectuals and political elites, for example, did not simply receive Roman ideas; they actively transformed them to address the concerns of the day. Some authors began to portray rebels as foreign invaders. One contemporary chronicler, John of Biclarum, narrated the conquests of King Leovigild in the 560s–580s, offering insights into the reign of a king who is considered the "state builder" of the Visigothic kingdom. Most of Leovigild's "conquests" targeted cities and territories under his nominal rule that had rebelled against his ambitions to build a stronger monarchy. Summarizing the impact of these campaigns, John of Biclarum noted that "with tyrants destroyed on all sides and the invaders of Hispania overcome, King Leovigild had peace to reside with his own people."

This connection between rebellion and invasion further tightened in the seventh century, to the extent that the two gradually became almost synonymous. Writing a generation later, Isidore of Seville described one successful domestic revolt in similar terms: "Witteric had *invaded* [the kingdom] while [Liuva] was still alive." In the second half of the seventh century, a law passed by King Wamba introduced penalties for those who failed to provide military aid to the king during an invasion or a revolt, treating these threats equally. These and many other examples illustrate the growing connection between rebellion and invasion in Visigothic political thought. A rebel was not only a person who wished to access the throne illegitimately; he was, through his actions, an alien to the polity he wished to rule.

There is another influence to consider: Christianity. Late-Roman Christian authors intervened in polemics that directly or indirectly addressed the relationship between the Christian god and the emperors—and thus the portrayal of rebels. Though this Christian discourse affected Visigothic political only late in the kingdom's history, it is possible to trace the formation of a religious discourse about the figure of the "rebel as sinner" throughout the seventh century. According to a council of bishops in 633, rebellion implied breaking a sacred oath, and thus led to excommunication. A council three years later declared that supporting an illegitimate contender to the throne was equivalent to

superstitio or paganism and therefore, again, deserving of excommunication.

In the second half of the seventh century, the idea of the rebel-sinner really gained momentum, particularly under the pen of Julian of Toledo, an influential bishop who pursued a determinedly religious agenda of anti-Jewish polemic, cult reform, and doctrinal unity within the Visigothic Church in the 680s. In his history of a rebellion against Wamba, he referred to the corrupting power of the rebel, whom he describes as leading others into sin. Leaving no room for doubt, Julian went so far as to argue that the Devil himself was responsible for the impulse to rebel. Julian's influence was felt even after his death. When his successor conspired against King Egica, in a failed coup, the king urged a council of bishops to help him uproot the evils that threatened the kingdom, including rebellion, which he placed alongside other targets of Visigothic ecclesiastical ire: homosexuality, Judaism, and idolatry. Rebellion, in the view of Egica's ideologues, was part of a continuum of mortal sins that threatened the purity of the kingdom and endangered the salvific mission of king and bishops.

By the early eighth century, the three characterizations of rebels—as tyrants, invaders, and sinners—were common intellectual currency, but their deployment did nothing to effect greater political stability.

WHEN VISIGOTHIC authors discussed rebellion, they were actually thinking about something much larger: kingship and the creation of a polity. In 653, in a much-discussed quote, King Recceswinth (himself the son of a former rebel and successful usurper) proclaimed before a council of bishops that "laws, not the person, make a king," stressing the legal basis of royal legitimacy. In the preceding decades, political and ecclesiastical elites had finally elaborated rules of accession, which included an election by a council of bishops and grandees. These rules were rarely followed, but they do reveal the political class's attempt to ground legitimacy within the law. So important did the "legitimacy of origin" become, that usurper kings sought to bolster their accession with an *ex post facto* conciliar agreement—in practice, bishops who gathered to refer to the king as the legitimate ruler in their conciliar acts. Legitimate rituals and procedures, some Visigothic authors claimed, were not simply procedural trivialities, but a sign of a prosperous reign. By the late seventh century, the *History of King Wamba* interpreted the king's military victories against his enemies as a consequence of his respect for the rituals and procedures of accession.

Law and ceremonial practice were not the only sources of growing royal legitimacy. By the seventh century, Iberian authors portrayed the Visigoths as a people destined for a special historical role, with superior martial and moral virtues. The standard formula to describe what we would today call the "state" or the "nation" was "the king, the people, and the fatherland of the Goths," which gave a territorial and ethnic expression to the Visigothic polity. Moreover, seventh-century rituals of authority involved sacred oaths of loyalty to the monarchy as well as the ceremony of the king's anointment, inspired by the Old Testament. The king had, in effect, become the ultimate guardian of the Christian salvation of his subjects.

IT IS IMPORTANT to note that Visigothic elites were not entirely genuine in respecting their kings. They knew their rulers could themselves be usurpers, militarily and judicially intrusive (especially against elite interests), of questionable morals, and not particularly pious. Some Visigothic authors even found an explanation for these kinds of kings, claiming they were sent by God to punish the sins of their people. As such, their careful discourses on rebellion not only reflected the character of an individual rebel, they were also, and above all, rhetorical tools of political and social domination. As such, they reveal how Visigothic elites conceived of their community, and their efforts to convey authority in a society that needed to be persuaded into compliance. Their narratives of rebellion strengthened economic, social, and religious modes of domination, and also provided justification for state intervention to support these hierarchies. Visigothic elites inserted the figure of the rebel into a landscape of unrest that included runaway slaves, perjurers, bishops who committed abuse against the clergy, hostile enemies from foreign kingdoms, or forcibly converted Jews who maintained their beliefs. These groups were described with the same terminology Visigothic literature employed for rebels.

When Visigothic authors discussed rebellion, they were actually thinking about something much larger: kingship and the creation of a polity.

Visigothic rebellions and the way they were incorporated into Visigothic political discourse illustrate the multiple dimensions of state-building after Rome and the centrality of the monarchy in Visigothic political tradition. The king was to be the enforcer of an orderly world that would secure prosperity at all levels—but particularly among those already at the top of social hierarchies. The rebel was not necessarily the counterpart of the king; he was something much more useful: the ever-deployable foil to an ideal political community that intellectual and political elites envisioned—and aimed to construct—in the aftermath of empire. □

REVOLUTION AND MODERN GREECE

The Battle of Dervenakia, 1822

by Yanni Kotsonis

"WHERE IS DERVENAKIA?" I asked out of my car window, to a woman waiting on the side of the road, next to an abandoned railway station. It was April 2018, and I was in the northern Peloponnese. I had left the highway somewhere between the modern city of Corinth and the site of ancient Mycenae.

"I don't know, probably that way," she said, as she motioned beyond the railway.

Ten minutes later, still lost, I asked a family standing next to an ancient Toyota pickup truck, only to realize, to my embarrassment, that I had interrupted a man praying on a rug—probably Syrian refugees. After a few more inquiries, I was eventually answered, accurately, by a boy of about 12 working at a gas station, in the village of Aghios Vasilios (St. Basil).

"Aghios Vasilios, *of Corinthia*," he knowingly specified.

"And you? Where are you from?" he asked.

"I live in New York, *of America*."

He grinned and then sent me back in the direction of the abandoned tracks. I followed a one-lane road with hairpin turns and ascended terraced cliffs with gradient levels until I reached the top. And there I was, in a parking lot big enough to accommodate busloads of schoolchildren and a multitude of officials' cars when they come for commemorations.

The central attraction is a statue of Theodoros Kolokotronis, the Christian commander at the Battle of Dervenakia and overall military leader of the Greek War for Independence. From this height I could clearly see the narrow passes where the Battle of Dervenakia took place, during a hot summer and autumn of 1822.

Nearly all Greeks have heard of the battle, when Christian irregulars (a military outfit separate from a formal, national one) defeated—actually, annihilated—a much larger Ottoman army. The Christian uprising was a year old, and the battle ensured that that rebellion would continue and become a revolution. Rebellions and uprisings were common in the Ottoman Balkans, an occasion to rearrange local relations of power and redistribute privileges among the Muslim and Christian notables and armed clans. But the Battle of Dervenakia and the Greek Revolution more broadly were something new for the region: Ottoman Christians who began to call themselves Greeks faced Ottomans whom they called Turks. What had been a confessional marker became a national divider. Its traces can be seen in the composition of the Balkans to this day.

MODERN GREECE WAS a nation founded on religious identification—Orthodox Christianity—and was the model for future Balkan revolutions that created a neat Muslim-Christian binary out of the ethno-linguistic mix of the Empire. In this new alignment there was an Ottoman legacy: religion had always been used by the Ottomans as a marker of status. But there was something European, too. The European powers acquiesced to Greek independence because it was a Christian movement, and royal courts since the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, had been defining Europe more and more starkly as Christian. On this basis, between 1819 and 1823 the European Powers put down liberal revolutions in Spain, Naples, and Piedmont, since each challenged the absolute power of Christian monarchs. By the end of the decade these same powers recognized Greek independence and created the Kingdom of Greece, acceptable because it overthrew a Muslim ruler and would be ruled by a Christian king. The creation of Greece thus created a new boundary between Christian Europe and Muslim non-Europe that

Vryzakis Theodoros, *The Defense of the Homeland above All Else* (1858), oil on canvas, 183×132cm. Copyright and courtesy National Gallery of Greece, Alexandros Soutsos Museum. Inventory number Π.643. Photo: Stavros Psiroukis

is still patrolled and reinforced today. And these new and stark lines of distinction were marked in blood on a small piece of land in the corner of the Peloponnese in 1822. But how?

THE STATUE of Commander Kolokotronis is gazing in the direction of a gorge, where two hundred years ago he organized a force of roughly 2,500 fighters upon these cliffs and terraces. An Ottoman army over ten times larger, circa 30,000 troops, had descended from the north across the narrow isthmus of Corinth, connecting the Peloponnese with the Balkan peninsula. Their mission was to put down a Christian uprising that was now over a year old. The soldiers were tired, having quashed the rebellious Ali Pasha earlier in the year, in the northwestern Greek city of Yanena. Ali Pasha was the influential Ottoman-Albanian ruler of the Epirus region, and his attempted break away from the empire resulted in his besiegement, defeat, and, eventual assassination, in 1822.

When the Ottoman irregulars turned their attention to the Peloponnese, they were reinforced by Albanian and Bulgarian irregulars, and also Greek-speaking mercenaries. The Greek forces were homogeneous, a glimpse of the future nation; the Ottomans were imperial, multilingual, and multiconfessional, a legacy of a declining empire. The Greek strategy was to defend a discrete territory, the Peloponnese—along with a confessionally homogenized population.

But Kolokotronis had a tactical mind. Looking down the gorge, one quickly understands why he chose it to make his stand—and why it was called the "Battle of the Little Passes." (A mountain pass is a *derven* in Turkish, hence *dervenakia*, "little passes," in Turko-Greek.) On their way from the plains of Argos to the Nemean plains, the Ottoman army was forced, by a series of Christian fighters, to funnel their lines into one of these passages. They were ultimately reduced to a single pass in single file, surrounded by steep hills and cliffs. Under such conditions, their numbers would matter less; their cavalry and artillery became useless. Moreover, for an invading army, the Ottomans were going the wrong way, north back to Corinth rather than south toward Nafplio. This was not part of their plan.

Having come down from the mainland, their commander—Mahmout Ali Pasha of Drama, or just Dramalis to the Christians—was to lead them to Nafplio to the south, the principal town of the eastern Peloponnese, stopping for supplies in Argos. Ultimately, Dramalis was to take Tripolitza (Tripoli) on the central plateau and crush the Christian rebellion in the whole Peloponnese. It was well understood that slaughter and enslavement awaited the locals before their formal submission; the Ottoman army was already marching with columns of slaves. This campaign was to be both a reconquest of space and a showing of irresistible Ottoman power.

Since the Christians had rebelled, they had lost the protection of the Sultan and could be killed, enslaved, or dispossessed. But Dramalis, a stranger from the north

Christopher Wordsworth, *Map of Peloponnese* (1841), printed cartographic map, 53×36.7cm.
Credit: DeA/Veneranda Biblioteca Ambrosiana, Milan. Copyright: bpk/DeAgostini/New Picture Library

with an army gathered from afar, did not know the terrain. He followed routes without water, to towns already burned and depopulated by both Christian rebels and Muslim avengers over the previous year. He trudged past crops deliberately burned by Kolokotronis's men, all during the hottest month of an unusually hot year. Reaching Argos, they found cinders, poisoned wells, and none of the food they thought was there. The Turkish mercenary Deli Mustafa, on horseback since Anatolia and Yanena, wrote in his memoirs that he was afraid of Kolokotronis, about whom he had heard gruesome stories long before crossing the Isthmus, but he was more afraid of dying of thirst. He and his fellow fighters could not find water, which is why his army was heading the wrong way. Beginning to dehydrate, they were beating a hasty retreat through tall mountains and narrow passes to the plentiful wells and supplies of Corinth in an attempt to survive.

Two to five thousand Ottomans died on the spot that July day, a high number for this kind of warfare. The remaining Ottomans poured into the scorched plains of Corinth, Nemea, and Argos, to escape and find water, if they were lucky. More often, they died of thirst, starvation, and armed attacks.

The Christian commanders considered the tactical matter of motivating people to gather and fight, since there was no Greek state to compel them. What motivated them most? Sheer survival, to be sure, but also, like any army of the time, they expected loot. Word went around that an enormous army was coming, and many Christian captains fled and killed their Muslim hostages and slaves before leaving. But Kolokotronis sent out word that this was a special army carrying untold treasure. Having come from the sacking of Yanena, they carried precious ornaments and metals from the court and palaces of Ali Pasha, sacks of coins, and good horses and pack animals. They carried beautifully ornamented rifles, powder horns, swords, cannon, powder and shot, a lot of coffee, chests, embroidered vests, and cloaks.

Commanders and notables of the Peloponnese turned to the village elders, who, in turn, promised the villagers both loot and survival. No longer waiting passively for Ottoman retribution, the whole population became mobilized. Peasants arrived from all over the Peloponnese, organized village-by-village, with women carrying supplies, joined by local shepherds tempted by adventure. Kolokotronis famously indoctrinated a young shepherd by telling him it was right to kill Turks (meaning Muslims). The shepherd went into battle with his staff and reappeared at the end of the day with weapons stripped from the men he had proudly killed.

While some Christians fled, others arrived and converged on a terrace with walls and a natural spring they denied the Ottomans, keeping the refreshment for those who knew where to look. From there, the rebels fired at the army below, moved in with their swords, gathered the loot, and then moved on and started again. The Ottomans were pinned down and blocked by the enemy, by each other, and by the dead men and horses that began to roll down the hills and pile up in heaps.

Two to five thousand Ottomans died on the spot that July day, a high number for this kind of warfare. The remaining Ottomans poured into the scorched plains of Corinth, Nemea, and Argos, to escape and find water, if they were lucky. More often, they died of thirst, starvation, and armed attacks. Over the next weeks, thousands more armed men and women arrived from more villages, enraged that they had missed the battle and chance at booty, only to be told that the surviving Ottomans still had valuables to yield. Women threw boulders over cliffs, while fleeing Ottomans dropped their treasures to slow the Christian pursuit. In this manner Kolokotronis was able to sustain the campaign into the fall, from Corinth to Nafplio.

Of an army of 30,000 Ottomans, about 6,000 made it back to Corinth that fall; Kolokotronis thought that 4,000 made it out of the Peloponnese, of an army of 32,000. Locals recounted stepping over human bones for years. In his accounts, the beleaguered Turkish mercenary Deli Mustafa described a humanitarian horror. Yet he revealed no animus toward the Peloponnesians, only a lament that he was on the losing side. In his memoirs, Kolokotronis offered a brief, deadpan account of the killing of roughly 26,000 men and the capture of 20,000 horses, 30,000 pack animals, 500 camels, cannon, and cannon balls: "Treasures and beautiful weapons," he noted. He seemed more proud of the wealth he had shared with the fighters than of the battle itself.

His aide Fotakos, on the other hand, was haunted by the battle. As dusk fell that first day, he witnessed the slaughter of the Ottoman sick left behind in mobile hospitals, who covered their eyes to avoid witnessing their own deaths. As Fotakos left the battle site, his horse stepped on the stacked bodies that had rolled off the cliffs and down hills into the road. A mass of wounded shouted out from the darkened ravines. Their voices mingled with those of the slaves who had been collected from the surrounding villages and abandoned, still bound. Both the dying soldiers and the slaves spoke the major languages of the southern Balkans. Fotakos heard the sprawling, multilingual, multiconfessional empire die in the Little Passes:

> Each cried out his pain to his friends, some in Turkish, some in Albanian, some in Romaic [Balkan Greek], and we could only hear their voices afar and deep in the ravine. Oh Hasan, Oh Dervisi, Oh Ahmet. Oh Thanasi, Oh Konstanti, giam Geka, giam Skondra, giam Christian,

> I'm a woman, I'm a Christian, I'm a slave. [. . .] Our souls were between our teeth, from fear and from sadness and from hunger.

The success of the Greeks in the Battle of Dervenakia is owed to the villagers who mobilized themselves. It is unimaginable that the battle could have succeeded without this mass element. Yet just as they began to melt into the Peloponnese with their newfound wealth, they soon also melted from the histories and paintings that spoke only of individual heroes and leaders portrayed as the sole agents of the revolution.

But Dervenakia was indeed a mass event, where villages converged in an organized fashion for the same purpose, in a way they had not before. A modern society is a mass society, and Dervenakia, like the Greek Revolution itself, was one exemplar of independent-minded collectivity, a sharp break with the submissive stability of old. Did they fight for something more than loot? Their own survival, to be sure, the defense of the region very likely, and, little-by-little, what they were told was Hellas being born of the revolution itself, all infused with a heightened sense of their Christianity. It would be *that* Hellas, a Christian and European one. The others would have to die or leave. It was a dynamic that would be repeated in the Balkans until 1922, when Turkey rid itself of its Christians and formed the modern republic. A last act was Yugoslavia in the 1990s, the attempt to eliminate some of the last Muslims of the region.

Leaving the parking lot and surrounding area for the highway, I stopped for a bite to eat at a place still called Anesti's *Chani*. The name contains an Ottoman legacy if ever there was one: a *chani* is a Turko-Greek word derived from the Turko-Persian *hani*, a no-frills lodge where people and horses could be watered and fed as they fought off the fleas. One of the bases used by the Christian rebels in 1822, it is now a tavern.

On this day, young foreign couples stopped on their way to and from ancient Mycenae in search of the ruins, oblivious to the more modern history, and they added to the polyphony that has always been the Peloponnese. The owner raced about on his cell phone, preparing for the upcoming May Day holiday. He stopped to chat with me a bit, near an cold natural spring, one of those the Christians had hidden from Ottoman attackers two centuries ago, and where now water flowed around an enormous plane tree that gave us shade.

"Here," he said. "You can drink from it." □

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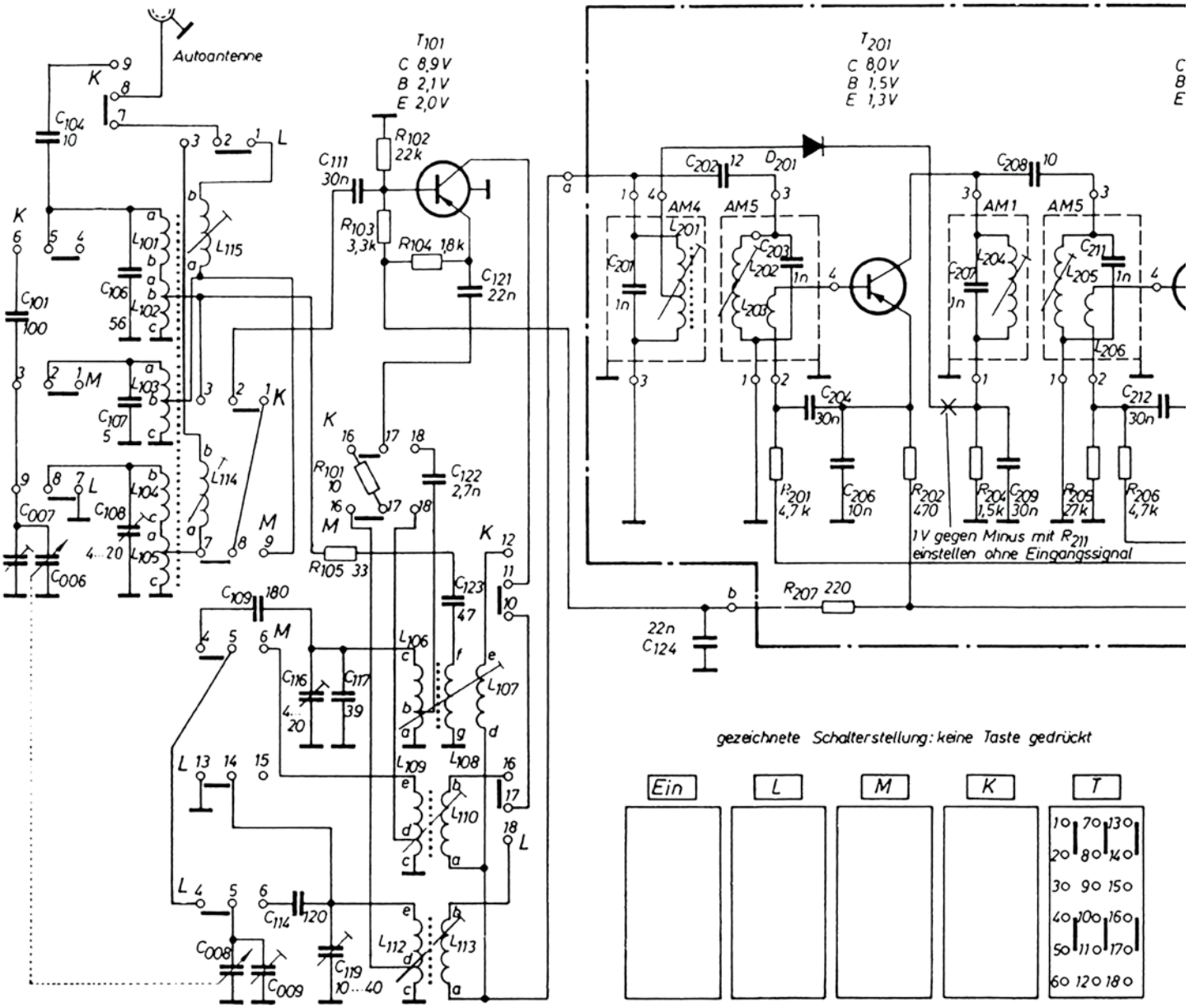
IN THE SHADOW OF THE WALL

by Tess Lewis



Stern 111-Tourist und Stern 111-Record

Lutz Seiler's second novel, *Stern 111*, takes its title from an iconic East German transistor radio, a device that awakened the protagonist Carl Bischoff to the world when he was a child and was at the heart of one of his small family's few rituals. The image of this portable radio captures the contrary energies that animate Seiler's highly autobiographical work—the centrifugal force of historical upheaval and the centripetal force of introspection and artistic self-definition.

An expansive portrait of a poet as a young man, *Stern 111* captures the brief season of utopian anarchy in Berlin immediately following the collapse of the GDR. Awarded the 2020 Leipzig Book Prize, the novel evokes the heady atmosphere of hope and disorientation, of revolutionary idealism and opportunism that filled the former capital in 1990. Seiler conveys the sense of liberation and possibility felt both by the East Germans who left for the West and by those who stayed behind, yet he resists sentimentalizing the experiences of either group. The result is a dispassionate study of political romanticism in a time of upheaval and the suffering it inevitably entails but often disregards.

In the three decades since the fall of the Berlin Wall, the capacious genre of the *Wenderoman*—novels dealing with the collapse of the GDR and the aftermath—has become firmly established in contemporary German literature. Seiler's latest addition to this genre is unusual in that it narrows a broader historical view to an intent focus on the personal. By interweaving the *éducation sentimental* and the political awakening of the aspiring poet Carl Bischoff, Seiler has created an engaging hybrid *Wenderoman* and *Bildungsroman*. A parallel narrative strand follows Carl's parents' belated flight over the disintegrating border in pursuit of a dream they had harbored since 1961. Inge and Walter Bischoff undergo awakenings and disillusionments of their own, suffering the prejudice and suspicion of their new countrymen against refugees from the East and the realities behind the American Dream.

One of Germany's most prominent poets, Seiler established himself as major novelist with his 2014 debut, *Kruso*. That novel, set in the summer of 1989 on the Baltic island of Hiddensee, mirrors the downfall of the GDR through the dissolution of a group of outcasts and idealists making their various bids for freedom. A popular destination for dissidents, Hiddensee was not only an oasis of liberty, it was the launching point of a dangerous escape route for East Germans fleeing to Denmark. More than 5,600 East Germans attempted to cross the 40-kilometer channel between 1961 and 1989, but fewer than a thousand made it. Focused on this small cosmos, *Kruso* records the real human cost of utopian dreams.

Seiler's second novel, *Stern 111*, forms a diptych with *Kruso*, portraying the East Berlin underground bar and squatter scenes in the months between the fall of the Wall and reunification, a time that seemed filled with opportunities to establish social and economic systems other than real socialism or capitalism. "The whole world is being redistributed these days," the hapless Carl is told when he washes up in Berlin after his parents abruptly leave for the West. He is taken in by a group of dissidents, punks, artists, and revolutionaries gathered around Hoffi, a charismatic, messianic leader nicknamed The Shepherd because he not only guards his flock of misfits but also his pet goat Dodo, the group's mascot and source of milk. This group—Carl's "pack," part cult, part band of urban guerillas—are united in following Hoffi's principle that "each and every one is equal and equally worthy, although in the current situation, workers must receive special attention." Their mission is to "sabotage the breeding ground of capital through immediate redistribution" by occupying hundreds of abandoned buildings—in their words "making them livable"—a mission they finance by stealing tools and material from West German construction sites, running unlicensed bars, and selling bits of the Wall, both real and counterfeit, to tourists and foreign speculators. Carl, a trained mason, soon becomes an essential member of the pack and helps them build their figurative and literal bulwarks against the looming capitalist takeover.

At heart a loner, Carl gradually distances himself from them in order to pursue his dream of becoming a poet. He watches from the periphery as the tight-knit group begins

to fray when jealousies, ambitions, and appetites take their toll. His personal liberation from expectations, from dominant ideologies and groupthink, and from self-doubt is hard-won. *Stern 111* is the chronicle of an individual establishing a foothold in a time of upheaval and negotiating the pull of and disenchantment with new perspectives and ideologies. "It was as if the world had fallen into an extremely sensitive, uncertain state," Carl muses, "as if you were only just beginning to exist."

The novel's primary setting is the Prenzlauer Berg and Kollwitzkiez districts and the topography of East Berlin—the hastily abandoned apartments, the overgrown craters left by Allied bombs, makeshift bars and restaurants established in derelict storefronts—forms a crucial backdrop to the political atmosphere engendered there in the winter of 1990. Indeed, one of *Star 111*'s central themes is the transformation of the Berlin-Mitte cityscape and the way history is preserved or erased in private and public spaces.

The following excerpt chronicles aspiring poet Carl Bischoff's arrival in Berlin, where he sleeps in his car and earns enough to eat by driving the Zhiguli his father had left in his care as an unlicensed taxi. Alone, disoriented, and utterly unsophisticated, he wanders the streets of Berlin with lines from Elke Erb's poems rattling in his head.

A man stepped out onto the street heading toward the city center and raised his arm. It was three o'clock in the morning. Without a word of thanks, he got in the car and leaned back in the seat. They drove for a time without engaging in conversation. "Stop just up ahead," the man ordered and stuck a bill rolled into a cylinder the size of a cigarette between the heating vent louvers on the dashboard. Carl had heard about gypsy cabs, but never imagined it would be so easy.

Just before Alexanderplatz, he turned onto a street that seemed suitable at first glance. It was called Linienstraße. Only two streetlamps were working in the first hundred meters, and Carl parked the Zhiguli somewhere in the twilight between them.

The neighborhood was filled with three-story housing blocks from the 1950s, maybe even from the thirties. With their dirty limestone cement exteriors, they were ugly but at the same time familiar and trustworthy. Pigeons flew in and out of the semicircular dormers, also not a bad sign. But, most importantly, this neighborhood was quiet; it was downright silent even though it was right in the center of the city. Only at the last moment, already half-asleep, did Carl notice the disturbing noises—laughter, shouting, and desperate screams that reached him from some nightmare.

In the first days, Carl made a few small rounds. He explored Berlin, but always returned to Linienstraße to sleep. He drove to Kastanienallee, which until now he had only known as the title of a book of poems, and he walked around aimlessly for a while. Carl was on an expedition. He could feel his heartbeat. Somewhere here, behind these façades, those good poems had been written and published in newspapers with titles like "Liane" or "Mikado." Searching for their particular essence, Carl scrutinized the people on Kastanienallee and—even though it made him look foolish—he was respectful. In fact, he spotted more than a few who had that look of absolute necessity in their eyes that could make a writer; and one or another of them already seemed deeply immersed in his or her solitary "I must," Rilke's dictum, which Carl, too, had followed ever since he'd come upon a volume of the *Letters to a Young Poet*. At the same time, Carl had the feeling on this street of being in a preserve, a district that was not easily accessible. In any case, he preferred to approach it carefully, to not rush anything. He heard the sound of his footsteps on the sidewalk's granite paving stones and understood how odd it was (in light of what was happening to him just then) to maintain the idea of a proper sequence and this made him smile. "At four-thirty in the stairwell / of 30 Kastanienallee, there was a fleeting smell / of dead mice lost in thought." Carl knew the smell, dead and lost in thought—these were the first lines of Kastanienallee, not a bad beginning for a volume of poetry.

Every evening, just before six, Carl telephoned. For his calls to Gera, he used a post office on Kollwitzplatz he had noticed on one of his forays through the streets of the good poems. For long-distance calls, it had a narrow wooden cubicle with a tiny window in the door through which you could see the counters. Every time he called Mrs. Bethmann, she had a kind word ready for him:

"Your parents' letters are surely being held temporarily somewhere, in some postal warehouse or other at the border. That certainly wouldn't be surprising, Carl, in all the chaos."

"Yes, of course. Thank you, Mrs. Bethmann." He took a deep breath and pressed the receiver to his ear.

"Where are you now, Carl?"

Her voice sounded like it was coming from the middle of a snowstorm, from somewhere, in any case, that seemed much farther away than Gera. Carl was not used to telephoning (to talking into a machine). It annoyed him. Ultimately, you didn't know if the other person truly existed.

"Carl?"

Now and then, he drove as a taxi. Either it worked out on its own or it was enough to drive slowly through the streets and, with his head angled slightly, to look at the passersby on the sidewalk with some interest. His vague intention to earn some money as quickly as possible had

soon taken shape. Gas cost 2.50 marks a liter, and his reserves (the 500 marks from his parents) would be used up in a few weeks even if he were frugal.

The Wilhelm-Pieck-Straße that ran parallel to Linienstraße (its quiet backstreet) proved fruitful. This was particularly true on nights Jojo was open. Jojo was in the lowest floor of a recently constructed building, covered with brick-red tiles with two aluminum-framed windows, neon lights, and a disco ball. Only once had Carl pushed his way through the sticky, completely packed rooms and made it to the bar that stood behind a glass wall plastered with billboards. These billboards didn't advertise bands, just DJs with names like Trent, Heretsch, or Pichground. They didn't serve beer, only wine and mixed drinks. The woman at the bar wore a dove-gray top covered with small zippers. "Ice?" For a moment, Carl had no idea what she meant. He was not at all used to being offered the option of ice cubes in his drink. In honor of Hemingway he drank something called Cuba Libre, Club-Cola with Wilthener Goldkrone brandy—he recognized the label in the dim light. Almost everything was mixed with Club-Cola and there were bouncers everywhere, at the bar, at the entry, even on the dance floor. Club-Cola, order, and baby faces: they wore their hair above their foreheads cut short and straight, long in the back, and the outline of giant combs protruded from the pockets of their marbled jeans—it was all detestable. Right behind Carl, a 15-, maybe 16-year-old girl was dancing. She spun around and looked at him, her arms (wings) raised helplessly, her eyes half-closed. "She's like the wind."

Carl felt old and dirty in Jojo and he was sweating because he didn't want to take off his leather jacket. It wasn't just that he was out of place there, it was more than that. For a moment, he had the sneaking suspicion that the world he belonged to had furtively disappeared and he was one of the remnants, a rotting piece of driftwood on the great, broad stream of the new age.

In the morning, Carl aired out his car. He carefully rolled up his faded cotton sleeping bag, wiped clear the fogged-up windshield, and put the seat back upright.

"Piss off!" was written in the dirt on the rear window. The idea that someone was looking at his face at night while he was sleeping was unnerving. And didn't people usually write "pig" or "wash me" instead? On top of that, did people usually leave a signature: "Milva"—who was that supposed to be? Carl briefly considered covering the car windows with towels (which he didn't have) at night or taping up newspaper (which he could get ahold of), but not being able to see what was going on outside struck him as even eerier.

For the first time, it was completely clear to Carl that he didn't know anyone in Berlin. He only knew a few poems that had been written here, nothing else had tipped the scales. Yes, to some extent he was imitating his parents' self-imposed exile—as if that were also a way (the real way) to be a good son after he had, in defiance of all agreements, abandoned his post in the hinterland. Like his parents, he had no address in view; he left without a destination, just some fantasy in mind, which wasn't a place to stay.

For breakfast, he walked to a bistro on Alexanderplatz where he could use the toilet to wash up and brush his teeth. The bistro was below the Presse Café, a meeting place for people who looked like they knew their destination.

The bistro was actually too expensive for him and there were hardly ever any other customers, but it was the first place Carl went to after he arrived in Berlin, so he remained loyal. He ordered scrambled eggs with brown bread, which the waiter toasted to rock-hard slices and Carl softened again with butter, marmalade, and eggs. He was served at the counter; he liked this at first (Carl saw in this a kind of worldliness) but later didn't. This had to do with the waiter and his big-city arrogance. His eyes were full of disdain. He deplored the tousled hair that hung down past Carl's shoulders; he deplored Carl's unshaven, sleepy face, and everything else about him that was easily scorned: the motorcycle jacket, the unkempt fingernails, the toothpaste-flecked pouch with his toiletries, etc. Carl was sure the waiter was cheating him in some way or other. You too will hear of me some day, Carl thought. At some point he managed to take his plate and retreat to a seat at the window.

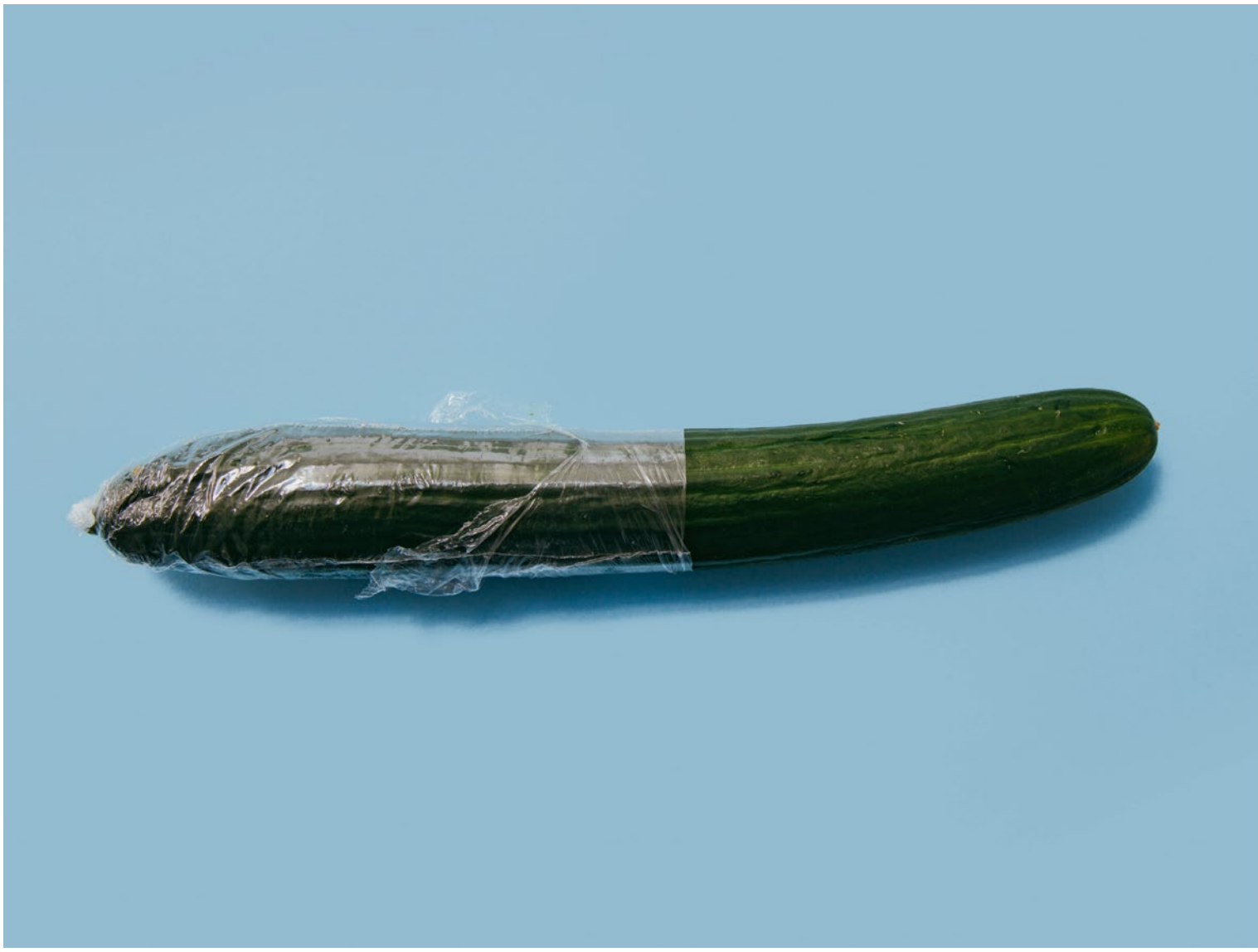
He took out his notebook but as soon as he opened it, he felt tired, and couldn't think of a single thing to write. His last entry: "It will take your whole life, absolutely every moment from the day you were born. It wants to call the shots without revealing any more of itself—simply demonic!" What happened if it wanted you and you weren't suited? An aberration, a false connection? Maybe at twenty-six he was already too old to seriously go about becoming a poet.

Carl awkwardly fished a ballpoint pen out of the hole-ridden lining of his motorcycle jacket and wrote:

12 DECEMBER

On the other side of the intersection lies Alexanderplatz. There is no greater desolation. □

STERN 111 will be published in 2023. This excerpt is printed by permission of And Other Stories.



HOW TO HAVE SEX IN A PANDEMIC

by Juana María Rodríguez

THROUGHOUT EARLY 2020, as the uncertainty, anxiety, and fear surrounding COVID started to take hold, many of us began to think back on that *other* pandemic that similarly warned us to keep our distance, steer clear of strangers, and be willing to sacrifice pleasure for safety. In 1983, when AIDS was still being referred to as the "gay plague," Richard Berkowitz, an S/M hustler, and Michael Callen, an HIV-positive musician, worked with their virologist, Richard Sonnabend, to publish *How to Have Sex in an Epidemic*. At a moment when public health officials (and some gay-community members) were railing against the dangers of gay promiscuity, that text delivered a retort to the state neglect and local terror gripping the queer community to offer a model of what community care might look like. They subtitled it "One Approach," because, even then, it was clear there is always more than one approach to dealing with unimaginable tragedy.

Despite some shaky science, that self-published booklet became the first "safe-sex" guide that promoted the use of condoms and served as a collective refusal of public-health demands to abandon the radical pleasures of queer sex. Instead, that booklet, and the many other safer-sex guides that would follow, ushered in an era and ethos in which we got better at communicating limits, risks, and the carnal particularities of our erotic desires.

Fast-forward to 2020: California wildfires are raging and a global pandemic is slowly shutting down the world as we know it, exposing all of the inequities of global hierarchies predicated on unequal access to resources and care. And, to add to the catastrophe gripping the world, I am single.

POLITE SOCIETY WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE THAT SEX IS BOTH INDIVIDUAL AND PRIVATE, WHERE PRIVACY IS A LUXURY FEW OUTSIDE SOCIALLY SANCTIONED FORMS OF DOMESTICITY ARE EVER AFFORDED.

Being uncoupled, like being coupled, or being in a polypod is one of the things that has defined the conditions for how we are surviving the COVID crisis. Just like those early days of the AIDS pandemic, COVID has produced a moment where moral judgement shrouds the decisions we might make about our corporeal autonomy. As they had during the AIDS crisis, the categories of race, class, gender, ability, and citizenship, as well as the details that define the social conditions of our lives, influence rates of survival and shape the public scrutiny and judgment that surrounds infection. As usual, sex provides the flashpoint for social anxieties around morality. Polite society would have us believe that sex is both individual and private, where privacy is a luxury few outside socially sanctioned forms of domesticity are ever afforded. That is to say, for people who live under constant state surveillance—prisoners, immigrants, the unhoused, sex workers, and others deemed perpetually suspect—sex is continually being defined, regulated, and controlled by laws and public policy intent on wiping clean the soiled surfaces of public life. Now as then, some of us are simply unwilling to abandon the dirty pleasures that sexual touch promises for the hollow assurance of social respectability.

Not everyone needs or values sex in the same way. During the COVID lockdown, coupled people in cozy domestic arrangements—those who had followed the proper rules of social reproduction—could just continue to have (or not have) the same sex they had been having before. Meanwhile, the rest of us were just expected to cross our legs and wait it out. For me, with the world on the brink of collapse, giving up on the possibility of a sexual future seemed too unimaginable and depressing; just living was hard enough and, after several months into the pandemic, celibacy was getting old fast. In May of 2020, I read how the Dutch Government had begun advising single people seeking intimacy to find a "sex buddy" to ride out the pandemic. It seemed like the sort of reasonable advice we would never receive from public health officials in the United States. And so, with the possibility of nightclubs, travel, museums, and in-person flirting far off in the distance, I decided to go online to seek out a Pandemic Lover.

LIKE A LOT of single people and many coupled ones, I have dating profiles on various apps. While some, like Tinder, are more associated with casual encounters and tend to attract younger people, I favor those other apps, born of the cruel optimism that defines modern dating, that cater to humans looking for love and relationships, even when that is not exactly what I'm seeking. But securing a suitable Pandemic Lover seemed to require extra layers of courtesy and communication less frequently conveyed on platforms designed for fleeting sexual hookups.

Very soon I found myself chatting with a very handsome Latino trans-man with bedroom eyes who had indicated on the generally tame dating site OkCupid that his favorite thing to do on a first date was shag. I had tried unsuccessfully to find romantic connection on the apps, but this was different. I wasn't looking for a long-term committed relationship just so I could have a steady sex-partner; I was in the process of trying to negotiate my first sexual escapade with a stranger in years, during a global pandemic, and there were details to be discussed. What was his level of public contact? What did he do for work? Who did he live with? Who were his other sexual partners? Had he been tested, and when?

If you have spent any time on these apps, you know getting from text to flesh can take a minute. In this case, the task was to get the details necessary to make an informed decision about COVID exposure, check in with my gut about how much to trust this stranger who was about twice my physical size, arrange the logistics of where and when, discuss erotic limits and desires, all while trying to keep the

vibe sufficiently light, sexy, and fun, against a California backdrop of orange smoke and the 'Rona.

Luckily, as kinky queers versed in the lessons of the AIDS pandemic, we both knew how to use our words. But the particulars of risk are worth mentioning, because they tell us something about sex and vulnerability, pleasure and risk. Almost immediately in the conversation, he indicated that he, like me, is bisexual. He told me the current extent of his sexual life consisted of a long-distance romantic partner and a long-standing non-romantic local hookup, both cis-men. He is in his mid-forties and lives with a female ex-lover in her sixties who is retired and doesn't leave the house much. He is a working-class guy who has a day job that requires minimal contact. In my mind, I was already coding these details of race, class, age, and sexual practices in relation to risk factors, both real and imagined.

Bisexuals are always imagined as somehow more promiscuous and therefore riskier as sexual partners. During the height of the AIDS pandemic, bisexuals of all genders were deemed disease carriers who brought HIV to unsuspecting lesbians and heterosexual women. Yet his claiming bisexuality from the start seemed like a good measure of his trustworthiness in a moment when many people just call themselves queer and skip the details about who or what they do sexually. Other than his roommate (because few people in the Bay Area can afford to live alone), he had one other carnal lover, an administrator in the health care industry. Meaning: regular testing even in the absence of exposure to others. On the other hand, I live with my eighteen-year old son, who splits his time between three households—my own, his other parent's, and his girlfriend's. He also works construction with a work crew made up of mostly undocumented Latino men, most of whom live with extended families. The truth is, even with precautions, my son was much more of a potential transmission vector than anything in Pandemic Lover's circumstance. Yet, I was also keenly aware that any social judgement surrounding my willingness to hug my son would no doubt be viewed quite differently than my decision to have sex with a stranger.

WHEN MY DATE ARRIVED AROUND MIDNIGHT AND I OPENED THE DOOR, MASKLESS, TO INVITE HIM IN, I HAD A PANICKED FLASH OF THE RISK I WAS ABOUT TO TAKE.

When my date arrived around midnight and I opened the door, maskless, to invite him in, I had a panicked flash of the risk I was about to take. Even after exchanging erotic proclivities and exposure factors, both of us were as uncertain about the potential dangers as we were about the imagined possibilities for pleasure. COVID is not like HIV; it is not as easily preventable and much more unpredictable and uncertain in terms of its impact. The first time we had sex, we didn't kiss. But soon we did, and we still do. That COVID is life-threatening made my desire for the life-affirming vitality of sexual touch feel all the more urgent, a risk worth taking.

I should add that even though we are both vaccinated now, with other options for satisfying our sexual urges, we still see each other. And although this became much more than a hook-up, it is still not about amorous union, monogamy, or happily ever after. Instead it is about the joy and intimacy that comes from sharing fragile bodies in a precarious present, and the promise of mutual care that can thrive when risk and vulnerability are held together. And maybe that is precisely the kind of care work that sexual contact can aspire to be, the kind of trust and honesty that makes it possible to have our desires, limits, and needs held tenderly.

THIS PANDEMIC HAS shed light on the kinds of durable and fleeting intimacies capable of sustaining us, and our role in actively nurturing the social networks of our lives. How do we show up for each other to imagine what survival might look like in a moment of state abandonment? Who are we helping with childcare, eldercare, access needs, rent? Who are we helping survive a break-up or survive eviction? And who are we turning to with our own anxieties and fears? Like AIDS, the COVID pandemic has inspired communities neglected or policed by the state to offer their own models of community sustenance and support. And for many of us, that includes thinking about access to sex, not as an individual right but as a form of mutual aid that can function as an exchange of intimate care. Because those of us who live outside of the shelter of the socially recognized bonds of family and normative domesticity might also find we need love, touch, connection, and intimacy—even if it does not resemble the imagined romantic, sexual, intellectual, and spiritual union of normatively coupled life.

Being someone's singular special someone is always imagined as that thing that you cannot *not* want. Yet, for me, the pandemic has created another kind of appreciation for the plurality of the intellectual, material, spiritual, and sexual bonds that have sustained me as a single person—my daily writing partners, the friends with whom I routinely share meals, gossip, make emergency evacuation plans and plan protests, and the virtual playgrounds where so many new social bonds are formed and fed. And to this mix of self-care and political survival, I can now add regular sexual touch that also feels like a growing bond of friendship, joy, and *cariño*. As we ready ourselves for the next crisis sure to arrive, these queer practices of world-making are precisely the lessons we will all need to survive. □

This essay emerged from a panel presentation organized by Chandan Reddy and Gayatri Gopinath, "How to Have Sex in a Pandemic: Intimacy, Disease, and the Politics of Vulnerability." Special thanks to co-presenters Dean Spade, Amber Musser, and Kenyon Farrow for their insights and comments.

BANK OF AMERICA

AN DIE MUSIK

Teaching Franz Schubert's hymn to art

by Christopher H. Gibbs

"**OFTEN MORE IS** caught than taught." My father made this gnomic observation before my first day teaching music appreciation to eighth-graders shortly after I graduated from college. It has remained with me over the years: both teachers and students are well served by thinking beyond the official lesson plan. When I later taught music history surveys, as a graduate student at Columbia University, this notion led me to think carefully about how to get the semester started. If "meet the syllabus" was an obvious recipe for boredom, it also seemed ill advised to jump right into Gregorian chant and the monophonic glories of the Middle Ages.

So, I decided to begin by playing the great German baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau singing Franz Schubert's *An die Musik*, accompanied by Gerald Moore. The song lasts less than three minutes. Schubert wrote his hymn to art in 1817, at the age of 20—"roughly your age," I could say to my students—to a poem by his best friend, Franz von Schober; the two were so close, they merged identities, into "Schobert"—

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Moritz von Schwind, *Ein Schubert-Abend bei Joseph von Spaun* (1868), sepia drawing on paper, 35.6 × 22.3 cm. Copyright: bpk

(Sacred art, in how many gloomy hours,
When into life's untamed cycle I am caught,
You have rekindled the warmth of love in my heart,
You have carried me away into a better world!

Often a sigh from your harp has flowed,
A sweet, holy chord from you
Has opened a heaven of better times for me.
Noble art, I thank you for this.)

The strategy of playing *An die Musik* has served to open and, on occasion, to close the majority of my courses over nearly four decades. Schubert's song—I am tempted to call it his theme song—suddenly took on profound urgency during the coronavirus pandemic. In the fall of 2020, I was teaching a course on Romantic music in a tent at Bard College. The lockdowns of the previous spring had given way to broad civil disruption in the summer, in protest of the killing of George Floyd. Our academic arrangements were all tentative, provisional: Under what conditions could we assemble in person? And even more concerning for my students: Under what conditions could music be made? Most of them are committed, high-level musicians in the Bard College Conservatory of Music. But now they were not performing live concerts in person, and some were not even able to have in-person lessons. Their relationship with the "sacred art" was unlike anything they had experienced.

Before the first class I placed copies of Schubert's text on each folding chair—no PowerPoint or passing around handouts in September—and after the 12 students arrived, I said a few words of introduction and pressed play. Even behind their masks I knew that they were unusually moved, which was confirmed in comments they made to me in the weeks and months to follow. Even though I had begun courses this way dozens of times before, the poignancy of the moment, the importance of history, got me thinking in new ways about the song and its many resonances, both in Schubert's time and in our own.

An die Musik speaks to multiple aspects of Schubert's culture as well as to his complicated posthumous image. An obituary published soon after his death, in November 1828, observed that he "lived solely for art and for a small circle of friends." The idea that art can transport us to a better world, that art is an incomparable refuge, is among the most Romantic of sentiments and something that Schubert and his friends, his "small circle," believed deeply. His closest friends were not professional musicians, although many played an instrument. Some were distinguished writers and artists. They spent endless hours talking about intellectual and artistic matters, formalized to some extent in reading groups and musical soirees. The latter they called *Schubertiades*, events devoted to hearing Schubert's music in intimate domestic circumstances.

These private gatherings had significant political implications during Prince Clemens von Metternich's repressive regime following the Congress of Vienna, when public events required police approval, and censorship was rampant. I welcomed the chance to make connections between art and politics. While the pandemic and the urgency of social justice initiatives were uppermost on students' minds during the fall semester, in January classes began three weeks after the insurrection at the US Capitol. I sensed less student outrage about that event, despite what I knew were generally liberal attitudes. In the wake of an attempt to overthrow American democracy, the political conditions under which Beethoven and Schubert lived in Vienna seemed unusually relevant.

The most famous representation of Schubert's private sphere is a sepia drawing from 1868 titled *A Schubert Evening at Joseph von Spaun's*, by Moritz von Schwind, a close friend and prominent artist well represented in German museums to this day. Nearly every person in the group can be identified, although we know that some of them could never have been in the same room together and that Schwind inserted a few ardent Schubertians (discreetly placed behind the curtains on the left) who were not yet born in the 1820s. I like to think of the picture as the Biedermeier version of the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* album cover.

What song is being sung? Biographer Maurice J. E. Brown notes that Schwind

> left no inkling and probably had no definite song in mind. But the song one would like to imagine being sung is surely *An die Musik*. The rapt attention of these men and women in Spaun's drawing-room shows that the song has transported them, and which of all the Schubert Lieder has quite that power, that inwardness, as the miraculous setting of the lines beginning 'Du holde Kunst . . .'?

If this is indeed the case, the supposition lends deeper relevance to Schwind's pointed visual commentary: the rapt attention to the music encompasses everyone except for its "poet," Schober, seated on the right, who is flirting with the lovely Justina von Bruchmann, the younger sister of another member of the circle.

Schober was a man of seductive charisma and considerable talent. But unlike others in the circle, he never achieved much and was later accused of facilitating an environment that led to the syphilis that contributed to the composer's early death. At the height of the "Schobert" collaboration, he could write to Schubert: "Are we not precisely those who found our life in art, while the others merely entertained themselves with it, are we not those who solely and certainly understood our inmost natures, as only a German can?"

Here emerges a hint of a troubling idea that I would explore with my students later in the semester, especially when Richard Wagner comes into view. I knew they would be attuned to Schober's smug self-regard and enthusiastic nationalism, even if unexceptional, as they point to questions about whether the humanities actually humanize and whether there is value in a "life in art." This pressing issue

was one many pondered in the twentieth century after the two world wars. Perhaps best known is the soundbite from a thinker utterly antithetical to thinking in soundbites: T. W. Adorno's "To write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric." More relevant in this instance are the critic George Steiner's writings about culturally sophisticated Nazis "who sang Schubert in the evening and tortured in the morning."

All of this provided an opening during the first class, both in September and January, to discuss a principal goal of the course, which is to chart connections between music and life, between art and history. Music students tend to concentrate on the notes on the page and on the mechanics of their instrument, fingerings and bowings, on playing faster and louder. At its best, a music history course provides an opportunity to expand that range, to incorporate issues of biography, culture, politics, and ideas that many have not considered much before. Playing Schubert's *An die Musik* in a tent, masked and socially distanced, so far from Joseph von Spaun's crowded Viennese Schubertiade, starkly highlighted the connections between music, words, and life at fraught moments in history. It lent the song a force that was unlike any I experienced in past semesters. I am tempted to say that, surrounded by death, this musical hymn affirmed life. Which it did, but I also know that Schubert's world was surrounded by death in ways we can barely imagine, beginning with the deaths of many of his siblings, and ending, not so unusually, with his own, at age 31.

One of the first casualties of the pandemic was live music-making and concert-going, especially when it came to the voice, the most fundamental of all instruments. One will not soon forget collective performances at the beginning, whether experienced live or shared on social media. In New York City, this initially took the form of banging pots and pans each night at 7 p.m., a heartfelt expression of gratitude to first-responders and healthcare workers. For all the pandemic's pressures and protocols, it did not take long for classical musicians, amateurs and professionals alike, to find ways to make a joyful noise, be it spontaneously singing Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" from balconies in Italy to fashioning elaborate virtual collaborations that took untold hours to produce. Orchestras, choruses, soloists, and conservatories engineered impressive feats, with frustrated and silenced musicians playing individually in isolation and imaginatively figuring out technological ways to weave together

large-ensemble pieces. Maurice Ravel's *Boléro* received lavish treatments early on from the New York Philharmonic and the Juilliard School of Music.

Many musicians posted various kinds of COVID Schubertiades featuring *An die Musik*, not just the original song, but also some with the vocal line played by a violin, cello, or another instrument. The Orchestre de Paris and 180 singers mounted a grand virtual version. There was even a COVID parody titled "Wasch Dir die Hände" posted to YouTube by the "Drunken Tenor."

I wanted to end the second semester in May with *An die Musik*, but not with a literal da capo of Fischer-Dieskau singing. Beyond the recent COVID responses were some unusual earlier testimonies to the song's powerful intimacy. The legendary German soprano Lotte Lehmann famously broke down while singing it at her New York farewell recital at Town Hall, in February 1951. She had warned the audience—"I try to sing *An die Musik*"—but did not quite make it through the second verse; the words disappear as "Schobert" becomes pure Schubert. Pianist Gerald Moore, with whom Fischer-Dieskau recorded Schubert's complete songs for male voice, went even farther at his farewell concert. The celebrated accompanist, who titled one of his memoirs *Am I Too Loud?*, performed that evening with Victoria de los Ángeles, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, and Fischer-Dieskau, but decided to end the concert all alone. He gave a brief speech and then played his own solo piano arrangement of *An die Musik*. There was no need to hear Schober's words for Schubert's music to work its magic. And no doubt everyone in London's Royal Albert Hall that evening in 1967 knew the words and sang along silently.

I decided to play Moore's solo version because it relates to fundamental issues in music history, including the great debate in the nineteenth century concerning pure or "absolute music" versus "program music" that calls upon extra-musical elements. If you take away the words of a song, what meanings and messages are left? *Lieder ohne Worte* ("Songs without Words") became an important subgenre soon after Schubert's death because of Felix Mendelssohn's lyric piano works. (In a further irony, these extremely popular pieces were sometimes converted into "Songs with Words" when poems were retrofitted to them.)

THERE IS A LONG HISTORY concerning the music/text relationship in Schubert songs. Although he was never the neglected, miserable figure portrayed in sentimental novels, operettas, and biographies, Schubert's posthumous reception was nevertheless enormously advanced when Franz Liszt, the virtuoso superstar of the 1830s and '40s, crafted brilliant solo piano arrangements of some sixty songs in which the vocal line is incorporated into the accompaniment. These arrangements were enormously popular, and a decade after Schubert's death spread his name far and wide, notably in places such as Dublin or St. Petersburg, where his music was still completely unknown. Liszt's success speaks to the power of Schubert's music, to his ability to respond so profoundly to a poem that even when the words are absent, they retain tangible meaning.

One of my students told me that at the start of the pandemic she had listened to *An die Musik* repeatedly and "was comforted in exactly the way the text describes." She admitted that although she knew what the title meant, it was not until "quarantine boredom set in" that she looked up a complete translation. She said she "was astounded at how precisely the meaning matched my feelings about life in this moment, music in general, and this song, specifically. Yet, I soon realized, I had discerned that sentiment from the music itself all along." Her testimony resonates uncannily with a famous confession Arnold Schoenberg made in his essay "The Relationship to the Text" (1911):

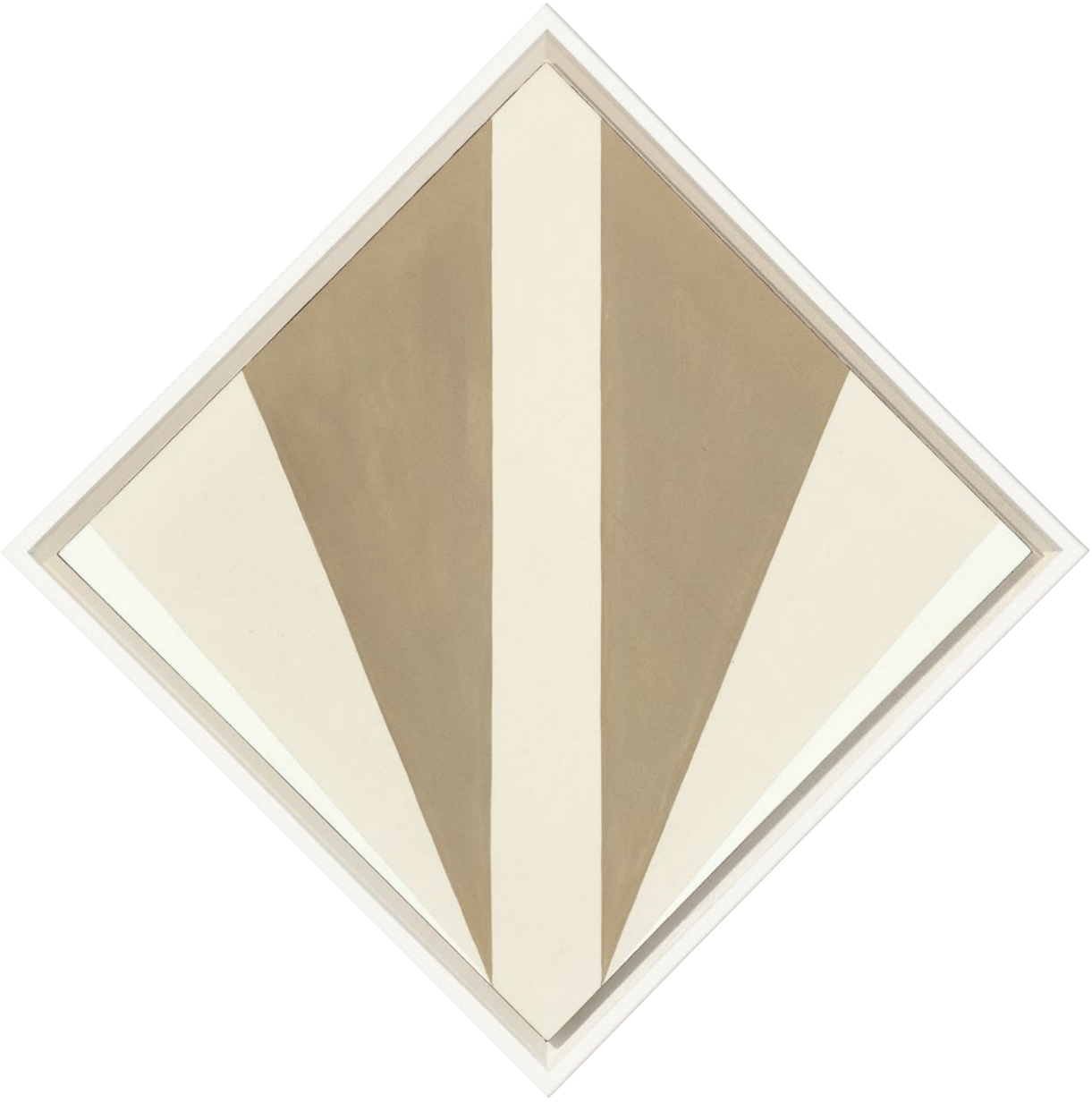
> A few years ago, I was deeply ashamed when I discovered in several Schubert songs, well known to me, that I had absolutely no idea what was going on in the poems on which they were based. But when I had read the poems it became clear to me that I had gained absolutely nothing for the understanding of the songs thereby, since the poems did not make it necessary for me to change my conception of the musical interpretation in the slightest degree. On the contrary, it appeared that, without the poem, I had grasped the content, the real content, perhaps even more profoundly than if I had clung to the surface of the mere thoughts expressed in words.

The most obvious verbal themes of the song are the power of art and art's ability to show us a "better world." That message of hope for "better times" certainly was most welcome during the pandemic.

Playing Moore's solo farewell version allowed students to think about how they were responding to the words, the music, and the combination of the two. How was Schubert able to capture his friend's poem in such a way that, even without the words, the meaning was still there?

The most obvious verbal themes of the song are the power of art and art's ability to show us a "better world." That message of hope for "better times" certainly was most welcome during the pandemic. Another theme is gratitude, which relates as well to the multiple crises students faced during the 2020–21 academic year. I perceived, as did many colleagues, an incredible sense of gratitude from students. Under challenging circumstances, rather than feeling (or at least expressing) being "cheated" out of a large part of their college years, they were enormously thankful for being in-person in classes, with their peers, studying music they loved. In overdetermined ways, Schubert's music conveys the importance of art, provides hope, and offers gratitude: "Noble art, I thank you for this." □

WINTER AUCTIONS IN BERLIN



Kenneth Noland. "Sun Dried: Japanese Space". 1963. Acrylic on canvas. 161.5 x 161.5 cm. © VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn 2021. EUR 400,000–600,000

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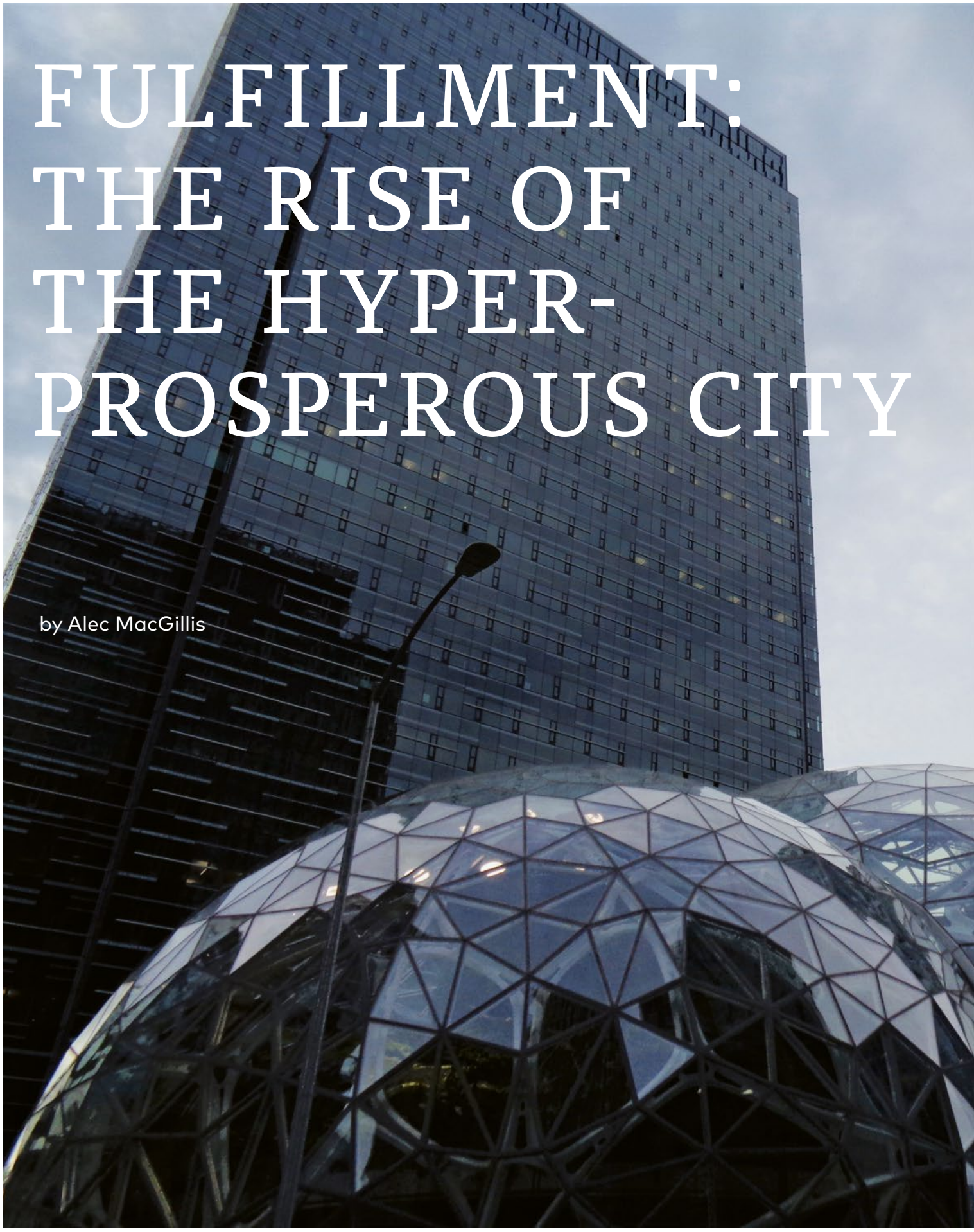

IN THE SPRING OF 1994, a thirty-year-old senior vice president at the New York investment banking firm D. E. Shaw arrived in Santa Cruz on a scouting trip for the company he was about to start with a $100,000 boost from his parents. Jeff Bezos's idea was fairly simple: to take advantage of rapidly accelerating activity on the World Wide Web, the new user-friendly internet interface, to sell consumer goods there. "Most successful entrepreneurs start a company because they're passionate about the business they want to enter," wrote Richard L. Brandt in his 2011 book on Bezos's company. "Bezos was simply interested in the fact that growth of the Internet meant somebody was going to make a fortune or two from the phenomenon, and he wanted one for himself." Bezos wasn't sure what type of goods to sell and made a list of twenty possibilities, among them office supplies, computer software, apparel, and music. He settled on books for one reason above all: there were so many different titles, a near infinitude, that an online marketplace could offer an advantage over stores in a way it couldn't with other goods.

He came to Santa Cruz, on the Pacific coast seventy miles south of San Francisco, to pitch two experienced computer programmers on his idea. He enticed one of them, Shel Kaphan. Together, they checked out office space in the city, which offered a pristine coastal location and proximity to Silicon Valley.

There was just one problem. In 1992, the Supreme Court had mostly upheld a 1967 ruling that merchants needed to collect sales tax only from buyers in states where the merchants had physical operations. If Bezos set up his company in California, he would have to assess sales tax on all his customers in the biggest state in the country. This would eliminate, in the huge California market, a crucial advantage his company would hold against traditional retailers: they had to charge sales tax, thus raising the cost of their products, but Bezos, as an internet retailer, would not. Bezos did not want to cede that big edge. If he

located in a relatively small state, the company would have to assess sales tax on only a thin slice of customers. He said half-jokingly years later that he even considered setting up on a California Indian reservation to avoid taxes entirely.

His gaze fell on Seattle. Unlike Bill Gates and Paul Allen, the founders of Microsoft, he had no connection to the place—he had grown up in Albuquerque, Houston, and Miami and gone to college at Princeton. But one of his initial investors in the new company, Nick Hanauer, lived in Seattle and made a strong case for it. There was, as the author Jonathan Raban had noted upon arriving a few years earlier, a "bracing smell of possibility" there: "Even now, this late in the game, a guy could make a living out of such a provisional and half-built landscape—could arrive out of nowhere, set up shop and become an *alrightnik* in the classic immigrant tradition." The city was large enough to have a major airport, a prerequisite for shipping books around the country. It was only a six-hour drive from one of the largest book distribution warehouses in the country, in Roseburg, Oregon.

> "Cities are effectively machines for stimulating and integrating the continuous positive feedback dynamics between the physical and the social, each multiplicatively enhancing the other."

There was something else, too. Bezos knew that his company, if successful, would need to hire lots of programmers. The best place to poach such talent was in the Bay Area, but Seattle was a respectable fallback. The University of Washington's computer science department was churning out graduates. More importantly, there was Microsoft, which had attracted a smattering of smaller companies to the area as well. It was "the recruiting pool available from Microsoft," Bezos said in 2018, explaining his choice of Seattle.

It would emerge, years later, as a classic example of the defining rule for economic development in the high-tech era: winner takes all, rich get richer. The internet was supposed to let us live and work anywhere we wanted to, connecting us no matter how far-flung we might be. It would liberate us from cubicle and office park, disperse opportunity across the country.

Instead, the opposite happened. Tech entrepreneurs quickly found that location mattered more than ever. It helped to have your company clustered among similar companies because it made it easier to attract employees—not only those poached from the company across the street, but those who'd newly arrived because of the area's reputation as a hub. And for employees in an industry as volatile as tech, it made sense to be somewhere where you could count on getting another good job if the first one fell apart. So you wanted to be in the hub, which in turn drew more employers there, too.

Clustering mattered not only for human resources, but for innovation, the essence of technology. There was, in one sense, nothing new in this: history is the story of cities with the right confluence of people in close quarters to spin the world forward, whether in classical Athens or Renaissance Florence or industrial-age Glasgow. "Cities are effectively machines for stimulating and integrating the continuous positive feedback dynamics between the physical and the social, each multiplicatively enhancing the other," wrote theoretical physicist Geoffrey West in his treatise on the growth of cities and companies.

But there was something about the new digital economy that took this dynamic and trebled it. In the industrial age, a mechanical advance might be more likely to be discovered in an industrial hub, but that advance could then be dispersed to whichever place had the natural resources and manpower and transportation links to make use of it. Once Henry Bessemer made his discoveries in steelmaking, anyone with enough capital and access to coal and iron ore could build a mill. And they did—in Braddock, Pennsylvania, and Weirton, West Virginia, and Youngstown, Ohio, and Gary, Indiana.

The tech economy was different. Now the huge rewards lay in the innovation itself, which could produce outsized returns with very little additional capital. Once you came up with great new software, you could reproduce it at barely any cost—no coal and iron ore required. Everything lay in having the minds to produce that initial breakthrough. "Economic value depends on talent as never before," wrote Enrico Moretti, an economist at the University of California, Berkeley. "In the twentieth century, competition was about accumulating physical capital. Today it is about attracting the best human capital." Crucially, this held true even if the cluster became ever more expensive. Instead of a market rebalancing—a dispersal to more affordable locales—a feedback loop prevailed.

THE IMPLICATIONS OF THIS for Seattle were not yet clear in 1994 when Bezos and his wife, MacKenzie, arrived in town. They rented a house in Bellevue for $890 per month, deliberately choosing one that had a garage, albeit converted into a rec room, so that Bezos could later adopt the customary "garage start-up" mythology. For a few months, Bezos ran the company out of the garage before finding an office and basement space in a building in the industrial district south of downtown Seattle.

By this point, the company had a name. After starting with Cadabra.com and mulling Awake.com, Browse.com, Bookmall.com, Aard.com, and Relentless.com, Bezos settled on Amazon.com.

"This is not only the largest river in the world, it's many times larger than the next biggest river," he said, as reported by the journalist Brad Stone in his 2014 book on the company. "It blows all other rivers away."

Years later, Charles D'Ambrosio, a writer whose essays had evoked the scruffy, melancholy charm of Seattle in the 1970s, could scarcely recognize the city. "For me, the city is still inarticulate and dark and a place to call home because I'm in thrall to failure and to silence—I have a fidelity to it, an allegiance, which presents a strange dislocation now that Seattle's become the Valhalla of so many people's seeking," he wrote. "The idea of it as a locus of economic and scenic and cultural hope baffles me. It a little bit shocks me to realize my nephews and nieces are growing up in a place considered desirable."

"Failure" was indeed a concept now foreign to the city, which was winning constantly, winning to the point of excess. It was hard to find a modern precedent for a major American city so transformed in a matter of two decades. In the decade since the Great Recession, the city had added 220,000 jobs. More than twenty Fortune 500 companies had decided to open engineering or research and development branches in the city, among them the Silicon Valley giants Facebook, Google, and Apple.

By 2018, per capita income in metropolitan Seattle had grown to nearly $75,000—roughly 25 percent above its peers of a few decades earlier, cities like Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh. And this rising wealth was not being spread evenly: by 2016, a city once known for its strong middle class, its lack of extreme poverty and wealth, had matched San Francisco for high levels of income inequality. The average income for the top 20 percent of Seattle households shot up by more than $40,000 in 2016 alone, hitting $318,000; these households took home 53 percent of all the income in the city.

By 2018, the median cost of buying a home, across all home types, was higher in Seattle than anywhere in the country except the Bay Area: $754,000. The salary needed to afford this median home had risen from $88,000 to $134,000 in only three years. Rent, which had been on par with the national average before 2010, had increased by 57 percent in only five years to more than $2,000 on average, three times higher than in the rest of the country.

One result was that Seattle was now a city where it was increasingly difficult to afford raising a family: the city was also second only to San Francisco in the scarcity of children—less than a fifth of all households had them. Yet its population was swelling nonetheless: by 2015, it was the fastest-growing large city, and a disproportionate share of these new arrivals were young, highly educated, and highly paid. By 2018, there were an estimated fifty software developers moving to the city every week.

But such numbers alone could not really convey the extent of the change. They could not capture the dense thicket of cranes rising across downtown—by 2019, there were 58 deployed in Seattle, more than in any other city in the country. Or the ostentation of new money in a city once stereotyped by flannel and grunge: the Teslas prowling Capitol Hill and Belltown; the Black Suburbans circling for ride-share fares; the Gucci store selling slippers for $650; the rooftop bar with a "millionaires menu" that included a $200 martini; the 41-story Nexus tower, a stack of twisting glass cubes topped with penthouses that spread across 3,000 square feet and cost up to $5 million; the Insignia Towers, which offered a "sky retreat"—indoor lap pool, sauna, and screening room.

In one building, a seventeenth-story terrace with sweeping views had been designated as a dog park, complete with Astroturf and yellow fire hydrants. On the ground floor of another building was a café that cooked food only for dogs.

The numbers could not capture the cultural change wrought by the arrivals, who frequented the appointment-only wine tasting room at the base of a new luxury residential tower in Bellevue, or the "wizard pub" in the trendy Ballard neighborhood where patrons could get personal wands—"made to fit each individual, with date of birth determining species of wood, then infused with one of 12 magic essences by the wandmaker." The city had few children, but it had many adults with the disposable income needed to reenact childhood.

THIS HYPER-PROSPERITY had many corporate fathers, among them Starbucks, Nordstrom, and Microsoft, which was still thriving across Lake Washington. But one loomed far above them. There were now 45,000 people working at Amazon in Seattle, plus another 8,000 in the suburbs. They earned $150,000 in average compensation, plus valuable stock options that incentivized ardent corporate loyalty. The company accounted for 30 percent of all jobs added in Seattle over the second decade of the century. It occupied a fifth of all the office space in Seattle—the highest proportion of any company in any city in the country, and more than the next forty largest employers in the city combined; Delta and Alaska Airlines added a special check-in line for Amazon's employees at Sea-Tac International Airport.

In 2007, the company announced it would consolidate its offices in a single campus on a swath of land just north of downtown called South Lake Union. Early on, the area had been home to big sawmills. By the 1990s, it was a light-industrial zone of warehouses, car repair lots, and a strip club that advertised "100s of beautiful girls and 3 ugly ones." There were plans in the 1990s to redevelop it with homes and offices around a large park. Paul Allen, the Microsoft cofounder, had started buying up land toward that plan, eventually owning more than sixty acres, but it came to naught.

Instead, Amazon asked Allen to build it a 1.7-million-square-foot headquarters there. He built that, and more. The company grew to more than eight million square feet in the city, most of it in more than 35 buildings in and around South Lake Union—the largest urban corporate campus in the country. It was a grid of mid-rise office cubes—Tetris-like blocks of glass, stainless steel, and aluminum panels painted rust-red to mimic industrial-era brick, what Keith Harris, a local engineer and critical theorist, called a "neo-modern high-tech ghetto." To help keep the buildings apart, since many of them looked quite similar, they bore names with insider connotations: Rufus (the Welsh corgi owned by two of the company's earliest employees), Dawson (the street that was home to one of the company's early warehouses), and Fiona (what the Kindle was almost named).

The company allowed employees to bring their dogs to work, and more than 6,000 were registered for that purpose, so the sidewalks were full of dogs being walked by people with Bluetooth earpieces and blue company badges and backpacks adorned with the company's smile logo. In one building, a seventeenth-story terrace with sweeping views had been designated as a dog park, complete with Astroturf and yellow fire hydrants. On the ground floor of another building was a café that cooked food only for dogs.

Inside one main passageway, employees handed out free bananas to anyone who passed by. There were 24 coffee shops throughout the campus. There was a store owned by the company where people could purchase things without paying—cameras kept track of selections and charged their credit card. A block from campus, there was a much larger store, part of a nationwide chain of nearly five hundred high-end grocery emporia that was now also owned by the company.

Bars and restaurants sprouted within the campus, catering almost exclusively to company employees. At Brave Horse Tavern, on weekday evenings men in blazers played shuffleboard. One Wednesday in June, a waitress with green hair poured champagne for a fortyish man in a fleece zip-up and his parents, who then all sat and looked silently at their phones for most of an hour. Outside, a dog was tied to a post, waiting.

And there were biospheres. Over five years, the company built three

enormous interlocking orbs. They were made of 620 tons of steel and 2,643 panes of glass and stretched half a city block on the edge of the campus closest to downtown. Inside the orbs were several levels linked by open stairways rising to ninety feet. There was a café that sold doughnuts for $4.25 and meeting spaces called "treehouses" and even a human-size bird's nest made of cedar, for more secluded brainstorming, all tucked amid a sort of rain forest that contained some 40,000 plants of four hundred different species from around the world, among them bromeliads and anthuriums from Ecuador and philodendrons from Bolivia and spikemoss from Southeast

The company's senior manager of horticultural services told a reporter that the orbs would help employees "find their inner biophiliac that really responds to nature."

Asia. There were more than forty trees, including a fifty-foot-tall, 36,000-pound weeping fig (nickname Rubi) that had to be lowered in through the opening of a removed glass panel. The orbs could hold as many as a thousand people at a time.

The company's senior manager of horticultural services told a reporter that the orbs would help employees "find their inner biophiliac that really responds to nature."

On the day that the orbs opened, in early 2018, employees gathered with high anticipation. The company's founder stood in front of a wall sheathed in greenery that was emblazoned with the smile logo. The time had come to turn on the lights and the misters.

"Alexa," he said. "Open the Spheres."

"Okay, Jeff," said Alexa. □

This article is adapted from the first chapter of Alec MacGillis's *Fulfillment: Winning and Losing in One-Click America*, published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in March 2021, and is reprinted here with permission.

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THE VISIBLE HAND

Global supply chains and geopolitics

by Etel Solingen

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN economics and security has long been central for understanding international relations in East Asia and the Asia-Pacific. The two are inextricably bound. On the one hand, intra- and extra-regional trade, investment, and other forms of economic exchange have expanded dramatically over the past several decades. On the other hand, there have been no major wars for many additional decades: Indochina has been at peace for forty years, maritime Southeast Asia for sixty, and Northeast Asia for seventy. Persistent historical, ethnic, religious, and territorial cleavages have been restrained, and major powers—most notably China and the US—have normalized diplomatic relations.

Contemporary developments, however, call into question the stability of what some had characterized as "Pax Asiatica." Tensions in US–China relations, especially the trade-and-technology war, have already transformed the tenor of East Asia's international relations as we have come to know them. Other regional worries have deepened, including the most serious deterioration in Japanese–South Korean relations in decades. Interactions among China, Taiwan, and Hong Kong have reached their lowest point in decades as well. And China's activities in the South China Sea have escalated tensions with several Southeast Asian states over intrusions into their claimed territorial waters.

These and other frictions have unfolded against a unique economic infrastructure linking East Asian countries. Namely, at the very heart of this infrastructure lies a tangled web of interdependence generated by global supply chains (*GSCs*) that connect the region internally and with the rest of the world. Having transformed global economic interdependence and connected countries in entirely new ways, GSCs deserve more dedicated attention than they have received in the past in the broader field of international relations, beyond international political economy.

In a recent edited volume, *Geopolitics, Supply Chains, and International Relations of East Asia* (Cambridge, 2021), my colleagues and I argue that heightened attention to GSCs should address five distinct yet related points: First, the relationship between economic interdependence and interstate conflict and cooperation. This has a longstanding lineage in the theoretical and empirical literature in international relations, yet most work in that tradition has typically surveyed bilateral trade in final goods (gross trade), capital flows, and foreign direct investment (FDI) as standard variables of interest. We would do well to further concentrate on GSCs as a distinct, more complex, and perhaps unique mechanism of interdependence that has not yet gained adequate consideration in the analysis of broader patterns of interstate conflict and cooperation, despite the dramatic expansion of GSCs in recent decades.

Second, GSCs were at the heart of the Trump administration's efforts to delink or decouple the US economy from that of China. Focusing on GSCs makes clear why, despite the Trump administration's repeated pronouncements to the contrary, tariffs were rather tangential to its efforts to reduce US–China bilateral trade balances. Over half of China's total exports include intermediate inputs that the US and the rest of the world exported to China in the first place, via GSCs. Beyond that, tariffs can have long-lasting implications for GSCs, which amplify the effects of tariffs. Escalating technology controls spreading throughout GSCs have been designed to hasten delinking.

HAVING TRANSFORMED GLOBAL ECONOMIC INTERDEPENDENCE AND CONNECTED COUNTRIES IN ENTIRELY NEW WAYS, GLOBAL SUPPLY CHAINS DESERVE MORE DEDICATED ATTENTION IN THE BROADER FIELD OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

Third, Western lead firms in GSCs are at the heart of China's insertion in the global economy. The prospects of delinking have crucial implications for China's continued economic wherewithal, for its ability to avoid a "middle-income trap," and for the sustained viability of the political-economy model incepted by Deng Xiaoping, one that has yielded golden eggs to China's Communist Party—economically and politically—up to the present day. This dramatic rise had tangible effects on China's political economy, underpinning economic growth, job creation, wage increases, poverty alleviation, the emergence of a vast middle class, urbanization, welfare, and technological advancement. And yet, domestic bottlenecks and external geopolitical shocks, even prior to COVID-19, had introduced serious dilemmas for Chinese leaders regarding the future role of lead Western firms along GSCs in China's overall grand strategy.

Fourth, beyond the direct implications of these shocks for China, their second- and third-order effects can be massively consequential, due to the very nature of GSCs. China has become less dependent on imported intermediates (backward linkages) in recent years, but the rest of the world has become more dependent on China's exports of intermediates (forward linkages). And because China is also the largest trading partner for many East Asian states, this region is a pivotal arena for understanding the many facets of GSC interdependence. The density of GSCs connecting "Factory Asia" with itself, and the share of overall East Asian trade taking place within GSCs grew significantly over the last two decades. Now China is the largest GSC node connecting East Asia with itself, the US, and the rest of the world, but other East Asian relationships are also embedded in GSCs, such as those between Japan and South Korea, Japan and China, Taiwan and China, China and Hong Kong, Taiwan–China–South Korea, and North and Southeast Asian countries. The recent erosion of GSC interdependence has increased economic and political uncertainty not just in the East Asian space; its consequences for the future of the global economic system and international cooperation are far more widespread.

Fifth, GSCs are an especially versatile arena for understanding a phenomenon that spans different levels of analysis in international relations, from the micro to the macro levels,

from lead firms and suppliers' networks to sectoral and industry-level analysis; from political and business leaders and sub-national politics on GSCs to the role of GSCs at higher levels of aggregation including interstate political, economic, and geostrategic relations and transnational politics. Indeed, GSCs are a focal point in contemporary debates over de/globalization, triggered initially by the 2007–2008 Great Recession, and in major subsequent processes from Brexit to the election of Donald Trump and emerging geopolitics more broadly, including the geopolitical triangle linking the US, the EU, and China.

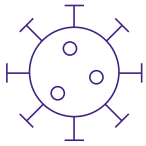
These five considerations elicit an array of pivotal questions regarding the relationship between economic interdependence and interstate conflict and cooperation in a world of GSCs: How have recent geopolitical shocks altered the extant GSC infrastructure

WHY MIGHT LEADERS IN THE US, CHINA, JAPAN, SOUTH KOREA, AND ELSEWHERE IN THE REGION PIVOT AWAY FROM—OR, CONVERSELY, BUTTRESS—GLOBAL SUPPLY CHAIN-CENTERED RELATIONSHIPS?

in East Asia and the Asia-Pacific? Why might leaders in the US, China, Japan, South Korea, and elsewhere in the region pivot away from—or, conversely, buttress—the GSC-centered relationships that had hitherto yielded positive mutual benefits at aggregate state levels? How have GSCs, especially lead firms, responded to the US–China trade-and-technology war and to other geopolitical shocks in East Asia? How fragile or resilient have GSCs proved to be against geopolitical shocks across the region, and how did COVID-19 alter those outcomes? What are the distributional costs and benefits of geographic GSC redeployments within and beyond East Asia stemming from the trade-and-technology war? Or, in the classical formulation: *Cui bono et cui plagalis?* (Who benefits and who is penalized?). And what are the preliminary effects of all this on the broader texture of international relations across the region?

This brief overview highlights why GSCs offer a sort of natural experiment for exploring the reciprocal effects between economic interdependence and interstate relations. International relations in East Asia face the most complex bundle of geopolitical and geo-economic threats in decades, including trade-and-technology wars; rising tariffs, export controls, sanctions, and protectionism; nationalism and populism; erosion of global trade agreements and WTO rules; tensions from the Korean peninsula to the South China Sea; corrosion of alliance commitments by the Trump administration; the so-called Thucydides Trap presumably fueling the US–China competition; domestic political polarization; deterioration in regimes governing weapons of mass destruction; and energy and environment-related rifts, among others. Unlike previous sporadic episodes of tension, this new array of geopolitical shocks can hardly be considered "accidental" deviations from an equilibrium that diplomacy can restore fairly rapidly.

Likewise, however, recent variation in rates of expansion and retraction of GSCs offer an opportunity for exploring the extent to which GSCs may have provided a more robust foundation for interstate cooperation than older forms of interdependence or, alternatively, whether GSCs amount to equally vulnerable targets of nationalistic and autarkic ambitions. It is also possible that GSCs may have indeed generated substantially consequential effects in taming interstate conflict for several decades only to succumb, ultimately, to more powerful forces of competition and rivalry. This calls for greater attention to the degree of resilience of GSCs or their relative ability to withstand and survive geopolitical and geo-economic shocks, a hitherto neglected topic in international relations, economics and business.



COVID-19, GEOPOLITICS, AND RESILIENCE

SOME OF THE UNPRECEDENTED CHALLENGES stemming from COVID-19—including finding alternative suppliers and facing tumbling demand—operated directly on GSCs, as they would have done even in the absence of geopolitical tensions. Other challenges triggered by COVID-19 operated indirectly, aggravating geopolitical tensions, tightening borders, and fueling mutual recriminations regarding the pandemic's origins, and China's putative hoarding of medical equipment in the early stages. COVID-19 brought public awareness of GSC interdependence in an unprecedented way as the US and others struggled to secure medical equipment and other technical components from quarantined Chinese suppliers. Such dependence powered renewed calls for severing GSC ties with China. Efficient "just in time" lean inventories and the dearth of substitutes exposed the downside of global sourcing, affecting access to ventilators, N95 masks, MRI machines, active pharmaceutical ingredients (API) relevant to antibiotics, and a wide range of other vital intermediate inputs from China. Yet critics of mercantilist policies warned that reshoring to the home market would only increase prices for US consumers, reduce competitiveness of US firms, and invite retaliation. Instead, creating redundancies in supply networks would circumvent bottlenecks and increase GSC resilience and security of supply. The restructuring of these

GSCs, in this view, would entail not reshoring but rather diversification, especially in instances where China is the sole supplier to US firms.

Firm-level surveys confirm that the US–China trade-and-technology war induced great uncertainty. A US–China Business Council study reported that US–China trade tensions, the uncertainty of supply they created, and customers' shifts to alternative suppliers affected 81 percent of US firms operating in China in 2019, rising from 73 percent in 2018. Concerns by China-based partners about doing business with US companies rose sevenfold from 2018 to 2019. About 30 percent of firms in another survey—twice as many as in 2018—reported slowed, delayed, or cancelled investment in the US or China due to rising costs and uncertainty generated by geopolitical tensions. Surveys by the American Chamber of Commerce in the People's Republic of China found that the US–China trade dispute had affected the supply chains of 90 percent of large US companies. Over 61 percent of respondents were pessimistic or slightly pessimistic about US–China relations in 2019 and 51 percent in early 2020, with 37 percent in 2020 planning decreased investments or no further investments (the sharpest slowdown since 2013), largely due to US–China tensions and tariffs. The uppermost concerns of 60 percent of respondents regarding their supply chain operations in China over the next three years were a slowdown in global economic growth stemming from US–China trade frictions and a broader deterioration of bilateral US–China relations. About 66 percent of respondents deemed decoupling "impossible" in 2019 but only 44 percent thought so in 2020. Nearly 92 percent of US firms saw a quite likely or very likely escalation in US–China trade disputes over the next three years, although fewer firms were as pessimistic following the November 2020 US elections. A Baker-McKenzie 2021 study found 44 percent of 800 East Asian firms concerned with trade disputes and protectionism as the foremost macro risk driving GSC disruption.

All these projections notwithstanding, China's exports to the US rebounded in the second quarter of 2020. Furthermore, surveys also suggest that reshoring back to home states has hardly been the standard GSC response thus far. Many firms adopted "in China for China" strategies to mitigate the impact of the trade-and-technology war and 83 percent had no plans to relocate production or supply chain operations outside of China, even under COVID-19. Japanese, South Korean, Taiwanese, and even Chinese firms continued the trend that had originated in China's rising labor costs over the years to relocate production and final assembly to Southeast Asia (especially Vietnam, Malaysia, Thailand, and Indonesia), Mexico, and India. Relative GSC resilience or vulnerability is a function of their structure, industry features, and availability of substitution among others. Typical measures designed to enhance resilience included reshoring, near-shoring production or suppliers, diversification or multiple sourcing within and across countries, building redundancy, buttressing inventories, regionalization, digitalization, and improving mapping, transparency, and visibility. Surveys suggest high levels of ongoing investment in diversification and in enhancing resilience.

NEARLY 92 PERCENT OF US FIRMS SAW A QUITE LIKELY OR VERY LIKELY ESCALATION IN US–CHINA TRADE DISPUTES OVER THE NEXT THREE YEARS.

The cumulative effects of geopolitical shocks, COVID-19, and rising inward-oriented hyper-nationalist models have indeed made GSCs more vulnerable than at any time since the beginning of their dramatic expansion in the 1990s. At least in the short term, COVID-19 has accelerated the potential for decoupling, for bolstering populism, and for exacerbating geopolitical tensions, providing yet another veneer of legitimacy to the purposeful disruption of flows of goods, technology, and people. But inflection points are not good grounds for extrapolating the future of GSCs. The ostensibly ongoing restructuring of GSCs suggests a potential decline in China's status as factory of the world relative to the past, but hardly its demise.

DEEPER POLITICAL FOUNDATIONS OF GLOBAL SUPPLY CHAINS

GSCS WERE NEVER AN ARTIFACT of invisible hands, and the sinews of states were imprinted on their expansion or retraction since inception. The causally prior point of departure for understanding the role of GSCs thus requires a proper grasp of why and how they proliferated in East Asia to begin with. Lead firms may have been the more immediate agents in the expansion (or retraction) of GSCs. Yet the true architects of this and earlier forms of interdependence were political leaders and their supportive coalitions. The combination of the trade-and-technology shocks since 2018 and the economic, political, and social legacies of COVID-19 are likely to make states even more central to the redesign of GSCs. Yet, states reflect preferences that are not static or monolithic. Neither can those preferences be simply inferred from ill-defined measures of balances of power. Domestic political competition between outward-oriented and inward-oriented grand strategies, especially in the US and China, may be more consequential for the future of GSCs.

Matthew Barney

AFTER RUBY RIDGE

Matthew Barney, 2021. © Matthew Barney. Photo: Tom Powel Imaging

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As the global political and institutional order underpinning open economies deteriorates, outward-oriented models and GSCs have become more vulnerable to external geo-economic and geopolitical shocks. Overall welfare effects of GSCs on developed countries may still be contested, yet domestic distributional considerations and labor unrest remain nonetheless effective political tools for undermining GSCs. Furthermore, inward-oriented turns are especially prone to contagious diffusion: one state's hyper-nationalism and protectionism strengthens counterparts in spiral fashion. These dynamics of strategic interaction among states can become collectively stable, raising the barriers for restoring outward-oriented models. Further slides into an inward-oriented East Asia would generate structural tendencies toward decimated GSCs and lower barriers to conflict, even when the latter may not amount to any state's top-ranking preference.

Outward-oriented models fostered GSCs, which, in turn, incepted a new division of labor and new mechanisms that enmeshed states in novel and complex forms of interdependence. The opportunity costs of closure to GSCs became more politically prohibitive for outward-oriented models. Yet those outward-oriented models may be at risk from both internal and external shocks. Both the geopolitical shocks and COVID-19 have exacerbated the polarization between outward-oriented and inward-oriented grand strategies within the US and China. Having deployed those banners for domestic political survival, the legacies of hyper-nationalism and presumed self-sufficiency raise the political costs of retraction. The favorable global, regional, and domestic circumstances, political and economic, that fostered the blossoming of outward-oriented models and GSCs can be assumed no longer. The fate of GSCs as we know them hangs in that balance.

Thus far, even as nationalism remains relatively constant, most of East Asia—with some exceptions—seems to exhibit comparatively higher immunity against strong inward-oriented turns compared to other regions, although many consider China to have made significant strides in that direction even prior to the Trump era. Stemming from questionable solutions to pre-existing domestic considerations including unresolved rural reform, urbanization, local-central tensions, unemployment, an aging population, heavy debt load, corruption, environmental threats, high FDI-dependence for growth, and other challenges, China's inward-oriented forces have gained political influence. The external corollary has been a nationalist emphasis on greater self-reliance, reduced interdependence, and slithering territorial claims across most borders. Xi Jinping's renewed emphasis on "internal circulation" in the context of the "dual-circulation" strategy was explicitly designed to bolster domestic supply chains. Were Chinese leaders to restrain rather than fuel hyper-nationalism—just as avoiding a middle-income trap becomes ever more challenging—China could remain the dominant East Asian production node in a fundamentally cooperative East Asian region.

The possibility that GSCs may be resilient to compounded shocks of larger magnitudes would support the view that GSCs are, after all, a more central and less vulnerable driver of contemporary globalization than were other forms of economic exchange preceding the outbreak of World War I, in 1914. To be sure, GSCs constitute a core difference between US–Soviet relations under a Cold War bereft of mutual economic exchanges as well as contemporary competition between two deeply economically interlocked superpowers, the US and China. The extensive GSC infrastructure underpinning East Asian countries and emerging regional economic agreements—the Comprehensive and Progressive Agreement for Trans-Pacific Partnership (CPTPP) and the Regional Comprehensive Economic Partnership (RCEP)—appear thus far to be weathering intra-regional tensions. The US–China trade war may well have helped the conclusion of RCEP in November 2020, boding well for revitalizing East Asian supply chains. All in all, East Asia seems poised, at the moment, for increased GSC regionalization while remaining highly dependent on extra regional trade in final goods.

Significant uncertainty remains on the future of GSCs along with a nontrivial likelihood that geopolitics, technological competition, and the legacy of COVID-19 could unleash even more sizable disruptions in the global geography of production. Yet, security challenges in East Asia may end up being far less contingent on patterns that Thucydides observed millennia ago (between Athens and Sparta) than on the wherewithal of outward-oriented political economy models and the more intricate connections between politics and economics that GSCs have engendered. □

XI JINPING'S RENEWED EMPHASIS ON "INTERNAL CIRCULATION" IN THE CONTEXT OF THE "DUAL-CIRCULATION" STRATEGY WAS EXPLICITLY DESIGNED TO BOLSTER DOMESTIC SUPPLY CHAINS.

This article is adapted from Etel Solingen's (ed.) *Geopolitics, Supply Chains, and International Relations of East Asia* (Cambridge University Press, May 2021). She acknowledges Cambridge University Press for permission to reproduce and adapt excerpts.

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Julian Schnabel

The Second Version of the Tower of Babel II, 2020, Ink on found fabric, 90 x 144 inches / 228.6 x 365.8 cm. © Julian Schnabel Studio. Photo: Tom Powel Imaging

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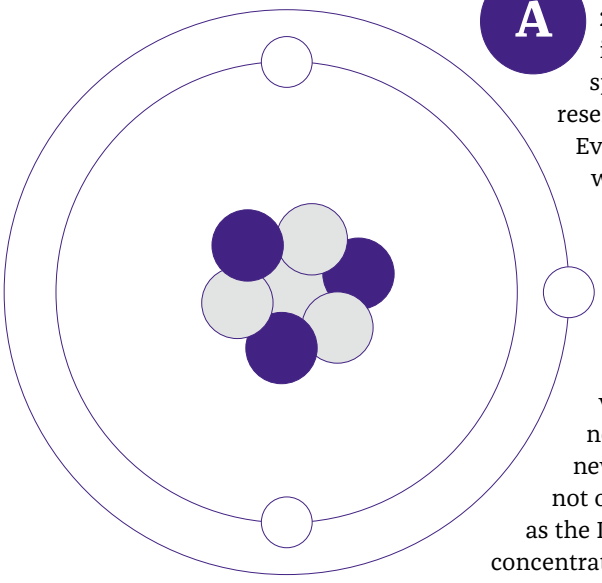
DEMOCRATIZING SCIENCE FOR POST-CARBON LITHIUM FUTURES

by Javiera Barandiarán



AS THE GREAT RECESSION of 2008 unfolded, lithium-industry consultants speculated about global reserves. Geologist R. Keith Evans argued that lithium was plentiful; technology consultant William Tahil portended a problematic shortage. The price and demand for lithium were rising with consumer interest in personal electric vehicles, prompting business journalists to herald a new "Persian Gulf" focused not on oil, but on lithium. Just as the Persian Gulf has a high concentration of easy-to-access oil, so South America's high-altitude desert straddling the borders of Chile, Argentina, and Bolivia has multiple cheap-to-access brine lithium deposits. Geographic concentration coupled with the use of lithium in batteries for electric vehicles seemingly justify the comparison with oil. Indeed, a century of oil dependency has accustomed us to this kind of speculation and its political and economic consequences.

In Chile, Argentina, and Bolivia, the Great Recession (temporarily) ended booming sales of copper, gas, oil, and other resources, which had helped bankroll nearly a decade of progressive social policies. Government and industry leaders set their eyes on lithium as the next source of great wealth, and projected onto lithium an array of hopeful futures. The most

transformative of these put lithium at the center of a sociotechnical future based on science and innovation. Lithium would, in this view, catalyze new, sophisticated industries rather than replicate age-old extractivism and resource export. Bolivia's "industrialization with sovereignty" lithium policy of the early 2010s best reflects this perspective. Perhaps the most enduring of these hopeful futures saw lithium as a strategic resource that could renew a nation's geopolitical power. Proponents of a lithium cartel, most numerous in Argentina, echoed this view, as have policy actors in Chile concerned with expanding mining to defend Chile's rank as the world's largest lithium producer.

Inequality and justice concerns drive these hopeful imaginaries, even as they repeat past tropes and reproduce questionable binaries, like winners vs. losers and raw materials vs. value-added goods. Absent was any concern for a local transition to renewable energy or for environmentally responsible development. Yet environmental health must be central, not tangential, when imagining any kind of hopeful post-carbon future. Advancing towards such a future requires holding industry to account, centering the voices of previously marginalized peoples—such as those living near lithium-producing salt flats—and, my focus here: redefining science and its role in democracy.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST brine lithium mines lie in Nevada's Clayton Valley, Chile's Atacama, and Argentina's Hombre Muerto salt flats. Exploration began at all three sites in the early twentieth century and, over the years, led to mining for borates, silver, and other minerals. From the 1960s onward, exploration and mining for lithium has grown. Yet despite this long history of mineral exploration and extraction, scientific research on the environment seemingly stalled. Today, scientists say we lack comprehensive data about the hydrogeology of these places. The exact origins of the lithium and the mechanisms by which it accumulates are contested. Concerned communities wonder about the ecosystem impacts of lithium brine mining, which involves pumping brine from underground, leaving it to evaporate in large ponds for months, and chemical processing. Surely, many locals ask, intensive brine pumping and evaporation will increase aridity, change a salt flat's morphology, and make survival harder for flamingoes, desert trees, and unique extremophilic brine-based microbes. Without credible answers to such questions, the environmental sustainability of the lithium mining and electric vehicle industries is in doubt.

Forty years of lithium mining and a century of mineral explorations in these arid basins should be enough time to develop reliable environmental science about them. One barrier to such efforts has to do with the complexity of these saline deposits; more than one geologist has written that, if these formations did not exist, scientists would not believe they were possible. Beyond some shared characteristics such as aridity and volcanic origins, each salt flat is geologically unique: the number of aquifers, their connectivity and porosity, brine chemistry, and local climates all differ in important ways. Averages don't exist in a desert; rather, extreme aridity can be punctuated by floods. High heat gives way to freezing nights. The brines are home to microbial life from which we humans might learn a thing or two about survival in environments with high solar radiation, likely to become more common on a warming planet.

Geologists long dominated research in these areas, and their interests lay in mineral exploration. Initially, government-employed geologists and geographers—many with the US Geological Survey, others with various universities or local governments—led the way exploring these sites. Fast forward to recent years, and government-sponsored research has yielded to that allowed by mining corporations. These control scientists' access to the salt flats. They also collect monitoring and other data that scientists and state authorities rely on for regulation. Yet this data is met with distrust from local communities and national publics disillusioned with government for failing to hold industry to account and with industry for breaking promises (for jobs and good stewardship) while amassing fortunes. Many who live near Chile or Argentina's lithium brine mines have reported drying wells and fewer flamingoes. As lithium brine operations have dramatically expanded, local residents attribute these changes to intensive pumping and evaporation.

Despite the obvious importance of learning more about these ecosystems, just thirteen academic papers on the environmental impacts of brine extraction for lithium are indexed in the Web of Science database (as of March 2021). A further nine have been published in *Science of the Total Environment*. Almost all have been published since 2017. Only one, from 1981, discusses the United States; a handful focus on Argentina; more than half are about Chile. A review article in 2018 found that "there is no data to prove or disprove claims that lithium mining companies are drying out the Puna plateau [of Chile and Argentina]." Nevertheless, scattered throughout these articles are statements by scientists acknowledging that intensive brine pumping has caused the level of underground aquifers to fall.

Environmental impact assessments (EIAs), used to regulate industrial activity, are today a major source of publicly available scientific information. Some other government-funded scientific efforts do exist. In the past decade, the US Geological Survey sponsored research in Nevada's Clayton Valley, which led to a few peer-reviewed publications. In Chile, in response to recommendations by a government-appointed committee of lithium experts, the state agency that manages salt flats funded various reports based on existing and new studies. Unfortunately, these have not been publicly distributed. EIAs, required nearly everywhere worldwide, thus remain an important source of accessible data. EIAs typically require

companies to submit environmental studies to state agencies to obtain authorization prior to building a new mine, for example. The studies are vetted by state agencies and affected communities have an opportunity to comment. Based on these inputs, their analysis, and legal requirements, the responsible state agency grants or denies a permit.

In Nevada, Chile, and Argentina the original brine lithium mines predate EIAs, depriving us of baseline knowledge those studies could have established had they been required. EIAs offer the possibility for future societies to hold industries accountable for past environmental damages; had they been required, today we might be using EIAs to hold lithium-brine mines to account for exhausting water. Instead, we will have to make do with recent EIAs, submitted by companies seeking to expand brine extraction. And here lies a major methodological and ideological flaw with EIAs: baseline studies used in EIAs document the present and transform it into the past. This, in effect, normalizes current conditions, which are already deeply environmentally degraded.

Fisheries scientist Daniel Pauly called this the "shifting baseline" phenomenon, where each new generation of scientists believes current conditions are normal and thus becomes blind to past rounds of degradation. In Atacama and other places with long histories of mining, each new EIA effectively normalizes past rounds of environmental destruction. While for Pauly shifting baselines need to be fixed through renewed scientific efforts, this phenomenon seems to be instrumental to the ideology of modernization: normalizing past destruction effectively erases it and directs society's gaze to the future, full of hopeful promises for, as with lithium, "industrialization with sovereignty," geopolitical power, and sound environmental management. Looking to the future, we forget to question the legacies of past rounds of industrialization and move on more easily from the pain of widespread, relentless environmental degradation. Each EIA seems to promise: *This time we will be better environmental stewards*.

Modern societies will not find it easy to be better stewards, unfortunately. It is a daunting, global challenge to defund and replace fossil fuels with non-carbon-emitting alternatives. The challenge confronts the great power of oil companies, exercised in part through controlling the science of "peak oil," as political scientist Timothy Mitchell has shown. This includes maintaining uncertainty—for those in the business, profitable speculation—about how resource estimates are calculated. Lithium, as noted above, has likewise been the subject of such speculation. Governments in the United States, Chile, Argentina, and Bolivia appear wedded to the moniker of "strategic minerals" that promise, again in the future, either political glory or the threat of crisis.

It is a daunting, global challenge to defund and replace fossil fuels with non-carbon-emitting alternatives.

But lithium is also profoundly different from oil: consumers insisting on an individual automobile would buy it once a decade (with a car battery included), not daily at a gas station, thus lowering the political stakes of everyday global flows. Its market is opaque; lithium is not publicly traded and is pumped from underground by relatively unknown companies. These traits make lithium a poor substitute for money, unlike oil. For now, lithium's symbolic value outweighs its economic value.

THERE ARE OPPORTUNITIES to make the lithium industry—and indeed all industries needed for a post-carbon future—different from those that have remained so committed to causing climate change, toxic pollution, and environmental degradation. Redefining knowledge production is one of many necessary steps in realizing those opportunities. In Chile's Atacama, for example, local communities since 2018 have been generating their own studies and maps of the salt flat to create accessible knowledge they trust. They are also demanding that recently granted EIA permits be revoked, because they authorize increased water-use even though the watershed is officially "exhausted," according to state authorities. Every EIA needs to recognize legacies of environmental degradation to make visible the ongoing and multiple threats to ecosystems from all industrial activities in an area. In Atacama, lithium mining is compounding problems that have been building for decades from large copper mines, unrestricted tourism, and poor urban infrastructure. The impacts of lithium extraction cannot be assessed in isolation.

Redefining knowledge production needs to deepen democracy. The twentieth-century alliance between science and the state—central to modernization theory, as seen in EIAs' firm view towards the future—is giving way to a market model. Like water, carbon, and so much else in modern society, scientific knowledge today is becoming increasingly privatized. It is treated as a commodity to be purchased through a market in which consultants and scientists compete. Neither modernization nor the market model create a scientific practice that is accountable to broad publics, permeable to their needs and concerns, and also authoritative and credible. A hopeful, post-carbon future needs to grow from an ethic of environmental stewardship, the right to credible information, and repaired relations between science, society, and democracy. □

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THE STORM

Fiction
by Lan Samantha Chang

Where is the bag of clothes from Ma's room at the hospital? On the shuttle at O'Hare airport, Ming frowns over James's text.

He's en route to the east coast, more than ready to leave—frantic with the desperation that torments him whenever he's been in Haven longer than a day or two, even and especially now that his parents are dead. Time has shifted for Ming as well as for James: reading the text, his mind circles, once again, back to December. There was the phone call to the restaurant, about the missing carpetbag. The quarrel with Katherine. The argument with O-Lan.

Why is he preoccupied by his disagreement with O-Lan, a person who, truth be told, repulses him? O-Lan smells strongly of hand lotion but underlying this is an odor lotion can't disguise. There's a term for this in Mandarin: "fox smell." He has found her B.O. repugnant since their first encounter years ago, when he conversed with her in defiance of Leo's callous disregard of this new help, ignorant, clearly without papers (which was one of the ways his father saved money). Even now, out of resistance, Ming continues to talk to her; and, as if she senses his insincerity, she makes their conversations as challenging for him as possible.

That afternoon, December 23, with James trying to eavesdrop in the dining room, she asked him whether he was still planning to fly East. She'd overheard his father telling a customer, one of the Chinese community, that he was leaving town.

"You're flying out today?" she asked. He leaned forward to decipher her Mandarin. "You know you won't be able to come back."

She spoke too quickly for him. He was forced to ask, "What are you talking about?"

She stared not at him, but at the artwork on the wall. She regarded the cheap Song landscape reproduction with an expression of contempt.

"There's going to be a storm," she said. "The storm, our storm, is moving east. And it will join with another storm, coming up the coast."

"I'll just have to try to go," he said. He's not sure of the Mandarin expression for "take off."

She went back to her work on the counter. The kitchen was quiet in the mid-afternoon, with only a large cauldron of broth simmering on the stove.

"Hey," he said, more harshly than he had intended.

Slowly she turned, in mocking obedience to his command.

"You told me that after I reach New York, I won't be able to come back. What made you think I would want to come right back?"

In her impenetrable expression, he could make out the shape her face would have when she was an old woman. "I'm just saying, Young Boss, that if you decide to leave this afternoon, you won't be able to come back. You'll be gone for days."

She was forcing him to ask. "What difference does that make?"

"If you were to be needed at home."

"I have a lot of work to do. My mother is out of danger. Why would I come back?"

"You would be the one to know that. He's your brother, Young Boss."

This remark for some reason lit Ming up with rage, but he only answered, sardonically, in English, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Because she couldn't understand, he had the last word. She turned back to chopping cabbage in a manner both servile and dismissive. Ming escaped to the dining room,

only to bump into Katherine looking for Dagou and to begin *that* infuriating conversation. Then the phone call about the carpetbag. The meeting with James at the Other Restaurant, and then straight to the airport. Like a well-trained athlete, speeding through security and boarding, buckling his seatbelt. The flight attendant closing the door.

The moment his plane left the ground, Ming knew he'd made the wrong decision. The certainty gripped him like a sudden claustrophobia. He took out his phone but couldn't focus on the screen.

Pushing up the window shade, he could see the distant flashing lights of two other planes looping below them, waiting.

There was nothing to do. He'd have to wait it out. He adjusted his seat, closed his eyes.

But his mind wandered to the restaurant again, the conversation with O-Lan. "There's going to be a storm." He hated her. Her fox smell, her shovel jaw, the inexplicably familiar smirk. The minutes hobbled by. After some time mulling over this half-dream, he became aware of a change in the plane's flight pattern: it was no longer descending, but banking. The plane had slipped into a holding pattern and was making long, sweeping circles around Newark Airport. Pushing up the window shade, he could see the distant flashing lights of two other planes looping below them, waiting. The pilot's voice crackled over the audio system: bad weather, no one allowed to land. Air traffic control was diverting all planes inland to Bradley Airfield in Hartford, Connecticut.

An hour later he was staring at the lit grid of the Hartford runways, their edges sparkling with light snow. It was now early in the morning, and his eyes hurt. Why, after all, had he thought he could beat this storm? It was the same winter storm that had buried Haven, the snow Dagou had plowed and into which Alf had vanished. And now, on the east coast, the storm was being whipped up by a nor'easter's howling wind.

He turned on his phone and found a text from Katherine: *Big family fight at hospital.*

He sat in the dark plane for perhaps five minutes with the snow-sparkled runway lights woven around him. He'd said, "I'm not my brother's keeper!" He texted back. *Thank you for letting me know.*

She instantly replied, *Dagou is very upset.*

After a moment, he typed back, *He gets that way.*

He threatened your father. People heard.

As the other passengers deplaned, Ming sat belted into his seat, almost afraid that any movement would reveal something to the sender of this text. He imagined Katherine waiting, also in the dark, her black eyes fixed on her phone, her precise, smooth features reflecting its glow, a thousand miles away now. Could she look through the screen and see his agitation? He must be calm, very calm.

After a long moment, a reply came like a gift into his mind. He typed, *Maybe you should talk to him.*
He erased it.

I'm surprised you managed to leave, she continued out of turn.

I was diverted to Hartford.
He sat still for a second, then typed, *I'm deplaning now.*

Ming, he needs to talk to someone.

Ming could think of no way to answer her unspoken question, nothing she would accept. Finally, he wrote, *You.*

Wasn't this the permission she wanted? Wanted, for whatever reason, permission to be the strong one, when his brother was weak? For a dozen years now, more mismatched every year, unwilling to let his brother go and take a chance on showing her flaws to someone who was not inferior to her? Ming scowled. And who was he, Ming, to mock her for this? Wasn't he, Ming, also relying on her superiority and competence, leaning on her unnatural interest in his family, and on the unswerving, inexplicable bedrock of her loyalty to them all? Relying upon Katherine to get him out of a situation he couldn't bear. The difference was that he, Ming, *knew* he was being a coward, while his brother was a coward without a kernel of self-awareness.

Katherine didn't text back.

On the tarmac at Bradley Airport, hunched into the collar of his overcoat, Ming took out his phone and began to look up flights back to the Midwest. All flights were cancelled for the next two days. Air travel in the entire Northeast was at a standstill.

He would rent a car and drive to New York City. Wait out the storm there for a couple of days, dealing with an electronic blizzard of its own kind, with Phoenix. Ming chose a sport utility vehicle with four-wheel drive, a white BMW. He would blend into the snow. He felt an urgency to hide himself, to reveal his location to no one. Someone could be coming after him. This is irrational, he thought. You should go to a hotel. But he was being perfectly rational: white was neutral, white was invisible, white was innocent.

He'd opted out of all of this. Chosen to live his life away from his family. The stupidity of Dagou, the naïveté of James. The cruelty of his father. He'd done everything he could for them. Had paid dowry to the SH, given his mother what she wanted. Had tried to talk to James, to tell him to get away. Aside from coming up with bail, not to mention the fee for breaking the lease on that ridiculous penthouse, there was no way to help Dagou. He'd warned Katherine, repeatedly. Hadn't he told her to give up? What else could have possibly done? But he'd left Katherine in Haven while Winnie was sick. (His mother would be alright, she would forgive him. She knew he needed to get away as badly as she did.) Was it possible, had Katherine been trying to tell him, that his brothers weren't as strong as he, that his mother's illness would be especially hard on them? Hard on Dagou? (He'd sent Katherine in his place. He'd left town. Katherine knew he had done this.)

He drove over the metal teeth at the rental exit, steering the BMW through a flurry of snow toward Highway 91. He would turn south, toward the city.

But when he reached the highway his hand shot out and flicked the signal to the left, toward the north. He stared at the blinking arrow and thought of O-Lan's little triangular teeth, like a cat's teeth. He must follow it, the blinker heading not south, toward New York City, but north, into Massachusetts, where he would reach the interstate that would lead him back to Haven.

There had been a maddening superiority about the corners of O-Lan's mouth. But despite her warning to him that he wouldn't be able to return, he was coming. As for Katherine, who'd called him up for the sole purpose of chastising him for leaving Haven, leaving his brother: he would show Katherine; he would arrive after traveling heroically through the night, and she would be astonished, humbled.

Gradually the snow grew pale; the sun had risen. He hadn't yet reached Rochester. It was the morning of Christmas Eve; Dagou would be preparing for the party.

All day, Ming drove on, stopping for coffee and catnaps in the passenger seat. As he had guessed, the snow gave out near Erie, Pennsylvania; the highways in Ohio were well plowed. At 3 a.m. on Christmas Day, the sky was clear. He went into a service plaza to stretch his legs. Holding a fresh, black coffee, he walked past a man and a boy wearing puffy down jackets. The boy was sleepy but the man and Ming locked eyes for a moment. The man's eyes popped open. Startled, Ming checked his reflection in the window. An alien and yet familiar creature stared back at him from the semi darkness. Its face was that of a stranger: sallow, greenish yellow skin, slits for eyes. The creature was unshaven, his dark mug protruding. Ming raised his arm; the creature raised its arm. He hurled his coffee and a blotch covered the window. The smell of coffee hit the air. Hot dark drops splattered on his shirt.

"Hey!" somebody yelled.

He bolted through the doors and out into the snow, ran to his car, and raced back to the highway.

It was afternoon on Christmas Day before he turned on his phone and found several voice messages from Katherine, *Please call.* It was from Katherine that Ming learned his father had died in the cold. □

This story is excerpted from Lan Samantha Chang's forthcoming novel *The Family Chao*, to be published by W. W. Norton & Company in February 2022. It is published here with permission of the author and The Wylie Agency (UK), Ltd.

THE UIGHURS AND SHAMBALA

by Johan Elverskog

FEW IN THE WEST these days give much thought to the north-eastern Chinese city of Qingdao. Indeed, if it is ever brought up, it is most likely because of Tsingtao Beer, which was founded in 1903, as the Germania-Brauerei. Contrary to Western historical amnesia, however, the Chinese do know about Qingdao, and that it was a German colony. They also know that even though their country supported the war effort against the Triple Alliance in World War I, Qingdao was not given back to China as part of the Treaty of Versailles, which was an affront to national integrity, stirring sensibilities that helped to trigger the May Fourth Movement of 1919, which went on to define the contours of modern China.

Before that upheaval, however, the Germans had used their Chinese colony as a legitimating pretext to partake in the Great Game, during which European imperial powers sought to gain of control of Inner Asia, the key—according to British geographer Halford Mackinder's "Heartland Theory"—to the geopolitical domination of Eurasia. At the time, however, European powers knew very little about this overlooked region and sent out an array of expeditions to better understand it.

The Germans sent out four expeditions, all led by archaeologist and Asian-language polyglot Albert Grünwedel, who had been the deputy director of the ethnographic collection at the Museum of Ethnology in Berlin.

Uighurian patron (1000–1100 CE), painting on silk, 10.6×3.3cm, Gaochang, China; alpha ruins. Credit: bpk/Museum für Asiatische Kunst, Staatliche Museen zu Berlin/Iris Papadopoulos

And while these expeditions may have been successful in gathering operational military and political intelligence, this would soon pale in comparison with the remarkable discoveries of something far more significant: the lost civilizations of the Silk Road.

ONE OF THESE discoveries was the Uighur civilization, largely unearthed by the Germans, since they had focused on a region known as the Turfan Depression. Unbeknownst to them, the Turfan Depression was the site of what scholars would eventually come to identify as the Western Uighur Kingdom. Scholars would also soon come to realize that the Uighurs—as was the case with other Turkic-speaking peoples—had originally lived on the Mongolian plateau, where they had ruled over their own powerful empire, from 744 to 840 CE. This Uighur Empire not only engaged with surrounding powers—the Tang Dynasty (618–907 CE), Tibetan Empire (600–866 CE), and Abbasid Caliphate (750–1258 CE)—but was also the only empire in world history to adopt the Iranian religion of Manichaeism as its state religion.

Despite a century-long flourishing, the Uighurs were defeated, in the mid-ninth century, by the Turkic-speaking Kirghiz people, after which they fled southwest and established their new kingdom on the eastern edge of the Tianshan Mountains—in modern-day Xinjiang. And although their multi-ethnic and linguistically diverse subjects followed an array of religious traditions, the Uighurs themselves continued to practice and support Manichaeism. About a century later, however, this changed: in 983 CE, the Uighur king accused the Manichean priesthood of hoarding wealth and living too ostentatiously. He then ordered the destruction of their temple and had it replaced with a Buddhist monastery. Before too long, the Uighur elite also became Buddhist. They started building and supporting monastic institutions and financing the translation of Buddhist texts into Uighur. To do so, they drew upon the traditions of their two subject populations, the Indo-European Tokharians, who practiced Nikaya (or mainstream) Buddhism, and the Chinese, who were followers of the Mahayana. As a result, the Uighurs developed a distinctive form of Buddhism that included a cornucopia of doctrinal and ritual practices: the Agamas, the Lotus Sutra, Zen, Pure Land, bodhisattva worship, and Buddhist tantra. Within this diversity, however, one key practice prevailed:

the worship of Maitreya, the Buddha of the Future.

EVER SINCE THE BUDDHA had proclaimed that his own teaching—the Dharma—would come to an end, the Buddhist tradition has been fueled by the angst of its own ultimate demise. This apocalyptic vision was always tempered by the belief in Maitreya, who would, messiah-like, eventually return and revive the Buddhist dispensation. This mythology of collapse and resurrection has driven many Buddhists across Asia to transform both their religious tradition and its political realities for millennia.

One such period was tenth-century China. When the Tang Dynasty collapsed, in 907 CE, and ushered in a variety of economic, social, and political upheavals, Buddhists began to draw upon the Maitreya tradition's deep well of millennial expectations. In particular, they came to believe that the Dharma would enter the final age in 1054 CE, which would lead to a time of tribulation when monks would no longer have a complete grasp of the Dharma, its disciplinary precepts, and thus Buddhist learning altogether, and the authoritative texts of the tradition would disappear.

Spurred on by such fears, the Buddhists of the Northern Song Dynasty (960–1127 CE) prepared the first printed Chinese Buddhist canon in 983, which, in turn, they used as a diplomatic gift in negotiations with surrounding powers. This was an act of diplomacy and religious preservation that inspired the Khitans, Tanguts, and Koreans to produce Buddhist canons of their own.

Yet the coming end of the Dharma inspired Buddhists not only to codify the teachings of the Buddha, it also sparked renewed energy and creativity in art, myth, and ritual. Across East Asia, new rituals focusing on Maitreya emerged. In Japan, for example, Buddhists buried scriptures in sacred mounds so that they could be re-discovered in the future, when Maitreya returned. The Mongolic-speaking Khitan people, who ruled as the Liao Dynasty (907–1125 CE), made Buddhism the state religion and prepared for the end of the Dharma by building monumental wooden reliquaries across northern China. It was precisely such apocalyptic visions and attendant religious practices that early Uighur Buddhists learned from their powerful Buddhist allies in the East.

Yet unlike the Japanese or Khitan, whose fear of the end times was fueled largely by obtuse doctrinal interpretations and astrological speculations based on the Buddha's time of death, the Uighurs faced a more terrestrial threat: the Turkic Qarakhanids in Central Asia (999–1211 CE), who had converted to Islam and were fast marching eastward. In 1006 CE, they conquered the legendary Buddhist kingdom of Khotan, which they immortalized in a poetic verse:

> *We came down on them like a flood,*
> *We went out among their cities,*
> *We tore down the idol-temples,*
> *We shat on the Buddha's head!*

Ever since its creation, the Shambala myth has been mobilized at times of social and political upheaval in the Buddhist world.

On account of such events, Buddhists in what is now northwest India and Pakistan were gripped by very real apocalyptic fear. Like the new Maitreya cults in the East, they too used this particular millennial moment to create a new mythology that was to shape Buddhist thought and history up to the present. They came up with the myth of Shambala.

THE SHAMBALA MYTH is first found in an early eleventh-century Buddhist text called *Kalacakratantra*, which prophesied a world where the Dharma was under relentless assault. In particular, it claims that Buddhism will be threatened in the future by Muslims, and the final eschatological battle will take place between the twenty-fifth (and final) ruler of Shambala, Kulika Rudracakrin, who will ride forth with his Buddhist army from the hidden northern land of Shambala, annihilate the Muslims, and usher in a new golden age of the Dharma.

Ever since its creation, the Shambala myth has been mobilized at times of social and political upheaval in the Buddhist world. It has also spurred speculation about the actual location of the spiritual kingdom of Shambala. This was especially true in the early twentieth century, when the Great Power scramble for control of Central Asia was at full throttle.

One of the first figures to posit a real geolocation of Shambala was the Thirteenth Dalai Lama's emissary to Czar Nicolas II, Agvan Dorzhiev (1854–1938). He suggested that Russia was actually the northern kingdom of Shambala. He thus told the Dalai Lama to ally with the Russians, not only to break away from Qing China, but also to challenge the encroaching threat of the heretical British in India. The viability of this interpretation certainly gained credence when the British invaded Tibet in 1904, forcing the Dalai Lama into exile.

Seizing this strategic opportunity, the Russians printed a pamphlet entitled "Ambassador of Wisdom" in the Tibetan city of Lhasa, which expressly stated that Russia was, yes indeed, Shambala. This point was driven home in a letter that the Russian envoy to Lhasa, Naran Ulianov, sent to the Regent of Tibet, who was ruling in the Dalai Lama's absence. The letter further explained that the *Kalacakratantra* was supposed to flourish in the north, making it clear that the political future of Tibet should be in alliance with Russia, not with the British.

Such an alliance was never fully forged, however. There are multiple factors for its faltering, but one big one was that the fate of the Great Game's geopolitical strategies were soon to be radically transformed by the arrival

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of a new utopian vision: communism. The Shambala myth was briskly re-imagined by its multiple stewards, and it was communists who now played the role of the feared Other that threatened both the existence of the Dharma and the nascent independence movements of Tibet, Outer Mongolia, and the Russian republics of Buryatia and Kalmykia.

Inner-Asian Buddhists themselves did most of these re-imaginings, but with the Dharma having gone global in the nineteenth century, its ideas were also adopted by unsuspecting others: communist agents who hoped to use the messianic ideas of the Shambala myth to promote the Bolshevik Revolution, for example—or by Baron Ungern-Sternberg, a general in the Russian White Army who aimed to keep communism at bay. He was invited to Mongolia by the Eighth Jebdzundamba Khutugtu, after losing to the Reds in Siberia, to help expel the occupying Chinese. It became popular to draw upon the Shambala myth's "savior-from-the-north" paradigm to explain Ungern-Sternberg's success in re-installing the Eighth Jebdzundamba Khutugtu as theocratic ruler of Mongolia, in spring 1921. Alas, this iteration of independent Mongolia did not last long. By autumn 1921, the communists had seized control.

And so it was, in this overheated environment, that the German expedition leader Albert Grünwedel published his monumental volume *Alt-Kutscha: archäologische und religionsgeschichtliche Forschungen an Tempera-Gemälden aus Buddhistischen Höhlen der ersten acht Jahrhunderte nach Christi Geburt* (Old Kutscha: Archaeological and Religio-Historical Research into the Tempera Paintings in Buddhist Caves from the First 800-years after the Birth of Christ). The book included a series of Tibetan maps explaining that the ancient Uighur capital city of Kocho (in Chinese, Gaochang) was, in fact, Shambala.

The academic response to Grünwedel's postulation was quick and harsh. Leading scholars such as French Sinologist Paul Pelliot declared that the maps were "fake" and that Grünwedel was "delusional," a charge that took on a harder edge when Grünwedel was, shortly thereafter, committed to a mental hospital.

Yet, as Sam van Schaik of the British Library has recently argued in a study of these maps, these early critics were making a categorical mistake. The Tibetan maps are pilgrimage guides, not attempts at geographic fidelity. To dismiss them as maps of the city of Turfan would be akin to complaining that a thirteenth-century British map of the Holy Land did not look like a Google Map of Israel.

Why would Tibetans of the thirteenth and fourteenth century believe that the Uighur Buddhist kingdom was the sacred land of Shambala?

Grünwedel had been given the Tibetan maps in 1906 in St. Petersburg by Agvan Dorzhiev (the thirteenth Dalai Lama's emissary to Czar Nicolas II, mentioned above), who asserted that they were based on originals held in the cities of Lhasa and Tashilhunpo. Through an analysis of the map's inscriptions, van Schaik argues that these originals probably date to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Assuming that these maps are authentic raises an intriguing question: Why would Tibetans of the thirteenth and fourteenth century believe that the Uighur Buddhist kingdom was the sacred land of Shambala?

The answer is to be found in the Mongols, who ruled from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and who famously created the world's largest empire, a geographic expanse that stretched from Korea to Hungary. Beginning with Khubilai Khan, who reigned from 1260 to 1294 CE, the Mongol rulers of China also famously became Tibetan Buddhists. The same was the case with the Mongol rulers of Iran, the Il-Khanids, founded by Khubilai Khan's brother, Hülegü (1218–1265 CE). Hülegü built three Buddhist temples in the Il-Khanid domains: one at his summer pastures, in the mountains of Armenia, and two in Iran at Khoy and Maragha. Three of his successors—Abaqa (r. 1265–82 CE), Arghun (r. 1284–91 CE), and Gaikhatu (r. 1291–95 CE)—also supported the Dharma. Gaikhatu's investiture ceremony, for example, included a tantric initiation, and Arghun held debates at his court that pitted Tibetan and Uighur Buddhists against local Muslim scholars.

Although Hülegü's killing of the last Abbasid Caliph and the Mongol destruction of Baghdad, in 1258 CE, continues to define Islamic historiography, it is rarely acknowledged that after this event Iran was ruled by a Buddhist state for almost forty years. Indeed, Muslim historians were "mortified into silence," as German historian Thomas Raff has observed, by the overwhelming presence of Buddhists in the Muslim heartland.

This reaction was not the case in the Buddhist world, of course. Instead, Buddhists recognized that the Mongols had turned the Shambala myth into reality. They also recognized that it was the Buddhist Uighurs—the "steppe intelligentsia" of the Mongol Empire—who had played a key role in doing so. Thus for Tibetans of the fourteenth century, it made perfect sense to believe that the Uighur Buddhist kingdom was Shambala—and that it was clearly worthy of a pilgrimage. □

YAMS

Fiction by Ladee Hubbard

JUST THEN THEY WERE ALL EATING yams, candied and still hot from the stove. Golden-brown pieces glistening with sauce that dripped from the serving spoon as it moved between the bowl and the plates. Heavy sweet pieces that clung to their forks, sank and settled on their tongues and then dissolved in a swirl of rich textures.

The girl's uncle Todd pushed back his chair and reached for the bowl and a second helping. His broad hands pressed across the table, past his water glass and the ladle of gravy, the tea lights and decorative poinsettia, up and over the enormous ham.

"Why can't you just ask?"

The girl looked up and saw her uncle Richard glaring at his brother as he held up a glass of iced tea. She had two uncles; Uncle Richard always sat on the opposite side of the table between his wife, Aunt Ruth, and his daughter, Cousin Simone. Todd always sat next to his sister, the girl's mother.

Uncle Todd seized the bowl with both hands. He lifted it high above the table before he realized it was still hot. His arms shuddered in a quick spasmodic jerk as the bowl tilted and dipped between his fingers.

"The ham!" the girl's mother gasped. But Uncle Todd did not drop the bowl. He jiggled it between his fingers for a moment and then yanked it toward himself like a quick intake of breath, setting it down hard on the table.

"That's what the tongs are for," Aunt Ruth said.

Uncle Todd dunked the spoon into the bowl and dumped a large portion of yams onto his plate. Uncle Todd was her uncle who seemed convinced that if he waited for tongs he would only find that he was still hungry and perhaps that there was nothing left.

At the head of the table the girl's grandfather asked for more iced tea. The pitcher was passed down, every hand moving slowly and deliberately as if offering a demonstration of how such things were properly done.

"Margaret called today," her grandfather said. "You get that message?"

"What did she want?" Uncle Todd said. He was her uncle who had quarreled with his wife and was currently sleeping on her grandparents' couch.

"To wish you a happy holiday, I imagine. How are things coming along, anyway? Everything all right?"

"It is what it is," Uncle Todd said. "I mean I'm still here, aren't I? Haven't given up yet."

Uncle Todd was her uncle who talked with his mouth full and then spit when he talked, sometimes slinging great gobs of half-masticated yams right onto the table. He turned his head and noticed the girl was staring. Mistaking her expression but noticing the lull in the conversation, something inside of him must have resolved to fill it.

He put down his fork and wiped his hands on his pants. He reached for the spoon and scooped out the last large piece of yam. He swung his arm across her mother's chest and held the spoon over the girl's plate.

"Here," Uncle Todd said.

The girl covered her plate with her hands and shook her head. "No, thank you," she said. She told him that she'd had enough and was already full.

"Eat them anyway," Uncle Todd said and tipped his spoon. The only thing that saved her from burning the backs of her hands was a sudden instinct to flinch.

"What are you doing?" the girl's mother said.

Uncle Todd told the girl to eat her yams. He told her it was important to eat yams because it prevented sickle cell anemia. Years later, as a grown woman, she would be sitting in a doctor's office, thumbing through a medical journal, and come across an article that offered the far more plausible explanation that sickle cell had developed in Africa as a defensive response to the threat of malaria. But that night she sat and listened as her uncle talked about dietary deficiencies and the need for little Black girls to eat yams.

Uncle Todd told the girl that yams had been a staple of the West African diet, that her ancestors had eaten

them the same way Asians eat rice. In Africa yams were not something you only hauled out on holidays and special occasions, set among the fixtures of the slave diet her grandfather insisted brought good luck at Thanksgiving. The mustard greens, the black-eyed peas, the pickled pigs' feet—all crowded into smaller side dishes and placed around the enormous ham, that monument to all they had to be thankful for. Unlike these other things, the yam was no mere tribute to endurance in the face of deprivation and the beneficence of strong spice. The yam was something her ancestors had smuggled with them from Africa, like wisdom.

The girl stared at Uncle Todd and said nothing. He was her uncle who every Christmas gave her ugly digital watches that doubled as calculators. She ate her yams, accepted her inoculation to the extent that it tasted good.

"You hear that?" Uncle Richard said. "And all this time I just thought I liked the taste."

"It's a craving. Something we had to learn to do without."

"You sure about that, brother?" the girl's mother said. "Sure it's not the sugar?"

"No," Uncle Todd said. "It's not the sugar, it's not the salt. Just think of all the things that were lost or that we had to leave behind, never knowing if we would ever see them again. This yam, in a sense, is a symbol of our faith, a symbol of who we are."

Uncle Todd explained that Black Americans had survived their craving for yams and that like every other trial and deprivation they had endured during slavery it had helped to make them strong. He told her this was one of the great ironies of history, that the enslaved had wound up stronger than the enslaver, precisely because they had been bred that way.

"For crissakes," Aunt Ruth said. "I'm trying to eat. Can't you think of something more pleasant to talk about at the dinner table?"

"It's the truth," Uncle Todd said. "It's history, you can't blame me for history. Anyhow, you should be proud. Just try to imagine all your ancestors went through. All those generations that struggled to keep going, to find the strength to keep believing there was a reason to carry on no matter what."

Uncle Todd told Aunt Ruth that she should enjoy her yams and appreciate the fact that she deserved them. Because she was fit.

A silence swept across the table as if they were all deliberating the things he said. Uncle Todd was her uncle who, so far as the girl could tell, lived his life as a series of scams and get-rich-quick schemes. Sometimes he was her prosperous uncle and other times he was her uncle in a rumpled suit, staring across the table with bloodshot eyes, beseeching his siblings for "start-up capital." He was her uncle who sent postcards from South America, who had investments in Venezuela and El Salvador. He was her uncle who was currently being sued by the US government for tax evasion. But above all he was her uncle who talked so much it was impossible to dismiss the things he said as merely an excuse to distract everyone else from the more obvious questions he might have taken their silences to imply. For example: When was he going home to his wife?

"It's not the sugar, it's not the salt. Just think of all the things that were lost or that we had to leave behind, never knowing if we would ever see them again. This yam, in a sense, is a symbol of our faith, a symbol of who we are."

"These are things I shouldn't have to tell you," Uncle Todd said. They wouldn't teach the girl these things in school, which was why she had to learn to read between the lines, just like it was natural for Black people to dance between beats. This was the key to Black creativity and also why Black children needed to be spanked.

The girl's mother looked at him.

Somehow yams had something to do with why Black children were so prone to hyperactivity. Their first impulse was always jittery and dreamy eyed, as if they were missing something, looking for something, and worse still, actually believed they would find it. All of which was a consequence of slavery and made sense if you considered the resources that had been necessary to survive it. The strength of will, the sheer imagination required to keep believing there could be a way out of even the most oppressive situation, and therefore a need to keep going. It was why they had emerged as such a creative people.

This was especially true of the girl's ancestors, the North Carolina Negroes. Ever heard of Stagville? Right there in Durham? If the girl ever took the time to study her history she would know that Stagville once functioned, more or less, as a vast penal colony for problem slaves, the ones who could not be broken and kept running away. A certain type of white master would sell them off to Stagville where they would find themselves one among hundreds of slaves, surrounded by miles and miles of land bordered by armed guards.

Uncle Todd said, "They'd plop them down right in the middle and say, 'Okay, Negro. Let's see you run now. Let's see if you can even figure out which way is up.' That was how they thought they could finally break them. But of course that isn't what happened at all."

"Yes, that last shackle, the shackle of confusion," Aunt Ruth said. "That sounds about right."

"It's been the hardest one of all," Uncle Todd said.

The girl heard a gagging sound, looked up and saw her cousin Simone holding up her glass of water, the startled expression on Simone's face as something went down the wrong pipe.

"You all right?" Uncle Todd said.

Uncle Todd was her uncle who drove too fast on the highway, bulldozed over speed bumps and then laughed as the girl and her cousin let out a series of terrified shrieks from the back seat. And when he slowed down, the girl and Simone always looked

at each other, startled by the sound of their own voices as some nameless impulse of adrenaline caused them both to shout, "Again! Again!"

How did she think they had survived? And why did she think there were so many Black Americans with Native American blood? Because it was unnatural for a Black man to contemplate suicide. Their will to live was too strong because it had had to be. And that was why—

"All right, that's enough," Uncle Richard said. He threw his napkin down and stood up from the table. "Dammit, Todd. Just stop. If you need help that bad, just ask for it. But don't do this. Don't ruin dinner."

"Why do you always have to take things too far?" Aunt Ruth said. She picked up her husband's plate and followed him into the kitchen.

The girl stared at her uncle Todd. He was her uncle who, when she was four, snuck into her bedroom one night while she was sleeping and rubbed pepper on her thumb to get her to stop sucking it.

She narrowed her eyes.

"Who wants pie?" Aunt Ruth called from the kitchen.

"Eat your yams. They're good for you."

That night she just sat there, eating her yams because they tasted good, wondering why that wasn't good enough. She needed to be spanked, Uncle Todd said. All Black children did. Taught to respect their elders, to keep their eyes where they belonged, their hands where you could see them. Taught to obey the rules, made to understand how the world really worked. They needed to be spanked before it was too late, before their wild visions and mad cravings got the better of them and then they wound up ruined. Because when that happened there was only the family to blame.

While the girl's mother sat and stared and thought, *What if some of it is true? Not all of it, of course. But some of it and just enough.* She'd spent years trying to prove her brother wrong, chipping away at the idea that what the girl needed was a strong male role model. Because who exactly? Meanwhile the girl was getting bigger by the day, more stubborn, more difficult to control. More like her father, who'd had so much potential once, only to wind up another man gone.

What if she just admitted it, that she wasn't always sure she could handle the girl alone? What if she just pushed back her chair, got up and out of Todd's way? What if she—

Years later, the girl was still convinced that the only thing that saved her was a sudden instinct to flinch. □

From the forthcoming collection *The Last Suspicious Holdout*, to be published by Amistad in spring 2022.

SUI GENERIS

Justice Robert H. Jackson delivering the opening statement at the Nuremberg Trials, November 21, 1945.
Photo: Ray D'Addario. Courtesy Nuremberg City Archives (StadtAN A65/III/RA-204-D).

Aggression, atrocity, and the *Verbrecherstaat*

by Lawrence Douglas

IN ITS MARCH 8, 1965 EDITION, the German newsweekly *Der Spiegel* devoted a full 16 pages to an interview that the magazine's publisher, Rudolf Augstein, had conducted with the philosopher Karl Jaspers. The topic—whether the Federal Republic's statute of limitations for the crime of murder should be lengthened—hardly seemed to warrant such a dedication of space or to promise a profound discussion between Germany's most prominent publisher and arguably its most renowned living philosopher.

And yet, the German statute of limitations had emerged as a topic of passionate and acrimonious domestic and international debate. By the terms of the Federal Republic's criminal code, the prosecution of every crime was controlled by a statute of limitations. Cases of assault and battery had to be prosecuted within five years of their commission. Manslaughter had a fifteen-year prescriptive period. Murder had the longest statute of limitations, but even that was only twenty years.

This meant that in 1965 the twenty-year statute of limitations on murder prosecutions was about to toll on Nazi-era crimes. Without a statutory extension by the Bundestag, the looming date of May 8, 1965—the twentieth anniversary of the end of the war in

Europe—would have signaled the end of all Nazi-era prosecutions in the German Federal Republic. Thereafter, West German prosecutors would be powerless to bring criminal charges against those who planned, perpetrated, and facilitated Nazi mass atrocities. May 1965 would have marked the beginning of an era of impunity.

So matters stood when publisher Augstein traveled to the Swiss city of Basel to interview the famous philosopher, then in this eighty-third year. Before the war, Jaspers had taught at Heidelberg, Germany's oldest and most venerable university, where, among other notable accomplishments, he had served as Hannah Arendt's *Doktorvater*. Jasper's wife was Jewish, and so he was forced to resign his professorship during the Third Reich, before seeing his work banned altogether. Less than sanguine about Germany's democratic prospects after the war, Jaspers took a professorship in Basel in 1948, where he remained a vocal critic of Germany's failure to reckon with its Nazi past.

At the outset of the interview, Augstein made clear that he wasn't interested in the technical juristic question of whether extending the statute of limitations could be squared with the German Basic Law, or *Grundgesetz*—Germany's postwar constitution. Instead, he called upon Jaspers to weigh the matter from a "moral standpoint," asking him to "bear the following in mind":

> During the conquest of Jaffa, Napoleon took 3000 prisoners. [. . .] To save on powder and bullets, he had them all bayonetted to death. Many of these captives were in company of their families, and these families—the women and children—were also slaughtered by bayonet. Nevertheless, no one suggested that anyone beside Napoleon should be held responsible for this massacre. By contrast, today [. . . in the case of] Nazi crimes, we act as if it's typical and proper to put on trial anyone who may have shot women and children under orders.

Jaspers pushed back against Augstein's analogy:

> Don't we need to recognize an essential distinction? History knows many such stories as the one about Napoleon. In this case, the representative of the state, Napoleon, committed a crime. But the state in its essence and entirety was not criminal. The decisive point is to recognize that the Nazi state was a *Verbrecherstaat*, a criminal state, not a state that happened to commit crimes.

Hitler was hardly the first tyrant to rule a European state. But the Nazi state, Jaspers insisted, was not a simple tyranny. In the case of Nazi Germany, the problem was not with the excesses of a particular statesman or branch of government. The state in its essence was a criminal organization. *The Nazi state was a* Verbrecherstaat, *a criminal state, not a state that happened to commit crimes.*

"CRIMINAL" IS A LEGAL, not a moral, category. From a classic positivist perspective, the term *Verbrecherstaat* sounds almost oxymoronic. The law typically views criminal acts microscopically—that is, it construes crimes as small-scale, deviant acts harmful to community order. Criminal acts are understood to be most commonly committed by individuals against other individuals or against property; the very concept of criminal responsibility typically attaches to individuals and not organizations.

But this only begins to touch on the term's dissonance. Beginning with Thomas Hobbes, in the mid-seventeenth century, Western political and legal thought had been committed to the proposition that the state represented the greatest bulwark against the disordering effects of violence in civil society and that obedience to the law represented the paradigmatic virtue of the pacified citizenry.

As the guarantor of security, order, and lawfulness, the state, in the classic model, enjoyed two basic prerogatives of sovereignty: in internal affairs, the state claimed a monopoly on legitimate force—with "legitimate" understood in largely a descriptive rather than normative sense. What made the state's monopoly legitimate was the inescapable fact that the state *was* endowed with the power to name, prosecute, and punish crimes—viz., the state's monopoly was legitimate because it had the de facto power to declare it as such. In external affairs, the state enjoyed the power to name its enemies and to wage war against them. The theory of sovereignty understood all states as being formally equal. This formal equality permitted states to violently clash with one another but denied them the right to scan the legality of how rival sovereigns exercised their internal police powers or their decision to use military force in defense of their interests.

As Jaspers realized, Nazi crimes exploded this model. The concept of the Verbrecherstaat illuminated how Nazism had deformed the state into the principal perpetrator of crimes, the very agent of criminality. The advent of the Verbrecherstaat mandated, however, more than simply a conceptual or philosophical rethinking of the meaning of statehood. It required a fundamental revision of juridical understandings, a radical break from the classic juristic treatment of sovereignty. In the peroration of his opening address at Nuremberg, the chief American prosecutor Robert Jackson framed the problem thusly: "Civilization asks whether law is so laggard as to be utterly helpless to deal with crimes of this magnitude by criminals of this order of importance." Required was a vast and ambitious project of juridification that would subject the mass violence of states and state actors to the sober ministrations of the law.

The Nuremberg trial, presently celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary, marked a crucial step in this project. Nuremberg insisted that law could deal with the challenges posed by *macro-criminality*, but that the effort would require extraordinary legal innovations. Mastering the macro-crimes of the Verbrecherstaat would require, first and foremost, novel categories of

wrongdoing. These new categories had to be sufficiently flexible and capacious to handle atrocities that spanned a continent, enlisted the participation of tens of thousands of perpetrators and accessories, and were supported by a complex organizational and logistical apparatus. Moreover, these new incriminations had to be able to penetrate the shield of sovereign immunity that traditionally shielded state actions from external legal scrutiny.

But submitting state action to legal judgment also required a crucial answer to a basic juridico-historical question: What constituted the paradigmatic crime of the Verbrecherstaat? To put it differently, if, as Jaspers insisted, the Verbrecherstaat was criminal to its core, what crime or constellation of crimes made for the Verbrecherstaat's core criminality? For Jaspers, the answer was obvious: the paradigmatic crime of the Nazi state was the extermination of European Jewry. In his *Spiegel* interview with Augstein and in *Wohin treibt die Bundesrepublik?*, his short, pessimistic book published a year later, in 1966, Jaspers made clear his belief that the Verbrecherstaat was, at its core, an exterminatory state. What set the Hitler state apart from other tyrannical regimes was its planning and implementation of a continent-wide campaign of civilian mass-murder.

The concept of the *Verbrecherstaat* illuminated how Nazism had deformed the state into the principal perpetrator of crimes, the very agent of criminality.

This is hardly controversial stuff, and most people today would agree that the Holocaust represented the distillation and quintessence of Nazi criminality. Shift our attention to more recent mass crimes—the killing fields of the Khmer Rouge, ethnic cleansing in the Balkans, the massacre of the Rwandan Tutsis—and we reach a similar conclusion. It is acts of mass atrocity committed against targeted civilian groups that define the core crimes in international law. It is these acts which arouse the greatest international outrage, which create the most exigent pleas for intervention, and which raise the most insistent cries for a juridical reckoning.

At Nuremberg, however, matters were seen quite differently. More than twenty years before Jaspers described the Third Reich as a Verbrecherstaat, the great Soviet jurist Aron Trainin used similar language to describe Hitler's Germany. Trainin, who was Jewish, published a short book on Nazi criminality in 1944, at a time when the struggle against Hitler's Germany had just taken a decisive turn, when the Soviets recaptured much of the territory of southern Russia and Ukraine. In *Hitlerite Responsibility under Criminal Law*, Trainin characterized the Nazi state as criminal in its essence, but, in stark contrast to Jaspers, Trainin did not identify the Nazis' extermination of his fellows Jews as the regime's core crime. Rather, he insisted that what made Nazi Germany a Verbrecherstaat was its aggression—its unprovoked attack on its neighbors—most notably, its scorched-earth invasion of the Soviet Union.

Nuremberg represented the triumph of Trainin's perspective. The Charter of the International Military Tribunal (hereafter IMT) that tried 22 major Nazi war criminals in Nuremberg's Palace of Justice introduced into international law two novel categories of criminality: "crimes against peace," the locution pioneered by Trainin, and "crimes against humanity." The Charter defined the former as the "planning, preparation, initiation or waging of a war of aggression," the latter as "inhumane acts committed against any civilian population," including but not limited to murder, extermination, and enslavement. Crimes against peace constituted acts of military aggression; crimes against humanity, acts of state sponsored atrocity.

Of the two, "crimes against peace" constituted the gravamen of the prosecution's case. Aggression and not atrocity was understood as the paradigmatic crime of the Verbrecherstaat. Crimes against peace appeared first among the crimes over which the IMT had jurisdiction, and it was the only crime to which the conspiracy charge applied. The so-called "nexus" requirement, drafted into the IMT Charter, restricted the tribunal's jurisdiction over "crimes against humanity" to acts connected to Nazi aggression and war crimes. This limitation meant that the tribunal lacked jurisdiction over the Nazis' forced sterilizations of the physically and mentally "unfit," the November pogrom against the Reich's Jews, and all other German-on-German atrocities perpetrated before the Wehrmacht crossed the Polish frontier on September 1, 1939.

At Nuremberg, the prosecution's focus on the Nazis' crimes against peace shaped how it understood and presented evidence of the Nazis' crimes against humanity. For example, while Justice Jackson recognized, in his opening statement, that the Nazis had elevated the killing of Jews to an end unto itself, he also insisted that atrocities perpetrated against Jews were a *means*—that is, the Nazis used the persecution and killing of Jews to eliminate obstacles to waging war and as a test case in the subjugation of conquered people. In so arguing, Jackson sought to satisfy the required nexus between pre-war crimes against humanity and the Nazis' war of aggression, thus bringing these early crimes within the Tribunal's jurisdiction. Alas, the effort failed; the court refused to pass judgment on these pre-war acts, but the deeper point remained: that Jackson's historical narrative was shaped by the trial's organization around acts of aggression.

THAT ACTS OF AGGRESSION, and not of atrocity, should have been understood as the paradigmatic crime of the Nazi Verbrecherstaat may seem odd to us today. But it made sense at the time, as the effort to criminalize aggression had emerged as the principal preoccupation of international lawyers in the decades before Nuremberg. The

horrors of the First World War—the staggering futility of trench warfare, the sheer wastefulness of men and matériel—gave powerful impetus to treat the launching of war, and not any associated atrocities, as the principal catastrophe. In its report of March 19, 1919, prepared for the Paris Peace Conference, the Entente's "Commission on the Responsibility of the Authors of War" accused Germany of having started "a war of aggression" before regretfully acknowledging that aggressive war "may not be considered as an act directly contrary to positive law, or one which can be successfully brought before a tribunal."

In the interwar years, international jurists worked tirelessly, if not entirely fruitfully, toward filling this gap in positive international law by seeking to outlaw the unprovoked resort to warfare. Édouard Descamps, a prominent Belgian lawyer and a member of the League of Nation's Advisory Committee of Jurists, proposed the creation of an international criminal court with jurisdiction over both conventional war crimes and acts of aggression. Vespasian Pella, the renowned Romanian jurist and a leading member of the *Association Internationale de Droit Pénal*, provided greater clarity to the effort by offering a detailed definition of the crime of aggression and by insisting that individuals be held responsible for its violation. Although the Geneva Protocol of 1924, which declared aggressive war "a violation of th[e] solidarity [of nations] and . . . an international crime," failed to gain acceptance in the League of Nations, four years later the international community witnessed the sweeping ratification of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact in 1928, a lapidary instrument—the entire treaty consisted of two sentences—that purported to outlaw war altogether.

With seventy-five years of hindsight, we can say the triumph of the IMT's aggression paradigm proved short-lived. Even at the time of the proceeding, critics attacked the notion of crimes against peace as inadequately defined and as a violation of the principle of *nullum crimen sine lege*, the basic principle of legality that bars the application of retroactive criminal law. The criticisms were hardly trivial. Notwithstanding the agitations of international lawyers in the decades before Nuremberg, it remained unclear whether international law had actually repudiated the doctrine of sovereignty that treated all wars as equally lawful. The 1919 Commission on Responsibility clearly concluded that German aggression had not constituted a recognized international crime. So when had the alleged change occurred? Did it suddenly happen on August 27, 1928, with the signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact? True, the Pact spoke of renouncing war, but it never mentioned criminalizing aggression, which, in any case, it left undefined. At best, the IMT could insist that *sometime* before September 1, 1939, the international community had abandoned the classic doctrine and had criminalized aggression.

In the Ostkrieg [. . .] warfare [was] waged with such astonishing brutality that the distinction between aggression and atrocity essentially vanished.

At Nuremberg, the horrific quality of Nazi aggression served to hide the instabilities within the Charter's framing of the incrimination. As Trainin had noted, Hitler's *Ostkrieg* split the difference between aggression and atrocity. The Ostkrieg was a war of annihilation; atrocity followed in the wake of the Wehrmacht's advance, with SS *Einsatzgruppen* combing the conquered countryside and murdering hundreds of thousands of civilians, principally Jews. But atrocity was also the very means of waging war. In the case of the Ostkrieg, aggression referred not simply to warfare that was unprovoked but to warfare waged with such astonishing brutality that the distinction between aggression and atrocity essentially vanished.

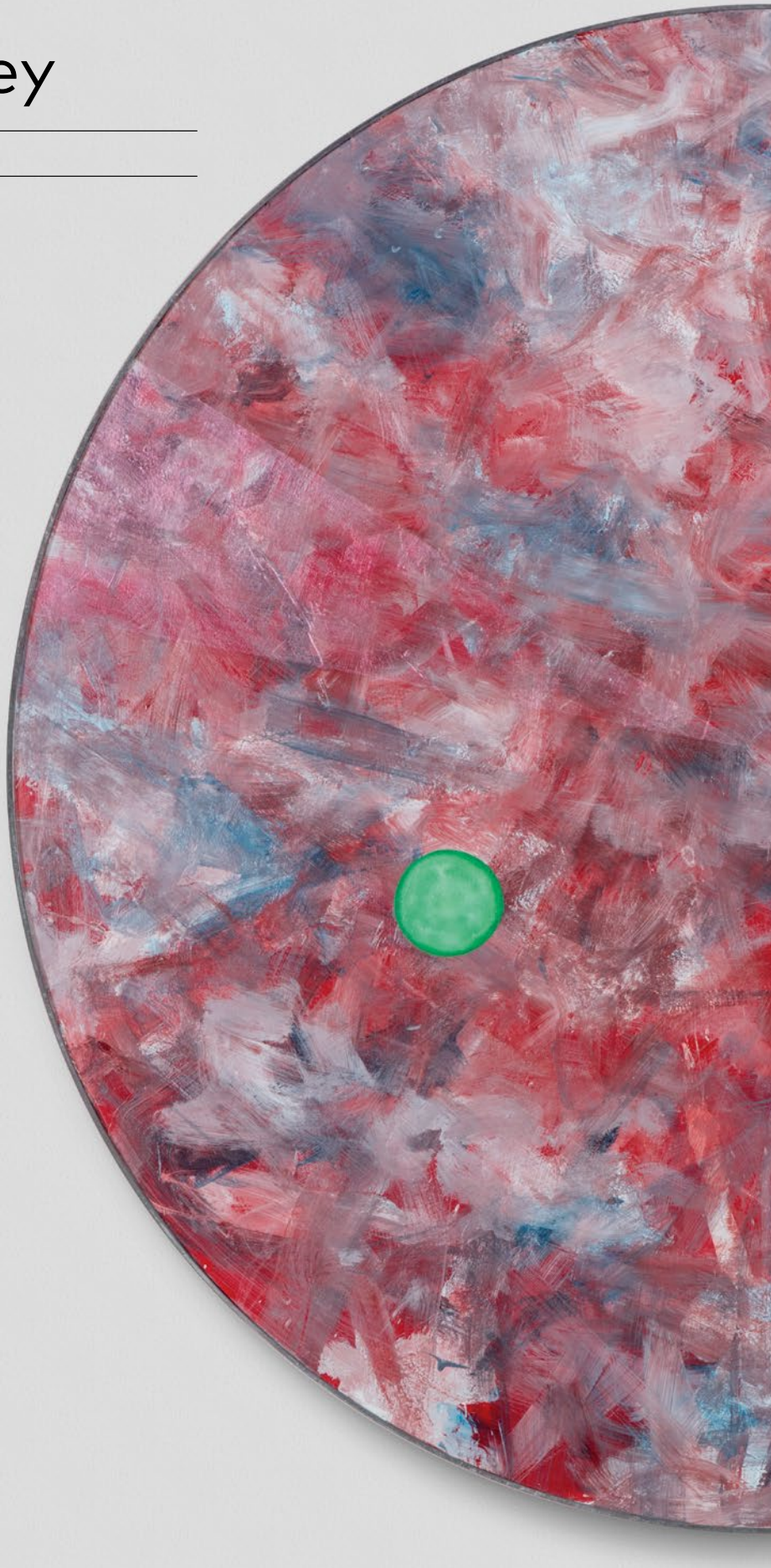
But no sooner had the IMT delivered its verdicts than the concept of crimes against peace began to show its instabilities. Nuremberg's companion tribunal in the Far East likewise convicted several leading Japanese statesmen and generals of waging a war of aggression, but did so over the vehement 700-page dissent of the Indian Judge Radhabinod Pal, who condemned the notion of crimes against peace as retroactive, imprecise, and partisan—in short, a law concocted by Western lawyers to entrench a status quo established by centuries of Western aggression. For Pal, Western jurists repudiated the sovereign right to wage war just as non-Western states were learning to benefit from its invocation.

The twelve "successor trials" staged by the American military in Nuremberg (together known as the Nuremberg Military Tribunal, hereafter NMT), further spelled the demise of the idea that aggression constituted the paradigmatic international crime. Crimes against peace appeared as a formal charge in only four of the NMT's cases—the IG-Farben trial (Case 6), the Krupp trial (Case 10), the Ministries trial (aka, the *Wilhelmstraße* trial, Case 11), and the High Command trial (Case 12). Crimes against humanity, by contrast, appeared as a charge in all twelve of the NMT's cases. More dramatically still, the narrative of Nazi atrocity that emerged in the successor trials differed quite dramatically from the IMT story. For example, in the *Einsatzgruppen* trial (Case 9), SS exterminatory practices no longer appear as simply an extreme instance of the general horror of Nazi aggression. Rather, in this trial we begin to detect the very lineaments of the understanding that would be fully expressed years later by Karl Jaspers: the extermination of European Jewry is treated as a crime *sui generis*—a crime so extreme it volatizes conventional categories of criminal wrongdoing and threatens to upend classic understandings of the normative significance of the Western nation-state. □

This essay is adapted from Lawrence Douglas's *Aggression, Atrocity, and the* Verbrecherstaat, a book in preparation under contract with Princeton University Press.

Eric Wesley

Artist Portfolio



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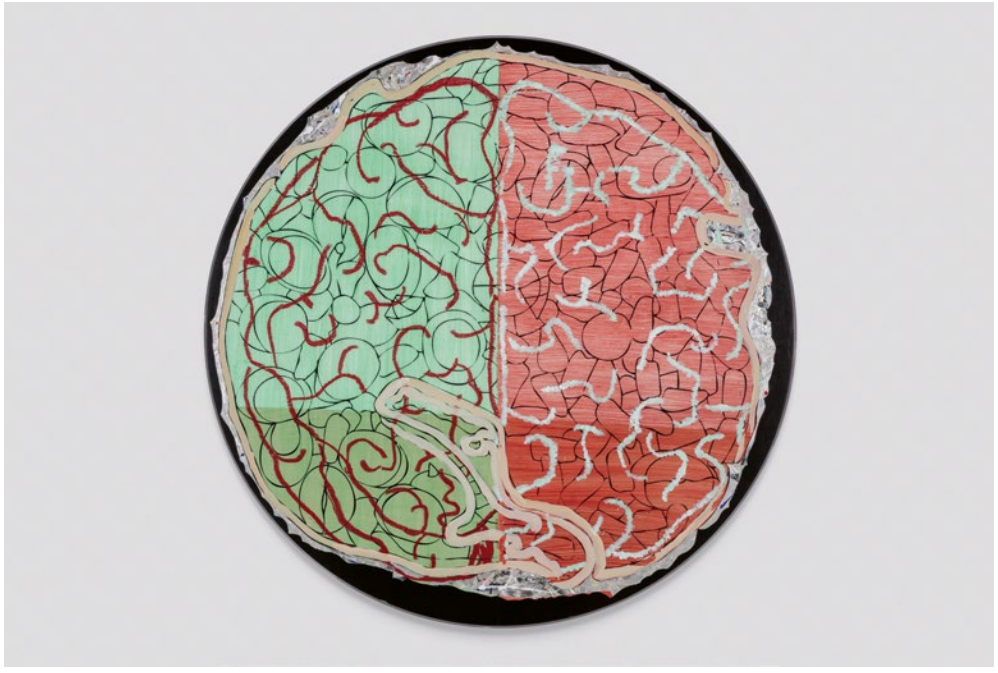

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[PREVIOUS SPREAD]
Burrito Painting #3, 2016
Acrylic on canvas with aluminum frame, 131cm diameter. Courtesy Bortolami Gallery, New York

[LEFT]
[1] *Burrito Painting #1 (Early Bite)*
[2] *Burrito Painting #4 (Sesos)*
[3] *Burrito Painting #5 (Con Rábano)*
2016, Acrylic on canvas with aluminum frame, 131cm diameter. Courtesy Bortolami Gallery, New York

[RIGHT]
[4] *Quarter Revolution,* 2012, found objects, mixed media, dimensions variable, installation view, Courtesy Galleria Fonti, Naples, Italy
[5] *A Scale Model of a Revolution (The Old)*, 2012, mixed media, rapid prototype plastic components, handmade plastic components, paint, lights, 61×38×31cm, Courtesy Galleria Fonti, Naples, Italy

[NEXT SPREAD]
[6] *Timbuctoo,* 2019, mixed media 62×29×29cm [detail]. Courtesy Pio Pico, Los Angeles
[7] External view of *The Bell,* 2016. Cahokia, Illinois. Courtesy the artist and Bortolami Gallery, New York

[4]

[5]

On Eric Wesley

by Jan Tumlir

ERIC WESLEY'S WORKS tend to begin with a thought experiment, a "what if?" scenario that steadily transitions into an "if, then" realization. Often this will involve a table-turning incursion into the protocols of artistic production and reception. For instance, we know that art galleries operate as showcases for art objects, things that are made to be seen and then, ideally, to be collected—that is, to pass in and out of the gallery with a minimum of friction. But what if, instead, the work were to follow a culinary model and thereby undergo its consumption more literally, through the mouth and digestive tract? This was the conceit of *Endless Burrito/Inch-a-lotta*, an exhibition that Wesley mounted in 2002 at the Meyer Riegger gallery in Karlsruhe, which basically consisted in converting the entirety of its viewing space into a fast-food eatery. A wall erected in the middle of the gallery hid a makeshift kitchen in back, with only a small circular aperture connecting to the front, through which a single, very lengthy burrito was slowly pushed and incrementally sliced off upon request from hungry guests. Boasting sexual innuendo in surplus, this event also lent itself to no end of sociological in-reading as a cannily staged culture clash (how many people in Karlsruhe in 2002 would even have known what a burrito is?) Yet perhaps more striking still was Wesley's acutely metaphysical restaging of what might be termed the signal avant-gardist strategy of lowering art from its idealistic perch to an everyday fact of life. The work could not be dissociated from its space of display, which equally absorbed the artist and audience as twin poles in the instantiation of a form, essentially a line, that appeared at the same rate as it disappeared.

Wesley is a keen student of hard science, and especially physics, but he is no less attuned to the insoluble riddles of philosophical thought. What is endless about his burrito is not that it is ceaselessly produced but that it is never destroyed; it persists as matter in a transformed state, but also as an idea about endlessness, the eternal and the absolute, and one that highlights the inherent impossibility of conceiving of this idea in anything but segments and intervals. In a later piece, from 2016, entitled *The Bell*, the Karlsruhe set-up was reversed: Wesley commandeered a disused Taco Bell restaurant in the mall-strewn outlands of Cahokia, Illinois, just outside St. Louis, for purposes of art exhibition. No actual food this time around, though included in it were several large circular paintings resembling mid-century abstractions but actually picturing, quasi-realistically, sectioned views of burritos. Certainly, this work's location—smack in the center of the US, at a point equidistant from his hometown of Los Angeles and his primary gallery in New York, and in close proximity to the remains of the once-largest Native American settlement of the Mississippian culture—was not only geographically, but temporally significant. It served as a reminder that, with art, we are always placed *in medias res*, in a present that trails a very long tail (to get to the bottom of Wesley's burrito, one might have to start in prehistory) while also pushing insistently forward.

For every "if, then" a new "what if?" arises. Every scenario can be reversed in its course, travel sideways, or turn in circles. Its core elements can always be further permuted: galleries, artworks, publics, even the artist. For a more recent show, in Naples, Italy (*Reputation*, Galleria Fonti, 2018), Wesley presented a series of painted portraits, contracted out to a company of Chinese artisans, of various seemingly random figures that in fact share his name, sourced through an online search.

Some years before, Wesley had suggested to me that, as an artist, he aims to be both "underground" and "popular." I took this to be an impossible wish but have since revised my assumptions. This was in a sense a show about and for everyone, and at the same time a self-portrait of the artist as underground man, the one who ducks undercover to keep flipping the script. ☐

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THE ANDREW W. MELLON WORKSHOP

Since 2018–19, the Andrew W. Mellon Fellowships in the Humanities have been addressing the topics of migration and integration, race in comparative perspective, and exile and return. With the aim of strengthening collaboration on individual and institutional levels, six Andrew W. Mellon Fellows have stayed at the American Academy for one semester each.

At the end of each semester, each Andrew W. Mellon Fellow chaired a weeklong workshop. The previous Mellon Workshops are: "Double Exposures: Resource Extraction, Labor, and Migration in Africa, Germany, and the United States," chaired by Rosalind Morris, of Columbia University; "Phonographic Knowledge and the African Past," chaired by Ronald Radano, of the University of Wisconsin-Madison; and "Mixed Motive Migrations and the Implications for Public Policy," chaired by Roberto Suro, of the University of Southern California. We are grateful to our cooperation partners Haus der Kulturen der Welt, Institute for Cultural Inquiry (ICI), Phonogram Archive at the Ethnological Museum, Sound Archive of the Humboldt-Universität, and the Deutsches Zentrum für Integrations- und Migrationsforschung (DeZiM) for substantially enriching this program.

Due to the pandemic, two Mellon workshops had to be postponed. Moira Fradinger's seminar "Past and Future Genders: Latin America and Beyond" and the jointly led workshop "Im/Mobilities: New Directions in the Humanities," chaired by Laila Amine and Hakim Abderrezak, will both take place in the summer of 2022.

The first workshop will explore new paradigms of gender identity and gender politics in Europe and the Americas, with a set of meetings especially focused on the case of Latin America. Across the globe, new discourses about gender are inspiring a revolution in institutional structures brought about by massive social movements and progressive legal change. But the unique developments in several countries in South America have put the region at the forefront of innovation with game-changing gender laws; political rights granted to new gendered identities; and new legal terminology against gendered violence. This workshop will debate the future of gender in light of the current global debates that delink gender from biology, and will study paradoxes emerging as the power of gender as a tool for state control over populations diminishes. Experts from countries across the Americas and Europe and disciplines ranging from anthropology, history, comparative literature, sociology, philosophy, psychology, law, and global health will discuss the current entanglement of sexuality and gender with human rights, legal and national codes, advances in the movement towards complete depathologization and demedicalization of gender identity and sexual dissidence, and differences and cross-fertilization between Western gender binaries and non-Western gender-fluid systems,

as well as the philosophies of the post-human turn. The end of the workshop will feature a round table on transgender identities and a feminist performance in conjunction with the ICI in Berlin.

The second workshop, "Im/Mobilities: New Directions in the Humanities," starts from the notion—in the light of present and massive human migratory movements—that the humanities are revisiting concepts of borders, identity, and human rights. While the social sciences have pondered irregular migration in a relatively detailed fashion, the topic has been taken up by the humanities only in recent years. In this dual workshop chaired by former Mellon fellows Laila Amine and Hakim Abderrezak, international experts will think together about new directions in the humanities vis-à-vis notions of mobility and immobility. Scholars invited to this workshop work in a wide range of disciplines, including French and Francophone studies; Black global literatures; Spanish; women's, gender, and sexuality studies; American studies; and comparative literature.

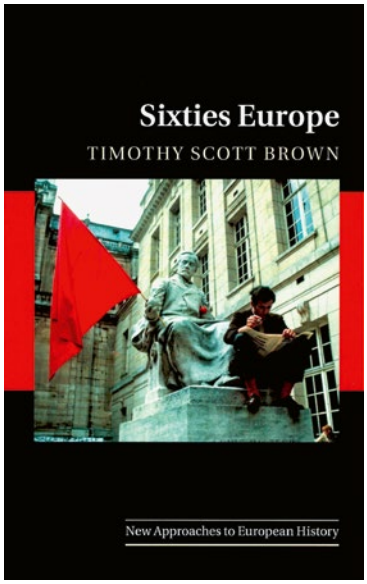
As contemporary notions of mobility and immobility call upon notions of exile, travel, and return, the topic of migration creates conceptual links among movements of migrants and refugees from the Global South to the Global North and the lateral exilic journeys of African American expatriates to artistic and cultural European centers in the past century.

This 2022 Mellon Workshop will shed new light on connections between literary and cultural movements, legal statuses, and displaced populations across regions and epochs. Among other things, the goal of the workshop's approach is to help understand the place, role and impact of mobility and immobility in today's world.

– Berit Ebert, Michael Steinberg, Laila Amine, Hakim Abderrezak, and Moira Fradinger

Laila Amine. Photo: Annette Hornischer

BOOK REVIEWS



SIXTIES EUROPE
BY TIMOTHY SCOTT BROWN

Cambridge University Press
July 2020, 241 pages

A review by Priscilla Layne

In *Sixties Europe*, Timothy Scott Brown examines some of the formative moments of 1960s rebellions across Europe. Although the book's focus may be Europe, Brown stresses that the Continent's revolts were ultimately part of a global phenomenon, even if Europe held "key importance" as a site of the Cold War and was a vital node in decolonization. Brown's methodology is to consider spatial as well as temporal connections. And rather than offering a comprehensive overview of all countries involved, *Sixties Europe* is more interested in the theory of revolution: What did it mean to be politically left in the 1960s? Brown provides enough detail about individual conflicts in the various countries under his scope, in both the East and West, to deliver to readers a much stronger understanding of that momentous decade.

To begin, Brown stresses how much cultural exchange took place during the 1960s in Europe, not just between the East and West, but also with America, Africa, and Asia. Morever, Eastern Europe was not as isolated as people have come to believe. Some countries, such as Hungary, sought to be a "window to the West." Other countries allowed exchange with young people from the West, if the topic was right: anti-capitalism and anti-imperialism, for example. What made the Sixties unique was the existence of so many students who were both interested in politics and political theory and who saw connections between their struggles at home and broader international problems. Their political awareness bled into popular culture; young people around the world adopted the same fashions, music, and political views.

In Chapter Two, Brown investigates the nuances of leftist politics during the Sixties. One of the reasons why resistance movements in the West and the East were not as ideologically and culturally far apart as one might expect is because, in general, the younger generation turned against both capitalism *and* Stalinism; the latter representing an especially oppressive vision of communism. Especially in the East, young leftists wanted to return to the roots of communism; they embraced a spectrum of ideologies, from anarchism to Marx. But to truly understand the political powder keg that became the Sixties, Brown urges that we keep in mind important historical events in the 1950s, such as the Soviet putdown of revolts in East Berlin and Hungary. While some people were concerned with communist authoritarianism in the East, others were worried about the persistence of fascism in the West, because some Allied countries were often willing to support fascists if they could create a bulwark against communism. The process of decolonization and conflicts in former colonial nations such as Vietnam and Algeria inspired young people to align themselves with the Global South. Brown additionally reminds us that environmentalism weighed heavily on young people's minds. The prospect of nuclear fallout, ever-present during the Cold War, led youth to participate in "Easter Marches"—which first commenced in England—and other anti-nuclear protests that spread throughout Europe.

From here, Brown admirably explicates the central and dynamic role youth cultures played in the 1960s. These subcultures spanned the globe, from the American hippies and Beats to German *Gammler* and Dutch

Provos. In the Sixties, youth culture encompassed anything and everything, including innovative music (rock replacing jazz), literature (e.g. Beat poetry), lifestyles (*Kommune 1*), and anything that would counter what they saw as tired bourgeois complacency. Some, like the Dutch *Provos*, viewed young rebels as the only ones with the true revolutionary potential, now that the proletariat had become complacent—an argument echoing those put forth in Herbert Marcuse's *One Dimensional Man* (1964).

Marcuse was one of many theorists to whom the youth gravitated, of course, as they sought a third path away from capitalism and Stalinism. For many, Maoism represented that third way, an opportunity to combine Western struggles against the status quo with those of decolonialization. But not all youth embraced Chairman

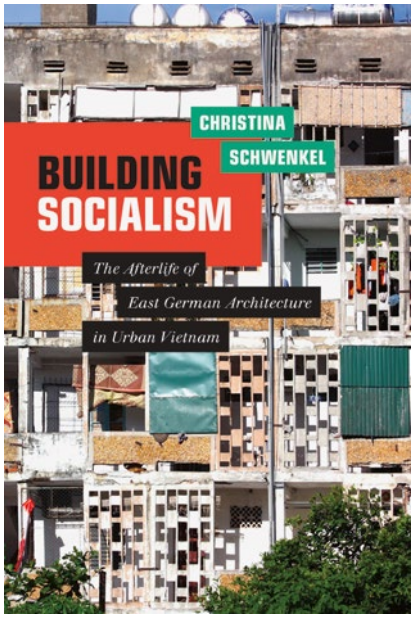
Mao. Some, like the Situationists and anarchists, were wary of Maoism's authoritarian character. As such, the debate around Maoism is a fitting representation of how Europe's youth on both sides of the wall may have been striving for revolt, which Brown defines as a desire to "rebuild possibilities of individual and collective agency anew," but they didn't always agree on what mode of thought best generated revolt. But not everyone's revolt looked the same. In the East, for example, harsh punishments for "anti-social" behavior often led young people to rebel privately rather than publicly, turning their homes into sites for happenings and experimental film screenings. Because authorities occasionally successfully coopted popular music to influence the youth, some leftists turned towards past traditions instead, like embracing folk music instead of rock.

Midway through *Sixties Europe*, Brown offers a more detailed analysis of several individual countries in the East and West, allowing key similarities to emerge. Italy, Greece, France, and Germany all faced problems with overcrowding at their universities and students' desires for educational reform, factors which led to demands for democratic reform in other areas of society. Young people in France and Portugal opposed their countries' colonial struggles, while Spanish and Greek youth grappled with the remnants of fascism. In Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia, brutal crackdowns against dissidents led young people to seek out more freedom in the private spaces of the home. Brown also considers how the mainstream press throughout Europe often demonized young protestors and misconstrued their aims.

Finally, both Chapter Five and the Afterword of *Sixties Europe* present some thoughts on the legacy of the Sixties on contemporary politics and rebellion. After the 1960s decade of struggle to find balance between individualism and community, popular culture and folk culture, and communism and democracy, there were a host of varying ideas about where to go next. This diversity of ideas and lifestyles created fissures throughout the myriad political and subcultural groups. Some argued whether or not violence was a legitimate tool of resistance, causing divisions in places like the

UK and Germany. Often, minoritized groups, such as women and the queer community, felt that their political interests and unique positionality had not really been taken into account and therefore demanded more visibility. Rebels worried their culture had been coopted by the state in the East and by capitalists in the West. Groups also began to mix and match ideologies to meet their local needs. There is a continuation of the desire to seek out alternative lifestyles, a turn inwards found both in the East and the West. "Dropping out"—with the help of music, drugs, or lifestyle—became another possibility, a personal rejection of the status quo that may not have looked as militant or public as previous revolts.

As the book winds down, Brown considers how much society has changed since the 1960s, bringing that decade's political worries into the present. Today, the working class feels abandoned by liberalism. Authoritarian capitalism in Russia and China and populism in the US and Europe have called into question the link between democracy and capitalism. People no longer idealize subaltern rebels of the Global South. And subcultures have been commodified. But Brown asserts that the Sixties still matter, not least because "the questions [that decade] posed about the proper organization of human society refuse to go away." Given the book's wide-ranging and comprehensive considerations of a decade that laid much of the groundwork for many aspects of contemporary culture—from popular music and urban fashion to utopian tech and global advertising—*Sixties Europe* is a must-have for those interested in European history, global rebellions, and political theory. □



BUILDING SOCIALISM: THE AFTERLIFE OF EAST GERMAN ARCHITECTURE IN URBAN VIETNAM

BY CHRISTINA SCHWENKEL

Duke University Press
November 2020, 432 pages

A review by Esra Akcan

It is common today to evaluate austere, multi-story, parallel residential buildings as brutal, dehumanized blocks that architects imposed on societies with an inexplicable sense of self-confidence. During the final years of the Cold War and the ensuing collapse of communism, the dominant discourse constantly cancelled midcentury modernist housing as the totalitarian imposition of communist regimes on its peoples, as well as the imperialist expansion of superpowers to the Global South.

This interpretation is boldly revisited in *Building Socialism: The Afterlife of East German Architecture in Urban Vietnam*, in which Christina Schwenkel looks closely at how "[o]ne person's lived dystopia was another person's fantasy of urban possibility." Her focus is the Quang

Trung housing estate in the city of Vinh, in Vietnam, commissioned by the sovereign socialist state, designed through a collaboration between East German and Vietnamese planners and architects, and eventually appropriated by its residents. Through acts of slow-looking, Schwenkel discovers myriad pieces of evidence that disrupt common narratives about both midcentury modernist housing and the global dissemination of architectural expertise.

Building Socialism traces the history of Quang Trung from the Vietnam War to its ongoing privatization, concentrating on the phases of design, construction, and occupancy. Throughout, Schwenkel draws with impressive aptitude from multiple disciplines and intellectual sources, including history, anthropology, architecture, planning, visual studies, and Southeast Asian and Eastern European studies. She is equally attentive and gentle to all voices in this story—the East German and Vietnamese designers and builders, and the residents of Quang Trung—placing them into conversation, showing their translations of each other's designs and ideas, and registering the tensions that arose during such translations.

The book starts, as it should, with the total destruction caused by the US invasion of Vietnam. Schwenkel collects visual evidence of this annihilation from above and below, revealing the entitlement of people behind and the pain of those in front of the camera. She analyzes both the top-down views during the air strikes, exposing the techno-fanaticism that finds its enthusiastic supporters during times of war, and photographs from the ground, which bear powerful witness to the destruction and murder caused by American bombs, as well as to the evacuations and survival tactics by the targeted. Throughout the book, Schwenkel is conscious of her own situatedness as an American scholar carrying out research about socialist housing in Vietnam in the early 2000s. The reader witnesses her becoming an intimate outsider (or a critical insider), and the delicate balance she is able to strike in this complex situation as she refrains from both ethnographic authority and the romanticization of problems. She does not turn a blind eye to the missteps of her book's German or Vietnamese protagonists, and she candidly registers her own habitual shortcomings.

The images of destruction in Vietnam caused by the US assault circulated in socialist countries in a way that undergirded Cold War bipolarization and simultaneously built socialist solidarities. One of the most important of these stands at the center of Schwenkel's excellent monograph: the construction of solidarity between Vietnam and East Germany. This union eventually enabled the latter's participation in socialist globalization and development by assisting in the rebuilding of the city of Vinh. The

process was not completely altruistic or anticolonialist. Schwenkel writes, "The Vietnam War became a powerful resource for the GDR government to deflect critiques of its policies and unite its population [. . .] and was motivated by national self-interest and conflict with West Germany as the GDR struggled to establish its political legitimacy. The small industrial city of Vinh would emerge as a key tool in this Cold War rivalry."

Other contradictions of this solidarity debate do not escape the author either: it was premised on the denial of alterity as both East Germany and Vietnam were positioned as countries oppressed by capitalist superpowers, while the essentialist racial categories that had constructed Vietnam as the "other" of the European self were never totally dismantled. "No one wants to hear about the good things we did. It doesn't fit the story they have created about the East," says a senior East German planner, in an interview Schwenkel conducted. But, she listens carefully to both former East German and Vietnamese experts.

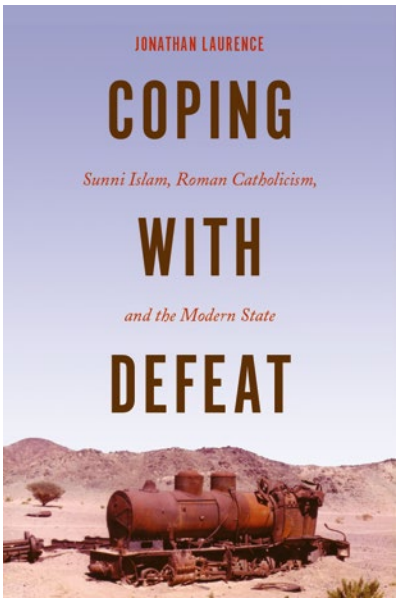
The second part of the book is a subtle architectural history of Quang Trung's coming into being as a spirited, hopeful, and collaborative urban possibility, where ideas about modernization, decolonization, and foreignization as internationalism merged, and where standardized unit plans of midcentury mass housing in Europe were translated in relation to the desires and conditions of Vietnamese agents. While both East German and Vietnamese experts saw utopian, rational planning as mutually beneficial, Schwenkel also brings out their disagreements, unpursued alternatives, and Orientalist or nationalist biases, which sometimes blocked true collaboration. "Solidarity was not unbreakable," she writes, "it was, in fact, a fraught and fragile game that both sides played tactically for certain gains." She reports on the local women's contribution of manual labor in the construction of the housing estate and other public works. This coordinated and collective building effort "was meant to undo colonial inequality, remedy the devastation of bombardment, and raise the living standards of the proletariat."

This enthusiasm faded shortly after, but never totally disappeared. "We didn't want to live in these buildings. We were forced to move in," says one resident about living in Quang Trung. In the final section, Schwenkel directs her microphone to a number of Quang Trung residents and fascinatingly demonstrates how neighborhood decay was mobilized for protest against state authority; how local waste management became a force for defiance against Western modern hygiene principles; how resident-architects significantly altered their apartments and added spaces that made visible differences to both the interior design and elevations of the buildings.

Neglect and lack of state investment soon turned Quang Trung into a ruin of socialism rather than the utopian environment originally envisioned, which Schwenkel wisely theorizes as *unplanned obsolescence*, a counterpart concept to the "planned obsolescence" that critics including Walter Benjamin

and Jacques Derrida suggested as integral to the consumerist logic of capitalism. Despite the disrepair, which disproportionately affected women, the residents planned Quang Trung as a living space they owned up to and trusted more than many other alternatives. It is telling that residents perceived "East German-made" housing in Vinh as the "most durable and disaster-resistant" after the 2011 earthquake, and that they are now resisting moving out during the ongoing capitalist restructuring that threatens to obliterate this bloc of socialist housing.

In the end, Schwenkel helps the reader realize what gets crushed and what still survives, despite all the aggression during the process of rebuilding after one Western superpower's physical violence against the non-West in the name of another Western superpower's symbolic violence during the Cold War rivalry for world domination. Her exemplary scholarship takes an enormous step in producing knowledge in many understudied areas, including the place of East Germany (rather than simply Russia and China) in disseminating socialism, the role of socialist city-building (rather than simply capitalist urbanization) in the translation of architectural expertise in Asia, the contribution of anthropology in understanding "secondary cities" (rather than simply the major global ones), and the importance of Vinh in Vietnam's history (rather than more studied cities such as Hanoi). The book's theoretical reflections challenge some calcified notions in current scholarship and intelligentsia, and show the incredibly similar housing experiences and cultural-imperialist tendencies of both capitalism *and* socialism. They also show the prolonged life of modernist design stemming from residential appropriation, as well as the complex translations of modernity and the favorable receptions of foreignization in the world beyond the Northern superpowers. □



COPING WITH DEFEAT: SUNNI ISLAM, ROMAN CATHOLICISM, AND THE MODERN STATE
BY JONATHAN LAURENCE

Princeton University Press
June 2021, 606 pages

A review by Charles Häberl

For Muslims and non-Muslims alike, it is something of anathema to compare Catholicism with Islam; the two may only be contrasted. Few among either religion would disagree with Bernard Lewis's dictum that "in Islam [. . .] there is no Vatican, no Pope, no cardinals, no bishops, no church councils; there is no hierarchy." Thus, the concept of a "Euro-Islam" is problematic in ways that "American Catholicism" is not. When the Turkish newspaper *Hürriyet* asked Mehmet Görmez, the president of the Turkish Directorate of Religious Affairs, how the faith of Europe's burgeoning Muslim populations might differ from that practiced back in their countries of ancestry such as Turkey, he retorted, "Islam is Islam. Its sources are Qur'an and the sunna."

Jonathan Laurence, a professor of political science at Boston College, has already authored two books on these same populations and their integration. In his third book, he tackles conventional wisdom characterizing Islam as a decentralized religion without an organized clergy. He does so by directly comparing the trajectories of two different denominations of two different faiths, with specific reference to the institutional strategies they have historically employed in dealing with conquest, disestablishment, and suppression, adducing further lessons for the same theme that occupied his first two books. Laurence structures his latest work around the history of two stalwart institutions: the caliphate and the papacy. With insight and scholarly rigor, he contends that their parallel trajectories offer us an opportunity to compare the two faiths productively.

While the pope serves as both the supreme spiritual authority of the world's largest Christian denomination and a political figure with influence radically disproportionate to his role as ruler of the world's smallest sovereign nation, the caliph is conspicuous by his absence. At times in their long histories, however, these roles were reversed. Most recently, after the Italian conquest of Rome, in 1870, the pope became a prisoner within his former domain, the ruler of nowhere, as Catholic states around the world increasingly challenged the authority he had over his own church. Simultaneously, the Ottoman Sultan was the ruler of the world's largest and most powerful Muslim state, revered by Sunni Muslims everywhere as the supreme sovereign of Islam, even as European powers schemed to partition his domains. If history did not repeat itself in the case of the papacy and the caliphate, Laurence suggests that it certainly did seem to rhyme. Much of this substantial tome is dedicated to the couplets that they form.

On October 30, 1918, the Armistice of Mudros put an end to the Ottoman role in the Great War. Just a few weeks later, on November 12, European powers entered Constantinople and swiftly divided it and the surrounding region into zones of occupation. Among the many orders of business facing the occupying powers was

the fate of the Sultan, Mehmet VI Vahdettin, whose status as the supreme potentate of the Muslim world had been severely diminished by the war—and now appeared to be drawing swiftly to its end. Whether it would find that end at the hands of the Allied powers, who sought to partition his empire, or at the hands of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk and the Turkish National Movement, which had sidelined his government, remained an open question.

Though the end of the sultanate appeared to be a foregone conclusion, there remained one matter that concerned all parties: Vahdettin retained considerable cultural capital and spiritual clout. Since the days of his grandfather, Sultan Mahmud II (1808–39), the last scions of the Ottoman

dynasty had arrogated to themselves an increasingly spiritual dimension, deriving from their heretofore largely ceremonial role as caliph. Over the following century, Mahmud II and his successors assumed control over (and professionalized) an ever-increasing swath of religious institutions, as well as the mantle of an expansive and unprecedentedly successful pan-Islamic movement, precisely as the boundaries of their empire inched (and at times leapt) closer and closer to its heart in Constantinople.

From Tunis to Atjeh, Friday sermons were read in their names, their pictures were hung from the walls of mosques and religious endowments, and although the number of subjects over whom they ruled declined precipitously, they still commanded the hearts and minds of hundreds of millions of followers. During WWI, the French and the British had half-heartedly pushed their own candidates for the office, but none of them were ever taken very seriously as potential successors to the Ottomans, even by their own subjects. The colonial powers were also competing for the hearts and minds of the world's 300 million Muslims, and therefore disinclined to recognize any of the candidates that their rivals were then cultivating.

Laurence explains that, for these reasons, few were eager to abolish the caliphate, even though the sultanate appeared to be a dead letter. George Curzon, the British Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Lords, had already encountered the caliphate's soft power in India, where Curzon had served as viceroy and governor-general; he recognized that its abolition would endanger Britain's sway over its countless Muslim subjects in the subcontinent and beyond. Consequently, Curzon proposed to establish Vahdettin at Yıldız Palace, as "a sort of Vatican [. . .] as a residence and as the religious centre of Islam." Simultaneously, Kemal Atatürk exalted the caliphate as "the central link of the spirit, the conscience, and the faith of the Islamic world," pointedly declining to attribute any temporal role to the sultan even within the boundaries of his own country. Kemal Atatürk understood the importance of the caliphate to Muslim public opinion, particularly at home, where the Turkish National Movement had little appeal to the rump Ottoman Empire's restless Kurdish subject population.

At the first Pan-Islamic Congress of 1921, convened in Moscow and financed by the Soviets, leaders from around the Muslim world proposed a League of Muslim Nations as a counterweight to the newly founded League of Nations, which was dominated by the Allied powers—who still ruled over the overwhelming majority of the world's Muslims. The obvious candidate for the Secretary-General for this league was the caliph. The latter finally lost his temporal powers when the Grand National Assembly abolished the sultanate from Ankara in 1922, but it duly recognized his first cousin Abdulmejid II as the successor to the caliphate only a few weeks later.

The new caliph, now finally divorced from his role as sultan, continued to reside at Yıldız Palace with his family even after the Allied forces relinquished Constantinople to the forces of the Grand National Assembly. The Ottoman dynasty and the caliphate had survived the dissolution of its empire, although their future under the new secular republic was as unclear as that of the papacy in Rome after its conquest by the Kingdom of Italy. Laurence contends that the similar trajectories of these two institutions—the papacy and the caliphate—mirrored one another up to this point and developed similarly as a natural consequence of the like circumstances forced upon them.

That is to say, the globalization of these two institutions, the professionalization of their clergies, and their turn towards education and other soft power instruments were all hallmarks of their efforts at *Coping With Defeat*. Laurence invites us to imagine a plausible future in which the trajectory continued, the caliphate surviving in an uneasy relationship with its host republic. Might the caliphate have served as a mediating and moderating influence between the competing Islamic infrastructures of the post-colonial nation-states, on the one hand, and the many emerging transnational extremist movements on the other? How might the integration of Muslim migrants in Europe have differed if their religious education and clergy were not imported wholesale from their various countries of origin, but rather organized and implemented under the auspices of a single, widely respected supranational figure? Would the caliphate eventually abandon Istanbul to be free from the intrigues of a fickle, and at times hostile, Turkish Republic, or would the two parties eventually come to a détente and formally recognize one another's status, just as the Papacy and the Kingdom of Italy did in 1929? What would the likes of a Recep Tayyip Erdoğan make of a surviving caliphate, ensconced within Turkish clay? Would he view it as a rival for power or as a potential vehicle to project Turkish influence throughout the Muslim world?

Obviously, we will never know the answer to any of these questions,

since the new Turkish Republic abolished the caliphate only six months after its establishment. While there has been no shortage of candidates for the office, most recently Ibrahim Awwad al-Badri, who styled himself Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi, caliph of the short-lived "Islamic State of Iraq and the Levant," none have managed to accrue any degree of legitimacy outside of their circles, largely because no single institution has survived with the power to confer such legitimacy. The papacy may have been stripped of its temporal powers, but it went on to enjoy a robust second life in a purely spiritual domain. The caliphate has simply disappeared, never to return.

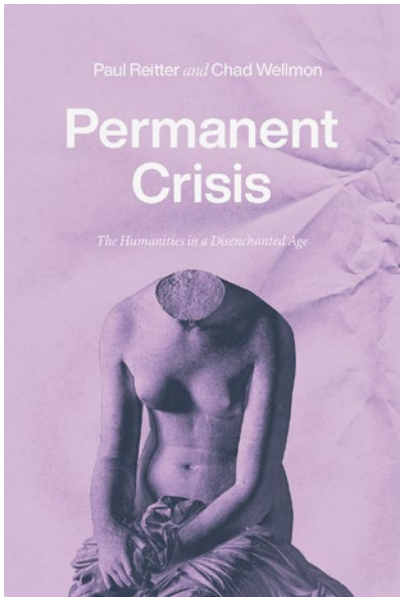
Laurence's observation that the formalization and hierarchization of traditional Islamic structures in confrontation with modernity entailed a

certain "churchification" of Islam is by no means novel, but his intervention here does exactly what it says on the tin: he proposes that the churchification of Islam along the same lines as the Catholic Church was not so much the product of a conscious program of modernization but rather of an organic and natural response to a set of circumstances remarkably similar to those that defined that church in its long history in confrontation with the same powers that subsequently partitioned the Muslim world. In short, he contends that religious professionalization and institution-building were the concrete expressions of political defeat in the era of nation-state sovereignty, as much for Catholicism as for Islam.

Of course, if the career of the caliphate mirrored that of the papacy until 1924, thereafter it went through the looking glass, and we can only speculate as to what might have subsequently happened. Consequently, some of Laurence's arguments about the trajectory of Sunni Islam should probably be taken with a grain of salt, although it is here that his original research on institution-building in Muslim-majority states such as Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, and Turkey really shines, and his argument that the disestablishment of official Islam and its suppression in the countries that host a growing Muslim diaspora hinders democratization and enables extremism is an important one.

Here, once again, he draws a compelling parallel between these diasporan populations and their Catholic equivalents in the New World before they were formally integrated both into their host populations and the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. The former provided fertile soil for the cultivation of Muslim extremists from the Middle East; the latter did the same for the cultivation of Catholic anarchists from Ireland and Italy, who unleashed a wave of terror, bombings, and assassinations upon the world. The successful pacification and integration of Roman Catholics into the American body politic provides an obvious object lesson for the resolution of the Muslim question in Europe and elsewhere outside the world of Muslim-majority states.

Coping With Defeat is a provocative work, one that puts a new spin on an old question and illustrates it with original research, both figuratively and (in the case of the numerous infographics that accompany each chapter) literally. Laurence's discussion of the subsequent trajectory of Islam is necessarily speculative, but it is well-informed and compelling speculation. Having consolidated a wealth of information on the history of Roman Catholicism and Sunni Islam, and contributed to it his own original insights, Laurence has created an invaluable reference for scholars of both traditions as well as any public interested in the operations and aims of religious institutions in the age of national sovereignty. □



PERMANENT CRISIS: THE HUMANITIES IN A DISENCHANTED AGE

BY PAUL REITTER AND CHAD WELLMON

University of Chicago Press
August 2021, 320 pages

A review by Warren Breckman

Anyone even slightly familiar with the state of contemporary American higher education will know that the defenders of the humanities feel themselves under attack. The STEM disciplines, as well as utilitarian programs such as business education, seem to have captured all the forward momentum, most of the resources, and ever-increasing numbers of students.

A crisis in the humanities' institutional position dovetails with a perceived crisis of their mission. Attacks on canons and long-standing scholarly and pedagogical practices alike have shaken the humanities' sense of purpose, even as they are summoned to amplify their purposeful interventions in our common cultural, social, and political lives. We are all familiar with calls rallying us to the traditional functions of the humanities—training young people into good citizenship and enriched lives, curating and

contributing to humanity's pursuit of meaning, and uplifting us through contact with the quintessentially human, the beautiful, true, transcendent, and enduring. Nothing less than the deeper purposes of the university as well as the direction of our civilization seem at stake. This past August, a fresh and important book intervened in this debate, *Permanent Crisis: The Humanities in a Disenchanted Age*, by Paul Reitter and Chad Wellmon, offering a sharply revisionist argument combined with a detailed intellectual history.

Champions of the modern humanities routinely present a declension narrative: an age-old form of knowledge and teaching has fallen from the center to the margins of our institutions and lost its power to communicate values and dispositions that are

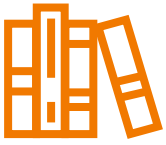
crucial to human flourishing. Wellmon and Reitter argue, by contrast, that the modern humanities are, in fact, not the products of an unbroken tradition reaching back to the Renaissance and ultimately, to antiquity. Rather, they are relatively new innovations, and their development has been staccatoed, not steady. Wellmon and Reitter insist on a significant break between the *studia humanitatis* as they had emerged in the Renaissance and declined by the early eighteenth-century, and a new scholarly sensibility that developed around the year 1800, above all in Germany. They challenge the familiar notion that Wilhelm von Humboldt pioneered the idea of *Bildung*—the ideal of modern humanist education—and upon it founded a new form of university, realized in the University of Berlin. Humboldt's absolutely crucial role turns out to be largely a retrospective invention of late nineteenth-century German scholars eager to create a compelling genealogy for their own practices and values as they faced the rapid growth of specialized research seminars and institutes and the triumphal march of the natural and physical sciences through the expanding German university. And, instead of the seamless dissemination of the German *Bildung* ideal into the foundational moment of the American research university, Reitter and Wellmon show that American rhetorical invocations of the cultural role to be played by the humanities and even the institutionalization of humanities disciplines and programs were products of a period stretching from roughly 1930 to 1960. Even the association of humanities education with democratic citizenship turns out to be of quite recent American vintage.

The declension narrative rests upon the belief that the cultural role once played by the humanities has come under attack by the forces of modernity—empirical knowledge, specialization of scientific and cultural work, fragmentation of knowledge, and the ascendancy of utilitarianism—and it is incumbent upon societies and their educational institutions to protect and enhance the humanities if they are to meet and overcome the crisis of modernity with humane, conciliatory, and even therapeutic values. Reitter and Wellmon insist on a very different premise: even in the formative moments of the modern humanities, in Germany around 1800, advocates of a certain kind of learning pointed to the negative effects of the natural sciences and an increasingly individualistic and utilitarian society, while presenting styles of learning anchored in philosophy and philology as antidotes to these effects. Having made this argument in the emergent moment of the modern humanities, later generations of their champions regularly repeated it. Crisis was not something visited upon the humanities subsequent to their founding. As Reitter and Wellmon put it,

> For nearly a century and a half, claims about a 'crisis of the humanities' have constituted a genre with remarkably consistent features: anxiety about modern agents of decay, the loss of authority and legitimacy, invocations of the 'human' in the face of forces that dehumanize and alienate humans from themselves, one another, and the world. And these claims typically lead to the same, rather paradoxical conclusion: modernity destroys the humanities, but only the humanities can save humans from modernity, a circular story of salvation in which overcoming the crisis of modernity is the mission of the humanities. Without a sense of crisis, the humanities would have neither purpose nor direction. [. . .] [The humanities] did not precede the maelstrom of modernity but emerged from within it.

Nor were the humanities victims of the narrowing spectrum of specialized disciplines. Even as the humanities presented themselves as a moral force, they constituted themselves as methodologically rigorous and discrete disciplines. Far from being casualties of modern academic specialization, the modern humanities were products of it.

Among a large cast of familiar and unfamiliar voices in the nineteenth and twentieth-century German debate about higher education, Max Weber



is undoubtedly the hero of Wellmon and Reitter's story. In a context where even many natural scientists believed in the crucial moral supplement of the humanities, Weber never believed any academic discipline could rescue humankind. His skepticism climaxed in his famous lecture *Wissenschaft als Beruf*, addressing students in Munich on November 7, 1917, while a seemingly interminable war inflicted great suffering on both the battle- and homefronts and as many students and professors clamored for a new and charismatic intellectual light. Weber refused to give it to them.

He insisted instead that the unity of learning is irretrievably lost. Any significant achievement rests on specialization. Moreover, the pursuit of knowledge contributes to the disenchantment of the world. But in the face of this sense of loss, the modern scholar should not succumb to fantasies of totality, rediscovery of mystery, or transcendence through charismatic personality. Rather, she must embrace this condition and cultivate the specific values and rigors of her scholarly discipline. "The division and specialization of labor were not problems to be solved; they were moral solutions for a new reality," write Reitter and Wellmon. The scholar must refrain from preaching ultimate ends—values—to students. As Wellmon and Reitter put it, responsible teachers "can teach students to understand how values conflict with one another, and that acting in accord with their values will have specific social consequences, which is a part of having 'genuine character.'" One of the book's most poignant passages sums up Weber's position: "As Freud did with modern civilization, Weber called for permanent tension, permanent struggle, in a phrase, permanent crisis—the refusal to assume that a meta-knowledge or university-based discourse can provide a unifying, totalizing way of life. That is what it meant to live as an intellectual adult in the modern world."

Many of Weber's German contemporaries were unwilling to accept his heroic though ascetic stance toward some of modernity's most alluring desires. Wellmon and Reitter's final chapter gives ample evidence that American participants in the discourse of crisis have typically been just as loathe to accept Weber's counsel. Instead of working through to a new perspective, the discourse has tended toward repetitive portrayals of the humanities as both the imperiled victim of a crisis and the privileged redeemer from that crisis. The crisis discourse, they write, has trapped humanities scholars in "inherited contradictions, oppositions, and presumptions. It has also blinded humanities scholars to the paradoxical relationships, competing goods, and different ends that have characterized knowledge practices and technologies practices for centuries." The result has been a tendency toward defensive justifications of the modern humanities, blindness to the difficulties of adapting older Western humanist traditions to more contemporary, egalitarian, and democratic ends, and overpromising on what the modern humanities can deliver.

In search of a path beyond this impasse, Reitter and Wellmon return in their conclusion to Max Weber.

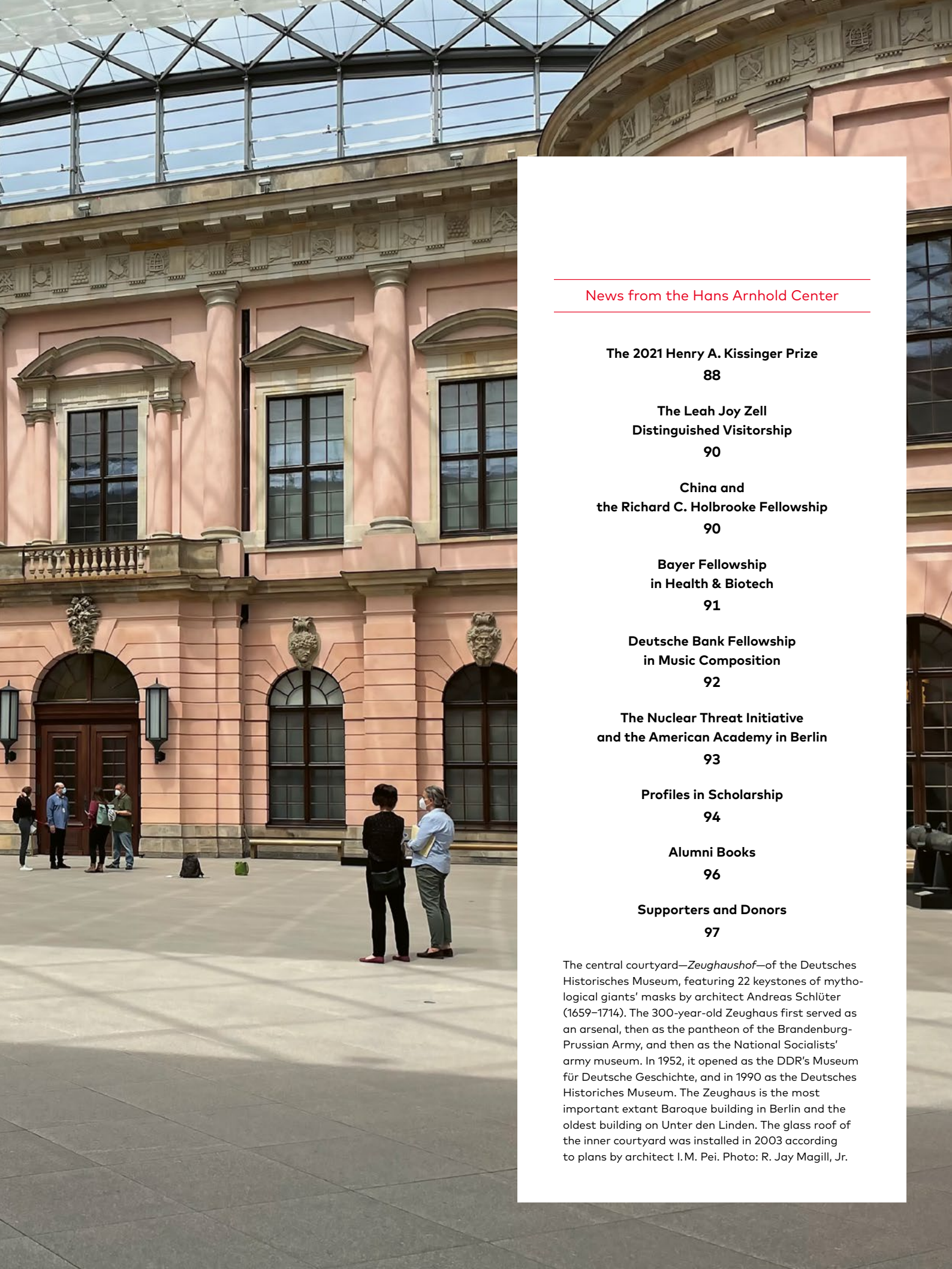
His sober, disciplined depiction of scholarly work urges the humanist not to inculcate values but to lead students toward conscientious reflection on values they regard as their own.

I had the pleasure of reading this extraordinary book in manuscript form for the University of Chicago Press, and since my first reading, in autumn 2019, we have had startling reminders of the fragility of our political order and we have suffered the ordeal of a global pandemic. These circumstances have undoubtedly sown existential anxiety and epistemic uncertainty. But they also open new opportunities—indeed imperatives—for reflection on meaning, inclusiveness, integrity, courage, pluralism, and possible futures. *Permanent Crisis* ends with the persuasive argument that the modern humanities will most effectively serve that imperative when they renounce their lingering attachment to the purposes of the human and embrace their relationship to the plurality of human purposes. □

Wie Europa Zeus bändigte
by Berit Ebert

In July 2021, the Academy's vice president of programs, Berit Ebert, published *Wie Europa Zeus bändigte: Transnationalität im europäischen Gleichstellungsrecht* (402 pages, Tectum Verlag), about the development of equality laws in the European Union and the political context surrounding their realization. The book assesses seventy judgments by the European Court of Justice—from the famous *Defrenne* cases in the 1970s, which rolled the notion social progress into hitherto delimited ideas of economic union, up to the 2018 *Coman* case, in which the ECJ compelled Romania to recognize a same-sex marriage in Belgium between a Romanian-American man and his American husband, despite Romania's prohibition of same-sex marriage. The legal and political complexities of supranationalism take the spotlight as Ebert traces the EU's increasingly codified prohibition of discrimination, the integration of basic and human rights and legal protections to all EU citizens, and how these gradual developments have advanced the rights particularly of women and the LGBTQ community over the past half-century, most prominently now in Poland's judicial reform.


NOTEBOOK



News from the Hans Arnhold Center

The central courtyard—*Zeughaushof*—of the Deutsches Historisches Museum, featuring 22 keystones of mythological giants' masks by architect Andreas Schlüter (1659–1714). The 300-year-old Zeughaus first served as an arsenal, then as the pantheon of the Brandenburg-Prussian Army, and then as the National Socialists' army museum. In 1952, it opened as the DDR's Museum für Deutsche Geschichte, and in 1990 as the Deutsches Historiches Museum. The Zeughaus is the most important extant Baroque building in Berlin and the oldest building on Unter den Linden. The glass roof of the inner courtyard was installed in 2003 according to plans by architect I.M. Pei. Photo: R. Jay Magill, Jr.

Official photo of Secretary of Defense James N. Mattis, 2017.
Photo: Monica King, United States Department of Defense

THE 2021 HENRY A. KISSINGER PRIZE

Honoring General James N. Mattis

On the evening of November 18, 2021, inside the grand glass-roofed inner courtyard of the Deutsches Historisches Museum—the *Zeughaushof*—the 2021 Henry A. Kissinger Prize will be awarded to General James N. Mattis. The American Academy's hallmark award—established in 2007 to honor its founding chairman—recognizes outstanding contributions made to the transatlantic relationship.

General Mattis has long shown an appreciation of strong international alliances in support of the transatlantic partnership. Guided by high moral principle and unwavering integrity, his values have found expression through inspiring leadership in the US Marine Corps, the US Central Command, and as the twenty-sixth US secretary of defense. General Mattis's steadfast support of NATO and disciplined strategic views in diplomatic, military, and political affairs have emphasized the bedrocks of democratic institutions and broadened collaboration. For these contributions and more, the American Academy in Berlin is proud to present General James N. Mattis with the 2021 Henry A. Kissinger Prize.

"It is a great honor to be recognized with the Henry A. Kissinger Prize," Mattis told the American Academy in Berlin. "Our world democracies face challenges unique to our time. The American Academy stands steadfast in its role, fostering the transatlantic dialogue so critical to sustaining the values we hold dear. In keeping with our generation's obligation, I salute the leaders devoted to strengthening trust between two of the world's committed democracies and bringing us closer together. This award energizes all devoted to that common goal."

General Mattis will be presented with the award during a special ceremony held at the Deutsches Historisches Museum, located in the heart of Berlin's historic district of Mitte. The evening is generously supported by Bloomberg Philanthropies, Robert Bosch GmbH, and Cerberus Deutschland Beteiligungsberatung GmbH. The Academy would also like to thank Eric Schmidt, Raytheon Technologies, and General Dynamics for making possible the establishment of the General James N. Mattis Distinguished Visitorship.

Last year's Henry A. Kissinger Prize was awarded to German chancellor Angela Merkel. The award ceremony took place in the Grand Orangery of Charlottenburg Palace with 400 invited guests and press. Remarks were delivered by Henry Kissinger, former US secretary of state John Kerry, and, by video message, former US President George W. Bush.

Previous recipients of the Henry A. Kissinger Prize are: late Arizona senator John McCain (2018); former German minister of finance Wolfgang Schäuble (2017); former US ambassador to the United Nations Samantha Power (2016); former Italian president Giorgio Napolitano and German foreign minister Dietrich Genscher (2015); former US secretary of state James A. Baker III (2014); founder of the Munich Security Conference, Ewald-Heinrich von Kleist (2013); former US secretary of state George P. Shultz (2012); former German chancellor Helmut Kohl (2011); former New York City mayor Michael Bloomerg (2010); former German president Richard von Weizsäcker (2009); former US president George H. W. Bush (2008); and the prize's inaugural recipient, former German chancellor Helmut Schmidt (2007). □

THE LEAH JOY ZELL DISTINGUISHED VISITORSHIP

The Academy's Distinguished Visitorship program was established in the early 2000s to create a dynamic, responsive format for well-established figures across a variety of professions to visit the Academy and speak on pertinent contemporary issues. Over the past two decades, this has resulted in scores of memorable talks by, among others, heads of American central banks and European corporations, leaders of major art museums and opera houses, prize-winning journalists and authors, and renowned artists, critics, and musicians. In addition to giving a keynote lecture, Distinguished Visitors engage in a series of meetings with German counterparts and enjoy select press opportunities, arranged by Academy staff.

The Academy is proud to expand the mission of this program with the Leah Joy Zell Distinguished Visitorship, to be inaugurated in the 2022/23 academic year. Established in honor of dedicated Academy trustee Leah Joy Zell, the visitorship was inspired and made possible through a generous gift by a donor (who prefers to remain anonymous) in recognition of Zell's longstanding allegiance to the transatlantic relationship and belief in the power of strong international alliances to navigate the world's most complex issues.

Photo courtesy Leah Joy Zell

In addition to her position as a trustee of the Academy, Zell is on the board of the International Rescue Committee and is a senior fellow at Harvard's Center for European Studies, ad hoc member of the Aspen Strategy Group, and past co-chair of the board of trustees of the Chicago Council on Global Affairs. She previously served on the Harvard University Board of Overseers and the board of trustees of the German Marshall Fund of the United States. In her professional life, Zell is the founder and non-executive chair of Lizard Investors, an asset management business based in Chicago.

The American Academy in Berlin looks forward to the inauguration of the Leah Joy Zell Distinguished Visitorship in the 2022/23 academic year and extends its gratitude to its munificent donor for this meaningful and visionary contribution. □

CHINA AND THE RICHARD C. HOLBROOKE FELLOWSHIP

The Richard C. Holbrooke Forum was established in 2013 as a remembrance of American Academy in Berlin's founder, and his commitment to diplomacy and statecraft. In spring 2018, the Richard C. Holbrooke Fellowship was created as a programmatic addition to the Forum, with the objective of providing opportunities for dialogue on questions of special importance to the United States and Germany, in the context of an expert workshop led by the semester's Holbrooke Fellow.

In fall 2020, the Holbrooke Fellow was Elizabeth Economy, a senior fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institution and for China studies at the Council on Foreign Relations. During the semester, she organized a dialogue among 19 German and American China experts, who included representatives from government, business, and the think tank community. They convened three times during the semester (under Chatham House Rule) to identify a number of shared interests regarding Chinese approaches to trade and investment, security, and global governance.

There were several key takeaways. First, the objective of any US-German or US-EU cooperation on China should not be to change China but to shape the environment in which China operates. This effort demands strengthening the domestic competitiveness of both Germany and the US, as well as developing robust new agreements and coordinating mechanisms among a broader range of democracies and other partners. Second, US and German understandings and approaches to China are increasingly aligned, particularly in the area of global governance. Differences remain around the degree to

which participants believed that China could be usefully engaged in areas such as technology, trade, and development, as well as the degree of threat each side perceived from China's growing military prowess. Participants identified specific opportunities for cooperation across all issue areas and viewed them as important to pursue. Third, Germany's approach to China is still evolving, and there are significant debates over China policy in areas such as the appropriate balance between trade and security interests, determining which China-related issues should be dealt with by Germany and which should be dealt with by the EU, and the degree to which both Germany and the EU should pursue strategic sovereignty. The German federal election in fall 2021 may well contribute to change in the country's policy toward China.

The results of the workshop were summarized in Elizabeth Economy's March 2021 Holbrooke Lecture, "Rethink, Reset, Recalibrate: US-China Relations from Donald Trump to Joe Biden," in which she addressed how China's domestic politics have impacted US engagement and competition. The lecture was followed by a panel discussion with Mikko Huotari (Executive Director, Mercator Institute for China Studies), Evan Medeiros (Penner Family Chair in Asian Studies and Cling Family Distinguished Fellow in US-China Studies, Georgetown University), and Volker Stanzel (Senior Distinguished Fellow, German Institute for International Security Affairs and former German ambassador to China). A video of the lecture is available at americanacademy.de/video-and-audio □

BAYER FELLOWSHIP IN HEALTH & BIOTECH

Howard K. Koh. Photo courtesy Harvard University

Sustainable innovation in health and biotechnology depends on a variety of factors. Sufficient resources and an open infrastructure are essential in creating an environment for scientists to further their research. At the same time, fostering innovation in this field requires both creativity and close cooperation between key stakeholders. For this reason, starting in fall 2021 the American Academy in Berlin and Bayer AG are initiating the Bayer Fellowship in Health & Biotech. Through this unique collaboration, Bayer AG and the American Academy seek to encourage closer partnerships between academia and the pharmaceutical industry, as well as to foster a more fruitful exchange between the United States and Germany in health and biotech disciplines.

With the Bayer Fellowship in Health & Biotech, the American Academy will bring leading US experts to Berlin to advance networks in the field and to promote cross-border dialogue with representatives from academia, business, industry, policy, and the interested public. The fellowship, awarded annually, aims to spark future cooperation and exchange between academic and corporate actors, resulting in a more expansive biotech network that spurs innovation across disciplines.

The inaugural Bayer Fellow in Health & Biotech is Howard K. Koh, the Harvey V. Fineberg Professor of the Practice of Public Health Leadership at the Harvard T. H. Chan School of Public Health and the Harvard Kennedy School. A renowned public-health expert, Koh has received over seventy awards and honors for interdisciplinary accomplishments in medicine and public health and has been recognized by *Modern Healthcare* as one of the country's Top 100 Most Influential People in Healthcare as well as one of the Top 25 Minority Executives in Healthcare. While in Berlin, Koh will speak about public measures to be established for the prevention of future pandemics and the renewed importance of public-health education. □

DEUTSCHE BANK FELLOWSHIP IN MUSIC COMPOSITION

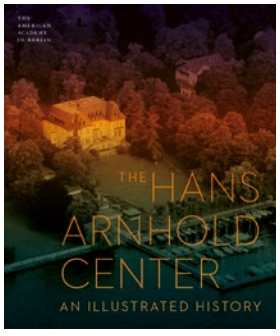
Du Yun. Photo: Zhang Hai

With seven full-time orchestras, three opera companies, and numerous chamber-music ensembles, Berlin has arguably one of the most vibrant classical music scenes of any city worldwide. It also claims a lively new-music scene and, more recently, has become an international focal point for composers of new contemporary work.

Since welcoming its first composer fellow, in 2000, the American Academy has prided itself on introducing its Berlin Prize composers to the city's dynamic musical world, joining them with local conductors, performers, presenters, musicologists, and music journalists. Brokering these kinds of relationships is key to fostering creative musical exchange, and can lead to exciting, often unforeseen, creative partnerships.

The Academy's music composition fellowship was born of an emphasis on transatlantic cooperation and artistic creation. Over the years, composers from various American cities and composers in Berlin have benefitted, initiating unique projects that may otherwise never have arisen. In this way, the Academy's music composition fellowship has shaped the development of individual careers and created long-term networks that influence artistic processes and musical styles.

Starting in spring 2022, thanks to the generous and visionary support of Deutsche Bank, the former Berlin Prize in Music Composition will officially be renamed the Deutsche Bank Fellowship in Music Composition. Its first recipient is the renowned composer, multi-instrumentalist, vocalist, and performance artist Du Yun, a professor of music composition at The Johns Hopkins University. Winner of the 2017 Pulitzer Prize for Music, Du Yun was a 2018 Guggenheim Fellow and received a 2019 Grammy nomination in the category of Best Classical Contemporary Composition, for her work *Air Glow*. She was also named one of the 38 Great Immigrants by the Carnegie Corporation of New York in 2018. During her stay at the Academy, Du Yun will be working on a pipa concerto for Chinese instrumentalist Wu Man and an installation of AR work featuring Kunqu opera, under her Future Tradition Initiative. □



In fall 2020, the American Academy in Berlin published *The Hans Arnhold Center: An Illustrated History*. Designed by Berlin-based graphic designer Carolyn Steinbeck and inspired by research originally undertaken by fall 2014 Holtzbrinck Fellow Hillel Schwartz, the lavishly illustrated volume tells the story of the residence that came to be known as the Hans Arnhold Center. The book moves from the house's construction in 1890, for the chemist Franz Oppenheim and his family, through the ownership of Hans and Ludmilla Arnhold (1924–1937), and the takeover of the residence by the Nazi minister of finance, in 1938, to the transition of the Arnhold residence from postwar refugee center to US military recreational outpost, and into the 1990s. In 1997, under the aegis of the newly formed American Academy in Berlin, the house was christened the Hans Arnhold Center by Anna-Maria Kellen, the youngest Arnhold daughter, who, along with her sister, Ellen Maria, had spent her formative years there. The book was created by former Academy archivist Yolande Korb, who undertook archival and image research, fact-checking, and liaising with historians; Simone Lässig, director of the German Historical Institute and an expert on the Arnhold family bank, and R. Jay Magill, editor of the *Berlin Journal*. □

THE NUCLEAR THREAT INITIATIVE AND THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN BERLIN

"Everyone who is paying attention understands that we are going through a period of significant challenge," said Academy president Daniel Benjamin in his opening comments for the online panel discussion "Time for Leaders to Step Up: Recommendations to the US, Europe, and Russia for Dialogue, Predictability, and Stability." A joint event hosted by the Nuclear Threat Initiative (NTI), Euro-Atlantic Security Leadership Group (EASLG), Munich Security Conference, and American Academy in Berlin, the June 7 panel included international cosigners to a recent statement entitled "Advancing Strategic Stability in the Euro-Atlantic Region, 2021 and Beyond." The statement, sent to leaders of the G7 and publicized widely, concerned strengthening international security through genuine, restored dialogue, through carving out a set of principles to advance strategic stability and reduce the risk of miscalculation, and taking steps for managing instability and building mutual security. The statement was released on the eve of the June 2021 G7 summit, which was followed the next week by NATO, US-EU, and US-Russia summit meetings.

To share their thoughts and insights, leading experts joining Daniel Benjamin were Academy trustee and director of the Munich Security Conference Wolfgang Ischinger; Nathalie Tocci, the director of Istituto Affari Internazionali; Igor S. Ivanov, a former Russian foreign minister, and president of the Russian International Affairs Council; Ernest J. Moniz, a former US secretary of energy, and co-chairman and CEO of the Nuclear Threat Initiative; NTI vice chair Des Browne, of the European Leadership Network; and NTI co-chairman and co-founder Sam Nunn, the former Georgia senator and long-outspoken advocate for nuclear arms reduction.

The panelists emphasized the need for dialogue and recognized each party's vital role in the improvement of strategic stability in the Euro-Atlantic region, as well as their share of responsibility in maintaining that dialogue. Only this way, the group agreed, could the world return to a period of mutual trust and confidence that would catalyze greater action in the direction of strategic arms reduction. Or more simply put, in the closing words of Ernest Moniz: "Dialogue. Dialogue. Dialogue." □

PROFILES IN SCHOLARSHIP 2021–22

AMERICAN ACADEMY FELLOW

Michael J. Abramowitz
(Fall 2021)
President, Freedom House
At the Academy, Abramowitz will be assessing European attitudes towards the global challenge of democratic erosion and rising authoritarianism. By meeting with parliamentarians, diplomats, and NGOs, he intends to survey the policy landscape in Europe and attitudes towards democracy support and innovation in this space, and to convene a substantial workshop on the topic.

ANNA-MARIA KELLEN FELLOWS

Lauren Benton (Spring 2022)
Barton M. Biggs Professor of History and Professor of Law, Yale University
While in Berlin, Benton is completing a book manuscript about the global significance of legalities of small wars in European empires between 1400 and 1900.

Christopher H. Gibbs
(Spring 2022)
James H. Ottaway Jr. Professor of Music, Bard College; Co-Artistic Director, Bard Music Festival
Gibbs has long been committed to so-called public musicology, especially to forging links between music scholarship and general audiences through curated concerts and festivals. In Berlin, he will explore the past, present, and future of concert life in the city.

AXEL SPRINGER FELLOWS

Deborah Amos (Spring 2022)
International Correspondent, NPR; and Ferris Professor of Journalism in Residence, Princeton University
In her Academy project, "The Long Road to Accountability in Syria Runs through Germany," Amos will draw on a decade of investigative reporting on the implications of the first trial concerning Syrian accountability for torture and human rights violations, now taking place in Koblenz. In Berlin, she will gather interviews with the Syrian exile population in Germany, legal scholars and lawyers working on the case, journalists, and other experts.

Javiera Barandiarán
(Spring 2022)
Associate Professor of Global Studies and UC Faculty Director, Education Abroad Program Office, Chile, and Argentina, University of California, Santa Barbara
Barandiarán's book project examines the origins and growth of lithium extraction in the US, Chile, and Argentina. By following geologists and other experts, she examines the mineral underpinnings of global free trade, Cold War scientific diplomacy, and anxieties over non-carbon futures. In Berlin, she will research German chemical and automobile firms involved in the lithium trade.

BAYER FELLOW IN HEALTH & BIOTECH

Howard Kyongju Koh
(Fall 2021/Spring 2022)
Harvey V. Fineberg Professor of the Practice of Public Health Leadership at the Harvard T. H. Chan School of Public Health, Harvard University

BERTHOLD LEIBINGER FELLOW

Bertrall Ross (Fall 2021)
Justice Thurgood Marshall Distinguished Professor of Law, University of Virginia Law School
Ross will trace competing conceptions of self-government that evolved over two centuries of English and American political thought, culminating in the US Constitution's Fifteenth Amendment, which protects against racially discriminatory infringements on the right to vote. He does so to pose an open question: Does this Amendment protect only individuals' narrow right to cast a ballot without discrimination, or does it reach further to bar impediments to truly racially inclusive governing bodies? The answer could have far-reaching implications for subsequent amendments that protect nondiscriminatory voting rights for women, the poor, and the young.

BERLIN PRIZE FELLOW

Tess Lewis (Spring 2022)
Freelance Writer and Translator
In Berlin, Lewis will be working on a translation of Lutz Seiler's 2020 novel *Stern 111*. Named after an iconic East German transistor radio, the novel chronicles an aspiring poet's experiences during the brief period of utopian anarchy between the fall of the Wall and German unification, a time when completely new social and economic systems seemed possible.

DAIMLER FELLOW

Lawrence Douglas
(Spring 2022)
James J. Grosfeld Professor of Law, Jurisprudence, and Social Thought, Amherst College
Douglas will work on *Aggression, Atrocity, and the* "Verbrecherstaat," a book that offers a historical and conceptual look at how law has sought to gain dominion over the most extreme crimes. The book aims to show how these efforts have unmoored the law's traditional anchors to time and place, altered the law's relationship to victims and victim groups, and volatized the basic distinction between war and policing.

DEUTSCHE BANK FELLOW IN MUSIC COMPOSITION

Du Yun (Spring 2022)
Professor of Composition, The Johns Hopkins University; Composer, Vocalist, and Performance Artist
Du Yun will be working on a pipa concerto for Chinese instrumentalist Wu Man and an installation of AR work featuring Kunqu opera, under her Future Tradition Initiative.

DIRK IPPEN FELLOW

Amy Kurzweil (Fall 2021)
Writer and Cartoonist
Kurzweil will work on her second graphic memoir, *Artificial: A Love Story*, which explores her father's ambition to "resurrect"—through a marriage of machine learning and the documents saved in a storage unit—the identity of his own father, a Viennese musician who narrowly escaped the Holocaust and died of heart disease fifty years ago.

ELLEN MARIA GORRISSEN FELLOWS

Joy Milligan (Fall 2021)
Professor of Law, University of Virginia Law School
In her book project "The Constitution and Federally Funded Apartheid," Milligan probes the origins and implications of US national policies and practices of racial segregation during the twentieth century.

Eric Wesley (Spring 2022)
Visual artist
Wesley is a conceptual artist, creator of objects, and sculptor. At the Academy, he will work on a time-based performative project. The resulting

sculpture will address the nature of time and space as well as statuary.

GERHARD CASPER FELLOW

Yanni Kotsonis (Fall 2021)
Professor of History and Russian and Slavic Studies, New York University
Kotsonis is writing a book that treats the Greek Revolution (1821–1829) as a new moment in European geopolitics. He aims to show how the revolution grew out of the Napoleonic Wars, entailed a demographic revolution that simplified the population into Christians only, and was the precedent for future revolutions that created small, nominally independent countries globally.

HOLTZBRINCK FELLOWS

Channing Joseph (Fall 2021)
Author; and Lecturer of Journalism, University of Southern California
In his Academy project, the forthcoming book *House of Swann: Where Slaves Became Queens—and Changed the World*, Joseph presents a narrative biography of William Dorsey Swann—a formerly enslaved Black man who became the earliest-known self-described drag queen and the earliest-known American queer activist. Drawing on previously unexplored archival sources, Joseph will tell the untold story of how Swann inspired a rebellious group—most of them formerly enslaved people—to create a secret world of crossdressing balls in the 1880s and '90s in Washington, D.C.

Alec MacGillis (Fall 2021)
Author; and Senior Reporter, ProPublica
MacGillis will conduct research for a book on the high-stakes, worldwide effort to slow climate change by reducing coal burning, a source of significant carbon-dioxide emissions. The book will tell the story of coal in the United States, Germany, and China, showing its integral role in their rise to global power and how they are now, to different degrees and with varied approaches, trying to move beyond it. The book also addresses what these nations are doing for the people and places that will feel the effects of the coal exit most acutely, and how those effects have figured in the rise of right-wing authoritarian populism.

JOHN P. BIRKELUND FELLOWS IN THE HUMANITIES

Juana María Rodríguez (Fall 2021)
Professor and Chair of Ethnic Studies, University of California, Berkeley
Rodríguez will be completing her new book, *Puta Life: Seeing Latinas, Working Sex*, which traces the figure of the Latina sex worker across a range of texts that combine biography with visual forms of representation. Rodríguez uses these encounters with alterity to explore how diverse genres of documentation shape how racialized sexuality, gendered migration, and social stigma are engaged aesthetically, affectively, and politically.

Ariella Aïsha Azoulay (Spring 2022)
Professor of Modern Culture and Media and of Comparative Literature, Brown University
While in Berlin, Azoulay will complete her "Algerian Epistolary Treaty"—a series of letters addressed to family members, authors of texts about Algeria, and companions in her academic work, who all share a place in her effort to "potentialize" and decolonize the history of Algerian Jews (and "Jewish history" more generally).

MARY ELLEN VON DER HEYDEN FELLOWS IN FICTION

Lan Samantha Chang (Fall 2021)
Elizabeth M. Stanley Professor of the Arts, Program in Creative Writing, University of Iowa
While in Berlin, Chang will be completing her novel *The Family Chao*, which explores the boundaries of the immigrant story. She also hopes to begin a new novel.

Ladee Hubbard (Fall 2021)
Author
Hubbard will work on a novel that places the late twentieth-century War on Drugs in the larger historical context of African Americans being used in drug trials and medical experiments. The novel also considers parallels between the policing of external borders of the nation-state and practices that have mediated the internal segregation of certain populations in the United States.

NINA MARIA GORRISSEN FELLOWS IN HISTORY

Johan Elverskog (Fall 2021)
Dedman Family Distinguished Professor, Professor of History, Southern Methodist University
Elverskog will be working on his new book project, "A History of Uighur Buddhism, 800–1800," which explores the pivotal role Uighur Buddhists played in shaping Eurasian history while also exploring some of the key issues of our post-secular age: Why convert to a new religion? How is religion manifested and maintained? And, finally, why abandon it?

Damián Fernández (Spring 2022)
Associate Professor of History, Northern Illinois University
Fernández will work on his monograph *Rebellion and Political Authority in the Visigothic Kingdom of Toledo (507–711 CE): Tyrants, Invaders, Sinners, and the Quest for Order*. The book examines the role of rebellion and the figure of the rebel in one of Rome's successor kingdoms and the interplay between rebellion and ideas on post-imperial kingship. The project will contribute towards a reassessment of political authority and its underlying ideological principles during the transition from Antiquity to the Middle Ages.

RICHARD C. HOLBROOKE FELLOW

Etel Solingen (Spring 2022)
Thomas T. and Elizabeth C. Tierney Chair in Peace and Conflict Studies; Distinguished Professor University of California, Irvine
Solingen will extend the lessons from her recently completed collaborative volume *Geopolitics, Supply Chains and International Relations of East Asia* to examine "EU-China-US Relations: Diplomacy, Geopolitics, and Global Supply Chains." In Berlin, she will convene a workshop on that topic with participants from academia, think tanks, government, and industry.

Distinguished Visitors (2021–22)

RICHARD VON WEIZSÄCKER DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Shira Brisman
Assistant Professor in Early Modern Art, University of Pennsylvania

MARCUS BIERICH DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Pieter M. Judson
Professor of History, European University Institute Florence

MAX BECKMANN DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

Gary Kuehn
Artist

Julie Mehretu
Artist; and Trustee, American Academy in Berlin

JOHN W. KLUGE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Suzanne McConnell
Author

KURT VIERMETZ LECTURER

Eswar S. Prasad
Tolani Senior Professor of Trade Policy, Cornell University

AIRBUS DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Helen Siu
Professor of Anthropology, Yale University

ALUMNI BOOKS

Marco Abel, Jessica Poli, Timothy Schaffert
More in Time: A Tribute to Ted Kooser
University of Nebraska Press
March 2021

Hilton Als
I Don't Remember
Penguin UK
March 4, 2021

Susan Bernofsky
Clairvoyant of the Small: The Life of Robert Walser
Yale University Press
May 2021

Monica Black
A Demon-Haunted Land: Witches, Wonder Doctors, and the Ghosts of the Past in Post-WWII Germany
Metropolitan Books
January 2021

Mary Capello
Called Back: My Reply to Cancer, My Return to Life
Reissue by Fordham University Press
July 2021

Jeffrey Chipps Smith
Albrecht Dürer and the Embodiment of Genius: Decorating Museums in the Nineteenth Century
Penn State University Press
November 2021

Mary Ann Doane
Bigger Than Life: The Close-Up and Scale in the Cinema
Duke University Press
November 2021

Nancy Foner
One Quarter of the Nation: Immigration and the Transformation of America
Princeton University Press
January 2022

Paul Guyer
Reason and Experience in Mendelssohn and Kant
Oxford University Press
July 2020

Karen Hagemann
The Oxford Handbook of Gender, War, and the Western World since 1600
Oxford University Press
November 2020

Philip Kitcher, Jan-Christoph Heilinger
Moral Progress
Oxford University Press
June 2021

Jytte Klausen
Western Jihadism, A Thirty-Year History
Oxford University Press
August 2021

Steven Klein
The Work of Politics: Making a Democratic Welfare State
Cambridge University Press
September 2020

Jill Lepore
If Then: How the Simulmatics Corporation Invented the Future
Norton & Company
September 2020

Sigrid Nunez
What Are You Going Through
Riverhead Books
September 2020

Christian Ostermann
Between Containment and Rollback: The United States and the Cold War in Germany
Stanford University Press
April 2021

George Packer
Last Best Hope: America in Crisis and Renewal
Farrar, Straus and Giroux
June 2021

Paul Reitter
Permanent Crisis: The Humanities in a Disenchanted Age
University of Chicago Press
July 2021

Timothy Scott Brown
Sixties Europe
Cambridge University Press
July 2020

Christina Schwenkel
Building Socialism
Duke University Press
January 2021

Daniel Tiffany
Cry Baby Mystic
Parlor Press
January 2021

Liliane Weissberg
Benjamin Veitel Ephraim – Kaufmann, Schriftsteller, Geheimagent: Gesammelte Schriften
De Gruyter
October 2021

Who owns the land, by whose authority, and with what rights? These questions led 2008 Academy alumnus **Mitch Epstein** to create *Property Rights* (Steidl, September 2021), a collection of photographs and texts examining issues of land ownership, government confiscation, and the power of historical representation. Epstein began the photographic series in 2017 at Standing Rock, and over the next four years charted contested lands from Pennsylvania and Hawaii to the Mexican border, along with troubling scenes of environmental catastrophe. In keeping with his 50-year exploration of American life, Epstein's *Property Rights* questions the relationship among institutions, civil rights, and the abuses of nature itself in a time of alarming social and political division.

The cover of this issue of the *Berlin Journal—Robert E. Lee Memorial/Marcus-David Peters Circle, Richmond, Virginia, 2020*—appears in *Property Rights*. We are grateful to Mitch Epstein and his studio manager, Ryan Spencer, for the serendipitous opportunity to publish this powerful and timely image.

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