AGAINST KREMLIN-BAITING
STEPHEN F. COHEN

SOCIALISM'S RETURN
PATRICK IBER

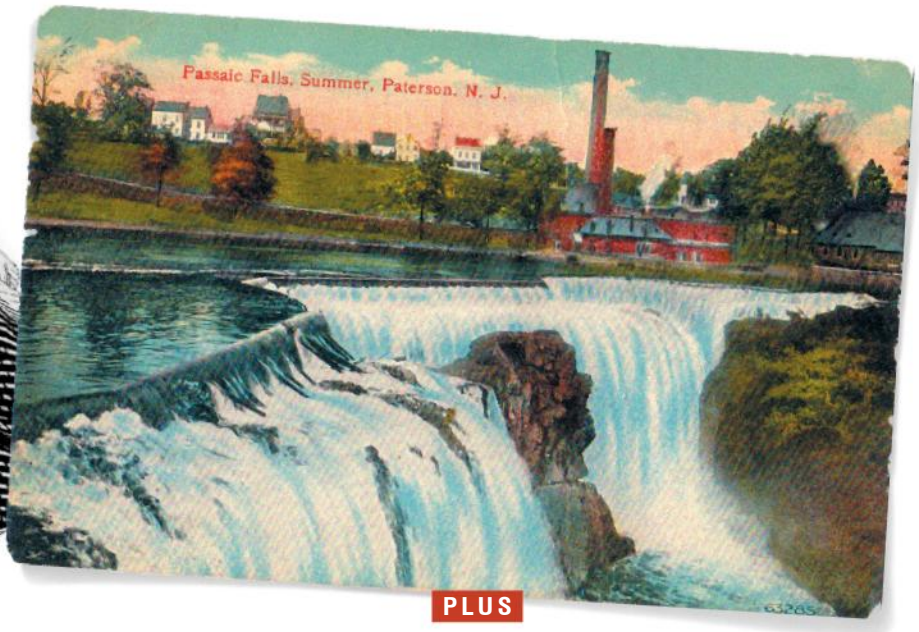
THE Nation.

MARCH 13, 2017

Paterson:

Alexander Hamilton's Trickle-Down City

RICHARD KREITNER



PLUS

New Jersey's Progressive Insurgent

BOB AND BARBARA DREYFUSS

Letters

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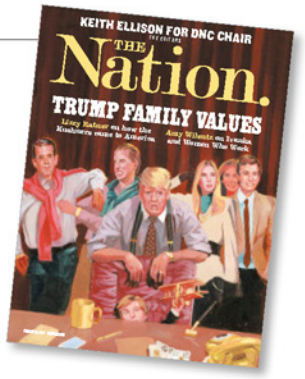

We Were Immigrants Once

Lizzy Ratner's Feb. 20 article, "The Last Time We Closed the Gates," struck a chord with me. My late father William Seligman, a Jew from Poland like Ratner's grandfather, traveled to the United States on the RMS *Aquitania* in the early 1920s. He, too, entered the country through Ellis Island. Although I'm quite sure that they never met, my father and Ratner's grandfather had comparable experiences in adjusting to the United States and becoming citizens. At rare moments, such as those occasioned by reading this article, I wonder whether I would ever have been born had my father not been able to flee Poland for the "promised land," and had this country not been willing (perhaps reluctantly) to accept him and provide a "path to citizenship."

In the midst of all that is going on with our government, it is important to remember the values and attitudes that contributed to the greatness that is America. I hope that Jared Kushner will remember his family history and that he will use this knowledge to help influence the decisions of the new administration.

Richard Seligman
Pasadena, Calif.

We are a better society when we learn from our history, both personal and national. The fear of the other has always been used to unite groups that feel threatened and want to remain insular. History shows us that hatred of difference does not build a supportive or healthy society. I value the biblical exhortation to love the stranger as you love yourself. I hope we can all fight these recent attacks on immigration. Immigrants come here with an enthusiasm and work ethic that has always benefited the United States. What a dull and lifeless place we would be without their energy and perseverance.

Cathleen Merend

Truly Democratic, Truly National

As a nonpartisan voter since 1950, I agree with your Feb. 20 editorial ["For Keith Ellison"]: Ellison is an ideal candidate to lead the Democratic National Committee. Whoever is elected to this post must recognize that the Democratic Party long ago lost touch with its natural constituency: those who sweat, strain, and labor hard to make a decent living. The party must also sincerely embrace another of its natural bases: progressives. Most important, our democracy is not a spectator sport. Every vote counts! US presidents—but also mayors, city-council members, county commissioners, and a host of other officials—are elected at polling stations throughout the nation, not just within the DC Beltway, at fund-raisers for big-ticket donors, or in the offices of idealistic but well-paid professionals. Keith Ellison's record exemplifies this reality.

James L. Appleton
Mountain Ranch, Calif.

Trump's Uncivil Acts

I cannot thank Patricia J. Williams enough for her wonderful piece "You're Fired!" [Feb. 6/13], although I did feel quite distressed after reading it. As a member of the military, I was initially excited by the opportunity to continue serving my country after I transitioned back to civilian life. The last few months, however, have done so much grave harm to the ideal of the federal civil service that I no longer find the thought of working for the government appealing. In addition to the hiring freeze ordered by Donald Trump, the news that the

Comments drawn from our website

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(continued on page 26)

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Billionaires vs. Bombardiers

How do we make sense of the apparent chaos in the Trump White House, with the president saying something one day and his top officials insisting otherwise the very next? There is, of course, the unstable personality of the president himself, and the fact that he has yet to install a complete cadre of senior policy-makers. But I believe there's a deeper, more structural explanation for the chaos. Swirling around Trump and fighting for supremacy are two powerful factions: the billionaires, who seek maximum opportunity for elite enrichment, and the bombardiers—political ideologues who seek to bring down the existing world order and establish a new one in their preferred image. So long as these two competing factions continue to enjoy Trump's patronage, we can expect continuing reversals in the weeks and months to come.

That Trump has a predilection for the super-rich in his inner circle is hardly a secret. Even though he denounced the oppressive power of Wall Street during the campaign, he has chosen many of its leading figures to serve by his side. Among the billionaires and multimillionaires in his cabinet are Betsy DeVos (estimated family net worth: $5.6 billion) as education secretary, Wilbur Ross ($2.5 billion) as commerce secretary, Steve Mnuchin ($500 million) as Treasury secretary, and Rex Tillerson ($325 million) as secretary of state. Trump has also scoured the executive ranks of the banking giant Goldman Sachs for many of his senior advisers, including Gary Cohn as his top economic adviser and Dina Powell as a special adviser on economic initiatives.

To say that these representatives of the super-rich espouse a unified agenda would be simplistic. Nevertheless, they share many common interests and can be expected to cooperate in pursuing major objectives, such as corporate tax cuts, the elimination of restrictions on fossil-fuel extraction, the privatization of education, and a rollback of the 2010 Dodd-Frank Act overhauling financial regulations. While perhaps more focused on domestic economic profiteering than other members of the billionaire class, they are all beneficiaries of a world capitalist system that has flourished in an era of globalization and free trade.

The bombardiers may share some illiberal values with the billionaire class, but they have a fundamentally different worldview. For them, economic enrichment is less important than prevailing in what they view as an epic struggle between the "Judeo-Christian West" and the non-Western (especially Islamic) world—a "clash of civilizations," as the late political scientist Samuel Huntington put it. This group includes senior White House strategist Steve Bannon, senior policy adviser Stephen Miller, and immigration and security adviser Sebastian Gorka.

For the bombardiers, capitalism has been corrupted by global elites who put multinationalism and free trade above national sovereignty and the struggle against Islam. As they see it, the world order is an impediment to the West's victory in this struggle, and so it must be demolished. In its place, a new world order—led by an alliance of ultranationalistic, predominantly white and Christian nations, including the United States, Britain, and Russia—will dominate the planet.

There can be no true accommodation between the billionaires and bombardiers in Trump's inner circle. The populists' fight, Bannon declared in 2014, is "with the Republican establishment, which is really a collection of crony capitalists that feel that they have a different set of rules of how they're going to comport themselves and how they're going to run things." Those crony capitalists, he insisted, "want to have more and more monopolistic power, and they're doing that kind of convergence with big government." Only when they're driven from power can the true spirit of entrepreneurial capitalism be set free and the Judeo-Christian West rescued.

But the billionaires that Trump has picked for top cabinet positions are determined to perpetuate the power of what Bannon would call crony capitalism—

UPFRONT

COLUMNS

Features

Books & the Arts

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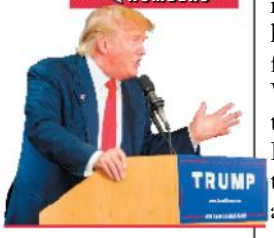
DC BY THE NUMBERS



75
Private lawsuits against Donald Trump still pending after his election

4,000
Lawsuits filed against Trump over the last 30 years

1
Trump appointees who have resigned after discussing US sanctions against Russia with that country's ambassador

0
Prosecutions to date under the Logan Act, which former national-security adviser Michael Flynn allegedly violated

"My daughter Ivanka has been treated so unfairly by @Nordstrom."

Donald Trump, in a tweet that ethics experts said violated the president's promised separation of business and government

—Skanda Kadirgamar

the use of big government to advance the interests of monopoly capital. Steve Mnuchin has made no secret of his wish to roll back parts of Dodd-Frank to make it easier for the giant banks to engage in speculative trading. The White House has also promised to eviscerate the restrictions on oil and gas extraction—a goal long sought by Rex Tillerson while he was CEO of ExxonMobil. All of the billionaires, of course, stand to benefit from tax cuts and other corporate-friendly moves favored by Trump.

The billionaires also have a fundamental stake in the survival of the US-dominated world order. All made their fortunes and continue to prosper in a nexus of economic and trade arrangements that have allowed US-style capitalism to flourish. As a result, they are unlikely to favor policies that would introduce major shocks to that system, such as the dissolution of NATO, the European Union, or the World Trade Organization. This explains, I think, the efforts being made by Vice President Mike Pence and Defense Secretary Jim Mattis to reassure America's allies of Washington's continuing commitment to its international obligations. Presumably, Gen. H.R. McMaster, Trump's choice to replace Michael Flynn as national-security adviser, will continue in this vein.

But the bombardiers are just as determined to pursue their own agenda, and they appear to wield as much power in the White House as the billionaires. Trump's continuing obsession with building a wall on the US-Mexican border and keeping out unwanted Muslim migrants is evident of their influence, as is the demagogic bent of his populist-patriotic messaging.

It follows from all this that we can anticipate continuing turmoil in the White House as the billionaires and the bombardiers fight for control over policy and key appointments. The Donald himself, with leanings in both directions, is likely to play one side against the other as it suits him, always craving affirmation and adulation. But the "ship of state," as it's sometimes called, will lurch this way and that until one faction or another gains control of the wheel or the ship careens into a major crisis and prompts outside forces to step in and eliminate the entire crew, Trump and all.

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Michael T. Klare, The Nation's defense correspondent, is professor of peace and world-security studies at Hampshire College.

COMMENT

Against Kremlin-Baiting

Anti-Trump facts, or merely allegations?

The bipartisan, nearly full-political-spectrum tsunami of factually unverified allegations that President Trump has been seditiously "compromised" by the Kremlin, with scarcely any nonpartisan pushback from influential political or media sources, is deeply alarming. Begun by the Clinton campaign in mid-2016, and exemplified now by *New York Times* columnists (who write of a "Trump-Putin regime" in Washington), strident MSNBC hosts, and unbalanced CNN commentators, the practice is growing into a latter-day McCarthyite hysteria. Such politically malignant practices should be deplored wherever they appear, whether on the part of conservatives, liberals, or progressives.

The allegations are driven by political forces with various agendas: the Hillary Clinton wing of the Democratic Party, which wants to maintain its grip on the party by insisting that she didn't lose the election but that it was stolen by Russian President Vladimir Putin for Trump; by enemies of Trump's proposed détente with Russia, who want to discredit both him and Putin; and by Republicans and Democrats stunned that Trump essentially ran and won without either party, thereby threatening the established two-party system. Whatever the motivation, the ensuing slurs against Trump, which are already producing calls for his impeachment, pose grave threats to US and international security and to American democracy itself.

So far, no facts have been presented to back up the allegations. (Without facts, all of us are doomed to malpractice or worse.) An impartial investigation might search for such facts, if any exist, which should then be evaluated objectively—but neither may be possible in the current political atmosphere, only a witch hunt.

For now, six allegations pass as evidence that Trump has been compromised, or worse, by the Kremlin:

1. The president has "lavished praise" on Putin. All Trump has said in this regard is that Putin is "a strong leader" and "very smart" and that it would be good "to cooperate with Russia." These are empirically true statements. They pale in comparison with the warm words of previous US presidents for Russia's leaders, including those of Franklin Roosevelt about Joseph Stalin, those of Richard Nixon about Leonid Brezhnev, and particularly those of Bill Clinton about Boris Yeltsin, whom Clinton compared favorably to George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Franklin Roosevelt. Only against the backdrop of the unrelenting US political-media establishment's demonization of Putin could Trump's "praise" be considered lavish. Instead, unlike virtually every other mainstream American political figure and media outlet, Trump simply refuses to vilify Putin—declining to characterize him as a "killer" of personal enemies, for which there is also no evidence.

2. Trump and his associates have had, it is charged, business dealings in Russia and with Russian "oligarchs." Perhaps, but so have many major American corporations, including Boeing, Pfizer, Ford, General Electric, Morgan Stanley, McDonald's, and Starbucks. Their Russian partners are often "oligarchs." Moreover, unlike many international hotel corporations, Trump tried but failed to build his signature enterprise in Russia. The "Russian assets" about which his son spoke seem to have been from selling condos and co-ops in the United States to cash-bearing Russians in search of a luxury brand—hardly delegitimizing. It is said that Trump's tax returns, if revealed, would expose nefarious Russian influence. Perhaps, but considering the financial documents of ownership he has made public, that seems unlikely. Regardless, this remains an allegation, not a fact.

3. Trump's "associate" and, briefly, campaign manager, Paul Manafort, is alleged to have been "pro-Russian" when

(continued on page 8)

Q&A KEEANGA-YAMAHTTA TAYLOR

By December 2014, the uprising in Ferguson, Missouri, had been transformed into a national movement against police violence and racism. Keeanga-Yamahtta Taylor, an organizer and an assistant professor of African-American studies at Princeton University, began writing a book that would situate the movement in the long history of militant struggles for black freedom. After Trump's election, we discussed that book, *From #BlackLivesMatter to Black Liberation*, as well as Taylor's current work on the March 8 international women's strike.

—Sarah Leonard

SL: Besides offering a tremendous historical resource to the movement, what intervention did you want to make with this book?

KT: I wanted to understand why this movement was emerging when it did, during the administration of Barack Obama, which in many ways represented the peak of black political power in the United States. Not only was there a black president, but a black attorney general, 46 black members of Congress, and literally thousands of black elected officials in the United States.

SL: You describe the rise of a black political elite, beginning in the late 1960s. How do you see the election of black representatives affecting the politics of black liberation?

KT: I was writing that chapter during the uprising in Baltimore in April of 2015 after the death of Freddie Gray from injuries caused by the police. One of the central ideas emerging from the black insurgency of the 1960s was that if African Americans were in political control of the spaces where they lived, then not only would they quell urban uprisings, but black elected officials would govern in a more equitable way.

So for me, the culmination of that politics is not just Obama but a place like Baltimore, which did experience a rebellion in 1968 and, 49 years later, had a black mayor, a black police chief, half of the City Council black, the school board. But what we can see is that African Americans in significant positions of power still have very minimal impact on the rates of poverty and unemployment in that city—and the capstone, really, is the murder of Freddie Gray. When you have the black mayor and black police chief call upon a black woman who is head of a battalion of the National Guard to bring the Guard into Baltimore to suppress a rebellion of young black people that explodes in protest over the murder of young, black Freddie Gray, then it has brought that political philosophy full circle.

SL: So what, then, is the metric of success for the Movement for Black Lives?

KT: The metric of success in the next couple of years is going to be our ability to collectively confront the Trump agenda. Our ability to affect politics is not going to be through campaigns, but through protests and demonstrations. We've already seen the ways that that can be effective. The Women's March on January 21 brought an unprecedented number of people out. The response to Trump's illegal travel ban on Muslims, and the way that that inspired spontaneous protests at airports, forced the Trump administration to retract the inclusion of green-card holders within that executive order, but it also greatly influenced the judiciary to act.

SL: You wrote around the time of the Women's March that anyone who criticized it for not being radical enough should go get involved. You're one of the authors of a new call for a women's strike on March 8—International Women's Day.

KT: The call for a women's strike is made in solidarity with similar actions that are happening in about 30 countries around the world. It's really a way of injecting politics into the developing women's movement against Trump. This is not about the kind of lean-in feminism represented by Hillary Clinton and all this clamor of her campaign shattering some glass ceiling. For the vast majority of women in this country, those are not the politics that can actually confront Trump's agenda—and an international agenda based on driving down the living standards of women around the world through attacks on reproductive freedom, women's wages, the social safety net. We framed March 8 as a feminism for the 99 percent. ■

Our ability to affect politics is not going to be through electoral campaigns, but through protests and demonstrations.

ILLUSTRATION: ANDY FRIEDMAN

TRUMPED

Ivanka on Gender

The nation's newest first daughter has always seen gender politics through a screen of wealth and an unshakable commitment to traditional notions of femininity. Here are a few of her more memorable quotes:

"My father is a feminist. He's a big reason I am the woman I am today. People talk about gender equality. He has lived it, he has employed women at the highest levels of the Trump Organization for decades, so I think it's a great testament to how capable he thinks women are and has shown that his whole life."
—in *The Times* of London

"I don't talk about my politics.... I don't feel like it's my role.... I'm the daughter... I don't think my politics are relevant to the discussion."
—to Boston Public Radio host Margery Eagan

"We're able to express our femininity very differently from just a decade ago. And I think that's something my brand really embraces: the polished, appropriately sexy aesthetic. It's a dress you can wear in the boardroom and on a date with your husband."
—in *Town & Country*

"We've all been dealt a winning hand, and...it's up to each of us to play it right and smart."
—in *The Trump Card: Playing to Win in Work and Life*

—Ariana Rosas Cárdenas

Katha Pollitt

Feminism for All

Can the fight for women's rights be too inclusive?

Who thinks Ivanka Trump is a feminist? Seriously, who? As far as I can tell, the only people calling her a feminist are Ivanka herself and conservatives who use her to attack real feminists as a pack of radical banshees. What there are a lot of, though, are articles by feminists explaining why Ivanka is not a feminist to the unnamed people out there who supposedly think she is one. Well, OK, message received.

Not so long ago, feminism was said to be enjoying a moment: think grassroots groups like Shout Your Abortion, pop-culture icons like Beyoncé and Lena Dunham, Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign. But popularity bred contempt. Feminism, went the critique, had become too inclusive—too consumerist, corporate, individualist, and superficial. From being a label no one wanted to wear, it had become a label that could be claimed by anyone—and used to sell anything, to the great benefit of the real enemy, capitalism. Jessa Crispin's just-published manifesto, *Why I Am Not a Feminist*, is a particularly sweeping rendition of this line of thinking. ("My feminism is not one of incremental change, revealed in the end to be The Same as Ever, But More So. It is a cleansing fire." Etc.) So too is the demonization of "liberal feminism" as incarnated in Hillary Clinton, which one can find all over the left (even in liberal magazines like the *New Republic*, where Crispin blames Trump's election on Hillary being the Wrong Kind of Feminist—because the evangelical Christians and Republican white women who voted for him are just waiting for that cleansing fire, and the nearly 3 million votes that gave Clinton the popular-vote margin only prove how fraudulent her feminism is).

There's some truth to these critiques. A movement to fundamentally change society has to have more grit and content and analysis than "You go, girlfriend!" I don't think one can be a feminist and oppose legal abortion, for example, because that means you think a woman is basically, as an Oklahoma politician recently put it, a potential "host" for a fertilized egg—a view that is incompatible with women's human rights. At the same time, a movement that claims to represent the interests of half the people in the world has to have broader appeal than one is likely to find in the pages of *Jacobin* or *The Nation*. The pop-feminist website *Jezebel* has probably introduced more young women to feminism than anything since *The Feminine Mystique* (another work now criticized as bourgeois and individualist, although it was written by a woman who was close to the Communist Party).

I'm not very interested in pop culture myself, but if Beyoncé wants to identify as a feminist, and if Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, the world-renowned Nigerian novelist, gives a TED Talk called "We Should All Be Feminists" and Beyoncé samples it, isn't that a good thing? We don't want to be like the cashier at Barnes & Noble who looked down his nose at me as he rang up my copy of *Game of Thrones*, because I'd found out about the books through the TV series, and he'd been reading George R.R. Martin for years.

But even if you dismiss pop feminism, it's not the same as so-called "liberal feminism," which is often depicted as "empowerment"—not liberation—for privileged ladies only. Glass ceilings, glass cliffs, leaning in: This is the feminism, we're told, that offers nothing to the mass of American women, most of whom are mothers struggling to get by on pink-collar and lower-level white-collar jobs. There's some truth to that, too: A lot of women are in crisis and can't be expected to cheer when a female executive gets a promotion at Apple. Women do need sweeping change throughout society. But does the "liberal feminist" agenda offer nothing to the non-elite? Its docket includes pregnancy- and job-discrimination cases up and down the income scale, from academia to UPS—to say nothing of reproductive rights, no-co-pay birth control, violence against women, equal access to sports programs in school, LGBTQ rights, and many other issues that matter to all women. In recent years, those pesky liberal feminists have actually made significant progress in policies that benefit women economically. In 2016, New York became the fifth state to pass a paid-family-leave

Women do need sweeping societal change. But "liberal feminism" has plenty to offer to the nonelite.

LEFT: MICHAEL VADON; RIGHT: ANDY FRIEDMAN

Donald Trump:

"No family will have to pay the death tax. American workers have paid taxes their whole lives, and they should not be taxed again at death—it's just plain wrong and most people agree with that. We will repeal it."

Fact:

"Workers" are decidedly NOT paying federal estate taxes: 998 out of every 1,000 American estates do not. The tax affects only the wealthiest 0.2%.

And so, a modest proposal:

Since you, dear reader, are highly unlikely to pay federal estate taxes of any kind, no matter what Donald Trump or the right-wing paranoia machine claims, we hope you'll consider leaving some to *The Nation*.

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Steve Brodner

Hillary Clinton's platform was a cornucopia of proposals aimed at low- and middle-income women, from higher wages to free college.

law, and it will also raise the minimum wage for all workers to $12.50 in 2021. New York City Mayor Bill de Blasio has instituted paid sick days as well as universal pre-K and a $15-an-hour minimum wage for city workers. President Obama mandated paid family leave for federal employees; Democratic women in Congress have proposed a federal paid-leave law and the abolition of the Hyde Amendment restricting abortion funding. Hillary Clinton's platform was a cornucopia of proposals aimed at low- and middle-income women, from higher wages for day-care workers—currently outrageously underpaid—to free community college. Even supervillain Sheryl Sandberg understands that women need more than pluck and ambition: At Facebook, she's instituted a $15 wage for contractors, a minimum of 15 paid days off, and a $4,000 new-child bonus for both parents; she's also called for federal paid parental leave.

"We need to have a united-front approach," Ellen Bravo, co-director of the group Family Values @ Work, which advocates for paid sick and family leave, when I reached her in Milwaukee by phone. "We need a grassroots movement led by the people most affected, but when a powerful woman implements a policy that's good for workers and families, we should welcome it."

There's a lot of room between celebrating Ivanka's little pink dresses and excluding everyone who doesn't call for communism this afternoon. Feminism has actually become broader and deeper: Reproductive justice, which centers low-income women of color, is replacing choice as the framework for reproductive rights, to choose just one example. The Women's March found room for a broad array of women, from Muslim women to trans women to women of all races, holding signs for Black Lives Matter. It wasn't feel-good feminism—but it did feel good. ■

(continued from page 4)

he advised Ukrainian President Viktor Yanukovych, later deposed unconstitutionally during the Maidan "revolution" in February 2014. This makes no sense. A professional political expert, Manafort was presumably well paid, like other American electoral experts hired abroad. But he seems to have urged Yanukovych to tilt toward the ill-fated European Union partnership agreement and *away* from Russia—as Yanukovych did—in order to win the votes of Ukrainians outside his constituency in southeastern regions. (Yanukovych, whom Putin loathed for this and other reasons, had fallen out of favor with the Kremlin until late 2013.)

4. A "dossier" purporting to show how the Kremlin could blackmail Trump was leaked to CNN and published by *BuzzFeed*. Compiled by a former British intelligence official in the opposition-research business, its 30-odd pages are a compilation of the innocent, the unverified, and the kind of trash for sale in Moscow and elsewhere. More recently, CNN exclaimed that its own intelligence leakers had "confirmed" some elements of the dossier, but thus far none that actually compromise Trump.

5. The crux of the allegations against Trump was, and remains, that Putin ordered the hacking of the Democratic National Committee and the dissemination of stolen e-mails through WikiLeaks in order to undermine the Clinton campaign and put Trump in the White House. A summary of these "facts" was presented in a declassified report released by the "intelligence community" and widely discussed in January. Though it quickly became axiomatic proof for Trump's political and media enemies, almost nothing in the report is persuasive. About half are "assessments" based on surmised motivations, not factual evidence of an actual Kremlin operation on Trump's behalf. The other half is standard whining about the Kremlin-funded television network RT, which is at worst an above-average "propaganda" outlet. Moreover, a number of American cyber-experts insist that Russian state hackers would have left no fingerprints, as US intelligence officials claim they had. Indeed, the group Veteran Intelligence Professionals for Sanity believes that the DNC documents were not hacked but rather leaked by an insider. If so, this had nothing to do with Russia. (The CIA and the FBI were "highly confident" about the report's findings, but the National Security Agency, which alone has the capacity to fully monitor e-mails, was only "moderately confident.") Still more, at his final presidential press conference, Barack Obama referred to the DNC scandal as a leak and said he didn't know WikiLeaks' exact role in the scandal—this despite the allegations by his own intelligence agencies. Nor is it clear that Putin so favored the erratic Trump that he would have taken such a risk. Judging from debates in Kremlin-connected Russian newspapers, there was serious doubt as to which US candidate might be best—or least bad—for Russia.

6. Finally, there is the firing of Gen. Michael Flynn as Trump's national-security adviser for having communicated with the Russian ambassador about the sanctions imposed by Obama just before he left the White House and Trump was inaugurated. So far as is actually known, Flynn did nothing unprecedented or incriminating. Communications, including meetings, between representatives of US presidents-elect and foreign capitals, particularly Moscow, have been "common practice" over the years, according to Jack Matlock, ambassador to Russia for Presidents Reagan and Bush; Matlock had previously arranged meetings in Moscow for President-elect Carter's transition team. Moreover, Obama's own Russia adviser, Michael McFaul, told *The Washington Post* recently that he visited Moscow in 2008, even before that year's election, for talks with Russian officials. The *Post* implied that this was "appropriate contact." So, it seems, was Flynn's, though perhaps inept. Indeed, if Flynn's purpose was to persuade the Kremlin not to overreact to Obama's last-minute sanctions, which were accompanied by a highly provocative threat to launch a cyber-attack on Moscow, his urging was wise and in America's national interest. In fact, it is not Putin who is threatening American democracy, but rather these Kremlin-baiting allegations against President Trump. It is not Putin who is endangering US and international security, but rather the high-level political and intelligence enemies of détente. Similarly, it is not Putin who is degrading the US media with "fake news." Nor is it Putin who is subverting the American political process, but rather the US intelligence leakers who are at war against their own president.

President Eisenhower eventually stopped Joseph McCarthy. Who will stop the new McCarthyism before it spreads further into the "soul of democracy," so revered by liberals and progressives? Facts might do so. But in lieu of facts, there are only professional ethics, decency, and patriotism. STEPHEN F. COHEN

Stephen F. Cohen, a Nation *contributing editor, is emeritus professor of Russian studies at New York University and Princeton.*

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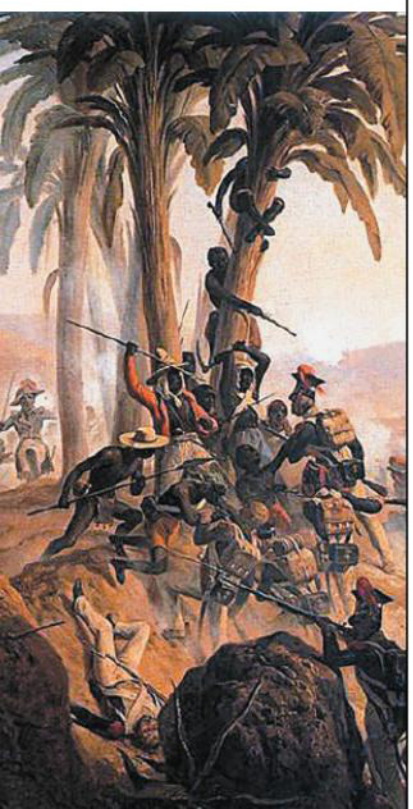
REVOLUTION IN HAITI

Black Freedom, White Fear

The outbreak of the Haitian Revolution in 1791 signaled a turning point in the way that white Americans perceived and treated enslaved black people. White American politicians supported the French slave owners of what was then the colony of Saint-Domingue, and President Thomas Jefferson gave aid to the colony's leaders as they attempted to put the insurrection down. Jefferson was terrified that what was happening in the French colony could happen next in America. For the rest of his days as president, he worked to isolate Haiti, fearing that news of successful revolution would inspire slaves to rise up across the United States. American slave owners doubled down on their brutal regimes of control, panicked that the black people in America might constitute an enemy in their midst. The idea of black and brown Americans as an internal threat to white safety exploded during this period, and, as Kai Wright describes in his column at right, we have lived with this legacy of fear and domination to this day. —Mariam Elba



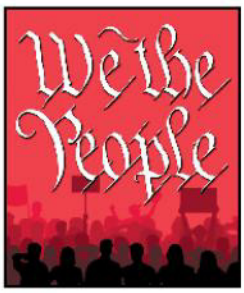
Kai Wright

Dreamers in a Culture War

We must reject the xenophobic parsing of "good" and "bad" immigrants.

The past and future script of our long, absurdist national conversation about race is written on Daniel Ramirez Medina's body.

Ramirez is the 23-year-old father who, as of this writing, still sits in detention, awaiting deportation. He was picked up by Immigration and Customs Enforcement agents during Donald Trump's first wave of immigration raids. As a recipient of Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals, or DACA, his arrest has become a focal point for concern over Trump's promised mass deportations.



Dreamers, as DACA recipients are called, are the Talented Tenth of brown immigrants. Not only are they the best and the brightest, they are also the most blameless in their transgression against America's borders—or so goes the script written by the Obama administration and well-meaning immigration-rights advocates. Obama exempted the Dreamers from his record-setting mass deportations because they entered the country as children, and because they applied themselves in school and kept out of trouble while pursuing the American dream, despite their undocumented status. Roughly 750,000 of the estimated 11 million people living in the United States without permission have successfully proven themselves to fit these DACA qualifications and thus have been deemed worthy neighbors.

But for people of color in the United States, there has always been a fine line between hero and menace. So Daniel Ramirez was a Dreamer right up until February 10, at which point he became a gangbanger.

On that morning, federal immigration agents—members of a Fugitive Operations Team—showed up at his home in a Seattle suburb. They were looking for his father, for whom they had a warrant and an existing deportation order. These are the facts of Ramirez's detention on which everyone agrees.

The feds claim that Ramirez's father answered the door and told them that both of his adult sons, who were in the apartment, were also in the country illegally. They say the father let them in. Ramirez's lawyers insist that the agents barged in without permission and took Ramirez into custody despite his repeated statements that he had a work permit, granted under DACA.

The feds say that Ramirez admitted to being in the Sureños gang, thereby disqualifying himself from Dreamer status, and point to a tattoo on his forearm as a gang insignia. Ramirez says he repeatedly insisted that he wasn't a member of any gang and that, if he did have contact with any gang members, it would have been as a kid, when he "did nothing more than hang out with a few people who may have been Sureños." As for his tattoo, which has the words "La Paz" and "B.C.S." with a star, his lawyers say that it refers to his hometown of La Paz, Baja California Sur, in Mexico.

This dispute over a tattoo is painfully familiar—and a trap. As we've been reminded in case after case of state violence against black and brown people, Ramirez's criminality lies in the eye of the beholder. His lawyers may be able to disprove ICE's assertions in court. But immigration advocates can marshal no facts to exonerate the millions of people like Ramirez in the eyes of Trump and his political strategists. That's because the Trump administration isn't actually debating immigration policy; it seeks an ongoing debate about the criminality of people of color, a constant parsing of which among us are rapists, drug dealers, and terrorists, and which are the "great people" that Trump allows do exist. If we accept these terms of debate, we accept our inhumanity, which is the point.

The Trump administration seeks an ongoing debate not about US immigration policy, but about the criminality of people of color.

Trump's executive orders on national security and urban crime have been lampooned as hapless, if dangerous, public policy. They were sloppily written and easily challenged in court, at least thus far. But the orders were not crafted for lawyers and policy-makers; they were markers in a culture war.

Consider Trump's establishment of an "Of-

LEFT: WIKIMEDIA CC; RIGHT: ANDY FRIEDMAN

fice for Victims of Crimes Committed by Removable Aliens." The actual function of the office is less important than its name and its planned weekly publication of crimes committed by immigrants in sanctuary cities. The Trump administration is staffed by people—Jeff Sessions, John Kelly, Steve Bannon, the president himself—who have been waging a cultural battle against the idea of the hero immigrant for years, choosing instead to emphasize immigrant criminality. The best way to undermine these xenophobes is to let go of our reliance on the "ideal migrant" altogether.

Thanu Yakupitiyage, of the New York Immigration Coalition, says too many advocates accepted the hero-or-menace framing of the Obama years. You can't have one concept without the other, and she says there's a growing consensus about that fact in the movement. "People are realizing that it actually doesn't matter… what you have done or not done—you are being pushed aside as 'other,'" she told me.

I don't know Daniel Ramirez, but I suspect he's like every other human being I've met: both a hero and a menace, depending on which side of the bed he woke up on that day. Maybe he was in a gang, maybe he wasn't. But if we're ever to arrive at a humane and productive immigration system, we will have to accept that he deserves due process and freedom from harassment regardless.

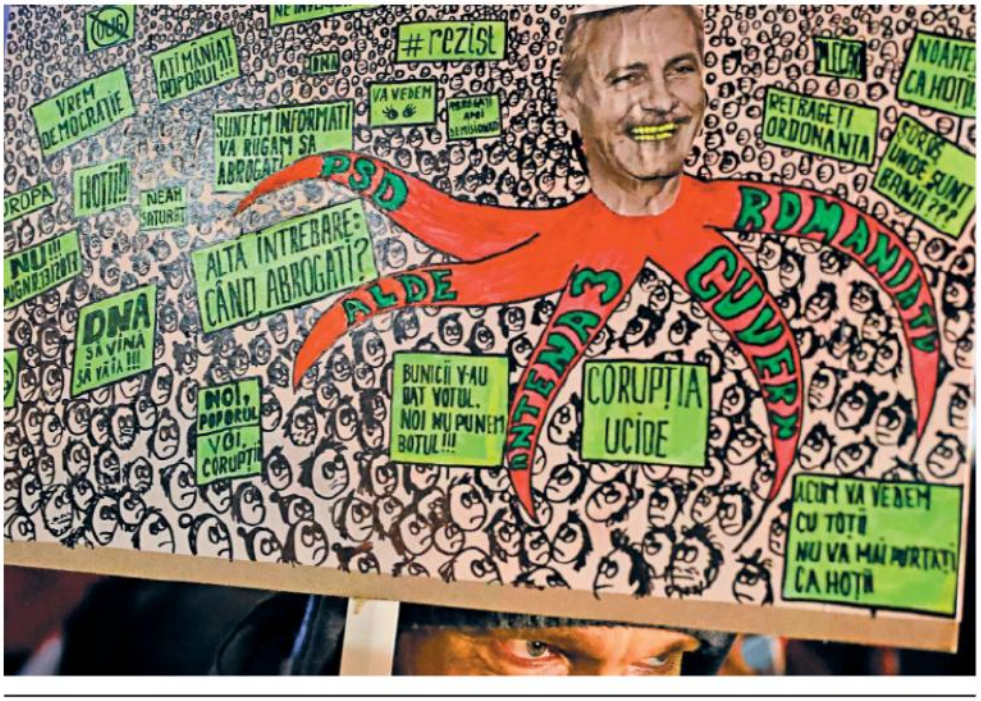
In the wake of Trayvon Martin's murder, three black women began to assert that black lives matter, a statement that carried no qualifiers. It's not educated black lives or employed black lives or black lives with no criminal record that matter—just black lives. May the Trump era be the time when we will finally begin to say the same about immigrants. ■

The best way to undermine these xenophobes is to let go of our reliance on the "ideal migrant" altogether.

SNAPSHOT/VADIM GHIRDA

Octopus's Garden

A protester holds up a sign critical of Liviu Dragnea, leader of the ruling Social Democratic Party in Romania. Hundreds of thousands of Romanians have protested a decree issued on January 31 granting immunity to the many government officials being investigated for corruption.



AP PHOTO

MENTAL ISSUES

"Is It Time to Call Trump Mentally Ill?"
—Headline, *The New York Times*

Calvin Trillin
Deadline Poet

Attempts to divine how this president thinks
Will soon turn us into a nation of shrinks.
His lie after lie and his boast after boast
Lead some to believe he should be diagnosed.
That frightening question won't cease to
bedevil:
Is this chosen leader a bubble off level?

BACK ISSUES/1919

The Waters of Destruction

AMERICAN LABOR MUSEUM

In 1919, *Nation* associate editor Norman Thomas reported from yet another strike in the silk mills of Paterson, New Jersey. Six years earlier, 20,000 workers had walked off the job, a pivotal moment for the emergence of the American left. An ornate pageant in Madison Square Garden, a collaboration between silk workers and radical New York intellectuals like John Reed, seemed to point the way toward a new form of socially conscious art.

By the time Thomas arrived in Paterson to cover the dyers' strike for a 44-hour work week, the city's name was a byword for all that ailed industrial capitalism in America and the challenges workers faced trying to fix it. Thomas spoke to the cops, from whom he "learned much of the troubles of the police themselves and something of the history and politics of Paterson," and to the workers they chased around the city.

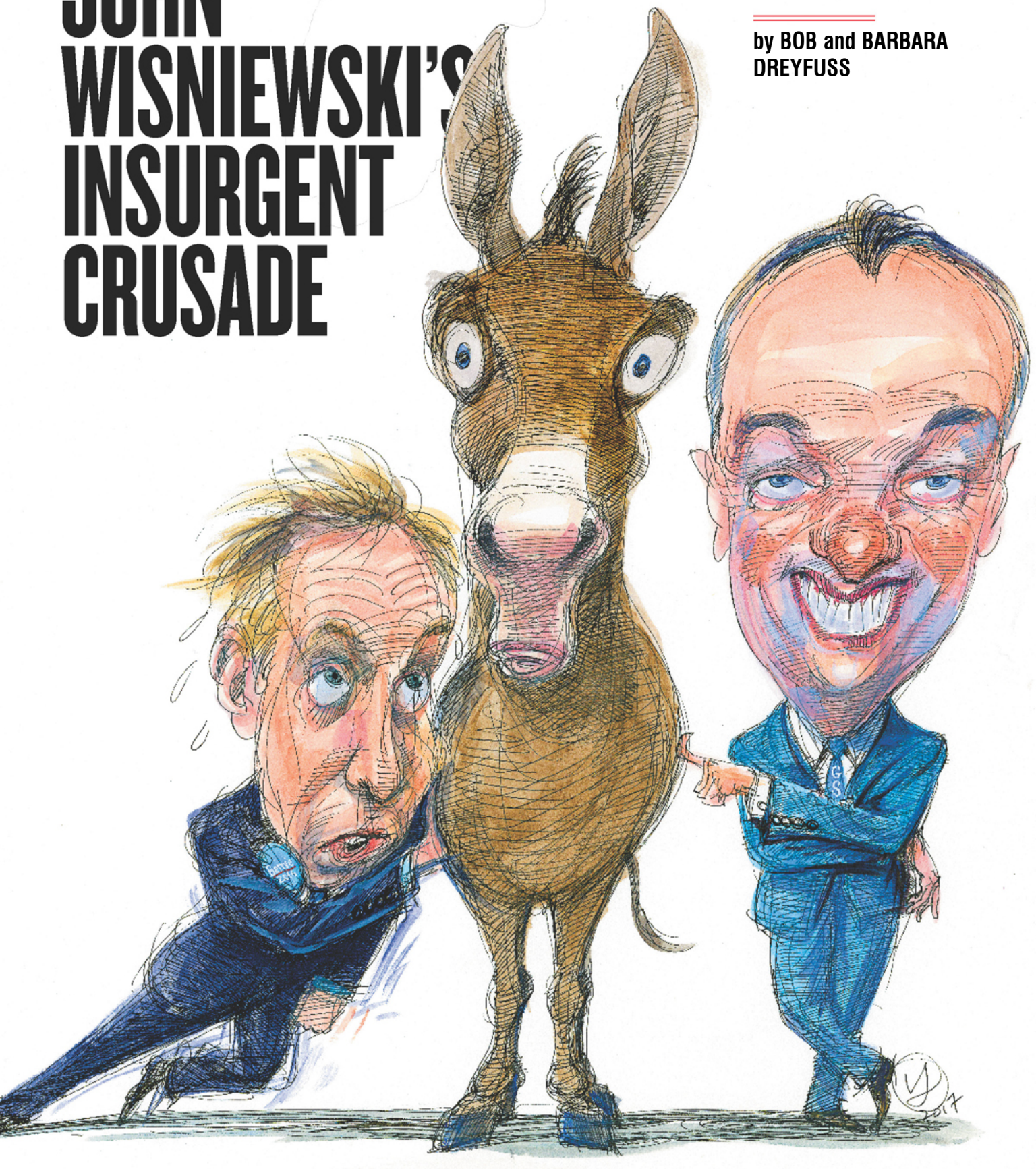
"It is worth while understanding this local Paterson conflict," Thomas concluded, "because it is typical of much of the labor struggle in America. Say what we will, the future is in the hands of labor. It may be possible for reactionary employers and a stupid public opinion to dam the mighty currents of economic change for a time; when their temporary dam goes out, the waters that might have brought life will unnecessarily spread tragic destruction."

—Richard Kreitner

JOHN WISNIEWSKI'S INSURGENT CRUSADE

In New Jersey's gubernatorial primary, a Sanders-supporting populist is challenging the Democratic machine.

by BOB and BARBARA DREYFUSS



Whither the Democrats after 2016? A year before the 2018 midterm elections, that question will get its first real test in New Jersey, one of only two states (along with Virginia) where the governorship is at stake this year. And just as last year's presidential primary pitted Hillary Clinton, the establishment candidate, against Bernie Sanders, a left-leaning insurgent, the two leading candidates in New Jersey's 2017 Democratic primary have staked out their turf in the party's Clinton and Sanders wings.

Voters in deep-blue New Jersey, who have groaned under the weight of Governor Chris Christie's Republican administration since 2009, are eager for a fresh start. With Christie's approval rating at an all-time low of just 18 percent, the odds strongly favor a Democratic win over any of the potential GOP candidates aiming to succeed him.

The state's Democratic primary, which takes place in June, is shaping up as a choice between the favorite, Phil Murphy, a multimillionaire and former Goldman Sachs executive with strong backing from the party establishment, and his leading challenger, Assemblyman John Wisniewski, a veteran legislator and former chair of Sanders's presidential effort in the state. For Wisniewski, the primary is an uphill climb, and he's running an insurgent, populist-tinged campaign that he hopes will inspire the same enthusiasm that energized the Sanders movement.

To hear Wisniewski tell it, his campaign is part of a national effort to bring the Democratic Party back to its roots. "The party periodically has to go through reevaluation and soul-searching about its core beliefs," he told *The Nation*. "The party went through that right after Ronald Reagan became president, and there was this view that the party needed to be more centrist. We had a movement led by the governor of Arkansas, who later became our president, about taking the party to the center. Over time, the party started to become indistinguishable from the Republicans. What we're seeing today is a natural reaction that's built up over the years, where a lot of rank and file feel that we Democrats haven't stuck to our core beliefs."

John Wisniewski at a January 2014 press conference addressing the "Bridgegate" scandal that ensnared Governor Christie.

AP PHOTO / MEL EVANS

Perhaps the biggest challenge that Wisniewski faces is New Jersey's entrenched system of party bosses. The state is notorious for the power wielded behind the scenes by a handful of figures, such as South Jersey's George Norcross, an insurance executive, and North Jersey's Joseph DiVincenzo Jr., the Essex County executive (whose domain includes Newark). Along with other, less powerful Democratic machines and the party chairpersons in each of New Jersey's 21 counties, they exert enormous influence in primary elections, in part by controlling which candidate gets the favored first line on the ballot. In the 2016 presidential primary, the entire New Jersey Democratic leadership, including all of the state's elected officials (except Wisniewski), lined up for Clinton, who won 566,247 votes to Sanders's 328,058.

As for Murphy, his vast wealth gives him the ability—much like New Jersey's previous Democratic governor, Jon Corzine, also a former Goldman Sachs executive—to largely self-finance his campaign. So far, Murphy has loaned his campaign at least $9.5 million, driving potential challengers from the race before it even began. And Murphy has funneled hundreds of thousands of dollars to county organizations and local politicians, helping to secure the support of all 21 county chairpersons. (According to state records, since 2014, Murphy has given $63,000 to the Passaic County and $60,000 to the Union County Democratic organizations, and with his wife, Tammy—also a Goldman Sachs alum—he's funneled $148,850 to the Bergen County organization.)

In addition to the county leaders, Murphy has lined up support from New Jersey's two senators, Cory Booker and Bob Menendez; most of organized labor, including the New Jersey Education Association (NJEA) and the Communications Workers of America (CWA); and prominent leaders like Newark Mayor Ras Baraka.

Though Murphy is the clear favorite in a race that includes Wisniewski and several other challengers, he has opted to single out Wisniewski for strongly worded attacks, with Murphy's campaign calling him a "21-year Trenton insider and party boss"—even though not a single one of New Jersey's actual bosses have backed Wisniewski, and most have lined up in Murphy's camp.

When asked what he thinks about the fact that Murphy's campaign website doesn't mention that he spent more than two decades at Goldman Sachs—it says only that he "work[ed] his way up to help lead a major international business"—Wisniewski responded, "I think that speaks for itself. The mind-set that comes from Goldman Sachs doesn't connect with New Jersey voters."

First elected to the state assembly in 1995, Wisniewski might seem to be a creature of business-as-usual Jersey politics, at least on the surface. Over the past two decades, he has chaired the Assembly's transportation committee; led the 2011 reapportionment effort; served for three years as chairman of the New Jersey State Democratic Committee; and was a member of the Democratic National Committee.

But if you look a little deeper, you'll see that Wisniewski has a strong independent streak. He hails from the city of Sayreville in central New Jersey, a former industrial town along the Raritan River whose factories have mostly shuttered since the 1960s, and he's repeatedly been elected with strong support from labor and progressive groups. (Among his other achievements, he's earned a lifetime score of 0 percent from the American Conservative Union for his voting record.) And he's bucked the Democratic Party leadership and its boss-driven agenda time and time again.

For example, when Christie launched an aggressive assault on the pensions and health-care benefits of state employees in 2011, he did so with the support of Norcross, DiVincenzo, and other Democratic bosses, whose allies in the Assembly joined the Republican governor to give him the margin he needed to pass the changes despite massive protests outside the State House by the NJEA, the CWA,

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ILLUSTRATION BY **VICTOR JUHASZ**

and other unions. In June of that year, Wisniewski appeared on MSNBC's *Rachel Maddow Show*, where he joined her in bemoaning the state of the Democratic Party and added, in regard to the pension-"reform" fiasco: "We fought real hard, but unfortunately there were some Democrats who chose to side with the Republicans on this bill."

And in 2013, when Christie found himself enmeshed in a scandal over politically motivated lane closings on the George Washington Bridge, Wisniewski led the special committee investigating Christie and his cronies—but he says that leading Democrats in the Legislature expressed concern about his rocking the boat. "I received calls from Democrats saying, 'John, this is not going to end well,'" Wisniewski recounted, "or, more tellingly, 'You're making it hard to get things done. The governor's not going to agree to do things if you're pursuing him.'" New Jersey, Wisniewski adds, is all about making deals, and some Democrats feared that his "Bridgegate" committee would hurt their ability to make deals with the Republican governor.

But it was Wisniewski's decision in late 2015 to support Sanders's primary campaign that put him squarely against the state's Democratic establishment. Though Wisniewski had compiled a 20-year record as a liberal New Jersey legislator, he hadn't paid much attention to the Vermont socialist before 2015. "I liked Senator Sanders, and I knew who he was," Wisniewski told *The Nation*. But when he traveled to Minneapolis in late 2015 for a meeting of the DNC, he was astonished by the hundreds of supporters lining up to see Sanders, many of whom had traveled long distances. "I saw a level of enthusiasm and engagement that I didn't see for any other candidate," Wisniewski recalled. "It was on a lot of different levels—certainly about all of the progressive issues that Sanders represented, but it was also about the need for a change in our national Democratic Party, that we had become too corporate."

Back home, Wisniewski signed up to chair the Sanders campaign. His decision didn't sit well with the state's Democratic leaders. "I announced my support for Senator Sanders, and I won't use any names, but I had one assemblyman call me up and say, 'I'm on board, I love everything that Sanders stands for. I'm glad you're leading the effort. What can I do to help?' And 48 hours later, I got a call from the same assemblyman, who said: 'I got a call from my county chair, who said that if I support Sanders, I won't get the party line for reelection next time.' And I had a number of elected officials tell me, 'I'm with you, but quietly. Unofficially.' Below the radar, so to speak."

One cause for concern was John Currie, chairman of the state Democratic committee and a strong Clinton supporter. "John Currie was furious that I came out for Bernie Sanders," Wisniewski said. Months later, Currie got his revenge. In June 2016, Currie unceremoniously booted Wisniewski (along with Reni Erdos, another Sanders supporter) from the DNC, replacing him with an insurance executive who was also a party fund-raiser. "They weren't content just to be cheerleaders for Hillary Clinton," Wisniewski told *The Nation*. "They wanted to make sure that there was no opposition at all." In the end, not a single party leader, big-city mayor, member of the State Legislature, or member of Congress from New Jersey backed Sanders. "They feared that what John Currie did to me, he'd do to them," Wisniewski said.

For his part, Currie told *The Nation* that Wisniewski's ouster from the DNC had nothing to do with his support for Sanders. "It's my right to put anyone on the committee," Currie said. "I preferred another gentleman." Asked whether New Jersey's county chairpersons have too much influence over the process for selecting a nominee, Currie said no: "I think county chairs bring discipline to the party. I like our system in New Jersey very much."

Were Wisniewski to win the June primary, of course, Currie and the rest of the Democratic establishment would probably support him, though there's no guarantee: In 2013, when Christie was running for reelection, a number of Democratic bosses in the state opted not to back Barbara Buono, their own party's nominee. After her defeat, Buono issued a scathing denunciation of the "onslaught of betrayal" by "the Democratic bosses, some elected and some not," who covertly supported Christie.

To prevail against these forces, Wisniewski will have to run an outsider's campaign, much as Sanders did last year. That effort is well under way, he said: "We're doing town halls, meet-and-greets; we have field organizers, phone banks, and we're raising funds—$5, $27, because we're not supported by a $10 million check."

In January, Wisniewski led a meeting of some 270 organizers and activists at Hudson County Community College in Jersey City, part of a National Day of Action called for by Sanders to oppose the Trump administration's assault on health care. Standing before union members, retirees, and dozens of millennials who'd worked for the Sanders campaign, Wisniewski went far beyond defending the Affordable Care Act. To robust cheers from the crowd, he attacked "ideologues in Washington who really care only about insurance-company profits [and] fantasize about privatizing Medicare," before adding: "I'm going to do everything I can to work toward a single-payer system right here in New Jersey!"

> **"We [at Goldman Sachs] are elite in the sense the Marine Corps is elite."**
> —Phil Murphy, 1998

Phil Murphy at a town-hall meeting in Asbury Park, August 2016.

MURPHY4NJ

Meanwhile, a few days later, *The Nation* caught up with Phil Murphy at a gathering of the Northeast Regional Council of Carpenters. Around 800 members packed a room at the Renaissance Woodbridge Hotel in Iselin, New Jersey,

for a town hall organized in conjunction with Murphy's campaign. "We endorsed Murphy back in October," said Kevin Davitt, a spokesman for the carpenters' union. Murphy, who's been preparing to run for governor for several years, has aggressively courted labor's support, and he's earned the backing of the NJEA, the CWA, the Service Employees International Union, the Laborers' International Union of North America, and the police and firefighters' unions. Tall, slim, and fit, and bearing an uncanny resemblance to the actor Michael Keaton, Murphy bounded onto the stage in Iselin, energetic and brimming with enthusiasm. He grabbed the mike, called out to people in the audience, acknowledged the standing ovation, and then shed his jacket. "What an extraordinary show of support!" he exclaimed. After a punchy speech to open the event, Murphy took questions from the crowd for more than an hour.

There was, however, evidence of careful orchestration for the slickly produced event. Just before John Ballantyne, the union's leader, introduced Murphy, dozens of carpenters dutifully filed in to stand behind the stage as a camera-ready backdrop. People working for Murphy were everywhere, including videographers, press people, and event managers. Almost every question from the audience was prearranged, according to documents obtained by *The Nation*, which include an e-mail from Michelle McCormick of Groundwork Strategies, a PR firm, to Kenneth Smith of SmithMedia: "I've attached a draft agenda and the candidate questions for your reference"—along with a list of five questions to be asked by the audience. Sure enough, as Murphy called on "random" audience members, the printed questions on the list were read.

For his campaign, Murphy isn't running as a centrist corporate Democrat, but rather as a progressive champion making a strong appeal to labor. Despite his more than two decades on Wall Street, he is quick to acknowledge that the financial sector is underregulated, that the repeal of the Glass-Steagall Act was a mistake, and that Wall Street should have been held accountable for the 2008 meltdown. Asked by *The Nation* whether people at Goldman Sachs should have been criminally prosecuted for fraud rather than merely fined, Murphy deflected, saying: "Nobody on Wall Street has paid a price for bringing the country to its knees. I find that offensive and unacceptable."

At the Iselin event, Murphy delivered a stem-winding populist speech. "We've got to grow the economy, but we've got to make it fair!" he said. "It's not only unfair, but it's rigged. It's not honest.… It's time for morning in New Jersey!" This prompted another standing ovation—led, it should be mentioned, by the union execs in the front row. Slamming right-to-work laws and calling for a minimum-wage increase, Murphy said: "We've done a lousy job in our party—the Democratic Party, the party of labor—reminding people that we are the party of labor."

Concluding his speech, Murphy told the carpenters: "It's easy for me to say the right things. [But] look at my life story and ask yourselves: 'Does this guy's life match up with what he's telling us?'" In fact, it's a good guess that few in the audience knew Murphy's life story. As the meeting drew to a close, we asked some of the union members present if Murphy had made the sale. "I thought he answered the questions fairly and wisely," said one veteran carpenter. "I'm going to do some more study about him." Asked if he knew that Murphy had spent 23 years at Goldman Sachs—a fact that the candidate hadn't mentioned once during his 60-plus minutes onstage—the carpenter thought for a moment before responding, "So you mean he's the swamp we need to drain?"

Wisniewski meets with supporters in Princeton, February 4, 2017.

AP PHOTO / JULIO CORTEZ

"I'm going to do everything I can to work toward a single-payer system right here in New Jersey."
—John Wisniewski

Jeff Weaver, who managed Bernie Sanders's national campaign in 2016, has endorsed Wisniewski.

Murphy was hired by Goldman Sachs in 1983, when he was fresh out of college. His many years there shaped his worldview and left him with a Rolodex of powerful contacts. "We [at Goldman Sachs] are elite in the sense the Marine Corps is elite," Murphy said in 1998, according to *The Wall Street Journal*.

After stints heading Goldman's Asia and Germany operations, Murphy returned to the New York headquarters in 1999, just as the firm—and Wall Street—were undergoing a dramatic transformation. That was the year Glass-Steagall was repealed and a ban was placed on the regulation of derivatives. Both moves were orchestrated by Robert Rubin, the Clinton administration's Treasury secretary and another Goldman Sachs alum, and they took Wall Street and investment banks like Goldman to new levels of risky, highly leveraged speculative activities.

In 1999, Murphy joined the firm's management committee, an elite group that included Hank Paulson, later George W. Bush's Treasury secretary, and Gary Cohn, now President Trump's top economic adviser. Two years later, he became co-head of the division overseeing the assets of pensions, foundations, hedge funds, and other institutions and wealthy individuals managed by Goldman, which totaled $373 billion by 2003. And as a prime broker for investors, his division fed hedge-fund clients enormous lines of credit, fueling Wall Street's speculative bubble.

Murphy gave up his day-to-day role at Goldman in 2003, becoming a senior director before finally leaving the firm in 2006. That year, he took over as finance chair of the Democratic National Committee, where he worked alongside Howard Dean, coaxing checks from wealthy donors, including Wall Street bankers and hedge-fund moguls. "We raised almost $300 million in my three years there," Murphy told *The Nation*. By 2009, he and his wife made personal contributions totaling nearly $1.5

million to Democratic candidates, committees, and party organizations, according to the Center for Responsive Politics. In keeping with the long-standing presidential habit of appointing big donors as ambassadors, President Obama tapped Murphy in 2009 to be US ambassador to Germany.

Murphy's Goldman connections were instrumental in his transition from Wall Street to politics. "He is a close confidant of former treasury secretary and Wall Street veteran Robert Rubin, the éminence grise of the Democratic Party when it comes to financial issues," reported the German weekly *Der Spiegel* after Murphy was named ambassador. "It was through his connection to Rubin that Murphy began working as a Democratic Party fundraiser." Murphy also had ties to Michael Froman, Rubin's chief of staff at the Treasury. According to WikiLeaks, in 2008, it was Froman who recommended to John Podesta, then overseeing Obama's transition, that Murphy get a top job in the administration.

Despite his Wall Street background—or perhaps in an effort to overcome it—Murphy agrees with Wisniewski on a wide range of issues, including the need for a $15-an-hour minimum wage, a more progressive tax system, stronger environmental protections, and more effective gun control. Murphy has garnered a positive response from many Jersey Democrats for his innovative proposal to create a state-owned public bank, which, he told *The Nation*, would be explicitly modeled on the century-old Bank of North Dakota. "It'll be a people's bank," he said. "Our model would make student loans at reasonable rates, small-scale infrastructure loans working with community banks, and small-business loans."

There are some differences as well between the two candidates. Wisniewski, as noted earlier, strongly supports a Medicare-for-all single-payer plan for New Jersey; Murphy suggests that while he favors such a plan in principle, it's more practical now to defend the Affordable Care Act. And while Wisniewski supports making state colleges and universities free to New Jersey residents earning less than $125,000 a year, echoing Sanders's 2016 pledge, Murphy's higher-education plan is focused on loan relief and refinancing.

One area where Wisniewski has been sharply critical of Murphy is on the long-running battle in New Jersey over pensions and health-care benefits for state employees. Back in 2005, while Murphy was a senior director at Goldman Sachs, he was named by then-Governor Richard Codey, a Democrat, to chair a commission, the Benefits Review Task Force, which would propose ways of dealing with the growing pension crisis resulting from persistent state underfunding. That report made a series of recommendations, many of which drew sharp criticism from organized labor. Murphy "approached it in Wall Street fashion: 'Let's extend the retirement age, make employees pay more, and cut benefits,'" Wisniewski said. "That's a straight Wall Street way of approaching a financial problem." At the time, the biggest unions representing state employees, such as the NJEA and the CWA, attacked the Murphy report. Carla Katz, then president of CWA Local 1034, promised: "We will fight vigorously and loudly against any cuts to our pensions or health benefits proposed by the task force."

Today, as noted earlier, both the NJEA and the CWA are backing Murphy. Hetty Rosenstein, the CWA-NJ state director, admitted that back in 2005, her union was unhappy with the Murphy-led commission—but she and other union leaders point out, rather illogically, that the measures proposed in that report have largely been enacted since then, especially during Christie's all-out assault

on state employees in 2011. And, Rosenstein added, "Murphy's perspective in support of collective bargaining, having seen it in the intensely unionized society in Germany—well, that impressed us." Besides, she said, his support from New Jersey's county chairs, which all but guarantees Murphy the top ballot line, is probably decisive: "You can't win a primary off the line." Does that mean the CWA's decision to support Murphy is a pragmatic one? "It is partially pragmatic," she replied.

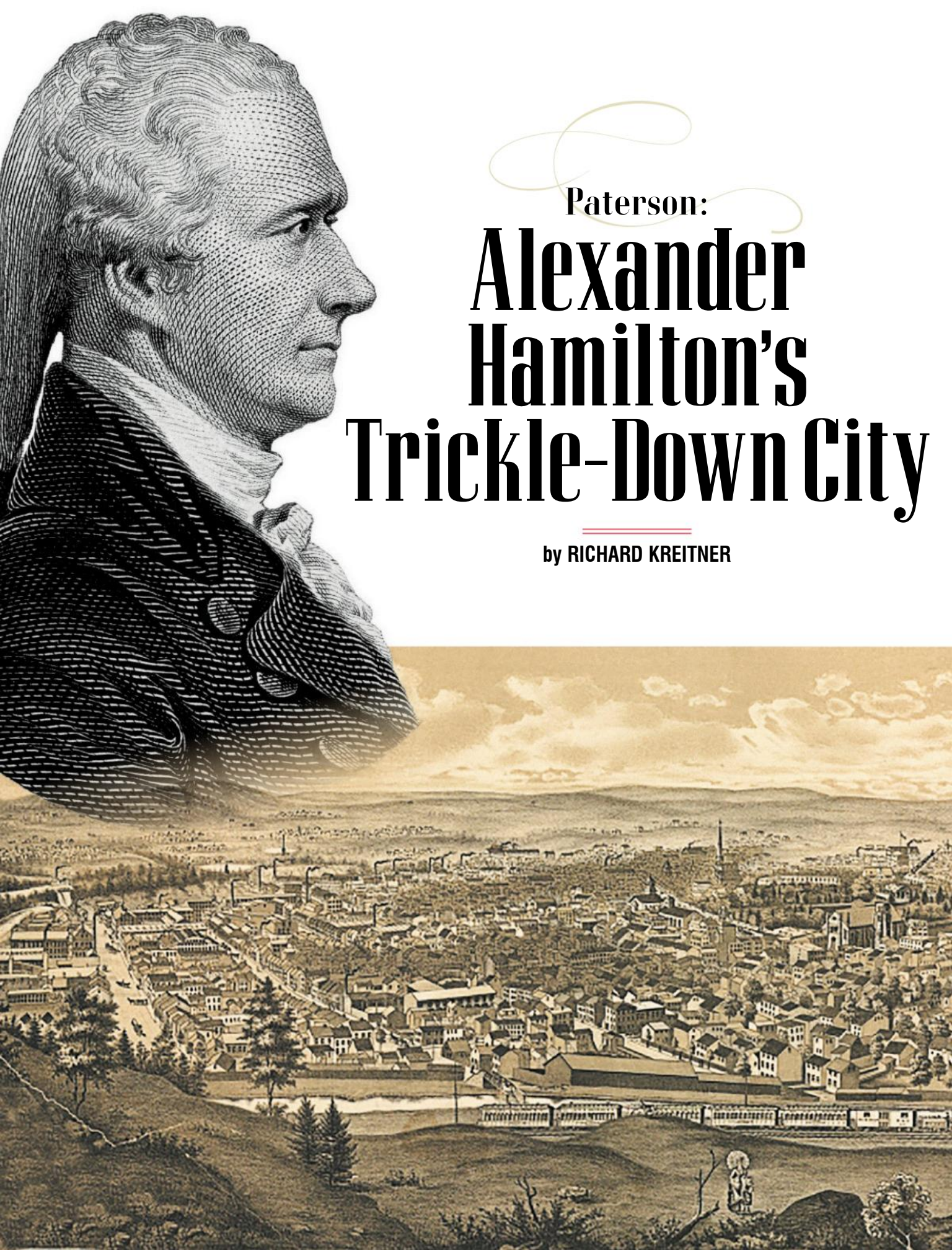
It's worth noting that Rosenstein co-led the Bernie Sanders campaign in the state along with Wisniewski last year. Another New Jersey progressive closely allied with organized labor, who would speak only on background, insisted that Wisniewski backed Sanders purely for opportunistic reasons, in order to appeal to the Vermont senator's base: "Did he take a center-left position to create an opening for his gubernatorial campaign? Probably." Said another: "He's no Bernie Sanders."

Not surprisingly, Wisniewski disputed these claims. By supporting Sanders, he said, he alienated both the Clinton machine—including Murphy, one of Clinton's principal fund-raisers in New Jersey—and the state's Democratic establishment, making it far harder for him to gather political support. "It's laughable that they think they know what makes a progressive in New Jersey, and to compare that to a progressive from Vermont," he said. "I happen to come from New Jersey—I don't come from Vermont—but I've always supported increasing the minimum wage, making college affordable." The state's Democratic Party has moved to the right, he added, and become ever more willing to make deals with Governor Christie. As an example, he cited a recent bill, supported by 43 of 48 Assembly Democrats, raising the gas tax by 23¢ a gallon in order to replenish the state's transportation fund—while at the same time abolishing New Jersey's estate tax and making other changes benefiting the wealthy that will cost the state $12 billion over 10 years—what Wisniewski called "tax breaks for the super-wealthy."

Though much of labor supports Murphy, National Nurses United has come out in favor of Wisniewski. "John understands the struggles of New Jersey families and will stand up for our communities when Wall Street and corporate special interests try to game the system at our expense," said NNU's Esteban Ramirez-Orta. And Jeff Weaver, the former national campaign manager for Sanders who now leads Our Revolution, the Sanders spin-off, endorsed him in January. "John Wisniewski stood with us, and he stood with us early," Weaver told *The Nation*. "His platform is a progressive platform. And in addition to that, I don't think we need more Wall Street executives in government, in Trump's administration or in New Jersey."

Although Bernie Sanders has yet to weigh in with an endorsement in the race, he did issue a statement in January that read, in part: "I want to thank John Wisniewski for the strong support he gave me during the Democratic presidential primary. He played a great role in that race, and I am confident he would make an excellent governor for New Jersey."

For his part, Wisniewski said that he's talked with Sanders, and he's hopeful he'll get an endorsement both from him and from Our Revolution, which is polling its supporters in New Jersey about the race, as well as the state's Working Families Party. Can he run a Sanders-style campaign in New Jersey and win? "Party bosses [think] that by virtue of their ascension to party leadership, they're in control of what's best for the Democratic Party," Wisniewski said. "As Senator Sanders showed, that ain't necessarily so. There are a lot of people who disagree with that across the nation—and right here in New Jersey." ■



Paterson:

Alexander Hamilton's Trickle-Down City

by RICHARD KREITNER

The past above, the future below
And the present pouring down
—William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*

In "the darker side of paterson," a four-minute youtube video, kevin womble sr. takes viewers on a tour of what he calls "the depths of hell"—the dank basement of an abandoned house in the northern New Jersey city's notoriously violent Fourth Ward. "All I see are heroin bags, heroin bags, heroin bags everywhere," Womble says in a gravelly baritone, panning to a feces-covered bathroom. "This is Paterson." He leaves to show the building's exterior—windows boarded up, the yard a miscellany of detritus. "113 Straight Street," Womble sighs. "Beautiful site, beautiful location, terrible situation."

On a sultry Friday afternoon in June, I found Womble setting up some tables outside a church-affiliated community center where he helps run the after-school program. A thin man of 61, he wore an army-green shirt with faux epaulets and matching pants, a woven pink fedora, and a salt-and-pepper goatee. Pointing to a chair, he told me to look around.

We were on Governor Street, around the corner from the Straight Street house and one block from Rosa Parks Boulevard—known to locals as "Death Avenue." Across the street, a toddler played on a porch while, a few paces up the sidewalk, a dozen young men in white tees operated a thriving business, collecting cash and peddling pills and powder to a steady flow of haggard customers.

"This, 25 years ago, was a whole different thing," Womble told me. "There was a time when Governor Street was thriving—houses, apartment buildings, stores, bars, the whole nine yards. But the economy got so bad, the cost of living got so high, the quality of living got so low, that it's possible we've reached a point of no return. The vast majority of our people are just barely surviving day to day. Combine that with the corruption in the politics, and this is what you're going to get." He scanned the street. "This is where we are."

"The vast majority of our people are just barely surviving day to day."
—Kevin Womble Sr.

Ten days after last year's election, mike pence stopped by the Richard Rodgers Theater in New York City to take in *Hamilton: An American Musical*. At the curtain call, Brandon Victor Dixon, the actor who plays Aaron Burr, the nation's third vice president, caught Pence scurrying for the exits. "We are the diverse America who are alarmed and anxious that your new administration will not protect us,"

"Ground zero of modern America": Paterson, New Jersey, in 1880.

Dixon told his character's successor-in-waiting, reading a statement given to him by the *Hamilton* producers. "We truly hope that our show has inspired you to uphold our American values and to work on behalf of all of us."

Celebrated as an eloquent rebuke, the moment seemed to cement *Hamilton*'s reputation as "the revolutionary hit heard round the world," as one Broadway.com scribe phrased it. Yet Dixon's message for Pence obscured an uncomfortable reality: The real Alexander Hamilton's "American values" were more like those of Pence and his boss than the ones endorsed by the musical. One wouldn't know it from the play—or, for the most part, from its source, Ron Chernow's feted 2004 biography, which the musical's creator, Lin-Manuel Miranda, famously picked up at an airport bookstore—but Hamilton was a professed enemy of equality and a fervent believer in the transfer of wealth and power from ordinary people to the elite: a bastard, as the first line of the musical calls him, in more ways than one. At Hamilton's urging and under his supervision, the drivers of the American Revolution, spying the democratic promised land in the distance, slammed on the brakes, executed a nimble three-point turn, and sped off in the direction they had come—back toward empire, exploitation, and arbitrary rule.

That was Alexander Hamilton: architect of that peculiarly American form of greatness that has bequeathed us an exhausted planet and a fraying republic ruled by strongmen honing the art of the deal. This was Hamilton as well: opponent of the Bill of Rights, advocate of invading South America, jailer of journalists, system-rigger extraordinaire. And Hamilton again: supporter of the Alien and Sedition Acts in the late 1790s, which made it more difficult for immigrants to become citizens and threatened thousands of alleged subversives with deportation. "The mass [of aliens]," he wrote a friend, "ought to be obliged to leave the country." After his Federalist Party was swept from power in New York City's 1800 elections, Hamilton tried to persuade the state's governor to intervene and overturn the results. "In times like these in which we live, it will not do to be overscrupulous," he opined. Democracy, he wrote the day before his duel with Burr, was the country's "real Disease."

Father figure: The statue of Alexander Hamilton overlooking the Great Falls.

This news may disappoint those who bought the musical's can-do, pro-immigrant hype. Yet there are a few places, far from the glare of Broadway, where one can go to commune with the real Hamilton and his legacy in our world.

Head to Newburgh, New York, where in the spring of 1783, Hamilton conspired with army officers to threaten a military coup unless Congress coughed up enough extra pay to establish them as a nascent aristocracy after the war. Drive to western Pennsylvania, site of the so-called Whiskey Rebellion of 1794, when Hamilton personally led an army to crush a few miserable rebels protesting the federal government's sacrifice of farmers and frontiersmen to the interests of the financial elite. Pay your respects at Trinity Church in downtown Manhattan, where Hamilton's body, if not his spirit, is buried. Walk around the corner to Federal Hall, where a statue of Washington marks the spot on which, with Hamilton looking on, the general swore in the spring of 1789 to "preserve, protect, and defend" a Constitution that Hamilton later described as a "frail and worthless fabric" because it allowed for too much democracy. Follow Washington's gaze across the street to the facade of the New York Stock Exchange, as if ensuring for the sake of his protégé, whose first home was on Wall Street, that all still runs smoothly. Take the A train up to Hamilton's beloved mansion, the Grange, at 141st Street. Watch from his porch as a tsunami of capital crashes slowly over Harlem, washing the people away.

Come, finally, to Paterson, where the Passaic River rolls in from the New Jersey uplands and crashes 77 feet into an ancient gorge—the largest waterfall east of the Mississippi other than Niagara. Hamilton first came here on July 10, 1778, as a young soldier on George Washington's military staff. Weary from a scorching battle against the British, the soldiers stopped for a picnic of ham, tongue, biscuits, and grog. Years later, when Hamilton sought to build an industrial city to wean Americans off their reliance on foreign goods, he returned to the Great Falls of the Passaic, which offered something that must have tantalized him: a source of endless power. It was here, 15 miles from Manhattan, that Hamilton hoped his dreams for America would be realized in full—a new empire would rise, a new world would be achieved.

Hamilton seems to have thought that Paterson's fate would be one measure by which both he and the American experiment could rightfully be judged. And so it should be. Today, nearly 30 percent of Paterson's population lives in poverty. Its unemployment rate is almost twice the national average. And in 2015, it was named the seventh-most-dangerous American city of its size—roughly 146,000 people. Much of the violence can be attributed to the fact that Paterson is a major distribution center for some of the purest heroin outside Afghanistan's Helmand Province.

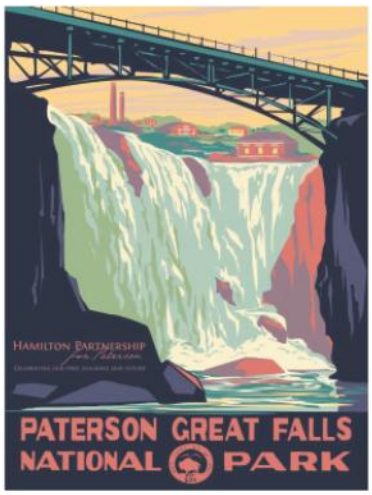
In her 1974 book *About Paterson: The Making and Unmaking of an American City*, local journalist Chris Norwood called the city "a living metaphor of the American urban crisis." Four decades later, Paterson remains a symbol of unkept promises and criminal neglect, a damning indictment of Hamilton—its founder, mascot, patron saint—and the nation he built.

It was in Paterson that Hamilton hoped his dreams for America would be realized in full—a new empire would rise.

As if from the narrow footbridge spanning the falls' misty abyss, a popular location for murder and suicide, the whole city now dangles in the air, desperately hanging on to a single thread of hope: that its capacity for reinvention is as renewable a resource as the river itself. By turning 118 acres around the chasm into a national park, civic leaders hope to revitalize the city's hollowed-out historic district, where 65 percent of residents say they're afraid to venture at night. Though the plan has had many backers over the years, much of the energy behind the final push came from Bill Pascrell Jr., a former mayor of Paterson and an 11-term Democratic congressman. He introduced a bill authorizing the park's creation in 2006; it passed the House the following year and was signed by President Obama as part of a public-lands measure in March 2009. In 2011, the federal government took over the land from the state, and the Paterson Great Falls National Historical Park became a reality.

SHUTTERSTOCK / JOSEPH STOHM

Six years later, there's still little more to the park than a trailer-size visitors' center. Last summer, the National Park Service finalized a 20-year general-management plan, which suggests the eventual cost could be as high as $45 million, depending on which projects actually get built. The funding will come from the local, state, and federal governments, bolstered by private donations funneled through the park's official "friends" group, the Hamilton Partnership for Paterson, a private nonprofit founded in 2008 by a Paterson-born former Washington, DC, real-estate lawyer named Leonard Zax. Supporters hope that the recently approved plans to spruce up Overlook Park, which sits across from the opening to the waterfall's gorge, and to create a "great lawn" at an old industrial site just downstream will be the beginning of more extensive transformations to come.



On a tour of Overlook Park last summer, Darren Boch, the park's genial superintendent, told me he was thinking about taking Hamilton's statue off the pedestal it has stood on for more than a century, looking with dreamy determination at the falls. The point, however, would not be to puncture the myth of Hamilton the hero. Boch said that he was inspired by a park in Morristown, a half-hour away, where ground-level statues of Washington, Hamilton, and Lafayette have created a hot spot for selfies.

By using the national park to revive itself, Paterson is hitching its faltering wagon to Hamilton's rising star. Beyond commemorating the city's founder, however, the park's boosters also hope to emulate what they consider his accomplishments. Pascrell has said he hopes the project will "awaken the economic engine of our region that Alexander Hamilton envisioned years ago." The idea seems to be that money poured into the park, like the water that plunges over the falls, will trickle down through the city to irrigate bone-dry neighborhoods like the Fourth Ward.

While it may be good marketing, the strategy ignores both the lessons of Paterson's past and what the city's residents really need. In that sense, Paterson remains, as Hamilton intended it, a microcosm of the country at large. Lacking the resources for a genuine renewal, its people are being asked to celebrate a history of which they have been, at almost every turn, the victims.

By using the national park to revive itself, Paterson is hitching its faltering wagon to Hamilton's rising star.

By the middle of 1791, Hamilton, then serving as the country's first Treasury secretary, had gained congressional approval for most of the controversial financial plan he had devised to guarantee the survival of the new federal government. Fixing the interests of the nation to those of the wealthy, he believed, would secure both its perpetuity and their profits. There was the federal government's assumption of the states' wartime debts, which ensured that the speculators who had spent the 1780s roaming around the country buying up Revolutionary-era promissory notes for pennies on the dollar, often from hard-up war veterans, could redeem those certificates at face value and with interest, thus enabling a massive redistribution of wealth from the bottom of society to the top. There was the tax on the production of whiskey to service the newly bloated federal debt, disproportionately hurting small distillers, leading a few years later to the Pennsylvania rebellion that Hamilton violently subdued. And there was the creation of the Bank of the United States, modeled on the powerful Bank of England, to make the whole thing run.

Hamilton's next move was to form a Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures (SUM) to build a new industrial metropolis, a "national manufactory," as he called it. Located between New York and Philadelphia, the Great Falls of the Passaic offered a steady supply of water for a system of canals, or "raceways," that would wind down a hillside to power a city of mills. The SUM—essentially a public-private partnership—received a special charter from New Jersey's governor, William Paterson, which

Before the fall: The Great Falls of the Passaic River.

granted exemptions from state and local taxes for 10 years, the power to construct public improvements, and perpetual rights to every drop of rain collected in the Passaic River's watershed. In return, the city was named in his honor.

In his *Report on the Subject of Manufactures*, submitted to Congress later that year, Hamilton laid out the theory behind Paterson's founding: An industrial America would indirectly benefit the many because it directly benefited the few. "It is a truth as important as it is agreeable, and one to which it is not easy to imagine exceptions, that everything tending to establish substantial and permanent order, in the affairs of a Country, to increase the total mass of industry and opulence, is ultimately beneficial to every part of it," he wrote. "On the Credit of this great truth, an acquiescence may safely be accorded, from every quarter, to all institutions & arrangements, which promise a confirmation of public order, and an augmentation of National Resource." Today, we call this trickle-down economics. Hamilton made it the cornerstone of our political order.

To put this theory into practice, Hamilton hired William Duer to run the SUM. The son of a wealthy Caribbean planter and a cousin to Hamilton by marriage, Duer had served as Hamilton's assistant Treasury secretary until 1790, when his habit of privately investing public funds became a political liability for his boss. In his biography, Ron Chernow says Hamilton "blundered" in his selection of Duer to lead the SUM, but it's unclear why a man otherwise hailed as a genius should, in this instance, be excused. The choice ought instead to be seen as a wager by Hamilton that someone so intent on increasing his own opulence and augmenting his own resources would be uniquely adept at increasing and augmenting the nation's.

Bard of Paterson: William Carlos Williams.

It was a bet that Hamilton, Paterson, and the United States would quickly lose. With a few associates, Duer used the SUM's finances to support his various schemes; cornering the market in certain stocks, he secretly shorted them just in case. The bubble finally burst in March of 1792, nearly taking the entire economy down with it.

Hamilton himself wasn't implicated in the shady dealings that led to the nation's first financial crash, but many of his closest cronies were, thus confirming for skeptics of his plans the suspicion, as one congressman put it, that a "powerful machine" was working on behalf of "a great moneyed interest." James Madison, who had previously collaborated with Hamilton on the *Federalist* essays defending the Constitution, was horrified by the prospect of a government "substituting the motive of private interest in place of public duty; converting its pecuniary dispensations into bounties to favorites, or bribes to opponents; accommodating its measures to the avidity of a part of the nation instead of the benefit of the whole."

Paterson was used by industrial titans so long as it made no claims on their wealth.

Amid the wreckage, the SUM fell by the wayside. Several directors, including Duer, were thrown in prison. Its funds mysteriously disappeared, presumably gambled away by Duer and his crew. By 1796, the population of Paterson had fallen from 500 to 43. The "SUM's early history suggested the kinds of problems that could develop from an urban-industrial complex built on privilege and lacking in public accountability," Chris Norwood observes.

Founded on Hamilton's hypothesis that the pursuit of private gain could be harnessed to serve the public good, Paterson was a failure from the start.

In testimony before Congress in 2009, Leonard Zax said it was "at the Great Falls that Hamilton began to create an economy requiring not slavery but freedom, rewarding not social status but hard work, and promoting not discrimination against some but opportunities for all." Hamilton's vision of a mighty industrial America is often presented, as in Miranda's musical, as an enlightened alternative to Thomas Jefferson's slave-based agrarian idyll. Selective and exaggerated—Jefferson argued early for the abolition of slavery, while Hamilton happily married into a slave-owning family—the argument is also predicated on a false dichotomy.

Four decades ago, the historian Edmund S. Morgan showed how the maintenance of American freedom was dependent on the perpetuation of American slavery. Rather than opposites, the two conditions were mutually reinforcing. Paterson proves the point: What rescued the city after its initial fall was the technological refinement of the process that took slave-picked cotton and made it into goods that American consumers could afford to buy.

The embers of industrial life in Paterson, all but snuffed out by the corruption of Hamilton's pals, were only fanned into flame years after his death, after Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin and Jefferson's controversial embargo of 1807 and the War of 1812 forced the United States to develop its own manufacturing. The SUM was resurrected by a colorful tycoon named Roswell Colt, whose father had unsuccessfully tried to save the company after the 1792 crash. Heralded as "the Cotton Town of the United States," Paterson's rebirth would have been impossible without the exploitation of slave labor. By 1830, "this flourishing Manchester of America," as a newspaper called it, had nearly 8,000 residents.

"It is impossible to think of any other city whose products cut so deeply into the texture of the United States and not only transformed its national character, but revolutionized American relations with the world," Norwood writes. The first of thousands of locomotives to be built in Paterson rolled onto the rails in 1837. In 1869, a Paterson-made locomotive pulled the eastern train that connected the transcontinental railroad, and 144 others were used to construct the Panama Canal. The engines that powered the *Spirit of St. Louis*, the

LEFT: AP PHOTO/ MEL EVANS; TOP: COURTESY BEINECKE RARE BOOK & MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY

plane Charles Lindbergh flew to Paris, and the *Enola Gay*, which dropped the bomb that incinerated Hiroshima, were also built in Paterson.

By the turn of the 20th century, Paterson had become known as "Silk City." Home to hundreds of factories employing over 20,000 workers, most of them immigrants, it was the fastest-growing city on the East Coast. For almost a century, Paterson could fairly say of itself, as an arch built over Main Street to mark its centennial in 1892 put it, "By Industry We Thrive."

Yet two developments subverted that message. Most obvious was the grotesque maldistribution of Paterson's wealth, which exacerbated tensions inherent in the city's origins. The "industrial aristocracy," Norwood writes, "had no feeling for Paterson as a place deserving their attention and care; instead they viewed the city as a moneymaking machine, much as Hamilton had established it." Jacob Rogers, a prominent locomotive manufacturer, explained his refusal to donate land for a hospital by saying, "I don't owe anything to Paterson." From 1850 to 1914, there were more strikes in the city than anywhere else in the country.

A fateful climax came with the silk strike of 1913. Provoked by the announcement of a transition to a system that would have workers responsible for four looms instead of two—thereby cutting their numbers in half—the strike lasted for more than five months. Thousands were arrested. Banned from meeting in Paterson, strikers and sympathizers gathered in nearby Haledon, whose Socialist mayor welcomed them, to hear speeches from the likes of Emma Goldman, Eugene Debs, and Upton Sinclair.

The strike failed, and the city was never the same again. Punished for its militancy, Paterson soon began to lose the industry by which it—or at least its factory owners—had thrived. After a brief revival during World War II, the city declined precipitously. The SUM shut its doors in 1945.

If Paterson was a pioneer of industrialization in the United States, it was also a pioneer of deindustrialization: In the 20th century as in the 18th (and today), arrangements that relied on the coincidence of the interests of the few with those of the many were in danger of fraying the moment those interests became misaligned.

What Hamilton had called "public order" was, in the long run, further undermined by Paterson's other great contribution to its own misery: It was here, in 1836, that Samuel Colt, a cousin of the SUM's rescuer, patented the mass-produced repeating revolver, which allowed shooters to fire bullets into flesh with greater ease. His factory folded a few years later, and Colt really made his name in Hartford, but the promotion of the gun as an emblem of American culture began here, with the Colt Paterson .28.

These days, Kevin Womble Sr. told me, residents of the city are "too scared to open their doors or even come outside, because your neighbor might rob you. Or somebody did something to somebody else, and they come up the street and start shooting, because somebody told them that the best way to resolve an issue was to pull a gun." If you run the tape back far enough, that "somebody" was Paterson's own Samuel Colt, who, the historian Saul Cornell has said, was the first person to push "the idea that guns are what make you free."

COURTESY RALPH APPELBAUM ASSOCIATES

Nouveau Paterson: A rendering of the new park's $19.7 million visitors' center.

"Think Times Square, which is where New York City's revitalization started. This is our Times Square."
—Darren Boch

When my family left Queens in 1993, we moved into a small house on Hamilton Avenue in Wayne, a New Jersey suburb just over the hill from the Great Falls. Rain that fell on our lawn found its way to a brook that emptied into the Passaic River just behind Willowbrook Mall, which, when it opened in 1969, was advertised as "the new downtown," a safe alternative for suburbanites afraid to shop in Paterson. From there the river flows a few miles to the falls. After heavy storms, my father often took me to admire the rushing torrent of white. For one searingly hot summer in high school, I took a bus over the hill every day to intern for Bill Pascrell. That was the extent of my relationship with Paterson: a few miles away, but another world.

In a sense, this is the United States as Hamilton envisioned it. Paterson, that "Bethlehem of Capitalism," that "ground zero of modern America," as *National Review* editor and Hamilton partisan Richard Brookhiser has called it, was used by its industrial titans so long as it made no claims on their wealth, and abandoned as soon as it did. Ever since, it's been ignored—by the nation of which it was to be a model and by the wealthier, whiter communities in its own backyard. Paterson tends to draw their attention only when its appalling conditions spread outward along the thoroughfares originally designed to bring raw materials to the city's mills. Three years ago, an 18-year-old from Wayne, just hours after graduating from high school, went down to the Fourth Ward to buy a gun and ended up with a bullet in his brain.

When they talk about improving the image of Paterson, the park's boosters are talking about how the city is perceived by the people of Wayne. Through some mystical process euphemistically called "revitalization," perhaps its reality will be transformed too. "I believe in Paterson," the city's largest private landowner, Queens-based developer Efstathios Valiotis, explained in 2011. "We can make money there."

On the afternoon of July 10, I attended a full-dress reenactment of what the event's organizer, the Alexander Hamilton Awareness Society, called "the most important picnic in American history." Under a tent near the falls, actors playing Hamilton, Washington, Lafayette, and two slaves ate the same meal their real-life counterparts had eaten exactly 238 years earlier. "In Paterson, we celebrate the past by looking to the future," Leonard Zax told the crowd. "And as Alexander Hamilton knew, the past is what you make it."

After the picnic, I met with Zax, Darren Boch, and Martin Vergara, a 33-year-old, Paterson-born Morgan Stanley executive who serves as the chair

of the Hamilton Partnership's board. I asked how the national park might benefit the residents of the Fourth Ward. "Think of Times Square, which is where New York City's revitalization started," Boch said. "This is our Times Square. Maybe there can be sparks that are set here that over time sort of emanate somewhere else." While not a panacea, Vergara added, the development of the park could be "a catalyst for other things."

Developers are counting on it. David Garsia is the owner of the Art Factory, a 22-building complex of defunct mills that his father bought in the late 1970s, and that now hosts artists' studios and film and photography shoots. On one of my visits to Paterson, Garsia, a trim man in his late 40s wearing a shirt open to his sternum, invited me out to a balcony that overlooks the SUM's old raceway system. "We're going to be the next Dumbo, Bushwick, Williamsburg, Red Hook," he enthused, rattling off the names of some of New York City's most "revitalized" neighborhoods. "The artists and the creatives and the hard workers went to Brooklyn, created wonderful communities over there, and then got pushed out. They're all coming to Paterson now."

As he said this, Garsia looked up at the sun-soaked trees along the raceway, reminding me of the Hamilton statue at the falls. I asked whether he found any inspiration in the story of Paterson's founding. "Hamilton had a vision for the nation, which was an entrepreneurial, industrious, capitalist vision," Garsia replied. "We're just carrying on the vision, that's all."

Back on Governor Street, Kevin Womble Sr. sees things differently. "The upper-level residents—let me put it that way—they're blushing over this thing," he told me. "But who are they doing it for? That money could be better spent revitalizing some of this mess here. It's just going to be another pretty picture for a postcard."

"Americans have lost the sense…that what we are has its origin in what *the nation* in the past has been."
—William Carlos Williams

Hamiltonia: Lin-Manuel Miranda as Alexander Hamilton in the Broadway musical.

Because Hamilton's stock is on the rise, it doesn't seem to have occurred to any of Paterson's leading citizens that a man whose vision for the city immediately failed, and whose vision for the nation was of an armed and dangerous empire governed by and for the rich, might not be the best cultural touchstone for a city trying to recover from its bad American dream. Fortunately, Paterson is not without an alternative.

William Carlos Williams was born in nearby Rutherford in 1883. A physician as well as a poet, Williams had an office in Passaic where he saw patients all day before making house calls at night. His poetry was deeply rooted in a love for people and an attachment to place: the old industrial cities of New Jersey and their inhabitants. The first lines of *Paterson*, his late-career opus, published in five parts from 1946 to 1958—and the inspiration for Jim Jarmusch's recent film by the same name—are printed on a wall opposite the bathroom in the Great Falls park's temporary visitors' center:

> Paterson lies in the valley under the Passaic Falls
> its spent waters forming the outline of his back. He
> lies on his right side, head near the thunder
> of the waters filling his dreams!

The deeply humane ethos of *Paterson* offers a sharp contrast with Hamilton's contempt for ordinary Americans and their democratic aspirations. A sixth book of *Paterson*, left unfinished on Williams's death in 1963, begins with a few ambiguous lines about Hamilton. Yet it was in an earlier book, *In the American Grain*, a collection of historical meditations published in 1925, that the poet fully laid out his brief against the man he called "a balloon of malice."

"If a verdict be unanimous, it is sure to be a wrong one," Williams wrote regarding history's disparagement of Aaron Burr and approbation for the man he killed. In an imagined dialogue with a historian defending the traditional story of America's founding—the version recycled in *Hamilton*—Williams's interlocutor calls George Washington a "Protector of liberty." The poet snaps back:

> Whose, Hamilton's?—to harness the whole, young, aspiring genius to a treadmill? Paterson he wished to make capital of the country because there was waterpower there which to his time and mind seemed colossal. And so he organized a company to hold the land thereabouts, with dams and sluices, the origin today of the vilest swillhole in christendom, the Passaic River; impossible to remove the nuisance so tight had he, Hamilton, sewed up his privileges unto kingdomcome, through his holding company, in the State legislature. *His* company. *His* United States: Hamiltonia—the land of the company.

It would be surprising to find this passage inscribed on the walls of the Alexander Hamilton Center, the park's future visitors' center, for which the Hamilton Partnership is raising $19.7 million from private foundations, corporations, and individuals. "It is an extraordinary phenomenon," Williams mused, "that Americans have lost the sense…that what we are has its origin in what *the nation* in the past has been; that there is a source in AMERICA for everything we think or do…."

A few hundred feet downriver from the falls, near the parcel that will become the "great lawn," there's a sprawling plot of unkempt land, where straggly trees poke out through the ruins of some of Paterson's oldest factories. Eerily disordered, pierced by a pulse-accelerating quiet, it's the kind of place that makes you wonder why so many seem to have left without their shoes, and how many have never left. Lonely souls perch on piles of bricks, taking breaks for lunch and from life. Teenagers, exulting in the fugitive freedom of a June afternoon, hold hands in the window of a dilapidated mill, their legs dangling over the river. They could be forgiven for not knowing what these quieted smokestacks, these tumbledown walls, these rusty machines have to do with the history they learned in school, or with the future of the city they've managed briefly to escape, or with the phrase "American carnage." It will be the burden of the national park to inform them. Otherwise, these Paterson ruins might as well be left alone—left to tell, for any who wander in, a story about the rise of a once-promising nation and the myths that sustained it, about its refusal to live without them and its final, freely chosen fall. ■

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(continued from page 2)

House of Representatives has reinstated the Holman Rule, as described in Williams's column, finalized my decision to look only in the private sector for employment.

The thought of politicians deciding to alter a federal worker's salary based on politics is chilling. I was already worried about the potential brain drain as people become fed up and quit the civil service. Now I am worried that this Holman Rule may cause an even bigger exodus, with many years of valuable expertise being lost along with the civil servants themselves. As Williams notes, "the long continuity of government throughout multiple administrations" is profoundly at risk.

Still, I haven't completely despaired, as I've become more active in politics—and, who knows, maybe I'll throw my own hat into the ring and run for office in the future.

David Potocnik
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sleuths With Pens

Investigative reporting is, if anything, even more important than Anya Schiffrin says in her review of James T. Hamilton's book *Democracy's Detectives* ["But Who Will Cover the Swill Milk?," Feb. 20]. Yet despite the need, the resources aren't there to support this essential work, as Schiffrin points out. Investigative reporting takes time, but time is money—and in today's newsrooms, money is scarce. That's why it was a treat to read about Drew Sullivan and David E. Kaplan's proposed solution—namely, creating an investigative-reporting trust out of some of the billions of dollars recovered by governments after investigative reporters have exposed criminal activity.

Along those lines, I suggest a related solution: Earmark 10 percent of the fines and penalties levied on these nabbed ne'er-do-wells as a reward for investigative journalists' successful work. It would be easier to keep track of, and it would be a huge incentive to both budding reporters and jaded newspaper editors to get on the investigative trail.

At the risk of dating myself, I suggest a new motto for these fearless journalists, borrowed from the old TV series *Have Gun, Will Travel*: "Have Pen, Will Protect."

Gary A. Schlueter
Richmond, Ind.

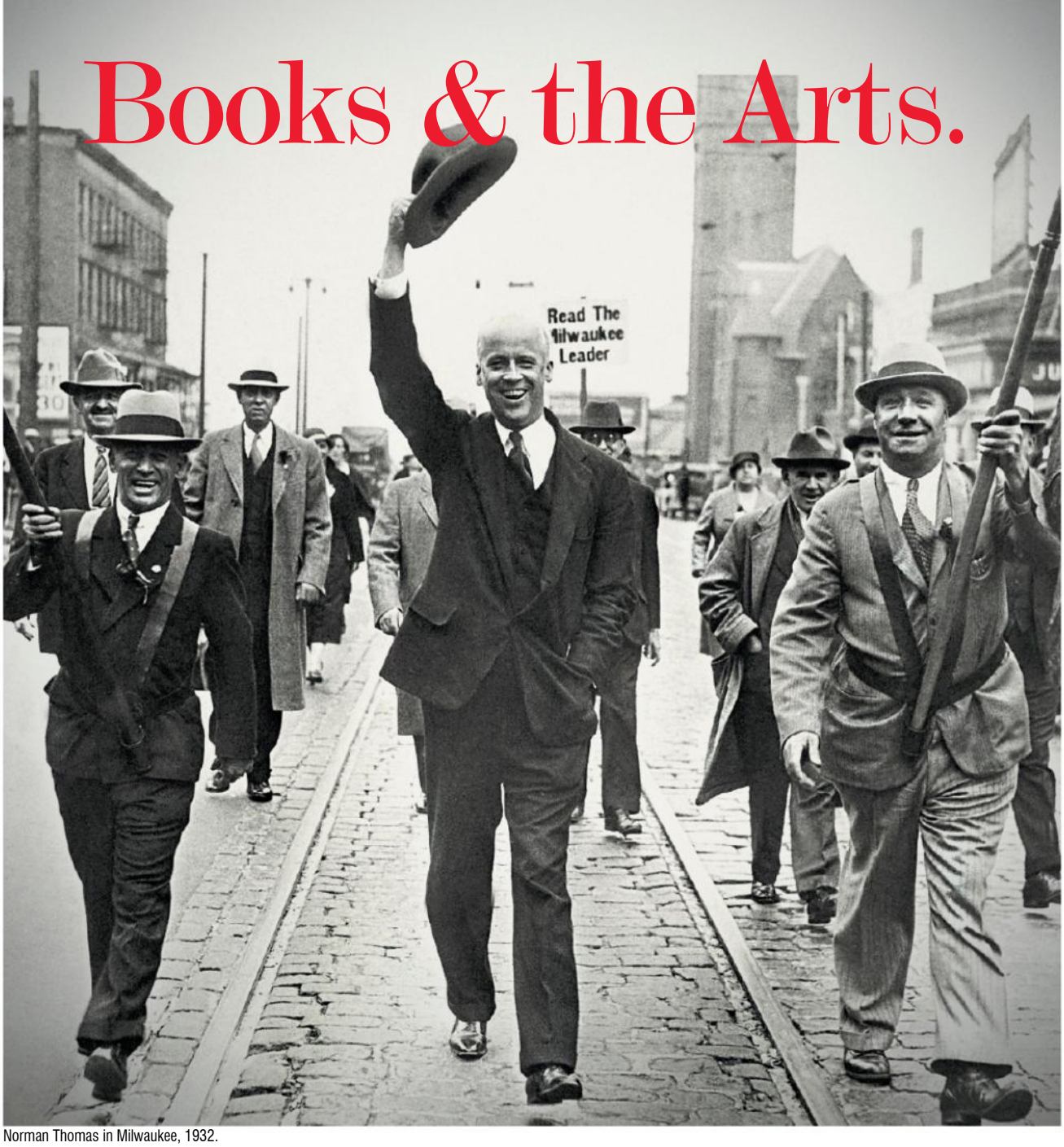
Righteous Resistance

Re Mark Hertsgaard's "A Roar of Resistance" [Feb. 20]: We *must* work together to keep this momentum going. Democracy has just become a full-time job. If there is any lull in our efforts, the regime will roll back any progress we've made and become more emboldened. Fight hard, and fight every day. Fight for your families, your brothers and sisters, your friends and neighbors, your community, and the world. Philip Harding

I am hopeful that, unlike previous short-lived movements, opposition to the Trump administration's indefensible pronouncements will continue to grow and produce some unexpectedly good results. And then we'll do it again and again. Betsy Smith

We've Got You Covered

I wish I knew how to get the address sticker off the cover of the "Trump Family Values" issue [Feb. 20] without damage. Congrats on a classic, although the "Jeez, what now?" expression on the Donald's face is too kind—unless he's really thinking, "Well, you asked for it." Steve Harris
St. Louis, Mo.



Norman Thomas in Milwaukee, 1932.

AP PHOTO

SOCIALISM'S RETURN

After more than a half-century in the wilderness, the socialist left reemerges in America

by PATRICK IBER

For the American left, 2016 proved to be a year with a cruel twist ending. In the first few months, a self-described democratic socialist by the name of Bernie Sanders mounted a surprisingly successful primary challenge to the Democratic Party's presumed and eventual presidential nominee, Hillary Clinton. By the end of 2016, however, not only had Sanders lost the primary race, but Clinton had been defeated in the general election by a billionaire who dressed his xenophobic and plutocratic ambitions in the garb of class resentment.

But the apparent strength of the left wasn't entirely an illusion. Even as late as November, the Sanders campaign had racked up a set of important victories. The Cold War had helped to entrench the idea of socialism as antithetical to the American political tradition, and Sanders had gone

a long way toward smashing that ideological consensus. By identifying himself explicitly as a democratic socialist from the outset of his campaign, he helped give renewed meaning and salience to it as a political identity firmly rooted in the American tradition.

In addition to helping end the stigma around socialism, the Sanders campaign provided a blueprint for a new generation of leftists and progressives. By running in the Democratic primary and showing that he could draw large crowds, Sanders revealed an emerging left-leaning constituency. It seemed in those early autumn months that even in defeat, Sanders had opened up the path for a more progressive Democratic Party: "Sanders Democrats" could continue to work within the party and not only protest outside it. The way forward seemed clear: After Clinton won the general election, a strengthened social-democratic left could work toward the universal provision of various social services and push for criminal-justice reforms and other key priorities.

But now, instead of holding a strengthened position within a troubled but relatively secure Democratic Party, the left appears to be simultaneously invigorated and institutionally irrelevant. The ambitious ideas and goals that have blossomed in recent years—single-payer health care, debt-free higher education, a $15-dollar-an-hour national minimum wage, paid leave, criminal-justice reform—seem to belong to a political world that no longer exists. The left is now primarily on the defensive: Rather than seeking to push the welfare state toward completion, it must defend against its dissolution. Rather than ensuring fair access to public goods like health care, education, and housing, the task of the left is now to prevent the wholesale pillage of the commons. And rather than merely restraining the hawks in the Democratic Party, the left must worry about global devastation, whether through nuclear action or climate inaction.

So what remains of 2016's hoped-for "political revolution"? Two books by Sanders, *Outsider in the White House* and *Our Revolution*, and two volumes of essays by some of this new left's leading voices, *The ABCs of Socialism* and *The Future We Want*, offer us some clues. While written with different conditions in mind, these books still serve as important references for thinking through how to move forward.

Patrick Iber is a writer and historian. He is the author of Neither Peace nor Freedom: The Cultural Cold War in Latin America. *His writing appears frequently in* Dissent *and* The New Republic.

Outsider in the White House
By Bernie Sanders
With Huck Gutman
Verso. 368 pp. $16.95

Our Revolution
A Future to Believe In
By Bernie Sanders
Thomas Dunne Books. 464 pp. $27

The ABCs of Socialism
Edited by Bhaskar Sunkara
Verso. 144 pp. $14.95

The Future We Want
Radical Ideas for a New Century
Edited by Sarah Leonard
and Bhaskar Sunkara
Metropolitan Books. 208 pp. $17

Sanders's emergence as the de facto spokesman and moral conscience of the American left was nearly impossible to anticipate. In spite of having risen to the highest elected position of any socialist in US history, Sanders wasn't viewed by many leftists as central to their projects and organizing efforts, most of which, in the early 2000s, were directed toward non-electoral goals and communities in urban areas. But the themes that Sanders struck—reducing economic inequality, fighting climate change and the corrosive influence of money in our politics—were well-chosen for our moment of economic upheaval and drew progressively larger crowds.

A careful account of Sanders's story, and why he emerged so suddenly, will be the work of future historians. But he has written two campaign autobiographies that provide a reasonable first draft. *Outsider in the White House* was produced relatively quickly and published in 2015. Other than a new preface by Sanders and an afterword by *The Nation*'s John Nichols, it is essentially a retitled version of *Outsider in the House*, his 1997 book. *Our Revolution*, published in the days after Trump's election, recapitulates the candidate's biography but also gives us an account of his primary campaign against Clinton and concludes with a detailed policy agenda.

Both books provide similar accounts of Sanders's life, but the earlier book offers a more complete portrait of his youth and political formation. Sanders was born into a lower-middle-class Jewish household in Brooklyn. The son of a paint salesman, he didn't grow up in poverty but was conscious throughout childhood of the family's lack of money. He attended Brooklyn College for his freshman year and then transferred to the University of Chicago, where he felt isolated among the children of businesspeople and professionals. By his own admission, Sanders wasn't an especially good student, instead dedicating much of his time to activism with the university's chapters of the Young People's Socialist League and the Congress of Racial Equality.

The civil-rights movement was an important factor in Sanders's politicization in the early 1960s. He participated in protests against the segregated housing owned by the University of Chicago, for which he was arrested, and in 1963 he made the long bus trip to Washington, DC, to attend the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, where Martin Luther King Jr. made his "I Have a Dream" speech. Sanders also joined the Student Peace Union and became involved in the antiwar movement. After college, he moved to Vermont and lived in rustic conditions. After joining the antiwar Liberty Union Party, a statewide socialist party founded in 1970, Sanders ran for the US Senate in 1972, winning just 2 percent of the vote. Four years later, he ran for governor, winning all of 6 percent.

Perhaps it was Vermont's isolation from the civil-rights movement and other struggles of the era that made Sanders incline toward electoral politics rather than other forms of activism. Or perhaps it was simply that the Liberty Union Party's leadership could fit into a living room, and he happened to be the one who volunteered for a Senate run. But at a time when New York–based socialists like Michael Harrington were forming the predecessors of today's Democratic Socialists of America to push the Democratic Party to the "left wing of the possible," Sanders was instead gaining experience in presenting socialist ideas as part of electoral campaigns. If many on the left had reconciled themselves to the task of trying to reform the Democratic Party from within in the 1970s, Sanders had decided to carry on the tradition of electoral socialism inherited from his idol, Eugene Debs.

Sanders's first political success came in 1981, when—to nearly everyone's surprise—he was elected as mayor of Burlington by a margin of 14 votes. But it wasn't his own election that prompted him to first use his signature phrase "political revolution." Elected on a platform that included protecting the environment and halting property-tax increases, Sanders soon found that Burlington's board of aldermen was unwilling to work with him. So he decided that he needed to lead a "political revolu-

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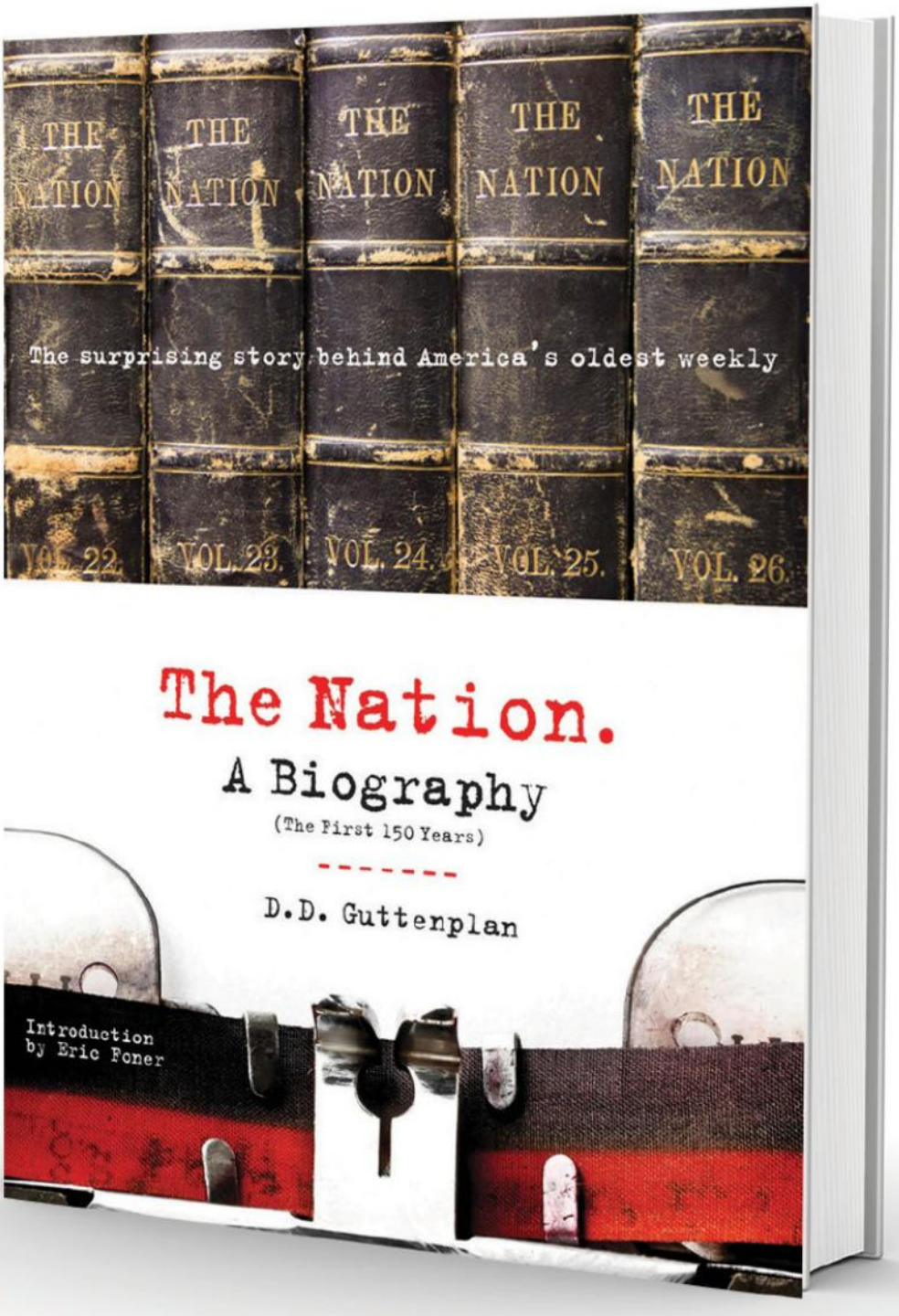

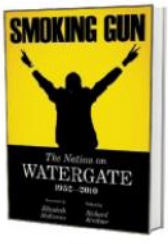

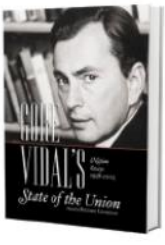

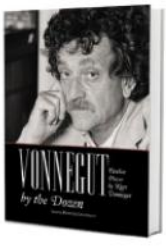

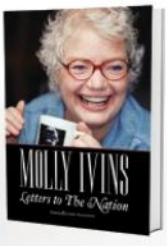

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tion" in order to win more elections: this time to take aldermanic seats as well as the mayor's office. In the following election, his Progressive Coalition ran candidates in every ward, an effort that found them knocking on nearly every door in the city. The Sanders forces won several of these races, and while they didn't have a majority, they had enough seats to veto any Democratic or Republican initiative, forcing the traditional parties to work with them. "If the mayoral victory one year before had been regarded by some as a fluke," Sanders writes, "there could be no mistaking what was happening now. A political revolution had occurred in Burlington."

In Sanders's time as mayor, Burlington became a small-town echo of the municipal socialism of the 1920s. He halted the property-tax increases, as promised, and raised revenue through a room-and-meal tax. A community land trust was set up to create affordable housing for low-income residents. There was also lakefront beautification and cultural renewal, with free blues, jazz, reggae, and country-music festivals, and events featuring left-wing luminaries like Studs Terkel and Noam Chomsky. Sanders also gave the city something of a foreign policy, traveling to Managua for the anniversary of the Nicaraguan Revolution, to the Soviet Union on his honeymoon in 1988, and to Cuba in 1989.

The question remained whether Sanders's form of "political revolution"—the idea that mass organizing and local electoral victories could help push American politics to the left—could work on a scale larger than the municipal one. In 1990, Sanders ran successfully for the House of Representatives, where he served eight terms; in 2007, he was elected to the Senate, where he caucused, sometimes uneasily, with Democrats. He became the highest-ranking American politician to describe himself as a socialist.

Sanders remained out of step with the centrist politics of the Democratic Leadership Council, which dominated the party in those years. He was willing to endorse Bill Clinton for president in 1996 as preferable to Republican rule, but he did so without enthusiasm. He thought mainstream Democrats had abandoned the language of class, and he opposed DLC-championed trade deals like NAFTA, which served to place American workers in direct competition with the lower wages and regulatory standards outside the United States.

Once he arrived in the House of Representatives in 1991, Sanders helped set up the Progressive Caucus with Democratic allies like Peter DeFazio of Oregon, Lane Evans of Illinois, and Maxine Waters and Ron Dellums of California. He worked on adding progressive components to existing bills, and he wondered, as he watched the 1996 Republican National Convention produce a huge bounce in the polls, "What could happen, what would happen, in this country if progressives were allowed to have four or five nights of prime-time television and front-page newspaper coverage? What would happen if we could present a point of view that most Americans are unfamiliar with? Would we suddenly become the dominant political force in America? No. Would millions of Americans develop a much more sympathetic attitude toward democratic socialism? Yes."

But it would be impossible to test his theory of political revolution from the confines of Congress. It required far more public attention, and a galvanizing campaign that would raise money and consciousness and inspire volunteers to put in work across the country. That could happen with a presidential campaign, the only realistic way to test his theory on a much larger scale. In 2015 and 2016, Sanders discovered—one suspects much to his own surprise—just how far he might be able to take this tactic.

If Sanders had won the presidency, he would have encountered, just as he had in Burlington in the early 1980s, a legislature consisting of Republicans and many Democrats who would have been unwilling to work with him or accept his victory as more than a fluke. The real test would have come in the 2018 midterms—analogous to those aldermanic elections—with pro-Sanders candidates running across the country, competing for every House seat and the contested Senate ones. But perhaps the most important aspect of Sanders's run in the Democratic primary was cultural rather than electoral: He gave renewed vigor to the egalitarian ideals of socialism and, along the way, revealed a growing base of young voters who shared his enthusiasm for them.

Sanders defines democratic socialism in an idiosyncratic way: It is, above all else, fundamentally Rooseveltian—especially the Roosevelt of the never-implemented Second Bill of Rights in 1944. For Sanders, certain social goods—housing, education, and health care—deserve to be understood as rights rather than as commodities sold for profit. To achieve these ends, he sees the need to fight the power of concentrated wealth, which distorts both markets and politics in favor of the wealthy. But Sanders has another critique that is equally powerful and just as salient to our moment. His frequent invocation of the 1 percent and its undeserved share of the national wealth is not only an argument about economic inequality; it is also an argument about political inequality. One cannot be an equal member of a polity if those with wealth have far more say and far more power in the political system. A political democracy requires an economic democracy—or, as Sanders writes in *Our Revolution*, "today's tyrannical aristocracy is no longer a foreign power. It's an American billionaire class that has unprecedented economic and political influence over all of our lives."

Sanders's success with young voters reveals a bimodal distribution of socialist enthusiasm. The old guard that came of age in the 1960s, like Sanders, has now been met by a growing influx of organizers from the ranks of those born after 1980, people who have entered the workforce during years marked by varying degrees of capitalist crisis. *The ABCs of Socialism*, edited by *Jacobin* founder Bhaskar Sunkara, and *The Future We Want*, edited by Sunkara and *The Nation*'s Sarah Leonard, offer us some insights into the ways in which this new generation is attempting to redefine the socialist tradition for the 21st century.

The two books have much in common, sharing an editor and several authors. *The ABCs of Socialism* is a direct response to the surge of interest in socialism generated by the Sanders campaign. During his candidacy, subscriptions to *Jacobin* increased by the hundreds each week, and basic definitional and historical questions poured in. *The ABCs of Socialism* offers selections from the magazine,

WIKIMEDIA / MICHAEL VADON

in the form of questions and relatively brief answers, to provide a useful history of the socialist ideal.

Enthusiastic though they were about the Sanders campaign, *Jacobin*'s writers are explicitly rooted in Marxism in a way that Sanders is not. For the authors in *The ABCs*, socialism means something more than his vision of a Rooseveltian social democracy. In their analysis, socialism cannot be achieved through progressive taxation and a more robust system of rights that decommodifies certain social goods; this would bend, but not break, the power of capital. And capital will always fight back, just as it has for the last 40-plus years, starting with the crises of the early 1970s, which created opportunities for businesspeople and their political allies (like Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher) to fight the power of unions and the welfare state.

For Sanders, the problem is Wall Street and the billionaire class, which have captured the government and shaped the market to their advantage at the expense of ordinary workers. For *Jacobin*'s socialists, the problem is more acute: It is capitalism itself. In *Our Revolution*, Sanders defends the idea of capping the size of major banks and briefly discusses having the government support worker-owned businesses. But as Sunkara, going far beyond Sanders, puts it in his essay for *The ABCs*, the socialist vision remains "abolishing private ownership of the things we all need and use—factories, banks, offices, natural resources, utilities, communication and transportation infrastructure—and replacing it with social ownership, thereby undercutting the power of elites to hoard wealth and power." That doesn't mean the state will seize your "Kenny Loggins records," Sunkara puckishly adds: Socialism requires the abolition of private property, not personal property.

One of socialism's problems in the 20th century was that its existing examples—at least the ones claiming to have gone beyond social democracy—were always politically repressive single-party states. The new socialists neither deny this fact nor dwell on it. Instead, they focus on the ethical appeal of socialism. For *Jacobin*'s writers, so long as capitalism remains—even in the modified form of social democracy—injuries to human flourishing can be stanched, but not cured. It isn't enough simply to expand the purview of the state if it leaves private property intact. But although the essays in *The ABCs* occasionally offer a Marxist critique of Sanders, they mostly articulate a view of socialism's purpose that is similar to his own. As Sunkara puts it, the desired goal is "a world where people don't try to control others for personal gain, but instead cooperate so that everyone can flourish." *Jacobin*, which sometimes seems to take pride in being part of an unreconstructed left, more closely resembles the tradition of Marxist humanism that cropped up in the mid- to late 20th century, when actually existing socialism in the Soviet bloc too often proved to work against human flourishing. The point, after all, is to improve things.

If *The ABCs* seeks to establish a socialist ideal upon which to ground the left, *The Future We Want* is less theoretical and more focused on outlining the kinds of policies that might help to realize this ideal in our present moment. Collectively, the essays of *The Future We Want* think through how high-quality universal services, in an egalitarian context, would change human life.

Megan Erickson, in her essay "Imagining Socialist Education," looks at our school system and argues that socialists must fight for universal access to the kind of liberating, decommodified education that members of the elite receive. In "Sex Class," Sarah Leonard describes the importance of universal child care for socialist feminism—because otherwise the best that liberal feminism can offer will only be available to those who can pay. In "How to Make Black Lives Really, Truly Matter," Jesse Myerson and Mychal Denzel Smith argue that overcoming the legacy of racism can only happen by closing the wealth gap between black and white Americans. To this end, they propose job guarantees and baby bonds that mature at 18 for all those born to families below the median net wealth.

Several of the book's contributors mention the prospect of a universal basic income to cope with technological and social changes here and on the horizon, and to help manage the transition toward less work—the decommodification of life itself, and thus the weakening of the power of capital. But overall, the imagined interlocutor of these essays is neither on the left nor the right; it's the sort of liberal who also seeks to reduce inequality, but would do so by increasing opportunity rather than reducing economic disparities. By highlighting the inequalities born out of liberal policies, the writers and editors of *The Future We Want* assert that the kind of goals that liberals and socialists share—greater formal equality, more egalitarian representation, a political system that doesn't solely benefit elites—can only be realized through socialist means.

As we are no longer in a moment in which well-intentioned liberals are in power, these arguments will have to be repurposed. Donald Trump's election has been a radicalizing experience for many: Subscriptions to the left's magazines and membership in the Democratic Socialists of America increased throughout the Sanders campaign and jumped again after Election Day. But in spite of its energy and vigor, the left now needs to rethink some of its strategies and ideas. Total control of the government by the Republican Party, joined with Trump's executive power, means that even massive mobilizations will produce defensive victories at best. Those victories are real and clearly worth the fight—not least because they produce solidarity—but the losses will still pile up. We are no longer debating a slower or longer path to social democracy; we are defending against the racist, misogynistic, and kleptocratic practices of a man committed to dismantling the New Deal.

But the left cannot sustain itself on defense alone. Other than doing what it can to stop Trump's worst abuses, the left must develop a theory of change for a moment when the Democratic Party doesn't control any branch of government. For a time, Sanders seemed to have shown us how to pull the Democratic Party to the left. Yet the vulnerability of his strategy was that it required the party's more centrist wing to win the presidential election—which, as events have proved, isn't something we can take for granted. Despite this defeat, the energy to resist—and to build—is there. If the Democrats are still afraid to speak of class, they will have to be taught. Those who cannot or will not stand up to Trump need to face primary challenges from the left. And even if the party's next presidential candidate isn't a progressive, the left needs to make clear in the intervening years that he or she will have to win over a sizable number of young voters who are.

Trump's enormous unpopularity means that, assuming the continued existence of small-D democracy, the Democratic Party will win major elections in the future. The left's job is to make sure that when it does, it will be a more egalitarian and progressive force. Until then, the broad left should focus on the common ground: civil rights, economic equality, universal services, and real democracy for all. Whatever Trump succeeds in dismantling, we must have the ideas at hand to rebuild it stronger and better once he's gone. In short: What do we need to do next? Everything. ■

A South Korean mural depicting the Gwangju uprising.

WHEN TIME STOPPED FOREVER

Han Kang's new novel mines the violent past and uncertain future of South Korean politics

by E. TAMMY KIM

In January 2009, several dozen protesters refused to evacuate a five-story building in Yongsan, a working-class neighborhood of central Seoul. They were longtime renters of small restaurants and variety stores who'd been ordered to shutter their businesses. Giant quasi-state developers, including Samsung, had bought out the entire neighborhood, slating it for redevelopment into office and apartment towers, with the city's blessing. Landowners had been paid just a fraction of what their properties were worth, but the hundreds of tenants, even worse off, received ruinous token compensation. When their appeals to local authorities went ignored, they resorted to occupying the rooftop under a banner: OUR LIVES ARE HERE.

The corporations had little incentive to negotiate and, after some weeks, enlisted the state's spectacular muscle. Riot police used water cannons to blast the encampment, while others, armed and helmeted, charged up the stairs. Commandos spilled from a shipping container lifted onto the roof by a crane. The protesters stayed in place, lobbing Molotov cocktails in a confrontation reminiscent of the pro-democracy protests of their youth. In footage of the siege, the building looks like a squat candle, its top ablaze, swirling with thick black smoke. Five civilians and one police officer were killed; dozens of activists were injured and several sentenced to long prison terms. One survivor later explained, "We climbed up to the roof to live."

The saga was broadcast on national television, and among those watching was the avant-garde writer and professor Han Kang. Yongsan moved Han to begin working on a new novel about the Gwangju uprising (or massacre), a deadly crackdown on unionists and student activists that took place in May 1980. Han would later reflect on the

Human Acts
By Han Kang
Translated by Deborah Smith
Hogarth Press. 224 pp. $22

E. Tammy Kim is a journalist and essayist based in New York.

PHOTO COURTESY OF TIM SHORROCK AND THE MAY 18 MEMORIAL FOUNDATION

Yongsan tragedy: "I remember being glued to the television, watching the tower burning in the middle of the night and surprising myself with the words that sprang from my mouth. *But that's Gwangju*."

Eight years after Yongsan, coinciding with the nation's largest-ever protests and its second presidential impeachment, Han's Gwangju novel, *Human Acts*, has arrived in English translation. Many readers in Britain and the United States are already familiar with 46-year-old Han, who, along with her London-based translator, Deborah Smith, won last year's Man Booker International Award for *The Vegetarian*. The English publication of *The Vegetarian*, about a housewife's dark awakening, felt like an event: Korean literature, notoriously difficult to translate, had finally taken on a new legibility in the West. It was received as a feminist allegory or a surrealist parable. Its weird, frugal prose ("no watery blood, no ripped intestines") invited comparisons to Hanya Yanagihara and Kafka.

Like many Korean and Japanese novels, *The Vegetarian* was conceived as a short story, which became the middle chapter of the three that make up the book. It revolves around Yeong-hye, an ordinary middle-age homemaker who begins to have murderous dreams: "great blood-red gashes of meat…. My bloody hands. My bloody mouth." These nightmares compel her to become a vegetarian, before she stops eating altogether—a symbolic rejection of the rules imposed by her marriage, gender, and class. In further rebellion against these constraints, she agrees to appear in a semipornographic art film and later, in a trancelike state, submits sexually to its auteur: her sister's husband. By the novel's end, Yeong-hye is confined to a psychiatric hospital, coughing up blood and visited only by the sister she betrayed, a woman who, "as a daughter, as an older sister, as a wife and as a mother, as the owner of a shop…had always done her best."

The violence of *The Vegetarian* is domestic in scope. Yet the book resonates not only as a feminist critique but also as an exploration of human savagery—a constant theme in Han's work, dating back to the 1990s. *Human Acts* is unique in the intensity and scale of this brutality. Picking the scab of the Gwangju massacre, the novel details a bloody history that was deliberately forgotten and is only now being recovered.

At the time of the uprising, South Korea was a relatively young state, formed after decades of Japanese colonization and the terrible civil war of 1950–53. During the effort to rebuild and accelerate the South Korean economy, thousands of young men fought in Vietnam as US mercenaries and earned a reputation for indiscriminate killing. The country they returned to was also steeped in violence: In October 1979, South Korean autocrat Park Chung-hee—father of the recently impeached president, Park Geun-hye—was assassinated by his own security chief. A new, equally brutal strongman, Chun Doo-hwan, took control.

By the beginning of 1980, street protests, marches, and sit-ins had spread across South Korea, as citizens demanded democratic elections and an end to martial law. In the left-leaning city of Gwangju, students, intellectuals, and blue-collar workers experimented with self-government and planned demonstrations for May. Their efforts were peaceful, yet they were met with unexpected carnage: Chun's troops killed hundreds of civilians and arrested and tortured hundreds more. The government justified its actions as anticommunist, labeling the protesters "red bastards" and "red bitches." We share "a uniform brutality," says one of the characters in *Human Acts*, "imprinted in our genetic code."

Han was just 9 years old when the uprising took place. Gwangju was her hometown, but she had just moved with her family to a suburb of Seoul, thus escaping the impending violence. The event seeped into her nonetheless, and *Human Acts* is the product of this obsession. As Smith notes in her preface, "In 2013, when Park Chung-hee's daughter Park Geun-hye was inaugurated as president, the past rose up and ripped the bandage off old wounds for Gwangju-ites like Han Kang." Indeed, Park Geun-hye has attempted to replicate (through surveillance laws and backroom dealings) and rehabilitate (via government-sponsored revisionist textbooks) her father's paranoid style. President Park II has now been impeached, following massive protests over revelations of corruption involving Samsung and a childhood confidante dating back to the time of Gwangju. The Constitutional Court could rule on Park's future as early as next month and green-light an interim election.

Meanwhile, the investigation has plowed up fetid soil: every government agency and private corporation, rotten from top to tail. In February, Park's minister of culture was indicted for having maintained a McCarthyite blacklist of nearly 10,000 artists, actors, and writers considered hostile to the president. Books had been blacklisted too, severely limiting their distribution. Among them: Han's *Human Acts*.

Human Acts imagines the Gwangju uprising from seven vantage points, stretching chronologically from 1980 to 2013. As in *The Vegetarian*, each chapter centers on a different character; their shared connection is Dong-ho, a middle-school boy unwittingly thrown into the pandemonium of his hometown. (In Korea, *Human Acts* was published in 2014 as *The Boy Is Coming*.) Dong-ho narrates Chapter 1 from a school gymnasium turned ersatz morgue, where he helps activists keep a grim civilian tally. The sight and stench of the "rally of corpses" overwhelm him, yet Dong-ho is most disconcerted by "the singing of the national anthem" and "the Taegukgi, the national flag, being spread over each coffin…as though it wasn't the nation itself that had murdered them."

Dong-ho looks for his young friend Jeong-dae, who speaks as a ghost in Chapter 2, hovering above his own discarded body. But it is Jeong-dae who finds his teenage sister and Dong-ho among the dead: "A distant scream. Living breaths snapped like a neck. Souls shocked from their bodies." Chapters 3 through 6 trace the lives of survivors: a young woman who handled corpses with Dong-ho becomes, by 1985, an editor tasked with ferrying literature to government censors; a college student arrested and tortured in Gwangju is a taxi driver suffering night terrors in 1990; a once rabble-rousing "factory girl" shrinks into a reclusive bean counter by 2002; and, in 2010, Dong-ho's mother still lives the nightmare of losing her son.

Truth-telling becomes an ethical burden for those who survive the uprising. Eun-sook, the book editor in Chapter 3, is tortured during a government interrogation. She is "struck so hard, over and over in the exact same spot, that the capillaries laced over her right cheekbone burst." One of the manuscripts in her care, a pro-democracy play, returns from the censors swollen as "flotsam," with entire pages "blacked out, presumably using an ink roller." The playwright, undeterred, goes forward with the production, and Eun-sook frets when plainclothes policemen seat themselves at the premiere. She watches in awe as the actors silently deliver their blacked-out lines: "lips gupper like a fish on dry land." Language similarly eludes the driver in Chapter 4 , who struggles to relay his story of beatings and starvation to a professor documenting the massacre; years later, when another academic gives Lim Seon-ju, the former factory worker of Chapter 5, the same opportunity, Lim cannot bear to tell her own story. Dong-ho's mother, three decades into her grief, recalls the protests she once staged

And I Still Speak of It

I did not see the sky today
it does or does not matter why

I sat inside & looked away
into the north-facing light of
what I can't won't shouldn't say

a girl I know of wants to die
I called the school I called her home

her father thanked me & hung up
the schoolman said *The world is hard*
harder for girls than it ever was

What a beautiful day Dan texts
I know nothing about it I respond

coming up next: The World
but first: The Takeaway

the radio in my kitchen keeps itself company
muted drilling outside the window

a girl jumped from her grandmother's roof
one block from here & the doorman found her

her parents papered the building with letters
asking no one to speak of it

the United States cares about mankind
says the Brigadier General in my kitchen

it would have to include hostage negotiation
says a voice in my kitchen

says *those taking part in the rebellion*
are called belligerents

says *God instructed the man to sell the girls*

says *get the girls back just get them back*
just get them back get them back

I sit very still & do nothing say nothing
am nothing & it is still too late

RACHEL ZUCKER

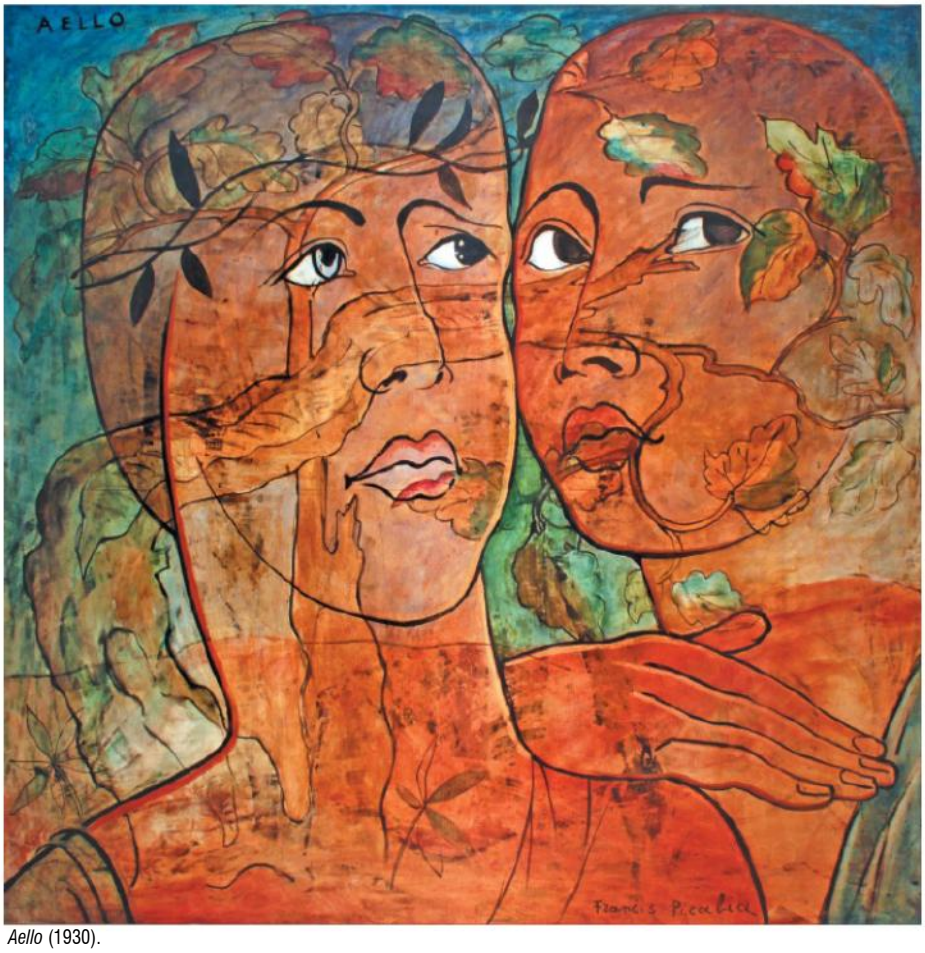
in a white mourning dress. "There was a photo of the murderer"—President Chun Doo-hwan—"hanging on the wall. I pulled it down and smashed the glass with my foot. Something splattered across my face—tears, or maybe blood."

Witnesses and researchers predominate in *Human Acts*, a nod to the recent historiography of Gwangju. It wasn't until the late 1990s that the Korean government acknowledged the uprising and massacre, and the number of murdered civilians is still unknown. Activists and academics have attempted to gather official records, photographs, news reports, testimonies, and pamphlets; the English translation of *Kwangju Diary: Beyond Death, Beyond the Darkness of the Age*, a critical history long out of print, will be republished this spring. Han's book, though more artful and elliptical than others in the same mode, is reminiscent of Hyun Ki-young's novel *One Spoon on This Earth*, about the suppression of leftists on Jeju Island before the Korean War, and Lee Chang-dong's 1999 film *Peppermint Candy*, in which the protagonist flashes back to his accidental murder of a student protester in Gwangju. In modern Korea, fiction continues to be a critical mode of bearing witness.

The last chapter of *Human Acts* departs from the rest. Han writes an essay in her own voice, in real time: 2013. Labeled "Epilogue" in the English translation, it's an extended version of the author afterword common to Korean novels. In it, Han reveals that she modeled Dong-ho on a real-life boy killed in Gwangju. When Han's family still lived there, her father, the renowned novelist Han Seungwon, taught the boy in middle school; later, the boy and his family moved into Han's childhood home. In the months after the massacre, 9-year-old Han imagines "that tiny room at one end of the kitchen, where I used to lie on my stomach to do my homework," wondering if the boy her parents whispered about "used to spread out his homework on its cold paper floor, then lie stomach-down just as I had?" As an adult, she asks, "How had the seasons kept on turning for me, when time had stopped forever for him that May?" On a trip back to Gwangju, Han tracks down the boy's older brother, now a graying science teacher. At first the man is reticent: "But then I thought, what would my mother have done if she were still alive?… She lived thirty years with those words inside her.… Please, write your book," he tells Han.

Human Acts is a fulfillment of this command. It appears in translation nearly 40 years after the Gwangju massacre and during another episode of state oppression and citizen outrage. Over the past few months, millions of Koreans have filled the avenues around the Blue House, the presidential residence in Seoul. As reported in the international press, the scandal that brought down Park was essentially an extreme case of old-school nepotism and arrogance. Inside South Korea, the ouster has metastasized into a months-long national audit of the entire political and economic system. While in office, Park and her cronies took bribes from massive conglomerates, outlawed an opposition party, attacked peaceful dissenters with water cannons, and attempted to destroy public-sector unions—and the president was nowhere to be found when hundreds of schoolchildren drowned in a ferry accident off the southern coast. Park is her father's daughter, a successor to his military dictatorship, governing as though unaccountable to the public she ostensibly serves.

In the final chapter of *Human Acts*, Han strips her hometown of its specificity, redefining "Gwangju" as a "name for whatever is forcibly isolated, beaten down, and brutalized, for all that has been mutilated beyond repair." The people of South Korea have again lost patience and are pressing their grievances in the streets. What isn't yet known is how the present crisis will end: Is it, or is it not, Gwangju? ■



Aello (1930).

PICABIA'S MONSTERS

Even at his most iconoclastic, the French avant-gardist sought to paint life

by BARRY SCHWABSKY

Who, really, was Francis Picabia? What kind of man painted the strange and often perverse works, currently on view at New York's Museum of Modern Art, that are so perfectly encapsulated in the exhibition's title: "Our Heads Are Round So Our Thoughts Can Change Direction"? What sustained his willful inconsistency and aversion to commitment?

One thing's for certain: The Picabia we meet in this show—curated by Ann Umland, Cathérine Hug, and Talia Kwartler, and on view through March 19—isn't the one who would have been familiar to those of us who took our art-history lessons from MoMA in the 1970s and '80s. The Picabia who counted then was a sometime abstractionist, sometime Dadaist; if not at the forefront of modern art, he was a close associate of those who were. He painted some of the earliest abstract paintings, such as *La Source* and *Danses à la Source [II]*, both from 1912, which seem to marry the energy of Robert and Sonia Delaunay's "orphism" with the somber, almost grisaille palette of Braque's and Picasso's early Cubism, but on a grandiose scale. Joining forces with the Dada movement, Picabia turned to painting deadpan diagrams of machine parts, spark plugs, and other such objects, adorned with legends designed to bring out their figurative associations—works like *L'Enfant carburateur* (1919). While the prewar abstractions, with their evocation of dance and its dynamism, possess infectious high spirits, these later "symbolic representations of man and human situations," as Picabia scholar William Camfield calls them, contain a derisive power, interpreting feelings and personalities as merely hydraulic or electrical systems. One thinks of Henri Bergson's famous observation that we laugh when we notice a mechanical element in human behavior. Picabia, eerily, leaves the laughter out.

But how Picabia occupied himself after the early 1920s and the dissolution of Dada as a movement was hardly known, at least to habitués of the major museums. Only in the 1980s, long after the artist's death in 1953, did they begin to accord much honor to his later works. Before that, they were interesting primarily to a few fellow artists; Richard Hamilton, for instance, co-organized a 1964 exhibition at London's ICA that included a few of Picabia's later works. It wasn't until 1976 that an exhibition at the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris finally attempted to show the full range of work by a man whom the museum's director, Pontus Hultén, could still rightly call "the most obscure of the great modern artists."

By 1983, when another big Picabia retrospective traveled from Düsseldorf to Zurich and Stockholm, the influential critic Laszlo Glozer could proclaim his work "the bible of the young generation." The ascension to prominence of artists like Sigmar Polke and Martin Kippenberger in Germany and David Salle and Mike Kelley in the United States—to name just a few—suddenly threw a spotlight on Picabia as an unexpected precursor. He came to be seen (as the Swiss artist Peter Fischli remarks in an interview for the catalog of the current MoMA show) as a "pre-postmodern," thanks to that same stylistic inconsistency and attitudinal contrariness that had previously made him impossible to digest. Picabia "never set out to create an authentic, unique artistic persona" and "was a master of *le bien mal fait*—done badly in a good way," as Fischli says.

This cultivated inauthenticity and deliberate wrongness was exactly what made him fascinating to so many artists. To grasp this means coming to terms with all of Picabia's work, and especially with the paintings he made in the last three decades of his life. Here's Salle, also interviewed for the MoMA catalog, on his first catching sight of the late Picabia in 1981—worth quoting at length because he sums up, with such infectious enthusiasm, the kind of reaction Picabia can still elicit:

> Something about the style—so lurid and melodramatic and full of unlikely juxtapositions, not to mention the somewhat ham-handed way of painting, with its chiseled brushstrokes alternating with little curlicues, and the

COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

> unabashedly eroticized magazine imagery presented front and center—all that struck a chord in me. I had never seen painting as untethered to notions of taste, or even intention; there was no way of knowing how to take them, or even *whether* to take them seriously…. The freedom in those pictures buoyed me up. It was an exhilarating feeling.

So that's our Picabia: a painter whose very maladroitness can leave you feeling uplifted—provided you are willing to enter a profound state of unknowing. But even for those of us who sometimes like that feeling, there's still a nagging question in the background: What is it that we're allowing ourselves *not* to know when we're enjoying this state of unknowing? That question brings me back to the one I started with: What sort of man was it who made these paintings?

Born in 1879 in Paris, Picabia came from a background of wealth—his mother's family from the French bourgeoisie, his Cuban-born father supposedly descended from Spanish nobility. He liked to play up this "exotic" strain in his bloodline, just as he liked to inhabit the role of the dissolute playboy driving fast cars, throwing lavish parties, and enjoying multiple lovers. Family money or no, Picabia began earning a living by painting at a young age. Hardly a rebel at first, he pleased the public by painting in the familiar fashion of the Impressionists, a couple generations older than himself. But he soon threw that over to join forces with the avant-garde.

Maybe they just seemed to be having more fun, but I can't help wondering if there wasn't something irritating about being a painter named Picabia in the Paris of the 1910s and '20s: Almost every time you overheard someone saying, "Don't you love those new paintings by Pica—" and your ears pricked up, you'd have to hear the sentence finished with "-sso" rather than "-bia" and live down the disappointment. But perhaps it was that Picabia also wanted to escape, in his painting, from his own personality as well as from the shadow cast by Picasso. In this way, Picasso and Picabia were alike: Their careers show more unpredictable changes of style than almost any other major modern painter.

Politics is another matter. Picasso was a leftist and eventually a member of the French Communist Party. Picabia was, at a minimum, apolitical, and while he lived through an era when it was seemingly impossible not to take sides, no one really knows what side he took. The crux of the question can be summed up by the title of an article by the French art historian Yve-Alain Bois, published in French in 1976 and in English translation eight years later: "Picabia: From Dada to Pétain." If Picabia's work was ignored for so long, Bois's analysis of the "lamentable" arc of the artist's career would suggest, that was because his work became not only stylistically regressive and disingenuous, but also prey to the worst kind of politically reactionary tendencies. But the facts are not so clear.

In her contribution to the MoMA catalog, Michèle C. Cone, an art historian who's made a particular study of cultural life in Vichy France, finds Picabia's political behavior during the war to be "murky: he befriended people on both sides of the political divide, frequented a restaurant that was a favorite haunt of the local Gestapo, took as a lover the wife of a man who worked for the Resistance, and gave shelter to a couple who had to live in hiding." Some thought the kitschy realism of Picabia's wartime paintings too close for comfort to the neoclassical aesthetic promoted by the Nazis, although it could just as easily be seen as a send-up of that. As with Picabia's politics and ethics, so with his aesthetics: There's often something that feels wrong, even corrupt about his paintings, but his stance toward not only what he paints but how he paints it can't be pinned down—and anyway, whatever it is that arouses your suspicion, he's sure to have dropped it for something completely different within a few years.

However murky Picabia's intentions, his recurrent shifts in style turn out to make for a very clearly organized exhibition. The 11 sections of the MoMA show are clearly delineated—after all, almost every one of them could have been the work of a different artist. "Beginnings, 1905–1911," shows Picabia practicing his counterfeit Impressionism. The young artist had considerable success at the time with these shameless imitations of Monet, Sisley, and others less known, but rather than doing them by studying natural-light conditions on-site, in accord with Impressionist method, he did his paintings from postcards.

The Impressionist painter Camille Pissarro, among other critics, understandably denounced the imposture, and the pictures seem pretty ham-handed compared with their models. But you can't say that Picabia was a Johnny-come-lately to the game of inauthenticity he would play with assurance for most of the rest of his career—in fact, in almost everything he did except for the work in the next section, "Abstractions, 1912–1914." The best paintings of this period, notably the monumentally scaled pair from 1913, *Udnie (Jeune fille américaine; danse)* and *Edtaonisl (ecclésiastique)*, are so brilliantly high-spirited that there can be no question of inauthenticity: Anything so physically tumultuous leaves all question of intention far behind.

With the exhibition's third section, "Dada, 1915–1922"—the era of the so-called mechanomorphs—Picabia seems to have recovered his cynicism, the way someone else might have recovered his faith. But the cool humor of these pieces has an obviousness that might be its own form of unintentional sincerity; the attitude is "legible" in a way it would not often be in Picabia's subsequent work—including the paintings in the immediately following fourth and fifth sections, covering the years 1922 to 1924, when Picabia began practicing—and exhibiting side by side—a multitude of styles: abstract and figurative, refined and hopelessly kitschy. Sometimes, as in the ink, watercolor, and pencil drawing *Conversation* (1922), with its fragmented torsos of female nudes floating higgledy-piggledy over a pattern of vertical black stripes, he combined opposing styles in one painting. It was at this time, too, that Picabia collaborated with Érik Satie on the ballet *Relâche* and its cinematic spin-off *Entr'acte*, made with René Clair.

It's really in section six, "Collages and Monsters, 1924–1927," that Picabia's taste for the ersatz, underdeveloped since the days of his fake Impressionism, emerges in earnest. "Collages" here means not necessarily works on paper but canvases, sparingly painted with concisely linear, almost pictogram-like images with small objects affixed to them—for instance, a woman's head, with the hair indicated by matchsticks, or a still life of a potted plant whose stems are straws and the leaves, toothpicks. These are funny, elegantly irreverent paeans to improvisational light-footedness over the strictures of craft. They could almost be the work of an amateur hobbyist, though by putting some of them in ultra-opulent Art Deco frames, Picabia turned these materially poor relief pictures into objects of suspect luxury. The "Monsters," by contrast, are heavily worked canvases, often made by editing his own oil paintings with flat, inexpressively colorful dashes of enamel; images of embracing lovers copied from sentimental postcards are transformed into fascinatingly hideous grotesques.

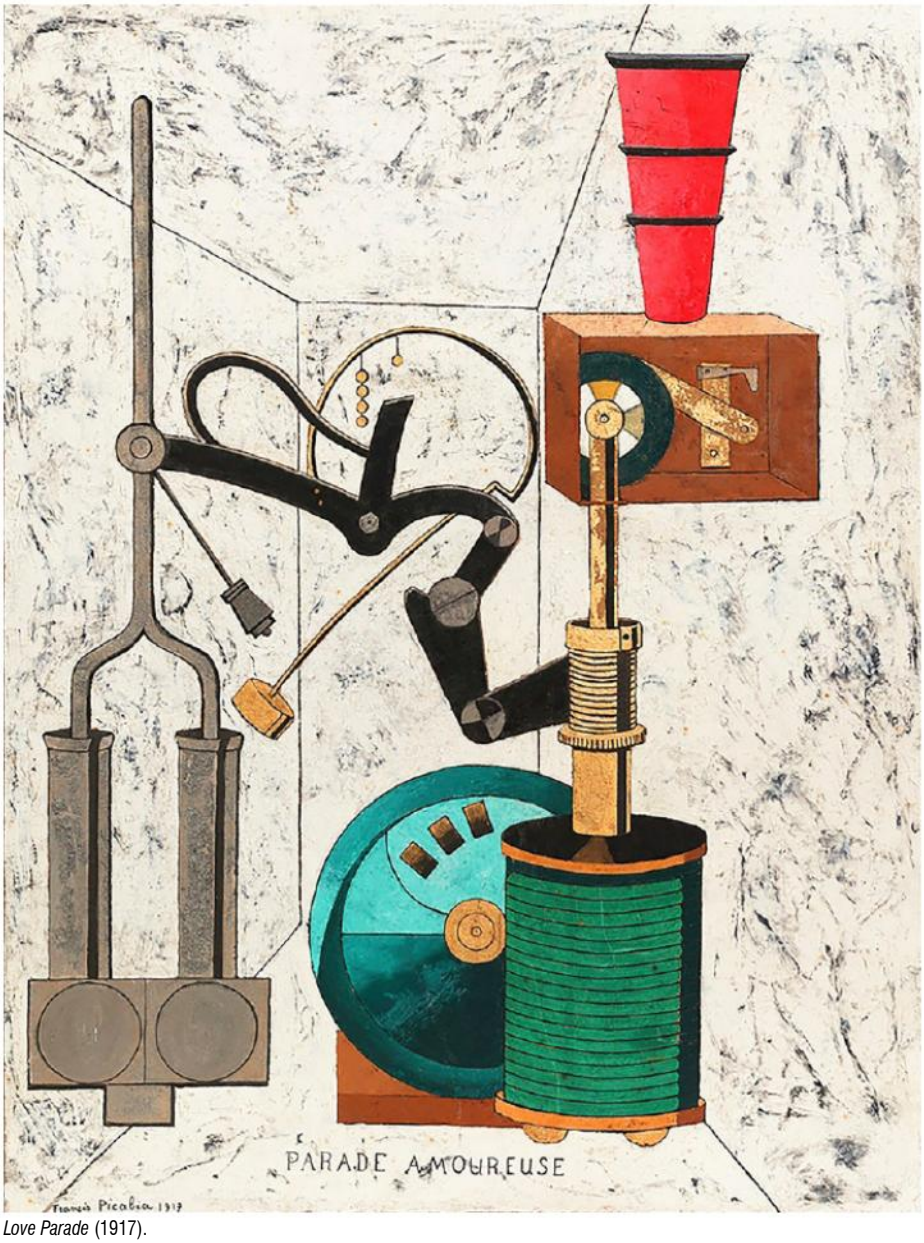
By this point, Picabia had abandoned Paris for the Côte d'Azur, where he was spending as much time gambling as painting. "I play baccarat and I lose," he wrote to the poet Robert Desnos in 1924, "but more and more I love this empty and sick atmosphere

of the casinos." It's exactly this attraction to the "empty and sick" that distinguishes the "Monsters" and much of Picabia's subsequent work: the "Transparencies, 1927–1930," with their woozily overlapping, sometimes almost-inextricable layers of imagery; the blunter, less elaborate works prolonging the caustic impulses behind the "Monsters" and "Transparencies" that he was making in the mid- to late 1930s, which at MoMA are grouped under the rubric "Eclecticism and Iconoclasm, 1934–1938"; and above all, the wartime "Photo-Based Paintings, 1940–1943," which, in contrast to his works of the late '20s, no longer need their found imagery doctored to bring out its monstrousness.

All the more surprising, then, that the exhibition's final section (1946–1952) finds the elderly artist now returning to abstraction. But his last works are as different from the symphonies of heaving movement he'd painted in the years before World War I, or the geometrical drawings that crop up amid the tacky Spanish ladies and so on in his try-anything period of the early '20s, as they are from his monstrous figure paintings. The post–World War II abstractions come in two distinct species: Some are dark, brooding compositions with biomorphic forms, sometimes reminiscent of masks or weathered bones (*Kalinga*, 1946; *Niagara*, 1947), while others form a group sometimes referred to as "Points," which feature small dots or circles floating in heavily textured, often monochromatic grounds.

These last paintings, which somehow look offhand and overworked at once, suggest that Picabia had lost interest in shocking or provoking his audience. (If he had any interest left in it at all, he would give offense only through the art of disappointment.) "Does showing works so slight mean Picabia sees abstract art as a dead, expiring cadaver?" one critic wondered. For another, there was little more in the paintings of this period than "matter that has been fairly fiddled with… irritating when we see it tirelessly repeated."

I wasn't irritated, but rather amazed. These are the skin and bones of painting without the sinews to hold them together, and yet somehow they don't fall apart. Maybe it's nothing more than what the title of one of them, from 1948, calls *Cynisme et indécence*—cynicism and indecency—that motivates them, but Picabia's late-late period needs to be looked into a little more deeply. Several of the titles for his work then, as well as much of the poetry he was writing at this time, are cribbed from Friedrich Nietzsche, who in *The Gay Science* exclaimed: "How close



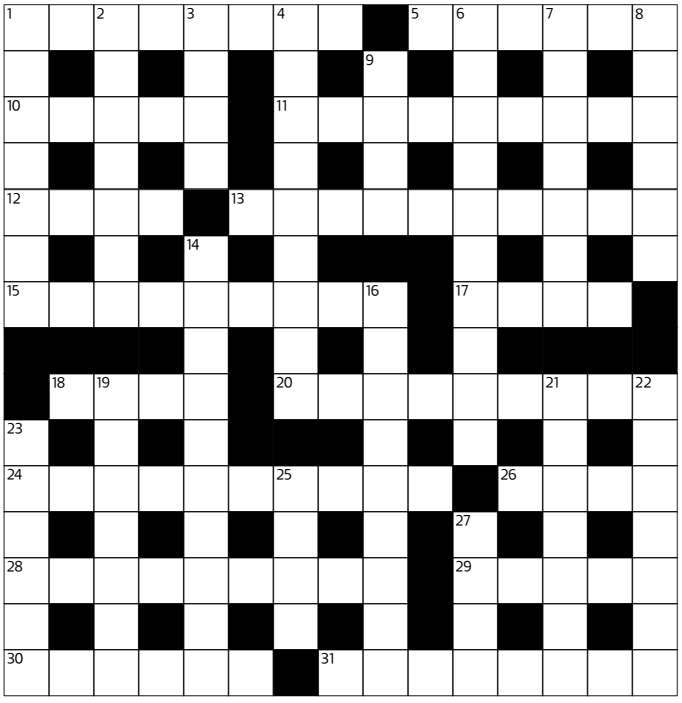
Love Parade (1917).

work and the worker are now even to the most leisurely among us! The royal courtesy of the saying 'We are all workers' would have been cynical and indecent as recently as the reign of Louis XIV." Nietzsche's dig at "workerism" would have been catnip to Picabia, who might have been ambiguous in his attitude toward fascism but was definitely horrified by communism. But I wonder if he knew that, around the same time that Nietzsche was writing *The Gay Science*, Karl Marx's son-in-law Paul Lafargue was composing *The Right to Be Lazy*, whose very title seems to evoke Picabia's willingness to let his last works grow so slight. And yet they *are* works, and, judging by their more than "fiddled with" surfaces, more labor went into them than they at first show.

Rightly or wrongly, Picabia—who had spent so many years playing the cynic—was sure that it wasn't he who was cynical and indecent, much as he may have wanted to be. If his late works so often seem to approach pure vacancy, or what Arnauld Pierre in the MoMA catalog calls "a collection of non-interventions that leave nothing more than a near-anomic space," the painter is neither laughing it off nor making a drama out of it, but simply putting in exactly the amount of effort—no more, no less—that he needed to maintain his fidelity to an entirely disenchanted materialist vision. At the very bottom of his cynicism, it seems that Picabia had found, if not exactly something to believe in, then at least something to count on: not thoughts, which proved circular enough to be inscrutable, but matter—which is, after all, something that can't be faked. ■

Puzzle No. 3424

JOSHUA KOSMAN AND HENRI PICCIOTTO



ACROSS

1 Blows concealed by general's technical jargon (8)

5 Look back into university degree for support (6)

10 Disentangle snarled lace at front of Reeboks (5)

11 Grandiose way to get places—primarily, traveling with a killer whale—is in fashion (9)

12 Without a bit of required payment! (4)

13 Stoic nod in unfortunate circumstances (10)

15 Changing everything but the start in recent imitation (9)

17 In the end, again, you will feel insignificant (4)

18 Defective video (missing last fragment of tape) is empty (4)

20 Where you might see long-haul crews: slightly seedy sailors' joints (9)

24 Randy and Viola [*sic*] disrupted our gang (10)

26 Clued "topless" phonetically? That's obscene (4)

28 Reeves making KP work for cooking ingredient (6,3)

29 Calls elements of neoliberalism, retroactively, "backward" (5)

30 Gloomy-ass Monday ultimately following culmination of weekend (6)

31 Sony relocated to two states with interchangeable designations—somewhat like the four pairs of entries in the completed grid that are often used together in 1A (8)

DOWN

1 Cruel, diabolical one, with leadership of fiends involved! (7)

2 Old men go right to sleep outside part of the hospital (7)

3 Bipolar disorder gets you fat (4)

4 The science of signs and listening with one ear? (9)

6 Moralistic austerity of corrupt saint interrupting festive holiday (10)

7 Hot, like pastrami at times? (2,1,4)

8 Smart speech, omitting commercial lobby's conclusion (6)

9 Hunky guy's earring (4)

14 For example, Scotch terrier, finally sitting inside, had a tongue in your mouth (4,6)

16 Unhinged guard approaches an associate one step at a time (9)

19 Performing deer captivated by buck (7)

21 I wander through the grapevine with something from the freezer (3,4)

22 An insult written in street slang, at first, for disciples of the Marquis (7)

23 In Guadalajara, the polemical section of the newspaper went out the window? (6)

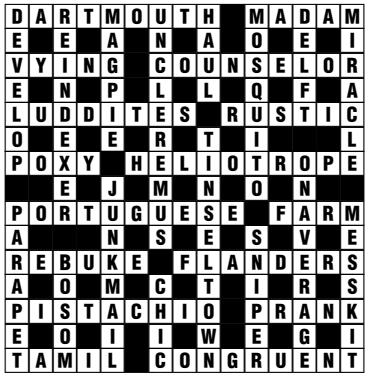
25 Despair only has to decrease? (4)

27 Eight in Florence or Bismarck (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3423

ACROSS **1** anag. **5** M + ADAM **9** [en] VYING **10** COUN[t]S + ELOR (rev.) **11** *tiles* anag., *dud* anag. **12** anag. **14** [e]POXY **15** HE + LIO + TROP + E (rev.) **18** anag. **19** FAR + M **22** REB UKE **24** F + LANDERS **26** anag. **27** P + RANK **28** hidden **20** C(ONGRU)ENT (*gun or* anag.)

DOWN **1** D + EVE + LOP **2** REINDE(X)ER **3** M(AG)P + LE. **4** UNCLE[a]R + EMUS **5** HA(U)L **6** pun **7** DE(L)FT **8** anag. **13** TINS (rev.) + EL + TO + W + N **16** O + NAVE + RAGE **17** 2 defs. **18** PAR(APE)T **20** ME(t)S + SKIT **21** anag. **23** BO(S)OM **25** "sheik"



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Russia

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- A trip to the city of Sergiyev Posad and its Trinity Lavra of St. Sergius, a UNESCO World Heritage site that brings medieval Russia to life with its celebrated architecture, iconic paintings, and unique cultural activities
- Meetings with Russian historians, cultural and political figures, and independent thought leaders, for which you'll be accompanied by top guides, each hand-selected by *The Nation* for their exceptional knowledge and experience
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