

KEITH ELLISON FOR DNC CHAIR

THE EDITORS

THE Nation.

TRUMP FAMILY VALUES

Lizzy Ratner on how the
Kushners came to America

Amy Wilentz on Ivanka
and Women Who Work



A NEW HISTORY OF SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

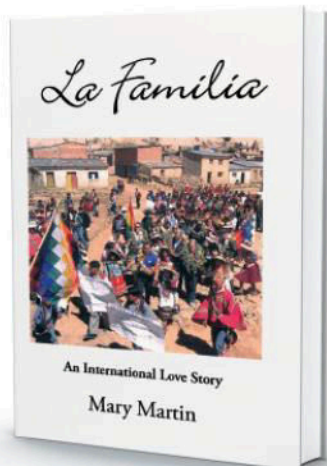
Read the inspiring story of **Mano a Mano International Partners** founded by Segundo and Joan Velásquez, a remarkable volunteer non-profit organization which provides aid to Bolivian poor by maintaining clinics, roads and reservoirs. The founders' touching story is beautifully told in *La Familia: An International Love Story* written by Dr. Mary Martin, **Mano a Mano** volunteer and professor emerita at Metropolitan State University, St Paul, Minnesota.

What's in a name?

Mano a Mano, means "hand to hand." **Mano a Mano** transports supplies from U.S. volunteers to the hands of patients in the rural mountains in Bolivia.

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gives a vivid and inspiring example of Americans and Bolivians working together to develop solutions to fundamental inequities in health and well-being in rural Bolivia.



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by Dr. Mary Martin now online at
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All proceeds from the sale of the book directly support **Mano a Mano International Partners**, a 501 (c)(3) non-profit devoted to creating partnerships with impoverished Bolivian communities that improve health and economic well-being. It is rated a four star by Charity Navigator.

"Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful committed citizens can change the world"

—Margaret Mead



Cold War, Hot Takes

"Those Hacking Charges" [Jan. 16/23] speaks to me in calling for a de-escalation of the new Cold War, but I'm skeptical about calling on the president to convene "an independent commission, composed of experienced Americans," to investigate the allegations of Russian hacking.

Can we be sure that the "experienced" persons chosen will not reflect the very mind-set that threatens to launch a new Cold War? Is it likely that the president would appoint any of the veteran intelligence officials who recently signed an open letter questioning the CIA's allegations that the Russian government interfered with our presidential election?

JACK JUSTICE
SANTA FE, N.M.

The editorial "Those Hacking Charges" makes a case for a balanced appraisal before the facts are known. However, the times of easy analysis when all pieces of the puzzle fit together are long gone. From the scientific to the political, simple answers are unavailable. But this does not mean that they are unknowable, only that the answers are contentious—and that they require a good deal of thinking about who benefits from the outcome.

Your editorial is a considered, rational, progressive, "politically correct" analysis that attempts to satisfy both sides of the argument for the sake of minimizing the rocking of the boat. But this anemic approach papers over known facts: The outcome of the election was overshadowed by many suspicious events, from incomplete vote accounting to demonstrated hacking of the Democratic National Committee as opposed to its Republican counterpart. The extensive capability of Russian hackers does not "prove"

their complicity, but it certainly demonstrates that they would not be so amateurish as to leave clearly identifiable "fingerprints." Other events, such as the political assassination of Russian reporters or expat whistle-blowers, cannot be "proven" to have been carried out by Russian agents working for Vladimir Putin, but the overwhelmingly reasonable blame assuredly fits.

So, yeah, maybe the "proof" is not available—but the culpability and demonstrable benefits are as plain as day.

ROBIN RAPPORT
RUSH, N.Y.

☞ You know, it *is* possible to walk and chew gum at the same time, and it *is* possible to recognize the seriousness of Russia's attempt to elect Donald Trump while acknowledging that this was but one of many factors that tipped the scales, including (for example) Hillary Clinton's neglect of Michigan and Wisconsin while trying to achieve a landslide victory by winning Texas or Georgia.

Steve Phillips's article "Are Black Voters Invisible to Democrats?" [online only, June '16], about maximizing the turnout among African Americans and Latinos, suggests a far better direction for progressives to take than endlessly refighting the civil wars of the 2016 primaries, or making de facto apologies for Russian interference in our elections because the CIA has also done many dreadful things.

ANDY MOURSUND

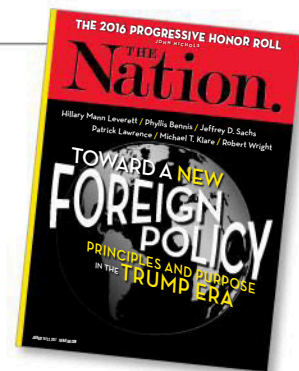
Peace as Realpolitik

Thank you, thank you for your special-feature section in the Jan. 16/23 issue, "Toward a New Foreign Policy," made up of statements by six experts. It did my Quaker

☞ Comments drawn from our website

letters@thenation.com

(continued on page 26)



For Keith Ellison

The Democratic Party hasn't faced this serious a crisis of confidence and direction since the 1920s. Republicans control the White House, Congress, 33 governorships, and 67 of 98 partisan state legislative chambers nationwide. Even as Americans fill the streets demanding resistance to the

extremist agenda of Donald Trump, congressional Democrats often lack the numbers for the pushback.

The right response to this crisis is a retooling of the Democratic National Committee to align it more closely with movements for social and economic justice. The party must make the inside/outside connection that will strengthen immediate resistance to the Trump regime, while improving the long-term electoral prospects of Democrats. Keith Ellison, co-chair of the Congressional Progressive Caucus, is prepared to do just that. In an impressive field of contenders for the position of DNC chair—including party leaders that *The Nation* has often praised, like former labor secretary Tom Perez, as well as energetic newcomers like Pete Buttigieg, the mayor of South Bend, Indiana—it is Ellison who combines the ideals, skills, and movement connections that will revitalize the party.

That's why *The Nation* enthusiastically endorses Ellison in the contest to lead a DNC that must repurpose itself in order to derail Trump, while at the same time speaking to young voters who won't settle for anything less than an aggressively progressive opposition party. The job of DNC chair is to build a party that can win elections on every ballot line and in every state. But in an age when party loyalties are weakening, and when movements matter more to tens of millions of Americans than partisan labels, Ellison is ready to build an activist party. In fact, the high-energy congressman (who says he'll quit his House seat if he wins the DNC post) is already doing that: calling for mass rallies to oppose Trump's Muslim ban, taking part in those rallies, and then appearing on the Sunday-morning talk shows to rip discriminatory policies as un-American.

Ellison is recognized as a pioneering political figure—the first Muslim congressman, the first African American to represent Minnesota in Washington—who has boldly opposed wars, defended civil

liberties, protested racial injustice, and rallied for “\$15 and a union.” His leadership bid has excited activists who have marched with him for labor rights, women's rights, and criminal-justice reform. It has also inspired blowback from some party insiders, who gripe that Ellison is too outspoken in his support for Middle East peace, too close to Bernie Sanders (though he joined Sanders in ardently backing Hillary Clinton last fall), and too passionate in his belief that the DNC must campaign not just for candidates but for justice.



Ellison is certainly conscientious and courageous. But he is also a disciple of the late Senator Paul Wellstone, whose disciplined approach to politics proved that principled progressives could win transformational victories. Ellison has won 16 elections since his first (as a Minnesota state legislator) in 2002. He was among the first House members to endorse Barack

Obama's 2008 presidential bid and Sanders's 2016 campaign. He now proposes to bring this idealism and energy to a revitalized DNC—one that relies on small-dollar donations to battle big-money influence with voter mobilization and education drives in rural communities and urban centers.

What makes Ellison's vision exciting is the fact that he's already implemented it in Minnesota. As former Minneapolis mayor and DNC vice chair R.T. Rybak says, “I have never seen him campaign only for himself.... Keith has used every campaign to protect every voter's rights, expand our party's base, include those left behind, and elevate new leaders. That is exactly what the Democratic Party needs right now.”

Rybak's right: What distinguishes Keith Ellison is his experience as a progressive who has won and won again—and who knows that Democrats can turn red states blue by transforming their party into a movement.

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DC BY THE NUMBERS



222

Number of people arrested during Trump's inauguration and charged with felony rioting

7

Number of journalists arrested; four were released, and three face felony rioting charges

1

Number of former *Nation* interns among the reporters arrested—Aaron Cantú is now an independent journalist

10

Maximum number of years in prison to which someone convicted of felony rioting can be sentenced

—Ariana Rosas Cárdenas

"I have a running war with the media."

Donald Trump, on his first full day in office

A Roar of Resistance

Protests put Trump on notice: You're in for a fight.

The presidency of Donald Trump has just begun, and already the Resistance has made history. The women's marches on January 21 were almost certainly the largest act of political protest ever to occur in the United States. Their size, defiant tone, and the fact that they occurred on Trump's first full day in office put the new president and Republicans on notice: They are in for a fight. Democrats, meanwhile, were signaled that failing to stand against the extreme right's agenda could carry its own political costs, including challenges in the 2018 primary elections.

And protest fever appeared to spread following the crackdown on immigrants directed by Steve Bannon, hero of white nationalists, who has emerged as Trump's most powerful aide. A week after the women's marches, tens of thousands of protesters demonstrated and swarmed airports in New York, Washington, Boston, Los Angeles, and other cities chanting "Let them in!" after Trump signed an executive order barring refugees and citizens from seven predominantly Muslim countries from entering the United States. Chaos ensued as people targeted by the ban were prevented from boarding flights to the United States, and those who made it into the country were detained by Customs and Border Protection officers. Federal judges rushed to temporarily halt the deportations, but some border agents ignored the judges and kept trying to deport people anyway, even after four members of Congress confronted them face to face at Virginia's Dulles Airport. "We have a constitutional crisis today," Representative Don Beyer (D-VA) wrote on Twitter.

Standing up to the bully in chief takes courage, but numbers help, and the numbers protesting Trump's first 10 days were massive. The Women's March on Washington ranks as one of the largest protests ever held in the nation's capital. Over

half a million people marched on the White House, according to official estimates, and eyewitness observations by this reporter and others suggest that the true number was closer to 1 million. Add to this the huge turnouts at marches in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, the Bay Area, and 600 other cities and towns. Combined, the number of people who took to the streets was anywhere from 3.3 million to 5.2 million, according to political scientists Jeremy Pressman of the University of Connecticut and Erica Chenoweth of the University of Denver, who compiled data from media coverage, official reports, and organizers' claims. Even their low-end estimate of 3.3 million makes

the January 21 demonstrations the largest mass protests in the 240-year history of the United States of America.

What this outpouring of anti-Trump sentiment portends for the battles ahead—and how to turn it into ongoing political power—are essential questions to analyze and debate. But first things first: If the opposition indeed manifested the biggest political protest in the nation's history, this achievement must be stated clearly, recognized widely, and claimed as a victory by the forces that made it happen. Such a public declaration is imperative not only because putting more people in the streets than ever before is by definition a historic achievement. It's also because this achievement illuminates the new balance of power and possibilities on today's political battlefield.

One thing is undeniable: The popular opposition to Donald Trump is big—very big. More important, the protests of Trump's first 10 days showed that a significant portion of the opposition isn't going to sit idly by, grumbling in private, while Trump demonizes immigrants, violates the Constitution, ravages the environment, and

more. Organizations like Planned Parenthood, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Council on American-Islamic Relations, and Greenpeace have not only received tens of millions in donations since Trump took office; they've also seen a remarkable surge in the numbers of people looking to get involved. These are people who are rising up and will take to the streets. They will become part of the Resistance. And in so doing, they will convince countless others to join them—

to take the critical step from passive opposition to active resistance. As one protest sign in Washington urged: **WE OUTNUMBER THEM—RESIST!**

One oft-heard chant at the Washington march warned Trump that this was only the beginning: "We are not going away! Welcome to your first day!" Four days later, Greenpeace made good on that promise by unfurling a giant yellow banner on a construction crane above the White House with black letters exclaiming "RESIST!"—an instantly iconic image that Greenpeace

(continued on page 10)

Standing up to the bully in chief takes courage, but numbers help.

COMMENT



People protesting against Trump's travel ban at Los Angeles International Airport.

PATRICK T. FALLON / REUTERS

Asking for a Friend



Under Cover

Dear Liza,

I'm a US woman of Scandinavian heritage who finds hijabs beautiful and sexy. I love how they cover the entire head and neck and drape down the front. When I was younger, I often wore head scarves, and now I often wear hats. Head coverings save me from having to fuss with my hair, and I love how they make me feel more removed from the gaze and judgment of strangers. It's as if head coverings are a privacy screen.

So my question: Is it appropriate for a non-Muslim to wear hijab? I fear it might be offensive to Muslims. Also, would wearing hijab appear to be a political statement? I don't necessarily want to make a political statement with my clothing. I just want to cover my head!

—Seeking Cover

Dear Seeking,

Cultural appropriation is a hot topic these days. Think pieces on sites like *Everyday Feminism* fretting about the relative offensiveness of Westerners practicing the sun salutation or eating pad thai fuel conservative stereotypes about silly liberal political correctness. But unless the appropriation is deliberately racist or pointless—as when white college students dress up in a feathered headdress—most people aren't inclined to get angry about what others are wearing, eating, or yogically greeting.

Since Muslims are a minority in the United States, some might be a little disappointed to discover that despite your hijab, you aren't a fellow Muslim. That might be awkward, as it is when a gay man finds that a new acquaintance is straight despite his cutting-edge shoes and flawless grooming habits.

But since non-Muslim women are expected to cover when visiting religiously strict Muslim countries like Saudi Arabia, there's clearly no prohibition on nonbelievers donning the veil. And head coverings of various kinds have long been enjoyed by women all over the world. The Virgin Mary appears in nearly all paintings to be wearing hijab, as Ibrahim Hooper, national communications director for the Council on American-Islamic Relations, laughingly pointed out to me in an interview. If you choose to wear hijab, he said, speaking as a religious Muslim, "there's no offense on our end."

But there *are* people who will likely react with hostility: white nationalists and Islamophobes. In November, a non-Muslim California woman—who covered her head with a scarf after losing her hair because of

lupus—found her car window broken and a note reading: "Hijab wearing bitch this is our nation get out."

So if you choose to go ahead and wear hijab despite such risks, this climate of religious bigotry still affects the context of your question. You say you don't want to make a political statement, Seeking, but why not? Some non-Muslim women and girls—including some evangelical Christians—have been wearing it in solidarity with a group under attack. February 1 is World Hijab Day, when women who don't normally wear hijab are invited to try it out. Excellent timing for the launch of your new look.

Dear Liza,

A woman I know uses politics as a form of bullying. She'll find someone she hates and single them out, critiquing every mistake they make, and other people pile on. Her behavior is ruining friendships and has thrown at least one political organization into disarray. I've spoken to a few friends about her; it seems that many of us see her as a problem, but none of us have the courage to stand up to her. What can we do to stop her? She's a person of public prominence.

—Walking on Eggshells

Dear Walking,

Sadly, political bullying is a huge problem in our movements right now. People on the left feel paralyzed and scared because right-wing parties are coming to power in so many countries, and progressives are blaming their political impotence on one another. Sectarian groups and personalities seem to thrive when the left is in disarray. In the 1960s,

(continued on page 8)

Questions?
Ask Liza at
TheNation
.com/article/
asking-for-a-
friend.



SEAN SPICER

Alt-Facts

Sean Spicer, the new White House press secretary, made his debut on January 21. During his first appearance in that role, he memorably proclaimed that contrary to media reports, Donald Trump's inauguration enjoyed the "largest audience ever...both in person and around the globe." He later clarified that this statement included people watching online.

But who is Trump's factually challenged new spokesman? Here are some little-known facts about Spicer:

§ During his time in college, a college newspaper erroneously reported his name as "Sean Sphincter." The paper apologized, but Spicer wrote a letter to the editor claiming that it was "a malicious and intentional attack," and that "this situation goes beyond free speech."

§ When under pressure, Spicer likes to chew and swallow Orbit cinnamon gum. He goes through "two and a half packs by noon," though his doctor says there's "no problem" with it.

§ Spicer previously tweeted that Dippin' Dots was not the "ice cream of the future." He continued to mock the company online for no apparent reason. Dippin' Dots recently invited Spicer and his staff to an ice-cream social, but Spicer turned the offer down, saying it should be held instead for those "who have served our nation and first responders."

§ Responding to a question by ABC's Jonathan Karl on whether he will always tell the truth, Spicer opined that "I think we can disagree with the facts."

—Brandon Jordan



Eric Alterman



Secretary of Genocide

Elliott Abrams, a war criminal, may become our second-ranking diplomat.

It may seem small in the saga of President Trump's first two weeks, but according to *The Washington Post*, there's a good chance he'll appoint an actual war criminal to be the second-ranking US diplomat.

I don't mean someone that we on the left like to call a "war criminal," such as Henry Kissinger or Dick Cheney. These people might actually qualify, but the cases are at best arguable, and no one in authority has ever been asked to rule on them. Not so for Trump's potential pick, the onetime neocon golden boy (and son-in-law to Norman Podhoretz and Midge Decter) Elliott Abrams.

Like Trump himself, Abrams has behaved so badly in so many different arenas, it actually works in his favor: No one can keep up. The *Post* piece—which notes that the Trump administration has decided not to appoint a deputy secretary of state for management, giving the sole remaining deputy an enormous amount of influence over both policy and management issues—observes that Abrams was forced to plead guilty to deliberately misleading Congress regarding his nefarious role in the Iran-contra scandal. (He was also disbarred in the District of Columbia.)

However, this is just the tip of a colossal iceberg. As a member of George W. Bush's National Security Council staff, Abrams encouraged, according to credible reports, a (briefly successful) military coup against the democratically elected government of Venezuela in 2002, poisoning the US relationship with that government once it returned to power. He also worked to subvert the results of the 2006 elections in the Palestinian territories, a move that ended up strengthening the most radical elements of Hamas and undermining—perhaps forever—the possibility of a democratic peace between Israel and the Palestinians.

But these are still relative misdemeanors in the Abrams dossier, paling in comparison with the role he played in the Reagan administration. As assistant secretary of state for human rights, Abrams sought to ensure that Gen. Efraín Ríos Montt, Guatemala's then-dictator, could carry out "acts of genocide"—those are the legally binding words of Guatemala's United Nations-backed Commission for Historical Clarification—against the indigenous people in the Ixil region of the department of Quiché, without any pesky interference from human-

rights organizations, much less the US government.

As the mass killings were taking place, Abrams fought in Congress for military aid to Ríos Montt's bloody regime. He credited the murderous dictator with having "brought considerable progress" on human-rights issues. Abrams even went so far as to insist that "the amount of killing of innocent civilians is being reduced step by step" before demanding that Congress provide the regime with advanced arms because its alleged "progress need[ed] to be rewarded and encouraged."

Promoted to assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, Abrams repeatedly denounced the continued protests by organizations seeking to call attention to the mass murders of both Ríos Montt and the no less bloodthirsty President Vinicio Cerezo Arévalo, who came to power fewer than three years later. In one village during the latter's reign, "the army herded the entire population into the courthouse, raped the

women, beheaded the men, and took the children outside to smash them to death against rocks," according to *Inevitable Revolutions*, Walter LaFeber's classic history of the United States in Central America. At the time, a leader of the Guatemalan Mutual Support Group (an organization of mothers of the disappeared), her brother, and her 3-year-old son were found dead in their wrecked car. Abrams not only supported the nonsensical official explanation (there was "no evidence indicating other than that the deaths were due to an accident"), he also denounced a spokeswoman for the group who demanded an investigation, insisting that she had "no right to call herself a human rights worker." When *The New York Times* published an op-ed challenging the official State Department count of the mass murders under way—by a woman who had witnessed a death-squad-style assassination in broad daylight in Guatemala City without ever seeing it men-

The course of Abrams's failing-upward career reveals the moral rot at the heart of our political establishment.



How To: Get Rid Of Deep Belly Fat

LOS ANGELES (HH) –

Researchers have announced a radical new technique that **not only fights potentially deadly belly fat, but also leads to slimmer waists, improved organ function, and perhaps, even a longer, healthier life.**

The only catch? The government wants to spend 5 years – and \$65 million – testing this technology. But one doctor thinks that the technology is so effective, it is immoral to make people wait. So he's offering his patients a new version of the technique...now.

"The science has already been tested and it's effective," says Dr. Rand McClain, Chief Medical Officer at Live Cell Research. "I can't make people wait 5 years for something that could be helping them today." McClain is referring to a new field of health research that is said to activate a "master switch" inside your body's cells.

This switch controls when your cells store fat, and when they convert the fat into energy. Control the "master switch," the theory goes, and you also control fat.

To researchers, this is far more than just an appearance issue. Scientists at Harvard and Johns Hopkins Medical School

recently stated that excess belly fat leads to diabetes, heart disease, cancer, and even early death.

And it could be even more important to Americans who mistakenly believe that small amounts of exercise can radically change their bodies.

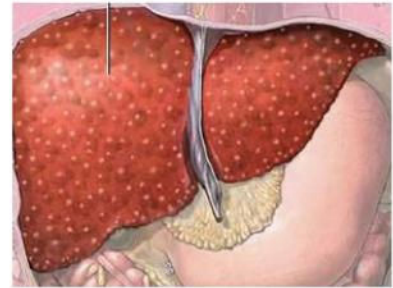
According to Dr. Todd Miller, professor in the Department of Exercise Science at George Washington University, "People don't understand that it is very difficult to exercise enough to lose weight. If that is why you are doing it, you are going to fail."

So a **new way to battle belly fat** – on the **cellular level** – could be the breakthrough the health community has been waiting for.

McClain feels the technique — which has been shown in clinical trials to actually alter specific cells in the human body — works best for people over 30, particularly those who may be experiencing excessive fatigue, weaker bodies, and even foggy thinking.

Best of all, McClain recently announced that he is making his method available – and affordable – to virtually all Americans.

With demand already high for



his stunning technique, McClain created an online presentation detailing how the health breakthrough works. You can watch the presentation here at **www.NoFat17.com**

This video has already caused a bit of an uproar, based in part on the honest, no-nonsense way Dr. McClain calls out both the medical industry and certain government agencies. One viewer commented: "This is so interesting...I had physical problems for years and had NO IDEA how easy it was to fix. Why did I not know this before? Rand is telling it like it is...we need more doctors like this!"

But Dr. McClain's breakthrough has also caused some controversy.

When we reached out to others for comment, many stated that, as with any newly released technique, people should be advised to watch the entire video report before committing to such an unconventional solution.

Some some people worried... because if it works this well, it could put drug companies out of business."

See his presentation here >> **www.NoFat17.com**

tioned in the press—Abrams lied outright in a letter to the editor, even citing an imaginary story in a nonexistent newspaper to insist that the man's murder had, in fact, been reported.

I don't know about you, but intentionally helping the US government to aid and abet the commission of genocide, while attacking the character and reputation of those trying to expose it, strikes me as securely within the definition of "war criminal." But since Abrams's 1991 conviction for his Iran-contra lies (and subsequent pardon by George H.W. Bush), the course of his failing-upward career has repeatedly revealed the moral rot at the heart of our political establishment. George W. Bush and Condoleezza Rice appointed Abrams to top national-security positions. The Council on Foreign Relations offered him a prestigious, high-profile title (senior fellow for Middle Eastern studies) and distanced itself only when he called President Obama's nominee for defense secretary, former senator

Chuck Hagel, an "anti-Semite." Abrams is a respected regular on the American synagogue circuit and in the Jewish press, and rarely, if ever, does anyone have the bad manners to mention his pro-genocide past.

I've been writing about Abrams and his crimes, here and elsewhere, since 1987. I've complained privately to the president of the Council on Foreign Relations, to numerous rabbis who book him to speak in their synagogues, and to the editors of Jewish newspapers who publish him. I've seen some regret, but never any action.

If Abrams had abetted genocide against Jews instead of Guatemalans, it might not have disqualified him from a top diplomatic position in the Trump administration, but he would at least have been treated as a pariah in the media, the establishment, and, one certainly hopes, the world of professional Jews. These days, however, it's hard to be certain of anything. ■

(continued from page 5)

the FBI paid people to act like this in order to sow discord on the left. This strategy was pretty successful because, then as now, we respond predictably to certain provocations. In addition, social media rewards this behavior. Its neoliberal incentives favor those who come up with the most attention-getting insults; the users who are most popular—especially on Twitter—are those most adept at taking other people down. For some people, this cretinous conduct becomes a kind of

political work in itself. All of these developments erode solidarity, nourish the type of asshole who has always caused problems on the left, and strengthen our enemies, from the hedge funders to Donald Trump.

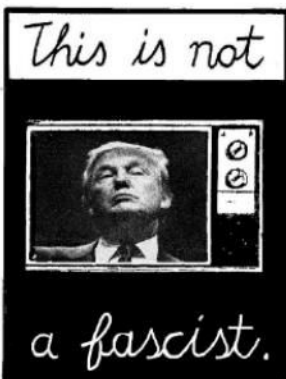
Political bullies feel everyone is wrong except them, and they're temperamentally disposed to thrive on pointless infighting. Left political bullies use a variety of hot-button emotional issues, all genuinely important—Syria, racism, sexism, the recent US election—to foment division and denounce

others for not having exactly the right position. Socially and politically, such people are a scourge.

Continue to speak about your bully with trusted mutual friends and comrades, but always privately (either on the phone or in person; say nothing that could be screen-shot or forwarded). This person would relish a public battle, and you must not give her this satisfaction. The more people who know that they are not alone in feeling victimized by this person, the less powerful she will be. Even when they're public figures, political bullies often become less influential as more people come to see them as the human toxins they are. If this bully dominates a political organization that's important to you, try confronting her in person, with other concerned comrades, and ask her to change her behavior or leave the group. But keep in mind that this intervention may not work, as many political bullies are either sociopaths or hardened careerists (or paid government agents, though you'll sound loopy and paranoid if you suggest this), and thus derive either psychological or professional benefits from their behavior.

If she doesn't change her ways and remains a dominant force in the group, you'll have to shun her. Consider abandoning your shared political project for another one; there is so much fruitful thinking and organizing going on. Stop engaging her, publicly or privately. (As kids, we hated when adults told us to ignore bullies; why not punch them in the nose? But punching is even less advisable for adults than for kids, for obvious reasons.) Bullies thrive on getting a reaction, especially a negative one. Block her on all social media, and if you're still in any political groups together, do your best to ignore her baiting, even in public. We simply don't have time for such people. ■

Ceci n'est pas une comic



with apologies to Magritte

Peter Kuper



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*.

Keep Journalism Alive Even After You’re Not

A gift in your will—a bequest to *The Nation*—will help us keep fighting to build a more just world for your children and grandchildren.

Contact us to learn more.

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phone: 212-209-5400, e-mail: legacy@thenation.com, TheNation.com/legacy

THE CABINET

NORMALIZED

Mike Pompeo,

Trump's new CIA director, is a radical Islamophobe who supports the legalization of torture. He was confirmed with the backing of 14 Senate Democrats, including Senate minority leader Chuck Schumer, and the opposition of only one Republican, Rand Paul.



Ben Carson

breezed through his Senate confirmation hearing with the support of several Democrat senators, including nominally progressive firebrand Elizabeth Warren. The Department of Housing and Urban Development secretary-designate has gone on record arguing that "poverty is really more of a choice than anything else."



James Mattis,

Trump's new defense secretary, was opposed by a single senator, Kirsten Gillibrand—the only Senate Democrat to vote against virtually all of Trump's nominees. On January 29, Gillibrand tweeted her support for the national protests that erupted in opposition to Trump's racist immigration ban: "I'm with you. I support you. And I'll never stop fighting for our immigrants and refugees."



During Obama's

first six years in office, the Senate blocked executive nominations more times than it did in the preceding 28 years combined.

—Evan Malmgren

(continued from page 4)

is printing on posters and flags to display in windows at home and wave at the next rally. Three days later, the tens of thousands who protested and rushed to airports to battle the Muslim travel ban demonstrated that large numbers of people are ready to put their bodies on the line to call out authoritarianism and to defend American values and their fellow human beings.

Trump, Bannon, and the rest are proving to be as hateful and dangerous as suspected, but the grassroots backlash they've provoked could be their undoing. Shrewd rulers never like to see large numbers of people turning out in the streets against them, and for good reason. It creates all kinds of problems; if continued, it can even help bring them down. Just ask Richard Nixon, or the old communist bosses of Eastern Europe, or tyrants throughout history. In Trump's case, the massive, self-confident resistance now unfolding is precisely the kind of thing that gets under his notoriously thin skin. It's also the kind of thing that, if sustained, can push a rookie president into making mistakes—overreaching, getting distracted, and alienating allies or the undecided.

An unmistakable roar of resistance has sounded across the land, and it shows no signs of going away. On the contrary, masses of people appear eager to take to the streets again and again, for however long it takes to get the job done. Feel the power. And get ready for Act II, and beyond.

MARK HERTSGAARD

People Lead the Pols

Protests are pushing Democrats to resist Trump.

In the years to come, we'll look back on Donald Trump's terrifying first weeks as president and see that it was either the beginning of the end of American democracy—or the beginning of its resurgence.

By the evening of his inauguration, Trump had signed an executive order intended to hobble the Affordable Care Act. In the next few days, he froze new federal hiring and regulations, gave the green light to the Keystone XL and Dakota Access pipelines, prohibited international groups that receive US aid from discussing abortion, and directed multiple federal agencies like the EPA to essentially cease communicating with the public. The president also spent his first week fighting with journalists over the size of the crowd at his inauguration, while his scowling, irascible chief strategist, Steve Bannon, branded the media "the opposition party" and told it to "keep its mouth shut." Trump then stunned the national-security world by removing the director of national intelligence and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from the National

Security Council while adding Bannon, a political adviser. On Holocaust Remembrance Day, which the administration marked with a press release that didn't mention Jews or anti-Semitism, Trump signed an executive order banning immigrants and refugees from seven majority-Muslim countries. When the acting attorney general, Sally Yates, declined to defend the ban, saying she was unconvinced of its legality, Trump promptly fired her.

So much for the theory that Trump would somehow be improved by the gravity of the job, or the fantasy that he wouldn't act on his worst campaign promises. Since the election, he's assembled a cabinet of plutocrats and incompetents, appointing swamp creatures instead of draining the swamp. It should be noted that Trump was quick to make good on his most xenophobic and divisive campaign promises, while ignoring his vow to fight Wall Street and corruption. This blizzard of first moves—the executive orders, appointments, diktats, tweets, and lies—was blinding. It was meant to be. But we cannot afford to be blind.

And yet, despite promises to fiercely oppose Trump's nominees and policies, the Democrats seemed blinded in the first few days of his presidency. New York Senator Kirsten Gillibrand distinguished herself as the only Democrat to vote against all but one of Trump's nominees (she voted to confirm Nikki Haley as UN ambassador). Even progressive stalwarts like Elizabeth Warren and Sherrod Brown disappointed admirers by voting to confirm the utterly unqualified Ben Carson as secretary of Housing and Urban Development—in both cases, because Carson made private promises to protect a few of the department's core functions. But Carson should have been rejected by every Democrat, and more than a few Republicans, as absolutely unfit for the job. The soft bigotry of low expectations, applied to Trump, will only normalize him and give him too much credit for appointees who aren't David Duke.

But if congressional Democrats seemed uncertain about how to battle Trump, they were given instruction by their constituents almost immediately. The resistance began the day after the inauguration, when as many as 5 million Americans took part in the Women's March on Washington and the solidarity marches in over 600 other cities. Organized spontaneously through social media, the march's neophyte white planners teamed with veteran organizers of color and eventually won the sponsorship of established women's groups like Emily's List, Planned Parenthood, and NARAL Pro-Choice America. But the big groups took their marching orders from the grassroots, and it paid off. The success of the day's events was perhaps more surprising than Trump's radical, rough start. Who knew 5 million Americans would be ready to march on day one?

And who knew that once they marched, they'd discover that they liked it, and would spontane-

COMMENT

ously march again in less than a week to protest Trump's unconstitutional Muslim ban? As news broke about the number of people being detained at airports around the country—Iraqi military interpreters, Syrian refugee families, elderly Iranian grandparents, all of them with legal travel documents—lawyers and protesters surged to those airports. Soon, the politicians followed. Senator Cory Booker headed to Virginia's Dulles Airport to try to negotiate some legal representation for the detainees, but Customs and Border Protection officials refused to even meet with him. Senate minority leader Chuck Schumer held a press conference with the family members of detainees, at which he broke into tears (drawing Trump's mockery the next day). And Warren rushed to Boston's Logan Airport, where, over an Occupy-style human microphone, she decried the ban as unconstitutional and illegal.

That Sunday, I joined 10,000 other New Yorkers for a hastily called protest at Battery Park organized by Make the Road New York and other grassroots groups. Booker, Schumer, Gillibrand, and other politicians came along too. Schumer even led us in a

chant of "The people, united, will never be defeated." That was great. But also great was the fact that people shouted at him to do more to block Trump's cabinet nominees. We marched toward Foley Square as the sun set over Ellis Island. It felt scary and exhilarating at the same time: We were in the middle of a constitutional crisis, and we were in the middle of an uprising against the regime that created it.

Now what? Just as they did at the airports, the people are leading the politicians, and here's hoping the politicians continue to follow. One test will be the vote to confirm Jeff Sessions, an immigration hawk and supporter of Trump's Mus-

lim ban, as attorney general. Democrats may not have the votes to stop him, but after Yates's firing in the "Monday Night Massacre," the stakes couldn't be higher. How hard the Democrats fight Sessions will be a harbinger of battles to come, including over Trump's Supreme Court pick (scheduled to be announced as this magazine goes to press). Expect massive grassroots pressure to block the nomination by any means necessary.

*Americans
are ready
to fight
Trump now—
not wait
until 2018
or 2020.*

That kind of pressure works: North Dakota Senator Heidi Heitkamp, who is up for reelection next year, had been expected to support Trump's nominees, given his popularity in her state. But Heitkamp announced on January 30 that she will oppose the confirmation of public-schools privatizer Betsy DeVos as education secretary, noting that 95 percent of the 1,400 North Dakotans who called her office on the issue asked her to vote against DeVos.

Meanwhile, everyone's getting the marching spirit. Scientists are planning a March for Science. There will be a Tax Day March on April 15 to demand that Trump release his returns. DC's Pride weekend in June will now feature a massive anti-Trump rally. Of course, marching alone isn't enough. But in the same way that a long walk can help clear the mind from the effects of Trump's shock-and-awe campaign, marching is awakening people to their own power. These uprisings make it clear that the American people are ready to fight Trump now—not wait until elections in 2018 or 2020. How this street energy will combine with campaign politics and create enduring power is still an open question. But for now, it's a good problem to have.

JOAN WALSH

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THE MUSLIM BAN

Remembering the Past

The same day that the White House released, on January 27, what was widely regarded as a tepid statement commemorating Holocaust Remembrance Day—for some reason, it didn't mention anti-Semitism or Jews—President Trump signed an executive order that banned all travelers and immigrants from seven Muslim-majority countries and effectively halted the refugee-resettlement program. The distasteful irony was obvious to many, with several Jewish organizations criticizing both the White House statement and the ban.

Among the most notable reactions to the statement, and the executive order signed the very same day, came from a Twitter page called "St. Louis Manifest," which tweeted stories of the Jewish refugees on the SS *St. Louis*, a ship carrying over 900 people that was denied permission to land in the United States in 1939. Among the most shared was a photo of a young boy with the tweet: "My name is Joachim Hirsch. The US turned me away at the border in 1939. I was murdered in Auschwitz."

—Mariam Elba



Laila Lalami



No Time for Silence

Trump is enacting a form of shock and awe that all citizens must resist.

In the two weeks since he raised his right hand and swore to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, Donald Trump has shut down the entire refugee program for 120 days; pledged that Christian refugees would be given priority when the program resumes; blocked visas to visitors from seven Muslim-majority countries; granted immigration officials the power to deny entry to green-card holders from those same countries; promised to publish a weekly list of crimes committed by immigrants; redefined the category of "criminals subject to deportation" to include people whom Immigration and Customs Enforcement considers a security risk, even if they haven't been charged with or convicted of a crime; and threatened to withhold federal grant money from sanctuary cities if they don't comply with his executive orders.

All of this is immoral, and there's reason to believe that it's illegal as well. The Immigration and Nationality Act of 1965 abolished the use of national origin in immigration quotas, choosing instead to make skills and family relationships the primary criteria by which applicants are judged. Establishing a religious test for refugees runs counter to the values of a country founded on the idea of religious freedom. As for permanent residents, they're entitled to the protections guaranteed by the Constitution. A federal judge in New York agrees: A day after the ban went into effect and Muslim travelers were detained at airports, she issued an emergency stay.

Trump's ban currently affects seven countries: Syria, Iraq, Iran, Somalia, Sudan, Libya, and Yemen. Not one fatal terrorist attack inside the United States has been committed by a national from these countries since at least 1975. In fact, with the exception of Iran, the United States has bombed every single one of them. The administration's position is clear: We will destroy your homes in our search for terrorists, and if you flee either the bombing or the terrorists, we will close our borders to you. This executive order does not improve the safety of Americans. Quite the opposite: It endangers them, because it serves as a recruiting tool for terrorists.

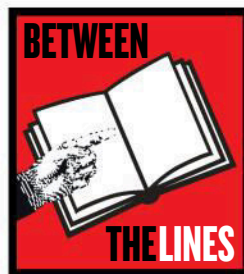
On the day Trump announced his ban, my daughter's class went on a field trip to the Holocaust Museum in Los Angeles. She returned from

school deeply affected by the experience. It seemed incomprehensible to her that people stood by as members of a religious group were marched to death camps. At dinner, when our conversation turned to the executive orders, she worried that the president might deport us. "He can't deport you—you were born here," I said. "But what about you?" she asked. "He can't," I insisted. "I'm a citizen."

I said this only to comfort her. The truth is that I'm not at all confident that my US passport will protect me. Who's to say what other countries Trump might target next? Who's to say that the ban might not be expanded to naturalized citizens? Some of my friends tell me that these actions would be unconstitutional. But we've known for many months that Trump's businesses pose conflicts of interest that would put him in violation of the Constitution's emoluments clause. He promised several times to resolve these conflicts, but he hasn't.

If our representatives have done nothing to enforce the Constitution so far, why should we believe that they'll do something if Trump comes after people like me? His executive orders aren't a surprise; they're a fulfillment of promises that he made during the campaign. Back then, Mike Pence declared: "Calls to ban Muslims from entering the US are offensive and unconstitutional." Mitch McConnell said that the ban was "completely and totally inconsistent with American values." And Paul Ryan stated, "A religious test for entering our country is not reflective of America's fundamental values. I reject it."

Where are they now? For that matter, where are the Democrats? On the day of Trump's inauguration, I flew with my family to DC to take part in the Women's March on Washington. We wanted to take a stand against the president's sexism and bigotry; our message was "Resist!" But the message that Senate Democrats seemed to have received was "Enable!" Many of them voted in favor of some, or



The goal of this administration is to overwhelm us with punitive orders, racist policies, and outright fabrications.

even all, of Trump's nominees. To be clear, Trump's appointees will be confirmed by the Republican-controlled Senate. All Democrats could do was make a stand—but they didn't. Now, with protests erupting at many international airports, several have issued statements against the ban, and a few have joined the demonstrations. But we need more action, not just condemnation.

Meanwhile, Trump froze all pending federal regulations, pledged to cut taxes “massively,” suspended government hiring, brought back the Keystone XL and Dakota Access pipelines, forbade the EPA and the Department of Agriculture from sharing information with the public, reinstated the global gag rule on abortion, told Congress that he plans to build a wall along the Mexican border at a cost of at least \$15 billion, repeated his lie that “millions” voted illegally and ordered an investigation into voter fraud, shut down the White House comment line, and

sent out a press release filled with quotes praising himself.

We are living under a form of shock and awe. This administration's goal is to overwhelm us with so many punitive orders, racist policies, outright fabrications, and silly controversies that we lose the spirit to fight. Many a morning since the election, I've woken with the paralyzing fear of what President Trump may have done overnight—some new fight picked with a nuclear power, some diplomatic agreement abrogated, some journalists attacked. I know I'm not alone. The worse the news gets, the more tempting it is to turn away from it. But what we're facing is the rapid dismantling of political norms and the destruction of an open democracy. If Trump can do all this and face no opposition, he'll do more. Silence will not protect you. If you think that what's happening to Muslims will never happen to you, you're mistaken. We will either survive together or perish separately. ■

Who's to say what other countries Trump might target next—or that the ban might not be expanded to naturalized citizens?

SNAPSHOT/HANNIBAL HANSCHKE

The Global Women's March

A woman wearing an American-flag hijab stands in front of the US embassy in Germany on January 21. Millions of people throughout the United States took part in marches to protest Donald Trump's presidency, while millions of others across the world, in cities like Paris, London, and Berlin, marched in solidarity.



REUTERS

BACK ISSUES/1944

The Evil That Men Do

In 1944, *Nation* Washington editor I.F. Stone begged his fellow journalists to publicize the plight of European Jews, then being denied entry to the United States.

“I need not dwell upon the authenticated horrors of the Nazi internment camps and death chambers for Jews,” Stone wrote. “That is not tragic but a kind of insane horror. It is our part in this which is tragic. The essence of tragedy is not the doing of evil by evil men but the doing of evil by good men, out of weakness, indecision, sloth, inability to act in accordance with what they know to be right. The tragic element in the fate of the Jews of Europe lies in the failure of their friends in the West to shake loose from customary ways and bureaucratic habit, to risk inexpediency and defy prejudice, to



be wholehearted, to care....

“There is much we could have done to save the Jews of Europe before the war. There is much we could have done since the war began. There are still things we could do today which would give new lives to a few and hope to many. The hope that all is not black in the world for his children can be strong sustenance for a man starving in a camp or entering a gas chamber. But to feel that your friends and allies are wishy-washy folk who mean what they say but haven't got the gumption to live up to it must brew a poisonous despair.”

—Richard Kreitner

KELLYANNE CONWAY'S MILESTONE

Ms. Conway already has nailed down a place in history. She can relax.

She'll long be remembered when people call lies Not lies, just “alternative facts.”

Calvin Trillin
Deadline Poet

THIS PARTICULAR DADDY'S GIRL

*What does Ivanka
Trump have to say to
Women Who Work?*

by AMY WILENTZ

[E]ven though those who believe that my success is a result of nepotism might be right, they might also be wrong.... [T]here's just no way to measure the advantage I've gained from having the Trump name.... So rather than worrying about what other people think...my focus is to ensure that these successes continue for the next generation of Trumps. After all, we Trumps don't play to perceptions. We play to win.

Gosh, I sound like my father, don't I? But that's what you get from this particular Daddy's girl.

—Ivanka Trump, from *The Trump Card: Playing to Win in Work and Life*

IVANKA TRUMP IS MOVING OUT OF HER Manhattan apartment to Washington, where, she has said, her biggest job will be to ease her three small children into their new lives, new schools, and new city. The rumor is that she will also serve as a surrogate first lady while Melania Trump stays in New York with her young son. Much as Michelle Obama was concerned with childhood obesity, Ivanka will pursue issues related to women and work, which also happens to be the subject of her forthcoming book, *Women Who Work: Rewriting the Rules for Success*.

No one forced Ivanka to uproot her life like this. She could have remained in New York and assumed the leadership of the Trump Organization along with her brothers Donald Jr. and Eric, while also continuing to work on her own clothing and accessories brand, IvankaTrump.com. Instead, she will leave both to follow her father. It's the kind of decision she has always made. After graduating from the Wharton School, as her father did, Ivanka decided to go into his business. She married another

real-estate scion, a man who's the virtual double of her father, albeit with better hair. She joined the cast of *The Apprentice*, because her father ran that. Now, dutiful and unimaginative, Ivanka is following Donald to DC, which he also runs. Many presidential family members have ridden similar coattails throughout this nation's history, but not when attempting to embody the role of the independent working woman.

For three generations, the Trumps have been a family business. And, as is usual in a traditional family business, Ivanka's father will bring his son-in-law into the executive sphere rather than his daughter. Jared Kushner, now a senior White House adviser, is just the kind of man that Donald Trump can trust, respect, and rely on, because he's just like his father-in-law. Most important, Kushner is a man. In his official capacity, he'll be in charge of bringing peace to the Middle East, among more prosaic tasks like reaching out to the business community. Ivanka has no such official portfolio.

In other words, Trump has left Ivanka to take care of women's things, like her three little ones and possibly

Amy Wilentz,
a Nation contributing editor,
is the author
of *Farewell,
Fred Voodoo:
A Letter
From Haiti*.



White House dinners, as well as... America's women. From her new house in Kalorama (no official office, no official desk), Ivanka will be unofficially consulting for her father while Dina Powell works as his new senior adviser on entrepreneurship, economic growth, and women's economic empowerment. Powell is a well-connected figure on the New York–Washington power axis who will be leaving her position at Goldman Sachs to join the administration. During the transition, she advised Ivanka.

Despite Powell's appointment, the Trump manipulation machine wants us to think that Ivanka is really his women's-rights representative. It also wants us to think that Ivanka, although a loyal tail-wagger for her father's right-wing train wreck, is somehow above it all—that she is forward-thinking (a former bestie of Chelsea Clinton! an art collector!), almost progressive, almost feminist, and profoundly *not* a forgotten woman... so not Rust Belt! But jobless and officeless in Washington, at home with the kids (supposedly), Ivanka looks more retro than progressive. In fact, she has hardly spoken a public word about any policy or program since her moderate speech at the Republican National Convention. There and ever since, her only job has been to burnish Trump's kinder, gentler side (if only he had one), to soften the Stephen Bannon blow, and to brand the new administration with a contemporary attitude toward women and women's rights, rather than the attitude of a pussy-grabbing sexual predator.

But (and here's the important thing): For all the talk of how Ivanka has her father's ear, on women's issues or any other... *he doesn't listen to her*. In interview after interview, she's been clear about how little interest Trump has in her opinion. "Does he listen to you?" one interviewer asked. "Depends on the day," came her reply.

One day during the transition, for example, it was made to seem that Ivanka had a brief for climate change. She met with both Al Gore and the actor and environmental enthusiast Leonardo DiCaprio. But while Ivanka, and later her father, were chatting amicably with the former vice president, Trump's transition staff was putting together a list of well-known climate-change deniers and opponents of environmental regulation to populate his government. In any case, Ivanka has no record of interest in climate change, other than having co-hosted a single climate-friendly awards gala in New York in 2008.

Trump doesn't respect his daughter as a free agent and key adviser, a role that, of all the women around

**Until now,
Ivanka's
main interest
in women
was in
getting them
to buy her
handbags.**

Ivanka Trump
introduces her father
at the Republican
National Convention,
July 21, 2016.

Trump, only former campaign manager Kellyanne Conway—now a White House counselor—seems to inhabit. Rather, Trump respects Ivanka because of her business acumen, learned from him; no doubt he respects her co-jones, which are his co-jones, and he probably appreciates her "weaponized graciousness," as Emily Nussbaum termed it in *The New Yorker*. He also appreciates that her intelligence and ability and attractiveness and poise make *him* look good. Like any good narcissist, he respects her because she reflects him. In other words, Ivanka is a wholly owned subsidiary of "My Father," as she almost religiously called him at the Republican convention.

EVEN THE WAY IN WHICH IVANKA MADE HER first stab at empowering women shows how far from progressive on these issues she and My Father really are. She didn't go state to state talking to women about what they need, or set up teams to do that; nor did she establish ties with representatives from women's groups around the country. (If she had, perhaps one of Trump's first executive orders would not have been to cut off funding to international groups that support abortion.) Instead, she asked the hyperconnected, super-ambitious socialite Wendi Deng, former wife of Rupert Murdoch, to host a power dinner at Deng's Fifth Avenue penthouse to discuss Ivanka's new brief. In attendance was Powell herself, still nominally with Goldman Sachs at the time; a number of corporate CEOs; the head of the Ford Foundation; *Daily Beast* founder Tina Brown; Nancy Gibbs, the editor of *Time*; and the model Christy Turlington. Aside from being around the New York social circuit, Turlington had launched Every Mother Counts in 2011, a nonprofit that supports maternal health in the United States and which advocates internationally for safe birth practices.

This glitzy, high-profile branding of Ivanka's portfolio was intended to mask the fact that she's had little, or possibly no, experience dealing with the very difficult problems that lie ahead for women in America. Before the election, her main interest in women was getting them to buy her clothing, her handbags, and her shoes. Who can forget the ad that went up on the Internet the day after the convention to sell her little pale pink dress? "Shop Ivanka's look from her #RNC speech," her brand tweeted the next day.

Brand always wins out over substance with her (it's part of the business mentality), and when the substance is called into question, Ivanka retreats. For example, consider her pre-election interview with *Cosmopolitan* writer Prachi Gupta concerning the Trump campaign's proposal for maternity leave—a policy that Ivanka is supposed to have helped Conway develop to gain women's votes for My Father. The proposed leave gives government support to mothers for six weeks after their baby is born—if they can prove legal married status and don't have jobs that will already pay for it. Although the proposal's terms are unclear, it seems to exclude half of same-sex mothers (only a birth mother can receive the benefit), all unmarried mothers, all mothers of adopted infants, and certainly all fathers, whether in heterosexual or same-sex marriages. After questioning Ivanka about who the policy



would leave out, Gupta cited My Father's 2004 statement that pregnancy was "an inconvenience for a business" and asked, "Can you talk a little bit about those comments, and perhaps what has changed?"

Ivanka's answer: "So I think that you have a lot of negativity in these questions, and...I don't know how useful it is to spend too much time with you on this if you're going to make a comment like that." When Gupta defended the question—"it is relevant a presidential candidate made those comments"—Ivanka shot back, "Well, you said he made those comments. I don't know that he said those comments," and ended the interview shortly thereafter. You can hear the echoes of My Father in those petulant and peremptory replies.

AS A CHILD, IVANKA WAS A TOTAL DOLL, AN appendage and accessory for My Father. She was a golden, green-eyed, blond-haired thing, sweet-faced, alert, self-conscious, and, at 9 or 10 years old, already sexualized in a gold-lamé, lace-hemmed minidress, white pumps, gold jewelry, and a small, gold-chained gilt purse, her hair styled, her eyes watchful. In photos from the time, she always holds hands with My Father, more like a date than a daughter, while her mother Ivana trails them in the background (as Melania usually does today).

My Father could never keep his hands off Ivanka. In so many pictures of the two—as a child but especially as she begins to emerge into adulthood—Trump has his hands possessively on her waist or hips. Often, she's sitting coquettishly, Lolita-ishly, on his lap. In one much-viewed photograph, he's holding her there with his hands on her hips (she in a miniskirt, long legs aimed toward the camera), and she's cupping his chin as if he were her own dear love. To the side is a gilt statue of two large copulating birds.

Trump, of course, once told an interviewer that it would be OK to refer to his daughter as "a piece of ass." In a later interview, he said: "You know who's one of the great beauties of the world, according to everybody? And I helped create her. My daughter, Ivanka. She's six feet tall. She's got the best body." When asked on *The View* whether Ivanka would ever pose for *Playboy*, Trump replied: "I don't think Ivanka would do that inside the magazine. Although she does have a very nice figure. I've said that if Ivanka weren't my daughter, perhaps I would be dating her." He can't stop talking about her body.

And yet, objectified as she certainly has been by this great big blustering objectifier of women, Ivanka has managed to pick up a lot of My Father's game. She's studied Trump and knows what he likes. He doesn't go for bookish girls, so when she went to Choate—one of the country's most exclusive prep schools—she also began working as a model (getting her first cover shoot, at age 15, for *Seventeen*). After all, models and actresses are the women My Father marries. Then, after proving to him that she was marriageable, she went on to try to show that she could be *him* as well, by working at the Trump Organization. To be the Trump daughter, you must be a living contradiction in terms. You have to be a tough, rip-roaring negotiator and deal-closer like My Father, but you also have to be a sexy,



Ivanka looks on as Donald Trump speaks at a campaign event in Pennsylvania, September 13, 2016.

leggy, fuckable babe who doesn't give much trouble. You have to be a Trump and a target for Trump.

No matter how much Ivanka talks about what a great parent My Father was, Trump—more available to her than to any of his other children—was still not very present. He called a lot. And he took her calls; she brags about this. He provided special treats, vacations, presents. She certainly knew that to a large degree he held the reins of her inheritance. But My Father said flat out that he didn't like to care for children; men who change diapers, he's opined, are "acting like the wife." The day-to-day rearing of Ivanka and her two brothers was done by four people: two Irish nannies and Ivana Trump's Croatian-born parents, Milos and Maria. As Bill Maher once said about Trump's kids, they're like his real-estate projects: He doesn't build 'em, but he slaps his name on 'em.

What this set of paternal behaviors seems to have wrought in Ivanka's character is a woman who looks at herself and other women via the male gaze. She sees herself through My Father's eyes. Look at her: Of course she's pretty and young and has a great smile. But she's also ultrafeminized—a walking advertisement. She's beyond us, better than us, like a thoroughbred. She's a virtual Miss Universe runner-up, a created feminine figure—unreal, fixed, sculpted, and styled, done up and made up, invented as a female object.

“Everything you need is already inside you.”

—advice to working women from IvankaTrump.com

LIKE ANY GOOD TRUMP, IVANKA HAS ERECTED an empire atop this act of self-creation, in her case at IvankaTrump.com, a retail-cum-inspirational website where "Women Who Work" is a prominent channel. The video that introduces "Women Who Work" is a multicultural collage of 25-to-35-year-old women who choose to work and are figuring out how to make their careers blend with starting a family and keeping the home together. Not one of the women pictured says, "I don't want to have children," and not one is working at a typical industrial Rust Belt, lower-level office, or service-economy job—which is to say, the expected employment for most of the female American workforce. No one in this video says, "I hate my boss."

Most of them seem to be their own bosses, or women who have started their own businesses. None of them are over 35, none are overweight; all are cisgendered. The

Women Who Work are cookie-cutter, team-leader, go-getter gals, business-school graduates perhaps, all with good hair and makeup, nothing real or pained about them. There's no evidence that any of them have struggled. They all seem to be upper-middle-class, no matter their color or ethnic background. They're from a fantasy world in which every woman can get what she wants if only she works hard enough.

In another video, called "Women Who Encourage," two reddish-haired women remove a clutch handbag from a gift box and then—one sitting and one standing, each in pink tops with black trousers, their coppery locks wafting—look tenderly at someone off to the right of the camera. This is how working women in Ivanka's virtual universe encourage each other: by offering things that are bought (preferably from IvankaTrump.com), rather than by leading a walkout at their place of employment, say, or by supporting one another when it comes to claims of sexual harassment. On Ivanka's website, conflict never exists.

IvankaTrump.com does have a section called "Wise Words" ("Nothing is impossible. The word itself says 'I'm possible'"—Audrey Hepburn; or "It's never too late to be what you might have been," wrongly attributed to George Eliot; or "Challenges are opportunities"—so anodyne it's not attributed to anyone.) But you'll never read anything here about processing chickens or serving up burgers or sewing jeans, or what it's like to be a secretary, a receptionist, a nurse, a hairdresser, a teacher, a saleswoman, a waitress, a bookkeeper, a cashier, or any of the other jobs at which most American women work.

IvankaTrump.com prefers to address style and fashion, what you can buy for work and what you should wear to work, rather than the substance of work. It includes tips on how to get promoted and tips for thinking like a Harvard Business School graduate; it includes pages about yoga for the workday, as well as about entertaining and lifestyle and exercise and what to eat and what to serve. So far, wages, discrimination, and sexual harassment have not been on the radar, not even in a *Lean In*-lite kind of way. That's not the purpose of the website. It should be hashtagged #womenwhobuy.

This is what's known today as "femvertising." The best thing one can say about Ivanka's retail celebration of women is that all of the women in her ads are portrayed as doing things for other women—the campaign is positively sapphic. Like all femvertising, IvankaTrump.com



Ivanka and Donald arrive at Maybelline's 1991 "Look of the Year" gala at the Plaza Hotel.

soft-pedals harsh realities; everything for working women comes wrapped in the gauze of love and encouragement and uplift and cool, calm niceness. Nothing on her site has to do with women's empowerment, because empowerment is political, and the politics of female empowerment must naturally take on the bastions of male power, which Ivanka isn't likely to do. Before the election, "Women Who Work" was part of her branding scheme, but now it's been retooled as a political scheme for her father's administration. The scheme should be beneficial both to the administration and to the brand, but not necessarily to women who actually work.

ANYWAY, SILLY ME: I thought women who worked looked like Roseanne Barr, whose late-1980s sitcom embodied all the working women I knew growing up. Roseanne's eponymous character worked in a plastics factory,

was often unemployed, took a fast-food job, was a telemarketer and later a bartender, and at some point—a low point—worked as a hair sweeper at a beauty salon. And, of course, she was a waitress. This is what life was like for the working women where I grew up, in sooty New Jersey, and also, apparently, in Barr's own Salt Lake City. (It turns out that the real Roseanne Barr, who ran for president in 2012, is now a slimmed-down, styled-up, face-fixed, and committed Hillary Clinton-hater—but I'm talking about the TV character, not the woman.) And if they didn't look like Roseanne, they were pert, exhausted office workers like Mary Tyler Moore's Mary Richards: put-upon, condescended to, and belittled by their boss and male co-workers.

In my hometown and in other places where I've lived, women who work didn't have the money or time for Botox and blow-outs. They didn't wear slim linen trousers and strappy heels and boxy pale cashmere V-necks to work, and they still don't. They wore stretch slacks and polyester blouses. They didn't work exclusively in streamlined offices behind empty Scandinavian-made desks with no books or files or mess of any kind, and with only other good-looking people their age.

Instead, the women I knew worked in crappy small businesses run by bad male bosses, or were hopeful, downtrodden receptionists or bookkeepers or office managers in male-dominated companies, or were wives who cooked the books for dentists and lawyers in fluorescent-lit offices with Formica-topped desks—women who smoked cigarettes and had bad teeth and no benefits, and who didn't "love,

In my hometown, the women who worked smoked cigarettes and had bad teeth and no benefits.

laugh, and encourage” as their major preoccupations. They wouldn’t appreciate the little dictums on “Women Who Work,” like “Everything you need is already inside you,” or “If you can believe, anything is possible.” Imagine feeding this pabulum to Men Who Work, to start-up teams or traders on Wall Street. No one would ever presume to address young businessmen in the 21st century as if they were debutantes or Brownies on a 1950s television show.

Yet Ivanka, and My Father too, come from a line of women who worked. Her paternal grandmother, Mary Anne MacLeod Trump, came to the United States from Scotland and worked as a maid for at least four years, while her paternal great-grandmother, Elizabeth Christ Trump, born in Germany, actually became the matriarch of the family business in the United States after her husband died prematurely. That real-estate company was called Elizabeth Trump & Son, and the son was Fred Jr.—Donald’s father. (Elizabeth Trump & Son eventually became the Trump Organization.) Ivanka’s paternal aunt is Maryanne Barry, a respected federal judge. Her mother Ivana, while possibly laughable, never stopped working after her divorce from Trump. Among the many hats she wore: jewelry designer, advice columnist, newspaper publisher (in her native Croatia), publisher of the magazine *Ivana’s Living in Style*, novelist (one title is *For Love Alone*), television host (of *Ivana Young Man*—say it out loud), and investor in failed real-estate ventures. You cannot make her up.

Ivanka herself is an idealized working woman, with her pink clothes, sweet babies, perfect hair and jewelry, and her dedication to entertaining, décor, and a streamlined metrosexual husband. The image she projects is purposefully unthreatening to men (would you threaten men if your father were Donald Trump?). And because so many women have to some degree internalized this oppressed version of self, Ivanka can seem like a role model. She is the working woman that the working women I knew in my youth may have dreamed they’d become when they first started to work. They thought perhaps they’d make enough money to have hair like that, teeth like that. Enough money, in other words, to be free of the grinding work they had to do just to get by.

SO WE GAZE AT THE LOVELY IVANKA. HOW CAN we help it? She is an object of fascination. She’s exceptional in every way: exceptionally rich, exceptionally entitled, exceptionally placed, exceptionally well-groomed, exceptionally secure in her position. Simply because she’s exceptional, she is implausible as a policy-maker for women. One of the things My Father has said about her illustrates precisely why Ivanka won’t help women as a supposed presidential influencer. When asked, in the wake of the Roger Ailes scandal, how he’d feel if Ivanka were harassed at work, Trump replied that she would never allow that to happen: If a boss were foolish enough to bother her, she’d just go out and get a new job.

Because Ivanka Trump can do that. The rest of us can’t. Ivanka is like the token black or Latino employee of the 1970s—the one exceptional person who is hired and then used to prove that everything is fine for everyone else of their kind, when patently it is not.

Also, one has to remember the troupe of handmaids who make Ivanka’s exceptional life possible. Every time you see one of those gorgeous, sleek pictures of Ivanka and her kids looking like the young Elizabeth II and the princes and princess (only better-looking and more fashionable), imagine for yourself, outside the frame, the numerous Filipino or Irish or Croatian nannies and hand-dlers and cooks and cleaners who make all that ease possible. Do those women have health care, maternity leave, retirement benefits, even citizenship?

Who is Ivanka more like: the Duchess of Cambridge, or Roseanne? At least Kate Middleton doesn’t pretend to be in charge of women’s issues in the United Kingdom; she’s purely aspirational. In *The Trump Card*, Ivanka argues—unaware of the laughter the assertion sets off in readers—that having been born rich and entitled is more a burden and disability than it is a privilege and advantage. In the 2003 documentary *Born Rich* made by her friend Jamie Johnson, heir to the Johnson & Johnson fortune, Ivanka makes a few cameo appearances and has one scene where she shows Johnson her teenage bedroom in Trump Tower.

“OK, this is a room,” she says, wearing a twinset sweater, her hair then brown, “that probably nobody has walked into for the past 10-plus years.”

Laughing and half-embarrassed, Ivanka very charmingly guides us through her “time capsule,” like Jackie Kennedy touring the White House: the Madonna clock; a landscape that she calls “my interesting attempt at color painting”; the closet door with posters that she dubs her “homage to Poison and Mötley Crüe”; the *Beverly Hills 90210* posters; and “the Bon Jovi sort of wall.” Pretty average fare for a kid of that era, until you see the lavender chiffon drapery around the brass canopy daybed, and you discover that this now-unvisited room is on the 68th floor, with an expansive view of Central Park. As she says, gesturing to the skyscrapers on Sixth Avenue and the whole sprawl of the green park: “Not a bad view to wake up to.”

Sometimes, women of this kind—pampered, raised to be unthinking and self-involved—can change and end up doing incredible things. But it’s rare. And under the thumb of Donald Trump, as an extension of My Father, it’s almost unimaginable. Women—so many of whom are underpaid, undervalued, disregarded, and abused—shouldn’t think that they can put their fate into the hands of someone who, no matter how hard she’s worked in her father’s company, has no clue of what struggle really means. The fact that Ivanka is supposedly guiding women’s policy shows just how little—not how much—My Father cares about it. ■

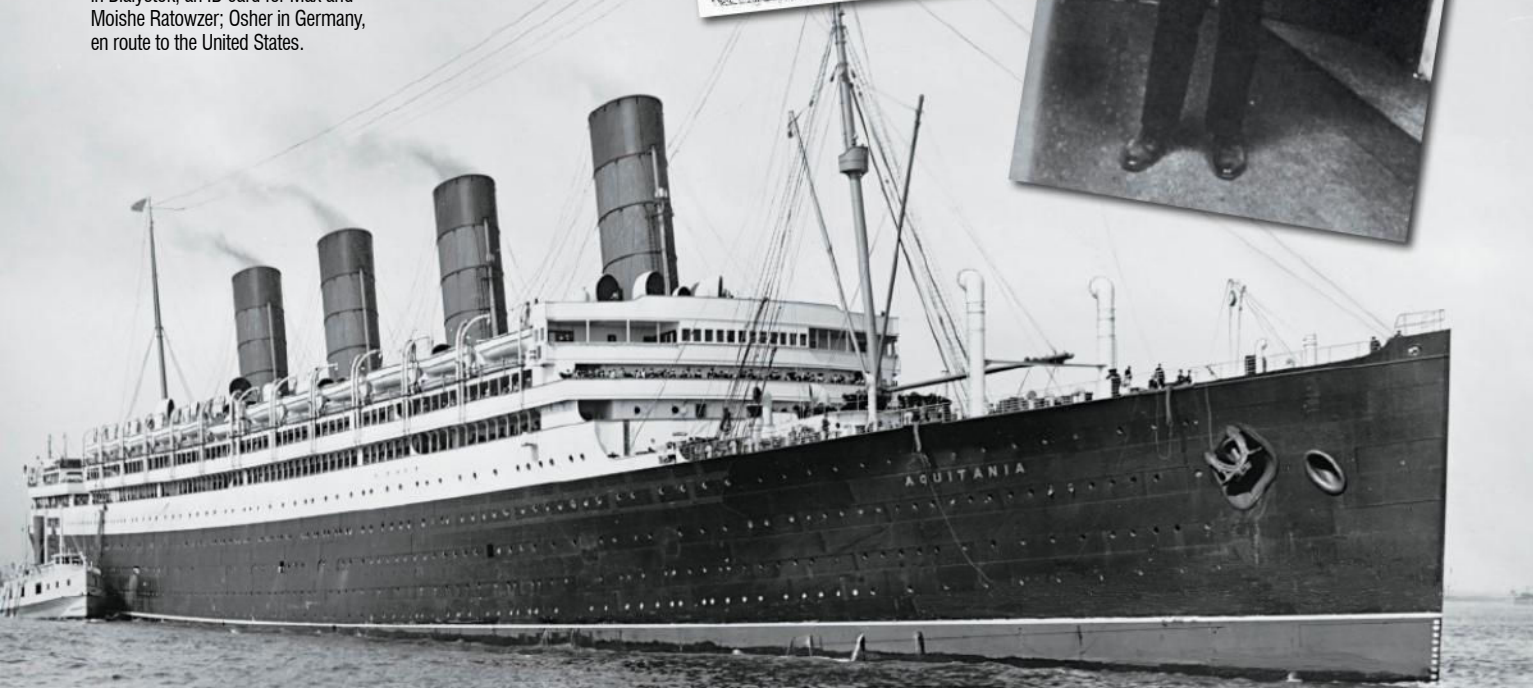
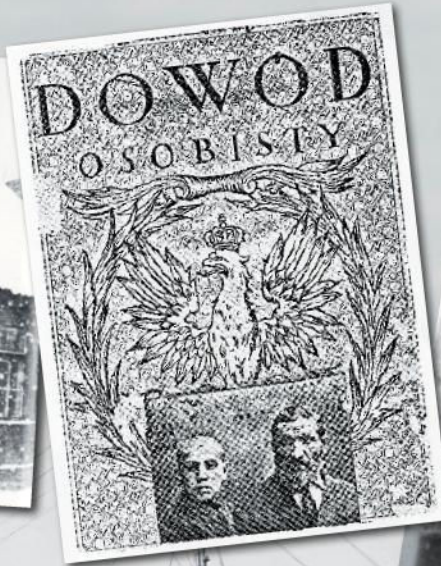
Ivanka is like the token black or Latino employee, the one person who is hired to prove that everything is fine.



Woman who works at the Chevy plant in Lordstown, Ohio.



Family album: The Ratowzer house in Bialystok; an ID card for Max and Moishe Ratowzer; Osher in Germany, en route to the United States.



Lifeboat: The RMS *Aquitania* ferried the Ratowzers and countless others to the United States.

THE LAST TIME WE CLOSED THE GATES

My family made it to the United States just before it slammed the door on most Jewish immigration. Jared Kushner's grandmother wasn't so lucky. Will today's refugees suffer a similar fate?

by **LIZZY RATNER**

IN MY AUNT'S HOUSE, IN THE BEDROOM WHERE I'VE OFTEN SLEPT, there's a framed photo of a ship's manifest that I love to stare at. The ship was the RMS *Aquitania*, a Cunard ocean liner with an inky-black hull that was famous for its four smokestacks; its picture hangs in the bedroom, too. I can spend long minutes looking at these photos, first the ship, then the manifest, with its clutter of blocky print that draws my eyes up, down, and across the page until they finally settle on the name I'm always looking for: Ozcar Ratowzer. The print tells me that he was a worker from the town of Bialystok in Poland. If I trace down the column labeled "race or people," I come to the word "Hebrew."

Ozcar Ratowzer, also known as Osher, was my grandfather. The manifest lists him as being 16, but my family believes he was closer to 19 or 20 when he boarded the *Aquitania* in Southampton, England, on October 23, 1920, and began his third-class voyage across the Atlantic. The journey took seven days, finally depositing him at Ellis Island, America's "Golden Door," the gateway to a world without pogroms or hunger or the horror of world war. There, he would almost certainly have been met by an assembly line of doctors and inspectors, who would have poked and peered at him, pried and questioned until, content with what they'd found, they would send him on his way with his handful of Old World possessions and the shards of a new identity. He would soon be known as Harry Ratner.

My grandfather's journey has always moved me, filled me with overwhelming gratitude and awe, not least because I'm aware how differently it might have turned out. Ozcar's passage to this country was far from guaranteed. A Jewish kid of conscription age, he was barred from leaving Poland legally, meaning that he and one of his older brothers, Leiser, were forced to slip over the border with Germany dressed as cattle herders, then hide in a barn overnight, buried in haystacks. Their first attempt failed: My grandfather was caught by a bunch of pitchfork-wielding German guards and sent back across the border. His second attempt was more successful, but once in Germany, he and his brother ran into a second hurdle: They were carrying fake German passports, and, family accounts suggest, the American consul had no intention of honoring them. It was only after the intercession of their oldest brother, Kalman, a Bolshevik sympathizer turned American citizen and Freemason, that the consul agreed to grant them passage to the United States. (According to family lore, the consul was also a Freemason.)

The brothers arrived safely on Ellis Island on October 30, 1920, and soon made their way to Cleveland. The rest of the family—their parents and six of their siblings—arrived on the RMS *Caronia* two months later, though their journey ended less happily. My grandfather's 9-year-old brother, Joseph, had fallen ill on the boat to America, and he died just a few weeks after reaching this country.

Still, the family was lucky. Although they didn't know it at the time, the United States was about to begin slamming the door shut on immigrants just like them—and it would keep that door sealed for several decades.

MY GRANDFATHER'S NEAR-MISS HAS HAUNTED me for years—what if he hadn't made it to this country when he did?—but the thought has been relentless these last few months. Ever since Donald Trump's upset victory, I've had the sickening sense that history is reversing itself, whipping us back to a time when a noxious, state-sponsored xenophobia gravely imperiled millions of would-be Americans. It's not that I have any illusions about the Obama administration, with its mass deportations and failure to welcome even a fractional number of Syrian refugees. But with Trump's ascendancy—with his plans to ban Syrian refugees, suspend immigration from majority-Muslim countries, round up undocumented immigrants, and begin construction of a "physical wall"—we seem to be witnessing the rise of something at once utterly distinct and hauntingly familiar: a revived anti-immigrant regime, a nativist moment not unlike the one that seized this country a century ago.

The parallels between that earlier period and today often get lost amid more provocative historical comparisons—to Germany in 1933, for example. Nonetheless, it's worth considering this other quintessentially American moment, which began in the years before my grandfather made his way west and which, in the words of historian Alan Kraut, "rang down the curtain on the flexible migration we'd had before."

During that tumultuous time, the United States was in the throes of an intense anti-immigrant fervor, stoked by world war, the Russian Revolution, and a budding love affair with eugenics. Anti-Catholicism raged, anti-Semitism simmered, and Americans were gripped by xenophobia. They feared that the masses of Eastern and Southern Europeans streaming into the country would "mongrelize" the nation, undermining its Anglo-Saxon awesomeness with their crude customs and inferior intellects. They fretted that these "undesirables" would remain unassimilated "hyphenates"—part American, part something else—for

My grandfather's near-miss haunted me for years: What if he hadn't made it to this country when he did?



Nowhere to go: Polish Jews crowd into a truck as they make their way to a refugee camp in Berlin, 1946.

years to come. They worried that they would “be a drain on the resources of America.” And, perhaps most intriguing, they feared that many of these immigrants—Jews and Italians, in particular—were, in fact, stealth Bolsheviks and radicals seeking to flip the country red from the inside.

As the authors of a famous 1920 congressional report recommending a “temporary suspension of immigration” wrote of the Jews then living in Poland: “It is impossible to overestimate the peril of the class of emigrants coming from this part of the world, and every possible care and safeguard should be used to keep out the undesirables.”

Sound familiar? Although the specific targets have changed, some of the language and much of the vitriol spewed at immigrants some 100 years ago wouldn’t be out of place at one of Trump’s “Make America Great Again” rallies, or tumbling from the mouth of his chosen national-security adviser or attorney general. Then, as now, hypernationalistic figures raged against religious minorities they deemed suspicious, scheming, and potentially disloyal. Then, as now, war abroad stirred up refugee phobias at home. And while there are differences, to be sure—while the past is never simple prelude—then, as is happening again now, the ugly rhetoric quickly gave way to ugly policy.

Three laws in particular stand out, an unholy trinity that, one by one, narrowed the range of immigrants who were allowed entry via Ellis Island. The first of these laws, the 1917 Immigration Act, attempted to do this by imposing a literacy test on immigrants, barring anyone who couldn’t read, as well as “feeble-minded persons,” “idiots,” “epileptics,” “persons likely to become a public charge,” “anarchists,” and, most stunningly, almost all immigrants from Asia. When this act failed to stanch the flow—when immigrants like my grandfather kept on coming—Congress passed the Emergency Quota Act of 1921, which restricted immigration to a mere 3 percent of the total number of immigrants from any given country already living in the United States in 1910. And when this act proved insufficient? Congress passed the Johnson-Reed Act of 1924, the most stringent of them all, which tightened the quotas to 2 percent of the total immigrants from a given country living here in 1890—a move that effectively slowed immigration to a thin trickle of Nordic and Western Europeans.

Over the next decades, this new immigration regime would prove devastating for would-be immigrants from a wide swath of countries. For Jews, however, it would prove catastrophic. As the razor wire of fascism tightened around Europe, scores of Jewish men, women, and, yes, children were locked out of this country—and locked into what would soon become a vast killing field. This remained the case even after *Kristallnacht* shattered any illusions that the Nazis wouldn’t launch a program of organized violence against Jews. And it continued even after the Holocaust began, when the United States not only refused to bend the quotas for fleeing Jews but, under the fierce anti-Semitism of State Department officials like Breckinridge Long, actively found ways to keep them out. Among the more preposterous yet effective arguments: Jewish immigrants were a potential fifth column, possible plants or spies working for the Nazis.

Even so, there were Jewish immigrants who managed to find their way into the

country during these long years of exclusion. Some got lucky and slipped through the narrow bars of the quota system. Others made their way using the same means that desperate thousands use today when they find the borders of this country closed to them: They turned to “surreptitious or illegal entry,” according to the historian Libby Garland, whose book *After They Closed the Gates* tracks the long-overlooked phenomenon of Jewish illegal immigration to the United States. “There were people coming in through unguarded places on the long northern and southern border,” Garland explains, as well as via passenger ships from Cuba and Europe, on which they traveled using forged or illicitly procured documents. “There were networks of people who knew how this worked, and they would coach people.” Garland estimates that “on the order of tens of thousands” of Jewish immigrants might have slipped into the United States this way—namely, illegally—between 1924 and 1965, when the country finally replaced the 1920s restrictions.

Still, these Jewish migrants represented the minority. The unfortunate majority remained stuck in Europe, waiting as history goose-stepped relentlessly toward them. “It’s very possible that if those laws hadn’t been in place, many of the Jews from Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, most of the Jews from Poland, would have been saved,” says Hasia Diner, professor of Hebrew and Judaic studies and history at New York University.

“I think,” Diner concludes, “that one of the most significant events in modern Jewish history was the stoppage of immigration.”

“It is impossible to overestimate the peril of the class of emigrants coming from this part of the world.”

—Congressional report on immigration, 1920

Modern emergency: Refugees arrive on the Greek island of Lesbos after crossing the Aegean Sea, 2016.



IT’S LIKELY THAT WE’LL NEVER KNOW THE NUMBER, or full roster of names, of those refugees who sought and failed to find haven in the United States before and during the Holocaust. Yet one survivor whose story still reverberates is a woman named Rae Kushner. Eloquent and soft-spoken, with a sense of sadness but not rancor, Kushner recorded her story for the Kean College of New Jersey Holocaust Resource Center in 1982. Delivered in a quiet Yiddish-inflected accent, hers is a tale of devastation and tragedy—of a young woman whose family lived in Eastern Europe before the war and, finding that “the door was closed” to the United States

and elsewhere, ended up victims of the Nazis. But it’s also a tale of stunning perseverance, in which a teenage girl managed to survive the brutality of the ghetto, the death of half of her immediate family, the white-gloved sadism of her German tormentors, and a year of fear and exposure in the vast Naliboki Forest. As she said in the interview: “It’s just miracles that we are alive.”

I watched the full two-hour sweep of Kushner’s interview for the first time in December, and it has lingered with me ever since. But if it echoes a little more loudly these days, it’s because she also happened to be the grandmother of Jared Kushner, now a senior White House adviser once described as the

Trump campaign's "final decision-maker." Jared, of course, is also married to Ivanka Trump, which makes him Trump's son-in-law—and that makes Rae Kushner's story, with its threads of persecution and exclusion, part of Trump's own extended-family story, too. (Full disclosure: As the owner of *The New York Observer* during the last year I worked there in the mid-2000s, Kushner was also, if indirectly, my boss.)

As Rae Kushner described it in the Kean College interview, her story begins in 1923, when she was born in the small town of Novogrudok, in what was then northern Poland and today is Belarus. The daughter of a furrier—her father owned two stores, which sold men's hats—Kushner lived what she called "a comfortable life, a quiet life," with her parents, two sisters, and younger brother. They were not rich, she said, but the children were all educated at private Jewish schools, and her oldest sister even attended college. Although the town's Jews numbered just 6,000, their world was nonetheless a vital one, a community filled with synagogues, schools, hospitals, and "a nice cultural life."

By the mid-1930s, however, the family had begun to sense the first rumblings of trouble. "[W]e felt the anti-Semitism, we felt that it's coming... something," Kushner said in the interview. This sense that "something" was brewing was strong enough that one of her father's friends left for Palestine and urged her father to "sell everything" and get out, too. The problem, said Kushner, is that "we didn't have where to run."

"You know how hard [it] was to get a visa to Israel...," she explained, referring, obliquely, to the British policies that restricted Jewish migration to British-controlled Palestine (and to the United Kingdom itself). "To America, very hard. If you sent papers, you'd wait for two, three years till you get a visa at that time."

Despite these obstacles, it seems from a brief exchange during the interview that Kushner's family did make some effort to get to the United States. "So your family, your father, actually was making attempts in 1935, '36?" the interviewer, Dr. Sidney Langer, asked Kushner a few minutes into their conversation. And she answered, "Yeah, he had a sister here in United States, my father. And we tried...but we couldn't do nothing." So they remained in Novogrudok, first as the Soviets invaded and then, in 1941, as the Germans descended on the town and "took us over."

Kushner's description of her family's years under Nazi occupation is harrowing, and the full scope of what she experienced deserves to be heard in her own words, not simply mediated through a journalist. What can be said, however, is that during several years of unremitting horror, she lost her mother, her older sister, and her younger brother, along with thousands upon thousands of neighbors, friends, and extended family, as the Novogrudok ghetto was whittled from roughly 30,000 Jews to 350. The only way she, her father, and her younger sister managed to survive was by escaping from the ghetto in 1943 through a hand-dug tunnel—one through which all the remaining Jews attempted to crawl to freedom. Many didn't survive once they made it to the other side, but, miraculously, Kushner, her father, and her sister did—and were eventually rescued by the legendary



Tired, poor, huddled: In 2015, refugees march through Slovakia, searching for a place that will take them in.

“Nobody opened the door for us. Nobody wanted to take us in.”

—Rae Kushner

Jewish partisan Tuvia Bielski. For a year, they lived in the forest with Bielski's brigade of more than 1,000 Jews until, in the spring of 1944, "he brought us out from the woods." Novogrudok had been liberated by the Soviets.

In the Hollywood version of Kushner's story, this is almost certainly where it would end: with liberation. But for Kushner and her family, like so many other survivors, the trauma lasted several more years, as the family sought a safe place to rebuild their lives. Novogrudok, once again under Soviet control, wasn't an easy place for Jews—"we had different troubles," Kushner said—and, moreover, "we were very broken, broken down." So she and her surviving family, along with her soon-to-be-husband Yossel (later, Joseph), decided to leave. But they again faced the problem that had thwarted them a decade earlier when, sensing the rising threat of anti-Semitism, they had contemplated leaving Novogrudok. "Nobody opened the door for us," Kushner recalled. "Nobody wanted to take us in."

Without a country to accept them, the family landed in a displaced-persons camp in Italy, where they lived three or four families to a room for three and a half years. They hoped to get visas to go the United States, where they had family, but the visas were not forthcoming. "We got depressed in the DP camp...," Kushner stated. "A year, six months—but three and a half years!" It was in this camp, she added, that she gave birth to her first child.

For this lengthy wait, the Kushners could thank the enduring anti-Semitism of both Eastern and Western European countries, which had little desire to roll out the welcome mat for some of the Nazis' most beleaguered survivors. But the United States also "shut its doors tight," says David Nasaw, professor of history at the CUNY Graduate Center, whose current research examines the fate of displaced persons in Germany after the war. Anti-Semitism was certainly part of the equation, but so too were Cold War fantasies about infiltrating communists, among whom Jews—long associated with leftists and radicals—were all too easily lumped. "Congressmen say, over and over again, 'They're coming out of Poland, so these Jews are communists or spies,'" Nasaw observes.

It wasn't until 1948, when Congress passed the Displaced Persons Act, that the country began cracking open the door to these desperate immigrants. Yet even

that gesture was troubled. Larded with a series of cumbersome provisions—including the somewhat inexplicable requirement that 30 percent of the visas go to farmers—the measure was considered so deeply biased against Jewish as well as Catholic immigrants that, even as he signed the act, President Harry Truman denounced it as “flagrantly discriminatory.”

“For all practical purposes,” Truman wrote in his signing statement, “it must be frankly recognized...that this bill excludes Jewish displaced persons, rather than accepting a fair proportion of them along with other faiths.”

Despite such hurdles, the Kushners finally did make it to the United States, in 1949. They settled in New York City, worked hard, had a family, made a life for themselves. They pushed on. Still, their difficult and tortuous journey to this country seems to have stayed with Rae Kushner years after she’d put down roots, first in Brooklyn and later in New Jersey. As she lamented toward the end of the Kean College interview, during one of the rare moments her voice rises with a sense of betrayal: “For everybody [there] was a place...but for the Jews, the doors were closed. We never can understand this. Even our good President Roosevelt, how come he kept the doors so closed for us, for such a long time? How come a boat [the SS *St. Louis*] went for exodus on the water and returned back to be killed? This question I’ll never know, and nobody will give me the answer.”

WE DON’T NEED the horrors of the past to validate the outrages of the present, to tell us that today’s swirl of xenophobia, locked borders, and scapegoating is wrong. Their injustice is self-evident. Still, as a pathologically cynical president resurrects some of the worst demons of this country’s past (and injects new energy into others that never died), history remains a powerful prod for thinking and acting in the present. It’s among the reasons a group of more than 240 Jewish historians, drawing on knowledge both scholarly and personal, vowed in a public letter issued shortly after the election “to resist any attempts to place a vulnerable group in the crosshairs of nativist racism.” And it’s why a dozen Jewish organizations declared in their recent open letter to Donald Trump that they are “committed to defending our country’s identity as a land of refuge.” To their ears, as to so many others, Trump’s attacks on refugees and immigrants smack all too painfully of the past, appealing to an old form of prejudice, resurrected and displaced onto a new era of migrants.

“The blatant discrimination that we’re hearing right now, that’s very much like what we were seeing in 1921,” says Mark Hetfield, the president and CEO of HIAS, a refugee advocacy and resettlement agency that was founded in 1881 to help Jews escaping the pogroms in Russia and Eastern Europe. “I really thought that part of [this country’s] history was behind us and that we would no longer discriminate—certainly not so openly—on the basis of religion, and we wouldn’t turn prejudice into policy like we did in the 1920s. But here we are talking about doing that. I never thought I would see this in my lifetime.”

Hetfield has been in the refugee trenches for more than a quarter-century, most of the time at HIAS, and his work for the organization has given him a broad lens

through which to view today’s Trump-enhanced nativism. Founded as the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, HIAS is well-known among American Jews as the primary agency that aided Jewish refugees throughout the 20th century—including the Kushners and my own family. In recent years, however, the organization has shifted its focus to aiding refugees from all religions and backgrounds. As Hetfield explains: “The way we describe ourselves is that we used to resettle refugees because *they* were Jewish; now we resettle refugees because *we* are Jewish.”

It’s in the service of this new mission, Hetfield says, that he’s been startled to hear the kind of dehumanizing charges once hurled at Jews now being flung at Muslims, Mexicans, and other refugees and immigrants. “It’s heart-breaking to hear the rhetoric today,” he admits, lamenting the demonization that has cast these groups as a kind of “faceless threat” invading from the south and east.

When I asked Hetfield how we can properly respond to this moment—and how Jewish experience should inform that response—he was quick to answer, citing both text and history. He spoke of the ancient commandment to “love the stranger as yourself, because you were strangers once in the land of Egypt”—a notion so “integral” that it gets repeated, in one form or another, 36 times in the Torah. And he spoke of the long Jewish experience of seeking refuge in foreign lands. “We have such a long history of having to flee places, such a

long history of persecution.... So for us to say, ‘OK, we’re safe, now they can close the doors’—it’s just morally reprehensible to think that way.” His conclusion: “We have to speak out and say it’s unacceptable.”

Ninety-six years after my grandfather arrived from Bialystok, the story of his journey—of his illegal but impeccably timed emigration from Poland—remains defining yet largely invisible to the world around me. As do so many stories from that era. Once maligned, we descendants of last century’s “undesirable” immigrants are now unquestioned Americans, waltzing through this country as journalists, lawyers, social workers, real-estate developers, and, yes, White House senior advisers. That my grandfather was once part of that class of foreigners dismissed as “filthy,” “un-American,” “abnormally twisted,” “physically deficient,” and “potentially dangerous in their habits”—to quote that infamous 1920 congressional report—has largely been forgotten. The old slurs no longer follow us.

But they do follow others, slapped on by the president and his supporters, who have smeared today’s immigrants and refugees as “rapists,” “murderers,” carriers of “tremendous infectious disease,” and a “Trojan horse.” And now they’re turning those smears into policy, using them to justify orders that break up families and exclude vast, diverse, and often desperate groups of people. For those keen on exclusion, such justifications will seem convincing. But as surely as the anti-immigrant policies of the early 20th century would prove both baseless and destructive, today’s acts will unleash cruelties and consequences against the would-be immigrants of our own era that we will long regret. ■



Fortunate grandson: Jared Kushner (center) is now a senior White House adviser.

“For us to say, ‘OK, we’re safe, now they can close the doors’—it’s just morally reprehensible to think that way.”

—Mark Hetfield

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(continued from page 2)

roots good to be reminded that “peace in the world” is not just a sentimental dream but realistic, practical, and sensible. It is also, of course, the only alternative to a “world in pieces,” as the kids of the 1960s sang as they marched. CHRISTIANE MARKS
COPAKE FALLS, N.Y.

High Note

I am the lyricist of “The Rules Don’t Apply,” from the Warren Beatty film *Rules Don’t Apply*. My co-writer was composer Eddie Arkin. Eddie and I waited many years for this film to come out, and we were disappointed that it did so badly at the box office. We were working on a song for my new album a few weeks ago, and when we were on a break, Eddie’s wife Pat told us about the Stuart Klawans article mentioning the song [“Ornaments to the Season,” Jan. 16/23] and read it to us. We were both pleased and touched.

My late father, Leonard Feather, was a critic; he used to like it when an artist would write him to say that what he wrote made them feel good, so I thought I’d drop a line to say thanks. LORRAINE FEATHER
WORCESTER, MASS.

The Gratitude Cure

One secret to overcoming depression, I learned long ago, is to be thankful for what disturbs us. This technique is helping me with our current political situation.

I am thankful for the contrast—in demeanor, in language, and in prime directive—between the outgoing president and the incoming one. Barack Obama’s moderation and reason epitomize my loss, and make me see the danger that may come in so many ways I cannot assess.

I’m grateful for the dread that even those who voted for Donald Trump now feel. “We’ll wait and see,” they say, even as he says and does what can be seen—from the outset, an attempt to eliminate ethical oversight, and now threats to health care, justice, the economy, and the environment. Then there are his confusing tweets, his dismissal of the press, his private “White House” in New York City. My hope is that what they cannot see, they can feel.

I’m grateful for the urgency that is launching people to act in small groups and in uncountable boycotts and acts of silent resistance. Many have decided to join activist groups or to run for political office. Most of us have decided to become what we have, until now, lazily resisted becoming: citizens.

I am especially grateful to *The Nation*. You are a model for the many people who are now joining you in your vital work for our country.

DOROTHY STERPKA
WEST HARTFORD, CT.

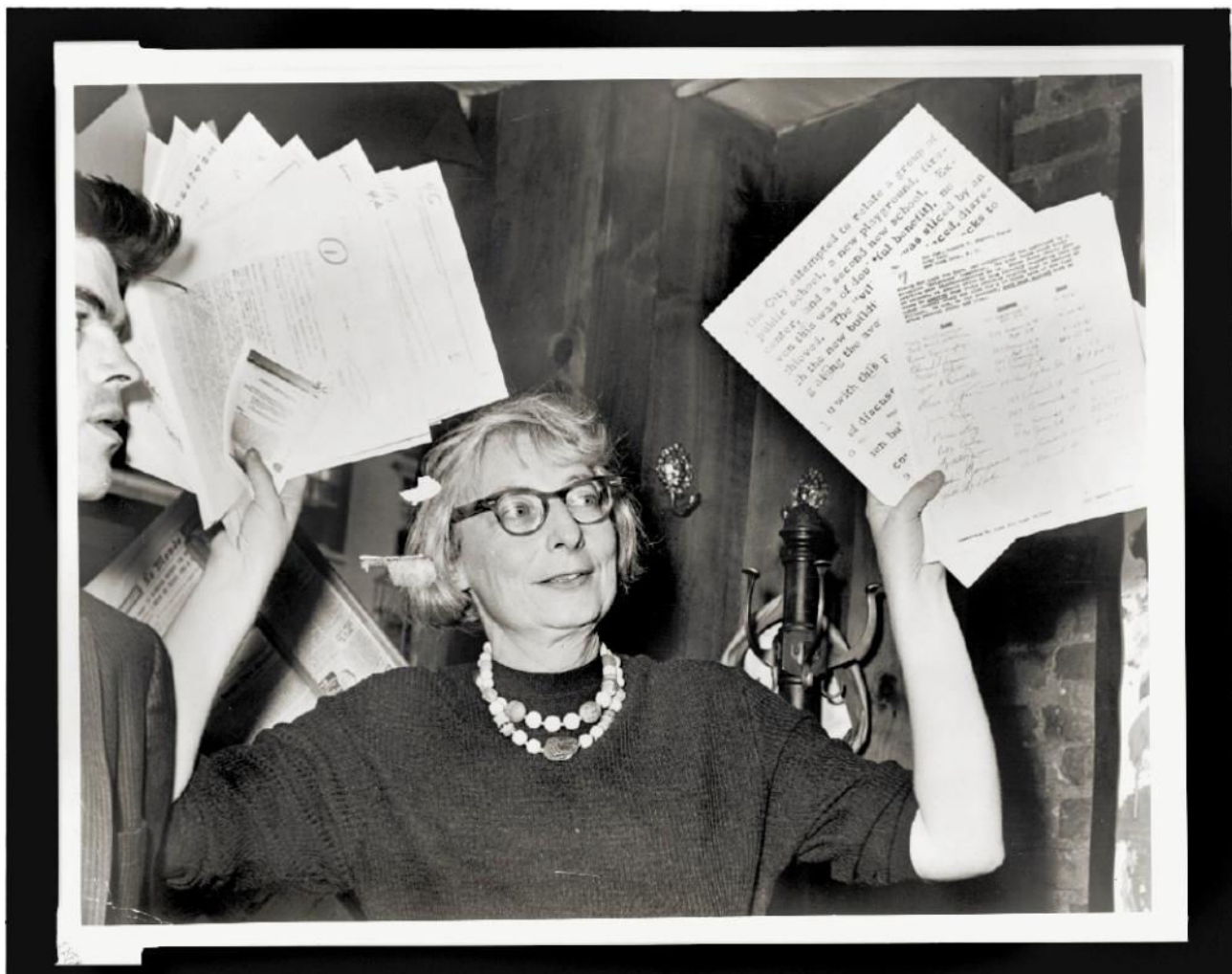
Correction

Stuart Klawans’s “Ornaments to the Season” [Jan. 16/23] described Billy Crudup’s character in *Jackie* as an unnamed William Manchester. In fact, Crudup’s character, dubbed “The Journalist,” is a composite of more than one reporter, including Manchester as well as Theodore H. White.

Clarification

In Tom Hayden’s “The Forgotten Power of the Vietnam Peace Movement” [Jan. 30], a caption described a photo as being taken at a *Democracy Now!* event in May 2015. While *Democracy Now!* covered the event, it was organized by the Vietnam Peace Commemoration Committee.

Books & the Arts.



Jane Jacobs in 1961.

AN AD HOC AFFAIR

Jane Jacobs's clear-eyed vision of humanity

by REBECCA TUHUS-DUBROW

In 1956, Jane Jacobs was 39 years old, working as a staff writer at *Architectural Forum*. Her boss, unable to attend a conference at Harvard, asked her to go in his stead and give a talk on land banking. Jacobs, skittish about public speaking, reluctantly agreed, on one condition: that she could speak on a subject of her choice.

Rebecca Tuhus-Dubrow is the author of Personal Stereo, a cultural history of the Walkman, to be published by Bloomsbury in September.

That subject, it turned out, was the utter wrongheadedness of many of the ideas cherished by her audience, the era's luminaries of urban planning. The prevailing wisdom at the time held that "urban renewal" required clearing "slums" and starting over. The rebuilt cities would tidily disentangle residential and commercial areas and include plenty of open space. These ideas may have looked good in architectural drawings, but in real life, Jacobs had come to believe, they were a

formula for lifeless monotony.

In East Harlem, she noted, 1,110 stores had been razed to make way for housing projects. Jacobs argued that these little shops couldn't simply be replaced by supermarkets. "A store is also a storekeeper," she said. Stores were not just commercial spaces; they were also social centers that "help make an urban neighborhood a community instead of a mere dormitory." Even empty storefronts had a function, often sprouting into clubs,

churches, or hubs for other civic activities. When these spaces were destroyed, the community was gravely wounded.

This speech, a turning point in Jacobs's career, appears in *Vital Little Plans*, a new collection of her short works; Robert Kanigel's new biography of Jacobs, *Eyes on the Street*, fills in the context. The men in the room—including the mayor of Pittsburgh, the head of the New York City Housing Authority, and *The New Yorker's* architecture critic, Lewis Mumford—took the rebuke remarkably well, and Jacobs won some distinguished admirers. The speech was also the germ of what became her masterpiece, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (1961), one of the seminal books of the 20th century.

The talk demonstrated Jacobs's trademark strengths: her clear-eyed vision, her pungent language, her sheer gutsiness (she may have dreaded public speaking, but she never hesitated to tell her betters what she thought). It also reflected her slippery political orientation. Jacobs was celebrating commerce and condemning government overreach in the form of public housing, and thereby showing some sympathy with the values of the right. Yet she was doing so on behalf of low-income people who, she believed, had been ill served. Like any good leftist, she was defending the underdogs: the mom-and-pop stores as well as the residents of these projects, many of whom hated their bleak housing as much as she did.

Jacobs's unconventional politics grew out of her temperament. She was allergic to dogma; she followed not an ideology but a methodology. She did not assume, or imagine, or take things on faith; she observed. But she didn't stop there: She accumulated observations and distilled them into general principles. For her, empiricism and theory were not opposites but complements.

Jacobs hinted at this approach near the end of her talk: "the least we can do is to respect—in the deepest sense—strips of chaos that have a weird wisdom of their own not yet encompassed in our concept of urban order." Her great accomplishment would be to translate that "weird wisdom" into terms we could all understand.

Jane Jacobs was born in 1916 with a decidedly less euphonious name—Jane Butzner—in the coal town of Scranton, Pennsylvania. The third child of a doctor and a teacher, she was delivered by her own father. In her childhood home, her parents encouraged her inquisitive mind and accepted her rebellious streak. Jacobs read widely, wrote poems, and held imaginary

Vital Little Plans

By Jane Jacobs
Edited by Samuel Zipp
and Nathan Storrington
Random House. 544 pp. \$28

Eyes on the Street

The Life of Jane Jacobs
By Robert Kanigel
Alfred A. Knopf. 482 pp. \$35

conversations with interlocutors like Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin.

Despite her precocity—or more likely because of it—the young Jane was never a good fit for school. She barely made it through high school and, instead of college, took a course in stenography. Her parents had instilled in her the importance of both learning a practical trade and pursuing her calling, which she determined early on would be writing.

In 1934, during the depths of the Depression, Jacobs moved to New York, where she lived with her elder sister Betty in Brooklyn Heights. In the mornings, she took the subway to Manhattan to interview for secretarial work; in the afternoons, she wandered around the city. On one outing, she discovered Christopher Street in Greenwich Village and promptly informed Betty that they'd be relocating to that neighborhood.

After working briefly as a secretary, Jacobs enrolled in Columbia University's extension school. Liberated to pursue her interests, she excelled in her classes—geology, economics, chemistry, constitutional law—though she never earned a degree. Around this time, Jacobs got her first break as a writer: a series of freelance assignments for *Vogue*. Each of these four pieces, collected in *Vital Little Plans*, explored a different New York industry—fur, leather, flowers, diamonds—and the neighborhood in which it thrived.

This period was followed by a succession of staff jobs: at *Iron Age*, a trade journal where she covered such scintillating topics as the role of nonferrous metals in the war effort; at *Amerika*, a propaganda magazine published by the US government and distributed in the Soviet Union, for which she started to cover urban planning; and finally at *Architectural Forum*.

Her personal life, meanwhile, replicated the happy stability of her childhood. In 1944, she married Bob Jacobs, a handsome architect with whom she'd have three children and enjoy a long, devoted partnership. In 1947, the pair bought a fixer-upper on Hudson Street for about \$7,000. When Jacobs took the job at *Architectural Forum*, her husband helped her learn how to read drawings and blueprints.

Covering urban renewal for the magazine, Jacobs was initially supportive (or, as she would come to believe, insufficiently skeptical) of the ideas on which it was based. In the abstract, they had a certain internal logic. But as she reported more deeply, she began speaking with people who questioned that logic, and she noticed more disjunctions between the claims and the reality. She gradually formed her own strong opinions, and as she started to express them, she emerged fully as a writer. By the time she published her most celebrated book, she was a masterful polemicist.

Death and Life's first sentence didn't mince words: "This book is an attack on current city planning and rebuilding." The heart of the work was arguably "The Conditions for City Diversity" (Part II out of four), in which she laid out the arguments that would become canonical. Against the planners who sought to neatly divide a city's neighborhoods by use—residential, commercial, industrial, and so on—Jacobs advocated the opposite: "mixed primary uses," or homes and stores and restaurants and offices all in close proximity. In such areas, different people were on the street for different reasons at different times of day, contributing to the vitality of the neighborhood, attracting new enterprises in a virtuous circle, and providing a continuous stream of "eyes on the street" to keep it safe.

Jacobs also advocated short blocks, with frequent opportunities for turning corners, as opposed to the "superblocks" loved by planners; buildings of different ages and conditions, in order to support a variety of ventures, including more experimental ones; and residential density, which had heretofore been seen as unwholesome congestion. All of this was conveyed in prose that was sometimes caustic, sometimes aphoristic, and always exceptionally lucid and vigorous.

After this section, *Death and Life* continued for another 10 chapters, discussing the "self-destruction of diversity" (what we would now call "gentrification"); "unslumming and slumming," her pithy terms for neighborhood regeneration and decline; proposals for subsidized housing; and recommendations to "salvage" the housing projects she abhorred. It was an astoundingly ambitious book, laying down general laws drawn from sharp observation, with a healthy dose of detailed policy suggestions revealing an alertness to the practical challenges.

If Jacobs's Harvard speech made her name in planning circles, the book launched her into broader renown. As Kanigel chronicles, *The New York Times* proclaimed it "a huge, a fascinating, a dogmatically controversial book." *The Wall Street Journal* declared:



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Jacobs, 1961.

"In another age, the author's enormous intellectual temerity would have ensured her destruction as a witch." But the praise wasn't unanimous. The sociologist Herbert Gans, as well as other reviewers, pointed out several blind spots. Jacobs championed a very particular urban ideal—defined by vitality and diversity—that had no room for other virtues, such as tranquility and natural beauty. Gans also charged her with succumbing to the "physical fallacy": overestimating the importance of factors like block length and store locations, and underestimating those like ethnicity and culture. Meanwhile, her erstwhile admirer, Lewis Mumford, wrote a *New Yorker* piece offering some restrained praise but also some acerbic criticism, calling the book "a mingling of sense and sentimentality, of mature judgments and schoolgirl howlers." (His hostility may have had something to do with the fact that, despite his earlier support, Jacobs—a stranger to sycophancy—had in *Death and Life* called one of his books "morbid and biased.")

During this time, Jacobs not only elucidated her vision of the good city; she invested prodigious energy in making it a reality—or, rather, in staving off its annihilation. Her Greenwich Village neighborhood found itself repeatedly embattled, threatened first by Robert Moses's plan to ram a highway through Washington Square Park; then to designate the West Village a slum and clear it for an urban-renewal project; then to destroy near-

by neighborhoods for his proposed Lower Manhattan Expressway.

Jacobs participated in and sometimes led the protests that succeeded in halting each of these plans. She and her neighbors did all the classic grunt work of community activism: making calls, writing letters, drawing up petitions, organizing rallies. Sometimes they dispatched their children to hang posters and gather signatures. Jacobs recalled that during the fight to save the West Village, "we just disconnected the doorbell and left the door open at night so we could work and people could come and go."

From these skirmishes, Jacobs learned crucial strategic lessons. One was that the neighborhood had to fight even the early exploration of a "slum" designation, because the label would scare off businesses and home buyers, becoming a self-fulfilling prophecy. Another lesson, imparted by a sympathetic federal-housing official, was that the community should never express any affirmative desires, which would allow city officials to claim they'd received the residents' input, but rather should focus single-mindedly on blocking the plans it opposed.

Though Jacobs proved herself a skillful activist, she never wanted to become one, seeing it as a distraction from her real work: writing. "I resented that I had to stop and devote myself to fighting what was basically an absurdity that had been foisted on me and my neighbors," she once told an interviewer.

In 1968, Jacobs and her family moved to Toronto, primarily so that her two sons

could escape the draft for the Vietnam War. But there, too, some of the same misguided views about urban planning were ascendant. No sooner had she settled in Toronto than she was fighting another expressway slated to be carved through her new neighborhood. Using the chops she'd acquired in New York, Jacobs helped to defeat the plan. Her presence was welcomed in her adopted city, where she became an *éminence grise* of urban planning.

Though Jacobs never repeated the sensation caused by her debut, Kanigel is at pains to stress that she was no "one-book wonder." *The Economy of Cities* (1969) and *Cities and the Wealth of Nations* (1984) further developed some of the themes of *Death and Life*, with greater historical breadth. They advanced arguments that seem startlingly relevant, if almost clichéd, today: Successful cities are hubs of innovation, the real economic engines of nations; and places that fail to innovate—whether declining cities or rural towns—risk stagnancy and alienation. Her last book, *Dark Age Ahead* (2004), foresaw the disastrous bursting of the housing bubble that was swelling at the time.

To generate her ideas, Jacobs read deeply and idiosyncratically. As Samuel Zipp and Nathan Storring write in their excellent introduction to *Vital Little Plans*, "Jacobs tended to look at history the way she did a cityscape. She scouted around for promising examples of individual phenomena, situations in which city or economic life seemed to have been working, and then sought to understand the processes that organized these data into constructive systems." At times, her bold hypotheses got a bit too far ahead of the evidence. A provocative theory that agriculture had its origins in cities risked appearing to reflect her pro-urban outlook as much as the historical record. (Her faith in cities was perhaps the closest she came to an ideology.) This sort of work strayed from her core strength: proceeding from close observation to general principle to practical application. On the other hand, one of her ideas—that the agglomeration of diverse industries could facilitate innovation—was plucked from relative obscurity and endorsed by the economist Robert Lucas, who would later win the Nobel Prize. Economists now call this phenomenon "Jacobs externalities."

In the years since her death in 2006, at age 89, Jacobs has been routinely hailed as a heroine, both for her unmatched influence on our understanding of cities and for her role in helping to defeat many of Moses's plans for New York. But her work has also been the target of criticism—partly

because of her political heterodoxy, and partly as a reaction to her canonical status.

The criticisms often boil down to claims that Jacobs failed to sufficiently take into account the need for affordable housing or the threat of gentrification. Some even suggest that her work is partly responsible for gentrification, thanks to her celebration of neighborhoods like the West Village (where her old home was sold for \$3.3 million in 2009).

But before accusing Jacobs of these oversights, one is advised to read her very thoroughly. A chapter midway through *Death and Life*, “The Self-Destruction of Diversity,” offers as good a description as any of the process by which quirky neighborhood enterprises get priced out and replaced by banks and insurance offices. Jacobs advances several policy solutions, including “zoning for diversity”: that is, limiting the proliferation of the same kinds of businesses and buildings—the reverse of the more usual purpose of zoning.

As for affordable housing, *Death and Life* explored in exhaustive detail a plan that Jacobs called the “guaranteed-rent method.” She proposed that housing would be created by private developers and landlords, and that the government would subsidize rents. For new construction, an “Office of Dwelling Subsidies” would guarantee the necessary financing to the builders. Tenants would be selected from applicants from a designated area. If their incomes rose, the subsidies would drop. But no level of income would be disqualifying, because Jacobs recognized the psychological implications of income-restricted housing: It caused a residence to become stigmatized and synonymous with failure. If nobody wanted to stay—if success meant getting out—it would struggle to become a vibrant or desirable place to live. This chapter is wonky and dense, and because it comes toward the end of a very long book, it’s easy to overlook, but it belies the caricature of Jacobs as an elitist libertarian.

Her attitude toward government, based on what she saw at the time, was that it could stifle as often as nourish the organic flourishing of cities and their residents. But Jacobs wasn’t against government intervention per se; nor was she against planning. She favored policies that she believed would foster life in cities, and she favored certain kinds of plans—namely, little ones. She acknowledged that some plans had to be far-reaching—a subway system, for example—but, as a rule, “Little plans are more appropriate for city renewal than big plans.” In a 1981 speech in Germany, she argued that big plans by their nature tend

to be boring and lacking in visual diversity because they’re “the product of too few minds.” What’s more, big plans tend to foreclose possibilities: They’re inflexible, and “when the plans are very big the mistakes can be very big also.” After all, she concluded, “Life is an ad hoc affair.”

Today, Jacobs has not only bequeathed

us a legacy of great ideas; she can also serve as an exemplar of how to approach our own formidable problems, in urban planning and beyond. To follow her lead is to look closely to determine what works and what doesn’t. It is to nurture a multitude of little plans and, not least, to do all we can to stop big plans based on bad ideas. ■

That It Might Save, or Drown Them

I have seen how the earth erodes differently
from the way that trust does. Likewise,
I know what it means, to come to love
all over again the very mistakes I
also know, looking back, I might better have
strayed clear of. Two points make a line—but
so does one point, surely, when pulled at
once in two opposed directions: how
to turn away from what’s familiar, for
example, toward what isn’t

defines hope well enough, but can define,
too, despair... When I look around
at all the wood that’s drifted ashore, been
bleached clean, and stranded, I think
to be stranded must mean giving in
to whatever forces make of strandedness
over time such smooth-to-the-hand forms
of trophy as these before me now, each one

distinctive. There’s a light that can make
finding a thing look more than faintly
like falling across it—you must kneel,
make an offering. I threw my compass away
years ago. I have passed through that light.

CARL PHILLIPS

EVERY DAY, EVERY YEAR



The many moods of Henry Green

by ADAM THIRLWELL

There is really no appropriate way to write about a novel by Henry Green. His novels require no interpretation; they mean what they say. Reading them, you want to borrow unlikely critical terms—Roland Barthes’s “neutral,” maybe, or Clement Greenberg’s “flatness”—or describe him the way John Cage described Stravinsky, the composer he loved for having no ideas to express: “It is seeing life close and loving it so. There are no whirring magical mystifications. It is all clear and precisely a dance.” In the same way, Green himself once

wrote that “literature is not a subject to write essays about,” and of course he is right, in the way that nature is not a subject to write essays about, either. It needs no decoration. Everything is there, on the surface.

But this neutral clarity and flatness is also an elaborate illusion. Flatness is an effect. And so it is not without its complications. For Green’s novels are not just unusual for their attention to the literal; they are also unusual for their difficulty. The reader of *Living*, for instance, may well feel disconcerted by its opening pages, as if they have stumbled into a conversation between friends: There are at once too many names and not enough. A literal surface, it turns out, is almost incomprehensible. In one of his notebooks, Green once copied out this observation from Henry James’s preface to

What Maisie Knew: “the muddled state too is one of the very sharpest of the realities.” That oxymoronic state, the sharp muddle, is Green’s territory. And while, sure, it resists interpretation, it is also so beguilingly strange that it does invite some kind of wary analysis: not meaning, maybe, but at least a genealogy.

One way of thinking about Green is to consider what an anomaly he represents in literary history. To be an aristocrat novelist is strange enough. That this aristocrat novelist was the last British modernist—well, this is super-crazy. And also, he was a prodigy.

Green grew up in the atmosphere of absolute nobility. His mother, Maud Wyndham, was the daughter of the second Baron

Adam Thirlwell’s most recent novel is Lurid & Cute. This essay appears in another form as the introduction to a forthcoming edition of Henry Green’s Living (New York Review Books).

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM ROBINSON

Leconfield—who owned Petworth House, one of the grandest houses in Britain. His first novel, *Blindness*, was published in 1926, when he was only 21. In the same year he left Oxford, where he was studying English literature, and began a drifting novel called *Mood*, which he never finished. Meanwhile, he served an apprenticeship on the shop floor of his family's Birmingham factory, working eight and a half hours a day and living in workmen's lodgings. He finished *Living*, his second novel, in 1928. He was just 23. The novel appeared a year later, in the early summer of 1929—and in July he married Adelaide Mary Biddulph, the eldest daughter of the second Baron Biddulph.

He was an aristocrat who had married another aristocrat—and had also written one of the most radical novels of his era. It was Evelyn Waugh who most quickly identified what Green had done. Writing in *Vogue*, Waugh observed that it was the book which, “if properly read, is likely to have the most influence on the author's contemporaries.” A year later, this time in *The Graphic*, Waugh wrote a second, even more insistent piece:

Technically, *Living* is without exception the most interesting book I have read.... The effects which Mr Green wishes to make and the information he wishes to give are so accurately and subtly conceived that it becomes necessary to take language one step further than its grammatical limits allow.

It was a novel, in Waugh's argument, that had inherited the lessons of early modernism. According to these lessons, in giving form to the disregarded everyday, a novel must dislocate language into meaning, with the same kind of attention to sentence effects more usually found in poetry:

Modern novelists taught by Mr James Joyce are at last realising the importance of re-echoing and remodeling the same themes.... I see in *Living* very much the same technical apparatus at work as in many of Mr T.S. Eliot's poems—particularly in the narrative passages of *The Waste Land* and the two *Fragments of an Agon*.

Mr. Joyce and Mr. Eliot! It should have been Green's era—this modernist prodigy. But he did not publish another novel for a decade—*Party Going*, which came out in 1939. Instead, it became the era of Evelyn Waugh—whose early novels, like *Vile Bodies* and *A Handful of Dust*, avidly ingested Green's inventions in the art of surface.

The first strangeness of *Living* is its material. *Living* takes place in and around a factory in Birmingham, in Britain's working-class Midlands—just like the factory belonging to Green's family, where he had served his two-year apprenticeship. As Green recalled in his memoir, *Pack My Bag: A Self-Portrait*, “at the university I was to court the rich while doubting whether there should be great inequalities between incomes. I had a sense of guilt whenever I spoke to someone who did manual work. As was said in those days I had a complex and in the end it drove me to go to work in a factory with my wet podgy hands.”

Living observes with impassive authority the full social panorama: from the Dupret family, which owns the factory, to the men who work in it and their wives and girlfriends. And so it seems, unusually, like a political novel, a radical disturbance of the usual literary cast list. It dissolves the limited bourgeois circle. It was so convincing that Harold Heslop, a left-wing British novelist, speaking at the Second International Conference of Revolutionary Writers held in Kharkov in October 1930, could argue that while “British bourgeois literature” had “sunk to a depth that is truly astonishing,” there was at least a “new school of writers...especially James Hanley and Henry Green,” who came from “proletarian stock”; while Christopher Isherwood, whose first novel came out around the same time as *Living*, would call it “the best proletarian novel ever written.” Green, however, rightly demurred in a *Paris Review* interview many years later: “I just wrote what I heard and saw, and, as I've told you, the workers in my factory thought it rotten. It was my very good friend Christopher Isherwood [who] used that phrase you've just quoted, and I don't know that he ever worked in a factory.”

Waugh had been more accurate in his mention of Joyce. Green's subject wasn't only working-class life but the universal, unavoidable minuteness of living. (“I did not read *Ulysses* until *Living* was finished,” Green claimed, but I find this simply unbelievable.) There's something admirably distributed and egalitarian about the way Green writes this novel; he rotates his various characters with calm regularity, like a Robert Altman ensemble movie (and Green was thinking in terms of montage: The novel, he wrote, was a “kind of very disconnected cinema film”). Its elements are offered in sequential arrangements: “At the club they said ‘Dupret has fallen on his shoulder, that sort of thing is a perpetual nuisance at our age’: at the works they said, ‘the gaffer's fallen on 'is shoulder so they say, at 'is time of life you don't get over it so easy as

that'....” And it means that the true originality of the novel is its depiction of life as habit.

Late in the novel, Dupret considers his probable future, “how he would sit in office chairs for another forty years, gradually taking to golf at the week-ends or the cultivation of gardenias,” a future identical in its structure to the future of his employees: “they had really only marriage and growing old. Every day in the year, every year, if they were lucky they went to work all through daylight.” But the novel has shown this already in its careful system of repetition—trips to the pub, feeding babies, work, eating—and sudden lurid exceptions: injury, death, love. “This constant battling with a pattern which is almost geometrical brings me to a finer point... than dealing with people,” wrote Green. *Living*, in *Living*, is a grid of constraint and occasional bright escape—like a Mondrian—of which the most violent is a smuggled story of elopement. Just as in Joyce's fiction, the everyday is striped with bands of romantic thinking, the way Eveline in *Dubliners* dreams of going away to Buenos Aires.

Living! Such a deadly business... It was the first of Green's process titles—*Party Going*, *Loving*, *Concluding*, and *Doting* would follow—and the word spreads like lichen throughout the text. (“It's a funny thing to get a living by ain't it?” “Mr. Bridges in his thinking and in most of his living was all theatre.” “But us workin' people, we got to work for our living, yes we have....” Etc.) For how should we understand the title? It hovers between a participle and a gerund and a noun. And while this novel is very British in its accent, its title seems a shy ironic gesture toward a Continental, decadent tradition—the era of late French Romanticism. “True life is absent,” Rimbaud observed in *A Season in Hell*, while in Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's studio drama *Axël*, there was the famous epigram: “Living? The servants will do that for us.” True life was elsewhere—in the mirages of imagination. That aristocratic decadence, I think, must be lurking, a luxuriant joke, behind the title of Green's novel—where both the poor and the rich are forced to do the living equally. No one, sadly, is immune from the business of living.

This novel is not so much political as biological. In 1944, Erwin Schrödinger would define living matter as “that which avoids the decay into equilibrium”—by delaying inevitable entropy through metabolic activity. Maybe those terms are more useful than aesthetic ones when reading Green's experiment in fiction. Instead of plot or character, it might be more accurate to talk in terms of environment and organism. It might be useful to invoke the second law of thermodynamics.

Living's second strangeness, of course, is the style. The novel was Green's most sustained version of what he called his "experiments with the definite article." The innocent reader of this novel will be struck immediately by the absence in his sentences of the usual connective material: "Noise of lathes working began again in this factory. Hundreds went along road outside, men and girls. Some turned in to Dupret factory."

In the *Paris Review* interview, Green offered a retrospective rationale for this decision: "I wanted to make that book as taut and spare as possible, to fit the proletarian life I was then leading. So I hit on leaving out the articles. I still think it effective, but would not do it again." There are moments when you have sympathy for Green's later self. There can seem something robotic about this method, the way e.e. cummings's method can seem too voulu and superficial: "Mr. Gibbon said after he had done the Holy Roman Empire he felt great relief and then sadness at old companion done with."

But, like his montage method, the linguistic strangeness of *Living* is a way for Green of insisting on his novel as a made linguistic surface. His fiction is all exterior—a collage of dialogue logged by the dazzlingly vast surveillance network of his prose. A work reduced to such surface at once hints at vast wounds and simultaneously anesthetizes them. It implies a terrible depth without ever describing it directly—the way English life in its elegance and evasion conceals (sometimes) a terrible passion. Green's word for this was "shyness," and he praises shyness in *Pack My Bag*: "surely shyness is the saving grace in all relationships, the not speaking out, not sharing confidences, the avoidance of intimacy in important things which makes living, if you can find friends to play it that way, of so much greater interest even if it does involve a lot of lying."

Green, after all, was a novelist who defined prose as "a gathering web of insinuations." And his novels proceed through a certain aesthetic reticence. It is a style of absences—of pasts, of plots—of which the absent definite articles are simply the most obvious. The reader, therefore, is forced to interrogate the sentences for clues—which becomes a long training in revising and rereading. Just consider Green's malicious way with names. In *Living*, there are characters with the same or similar names, or who for inexplicable reasons are known by another name: Bert Jones and Arthur Jones and Arthur Bridges (who seems to be known as Phil). A name, in other words, is unstable—no one has a single name, and everyone can share a name with someone else. But then, in this world there

are so many names, most of which we will never remember, just as there are so many people with the same name. In Green's novels, what seems like the hyper-artificial is in fact a dutiful fidelity to the impossible real.

But maybe that idea of fidelity is too crude in its philosophy. There's another way of understanding Green's title, which is to see it as an aesthetic boast. Many years later, he would state that his aesthetic aim was "to set something living." And his way of achieving this was his elliptical method: It was less out of descriptive accuracy than as a way of forcing the reader into activity.

In *A Novelist to His Readers*, broadcast by the BBC in November 1950, Green describes the writing of a novel as the attempt "to create a life which is not." What makes a work of literary artifice alive, he contends, what makes this zombie get up and move, is an emphasis on silence and conversation. To be alive is to be mysterious: This is true of humans, he argues (his philosophy would be called existential were he not so resolutely Mayfair: "do we know, in life, what other people are really like? I very much doubt it")—and so this must be true of literary works as well.

What follows from this philosophy is an aesthetics of reduction. His art tends toward pure dialogue and physical notation—a refusal of narrative explanation. "To create life in the reader, it will be necessary for the dialogue to mean different things to different readers at one and the same time." So the novelist should not write "he hesitated" (this is Green's example), she should instead write "seemed to hesitate": "If you have 'he hesitated,' this seems like a stage direction, and is a too-direct communication from the author." Like the best kind of servant, the novelist should remove herself from the picture: "if you are trying to write something which has a life of its own, which is alive, of course the author must keep completely out of the picture. I hate the portraits of donors in medieval triptychs."

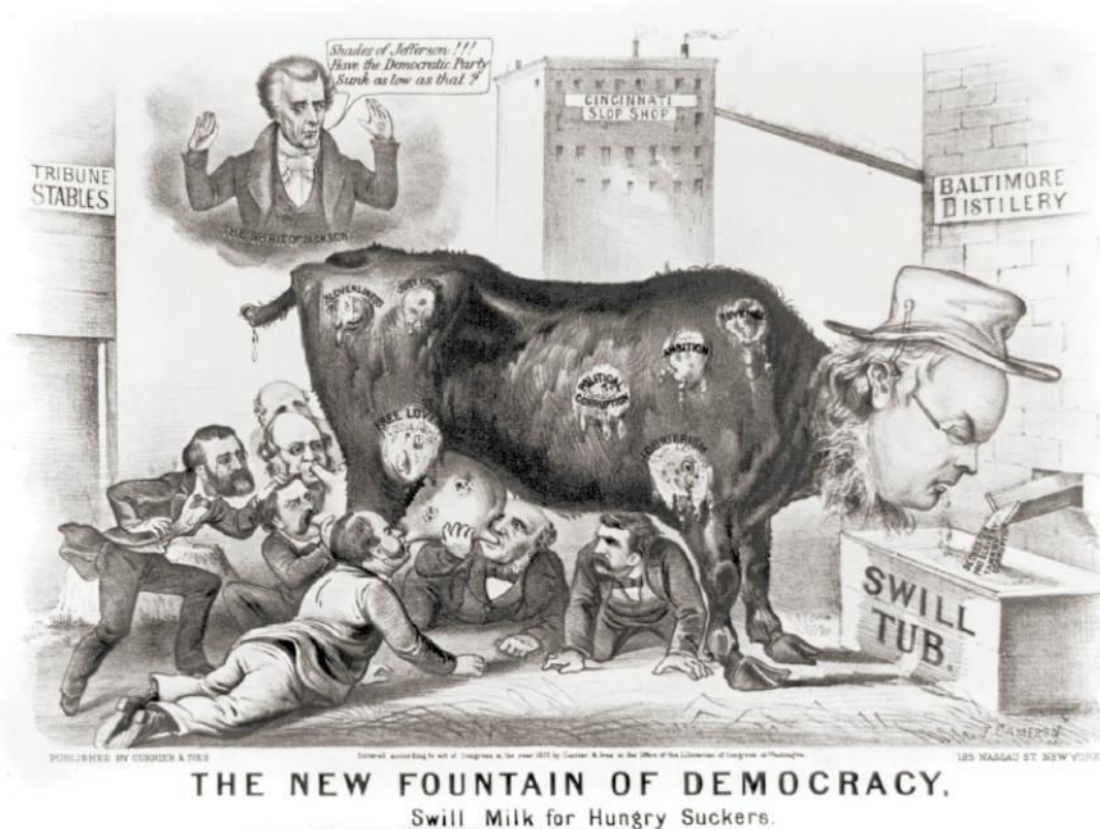
Now I happen to think that this philosophy is dangerously sentimental, just as its theory is sentimental, too—for how can the narrator be removed? It is there in the fact of a novel existing at all. But it is based on a savage knowledge of a certain type of social horror: "two people temporarily islanded by their exchanges," as he described it in *Pack My Bag*, "lying no doubt but always with half-truths like truffles just under the surface for one or the other to turn up to find the inkling of what human beings treasure, rather than what they think they know of themselves." And it gave Green permission to write works of such tender strangeness as *Living*. "To me

the purpose of art is to produce something alive, in my case, in print, but with a separate, and of course one hopes, with an everlasting life on its own."

And it also serves as a way of electrifying a certain overlooked circuit of literary history—a haphazard, fleeting, frivolous line of English modernism. It's a line that maybe begins with the dialogue novels of Thomas Love Peacock—*Headlong Hall*, *Melincourt*, and *Nightmare Abbey*—where romantic feeling is subjected to malign pastiche: an absolute, sternly comical surface. But its true origin is James's screenplay novels like *The Awkward Age* and *What Maisie Knew*, which are almost entirely dialogue, with all interiority withheld, which lead to the wackier experiments of Ronald Firbank and Ivy Compton-Burnett, along with Waugh and Green themselves—while its transatlantic mutation is present in Gertrude Stein, and then in the New York School. John Ashbery wrote a master's dissertation on Green, and his comparison of Stein to the later works of James seems relevant to Green, too:

If these works are highly complex and, for some, unreadable, it is not only because of the complicatedness of life, the subject, but also because they actually imitate its rhythm, its way of happening, in an attempt to draw our attention to another aspect of its true nature. Just as life seems to alter the whole of what has gone before, so the endless process of elaboration which gives the work of these two writers a texture of bewildering luxuriance—that of a tropical rain-forest of ideas—seems to obey some rhythmic impulse at the heart of all happening.

Green's emphasis on surface, on texture, represents a new moment in the history of the novel—and the fact that it can seem so inscrutable may only mean that a certain, more grave tradition of modernism acquired a greater charisma. So it's not surprising, perhaps, that one of his most admiring critics was Nathalie Sarraute, the *nouvelle romancière*. The *nouveau roman*, with its disdain of psychology, is a French version of the same aesthetic. In 1956, Sarraute wrote an essay—reprinted a few years later in *L'ère du soupçon*—which used that 1950 BBC broadcast by Green to illustrate her general argument: that the old forms of Stendhal and Balzac were outmoded. Green, she added, was one of the best living novelists. And, of course, according to the terms of Green's argument, Sarraute is still right, even though he is dead. ■



BUT WHO WILL COVER THE SWILL MILK?

A new book examines the dire future for investigative reporting in America

by ANYA SCHIFFRIN

Even as the media struggle financially and their credibility continues to falter—especially during this last election—investigative reporting, surprisingly, is booming. Legacy outlets like *The New York Times* still publish in-depth series on major topics like brutality in the Rikers Island jail, labor conditions in the city's nail salons, and fraud at Trump University. Around the world, niche startups like *Daily Maverick* and *El Faro* and *InsideClimate News* cover subjects that are frequently ignored or underreported by the larger media outlets.

The problem, however, is that despite all the investigative journalism being done these days, there isn't a clear source of revenue to support it. Investigative journalism requires dedicated and experienced

reporters and editors who have time and plenty of resources. Above all, it costs a lot of money—and yet it's hard to fund. Advertisers often don't want to be associated with it, and declining subscription numbers no longer help to cover costs. In some instances, private foundations and wealthy individuals have stepped into the breach, and organizations like the International Consortium of Investigative Journalists have been formed. These donor-backed groups have helped journalists do the slow, steady work of reporting, leading to several blockbuster series on tax avoidance, including the so-called Panama Papers, Swiss Leaks, and Luxembourg Leaks. Other examples include nonprofit organizations like the Marshall Project and ProPublica, which shared a Pulitzer Prize in 2016 for their investigative feature "An Unbelievable Story of Rape," and which are also funded by individual donations and foundation support.

But while donor funding helps pay for investigative journalism now, it's far less

Democracy's Detectives

The Economics of Investigative Journalism

By James T. Hamilton

Harvard University Press. 384 pp. \$35

certain that this model can sustain it in the future. There will no doubt be funding for the kind of reporting that went into exposing the Panama Papers or that the *Times* and *The Washington Post* do, but what about local investigative reporting? Who will cover a story of municipal corruption, or mismanagement by a small-town school district, or lead in the water supply? Without more funding, the current decline in local investigative reporting is unlikely to slow.

Democracy's Detectives, a compelling new book by Stanford University communications professor and economist James T. Hamilton, helps to clarify the social uses of—and the acute economic threat to—investigative journalism in the United States today. Indeed, *Democracy's Detectives* joins the ranks of two other iconic books on the

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subject: *The Evolution of American Investigative Journalism*, a history by James L. Aucoin, and *The Journalism of Outrage*, written by a group of journalists (David Protess, Fay Lomax Cook, Jack C. Doppelt, James S. Ettema, Margaret T. Gordon, Donna R. Leff, and Peter Miller) who used case studies to examine how investigative reporting around the country helped set various policy agendas. *Democracy's Detectives* revisits many of the questions raised by these earlier books, both historical and contemporary. But Hamilton also turns to data analysis to explore the economics behind investigative journalism.

Democracy's *Detectives* gives us the long view: Hamilton introduces the book with the celebrated tale of how journalists in 1858 uncovered the distribution of "swill milk"—a disgusting concoction of milk from cows fed with by-products from distilleries, and that also included starch, molasses, and plaster of Paris—to children in New York City, which caused many of them to get sick and die. Enterprising reporters working for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* tracked the horses delivering the swill milk; their reporting generated public outrage and inspired the passage of a state law intended to fix the problem. From this low-tech beginning, Hamilton launches into his analysis

of investigative journalism over the last 150 years, concluding his book with a chapter on how computing and data analysis will be of enormous help to the field in the future.

Between these bookends, Hamilton also discusses how investigative journalism addresses a standard puzzle in modern information economics known as the principal-agent problem: the idea that information is costly, and most people don't have enough of it to make informed decisions. For example, we'd all like to know which of our public servants have a pattern of engaging in self-serving actions, including corruption, and which do not. Investigative journalism, Hamilton argues, helps provide an answer to this problem, creating a more balanced distribution of information.

Hamilton recognizes that editorial decisions about coverage are affected by resource constraints. There just isn't enough money to pay for all of the investigative journalism needed, so editors must make decisions about what to cover. These decisions can be determined by the urgent needs of a particular community or by the exigencies of the moment. Hamilton provides some frightening numbers that show how tight the resources are in many newsrooms these days. Between 2007 and 2014, the number of full-time journalists working at daily newspapers dropped by 40 percent. Nor

have national papers avoided such straits: *The New York Times* has suffered multiple rounds of editorial layoffs and buyouts in recent years, and *The Wall Street Journal* went through its own round of buyouts in 2016. All of these changes portend serious trouble for the future of investigative reporting in the United States.

The fact that journalists play a crucial role in helping to draw attention to social problems is well-known. What makes *Democracy's Detectives* unique is Hamilton's use of data analysis to back up some of his main points. Cutting through the speculation and fear that accompany conversations emanating from what investigative journalist Dean Starkman calls "the future-of-news" crowd, Hamilton reminds us early on of a key point made in *The Journalism of Outrage*, which is that the impact of news reporting can unfold over time and in three stages: First, it can influence individuals; second, it can broaden our discussions and create more public deliberation on a particular subject; and third, it can lead to substantive policy change. While Hamilton recognizes that the first two are important, his book is primarily concerned with the final stage: He wants to understand how reporting leads to policies that address, and sometimes resolve, social problems.

Hamilton makes his argument using data mined from more than 12,000 journalism prizes awarded by the group Investigative Reporters and Editors (IRE) from 1979 to 2010. These data allow him to map the current state of investigative journalism and present a clear taxonomy of who is doing what—and, just as important for Hamilton, where they're doing it. For example, local newspapers tend to cover local subjects like public education, community development, and housing; larger newspapers focus on bigger issues like national-defense spending, banking and finance, and international affairs. It's no surprise, then, that the location, size, and reputation of a reporter's institution can have a profound influence on the efficacy of a particular piece of investigative journalism. But the fact that high-circulation national newspapers often have the greatest influence on public policy means that equally important areas of policy-making on a more local scale often get neglected. "Variations in economic fortunes across outlet types and size mean that where reporting jobs disappear can affect which stories become more likely to go untold," Hamilton notes. "The geography of undone investigations matters because this

Blue Wash on Linen Canvas, Believed Unfinished

And he woke again like a thief undetected, invisible therefore,
and therefore free. The bronze horse's hoof stood raised for
apparently ever about to trample beneath it the cross of wood
faced with tin half beaten half

tooled to a filigree that said, or
seemed to say, that's what it takes, a violence, to get at last
even this far, mere decoration, nothing close, for example,
to those late afternoons of the sun parsing the dead bamboo
like fidelity itself when fidelity means for once what it's
always meant—one thing,

and the truth another—no,
I'd say it more was like seeing for the first time from sea
that bit of the land that you've always lived on, and watching it
slowly become more small, until maybe you lived there,
or didn't, here's the sea

anyway in front of you, here's the rest,
(the waves whispering, as if waves could whisper), here's
what happens, not what's meant to happen; nothing's meant to happen...

CARL PHILLIPS

affects which types of institutions are held accountable and what types of issues generate public scrutiny.”

Hamilton also uses the IRE data to examine why some stories produce social or policy changes and others don’t, and offers a cost-benefit analysis to show how some of the investigative reporting he surveys has resulted in important cost savings to the public. In most cases, however, he finds that the after-effects of an investigative report were “deliberative” rather than “substantive”: that is, it more likely changed the public discourse or provoked some institutional turnover rather than producing policy change. Nearly 15 percent of the stories that won an IRE prize triggered an investigation. Individual effects included resignations (6 percent), indictments (4 percent), and firings (3 percent). In his “substantive effects” category, slightly more than 1 percent of the stories led to the passage of new laws.

Hamilton notes that one indication of journalism’s influence is the testimony of reporters at congressional hearings, and he points to a troubling decline there. According to his research, between 1946 and 2010, 613 hearings featured a “journalist, reporter, or correspondent” as a witness. Of these hearings, 17.8 percent took place in the 1950s and 28.8 percent in the 1970s, the high point for media witnesses. Today, however, congressional hearings rarely feature testimony by reporters: Only 4 percent of the hearings between 2000 and 2009 featured journalists as witnesses. “The media,” Hamilton concludes, “are a declining source of newly created information about public affairs, in part because of declining finances.”

The implications for the future are dire. If we frame Hamilton’s ideas in the economic terms he likes to use, our worst fears are confirmed: Much of the investigative reporting being done in the United States depends on prior investment in a capital stock that is being run down and not replaced. This capital stock is the cumulative knowledge of a generation of older journalists who were trained—typically on the job through detailed beat reporting and subject to critical editorial oversight—during the heyday of print journalism and are responsible for much of the investigative reporting being done now. It’s not clear who will take up the mantle as this generation is forced out of journalism or retires.

Parallel to the graying of investigative reporting is the shrinking number of local newspapers practicing it. *The New York Times*, the Associated Press, the Center for Public

Integrity, and others continue to investigate stories using the Freedom of Information Act. But the number of FOIA requests by local newspapers has dropped, as Hamilton reports, by nearly 50 percent between 2005 and 2010. For him, this is yet another worrisome sign of the field’s decline.

Hamilton believes that the loss of investigative journalism is a terrible prospect for society, since these reporters perform an essential role by identifying and documenting societal problems and helping to galvanize the forces to address them. He concludes his book with a cost-benefit analysis that shows how investigative journalism not only serves the public interest but saves taxpayers money. Such exposés can cost a newspaper hundreds of thousands of dollars to report and write—but when the system is changed and the perpetrators punished, the amount saved by taxpayers can number in the millions.

Hamilton isn’t the only person making these kinds of arguments in support of investigative journalism. Paul Radu, a Romanian journalist and executive director of the cross-border Organized Crime and Corruption Reporting Project, frequently points to the billions of dollars recovered by governments after investigative journalists reported on criminal activity and fraud. Radu’s OCCRP colleague Drew Sullivan and David E. Kaplan, executive director of the Global Investigative Journalism Network, have also argued that a share of this recovered money should be put in a trust to fund more of such reporting.

But while creative arrangements like this are certainly needed to help save investigative journalism, assessing its financial benefits to society isn’t the only way to measure its social and political importance. Good investigative journalism raises awareness; it generates outrage and forces regulators and officials to take action; and it ultimately changes social norms. In other words, investigative reporting, like many other forms of journalism, helps transform parts of society—cultural, political, legal—that are outside the scope of a cost-benefit analysis.

In the end, Hamilton’s book presents a thoughtful and detailed case for the indispensability of investigative journalism—and just at the time when we needed it. Now more than ever, reporters can play an essential role as society’s watchdogs, working to expose the corruption, greed, and injustice of the years to come. For this reason, *Democracy’s Detectives* should be taken as both a call to arms and a bracing reminder, for readers and journalists alike, of the importance of the profession. ■



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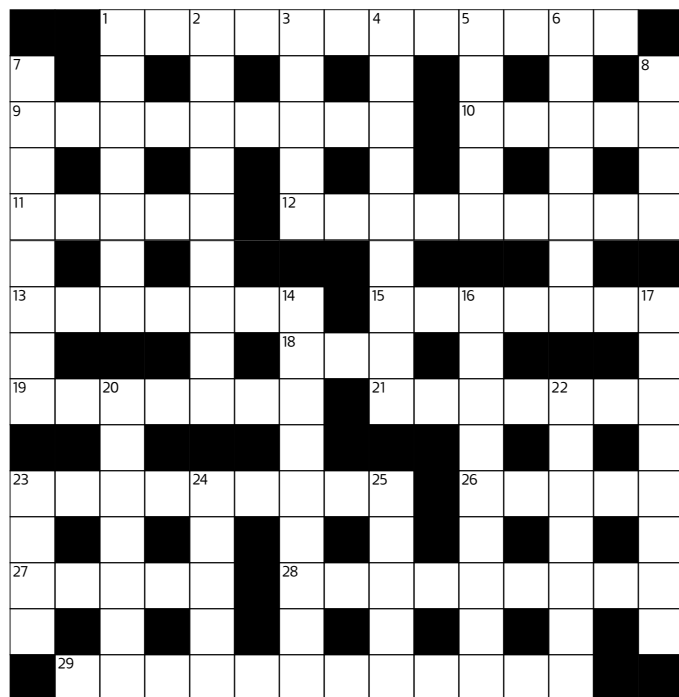


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Puzzle No. 3421

JOSHUA KOSMAN AND HENRI PICCIOTTO



ACROSS

- 1 Bit of embroidery, awfully close to rococo, is found in cushion now and again (5,2,5)
- 9 Break purer tint in pieces (9)
- 10 Join nut, i.e., lunatic (5)
- 11 Wellington, say, beginning to hound assassin (5)
- 12 Charlie Brown's brother in error involving 26, unfortunately (4,5)
- 13 Refusal to support oddly boozy actor: "Ta-ta!" (7)
- 15 Coastal inhabitant tosses seabird with no tail (7)
- 18 Lady of the night, before (3)
- 19 Photography pioneer snarled, "Namaste" (7)
- 21 Mafioso keeps drug runner in leather (7)
- 23 Five dollars, and Pinter revised something nobody ever reads (4,5)
- 26 On the return, beg riders to deliver sorrowful song (5)
- 27 Incomplete, unending melancholy in a cold house (5)
- 28 Playwright J.M. going around scoundrel's roadblock (9)

- 29 Minnesota brought back a band on the radio with traces of old emotion for company workers—or mnemonic seen at the starts of five Across entries (5,7)

DOWN

- 1 Work in doorway increasing chaos (7)
- 2 It thrives on decay, the war's devastation, or the onset of mold (9)
- 3 Mounting antelope at 12 is immature (5)
- 4 Was probably more popular than badly polluted oxygen (9)
- 5 Loud organ for cast (5)
- 6 Snob put up a Scrabble piece first (7)
- 7 *Nation's* management degree in business revoked by our group (8)
- 8 Complaint from gathering on top of Fuji (4)
- 14 One who makes the court his home must be in confused circles around knight (6,3)
- 16 Feature of the Great Depression: "Can you spare a dime," say? (9)
- 17 Poem from rising opera singer about semiconductor (8)
- 20 Where you might play in raffles and lotteries (7)
- 22 Peninsula dwellers with snake or bats (7)
- 23 After initial sign of fever, be sick and break down (4)
- 24 In favor of a logical argument (5)
- 25 Excerpt from smooth, rumbling drone (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3420

ACROSS 1 NO + OK 3 F, I REPLACE
S 10 ALTE (anag.) + RED 11 anag.
12 ARC + HAN + GEL 13 initial letters
14 hidden 16 anag. (& lit.) 18 SOLD[i]
ERED 19 DE-BRIS 22 anag. (& lit.)
23 anag. 25 P ON TIFF 26 FAI[r] +
LURE 27 ON(EPERC)ENT (*crepe* rev.,
monet anag.) 28 KI(L)N

DOWN 1 NIAGA + R + A (rev.) 2 [t]-OP-
T-IC 4 IN + DIG + O 5 E + QUALITY
6 letter bank 7 COM(FORT)ER 8 SA +
DNES + S (rev.) 9 anag. 15 ALLA[h] +
TON + CE 17 T(ERR + IF)IC 18 SHAM
POO 20 SOY + BE + AN 21 2 defs.
24 S-AUDI[-s]

N	O	O	K	F	I	R	E	P	L	A	C	E	S
I	P	O	N	Q	E	O	A						
A	L	T	E	R	E	D	U	N	T	A	M	E	D
G	I	G	I	A	M	F	N						
A	R	C	H	A	N	G	E	L	E	R	O	D	E
R		N	O	I	S	R	S						
A	R	A	B	I	C	A	T	H	L	E	T	E	S
L	Z	T	Y	E	E								
S	O	L	D	E	R	E	D	D	E	B	R	I	S
H	A	D	R	P	P	O							
A	N	T	I	C	R	A	U	C	O	U	S	L	Y
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