

A Magazine from the American Academy in Berlin | Number Twenty-One | Fall 2011

THE BERLIN JOURNAL

In this issue:

Karen J. Alter

Leland de la Durantaye

Niall Ferguson

Jochen Hellbeck

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DIRECTOR'S NOTE

Traditions in Transition

THE 2011 HENRY A. KISSINGER PRIZE, awarded to former Chancellor Helmut Kohl on May 16, 2011, prompted an evening that both reflected on a transatlantic legacy of solidarity and pondered the unfolding present. In his speech, Kohl referred to the pain of Germany's postwar period, while emphasizing the urgency of moving forward, both then and now, calling for Germans to say "yes to their own future," while remaining resolute in building upon past achievements.

This issue of the *Berlin Journal* embraces kindred impulses, with themes that evoke history's insistent claim on the present and the challenge of acknowledging and adjudicating such a powerful hold. Jochen Hellbeck describes how Russian and German veterans' competing recollections of the battle of Stalingrad give us access to two divergent, living cultures of memory. Susanna Moore and Susan McCabe conjure the horror of Europe's cracking façade of cosmopolitanism at the outbreak of World War II, while Karen J. Alter and John Lipsky examine two modern initiatives that grew out of the postwar period: economic policy cooperation and the international judiciary. The *Berlin Journal's* first online article, "Digital Debate," presents Eric Schmidt's vision for the new "age of the Internet." A series of responses follow, alternately endorsing, probing, and contesting the Google executive chairman's views.

As the surprising success of the underdog "Pirate Party" in Berlin's regional September elections also indicates, digital democratic movements are presenting new challenges to traditional institutions. Values, after all, are not transmitted genetically; the emerging convictions of a new political generation in Germany concerning Internet security and "liquid democracy," in which constituents can participate in politics online, reveal new priorities and nascent political philosophies. The tropes of transmission have gone digital, viral, and global; it is crucial that we understand and articulate this challenge to the norms of the past.

The financial crisis has shown how much has slipped from governmental control in this global era, and how necessary decisive and coordinated governmental action has become: we are now at a watershed moment in which institutions will either be amended or created anew. The future is more elusive than ever, and our ability to move forward with grace may very well lie in how well we can accept newly penned historical narratives about ourselves, written by someone else.

– Gary Smith

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A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER



THE LIFE OF OBJECTS

A gilded world begins to disappear

By Susanna Moore

The Life of Objects, to be published in the fall of 2012 by Alfred A. Knopf, is a novel set in Berlin from 1938 to 1945. Felix von Metzenburg is an art collector and former ambassador. His wife, Dorothea, is the daughter of a Jewish banker and a German baroness. At the start of the war, when Felix refuses a diplomatic post, the Metzenburgs' house in Berlin is requisitioned by the Chancellery, and most of their servants are conscripted. The Metzenburgs leave Berlin with twenty wagons of paintings, silver, and furniture to live quietly at Lowendorf, Dorothea's estate forty miles south of Berlin. Beatrice Palmer, the narrator of this excerpt, is a twenty-year-old Irish girl who has come to the Metzenburgs as a maker of lace, but who gradually assumes the position of companion to Dorothea. The following lunch at the Hotel Adlon with Felix Metzenburg takes place in March 1942.

IN THE SPRING, Felix asked me to accompany him to Berlin, as he wished to sell a small painting by Fragonard, as well as a Dutch still life that he had inherited from his mother-in-law. In the past, he had sold his pictures through a friend in Amsterdam, the dealer Jacques Goudstikker, but the SS, Felix said, had broken Herr Goudstikker's neck as he tried to leave Holland. As Reichsmarschall Göring had promptly confiscated Mr. Goudstikker's collection, Felix thought it safe to assume that Göring now owned many of Felix's paintings. After the fall of France, Göring made twenty visits to the Jeu de Paume to choose art for his private museum, so his paintings, Felix said, were in excellent company.

As it was forbidden to remove objects of cultural or artistic value from the city without permission from the Institute of Culture, which refused to give it, I nervously wondered if it were permissible to bring objects into the city (I'd begun to notice that when the big things were too frightening – Goudstikker, Göring – I permitted myself to worry about the small things).

On the train into town (there had been no petrol deliveries for months), Felix put aside his book and turned to me with a gravity that further unsettled me. He said that in conversations with friends who were still in the Foreign Office, and in listening to the BBC, it had become obvious to him that Ireland was less neutral than she pretended to be. The Republicans clearly had hoped by the country's position of neutrality to provoke a fight between Ireland and England, but this unwise plan collapsed when the chief of staff of the Irish Republican Army was killed in a U-boat off the Irish coast. "Did you know," he asked, "that RAF bombers en route to North Africa are permitted to refuel at Shannon? Enraging our Führer, who, while overestimating the military capabilities of the IRA, had counted on a bit more help from you Irish."

"Yes," I said proudly, although it seemed a rather indirect route to North Africa. "I knew that."

"Good," he said.

Felix left the paintings at the auction house of Herr Lange and dropped me at the Ufa-Palast cinema while he went to his tailor. There was a newsreel in which Maréchal Pétain asked his countrymen to further serve France by volunteering as foreign workers. Each man could earn top wages, as well as the release of a French prisoner-of-war (three workers for one prisoner, making it sound like an expensive exchange if you were a worker). There was also a report encouraging Frenchwomen to cut their hair and send it to the government, as hair was needed to make clothes. I was not so sure about the high wages for foreign workers. The workers who'd been sent to the countryside around Lowendorf earned no wages at all.

A new film, *Hab Mich Lieb*, starring Marika Röck, followed the news. In the finale, Fraulein Röck, elegant in a gown of white feathers, rips away the gown when the romantic waltz music shifts to a lively jitterbug (I'd thought that swing music was

banned), revealing a spangled vest and a tiny pair of shorts. The film so depressed me that I was, for the moment, incapable of leaving my seat when it ended.

As I hurried along, late for my rendezvous with Felix, I noticed that many of the shops and businesses had new Aryan names. Although the passersby were behaving as if nothing in Berlin had changed, I saw several well-dressed women scavenging for food in trash bins, and signs prohibiting Jews from buying newspapers.

Felix was waiting for me, as arranged, on the corner of Französische Straße and Glinkastrasse. As the train to Lowendorf would not leave for three hours, he asked if I would mind if we had a late lunch at the Hotel Adlon. "It's the only place left where there is reasonable food," he said, "and, of course, thanks to the precautions taken by the Führer, it is the place where we are least likely to die." Just the sight of him lifted my mood and I was amused, as I often was, by his thinking, or at least pretending that I had the choice of refusing him.

As we walked the short distance to the hotel, he explained that Minister of Defense Albert Speer had built two special

"THANKS TO THE PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BY THE FÜHRER, IT IS THE PLACE WHERE WE ARE LEAST LIKELY TO DIE."

air raid shelters at the Adlon at Hitler's order, to ensure the well-being of the foreign delegations who were the hotel's patrons, as well as the comfort of Party members whose ministries were in nearby Wilhelmstraße. The shelters were rather like first and third class compartments on a train, he said. "The original shelter for hotel guests was a square plaster box only five yards underground, while a vast shelter deep in the earth with running water, private rooms, and a loudspeaker system was reserved for more important visitors, who possessed a special pink ticket to guaran-



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SIMEN JOHAN, "UNTITLED #137," FROM THE SERIES *UNTIL THE KINGDOM COMES*, C-PRINT, 2006

tee admittance. Understandably,” he said, brimming with malice, “those unfortunate enough to be directed to the first shelter protested with such fury that soon everyone was admitted to the superior shelter, with or without a ticket. The first shelter is now used to store abandoned suitcases.”

Herr Adlon rushed from the dining room when he saw Felix, guiding us smoothly past the crowd of men and women noisily waving cartons of cigarettes in the hope of obtaining a table, or at least a room upstairs. Felix waited (I noticed that he was one of the few people who did not glance ceaselessly around the room) while Herr Adlon, smiling as if he had the pleasure of seeing me every afternoon and again in the evening, pulled out my chair. “No morels today, Freiherr Metzenburg,” he said mournfully as he lit Felix’s cigarette, nodding at an elderly waiter staggering past with a magnum of champagne. Felix ordered our lunch (caviar with toast, an omelet, an endive salad, and a *Mondeuse blanche*) and I opened my napkin and spread it neatly across my lap.

I was relieved that I was wearing Inez’s lavender tweed suit and gloves. I could see

market? Passports? Art work stolen from Jews? (Felix had told me that in Hamburg the daily auctions of the confiscated possessions of Jewish citizens were so crowded that it was standing room only.) No one was who he appeared to be – it was too dangerous to be yourself, unless you were one of them, and perhaps even then. Even I was pretending to be someone else, at least for the length of the lunch.

“In the beginning,” said Felix, nodding to a woman in a heavy mink coat (women no longer left their furs with the attendant, as they were sure to be stolen) at another table, “my friends said, ‘Oh, come now, *mon vieux*, it is not quite so bad as we feared,’ but in a very few weeks, they all said, ‘Nothing could be as hellish as this. What were we thinking?’” He was silent for a moment, looking both contemptuous and sad. “We once found it amusing to buy those postcards sold at newspaper kiosks (perhaps you’ve seen them, or even sent one yourself) of Göring in a fur hat and cowboy boots, or the Führer looking apoplectic –”

He stopped as a smiling man in the uniform of a senior Party member came toward us. At the sight of Felix’s expres-

“I apologize,” he said, “for the smell.” I thought at first that he meant the smell of rotting potatoes, but he said, “When the ban against bathing more than twice a week was issued, it never occurred to me that some people actually were relieved.”

There were men and women on the benches behind and in front of us, and in each of the other eight rooms, and the conversations were in many languages. The young man next to me, who I’d noticed in the restaurant with a woman I took to be his grandmother, was reading a book by H.P. Lovecraft. The boy’s grandmother was not with him, and I wondered if they’d been separated, and if she were safe in another room. The waiters, who had shoved their way down the stairs a few minutes earlier, draped clean white cloths over their arms and composedly held trays of cocktails at the end of each row. Felix pointed to a dark, low-ceilinged tunnel and said that it led to the various ministry offices. Party members were in private rooms nearby, where there were kitchens and lavatories with showers.

The loudspeaker began to hum. A man’s voice, in the tone he might use to read a child a story, said, “A number of horses from the riding stables in Tiergarten, their manes and tails on fire, are racing up and down Kurfürstendamm,” and several people laughed loudly. The initial high spirits were quickly dispelled, however, despite the waiters’ skill at refilling glasses, and the room fell silent. Men pulled out newspapers, women wrote letters with little gold pens, using their handbags for support, and some fell into a deep sleep, their chins propped in their hands. Even Felix was quiet, and I was able to stare at him.

I had recently discovered (eavesdropping again) that he regularly attended the secret meetings of an Italian Jesuit named Father Guardini, who lectured on philosophy. That winter the priest had been discussing the *Duino Elegies* (I immediately found a book of Rilke’s poetry in the library at Lowendorf, in which I came across the line, “Poverty is a great radiance from within . . .” causing me to put aside the book). As I stared at Felix, I wondered if he had been hoping to attend one of Father Guardini’s lectures, but had changed his plans at the last minute. He and Dorothea were also members of a small club of doctors, scientists, and artists called the “Bibliophiles,” which met twice a month. I realized as I watched him how much I had come to trust him. With the vanity of a beloved man, he assumed

THE WAITERS, WHO HAD SHOVED THEIR WAY DOWN THE STAIRS A FEW MINUTES EARLIER, DRAPED CLEAN WHITE CLOTHS OVER THEIR ARMS AND COMPOSEDLY HELD TRAYS OF COCKTAILS AT THE END OF EACH ROW.

that people were looking at me, but only because I was with Felix, and I hoped that I would not embarrass him. The women were resplendent in the new short skirts, their hair tucked into pale jersey turbans, heavy gold bracelets encircling their slender arms. The men were in dark double-breasted suits, and a few were in uniform (Kreck had told me that it was not fashionable to wear a uniform on private occasions). Felix lifted himself from his chair to greet some friends, men who, unlike the others, did not look as if they were on a stage. They didn’t look as if they belonged there either, despite their natural air of privilege. Of course, it was these men who’d once had the dining room of the Adlon to themselves. Their tense grace barely concealed their rage, and I found it difficult to look at them, fearful of what more I might see. Was the girl sitting with the frowning Oberstleutnant a collaborator? Did she hide Jews in her attic? Did the man in the chalk-striped suit use Polish slaves in his factories? Did that woman sell gold on the black

sion, the man turned smoothly to make a telephone call in the lobby. “Did you notice, by any chance,” Felix asked, “that sublime little Holbein of a goldsmith that was in the window of the auction house? I can’t stop thinking about it. It belongs to the Czernins. I’m thinking of buying it.”

There was the melodic ring of a gong, sending a subtle surge of fear through the room. As the sound of the city’s air raid sirens did not penetrate the thick walls of the hotel, into which daylight was not allowed, even in peacetime, it was the signal for guests, waiters, bellboys, cooks, and Herr Adlon himself to race for the stairs.

We made our way down a narrow, harshly lighted staircase, Felix’s hand not quite touching the small of my back, and found ourselves with sixty people in a large white-washed room with rows of wooden benches, much like a country schoolroom, lighted by metal sconces. He made a place for me on a bench, apologizing for its roughness, and we sat down. It was much colder underground than in the dining room.

that the doing and undoing of daily life (the smell of the unwashed, the lack of morels, the uncomfortable benches) was, if not his responsibility, at least his to ameliorate, and I had come to expect it of him, too.

“The Chancellery has issued new regulations concerning domestic staff,” he said suddenly. “You, Miss Palmer, are required to sleep at least nine hours a day, and you now have *one* entirely free day as opposed to *two* free afternoons a week, as you once did. Which means that today has been your free day.”

I was sorry not to have a quick answer for him. His emphasis of certain words and

HE DID NOT WISH TO SEE
US SURVIVE AN AIR RAID ONLY
TO BE TRAMPLED BY THE
FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

his odd, sometimes irksome way of speaking as if he were an Edwardian lord, still rattled me (his combination of decadence and rectitude was irresistible to me).

A young woman sitting in the row in front of us said, just loud enough for us to

hear, “Certainly wish *mine* would bring *me* to the Adlon on my day off.” Having already sized up his relationship to me from our conversation, she had not yet had actual sight of Felix, and when she did – his imperious, attractive, *rich* self – she liked what she saw. To my irritation, she swung around on the bench, not an easy thing to do, and sat facing us, her silky knees touching Felix’s knees. I did not look at him for fear that he liked it. I had an impulse to tear her stockings, but to my relief the bell rang to signify that the raid was over and that it was safe to return to the dining room. Felix helped the woman to her feet – she was a bit stiff after sitting in such a cramped space – steadying her with a hand on her elbow. Turning every few steps to make sure that we were behind him, he explained that he did not wish to see us survive an air raid only to be trampled by the French ambassador. It was Wednesday and the foreign diplomats would be rushing to the private dining room upstairs for their weekly lunch meeting with Ribbentrop.

In the lobby, Felix kissed the woman’s hand and said that had circumstances been less trying, he would have been pleased to

accompany her wherever she was going. She left her hand in his rather longer than I thought necessary, and she did not say goodbye to me when she left to find her friends.

Felix watched her go and then turned to me with an amused smile. “Would you mind if we didn’t stay for lunch?”

I said that I didn’t mind at all, although I had been dreaming of the omelet. On the street, a disorderly company of shouting boys, members of Hitler Youth, was marching past, spades in hand, to the excited shouts of the crowd. Felix turned his back to them, the better to light his cigarette.

Susanna Moore is the author of *The Big Girls* and *I Myself Have Seen It: The Myth of Hawai’i*. She is a professor of creative writing at Princeton University and was a fall 2006 Citigroup Fellow at the American Academy.

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BRYHER & BERLIN

Modernism's geographical emotions

By Susan McCabe



BRYHER IN CAIRO, 1903: "NO ONE EVER GETS OVER THEIR FIRST CAMEL"

“ALL MY LIFE I have suffered from ‘geographical emotions.’ Cities are so much easier to understand than people,” Bryher wrote in *Paris 1900*, her account of the city’s Exposition Universelle. World-traveler, historical chronicler, poet, novelist, and patron, Bryher (born Annie Winifred Ellerman in 1894) was the illegitimate child of shipping magnate Sir John Ellerman, the richest man in England when he died in 1933. Bryher’s diaries of Berlin, recorded between 1925 and 1938, reveal a struggle to define her geo-emotional perspective. During this period she witnessed “the flowering and almost annihilation of the new art of film,” poverty on a massive scale, and a culture that fostered the twin dynamos of cinema and psychoanalysis. Berlin was a site of entrancing complexity and eventually grave anxiety – and it provoked an emotional investment Bryher could not have anticipated.

Geographical emotions emerge from intense, repeated engagements with architecture, thoroughfares, waterways, parks, museums, hotels, ports, and railways; they attach to pieces of a larger structure

CITIES WERE REPOSITORIES OF PROJECTED MEMORIES, DESIRES, AND PHOBIAS.

of human culture rather than to a single individual. Memory catches upon the traveler’s affective loom, whether he or she is buoyed up into exhilaration or plunged into despondency. Potentially a person can more easily gauge cities than human beings, as a metropolis ideally presents a more diffuse emotional exposure. From Bryher’s psychoanalytic perspective, which tended to map the psyche as geography, cities were repositories of projected memories, desires, and phobias.

After World War II, with a baby boom underway and nuclear war a tangible possibility, cities began to embrace increasing dispersal and sprawl to ward off concentrated annihilation. From the 1950s to the present, homogenization and the strip mall has given way to a Starbuckian globalism, where chains can crop up almost anywhere, and perhaps regulate, pacify or even nullify a person’s individual emotional relationship to place. Bryher’s Berlin, on the other hand, was starkly variegated, multiple, fast-paced, old-world, rich in history, yet on the edge.

BIOGRAPHICAL BACKDROP

THE ALLURE AND adrenaline of travel were ever present to Bryher, whose first ambition had been to “run away to sea as a cabin boy.” No wonder she astutely observed on her first crossing to Paris: “A historian without other chronicle to guide him might reconstruct the age from the pictures of its luggage.” Of another childhood sojourn she mused, in “Egypt 1903”: “Nobody ever gets over their first camel.” She claimed that when she was seven, a Cairo trader taught her to “think across” consciousness, read the “other’s” thoughts through a focused concentration. As a teenager she christened herself Bryher after one of the wildest of the Scilly islands, permanently linking her identity to geography. She later wanted to pilot planes, but her training was interrupted by her urgent need to leave “neutral” Switzerland in 1940.

The poet H.D. (Hilda Doolittle) was Bryher’s closest intimate for over forty years, yet they lived together for continuous periods only sporadically, mostly in hotels at the outset of their relationship in 1919, and, for the longest sustained period, in a London flat during the Blitz. Their tumultuous romance began with Bryher’s love of modernist poetry, with H.D. as its star. H.D. gave her the courage to flee the confines of her father’s London mansion at 1 Audley Street, where she had viewed the Queen’s Jubilee as well as the lighting of the gas lamps on Armistice Day. With H.D.’s introduction in the year they met, Bryher saw the famous sexologist Havelock Ellis, who had advocated social acceptance of a variety of so-called perversions. He reassured Bryher she was only a girl by accident, an insight that liberated her from stifling gender conventions. Bryher’s passport shows her after her first inroad into cutting her Victorian locks. Passport photos, introduced during World War I, were often an individual’s first publicly reproduced image – they marked a distinct geo-emotional moment.

In 1919 Bryher simultaneously nurtured and wooed a convalescing and war-shocked H.D., coupled to an estranged, adulterous husband, and pregnant with another man’s child. Within this melodramatic swirl, Bryher adopted H.D.’s daughter, Perdita (the lost one), who, like herself, was illegitimate. After Perdita’s birth, she “arranged” a trip to Greece, the home of H.D.’s most intense literary fantasies. Ellis acted as an odd chaperone for the couple during

the voyage to Greece on the *Borodino*, one of the Ellerman ships. They stayed, as he complained on February 27, 1920, “at the most luxurious hotel” in Athens, the Hotel Bretagne, while he lodged at a somewhat shabby pension. When in Corfu, they resided at the costly Hotel Venise. Bryher spared no expense in providing for her beloved (though she herself wasn’t obsessed with luxury, preferring the fantasies of roughing it as a cabin boy). The hotels, no matter how fashionable, reinforced Bryher’s sense of disorienting transience rather than Edwardian stability, her father’s more familiar monetary mobility, or her fantasies of rugged adventure.

In Corfu, a place productive for their mutual creativity, the pair experienced hotel visions (“writing on the wall”) or hallucinations, as Freud later dubbed them. These hallucinations became the fodder of H.D.’s analysis between 1931 and 1934, which Bryher also funded and “arranged.” By then, Bryher believed that psychoanalysis was the only viable means of cultural and political recovery from the Great War as well as a template for creating and altering a corresponding inner geography.

When Bryher began living in Lausanne in the 1920s, she supplied H.D. with a flat, housekeeper, and allowance in London, thus establishing the dislocated tenor of their relationship. She took care of Perdita’s education, legally adopting her in 1927, and giving her Kenneth Macpherson’s last name (he was Bryher’s second bisexual husband of convenience). “Kenwin” (companioning Kenneth and Winifred) was Bryher’s base in Vevey from 1929 until her death, and her “holding station,” as she called it, for refugees fleeing the Nazis. Bryher aided over a hundred refugees, including Walter Benjamin. (They exchanged books in 1937: her *Paris 1900* for his *Berlin Childhood around 1900*.) Tragically, Benjamin committed suicide (he had a ready supply of morphine pills since the burning of the Reichstag), at the border between France and Spain, where he discovered, too late, he needed a French exit visa.

Bryher’s close proximity to the German border made her first forays into Berlin a great boon; increasingly, the frontiers became horrific signals of nationalist power gone wrong. The affective experience of this group (Bryher, H.D., Perdita, and Macpherson) reflects how emotions become geographically dependent, shaped by passports, frontiers, long-distance travel, and correspondence.

Perdita herself was forced to lead a nomadic life, shuttling between Switzerland and London, where she stayed with Lady Ellerman at “Haudley” and visited H.D. for tea (the poet demanded uninterrupted writing time). Bryher’s funds thus made it possible for those in her circle to live very disjointed lives, but this also matched the age’s taste for movement and distances. Bryher was her father’s daughter; she didn’t run his shipping business, but she may as well have, given her lubricious transit across the seas, and the frequent traveler miles she racked up for many of her associates. She knew navigation, and it was not surprising that she took on the role of mapping escape plans, including that of her own analyst, Hanns Sachs, who she assisted in relocating to Boston in 1932 when he heeded their mutual presentiments about the fate of Jews in Germany.

Bryher’s financier father, a man who demanded cash from Pierpont Morgan for one of his lines, repeatedly warned of a major economic downturn. Thus, her own travel in Berlin was shadowed by dispersal of loved ones and impending catastrophe. She published her worries, trying to warn others. In 1928, H.D. wrote to Bryher from London, bemoaning London dullness: “Berlin seems so real and vibrating. I think of you just vibrating away there . . . I do, so do think of you so much.” H.D.’s letters from Vienna in 1933 tell a different story of foreboding; a stunned H.D. recorded “confetti-like showers from the air, gilded paper messages” falling as she left the Hotel Regina for her session at Bergasse, where there were swastikas chalked in the pavement leading to her analyst’s door. Bryher’s letters to H.D. continuously predict war. These paradigmatic details point to simultaneous stimulation and an ever-present, if subterranean, terror of psychical and political chaos.

CLOSE UP

IN AN UNPUBLISHED INTERVIEW, conducted by Harvard librarian Virginia Smeyers in December 1979, Bryher repeated: “Film was not my *métier*,” attributing her excitement about film and filmmaking to H.D. and Macpherson. While there may be some truth to this, her insistence upon her non-centrality in her trio’s venture into cinema is somewhat suspect. *Close Up* (1927–33) was after all the first of its kind, an international journal that surveyed film as emergent and



BRYHER'S 1920 PASSPORT PHOTO

avant-garde, including work by Gertrude Stein, Marianne Moore, Sergei Eisenstein (featuring the first translations), Oswald Blakeston, Robert Herring, Sachs, H.D., Dorothy Richardson, and Bryher herself. Bryher cultivated the journal’s cosmopolitan geo-emotional perspective. Given that Berlin exposed the group to most of what was studied in *Close Up*, it was lucky Bryher could speak German fluently, as she was the only one in her set that could. The

“WE KNEW WE WERE WALKING ACROSS A THIN SLAB OF ICE.
FRITZ LANG AND THE PERFECT LUNAR LANDSCAPE.”

journal remains a rich repository of many stills of now lost films. From 1927 to 1933, Bryher not only supplied monetary backing, but also edited the journal, sought out contributors, and wrote twenty-two articles, which variously addressed censorship, war films, the silent/sound controversy, film distribution, and the promotion of film clubs. Cassandra-like, she warned of the rise of fascism.

During the years of *Close Up*, Bryher and Macpherson frequented Berlin, staying at least three times a year for lengthy periods at the Hotel Adlon, for film festivals and psychoanalytic lectures. They absorbed the films of Eisenstein, Pudovkin (Bryher even wrote a book on Soviet film during this period), F.S. Murnau, and Fritz Lang. In her fragmentary impressions of Berlin, she parsed: “We knew we were walking across a thin slab of ice. Fritz Lang and the

perfect lunar landscape.” While in the city, Macpherson and Bryher socialized with one of their idols – G.W. Pabst. Both wrote to H.D. that they were “in love with Pabst”; Macpherson sent photos to H.D., “one of Pabst himself, young, very very very very Lesbian.” Pabst’s *Joyless Street* brought both H.D. and Bryher frissons of recognition, especially the image of Garbo, H.D.’s idealized Helen of Troy. In a long shot of a food queue, as a one-legged war veteran gained the forefront, Pabst and his star registered the time’s economic duress while signifying an otherworldly “beauty broken by war.” It was also at one of Pabst’s parties in 1928 that Bryher met Sachs. Whether in Berlin or in Boston, she saw him for extensive stints to enjoy her “golden hour,” having, as she put it, “the time of [her] life on his couch.”

In the more sexually liberated Berlin, Bryher also met the Polish film actor, Elizabeth Bergner, her heartthrob, encouraged by H.D., who sent her sensational erotic postcards of Lizzie from Vienna. Bryher saw Bergner first in *Fraulein Else* (1929), and afterwards, they entered an erratic love affair; Bryher sent Bergner to Sachs, who described her as “this mystery, this girl who could change at will into a boy” (Bergner played the cross-dressing Rosalind in a production of *As You Like It* in 1936). When Bergner and her husband / director Paul Czinner emigrated

to England in 1933, Bryher continued to pursue and emotionally bolster the evasive actor, attending the premiere of *Escape Me Never* after exhausting travel by sea and train in 1933.

A CONTRADICTIONARY BERLIN COMPELLED AND haunted Bryher in the midst of all these comings and goings. At an epicenter of social and political upheaval, she “suffered” a surfeit of geographical emotions: excitement, anxiety, melancholy, guilt, loss of control, and paralyzing fear, coupled with a hyperbolic sense of her own omnipotence. A tremendous creative energy cultivated artists and analysts, who were all, more or less, living on the edge. The city was attractive as well as “violent and strange,” she writes in her unpublished notes, also noting that she felt “unable to describe” or box off her emotions;

confusion and dissonance were definitely signatory of them. Culled from her unpublished fragmentary notes of the period, she mused:

Berlin was dangerous.
The soft, tragic never quite understood world of film.
Technique of the sudden shock . . .
Yet one is a child of one's age and fate flung me into the age of the film.
A sensation that a trifle could mar a whole life ran through current films and literature.

Bryher realized that Berlin magnetized her, much more so than the Paris of the early 1920s. She observed in one of her Berlin diaries: "People in the early Thirties were literally starving. Yet because a camera caught not so much an expression but as though beneath as if for the first time a lens could record an emotion or thought, we all seemed to be living in a world above ourselves." A city on the brink and not quite caught up with itself captivated her. Silent film also assayed the unsayable, where bodies and inanimate things could

"go before and beyond speech," as Sachs noted.

Anne Friedberg nicely summarized the Janus-faced *Close Up* as "situated symmetrically on the brink of two decades; at the threshold." *Close Up* traced Bryher's geographical emotions about film, which she believed "offered a single language across Europe." It could migrate across national boundaries, enacting trauma by proxy and treating postwar shock; it could, Bryher suspected, "deepen consciousness through a process of concentration." The journal shut down several months after Hitler's rise to power in 1933, but not without Bryher's valedictory article, "What Shall You Do In the War?" Published in June 1933, the article documents a Berlin transmuted: "a city where police cars and machine guns raced about the streets, where groups of brown uniforms waited at each corner. The stations had been crowded with people whose bundles, cases, or trunks bulged with household possessions." She reported the presence of concentration camps and informed her readers that G.W. Pabst's films had all been banned. The pleasures of dislocation uncovered darker undercurrents.

SPLIT SCREEN

IN THIS SMALL WINDOW into Bryher's biography, Berlin appears as a locus for creative exploration as well as a site of melancholic dissolution. I imagine the city projected on a split screen – late 1920s, early 1930s, the entangled arts of film and psychoanalysis; the hydraulics of an expressive culture increasingly under threat of repressive laws; a great civilization falling into the hands of thugs. Bryher believed that p.a. (for Bryher and H.D., shorthand for psychoanalysis) and artistic practices, especially film, in their ability to capture invisible thought and emotion, could prevent a barbaric return of the repressed, such as she would witness in the 1930s.

In the exchange of their fin-de-siècle memoirs, their kindred historical anxieties, and their insistence upon a present juxtaposed alongside the ruins or "skeletons" of memory, a spectral dialogue kindles between Bryher and Benjamin. Along with the financial assistance she provided, there existed a geographical displacement that allied these very different individuals. Benjamin called the



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“lesbian the heroine of modernity,” after Baudelaire’s poetic effusions. Though Benjamin was not thinking of Bryher and her bisexual lover H.D., he points to one of the ways Bryher, like himself, gravitated to outcasts and so-called undesirables: those persons, places, or languages that would be erased in a linear history, told from the point of view of the dominant victor, not by the vanquished. Benjamin’s melancholy meditations on history match well with Bryher’s own, which she was formulating during the gradual decimation of Weimar liberties and the escalation of fascism in Germany. By the time of her own escape to London in 1940, she already noted the cyclical nature of barbarism, and in a later historical novel about the Norman conquest, *January Tale*, she wrote by way of introduction: “Some say history does not repeat itself and others say that we were lucky. 1940 almost followed the pattern of 1066.”

Bryher was committed to those on the cultural margins. Freud compared her to “a Goliath fighting fascism” (she was quite elfish and short, especially compared to the very tall H.D.), but he asserted she was not Jewish. Although her thorough dossier on her father’s German ancestry did not confirm Bryher’s belief, it never quite dispelled her fixed idea that she was part Jewish. She identified with exiles, and with those whose legal status was made null.

1900

IN A LITTLE-KNOWN EPISODE, Bryher tried to aid Benjamin, inviting him to come through Switzerland. She routed funds to aid his exile in France through her go-betweens in Paris: Sylvia Beach and Adrienne Monnier, owners of Shakespeare & Company.

In literary and cultural history, Bryher’s contact with Benjamin is nearly lost, apart from her own brief remarks in her memoir *Heart to Artemis* and Benjamin’s two-page handwritten letter to Bryher dated December 19, 1937. There he expressed his gratitude for help already received as well his admiration for her *Paris 1900*, translated into French by Beach, her friend and underground contact, who most likely directed Benjamin to Bryher. He compared her memoir, with its “Alice in Wonderland” feel of disjunctive whimsical scale, to his own *Berlin Childhood around 1900*, begun in 1932, still in progress at the time of his missive to Bryher.

Along with the financial assistance she provided, a geographical displacement also allied these very different individuals. Bryher and Benjamin were spectral ships that passed in the night, yet there is an uncanny link between their related aesthetic, geographic, and historical perspectives, as well as in their warnings against fascism. Benjamin’s self-exile in France provided him perspective for the loss of his childhood Berlin, and thus his memoir is spiked with a dissonant, poignant loss. How could this place he knew so intimately turn so bitterly rejecting?

BRYHER AND BENJAMIN WERE SPECTRAL SHIPS THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT, YET THERE IS AN UNCANNY LINK BETWEEN THEIR RELATED AESTHETIC, GEOGRAPHIC, AND HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVES – AS WELL AS IN THEIR WARNINGS AGAINST FASCISM.

Berlin Childhood around 1900, arranged in short segments, is necessarily riddled with a mixture of nostalgia and deflected anxiety. In his snapshot, “Tiergarten,” he meditated: “Not to find one’s way around a city does not mean much. But to lose one’s way in a city, as one loses one’s way in a forest, requires some schooling. . . . This art I acquired rather late in life; it fulfilled a dream of which the first traces were labyrinths on the blotting papers in my school notebooks.” Anticipating his *Arcades Project* with its labyrinthine architectonics, he suggests a fantasy of the lost wanderer still embroiled in a place’s history. In 1900 the Tiergarten, extending from the Brandenburg Gate to Charlottenburg, was being transformed from forest to public park. Benjamin surveys, after crossing the Bendler Bridge, the statues of Friedrich Wilhelm and Queen Luise. But it was not these rulers that attracted him, but the fact that the maze itself could be overlooked: “a few steps from the corso of cabs and carriages, sleeps the strangest part of the park.” In this incipient moment of turning away from iconic landmarks to a peripheral vision of mythic and everyday traffic is a lyric encapsulation of Benjamin’s notion of shock and productive collision, where a moment of history flashes up only in the crisis of obliteration.

In this imaginary dialogue between Benjamin and Bryher, montage is the method of perception and historical reconfiguration. *Paris 1900* points to Bryher’s developing melancholic nomadism, at the age of six, that would dominate her

adulthood. The exhibition marked for her the urgency for new art, which, unlike what she saw on gaudy display, did not have a “horror over a blank space.” As one age “felt itself dying,” another was emerging: “the unconscious mind of thousands must have begun to imagine blank spaces and straight lines, while the eyes stared at cabinets full of miniatures, toy clocks, jeweled thimble cases, and Fragonard paintings reproduced in beads upon tiny bags.” Bryher’s Alice-like colliding of proportions depicted a city embodied through its curling designs: “The entrance and the symbol

of the Exhibition was an immense arch in plaster. It was the magnified twin of a hair-ornament of the period, a two-pronged comb over which convolvulus of many decorations ramped in flowery dots.”

Paris also awakened her to false patriotism. She had heard strangers in Hyde Park who wouldn’t go to Paris because “of the hostility felt towards England over the Boer War”; “clenching her fists,” she goes ready to “fight” the anti-English. “To read fascism now is to see the picture of that Paris street,” she wrote, attributing her own impulses to the larger cultural childhood that expresses its small ego, its undeveloped self still seeking omnipotence, which she felt reasserted itself after severe repression in the downward spiral of 1930s Germany.

As a precocious six-year-old, during a second visit to Paris, she could see no better life than that afforded a Parisian child, given she was handed the reins to drive her own cart in the Champs-Élysées. But then a colliding image interceded: a group of glum conscripts with “liberté” emblazoned on their uniforms – the incongruity is Benjaminian.

Bryher’s writing and activism between the wars has been largely absent in literary and cultural history. In part, this is necessarily due to the nature and success of her subversive work: offering refugees a temporary asylum and securing visas depended upon secrecy. Most of her papers on the individuals she helped during this period had to be destroyed, for their safety as well as her own. The absence of Bryher from

Benjamin scholarship is just one instance of erasure.

SOME CONCLUSIONS

BERLIN GAVE BRYHER “THE literal sensation that analysis opens the world,” a portmanteau experience linked to the vulnerable, yet vibrating character of the city. On the other side of thrill was a backward turn to understand “an alien plant.” She summarized, poignantly: “We tried as I have wished to get at the past and reveal the primal structure. We excavated, some days with success, the statue of memory. Other days there was only the dry, caked feeling of ordinary earth that hid nothing, gave nothing but ran on, earth dredged from earth into baskets and emptied into the ground again.” In her analytic hours, she discovered a skeleton with its two utterances of “I want” and “I fear,” which she tried to give blood and skin, “to watch color come on it and go, as a mood colors a wave.” Another recollection of this period pleaded: “Why had Vienna to be destroyed like the wild strawberries over which the bear had walked? . . . There

under the lamps and beauty of Berlin, they remembered a city, not their city as the Greeks in Sicily had remembered Athens . . .” Bryher’s meditations unraveled in the face of geopolitical turbulence, which she chronicled and tried to recuperate. Like p.a., film, she wrote in *Close Up*, might recondition the nervous system so that “possibly once the camera work is right the psychology will be altered.” This utopianism faltered. Bryher’s exposure to Berlin was hard training for writing her first historical novel, *Beowulf*, set during the Blitz in London, chronicling daily struggles to survive raids and ruins, crumbling buildings, and displaced persons.

Travel and transience were central to Bryher’s sense of modern exile, the world from many angles. This is perhaps why Sachs recommended, when she was studying to be a lay-analyst: “Take your patients with you, a camel ride would be helpful to their phobias.” Freud’s landmark *Civilization and its Discontents* (1930) examined in part how new technologies of travel necessitated more complicated methods of connection with others; that is, if one didn’t travel by ocean liner, one would

not need to send a telegraph. Perhaps the camel ride Sachs suggested as a salve was an alternative way to “root” individuals, displacing them, in this instance, from “civilization,” as the modernists had come to know it, into a more embodied experience. I believe Bryher transferred her emotions for her unsettled fellow travelers (who too needed to consolidate their identities by forging links to where they were going, or where they might safely stay) to places as a mechanism of soothing and discomfiting nomadism. Bryher in Berlin exemplified an insoluble modernist paradox.

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FACING STALINGRAD

One battle births two contrasting cultures of memory

By Jochen Hellbeck

EACH YEAR ON MAY 9, Russian Victory Day, surviving veterans of the 62nd Army gather at the Vassily Chuikov Primary School in northeast Moscow. At the school, named after their army commander, who defeated the Germans at Stalingrad, they listen to poems composed by schoolchildren in their honor. They tour the building's small war museum before sitting down for a celebratory lunch in the festively decorated veterans' room. As they toast each other with vodka or juice, they shake their heads at the destruction and losses inflicted by the war, and grow tearful remembering the dead. More toasts follow, and before long the group is carried away singing songs from the war, the sonorous baritone of Colonel General Anatoly Merezhko taking the lead.

Behind the long table is an enormous poster rendition of the Berlin Reichstag in flames. After routing the Germans at Stalingrad, the 62nd Army (renamed Eighth Guards Army) marched west, through Ukraine, Belarus, and Poland, to conquer Berlin. One veteran in the room proudly points out that he inscribed his name on the walls of the German parliament building in 1945.

ONE SATURDAY EACH NOVEMBER, a group of German Stalingrad veterans travels to the town of Limburg, forty miles from Frankfurt. In an austere room of the civic center, they convene to remember their departed wartime comrades and take stock of their thinning ranks. Their reminiscences, over coffee, cake, and beer, last well into the evening. The next morning, *Totensonntag*, the National Day of Mourning, the veterans visit the local cemetery, where they congregate around an altar-shaped rock bearing the inscription "Stalingrad 1943." A wreath lies on the ground, bedecked with the flags of the 22 German divisions destroyed by the Red Army between November 1942 and February 1943. Town officials hold speeches denouncing past and present

wars. A reserve unit of the German army provides a guard of honor while a solo trombone player intones the sorrowful melody of the traditional German military song, "*Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*" (I had a comrade).

FUGHT OVER A DURATION of six months, the battle of Stalingrad marked a tidal shift in the war. Both the Nazi German and the Stalinist regimes went to extremes to force the capture, or defense, of the city that bore Stalin's name. Amidst such intense mobilization on both sides of the front, how did enemy soldiers make sense of the war? What animated them to fight, and to fight on against formidable military odds? How did their views of themselves and the enemy evolve during this critical moment in world history?

Shunning soldiers' memoirs, because they examine war through the distorted lens of hindsight, I am instead drawn to documents from the time of the battle – military orders and propaganda leaflets, personal diaries, letters and drawings, photographs and film reels – which bear the direct imprint of the intense emotions – love, hatred, and rage – unleashed in wartime communities. State archives house few personal records from the war, and so my search for these documents led me to the reunions of German and Russian Stalingraders, and from there to the doorsteps of their homes.

The veterans willingly shared their letters and photo collections from the war, but our personal encounters made me aware of something I had initially overlooked: the enduring presence of the war in their lives, and the strikingly different ways in which Germans and Russians engage with war memories. The battle may lie almost seventy years in the past, yet traces of it are powerfully etched into the bodies, thoughts, and feelings of its survivors. I discovered a domain of the war experience that no archive could reveal. This experience pervades the veterans' homes: it whispers through the pictures and artifacts from the

war that hang on walls or are safely stowed away; it holds itself in the straight backs and courteous manners of former officers; it flares up in the scarred faces and limbs of wounded soldiers; and it lives on in the veterans' simple gestures of sorrow and joy, pride and shame.

To fully capture the war's complex, enduring presence required a camera in addition to a tape recorder, and my accomplished photographer friend, Emma Dodge Hanson, kindly accompanied me on my visits. In the short span of two weeks, Emma and I traveled to Moscow and a range of cities, towns, and villages in Germany, where we met nearly twenty veterans in their homes. Emma has a singular ability to record people when they are at ease with themselves, nearly oblivious to the photographer's presence. Shot with natural light whenever possible, the pictures capture the gleam reflected in the subjects' eyes. The richly nuanced images bring out the fine

I DISCOVERED A DOMAIN OF THE WAR EXPERIENCE THAT NO ARCHIVE COULD REVEAL.

wrinkles and furrows that grow deeper as the veterans laugh, cry, or mourn. Studied together, the hours of taped testimony and the stream of photographs we captured portray the veterans residing in their recollections, as real to them as the furniture surrounding them.

We were invited into homes both modest and ornate, spoke with decorated war veterans as well as simple soldiers, and watched our hosts celebrate or silently grieve. We recorded some men changing into parade uniforms that looked huge on their shrunken bodies, and others who showed us the small objects that had sustained them through war and the prison camps. We observed the workings of two contrasting cultures of memory: the haunting shadows of loss and defeat in Germany,



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GRIGORY AFANASEVICH ZVEREV, MOSCOW, NOVEMBER 12, 2009

and the broad sense of national pride and sacrifice in Russia. Uniforms and medals were much more widespread on the Soviet than the German side, and Russian women claimed a more active role for themselves as participants in the war. In German storytelling, Stalingrad often marks a traumatic break in the person's biography. Russian veterans, by contrast, tend to underscore the positive aspect of their self-realization in war, even as they confide memories of painful personal loss.

Soon the veterans of Stalingrad will no longer be able to discuss the war and how it shaped their lives. This makes it imperative to record and compare their faces and voices now. Of course, the manner in which participants reflect on the battle nearly seventy years later should not be equated with the terms in which these individuals experienced the war in 1942 or 1943. Each individual's experience is a linguistic construction, socially shared and historically unstable. Their recollection of World War II thus inherently evolves over time, reflecting changing social attitudes toward the war. Yet this shifting narrative can provide us with crucial insights: both about Stalingrad itself and the vacillating nature of cultural memory.

DURING WORLD WAR II, eight hundred thousand women enlisted in the Red Army. We met two of them. The first, Vera Bulushova, was born in 1921, the oldest of five children. She volunteered to the front upon learning of the German invasion in June 1941. Her pleas initially fell on deaf ears, but by spring 1942 the Red Army began to accept women soldiers into their ranks. During the Stalingrad campaign Bulushova worked as a junior staff officer in a counter-intelligence unit. By the end of the war she had been promoted to the rank of captain. Both Bulushova and Maria Faustova, another female veteran, showed

had ended. She was wearing nylon stockings. "Darling," the woman sitting opposite exclaimed, "Did you get into a fight with barbed wire?"

When asked about the significance of Stalingrad in her life, Bulushova's terse answer was: "I served in the war and fulfilled my duty. After Berlin I got married." The belief underlying this statement – that the larger interests of the state should take precedent over personal matters – was common among other Russians veterans I spoke to, and it emerges vividly in the image of Bulushova standing below the woven portrait of Marshal Georgii Zhukov, who directed the defense of Stalingrad. (Bulushova was the only veteran to turn down our request to meet her at her home – she preferred to meet us at the Moscow Veteran Association where this picture was taken.) None of the Russian veterans I spoke with married or had children during the war. The explanation was simple: the Soviet army had no furlough policy, and so husbands were simply torn from their wives, and children from their parents, for the entire duration of the war.

Maria Faustova, who served as a radio operator during the war, insisted that she never succumbed to feelings of despair, and that she saw it as her duty to cheer up fellow soldiers. Other Soviet veterans, too, remembered their wartime experience in decidedly moral terms, pointing out that they relied on their willpower and strength of character to fight. Their words echo the mantra of Soviet wartime propaganda, which broadcast stories of how the moral fiber of Red Army soldiers grew amidst the challenges of the war.

Anatoly Merezhko was dispatched to the Stalingrad front from the benches of a military academy, and he saw most of his fellow cadets wiped out by a German tank brigade on a sunny day in August 1942. Merezhko served as a junior staff officer in Vasily

Stalingrad occupied a special place in his memory: "Stalingrad marks my birth as a commander. Persistence, prudence, prescience – all the qualities required of a real commander. Love for your soldier, and memory of friends who died in battle and whom we often could not bury. It is a holy ground for me." Echoing Merezhko, Grigory Zverev claimed he was molded as a soldier and officer in Stalingrad. He entered the campaign as a junior lieutenant and was promoted by its end to the rank of captain, the youngest captain in his unit. When we met with Zverev he had laid out several military uniforms on his bed, unsure which of them would look better in our photographs.

COMPARE THESE RUSSIAN displays of unbroken moral investment and pride with the searching voices and haunted faces of German Stalingrad survivors. Gerhard Münch was a battalion commander in the 71st Infantry Division, which spearheaded the attack on Stalingrad in September 1942. For over three months, he and his men were engaged in hand-to-hand combat, holed up in a gigantic office building near the Volga. The Germans held one entrance to the building, the Soviets the other. In mid-January several of Münch's soldiers, famished and demoralized, laid down their arms. Münch did not court-martial them; instead, he took them to his command post and showed them that he ate the same small rations and slept on the same hard and cold floor. The men vowed to fight on as long as he remained with them.

On January 21, Münch was ordered to report to the army command just outside the beleaguered city. A motorcycle came to fetch him. The wintry landscape through which they drove remained firmly etched in his mind, and he described it to me with halting words: "There were thousands of soldiers who had not been buried. . . . Thousands. And there was just this small road that crossed through them, and because of the wind they were not all covered with snow. A head stuck out here, an arm there. It was, you know . . . quite an experience. . . . When we reached the Army command I got ready to recite my report, but they said, 'No need for that. You will be evacuated tonight.'" Münch had been selected to enroll in a training program for General Staff officers. He flew out on one of the last planes to escape the Stalingrad cauldron. His men stayed behind.

WHEN WE MET WITH ZVEREV HE HAD LAID OUT SEVERAL MILITARY UNIFORMS ON HIS BED, UNSURE WHICH OF THEM WOULD LOOK BETTER IN OUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

us the scars of shrapnel injuries that tore through their faces and legs, and talked about the amputations that permanently disfigured other female soldiers in their units. Maria Faustova, who had seventeen stitches in one of her legs, remembered sitting on a suburban train just after the war

Chuikov's 62nd Army, before embarking on a steep military career that promoted him to the rank of Colonel General and Deputy Chief of Staff of the Warsaw Troop forces after the war. In that capacity, he was a key player in the decision to build the Berlin Wall in 1961.

A few days later Münch was briefly reunited with his young wife in Germany. Frau Münch recalled how she immediately noticed the somber mood that had taken hold of her husband. Many German soldiers routinely saw their wives and families during the war. The army granted leave for exhausted soldiers to restore their fighting spirit; equally important, soldiers on home leave were to produce offspring to secure the future of the Aryan race. The Münchs were married in December 1941; while Gerhard Münch fought in Stalingrad his wife was expecting their first son. Many German soldiers married during the war. Lavish print announcements of wedding ceremonies, along with photographs of smiling couples, the bridegroom invariably in shiny military uniform, the bride dressed as a nurse, are preserved in German photo albums of the war. Some of these albums also feature images of captured female Red Army soldiers. “*Flintenweiber*” (gun-wielding broads), the caption reads, indicating the “depraved” standing of these Soviet women

in the eyes of Nazi Germans, who believed that a woman should produce future male soldiers, not fight.

Panzer soldier Gerhard Kollak married his wife Luzia in the fall of 1940, in a long distance ceremony. Stationed in Poland, he was summoned to a military command

MORE INVESTED THAN SOVIET
CITIZENS IN CREATING FAMILIES
DURING THE WAR, GERMANS
HAD MORE TO LOSE.

post where a telephone connection was set up to the registry office in Eastern Prussia, where his bride had reported. More invested than Soviet citizens in creating families during the war, Germans had more to lose. Kollak was on home leave for several months in 1941, and then again briefly in fall 1942, to see his baby daughter Doris. He left again for the Eastern Front and vanished in Stalingrad. The hope that her husband was still alive and would one

day return from Soviet captivity sustained Luzia through the final phase of the war and her escape from Eastern Prussia, through Dresden and the bombings, into Austria. In 1948 she received official notice that Gerhard Kollak had died in a Soviet camp. “I ranted and raved, I wanted to smash everything to pieces. These losses, first my homeland, then my husband. Dead in Russia . . .”

The memories of her husband, whom she knew for two brief years before he disappeared nearly a lifetime ago, haunt Luzia Kollak to this day. She talked about Stalingrad – the city, the battle, the burial site – as a “colossus” weighing on her heart. General Münch, too, acknowledged this weight: “The thought that I survived this place . . . some kind of fate must have guided me, allowing me to get out of the cauldron. Why me? This is the question that haunts me all the time.” For both of them, and many others, the legacy of Stalingrad is traumatic. When we first contacted Münch he agreed to be photographed, but made it clear that he did not want to talk about

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FRANZ SCHIEKE, BERLIN, NOVEMBER 17, 2009



VERA DMITRIEVNA BULUSHOVA, MOSCOW, NOVEMBER 13, 2009

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Stalingrad. But then the memories poured out, and he spoke for hours on end.

As we bid farewell, Münch mentioned his upcoming 95th birthday and announced that he was expecting a guest of honor – Franz Schieke, his former personal aide during the Stalingrad campaign. Münch had learned that Schieke went into Soviet captivity in February 1943, but he knew nothing about his further fate until the phone rang a few years ago and Schieke was on the line. He had been released to East Germany after seven years in a POW camp, and he was able to track down his former battalion commander only after the demise of the East German Communist state. Laughing, Münch counseled us not to get Schieke started on his political views should we meet with him. They were, he said, a tad bizarre.

When we visited Schieke's modest apartment in East Berlin a few days later, we were struck by how much his perception of the war contrasted with that of other Germans. Disavowing the language of personal trauma, he insisted on the need to reflect on the historical meaning of the war. "My personal memories of Stalingrad

are of no importance to me. What preoccupies me is that we are not able to come to terms with history. I mean, the fact that I personally got out of there unscathed is only one side of the story." The other side, he implied, was the story of "international finance capital" that profited from wars past and present. Schieke was one of many German Stalingraders who proved receptive to Soviet "re-education" efforts after the war, and he joined the East German Communist Party shortly after his liberation from the Soviet camp. Most of the West German survivors we talked to described Soviet captivity as hell, but Schieke insisted that the Soviets were humane; they dressed the severe head wound he had suffered during the siege of Stalingrad, and they dispensed food.

A marked ideological divide separates West German and East German memories of Stalingrad to this day. Yet the joint experience of the extremes of war also forged strong personal bonds. When Münch and Schieke met for the first time after their decades long separation, the retired Bundeswehr general asked his former aide to address him with the informal *Du*.

AS THEY RECALL the Battle of Stalingrad, both German and Russian survivors cast it as a site of unimaginable horror and suffering. But while many Russians endow their battle experience with deep personal or social meaning, German survivors contend with the effects of rupture and loss. It is essential that these personal recollections of Stalingrad be brought into dialogue with one another. Stalingrad, a pivotal moment of the war and a towering monument in the landscapes of national memory in Russia and Germany, deserves no less.

Towards this aim, I created a small exhibit featuring the portraits and voices of Russian and German veterans. The exhibit opened in the Panorama Museum in Volgograd (the former Stalingrad), a museum exclusively dedicated to the commemoration of the battle. Constructed in late Soviet times, it is a massive concrete structure situated atop the Volga embankment, where some of the fiercest fighting took place throughout fall and winter 1942–43. It was here that Gerhard Münch and his aide Franz Schieke fought for months on



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end, seeking to gain control over the river. Dug into the steep river embankment a few hundred yards to their south was the command post of the Soviet 62nd Army, where Anatoly Merezhko and Chuikov's other staff officers coordinated the Soviet defense and counterattack.

The museum's blood-drenched grounds are considered by many to be sacred, and

These objections were ultimately disarmed, not least by Colonel General Merezhko himself. One of the most senior Soviet officers still living, Merezhko made a point of flying in from Moscow to visit the exhibit in Volgograd. He wore a civilian suit at the opening and gave a moving speech that pleaded for reconciliation and enduring peace between the two nations

THE MUSEUM'S BLOOD-DRENCHED GROUNDS ARE CONSIDERED BY MANY TO BE SACRED, AND THE DIRECTOR INITIALLY OBJECTED TO THE IDEA OF AN EXHIBIT THAT WOULD HANG IMAGES OF RUSSIAN AND GERMAN SOLDIERS NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

the director initially objected to the idea of an exhibit that would hang images of Russian and German soldiers next to each other. Soviet "war heroes," he argued, would be soiled by the presence of "fascists." He was not alone; a number of local veterans also protested against the projected exhibit, maintaining that the unstaged portraits of people at home, often stripped of their parade uniforms, smacked of "pornography."

formerly at war. Merezhko was joined by Maria Faustova, who arrived from Moscow by train (a nineteen-hour journey) and recited from memory a poem dedicated to Victory Day 1945. The poem details the hardship and losses Soviet citizens went through as they lived through four long years of war; when she reached the stanza devoted to Stalingrad Maria burst into tears. (Several German veterans, too, had wanted to attend the exhibit,

but poor health forced them to cancel their travels.)

In terms of sheer human losses, Stalingrad has the stature of World War I's Verdun. This parallel was not lost on observers of Stalingrad in 1942, who referred to the city with a mixture of awe and horror as a "second" or "red" Verdun. Inside the Ossuary of Verdun, the memorial ground administered by the French government, there is a permanent exhibit featuring huge portraits of veterans – Germans, French, Belgian, British, American – who in their arms hold small portraits of themselves during the time of the war. Perhaps one day the city of Volgograd will feature a similar monument that honors the Soviet war effort while gesturing to its human costs, putting it in dialogue with the faces and voices of the former enemy.

Jochen Hellbeck is an associate professor of history at Rutgers University. He was the fall 2009 German Transatlantic Program Fellow at the American Academy.

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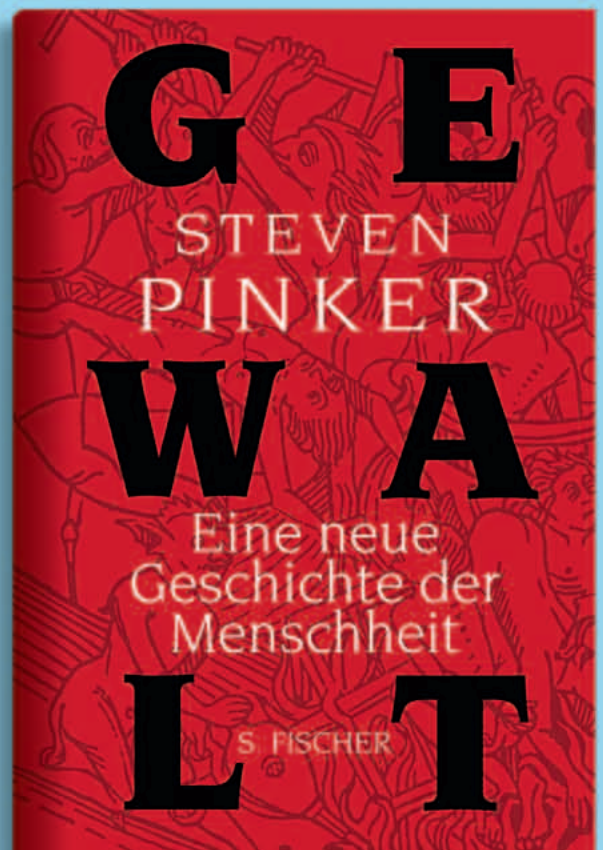
Eine völlig neue Darstellung der Geschichte der Menschheit. Ein Standardwerk.

In seinem Opus Magnum geht der renommierte Evolutionspsychologe und Bestsellerautor Steven Pinker einer der zentralen Fragen der Menschheit nach: Stimmt es, dass die Gewalt im Laufe der Geschichte immer mehr zunimmt? Unter Auswertung zahlreicher wissenschaftlicher Belege kommt er zu einer überraschenden Antwort – die unser Selbstverständnis radikal verändert.



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NEW POEMS

By Tom Sleigh

KIBERA

I made, as usual, the usual mistake:

I was asking about the heart rather than the eye:
a picture of Jesus's heart tacked high on one wall
of the tiny shack among a million tiny shacks,
the heart one of the 3D kind that if you look at it
from one angle glows with holy light but if you cock
your head just so sheds big bloody tear-shaped drops.
That's when the young man who lived there, my guide,
took me to see the orphans who sang a rehearsed song
that wavered in the ear, faces remote, hard to read,
ribs slatted through skin as if the body was a blind
keeping light from pouring in.

Meanwhile, the heart, undaunted,
kept imposing itself – wanted to call them “a fearful stain”
who “can't go home again.” But looking through the eye,
you see it differently.

And then I thought, How differently?
The way a fly sees, multiplying one roof furrow
into a vast mosaic jittering that is itself
a kind of wonder, a pulsing surge of roof glitter
the heart falls down before, not knowing what to say?
Or the way a mosquito's many lenses
see overlapping images, hands, arms, faces
in a kind of tantric whirl?

Or like eyespots
of algae, called stigma, the same as Jesus's
wounds, that float in the polluted stream smelling
of goat and human shit, and that propel themselves
toward regions of more concentrated light

so as to work in microscopic factories to
manufacture oxygen that even the highest
of highrises must breathe?

The kids I was giving
suckers to weren't smiling or reacting –
they stood there
staring, just as I was staring, their wary human stares
before singing all together, as the orphanage women
cued them, *Hello, dear visitor, welcome, how are you?*
And maybe that's all that I could see – just their impersonal
alertness when they stuck the suckers in their mouths,
sucking for the calories as much as the sweetness
my guide said.

But day or night, if you could look through
the eyes without the heart, you'd see the eye cure
itself of blindness by the discharge of fluid from itself;
you'd see the blind regaining sight after being blind
for twenty years;

you'd see some who are born blind
without any visible defect in the eye.

And if you were dying
in your hut or up in your highrise, and you could silence
the heart, the right thing to do would be for someone
to close your eyes as you died and open them again
on your funeral pyre since it isn't right that any
human being should see the eyes at the moment
of dying or that the eyes not be open to the flames.

LIFE OF THE MIND

When I climbed the stairs
in the museum's
Great Hall to stand, reeling, on a little
platform looking down
like a diver who hasn't got it anymore, I was climbing
those stairs, despite my fear, to come

face to face with the giant skull balanced
on the swan-like
neckbones of Tyrannosaurus rex.
I'm not sure
what I was expecting, some inkling
maybe of what seven inch

incisors might do to you
close up, some kid's
fantasy of being chased, prey
to the dream monster
that you'd barely escaped from
before you had to escape again.

But when I looked
into his eye-sockets
set so close together, he looked
cross-eyed, hopelessly near-sighted, even
a little senile, like an old-school scholar
who's begun to lose his memory, his mind

vaporizing so that you can almost see
the facts and arabesquing
arguments, the passionate
and intricate
intertwinings of will
and heart devoted to long

study, wreathing into
nothing the way pipesmoke
wreaths upward into
gloom above
the single bright light questioning
the page.

FACE

The stone could have wept if stone could weep.
A dream sun lit up the mortar. Whatever fear
or love, whatever inane bouts of selfishness,
however I mouthed my lies and my pretensions
to the mirror, all disappeared in the stone
that had a face not like a human face
but of a lover I'd erased, of my father
long dead but who still lies on the bed,
body growing cold, blood congealing
black and thick in the lobes of his ears.
The pitted surfaces dissolving into
the space inside the eyes, the void
that lives forever in the blackness inside
the nose, such freedom I felt looking
at that anti-face, face free not to be
anything but a mote of stone in a mask
of stone that once was living before
some snake-haired terror froze it
to this expression of a stone wall played on
by feints of shadow: and then the runners
sprinted past me, running hard toward
the mountain that as they climbed
the lower slope dissolved into hazy sunlight,
yellow smoke blowing lazily from some
far off fire. I was cold, then warm
as a statue of stone. I had no desire
to make anyone feel anything for me.
And my face wore away under the touch of many hands.

Tom Sleight is a Distinguished Professor at Hunter
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Academy.

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THE GUGGENHEIMLICH MANEUVER

Ascending Tino Seghal's immaterial art

By Leland de la Durantaye



IT BEGINS WITH KISSING. And it ends with kissing. In between is progress. Or what we call progress – for lack of a better word, for lack of a different one.

One hot and sunny summer afternoon in 2006, in Berlin, I left my apartment in what had once been a sewing machine factory, descended the steps, passed through an entryway full of beautifully strange art, and went in search of adventure. I turned left twice and found myself in Auguststraße, the street that houses the majority of Berlin’s best known galleries – a little as if Chelsea were pulled taut into a single long line of art. Because Berlin is cheaper than Chelsea, many of the galleries were small and mysterious, intrepid even, gentler German versions of Maurizio Cattelan’s Wrong Gallery in New York (permanent sign on the door: “Fuck Off, We’re Closed”). Separating the galleries were the specialty shops that are

I LEFT MY APARTMENT IN WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A SEWING MACHINE FACTORY, DESCENDED THE STEPS, PASSED THROUGH AN ENTRYWAY FULL OF BEAUTIFULLY STRANGE ART, AND WENT IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE.

one of Berlin’s specialties. I passed dedicated chocolatiers, artisanal toymakers, a commune, cafés, a field where surprisingly skilled soccer players were practicing, and a beautiful former post office that had miraculously escaped the fire bombing and now housed a guerilla restaurant and bar.

Berlin’s fourth Biennale for Contemporary Art was underway, curated by Cattelan and two other Italians. It was a big deal, and yet it wasn’t. It most certainly wasn’t Venice. I lived close enough to it to forget it. Returning back up Auguststraße, I stopped in front of *Clärchens Ballhaus* (Little Clara’s Dance Hall). Like the Post Office, its status was mysterious to me. It was a restaurant, and yet sometimes it was more than that. It was large and dilapidated and separated from the street by a ramshackle garden. I walked inside to get something to drink. I saw no one. They didn’t seem to be open. And yet they were open. I went up the stairs. I had never gone up the stairs before. I knew there was a club up there sometimes. I was curious to see what it looked like. I got to the second floor, saw an open door, went in. The room

was large and empty. On the floor was a couple. Making out. Intensely. Albeit slowly. Rolling around, kissing fully, passionately, greedily. They paid no attention to me. I did not move. And then the girl rose, slowly, and began to walk towards me. Like in a dream. Like in my dreams. And the boy followed. Not like in my dreams. As they passed me by they whispered, in unison, “Tino Seghal.”

IN 1943 SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM invited Frank Lloyd Wright to build a new home for his Museum of Non-Objective Art, then four years old and already containing works by Mondrian, Kandinsky, Picasso, Chagall, Léger, Modigliani, and others. Wright accepted and promptly designed “an inverted Ziggurat.” From then on it was slow going. It would be impossible to build. It would be stupid to build. It had no usable wall space. It would make everyone unhappy. Despite all the cries and whispers, the project was approved and building began.

City officials and local artists united in common cause against it. Petitions were drafted and signed. The cantilevering required was too dangerous. The ramp’s 3 percent grade would give no level point of reference, the slope of the walls would skew the canvases, the whole thing was weird. Wright told the city and its artists what they could do with their objections. He called the rectilinear form of earlier museums “a coffin for the spirit,” and said that when his museum was done it would make the Metropolitan Museum down the street look like “a Protestant barn.”

A mere sixteen years later the museum opened, without either the man who commissioned it or the man who designed it alive to witness the event. The building was brilliantly white and had a quarter-mile-long continuous ramp rising six

AS THEY PASSED ME BY THEY WHISPERED, IN UNISON, “TINO SEGHAL.”

stories to a glass dome nearly one hundred feet above (a contemporary reviewer for *Time* reminded the forgetful reader that such ramps were not new: “Assyrian King Sargon II wound a 6-foot ramp around his 143-foot-tall Ziggurat at Khorsabad back in 706 B.C.”). Philip Johnson promptly called it “Wright’s greatest building, New York’s greatest building.” *The New York Daily*

Mirror suggested that the building “should be put in a museum to show how mad the Twentieth Century is.”

Fifty years later the building had become the most iconic museum space in the world. To do justice to the architect’s vision, and the revolutionary impulse behind it, the museum’s board began having strange dreams. They wanted a show, a remarkable, epochal show, but one that did not obscure the architecture – one that, on the contrary, highlighted it. And yet the more mesmerizing the show, the more likely its images were to detract attention from the building. And so one day, during a meeting, a member of the board stood up and said, “Tino Seghal.”

“TINO SEGHAL” IS NOT a secret society of lovers. At least not yet. Tino is an artist and his materials – his marble and canvas, his paint and brass and bronze, his tempera and teflon – are people. In motion. What the Guggenheim’s board was proposing was to invite him to come do – something. A “staged situation.” After a good bit of closed-door discussion, they commissioned him to create a work that would highlight the building. He said yes and no. He said yes he would do it, but that no he would not give them any material, nothing that would remain after it was over. He would create a piece that would

TINO IS AN ARTIST AND HIS MATERIALS – HIS MARBLE AND CANVAS, HIS PAINT AND BRASS AND BRONZE, HIS TEMPERA AND TEFLON – ARE PEOPLE. IN MOTION.

leave the building’s gently curving walls blank, that would fill the museum with the curious and the caring, but there would be nothing left behind, no recording, no photographs, no catalogue, no advertising, no posters, no postcards, no premiere, no nothing. It would start and it would stop and that would be the end of it. The Guggenheim acquiesced. They drew up a contract which Tino would not sign, not because its conditions were unacceptable, but because even the material trace of a signature was more than he was willing to leave. The lawyers threw up their arms. A notary was summoned and the matter was concluded orally. The contract notarized, now all he needed was an idea – and three hundred hand-picked elements – that is, people.

SOME READERS MAY HAVE experienced the piece, and so are invited to skip the following section. For those who did not, here is the idea. You are in Central Park. You are walking north from the Protestant barn, walking south from your analyst’s office, walking east from Central Park, walking west from Petco. You see the Guggenheim, everyone sees the Guggenheim. Though you see no poster, no sign, have no sense of what is going on there, you come closer. You get in line. You wait, you ask questions, you get answers – many of which turn out to be wrong. You get to the front of the line. They say “One for this progress.” You say, “What?” They repeat themselves. You feel embarrassed. You think that you see some people kissing, slowly, languorously, on the floor in the central atrium. You say, “Yes.” You pay, you enter. You ask what you are supposed to do. You are told, “Just keep going up.”

PROLOGUE: There is a indeed a couple kissing and hugging and holding and turning on the floor. At a radically reduced pace, every movement at the same slowed rhythm. It is beautiful. It is almost unbearably intimate. Their eyes are closed. Like a clearing in an enchanted forest there is an empty space around them. You watch for as long as you dare. You are lucky enough to witness an ending, and a beginning. The woman rises, slowly; turns, slowly; trails an arm behind her, slowly. He grasps it, holds it, and yet the force of her movement is too great, he is too far behind, and she, slowly, inevitably, moves away, the contact ending with the tips of their fingers. She walks slowly. He rises and follows. When they reach the ring of spectators, they disappear into it. And then a new couple arrives to take their place. The dynamic is different, sharper, somehow painful. You watch for as long as you can bear. Then you ask if this is it. You are told that it is not.

ACT ONE: You walk up the first short stretch of ramp. From behind a low wall topped by a row of plants appears a child, from nowhere. From the greenery. Like in a fairy tale. The child says, “This is a piece by Tino Seghal.” She courteously asks if she can ask you a question. You say yes she can (who says no to a polite child emerging from the shrubbery of an iconic building?). She gestures for you to follow her into a room just off the ramp. She turns to face you. Her eyes are wide,

earnest, those of a serious child. She asks, “What is progress?” She asks in a voice, and at an age, that the question feels real, genuine, answerable. So you tell her. You tell her what you think progress is. You avoid words like *ideology* and *technocratic*. You use ones like *better*, *safer*, *kinder*.

ACT TWO: As you give your answer, a teenager, his whole unknowable hipster life before him, enters from the other side of the room. As soon as you finish, the child turns to the teenager and summarizes what she heard, interprets what you said. Her account will sound to you more and less right. You will want to correct or modify certain elements. But you won’t. The teenager motions for you to follow him out onto the ramp. He has the natural and not impolite arrogance of youth. You follow him into the stream of people moving upwards at various speeds. The walls are completely blank. The teenager says something about your vision of progress. You modify your answer. You use words like *ideology* and *technocratic*. You develop a rapport.

ACT THREE: As you make your meandering way up the ramp, you are being observed. From above. You have already been identified, already been assigned. Someone is watching you carefully, albeit discretely. A half-revolution up the ramp she emerges from a concealed doorway, and begins to follow you. She is neither young nor old. She eavesdrops. At the next revolution of the ramp, she disappears without you having seen her, taking a shortcut upwards to lie in wait.

ACT FOUR: You are making progress with the teenager, reaching an understanding, enjoying yourself, being clear and kind and even sort of wise. And then, out of nowhere, from an opening in the wall you did not see comes a question, abrupt, intriguing, unsettling. It reminds you of something, but you are not sure of what. It seems to have obliquely to do with what you said a while ago, but you are not sure. There is a lot going on. Uncertain about this new person, her bright eyes fixed on yours, you turn back to the teenager. He’s gone. Just gone. You turn around completely. He is still gone. This new person, who, after all, is friendly enough, has begun walking and you follow. She had asked you a question, the question obliquely relating to what you

had said earlier. You think about asking if the museum is bugged, if you are bugged, but because you cannot envision how that would work, and it feels a bit silly to ask, and it feels like you should follow the piece rather than try to look under the curtain, you answer the question. You have now embarked on a new conversation. You have left the high road of progress and are walking through a grove of remembrance, a field of imagination, the scenic route of reflection. You have more control than before. She listens and responds, gently guiding, genuinely curious. You hit upon an idea, upon the idea of saying something that has just occurred to you, something that thrills, something that hurts. You don't know this person. New York has 11 million inhabitants. And you don't even live there. You will never see this person again. So you tell them the thing on your mind, the thing in your heart. It is both easier and harder to say than you had expected. You blush. You turn to look at them, to see how they react. She begins to answer, says that it is remarkable that you say that because – . You've come to a vast column with a narrow passageway between it and the railing. She gestures for you to precede her. You move forward. As you do, she continues. It is strange because when I was a girl – . You do not hear the rest of her sentence. And you never will.

ACT FIVE: Once through the narrow strait between the Scylla of the railing and the Charybdis of the pillar (you are in the Guggenheim, and are calling up all the museum-worthy comparisons you can), you turn, like Orpheus toward Eurydice (you are on a roll). But Eurydice is gone. And standing in front of you, addressing you, is a man you have never seen before, an older man who does not look like anybody's Eurydice. He tells you something, something wise and strange, something that makes you at once happy and sad. He asks you a question that returns you to an earlier point in your progress. This surprises you, but only slightly (the hipster has raced ahead and summarized your experience, told of your initial definition, of the ensuing precisions, of what oblique thing the woman – your Eurydice! – said). It is very bright at the top. You end on a surprising note. He says, "This piece is called *This Progress*," and walks off.

CODA: From above – nearly one hundred feet above – the kissers are very small. Someone, another museumgoer, leaning on the railing next to you explains to you the kissing. The kissing is a stylized set of citations, they say. The kissers, or dancers – for they are all professional dancers – are slowly recreating iconic kisses from the history of art, gliding gracefully from Raphael to Titian, Rodin to Brancusi. You think of an Italian poet who said that all we ever have of the world are our relationships in it. You think of when you asked your great-grandfather what kissing was for, and he said that it was to keep people from lighting on fire.

THIS IS – or, rather, was – *This Progress*, the piece Tino Seghal sold to the Guggenheim, which ran for thirty-five days, employing three hundred persons, aged 7 to 81, and was seen by one hundred thousand visitors.

There are a few singular things about the work that bear noting. *This Progress* was singular not only because all works of art are singular. It was singular for another reason – because no one ever had an integral experience of it. Which is also to say that everyone who took part had an integral experience of it.

There are two requirements of a work of art – be it ever so strange – that are more or less universal. One is that it be something and the other is that it always be that something. A work of art can be virtually anything, but it must have an identity and a unity. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, but when we do *disputandum*, we nevertheless agree about what thing is to our taste, or not. We can all look at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, at the floor of the Alhambra, at Dürer's *Portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuher*, at Leonardo's *Madonna of the Rocks*, at Mondrian's *Tableau 2* or Kandinsky's *Blue Mountain*, and say whether we like it or not, whether it is good or not. We may differ in our judgments, but we will agree that we are looking at the same thing. Not so with *This Progress*.

Here is where the tricky part begins. If we think a work of art is good, if we think it is great, this will be first and foremost something that we feel, and that we think through feeling. It will be immediate, intense; it will be like love. How we discuss that work, and even how we explain our response, however, is likely to be different. We may be very forthright and say, I love it because I love it. But that isn't very open

to dialogue – and touches upon a problem. Kant famously thought that when we find a work of art beautiful we feel an imperative, we feel that *everyone* should find it beautiful. The beauty – the integrity or the unity or the harmony or the clarity or the complexity or whatever term you choose – is not simply in us, it is in the work, right there for all to see who know how to see it. And so if they do not see the beauty, something has gone wrong. We say *de gustibus non est disputandum* because we can never convince anyone, not because we think others are right to have different views regarding the things we love. They are wrong. If you do not like the Scottish band *Life Without Buildings*, if you do not like Sappho and Keats, if you think *Sentimental Education* is more beautiful than *Madame Bovary*, you are wrong. As simple as that.

The problem with *This Progress* is that this same sort of discussion, this same sort of thinking, cannot take place because of the absolute uniqueness of every individual experience of the piece. *This Progress* was reviewed (very favorably), responded to, and a paradox ensued. It could only be coherently discussed on a very abstract level because of the diversity of experience. You can have an exhibition that some find good and others bad and judge that there is something there which is either seen or missed, either appreciated or ignored. But this could not be said for *This Progress*. It sometimes *really was* amazing, and sometimes *really was* a failure. Because the thing experienced was very simply not the same. Because it was not a thing. Which is to say that it was only self-same at an abstract level, at the level of its idea – Platonic, pristine, stripped of its "accidents."

This means that there are two ways of talking about the work. One so personal as to risk having no critical value. And one so abstract as to risk having no personal value. Like the parable of the blind men touching an elephant, those who came and saw *This Progress* moved around it, felt their part of it and deduced the rest. We were all blind, touching the white elephant of the work. Except that there was no elephant – or, rather, we were the elephant.

Which leaves the personal. The moving and the talking. What did we talk about? We talked about Mexican salamanders that change sex, about the life cycles of ant colonies, the joys and perils of air travel, the influence of statistics, about a video game based on Dante's *Inferno*, about Dante's *Inferno*, about birds, about shamans, about

bird shamans; we talked 'bout Peter Singer, about Pete Singer, about Saint Peter, about Peter Rabbit, Peter Cottontail, Peter, Paul and Mary, robbing Peter to pay Paul, about PayPal, and straw polls. We spoke of swimming with sharks, being punished with vegetarianism, of where to go for lunch. About everything and nothing – about life. And so the strange – and wonderful – thing was that when it really worked it did not feel like work, or art, it just felt like our lives, it just was our lives.

Robert Filliou once remarked that “art is what makes life more interesting than art.” Which is paradoxical and peremptory (and very French). But it is also what we want, what we have always wanted. We want art to be wonderful and life still more so, for art to enrich our lives, for art to help make life better than art by allowing us to see all that we might have missed. I was one of the three hundred persons chosen by Tino and his collaborators, Asad Raza and Louise Hojer to, well, *be* the piece. And so as to end the story of this progress, I'll tell you about the least artful and most intense encounter I had during my six weeks of performing the Guggenheimlich maneuver.

I HAD RELATIVELY RECENTLY BEGUN to see a psychoanalyst – something I loved was in danger – and had come straight from the analyst's office to the museum for my four-hour shift. Time was tight; analyst and museum were only six blocks away. My analyst had asked a question, and I had responded by describing an object. I was nine years old. It was a bag, a blue nylon bag with white canvas handles in which I used to put things – my Tigers hat, *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, Han Solo – when I would move from one parent's house to the other's. Describing the bag, I had wept furiously. As I did I remembered my dog licking away my tears, and a promise I made to that dog, one that I had kept, for better and worse.

By the time I got to the Guggenheim, I had stopped crying and had no time to lose – my shift was about to start. I could see that the museum was particularly crowded and so there was no way to call in sick, or late. The show was nearing its end and the crowds were getting bigger every day. I hurried in, flashed my badge, raced upwards. I fell into line, located my mark. I waited, and let go of the railing. I recall it

reminding me of being in the chilly water of a river, holding onto a ladder, and then letting go and flying forward with the force of the current.

The museum was so crowded, the ramp so full, that I couldn't hear anything from behind the artfully tattooed hipster and the very pale woman she was leaning over to hear. I used an advanced technique – what we called “asshole camouflage.” I pulled out my phone, sidestepped them and began walking in front of them, just a few feet ahead, pretending to be the kind of person who goes to a museum and spends the time reading email and sending texts (thus the name). But still, I heard nothing. I couldn't wait any longer. I veered off and raced ahead to the intercept point.

When the two came into view my chest tightened. I had heard nothing. I had nothing to say. I shouldn't be doing this. I have no idea what I should be doing. The teenager looked at me, widened her eyes, saw the fear in mine, and began to slowly panic. So I strode out and I said something brash, bright, facetious, and completely true. I had no idea what they had been



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saying, I only knew what I had been saying. So I said that when I started high school, I wanted to be a psychoanalyst, not to help people, I said, but to control them. The woman paled visibly. She had many freckles. She turned back to her teenager. And her teenager was gone. She looked at me very earnestly and asked why. We began to walk. I told the truth, which was that I wasn't sure. She said, maybe you just think that now, that you wanted to control. And I told her the truth, which is that I thought it then, that I had wanted to be an analyst not to help others with pain like I knew, but to be immune to it. To so learn the workings of the human heart and mind as to be invincible, invulnerable, safe. I would master the arsenal, like a ninja of the heart, I told her.

At this point, on the macro-level of the piece, something was going on, and going wrong. A miscommunication had taken place between the top and the bottom. The person managing flow had directed those far below to slow entry into the piece. Red light. By the time the message refracted down it had somehow become a green light. People flooded in, and the piece, the ramp,


was full. During a standard exhibition, this means you can't see the pictures very well. For ours, it meant something more serious. We had a traffic jam. And so we talked. Much longer than usual. She was Irish and had a rich rolling accent. She was from Dublin. She was my age. She had been in New York for days and I was the first person she had spoken to for as long as we had spoken. She was schizophrenic. She saw that I was uncertain and said, softly and shyly and sweetly, "Literally. I've always been. Or almost always." She heard voices. They could be unspeakably cruel.

She told me many things. And then I broke the rules. For the only time while I was doing the piece, and despite the fact that we had been talking for so long, I let her talk still longer. Instead of guiding her through the passageway, I broke ranks, I disobeyed orders, I guided her to the side to let her finish her story. I told her it was nice to meet her. That I wished her well. And instead of rolling around the giant pillar like in a dance, so that she not even see me go, I stood and said that this is where I leave, that it will continue, that it will get better, that I was sorry.

A FEW WEEKS LATER the show closed. As the last visitor walked down the ramp we stayed where we were. Taking it in. Looking at one another from an unbroken balcony winding up from the atrium to the roof. Like choirs of angels, like heavenly hosts, ring upon ring, a gracefully widening helix of, well, us. We descended, slowly. Until all that was left were the kissers. What the kissers were doing was art – art imitating life imitating art. Which was, in turn, imitating life. As for us, I'm still not sure.

We walked out of the museum, out of the warmth and the light and into the darkness and the cold. As we neared the corner I turned back and saw, perfectly framed in the window, the last couple's last kiss, her slow rise, her graceful turn, her trailing hand. That was the end.

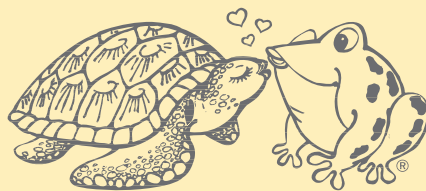
Leland de la Durantaye is the Gardner Cowles Associate Professor of English at Harvard University and the fall 2011 Holtzbrinck Fellow at the American Academy.



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NEWS FROM THE HANS ARNHOLD CENTER

N2 *Academy Notebook*: Former Chancellor Helmut Kohl discusses Germany's obligations to optimism and to its neighbors

N7 *Academy Notebook*: Two new trustees, a PBS documentary featuring the evolution of the Academy, and a visit from a Berlin Airlift Candy Bomber

N8 *Sketches & Dispatches*: Eric Schmidt on the digital future, Hellmut Stern on music and memory, and Paul Pfeiffer's evasive art

N11 *Life & Letters*: The fall 2011 fellows, recent alumni books, and Amy Waldman on her writing experience at the Academy

Kohl Receives Henry A. Kissinger Prize

On Monday, May 16, the American Academy in Berlin was honored to host the 2011 Henry A. Kissinger Prize, awarded to former Chancellor Helmut Kohl for his extraordinary role in German reunification and in laying the foundation for an enduring democratic peace in Europe. An audience of 350 guests witnessed the momentous event, as Academy Vice Chair Gahl Burt, US Ambassador to Germany Philip Murphy, Chancellor Angela Merkel, World Bank President Robert Zoellick, former US President Bill Clinton, and Academy President Norman Pearlstine stepped to the podium

and spoke glowingly of the Chancellor's singular achievements. The American consensus about Helmut Kohl's legacy knew no party lines; both of the evening's commemorative speakers, Robert Zoellick and Bill Clinton, hailed Kohl as one of the truly great post-war statesmen of Europe. Kohl's acceptance speech, delivered extemporaneously, moved the entire audience to a prolonged standing ovation.

Afterwards, the exuberant crowd gathered in the Academy's villa for a reception, where statesmen, academics, journal-

» CONTINUED ON PAGE N2



THE FORMER CHANCELLOR IS CONGRATULATED ON HIS AWARD

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Digital Debate

Does the Internet promote democratic ideals?

It was standing-room only on May 13, 2011, as Eric Schmidt, executive chair of Google, delivered a speech on "Building the Digital Future." Schmidt spoke of the growth of Internet technology, urged European economies to fully embrace the web's power, and commented on Google's current ambitions, from digitizing art archives to eliminating loneliness. The talk prompted a lively Q. and A. with academics, artists, and writers contemplat-

ing (and sometimes contesting) Schmidt's points.

Such spirited, cross-disciplinary dialogue lies at the heart of the Academy's efforts on Wannsee. In an effort to further this conversation, the American Academy website will present the Berlin Journal's first online feature: a transcription of Schmidt's speech, with commentary and critique. Contributors include spring 2011 fellows Dave

» CONTINUED ON PAGE N8

Disappearing Act

A LIGHT BLUE, cloudless sky spans over the ocean. Waves splash white sea spray onto the beach. Yet there is something confusing about this dreamlike landscape, as Paul Pfeiffer demonstrates in his photo series, 24 *Landscapes* (2000).

They are based on George Barris's last photographs of Marilyn Monroe on the Santa Monica beach. What differs is that Pfeiffer has had the central figure, the actress, digitally removed. Only the overwhelming natural scenery remains, Barris's

background for the sea-sprayed love goddess.

Paul Pfeiffer focuses on the production strategy of media and reveals this through his work. By altering well-known photographs and film sequences through digital revision, he creates images that appear simultaneously familiar and foreign to us. The collection currently on display at Munich's Goetz Collection is an extensive exhibition from the artist, who was

» CONTINUED ON PAGE N10

~ Academy Notebook ~



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Kohl Receives Henry A. Kissinger Prize

ists, donors, trustees, and staff members reflected on the speakers' words. The rain, which had poured down earlier, had abated, unleashing the pungency of early summer smells and accentuating the sensation, among all those present, of emerging from the evening with a new grasp of history. As the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* would later muse, "History is never written in the present tense. . . . But how, if not historic, should one describe what took place at the beginning of this week in Berlin, out there in Wannsee, in a tent in the garden of the American Academy?"

This sentiment was echoed in the overwhelming press response that followed in the next days, from reports in the *Times of India* to

the *New York Times*. Over a thousand articles appeared in German print and online media, in addition to extensive reporting in German TV and radio, and widespread international coverage. "An homage that knew no holding back," wrote Daniel Brössler in the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*. The *Berliner Morgenpost* described the atmosphere of the audience, keen to witness "a summit among statesmen." Below is a translated transcription of Kohl's acceptance speech.

MR. PRESIDENT, honored presidents, dear Henry Kissinger, dear friend who has lent this prize your good name, ladies and gentlemen!

So much is going through my mind at this moment. I am 81 years old now, and here today in these last few hours I have witnessed a flashback of a piece of my life right before my eyes. I have taken it all in with considerable emotion, I confess, but also knowing full well that those in attendance are by no means typical of the German audience. The normal German audience is an audience which would be far more negatively inclined at such moments, on such festive occasions.

And I want to thank all those who helped make this event possible, particularly the members of the board of trustees of the American Academy in Berlin, for this prize, which is as extraordi-

nary as it is symbolic. The two half-shells correspond to what we commonly think of when we speak of money and monetary matters in the European Union – and that is as it should be. But this prize also bears a highly symbolic meaning in what it allows us to infer: that we have an opportunity for the future.

And, you see, just yesterday I had occasion to speak with young people of my political persuasion from all over Europe. And of course I reminded them what it was like at the end of the World War II, especially here in the city of Berlin, where Hitler committed suicide. I was 15 years old back then, it was another time, and I do not want to dwell on that time now. However, so much has happened since.

The fact that we are meeting here today in the American Academy, in Berlin, not just anywhere, but in the heart of Germany, in Berlin, is for me a wonderful thing. It is also momentous that the president of the United States, the former president, is here, and that he spoke as he did, and that we heard from the great “ambassador” of the United States, the former American secretary of state, who in such a fantastic way evoked our time in his dinner remarks. These two individuals stand symbolically for so many others. This too is something we can be proud of.

We have perhaps forgotten in Germany, given all the misery perpetrated in Germany’s name, that there is something we can be proud of. And given what we have accomplished in the years following the end of the war, we have every reason to be proud. Nowhere was it preordained that there would be Americans, men of stature, notable men, who would build an American Academy using all means available and conceivable, an institution that would continually develop itself further, ensuring that important ideas will be cultivated and new horizons opened.

A president is here tonight, as is one of the most important “ambassadors” of the United States in decades – the former American secretary of state – and many others are with us today, all of whom, have, in their ideas and their deeds, added rungs to this mighty ladder to the future. We have, metaphorically speaking, heard old poems recited here, but we did not experience them the way schoolchildren do when reading Goethe’s verse; what we heard was the rhyme within the verse, as it were, tapping the true meaning, as we were meant to. And we are once again in the thick of things. And this, to tell you the truth, is the main reason I accepted this award: because even after I am gone, I want there to be future generations in

Germany who cultivate interests in the spirit of this wonderful institute, I want an entire generation of young Germans to grow up saying: “I am going to America. I want to learn something there, also to learn and see something else. And let me return home from Milwaukee to Rheinland-Pfalz having gained the feeling that I am a true citizen of this modern world.”

We have done enough . . .
Ladies and gentlemen – and I say this now as a German – we

Germans have already committed enough wrongdoing in our name and by our will. We swore, almost 70 years ago now, never to do again what we did, that is true. But do we have the strength, not only not to repeat the bad, but to apply our understanding of the past towards a greater good? And that is why I maintain that occasions such as this one here today in Berlin are ideally suited for us to walk a little while together along this path and reflect upon our journey.

We achieved German reunification – so many kind words have been spoken about this that I have nothing more to add. But let me just remind you that, if back in the fall of 1989, in the old Federal Republic of Germany, we had put it to a vote, I am not at all certain that we would have had a majority in favor. Never mind, that was 1989, and this is 2011. We achieved the great goal. Back in my day, when I was young and also of the opinion that old Konrad Adenauer was much too



BOTH PHOTOS © HORNISCHER





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ROBERT B. ZOELICK, HELMUT KOHL, DOROTHEE KALTENBACH, AND HENRY A. KISSINGER

old to still be in office, and when we heard Adenauer speak of German unity and German freedom and the German common good as a small matter of great import for our life, we sometimes believed in it, but many found it hard to believe. Today many, many more in Germany believe in it.

It is true that we have many problems. Every day we hear reports about prices rising, doubts about our incomes keeping pace, and all the sort of stuff the media keep telling us. Yet we have achieved a future that is truly viable in the best sense of the word. Let us say “yes” to this life. After all that happened, we, the Germans, want to say “yes” to our own future. We have understood that our future cannot only signify a “German future,” but must also always be a “common future” shared with others, with neighbors, with our neighbors in the European Community. And then we open the newspaper and read of the problems the Greeks are having and are told that we cannot ask our people to take on a greater share of the financial burden and face price increases, and everything else that is written and said about it.

Never mind: we will go our way together, and together with the Greeks. And whoever says today: “We must abandon everything we built up in Europe and start over again,” is mistaken. We must keep walking this road together, no matter how hard this way might prove. And this is the most important thing now, this consciousness must not be lost – it is our road to the future, and we will have to walk it with deliberation and clarity. Wise individuals have just spoken here today about the recent past, some in very flattering terms about my role in it. That was a part of our history. But now we are entering a new chapter of our history. The year 2011 will be followed by a year 2020 and many more years to come.

I would like to take this opportunity this evening to urge you all as follows: Remember this evening. Remember the roots of our coming together, roots we can still recognize, and of which we are perhaps even justifiably proud. And let us keep walking along this road together. Germany must not become a country that always waits for others. We must also be here to stand by others.

Foremost among our neighbors I will always hail our American friends. You see, we talk of Nuremberg today, but few of us think at this moment of what happened in Nuremberg back in 1945–46. That was history, and we must convey it to the next generation. This is my appeal to all of you: let us pull together and make this world safe and secure, as we would like it to be: a free world, a world with honest, upstanding people, a world in which people dare strive to fulfill their dreams, and in which they are free in the broadest sense possible.

I see no cause for that pessimism that I still find some mornings in the lead articles of authors who are even paid to write such nonsense. I would like to urge us all to believe in this future and to value it enough to be willing to pay for it. That means that we must help others and make our contribution. And then I am quite certain, ladies and gentlemen, that one day in this Academy, which may then have a different name, another event such as this one will take place, at which people entirely unknown to each other will gather. But they will agree on one thing: we want to continue along this road and to

stand together to shape a better future for all.

And to that end, may I wish many blessings, God’s blessings, on our country, that we not weaken in our conviction, and that we apply that conviction for the common good.

A day such as this one, on which an American president and a world renowned diplomatic author are present, a day on which many guests from all over Europe have gathered, is truly a good occasion to declare: Come what may we will remain the ones who in a difficult time put our country back on its feet. And if another wind knocks us down, then we will just have to get up again.

I have a simple wish: Let us do just that. Let us live by our convictions so that we need not be ashamed, but rather in such a way that allows us to say: “These Germans and these Europeans and their American friends, despite all the difficulties they face, find the right path forward.” And to that end I wish us all the strength to persevere.

Translated from the German by Peter Wortsman, the spring 2010 Holtzbrinck Fellow at the American Academy



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A Vision of Unification

An excerpt from World Bank President Robert Zoellick's remarks

GREAT HISTORICAL events can appear to be inevitable in hindsight. The reality is that events could have taken a different turn.

In November 1989, the East German regime had to give in to the pressure of the people and opened checkpoints in the Berlin Wall, allowing its citizens to travel freely to the West for the first time in almost three decades. At that moment, the most probable outcome was not that there would be a peacefully unified German state in less than a year, firmly anchored in the West.

The issues surrounding the events of 1989 had arisen faster than anyone at the time could have expected. They were driven by many deep historical currents: the growing evidence of a bankruptcy of Soviet-style political

systems in Central and Eastern Europe and the courage of Central and Eastern Europeans to challenge those systems; the retrenchment of the Soviet Empire imposed by a collapsing economy; the appeal of West Germany and the new Europe amidst the resolve of the West; and the building demand for freedom and fundamental human and political rights that propelled the East German people to break through that wall.

But once the wall tumbled, statesmanship steered the sequence of events that followed. There were many voices – in London, Paris, Moscow; frankly, all across Europe and even some in Germany – urging caution or even opposing a united Germany. There were few voices calling for unification in the present.

Yet Helmut Kohl had vision. Dr. Kohl understood – perhaps earlier than anyone else at that time – that historical forces were at work in Europe. That this was finally the moment that Adenauer's commitment of *Freiheit vor Einheit* could find its fulfillment through *Freiheit und Einheit*. That unity of the German people needed to go hand-in-hand with a united Europe. And that decisive moments are fleeting.

Dr. Kohl has since said that the moment when he truly sensed unification was coming was on his visit to Dresden a month after the opening of the Berlin Wall. Kohl recalled that “when I landed . . . on the bumpy concrete runway of the Dresden-Klotzsche airport, it suddenly became clear to



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ROBERT B. ZOELICK

me: this regime is finished. Unification is coming!”

He later explained to Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev: “I find something that Bismarck once said to be very good. ‘You cannot do something by yourself. You have to wait to hear the footsteps of God through the events, and then jump up and grab his coattails.’”

Helmut Kohl's Inspired Statecraft

An excerpt from former US President Bill Clinton's remarks

THINK OF ALL the decisions that had to be made after the Berlin Wall fell. The one that gained Helmut Kohl the greatest acclaim, for good reason, is “Would East and West Germany be reunified,” but beneath that, if so, on what terms, how? Would Russia become a

truly democratic partner with Germany, with Europe and the West, or would they embrace a different kind of hostile autocracy? It was not clear. Would there be a really strong European Union, economically and politically? And how should the US think about it?

When I ran for president, there were actually people in the United States that thought European union was somehow terrible for the United States, that Europe would grow bigger and more prosperous than America. I said, “That’s a good thing.” But if the European Union would be big and strong, what would that mean? And how open would the doors remain to new members? What about NATO?

Everybody’s forgotten this; a lot of people really did think that NATO had fulfilled its purpose when the Berlin Wall fell, and we should just let it go. Bring the troops home from Germany; save the money. We had long deferred needs in the United States. And if we stayed, what in the heck was NATO supposed to do, and who could be in NATO? How would


it relate to Russia? And finally, what about Yugoslavia? As it also devolved into independent states and the violence in Bosnia rose, would anybody in Europe be responsible? Could NATO have a role outside its own members’ borders?

And what could Germany do about it? Because the Germans, while a member of NATO, had never, since World War II, sent German troops beyond its own borders. He had to deal with every one of these questions. And I would argue that the reason my predecessor George H.W. Bush and I both believe Helmut Kohl was the most important European statesman since World War II is that he answered every single one of these questions correctly. Correctly for Germany, correctly for Europe, correctly for the United States, correctly for the future of the world.



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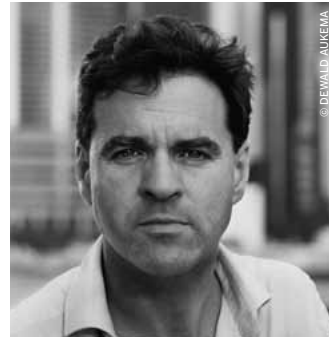
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WHILE A CELEBRATED academic, Niall Ferguson has never settled for remaining within the bounds of the ivory tower. He balances his professorial titles – Laurence A. Tisch Professor of History at Harvard University, William Ziegler Professor at Harvard Business School – with his journalistic attributes, as a contributing editor to the *Financial Times*, a regular writer for *Newsweek*, and a prolific com-

mentator on politics and economics on both sides of the Atlantic. He is also a senior advisor to GLC Partners.

Born in Glasgow in 1964, Ferguson graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, with First Class Honors in 1985. After two years as a Hanseatic Scholar in Hamburg and Berlin, he took up a research fellowship at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1989, subsequently returning to Oxford, where he was appointed

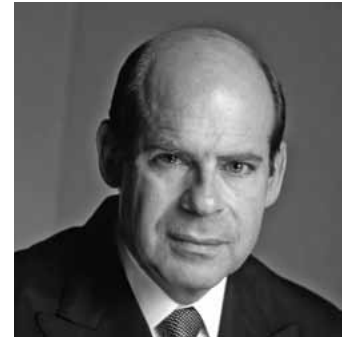


NIALL FERGUSON

professor of political and financial history in 2000. Two years later he left for the US, where he assumed the Herzog Chair in Financial History at the Stern Business School at New York University, before moving on to Harvard in 2004.

In 1998 Niall Ferguson published to international critical acclaim *The Pity of War: Explaining World War One* (Basic Books) and *The World's Banker: The History of the House of Rothschild* (Penguin). His most recent book is *Civilization: The West and the Rest* (Penguin, 2011), an excerpt of which appears in this journal's pages.

Long before Thomas Friedman published *The World is Flat*, Jeffrey A. Rosen, the managing director of Lazard



JEFFREY A. ROSEN

LLC, was well aware of globalism's fierce momentum and the nuances of international finance. After attending Yale University and Harvard Business School, Rosen went on to lead corporations in the US, Europe, and Asia on mergers, acquisitions, and related corporate finance issues, and now has thirty years of international investment expertise.

Since December 2004 Rosen has been an independent non-executive director of WPP PLC. He serves as a member of the European advisory board of BABI, as well as the advisory board of the British-American Business Council, and the Council on Foreign Relations. Rosen is also president of the board of trustees of the International Center of Photography in New York. B.L.S.

When Candy Fell from the Clouds

GAIL HALVORSEN, the Berlin Airlift's original "Candy Bomber," visited the American Academy on May 11, 2011. Over a hearty breakfast, and in the discussion that followed, he regaled Academy fellows and staff with tales of "Operation Little Vittles." During the Russian blockade of Berlin in 1948, what began as Halverson's humble plan to drop small parachutes of candy for children in West Berlin evolved into a major military effort, supported by schools and candy manufacturers back in the US.

Karl von der Heyden, Academy co-chairman, evoked the morning with these words: "As one of the schoolboys chasing candy parachutes near Tempelhof Airport in 1948, I have long admired Gail Halverson. Thanks to his efforts, Berliners, particularly a generation too young to have fought in World War II, went from respecting and admiring America's airlift support to loving America itself. Nothing could demonstrate Berlin's continuing love affair with America better than Gail Halverson's personal visit to the American Academy in Berlin, 63 years after the airlift." B.L.S.

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KARL VON DER HEYDEN AND GAIL HALVORSEN

Holbrooke's Inspiration

A NEW DOCUMENTARY film on the history of the Academy, produced by Marc Rosenwasser, aired on July 19, 2011, on New York City's PBS station, Channel 13 (WNET). Hosted by Jon Meacham, WNET's editor-at-large and the former editor of *Newsweek*, the film explores one of the late Richard Holbrooke's "greatest accomplishments," as the WNET website reads.

The film, *Holbrooke's Inspiration: The American Academy in Berlin*, takes the long and patient

view of the Academy – the diplomatic context of its creation, the storied history of the US-Berlin relationship, and the future of a forum that has become "the beacon of American intellectual and cultural life in Germany." Featuring interviews with fellows Anne Hull, Martin Jay, Brigid Cohen, and Ken Ueno, the film opens a window onto the details of the Academy's ongoing mission and how its fellowship program and engagement with the public aims to fulfill the grand vision of its founder. R.J.M.

~ Sketches & Dispatches ~

Digital Debate

» CONTINUED FROM N1

McKenzie, a visual artist, and Ellen Kennedy, a political scientist; spring 2010 distinguished visitor David Gelernter, a computer scientist; and a voice from the digital generation, Carissa Mai-Ping Knipe, a computer science major. Below are excerpts from the speech and the responses, as well as an excerpt from moderator Frank Schirrmacher's article, "Digital Memory," which appeared in the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung on July 19, 2011.

ERIC SCHMIDT:

This is the beginning of the age of the Internet. This may shock you; you might say, "Aren't we kind of in it already?"

It's just starting.

John Gardner, a social historian, once said: "History never looks like history when you're living through it." But we are now, in a really big way. And the engine is the Internet – it's making the world more open, more fair, and creating a lot more prosperity.

What does "more open" mean? I'll give you an example. A team from Twitter and Google, over a weekend, built an application where you could speak into a voice synthesizer and tweet out messages. This wouldn't be a very useful product unless the Egyptian government had shut down the Internet. But people wanted to be heard. And if you read what they said in the tweets and in the communication, you'll see that the search for democracy and for freedom is very present and very heart-rending. One protestor explained, "We use Facebook to schedule protests, we use Twitter to coordinate, and we use YouTube to tell the world."

REFLECTIONS AND REBUTTALS:

DAVE MCKENZIE:

In our love affair with all things digital, we seem to be forgetting that real human connectedness is still an embodied experience that can only be carried out by a body relating in space to another body. There is little space for this body in the ontology of Eric Schmidt's speech. We can see it in the talk of cars that can drive themselves, computers that remember for us, getting lost only when we decide to turn off our cell phones, and visiting museum collections virtually. My teenage self dreamed of moving from the passenger's seat to the driver's seat, and my adult self doesn't thrill at the idea of handing the keys to some form of automaton. Even though there are things I wish I could remember, there are also plenty of things I can't wait to forget, and it is a shame to think that, going forward, I'll have to plan ahead for all the discoveries that getting lost can offer.

ELLEN KENNEDY:

The good for man is happiness, itself coextensive with justice. Justice, Aristotle tells us, results from good laws and institutions, and we still use Aristotelian categories of sound and corrupt constitutions: aristocracy/oligarchy; kingship/tyranny; mixed regimes/democracy. If the good as such is eternal, its historical presence is inherently contestable. Men differ over the good and express those differences constitutionally. Yet in Dr. Schmidt's view, "democracy" means the same thing to us all, and "everyone aspires to a better life under a better government." The Arab Spring appears in his remarks,



NORMAN PEARLSTINE AND ERIC SCHMIDT

but without political intensity. Tahrir Square was not a rebellion, a revolution, not even a common crime; it was a social media event, brought to you by Twitter, Google, Facebook, and YouTube.

CARISSA MAI-PING KNIFE:

Most of the complaints about the Internet stem from our poor choices as users and from pre-Internet value systems. We are well into a transition of lifestyle but are only just beginning a transition of mindset. Even our semantic distinction between "online" and "real life" reveals that we currently believe offline interactions are more valuable. Perhaps Schmidt is overly optimistic about how people will choose to use the Internet's capabilities, but I believe enough people will opt to initiate positive change and build a better digital future.

DAVID GELERNTER:

In his speech, Schmidt mentions Google's project to create an online 3-D version of the palace of Versailles. Making "virtual buildings" out of software is a good idea, one that's been discussed for decades. My first impulse is to agree with Schmidt: we should have software models of every

important building in the world. But on second thought – before rushing to the high-tech project, why not complete simpler and more important projects that we've barely started? In other words: instead of doing what's obvious, let's start with what's important.

FRANK SCHIRRMACHER:

One must take Schmidt very seriously when he says that the age of the Internet has only just begun. . . . People react with utter astonishment when their photos and names surface without permission on the Internet. But what if that is merely foreshadowing? . . . Facebook shows how easy it is to reconstruct an absent third party if you have enough information about their social network. Suddenly someone is a friend, where they were nobody before. The visionary magnitude of the first *Matrix* films cannot be praised highly enough: we will all be literally sucked into the Net, even those who don't use iPhones, but pay phones, to make their calls.

FOR THE EXTENDED DEBATE, PLEASE VISIT WWW.AMERICANACADEMY.DE

Contested Connotations

David B. Ruderman on the legacy of ghettos in Jewish history

THE WORD “GHETTO” is one that rarely has positive connotations. This particularly applies to the case of the National Socialists’ persecution of Jews, where more often than not “ghetto” invokes depressing and inhumane images. Ghettos constructed by the National Socialists, primarily in Poland and Eastern Europe, were the intermediate stop for many on their way to extermination camps. Thus it is rather provocative to provide the assumption that ghettos could have also had positive effects on the Jewish people. In the lecture series “History of the Jews in Italy,” at the Institute for Jewish Studies at the University of Potsdam, David B. Ruderman, professor of modern Jewish history at the University of Pennsylvania, focused on this exact question.

“Are ghettos good or bad for Jews?” asked the US scholar in this year’s Emil Fackenheim Lecture. Ruderman is the author of several books on the topic of Jewish thought and modern Judaism. For 17 years he has directed the Herbert D. Katz Center for Advanced Judaic Studies at the University of Pennsylvania and in 2001 was honored for his life’s work by the National Foundation for Jewish Culture. Presently, he is working on a new book as the German Transatlantic Program Fellow at the American Academy in Berlin.

Ruderman is aware that “ghetto” is an emotionally charged term; in the US it is predominantly associated with the word “isolation.” Venice’s first ghetto, constructed in 1516, demonstrated a reality that was quite different, however, argued Ruderman.

In the decades and centuries to follow, Italian Jews, despite hardship and exclusion, were able to develop a vibrant Jewish cultural space. A turning point for Jewish life occurred in 1755, when Pope Paul IV decreed that Jews must live exclusively in ghettos.

Almost every large Italian town had its own ghetto. Yet their Jewish inhabitants’ cultural identity, lifestyle, and amusements always remained open to their Christian neighbors. The ghettos for Italian Jews were also valued as “areas of retreat from dark reality” and vitalized the mystical traditions of Judaism. Furthermore, it was in this time that religious ceremonies became festive occasions for the first time, following their Catholic neighbors’ example, said Ruderman.

This mutual, fruitful cultural exchange led Ruderman to the

example of Jewish-Italian composer Salomone Rossi, whose works are reminiscent of baroque church music. Another applicable example can be seen in the notable writings of Venetian Rabbis Simone Luzatto and Leone de Modena, which, lacking the theme of the ghetto, would not be the works that they are. The scholar emphasized that he does not aim to romanticize medieval Jewish ghettos, but rather to demonstrate that one can interpret them as a place of refuge, as well as a space that provided Jews the possibility of having close contact with the non-Jewish environment.

by Maren Herbst

Published on May 25, 2011, in *Potsdamer Neueste Nachrichten*

Translated by Gretchen Graywall

The Strains of Exile

A violinist shares stories of his transcontinental past



HELLMUT STERN AT AGE ELEVEN

HELLMUT STERN, former first violinist at the Berlin Philharmonic, opened his Academy talk on September 8, 2011, with a deceptively simple statement: “I was an innocent child.” Stern’s subsequent recol-

lections made these words all the more poignant, as the famed musician, now 82, described his dawning comprehension, as a ten-year-old, of the sinister currents shaping Germany in 1938. Shortly before his family fled,

Stern witnessed the aftermath of Kristallnacht; arriving at his Jewish school, he found the building in flames, with terrified teachers urging the students to “go home, and stay there.”

Stern did not go home. “I wanted to see everything,” he said, and continued further into town, the glass of broken store windows crunching beneath his steps, where he watched “normal people going inside [shops] and helping themselves.” The sight posed a question in his mind, one that still throbs: What would he have done, in their shoes? “You cannot condemn a whole people,” Stern said.

From a feeling of belonging, of utter German-ness, Stern was thus forced to see himself as an outsider, and this psychology

became physical as the Sterns finally secured visas to China and relocated to the frigid and foreign city of Harbin, a cosmopolitan hotbed of culture and political intrigue in the 1920s, which had become part of Japanese-occupied Manchuria when the family arrived. There Stern would study violin under a stern taskmaster, Vladimir Trachtenberg, trained in the Russian school, who provided Stern with the discipline and attention that the young musician required to enter into his own as an undeniably exceptional talent.

Despite the discomfort of dislocation, the agony of exile, and the cold and hunger of the Harbin years, Stern cited his parents, also gifted musi-

cians, as an unfailing source of comfort. His passion for violin became his livelihood: Stern relocated to Israel in 1949, where he joined the Israeli Philharmonic Orchestra, and then on to the US, where he played at the Saint Louis Orchestra. Yet a strong impulse urged him back towards Berlin, which he still considered “home,”

even if Germany itself had lost that label. In 1961, he returned to Berlin and was soon chosen as the first violinist of the Berliner Philharmoniker.

Pamela Rosenberg, dean of fellows and programs at the Academy, moderated the discussion. Rosenberg, herself the former managing director of

the Berliner Philharmoniker, described Stern’s time at the institution: “Until his retirement, [Hellmut Stern] played a pivotal role as “Orchester Vorstand” (one of the two representatives of the musicians) and was very involved in every aspect of the orchestra’s intense and sometimes volatile relationship

with Herbert von Karajan.” Of the evening, Rosenberg recalled, “A consummate storyteller, Hellmut Stern enthralled the audience with his personal witness to a life coming full circle after having weathered the Nazi storm.”

B. L. S.

Disappearing Act

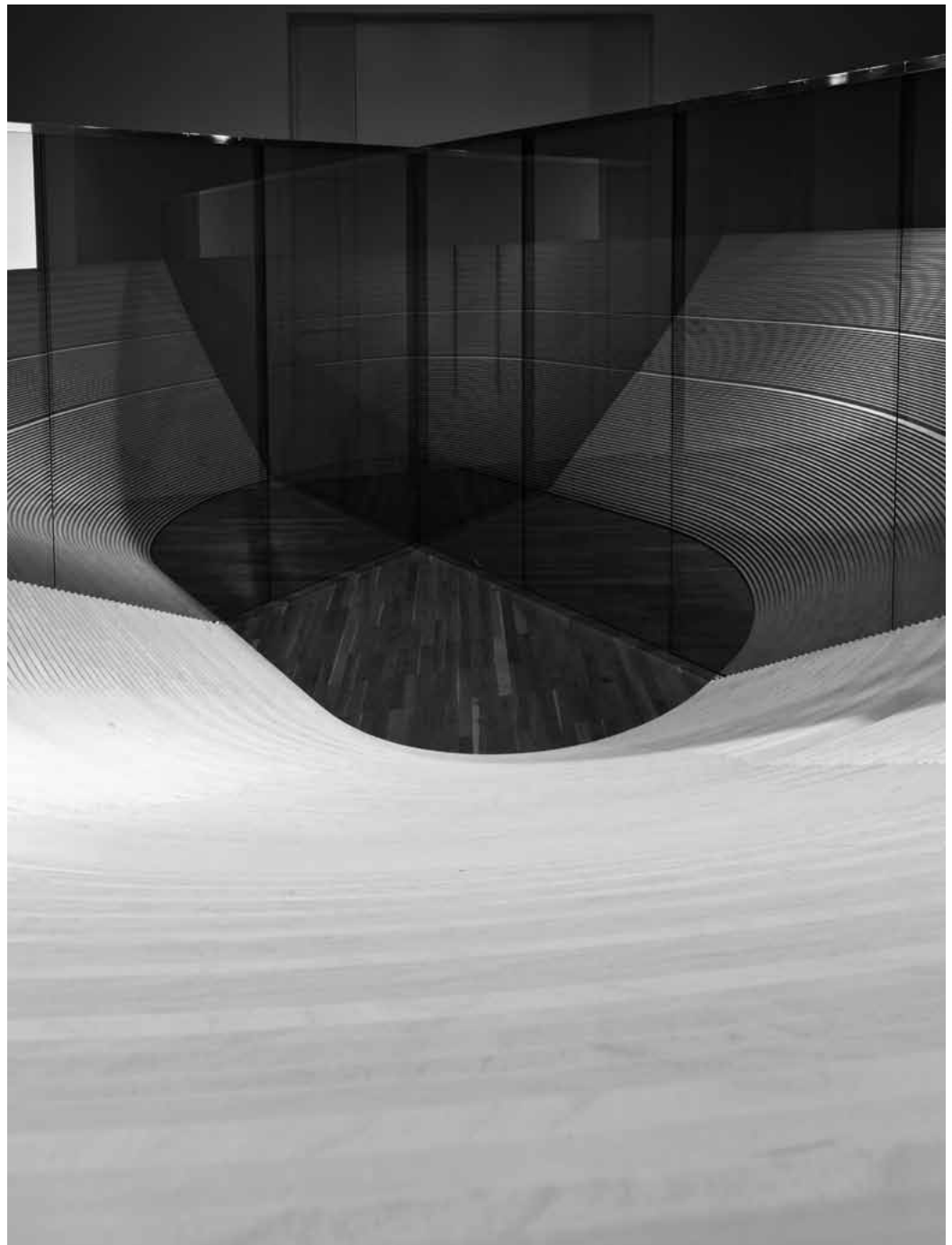
» CONTINUED FROM N1

born in Honolulu, grew up in the Philippines, and has lived in New York. On display are videos, photographs, sculptures, and installations spanning from 1998 to the present, demonstrating how pop, sports, and film interact with one another.

Pfeiffer has become known for his three-part *The Long Count (Rumble in the Jungle)* (2001), in which the central theme is the legendary boxing match of Muhammad Ali. Once again, he has the fighters, as the central figures, removed by means of digital revision, focusing attention on the background. For his work, Pfeiffer was awarded with a \$100,000 salaried prize from the Whitney Museum in 2000.

Much of his work is aimed at our photographic memory. The large-format, slightly unclear, projected screen images beaming from a surveillance camera in the video installation *Dutch Interior* (2001), are reminiscent of a horror film. Light falls through the front door onto the staircase and projects ghostly shadows on the walls. Yet a look through the spyglass in the projector reveals a renewed production strategy; the object being observed is not a haunted house, but simply a doll house.

By Cornelia Gockel
Published on Sept. 5, 2011,
in *Art: Das Kunstmagazin*
Translated by Gretchen
Graywall



COURTESY PAUL PFEIFFER

DETAIL FROM VITRUVIAN FIGURE, 2009

~ Life & Letters ~

Profiles in Scholarship

Presenting the fall 2011 fellows and distinguished visitors

Fellows

JENNIFER CULBERT

Hannah Arendt is not widely recognized to have written on law, but Siemens Fellow Jennifer Culbert is eager to revise that misperception with her Academy project and book-in-progress, *The Jurisprudence of Hannah Arendt*. Culbert will focus on Arendt's discussion of the power of making (poesis), a power that Arendt not only describes but also exercises in her reflections on fables, foundations, and the constitution of political spaces, thereby reopening the question of law and law's relationship to justice. In Arendt's analysis, some of history's worst injustices stemmed from customary thinking. By contrast, the audacity of Arendt's readings and criticisms of law, Culbert suggests, represent a transgressive act of imagination.

Jennifer Culbert is an associate professor and the graduate director of political science at Johns Hopkins University, where she teaches political theory and legal philosophy. She is the author of *Dead Certainty: The Death Penalty and the Problem of Judgment* (Stanford University Press, 2008). Drawing on Friedrich Nietzsche's critique of metaphysics, the book analyzes the unfolding of capital punishment law in the United States.

LELAND DE LA DURANTAYE

Holtzbrinck Fellow Leland de la Durantaye, in a manner that any method actor would admire, will spend his time in Germany examining Samuel Beckett's own affinity with the German

culture and language, within de la Durantaye's larger Academy project, *Wörterstürmerei im Namen der Schönheit*, or *World and Work in Samuel Beckett*. More broadly, the project will examine Beckett's art through the lens of the Irish writer's own poetics, as enunciated most recently in the newly published *Letters*. A single missive particularly interests de la Durantaye: one written in German in 1937, never sent, with content amounting to a literary manifesto and composed with a directness and frankness that the author only allowed himself *auf Deutsch*.

De la Durantaye is the Gardner Cowles Associate Professor of English at Harvard University and has written numerous works on the subject of nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature and aesthetics in a variety of publications, including two books, *Giorgio Agamben: A Critical Introduction* (Stanford University Press, 2009) and *Style is Matter: The Moral Art of Vladimir Nabokov* (Cornell University Press, 2007). His awards, fellowships, and special recognitions include several fellowships from Cornell University, where he received his master and doctoral degrees, as well as fellowships from the Woodrow Wilson Center, Harvard University's Department of Comparative Literature, the Deutscher Akademischer Austauschdienst, the American Academy in Rome, and the Fulbright Program.

JAMES DER DERIAN

In his sequel semester at the American Academy, Bosch

Public Policy Fellow James Der Derian will pursue a project that began as an innocent question the previous spring, and resulted in Der Derian "riding in the back of a white, unmarked van with a camera crew from Deutsche Welle." The question at hand: What are we to make of the controversy surrounding the proposed Ronald Reagan Platz in front of the Brandenburger Tor? – raises a still larger set of queries for Der Derian, which involve "quantum democracy" (a term coined by George Shultz, Ronald Reagan's secretary of state), German-American relations, and the "psycho-geography of Berlin." These three themes serve as the starting point for Der Derian's Academy project.

Der Derian is a leading scholar of international relations, and researches the impact of technology, media, and terrorism on global security. His most recent books are *Critical Practices in International Theory* (Routledge, 2009) and *Virtuous War: Mapping the Military-Industrial-Media-Entertainment Network* (Routledge, 2009). Combining his interest in media and international politics, Der Derian has produced and directed several documentaries. His latest film, *Human Terrain*, won the Audience Award at the November 2009 Festival dei Popoli in Florence and has been an official selection at several other leading film festivals. Der Derian was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University and has been a professor at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, a member of the Institute for

Advanced Study at Princeton, a visiting scholar at Harvard University, as well as a Senior Associate Member of Saint Antony's College, Oxford.

ALICE EAGLY

Do people discriminate against women as leaders? If so, what are the origins of such a bias? Do women lead differently than men? Might they be even better leaders? These urgent questions underpin Metro Berlin Prize Fellow Alice Eagly's Academy project. She hopes to sift through what she describes as a "torrent of research" to draw conclusions on a subject – women and gender in leadership studies – that has only come into focus in the last few decades in social psychology.

Eagly is a professor of psychology, the James Padilla Chair of Arts and Sciences, a professor of management and organizations, and a faculty fellow at the Institute for Policy Research, all at Northwestern University. She received her PhD in social psychology from the University of Michigan and has also held faculty positions at Michigan State University, University of Massachusetts in Amherst, and Purdue University. She is the author or editor of several books, including *The Psychology of Gender* (Guilford Press, 2004), *The Social Psychology of Group Identity and Social Conflict: Theory, Application, and Practice* (APA Books, 2004), and *The Psychology of Attitudes* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich College Publishers, 1993), as well as numerous journal articles and chapters in edited books. Her

most recent book is *Through the Labyrinth: The Truth About How Women Become Leaders* (Harvard Business School Press, 2007), co-authored with Linda Carli. She has won several awards, most recently the Gold Medal for Life Achievement in the Science of Psychology from the American Psychological Foundation and the Distinguished Scientific Contribution Award from the American Psychological Association.

ADAM HASLETT

Adam Haslett's fiction aims to "give expression in language to what it's like to be alive today." Our era, Haslett believes, betrays alarmingly Hobbesian qualities, yet it is the artist's responsibility to remain cognizant, and not turn from the sight of growing social and fiscal inequalities, as markets increasingly outstrip the power of sovereign states. While irony has long been the chief method used by postmodern authors to obtain distance from the prevailing ethos, Haslett says, such a strategy is no longer tenable for today's writers; it "fits too hand-in-glove with the marketing of pop culture nostalgia." As this semester's Mary Ellen von der Heyden Fiction Fellow, Haslett will apply this philosophy to his current book project, a novel named, simply, *Kindness*.

Haslett's first book, a collection of short stories entitled *You Are Not a Stranger Here*, is among the most acclaimed debuts of the decade. It was a finalist for the 2002 National Book Award and the 2003 Pulitzer Prize. His debut novel, *Union Atlantic*, released in February 2010, was a national bestseller, and was short-listed for the Commonwealth Prize and received a Lambda Literary Award. His books have been translated into eighteen languages and his work has appeared in the *Financial Times*, the *New Yorker*, *Esquire*, the *Nation*, the *Atlantic*, and *Best American Short Stories*. Haslett has been a visiting professor at

the Iowa Writers' Workshop and Columbia University and has received fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, and the Fine Arts Work Center.

DANIEL HOBBS

Much like the current exploration of the Internet, medievalist Daniel Hobbs sees the years 1350–1500, leading up to the invention of print, as an age of information. But we often confuse print's golden age as the result of technology, Hobbs points out, rather than grasping that the technology itself stemmed from a growing demand. This is a critical inversion, according to Hobbs, and one the Nina Maria Gorrissen Fellow will delve into in his Academy book project, *Origins of Print: How Medieval Culture Ushered in the First Media Revolution*. The book will argue that the technology of print represents only the culmination of changing attitudes toward writing and information that stretch back centuries before Gutenberg. It will also invite reflection upon our own sometimes awkward technological shift from print to digital publishing.

Hobbs is a professor of history at Ohio State University specializing in the cultural and intellectual history of northwestern Europe from the eleventh to fifteenth centuries, with emphasis on the development of universities, authorship and written culture, the Hundred Years' War, the Black Death, Jean Gerson, and Joan of Arc. His article "The Schoolman as Public Intellectual: Jean Gerson and the Late Medieval Tract" appeared in the *American Historical Review* and won the Van Courtlandt Elliott Prize from the Medieval Academy. Hobbs's first book, *The Trial of Joan of Arc* (Harvard University Press, 2005), is a translation of the trial records with an introduction that places Joan's trial in its legal and historical context. His book *Authorship*

and *Publicity before Print: Jean Gerson and the Transformation of Late Medieval Learning* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2009) presents Gerson as a paradigmatic figure in the cultural and intellectual shifts of the late Middle Ages. This book won the Jacques Barzun Prize in Cultural History from the American Philosophical Society, as well as the annual book prize from the Ohio Academy of History.

SUSAN MCCABE

The name Bryher has largely been overshadowed by that of her companion, lover, and the recipient of her largesse, the poet H.D. Yet Bryher's contributions to modernism were not merely monetary, as John P. Birkelund Fellow Susan McCabe is eager to point out. In addition to what literary scholar Barbara Guest termed Bryher's "suicidal generosity," Bryher significantly shaped literary, cinematic, and psychoanalytic movements of her time, as McCabe will detail in her Academy book project, *Bryher: Female Husband of Modernism*.

McCabe is a professor of English at the University of Southern California and teaches in the graduate literature and creative writing program. She has published *Elizabeth Bishop: Her Poetics of Loss* (Penn State University Press, 1994) and *Cinematic Modernism: Modern Poetry and Film* (Cambridge University Press, 2005), *Swirl* (Red Hen Press, 2003), and *Descartes' Nightmare* (Utah University Press, 2008), awarded the Agha Shahid Ali Prize. She is a past president of the Modernist Studies Association. In 2005, she held a Beinecke Library Research Fellowship at Yale University. In 2006, she was a Fulbright scholar at Lund University in Sweden.

GEOFFREY O'BRIEN

Before the rise of the saccharine Hollywood happy ending, there was an American film industry "complex enough to encompass both campy artifice and rough-

edged immediacy," according to Bosch Public Policy Fellow Geoffrey O'Brien. Films produced during these early years dealt unapologetically with controversial issues such as interracial marriage, abortion, and homosexuality. Then came the "Code," in 1934, a production code aimed at creating films in which "evil and good are never confused." O'Brien will explore the tantalizing pre-code period of 1927–34 in his Academy project and upcoming book, *America Before the Code*.

O'Brien is a poet, editor, book and film critic, translator, and cultural historian. He has been a contributor to *Artforum*, *Film Comment*, the *New York Times* and the *New York Times Book Review*, *Village Voice*, *New Republic*, *Bookforum*, and, especially, to the *New York Review of Books*. Among his most noteworthy publications are *The Fall of the House of Walworth: Madness and Murder in Gilded Age America* (Henry Holt and Co., 2010) and *Sonata for Jukebox: An Autobiography of My Ears* (Counterpoint, 2005). O'Brien was a faculty member of the writing program at the New School, and a member of the Selection Committee for the New York Film Festival in 2003. In 1992, he joined the staff of the Library of America as an executive editor and became editor-in-chief in 1998.

PAUL PFEIFFER

Guna S. Mundheim Fellow Paul Pfeiffer's art exhibitions embody historical memory. Borrowing footage from television, movies, and sporting events that serve as raw material and building blocks, Pfeiffer creates videos, sculptures, and installations. "Cutting against the grain of an almost sacred text can bring it back into life in the present," explains Pfeiffer. Using iconic images of spectacles and celebrities, he plays with the canonization of memory and history, asking viewers to question their own spectatorship and desire. He sees sporting events as ideal "experiential and emotional entries into abstract subjects."

Pfeiffer is the recipient of numerous awards and fellowships, most notably the inaugural Bucksbaum Award, given by the Whitney Museum of American Art (2000), as well as the Alpert Award in the Arts for Visual Arts (2009). Pfeiffer was an artist-in-residence at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Art Pace, and

exhibition at the Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Castilla y León, the Hamburger Bahnhof in Berlin, and currently at the Sammlung Goetz in Munich.

ELIZABETH POVINELLI

Multiculturalism and liberalism are currently in crisis, believes Elizabeth Povinelli, this semester's German Transatlantic

Worlds in the New Media and Late Liberalism, is intended to be the third and last volume of *Dwelling in Late Liberalism*. The three volumes examine the shattered lives, exhausting struggles, and enduring difference of alternative social worlds in late liberalism. Povinelli's second project is a graphic memoir, which examines the "impossibility of memory,"

Culture. Povinelli is the author of *Economies of Abandonment: Social Belonging and Endurance in Late Liberalism* (Duke University Press, 2011), *The Empire of Love: Toward a Theory of Intimacy, Genealogy, and Carnality* (Duke University Press, 2006), *The Cunning of Recognition: Indigenous Alterities and the Making of Australian Multiculturalism* (Duke University



CLASS OF FALL 2011 (L TO R): JAMES DER DERIAN, JENNIFER CULBERT, PAUL PFEIFFER, SUSAN MCCABE, LELAND DE LA DURANTAYE, ELIZABETH POVINELLI, JOHN VAN ENGEN, TOM SLEIGH, ADAM HASLETT, ALICE EAGLY, DANIEL HOBBS (NOT PICTURED: GEOFFREY O'BRIEN)

the Atlantic Center for the Arts. His work has been exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney, the Guggenheim, P.S.I. Contemporary Art Center, the Studio Museum in Harlem, San Francisco Art Institute, Thomas Dane Limited, Kunst-Werke, carlier | gebauer, the Cairo Biennial, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Shanghai, and the Singapore Art Museum, among others. Pfeiffer was also subject of a major solo

Program Fellow. Povinelli wishes to develop an "anthropology of the otherwise" in order to grasp the transformations that have taken place in how liberal regimes recognize and govern social difference in the wake of the anti-colonial and postcolonial movements – and in the face of the continual emergence of alternative social worlds. Povinelli hopes to engage these themes with two Academy projects. The first, titled *Geontologies: Indigenous*

and how the collapse of one world can lead to the expansion of another.

Povinelli is a professor of anthropology and gender studies at Columbia University, where she has also been the director of the Institute for Research on Women and Gender and the co-director of the Center for the Study of Law and Culture. She is the author of numerous books and essays and a former editor of the academic journal *Public*

Press, 2002), and *Labor's Lot: The Power, History, and Culture of Aboriginal Action* (University of Chicago Press, 1994).

TOM SLEIGH

"The stone could have wept if stone could weep," begins one of Tom Sleigh's new poems, "Face," sweeping the reader into instantaneous rhythm, emotion, and dream. While at the American Academy in Berlin, the Anna-Maria Kellen Fellow hopes

to complete a book of new and collected poems. Sleigh aims in his work for a music of clashing tones, a music that can express the difference between what one ought to feel and what one really does feel. To do that in poetry, he argues, a person has to keep himself open to multiple frequencies, so that whatever ethical statement you arrive at itself arrives as part of the texture of the poem. The language relieves the poet of having to stand guard over his own opinions and convictions, gives him access to reaches of thought and feeling perhaps otherwise not imagined. Such a stance, Sleigh avers, is risky, unpredictable, and not always easy to reconcile with day-to-day political, emotional, or intellectual entanglements.

Sleigh is a Distinguished Professor at Hunter College, as well as a poet, dramatist, and essayist. He has published eight books of poetry, a translation of Euripides' *Herakles*, and a book of essays. Five of his plays have been produced. He has won numerous awards, including the 2008 Kingsley Tufts Poetry Award, the John Updike Award and an Academy Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and grants from the National Endowment for

the Arts and the Guggenheim Foundation. He currently serves as director of Hunter College's Master of Fine Arts Program in Creative Writing and has previously taught at Dartmouth College, University of Iowa, University of California at Berkeley, Johns Hopkins University, and New York University. Sleigh's poems frequently appear in the *New Yorker* and other publications.

JOHN VAN ENGEN

A devoted medievalist, John Van Engen describes himself as an "anchor who draws people into the past." During his time at the Academy, the Nina Maria Gorrisen Fellow plans to forge a new synthetic history of the cultural and social dynamics at work in twelfth-century Europe, which focuses on a select number of forces cutting across all sectors of society and culture, and seeks to reinterpret the larger European narrative. The twelfth century, he argues, is a teleological hinge-point that exposes the longer narrative of medieval Europe and the development of local cultures into an increasingly pan-European culture. It fueled innovations in communication across social and cultural divides, and

introduced dynamic forces that shaped the century: reason and revolt, reading and romance.

Van Engen, a professor at the University of Notre Dame, is a noted scholar of the cultural, intellectual, and religious history of the European Middle Ages. For twelve years (1986–98) Van Engen served as director of Notre Dame's Medieval Institute. He was a fellow at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton in 1993–94 (and again in the fall of 1998), a fellow at the Shelby Cullom Davis Center at Princeton University in 1999–2000, and, in the fall of 2002, a visiting professor at Harvard University. Van Engen is also a fellow of the Medieval Academy of America, a corresponding member of the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*, and, in 2007–08, served as president of the American Society of Church History. Beyond editing scholarly symposia, he translates medieval texts from Latin and Middle Dutch, and is currently working on a large edition of core historical materials from a movement called the *Devotio Moderna*. His book *Sisters and Brothers of the Common Life* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2008) has been awarded three major prizes.

Distinguished visitors

NIALL FERGUSON

The Laurence A. Tisch Professor of History at Harvard University and Academy trustee will give a lecture based on his recent book, *Civilization: The West and the Rest*.

JACK A. GOLDSTONE

The Virginia E. and John T. Hazel Professor of Public Policy at George Mason University's School of Public Policy will expound on "Global Trends in the Quality of Governance and Democracy."

MICHAEL GREENSTONE

The 3M Professor of Environmental Economics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology will delve into the challenges of climate change and three possible responses: mitigation, adaptation, and geo-engineering.

ROBERT C. POST

The dean and Sol & Lillian Goldman Professor of Law at Yale University will explore which forms of speech deserve legal protection in modern democracies.

PETER SELIGMANN

The chairman of the board and CEO of Conservation International will discuss the economics of nature.

Sneak Preview

This spring welcomes another outstanding class of fellows to the Hans Arnhold Center

KAREN J. ALTER, a professor of political science and law at Northwestern University, will examine the growing power of international courts; CHARLES BRIGHT, Arthur J. Thurnau Professor of History at the University of Michigan, and MICHAEL GEYER, Samuel N. Harper Professor at the University of Chicago, will look back at the global condition in the twentieth century; LELAND DE LA DURANTAYE, Gardner Cowles Associate Professor of

English at Harvard University, will continue scrutinizing Samuel Beckett's writing for insights into the writer's "world and work"; RICHARD DEMING, a lecturer in English at Yale University, will pen lines of poetry and contemplate the nature of the ordinary in art, film, and philosophy; AVERY GORDON, a professor of sociology at the University of California, Santa Barbara, will begin her book, *Breitenau: A Notebook*; ANNIE GOSFIELD, a New York-based

composer, will channel Berlin's creative verve with her *Messages Personnels*; LESLIE HEWITT, an artist, also hailing from New York, will devote herself to new work; PETER LINDSETH, Olimpiad S. Ioffe Professor of International and Comparative Law at the University of Connecticut School of Law, will consider democracy and administration in the North Atlantic World; INGA MARKOVITS, the Friends of Jamail Regents Chair in Law at the University of Texas School

of Law, will dig into Berlin's recent history as she researches the Humboldt University's law faculty under GDR rule; KAREN RUSSELL, a visiting professor of creative writing at Bryn Mawr College, will return to short fiction; and M. NORTON WISE, Distinguished Professor of History at the University of California, Los Angeles, will peer through "gardens of steam" to examine industrial culture's intersection with the Berlin landscape.

Alumni Books

New releases by Academy fellows

CAROLINE W. BYNUM

Christian Materiality
Zone Books, 2011

STANLEY CORNGOLD

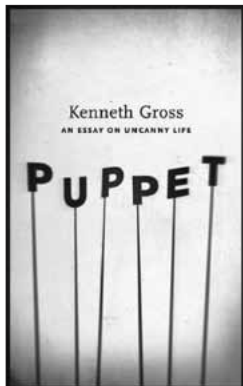
with Benno Wagner
*Franz Kafka: The Ghosts
in the Machine*
Northwestern University
Press, 2011

W.S. DI PIERO

Nitro Nights
Copper Canyon Press, 2011

KENNETH GROSS

*Puppet: An Essay on
Uncanny Life*
University of Chicago
Press, 2011



HOPE M. HARRISON

*Ulbrichts Mauer – Wie die SED
Moskaus Widerstand gegen den
Mauerbau brach*
Propyläen Verlag, 2011



SUSAN HOWE

That This
New Directions, 2011

BRANDON W. JOSEPH

*The Roh and the Cooked:
Tony Conrad and Beverly Grant
in Europe*
August Verlag, 2011

NORMAN MANEA

*In Honorem Norman Manea –
The Obsession of Uncertainty*
Polirom, 2011

W.J.T. MITCHELL

*Cloning Terror: The War of
Images, 9/11 to the Present*
University of Chicago
Press, 2011

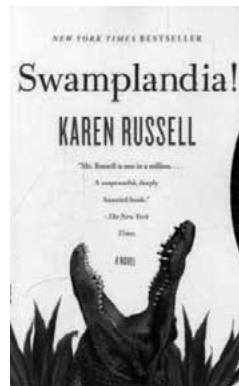


LYDIA L. MOLAND

*Hegel on Political Identity:
Patriotism, Nationality,
Cosmopolitanism*
Northwestern University
Press, 2011

KAREN RUSSELL

Swamplandia!
Knopf, 2011

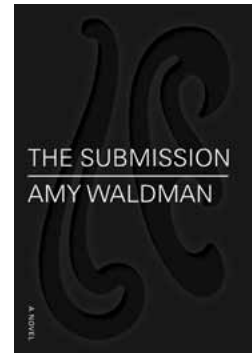


TOM SLEIGH

Army Cats
Graywolf, 2011

AMY WALDMAN

The Submission
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2011



AMY WALDMAN ON HER TIME AT THE AMERICAN ACADEMY

My six weeks at the Academy were invaluable, and not just because of the peace and support the Academy provides. For a novel about a memorial, there may be no better city to write in than Berlin, which is full not just of memorials, but of the ghosts of arguments around them. And the Academy was the place where I first read from and discussed *The Submission*. The audience was engaged and receptive – and also full of penetrating questions, leaving me much to ponder long after I left Berlin.

Call for Applications

The American Academy in Berlin invites applications for residential fellowships for 2013–2014 and future academic years. The application deadline is October 1, 2012. Prizes will be awarded in February 2013 and publicly announced in early spring 2013. Approximately two-dozen fellowships are awarded to established scholars, writers, and professionals who wish to engage in independent study in Berlin. Prizes are conferred annually for an academic semester – and on occasion for an academic year – and include round-trip airfare, housing, partial board, and a monthly stipend of

\$5,000. Fellows are expected to reside at the Hans Arnhold Center during the entire term of the award.

Fellowships are restricted to candidates based long-term in the United States. American citizenship is not required, and American expatriates are not eligible. Candidates in academic disciplines must have completed a doctorate at the time of application. The Academy gives priority to a proposal's significance and scholarly merit, not its specific relevance to Germany. It is helpful, however, to explain how a Berlin residency might contribute to the project's further development. Application forms may be submitted via the Academy's website, www.americanacademy.de.

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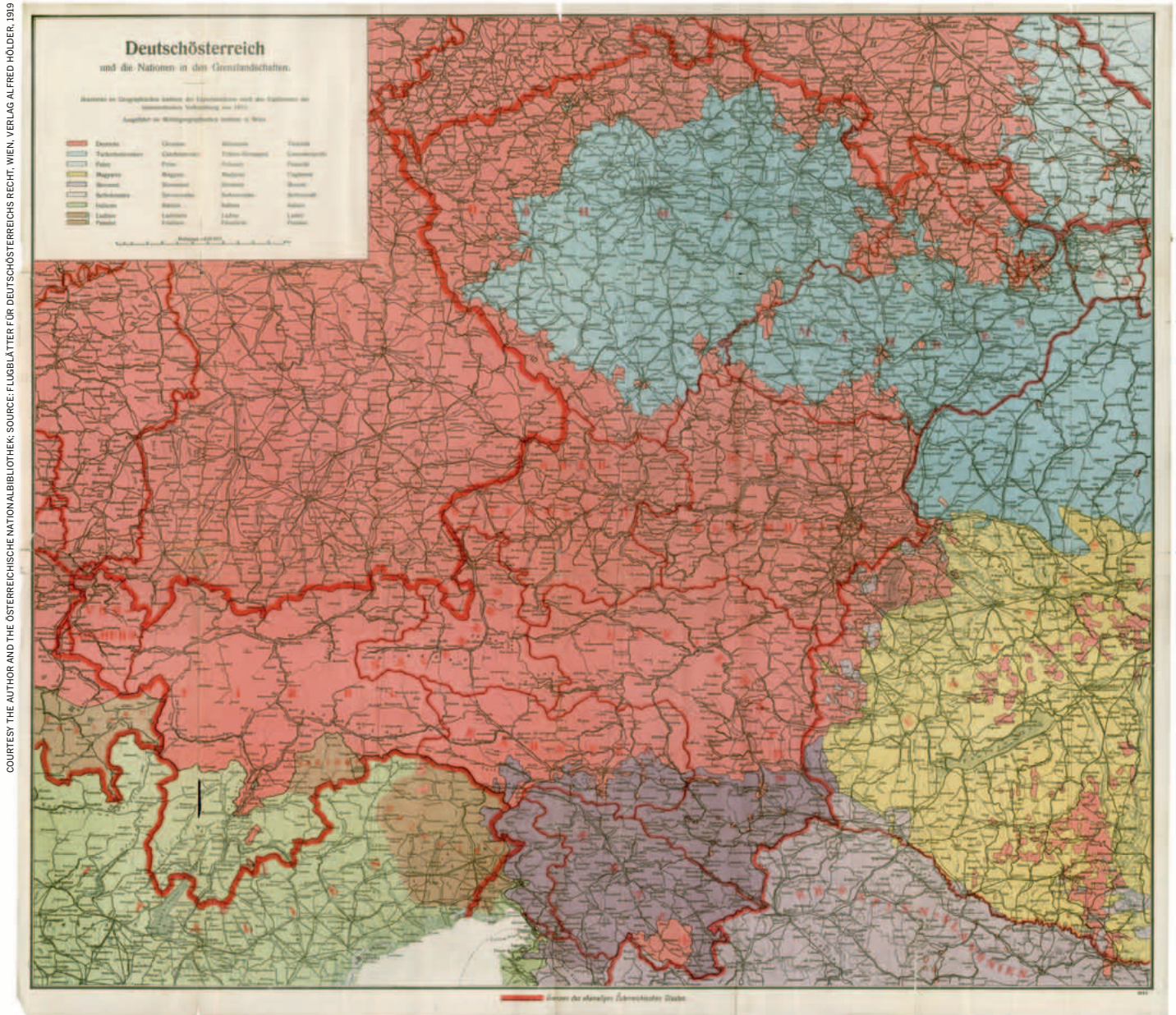
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BEYOND NATIONS

Rethinking the history of Habsburg Central Europe

By Pieter Judson



DEUTSCHÖSTERREICH SPRACHGRENZE MAP BASED ON THE 1910 CENSUS

SINCE THE BALKAN WARS of a century ago, historians, journalists, and policy makers in Europe and the US have repeatedly interpreted nationalist political claims and nationalist conflicts in terms largely devised by nationalists themselves. In allowing nationalists to shape our understanding of both historical and contemporary conflicts, we unwittingly follow

a logic that – taken to extremes – demands both physical separation and independent statehood for ethnically defined national populations. This logic rests on claims that social life is normally organized by communities of descent, defined according to factors as diverse as race, culture, religion, language, or some vaguely defined ethnicity. If we wish to prevent violence from

breaking out among neighboring peoples, this logic demands that political power be organized on the basis of separation.

Within Europe, the classic locus for the problem of conflict among nations has traditionally been understood to be Central and Eastern Europe. And indeed one could argue that in the twentieth century, much blood appeared to be shed for nationalist

reasons especially, if not exclusively, in the Balkans and Eastern Europe. Many observers argued that this was due to a mosaic-like distribution of different linguistic usage or religious practice across the region, making national communities incapable of easy territorial separation. Of course, the concept of an East particularly troubled by ethnic conflict tends to forget the nationalist violence that continues to plague Western European societies as well. Still, for a hundred years now, in Europe as a whole, policy makers' focus on national difference as the basis of social conflict makes territorial separation – even population transfer – appear to be legitimate and even effective policies for containing nationalist conflict.

I am a historian, and certainly not a policy maker. I see how the weight of histories that constantly reaffirm the reality and centrality of nationhood in East Central Europe repeatedly encourage policy makers to treat ethnic separation as a viable solution to ethnic conflict. By repeatedly telling the history of the region in terms that tacitly endorse the views of nationalist activists, however we may deplore those activists, we privilege policies that tacitly legitimate the very separation of people that we allegedly deplore. More importantly, our reliance on nationalist narratives diminishes our ability to consider other possible interpretations of the character and dynamics of these conflicts. And it minimizes the experiences of those linguistically or religiously mixed regions that have not exploded in violent social conflict. With that in mind, I have embarked on a project to write a history of Habsburg Central Europe that does not organize the region's history around a concept of ethnic nationhood. Instead, I seek to make visible alternative elements of social organization in the Habsburg Monarchy that did not rely on ideas of national community for their coherence.

Thanks largely to the national organization of European societies today, most historians of Habsburg Central Europe still begin their story with ethnic nations as the fundamental building blocks of the region's history. Many write as if unified national subjects were the region's primary actors throughout its history, using phrases we have all encountered, such as “the Czechs demanded autonomy,” or “the Hungarians sought independence.” The collapse of the Empire in 1918 represents the inevitable telos or goal toward which all of these separate national histories were moving. The people, institutions, and

events in history that did not fit this (triumphalist and totalizing) explanation – along with the evidence they left for alternate understandings of their world – are rendered invisible or marginal by this view.

For a small example of an alternate way to understand the region's history, let me return to one of the premier sites of the nationality conflict in Austria-Hungary: to Bohemia. Here, Czech and German nationalists had battled each other in city halls, in legislative chambers, and often in the streets, since 1848. Their organizations mobilized thousands of Bohemians for one side or another. This Czech-German national conflict became particularly notorious in 1938–39 when, with the help of Adolf Hitler, it led to the complete destruction

SEVERAL OF THESE TESTIMONIES ARE PARTICULARLY STRIKING IN THEIR SPEAKERS' APPARENT REFUSAL TO RECOGNIZE SUBSTANTIAL DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN CZECH AND GERMAN BOHEMIANS.

of Czechoslovakia. During the very last weeks of the Monarchy's existence, in July 1918, journalist Robert Scheu set out from Vienna to visit Southern Bohemia. His object, he later wrote, was to “experience the national question in Bohemia as a tourist.” In particular, Scheu wanted to know “how the national struggle manifests itself in the life of the individual, what concrete contents stand behind the [nationalist] slogans, and what effects the struggle has had [on society].”¹ By 1918, of course, much had already been written on almost every possible aspect of national conflict in Austria-Hungary, especially in Bohemia. Scheu nevertheless believed that as a German-speaker from Vienna, he did not adequately understand the human dimension of the nationality struggle between Czechs and Germans in Bohemia. He hoped to discover how this conflict played itself out in the emotions and actions of everyday Bohemians, not simply political activists. What ended up distinguishing Scheu's trip, however, was less what he concluded about national conflict in Bohemia, than the actual evidence he collected from rural interlocutors in ethnically-mixed villages of Southern Bohemia. Several of these testimonies are particularly striking in their speakers' apparent refusal to recognize substantial distinctions between Czech and German Bohemians. Repeatedly, Scheu encountered respondents who either did not think they belonged to one of Bohemia's two nations, or who saw no problem with belonging to both.

Only recently have historians paid much attention to the kinds of indifference to national identification observed by Robert Scheu.² For a long time, such attitudes had remained largely illegible to scholars, thanks to the normative nationalist lens through which most of us viewed the history of Central and Eastern Europe. For Scheu and his contemporaries, the discovery of these attitudes posed no problem to their own belief that Bohemians belonged to distinctive, ethnically defined nations. They attributed them to ignorance born of rural backwardness. When they did comment on these non-national people, it was as “pre-modern people” whose internal nationalist feelings had yet to be awakened. A modern education system, service in a

national military, and greater involvement in the growing interregional economy would no doubt awaken national feelings in even the most isolated and ignorant individual. And indeed, the history of the next decades appeared to bear out this prediction, as nationalist differences became even more strongly etched in local society in Bohemia and throughout East Central Europe.

If we examine more closely what Scheu's respondents told him about their relationship to nationality, however, two related problems become immediately apparent with historians' approach to the history of national conflict in Habsburg Central Europe. The first problem is our too-ready conflation of language use with national self-identification. Should we necessarily categorize Czech speakers as Czech nationals or German speakers as German nationals? The second issue that Scheu's evidence can help us to elucidate more critically is the presumption that national identification or loyalty is somehow a fixed and ongoing quality in people.

Language Use = Nation?

SINCE THE EARLY NINETEENTH century both nationalist activists and historians in East Central Europe generally defined national communities in terms of language use.³ Older concepts of nationhood had rested on distinctions of class or privilege – the nobility represented

in the Hungarian diet, for example, had traditionally constituted the “Hungarian nation.” Differences in language use provided an easily recognizable form of difference that could be applied universally to larger populations. According to nationalist activists, the Habsburg dynasty ruled over several different slumbering nations. Not until a determined minority of “national awakeners” had come on the scene, aided by rising literacy rates and new mass media, did members of these various linguistic nations begin to awaken to their true identity. As they did, written and spoken language use increasingly became understood as identity markers rather than as a neutral characteristic.

The modernizing Habsburg state unwittingly did its own part to help produce this concept of community or nationhood, by ensuring that educational, administrative, and judicial practices took account of regional language use. Already in the 1750s the state saw the value in offering primary education in local vernacular languages. Quite separately from the rise of nationalist ideologies, language use in the Habsburg Monarchy gradually became linked to an emerging concept of citizenship. As the possibility of gaining primary education in the vernacular increasingly became viewed as a right of citizenship, more and more “language-activists” made broad political claims on the state regarding language use in other areas of administration. This creation of legal and administrative spaces, where the right to use different languages in public life was guaranteed, in turn helped to encourage a new concept of group identity based on shared language use. Thus this particular idea of nationhood based on language use was partially a product of the unique laws and administrative practices of the Habsburg Monarchy.

The definition of nationhood according to language use was not as commonsensical as one might today think. In the nineteenth century it often made for some strange bedfellows. After all, it implied that local German speakers from Bohemia in the West, for example, shared far more with German speakers hundreds of miles away in Eastern Bukovina than they did with their own neighbors who spoke Czech. The same logic claimed that Bohemian Czech speakers had more in common with far-off Slovaks in Hungary than they did with their German-speaking neighbors.⁴ The challenge to nationalist activism throughout the nineteenth century was to persuade

people to imagine their place in a larger national community whose boundaries transcended those of their rural villages or towns. People were willing to see language use as an issue of fairness in their town. They were less willing to imagine that this local question might have Empire-wide ramifications.

Making use of a dizzying variety of strategies, hundreds and later thousands of activists sought to bring the abstract idea of nationhood to literate people at every level of society, and to make it real for them. In the nineteenth century it was often historians, not surprisingly, who were at the forefront of this work, reorganizing essentially regional histories into nationalist narratives. Some, like Czech nationalist Frantisek Palacky, became important leaders in their political movements. (Ironically, through their work, these men managed to place the concept of nation outside of history by arguing that it had always been present since the very dawn of time.)

When they looked back to this earlier period of nationalization, historians in the twentieth century recognized the constructed nature of national communities and of nationalist claims. Many rejected the ahistoric claim that nations had always

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existed, awaiting their awakening in the modern world. But when it came to explaining just how nations had been constructed in the nineteenth century, historians often fell back on time-honored nationalist teleologies. When people “became national” in Bohemia, for example, it seemed a matter of common sense that those who spoke Czech had joined a Czech national community while those who spoke German had joined a German national community.

Much evidence – some of which Scheu himself unwittingly collected – demonstrates that factors other than language also determined which national community people joined.⁵ In his game-changing study of the German linguistic minority in Prague, for example, Gary Cohen theorized that it was the presence or absence of

neighborhood social networks in a given language that had determined which national community people of the lowest social classes joined. Cohen used Prague census data to trace changes in neighborhood language use over time, finding that where no social networks served German-speaking working-class migrants to the city, they soon adopted the Czech language and joined a Czech-national social life. Cohen’s study posed a challenge to the normative presumption that prior language use had determined later national commitment. And if factors other than language use influenced people’s choice to join a national community, then the rise of popular nationalism in Habsburg Central Europe was far more a consequence of contingency, or of individual efforts, than a reflection of the prior existence of nations. In other words, the nationalist, as historians increasingly argue today, preceded the nation.

Following the nationalist lead, when historians thought about language use they rarely treated it as a functional choice, preferring to see in it an identity choice. In other words, where evidence might have suggested that Bohemians’ language use depended on social or economic opportunity, historians read these choices more in nationalist terms. When Scheu and his contemporaries observed that some Bohemians were uncommitted to nationalism, or sought a bilingual education for their children, they interpreted this behavior as a rejection of modernity. Today, however, some historians argue that in fact the opposite was the case. Thanks to modernization – to new transport and communications infrastructure, and to greater literacy – some Bohemians believed that bilingualism made good economic sense, especially in a time of significant regional labor migration. Their hesitation to commit themselves to a single national community may ultimately have been a product of economic and social modernization rather than a sign of backwardness or ignorance.

Nationalist Feeling: Fixed or Situational?

BY THE 1890s, the rise of nationalist radicalism in politics had spilled over from the legislatures and courts of Austria-Hungary into the streets and public squares. The extent of such theatrical and public demonstrations led some contemporaries to fear for the very survival of the monarchy. How could a state encom-

passing so many quarreling nationalities continue to exist in this age of nationhood? It also led many later historians to consider the monarchy's collapse as inevitable. Here again our tendency to normalize a nationalist lens makes us equate specific political conflicts with popular feeling. Nationalist activists, we think, must have reflected the broadly based anger of their constituents. This view, however, renders some other important dynamics in the political culture of the monarchy invisible.

The first of these was the increasingly active role taken by the dynasty to promote the concept of a multilingual society, in which diverse cultural groups developed their own identities and all shared loyalty to the emperor.⁶ Nationalist political parties may have fought each other vigorously in parliament, in the provincial legislatures, or in town councils, but what is less well known is how they also competed

as a reflection of an ongoing popular commitment to national communities. Several local incidents of violence reported in the nationalist press around 1900 in Bohemia turn out, upon closer inspection, to have been protests against the early closing of a pub or anger based on rumors of harm done to others.

Following the recent lead of sociologist Rogers Brubaker, several scholars have begun investigating the particular historical situations that produced bursts of popular nationalist commitment, rather than investigating the nation itself as a source for such outbursts.⁷ According to this approach, the problem of violence is not due to the proximity of different national communities to each other, but rather to the ways in which people interpret their interests in specific situations. Some situations of nationalist conflict may be produced by people's perception of a direct

DEMONSTRATIONS DID NOT REFLECT THE EXISTENCE OF
A BROAD-BASED NATIONAL COMMUNITY BUT RATHER A MOMENT
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publicly to profess their loyalty to the dynasty. Nationalist movements certainly demanded changes to the balance of political power or even to the constitution, but they did not seek the state's destruction. The retrospective assertion after 1918, that nationalists had somehow sought to bring down the state, completely misreads nationalism's function and character in Austrian society. Yet another less-noticed dynamic of Habsburg political culture was the frequent ability of nationalist enemies to join together in political compromise behind closed doors for the benefit of both parties. Not every situation was open to such compromise, but many were.

And despite the powerful image of nationalist radicalism in the streets, we should nevertheless understand the performative and situational nature of this activism. Demonstrations created national community by mobilizing a crowd of people. Demonstrations did not reflect the existence of a broad-based national community but rather a moment in which such community was briefly forged. When demonstrations produced violent outcomes, the violence did not reflect the impossibility of coexistence among real national communities, but rather anger provoked by a particular situation. I am not even convinced that such violence should necessarily be read

threat to their personal interests or safety. In other situations, however, nationalist feeling may be completely irrelevant to the very same people. Using such a situational approach helps to explain why Robert Scheu encountered examples of indifference to nationhood in the summer of 1918 among a population that at other times had demonstrated strong nationalist commitments. The nation, according to this theory, is not a real or ongoing entity, but at best a situational community.

From Choice to Ascription: The Real Change After 1918

ONLY AFTER THE COLLAPSE of the Habsburg Monarchy, and its replacement with several self-styled nation states, did the nationalist versions of history I have outlined here become truly normative. Their most compelling claim to legitimacy in the 1920s rested on their assertion to speak for the totality of the people. Politicians, historians, nationalist activists, and of course negotiators at the Paris peace settlements of 1919 all claimed that nationhood constituted a deep expression of popular democratic longings. An international system based on democratic principles of self-determination, they argued, demanded the creation of nation

states. Even the defeated states (Germany, the new German-Austrian Republic, and the Kingdom of Hungary) argued for national self-determination in their efforts to revise the settlements. No one except for a handful of literary figures or purveyors of royalist nostalgia argued for a return to the a-national principles that had structured Imperial Austria.

The presumption that nationalist policy somehow reflected the will of the people privileged the group over the individual in legal and administrative practice. Thus, in a flurry of restrictive decrees, several states ascribed ethnic nationality to their inhabitants in ways that gave individuals no power to choose an ethnic or national identity for themselves. In Yugoslavia, for example, you could not claim minority status as a German unless your name was in fact German. In Czechoslovakia, you faced fines or a jail sentence if you claimed minority status on the census and officials believed that you were objectively a member of the Czech nation. Those people who might have rejected national identity or adopted several – as had some of Scheu's respondents in the summer of 1918 – were out of luck. Legally they could only belong to a single nation.

Still others suffered greater injustices. Many Austrian Jews from Galicia or Bukovina discovered after 1918 that no nation would accept their professions of membership, leaving them excluded altogether from the benefits of national state citizenship or minority protection. National self-determination left no space for individual self-determination. As Hannah Arendt pointed out many years later, the rush to frame individual rights in national terms after 1918 meant that those who found themselves without a nation could assert no credible claim to human rights.⁸

Conclusion

SINCE THE FALL OF communism, historians in many of the Habsburg successor states have not shaken off a vision of history based on narratives of distinctive nations throughout the centuries. If anything, their emergence from communism has produced an even more extreme nationalist historiography. These historians approach the Habsburg Empire emphasizing the separate histories and accomplishments of the particular nations they represent today, rather than the common political, administrative, and cultural institutions that together shaped

the experiences of citizens of the Empire in the period 1770–1918. Historical examples of cross-language cooperation, whether in daily life or in politics, remain denied, unexplored, or consigned to a category of exceptionalism.

When historians, journalists, and policy makers in the US and Europe fail to interrogate nationalists' easy claims to democratic and popular legitimacy, it produces policy that fails to comprehend the deeper dynamics of a situation. In the case of the former Yugoslavia, for example, we unintentionally validated many of the radicals' worst claims by supporting solutions – however reluctantly – that separated neighbors – all of whom spoke the same language – for their own good. In this context, extremist nationalist politicians on all sides succeeded in creating radicalized and highly situational national communities by creatively using all of the standard media tools at their disposal. In doing so, these leaders did not actually reflect or even embody the ongoing needs or desires of their national communities, as they claimed. Instead, they pieced together several fearful elements of twentieth-century history at a time of social

instability to construct those communities persuasively in new and more radical ways for their political ends.

In the twenty-first century the importance of nationalist politics, their emotional attractiveness, and even many peoples' commitment to them are undeniable. Yet should we still follow the lead of nationalists by narrating the history of this region on their terms? In the context of Habsburg Central Europe it is clear that once nations become the subject of a history, it becomes impossible to evaluate the influence of shared institutions and common cultural practices on the peoples of the region, in their own terms. A large part of the history of Habsburg Central Europe thus remains invisible to us. My own attempts to tell this story may end with a Europe divided among nations and nation states, but it will certainly not start there.

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¹ Robert Scheu, *Wanderungen durch Böhmen am Vorabend der Revolution* (Wien und Leipzig: Strache, 1919).

² Tara Zahra, "Imagined Non-Communities: National Indifference as a Category of Analysis" in *Slavic Review* 69/1 (Spring 2010), 93–119.

³ In some cases, as with Poles and Ruthenes (Ukrainians) in Galicia, or Croats and Serbs in the Balkans, religious practice defined the difference between alleged nations.

⁴ As Benedict Anderson noted in *Imagined Communities*, national belonging demands belief in the abstraction that one shares a bond with millions of people whom one may never meet or see during one's lifetime.

⁵ Gary B. Cohen, *The Politics of Ethnic Survival: Germans in Prague, 1861–1914* (Princeton, 1981).

⁶ See, for example, Daniel Unowsky, *The Pomp and Politics of Patriotism: Imperial Celebrations in Habsburg Austria, 1848–1916* (West Lafayette, IN: 2005); Judson, "L'Autriche-Hongrie: était-elle un Empire?," *Annales. Histoire, Sciences Sociales*, 63/3, (May–June 2008), 563–596.

⁷ Rogers Brubaker, *Ethnicity Without Groups* (Cambridge, MA: 2004).

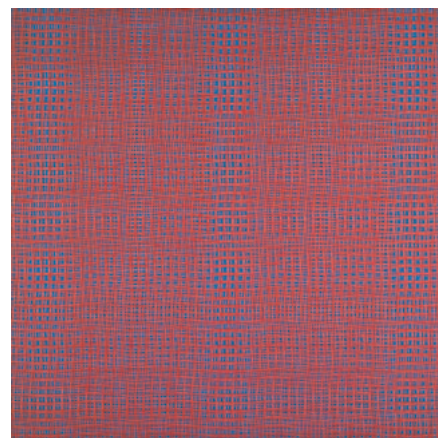
⁸ Hannah Arendt, *Origins of Totalitarianism* (New York, 1951).

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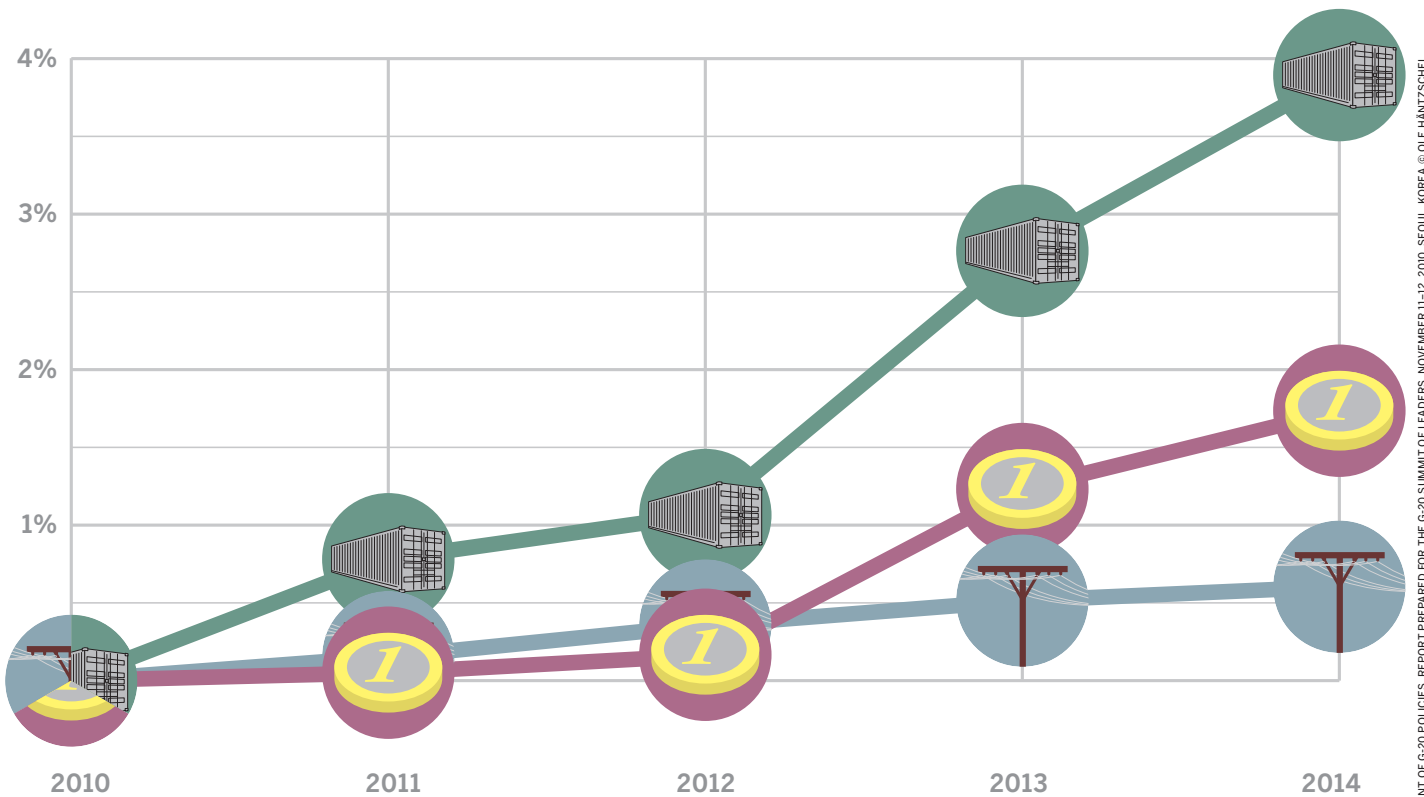
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By John Lipsky

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Cooperation can deliver higher growth

The graphic above demonstrates how a country acting cooperatively – rather than adopting policies without explicit consideration of what other countries are doing – achieves a better global outcome. Though the graphic above represents Germany, this finding also holds true for the United States, emerging Asian countries, and the Euro area, according to research conducted by the IMF in 2010.

THESE ARE HIGHLY UNCERTAIN times. While the global economy has bounced back solidly from the trough hit in 2009, the recovery remains uneven and subject to downside risks. Some countries – including many emerging economies in Asia and Latin America, as well as Germany – are doing well. But in many other countries, growth has not been strong enough to reduce unemployment rates significantly. More worryingly, downside risks to the outlook have increased – reflecting persistent fiscal and financial stresses in the European periphery, uncertain progress toward fiscal consolidation in Japan and the United States, and possible overheating in some emerging market economies.

Stepped-up policy actions are needed to keep the global recovery on track. Some countries are delaying reforms, however, reflecting understandable concerns about their possible impact on near-term growth. This is where economic policy cooperation can make an important contribution: when

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EVEN GREATER COOPERATION AND COORDINATION IN EUROPE WILL BE AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT IN OVERCOMING THE CURRENT SERIOUS THREATS TO THE REGION'S STABILITY AND PROGRESS.

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reforms are designed and implemented coherently, all countries can be better off.

This was demonstrated during the global financial crisis, when unprecedented international policy cooperation helped prevent a much deeper global recession. Policy cooperation is equally important today, as countries seek to secure global recovery and create conditions for strong, sustainable, and balanced growth. But as the recovery proceeds along different paths around the world, keeping policy adjustments coherent has become more difficult.

Thus, a key challenge in the post-crisis era is to sustain international policy cooperation. Europe has a great legacy of economic cooperation and coordination. The process of European integration – culminating in economic and monetary union among sovereign nations – is the greatest collaborative economic venture ever undertaken on the continent. And even greater cooperation and coordination in Europe will be an essential element in overcoming the current serious threats to the region's

stability and progress, and in completing the single market project.

The Global Economy – More Interconnected and More Complex

GROWING INTERLINKAGES AMONG economies have made the world more complex, and, by extension, have made policymaking more challenging. This complexity helps explain some of the key policy failures leading up to the recent crisis. But the interlinkages that give rise to greater complexity have also been the source of major policy successes, both before and after the crisis.

When we consider what went wrong before the crisis, we must include failures of command and control systems in both the private and public sectors. The inability to grasp the strength and breadth of macro-financial linkages was a major failing. Financial interconnections simply were not perceived clearly – nor did we understand their implications for the real economy. And what began as a crisis of subprime mortgage financing in one country helped to produce the deepest global recession since World War II.

But there have also been notable policy successes related to growing interlinkages. First, increasing interconnectedness – especially of trade and finance – has produced the strongest sustained period of global growth in world history, lifting hundreds of millions of people out of poverty. A second success is the remarkable increase in global policy cooperation that has taken place in the wake of the 2008–09 global financial crisis. When the world last faced such grave danger – during the Great Depression – countries acted in their perceived self-interest with beggar-thy-neighbor policies that in fact deepened the downturn. This time, countries acted together to tackle the crisis. And as a result, the downturn lasted only three quarters – from mid-2008 through the first quarter of 2009 – a remarkable result considering the severity of the threat.

New Policy Challenges

GLOBAL POLICYMAKERS FACE A new challenge – namely how to reestablish strong, sustained, and balanced growth. Currently, the global economy is growing at a fairly healthy clip. The IMF's quarterly update of the "World

Economic Outlook" in June anticipated global growth of about 4.5 percent both this year and next. (At the time this article went to print, this forecast was the most recent.) This average masks an uneven recovery across the world. While growth in the emerging economies is powering ahead robustly – and in some cases, verging on overheating – growth in many advanced economies is not fast enough to make up for the significant ground lost during the crisis.

Slow progress in closing the output gap means that unemployment remains stubbornly high in the advanced economies – with the notable exception of Germany, where employment is above pre-crisis levels. Slow job creation is especially worrisome for young people, for whom it is even harder to find a job. In the Middle East and North Africa, it is perhaps more obvious how high youth unemployment has contributed to great social tension. In other countries, youth unemployment may not be as high in absolute terms, but the risk of a "lost generation" of young people, forever marked by higher joblessness and lower incomes, cannot be ignored.

High public debt is another major challenge facing many advanced economies. The crisis led to an increase in debt-to-GDP ratios of 25 to 30 percentage points on average for this group. Most of this reflected the crisis, as it depressed tax revenues and required public support for financial sectors. But the long-term fiscal challenges reflect factors that predate the crisis, including demographic pressures and unsustainable social transfer programs. Thus, virtually every advanced economy faces a need for substantial fiscal adjustment.

Focusing specifically on the challenges in Europe, the overall recovery is broadly favorable – and the outlook for Germany – which the IMF expects to grow by 3 percent in 2011 – is considerably better than that. But serious challenges in the periphery – including severe competitiveness problems, very high debt levels, and fragile banking systems – threaten this outlook, including potentially even for Germany. If these challenges are not resolved, the spillovers to the eurozone could be severe. European financial institutions could suffer major financial losses from their exposures to the periphery countries. Eurozone growth could suffer from a downturn in demand from the crisis countries. And there could be even worse consequences, if instability in the periphery shakes consumer and investor confidence.

Strong policy actions by national authorities in the peripheral European countries clearly are essential to overcome these challenges. But these actions are unlikely to succeed without a truly cohesive approach involving all euro area stakeholders. With deeply intertwined fiscal and financial problems, failure to undertake decisive action could spread the tensions to the core of the euro area, and beyond. At the same time, moving ahead with the broader policy agenda – to secure stronger potential growth and establish a more resilient EMU – remains equally pressing.

Emerging economies face an entirely different set of policy challenges. Many of these countries either are near or already back at potential output. At the same time, real policy rates in almost every country are negative in real terms – meaning that monetary policies remain expansionary even though the need for monetary stimulus has passed. Easy liquidity has stoked credit growth, which remains elevated in almost every country – only in China is it slowing, albeit from very rapid rates.

These loose monetary conditions present a serious threat to one of the emerging economies' most impressive accomplish-

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ments – namely, bringing down inflation. Average CPI inflation in the emerging economies has declined tremendously since 1995, so that it is now in the 5–7 percent range. This dramatic policy achievement is an important reason why investment in emerging economies has become such an attractive proposition. Today, there is once again an uptick in energy and commodity prices. But current macroeconomic conditions are very different from the last boom in 2007–08 to today; these economies are close to, or even out of, excess capacity. Their fiscal and monetary policies are expansionary, and credit growth is very rapid. In other words, rising commodity prices is only one of several reasons that inflation is under upward pressure. And in addition to inflation rising, so too are inflationary expectations – an added challenge for policy makers.

Although the global economy has weathered the worst crisis since the Great Depression, it still faces serious headwinds in both advanced and emerging economies. It has also become clear that to overcome global challenges, we will need global solutions. The IMF and the G-20 play critical roles in making this possible.

Global Policy Cooperation through the IMF

THE GLOBAL FINANCIAL CRISIS holds many lessons for how the IMF can serve its members more effectively, and how it can better foster international policy cooperation. The institution has already moved forward in many ways in response to these lessons, including in four key areas: surveillance, financing instruments, resources, and governance.

Surveillance refers to the IMF's unique mandate to consult with its 187 member countries about their economic and financial policies, while ensuring that such policies are consistent with global economic and financial stability. There have been several important innovations since the crisis:

- The IMF introduced the “early warning exercise” – in cooperation with the Financial Stability Board – through which we have strengthened our monitoring of tail risks faced by the global economy.
- The IMF made the Financial Sector Assessment Program (FSAP) mandatory for twenty-five of its members with systemically important financial systems. Over the past year, the IMF conducted the first ever FSAP for the United States, China, and also Germany.
- The IMF has increased its focus on interlinkages among economies, and on how policies in one country can impact – or “spill over” – onto others. It is focusing in particular on the spillovers from the five most systemically important economies and economic regions in the world – China, Japan, the euro area, the United Kingdom, and the United States – and is presenting its analysis in a new series of spillover reports during the summer of 2011. For Germany, the IMF's analysis noted the importance of reforms that support strong domestic demand – both for delivering sustainable medium-term growth in Germany itself, and for contributing to a stronger European and global economy.

- The IMF is improving its understanding of macro-financial linkages. Failure to recognize the specifics of these linkages was one of the contributors to the crisis. It is also paying more attention to the quality of growth as it explores how the distribution of income and unemployment rates may affect macroeconomic stability.

There have also been important enhancements to the IMF's financing instruments. The IMF's financing programs have been streamlined, so that they focus on the core policies needed to reestablish growth and stability. And to address the need for insurance-like crisis prevention products, the IMF introduced the Flexible Credit Line and the Precautionary Credit Line, which provide large-scale liquidity at times of heightened financial stress to IMF members with strong policy track records. Another innovation is enhanced cooperation with regional financing arrangements. In Europe, the IMF has partnered with the EC and the ECB to provide financing for Greece, Ireland, and Portugal. The Fund is also looking forward to deepening its cooperation with the Chiang Mai Initiative in Asia.

The IMF is also exploring whether the global financial safety net needs to be strengthened further. During the crisis, short-term liquidity provision required a series of one-off actions by individual central banks. But will this model be sufficient to deal with future crises? It is worth considering whether a multilateral facility, perhaps with the IMF and central banks working together, is worth developing.

In the area of resources, the IMF's capacity to provide financial support has been boosted significantly. The membership agreed to double IMF quotas to about \$767 billion, and to expand the New Arrangements to Borrow, a facility that allows the IMF to draw additional funds from our members on relatively short notice. Since the crisis, the IMF has committed about \$330 billion to member countries facing financing pressures. The IMF also sold some of its gold holdings. While the proceeds ultimately will be used to help finance the IMF's operations, these resources currently are helping to provide additional subsidized support for our low-income country members.

The final key area of IMF reform is governance. Last year, member countries agreed to historic reforms that offer a greater voice for dynamic emerging market

economies, in line with their weight in the global economy. Once the latest round of reforms are in place, China, India, Brazil, and Russia will be among the IMF's top ten shareholders (along with the United States, Japan, and the four largest European economies). At the same time, the voice of the IMF's poorest members has been protected. These reforms help assuage doubts regarding the IMF's "legitimacy."

Global Policy Cooperation through the G-20

THERE HAVE ALSO BEEN significant enhancements to international policy cooperation under the auspices of the G-20, the grouping that brings together nineteen of the world's largest economies, plus the European Union. Past G-20 leaders' summits provide a useful outline to highlight the most important achievements up to the G-20 Summit in Cannes in November.

The first G-20 leaders' summit was held in Washington D.C. in November 2008, when fears were rising rapidly about the economic fallout of the financial crisis. G-20 leaders decided that a broader policy response was needed to deal with the crisis, and agreed on an action plan involving closer macroeconomic policy cooperation, as well as regulatory and other financial sector reforms.

The next summit took place in London in April 2009. By this time, concerns about the global economy had reached a crescendo. In the face of this threat, leaders decided that a global, cooperative solution was needed to overcome this global crisis. They agreed on a massive policy stimulus – fiscal and monetary – to shore up economic growth. They also agreed to provide the IMF with \$1 trillion in additional resources.

The next summit was held in Pittsburgh in September 2009, at a time when it was clear that the global economy was growing again. Leaders recognized that their unprecedented policy cooperation had played a major role in preventing a much deeper recession. The challenge facing global policymakers in Pittsburgh was how to sustain cooperation into the recovery phase. This was addressed in two ways. Leaders agreed that the G-20 would be the premier forum for international economic and financial policy cooperation. They also launched the Framework for Strong, Sustainable and Balanced Growth – which provided a blueprint for policy coopera-

tion in the recovery. And to underpin this framework, the G-20 launched the Mutual Assessment Process – or MAP – through which members would share their medium-term policy frameworks, and evaluate whether their policies are collectively consistent with sustainable and balanced global growth. The IMF was asked to provide analytical support for this effort.

At the Toronto summit in June 2010, global leaders considered the results of the first stage of the MAP. The key question was whether a better global outcome could be achieved if countries acted cooperatively – rather than adopting policies without explicit consideration of what other countries were doing. Analysis prepared

ARGUMENTS FOR POLICY COOPERATION NEED NOT BE BASED ON ONE COUNTRY MAKING A SACRIFICE FOR THE GLOBAL GOOD.

by the IMF (illustrated on page 34) showed that the answer was clearly affirmative – a cooperative alternative indeed provided a superior outcome. The point here is simple, yet powerful. Arguments for policy cooperation need not be based on one country making a sacrifice for the global good. Instead, it can be motivated by the premise that if countries act coherently, they can achieve an outcome that is better for everybody. In Toronto, G-20 leaders expressed their belief in this premise, and agreed to take the actions needed to achieve the upside scenario. They also agreed on the broad policy framework. Amongst the advanced economies, those with external surpluses need structural reforms. And those with external deficits need fiscal consolidation. Emerging surplus economies need to rebalance demand toward domestic sources. And emerging deficit economies need structural reform, and other demand management measures. Across the board, all countries need to repair and reform their financial systems.

The critical achievement of the November 2010 Seoul summit was that countries provided specific policy commitments for reaching the upside scenario. Leaders also decided to take the MAP to a new stage, and assess how excessive imbalances in member countries – whether internal or external – might contribute to global economic instability. The G-20 subsequently decided to focus their analysis on seven economies whose imbalances are considered particularly important in this regard.

For the G-20 summit in Cannes in November 2011 (which will have convened by this article's publication), the G-20's Framework Working Group will draw on a range of inputs – including IMF analysis – to assess whether the policy commitments made by the seven key countries and others are sufficient to reach the upside scenario. The G-20's recommendations will feed into a Cannes Action Plan. In some sense, this will be the acid test for policy cooperation under the auspices of the G-20: will countries take the steps needed to fulfill their commitments?

There is one additional aspect of this framework that is extremely important. For the first time, G-20 countries are commit-

ted to a specific mechanism that will support policy cooperation – over time. In other words, international policy cooperation has become a repeated game. Of course, this new framework won't solve all the world's economic problems quickly – nor is it intended to. Can it make a difference? The prospects are good. But political support will be essential for it to succeed.

Financial Sector Reform

FINANCIAL SECTOR REFORM clearly remains essential to secure the global recovery and achieve more sustainable growth going forward. Important developments so far include: the creation of the Financial Stability Board, the agreement on four pillars of financial sector reform, and the new focus on macro-prudential policies.

The Financial Stability Board (FSB) was created in April 2009 – at the behest of the G-20 – as the successor to the Financial Stability Forum. The FSB was given a broadened mandate to promote financial stability, and was also expanded to include all G-20 members. With greater legitimacy, the FSB can be a more effective agent in advancing financial sector reform.

The second important development is the FSB's agreement on four pillars of financial sector reform: regulation, supervision, resolution mechanisms for systemically important financial institutions (or SIFIs), and assessment of the implementation of new standards. This provides an important framework to guide

reform efforts at the national level, and also efforts to coordinate reforms across countries.

So far, the only pillar that has received substantial public attention is regulatory reform. There have been some notable achievements in this area – for example, the agreement on Basel III. But in the IMF’s assessment, weakness in supervision – the second pillar – was every bit as important as weakness in regulation in bringing

long time to reach international agreement on how to move forward in this area.

The fourth pillar – assessment of the implementation of new standards – is one where considerably more progress has been made already. As noted earlier, the FSAP has been made mandatory for the most systemically important economies from a global financial perspective. And the FSB already has a peer review process that will draw on the FSAPS.

TODAY, POLICYMAKERS NEED TO THINK ABOUT HOW THE GLOBAL ECONOMY AFFECTS THE STABILITY OF THE FINANCIAL SYSTEM – AND VICE VERSA – TO EFFECTIVELY SAFEGUARD FINANCIAL STABILITY.

about the financial crisis. Progress on strengthening this pillar has been much slower.

Turning to the third pillar, a clear lesson from the crisis is that resolution mechanisms are needed that are capable of dealing with institutions that are “too important to fail.” But how can important financial institutions operating in multiple jurisdictions be resolved? This is fiendishly complicated work, and it will likely take a

The final development is the recognition that macro-prudential policies are essential to increase the stability of the financial system. In a traditional form of financial regulation, the focus was on instruments and institutions. Today, policy makers need to think about how the global economy affects the stability of the financial system – and vice versa – to effectively safeguard financial stability. The new European Systemic Risk Board represents a key initiative in this area.

Concluding Thoughts

IT IS CLEAR THAT the global economy faces a very challenging moment. But it is also a moment of great opportunity, to strengthen economic policy cooperation and build a stronger global economy.

In Europe, integration since World War II has already been an incredible success. And in the wake of the global financial crisis, Europe has taken unprecedented steps towards strengthening fiscal discipline, underpinning the single financial market, bolstering competitiveness, and enhancing crisis resolution mechanisms. But for the euro area to live up to its full potential, there is still work ahead.

John Lipsky is the special advisor to the managing director of the International Monetary Fund. This article is derived from the Kurt Viermetz Lecture he delivered at the American Academy in Berlin, on June 20, 2011.



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THE JUDICIARY'S NEW ROBES

The evolution of international court power

By Karen J. Alter

THE INTERNATIONAL JUDICIARY has evolved since the end of the Cold War in ways that were once unimaginable. There are now twenty-six operational international courts, with appointed judges who render binding decisions in concrete cases involving states, individuals, and international institutions. These courts have issued over 27,000 legal rulings, 88 percent of which have occurred since the end of the Cold War.

These changes help explain why international courts are increasingly in the headlines. In the past few years, international courts have summoned Radavan Karadic, Ratko Mladic, and Charles Taylor to the Hague for war crimes trials; ruled that crucifixes in the classroom were compatible with the European Convention on Human Rights; ruled that Ireland's strict anti-abortion laws failed to respect the health rights of pregnant women facing

WHERE AND WHEN ARE
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life-threatening illnesses; found that the European Union gave illegal low-interest loans to Airbus; declared free basic education to be a human right; ruled that Niger had not done enough to protect the rights of slaves; and found that the process through which the UN identified supporters of terrorism lacked sufficient protections for targeted individuals. How did international judges gain the power to issue such far-reaching decisions? Where and when are international judges able to issue important rulings and affect domestic and international politics?

Europe's Unintended Consequences of Delegating Authority to International Courts

FEW PEOPLE REALIZE JUST how much the current trends in creating and using international courts (ICs) dates back to what happened in post-war Europe. A key point to remember is that Europe's initial international legal experiments were rather a disappointment, and that it required decades for Europe's current international courts to become what they are now.

Immediately after World War II, a group of elites who had opposed Nazi rule assumed high political office in post-war governments. This group, which helped to prosecute war criminals, and which participated in the drafting of the charters for United Nations, the Council of Europe, and the European Coal and Steel Community, wanted to use international legal and political institutions to temper nationalist and authoritarian impulses.

But as the Cold War set in, a different set of politicians became powerful. These new governments bargained hard, leading to changes in Europe's human rights system and its coal and steel community. They also terminated the lustration of collaborators and efforts to dismantle cartels, so as to focus on rebuilding European democracies, and demanded national controls, limiting the actual influence of the new international judicial institutions. Meanwhile, the initial advocates that created the early drafts of the new international legal order ended up in academia and in high judicial office.

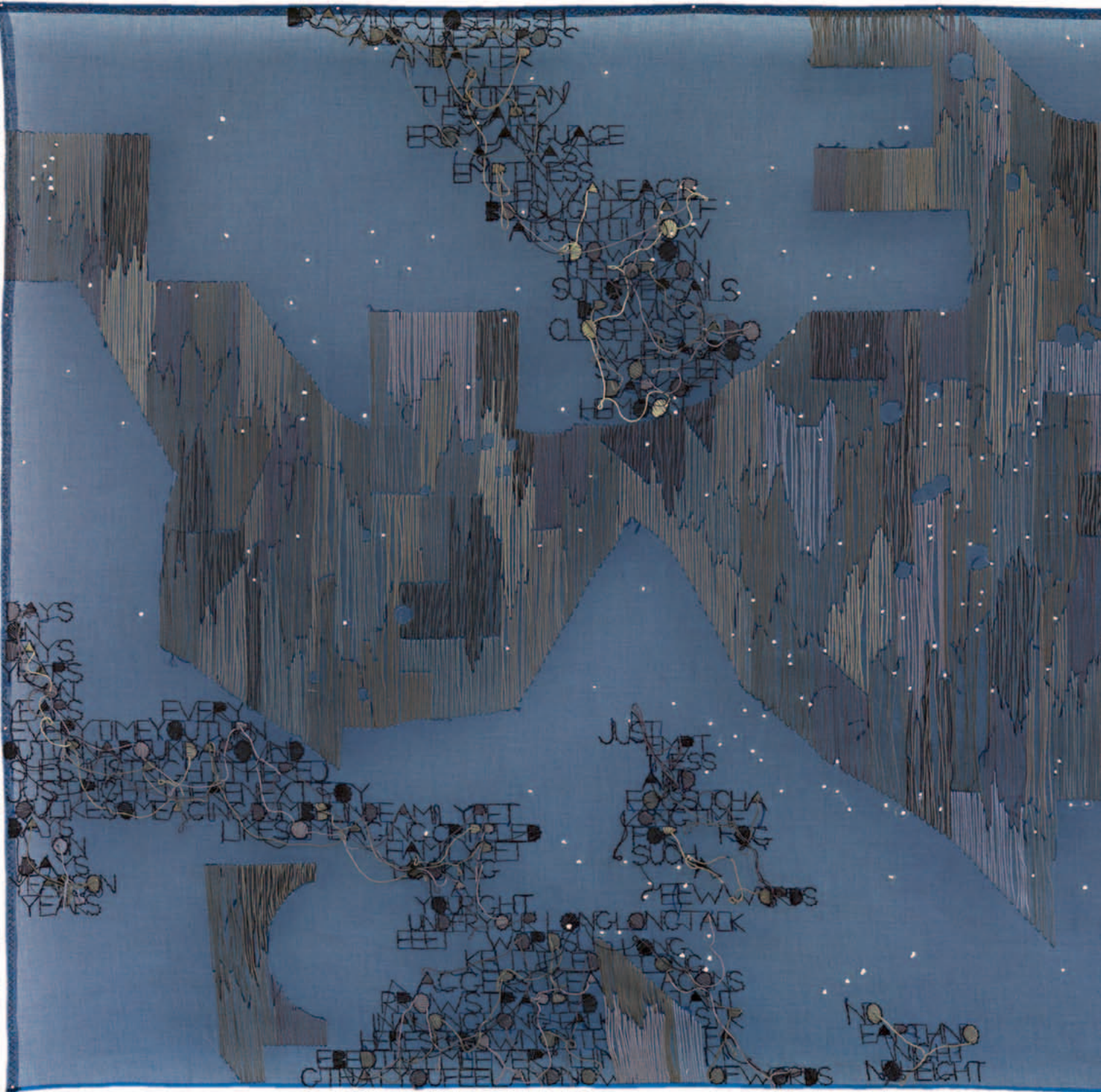
The Council of Europe's Human Rights system, launched in 1950 by the Council's ten founding member states, was a meaningful step forward, especially in comparison to the UN human rights system. All

members consented to let the European Commission on Human Rights investigate serious human rights violations. But sovereignty concerns interceded to limit oversight of governments' human rights policies. Governments could choose whether or not private actors would be allowed to bring human rights violations to the attention of the European Human Rights Commission. Initially, consent to the jurisdiction of the European Court of Human Rights (ECtHR) was optional, prompting only Sweden, Ireland, Denmark, Iceland, Germany, and Belgium to accept the court's compulsory jurisdiction. Only Sweden, Ireland, and Denmark accepted the right of individual

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petition. Moreover, a number of these acceptances were provisional, made for only a few years at a time. The Commission on Human Rights hoped to convince key European countries that the human rights system would not be unduly intrusive, thus it proceeded with great caution. Between 1954 and 1961, the European Human Rights Commission declared less than one half of one percent of the 1307 applications filed admissible. The Court was finally created in 1958, after enough state ratifications were in hand. In its first ten years of operation, even fairly serious human rights violations did not reach the Court, with the result that the ECtHR issued only seven rulings by 1968.

The European Coal and Steel Community, launched in 1952 by the founding six member states, was meant to be the first step towards a larger project of



JESSICA RANKIN, *DARK STAR* (2009), EMBROIDERY ON ORGANDY, 113 X 187 CM

rebuilding and integrating European polities and markets. The next steps, however, were derailed when the French Assembly defeated the plan for a European Defense Community, which was supposed to be the second pillar of a European Political Community. The treaty's defeat led to a scaling back of European integration hopes, resulting in a rump European Economic Community (EEC). Integration enthusiasts then watched in further dismay as

French President De Gaulle assumed office in 1959 and led a successful full-on assault on the supranational elements of the EEC, culminating in the arguably illegal "Luxembourg compromise," where the treaty-mandated switch to qualified majority voting was derailed by political agreement. De Gaulle's success in stopping the momentum towards European integration led activists to turn to a legal strategy to promote European integration. With so

few countries accepting the authority of the European Court of Human Rights, the European Court of Justice (ECJ) became the focus of their legal activities.

Beginning in the 1960s, the ECJ built for itself an amazing and unexpected legal and political authority through what can only be called a *coup de loi*. In 1962, a lower level Dutch court asked the ECJ if European law created direct effects within national legal orders. In essence, the Dutch court



the law in question did not conflict with European Community Law. These ECJ rulings initiated a legal revolution that has reverberated around the world.

We used to think that the ECJ's willingness and ability to successfully build a broad authority for itself was simply a strange, probably unique, fairy tale. The ECJ's only power was its ability to say that a member state had failed to fulfill its legal obligation under the Treaty of Rome. European judges and governments,

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however, increasingly behaved as if the ECJ were ensconced in elaborate robes of authority. The success of the ECJ's legal revolution unwittingly created a model of an embedded approach to international law enforcement, where international rules are part of a national legal system, and national judges work with supranational judges to ensure that governments respect law that is both national and international in nature. This embedded approach to international law enforcement has spread around the world. Increasingly, international treaties require governments to create domestic enforcement mechanisms. Where international courts also exist, domestic enforcement operates in the shadow of international courts. While domestic actors are not required to do what the international legal body says, litigants and non-government actors can access both domestic and international levels in coordinated strategies aimed at pressuring for greater law compliance.

The Cold War contributed to the strengthening of existing ICs and the global spread of ICs that follow the European embedded approach to international law. There are now five international courts with human rights authority, located in Europe, Latin America, and Africa; and sixteen regionally based ICs with jurisdiction to help enforce economic agreements. Two regional economic courts follow the WTO model of creating permanent appeals bodies with compulsory jurisdiction, with only states allowed to initiate litigation. Fourteen regional judicial systems follow the ECJ model; they allow supranational

wanted to know if the founding treaty of the European Economic Community, the Treaty of Rome, created legal obligations that private actors could invoke in front of national courts. Then, in 1964, an Italian small claims court judge referred a case involving a three dollar electricity bill to the ECJ, asking whether the Italian nationalization of their electricity industry violated European Community Law. If it wasn't already abundantly clear that Italy would

never concede that EEC membership meant that it could no longer nationalize essential industries, the Italian Constitutional Court made it so. The Italian court ruled first, finding no question of European law and asserting that, in any event, European law must bend to Italian law. The ECJ responded with what Americans would call a "Marbury v. Madison" ruling. The ECJ asserted that European law takes precedence over *all* conflicting national law, but

International Court (year created)	Binding Rulings through 2009
ECJ (1952)	13,377
ECtHR (1958)	10,659
Andean Tribunal of Justice (1984)	1,786
Organization for the Harmonization of Business Law in Africa (OHADA) (1997)	358
WTO System (1994)	240
Inter-American Court of Human Rights (IACtHR) (1979)	193
Benelux Court (1974)	139
International Court of Justice (ICJ) (1946)	130
Economic Court for the Commonwealth of Independent States (ECCIS) (1992)	100

bodies to monitor state compliance and sometimes raise noncompliance cases in front of the court, and/or they allow individuals to raise cases in national courts, which can then be referred to the supranational court. ECJ emulators also generally incorporate the ECJ's legal revolution; they make international rules directly applicable within national legal orders, and IC rulings domestically binding and supreme to national law. And there are three international criminal courts, plus hybrid national-international criminal bod-

and their governments as much the post-war Europeans distrusted themselves and their newly democratic governments. These people crave an international legal authority to oversee state compliance with international norms. With the tacit support of local populations and governments, advocates dedicate significant energy to the cause of building more effective regional legal systems.

Governments in Africa and Latin America tolerate the growing international judiciary because they would prefer to deal

TODAY THERE ARE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD WHO DISTRUST THEMSELVES AND THEIR GOVERNMENTS AS MUCH AS THE POST-WAR EUROPEANS DISTRUSTED THEMSELVES AND THEIR NEWLY DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENTS.

ies for Sierra Leone, Timor, and Cambodia. These criminal tribunals follow the model of the International Criminal Court for Yugoslavia, a new and improved version of the Nuremburg trials. International prosecutors pursue the crimes of all parties to the dispute, leading to guilty verdicts that can include long prison terms. National judiciaries can also conduct their own trials, and doing so will stave off international and foreign prosecutions.

European governments did not set out to become global exporters of their international legal model. The governments whose assent led to the creation of the ECJ and the ECtHR probably didn't even really set out to create effective supranational courts for themselves. But European citizens have supported international courts asserting their authority in Europe and beyond. And the European model has spread for many reasons. Today there are millions of people around the world who distrust themselves

with their human rights, war crimes, and economic disagreements closer to home, rather than let judges in Europe and the US adjudicate their actions. Europe's supranational courts provide a model and an inspiration for the many lawyers who want to follow Europe's experience. Foreign ministries and foundations throughout Europe support fledgling ICs with funds and expertise. And new generations of lawyers from developing countries study European and American legal practices and bring the lessons home.

How Do You Bottle International Judicial Success?

EUROPEAN LEADERS ARE HAPPY TO advise and support any effort to copy their models of international judicial oversight. But we have long known that transplanted institutions fail to take root as often, if not more often, as they succeed.

What is the key to success for international courts?

At first we thought that certain ICs were designed for success. This belief came in part from the observation that ECJ's political power was an artifact of the ECJ's *coup de loi*, and with it a switch from reliance on supranational and state-to-state legal enforcement to allowing private actors to pursue cases in national courts. The sense that we can design ourselves into effective international legal orders, however, has been tempered by the realization that similar IC designs in different contexts do not have the same effect.

Later, some reasoned that the key was the spread of liberal democracy. Delegation to ICs, in this view, represents a pact between the people and their governments. Domestic judges stand in the middle, forming a transnational community committed to the rule of law. The problem, we now find, is that domestic judges often lack not only the power, but also the desire to elevate international legal obligations within national legal orders. While liberal democracy and favorable IC designs surely facilitate the emergence of an international rule of law, neither seem sufficient for there to be influential international legal systems.

My research first surveys the universe of ICs, and then focuses on ICs that seem to be building legal and political authority. The level of IC activity provides one clue that ICs are becoming politically important. We may not know if IC rulings are being respected, but the fact that lawyers bother to raise cases suggests that there is some value in having an international legal ruling. The most active ICs are listed in the table above. I count only binding legal rulings, excluding cases involving staff and advisory rulings. Of course these ICs vary immensely in terms of the year they became operational (in parentheses), the number of member states, and the legal subject matter they oversee. This variation only makes the relatively few rulings issued by the much older ECJ, and the geographically expansive WTO system, all the more surprising.

Another metric to gauge IC authority is to take what I call an evolutionary approach, recognizing that in Europe it took a long time for the ECJ and ECtHR to build their legal authority and political influence. I compared litigation data by each court, taking as year one the first year a legal ruling was issued.

This evolutionary approach brought a different set of ICs to attention. When I compared litigation data by economic courts, the Andean system and the Organization for the Harmonization of Business Law in Africa appeared to be on par with the ECJ in terms of building a litigation constituency. When I compared litigation activity in human rights courts, the Inter-American Court of Human Rights has more activity compared to the ECtHR when the European system had a commission as a gatekeeper. And the court for the Economic Community of West African States is almost at the Inter-American Court's level of activity after just a few short years with a human rights jurisdiction. This data mainly tells me where I need look further. I have conducted fieldwork to learn the origin and impact of courts in the Andean Community, European Union, ECOWAS, OHADA and Mercosur systems. What follows are my preliminary conclusions from this research.

TO BRING A CASE TO AN IC is a leap of faith. After all, an IC only has the power to declare what the law means. It has no way to compel anyone to listen to what it says. For this leap of faith to work, the litigant must believe that IC judges will faithfully apply the law, even if it means ruling against powerful governments that may have no intention of adhering to the ruling. The IC must believe that ruling against a government will not backfire, meaning that such a ruling will not greatly diminish the IC's reputation or provoke a political attack that cripples the future of the legal system. What facilitates such leaps of faith is the larger legal complex, the community of judges, government officials,

First, actors affected by state noncompliance must have access to the IC. Second, there must be a minimal domestic rule of law culture, meaning a minimal domestic judicial capacity and an expectation that governments, like the rest of us, should adhere to the law. These conditions make it more likely that ICs will be presented with important cases on which to rule. Third, international judges are more likely to respond favorably to litigant requests when they are being asked to do something that clearly lies within their formal mandate and the letter of the law. Fourth, IC rulings need to be combined with a political strategy that creates cost for non-compliance, which requires that a broad set of actors both inside and outside of the state actually prefer that the law be followed. Note what is *not* a precondition, namely overt government support for the IC or the law in question. Indeed, the government's lack of support is probably what gives rise to the legal case in the first place.

These conditions suggest that legal mobilization of a larger constituency of support is the key to IC success. Where ICs have energized the larger legal complex (or visa versa), litigants will seek out test cases, law professors will be friendly critics who help international judges craft sound rulings, and the legal and advocacy community will be public relations agents trumpeting the validity of the IC ruling. What ICs add is their legal authority, and a clear declaration of what adherence to the law requires. The IC ruling helps to build a broader constituency of support by uniting those actors whose policy preference coincides with what the law requires, and those actors both inside and outside of the state who support the larger system of rules

es the government of the day. Compliance may occur because actors within the state – judges, administrators, lower level government officials – see the IC ruling as authoritative and change their behavior. Or, opponents of existing practices may seize on the ruling, mobilizing political support to change the contested policy. Or the IC ruling will simply outlast the government in power, waiting patiently for the day when new political leadership seeks to demonstrate a break from the past by turning over indicted war criminals or complying with an IC ruling.

International Courts and Domestic Democracy

INTERNATIONAL COURTS OFFER A new twist in the story of how factions can lock in political agendas and how courts can be agents of change. International legal lock-in is especially constraining because states are unable to unilaterally change international legal rules, and withdrawing entirely from international institutions can bring very large costs. Connecting domestic economic rules to international treaties is attractive to business, which likes legal certainty and market access. Locking in human rights and war crimes laws is attractive to pro-democracy movements and human rights advocates. The point of lock-in is to constrain future governments. Delegating interpretive authority to ICs enhances the law's constraining force by identifying legal boundaries and introducing the prospect of litigation when governments stray from what the law demands. Perhaps less intended is the reality that ICs can also be agents of change. Litigants can bring cases that allow ICs to reinterpret or fill in law on the books. If IC rulings mobilize domestic support, as occurred in Europe, both domestic and international policy can evolve in unintended ways.

One might ask whether the reality that IC rulings can limit political choice is fundamentally undermining of democracy. IC's authority could be problematic if political minorities gain disproportionate influence via international alliances. But the tipping point argument suggests that this does not really happen. It is not enough for the litigants to want something. The tipping point dynamic works by connecting litigant demands to IC rulings and to a larger compliance constituency. ICs create costs for noncompliance, and they

TO BRING A CASE TO AN INTERNATIONAL COURT IS A LEAP OF FAITH. AFTER ALL, AN INTERNATIONAL COURT ONLY HAS THE POWER TO DECLARE WHAT THE LAW MEANS. IT HAS NO WAY TO COMPEL ANYONE TO LISTEN TO WHAT IT SAYS.

professors, and lawyers, whose faith in the rule of law gets expressed in multiple ways both inside and outside of court. When the legal complex surrounding an IC has key voices within society, who will insist that the naked emperor is indeed cloaked in a beautiful gown of authority, both litigants and IC judges will undertake a leap of faith.

There are four preconditions for such leaps, which pertain to the design of the IC and the political context within states.

or the rule of law in general. In building a broader coalition of support, and providing something concrete for this coalition to demand, the IC can tip the political balance in the favor of those actors who prefer to see the law followed, for whatever reason.

When these background conditions exist, time is on the side of the IC. The national government might still prefer to ignore the IC ruling. But compliance will not depend on whether or not the IC pleas-

can help to frame minority perspectives in universal terms that garner broader support. But ICs cannot impose their own legal solutions absent the support of domestic interlocutors.

International judges, like all political actors, must make a political calculation about the power and potential of certain interlocutors. And they must take into account the counter forces that want the

ments. International human rights law and international humanitarian law are especially likely to connect with widespread sentiments that may be voiced by few but shared by many.

Less clear is what ICs should do when the law pushes in a direction that powerful domestic interests do not like, or when international law disrupts domestic constitutional balances. Of course, states

national values. Because states care about being seen as law-abiding actors, legal interpretation is able to shape how governments conceive of their interests and their options.

THIS ARTICLE HAS SUGGESTED that the advent of powerful international courts, capable of rulings on state respect for international law in areas as diverse as economic law, human rights law, and war crimes, has its origins in the early post-war international legal experiments in Europe. The new international courts of today are surely not as influential as Europe's supranational courts, but I have suggested that it is a mistake to expect them to be. We should remember that both the ECJ and ECtHR started out as weak political institutions, and today's new ICs resemble Europe's ICs of the 1960s and 1970s. The lesson from Europe, therefore, is that ICs should build political authority by generating support within national communities of lawyers, judges, scholars, and civil servants. This may first require that an entire generation of senior judges and law professors retire, and that young law

LESS CLEAR IS WHAT INTERNATIONAL COURTS SHOULD DO WHEN THE LAW PUSHES IN A DIRECTION THAT POWERFUL DOMESTIC INTERESTS DO NOT LIKE, OR WHEN INTERNATIONAL LAW DISRUPTS DOMESTIC CONSTITUTIONAL BALANCES.

opposite interpretation. We thus need more specific conjectures about how ICs make these calculations and influence outcomes. It seems reasonable to presume that the more a government is out of sync with its domestic constituents, the easier it is for an IC to figure out what it should do – it should help domestic allies achieve widely shared values or help governments resist the pressure of domestic actors who want to deviate from international legal agree-

can withdraw from international treaties, which would be both a democratic choice and legally legitimate. But there are other pathways forward. As the tipping point argument suggests, international legal interpretation is a collaborative enterprise. There is more flexibility in international law than many presume, and domestic actors are able to influence IC decision-making and ensure that international rules do not undermine cherished

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students schooled in the validity and desirability of international law rise to positions of legal and political power.

I have equated the construction of international legal authority with Hans Christian Anderson's tale of the emperor's new robes, which is admittedly a bit unfair. It is undoubtedly true that the only power judges have is their formal power to state what the law means for a given case. In this sense, judicial authority exists to the extent that onlookers believe that judges are cloaked in robes of authority. But the rule of law is not a vain emperor's conceit; it is a cherished and, at times, elusive objective of people who prefer a rule of law to a tyrannical rule by law. In this respect, the rule of law is democratic to its core.

ICs alter the political equation of what it means to be a law-abiding government. Machiavelli once advised even self-absorbed and somewhat evil princes to at least appear to be what the people want. It is easy to appear lawful when a government controls law making, law interpretation, and law enforcement. ICs, as legally authoritative actors outside of the state, undermine a government's ability to

assert the legality of its actions. The ability of diverse actors to seize ICs, the ability of ICs to redefine the meaning of the law through their rulings, and the fact that IC rulings can mobilize coalitions of actors who favor implementing an IC ruling, all serve as checks on a government's law-implementation powers. Of course, international judges are not all powerful actors; indeed, they are highly dependent on their

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domestic interlocutors. But the set of IC interlocutors is often different from the small community of domestic and foreign policy-makers, and the modes of influencing legal interpretation are different from the political policy-making process. While I would not want international judges dictating foreign or domestic policy, I believe the reasoned and deliberative process that

a well-constructed rule of law creates is a healthy addition to international politics, and one that is unlikely to reverse itself.

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CAPITALIST CALLING

The American genesis of Weber's *Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*

By Niall Ferguson



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IF YOU WERE A wealthy industrialist living in Europe in the late nineteenth century, there was a disproportionate chance that you were a Protestant. Since the Reformation, which had led many northern European states to break away from the Roman Catholic Church, there had been a shift of economic power away from Catholic countries like Austria, France, Italy, Portugal, and Spain; and towards Protestant countries such as England, Holland, Prussia, Saxony, and Scotland. It seemed as if the forms of faith and ways of worship were in some way correlated with people's economic fortunes. The question was: What was different about Protestantism? What was it about the teaching of Luther and his successors that encouraged people not just to work hard but also to accumulate capital?

The man who came up with the most influential answer to these questions was a depressive German professor named Max Weber – the father of modern sociology and the author who coined the phrase “the Protestant ethic.” Weber was a precocious youth. Growing up in Erfurt, one of the strongholds of the German Reformation, the thirteen-year-old Weber gave his parents as a Christmas present an essay entitled “About the Course of German History, with Special Reference to the Positions of the Emperor and the Pope.” At the age of fourteen, he was writing letters studded with references to classical authors from Cicero to Virgil and already had an extensive knowledge of the philosophy of, among others, Kant and Spinoza. His early academic career was one triumph after another: at the age of twenty-two he was already a qualified barrister. Within three years he had a doctorate for a thesis on “The History of Medieval Business Organizations,” and

THE QUESTION WAS: WHAT WAS DIFFERENT ABOUT PROTESTANTISM?

at twenty-seven his *Habilitation* on “Roman Agrarian History and its Significance for Private Law” secured him a lectureship at the University of Berlin. He was appointed professor of economics at Freiburg at the age of thirty, winning fame and notoriety for his inaugural lecture, which called for a more ambitious German imperialism.

This arc of academic ascent was painfully interrupted in 1897, when Weber suffered a paralyzing nervous breakdown, precipitated by the death of his father, fol-

lowing a bitter row between them. In 1899 he felt obliged to resign his academic post. He spent three years recuperating, in the course of which he became increasingly preoccupied with religion and its relationship to economic life. His parents had both been Protestants; indeed, his maternal grandfather was a devout Calvinist, while his other grandfather was a successful linen merchant. His mother was a true Calvinist in her asceticism; his father, by contrast, was a *bon vivant*, living life to the full, thanks to an inherited fortune. The link between religious and economic life was the puzzle at the heart of Weber's own existence. Which of his parents had the right attitude to worldly wealth?

Until the Reformation, Christian religious devotion had been seen as something distinct from the material affairs of the world. Lending money at interest was a sin. Rich men were less likely than the poor to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Rewards for a pious life lay in the afterlife. All that had changed after the 1520s, at least in the countries that embraced the Reformation. Reflecting on his own experience, Weber began to wonder what it was about the Reformation that had made the north of Europe more friendly towards capitalism than the south. It took a transatlantic trip to provide the answer.

IN 1904 WEBER TRAVELLED to Saint Louis, Missouri, to attend the Congress of Arts and Sciences at the World Fair. The park where the World Fair was held covered more than two hundred acres and yet still seemed to overflow with everything that American capitalism had to offer. Weber was dazzled by the shining lights of the Palace of Electricity. The Direct Current King, Thomas Edison himself, was on hand, the personification of American entrepreneurship. Saint Louis was brimming with marvels of modern technology, from telephones to motion pictures. What could possibly explain the dynamism of this society, which made even industrial Germany seem staid and slow moving?

Almost manically restless, Weber rushed around the United States in search of an answer. A caricature of the absent-minded German professor, he made a lasting impression on his American cousins Lola and Maggie Fallenstein, who were especially struck by his rather bizarre outfit, a checked brown suit with plus-fours and brown kneesocks. But that was nothing compared with the impression America

made on Weber. Travelling by train from Saint Louis to Oklahoma, passing through small Missouri towns like Bourbon and Cuba, Weber finally got it:

This kind of place is really an incredible thing: tent camps of the workers, especially section hands for the numerous railroads under construction; “streets” in a natural state, usually doused with petroleum twice each summer to prevent dust, and smelling accordingly; wooden churches of at least 4–5 denominations. . . . Add to this the usual tangle of telegraph and telephone wires, and electrical trainlines under construction, for the “town” extends into the unbounded distance.

The little town of Saint James, about one hundred miles west of Saint Louis, is typical of the thousands of new settlements that sprang up along the railroads as they spread westwards across America. When Weber passed through it a hundred years ago, he was amazed at the town's huge number of churches and chapels of every stripe. With the industrial extravaganza of the World Fair still fresh in his memory, he began to discern a kind of holy alliance between America's material success and its vibrant religious life.

When Weber returned to his study in Heidelberg, he wrote the second part of his seminal two-part essay, “The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism.” It contains one of the most influential of all arguments about Western civilization: that its economic dynamism was an unintended consequence of the Protestant Reformation. Whereas other religions associated holiness with the renunciation of worldly things – monks in cloisters, hermits in caves – the Protestant sects saw industry and thrift as expressions of a new kind of hardworking godliness. The capitalist “calling” was, in other words, religious in origin: “To attain . . . self-confidence [in one's membership of the Elect] intense worldly activity is recommended. . . . [Thus] Christian asceticism . . . strode into the market-place of life.” “Tireless labor,” as Weber called it, was the surest sign that you belonged to the Elect, that select band of people predestined by God for salvation. Protestantism, he argued, “has the effect of liberating the *acquisition of wealth* from the inhibitions of traditionalist ethics; it breaks the fetters on the striving for gain not only by legalizing it, but . . . by seeing it

as directly willed by God.” The Protestant ethic, moreover, provided the capitalist with “sober, conscientious, and unusually capable workers, who were devoted to work as the divinely willed purpose of life.” For most of history, men had worked to live. But the Protestants lived to work. It was this work ethic, Weber argued, that gave birth to modern capitalism, which he defined as “sober, bourgeois capitalism with its rational organization of free labor.”

Weber’s thesis is not without its problems. He saw “rational conduct on the basis of the idea of the calling” as “one of the fundamental elements of the spirit of modern capitalism.” But elsewhere he acknowledged the irrational character of “Christian asceticism”: “The ideal type of the capitalistic entrepreneur . . . gets nothing out of his wealth for himself, except the irrational sense of having done his job well;” he “exists for the sake of his business, instead of the reverse,” which “from the view-point of personal happiness” was once again “irrational.” Even more problematic was Weber’s scathing sideswipe at the Jews, who posed the most obvious exception to his argument. “The Jews,” according to Weber, “stood on the side of the politically and speculatively oriented adventurous capitalism; their ethos was . . . that of pariah-capitalism. Only Puritanism carried the ethos of the rational organization of capital and labor.” Weber was also mysteriously blind to the success of Catholic entrepreneurs in France, Belgium, and elsewhere. Indeed, his handling of evidence is one of the more glaring defects of his essay. The words of Martin Luther and the Westminster Confession sit uneasily alongside quotations from Benjamin Franklin and some distinctly unsatisfactory data from the German state of Baden about Protestant and Catholic educational attainment and income.

Later scholars, notably the Fabian economic historian R.H. Tawney, have tended to cast doubt on Weber’s underlying argument that the direction of causation ran from religious doctrine to economic behavior. On the contrary, many of the first steps towards a spirit of capitalism were taken before the Reformation, in the towns of Lombardy and Flanders, while many leading reformers expressed distinctly anti-capitalist views. At least one major empirical study of 276 German cities between 1300 and 1900 found “no effects of Protestantism on economic growth,” at least as measured by the growth of city size.

Some cross-country studies have arrived at similar conclusions.

Nevertheless, there are reasons to think that Weber was on to something, even if he was right for the wrong reasons. There was indeed, as he assumed, a clear tendency after the Reformation for Protestant countries in Europe to grow faster than Catholic ones, so that by 1700 the former had clearly overtaken the latter in terms of per-capita income, and by 1940 people in Catholic countries were on average 40 percent worse off than people in Protestant countries. Protestant former colonies have also fared better economically than Catholic ones since the 1950s, even if religion is not a sufficient explanation for that difference. Because of the central importance in Luther’s thought of individual reading of the Bible, Protestantism encouraged

WEBER’S THESIS IS NOT WITHOUT ITS PROBLEMS.

literacy, not to mention printing, and these two things unquestionably encouraged economic development (the accumulation of “human capital”) as well as scientific study. This proposition holds good not just for countries such as Scotland, where spending on education, school enrollment and literacy rates were exceptionally high, but for the Protestant world as a whole.

Wherever Protestant missionaries went, they promoted literacy, with measurable long-term benefits to the societies they sought to educate; the same cannot be said of Catholic missionaries throughout the period from the Counter-Reformation to the reforms of the Second Vatican Council (1962–65). It was the Protestant missionaries who were responsible for the fact that school enrollments in British colonies were, on average, four to five times higher than in other countries’ colonies. In 1941 over 55 percent of people in what is now Kerala were literate, a higher proportion than in any other region of India, four times higher than the Indian average, and comparable with the rates in poorer European countries like Portugal. This was because Protestant missionaries were more active in Kerala, drawn by its ancient Christian community, than anywhere else in India. Where Protestant missionaries were not present (for example, in Muslim regions or protectorates like Bhutan, Nepal and Sikkim), people in British colonies were not measurably better educated. The level

of Protestant missionary activity has also proved to be a very good predictor of post-independence economic performance and political stability.

Recent surveys of attitudes show that Protestants have unusually high levels of mutual trust, an important precondition for the development of efficient credit networks. More generally, religious belief (as opposed to formal observance) of any sort appears to be associated with economic growth, particularly where concepts of heaven and hell provide incentives for good behavior in this world. This tends to mean not only hard work and mutual trust but also thrift, honesty, and openness to strangers, all economically beneficial traits.

Religions matter. The “stability ethic” of Confucianism played a part in imperial China’s failure to develop the kind of competitive institutional framework that promoted innovation in Western Europe – even if China was far from the static, unchanging society described by Weber in his sequel to “The Protestant Ethic,” *Confucianism and Taoism* (1916). The growing power of the imams and mullahs in the sixteenth and seventeenth century snuffed out any chance of a Scientific Revolution in the Islamic world, despite the proximity of the Ottoman capital to Europe, where that revolution took place. And the Roman Catholic Church acted as one of the brakes on economic development in South America. But perhaps the biggest contribution of religion to the history of Western civilization was this: Protestantism made the West not only work, but also save and read. The Industrial Revolution was indeed a product of technological innovation and consumption. But it also required an increase in the intensity and duration of work, combined with the accumulation of capital through saving and investment. Above all, it depended on the accumulation of human capital. The literacy that Protestantism promoted was vital to all of this. On reflection, we would do better to talk about the Protestant word ethic. That was not exactly Weber’s phrase, it is true. But it was perhaps the intuition of that most well-read of men.

Niall Ferguson is the Laurence A. Tisch Professor of History at Harvard University. This is an adapted excerpt from his new book, *Civilization: The West and the Rest*. Ferguson is an Academy trustee and the fall 2011 Stephen M. Kellen Distinguished Visitor.

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