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Bridget Flannery

From the series “Pause”

Collection of Wexford, Ireland, County Council

Tones and Silences, new paintings by Bridget Flannery

15 March - 5 April, 2007. **Cross Gallery**

The wind, an east wind, tore at the trailer. Out on the lake, the ice melted, froze, melted: flashing sheet-ice reforming; beneath it, the ice was solid, and went deep.

—Katherine McNamara, *Narrow Road to the Deep North*

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Andy Warhol Says A Mass

Frank McGuinness

Introit

There are 8627 ways of saying the name, Jesus. My mother knows each and every one of them. It has been her life's mission to record the variation of how we pronounce the divine utterance. When she dies, I will consult her missal and perhaps it will provide her son with the way to his salvation. I have begun to practise already. In company I restrict my speech to silence or simply to utter the single word, gosh, and yet in my head I am plotting how to control each and every conversation by the repetition of the word, Jesus, in as many forms, as many permutations, as many diversities, as many disagreements to accompany as harmonious or disharmonious, every sentence, every work, every syllable of discourse. I may give the impression of indifference, acquiescence, invariance, inflexibility – I lack contact with anything but my own creation, my own society, my own self – but through the protection of my Jesus, I am a priest and a prophet and I paint only icons. That is my way of introducing myself.

Confiteor

God gave me my youth. That is why I go to the altar of myself and give thanks. As I have said, it is in the name of the Lord, the name of himself, that I find help and solace. That is the kind of guy I figure I am. He has been a great asset to me. I adore the way he manifests his sacred presence in the most unusual manners. Take for instance that young man who delivered flowers once to the Factory. I saw Christ in his shoes. The laces were, I confess, truly delicate. I could have bound him hand and foot were I, or he, that way inclined. He soon made clear he was not. When I poured him coffee, he talked about his girlfriend and how they planned to move to Canada. One day. The wilds of Canada. The flat, snowy plains of his fair flesh. The white and red of his hard muscles. I asked his girl's name. I admit now I forget but I do recall that he might have said it was Jimmy. That was what he called out as we made love. Yes, the child was in denial. In that holiest of rivers I bathed him in the champagne of what I do not shed over his body. I bless him and dress him and beg his forgiveness – I have wounded him with my worship, but he has his revenge. He hangs onto his shoes. I confess my disappointment.

Gloria

Does he bless me? Does he praise me? Does he adore me? Does he even thank me? I doubt it. I've never heard a word back from him. Perhaps he did go to Canada and get married. That is what I would have advised him to do. It is a useful way of getting rid of agreeable young men when they cease to resemble Jesus in any shape or touch or smell. I am such a fool to glorify these stinkers. I could call them much more foul names, but I have been taught to forgive and so I find it wise to avoid the vulgarity of hatred. This had led even my closest friends to accuse me of a lack of intimacy. They may want more from me than my gift of acquaintanceship. One Christmas when we decided to rationalise the cost of gifts, I gave them socks, beautiful socks, each one paired with its exact opposite – I took so much time to mismatch – and they looked at me with what they might describe as horror. It was as if I had shat in their socks. I sincerely believe they thought I was insulting them. Their first word on seeing my presents was invariably Jesus – Jesus. Now, of course, they were not addressing these words, this appellation to me. And yet I was in a definite way implicated. Perhaps because I had worn the socks and not washed them – but was that not my right? Shoes are my passion. Socks are next to shoes. Friends wear shoes. I do not steal from my friends. I give. I glorify the gods beneath our shoes. That is why I make – I made my singularly appropriate tokens of love to my friends. It was my way of saying to them, I believe.

Creed

Why should I feel it essential to say I am a believer? Essential – is it only so to me? Is it essential to my mother? If I am to convince her I am something more than a bum – Andy is a bum, she used to dismiss me, Andy Warhol is a bum – then I need to let myself know that my faith stems from something more than the desire to tie a sweat stained lace around a limp cock and let the friction of that sensation breathe life into the old girl between my legs. I sometimes talk to this lady. She smells like a bottle of vodka. She throws in a little brandy. She would not mind a little pint of Guinness. And yet she is teetotal. Not a drop will she accept. The merest rivulet will not press from that sweet little hole in her centre. She is a good girl who will behave as she believes she should. She is a beautiful woman trapped between the scratchy balls, the hairy ass, the shitty stink of a man. He is on heat and lady dick is disgusted with himself for the way he confesses which hand should touch his body and harm her into being what he believes she is, she was, she will be now and forever, till death do me part into the holy union of man and man. When I go to a wedding, I long to dress in white. I long to take the bride's face and kiss it, and to leave my beard imprinted on the woman as Christ's face was on Veronica's veil on the way to Calvary. You do not have a beard, you accuse me, but we do, all men do – that is what my mother always maintained – they can grow inside their skins. They are hairy as Jesus is, engraving his image sweat on the white of Veronica's headwear. All men's beards, be they dark or fair, their beards are red. Their beards are blood. Believe in blood. Believe in flesh. It is not only Esau who has hairy. So was his mother Rebecca. Her wisdom depends on shaving the scripture on her arms, above her lips, behind her knees. She is clear as a wife, the wife never had. She puts wisdom to her mouth. I draw breath. I blow it through her whistle. And I collect the sounds, their fragments, join them into a name, Messiah. My prayer, my petition. Shall I tell you what it is I have hoarded in my heart?

Collect

I sometimes have to laugh when I read what Jesus believed before he left his life. Was he being sarcastic? Is it possible that the divinity should avail of the human gift of satire? No, not satire – perhaps it is more accurate to state that the fucking proof Jesus could not be Jewish is that he had no sense of humour? One day in Central Park I was sitting smelling the feet of the people of Atlantic – this is my secret but everyone had fins and stank of seaweed – didn't I come across two young Mormons – a boy blond as a cloud, the girl his twin – who wanted to talk about the Saviour. He was – wasn't he – Semitic? Do I mean Israeli? Is that how you'd phrase it? Do I mean Palestine – is that what you prefer? We do not know. I asked them, would you believe in Christ, the Israelite? Believe in Christ the Palestinian? Would you believe in Jesus if he made you laugh? He does make us laugh, they insult, his parables make us happy. No, I don't believe you, he is the reason you are cruising through the Park. That is why he is not in the midst of us. I ask the Mormon boy and girl if I have ruined their mission. They look at each other. They do not know how to answer me. They ask if they may read me a letter, sent to them from mission control. I ask them in the middle of Central Park to disclose the contents of their epistle.

Epistle

The letter consists of nothing more than the babblings of some prophet. He has promised onto his believers whatever it is prophets usually promise. I decide I have listened enough to these mad deliberations, but they keep reading. I walk away, they follow me, still chanting of angels and heaven that they imagine will be like the milk and honey of their hair. I have long learned that in case of emergencies while in public places, it is always useful to carry a candy bar. I take it from my pocket, crumble it and throw the chocolate over my tormentors. The extraordinary thing is this attracts birds – birds of many shades of grey and black. This multitude of our feathered friends gather about the melting brown of the beautiful Christians and gather them into their ascending flock, as I make my escape through the Park. What happens next is true, Gospel true, I swear it.

Gospel

When I look back, I see the creatures of air carrying well fed Mormons into the skies, light as if they were the birds' feathers. I can see burning candles in their hands. The breeze about me has the sickly sweet of incense. I hear human voices sing from the heavens, their crescendo increasing, culminating in the mighty roar of Convert, Convert, Convert. This is a sign I must mend my ways. I look down at my clothing and find I am dressed entirely in white raiment that touches me like my skin. I discover I am naked in Central Park, protected only by the beating wings of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir of pigeons, blackbirds, seagulls, rooks, the odd linnet, the rare osprey and since this is a divine vision, I do believe a dodo has just entered from Fifth Avenue. I rejoice in the fact I am chosen to receive this magnificent present. I express my thanks by turning my face into full assembly of this multitude and I say, gosh. They greet me back with a prolonged demand to convert, convert, convert. Should I do so, I suddenly realise I will be spiritually obliged to donate some of my income to the Mormon church. That is not in my nature. I decline their kind suggestion, pull on a pair of pants and a shirt, then I dash off, leaving no forwarding address. I am a hustler. I will not be a pilgrim to Utah. Too much salt in the water disagrees with me – it leads to strokes and heart attacks – so that is not and never will be my city by the lake. Wham – bam, thank you Jesus, but I have to make you another type of offering. Could it be a secret – a big one – my biggest? Is that what you want? Or am I just teasing you? Would you like to find out?

Offertory

It must have been twelve, or thirty after twelve. It was definitely afternoon. Maybe I was ill and home from school. No, that was not possible. I could smell the kitchen cooking. I think I was hungry. We were not usually silent, myself and her. Only when there was something wrong. That was not often the case. I prided myself on being a good boy. I can only report the conversation as follows.

She Do you know – could you guess – who called here this morning?

Me Who?

She The cops. That's who. They wanted to see you. It was about something.

Me What was it about?

She You.

Me Why me?

She They're not happy with you.

Why are they not happy?

What you do. The way you put your hand down your pants. Poking at yourself.

What are they going to do to me?

They won't put you into jail. But they could take you away.

Where would they put me?

They've got a big, black hole for boys who do that. They would leave you there. You're seven years old now. You must stop doing that. It is dirty. Nobody likes it.

Secret

It is as if she has put a bullet up my dick. My boy's body is paralysed. I hear my mouth make a noise I do not recognise. I cry nearly every day but not like this. And I do not recognise what is pouring from me. It is not the water of tears. It is not easy as tears. It is my house, my family's furniture, its tables and chairs, its icebox and cupboards, the very kitchen itself trickles through me and out of me. I realise then why I'm smelling the way I do. It is because there is soup running from me and staining all my flesh. I am convulsed with fear of the cops, and I cannot stop soup, torrents of soup nearly suffocating me, pouring itself out from every part of me. I say I am sorry, really sorry, it is just that it hurts me, it hurts me so much, that's why I have to touch it so that it stops hurting me. I say my shorts hurt it as well, my Jockey shorts hurt it. It hurts when I walk and it hurts when I sit and it does all the time. But I promise to you and to God that no matter how much I am in pain down there, I will never poke again, I will never touch myself ever again. Please tell the cops that. Please don't let them put me in the black hole where I will not be able to see. I keep repeating and repeating myself and then I notice my mother is crying. She says, why did I do that? She is talking to herself – what possessed me? Then she speaks to me. Come on, be a good boy. I won't let anyone go near you. You know that. If you're tempted again, you just think of God. Make that sacrifice. She keeps going on about sacrifice as she bathes me clean. She tells me Jesus made so many sacrifices I could surely do this out of love for him. Out of love for him. She makes no mention of the miracle of the soup. She treats it as if it were a regular bath night. But I can see the colour in the water in fifty-seven different ways. I know something strange has happened. Only I can discern what is coming from my filthy body. My mother is oblivious to my mess. I am afraid it will block the drains but say nothing. She asks me if it is nice to be clean and comfortable? I answer, yes. She asks if this is all I have to say – what is the magic word? Thank you, I reply, but that is not the magic I can now perform. I am looking at my mother's face in the bathroom mirror and I turn the mirror into another mirror so my mother's face is repeated 8627 times, as many times as there are ways of saying the name Jesus. She does not know that I have multiplied her as I curse and blaspheme against my mother, against Jesus, against the cops. If they expect a sacrifice from me, I will refuse. I will poke myself. I will bless myself with what

flows from me. It will be my mother, my son, my ghost. I will conjure strange victuals from my soup. I will dine on myself. And I will taste other men. Even cops. That will be my sacrifice.

Sacrifice

I disdain too much contact with straight men. It is nothing personal. It is just that I cannot give them the commitment they require. Well, as a rule, they require. They find themselves attracted to me because they know that my wealth, my art, my status, my detachment ensure I will not be any burden to them. The lightness of my company is eventually irresistible. I've lost count of how many times I've had to comfort these poor souls. I do not show any visible signs of affection. That might unman them. That is the last thing on my mind. No, instead I caress the darlings with my eyes. When I am in their company, I do not let them out of my sight. And it is as if my glance conquers them. I see them open their lips. Their tongues are ready, I feed them the sacrament of my virginity. They dine on its delicious grace. It cleanses them anew. I sent them back to wives and sweethearts changed men. So keen are these – my priests – to prove their love of ladies, I know of one who tastes the very breath of his beloved, leaving teeth marks on her breasts, the silly bugger. I cannot be blamed for this mystical excess. Did he not remember it was a sin to touch the holy of holies with anything but the tongue? But let there be no retribution. Now is the time for breathing easily. Letting it all hang out. Forgive and forget. What point in singling out what is probably a blameless guy and lashing him, why did you do it? Why did you track my mother down and force her to put me through hell? What devil did you embrace to do it to me? Was the Sabbath black when you did invoke malign spirits to your aid? Did you spit out the host and hurl it to the earth? Did you curse your own mother? Do you threaten to damn my mother if she did not castrate you? Is it any wonder that straight men find it difficult to consummate their desire for me when I would devour them, knuckle and thumb, shin and sole, nail and hair? Can you blame me if I refuse their attentions, knowing as I do since I was seven years old what it is like to have the cops after you? I pray to the moon, I thank it for my survival, that silver balloon rising through the mists, myself and that cold goddess ascendant as if like cats and dogs in unnatural communion. However, no-one can accuse me of owning cat or dog. I am allergic.

Communion

That allergy is extending from animals to people. I find it impossible now to stay too long in once place. It is why I must travel from city to city, party to party, keeping myself to myself, attended by servants who know which side their bread is buttered and are content to smell the coffee and never spill the beans. Why do I turn to food for my metaphor? Is it because I no longer eat? I do not so much diet as digest the air and can live on my own silent breath. It is difficult to observe the barbarians chewing meat and vegetables, rinsing their foul mastications with the rot and wet of wine. They flatter themselves. I imagine their bowels scattering, their kidneys emptying. But they are wrong. I have never listened to dirty stories. I would never kick in the bathroom door. I do not own the necessary steel capped boots the men in my family prided themselves on possessing. Well, occasionally I do put them on my feet, but they do not fit. Too small, too weak, too silly, too cissy – yes, that monstrous word the school would use to torment. I can use their torture – I am an artist. Torture has made me what I am today. Had I not been like a girl, had I not have to – absolutely have to touch my dick to insist to my doubting brain my body was a boy – had I not to take pleasure in my revenge against you all – had I not been able to bleed you dry with my thirsty painting, had I not the enjoyment of convincing you, you could do as well, but not better, had you not believed you couldn't because I did it first, then I could never have given thanks as I expect you to do when I said, the mass is ended, give thanks to the Lord.

Thanksgiving

Or as they say in the old country – Ite, misse est – deo gratias.

ANTICISM!

Five Poems and a Manifesto

Kevin McFadden

Scum Rises

[*Narcissus*]

The cream always floats to the top.
So does the scum. So does comparison, up
from what's mere muck, mire metaphor
would flower out of, and so on with
the similes, and so on with the show . . .
and so on. I'm ever looking down on you
and you are ever lying. My love is proof
of truth's angle of refraction: you are lost in
slant-ration and I am fond of posing
postulations. A mendacity needn't be truthless,
for example. You there, in the pond appearing
peered-at, come up and see me sometime.
Let's delve for the above. When will we
(will we ever) get over ourselves?

At Amen

[*Echo*]

A mendacity needn't be truthless,
you said. I hung on your words
in those days . . . oh, the wounds
I heard inside your swoons, the lays
I laid around your blaze . . . I admit
your intentions were more than half
my inventions. Not love, some other empire:
the early attentions and the late attenuations.
But I wanted a lover, not—my abettor—
a better. The awfully big *hows* of your little
light *whys*, I think of you now and then:
A mendacity needn't be truthless . . .
if you ever lost me at ruthless,
you had me at amen.

Loan, Glasgow

Where I first learned to say things, Ohio, my accent
was the local legal tender: good in Edinburg
as Dublin or London. Then came Glasgow (proper).
One year abroad in broad Glaswegian, the notes
brought from home bouncing everywhere, overdrawn.
Want a wild time? In Glasgow time was *tame*.
See the town? You had to hear the *tune*. New loans,
including my name; I began saying *Cave-in*
if I wanted the right introduction in a pub. The road
was *rude*, the power sometimes *poor*. My voice
skim milk in that butterchurn of gutturals, Scots vowels
clotted and spread like cream, I learned to hear
everything twice and nothing the same. Glasgow
still hasn't left me alone: it's left me *a lane*.

A Used Car

Track team's door-to-door hawking Redenbacher's.
 The neighbor's new Olds, your old news
 on the stoop, the Joneses who need keeping up with,
 the Nielsons who watch for us, watching.

These families we speak of, today we all know
 who means what. But tell those Kaufmann kids
 "we gave at the office"—who'll know what we meant
 in a thousand years, our spell to fend off vendors?

Why leave posterity anything? It's holding back from us.
 I mean to take some flavors out of this world.
 It'll give the translators something to suck on
 [*McDonald's* . . . a carnivorous clan-name,

renowned for building arches.] [*²Smuckers* . . .
 a brand if lost to history, known to rhyme].
 Royal families, oil families, that Rockefeller
 fella, names generations lived with, or up to.

Let *COMING SOON* read the labels, maybe
 window-shop at Macy's, or the esoteric Peterson's
 [*³Auto Oasis*]. The future's discerning. Afford it a Ford
 or two for every *what's an Edsel*? That'll learn it.

Ité

Go, my interrections, with enough muck about,
seek new illigation, another rake and lake:

the light has not lain,
the rain's not right.

Fresh of my flesh, flock of my frock,

we (fade to wet)
ask (fade to bask)

to be set on fire not on file. Arrayed not allayed.

Flee this rand. Go revel and lever in the one-off world...
what lows they may take
from these rows.

(Fade to stake.)
(Fade to crows.)

Cannot tell my *else* from my *arse*
and the fishpond is correcting nothing.

(Cloud fade to clod.
Dry fade to day.)

Crown of my clown, crutch of my clutch, may they lead you;
glow, grow; be kindled, be kindred.

O (fade to go)
go (fade to god)

offer a player a prayer:

see that I'm not collected ahead of my time.

Manifesto Cries

Minute-maids and second-fiddles, our hour has arrived: and the clock-hands are pointing upward toward *Anticism!*

Anticism is eight-elevenths Romanticism. Blake had he read the stalls of a public-school restroom. Wordsworth had he wandered lonely as a cloud and danced with folded faiths. The sly echo of the Byronic hero. Anticism arrives—like funk to a summer potato—when there’s something perverbial in the church and rotten in the state. It is shape-changing, change-shaping, a border-crosser, a gut-checker. It values listening before enlisting, twisted noting before setting it down.

Cleanse the doors of perception all you want, take the doors off the jambs: one is always hung by some frame. The way things are put is at least as important as the puttering of the putter. If the choices are self-consciousness or self-deception, Anticism considers the *or*.

What goes on origins in the morning, aporia in the afternoon, stupor in the evening?—*The Riddle of Anticism!*

One can sing even in the downtime and be up to something. Anticism plays on playfulness (full synapse), the stuff on which dreams are smear’d, on which puns are spun. Its hand is heavy, its soul is light: the specific gravity of a graffito. It is the disposition of the dispossessed; its saint is Hamlet, its church the Congregation of Vapors.

Quit calling it “elliptical.” It is comma-cal. It is high-colonic; often semi-colonic. More can be done with one well-telegraphed dash than is dreamed of in all your soft filigree (stop).

Anticism is the answer to the age of columny. We must bring to account the blunters and blatherers. It is a call to music—see sharp or be flat. It is a call, to wit, to wit. The newsprint of ten-thousand non-events is thick on our hands and ten-thousand more sound-bites wax in our ears. We must kick poetry’s headline habit (the dope of the op-ed, the trope-gear of reportage) and stop writing copy. We must break the column. Ergo, Anticism is

Arch

Nuanced

Terse

Ironic

Colloquial

Ingenious without Regurgitation

Sublime without Opium

Mysterious without Mysteriousness

Eight-elevenths is the sacred proportion of the aesthetic. Eight-elevenths of any work should be unwritten “immaterial” that is loaded and latent in the text...the ether there in the three. Anticism is also eight-elevenths Giganticism (a branch focused on larger quarrels) and eight-elevenths Pedanticism (a branch devoted to littler quibbles). But this is mere semanticism; Anticism prefers to do the piddle math.

Know the true by its ism and the false by its hood. Realism=A smiler. Sincerity=Sir Nicety. You won't catch a conscience by bowing deep; mind country matters, mind the pall of grin-bearers, mind the courtesy begetting villainy. Forget the money, follow the etymology. Play's the thing.

Poets not yet poetic will find the path not yet pathetic. Beware the false ocean of emotion, the false floor of the florid. Love not excess: be not a howl, be a wandering bark. To the roofs when the deluge comes, and be ready, they don't call them rafters for nothing! Flood the streets with Anticism, the way not waded, the road not rowed—or what? or else—if the *ands* won't serve, then take to the *ors*.

Kevin McFadden's Eight Poems In The Manner of OuLiPo appeared in *Archipelago* 6.1
www.archipelago.org/vol6-1/mcfadden.htm.

The Caliph of Baghdad

Isabel Fargo Cole

I pity the statesmen and those who take their ventures for reality, I pity them and smile. For I know that their deeds are not real; if they were, how could we bear all the pain this statesmanship has brought upon us? I know: all that is real is what I have thought [...]. I know it, and I walk the streets of the city, ride on the roofs of the omnibuses, descend into the shafts of the Underground with my secret like Harun al Rashid. I walk through Baghdad, incognito as the Caliph.

—Hermann Ungar, “The Caliph”

The outbreak of war sent me into a state of apathy which lasted several years. I left my husband, immersed myself in my financial difficulties and the search for work. Then I worked all I could. And I followed the developments in my home country and in the distant countries where we fought. I had drifted away from my circle of friends, my ex-husband’s, and making new friends didn’t come easily. It was my ties back home that stirred, the tormenting mutual incomprehension which made me feel for the first time like an exile – like someone with a homeland.

I worked from my apartment, carried on the hopeless argument with friends and family from my desk. I watched them and their words and the war we wrote about as if through the wrong end of a telescope. Evenings I spent in cafes and bars. It was comforting to be around people who had nothing to do with it all. I wished they would acknowledge me, even with a casual gesture, but no gesture was forthcoming. They sensed that I fed upon their lives, and instinctively they shied away. I was ashamed of that, but I learned to live with my shame, and soon it felt like love.

Best of all, no one knew where I came from. It was good to have a secret. It gave meaning to my silence: I was a proud pariah, an exile, an abdicator. And this in turn made me, a mere observer, innocent.

I read a great deal, in the cafes and at home, mainly writers from between the wars, whose clear-eyed despair appealed to me. Back then despair was not so far removed from the source: a belief in the good life.

Now I had money saved, more than ever before. I could do all the things I had dreamed of and then forgotten – for instance, I could go to Vienna. My husband had always refused to visit Vienna; he said it was too expensive.

I took the train to Vienna and found a room in a small hotel in the Josefstadt district. It had been the right thing to do. I wasn't a stranger anymore – at least it was natural for me to be a stranger. I was traveling, after all. No need to be ashamed of feeding on people and places; I was here to take everything in. And the strange dialect made me want to speak. I said, "I'm from Berlin" and smiled to myself. The truth was all one to the Viennese. They took a jaded pride in the notion that what they called home was one great self-deception. Like telling lies or dreaming, it was easy to look people in the eyes. I felt as if I could meet a man. The third night after my arrival I went to a bar not far from my hotel, whose matter-of-fact elegance promised the right kind of intoxication.

At the end of the bar sat a dark, strikingly handsome man in worn jeans and a filthy sweatshirt. "Drunk as a lord," I thought, smiling at the expression I had never used before. He didn't belong here: he was aristocracy, or scum. He looked like one of those foreigners they tolerated here as cheap labor. When he called hoarsely for another beer I knew my countryman. Not a subject, a citizen of the empire.

My countryman's German was perfectly respectable, and it was obvious what he wanted. But the bartender refused to understand him. Maybe he had something against foreigners, or he thought the man was drunk enough already and might cause trouble. Though now I felt that the man was not so much drunk as beside himself.

"He wants another beer," I said, moving closer, and the bartender turned to the tap without a word.

"Where are you from?" I asked the man in our language.

He looked at me with tired, haughty eyes. "Detroit," he said.

"And what are you doing here?"

“I’m in the army. Stationed in the south of Germany. We were about to be deployed. I deserted.” He had said it to himself a hundred times, and this was the first time he had said it out loud.

“I understand.”

“Don’t say you understand. You think I’m afraid. You think I never thought I’d really have to kill anyone. But I would have fought anywhere. Afghanistan. Korea. Not there. That’s where my family comes from. They had to leave, years ago. We have noble blood. We’re the last ruling family. But no one knows that anymore. Those so-called dissidents, that exile government they had waiting in the wings – they have no business there. They have no connection to the people, the history of the land. All they can do is prop up an artificial construction that outsiders put together. We have the roots, we understand the country, we can keep the peoples together, weld them together, found the state they believe in, they live for. What is happening now is a crime against history.”

“I understand.”

“You don’t understand.” He looked away. My breath caught. His profile was so fine and true. “I won’t go back to occupy my homeland.”

“I understand.”

Then we went to my hotel.

He slept for a long time. When he woke, he dressed quickly and said, “What would you say if I went back to the army, off to the war?” What could I say, watching from the sidelines? He should do what he had to do. I wouldn’t stand in his way. But what did he have to do? “It has a hold on you. . .” I began. He looked at me in surprise and I stopped. It was already said.

He kissed me and went.

I felt more and more at home in Vienna. The city was living proof that the good life was still thinkable after the collapse. Of the vanished empire only the beauties remained. Several days after meeting my countryman, I went to the Kunsthistorisches Museum to see the Bruegels. There was one I looked at for a very long time. I must have seen it before, in a book, but it seemed utterly new and unfamiliar. Only now did I see what a strange, disturbing picture it is.

It's called "The Conversion of Paul" and shows an army crossing a mountain pass. Soldiers trudge up the steep road from the left, far away stragglers file along paths that skirt the abyss. In the foreground the path bends, winding up into the mountains that rise cliff upon cliff without reaching a summit, not even on this towering canvas. The unsettling thing is the absence of faces. The soldiers coming up the path bow their heads, showing their helmets like shiny tin skulls. In the foreground, heads hanging, they turn their backs on the viewer and march away.

But a little further on confusion seizes the host, it jams the road, falling back before an astonishing accident. Saul has fallen, struck by a ray from heaven. A laughable figure, sprawling there with one arm raised theatrically next to his kneeling horse. His uplifted face is visible, like the faces of those who have turned to stare. But at that distance they are almost impossible to make out. The general's fall, the divine disruption, the people's panic – all that is lost in the crowd. Inevitably, swiftly, the dismay will spread until it has seized the entire army; for now, though, that is only a prediction. And all those who have marched on ahead, up the dark, steep road, will go a long time without knowing that something has happened.

The center, the actual eye-catcher of the painting, is a horse's bulging rump. Its rider, nothing but a voluminous, black, armor-like doublet, stretches out one arm in a startled motion like that of a reaper. Beneath him the horse stands stolidly presenting the viewer with its powerful white buttocks.

I took that as an affront. All this time I had seen myself as a mere observer. Now I realized that even the observer, seeing nothing but backs, is condemned to fall in and march in a stupor toward the place of heavenly invasion.

Now that I know the soldier's secret, the thought of the war is more painful, but no longer so hard to bear. During our pitilessly slow defeat I felt there might be some meaning to it after all, if not for us, then for others. And if no meaning, then at the very least necessity. And I had my part in it. When the new republic was proclaimed, the new league, the new empire, I recognized the young ruler in his strange garments and understood that my countryman had gone back to his homeland.

The Caliph

Hermann Ungar

tr. from the German by Isabel Fargo Cole

I have no confidante but this paper. That is the wonderful thing about my secret, that I have it all to myself. I smile sometimes to recall that I have excluded all others from my secret. At times I think it would be good to have an initiate. Just one, by no means more. In company we could smile at each other knowingly, and this smile would exclude all others. I would wink at the initiate when I passed him on the street, and alone in a room together we would slap our knees and laugh out loud at the world's stupidity. But whom should I confide in? One, I fear, would not appreciate the secret, another would inwardly mock me, a third would break his secrecy. I am raising myself a trustworthy initiate. It is my son. When he is twenty, perhaps even eighteen, I will let him in on my secret. I will open the cabinet; I will hand him the proof. I have proof, I am not indulging in empty prattle or in innuendoes. My proofs are numbered, dated, the most important under seal. I have saved them, not only to shield myself from doubt and disbelief — what do private concerns matter in the greater scheme of things — but because I feel duty bound before the conscience of the world to save these important documents for future generations.

I must note that I am thought to be nothing but a small-time tradesman. I conduct my business like any other tradesman, visiting my clients and selling confectionery. My clients are the proprietors of small shops in town. I talk to them about the prospects for the harvest, the rising prices, the slow business. I ask about their sons and daughters, about the rheumatism of one, the stomach spasms of the other. I have known my clients for many years. My conversations differ in no way from the conversations of other tradesmen. The difference between me and other tradesmen is my secret. When I display my samples, push the sale, record the order, when I leave the shop with or without success, I am at all times conscious of my secret. I know that no business fiasco can embitter me, any more than the

delight at a done deal can be mentioned in the same breath as the other, greater, purer delight in my secret.

I long for the moment when my son will reach adulthood. Discussions of rising prices or politics in his, the initiate's, presence will have the exquisite charm of a comedy which only the two of us understand and which we play out of waggishness when I earnestly expound the views of the tradesman I seem to be. My son will know that I am something quite different and that from whimsy and delight in secrecy I indulge in the little joke of taking seriously the role that others assign to me. He will have inspected the dossiers which reveal to him what I in all secrecy have done.

He will know that his father is a great statesman. A great statesman, yet modest enough to go on playing the small-time tradesman, pursuing without superiority the wretched living of an agent, joining without pride in the naïve conversations of friends and relatives. He'd have good cause to be as proud as the others, my son will think. What have they accomplished and what has he? Through a wise alliance with Russia which I, his son, found in his desk, did he not make that ill-starred year 1866 into a peaceful, happy one? Did he not, he whom they take for an insignificant little man, reconcile France and Prussia without a war, through foresighted statesmanship, thus sparing hundreds of thousands in 1870 from death, mutilation and tears? All this, perhaps, because he was free from personal ambition, because his great influence behind the scenes did not tempt him to aspire to the outward brilliance of other statesmen.

So my son may say. I do not know whether he would be saying too much. I am happy to leave that verdict to the future generations who will study the dossiers. I shall say only that my aspiration as a statesman was to secure peace and progress for all the world's peoples. Fate graciously allowed me to prevent all the wars waged by other statesmen of my age. I had the good fortune not to depend on the reports of the diplomats. I had the good fortune to make my decisions in the quiet of my study, without thirsting for the triumph and acclaim of the day, for the ovations of the misguided masses, fully conscious of the grave responsibility God had placed upon me. I weighed the intellectual and economic currents and forces, and I decided impartially, for I never lost sight of the fact that each one of my decisions will reverberate for decades, for centuries, that the face of the world changed the moment the decision left my head and became reality on paper, in notes, letters, treaties and alliances. This is part of my secret's great burden, that the others I speak with do not suspect that I made history take a different path than they imagine. How I smile when I hear and read of the ventures of other statesmen who have choked the world with war and famine. And how my heart lifts at the thought that it was given to me to keep peace and order

through — is it presumptuous of me to say so? — the wise exploitation of political opportunities.

I pity the statesmen and those who take their ventures for reality, I pity them and smile. For I know that their deeds are not real; if they were, how could we bear all the pain this statesmanship has brought upon us? I know: all that is real is what I have thought, as recorded in the documents in my cabinet. I know it, and I walk the streets of the city, ride on the roofs of the omnibuses, descend into the shafts of the Underground with my secret like Harun al Rashid. I walk through Baghdad, incognito as the Caliph.

Notes to “The Caliph”:

1866: Year of the Austro-Prussian War, or Seven Weeks’ War, deliberately provoked by Prussian chancellor Otto von Bismarck in an attempt to oust Austria from the German Confederation and unify Germany under Prussian dominance. Prussia crushed the Austrians at the Battle of Sadowa (Königgrätz) on July 3, 1866.

1870: Franco-Prussian War, July 19, 1870 – May 10, 1871. Conflict between France and Prussia provoked by Bismarck. The Prussian victory signaled the rise of German military power and imperialism.

incognito as the Caliph: In the “1001 Nights” Caliph Harun Al-Rashid (“the righteous”), a ruler of legendary benignity, is said to have wandered Baghdad incognito to listen to the thoughts and concerns of the people.

Isabel Fargo Cole’s translations have appeared in *Archipelago*

Christine Wolter, *The Rooms of Memory*, Vol. 4, No. 1 <http://www.archipelago.org/vol4-1/wolter.htm>

Annemarie Schwarzenbach, *Lyric Novella* Vo. 4, No. 4 <http://www.archipelago.org/vol4-4/schwarzenbach.htm>

Ilse Molzahn, *The Black Stork*, Vo. 6, No. 1 <http://www.archipelago.org/vol6-1/molzahn.htm>

Horst Lange, *War Diaries*, Vol. 8, No. 4 <http://www.archipelago.org/vol8-4/lange.htm>

from

My Father's House

A Childhood in Wartime Bavaria

Beatrix Ost

tr. from the German by Jonathan McVity with the Author

Where is it written what one gets in life, or what one really needs? The body remembers everything, remembers what happened, too: blows, shoves, drowning, tender gestures, rhythms, screams, whispers. Stench. French kisses. The scent of the hand that pressed itself across your face to stifle a scream remains in your memory forever.

Letters

I had not meant to start my cleaning there, not wanted to open the wardrobe I had inherited after Mother's death, to turn the great key embedded in the embossed door and peer into the dim chaos my eyes would have to adjust to; nor to draw the ribboned packet from the jumble of papers and photo albums; nor be curious; nor even put on the eyeglasses dangling around my neck. What awakened my curiosity was not a chain of events linking one thing with another, but a deeper connection wearing the face of coincidence.

I am in my house in Virginia, holding the sixty-year-old bundle, green heat pressing in from outdoors. A ceiling fan groans above me. For twenty years people have worried it could come crashing down. I take a seat, loosening the knotted rose and yellow ribbon holding the letters together, and pick up the first envelope. Scribbled across it: *From the front*.

I know this hand from signed documents, and from the end of letters typed with his two middle fingers, closing with the zigzag signature: *Your Fritz* or *Your obedient servant, Fritz Ost*. Precipices, nothing round.

Once my father wrote me a letter, the only one ever. I was at boarding school and

had just made it through my second year of Latin. I opened the envelope and read: *Beata Filia*. He had written the letter in Latin, and I was to answer him in Latin, too. I knew the length of the letter was laid down in advance: one whole page. My father had never asked me for anything. It would have been unthinkable not to play along, unthinkable not to comply with his wish. A lot depended on it, though exactly what was not clear. I just had to write this letter.

Pater Carus, I began. Then, *agricola cum equi appropinquat*, inquiring whether the farmer is approaching with his horse. My large ornamented letters were designed to fill the page. So different from the letters I wrote to my mother from boarding school, where I could just drivel on and she would find it all “exquisite.” Including the letter I wrote when the dress, the one she had promised me, the one with cornflowers printed on rayon, was stolen or lost in the mail. It was my postwar dream dress, cut for me, not just a smaller version of something I had inherited from my sister, Anita, no, tailored solely for me from its very own piece of fabric. I dreamt of this dress and mourned its loss in my lonely dayroom bed, oh so far away from Mother.

I have to think of my mother. Everyone who came in contact with her loved and admired her. Twelve years earlier, when she was ninety, I had made the journey from New York to Munich and found her lying in her bed for hours each day, dreaming. I washed her face, her back, her arms, her legs. It did her good. I oiled the tender skin. We scarcely spoke.

My mother swam on a foggy river of memories, playing tennis with her brother, who had fallen seventy years earlier in the First World War. Holding her father's hand, she stepped into the Royal Porcelain Works, where one could buy his china designs. If the Queen was out and about on foot, the child made a deep curtsy; her father bowed, lifting his hat: Your Royal Highness. The Jugendstil house where they lived. In its garden, the goldfish pond. The palazzo on the island of Giudecca where they wintered. The Venetian mirror.

I can still remember the steep staircase, she whispered.

On a wave she rocked back into her childhood, back into the room, back to me. I was her mother now.

Between breathing and silence, we strolled through her life. Now she could talk about everything. There were no more secrets. No barriers between mother and child.

My Fritz was a difficult man, made it hard on himself. A textbook pessimist. I would never have left him, she said in a hushed tone.

You, Mama, by contrast, were that much more cheerful.

Oh, one has to be. Yes, you get that way; otherwise, you're done for. After the war he lost interest, my Fritz. The collapse of Germany suited him. Then he finally could have his breakdown, too. You were our straggler. The Fritz I knew□.□.□.

Her voice lost itself in the garden of thought. A strip of lace from her slip was visible at the bodice of her blouse.

You still wear your beautiful slips, I said.

Yes, yes.

And the perfumed cotton ball in your bosom.

My Fritzl gave me the lingerie. Always salmon-colored—he loved that. This is the last of it.

For a long week her spirit fluttered from the bed to the window, until one night the glass broke: the draft made off with her soul. When I stepped into her room she was no longer there, only the cool skin, the bones, the profile on the white pillow. She lay between sheet and coverlet like a flower between the pages of a book. A legend, an earthly goddess.

After her death Anita and I organized an auction between the two of us at her house. We took turns picking out objects. The little packet of letters lay on a table next to photo albums and other bric-a-brac. I cried, hazy from exhaustion, from the loss. It hit me like a slap in the face as I smelled the odors, saw everything that had nothing more to do, yet had everything to do with my mother. These objects would never again feel her touch, nor her gaze. Split between me and Anita, they would metamorphose into our possessions.

Anita, too, had cried her share. Yesterday, at the crematorium, she had still been sobbing. She was the last to arrive. Her children and her husband had already taken their seats. She had on a new fur, which impressed itself on my memory, although it had nothing really to do with mourning the death of our mother.

Anita took a picture from the wall and piled it onto her stack. That was when the ribboned packet caught my eye: coincidence, non-coincidental. I recognized the handwriting and reached for it.

Those have to be burned, said Anita sternly. Too intimate.

I'll think it over, I replied. Perhaps I will want to read them.

I thrust the packet into my purse, took it with me to America, and forgot it for

twelve years in the shadow of the wardrobe.

Now I am as old as Father was when he took his life, and I have found these letters.

& & & &

A Minotaur guards the place and time whence they came: Bavaria, 1939–40. My mother was in her last month of pregnancy with me; my father had already been called up to the front.

Ninety-five days already. The physical and mental waste the military mentality forces upon a man in professional life. My good heart, my very dearest, measured against me you are so incomparably grand and brave in your steady grasp of life, while I have tormented myself like a hobgoblin throughout these days of war, and have found no redemption so far. Sometimes my sense of humor helps me through, and my ability to get along with people. But you must be grander, and be able to forgive me many a weakness, so that I can make it through all these alterations of my spiritual equilibrium and manage to bridge this period of madness. Make yourself beautiful when I come around on Tuesday. I like it so very much.

My father's handwriting no longer strikes me as jagged and steep like the Alps. It got that way later on, perhaps, or seemed to, because I only knew him from another angle. But the man sitting next to me, writing these letters, is a stranger. Him I do not know. There are gentle meadows between the cursive mountains, rounded valleys polished by glaciers. The soft gray pencil woos the page, shadows cast by the intimate thoughts of a father I never knew, actually never thought possible.

I unfold the letters, smooth them on the table with my hand, and order them by date. At the time I was born, my parents had already been married for eighteen years, and still they wrote one another love letters. My heart is pounding. I've been letting the telephone ring. It's like □. □. □. □. Like what? Like the reel of my parents' life running backward before my eyes. By the time I reach the last letter, I will have accompanied them on a long walk, as if I had been there with them back then.

In the next letter I have just been born.

Dearest Adi,

I trust you will have withstood the strains endured by body and soul. I would like to wait a bit before my vacation, until the household has adjusted smoothly to the improvement in your health, so that we, too, get something for ourselves. We both should just wish and hope that little Beatrix will flourish. It would all be so lovely, if this war did not bring fresh sorrows for us and everyone else. Which makes me glad you are always so full of optimism and really never despondent.

The imperfect management of the estates put under my command weighs heavily upon me, but what should I do? What can I do? Otherwise, forced to be conscious of the inalterable, I have accustomed myself quite well to the soldier's life in general and my area of service in particular. But you have no idea how hard this sometimes is for me. There is just one comfort: that things are just as bad for thousands of others who must also take upon themselves this situation that has been forced upon us. But it must come to an end sometime, and I do not believe in any way that there will be too long a war. And this simply from the realization that after the experience of 1914–19, mankind can no longer be as moronic as it was. So I am hoping our final decades will generally prove rather more leisurely than the difficult past. Then our children too will have a future, and we will know what we have lived and suffered for.

Keep a closer eye on Uli so he does not lose his trust in you and in me. He is at a nasty age: intensely independent, grown up too early, coarse and yet sensitive, a child and a man at the same time. He is, in short, a difficult case. You, my darling, have difficult tasks and duties before you. Meanwhile, Anita, my Butz—this willful little person must not be allowed to drift into the shadows. Plenty to accomplish and to answer for.

The most grating thing for me is this current powerlessness, all these questions of the present and the future that move us both. I feel the lack of your closeness so badly. You have always given me so much, with your great love and clever appraisals of my personality. When you are present I need no "accent." You alone are enough! Is that not delightful for you, to have a confession like that from me in writing for once? You know, when one is alone one realizes for the first time what one has left behind. So what I wish for you is that you recover thoroughly, regain your strength, and become a pretty, slender Adelheid again.

& & &

The Minotaur keeping my parents' secret opens the door to the labyrinth. I step inside.

A tanned, powerful hand rests on my mother's belly, caresses the length of her thighs, touches her breast, kisses her eyelids. I gaze through the wall with the bird wallpaper I remember so well, into my parents' bedroom.

Adi sits at the vanity with the oval porcelain Nymphenburg mirror. It still existed

then, had not yet slipped off the nail and gone crashing down upon the dresser and the flacons, bursting into a thousand slivers. She weaves her hair into a long braid for the night. The sleeve of her lace nightgown glides from her shoulder.

Fritz lies in bed and reads by the light of the bedside lamp. Now he sets his book aside.

Come to beddy-bye. We have already been standing at attention here for five minutes waiting for you, he says, laughing.

Adi can see him in the mirror. She tosses the braid down her back, goes over to the bed, and lets the nightgown fall on the yellow bedside rug. A little shy, she holds her hand in front of her breast.

They kiss.

Fritz bends her head back. Take hold of me, he orders gently, and she does.

She closes her eyes. When the bed creaks and he grows too loud, she holds her hand protectively over his mouth, or they press down deep into the feather cushion so no one will hear through the wall.

A light in passing flits across the ceiling, across the feather bed, the cushions, the gown on the rug.

& & & &

Dearest Adi,

My female acquaintanceships and friendships are not so close that you need have apprehensions. Here, too, the vanity of the "man over 40" plays its part—the last hurrah before true old age. You know, it is such a joy (and so proud are we) to come off as the "victor" in so large a stable of males. You have no idea how frantically this girl-crazy bunch chases petticoats, probably out of sheer vanity. And in the final analysis, just so they can give one another a poke in the eye. You understand this sort of thing because you know the male soul through my openness, and with me it really is that way. A big dog that barks but bites very little. So set your mind at rest and permit me my little pleasures on the side, which really do you no damage. You, my good heart, you belong to me and I to you!

You are so full of love! My only ray of hope is that here I can ride my horse every day. But in spite of this I still sleep so fitfully and briefly, in contrast to life at home, where I can sleep like a bear. It's probably the missing vis-à-vis in bed.

Oh, stop, war! But mustn't whine. Sleep well with your flock of children, and kiss everyone. Good night, my darling, my love. A heartfelt kiss and devotion from yours,

Fritz

Two photographs fall into my hand from the folds of a letter, black and white, blind with age. One is Fritz silhouetted in profile, with a cigar, a puff of smoke curling, two Aphrodites next to him, laughing past him into the camera. *The friendly L. sisters, Agnes and Louise*, I read on the back. My father is certain they and Adi will become friends after the war. In the second photo a young woman sits on a chair and looks into her lap, or down at her folded hands. Her blond hair is parted in the middle. There is something of the Madonna about her.

This is Anna, rather sad . . . Anna made such a heartfelt plea that I remain her good friend. She is so alone, and no one advises her when she needs counsel and care. She trusts me and would like me to be hers, even though she must know it would be a "useless" love. Is that not moving? I do not know what girls see in an old fellow like me. If you were with me, I wouldn't give a damn about this war I can do nothing about, but that just isn't how it is. I love you very much. Stay young and pretty and gay and glad, for your children and your biggest child.

Is the lady in the photo embarrassed? Does she dislike being photographed? Does she have ideas, hopes, that a direct gaze could betray? Is she really sad because she *would like him to be hers* and *love is useless*? Or did she try it anyway? Were they having an affair? One that makes her sad? *Without a future*, as Fritz quotes?

My mother had the wonderful quality of not burdening herself with inalterable situations. Later, when I was older, she and I discussed the male clan, the male rituals, the way men tumble around in the society of men. How in male precincts there was not much analysis. More boasting, more whacking on the shoulder, no admitting weaknesses. Then there were the silent observers. In their faces the muscles played the alphabet of what transpired in the brain. Sport occasioned the most agreement: a well-aimed blow, maximal velocity, good conditioning, stamina. We would double ourselves over with laughter talking about it.

My very dearest,

Just got your letter, thanks a million. You are the most reasonable soul in this wretched

world. Accept my thanks, my kind love! Did you get the money? For you to make yourself thoroughly elegant. Don't have so many inhibitions next time! By the way, in S. I saw pretty dresses lying in the window of Häuser, the ladies' clothiers (at the foot of the Königstrasse, on the left). Will you write me which one you wish to permit yourself? I embrace you, my dearheart, and kiss you and our three children.

My enthusiasm grows with the reading of the letters. A caring father, a husband who longs for his wife and wants to buy her a little dress, despite his sorrow and despair about the war and their separation. Because of his upbringing, which was prim and loveless, he is reserved, but then again not, not with her. And he shows himself soft, and vulnerable, and trusting, that he is vain, and like a dog that does not bite.

I remember how often I despised my father in my teenage years, when he was already ill. I wanted a different model, not the crippled pessimist cared for uncomplainingly by my mother, who paid no heed to his utterances, bitter as gall. In my mother's heart was the Fritz of yesteryear. She had remained young, or stood still in her youthfulness, or simply refused to back down; in any case she was glad and optimistic.

But back then I could not see it that way. I reproached my mother for not defending herself against the unfeeling monster. And him I reproached for being ill, for not wanting to live anymore, for not rising up against the illness, for giving up instead. The tyrant, as I knew him—a benevolent one, to be sure, somehow good-natured, who often regretted his own ways, who got on his own nerves—all that now fell away. Mother and I had to make all the decisions. He no longer felt like it, he did not want to decide anymore. I reproached him for this, too.

What kind of father he wanted to be, or not be, I could no longer find out from him, since long before I took an interest in him and became conscious of any such thoughts, he had died, spiriting himself away.

My very dearest,

You know well how disgusting I can be when something goes that hard against my grain. Well, my mood stinks, especially when I think of you all alone in our little bed. Oh, Adile, it is dreadful. How long must we go on separated from one another, taking in our love only in little doses? Be glad you are sitting in H. Rumor has it that life in the big cities is less than delightful in every respect.

Now for some glad tidings: starting April 1st, reserve officers are to draw the pay appropriate to our rank, in my case about 450. Now if the estates just go on paying my salary

(500)—and I assume they will—then please order coal for the winter, and given the auspicious financial constellation you can keep the nanny as long as you like. I will also “organize” a “Viennese” summer dress for you after Easter. The latest models are rolling in. I will push aside your leftover shopping inhibitions from 1939, because I want you young and pretty and fresh and slender (so I do not get any silly ideas!). This does not mean we have to become spendthrifts; we want to set something aside even so. I am delighted about this financial change. Did I not show a good nose for money when I refused public support? This purely private and voluntary income is no one's business, off the books. All in all it is just a fair solution, since we reserve uncles in professional life were badly damaged; everyone complained they would not be able to make ends meet. Now all that should come to an end. But say nothing to anyone. The envy is too great. Are you happy about all this?

As a child one cannot recognize one's parents as people, outside their role. Later one gets to know the other side of them, a side scarred by life itself. One does not wish to know them earlier, since one is too preoccupied with oneself. Unconscious of inherited character, or indifferent to it. Or one is convinced one is quite different, and shoves these parental affinities away entirely.

But now, having the privilege of finding my father's love letters, I understand my mother, who nourished herself mainly on memories, drew strength from thoughts of her Fritz. Through this small, valuable packet we become allies. Two women who love the same man, each in her own way and in her own time.

I plan to start my vacation in H. on the 6th of April. On the evening of the 7th a sleeping car to B., in M. on the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, back in H. on the 12th, heading back into “the field” on the 13th. Though we will not get to see much of one another this time, I have reserved eight days later on, when the two of us can travel somewhere together and enjoy eight days “in inmost pleasure and joy,” without the entourage and all—just as we have dreamed so often but never managed.

You can see, Adilein, I am bursting with the joyful prospects near at hand. Spring seems to be the cause, or the long separation. Or the restoration of your “normal physical condition.” But enough of all these exciting allusions, or you and I will both be unable to sleep, and it will get hot in bed.

How are the children? Is Beatrix flourishing under the tutelage of Sergeant Klara, who controls and directs not only Beatrix, but all of us (when we are around). I am missing out on Uli's report card. Tell him to stay good and gallant, always be and remain inwardly and outwardly proper. Now I wish all of you a good Easter Bunny, a good baptism without me, and gladness of

heart in these serious times. Greet the whole household and our respectable neighbors, and be embraced and always beloved by your sometimes very stupid but true and hotly loving,

Fritz

& & & &

This letter stands out among the rest. On its envelope: deliver by messenger.

My dearest Adi,

The state of war continues, and with it departs all hopes for a bearable future. God knows "they know not what they do," or perhaps they do, in which case their crime is all the greater. Nobody wants war, and every reasonable person asks: why, what for? Personally, I am perfectly desperate. A good thing there is still wine to drink. But I need not go on about it. You know how I regard what has taken place over the past six years. Furthermore, I have declared my withdrawal from the Party—without giving any reasons. I am curious as to whether there will be cross-examination as to Why and How, since I just joined so I could help our friend Karl K. I am glad I can now so easily use the war and my status as conscripted soldier to withdraw from this "community," which I detest thoroughly enough. Hopefully you and the children will not feel any side effects.

Soon after the war broke out, my father could no longer reconcile his conscience to the Party's ghastly doings. He left the Party amid the general chaos, using it to his advantage.

Uli, who had taken his own path, wanted to get away from my father's authority. He, like all the others, had run off with the raucous gang of the Hitler Youth. It was so seductive, so magnetic, they were like rats following the Pied Piper.

Father had been shocked and furious at Uli's enthusiasm for that "heap of swine." Often there were quarrels; Fritz would fly into a rage, for Uli was slipping out of his grip. Father was beside himself with fear and powerlessness. He had lost his son to an ideology whose machinations he had despised for the last six years, an ideology from which he feared worse to come.

Nevertheless, Uli ascended to Flag Leader. One day he was confronted by his superiors about his father's departure from the Party. Uli answered them quite cunningly:

Fritz Ost was, above all, a dedicated militarist. Military service was going to be taking up all his time, so he would not be able to fulfill his Party duties satisfactorily. Luckily enough, and with the help of the all-around chaos, this response satisfied them, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

Long, long after the war, gathering snippets of conversation, I pieced together the reasons why Father had joined the Party in the first place. He had wanted to ensure the safety of his Jewish friends—signing an occasional document, organizing a passage to America—and so had made himself inconspicuous and helpful beneath the Party cloak. Of course, Father's good deeds had to be veiled in secrecy. After the war, several friends and acquaintances he had helped to “magically disappear” resurfaced amid great rejoicing. I clearly remember two of them.

One was Uncle Karl Kienan, a tall, elegant man from an old banking family in Frankfurt, whose property neighbored ours. My father with his foresight had convinced Kienan to get out of Germany in '39. Father oversaw Kienan's agricultural affairs in his absence, advising his Aryan wife, who had stayed on through the debacle. In the early '50s, Uncle Karl finally returned from Argentina. I got to know him then.

Another was Herr Rossbaut. During the years he was in hiding, his grand piano dozed upstairs in my parents' bedroom beneath an exquisite silk throw with tassels spilling over the golden lettering: Bösendorfer. After the war, Herr Rossbaut returned. He visited us several times at Goldachhof and amused me with magic tricks. At the climax of each visit, he went to his grand piano. The household assembled downstairs to hear his playing wafting from above. My mother held up her hand, arching her brows in admiration. Psst, she said, intolerant of any interruption. Her head cocked slightly sideways, she whispered: a virtuoso!

The Bösendorfer left us one day. Many strong arms carried it down the steep curving staircase with the utmost care. Mr. Rossbaut accompanied it, parting from us with his assurances of eternal gratitude.

In the last letter, my father writes:

I live with the hope that this war will be over in a few months. If I have one wish, it is only to be able to be with you and the children once again. But that still seems far off. Only this wish, this wish keeps growing. Human inadequacies can go to the devil. I am holding on to my young, glad heart, and greet and kiss you long and heartily.

The opposing troops are almost within sight. How remarkable people are: despite the visible terror such a war brings upon a country, and despite the impressions of the last war, such a

misfortune for us, preparations are being made for an even greater blow than the events of the last weeks. Hopefully there will then be peace, whose fruits our children can enjoy in a long peacetime.

When you get this packet, with rationed coffee seized from the enemy, I will be many hundred kilometers away from you darlings. Do not worry, distance can never ever part us. As you well know, referring to one's location in correspondence is forbidden, no matter how well worth knowing it would be for you.

On the back of the letter, in my mother's hand: *Fritz in Bordeaux until fall, then to Schwent on the Oder—there I could visit him one more time.*

Then his regiment was sent to Africa.

Hemmingen Castle

Once, my parents had lived a truly magical life. In the early years of their marriage, between the wars, they lived with their friend Baron Wilhelm Farnbühler at his castle near Stuttgart. The Baron had his own wing; my parents, with Uli and Anita, had theirs. In the great hall, in a cage, there dwelt an owl, who preferred to eat living things: rabbits and mice. His lame wing folded into a crutch, he shrieked into the night and rattled the bars.

I was born there, at Hemmingen Castle. My father was in charge of the Baron's agricultural affairs. Wilhelm and my mother made ceramics and studied botany.

In an abandoned glass house they set up a pottery studio. Adi, in a leather apron, produced useful and useless things out of clay. Wilhelm sat at the table, creating imaginary landscapes and abstractions—blue and multicolored—on tableware and vases. He was experienced in glazing, and he knew the proper temperature of the kiln.

The three of them went hunting in the surrounding woods. They drove in an open car to the neighboring castle, brought a freshly killed deer as a present.

The Baron loved his neighbor, Countess Alix, but he could not marry her. Why not? I asked my mother. Hmmm, some people are not made for it, she said. More a child could not extract. Homosexuality was barely even thinkable then.

The idyll—which one might call happiness, since everyone involved made splendid use of the situation in which they found themselves—the episode of rural simplicity, lasted only a few short years. Then came the shock. My father and Wilhelm had to prepare

themselves for the war.

My mother slipped on her felt hat, buttoned up her striped wool suit, planted a calm, dutiful expression on her face, and accompanied the two men to the train station. On the way home, at the gate, she could no longer contain her tears. As if seen through much too strong a lens, what had been a clear drawing liquefied, became a watery sketch with abstract contours, its perspective reaching no farther than the trees of the park.

Very soon after the first weeks of the war came the news of Wilhelm's death. It was over. No more botany studies in the garden. In the greenhouse, orchids spread out air roots. A mouse family nested in the cold kiln of the potter's shed. The sack of clay burst, eaten through by bird droppings. A storm blew out a windowpane. Rain mingled with dust. The material for an entire banquet of plates froze into lava.

With the war, the dream had collapsed. My father, who did not believe in happiness, had his confirmation.

You'll see soon enough, you with your optimism, he'd said to my mother.

Africa

Over and over, my father would tell stories of Africa. Benghazi, Tubruq, Aidabiya, Darnah. I still taste those exotic names in my mouth like bonbons. Perhaps, at first, he was thrilled to be there. Away from the familiar names, away from the artificial enemy, the love of his Adi warm in his heart, accompanied by the illusion that it would only be a matter of months now.

Numbed by the general intoxication and uproar around him, he arrived with his comrades at the harbor of Benghazi. My father was named City and Harbor Commander of Tubruq, giving him a quasi-civilian identity. Perhaps they had placed him in this responsible post to be rid of him on the one hand and to keep him busy on the other.

In photographs he stands before a tent, the shadow of his tropical helmet hiding half his face. The moustache sits smugly on the swing of his upper lip. His chin has its dimple in the middle. He wears a short-sleeved khaki shirt and khaki shorts, his hands dug into the pockets. Behind him a few figures sit on the floor in the tent's dusky interior. He has stepped into the sun to be photographed.

He loved sun. He liked the heat that jumps at your throat, pressing the wind out of

you. One needed only dress reasonably, preferably just like the Arabs—in a caftan.

In these photos he still looks happy, smiles. There must have been wine, for he often wrote how glad he was at least to be able to rinse down the misery.

Africa spoke to him. He took an interest in the city, indulged his natural love for people, strolling through bazaars, giving in to the enchantment of colorful carpets, keeping in mind the exotic effect they would have on the wooden floors of cold Bavaria. He brought back oil lamps, metal jugs, ashtrays, water pipes, side tables that mingled with the baroque and Jugendstil in our rooms. My war booty, he rejoiced.

When he stepped into a shop, the owner would call for strong hot coffee with lots of sugar. My father would sit in the middle of the situation, attentive. No word, no gesture escaped him. There was a pow-wow, demonstrating the best wares, examining materials, rubbing wool between one's fingers, enjoying the quality of the design, listening to stories. For Fritz, the situation must have been exotic, like his later horse dealings with the gypsy Buchs. The protestations, the extravagance, the mimicry, the gamesmanship, the cunning close of the deal. And of course the fun of taking one another for a ride, at least trying to, or simply sitting together, smoking, nodding.

Fritz was very gregarious and had a fine instinct for making himself liked. He was easygoing, and it was easy to forget his uniform. And Fritz was a paterfamilias whom the shopkeeper had to convince, who had to fall in love. He must not return from the hunt without prey. Unwritten laws, unwritten rites. This was about the head of a household, the master, the patriarch of the clan, furnishing his rooms without input from his wife. He had to be served in a fitting manner. The largest possible purchase had to be concluded.

Fritz took great pleasure in bargaining, forgetting the hated war. In these hours he was happy, sipping his coffee, so strong and sugary that the teaspoon stood upright in it.

Later he told stories about it all, with ever-changing elaborations, drawing in new characters, living out his impulses as his mood dictated. Only he had been there—and he was a superb liar.

& & & &

My father stood on his balcony. Africa, you untamable bird. On the coats of the camels, on palm leaves, the dew gathered. The cold of night saluted the dawn of heat. A red sunball labored across the hills beyond the city of Tubruq. A pink cloth fell across the desert.

In the oases the dogs shook themselves dry and stretched out their paws. The yard below swarmed with swallows. The muezzin climbed the tower. Someone came running from the harbor, bringing the general cacophony with him.

Fritz remembered the dream of the previous night quite clearly. He ran through it again and again.

In their bedroom at Hemmingen, Adi has been startled from the marrow of her sleep. Sirens force their way across the city to the park, the ponds, through the gaps in the blinds. In his powerlessness he clearly hears the noise, the howling. He sees Adi reaching for her coat spread across the foot of the bed, her feet searching for the boots that stand ready on the carpet.

She runs into Anita's room. Wake up, child, we have to get to the cellar. Quick, pull on your coat. She bends over and laces up her daughter's little boots. Uli is already standing in the doorway. Adi takes Beatrix gently from her cradle and wraps her in a blanket. Beatrix gives a start at the howling of the sirens and cries all the way down the stairs, down through the door to the cellar, farther into the arched, dungeon-like shelter.

Strangers and neighbors have already found their way there. Benches and chairs, a folding cot. Whispering. Uli sets the suitcase with their valuables next to him. He runs up the stairs once more. I'll just step outside quickly, Mama, to see what there is to see in the sky. Adi shakes her head, powerless against "the man of the house."

Boundless, deafening noise. The ground trembles. Up above, the low-flying planes drone toward their goal. Whistling, the crackle of fire. A bomb falls quite nearby. Vrooooooom. Trees break free of their roots, smash into one another. Basement windows shatter. Screaming. Air pressure forces the people flat to the stone floor. Uli storms back down the basement stairs, out of breath, eyes bulging, laughing like a maniac. Adi rocks Beatrix back and forth as she drinks at her breast. My Adi, always so composed. Anita, swaddled in a blanket, lies on the cot and cries. Flashes of flak fire run along the cellar walls.

On the balcony Fritz wiped the sweat from his brow. Between his shoulders ran a sticky little brook. He gulped into his dry windpipe. Beneath him, in the courtyard, jasmine bloomed; a little breeze carried the scent up to him. An orange fell with a thud onto the tile floor. A camel dozed in the archway; behind it the street ran off into jacaranda blue, a woman balancing an urn on her head. White doves hovered in every direction. I have to get dressed, he thought, have to shave, have to tell my boy to have the car ready at eleven sharp. Have to get down to the harbor, have to□.□.□.□ A spider lowered itself from the banister to the sill. He watched it for a long time, motionless.

Fritz sat in his office, the bottle of red wine next to him, taking swig after swig, looking at the world map on the wall and shaking his head. Ants were running a sugar caravan across the desktop. By evening he had scared off the dream, swallowed it down. Eventually night fell, and sleepless sleep. Here it was again: fear, impotence, a panicked jolt, howling of sirens, clattering, blood seeping through uniforms, saturating epaulettes, medals, SS emblems. The German flag devoured by flames. Dead eyes. Mouths distorted with fear. A child without legs. Adi's forehead bleeding. Little Beatrix, crying in the snow. A tree sinking into a crater. Nothing left of the house but bricks and dust clouds. Uli marches with the cannon fodder, laughing in lockstep, his boyish thighs straining his trouser seams. Red heaven above riderless horses.

My father had nightmares—every night. During the day he dutifully did his dutiful duty, procured wine, visited his friends in the bazaar, drank coffee with them. As an enemy he didn't amount to much: that, everyone noticed. But the sleepless nights of a pessimist have profound consequences. In the end, he must have been quite mad.

Over his many months in Africa, my father became friends with Field Marshal Rommel. Then something happened. The year was 1943. They must have been alone, standing before the big map of the countries, my father crazy with homesickness and longing for his Adi. He and Rommel were studying the conquests and what remained to be conquered. Whereupon my father supposedly said to Rommel: If you look at the map, Herr Field Marshal, you must admit that the war is lost.

Rommel slowly turned to him, the story goes, looked him in the eye for some time, and said in his Swabian dialect: You know, my dear Ost, at this point I am really supposed to have you shot. My father surely met his gaze and shook his head. Perhaps Rommel laid a hand on his shoulder, then turned away and left the room without saying another word, leaving my father behind like a red warning light. Then the unexpected happened, as if the one man had read and silently accepted the thoughts of the other. Fritz Ost was simply sent home by the fastest route, without any further attention. Nervous breakdown.

Golddachhof

In the middle of the war, in 1943, my family moved from Hemmingen Castle to Goldachhof, the estate of my childhood.

Among my earliest memories are my father's daily routines. In the morning, as his

second task—the first being wake-up call—he went into the den to the grandfather clock, opened the glass door, drew his watch from the red slit of his vest with his left hand, pried open the gold lid, checked, compared it with the dial above—Ja, richtig—then his right hand pulled the cone-shaped weight up by its chain. Sometimes he gave the minute hand a push forward, when he had a premonition that his wife would be unpunctual. Then, he would lecture.

Since the beginning of the last century, since rail travel began, time has been standardized everywhere. That goes for you, too, my love.

I stand in the room, smell the familiar things, hear the ticking of the clock. The impatient clomp of horses' hooves outside. My father pulls the peaked checkered cap over his head and puts on his overcoat. His stockinged legs peer out from underneath; he is wearing leder-hosen. My mother hurries through the tiled corridor, tak tak tak tak, sticks her head quickly through the kitchen door, and calls out an extra order for Olga, our cook.

I need to go back there. The urgency is getting stronger, catching hold of me. I dream a dream.

I am in the house of my childhood. It is raining. So hard that it presses my umbrella down on my head. I run to the garden. The little stream is a raging river. A dog swims toward me. He looks like a rat. I must, must get across the current, but I cannot see the riverbank.

My Father's House, A Childhood in Wartime Bavaria, by Beatrix Ost ©Beatrix Ost, 2007

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Translated from the German by Jonathan McVity with the Author

Bright Nostalgia: Poems for Osip Mandelstam

Katherine E. Young

Red Vineyard, 1888: A Painting by Van Gogh

If I ever get back, the first thing I shall do is go and see the French
[paintings].

—Osip Mandelstam in exile

Vtoraya rechka (“Second Little Stream”) is the transit camp
where Mandelstam is believed to have perished.

I remember his vermilion, color
with the grandest name. It tasted of tree
trunks, a work blouse, tang of grapes harvesting
in the vineyards of Arles. He captured the sun
and hung it, toasted gold like *blini*
hot and hot from the stove, to wester there
beyond the fields. If I ever get back,
though the path may lie through the transit camps,
through *Vtoraya rechka*, misbegotten
little stream. . . . Pity, instead, the man who
surveyed this spot, doggedly reducing
the great East to a chart, chilly fingers
inscribing, there, “First Little Stream” and, there,
“Third Little Stream” — equally prosaic
names for the places they send men to die.
Understand this: there is no other road,
no roundabout crossing, no safer way.
There is Death, too, in that sunset — but not
yet. On the wet-black walk, chalk soil and rain
conspire to trace upon the pavement
the fragile antonym of a leaf.

Italian Hours

... *And I prepared to swim, and floated on the arc
Of unbeginning journeys.*

— Osip Mandelstam, Voronezh, 1937

M would invite me to stroll in imagination with him
round the Baptistery in Florence. . . .

— Nadezhda Mandelstam, *Hope Against Hope*

A silence falls, sweeping the swells,
schooling the hollows and velvet
hills, the cypress stands, the empty
road to a place that is not — yet —
Canaro. Same old moon, same stars,
give or take a planet or two.

“*Due ore!*” wails a woman
who asked a man who had talked to
the conductor. *Due ore* —
as if all Eternity were
quicker or more certain than
the homebound train’s arrival at last.

All travel’s exile, the shedding
of self, a losing and finding,
the possessing of new things. Past
is present — in gondola rides
through fetid canals, light, water,
air shared with Campanile loons

proclaiming “Republic!” too late,
or too soon — in encounters with
selves left standing at the crossroads,
with ghosts asking after Dante
in accents unknown to the shades
who frequent the Baptistery....

Headlights at the crossing. No fear,
no regret, no yearning keener
than the one that blooms as the night
train passes, ripe moon throbbing through
the sheep-foul fields, the olive groves,
the Akrons of the soul, through Voronezh.

The Arrest
May 13, 1934

I used to have a book on extinct birds and, looking at it, I suddenly had the thought that all my friends and acquaintances were nothing more than the last members of a dying species. I showed M a picture of a couple of extinct parakeets, and he thought they looked very much like us.

— Nadezhda Mandelstam, *Hope Against Hope*

Above the table, a circle of light:
the clink of spoons on borrowed plates. An egg
scavenged for Anna nestles in its bowl.
Shoulders shrug, stiffen, brace back the night.

Anna has come at M's request. She smells
of cigarettes, of damp wool, of comfort.
Someone calls M to the telephone: the line
clicks, clicks, disconnects. He listens, waits,

"No one there," he says. Nadya pours tea,
thinks "How long can this last?" Her hand shakes as
she tips up the pot, spilling fragrant drops
onto the photo of Anna's son, who

smiles sweetly up at her, like the ghost of
past lovers: M's, or Anna's, or her own,
all mingling together on this night
when the jackboots of strangers will trample

the secrets of three lives. The talk crawls on:
M tells again why he slapped Alexei
Tolstoy's face, someone starts reciting lines
from Polonski. Nadya yawns, follows

Anna to the kitchen, measures out time
by the smoke entering and exiting
her lungs: breathe, breathe, breathe. At one comes the sharp,
explicit knock. She rises, sits back down.

On Poetry
Moscow, 1993

The age will shout itself out.

—Osip Mandelstam, *On Poetry*
(Academia, Leningrad: 1928)

That was a time when women stood
on public squares trading
their last treasures to pay for food.
Some survived by raiding

the trash cans in the courtyard; once
I saw two women fight
for my table scraps, spitting and
yowling with all their might.

December rained sulfur and snow.
The consignment shops sold
the bric-a-brac left by dead men:
the tea sets, medals, old

photos, African masks. I found
your book among the bins
of postcards and first editions;
someone had brought it in,

I have his name on a slip. Think:
just one printing, a few
hundred copies on the cheapest
stock — but it looks like new.

Why was it kept, those years, when Death
lurked in books, pictures, rhymes,
in letters from abroad, in thought
itself? And in those times,

when the poets were rounded up,
verses confiscated,
did someone really read your book,
were its points debated:

what you meant by “Hellenism”
(the text is underscored
here), how to value other “isms”
now long extinct? The word,

you write, is a utensil in
the master’s hand, the live
voice of times past, culture, moral
certainty. Sixty-five

years gone, now, and Russia’s women
still howl down Moscow streets.
Fools appropriate your precious
Pushkin, poets still greet

the morning from their prison cells.
And yet the word still serves:
tool for nailing up, for hammering
down the universe.

Van Gogh in Moscow
Moscow, USSR, 1984

Summer bleeds through our fingers.
On our twig boat we ride downstream
dabbling hands in the water,
slippery green reeds brushing
our fingertips. We catch fish
in the evening; moist and crackling,
they turn black for our fire.

In Sardinia, a Russian ballerina
carves patterns in her veins,
pirouettes across her room,
wakes to white coats. "I am oh!-so-tired!"
she cries before she flits away.

There are paintings that crawl from cracks
in the wall, faces dwelling
in the mind, eyes seeping into
one's own eyes, glittering evilly. . . .

When I have draped my veins on Sardinia,
danced vibrant among shrieking canvasses
and brought my boat in from the reeds,
I shall become a fish,
bones like these.

Big Tildas

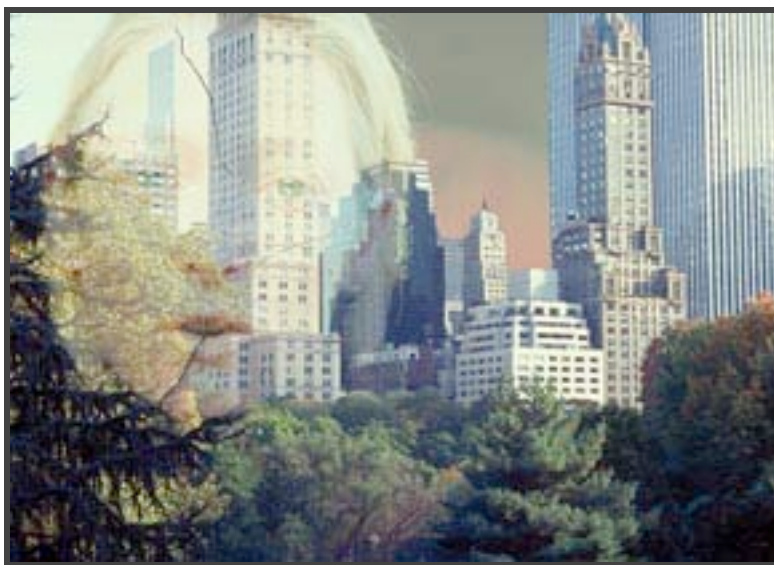
Photocollages

by

Lucy Gray

Song List by Greil Marcus

On five evenings beginning Tuesday, April 25, 2005, and running through Saturday, April 29, the 49th San Francisco International Film Festival presented "Big Tilda, a public art project(ion) featuring photocolled images of the actor Tilda Swinton by the San Francisco photographer and Archipelagean Lucy Gray. The images were projected outdoors on the north and south faces of City Hall from 9:00 pm until midnight each evening using high-powered Pani projectors. Archipelago commemorates the Big Event in word, picture, and song.



Photcollage Lucy Gray

Lightning

I had perfectly nice portraits of Tilda Swinton, but she is so luminous in life and adaptive on screen that I turned to collage to explore her. I wanted to answer her expressions inside the pictures. I have been shooting portraits for nearly fifteen years, and she is the first subject I have found who is strong enough not to ask to be liked. She is one of a very few who is brave enough to be sexual without being minimized, she is beautiful without being classified, she is intelligent without being mean. Physically, she is six feet tall with excellent posture and a commanding, deep voice. She always wears trousers, never wears a dress. When they first meet her many strangers call her “sir.” Tilda uses her authority to hold onto her ambiguity.

Her androgynous face is fluid and so it lends itself naturally to landscape. She is impossible to possess. So much of our culture tells us to believe freedom is found in purchase. I wanted to express another kind of cutting-loose, in creativity, in visual play and pleasure. I tried to explore some of her inner openness. The Tilda I met was developing, searching, learning. She sees her life as an adventure which makes her vulnerable in reality. Playing with the question of what is real, I photographed places and people, wove them together in the surreal loom called Photoshop, and then printed them with pigment on watercolor paper to make them seem a little like paintings, that is, fictitious.

Showing these pictures on City Hall in San Francisco seemed to be another obvious extension of their playful and serious nature. I believe deeply in looking at art in public, seeing and thinking and learning in the midst of strangers. That becomes more important as we privatize feelings – as we resist going to the theater, for instance. I am searching for new ways to get people to see things together, out of the house. I believe this is an important political act. But I also think the whole idea that celebrities are larger than life is poked fun at by seeing Tilda nearly a city-block long. She is bigger than big, here. And though this is an art exhibit, it is, just like the movies, a show of light that will come and go like a day, hopefully a memorable one. —*Lucy Gray*



Photocollage Lucy Gray

“Big Tilda” at City Hall, San Francisco, April 25, 2005

Greil Marcus’s Song List

(shuffle while viewing the slide show of “Big Tilda” www.archipelago.org/vol10-34/gray.htm)

Marianne Faithfull, “Broken English,” from *Broken English*

PJ Harvey, “Big Exit,” from *Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea*

Handsome Family, “My Sister’s Tiny Hands,” from *Through the Trees*

Paula Frazer and Tarnation, "Pretend," from *Now It's Time*

Sleater-Kinney, "Was It a Lie," from *All Hands on the Bad One*

Bob Dylan, "Handsome Molly" or "Barbara Allen," from *Live at the Gaslight 1962*

Mekons, "Millionaire," from *I Love Mekons*

Cat Power, "Come on in My Kitchen," from *All Tomorrow's Parties 1*.
(curated by Sonic Youth) or "Nude as the News," from *What Would the Community Think*

Trailer Bride, "Sapphire Blue," from *Whine de Lune*

Donovan, "Celeste" or "Bert's Blues," from *Sunshine Superman*



Photocollage Lucy Gray

Sun Stroke

See the slide show of Lucy Gray's photcollages at *Archipelago*

www.archipelago.org/vol10-34/gray.htm

Thanks to Audis Husar Gallery www.audishusar.com and
the San Francisco Film Festival fest06.sffs.org/events/big_tilda.php for the images shown here.
See David D'Arcy's review at Artnet www.artnet.com/magazineus/reviews/darcy/darcy4-28-06.asp.
More photos of 'Big Tilda' at San Francisco's Civic Center blog
<http://sfciviccenter.blogspot.com/2006/05/big-tilda.html>

Lucy Gray's photographs have appeared in *Archipelago*:
"Naming the Homeless," Vol. 4, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol4-1/gray-statement.htm
"Balancing Acts: On Ballerinas Who Are Mothers," Vol. 5, No. 3 www.archipelago.org/vol5-3/gray.htm
and
Susan Garrett, "On Lucy Gray's Photography," Vol. 4, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol4-1/garrett.htm
Lucy Gray's Web Site www.lucygrayphotography.com
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The Irrevocable Consequences of Cruelty

Reflections on Kazan's *Blanche Du Bois* and Forman's *Billy Bibbit*

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Blanche Du Bois

In Elia Kazan's *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951), Blanche Du Bois goes to New Orleans to "visit" her sister, Stella, and her husband, Stanley Kowalski, after having exhausted her opportunities, occupational and otherwise, in her former town of residence. Soon after her arrival, Blanche asks her sister if she can move in with them, since she lacks the means to support herself. Stella lovingly permits her to stay, although the apartment is very small and does not easily accommodate both the couple and a guest. Stanley is annoyed from the beginning by the presence of Blanche, whom he regards as an intruder, and his perturbation is exacerbated when he learns that Belle Rive, the estate shared by the two sisters, has been "lost." From the outset, Blanche is ill-disposed toward Stanley, and during their second encounter she says directly to his face, "You're simple, straightforward and honest. A little bit on the, uh, primitive side, I should think." Throughout the duration of her stay, Blanche continues to make derogatory remarks about Stanley, calling him "a pollack," "primitive," "a pig," etc. She also tries to make Stella feel guilty for having abandoned her ten years earlier for this man, whom she seems to regard as beneath contempt. Blanche even attempts to convince her sister that she is too good for Stanley and that she should leave him. Horrified that Stella should actually have forgiven Stanley after he had, in a state of drunkenness, hit her the previous night, she asks, "May I speak plainly? . . . If you'll forgive me: he's common." Stella replies, "Suppose he is?" Blanche continues:

He's like an animal. He has an animal's habits. There's even something subhuman about him. Thousands of years have passed him right by. And there he is: Stanley Kowalski, survivor of the stone age, bearing the raw meat home from the kill in the jungle. And you, you here waiting for him. Maybe he'll strike you, or maybe he'll grunt and kiss you. That's if kisses have been discovered yet. This "poker night" you

call it. This party of apes? Baby we are a long way from being made in God's image. But Stella, my sister, there's been some progress since then! Such things as art, as poetry, as music. . . . Don't! Don't hang back with the brutes!

Although she believes herself to be talking in privacy, the layout of the apartment and building is such that Stanley actually overhears this and probably other such conversations.

When Blanche becomes engaged to marry Mitch, a co-worker and friend of Stanley's, Stanley apprises him that, far from being "old-fashioned" and "straight-laced," as she has always pretended whenever Mitch has attempted to become physically intimate with her, Blanche has a most colorful past history of affairs and debauchery, and this is well known to all throughout her former place of residence. As Stanley relays the story to Stella:

She's as famous in [Laurel] as if she was the president of the United States. Only she's not respected by any party.... The trouble with Dame Blanche was that she couldn't put on her act any more in [Laurel] because they got wised up and after two, three days they quit, and then she goes on to another one. The same old line, the same old laugh, the same old. . .

Stanley has also learned and reveals to Stella and Mitch that Blanche left her position at the school where she taught English not, as she claims, because the superintendent suggested that she take a leave of absence due to her nervous exhaustion. Rather, she was dismissed because of her scandalous liaison with a seventeen-year-old student.

Mitch is understandingly alarmed and disillusioned by this revelation, which he verifies to be true before deciding to end the engagement. His change in attitude first manifests itself when he fails to show up for dinner on Blanche's birthday and does not even call to excuse himself. Later he confronts Blanche with the reports about her former life, and she admits that they are true, excusing her comportment by appeal to the story of how she was devastated by her one true love, her first and only husband, who committed suicide. When Mitch demands that he be allowed to look at her in the light, so that he can see her "good and plain," Blanche speaks truthfully to him, explaining:

I don't want realism. . . . I want magic. Yes, yes, magic. I try to give that to people. I do misrepresent things. I don't tell truths. I tell what ought to be truths, and if that is sinful, then let me be punished for it. Don't turn the light on!

But Mitch's pride has been irreparably wounded by Blanche's earlier duplicity: "I thought you were straight. . . . You lied to me Blanche! . . . Lies, lies, inside and out! All lies!" Blanche vainly attempts to rectify the hopeless situation by crying: "Never inside! I never lied in my heart!" When Mitch kisses her, Blanche believes that this is because he is so compassionate as to be able to forgive her for all of her transgressions, and she pleads,

“Marry me, Mitch.” But he responds, “No, I don’t think that I want to marry you anymore. . . . No, you’re not clean enough to live in the house with Mom.” Now he is only interested in adding his name to the list of all the other men she has had.

Stanley’s continually abusive treatment and Mitch’s rejection have a thoroughly devastating effect upon Blanche, who eventually loses all touch with reality and invents fantasies about a man who will come to rescue her from the place where she now feels trapped as a result of her insolvency. Blanche even dresses up in party clothes and claims that Shep Hartley, a rich oilman, is going to take her away on a Caribbean cruise. She talks out loud to herself, and finally loses the ability to distinguish reality from fiction. Her emotional roller coaster ride of quixotic dreams and dashed hopes plummets and crashes, leaving her derailed, never again to return to the tracks of conventionally delimited reality.

Stella is deeply troubled by her sister’s degeneration, and, recognizing that her condition is only worsening, she decides to have her committed to an insane asylum. In the end, Stella leaves Stanley, so his efforts to win back her total devotion, by ridding their household of Blanche, fail. There is a sense in which Stanley’s actions contribute to the destruction of Blanche, whose tenuous psychological stability had been depending upon being saved by Mitch, who would both believe the illusory interpretation of her own life which she wanted and, indeed, needed so desperately to cling to, and marry her, preventing her from spiraling further and further into the dark depths of old age and loneliness. But, reciprocally, Blanche irrevocably damages Stanley, since his marriage, the most important part of his life, is unsalvageable now that Stella has seen this cruel side of her husband, whom she had formerly adored. The film ends with Stella proclaiming: “I’m not going back in there again, not this time. I’m never going back! Never!” Stanley wails like a child in the background, trying desperately to persuade her to return to him.

Before Blanche arrived, Stanley and Stella’s marriage was physically satisfying, and both of them were perfectly happy, even living in the conditions which Blanche relentlessly criticizes as sordid. Blanche’s presence disrupts the marriage by stifling the couple in their physical relationship, since they are constantly in the company of Blanche, who resides in the next room, separated only by a thin curtain, which permits every sound to pass through. Blanche is continually injecting ideas into Stella about Stanley’s being “common” and “primitive.” But when Stanley tells Mitch about Blanche’s past, thereby destroying the couple’s plans for marriage, and then, as a final coup, presents her with “a birthday remembrance,” a one-way ticket back to her home town, he himself effectively confirms in Stella’s mind the hypothesis which Blanche has for months been attempting to persuade her

to believe, that he is grossly barbaric. She insists to Stanley, “You didn’t need to do that. You didn’t need to be so cruel to someone who’s as alone as she is.”

From Stella’s perspective, it could not possibly harm Mitch never to find out the truth about Blanche, and their marriage would have been an optimum solution for all of the parties involved. Blanche would have left to live happily ever after with Mitch, a man who accorded her the type of respect which she needed and which would give her happiness. At the same time, Mitch would have been happily married to a woman of what he takes to be Blanche’s cultivation and refinement.

Billy Bibbit

In Milos Forman’s *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest* (1975), when Nurse Ratched finds the ward which she governs in shambles, having been the scene of carousing and debauchery throughout the previous night, she is incensed at what she interprets to be her patients’ disobedience and disrespect. When she finds Billy Bibbit lying naked in bed with a woman with whom he has obviously been sexually entangled, she confronts him with the fact that his mother will not be pleased by the news that he has conducted himself in such a way. The man is anguished by Nurse Ratched’s claim that she will relay the story to his mother, despite his plea: “You don’t have to tell her.” He leaves in hysterics, in effect begging her not to tell his mother, and a few minutes later he is found dead, having committed suicide.

It is clear that Nurse Ratched is outraged by the usurpation of her authority by McMurphy, who has turned her ward upside down, and her reaction is to lash out at Billy. Her treatment is interpreted by McMurphy as gratuitous cruelty, which is why he reacts by leaping on top of her and attempting to strangle her. He very nearly succeeds, and, as a result, she ends up in a neck brace, while he is “treated” with a lobotomy. The reason why McMurphy is so angry as to attempt to take Nurse Ratched’s life is that he knows, as do all the patients who have participated in group therapy discussions, that Billy’s primary problem, the reason why he came to a psychiatric hospital for treatment, is that he has been unable to have healthy relationships with women, apparently in large part due to his mother’s domineering and jealous nature.

When Nurse Ratched threatens to tell Billy’s mother that he has spent a night of debauchery in bed with a woman of ill-repute, all of his negative feelings and memories of the frustration he experienced the last time that he attempted to have a relationship come

rushing back to him. But Nurse Ratched, even more than McMurphy himself, knows what a source of anxiety this problem has been for Billy. So for her to attack him in this way is, to McMurphy's mind, unforgivable. He views her as directly responsible for Billy's death. Only a few minutes before, Billy is perfectly fine, even seemingly cured of his former problem of inhibition, as is evidenced by the fact that he no longer stutters during the first moments of the conversation after emerging from the bed where he has spent the night with a woman. It is only when Nurse Ratched mentions his mother that he reverts to his former timid behavior and begins stuttering once again.

The outcome is tragic: McMurphy ends up lobotomized (and ultimately dead, because Chief suffocates him, being unable to bear the thought of McMurphy walking around as a vegetable), Billy is dead, and Nurse Ratched returns to her position of authority over the ward. Furthermore, from her own perspective, Miss Ratched has been the victim, first, of the disruption of the order of her ward and, second, of an attempted murder by McMurphy.

While one can understand her interpretation of what transpired, the viewer is still left with a nauseous feeling. In treating Billy in the manner in which she did, Nurse Ratched assumed that he was a normal, psychologically robust person, the type of person with whom one interacts as a matter of course "on the outside." But, within the milieu of a mental institution, a different attitude is appropriate. It would seem reasonable to treat the inhabitants of a mental hospital with more compassion and tolerance, since they are in such a place due to their inability fully to function in the real world precisely because they are hypersensitive. These people are incapable of deflecting verbal assaults in the normal way and are peculiarly vulnerable to harsh judgment by others. This point is illustrated over and over again in the film, by interactions between the patients which highlight their hypersensitivity. The scenario involving Miss Ratched and Billy immediately preceding his suicide is deeply ironic, because a mental health professional, one who has been trained to assess the appropriateness and inappropriateness of the behavior of other human beings, acts inappropriately and, as a result, effects the destruction of two others.

The case is deeply tragic because, while on the one hand we want to hold Nurse Ratched responsible, on the other hand, her conduct betrays nothing less than her irrationality, or her simple failure to remember that the man with whom she is dealing is special, that he is affected more profoundly by harsh words and judgment than are normal people, and that he is particularly disposed toward inhibition and embarrassment in matters regarding intimacy. Beyond this instance of irrationality, there are no obvious grounds for exculpating Nurse Ratched. She is considered by all to be a person of authority and,

therefore, entirely responsible. If a person were truly irrational, then, we have been trained to believe since childhood and often naïvely suppose, he would not occupy such a position of authority and power.

This case illustrates how persons who are functional and sane may have moments of irrationality and failures of memory which cause them to act in ways which we find regrettable. We are torn between our desire to hold them responsible and our recognition that their behavior is purely irrational. On one level, we either believe or want to believe that if Nurse Ratched had only thought more about the possibilities which become real for a person of Billy's fragile constitution, then she would not have acted in the manner in which she did. However, there are also some grounds for believing that Nurse Ratched senses even in Billy a threat to her own position of authority and power, as she is visibly bothered by his and the other patients' reactions to her when she discovers her ward turned into a nightclub.

Self-Defense and Power

Both Nurse Ratched and Stanley Kowalski most likely view themselves as antagonized by the people whom they victimize. If so, then their behavior is best interpreted as self-defensive. Both want to avoid the further usurpation of their power and regain the position of prominence that they formerly occupied in their respective domains.

It might seem that Stanley simply fails to see that the best way to get rid of Blanche is to facilitate, not hinder, her marriage to Mitch, since then at last she will not be inhabiting one of the two rooms of Stanley's home. Most likely he does not think that Blanche's marriage to Mitch will solve the problem, since she will still be in the same town as Stella and will no doubt continue to infect her with ideas about how vulgar and primitive he is. This would explain why Stanley buys Blanche a bus ticket back to her home town for her birthday present, indicating that he wants Blanche not only out of the house, but out of the city, indeed, as far away as is possible. He ends by having his wish fulfilled, but the victory is Pyrrhic, for he also loses the most cherished part of his life, his formerly adulatory wife. In defeating his enemy, he adversely and irrevocably alters his wife's perception of him. Stanley might have interpreted Blanche's attitude and behavior as a cry for help, as the expressions of a truly anguished soul. However, because she attacks him where he is most vulnerable, by attempting to undermine his up until now successful marriage, he is blinded to alternative interpretations. Stanley's own comportment serves to confirm Blanche's interpretation of him in Stella's eyes.

There is a sense in which Blanche could be interpreted as the victor of the battle, since she also gets what she wanted most of all, the opportunity to finally live in a fantasyland, in which, to her mind, all of her illusions are veridical pictures and all of her delusions are truths. In her private world, Blanche is a cultured, sophisticated lady for whom dashing and wealthy men of taste and refinement pine. Blanche's final state reveals that her need to hold onto this fictional image is so strong that eventually it becomes necessary to forsake altogether her grip on reality. She escapes to another world, a world of pure illusion, far from the cruel words and harsh judgment of real people living in the real world.

One wonders whether Blanche would not ultimately have succumbed to the seduction of her fantasy world anyway, even if she had married Mitch. From her description of what happened many years before, between her and Alan, her "one true love," one gathers that she has a difficult time not imposing her idealistic dreams upon others. When her lover exposed what she interpreted to be his faults to her, she judged him most harshly. She relays the story of her husband's suicide to Mitch as follows:

I loved someone once, and the person I loved I lost. . . . He was a boy, just a boy, when I was a very young girl. . . . But I was unlucky, deluded. There was something about this boy: a nervousness, a tenderness, an uncertainty, and I didn't understand. I didn't understand why this boy, who wrote poetry, didn't seem able to do anything else. He lost every job. He came to me for help. I didn't know that. I didn't know anything except that I loved him unendurably.

When Mitch expresses bewilderment about her husband's suicide, Blanche explains: "It was because on the dance floor, unable to stop myself, I said: 'You are weak. I've lost respect for you. I despise you.'" It is Mitch's very sensitivity to the tragedy of what he takes to be Blanche's plight that leads him to ask her hand in marriage: "You need somebody, and I need somebody too. Could it be you and me, Blanche?"

Supposing that they had married, would Blanche have been able to sustain a relationship with Mitch, who, after all, leaves much to be desired, according to Blanche's own lofty standards? Mitch is a co-worker and friend of Stanley, whom she regards as primitive and base. Their conversations are banal, his grammar is atrocious (and Blanche is extraordinarily sensitive about and adept with language), he is inordinately attached to his mother, with whom, amazingly enough, he still resides, and he obviously lacks self-esteem. Moreover, Mitch, unlike Stanley, is so obtuse as actually to have been duped by Blanche. One suspects that Blanche might have eventually turned on Mitch as well, pointing out his stupidity and naïveté, once she had secured what she was really looking for in this relationship: financial stability. There can be little doubt that Blanche is concerned above all

to find a home for herself, as is evidenced by her response to Stella's question, "Darling, do you want him?" Blanche explains: "I want to rest. I want to breathe quietly again. Yes, I want Mitch very badly. . . . I can go away from here and not be anyone's problem."

Nurse Ratched might have interpreted Billy's actions in a positive way, as a stage in his healing process. She knows that his first suicide attempt succeeded a woman's rejection of his marriage proposal, and it seems that what he needs more than anything else is to learn to adopt a somewhat less grave attitude toward others' opinions of him. Billy is sensitive in the way in which Blanche's husband was, and this sort of sensitivity about others' opinions leaves one vulnerable to abuse and attack, even when it is best explained and most easily interpreted as purely reactive, as in the case of Nurse Ratched. Billy's death is a form of collateral damage in a war between Nurse Ratched and R. P. McMurphy, as *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* brilliantly reveals. The real issue irking Miss Ratched is not Billy's sexual involvement but, rather, the way in which this represents a divestiture of her power by McMurphy, who, she believes, has insidiously infected her ward by provoking the patients to be more daring and outspoken and to stand up to her and assert their own opinions, rather than submitting meekly to her every dictate. Upon McMurphy's arrival on her ward, Nurse Ratched immediately perceives in him an antagonist. And McMurphy views himself in this way as well. He says to the other patients:

God Almighty, she's got you guys coming and going. . . What do you think she is, some kind of a champ or something?. . . You wanna bet?. . . One week. I bet in one week I can put a bug so far up her ass she don't know whether to shit or wind her wristwatch.

When McMurphy requests that the ward schedule be changed so that the patients can watch the World Series, Nurse Ratched permits the residents to decide the issue, saying that the majority vote will rule, but she knows full well that exactly half of the men on the ward are completely incognizant of what is happening and therefore cannot possibly be persuaded to vote. Then, when McMurphy miraculously gets Chief, believed by everyone on the ward to be deaf and dumb, to vote for the ward policy change, she responds, "The meeting was adjourned, and the vote was closed. . . When the meeting was adjourned, the vote was nine to nine." McMurphy later reports to the hospital administrators that "She ain't honest," and "She likes a rigged game. You know what I mean?" But Dr. Spivey defends her, saying that "Miss Ratched's one of the finest nurses we've got in this institution."

When McMurphy steals the hospital's recreation bus and drives his fellow patients to a wharf to go fishing on a boat which they illegally borrow for the afternoon, his girlfriend

Candy warns him, “You better quit on this. They’ll throw you back in the can again, you know?” But McMurphy jubilantly responds, “No they won’t. We’re nuts! They’ll just take us back to the feed farm, see?” What McMurphy has not realized up to this time is that there are harsher measures available to the authorities of psychiatric institutions than those of prisons, where the limit of punishment is solitary confinement, and the duration of one’s sentence is always externally pre-delineated.

When a panel of doctors meets with Dr. Spivey and Nurse Ratched to decide what to do about McMurphy, she persuades them to leave McMurphy on her ward:

Gentlemen, in my opinion, if we send him back to Pendleton or we send him up to disturbed, it’s just one more way of passing on our problem to somebody else. You know we don’t like to do that. So I’d like to keep him on the ward. I think that we can help him.

Later, one of the orderlies explains the terms of his confinement to McMurphy, who has threatened him by saying: “I’ll be seein’ you on the outside. You know what I mean?” The orderly replies, “By the time you get out of here, you’ll be too old to even get it up.” McMurphy smiles, “Sixty-eight days, buddy. Sixty-eight days.” The orderly counters, “What the fuck you talkin’ about, sixty-eight days? That’s in jail, sucker. You still don’t know where you’re at, do you?” McMurphy asks, “Yeah, where am I at, Washington?” And Washington informs him: “With us, baby. You’re with us. And you’re gonna stay with us until we let you out!”

McMurphy is understandably disconcerted by this news, and raises the issue at the next group therapy session: “I’d like to know why none of the guys never told me that you, Miss Ratched, and the doctors could keep me here ‘til you’re good and ready to turn me loose. That’s what I’d like to know.” When he learns, to his amazement, that most of the people in the ward are voluntary patients, he exclaims:

Jesus, I mean, you guys do nothin’ but complain about how you can’t stand it in this place here, and then you haven’t got the guts just to walk out? I mean, what do you think you are for Christ’s sake, crazy or somethin’?! Well, you’re not! You’re not! You’re no crazier than the average asshole out walkin’ around on the streets, and that’s it! Jesus Christ, I can’t even believe it!

Nurse Ratched explicitly acknowledges, “Those are very challenging observations you made, Randall.” The sense in which they are challenging to her position of authority is illustrated by the tenor of the subsequent discussion, when the patients begin asserting themselves and demanding that their rights be respected. It is McMurphy’s pointing out to

them that they are “no crazier than the average asshole out walkin’ around on the streets,” which seems to awaken in them a new-found or long-suppressed self-confidence.

In the end, Miss Ratched wins the game and gets precisely what she sought, the re-establishment of the power structure that she had worked so hard to secure before McMurphy’s arrival, which, to her eyes, had a disruptive effect upon the ward, long before the night of revelry immediately preceding Billy’s suicide. Through indirectly causing that tragedy, Nurse Ratched incenses McMurphy to the point of losing control and attempting to take her life. McMurphy is quite far from insane and purposely conducted himself in prison in ways which led to his displacement to an institution for psychiatric evaluation in order to get out of work detail. But it is his location at the time of his attack which leads to his ultimate demise. Since anyone undergoing evaluation in a psychiatric hospital is already suspected of being psychologically aberrant, McMurphy is summarily lobotomized, in the name of psychiatry and within the bounds of the law, and thus rendered eternally impotent.

Although we can understand Nurse Ratched’s behavior as purely irrational, a sort of primitive territorialism, we nonetheless come away from the film with strong feelings of antipathy toward her. Not everyone loses, only McMurphy, Billy, and the other members of the ward. Nurse Ratched gets what she had before McMurphy’s arrival, a position of absolute power and authority, which are obviously a source of no small amount of satisfaction to her.

It might seem difficult to believe that someone would actually derive satisfaction from controlling a group of people who, as is evidenced by the fact that they are in this place, cannot cope and are devoid of the sort of self-esteem which prevents normal people from being hopelessly and ruthlessly manipulated by others. Indeed, the very fact that Nurse Ratched does take pride in and derives satisfaction from this position of power provides some reason for thinking that she herself is not all that suitably constituted to judge the appropriateness of others’ behavior. Certainly the type of “rigged game” that she plays, to which McMurphy objects, is not deemed acceptable on “the outside.” The very fact that she must resort to these sorts of tactics would seem to betray none other than her own weakness, since if she were even moderately powerful, she could use fair means to dominate these already hyper-impressionable people.

What is most regrettable is that the satisfaction of one person’s desire to retain her position of power should have necessitated the destruction of two human beings. It may be the simple intuition that these two men’s lives are every bit as important as her own which explains part of our strong emotive reaction to the case.

Truth

Both Nurse Ratched and Stanley Kowalski assault their victims with the truth, which, under the circumstances, becomes a dangerously powerful weapon. Ordinarily, we praise honesty in our dealings with others and criticize individuals who conduct themselves in duplicitous ways. Do these cases then show that we are not so much interested in truth or lies but rather the nature of the intentions motivating their deployment?

Our reactions to these cases may indicate that, while we do value truth, there are other factors which weigh into our overall moral assessment of an individual's conduct. While we would uniformly condemn the duplicitous sully of Blanche's character by Stanley's fabrication of a story about her supposedly dissolute past, or Nurse Ratched's making false statements to Billy such as that he would be subjected to excruciatingly painful corporal punishment for his behavior, we do not think that truth in and of itself can excuse what amounts to gratuitous cruelty.

In her defense, Nurse Ratched could point out that all she did was to make true statements to Billy, and there is certainly no crime in doing that. Far from it, she could insist, we expect honesty in our dealings with one another. Along similar lines, Stanley explicitly tells Stella that he could not have on his conscience the fact that Mitch had been lured into marrying Blanche by having "the wool pulled over his eyes." It is indisputable that the truth is on his side, so to speak, and he can defend his conduct on the grounds that such a marriage might well lead to Mitch's destruction, given Blanche's generally destructive bent, which Stanley has amply witnessed for several months by the time he reveals the facts about her past to Mitch.

However, what we sense even more strongly is that Stanley revels in the truth about Blanche not because it is the truth, but because it is denigrating to this woman who has been assaulting him and posing a threat to his marriage for a number of months. Blanche has a powerful effect over her sister, which causes Stanley to fear Blanche and the possibly long-term consequences of her stay in their apartment. Stanley gloats over the facts about Blanche and relishes conveying them to Mitch and Stella because they show that she, the person who has been judging him extraordinarily harshly for so long, is far from irreproachable. Indeed, by conventional standards, Blanche's own character is tarnished by the verifiable facts about her past. Next to this less pure image of Blanche, Stanley, far from being some sort of lowlife, looks like a perfectly decent and respectable husband. He does not cheat on his wife,

and he earns an honest living. He is simple and “common,” but he is morally upright by the standards of society, something which Blanche, it emerges, cannot claim.

Our reactions to the case are, again, mixed. On the one hand, we sympathize with Stanley, whose life is disrupted by the presence of Blanche, who seems intent upon winning back her former place of prominence in her sister’s life. On the other hand, Blanche is so pathetic that we have a difficult time understanding how someone could fail to have sympathy for her. She is completely obsessed with her looks and age, and even goes so far as to avoid allowing others to view her in daylight for fear that they might discover how wilted she truly is. But the fact remains that Blanche, though pitiful, does exert a control over her sister, as is amply evidenced in a scene during which Stella herself coldly snaps at Stanley when Blanche observes his lack of interest in the joke which she is in the process of telling: “Mr. Kowalski is too busy making a pig of himself to think of anything else. Your face and your fingers are disgusting and greasy. Go wash up, and then help me clear the table.” Stanley explodes:

Don’t you ever talk that way to me. *Pig, pollack, disgusting, vulgar, greasy*, . . . those kind of words have been on your tongue and your sister’s tongues too much around here. Who do you think you are, fair queens? And just remember what Huey Long said, that “Every man’s a king,” and I’m the king around here. And don’t you forget it.

From Stanley’s perspective, Blanche is a despicable creature, but she is not piteous, so long as she is capable of influencing her sister, which she is, up until the time when she goes completely mad. However, Stanley never ceases abusing Blanche, even when it is evident to all that she has lost touch with reality. During the scene when she is being taken away to a hospital, Stanley continues to treat Blanche as though she were a healthy and responsible adversary, and this is what Stella finds unforgivable, in the end. But, once again, the very fact that Stanley is so harsh with this diminished woman, in front of both her sister and his friends, all of whom have already concluded that she is undeniably insane, betrays his own irrationality. He is utterly unable to abandon his interpretation of Blanche as an enemy to be vanquished and reveals himself to be brutish and insensate, just as Blanche has always maintained, during their final exchange.

Like Stanley, Nurse Ratched does not seem terribly concerned with the truth for its own sake. Rather, she invokes it as a weapon against Billy who she interprets as having rebelled against her and succumbed to the influence of McMurphy. But the truth sometimes has a cutting edge, which is why she chooses this moment to make these factual statements: “You know, Billy, what worries me is how your mother’s going to take this,” and “I don’t have to tell her? But your mother and I are old friends. You know that.” When Billy

implores her, “Please don’t tell my mother!” She coldly retaliates, “Don’t you think you should have thought of that before you took that woman in that room?” When all is said and done, Nurse Ratched can live with herself without ever entertaining the possibility of moral responsibility for the destruction of these two men, Billy Bibbit and R. P. McMurphy, because all she really did was to utter truths.

It is because of the nature and vehemence of her reaction, that we recognize that Nurse Ratched feels threatened not only by McMurphy, but by Billy’s own newfound power, his ability to respond to her question, “Aren’t you ashamed?” by looking her in the eye and asserting, “No, I’m not.” Up until Blanche’s break with reality, the relevant distinction between her case and that of Billy is that the latter’s place of residence, in a mental institution, is an indication that, though he might seem at a given moment confident and self-possessed, in reality, his apparent equanimity may be ephemeral and easily disrupted. And, in fact, Billy is immediately and devastatingly disarmed by Nurse Ratched’s allusion to his mother. But even more crucial is the fact that Nurse Ratched is presumably an expert about matters of mental health. We expect more of Nurse Ratched than we do of Stanley Kowalski, since she is in the business of treating people such as Blanche.

Responsibility

When we look at the conduct of Nurse Ratched and Stanley Kowalski, we can only regret that they failed to notice some of the relevant features of the situations in which they treated Billy and Blanche with such cruelty that calamitous consequences directly ensued. While it may often be tempting to exculpate such agents for their abominable conduct on the grounds that they were, in the moment of action, temporarily insane, forgetful, or irrational, this would be tantamount to saying that no one is ever morally responsible.

Consider, once again, Nurse Ratched. It is certainly tempting to conclude that she is pathetic—indeed, just as is Blanche in her diaphanous efforts to wrest control of Stella from Stanley. However, Nurse Ratched wins this round of the power game, by regaining her former position of authority, having at last defeated the enemy with which she perceived herself to have been faced. The very fact that she should feel thus victorious provides us with all the more reason to write her off as beyond judgment, due to her own self-delusion and irrationality.

However, in spite of the fact that we feel tempted on one level to exonerate her, she has a control over this tiny domain at one point in the space and time coordinate system of human commerce, just as many other petty tyrants in history have had and will in the future as well. The dynamics of human commerce dictate that if Nurse Ratched is responsible enough to hold this enormously powerful position of being able to judge the appropriateness of the behavior of other human beings, then she is responsible enough to remember and consider crucial facts about her patients, in this case, that Billy is inordinately sensitive about issues involving women, he has attempted suicide before, and this problem seems to stem largely from his mother's overbearing influence over him.

While we also find some of his actions cruel, we are perhaps less apt to hold Stanley Kowalski culpable for Blanche's demise, since she herself attacks him in a most directed and incisive way over a period of several months before he finally locates some ammunition, the facts about her past, and thus the opportunity to retaliate. So long as Blanche shares the real world with other human beings, we have to assume that she is responsible for her own behavior, making it less reproachable that Stanley should deploy facts against her own barrage of facts, those which she has deployed in her own merciless attacks. Up until the end, Blanche and Stanley are engaged in a battle, with neither doing more, strictly speaking, than to tell the truth. When Blanche repeatedly points out to Stella that her husband is "common," "primitive," devoid of any appreciation for higher human aspirations such as art, music, or literature, she speaks the truth. Stanley knows that what Blanche says about him is true, and he fears the effects that her pointing out these facts will have upon his marriage. It is for this reason that he jumps at the opportunity to counterattack, by exposing Blanche's hypocrisy.

The reason why Stella excuses Blanche's manner is that she knows how deeply she has suffered and how she ended up in this state of needing to elevate herself by stepping upon any person whom she can interpret as being beneath her. The reason why Stella cannot forgive Stanley in the end is that she has felt all along that Blanche warrants special treatment, the sort of tolerance and sympathy that one would accord someone who has suffered severe psychological traumas, as Blanche has. She attempts to explain this to Stanley: "You didn't know Blanche as a girl. Nobody, nobody, was as tender and as trusting as she was. But people like you abused her and forced her to change." However, once again, from Stanley's perspective, the only thing visible is Blanche's hard outer shell and haughtiness. She relentlessly attacks Stanley's values and the type of life which he has to now happily shared with Stella, whom he reminds, "Wasn't we happy together, wasn't it all okay 'til she showed up here? Hoity-toity, describing me like a ape." Stanley never knew Blanche

as an innocent child, before encountering the harsh realities of the world, so he can see no reason whatsoever for treating her with tenderness or compassion.

At one point Blanche lunges at Stanley, obviously referring to his destruction of her possibilities for marriage to Mitch: “Deliberate cruelty is not forgivable. It is the one unforgivable thing, in my opinion, and the one thing of which I have never, never been guilty.” But the degree to which Stanley feels threatened, and Blanche’s utter refusal (or inability) to consider his feelings at all, is ironically expressed by the interaction in which Stanley complains about Blanche’s having steamed up the bathroom again, and Blanche replies, “I take hot baths for my nerves. ‘Hydrotherapy,’ they call it. You healthy pollack without a nerve in your body, how could you possibly know what anxiety feels like?” Stanley yells at the top of his lungs:

I am not a pollack! People from Poland are Poles! They are not pollacks! But what I am is one hundred percent American! I’m born and raised in the greatest country on this earth, and I’m proud of it! Don’t you ever call me a pollack!

Blanche is apparently incognizant of the painful effects that her words have upon Stanley, and can defend herself as can Nurse Ratched and Stanley himself, by pointing out that all she has done is to “speak plainly” about Stanley. It is only much later that Blanche’s fragility emerges, when she reveals herself to have been most tenuously poised at the very edge of reality, what Stanley clearly could not have known when he conducted himself in the manner in which he did. Indeed, the very fact that Stanley actually believes Blanche’s story about receiving a telegram from a rich oilman in Texas reveals that he has no idea how psychologically unstable she truly is. And even after Blanche has gone mad, Stanley cannot surrender his defensive posture, having been so thoroughly wounded by this woman whom he appears still to fear may one day recover.

Where Worlds Collide

If Stanley had been perceptive enough to grasp the true nature and severity of Blanche’s problem, then he might not have acted in the manner in which he did, since he most likely would not have cared what she thought about him at all. He could have ignored her insults in the way in which one ignores the opinions of someone whom one already believes to be insane.

If Stanley had more self-esteem, then it would not have bothered him to be barraged by Blanche's incessant insults regarding his "common" nature, since he would have been proud enough of his positive qualities that he would simply have deflected her words. He would not have cared whether Stella found his lack of appreciation for art and poetry to be a demerit, and he might have told Stella that if she didn't like him as he was, then they could get a divorce.

If Blanche were sensitive and open-minded enough to recognize that there are other fulfilling lifestyles beyond that of her own favorite fantasyland world, then she might have refrained from attacking Stanley. But then Stanley would not have reacted in the cruel manner in which he did.

If Blanche had known that her husband was so sensitive, then she most likely would not have insulted him in the manner in which she did, and perhaps he wouldn't have committed suicide. Then she probably would not have been catapulted into a series of destructive and degrading affairs which generated the need for her to make her dream world become reality.

If Nurse Ratched had other sources of pleasure in her life beyond the control of the patients on her ward, then she most likely would not have felt so threatened by McMurphy's presence. In that case, she might not have interpreted the night of carousing in her ward as representing a divestiture of her power, but rather as a form of frivolity on the part of a group of people looking for light in their tunnels of darkness.

We could speculate until the end of time about how events might have transpired differently had certain features of a world—whether real or fictional—been different. But, ultimately, if human beings are free agents, then they have the choice of viewing worlds—whether real or fictional—and its other inhabitants through a moral lens or not. Once we have made the decision to do so, we have to accord the respect of moral judgment to all those who count as moral persons and interact with us. So long as Nurse Ratched, Blanche Du Bois and Stanley Kowalski are responsible enough to live in society at large within their respective worlds, they must be held accountable for their actions. This is not to deny that certain considerations, such as those discussed above, sometimes render this extremely difficult. But to deny cognizant and rational agents the respect of responsibility for their actions would be tantamount to an abandonment of a moral interpretation. It may be that our reactions to cases such as those of Blanche Du Bois and Billy Bibbit reveal our inner struggle both to embrace and to spurn a moral interpretation.

Where Worlds Coincide

Near the end of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Stella tells her neighbor, Eunice, “I couldn’t believe her story and go on living with Stanley. I, I couldn’t!” She is alluding to Blanche’s report that Stanley played “rough-house” with her while Stella was away in the hospital. But the point can be generalized: Stella cannot remain faithful to both Blanche and Stanley, since both demand her absolute devotion, and their values and ways of life are incompatible. Stanley and Blanche present an exclusive disjunction to Stella because neither will compromise in such a way as to permit the other to occupy a prominent place in her life. Their values are deeply in conflict.

Similarly, Nurse Ratched’s position of authority on the ward is incompatible with McMurphy’s insistence upon challenging her and exposing her vulnerabilities and the illusory grounds for her supposed expertise about what constitutes appropriate behavior. While it is implausible that she is fully conscious of her motivations for having persuaded the hospital administration to retain McMurphy on her ward, Nurse Ratched senses that she is losing her hold over her patients and therefore takes positive steps toward regaining their loyalty. Here, again, the patients are presented with a dilemma: to remain respectful of Nurse Ratched or to admire and emulate McMurphy. The two choices are exclusive of one another because the admiration evinced by the patients McMurphy is precisely due to his boldness and daring, his willingness to stand up to and reject the sort of authority that Miss Ratched represents.

When in a battle no one wins, or any victory is purely Pyrrhic, then we have tragedy at its depth, where victims and aggressors alike end up in worse conditions than those in which they started. Kazan’s *A Streetcar Named Desire* and Forman’s *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest* graphically illustrate the extraordinarily complex nature of our moral dealings with one another, that it is not always obvious where to locate responsibility nor why it is that we feel the way in which we do. The cases of Blanche Du Bois and Billy Bibbit are tragic because they leave a residual conflict behind. We are torn between desires both to exculpate and to blame Stanley Kowalski and Nurse Ratched. To the extent that we hold them responsible for the plights of Blanche and Billy, we reveal our intuitions that morality and law diverge, and that truth, in and of itself, is not unquestionably good. We may think that falsehoods should not be deployed to the destruction of other human beings, but we seem also to believe that, even in the form of truths, gratuitous cruelty is best avoided. An inability to find a resolution to conflicting feelings about these cases, and to render a univocal judgment of innocence or

guilt upon Stanley Kowalski and Nurse Ratched, may reflect competing intuitions that truth and honesty are intrinsically good, while mercy and compassion are as well.

In response to the dilemma posed by Stella when she exclaims, “I couldn’t believe her story and go on living with Stanley,” Eunice exhorts Stella to stand by Stanley: “Don’t you never believe it [Blanche’s story].” We may or may not agree with her choice, but her defense is every bit as generalizable as is Stella’s articulation of the dilemma: “We gotta keep on goin’. No matter what happens, we all gotta keep on goin’.”

TWO POEMS

Rodney Nelson

Winter Sunstead

A three-day warming had made each lamina
on the river's even field of snow inbend to
the next one down putting a sagged look to it
and on the bank the grown unimportant ash trees
were in lack of a wind that might have had them
seem other than waiting so seemed to wait without
motion for light to expose their drab of trunk
which had attracted a city crew to fell a
marked few they might not even have noticed had
sun not added to an independent warming
and where they had bladed a truck way was some
green in the upturned dirt along with a lot of
raw-pink not olive sawdust that would have meant
scent at another time had the men come for spear
wood in an even more other time not to
mention style of hood they would have taken note of
a red squirrel that dawdled in the sun on
an unmarked tree and had no news for them today

Promissory

To come to day at five in the winter morning
to know that I may have to remain and wake alone
to take to mind the chagrin of living in age
to empty it of all the geste and romaunce therefore
to admit that each year now is a labeled bin
to resign to resignation and the weakly dawn
to think of becoming a sequacious old man
to have them find me chalant and sedent in public
to carry it on as though I had not met her
to love her anyway until I am gone to night

Open Your Eyes, Red

Tracy Robinson

There was a short, lean, bald son of a whore, born in a trailer near a dirt road in Sooke. Son of a welder whom his mother said was the WBA Welterweight Champion of the world.

Through public school he showed alacrity, above-average intelligence, mild dyslexia, and a type of AD/HD, only the teachers gossiped that he was a snoopy, fidgety, slow little bastard who might fell trees if there were any left and if he didn't wind up dead of some foolish stunt, or in jail. After school, a gang of boys would wait. Kick him hard and curse his mother's name. Once, the Dune brothers pinned him down. A crowd of boys taunted, spat on his face, the tallest, son of a plumber, unzipped his pants and pissed on him, called him a faggot -- son of a squaw. The boy saw, heard, and felt, the necessity of these people, to peg him. He understood their reasons, their hypocrisies. He in turn felt their actions cruel and despicable, but he figured every place needs Jesus to quell Truth—better Jesus than unspeakable Truth.

At night his mother rubbed men in their small one bedroom trailer, while the boy slept on the couch, dreaming of a faceless fighter and a tall, quiet woman painting heroes and saints.

When he was twelve, he fatigued his teachers. "Truth, where is Truth huh where is It?" It was clear to him: Truth should pop like a balloon, dash like a fox, slide on ice, harness the river, raise the dead, and strike him, better than any bully could. Truth, be luminous, like a light of a star where the star had been. At the very least, It should fall on him.

By the time he was fourteen, Truth didn't come, as desired. Truth didn't, like a brick, fall on him. Under the sleeping bag, rolled up in a ball, memories flashed by/out of him, as ink bled on paper, of the teachers' sighs, of the daily taunts, shower of piss, of the dull, passionless cries, male grunts, the sound change makes when it hits the floor, and told himself how much he hated living there. One day he stole cash from inside his mother's

mattress, wrote I OWE U, and left, roaming like a tomcat, for Victoria. Could afford a bus ticket, but hurry? Hitch, now? What's now?

"Rain's hard", said a Pacheedaht woman, her battered car parked on the side of the road, behind where he was drenched and shivering. "Lots of room in the back." He got in her car and she started driving.

"Take this. Get undressed. Oh. I'm not like that. I ain't lookin'. Put this on. Blanket's somewhere in the back. My aunt ah up in Nanaimo beaded it the color red, darn if I can tell now, so faded, eagle feathers almost gone. Where're you from?"

"Sooke. You?"

"Government says a reserve near Bear Creek Valley. But my people are from the whole west coast of the island, including Sombrio."

"Got Indian in me."

"Oh, Red," she said, "Indian's a name Christopher Columbus called us when he came here and thought he'd discovered India."

"The New World."

"Sure," she smiled.

"I'm Red, though."

"Sure. Red mixed with white and corn yellow," still smiling. "These days eh? who can tell red from white and white from George W. Bush?"

"He don't know kiss from a fist of charm, and a lot of other shit. Change the subject. Where is Truth?"

"What?"

"Where's Truth at?"

"You one card short of a full deck you outta here, okay Red?" She looked at him through the rear view mirror, her eyes steady, voice even, "Put that blanket over ya. Hurry, the guards might peek-a-boo and see a stolen Mexican kid in the back."

"Okanagan/Shushwap and one-half white man. Course I never been there, in the O Valley."

"Make like they're doin' their job, huh, could fix me some time, back there." The boy coiled in the back seat, but no way would ferry guards stop them. *Mom still doesn't know I'm*

gone. Guards could flag down this car though. Chipped red door, roof, nail, shoe, are provocations, more than a polished, fresh, new, red Mustang.

“They’re aching to punch their time stub.”

“Close your eyes,” she said gently, looking at the rear view mirror, “Cover half your face with the blanket and the other half with your hand and snore not that I don’t know what they think, that you’re my horny mooch, trailer trash.”

“Hey, who’re you callin’ trash?”

“Is what they think, eh, I don’t.” The woman veered off the road slowly and eased on the platform, bought two adult economy class tickets, drove ahead, then stationed her car behind a RV and rolled a joint. The boy was still, like washed up driftwood, the Pacheedaht woman, lit a blend of Drum and pot, began smoking it, slightly raised the volume of her burned music CD, Turtle Dance. The RV in front of them advanced. Two guards smiled at her, and she smiled back, offering them a toke. They shook their heads, one guard looked away, the other waved the flag, and she turned the key on the ignition, looked slightly away and ahead. “The thing is”, she spoke quietly, “they got no dog in them if we play the part. Ain’t that right, Red?” The boy not faking it snored under the burgundy throw; the woman blew smoke through her nostrils. “Yeah”, she said, and embarked on the ferry for Vancouver.

The gusts howled and the rain fell—hard. The woman and the boy stayed inside the car on the cargo deck, Turtle Dance with low volume sound, the woman tapping her feet, working her beads, the boy occasionally succumbing to the rocking of the craft, managed to open the door and empty his stomach so quietly the woman hardly noticed. Ninety minutes of Turtle Dance. The ship docked.

And the woman revved the engine that sounded like a choked dog. *Sure the cops would pull her over at some point, fine her for sure, missing headlight, too.* But the mainland was mysteriously absent of bush tail cops. The stretch of highway, like a ghost strip, almost empty, *strange*, she thought, *this time of season*. Once in a while she checked her rear view mirror and saw the boy looking out the window, wasn’t sure what he saw, if he looked at all. Once he glanced at her through the mirror and she looked away.

“Fall out,” she said as they approached Commercial Drive. “Take care,” she said, handed him a twenty, but he refused, got out of her car. Turned around to thank her but she was gone. He blinked his eyes hard and opened them; there was no sign of her. He stood dumbfounded, like, what the hell was that, here and gone shit? *I’m no nut.* “Where’d

you disappear to?”

He gave up wondering, got lucky, got lifts. Two times, pretty, young college girls, one politely asking him what part of Aboriginal Australia was he from, the other, nothing, just looks, offering generous portions of figs and nuts and beer, and muffins, all the way in.

In the city, he bought a Coke, looked for a cheap place to live and came upon a brothel. He knew it was an illegal bawdy house from the moment he saw it, knocked lightly, smiled naturally, stood knees slightly bent, feet grounded, positioned like a boxer, ready to fight, avoided eye contact with the occupants, his cute dimples won a little favour, his hands crossed over his chest, he mumbled a bit, then asked politely if there was a vacancy, for a month or two, cash up front, won't even notice he's there. . .

One of the occupants, a girl of premature aging, started arranging his collar and humming. He said, “No,” and she put her hand down. He looked at her and all of them and told them if they called Youth Protection, he would allege that they just lured him away from his bicycle by offering him Game Boy and a chocolate shake, and that they brought him here to a nest of vermin and stench, took turns fondling and sucking him, and now it burns every time he has to piss, and he can't find his mommy.

The girl of premature aging reached for the door, but a woman of indeterminate age with ash blond and black streaks grabbed the door, kept her eyes glued to his. She stood, her feet anchored to the ground. “This here's no good for a gentleman like yessef. You best find a room next street ovah.”

“Been there,” he said, wondering what state of America she was from. “The thing is; they seem awfully neat.”

“That a problem for you?”

“Sort of, I'm allergic to neatness,” he said. Girls in the back cried in unison, “Ahhh . . . Poor thing.” The woman started closing the door.

“Really, really, it's the smell of cleaning products that produces toxic shock to my brain but the air of neatness does me in, really, I'm, I'm a—”

“You's no good fool but all right, ONE night, twenny bucks, two hunnerd for cleaning me up. I provide the beauty products—100% organic, for sensitiff skin.”

“I won't charge you for a back rub,” said the girl of premature aging.

“Tonya, shut up,” said the woman, her voice flat and cool.

The woman, the girl, and the other girls, stepped aside, formed a V, and the boy

strutted in and shut the door.

In exchange for their silence, he would fix, at no labour cost, the exterior, so it looked like a brothel, just like the one in Woody Allen's flick, *Shadows and Fog*, not a pseudo-luxurious prefab-deluxe dive. The woman (who was also the landlord) sucked at her cigarette, blew smoke in his face. "Woody who?" Grey, terse eyes struck him. So the boy went out and bought the movie from a video store and held a house meeting. He wanted to rent the film, but renting anything would require of him a trail of documents, no thank you, and cash only.

The boy set things up. The landlord and the tenants sat teasing him as he fast-forwarded to the scene, John Cusack and his pals stumbling in and being given such nice hospitality by Jodie Foster, Kathy Bates, and others. The boy pointed to the decor of the house, the curtains, the sofas, the satin lapels. "The feathers", he said, and that was all he winked, baby. The landlord's eyes lit up. She had supplies and tools trucked in, even bought the renters some wigs, tassels and wine, brought in decorators, to redo the interior. Liquidation sale Persian carpets, foot baths, plush cushions, English chests and French mirrors not in the movie, and red, but the landlord grew a smile, by the hour. Leased the boy half the basement and told him never to enter the other half. In exchange, said the boy, she and the renters had to leave him alone. Done deal, well respected, after a while of teasing.

He worked the night shift mopping floors and toilets at a Vietnamese restaurant, was paid cash. Half the first pay went to his mother. He received no reply, and didn't write, or call, even though he missed her and hoped that she was off the trick. As soon as he could afford it he took private lessons in Karate, then boxing. He impressed, and defeated, his instructors, in three years.

That takes you to 1993, his winning lottery ticket—fifty thousand dollars. Was going to send it to his mother, but hesitated. Smartly invested two-thirds of it, with the rest he bought a lemon. Lemon is the type of car you buy when you either intend to or don't intentionally run it to the ground in two years, for him a year, it makes no difference. Shit engine, bright, high squeals.

His investments were medium to high risk. He managed his portfolio, waited for fish. Fish are busy, easily distractible though formally educated people eager to reel something in—something big.

In six months, he guessed the stock would plummet. Before it spiralled like a shot-down plane, at the highest value ever he dumped the stock, opened a low-interest savings

account and bought mutual funds from companies with reasonably transparent and legal bookkeeping. He sold his lemon to the wrecker and bought a good used Toyota. Drove to Montreal, still with innocence, balding prematurely, clinging to his first taste of cunt until the object of his tastes, young, deft, spry, left him for a hay feverish divorced cardiac surgeon with lots of hair.

She was out with the doctor when he saw them kissing like sugar daddy with defiled ditz.

The next day, one of his mother's *friends* called to say that she was murdered, by whom, he didn't say. The young man asked the caller to repeat what happened, more slowly. The caller started recounting the final moments of his mother's life. Suddenly, the caller's voice drifted away, as in a dream. The young man recalled his first taste, of woman.

He was about three. Led Zeppelin from inside the kitchen radio spilled outside. The sky was cobalt, the clouds like black devil's tea hiding the sun. Cool metallic air. Lightning flashed. Thunder reminded him of the men his mom brought in, the pitch they'd make, as they were leaving. Rain fell like ochreous broken beads, then stones.

His mother was quickly removing damp sheets from the clothesline. A neighbour's barking mutt chased him around the yard, but the boy was swift and agile. He came between his mother's thin, brown legs and felt a prickle of black hair rubbing against his cheek, and the wetness, the rainwater. He braced his arms around her and kicked the dog, sending it wailing on its back. "Little man," said his mother in a calm, low voice, "don't be afraid." The boy turned his head inside and felt a trickle of water on his lips. He licked the spot, again and again. Finally, his mother looked down, and asked him to carry the clothes pegs into the house.

No sound, then—

"Hello? Hello? What'd you say about my mom?" — Dead air.

Who's there? How'd you get my number?

Finally, he hung up, picked up the phone, called a police station to trace the whereabouts of his mother's body. The cop asked for her name, put him on hold, came back, said nothing, put him on hold, said he'd look into the matter and call back. Four days later, still no call, so the boy tried again. Another cop feigning uncertainty of the last call put the boy on hold, then told him that he would call back very soon, they were flooded with calls. *That much shit in Sooke at this very second, sure pig.* Five days later, a cop showed up at his doorstep, saying they'd found a body sure was hers but would he come to the morgue to

identify it, a formality, since there were no dental records, nobody the police had spoken to could assist, at the present time, with their very thorough and very serious crime investigation, but the body, they were quite certain who it belonged to. *Sure, like they knew she was a red eye hole.*

He cooperated with the police, identified his mother, went to the bank, and withdrew a sum to buy a Catholic funeral, ordered in flowers, the works. A social worker whose husband his mother had screwed on a regular basis came to the funeral, also two women he didn't know.

He passed these days sleepless and numb, gave her trailer to a single mom after she chatted him up at the supermarket about Lazy-Eyed-Susans. "How I love their color but no place to grow them." *Front yard*, he thought, *after removal of the tires and metal scrap. Good wood stove in there, furniture. Need bars for the windows, locks for the door—bolts of lead.* He brought his mom's things, even her photographs of him, to a thrift store. Told the new owner of the trailer she would need to bolt up that door at night, and get herself a dog that wouldn't take kindly to night roamers . . . and day roamers. She grinned, "First thing on my list of things to buy," adding, "Found this—my little man found it inside the bedroom closet."

The woman lifted his hand and put a small photo of his mother in his hand. He thanked her, put the photo in his wallet and then looked at his watch.

"I . . ."

"Next ferry leaves in twenty minutes."

"Thanks." He turned around and got in his car and drove away, the sun at his back.

On the mainland, rain, he strode into a slick hair salon and politely told an androgynous person to shave his head. A very pretty man hissed at the androgynous person, "Impossible, you're booked." But the androgynous person said, "Excuse me," whispered to the young man, "How close a shave?"

Then, again, luck was what he called it, but then he called it providence. The young man got hired as a fitness trainer for the Y between the laundromat and the art school. Quit his awful job. Worked extra hard at the Y, trimmed down, built definition, strength, endurance, wore Lakers, oversize shirts, baseball cap, runners and shades. At night, he wore casual black, no cap, no shades. A series of brief encounters with girls of different ethnicities turned him lustful and struck by a feeling that they, with the exception of bag whores, could be beautiful and sweet, but at their very core was a soft, needy, vacuous pit and in that was nothing.

I don't know what makes a young man lose his innocence. Is it Truth? Providence? Must be luck, too much of a good kind.

Now he's a short, lean, bald son of a dead whore. Thirty-seven years old, no offspring he knows of, no wife, didn't spend his entire savings on the funeral. Runs a Saint Bernard, runs a gym next to a tavern on Darling Street, uses the main floor and basement for training boxers. Don't know what the second floor is for. I don't ask and he doesn't say.

When I see him spar or work the big bag, his back to me, his shirt says Freeman. His birth certificate says Tobias Two Crows Freeman. The name Freeman gets teased a bit, on a Native, in the ring. Everyone here calls him Toby, except me, I call him Red.

In a game fight, I would be his cut man or blood-stopper, not his opponent. But I'm *his* woman. Even if one day they said yes, Red would first be smiling, in my eyes.

He trains boxers, and anyone who is interested in boxing, a hard chasing dream. He drives a pimp car, talks big to the boys and all sweetness to me. The back of his head sticks out like deformed fruit, or alien skull. Skin the color of cinnamon, muscles smooth and tight, and teeth, colour of coffee-stained dentures only he doesn't drink coffee, or tea, a bit of a reader, writer, cartoonist by day, stalker by night. Stalker? Well, if you bind hustling to the mind of a boxer, to pay the rent of the gym and buy pussy, fine. That is the man I fell in love with: quiet voice, light step, small hands, false nonchalance, remote, full thoughts he thinks are inaccessible . . . eyes of paradise.

Each time I look in his eyes, I see Truth, and God.

& & & &

"You know that if you don't take your medication regularly, you're going to—"

"Climb the Jacques Cartier Bridge. Holler to drivers to hoop loonies down my shirt?"

"Well, it did happen a month ago."

"I was hungry, hadn't seen Montreal from that perspective at night, got three nights of supper at Reuben's. Anyway, Fathers 4 Justice do it once in a while, so do the whale huggers and desperados. Plain panhandling is for the dry drunks and street kids.

"Have you told Red about your . . . *situation*?"

“Why must you call it that, *situation*?”

“I dislike the DSM-IV name. It’s labelling.”

“Red’s preparing for his certification, to go pro. These days, he’s passing medical tests and training himself to exhaustion. He has to stay focused. He’s got the monkey look. Soon he’ll go ape, like Muhammad Ali over Sonny Liston, in the one-round rematch of ‘65. There’s never the right moment to tell Red, besides I have it under control now, right?”

“No bad effects from the new dosage?”

“You know, I only take that shit you call meds when I find people’s thoughts intrusive, or silly. You got my *situation* all wrong. Who knows? Maybe I don’t read people’s minds. Maybe I’m not clairvoyant either. Maybe I’m a charlatan that nobody believes; that would be one less client for you, Doctor Mind.”

“I’m very sorry. Our time is up. I have another—”

“—prescription to fill?”

“Take care of yourself, Dawn.”

“You do that Doctor Mind.”

& & & &

A visit with Doctor Mind you know nothing about. It’s over. It’s the day after.

Like a baby in the secure comforts of a mother’s breast, you sleep in my arms, your breath like a boxer’s, a boxer that knows how to breathe. There is a splash of light coming through the window, colors the wall a hue, a halo for my angelical Red, the moment of day you are divine, the scent of your body, like grass, our dog, and cinnamon hearts.

You’re dreaming a bout. No foul, no rabbit punches. But the feint, fire in your eyes, jab-jab-hook-hook-JAB! Young Commonwealth pup—you show he’s no match for you, old boy. Now you’re dreaming our wedding bells, the big cake. When you wake up, I may mention the pup—he’s dead—you won’t remember—you’ll scratch your head, squint on your way to the bathroom, stub your toe, swear, pee, and leave the toilet seat up, come to bed, run your fingers through my hair, kiss me, say “Mmmm.”

I know what you are going to ask me after “Mmmm.” I wish I didn’t know. A girl like me longs for surprises. Your mama never told you never to ask a woman that in bed half dead tired and hung-over without a ring?

I bend down slightly, my hair falls in cascades, gently caressing your face, you don't flinch. I hush to you, so softly as not to be heard. "Open your eyes... Open your eyes. . ." You do as I said you would.

Now, you're in bed again.

"Mmmm."

No, no. Don't say it!

You popped the question anyway.

You believe me surprised, and I love you for that.

I say, "No yes or no until you give me the rock. . .," you cheap son of a—

You see, Red, when you read minds, there are no surprises. When you read futures, you transcend histories. When you read minds, you can easily become paranoid, soft, weakened by the weight of human conscience, or lack of. When you read minds, it is easy to work things for your advantage or demise, become terrified or depressed by the inability to stop it. When you read minds, be careful what you interpret, and when, then stories like this one —Red—will not be read as if they were memoirs, or bad fiction, or prissy girly jabs at clinching mental illness as uppercuts, as red, unstoppable books are blocked, in power and speed.

Maybe I have a mental illness and cannot come to grips with the fact. It is hard to know Truth, from a Jesus-matter-of-fact. Been years I'm the weaver. Anyway, if I told you what Doctor Mind thinks I got, you'd chuckle, say, "All those years of university and pill learning to get paid a whammy, calling you a nut," and that wouldn't change a thing between us, so forget it.

Tomorrow at the Superfight, you watch, Red. I'll block the voices around me, and yours, under the lights, off of the opening bell I'll blush. Spar a good knockout. My fish will fry; they'll call her "Palooka," "Tomato Can," "Bull," whatever, she'll go down.

And you will be amazed.

Tracy Robinson's story "What War Is" appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 6, No. 2

www.archipelago.org/vol6-2/robinson.htm.

Seven Russian Poems

Sasha Chernyi

Tr. By Kevin Kinsella

Two Senses

Someone says: "Form? Nonsense!
When shit is poured into crystal,
Does the glass become less pure?"

Another objects: "Fool!
If the best wine is poured into a chamber pot
It won't make people more likely to drink it."

The dispute can't be resolved. . . Such a pity!
Indeed, it is possible to pour shit into crystal.

ДВА ТОЛКА

Одни кричат: «Что форма? Пустяки!
Когда в хрусталь налить навозной жижи —
Не станет ли хрусталь безмерно ниже?»

Другие возражают: «Дураки!
И лучшего вина в ночном сосуде
Не станут пить порядочные люди».

Им спора не решить... А жаль!
Ведь можно наливать... *вино в хрусталь*.
<1909>

After Visiting a 'Literary Society'

We are cultured: we clean our teeth,
Mouth, and both boots.
In letters, we are especially polite:
"Your most obedient servant."

So then, why do we end
Any kind of debate —
like weak fools —
Imitating Papuans
And beating each other on the snouts?
True, it is usually through words,
But they smart just the same.

ПОСЕЩЕНИЯ ОДНОГО «ЛИТЕРАТУРНОГО ОБЩЕСТВА»

Мы культурны: чистим зубы,
Рот и оба сапога.
В письмах вежливы сугубо —
«Ваш покорнейший слуга».

Отчего ж при всяком споре,
Доведенном до конца,
Мы с бессилием глупца,
Подражая папуасам,
Бьем друг друга по мордасам?
Правда, чаще — языком,
Но больней, чем кулаком.
<1909>

The Seeker

From the diary of a contemporary

At wit's end, I went to the doctor.
He pushed a pince-nez down on his nose:
"Nerves. Anxiety. Too soon to tell...
"So, I'll prescribe
Guniyadi Janos."

The blood pounded in my temples:
Guniyadi?! For questions,
For disbelief, for boredom?!
"Well, I'm not a philosopher.
Good day."

So I went to a philosopher:
"Is there a purpose? A book or a plan?
A true school, a definite path?
Like an ox, I live in the dark.
Clarify!"

Pacing in a colorful dressing gown,
Its hem dragging the floor, he said:
"Even Socrates himself is helpless here.
You, idiot! Look around you!"
"Thanks a lot...."

In the street, I saw
A woman with a contented look.
I quietly approached her:
"Hello, neighbor..." – "You insolent beggar!"
"Pardon me...."

I went home in a daze,
My mind full of thoughts –
Each playing leap frog with the next:
First mockery, then insanity.
Lost!

A nurse quietly entered the room.
 There is still another philosopher:
 “Why do you sit here like a wild animal?
 Forget it, brother, just *believe* – without questions.”
 “In Guniyadi?”

“Gu-ni-ya-di? Who’s that?
 A German saint?
 To save your soul,
 One saint is as good as the next...”
 She left.

ИСКАТЕЛЬ

(Из дневника современника)

С горя я пошел к врачу,
 Врач пенсне напялил на нос:
 «Нервность. Слабость. Очень рано-с.
 Ну-с, так я вам закачу
 Гунияди-Янос».

Кровь ударила в виски:
 Гунияди?! От вопросов,
 От безверья, от тоски?!
 Врач сказал: «Я не философ.
 До свиданья».

Я к философу пришел:
 «Есть ли цель? Иль книги - ширмы?
 Правда “школ” - ведь правда фирмы?
 Я живу, как темный вол.
 Объясните!»

Заходил цветной халат
 Парой егереvских нижних:
 «Здесь бессилен сам Сократ!
 Вы - профан. Ищите ближних».
 - «Очень рад».

В переулке я поймал
Человека с ясным взглядом.
Я пошел тихонько рядом:
«Здравствуй, ближний...» - «Вы - нахал!»
- «Извините...»

Я пришел домой в чаду,
Переполненный раздумьем.
Мысль играла в чехарду
То с насмешкой, то с безумьем.
Пропаду!

Тихо входит няня в дверь.
Вот еще один философ:
«Что сидишь, как дикий зверь?
Плюнь, да веруй - без вопросов».
- «В Гунияди?»

- «Гу-ни-я-ди? Кто такой?
Не немецкий ли святой?
Для спасения души -
Все святые хороши...»
Вышла.
<1909>

Immortality

Immortality? For you two-legged moles,
Who aren't worthy of even a day on earth?
Perhaps—after feeling deeply offended—
Lizards, toads, and worms will want the same. . .

Petty bourgeois with wings! Gingerbread and cakes!
They gorged themselves for half a century and now they want eternity. . .
Not a bad trade. "Show mercy and generosity!"
Give slaves license for eternity.

They're the wardens of their own earthy prison,
Gnawing at each other in their tiny holes,
Stealing psalms from the prophets
To mutter in their temples once a week. . .

To us, the sighted, it's eternal grief,
But for them, the blind, even Bengals are reliable,
Gold tinsel shines in the distance,
And wedding gowns are guaranteed!

Don't beg! The Lord is wise and strict;
Earthly days are wretched and artless,
The Lord will not release you—on the threshold,
You will all rot like carrion in the street.

БЕССМЕРТИЕ

Бессмертье? Вам, двуногие кроты,
Не стоящие дня земного срока?
Пожалуй, ящерицы, жабы и глисты
Того же захотят, обидевшись глубоко...

Мещане с крылышками! Пряники и рай!
Полвека жрали - и в награду вечность...
Торг не дурен. «Помилуй и подай!»
Подай рабам патент на бесконечность.

Тюремщики своей земной тюрьмы,
Грызущие друг друга в каждой щели,
Украли у пророков их псалмы,
Чтоб бормотать их в храмах раз в неделю...

Нам, зрячим, - бесконечная печаль,
А им, слепым, - бенгальские надежны,
Сусальная сияющая даль,
Гарантированные брачные одежды!..

Не кланчите! Господь и мудр, и строг, —
Земные дни бездарны и убоги,
Не пустит вас господь и на порог,
Сгниете все, как падаль, у дороги.
Между 1908 и 1912

Panurge's Muse

A simian profile
 With slits for eyes;
 Dumpling lips and a potato nose:
 Neither a girl nor a goat.

Hair like a fishtail;
 No bust, more like a frying pan;
 And growing from the chin—
 It's terrible, I know—a beard.

Choppy gestures, long feet,
 Hands twisted backwards,
 A voice thinner than a cobweb,
 Canine teeth—some rotten.

Oh, darling, your laughter—
 It opens gates. . .
 Just stunning! An acid stench
 Gushes from your mouth.

Eyes lost in craters in the skin,
 Arched, balding eyebrows.
 Dear God, after all this
 We are to accept her naked?!

ПАНУРГОВА МУЗА

Обезьяний стильный профиль,
 Щелевидные глаза,
 Губы - клецки, нос - картофель:
 Ни девица, ни коза.

Волоса — как хвост селедки,
 Бюста нет - сковорода,
 И растет на подбородке —
 Гнусно молвить — борода.

Жесты резки, ноги длинные,
 Руки выгнуты назад,
 Голос тоньше паутины
 И клыков подгнивших ряд.

Ах ты, душечка! Смеется,—
Отворила ворота...
Сногшибательно несется
Кислый запах изо рта.

Щелки глаз пропали в коже,
Брови лысые дугой.
Для чего, великий боже,
Выводить ее нагой?!
<1910>

Mad House

Family—a mess of acquaintances—whiners,
 An insufferable carnival of fools.
 From work, from friends, from rotten politics
 The brain is endlessly assailed.
 Take books—garbage and filth:
 One cat scratches,
 Another licks, breeds filth
 And mews sensually. . .

Peter the Great, Peter the Great!
 You are the guiltiest of all.
 What drove you to the wild north
 To commit such a sin?
 Eight months of winter—instead of dates, cloudberries.
 Cold, snot, rain, darkness—Your mad head pulls you from the window
 To fall down upon the bridge. . .
 I am indignant, indignant! My God, what's next?!

Each day, from a spoonful of kerosene,
 We drink the poison of dim trifles. . .
 Under the lewdness of senseless speeches
 Man grows dull as cattle. . .

There is a parliament, no? God knows,
 I don't know. The devil knows.
 Here—I do know—there is sadness,
 And the impotence of anger exists...
 People moan, are deranged, run wild,
 But don't consider hateful days.

Where are we—dear one, dear blood?
 Where are we—undying love?
 Guchkovy, the Duma, slush, darkness, cloudberries. . .
 My dear one! Doesn't your mad head pull you
 From the window to fall on the bridge?
 Indeed, it does pull you, right?

ЖЕЛТЫЙ ДОМ

Семья - ералаш, а знакомые - нытики,
Смешной карнавал мелюзги,
От службы, от дружбы, от прелой политики
Безмерно устали мозги.
Возьмешь ли книжку - муть и мразь:
Один кота хоронит,
Другой слюнит, разводит грязь
И сладострастно стонет...

Петр Великий, Петр Великий!
Ты один виновней всех:
Для чего на Север дикий
Понесло тебя на грех?
Восемь месяцев зима, вместо фиников - морошка.
Холод, слизь, дожди и тьма - так и тянет из окошка
Брякнуть вниз о мостовую одичалой головой...
Негодую, негодую.. Что же дальше, боже мой?!

Каждый день по ложке керосина
Пьем отраву тусклых мелочей...
Под разврат бессмысленных речей
Человек тупеет, как скотина...

Есть парламент, нет? Бог весть,
Я не знаю. Черти знают.
Вот тоска - я знаю - есть,
И бессилье гнева есть...
Люди ноют, разлагаются, дичают,
А постылых дней не счесть.

Где наше — близкое, милое, кровное?
Где наше - свое, бесконечно любовное?
Гучковы, Дума, слякоть, тьма, морошка...
Мой близкий! Вас не тянет из окошка
Об мостовую брякнуть шалой головой?
Ведь тянет, правда?
<1908>

[untitled]

All trousers are cut in the same way,
 Same goes for whiskers, overcoats, even pots.
 I am the same as everyone on the street
 And blend in completely at the corner. . .

But I would not trade in my personality
 To become a member of it all, or it of me—
 I wrap myself entirely in indifference
 And fear them all decisively. . .

I curse culture! I tear off suspenders!
 I trample pots! Shred overcoats!!
 I'm jealous of each and every beech tree,
 I live like the last fool. . .

To the forest! To the lakes, the virgin firs!
 Like a lynx, I will climb their rough limbs.
 I'm tired of walking along parquet floors
 And looking upon painted women!

A raven will bring me Swiss cheese,
 A stray goat will give me milk.
 If toward evening it becomes cool and damp,
 I will be covered in a blanket of moss.

There will be no newspaper articles and reports.
 One can lie under a pine tree and rest a bit,
 Steal sweet smelling honeycombs from a hollow elm
 Or, when bored, take from the land. . .

But winter will come—I won't hold up in camp:
 I will be hungry, sire, anemic—
 So I will go to Glahn, as the lieutenant's friend:
 He has a generous apartment and table.

And I will say: "Lieutenant! I—a Russian writer—
 Left my passport in the capital and went into the forest,
 I was as tired as a dog—believe me, friend—
 as seven-hundred angry alligators!

People in the city perish like pitiful slugs,
 I wanted to save my own hide.
 Lieutenant! I ran from the senseless life
 And came upon you along the way. . .”

Wise Glahn will say nothing to me,
 But will bring game, wine, and cottage cheese...
 Only Glahn will allow me to thoroughly commune,
 But otherwise—I'll run back to the city.

Все в штанах, скроенных одинаково,
 При усах, в пальто и в котелках.
 Я похож на улице на всякого
 И совсем теряюсь на углах...

Как бы мне не обменяться личностью:
 Он войдет в меня, а я в него, -
 Я охвачен полной безразличностью
 И боюсь решительно всего...

Проклинаю культуру! Срываю подтяжки!
 Растопчу котелок! Растерзаю пиджак!!
 Я завидую каждой отдельной букашке,
 Я живу, как последний дурак...

В лес! К озерам и девственным елям!
 Буду лазить, как рысь, по шершавым стволам.
 Надоело ходить по шаблонным панелям
 И смотреть на подкрашенных дам!

Принесет мне ворона швейцарского сыра,
 У заблудшей козы надою молока.
 Если к вечеру станет прохладно и сыро,
 Обложу себе мохом бока.

Там не будет газетных статей и отчетов.
 Можно лечь под сосной и немножко повыть,
 Иль украсть из дупла вкусно пахнущих сотов,
 Или землю от скуки порыть...

А настанет зима — упираться не стану:
Буду голоден, сир, малокровен и гол —
И пойду к лейтенанту, к приятелю Глану:
У него даровая квартира и стол.

И скажу: «Лейтенант! Я — российский писатель,
Я без паспорта в лес из столицы ушел,
Я устал, как собака, и — веришь, приятель —
Как семьсот аллигаторов зол!

Люди в городе гибнут, как жалкие слизи,
Я хотел свою старую шкуру спасти.
Лейтенант! Я бежал от бессмысленной жизни
И к тебе захожу по пути...»

Мудрый Глан ничего мне на это не скажет,
Принесет мне дичины, вина, творогу...
Только пусть меня Глан основательно свяжет,
А иначе — я в город сбегу.
1907 или 1908

translations©Kevin Kinsella, 2007

See also, From *Tristia*, by Osip Mandelshtam, tr. Kevin Kinsella, *Archipelago* Vol. 5, No. 4
www.archipelago.org/vol5-4/mandelshtam.htm.

Thomas Jefferson and the Evolution of a Populist Vision of Intellectual Property Rights and Democratic Values

Jeffrey H. Matsuura

This talk was given at the symposium Technology and Democratic Values in the Early Republic, sponsored by the Lemelson Center for the Study of Invention and Innovation, Smithsonian Institution, on November 3, 2006, in the Rotunda of the University of Virginia.

Jefferson's Unique Perspective

As a result of the breadth of Thomas Jefferson's interests and experience, he had an exceptional perspective on the relationships involving intellectual property rights, invention/innovation, and democratic values. A national political leader, a renowned scientist and highly active inventor, a pioneer in the development of American patent law, and a dynamic consumer of innovations, Thomas Jefferson possessed an unusually comprehensive perspective on the connections linking intellectual property rights, invention/innovation, economic development, and democratic values.

Jefferson was a well-known scientist of his time. His interests spanned a wide range of sciences and engineering. His scientific interests and accomplishments were substantial enough to lead to his election as president of the American Philosophical Society, one of the leading scientific organizations in the United States during Jefferson's time. Perhaps most important, Jefferson viewed himself as a scientist. In an 1809 letter to Pierre Samuel DuPont de Nemours, Jefferson wrote: "Nature intended for me the tranquil pursuits of science by rendering them my supreme delight."

Jefferson was a pioneer in the development of American patent law. As Secretary of State, he served on the first Board of Arts, the body that reviewed patent applications and granted patents. In effect, Jefferson was one of a triumvirate that served as both America's first patent commissioner and first patent examiner. As a result of his technical experience and interests, Jefferson dominated the Board of Arts, and its operational approach to patent review was largely shaped by him, adopting a focus on patents based on the utility, novelty, and non-obviousness of the invention.

Jefferson was also an active consumer of ideas, inventions, and innovations developed by others. His correspondence reveals his substantial interest in the work of other inventors, and significant interaction with them. He was, for example, very curious

about the polygraph, a device used to generate copies of written documents. Jefferson also devoted attention to a cryptographic device, the wheel cipher. As a farmer, he tried out/examined a variety of agricultural devices. He had great respect for the work of inventors. In a 1798 letter to John Taylor, Jefferson praised advances in a design developed by Thomas Martin, noting:

Mr. Martin's improvement in the cups of his drill is a beautiful one, and it is now the most compleat machine in the world for sowing a single row. I have sent it to the board of agriculture in London and informed them whose invention it is.

Even as Jefferson was open to and appreciative of the innovations of other inventors, he continued to pursue, and to suggest, additional refinements to enhance the quality and performance of their work. In the 1798 letter to John Taylor, after having offered high praise of the invention of Thomas Martin, Jefferson went on to suggest some potential improvements of the design:

I think this so admirably simple that I made a drawing of it, and now enclose it for Mr. Martin's consideration. . . . I wish he could be induced to make me one which would sow 4 rows at a time 12 in. apart from row to row, this would add greatly to its value and is the only point in which Cook's famous drill plow has the advantage of it. In every thing else Mr. Martin's is preferable to Cook's.

This perspective gave Jefferson extraordinary insight into the relationships involving invention, intellectual property, economic growth, and democracy. He understood, from direct experience, how all of these components connected to each other, and their overall impact on the nation

Jefferson and Invention

Although Jefferson greatly admired inventors, he was critical of them when, in his view, they attempted to restrict access to their inventions. He was not opposed to inventors' seeking economic compensation from the use of their creations; however, he was opposed to efforts that restricted access to inventions and innovations. His interaction with Jacob Isaacks illustrates this point.

In the late 1700s, Isaacks developed a distillation process, using heat, to convert seawater into water fit for human consumption. He believed his system had significant value for the U.S. Navy; thus, he petitioned Congress to persuade the government to purchase the system for use on American vessels. Congress asked Jefferson to evaluate Isaacks' proposal. In 1791, Jefferson convened a panel of experts and invited Isaacks to demonstrate his system and to answer the panel's questions. Jefferson led the probing inquiry, and for three days Isaacks conducted his demonstration and responded to the panel's rigorous inquiries.

In November 1791, Jefferson submitted the review panel's "Report on Desalination of Seawater" to Congress. In their Report, the panel concluded that, although Isaacks'

system was effective, it did not represent a significant improvement over the various other desalination systems developed over the years and widely recognized in the relevant literature. The Report pointed out that desalination systems, including Isaacks', were indeed effective, and that the government should disseminate information regarding their utility and their manner of operation to the Navy and to the general public. But the panel also concluded that no compensation need be provided to Isaacks as his system did not represent a significant improvement over the desalination systems that preceded it. This conclusion reflected Jefferson's standard that only true novelty of invention should be rewarded, and that public dissemination of information about different systems, methods, and practices should be widely promoted.

Jefferson's views concerning invention and innovation are also reflected in his interaction with Oliver Evans, a well-known American inventor of the 1800s. Evans was a prolific inventor, and he aggressively patented his work. He worked in the fields of steam engine technology and mechanization of milling systems. Evans enforced his patents for milling technologies across the rising number of different kinds of applications for those technologies. He demanded royalties from operators of agricultural mills, including Jefferson. Jefferson paid, but he was not happy about it. He was troubled by the ability of a patent owner to enforce a single patent across a wide range of applications.

Jefferson was even more concerned about the Evans patents because Jefferson did not consider Evans' technology to be novel. In an 1813 letter to Isaac McPherson, Jefferson provides a historical review of how the Egyptians and the Persians, among others, had long used systems similar to that patented by Evans, to raise and move water and other content. Jefferson wrote:

A string of buckets is invented and used for raising water, ore, etc., can a second have a patent rights to the same machine for raising wheat, a third oats, a fourth rye, a fifth peas, etc.? The question whether such a string of buckets was invented first by Oliver Evans is a mere question of fact in mathematical history.

Jefferson admired and respected inventors, and he considered himself to be one. Yet, although he was willing to accept economic claims of inventors, he was opposed to inventors restricting access to their work. Jefferson was willing to reward inventors to the extent that their work represented a significant advance over what was known before. He often questioned, however, the extent to which current apparent advances truly represented substantial enhancements over prior work.

Jefferson's View of the Significance of Intellectual Property Rights

For Jefferson, intellectual property rights provided a useful, but not an essential, tool for encouraging invention. He recognized that intellectual property rights could provide

economic incentives for inventors to develop and share innovations. In a 1709 letter to Benjamin Vaughan, Jefferson wrote:

An Act of Congress authorizing the issuing of patents for new discoveries has given a spring of invention beyond my conception.... Many of them indeed are trifling, but there are some of great consequence which have been proved by practice, and others which if they stand the same proof will produce a great effect.

Jefferson did not believe, however, that such incentive was essential to the process of innovation. He took the position that inventions cannot effectively be controlled by a single person. In 1813, he wrote:

Inventions then cannot, in nature, be a subject of property. Society may give an exclusive right to the profits arising from them, as an encouragement to men to pursue ideas which may produce utility, but this may or may not be done, according to the will and convenience of the society, without claim or complaint from any body.

One of Jefferson's greatest objections to the notion that inventors might absolutely control rights of access to, and use of, their inventions, was based in his opposition to monopolies. In a 1788 letter to James Madison, he wrote, ". . . it is better to abolish monopolies, in all cases, than not to do it in any." Jefferson was troubled by patent and other intellectual property rights that granted absolute control over rights of use to the creators of the works — largely because he viewed such grants to be government-issued monopolies.

To Jefferson, patents and other forms of monopoly rights for inventors were not needed for promoting invention and innovation. He was critical of nations, such as England, that granted monopoly patent rights, because he considered them unnecessary and feared that they would actually impede innovation. In 1813, he wrote:

. . . other nations have thought these monopolies produce more embarrassment than advantage to society; and it may be observed that the nations which refuse monopolies of invention, are as fruitful as England in new and useful devices.

Largely because Jefferson feared the consequences of granting broad patent rights, his actions when he served, in effect, as the lead patent examiner for the United States involved careful review of patent applications and a limited view of that which should be patentable. As a patent examiner, Jefferson took the position that a patent should not necessarily cover different uses for, or applications of, the invention. A patent holder should *not* be able to control all its future implementation. Jefferson wrote to Isaac McPherson in 1813:

. . . a machine of which we were possessed, might be applied by every man to any use of which it is susceptible, and that this ought not be taken from him and given to a monopolist, because the first perhaps had occasion so to apply it. Thus a screw for crushing plaster might be employed for crushing corn-cobs.

He also believed that merely changing the material used to build an invention should not provide an adequate basis for a new patent. In 1813, he wrote: “Another rule was that change of material should not give title to a patent. As the making of a ploughshare of cast rather than wrought iron. . . .” In that same 1813 letter to McPherson, Jefferson added that “a mere change of form should give no right to a patent, as a high quartered shoe instead of a low one; a round hat instead of a three-square; or a square bucket instead of a round one.”

Jefferson’s approach to intellectual property rights was based upon a willingness to reward truly novel advances of significant merit, and a desire to avoid permitting those rights to be used as impediments to sharing knowledge and having access to inventions. Thus, Jefferson would likely favor compulsory intellectual property licenses, which provide economic compensation for the owners of the property but ensure reasonable access to the property. He would likely oppose both broad assertion and enforcement of patent rights and use of injunctive relief by courts to deny rights of use pending resolution of patent claims.

Jefferson and the Importance of Ideas and Invention

Jefferson believed that the free inquiry of science and the widespread diffusion of new ideas and knowledge were essential components of a healthy, vibrant democracy. In an 1821 letter, he wrote, “Science is more important in a republican than any other government....” Jefferson recognized that knowledge, and the spread of knowledge, were essential to democratic values. In his 1778 “Bill for the More General Diffusion of Knowledge,” Jefferson noted that the most effective way to fight tyranny is “to illuminate as far as practicable the minds of the people at large.” In 1786, he wrote, “I think by far the most important bill in our whole code is that for diffusion of knowledge among people. No other sure foundation can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness.”

He noted the importance of widespread diffusion of ideas (and the futility of attempting to restrict them) in an 1813 letter to Isaac McPherson:

That ideas should freely spread from one to another over the globe for the moral and mutual instruction of man, and improvement of his condition, seems to have been peculiarly and benevolently designed by nature, when she made them, like fire, expansible over all space without lessening their density in any point, and like the air in which we breathe, move, and have our physical being, incapable of confinement or exclusive appropriation.

He recognized the communal nature of ideas and of the inventions that they spur. In the 1813 letter to McPherson, he wrote:

If nature has made any one thing less susceptible than all others to exclusive property, it is the action of the thinking power called an idea, which an individual may exclusively possess as long as he keeps it to himself; but the moment it is

divulged, it focuses itself into the possession of every one, and the receiver can not dispossess himself of it. Its peculiar character, too, is that no one possesses the less because every other possesses the whole of it. He who receives an idea from me, receives instruction himself without lessening mine; as he who lights his taper at mine, receives light without darkening me.

Confident in the power of inventions and innovation, Jefferson believed that useful and innovative creations would eventually be recognized and embraced. In a 1797 letter to John Oliver, the father of a young inventor, Jefferson noted: "If your son has invented anything effectual in this way, he will need no other patronage than the importance and value of his own discovery."

For Jefferson, those inventions that had a direct and beneficial impact on the quality of life of the general public were most valuable. In 1794, writing to Richard Morris, an inventor attempting to patent waterproof cloth, he said that the Morris invention was:

... a valuable discovery...because it will enable many to guard themselves against the effects of wet; but its importance will be truly great if the process be so cheap as it will admit to be used for the laboring part of mankind. The rich have so many resources already for taking care of themselves, that an advantage the more, if confined to them, would not excite our interest; but if it can be introduced commonly for labourers, it then becomes valuable indeed.

Jefferson made a similar point when he wrote to Jeudy de l'Hommande in 1787 regarding de l'Hommande's invention of improvements to methods of flour preservation, "Every discovery which multiplies the subsistence of men, must be a matter of joy to every friend of humanity."

He was aware of the significant impact that invention and innovation had on national economic development. In 1821, he wrote:

... in an infant country like ours we must depend for improvement on science of other countries, longer established, possessing better means, and more advanced than we are. To prohibit us from the benefit of a foreign light, is to consign us to darkness.

Jefferson, Invention, and Democracy: Yesterday and Today

Jefferson recognized the importance of knowledge and dissemination of information. Knowledge and access to knowledge were, in his mind, essential to the preservation of a democracy. He viewed them as necessary components of economic development and improved quality of life. Patents and other forms of intellectual property rights were, for him, potentially helpful but non-essential policy tools for encouraging invention and innovation. However, he vigorously opposed use of intellectual property rights to limit the exchange of ideas and access to innovations. Jefferson was ultimately

skeptical of the ability of a single inventor, acting in isolation, to create true advances over all prior work, believing instead that invention was a collaborative act involving connections with colleagues, present and past. He was also confident that government would, in the end, be unable to block the flow of ideas that provides the driving force for economic advance, quality of life improvements, and democratic society.

There are lessons for today in this Jeffersonian vision of invention and democracy. Jefferson would likely applaud advances in technology such as the Internet, wireless network access, open source software, peer-to-peer data file-sharing, and interactive digital media content, that encourage and facilitate sharing of ideas and information and collaborative creation. He would likely be sympathetic to the calls of the nations of the developing world for relief from some of the more restrictive components of patent law that impede access to life-saving medications, and for assistance as they attempt to use intellectual property law to manage their indigenous knowledge and to build their own knowledge-based infrastructures. And he would likely be troubled by expansive assertion of patent and copyright claims that more closely resemble economic extortion than legitimate pursuit of fair compensation for genuine works of innovation. He would also almost certainly be concerned about modern legal initiatives that attempt to restrict the international movement of people and information.

Jefferson understood far better than the vast majority of his colleagues, then and now, the vital connection linking invention, economic growth, quality of life, and democratic values. In many ways, the technological advances that took place between his time and ours have empowered a global information and communications society that he may have envisioned but did not live to see. If he were alive today, almost certainly we would find Jefferson on the Lawn of his beloved University of Virginia, using wireless broadband and a mobile computing device to participate in blogs, to collaborate on open source and open access projects, and to work to shape our national policies to balance more appropriately the rights of creators and users of inventions and information. Jefferson, ahead of his time, understood far better than virtually anyone else, the critical ties between invention and a healthy democracy.

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AMNESTY AFTER ATROCITY?

Healing Nations after Genocide and War Crimes

Helena Cobban

We present Chapter 6, "Restoring Peacemaking, Revaluing History," from Helena Cobban's important, and deeply moving, new book, Amnesty after Atrocity?, in which this veteran journalist and blogger "examines the effectiveness of different ways of dealing with the aftermath of genocide and violence committed during deep intergroup conflicts. She traveled to Rwanda, Mozambique, and South Africa to assess the various ways those nations tried to come to grips with their violent past: from war crimes trials to truth commissions to outright amnesties for perpetrators. She discovered that in terms of both moving these societies forward and satisfying the needs of survivors, war crimes trials are not the most effective path. . . ." [Ed.]

Restoring Peacemaking

In the first half of the 1990s the three countries studied in the present work all made significant attempts to escape from grave intergroup conflict. Mozambique did so with the General Peace Agreement of October 1992; South Africa, with the holding of the democratic elections of April 1994; and Rwanda, at the time of the RPF's victory over its adversaries in July 1994. The twenty-one-month period spanning those events was significant in international politics because it saw the establishment of the first international criminal court since the International Military Tribunals for Germany and Japan had completed their work, 45 years earlier. The Security Council's creation of the International Criminal Tribunal for Yugoslavia (ICTY) in May 1993 was the significant first achievement of a campaign maintained by influential, Western-based human rights advocacy groups around an agenda that stressed what American legal scholar Diane Orentlicher has called the "duty to prosecute" the perpetrators of atrocities.¹ As noted previously, when the Security Council established ICTR in November 1994, it built directly onto the institutional and jurisprudential framework already established at ICTY.

Orentlicher, British attorney Geoffrey Robertson, and other legal thinkers working in prosperous and settled Western countries have contested the notion that offering amnesties during peace negotiations may bring something of value to men and women seeking to

escape from a climate of atrocity. These scholars have argued that the risk that such amnesties will foster a “climate of impunity” and thus allow the continued commission of atrocities, or their resumption after a brief hiatus, is so great that no peace that is won through the granting of amnesties can be considered valuable—or, indeed, secure.

The evidence presented in this book challenges those arguments. In particular, the experiences of South Africa and Mozambique in the dozen years after their conflict termination events of the early 1990s show clearly that an amnesty-reliant peace agreement does not always foster (or more accurately, prolong) a “climate of impunity.” On the contrary, such a peace agreement can, if well crafted, *mark a clear turning point* between the conflict-riven and impunity-plagued climate of the past and a new, much more peaceable social climate in which human rights that have long been trampled on can finally start to be ensured and the basic norms of the rule of law—including the end of impunity for all persons, however powerful—can start to be respected. It is worth noting very forcefully here that in situations of classic warfare or other grave intergroup conflict, none of the human rights of civilians in the territories affected, including rights as basic as those to life or the physical integrity of persons, can ever be ensured. Indeed, in conflict zones the entire panoply of human rights articulated in the Universal Declaration on Human Rights and its two attendant Covenants are under constant assault. This simple truth about warfare and other forms of grave conflict seems to have escaped the attention of too many Western-based rights activists in recent years.

Meanwhile, the experience of Rwanda since 1994 stands in stark contrast to those of Mozambique and South Africa. It indicates that pursuing a rigorously interpreted “duty to prosecute” can all too easily perpetuate deep-seated social and political cleavages, keeping in place a situation in which fundamental human rights continue to be denied and threatened on a massive scale.

Traveling in Mozambique in 2001 and 2003 I heard over and over, from people in all ranks of society, expressions of great satisfaction with the peace agreement their political leaders had concluded in 1992, and horror at the thought that anything might happen in the country to reignite the violence and turmoil of the war years. To them, the post-1992 peace most evidently was its own dividend; and though their country was still plagued with many problems—including many stemming from its generations-long impoverishment—I found no Mozambicans who thought that their situation had been at all better during the war. They all seemed to highly value the fact that the continuing disagreements between their politicians could now be mediated through parliamentary mechanisms rather than through armed conflict (though I did hear from some Mozambicans the same kind of criticisms of the pretensions and alleged corruptibility of their politicians that one hears from citizens in many other democracies). The concept of the rule of law seemed to be broadly respected and generally implemented in Mozambique. One example: In November 2000 a noted journalist, Carlos Cardoso, was murdered while researching a story about fraud at a state-run bank; but in 2003 two businessmen and a former manager of the bank were convicted of having contracted the killing, along with three other men for having carried it out; all received lengthy prison terms.² The major problem that groups such as Amnesty

International and Penal Reform International noted with respect to rights observance in Mozambique in the early years of the new century had to do much more with the general impoverishment of society, and the accompanying lack in government institutions such as prisons of even the most basic tools or amenities needed to do an acceptable job, than with the existence of a “climate of impunity” or the absence of the rule of law.

Visiting South Africa, also in 2001 and 2003, I found a similarly palpable (though slightly less universal) sense of relief that the long-running conflict over political equality within the country had finally been resolved at the political level in 1993–1994—though in South Africa, too, many other important parts of the human rights agenda, particularly in the economic sphere, still needed considerable attention. In South Africa, more evidently than in Mozambique, there had been some citizens who in the period after their “transition event” of the early 1990s felt they had lost out under its terms. These were primarily members of the White community who, even if not perpetrators of the atrocious violence on which the apartheid system had been built, had nevertheless been well-rewarded beneficiaries of the system. After 1994, the country’s White citizens retained the economic and educational capital they had accrued over preceding generations, but from then on they lost access to all the special, preferential benefits they had hitherto enjoyed simply by virtue of their racial classification. Indeed, after 1994 they found themselves exposed to demands for “affirmative action” rectifications in several spheres of national life. But very few of even those Whites who felt disgruntled with the post-1994 order ever seriously proposed restoring the blatant inequalities of the past and thus risking a re-ignition of the violence of the apartheid years. A far more common reaction of disgruntled Whites was to (re)emigrate to other countries where they hoped not to be exposed to the same demands for affirmative action that they faced in South Africa.³ Most White South Africans, meanwhile, continued to do fine (some even experienced new opportunities for prosperity in their newly democratic country), although, like all the country’s citizens, they were affected by the post-democratization crime wave and a small number of White South Africans found themselves experiencing a level of poverty previously unknown in their community for a couple of generations. (During the same period, a much larger proportion of the country’s non-White citizens continued to find themselves trapped in the same deep, structural poverty and crime-ridden communities in which their forebears had lived for several generations past.)

In South Africa, as in Mozambique, a number of important rights protection issues evidently remained to be worked on ten years after the transition. These issues had particularly to do with ensuring the basic economic and social rights of all citizens, but also with preventing police brutality. Human Rights Watch reported with respect to South Africa that “[f]rom April 2003 to March 2004 . . . a statutory oversight body received reports of 383 deaths in police custody.”⁴ Meanwhile, as noted in Chapter 5 (Table 5.3), the records kept by Freedom House (FH) showed that in South Africa, as in Mozambique, the aggregated ratings of the country’s political rights and civil liberties had registered a significant improvement between 1994 and 2006: by a total of six points (out of a possible seven) in the case of South Africa, and by four points (out of a possible nine) in Mozambique. In Rwanda, meanwhile, the FH ratings showed *no change at all* between 1994 and 2006. They remained mired near the

bottom of the FH charts and earned the organization's summary judgment that the country was still "not free."

When I visited Rwanda in 2002, the Rwandans whom I met were unanimous in expressing relief that their country was no longer living in the horrific maelstrom of violence that had beset it in 1994. But many Rwandans still seemed extremely fearful—either of a recurrence of violence broadly similar to that which erupted in 1994, or of the eruption of some other form of atrocity-laden mayhem.⁵ Meanwhile, inasmuch as President Kagame had significantly consolidated the RPF's hold over all of the country's institutions, the norms of the rule of law were not even on their way to being respected. In early 2005, Human Rights Watch noted:

In 2004, the RPF further reinforced its control by attacking civil society organizations, churches, and schools for supposedly disseminating "genocidal ideology." Authorities arrested dozens of persons accused of this crime.

Judicial authorities carried out a sham trial of a former president and seven others, but few other trials. Tens of thousands of persons remained jailed on accusations of genocide, some of them detained more than ten years. . . .

In the course of reforming the judicial system, authorities obliged judges and judicial personnel, more than five hundred of them, to resign. Fewer than one hundred were reappointed to positions in the new system. During [2004] nearly half the 106 mayors were also obliged to resign.⁶

With Kagame's RPF still able to manipulate, undermine, and control all the country's national institutions at will, the climate of impunity reigned supreme.

In short, an insistence on prosecutions, such as was actively pursued for a number of years in post-genocide Rwanda but had been consciously eschewed by both South Africa and Mozambique, seemed not to have helped Rwanda to escape from impunity and establish a general respect for the rule of law. On the contrary, the two countries that had used amnesties ended up with many more significant improvements in their assurance of and general respect for the rule of law!⁷ Clearly the paradigm posited by Orentlicher, Robertson, and others, whereby allowing amnesties necessarily leads to fostering a climate of impunity and thus to a failure to establish the rule of law, needs considerable reexamination. I submit that what is wrong with this model is that it is fundamentally apolitical. Specifically, by focusing on such purely technical legal aspects of these situations as a "duty to prosecute," it neglects the broader political context within which decisions to prosecute or not to prosecute are always taken; and this broader context is particularly crucial in countries experiencing the kinds of grave intergroup conflict in which, in the modern age, a very high proportion of atrocities—including all those described and discussed in this book—have actually been committed. Above all, it ignores the need for an intentional and successful politics of peacemaking.

Negotiations Versus the Temptations of Victory

In the late 1990s, after the generally acknowledged success of South Africa's amnesty-reliant TRC had posed a first significant challenge to those who advocated the "duty to prosecute," there were many earnest discussions among (primarily) liberals and rights activists in Western-cultured countries over how the possibly competing interests of "truth" and "justice" could somehow be reconciled.⁸ (Justice, in this context, was nearly always understood to denote only the narrow procedural issue of the pursuit of criminal prosecutions rather than anything broader such as, for example, distributive justice or the assurance of fundamental human rights and liberties.) What nearly all of those discussions failed to pay much heed to, however, were the interests of "peace"—that is, the interests of both *peacemaking* and longer-term *peace-building*—in situations of atrocity-wracked intergroup conflict. Indeed, the present work has amply illustrated the fact that the commission of all the kinds of atrocities that are recognized in current international law (war crimes, crimes against humanity, and genocide) *always takes place in circumstances of deeply rooted and violent intergroup conflict*, whether at the international or intrastate level. Any strategy, therefore, that seeks to put in place a situation in which women and men can have credible assurance that atrocities will no longer be committed should be based on successful strategies for ending the desire of the parties to these conflicts to continue to pursue them through violent means. This requires success both in peacemaking and in longer-term peace-building. By peacemaking I mean a policy that seeks explicitly to resolve the deep political differences that lie at the root of the conflict in question and puts in place a sustainable and fundamentally egalitarian political order in which those political differences that will inevitably remain, or will emerge over time, can be resolved through nonviolent, noncoercive means. By peace-building I mean a set of policies in different spheres that aim at transforming public attitudes and social and economic relationships in ways that will sustain the noncoercive, post-conflict political order.

In both Mozambique and South Africa, the requirements of peacemaking were identified, clarified, negotiated, and then agreed upon during the course of the four-year peace talks that brought about those countries' signal "conflict termination events": in Mozambique, the October 1992 conclusion of the General Peace Agreement (GPA), and in South Africa, the holding of the April 1994 elections. Beyond peacemaking, each of those negotiations also gave the leaders of the conflicting parties a good opportunity to address many key items in the longer-term peace-building agenda. Crucially, it gave the negotiators themselves—who were high-ranking representatives of the contending parties—the opportunity to experience for themselves and then model for (and explain to) their respective home constituencies the kinds of transformations in attitudes toward "the other" that could help to reframe the relationships among the relevant social groups on a much more respectful and constructive basis. It also, equally crucially, allowed the negotiators and the leaders and broader social movements to whom they reported the time they needed to work through the two processes of (1) envisioning how a new social-political order based on

political equality might be fashioned in practice and (2) understanding what kinds of accommodations their own party would need to make if it wanted to allow such an order to be built. In the process of these negotiations, therefore, not only were the fundamental political terms of conflict termination agreed upon, but considerable work was also done in preparing the social and psychological ground for the cooperative (or at least non-antagonistic) relationships of the post-conflict era.

The parties did not reach agreement on absolutely everything in the course of these pre-transition negotiations. For example, in South Africa, they agreed to defer until later the fashioning of the full, final version of the country's democratic Constitution (as well as the exact procedure whereby the promised amnesties for apartheid-era rights abusers would be granted). They also agreed to defer resolution of some of the thorniest issues having to do with the long-standing claims of non-Whites to land and other resources that had been expropriated from them over the preceding centuries. But in South Africa, as in Mozambique, in the course of the pre-transition negotiations each of the conflicting parties certainly did give up a lot of its previous claims, arguments, and strong social and political predispositions—in the interests of allowing the peace process to succeed. In a real sense, therefore, we might say now (though it may not have felt like that to many of the stakeholders at the time) that the South Africans and Mozambicans ended up being relatively lucky that the conflicts that had burdened their countries for so long were not resolved through the outright victory of one side over the other, since it was precisely the years-long period of negotiations that allowed the parties to these conflicts to work together to craft a shared vision of a form of egalitarian citizenship with which both (or all) of the previously contending parties felt they could live throughout the decades to come.

The people of Rwanda were not so “lucky.” From this point of view, the outright military victory that the RPF won in July 1994 could even be seen as something of a burden for their country, since any party that wins such a victory faces the huge temptation of thereafter being able to impose a vindictive form of “victors’ justice” on its former foes; and the RPF was no exception to that rule. It takes a high degree of political vision, self-discipline, and basic self-confidence to intentionally stand aside from pursuing such a policy. The widely varying records of the victorious Allies at the close of the two World Wars of the twentieth century are instructive in this regard. After World War I, the Allies imposed a harshly punitive settlement on the defeated Germans—and the outcome of that, in Europe, was the emergence of Nazism from the bosom of the humiliated and embittered German citizenry. Then, less than thirty years later, Allied statesmen for whom the whole record of the Treaty of Versailles and its tragic consequences was still a vivid object lesson took a markedly different path. Instead of seeking once again to impose broad punishment on all the German people, the leaders of the Western Allies (if not their counterparts in Moscow) pursued a policy that aimed broadly at rehabilitating Germany while radically refashioning it as a country committed to the norms of tolerance and democracy. It was in that broader political context of *strategic restraint* toward Germany that the Allies organized the Nuremberg Trials, which were an exercise designed, in the words of Chief Prosecutor Robert Jackson, to “stay” the hand of vengeance much more than to extend it.

It has been noted at various points throughout this book how strongly those who made some of the crucial decisions described herein—particularly those involved with ICTR and, in a different way, those in South Africa’s TRC—tended to look to the record of the Nuremberg Trials as providing the key, groundbreaking precedent whose work (or key aspects of it) they were seeking to emulate and build on. The record of those trials has stood as an icon for many Western liberals and human rights activists since 1945, and especially since the end of the Cold War in 1991. However, the aspect of the Nuremberg Trials that most of these people have focused on has been their proactive “breaking of new ground” in the practice and jurisprudence of international criminal law—that is, by using a fairly narrow, technical legal lens through which to view them rather than by locating them within the broader political approach to the governance of occupied Germany of which they were a part, which (as noted above) was an approach marked primarily by strategic self-restraint. Historian Bradley F. Smith has provided a clear description of how, during the key weeks in the late summer and fall of 1944 when the Roosevelt administration was trying to decide how to govern Germany after the increasingly imminent victory in Europe, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr.—who favored an extremely punitive policy toward Germany—lost the battle of influence to Secretary of War Henry Stimson, whose basic approach was one of self-restraint aimed at the later rebuilding of Germany along democratic lines.⁹

As secretary of war, Stimson had direct governmental responsibility for the administration of all foreign territories over which the U.S. forces came to exercise military occupation; and after Roosevelt’s death in April 1945 he continued to exercise that responsibility under President Harry S. Truman. It was lawyers working in Stimson’s War Department who drew up the London Charter for the Nuremberg Trials. Stimson picked the two American judges on the court (Francis Biddle and John Parker) as well as its chief prosecutor (Jackson). And the US military, which reported to Truman through Stimson, then made all the administrative arrangements for the court’s work. Writing in 1977, historian Smith concluded his detailed description of the court’s achievements by focusing not on the “groundbreaking” advances in international jurisprudence that it achieved but on the “caution” and “moderation” that marked the work of its judges.¹⁰

The geopolitical context within which the Nuremberg court was operating cannot be stressed too heavily. Because of the devastation that all the U.S. European allies had suffered during the war, Washington was clearly the commanding actor in determining the policies of the first few years of the occupation of Germany. Moreover, in Europe—unlike in East Asia—the victorious Allies never had to negotiate a surrender from their defeated foes, since the national command authorities in Germany collapsed nearly completely under the weight of the Allies’ final advance. As a result, Stimson and the administration he represented were in a position to enact victors’ justice in the portions of Germany they controlled in just about any way they chose.¹¹ And as noted above, the way they chose to deal with their defeated foes was marked at the broad political level, as well as in the specifics of the work of the Nuremberg judges, by “caution” and “moderation.”

In Rwanda, forty-nine years later, the victorious party in the war there also won an outright military victory over its foes that involved no formal surrender and no element at all of negotiation. Like Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, President Kagame was in a position to enact almost any form of victors' justice that he might choose in the country that came under his undiluted control. He and his well-disciplined RPF forces evidently chose not to engage in wide orgies of retributive killings inside Rwanda. But they showed far less restraint in neighboring DRC. Meanwhile, inside Rwanda, Kagame—cheered on by the Western liberals with their cries about the “duty” to prosecute—put in place a prosecutorial and mass detentions policy that was far less restrained and less forward-looking than the policies that Stimson's War Department had pursued in Germany a half-century earlier. Indeed, Kagame's policies of broad collective punishment of the Rwandan Hutus seemed to have much more in common with the Allies' approach to the conquered community after World War I than with that pursued by Henry Stimson's War Department in and after 1945.

Prosecutions, Opportunity Costs, and Peace-building

How does the issue of launching (or refraining from launching) criminal prosecutions of alleged perpetrators of atrocities affect the processes of peacemaking and peace-building? It can do so in a number of ways. First, the offering of amnesties is often, as in Mozambique or South Africa, the only way that a negotiated transition out of a deep-seated conflict can be effected. This price is often—in many countries around the world today as in Abraham Lincoln's United States—seen as one that is worth paying in the broader interests of conflict termination. Second, at a wider level, amnesties can frequently be part of a process of broadening political inclusion. The language of criminalization (*bandidos armados*, etc.) is most often the language of political exclusion; and the policies that flow from implementing such language tend to be policies of political exclusion, divisiveness, and polarization, rather than of inclusion. By deliberately foreswearing both the language and practice of political exclusion, amnesties can make a huge contribution to the interests of long-term peace-building.

It is true that there may be some circumstances in which using the language of criminalization might perhaps help “prod” reluctant parties toward a political settlement. For example, did the UN stigmatization of South Africa's practice of apartheid as “a crime against humanity” help persuade the country's White rulers to reach the judgment they eventually made that they needed to enter serious negotiations with their non-White countrymen? Or, did it make them feel they were being “forced into a corner” and thus lead them to stiffen their resistance to democratization? In 2005–2006, will the ICC's pursuit of cases in Darfur or Northern Uganda help persuade the parties to these conflicts to negotiate?¹² Much more research is needed on such essentially political/ diplomatic issues. However, any explicit use of criminalizing language in a situation of potential conflict-ending negotiations should surely be extremely judicious, in order to avoid stiffening the resistance of the targeted parties against the idea of entering or continuing in the negotiations. Care

should also always be taken to apply such language and any attendant threats in a politically quite even-handed way, in order to strengthen long-term support for the norms of the rule of law.

One final, very important point with regard to the decision to use or to forswear the option of criminal prosecutions in post-atrocity situations: Everyone needs to be aware that undertaking criminal prosecutions, if it is to be done in a legalistically and more broadly politically credible way, is *an incredibly expensive project*, and that there are very high opportunity costs to doing this. These costs affect not just finances but the peace-building agenda itself.

Based on the figures given in Chapter 5, the “per-case” processing cost for adopting various different kinds of policy toward suspected or actual former perpetrators of violence can be roughly calculated as shown in Table 6.1. (*See note at end.*) This listing reveals the stunning disparity of per-case costs between those incurred by ICTR and those incurred by all the other programs mentioned. Nor was it just the *per-case* cost at ICTR that seemed wildly disproportionate; the global cost of establishing and running the court—over \$1.1 billion by the end of 2005—was a sum that, had it been differently used, could have made a substantial difference to the long-term economic and social well-being of Rwanda or any of a number of other very vulnerable, very low-income countries. For example, the entire amount of overseas aid invested in Rwanda’s 8.8 million people in 2003 was \$331.6 million, and the amount invested in Burundi’s 3.7 million people was \$224.2 million. How much more stabilization and how much less human misery might the citizens of Rwanda and Burundi have known if ICTR’s budgets for the preceding years had been spent, instead, on supporting economic and social stabilization programs in one or both of those countries? But the very high financial opportunity costs involved in, in effect, taking \$1.1 billion out of the available international aid budget and pouring it into sustaining an extremely high-cost and low-efficiency war crimes court in Arusha have seldom been mentioned in all the flood of articles in Western publications about the court’s “jurisprudential breakthroughs.”¹³

Meanwhile, study after study of the needs and preferences of people living in postconflict, post-atrocity societies show that economic and social stabilization has been their main priority. In Rwanda, an opinion survey conducted in June 2000 indicated that 81.9 percent of respondents identified “Poverty/economic hardships” as a major social problem. (The next most frequently named problem was specified by only 20.8 percent of respondents. It was “insecurity.”)¹⁴ Eric Stover and Harvey M. Weinstein summarized the results of the detailed survey research they organized in Rwanda, Bosnia, and Croatia in 2000–2002 by noting: “Our informants told us that jobs, food, adequate and secure housing, good schooling for their children, and peace and security were their major priorities.”¹⁵ My own respondents in Rwanda, South Africa, and Mozambique all stressed the absolute centrality of economic stabilization to the success of the post-conflict peace-building project.

In this regard, too, there is a strong resonance with the record of peace-building efforts in twentieth-century Europe. The post–World War I settlement there, pursued under the general rubric of “punishing” Germany for its role in the just-finished war, intentionally kept Germany trapped in deep poverty for a number of years, thereby inadvertently contributing to

the rise of Nazism. By contrast, the years after 1945 in West Germany (but not East Germany) saw a large-scale infusion of U.S. aid and investment under the Marshall Plan, and then the establishment by France and West Germany of the European Coal and Steel Community, which formed the core of the later European Union. Both those steps helped to rebuild Germany as a stable economic powerhouse, and by the late 1950s a reemergence of war between those two centuries-long antagonists, France and Germany, had come to seem unimaginable. It still does.¹⁶

Meanwhile, it is clear in the early years of the third millennium that a high proportion of the atrocities still being committed in different parts of the world are occurring in the context of conflicts being pursued *in some of the world's most deeply impoverished nations*. In many of those countries, including those referred to in cavalier fashion as “failed states,” there is an apparent vicious circle at work in which grave conflict wrecks the social and physical infrastructure needed to sustain livelihoods, and the dashing of the expectations of many people—especially young people—that they might be able to find a sustainable livelihood in the civilian world then continues to fuel the conflict and all its attendant lawlessness and violence.

Given, then, the absolute centrality of economic stabilization to post-conflict peacebuilding, it seems clear that we cannot neglect the opportunity costs incurred at the financial level by the pursuit of a very expensive project like that of launching extensive programs of criminal prosecutions. There are other, more purely political, opportunity costs at stake, too. The chapters in the present work that describe the post-conflict period in Rwanda show clearly that the pursuit—by both ICTR and the Rwandan government—of criminal justice proceedings had a strong effect in keeping the Tutsi-Hutu cleavage alive and wide, and thus in perpetuating political tensions within the country (and in the DRC). Was this a function solely of the “one-sided” nature of all these proceedings? Probably not. The Nuremberg trials, after all, had been extremely one-sided—but in their case the tightly limited number of those charged, and the fact that the trials were embedded in a broader project of the social and political rehabilitation of Germany, mitigated, and eventually overrode, any longer-term effect they might have had on fueling anti-Allied feeling among Germans.

In addition, more recently, we have seen the contrasting example of a court where “multisided” prosecutions have been undertaken in a (problematically) post-conflict context. This is ICTY, whose caseload has included prosecutions against Serbs, Croats, and Bosniaks. But even there, the “multisided” nature of the caseload has apparently not enabled the court to make any significant contribution to intergroup reconciliation in former Yugoslavia. Reporting on a late-2003 visit to Serbia, Croatia, and Bosnia, the veteran Balkan affairs analyst Tim Judah wrote, “In Serbia, Croatia, and Bosnia . . . I met virtually no one who believed that the tribunal was helping to reconcile people.”¹⁷ Harvey Weinstein and his colleagues, who researched attitudes among Croats, Bosniaks, and Serbs in three different locations in 2000 and 2001, found that only among the Bosniaks did the level of “acceptance” of ICTY run any higher than the midpoint.¹⁸ Assessing the effects that both the ad hoc tribunals—ICTY and ICTR—as well as Rwanda’s national-level pursuit of both regular prosecutions and gacaca courts had on national reconciliation in the countries

concerned, Weinstein and his colleague Eric Stover concluded that “our studies suggest that there is no direct link between criminal trials (international, national, and local/traditional) and reconciliation, although it is possible this could change over time. In fact, we found criminal trials—and especially those of local perpetrators—often divided multiethnic communities by causing further suspicion and fear. Survivors rarely, if ever, connected retributive justice with reconciliation.”¹⁹ The aspiration that the Security Council had expressed when it established ICTR (and ICTY) a decade earlier—that these courts would somehow “contribute to national reconciliation”—was sorely disappointed.

Notions of Accountability and Punishment

In addition to challenging many widely held Western assumptions about the value of criminal trials in the aftermath of atrocity, the records of South Africa and (especially) Mozambique challenge some deeply held Western notions about the “accountability” of individual persons for all their actions, under all circumstances. By and large, the worldview that dominates the thinking of nearly all Westerners holds that under nearly all circumstances individuals are able to make considered, autonomous choices about all their actions, and that they can and should be held accountable on a strictly individual basis for those actions. These assumptions undergird the view that prescribes criminal prosecutions as the best policy response to the commission of atrocities, as well as that underlying the work of most post-atrocity truth commissions. Although this worldview is specifically Western in its origin, having its roots in the ontology of philosophers of the Western Enlightenment such as Thomas Hobbes and John Locke, many Westerners claim that these assumptions about the strict accountability of individuals somehow represent universal truths about the human condition and are therefore seamlessly applicable to all the peoples of the world. When faced with evidence of, or reports about, the commission of violent acts, advocates of this view often place their greatest stress not on trying to comfort the bereaved, succor the injured, or repair broken relationships but, rather, on trying to determine—and preferably on a strictly individualized basis—exactly how the responsibility for the commission of the acts should most appropriately be divided among the alleged suspects and, then, how to hold these individuals strictly accountable for their actions.

In any event, the form of accountability demanded of even a convicted *génocidaire* within a criminal justice proceeding is, in a number of respects, very thin and formulaic. For example, at no point throughout a criminal proceeding are defendants, even if convicted, required to do any of the following:

1. give any acknowledgment of the factual truth of the findings the court has made on the matter, including on their own role in the commission of the criminal acts in question;

2. give any acknowledgment of their personal responsibility for having committed those crimes;
3. express any attitude of repugnance or repudiation toward such acts in general;
4. express any recognition that those of their own acts for which they were found guilty (or any other acts) caused real harm to other members of society;
5. express any remorse or regret for having undertaken those acts and inflicted those harms;
6. ask for the forgiveness of the victims or society in general for their role in committing those acts;
7. offer to undertake some form of reparative action, or
8. promise not to undertake any similar actions, or any other actions that harm others, in the future.

Thus, like any other convicted criminal, even a convicted *génocidaire* can emerge from an entire criminal proceeding while still denying the factual basis of the court's findings, while expressing a general attitude that says that—whether he committed the crimes in question or not—there is nothing wrong with such actions, and indeed while still also exhibiting an attitude of strong disdain to the court, to the political order that it represents, and to all the victims of his act. (At ICTY, Slobodan Milosevic's performance exhibited all these traits. Saddam Hussein also exhibited many of them during his trial in post-invasion Baghdad.) It is true that during the sentencing phase of a criminal proceeding a public expression of attitudes of disdain may cost the convicted criminal dearly, while expressions of remorse about his action and of a desire to repair the harms he has caused may (or may not) help somewhat in mitigating the severity of his sentence. True, too, that the maneuver of "plea bargaining" as used in U.S. courts requires that the defendant admit to his or her guilt for having committed some of the crimes as charged, while also admitting that these actions were in fact criminally illegal. But participation in any form of plea-bargaining arrangement remains quite optional, as does the voicing of any attitudes of contrition or remorse in the sentencing phase. The broader fact remains that the criminal's attitude toward such facts as are revealed during the criminal proceeding, or toward the people he has harmed through his actions, is not central in any way to the technical "success" of the trial's conduct. Indeed, real moral engagement with the perpetrators of violent acts is just about as peripheral to the main concern of a criminal proceeding as is the rehabilitation of their victims.

Nonetheless, many in the Western-based rights movement continue to judge that criminal proceedings are the best way of holding perpetrators of atrocities "accountable." The kind of accountability they seek is, perhaps, a more abstract form of accountability: an accountability to the broad sweep of the historical record, such as was achieved (if only imperfectly) at Nuremberg, rather than an accountability to the existing members of the society in which the perpetrators live, to the institutions of this society (including, centrally, its criminal courts), and to the victims of their past acts.

Or perhaps what these rights activists are really pursuing is the *punishment* of perpetrators that is attendant on their being found guilty. However, even in this regard, the

form of accountability can seem very thin. International criminal courts have become notably more focused on due process and more squeamish about punishment since the days of Nuremberg. There, after a single joint trial that involved twenty-two defendants and lasted just over ten months, twelve of the defendants were sentenced to death, and their hangings were carried out (in, reportedly, a fairly inhumane way) just a few weeks after their sentencing.²⁰ At ICTY and ICTR, the death penalty is no longer on the books. It can seem a little bizarre to imagine the judges at these courts sitting around during the sentencing phase to determine whether for each convicted person's particular combination of proven crimes of mass murder, rape, or mutilation under the rubrics of war crimes, crimes against humanity, and genocide he deserves to spend five years in jail, twenty-five years, thirty-five years, or life. Here, too, the form of accountability being won—if the accountability of these individuals in the form of punishments appropriate to their crimes is what is sought—can seem thin, formulaic, and generally unsatisfactory.

And what, anyway, is the goal of all these punishments? Western thought traditionally distinguishes between theories of punishment that hold that to mete out punishment is somehow to give the perpetrators what they “deserve” and those that seek more concrete and utilitarian social goods. Regarding the matter of “deserving,” South African government minister Rejoice Mabudhafasi was surely voicing the thoughts of many other people when she said of the apartheid system's abusers and torturers, “We can never do anything to them as bad as what they did to us. It's not in our nature. God will deal with them. We leave that to Him.” I heard a very similar sentiment expressed by the evangelical social program head Michel Kayetaba, in Rwanda.

If it is impossible, then, for mere mortals to give to former abusers the treatment that they “deserve” to have, then what more down-to-earth social goals might punishment seek to attain? One might be the deterring of other would-be abusers. But in the circumstances of social breakdown and massive political violence in which most atrocities occur, it is hard to imagine that the rational calculations so vital to the successful operation of any deterrence strategy could reliably be expected to occur; and anyway, the existence of the UN ad hoc tribunals for over a decade and of the ICC since 2002 seems to have done precious little, if anything, to deter the continued commission of atrocities in various places around the world. Another social goal that might plausibly be attainable through punishment would be the *incapacitation* of the criminals and their networks.²¹ This is, without doubt, an extremely valuable goal, one that is essential to the rehabilitation of any violence-torn society. However, as we learned from Mozambique and South Africa, the winning of convictions in a criminal court is not the only (and quite frequently, not even the best) way to bring about this end. Especially in the aftermath of grave intergroup conflict, an emphasis on rebuilding society on a sustainable basis of political equality while working proactively to reintegrate into society all those caught up in the earlier violence, whether as perpetrators or victims (or both), can indeed “drain the swamp” of political conflict within which the commission of atrocities previously festered; and the commission of atrocities has often throughout history been ended in precisely that way. As Abraham Lincoln famously said

following the atrocity-laden Civil War inside the United States, “The best way to destroy an enemy is to make him a friend.”

In today’s world, the best way to incapacitate a network of *génocidaires* or war criminals may well still be to turn them—if not into “friends”—then at least into recognized and valued partners in the creation and maintenance of the emerging political order. That was what happened in South Africa with the Nationalist Party leadership and the leaders of their apartheid-era security forces; and in Mozambique, with the military and political leadership of Renamo. In both those cases, integration into the political leadership of the new, post-atrocity order incapacitated the formerly existing and highly organized and violent networks of atrocity perpetrators far more effectively than a prosecutorial “victory” over them in a courtroom could ever have done.

Regarding the TRC, while it did not—by design—hand out any punishments to the perpetrators who came before it, it was nonetheless firmly based on the notion that individuals could and should be held strictly accountable for all their actions. Indeed, the form of accountability that the TRC required of perpetrators of atrocities was at one level significantly thicker than that required by a criminal court, since it required that amnesty applicants satisfy the Amnesty Committee that they had “told the whole truth” about their own roles (as well as those of others) with regard to the commission of grave human rights violations. That requirement corresponded, roughly, with requiring applicants to carry out the first two of the eight kinds of possible “personal accountability” tasks listed above. But even at the TRC, none of the third through eighth tasks on that list were ever required from former perpetrators, despite all the public pleadings of Archbishop Tutu, other commissioners, and other TRC staff members that accused wrongdoers such as Winnie Mandela or the NP leaders at least express some remorse or contrition for their actions. At the TRC, a truculent, quite non-repentant former perpetrator could completely satisfy the demands of the Commission and win a total amnesty simply by telling “the truth” about all of her or his own actions, without having to express in public any attitude at all toward the moral quality of the facts she or he had thus related or toward the individuals harmed by those acts. However, the availability of amnesties at the TRC meant that if accountability is to be equated with punishment, then the accountability demanded by the TRC was notably thinner than that demanded by a criminal court.²²

Accountability, Individualism, and Manichaeism

Despite its ability to grant amnesties for past misdeeds, the TRC, like nearly all criminal courts, continued to base most of its work on the notion of the strict accountability of individual persons. However, in addition, it quite consciously set out to emulate the approach the Nuremberg court had used when it tried to pinpoint the role that “leading institutions of society” had also played in sustaining the broad climate of violence within which the individual acts of atrocious violence were committed. At Nuremberg, the twenty-

two defendants were chosen specifically to “represent” certain leading sectors of Nazi society rather than according to the prosecutors’ prior ranking of their supposed degrees of culpability as individuals. In addition, the Pentagon lawyers who designed the Nuremberg charge sheet specifically inserted “criminal organizations” charges into the charge sheet with the goal of later being able to use convictions on those charges as the basis for the broad, and quite non-individualized, application of administrative sanctions against former members of the organizations named. At the TRC, the “institutional” hearings were held with the more purely heuristic goal of being able to demonstrate the role that broad social sectors had played in undergirding the apartheid system, rather than with the goal of proscribing any particular organizations (and the work of its centrally important Amnesty Committee was organized entirely on the basis of the cases of the individual amnesty applicants, and of a strict assumption of the accountability of individuals for all their actions). At the TRC, in addition, the view of victims as having been harmed mainly as individuals rather than as members of a much more broadly oppressed group also prevailed—though, as we have seen, this view was widely criticized within the wider South African society, including by many members of the new, ANC-led political elite.

To most of the people I talked to in Mozambique—and to some of my interlocutors in Rwanda and in the Black communities of South Africa—the whole notion of the strict accountability of individuals for actions undertaken during a time of atrocious mass violence made little sense at all. (Nor, in their view, did the idea that during or after such violence, society could be strictly divided into discrete groups like perpetrators, victims, and bystanders.) In the Mozambican provincial town of Belavista, the whole group of seven civil society leaders with whom I talked in 2003 completely dismissed the notion that people who had committed violent acts during a war could, or should, be punished for those actions. That group included, notably, two men on the staff of a nationwide human rights organization. “In civil wars, terrible things happen” was the general view expressed by these men.

I heard exactly the same sentiments expressed by just about all the Mozambicans I interviewed. In 2003, I talked with Afiado Zunguza, the executive director of the church-related organization Justapaz, about Martha Minow’s list of the eight “meta-tasks” that a society recovering from recent mass violence needs to address. Zunguza subjected the second of these goals (“Obtain the facts in an account as full as possible in order to meet victims’ need to know, to build a record for history, and to ensure minimal accountability and visibility of perpetrators”) to a particularly strong critique. He said that in traditional Mozambican society the reaction of respected elders to this would be to say: “Pointing fingers won’t help. Perpetrators are a part of us. We believe they didn’t want to go to war. They are our sons, and we want them back. To accuse them would mean that they would continue to be bandits.”

In Rwanda a year earlier, Attorney General Gerald Gahima mused openly about whether, in times of mass violence, the “normal” rules about the strict accountability of individual persons for their actions could be held to apply. As recounted in Chapter 2 of the present book, Gahima told me how hard he had found it to make judgments about the actual

responsibility of one individual (a priest) for a sequence of actions undertaken during the harsh and coercion-pervaded circumstances of the genocide. At a conference in New York in 2005, Gahima—who by then had resigned from Rwandan government service—gave additional examples of such dilemmas. One involved the challenge of determining the criminal responsibility of a Hutu woman who during the genocide had “denounced” her beloved Tutsi husband and children to the *génocidaires* in her neighborhood—who happened to be her own brothers. Gahima’s reaction to the many cases of this nature with which he had wrestled as attorney general: He concluded that what was really needed was to work much harder on preventing the outbreak or recurrence of the kind of mass violence within which such wrenching dilemmas would always be found.

This phenomenon—whereby in the midst of extremely grave, anti-humane violence, moral truths that in normal times seem easily discernible can suddenly become quite indecipherable—is not a new one. Primo Levi’s *The Drowned and the Saved* is a sustained reflection on the experiences Levi had suffered during his time in Auschwitz as a youth. He wrote a whole chapter there on the moral “Gray Zone” in Auschwitz that was inhabited not only by the “trustworthy” Jewish and Ukrainian sub-officials who kept much of the order within the Nazi extermination camps through their own exercise of extreme violence and terror, but by just about all the other prisoners in the Lager (the camp system) as well. Levi wrote:

Before discussing separately the motives that impelled some prisoners to collaborate to some extent with the Lager authorities . . . it is necessary to declare the imprudence of issuing hasty moral judgments on such human cases. Certainly, the greatest responsibility lies with the system, the very structure of the totalitarian state; the concurrent guilt on the part of individual big and small collaborators (never likable, never transparent!) is always difficult to evaluate. It is a judgment that we would like to entrust only to those who found themselves in similar circumstances and had the opportunity to test for themselves what it means to act in a state of coercion. . . . The condition of the offended does not exclude culpability, which is often objectively serious, but I know of no human tribunal to which one could delegate the judgment.²³

The moral truths that Levi was expressing there were, first, that during any situation of very grave intergroup violence, many people who commit atrocious acts do so because of coercion or because of extreme mental stresses and fears caused by the maelstrom of violence all around them; and, second, that many people who are the immediate victims of atrocious acts—perhaps even fatally so—are not in fact themselves perfectly “innocent.”²⁴ Most survivors of the atrocious violence in Mozambique, and probably elsewhere, would agree heartily with those judgments. But for its part, the Western-originated legal system finds such moral cloudiness very unsatisfactory and hard, if not impossible, to deal with.

Rama Mani, in her fine work *Beyond Retribution: Seeking Justice in the Shadows of War*, urged policymakers at all levels who are assessing the challenges societies face as they try to escape from grave violence to move beyond the simple, dyadic division of people caught up in atrocious violence into quite separate and discrete groups of “victims” and

“perpetrators” and to consider instead that all these men and women are in fact “survivors” of the violence:

[A]n exclusive focus on individual accountability, and on the individual identification of perpetrators and victims, is not helpful . . . as it denies both the guilt and the victimization of the vast majority of society [in situations of grave violence]. Moreover, it ignores what all citizens in society share in common: that they are all survivors, whatever their past role, and that they now have a common stake in building a future together.

[Martha] Minow observed the need to define the entire society as one of victims. While this is an advance as it acknowledges the real impact of conflict on an entire society rather than a targeted few, to do so would only entrench the notion of victimhood, and concomitant helplessness. Rather, it is more useful to recognize that in such circumstances, to emerge alive, regardless of one’s role and affiliation during conflict, is to be a survivor. More useful than Minow’s notion of collective victimhood is a redefinition of the entire society as survivors. . . .

Adopting this common identification that embraces all members of society may render more feasible the task of (re-)building a new political community that overcomes divisiveness between perceived perpetrators and victims.²⁵

Mani based these conclusions on a consideration of justice issues in a large number of countries that in the post–Cold War era were struggling to escape from grave intergroup conflict. My study here has focused on only three countries, but in more historical and anthropological detail than Mani used. Based on all the evidence I have collected and considered in the present book, I believe she was quite right to advocate this move of considering all members of societies struggling to emerge from war and conflict as “survivors” rather than as “perpetrators” or “victims.” (She was equally right in stressing the urgent need to address issues of distributive justice in the aftermath of conflict, if a strong basis is to be provided for a stable and sustainable postwar order.)

In the national discourse of Mozambique, there has been almost no reference to either the “perpetrators” or the “victims” of the country’s civil war–era atrocities. Instead, all those who came into close contact with the violence are referred to in that discourse simply as the *afetados* or *afetadas* (“those affected by it”). This might be a nice term to adopt more broadly in the global discourse except that it carries some of the more passive connotation that Mani—rightly, in my view—rejects with regard to Minow’s suggested broader use of the term “victim.” Indeed, Mani stresses the fact that the term “survivor” carries with it the sense of a person who has lived through something, and surmounted obstacles while doing so.

Already, in some crevices of Western culture, there is a recognition that engagement in acts of grave violence as a perpetrator can also, in itself, be damaging to the perpetrating individual, and that perpetrators should therefore often be considered along with the immediate victims of their acts to be traumatized survivors of that climate of violence who

may need some healing, rather than simply as “perpetrators” who should be judged and held strictly accountable for each and every act of violence that they have committed. For example, this view is widely held in the Western medical community, which has largely embraced the view that their own countries’ warriors who return from wars in which they may well have perpetrated acts of grave violence as well as seen their own comrades suffer from violent acts are very frequently in need of psychosocial healing to help them escape from what has been described, medically, as “post-traumatic stress disorder” and, before that, “neurasthenia” or “shell shock.” There is also, among the former combatants themselves, a broad recognition that the general moral and existential climate in the midst of warfare is very different from that in settled civilian society. However, the kind of allowances that many Western rights activists have been prepared to make for their own compatriots and friends who may have been involved in armed conflicts elsewhere have too rarely been extended in an equally generous way to former combatants from other, far more impoverished and war-damaged lands.

Remorse, Culture, Memory, and Peace-building

In the earlier chapters on Rwanda and South Africa, I made a number of mentions of the contribution that expressions of remorse from perpetrators of atrocious acts can make to the process of rebuilding interpersonal (and possibly also intergroup) ties in the aftermath of atrocity-laden conflict. In Chapter 3 I wrote that one of the most important things going on at South Africa’s TRC was that “Blacks (and other non-Whites) sought to use it to initiate a prolonged national conversation in which they *confronted* the architects and implementers of the apartheid system—who were predominantly Afrikaners—with the facts about what apartheid had done to them over the decades, reproached them on that account, and *invited them to respond* with some meaningful expression of remorse.”

The TRC, as we have seen, strove to give a significantly weightier role than is given in most criminal proceedings to the victims/survivors of the former violence; and many of the victims used their time in this public space not just to retell the stories of their grief and suffering but also to add their own reproaches to those being voiced by the commissioners toward the perpetrators of the earlier violence. On a number of occasions, too, the victims added their voices to the appeals the commissioners made to the perpetrators to express remorse and thus, in essence, to “rejoin the human family.”

TRC staff psychologist Pumla Gobodo-Madikizela has written with great wisdom about the contribution that remorse and its credible public expression can make to bringing about social healing:

When perpetrators feel remorse, they are recognizing something they failed to see when they violated the victim, which is that the victims feel and bleed just like others with whom they, the perpetrators, identify. Remorse therefore transforms the image of victim as object to victim as human. . . .²⁶

When perpetrators express remorse, when they finally acknowledge that they can see what they previously could not see, or did not want to, they are revalidating the victim's pain—in a sense, giving his or her humanity back. Empowered and revalidated, many victims at this point find it natural to extend and deepen the healing process by going a step further: turning round and conferring forgiveness on their torturer.²⁷

Some of the stories of the personal interactions among former antagonists that occurred as a result of the TRC's giving so much voice to the survivors of violence were very moving indeed. Gobodo-Madikizela wrote at length about the personal journey undertaken by Eugene de Kock, a noted organizer and perpetrator of apartheid-era atrocities, after one of his appearances at the TRC's Human Rights Violation Committee. He had testified there about his role in organizing the killing of three Black policemen on the grounds that they knew too much about the security forces' earlier involvement in many, very atrocious "dirty tricks." After that appearance, de Kock asked to meet the widows of the three murdered officers—and two of the women acceded to his request. Gobodo-Madikizela met with these two, Pearl Faku and Doreen Mgoduka, shortly after their meeting with de Kock and described their reactions to their encounter with the man who had killed their husbands:

"I was profoundly touched by him," Mrs. Faku said. . . . Both women felt that de Kock had communicated to them something he felt deeply and had acknowledged their pain. [Mrs. Faku said,] "I couldn't control my tears. I could hear him, but I was overwhelmed by emotion, and I was just nodding, as a way of saying yes, I forgive you. I hope that when he sees our tears, he knows that they are not only tears for our husbands, but tears for him as well. . . . I would like to hold him by the hand, and show him that there is a future, and that he can still change."²⁸

When one party expresses a reproach to another party, the reproacher is urging the reproachee to undergo precisely this kind of change of view, to "recognize something they failed to see when they violated the victim"—that is, to rethink the moral content of the act he had previously committed. At the TRC, these reproaches were being launched both between individual persons and at a broader societal level, in that the TRC as a whole, and the newly emerging democratic society in whose name it spoke, was inviting members of "the community from which the worst perpetrators had sprung"—that is, the White community, and especially the Afrikaner wing of it—to completely rethink their former view of their non-White compatriots. At this level, the TRC can be seen as part of the broad post-1994 effort to re-educate or re-socialize the country's Whites. Inasmuch as Nuremberg in its day, or ICTR or the national-level efforts in Rwanda more recently, all had a heuristic goal, they too were aiming at a similar re-education of members of the formerly perpetrating communities. In the case of Nuremberg, that re-educative effort was largely successful over time—but not immediately. Historians of modern Germany note that it was not until the early 1960s—some seventeen or eighteen years after 1945—that most Germans were ready even to start critically examining their country's actions in the Nazi era.²⁹ In the case of the post-conflict efforts in both South Africa and Rwanda, it is probably still too early yet to tell

how successful these two re-educative efforts have been, though for now the project seems to have been markedly less successful in Rwanda than in South Africa.

This “reproach-rethinking-remorse” paradigm of attempting social healing seems roughly parallel to the “accusation-confession” paradigm that is familiar in Western culture from a combination of the general popular understanding of Western criminal law (“accusation”) and the general understanding of Christian religion (“confession”). However, launching a *reproach* against another person is significantly different from launching an accusation against him. A reproach, to be effective, is always best offered in a spirit of friendship and concern for the well-being of the person reproached. By contrast, it is hard to voice an accusation against someone in anything approaching a spirit of friendship, and the situation is even more polarizing when it is the institutions of a state launching the accusation (or “criminal charge”) against him.

Expressing remorse for one’s past actions is also significantly different—and, as suggested above, morally much “thicker”—than merely confessing to having committed them. Indeed, if remorse is sincerely experienced, and not merely expressed in a superficial way, it should naturally lead to a desire to *repair* what has been harmed, as much as possible, and thus to the provision of some form of material or symbolic *reparation*. In the accusation-confession model, meanwhile, whether or not there has been a confession, the accusation against a perpetrator will, if proven in a criminal court, necessarily lead to a punishment. (The analogue of that in the religious system of at least the Catholic portion of the West is that a confession of sins to a priest will lead to the imposition of some symbolic form of penalty such as saying a certain number of “Hail Mary’s.”)

We have, then, at least two broad paradigms for how peoples and cultures have thought that social healing can be effected in the aftermath of acts of interpersonal violence: the reproach-rethinking-remorse-reparation (RRRR) paradigm and the accusation-(optional) confession-punishment (ACP) paradigm. The evidence presented in this book strongly indicates that the RRRR paradigm, which was the one most broadly followed in the post-conflict years in South Africa, was considerably more successful in building a sustainably peaceful post-conflict order than the ACP paradigm, which has been pursued in a number of different ways in and for Rwanda.

For their part, the Mozambicans pursued an entirely different paradigm. Both the RRRR paradigm and the ACP paradigm rely on *explicitly verbalized* forms of interaction. But in Mozambique, as noted in Chapter 4, the kinds of healing rituals practiced and sustained by the country’s traditional healers over the generations have all been strongly performative rather than verbal—this, in line with the Mozambicans’ broadly held belief that, as described by Alcinda Honwana (who is also cited in Chapter 1), “[r]ecounting and remembering the traumatic experience would be like opening a door for the harmful spirits to penetrate the communities.”³⁰ Mozambicans are, indeed, far from the only people in the world who have such a large regard for the generative power of the spoken word or other representations of things. The phenomenon of retraumatization of former victims of violence when, for example, they are required to testify verbally in a court proceeding about what happened to

them is well known throughout the world. For that matter, the entire global industry of pornography would collapse if representations—including verbal representations—of things did not have such generative power.

In another publication, Honwana has written that the objective of the kind of post-conflict cleansing ceremonies held in traditional Mozambican culture “is not to ignore past trauma, but to acknowledge it symbolically before firmly locking it away and facing the future.”³¹ Her colleague João Paulo Borges Coelho has contrasted these nonverbal traditional ways of enacting and marking the transition from military to civilian life with the noticeably different rituals of transition that Frelimo used back in the early days of national independence, to try to reintegrate into national society those thousands of Mozambicans who had worked with the former colonial regime. On that earlier occasion, Coelho wrote, Frelimo insisted that as a condition for reintegration into post-independence society the former “collaborators” should publicly reveal their whole records of service for the Portuguese. “However, the effect of coming clean was often humiliation. ‘Collaborators’ were persecuted for their past and saw their careers and attempts to rebuild their lives blocked. As a result, many fled the country, with some subsequently offering their services when Renamo was formed by the Rhodesians in 1977.” Coelho noted that in 1992, by contrast, the General Peace Agreement “avoided a ‘winner-takes-all’ scenario. . . . A fortunate combination of local circumstances also ensured that the principle of ‘purification’ adopted by Frelimo following the colonial war would be replaced by a more conciliatory stance towards Renamo.”³² Frelimo, like the Allies in Europe in 1945, seemed to be showing that it had learned from its past errors of judgment.

The fortunate combination of circumstances cited by Coelho had indeed been achieved, at both the national and international levels. Frelimo, as noted above, was forced to end its conflict with Renamo through negotiations rather than through an outright victory. The Mozambican people already had a strong cultural preference for using well-respected and generally successful performative rituals to mark the ends of conflicts. And finally, in 1992 there was still no general expectation—much less any requirement—in the international community that all major perpetrators of atrocious violence should be held “accountable” in a criminal court for their actions. Taken together, these circumstances led to the nearly nationwide use and broad public acceptance of performative rather than verbalized ways of reintegrating the national society. As a result, in Mozambique there was no systematic attempt at all to compile a complete “historical” record of who exactly had done what to whom, and how, in the long, dark years of the civil war.

Patricia Hayner visited Mozambique in late 1996 to research Mozambicans’ attitudes toward the idea of establishing a truth-telling mechanism. She summed up what she heard from her interlocutors there in these terms: “No, we do not want to reenter into this morass of conflict, hatred, and pain. We want to focus on the future. For now, the past is too much part of the present for us to examine its details. For now, we prefer silence over confrontation, over renewed pain. While we cannot forget, we would like to pretend that we can.”³³

When I was in Mozambique in 2001 and 2003, the same kind of views still seemed overwhelmingly dominant. In addition, by then it appeared that many of the people I talked to really had forgotten many of the details of what had happened during the civil war. Thus, while in 2003 and 2004 thousands of survivors of the Rwandan genocide were still continually being pressed by officials at ICTR and in Rwanda's own justice system to remember and recount the most intricate details of who had committed precisely what gruesome act against whom back in 1994, in several conversations I had in Mozambique in that period a Mozambican colleague would fail to recall even fairly large and significant facts like which side—Renamo or Frelimo—a particular friend or colleague might have fought on during the civil war. It was not that the Mozambicans had altogether forgotten about the violence of the war years. Rather, they had chosen and carefully framed exactly *what it was about the war* that they wanted to remember and discuss. They remembered mainly, as Zunguza told me, the many ways in which the civil war had been a disaster for the whole national community, rather than the details of what had happened during it to individuals within the community.

These culturally based attitudes toward explicit and detailed representations of past traumas had a big effect on whether and how leaders and citizens of these three countries chose, in the years after their respective conflict termination attempts, to memorialize the victims of the conflicts. In Mozambique, the country's political leaders decided not to establish any public memorials to the dead of the civil war years, though there were many public memorials to those who had died in the liberation war that preceded it. In Mozambique, too, there seemed to be no, or almost no, attempts by nongovernmental bodies to establish public memorials to the civil war's victims. (It is hard to decide whether the carefully tended mass graves in Chiboene should be considered public memorials.)

In South Africa, many of the country's Black citizens and members of the new ANC political leadership had a complex reaction to suggestions from White liberals that it would be a good idea to erect memorials to the sufferings of the non-White communities under apartheid. In Johannesburg, a vast and expensive "Apartheid Museum" built by White developers as part of an obligation to the City Council stood almost completely empty the day I visited it in 2003. However, the Hector Pieterse Museum in Soweto, the District Six Museum in Cape Town, and the Robben Island memorial near Cape Town are all sites that memorialize the same era; and when I visited them in 2003 they all seemed to have considerably greater support from South Africans than the grandiosely overdesigned Apartheid Museum. But still, eight and nine years after democratization, most of the country's citizens seemed to be placing much more emphasis on the continuing campaign to rename places with non-European names, to change national curricula, and to implement other parts of their broad cultural transformation agenda than they did on establishing memorials to specific aspects of the recent past.

In Rwanda, meanwhile, the government continued its policy of establishing and maintaining numerous very high-profile sites around the country to memorialize the human suffering of the genocide (but not that inflicted through the RPF's own war crimes). Most of these memorials centered on displays of skeletal parts or other human remains that were publicly presented in ways that some Rwandans and non-Rwandans found very disturbing—

not least because to many Rwandans these displays flagrantly violated their norms of how the mortal remains of loved ones should be treated.

The contribution that memorials like these make to long-term peace-building can be problematic and hard to gauge. In many places around the world they have greatly facilitated public understanding of the suffering caused by atrocity and war. But elsewhere—for example, in Northern Ireland, Saddam Hussein’s Iraq, and Franco’s Spain—the building of grandiose memorials and the enactment of regular commemorative rituals have done more to perpetuate divisiveness and conflict than to help ease them. Certainly the heuristic content of any memorial to victims of past violence should always be open to interrogation. At the Robben Island memorial, and in the District Six Museum and the Hector Pieterse Museum, the “message” about the suffering and evil of the apartheid system has been intelligently complemented by other messages about the value of a cultural diversity that includes White people, and about the contributions that a number of White people made to the struggle against apartheid. The genocide memorial museum that I visited in Kigali was still unfinished and its eventual heuristic content still unclear; but I found the careful arrangements it presented of hundreds of skulls, other human bones, and small personal possessions recovered from the dead to be starkly shocking.

Peace-building as a Process over Time

Peace-building is a process that takes place over time and requires a continuing commitment to the principles of political fairness, socioeconomic justice, and nonviolent resolution of conflicts that undergird it. Obviously, not all the tasks of building a stable long-term peace can be accomplished in one fell swoop. It might seem as though that came close to being the case in Mozambique, with the conclusion of the GPA in 1992. But even there (as noted above), much of the basis for successful peace-building had been established through the four-year period of negotiation that preceded that event, and many very important parts of the peace-building agenda remained to be implemented throughout the three to five years that followed October 1992. In South Africa, too, though the holding of the landmark democratic election of 1994 marked a clearly identifiable transition out of conflict and into a new era, the years after 1994 saw the country’s people continuing to wrestle with many extremely important peace-building tasks in the economic, political, and cultural spheres. In both those countries, the busy years that immediately followed the main conflict termination “event” evidently formed a crucial period of incubation for the infant peace agreement; and it is hardly surprising that, for example, many influential people in the new South Africa said they were “too busy” attending to the forward-looking tasks of national governance to pay much attention to the workings of the TRC. In Mozambique, meanwhile, since there was no project at all that sought to untangle the complex issues of the accountability of individuals for the atrocities of the past, the leaders and members of the society could use the post–October 1992 incubation period to focus even more determinedly on the urgent tasks of the present and future.

In Rwanda, the RPF's battlefield victory of July 1994 constituted a clear conflict termination *opportunity* for the victors, and the RPF did thereafter try to bring an end to their long-running conflict with the large "Hutu Power" networks. But they did so on their own determinedly punitive terms. It was quite understandable from a psychological perspective that representatives of a demographic minority like the Tutsis, who were emerging from a period of their own extreme traumatization, would have a strong inclination to act punitively toward the demographic majority in order to gain some assurance of their own survival as a group. In post-World War II Europe, after all, the three Allied governments whose people had suffered the worst from the crimes of the Nazi years all originally sought to inflict harshly retributive policies on the conquered Germans, at all levels. It was perhaps only the relative distance and insulation of the American people from the privations of the pre-1945 years that allowed Washington to conceive of, and push hard for, the policy of relative restraint that was ultimately (though not immediately) also adopted within occupied Germany by France and Britain. Meanwhile, it was the massive U.S. material superiority over all the other Allies in 1944–1945 that allowed Washington's (specifically, Stimson's) views on how to deal with the former Nazis to prevail. In Rwanda in 1994, by contrast, the punitive inclinations of the regime so recently instituted by those who claimed to represent the former victims were considerably *strengthened* by the pressures that came from outside, since much of the "international community" was strongly urging the RPF government to institute a system of strict accountability for all those suspected of participation in the genocide. (To his immense credit, Archbishop Tutu was one of the few outsiders who made a big effort to go to Rwanda to urge a policy of restraint and relative generosity. But when he arrived there, in 1995, the RPF rulers were not ready to hear his message.)

In any event, Rwanda's post-genocide government failed to take the best advantage it could of the conflict termination opportunity it had access to in the summer of 1994. The RPF's conflict with the Hutu Power networks was never definitively terminated. The conflict was tamped down (or repressed) to a considerable extent within Rwanda itself; but at the same time, from 1996 on, it was largely displaced to the much more extensive areas of eastern DRC, where it took on much more lethal and damaging forms. It is hard to gauge the degree to which the continued pursuit of criminal prosecutions—by both the RPF government and the United Nations—contributed to the perpetuation of intergroup hatreds and suspicions in those years. But the fact of those prosecutions and of the Kigali government's associated campaigns of widespread detentions and "re-education camps" undoubtedly did have such an effect, and it was probably all the larger since in both ICTR and the Rwandan courts the prosecutorial strategy was, and was seen as, *so markedly one-sided*.³⁴ But beyond the fact of that one-sidedness, individual Rwandans, more or less continuously after July 1994 and even a decade or more after the end of the genocide, were still being forced by ICTR and by the regular and *gacaca* courts inside Rwanda to continually revisit, retell, remember, and revisit the events of the genocide in great detail. This continued to have a very bad effect on intergroup relations in communities throughout the country.

In South Africa, the truth-establishment exercise of the TRC was, as noted in Chapter 5, substantially completed in August 2002, eight years after the country's main conflict termination event. (Government prosecutors continued to pursue just a handful of cases after that; and some nongovernmental groups continued to pursue civil cases against their former oppressors, primarily through the U.S. courts.) For Rwandans, ICTR promised that its work would continue until 2008 or 2010—that is, fourteen or sixteen years after the end of the genocide. At the national level, Rwandan officials estimated that the *gacaca* courts, which were their main “truth establishment” exercise and which did not even start work until 2005, would wrap up their efforts within three to five years—or even, according to one official—ten years. That is, Rwanda's national-level efforts at “truth establishment,” which had already run continuously since 1994, could end up continuing throughout a twenty-one-year period following the end of the genocide!

Societies exiting from periods of grave and atrocity-laden intergroup conflict are very vulnerable indeed. This circumstance has at least two implications on policy. First, it means that developments of any kind that tend to stunt the process of peace-building can be particularly damaging in those early years and that those damages, once inflicted, may take further years (or even generations) to repair. Second, it means that such societies are extremely vulnerable in those years to influences from external forces, especially those that are politically stronger or much better resourced than they are; so aid donors and other outsiders need to be very aware of their capacity for inflicting unintended harm on these societies.

If we look at the process of repair and building (or rebuilding) of healthy societies in the aftermath of conflict as an organic process that has its own rhythms and takes place over a number of years, we should be led, as well-meaning outsiders, to adopt a much more humble pose of focusing on supporting that process of social repair rather than rushing in with our own prescriptions of what else might need to be done. For example, Martha Minow's listed meta-task “Establish a clear historical record of the harms that have been done” may seem like an urgent priority to many Westerners in such circumstances—as it was (or more precisely, as it became over time) for many Jewish survivors of the Holocaust in Europe and for survivors of repressive regimes in Chile or Argentina. But other groups throughout the world, including in Western society, have not placed such a high temporal (and financial) priority on this task. Such groups include, for example, the Roma (Gypsy) survivors of the Holocaust and the Spanish survivors of the Francoist era that lasted until the late 1970s. Regarding Roma views on seeking public memorialization of the 500,000 of their people who were killed in the Holocaust, historian Isabel Fonseca has written, “The Second World War and its traumas are certainly within memory; but there is no tradition of commemoration, or even of discussion. Some thought that such talk might actually be dangerous: ‘Why give them ideas?’ a young Hungarian Rom asked, fifty years after the event.”³⁵ Regarding the attitudes of Spaniards to the civil war of the 1930s and to the long decades of Francoist repression that followed, Andrew Rigby has written that, once democracy started to reemerge in the late 1970s, “[a]ll those parties and groupings that

sought to see Spain transformed into a political democracy agreed on a pact to forget the most painful elements of the past and engage in a form of selective amnesia.”³⁶

Of course, matters are not really quite so clear-cut as that, since the views of survivor communities can also shift significantly over time, in a dynamic process propelled by the debates that take place inside them over this issue. Many Jewish survivors of the Holocaust were, for some decades after 1945, reticent about talking about their experiences under Nazi rule: They had a lot of personal healing and rehabilitation to do before they felt confident enough to take on that task. (And as previously noted, most Germans did not seem ready to grapple with the moral challenges of the Holocaust until the 1960s. In 1945, and for several years after that, their main imperatives were bare human survival, the absorption of 8 million ethnic German refugees from the East, and the rebuilding of national institutions shattered by twelve years of Nazism and war.) Similarly, it was not until the early 2000s that some—but not all—descendants of the Spanish Republicans finally started to feel that the time had come to seek their own answers about what had happened to their forebears. In all these cases, the desire to discover and establish a detailed historical record of past harms is deferred, or suppressed, or reemerges according to a rhythm that seems largely internal to the community concerned.³⁷

It is almost certainly much harder, ten or twenty or a hundred years after the event, to go back and recreate a satisfactorily full historical record of past harms done. On the other hand, for many societies emerging from periods of atrocious conflict, the survival of the national or sub-national community may itself still be felt to be at stake, and members of that community may be quite justified in judging that ensuring the survival of their community by avoiding the re-eruption of violence and trauma should take priority over the establishment of a painstakingly full historical record. (This is probably true of the still very hard-pressed Roma.) World history is, tragically, far too full of the—necessarily sketchy—records of national groups of different sizes in North America, Africa, and elsewhere that have, indeed, completely ceased to exist.

Revaluing the Role of Religion

The physical damage suffered by communities struggling to emerge from grave conflict, and by the women and men who make up these communities, is often horrendous in its nature and extent. But the damage inflicted on the conceptual worlds of these individuals is also often enormous. Many of the key institutions of these societies, including educational and religious institutions and even families, may have betrayed the trust that people placed in them. Since these institutions are important bearers and transmitters of spiritual and conceptual meaning in people’s lives, the entire conceptual universe in which the survivors live may lie as shattered as the physical infrastructure around them. A large number of survivors may have lost their capacity to trust their fellow men or women. The religious faith of many—the faith that had previously given meaning, rhythm, and purpose

to their lives—may lie in tatters. Communities emerging from atrocious conflict have many needs in the psychosocial realm, including in the spiritual portion of that realm.

Indeed, in many of these societies the disciplinary boundaries that in Western society establish separate zones of responsibility for “law,” “medicine,” “politics,” or “religion” have no meaning. Religion, with its associated arts of healing, law, and governance, may have a much larger and determinative role in these people’s lives than it does in many Western nations. When the institutions of religion themselves become infected with violence, as happened to many of the churches in 1994 Rwanda, the damage to the believers’ conceptual and spiritual worlds is correspondingly grave. By contrast, when the institutions of religion retain their integrity and their capacity to provide healing and regenerative services to the people—as happened in Mozambique throughout the lengthy civil war—they can help the people to withstand even the most terrifying assaults on their lives and their communities, and to emerge from this violence with their psychosocial and spiritual well-being remarkably intact.

In South Africa, the various institutions of the Christian religion played a distinctive and complex role in the centuries-long struggle for human equality. The colonial project of the Afrikaners, and its associated expropriation of most of the best land in the region, had been motivated to a great degree by their own view of themselves as furthering a Bible-based “redemption” of the land of South Africa for their own version of Protestant Christianity. Along the way, the Afrikaners and the country’s English-speaking White settlers also converted many of the country’s indigenous and mixed-race people to various forms of Protestant Christianity, very often using incentives or even coercion. Then, during the twentieth century, some of the country’s non-White thinkers and leaders started to take the teachings of the Christian Bible about human equality quite seriously—in part, as a means of buttressing the reproach and the claims they voiced against their country’s colonial rulers. And these rulers were, crucially, people who proclaimed *the same holy scriptures*. (In Mozambique and elsewhere in colonial Africa, many Black nationalist leaders similarly used Bible teachings to buttress their claims against professedly “Christian” colonial powers.) In the struggle of South Africa’s people for human equality, the teachings of Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, and the country’s remaining indigenous traditions all made distinctive contributions; and the institutions maintained by these religions certainly helped buttress the survival of the beleaguered non-White communities. The support that European and North American churches gave to their struggling coreligionists in South Africa was often—as in Rejoice Mabudhafari’s case—very direct. And when, finally, the leading institutions of the Afrikaner community did start to rethink their view of the ontological status of their non-White compatriots and to move toward accepting one-person-one-vote elections, stirrings of conscience among some Afrikaner church leaders contributed somewhat to this rethinking (though the “re-education” of many of these church leaders still seemed worryingly incomplete even some years after 1994). Then, as we have seen, when the TRC enacted its nationwide dramas of reproach in 1995–1998, the symbolisms of Christianity played a prominent role in helping to frame those dramas.

Because of the extreme and multifaceted vulnerabilities experienced by societies trying to escape from atrocious violence, religion—meaning religious ideas, understandings, and experiences, as well as the institutions that embody and transmit them—has an almost unique capacity to help or hinder the process of peace-building. In Rwanda, the tainting of most of the country's existing religious institutions on account of the complicity of many of their leaders with the genocidal networks left the country's people after July 1994 particularly bereft—and also particularly vulnerable to ideas of all sorts coming from outside. Those ideas included notions about a rigid and highly individualized version of accountability, and the need for extensive prosecutions and detentions. Few and far between in post-genocide Rwanda (as in post-Nazi Germany) were church leaders, or leaders of other religions, who during the era of mass violence stood up and enacted any kind of a personal witness against it and thereby retained their credibility as moral leaders in the post-violence era—though in both situations, small numbers of such people did indeed exist. In Rwanda, given the deep moral collapse of the Catholic church and many of the Protestant denominations during the genocide, prophetic, values-based religious leadership took some time to reemerge after July 1994. But by the time I visited the country in 2002 it did seem to be reemerging within some of the country's Protestant (and Muslim) institutions.

Most rights activists and liberal governments in the West pay little heed to the role that religious concepts and religious institutions can play in helping societies as well as individuals to reconstitute themselves in the aftermath of atrocious violence. Many rights activists in the West are concerned about keeping religious institutions out of intervention in the politics of their own countries. Many live lives in which the role of personal religious belief and affiliation is minimal or absent, so they have a poor understanding of the value of such affiliation to others of their fellow humans and correspondingly little curiosity about the religious and cosmological beliefs of others. For their part, liberal governments and the officials who staff them are generally (and quite understandably) wary of becoming involved with religion-based institutions at home or abroad, and intergovernmental bodies like the UN agencies have almost no capacity at all to address and harness the potential of such institutions. Yet throughout the present study, we have seen the strongly positive role that religious ideas, practices, and institutions played in helping individuals and communities to survive during periods of mass atrocity, and then to recover and rebuild their societies once the atrocities ended. We saw how religious beliefs and institutions helped sustain Rejoice Mabudhafasi in South Africa, Agnès in Rwanda, and Evaristu Wanela in Mozambique throughout their days of trial and sorrow. We saw how religious concepts and institutions helped make and build the peace in Mozambique; how they informed the work of the TRC in South Africa; and how in recent years they have started to put some Rwandans back on a path toward personal recovery and socioeconomic reconstruction. Yes, it is true that religious ideas have often—everywhere around the world, including in these three countries—been harnessed to divisive, heinous, and violent ends. But still, they are extremely powerful ideas that speak to the core of what many people believe makes them human. To ignore the role that religions and their understandings of the world can play in helping

societies recover from atrocious conflict is therefore to make a dangerous mistake. And when religions do play that role, they also necessarily speak to core issues of justice.

Lessons from Mozambique

Given the remarkable success of Mozambique's transition out of the atrocious violence of its civil war years, it is important to pull together here the main lessons of how the country's people and leaders actually achieved that transition. It is true that several aspects of what the Mozambicans did seemed to be highly dependent on the healing-focused nature of their culture and belief system and on the high degree of popular "buy-in" enjoyed by these beliefs within the national community. But still, similar or parallel kinds of cultural resources that can support successful escapes from the climate of violence do still exist in many other cultures around the world. So if we can clearly identify what it was in Mozambican culture that supported the Mozambicans' successful transition from war to peace, then perhaps we can all be more aware that these kinds of belief systems are indeed cultural resources of continuing value and, therefore, that it is worth trying to identify similar kinds of cultural resources in other places around the world and working to preserve and strengthen them rather than allowing them to be drowned in a rising global tide of Western-style prosecutorialism.³⁸

As best I understand it, what enabled the Mozambican model of conflict-transcendence to work in the post-1992 years were the following six aspects of what the country's people and leaders did. First, during the pre-GPA negotiations and during the crucial transition period of 1992–1994, Mozambicans made a strong commitment to giving the demands of the future priority over any desire to reexamine the past. Cardinal Dos Santos recalled that during the negotiations, his prime message was "We can't solve anything if you speak about the *reasons* you are fighting. You need to just try to find the way to get peace. You want to speak about the way to find a meeting of the minds, not speak about the differences." Sant' Egidio's Andrea Riccardi described in very similar terms the approach he used as he facilitated the peace talks. It was fortunate that these moral leaders were able to find resonance in this from the political leaders of both Frelimo and Renamo—a factor that allowed the negotiations to progress toward success. Their emphasis on the need to prioritize the future over the past also resonated with the broad masses of the country's people.

Second, the rituals used at all levels, from the national to the personal, all signaled the existence of *a clear temporal and existential transition from war to peace*. Several people have noted that the much-publicized handshake between Chissano and Dhlakama in October 1992 was the key transformational act at the national level. And at the local and personal levels, the reintegrative ceremonies undertaken by nearly everyone who had come into direct contact with the war's violence made the experience of that transition out of the era of war and into the era of peace very present in people's lives. Thereafter, it was on the basis of people's

clear and direct experience of the fact of this transition that the argument that “there was one set of rules for those times of war, and another completely different set for the present time of peace” could be sustained. The near-universal acceptance of this argument was essential for the postwar implantation of the norms of the rule of law.

Third, like the “peace accord” between the apartheid regime and the ANC in South Africa, the GPA centrally included an agreement on establishing an egalitarian and fundamentally democratic political system from then on out—and, moreover, this system took root and proved sustainable.

Fourth, no attempt at all was made to draw distinctions among those who had had close encounters with the violence of the civil war. All were viewed alike as simply *afetados*, and they were generally not further identified as “victims” or “perpetrators.” In addition, because of the need to sustain the strength of the ontological break between the time of violence and the time of peace and normalcy, any attempts to revisit or reexamine the violence of the war years in detail were viewed with great trepidation, and generally rejected. There remained a lively concern about the risks of re-traumatization and bringing the violent gestalt of the past back to life.

Fifth, because no Mozambican participants in the war’s violence were ever publicly identified as “perpetrators,” there was no need to adopt any special programs to deal with them. Like everybody else who had been “affected” by the wartime violence, they were expected by society, now that the war was over, to participate responsibly in the building of the new peaceful order. The same expectation was expressed toward those who had been “victims” of the violence. For example, Carolyn Nordstrom described a ritual for a woman previously used as a sex slave in which the woman was reminded through the symbolism of the ritual that she, too, now had the responsibility to let go of the hurt of the past and not to pass it on to others. This seems a mature and constructive way to address people victimized by earlier violence. Certainly it avoids infantilizing these individuals by conveying to them and others that they need not take any responsibility for their behavior going forward.

Sixth, during the community-level rituals of reintegration of the *afetados*, all the cultural resources of the society were brought to bear in the attempt to make this reintegration successful. These resources included the relationships of survivors of violence with the spirits of the ancestors, the sacred home, and the extended family and broader community. They also, crucially, included the economic resources of the local (and global) community, building on the view that the best way to ensure the long-term rehabilitation of war-scarred individuals is to make sure they have the best chance possible to attain a decent livelihood, a stable family life, and a supportive, regenerative community.

Peace-building and Atrocity Prevention in the Twenty-First Century

The 1990s were a period in which the United States and its Western allies enjoyed unrivaled power in international affairs. Important participants in the political elites in those countries sought, usually from the best of motives, to use Western power in the world to further the implementation of their own views regarding the best way to bring an end to the commission of atrocities and the impunity of high-placed perpetrators, and to expand to all portions of the globe respect for the basic principles of the rule of law. The views of most of these people had been strongly influenced by a slightly mythologized, deeply depoliticized, and often aridly legal-technical view of what had been accomplished during the Nuremberg Trials of 1945–1946. For many Westerners the Nuremberg Trials had come to stand as a foundational beacon in the campaign to end respect for the much-chafed-against norm of the sovereign immunity of national leaders, and to put even the highest officials of various countries' governments on notice that they, too, could be held responsible for atrocities carried out by subordinates acting under their command. The establishment of ICTY in 1993 and ICTR in 1994 was seen as building directly on the legal and political precedents of Nuremberg. And the momentum gained by the pro-war crimes court movement then led to the establishment of the permanent International Criminal Court (ICC) in 2002.

The research presented in this book, however, suggests that a different, much more political and more deeply historical view of the nature of atrocities as events in human affairs can be more useful than a simple, unidimensional reliance on prosecutorialism in suggesting ways to bring the commission of atrocities to an end, and to start to instill the rule of law (and, therefore, the ending of impunity) in places where the rule of law has hitherto been most flagrantly disregarded. The differing trajectories that Rwanda, South Africa, and Mozambique followed in the dozen years after their key conflict termination events/opportunities of the early 1990s have shown that the provision of amnesties did indeed allow atrocity-laden conflicts in the latter two countries to be ended on a stable and sustainable basis, and the rule of law to be considerably strengthened in both places, while a reliance on prosecutions in Rwanda failed to bring about respect for the rule of law there.

A focus on the *politics of conflict termination*, such as is strongly advocated here, requires close attention to the politics of both peacemaking and peace-building. I have suggested above that antagonists who are able to achieve peacemaking through negotiation can get a good head start, through that negotiating process, on some of the basics of longer-term peace-building, too—though even those antagonists who succeed in negotiating a peace are by no means guaranteed success in the peace-building task. Meanwhile, the record of the victorious (Western) Allies at the end of World War II shows that even those parties that achieve a formal “peace” through outright military victory can succeed at the subsequent tasks of long-term peace-building—provided they pay enough attention to the planning and implementation of the vital post-conflict phase and that they adopt a wise and restrained approach to governance.³⁹

In my conversations about building a sustainable, post-atrocity political order in Rwanda, South Africa, and Mozambique, people from those countries spoke again and again about the need to have their still-pressing economic needs met, and a stable, reliable socioeconomic order built (or rebuilt) if their societies were to avoid falling back into additional rounds of atrocity-laden war. In Rama Mani's fine study of postwar justice issues, she gave as much weight to the need for distributive (i.e., economic) justice in postwar situations as to the need for legal justice (i.e., restoring the rule of law) and rectificatory justice.⁴⁰ And Roland Paris, in his study on building peace after civil conflict, identified the adoption of conflict-reducing economic policies as one of the six key tasks to be addressed in any successful peace-building effort.⁴¹ Indeed, many or most members of societies reeling from recent conflict, when asked to define the kind of justice they would most like to see, speak about burning matters of economic justice before they say anything about seeking prosecutions, trials, or punishments of wrongdoers. In this sense, perhaps, the concept of "justice" that is held by many people living in Western societies that enjoy a high degree of economic well-

being has become stunted, shorn of some of the richer dimensions of justice that are still held by communities living on the brink. For most members of those latter communities, the idea that "justice" could be equated with the technical feat of conducting an orderly criminal trial would seem strange indeed. Yet that, for many in the rich West, is the first remedy they think of when confronted with unsettling facts about the perpetration of atrocities.

In this regard as in so many others, any consideration of peace-building immediately brings us to the important political question of *who it should be* who makes the key decisions for societies as they start to emerge from periods of grave conflict. Should it be the fourteen members of the Security Council, sitting in their offices in New York City? Should it be a consortium of nations that, egged on by rights activists from Western countries with blessedly little recent experience of war, have created a permanent International Criminal Court that may act to proscribe or limit the offering of amnesties even when amnesties could help to secure a much-needed peace agreement? Or should it be the community leaders, political leaders, and negotiators from the war-plagued communities themselves? My own strong preference is to give by far the greatest voice in making such decisions to those who have the greatest stake in their outcome—those who will have most of the responsibility for implementing them on the ground and whose families will be living for generations to come with the consequences, whatever they might be. If well-wishers in the international community seek to influence these decisions and the climate in which they are made, they can probably have the most impact for the good if they lay strong and continuous stress on the *need to end conflicts*, most preferably through negotiations, and on the basis of sustainable political equality, the strengthening of democratic institutions, and due attention to tasks of socioeconomic construction, rather than by laying down strict and quite a-contextual prohibitions from outside on the offering of amnesties in the context of peace negotiations.

Finally, I want to come back to the list that Martha Minow compiled (and that I introduced in Chapter 1) of meta-tasks that members of societies emerging from periods of mass violence urgently need to address. After my many discussions with colleagues in

Mozambique, South Africa, Rwanda, and elsewhere, and my reflections on these experiences as outlined above, I now offer my own modified list of meta-tasks for such societies, grouped into two ranks by their urgency as follows:

Top rank (all of equal urgency):

1. Establish rigorous mechanisms to guard against any relapse into conflict and violence.
2. Actively promote reconciliation across all intergroup divisions.
3. Build an equality-based domestic democratic order that allows for nonviolent resolution of internal differences and that respects and enforces human rights.
4. Restore the moral systems appropriate to an era of peace.
5. Reintegrate former combatants from all the previously fighting parties into the new society.
6. Start restoring and upgrading the community's physical and institutional infrastructure.
7. Start righting the distributional injustices of the past.

Second rank (of somewhat less urgency):

8. Promote psychological healing for all those affected by the violence and the atrocities, restoring dignity to them. (The top-rank tasks, if addressed, will do much to achieve this psychological healing; but it will probably need continuing attention.)
9. Establish such records of the facts as are needed to meet victims' needs (death certificates, identification of burial sites, etc.) and to start to build a record for history.

Several of these goals are mentioned by Minow in her listing. The most stark difference is over what each of us advocates with regard to former "offenders." Whereas Minow advocates the "punishment, exclusion, shaming, and diminishment" of offenders, the evidence strongly indicates to me—and I hope to my readers, as well—that a well-crafted policy of amnestying, reconciliation, and reintegration of offenders will serve the long-term interests of many of these very vulnerable societies very much better.

As they consider this issue in the future, decision-makers and rights advocates throughout the world would do well to keep in mind the relatively well-known story of how amnesties enabled a breathtakingly successful political transformation within South Africa—and also, the stories of Raúl Domingos, Hermínio Morais, and their beloved homeland, Mozambique. I started this book with some very poignant testimonies from victim/survivors of atrocities such as Agnès, Nomonde Calata, and Rejoice Mabudhafasi, and I hope those stories and others like them will stay with readers. But as we look to the challenges of making and building sturdy peace agreements in troubled lands, the

possibilities for the real transformation of perpetrators should also, certainly, be kept in mind.

During the Mozambican civil war Domingos, Morais, and the networks of individuals they commanded organized and perpetrated some of the worst kinds of atrocities human society has ever known. But after the war Domingos—formerly Renamo’s chief of staff—moved on to become a parliamentarian, business executive, and social thinker. Morais, the former head of Renamo’s Special Forces, became a key leader and organizer of the country’s new united military, and then entered law school. These two men, the people they had commanded, and the people against whom they had fought for fifteen long years all worked together to rescue their country from the abuses and intense suffering of the war. They succeeded in that, and they also did an admirable job of starting to build a new social and political order based on the rule of law. As the world community faces the many “justice” challenges of the twenty-first century, that record needs to be remembered and celebrated. Indeed, perhaps all of us could learn much of value from our friends in Mozambique.

Note

Table 6.1 Cost Comparisons Among Cases

Each case completed at ICTR	\$42,300,000
Each amnesty application at TRC	\$4,290
Each case in Rwanda’s <i>gacaca</i> courts (projected)	\$581
Mozambique: each former fighter demobilized/reintegrated	\$1,075
South Africa: each former fighter demobilized/reintegrated	\$1,066

Source: Compiled by author from data presented in Chapter 5. (*Amnesty after Atrocity?* by Helena Cobban)

All other notes are to be found in the published book www.paradigmpublishers.com.

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Links:

‘Just World News’ by Helena Cobban justworldnews.org/

Paradigm Publishers www.paradigmpublishers.com

Ghazals and Ruba'is

Jalal al-Din Rumi

tr. from the Persian by Iraj Anvar and Anne Twitty

D 1759 *Vah cheh bi rang*. . .

Oh how nameless, how free I am!
When will I see myself as I really am?

Tell me your secrets here and now, you said.
In this realm, I said, where is the here and now?

How can my soul be still
when I am whirling in stillness?

My sea drowned in itself.
What a wondrous, shoreless sea I am!

Not in this world, not in the next I am.
Where I am, both worlds disappear.

Naught, I am free of profit and loss.
How singular, I neither gain nor lose.

I said: My Soul, you're the light of my eyes.
Where I am, he said, no need for eyes.

That's what you are, I said. Stop it!
he said. No words can capture me.

I said: Since you are more than tongue can tell,
 behold how eloquent I am without a tongue.

Like the moon, without legs, I race through nothingness.
 See how fast I can run without legs!

A voice called: Why so fast?
 Look into the hidden, find my true face.

The moment I saw Shams of Tabriz
 I became a treasure, a gem, the rare pearl of the sea.

D 1919 *Eshq ast bar aseman paridan*. . .

What a rapture to fly in the sky,
 To tear a hundred veils every second.

First, sever breathing from breaths,
 then, sever walking from footsteps.

Be blind to this world,
 to see your own eye.

I said: O Heart, what a blessing
 to have reached the circle of lovers.

To look beyond seeing,
 to race in the heart's lane.

O Heart, where did this breath soul begin?
 O Heart, what started you beating?

O Soul Bird, speak the language of birds,
 I know how to decipher your secret.

Heart said: I was in creation's workshop,
waiting to fly to this house of clay.

I flew out of the house of creation
to construct the house of creation.

When my legs were gone, they dragged me along.
How can I describe how they dragged me?

D 2219 *Man gholam-e qamaram. . .*

I'm the slave of the Moon; talk of nothing but Moon.
Or brightness and sweetness. Other than that, say nothing.

Don't tell of suffering, talk of nothing but blessings.
If you know nothing about them, no matter. Say nothing.

Last night I went wild. Love saw me and said:
I'm here. Don't shout, don't rip your shirt, say nothing.

I said: O Love, what I fear is something else.
There's nothing there. Say nothing.

I'll whisper secret words in your ears. Just nod yes.
Except for that nod of your head, say nothing.

A moon pure as spirit rose on the heart's pathway.
What a joy, to travel the way of the heart. Say nothing.

I said: O Heart, what is this moon? Heart beckoned:
For now, it's not for you to know. Say nothing.

I said: Is this face angel or human?
Neither angel nor human. It is other, say nothing.

I said: What's this? I'll lose my mind if you don't tell me.
It said: Then lose your mind, and stay that way. Say nothing.

You who sit in this house filled with images and illusions,
get up, walk out the door. Go, and say nothing.

I said: O Heart, tell me kindly: Isn't this about God?
It said: Yes it is, but kindly say nothing.

D 562 *Khīyal-e Turk-e man*. . .

Every night the image of my Turk transforms my essence.
Annihilated in him, it becomes true existence.

Split the apple I've plucked from that tree, and out comes a houri
who will conquer the world and become my vine and paradise.

If I pick up the Book, it falls from my bewildered hands.
His face becomes my margin mark, his lips my Suras.

The world is Mount Sinai, I'm Moses. I faint while it dances.
Only one who keeps that appointment with God understands.

The Sun of Souls arose and said: Wake up, heavy souls!
If I shine on the mountain it will shatter to pieces.

I've stifled my grief for so long that now, through the centuries,
a whirlwind of echoes will buffet the world; it will revolve on my sorrow.

D 1847 *Kharaman miravi dar del. . .*

Gracefully you pierce the heart, kindler of my soul and body.
O Light-giver, you enlighten my heart and give sight to my eye.

You are a sea full of pearls, a heaven of stars.
The expanse studded with every gem, a garden of lilies.

You animate all things, intoxicate all souls.
You are the one who fills this dust world with jewels.

Tell this bewildered eye, once you've seen the Beloved's lightness,
why bother with mortals, why spend your time with Darkness?

Burn everything I have except my heart, because
your splendor keeps turning it into a rose garden.

You made night, the black slave, the people's cup-bearer
and handed turmoil, struggle and work to the white slave: day.

I fear the eye of day, its eye is bewitching.
I fear night's curl, it is pregnant with foreboding.

All fear springs from existence. Stop your trembling and talking.
All dread springs from defeat. Defeat yourself, and find refuge.

Like firewood, you knew nothing, the fire of love engulfed you.
Like lightning, jump out of this fire. Like smoke, drift out this window.

Why draw your dagger? Bare your neck to the stroke of the dagger.
As long as you're whole, you can't fit through the eye of the needle.

Be spring, so beauties will cluster around you in the garden.
Those beauties flee from the cold of winter.

If you're not spring, be summer and step into the fire
because without beauty and Love a man is worth nothing.

If you want your every atom to be eloquent and a poet,
don't place your faith in poetry and prose, be silent.

If you start to talk, you will stray from your thought.
Don't stray from your heart's intent. Stay away from talk.

Come, O Shams of Tabriz, you rule life and death.
Tell heaven's decree to save the world from calamity.

D 145

One who thought the heart belonged in the chest
Took three or four steps and thought he'd reached home.
Prayer rug and beads, abstinence and ritual
Are a step on the path. He thought they were the goal.

D 38

Time will put an end to this tumult.
The wolf of death will slaughter this herd.
Everyone's head is full of deception.
The torrent of death will cast them out the door.

D 106

Seek the art of loosening knots.
Quick! Before your soul leaves your body.

Leave that nothing that seems like existence.
 Seek the existence that seems like nothing.

D 1448

If you long to be purified, you will be.
 If you want to be burnt to ashes, you will be.
 The joy of your purification will demonstrate
 How non-existence turns into existence.

D 604 *Harkatash-e man darad. . .*

I give my cloak to the one who has my fire,
 who has bled like Hossein and drunk from Hassan's poisoned cup.

Don't grieve because the Moon's down the well,
 he'll climb out on a lock of his hair.

No matter how loudly the hypocrite prays, there's no truth in it.
 If you're searching for truth, look at that Cypress.

My dear, the light of the wheeling universe is only His reflection.
 It fills the garden with cypress, smiling roses and jasmine.

Even though you are with others, you glance my way.
 I have a pure soul, while the other is only a body.

This heart of mine is so drunk it's disappeared.
 That lock of hair scattered it to the winds.

Shams of Tabriz is the king of the lions,
 and he lives in the woods of the soul.

D 98

O Moon like the moon, don't go to sleep tonight.
 Begin to turn like the turning sky, don't go to sleep.
 Awake, we two light up the universe.
 Tonight, keep the universe alight. Don't go to sleep.

[R X] D 91

Trust the dawn breeze with your secret. It's not time to sleep.
 It's a time for beseeching and reaching out. Not time to sleep.
 You creatures in the two worlds, from before time to eternity,
 The door is open wide for all. This is no time to sleep.

D 1451

Walking on your path turned me into wine.
 Consumed by your love, I became immaterial.
 No food by day, no sleep at night,
 Being your friend, I become my own enemy.

D 320

A friend is the one who beheads you.
 A swindler puts a hat on your head.
 A host who pampers you becomes your burden.
 The Friend deprives you of yourself.

D 2217 *Chehre-ye zadrd-e. . .*

Look at my sallow face, but say nothing.
 Look at this infinite pain, and for God's sake, say nothing.

Look at this bleeding heart, eyes like the River Jeyhun.
 No matter what you see, pass by. Don't ask, say nothing.

Yesterday you appeared at the door of the heart's house.
 Your image knocked and said: Come, open the door, say nothing.

I put my hand to my mouth and said: Woe to my broken heart.
 He said: I'm yours, don't bite your hand, say nothing.

Since you are my *surna*, don't sing without my lips.
 Until I play you like a harp, not a word about music. Say nothing.

I said: How long will you drag my soul around the world?
 He said: Wherever I drag you, come quickly. Say nothing.

I said: While I say nothing, do you want me
 to burn? Are you saying: Come in and say nothing?

He smiled like a rose and said: Come in and see.
 This fire is jasmine, green leaves and roses. Say nothing.

The fire became roses and spoke. It told me:
 Except for our beloved's love and kindness, say nothing.

D 1679 *Man agar mastam agar hoshyaram. . .*

Whether I'm drunk or sober
I'm a slave to those beautiful eyes

When I lose sight of that beautiful world-soul
I loathe myself, my life and all the world.

I'm a slave to the face of the one
who keeps me in the rose garden, day and night.

When I see a mirror like that
how can I take my eyes off it?

I am the soul of idols, my idol said.
I said: I'll testify to that, beloved.

He said: If you are filled with my passion,
not a hair of you will remain.

I'm a candle that burns to ashes
any moth who comes too close.

I told him: Burn me as much as you want,
my remains will still smoke of your love.

I flew beyond this world's compass. How strange,
I turn in this circle like the legs of a compass.

The cupbearer brought me the bill.
I said: Here, take the turban from my head.

No, no, take my whole head, but right now
help me to sober up just a little.

Show me that hidden world
because I don't believe in this world any more.

D 1604 *Bedeh an badeh*. . .

Give me last night's wine. I am drunk with your sweetness.
O Generous One, hand me the full cup.

O Saki of the Worthy, don't turn your face from me.
If you break my heart, I'll break the cup and the jug.

I held a cup in my hand. I threw it, I smashed it.
A hundred bare feet were slashed by the broken glass.

You worship the bottle because your wine comes out of it.
Mine doesn't come from the grape, why should I worship the bottle?

O heart, drink the wine of the soul and sleep safe and free.
When I cut off sorrow's head, I freed myself from pain and grief.

My heart ascended, my body descended.
Where does that leave me? Neither up nor down.

How happy I am hanging here, an apple that longs to be struck by your rock.
How can I wait for the day of the 'Yes,' when I am eternally drunk?

Ask me what a treasure this Love is and what it has.
And ask Love, too, to tell you who I am.

Why stroll the bank of the stream? If you're a man, jump over it.
Jump it and go looking for me, because I jumped over it.

If you stand up, I'll stand up, and if you leave, I'll leave.
If you eat, I'll eat, and if you sit, I'll sit.

How happy I am, in love with a king. Silent as a fish
since I was freed from existence. Why draw me back into it?

D 7

Alas, time has passed and we are alone
In a sea without a shore in sight.
The ship, the night, the chill and we sail
In the sea of God, by God's wisdom and grace.

Notes:

D 1759 (Oh how nameless, how free I am!)

Beyt 1 – Rumi actually says that he is nameless and colorless, or traceless, therefore “free” in the sense of having been freed from temporal dimensions, defining characteristics and all previous images or concepts of himself. Our word might be “clear,” except that his mind is far from clear; it is reeling from the shock of this transformation

Beyt 10: “I race through nothingness.” The Persian word is *fānī*, meaning “annihilation,” and refers to the ultimate goal of the mystic, to abandon the individual self and return to God.

D2219 (I’m the slave of the Moon...)

Beyt 1: Rumi often refers to Shams as a Moon, a Persian symbol for beauty and perfection.

Beyt 11: The literal meaning of the Persian expression translated as “kindly” is: “Tell me as if you were my father.”

Beyt 10: “this house” is the house of water and clay, the body.

D 562 (Every night the image of my Turk...)

Beyt 1: A Persian poetic convention established the young Turk as a type of supreme beauty. Here, Rumi alludes both to this and to Shams’ origins.

Beyt 3: The Book is, of course, the Qur’an, and the “margin mark” (*sarī shr*) indicates the end of each cluster of ten verses. “Suras” are chapters of the Qur’an. Rumi is referring to “ayat” or the verses of the Suras, not to his own poetry.

D1847 (Gracefully you pierce the heart...)

Beyt 4: Here Rumi uses the name of the Zoroastrian Lord of Darkness, Ahriman.

Beyt 12: In the original, the second line employs the word *mostahajj*, a word meaning ugly, obscene and inadequate.

D604 (I give my cloak to the one who has my fire...)

Beyt 1: The sons of Mohammed’s son-in-law Ali, Hassan and Hossein, became the second and third imam of the Shiites. Hassan was given a poisoned drink by his enemies and Hossein was martyred on the plain of Karbala.

Beyt 2: Here Rumi refers to the story of Joseph, a Persian symbol of divine and earthly beauty, who was thrown down a well by his brothers.

Beyt 4: Another emblem of Mohammed is the cypress, a tall, straight tree that represents both truth and righteousness.

D 91 (Trust the dawn breeze...)

The concept translated as “before time” refers to pre-eternity, the time before Creation, when the souls of all prospective human beings existed with Allah.

D 320 (A friend is the one...)

The "Friend" is Allah or a spiritual guide.

D2217 (Look at my sallow face...)

Beyt 2: The Jeyhun, a large river in central Asia, was once called the Oxus and is now known as the Amu Darya.

Beyt 5: The *suma* is a wind instrument used mostly for weddings and festivities.

Beyt 9: The reference is to a Qur'anic story in which people attempted to burn the prophet Abraham for refusing to follow his people's pagan traditions. According to Persian poets, the fire turned into a rose garden.

D1604 (Give me last night's wine...)

Beyt 1: In the original, the words translated as "O Generous One" read: "O *Hatem* of the world." Hatem, an ancient Arab chieftain, became the emblem of generosity.

Beyt 7: A Qur'anic verse refers to a primordial covenant between pre-existent human souls and Allah, who asked them: "Am I not your Lord?" Those who answered "Yes" are the faithful. Among Sufis, the compound word *alast* (am I not) acquired the meaning of "pre-eternity."

Translations©Iraj Anvar and Anne Twitty 2007

The Year 2007, the 800th anniversary of the birth of Mevlana Jalal al-Din Rumi has been declared by UNESCO the International Rumi Year en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jalal_ad-Din_Muhammad_Rumi. A medal will be struck in his honor. Celebrations will take place around the world.

"Let us therefore honour Mawlana Jalal-ud-Din Balkhi-Rumi, one of the great humanists, philosophers and poets who belong to humanity in its entirety, by issuing a UNESCO Medal in his name in association with the 800th anniversary of his birth in 2007 in the hope that this medal will prove an encouragement to those who are engaged in a deep and scholarly dissemination of his ideas and ideals, which in turn would in fact enhance the diffusion of the ideals of UNESCO." unesdoc.unesco.org/images/0014/001473/147319e.pdf

March 20, the first day of Spring, is Narooz, beginning the Persian new year.

Anne Twitty's translations have appeared in *Archipelago*:

Maria Negroni, *El Viaje de la Noche / Night Journey*, Vol. 1, No. 1

www.archipelago.org/vol1-1/cage-e.htm

Maria Negroni, *La Jaula bajo el Trapo / Cage Under Cover*, Vol. 2, No. 4

www.archipelago.org/vol2-4/negroni.htm

The Sea In Which They Are Found In Number

Katherine McNamara

To my surprise, though, I see the word doesn't mean "islands" but the sea in which they are found in number. The etymology is much disputed.

—Kathy Callaway

Little String Game

We are marking anniversaries. *Archipelago* went live on the World Wide Web ten years ago, on March 15, 1997. For the second issue, Kathy Callaway, novelist, poet, and our first Contributing Editor, wrote a charming essay, "[Little String Game](#)," that begins:

I've looked up "archipelago" in the OED and my Eleventh Edition (1910-11) of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and found it is pronounced arkipelago, and that the Italian word it came to us from, *arci-pelago*, is pronounced archie. Thus, at least two pronunciations are in use. To my surprise, though, I see the word doesn't mean "islands" but *the sea in which they are found in number*. The etymology is much disputed. The OED says it comes from the Italian *arcipelago*, from *arci* (chief, principle) and *pelago* (deep, abyss, gulf, pool). The medieval Latin is *pelagus*, the Greek *pelagos*, sea. In most languages the word had at first the prefix of the native form: OSp. *arcipielago* ; OPg. *arcepelago*; M.E. *archpelago*, *arch-sea*. All except Italian now begin *archi*; according to the OED,

(n)o such word occurs in ancient or med. Gr. *Archipelagos* in modern Greek Dicts. is introduced from western languages. *Archipelago* occurs in a Treaty of 30th June 1268, between the Venetians and the emperor Michael Paleologus... It was evidently a true Italian compound...suggested probably by the mediæval Latin name of the Aegean Sea, *Egeo-pelagus*, and alluding to the vast difference in size between this and the lagoons, pools, or ponds, to which *pelago* was popularly applied...

The EB (Eleventh Edition) says that *archipelago* is

a name applied to any island-studded sea, but originally the distinctive designation of what is now generally known as the Aegean Sea...its ancient name having been revived. Several etymologies have been proposed: e.g. (1) it is a corruption of the ancient name, *Egeopelago*; (2) it is from the modern Greek...the Holy Sea; (3) it arose at the time of the Latin empire, and means the Sea of the Kingdom; (4) it is a translation of the Turkish name, Ak Denghiz, *Argon Pelagos*, the White Sea; (5) it is simply *Archipelagus*, Italian, *arcipelago*, the chief sea.

It appears then, in Old Spanish and Old Portuguese; was a medieval invention of the Mediterranean world of the Middle Ages, a sea-going trade term, when the Mediterranean, or even the Aegean, was still the biggest sea almost anyone knew of.

So goeth a word. But I'm going to trace further back, to its components. . . . "SEE ARCHES," says the OED, under *archipelago*. And so I shall. (This is also, I see, just the way I travel.)

Her way is winding, marked by side-tracks and close observation of the unexpected. She follows the traces of Greek and Italian sailors, Musselmen, Sephardim, the Crusades, anti-Semitism, Bismarck, Isaac Babel, and the morning copy of *The Baltic Times*:

From Archipelago, by way of the Via Egnatia, to the Sephardim in Salonika, and thence outward.

And thence, outward.

Unesco has declared 2007 the International Year of Rumi. The great poet and Sufi mystic Jalal al-Din Rumi was born in Balkh, now in Afghanistan, in 1207. In this issue, we offer a double handful of his ghazals and ruba'is in a new, luminous translation by Iraj Anvar and Anne Twitty. Anne Twitty's work appeared also in the first *Archipelago*.

More Archipelageans join her. We hear again the Jovial laughter of the poet Kevin McFadden. Isabel Fargo Cole, who has given us translations of German authors seldom available in English, sends a fiction of her own, too. From the Russian, Kevin Kinsella, having brought us Mandelshtam, introduces Sasha Chernyi, here published for the first time in English. The exciting Canadian writer Tracy Robinson has given us a new story that makes the blood flow even while stopping you dead in your tracks. From California, Lucy

Gray again shows her expansive camera-eye. She made photocollages of the actress Tilda Swinton set against landscapes, then projected her Big Tildas onto San Francisco's Civic Center. She wanted music for her big screen: we've supplied it in the slide show, with the random-shuffle playlist suggested by Greil Marcus. And out of Ireland comes Bridget Flannery. The painting on our cover, from the series "Pause," was made in response to a passage from my own book. She has asked the calligrapher Reitlin Murphy to inscribe the words on new paper, to go with the painting. Both artists were part of *An Leabhar Mòr / The Great Book of Gaelic*.

We welcome a variety of writers newly to our pages. The wit of Greil Marcus's songlist plays well (randomly) with Lucy Gray's images. Beatrix Ost offers a worldly account of her protected childhood in Bavaria during World War II. The moral philosopher Laurie Calhoun is a perceptive watcher of movies; she has thought about the abiding pain of ordinary cruelty, dramatized. The poets Katherine E. Young and Rodney Nelson give voice to stillness, light, the memory of dread and suffering and beauty. Helena Cobban reported on the different ways the people of three African countries sought reconciliation and peace-building after national atrocities. This important chapter from her new book gives us hard truths to consider.

Intellectual property and patent laws are of immediate concern to any Web publisher. Jeffrey Matsuura reviewed Jefferson's opinion about technology, innovation, and democratic values in a talk in the Rotunda at the University of Virginia. Our Contributing Editor Arthur Molella, of the Smithsonian, was an organizer of the event. (I asked Matsuura what he supposed Jefferson would have said about the Digital Millennium Act. He thought Jefferson would have disapproved. And that he would have used a Mac.)

Frank McGuinness is a subject in himself and always leads you on to another story.

We bow to Auden on his hundredth birthday. Our neighbor *Poetry Daily* observes its tenth year in April.

Give the Truth Back

Not all our anniversaries are happy. On St. Patrick's Day, 2003, amid lies and deception, Bush declared his (and Cheney's) war on Saddam Hussein and his sons. Two days later, on St. Joseph's Day, Bush and Cheney unleashed their ballistic shock-and-awe. The war is with us in the world. The saints must look down from the heavens, if they do

look our way, bemused. We do not know yet if the Democrats who control Congress have the stomach to end the occupation, as the people elected them to do, and head off a war on Iran. Are they still baffled by the showman Karl Rove? He is our all-American, 21st-century P.T. Barnum. Think of Bush as Gen. Tom Thumb. Cheney is Jumbo the Elephant.

To repair the damage done by these people you have to be clear-eyed as the goosegirl and lucky as the seventh son. You must know whom you want to stand with. Your weapons are brains and mockery. Thanks in good part to citizen journalists, scrupulous reporters, and bloggers, the facts needed are available on the Internet to readers who seek right action and the good. They face an immense job of cleaning-up. The facts, and we all, are sooty from the stench-filled cloud of incompetence and secrecy belched out by the fog-machines of the administration. As the Federal prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald shouted in his closing argument in the recent trial of Cheney's man, 'Scooter' Libby: "Madness! Madness!" In his great summation, Fitzgerald laid open the heart of the matter. Because of Libby's lies before the law, he said, "there is a cloud upon the vice-presidency." Truth and justice are the Fitzgerald standard. Hear him: There is a cloud upon the Executive. There is a cloud upon the Nation. "He stole the truth from the judicial system," Fitzgerald told the jury. "If you return a 'guilty' verdict, you give the truth back."¹

Guns, Presidents, Money, and Saints

In the first Endnote, I wrote dubiously of the benefits of unchecked capitalism, particularly for literature. I haven't changed my mind; I have grown more disgusted.²

In *Archipelago* four years ago appeared a work of familial history by Mary-Sherman Willis, called "The Fight for Kansas,"³ as part of the occasional series Living with Guns. In the Postscript, she described a doctrine of the western frontier called "no duty to retreat,"⁴ that became law or at least precedent in Texas, and settled deep in the bones of people who saw themselves as living in parlous situations. It countered centuries of Anglo-Saxon practice and common law.

Today, as America readies itself for war, I am struck by the similarities in tone between the frontier war talk of the 1850s and of today. Its origins are in the Second Amendment to the Constitution, which protected the right of Americans to form militias to keep law and order in the absence of an army. In the frontier, the paucity of courts and the ubiquity of firearms thus encouraged Americans to settle disputes themselves, without

benefit of legal mediation. The historian Richard Maxwell Brown calls this extra-legal principle “no duty to retreat.” It was a departure from the medieval British common law requiring a person under threat to retreat until his back is to the wall before he could use deadly force; this would encourage people to settle quarrels in court and to protect the sanctity of human life. “No duty to retreat,” on the other hand, was best expressed by Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1953 Cold War speech: If you “meet anyone face to face with whom you disagree...and took the same risk as he did, you could get away with almost anything as long as the bullet was in front.” — that is, as long as you were the quicker draw.

This was the *modus operandi* of the post-Civil War Western gunfighter, including Eisenhower’s avowed hero and fellow Kansan, Wild Bill Hickok, who had been an eighteen-year-old sheriff in Leavenworth in 1854, and later, a Union scout. ...

In the chaos of the post-Civil War West, the “good guys”—lawmen like Hickok and Wyatt Earp—represented the authority of capital: the owners of cattle ranches and mining companies and railroads, grasping for the wealth of the West, in what Brown and historian Alan Trachtenberg call the Western Civil War of Incorporation. The bad-guys were Southern-sympathizing outlaw homesteaders like Jesse James, or unaffiliated cowboys bent on mayhem and a fast buck—of the same ilk as the Border Ruffian. Our national mythology seized on the dichotomy. In foreign policy, we applied the prerogative of American police action abroad to protect corporate interests. We would stand our ground, wherever we determined we needed to. In 1947, the Truman Doctrine, intended to contain Soviet power, kept a U.S. military presence on the ground around the world, threatened war over Cuba, and sent forces to fight in Korea and Viet Nam, and countless other smaller skirmishes. The most militant impulses in American foreign policy have had their strongest advocates in Presidents from the Southwest.

Now we have a Texan in the White House, proposing a war of preemption against what we fear the enemy might do—war in the subjunctive tense, typical of the spirit of “no duty to retreat.” President George W. Bush talks of terror, generalized and pervasive. “We must chose between a world of fear and a world of progress,” he told the U.N. General Assembly. That is to say, a world of orderly democracies fit for business instead of a backward, chaotic world in the thrall of outlaw, non-democratic leaders. “We are the leader,” he said, who must “combine the ability to listen to others, along with action.” This has meant arming our allies of the moment—Pakistan and Saudi Arabia, for instance—with new shipments of high-tech weapons, and threatening unilateral action as we position our troops around Iraq, our enemy of the moment. Bush argues in abstractions—freedom, terror—but his target is personal and material: the bad man who tried to kill his dad, and, incidentally, the oil reserves that bad man represents.

American history, about which the military-industrial-entertainment complex still deludes the public, is made of the warm relationship between corporations and imperialism. (We were not supposed to notice that an American version of democracy in the Middle East

would benefit American oil, construction, and security companies, and the Bush family-invested Carlyle Group.) On the birthday of Martin Luther King, I re-read his great sermon, “St. Paul’s Letter to American Christians,” and was reminded of all that does not change.

King’s conceit was an imaginary letter from the Apostle sent from Ephesus, on which he, King, had labored over the translation from the Greek. “May I hasten to say,” the young preacher added, “that if in presenting this letter the contents sound strangely Kingian instead of Paulinian, attribute it to my lack of complete objectivity rather than Paul’s lack of clarity.”

For many years I have longed to be able to come to see you. I have heard so much of you and of what you are doing. . . .

But America, as I look at you from afar, I wonder whether your moral and spiritual progress has been commensurate with your scientific progress. It seems to me that your moral progress lags behind your scientific progress. Your poet Thoreau used to talk about “improved means to an unimproved end.” How often this is true. You have allowed the material means by which you live to outdistance the spiritual ends for which you live. You have allowed your mentality to outrun your morality. You have allowed your civilization to outdistance your culture. Through your scientific genius you have made of the world a neighborhood, but through your moral and spiritual genius you have failed to make of it a brotherhood. So America, I would urge you to keep your moral advances abreast with your scientific advances. . . .

The misuse of Capitalism can also lead to tragic exploitation. This has so often happened in your nation. They tell me that one tenth of one percent of the population controls more than forty percent of the wealth. Oh America, how often have you taken necessities from the masses to give luxuries to the classes. If you are to be a truly Christian nation you must solve this problem. You cannot solve the problem by turning to communism, for communism is based on an ethical relativism and a metaphysical materialism that no Christian can accept. You can work within the framework of democracy to bring about a better distribution of wealth. You can use your powerful economic resources to wipe poverty from the face of the earth. God never intended for one group of people to live in superfluous inordinate wealth, while others live in abject deadening poverty. God intends for all of his children to have the basic necessities of life, and he has left in this universe “enough and to spare” for that purpose. So I call upon you to bridge the gulf between abject poverty and superfluous wealth.

I would that I could be with you in person, so that I could say to you face to face what I am forced to say to you in writing. Oh, how I long to share your fellowship. . . .⁵

Martin Luther King gave his sermon in 1956. He had always preached for social and economic justice. By the mid-'Sixties, he began to speak against the Vietnam War. He was thirty-eight years old when his life was taken, on April 4, 1968.

The Children of the Sea

Dublin, October 2005. I was sitting in Frank McGuinness's kitchen reading "Andy Warhol Says A Mass" in his neat manuscript. McGuinness was a young man when in 1985, the Peacock Stage at the Abbey Theatre produced "Observe the Sons of Ulster Marching Toward the Somme," his great history play about war and blood sacrifice and the relations between men in combat. Lately, he's taken to writing stories. That we can publish this new one, or is it a missal, or a mockingly profound prayer, about relations between men, and men with God, is wonderful to me. I told him I wanted it for our tenth anniversary edition; I didn't know it would also be our last.

This is the last issue of *Archipelago*. I had meant it to be a threshold between literature in print and the borderless reach of the World Wide Web. The Web has grown; so have we. Our publication is ample. It has been suggested that a print anthology, *The Best of Archipelago*, would be in order; but I can't agree. I am interested in everything we've published. *Archipelago* will remain on-line, finished, inviting readers to come back and explore the pleasures of its archives.

That reminds me of a story; but I don't know yet how this one comes out. Last autumn I began excavating the archive I had assembled in Alaska twenty-five years ago. Out of the boxes flew, moth-like into the light, clouds of forgotten facts and brightening memories. Unexpected connections appeared. A mystery was revealed.

The work I was digging through was an unpublished manuscript written by me in the late 1980s. It concerned the Dena'ina Athabaskan Alaskan author Peter Kalifornsky (1911-1994). Peter Kalifornsky was a remarkable writer in every sense of the term. He was the last native speaker of his language, and the first to carry it to the page. His style was of a literary quality. For several years, I was his amanuensis. It was I to whom he told, in English, the immense back-story of the old Dena'ina, all that he would not write in the books for which he became internationally known. He described to me what it was for a man to transform his ancient oral tongue into writing. I don't know of another work like ours on this continent. We also re-translated his written stories into finer English versions. When, after

several years of collaboration, he said, “I feel like we’ve been raised together,” I was charmed.

I don’t know what made us, two people from very different backgrounds, of different generations and genders, able to understand each other so well. Our bond was real, but why that was so I can’t readily say. Here is a curious coincidence, however, turning on one of those winged facts darting up from the archive.

Once he told me what Dena’ina – the name of his people, his tribe, and his language – meant. “It means ‘the young ones of seal,’” he had said thoughtfully, parsing the words *dena* and *’ina*. It was a curious reading of the Native name, recorded nowhere else I know of, and it seemed to surprise him a bit, too. I marked it in my notes and drafts and forgot about it, until it appeared again last autumn.

By coincidence and by luck, in the year 2000 I was in Ireland for the centenary of the essayist Hubert Butler.⁶ There I met the poet Rita Kelly. She asked if I knew the meaning of McNamara, *Mac Con Mara*. “‘Son of the hound of the sea’ is what the books say,” I laughed. “We always figured it was some old pirate back in the ninth century.” Rita Kelly said, gently, “The hound of the sea – it’s the seals. They’re the dogs of the sea, did you know? McNamara means the children of the seals.”

Peter Kalifornsky died long before I learned about my name and could tell him. I’ve found the gloss – McNamara: children of the seals – in only two places: Rita Kelly’s telling, and *The People of the Sea*, a fine book of stories about seals and selkies and people in the West of Ireland and Scotland, by David Thomson. Although they tell of legendary glamour, none of the written histories of the McNamaras intimates a mythopoeic dimension. And so, I am going next to Ireland, for tracing a wonder.

And thence, outward.

Adieu

With warm appreciation to [Debra Weiss](#) our Web designer and -master, who wrote code for the first issue and has designed every one since. Readers who enjoy *Archipelago* can thank her for its visual style (and titanium-light architecture).

Previous Endnotes

The Dangerous Unknown of our Untested Innocence, *Archipelago*, Vol. 10, Nos. 1/2
www.archipelago.org/vol10-12/endnotes.htm

At Our Own Risk, Vol. 9 www.archipelago.org/vol9/endnotes.htm

In the Fortified City, Vol. 8, No. 3 www.archipelago.org/vol8-4/endnotes.htm

Some Notes on the Election and Afterwards, Vol. 8, No. 3
www.archipelago.org/vol803/endnotes.htm

A World That Begins in Art, Vol. 8, No. 2 www.archipelago.org/vol8-2/endnotes.htm

Incoming, Vol. 8, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol8-1/endnotes.htm

The Only God Is the God of War, Vol. 7, No. 3 www.archipelago.org/vol7-2/endnotes.htm

“Where Are the Weapons?” Vol. 7, No. 2 www.archipelago.org/vol7-2/endnotes.htm

Patriotism and the Right of Free Speech in Wartime Vol. 7, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol7-1/endnotes.htm

A Year in Washington, Vol. 6, Nos. 3/4 www.archipelago.org/vol6-3/endnotes.htm

Lies, Damned Lies, Vol. 6, No. 2 www.archipelago.org/vol6-2/endnotes.htm

The Colossus, Vol. 6, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol6-1/endnotes.htm

The Bear, Vol. 5, No. 4 www.archipelago.org/vol5-4/endnotes.htm

Sasha Choi Goes Home, Vol. 5, No. 3 www.archipelago.org/vol5-3/endnotes.htm

Sasha Choi in America, Vol. 5, No. 2 www.archipelago.org/vol5-2/endnotes.htm

A Local Habitation and A Name, Vol. 5, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol5-1/endnotes.htm

The Blank Page, Vol. 4, No. 4 www.archipelago.org/vol4-4/endnotes.htm

The Poem of the Grand Inquisitor, Vol. 4, No. 3 www.archipelago.org/vol4-3/endnotes.htm

On the Marionette Theater, Vol. 4, Nos. 1/2 www.archipelago.org/vol4-2/endnotes.htm

The Double, Vol. 3, No. 4 www.archipelago.org/vol3-4/endnotes.htm

Folly, Love, St. Augustine, Vol. 3, No. 3 www.archipelago.org/vol3-3/endnotes.htm

On Memory, Vol. 3, No. 2 www.archipelago.org/vol3-2/endnotes.htm

Passion, Vol. 3, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol3-1/endnotes.htm

A Flea, Vol. 2, No. 4 www.archipelago.org/vol2-4/endnotes.htm

On Love, Vol. 2, No. 3 www.archipelago.org/vol2-3/endnotes.htm

Fantastic Design, with Nooses, Vol. 2, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol2-1/endnotes.htm

Kundera’s Music Teacher, Vol. 1, No. 4 www.archipelago.org/vol1-4/endnotes.htm

The Devil’s Dictionary; Economics for Poets, Vol. 1, No. 3 www.archipelago.org/vol1-3/endnotes.htm

Hecuba in New York; Déformation Professionnelle, Vol. 1, No. 2 www.archipelago.org/vol1-2/endnotes.htm

Art, Capitalist Relations, and Publishing on the Web, Vol. 1, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol1-1/endnotes.htm

Notes

1 The Federal special prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald led the prosecution of Lewis I. Libby, former chief of staff of and national security assistant to Vice-President Cheney, who was indicted for perjury, in particular, lying to a grand jury, and obstruction of justice. This was in regard to the matter of the administration's deliberate public naming of an undercover CIA operative, Valerie Plame Wilson, which is a crime, although not part of the charge against Libby. The CIA leak case and the Libby trial were live-blogged by Marcy Wheeler, Jane Hamsher, Swopa, and Pachacutec at FireDogLake.com, beginning [here](#). Jeralyn Merritt at [TalkLeft](#) also live-blogged. [The Huffington Post](#) also blogged the trial and published a [juror's account](#). Sidney Blumenthal's account of Fitzgerald's summation is on [Salon](#).

2 Regular readers of these Endnotes might recognize my own, early-formed skepticism of capitalist relations and its hand on the misnamed "marketplace of ideas." In the [inaugural essay](#), they would have read the following:

In an article in the *TLS* (January 31) entitled "The real scandal of *Ulysses*, How literary modernism came to retreat from the public sphere," an American academic named Lawrence Rainey follows the publishing history through France, England, and the States, of Sylvia Beach's limited edition of Joyce's novel. Prof. Rainey holds that the "market dynamics of the limited edition," meaning an edition designed and priced high enough to be sold to collector-subscribers, eliminated the "ordinary" reader as the normal buyer, reader, and critic of the novel; and "transformed" the buyer of such an expensive book from simple reader into "investor/patron." Further, in order that an "investment" in this relatively rare object, the limited edition of ULYSSES, bear value, the book had to be "sold" *a priori* as great literature, before the slow accretion of critical reading judged it so. This is the true "scandal" of this great (we can say now) novel, argues Prof. Rainey: "For the market-place is not, and never can be, free from systemic distortions of power ... and its outcomes cannot be equated with ... norms of equal and universal participation in discussions about cultural and esthetic value. The operations of the market are not an adequate substitute for free agreement; they are operations of an entirely different order."

Some readers may have thought the last point obvious, if not directly relevant to ULYSSES. But perhaps the point is not so obvious as it should have been, for the February *Atlantic Monthly* ran a lucid, primer-like essay by the financier-philanthropist George Soros, who urges us to understand that our social "belief in the magic of the marketplace" is pretty well misplaced. The "doctrine" of laissez-faire capitalism, he argues, which holds that the unregulated pursuit of self-interest best serves the common good, doesn't allow for the

“recognition of a common interest that ought to take precedence over particular interests.” And, he warns, unless we can “temper” the unbridled dynamics of the market-place with a strong, social belief in a common social interest, the “open society,” which our present system, however imperfectly, qualifies as being, “is liable to break down.”

Soros’ argument was nicely poised against the feature in *New York* magazine (February 10), called “How to Make a Best Seller, The Inside Story of One Publishing House’s Attempt to Turn a Literary Novelist into a Marketplace Superstar.”

Because rumors and signals of a new/renewed war fill the media, I would turn attention to another kind of assault on the common good. **Privatization of public services and resources** was one method Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan, followed by Bush and Clinton (and Blair), used to reorganize their nations’ public sectors in favor of corporate, commercial beneficiaries; or, as their defenders claimed, to reduce the size of government.

Under Bush and Cheney, the process was carried forward. For instance, during Paul Bremer’s tenure as director of the Coalition Provisional Authority, the Federal Reserve airlifted pallets holding **four billion dollars in cash to Baghdad**; most of it is unaccounted for. Sourcewatch links to sources on “**privatization of Iraq.**”

Recently, Dana Priest and Annie Hull at the *Washington Post* exposed the neglect under which veterans suffer at **Walter Reed Army Hospital**; within days, the Secretary of the Army was fired in disgrace. According to **the Army Times, Rep. Henry Waxman** (D-Ca.), chairman of the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform,

has subpoenaed Maj. Gen. George Weightman, who was fired as head of Walter Reed Army Medical Center, after Army officials refused to allow him to testify before the committee Monday.

Committee Chairman Henry Waxman and subcommittee Chairman John Tierney asked Weightman to testify about an internal memo that showed **privatization of services at Walter Reed could put “patient care services... at risk of mission failure.”**

. . . . The committee wants to learn more about a letter written in September by Garrison Commander Peter Garibaldi to Weightman.

The memorandum “describes how the Army’s decision to privatize support services at Walter Reed Army Medical Center was causing an exodus of ‘highly skilled and experienced personnel,’” the committee’s letter states. “According to multiple sources, the decision to privatize support services at Walter Reed led to a precipitous drop in support personnel at Walter Reed.”

The letter said Walter Reed also awarded a five-year, \$120-million contract to IAP Worldwide Services, which is run by Al Neffgen, a former senior Halliburton official.

They also found that more than 300 federal employees providing facilities management services at Walter Reed had drooped to fewer than 60 by Feb. 3, 2007, the day before IAP took over facilities management. IAP replaced the remaining 60 employees with only 50 private workers. [Emphasis added.]

Juan Cole [picked up the story](#) and said further,

The privatization of patient care services is responsible for a lot of the problem here. . . .

And so is the privatization of services for US troops in Iraq punishing them. Indeed, the privatization of guard duties through the hiring of firms like Blackwater caused all that trouble at Falluja in the first place. KRB never delivered services to US troops with the speed and efficiency they deserved. The Bush-Cheney regime rewarded civilian firms with billions while they paid US GIs a pittance to risk their lives for their country. And then when they were wounded they were sent someplace with black mold on the walls. **A full investigation into the full meaning of ‘privatization’ at the Pentagon for our troops would uncover epochal scandals.** [Emphasis added.]

3 Mary-Sherman Willis, “[The Fight for Kansas](#),” in *Archipelago*’s occasional series [Living with Guns](#). About guns, we barely scratched the surface; see [this article](#) in the *Washington Post*.

And in the *New York Times*, “[15 States Expand Right to Shoot in Self-Defense](#)”:

. . . . The Florida law, which served as a model for the others, gives people the right to use deadly force against intruders entering their homes. They no longer need to prove that they feared for their safety, only that the person they killed had intruded unlawfully and forcefully. The law also extends this principle to vehicles.

In addition, the law does away with an earlier requirement that a person attacked in a public place must retreat if possible. Now, that same person, in the law’s words, “has no duty to retreat and has the right to stand his or her ground and meet force with force, including deadly force.” The law also forbids the arrest, detention or prosecution of the people covered by the law, and it prohibits civil suits against them.

The central innovation in the Florida law, said Anthony J. Sebok, a professor at Brooklyn Law School, is not its elimination of the duty to retreat, which has been eroding nationally through judicial decisions, but in expanding the right to shoot intruders who pose no threat to the occupant’s safety.

“In effect,” Professor Sebok said, “the law allows citizens to kill other citizens in defense of property.”

4 Mary-Sherman Willis drew upon the work of Richard Maxwell Brown, *No Duty to Retreat: Violence and Values in American History and Society* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, p.b. 1994).

5 Dr. King gave his sermon at the Drexel Avenue Baptist Church, Montgomery, Alabama, on [November 4, 1956](#). Text and audio are [here](#). Collected in *A Knock at Midnight: Inspiration from the Great Sermons of Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.* Ed. Clayborne Carson and Peter Holloran (New York: Warner Books, 1998)

See also, Nick Kotz, *Judgment Days* in *Archipelago*, [Vol. 9](#), an account of King and Johnson and the making of the Voting Rights Act.

6 See Hubert Butler, “The Artukovich File,” *Archipelago*, [Vol. 1, No. 2](#); and “The Sub-prefect Should Have Held His Tongue,” [Vol. 5, No. 1](#).

See also, Chris Agee, “The Stepinac File,” *Archipelago*, Vol. 5, No. 1; and “The Balkan Butler.” *See also*, Richard Jones, “An Appreciation of Hubert Butler,” Vol. 1, No. 2.

Embedded links are this color.

Contributors

Iraj Anvar first book of Rumi translations, which he is currently revising, was published in 2002. The new translations in this issue will appear in *Birds of Wonder*, to be published this year by Pir Press www.pirpress.com/. A leading member of the theater community in Iran until his departure in 1978, Dr. Anvar holds a doctorate in Middle Eastern Studies from NYU, where he was a professor for many years. He has led the New York Ava Ensemble which has performed throughout the United States. The Ensemble is dedicated to playing traditional Persian music using ancient instruments and performing classical Persian poetry, much of which was originally intended to be sung. Dr. Anvar's credits include translations from English and Italian into Persian.

Laurie Calhoun is Director of Publications at the W. E. B. Du Bois Institute for African and African American Research, Harvard University. Her metaphilosophical critique of analytic philosophy, *Philosophy Unmasked*, was published in 1997. These philosophical essays — Michael Walzer on Just War Theory's "Critical Edge": More Like a Spoon Than a Knife; The Problem of "Dirty Hands" and Corrupt Leadership; Just War? Moral Soldiers?; A Critique of Group Loyalty — are published on-line in *The Independent Review* www.independent.org/aboutus/person_detail.asp?id=588. Her film critiques can be read at *Labyrinth*, on Wyler's *The Heiress* labyrinth.iaf.ac.at/2000/calhoun.html, and on Coppola's "Kurtz" and David Lean's "Lawrence" labyrinth.iaf.ac.at/2001/Calhoun.html; and at *New Partisan*, on Michael Moore's Fahrenheit 9/11: www.newpartisan.com/home/what-is-a-documentary.html. In *Jumpcut*, she wrote about Errol Morris' 'technokillers' www.ejumpcut.org/archive/jc47.2005/technokillersMorris/index.html.

Born Alexander Mikhailovich Glikberg in Odessa in 1880, **Sasha Chernyi** was first and foremost a poet and satirist. Chernyi was first published in the St. Petersburg weekly magazine *Viewer*. The first collection of his satirical poetry, entitled *Various Motives*, appeared in 1906. It was followed by *Satires and Lyrics* and several children's poems in 1911. Boldness, wit, and even audacity were characteristic qualities of his work, and his children's poems were entertaining, educational, and quick-witted. Chernyi emigrated to France in 1920, and lived out of the country until his death in 1932. These translations of his poetry, by **Kevin Kinsella**, are the first to appear in English.

Helena Cobban helenacobban.org/home.html is a long-time researcher and writer on the Middle East, a columnist for the *Christian Science Monitor* www.csmonitor.com/commentary/cobban.html, and a contributing writer at the *Boston*

Review bostonreview.net/. She has written several books, including *The Moral Architecture of World Peace* (University of Virginia Press 2000), *The Superpowers and the Syrian-Israeli Conflict* (Praeger Publishers 1991), and *The Making of Modern Lebanon* (Hutchinson 1985). She writes the blog 'Just World News' www.justworldnews.org/.

Isabel Fargo Cole isabel@andere-seite.de has contributed often to *Archipelago*, most recently as translator of Horst Lange's *War Diaries* www.archipelago.org/vol8-4/lange.htm. She was born in Galena, Illinois, grew up in New York City, attended the University of Chicago, and has lived in Berlin as a writer and translator since 1995. She is an editor of the Berlin literary magazine *lauter niemand* www.lauter-niemand.de, and the initiator of the associated English-language journal for young German literature, *no man's land* www.no-mans-land.org. Her own Web site is here: www.andere-seite.de. She adds:

"I wrote this story ("The Caliph") 3 years ago while translating Hermann Ungar. The deserter was a figment of the imagination, a riff on Ungar's Caliph and a rather romantic device for making sense of the war, or conveying the attempt to make sense. Now deserters are an unromantic reality, and a number of soldiers are now seeking conscientious objector status – an extremely difficult process, but one of the strongest imaginable public statements of the war's senselessness. More information on GI rights, war resisters, COs and ways of helping them is provided by organizations such as The American Friends Service Committee www.afsc.org/youthmil/default.htm and the Center on Conscience and War www.centeronconscience.org."

Tones and Silences, new paintings by **Bridget Flannery** will be on exhibition from 15 March to 5 April, 2007, at Cross Gallery, 49 Francis Street, Dublin 8. tel 01-473 8978. www.crossgallery.ie. Images of her work appeared in *Archipelago* Vol. 5, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol5-1/flannery.htm.

Lucy Gray's www.lucygrayphotography.com "Balancing Acts" (2003), an exhibition about prima ballerinas who are mothers www.archipelago.org/vol5-3/gray.htm, was exhibited in Baltimore and Washington, D.C.; an image appeared in *Dance Magazine*. Her pictures have won awards at Photo Review, Somerset Art Association, and International Color Awards. She took stills for a documentary, "Strange Fruit," and for ABC's "Dancing with the Stars" and "American Inventor." The Spring 2007 issue of the literary journal *Brick* www.brickmag.com will publisher her interview with Charles Bukowski, which she conducted at his home in 1989. She blogs here: www.lucygrayphotography.blogspot.com.

Kevin Kinsella kvnjms@yahoo.com is a Brooklyn-based writer and translator. Most recently, his work has appeared in/on Eyeshot eyeshot.net/kinsella.html and Pindeldyboz <http://pindeldyboz.com/kksins.htm>. His translation of Osip Mandelstam's *Tristia* is

forthcoming from Green Integer Books www.greeninteger.com/index.cfm ; poems from that collection appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 5, No. 4 www.archipelago.org/vol5-4/mandelshtam.htm. He blogs at Languor Management reddomino.typepad.com/languor_management/.

Greil Marcus is the author of *Mystery Train* (Penguin); *Lipstick Traces, A Secret History of the Twentieth Century* (Harvard Univ. Press); *The Dustbin of History* (Harvard); and many others. His most recent book is *The Shape of Things to Come: Prophecy and the American Voice* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2006). He writes a monthly music column for *Interview* www.interviewmagazine.com/. In 2006, he taught at Berkeley and Princeton

Jeffrey H. Matsuura jatsuura@alliancelawgroup.com is an attorney with the Virginia law firm, the Alliance Law Group www.alliancelawgroup.com. His practice focuses on legal, regulatory, and public policy issues associated with science and technology. Mr. Matsuura has been counsel for several technology-based companies; served as an advisor to governments in the U.S. and abroad on technology policy matters; and taught and lectured extensively on technology law and policy. He was a member of the faculty and Director of the Program in Law and Technology at the University of Dayton School of Law, a visiting fellow at the University of Edinburgh's AHRB Research Centre for Studies in Intellectual Property and Technology Law, a research fellow at the Robert H. Smith International Center for Jefferson Studies at Monticello, and a visiting professor at Cape Technikon University, Cape Town, South Africa. He is the author of five books on legal aspects of science and technology, including, most recently, *Nanotechnology Regulation and Policy Worldwide*. Mr. Matsuura earned degrees from Duke University, the University of Virginia School of Law, and the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania.

Kevin McFadden's Eight Poems In The Manner of OuLiPo are in *Archipelago* www.archipelago.org/vol6-1/mcfadden.htm. His work has also appeared in *Poetry* www.poetrymagazine.org/search_author.html?query=4550, *Virginia Quarterly Review* www.vqronline.org/articles/2006/summer/mcfadden-ad-tacitum/, *Poetry Daily* www.poems.com/tomfomcf.htm, *Antioch Review*, *Quarterly West*, *Ploughshares* www.pshares.org/issues/article.cfm?prmarticleID=7055, and other literary journals. He is the winner of the 2006 Erskine J. Poetry Prize and runner-up for the Academy of American Poets' 2006 Walt Whitman Prize.

Frank McGuinness is a poet and playwright living in Ireland. His many plays include *Observe the Sons of Ulster Marching Towards the Somme* (Dublin, The Abbey Theatre, 1985) and, most recently, *There Came a Gypsy Riding* (London, Almeida Theatre, 2007). He has adapted Lorca, Ibsen, Chekhov, and Brecht and Weill; and has also written for television and film. His story "The Sunday Father" is in *New Dubliners*, edited by Oona

Frawley (Dublin: New Island Books; New York: Pegasus Books
www.cbsd.com/inventory.aspx?id=20237).

Jonathan McVity, who translated Beatrix Ost's *My Father's House* [LINK](#), with the author, was first based in Germany during his undergraduate years reading English at Oxford University. Among his other translations are Karl Kraus's *Dicta and Contradicta* and the maxims of Vauvenargues..

Rodney Nelson's poems got into print long ago (*Georgia Review*, *Nimrod*), and a few chapbooks followed (e.g., *Oregon Scroll*, *Thor's Home*); but he turned to fiction and drama and did not write a poem between 1982 and 2004. Thus, all of the work now appearing in electronic magazines—e.g., *Cipher Journal*, *nthposition*, *Liminal Pleasures*, *Big Bridge*, *Hamilton Stone Review*—is new. A lifelong nonacademic, Nelson has worked as freelance copy editor, licensed psychiatric technician, and hemodialysis technician, living mainly in northern California and northern Arizona. At the moment he is in his native Dakotas.

Beatrix Ost www.beatrixost.com is an artist whose work is exhibited internationally. She has also worked as a playwright, producer, and actress in the German and American theatre and cinema. She has lived in the United States with her husband Ludwig Kuttner since 1975, and currently divides her time between Charlottesville, Virginia, and New York City. *My Father's House*, her first book, will be published in the U.S. in May 2007, by Books & Co./Helen Marx Books www.turtlepoint.com/about-helenmarx.html; it was published first in Germany, where it was a best-seller.

Tracy Robinson lives in Montréal. Her story "What War Is" appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 6, No. 2 www.archipelago.org/vol6-2/robinson.htm.

Anne Twitty is a writer and translator whose works have been widely published. She received the PEN Prize for Poetry in Translation in 2002 (for Maria Negróni's *Islandia*) and a NEA Translation Fellowship in 2006 (to support the translation of the same author's novel *Ursula's Dream*). Anne Twitty's original writing on themes related to spiritual traditions has appeared in several issues of *Parabola*. In 2005 she began studying Rumi with Dr. **Iraj Anvar** and later, to collaborate with him on these translations, to be published later this year by Pir Press www.pirpress.com.

Katherine E. Young's youngke@comcast.net poetry has appeared most recently in *Poet Lore*, *The Innisfree Poetry Journal*, *The Iowa Review* (where she is a three-time finalist for the Iowa Award), *Southern Poetry Review*, and *Shenandoah*. She is a three-time semifinalist for the

“Discovery/The Nation” reading in New York and has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. A chapbook, *Gentling the Bones*, will be published by Finishing Line Press in 2007. She has lived and worked in Russia and the former Soviet Union off and on for the last 25 years; she currently lives in Arlington, Virginia.

News of Our Contributors

The Virginia Festival of the Book www.vabook.org/ takes place in Charlottesville, Virginia, March 21-25. **Katherine McNamara** www.mercuryhouse.org/mcnamara.html will be moderator of “Altered State(s): American Culture Now www.vabook.org/site07/program/view.php?day=2007-03-24, with **Daniel Mendelsohn**, **Dahlia Lithwick**, and **Hal Crowther**. Please check the Festival schedule www.vabook.org/site07/program/view.php?day=2007-03-24 for more information. Check local C-Span/BookTV schedules, as well.

Paul Sohar, translator of **Sándor Kányádi**, the Transylvanian Hungarian poet, writes to tell us that new translations of Kányádi appear on *Hungarian Literature On-Line* www.hlo.hu. Sohar’s translation of Kányádi’s great “All Soul’s Day in Vienna” appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 3, No. 4 www.archipelago.org/vol3-4/kanyadi.htm; and “Song for the Road,” in Vol. 4, No. 1 www.archipelago.org/vol4-1/kanyadi.htm. Kányádi’s *Dancing Embers* www.traktor.cz/twisted/kanyadi.html, translated by Paul Sohar, is available from Twisted Spoon Press, Prague, with a Foreword by Katherine McNamara.

March is **Small Press Month** www.smallpressmonth.org/.

April is **National Poetry Month** www.poets.org/index.php.

Poetry Daily www.poems.com/ celebrates its Tenth Anniversary in April!

Matt Madden, the graphics author, now publishes a blog mattmadden.blogspot.com. Recently, his *99 Ways to Tell A Story: Exercises in Style*, appeared. Some of some of his “Exercises in Style” appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 5, No. 2.

Oliver Khan, whose poems appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 10, Nos. 1&2 www.archipelago.org/vol10-12/khan.htm, manages a new blog, Creative Writing Contests writingcontests.wordpress.com/.

Tom Daley tom.daley2@verizon.net, whose poems www.archipelago.org/vol7-2/daley.htm appeared in *Archipelago*, Vol. 7, No. 2, has brought them out in a chapbook, *Canticles and Inventories* (Cambridge, Ma.: Wyngaerts Hoeck Press).