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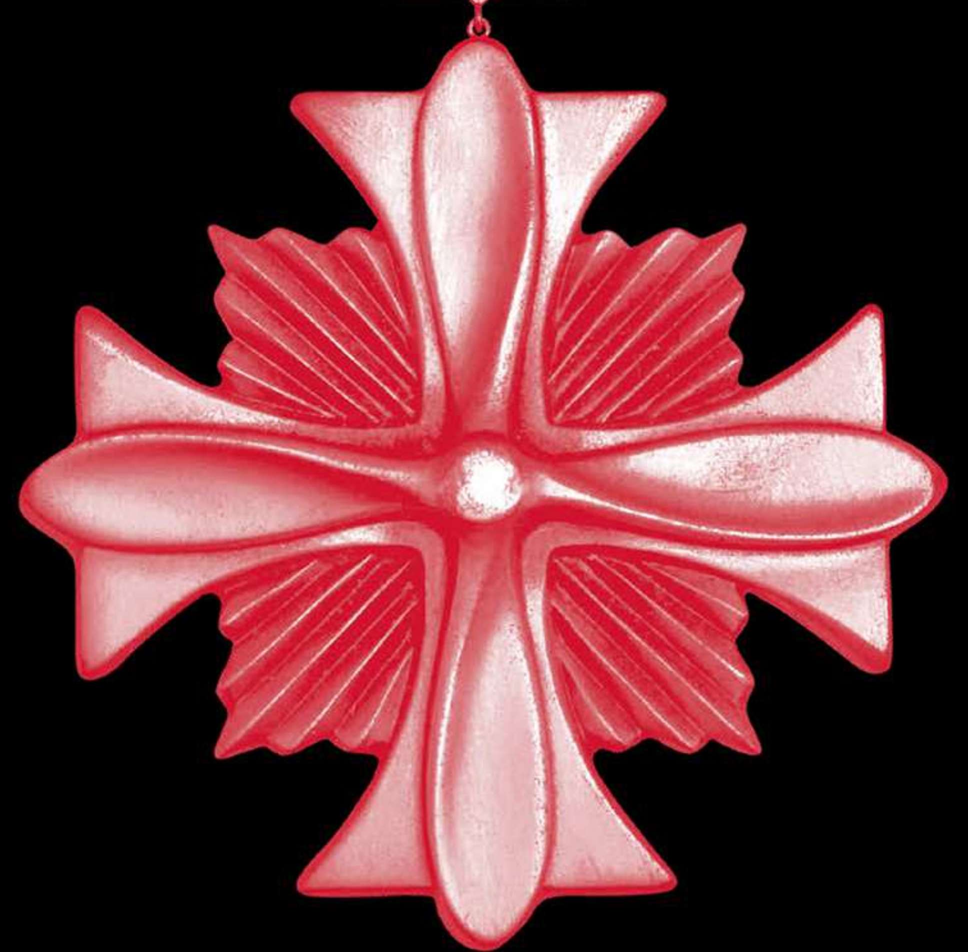

MEGALOMANIA

BARBIE LATZA NADEAU
ON THE FEMALE FACE
OF FASCISM IN ITALY

SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK
ON THE LEGACY
OF 1968

GLENDA M. GLORIA
ON RODRIGO DUTERTE'S
LETHAL LANGUAGE

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MEGALOMANIA

1 **EDITOR'S NOTE**

3 **CASTLES MADE OF SAND**
Examining Boris Johnson's moronic pet projects
DOUGLAS MURPHY

9 **WAR OF WORDS**
Rodrigo Duterte's rhetorical violence
GLENDA M. GLORIA

14 ***FEMME FASCISTA***
Giorgia Meloni mobilizes Mussolini nostalgia
BARBIE LATZA NADEAU

23 **THE GENERALS IN THEIR LABYRINTH**
Hitting the road with Egypt's military celebrities
MONA ABO-ISSA

32 **ANATOMY: MONEY MOVES**

34 **DON'T LOOK NOW**
Does Norway ignore its violent far right?
SINDRE BANGSTAD

41 **WRINKLES IN TIME**
Swatch's effort to control our clocks
ADAM JASPER

47 **READING BETWEEN THE LINES**
On the nationalist poet who influenced Erdoğan
KAYA GENÇ

56 **ANATOMY: A ROYAL OFFENSE**

58 **KILLING FOR AIRTIME**
How Boko Haram learned to play the press
ADAOBI TRICIA NWAUBANI

63 **THE OTHER BATTLE OF ALGIERS**
A city struggles against its colonial design
NATASHA MARIE LLORENS

70 **CRASHING THE PARTY**
The long global legacy of a Soviet-era feminist
KRISTEN R. GHODSEE

75 **BACKROOM DEALINGS**

77 **SHOW ME A HERO**
Brazil's Jair Bolsonaro attacks the establishment
JOEL PINHEIRO DA FONSECA

83 **TRIUMPH OF THE TILL**
How Nazis anticipated the organic food movement
CORINNA TREITEL

88 **PUBLISH AND PERISH**
Literary lessons from a Mongolian dictator
DANIEL KALDER

PORTFOLIO

94 **A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE**
ADRIANA LOUREIRO FERNÁNDEZ

CONVERSATION

106 **DEMOCRACY, NOW?**
ATOSSA ARAXIA ABRAHAMIAN & YASCHA MOUNK

FEATURES

112 **HOME IN HONDURAS**
Life after deportation
AMELIA FRANK-VITALE

118 **PRIVACY PLEASE**
Open-defecation shaming in Nepal and India
SOPHIE BADER

124 **PROVOCATIONS**
Learning from 1968
SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK

130 **DRINK SPECIAL: HE LOVED HIS COUNTRY**

COVER DESIGN Frank Augugliaro is an art director at Wired.

JESSICA LOUDIS
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EDITOR'S NOTE: MEGALOMANIA

JESSICA LOUDIS

The term "megalomania" first came into use in the late 19th century when a French neurologist delivered a paper detailing the condition as one in which "grandiose delusions and delusions of persecution coexist or alternate." It entered popular use by 1918 and spiked, not serendipitously, around the beginning of World War II. Megalomania as a psychological condition was officially replaced by "narcissistic personality disorder" in 1980, yet the term, denoting a mania for power, a tenuous relationship with reality, and a persecution complex, remains a useful frame through which to view the world—or, at least, many of those who now control it.

For the summer issue, we scoured the globe for instructive case studies. On the political front, Glenda Gloria, co-founder of Rappler, one of the Philippines' biggest news sites, writes about Rodrigo Duterte's lethal relationship to language; Joel Pinheiro da Fonseca, a columnist at *Folha de São Paulo*, examines how a culture of institutional disappointment in Brazil enabled populist Jair Bolsonaro to become a presidential frontrunner; and *Daily Beast* Italy correspondent Barbie Latza Nadeau looks at the rise of far-right candidate Giorgia Meloni and the phenomenon of female-led fascism in Europe. Responding to a new biography of Turkish leader Recep Tayyip Erdoğan, Kaya Genç traces how a nationalist poet shaped the future president's beliefs, and in our Conversation section, Yascha Mounk, an author and a lecturer at Harvard, speaks with *Nation* editor Atossa Araxia Abrahamian about the surge of populism and the state of internationalism in these tumultuous times. Finally, to lighten the mood, cocktail editor Ebem Klemm brings us "He Loved His Country," a sangria hybrid that blends the preferred beverages of Saddam Hussein and Benito Mussolini with a dash of Idi Amin's favorite fruits.

Of course, megalomania can manifest beyond the campaign trail or the executive office. From the U.K., critic Douglas Murphy reports on the bizarre (and exorbitantly expensive) architectural projects of mop-topped former London mayor Boris Johnson, while from Zurich, Adam Jasper examines Swatch's short-lived effort to eliminate time zones. In Egypt, Mona Abo-Issa joins the bandwagons of energetic fans following around the country's retired war heroes, and Adaobi Tricia Nwaubani looks at how Nigeria's Boko Haram learned its best tricks from the media. Finally, in Norway, social anthropologist Sindre Bangstad considers how the country's refusal to come to terms with its far right likely shaped its reaction to a 2011 mass shooting.

To get an even fuller picture of the various stripes of megalomania, we also looked back in time. Historian Corinna Treitel takes us to the herb gardens at Dachau, where the Nazis advanced the organic food movement; art historian Natasha Llorens reads Algiers city planning through film;

JESSICA LOUDIS is editor of *World Policy Journal*.

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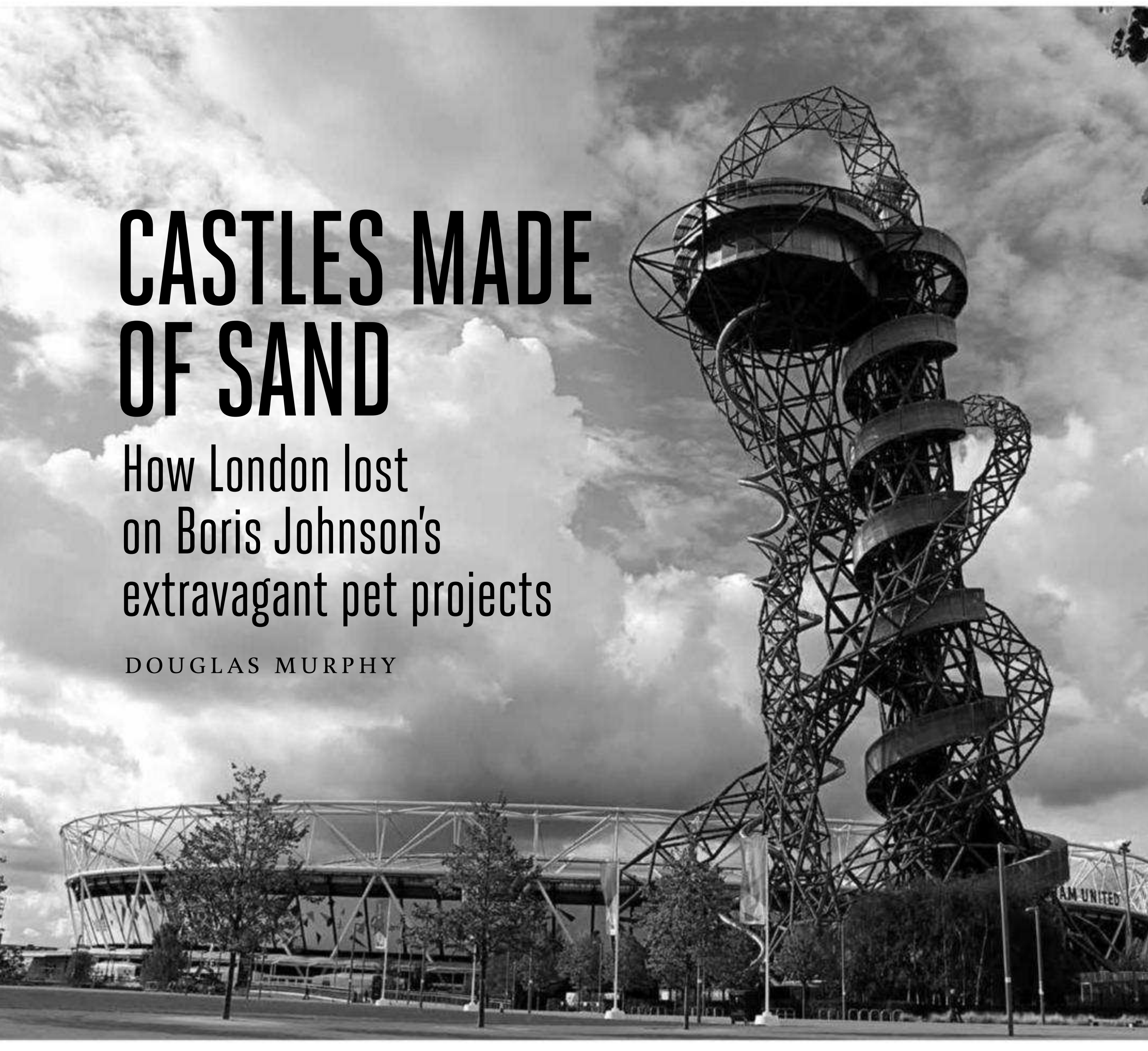
and scholar Kristen R. Ghodsee celebrates the legacy of Alexandra Kollontai, a Soviet-era activist whose work on the "woman question" meant that, personally and professionally, women had more opportunities under socialism than did their counterparts in the West. Also in Red Russia, author Daniel Kalder digs into the forgettable literary output of Mongolia's first Soviet-appointed leader, or as he puts it, "the regional manager of the USSR's first Stalinist franchise." Finally, in a closing column, philosopher Slavoj Žižek considers the legacy of 1968 and the lessons we've failed to learn from that social upheaval 50 years on. To recall the title of one of Žižek's books (itself a line from Marx), it's said that history repeats itself, "first as tragedy, then as farce." His claims in this column make a case for that sentiment.

Also in the magazine, photojournalist Adriana Loureiro Fernández checks in on Caracas two years after protests first broke out in the Venezuelan capital. She finds that the nature of violence has changed, and that fear once oriented toward young men in the street is now aimed at police. Meanwhile, several hundred miles north, anthropologist Amelia Frank-Vitale documents life after deportation for a trio of young people sent back to Honduras, and how, in a country so riven by violence and corruption, simply leading a normal life is no easy task. One of the more provocative pieces in the issue is by Sophie Bader, whose reporting on open defecation shaming in India and Nepal calls into question a popular strategy for improving sanitation on the subcontinent. While reading about the radical tactics that some local leaders take to change personal habits, it occurred to me that this article could have fallen under our thematic rubric. Perhaps this is a sly quality of megalomania: Once it's on your mind, you start seeing it everywhere. ●



CASTLES MADE OF SAND

How London lost on Boris Johnson's extravagant pet projects

DOUGLAS MURPHY

FRED ROMERO

Before the 2012 Olympics, most Londoners would not have even known about the area, a forgotten wilderness of industrial detritus and overgrown canals, apart from those few who still worked there, and a community of artists who had installed themselves in warehouses around the periphery. But now, a visitor emerging from the vast warren of the Westfield Stratford shopping center, after walking past some new office blocks and rather dubious student housing, will find the park is well used and friendly.

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Subtle in character, the design has surrounded the cleaned-up waterways with a wild-grass landscape that dates it as a product of the early 2010s, but which is also a genuinely pleasant environment.

The landmarks of the park are mostly fun as well: The stadium, now finally in post-Olympic use as the home of the West Ham United football club, isn't spectacular but has a certain large-scale elegance, while the dramatic swooping roof of the late Zaha Hadid's Aquatics Centre, one of her most successful projects, is now a municipal swimming pool. Overall, it's a far cry from the infamous white elephants of Olympics past, such as those of Athens 2004, whose moldering remains are a popular subject for internet rubbernecking.

But there is something that definitely spoils the mood, that lets the whole team down. Unmissable, rising up 376 feet above the park, there is a gigantic steel, um, *thing*, a twisted, convoluted tower, painted blood red, that has been compared to everything from Tatlin's Monument to the Third International to a prolapsed bowel. It's ugly, and not in an "I don't like modern art" way, but in a more profound sense. It's professionally ugly—as though someone took some scribbles made trying to get a pen working, fed them through the world's most advanced engineering software, and somehow got someone to pay for it.

But what actually is it? Well, it's called the ArcelorMittal Orbit, named after the global steel company owned by one of Britain's richest men, Lakshmi Mittal, who stumped up some of the money to make it happen. So it's a branding opportunity. But it's also supposed to be a public artwork, having been "designed" by the world-famous artist Anish Kapoor and engineer Cecil Balmond. It is additionally a viewing platform, with a lift taking paying guests to an elevated room designed to give panoramic views of East London, despite the fact it is shorter than many of the residential towers nearby. And in fact, since June 2016, it has been a fairground attraction as well, after a giant slide by the artist Carsten Höller was clipped on.

The Orbit cost a lot of money to build—$27 million, of which $4.2 million came from the public budget—and it costs a lot of money to run, apparently losing $700,000 in 2015 alone, despite its expensive ticketed entry. The London taxpayer essentially pays for its upkeep for no municipal benefit, making it the only real failed legacy of the Olympics. And despite the many cooks spoiling the broth of its production, it owes its existence to only one man, for no other reason than that he thought the park needed a bit of zhushing up.

That man was Boris Johnson. He may be a politician, but Johnson is a professional celebrity in true 21st-century fashion, famous for being famous, a character whose main job is to keep himself on the front pages. Born in 1964 into the bohemian wing of the English upper classes, he went to Eton and then read classics at Oxford. There is no more elite route to adulthood. Failing upward through a checkered career in journalism, which included getting fired for lying, he used appearances on television panel shows to cultivate a public persona based upon a recognizable caricature of the confused, fun-loving toff, his shock of naturally white hair and bumbling manner making him a popular figure and leading him to become a member of parliament.

Johnson is widely reported to have a long-held ambition to lead the country, so when his arch-rival, school friend David Cameron (yes, this is how the U.K. operates), became leader of the Conservative Party and later prime

DOUGLAS MURPHY is an architect, author, and academic based in London. His latest book is *Nincompoopolis* (Repeater, 2017).

minister (set to go down in history as the instigator of the botched "Brexit" referendum), Johnson diverted his ambitions and won the election to become mayor of London in 2008, a job he held for two terms until 2016. It was at this point that his architectural ambitions became apparent. Through these pursuits, Johnson unwittingly revealed some troubling truths about how power manifests in cities today.

Leading up to the election, Johnson's strategy was firmly directed toward suburban voters, who needed to be persuaded to come out and counteract left-leaning, inner-city citizens. His funding, however, largely came from business and finance, his natural constituency. During the campaign, Johnson made a nostalgic appeal to the former group by proposing his first design project: to "bring back the Routemaster," referring to the classic red London buses that had been phased out by his predecessor and rival Ken Livingstone. The old stock, an icon of 1960s "Swinging London," had been replaced with modern articulated buses that were unpopular with drivers, cyclists, and pedestrians alike. The problem was, those old buses, built with World War II aluminum technology and featuring an open platform at the back for getting on and off, didn't meet contemporary accessibility standards. To fulfill his promise, Johnson hired Thomas Heatherwick (of whom we will hear more) to style a new bus as an updated version of the classic.

The resulting New Routemaster was aesthetically pleasing but functionally troubled—it was heavier, longer, and more expensive than an ordinary bus so as to accommodate an extra entrance for the iconic hop-on-hop-off experience. (These additional doors were quickly sealed to save money on conductors.) Prone to overheating and breaking down, the "Boris buses" were only in production for six years before their gimmicky run came to an end. Out of a promised 2,000 buses, only 1,000 were ordered. With a total cost in the hundreds of millions, the buses made for a rather expensive toy, paid for by the public.

Johnson's frivolous endeavor was an early indication of what was to come. His transport tinkering also led to the Thames cable car, an $83.5-million public project built for the Olympics and billed as a vital addition to the transport network. The cars were intended to take passengers from the financial district of Canary Wharf across the river to the Royal Victoria Dock, but this five-minute journey, named "Emirates Air Line" after sponsorship from the UAE, swiftly became a laughingstock when it was found that only four people were regular riders in 2013. Often closed in high winds, the superfluous nature of the cable car is made even more clear by the pop-ups, sponsorships, and "experience" events that now regularly attempt to drum up interest in the attraction.

JOHNSON'S HUBRIS WAS IN EXPECTING OFF-THE-RECORD PROMISES TO TAKE PRECEDENCE OVER COMPLEX PROCESSES

Some of the development projects Johnson instigated were potentially more deleterious than the odd silly endeavor. As one of the world's major cities, London has an economy that is international in scale, and seeks constant global investment, especially given its focus on finance and property. In the years after the 2008 crash, no money was quite as appealing as Chinese, which Johnson sought assiduously to attract. In 2013, he introduced a new initiative to "rebuild" the Crystal Palace, the gigantic Victorian iron and glass entertainment building

that was originally built for the Great Exhibition of 1851. When it burned down in 1936, Winston Churchill described the moment as "the end of an age." This time around the palace was to be reconstructed by a Chinese developer, who would, in the process, revitalize a large public park that the Brits couldn't afford to look after any more. The developer, ZhongRong, spoke admiringly of Britain's Victorian ingenuity, and organized a design competition to entice some of the U.K.'s leading architects.

Within two years, the Crystal Palace project had fallen apart. It turned out that ZhongRong had demanded to be given half of Crystal Palace Park (impossible), insisted on being exempt from planning rules (illegal), and refused to accept input on a business plan or contribute money to ease the local impact of the proposal (insulting). Leaked documents also suggested that the company expected to build a six-star hotel and shopping mall for a luxury jewelry trade, utterly absurd in that quiet, poorly connected corner of suburban South London. ZhongRong walked away when the initial agreement expired in 2015, and it came out soon after that in order to show off his dealmaking prowess, Johnson had made promises that simply couldn't be kept. Later investigations showed that the project had been running for nearly two years before it was publicly announced, and that the mayor's office had enthusiastically seen it as a chance to attract investment, both locally and for the sake of London's World City status. They knew that they were acting against the advice of planning officials in pursuing the deal, but clearly hadn't expected ZhongRong to be so intransigent.

HE TREATED THE PUBLIC PURSE AS SOME KIND OF FAMILY PURSE THAT WAS HIS TO PLUNDER

A more successful bid to entice Chinese development into London was the Asian Business Port, a strip of East London dockland that remained derelict more than three decades after port traffic had ceased in the mid-1980s. Work has since begun on building more than 5 million square feet of offices in the space, intended to allow Chinese businesses to locate operations in the U.K. But the success of this particular investment was marred by controversial claims about the procurement—the company finally chosen to invest in the site shared an office in Beijing with representatives from the mayor's office tasked with evaluating the bids. Moreover, one particular Chinese developer, a major Conservative Party donor married to a British noble, appeared to be part of the bidding process for both the Crystal Palace and the Asian Business Port projects.

The impression one gets from these stories is that behind Johnson's floppy exterior there is a ruthlessly ambitious man, using developments as self-promotion. As long as nothing fell apart on his watch, he could, by hunting opportunities and courting any and all investment, make himself look effective and keep the city of London happy as well. Many of his schemes were, of course, vanity projects, but they also were meant to help him achieve his long-term goal of leading the country. The problem was that in his addiction to getting something visibly done, many of the rules and procedures for public investment were pushed to their limits. Johnson's hubris was in expecting his off-the-record promises to take precedence over the complex bidding and tendering processes designed to ensure value-for-money in public procurement.

The final straw may have been the Garden Bridge project. Launched in 2013, this was to

be a brand new pedestrian bridge in Central London, designed by Thomas Heatherwick, with landscaping by Dan Pearson. Visualizations showed it covered by a small forest. According to early projections, the bridge would be financed with $95 million of private donations. Enthusiastically promoted by actor Joanna Lumley, an old friend of Johnson's, the project received a warm reception. It was regarded in an especially positive light by Johnson's other powerful friends in London media—the staff of the *Evening Standard* newspaper, owned by Russian oligarch Alexander Lebedev.

Many others were less impressed. The bridge was not responding to a need for improved connection, so questions were raised about why it was being tendered as a public transport project, which made it eligible for public funding. There were also concerns about access, as the bridge's design would allow it to host large numbers of private events, though there would be stringent restrictions on cyclists, groups, and the number of individual visitors at any given time. Finally, people objected that it would obstruct cherished views along the river, and that it was just a frivolity being imposed from above with no outside input.

Then things started to get more difficult. Millions in public money had been spent to get planning permission for the bridge, but it still lacked sufficient private backing to proceed. And as time passed, voices of dissent got louder. The "A Folly For London" campaign and an investigation by Will Hurst of *The Architects' Journal* put additional pressure on the project. By the time Johnson left office in 2016, nothing had been built. Soon after taking over, his successor, Sadiq Khan, removed the mayor's pledge of maintenance support, effectively cancelling the project.

This hasn't been the end of the matter, however. Heatherwick, the bridge's designer, was revealed to have been part of the project long before his firm won the bid to be the designer, despite what was ostensibly a robust tendering process. Senior members of the City Hall team who ran the initiative left to join the engineering firm Arup, which had pocketed substantial fees in the early stages of the process after it was selected to work on the bridge. And finally, Johnson's friends at the *Evening Standard* had fought a high-intensity publicity campaign against overwhelming public indifference during the whole affair. Johnson is still in the hot seat for this mess, and in March 2018 he was questioned by the London Assembly, an elected body that oversees the mayor's office. He's expected to be interrogated again, and more dodginess may still be uncovered.

In the end, London didn't get its new $275 million bridge, although nearly $71 million in public money had already been spent. This may not be the biggest waste of funds, but the intentions and processes were profoundly undemocratic. Johnson was always proud to boast of the personal connections that allowed him to push forward with his plans, but at the same time this back dealing made a mockery of the procedures and regulations that are supposed to ensure fairness and value in public expenditure. When challenged on these matters, Johnson's usual response was some variation of "I'm not going to apologize for trying to get things done," mixed with his usual bumbling fool act. Filling out legal paperwork is tiresome, but it exists for good reason—to prevent exactly this kind of cronyism.

Johnson not only treated the public purse as some kind of family fortune that was his to plunder, he also ignored far more pressing aspects of his job. After assuming the role of mayor in 2008, Johnson was in charge when the Great Recession added fuel to an already raging housing crisis in London. He could have intervened to protect social housing, or to force developers to include higher levels of affordable housing, but he mostly did precisely the opposite. Rather than assume the role of planning

authority and take over development applications, again and again he stepped in to green light controversial redevelopments, seeing his role more as guarantor of construction than as advocate of his constituents. In many cases—including during a redevelopment scheme for the Mount Pleasant Royal Mail sorting office in Islington—Johnson overruled local authorities that had previously rejected plans because they didn't include enough affordable housing.

The strategy, such as it was, made a certain kind of sense at the time. During the eight years Johnson was in office, London was sucking in huge amounts of foreign investment, especially in property. To make sure that the city was considered "open for business," Johnson wasn't going to go up against transnational capital flow. Furthermore, in his original manifesto he'd promised to build 50,000 homes by 2011. Instead, his mayorship saw many highly controversial redevelopments—to take just one example, the Heygate Estate redevelopment in South London's Elephant and Castle area saw 1,200 cheap, well-built (if not exactly pretty) 1970s apartments destroyed to make way for 3,000 brand new and expensive ones, scattering an existing community all over the country. This resulted in a scandal that Johnson dismissed, saying that the area had "languished in a no-man's land for too many years." His unwillingness to protect or support the construction of affordable housing was particularly chilling in the context of London's diminishing land supply. With a limited amount of space on which to build, developers openly campaigned for public-housing estates to be legally reclassified as "brownfield," i.e., contaminated, and thus vulnerable to being cleared.

As all this was happening, the rich were building vast "megabasements" under their West London properties to multiply their value, while in East London precarious workers paid obscene rents to live in "beds in sheds"—tiny studio apartments in someone's back garden. New apartment towers sprang up across the city, often bought and sold specifically to foreign investors numerous times before anyone even moved in, and often nobody did, as an empty apartment appreciated so much in value that owners sometimes didn't even need the hassle of tenants. Op-eds lamented the dark streets in prime real estate areas such as Knightsbridge and Belgravia. And all this in a city where an average home costs almost 15 times the average annual wage.

In all, Johnson spent more than $1.3 billion on vanity projects and did very little to improve the quality of Londoners' lives, even though he had the tools and levers to do so. But since his departure, interesting initiatives are beginning to take place. With the support of Mayor Khan, a new generation of planning and design professionals is reinvigorating the process of making places for everyone in the city, and quietly undoing some of Johnson's damage. Urban planning has suffered from years of political neglect and de-skilling, but there are hopeful signs in organizations such as Public Practice, which temporarily sends skilled professionals to work on challenging planning problems, and in the borough of Croydon, which once again has its own in-house architects department. Unfortunately, Johnson has moved onto breaking bigger things: After leaving the mayor's office he became one of the main engineers of the "Brexit" vote, and only missed out on his shot at the prime minister's job thanks to some choice backstabbing from another rival, Michael Gove. The London Johnson left behind hasn't fallen apart—indeed, in addition to his novelty projects, it now has many slick new apartment towers and more ultra-expensive restaurants to service them—but for everyone who isn't well-paid or already wealthy, it is a harder place to live. ●

ROBINSON NIÑAL/PPD

WAR OF WORDS

Rodrigo Duterte's violent relationship with language

GLENDA M. GLORIA

"I know that there are those who do not approve of my methods of fighting criminality," Rodrigo Duterte announced in his first speech after being sworn in as president of the Philippines on June 30, 2016. Despite having been mayor of the war-torn city of Davao for more than two decades, the new president was a political outsider, having narrowly secured his victory after a late turnaround in the polls.

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In his inaugural address, he was referring to criticism and accusations that had hounded him throughout the campaign—that in his confrontations with a communist insurgency, Islamist rebellion, and illegal drug epidemic, he had ordered the killing of hundreds of suspected criminals and even admitted to shooting some of them personally:

> "They say that my methods are unorthodox and verge on the illegal. In response, let me say this: I have seen how corruption bled the government of funds, which were allocated for the use in uplifting the poor from the mire they are in. I have seen how illegal drugs destroyed individuals and ruined family relationships. I have seen how criminality, by means all foul, snatched from the innocent and the unsuspecting, the years and years of accumulated savings. Years of toil and then, suddenly, they are back to where they started. Look at this from that perspective and tell me that I am wrong. In this fight, I ask Congress and the Commission on Human Rights and all others who are similarly situated to allow us a level of governance that is consistent to our mandate. The fight will be relentless and it will be sustained."

Davao City is why many Filipinos chose Duterte over his rivals. One of the largest cities in the Philippines (and the largest on the island of Mindanao), Duterte raised Davao from the ashes of rampant crime in the 1970s and transformed it into a bustling metropolis. He rid the streets of violence, negotiated a truce with communist rebels, and welcomed in business. The mayor's draconian style made him a ruthless arbiter of the law, and he managed to persuade rebels to do their fighting elsewhere, away from his turf. He also made use of more aggressive tactics. During his time as mayor, he likes to tell journalists, he had criminals thrown from flying helicopters. He once advised police in a nearby city that the best way to fight the drug trade was to "throw [drug lords and users] to the sea where their bodies will be eaten by the fish."

Duterte's equal exercise of charm and terror for more than two decades turned Davao into Mindanao's economic and political capital, the aberration in a region that plays host to warlords, syndicates, militants, and terrorists. If he could change Davao, the logic goes, what would stop him from changing the entire Philippines, which continues to be held back by crime, insurgency, and corruption?

In wooing their votes, Duterte made a promise to Filipinos: Change is coming.

The Philippines had five presidents after the ouster of longstanding dictator Ferdinand Marcos in 1986 and before Duterte, and all were elected by appealing to the poorer segments of Asia's largest Catholic nation. Bold leadership, radical reforms, more jobs, and more roads—candidates on the campaign trail repeated these promises as they pressed palms with voter after voter. Corazon Aquino, running against Marcos in 1986, vowed: *Tama na, sobra na, palitan na!* ("Enough already! Change!") When Aquino, who became an icon for freedom, endorsed retired general Fidel Valdez Ramos to replace her, he trumpeted an acronym for Filipinos to live by: UST—unity, solidarity, teamwork. Joseph "Erap" Estrada, the popular movie actor who succeeded Ramos in 1998, won over voters with his campaign slogan: *Erap para sa mahirap* ("Erap is for the poor"). Forced to step down after only two years in office due to unexplained bank accounts and mansions,

GLENDA M. GLORIA is managing editor and co-founder of Rappler, the Philippines' top social news network, and a 2018 Nieman Fellow at Harvard University. A veteran journalist, she has spent the last three decades reporting, investigating, writing, teaching, and managing newsrooms.

Estrada's ouster became a case study of a successful "people power" protest. Gloria Macapagal-Arroyo, the second woman to become president of the Philippines, succeeded Estrada by promising a sober, studied approach to governance. Her style was projected in her best-known quote: "Do your best. Let God take care of the rest." By the end of her term in 2010, allegations of malfeasance and corruption had made her so unpopular that her opponent, Benigno Aquino III, campaigned on this slogan: *Kung walang kurap, walang mahirap*—"If there's no corruption, there's no poverty."

Yet none of these leaders have used their words to greater effect than Duterte. And none have put their words into action nearly as much. The 73-year-old mayor burst onto the national scene in 2016 at a transformative time for his country (and for the world, for that matter). The Philippines had by then become the world's social media capital, a reputation it holds to this day. There are least 67 million Filipino accounts on Facebook as of 2017, a number that matches the estimated total number of internet users in a country of 105 million people. Social media also is the preferred way to stay in touch for the at least 10 million Filipinos who work abroad and who, back in the day, spent a huge percentage of their take-home pay on phone calls to loved ones back home. It was on social media where Duterte's campaign team focused much of its effort in discrediting rivals, spreading real and fake news, and projecting his strengths as a stern but compassionate leader. Small wonder that not only did Duterte clobber his more moneyed and established rivals in the election, but that a majority of Filipinos living and working abroad also picked him as their number-one choice.

The president speaks the language of the times: punchy, unedited, unapologetic, angry. He was "authentic" long before it became a fad. His style is perfect for social media: He fans anger, aims for the gut, and tells stories that go viral in the networked public sphere. He's an outlier, an anti-establishment candidate who belongs to neither a huge political party nor a landed family. All he has is political will, and the words to fuel it. He knows how to entertain an audience: "I was separated from my wife," he once recalled during the presidential campaign, in one of his meandering speeches. "I'm not impotent. What am I supposed to do? Let this hang forever? When I take Viagra, it stands up."

He uses words to denigrate women in the guise of entertainment. A month before he was elected president, a YouTube video of Duterte joking about an Australian missionary who was raped and killed in his city went viral. He said on the campaign trail, in Filipino: "I looked at her face, son of a bitch, she looks like a beautiful American actress. Son of a bitch, what a waste. What came to mind was, they raped her, they lined up. I was angry because she was raped ... but she was also beautiful, the mayor should have been first. What a waste." He responded to accusations of being a womanizer by telling voters: "That's correct. I have a wife, I have a second wife. I have two girlfriends." In 2017, speaking to victims of the deadly typhoon Yolanda, Duterte quipped: "I looked up to the sky and said, 'Lord, I hope only the ugly died. I hope the beautiful ones did not.'"

"THE MEDIA IS OUT TO GET ME," DUTERTE WOULD SAY

And he uses words to cut his way through bureaucracy. "When I become president, I'll order the police and the military to find [drug users] and kill them," he told a crowd of supporters during his campaign. The most recent government data on drug use nationwide estimates that there are roughly 1.8 million users,

but the president, citing his own intelligence gathering, claims that number is far higher. After he was elected, Duterte told an audience during a long-winded speech: "Hitler massacred 3 million Jews. Now, there are 3 million drug addicts. I'd be happy to slaughter them." According to independent media investigations, Duterte's war on drugs has killed at least 7,000 civilians so far, many during extrajudicial operations. (The government calls that figure "fake news," and the National Police say that the number of Filipinos killed in "official" anti-drug operations is closer to 4,000.) Between July 2016 and Sept. 30, 2017—during the height of the campaign against drugs—the government classified 16,355 homicide cases as "deaths under investigation." Duterte has imposed a policy of deploying cops to poor neighborhoods to arrest suspects without warrants and, according to many documented cases in Manila and other cities, to shoot them dead.

Shoot them dead. That's what he promised. And that's what he's done in a nation that, a little more than three decades ago, ousted a strongman and forced him to live in exile in the United States. A nation that then pushed for a massive human rights lawsuit to be filed against this former dictator in U.S. court (the case was ultimately decided on behalf of the more than 10,000 claimants), that stipulated that human rights courses be included in the curricula of police and military academies, that set up human rights bodies in the armed forces and the national police, and that ratified a constitution mandating the creation of a Commission on Human Rights.

Don't take him literally, advised his allies and even journalists who covered his mayoralty. He can be impulsive and emotional, they said, but in the end he sobers up and weighs pros and cons before rushing into any decision. It's just a war of words, they said.

The blood in the streets of Manila is proof of the contrary.

As the president believes women are the weaker sex, he's especially unhappy about women who challenge him. He constantly mocked Leni Robredo, a female vice president in the opposition party, about rumors that she had a boyfriend. "If that's true, ma'am, another congressman will be killed so you'll be a widow again." A few months after taking office, Duterte went beyond embarrassing Robredo; he sacked her from his cabinet via a text message from his aide, accusing her of plotting his overthrow. Upset by the candor of Maria Lourdes Sereno, the first woman to head the Philippine Supreme Court, Duterte declared he wanted her out. His allies in Congress recently agreed to have her impeached. Retaliating against Senator Leila de Lima, a fierce critic who once pursued human rights cases against him during his stint as a mayor, Duterte promised to give her hell. "You libeled me, you slandered me. I kept quiet because you are a lady. But you went too far," Duterte said in a speech before political allies. His justice secretary then opened an investigation into De Lima's alleged links to drug lords, and used prisoners as witnesses against her. Now De Lima is behind bars over accusations of bribery, and faces a sentence of 12 years to life. The man who sent her to jail, Vitaliano Aguirre II, was recently forced to resign from his post as Justice Secretary in the wake of a series of scandals, including the controversial decision to drop a case against a notorious and well-connected drug lord.

Strong, powerful women who do not agree with him do not have a place in Duterte's Philippines—a country that has already had two female presidents; that hosts corporations, organizations, and government agencies led by women; and that has recognized the city he once governed for its innovative work in protecting women's rights via its Women Development Code. The president and his use of the national stage dwarf these facts.

And in a country known for hard-hitting journalism that scrutinizes and exposes politicians, Duterte changed the media landscape. In the countless stories by Filipino reporters about Duterte's drug war—about mothers who lost teenage sons, about police shooting unarmed suspects, about families pleading for a fair trial—Duterte saw conspiracy and bias. The media is out to get me, he would say. While previous Philippine leaders tried to silence the press through libel suits and intimidation, no other president since the end of dictatorship has been as systematic in shaming and coercing the media. Shortly after taking office he began a verbal war on the independent press, using his annual State of the Nation Address (SONA) to single out two of the Philippines' most influential media companies: the *Philippine Daily Inquirer* newspaper and Rappler, an online media start-up I co-founded in 2012. They are both, perhaps not coincidentally, led by women.

In his first SONA in 2016, Duterte decried the *Inquirer* for portraying victims of his drug war as martyrs. He attacked its owners as tax evaders. Like oil to a machine, Duterte's words kicked the government bureaucracy into gear. In no time, a long-dormant tax case against the paper's owners was revived. And in short order after that, they were forced to sell the newspaper to a businessman friendly to the president. In his second SONA, Duterte accused Rappler of being "100 percent America-owned," a lie that had already been spread by his social media machine prior to the speech. Barely a month after, the Philippine Securities and Exchange Commission started a formal probe into Rappler's ownership structure, and within four months had issued an order for it to be closed. That order is on appeal in court, and for now, Rappler continues to operate.

Beyond the shores of the Philippines, Duterte's words are taken seriously. Stung by the European Union's strong criticism of his war on drugs, Duterte said his country could live without the EU and its aid. Explaining his decision to snub an invite to an EU-Asia summit early this year, Duterte said, "I've been invited by the EU, that stupid organization. I said, for what? ... So you get to insult me? I will use whore-speak on you too." The Philippines has formally rejected at least $7 million in EU aid for sustainable energy projects. In 2017, when Duterte entered his second year in office, growth in foreign direct investments was substantially lower than the previous year, falling from a 41 percent increase to just over 21 percent.

Duterte has shown he is above scrutiny and criticism, above established norms, and above the institutions that have facilitated such norms. But he wasn't born yesterday. Since the rebirth of democracy in 1986, the Philippines has chosen its leaders in a pendulum style—electing a boring, no-nonsense general in 1992, and a swashbuckling, irreverent, and womanizing movie actor in 1998. In 2004, another actor with no political experience almost made it to the presidency, and when he didn't, he accused his rival of cheating.

Saddled with a slow and inefficient bureaucracy, deprived of basic services such as public hospitals and resilient roads, and burdened by public officials who dip into government coffers to support their lifestyles, Filipinos claim they want honest public servants but also want quick fixes to seemingly intractable problems. They've ousted two corrupt presidents, after all, yet national economic and democratic gains continue to be set back by a political system of patronage; a business environment that benefits the connected and the elite; a legacy of crime, insurgency, and rebellion; and an electoral process captured by those who have the gold, the goons, and the good looks.

Duterte, having managed a city that dealt with all that and thrived, promised to fix things his own way. Read my lips, he said. And his words killed. ●

FEMME FASCISTA

How Giorgia Meloni became the star of Italy's far right

BARBIE LATZA NADEAU

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About a month before Italy's disastrously inconclusive March elections, Giorgia Meloni, the flaxen-haired leader of the far-right Brothers of Italy party, stood in the gusty winter wind to kick off her campaign in front of the crowd that had gathered in Latina's Piazza del Popolo. At her side was Rachele Mussolini, a local candidate for her party who just happens to be the granddaughter of Benito Mussolini. Meloni took Mussolini's granddaughter's hand in hers and raised it in the air. "We want to win back this symbolic place in the history of the Italian right," Meloni yelled over raucous applause from the packed piazza.

The town of Latina, about 45 miles south of Rome, was hardly a random choice from which to inaugurate the short campaign season for Brothers of Italy, which was born from the ashes of the post-fascist Socialist Movement, an organization it has hardly deviated from in either policy or ideology. Nor did Meloni arbitrarily choose the woman she shared the platform with. In 1932, Benito Mussolini founded this town as a bastion to fascism. Originally called Littoria, the dictator envisioned it as a place for sophisticated northern Italians to settle *en masse* in southern Italy without having to integrate or actually live among the

southerners, who were mostly farmers and peasants. Mussolini, who was born in the north, also wanted to ingratiate himself with southerners who viewed their northern compatriots with skepticism. He did so by literally draining the swamps along the seaside, eradicating malaria and building dunes in order to create large swaths of new property near Rome. His aim was to bolster his base around the Italian capital, and from there, to expand the New Fascist Roman Empire across Europe, Africa, and the Middle East.

Mussolini's brand of fascism appealed to those who wanted to eradicate old institutions. He spoke of overthrowing the "elites" through a mix of nationalist and social policies, adopting an "Italy first" mantra. He appealed to lower- and working-class voters by promising to repair Italy's failing infrastructure, much of which had been heavily damaged during World War I, and by pledging to develop the grain market so the country could produce its own bread and pasta. To underscore his ambitions, Mussolini created neighborhoods and even entire towns that would serve as long-standing monuments to fascism. In the capital, he built the Esposizione Universale Roma (EUR) neighborhood. Now one of the city's poshest residential addresses, it still boasts fascist facades.

By 1945, Mussolini had been executed and fascism defeated, yet monumental towns like Latina still stand. It has of late been affiliated with organized crime and international terrorism (Anis Amri, the Islamic terrorist who killed a dozen people with a truck at a Berlin Christmas market in 2016, lived here). In the center of town, Latina's city hall is set in a tower facing the Piazza del Popolo. At its base is an inscription beckoning peasants to "look at the tower rising above the plains as a symbol of Fascist power." As the backdrop for Meloni's speech, the imagery was picture-perfect.

Since first entering politics as a high school student, Meloni has become one of the most successful female politicians in Italy. Born in 1977 in Rome, she grew up in the middle-class neighborhood of Garbatella to parents who had emigrated to the capital from Sicily and Sardinia. She speaks with an authentic rolling Roman accent, which endears her to the working class, and studied journalism at university, which trained her to be comfortable on camera. In the run-up to the election, Meloni aired relatable two-minute TV spots designed to appeal to working women, mothers, and fascists. In one advertisement, she stands in her kitchen preparing a caprese tomato and mozzarella salad, talking about how Italy should not import foreign foods; in another, she weeds her vegetable garden and discusses how bad the EU has been to Italian farmers. Throughout her campaign, she managed to feminize an ideology traditionally known for its misogynistic leanings. Mussolini wanted women to stay home and have babies. Meloni still wants Italian women to procreate, but she also believes that they should be part of the workforce.

Meloni's success is due in large part to former Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi, head of the center-right Forza Italia party. In 2006, when Meloni was serving as a city councilwoman in Rome, Berlusconi tapped her to be the deputy vice president in the parliament. A few years later, he named her his Youth Minister, making her one of the first women—and the youngest person ever—to hold the office. Though hardly a pawn for the elder statesman, she certainly holds the party line when it comes to his ideals, especially around nationalism and

BARBIE LATZA NADEAU is an American journalist and author based in Rome. Her latest book is *Roadmap to Hell: Sex, Drugs, and Guns on the Mafia Coast* (Oneworld, 2018) about sex trafficking and organized crime, and she is the Rome bureau chief for *The Daily Beast* and a CNN contributor.

anti-immigration. Moreover, the two share an affinity for Italy's most notorious leader. Berlusconi has often compared himself to Mussolini, and at a 2013 ceremony for Holocaust Remembrance Day he commented that the dictator should be remembered for his positive record: "The racial laws were the worst fault of Mussolini as a leader, who in so many other ways did well."

This view may seem niche, but there is still plenty of public sympathy for Il Duce, as Mussolini liked to be called. Last summer when a mountainside forest containing 20,000 fir trees that Mussolini had planted to spell out "DUX" (Latin for "Duce") was partially burned in a wildfire, Mussolini's other granddaughter, Alessandra Mussolini, Rachele's sister and an elected parliamentarian, pleaded with the government to replant the forest. When the center-left administration refused, citing a law that prohibits anyone from touching fire-burned land for five years, an extreme-right political party intervened. On a Monday afternoon in early spring, more than 200 members of Casa Pound, which won around 8 percent of the vote in a municipal Roman election last year, traveled two hours northeast of the capital, hiked up the mountain, and replanted thousands of trees by hand in defiance of the law. This happened in the open, but no one stopped them or uprooted the replanted forest.

In Mussolini's hometown of Predappio, a village of about 6,000 people in the north of the country, people still regularly lay flowers at the dictator's family tomb. Every Oct. 28, a small gathering of neo-fascists in black shirts makes its way down Predappio's main street to commemorate the fascist march that took place that day in Rome in 1922. Fascism is illegal in Italy, but historical reenactment of fascist events is not, nor is the sale of Mussolini memorabilia. Local stores across Predappio still make a killing selling Mussolini souvenirs, which include aprons and potholders with his bald-headed image, as well as bottles of wine with his face on the labels. In 2017, a center-left coalition in the Italian Parliament pushed legislation that would make giving the fascist salute and selling far-right trinkets illegal, but the bill stalled in the senate and has since been forgotten. For a period of time, Mussolini wine was even sold in the Autogrill rest stops along Italy's national highways, but complaints to the tourist board put an end to that.

This interest in Mussolini is not a revival. Polls consistently put his postmortem approval rating at 20 percent nationwide, and the numbers climb much higher among those affiliated with the right. It is common to hear both

THIS YEAR, MELONI GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT ON A POPULAR MORNING TV SHOW OVER RUMORS THAT PRINCESS ELSA FROM *FROZEN* MIGHT BE A LESBIAN

young and old Italians curse his decision to follow Adolf Hitler's lead, but it is just as common to hear people of all ages credit him for some of the surviving national infrastructure. He wasn't afraid to tear down relics of Roman antiquity to improve a city, and when the state-run trains run on time, which they seldom do, you can always bet someone will make a reference to Mussolini.

All of which makes it acceptable for a politician like Meloni, who embraces extreme nationalism and a desire to promote the "purity" of Italian culture, to hold public office. She never has to qualify or apologize for her particular

brand of politics. She can stand onstage with a Mussolini because those who support her know exactly what she represents. Moreover, they feel less and less like it's something to hide.

* * *

Over her political career, Meloni has been able to slalom a fine line between stoking fear and national pride. She dabbles in anti-Europe and anti-gay banter, which plays well to the "Italy first" sentiments of her far-right constituency. She opposes citizenship for children of immigrants, and supports incentives to grow Italy's declining birthrate. Since Berlusconi opened the door to national politics for her, Meloni has veered further right. In 2016, she vocally opposed the recognition of civil unions for same-sex couples during a referendum. The law passed, but Meloni, an unmarried mother of young children, became a strong voice against same-sex couples having children through what she called "uterus-for-rent" schemes, such as surrogacy or adoption. To demonstrate what she believed traditional families are supposed to look like, she attended a "Family Day" rally in Rome heavily pregnant with a toddler in tow. While the Catholic Church would have preferred that Meloni be accompanied by a husband, they embraced her support just the same.

Italy is notoriously misogynistic, falling far behind other European countries in the World Economic Forum's gender report, and Meloni's unusual ascent might be attributable in part to the fact that she is not a feminist. She believes women should be rewarded for bearing children, and supported a disastrous campaign to encourage women to have babies that included an hourglass and the tagline "Beauty is ageless, but fertility isn't." Earlier this year, she got into a heated argument on a popular morning television show over rumors that Princess Elsa from the Disney film *Frozen* might be a lesbian. During a one-on-one interview with a female host who clearly didn't find the question important, Meloni broke down in tears contemplating the possibility that the movie might dissuade her daughters from wanting to marry a prince.

Meloni's views on gender and marriage, however, don't get as much airtime as the issue that is currently mobilizing her base and stoking populist flames around Europe. At the February rally in Latina, Meloni told the crowd what it wanted to hear. Latina is one of the hundreds of Italian cities designated to resettle some of the thousands of migrants and refugees who have landed on Italy's shores in recent years. Since the last national election five years ago, more than 600,000 mostly sub-Saharan African economic migrants have traversed the Mediterranean to enter the country illegally. "If we need to do a naval blockade, we will do a naval blockade. If we need to dig trenches, we will dig trenches," Meloni said from the square where Mussolini held his rallies. "No one enters Italy illegally, and those who already have will be sent home." The crowd erupted in cheers.

The vast majority of migrants arriving in Italy come from the coast of Libya, a former Italian colony that still has deep ties to Rome. When Berlusconi was in office, he found a kindred spirit in that country's flamboyant dictator, Colonel Moammar Gadhafi. In exchange for migration control, Berlusconi invested millions in Libyan infrastructure, mostly train tracks and roads. At a time when the West was distancing itself from Libyan policies, Berlusconi allowed Gadhafi to pitch massive Bedouin tents in Rome's palatial parks when he came for bilateral meetings, and once set him up with an audience of hundreds of young Italian showgirls, who were treated to a lengthy speech on the merits of Islam. In 2010, shortly before Gadhafi was deposed and killed, the back pages of Libyan passports

carried a watermark with Berlusconi's face on them, to thank him for his support.

Local Libyan militias now generate billions by running a massive trade in human smuggling. Even though Italy is not the nearest safe port for rescued migrants (Malta and Tunisia are much closer), it is where they are all brought. Increasingly, asylum-seekers are picked up by Italy-funded Libyan Coast Guard boats on their way to Europe and shuttled back to Libya, where human traffickers entice them to try crossing again. Meloni is a staunch critic of Italy's policy of delivering anyone rescued at sea to Italian soil, and has attacked nongovernmental organizations that help migrant boats in distress. "Without us, Italy risks becoming Europe's refugee camp," Meloni railed on the campaign trail. "I want zero migrant landings, zero illegal immigration, and zero immigrant quotas."

Frustration with unchecked migration has proven to be a powerful tool for the center-right coalition that Meloni's party formed with the former Northern League (now just called the League) and Forza Italia, the political party still very much run by Berlusconi, its founder. The coalition has pushed for the mandatory deportation of people who enter the country illegally, regardless of whether they have a valid asylum request. While campaigning, League leader Matteo Salvini promised to expel 600,000 people if he were to win power. Meloni agreed, and added that she would force incoming migrants to first register through a "hotspot" on the African side of the Mediterranean, where they would be vetted. These "hotspots" do not yet exist, which is part of why desperate migrants and refugees have no choice but to enter unlawfully. Furthermore, such proposals are in blatant defiance of EU human rights legislation, which guarantees anyone who lands on European soil the right to request asylum. Yet for the far right, checks on immigration are the best way to safeguard "Italianness."

Racist fearmongering has long been a favored pastime among Italy's right-wing politicians who warn of "the threat of invaders" from "black Africa" seeking to "turn Europe black." This rhetoric hearkens back to at least World War II, when Mussolini described African-American soldiers as savages who would "rape and ravage" white Italian women. In the past five years, the most blatant racism in Italian political life has targeted Cécile Kyenge, a Congolese woman who immigrated to Italy in 1983 to attend optometry school. She stayed on after graduating, and, under the center-left government of Enrico Letta, became Italy's first black minister in 2013. Since she had emigrated to Italy legally on a student visa and got her

PUTTING A FEMALE FACE ON THE FAR RIGHT IS INCREASINGLY COMMON WITHIN EUROPEAN POPULIST PARTIES

Italian citizenship through proper channels, Kyenge was considered the perfect pick for Minister of Integration.

Whenever Kyenge led a political rally, however, those who opposed her chanted slurs and threw banana peels at the stage. Roberto Calderoli, a leader within the then-Northern League and a member of the European Parliament, was rightly attacked for comparing her to a primate. "Fair enough that she is a minister but perhaps she should be one in her own country," he said at a Northern League political rally before the 2013 election. "At least I console myself when I am surfing the web and I see all the photos of the government. I like animals and when I look

at Ms. Kyenge, I simply cannot help thinking of how she resembles an orangutan." Meloni has never been as openly racist, but she has said of Kyenge, one of her few female colleagues in government, that she "represents foreigners, not Italians." To deflect accusations of racism, in the 2018 election the League supported Toni Iwobi, a 62-year-old candidate who emigrated from Nigeria legally on a student visa in the 1980s and worked his way through the system to gain citizenship and start a successful tech company. The accusations of racism continued, but armed with Iwobi, the party now had a response. "How can we be racist, when we have a black candidate?" Salvini often asked.

* * *

Months of far-right dog whistling came to a head on Feb. 3 of this year, just weeks before the national election. Luca Traini, a 28-year-old former candidate for the League, wrapped an Italian flag around his neck and went out hunting African migrants in Macerata, a small town in central Italy, to avenge the death of an Italian woman who had escaped her drug rehab program and ended up dead and dismembered, allegedly at the hands of an African immigrant drug dealer. Traini randomly shot six African migrants—none fatally—before ending his spree in front of Macerata's own fascist monument, where he got down on one knee and raised his arm in a fascist salute before turning himself over to police.

Traini's shooting spree quickly became a focal point in the election. The left used it as an opportunity to warn against the resurgence of far-right parties. Anti-fascist and anti-racist marches were held across the country as a way to protest the growing popularity of the Meloni-Salvini-Berlusconi coalition. On the other side of the political divide, Meloni and her party faithful used the tragedy to underscore the perceived danger of uncontrolled migration and the "invasion" of "potential terrorists" into the country. To them, Traini, who had a dog-eared copy of *Mein Kampf* in his house, was a hero who had been failed by the center-left state, forcing him to take matters of justice and personal safety into his own hands. Several far-right parties even paid his legal bills.

"Unfortunately it is a fact that illegal immigrants produce illegal immigrants," Meloni said when she visited Macerata. "It is also a fact that ensuring the safety of Italians in the face of terrorism and the invasion of illegal immigrants should be a priority in this country, but instead this [center-left] Parliament has made it a priority to discuss fascism and racism that no longer exist today." In the lead-up to Election Day, she went so far as to hold rallies in immigrant neighborhoods, reading foreign-sounding names on doors out loud to show that "Italians no longer live in this country."

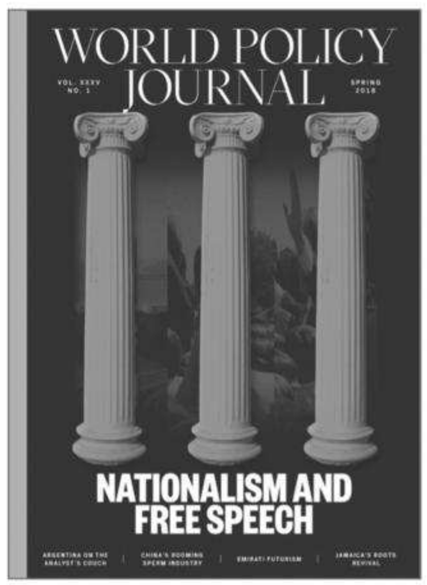
As the campaign wound down, Meloni's rhetoric intensified. About a week after the Macerata shooting, the Egyptian Museum in Turin started offering two-for-one entrance fees to Arabic speakers, intended to diversify crowds. In response, Meloni staged a protest, calling it a blatant threat to Italian nationalism and claiming it "discriminated against Italians" in favor of Muslims. Carrying a "No Islamization" banner, she was joined by dozens of followers as she railed against the "racism in Italy—against Italians." When museum director Christian Greco came out to address her and the protestors, their videotaped exchange showed Meloni accusing him of "inviting illegals to steal our culture."

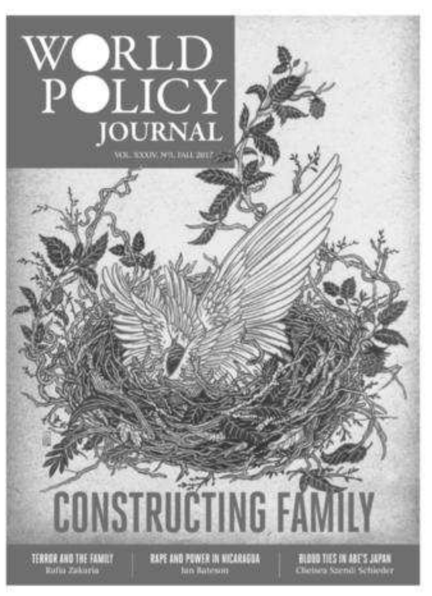
Similar to Marine Le Pen, France's own far-right female politician, who is a close ally of the League's Salvini, Meloni has been strategic in using her gender for political gain. Along with Frauke Petry and Tatjana Festerling in Germany, and Beata Szydło in Poland, Le Pen and Meloni belong to an elite club of far-right female politicians in Europe hewing close to tra-

ditional values. Putting a female face on the far right is increasingly common within European populist parties, and often ends up pitting gender against race and ethnicity. In Germany, the AfD party has sponsored anti-immigration ads showing pregnant women under the slogan "We'll make our own Germans," and others in which women in skimpy beachwear tout "bikinis over burqas." Le Pen, while distancing herself from overtly racist views, has nonetheless taken a hard stance against allowing foreigners the right to vote, and has called for the "de-Islamization" of France. Giorgia Meloni is a new phenomenon in Italy, but she is also part of a larger political movement that aims to broaden the far right's appeal and challenge accusations of misogyny.

When Italy's March elections finally took place, there was no clear-cut winner, but Meloni rightfully felt victorious. The populist Five Star Movement, which is neither right nor left leaning, won the most votes as a single party, and the center-right coalition prevailed, claiming the largest collective number of votes, though not by a wide enough margin to form a stable government. Meloni's party won just under 5 percent of the total vote. Traini's rampage ultimately helped the right, as their poll numbers climbed in the wake of the shooting. Many months have passed since the election, and none of the leading parties has been able to form a coalition. The Italian president now has two choices: call new elections or assign a technocratic leader to run a grand coalition of all parties.

Meloni is in a position of power. With the near certainty of new elections before the end of the year, the center-right coalition needs her support if they hope to govern. She has enough leverage to keep that coalition intact, or, if things don't go her way, to make it collapse. Two months after Italy's election, a breakdown in talks among the leading parties, including her own, has given way to speculation about new elections. In early May, Brothers of Italy's polling numbers were consistence with its performance in the March vote, which will keep Meloni in the game. But even if she doesn't earn a spot in the incoming government, there will be many more opportunities for her to expand her reach and build her staying power. Though no one in politics is scandal-proof, Italians tend not to take personal or even business scandals into account in the voting booth. Since he was last in power, Berlusconi has been convicted of tax evasion and abetting underage prostitution; he now seems to be even more popular than he was before. As for Meloni, she checks a lot of boxes for the Italian right: She's a mamma, she's anti-immigration, and she's smart. And perhaps as importantly, she's one of the youngest leaders in a country that never sends its politicians out to pasture. ●





Jessica Loudis, editor

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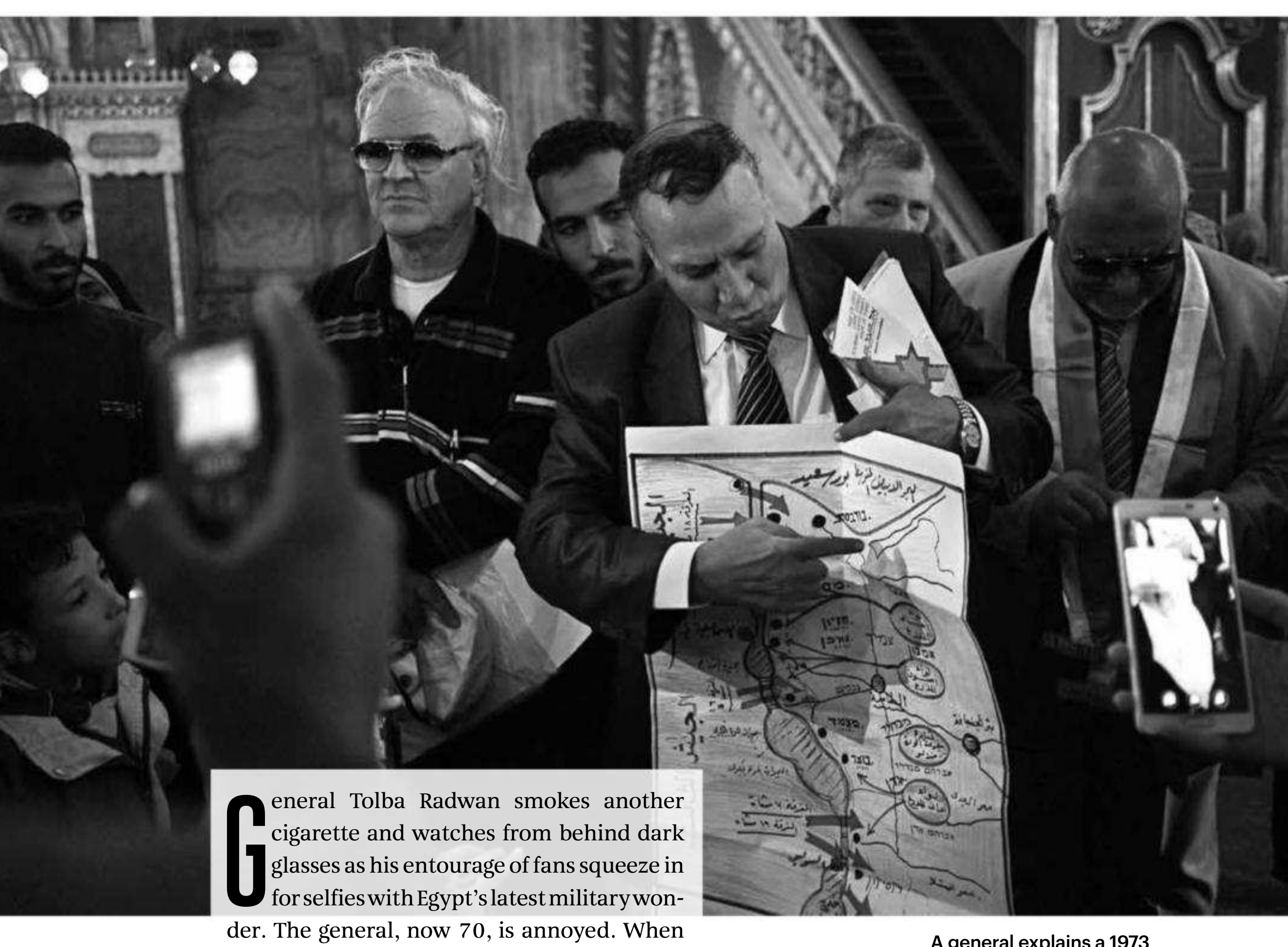
THE GENERALS IN THEIR LABYRINTH

The rise of Egypt's military celebrities

MONA ABO-ISSA

MONA ABO-ISSA



General Tolba Radwan smokes another cigarette and watches from behind dark glasses as his entourage of fans squeeze in for selfies with Egypt's latest military wonder. The general, now 70, is annoyed. When he was 26, he commanded dozens of soldiers on suicidal missions to defend his country.

A general explains a 1973 espionage mission at the Mohamed Ali Citadel.

Now, he takes crowds of camera-toting families on battlefield tours. Behind Tolba burbles the New Suez Canal, a 22-mile-long tributary whose construction was spearheaded by President Abdel-Fattah el-Sissi. The zinc-colored water cuts through the desert, which is bare except for the occasional "Long Live Egypt" mosaic and palm tree sticking out of the haze. The Suez Canal proper has belonged to the army since Gamal Abdel Nasser nationalized it in 1956, and it is more than just the republic's pride—the 150-year-old waterway is the fastest shipping route between Europe and Asia, and Egypt's main source of hard currency, bringing in about $3 billion a year. After Egypt plunged into an economic nosedive following the collapse of Hosni Mubarak's 30-year regime, the New Canal promised to double the Suez's revenue in less than a decade. While previous presidents had failed to raise sufficient funds for the extension, el-Sissi collected $8 billion in 10 days as Egyptians flocked to buy canal investment certificates. More than 25,000 Egyptian workers were hired to extract over 260 million tons of sand. In a way, it was a nostalgic assertion of independence. At a lavish inaugural celebration in 2015, the president, clad in military regalia, sailed down the canal below fighter planes tracing hearts in the sky. The country went into a nationalistic delirium. Three years later, it is still a popular destination. Several times a year, retired officials like Tolba lead trips to the canal and the battlefields beyond it, arranged by civilian associations that promote the army. Egypt is in an age of military idolization, and generals are its national heroes. Back in the eastern city of Ismailia, selfies finally over, Tolba stubs out his last cigarette and boards the bus to cross the canal.

This country has been dreaming a soldier's dream since 1952, when a coup toppled the monarchy and inaugurated what, until 2012, was an unbroken line of president-generals. The ambitions of such leaders have historically been formed at least partly in response to Israel, Egypt's regional rival. Altogether, Egypt has fought four wars with Israel: in 1948, 1956, 1967, and 1973. Most older Egyptians have strong memories of 1967, when Israel launched a surprise attack on Egyptian airfields, catching Nasser's pilots off guard. Within six days, Israel had destroyed most of the Egyptian air force, occupied the Sinai Peninsula, and seized east Jerusalem and the West Bank from the Jordanians. It also captured Syria's Golan Heights. Suddenly, Egypt's powerful position among post-imperial states in the region receded. The republic sank into mass depression.

The generation of generals who had been conscripted into fulfilling Nasser's grand visions of modernizing the republic and prevailing over its enemies were stunned by this defeat. National morale remained low until 1969, when these troops were outfitted with Soviet supplies and sent back to the front lines. Officers like Tolba, who had bitter memories of 1967, were tasked with reclaiming both Sinai and the republic's lost dignity. They did both in late October 1973, when the Egyptian army managed to cross Israel's formidable Bar Lev defensive line along the eastern bank of the Suez Canal and lay claim to the territory. This was the fire that forged the 1973 generals. Tolba likes to recall how, with vengeance in their hearts, his men stormed the enemy outpost of Tabat Shagara.

The victory reestablished the army's status in Egypt. Returning young officers were celebrated as conquering heroes and showered

MONA ABO-ISSA was born in Moscow and moved to Egypt in 2001. Her work has appeared in *Le Monde Diplomatique, Revue XXI, Mada Masr, Granta,* and others. Abo-Issa received the Ibdaa Award in 2008 and the Anna Lindh Journalism Award in 2012. She splits her time between Cairo and London.

with promotions, stipends, prestigious medals, lucrative state jobs, and army club memberships. Their armed forces IDs allowed them to cut traffic and dine at the state's finest military clubs. But despite the outpouring of support, officers were barred from speaking publicly about the war by the military higher-ups, who feared that the public would be led astray by unnecessary bravura or, worse, contradictory accounts. Instead, the official narrative focused on presidents and their top generals. Hosni Mubarak, a former fighter pilot, was Commander of the Air Force when it launched a successful surprise attack on Israeli soldiers occupying the east bank of the Suez Canal in 1973. He became the star of the war, and after President Anwar Sadat's assassination in 1981, Egypt's fourth military president. Yet Mubarak's ascent revealed the fault lines that had always run through the close relationship between the military and the government. Wary of the army's influence, Mubarak began to remove generals from the limelight and depoliticize the army, instead encouraging officers to get involved in the state economy. While doing this, he consolidated power and reigned unchallenged until 2011, when mass protests swept him from office. Today, thanks in part to Mubarak's initiatives, the army is a complex conglomerate, though no public information is available about its role in the Egyptian economy. Untaxed and often operating under the radar, its high-ranking members manufacture and sell everything from fuel to pasta. They own land, steel mills, shipping corporations, hotels, media outlets, bridges, and schools. A recent creation is a 1,300-foot-long BMX track outside Cairo, off-limits to cyclists without army security clearance.

On the horizon, across the canal, the bayonet of an enormous concrete AK-47 impales the Sinai haze. This is one of many monuments dotting the landscape that commemorates Egypt's 1973 victory. The two buses carrying Tolba and the tour group cross the Suez, smoothly pass through various military checkpoints, and head into the Sinai desert. Six miles and two monuments later—one a giant mosaic of the peninsula featuring protruding rockets, the other a helmet and bayonet—the pilgrimage arrives at Tabat Shagara, one of the eight outposts that comprised the Bar Lev defensive line. The trip was arranged by "Historians 1973," an organization of amateur military historians that charges $8 for a day of site visits capped by a farewell feast at the Army Club in Ismailia. This kind of patriotic tourism came

"YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PUT YOUR HANDS IN MINE TO REBUILD THE EGYPTIAN STATE"

into existence after the 2011 revolution, giving the military another way to line its pockets. Around 50 Egyptians get off the buses, pay the 28-cent admission, and disperse to explore. These conquered fortifications are national memorials, sacred sites whose underground bunkers are still scattered with abandoned artillery and Israeli helmets. On pilgrimages to these former battlefields, returning generals like to talk about how many Israelis they killed, how they watched comrades plunge jets into enemy posts, and how much shrapnel they still carry in their bodies. Stories of martyrdom, violence, and dignity restored get the crowd going; they whistle and clap until palms go blue. Meanwhile, kids act out attacks on Israeli tanks and run around shouting, "die, Israeli dog, die." A couple find a cozy spot on a canon overlooking decaying war memorabilia. Men take turns holding a bazooka and grinning

MONA ABO-ISSA

Centurion tanks, the main Israeli battle tanks in the 1973 war, have now become an Egyptian attraction.

at cameras. Bored sentries, unused to crowds of this size, watch with interest. Then the sun starts to melt into the sands, the army-themed music fades, and the barks of wild dogs fill the void. The battlefield descends into loneliness.

* * *

In Egypt, the intensity of nationalistic fervor always corresponds to the existence of a threat. Until 1979, that threat was Israel; now, it is Islamists, who have opposed military presidents since the 1950s. In the 1970s, as religiosity was ascendant in Egyptian culture, Sadat loosened restrictions on the outlawed Muslim Brotherhood, a sociopolitical movement founded in 1928. Less than a decade later, President Sadat was assassinated by Islamists for signing a peace treaty with Israel. Under Mubarak, his successor, terrorism became more prevalent. In the 90s, attacks like the Luxor massacre, where 62 tourists were killed at a popular archaeological site, spurred legislation that constricted political expression. Crackdowns continued, and by the end of the decade parliamentary politics was virtually irrelevant. Two years after Mubarak was ousted in the 2011 revolution, Egypt's first non-military president, the Muslim Brotherhood's Mohammed Morsi, was removed by army-backed protests for enforcing Islamist policies. During his reign, terrorist attacks, particularly on churches and police stations, became even more frequent. When el-Sissi, the army chief under Morsi, won the presidency the following year, he was elected on an anti-terror campaign. He brought with him a specific brand of nationalism—one based on militarism, populism, and xenophobia. Invoking national security gave the government carte blanche to criminalize anyone: terrorists,

liberals, belly dancers, homosexuals, photographers, and people who simply found themselves in the wrong place at the wrong time. El-Sissi represented an institution that had kept the country functioning peacefully for decades, and which was the only defense against terrorism. The most vulnerable Egyptians, those dependent on state support, embraced him, and the army rose on a wave of fear and pride. In thick of all this, the 1973 generals, throwbacks to a glorious moment in Egyptian history, were elevated as national heroes.

As this was happening, Egypt was suffering from a major economic crisis. Fuel subsidies plummeted, and the value of the Egyptian pound fell by more than half. El-Sissi appealed to the army to expand their patronage in national enterprises, and military officials stepped in to address market shortages. Soon, they were selling everything from cancer medicine to baby formula to sugar (essential for sweetened tea, the national drink) at reduced prices. They crowded out other economic actors and private sector competitors. The details of the army's economic activities remain, as always, a state secret, but the institution's good standing with el-Sissi has helped Egypt draw in more international investment, especially from wealthy Gulf states, and has helped el-Sissi consolidate his grip on power. In one of his early presidential speeches, el-Sissi told the army, "You have no choice but to put your hands in mine to rebuild the Egyptian state."

* * *

"I was a naughty student," grins General Mohamed Abu Bakr, 70, as he walks through the courtyard of his alma mater, a military school in Cairo's northern Al Qubba district, a neighborhood once known for its mansions, now dwarfed by tall brick monstrosities. During the war, he was a supersonic fighter pilot, and he loves to recall how he would dive his MiG21 into the thick of dogfights. When he runs out of these stories, he'll tell you about how he used to fly Sadat and Mubarak around until his retirement in the late 90s. The school is putting on a show for him and two other retired generals, who were invited to talk about their youthful military exploits. Uniformed boys stand at the ready. Outside, in scorching heat, a chain of students chant "Hooh! Hooh! Hooh!" and stomp around in circles of dust. General Mohamed walks, grand and indifferent, through a cordon of saluting boys into the classroom. The aviator points an index finger and declares that

"IF THE ARMY WANTS TO EAT MY CHILDREN'S FOOD AND TAKE OVER MY HOME, I WILL STILL LOVE IT"

in 1969 he was the first to hit an Israeli Phantom, a U.S.-made jet superior to his beloved MiG21. Applause erupts. He urges students to listen to their teachers and avoid heroin; he warns that conspirators will target them to destroy Egypt's future.

Those boys, like all students enrolled in Egyptian schools, must study patriotism. The subject was introduced during the monarchy to train people in civic responsibility. After Nasser, however, it adopted a nationalistic cast. Army conquests took center stage. Students were taught to be loyal state subjects through vague manifestos about presidential achievements and military triumphs. Then, under Mubarak, civilian apathy set in and patriotism waned. This changed again in 2014, when el-Sissi, channeling Nasser, upgraded Egypt's nationalistic vision to include new allies (the Gulf states, except Qatar) and foes

(terrorists). Suddenly, Egyptians were mobilized into citizen missionaries. Nationalistic songs were swiftly released and heard on repeat everywhere from cafes to taxis. Children walked around in khaki uniforms. Officers were invited to lecture in nursery schools, teaching tiny listeners who didn't yet know their alphabet about the various ways in which soldiers died in Sinai. El-Sissi's government established the *Tahya Misr* (Long Live Egypt) fund, calling on patriots to support the Egyptian economy. A popular slogan, "the Army and the people are one hand," popped up on highways posters, in military establishments, and at Bar Lev sites. Ordinary people who shuffled between dusty state jobs and domestic hardships were offered the chance to be part of history. Out of hope and despair, many accepted.

With the unemployment rate above 13 percent, many young boys at the school aspire to join the military hierarchy, which brings with it a guaranteed job. Some of them will be sent to work in factories or clubs, or will be enlisted to help el-Sissi realize his grand ambitions, like building a million housing units and a Vegas-like "new capital" outside Cairo. Others will be trained to fight the Islamic State in North Sinai, or dispatched to forgotten corners of the country. Only a few will become supersonic fighters like Mohamed. In the classroom, a woman takes the mic: "If the army wants to eat my children's food and take over my home, I will still love it." The students applaud again. After the usual round of photos and hugs and shouts of el-Sissi's campaign catchphrase, "Long Live Egypt!" Mohamed quietly leaves.

* * *

Hundreds of minarets poke through the morning smoke above the citadel that overlooks Old Cairo. This where Mohamed Ali, founder of the monarchy that ruled Egypt from the 1800s to 1952, ordered his predecessors, the ruling Mamluks, to be massacred. The generals are waiting for Ahmed Mansoury, a 70-year-old pilot who claims he can break ribcages with his bare hands. They exchange pleasantries and assemble for photographs with the people there for a tour. There is the toothless yet fiery Major Samir Nouh, who once attacked an Israeli outpost and killed 30 soldiers in one go, a feat he still boasts about. There is General Ismail Bayoumi, who lost his right arm in an explosion as his battalion crossed Bar Lev. According to his comrades, the press, and his business card, he is the "Bar Lev Vanquisher." There is General Mohamed Rabea, who is leading this trip to the Mohamed Ali Citadel. Finally, there is Mohamed, the aviator, and Ahmed Atteya Allah, a state journalist-turned-military historian who first assembled these generals a decade ago. Mansoury never arrives.

While official statistics about these trips are not made public, the generals embark on many of them every year to promote patriotism and sacrifice, and to create a legacy of their own before they die. Sometimes they travel to battlefields, schools, or military-owned auditoriums; other times to sports clubs, state libraries, or even the Pyramids, where General Rabea uses the Russian he learned in the military to win over foreign tourists. The aim of this particular trip is to fight terrorism. The group consists of around 50 people, including a woman clad from head to toe in the Egyptian flag. Patriots ask questions about the generals' conquests, to which they receive shouted answers and pointed fingers: *I killed this many enemies, I watched a friend sacrifice himself, the war took my humanity!* The boys filming the generals get visible goosebumps. These testimonies will later be posted on Facebook with titles like "long live the heroes." The procession moves through corridors where Mohamed Ali's army slaughtered nearly 500 Mamluks and into a prison that held Islamists and Communists until it was converted into a tourist attraction, a royal palace-turned-

army museum. Like any military museum in Egypt, bravery is the unifying theme, and 1973 is the centerpiece, though certain thorny historical truths are conveniently excluded. Military records are filtered to reflect the interests of the state. One will not find, for instance, mentions of the Communists, who participated in the 1952 coup and were then sent to Nasser's prison camps. Nor will visitors find any leftist or Soviet publications, which Nasser ordered the secret service to seize out of fear that they might incite riots at state factories. (One can now find leftist Arabic magazines in Egypt, but only outside of official channels.) The debate among historians these days is how to include, if the Ministry of Education agrees, the 2011 and 2013 revolutions in school textbooks. Mubarak's collapse has also meant that the generals are free to publish their own testimonies—with the army's approval. General Mohamed is currently working on his, occasionally teasing TV hosts with promises of disclosing "secrets, dangerous secrets."

At the Citadel, General Rabea gathers the group, which now also includes a few Russian onlookers, and tells them that the generals' military pedigree is over 3,000 years old, going back to the powerful pharaoh Ramses II. He also mentions the generation of commanders that preceded his own, whose names adorn Egyptian streets. Every day, hundreds of commuters pass through General Abdel Moneim Reyad Square in central Cairo, named after a commander killed in an Israeli raid, where a cacophony of microbus drivers shout, pee, and hunt for clientele. There is also the 6th of October district outside Cairo, not to be confused with the 6th of October bridge that bisects the city, and the 15th of May bridge (the day of the attack on Israel in 1948) that shadows 26th of July street (commemorating the 1952 coup). Those main bridges, which also double as lovers' nests, are just a small fraction of the military's territorial markings. And their reach goes beyond just naming rights: The generals control the country's infrastructure, from the streets to the metro stations (demonstrators arrived at Tahrir through Sadat station), to the bridges and inter-city highways, where military police collect tolls. Their influence ripples throughout the country. There is, however, one general whose name has been scratched out of public memory—Hosni Mubarak.

* * *

"Sadat has arrived!" The dead leader struts into a packed auditorium at Cairo's Opera House. People rush at him with smartphone cameras. Nature blessed this impersonator with the

FOR ACTING AS A "KNIGHT FIGHTING FOR THE SAKE OF GOD" HE WAS GIVEN A MEDAL AWARDED BY THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF

bone structure and wiry physique of the late leader; the rest he carefully crafted himself: Sadat's trademark mustache, rectangular vintage glasses, his preferred *gallabeya* and robe, and, of course, his signature wit. After building a TV career impersonating the ex-president, this actor has seen his star rise amid the recent nationalistic euphoria. This free event is for "the mothers of martyrs," whose sons died in recent military clashes. The celebration is chaotic: Folk dancers perform, leukemia patients recite poems about life and death, and a man dressed as a leopard gives interviews on live TV. The small auditorium is packed with dozens of joyful attendees. Events like this one provide people

with a sense of stability and meaning—and give them an occasion to celebrate with entertainers and war heroes. Sadat joins the dancers onstage and pretends to puff a pipe, the late president's leitmotif. The generals in the front row watch him indifferently. After all, they met the man himself. "May God have mercy on you, oh president!" someone shouts. Sadat grabs an el-Sissi impersonator, who has just arrived, and the duo cut their way through cameras and hands to get to the stage. "Take it easy on [el-Sissi], he is still new," Sadat deadpans.

Before 2011, the generals found comfort in each other's company, meeting to privately reminisce about past conquests, both military and romantic. These days, their gatherings are mostly arranged by pro-Army youth groups that informally preach the "1973 spirit." One such organization is the Association Friends of the Warrior Development, founded by historian Ahmed Atteya. When not out with the generals, Atteya sits in a dusty library above an algae plantation at a state research center in Cairo. Back in the mid-90s, he stumbled on a newspaper article about one of the 1973 heroes, who became the subject of his first book. It did not create any ripples in literary circles—none of his books have—but it did prompt him to start his association. Only two years old, it now has over 200 members. Generals were accepted automatically, and others were admitted on the basis of patriotic activism. Its goal is "to transmit the generals' sacrifices to future generations." "History is of two kinds," Atteya tells me, "one by authority and the other of the people, and the two never agree." The 1973 war is one such example; thanks to the secrecy surrounding official records, the public may never be certain about what actually happened.

Professor Khaled Fahmy, a historian who splits his time teaching between Cambridge in the U.K. and the American University in Cairo, has spent many hours battling the bureaucracy of the National Archives. Unlike Ahmed, he is a believer in the 2011 revolution and has published articles critical of the generals. He believes that the army's current resurgence is based on fear rather than genuine affection. Since 1952, Khaled says, politics and the public mentality have been gradually militarized and censored, to the extent that "we [civilians] do not have any original military sources since our war with Israel in 1948, and everything that was published is not based on Egyptian sources." But this does not mean the army lacks sources of its own, he adds—military records are kept at the National Archives, with access granted only to select individuals. Fahmy is at odds with Ahmed in most regards, but one thing the scholars do agree on is the fact that the army's presence in Egyptian public life has increased since 2013—for better or worse.

* * *

Ever since Nasser discovered that radio could reach illiterate listeners across the region, the media has been under state control. After 2011, el-Sissi cracked down on any reporting deemed offensive to the army or police. Anti-military shows were cancelled, and journalists prosecuted. To fill in the gaps, the generals suddenly had to dust off their old war stories. They get especially busy in October, when the 1973 anniversary rolls around. At one show commemorating the victory, Mansoury, the retired aviator, marched into a TV studio in Cairo's media city with his helmet under his arm. "She [the helmet] fought with me and saw sweat, death, and blood and now is the only thing left," he declared. Egyptian media loves the grandiose and shocking, and Mansoury, who has a serious thing for drama, is in demand. He earned a reputation as a "crazy pilot" for a wartime incident in which he dove to low altitude and then rocketed back into the sky through a cloud of sand, escaping a pack of Israeli fighter jets. On another sortie, he engaged with six

phantom jets—an event he likes to call his "final death maneuver," though death is "a coward," he says, and did not claim him. For acting as a "knight fighting for the sake of God" he was later given the highest Order of the Republic, a medal awarded by the president himself.

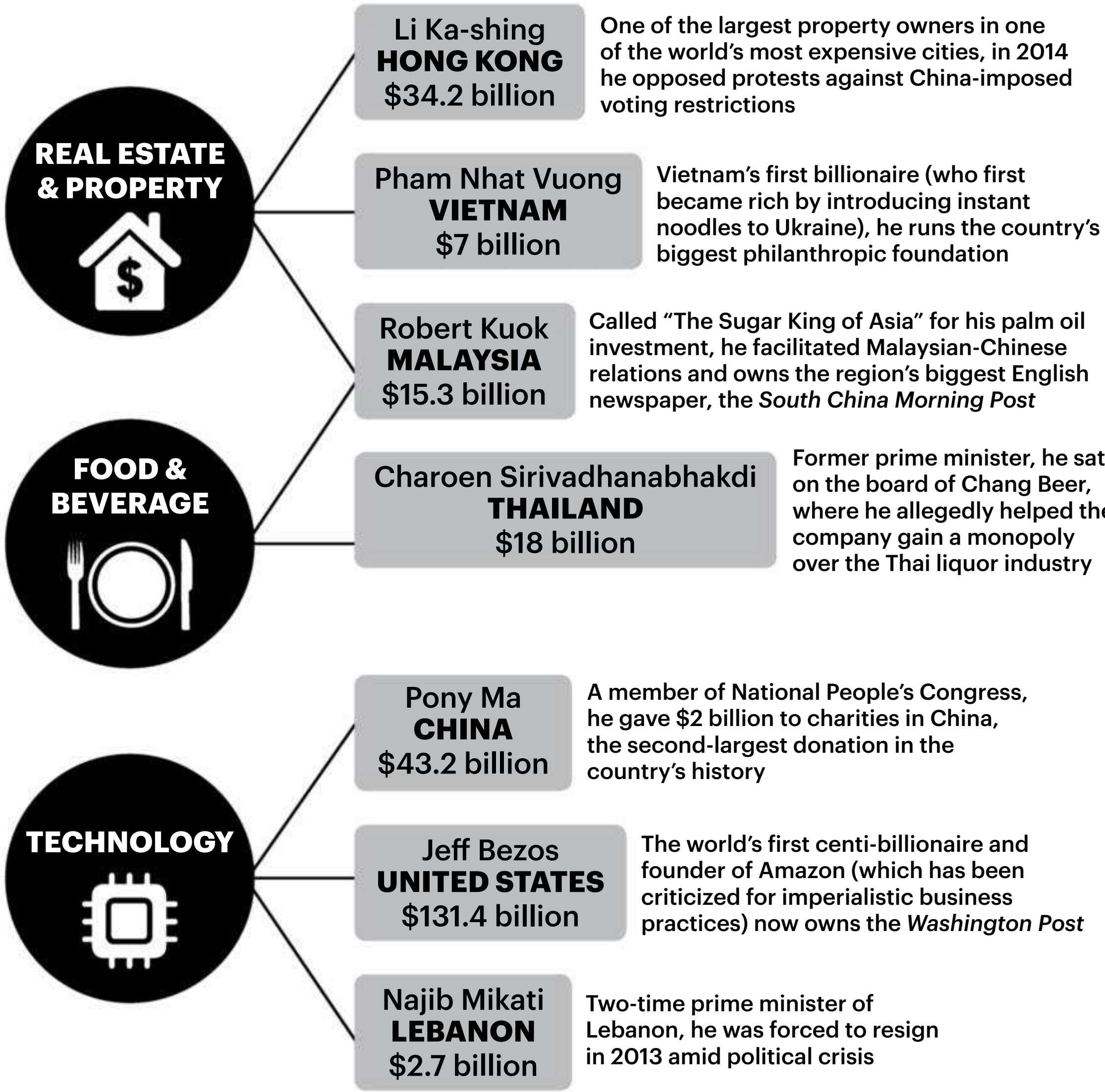
After sitting for interviews with several talk shows, Mansoury takes his beloved helmet and drives back to his apartment. He lives alone, surrounded by scattered medals and collages of newspaper clippings featuring him and his supersonic jet, which he still refers to as his "mistress." He sleeps in a coffin-sized cot in the living room, claiming that it will prepare him for the afterlife. Sometimes he'll visit his old MiG 218040, which is rusting away at the October War Panorama, an army-run memorial inside a cylindrical building in an affluent part of Cairo. The central mural depicts, in melodramatic detail, the Bar Lev breach as painted by a team of North Korean artists. Viewings are accompanied by a sound and light show. Mubarak inaugurated the memorial in 1989 and it originally contained a tribute to him—a large mosaic styled after *The Last Supper* in which the former president, pointing at maps spread out on a table, briefs Sadat and the Chief of Army Operations. Behind them stand the other members of the Supreme Command. After 2011, Mubarak was removed from his mosaic. Outside, engineless MiGs jut skyward from pedestals. One of them is Mansoury's mistress.

Today, the fan base of the 1973 generals spans the older people who grew up under Sadat's military triumphalism to the young people who were raised with the military pomp of Mubarak's peacetime. Egypt is a country of 90 million people, and to many of them, though they never saw war, the army's familiar bear hug is a welcome return, a bulwark against unstable democracy. Yet there are some, and particularly those who took to the streets for the 2011 revolution, with more mixed feelings. Hand in hand, the generals and President el-Sissi say that Egypt is at war against a shape-shifting threat. Sometimes it takes the form of homegrown terrorists, other times, foreign conspirators plotting to divide the country. It is an unconventional war, waged on the battlefield of public opinion, and its ending will likely decide Egypt's future. But for now, the present is being written with an eye to the past. ●

ANATOMY

MONEY MOVES

For the world's wealthiest, flows of money tend to stay secret—save for philanthropy, public service, and scandal. *World Policy Journal* looks at some of the richest people in countries around the globe, where their money came from, and how their wealth appears in the public sphere.



Compiled by John Kiehl and Helena Ong

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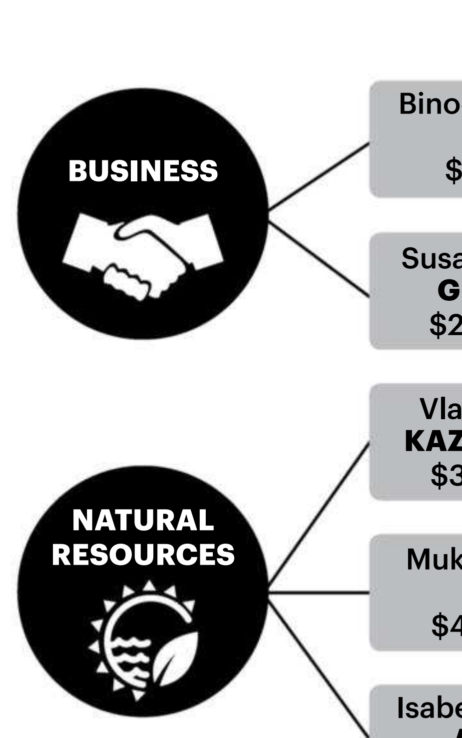

BUSINESS

Binod Chaudhary
NEPAL
$1.5 billion

Nepal's first billionaire, who became wealthy by creating a brand of instant noodles, now serves in Parliament and has connections to the royal family

Susanne Klatten
GERMANY
$25.5 billion

The BMW heiress paid $8.4 million to a gigolo who later threatened to blackmail her

NATURAL RESOURCES

Vladimir Kim
KAZAKHSTAN
$3.4 billion

A copper magnate, he's a former official in the Nur Otan party, which has been associated with human rights abuses

Mukesh Ambani
INDIA
$42.5 billion

India's first billionaire, he owns the world's most expensive private residence, which has a 600-person staff

Isabel dos Santos
ANGOLA
$2.6 billion

Africa's richest woman, her father, former President José dos Santos, made her head of Sonangol, Angola's state oil firm

BANKING

Luis Carlos Sarmiento
COLOMBIA
$12.3 billion

Latin America's richest banker, he owns Colombia's largest newspaper, *El Tiempo*

Mikhail Fridman
RUSSIA
$14 billion

Founder of Russia's largest private bank, he was named in the Steele dossier and sits on Russia's entrepreneurship and corporate governance councils

R. Budi Hartono
INDONESIA
$14.8 billion

He founded the world's third-largest clove cigarette company, Djarum, and owns over 25 percent of Bank Central Asia

THE WEALTH OF LEADERS

SAUDI ARABIA	MONACO	TANZANIA
Prince Alwaleed bin Talal	**Tatiana Casiraghi**	**Mohammed Dewji**
$18.7 billion (as of 2017)	$2.2 billion	$1.5 billion
Member of the Saudi royal family	Fourth in line to Monegasque throne	Former member of Parliament

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DON'T LOOK NOW

Can Norway reckon with the reality of right-wing extremists?

SINDRE BANGSTAD

A scene from *Utøya – July 22*

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Erik Poppe's film *Utøya – July 22*, which premiered at the International Biennale in Berlin earlier this year, opens with a shot of the main character, 18-year-old Kaja, played by the young Norwegian actress Andrea Berntzen, standing in a wood. She stares intensely into the camera and asserts: "You will never understand. This happened to me." Kaja then leads us to a clearing full of tents and teenagers. Poppe's film takes us back to the worst terrorist attack in modern Norwegian history, perpetrated in 2011 by the white Norwegian right-wing extremist and white supremacist Anders Behring Breivik. Except for a few split seconds in which we get a glimpse of a man in a black uniform standing on a cliff with a gun, *Utøya – July 22* never shows Breivik. Instead, what we see over the course of 72 devastating minutes are defenseless teenagers fleeing and failing to escape a gunman hellbent on killing and maiming as many of them as possible. The film lasts for exactly the amount of time it took the then-32-year-old Breivik to kill 69 people at the annual youth summer camp of Norway's then-governing social democratic Labor Party. The number of gunshots heard in the film is exactly the same as the number of shots fired by Breivik before he was arrested by a SWAT team from Oslo police headquarters. Through these choices, the film asserts: This happened. Poppe's film, which premiered in Norway in March and has so far been seen by over 200,000 Norwegians out of a total population of more than 5 million, provides little context for non-Norwegian audiences. Only in scrolling text at the very end does Poppe make clear that what we have seen is a fictional reworking of the acts of a right-wing extremist terrorist; that in its report about that fateful day in 2011, the government-appointed July 22 commission concluded that a series of institutional and operational failures on the part of the Norwegian intelligence services and police before, during, and after Breivik's attacks in effect meant the death of a number of teenagers; and that, contrary to what many Norwegians still believe in the aftermath of the attacks, right-wing extremism is on the rise not only in Norway and Scandinavia, but also in wider Europe.

Though I was fortunate not to have lost friends or family in Breivik's terrorist attacks, I was gripped by a sense of utter despair and sorrow at the loss of so many zestful, brilliant, and promising young countrywomen and men, a feeling I worked through by writing a monograph about the July 22 attacks, *Anders Breivik And The Rise Of Islamophobia*, published by Zed Books in London in 2014. Among the more than 50 books on the attacks published in Norway, my monograph stood out for its emphasis on the wider societal and political currents that led to Breivik, and for addressing the imbrication of right-wing extremist and populist discourses on Islam and Muslims that preceded July 22, and has to a large extent continued unabated since then. In a country that in 2013 would bring to power the populist right-wing Progress Party (of which Breivik was a longstanding member until 2006) the book was bound not to be popular. Since 1987, the Progress Party has acted as a conduit for the mainstreaming of far-right tropes and ideas about Islam and Muslims in Norway. During this time, Muslims overtook Jews as the racialized "other" in Norwegian society, and biological racism was replaced by cultural racism. It quickly became taboo in Norwegian mainstream media to even make reference to Breivik's one-time Progress Party membership, with ostensibly liberal editors taking it upon

SINDRE BANGSTAD is an associate researcher at KIFO, Institute for Church, Religion, and Worldview Research in Oslo, Norway.

themselves to police any violations. The notion of "my country, right or wrong" plays a central role in even the most liberal political imaginaries in Norway, and guarding the boundaries of permissible speech had everything to do with cordoning Breivik's atrocities off as an exceptional event. Academics who broke this unspoken ban in the international news media ending up getting death threats. My book was published to excellent reviews in the *London Review of Books* and the *New York Review of Books*, as well as in leading journals in my own field of anthropology, such as *American Ethnologist* and *American Anthropologist*. As for reviews in Norwegian mainstream media and invitations to Norwegian universities, there were hardly any. My monograph was met with studied silence, and it was clear to me that the reason was that I had violated the silently but willfully constructed taboo that emerged in the Norwegian public sphere after the July 22 attack.

Poppe's film succeeds admirably in what public debates in Norway after Breivik failed so miserably in achieving, namely, placing the killer's young and defenseless victims at the center of the narrative. It is not as if this was a total revelation: Many accounts of July 22 focused on the lives and experiences of Breivik's victims and survivors. But overall, what Norwegians encountered in the traumatic weeks and months that followed the terrorist attacks was the image of Breivik on the front page of every newspaper, article after article about his troubled childhood and manifold failures in adult life, and endless speculation about his psychological makeup. This came to a head when, in the course of preparing for the monumental July 22 trial in Oslo Magistrate's Court, an appointed team of psychiatric assessors concluded that Breivik could not be held liable for his acts as he was classified as criminally insane under existing Norwegian laws. That evaluation was refuted by a second team of psychiatric assessors. The magistrates and jurors found the latter report the more reliable when, in a final verdict handed down on August 2012, they sentenced Breivik to the maximum penalty of 21 years in prison and indefinite detention.

The Breivik that stared out at Norwegians from every newsstand turned out to be the troubled child of an auxiliary nurse and single mother from Skøyen in west Oslo, a boy abandoned by his social-democratic, career-diplomat father shortly after his birth (hence, the Freudian temptation to read his mass murder of young potential social democrats as the ultimate revenge against the father). Breivik was a déclassé high school dropout in one of the whitest and most affluent parts of Oslo, where not finishing high school, living with one's aging mother in a small apartment, and failing to make a mark in life is about as socially acceptable as masturbating in public. The Breivik in these pictures struck self-obsessed and effeminate poses (hence, widespread media speculation about whether he was a closeted gay man; police interrogations and inquiries yielded little to substantiate these rumors) and donned fake uniforms, medals, and personal accoutrements. Wanting to spread his message as far and wide as possible, the asocial Breivik spent months harvesting Facebook friends. His delusions of grandeur and the demented belief that he was part of a larger ideological movement were apparent in a three-second call he made to local police about 15 minutes before he gave himself up to a much-delayed SWAT team in a clearing in the woods on the small island of Utøya, surrounded by the corpses of his victims. Here he introduced himself as a military "commander, organized in the anti-communist resistance movement against Islamization" who had completed his "mission" by killing and maiming defenseless prospective Norwegian social democrats. On the audio clip later published by Norwegian media, one hears Breivik's almost comically

screeching voice. Whether in police questioning or during trial, Breivik never expressed remorse for his actions. In the weeks following his arrest, leaks from interrogations suggested that he demanded a series of personal and political concessions from both the police and the government, indicating the extent of his delusional beliefs. Many of these were theatrical in nature, and included requests to wear a military-style uniform in prison and his favorite Lacoste sweatshirt in court, as well as the right to not be served halal food in prison. Though extensive police investigations in several countries could not corroborate any of Breivik's claims on this score, the killer maintained that he was a central part (a "justiciary," no less) of a secretive paramilitary organization of like-minded people named after the medieval Maltese "Knights Templar." (As the historian Elisabetta Cassini Wolff has noted, a fascination with the Knights Templar is something Breivik shared with European fascists going back to the Italian philosopher Julius Evola.) Breivik's 1,516-page-long cut-and-paste ideological tract, widely available on the internet in the first few days after the attack, did not make him seem like less of a self-obsessed weirdo. It featured bizarre listings of his favorite perfumes, sports drinks, clothes, and online war games; promotional "interviews" he conducted with himself; chilling instructions for would-be followers and fellow terrorists; and vast excerpts of the more or less coherent musings of his favorite counter-jihadist writers. The Anders Behring Breivik in these public postings was a proverbial "man without qualities," a child of our time, attempting to make up for all his private and personal failures by adopting an inflated public persona as a man of vast historical importance. For wasn't it he who would set in motion an epic civilizational struggle against the invading and conquering "Muslim hordes"—not only in Norway, but throughout Europe? That fantasy proved short-lived, for as media researcher Gavan Titley so memorably put it, Breivik "called a war, but no one came." Even al-Qaida, hardly known for its humanistic impulses, took exception to Breivik mimicking the group's savage rhetoric of indiscriminate mayhem and murder by declaring that they abhorred the thought of killing and maiming unarmed and defenseless children. Breivik presented himself as a "conservative Christian," but had never attended any church: As for so many other far-right and right-wing extremists in our time, his professed "Christianity" was yet another floating signifier meant to indicate opposition to Islam in general and Muslims in particular.

MOST NORWEGIANS DO NOT CONSIDER BREIVIK TO EVER HAVE BEEN "ONE OF US"

In Breivik's personal megalomaniacal and narcissistic emptiness, the uncoded message that stood out more than anything was his idea of himself as a super-human "I." Having contemplated the very real prospect of being killed by police at Utøya, he instead surrendered without so much as firing a shot, convinced that his trial and imprisonment would offer him a unique opportunity to sell his message to a wider world of designated "conservative Christians" who were yet to awake from their "slumber" with regard to the immanent and mortal menace of Muslim minorities in Europe. Actual prison life proved a bit of a disappointment. Before Norwegian mainstream media tired of reporting on Breivik's written threats to bring the Norwegian state to the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg over "human rights" violations—namely the sparse rations of butter spread he was given

for breakfast, the cheap toothbrushes he was provided in prison, and the restrictions on his ability to communicate with his imagined supporters nationally and internationally—Norwegian media consumers had to regularly read about his attempts to get officials to grant him a platform. The alleged violations of Breivik's "human rights" in prison eventually ended up in the Norwegian Supreme Court, which in 2017 ruled against him.

There is inevitably a paradox in anyone writing extensively about one individual right-wing terrorist's megalomania and narcissism. After all, part of the problem is that the obsessive public and media attention paid to these issues is considered to be a main reason why society struggles to reckon with extremist

NEO-NAZIS ARE MORE OF A PUBLIC PRESENCE IN NORWAY THAN THEY HAVE BEEN SINCE THE 1990S

ideological motivations in the first place. But here's the rub: Though the Norwegian best-selling author Åsne Seierstad titled her deeply engaging and informed account of Breivik and the July 22 attacks *One of Us*, the overwhelming majority of Norwegians do not consider Breivik to ever have been "one of us." Breivik's very megalomania, his narcissism, and other signs of his mentally disturbed persona have become central to the distancing mechanisms that Norwegians have adopted in the years since 2011. Norway now even has credentialed terrorism researchers and experts on right-wing extremism who claim that Breivik represents an "anomaly" in the overall patterns of right-wing extremist terrorism, going so far as to exclude the July 22 attacks from statistics tracking right-wing terrorism in Norway and Europe. It is hard not to see this as reflective of a wider tendency in media and political circles to highlight ideological motivations when terrorist attacks are perpetrated by individuals of Muslim background, and to highlight psychological makeup when it is white, right-wing extremists who carry out such violence. Excluding Breivik from statistics about right-wing terrorism is akin to excluding the Sept. 11 attacks in the U.S. from statistics on radical Islamist or salafi-jihadist attacks on the grounds that it was an "anomaly" in terms of scale, execution, and the number of casualties inflicted.

Norway is by no means unique in its lack of reckoning with a legacy of right-wing extremism and the long shadow this history casts into the present. As a male scholar in my 40s, I am part of a generation raised to believe that Norwegians generally opposed and resisted the Nazis during the German occupation of Norway between 1940 and 1945. Germany dealt with its Nazi past and the involvement of ordinary Germans in crimes against humanity in the late 1960s in a series of trials; in Norway, where post-World War II historians were virtually obsessed with academic history as a form of nation-building, we had to wait until the 1980s before they began researching the extent to which Norwegians had been complicit in—and even participated in—Nazi war crimes. We learned that German Nazis could not possibly have rounded up the vast majority of Norwegian Jews in 1942-43 for transport to concentration camps without the active support of Norwegian officers working for the Nazified Norwegian state police. We learned that up to 10,000 Norwegians volunteered for the Nordic divisions of the Nazi Waffen SS and took part in the indiscriminate slaughter of Jews and Slavs in the bloodlands of Ukraine in 1942-43. We learned that during

the war, an estimated 10,000 Yugoslav and Soviet prisoners of war were worked to death extending the mountainous Trondheim-Bodø railway line; that Norwegian industrialists profited greatly from contracts with Germany; and that conservative Norwegian media editors were supportive of the Nazis throughout the 1930s and 40s.

And so when Anders Behring Breivik entered the Oslo Magistrate's Court for the first time to stand trial, he made a fascist-inspired Roman salute, and placed himself in a long line of right-wing extremists that goes straight back to the quintessential Norwegian Nazi collaborator, Vidkun Quisling. An erstwhile colleague of the humanitarian polar explorer Fridtjof Nansen, Quisling proclaimed himself prime minister during the German invasion of Norway on April 9, 1940, and was one of only 25 Norwegians executed for treason after World War II. Generic fascism, as the cultural scholar Paul Gilroy and many others have reminded us, is both performative and theatrical, and need not be all that ideologically coherent and consistent. Fascism's very theatricality was certainly part of its appeal to Breivik.

It has been a longstanding part of Norwegian and Nordic myths of exceptionalism that we are innocent of the sins of colonialism, slavery, and racism. International news media is also heavily invested in these myths: To the extent that Norway and the Nordics get covered at all, it is more often than not through feel-good stories about high rankings on gender equality or happiness indexes. But there is a dark undercurrent running through Norwegian history, of which Breivik was but one expression. The lack of reckoning with that dark undercurrent in the wake of the July 22 terror attacks has meant that virulent anti-Muslim hatred has continued to spread unchecked, and in some cases is even funded by the current right-wing administration. Though hardly noted internationally, the Norwegian government funds a popular far-right website run by Hege Storhaug and her nonprofit Human Rights Service to the tune of $228,000 annually. This website pumps out daily doses of hate speech and fabrications against Muslims to its tens of thousands of readers. Earlier this year, a 20-year-old poet and Muslim feminist public intellectual of Norwegian-Somali background, Sumaya Jirde Ali, was forced to cancel a number of public engagements after she was publicly targeted and threatened on another far-right website. That website was set up with funding from a group of white, government-supporting corporate billionaires from west Oslo. Furthermore, national surveys from the Holocaust center in Norway indicate that the conspiratorial "Eurabia" views about Muslims plotting to take over Norway and Europe that so inspired Breivik are now held by at least 30 percent of the Norwegian population. And Norwegian neo-Nazis have become more of a public presence in Norway than they have ever been since the 1990s.

Norway is a comparatively peaceful society, but it would be wrong to assume that it is in any sense exceptional when it comes to the long-standing effects of political polarization combined with widening socio-economic inequality. On March 20 this year, the Progress Party's Minister of Justice and Preparedness, Sylvi Listhaug, rightly known as the closest thing Norway has to Donald Trump, was forced to resign from her post after it became clear that a parliamentary majority was prepared to pass a motion of no confidence in her as a cabinet minister. Eleven days earlier, Listhaug had put forth legislation that would deprive "foreign fighters" of their citizenship—a proposal that was voted down by the opposition. In response, Listhaug had her communication adviser publish a post on her official Facebook page linking the opposition social-democratic Labor Party to salafi jihadists. Though by her

own account a coincidence, the fallout became even more heated as this happened on the very day that Poppe's film premiered in Norwegian movie theaters. The connection she drew could have come straight from Breivik's own script. In the week that followed, a number of survivors of the Utøya attack broke the political taboos that had been so carefully constructed in Norway after 2011, and challenged Listhaug's incitement against them. They did so in spite of continued personal trauma, and at the risk of further harassment and threats from far-right sympathizers determined to shut them up. Listhaug resigned only after it became clear that Norwegian Conservative Party Prime Minister Erna Solberg was so dedicated to the maintenance of her party's alliance with the Progress Party that she was willing to let the entire government fall over Listhaug's freedom to hate. And so the survivors of Utøya have once again charted a possible way forward for Norwegian society, this time by demonstrating new willingness to reckon with and confront right-wing extremism, racism, and Islamophobia—and despite the fact that haters are still very much in our midst. ●

WRINKLES IN TIME

A Swiss watchmaker tries to reset the world's clocks

ADAM JASPER

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We know time zones as a necessary evil: harbingers of jet lag, the bane of conference calls. We tolerate them, because, well, everyone else seems to, even if negotiating a Skype meeting regularly degrades into a humiliating reminder of the difficulty of combining elementary arithmetic and geography. Logically, time zones should neatly divide the planet into 24 identical segments, cut in parallel to the lines of longitude. However, this rational division is the exception rather than the rule.

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Time zones entangle the world in an invisible, irregular net, whose weave distorts around centers of power. A time zone is, above all, a sovereign choice, an indicator of political proximity or political distance. Almost the entire EU, from the extreme west coast of Spain to the Belarusian border, fits within the same time zone. The famous late meals and siestas associated with Spain are not inalienable cultural practices, but the products of a Franco-era political decision to synchronize the time in Madrid with Central European Time. As a result, physical noon in Spain occurs three or so hours after Spanish clocks have already struck 12. Sunrise and sunset occur correspondingly late, with the effect that those Spaniards who—like most of us—let their brains tell them when to go to bed at night, but let their alarm clocks tell them when to get up in the morning, are perpetually sleep deprived. Daylight savings, a weak compromise with the reality of the tilt of the spinning globe, only confuses matters further.

A more extreme example is found in China, where a single Beijing-dictated time zone stretches over 2,000 miles, and an unfortunate worker in the far western city of Kashgar will not see the sun rise in mid-winter until well after 10 a.m. Not synchronizing clocks can also be an act of defiance. Mohammed Reza Pahlavi (in the 1970s in Iran) and Kim Jong Un (in 2015 in North Korea) both set their time zones half an hour off the rest of the world as a symbolic way of isolating their regimes not only spatially, but also temporally, from the global order. (Confirming this hypothesis, North Korea returned to the same time zone as South Korea on May 5 of this year. The decision was presented by the state-run Korea Central News Agency as a symbolic gesture in the wake of the April détente.)

It is not unreasonable to ask why we need time zones at all. During the time of the Republic, Romans engaged in a religious practice in which a surveyor would plunge a spear into the ground before midday, and trace a perfect circle around it. The shadow of the spear's shaft would then be observed. By carefully marking on the circle's perimeter where the tip of the shadow entered the circle before midday, and where it exited after midday, a straight line running east and west could be drawn. Knowing the cardinal directions was crucial to working out the proper placement of the two streets that bisected every Roman camp or colony, the *cardo* and the *decumanus*. This established the center of the community. The shadow of the gnomon therefore not only set the city's time of day, but also oriented it in space, and in the rituals of the year. This story also tells us something else: Every city once had its very own time, one that was established independently of its neighbors. The sundial, and later the church tower with its bells, and later still the chimes of the town clock, all served to synchronize the events that took place immediately around it. To this way of thinking, a place without its own time is not really a place at all—offering a way into Wittgenstein's riddle, "What time is it on the sun?"

While the sundial tells you that the city is in harmony with the solar cycle, a watch serves a rather different purpose, which is to coordinate your actions with those of people who are not present, and perhaps not even close by. This function of the pocket watch explains why some of the most radical experiments in time reform coincide with the birth of the nation-state. Introduced at the height of the terror in 1793, French Decimal Time divided the day into 10 decimal hours, and each hour into 100 decimal minutes. (It was implemented

ADAM JASPER is a post-doctoral researcher at the Institute for the History and Theory of Architecture (GTA) at the ETH Zurich.

after the French Republican Calendar, which renamed the months, introduced a 10-day week, and dedicated each day of the year to useful plants or tools, like rhubarbs and garden rakes.) The new time system never caught on and was abandoned in less than a year. The provocation of the idea, however, was clear. Time would no longer be dictated by tradition, or by principles of numerology that stretched back to ancient Babylon, but by a state with claims to being universal, rational, and in a position to dictate time to all its citizens. The standardization of time was, at least until the atomic era, as close as the state could come to writing the laws of physics.

Time zones themselves emerged through the interaction of the train and telegraph networks. As railroads spiderwebbed across the U.S. in the late 19th century, the need to synchronize the train network overruled the tradition of each city center determining its own time. This synchronization was not merely a matter of convenience for travelers; for a railway, a timetable collision was a potentially catastrophic event. Each railway company initially had its own time—usually the local time at the company's headquarters. In the continental United States, the expanding tangle of railway networks grew to such an extent that during the second half of the 19th century, major junctions like Pittsburgh's central station were obliged to show six times simultaneously. It was the costs of such complexity that prompted the U.S. government to introduce time zones, synchronized by the telegraph system, in 1883.

The answer to the question "What time is it?" therefore depends on the season of the year, your longitude, your government, and your history. It is not so much a physical fact as the outcome of a negotiation between the heavens and mundane state power. It stands to reason, therefore, that in an era in which corporations are perceived as having inherited something of the sovereignty of nation states, they, too, might begin to think about what time it is.

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On Oct. 23, 1998—an announcement that coincided with the 80th anniversary of Lenin's call for the Russian Revolution—the Swiss watchmaking company Swatch proposed a radical solution to the inconvenience of time. It branded this effort "Swatch Internet Time." Swatch Internet Time would, like its radical precursor, French Revolutionary Time, be decimal. However, rather than dividing the day into 10 hours, as was done during the French revolution, Swatch Internet Time divided the day into a thousand ".beats," each some 86.4 seconds long. Moreover, unlike French Revolutionary Time, which, like all time up to the 19th century, was synchronized city by city, Swatch Internet Time was emphatically global—it would apply equally to all locations on earth. Therein lay the novelty: 9 a.m. daylight saving time in Zurich, which is 5 p.m. in Sydney, would both be described by the same number: 333 beats.

SWATCH HAS WON MARKET SHARE THROUGH A DAZZLING RHETORIC OF INNOVATION

Nicholas Negroponte, at the time director of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Media Lab, presented prototype watches at a youth summit that Swatch had sponsored, declaring that cyberspace demanded a reengineering of time. "Cyberspace has no limits ... Cyberspace has no seasons and no night and day." As he elaborated, "Internet Time is absolute time for everybody. Internet Time is

not geopolitical. It is global. In the future, for many people, real time will be Internet Time." The pragmatic advantages of Internet Time were obvious enough. A traveler would never again need to adjust their watch, and a conference call, or a writer's submission deadline, would be the same all over the world. The entire globe would finally be in sync. News agencies picked up the story, and it was enthusiastically covered in *Wired*, the most popular chronicler of the first dotcom bubble. As well as marketing watches that showed both local time and ".beats," Swatch persuaded CNN and other websites to host ".beats" counters, and Ericsson to build the feature into some phones.

A small amount of provincial hubris was allowed—Swatch declared that Internet Time would be calibrated with midnight at Swatch headquarters in Biel/Bienne, Switzerland. As part of the campaign, and in order to underscore its planetary dimensions, Swatch even prepared to "launch" a diminutive satellite, cloyingly called "beatnik," from the Mir space station (strictly speaking, it would be tossed by hand from an airlock by a French astronaut). The beatnik satellite would broadcast feel-good voice and text messages containing the word "beat" over amateur two-meter radio frequencies. But in its attempt to clear the world of the invisible web of time zones, Swatch fell afoul of another invisible but highly regulated system of divisions. Ham radio enthusiasts protested the use of their narrow but fiercely protected bandwidth for marketing purposes. Their indignation was aggravated by the fact that the satellite had been built by amateur satellite radio groups who felt misinformed about its commercial purpose.

The volunteer community that was supposed to help spread enthusiasm for Swatch's new temporal paradigm turned upon its ostensible patron. The negative publicity that ensued was enough to force Swatch to reveal that its project had been no more than a marketing exercise all along. The company not only backed down, but also launched a campaign to control the damage to its image. An announcement on Swatch's website declared its intention to donate the beatnik satellite batteries to the Mir cosmonauts, "thus canceling the possibility of any radio transmission from space." This was followed by a full-page advertisement of the decision in the *New York Times*. Internet Time, although it still features on the Swatch website, was quietly dropped from products and press releases after 2001, only—oddly enough—to reappear as a nostalgic feature in some watches in 2016. The satellite itself, it seems, became space junk.

The impression that remains, after the brief imbroglio is forgotten, is of the cheapness of the whole affair. A corporation mostly dedicated to brand management makes a utopian, technologically triumphalist declaration that it has neither the capacity nor the intent to follow through on. The satellite is barely a satellite, the launch hardly a launch, and the entire campaign is conducted by a motley army of children at a youth summit and amateur radio volunteers, who turn on their sponsors when they realize they've been played for suckers. Microsoft was notorious, in the 1990s, for its "embrace, extend, extinguish" policy on open standards. The corporation would first embrace an open standard (such as HTML), "add" functionality to it that would slowly evolve into an incompatible proprietary alternative, and then use its market share to extinguish the original open standard. No one, until Swatch, had the necessary hubris to try out Microsoft's EEE strategy on an open standard like "time" before. In a global context in which the private sector has become more and more active in attempting to drive governance, the case is more than merely an interesting anecdote—it becomes a kind of self-caricature about how corporate actors relate to policy.

But how did Swatch, an ostensibly venerable watchmaker, end up trafficking in thin marketing ploys? The origins of the company can be quickly sketched: Swiss watchmaking, based in the bilingual industrial region known as the Jura, was dominated by two respectable old cartels, the Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère (SSIH), the owner of Omega and Tissot, and the Allgemeine Schweizerische Uhrenindustrie Aktiengesellschaft (ASUAG), in the French and German regions respectively. The industry, of critical importance to employment in the region, had been in decline since the early 1970s due to competition from Japanese-made quartz watches. A marriage of the dominant cartels was forced by debt, presided over by bankers, and consummated by a management consultant, Nicholas Hayek, who, backed by private capital, in 1985 seized the opportunity to take control of the new conglomerate.

The merger coincided with the development of a low-cost watch with only half the usual number of moving parts, developed by two young engineers on behalf of the ASUAG under the code name of the "Vulgaris Project." This new low-cost watch would become known as the Swatch. It would be the first and the last major technical innovation by the industry. By the time he was interviewed by the *Harvard Business Review* in 1993, Hayek, CEO and chair of the now renamed Swatch Group, was able to present himself as the personal savior of the Swiss watch. The historical truth of the claim has been contested, perhaps most pointedly in Isabelle Schluep Campo and Philipp Aerni's 2016 book *When Corporatism Leads to Corporate Governance Failure: The Case of the Swiss Watch Industry*. Schluep Campo and Aerni argue that the actual history of the company is better understood as a state-managed cartel that evolved into a family-owned monopoly. ASUAG had already implemented all the reforms—from restructuring to the invention of the Swatch—that Hayek would later take personal credit for, and Hayek was well informed about this, for he had, after all, in his role as a management consultant written an analysis that praised ASUAG's future planning. The effective privatization of the Swiss watch industry, Schluep Campo and Aerni note, was done at a total price that was less than the contemporary value of only one of its brands. The Jura region remains, to this day, a relatively depressed part of one of the world's richest countries.

The ascent of Swatch is chiefly remarkable for how the company has managed to win market share through a dazzling rhetoric of innovation. As Pierre-Yves Donzé has noted in his book *A Business History of the Swatch Group*, the basis of Swatch's success has been a complementary relationship between marketing and rationalization, rather than technical invention. This rationalization has meant moving the manufacture of parts to China, Malaysia, and Thailand, and ultimately eroding the monopoly's ties to the industrial Jura region, even as the firm promotes its "Swissness." Academic tallies—such as Schluep Campo and Aerni's—of Swatches' inventions show a hyperactive sequence of press releases not backed up by genuine technical changes. The original smart car, although it was marketed by Swatch, was already fully in the hands of the German corporation Daimler by 1998, and the role Swatch Internet Time played in the company was even more transient.

DISRUPTION, SERIOUS DISRUPTION, IS RARELY GOOD FOR BUSINESS

The failure to produce working inventions has not, however, been a business failure per

se. Swatch has been enormously successful in using announcements of discoveries for marketing purposes. The strategy is similar to that of many luxury brands: The allure of technological progress is used to create a halo of prestige around products. Swatch, like so many other companies, presents itself as a technology-driven concern that owns a series of brands. What it is—also, like many of its peers (comparable, if smaller in scale, to Shell or Deutsche Bank)—is a private monopolist that resists change even as it consumes the substance of those national institutions that helped to create it.

What does this tell us about policy? It is a mantra of contemporary life that we live in ever-accelerating times, and that as the world constantly and fundamentally changes, it is technology that will allow us to frictionlessly slip into a future ever more convenient, more immediate, more intimate. Friction, however, is something vested interests do well, and one would have expected that Swatch, of all companies, would have appreciated the degree of vendor lock-in associated with minutes and hours. In a radio interview from 2014, Swatch executive Carlo Giordanetti cheerfully explained that "in a company like Swatch ... we fall in and out of love relatively quickly ... to revolutionize a new way of telling time, probably we would have had to do some lobbying, at a government level, something like that, which is so *not* Swatch." Giordanetti made his point airily, but nonetheless, Swatch's function is to make money, not to pursue systematic social reform or policy changes. Policy changes can arise in response to problems that companies generate in their search for profits, but such changes are the responsibility of governments, not companies.

It could be asked whether producers of consumer products, for all of their claims of disruptive business practices, have an overwhelming desire not for progress, but for *stasis*. It is questionable whether it is in the *interest* of large firms, technological or otherwise, to see change take place. It is through predictability and repeatability, in managing risk and owning the future, that profits are made. Having a reputation for "newness" and "innovation" is valuable to such companies, but the risks of genuine innovation are not. Disruption, serious disruption, is rarely good for business. An idle survey of the most fundamental changes of the last century, for better or worse, from the Manhattan Project to the internet, finds almost all of them originating in governments, not in private wealth. With the hollowing out of the public sphere in recent decades it becomes reasonable to ask to what extent future governments will prove capable of undertaking those projects and policy commitments that generate enduring social institutions.

Ironically, Swatches' original proposal was by no means entirely a bad idea. The idea of a simultaneous and metric global time is worthy of Buckminster Fuller: It is both a crank suggestion and a visionary one that could do much to sharpen our somewhat vague sense of what contemporaneity means. Such planetary political ambitions seem now more distant than ever. In the face of slogans claiming that the world is accelerating, that the pace of modern life is increasing, and that changes are happening ever faster, might there not also be an argument that—as reform movements grind to a halt, wealth continues to concentrate itself, and days peel off the Gregorian calendar (introduced in 1582 A.D.)—nothing much is happening at all? ●

READING BETWEEN THE LINES

The slow reveal of Recep Tayyip Erdoğan's grandiose vision

KAYA GENÇ

ADAM JONES

Necip Fazıl Kısakürek was a Turkish poet. In the 1920s, as the Ottoman Empire disintegrated and the modern Turkish republic took its place, he read philosophy at the Sorbonne in Paris and became a disciple of the philosopher Henri Bergson.

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But at the end of his studies, Kısakürek felt purposeless. When he returned home he distanced himself from the Westernizing followers of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, the founder of modern Turkey, annoyed by their view of Islam as a regressive religion that needed to be eradicated from the public sphere. He started a conservative literary magazine called *Ağaç* (The Tree) and spent his days drinking, smoking, and gambling in the bohemian quarters of Istanbul. His writer friends considered him an oddity and a lost cause.

After falling under the influence of a sheikh from a banned Sufi order, Kısakürek refashioned himself as an Islamist thinker. In *Büyük Doğu* (The Great East), the political magazine he founded in 1943, Kısakürek diagnosed Marxism and capitalism as the chief causes of Turkey's ills. He wrote editorials recommending that Islamists seize power, advising them to react to restrictions on religion with a ferocity that matched that of the secular establishment. He reminded readers how much power Ottoman sultans once had, and how toothless the new republic was in comparison. Political scientist Michelangelo Guida describes how the poet saw previous generations of Turks as having "reached the height of civil and religious maturity" in creating "the greatest political experiment in world history—the Ottoman Empire."

Over the next four decades Kısakürek's influence rapidly grew, to the extent that a prime minister once offered him hush money to minimize his influence on Islamist youth. Ostracized by the Kemalists, the pro-Western followers of Atatürk, the poet was imprisoned seven times: in 1943, 1947, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, and 1960. The charges against him included insulting Turkishness and defaming the memory of Atatürk. The eighth prison sentence arrived in 1983, when Kısakürek was 79, but the poet couldn't serve it because he had just died. Thousands attended his funeral in Istanbul. Among the mourners was a young man named Recep Tayyip Erdoğan.

The future president of Turkey was 29 at the time. After Erdoğan took the reins of power in 2003, he used his new office as a vehicle for realizing Kısakürek's vision.

Kısakürek's bold views on Turkey's role in history have played a significant role in his disciple's life and politics. The Islamist dream is to recapture the glory of the Ottoman Empire, and in Erdoğan's Turkey, Kısakürek has been refashioned as a cultural icon. In 2012, a conservative newspaper began publishing weekly facsimile editions of *Büyük Doğu*. Two years later, a Necip Fazıl Kısakürek Prize was set up to recognize the best works of prose and poetry written in the tradition of Kısakürek's cultural views. In his opening speech for the award ceremony Erdoğan told a large audience: "More than his poetry, prose and ideas, what [Kısakürek] has instilled in the new generation was this self-confidence ... If the humiliated and insulted of the past can today say 'I, too, exist in politics,' this is largely thanks to the self-confidence advocated by Necip Fazıl."

Erdoğan's ascent to power was *sui generis*, but his persona as the permanent outsider, the "wronged man" of Turkish politics, drew on Kısakürek's confidence as an Islamist at a time when Islam was eradicated from public life, as a thinker who grasped the political strength found in riling the establishment. For three decades, Erdoğan has captured the nation's attention through his own show of self-assurance; indeed, he has transformed his rebellious image into a commodity peddled to the electorate. Erdoğan is the first civilian politician to use anger to get democratically elected in Turkey. In so doing, he has heralded a new era

KAYA GENÇ, an essayist based in Istanbul, is a contributor to *The New York Review of Books* and the author of *Under the Shadow* (I.B. Tauris, 2016).

in Turkish governance—one in which charisma overshadows ideology and party politics, which both still lurk in the background.

* * *

While Kısakürek was an eccentric composite of a bohemian and a purist, Erdoğan was a determined micromanager from an early age. In *The New Sultan*, a precise and subtle biography of the president, Soner Çağaptay, a political scientist at The Washington Institute for Near East Policy, interweaves individual narrative with public history, structuring his book like a 19th-century *bildungsroman*.

Erdoğan grew up in the 1960s in the Istanbul neighborhood of Kasımpaşa, located around an urban waterway called the Golden Horn. Since Ottoman times, Turks have used the Golden Horn to build their industries, but by the mid-20th century Kasımpaşa had become a refuge for the downtrodden. The estuary was polluted with industrial waste, and "during the summer, the breeze … would carry an overwhelming stench into the narrow alleyways of Kasımpaşa," Çağaptay writes. "With every rainstorm the rough cobbled streets would fill with mud."

The adjacent neighborhood of Nişantaşı, meanwhile, was popular with affluent Turks who eyed the Golden Horn's working-class migrants with suspicion and condescension. In a set of articles published in the newspaper *Cumhuriyet* (The Republic) newspaper in 1960, Yaşar Kemal, the most perceptive chronicler of mid-20th century Turkey, describes public buses in central Istanbul where locals scoffed at "black Turks," lower- and working-class citizens outside the secular establishment, for their unruly attire. "Is that how Istanbul used to be?" Kemal recalled a passenger saying. "People who dressed like that … they'd never board buses to city centers in the past." Yet Kasımpaşa Turks were proud, and refused to let people treat them like bumpkins. Many years later, Erdoğan would recall how he drew on the spirit of his neighborhood during a contentious conversation with George W. Bush: "I told Bush, 'If you're from Texas then I am from Kasımpaşa' … Now he has learned what Kasımpaşa is."

Lacking political influence and financial power, Erdoğan and many other black Turks chose to devote themselves to religion, and to the pious social networks organized around different Islamic sects. At age 11, Erdoğan's parents sent their son to Istanbul's *imam hatip* high school, a state-run religious boarding school for working-class Sunni boys, hoping he would eventually become a civil servant. There, he joined the Ottoman marching band and became a successful athlete, earning a reputation for being more in his element on the street than in the prayer room. During these years, Çağaptay writes, Erdoğan would join classmates for evening gatherings in which students would recite verses from the Quran and Kısakürek. Delivering Kısakürek's work to a conservative young audience showed Erdoğan how well the poet's ideas went down with this group, and helped the future leader develop his oratorical skills.

AFTER GRADUATION, ERDOĞAN WORKED AT A RESTAURANT IN BEYOĞLU, WHERE HE BECAME FAMOUS FOR HIS TRIPE SOUPS

In the latter half of the 20th century, the secular state made life for imams particularly difficult. After a 1960 coup,

generals attempted to close religious schools for good, and 11 years later, another coup led to the abolishment of many *imam hatip* schools. In this environment, Erdoğan found himself without a steady income after graduation. He sold snacks on the streets, and for a while worked at a restaurant in the Istanbul neighborhood of Beyoğlu, where he became famous for his tripe soups.

In his 20s, Erdoğan was hired to play for the professional soccer team of IETT, a utility and transportation company under the auspices of the Istanbul municipal government. This became his unlikely entry into the world of governance. While on IETT's payroll, Erdoğan continued to cultivate his passion for Kısakürek's ideas, and began a parallel career as a youth politician. He was a skilled organizer and orator, and he met his future wife when she approached him after a public event. In the late 1970s, Erdoğan swiftly rose through the ranks of Necmettin Erbakan's National Salvation Party (MSP), and in 1976 he became leader of the party's youth branch in Istanbul.

The MSP was an Islamist home for Turks and Kurds who found traditional right-wing parties insufficiently conservative. In Turkey, conservative parties had historically supported alliances with the U.S. and NATO, as well as distance from Iran and Russia, and rarely questioned Kemalism, nationalism, or modernization, instead focusing on development and enterprise. Despite frustration from their more pious supporters, these parties avoided any confrontations with Atatürk's legacy, and refused to play the Islam card. Erdoğan was on a different path. By the late 70s, he was known for his fidelity to Erbakan, and had been singled out as a potential leader of the Islamist movement. But then, authoritarianism, that perennial figure throughout the 20th century in Turkey, appeared once again. In September 1980, a military coup would forever change both Turkish politics and Erdoğan's life, ushering the country into an age of political megalomania.

* * *

Kenan Evren was born in the Aegean town of Alaşehir to a family with Bulgarian and Albanian roots. During the Cold War, he excelled in the Armed Forces, commanding troops in operations against Marxist militants inside Turkey. He continued to cultivate an intense dislike of communists after serving in Korea in the late 1950s, and upon returning home, became suspicious of the religious political forces gaining power in Turkey. In 1978, Evren became Chief of the General Staff, the army's top post, and from there he watched young leaders in Erbakan's National Salvation Party advance up the Islamist party ranks.

The late 1970s saw the spread of mass political violence in Turkey, which the shaky parliamentary system was unable to control. Particularly concerning to Evren and military leadership was an MSP gathering known as the "Save Jerusalem" rally, which was held in the southern city of Konya in September 1980, several weeks after Israel declared Jerusalem its eternal capital. The event brought together thousands of Erbakan supporters and Islamists of different hues, and generals watched anxiously as they marched for Palestinian rights. Turkey's leaders worried that if the protests got out of control, they could challenge the republic by empowering MSP members who hoped to replicate the 1979 revolution in Iran. Meanwhile, violence was intensifying to the point of civil war: Dozens of people were dying every week in street fights between Marxist and nationalist groups. In April 1980 alone, 238 people were killed as a result of political disputes.

Tensions finally broke at 3 a.m. on the morning of Sept. 12, 1980, when tanks started rolling down the streets of Istanbul. At 3:59,

public broadcaster TRT played the national anthem, and Evren came on the radio to announce the coup. Four days later, in his first press conference after the takeover, Evren pointed to the Konya rally as evidence for "how strong Islamists have became in Turkey ... how great the danger is."

Evren cast himself as the savior of the Turkish nation, and Washington welcomed him in. He played the role of charismatic leader, drinking alcohol publicly and proudly wearing a fedora. Like Atatürk, he made no secret of his secularism or fondness for chasing actresses. He immediately began to root out both Islamists and Marxists: Erbakan and members of the MSP were imprisoned, and leftists found themselves locked up for their presumed ties to Soviet Russia. "There were doubts but he symbolized peace and an end to civil war," a Turkish journalist remembered years later, in a harsh obituary of Evren. "He looked like a father but then he turned into an abusive megalomaniac and an increasingly violent one ... He genuinely believed he was the best thing that had ever happened to this country. He never hesitated to think there could be something wrong."

Evren was a staunch follower of the ideas of Atatürk, and during his rule he revived the myths of "pure Turkishness." Turks were taught they were ethnically distinct from Kurds and Armenians, despite overwhelming evidence that the Turkish population was a mixture of all three. Turks were told that they were the first race on earth, and that Turkish was the original language. In their isolation from the outside world, people grew accustomed to the image of Evren in his meticulously clean military uniform, saluting the nation like a faux Atatürk. The 1982 constitution, which was drafted by Evren and his allies and proposed to make him president until 1989, was approved with more than 91 percent of the popular vote. But Evren's power proved cursory, and a desire for order soon gave way to demands for cultural and human rights. By 1987, when Evren's opponents were allowed to return to politics, it was clear that his cult of personality wouldn't last forever.

The rising Turkish political star of the late 1980s was a former World Bank consultant whose ascent to power was built on rational market principles and a critique of Evren. Millions of ethnic Kurds and pious Turks uneasy with Evren's notion of "Turkishness" supported Turgut Özal, and his blend of economic liberalism and social conservatism created the formula that Erdoğan and Islamist-minded conservatives would follow in the years to come. Over the 1990s, armed with these ideas, Islamists regrouped under the banner of Erbakan's new Welfare Party (RP), which Erdoğan referred to as "the voice of the silent masses." They ran against the Kemalist despotism of Evren's regime, advocating freedom of religion and greater visibility of Sunni Islam in the public sphere. It was a radical break from the secular regime. But even in 1994, when Erdoğan was running for mayor of Istanbul, there were already concerns about him and his colleagues.

FOR MIDDLE-CLASS TURKS, THE FUTURE OF THEIR COUNTRY LOOKED BRIGHTER THAN EVER

* * *

Erdoğan was 40 when he was elected mayor, and his charisma and energy surprised voters used to seeing silver-haired Islamists vying for leadership positions. While many locals were nervous about a hidden religious agenda, the

allure of living in a well-run city proved irresistible. During his campaign, Erdoğan focused on fixing Istanbul's infrastructure problems, once waving aside a journalist who asked him why he wanted to close brothels by saying, "Why don't you ask me about buses, rubbish collection, pollution, or water?" As he appealed to Istanbulites for votes, Çağaptay notes, the future mayor would resist saying anything that might deviate from his religious values:

> He took photo opportunities at *meyhanes*—tavern-style Turkish restaurants where alcohol flows freely—and he even pulled publicity stunts by visiting Istanbul's legal brothels. Standing among the gobsmacked sex workers, he insisted that most of them would support the RP and its conservative mission, since it was the only party that would rescue them from their trade.

This pragmatism, Çağaptay writes, was part of Erdoğan's formula for success. It also helped that he was good at his job. In the following years, even his fiercest critics would concede the young mayor's administrative skills as he solved the city's water shortage, pollution, trash collection, and public transport problems.

In 2001, a number of new conservative parties banded together under Erdoğan to form the Justice and Development Party (AKP). At the beginning, this model of supposedly moderate conservatism appeared to challenge the all-consuming nationalism that had long been dominant. Members critiqued and undermined the nationalist foundations of the modern Turkish state, pledging to remove the student oath ("How happy is the one who says 'I am a Turk!'"), and even promoting a new word for citizenship, *Türkiyeli*, which focused on allegiance to the country, rather than ethnicity, as the centerpiece of national identity. Following its ascent to power in 2002, the AKP began to remodel Turkey as a Western-facing democracy oriented toward liberalizing markets and raising citizens' quality of life. Erdoğan built a mortgage system that extended credit to millions of middle- and working-class Turks, enabling them to buy their first homes. In 2002, Çağaptay tells us, Turkey's maternal mortality rate "was roughly comparable to prewar Syria's; now it is close to Spain's." The country also secured a seat on the U.N. Security Council, and between 2002 and 2018, the state-run Turkish Airlines increased its number of destinations threefold. For middle-class Turks, who now made up the majority of the population for the first time, the future of their country looked brighter than ever.

As all this was happening, the new conservatives were also revealing their true colors. By 2016, Turkey had become the world's leading jailer of journalists. Erdoğan accused working women of being "deficient," called childless women "incomplete," and offered financial support to encourage couples to have three or more children. Under his leadership, the AKP attempted to criminalize adultery. According to Çağaptay, many analysts who had initially considered the AKP as part of a half-century-long tradition of Turkish conservatism began to acknowledge that they had neglected to consider the extent of Islamist influence. Members of the AKP had taken their more radical ideas from an eccentric visionary, and Kısakürek's sway was becoming apparent.

* * *

Erdoğan's vision of a new Turkey materialized gradually in the eyes of the outside world. "Erdoğan has been a Rorschach test for successive U.S. presidents," Çağaptay muses. After 9/11, George W. Bush held Turkey up as a model democracy in the Middle East. Under Barack Obama, Turkey came to exemplify a secular state and a nation of "moderate Islam." For those Western leaders, Erdoğan's Turkey

had the potential to positively influence post-revolutionary nations like Egypt. A Brookings survey conducted in five Arab countries in 2011 found that Erdoğan was the most popular world leader at the time. During the turbulent months of the Arab Spring, Obama phoned Erdoğan more than any other political leader, save for David Cameron.

Meanwhile, as Erdoğan was building his empire, another Islamic leader, an imam called Fethullah Gülen, was cementing his own ambitious agenda. Gülen, born in 1941 in the eastern Anatolian city of Erzurum, had spent decades building a global network called *Hizmet* ("service"), a primarily religious organization that recruited followers and raised money through its educational institutions. These institutions were seen as a path to upward mobility for religious Turkish youth, many of whom went on to pursue careers in the government or military. Yet Gülen's shadowy empire also extended far beyond Turkey: At its height, it was present in more than 160 countries around the world, and helped forge international support for the Turkish government by advocating for a moderate, civil society-based understanding of Islam. Erdoğan's foreign policy chiefs saw a business opportunity in this movement, and they embraced it. From 2005 through 2012, it was widely believed that Gülen's followers were setting the agendas in Turkey's foreign and internal ministries, despite the organization's claims of being apolitical.

In late 2013, a decade into his tenure as prime minister, Erdoğan, his family, and his closest AKP associates were targeted in a legal investigation that was initiated and run by figures from the Gülen movement. The court cases were seen as an attempt by *Hizmet* to topple the AKP, and it led to a loud and messy falling out between Erdoğan and Gülen. In 2014, in an effort to gain control over the Gülenist-run judiciary and police force, Erdoğan began to purge members of the organization from state institutions. He was elected president the same year. As he was busy consolidating power, the government was inventing new traditions: Commemorations of century-old battles, like Britain's 1916 siege of Kut al-Amara in Iraq, were used to reinforce a backward-facing perspective. At the same time, Erdoğan was reorienting Turkey's foreign policy toward the Islamic world. In a bid to revive the glorious Ottoman past, Erdoğan adopted the imperial aspirations of Iran, Russia, and China, and decided, according to Çağaptay, that the country's new foreign policy "should be primarily anti-Western."

THE REAL GAINS OF THE AKP'S APPROACH ARE IN DOMESTIC POLITICS, NOT IN THE INTERNATIONAL ARENA

And then on July 15, 2016, Turkey was shaken by a coup attempt. Tanks once again rolled into Istanbul and Ankara, and fighter plans dropped bombs on Parliament. Only hours after the violence began, thousands of citizens took to the streets to defend the government, giving Erdoğan an opening to restore order, though not before 241 people were killed. The attempt was blamed on high-ranking Gülenists in the Armed Forces, and it did not escape notice that the U.S. and European governments stayed silent as the coup was ongoing. This radically altered Turkey's politics and foreign policy, and provided Erdoğan with an excuse to distance himself further from Europe and the U.S. Although the Obama White House, the European Council, and NATO did eventually express their support for the elected government, Vladimir Putin refashioned

himself as Turkey's best friend, and was rumored to have notified the president hours before the coup happened. After thousands of military personnel, including generals and admirals, fled or were arrested for alleged ties to Gülenists, Russia took advantage of the new mood in Turkey to normalize strained relations.

For Erdoğan, the West's claimed indifference to the Turkish trauma was a chance to forge closer ties to Qatar, Russia, and Turkic countries like Azerbaijan. Only a month after the failed coup, Erdoğan sent troops into northern Syria with Putin's blessing. During the Qatar–Saudi Arabia proxy conflict in 2017-2018, Turkey jumped to Doha's defense, sending batches of soldiers to its military base in Qatar. Such moves have not made much difference: Qatar remains ostracized among the Gulf countries, and Bashar Assad's grip on power shows little sign of weakening. Turkey has since been forced to soften (if not alter) its positions. Given these failures, it has become apparent that the real gains of the AKP's approach are in domestic politics, not in the international arena. Erdoğan's vision plays well at the ballot box, and the further Turkey navigates away from traditional conservatives the more votes he receives. Indeed, the changes that began with foreign policy triggered a process that ended last year with a complete overhaul of Turkey's parliamentary democracy. In 2017, Erdoğan got more than 51 percent support for his proposal to turn Turkey into an executive presidency: Under the new system, the president is allowed to serve only two terms, but as head of government, state, and the ruling party, he is granted vast new powers.

* * *

Erdoğan has been able to get away with these shifts because of his own history, and his appeal to a large group of voters who had long been overlooked. No politician in today's Turkey has a story quite like Erdoğan's. The snap presidential elections on June 24, 2018, which will complete the transition to an executive presidency begun with the 2017 referendum, will be a contest between personalities, rather than between parties and ideologies. Knowing his chances, the leader of Atatürk's Republican People's Party (CHP), today the largest opposition party, did not even run. As Çağaptay writes, "while the country's conservative half has Erdoğan, their 'Atatürk,' secular and liberal Turks lack a similarly charismatic leader." Whoever wins, the outcome will be clear: The new system will make the president and his advisers the heart of Turkish governance, replacing a century of parliamentarianism.

How Erdoğan will be remembered is a question Çağaptay ponders at length. He thinks the president's legacy will be mixed, and wonders whether his revanchist tendencies—such as welcoming world leaders at the presidential palace in Ankara with soldiers wearing the military uniforms of former Turkic states, or vowing to bring back the Ottoman Empire—may actually be "reviving the caricature of the Ottomans that he was taught by the Kemalists." Çağaptay believes "Erdoğan's biggest strength as a politician and biggest weakness as a citizen is that ... he feels as if he is still an outsider." The ability to mobilize this feeling appears to be the main parallel between Erdoğan and Kısakürek. But mobilizing a politics of grievance comes with grave risks. Turkey has an ugly history of racist politicians, and if a member of the extreme right is elected to the executive presidency, the thin line that separates national pride and populism could disappear to reveal something much darker.

In his 2015 novel *A Strangeness in My Mind*, the Turkish Nobel laureate Orhan Pamuk tells the story of Mevlut, a street vendor trying to make ends meet in the harsh economic climate of late-20th-century Turkey by selling

a fermented beverage called *boza*. Mevlut bears a grudge against affluent Turks, and worries that he “will sell *boza* until the day the world ends.” Early in the novel, a group of carousing customers invite Mevlut home to wait on them, thinking he won’t catch on to their condescension. But nothing is lost on the vendor, and he patiently endures their mockery. While Mevlut plays the part of the ignorant and pious black Turk, he also quietly pursues his own aims while brushing aside any contempt. It’s unclear whether Erdoğan is interested in becoming a president for all Turkish citizens, but we do know that, like Mevlut, he won’t tolerate anybody who underestimates him. ●

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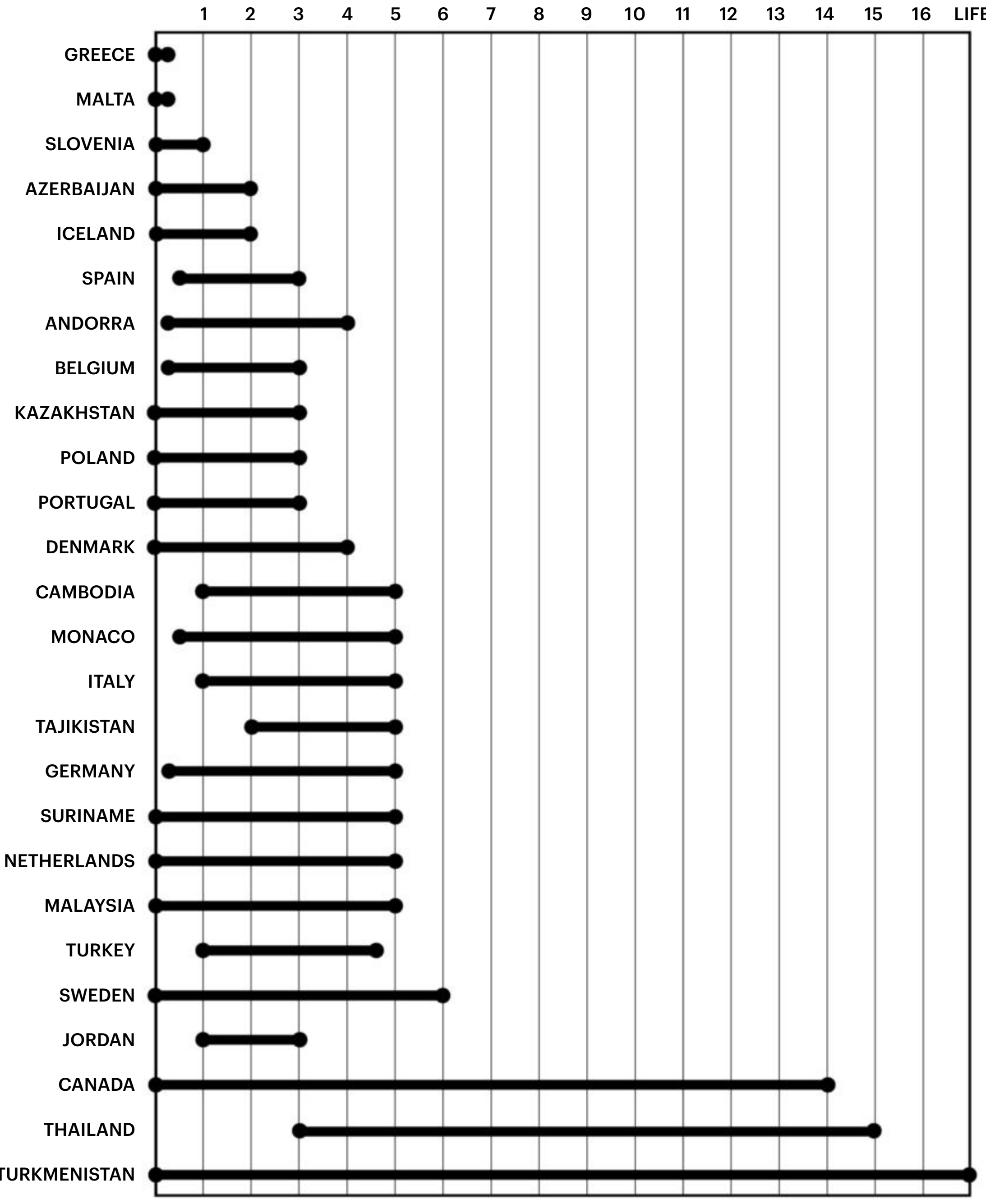
ANATOMY

A ROYAL OFFENSE

Numerous countries have lèse-majesté laws on their books, prohibiting insult to the sovereign or head of state. The laws can forbid anything from questioning a leader's authority in the media to viewing a negative post about a sovereign online. Below, *World Policy Journal* looks at countries that have such laws in place, and the length of the jail term (in years) an offender could face.



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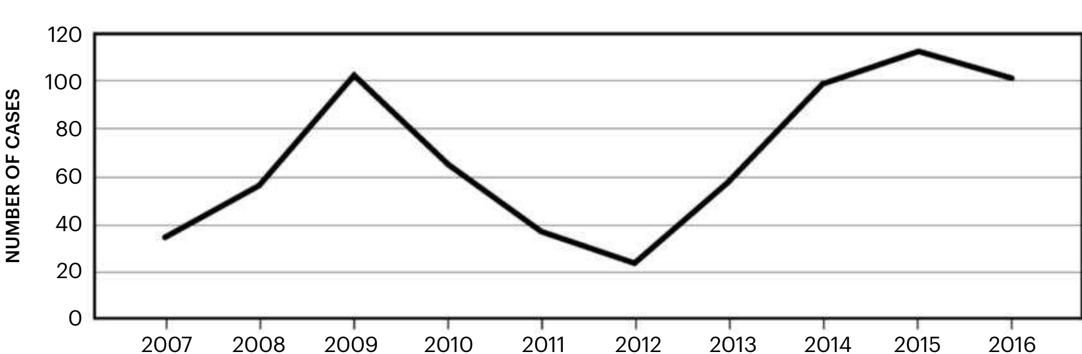

Thailand's lèse-majesté laws forbid insulting any member of the royal family. This includes stepping on the currency, which bears the king's image. The number of lèse-majesté cases filed by police rose following the 2006 coup, reaching 104 in 2009 before dropping again. After the 2014 coup, which established a military junta, the number of cases filed increased once again, reaching 116 in 2015.

BELARUS	MONACO
While not illegal, camera operators have reportedly been fired for catching President Alexander Lukashenko's bald spot on film.	In addition to laws against insulting the prince and his family, it is illegal to attack the economic reputation of the state.
FRANCE	**MOROCCO**
It was once illegal to name a pig after the head of state. Porcine naming is no longer regulated, but the law used to forbid calling a pig "Napoleon."	Anything the king finds offensive is considered illegal.
MALAYSIA	**SAUDI ARABIA**
Student activist Ali bin Abd Jalil served 22 days in prison in 2014 for insulting the Johor royal family and Sultan of Selangor on Facebook. Sweden has granted him asylum.	Actions that defame the king are considered terrorism. Penalties vary for each case, but past instances have resulted in corporal punishment, imprisonment, and death.

Compiled by John Kiehl and Helena Ong

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Designed by Meehyun Nam Thompson

KILLING FOR AIRTIME

How Boko Haram's Abubakar Shekau manipulates media

ADAOBI TRICIA NWAUBANI

BREANNE PYE

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On the night of April 14, 2014, in the town of Chibok in northeast Nigeria, 276 girls between the ages of 15 and 24 were abducted from their school dormitory. It led to the biggest publicity coup to date by Boko Haram, the jihadist group led by Abubakar Shekau. Activists took to the streets of major Nigerian cities to protest, camping out in front of government buildings. A media frenzy ensued. The shocking incident sparked a global campaign to "Bring Back Our Girls," which saw the involvement of celebrities from Malala to Michelle Obama. Boko Haram was discussed on high-profile talk shows across the world. Images of the group's leader flashed regularly across TV screens. His every comment was translated from Arabic into English, French, Mandarin. His every move was analyzed by experts. Thus, Abubakar Shekau the superstar was born.

Prior to the Chibok kidnappings, Shekau was just some madman Nigerians saw on TV once in a while. Bushy beard, combat clothes, he would stab at the camera with his fingers and guffaw wildly while swaying from side to side, surrounded by armed men in balaclavas. Apart from the fact that he was of the Kanuri ethnic group and from the Yobe state in northeast Nigeria, nobody seemed to know anything about his family or his origins. He appeared to have materialized from nowhere. He would rant at the former president, Goodluck Jonathan, a Christian he regularly referred to as an infidel, threatening him with death and all manner of destruction. When Shekau expressed his desire to eradicate Western education and impose Islamic education and law in Nigeria, many of us laughed. Who did this maniac from the hinterlands of our country really think he was? "President Jonathan, you are now too small for us," he once raved. "We can only deal with your grandmasters like Obama, the president of America ... even they cannot do anything to us."

Shekau had his first taste of global relevance on Aug. 26, 2011. Around 11 a.m. that day, a vehicle smashed through two security barriers at the entrance to the United Nations headquarters in Nigeria's capital, Abuja. Its driver crashed the car into the reception area, then detonated a bomb. A wing of the building collapsed, the ground floor was reduced to rubble, 23 people died, and 73 were wounded. A spokesperson for Boko Haram later claimed responsibility. The group had previously unleashed terror on various targets in northern Nigeria, especially churches and markets, but the U.N. bombing marked its debut in international media.

Nigeria's population of 195 million is roughly divided into the predominantly Muslim north and the mostly Christian south. Northerners have run the federal government for the vast majority of Nigeria's half century of independence—the country was liberated from British rule in 1960—attaining power mainly via military coups. Holding the reins of power for so long means that northerners have benefited the most from government largesse and control most of Nigeria's resources, especially crude oil, which is produced in the south. This makes it easy to blame that part of the country for Nigeria's general decline. Not only are the northern elite accused of marginalizing the rest of the country while in power, but they are also guilty of ignoring their own people. The north has the country's grimmest statistics on literacy, health, and poverty.

In 2000, in a move widely seen as an attempt by politicians to boost their popularity among locals, 12 northern states adopted Sharia. This was followed by a proliferation of

ADAOBI TRICIA NWAUBANI is a Nigerian novelist, journalist, and essayist. Her young adult novel, *Buried Beneath the Baobab Tree*, based on interviews with dozens of women and girls kidnapped by Boko Haram in northeast Nigeria, will be published by HarperCollins in fall 2018.

radical Islamic groups, including one founded by the cleric Mohammed Yusuf in Maiduguri, the capital city of Borno. At first, this group was known by its Arabic name, *Jama'atu Ahlis Sunna Lidda'awati wal-Jihad*—"People Committed to the Propagation of the Prophet's Teachings and Jihad." But its followers' hatred of education led residents of Maiduguri to start calling them by a Hausa name, Boko Haram, meaning "Western education is forbidden." Boko Haram initially allied itself with the politicians, but turned against them when Sharia did not bring the changes they hoped to see. They blamed the corruption of Nigeria's leaders on Western influence and education. "Yusuf used to call the attention of society to bad governance, no electricity, no roads, no markets," a former Boko Haram commander, Shagari, told me when I interviewed him in 2017. Shagari was a member of Boko Haram from 2004 until his arrest by the military in 2011. "He also used to teach that if you allow your children to go to school, their attitude and manners would change; they would start smoking, womanizing, and the way they related with their parents changed. He taught that it was better for children to stay at home and continue with their Islamic education." Following clashes between the government and Boko Haram in 2009, Yusuf was executed and Shekau emerged as the group's leader. Shekau was more of an extremist than his predecessor. In his bid to establish Islamic law in all of Nigeria and to banish Western education, he sent his followers out to attack not only police and government facilities but also Christian and Muslim civilian targets.

After the U.N. bombing, nobody expected Shekau would be able to strike again with such force. Security had been beefed up around all international premises in Nigeria: There were more stringent checks at entrances, cars were parked farther away from main buildings, and premises were surrounded with dense boulders that no speeding vehicle could penetrate. Shekau's 15 minutes of fame seemed over.

And then came Chibok.

* * *

In 1999, America experienced its first mass school shooting when two teenagers at a high school in Columbine, Colorado, killed 12 of their fellow students and one teacher. The nearly two decades between then and the recent mass school shooting in Parkland, Florida, have seen dozens of school shooters adopt common tactics to capture media attention. Following the February 2018 Parkland high school shooting, in which 17 people were killed and 17 more wounded, journalist Dave Cullen, author of *Columbine*, called for the media to cut back on coverage of mass shootings.

"These people have figured out there's really two ways to get on television [and] be the big story of the week," he told CNN. "One of them is body count. The other is, call it creativity—to do something original." To support his point, Cullen referenced the book *Terror in the Mind of God* by religion scholar Mark Juergensmeyer, who defines terrorism as "the public performance of violence." "That's in a nutshell what terrorism is," Cullen said. "It's violence, but made for TV." The motivation to attack often goes back to the desire for power and impact.

In the aftermath of the Chibok kidnappings, media organizations around the world broadcast and rebroadcast Shekau's slightest remark. And he kept them supplied with material, such as one video in which he boasted that he would sell the kidnapped schoolgirls for $12 each. So frequently was Shekau featured on TV that my friend's 8-year-old daughter burst into tears one morning when he appeared yet again on their screen. She was terrified of this ubiquitous monster not mentioned in her storybooks, who threatened on a daily basis to steal girls away from their schools.

The coverage of the event had two major effects: It inflated Shekau's value as a media commodity, making it increasingly rewarding to keep him in the news, and it distorted the story itself. In spite of the way it was covered by the media, the Chibok kidnappings had absolutely nothing to do with "an attack on girls' education." It was simply banditry gone wrong. More than two years after they were stolen, two batches of girls—the first a group of 21, the second of 82—were freed following negotiations between the Nigerian government and Boko Haram. Among the second batch was Naomi Adamu, who was 24 at the time of the abduction, one of the oldest in her class. A few months into her captivity, she and her classmate, 20-year-old Sarah Samuel, began chronicling their experiences in exercise books given to them by the jihadists for Quran lessons, which they kept hidden in their underwear and buried in the ground. The two 40-leaf notebooks contain their memories from the afternoon before their kidnapping to about five months later.

According to the Chibok girls' diaries, the militants who attacked their school on April 14 were simply on a mission to loot and steal. Their primary target appeared to be an "engine block"—a block-making machine that can be used for constructing weapons—that had supposedly been left on the premises after some construction work had been carried out. Not finding the engine block, the militants emptied out the school's storeroom of food, and then were left with the problem of what to do with the captive students. "So they started argument in their midst," Sarah and Naomi wrote. "One small boy said that they should burn us all and they said no let us take them with us ... Another person said no let's not do that. Let's lead them ... and then go to their parent homes. As they were in argument, then one of them said, if we take them to Shekau, he will know what to do."

This account has been confirmed by a Human Rights Watch report based on interviews with some of the 57 girls who managed to escape on the night of the kidnapping by jumping off the trucks used to ferry them away from their school and into Boko Haram's hideout in the Sambisa forest. Although published a few months after the kidnapping, little attention was paid to that detail. Determined to make the Boko Haram attacks about the glamorous theme of terrorists targeting female education (think Malala), the media ignored any thread that did not fit this narrative. Just a few weeks before the Chibok kidnappings, Boko Haram had attacked a school in the northeast town of Buni Yadi and allowed female students to flee before slaughtering 40 boys in their dormitory. The Buni Yadi incident attracted little media attention until after the Chibok kidnappings, but this additional knowledge did nothing to sway the direction of reporting. The media insisted on viewing the Chibok incident through the lens of gender violence, unwittingly providing Boko Haram with the direction they needed to build their global brand.

BOKO HARAM ONLY STARTED USING FEMALE BOMBERS IN 2014—AFTER THE CHIBOK KIDNAPPINGS

Boko Haram's use of women as attackers skyrocketed after the Chibok kidnappings. It is the first terrorist group in history to use more female suicide bombers than male. Researchers at the Combating Terrorism Center at West Point and Yale University analyzed the 434 suicide bombings that the group has carried out since 2011, and found that out of the 338

attacks in which the bomber's gender could be identified, at least 244 were carried out by women. Boko Haram sent at least 80 women to their deaths in 2017 alone. According to Hilary Matfess, co-author of the report, the fact that Boko Haram only started using female bombers in 2014—after the Chibok kidnappings—suggests the group adopted the tactic to grab headlines and elicit "shock and awe from the local and international community." "Through the global response to the Chibok abductions, the insurgency learned the potent symbolic value of young female bodies ... that using them as bombers would attract attention and spread pervasive insecurity," Matfess told the Thomson Reuters Foundation.

Boko Haram's strategy has had a devastating impact on education in northeast Nigeria. A few weeks after the Chibok kidnappings, the U.N. launched the Safe Schools Initiative in Nigeria, with support from the government. "You can make your schools better by fortifications, by better communications, by sending out a message that you're protecting it," U.N. Special Envoy on Education, Gordon Brown, told the Nigerian media at the time. Despite this initiative, the U.N. in 2017 reported that 10.5 million Nigerian children are out of school—the largest number of any country in the world—with the majority in the country's northeast. About 60 percent are girls. Female teachers and schoolgirls have been traumatized to the point that they're afraid to go to school. School attendance rates for girls have radically decreased.

Media coverage of terrorist attacks is important. Victims need to be remembered and memorialized. The public needs to be warned. The world needs to understand how and why things happen. But all this can be done without making stars out of those who perpetrate these heinous acts, without encouraging wannabes to follow in their footsteps and providing them with tutorials.

In his CNN interview, Cullen summed up the media's role in mass shootings this way: "I think the first thing we as journalists have to do is just accept that it's a reality, that we are part of the equation. We didn't start this. Obviously we're not pulling the trigger. But we're giving them the stage." He advised the media to adopt several approaches to dissuade attention seekers. The simplest thing, he said, is to cut back on mentions of the attacker's name and face. "Disappearing the killer," as he called it, minimizes them and their power. Anybody who wants to know more about a perpetrator can trawl Google for what he looks like, his hobbies, his favorite color, and his past girlfriends. Cullen also recommended that the media avoid ranking attacks. "It's like we're awarding them," he said. Similar suggestions should apply to the media's coverage of the Abubakar Shekaus of this world and to terror groups like Boko Haram. Even when something about an attack is unprecedented, the media can limit coverage and choose language that doesn't glamorize violence.

The war against terrorism currently being fought around the world must go beyond security measures and arms buildups. We must take it to the newsrooms. We either starve these deluded performers of the publicity they crave or prepare for a world in which one murderer exits the stage only for another to make his grand entrance. Most of the freed Chibok girls have returned to school, sponsored by the national government to attend a special remedial program at the American University of Nigeria in Yola, northeast Nigeria. More than 100 remain in Boko Haram captivity. Yet the use of female suicide bombers in northeast Nigeria continues, and new attacks are reported almost every week. ●

THE OTHER BATTLE OF ALGIERS

Overcoming an architecture of oppression

NATASHA MARIE LLORENS

Algeria is most vivid in the imaginations of many non-Algerians as it was depicted by Gillo Pontecorvo and Yacef Saadi in their now-classic 1966 film, *The Battle of Algiers*. Set in the Algerian capital, it animated the city with revolution, showing men running clumsily through the winding streets of the Casbah, the old Islamic city, disguised in the archetypical, enveloping white veil worn by Algéroises women. Their heavy shoes, visible beneath the hems of these disguises, is what ultimately gives them away to the French military officers. The wide, well-swept streets of the European district of Bab el Oued are shot from the perspective of an unlucky vegetable seller.

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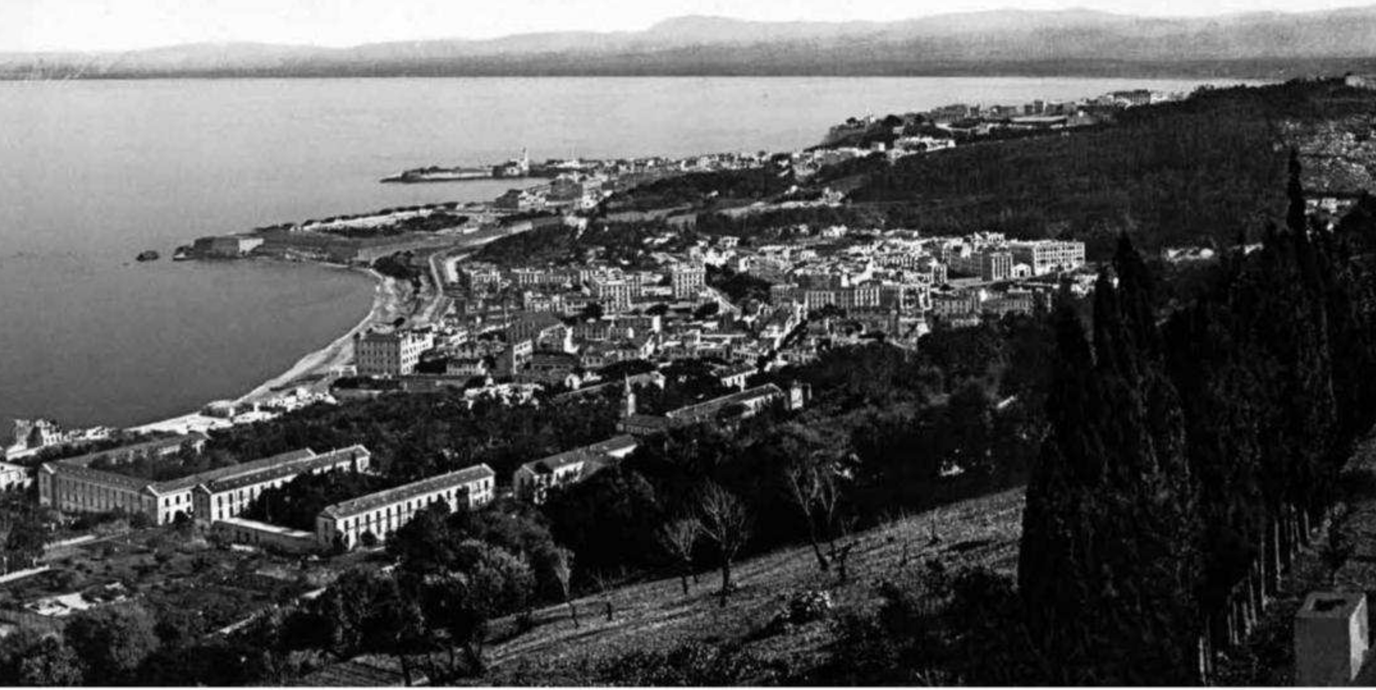

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He is depicted staring up at wrought-iron balconies, over which lean enraged settlers bent on scapegoating him for the assassination of French police officers throughout Algiers. These strategic killings were actually conducted by agents of the revolutionary National Liberation Front (FLN), an act that constituted one of the opening shots of the Battle of Algiers in 1956, itself an important escalation in a war of liberation from the French that lasted from 1954 to mid-summer of 1962. In one of the film's most iconic scenes, fictional representations of legendary militants Zohra Drif, Samia Lakdari, and Djamila Bouhaired pass checkpoints into the French quarter wearing European drag and carrying beach baskets filled with bomb components.

In real life, Zohra Drif walked out of the Casbah and into one of the centers of European urban life at the time, the Place Bugeaud, named for French military officer Maréchal Bugeaud. The Maréchal had won renown for defeating Emir Abdel Kader, a 19th-century Algerian military leader who was a key figure in one of the many waves of armed resistance to French conquest. A monumental bronze statue of the Maréchal graced the center of the square at the time of *The Battle of Algiers*, which Drif passed on her way to a popular café named the Milk Bar, where she was to place one of the most explosive and controversial bombs of the war before walking back out into the viscous Mediterranean sunlight.

The Milk Bar and the elegant urban square flanked by 19th-century French architecture still exist. The café is across the street from the Third World Bookstore, though its name has been translated into Arabic script on one side of its façade. Bugeaud's statue has been replaced by an equally monumental bronze statue of Abdel Kader, the man he vanquished in battle. Drif became a lawyer, and for many years ran a law office out of one of those elegant 19th-century buildings facing Abdel Kader's raised scimitar. The monumental substitution now distracts from the severe infrastructural neglect in both traditional Muslim districts and in the colonial neighborhoods of contemporary Algiers.

When the French left Algeria after 132 years of colonial rule, they left an economic and architectural landscape built to disenfranchise and control indigenous populations. There is, undoubtedly, a direct link between this history and the state of Algiers today, but it cannot be simply drawn. Algérois urban planning has a conflicted legacy, one perpetuated by a post-independence government that long assumed issues could be resolved by simply replacing settlers with Algerians. After the French fled the country in 1962, the government ignored bigger problems. It assumed the housing stock left behind would be sufficient to meet local demand, and it maintained the legacy of the colonial urban planning program, the Constantine Plan, for more than a decade after independence without questioning its ideological ground.

Throughout the 1990s and into the early 2000s, Algeria lived through the Black Decade, a period of extremist religious violence that divided families and left hundreds of thousands dead. French historian Benjamin Stora is one voice among many who argue that this moment was at least partly the result of a general amnesty on both sides for crimes committed during the war of liberation. Just as there was no collective mourning process after the war, or a broad effort to recount its effects on everyday Algerians, there has also not been any substantive consideration of Algiers as a city designed

NATASHA MARIE LLORENS is an independent curator based between Marseille and New York. She is a PhD candidate in art history at Columbia University, and her research is focused on representations of violence in Algerian cinema between 1965 and 1979.

to function as a colonial mechanism. It's likely that efforts have been stymied by the fact that documentation of urban policies is notoriously hard to come by, and often didn't reflect on-the-ground realities: While the government would say it did things one way, the truth was always much more complicated. But the field is not entirely blank. Since the 1950s, films produced in Algeria by Algerians have elegantly illustrated some of the ways people came to live in the city, and how their lives have been shaped by its tumultuous history.

As the colonial center for the region, Algiers was rebuilt for French settlers and the colonial administration over the 19th and early 20th centuries. Architect Abdelnour Djellouli has argued that during this period, the city was constructed specifically to exclude Algerians. This was not only true of checkpoints built during the war to control the flow of labor in and out of the Casbah and the European districts, but at every level of design. The 19th-century French city, with its giant boulevards and floor-to-ceiling windows facing onto the street, was intended as a counterpoint to the closed social universes of the Casbah. Algiers is built on a curving hillside in tiers that slope into and around an enormous bay. The honeycomb structure of the old city was particularly well adapted to its environment, scaling the steep landscape incrementally, and responding to natural flow patterns of rainwater and to the luminosity of the Southern Mediterranean. Houses in the Casbah are large, built for extended family structures in which several generations live together around a central, interior courtyard, where everything important happens. Streets are built like capillaries rather than arteries, winding between hollow volumes that compose the old city.

The French considered the urban fabric of the Casbah chaotic and anarchic, just as its people were considered irrational and degenerate. Colonialism sought to tear open the old walled city, to force upon it an arterial logic. It mandated a transparent city plan, one governed by geometric regularity, and plotted according to the "rational" perspective on space produced by Haussmannian boulevards. It began by destroying and replacing what is now called the Lower Casbah, the sections on flat land near the harbor, before branching out to either side of the older settlement. The colonial city eventually surrounded the Casbah, suffocating the parts it could not simply destroy and restructure.

Architecture scholars Karim Hadjri and Mohamed Osmani point out that over the course of the second half of the 20th century, "Algiers 'dilated' from a single core, the Casbah, to a complex conglomerate of urban units, stretching out in a long curve along the coastline." This development pattern was the result of late colonial policy: While the old core of the city, the Upper Casbah, was permitted to remain in its ancient form, populated by Arabs and ethnic Berber Kabyles, by the early 20th century the rest of the city's demographic was largely European. Rural migrants and the forcibly displaced were relegated to informal settlements called *bidonvilles* on the outskirts of the metropolitan area. These settlements formed a ring around the colonial city.

IN ALGIERS ALONE, 300,000 SETTLERS ABANDONED MORE THAN 98,000 HOUSING UNITS

In the post-colonial period, urban planning focused on new construction in these zones, pushing the most destitute further out along the sea. The Casbah was classed a UNESCO

World Heritage site in 1992, and as a symbol of Algerian nationalism, its rehabilitation has been a core government priority since the 1960s, yet old houses regularly collapse from structural insecurity. A powerful earthquake in 2003 contributed to the decline of the Casbah's architectural integrity, leaving the medina's sloping, labyrinthine fabric dotted with voids of rubble, its streets fixed with wooden scaffolding to maintain supporting walls on either side of its passage. Newer developments fared even worse, with entire eight- and nine-story modernist housing blocks completely destroyed by aftershocks.

Today, Algiers is a city of relatively isolated neighborhoods that have developed independently in response to the urgent pressure of a booming population. Since the 1960s, the city has grown by nearly half a million people each decade, and though there has been some low-income housing construction—mostly notably the Socialist Villages and the New Urban Housing Zones (ZHUN) of the 1970s—there have not been any sustained efforts at maintaining or renovating either the Casbah or the now-overcrowded old colonial districts. Further, as geographer Nora Semmoud argues, in the later decades of the 20th century, space in Algeria was "brutally shaped by the civil war." But Algiers is recovering, as ambitious plans for the development of the Bay of Algiers and the current re-conceptualization of the city as an African eco-metropolis attest. Still, the legacy of officials having managed the city's population like an ongoing crisis remains an indelible part of urban reality, especially for the economically vulnerable.

* * *

Algiers entered the post-colonial period as a city designed to remind Algerians of their place in the erstwhile order. This problem was not attenuated by the literal appropriation of apartments and offices owned by European settlers. On the eve of Algerian independence from France in 1962, roughly a million settlers of diverse European origins left the African side of the Mediterranean to return to the continent. Most were French, but there were also Spanish, Italian, Maltese, and Polish migrants, all of whom had become naturalized French citizens. Some Europeans left out of fear of violence by the National Liberation Army; others feared becoming collateral damage in a vitriolic revolt by the far-right European militia, the Secret Army Organization (OAS).

The exodus took place very quickly, essentially over the summer, in a manner that caught both the National Liberation Front and the French government off guard. This surprise was in keeping—at least on the French side—with a general misunderstanding of the depth of ill will between settlers and their former subjects. In Algiers alone, 300,000 settlers abandoned more than 98,000 housing units. People simply left, handing their keys to trusted servants or just walking away from their property and belongings to board the boats to Marseille. While many farms and industrial facilities in the outlying *wilaya* (the equivalent of states under the Franco-Algerian administration) were sabotaged, the center of Algiers was left relatively unscathed by the mass departure.

After assuming control, the new socialist government nationalized all abandoned properties and officially took charge of reallocating lodging with preference for those men and their families who had served in the Algerian Liberation Army, the armed wing of the FLN, during the war. This policy is vividly described in *Algérie du possible* (A Possible Algeria), a 2016 film directed by Viviane Candas, who was the daughter of a French lawyer partly responsible for the legal architecture behind the nationalization of real estate. Simply put, the new Algerian state considered all abandoned properties to be spoils of war. The official

stance was firm and idealistic, and it could afford to be: Algeria was in a strong position internationally and in metropolitan France at the end of the war. As historian Matthew Connelly has masterfully outlined, in the 1950s Algerian negotiators began to implicate the American, British, German, Russian, Chinese, Israeli, and Egyptian governments in their claim for national sovereignty. Under new Algerian laws, private French citizens would not be remunerated, and the redistribution of property was to be at the sole discretion of the government, at least in theory.

In the chaos that resulted, Algerians from the Casbah and from the neighborhoods bordering the affluent center took over apartments, villas, hotels, and bars almost as fast as their colonial inhabitants were fleeing. This shift had two major effects: The more established families in the Casbah, attracted to the modern conveniences and better infrastructure, moved *en masse* to these European districts, resulting in an eventual disinvestment in the older part of the city by the Algerian upper class. Second, because it was wrongly assumed that colonial housing stock in the center of the city could absorb farm laborers suddenly left without work, military personnel returned from combat, and populations from relocation camps, neither Ahmed Ben Bella, the country's first president, nor his successor, Houari Boumédiène, recognized the pressing need to address the housing shortage.

By the end of the exodus, more than 400,000 Europeans had left Algiers. According to a municipal Algerian government study, between 1966 and 1970 roughly 440,000 Algerians left surrounding villages to settle in their place. When members of an overwhelmingly rural population appropriated the homes of their former colonizers, new problems arose. They moved into fully furnished living rooms, bedrooms, and kitchens, all constructed according to Western ideas of where individuals should eat and sleep and constitute a family. People had to adapt overnight to spaces that were constructed according to social norms defined in opposition to their own.

Adjusting to the former colonial city meant accepting a drastic constriction of domestic space. This dynamic is rendered with marvelous psychological subtly in Merzak Allouache's first feature film from 1976, *Omar Gatlato*. *Omar Gatlato* was hugely popular at the time of its release in part because it was one of the first films to pay homage to everyday Algerian people and their living conditions. It showed

A CITY DESIGNED TO EXCLUDE ALL ALGERIANS WAS BEING REPLACED BY A CITY DESIGNED TO EXCLUDE POOR, RURAL, AND ILLITERATE ALGERIANS

how social tension escalated at scale of the family, partly as a result of a breakdown in the traditional segregation of space according to gender. Omar, the film's main protagonist and narrator, describes sleeping in the family apartment's only bedroom with his adolescent sister, and he articulates the shame of this arrangement in a direct address to the camera.

The film tracks Omar through his daily interactions at home, on the streets of Algiers in the mid-1970s, and at the government fraud office where he works. Allouache's shots pan across enormous building complexes that were already showing signs of over-occupancy, bristling with radio antennas and television satellite dishes, festooned with colorful laundry,

their façades dingy from automobile exhaust. The film testifies to the enormous amount of time young Algérois were forced, by housing conditions, to spend outdoors and in the streets. Omar's alienation from the other members of his family illustrates the profound impact of supposedly single-family units on the fabric of a society used to living in family compounds. Furthermore, it illustrates how the socialist government's official proclamations about property redistribution only went so far. While rent was kept low for working-class Algerians living in previously European neighborhoods, officials allowed market forces to dictate rents for larger villas and bourgeois apartments in more affluent areas.

Another account of the domestic issues that emerged during this transitional period comes from Abdelkrim Bahloul's film, *Voyage à Alger* (Journey to Algiers), released in 2009 and set in the mid-1960s. Based on actual events, the narrative is shot from the perspective of an indomitable war widow and mother of six. When a French colonial official's contract is up, he gives her the keys to his townhouse in the center of the provincial city of Saida. He bases his decision on their friendship and her reputation as an Algerian patriot. The widow accepts, but not because she covets nice things or even desires the middle-class European lifestyle the house symbolizes. Rather, the house is near the sports complex and the library and the school, and she wants to be able to offer these things to her children.

As soon as the widow takes possession of the property, her claim is contested by an Algerian with influence over the municipal government. A former collaborator, he harasses her, cuts the power and water service to her home, and threatens to have her forcibly removed. He believes that she is not of high enough class to occupy so well appointed and centrally located a property. It is simply not her place. She counters that she worked for years to feed revolutionaries, and made the ultimate sacrifice when the French killed her husband. Leaving one of her children to guard the front door with a pot of boiling water, she travels to Algiers to plead her case to the president himself. The widow targets the person at the top, demands an audience on moral grounds, and simply stands in the rain until she is granted one.

What is remarkable about the film is not so much that it depicts a woman as a war hero fighting vociferously and ingeniously against a male political figure—this is rather typical of Algerian cinema—but that the conflict it describes is paradigmatic of ones that arose after postwar planning policies went into effect. The former collaborator is genuine (insofar as a collaborator can be genuine) in his dismissal of the widow's claim to the property. He has achieved a certain class status on the basis of his ability to thrive within the colonial system, and doesn't recognize her claim because, as a woman and a peasant, she had no official position in either the Algerian or the French administrations. Further, she could aspire to none, as an illiterate person and the mother of six orphans. The widow, on the other hand, does not conceive of power as something that exists within bureaucracy. She operates according to an entirely different model, one in which intimate and local ties are the ones that bind.

* * *

The confusion these films render so lucidly was never officially resolved, and more than five decades later, a coherent urban plan has yet to take root. Between independence and the early years of the new millennium, urban planning policy could be characterized as cyclical: Periods of idealism and laissez-faire growth were closely tethered to the rhythm of political events. From the 60s on, a series of urban master plans were introduced in succession: The

Permanent Committee for the Study and Organization of Greater Algiers (COMEDOR) was launched in 1968 to develop a plan for the city through 1985. When it was abandoned, the Plan for General Organization (POG) was adopted in 1975, with projects envisioned through the year 2000. By 1979, this, too, was also abandoned. Throughout the 1980s Algiers' city planning was nominally governed by the Directive Urbanism Plan (PUD), which did complete a number of important projects, but also ceded power to municipal officials who waved through unregulated construction, resulting in chaotic and uneven urban growth. The PUD's successor took over in 1990 only to have its municipal governing authority reappropriated by the state governor of Algiers a decade later. History repeats itself, and perhaps nowhere is this more evident than onscreen.

Karim Moussaoui's recent film, *En attendant les hirondelles* (Awaiting the Swallows) from 2017, deals with the same contradictions of *Voyage à Alger*, though in the context of the present-day Algeria. Shot as contiguous portraits—one of a real estate mogul, another of a doctor confronted by a woman he did not save from rape by terrorists during the civil war of the 1990s—Messaoui's film pictures an affluent class of Algerians amid an impossible negotiation between competing notions of responsibility. The real estate mogul's chronic corruption leaves him adrift and alienated. The abused woman's fierce demand for recognition, made from her cinderblock home in a shantytown on the edge of the city, is the other side of this world. The film is a portrait of society without recourse to the heroic revolutionary idols of the 1960s and 70s—or to their joyous, effervescent occupation of the city. Yet the struggles here are analogous. How can one act with integrity, or make a claim of recognition, while living within two disparate systems at once?

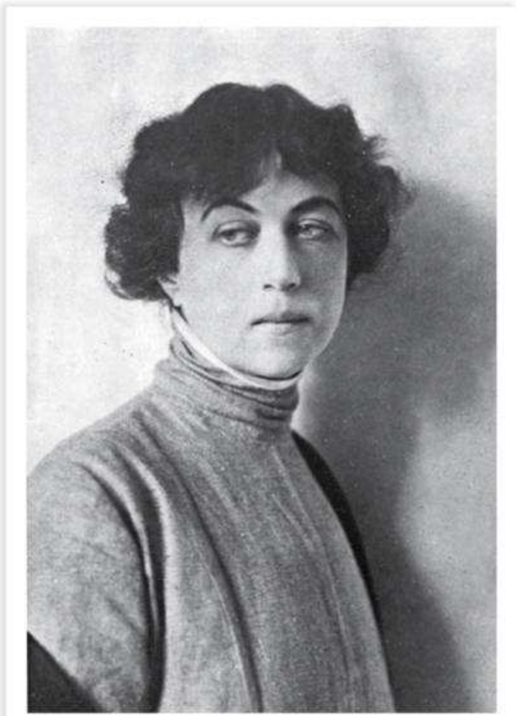
What is at stake, as geographer Nora Semmoud pointed out in a 2003 analysis of informal settlements, illegal renovations, and black-market real estate in Algiers, is that without the government playing a leadership role in urban policy, a resegregation of Algerian society is taking place along the class lines depicted in both Messasoui and Bahloul's films. A city that had been designed to exclude all Algerians was being replaced by a city designed to exclude poor, rural, and illiterate Algerians. Semmoud points to the forced displacement of poor residents and to the monopoly that the affluent hold on the central districts of the city. She calls for greater government involvement in planning affordable housing for the working-class populations of Algiers. Yet, this presents a problem: If a centralized urban plan was the colonial technology *par excellence*, how could this also constitute the basis of a post-colonial city?

Abdelnour Djellouli, the Algerian architect, argues that to set Algiers on the right course, Eurocentric spaces should be formally integrated into the hybrid, dynamic city. For example: Carrière-Jaubert is a huge block of apartments built by the French at the end of the 1950s in a working-class neighborhood north of Algiers. When repairs became necessary, rather than simply tearing everything down and constructing new, cheaper housing farther away from the center, Djellouli proposed to renovate the building and integrate the site—originally conceived by French housing authorities as an isolated complex—into adjoining neighborhoods. Should this happen on a large scale, it would mark a radical change. By breaking the logic of exclusion that governs the city's planning policies, and connecting zones designed to buffer the city from its own margins, Djellouli's plan would help reverse a reality that has impaired the city for decades. If such aims were ever realized, it would constitute a significant step toward a truly post-colonial Algiers. ●

CRASHING THE PARTY

The radical legacy of a Soviet-era feminist

KRISTEN R. GHODSEE


SOVIETECA

In recent years, American and Western European policymakers and business leaders have been forced to confront stark gender imbalances within prestigious and well-paid fields, including medicine, science, and engineering. Although some wish to lay the blame on intrinsic neurobiological differences between the sexes, a glance toward the East deflates this argument. In 2015, an OECD report on health found that six of the top 10 countries with the highest percentage of female doctors are in Eastern Europe. An astounding three-fourths of all doctors in Estonia are women, compared to only one-third of the doctors in the United States. A 2015 UNESCO report determined that Eastern European countries have far more women working in the fields of research and development than in Western Europe. Of the top 10 European nations with the highest percentage of women working in the "high-tech sector," eight of them are in the East.

The reason behind this is simple: The legacy of decades of state socialist rule means that women face far fewer barriers to professional success in Eastern Europe than they do almost anywhere else. At the most fundamental level, the region's post-1989 constitutions continue to assert that women have equal rights as men. Many nations also offer explicit constitutional commitments to mothers. For example, Bulgaria's constitution guarantees "prenatal and postnatal leave, free obstetric care, alleviated working conditions, and other social assistance."

Of course, enlightened constitutions do not eradicate everyday sexism, and Eastern European societies are still infused with male chauvinism. But the culture of state socialism did profoundly shift attitudes and make it more socially acceptable for mothers to work full time. Almost three decades after the fall of the Berlin Wall, the gender pay gap is smaller in Hungary than it is in neighboring Austria. More significantly, 73 percent of children between the ages of 3 and 6 attend formal kindergartens in Hungary, compared to only 26 percent attendance in Austria among children

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the same age. This state of affairs can be traced back to the work of Alexandra Kollontai, a Russian aristocrat with a zeal for social justice and women's rights.

History is littered with tales of the oversized ambitions of men. But to Kollontai, the early years of the Russian Revolution offered an opportunity for men and women alike to pursue "magnificent illusions, plans, ardent initiatives to improve life, [and] to organize the world anew." The revolution dreamed of sweeping away autocracy and feudalism to liberate the Russian workers and peasants from centuries of exploitation. Kollontai seized upon the ideal of a more egalitarian world to promote the interests of the most downtrodden: women. Observing Kollontai in Petrograd in the years after the revolution, the American journalist Louise Bryant noted, "She works untiringly and, through persistence born of flaming intensity, she accomplishes a tremendous amount."

Born in St. Petersburg in 1872, Alexandra Mikhailovna Domontovich was raised in relative luxury. Her father was a general in the tsar's army, and her mother, the daughter of a wealthy Finnish businessman, had fled an arranged marriage to be with Alexandra's father, though she later promised Alexandra's sister to a well-to-do man 40 years the girl's senior. The young Alexandra abhorred the idea of being auctioned off to the highest bidder. Over her parents' wishes, when she was 21 she married a poor cousin, Vladimir Kollontai, and bore him a son.

Russia at that time was in the midst of great social flux. The Emancipation Reform of 1861 had freed the serfs from their feudal masters and coincided with the rise of industrial capitalism. Liberated peasants flocked to urban areas, and cities like St. Petersburg teemed with former serfs with nothing but their labor to sell. The social upheavals of the late 19th century and the growing influence of Marxism across Europe inspired many opponents of the tsar, whose secret police dispatched countless would-be reformers and revolutionaries to the frozen lands of Siberia.

Against this backdrop, Kollontai began agitating with female textile workers in St. Petersburg, distributing literature and raising money to support women-led strikes. She taught evening classes to workers and joined underground networks that aided political prisoners. The historian Rochelle Ruthchild has written extensively about tsarist Russia's powerful feminist movement, but Kollontai believed that these "bourgeois feminists" would not lift working-class women out of their misery. In her view, all poor people needed to work together to overthrow the tsar and take control of the means of production. Eventually, Kollontai left her husband and young son to study economics at the University of Zürich.

Kollontai believed that women needed to participate in the labor force to become economically independent of men. In her view, sexual relations between men and women were poisoned by capitalism: With no means to support themselves, women had no choice but to sell themselves to men, either as wives or prostitutes. In her 1909 pamphlet, "The Social Basis of the Woman Question," Kollontai asserted that this gender oppression had its roots in the family. "In the family of today, the structure of which is confirmed by custom and law, woman is oppressed not only as a person but as a wife and mother," she observed, adding that in most countries, "the husband [has]

KRISTEN R. GHODSEE is professor of Russian and East European Studies at the University of Pennsylvania, specializing in the lived experiences of socialism and postsocialism in Eastern Europe. Her articles and essays have appeared in publications such as *Foreign Affairs*, *Dissent*, *Aeon*, and the *New York Times*, and she is the author of seven books, most recently, *Red Hangover: Legacies of 20th Century Communism* (Duke University Press, 2017).

not only the right to dispose of her property but also the right of moral and physical dominance over her." In an ideal communist society, Kollontai argued, men and women would only engage in sexual relations out of true passion and mutual affection.

After a period of exile in the U.S. and Europe, Kollontai returned to Russia in 1917 and gave her full support to the October Revolution. (Before becoming a Bolshevik, she had been a reformist Menshevik.) For five months she served as Commissar of Social Welfare before resigning in protest against the appalling terms of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, which brought an end to Russia's involvement in World War I. During her brief tenure, however, Kollontai laid the groundwork for her signature accomplishment.

With the help of a cadre of progressive Soviet jurists, Kollontai orchestrated the passage of two decrees: one replacing religious marriage with civil marriage, and another liberalizing divorce. In October 1918, the highest legislative body of the Soviet Union incorporated these decrees into a new family law, which swept away centuries of patriarchal and ecclesiastical authority over women's lives. It eliminated church control over marriage and divorce, and overturned all legislation that rendered women the property and dependents of their fathers or husbands. Married couples were no longer able to make claims on each other's property, and married women retained complete control over their own wages. The new law also abolished the category of the "illegitimate" child, and included alimony provisions for those unable to work. Soon after the passage of these decrees, divorce rates skyrocketed.

Although Lenin cared little for Kollontai's sexual politics, he understood that if the revolution was to survive, women needed to formally be part of the labor force. He also agreed with her that the biggest obstacle to this was housework. "In most cases housework is the most unproductive, the most barbarous, and the most arduous work a woman can do," Lenin proclaimed in a speech on Sept. 23, 1919. "It is exceptionally petty and does not include anything that would in any way promote the development of the woman." Russia lost many men in World War I, and with civil war threatening to take more, Bolshevik leaders needed to mobilize Russia's women. According to Kollontai, the best way to do this was through the complete socialization of household labor. In addition to winning support for the party, the socialization of cooking, cleaning, mending, and child rearing would free up women to work beside men in building the Soviet Union's industrial capacity. Equally important, Kollontai believed, as women developed skills and talents, they would be able to earn their own incomes and choose romantic partners on the basis of love rather than economic concerns.

During this period, Kollontai made significant strides in advancing her agenda on the economic and social fronts. By 1919, the Eighth Congress of the Communist Party had committed to increasing the number of socialized laundries, cafeterias, and children's homes, and Kollontai had helped found the *Zhenotdel*, a special women's section within the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The following year, the Soviet Union became the first country in Europe to legalize abortion during the first 12 weeks of pregnancy.

These legislative changes were unprecedented not only in Russia, but also in Europe and North America. In the West, it would take more than five decades for women to achieve the same rights. However, despite these initial successes, Kollontai soon encountered serious obstacles. First, she never won the full support of male comrades who worried that her insistence on women's issues would fracture working-class solidarity. Second, many Bolshevik leaders, especially Lenin, were prudish and conservative when it came to sexual matters,

and disapproved of Kollontai's more radical theories. Third, after years of war and the onset of a terrible famine, public laundries, canteens, and child-care facilities proved too costly for the crippled Soviet economy. Finally, and most importantly, the laws meant to liberate Russian women actually made their lives harder.

Women's wages were not high enough to allow them to support their families without a husband. Liberalized divorce laws meant that men abandoned women at the first sign of pregnancy, and alimony statutes proved almost impossible to enforce. A liberal sexual culture produced armies of unwanted babies, which the state lacked the means to support. Orphaned and abandoned children swarmed the streets of major cities. Legalized abortion allowed women to control their fertility, but also precipitated a massive plunge in the birth rate. By 1926, many women, especially in rural areas, clamored for a return to old ways. The provisions of the 1918 family law were slowly reversed, and in 1936, Stalin did away with most of them altogether.

In the early years of the revolution, Alexandra Kollontai was a household name, subject to both glorious praise and intense ridicule. Her ideas about sexual morality were wildly insensitive to the conservative Russian peasantry, who hated her and everything she stood for. But Kollontai's vision was embraced by some Soviet youth in the 1920s. According to a survey of students at the Sverdlov Communist University in Moscow, only five years after church marriage was abolished and divorce was liberalized, researchers discovered that just 21 percent of young men and 14 percent of young women believed that marriage was a desirable way to formalize their romances. Instead, half of men and two-thirds of women preferred a long-term relationship based on love and affection.

After Kollontai joined the Worker's Opposition and challenged the growing bureaucracy of the Bolshevik state, she fell out of favor with Lenin. She was sent off into exile as a diplomatic emissary to Norway, but never gave up her cause. In her 1926 memoir, *The Autobiography of a Sexually Emancipated Communist Woman*, Kollontai assured readers:

> "No matter what further tasks I shall be carrying out, it is perfectly clear to me that the complete liberation of the working woman and the creation of the foundation of a new sexual morality will always remain the highest aim of my activity, and of my life."

Stalin did maintain the legal equality of men and women, and the ideal of women's emancipation never fully dissipated even though women continued to bear the immense burden of both formal employment and domestic

IN 1963—THE YEAR *THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE* CAME OUT—THE SOVIET UNION PUT THE FIRST WOMAN IN SPACE

work. As the culture around gender changed, women also took on new roles. Throughout the 1930s, Soviet women were slowly integrated into the armed forces, and served in frontline combat roles throughout World War II, most famously in the 588th Night Bomber Regiment of the Soviet Air Forces. These "night witches" terrorized the Germans, flying over 30,000 stealth mode missions between 1941 and 1945. (The Dutch didn't allow women to serve in combat roles until 1979, and the Germans waited until 2001.) Between 1917 and the late 1960s, when elite American universities remained segregated by sex, the Soviet government encouraged girls to pursue higher

degrees at co-educational institutions in all fields, including the normally male-dominated fields of science, technology, and math. For example, by 1970, 43 percent of students at engineering institutes in Romania were women, and in the USSR and Bulgaria, they constituted 39 and 27 percent. By contrast, in 1976 only 3.4 percent of bachelor's degrees in engineering in the U.S. were earned by women.

After World War II, state socialist nations in Central and Eastern Europe followed the lead of the Soviet Union and implemented family laws inspired by the original 1918 Soviet Code. Because many leftist women fought alongside men as partisans during World War II, the new Eastern European communist leaders were committed to their emancipation. Furthermore, facing severe labor shortages, women were needed to work outside the home. They immediately gained legal equality with men, and socialist states poured resources into women's education and professional development. For instance, in 1945, the vast majority of women in Albania could neither read nor write, but within a decade of the communists seizing power, the entire population under the age of 40 achieved full literacy. In the years before communism's demise, half of all Albanian university students were women. Thus, despite the authoritarian nature of the regimes, the Soviet Union and the countries of Eastern Europe had the highest female labor participation rates in the world, and women slowly worked their way into a wide variety of professions. In 2018, when the *Financial Times* published an article about the prevalence of Bulgarian women in technology, it openly credited this "Soviet legacy."

Alexandra Kollontai spent most of her remaining life serving in ambassadorial posts in Norway, Mexico, and Sweden, before finally returning to the USSR after World War II. She enjoyed a long and celebrated diplomatic career and was twice nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. She died at the age of 79 in 1952, just a week before her 80th birthday and more than a decade before the explosion of women's movements around the world.

In the sunset years of her life, Kollontai must have despaired over her failure to create the world she once envisioned. The Soviet Union was devastated after World War II, suffering more than 25 million casualties. Most of her Old Bolshevik colleagues and at least two of her lovers had been killed in Stalin's purges. But her legacy was not forgotten. In 1955, after Stalin's death, the Soviet government repealed the general prohibition on abortions. In 1963—the same year that Betty Friedan published *The Feminine Mystique*—the Soviet Union put the first woman in space. Despite the continued double burden of formal employment and housework, the lack of reliable birth control, and the persistence of sexism, Soviet women continued to make inroads into every sphere of professional life.

Perhaps Kollontai's biggest mistake was miscalculating the backlash her initiatives would face not only from men, but also from women who feared radical social change. Like many of her Bolshevik colleagues, she failed to understand that lasting social progress requires equal parts bottom-up cultural change and top-down legal reform. In a society where matrimony was an unbreakable, church-sanctioned religious contract, husbands had no impetus to improve their behavior toward their wives. But when the state legalized divorce, and gave women the opportunities to pursue their education and control their fertility, men were incentivized to behave better. Kollontai's schemes failed in the short term, but they ultimately increased the opportunities and improved the lives of millions of women. She also intuited, correctly, that great societal transformations cannot be left exclusively to grassroots efforts. They need to be jump-started with a little legal shock therapy from above. ●

BACKROOM DEALINGS

The following definitions are taken from the glossary of *The Global Encyclopaedia of Informality*, a two-part book that emerged as part of an ongoing research project by University College London's School of Slavonic and East European Studies. Committed to the study of the "world's open secrets, unwritten rules, and hidden practices," the project is the first of its kind to seriously investigate the informal ways in which people make things happen.

- ***GOUDUI AND YINGCHOU* (CHINA):** ways entrepreneurs form informal ties with state officials, including through banqueting, karaoke, and brothels.
- ***BIOMBO* (COSTA RICA):** an illegal payment made to a medical professional in exchange for providing preferential treatment to a patient or a patient's family within the state-funded health-care system.
- ***ALGA APLOKSNĒ* (LATVIA):** lit. "salary in an envelope," arrangement whereby an employee receives the legal minimum salary officially, and the remainder in cash, enabling the employer to avoid social insurance contributions.
- ***KHOKKEYNAYA DIPLOMATIYA* (RUSSIA):** utilizing amateur ice hockey for the development of personal, business, and government relationships.
- ***JEITINHO* (BRAZIL):** seeking personal favors to solve problems by cajoling, sweet-talking, and rule-bending.
- ***OMERTÀ* (ITALY):** unwritten code of keeping silent about crimes or deviant acts, particularly those perpetrated by mafia groups.
- ***JANTELOVEN/JANTELAGEN* (SCANDINAVIA):** set of norms embodied in informal practices that confer negative attitudes toward individuality, and individual self-expression.
- ***CHORIZO* (LATIN AMERICA):** lit. "sausage," euphemism for corruption/corrupt acts by government officials.
- ***ZERSETZUNG* (GDR):** term used by the East German secret police to denote a range of covert methods to produce distrust toward and between political opponents.
- **DIRT BOOK (U.K.):** record of compromising information on Members of Parliament held by party whips to ensure voting discipline.
- ***KRAKEN* (THE NETHERLANDS):** living in—or using otherwise—a dwelling without the consent of its owner.
- ***SOCIOLISMO* (CUBA):** the use of social networks to obtain goods and services in short supply to circumvent state rationing and the inefficiencies of the command economy.
- ***TSARTSAANI NÜÜDEL* (MONGOLIA):** a type of population movement that is arranged before an election in order to influence its outcome.
- ***SONGBUN* (NORTH KOREA):** socio-political system according to which every citizen is assigned a class status on the basis of their perceived loyalty to the regime.

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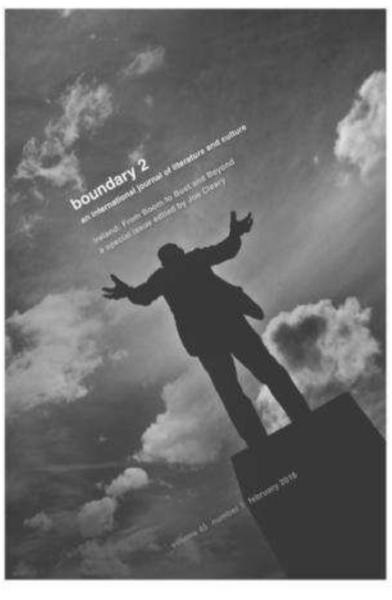


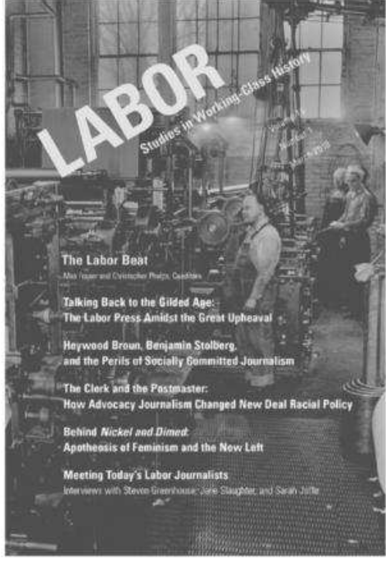
Ireland

From Boom to Bust and Beyond

An issue of *boundary 2* (45:1)

Joe Cleary, issue editor

The articles in this issue explore the political, economic, social, cultural, and literary impacts of the extraordinary neoliberal boom and bust cycle that followed the Irish government's relinquishment of economic sovereignty to outside parties. That decision precipitated massive unemployment and youth emigration, wage and social provision cuts, and housing and medical crises, and it saddled the Irish citizenry with a gargantuan national debt.



The Labor Beat

An issue of *Labor: Studies in Working-Class History* (15:1)

Max Fraser and Christopher Phelps, issue editors

This issue considers the transformation of labor journalists' working conditions across time, from the days of the small printer-publisher to the mid-century newspaper conglomerate and today's cable-news, internet-propelled 24-hour environment. The essays profiles those that have covered the labor beat with alacrity: John Swinton and Joseph Buchanan in the nineteenth century; Heywood Broun, Benjamin Stolberg, Trezzvant Anderson, and Barbara Ehrenreich in the twentieth; and Steven Greenhouse, Jane Slaughter, and Sarah Jaffe today.

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SHOW ME A HERO

Political disillusionment elevates a strongman before Brazil's election

JOEL PINHEIRO
DA FONSECA

AGÊNCIA BRASIL FOTOGRAFIAS

April 7, 2018, was a day of historical importance for Brazil. Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva (known as Lula) was arrested for corruption and money laundering. Aside from being immensely popular, the center-left former president was, up until that day, also the leading contender in this year's national election.

His arrest makes disqualification a near certainty. At the moment, there is no candidate on the left who comes close to his popularity or poll numbers. It is unclear how much of the goodwill toward his Workers' Party (PT) will be transferred to a new candidate, and how much of it will flow elsewhere.

Lula is an unique figure in Brazilian politics: He's a charismatic leader associated with left-wing and progressive causes (though far from a radical), as well as an able politician who can work backstage to stitch up unlikely alliances when needed. An outsized figure in the political establishment, he has also been involved in several corruption scandals, including the one that resulted in his arrest, in which he was found to have accepted a luxury beachfront apartment as a kickback from a major construction company. This came to light thanks to Operation Car Wash, a sweeping police operation that began in 2014 and has revealed the deep roots of corruption entangling the federal government, powerful political parties (including Lula's PT), the country's largest private contractors, and the state-controlled oil company Petrobras, which embezzled billions of *reais*. The scope of the scandal fueled the perception that no single party is to blame, and that the political establishment itself is inherently corrupt. Lula's arrest satisfies both right-wing voters and a much larger group: those who have simply had enough of politicians and are deeply cynical about all of the country's parties and candidates.

Like the U.S., Brazil has a presidential democracy in which people vote for local, state, and national leaders and elect representatives for the two houses of Congress. Unlike the U.S., there are no congressional districts, meaning that each state allocates a certain number of seats to the candidates with the most votes, and when a threshold is surpassed, votes are redirected to the next most popular candidate in that party. Brazil has 35 political parties; 28 currently have seats in Congress. Campaigns follow very strict rules: Political ads can't be privately bought, and the state allocates primetime TV slots to each party according to the number of seats they hold in Congress. That same logic is applied to the distribution of public money for campaigning and party-building. Since 2015, there has been a ban on corporate donations to political campaigns, which makes it almost impossible for a candidate to win without forming alliances. During the presidential election season, a candidate's ties determine their national base of support, the amount of money available to them, and the time they get for TV ads. With these incentives, even the most extreme politicians typically bend to the interests of moderates. At least, they did. Thanks to political disillusionment and the rise of social media, there is now more room for non-mainstream candidates.

This is where Jair Bolsonaro comes in. Currently at second place at the polls, Bolsonaro is Lula's diametrical opposite. Seen as a political outsider, he is a retired army captain with socially conservative values and a tough stance on crime. He favors a reactionary moral agenda, opposes abortion and adoption by gay couples (he's said he would prefer a dead son to a gay one), and proudly rebuffs progressive causes. Not one to hold his tongue, Bolsonaro has made remarks in the recent past that have led to lawsuits against him, including one that could, in theory, cost him his candidacy. (The suit, for alleged racist statements made at a Jewish club in 2017, is making its way through the system but will certainly not be heard by the election in October.) Regardless, these incidents hardly matter for his base, who only see

JOEL PINHEIRO DA FONSECA is a Brazilian economist and philosopher. He writes weekly columns in the newspaper *Folha de São Paulo* and the economics magazine *Exame*.

the political establishment persecuting a man with the courage to stand up to it.

In the 90s, Bolsonaro took his explosive rhetoric to new levels. During a 1999 TV interview, he was asked, "If you were elected president, would you close Congress?" His answer: "Without a doubt, on my first day. The system doesn't work. And I'm sure that at least 90 percent of the population would celebrate and cheer." (He might be right about that.) Later, in that same interview, he opined that voting was useless, and that only civil war could really bring change. Any war, he added, would have to begin with something the country's military dictators had neglected to do: killing "around 30,000 people, starting with Fernando Henrique Cardoso." Murdering the then-president was a common theme in his speeches at the time.

For an electorate that is fed up with "old-style politics" and its many vices, Bolsonaro represents a strong rejection of the system by someone who is more than willing to impose order, and if necessary, use force. This has earned him enormous popularity. In a video posted on April on YouTube, a woman in a shopping mall meets Bolsonaro and breaks down in tears. In other videos taken across Brazil, thousands of people wait to greet him in airports. Whenever he attends a public event, a security detail must separate him from enthusiastic supporters.

It is surprising that Bolsonaro has come to be seen as an anti-establishment figure, as he is now in his seventh consecutive term as a congressman in the state of Rio de Janeiro. During his 27 years in office, he has been an unremarkable politician. His party from 2005 to 2016, the center-right Progressive Party (PP), was an ally of Lula and his successor Dilma Rousseff's PT, and Bolsonaro duly voted along party lines on economic issues. Other than that, he has voted to increase army benefits and loosen gun laws, and has vocally opposed pension reform, especially if it were to affect the military. Though he now portrays himself as a free market defender, he was against the privatization of state companies and *Plano Real*, the 1994 plan that capped spiralling inflation. The only positive thing to be said of his political career is that he hasn't been involved in any corruption scandals. (This isn't to say that he is particularly scrupulous: He used to employ his former wife and her sister and father in his congressional office. When an anti-nepotism law passed in 2008, the sisters went to work for his sons from a former marriage, who are also politicians.)

Though Bolsonaro purports to represent the armed forces, religious voters, and farmers, his ties to these groups are weak at best. To begin with, his religion is ambiguous: He was raised Catholic and still refers to himself as such, yet he frequents evangelical meetings and in 2016 was baptized before God and the press by Pastor Everaldo, a famous preacher-politician, in Israel's River Jordan. As a military officer, he never rose above the rank of captain, and seemed to be concerned only with increasing officer pay and benefits. In 1986, he was briefly arrested after writing a scathing editorial about the sorry state of the armed forces. The following year, to publicize his grievances about military pay, he bragged to a reporter about a plot to detonate bombs in the barracks, going so far as to write down the details. He was found guilty by an army court, and was later exonerated. (Unsurprisingly, high-ranking

IN A POLL, 72 PERCENT OF RIO'S RESIDENTS SAID THEY WANT TO LEAVE THE CITY BECAUSE OF VIOLENCE

officers tend to have a low opinion of him. Ernesto Geisel, a former general who governed Brazil during the dictatorship, once commented that "Bolsonaro is completely abnormal, actually a bad member of the military.") And finally, the candidate has yet to gather substantial support among businessmen and farmers. After meeting last November with congressmen who defend the interests of the agricultural sector—usually against landless peasants, indigenous peoples, and environmentalists—Bolsonaro was seen as too radical, too inexperienced, and too isolated from other parties. Moreover, his proposal to arm farmers with assault rifles was criticized as counterproductive.

So what accounts for Bolsonaro's mass appeal? The first and most obvious reason is that he makes crime the center of his message, which no other candidate is doing. He advocates tougher punishment for criminals, openly defends torture, wants more freedom for police officers to act without fear of prosecution, has called for the castration of rapists, and argues for the right of citizens to bear arms on the street. This registers because Brazil is going through an unprecedented period of crime and violence, averaging around 60,000 homicides every year (in 2017, there were 29.9 homicides per 100,000 inhabitants). In the northeastern state of Rio Grande do Norte, that number is 68.6 homicides per 100,000, a 20 percent increase from 2016. In Rio de Janeiro, where the federal government has deployed the military to deal with rising crime, fear is now the prevalent mood. In a poll taken last October, 72 percent of Rio's residents said they want to leave the city because of the violence.

The other main reason is Bolsonaro's open disregard for the establishment. After years of corruption and scandal, the only thing that unites all Brazilians is general disillusionment with politics and democratic bodies. When asked about how much they trust various institutions, a 2017 poll found that Brazilians give the federal government, political parties and Congress the lowest scores (6 percent, 6 percent, and 7 percent respectively). At the top of the list are the armed forces and Catholic Church, with 56 and 53 percent, though levels of trust in these organizations have also declined.

It is common to compare Bolsonaro to Donald Trump or Silvio Berlusconi. He is an irreverent and irrepressible right-wing politician who is proud to be politically incorrect. Yet his willingness to allow police and civilians to kill (suspected) criminals with impunity suggests a more chilling parallel: the Philippines' Rodrigo Duterte.

Brazilians inhabit a country in which almost nothing goes by the book. Laws are imperfectly obeyed, labor relations are informal, crime is rampant, dodging taxes is part of day-to-day life, politicians openly display their unbounded ambition and lack of ideological coherence, religion is often professed and celebrated but its moral code is rarely followed, sexual mores are conservative but sexual practice is not. On the one hand, the government runs sexual-education programs and freely distributes condoms with little objection from the majority Catholic population. On the other, there is a growing sentiment that the media and education system are pushing too hard to liberalize social mores. In 2011, an ambitious federal program to educate students about sexual diversity was blocked by conservative congressmen; Bolsonaro was one of them. Reacting to the perceived chaos of society, many voters embrace his decisive attitude toward order and traditional morality.

There is a longstanding desire among the population for a larger-than-life leader who will solve all the country's problems with his mere presence, preferably without requiring any effort or sacrifice. This is part of a larger mentality in Brazil called *sebastianismo*, after the Portuguese king Don Sebastian I. Along with most of his nobles, Sebastian I died in a

disastrous military campaign in Morocco in 1578, the very moment when Portugal seemed set to rule the world. Since his body was never recovered, a folk religious belief took root in what is now the Brazilian state of Bahia claiming that Sebastian I will emerge from his hiding place and guide his empire to glory. This mindset has since been secularized, and continues to be a part of Brazilian culture.

One effect of this thinking is the belief that Brazil's fate is out of its hands. A period of rapid economic growth that lasted from 1968 to 73—when the country's GDP grew over 10 percent per year on average—was referred to and is still remembered as the "economic miracle." In 2006, then-president Lula dubbed the discovery of gigantic oil reserves deep under the ocean "our winning lottery ticket." While Lula is sometimes referred to as "Don Sebastian" by critics, not even he has broken this spell. Judging by the degree of support that he has in polls, one would have expected that a large part of the population would be ready to fight—or at least protest—on his behalf when he was arrested. What happened, however, was that a small group of hardcore followers camped out near his prison, while the rest of the country seems not to care at all—even voters in regions where he was projected to win by a landslide.

* * *

There is a lot of "give and take" in any political system. Matters are never as simple as voters would like to believe, and politicians must be willing to make concessions. Still, in a functional system, at least some issues are treated as non-negotiable, and politicians try to seem as if they are motivated solely by a belief in the public good. In Brazil, however, because of the way the system is designed, "give and take" (*toma lá, dá cá*) has become the only principle of politics, and no one pretends there is anything else. Take, for example, the matter of TV campaign ads. Because political parties are allowed to share their government-allotted airtime, campaigns produce unlikely bedfellows. Communists ally with conservatives. Sworn enemies from one election re-emerge as partners years later. In this political culture, change, when it happens, is painstakingly slow, and reforms only pass when larded with exemptions and clauses. Legislation must be designed not to rattle the status quo. Radical transformation is all but impossible.

At the same time, there are signs of hope. Since 2014, the federal police, public prosecutors, and judges have begun to successfully investigate, try, and condemn elites involved in illicit activities. More than 100 elected officials have been investigated and many have been charged, including the former speaker of the lower house and head of the Senate. It looks as if, for the first time, Brazil's politicians might be held responsible for their crimes. Lula's arrest and subsequent imprisonment—in April, he began serving a 12-year sentence at a prison he opened more than a decade ago—is a part of this process. Moreover, Car Wash has made ripples throughout Latin America. In March, the president of Peru resigned after he was accused of accepting bribes from a company implicated in the scandal, and the vice president of Ecuador has also been sentenced.

A POPULAR BRAZILIAN NETFLIX SERIES USES CANCER AND RATS AS METAPHORS FOR THE POLITICAL CLASS

During these dramatic times, those going after political heavyweights have become heroes in the public imagination. Policemen and judges are portrayed as saviors, while politicians—with their shady dealings and moral flexibility—are seen as a cancer threatening society. The popular Brazilian Netflix series *O Mecanismo* (The Mechanism), which covers the early years of Operation Car Wash, uses cancer and rats as metaphors for the country's corrupt political class. Yet members of the judiciary are far from paragons of moral rectitude. The media has uncovered that many judges and public prosecutors collect housing subsidies even though they own their homes. Sergio Moro, the star judge of Car Wash, is among them.

Bolsonaro embodies an attitude of unflinching rigor toward corrupt politicians. In that regard, he has the will of the people behind him. However, worrying as the prospect of a Bolsonaro presidency is, and as high as his numbers might be, it is unlikely he will win. Executive elections in Brazil take place through a two-round system in which, if no one person secures a majority, the two leading candidates compete against each other in a run-off. This works against any highly polarizing figure, as the person who moves closest to the center always wins. Therefore, even if Bolsonaro earns an impressive first-round result, the most likely scenario will be something like the 2017 French election, in which centrist Emmanuel Macron prevailed over far-right candidate Marine Le Pen in second-round voting.

Finally, even if Bolsonaro does win, it is unlikely that he will be able to govern effectively. Given the sheer quantity of political parties with seats in Congress, any Brazilian president must constantly negotiate with legislators across the ideological spectrum to get measures passed. This often involves dangling offers of pork-barrel spending and lucrative government positions. If the president does not have the support of a strong parliamentary base—which will enable them, for instance, to get a congressional ally elected speaker of the lower house—he or she will be at the mercy of Congress, unable to achieve much alone. This is what happened to former president Dilma Rousseff in her final years, and, given the heavily fractured nature of Brazil's Congress, it is what will likely happen to any president without a strong base. Bolsonaro's ideological divisiveness, difficult temperament, and lack of experience are likely to conspire toward this end.

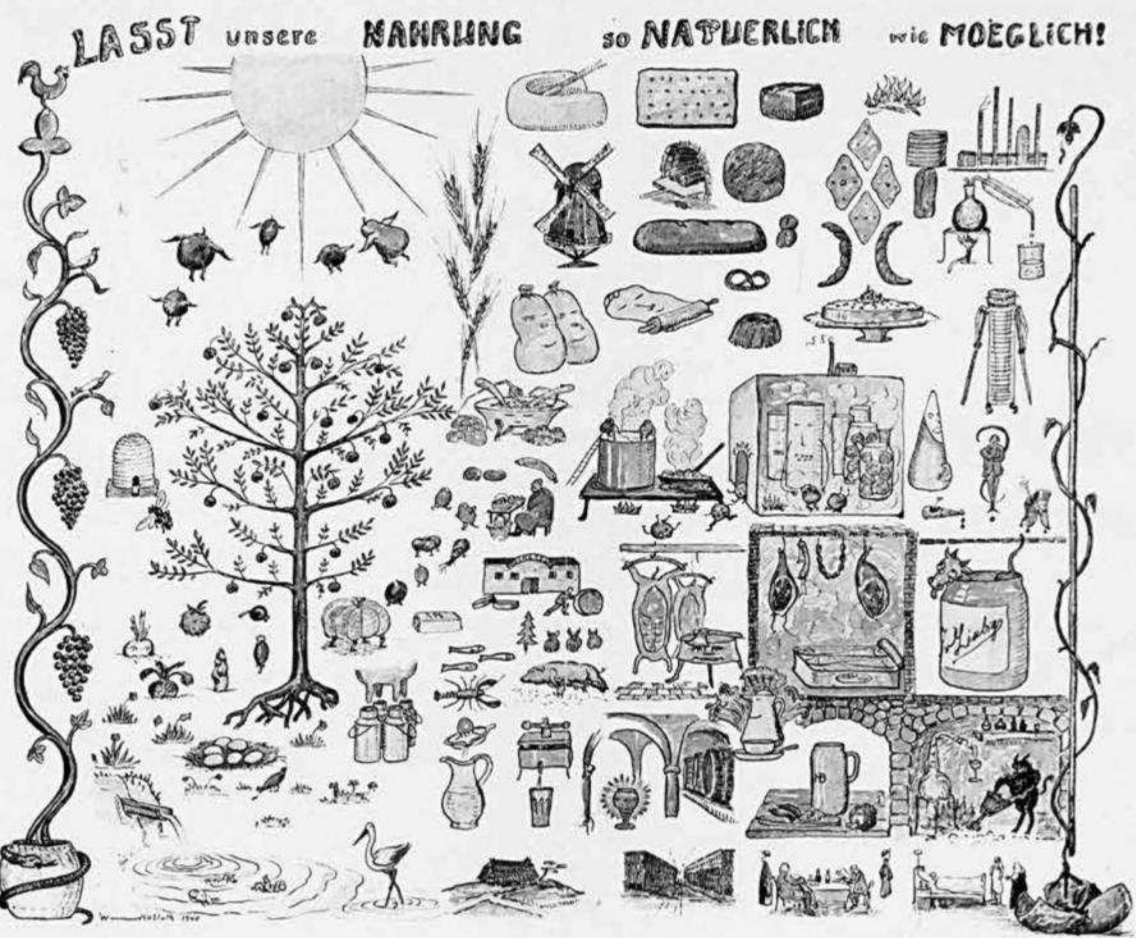
Our maddening political system, in other words, cuts both ways. It landed Brazil in its current situation, but it may just save us from an even more dangerous future. ●

TRIUMPH OF THE TILL

The organic food movement's Nazi past

CORINNA TREITEL

WERNER KOLLATH, DIE ORDNUNG UNSERER NAHRUNG (STUTTGART: HIPPOKRATES, 1942), BACK MATTER.



"Leave our food as natural as possible!" Whether or not you agree with this statement, it probably sounds familiar. Natural food advocates have a vested interest in convincing you that their foods are better: environmentally for our planet, physiologically for our bodies, and ethically for animals and other humans.

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In one particularly clever ad released on YouTube by the Organic Trade Association, "the organic rebellion" battles for control of the American supermarket against "the dark side of the farm." The rebels are Cuke Skywalker, Obi Wan Cannoli, Tofu D2, Chew Broccoli, and Princess Lettuce; on the dark side are Darth Tater ("more chemical than vegetable") and his band of genetically modified, irradiated, and pesticide-saturated followers. A quick glance at the thousands of comments below the video confirms that even children have no trouble getting the message: Natural is good, artificial is bad.

How strange, then, to realize that "Leave our food as natural as possible!" started as a Nazi slogan. Werner Kollath, the physician who came up with it in 1942, was an expert on vitamins and diseases linked to nutritional deficiencies as well as a member of the Nazi Party. As dean of the medical school at the University of Rostock in northern Germany, he openly supported forced sterilization and other eugenic policies closely tied to racial war and genocide. By the standards of his time and place, he was both a good scientist and a good party member. After Germany's defeat and division, however, Kollath found himself shut out of the academy because of his Nazi past. Undaunted, he found non-academic channels for promoting his vision of German dietary reform, enjoying great success as a medical popularizer before his death in 1970. His call to "leave our food as natural as possible" lives on today, in Germany and elsewhere.

Kollath was not an outlier. To begin to understand the degree to which diet mattered to the Nazis, consider the following: Adolf Hitler ate mostly vegetarian and organic foods. So did Rudolf Hess, the deputy leader of the Nazi Party. Heinrich Himmler, who presided over the SS and was a main architect of the Holocaust, was not a vegetarian, but he did lend strong support to the cause of organic farming. And these were not just the personal predilections of party leaders. Urging Germans to eat more naturally was, in fact, a regular theme in Nazi propaganda. In 1934, the state-funded exhibit "German People, German Workers" included guidelines on how to eat in the Third Reich. Germans were advised give up beef, pork, white bread, refined sugar, and alcoholic drinks, and to eat more unpeeled potatoes, rye bread, fresh fruits and vegetables, cheese, and eggs, supplemented with a few herring and a glass of mineral water.

As to why a regime infamous for crimes against humanity devoted any time at all to natural food, part of the answer lies with the memory of World War I. Hunger, Nazi officials knew, had been central to Germany's experience of the Great War. British blockades of German ports from late 1914 until after the signing of the Versailles Peace Treaty in 1919 had exploited Germany's dependence on a global nutritional economy, with dire consequences. Access to imported meats, grains, and, perhaps most importantly, nitrogenous fertilizers suddenly ceased and severe food shortages set in. After the war ended, experts blamed up to 1 million additional deaths in Germany on malnutrition. Hunger, moreover, pushed many Germans into open revolt against their government in 1917 and contributed to the country's military defeat the following year. With memories of wartime hunger still fresh in the 20s and 30s, German political leaders of all stripes dedicated significant energy to ensuring that nutritional disaster on that scale could never happen again. That meant reor-

CORINNA TREITEL is a professor at Washington University in St. Louis. She is a German historian who studies the interplay of science, medicine, politics, and popular culture. This essay is adapted from her book *Eating Nature in Modern Germany: Food, Agriculture, and Environment, 1870-2000* (Cambridge University Press, 2017).

ganizing the way the country ate and farmed so that Germans, as much as possible, could feed themselves with their own labor on their own fields. Instead of relying on foods that grew poorly in German soil or used agricultural resources inefficiently (e.g., wheat, grain-fed beef, schnapps), consumers were urged to switch to German-grown potatoes, fruits, vegetables, rye, and legumes, as well as German dairy products and fish caught in national waters. Farmers were pushed to embrace intensive industrial methods, especially the new crown jewel of German chemical engineering: synthetic nitrogenous fertilizers produced by giant chemical concerns like BASF. (The Nazis never had a consistent position on synthetic fertilizer: While the party promoted it, several top leaders worried that it poisoned crops.) Nazi planners, in short, regarded food as a national security issue, and made achieving autarky (nutritional self-sufficiency) a top priority.

The Nazis, it is important to note, did not invent the practice of eating naturally. Rather, they co-opted it from a vibrant and poorly understood German subculture known as "life reform." The movement, which sought to make modern lifestyles healthier by making them more natural, emerged in the last third of the 19th century and grew to include vegetarians, naturopaths, nudists, anti-vaccinationists, early organic farmers, temperance advocates, anti-vivisectionists, and many other kinds of activists. In political terms, the movement spanned liberals, socialists, and anti-Semites in the 19th century, and fascists, communists, and Greens in the 20th.

Life reformers first hit on the idea of eating naturally in the 1860s. Eduard Baltzer, who pioneered the movement, was a left-wing Prussian progressive who, after starting off as a dissenting Protestant minister, became a democrat in 1848 when it was mortally dangerous to do so, and then converted to "the natural diet" (vegetarianism) in the 1860s as a matter of ethics. Democracy and diet, he believed, had an intimate connection. Baltzer observed poor, hungry, landless Germans—the original proletarians—flocking to cities for low-paying jobs in factories while large landowning elites grew richer and richer producing food that provided little nourishment, such as beets for extracting sugar, grain for distilling schnapps, and cattle raised on land that could better be used for growing crops. (Baltzer liked to point out that it took 10 times as much land to feed a meat-eater as a vegetarian.) In an argument that predated Frances Moore Lappé's

THE NAZI DREAM LED TO GENOCIDE, AND IT ALSO LED TO AN ORGANIC HERB GARDEN AT THE DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP

Diet for a Small Planet (1971) by more than a century, Baltzer offered elaborate calculations that showed just how this shift in the agricultural economy drove food inequality, which in turn fueled political inequality and instability. Adopting a more natural diet, Baltzer argued, was not just a matter of health, but also one of social justice and national survival.

In the early years of the 20th century, unhappy with the dirt, noise, and poverty of big cities, life-reform farmers went back to the land to find a different way to live. They ran farms that deemphasized animals, which were used as a source of labor and manure, but not raised for food. They also said "no" to imported fertilizers (e.g., guano and Chile Nitrate from South America) and "yes" to more "natural" fertilizers such as green manures (nitrogen-

fixing cover crops, which are coming back into fashion today), ground German stones, and composted human and farm waste. Often with a good dose of anti-Semitism toward the Jews who supposedly dominated this import economy, life-reform farmers promised that natural agriculture would promote German self-sufficiency while making German bodies healthier.

In 1924, natural farming took an organic turn when Anthroposophist Rudolf Steiner (of Waldorf School fame) gave a series of lectures at Koberwitz, a large estate in Silesia, on what came to be known as "biodynamic" farming. Responding to the massive agricultural crisis that emerged through a combination of dust storms, declining soil fertility, and falling crop yields, Steiner urged his audience of landowners to give up synthetic fertilizers and devote themselves instead to intensively recycling every organic product on their farms except human waste. The goal was to make rich composts for feeding the soil. To that end, elaborate astrological rituals—this was life reform, after all, and practitioners often dabbled in occultism—were developed to charge these compost heaps with cosmic life forces. Biodynamics struck many Germans at the time as odd, to say the least, and most farmers continued to rely on industrial methods through the early 1930s.

Then, in 1933, the Nazis came to power. They arrived with a vision of creating a racially pure society in which robust Aryans would have healthy babies while living harmoniously on German soil. The pursuit of this dream led to genocide, but perhaps more surprisingly, it also led to an organic herb garden at the Dachau concentration camp. Established in 1933 as Nazi Germany's first camp for its political enemies, in the 1940s, with Heinrich Himmler's blessing, Dachau played host to an elaborate organic-farming experiment supervised by Ernst-Günther Schenck, a high-level Nazi physician. Camp prisoners were forced to tend to the biodynamic herb garden and work in an on-site factory drying the harvest. In packages neatly stamped with the logo of the Dachau garden, the herbs were then sold to racially desirable consumers, including the SS. It was a typical Nazi scheme: use resources efficiently, including the labor of camp prisoners, in order to make Aryans healthy and strong, and to bring the state closer to autarky. In this line of thinking, there was no conflict between war, genocide, eating naturally, and running a police state.

Werner Kollath may not have known about the Dachau herb garden (it was undertaken quietly), but he was certainly aware of the natural practices that life reformers had pioneered years before. In fact, he had co-opted their "natural diet" to develop an elaborate plan for remaking nutritional habits in the Third Reich. The "full-value diet," as he called it, was designed to solve the "half-hunger" typical in advanced industrial societies. Consumers had many food options, Kollath noticed, yet they seemed unable to make good dietary choices. They studiously avoided eating healthy foods—that is, foods rich in vitamins, minerals, and other micronutrients—and consequently lived in a chronic state of malnutrition. What Germans needed was a guide to help them choose foods that were as close to being natural and "whole" as possible. To that end, Kollath's full-value diet divided foods into three groups: "living," "minimally processed," and "dead." In the first category he put plants and dairy foods left in their raw state. In the second category he included wholegrain breads, hard-boiled eggs, high-quality cheese, cooked meats, and so on. And in the final category, Kollath listed foods so highly processed and fragmented that they held no nutritional value at all. The clever illustration on page 83 turns the whole system into a visual allegory. On the left, winged fruits, vegetables, nuts, and bees fly up to the sun. Those foods are alive, and Germans are encouraged to eat them in abundance. On

the right are the unnatural foods, and this is where the iconography gets dark. White sugar rots a tooth, a dead cow flops out of a can, the devil distills schnapps, and at the very bottom, as far away from the sun as possible, a man who has spent his life eating poorly lies in a hospital bed while a nurse and doctor observe his death throes with clinical detachment. The message could not be starker: Eat whole natural foods and live a long healthy life, or eat unnatural processed foods and die an awful early death. The choice is yours.

The Nazis dreamed big about nature, but they also borrowed their thinking from an earlier generation whose political commitments had been all over the map. They then reshaped those strategies into tools for waging war and building a racial utopia. This is a disturbing piece of history, particularly for those who believe that eating more naturally—less meat, more plants, less processed and high-input food, more organic and local food—will save us and our planet. The past cannot tell us how to eat or farm today. It cannot adjudicate what is natural or artificial, provide arguments for or against organic agriculture, determine whether GMOs are the best thing for a hungry planet or a dangerous sign of the coming apocalypse. But it can remind us that contemporary debates about organic food and farming stretch back to the 19th century and have various roots, including ones in the Nazi movement. The moral arc of the Organic Trade Association video might read very differently to American viewers if they imagined Cuke Skywalker and his band of brothers as gun-toting, right-wing libertarians. (And they very well could be: The Oklahoma City bombing of 1995, after all, was planned on an organic farm in Michigan.) Having written a book about the German relationship to food as an American watching her own historical moment with interest, I have come to appreciate the deep pull of what I call “the natural temptation”: the belief that turning to nature will help us solve the problems of industrial modernity, from pollution to chronic illness to globalization and beyond. Whether you are a proponent or a critic or just on the fence, what the Nazi episode suggests is that we belong to a larger historical moment. The natural temptation emerged more than a century ago, and it seems to be here to stay, at least for a while. ●

PUBLISH AND PERISH

Lessons in literature and revolution from a sycophantic Mongolian dictator

DANIEL KALDER

JESSICA LOUDIS

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Many dictators write books, although few have any talent—except, perhaps, in their sheer ability to produce words on an industrial scale. But while practically all dictators, left and right, would commit crimes against literature in the 20th century, it was the communists who were especially prolific generators of stultifying text. As self-proclaimed standard-bearers of the vision of history outlined by Karl Marx, they were participants in a tradition whereby demonstrating theoretical expertise via books, pamphlets, and articles was key to establishing their authority as superior thinkers uniquely qualified to lead the proletariat into the future. But if you open many of these books it is difficult to find any expertise or much theory. If anything, they demonstrate the opposite: that the authors are monumental bores with few original thoughts. Yet still the books continued to stream, mercilessly, from the printing presses. So how did this tradition persist, and what to make of the canon it has imposed on the world?

It started with Lenin: When he came to power, he already had a substantial bibliography in place thanks to two decades of fighting with rivals, and writing pamphlets and articles to guide his followers. The first edition of his collected works began publication in 1920, and it was no mere archive edition; theory guided Bolshevik policies—or at least, their policies required a theoretical justification. It was theory that led his followers to believe that the October Revolution would rapidly spread to Europe, and that it was their mission to help usher in a new era. So when the Spartacist uprising in Germany was unceremoniously crushed after a few days in January 1919, and when the revolutionary regimes in Bavaria and Hungary swiftly collapsed that same year, it challenged the faith.

But Lenin, as always, had an answer. In his first major work, *The Development of Capitalism in Russia* (1899), he had argued that revolutionary conditions in Russia were much more "advanced" than previously assumed. Few were convinced at first, but the events of 1917 did seem to confirm his analysis. So in 1920 he went a step further and proclaimed that it was now possible for "backward countries" to proceed to communism while "bypassing the capitalist stage of development." There was a caveat, however: This could only happen so long as these countries were assisted by the proletariat of "more advanced countries."

Lenin's revelation was certainly balm for the cognitive dissonance induced by the disconfirmation of prophecy, but it was more than that. It could also serve as rationalization for policies of interference in any country, including those that lacked a proletariat.

* * *

Mongolia in 1921 was ruled over by a "Living Buddha," the Bogd Khan. At that time, its vast steppes had neither factories nor proletarians nor capitalists, and Urga, the capital, made Moscow look like the set of Blade Runner. It was a land of nomads and lamas, where serfdom

DANIEL KALDER is the author of *The Infernal Library: On Dictators, the Books They Wrote, and Other Catastrophes of Literacy* (Henry Holt, 2018). He has contributed to BBC Radio, *The Times of London*, *The Guardian*, and many other publications. Originally from Fife, Scotland, he lived in Moscow for 10 years before moving to Texas, where he currently resides.

was still practiced. Yet the roughly 647,000 inhabitants of this sprawling country were about to take a leap into the 20th century, and, courtesy of the neighboring USSR, to experience the joys and terrors of revolution.

The tsarist regime had valued Mongolia as a buffer state with China, and though the Soviets would too, first, there was a threat to be squashed. The White Russian general Roman Baron von Ungern-Sternberg, a messianic Buddhist mystic alleged to enjoy burning and boiling his foes alive, was camped out in Mongolia with plans to use it as a base from which to reestablish the Russian Empire. So 10,000 Red Army troops, accompanied by 700 Mongols, crossed the border to stop him. Following Sternberg's defeat, a new era began. A people's revolutionary government was declared in Mongolia on July 10, 1921, though the country was not officially part of the USSR.

While the Living Buddha was left on his throne (he did not die until 1924), Soviet agents and specialists were shipped in from Moscow to provide political "guidance" during what turned out to be a transitional first decade in Soviet orbit. National papers and radio broadcasts lavished praise upon the USSR, Soviet experts unironically named the ruling party "The Mongolian People's Revolutionary Party," and in 1924 Mongolia officially submitted itself to the Communist International, or "Comintern," the organization through which Stalin made his will known to communist parties around the world. Yet despite this "assistance," Mongolia was slow to show any concrete signs of socialist development. In the late 1920s, less than 20 percent of its exports were shipped to the motherland, signaling that Moscow's influence was somewhat constrained. Clearly, something needed to be done if the world promised by Soviet theoreticians was to become reality. Luckily for the Soviets, the man who, at Stalin's behest, would attempt to force it into being was waiting in the wings.

Khorloogiin Choibalsan was the son of an impoverished single mother and, like Stalin, a member of a low social class who would not have learned how to read were it not for his religious education (in Choibalsan's case, a Buddhist one). Also like Stalin, he rejected the faith of his forefathers in favor of the doctrines of Marx and Lenin, whose writings he encountered while studying at a school for Russian-Mongolian interpreters in eastern Siberia. Their words exercised a powerful effect upon the young man from the steppes. Choibalsan went on to fight alongside the Red Army and was there at the founding of the People's Revolutionary Party.

One text from 1923, "Letter to the Mongolian People," demonstrates the depth of Choibalsan's fealty to Moscow. Writing about an exhibition celebrating the sixth anniversary of the October Revolution, Choibalsan extols "all the achievements of the Soviet Union," which include "machines, from ploughshares to meat grinding machines," and "a picture of Lenin made of growing flowers." Thanks to these wonders, he claims, "[e]ven a blind man knows that the Soviet Union will soon become the richest country in the world."

Choibalsan studied at the Red Army school in Moscow and developed contacts within the Comintern. By the late 1920s he was back in Mongolia, serving as head of a commission tasked with seizing livestock from nobles and redistributing the animals to recently formed collective farms. This period of radicalization also saw the abolition of private property, attacks on the lamaseries (monasteries for lamas), and the collectivization of nomads. When, in 1934, Stalin instructed that Choibalsan be made deputy prime minister—the moment his ascent to dictatorship truly began—Mongolia still had no proletariat, but was familiar with purges, repression, and terror. Choibalsan, now known as "Marshal," continued in that vein when he took over Mongolia's Ministry of Internal Affairs in 1936.

* * *

Although he was extremely powerful on paper, Choibalsan knew who his boss was, and faithfully did Stalin's bidding. Closely modeling himself on his master in the Kremlin, he purged party officials, waged war on the landowning class, staged show trials, repressed artists and intellectuals, and attacked religion, destroying more than 700 monasteries. Some estimates suggest his body count was as high as 100,000.

But it wasn't all violence and repression. The Soviet obsession with literacy had taken root almost immediately after the revolution, leading to aggressive education campaigns. In 1921 Mongolia only had one elementary school; by 1930 it had 122. Choibalsan, having been transformed by his encounter with the works of Marx and Lenin, intensified these efforts: By 1940, the number of schools had almost tripled to 331. Literacy, in fact, was a far greater priority than industry—the country only built its first factory in 1933. After all, to know the theory of history, to understand the sacred texts of the revolutionary era, people must first learn to read.

And so Choibalsan asked the USSR for books and the USSR obliged. Soviet textbooks flowed over the border, and thousands of copies of *The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks)*, an alternate history of the USSR edited by Stalin himself, were imported to ensure that the correct distortions were in place before the truth could take root.

The goal at first was less to raise the consciousness of the masses than that of the revolutionary elite. (In 1934, 55 percent of the Party was still illiterate.) Choibalsan would later describe this era of literary discovery—"the appearance in translation and the publication of the books of Comrade Stalin"—as "the most important event in the ideological life of the party."

Yet Choibalsan's lack of a literary repertoire presented a problem: The socialist tradition was extremely logocentric, and to prove he was worthy of leading, each ruler of prominence had to establish his authority as a theoretician. Even Stalin was not exempt. To develop his own cult of personality, Choibalsan was expected to perform these public acts of "theory," even though it would be extremely dangerous for him to say anything about Marx or Lenin that Stalin, the infallible pope of global communism, had not already said. How, then, to present oneself as a great thinker without actually contributing anything of substance?

ART, AS WELL AS TRUTH, SUFFERED UNDER THE NEW REGIME

Fortunately, Stalin himself provided an example. Or rather, his editors did—by treating everything he said as an utterance of genius. Upon Lenin's death, Stalin had lacked a substantial bibliography, so the editors of his *Collected Works* bound between hard covers everything from his letters to *Pravda* to congratulatory speeches made to combine harvester drivers. And lo, a vast and profound corpus came into being.

Sticking to this model, Choibalsan managed to fill four volumes with official pronouncements and words he had delivered at party congresses. These "greatest hits" were subsequently published in Moscow; a glance at the contents page gives a sense of the excitement contained within.

Letter to Mongolian Youth About the Soviet Lands 7 November 1923

The Eleventh Anniversary of the Death of Lenin and National Independence of Mongolia

The Great Celebration of the Revelation and the Politics of the New Course

Speech at a meeting of workers in the city of Ulan Bataar 23 June 1941

As to whether substance matched style, the speeches themselves read like this:

"We shall unite ourselves and devote our lives and property to the work of uniting the minds of the people ... the aim is more rights and privileges for the common people. After eliminating the sufferings of the people, they should be allowed to live in peace, and like any other nation the Mongol people should develop their strength and talents."

It wasn't all platitudes: Choibalsan also mastered Stalinist virulence. His speeches from 1937-1940 contain denunciations of colleagues from the earliest days of the revolution, similar to those Stalin and his lapdogs unleashed upon Trotsky. Thus, in this speech on the 18th anniversary of the Mongolian revolution, Choibalsan vituperates against comrades he had known for decades:

"Damba, Naidan, and Dovchin, remnants of the Gendung-Demid organization, and likewise other insidious enemies have meanwhile been exposed. And since then, Amor who went under the name of premier of this country, and who in his whole person was a feudal noble, imbued with the reactionary doctrines of the old feudality, the Buddhists and the Manchus, has, together with other devils, been arrested. Even now we are utterly rooting out the enemies who have tried to obstruct the people's freedom and the warm friendship of the USSR and Mongolia."

Also in keeping with Stalinist precedent, Choibalsan generated works of history. He wrote a biography of the Mongolian war hero Khatan Bator Maksarjab, who had fought against the Chinese and the tsarist armies. He likewise attached his name to *History of the Mongolian People's Revolution*, in which he was careful to pay extreme homage to his mighty neighbor. The point, of course, was not to be original. It was to demonstrate influence and assert control over memory. "I have not been able to find that [Choibalsan] ever pretended to be an ideological innovator or a modifier of doctrine," wrote Owen Lattimore, the preeminent Western observer of Mongolia during this period.

The gift of literacy is a wonderful thing, unless you are obliged to read turgid works of staggering mendacity—which is what happened here as the works of Stalin and Choibalsan cluttered up the curriculae.

But the newly literate Mongolians didn't just have to read texts by Choibalsan. They also had to read literature *about* him. A new era in poetry began in 1938 when *The People's Cultural Road* magazine published an issue containing several poems praising the Marshal. The odes composed by court poets were deeply uninspired, and highly derivative of odes to Stalin, which Mongolians were also forced to read. Consider this effort by Tsendiin Damdinsüren, editor of Mongolia's official government newspaper:

I have wandered in the open land
And talked to the mountains and steppes.
In my feeble old age
I have been invited by
The Leader of the Party
And the People's Government.
I was treated with respect,
And talked about important things
With mutual consultation.

So it was that art, as well as truth, suffered under the new regime, and artists who refused

to abide by the new rules simply vanished from print.

* * *

Having statues of yourself erected, lapping up praise from audiences of sycophants, featuring as the subject of hagiographic movies, and then compelling your subjects to read your works—are these instances of megalomania, or of sticking to Stalinist house style? Certainly Choibalsan was adhering to precedent set by the dictator, but having witnessed the flourishing of Stalin's cult of personality, it's possible he was indulging in narcissistic tendencies of his own.

Like a satrap in ancient Persia subject to restrictions imposed by the imperial center, so Choibalsan could not escape the terrible gravity of Moscow. For all the praise he received and the power he officially wielded, he was ultimately the regional manager of the USSR's first Stalinist franchise. Though he accumulated many titles—prime minister, minister of the army, minister of foreign affairs, commander-in-chief—he was nevertheless subservient to Stalin.

Toward the end of his life, however, Choibalsan showed signs of autonomy. In 1950, he vetoed a proposal to incorporate Mongolia into the USSR, though he did not attempt the impossible task of liberating it from Stalin's control. Choibalsan died from cancer two years later, and was embalmed by the same team of scientists that had worked on Lenin. Yet despite years of service, the Mongolian dictator was not deemed worthy of full mummification. And so, Choibalsan was half-embalmed, his body left to decay more slowly than an untreated corpse, but not so slowly that he could be displayed behind glass.

But even as he moldered away in his closed tomb, Choibalsan remained a pioneer, though he was not always recognized as such: He was the first leader outside of the USSR to embrace and import Stalinist totalitarianism and all its trappings, including its terrible books.

After World War II, a cluster of new communist states appeared as the Red Army brought socialism to Eastern Europe. Like Choibalsan, many of the managers of these new regional franchises—men such as Georgi Dimitrov of Bulgaria, Klement Gottwald of Czechoslovakia, Bolesław Bierut of Poland, and Mátyás Rákosi of Hungary—had spent long periods in Moscow genuflecting before Stalin and learning to parrot party orthodoxy. Indeed, these soon-to-be dictator-authors lived under the same roof at the Hotel Lux on Gorky Street, a 15-minute walk from the Kremlin. They had read the same texts, attended the same congresses, studied in the same schools, and had worked for the Comintern. When millions starved and comrades disappeared, they knew when to be silent and when to applaud. All were excellently schooled as Stalinist subordinates.

And thanks to Choibalsan, it was clear what these leaders had to do when they were sent to their respective countries; the experiment had already been run, the model of totalitarian mimesis was in place. They erected monuments and delivered speeches and generated texts, as Choibalsan had before them. In hardbound books they praised Stalin and railed against the enemies of socialism, as Choibalsan had before them. They hymned the openings of factories and the spread of communism, as Choibalsan had before them. They added small local details to create the impression of authenticity, as Choibalsan had before them.

The Mongolian dictator also established another precedent, a special kind of suffering reserved for citizens of the satellites. While those in the birthplace of Soviet communism were only obliged to Lenin and Stalin and the canonical Marxist texts, the subjects of Choibalsan and those who came after him had to go a step further. They also had to read the diabolical prose of their own communist leaders. ●

A military tank drives across the capital of Caracas. It was used in a police raid that targeted seven insurgents. More than 500 agents were involved in the raid.

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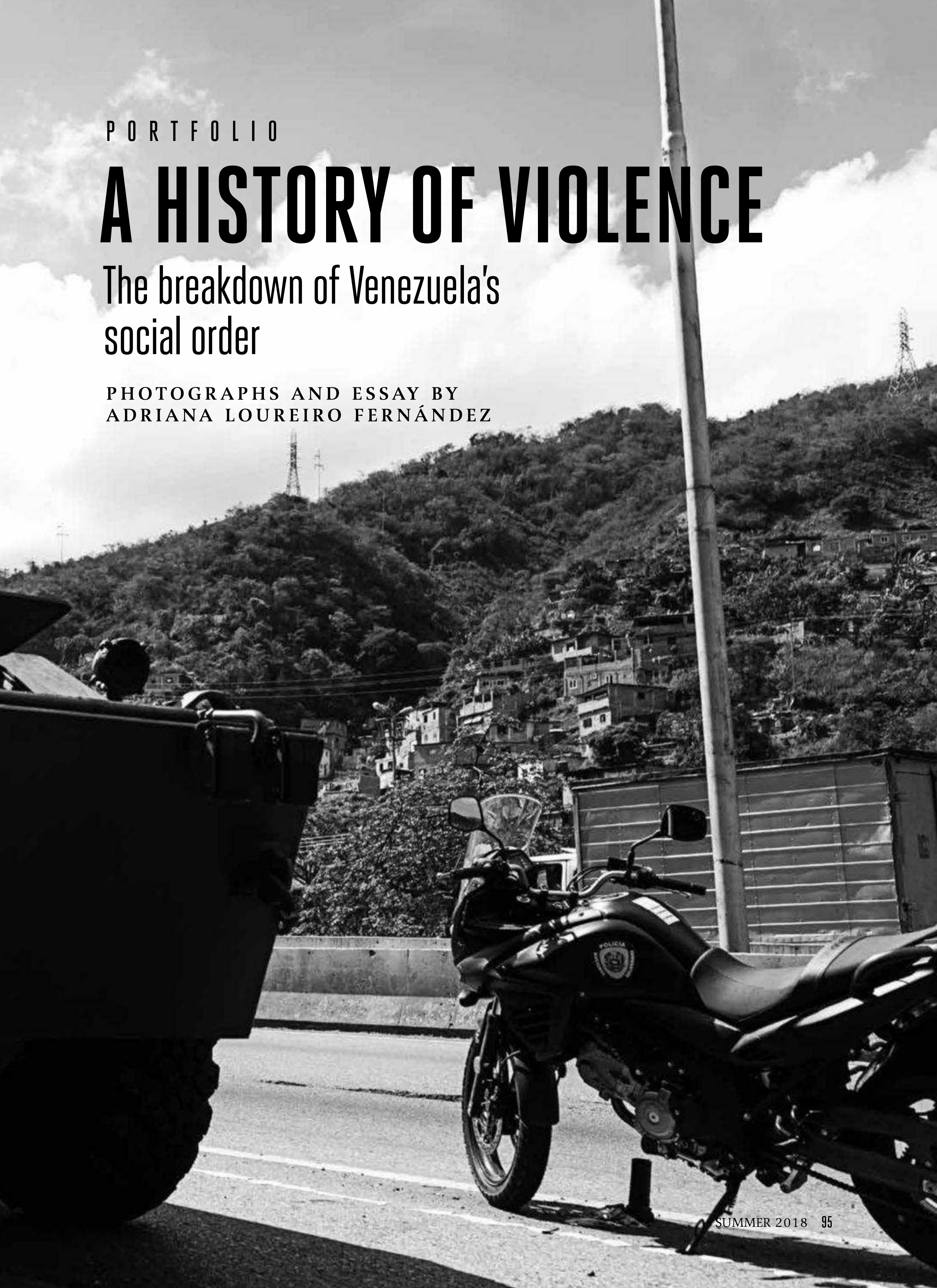
PORTFOLIO

A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

The breakdown of Venezuela's social order

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ESSAY BY
ADRIANA LOUREIRO FERNÁNDEZ



Protests during a 48-hour general strike in 2017 resulted in two deaths, dozens of detentions, and hundreds of injuries in Caracas alone.

When President Hugo Chávez died in 2013, Venezuela was already a violent country. A long history of corruption paired with a huge wealth gap had resulted in escalating rates of violence and the brutalization of disenfranchised groups. But, as the world would later realize, the worst was yet to come.

ADRIANA LOUREIRO FERNÁNDEZ is a freelance multimedia journalist based in Caracas, Venezuela. Focusing on human rights and violence, her work has been featured in the *New York Times* Lens Blog, the *Los Angeles Times*, and The Intercept. She has a Master's degree in journalism from Columbia University.

It’s common to see “hunger,” “misery,” and anti-Maduro slogans written on Caracas’ subways. Most graffiti writers protest by day and roam the subway and train tunnels by night, where they are vulnerable to police or criminal violence.

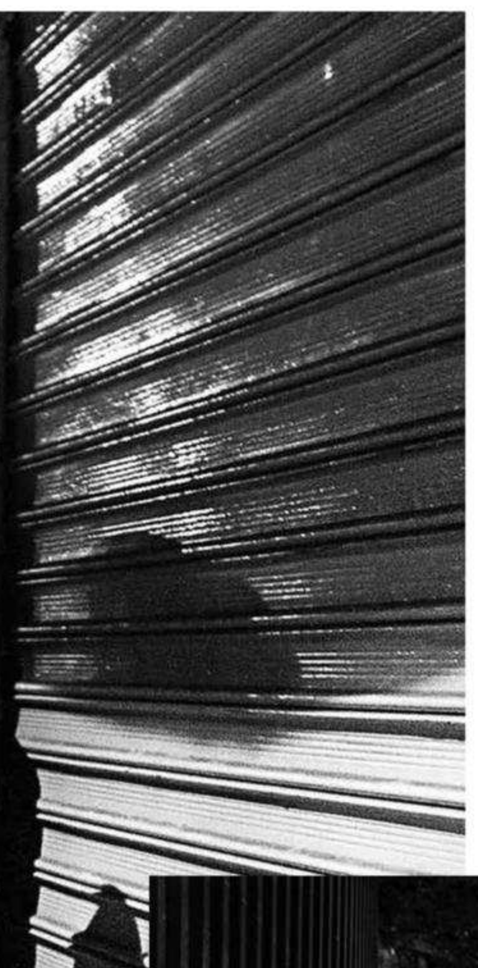
A young man tags a wall as protests erupt all over Caracas. Many people in the more affluent eastern side of Caracas participated in the strike, but those in the city’s poorer western areas did not.

Police prepare to raid a building in April 2014. Clashes with demonstrators began early in the morning and extended late into the night. Shortly after this photograph was taken, a large group of protesters arrived, and the raid was called off.

As social and economic divides grew wider, anger and frustration spread across the country. A war was brewing slowly, one without frontlines, or recognizable allies and enemies.

The nature of violence in Venezuela has changed dramatically in recent years. In 2013, most of it could be traced to organized crime, gangs, and armed civilians. Especially common were armed robberies and shootings between rival gangs or the police, and "express kidnappings"—random kidnappings that lasted for less than 48 hours and were intended to generate ransom money.

Then, in 2014, everything started to shift. That was when heightened insecurity finally prompted people to take to the streets in mass demonstrations. It was also when the heavily militarized government began to bare its teeth. The year after these protests began, Chávez's successor, Nicolás Maduro, announced a plan to raid slums, allegedly as part of a strategy to control violence.



Selena, a transgender prostitute, walks around Caracas' red-light district in October 2015. The city's prostitution industry has thrived since protests began in 2014, but it has also become more dangerous. "It's scary. People have no respect and get very violent against us at times," Selena said.

This led to one of the bloodiest periods in Venezuelan history, resulting in an average of 91 deaths per 100,000 inhabitants. The country became one of the most dangerous in the world, with a death toll higher than any country at war except for Syria.

According to the Venezuelan Observatory of Violence, a local NGO, police forces killed an average of 15 people per day in 2017. Over 130 people were killed during that year's protests; hundreds more lost their lives in raids on slums. An investigation by a national news outlet estimated that over 900 people have been killed since the raids started, and with hundreds of high-profile criminals dead, members of the police and military have seized the opportunity to fill their roles.

State-led violence slowly escalated into state-mandated terror. People now are more scared of law enforcement than they are of gangs and criminals. In the last year, the Attorney General's Office—a supposedly independent arm of government that in practice follows executive branch orders—has charged hundreds of officers involved in kidnappings, drug trafficking, and robberies. In the eyes of most Venezuelans, there is little distinction between gangsters and officers, who are sometimes referred to as *malandros con chapa*—"criminals with badges."

A member of the national guard exits a mall after a raid in September 2014. Over a dozen young people were taken into custody, and most of them spent more than three months in a political prison.

During a national strike called by the opposition party in July 2017, young people gather to protest in Petare, the largest slum in Caracas. They later clashed with law enforcement on a bridge that connects Petare to La Urbina, a middle-class neighborhood.

A "keeper," or *caletero* in Venezuelan slang, shows the gun he is guarding for a friend. Keepers stay below the police's radar, holding drugs and weapons for higher-profile criminals. In 2009 Amnesty International warned that Venezuela might have as many as 6 million unregistered weapons.

At a bar in Catia, a city in the north of Venezuela, a former prisoner at the infamous El Reten de Catia, which was demolished in the late 1990s, spoke about his scars. "Back then we use to front with knives, with skills," he said, "Now any kid has a gun and he's the man."

Special security forces drive to a raid in the outskirts of Caracas. Most officers wear ski masks and carry no identification. One officer who was killed in this raid was later identified as a member of an armed group linked to the Maduro government.

I never intended to photograph violence. I started, unwillingly, in 2012, when I began capturing unexpected episodes of it while documenting my daily life. After a year of this, I began focusing on it intentionally. I photograph violence as I experience it: It happens randomly and suddenly, like a flashback, and is impossible to escape.

Venezuela went from being a country in which citizens were pitted against each other through class conflict to one where the government targets the people. Most recent studies estimate that more than 4 million Venezuelans have fled the country and thousands of civilians have been tortured in police captivity.

Gina Aponte says goodbye to her youngest brother as his casket descends into the ground. "Everything became real and irreversible in that moment. I had been in shock ever since he got shot, everything happened so fast and I had to deal with so many things on my own," she said. "I just didn't have time to cry him until then."

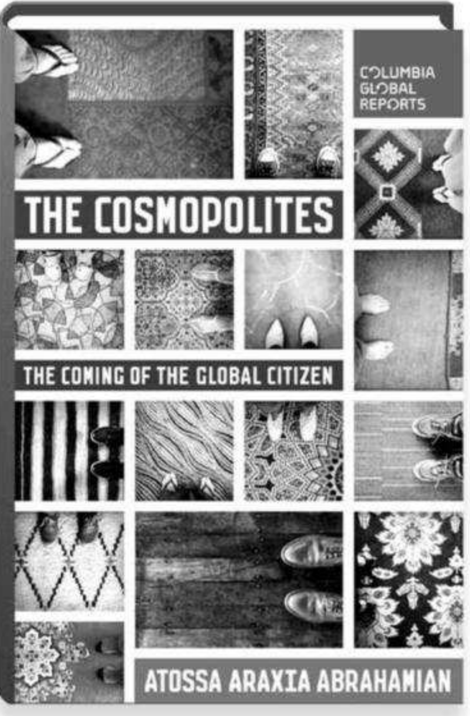
A young boy files the side of a casket, while another one takes a break in an unfinished casket. The small factory is one of the last in the country that produces wooden caskets; most are made of synthetic materials. Death rates in Venezuela are so high that the demand for caskets often exceeds the supply.

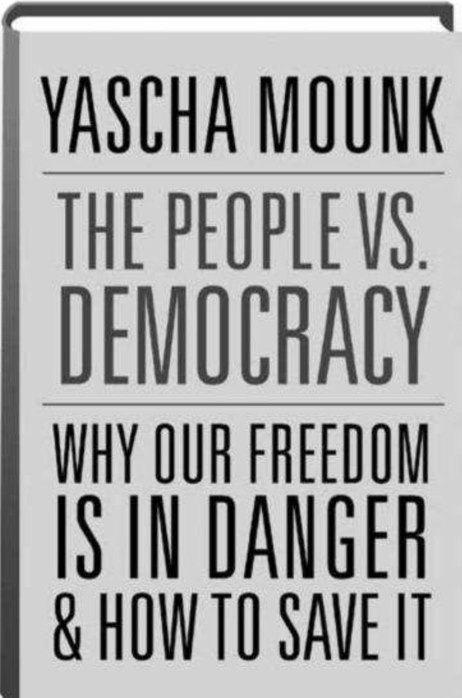
For many, there is no greater fear than having the political police knock on their door. “I’d rather die than be in their custody again,” a young woman told me after she was released from detention. And to say this in a country where most people have accepted the reality of everyday violence is to say a lot. Everyone in Venezuela knows that their life doesn’t belong to them, it belongs to the person holding the weapon—and the government has the biggest arsenal. ●

During the dry season in July 2015, wildfires burned for weeks on Mount Ávila, which overlooks Caracas. The city was on edge while sunlight filtered through the smoke, making for dream-like sunsets.

DEMOCRACY, NOW?

A conversation with Atossa Araxia Abrahamian and Yascha Mounk





COLUMBIA GLOBAL REPORTS/HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Since the U.K.'s decision to formally exit the European Union 18 months ago, people around the world have watched in fascination and horror as democratic states turn into petri dishes for populist movements, and once-venerable institutions see their legitimacy come into question. Whatever the causes of this so-called crisis of democracy—the ascent of the service economy; the rise of global inequality, xenophobia, mass migration; the loss of the remaining members of the World War II generation—something is rotten in the state of the world. *WPJ* editor Jessica Loudis spoke with Atossa Araxia Abrahamian, author of *The Cosmopolites* (Columbia Global Reports, 2015) and a senior editor at *The Nation*, and Yascha Mounk, author of three books, most recently *The People vs. Democracy* (Harvard University Press, 2018), and lecturer on government at Harvard University, about the role of nations in these volatile times, and whether citizenship still matters.

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Jessica Loudis: Hi Atossa and Yascha, thanks so much for agreeing to do this conversation. The theme of this issue is “megalomania,” which tends to evoke—at least right now—a handful of rising nationalist leaders around the world. We’re living in a peculiar moment in world history: The post-World War II order is under siege, and the relationship between citizens and governments that emerged during that time is giving way to something new. Yascha, you’ve written about how faith in democracy has declined among members of younger generations in the U.S. and Europe. Why do you think this is, and how long has it been in the making?

Yascha Mounk: For a long time, there were all kinds of reasons to prefer democracy over dictatorship. Democracies allowed their citizens to enjoy individual freedom and collective self-rule. But democracies were also the most powerful and most affluent countries in the world. The lifestyle of an average American was incomparably better than that of an average Russian or Chinese citizen. Obviously people wanted to live in democracies when that was true—and it was very tempting for political scientists and philosophers to ascribe that desire to the most noble motives. People, they claimed, just had a deep commitment to democratic values.

Over the past years, what political scientists call “performance legitimacy” has gradually eroded. The living standards of average citizens in a developed democracy have stagnated. Many people are worried about demographic transformations in their countries. Meanwhile, some authoritarian countries are catching up economically.

This has an especially strong impact on young people. They have the least vivid memory of the past successes of democracy, and the least developed imagination of what it actually looks like to live in a dictatorship. At the same time, they also feel the crisis of performance in the most direct way: It is young people in Southern Europe who are most likely to be unemployed, for example, and young people in North America who pay the heaviest price for housing policies that favor older generations.

Loudis: Atossa, you’ve written about the buying and selling of citizenship and the class dimensions of globalization. What role do you think that plays in this conversation, if any?

Atossa Araxia Abrahamian: As you point out, we are living through a kind of renegotiation of what it means to live in, belong to, and participate in a society. And what have emerged within individual countries are parallel social contracts—one exists for the global 1 percent, and another for everyone else. The very wealthy pay proportionally less in taxes. They’re able to pay their way into office, or across borders. In many, many countries, including the United States, they’re a lot more likely to be taken seriously when approaching the courts or the police with a grievance. The list goes on.

Selling citizenship is a perfect example of that taking place. Freedom of movement—which should be a right—has revealed itself to be a privilege that can be bought. My book is all about the inequalities in our freedom of movement, and the differences between the stateless rich and the stateless poor. It’s also an investigation into the sale of citizenship, and how passports became a wholesale business. This, I argue, challenges the very notion of democracy as a system elected by a coherent people. I’m curious about what Yascha makes of that. It’s a tiny number, but when billionaires can buy their way in and vote in Malta, St. Kitts, and even the U.S and Canada via investor visas, what does that mean?

Mounk: That’s a great question. And it goes to the heart of an argument I make in my recent

book: that perceptions of fairness and expectations of what the future might bring are in many ways just as important as the current reality. So when you look at countries in Central Europe, for example, it's at first puzzling why people should feel so economically frustrated. After all, they are vastly more wealthy than they had been a few decades ago. But this misses the fact that they both feel very economically insecure and, perhaps more importantly, don't think that the people in their countries who are most wealthy deserve what they have, often because they made their money through political connections.

The same goes for citizenship. If you want to give the most sympathetic possible rendering to the sentiment behind the populist rise, it is an anger over the devaluation of the importance of the nation. Part of that can be purely xenophobic: Some people just don't want to accept that somebody who is brown or black could ever become "truly" German or Swedish. But part of it is also a sense that political and economic elites don't really care about their fellow citizens. And seemingly small things like selling citizenships—which, as Atossa has masterfully shown, goes on in all kinds of countries in all kinds of shapes and forms—makes a big difference there.

BILLIONAIRES LOVE PRIVACY AS MUCH AS THEY LOVE MONEY

The Bulgarian political scientist Ivan Krastev has expressed this point best in some ways: In the 1990s, politicians in Central Europe emphasized how well they speak English, as it showed that they would be able to get respect in the West. Today, many politicians emphasize that they don't speak English—it shows that their fate is bound up with that of their nation because they can't just go and take a cushy job in London or New York.

Abrahamian: That's fascinating, I didn't realize not speaking English was a point of pride. There is a fine line, of course, between that kind of rhetoric and xenophobia.

I'm interested in how these kinds of movements relate to globalization in economic terms, because they don't often come hand-in-hand with actual protectionism (though we are seeing more of this in the U.S. with Trump's proposed tariffs—we'll see if he pushes them through). People are very quick to blame globalization for income inequality, but that's often just shorthand for a bunch of phenomena that include but aren't limited to globalization: automation, rent-seeking, taxation policies, and so on. I can't think of any "populists" who have tried to significantly raise taxes on the rich or crack down on tax havens.

Taxes are a huge part of this democratic "disintegration," too, because the 1 percent are perceived to not be contributing—sometimes even going so far as to brag about not paying taxes. And at the same time we're not seeing more progressive tax policies being proposed. Ethically speaking, I'm no fan of any kind of nationalism, as I see borders as essentially arbitrary and exclusionary, but if I were, the obvious way to start improving things would be through a serious attempt to curb inequality, and not just through growth or employment but through redistribution. What do you make of these Bernie Sanders-type policies? In your attempt to imagine a more democratic kind of national project for the 21st century, where do things like tariffs and wealth and income redistribution policies within a nation factor in?

Mounk: A lot of populism is bred from deep cynicism. If you want to understand why voters

don't seem to care when Donald Trump tells outright lies—for example, claiming that Barack Obama founded the Islamic State or that climate change is a Chinese hoax—the reason is that they have basically concluded that all politicians are dishonest and that politics won't really do anything for them. What they like about populists like Trump is that they "tell it as it is," which is to say that they call bullshit on the political class. So when you look at Silvio Berlusconi in Italy or at Hugo Chávez in Venezuela or at Vladimir Putin in Russia, it turns out that the inability of populists to deliver on some of their more extreme promises rarely costs them as much as one might hope.

Trump is also atypical in certain ways. Most populists are deeply corrupt and help their friends and associates make quick cash. But they also, at least at first, hand out presents to their base. Think of the generous child payments introduced by the conservative Polish government after they took office, for example.

As for the broader question about economic policy, I think labels are less helpful than particular policies. Anybody on the left needs to recognize the tremendous advantages that globalization has brought to the world. After all, a billion people have been raised out of dire poverty over the past few decades. That's no mean achievement. But at the same time, we need to take much more decisive steps to ensure that rich people and big corporations pay their fair share of tax. And there are a lot of ways to do that without giving up on free trade. Other countries should follow America's lead in requiring all citizens to pay tax irrespective of their place of residence, for example. Corporate tax should depend much less on the location of a company's nominal headquarters. And tax authorities need to be given the resources to investigate many more people: If CFOs or rich individuals thought there was a realistic chance of going to jail for cheating on their taxes, then most of them just wouldn't do it.

Loudis: Atossa, I know you're skeptical about national governance structures effectively policing and taxing, say, a billionaire who would rather hide his money in an offshore account in the Caribbean. Do you think we'll ever get to a place where regulation will work smoothly on an international scale? At the moment we seem to be relying on investigative journalists to keep people in line.

Abrahamian: If there's anything I've learned in my reporting, it's that capital finds a way. So no, I'm not optimistic—many of the rules the OECD has proposed to stop or curb the use of tax havens have been toothless, and they just "move" the problem from one country to another. That said, I think transparency initiatives like the one recently adopted in the U.K. can go a long way in that they add a procedural and institutional deterrent element to someone who's setting up these arcane tax structures in the first place. This isn't entirely unlike the work that reporters at the International Consortium of Investigative Journalists are doing—but we can't expect journalists to bust every single bad guy out there with their highly limited powers. Basically, billionaires love privacy as much as they love money—and that discomfort is something that should be leveraged for the greater good!

It seems like many advocates of an interdependent, multilateral, "global" system feel as though they lost the plot before these nationalist movements rose and now are confused and angry and don't know what do. Yascha, as a practical matter, what advice would you give to a person who might identify as a "global" or "world" citizen and is struggling to process and react to what's happening? Clearly, carrying on à la Davos is not going to get anyone anywhere, and you've argued that liberals need to make their own claim on nationalism. But how does one also keep supporting internationalism—not just politically, but even as a matter of moral principle—in light of these developments?

Mounk: This is something I spend a lot of time grappling with. Take an issue like immigration, for example. There are some things on which I will never compromise, like insisting that we treat everybody in a country the same irrespective of their religion or skin color. But should I be flexible about how many people I think should be let into the country if there is real reason to think that more immigration will lead to a greater populist backlash? I'm not so sure.

But I also think that there are many ways in which a commitment to an inclusive nationalism need not be at odds with the creation of a just international order. For one, the nation itself is already a way of overcoming even more narrow allegiances. It's due to the artificial community of the nation that we can be moved to have solidarity with people who are thousands of miles away from us, rather than just caring about our own family or village or tribe. For another thing, the vision of a series of nations that have clearly defined borders and proudly celebrate their unique features isn't at odds with the vision of a world in which these nations work together to achieve common security and prosperity.

So I guess what I'm trying to do is to think carefully about which parts of my internationalist orientation are actually necessary to achieve the values I truly care about—and which parts stem from a kind of anti-nationalist set of instincts that I should be willing to rethink.

Have you felt yourself changing in this respect over the past years? Do you feel like the international vision you were once committed to is no longer feasible, so you need to compromise? Or do you think the recent rise of nationalist movements is, if we make all the right political decisions, a kind of temporary hiccup en route to the kind of international order you wish for?

Abrahamian: I don't think the international order we have is anywhere near perfect, but if we are to keep it around—and I suspect we will, in some shape or form—I think people should be afforded the same rights as capital/corporations. So a reimagined NAFTA should have free movement of people that's pegged or equivalent to the movement of goods. By the same token, the private sector should have the same responsibilities toward the nations they operate in as people do: They have to pay their taxes, respect the environment, be responsible employers, and so on. My opposition to nationalism is an admittedly squishy one—it's moral. I don't believe that people of different nationalities or races or genders or what have you are all that different, and I don't think policies should separate or segregate people based on an accident of birth.

That said, I believe in having more equality both within nations and between them—and maybe unfortunately, nobody has come up with a better frame for redistribution and welfare than the nation-state. But the welfare infrastructure we have today could be put to much better use. In my view, guaranteeing people a stable future and also status within their communities—which is often tied to things like employment and compensation, but can also flourish when people have the time and resources to volunteer or have hobbies—will go a long way in at least taking some of the nastiness out of nationalism. On its own, civic nationalism, while essentially bordered, does not have to be xenophobic, and I do think that right now it's important to address the extreme rifts that are being exposed within individual countries and communities.

Mounk: I agree with most of what you said there. Strangely—and when I was growing up I would have been shocked to see *older me* write this—the one bit I don't agree with is that people in different parts of the world are similar to each other. I was born in Germany and have more or less lived in Italy, France, the United

Kingdom, and the United States. And the thing that struck me about each of these places as I spent time in them was actually that they were much more different from each other than meets the eye.

In terms of first understanding the causes of nationalism and then thinking about how to find a legitimate role for it, I suppose we should distinguish between two dimensions. The first is difference, and on that topic I've become much more comfortable. Just as New York is very different from Los Angeles, I think the United States is very different from Germany. And it doesn't seem to me that people need to denigrate the other place by celebrating what they like about their own.

The second dimension, which is much trickier, is what should flow politically from those differences. And here I think the kinds of inequalities we have in the world matter a lot. If all countries were more or less equally wealthy, it wouldn't particularly bother me that most of our rights and obligations are derived from our citizenship status. But this is much harder to accept when some people get huge opportunities and a vast safety net by virtue of their birth—while others are locked out of opportunity and struggle to simply live.

What's definitely true, in any case, is that economy and culture are related. We will only get people to embrace an inclusive nationalism if they are feeling optimistic about the economy. And that must involve the state trying to stem, rather than exacerbate, the vast inequalities we have today.

Abrahamian: I guess my utopian vision is for wealth to be distributed across borders. ●

This interview has been edited and condensed for clarity.

FEATURE

HOME IN HONDURAS

Snapshots of life after deportation

AMELIA FRANK-VITALE

AMELIA FRANK-VITALE

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Since September 2017, I've been living in San Pedro Sula, Honduras, conducting research among recent deportees for my doctoral thesis in anthropology. After years studying Central American transit migration through Mexico, I came to Honduras to get a firsthand look at what is driving people to flee this country in steadily increasing numbers. In the process, I've been able to see how those who were sent back negotiate life after deportation.

Maribel.

She didn't know there was a thing called asylum. She just knew she had to go.

Maribel left Honduras three weeks after accidentally witnessing the disposal of a body. A recruiter for Avon, she was making her rounds in the neighborhoods outside of Choloma, a city in the far north of the country, when she saw a group of young men carrying big, heavy bags. At first she didn't realize what she was seeing, but it dawned on her quickly. She averted her eyes and walked away as rapidly and inconspicuously as she could. Maribel is striking. She is tall by Honduran standards and has a distinctive look, with bleached hair and dramatic eye makeup. She's someone you would likely remember. She couldn't be sure they'd noticed her notice them, but she was worried.

Then, about a week later, she saw the same young men hanging around the entrance to the community where she and her family live. They had no reason to be there. Maribel lives in a *residencial*, a gated community located next to one of the big factories outside of Choloma. It's not an upper-class gated community; the almost miniature houses are packed in tightly next to each other. Still, it's a relatively safe neighborhood and is not controlled by any of the gangs or organized crime groups that operate in many of the areas nearby. The sight of the boys there terrified her.

After speaking to her husband, who works in the factory next door, Maribel took out a $3,000 loan, sent their 4-year-old son to stay with her mother, and left for the United States as soon as a coyote could take her.

Her husband stayed behind. His job at the factory was too hard to come by for him to walk away from it, and they figured he wasn't directly at risk.

Maribel suspected, for good reason, that the boys with the body were members of a *mara*, one of the criminal street gangs that have become notorious in Central America. In the poor neighborhoods in and around Choloma, different *maras* engage in violent turf wars, sophisticated extortion rackets, small-scale drug dealing, and, in some cases, murder for hire. And while the president of Honduras, Juan Orlando Hernández, has touted a major reduction in crime since taking office in 2014, Choloma has not experienced this almost-miraculous turnaround.

With a population of around 350,000, Choloma recently became Honduras's third-largest city. Nearly half of its population is considered *flotante*, having come to settle from elsewhere in the country. This growing city is made up of 83 *colonias*, most of which started as informal squatter settlements that were eventually incorporated into the municipality.

In 2012, when Honduras made global news by becoming the country with the highest homicide rate in the world, Choloma had a rate of 78.3 murders per 100,000 inhabitants, which is alarmingly high, but well below the national average of 93 per 100,000 people. By 2016, however, while the country as a whole boasted of bringing that rate down to an estimated 42 per 100,000 people, Choloma's

AMELIA FRANK-VITALE is a doctoral candidate in anthropology at the University of Michigan. She studies Central American migration, deportation, and violence.

murder rate increased to 92.6. According to statistics kept by the National Police, Choloma had 220 reported homicides in 2017, and 46 additional people were wounded by firearms. It has become the most homicidal municipality in the Sula Valley, outpacing San Pedro Sula, which was the world's deadliest city in 2012.

Much of the violence in recent years can be attributed to ruthless extortion and disputes over control of territory among *maras*, drug cartels, and groups of contract killers. Located between San Pedro Sula (Honduras' economic capital) and Puerto Cortés (Central America's largest port), Choloma is home to many of the country's textile factories—known as *maquilas*—like the one where Maribel's husband works. The city's location is strategic for both the export industry and the transnational organized crime groups that operate in the region. After importing cocaine and other drugs to Honduras' unurbanized eastern departments, the groups move their cargo across the country, making use of the main highway to get to northern Guatemala and Mexico—the same highway that runs right through Choloma.

Maras and drug cartels intersect and overlap in Choloma, but they have different aims, organizational structures, and relationships to the authorities and community. Sometimes they work together, but often they come into conflict. In Choloma's Colonia Lopez Arellano, residents remember a cartel-dominated period as one of calm and security. When the cartel came into the neighborhood about four or five years ago, they killed most of the *mareros* and made it clear they would not tolerate others. Their interest was in keeping a low profile and enabling the sale and movement of drugs. Homicides dropped dramatically. This "peaceful" era lasted for a few years, until cartel leaders were caught and jailed. Since then, new groups have begun to battle for control of the territory and its drug market, and homicides are on the rise again.

With this reality before her, Maribel opted for the only path to safety she could think of—to cross Mexico in hopes of making it to the United States. She was lucky. She did not suffer in Mexico at all. Her coyote turned out to be a kind, responsible, and well-connected person who made sure his clients got to the U.S. border without incident. Then came the hard part: While walking through the Texas desert, she was stopped by U.S. border patrol.

After being detained, Maribel was crushed. She expected to be deported. Then she was asked if she was afraid to go back to Honduras.

"Yes! Yes!" she answered, truthfully. She didn't know it at the time, but that answer sent her into a parallel system. Her deportation was paused as she waited for an asylum officer to determine whether or not her fear was credible. If it was deemed to be so, she would enter into the lengthy process of applying for asylum in the United States.

After two months in detention in four different Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) facilities, Maribel's claim was rejected and she was deported back to Honduras. She still doesn't entirely understand why, but she never had legal counsel to explain the process to her, and most of the documents she was given were in English, which she is unable to read. It's likely that her explanation of the threat didn't fit her into one of the established categories for asylum.

In the United States, asylum claims are adjudicated based on a set formula: The person seeking asylum has to show not just that they fear for their lives, but also that their life is in danger because of their race, religion, nationality, political opinion, or membership in a particular social group. This final category is broad and vague, but it has come to mean two things in asylum proceedings: that membership is based on immutable characteristics, and that it is visible. However, the kinds of violence from which Maribel is fleeing—along

with many others in Central America—do not fit neatly into these boxes. Many asylum claims are denied not because the judge doubts the veracity of an applicant's fear, but because the rubric for granting asylum does not reflect the current reality of generalized insecurity and gang-related violence.

There is some precedent to suggest that this may be shifting, as Central Americans, especially women and minors fleeing domestic and gang violence, have convinced some judges of their "well-founded fear of persecution." Most Hondurans seeking asylum in the U.S., however, still have their claims denied. In 2016, the year Maribel told immigration agents that she was afraid to return to Honduras, 1,505 Hondurans were granted asylum. Meanwhile, 21,891 Hondurans—like Maribel—were "removed," or forcibly deported by immigration agents, from the United States, while another 646 were "returned"—that is, they left of their own accord to avoid being removed.

Franklin.

While at home in my apartment in San Pedro Sula, I get a text message early one morning: "I have to leave the country; my life is at risk here."

"When are you leaving?" I text him back.

"Tomorrow," he replies, "If God lets me live till then."

Franklin had been deported from the United States the year before, after leaving his country when he was just 15. Now 22, he was back and he was determined to make life work in Honduras. While incarcerated in the U.S. before being deported, he had learned the basics of being a barber and felt he had a knack for it. He found a spot in his neighborhood in Choloma and set up a small barbershop. His dad, who had worked in construction, helped him build the structure. Franklin's prices were low, his skills were good, and the location was perfect. He quickly developed a loyal clientele. He met a girl who worked in a beauty salon. They became a couple and she helped him manage the books. They dreamed of opening up a joint business one day, in the center of San Pedro Sula or in a mall. Everything seemed to be coming together.

Franklin has some tattoos from his time in the United States. He's also got the swagger of someone who grew up in a U.S. city. As soon as he showed up in Choloma, he was warned that his presence might create problems. In February, he got a message from the Mara Salvatrucha (MS-13) saying that he should be careful, that they control things in this neighborhood. He made it clear to them that he wasn't from a gang, he wasn't trying to start a gang, he wasn't interested in being in a gang, and the warnings went away. His business seemed to be going well. He worked all the time, 12-hour days, six or seven days a week, never missing an opportunity to give a customer a $1.69 haircut.

MANY YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE TOLD ME THAT THE ONLY WAY TO STAY SAFE IS TO LEAVE THE HOUSE AS INFREQUENTLY AS POSSIBLE

Then, in March, he got a death threat from one of the drug cartels in Choloma. There was no talking his way out of trouble this time. He made preparations to leave as quickly as possible. He gathered a few thousand lempiras, said goodbye to his parents, siblings, and girlfriend, and left the country the next day, taking a series of buses to the Guatemala-Mexico border. He barely made it out of Honduras. He told me later, once he was already in Mexico, that the

night before he left the cartel members who had threatened him killed someone else thinking it was him.

Franklin made his way across Mexico to the United States. He didn't have the money for a coyote, so he climbed aboard *la bestia*, becoming one of the hundreds of thousands of Central Americans who use this infamous network of freight trains to traverse Mexico every year. His girlfriend sent him money now and then for food or a night in a cheap hotel. After more than a month, he made it back to the United States. Once in Texas, he contacted me. I asked him if he was going to apply for asylum. He told me no—since he's already been deported, he doesn't want to risk getting jailed for re-entry. He is just going to pray he can stay under the radar, find work as a barber, and wait until something changes.

Neither Franklin nor Maribel ever thought about going to the police. This instinct is common in Honduras, where police are widely known to be among the most corrupt in the hemisphere. The national police have long been associated with crime, corruption, and violence, and high-level police officials have been accused of working directly for the *maras*. In 2016, Hernández formed a "police purification" commission to deal with endemic corruption. While it stalled at first, a purge eventually did take place. Approximately 4,000 police officers—including generals and other high-ranking officers—were suspended or fired from the police force. While many Hondurans do think the national police are more trustworthy now, some believe the purge got rid of the honest policemen.

They may be right. Just recently, the Associated Press reported that the newly appointed head of the national police, José David Aguilar Morán, helped secure the safe passage of nearly a ton of cocaine from the port city of La Ceiba to the home of a recently convicted trafficker. Echoing popular sentiment, the former head of the police's internal affairs division told the AP that the police reforms and purge were a failure, that "it was more of a source of official protection for people who have been tied to drug trafficking."

Yet even if police could be trusted to act as agents of law and order, a mere 1 percent of the homicides in Honduras's three largest cities lead to convictions. There is little incentive for victims of threats and witnesses of violent acts to cooperate with police. There is, however, ample reason to distrust them.

Omar.

The fact that the Honduran government continues to tout its security gains has presented a new challenge for some asylum-seekers. Just last month, Omar, a 22-year-old man with perfectly coiffed hair and a little gap between his front two teeth, tried to ask for asylum in the United States. He's from another neighborhood in Choloma. He was fleeing an area rife with gang violence, and the local *mara* had been pressuring him to join. However, the asylum officer told him that the Honduran government "says it has the problem under control."

A week or so after Omar was deported back to Honduras, his younger brother and mother, María, witnessed the murder of a neighbor's son. The man had been visiting his mother, and the gang in charge of the area didn't recognize him. María cupped her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming, and her 19-year-old son told her to keep quiet. Watching from her house, she agonized over the fact that her neighbor, a woman she had known for years, didn't yet know that her son was dead.

Later, the body was "found" when the murderers returned to the scene and pointed it out. Only then, with the neighbors gathered and the family coming to identify the deceased, did someone ask María, "It was so

close to your house, didn't you hear the gunshots?" "No," she said, "I was watching TV. And cooking. And talking to my mom on the phone. I didn't hear anything." Her son nodded in approval.

This murder never showed up in the news, she said. The police never even came to register it. Omar, meanwhile, is trying to decide whether or not to leave again. He knows that this time, since he already had an asylum claim denied and has been deported, he'd have to sneak across the border and live in the U.S. without documents. He'd be vulnerable to deportation, like Franklin, but at least his mother wouldn't worry about him getting killed in their backyard.

Furthermore, if he stays in Honduras, he'll likely be condemned to a circumscribed life. Many young people in the San Pedro Sula area have told me that the only way to stay safe in their neighborhoods is to leave the house as infrequently as possible, only during the day, and never alone. Hector, a young man who has been deported four times, described his life in his neighborhood as *encuevado*—encaved.

For young men like Omar and Franklin, the only other path to survival is leaving the country. Relocation within Honduras is not an option. Omar lives in an area controlled by the gang Barrio 18. If he leaves his neighborhood to get away from forced recruitment, he cannot safely resettle in another 18 neighborhood. If Omar tried to settle in a neighborhood controlled by the rival gang, Mara Salvatrucha, he would immediately become a target simply for having moved there from a competitor's zone. In effect, all the densely populated outskirts of Honduras' urban areas are off-limits.

Honduras, however, is largely rural. With a national population over 9 million, roughly 55 percent of people live in cities. Resettling outside of urban centers, though, is difficult. There are few opportunities for work (hence the constant influx of people from rural regions to places like Choloma) and people from Tegucigalpa, San Pedro Sula, Choloma, and other cities are viewed with suspicion if they do not have family ties to the area. People I've spoken with from Intibucá and Lempira, two other largely rural departments, say some towns have banned new people from moving there out of fear that they may bring gangs.

Omar, Franklin, and Maribel are stuck. They can either risk being targeted in Honduras or try to sneak back into the United States and stay off the radar of immigration officials. Franklin made his choice: Almost two months after leaving Honduras, he sends me a photo in which he's working in a barbershop in the U.S. Omar winces at the thought of possibly being detained again, but he knows that he cannot remain at his mother's house. For now, he lives with his girlfriend, hoping he isn't putting her or her family at risk. Maribel tells me that, more than anything, she is deeply disappointed in her country. She would rather stay in Choloma, take her son to the park, maybe get a degree in psychology. She has big dreams, she says, but she's not sure that she can achieve any of them in Honduras. ●

SOPHIE BADER

PRIVACY PLEASE

The controversial approach to ending open defecation in India and Nepal

SOPHIE BADER

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I vividly recall the first train trip I took in India almost a decade ago. I remember waking up to watch the red sun rise in the western state of Rajasthan in May, the hottest month of the year. It revealed a stunning landscape: scorched grass as far as the eye could see, weathered trees, and rows of brown mud huts. The terrain brought with it an array of new sounds and smells—the clamoring of pots and pans, chickens squabbling, and bubbling, fragrant, gingery chai.

Looking down, I also saw a long row of people squatting along the train tracks. It took me a few minutes to realize that they were defecating. As the train continued, I saw more and more people in groups openly defecating; it was part of their morning ritual before bathing and eating. I wasn't shocked by the scene; rather I was in awe of the sheer number of people doing it together—like they had coordinated it perfectly.

No country in the world has more open defecation (OD) than India, where as of 2014, around 525 million of the country's 1.3 billion population defecated outside. In 2011, 53 percent of Indian households had no toilets.

While OD is on the decline, nearly 950 million people worldwide still routinely practice it, and more than half live in India. The prevalence of OD has a particularly terrible impact on children: It exposes them to illnesses that cause malnutrition and stunt growth. Diseases caused by poor sanitation and unsafe water kill 1.4 million children per year, more than measles, malaria, and HIV/AIDS combined. In India, diarrhea kills more than 100,000 children every year under the age of five.

Having access to a safe and clean toilet—and using it properly—not only alleviates poverty, hunger, and disease, but it also improves school attendance and combats sexual violence. Menstruating girls miss school for lack of a clean toilet. Sick kids miss school. And women and girls are vulnerable to sexual and physical violence when they defecate far from their homes, particularly at night. Yet open defecation has been going on since the beginning of time, and as appealing as it might be to end it, this has proved difficult in practice.

* * *

Sanitation in India is decentralized—each of the country's 29 states is responsible for managing its own processes. Ending open defecation has long been a plank of political campaigning. Mahatma Gandhi once proclaimed total sanitation for all Indians to be "more important than independence." In 2013, India's Prime Minister Narendra Modi campaigned under the slogan "toilets before temples." After Modi was elected, he pledged to end OD in India by Oct. 2, 2019, Gandhi's 150th birthday. Modi subsequently launched the Swachh Bharat Mission (SBM)—known as the Clean India Initiative—which aims to eliminate OD through behavior change and by constructing household and community-owned latrines. More than 100 million new toilets will be built in rural areas alone, and since SBM's implementation, more than 69 million toilets have already been installed. Those under the poverty line are also eligible for $230 payments to build pit latrines.

One of the most popular approaches to triggering behavior change in toilet use is called community-led total sanitation (CLTS). Pioneered in Bangladesh in 2000 by an Indian development consultant, the strategy focuses on mobilizing communities to collectively stop open defecation. It involves bringing together residents to teach them the health and economic consequences of defecating outside, and to convey that even a minority of people

SOPHIE BADER is a health writer based in South Asia. She's currently writing a book on women's health in the region.

defecating openly can put everyone at risk. Sessions are led by a field facilitator, and they involve inspecting popular poo spots and analyzing the pathways from defecation to consumption. Known as "walks of shame," these trips are meant to elicit disgust. Bluntly, "one needs to understand that one eats shit," said Matteus van der Velden, Asia regional manager at the Water Supply and Sanitation Collaborative Council (WSSCC), a U.N. member organization.

While CLTS tactics vary from place to place, at the center of all of them is shame. "The notion of shame ... has been instrumental in the whole psychology of this approach," says van der Velden. One of the CLTS methods used in India, Bangladesh, and Nepal is the formation of watch committees, often led by children, which keep track of open defecators. These vigilante groups follow people around looking for "offenders" and whistle and announce their names so everyone in the village can hear.

Another part of the CLTS strategy is to focus on the dignity of women and girls. Women are told that defecating outside is irresponsible, as it puts them at risk of physical and sexual violence. Organizers ask men: How would you feel if passersby stared at your wife, your mother, or your daughter as she defecated outside? Then, there's an appeal to social conservatism: If you don't allow your wife or daughter to speak to men without her face covered, why is she allowed to show her bottom to the whole community? And finally, the lure: Wouldn't you be proud to own a toilet and have the women in your family no longer be subjected to humiliation and fear?

Prior to CLTS, strategies to promote toilet use focused on providing incentives such as cash, but this created a culture of short-term dependence. Part of the appeal of CLTS is that it takes a more long-term view. Experts argue that the approach, which has since spread to more than 40 countries and been taken up by leading international development agencies like WaterAid and UNICEF, is sustainable because it gives participants a greater sense of ownership. Given Modi's goal of ending OD by October 2019, however, sustainability is not necessarily the highest priority. "CLTS is great in theory but actually, if you look at how change works, it takes a long time," Liz Chatterjee, a political scientist with extensive experience researching sanitation in India, told me. "It's great if you have the patience to wait 15 years."

To meet the 2019 deadline, officials and citizens across the country are adopting methods and passing laws that go far beyond the realm of CLTS. To encourage—or rather, force—toilet use, community leaders have adopted methods that range from stone-throwing and public humiliation to collecting people's feces and literally dumping them in their homes. "What's widely practiced across South Asia is people taking photos of people openly defecating and putting them up on buildings," Chatterjee noted, saying this was done primarily to women. On the more extreme end, she added, is "locking people out of their homes, cutting off their electricity and water supply, and forcing them to construct toilets."

In the north Indian state of Haryana, drones are now used to monitor people going out to defecate. In Madhya Pradesh, one of India's poorest states, a law was recently passed which bans anyone without a flush toilet from contesting local elections. Another Indian state has stipulated that people who refuse to build toilets will be ineligible to access government public distribution shops, which sell essential items like rice and oil. There have also been reports of men being beaten to death after allegedly trying to stop people from taking photographs of their wives openly defecating. In the central state of Chattisgarh, a man was killed after refusing to construct a toilet.

* * *

Across the border in Nepal, the methods employed to force toilet use are not as extreme, but they are controversial. Until the 2015 earthquake that killed 9,000 people derailed government efforts, Nepal had been diligently working toward declaring the country open defecation free (ODF) by the end of 2017. Like other countries, Nepal had initially focused on providing subsidies and incentives for toilet construction. But in 2011 it changed its approach to "reward and recognition," a strategy that draws on the country's festival culture. Communities declared ODF are celebrated, as are individuals and local organizations that have made significant contributions to the "movement." This approach, UNICEF argues, "has a spin-off effect of feeding competition from one village to the next."

Yet it has also produced situations like those in India: In some parts of the country, people have been banned from accessing social security schemes, benefits for single women, or even birth certificates without proof they have a toilet. In the midwestern part of the country, schools will not give scholarships to poor families unless they own a toilet. According to van der Velden, "This is something [experts] have in the last five years become more aware of."

The measures that communities and governments have been willing to take in this realm have raised questions about the appropriate role of the state in policing private behavior. Writing in the *Journal of Water and Health*, Jamie Bartram, director of The Water Institute at the University of North Carolina and one of the world's foremost sanitation experts, argues that the use of "traditional sanctions to encourage individual conformity with community-wide decisions" raises the question as to "whether it is ever acceptable to prejudice the human rights of individuals in the interests of the common good." Sangita Vyas, a researcher with the Research Institute for Compassionate Economics (RICE), a nonprofit that studies the wellbeing of India's poor, also has concerns. "Taking someone's rations, is that actually allowed? It's happening at a local level. But who's authorized to do that?"

Given that, as Bartram writes, the people subject to OD shame are typically the "least educated and those with the least means to act in the manner demanded," he wonders "to what extent is it tolerable and reasonable to sanction systematic humiliation?" Vyas fears that the deployment of vigilante groups has become another way for rich villagers to harass the poor; that the OD movement has become in part a class and caste struggle.

FORTY PERCENT OF HOUSEHOLDS WITH TOILETS STILL HAD AT LEAST ONE MEMBER WHO CONTINUED TO DEFECATE OUTDOORS

Writing in the journal *Critical Public Health*, sociologist Deborah Lupton considers the ethical, moral, and political implications of using disgust for behavior change. She writes that disgust can "reinforce stigmatization and discrimination against individuals and groups who are positioned as disgusting," and in particular, "marginalized individuals and societal groups." Van der Velden, the WSSCC manager, worries about how the poorest are treated in this push toward sanitation. "So they're forced to build latrines and then what happens to them? The worst is that we're causing them more trouble that we're relieving them of."

His view is not unique. "Clearly just the construction of toilets doesn't work. It's obvious. We cannot make it sound like this is a

harmonious experiment," said Chatterjee, the political scientist. "By the time you've got the long arm of the local government to coerce people to use a toilet, you've really lost the plot."

* * *

So what accounts for the mass resistance to toilets? A large part is caste prejudice. India's caste system, similar to Nepal's, divides Hindus into rigid hierarchical groups based on work and duty, and for centuries dictated almost every aspect of employment and religious and social life. While the spread of urbanization has helped reduce caste discrimination—which is also outlawed in India's constitution—caste identity nonetheless remains strong. Outside of this system are the Dalits, who, once deemed "untouchable," still face widespread discrimination, poverty, and violence. For thousands of years Dalits have been compelled to do India's dirty work, from clearing carcasses on roads to removing human waste from pits and open sewers. As they have begun to gain some social mobility in recent years, however, it's become more difficult to find Dalits willing to do these kinds of jobs. "Emptying a latrine pit costs a few thousands rupees," Vyas told me. "But upper caste Indians don't want to pay that much to a Dalit. In the past they were forcing Dalits to do work for them and they paid them with scraps of food. The contrast between then and now is really quite stark."

Four years ago, RICE researchers collected data on latrine use among more than 22,000 rural Indians. They found that 40 percent of households with toilets still had at least one member who continued to defecate outdoors, that people with two toilets were twice as likely to defecate in the open than those who could only afford to build one, and that families without a toilet said they couldn't afford to build a kind they would be willing to use. "It really made it clear that the reason why people don't want to use regular pit latrines is that they're concerned about the pit filling up and what they will have to do: either try to find somebody to empty it, or empty it themselves, which is unfathomable for non-Dalit Indians," Vyas told me.

Compounding this are misconceptions about sanitation. As RICE demographers Diane Coffey and Dean Spears write in their recent book, *Where India Goes*, Indians wrongly believe that with regular use, a government latrine pit will fill up in a matter of two or three months. In fact, a regular latrine pit used daily takes years to reach capacity, not months. Even so, to avoid using latrines, rural Indians are building extremely large pits in the ground, installing septic tanks that can be cleaned mechanically, or just sticking to OD.

A good solution has yet to emerge, and in the meantime, the prejudice against sanitation work has paradoxically left much of rural India in a far less hygienic situation than they might otherwise be in. As Coffey and Spears contend, "It may not be possible to accelerate India's future without engaging with the illiberal forces of caste and untouchability that are still part of India's present."

* * *

One morning I traveled to Lele, a village on the outskirts of Kathmandu that had recently been declared ODF. I wanted to understand what it meant to declare a village ODF, and how that status is monitored.

By the road leading into the village, there is a huge billboard featuring an illustration of a man with his butt hanging out. He is relieving himself. Next to him, a couple say to each other, "we have a toilet in our house and we are proud." Also on the billboard is a notice warning that those found openly defecating will be fined between 50 cents and $5. In a country where more than one-quarter of the

population lives below the poverty line, this is an astronomical amount.

Lele is surrounded by rice paddies, organic fields growing cauliflower and shallots, and a small river, which runs through the village. The river is the most popular spot for OD. I arrive around 8 a.m., which, locals tell me, is too late to spot offenders. I meet Ram, a 63-year-old local with a gray beard and just one tooth. "Yes, we've been declared ODF but people still go outside," he says. His friend, Bashir, adds that biggest problem is the lack of public toilets. "If an NGO comes and builds a toilet, the problem is: Who is going to preserve it? If it's not clean what is the point of it? Dalits refuse to clean it, they won't do our dirty work, so we have to do it ourselves," he said. "If you can find open defecation in the heart of Kathmandu, what do you expect in the village? There's no point declaring us ODF. You can't do that without giving us resources."

To be declared ODF, every single person needs to be using a latrine, and there must be no visible feces in the environment. While the local government theoretically fines offenders, it's clear no one is monitoring the program.

There's no financial incentive for a village to be declared ODF, but Nitya Jacob, a former employee with WaterAid India, said those with the designation are given preferential treatment by local and state governments. "When a village is declared ODF, then life will be good," he said, relaying popular thinking. "But the system means the people inflate the numbers to earn brownie points. In the end, the SBM (Clean India Initiative) remains a target-orientated program," rather than one that follows demand. Chatterjee was equally skeptical. "The ODF declaration is designed as motivating tool for local bureaucrats and politicians to get their act together and have a nice ceremony. It's a ridiculous declaration that is a motivator for the whole machinery of government," she said. "Everyone comes together to agree that they're ODF. But everyone knows you're not going to get every little old man to drink the Kool-Aid."

Before I leave Lele I speak with Devi, who lives in a tin shed by the river. While she's built an outdoor latrine, her neighbors don't appear to have jumped on the bandwagon. Every morning as she tends to her vegetables, she sees a line of men squatting. "It's been going on for generations. It's difficult to watch but no one talks about it," she told me. There will never be a foolproof way to know if a place truly ends open defecation, but many villagers and experts have told me that the pressure to reach goals, particularly in India, means that the number of villages declared ODF is surely inflated.

* * *

Toilet: Ek Prem Katha (Toilet: A Love Story), a 2017 Bollywood film about a woman who threatens to leave her husband unless he installs a toilet in their home, grossed $2 million at the Indian box office on the day it was released. The movie captivated the nation. Local media asked whether the movie could tackle the "deep-rooted problem of OD in India" and used it as a springboard to talk about the "shame and dangers" related to the practice. Shame was at the core of the film: The woman's husband was willing to put her at risk by making her go outside. The film furthered a national discussion about OD, yet the long-term effects of defecation shaming are still far from clear. Will this strategy ultimately increase toilet use, or will it further stigmatize those on the margins? Can OD be ended without combating caste discrimination? Or will the practice continue as long as social inequality persists? As India has demonstrated, building millions of latrines is easy. But getting people to use them is a different story. And getting people to take care of them is arguably even harder. ●

PROVOCATIONS

The 1968 revolution and our own

SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK

Half a century after May 1968 events in Paris (and elsewhere), the time has come to reflect upon the similarities and differences between the sexual liberation and feminism of the 1960s and the protest movements that flourish today, from LGBT+ to #MeToo. Although an immense abyss separates the revolt of the 60s from today's protests, we are now witnessing a similar reappropriation of the energy of protest and revolt by the capitalist system.

* * *

One of the well-known graffiti slogans seen around Paris in 1968 was: "Structures do not walk on the streets." In other words, one cannot explain the large student and worker demonstrations of that year in the terms of structuralism (which is why some historians even posit 1968 as a date that separates structuralism from post-structuralism, a movement that, so the story goes, is much more dynamic and prone to active political interventions). Yet Jacques Lacan claims that this, precisely, is what happened in 1968: *Structures* did *descend onto the streets*—the visibly explosive events were ultimately the result of a structural shift in the basic social and symbolic texture of modern Europe.

The consequences of the 1968 explosion have proven him right. What effectively happened in its aftermath was the rise of a new figure of the "spirit of capitalism": Capitalism abandoned the Fordist centralized structure of the production process and in its place developed a network-based form of organization founded on employee initiative and autonomy in the workplace. Instead of a hierarchical-centralized chain of command, we now get networks with a multitude of participants, work organized in the form of teams or projects, a focus on customer satisfaction, and a general mobilization of workers thanks to their leaders' vision. This new "spirit of capitalism" triumphantly recuperated the egalitarian and anti-hierarchical rhetoric of 1968, presenting itself as a successful libertarian revolt against the oppressive social organizations of corporate capitalism *and* "really existing" socialism.

The two phases of this new "cultural capitalism" are clearly discernible in changes in the style of advertising. In the 1980s and 1990s, direct references to personal authenticity or quality of experience predominated; later, one can note more and more the mobilization of socio-ideological motifs (ecology, social solidarity). With the latter, the experience referred to is that of being part of a larger collective movement, of caring for nature and the welfare of the ill, poor, and deprived, of doing something for them. Here is a case of this "ethical capitalism" brought to the extreme: Toms Shoes, a company founded in 2006 "on a simple premise: With every pair you purchase, TOMS will give a pair of new shoes to a child in need. One for One. Using the purchasing power of individuals to benefit the greater good is what we're all about. ... Of the planet's 6 billion people, 4 billion live in conditions inconceivable to many. Let's take a step toward a better tomorrow." The sin of consumerism

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(buying a new pair of shoes) is paid for and thereby erased by the awareness that a person who really needs shoes got another pair for free. The very act of shopping is simultaneously presented as participating in the struggle against the evils ultimately caused by capitalist consumerism.

In a similar way, many other aspects of 1968 were successfully integrated into the hegemonic capitalist ideology and are today mobilized not only by liberals, but also by the contemporary right in their struggle against any form of "socialism." "Freedom of choice" is used as an argument for the benefits of the precarious work: Forget the anxieties of not being sure how to survive in the near future, focus on the fact that you gain the freedom to "reinvent" yourself again and again, and can avoid being stuck in the same monotonous work ...

The 1968 protest focused its struggle against what organizers perceived to be the three pillars of capitalism: factory, school, and family. As the result, each domain was submitted to post-industrial transformation: Factory work is more and more outsourced or, in the developed world, reorganized along the post-Fordist lines of non-hierarchical, interactive team-work; permanent, variable, privatized education is increasingly replacing universal public education; multiple forms of flexible sexual arrangements are replacing the traditional family. The left lost in its very victory: The direct enemy was defeated, but it was replaced by a new form of even more targeted capitalist domination. In "postmodern" capitalism, the market is invading new spheres that were hitherto considered the privileged domain of the state, including education and prison and security. While "immaterial work" (education, affective labor, etc.) is celebrated as the work that directly produces social relations, one should not forget what this means within a commodity economy: that new domains, hitherto excluded from the market, are now commodified. In other words, when we're in trouble, we no longer talk to a friend but pay a psychiatrist or counselor to take care of the problem; parents pay babysitters and educators take care of their children, and so on.

One should, of course, not forget the real achievements of 1968: The movement radically changed how we treat women's rights, gay rights, racism, and so forth. After the glorious 60s, we simply cannot engage in public racism and homophobia in ways that were still possible in the 1950s. The 1968 movement was not a single event but an ambiguous one in which different political tendencies were combined—which is also why it has remained a thorn in the heel of many conservatives. In his 2007 electoral campaign, Nicolas Sarkozy remarked that his great task was to make France finally get over 1968. The irony of this remark is that Sarkozy's very ability to be the French president, with his clownish outbursts and marriage to singer Carla Bruni, is in itself a result of the changes in customs brought about by May of that year.

So there is "their" May 1968 and "our" May 1968. In today's predominant collective memory, "our" basic idea of the May demonstrations in Paris, the link between student protests and worker strikes, is forgotten. The true legacy of 1968 resides in its rejection of the liberal-capitalist system, in a "no" to the totality of it best encapsulated in the formula: *Soyons realistes, demandons l'impossible!* No to the idea that true utopia is the belief that the existing global system can reproduce itself indefinitely; that the only way to be truly

SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK is a Hegelian philosopher and Communist political activist, working on the dialectical-materialist reading of German Idealism. His recent publications include *Incontinence of the Void* (MIT Press, 2017) and *Reading Marx* (with Agon Hamza and Frank Ruda, Polity Press, 2018).

"realist" is to endorse what, within the coordinates of this system, cannot but appear as impossible. The fidelity to May 1968 is thus best expressed by the question: How are we to prepare for this radical change, to lay foundations for it?

* * *

The first step in this direction is to arrive at a clear cognitive mapping of our predicament. Perhaps, we can begin by doing something rather elementary: When we read a piece of news, we should do so alongside another piece of news—only such a confrontation enables us to discern the true stakes of a debate. Let's take reactions to an incisive text: In the summer of 2017, David Wallace-Wells published the essay "Uninhabitable Earth" in *New York Magazine*, which immediately became a classic. It clearly and systematically describes all the threats to our survival, from global warming to the prospect of a billion climate refugees, and all the wars and chaos this will cause. Rather than focusing on the predictable reactions to this text (accusations of scaremongering, and so on), one should read it with two facts in mind that are linked to the situation it describes. First, there is, of course, Donald Trump's outright denial of ecological threats; then, there is the obscene fact that billionaires (and millionaires) who otherwise support Trump are nonetheless getting ready for the apocalypse by investing in luxury underground shelters where they will be able to survive isolated for up to a year with fresh vegetables and fitness centers.

Another example is an opinion piece Bernie Sanders wrote in the *Guardian* alongside a piece of news about him. Last October, Sanders published a sharp commentary on the Republican budget in which the title tells it all: "The Republican budget is a gift to billionaires: it's Robin Hood in reverse." The text is clearly written, full of convincing facts and insights—so why didn't it resonate more strongly? We should read it in the context of the outrage that exploded when Sanders was announced as an opening night speaker at the Women's Convention in Detroit. Critics claimed it was bad to let Sanders, a man, speak at a convention devoted to the political advancement of women's rights. No matter that he was to be just one of the two men among 60 speakers. Lurking beneath this outrage was, of course, the reaction of the Clinton wing of the Democratic Party to Sanders: its uneasiness with Sanders' leftist critique of today's global capitalism. When Sanders emphasizes economic problems, he is accused of "vulgar" class reductionism, while nobody is bothered when leaders of big corporations support LGBT+.

What make the Trump movement minimally interesting are its inconsistencies—recall that Steve Bannon not only opposes Trump's tax plan but also openly advocates raising taxes for the rich up by to 40 percent, and has described the process of using public money to save struggling banks as "socialism for the rich." Bannon recently declared war, but against whom? Not against Democrats from Wall Street, not against liberal intellectuals or any of the other usual suspects but against the Republican Party establishment itself. After Trump fired him from the White House, he continued fighting for Trump's mission at its purest, even if it sometimes pits him against Trump himself—let's not forget that Trump is basically destroying the Republican Party. Bannon aims to lead a populist revolt of the underprivileged against the elites. He is taking Trump's message of "government by and for the people" more literally than Trump himself dares to do. To put it bluntly, Bannon is like the brownshirts with regard to Hitler; he represents the lower-class populist base Trump will have to get rid of (or at least neutralize) in order for him to be accepted by the establishment and

function smoothly as head of state. That is why Bannon is worth his weight in gold: He is a permanent reminder of the antagonism that cuts across the Republican Party.

The first conclusion we are compelled to draw from this strange predicament is that class struggle is back as the main determining factor of our political life. It is a factor in the good old Marxist sense of "determination in the last instance"; that is, even if the stakes appear to be totally different in various situations, from humanitarian crises to ecological threats, class struggle lurks in the background of each and casts its ominous shadow.

The second conclusion is that class struggle is less and less directly transposed into the struggle *between* political parties, and more and more is a struggle that takes place *within* each big political party. In the U.S., class struggle cuts across the Republican Party (the party establishment versus Bannon-like populists) and across the Democratic Party (the Clinton wing versus the Sanders movement). We should, of course, never forget that Bannon is the beacon of the alt-right while Hillary Clinton supports many progressive causes like fights against racism and sexism. However, we also should never forget that the LGBT+ struggle can be coopted by mainstream liberalism against the "class essentialism" of the left.

The third conclusion concerns the left's strategy in this complex situation. While any pact between Sanders and Bannon is excluded for obvious reasons, a key element of the left's strategy should be to ruthlessly exploit divisions in the enemy camp and fight for Bannon followers. To cut a long story short, there is no victory of the left without the broad alliance of all anti-establishment forces. One should never forget that our true enemy is the global capitalist establishment and not the new populist right, which is merely a reaction to its impasses.

* * *

Does this mean that we should dismiss the struggle against sexual discrimination as a secondary appendix to the "real" economic struggle? Absolutely not. What we should do is the exact opposite: expose the struggle against sexual discrimination to an immanent critique.

In the aftermath of 1968, the French "progressive" press published a series of petitions demanding the decriminalization of pedophilia, claiming that this would abolish the artificial and oppressive culturally constructed frontier that separates children from adults, and would extend to children the right to freely dispose with one's body. Only dark

THIS "FIGHT AGAINST DISCRIMINATION" IS AN ENDLESS PROCESS THAT FOREVER POSTPONES ITS FINAL POINT

forces of "reaction" and oppression could possibly oppose this measure, argued the signatories, which included Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Jacques Derrida, Roland Barthes, Michel Foucault, Louis Aragon, Félix Guattari, Gilles Deleuze, and Jean-François Lyotard. Today, pedophilia is perceived as one of the worst crimes, and instead of fighting for it in the name of anti-Catholic progress, it is associated with the dark side of the Catholic Church. In other words, the fight against pedophilia is today seen as a progressive task directed at the forces of reaction. The comic victim of this shift was former 1968 leader Daniel Cohn-Bendit, who, still living in the spirit of that era, recently described in an interview how while working in a kindergarten during his younger

years, he regularly played masturbatory games with young girls. To his surprise, he faced a brutal backlash and demands that he be prosecuted and removed from his seat in the European parliament.

This gap that separates the 1968 sexual liberation movement from today's struggle for sexual emancipation is clearly discernible in a recent polemical exchange between Germaine Greer and feminists who swiftly reacted to her critical remarks on #MeToo. Their main point was that while Greer's main thesis—that women should sexually liberate themselves from male domination and engage in an active sexual life without any recourse to victimhood—was valid in the 1960s, the situation is different today. What happened in between, they argue, is that the sexual emancipation of women (their assuming an active sexual life with the full freedom of initiative) was itself commodified. In other words, while women are no longer perceived as passive objects of male desire, their active sexuality itself now appears (in male eyes) as permanent availability, as an ever-readiness to engage in sexual interaction. Under these circumstances, when women say "no" it implies a rejection of this new form of sexual subjectivization, a rejection of the demand that women not only to passively submit to male sexual domination, but also act as if they actively want it.

While there is a strong element of truth in this line of argumentation, it is nonetheless problematic to ground the authority of one's political demands on a victimhood status. The basic characteristic of today's subjectivity is the weird combination of the free subject who experiences himself as ultimately responsible for his fate and the subject who grounds the authority of his speech on his status as a victim of circumstances beyond his control. In this context, every contact with another human being is experienced as a potential threat—if a person smokes or casts a covetous glance at me, he has already hurt me. Today, this logic of victimization has been universalized, and reaches well beyond the standard cases of sexual or racist harassment—consider the growing financial industry of paying damage claims. The notion of the subject as an irresponsible victim involves an extreme Narcissistic perspective: every encounter with the Other appears as a potential threat to the subject's precarious balance. The paradox is that today's dominant form of individuality as the self-centered psychological subject overlaps with the perception of oneself as a victim of circumstances.

One cannot get rid of the suspicion that, by getting so fanatical in advocating "progress" and fighting new battles against cultural and sexist "apartheids," the politically correct cultural left is trying to cover up its full immersion in global capitalism. Its space is the space in which LGBT+ and #MeToo meet Tim Cook and Bill Gates. How did we come to this? As many conservatives have noticed (and here they are right), our era is characterized by the progressive disintegration of a shared network of customs that ground what George Orwell approvingly referred to as "common decency." Such standards are increasingly dismissed as a yoke that subordinates individual freedom to proto-fascist organic social forms. In such a situation, the liberal view of minimalist laws (that we should only regulate social life to the extent that it prevents individuals from encroaching upon, or "harassing," each other) reverts into an explosion of legal and moral rules, an endless process of legalization/moralization called "the fight against all forms of discrimination." If shared mores are no longer allowed to influence the law, and only the fact of "harassing" other subjects can, who—in the absence of such mores—will decide what counts as "harassment"? There are, in France, associations of obese people that have demanded that all public campaigns against obesity and for healthy eating habits be stopped, since they hurt the

self-esteem of obese persons. The militants of Veggie Pride condemn the "specieism" of meat-eaters (who privilege the human animal over others—for them, a particularly disgusting form of "fascism") and demand that "vegetophobia" should be treated as a kind of xenophobia and proclaimed a crime. And so on and so on: incest-marriage, consensual murder, and cannibalism ...

The problem is here the obvious arbitrariness of the ever-new rules. Let us take child sexuality: One can argue that its criminalization represents unwarranted discrimination, but one can also argue that children should be protected from sexual molestation by adults. And we could go on: The same people who advocate the legalization of soft drugs usually support the prohibition of smoking in public places; the same people who protest the patriarchal abuse of small children in our societies worry when someone condemns members of foreign cultures who live among us for doing exactly this (say, Roma preventing their children from attending public schools), claiming that this is a case of meddling with other "ways of life." It is thus for necessary structural reasons that this "fight against discrimination" is an endless process that forever postpones its final point, a society freed of all moral prejudices which, as philosopher Jean-Claude Michéa put it, "would be on this very account a society condemned to see crimes everywhere."

It is crucial to see how this excessive moralism is the obverse of the acceptance of the global capitalist system. Oprah Winfrey's triumphant speech at the Golden Globe awards enthralled the public so much that it brought her into the orbit as a potential Democratic presidential candidate against Trump in the 2020 elections. Her speech is a model of doing the right thing for the wrong reason in politics. The right thing was her demand to shift the focus from privileged actresses complaining about sexual harassment to millions of ordinary women who are exposed to much more vicious daily violence. Remember how many of the celebrities accused of sexual harassment, beginning with Harvey Weinstein, reacted by publicly proclaiming that they will seek help in therapy? A disgusting gesture if there ever was one! Their acts were not cases of private pathology, they were expressions of the predominant masculine ideology and power structures, and it is the latter that should be changed.

The wrong reason is that Oprah as a liberal ignored the link between this great awakening of women and our ongoing political and economic struggles. At approximately the same time as the Weinstein scandal began to roll out, the Paradise Papers were published, and one cannot help but wonder why nobody demanded that people should stop listening to the songs of Shakira or Bono from U2 (the great humanitarian, always ready to help the poor in Africa), because of the way they avoided paying taxes and thus cheated public authorities of large sums of money. Or why people weren't calling for the British royal family to get less public money because they parked part of their wealth in tax oases. Meanwhile, the fact that Louis C.K. showed his penis to several women without their consent instantly ruined his career. Isn't this a new version of Brecht's old motto, "What is robbing a bank compared to founding a bank?"? Cheating with big money is tolerable while dropping your pants in front of various women makes you an instant outcast? ●

HE LOVED HIS COUNTRY

I delight in the questionable taste most dictators seem to demonstrate in their drinking, if they partake at all. It seems to be all or nothing for the legendary despots—recall that Hitler was famously a teetotaler. Of course, as a bartender I try not to psychoanalyze anyone by his or her order, but I do take special pleasure in Saddam Hussein and Benito Mussolini's drinks of choice. Mateus, a medium-sweet frizzante rosé that once made up 40 percent of Portugal's total wine export before wine coolers and white zinfandel elbowed their way into the alcoholic sweet-tooth market, was stocked by the pallet in all of Hussein's palaces. (It was also the tipple of choice for noted Christian tastemaker Roy Moore.) Mussolini was not much of a drinker, so it comes as no surprise that his preferred parfait was made up of strawberry sorbet, red wine, and Angostura bitters.

For this issue, we've combined these ingredients to create a dictator's sangria. The bitters will keep the extreme sweetness in check, and we'll reintroduce a little acidity with Idi Amin's favorite fruit. After all, what is sangria but bad wine with big aspirations?

— Eben Klemm, cocktail editor

FRANK AUGUGLIARO

INGREDIENTS

150 ml	Mateus Rosé
2	dashes Angostura bitters
50 ml	Crème de fraise or Gran Marnier

HOW TO MAKE IT

In an ice-filled snifter, stir and garnish heavily with sliced strawberries and orange slices (an Idi Amin favorite)

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MEGALOMANIA

featuring

SINDRE BANGSTAD 34
on Norway's refusal to reckon with the far right

ADAM JASPER 41
on one company's efforts to eliminate time zones

KAYA GENÇ 47
on Erdoğan's grandiose vision for Turkey

ADAOBI TRICIA NWAUBANI 58
on how Boko Haram manipulates media

NATASHA MARIE LLORENS 63
on the colonial legacy of architecture in Algiers

KRISTEN R. GHODSEE 70
on revolution and feminism in the USSR

JOEL PINHEIRO DA FONSECA 77
on how political disappointment has shaped Brazil

DANIEL KALDER 88
on the literary output of a Mongolian dictator

ATOSSA ARAXIA ABRAHAMIAN & YASCHA MOUNK 106
on the rise of global populism