A SHORT STORY BY ANDRE DUBUS

Commonweal

A Review of Religion, Politics & Culture

OCTOBER 19, 2018

WE CAN DO BETTER

THE EDITORS ON
BRETT KAVANAUGH

EDUARDO PEÑALVER ON
THE SUPREME COURT

KATHERINE LUCKY ON
WOMEN & ANGER

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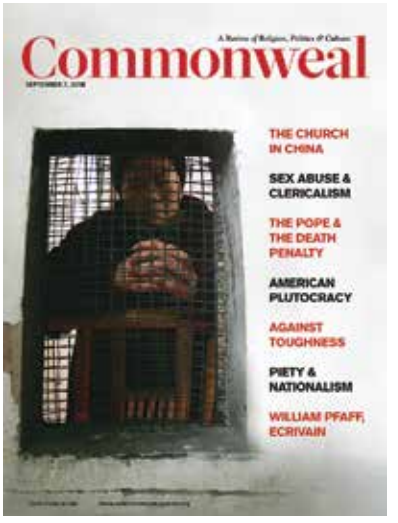
LETTERS

Sex abuse & clericalism, the divine right of kings, etc.

HIDDEN AWAY

I took note of this sentence in your editorial ("Sex Abuse & Clericalism," September 7): "Future priests should not be hidden away from the rest of the community in cloistered communities, where they pick up the bad habits of clericalism."

Years ago, Archbishop Weakland of Milwaukee invited women to attend classes in the seminary for their degree work. I presume his thinking was: since priests work so closely with women in the parishes, they should learn early the talents of women. In the seminary classroom they would find women as friends and competitors. Soon after, Cardinal Dolan came on the scene, and this policy was revoked. In fact, the bishops of Wisconsin refused to send their seminarians to St. Francis Seminary for this reason.



"Wisdom is proved right by her actions" (Matthew 11:19).

DONALD E. SASS
Milwaukee, Wisc.

SCAPEGOATED

Your editorial regarding sex abuse and clericalism mentions "the sweeping demands born of outrage" now being demanded throughout the American Catholic Church.

One of those demands you list is "get gay men out of the priesthood." And of course this is being demanded because many of the victims are boys and male adolescents who are being sexually abused by male priests.

As a Catholic psychotherapist working in the archdiocese of Los Angeles who has worked with many priests and religious, I want to point out that mature and healthy sexually developed gay men do not prey on male children or adolescents. That's a terrible misjudgment on the part of those who are often homophobic and prejudiced. Tragically and with myopic vision, they want to blame any and all gay priests or bishops for the crimes committed against our children and teens.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Whether gay or straight, if these priests do enter into relationships with men or women, they do so with mature and consenting adults!

The real truth is much more odious. The current clerical culture, which segregates males in a seminary system that is sexually puerile and consciously detached from heterosexually mature women and men (not to mention mature gay men and women), is a culture fraught with unconscious libido and repressed sexuality. It is one of the major factors in the sexual-abuse scandal and it must be dismantled as truly Tridentine and archaic.

The sooner this momentous task commences with both lay and clerical leadership, the sooner gay Catholic men and women will stop being scapegoated by

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those who are looking for some group to easily blame while maintaining the current male clerical system.

PETER K. CANAVAN
Long Beach, Calif.

REQUIRED READING

I would that Christopher Schaefer's fine review of Bill Pfaff's career ("Civilizing Sentiments, September 7) had occasioned more than mention of "a Notre Dame professor" who urged Edward Skillen to offer him a job at *Commonweal*. The influence of the legendary Frank O'Malley's genius began with freshman comp where Bill and many other future English majors first encountered him.

The majors program, of which O'Malley's courses were the centerpiece, as well as his Modern Catholic Writers courses, rewarded us with the Judaic-Christian tradition and a Christian *Weltanschauung* that anticipated Vatican II reforms, imbued us with a vision of human dignity and community, and challenged us—obliged us—to engage the world we met. Seventeen years after "the taffy-helmeted god," as J.C.R. Clark dubbed him, died, two hundred of us returned on a weekend to honor him.

Bill and a half dozen '49 English majors prayed Vespers together daily. Several considered forming an intentional community. Presciently, O'Malley did not recommend to *Commonweal* our recognized intellectual, Tom Gorman, or me, his mistaken choice for the senior writing medal, but Bill, who published a weekly column in the Notre Dame magazine with Jack Fraier and sat in the front row of Waldemar Gurian's Rise of Marxism course.

We stayed in touch and I saw him in Paris. When Bill's columns disappeared from U.S. papers, he emailed them—for years.

Ironically, what Schaefer characterizes as the "required reading for world leaders"—that, after 9/11, U.S. mass media rejected for its criticism of Washington's hubris, messianism, and utopianism—is exactly what is needed today to address Donald Trump's virtual reality.

WILLIAM H. SLAVICK
Portland, Maine

GAME OF THRONES

With regard to the blame laid on Clement XI for his *Ex illa dei* decision against the Jesuits in 1715 regarding the Rites Controversy ("From Ricci to Francis," September 7), church historians have, intentionally or unintentionally, pointed out the irony of the decision is that it was driven as much, if not more, by Clement's fear of Louis XIV and the decision's impact on church-state relations in Europe.

The Jesuits had appealed to the Kang XI emperor to affirm that traditional veneration of ancestors was not a religious practice, which he did. Clement could not accept such a judgment coming from a sovereign because it would encourage Louis, in a time when the notion of the divine right of kings was at its height, to strengthen his claim to influence church doctrine.

DOUG LOVEJOY
Deacon, Archdiocese of Baltimore

Injudicious

At her September 27 appearance before the Senate Judiciary Committee, Christine Blasey Ford was asked what she remembered most about her alleged sexual assault by Supreme Court nominee Brett Kavanaugh and his friend Mark Judge in 1982. It was the laughter, she said, "indelible in the hippocampus...the uproarious laughter of the two, and their having fun at my expense." This was one of many heartbreaking details in a morning's worth of forthright testimony, whose tone and substance led a number of observers to call Ford, who is a professor and research psychologist, "incredibly credible." She was nervous but cooperative, explaining that she was there to do her civic duty. She was also courageous: she had little to gain by speaking publicly about the attack and its traumatic effects. In so doing, she also inspired other survivors to come forward on social media and the airwaves to share similar experiences, many breaking years or decades of silence.

Kavanaugh displayed no such poise or sense of the world beyond himself. His opening remarks, all partisan fury, sniveling self-pity, and distortion of the truth, set the tone for the afternoon. Exhibiting petulant disdain for Democratic members of the committee, he came off as nothing so much as the entitled adolescent he memorialized in a summerful of calendar entries, unable to believe his parents are about to ground him for the weekend. He raged at the prospect of being deprived of a job he apparently assumed was his by dint of mere pedigree. At times he seemed barely in control of his anger; perhaps he truly cannot remember doing what he has been accused of. Nevertheless, his reaction to questions about his drinking habits from Minnesota Senator Amy Klobuchar—"What about you, Senator? Do you ever black out?"—was not just disrespectful but disturbing, and his apology for it devoid of real contrition. Though he loudly proclaimed his innocence, he repeatedly declined to say whether he would support additional investigation by the FBI into the allegations against him. Kavanaugh's belligerence had a contagious effect on Republican members, stirring Lindsey Graham to preposterous expressions of indignation on the nominee's behalf. Rachel Mitchell, the Arizona sex-crimes prosecutor Republican senators chose to question Ford in their place, was sidelined soon after Kavanaugh was sworn in; to him, they preferred to speak man to man, fanning his anger with their own.

There were reasons to oppose Kavanaugh's elevation to the Supreme Court even before allegations of misconduct came to light. His record suggests hostility toward voting rights and affirmative action, and his originalist stance on Constitutional interpretation seems fully in line with conservative aims to dismantle government programs and further deregulate the economy. His writings suggest an expansive view of executive power—troubling especially now, given the current president's musings on self-pardon and threats to end the investigation into Russian interference with the 2016 election. Kavanaugh's time as a Republican party operative—from his role in drafting the 1998 Starr Report, which laid out grounds for impeaching President Bill Clinton, to helping stop the Florida recount in the 2000 presidential election—raises legitimate questions about his impartiality. He seems to have been less than fully truthful in sworn testimony about his knowledge of documents stolen from Democrats when he worked in the George W. Bush administration.

But Kavanaugh's performance on September 27—intemperate, partisan, possibly perjurious, and plainly injudicious—was disqualifying. Humility, self-awareness, and acknowledgment of the gravity of the moment might have helped. Indeed, these are the qualities traditionally associated with a Supreme Court justice. Instead there was a diatribe filled with Fox News talking points, a threat to potential political opponents, and dissembling on a number of questions about his past behavior. The compromise brokered by Senators Jeff Flake and Chris Coons to have the FBI further investigate sexual-misconduct allegations against Kavanaugh may neither fully exonerate him nor conclusively prove his guilt. Its somewhat limited scope seems intended to enable Republicans to deliver on their oft-stated goal to "plow through on this" before the midterm elections. Clearly, they do not want to know what happened. If Kavanaugh is confirmed, there will be a cloud over the court. Indifference to truth—exemplified by the president and now spreading through his whole party—will have carried the day, while a man who has proved himself unsuited to serve will be on the nation's highest court for the rest of his life. ■

October 2, 2018

Katherine Lucky

Nasty Woman

FEMALE RAGE MUST BE POWERFUL, NOT PETTY

Dr. Christine Blasey Ford testifies, Sept. 27.

CNS PHOTO / ANDREW HARNIK

All year, I've been angry at men. Exposers, perverts, secret-keepers. My rage feeds on old violations, the ways they've made me feel unworthy. I remember streets where I've been followed, and the train where a businessman grabbed onto my knee, asking intimate questions all the way to New Haven. One summer, I learned a trick: wear sunglasses, no matter the weather. They were quiet if they couldn't see fear in my eyes.

Too many women have had it worse, including Christine Blasey Ford. Reluctant, ashamed, desiring anonymity, she asks for an inquiry. In return: slander and death threats. Sisters, there but for the grace of God go we. These weeks, I sit with friends at restaurants. We talk about Kavanaugh and compare strange symptoms: headaches, sleeplessness, the ooze of old memories. Would anyone believe us if we had to testify? We worry we're being melodramatic. But what can we do? We're angry.

"Feminism is the collective manifestation of female anger," wrote Lindy West in the *New York Times* last fall. "The Weinstein effect," said the *Atlantic*, "is a story of women's anger, weaponized." Rebecca Traister, author of the new book *Good and Mad*, writes in response to Ford's testimony: "[This] is how women have been told to behave when they are angry: to not let anyone know...to joke and to be sweet and rational and vulnerable." Female rage has too long been dismissed as histrionics. And anger can be holy. Women are persons in the image of a God who meets injustice with wrath. The Son of Man flipped tables.

But the anger I'm feeling has changed—changed, I think, for the worse. There was always anger at assault allegations: touching, drugging, choking. And at pay gaps, and locker-room talk. Plus annoyance at smaller slights: condescension, domineering. But now there is anger at men for *being men*: for being different from me, for having opinions, for getting defensive.

This year, I've picked little fights with my husband. I shake my head as he tries to discuss: Title IX, consent, alcohol, agency. Once, I would have engaged with him, even if we disagreed. Now I assume he has bad intentions. *You* don't understand, I hiss. What I mean is: you can *never* understand.

I notice myself interrupting more. Or speaking sardonically of "masculine" things just because they are masculine: football, Boy Scouts, military history, hunting. I roll my eyes at my male classmate's essay, and get snide with my father about maternity leave. I am incapable of listening. *Did you see the new Brett stuff?* I say to my husband, and prepare for battle, regardless of his answer.

It happens in groups, especially. *We* lambast *them* while *they* (fathers, brothers, husbands, friends) are right next to us: at the same table, on the same vacation. It feels good. We eat hot dogs at the beach and discuss "Cat Person," Kristen Roupenian's chilling story about a woman's romance with an unremarkably skeevy man. They're too stupid to improve, we insist. They are brutish, power-hungry, crass, dangerous. We should be in charge. They should stay silent. We list offenses. *They* interrupted us at a meeting; *they* asked us to pick up birthday cake; *they* said something creepy; *they* asked the wrong question; *they* made assumptions or mistakes. We never attribute these problems to human imperfection. Or even to a patriarchal culture, which taught bad (but fixable) behavior. No: there is something evil about masculinity itself.

I understand why we clamor for power—for so long, we've had little. And for women who have been abused, there's a whole other dimension. Anger in those instances is laced with trauma, and can't be controlled so easily. After her night at that 1982 party, Ford might have seen all men as insidious. That would be understandable. And even when women like me (who have not been abused) are angry, men have no right to complain. Our causes are correct. Women should be safe everywhere they go. Men should be kind and careful. Boys grow up with advantages, patriarchy is real, and sexual violence is common.

But women live in cultures too, and I worry what this one might do to us. If I'm not careful, righteous anger becomes vindictive pettiness, that cardinal sin of pride. Of course I want any *us* that I'm part of to be better than any *them* that I'm not. This distorts my way of seeing the world. I worry about indiscriminate female rage precisely because the moment is important, and self-righteousness makes it harder to speak convincingly, logically, justly, turns political power to mere personal animus. If I stand at the barbeque and declare, "Men don't get it," all the men there might decide that I'm right. They *won't* ever get it. Nothing will change.

This September, Rebecca Solnit wrote that the most effective activists "are angry at what harms the people... they love, but their urges are primarily protective, not vengeful." Tempering anger with compassion and humility is not an unfair ask of women, another way of silencing them. Rather, it assumes that we can love men well in a spirit of improvement: sharing stories, demanding they listen, trusting they can. We'll never have fair pay, healthy sex, safe streets, if we've decided that *they* are all, already, too far gone. ■

Eduardo M. Peñalver

More Justices, Shorter Tenures

MAKING THE SUPREME COURT NOMINATION PROCESS LESS PARTISAN

This summer, members of the public not consumed by the daily drama of presidential tweets and the ins-and-outs of the Mueller investigation turned their attention to the Supreme Court. With the retirement of Justice Anthony Kennedy, who was often a swing vote, the appointment of Brett Kavanaugh raised the possibility of a solidly conservative Supreme Court for the first time in decades. Although allegations of sexual assault from his days at Georgetown Prep and Yale have threatened to derail the Kavanaugh train, on the day this issue went to press, Republican senators were on board with their nominee. Most court-watchers still expect him to be confirmed on a party-line vote. Even if Kavanaugh were not confirmed, Trump would probably nominate an equally conservative replacement who would—in turn—probably be confirmed on a party-line vote before the end of the current Congress.

Things weren't always this way. Until relatively recently, Supreme Court justices were almost always confirmed by overwhelming bipartisan majorities. Justice Scalia was confirmed 98-0. Justice Kennedy was confirmed 97-0. Even Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg was confirmed with only three senators voting against her. Before the 1960s, most justices were confirmed by voice votes, and Supreme Court confirmation hearings—if they occurred at all—received little public attention. The now-routine expectation that every Supreme Court nomination should be decided along partisan lines is really only a product of the past ten years.

In one view, the problem with our Supreme Court–nomination process is that it has become hopelessly partisan. In a functional system, qualified nominees within the mainstream of legal thought would be confirmed with wide bipartisan support, as was the case for most of our history. But—even though both parties now generally view judicial nominations through a partisan lens—the two parties do not seem to be playing the same game. Conservative voters (and organizations) care more about the judiciary than their counterparts on the left. In the most recent presidential election, for example, among the one-fifth of voters who said the Supreme Court was the single most important issue driving their voting decisions, 56 percent voted for Donald Trump. In other words, the portion of the electorate that is most motivated by judicial politics is disproportionately conservative. And it shows, not only in voting patterns but also in party discipline around confirmation votes.

Our current judicial-nomination process is unhealthy for both the judiciary itself and for our democracy. It tends to make judges more partisan. While some legal scholars insist that there is no clear line between law and politics, there *is* a difference in most instances between lawmaking (which, in a democracy, should mainly be the function of elected politicians) and the application of law to particular cases—the domain of the courts. Judges who understand themselves primarily in partisan terms are likely to be poor judges.

U.S. Supreme Court nominee Judge Brett Kavanaugh is sworn in to testify before a Sept. 27 Senate Judiciary Committee hearing.

CNS PHOTO / JIM BOURG, POOL VIA REUTERS

The politicization of our judicial-nomination process also distorts our democracy by moving such nominations to the center of our politics, especially in presidential elections. This trend has been exacerbated in recent years by longer tenures of Supreme Court justices. Because of increasing life spans and younger nominees, the average term of the typical Supreme Court justice has doubled since 1900; it now stretches over a quarter century. As the tenure of Supreme Court justices grows longer, so does the length of time between nominations, making the stakes for each nomination that much higher. While judicial nominations (particularly for the Supreme Court) are undoubtedly important, it is worth asking whether it is a healthy thing in a democracy for them to be the most important consideration for a fifth of the electorate. After all, the president—and the federal government as a whole—do many other important things.

There doesn't seem to be any hope of de-escalating our wars over judicial nominees any time soon, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't try. There are a number of possible reforms that would at least make those wars less intense. Two in particular bear mentioning. First, we

should consider term limits for Supreme Court justices. The majority of states impose some kind of mandatory retirement age on high-court judges. The problem with mandatory retirement is that it encourages ever-younger nominees. A better approach would be simply to impose a tenure limit. The average tenure of justices before the 1960s was approximately sixteen years. A fifteen-year term limit would restore the pattern that prevailed through much of our nation's history. The only problem with this idea is that it would require a constitutional amendment.

Another dramatic reform—but one that could be accomplished by simple statute—would be to increase the size of the Court. The Constitution does not specify how many justices there should be, and the number has varied over the Supreme Court's history. As originally constituted by the Judiciary Act of 1789, the first Supreme Court had six justices, and over its first century, there were as many as ten and as few as five. The number finally settled at nine with the Judiciary Act of 1869. FDR famously proposed to expand the Court to as many as fifteen justices, but he was defeated. Internationally, the U.S. Supreme Court is on the smaller size. The median number of judges for high courts around the world is about fifteen. The Indian Supreme Court has more than thirty members. Increasing the U.S. Supreme Court to fifteen members—especially if this increase were paired with tenure limits and the new nominees were spread over a number of years—would mean more frequent nominations, which would in turn lower the stakes of any single nomination.

A larger Supreme Court might also be able to experiment with new ways of hearing cases. Contrast the Supreme Court's practice of sitting at all times as a full contingent of nine justices with the lower federal appellate courts. On the U.S. Court of Appeals, the intermediate appellate court in our federal system, three judges drawn from a larger pool of circuit judges hear cases in the first instance. The entire circuit will only hear a case when a majority of its active judges vote to do so.

This means that one panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit may look vastly different from another. One might be more conservative, another more liberal. Individual judges on a court of appeals learn to work with different colleagues on different cases. Sometimes a judge will find himself in the ideological majority, sometimes in the minority. Different configurations of the court lead to a wide range of potential outcomes, subject to the power of the court as a whole to intervene and rehear a case "en banc" (i.e., as a full court). This habituation to a diversity of panel compositions from sitting to sitting, and to the possibility of reversal by the full court, yields among Court of Appeals judges a greater tendency toward judicial modesty. It might also work against the formation of rigid voting blocks.

If the U.S. Supreme Court were expanded to fifteen members, it might hear individual cases in panels of five rather than as a full court. Sitting in panels would lead to different configurations of justices, which could produce outcomes that were more ideologically varied, less predictable, and perhaps more judicially modest. A larger Supreme Court sitting in panels could hear more than the approximately seventy argued cases it hears now. More cases would provide more guidance to lower courts, which often struggle to fill in the gap between the Court's infrequent decisions in certain areas of the law. More cases would also allow for a more incremental legal development, reducing the incentive for the Court to issue blockbuster opinions.

I see little hope for returning to the days when the public largely ignored the Supreme Court. And that is probably a good thing. The issues decided by federal courts—same-sex marriage, the death penalty, religious accommodations, abortion—are both important and divisive. They *ought* to matter to voters. But the outsized role the Court plays in our contemporary politics is unhealthy both for the Court itself and for our democracy. We would do well to lower the temperature over Supreme Court nominations. It's time to start experimenting with structural changes that would help us do that. ■

Eduardo M. Peñalver *is the Allan R. Tessler Dean of the Cornell Law School. The views expressed in the piece are his own, and should not be attributed to Cornell University or Cornell Law School.*

Paul Baumann

Time to Leave?

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOYAL AFTER SCANDAL

Damon Linker is the erudite and artful senior correspondent for the *TheWeek.com*. He was an editor at *First Things* from 2001 to 2005, but left to write *The Theocons*, a tale of his disillusionment with that magazine's founder and editor-in-chief Fr. Richard John Neuhaus and his cronies, fellow neoconservatives George Weigel and Michael Novak. Before his stint at *First Things*, Linker was a speechwriter for New York City Mayor Rudy Giuliani. Like many of the folks who have gathered around *First Things*—and like many of its editors—Linker was a convert to Catholicism. In a recent column titled "The Unbearable Ugliness of the Catholic Church," Linker announced his decision to leave the church, which he described as "thoroughly corrupt." A photograph of Pope Francis wearing what looks like a burial shawl accompanies the article online.

I reviewed *The Theocons* for the *Washington Monthly* when the book was published in 2006. I found Linker's claim that Neuhaus, Weigel, and Novak wanted to impose a theocracy on the United States to be greatly exaggerated. Nor did I think, as Linker appeared to, that it is best to keep religion and politics strictly separated. I did agree that *First Things* often had a malign influence, especially in its grandiloquent support for the 2003 invasion of Iraq, its near silence on the question of torture, its criticism of those investigating the sexual abuse of children by priests, and its obsession with culture-war issues such as abortion and same-sex marriage. Linker was also right that Neuhaus and company were intent on having the church cleave as closely as possible to the Republican Party. (It is not surprising that the journal's current editor-in-chief, R. R. Reno, endorsed Trump at one point.) But I didn't agree with Linker that a purely secular public square was either a good thing or even a real possibility. That proposition seemed oblivious to history, and to how people think about the relationship between morality and politics.

I later got to know Linker a bit, mostly by email, although he did come to the *Commonweal* offices once. I also tried to get him to write for *Commonweal*. He seemed reluctant to do that. I assumed it was because we were too "liberal," or at least too closely identified with certain stereotypical notions regarding "liberal Catholicism." But after reading his column about his loss of faith, I suspect he might have been hesitant about Catholicism, period. After his immersion in the politically charged, hot-house world of *First Things* Catholicism, one could hardly blame him.

I understand how someone could leave the church because they were repulsed by the revelations of sexual abuse, and appalled by the hypocrisy of priests and bishops, who

Mariana Hernandez prays during a service for repentance and healing for clergy sexual abuse, which included prayers for victims, abusers, and the church, Aug. 22, at Our Lady of the Brook in Northbrook, Ill.

CNS PHOTO / KAREN CALLAWAY, CHICAGO CATHOLIC

claim an authority conferred on them by God but act like buck-passers and company men. In a similar fashion, I understood why some people refused to pay taxes or even left the country to protest the war in Vietnam. What is harder to understand is why this scandal would suddenly hit home for Linker now, sixteen years after it broke wide open in Boston. The Pennsylvania grand-jury report, as horrible as the details are, does not provide any evidence that sexual abuse *continues* to be epidemic in the church. On the contrary, in Pennsylvania, only two credible accusations were reported after 2002, and both cases were turned over to law enforcement. Perhaps that conclusion will be proven false when we learn the results of grand-jury investigations now underway in other states. But at the moment, the public reaction conflates several distinct issues, and so does Linker. He writes, "To wade through the toxic sludge of the grand jury report; to follow the story of Theodore McCarrick's loathsome character and career; to confront the allegations piled up in Viganó's memo—it is to come face to face with monstrous, grotesque ugliness. It is to see the Catholic Church as a repulsive institution—or at least one permeated by repulsive human beings who reward one another for repulsive acts, all the while deigning to lecture the world about its sin."

There is monstrous, grotesque ugliness in this litany of offenses, but it is not the same ugliness in each instance. Viganò's "memo" was a self-serving, homophobic diatribe by an ambitious and now disgruntled prelate, much of it already discredited. It was also an attempt to depose a pope and possibly encourage schism. None of the abusers identi-

fied in the grand-jury report is still active in the priesthood. Most of them are dead. Cardinal Wuerl's actions in sending abusers for psychiatric treatment proved to be a grave mistake, but it was not intended to perpetuate abuse. The undeniably loathsome McCarrick has been sacked by the pope. To what extent his loathsomeness was responsible for his career, and how widely his crimes were "known" by other bishops, remains to be established. Unless victims are willing to make their accusations public, what is "known" of crimes committed in private is not easy to assess. (We are seeing this play out again in the Brett Kavanaugh hearings.) Nor is it true that bishops have not been removed for breaking their vows of celibacy. Several were in the 1990s. The reports by the John Jay College of Criminal Justice issued in 2004 and 2011, which are the most comprehensive independent analyses of the church's failures, concluded that in the half-century after 1950 between 4 and 5 percent of priests were sexual abusers. At the time, bishops were no better at dealing with these predators than headmasters or Scout leaders, although there is good evidence that major improvements occurred during the 1990s, and that the 2002 Dallas Charter for the Protection of Children and Young People was a turning point. It mandated extensive preventative measures as well as the removal from all priestly activity of anyone found to have abused minors in the past. That was the right thing to do. It would be nice if not a single case of abuse had occurred since then. Of course that is not the case, but regular audits show that there are now just a tiny number of instances.

Those facts are no consolation for the thousands of people who were abused, but neither do they support Linker's conclusion that the institution *as a whole* is repulsive and filled with repulsive people. By Linker's reasoning, the list of repulsive institutions would include the Boy Scouts, USA Gymnastics, elite prep schools, Evangelical Protestantism, Orthodox Judaism, and on and on. I am not trying to excuse what happened in the church. There is no excuse for it. Nor am I opposed to further investigations by secular authorities. But this plague is not unique to Catholicism, although there is no denying that the church's claims for its own moral authority make the public's outrage understandable.

Like many converts, Linker seems to have a tendency to mistake flawed people and fallible institutions for a reified ideal, whether that is Rudy Giuliani, Richard John Neuhaus, or the Catholic Church. In my mid-twenties, I was getting reacquainted with Catholicism. One day I was waxing poetical about the church in the presence of my maternal grandfather, who had been educated by the Jesuits at Boston College High School and Boston College. I don't remember his exact words, but his skeptical tone has stayed with me. He was a worldly man, but he had been raised in a thick Irish-Catholic culture and was scrupulous about Sunday Mass and observing other "markers" of Catholicism. He warned me in a vague but unmistakable way about the clergy and the church. He said in effect, "They're not as bad as some people claim, but they aren't as good as they want you to think." In other words, although we owe a certain loyalty to the church, what priests and bishops say should get the same scrutiny we give to the pronouncements of others in positions of authority. Skepticism is warranted.

Linker predicts that this latest "tsunami of scandal" will propel many more Catholics out the church door. Probably he's right. It would be good, however, if we uncovered the facts before we pronounce judgment. There is also an implicit challenge in Linker's essay for anyone who decides not to leave: How can we justify staying? I think the answer is similar to the one you might give when asked to justify allegiance to the United States of America, a nation founded as a slave state and established by the virtual annihilation of its native population, a country that killed several million Vietnamese in an unprovoked and unjust war and now threatens the peace of the entire world by putting nuclear weapons in the hands of a clearly repulsive and disturbed individual. You remain because, despite the nation's manifold sins, you still want to believe in the truth of the propositions put forth in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Gettysburg Address. You stay in the church, despite its sins, because you long for what it proposes about the nature and destiny of human life to be true as well. ■

Paul Baumann *is* Commonweal*'s senior writer.*

Joy Gordon

Off Target

HOW U.S. SANCTIONS ARE CRIPPLING VENEZUELA

Venezuela is in the midst of one of the worst economic crises in recent Latin American history, with inflation reaching 83,000 percent last July and expected to reach 1,000,000 percent by the end of 2018. A power outage in July left 70 percent of the country without electricity, including much of Caracas, the nation's capital. Transportation has deteriorated, as well as health care, and Venezuelans face growing shortages of food and medicine. An estimated 2.3 million people have left the country since 2014.

The U.S. government insists that Venezuela's economic crisis is due entirely to the corruption and mismanagement of President Nicolás Maduro and his administration. The Maduro government has been widely criticized for its harsh repression of protesters and its other human-rights violations, and the country's most recent elections were widely denounced as a sham.

Certainly the Venezuelan government's policies can be blamed for much of the country's economic trouble. When oil prices were high, the government spent hundreds of millions of dollars on social programs, including subsidized housing, food, and fuel, and free health clinics. But even with the tremendous profits from the oil boom, Venezuela ran large deficits every year. When oil prices collapsed in 2014, the economy went into free fall, while the country was burdened with massive debt.

As the economic collapse turns into a humanitarian catastrophe, U.S. sanctions have both worsened the crisis and made it harder for the Venezuelan government to turn the economy around. Last March, the UN Human Rights Council adopted a resolution criticizing the sanctions imposed by the United States, the European Union, and their allies as "unilateral coercive measures" in violation of international law. It claimed the sanctions constituted a human-rights violation because they "disproportionately affect[ed] the poor and the most vulnerable classes" in Venezuela. This is especially true of the U.S. sanctions, which are both more extensive and more indiscriminately damaging than those imposed by Europe or other nations.

Although the Trump administration has imposed stringent new measures on Venezuela, this policy of sanctions began during the Obama administration. In 2014, Congress passed the Venezuela Defense of Human Rights and Civil Society Act, and President Obama signed an executive order declaring that the Venezuelan government's human-rights abuses and crackdown on protesters constituted "an unusual and extraordinary threat to the national security…of the United States." On the basis of this "national emergency," he ordered that sanctions be imposed on anyone the U.S.

People search for food in garbage bags next to a supermarket in Caracas, Venezuela in late July.

CNS PHOTO / UESLEI MARCELINO, REUTERS

Treasury Department determined to be "a current or former official of the Government of Venezuela," including those who worked for critical financial institutions such as Venezuela's Central Bank.

Both the Obama and Trump administrations have claimed that these measures are targeted at Maduro administration officials judged to be involved in corruption or repression. According to the State Department, President Obama's executive order provides authority to target persons responsible for the persecution of political opponents and erosion of human rights, but "does not target the people or economy of Venezuela." The Trump administration claims that its sanctions are "carefully calibrated." Measures that make it nearly impossible for Venezuela to restructure its debt are justified as "clos[ing] another avenue for corruption."

Yet, despite U.S. claims that the sanctions are carefully calibrated and narrowly targeted, they have helped bankrupt Venezuela and cut off its major source of foreign exchange. And while the sanctions ostensibly concern only "U.S. persons," their enforcement is so broad as to involve much of the international banking system.

The U.S. sanctions do enormous damage to Venezuela in several ways: they compromise its income from oil exports; they make it difficult to engage in many of the ordinary international banking transactions involved in oil exports, or to pay for the imports on which the country relies; and they make it nearly impossible for the government to restructure the country's crippling debt.

Venezuela's foreign debt is estimated at $150 billion, with $65 billion in outstanding bonds. Unable to make its debt payments, the Venezuelan state is now in default, and creditors have recently begun to get court orders to seize Venezu-

elan assets, including oil shipments. President Maduro has sought to restructure the debt in order to stave off complete financial collapse. In effect, that would mean replacing the old debt with a new one. But much of Venezuela's debt is held by U.S. investors, and, under the U.S. sanctions, no U.S. person may extend credit to the Venezuelan government for more than thirty days; so restructuring a long-term debt is prohibited. Last year the United States also blacklisted the two Venezuelan officials appointed to renegotiate the debt: the former vice president, Tareck El Aissami and former Economy Minister Simón Zerpa. U.S. persons are prohibited from engaging in business transactions with them, including the renegotiation of the country's debt.

Other U.S. measures target Venezuela's national oil company, Petróleos de Venezuela, S.A (PDVSA), which generates 95 percent of the country's export revenue and accounts for 25 percent of its GDP. But, as Francisco Rodriguez has noted in *Foreign Policy*, "Cutting off the government's access to dollars will leave the economy without the hard currency needed to pay for imports of food and medicine. Starving the Venezuelan economy of its foreign currency earnings risks turning the country's current humanitarian crisis into a full-blown humanitarian catastrophe." Two months after President Trump imposed financial sanctions, imports dropped another 24 percent, leading to scarcity of basic goods.

The U.S. blacklists also contribute to the disruption of Venezuela's oil industry. "U.S. persons" are prohibited from negotiating or transacting any business related to PDVSA with Zerpa, who is now PDVSA's vice president for finance. PDVSA is also the majority owner of the U.S. company Citgo. Last July, the United States revoked the visa of Citgo's president, the Venezuelan Asdrúbal Chávez, and ordered him to leave the country within thirty days. The Trump administration has also prohibited the payment of dividends to Venezuela from subsidiaries of Venezuelan companies, including Citgo, thus eliminating a substantial source of income. Between 2015 and 2017, Citgo provided Venezuela with nearly $2.5 billion in dividends.

Because the U.S. sanctions interfere with Venezuela's ability to obtain credit, the country's ability to import goods is compromised. Any goods or services Venezuela purchases from a "U.S. person" must be paid for within thirty days—a difficult standard for a country facing a severe liquidity crisis. The regulations do allow exceptions for the purchase of food or medicine, but not for goods or equipment that are needed for, say, the electrical grid, or public transportation, or trucks for distributing food, or water-treatment plants, or housing construction, or the maintenance of the telephone system—or anything else required for a functioning infrastructure.

The regulations impose all these prohibitions on "U.S. persons," but it turns out that this category includes many entities that are not persons and are not from the United States. The sanctions regime on Venezuela extends to any

foreign bank or corporation, based anywhere in the world, that has a branch in the United States, or does business through the U.S. banking system, or is owned by a U.S. parent corporation. Such regulations are an example of "extraterritorial jurisdiction": the U.S. government purports to have a right to impose prohibitions on a broad range of foreign companies that do business with a country targeted by the United States. If the foreign company doesn't comply, it may be subject to massive penalties. The French bank BNP Paribas paid $9 billion to U.S. government bodies for violating U.S. sanctions laws; HSBC, based in London, paid $1 billion; the Dutch bank ING paid half a billion. Perhaps even worse than the penalties themselves is the risk of losing access to U.S. markets and the U.S. financial system. BNP Paribas was temporarily suspended from access to the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Because the U.S. dollar is the global reserve currency, no international bank can afford to be expelled from the U.S. Federal Reserve System—it's considered the "death penalty" for an international bank.

Many countries, including U.S. allies, have argued that Washington's "extraterritorial" sanctions violate international law. When these measures were first implemented in the 1990s, the European Union and the United Kingdom both brought actions against the United States before the World Trade Organization. Together with Canada and Mexico, they also adopted "clawback" legislation as a response to what they saw as an illegitimate attempt by the United States to restrict their trade with third countries. More recently, the European Union adopted blocking legislation, prohibiting European companies from complying with Washington's extraterritorial sanctions. But all this makes little difference: for banks, shipping companies, insurers, technology companies, or the energy industry, the bottom line is that no one can risk losing access to U.S. markets, regardless of whether U.S. sanctions accord with international law. Despite the European Union's efforts to block these sanctions, it is not surprising that Credit Suisse, BNP Paribas, and Deutsche Bank have all refused to handle transactions of oil traders and refiners with Citgo and PDVSA.

While the Trump administration talks about stopping corruption and punishing human-rights violators, the scope and aggressiveness of the sanctions go well beyond punishing wrongdoers. In fact, the sanctions seem designed to bring the whole Venezuelan government to a standstill by preventing its officials from doing their jobs. Both the Obama and Trump administrations have targeted many of Venezuela's most significant government leaders, not only freezing their personal assets, but also prohibiting all "U.S. persons" from having any business dealings with blacklisted persons even when they are negotiating on behalf of Venezuelan government bodies or the national oil company. In some cases, the United States claims these officials have ties to drug trafficking or money laundering, but sometimes the blacklisting has little to do with any plausible claim of criminal activity. Regardless of their rationale, these measures have the effect of compromising the basic ability of the government to function.

This year the Trump administration blacklisted both the former vice president, Tareck El Aissami, and the current one, Delcy Rodríguez. It blacklisted Rocco Albisinni Serrano, the president of CENCOEX, the government agency that sets the foreign exchange rate, on the grounds that a black market has emerged around the currency exchange, turning it into an "engine of corruption." It blacklisted Freddy Alirio Bernal Rosales, the Minister for Agriculture, along with Alejandro Antonio Fleming Cabrera, the former head of CENCOEX and the Vice Minister for Europe of Venezuela's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It blacklisted Carlos Alberto Rotondaro Cova, the former head of the agency charged with providing medicines for chronic conditions. The rationale for blacklisting Cova was as bizarre as it was convoluted. According to the Trump administration, the Maduro government was responsible for Venezuela's economic collapse, which in turn meant that the country was not able to afford sufficient medications and vaccines, causing a resurgence of diseases such as diphtheria and measles. The United States therefore blacklisted Rotondaro for his failure to meet the Venezuelan population's need for medicines.

The Obama and Trump administrations have both insisted that the United States has not blacklisted either the country of Venezuela as a whole, or its government, or the national oil company on which its economy depends. But blacklisting the senior officials in Venezuela's government and oil industry have the same effect. Washington hasn't just frozen their personal assets or denied them travel visas; it has decided that no "U.S. person" may enter into a contract with any blacklisted individual, even if she or he is acting on behalf of the Venezuelan government or its oil company.

The Trump administration maintains that the sanctions hinder the Maduro regime's ability to engage in business transactions that might take place on "terms unfavorable to the Venezuelan people," and that is true. It is true because the U.S. sanctions make it nearly impossible for the Venezuelan government to engage in business on *any* terms, favorable or unfavorable; or to restructure its crippling debt so it can prevent the seizure of its oil and refineries; or to transact business through international banks; or to import the goods necessary to operate the country's infrastructure; or to pay salaries; or to sustain agriculture and industry. Announcing the new sanctions his administration imposed on Venezuela last year, President Trump declared that "the U.S. will not stand by as Venezuela crumbles." He was right. The United States is not standing by; it is doing whatever it can to make Venezuela crumble faster. ■

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A State without Suicide

The Passions of T. G. Masaryk

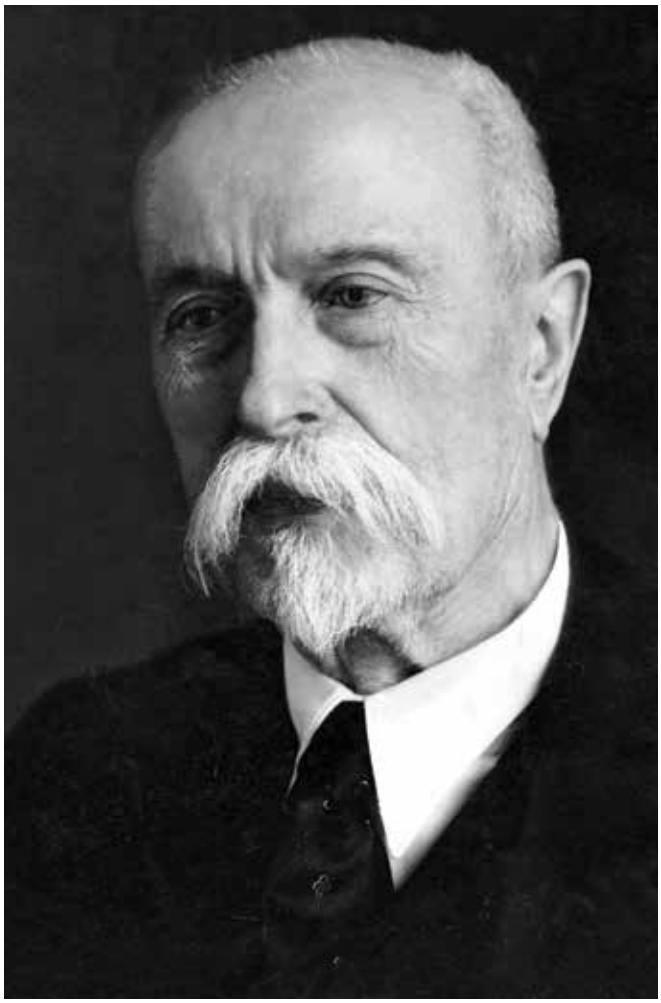
John Connelly

Which nightmare of modern times would we make disappear if we could? Few people would hesitate to answer "Nazism"—a word that has come to symbolize evil. But like all evil, Nazism was historical, the creature of a particular time, and its development depended upon people who could have acted differently. National socialism—that is what Nazism stands for—appeared in late-nineteenth-century Europe and developed in two streams: one the epitome of fascism, taking millions of lives; the other a tolerant democratic party that respected human rights. Of the two leaders who took the movement in such different directions, one, Adolf Hitler (born 1889), is infamous, while the other, Tomáš G. Masaryk (born 1850), is today all but unknown.

Early national socialists spoke to and for the lower classes, who faced a decline in status because of major economic shifts, and feared that this decline might have to do with foreigners who lived in their country. Like today's populists, they said that the elites in far away capitals did not care enough to help. Like Hitler and Masaryk, they came to life in the Habsburg heartlands of Austria and Bohemia.

The earliest manifestation of their politics of fear was an 1883 meeting of German liberals in the provincial city of Linz. The mostly young men were alienated by their party elders in Vienna, laissez-faire liberals who hardly lifted a finger for shopkeepers or workers. These elders were also clueless about lower-class German fears around economic advances and the culture of Slavs and Eastern European Jews. At that time, Germans constituted an overwhelming majority in Austria, but only about one-third of the population in Bohemia. Like middle-class whites in our society, many worried about relative decline in status. Bohemia, once dominated by German culture, was in danger of becoming Czech.

The young Germans' Linz program featured populism's odd mix of right and left: on the one hand, defense against "foreigners," primarily Czechs and other Slavs; on the other, economic protection for workers and small businesses. Soon



SUEDDEUTSCHE ZEITUNG PHOTO / ALAMY STOCK PHOTO

the rebels abandoned liberalism and evolved in different directions: the left, led by Viktor Adler, formed Austria's Social Democratic party in 1889, while the right, under "Knight" Georg Ritter von Schönerer, took up anti-Semitism, portraying Jews as the ultimate economic and cultural danger. The vainglorious knight proved an inept leader and his popularity was limited largely to students.

In 1903 one of his disciples, the Bohemian German Karl Hermann Wolf, formed a splinter "German workers party"

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in a town just north of Prague. After World War I, this party became the National Socialist German Workers Party (NSDAP). By then, Wolf had faded into the background and was replaced by a young veteran named Adolf Hitler, party member #79. Hitler united the Nazi Party in Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, and by 1938 had brought the Germans of these lands into one state, the "Third Reich." But he never forgot the socialism part of national socialism, and instituted social and accident insurance that would be the envy of U.S. workers today.

When Tomáš G. Masaryk was born, the Czech majority of Bohemia were a despised underclass of workers and peasants. By the 1880s they increasingly challenged German dominance, forming their own parties, the strongest of which was the Social Democrats. But in 1898 these Czech followers of Karl Marx committed a major blunder. As internationalists, they sought a solution to Bohemia's nationality problems, and agreed with their German comrades to divide Bohemia into districts: some controlled by Germans, others by Czechs. Though reasonable in the abstract, this solution violated a dogma of Czech nationalism—that the ancient kingdom of Bohemia, founded in the twelfth century, was a Czech land, one and indivisible. The Czech word for Bohemia happens to be Čechy, implying that the very soil was Czech. Yet for centuries Bohemia officially belonged to the (German) Holy Roman Empire, and Czechs felt their claim was not secure. They also believed that an up-and-coming European nation needed bounded space, not squares on a checkerboard.

Rejecting the Social Democrats, renegade Czech workers founded the Czech National Socialist Party—a party that would not forget that Bohemia was Czech and Czech workers were Czech nationals. Like its German counterpart, the Czech National Socialist Party contained chauvinist elements, but over time those elements receded. The party became a mainstay of Czech democracy, and remained one until the Communist coup of 1948. The party's best-known politician was Edvard Beneš, Czechoslovak president from 1935 to 1948. But Beneš had been secretary to Masaryk, and it was the latter who had the decisive influence on the party's evolution.

Like most of the Czech elite, Masaryk came from a humble background and never lost touch with the common people. More importantly, he succeeded in convincing his compatriots that ethnic hatred was incompatible with Czech identity. Making a Czech state great meant making it humane.

If this was an odd message for a nationalist, Masaryk was an odd kind of nationalist. Into his thirties he did not even think of himself as Czech. He came from the eastern stretches of Bohemia, son of a Slovak coachman and a Moravian maid who taught Tomáš to pray in German. If he had any loyalty, it was to his village, and though he sympathized with Slavs in the struggle against German culture and spoke Czech with boyhood friends, he considered himself an Austrian rather than a Czech.

The gifted boy found German patrons to support his studies at Vienna, where he wrote the two doctorates required of Central European academics: the first on Plato's politics, and the second on suicide. In 1876 he went to Leipzig for further studies, and met the American music student Charlotte Garrigue, a Unitarian of French Huguenot and Yankee background. The two discussed literature and philosophy on long walks through the city's parks. In 1878 they married in the Garrigue house in Brooklyn and Tomáš took Charlotte's maiden name as his middle name—a rare gesture reflecting his belief in the equality of the sexes.

At this point his future was up in the air. He might have received an academic position anywhere German was spoken—at Alsatian Strasbourg, romantic Heidelberg, or the eastern outpost Czernowitz in Austrian Bukovina. In that case, he would have become just another German professor. A call to the new Czech university in Prague in 1882 meant that Masaryk was drawn into a mostly Czech environment, yet he did nothing to endear himself to Czech nationalists.

In Bohemia's capital, Masaryk became a man of causes. His first involved a dispute about manuscripts supposedly unearthed by a Czech patriot two generations earlier in a Bohemian castle. They told of a wise Czech queen Libuše who had reigned sometime in the eighth century, and caused a sensation because Czech patriots possessed no Czech-language sources prior to 1200. Despite doubts about their authenticity, the documents seemed indispensable evidence that Czechs predated Germans in Bohemia. Yet Masaryk examined the matter soberly and concluded that a serious European nation cannot build its future upon forgeries. Though reviled as a traitor, he slowly gained adherents, and whether people liked him or not, they knew where he stood.

His second cause made him even less popular. In 1899 charges emerged that the Jewish peddler Leopold Hilsner had killed a Christian girl, supposedly for Christian blood, and an Austrian court condemned him to death. Masaryk found that the charges had no basis, and joined a campaign for clemency that led to a commutation of the death sentence. He was especially horrified that Czechs succumbed to medieval superstition and redoubled his efforts to make them what history demanded they should be: rational, truthful, and concerned with "humanity."

Masaryk claimed to get these ideas about the Czech character from deep history: the early Protestant reformer Jan Hus, the Czech Brethren who promised true Christian fellowship, and the philosopher and educator John Amos Comenius, who had been called to be president of Harvard. Academic critics objected that peoples have no characters and history provides no messages, but Masaryk believed Czechs needed a sense of what held them together as a community. If progressives did not create that sense, their opponents to the right would.

In 1909 Masaryk defended fifty-three Austrian Serb politicians whom the Habsburg state had charged with treason, using evidence supplied by one of the Linz Program

authors. The penalty would be death by hanging. Masaryk journeyed to Zagreb, examined the evidence, and found it had been forged. The men were released.

In the tense years before WWI, he tried to mediate with Serbia, but Habsburg authorities showed no interest. After declaring war in July 1914, they drafted hundreds of thousands of Slavs into a cause meant to bolster German and Hungarian power in Central Europe. Dissenters were executed. Masaryk fled, and spent four years agitating for Czech independence in Western Europe and the United States. When Woodrow Wilson arrived in Paris in 1918, no one was more highly esteemed in the new Europe than Masaryk, and indeed Czechoslovakia became the most successful of the new democracies, seeming to embody his ideals.

Historians have wondered where Masaryk got his certainty that to be Czech was to be humane. The answer lies not in Czech history, but in his own life. When Masaryk was seven or eight years old, a young stablehand hanged himself at the estate where his father worked. He never forgot this horrible event. Suicide was the supreme immorality, not so much of the person who took his life, but of the circumstances that had made it thinkable. His biographer Emil Ludwig later wrote that Masaryk's career in politics began with this concern about one human life.

In his dissertation, Masaryk found that in medieval Europe suicide was almost unknown. Something in modern life had brought a painful disharmony: the more educated people became, the more often they succumbed to despair. Modern schools actually produced "half-education," Masaryk argued, forming people's minds for school and career but not for life. Even at universities no one talked about ethics, but ethics was the passion that drove Masaryk in everything, including dozens of impromptu seminars he and Charlotte held at their apartment in Prague, where they raised five children and always had tea ready for visitors.

Masaryk idealized the Middle Ages as a time when society possessed a complete worldview. He knew life had been hard, but Christian beliefs gave consolation. Astoundingly, his academic thesis contained a paean to Christ's role in history that seemed to draw upon deep faith:

> Christ gave the new commandment of love, and that extended to one's enemies. In the possession of this love, the Christian knows how to arrange his life in a Godly manner: it is the bond that connects him with heaven and earth. Who could despair if he only had a spark of the love that Paul describes in the unmatched hymn to the love of a Christian? This sublime system of theism, combined with the belief in immortality and the morality of love, has a living foundation and cornerstone in the mediation of the Son of God, in Jesus Christ. With belief in him all in religion that is abstract, unapproachable, and incomprehensible recedes: for Christ the Son

of man becomes the object of faith, hope, love, devotion, sacrifice, reverence, and worship.

Masaryk insisted these words reflected not faith but objective observation. He admitted there was no going back to a time when the church governed peoples' minds. Nevertheless, if immorality derived from the loss of religion, then modern people would have to find a new one.

As a student Masaryk had abandoned the Catholicism of his childhood, and became a kind of Protestant with Christ as his only guide. Yet Protestantism tended to splinter endlessly and was no recipe for the society he hoped to build. When he and Charlotte settled in Prague in 1882, they discovered a new religion: the students that surrounded them, the readers of their essays, the Czech world of pubs, cafes, workshops, and fields. The Czech people became their cause and disciples, and also their source of faith.

But Masaryk's ideas about his chosen people were not entirely new. In Prague he fell in with a national revival movement that went back to the time of Napoleon's defeat, when small cadres of Slovak and Czech Protestant theologians had gone to study in Jena, and returned home imbued with the philosophy of Johann Gottfried Herder. A Protestant preacher at Riga and Weimar, Herder contended that God had given each people a mission to humanity; the soul of a people was its culture.

The early Czech patriots standardized their language and wrote a Czech history where none had existed. Because most were theologians, this was history laced with parables and lessons. Masaryk got his idealized version of Jan Hus and the Bohemian Brethren from František Palacký (1798–1876), a Moravian theologian converted to Czech nationalism during his studies at the Lutheran seminary in Pressburg, today's Bratislava. Pressburg had become a hotbed of Herder's thought when Slovak students returned from Jena; from the 1820s Palacký guided the movement from Prague. Masaryk followed Palacký's view that the Czech Brethren were not only the high point of Czech history, but also embodied "pure Christianity," and he delighted in claiming that the reformers of Hus's time were—much like himself—more interested in ethics than in theological doctrine.

Nationalism as a faith-justifying commitment never lost its connections to religion in Masaryk's Czechoslovakia: but these were tenuous. In 1919, renegade Catholic priests tried to revive the Czech Brethren, but after three hundred years of suppression, their Czechoslovak Hussite Church never took off (though its modernist structures still impress). The population had been re-Catholicized in the seventeenth century after the Habsburgs hanged Czech Protestant rebels, and it remained nominally Catholic until World War II. Then it slowly became what it is today: Europe's most atheist society. Counterreformation had stifled not just Protestantism but Christianity. But Masaryk's Czechoslovakia was a place where the new national state was also social; during the Depression, it continued its generous provision of social benefits, and a Czech New Deal came before the American one.

Masaryk died in 1937, and the following year the Western powers surrendered his country to Germany at the Munich conference. In the decades of fascism and Communism that followed, statues of Masaryk were removed and his writings disappeared. During the same period, racism, intolerance, and violent anti-intellectualism took over. The Prague Spring of 1968 witnessed a reflowering of Masaryk's ideas, but after the Soviet intervention they were again suppressed. Yet when, in December 1989, the playwright and activist Václav Havel became president and said that "truth will prevail," everyone knew the source of those words: Masaryk; and before him, Jan Hus; and before Hus the gospels, slightly Czechified.

This year, on October 28, Czechs celebrate a century of independence, and most know that without "TGM" there would be nothing to celebrate (everyone knows what those letters mean). Masaryk's legacy is clear—politics is a moral endeavor of using knowledge for the betterment of people, in material as well as spiritual terms. Czechs may not know the source of Masaryk's fervor: the desire to make a society where no one would contemplate suicide. As far as we know, Masaryk never succumbed to despair, but one wonders what he would make of the malevolent national socialism—the populism—that has invaded East Central Europe in our time. In January, Czechs reelected President Miloš Zeman, a man who admits to drinking six glasses of wine and four of hard liquor every day. (One U.S. diplomat told me he had to meet Zeman in the morning; otherwise communication was hopeless.) Last year Zeman joked with Vladimir Putin that journalists should be liquidated, and he claims that the twelve refugees his country has admitted threaten its identity. His opponent in the election was very much in Masaryk's mold: a professor, reasonable, decent, of mixed ethnic background—and a Protestant! Late last year, stories that he was a pedophile began appearing. The source was uncertain, but it was assumed to be Russia. The election was close.

Thanks to forms of distortion that Masaryk could not have imagined, this time the truth did not prevail; it was as compromised in Prague as it was in Michigan two years ago. Whether or not Providence assigns destinies to nations, their fates are inseparable. The Trump administration cares little about the ideals prized by Masaryk—humanity, truth, decency, solidarity—and the opportunist Miloš Zeman was the first European head of state to endorse Trump. Czechia, like the rest of the European states created a century ago, is at sea. Now is a good time to recall that none of those democracies, with their difficult, sometimes tragic histories, would have emerged without American advocacy of principles Masaryk learned in part from his American wife. And now is a good time to remember that democracy withers when reasonable-seeming people sneer at every form of faith, and dismiss truth, humanity, and reason as empty words. ■

Peace on Murder Mile

Bridging Belfast's Sectarian Divide

Philip Metres

Anyone looking closely at the Reverend Bill Shaw, OBE, standing outside the building complex on Duncairn Avenue in Belfast, might well recognize that he's a jock. Sturdy-legged, trim, and still fit in his sixties, he looks like a soccer midfielder. And in fact, if Shaw wore religious garb, it probably would be a Manchester United jersey. He's a mad fan of what they call football in this part of the world—a passion shared by Protestants and Catholics alike.

Which makes it both a suitable and a useful passion for Shaw, who's a Presbyterian minister in a Catholic neighborhood of a city synonymous with sectarian strife, and director of 174 Trust, a non-sectarian charitable organization. Established in 1983, the group sponsors a broad array of initiatives as part of its mission, proclaimed on its website, "to be a transforming presence in the community by following Christ's example." Via youth programs, support for those with disabilities, arts projects, and much more, the organization works to promote peace, justice, and reconciliation—all of which are sorely needed. The neighborhood where 174 Trust is located sits in the middle of what was known as Murder Mile, where more people died than anywhere else in the country. Nearly a quarter of all the murders of the Troubles happened right here.

For the past seven years I've been coming to Northern Ireland as coordinator of the John Carroll University Peacebuilding Program. The program explores Northern Ireland's stunning transformation from a society that endured a bloody thirty-year civil conflict into one where peace is forged each day. After taking my course in Irish literature, our students engage in a two-week immersion in Northern Ireland and Ireland, encountering its culture, geography, and history, as well as the lives of political leaders, former paramilitaries, victims, police, community organizers, and others who survived the Troubles and now work for reconciliation. And thus Shaw, on a sunny day in late May, has agreed to show us around and update our group on new developments in the organization he joined in 1998.

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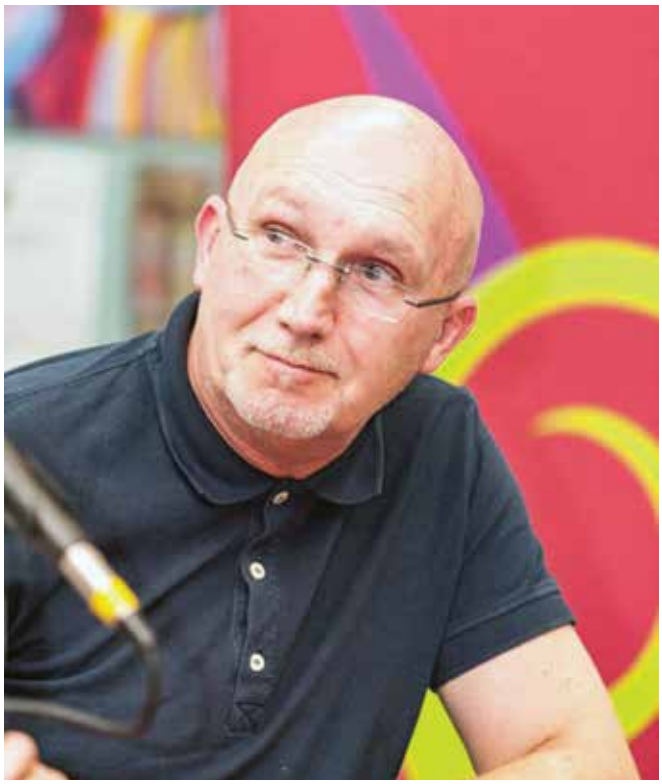

PHOTO COURTESY OF 174 TRUST

Rev. Bill Shaw

"You're very welcome to Belfast," Shaw says. "I hope you don't mind if we talk a bit out here. When the sun comes out, you have to enjoy it." In late springtime, when the clouds relent and the weather hits sixty degrees, Belfast schoolboys take off their shirts and lie on the sidewalk, soaking it in. Shaw himself is a man whose life seems guided—in this cloud-capped city known for its varieties of gray and rain—by an inextinguishable light. He grew up in the Protestant Loyalist enclave known as Sandy Row, a bit south of where we are standing. "My school ended up on the wrong side of a Peace Wall," he says, referring to the enormous corrugated steel barriers built to separate neighborhoods during the height of the fighting in the 1970s and '80s. "But even before the Troubles, there was an invisible line on the road to my school. You didn't go past that."

He gestures with his hands, palms open and facing each other. "When there were holy days and they were off, they would come meet us and greet us—with stones," he says, smiling. "And if we were off and they weren't off, we'd do the same. During the sixties, for me that was a great attraction to the school. You hear all these stories from the bigger boys on the street: 'you go to the big school, and you get to fight Fenians!'" Fenians, a term embraced by Irish nationalists in the nineteenth century, became to Protestants a slur name, as did "taig," which means "farmer" in Irish. Even as recently as a few years ago, you'd occasionally see "KAT"—"Kill All Taigs"—tagged on the walls of the Shankill Road. Meanwhile, on the walls of the Falls Road, an Irish Republican enclave that runs parallel to the Shankill, you might find "KAH," or "Kill All Huns."

"It's impossible to grow up in a sectarian society," Shaw tells the students, "and not have sectarian feelings."

Today this "wee city" feels open to everyone, but when Shaw was growing up, segregation—in education, work, sports, and of course, religion—was the rule. Then came the Troubles. In the late 1960s, a civil-rights movement dedicated to equal voting rights was perceived by the ruling Protestant Unionists as a threat to the social order, and police crackdowns ensued. Soon, riots flared up, and in neighborhoods where two communities rubbed up against each other, whole blocks of houses went up in flames. The British Army intervened, and the Provisional IRA rose up in response. Belfast descended into mayhem.

By the time Shaw was in college in the early 1970s, parts of Belfast had become a war zone, divided into two utterly separate worlds. "I was seventeen before I met a Catholic," he tells us. Then, while working Saturdays at a department store, he befriended a coworker named Sean. The two teens had all the same interests—"soccer and girls"—and though they couldn't visit each other's neighborhoods, they'd go for a Saturday pint after work. Their relationship ignited something in Shaw, a desire to learn about the other side. "I made that discovery when I was seventeen, that this label that we're applying to each other really doesn't make any sense. Though I wouldn't have been able to articulate it then."

He pauses, caught in a memory, then points to a newly built recreational center. "At the height of the Troubles, on that site, behind a massive wall, was the main British army base—a helicopter base, just like in *M*A*S*H*. If there were senior diplomats coming from England, or military, they landed in there. When the British army would go on patrol, these massive gates would swing out, and out came armored vehicles with holes cut out of the top. A British soldier would stand with an automatic weapon."

In his late twenties, Shaw had a religious awakening, and not long after committing to the Presbyterian ministry, he found himself joining 174 Trust, in what had been a Protestant neighborhood a century before but was now an entirely Catholic one. In March 1998 he went for a visit to the old Presbyterian Church, the center of the Trust, to check out where he would be working. That was a time when political leaders were wrangling over the details of a peace agreement. What Shaw saw in the neighborhood—known in Belfast as the New Lodge—opened his eyes.

"Here was I, a Sandy Row guy, standing there at the gate talking with some kids of the neighborhood—little kids, three-, four-years-old. The gates swung open and there's this armored vehicle with a big soldier standing up. The kids stopped talking and picked up stones and threw them at the vehicle, and the soldier was laughing at them. I said guys, what's the deal? They said, 'You *gotta* stone the fuckin' Brits!' These were three- and four-year-olds. That was a revelation. If you were a working-class Protestant, those soldiers were *your* soldiers. But for these kids, this was like an alien force, these British soldiers. That was a very important lesson for me at the start of my time here."

People from Shaw's own community would ask him, when they learned that he was working in the New Lodge, "Why are you working with them?!" And yet here he is, not only working with "them," but speaking Irish to the local grannies.

"*Mahji moi*," Shaw says, waving to a group of passing grannies holding their grandchildren's hands, arriving for playtime at the Trust's children's center. "It means 'good morning' in Irish," he says to us. "That's your Irish lesson for you!"

To watch a tough guy from the Loyalist community speak Irish is to watch a bridge being built. The Irish language, displaced by English during British rule, made a resurgence in the Republic; in Northern Ireland—or "The North of Ireland," depending on your point of view—it was adopted by Republicans as part of a cultural reclamation. IRA prisoners learned Irish in prison; Bobby Sands wrote Irish poems in his diary during his hunger strike, and his final entry, before he became too sick to continue, was in Irish. Wary Protestants view Irish-language initiatives as part of the Trojan Horse of Irish Republicanism, a general attempt

to remove British presence, and a hobbyhorse of Sinn Féin in Stormont Assembly, the seat of shared governance in Northern Ireland. And so the Loyalists of the Democratic Unionist Party scoff when members of Sinn Féin begin their addresses in Irish: "*Go raibh maith agat, Ceann Comhairle*," which means "Thank you, Speaker." A DUP assembly member, Gregory Campbell, once derisively addressed the chamber, "Curry my yoghurt can coca coalyer"—and was banned from speaking for a day.

The belief in a divide between "us" and "them" lies at the heart of sectarianism. People from Shaw's own community would ask him, when they learned that he was working in the New Lodge area, "Why are you working with *them*?!" And yet here he is, not only working with "them," but speaking Irish to the local grannies. A basic challenge of the peace process is to find a way of joining divided communities in a single community, to which everyone belongs. Shaw's work is about activating that sense of a larger belonging. It isn't easy.

"One of my staff, her uncle was killed by British soldiers—*morning, darling*," he says, breaking off to greet another passerby, then continues. "Our culture impacts us, even if we don't acknowledge it. So does trauma, and conflict, and how we deal with the past." How to remember the past and a conflict that affected all people—a conflict on either side of which there were both perpetrators and victims? No one has the monopoly on right and wrong, Shaw observes, or on pain and suffering either. "In our conflict, in any conflict, people suffer. As a society, we've got to wrestle with what happened. While we won't agree with what happened, or why it happened, we've got to accept, on a very basic level, that I did wrong to you and you did wrong to me, and let's go forward."

Leaving sunny Duncairn Avenue, we head inside for a tour of the complex at 174 Trust. An average week sees around 1,700 people visiting for all sorts of activities. There's an AA meeting; job skills and placement programs; a parent-toddler group; a preschool, with seven kids speaking English as a second language; after-school care; care and meetings for children and teens with developmental disabilities; a small boxing gym; a conflict-resolution group. There's another NGO working with struggling families. "I don't start projects," Shaw says, as he shepherds us from room to room in the warren of connected buildings that make up 174. "I make space for them." Some people come for a cup of coffee, or to make new friends.

This busy traffic in community is a far cry from what this place used to be. During the height of the Troubles, the Presbyterian minister who preceded Shaw had to resort to writing sermons while prostrate on the floor in order to avoid getting shot. By 1994, just as the Troubles were winding

CONSPIRACY OF SPARROWS

What are they heralding, perched along the curb,
our sudden shower an hour ago a river
stopping the drain I should have rushed to clean?

How can whatever day I might anticipate
be otherwise than this wondrous, unearned rejoicing
clear because their air is rising? And we all have wings?

DRIVING HOME

—for Jimmy Block

I watched the bats of summer in their flight
above the warehouses, the moonlight passing through
their passing, the light which will outlast
this moment and the bats and all summers of the earth.

They shed a moment's silver from their wings
to keep them there, in memory's yesterday.

To spread them here, everlastings' vanishings—

—Peter Cooley

down, the church finally closed. Shaw accepted the job and was set to start in May 1998. After years of negotiating, the Belfast Agreement, more commonly known as the Good Friday Accords, was signed on April 10, 1998. The chair of the board, a Baptist minister, asked Shaw to meet the staff and conduct a prayer meeting.

The board expected that Shaw would begin evangelizing as part of his mission in the New Lodge. Then, at the prayer meeting, a small woman arrived and was introduced to him by the minister as Sister Carmel, a nun of the Poor Clares. "I had never prayed with a Catholic, let alone a religious," Shaw recalls. "In the faith tradition that I was brought up with, it was a stretch of the imagination even to accept this woman as a Christian. So I thought I was going to bring God to this godless enclave, and a *nun* comes in. My first thought was, *I'll go to the prayer meeting, and then tell the board that this job is not for me.* I don't even remember what I prayed. I don't even remember what I thought Sister Carmel was going to say. I don't think she mentioned the Virgin."

He rubs his forehead, as if trying to conjure the fullness of the astonishment he'd felt back then. "When she prayed, I thought, *this woman is a Christian! What are you worried about?* That was it. I took the job." Not infrequently, in the weeks and months that followed, the prayer meeting would consist of just Shaw and Sister Carmel, praying together. "That quickly disabused me of the notion that I was bringing God to the neighborhood. God was already here. That was part of my education."

When Shaw began in 1998, the original church building had been turned into a used furniture store. Two decades and several million pounds later, it's now a cultural center that regularly exhibits artwork, with two artists-in-residence, a café, a conference space, and live music events. There's a kiln and a printmaking machine. One of the artists is a fashion designer, and the other hand-makes his own instruments. A whole panoply of stringed instruments hangs within reach, ready for playing.

Our program coordinator, Raymond Lennon, a native of Belfast and music director at the legendary Clonard Monastery, remarks that this is what church should really be about. "Not once a week, but every day, reaching out to people in their need," he says. He and Shaw show us around the cultural center. The bones of the church are still visible, and Shaw says it was important that little touches from the original church, including plaques to past ministers that date from its founding, remain visible to honor that legacy. Local Catholic women from the community have researched the history of the Presbyterian congregation, producing a timeline that emblazons one wall.

We climb the stairs to the former choir loft. Shaw gestures to the rose window, with its mullions and tracery. When they moved in, he had the window put into storage, and now, twenty years later, it has been cleaned up and reinstalled. "Isn't it just gorgeous?" he comments. He proceeds to tell a story I've heard him tell before, about a woman—a fortyish Catholic woman, smartly dressed—who came to one of the first shows put on in the new space. Approaching Shaw at intermission, she described having once been a "wee girl" in the neighborhood. "She told me, 'We used to look at that window from the outside, and we used to wonder.'" The woman had moved away, but her cousin still lived in the New Lodge and had brought her by, proposing that the two meet up at the old church and then go into town. Shaw recounts what the woman told her cousin after arriving. "She told her, 'We're not going into town. We're staying here tonight!' She said she never dreamed, in all her life, that she'd be inside, looking out through that window."

Shaw stops, an almost jubilant look on his face. "That really encapsulates everything I wanted to do: people that were outside coming in, and feeling comfortable."

Shaw's work in North Belfast is all about creating shared space in a society where that is still rare. When the center undertook an art project on the theme of travel, with students from Protestant and Catholic schools fashioning suitcases, he challenged the students to make a new friend from another school. "That's what this space is about," he says. "When we're in this space, the labels that we carry, like the suitcases, don't matter. The fact that I'm a Protestant and you're a Catholic, or you're a Muslim or an atheist. Those

things do not matter. We make peace in this world when we recognize ourselves in each other. It doesn't matter how much hatred our groups have for each other. When we meet at that level, and we recognize something of each other in each other, then we're changed."

A student asks if he felt comfortable in the New Lodge as a Protestant. Shaw pauses. "The day I drove up the road for the interview, I'd never driven up that road, my entire life," he says. "Some people think that I've 'gone native,' that I've changed my colors. But the misunderstanding is more from people on the outside."

Several years ago, 174 Trust suffered an arson attack. It could have destroyed the church, but a neighbor saw it and reported it to the fire services. Shaw felt traumatized by the episode; but he reminds himself, when arson or thefts have happened, that "the people responsible for it are the people we're here for." The challenge is daunting, but it is a challenge he embraces. "If I wanted a quiet life, I'd have opted for a Presbyterian ministry in a quiet parish," he says. "But that's not what I'm called to do."

The clarity and consistency of Bill Shaw's mission come from his faith, but he doesn't need to proselytize in order to live the Gospel. Every day at his organization, the work of peacebuilding nourishes community, creating a space where all can gather. Meanwhile, outside this place, many people still struggle with the legacy of the Troubles. In 2011, a study showed PTSD rates in Northern Ireland were higher than just about anywhere in the world. Suicide now has claimed more people than the Troubles did. Government in Northern Ireland lurches from crisis to crisis, with two polarized parties perpetually failing to accommodate each other. Violent organizations still lurk in the shadows; dissident IRA groups dream of murdering more police, while Loyalist paramilitaries have morphed into gangsters with a hand in the drug trade. Every summer, when the Orange marches strike up to commemorate the Unionist holidays, trouble stirs and sometimes breaks out into riots. Much of it is driven by young people trying to find an identity, having missed the cruel clarity of the Troubles.

That's where Shaw's work began at 174. The first thing he did when he arrived was meet those lads throwing stones, figure out what was motivating them, and work to turn them in a new direction. One day, he caught some local Catholic boys trying to break into the building, and with them he began a cross-community youth football group. He soon matched them with a group of kids from the Shankill, Protestant kids who had never crossed the invisible line from their neighborhood to the New Lodge. One of them had never been to a corner store a mere two-minute walk from his house.

At first, the boys from the two neighborhoods didn't talk with each other. Shaw mixed the teams up for football and then they'd go swimming together, then to Kentucky Fried Chicken. For weeks, the two groups would sit separately at KFC. But gradually they began sharing music and talking about football teams. Over time, friendships developed. "The year before last, there was a photograph on Facebook," Shaw says. "It was one of the Shankill guys and one of the New Lodge guys at a formal at one of the Protestant schools. The photo didn't say, 'This is Dan from the New Lodge and Stevie from the Shankill.' What they were saying to their peer group was, 'This guy is my friend.'"

What Shaw practices is the slow, sustained work of encounter, building relationships that over time can break down decades of discord. I keep coming back to Northern Ireland because it is a living laboratory of conflict transformation, where the likes of Bill Shaw provide hope for a future in which the Troubles will seem a turbulent dream, a distant part of history. I come back because the dominant narrative here is that peace won—not war, not power, not division. I come back to be part of the pilgrimage from all over the world, to study how people who once would have killed each other on the street because of their ethnicity or religion now live together in relative harmony.

I realize that—in part because of the predominance of the peace narrative—many victims whose lives were broken and have never recovered are still crying out for justice; for all the good of the Good Friday Accords, there has not yet been, as there was in South Africa with its Truth and Reconciliation Commission, an adequate accounting of the full history of the Troubles. Still, when I hear Shaw, I have hope, and for more than Northern Ireland. What I have learned in Belfast is something we need everywhere: on the troll-heavy internet; in our own society, where divisions seem to grow with every election; in the streets of Cleveland where I live, and where too many die at the hands of law enforcement, from gangs and despair; and in my own heart. I've learned that peacebuilding is a daily labor involving justice and mercy, conflict and negotiation, difference and dignity. That real peace is not a static state, but a vital and resilient dynamism that can withstand everyday conflict and occasional acts of violence.

Violence will continue to haunt human relationships. But the question is: How can complex and diverse communities recover from such ruptures, rather than retreat into tribal isolation? "If we're ever going to have a society," Shaw says, turning to look at each of us, as if inviting us to carry this little seed, "if we're going to have a world that's safe, for you, for your kids, for grandkids, we've got to recognize that we are the same. That we are each other."

He smiles, and he is still the spry kid chucking rocks at the local Feinians, and the teen who befriended Sean over a pint, and the young adult who wanted to serve God by being a minister, even if that meant living in a rundown Catholic neighborhood in North Belfast. "As a Christian, my primary calling in this broken world is to be a peacemaker," he says. "That's not just because I'm an ordained minister. That's *all* of our callings." ■

Undemocratic by Design

The Mystifications of Neoliberalism

Eugene McCarraher

Despite his reputation as a scourge of religion and a herald of its death under capitalism, Marx saw traces of its cunning persistence in the secular dynamics of the market. Religion, he declared in the *Communist Manifesto*, would succumb to the pecuniary logic indispensable to the success of capitalist enterprise. The rage to accumulate ensured that all "heavenly ecstasies" would be "drowned in the icy waters of egotistical calculation." Yet Marx marveled elsewhere at the "divine power of money"—its power to perform (and induce us to accept) the most perverse acts of moral and metaphysical sorcery. In our business civilization, money not only mediated access to life's necessities but also determined the parameters of reality itself. From the mercenary standpoint of the market, "if I have the vocation for study, but no money for it, I have no vocation for study." Similarly, "I am ugly, but I can buy for myself the most beautiful of women. Therefore I am not ugly, for the effect of ugliness...is nullified by money." Thus money, Marx wrote in the *Grundrisse*, "is the god among commodities." Divinity had not expired, but relocated. Capitalism promoted what the theologian William Cavanaugh might call a "migration of the holy."

Quinn Slobodian alludes to this migration in *Globalists*, his magnificent history of neoliberalism. To be sure, Slobodian, a historian at Wellesley College, doesn't dwell on the theological significance of his narrative. Respecting the secular protocols of his discipline, he offers a rich, lucid, and illuminating genealogy of neoliberal theory and practice, from its inception after World War I to the formation of the World Trade Organization (WTO) in 1995. Still, in the midst of a secular tale of economics and political philosophy, he points to a neoliberal cosmology—"the sacrosanct space of the world economy," as he puts it, whose imperious and unfathomable mysteries are hermetically evoked in "a negative theology." Justifying the inscrutable ways of the Market, neoliberalism is far more insidious and destructive than even its critics have recognized. It drapes capital in the image and likeness of divinity, and charges the world with the grandeur of money.

Focusing on the "Geneva School"—Ludwig von Mises, Friedrich Hayek, Wilhelm Röpke, and their epigones in the academic and policy intelligentsia—Slobodian contends that neoliberalism is not an economic but rather a political and metaphysical project: the articulation, in his words, of "the meta-economic or extra-economic conditions" for the flourishing of capitalism. This hadn't been a problem in the nineteenth century. Classical economists such as Adam Smith and David Ricardo assumed that unfettered markets were self-regulating, and that all states had to do was get out of the way of market forces. In practice, this meant not only lowering taxes and eliminating tariffs but restricting suffrage, hampering labor unions, and bedeviling left-wing political parties—all feared as enemies of freedom and obstacles to progress. Meanwhile, the European powers supervised their competing colonial systems—brutal, racist, but profitable apparatuses of investment and resource extraction. For the Geneva School, the Habsburg Empire—"a single economic space without a homogeneous language or culture," ruled by a centralized, authoritarian government—became a model of efficient, cosmopolitan capitalism.

But during the First World War, cooperation between government and industry conferred a degree of legitimacy on state regulation, supervision, and even planning. Postwar extensions of suffrage empowered the European working classes, jeopardizing both the concentration of wealth and popular acquiescence in the vicissitudes of the market: the hoi polloi might vote for welfare states or expropriate the bourgeoisie. (As of November 1917, the Soviet Union loomed as an alternative.) By affirming the "self-determination of peoples," the Treaty of Versailles not only augured the collapse of the prewar imperial order; it validated the democratic

Globalists
The End of Empire and the Birth of Neoliberalism
Quinn Slobodian
Harvard University Press, $35, 400 pp.

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Friedrich August von Hayek, 1981

nation-state as the central political actor in world affairs. Free markets, it now appeared, were not self-adjusting; they required constant vigilance and intervention to maintain the unhindered flow of money and commodities—something the post-imperial world could not be relied upon to provide. Far from celebrating "a world made safe for democracy," Mises, Hayek, and their fellow neoliberals feared that a system of sovereign, democratic nation-states would pose an impediment to capital accumulation.

Thus, neoliberalism arose not so much to rehabilitate free markets as to "inoculate capitalism against the threat of democracy," as Slobodian writes. Contrary to conventional accounts that portray neoliberalism as little more than libertarian economics, Slobodian demonstrates that it has been, from its inception, an attempt to reimagine governance in an age of mass democratic politics—"less a discipline of economics," he writes, "than a discipline of statecraft and law." The Geneva School's political imagination replicated that of the German jurist (and former Nazi) Carl Schmitt, who divided the world into two related "orders": *imperium*, the realm of nation-states, and *dominium*, the realm of property, money, and commodities. But whereas, for Schmitt, this distinction registered the unfortunate limits on national sovereignty—*imperium*, he thought, should always trump *dominium*—neoliberals believed that states (and especially their nettlesome proletarian populations) must uphold and defer to the verdicts of the market: *dominium* must always trump *imperium*. Adamant that property rights supersede democracy, neoliberals insisted that the world must be made safe for capitalism. "Against human rights, they posed the human rights of capital," as Slobodian puts it. "Against sovereignty and autonomy, they posed the world economy and the international division of labor."

To assure the ascendency of *dominium*, neoliberals called for a global architecture of states and supranational organizations that would formulate and enforce laws that protected the ownership and mobility of capital and goods. Though resigned to the triumph of the masses, neoliberals looked to the nation-state to enforce property and contract law—especially the right of foreign corporate investors to be protected from regulation or expropriation—and to accommodate a bare minimum of working-class demands while expediting the movement of capital and commodities. The state must not only refrain from regulating business; it must desist from providing social welfare, since the workers of the world must be united in submission to the fluctuations of the world economy. Thus, even when it bears a democratic façade, the neoliberal state is not an instrument of popular will; it's a police station charged with managing and, if need be, repressing any group of pestilential commoners who get in the way of business, whether it's a union, a civil-rights organization, or a political party. To neoliberals capitalism was always, Slobodian observes, "threatened by spasms of democracy and the destructive belief that global rules could be remade to bend toward social justice."

Still, if the state under neoliberalism comes fully into its own as the executive committee of the bourgeoisie, its susceptibility to popular pressure makes it an unreliable instrument of political discipline. The state, neoliberals believed, needs global organizations to keep it on the straight and narrow path dictated in the realm of *dominium*. The international organizations envisioned or supported by neoliberals—from the League of Nations to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT, formed in 1947) to the WTO—would frame a body of binding global laws on finance, trade, and

production. But they would also, ideally, possess the power to override the laws and policies of sovereign states—even those created by democratically elected representatives—that impeded the passage of capital and goods across national borders. Neoliberals such as Mises defended this interdiction of nation-states as itself a form of democracy; capitalism, he argued, is a plebiscite of money "in which every penny represents a ballot paper." Capitalism is the democracy of the rich.

Marked by imperial rivalry, protectionism, and two world wars, the first half of the twentieth century did not offer propitious conditions for the realization of this project. The Bretton Woods system established in 1944 gave neoliberals some of what they desired; GATT reduced or abolished many tariffs and quotas, while the International Monetary Fund (IMF, formed in 1945) went some way toward forcing nations to respect the edicts of currency markets. But neoliberals still considered Bretton Woods too partial to the domestic interests of states, especially to postcolonial nations seeking to promote and insulate their economic development. The Genevans' moment finally arrived in the 1980s and 1990s, when neoliberalism became the common sense of ruling classes throughout the global North, epitomized by the European Union, the North American Free Trade Agreement, and the WTO, extolled in hosannas to the market by Margaret Thatcher, Ronald Reagan, Bill Clinton, and Tony Blair. "There is no alternative," as Thatcher intoned with all the grace and lyricism of a firing squad.

Yet until 1989 there *were* alternatives, which is why the Geneva School accepted violence and tyranny as overhead costs of capital accumulation. In the 1920s, Mises lauded Benito Mussolini for imprisoning or murdering the Italian left; *Il Duce* "saved European civilization" and "will live on eternally in history," said Mises. In the 1970s, Hayek and Milton Friedman proudly shilled for the Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet, in whose prisons thousands were tortured, raped, and exterminated. Hayek defended Pinochet as "a liberal dictator."

Geneva Schoolers also championed a kind of paternalistic racism; as one British neoliberal put it, postcolonial peoples should not be permitted to "misrule themselves." In the 1960s, Hayek, Ropke, and Friedman favored both a "weighted franchise" in Rhodesia and the maintenance of apartheid in South Africa. Slobodian devotes an entire chapter to Ropke's racist variant of neoliberalism, aimed at controlling the "cannibals" unleashed by the collapse of European colonialism. (Usually more polite in his racism, Ropke—still beloved in some conservative Catholic quarters—also hobnobbed with William F. Buckley Jr., Russell Kirk, and other genteel paladins of white supremacy.)

Although Slobodian says nothing about U.S. military superintendence of the global economy, Uncle Sam has been the primary gendarme of capital since the end of the Second World War. As Leo Panitch and Sam Gindin showed in *The Making of Global Capitalism* (2013), U.S. imperialism has been distinguished from its predecessors by a commitment to enforcing the interests of capital in general, not just of its own domestic capitalist classes. That colossally vainglorious and expensive responsibility expanded with the victory of neoliberalism. As *New York Times* columnist Thomas Friedman cheerfully explained in March 1999:

> America can't be afraid to act like the almighty superpower that it is. The hidden hand of the market will not work without a hidden fist. McDonald's cannot flourish without McDonnell Douglas, the designer of the F-15, and the hidden fist that keeps the world safe for Silicon Valley's technology is called the United States Army, Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps.

One of the key political and ideological problems that confronted neoliberals was the public character of economic knowledge in a democracy. Armed with the requisite empirical evidence, the people or their representatives could scrutinize and even exercise power over the economy; and in their professional pride, economists might oblige the meddling rabble with the econometric repertoire of charts, reports, and other forms of information. The Geneva School—unlike the "Chicago School" of economists, with whom it's usually conjoined at the hip by historians—recoiled sharply from these dangerous desires for mathematical precision and democratic transparency. Where the Chicagoans favored statistical modeling and prediction, the Genevans, and especially Hayek, voiced "skepticism about the value of numbers and models in telling the truth about the world."

Hayek's distrust of econometrics did not derive from some Romantic aversion to science. As Slobodian indicates, Hayek's fundamental objection to statistics was not epistemological but political: by making the market visible, econometrics made *dominium* vulnerable to democratic scrutiny and intervention. Empirical representation of the economy, he wrote in 1966, abetted the desire of socialists and other enemies of unregulated capitalism to turn the market into "a deliberately run organization serving an agreed system of common ends." Thus one of the primary goals of Hayek's career became mystification—"placing the economy beyond the space of representation," in Slobodian's words, "casting it as sublime and beyond capture...theorizing it as a spontaneous order eluding comprehension."

One of Hayek's favorite bits of obscurantism was a term he borrowed from Mises: *catallaxy*—the spontaneous order created by individuals and groups participating in the global market. Influenced by the new science of cybernetics, Hayek imagined *catallaxy* as a gargantuan information processor, transmitting its wisdom through pricing signals. Tracing this conception of order to St. Augustine—the complexity of the universe, the saint maintained, eluded even the most capacious and penetrating mind—Hayek denounced any attempt to grasp or represent the world economy. In itself, *catallaxy* is, in Hayek's words, "sublime," even "transcendent."

It is, as Slobodian writes, "beyond the capacity of the human mind to either manufacture or comprehend."

Thus did Hayek preside over a re-enchantment of our secular age. His work illustrates how capitalist economics has always been a kind of theodicy: what seems irrational to mere mortals is actually the emanation of a superior, unaccountable wisdom—a modern economic analogue to the premodern theological concept of providence. In Hayek's pecuniary ontology, ignorance is bliss and submission is freedom; the more we genuflect to the *logos* of the Market in faithful subservience to its mandates, the more our hustling humility will be rewarded with riches. Slobodian's portrayal of neoliberal economics as a "negative theology" is apt. For Hayek and his fellow acolytes, the invisible hand executes the infallible decrees of an impenetrably apophatic domain. And since those decrees are promulgated primarily in the numerical vernacular of money, money is the Word of the Market, the evangel of *dominium*. Neoliberalism is not just the highest stage of capitalism—when everything, from the self to the state, must be organized and evaluated according to market principles, and when business enjoys almost complete hegemony over our moral and political universe. Neoliberalism is the consummation of capitalist enchantment, when, as Marx predicted, money comes into its own as the *anima mundi*.

Hayek himself was well aware that *catallaxy* was really the product of egotistical calculation. As he observed in the first volume of *Law, Legislation, and Liberty*, dissemblance about the artifice of the market was necessary for neoliberal intellectuals and politicians: "an order *which would have to be described as spontaneous*" rested in fact "on rules which are entirely the result of deliberate design" (my italics). If both *dominium* and *imperium* are products of human agency, then Hayek's invocation of the Market's mysterious omniscience both obscures the imbalance of earthly power relations and underwrites the vilification of elites who claim to understand and attempt to regulate the impromptu beneficence of capitalism.

Any challenge to neoliberalism must therefore begin as a demystification of its negative theology: since markets, property, money, and commodities are not divine but human creations, they *can* be represented, understood, and democratically governed. Palaver about what markets are "doing" or "thinking"—commonplaces of business journalism—should yield to knowledge about the quotidian realities of production, technology, accumulation, and exchange. Such knowledge will bring much sorrow to anyone who believes that men and women are made in the image and likeness of God. For all the wealth it produces, capitalism depends, and will always depend, on exploitation. There's more than the future of democracy riding on the disenchantment of neoliberalism. ■

The Blackberry Patch

Andre Dubus

After his lunch in the student lounge David Wallace read the front page of the morning newspaper, then turned to the second page and saw the story. He read it, at first appalled, then thinking that he had to go home and be with Marian. He had told the paper boy not to deliver the paper for a month and, as he had hoped, Marian apparently did not miss it; if she did, she said nothing. But still she could know: she could have seen it on the local news or heard it on the radio or even from some tactless neighbor.

So he taught his Survey of World Literature class at one o'clock, then went to his office and got his briefcase. He was turning to leave when he saw the girl standing at his open door. She was one of his World Literature students, a pretty girl who sat three times a week in his class, her eyes intently following his lips and eyes and gesticulations. But when he asked her a question she would invariably disappoint him with a blush and a stammered irrelevancy, as if his question had dispelled all her accumulated fragments of knowledge.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"Nothing—I mean it's not about school. I wanted to tell you I had a Mass said for your daughter."

"Oh. Oh yes: that's very thoughtful of you."

"I just wanted you to know."

He nodded, started to walk past her, then paused.

"I appreciate it," he said.

Then he went down the corridor and across the campus, trying to forgive her, telling himself that to her a Mass was important or even essential and she had probably thought she was giving him some consolation, like assuring the father of a Greek soldier that his son's body has been properly burned. Surely the Mass was as essential as the burning and just as much in vain.

When he reached his car he was sweating. He took off his coat and got into the car—its body hot and shining in the sun—and drove away from the campus.

This time he went to the blackberry patch. He had avoided it for three weeks, driving past the corner where he had always turned and going home by another route. But now he turned at that corner, drove three blocks, and parked at the field—in the entire block the only area where no house was built—and stood leaning against his car, looking at the blackberry bushes. There were perhaps twenty of them, some taller than he was. Then he looked at the entrance of a dozen labyrinthine paths worn through the weeds by blackberry pickers and he thought of Linda dragged over one of those paths, a hand over her mouth—he had a fleeting urge to follow the paths and try to find the spot: the flattened grass, perhaps blood. No: there had been rain—three times—since then. There would be no blood. He began to cry, silent and with his abdomen almost still, calm: no longer capable of the cathartic heavy crying that he had done at first.

He did not move from the car. Leaning against its fender he stared at the tall pale green weeds in the sunlight and the bushes where even now in September blackberries glistened, unpicked. And who could pick them now, pluck them from bushes which had hidden such horror? But he knew he was crediting people with too much: even these blackberries would end in someone's kitchen. He remembered a hurricane and tidal wave six years ago surprising a town on the Gulf Coast; over a hundred bodies were never found and for months no one would eat crabs—not compassion but squeamishness.

He got into his car, twice smoothed back the thin hair that combed over the bald spot on the top of his head, and started the engine. He turned on the radio and filled a pipe, wondering if ever again he could remember Linda as a thin quiet eleven-year-old girl

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Andre Dubus (1936–1999) *was a short-story writer and essayist, whose books include* The Times Are Never So Bad *(1983),* The Last Worthless Evening *(1986), and* Meditations from a Moveable Chair *(1999). "The Blackberry Patch," along with several other previously uncollected stories, is included in a new edition of Dubus's fiction titled* The Cross Country Runner: Collected Short Stories and Novellas, Vol. 3, *and published by David R. Godine, Publisher.*

without seeing also the final violent images and the awful juxtaposition of that other face: the newspaper photograph with the caption SEX KILLER CONFESSES (they caught him the same night)—the slight chest clad in what appeared to be a blue denim shirt, the lean trapped but musing face, as if he had no fear, no remorse. He had studied the picture, thinking the man was frail, that with rage—rare for him—he could kill him without a weapon.

He drove home. When he opened the front door the house was quiet; he waited a moment, then called, and Marian answered from the bedroom.

She wore only a slip and she lay on her back with one arm over her eyes. An oscillating fan on the dressing table blew at the edge of the slip above her knees. She moved her arm from her face and looked at him: she was not wearing make-up and her face looked oily and tired. The blinds were drawn so he could not see in her dark hair the gray strands at her temples and forehead; but looking at her face he was deeply aware of them, and of his own aging hair.

"You're early," she said.

"A little. Were you sleeping?"

"Just resting."

She watched him remove his coat and tie and shirt, putting on a short-sleeved shirt which he did not tuck into his trousers, so that hanging loosely it partially concealed his nascent paunch. While he sat on the bed and put on a pair of slippers, she rose and dressed. Standing at the mirror and combing her hair she said:

"The women in the neighborhood are going to cut down the blackberry patch."

He looked at her; she was still looking in the mirror, combing.

"They've petitioned the city," she said. "They'll do the work; they just want permission."

"Who told you?"

"I read it in the paper."

She opened the blinds, then returned to the mirror and began powdering her face.

"I bought it at the corner."

Now she turned and looked at him.

"Did you think I wouldn't miss the paper?"

"I hoped you wouldn't."

She looked at the mirror again, starting with the lipstick now.

"Why don't you have it delivered again?" she said.

"I suppose I will. I was only trying to spare you the details."

"I know. But I want them. I've walked to the corner every day to buy a paper, then put them in the garbage so you wouldn't know."

"It was stupid of me, I guess."

"No: not at all. But I want to know everything. I know all about him: paroled child molester—paroled by *whom*, I'd like to know but I don't know that—and the trial's in January. I don't know if I can go to it but if—"

"*Go* to it?"

"Yes. But I don't know if I could stand it. I'll follow it in the paper, though: every bit of it."

"Marian—"

"I want him electrocuted. "

"Marian, he's sick."

She turned to him.

"Don't *you* want him killed?" she said.

"I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"Because it's senseless."

"But in *here*—" she jabbed a finger twice at her breast "—you want him killed, don't you?"

"All right. In *there* I suppose I do. But I can't submit to it."

"David, he *raped Linda and stabbed her twenty-seven times!* I'd pull the switch myself."

He went to her. She turned to the mirror and he stood behind her, his hands on her hips.

"I'm all right," she said. "Don't worry about me. I just want him killed; I want the trial to end quickly and him to be dead."

"He probably will be."

"And I want to help them cut down that blackberry patch."

He stepped back from her and went to the chest of drawers for a pipe.

"Do you mean that?" he said.

"Yes."

"Marian, it's senseless. Clearing that field won't accomplish a thing."

"Maybe it will. They're doing it so children can walk home safely at night. Who can say? Maybe it *will* save someone; it's better than doing nothing, just sitting by while things happen."

"I'm sure they don't expect you to help."

"Well, I'm going to."

"All right."

She faced him, prettier now but still looking tired, older.

"You understand, don't you?" she said.

"Yes."

"You go off and teach and go to meetings and you come home and read and grade papers. I don't do anything."

"I know."

"I was hoping you'd come with me."

"Where?"

"When we clear the field."

"Marian—"

"You don't have to."

"It's just so—so useless. Matrons arming themselves with brush hooks, trying to destroy evil."

"I said you don't have to."

"I'll think about it. Would you like a beer?"

"Yes. Don't be shocked at the kitchen: I haven't touched it."

"I don't blame you. It's too hot."

• • •

That night she watched television while David read. At eleven o'clock he was sleepy but he did not go to bed; he wanted to be with her as long as she was awake, for that was the only comfort he could offer: his presence. For three weeks his mind and tongue had failed him. Like an obsequious subordinate he had watched silently while she cleaned Linda's bedroom, lifting the comb and brush and mirror from the dressing table and dusting and setting them down again; pushing the vacuum cleaner over the floor of the closet while inches from her face Linda's pastel dresses hung like grieving children.

He had wanted to stop her: to tell her they must give the clothes to the poor, move his desk in and transform her bedroom to a den. But he could not. And now more: the blackberry patch. Yet he felt powerless to stop her, as if all his talent for showing truth to others had been exhausted by his hundreds of students in the past twenty years. He looked at her sitting with her hands in her lap, oblivious of him and probably of the television too, and he thought: *like Patroklos—stripped of armor and left helpless on the battlefield; we are all stripped and helpless.*

At midnight she turned off the television and they went to bed. Lying quietly on his back and listening to her breathing, David knew that something more was coming; that even this late, after hours of mesmeric television, she was not ready to sleep. Then she said:

"I want to have a baby."

He found her hand and held it.

"I want to try," she said.

"Don't do this to yourself. You know you can't."

"That's not true. It's not impossible—it's just hard."

"It took nine years."

"No: it only took a second—just at the right time. Maybe this is the time again: tonight."

"Don't, Marian. Spare yourself; give yourself some peace."

"I want to try."

"Darling—"

"Won't you even let me?"

"Of course I will, but don't hope. Please don't hope."

Taking him, she whispered furiously:

"I *will* hope. I *will*."

• • •

The next day—Tuesday—he telephoned the paper boy and told him to start delivery again. Friday morning at breakfast he read that the petition had been approved and the blackberry patch would be cut down Saturday. He assumed that Marian had read it, but he did not mention it nor did she.

He came home in the hot evening sun and they sat on the screened front porch and drank beer and still she said nothing about it, so finally he said:

"I thought we could take a drive tomorrow, if you'd like. To the Gulf maybe."

"I'm working on the blackberry patch tomorrow."

He paused, drank twice from his beer can before speaking:

"You've decided then?"

"There was nothing to decide."

"Marian—"

But he stopped. He reached across the space between their chairs and laid his hand on her shoulder, ran it lightly over her sweat-moistened cheek; then he squeezed her shoulder once before returning his hand to his lap. He never finished what he was going to say—never even started it. He quietly drank his beer, thinking of himself standing before Marian here on the porch, looking down at her and speaking with masculine firmness, gesturing with his hand gripping the can of beer: *Linda is dead. You will never see her again and you will never have another baby, not of your own flesh—our flesh; you must accept that. Throw away her things and give the dresses to the poor and change her room. Forget the trial. Forget the blackberry patch. Forget all these rituals of grief. They're as useless as that girl's innocuous Mass, as the burning of the warriors. You must start a new life.* Then he reached over again and held her hand and quietly finished his beer.

After breakfast Saturday he sat in the living room with a cup of coffee and Marian went to their bedroom and came out wearing old slacks and sneakers and one of his khaki shirts, the tail hanging, the sleeves rolled to her elbows.

"You're going?" he said.

"Yes. I'll walk, in case you want the car."

"I don't."

"I feel like walking anyway."

She opened the door.

"Wait," he said. "I'll go with you."

He put on old clothes and they went outside, blinking in the sun, and walked to the field. David counted eleven women and four men. He knew only two of the men; they came and shook his hand and spoke to him. He did not know the women but several waved at Marian.

One man was distributing tools; at the periphery of the blackberry patch, men and women were already chopping. David took two brush hooks, giving one to Marian, and walked toward the bushes, sorrowfully watching the jerking backs and swinging tools. Beside him Marian began to cut. He looked at the blackberry patch, listening to the sounds of chopping and breathing, thinking: *we are all stripped, left helpless...* Then he lifted the brush hook and swung. His strokes were awkward at first, but soon they were rhythmic and he stopped thinking and expended himself in the sweat and heat and the futile arc of the blade. ■

Rand Richards Cooper

Spike Lee's American Seminar

'BLACKKKLANSMAN'

While prepping for an NPR roundtable discussion on Spike Lee's *BlacKkKlansman*, I realized how out of touch I'd gotten with his work. The films I've seen are from the first half of the director's career, and I've missed such provocative features as *25th Hour* and *Chi-Raq*, as well as his highly praised documentaries *4 Little Girls* and *When the Levees Broke*. Lately I haven't felt the need to see his movies, on the assumption that he basically does the same thing over and over. But I should have kept up with Lee, who is a much more wide-ranging and versatile director than I'd given him credit for.

BlacKkKlansman illustrates the point. It's based on the true story of Ron Stallworth (John David Washington), who became the first black cop in 1970s Colorado Springs—"the Jackie Robinson of the Colorado Springs Police Department," says his chief. Initially exiled to the records department, where he endures casual slights from racist cops as he retrieves files for them, Stallworth soon gets reassigned to undercover work. His first assignment is to infiltrate the local black-power movement, where he attends a speech by firebrand Kwame Ture (Corey Hawkins) and falls for the attractive student leader who organized the event, Patrice (Laura Harrier).

Excited by undercover work, but feeling guilty for having betrayed his fellow African Americans, Stallworth undertakes to infiltrate the black-power group's polar opposite: the Klan. Responding to an ad in the paper, he calls the local branch of the KKK and—imitating the voice of a white man—volunteers to join. When his offer is accepted, he faces an obvious problem: How can a black man show up as a recruit for the KKK? So Stallworth gets a white detective, Flip Zimmerman (Adam Driver) to impersonate him.

Lee uses this improbable story to cue up an exploration of racial identity, black culture, and racism in the United States, past and present. His brazenly eclectic film is a cinematic grab bag that freely mixes diverse modes, references, and tones. It opens with the iconic scene from *Gone with the Wind* in which Scarlett O'Hara walks among wounded and dying soldiers in a vast open-air hospital, beneath the tattered Confederate flag. This is followed by a weird pastiche of a ranting 1950s eugenicist, played in a deftly lunatic cameo by Alec Baldwin, spouting toxic race theory. Later we get some standard cop drama, but also a good deal of comedy. There are scenes that fondly echo blaxploitation films of the era. There's a scene in a dance club that pays homage to *Soul Train*. And during Ture's speech Lee has the camera pan slowly across the crowd of listeners, all sporting giant Afros, a tableau of beautiful black faces looming and merging almost surreally. This pictorial ode to the Afro serves as a hortatory resurrection of the "Black is Beautiful" credo; as Ture passionately expounds that credo, Lee illustrates it, with a misty montage of an ideal of black beauty.

Though there is a story to *BlacKkKlansman*, Lee's mission is didactic rather than dramatic. Compare his film with Steve McQueen's 2013 Oscar-winning *Twelve Years a Slave*. Both directors engage the reality and the legacy of American slavery. But McQueen draws us deep into the horror of slavery so that we emerge from the film appalled and moved. Spike Lee is too protean and mischievous a director to do that. He's more interested in raising issues and making points than in pushing viewers through the kind of vicarious emotional toils that make up *Twelve Years a Slave*. *BlacKkKlansman* is a film of ideas rather than emotions.

Above all, Lee—a great student of American cinema—is out to stalk the great elephant in the room of American film history: D. W. Griffith's 1915 racist epic, *The Birth of a Nation*. Lee has had it on his radar since his film-school days at NYU, when he made a short film about an African-American screenwriter hired to rewrite Griffith's film. Now, decades later, he has done it after a fashion, weaving scenes of Griffith into *BlacKkKlansman*. There's the riotously awful scene at the start, with the eugenicist played by Alec Baldwin spewing racist invective as title boxes from *Birth of a Nation* splash over his face. Later, Lee presents scenes of David Duke (a smarmily scary Topher Grace) leading a Klan viewing of the Griffith film; he parallels them with a black-power meeting, presided over by an elderly black man (played movingly by Harry Belafonte) describing the notorious 1916 lynching of Jesse Washington in Waco, Texas—a lynching that happened a year after *Birth of a Nation*, part of a wave of white racist wrath set off by the film.

Even as he engages with the aftermath of *Birth of a Nation*, Lee puts that film's structure to his own didactic uses. Griffith's drama culminated with the Klan riding into town to rescue the whites of Piedmont, South Carolina, from the clutches of depraved blacks; a long, climactic sequence cuts back and forth between the two groups, amping up the contrast between galloping white heroism and swarming black depravity. Lee co-opts this narrative, cutting back and forth between depraved whites and enlightened blacks, reversing the earlier film's egregious moral and emotional lesson.

BlacKkKlansman effects further ironic reversals, some having to do with the deception Stallworth practices on the Klan. When he proposes making an overture to the group, his chief expresses doubt. "They're going to know the difference

between how a white man speaks and a negro," he insists. Stallworth retorts, "How does a black man speak?" and later elaborates: "Some people speak the King's English, others speak jive. I happen to be fluent in both."

Deploying his protagonist as a practitioner of what might be called "whitevoice," Lee riffs satirically on the egregious blackface that figured so prominently in *Birth of a Nation*. Stallworth's pitch-perfect ventriloquism invokes black performers from Richard Pryor to Eddie Murphy, Martin Lawrence to Chris Rock—who have hilariously lampooned white people, typically with a geeky nasality that plays as the essence of uncool—even as it invokes themes of racial passing and code-switching. The bad guys in *BlacKkKlansman* are duly befuddled by the ruse. Though they rhapsodize about whiteness, the Klan members can't even tell that a whitevoice impostor is on the other end of the line. "I'm just happy to be talking to a true white American," David Duke says to Stallworth. When the latter mischievously suggests that he might be a black man impersonating a white man, Duke scoffs. "I can always tell when I'm talking to a negruh," he boasts.

But whitevoice has its flip side. While he's able to dupe the Klan with his imposture, Stallworth is regarded with mistrust by the would-be revolutionaries in the black-power group. Is he on board with the revolution? Why does he refuse to call cops pigs? Is he...black enough? The questions take up the theme of black identity—a topic Lee has returned to over the years—and explore its political ramifications. We can hear Lee thinking out loud, especially in the relationship between Ron and Patrice, whose bickering about working within "the system" or dismantling it traces a dichotomy that goes back to Booker T. Washington and W.E.B. Du Bois. You get the feeling Lee is arguing with himself about the nature of social and political change. He gives Stallworth credibility as a black man who does not identify himself as a revolutionary, even as he portrays him as incompletely clued in to the full reality of racism. At one point a fellow cop—a white cop—warns that one day Americans might elect someone like David Duke to the White House, and Stallworth expresses complacent disbelief. Lee tilts his film toward the reality of where we are now, giving an elbow in the ribs to all those Americans who didn't believe Donald Trump could happen.

What does the film say about Stallworth's relatively optimistic take on the capacity of this nation to come to terms with racism? Is our American glass half full or half empty? I thought I detected an underlying ambivalence in *BlacKkKlansman*. Its didacticism is informed by righteous anger at the racist history of this country. But there are contending impulses in Lee, not least of which is pleasure. The *Soul Train* scene, as Stallworth and Patrice join a crowd dancing to the cheesy '70s hit "Too Late To Turn Back Now," reflects Lee's love of the American pop culture—black and white—that he grew up with. There's also the droll mischief of the way he ends the film, with a burst of frat-brother-like hijinks in which black and white cops join together in a telephone pranking of David Duke. This kind of comedy is fundamentally forgiving, suggesting that we really all can get along, after all—most of us, anyway, as long as we recognize the basic contours of social justice, and where someone like David Duke fits within them.

Yet the movie closes with bitter gravity and witness, incorporating footage from the right-wing violence of Charlottesville, including the anguish of spectators to the killing of Heather Heyer, and Donald Trump's lame and evasive apologia. Though his film looks mostly backward, Lee has said in an interview that *BlacKkKlansman* is "about today," and that it addresses the question, "Are we going forward or backward?" It is interesting to see that all these decades after *Do the Right Thing*, Lee still hasn't decided about America. His continued thinking out loud gives the film something of the aura of a seminar—a political and cultural one, led by an antic and resourceful professor. It would be the best class on campus. ■

Regina Munch

Things Fall Apart

Tailspin
The People and Forces Behind America's Fifty-Year Fall—and Those Fighting to Reverse It
Steven Brill
Knopf, $28.95, 464 pp.

Day 20 of Occupy Wall Street, October 5, 2011

The first step in treating a problem is admitting you have one, and Steven Brill knows what our problems are. Over the years he has enumerated the flaws of our healthcare industry, education system, and approach to gun regulation; his legal career has given him an ear for argument and an eye for detail. In his most recent book, *Tailspin*, he tells the story of "the people and forces behind America's fifty-year fall." Brill paints a bleak picture: public disengagement, income inequality, social and economic stagnation. Our health care is unaffordable, the roads we commute on crumble from underneath us, we overdose on opioids, our news sources thrive on division. "Only a democracy and an economy that has discarded its basic mission of holding the community together, or failed at it, would produce those results," Brill writes. How did we get here?

Brill sees our national divide not as between left and right, or even between have and have-not, but between the majority who would benefit from government action and the powerful few who would be harmed by it. But he offers a uniquely generous caveat: "The story is not about villains, although there are some. It is not about a conspiracy to bring the country down. It is not about one particular event or trend, and it did not spring from one single source." Brill traces the origins of our malaise to the late 1960s and early '70s. Instead of a litany of complaints, Brill offers a portrait of trends and their connections, in which "each element reinforced the others" to lead to national crisis. He considers everything from finance and construction permits to cable TV and job-training programs. The book presents a useful and comprehensive diagnosis of our collective ills, but, despite promising to tell us about "those fighting to reverse" our decline, it falls short of identifying a cure.

Brill begins the book by blaming himself and others like him: people who benefited from a meritocracy meant to replace the old-boy networks of previous decades. (He credits it with getting him, a working-class kid from Queens, into Yale.) Well-intentioned as it may have been to admit people to schools and offer them jobs based on talent rather than pedigree, this led to a class of knowledge workers who dug moats to protect their success. Brill writes, "The most talented, driven Americans chased the American dream—and won it for themselves. Then, in a way unprecedented in history, they were able to consolidate their winnings, outsmart and co-opt the government that might have reined them in, and pull up the ladder so more could not share in their success or challenge their primacy." These knowledge workers made themselves indispensable to our legal and financial systems. They engineered a "casino economy" in which "trading pieces of paper" became a massive sector of the American economy, while legal protections such as the First Amendment and due process were deployed on behalf of business to loosen regulations, allow for the domination of lobbyists in Washington, and rewrite campaign-finance practices in a way that favored wealthy donors.

The decline of stable middle-class jobs in areas such as manufacturing coincided with the rise of this knowledge-dominated economy, and the divisions between classes rose sharply as unions were gutted and the middle class lost its bargaining power to lobbyists and lawyers. The loss of economic power led to the disappearance of a unified middle-class culture that encompassed a large percentage of the American population, and into this vacuum stepped cable-news networks that realized, as social-media companies have since, that fomenting outrage and division generates more advertising revenue than fostering solidarity. Sharing no common

culture and gorged on partisan talking points, politicians and constituents alike came to define political victory as the refusal "to yield any ground to the other." And with drastically loosened campaign-finance restrictions, elected officials had less reason to care about concrete results for their supporters and every reason to let donor interests run the show. The result, Brill laments, is that "checks and balances metastasize into paralysis, and the country's major issues—income inequality, education, job training, the tax code, infrastructure, the deficit, health care—continue to go unaddressed."

In the latter half of the book, Brill devotes chapters to many of these topics. In each, he illustrates convincingly that knowledge workers are deployed to dig and protect the moats of the powerful. One of his most trenchant observations is that, while much in our country is dysfunctional, national-security and military concerns are well provisioned. Why? Because "everyone needs it," unlike better roads or functional public schools, for which the powerful don't have to turn to the government. Things break down when the people who run them don't need them.

Overall, Brill is deft in explaining the origins and implications of our many crises and weaving these threads into a larger tapestry of distress. His lawyerly method probably helps: it's easy to dash off grievances, but Brill dives into the particulars of policy, procedures, and personalities, methodically picking them apart in a way others might not dare attempt.

But he's less insightful when he addresses the last part of his lengthy subtitle: Who are the people fighting to reverse America's decline? Working to counter the outsized power of lobbyists, there's OpenSecrets, the website that lists which interests donate how much to which candidates. (Perhaps, Brill muses almost mischievously, any time cable news shows a congressional hearing, the amount each legislator has received from each interest should be displayed next to their name.) To address unemployment associated with the loss of manufacturing jobs, organizations like the Coalition for Queens offer training in computer coding. (Recruits of this program emerge with jobs at "Uber, Blue Apron, Pinterest, Google, BuzzFeed, and JPMorgan Chase," Brill gushes.) To counter partisan dysfunction, the Bipartisan Policy Center has "built a kind of shadow Congress that negotiates among themselves and produces a steady stream of policy papers." They have fixes for NAFTA, budget reform, and health-care costs, "ammunition at the ready when policymakers are finally moved to use it."

On their own, these initiatives are praiseworthy, and I don't mean to disparage them. But they wither in the shadow of the towering challenges Brill identifies. I have to wonder: Are these actually the best solutions he can come up with? Nowhere does Brill consider the merits and drawbacks of, for example, a universal basic income, or worker-owned enterprises, or community land trusts. I put down *Tailspin* as daunted by what's at stake as Brill, but frustrated that he didn't dare to think bigger.

Maybe this points to a more fundamental issue. Brill has an ideal society in mind, one that he never quite describes, but that appears to have much in common with a postwar America flush with money and bristling with military might. He seems nostalgic for the common culture of middle-class America, but this era was not as rosy as his references suggest. (It is notable that Brill mentions racial inequality only in a few examples, and usually incidentally.) At one point he writes, "There has always been an inherent tension in societies that are politically democratic and economically capitalist. The former is based on equality; the latter is fueled by the participants' dreams of accruing more wealth than the other guy." Brill seems at peace with this tension; he at least thinks it's unavoidable. But if this is his positive vision of a healthy society, I'm not sure that I share it.

"One could call this great unraveling of American exceptionalism a perfect storm," Brill writes. As *Tailspin* demonstrates, various forces combined and morphed to make existing problems worse. The paradox that runs through Brill's narrative is that we suffered from too much of a good thing; even as the ship sailed toward the storm, it "appeared to be bright skies all along the way." ■

Regina Munch *is Assistant Editor at* Commonweal.

Mark R. Schwehn

Embodied Arguments

Ethics at the Edges of Law
Christian Moralists and American Legal Thought
Cathleen Kaveny
Oxford University Press, $34.95, 328 pp.

Seldom has this country needed moral discernment and legal wisdom as much as it does now. The courts, the rule of law, and standards of common decency find themselves under persistent assault from the executive branch of the federal government, often with the tacit or expressed approval of a large portion of the citizenry. Cathleen Kaveny's collection of essays, *Ethics at the Edges of Law*, provides abundant practical wisdom about pressing issues by showing how the legal tradition can serve as a source of insight for Christian ethicists and for the morally serious general public as well. Those of us who seek inspiring examples of how careful and articulate thinking can advance the quality of public life should be grateful for books like Kaveny's.

The overall argument of *Ethics at the Edges of Law* takes the form of demonstration through a series of dialogical engagements between Kaveny, representing the legal tradition, and mostly Christian ethicists, some of whom, like her own mentor John Noonan, were also jurists. Kaveny's own work has for many years straddled the boundary between legal and ethical discourse, so she is an ideal interlocutor. And she has chosen very astute dialogue partners: one secular ethicist (Jeffrey Stout), one Eastern Orthodox (H. Tristram Engelhardt Jr.), three Protestants (Gene Outka, Stanley Hauerwas, and Paul Ramsey); and five Catholics (John T. Noonan Jr., Margaret Farley, Robert E. Rodes Jr., Germain Grisez, and Cardinal Walter Kasper). The book derives much of its intellectual energy from Kaveny's ability to represent sympathetically the ideas of this wide variety of ethicists and to bring to bear upon them the resources of the American legal tradition in a way that is both critical and constructive. Taken together, these elaborate encounters show convincingly that the law, as Kaveny says, "can illuminate and extend the work of important religious moralists on a range of topics."

Kaveny divides the nine essays into three sections of three essays each. Part I, which includes conversations with the works of Noonan, Hauerwas, and Stout, will interest mainly specialists in the fields of Christian ethics and jurisprudence. These three essays explore the many implications of the fact that both Christian moral reflection and American legal thought and practice constitute "traditions" in Alasdair MacIntyre's sense of the term: they are socially embodied arguments extended over time. This similarity between Christian ethics and legal thought, once noticed and explicated, not only underscores the deeply historical dimension of both fields; it also provides the foundation for using legal methods of analysis to enrich Christian ethical ideas and methods. The best work within both traditions features a kind of dialectic between the irreducible particularities of given cases or situations and the general rules, themselves subject to development and change, which govern these seemingly disparate enterprises. Exclusive or excessive attention to one or the other of the two poles of this dialectic almost invariably results in bad law or faulty ethical judgment.

The three essays in Part II, engaging the work of Outka, Farley, and Ramsey, concern themselves in one way or another with the complicated relationship between love and justice. The first of the three, titled "Neighbor Love and Legal Precedent," may be of most interest to the general reader: because of the salience of the issue that it examines, and because Kaveny is at her best here, showing how Christian ethics and legal thought can inform and strengthen each other. Since the essay is, in this sense, the most finely balanced of the nine and something of a model of interdisciplinary work, it is worth examining in some detail.

Kaveny's examination of Outka's account of Christian love and its relationship to justice proceeds through an extensive discussion of a textbook case in contract law, *Watts v. Watts*, decided by the Wisconsin Supreme Court in 1987. Sue Ann and James Watts had lived together *as if* they were married for more than a decade before their relationship broke down. They had two children together, filed joint income-tax returns, and shared some of the burdens of managing James's landscape business. Upon dissolution of this "marriage-like" relationship, Sue Ann claimed that she deserved to be treated *as though* she were a divorced spouse, entitled to an equal part of the couple's property under the Wisconsin Family Code. The trial court dismissed her claim on the grounds that she was never legally married and Wisconsin had, by statute, explicitly refused to sanction common-law marriages. The Supreme Court eventually ruled that Sue Ann had grounds for her claim of a breach of (implied) contract and remanded the case to the trial court, allowing it to go forward on grounds other than Wisconsin divorce law. In the end, Sue Ann recovered over $100,000—about a half a million less than she would have recovered with an even property division under Wisconsin divorce law.

The dilemma before the Supreme Court of Wisconsin was to find a way to honor Wisconsin's legal framework of general rules governing marriage while also treating Sue Ann equitably in her particular circumstances. The court did not want to rule in a precedent-setting way that might subtly undermine the importance of legal marriage as it had been carefully established through Wisconsin law. Yet it also wanted to do

justice to Sue Ann's forceful and plausible claims that she had been treated unfairly. A similar problem, according to Kaveny, arises in Outka's efforts to apply his view of Christian love as both impartial and universal in cases where two neighbors conflict. For Outka, universal Christian love of neighbors requires the kind of justice that extends the same rights and privileges to all human beings. And that love sometimes assumes the form of normative rules that outline how human beings should practice and secure such fair and equal treatment. But what does love require in a situation where there is an apparent conflict between following a rule and doing justice to a particular person who has been unjustly treated? Or, as Kaveny reframes the issue for both the Wisconsin court and for Outka, how do we love both neighbors who are close at hand (James and Sue Ann Watts as they stood before the court) and more distant (the citizens of Wisconsin whose representatives in the legislature framed the rules governing marriage in Wisconsin)? By moving back and forth between Outka and the Wisconsin Supreme Court, between ethical and legal reflection, Kaveny strengthens and clarifies Outka's position while also showing how the final disposition of the Watts case fell short of standards of love and justice.

During the course of her discussion of *Watts v. Watts*, Kaveny introduces and develops an important distinction that she seems to ignore in the book's next essay, which is about the use of victim-impact statements in sentencing hearings. She argues that in the Wisconsin case, the judges had to contend with two different functions of the law: the remedial function that seeks to remedy injustices, and the pedagogical function that seeks to instruct and encourage others to avoid situations that create the need for remedy in the first place. Determining what was fair and just for Sue Ann Watts involved the first function; incentivizing legal marriage involved the second. This distinction would seem to pertain directly to the use of victim-impact statements in the context of criminal sentencing. Yet in her response to Margaret Farley's account of compassionate respect as a possible justification for the use of victim-impact statements to insure equal concern for victims as well as perpetrators, Kaveny seems to forget her own argument about the pedagogical use of the law.

For some very good reasons, Kaveny finally opposes the use of victim-impact statements in criminal sentencing. But in weighing the relevant considerations for and against them, including Farley's account of compassionate respect, Kaveny does not consider at all the possible pedagogical efficacy of victim-impact statements. It would be hard to deny that the more than two hundred victim-impact statements delivered last February in a Michigan courtroom during the sentencing trial of Dr. Larry Nassar, who had been convicted on multiple charges of criminal sexual misconduct, did not help raise public awareness of the breadth and gravity of sexual misconduct in the United States. Though the Nassar episode probably occurred after Kaveny had written her essay, there were already several other instances of multiple victim-impact statements awakening public concern. Kaveny might respond that there are other, more appropriate ways to awaken such concerns and inspire public action. And she would likely argue that the provision of justice for the defendant requires that the jury remember that the state, not the individual victim, is the defendant's adversary. In my view, the effort to balance the two functions of the law requires prudential wisdom. In some cases, victim-impact statements should not be used; in other cases, like that of Larry Nassar, they probably should be.

If the essays in Part II of Kaveny's book will be the most interesting to the general reader, the three essays in Part III are likely to be the most interesting to *Commonweal* readers, since all three of them treat matters that are, or should be, of special concern to Catholics. One of them, part of which appeared in the pages of this journal, is especially pertinent and compelling, and it demonstrates most convincingly of all the essays how the common-law tradition can enrich Christian ethical reflection. Titled "Second Chances and Statutes of Limitations," the essay fortifies Cardinal Kasper's work on mercy as it bears on the question of whether divorced and remarried Catholics should be admitted to Communion. Kaveny strongly supports Kasper's proposal that such remarried Catholics, under certain conditions, be allowed to receive the sacrament. Drawing extensively and imaginatively on the resources of the common law, she compellingly argues (1) that the alleged sin against the first marriage committed by those who have remarried is not properly called adultery in any intelligible sense, (2) that the meaning of several sins or crimes like adultery and murder has changed over time, and (3) that the sins against the first marriage should be regarded as *completed* sins deserving of mercy, not as *continuing* sins in need of discipline and repeated condemnation. If Kaveny's arguments are as sound as this reviewer thinks they are, she has completely refuted the major objection to Kasper's proposal.

In sum, both the range of issues in this book and the depth of wisdom and learning that Kaveny brings to them are consistently impressive. Her failure to take account in one essay of a relevant distinction that she herself has introduced in another is a minor problem—and one to which many collections of essays fall prey. She could occasionally have done a better job of integrating the separate essays into a coherent whole. But this is a small blemish in what is otherwise a very fine book, and an example of interdisciplinary scholarship at its best. ■

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William Portier

Citizen Braschi, Occupation Pontiff

Vatican I
The Council and the Making of the Ultramontane Church
John W. O'Malley
Harvard University Press, $24.95, 320 pp.

Asked to name the most salient development of the past thousand years, the distinguished historian John O'Malley, SJ, has not hesitated to choose the "growth of papal authority and prestige" in the Western Church. To designate this key development, he coined the neologism "papalization." That term does not appear in his new book. Rather, the more traditional "ultramontane" does the work of describing a pope-centered church in which we take for granted that the bishop of Rome writes encyclicals, convokes councils, and declares saints. The historical forces that helped to create the ultramontane church, O'Malley writes, culminated at Vatican I. Indeed, he mentions more than once that Vatican I spelled "the soft and definitive end of ecumenical councils." O'Malley reminds us that we did not always have an ultramontane church, and he raises the question: "In what ways and to what extent is the Catholic Church ultramontane today?"

Vatican I: The Council and the Making of the Ultramontane Church is not a book that we might have expected O'Malley to write. Even he didn't expect to write it. After the publication of *What Happened at Vatican II* (2008) and *Trent: What Happened at the Council?* (2013), friends urged him to complete the trilogy with a book on Vatican I. He "swore a mighty oath" never to do such a thing. Nevertheless, we now have the trilogy, and those far-sighted friends are the first to be thanked in the book's acknowledgments.

The First Vatican Council lasted only about seven months. It opened on December 8, 1869, the same date on which an embattled Pope Pius IX defined the Immaculate Conception in 1854, and then, ten years later, issued the Syllabus of Errors. The Syllabus notoriously condemned "progress, Liberalism, and modern civilization." Formally, Vatican I did not end until 1960, when Pope John XXIII made clear that the council he had called would be the *Second* Vatican Council. Rather, Vatican I was suspended in 1870 because of the Franco-Prussian War and the Italian takeover of papal Rome.

O'Malley's new work, now the best available in English on Vatican I, devotes only the last two of its five chapters to the council itself. Though initially presented with a lengthy schema on the church in a post-revolutionary Europe, the council produced only two brief documents: *Dei filius*, on knowing God in an unbelieving age, and *Pastor aeternus*, on papal primacy and infallibility.

With papal infallibility at its heart, the ultramontane or pope-centered movement swept through the nineteenth-century church. It rose, not principally from Rome, but from the ground up, a movement of lower clergy and lay people. Ultramontane champions included many converts, driven to the church seeking shelter from Europe's revolutionary storms. Prominent among them were jurist Joseph de Maistre whose 1819 *Du Pape,* reprinted throughout the nineteenth century, became the charter of ultramontanism, and Louis Veuillot, editor of the staunchly pro-papal mass-circulation newspaper *L'Univers*. With the rise of ultramontanism, European Catholics had undergone "one of the most remarkable changes in social consciousness in modern history." The definition of papal infallibility gave institutional expression to this change and "profoundly affected how the church thought of itself and how it functioned." Being a Catholic felt different now; it was more hierarchical, more Roman-centered, and more disciplined.

To grasp the magnitude of this change, consider the papacy after the 1648 Peace of Westphalia. Students often find it difficult to name one pope between Leo X in the 1500s and Pius IX. Sovereigns of Catholic confessional states such as France, Spain, and Austria would not have tolerated powerful medieval papal figures like Gregory VII or Innocent III. As English historian Owen Chadwick put it, "In a good-humored age, mostly good-humored men led the Roman Catholic Church."

In 1773 Catholic sovereigns forced one of those men, Pope Clement XIV, to suppress the Jesuits. Before 1773 numerous Catholic states had already expelled them. A living sign of the transnational character of the church, Jesuits crossed national boundaries with impunity, often beyond the control of particular monarchs. In 1797, when Pope Pius VI refused to abdicate as sovereign of the Papal States, Napoleon declared him deposed and took him off as a prisoner to France, where

he died in 1799. The French recorded his death as that of "Citizen Braschi, Occupation pontiff." The papacy had hit bottom. How do we get from 1799 to 1870, from a pope who dies a prisoner to a pope widely and solemnly celebrated as infallible?

After 1648, something like Christendom existed only in fractured form. The French Revolution, and especially the Civil Constitution of 1790, marked the definitive end to the world in which confessional states made sense. If the law recognized only the state and individual citizens, where did the church fit in? At best, as in the Napoleonic Concordat, it existed at the state's good pleasure.

O'Malley charts the rise of this popular movement, describing the end of the nineteenth century's second decade as "The Turning Point." The revolutionary state's suppression and expulsion of religious orders and the confiscation of church property left many French Catholics "with strong feelings of alienation, a profound sense of loss." Into this religious battlefield, De Maistre inserted *Du Pape* in 1819, a stirring defense of the alliance between crown and altar. A Romantic religious revival was clearly underway. Ironically, the power of the modern press ensured that the exaltation of papal authority quickly spread throughout Europe. As the century progressed, in a chillingly familiar scenario, editors of ultramontane organs such as *L'Univers* or *Civiltà cattolica* became arbiters of who "counted as real Catholics," impugning the orthodoxy of bishops who dared to defend their roles as successors of the apostles and heads of local churches.

By the middle of the century, Pius IX was beset on all sides. For the emerging non-confessional states, his temporal sovereignty was a particular sticking point. In 1849 the Italian Constitutional Assembly stripped him of power over the Papal States. Having earlier been driven from the papal palace to the Vatican, he responded aggressively and authoritatively. He followed the definition of the Immaculate Conception, which foreshadowed *Pastor aeternus*, with the Syllabus and then the convocation of the council. The council's agenda, preliminary documents, and procedures all came from the Vatican. In the months preceding the council, a "war in print" broke out. Writing under the pseudonym Janus, Ignaz von Döllinger raised profound historical objections to any declaration of papal infallibility in his book *The Pope and the Council.* Even though a declaration of papal infallibility did not appear on the council's agenda, this *guerre de brochure* assured that it was on every bishop's mind. In the fall of 1869, more than seven hundred bishops arrived in Rome from all over the world for the first council in more than three hundred years and the largest ever to that point. Along with fear and uncertainty about the Kingdom of Italy and the impending war between France and Germany, the "great question" hung like a dark cloud over their heads. On February 9, the bishops voted to include infallibility in the schema on the church. Discussion did not include debate, but only continuous speeches. Of the more than seven hundred bishops present, the declaration's opponents counted at most 160.

In the meantime, the bishops worked on *Dei filius.* O'Malley acknowledges *Dei filius*'s laudable attempt to save the possibility of our knowledge of God in a world increasingly shaped by scientific progress and philosophical rationalism, but focuses on the document's failure to grapple with historical knowledge and thinking, especially as it concerned Scripture and church doctrine.

O'Malley's account of the debate over infallibility is masterful. Through judicious quotations, he brings the chief antagonists to life. Among many others, we meet the mercurial Pio Nono, Archbishops Henry Edward Manning and Victor Deschamps from the majority, and Bishops Félix Dupanloup and Josip Juraj Strossmayer from the minority. The descriptions of the council's setting and procedure convey a feel for what the bishops experienced there. To study Vatican I is to be continually edified by the courage and integrity of many of the minority bishops, who struggled, without creating a schism or being disloyal to the pope, to fulfill conscientiously their sacred office as teachers and judges of the faith.

The late Margaret O'Gara captured their achievement in her 1988 study of the French minority, *Triumph in Defeat.* The minority successfully minimized extreme claims to a separate and personal infallible papal magisterium, and clarified the scope and conditions of the declaration. The Curia's reception of their qualified submissions, as well as responses by the German bishops to Chancellor Otto von Bismarck's objections and John Henry Newman's letter to Prime Minister William Gladstone, helped prevent absolutist interpretations of the declaration. The question of the pope's relation to the bishops as teachers and the authority of the bishops in council remained to be clarified, but not completely resolved, by Vatican II's *Lumen gentium.* For O'Malley, Vatican II is "so far, the most important and authoritative moment in the history of the reception of Vatican Council I." Nevertheless, despite Vatican II's retrieval of episcopal collegiality, the church has no constitutional provision for a possible disagreement between the pope and the *sensus fidei* as expressed by the bishops.

This leaves us with O'Malley's question: "In what ways and to what extent is the Catholic Church ultramontane today?" Though O'Malley never mentions him, Pope Francis comes immediately to mind. In many ways, he is an ultramontane figure of towering proportions, the symbolic heart of the Catholic Church. At the same time, he is attempting to use his authority to decentralize church governance, reinvigorate episcopal collegiality with "total synodality," and maybe even include lay people somehow in the church's decision-making. This paradox is the legacy of ultramontanism. ■

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Everyone a Cosmos

Robert Rubsam

The middle third of Francisco de Goya's *Los desastres de la guerra*, separating the endless graphic dismemberments, the bodies tied to posts, and the final, hallucinatory satires of church and monarchy, is a section devoted to the blameless, faceless victims of famine. Hooded figures, bodies wrapped in shrouds, a single man standing with his face in his hands surrounded by corpses, all drift about on blank city streets or wander through wastes without end. Goya renders them with characteristic harshness, chiseled grays serving as backdrops for the figures that seem to melt out of, or back into, shadows. Compared with the surrounding prints, the middle section feels languorous, vague. One never gets the sense that any of these figures were someone, or that anyone would have noticed their deaths. They seem to fade almost to nothing as we watch.

Last spring I was wandering through the Ulster Museum in Belfast when I came upon an exhibition of the *Desastres* taking up two rooms on the third floor. One in particular, number 61, (at right) has remained in my mind ever since. Atop a small hill, a family wastes away in a pile. Several children lie there dead; a hooded woman sinks into shadow. At the center of the etching a skeletal figure, blank-eyed, clad in a rough tunic, holds out his hand toward a gathering crowd. Between them stand two Napoleonic officials, one waving off the onlookers, while the other glances sideways and smirks. It is titled *Si son de otro linage*—"Perhaps they are of another breed."

In 2017 more than three thousand people died crossing the Mediterranean from North Africa and Turkey to Europe. By our own frightening metric, this is something of an improvement: according to the UNHCR, more than five thousand people drowned, died of thirst, or were shot by soldiers in 2016. Of the more than 171,000 people who survived the passage in 2017, the vast majority came from Sub-Saharan and West Africa, countries like Nigeria, Guinea, and Mali, while a sizable chunk, over 15 percent, were fleeing civil war in Syria and Iraq. We might expect these; their suffering, however unimaginable, might at least seem placeable to us. But what to make of the more than nine thousand migrants from Bangladesh? Try to imagine their journey; I bet you can't. I have a hard time even trying.

Other human beings can be incomprehensible to us even in the most intimate of circumstances. Every one of us contains a cosmos, an unfathomable combination of opinions, beliefs, hopes, worries, ideas, childhood memories, shames, fantasies, as well as an infinity of peculiarities that we alone house. Who can hope to cup all of those things while gazing into a face? How about when that face is seen only in a photograph, a pair of eyes peering out of the hold of a boat? What about when not even a photograph is available—when the face must be imagined?

It is safer, then, to abstract, to think of a refugee only in terms of needs, of beliefs, of the sorts of things that allow us to sort a person into a neat category. In 2015 more than a million people crossed the water to Europe. Try for a moment to conceive of every person with the inherent dignity with which they are born, as a just-so human being, with a past and a future. Now try to think of the 3,771 refugees who died along the way, many of them now at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Imagine their ordeal, if you can. I try, and I find it impossible, unbearable.

And yet, what other choice do we have? As Christians, we are commanded to see these desperate refugees as we would want to be seen—and, when they arrive on our own shores, to treat them as we would want to be treated. To love the other as one loves oneself is to pass beyond all the common barriers of language, race, and culture. Seeing refugees only as a threat to the comfort and security of the West is not an option for anyone who professes to follow Christ. We are all of the same breed, all children of God, all vulnerable to misfortune. There is no escaping this. ■

Robert Rubsam *is a writer and photographer who has reported from Ireland, Bulgaria, and Japan. He is currently working on a novel based on the life of Junípero Serra.*

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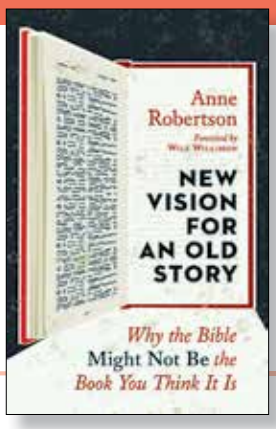

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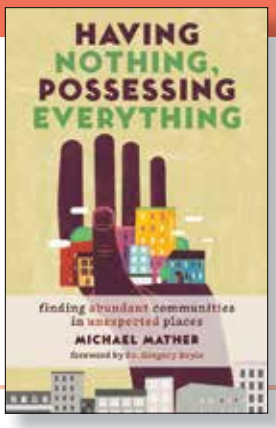

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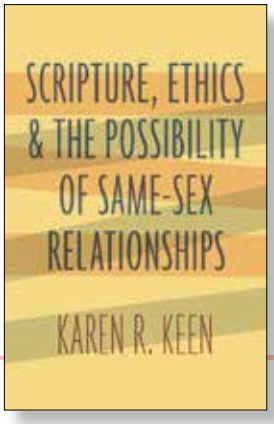

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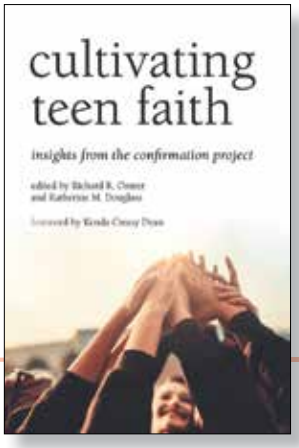

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