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Exchange

Demographic Winter of Our Discontent

Front Royal, Va.
Kathryn Joyce, in “Missing: The ‘Right’ Babies” [March 3], is upset that during a recent speech in Poland, I encouraged the Poles to be more open to life by saying, “I want to see more Poles!” and infers that I and others are in a “panic for more white babies.” Of course, I would like to see more babies in dying Poland—or anywhere else. I am partial to babies, regardless of how much pigment they have in their skin. Speaking to 5,000 people in Manila, I declared, “I want to see more Filipinos!” And last year at a conference in Colombia, I called for more Colombians. Condemn me for being pro-people, if you will, but don’t condemn me for being racist.

And if race is the subject, let me mention my ancestry, which includes Native American blood, and my wife’s, who is Hispanic. My children range in appearance from little Geronimos to little Bridgets, but apparently Joyce couldn’t see beyond the color of my blue eyes. Who’s the racist here?

At Population Research Institute (PRI) our opposition to coercive population control programs in China, Peru and elsewhere, which has benefited tens of millions of women in the developing world, left Joyce unimpressed as well. I guess she thinks China, not to mention the High Andes, is inhabited by Aryans. Population control programs—which we oppose and many on the left support—overwhelmingly target religious and ethnic minorities. They lead to human rights abuses and undermine primary healthcare, thus raising infant and child mortality rates.

But Joyce’s most amazing misrepresentation concerns my call for pronatal policies to help save Social Security and counter the coming demographic winter. This somehow became a call by me for a world in which women are reduced to the role of helpless breeders. Joyce suggests that I intend Christians, of which I am one, to out-reproduce secular humanists, Muslims and others. We at PRI are said to be engaged in “a new cold war, a ‘clash of civilizations’ to be fought through women’s bodies, with the maternity ward as battleground.”

Feminists suppose that pronatal groups like PRI are conspiring to keep women barefoot and pregnant, but—you have my word—I am quite content to let the readers of The Nation make their own fertility decisions. I would only ask that the left show the same regard for others, in America and around the world.

Surveys show that young American women, for example, express a preference for 2.5 children or so, significantly more than the two they are likely to bear. PRI’s goal is to make it possible for women to achieve their desired number of children. It is emphatically not to treat them as wayward children to be propagandized, aborted, sterilized and contracepted out of their inherently pronatal convictions. That, however, seems to be an apt description of the population control project supported by an unconscionable number of self-declared feminists.

Steven W. Mosher, president Population Research Institute

Washington, D.C.
My mother, who all my adult life has bemoaned my failure to join a church, was mightily surprised to learn from Kathryn Joyce’s article that I am now “at the helm” of a global pronatalist religious movement. So was I. Sadly, though, I’ll have to tell her it ain’t so.

My only association with the Demographic Winter documentary is that long ago in Poland, I sat for an interview with its makers. I don’t regret that and stand by the views I expressed. But I do object to being characterized as “a policy writer for the center-left Democratic Leadership Council [who] consistently aligns himself with the far right on population issues.” I don’t work for the Democratic Leadership Council and never have.

And Google me as much as you like. You will not find one instance in which I align myself with the right on birth control, abortion, stem cell research, cloning, gay

letters@thenation.com

(continued on page 27)
It’s the War Economy, Stupid!

With the country poised on the precipice of a recession, if not already in one, the economy has eclipsed Iraq as the most pressing issue of the moment. But rather than being treated as discrete items on a laundry list of issues, the war and the economy should be linked. While the current economic meltdown has other causes, one of the biggest obstacles we face in pulling out of this crisis is the staggering cost of the war in Iraq. 

In the five years since the war began, the United States has spent more than $522 billion in Iraq. This year spending will easily top $160 billion. Yet, as Joseph Stiglitz and Linda Bilmes point out in their new book, *The Three Trillion Dollar War*, the short-term costs pale in comparison with the sum our nation will spend over the long term. Ongoing veterans’ health costs, debt payments and the cost of re-equipping the military are some of the reasons for this outrageous $3 trillion bill. At the same time that the war has imposed a huge burden on taxpayers, it has precipitated one of the largest transfers of wealth and power in modern history. By helping to drive up world oil prices, it has produced a massive redistribution of wealth from working Americans and other oil and gas consumers to a handful of oil producers.

Given the logic of military Keynesianism, one might think that spending on the war would keep the economy humming. With soldiers receiving signing bonuses of $10,000 or more, defense industry stocks rising nearly 20 percent last year and military contractor CEOs bagging tens of millions (see centerfold), some pockets are flush with cash. But, as Robert Pollin and Heidi Garrett-Peltier explain on page 15, military spending is one of the least effective tools for stimulating the economy. Redirecting Iraq War funds to education, healthcare, renewable energy and infrastructure would create up to twice as many jobs. 

In the heat of their battle for the Democratic nomination, Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama have neglected to emphasize the relationship between war spending and our economic woes. And the fact is, their Iraq plans—both of which allow for a residual force to remain after combat troops are withdrawn—do not do enough to rein in the costs. As for GOP nominee John McCain, his announcement that it wouldn’t trouble him if US troops stay in Iraq for “a hundred years” suggests that the long-term costs will exceed $3 trillion if he is elected President. All the candidates, meanwhile, want to increase the already enormous military budget.

Former candidate John Edwards is lending his voice to the Iraq/Recession campaign led by MoveOn.org, which aims to emphasize the connection between the billions spent in Iraq and our crumbling economy. As MoveOn frames it, “the tradeoffs are stark: Bombs or unemployment insurance for people laid off as the economy slows? Billions for Halliburton and Blackwater, or help for people on the verge of losing their homes because of the subprime meltdown?”

Withdrawing from Iraq would also free up resources for the government to spend on targeted humanitarian relief for Iraqis, ideally through an independent relief organization. If the United States provides war reparations, it should put the money in a UN-administered trust for the Iraqi people, to be used for reconstruction or to help fund a multinational peace force. The United States must not compound one strategic mistake—in invading Iraq and breaking the Iraqi state—with another, funding an intensified civil war and a corrupt Iraqi government.

For both America and Iraq, peace is the path to prosperity.
George W. Bush made history on March 8, when he became the first American President to use the veto power to preserve the right to torture. Of course, he wouldn’t put it that way—he prefers to call it “enhanced interrogation techniques.” That sounds so much more civilized. But what, at the end of the day, is the difference?

The President can’t actually tell us, ostensibly because if Al Qaeda knew how we interrogate, it would steel its fighters to withstand the tactics. Except, that is, when he has told us—as in the case of waterboarding, a practice the Administration recently admitted the CIA has employed against Al Qaeda suspects, including Khalid Shaikh Mohammed.

Waterboarding, the Administration insists, was used on only three suspects and is no longer practiced. Nevertheless, since it is the only “enhanced interrogation technique” the Administration has admitted to, it is worth exploring just why they think it’s not torture. After all, we’ve treated simulated drowning as torture when others have used it. We convicted Japanese soldiers for using it on Americans in World War II. The State Department has repeatedly referred to the tactic as torture in its human rights reports on other nations. But when we do it, it’s only an “enhanced interrogation technique.”

Steven Bradbury, head of the Justice Department’s Office of Legal Counsel, conceded in Congressional testimony in February that waterboarding may be “disturbing, uncomfortable, even frightening” but insisted that it is not torture because it does not inflict serious physical harm and doesn’t last very long. Severity and duration of pain, it turns out, are in the eyes of the CIA, or the Office of Legal Counsel—but certainly not the suspect who cannot breathe, has water in his lungs and fears that he will drown if he doesn’t say what the interrogators want to hear.

It’s these kinds of fallacious distinctions that led the world to prohibit not just torture in the Convention Against Torture but all “cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment.” And it was just these kinds of elusive distinctions that led both houses of Congress to attempt to impose on the CIA the same restrictions that the Army’s interrogators live by—restrictions that set forth clearly what can and cannot be done.

Bush says “hardened terrorists” merit different treatment from captured soldiers. But in this conflict that distinction quickly dissolves. What exactly is the basis for treating suspected terrorists differently from other human beings? The Convention Against Torture and Other Cruel, Inhuman or Degrading Treatment or Punishment does not have an exception for suspected terrorists. It insists that all humans be treated equally, with respect for their inviolable dignity—even when they do not respect ours. It is nothing less than that notion of human dignity that was the real object of Bush’s veto.

DAVID COLE

David Cole, legal affairs correspondent for The Nation, is the author, with Jules Label, of Less Safe, Less Free: Why America Is Losing the War on Terror (New Press).

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The Torture Veto

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Time for a Revote

The best thing that could come of new Democratic presidential primaries in Florida and Michigan is the message that Americans need not accept illegitimate or inconclusive elections. That was once an accepted principle in America: when irregularities plagued New York Congressional primaries in the 1960s and ’70s, they were redone; when recounts failed to settle the 1974 New Hampshire US Senate race, another vote was held.

Sometimes elections don’t work, for all sorts of reasons. When this happens, democratic values and common sense demand a new vote. That was the right response, counseled by former Senator Bob Kerrey in 2000, when butterfly ballots and chad pregnancies denied thousands of Floridians a chance to have their votes count in the presidential race. Similarly, in 2006, after dysfunctional machinery in Florida’s 13th District appeared to disenfranchise thousands, there were calls for a revote. Unfortunately, these sound proposals never gained traction, either because party insiders thought they could find a fix among existing ballots or because they were simply unwilling to slog through another election. Democrats can’t afford to make the same mistake in addressing what's gone awry with this year’s nominating process.

It may be satisfying to point fingers at the misdeeds and missteps that have left the Michigan and Florida delegations in limbo. For years, national party leaders ignored complaints from Michigan officials about the stranglehold the small, very white and mostly rural states of Iowa and New Hampshire maintained on the nominating process of a party that relies on people of color and urban voters in big states to win elections. But when Michigan and Florida leapt ahead of the Democratic National Committee’s schedule, they callously disregarded DNC moves to diversify the process by sanctioning early contests in Nevada, with its substantial Hispanic population, and South Carolina, where African-Americans are major players. Then—front-runner Hillary Clinton gamed the system by leaving her name on Michigan’s January 15 ballot after other candidates withdrew and by traveling to Florida for campaign-related events on the eve of a January 29 primary in a state where contenders had pledged to avoid campaigning. Everyone knew that if Clinton secured the necessary votes to be nominated, she would order the convention to seat delegations assembled to reflect the Michigan and Florida results. Conversely, if Barack Obama established clear dominance, he would force a compromise. But now it looks as if neither campaign will be positioned to prevail in credential fights that could disrupt this summer’s convention.

An unexpectedly competitive campaign, which could be decided by a handful of votes on the convention floor, makes the unresolved question of how to seat 367 Florida and Michigan delegates potentially definitional. The answer could determine not just the identity of the nominee but party prospects in the November race against John McCain. Democrats find themselves in an untenable circumstance: if Clinton’s camp and superdelegate allies seat delegations “won” by her in illegitimate pri-

PEACE SIGNS: Dusting off an old Clintonian catchphrase, United for Peace and Justice (UFPJ) has found a new way to sum up the connection between the war in Iraq and the economic crisis at home—“It’s the war economy, stupid!” The slogan is all over bumper stickers, T-shirts and other paraphernalia launched for the fifth anniversary of the Iraq invasion. According to UFPJ’s Leslie Cagan, the phrase “is about catching people’s eyes and drawing attention to misplaced economic priorities when our neighborhoods really need the money.”

Statistics from the National Priorities Project, distributed by UFPJ to 1,400 member organizations, convey the war’s staggering economic impact at the local level [see the “Class War” centerfold in this issue]. To date, the war has cost taxpayers in Memphis $817 million—enough to build sixty-three new elementary schools. In Seattle, war costs could have provided healthcare to 179,750 residents. In Richmond, 32,812 students could have received college scholarships.

SUBPRIME HAZARDS: A disastrous year for homeowners ended with the highest foreclosure rate on record, according to recent reports by the Federal Reserve and the Mortgage Bankers Association (MBA). One in four subprime mortgages is past due or in foreclosure. Home equity has dropped to its lowest level since World War II, and Americans own less than half the value of their homes by the end of 2007. For black homeowners, with nearly 90 percent of their net worth locked into their homes, the effects of the housing bust may prove nothing short of devastating.

Barack Obama’s economic advisers have warned of the “moral hazard” of rewarding risky speculators and “imprudent” borrowers to explain why he does not support a far-reaching federal bailout. But according to the MBA, mortgage holders are residing in 82 percent of the houses currently in foreclosure—meaning these are homes, not investment properties. Even if the remaining 18 percent are all profit-seeking house flippers—and the trend of debt-ridden borrowers abandoning homes now worth less than their mortgages suggests otherwise—the moral hazard argument is less credible than ever. Punishing every four homeowners for the actions of the fifth is not moral, it’s callous—and Obama should do better.

GUEST STAR NO. 3: In January TheNation.com launched a rotating guest blog, Passing Through, featuring monthly stints by some of America’s most celebrated political bloggers. Next up is Samhita Mukhopadhyay, a 29-year-old writer from San Francisco who blogs for Feministing and Colorlines. Samhita’s work focuses on the role of feminist bloggers in the larger political blogosphere. Look for her posts on our website through March.
maries, Obama would be punished—denied a nomination that could have been his—for playing by the rules. Clinton cannot credibly contend in November if she is seen as having manipulated the process to defeat a more popular candidate. Conversely, if the delegations are denied seating, millions of voters in key states will be disenfranchised, and McCain will spend the week of the Democratic convention campaigning on that very issue in Florida and Michigan. Neither scenario is a winning one for Democrats. Nor is the clumsy “fix” of selecting delegates with caucuses, which attract a fraction of the turnout for primaries. And be cautious about mail-vote proposals to choose delegations on the cheap; as Florida Congressman Bob Wexler says, experimenting could be an “unmitigated disaster” in a state that has never before held a mail vote. Florida and Michigan should hold real primaries that attract maximum turnout.

This may not be a mess of his creation, but DNC chair Howard Dean must come up with the right fix. He has to work with Michigan and Florida officials to organize and fund new primaries. And he must prod the embarrassingly reluctant Clinton and Obama campaigns to recognize that new primaries are needed to settle the race in a way that is seen broadly as legitimate and strengthens the eventual nominee. Dean must also seek a permanent fix for what Michigan Democratic leader Debbie Dingell correctly identifies as a “broken” system that requires “real and fundamental change.” The Democratic convention should charge a commission with the task of establishing a nominating process that all states can—and must—buy into, reducing the undue influence of superdelegates and making other reforms that assure that Democrats embrace and encourage democracy.

John Nichols

Calvin Trillin, Deadline Poet

Democrats Bid a Fond Farewell to Mike Huckabee

You were a pleasant, decent foe, And so we’re sad to see you go. Oh, sure, your policies regarding Taxation sound like Warren Harding. But you’re so nice, Mike Huckabee, That even liberals such as we Forgive you that, y mucho más: Your Holy Roller mishegoss. Mike Huckabee, we wish you’d won, Since you’re the only one who’s fun, The only one whose campaign jokes Did not seem wrought by other folks. We wish you’d won, Mike, most of all ’Cause we could beat you in the fall.

A Sea-Change Election?

The increasing vitriol of the Democratic presidential WrestleMania shouldn’t distract from the opportunity before progressives. The election this year has the potential to be not simply a change election but a sea-change election, one that marks the end of the conservative era that has dominated our politics for nearly three decades. It could be the progressive equivalent of the conservative triumph of 1980.

In 1980 Ronald Reagan, the self-described “movement conservative,” took the White House from incumbent Jimmy Carter while Republicans picked up thirty-four seats in the House and gained control of the Senate, sweeping out liberal stalwarts like George McGovern and Frank Church. The Democratic majority in the House stood aside as Reagan slashed taxes and doubled the military budget in peacetime. He fired striking air-traffic controllers, declaring open warfare on unions. He surrendered the war on poverty, pushed to deregulate finance and rolled back environmental, consumer and workplace protections. Government, he announced, is the problem, not the solution.

Despite his subsequent deification by conservatives, Reagan was hardly a flawless candidate. He was widely scorned as an “amiable dunce,” in the words of Clark Clifford, while primary opponent George H.W. Bush branded Reagan’s supply-side ideas “voodoo economics.” Nor did voters experience a wholesale shift of attitudes against liberalism. Pluralities of Americans opposed Reagan on civil rights, abortion, the Equal Rights Amendment and military spending. Polls showed no dramatic increase in self-identified conservatives. Voters were repudiating Carter and throwing the bums out of Washington, not embracing conservatism. Key to that was a dismal economy—double-digit inflation, high unemployment, soaring gas prices—plus troubling events abroad, including the Soviet Union’s invasion of Afghanistan and Iran’s seizure of American hostages.

While voters hadn’t turned right, the right was on the march—and driving the debate within the Republican Party. The Moral Majority mobilized evangelicals; the Committee on the Present Danger trumpeted the mythic “window of vulnerability” in the face of the alleged Soviet threat. Corporations had been gearing up their offensive against government regulation and unions. The Heritage Foundation and other conservative think tanks were leading an attack on liberalism. At the same time, liberal movements seemed exhausted. Stagflation confirmed liberal economists. Carter was embracing deregulation, military buildup, covert war in Afghanistan. His retreats and failures split Democrats, leading Ted Kennedy to challenge him in a bitter primary battle. The country was looking for change.

As this year’s election approaches, the parallels to 1980 are striking. The economy is in a recession. Gas is headed to $4 a gallon. Incomes aren’t keeping up with the cost of basics. Housing prices are cratering. Once again, the economy is the number-one issue. The failure at home mirrors the Iraq debacle abroad, which consumes $10 billion a month while alienating us from allies and eroding our security. The Bush Administration simply ignores the clear and present danger of catastrophic climate change. The public has turned against the Administration. Gallup polls show that only 27 percent of
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Americans are satisfied with how things are going.

Progressives are driving the Democratic presidential candidates to bolder positions against the war, for universal healthcare, for investment in new energy, against corporate trade and tax strategies. MoveOn.org and the blogosphere have brought new energy, resources and volunteers into the process. An embattled and divided labor movement has revitalized its political program. New voters are mobilizing in the Democratic primaries.

And conservatism is exhausted and divided. The neocons are discredited, and the country clubbers disdain the fundamentalists. Main Street conservatives are appalled by the corruption and incompetence of the Bush Administration. Declining wages and the housing bust confound conservative economics. As in 1980, people are looking for change.

There are, of course, major differences between 1980 and 2008. Bush is not on the ballot, as Carter was, although John McCain seems intent on continuing Bush’s policies—on the war, on taxes, on trade and on deregulation. Conservatives are in disarray, but the corporate lobby isn’t. We’re likely to see hundreds of millions spent by insurance companies, drug companies and others in the fall elections. Perhaps the largest difference is that neither Barack Obama nor Hillary Clinton is a movement progressive the way Reagan was a devoted movement conservative. If voters once more decide to throw the bums out, neither may be as bold as Reagan was in claiming an ideological mandate and defining a fundamentally new course.

Progressives must learn what conservatives came to understand after 1980: that a sea-change election doesn’t take place on election day. Conservatives were frustrated as Reagan ignored their social agenda, abandoned Social Security privatization and negotiated with Gorbachev. They found it necessary to sustain an independent movement capacity, to push ideas and to hold politicians, Democrats and Republicans, accountable.

Like 1980, 2008 is likely to be a close, bitterly contested presidential election. But if the economy continues to decline and the costly war continues, Democrats will have a chance to capture the White House and greater majorities in both houses with a mandate for change. Then progressives will find, as conservatives found under Reagan, that the real struggle begins.

For that, progressives will have to expand the agenda, build grassroots and netroots power independent of the Administration and the party, and organize to hold politicians of both parties accountable for supporting the changes this country so desperately needs.

Robert L. Borosage is co-director of the Campaign for America’s Future.

Border Death Backstory

When 22-year-old Francisco Javier Domínguez was shot to death last year by a US border patrol agent, his funeral made the papers all over Mexico, and so did the days-long ritual where his family and neighbors in that country recited the rosary.

Thousands of miles north, others grieved under the radar of the press. They were connected with Bear Naked, one of the biggest granola companies in the United States. It was launched six years ago in Darien, Connecticut, by 23-year-old Kelly Flatley and a friend from high school, Brendan Synnott, a talent manager at Saturday Night Live. The two pooled a few thousand dollars and an idea for remaking granola’s image: from aging hippie grub to sporty, youthful nibble. They were spectacularly successful. Late last year they sold their business to a Kellogg’s subsidiary in a reportedly lucrative deal.

Until he died Domínguez was employed at Bear Naked’s kitchen, in Stamford. His co-workers, who loved him, were also Latino immigrants. Company co-owner Flatley spent a lot of time in the kitchen, too. She knew Domínguez well and mourned alongside the workers.

Domínguez died while heading back to Bear Naked from a visit to his family. He was crossing the border on foot into Arizona in January 2007 when he was killed by agent Nicholas Corbett.

Corbett claimed he fired in self-defense after Domínguez brandished a rock. But three witnesses—Domínguez’s two brothers and the girlfriend of one of them—said the agent fired without provocation. In Tucson, Corbett was put on trial for various charges, including second-degree murder. Amid bitter national debate about immigration policy, the case was a political lightning rod. It still is. In early March the jury deadlocked after three days of deliberations, and a mistrial was declared.

The trial that just ended centered on questions about Domínguez’s death, such as whether he was kneeling when shot. Almost nothing was said about his life. Union Local 2544, the Tucson chapter of the National Border Patrol Council, referred to Domínguez on its website as “the deceased illegal alien” with “the gang tattoo.” Media reports often misstated what city and state in Mexico he was from.

Domínguez’s father, Renato Domínguez, is a brick mason. The family lived in a one-room wooden shack that started collapsing when Francisco Javier was a teenager. His mother, Maria Rivera, said he told her, “Don’t cry, Mom. I’m going to make you a house.” He left for the United States, by himself, to finance the construction. He was 17. He was hired by Bear Naked in about 2004.

I was in Mexico when I read the news about Domínguez’s killing last year, and I went to visit his parents. They mentioned that their son had worked in a cereal company somewhere. A year later I read an article in an Arizona newspaper that noted he’d lived in Stamford. Searching on the Internet I found Bear Naked. I caught a commuter train from New York City, following a hunch. Then I just followed my nose. Though Bear Naked’s building is unmarked, it emits an overpowering bakery smell. At the factory door I was greeted by Coronado, Domínguez’s former roommate. When Domínguez was alive, Coronado said, employees at Bear Naked “were all like family. Sometimes Kelly would invite us to her house in Darien. Once we went there for a Halloween party. Francisco Javier came.”

Domínguez’s job was calculating the correct amount of nuts, fruits and grains for the granola recipes. Berta, another kitchen worker, got to know Domínguez while she was in the middle of a divorce; the two planned on openly becoming boyfriend and girlfriend when she was single again. “He was very intelligent and peaceful,” Berta recalled. “Practically all he did was work to raise money to build the family house. A couple of days a week...
Back in the fall of 2002, when I first marched against President Bush’s plan to attack Iraq, few imagined that our troops would still be there today, with the death toll rising, a country destroyed, and our treasury drained by over $1 trillion.

Among the many who did recognize the impending disaster in Iraq were, I’m sure, many of you reading this.

Since the drumbeats for war began, we at CREDO Mobile have worked hard, with many others, to stop it. We’ve marched, organized meetings with elected officials, raised money for hard-pressed antiwar groups and registered hundreds of thousands of new voters. We even organized a parade of hundreds of hybrid cars, biodiesel trucks, and electric vehicles: Environmentalists Against the War.

But Bush lied about weapons of mass destruction, the mainstream media genuflected, members of Congress who knew better readily caved in, and we failed to stop the invasion five years ago. The worst mistake ever in U.S. foreign policy has damaged us and Iraq immensely.

Rest assured we have continued to fight against the war. Our hundreds of thousands of members have organized vigils, met with elected officials, staged sit-ins at their offices when they would not meet, erected billboards demanding withdrawal, called for the impeachment of Cheney and of Gonzales, used text messaging to alert constituents to opportunities to bird-dog members of Congress who voted for the war, and much more.

Tens of thousands have marched against the war carrying our protest signs, like “Osama bin Forgotten” and “Draft SUV Drivers First.” We led a coalition that protected hundreds of thousands of high school kids from aggressive military recruiting — recruiting made much easier by a last-minute clause in Bush’s No Child Left Behind act.

We’ve provided assistance to women’s groups inside Iraq and to wounded veterans at home. We’ve fought for over five long years. We’ve done the work when it was lonely and when it was popular.

And yet the war has escalated, even as growing majorities have come to share our view that the invasion was a mistake and that our troops must come home. Meanwhile, the Bush administration is negotiating agreements for permanent bases and some elected officials talk openly of 100 years of occupation.

But while CREDO was fighting the war, AT&T, the largest telephone company in America, has been financially supporting the politicians who voted for the war. And, since the invasion, AT&T has enhanced its revenues by signing military contracts of all varieties. And, of course, AT&T by many accounts violated the law and perverted the concept of national security by enabling the Bush administration to spy on Americans without a court order.

Some may describe AT&T as a pro-war phone company, even though that phrase appears nowhere in its marketing materials. It is willing to use its revenues to help elect pro-war members of Congress and to trade the privacy of its customers for a cozy relationship with the Bush administration. I wonder how many people enjoying their iPhone realize that it comes with a hidden cost?

I realize this sounds harsh. You might be uncomfortable to think that your phone is an instrument of war. But facts are stubborn things. We all make difficult choices in our lives. We do the best we can. AT&T makes choices as well, and those choices are almost certainly not ones you would like.

Ending the war is our credo. I know it is yours as well. As we have learned over the past five years, no single march, no scandal and no election will be enough to bring the war to a close. That is why we will continue the effort until the troops are home.
he left in the late afternoon to study English; otherwise he usually came from 4 AM to 6:30 PM. All he talked about was his house. He would say things like, ‘Berta, the bathroom I'm making is really pretty!’”

Dominguez pored over home-improvement catalogs and chose pink tiles and a pink tub with whirlpool nozzles for his mother. (Where did he get the idea for luxury-style bathing? Berta speculates it could have come from Kelly Flatley's place in Darien. “We saw her jacuzzi.”) The outside of Dominguez's new house is gleaming white stucco, with filigreed grillwork on doors and windows. When he went back to Mexico in late 2006, he'd been away five years and had never seen his dream home. He stayed for two months, and the day he left, he called Berta. “He said he was really happy to be coming back so he could get more money to finish up. ‘I'm going to make the kitchen!’ he said.”

Two days later, Berta got another call from Mexico, about Dominguez's death. “I called Kelly and she kept saying, ‘No! No! No! Why did he have to die?’”

Bear Naked’s production workers followed the trial on Spanish-language television. They were especially upset at intimations that Dominguez was a gang member. “That’s absurd!” said Berta and several other employees.

In the days just after his death, Berta fell apart. “I spent two weeks unable to work or eat. Kelly came to my house and fed me by hand.” When I called Bear Naked's public relations company and asked to interview Kelly Flatley, she did not respond. Prosecutor Woods could have put her or Berta on the stand as character witnesses, but his detectives never went to Stamford. Nor did anyone from Bear Naked contact Woods. Since learning from me about Dominguez's life in America, Woods has been telling the media he'll present the details at a retrial, and articles about Barack Obama bouncing around the Internet. That picture couldn't be further from the truth, but you'd be amazed how many people have fallen for it. The American Jewish community, one of the most important pillars of the Democratic Party and US politics, has been specifically targeted [see Eric Alterman's column in last week's issue, “(Some) Jews Against Obama”]. What started as a fringe attack has been thrust into the mainstream—used as GOP talking points, pushed by the Clinton campaign, echoed by the likes of Meet the Press host Tim Russert (in January Washington Post columnist Richard Cohen crassly connected Obama, his pastor Jeremiah Wright and Louis Farrakhan, a line of guilt by association Russert aggressively repeated in the last Obama-Clinton debate). Falsehoods are repeated as fact, and bits of evidence become “elaborate constructions of malicious fantasy,” as the Jewish Week, America's largest Jewish newspaper, editorialized.

What floods into one's inbox these days bears little or no relation to Obama's record. “Some of my earliest and most ardent supporters came from the Jewish community in Chicago,” he has said. Obama ran for the Senate promising to reconstitute the black-Jewish civil rights coalition. His first foreign policy speech of the campaign was before the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), where he pledged “clear and strong commitment to the security of Israel.” He's occasionally angered pro-Israel hawks by urging negotiations with Iran and Syria, but Obama's record is well within the Democratic Party mainstream. He has been defended by AIPAC, the neoconservative New York Sun and The New Republic's Martin Peretz, a noted Israel hawk. And yet no defense of Israel by Obama—or of Obama by the pro-Israel establishment—seems to be enough. “When one charge is disproved, another is leveled,” says Rabbi Jack Moline, who leads a synagogue in Alexandria, Virginia.

It's nearly impossible to decipher where the smears originated. “No one knows if it's the Clintons, a rogue agent or a Rove agent,” says Congressman Steve Cohen, a Jewish Obama backer who represents a largely black district in Memphis. We may not know who started the smears, but we do know who's amplifying them. The “Obama is a Muslim” rumor began in the fringe conservative blogosphere. “Barack Hussein Obama: Once a Muslim, Always a Muslim,” blogger Debbie Schlussel wrote in December 2006. Schlussel has a history of inflammatory rhetoric and baseless allegations. She said journalist Jill Carroll, who was kidnapped by Iraqi insurgents in 2006, “hates America” and “hates Israel”; labeled George Soros a “fake Holocaust survivor”; and speculated that Pakistani terrorists were somehow to blame for last year's shootings at Virginia Tech. Yet her post on Obama gained traction; two weeks later the Washington Times's Insight magazine alleged that Obama attended “a so-called Madrassa” and was a secret Muslim.

The Christian right is also preoccupied with Obama's religious beliefs. “Is Obama a Muslim?” the Rev. Rob Schenck asked in a recent videoblog. Schenck, who calls himself a “missionary to Capitol Hill,” later concluded that, although not a Muslim, Obama was also “not a ‘Bible Christian’” and did not practice a “confident faith.” The videoblog was circulated by the Christian Newswire and Cross Action News, a “Drudge Report for Christians.”

The Muslim rumor was followed by fictions about Obama's actual faith, Christianity. In February 2007 Erik Rush, a columnist for WorldNetDaily, a hub of right-wing yellow journalism, called Obama's Chicago church a “black supremacist” and “separatist” institution. Rush found a sympathetic audience at Fox News, where he was interviewed by Sean Hannity. Soon afterward, another blast of e-mails went out calling Obama a racist.

Screeches about Obama's fate gave way to wide-ranging attacks on his advisers, his Middle East politics and his associa-

Debbie Nathan, a New York City–based writer who frequently covers immigration issues, is the author of Women and Other Aliens: Essays From the U.S.-Mexican Border (Cinco Puntos).

He's a Muslim. He was sworn into office on the Koran. He doesn't say the Pledge of Allegiance. His pastor is an anti-Semite. He's a tool of Louis Farrakhan. He's anti-Israel. His advisers are anti-Israel. He's friends with terrorists. The terrorists want him to win.

By now you've probably seen at least some of these e-mails and articles about Barack Obama bouncing around the Internet.

The purpose of the smear campaign is to paint him as an Arab-loving, Israel-hating, terrorist-coddling, radical black nationalist. That picture couldn't be further from the truth, but you'd be surprised how many people have fallen for it. The American Jewish community, one of the most important pillars of the Democratic Party and US politics, has been specifically targeted [see Eric Alterman's column in last week's issue, “(Some) Jews Against Obama”]. What started as a fringe attack has been thrust
Mom didn’t think she needed email... now she can’t live without it.

The HP Printing Mailbox with Presto Service lets her receive email and full-color photos without a computer or Internet connection.

The Perfect Solution for Parents & Grandparents

If you’re like me, you’d love to get Mom into the electronic family loop. My mom doesn’t want to use a computer, so until now I haven’t been able to send her email. Recently, a friend told me about a great solution she found. It’s called the HP Printing Mailbox with Presto Service, and it lets her send email, photos, and PDF documents to her parents even though they don’t have a computer.

Stay Connected to Family

My grown kids and I rely on email to stay in touch. Keeping in touch with my Mom is different. She doesn’t have or want a computer, and while I always had good intentions of printing photos and sending letters, I just didn’t have the time. Sure, I call a lot, but she was missing out on all of the great family emails and photos that I get from my kids.

Simple Technology Makes Staying in Touch Easy

Then we got her the HP Printing Mailbox. It is a remarkable product that lets anyone receive email and attached photos, or PDF documents, without the hassle and expense of a computer or Internet connection. It’s easy to set up and simple to use. All you need is an existing phone line and electrical outlet. Now our whole family can send Mom email and photos that are transformed into beautiful, full-color printouts. Messages are printed automatically, so all she has to do is pick them up off of the Printing Mailbox, read, and enjoy! It couldn’t be simpler. Whether we send pictures, jokes, or just a note saying, “Hi, we love you,” Mom says the HP Printing Mailbox has been a real joy.

Try Presto

See firsthand how Presto brings loved ones who don’t use a computer into the electronic family loop. It’s risk free. If you’re not completely satisfied, simply return it within 60 days for a refund.

“Presto has provided a simple and powerful way for my family to share photos with each other with no one being left out.”

— Brian V. from California

“My mother LOVES it! This is the best present I have ever given my mother. She says that getting her Presto mail is like someone coming to her house for a visit.”

— Sherri M. from Chicago

For free information, visit: www.presto60.com or call (800)816-0998
tions in Chicago. At the fulcrum of this effort is Ed Lasky, whose articles on AmericanThinker.com have relentlessly pushed the smear. A lengthy January article, “Barack Obama and Israel,” put Lasky on the map. “One seemingly consistent theme running throughout Barack Obama’s career is his comfort with aligning himself with people who are anti-Israel advocates,” Lasky wrote. To reach that conclusion, Lasky laughably warped what it means to be “pro-Israel,” criticizing Obama for, among other things, opposing John Bolton as UN ambassador and hiring veteran foreign policy hands from the Clinton and Carter administrations. By Lasky’s criteria, every Senate Democrat, and more than a few Republicans, would be considered “anti-Israel.”

Despite—or perhaps because of—its propagandistic nature, Lasky’s column and subsequent follow-ups circulated far and wide. Caroline Glick of the Jerusalem Post quoted Lasky at length in a January column, printing his false claims as fact, as did a separate column in the same paper by Marc Zell, a former law partner of Doug Feith, a onetime top official in the Bush Defense Department. Recently Lasky has been interviewed by mainstream outlets like NPR and the New York Times, which label him a critic of Obama without explaining his far-right sympathies.

Another purveyor of the smear is Aaron Klein, an Orthodox Jew who is Jerusalem correspondent for WorldNetDaily. Klein penned two stories in February wildly distorting Obama’s links, from his days in Chicago, to pro-Palestinian activists like Rashid Khalidi, a respected Columbia professor of Middle East studies who had taught at the University of Chicago. Klein says, among other things, that Obama sat on the board of a Chicago foundation that gave a grant to the Arab American Action Network, which supposedly rejects Israel’s existence, and that Khalidi directed the PLO’s Beirut press office and is a supporter of “Palestinian terror.” (In fact, the AAAN focuses solely on social service work in Chicago and takes no position on the Israeli-Palestinian conflict; Khalidi was never employed by the PLO and has been a harsh critic of Palestinian suicide bombings and a longtime supporter of a two-state solution; and Khalidi has never been an adviser to Obama.)

Once again, the facts mattered little, and Klein’s stories gained a wider audience. Christian publicist Maria Sliwa sent his articles to prominent reporters, the Tennessee GOP included his claims in a press release titled “Anti-Semites for Obama” and the Jewish Press, an Orthodox Brooklyn paper, reprinted his story about Khalidi. Mainstream reporters now call the Obama campaign to ask about Klein’s reporting. Klein also reports for John Batchelor, a right-wing talk-radio host for KFI-AM in Los Angeles who’s written a series of outlandish columns about Obama for the conservative magazine Human Events.

While the false claims about Obama originally came from the neoconservative right, the Clinton campaign has eagerly pushed them. Clinton operative Sidney Blumenthal has e-mailed damaging stories about Obama, including a recent article by Batchelor, to reporters. Clinton fundraiser Annie Totah circulated a column by Lasky before Super Tuesday, with the inscription “Please vote wisely in the Primaries.” Clinton adviser Ann Lewis, falsely referred to Zbigniew Brzezinski, a critic of AIPAC, as a chief adviser to Obama on a conference call with Jewish reporters. “I can tell you for a fact people from the Clinton campaign are calling reporters and asking them to pay attention to things involving Obama and Israel,” says Shmuel Rosner, Washington correspondent for the Israeli daily Ha’aretz.

The attacks on Obama obviously reek of racism and Islamophobia but, as John Kerry learned, any Democrat should expect similar treatment. The right-wing smear machine will grind on, with the mainstream media and rival campaigns lending a helping hand.

ARI BERMAN

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Comix Nation by PETER KUPER

LOCSTOCANBERYL
(TUKYERVÔT
(DIEBOLD ELECTRONICUS))

God of automatic weaponry.

God of electronic voting.

ODUES
(ALSO SEE HUBRIS)

God of preemptive war.
Alexander Cockburn

The Spitzer Sting

Was there a medium-sized right-wing conspiracy to nail Eliot Spitzer, above and beyond Spitzer’s own diligent efforts in the same cause? It certainly looks like it. It’s clear that the feds started with Spitzer, whose wire transfers led them to the Emperors Club VIP, a prostitution business efficiently administered by a 23-year-old Blair Academy grad, Cecil “Katie” Suwal, on behalf of her 62-year-old boyfriend, Mark Brener, from a high-rise in Cliffside Park, New Jersey, with fine views of Manhattan.

The official line is that it was Spitzer’s efforts to break down a $10,000 transfer to an account fronting for Emperors Club that alerted clerks at his Manhattan branch of Capital One’s North Fork bank. A similar transaction at another bank where Spitzer had an account also supposedly twitched a red flag. Banks have to report transactions of $10,000 and up to the Treasury Department. People not wanting to have their bank snitch to the feds about their transactions routinely keep the sums below the red-light figure, so the feds have told the banks to adjust their mandatory snooping to report smaller sums, or sums that add up to $10,000.

Like innumerable other affronts to privacy, this reporting requirement began as a tool in the “war on drugs” and is now part of the furniture of our lives. All the same, it strains credulity to believe that North Fork’s “suspicious activity report” on a well-known and presumably valuable client immediately aroused the interest of the IRS employee scrutinizing the many SARs churning through his computer on Long Island. The official version has the IRS man noting Spitzer’s name, then passing the information up the food chain to the Justice Department and the US Attorney’s office in Manhattan.

Instead of the banks’ being curious on their own, what if the feds told the banks to report all of Spitzer’s wire transfers to them? If so, we would have in outline a sting operation that raises another pressing question: who exactly was it who put Spitzer in touch with Emperors Club in the first place?

Once the wheels were set in motion, we had the undeniably demented spectacle of the state devoting its resources to exposing Spitzer’s various rendezvous with consenting adults, primarily “Kristen.” Spitzer’s role as the sole target in this recruitment of investigative and prosecutorial manpower since July 2007 is evidenced by the malicious insertion in the criminal complaint of a quote from the phone taps about his sexual preferences (reminiscent of Ken Starr’s detailed disclosures about the minutiae of physical transactions between Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky).

It’s hard to root for Spitzer with much enthusiasm, beyond mandatory support for anyone facing political ruin and possible criminal charges for having sex with a consenting adult. It was extraordinary to hear the Mann Act, ancient weapon of racist bigotry against blacks, being brandished as a possible sanction against the governor for having paid for a prostitute to travel from New York to Washington. Spitzer, obviously a stew pot of fierce psychic contradictions, was brimful of prosecutorial zeal himself, against prostitutes as well as convicted sex offenders. It was Governor Spitzer who pushed civil commitment into law last year, legalizing possible lifetime incarceration for sex offenders, no matter what their original sentences may have been.

But Spitzer also frightened Wall Street, which was a good thing. There were plenty of powerful financial institutions that craved his downfall and whose employees cheered wildly when it happened. A little perspective is useful here. We are now well advanced in an election year where the prime candidates, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton and John McCain, have scarcely made a centerpiece of their campaigns the outrageous and racist thievery practiced by Wall Street in the subprime scandals. A lawsuit filed by the NAACP on March 7 makes for instructive reading in this regard. It seeks to fast-track the NAACP’s class-action lawsuit against Washington Mutual, Citi, GMAC and fifteen other mortgage firms that steered African-American borrowers into predatory loans. The suit cites a 2008 study by United for a Fair Economy estimating losses of $164–$213 billion for subprime loans during the past eight years. UFE considers this to be “the greatest loss of wealth for people of color in modern US history.”

Major Wall Street operators created the housing bubble, fixed the system of bogus AAA ratings, kept the debt off their balance sheets and prevented pricing transparency. As with the tech-stock bubble, the perpetrators should be facing criminal sanctions. Wall Street has nothing to fear from the SEC for its subprime frauds; the commission has no prosecutorial powers. But New York State does have the Martin Act, the most powerful criminal enforcement weapon in the country and one used to great effect by Spitzer when he was Attorney General. In January there were news stories about AG Andrew Cuomo using Martin to go after the subprime corporate miscreants. Such an onslaught, with the backing of Governor Spitzer, was undoubtedly making Wall Street nervous. Now Spitzer is gone. Wall Street has nothing to fear from Clinton or from Obama, whose candidacy floats on vast contributions from Wall Street, as detailed by Pam Martens in CounterPunch.

Presidential elections are mostly about keeping important issues off the agenda, whether it be US complicity in Israel’s atrocious crimes in Gaza or the funds voted by Clinton and Obama for the Iraq War, now arriving at its fifth anniversary, or impeachment of a President destroying constitutional protections. Instead we get a sex scandal, freighted as always with hypocrisy far in excess of Spitzer’s own double standards, about which I trust we will one day get a book from Mrs. Silda Wall Spitzer.

As denizens of the New York Stock Exchange cheered Spitzer’s downfall on March 12, guess who rang the closing bell? Lynn Pike, banking president of Capital One, which owns North Fork Bank. She was celebrating the opening of more than 350 branches in the New York region. Are these 350 now deployed to bag more Dems?
Katha Pollitt

Eliot Spitzer: John Q. Public

Just once I’d like to see a male politician caught in a sex scandal stand up there at the press conference all by himself. You want to be an alpha male with extra helpings of testosterone and appetites that cannot be denied? Fine, but if you get caught, Be. A. Man. Don’t drag your wife in front of the cameras to prove how strong your marriage is. Practice saying these words: “No, darling, I could never live with myself if I let you humiliate yourself in public to help my career.” I know people always want to blame the wife, but this is all my fault. Besides, I don’t want our children to think marriage means wives have to put up with their husband’s crap—that’s what prostitutes are for! No, wait...”

Silda Wall Spitzer looked so sad and stricken standing next to her husband, New York Governor Eliot Spitzer, as he issued a brief statement apologizing to his “family” and “the public”—in effect acknowledging the truth of revelations that he was Client 9, who had paid a prostitution ring called the Emperors Club VIP for (very expensive) sex. Has nothing changed since 1969, when poor Joan Kennedy faced reporters with Ted after Chappaquiddick? In just the past decade we’ve had, among others, Suzanne Craig, Wendy Vitter, Dina McGreevey and, of course, Hillary Clinton. I’m not saying the wife has to divorce her ethnically challenged spouse, although, come to think of it, that would make a change. But just once I’d like to see her skip the press conference and fly off to Paris instead. And then I’d like to see a political husband stand by his wife when she’s caught, oh, I don’t know, giving a no-show job to her tennis instructor. Except that shoe never does end up on the masculine foot, does it? Because female politicians don’t go to whorehouses, or troll for sex in public toilets, or give a top job to their completely unqualified lesbian girlfriend while pretending to have the perfect white-bread family. They are too busy finding clothes that are businesslike but not mannish, and feminine but not sexy, which takes pretty much all day. But if the roles were reversed, do you think her husband would stand up there, bravely, nobly, silently, as Cuck-old I? No, be’d be in the corner bar—or down at his lawyer’s.

People may use words like stoic and dignified to describe the stand-by-your-man act, but really what they’re thinking is either doormat or enabler. (Dr. Laura Schlessinger, on the Today show, to a startled Meredith Vieira: “When the wife does not focus on in the needs and the feelings sexually, personally, to make him feel like a man, to make him feel like a success, to make him feel like her hero, he’s very susceptible to the charm of some other woman making him feel what he needs. And these days, women don’t spend a lot of time thinking about how they can give their men what they need.” This of Silda Spitzer, who gave up her career to facilitate her husband’s political ambitions! If the New York Post is correct that his use of prostitutes goes back ten years, he started when his wife was raising three small children—nice.)

With Silda’s ashen face still vividly in the public mind, this might not be the best moment for male bon vivants like Alan Dershowitz and Bill Maher to pooh-pooh prostitution as a trivial private matter that no one really cares about—it’s just how men are. And probably I would be more sympathetic another time to the notion, expressed by some young feminists and professional sex workers, that the real victim of this scandal is “Kristen.” “Whether or not she will face prison time,” reads an e-mail from a coalition of sex workers, “‘Kristen’ has been dragged into the spotlight and will be subjected to public humiliation.” Prison? Public humiliation? More likely, a spread in Playboy, a book deal and a new career teaching New Jersey housewives how to empower themselves through pole dancing.

There are a lot of things I don’t understand about the governor’s behavior. Like, why didn’t he just take a few hundred extra dollars out of his personal checking account every few days and pay for his $4,000 good times that way, instead of channelling funds into exactly the kind of shell account he, as New York Attorney General, encouraged banks to monitor? And what was he thinking, this famously arrogant and rigid scourge of Wall Street wrongdoers, when he busted a high-end escort service in 2004 during the same period that he was reportedly a john himself? (“This was a sophisticated and lucrative operation with a multi-tiered management structure,” he announced at the time. “It was, however, nothing more than a prostitution ring.”)

Some have described Spitzer’s fall as Shakespearean, but the character he most resembles is not a tragic hero like Lear or Macbeth; it’s the puritanical zealot Angelo from Measure for Measure, who sets out to enforce Vienna’s long-disused death penalty for extramarital sex:

You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Angelo is a lustful hypocrite, far worse than the trollops and roisterers and young lovers he condemns, and he’s eventually caught in a sting operation. Since the play is a comedy, his only punishment is loss of office, and marriage to the woman he jilted and who loves him despite all. Governor Spitzer, who as I finished this column resigned, with his wife once more appearing by his side, could do a lot worse. Meanwhile, his downfall means joy on Wall Street and, no doubt, satisfaction in the White House too—another Democratic pol brought low, whether or not through Republican skulduggery, as some suspect. Hillary Clinton loses a superdelegate but perhaps picks up some votes from women fed up with male politicians. And there’s a promotion for Lieutenant Governor David Paterson, a well-liked liberal Democrat who’s not only black but legally blind. Only in America!
Spending on the war in Iraq is a job killer. Ending the war would free up resources for a stimulus program that could end the looming recession.

by ROBERT POLLIN and HEIDI GARRETT-PELTIER

There is no longer any doubt that the Iraq War is a moral and strategic disaster for the United States. But what has not yet been fully recognized is that it has also been an economic disaster. To date, the government has spent more than $522 billion on the war, with another $70 billion already allocated for 2008.

With just the amount of the Iraq budget of 2007, $138 billion, the government could instead have provided Medicaid-level health insurance for all 45 million Americans who are uninsured. What’s more, we could have added 30,000 elementary and secondary schoolteachers and built 400 schools in which they could teach. And we could have provided basic home weatherization for about 1.6 million existing homes, reducing energy consumption in these homes by 30 percent.

But the economic consequences of Iraq run even deeper than the squandered opportunities for vital public investments. Spending on Iraq is also a job killer. Every $1 billion spent on a combination of education, healthcare, energy conservation and infrastructure investments creates between 50 and 100 percent more jobs than the same money going to Iraq. Taking the 2007 Iraq budget of $138 billion, this means that upward of 1 million jobs were lost because the Bush Administration chose the Iraq sinkhole over public investment.

Recognizing these costs of the Iraq War is even more crucial now that the economy is facing recession. While a recession is probably unavoidable, its length and severity will depend on the effectiveness of the government’s stimulus initiatives. By a wide margin, the most effective stimulus is to expand public investment projects, especially at the state and local levels. The least effective fiscal stimulus is the one crafted by the Bush Administration and Congress—mostly to just send out rebate checks to all taxpayers. This is because a high proportion of the new spending encouraged by the rebates will purchase imports rather than financing new jobs in the United States, whereas public investment would concentrate job expansion within the country. Combining this Bush stimulus initiative with the ongoing spending on Iraq will only deepen the severity of the recession.

Is Militarism Necessary for Prosperity?

The government spent an estimated $572 billion on the military in 2007. This amounts to about $1,800 for every resident of the country. That’s more than the combined GDPs of Sweden and Thailand, and eight times federal spending on education.

The level of military spending has risen dramatically since 2001, with the increases beginning even before 9/11. As a share of GDP, the military budget rose from 3 percent to 4.4 percent during the first seven years of the Bush presidency. At the current size of the economy, a difference between a military budget at 4.4 rather than 3 percent of GDP amounts to $134 billion.

The largest increases in the military budget during the
“I want the readers of *The Nation* to know that I have loathed Hearst and his papers since I can remember. Keep up the good fight to stem the tide of the black forces let loose by Hearst and his clique.”
—Emma Goldman (1935)

Emma Goldman was a longtime Nation reader.

**NOBODY OWNS THE NATION. THAT’S WHY SO MANY SOMEONE READ IT.**

"Legally speaking, of course, everything has an owner, but as a Nation editor once wrote, "it is one of the superb facts about The Nation that you can no more "own" it than you can own the spirit it represents."
Bush presidency have been associated with the Iraq War. Indeed, the $138 billion spent on Iraq in 2007 was basically equal to the total increase in military spending that caused the military budget to rise to 4.4 percent of GDP. It is often argued that the military budget is a cornerstone of the economy—that the Pentagon is a major underwriter of important technical innovations as well as a source of millions of decent jobs. At one level these claims are true. When the government spends upward of $600 billion per year of taxpayers’ money on anything, it cannot help but generate millions of jobs. Similarly, when it spends a large share of that budget on maintaining and strengthening the most powerful military force in the history of the world, this cannot fail to encourage technical innovations that are somehow connected to the instruments of warfare.

Yet it is also true that channeling hundreds of billions of dollars into areas such as renewable energy and mass transportation would create a hothouse environment supporting new technologies. For example, utilities in Arizona and Nevada are developing plans to build “concentrated” solar power plants, which use the sun to heat a liquid that can drive a turbine. It is estimated that this technology, operating on a large scale, could drive down the costs of solar electricity dramatically, from its current level of about $4 per watt to between $2.50 and $3 per watt in the sunniest regions of the country. At these prices, solar electricity becomes much cheaper than oil-driven power and within range of coal. These and related technologies could advance much more rapidly toward cost competitiveness with coal, oil and nuclear power if they were to receive even a fraction of the subsidies that now support weapons development (as well as the oil industry).

Swords, Plowshares and Jobs

How does it happen that government spending devoted to healthcare, education, environmental sustainability and infrastructure can generate up to twice as many jobs per dollar as spending on militarism?

Three factors play a role in determining the overall job effects of any target of government spending. Let’s compare the construction of Camp Victory, the main US military base on the western outskirts of Baghdad, with weatherizing existing homes in New England to increase their energy efficiency.

The first factor to consider is the jobs that get created directly by each project. The second is the job creation in the industries that supply products for building the camp or weatherizing the homes. These would include the steel, concrete, weapons and telecommunications industries for building Camp Victory; and lumber, insulation and trucking industries for home weatherization. Finally, new jobs will result when people who are paid to build Camp Victory or weatherize a

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energy conservation and infrastructure, average salaries would decline. However, the majority of new jobs created by these peaceful alternatives would command salaries above a reasonable living-wage standard of $16 an hour.

**Pushing Unemployment Down**

As of January there were 7.6 million people unemployed in a labor force of 154 million, producing an official unemployment rate of 4.9 percent. This was a significant increase over the 4.5 percent unemployment rate in mid-2007, and thus one important sign of a weakening economy. Unemployment is likely to keep rising as the economic slowdown continues.

In our current context, what would be the overall job effects of transferring the entire 2007 Iraq War budget of $138 billion into healthcare, education, energy conservation and infrastructure investments? If we assume that all else would remain equal in the labor market, a net increase (i.e., the total expansion of jobs in public investments minus the reduction in military jobs) in the range of 1 million jobs would therefore reduce the total number of unemployed people to around 6.6 million. The unemployment rate would fall to about 4.3 percent.

This is still an unacceptably high unemployment rate. But if the public-investment-directed spending shift out of Iraq were combined with a stimulus package of roughly the same size as the Iraq War budget—i.e., in the range of the Bush Administration's $150 billion stimulus—the overall impact would be a strong program to fight recession and create decent jobs.

In particular, through this combination of a spending shift out of Iraq and a stimulus program focused on public investment, there is a good chance that unemployment would fall below 4 percent. When unemployment fell below 4 percent in the late 1960s and late 1990s, the high demand for workers led to rising wages and benefits, in particular at the low end of the job market. Poverty fell as a result. Near full employment in the late '60s also brought better working conditions and less job discrimination against minorities.

Of course, we cannot assume that everything about the labor market would stay unchanged after a huge job expansion in healthcare, education, energy conservation and infrastructure investments, while jobs connected with the military contracted. There would no doubt be skill shortages in some areas and labor gluts in others. There would also probably be an increase in inflation that would have to be managed carefully.

These concerns are real. But it is still true that large-scale job creation within the United States is possible as an outgrowth of ending the Iraq War, reallocating the entire Iraq budget to important domestic public investment projects and fighting the recession with further increases in public investments.

What if the Iraq War budget is transferred only partially to domestic public investments? Let's assume, optimistically, that a new Administration takes serious initiatives to end the Iraq War immediately after coming into office next January. This new Administration would almost certainly not have the wherewithal to shut down operations within one year. And even if it could completely end the war within a year, the government should still commit significant funds to war reparations for the Iraqi people.

The job expansion within the United States will decline to the extent that spending of any sort continues in Iraq rather than being transferred into domestic public investments. But even if the net transfer of funds is, say, $100 billion rather than $138 billion, several hundred thousand new domestic jobs would still be created. There is also no reason that the domestic public investment expansion has to mirror the decrease in the Iraq War budget. Any stimulus program initiated over the next few months—either a Bush-style program or one focused on public investment—would entail spending beyond the current Iraq budget levels.

**Public Investment and Recession**

There's also a strong argument for a stimulus program that emphasizes public investment at the state and local level. State and local government revenues—which primarily finance education, healthcare, public safety and infrastructure—are always badly hit by economic downturns and will be especially strapped as a result of the current recession. State and local government revenues decline when the incomes and property values of their residents fall. Property tax revenues will fall especially sharply as a result of the collapse of housing prices. Moreover, state and local governments, unlike the federal government, cannot run deficits and are forced to maintain balanced budgets, even in a recession. This means that unless the federal government injects new revenue into the state and local budgets, spending on public investments will decline.

**Deficit Reduction: The Responsible Alternative?**

The federal fiscal deficit in 2007 was $244 billion. Shutting down the Iraq War and using the fiscal savings to cut the deficit would mean a 57 percent deficit reduction.

Is this the best use of the funds released by the Iraq War? Of course, the government cannot run a reckless fiscal policy, no matter how pressing the country's social and environmental needs. But a $244 billion deficit in today's economy is not reckless. It amounts to about 1.8 percent of GDP. This is slightly below the average-sized deficit between 1960 and 2006 of 1.9 percent of GDP. The largest deviation from this long-term average occurred under Ronald Reagan's presidency, when the deficit averaged 4.2 percent of GDP—i.e., more than twice as large as the current deficit as a share of the economy.

The recession and stimulus program will of course produce a large increase in the deficit. Recessions are not the time to focus on deficit reduction. But even if we allowed the deficit to double from its 2007 level—to about $500 billion—its size, as a share of GDP, would still be below the average figure for the entire Reagan presidency, including both the boom and recession years.

We would certainly need to worry about the deficit today, and even more after the recession ends, if it were persistently running at Reagan-era levels. This is because the government would soon be consuming upward of 20 percent of the total federal budget in interest payments, as it did at the end of the Reagan era. This is opposed to the 10 percent of total government spending we now pay to the Japanese and Chinese
see you next weekend the occupation of iraq

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The government treats its soldiers the way most corporations treat their workforce—as an invisible, disrespected, disposable means to an end that is contrary to workers’ interests. Members of the armed forces come mainly and disproportionately from the working class and from small-town and rural America, where opportunities are hard to come by. The “economic draft” operates, in effect, to recruit young people from these communities as they sign up to gain job skills, experience and educational opportunities absent from their civilian lives.

A number of parallel experiences link the lives of soldiers with those of working-class civilians, going well beyond their common discipline of following orders. Consider “stop-loss” as an example. The military reserves the right to extend the deployment time and active-duty status of every soldier beyond the service dates prescribed in their enlistment contracts and mobilization papers. Most soldiers were unaware of this as the Iraq War intensified, but by the start of 2006 the military had enforced its stop-loss provision on 50,000 of them. Outraged soldiers and their families challenged these extensions in court, but they were upheld.

Meanwhile, in the civilian economy, one out of every five full-time hourly employees worked mandatory overtime—the requirement by management that the worker stay on the job beyond the normal quitting time. Many workers want overtime for the money, but they generally resent being forced into it, especially when it disrupts family plans or taxes their physical or mental strength. While the consequences of stop-loss are more far-reaching, the principle is the same. Both disregard the needs of the workforce and abrogate the expectations working people have of a life outside the control of their employers.

Counter-recruitment activity, an important element of the anti–Iraq War movement, responds to the many ways recruiters imply commitments to prospective enlistees that the military is under no obligation to keep and promise benefits that in the end do not materialize—a pattern with many parallels in working-class civilian life. Common among the mislead-

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Michael Zweig (michael.zweig@stonybrook.edu), a professor of economics and director of the Center for Study of Working Class Life at the State University of New York, Stony Brook, is the executive producer of the DVD Meeting Face to Face: the Iraq-U.S. Labor Solidarity Tour. His most recent book is What’s Class Got to Do With It?: American Society in the Twenty-first Century.
In the early Renaissance Age, opals were said to bring good fortune to the wearer because they possessed all of the colors and powers of every gemstone. But it was Queen Victoria, who especially loved her opals and often gave them as gifts to her family, who let this beautiful gemstone gain its spot among the most cherished of gems.

To pay proper homage to this luminous beauty, Stauer showcases our Opal Collection, with opals that sparkle every color in the visible spectrum. The 2.78 carat oval cabochon in the ring nestles within the embrace of two millegrain-edged chevrons accented with scientifically grown Diamond Aura stones.

Nature’s Splendor. Opal is the only gemstone that changes color and pattern right in your hand; every opal is varied and unique. Our hand-selected opal ring’s color play, with its pinfire flashes of iridescent pinks and greens, blues, and turquoises emanates a very special attraction and fascination. But what causes this stunning phenomenon?

It’s in the Water. This puzzle was impossible to solve for a very long time. Only forty years ago, a team of Australian scientists analyzed opals with an electron microscope and discovered that the origin of the play-of-color in opal is the arrangement of spheres of hydrated silica, whose centers are spaced at about the wavelength of visible light. These unique spheres serve as a diffraction source for refracted and reflected light. The finer the quality of opal (those exhibiting intense color), the more water is in the spheres. The spheres, which are arranged in compact structures, succeed in dissecting the waves of light on its passage through the gemstone and turning it into mesmerizing colors, always new and always different.

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—Steven Rozensky
Noted jewelry expert

Natural stone color may vary from image shown.
ing enticements are offers of training that will lead to civilian employment in good jobs; education benefits to pay for college costs and even the signing bonuses, $10,000 or more, that can seem like a fortune to the kids at the desk. The most outrageous reason for yanking back the signing benefits comes when a soldier leaves the military before the full commitment is over because of severe combat injuries. The military, insisting that the benefits are contingent on honorable discharge after completing the full term of service, has moved to take back the signing bonuses that injured servicemembers, unable to complete their tours, have already collected. To combat these practices, young people, often accompanied by veterans with their own stories to tell, are challenging military recruiters in high schools, shopping malls and other places where recruiters seek out volunteers to fill their quotas. Congressional attempts to stop these abuses have so far been unsuccessful.

These bait-and-switch practices are reminiscent of the way corporations demand local and state government subsidies to locate offices and factories in depressed communities desparate for jobs. Such corporations typically promise good jobs and long-term economic stability if local communities underwrite roads and other infrastructure, give tax exemptions for the company’s property and profits, and sometimes even give it direct cash subsidies. All too often the company collects the subsidies but fails to live up to its end of the bargain. It fails to create the promised new jobs and moves out of the community when the subsidies end, leaving the local working people and their government depleted and often mad enough to sue, but almost never successfully.

US policy in Iraq reflects the same drive toward privatization and increasing corporate power that workers face at home.

When jobs disappear, workers are supposed to be able to collect unemployment compensation, a program begun in the New Deal era and a critical part of the social safety net. But over the last thirty-five years, unemployment compensation programs have been cut back and made more inaccessible. At this point, only 35 percent of unemployed workers actually collect these benefits.

In the military we also see problems in the amount and quality of benefits provided to discharged soldiers. Last year’s scandal at Walter Reed Army Medical Center shocked the nation, but veterans’ organizations across the country are regularly forced to fend off proposed cuts. Just as corporate employers fight against claims for workers’ compensation by injured employees, the military resists treatment for service-related disabilities, such as the psychological damage from post-traumatic stress disorder or the physical aftereffects of Agent Orange from the Vietnam era.

In the United States we rightly have a tradition of civilian control of the military. Our armed services are not independent entities; they are deployed to defend and advance the interests of greatest importance to the civilian leadership that guides the country overall. So it is unsurprising that the basic priorities guiding our military operations overseas should correspond to those that dominate our society at home. That’s not good news for working people, here or “over there.”

In Iraq the occupation authority under Paul Bremer wiped the slate clean in terms of economic policy, with one exception—it kept in force the 1987 Saddam Hussein decree that stripped all legal protection from unions representing public-sector workers—a large portion of the workforce. Despite formal acknowledgment of union rights in the new Iraqi Constitution, the Parliament has passed no law to protect unions or workers trying to organize them. But then public sector unions are also illegal in North Carolina and many other states. Upon taking office after their election in 2006, the Republican governors of Missouri and Indiana immediately suspended all collective bargaining agreements their states had negotiated with state employees and declared the end of their collective bargaining rights. When Congress and the Bush Administration formed the Department of Homeland Security in 2002, they stripped collective bargaining rights from all DHS workers, even those who’d had those rights in their former agencies, declaring that union protections ran counter to national security. After more than five years of determined opposition and court challenges, the National Treasury Employees Union, which represents 22,000 of these workers, recently forced the DHS to give up its unionbusting power and agreed to respect collective bargaining and civil service protections for all its workers.

The Bush Administration has made it clear that it expects the Iraqi Parliament to pass a hydrocarbon law that opens Iraq’s oil reserves to US corporate exploitation, in addition to a law to distribute oil revenues among regions. Congress has made the hydrocarbon law a “benchmark” in all its attempts to tie continued funding of the war to “political progress” in Iraq. But it requires no such benchmark for women’s rights (the Iraqi Constitution imposes Islamic law in all family matters) or, of course, for labor rights. US policy in Iraq reflects the same drive toward privatization and increasing corporate power that workers face here in the dismantling of our public sector and its services.

Emphasizing such parallels—and the fact that the best way to show solidarity with US soldiers is to bring them home—a movement to end the war has been growing in American unions. The state federations of labor in Connecticut, Maryland/DC, South Carolina, Vermont and Wisconsin have joined US Labor Against the War (USLAW; uslaboragainstwar.org), this country’s first broadly based antiwar organization among workers and their unions (full disclosure: I am on its national steering committee). A coalition of more than 150 union locals, central labor councils, state federations and other labor organizations, USLAW coordinates its activities with Military Families Speak Out, Iraq Veterans Against the War and other veterans’ organizations that support the troops
How Did Ancient Religions Tackle the Questions of Life?
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Professor Muesse offers striking insights as he draws you closer to the period between 800 to 200 B.C.E., an era with notable parallels to our own. Using a term first coined by the German philosopher Karl Jaspers and recently popularized by the religious scholar Karen Armstrong, Professor Muesse calls this period the Axial Age because of its pivotal nature.

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About Your Professors

Professor Mark W. Muesse is Chair of the Department of Religious Studies at Rhodes College in Memphis, Tennessee. He received a B.A., summa cum laude, in English Literature from Baylor University and earned a Masters of Theological Studies, a Masters of Arts, and a Ph.D. in the Study of Religion from Harvard University.

Prior to taking his position at Rhodes, Professor Muesse held positions at Harvard College, Harvard Divinity School, and the University of Southern Maine, where he served as Associate Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences.

Professor Muesse has written many articles, papers, and reviews in world religions, spirituality, theology, and gender studies and has coedited a collection of essays entitled Redeeming Men: Religion and Masculinities. He is currently compiling an anthology of prayers from around the world.

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12. “I Am Awake”
13. Why We Suffer
14. The Noble Path
15. From Buddha to Buddhism
16. Jainism
17. East Asia before the Axial Age
18. The World of Confucius
19. The Foundations of Confucianism
20. The Cultivation of Virtue
22. The Daodejing
23. Daoist Politics and Mysticism
24. Reflections on the Axial Age
The war in Iraq has been, among many other bad things, a massive burden on the American taxpayer. We chose here to highlight the trade-offs the war has imposed on one working-class city: Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland has suffered more, in economic terms, than other parts of the country (see below), but its experience is far from unusual. This chart offers a glimpse of what the billions squandered in Iraq could have bought for Clevelanders in need of public services. By contrast, on the right, check out the bounty the war has bestowed on CEOs of the top military contracting companies. Who said class war was dead?

Cost of the war to the US $522.5 billion (each icon equals half a billion dollars)

Cost to Cleveland $479.2 million

Below are services that $479.2 million could have bought for the people of Cleveland (each icon equals 100)

|$43.6 m. | +$43.6 m. | +$43.6 m. | +$43.6 m. | +$43.6 m. |
|48,784 HOMES WITH RENEWABLE ELECTRICITY | 24,772 CHILDREN WITH HEALTHCARE | 14,601 PEOPLE WITH HEALTHCARE | 6,726 HEAD START PLACES FOR CHILDREN | 5,390 SCHOLARSHIPS FOR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS |

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*Includes funding approved for FY 2008. The cost of war to Cleveland is based on Ohio taxpayers’ share of taxes paid into the federal funds budget, adjusted for Cleveland’s population and median household income.

**Cleveland statistics (compared to the US)**

- Families in poverty: 22.2% (9.8%)
- Child poverty rate: 41.9% (18.3%)
- Unemployment rate*: 16.1% (6.4%)

Sources:
- Pressing: Institute for Policy Studies (www.ipcc.org)
- Cleveland statistics: National Priorities Project (www.nationalpriorities.org)
- *American Communities Survey

Graphics by Nigel Holmes
Who gets the money instead?

Private military contractors accounted for $294.9 billion in 2006 war spending (up 63% since the invasion). Here are some of the benefits reaped by CEOs of those firms in 2006.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Highest-paid military contractor CEO (Robert Stevens, Lockheed Martin)</td>
<td>$24,399,747</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average income of CEOs at top 30 military contractors</td>
<td>$9,095,756</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Median household income in Cleveland, 2006</td>
<td>$26,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average income of an Army private in combat</td>
<td>$25,942</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Additional Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1,045</td>
<td>Public Safety Officers</td>
<td>+$43.6 m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>899</td>
<td>Port Container Inspectors</td>
<td>+$43.6 m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>740</td>
<td>Elementary School Teachers</td>
<td>+$43.6 m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>667</td>
<td>Music &amp; Arts Teachers</td>
<td>+$43.6 m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>406</td>
<td>Affordable Housing Units</td>
<td>+$43.6 m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>New Elementary Schools</td>
<td>+$44.6 m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
with calls for their immediate return. The AFL-CIO, for its part, has called for the rapid withdrawal of all US forces from Iraq. And the ILWU Longshore Caucus is continuing its tradition of political interruptions of work with a call to shut all West Coast ports on May 1 to protest the war, a work stoppage it hopes will spread to other industries.

Labor opposition to the war stems in part from the war’s economic cost, counted not just in dollars but in what else that money could buy. So far the war has cost more than $522 billion (not counting interest payments on the borrowing that has paid the bills and long-term costs for veterans’ care). Taxpayers in Louisiana alone have paid about $4 billion, which could have created more than 47,000 units of affordable housing there, and the jobs that go with their construction. (The National Priorities Project has a thorough accounting on its website, nationalpriorities.org, of the real costs of the war to states and communities across the country. See the chart on pages 24-25 of this issue for a visual representation of these trade-offs.)

The movement that working people and their unions have organized supports the troops with calls for their immediate return with full veterans’ benefits. It seeks the redirection of funds to serve human needs. And it expresses solidarity with Iraqi workers and their labor movement. Should a new Democratic Administration continue the Iraq occupation while offering to satisfy some of labor’s interests as part of its domestic agenda, sustaining this movement will require additional analysis and new resolve.

Who Said the War Would Pay for Itself? They Did!

The following quotes were compiled by Christopher Cerf and Victor Navasky in their capacity as CEO and president of the Institute of Expertology, which has just issued a report on the experts who were wrong about Iraq—before, during and after the invasion—under the title Mission Accomplished! Or, How We Won the War in Iraq; The Experts Speak (Simon & Schuster). Here, the “experts” speak about the costs of war.

“Iraq is a very wealthy country. Enormous oil reserves. They can finance, largely finance the reconstruction of their own country. And I have no doubt that they will.”
Richard Perle, chair
The Pentagon’s Defense Policy Board
July 11, 2002

“The likely economic effects [of a war in Iraq] would be relatively small.... Under every plausible scenario, the negative effect will be quite small relative to the economic benefits.”
Lawrence Lindsey
White House economic adviser
September 16, 2002

“It is unimaginable that the United States would have to contribute hundreds of billions of dollars and highly unlikely that we would have to contribute even tens of billions of dollars.”
Kenneth Pollack
former director for Persian Gulf affairs
National Security Council
September 2002

“The costs of any intervention would be very small.”
Glenn Hubbard
White House economic adviser
October 4, 2002

“Iraq has tremendous resources that belong to the Iraqi people. And so there are a variety of means that Iraq has to be able to shoulder much of the burden for their own reconstruction.”
Ari Fleischer
White House press secretary
February 18, 2003

“When it comes to reconstruction, before we turn to the American taxpayer, we will turn first to the resources of the Iraqi government and the international community.”
Donald Rumsfeld
Secretary of Defense
March 27, 2003

“There is a lot of money to pay for this that doesn’t have to be US taxpayer money, and it starts with the assets of the Iraqi people. We are talking about a country that can really finance its own reconstruction and relatively soon.”
Paul Wolfowitz
Deputy Secretary of Defense
testifying before the defense subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee
March 27, 2003

“The United States is very committed to helping Iraq recover from the conflict, but Iraq will not require sustained aid.”
Mitchell Daniels, director
White House Office of Management and Budget
April 21, 2003

“The allies [have contributed] $14 billion in direct aid.”
Dick Cheney
vice presidential debate with Democratic candidate John Edwards
October 5, 2004

Actually, only $13 billion was pledged, and on the date Cheney spoke only $1 billion had arrived. As of October 28, 2007, the National Priorities Project estimated that the share of Iraq War costs that had been borne by American taxpayers exceeded $463 billion. —C.C. & V.N.
Exchange

(continued from page 2)
mariage, immigration or any other population issue. I have written, instead, of the global fertility decline and of the large differential in birthrates between secularists and the religious. These are facts, not issues. My warnings of a “return of patriarchy” that could result from current demographic trends are merely descriptive, which is why they have appeared in secular publications ranging from Foreign Policy and Foreign Affairs to Der Spiegel and the leftist New Statesman. Though the trend lines may cheer religious conservatives, they should alarm progressives. Don’t shoot the messenger, please.

PHILLIP LONGMAN
New America Foundation

New York City

Declining birthrates are real—sixty-four countries have rates below the level needed for population replacement—and there are a host of reasons progressives should be concerned. Declining birthrates have led to a shrinking working-age population to support children and retired people, with consequences for the tax base, social programs, economic growth and healthcare. Immigration offers only short-term alleviation, as immigrants adopt the birthrate patterns of the new country quite quickly.

Moreover, this decline reflects economic and social insecurity, with a large dollop of gender inequity. Now that the majority of women are employed but are generally still responsible for the lion’s share of domestic caretaking, they are voting with their feet, so to speak, and delaying and limiting childbearing, thus confirming feminist insights of the past thirty years about the reciprocal relationships between the gender gap in wages, family responsibilities and the lack of services for working parents. This has led such mainstream players as the EU and OECD to support measures like parental leave, childcare and flextime, and to promote paternal involvement in childrearing.

It is certainly important for us to be aware of the ways conservative forces manipulate these developments, but it is equally critical that we use this issue to argue for policies to support working parents so that those who want children can have them.

WENDY CHAVKIN, MD, MPH
Mailman School of Public Health, Columbia University

Garrison, N.Y.

The issue of declining birthrates in Europe was raised initially by the United Nations Population Program, followed by the European Union. A heavy focus of the concern was the aging of European populations and the change in ratio between young and old: too few young people coming along to support a growing elderly population. The main cause is economic. The countries with the lowest birthrates—Spain, Italy and Poland—offer little help to working mothers. The countries with the highest birthrates, like France and Sweden, have strong programs.

Where the religious right goes wrong is by blaming secularism, abortion, contraception and assorted social ills. They simply overlook the economic causes. Poland is celebrated for its religiosity. But that ignores the fact that its religion makes little difference in its low birthrate and that its social policies make it difficult for women to afford children.

Kathryn Joyce is right to point out the excess and nonsense of the views of the right. But she goes wrong in writing as if, since the religious right has embraced the issue, there is no problem other than that of a great conspiracy to harm women. There are a good many secular economists who have argued, with hard data,
that a society needs a young population for economic vitality, that the elderly will be in great trouble without young people to support them, and that birthrates can best be raised by developing generous and thoughtful policies to support working women, not by preaching at them. Since women typically live longer than men, women will be the most threatened by a decline of the young, reducing their financial as well as social support. Self-interest alone should lead feminists to take the problem seriously.

Daniel Callahan
The Hastings Center

Buffalo, N.Y.
The reduction of human numbers that many of us never imagined could be achieved without coercion is happening all by itself. The problem is, no one is celebrating. Instead, those of us who recognize what good news this is are doing nothing to defend it, leaving the field open to ideologues braying about social collapse and “demographic winter.”

More European leaders need to make it clear that Europe is overpopulated and that current trends of demographic contraction promise to reverse that condition. European leaders need to embrace an agenda in which (1) smaller populations are an explicit agenda and (2) trends that promote demographic contraction are encouraged. In other words, more secular individualism, insofar as this induces men and women not to have children. When smaller, less overpopulated nations are the goal, it follows that borders will be closed, high walls raised and recent guest workers encouraged humanely but firmly to go home. This is the opposite of racism: a nation whose goal is to shrink has no need of immigrants, and an overt anti-immigration policy disarms right-wingers who advocate large families to keep immigrants from overwhelming traditional population balances.

Most of all, Europe needs economists to step forward and propose models for operating stable polities whose absolute numbers contract. Most economists have presumed an insupportable necessity for perpetual growth. Europe’s states (and shortly after them, the United States) desperately need models for maintaining a stable and humane polity while human numbers shrink.

Tom Flynn, editor
Free Inquiry (secularthumanism.org)

Joyce Replies

New York City
I no more wrote about Steven Mosher’s eye color and ethnicity than I accused him of personal racism. My argument is that Mosher and his profamily colleagues are making reckless, opportunistic appeals to European immigration anxieties as a springboard for their conservative sexual agenda. Whether they share the biases they appeal to is a matter for their own conscience. What concerns the rest of us is how carelessly they’re making such arguments in a multicultural continent still learning how to live with itself in peace, and how their proposed “natural family” solutions will affect individual rights.

Though the profamily movement is overwhelmingly white and Christian, I agree that its foremost concern is not race but the spread of conservative sexual ideology. But as savvy marketers, they tailor their message to their audience. In Europe that means enhancing their pitch for traditional family values with potent references to ancient hatreds and modern fears: drawing stark analogies between old holy wars and modern immigration, thinly masking threats of “race suicide” with talk of dying “cultures” and “traditional populations,” calling for “more Poles” in a country with a xenophobic government and citing Arab fertility as a weapon of demographic warfare. In such a context, it’s beyond disingenuous to claim ignorance of how these bald references will read: that Europe’s Muslims are problematic and, as Mosher charged, that they’re adding to continental “suicide” by their difference and numbers.

The opportunism of the profamily movement doesn’t stop at Europe, of course. Increasingly, antichoice advocates posture as defenders of minority rights—sending leaflets by the tens of thousands to nonwhite neighborhoods, smearing reproductive healthcare providers as “Klan Parenthood” out to “lynch” black babies. This is a scale model of PRI’s disinformation campaigns, conflating a real history of abusive population control efforts with all access to contraception, so that past instances of coercion are equated with millions of women of color choosing family planning options today. A prime example of how PRI’s “opposition to coercive population control programs” actually functions is Peru, a country where more than half of all pregnancies are unwanted and illegal abortions soar, and where PRI helped undermine local access to emergency contraception by citing the global gag rule. Following his successful lobbying against US funding of UNFPA, Mosher hopes to see all US funding for contraception cut off as immoral and population stability laws interpreted to fund pronatalist measures in countries with low birthrates, such as Poland. The common thread between these cynical plays for minority support and profamily appeals to European fears and prejudices is the paternalism of the “prolife” leaders behind both: activists who believe they know best what a woman should do with her fertility.

Finally, if the profamily movement wants to write off criticism as so much hysteria, perhaps it should reassess the Orwellian language in its calls for a new natural family order, redefining women’s rights as the right to “pregnancy, childbirth, and breastfeeding.” Pronatalism has an ugly past, and women, who bear the brunt of such fertility engineering, are rightly wary of it.

I didn’t say Phillip Longman works for the Democratic Leadership Council but that he’s written policy for it, reprising his arguments about the “baby bust” and the rise of patriarchy for a pronatalist proposal in the DLC organ Blueprint Magazine. Though Longman’s work on demographics is ostensibly aimed at a more progressive audience—warning liberals that Republican birthrates dwarf their own—he argues on Europe’s fate mirror those of his conservative counterparts.

As he told me, describing a “vacuum created by the population decline” in the Netherlands that “Muslim extremists came in to fill,” population concerns are attributable to sexual freedom. “If we thought that population growth was natural, we could say, What’s wrong with homosexuality? What used to be wrong with them was that they were escaping their duties. What’s wrong with professional women? Nothing. So long as we can maintain their families.” That’s a big “if” to hang individual freedoms on.

Longman argues that he’s just the bearer of bad news, but whether through his endorsement of the profamily movement’s Natural Family Manifesto, his telling crowds of applauding conservative Christians in Poland they will inherit the earth, his appearance (last May, not so long ago) in a documentary urging a particular cure for demographic winter or his advice to businesses preparing to profit from the coming patriarchy, it’s hard to see Longman as just “the messenger.”

I agree with Daniel Callahan, Wendy Chavkin and Tom Flynn that there’s a great need for less ideologically and racially charged discussions of changing birthrate patterns in Europe and worldwide. As most of the researchers I spoke with who were not pushing a conservative sexual agenda argued, we have an opportunity for policy and funding decisions informed by something other than an attempt to turn back the clock.

Kathryn Joyce
When *Nazi Literature in the Americas* was published in Spain in 1996, Chilean-born Roberto Bolaño captured the attention of Latin American and Spanish critics for the first time. The book consists of thirty entries, ranging from one to twenty-seven pages, each devoted to assessing a writer who has some relation to fascism. These include not just contemporaries of Hitler and Mussolini but members of subsequent generations, down to that of Pinochet. In addition, there is some important back matter: a bibliography of all the works produced by the authors examined, a list of the publishing houses and magazines that brought them out and a quasi glossary that provides snippet descriptions of personalities referred to in the major pieces (and, as well, some who have not been previously mentioned in the book).

In its style and organization, *Nazi Literature in the Americas* fits comfortably into a long-established Latin American genre—the personalized literary encyclopedia—in which an author or critic offers not neutral information about a topic in all its manifold aspects but rather her or his very particular take on the canon of the day. The most recent addition to this tradition is Christopher Domínguez Michael's *Critical Dictionary of Mexican Literature*, published in Mexico City in 2007, in which the author, one of the most influential literary critics in our language, feels free to omit authors who are beloved and widely read throughout Mexico and Latin America—notably, novelist Angeles Mastretta and novelist-journalist Elena Poniatowska. Lovers of Mexican literature may criticize Domínguez Michael's assessments, but all should acknowledge his right to argue his notion of who should be included in the contemporary literary pantheon.

Unlike Domínguez Michael's book and most other encyclopedias in this tradition, Bolaño's is arranged somewhat quirkily; he presents his authors not in alphabetical order but grouped into thirteen categories, such as “Forerunners and Figures of the Anti-Enlightenment” and “The Aryan Brotherhood.” His entries don’t follow a standardized format either: some are mini-biographies (most begin at birth, though some work backward from death), some catalog and discuss the works, and others deal mainly with assessing the writer’s reputation.

The range of those analyzed is unusual in its breadth. Some of the authors were...
renowned in their times; others were ignored by their peers. They are geographically diverse, too, from all the Americas. There’s the Chilean Willy Schürholz, the Haitian Max Mirebalais and the Kansas-born J.M.S. Hill, who published “more than thirty novels and more than fifty stories” in twelve years. Some are professional writers, like Segundo José Heredia, who produced a novel, Sergeant P, about “a Waffen SS veteran lost in the Venezuelan jungle,” and Harry Sibelius, who wrote a book imagining that Germany defeated England in 1941 and invaded the United

nressing the killing of certain prisoners, but he went on thinking about literature.” And the poet Daniela de Montecristo was rumored to be the lover of Italian, German and Romanian generals, “including the infamous Wolff, SS and Police Chief in Italy,” and “Entrescu, who was crucified by his own soldiers in 1944.” Some were less hard-core in their commitment to fascism, like Argentinian Schiaffino, “Buenos Aires, 1969–Dorto- detroit, 2013.” Schiaffino “is neither on the right nor on the left. He has black friends and friends in the Ku Klux Klan.”

Indeed, the denizens of Nazi Literature in the Americas seem to be all over the map. There is the Chilean Pedro González Carrera, first in the “Poètes Maudits” section—who began by imitating the (awful) Spanish Romantics and moved on to writing about “Merovignians from another planet,” who appeared to him and then turned into robots. (“But did they visit him in a dream or in reality? On that point González remains unclear.”) There is Ernesto Pérez Mazon, a “realist, naturalist and expressionist novelist, exponent of the decadent style and social realism.” And there’s the “epic” novel by de Montecristo, which “contains some original passages, especially the descriptions of the Women’s Fourth Reich—with its headquarters in Buenos Aires and its training grounds in Patagonia—and the nostalgic, pseudo-scientific digressions about a gland that produces the feeling of love.”

W

omen’s Fourth Reich? 2015? Thirty novels in twelve years? Decadent and social realist? As tute readers will have noted some facts and features plucked from Bolaño’s pages that don’t quite add up. In a similar manner, readers of Nazi Literature in the Americas will at some point notice—rather like those perusing Juan Rulfo’s Pedro Páramo realize that all of Rulfo’s finely etched characters are dead—that all of Bolaño’s characters are entirely his own inventions.

This is not to say that this is a work of magical realism (of which Bolaño was not a fan), nor can we characterize it as “fantastic” literature (these characters do not fall upward or cry tears of silver, as in One Hundred Years of Solitude, for instance; they all obey the laws of nature). Indeed, the book is true to life in that the Argentines seem Argentine; the North Americans, North American; and the Caribbeans, Caribbean. However, the book does fit comfortably into a third Latin American tradition, one very different from either the critical encyclopedic or the magical realist/fantastic. As Bolaño acknowledged in an interview with Eliseo Álvarez, published posthumously in 2005, Nazi Literature in the Americas “owes a lot to The Temple of Iconoclasts by Rodolfo Wilcock…and The Temple of Iconoclasts owes a lot to A Universal History of Infamy by Borges, which makes sense, since Wilcock was a friend and admirer of Borges. But Borges’s book, A Universal History of Infamy, owes much to [a book by] one of Borges’s great teachers, Alfonso Reyes, Retratos reales e imaginarios (Real and Imagined Portraits), which is a gem. And Reyes’s book owes a lot to Imaginary Lives by Marcel Schwob, which is where this all began. These are the aunts and uncles, parents and godparents of my book.” I would add one more relative: Novelas antes del tiempo (Novels Before Time), a volume by the delightful Spanish writer Rosa Chacel, which consists of notes for novels, all charmingly related, that the author thought about writing but never did.

For all the rollicking inventiveness in Nazi Literature in the Americas—“Merovignians from another planet” and such—it bears a complicated relationship to “reality.” In a 1998 interview with Marcelo Soto, Bolaño said, “The book had its origin in a conversation I had many years ago with a Chilean, when Pinochet was still in power, and I asked him if Pinochetist literature existed in Chile, and he said no, so I began thinking about how pathetically amusing such literature could be.” In this sense Bolaño is making up a literary genre, but he doesn’t do so entirely out of whole cloth.

There was, after all, a real Nazi literature. Among the many philo-fascist Latin American authors were some famous ones, like José Vasconcelos, who had tremendous influence in Mexico from the revolution in 1910 to 1929, including a stint as secretary of public education (1921–24). Vasconcelos ran the weekly magazine Timón, funded by German interests in Mexico, which was pure propaganda for the Nazi regime, and the columns with Vasconcelos’s byline were openly anti-Semitic. This was hardly out of sync with contemporary political realities, as Mexico was providing oil to Hitler, and some Mexican (and anti-gringo) businessmen and politicians supported the Führer. For other serious writers, like Nicaraguan poet Pablo Antonio Cuadra, fascism was only a passing phase. Most of the real Nazi authors from Latin America have slipped into obscurity, their books gone out of print, like the novel El derecho de matar (The Right to Kill), a long-forgotten bestseller by the eccentric mil-

Nazi Literature in the Americas

is a real garden populated with imaginary toads and beasts.

States in 1946. Others wrote only as a hobby, like preacher Rory Long, who “founded the Charismatic Church of California” but took time out to write a poem “in which Leni Riefenstahl makes love with Ernst Jünger,” and Thomas R. Murchison, alias The Texan, a “con-man, car thief, drug dealer and all-round opportunist” who wrote “more than fifty short stories and a seventy-line poem dedicated to a wasp.” Some were scrupulous academics, like Luiz Fontaine da Souza, “whose Refutation of Voltaire (1921) was hailed by Catholic literary circles in Brazil”; others were notorious, even prolific, plagiarists, like Mirebalais (“alias Max Kasimir, Max von Hauptman, Max Le Gueule, Jacques Artibonito”), who stole liberally from Aimé Césaire, Léopold Sédar Senghor and Eduard Glissant, among others.

The relation of the writers to fascism is also diverse. Some had mainly social connections, like Edelmira Thompson de Mendiluce, the book’s first entry and the author who lived the longest (1884–1993). Her first book was To Daddy, which, Bolaño tells us, “earned her a modest place in the vast gallery of lady poets active in Buenos Aires high society”; the Mendiluce family had its picture taken with the Führer, and Edelmira’s daughter, Luz Mendiluce Thomson, a writer herself, “ treasured the famous photo of her baby self in Hitler’s arms” all her life. The Chilean Carlos Ramírez Hoffman—“the infamous Ramírez Hoffman,” as Bolaño calls him—was personally involved in the dirty war. J.M.S. Hill “boasted about having designed part of the Nazi uniform”; Amado Couto, author of Nothing to Say, a crime thriller, worked “with the death squads, kidnaping, participating in torture and wit-
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Nazi Literature in the Americas.

Rather than creating one of Marianne Moore's "imaginary gardens with real toads," Bolaño has populated a real garden with imaginary toads. Real-life writers do appear in the background, in supporting minor roles: Allen Ginsberg is beaten up by one of Bolaño's homophobic, racist authors; Bolaño himself is visited by a Nazi hunter; Lezama Lima is challenged to a duel; Rubem Fonseca is the obsession of another who wants to kidnap him "and give him a going-over." But unlike many of the characters in Bolaño's The Savage Detectives (1998), which is in part a roman à clef, and some of those in By Night in Chile (2000) and Distant Star (1996), none of the major characters in Nazi Literature in the Americas are literary clones of actual people. Bolaño does make veiled allusions to real-life literary figures. Edelmira, of the fictional Mendiluce clan, somewhat resembles Victoria Ocampo, the founder of Revista Sur, who was at the center of a group of intellectuals including Borges, Adolfo Bioy Casares, Jose Blanco and her sister Silvina Ocampo; but while Edelmira Mendiluce and Victoria Ocampo were both wealthy, adventurous editors, their politics were wildly different: Edelmira adored the Führer; Victroria was a progressive and a feminist. Any attempt to decipher the references and identities in Nazi Literature in the Americas is to enter a hall of mirrors, an exercise in futility.

Bolaño didn’t think literature is an uplifting enterprise but rather one step away from ignominy.

In a broader sense, I think, Bolaño is deeply engaged with writers in this book, and real ones, but they are those of his own generation, and of the previous one, the writers of the so-called Boom (Cortazar, Garcia Márquez, Vargas Llosa, José Donoso, Cabrera Infante and Fuentes, among others). The Boom authors won the hearts of readers around the world, and those of critics too, but they did not win over Bolaño, who was still an angry young man when he died, in 2003, at 50. "The Boom, at the beginning, as is the case with almost everything, was wonderful," Bolaño admitted to Luis García in a 2001 interview. He had found the Boom "very energizing"; but over time, like almost every literary movement, its arteries had hardened and the quality of its output had declined. "García Márquez," Bolaño argued crankily, "grows more similar to Santos Chocano every day, or in the best of cases, Lugones"—two second-rate writers. And "the legacy of the Boom," he argued fiercely, "is fearful." Who, he demanded, "are the official inheritors of García Márquez? Isabel Allende, Laura Restrepo, Luis Sepúlveda and some other guy," as if that were self-evident evidence of decline. Rushing on, he declared, "It's clear...the traditions of our parents (and even some grandparents) are worthless...they've even become dead weight." He went on: "As writers, we find ourselves at the edge of an abyss. There seems to be no way to cross it, but it must be crossed and that is our work, to find a way across. If we don't want to fall to our deaths, we have to create anew, we have to take risks."

Bolaño wanted to depart from this literary trajectory but also to break with a different kind of tradition, that of the willingness of Latin American authors, especially pre-eminent ones, to be public intellectuals, to speak out about causes in which they believed. Some were handmaidens of power, others were its opponents, but all tended to believe that the pen is mightier than the sword, that writers and literature can and should improve society. Society, for its part, often embraces such writers, especially the pious ones, turning them into celebrities, political and cultural pillars. Octavio Paz, Mexico’s great poet, sided with the Republic during the Spanish Civil War, fiercely criticized Stalin and resigned his post as the Mexican ambassador to India in response to the Tlatelolco massacre of 1968. Mario Benedetti, Cortázar and García Márquez, like many authors of the Boom, allied themselves with the nascent Cuban Revolution (though some would later disassociate themselves from it). Elena Poniatowska was everywhere during Andrés Manuel López Obrador’s recent campaign for the presidency of Mexico and vociferously supported his attempt to reverse the results of an election he considered fraudulent. Argentine Juan Gelman—the latest recipient of the Cervantes Prize, the most prestigious in the Spanish language—has become the advocate of the children of the disappeared: those born in “concentration camps” or secret jails, then spirited away from their parents. These authors have all acquired a halo of respectability that has nothing to do with their writing.

While such political engagement might seem honorable and laudatory—depending, of course, on whether one agrees with the politics—Bolaño, a cantankerous critic, thought it a bad business. Being canonized as a secular saint did not interest him; he didn’t think that literature is an uplifting enterprise, a self-help manual or a weapon for changing the world; if anything, it is just the opposite. As he explained to Luis García, "Literature, especially because it is an exercise practiced by sycophants of all stripes and political creeds—or an exercise that creates sycophants, has always been a step away from ignominy, from the vile, even from torture. The problem lies in its sycophantic nature. And also, of course, in fear."

Whatever one thinks of Bolaño’s stance, for him it led not only to a radical rejection of the predominant literary dynasty and reigning cultural tradition but also to the creation of an alternative lineage, a tradition of which he could happily be the heir, and that was the world of Nazi Literature in the Americas. He peopled his book not with literary saints but with sinners and cranks, klansmen and crooks, madmen and mystics. He was a marginal writer drawing the portraits of his forebears with his own hand and at the same time creating a kind of literary sperm bank from which he would make withdrawals in his later writing. When the time came, he could tap the shoulders of his once and future characters and wake them up. Among the fictional fauna of Nazi Literature in the Americas later resurrected was the "infamous Ramirez Hoffman"—who reappears in Distant Star with a name that heralds his return: Wieder, which is German for "again" or "(to come) back."

The reader looking for information about Nazi writers who lived—or live—in Latin America had best look elsewhere. Those who want to revel in some lively, picaresque writing charged with hilarity and irony—and to step through the door into Roberto Bolaño’s private and handcrafted tradition—will find reading this book enjoyable, if that’s the right word for watching a parade of monsters go by.
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March 31, 2008

Windows Into the Night
by MARCELA VALDES

Never one to proceed by half-measures, Roberto Bolaño dropped out of high school shortly after he decided to become a poet at age 15. The year was 1968, a time as wild in Mexico City, where Bolaño and his parents were living, as it was in the United States—but much more dangerous. There, student protests, rock ‘n’ roll and sexual liberation were the pursuits not only of poets but also of activists and leftist guerrillas, and the Mexican government greeted them with a dirty war. Four unlucky students died at Kent State in 1970; some 300 were killed in the Tlatelolco massacre of 1968. Yet for Bolaño, who’d just arrived from a small country town in Chile, the atmosphere of the big city was intoxicating. Years later he recalled that the capital had seemed to him “like the Frontier, that vast, nonexistent territory where freedom and metamorphosis are the spectacles of every day.”

Bolaño’s own transformation began with a five-year period of isolation. Rather than join the party, he shut himself in his bedroom to consume book after book after book. The poet Jaime Quetzada, who came to visit the family when Bolaño was 18, recalls that the young writer was living like a hermit. “He didn’t come out of his bed-living-dining-room,” Quetzada has said, “except to go to the toilet or to comment out loud, pulling on his hair, about some passage in the book he was reading.”

Young and broke, Bolaño stocked his shelves by shoplifting from bookstores all over Mexico City. His captures included volumes by Pierre Louÿs, Max Beerbohm, Samuel Pepys, Alphonse Daudet, Juan Rulfo, Amado Nuño and Vachel Lindsay. But the book that changed his life was Albert Camus’s The Fall, in which a lawyer who hangs out at an Amsterdam bar named Mexico City resigns himself to a life of calculated hypocrisy. Bolaño explains in his essay “Who’s the Brave One?” that after reading it, he was possessed by a desire “to read everything, which, in my simplicity, was the same as wanting to or intending to discover the mechanism of chance that had led Camus’s character to accept his atrocious fate.” Bolaño’s library was his own private Frontier.

Unlike many passionate young readers—who knock off two books a week when they’re in high school but slow down to three or four a year once adulthood hems them in—Bolaño kept reading all his life. Most authors, Bolaño’s editor Jorge Herralde observed in his book For Roberto Bolaño (2006), bury themselves in their own work, losing sight of the larger field. But Bolaño loved reading the works of his contemporaries—and he loved talking about what he was reading with his friends. According to Herralde, he was that rare and beautiful animal: “an insatiable reader.”

This lifelong compulsion, and its fleeting gratifications, formed the foundation of Bolaño’s critical rulings, many of which can be found in his posthumous collection Entre paréntesis: Ensayos, artículos y discursos (1998–2003) (Between Parentheses: Essays, Articles and Speeches).

The collection, edited by Spanish literary critic Ignacio Echevarría—one of Bolaño’s best friends—was published by Anagrama in 2004, and it has yet to be brought into English. This is a shame, and not only because Bolaño’s judgments are often a delight to read. In the United States, Bolaño is best known for his fiction: the eerie stories of Last Evenings on Earth, the short novels Distant Star and By Night in Chile, the tragicomic colossus The Savage Detectives. But in the Spanish-speaking world, Bolaño is also renowned for his erudition. The onomastic index at the end of Between Parentheses contains 600 names, most of which represent a book, or a series of books, that Bolaño had read. The C’s, which number sixty-two, are especially rich. There one finds not only such Golden Age masters as Miguel de Cervantes and Calderón de la Barca but also philosophical novelists Camus and Elias Canetti, as well as American novelists Michael Chabon, Douglas Coupland and Raymond Chandler.

It’s no exaggeration to say that Bolaño has become a T.S. Eliot or Virginia Woolf of Latin American letters. His influence on the younger generation of writers is considerable, and it derives as much from his fierce, lapidary opinions as it does from his fiction’s style and imagination. The Spanish writer Javier Cercas made Bolaño a character in his novel Soldiers of Salamis, as did Jorge Volpi in his novel El fin de la locura (An End of Madness). Six weeks before his death, Bolaño was unanimously declared to be the most important novelist of his generation by a meeting of Latin American writers in Seville. As novelist Rodrigo Fresné has written, Bolaño was “one of those rare hinge-writers who make a new generation through the simple pleasure of shaking up certain self-satisfied forms, structures content to have achieved the easy and false immortality of the fossilized.”

In the introduction to Between Parentheses, Echevarría asserts that the volume isn’t meant to be exhaustive. Nonetheless, it’s an immense miscellany, including among its 125 items almost every one of the semiweekly columns Bolaño published in the Chilean newspaper Las Últimas Noticias and the Catalan paper Diari de Girona—some eighty-six works. This is too much for the newcomer to Bolaño, for whom a selection of the better pieces would do. But for those interested in deciphering Bolaño’s many influences, his values and his biography, and certainly for anyone whose appetite for reading is as insatiable as Bolaño’s, the collection is a treasure chest: filled with straw and dust but also with odd glittering jewels and fistfuls of gold.

Bolaño’s career as a nonfiction writer began in 1998, the year he turned 45 and published The Savage Detectives, his fifth novel. The reason for this late start is simple. Bolaño rose from obscurity to celebrity with the speed of a meteor; before the appearance of The Savage

Marcela Valdes is a contributing editor at Publishers Weekly. She is at work on a book about Chile.
From the landmark book Grow Young with HGH comes the most powerful, over-the-counter health supplement in the history of man. Human growth hormone was first discovered in 1920 and has long been thought by the medical community to be necessary only to stimulate the body to full adult size and therefore unnecessary past the age of 20. Recent studies, however, have overturned this notion completely, discovering instead that the natural decline of Human Growth Hormone (HGH), from ages 21 to 61 (the average age at which there is only a trace left in the body) and is the main reason why the body ages and fails to regenerate itself to its 25 year-old biological age.

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Detectives, which dazzled readers in Spain and Latin America, no magazine or newspaper was particularly interested in his opinions. Writing essays and delivering speeches, however, were soon revealed to be two of Bolaño’s great vocations—and he pursued them fervently. The entire contents of Between Parentheses, a book of 366 tightly spaced pages, were produced by Bolaño within the last five years of his life, at a time when he was also writing poetry, publishing a book of fiction each year and grappling with the liver disease that would eventually kill him on July 14, 2003.

“Twain was always ready to die,” Bolaño said of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, whose Adventures of Huckleberry Finn he adored (in 1999 he published the prelude to one of its Spanish editions). “That’s the only way to understand his humor.” Something similar might be said of Bolaño. Diagnosed with a chronic liver problem in 1992, he wrote all of his major works while serving a virtual death sentence. In several of his essays he refers to the fact that he can’t drink alcohol anymore, that just one drink could kill him, a change he must have felt keenly since, reading between the lines, it appears that heavy drinking and a heroin addiction may be what demolished his liver in the first place. Bolaño kicked dope in 1988, an experience he describes in “Beach”—a five-page essay composed of a single, harrowing sentence. A fragment of it reads: “thoughtlessly, I would get an urge to cry, and I’d get into the water and swim, and I’d get into the water and swim, and I’d get into the water and swim…” In this way he almost drowned himself twice.

“Brave” may well be the adjective that recurs most often in Between Parentheses, and bravery was indeed something of an obsession for Bolaño. “The figure of bravery is multiple and changing,” he wrote in the starkly titled “Bravery.” “For my generation bravery is linked with Billy the Kid, who risked his life for money, and with Che Guevara, who risked his for generosity, with Rimbaud, who walked alone at night, and with Violeta Parra, who opened windows into the night.” Soldiers and poets, he liked to believe, were the bravest people on earth. He once joked that if he had to rob a bank, he’d choose five “true poets” as his accomplices.

Of course, courage is hardly an unusual fascination for an author. Writers love to glorify the difficulties of their line of work. They speak of wrestling with ideas and facing down blank pages, of battling with ham-fisted editors and triumphing over tin-eared readers. What makes Bolaño’s preoccupation rare is that he associated bravery with failure, not triumph. Why choose to rob a bank with five poets? “No one else in the world,” he explained, “faces disaster with greater dignity and clarity.”

For him, the supreme writer on the topic was not Homer or Virgil but Archilochus of Paros, the ancient Greek poet who earned his bread as an itinerant mercenary and rhapsode. The earliest Greek writer of personal lyric verse, Archilochus is famous for penning a nonchalant poem recounting how he threw off his shield in battle in order to flee and save his skin—an action considered disgraceful for a soldier at that, and any, time. He was equally cynical about success. Remembering one victory, Archilochus scoffs:

So we’re one thousand, those of us who gave death to the seven bodies laid out there, which we reached by running

“He knew war as a sorry necessity, not as a place for heroic feats,” Bolaño observes, and his willingness to face death over and over again with no public glory appears to be what captured Bolaño’s admiration. Having spent most of his life on the down and out, hustling at one day job after another while he wrote his verse, Bolaño had an intense appreciation for the courage it takes to keep fighting when there are no laurels in sight. In fact, he devoted the entire final portion of his essay “Exiles” to citing passages from Archilochus’ poetry. The longest quotation is a verse that appears to have meant as much to Bolaño as Rudyard Kipling’s “If” meant to another generation of men:

Heart, Heart, if you’re beset by invincible griefs, rise!, withstand contrary-wise offering up your chest, and against the tricks of the enemy steel yourself firmly. And should you come out victorious, dissemble, heart, don’t boast, nor, defeated, should you debase yourself crying at home. Don’t let them matter too much your joy in success, your sorrow in failure. Understand that in life alternation rules.

A n essay, Cynthia Ozick once wrote, “is the movement of a free mind at play,” and like many of the stronger pieces in Between Parentheses, “Exiles” moves through a complex, impressionistic structure that’s held together by personal associations: sometimes images, sometimes numbers and other times words. One of the most moving pieces in the collection is Bolaño’s acceptance speech for the Rómulo Gallegos Prize, which he partly organized around the number eleven: he won the eleventh Rómulo Gallegos Prize; his childhood soccer jersey was number eleven; there may be a plaque commemorating Rómulo Gallegos at eleven on a street in Barcelona; the eleventh of September 1973 was the day of the coup d’état in Chile.

In these essays we hear Bolaño’s real voice, the one he often disguised through the ventriloquism of his fiction. Its tone is angry and declamatory as often as it’s conversational and intimate. And its most tender notes sound when Bolaño is writing about his friends and family and Blanes, the small coastal town in Spain where he eventually made his home. Bolaño had a talent for vignettes and for small loteklike portraits. His columns about daily life can be as sweet as seaside watercolors: “I like to contemplate the beach,” he explains in “Civilization.” “There in that triumphant amalgamation of semi-nude bodies, lovely and ugly, fat and thin, perfect and imperfect, the air brings us a magnificent smell, the smell of suntan lotion.”

But put before a large audience, Bolaño liked to play the boy who reveals the emperor has no clothes. A typical gambit was to introduce an irritant where others might employ a joke. Asked to talk about “literature and exile” in Vienna, for example, he opens by declaring that he doesn’t believe in “exile,” then launches into a long anecdote recounting how badly the Austrians treated his best friend, Mario Santiago, when he came to visit Vienna in 1978 or ’79.

Having discharged that bile, however, Bolaño goes on to say quite a bit about literature and exile, or rather about why he believes that no real writer could ever be exiled from his country. “A real writer’s only nation is his library,” he explains. To drive his point home, he treats his audience to a close reading of a poem by the Chilean physicist Nicanor Parra, whom Bolaño considered the best living poet in Spanish. The poem grapples with a party-game question: who are Chile’s four greatest poets? Among the possible answers: Gabriela Mistral, Pablo Neruda, Vicente Huidoboro, Pablo de Roeha, Nicanor Parra, Jorge Teillier and Enrique Lihn. Parra’s answer matches the absurdity of the conundrum:

The four great poets of Chile

Are three:

Alonso de Ercilla and Rubén Dario.

As Bolaño explains, Ercilla was a Spanish soldier who fought in Chile’s colonial wars.
His epic poem *La Araucana* recounts the battles between the conquistadors and the Mapuche Indians. It is a foundational work of Chilean literature, which Ercilla wrote while he lived in Castile. The second poet, Dario, is the father of Modernist poetry in Spanish. He was born in Nicaragua and lived in Chile only briefly, near the end of the nineteenth century. In short, Parra's poem asserts that the greatest poets of Chile, the ones who have most influenced its literature, aren't Chilean at all.

Bolaño hated nationalist tendencies of any sort, and he loved cerebral jokes, but there's another part of Parra's poem that delighted him—and that, more generally, provoked him to admire Parra as a sort of hero. The poem, Bolaño remarks, is like “an explosive artifact put there so that we Chileans open our eyes and leave off our nonsense, it's a poem that inquires into... the fourth dimension of civic conscience, and although at first glance it looks like a joke, and moreover it is a joke, a second look reveals it to be a declaration of human rights.” An explosive joke that inquires into the reader's conscience? This sounds like the method behind much of Bolaño's fiction, which regularly satirized the moral failings of historical figures. At least four of his novels are actually romans à clef.

For those on the receiving end, such explosions are rarely pleasant. They can cause collateral damage as well, which is why bomb throwers tend to light the fuse well behind the target's back. Bolaño, however, clearly modeled his public persona on Parra's call-a-spade-a-spade, take-no-prisoners approach. The whole Parra family, he writes in another essay, has “put into practice one of the highest ambitions of poetry of all time: to fuck the public's patience.” The last words of his profile “Eight Seconds with Nicanor Parra” are “THE TIME TO SIMMER DOWN WILL NEVER COME.”

Such a declaration—IN ALL CAPS, no less—made when Bolaño was 48, can be interpreted either as uncompromising integrity or rancid intran- sigence. I'd vote for an uneasy combination of both. Bolaño's commitment to a moral code was genuine, but he always had a romantic attitude toward adolescence—his essays are permeated with a nostalgia for lost youth—and his irritants sometimes smack of solipsism. Had his only idols been Parra and Archilochus, his fiction might well have been insufferable.

In fact, their influence was tempered by Bolaño's passion for two other writers—Julio Cortázar and Jorge Luis Borges. Cortázar's thumbprints can be seen all over *The Savage Detectives* and *Last Evenings on Earth*, with their puzzlelike structures and multinational characters. Asked by journalist Mónica Maristain whether one of his stories was modeled on Cortázar's “Taken House,” Bolaño replied no, but “what more could I want than for it to seem like one of Cortázar's?”

Of the two men, however, Borges held the greater sway. “Borges is, or should be, the center of our canon,” Bolaño wrote shortly before his death, and his best, most provocative, examination of the blind Argentine can be found in the sweeping essay “Wayward Drifts” (2002). “When Borges dies,” the essay declares, “everything [in Argentine literature] suddenly ends. It's as if Merlin had died...Apollonian intelligence gives up its place to Dionysian desperation.”

The problem with most contemporary Argentine literature, Bolaño thought, is that it's anti-Borgesian. Rejecting the cerebral, playful purity of Borges's work, it gives itself over to two “lamentable” trends: commercialism and “heaviness,” a word he employs with both its 1970s sense (intense) and in a more current one. (It's the word of a reviewer of one of his books who said it was the most appropriate epithet to describe his work, and Bolaño was happy to accept it and incorporate it into his own self-image.)
and its more standard meanings: dense, excessive, mentally oppressive. Commercialism repulses Bolaño for obvious reasons: it measures achievement through sales and propagates itself through plagiarism—an offense Bolaño ranked among the worst of all sins. His relation to heaviness was more complicated.

Bolaño enjoyed the work of “heavy” writers like Roberto Arlt and Ricardo Piglia, but all writers he really loved—including Kafka—fight against darkness with humor. (If you’re beset by invincible griefs, rise!) Like many others, Bolaño admired Borges’s rigorous structures and his uncanny inventions, but he also took a bat to the idea of Borges as a sober brainiac. He championed the comic detective stories Borges wrote with Adolfo Bioy Casares under the pseudonyms H. Bustos Domecq and B. Suarez Lynch. “Without a doubt, they write the best comic fiction” in Latin America, Bolaño asserts, an accomplishment he found all the more precious because the tradition of comic writing in Latin America is so threadbare.

Elsewhere Between Parentheses suggests that it was Borges who moved Bolaño from Dionysus’ to Apollo’s side. In “The Book That Survives,” Bolaño recalls that the first book he bought after he moved from Mexico City to Europe at 24 was the complete poems of Jorge Luis Borges. Almost thirty years later, he still remembered the “completely irrational” joy he felt at holding the volume in his hands. “I bought it in Madrid in 1977,” he writes, “and, though Borges’s poetry wasn’t unknown to me, that same night I read it until eight in the morning, as if the reading of those verses were the only reading possible for me, the only reading that could effectively distance me from a life that was, until then, immoderate.”

For Bolaño, life until then had consisted mostly of leading a group of young Mexican poets known as the Infrarealists. At 23, he wrote the manifesto for the group, which specialized in publicly harassing poets who accepted money from Mexico’s PRI government. In contrast to such ostentatious rebellion stood Borges, whose works and life pointed the way to a quieter, more radical form of literary revolution. The title of Bolaño’s short biographical essay on Borges, “The Brave Librarian,” tries to imbue the writer with some Archilochian glamour, but the matter-of-fact tone of the text surrenders to the plainness of the facts: Borges wanted to be a poet. He worked in a library for years. In a city full of writers, he made few literary friends. Like Bolaño, he turned to fiction only in his 30s, after it had become clear that his poetry would never be a great success. He spent his youth in obscurity and was gifted with fame in middle age. Like Bolaño, he loved detective fiction, outlaws, wrinkles in space and time. His reading was insatiable.

Un Lio Bestial

by FORREST GANDER

Hauling the fizzing, poisonous, carbonic dream of becoming a poet through cafes, beds, bars, bookstores, crappy jobs and the urban and rural landscapes of Mexico and Spain, the excitable protagonists of Roberto Bolaño’s The Savage Detectives (1998) make, in the end, more skid marks than poems. Searching from barrio to barrio for an obscure poet associated with a literary movement called Stridentism, dragging a girlfriend in tow and chased by a homicidal pimp, the novel’s two main characters, Ulises Lima, modeled on Bolaño’s close friend Mario Santiago, and Arturo Belano, Bolaño’s alter ego, eventually cross oceans and deserts. Through fragmented testimonies divulged to an unidentified detective by Lima and Belano’s former friends, the would-be poets come clear as

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tragic antiheroes. Meanwhile, right down to its yellow eyeteeth, Mexico City is rendered as vividly as Balzac’s Paris. This chronicle of frustrated youth, with ambition burning up its resources of affluence and dream, found a wide readership when it appeared in translation in America in 2007, a year that also saw the fiftieth anniversary of Jack Kerouac’s *On the Road.* Eliciting rave reviews (*New York* magazine hailed Bolaño as “literature’s new patron saint”), *The Savage Detectives* sucked American readers into the wake of its Rimbaldian adventure.

Now, in the bright light of Bolaño’s American fame, his biographical note looks like a set piece. He’s born in Chile in 1953. Reads omnivorously. Moves with his family to Mexico as an adolescent when his father senses the darkening political climate. Returns to Chile in 1973 to help promote Allende’s socialism, but arrives too late. Is arrested after Pinochet’s coup against Allende, then released when a guard, by sheerest coincidence, recognizes him from school. Returns to Mexico, launches an improbable, confrontational literary movement called Infrarealism in 1976 and then, after a year of traveling, moves to Spain. Although he believes poetry is the one literary activity that “puts into play one’s own life,” he starts writing fiction to support himself. His fifth novel, *The Savage Detectives,* brings him wide international acclaim, and for five years he pumps out stories, poetry, novels, reviews and essays as if possessed. Finally, he succumbs to liver disease in 2003 at 50.

Is *The Savage Detectives* Bolaño’s best book? The contenders would have to include *By Night in Chile,* a much more gemlike and austere novel narrated by Sebastián Urrutia Lacroix, a seminarian and initiate into Opus Dei who writes poetry, becomes a fascist poet-pilot in Pinochet’s air force who skywrites his poems over Santiago, where she is trapped in a toilet stall in 1974. Bolaño considered himself a Trotskyist at the time. Later, he decided he was simply crazy in his youth. In any case, he

The door to a torture room will be quickly shut. A collaborator will let secret police into the house of people he is betraying, but we’ll read only that “the bodies will never be found.” In Bolaño’s *oeuvre,* violence redeems no one, no one kicks clear of it, and even those who condemn it, particularly writers and intellectuals, are complicit. In fact, Bolaño insistently exposes the hypocritical marriage of literary ambition and political opportunism. His heroes, meanwhile, are locked in toilet stalls, lost in exile and forgotten in tiny desert pueblos.

Second, most of Bolaño’s prose is inhabited by poets obsessed with poetry, which was Bolaño’s first and greatest love despite the fact that, as he noted, “There are so few readers of poetry that to publish it is almost a gratuitous or futile act.” For Spanish-reading critics, Bolaño’s posthumous novel, *2666* (to be published in English by Farrar, Straus & Giroux this fall), is considered his greatest achievement. But Bolaño considered *Tres* (Three), a book of poems published in 2000, to be “one of my two best books.”

In his 20s, in Mexico City in the 1970s, Bolaño was an infamous poet-provocateur. In a neo-Dadaist manifesto he introduces the poetics of Infrarealism with a series of short blasts:

Sensations aren’t derived from nothing (most obvious of the obvious), but from a reality conditioned, in a thousand ways, by constant flux.

Multiple reality, you make me puke!

So, it’s possible that on the one hand we’re being born and on the other we’re in the front row for the death throes. Forms of life and forms of death crisscross our retinas every day. Their constant collision gives life to infrarealist forms: THE EYE OF TRANSITION!...

the poem as a journey and the poet as a hero who unveils other heroes....

The young Bolaño and a tiny band of friends, including Santiago, sabotaged and skewered more mainstream poets (Infrarealists considered them reactionary), whose most famous and articulate spokesman was Octavio Paz. Mexican writer Carmen Boullosa once described her terror that Infrarealists would heckle her at her first important public reading in Mexico City in 1974. Bolaño considered himself a Trotskyist at the time. Later, he decided he was simply crazy in his youth. In any case, he
became known as an enfant terrible. Stylistically, he had apprenticed himself to the great Chilean poet Nicanor Parra, author of Poems and Antipoems and, most recently (Parra, in his 90s, is still writing), Antipoems: How to Look Better and Feel Great. Eager to step out from under the enormous shadow of Pablo Neruda, Parra had studied physics at Brown University. He then transferred the twentieth-century scientific imagination of antiparticles and antimatter into literature. He retooled mathematical formulas into poetic forms; he wrote in a mock-heroic tone about hilariously self-absorbed archetypes; he cracked lyric rhythm into declarative charges. In short, he busted open vernacular; he cracked lyric rhythm into ties, scientific lexicons, comedy and street absorbed archetypes; he drew on obsceni-mock-heroic tone about hilariously self-mulas into poetic forms; he wrote in a literature. He retooled mathematical for-

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How to Look Better and Feel Great. Eager to

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studies to the literary tradition.

Parra and Bolaño were equally dis-

missive of canonical authority, transcen-
dental longings and belletrism. They pre-
ferred the slight to the monumental, the
colloquial and improvisatory to the stud-
i. They practiced a witty, sardonic po-
etry, the likes of which could be called
“unimproved”—lacking the polish of a
shiny commodity. With Bolaño, we en-
counter not only “fist-fucking” but “feet-
fucking” in a poem that also mentions
Pascal, Nazi generals, Shining Path bon-
ering dog; in the end, God and an au-
tor show up.

Bolaño's verse, The Romantic Dogs (which

takes its title from Los perros románticos: Poemas 1980–1998, a collection Bolaño

published in 2000). What are we going to

find when we get down to the glowing lick
log of poetry that nourished all of Bolaño's

highly regarded fiction?

For those who have read Bolaño's prose,

the poetry will seem both more out-
rageous and more familiar. Many of

the characters who haunt his stories

and novels under pseudonyms show

up in his poetry with their real names intact.

Words, even whole sentences from the fic-
tion, cycle through the poems (or vice versa).

Much of the work is prose poetry, and even

the lyric poems can read a bit like chopped
prose. Bolaño wasn’t interested in enjamb-
ment, complex sound patterns, line breaks

or classical prosodic techniques often associ-
ated with poetry. With the American Beats

and Nicanor Parra as his aesthetic allies,

he gave himself over to the subversive, to

antiheroes, to ballad and saga. So the

poems shine their beery light on life's ro-

mantic dogs: dreamers, detectives and

poets who do double time as saints and

martyrs. The language is speedy and col-

loquial, spiced by Bolaño's exposure, in

Chile, Mexico and Spain, to three strains

of Castilian Spanish. Chileanisms pop up

in a poem set in Mexico. The twists of idiom

sometimes make, Bolaño admits, “un lio

bestial,” a terrific mess. But the messier it

gets, the more fun it is.

Steeped in the clichés of detective fic-

tion—rain, tears, graphic sex, guns, grunge

and corpses, which can’t be disassociated,

in Bolaño’s case, from Latin American histo-

ries of state-managed violence—the poems

often begin with narrative structures that,

loosed by unconventional metaphors, spill

into surreal dreamscapes. In “La Francesca,”

a speaker admits, with regard to the woman

he is with, that

I really didn’t know what to say,

Except to caress her and support

her while she moved

Up and down like life,

from All Electrons Are (Not) Alike

As Dante followed Virgil, so Columbus, Marco Polo. In

those days spring came before summer, but the world was

neither round nor infinite. Actual observations served to

confirm what he already knew. ‘True, clue, loop and

thimbles, line up to the mast. If they did not, he rolled his

eyeballs, duplicating the movement of the heavenly bodies.

As if there were no transmission of impulse from cell to

cell. Repair work is hard, of doubtful and intricate nature,

as when a gap appears between two planks or the yarn

breaks that was to haul you through the maze. What

signifies? he asked. The temperature of the hand or that it

held a scepter? Is it the nature of the mind to reach towards

the future, to anticipate events about to happen? Stance,

chance, all hands on deck. And though I do not understande

their language yet I know their king offered me bis island

for mine own.

ROSMARIE WALDROP
Up and down like the poets of France
Innocent and punished,
Until she returned to planet Earth
And from her lips sprouted
Passages from her adolescence that
filled our bedroom on the spot
With copies crying on metro escalators
With copies making love to two guys at once
While rain was falling outside
Over garbage bags and over abandoned pistols

The more adventurously the narratives are disturbed, the more fascinating the poems become. One of the best, “In the Reading Room of Hell,” occurs as a sequence of spliced prepositional phrases—“On the iced-over paths,” “In the reading room of Hell,” “With cigarette in mouth and with fear”—that lead to the surprising conclusion: “Sometimes/green eyes /And 26 years Yours truly.” That last phrase, “Yours truly,” is an inspired translation of “Un servidor,” literally, “a servant,” by Laura Healy, the English translator of Bolaño’s poems.

There are poems spackled with quotidian details—“I settled for a chamomile infusion and slices of/ Wheat bread”—and references to real and imaginary characters—Caliban, Ernesto Cardenal, Defoe, Duchamp, Hercules. With an appealing slouch and bouncy gossip, a typical poem might begin, “I was chatting with Archibald MacLeish in Los Marinos Bar/In Barceloneta when I saw her appear.” It may sound a bit like a story, but Bolaño, nodding to Harold Bloom, considered that some of the best poetry of the twentieth century was written in prose. “In the Ulysses of James Joyce,” Bolaño notes in an interview, “is contained The Waste Land of Eliot, and Ulysses is better than The Waste Land.” One of his favorite books by Neruda was El habitante y su esperanza (The Tenant and His Hope), which Bolaño considered poetry although Neruda called it a novel. Bolaño’s own best book of poems, Tres, contains three sections: a series of short prose paragraphs that might be called flash fictions; a series of lyric poems; and a series of prose poems, each beginning with the declaration, “I dreamed.”

A die-hard romantic (lampooned by Chilean poet and critic Andrés Ajens as “the Cervantes” of our time), Bolaño repeatedly uses words such as “dream,” “hope,” “pain,” “beauty” and “courage” without irony. His poems are spoken by and for those losers whose dreams have been “Sacrificed beneath the wheel/Unchronicled,” as he writes in “Parra’s Footsteps.” Sexual acts are endlessly described and diagnosed, as they should be by any disciple of Nicanor Parra, the antipoet who wrote that “Fucking is a literary act.” Bolaño’s poem “Lupe,” for instance, depicts the speaker’s erotic liaisons with an adolescent whore and ends with the lines,

“This is the part of you I want to suck, she said to me one night.
What, Lupe? Your heart.

American readers might hear in these last lines an echo of Robert Hass, in whose poem “Forty Something” a woman threatens to stick a knife into the heart of her lover if he ever has an affair with a younger woman. Hass’s poem ends: “You understand? Your heart.”

But Bolaño is more surreal, more rashly ebullient and sappier than Hass. Sometimes he veers headlong into the sentimental, as in these stanzas from “Muse,” the next to last poem in The Romantic Dogs:

Sometimes I see her walking over the mountains: she’s the guardian angel of our prayers.
She’s the dream that recurs with the promise of the whistle.
The whistle that calls us and loses us.
In her eyes I see the faces of all my lost loves.
Oh, Muse, protect me, I say to her, on the terrible days of the ceaseless adventure.

Because each line is broken in the same way, where it completes a syntactically stable phrase, we see all those prepositions, conjunctions and subjects stacking up in the left margin. The weird reference to “the whistle” is wonderful and characteristic of Bolaño’s unpredictable swerves, but the language of the poem in general is so bathetic that it raises our suspicions that the author is being tongue-in-cheek. And yet, and yet. By the time Bolaño finishes this poem with the sixth-gradish

Muse,
more beautiful than the sun,
more beautiful than the stars.

the sheer lack of effort to be original, to use “powerful language,” to “make it new,” can seem a kind of honesty, a kind of humility before the god of poetry. What were you going to do, anyway? Try to impress her?
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READ ABOUT LAST YEAR’S NATION CRUISE TO ALASKA IN THE TRAVEL SECTION OF THE NEW YORK TIMES AT WWW.NATIONCRUISE.COM
Events

NATIONAL

Say 'No' to Africom—No US Military Command in Africa

In February 2007 the Department of Defense announced the creation of a US Africa Command infrastructure, or Africom, to “coordinate all US military and security interests throughout the continent.” The Granny Peace Brigade will be observing the fortieth anniversary of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.’s assassination, viewing the Africom program as a direct violation of, and threat to, King’s dream of peace, social justice and racial harmony. Our second teach-in will be Sunday, March 30. Program: Horace G. Campbell, professor of political science at Syracuse University; Emira Woods, co-director of Foreign Policy in Focus at the Institute for Policy Studies; Frida Berrigan, senior research associate at the Arms Trade Resource Center at the World Policy Institute; Sonia Sanchez, poet, activist and member of the Philadelphia Granny Peace Brigade; and the New York City Step Team for Social Justice, a dance troupe. Moderator: Vinie Burrows, actor, writer and member of the NY Granny Peace Brigade. 2–5 PM. Unitarian Church of All Souls, Reidy Friendship Hall, 1157 Lexington Avenue (79-80th streets). Info: www.grannypeacebrigade.org/closebases.html, (212) 933-2125, grannypeace@gmail.com.

Pennsylvania

Iraq: What to Do


The Nation.
March 31, 2008

Classified

While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation wishes its readers to know we don’t have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.

ACTIVISM


ANCIENT SECRETS

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED! Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored gospels. Amazing but absolutely incontrovertible! Send $10; Abelard Reuchlin Foundation, Box 5652-B, Kent, WA 98064. For details, please send SASE.


ASTROLOGY

TRANSFORMATIONAL ASTROLOGY. Readings with Dr. Craig, In person or by phone. Counseling for individuals and couples. www.laehealer.com or (323) 208-1091.

BLOGS/WEB

WWW.THEVIEWFROMTHECOUCH.COM.


STUDENTS—looking for a good study break? Visit The Nation’s new student web page at www.thenation.com/student. Here you can catch up on news from campuses around the country, request free magazines for your student events, contribute to a weekly online discussion board about controversial issues, read student-related Nation articles and keep abreast of upcoming Nation-sponsored student conferences, contests and public engagements.

STUDENTS, TEACHERS, SCHOOL LIBRARIANS: Through the generosity of Nation Associates, we are able to offer free access to the Nation Digital Archive for high school and college libraries. This archive includes over 140 years of political and cultural commentary by historical figures such as Albert Einstein, Langston Hughes, Martin Luther King Jr. and Hunter S. Thompson. Obtaining a free year of access for your school is as easy as filling out a simple online form on our StudentNation web page at www.thenation.com/student. Take advantage of this great research tool and spread the word!

BOOKS

BOTHERED BY FORBIDDEN DESIRES? Don’t feel guilty, read Dr. Lumumba’s Dream of Incest by Anna Purna. (888) 280-7715. Also available at Amazon.com.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE is to live it, and here is how: www.findthepurposeoflife.com; (888) 280-7715.

COMMERCIAL

The advertising deadline for Events is every Thursday.

Rate: $210 for 50 words; $260 for 75 words, additional words (above 75) $2.00 each. To place an ad, call Leigh at (212) 209-5414.

GOURMET FOOD


LIBERAL LIAISONS

If responding to a Nation Box number, send replies to: Nation Box ___, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003.

Concerned Singles


FiftyPlusConnect.com

FIND A DATE, travel partner, activity partner, e-pal or more. Sign up now. (800) 343-7074.


Sensual, Stylish Phone Conversations with intelligence, humor and élan. Unrestricted, guaranteed discretion. Alexis, (781) 581-9598.


Latina Retired Educator, recently transplanted to Orange County, CA, in the lion’s den. Looking left for a fit, politically progressive, retired male companion to share the good times of our golden years. I’m interested in opera, classical music, concerts, museums, art, physical fitness and healthy eating. No smoke or drink. Reply Nation Box 450.


Looking for a Young Wife (under 35), but I’ll settle for female pen pals. She must be totally opposed to the illegal, immoral, unprovoked war Bush started in Iraq and the war he wants to start in Iran. I love long, straight, black hair, Brad, Box 3541, Reno, NV 89505. Peace.

MERCHANDISE

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Classified

MERCHANDISE

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SUPPORT THE NATION AND OUR NATION! Shop online at www.thenationmart.com and exercise subtle and not-so-subtle dissent. Most items are union-made. Great gifts!

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

ONLINE ADVERTISING SALES REPRESENTATIVE. The Nation, America’s leading progressive print and online journal, seeks an online advertising salesperson for (soon-to-be-redesigned) website. Position will have responsibility for growing web revenue, with responsibility for all phases of the advertising sales cycle—from forecasting to customization of proposals and reports to clients and management, as well as development of collateral materials. Requirements: minimum of two years of advertising sales experience, with proven success and contacts in online advertising space. Must have demonstrated ability to build and maintain relationships through strong interpersonal skills, as well as superior verbal and written communication. Excellent negotiation and presentation skills required. Some travel. Position works out of The Nation’s New York City offices. Congenial workplace offering competitive compensation package and excellent benefits. The Nation is an equal opportunity employer, and minorities are strongly encouraged to apply. Send résumé, cover letter and salary requirements to websites@thenation.com. No phone calls, please.

ASSISTANT WEB EDITOR AT THE NATION. A full-time entry-level position working out of our New York City offices. Applicants should have excellent news judgment, copy editing, photo editing and web production skills, and the ability to thrive under deadline pressure. The ideal candidate would have a journalism degree or equivalent experience, to be part of a multimedia team, assisting the web editor in assigning and editing stories, working with fact-checkers and developing editorial features. Enthusiasm and experience with interactive projects essential. This is a full-time position in NYC. Deadline pressure. The ideal candidate would have a journalism degree or equivalent experience, to be part of a multimedia team, assisting the web editor in assigning and editing stories, working with fact-checkers and developing editorial features. Enthusiasm and experience with interactive projects essential. The Nation offers a competitive salary and excellent benefits. The Nation is an equal opportunity employer, and minorities are strongly encouraged to apply. Send résumé and cover letter to websales@thenation.com. No phone calls, please.

PUBLIC ADVOCATE AT ACLU OF NEVADA. The National Priorities Project seeks a public advocate at ACLU of Nevada. This is a full-time position in Las Vegas. Responsibilities include coding templates based on designs provided by outside design shops and creating new templates to mesh into thenation.com; executing e-commerce landing pages and HTML e-mail templates based on contents provided by outside design shops; and assisting the web advertising salesperson in creating microsites and uploading advertising products. The ideal candidate will understand web standards, demonstrate good design instincts and have at least two years of experience hand-coding HTML and CSS. Javascript very helpful. Experience with the following services useful but not required: Doubleclick DART, Lyris Listmanager, Democracy In Action, Google AdWords. This is a full-time position. Work must be done on site (New York City). Interested in progressive politics helpful. Minorities are strongly encouraged to apply. E-mail cover letter, résumé, salary requirements and URLs of professional work to webjob2@thenation.com. No calls or recruiters, please.

L.A.-BASED, NATION-LOVING, industry-savvy player sought by The Nation website and magazine. As The Nation offices are in NYC but the heart and soul of the industry is out West, we are looking for someone with Progressive Passion, gumption, integrity and insider contacts to represent us on a commission basis to marketers of filmed entertainment and music. The goal is to sell print and digital advertising. Interviews will be conducted in LA mid-April and late May. Please send an e-mail explaining why this is of interest to you and how you can help us. Reply movies@thenation.com.

ONLINE DIRECTOR. The Nation seeks an online director to manage all phases of thenation.com projects. Must handle multiple simultaneous projects on time and on budget, possess excellent communication and management skills, supervise small staff and outside vendors, possess deep experience managing software development on the web. Experience with Linux, Apache, MySQL and Perl important. full-time position in NYC offices. Equal opportunity employer. Send salary requirements and URLs of professional work to webjob1@thenation.com.

UWH IS SEEKING PEOPLE who are committed to social justice and interested in working for a progressive, democratic union that values the voice and involvement of our rank and file membership in building a strong movement for all working people. Please visit our website at www.seiuvoice.org. For more information, contact us at recruiter@seiu-uhw.org or (323) 888-8286.

SOCIAL CHANGE JOBS. Weekly employment bulletin covers progressive organizations across USA. Free sampling of job listings from latest issues posted online now: www.change-works.org. (866) 276-7201.

The Nation, Classified Department, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003

PSYCHOTherapy

CHICAGO PSYCHOTHERAPIST. Twenty-two years, all issues including depression, anxiety, relationships and concerns of artists, academics and students. Scheduling, insurance. Deborah Hellestien, LCSW, (312) 409-9516.

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I AM IN MY 80’s. Amazingly, the more I do psychotherapy the more I find it exciting and fulfilling. My approach is Gestalt, analytic, existential, hypnotic. Free consultation. Abraham Levitski, PhD. Berkeley, CA. (510) 649-1067.

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TRAVEL


CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates and Frequency Discounts: STANDARD $4.25/word, 15-word minimum = $63.75 for 1–3 insertions; PO Box, telephone numbers, web address count as two words.
Buy 1–3 runs, pay $4.25 per word
Buy 4 runs, pay $3.95 per word
Buy 5–10 runs, pay $3.70 per word
Buy 11–12 runs, pay $3.15 per word
Buy 25–46 runs, pay $2.75 per word
Buy 47 runs, pay $2.60 per word

Logos: We will print your logo and center the headline of your advertisement for an additional fee of $50 insertion B/W; $60 for color. Maximum size for a logo is 2 1/4” wide by 1 1/2” deep. EPS logo should accompany ad copy and payment.

Deadline: Tuesday, 3 PM, 10 days prior to Monday issue date.

Payment in US currency or major credit card must accompany order.

Enclosed is my check for $ for insertions at $ / word rate.

“Personals” advertisers: Be sure to include $45 for Nation Box number/forwarding service. For all ads please include your name, address and contact phone number with your ad or The Nation assumes no responsibility for typographical errors. You may fax your classifieds to us at (212) 982-9000 or e-mailleigh@thenation.com for faster service.

E-mail preferred. Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

The Nation, Classified Department, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003
Puzzle No. 3121

FRANK W. LEWIS

ACROSS
1 Show some appreciation to the workers at the hotel? (One used to cry in a court of law.) (8)
5 and 30 Arch support—in the air, however part of your hair. (6,8)
10 If you did it up, you may have interrupted someone. (5)
11 Opera that has equipment with nothing on, allowed to finish it. (9)
12 They fiddled with the output from here. (No cream whip, please!) (7)
13 Cronies, mixed up: was he really the first white man in America? (7)
14 Essayist made of something stronger than iron, one hears. (6)
15 Indications Mr. Gore is kept in wigs and wags. (7)
18 Beginning down? Quite the opposite to Edward—the little one turned over. (7)
21 My friend, the skilled pilot, lives in a much more modest accommodation than this! (6)
24 It takes brandy and crème de menthe to make something like one from the hive. (7)
26 To chain this possibly one would have to go to Turkey for it. (7)
27 Anxious, being somewhat indisposed, with a person who likes to get under your skin. (3,2,4)
28 Rather strange that a famous beach is so far inland! (5)
29 Something of a 24, with the fish-catcher let loose. (6)
30 See 5

DOWN
1 Poor optics are certainly something to write about! (6)
2 and 17 What the balloon usually gets, with the query being what women did on Sadie Hawkins Day. (6,3,8)
3 The wrong date to cut up inside, with the youngster who would like to go a-wooing eventually. (7)
4 Give up something in favor of a foreign drink? (7)
6 Cheerful swinging got sort of lit in the heather. (7)
7 One got nothing, and sat up with little somethings. (5)
8 Miss West said this had nothing to do with it, but it precedes me as a mild exclamation. (8)
9 This way to it, said Barnum’s sign—he got people going! (6)
16 One gets to possibly change the letters around or a northernmost state will be found to show the place off. (9)
17 See 2
19 Get it, Mr. Gore? Such things are on your hands! (7)
20 A Lord’s all upset at the back of it. (6)
21 Water of Paris flows beneath plant without direction to show a high flat place. (7)
22 Releases a real oaf set incorrectly inside. (4,3)
23 Doesn’t play fair with each misbehaving on the road up, in short. (6)
25 A little place surrounded by water is rented, nevertheless. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3120

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EPITAPHEPISEDE
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For people like me, who want a cell phone that’s easy to use. Over the years, cell phones have become smaller and smaller with so many complicated features. They are harder to program and harder to use. But the Jitterbug® cell phone has simplified everything, so it’s not only easy to use, it’s easy to try. No crowded malls, no waiting in line, no confusing sales people, or complicated plans. Affordable and convenient cell phone service is only a toll-free phone call away.

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• Separate Volume Up/Down button on cover of phone
• Hearing aid compatible
• Familiar dial tone confirms service (no other cell phone has this)
• Service as low as $10 a month*
• Access help wherever you go

Why pay for minutes you’ll never use!

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<th>Simple 30 Plan†</th>
<th>Simple 60 Plan†</th>
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<td>Trial Period</td>
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Service as low as $10 a month and a friendly 30-day return policy**. If you’ve ever wanted the security and convenience of a cell phone, but never wanted the fancy features and minutes you don’t need… Jitterbug® is for you. Like me, you’ll soon be telling your friends about Jitterbug®. Call now.

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