

The New York Times Magazine

January 29, 2017

‘ THE ONLY

WAY WE

CAN FIGHT

BACK IS

TO EXCEL,’

Undocumented college students face the dawn of the Trump administration. By Dale Russakoff

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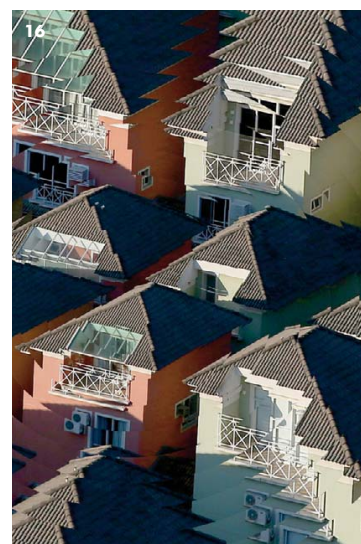
The New York Times Magazine

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54 **Talk** **Joy Reid** The MSNBC host has never heard a good argument for Trump. *Interview by Ana Marie Cox*

Behind the Cover *Kathy Ryan, director of photography: “When Indira Islas took time out from her pre-med studies at Delaware State University, she didn’t appear to feel any of the apprehension or self-consciousness people often experience when having their portrait made. She was ready to become the public face of undocumented college students in the United States.” Photograph by Angela Strassheim for The New York Times.*

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'Enough, enough, enough of this society, where there's only unemployment and insecurity!'

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A paper mill in Wizernes, France. Photograph by Christopher Anderson/Magnum, for The New York Times.



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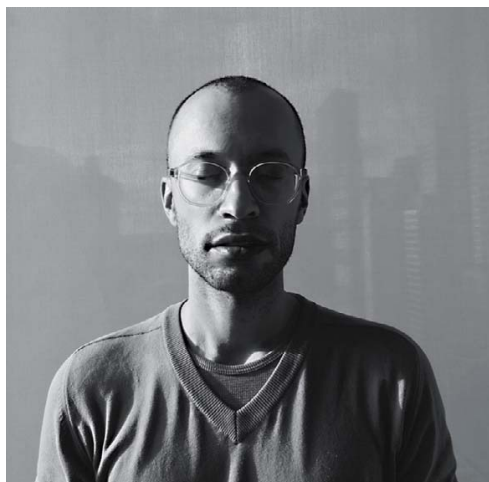
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Photographed by Kathy Ryan at *The New York Times* on Dec. 9, 2016, at 3:38 p.m.

Thomas Chatterton Williams *"Crimes of Being,"*
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Thomas Chatterton Williams is the author of a memoir, "Losing My Cool." His work has appeared in *The London Review of Books*, *Harper's* and *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, in which he wrote about his experience as the black father of a white-looking baby in Paris. That essay was anthologized in "The Best American Essays 2016," and he is expanding it into a book to be published by Norton. While interviewing John Edgar Wideman for this issue, Williams joined the 75-year-old novelist for one of his favorite activities, a power walk across the Williamsburg Bridge into Brooklyn. "He showed up in a performance outfit and his pace was relentless," Williams said. "I was wearing stiff jeans and not at all prepared for his level of physical fitness."

James Angelos *"The French Defection,"*
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James Angelos is a writer based in Berlin. He last wrote for the magazine about Syrian refugees living in a Bavarian village.

Dan Brooks *Letter of Recommendation,*
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Dan Brooks writes essays, fiction and commentary from Montana and abroad. He last wrote a Letter of Recommendation for joke dollars.

Carina Chocano *First Words,*
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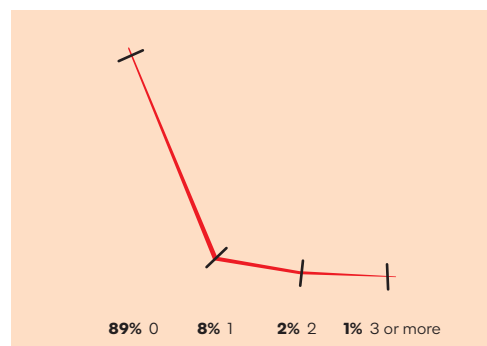
Carina Chocano is the author of "You Play the Girl," a book of essays, to be published by Houghton-Mifflin Harcourt in August.

Dale Russakoff *"The Only Way We Can Fight Back Is to Excel,"*
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Dale Russakoff is a freelance writer and the author of "The Prize: Who's in Charge of America's Schools." This is her first article for the magazine.

Dear Reader: Have You Had Plastic Surgery?

Every week the magazine publishes the results of a study conducted online in June by The New York Times's research-and-analytics department, reflecting the opinions of 2,563 subscribers who chose to participate. This week's question: *How many plastic surgeries, if any, have you had?*



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Readers respond to the 1.15.2017 issue.

RE: NEANDERTHALS

Jon Mooallem wrote about scientific research that shows that Neanderthals demonstrated many behaviors we long believed to be uniquely human.

It is depressingly clear from reading Jon Mooallem's brilliant, witty and profound article that we are the new Neanderthals, driven to extinction by the destruction of our habitat and the inexorable force of two rapidly advancing technologies, genetic engineering and automation. I imagine the next "modern" species (as we once were), a group already well established in science fiction, will be robots. *Caroline Seebohm, Titusville, N.J.*

The wonderful article by Mooallem captures new developments in the study of human evolution that reveal not only what happened to those who came before us but also what may lie in store for us. He rehabilitates Neanderthals from subhumans (based on racist and ethnocentric Victorian values) to individuals capable of symbolic thought and social relations not unlike our forebears.

But the extinction of the Neanderthals poses a broader challenge to a narcissistic, human-centered understanding of evolution. Although consensual interbreeding may be more appealing to modern sensibilities than genocidal conquest as an explanation for the replacement of Neanderthals by Homo sapiens, the drama of human behavior may have played only a secondary role in their demise. Like native peoples worldwide who faced catastrophic declines following contact with Westerners, the Neanderthals may have succumbed not to an advanced culture,



Illustration by Louise Zergaeng Pomeroy

technology or sexual prowess but rather to the arrival of virulent alien microbes that accompanied Homo sapiens to their lands. *Stanley N. Caroff, Moorestown, N.J.*

There is an underlying thread here that I think is the most interesting part of this article: There is a human desire to have an answer for why things are the way they are, and our attachment to these answers can be so strong that we will cling to them in the face of great contradictory evidence. As a medical practitioner, I can easily come up with examples in which medicine was quite confident of something, only to realize later that it was way off. Good science requires a genuinely open mind and the ability to let go of assumptions. *Kathleen, on nytimes.com*



RE: FIRST WORDS

Greg Howard wrote about how some institutions feign diversity by employing a "token."

Greg Howard's essay strikes a clear bell as to the sad and biting truth of the coming commander in chief's search for tokens: an African-American neurosurgeon for housing, perhaps a Latino for agriculture. To the questions Howard poses at the end, I say a couple of things. You know you're a token to an institution when you substantively represent an agenda that seems to speak to the needs and aspirations of marginalized communities but remains superficial. Whether you are in fact a token rests largely on deciding whose intention you will enact. As for the idea of proving that you belong, I decided some time ago, as an African-American woman, to bypass the proving game. It's simply a different version of the same paradigm, and I keep my eyes on second-order change. *Thandiwe Dee Watts-Jones, New Rochelle, N.Y.*



THE STORY, ON TWITTER

Loved this @NYTmag Neanderthals article by @jmooallem. The word choices and tangents underscore what "human" means. *@LeighBowser*

Howard's article reminded me of the advantages I was given because of affirmative action. In 1978, a major San Francisco bank used me to fill a double quota: Hispanic female. Management did not expect much of me, so I was left alone and allowed to find my own way of helping the organization be successful. I would not have been able to be promoted to a V.P. position in a white-male-dominated field if not for affirmative action and being given the position of a token.

Being a pawn can be used to your advantage if you don't allow the ego to get in the way. If you let others define what is "best" in you, your place will always be one that works to their advantage. *Irma Velasquez, San Mateo, Calif.*

Thank you. I have lived my life aiming to achieve great things while hoping to avoid being a "token." As a college-educated, professional black woman, this is part of my everyday life. Many will not seek to understand something outside their own lived experience. They will accuse you of race-baiting or creating division. But in actuality, you've given a voice, not only to many black people but also to minorities of all kinds who are tired of carrying this burden. I just want to be me, not your cover or your shield from accusation.

Gail, on nytimes.com



CORRECTIONS

An article on Jan. 8 about a new model for end-of-life care misstated part of the name of the school where Rita Charon is a professor of medicine. It is Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, not Columbia University Medical School.

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'I have lived my life aiming to achieve great things while hoping to avoid being a "token."



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Being **'humbled'** used to involve feeling diminished and unworthy. But lately, we've made it another expression of everyone's favorite subject: how great we are. By Carina Chocano

Lying Low

“I am young and unknown to many of you,” Abraham Lincoln wrote in his first political announcement, in 1832. “I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walks of life.” If the people of his county saw fit to elect him to the Illinois State Legislature, he said, “they will have conferred a favor upon me, for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate.” Lincoln’s humility would become legendary, setting the standard for a certain kind of political persona: a figure from the “humble walks of life” offering devoted service to the public. But the humble part, you’ll notice, came first: As a self-educated frontier jack-of-many-trades, he was humble to begin with, not humbled by his own political success. ¶ These days, humility is not what it used to be. It may even be the opposite of what it used to be. A few days before Christmas, Donald Trump presented his former campaign manager with the title “counselor to the president.” In response, Kellyanne Conway declared herself “humbled and honored,” a sentiment she echoed later that day on CNN: “I’m just really pleased and frankly very

humbled to take on this role in the West Wing, near the president.” Then she went on Twitter to reassure her boss that power hadn’t changed her, and that she was still the same old true-blue, fawning, deferential Kellyanne: “Grateful & humble, @realDonaldTrump,” she wrote.

We are living in humbling times. People are humbled all over the place. Lately it’s pro forma — possibly even mandatory — for politicians, athletes, celebrities and other public figures to be vocally and vigorously humbled by every honor awarded, prize won, job offered, record broken, pound lost, shout-out received, “like” copped and thumb upped.

There’s a level on which this is reasonable. It’s not the safest time to be a public figure. We’ve reached the point where we run the risk of coming across as monstrously arrogant if we’re insufficiently humbled by even the smallest accomplishment. Voters, fans, followers, whatever energetic mob lifted you to your present position: These people can transform into nasty trolls at even the slightest hint of entitlement on your part, unleashing every kind of public violence in response. To pronounce yourself humbled is to announce your greatness but also to hedge against any backlash to it. Asked what it felt like to cast a presidential vote for herself, for instance, Hillary Clinton replied that it was a “humbling experience.” This is a politician’s answer, though you can also hear it as a woman’s. Something like: “I’m not unqualified, I’m not uppity, please don’t kill me.”

There are exceptions, of course. For the rare public figure or celebrity whose cultivated arrogance and lofty untouchability intersect in just the right ways, it’s still possible to be merely “honored” and “surprised,” in old-school acknowledgment of deserved recognition. (Think of Bob Dylan, who was unable to travel to Stockholm to pick up his Nobel Prize in person because of undisclosed pre-existing commitments.) But it’s tricky. We live in a rabidly anti-elitist society that is also in slack-jawed, slavish thrall to elites, and it’s no joke to try to maintain homeostasis between “Look at me!” and “Who, me?”

For most of us, the choice is simple: We can either let our triumphs and random strokes of luck go unremarked upon, or

we can bow our heads and declare ourselves humbled by our great fortune.

It seems worth pointing out, though, that none of this is what “humbled” actually means. To be humbled is to be brought low or somehow diminished in standing or stature. Sometimes we’re humbled by humiliation or failure or some other calamity. And sometimes we’re humbled by encountering something so grand, meaningful or sublime that our own small selves are thrown into stark contrast — things like history, or the cosmos, or the divine.

“Humbled” is what a politician might have been, in pre-post-truth times, if, say, caught doing the very thing he had campaigned to criminalize. To be “humbled” is to find yourself in the embarrassing position of having to shimmy awkwardly off your pedestal, or your high horse — or some other elevated place that would not

When did humility get so cocky and vainglorious?

have seemed so elevated had you not been so lowly to begin with — muttering apologies and cringing, with your skirt riding up past your granny pants. It is to think you are in a position of fanciness, only to learn to your utter chagrin that you are in a relatively modest one instead. “So, I sold my book for \$100,000,” the author Cheryl Strayed told *Vulture* recently, in a rare example of correct recent usage, “and what I received was a check for about \$21,000 a year over the course of four years, and I paid a third of that to the I.R.S. Don’t get me wrong, the book deal helped a lot — it was like getting a grant every year for four years. But it wasn’t enough to live off. So, I guess it was a humbling lesson!”

This is no longer how most of us speak. In the present-day vernacular, people are most humbled by the things that make them look *good*. They are humbled by the sublimity of their own achievements. The “humblebrag” — a boast couched



in a self-deprecating comment — has migrated from subtext to text, leaving self-awareness passed out in the bathroom behind the potted plant.

Diving at random into the internet and social media finds this new humility everywhere. A soap-opera actress on tour is humbled by the outpouring of love from fans. Comedians are humbled by big laughs, yoga practitioners are humbled by achieving difficult poses, athletes are humbled by good days on the field, Christmas volunteers are humbled by their own generosity and holiday spirit.

And yet none of these people sound very “humbled” at all. On the contrary: They all seem exceedingly proud of themselves, hashtagging their humility to advertise their own status, success, sprightliness, generosity, moral superiority and luck.

When did humility get so cocky and vainglorious? I remember the first time, around 15 years ago, that I heard someone describe herself as “blessed.” An old friend of my boyfriend’s came to visit and spent the evening regaling us with stories of her many blessings. She wasn’t especially religious, which somehow made her choice of words worse. Every good thing in her life — friends, job, apartment, decent parking space — was a blessing: i.e., something deliberate, something thoughtfully picked out for her by a higher power. It took a while to put a finger on why it got on my nerves. The problem was that she couldn’t just let herself be lucky, because luck was random, meaningless, undeserved. Luck was a roll of the dice. She had to be *chosen*.

Something similar happens with “humbled” and “humbling.” Many uses of the word smack of sanctimony and Christian piety. Which is no wonder: Humility is, after all, a Christian virtue. According to the New Advent Catholic Encyclopedia, the word humility “signifies lowliness or submissiveness” and may trace back to the Latin *humus* — “i.e. the earth which is beneath us.” Applied to people and things, it describes “that which is abject, ignoble or of poor condition, as we ordinarily say, not worth much.” Nobody wins an Academy Award and announces that they are humiliated.

What many people mean when they say they’ve been humbled is that they’ve supposedly been reminded for a moment of their human smallness in the face of

some gigantic, mysterious force: art, agents, academy voters. It’s farther down in the New Advent entry that we begin to approach this usage: “Humility in a higher and ethical sense is that by which a man has a modest estimate of his own worth and submits himself to others.” “Others” being God, say, or a grand movement or mission, or just the majesty of your own corporate or celebrity overlords. (There are many downsides to our worship of fame and money, and one is that it makes people confuse sucking up to the rich and famous with spirituality.) Maybe that humbled soap actress was moved to recognize a modest estimate of her own worth and submit herself to her fans. Maybe Conway, as an adviser to the president, was moved to recognize a modest estimate of the value of her work — the work of uncoupling words from their meanings and spinning them into peaky meringues — and submit herself to

There are many downsides to our worship of fame and money, and one is that it makes people confuse sucking up to the rich and famous with spirituality.

the power of the office of the presidency.

But it is one thing to stand awed before the highest office in the land and quite another to stand awed before a kind word from a peer, or the purchase of a new luxury car, or the posting of an especially good Instagram picture. The word is, more and more often, just a kneejerk, a tic of false piety and blind worship.

“We’re not worthy! We’re not worthy!” was the supplicant cry of Garth and Wayne in “Wayne’s World.” Twenty-five years later, we’ve forgotten that this was supposed to be funny. We brag about being humble to our voter base, fan base, Twitter followers. We close our eyes in gratitude for our success. We look up in beatific wonder at all we have accomplished. We bow our heads in recognition of this thing that’s bigger than us, than our massive egos, and we’re humbled by its immensity. And why not? It’s got to be huge to eclipse *us*. ♦



Albert Bierstadt (1830–1902) *North Coast Indians, ca. 1860s*

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Alexa, Amazon's wildly popular home assistant, offers a vision of an automated future — one that Amazon itself is poised to dominate.



When “*Star Trek: The Next Generation*” first aired in the 1980s, it envisioned a number of technological advances for humankind’s future. Set in the 24th century, the show featured 3-D printers, visors that could provide artificial sight and a virtual reality simulator called the holodeck. But perhaps its most prescient creation was the supercomputer onboard the ship. The software — usually referred to only as “Computer” — could locate people, open doors and retrieve answers to complicated questions. Crew members spoke their requests, and an always-present helper responded within seconds.

Amazon brought a version of that computer to life recently — albeit a few centuries earlier than “*Star Trek*” predicted. Last July, David Limp, a company executive who works on the product, said in an interview with *Fortune* that the idea of an all-knowing machine, with access to all the world’s information, had captured his imagination since the first time he saw it on television. It took, he said, a team of 1,000 engineers to write its code, and when the device was finished, Amazon decided to call it Alexa, shorthand for Alexandria, as in the ancient Library of Alexandria in Egypt. It is designed to work primarily with a suite of wireless speakers, also made by Amazon, called Echo, Echo Dot and Tap.

The company bills Alexa as a smart personal assistant, one that can play your favorite song or read you a book or recite a recipe as you cook. You can also make purchases through Amazon simply by asking. The possibilities are seemingly endless, because Alexa can learn new “skills” (as Amazon likes to call them) from third-party developers who integrate Alexa into their own products. And developers have leapt at the opportunity to do so: At the beginning of 2016, there were 135 skills designed to work with Alexa, but this year that number increased to more than 7,000. Alexa can now order you an Uber or a pizza, check your bank balance, control your TV, turn your lights on and off and even measure your car’s carbon-dioxide emissions. “‘Alexa, buy me coffee’ is just a fraction of what it’s going to be over time,” said Ben Schachter, an internet analyst who covers Amazon for the equities firm Macquarie Securities. “What can they improve with the voice activation? Some of that has yet to be seen.”

Alexa has already evolved from an experimental device to an irresistible



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household fixture — perhaps surprisingly, given Amazon’s spotty track record with hardware. Kindle e-readers are popular, but the company’s attempt at a smartphone flopped hard. Schachter told me that part of Alexa’s success was luck, in that there were few other shiny consumer offerings on the market this holiday season and the price point was affordable. But something about the future-feel of this device, its ease and convenience, has captivated a mass audience, even the most privacy-conscious among us. Alexa is always listening, ready to be of service. (This has already backfired: When a newscaster relayed a story about a little girl using her Alexa to order a dollhouse, it triggered dozens of Alexas in the homes of people watching the broadcast to also try to order one.)

Five years ago, few would have guessed that Amazon would already be ahead of the top tech companies vying to be leaders in home automation. But Jeff Bezos, the founder and chief executive of the company, has been shaping this vision since the earliest days of Amazon. I recently

revisited “The Everything Store,” a 2013 book by Brad Stone about how Bezos transformed the start-up from an online bookstore into the e-commerce behemoth it is today. “Bezos’ long-term goal is to sell everything, everywhere,” Stone writes. “He will attempt to move faster, work his employees harder, make bolder bets and pursue both big inventions and small ones, all to achieve his grand vision for Amazon — that it be not just an everything store, but ultimately an everything company.”

The fact that I live in New York, a city that thrives on accessibility, might explain why I was slow to grasp the appeal of Alexa. Here we have bodegas on every corner, most open 24 hours, in case you need to pick up a roll of toilet paper or a bottle of hot sauce in the middle of the night. But most Americans don’t live with the luxury of that immediacy. I didn’t really understand this until the holidays, when I went home to visit my mom in Virginia and we ran out of seltzer. Carbonated water is not an essential item. But in that moment, it would have been easier to

quickly tell Alexa to place an order for us and forget about it until it arrived two or three days later, rather than try to remember to pick up a case of Poland Spring the next time someone made the 20-minute drive to the store. That’s the entire enticing promise of Amazon and Alexa: a much more efficient and manageable life, one in which you can outsource mundane tasks while you do something more important, like spend time with your family.

It’s not hard to imagine that Alexa might be displaced as rivals introduce their own efforts. Facebook is working on an intelligent assistant, called Jarvis (named for the smart computer that helps Tony Stark, or Iron Man, navigate his surroundings), as is Microsoft. There are rumors that Apple is working on a major update for Siri. Google is currently Amazon’s closest competitor. The company has spent decades organizing the world’s information and learning about our habits and preferences in the process, so that it will one day know what we want even before we do. Search, then, will evolve away from the actual act

Jenna Wortham
is a staff writer
for the magazine.

of searching to the act of surfacing. The company is working on a version of artificial intelligence called Google Assistant to perfect that very ability.

But while Google is working to anticipate your needs, Amazon is readying itself to be the only place you need to go to fulfill them. Thinking about Amazon's restraints — the company has never tried to introduce a social network or an email service, for example — you can understand something about the future Amazon seems to envision: A time when no screen is needed at all, just your voice.

Anand Sanwal, the chief executive of CB Insights, a trend-forecasting startup in New York, told me that Amazon has something that its competitors only dream of — consumer attention and trust. “In the last few years, Amazon has become the search engine for consumer products, instead of Google,” he said. “If you’re going to buy something, and you already have an Amazon account, you’re probably going to just buy it there. With Google, you still have to go to Amazon or Walmart.” Amazon is investing in supply trailers, drones and fulfillment centers to develop its own postal service and delivery system. And it’s still pushing its Dash buttons, those small pieces of hardware with one purpose: to order a single item from Amazon, like laundry detergent or dish soap. They seem unnecessary, until you consider them with all of Amazon’s other efforts: It’s not just an everything store, or even an everything company, but an everywhere (and anytime!) store.

The various products that Amazon is planning to roll out — including Pantry and Fresh, its grocery service — can be easily baked into default Alexa services. Restaurants, the company’s version of Seamless, already is. All this in turn brings in more money for Amazon. As Limp put it back in July: “The nice thing about the Amazon device business is that when we sell a device, generally people buy more blue-jeans. And little black dresses. And shoes.”

There’s a theory that behavioral economists use to explain our consumption habits called “hyperbolic discounting,” which is the tendency to choose short-term rewards over long-term gains. The “marshmallow test” of the 1960s tested the ability of preschoolers to resist temptation — the titular marshmallow, within reach — with the promise that they would be rewarded with two more if they waited. In the

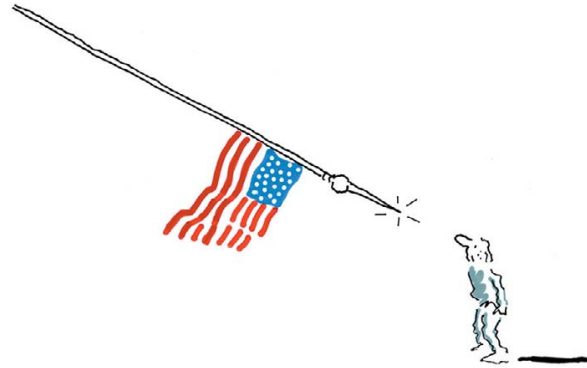
We are being conditioned, as a population, to never wait, to never delay our gratification.

experiment’s most popular interpretation, those who had self-control grew up to be much more successful than those who did not. It is one of the most formative studies in self-control and how people make decisions. Alexa is the ultimate marshmallow test, and most of us are failing. We are being conditioned, as a population, to never wait,

to never delay our gratification, to accept thoughtless, constant consumption as the new norm. But how we think about consumption and willpower carry enormous implications for the environment and the culture of society as a whole. Think about that the next time you ask Alexa to order you another roll of toilet paper. ♦

Poem Selected by Matthew Zapruder

Julien Poirier’s work shares qualities of the New York School — casual and anarchic wit, love of high and low culture and willingness to be sentimental — but also a California surrealism. It makes sense, then, that Poirier’s recent book, “Out of Print,” is published by City Lights, the venerable San Francisco publishing house and bookstore founded in 1953. City Lights published Frank O’Hara, along with Allen Ginsberg and many others who first fused some of the same styles that Poirier continues to explore. Here, Poirier’s short poem somehow manages to capture a national mood, or at least some part of it: Bemused disgust pervades, but there remains a bit of room, perhaps, for optimism.



‘Independently Blue’

By Julien Poirier

It’s easy to fly a flag when you live in a nice house
in a beautiful city.

Things have worked out nicely for you,
and you think everyone can agree
this is the greatest country on earth.

The Bay Area is full of hikers with portfolios.
Goggles in German skycar ride my ass past the prison.

The day they break that prison down
to a funhouse, and the rapists to mirrors,
I’ll fly a flag.

I’ve never seen a bum pushing a shopping cart with a flag sticking
out

of his can, but I’m not saying that doesn’t exist.
This is America, after all.

Matthew Zapruder is the author of four poetry collections and “Why Poetry,” coming from Ecco Press. He teaches poetry at Saint Mary’s College of California and is editor at large at Wave Books. **Julien Poirier** is a founder of Ugly Duckling Presse. His third collection, “Out of Print,” was published last year.



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THE DAILY 360 BE THERE NOW

Pedialyte

By Dan Brooks



The cashier at the grocery store was friendly, and when she saw that I was buying three bottles of Pedialyte, she made a sympathetic moue. “Got a sick one at home?” she asked. “Yes,” I said mechanically, trying to arrange my face into the expression of a person caring for a suffering toddler or maybe a food-poisoned wife. In fact, I was buying liter-size bottles of children’s electrolyte solution in preparation for my 39th birthday — or, more precisely, for its aftermath.

Pedialyte, manufactured by Abbott Nutrition, is essentially a medical-grade sports drink, designed to treat dehydration by replacing the water and minerals lost in the course of childhood ailments like diarrhea or uncontrollable vomiting. As anyone who has consumed gin will tell you, these ailments are not limited to childhood.

I find that the individual’s relationship to such symptoms is more of a horseshoe. During childhood, when life’s pleasures include petting zoos, eating as rapidly as

An electrolyte solution intended for children — but more useful for adults.

hand volume will allow and riding things that move in tight circles, vomiting happens a lot. It tapers off toward adolescence, but as our interests shift to social relationships and the robust exchange of ideas — i.e., binge drinking — vomiting comes roaring back. By the time adolescence draws to a close in our late 30s, it can become a problem once more.

As a child, I vomited prolifically — in cars, at church, one time doing a somersault in gym. By adolescence, though, I had it under control. I hardly ever vomited in

college, where I learned a system of pacing and selection that allowed me to put down a two-digit number of drinks without anything bad happening. I adhered to this system diligently. But around my 30th birthday — the very next morning, in fact — it began to fail. Year by year, my vomit threshold fell, until it undercut my drunk threshold. It was as if the very principles of biology had come undone.

At some point, we discover that innocent behaviors, like drinking 10 beers and yelling about the Hold Steady until the lights come on, now result in terrible consequences. Through no fault of our own, we find ourselves at the mercy of our revolting bodies, reduced to the conditions of childhood again. Pedialyte offers redress for this injustice, helping us recapture the forgiveness that comes with youth.

But Pedialyte is not just for adults who drink. It is also for athletes, or anyone who finds their sodium and potassium — their very vital essences — washed away on a tide of sweat, or just age. I last consumed Pedialyte yesterday, to recover not from compulsive drinking but from compulsive exercise. During a 90-minute hot yoga class, I typically drop about six pounds of water weight. In addition to disgusting everyone nearby, this loss of electrolytes leaves me bleary and sluggish for hours. Pedialyte restores normal functioning faster than water, which makes it the preferred rehydration tool not just of workout masochists but also of competitive fighters who must recover quickly after drying themselves out to make weight.

In this area, as in hangover control, Pedialyte outperforms conventional sports drinks. It contains more than twice as much sodium per liter as Gatorade and more than six times as much potassium. And it does not contain sugar, which can draw water into the large intestine and worsen dehydration. Instead, it uses artificial sweeteners, which combine with the other ingredients to replicate the flavor of a Popsicle that has melted and run off a horse. It is somehow both too salty and too sweet.

You can get around this problem by buying the unflavored variety and soaking oranges in it overnight. I learned this method from my brother, who once became so dehydrated from a combination of exercise, altitude and air travel that he had to drink Pedialyte every day for

The Hydrated Hemingway

One of five cocktails using Pedialyte developed in 2015 by Malcolm Freberg, a writer for the website Obsev.

- 1 shot whiskey
- 1 part ginger ale
- 1 part apple Pedialyte
- Splash of grenadine
- Cherry

Combine all liquids and serve over ice. Garnish with cherry.

a month while wearing a brain monitor. Preparing your cures before you need them is the kind of discipline you learn as you get older. Why you should learn this kind of discipline but not the other kind — the one that stops you from drinking to excess — is a difficult question. Perhaps we have little use for the knowledge that we are too old to get away with what we did when we were young. The whole point of growing older is to become wily, so we can get away with more.

Pedialyte is one such wile. Like any hangover treatment, it is a bid to escape the consequences of doing what you know you shouldn't. It allows us to return to behaviors that once expressed our vitality but now move us closer to death. At 23, I could drink a dozen whiskeys and be fine the next day, as long as I had eggs. Getting drunk made me feel more alive.

At a certain point along the horseshoe, though, such living starts to kill you. The same principle applies to exercise, albeit later. There comes a time in life when exhaustive workouts stop being good for you and start moving you closer to death. Pedialyte moves that line, or rather moves you in relation to it.

The paradox of this children's rehydration beverage is that you need it more as you get older. According to the Nielsen market-research firm, adult consumption of Pedialyte increased 57 percent between 2012 and mid-2015. It is unclear how many of these adults were using it to recover from weight cuts and hot yoga, but it's safe to assume hangovers were among the most popular causes. My generation, which put off having children and turned adolescence into an ethos, is doing so by drinking an elixir for babies. ♦

Tip By Jaime Lowe

How to Remember Your Dreams



People who are frustrated by how little they can remember from their dreams — or who claim not to dream at all — tend to have similar sleep patterns, according to Robert Stickgold, an associate professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School who specializes in sleep and cognition. The dream-deprived nod off quickly, sleep soundly and emerge from sleep fully awake. So before going to bed, drink three full glasses of water — not beer or wine, because they suppress R.E.M. sleep — which will force you to get up and go to the bathroom. “Middle-of-the-night awakenings are frequently accompanied by dream recall,” Stickgold says. “In addition, many people will notice hypnagogic dreams, or those brief dreams that occur as one is falling asleep.”

Stickgold also recommends repeating the phrase “I’m going to remember my dreams” three times before you drift off to sleep. And keep a notebook and pen by your bed. Both preparations establish recall as a priority. “When you lie in bed, all the things rush through from the day,” Stickgold says. “Evolutionarily, that is a period when your brain is trying to figure out what to work on when you’re asleep. All of that is going on when you’re asleep, and pre-sleep is like a to-do list. By putting ‘remembering your dreams’ on your to-do list, you might remember.”

On waking up, don’t open your eyes, don’t move, don’t say a thing — any sensory perception or movement tends to wipe out memories of a dream. “If you roll over and say to your spouse that you just had the coolest dream, you’re going to lose it,” Stickgold says. “Stay half-asleep and replay what you remember in your mind. As you replay it while awake, it gets stored differently, and now you’ve got it. A whole other chunk might even pop into your mind.” Lie there for a few minutes to sink back into the dream, to gather more and more detail. For two weeks, tell yourself to remember your dreams every night and morning. After such a regimen, Stickgold says, “I would predict that 80 percent of people who initially said they never dream would say they do now.” ♦



Should I Speak Up About a Green-Card Marriage?

I am an American living abroad and working as a consultant for a U.S. government-funded project. I am not a full-time government employee, but technically my fees come from U.S. taxpayer money. I was recently invited to the wedding of a local acquaintance, a citizen of the country where I live, who was marrying another citizen of that country, someone who has U.S. citizenship. I was unable to attend the ceremony but ran into the bride a month later at a social event. When I congratulated her, she explained to me that the recent marriage was a fraud, one she'd entered into only in order to gain U.S. citizenship. She then introduced me to her "real" boyfriend. The interaction left me feeling very unsettled. Do I have an ethical obligation to speak out about marriage fraud when it is used to gain U.S. citizenship, particularly if my current work is funded by the U.S. government?

Name Withheld

Our immigration laws allow people to bring their spouses into the country as permanent residents — the green-card part — and then, after a period and if they meet certain conditions, permit them to acquire citizenship. This is because we respect the central role of intimate relationships in people's lives. In my view, it's a way of taking seriously the rights to family life articulated in Article 16 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the United Nations after World War II. It's an ethically attractive feature of our system.

That system also allows others to enter for a variety of other reasons. Some come in temporarily for tourism or study; some are seeking asylum and may end up here permanently; some have been offered specialized jobs for which they are better qualified than any citizens who have applied; some have won a lottery, and so on. Normally, permanent residents must wait five years before applying for citizenship, although noncitizens who have served honorably in our military are given an expedited path to naturalization. The laws are designed to meet both our moral obligations, as in the case of asylum, and our national needs. Many of us feel that this country's economic and cultural strength is in part a result of our openness to immigration. (I speak as an immigrant who became a citizen myself.)

But it is the nature of the nation-state arrangement that states have a right to regulate who crosses their borders. You may disagree with one feature or another of our system, but over all it is fairer than many others. And if someone abuses it by the sort of fraud you have described, they are not only breaking the law, they are jumping a queue that millions of other people have formed by applying properly and then waiting their turn.

Given that you're clearly not the only person who has the relevant information, and given the diffuse nature of the harm, you're not obligated to report what you know. But provided you are morally certain about your conclusion, it would be a

good thing if you did. U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement has a website where you may report anonymously. (Filing false information is a crime.) It would be up to them to confirm what you say.

Obviously, the person who told you about this crime assumed, for whatever reason, that you wouldn't pass the information on. But you didn't agree to that, and your informant had no right to expect you to cover for her. Would it make a difference if the abuser here had been a closer friend and not just an acquaintance? No doubt. For one thing, with a closer friend, you would have known all along what she was planning and you could have urged her not to do it. And a friend is owed considerations of loyalty and confidentiality. The whole moral situation would have been different. Finally: The funding for your job has no bearing on what you should do. If you were not an American, though, the call on you to act here, which is related in part to your membership as a citizen, would be less obvious.

Forty-five years ago, I gave up a child for adoption. There is a significant history of colon cancer in my family: Do I have a moral obligation to inform this person about his increased risk? At 45, he should have his first colonoscopy, then follow up every five years, compared to the general population, who can wait to start at 50, with follow-ups every 10 years.

Name Withheld



Bonus Advice From Judge John Hodgman

Alexis writes: My boyfriend, Robert, has prodigious eyebrows and plucks stray eyebrow hairs out with his fingernails, even in public. I insist that tweezers would not only give him a more polished look but would also help him grab hairs closer to their roots, meaning less pain, suffering and bleeding while grooming his magnificent brows.

I am haunted by the memory of a man I once saw on the subway whose eyebrows were so large, dense and thicketed that I thought he was a were-owl. I swear they came down to his cheekbones. I just wanted to share this trauma with you. But I will not recuse myself from this case: Your boyfriend's brows are his own, and he may trim, sculpt and prune them as he likes, with whatever tools, so long as he does so in private. Public brow-bleeds are not a sound foundation for a lasting relationship.

To submit a query: Send an email to ethicist@nytimes.com; or send mail to The Ethicist, The New York Times Magazine, 620 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018. (Include a daytime phone number.)

Your wish is to remain anonymous. How easy it is to pass on information to an adoptee depends on the laws of the state where the adoption occurred. But I trust you would have mentioned it if that was a problem. If not, the answer is obvious: Pass it on.

A family friend sent me a baby gift from India. It is a small necklace of carved ivory elephants and beads. Both the necklace and I are 72 years old. What is the ethical choice for the necklace? I would like to do something to benefit elephants, but no elephant protection organization has answered my letters.

Nancy Polk, Conn.

As you know, the reason the international ivory trade has been banned is to reduce elephant poaching and maintain the populations of these cognitively sophisticated animals. Both are worthwhile aims. No market for ivory, no incentive to hunt it.

That's the logic, although how well the approach works is hotly debated. (One complication is that ivory is mainly smuggled to East Asia, where domestic trade is permitted in some countries. China, however, recently announced a new ban on trading and processing ivory, to take effect by the end of 2017.) Most African countries where elephants live have seen significant losses in elephant populations in the past two decades. There are exceptions. Namibia has set up communal conservancies, devolving management to local communities and allowing limited hunting; the government says its elephant population has been increasing. The problem is complex, and the solutions may have to be, too.

The circulation of antique ivory like yours doesn't threaten modern elephants, of course. But there is concern that allowing it might, because people would pretend that new ivory was antique to get around the ban. That's one reason that wearing even antique ivory jewelry offends some people. And it's true that you can't tell at a glance whether the jewelry was made of old ivory or new or, for that matter, faux ivory made from Tagua palm kernels, cow bones or resin. But you could say the same about piano keyboards. Old pieces of jewelry — and old musical instruments — shouldn't be shunned because they were made of ivory.

So your coming into possession of this ivory necklace doesn't entail your doing anything in particular. Commendably, though, thinking about the ivory has made you think about what you can do for the elephants alive today. It would be a fine thing to support a reputable organization that contributes to the welfare of the elephant population. But do your research. Just as you can't tell the origin of ivory at a glance, you can't tell at a glance whether one of the hundreds of organizations that claim to be protecting elephants is really doing effective work.

While planning a vacation, I decided that I would hire a local student to house-sit and dog-sit. My husband, who teaches at a local university, said he would get one of his students to do it free. When I brought up the possibility that the student could feel coerced, he said it would be a former student. My husband

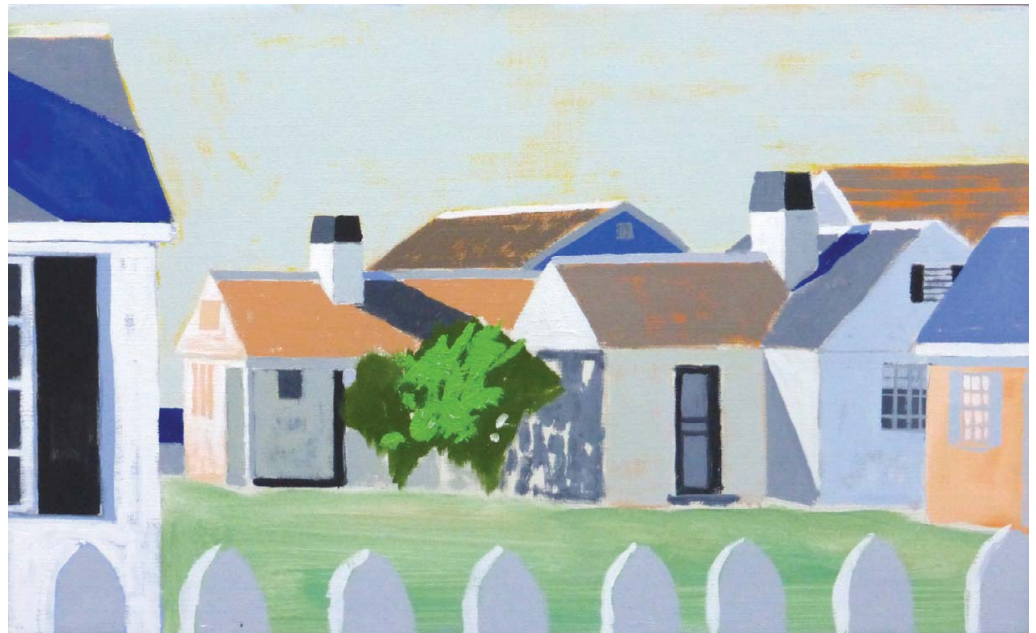
Old pieces of jewelry — and old musical instruments — shouldn't be shunned because they were made of ivory.

thinks that because he house-sat and cat-sat free for a professor in college, it's O.K. to ask this of his students. I think that even if it was "O.K." then, it isn't now. There's always a power differential between a faculty member and a student, and the faculty member should go out of his way to avoid any abuse of power. What do you think?

Name Withheld

I'm with you. While someone who studied with you is entitled to do you favors, it isn't right to ask them to do an unpaid job on that basis. Former students may be in need of recommendations and the like from former professors; there are forms of exploitation that fall well short of coercion. ♦

Kwame Anthony Appiah teaches philosophy at N.Y.U. He is the author of "Cosmopolitanism" and "The Honor Code: How Moral Revolutions Happen."



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What We Really Eat

Whether it's for your restaurant family or your actual relatives, stewed chicken and rice is a dish everyone will appreciate.



Now that *mise-en-place* and microplane have become household vocabulary, I have been wondering if another restaurant commonplace — family meal — was as widely understood. It's that spread you might have seen in a food magazine or a well-known chef's cookbook, or even walked in on — stopping by a

restaurant off hours in the afternoon — when all the wait staff are sitting down in the dining room with their ironed shirts neatly hung on their chair backs, eating in their white undershirts in case the sauce splatters. They are tasting wine, being briefed on the reservation book for that night, folding napkins.

Line cooking at home: stewed chicken and rice.

Some places do a fine job of it — complex and varied and interesting family meals — but I'm willing to put \$100 down that if you come in through the loading dock of any large restaurant, hotel kitchen, catering hall or banquet facility across America, you will find a tray of baked chicken legs, a hotel pan of baked rice

(or baked pasta) and a romaine salad (not baked but may as well have been). There'll be a crew of cooks in dirty aprons standing at their stations on the hot line while their pots come to boil, wolfing their portions of family meal out of pint containers with their fingers. There might be one guy in a hairnet sitting on an overturned milk crate — a dishwasher letting sheet pans soak in the three-bin sink. An additional \$100 is yours if you don't also find a plastic bottle of sriracha out on the counter.

Here's a bit of Stockholm syndrome: After 30 years, my wife and co-chef, Ashley, and I have come to crave that chicken and rice. To cultivate and elevate it. To cherish and nurture it. We brown and then braise the chicken, toast and grind the rice before steaming, "chicharrón" the skin, add small, tasty meatballs, julienne the lemon peel, thinly slice the shallots and at the very end soften tender spinach in the hot broth. And now we've put it on the menu at our restaurant, Prune: "Family Meal" Stewed Chicken and Rice. No matter what "family meal" you are putting together — the one with your actual spouse and children in a warm yellow kitchen with wood and stone and Le Creuset all around, or the one with your vitamin-D-deficient kitchen kin, left out all afternoon in buckled stainless steel pans under the fluorescents — it is every single thing you want and need it to be.

For you and your real family of a few, this dish is an afternoon's project. But for us, it's the meal we jam out for 15 or 20 people in under an hour, the constraints of a restaurant being what they are. We don't have time to give to it, we can't spend any money on it and we don't often feel warmly toward our audience; in about five hours those waiters are going to walk out of here with the same amount of money it takes a line cook five long days to earn. On the other hand, it's a true pleasure to make something so delicious and so appreciated with nothing but byproduct from the work we are actually supposed to be doing. The home cook may be at liberty to spend lavishly at the butcher, to do only one task at a time — the pleasures of home cooking are indeed sweet — but nothing compares to the ease of cooking in a kitchen that is always already on and hot: the fryer, the broiler, the ovens, the range, even the cast iron. The labor of "opening" your kitchen for "service" is a tedium (not to mention the chore of breaking it down afterward without the help of the guy in a hairnet).

You just stand there stirring that caldron of water, and by the end you have a rich and fragrant meal.

A quick hunt through the walk-in and dry goods — in any professional kitchen anywhere — will always lead you to four types of rice, bread crumbs from stale loaves, cracked eggs left over from brunch. There is always someone thick in the project of browning meat for service, and to throw him a dozen chicken thighs to fold into his production is nothing, and to dip your ladle into the 30-gallon pot of chicken stock simmering at the back of the stove is a real leg up. The bartender who is already cutting her garnish fruit can be asked to save you a few lemon peels, and anyone working the two-bin fryer will happily dunk your rendered chicken skins for 60 seconds and hand them back to you warm, salted and crispy. If you ask someone already in the middle of making mignonette for a few sprigs of parsley and a peeled sliced shallot, they will land in front of you in a pint container. Family Meal is the stone soup children's tale of restaurant life — you just stand there stirring that caldron of water, and by the end you have a rich and fragrant meal.

But I've made this at home too, for the actual family I live with and cherish, and I find it's helpful (and second nature) for me to keep the habits of a restaurant line cook, here just played out on domestic tasks. Computer open, laundry tumbling away, the dog let out, the kids yelled at to shower and brush their teeth, with my cutting board out on the counter, oven on, stovetop going. I work peripatetically, like a spirograph, moving around and around inside the toothed ring and getting a little bit of everything done, depending which hole in the wheel I've pinned my colored ink pen into. In this way, I have the whole prep list: meatballs, laundry, essay, parsley-shallot-chicken skin condiment, email, cardboard and recycling, pixie haircuts on Pinterest, toast and grind rice, braise chicken — everything crossed off in Sharpie by cocktail hour. Stewed chicken and rice complete on the stove, handsome in incandescent light, with the table set by dinner. If you want to put your portion in a pint container for restaurant authenticity and eat it while standing at 4:45 p.m., that's up to you and your real family to decide.

Stewed Chicken and Rice

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

- 2 cups jasmine rice
- Olive oil

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 small onion, minced
- Salt and pepper
- 3 quarts chicken stock
- 6 boneless chicken thighs
- Grapeseed or canola oil
- Chicken meatballs (recipe online)
- 1 bunch spinach, trimmed, washed and dried
- Chicken-skin garnish (recipe online)

For the rice and chicken:

1. Add plain rice (not rinsed) to a dry sauté pan over medium-high heat, and dry-roast, stirring slowly and continuously until the rice turns golden and becomes quite fragrant, about 15 minutes.
2. Remove the rice from the heat, and let cool. Once it is cool, add the rice to a food processor, and pulse repeatedly until the rice breaks up into smaller kernels.
3. In a Dutch oven, heat 2 tablespoons of olive oil and the butter until melted. Sweat the minced onion in the mixed fats until translucent and cooked through. Season with salt and pepper.
4. Add the ground, toasted rice to the pot, and stir so that the onion coats the rice. Add in chicken stock to cover, and heat, stirring frequently until the rice is cooked through. You may need to add more chicken stock during the cooking process, but you want the finished product to be sticky, rather than soupy, rice.
5. While your rice is cooking, season the chicken thighs with salt and pepper on both sides. Heat a slick of grapeseed or canola oil in a Dutch oven, and sear the chicken, skin side down, until the skin is golden brown.
6. Remove the chicken from the pot, and pour off any excess fat. Return the chicken to the pot, and just cover with chicken stock. The chicken should peek out from the stock — like (as my wife says) crocodiles at the surface of a swamp.
7. Cover the pot with a tightfitting lid, and braise over low-medium heat until the thighs are tender, about 35 minutes.

To serve:

1. Stir rice into the pot with the chicken and chicken stock until heated through. Add the meatballs until heated through.
2. Fold in spinach, until just wilted. Season to taste.
3. Transfer to a serving bowl and garnish, with the crispy chicken skin condiment.

Serves 6. ♦

Freedom. That's all Alecia Wesner is looking for. Since she was young, the 42-year-old lighting designer has lived with Type 1 diabetes. That means she's dependent on insulin, the hormone required to turn sugar into energy, and must frequently test her blood sugar levels by pricking her finger and monitoring the patterns on a glucose sensor. She also has to wear a pump that regulates the delivery of her insulin. Every day, Alecia has to make treatment decisions to keep her blood sugar levels stable, and

the toughest time to do this is at night, when she should be sleeping.

Recently, Alecia took part in a clinical study held by The Mount Sinai Hospital to test a revolutionary new approach to managing her disease. First, Alecia was outfitted with a different type of glucose sensor that reported her blood sugar levels every five minutes. Then, that information was transmitted to a smartphone preloaded with an advanced algorithm that calculates exactly how much insulin will be

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required and instructs the pump to regulate the dosage accordingly. Best of all: The entire process is completed wirelessly, and requires no additional input or decisions from the patient at any point during the night.

It worked so well that for the first time in years, Alecia didn't have to worry about her blood sugar levels. And although the system is awaiting further studies prior to final approval for general usage, the results have been so positive that some doctors

are already calling it an "artificial pancreas." In other words, it's real relief, made possible with help from a real source of hope: Mount Sinai.

1-800-MD-SINAI
mountsinai.org/pancreas



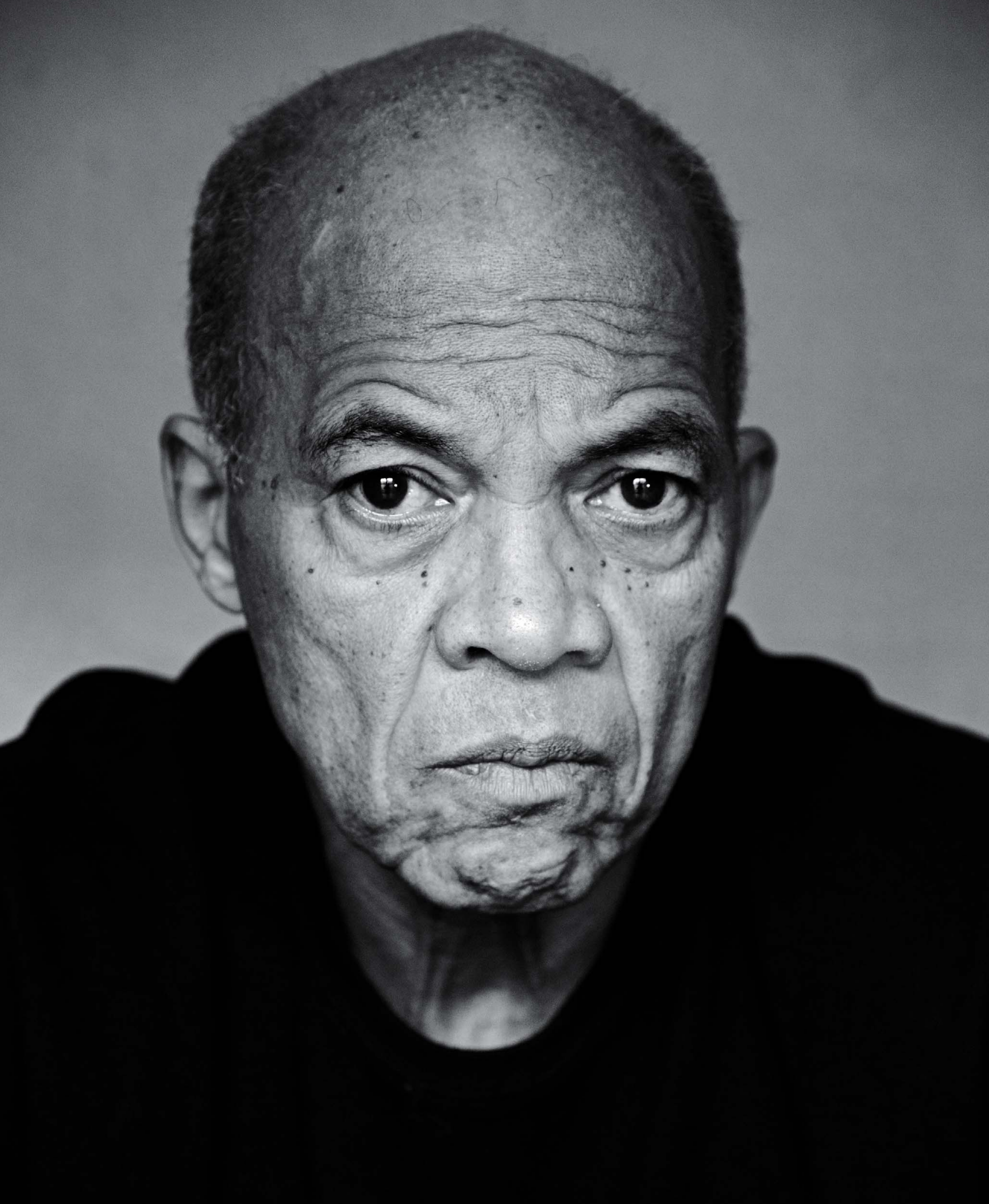
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ANCREAS. BUT THE RELIEF

WITH DIABETES IS REAL.



LATE IN A CAREER MARKED
BY BOTH TRIUMPH AND
TRAGEDY, THE MASTER
NOVELIST JOHN EDGAR
WIDEMAN HAS WRITTEN
A DEEP AND SUBVERSIVE
BOOK EXPLORING THE
UNSETTLING CASE OF
EMMETT TILL'S FATHER —
AND THE ISOLATION OF
BLACK MEN IN AMERICA.





John Edgar Wideman likes to be in places where people don't know who he is or what he does for a living. He spends most of the year in New York, but two of his favorite people here are his barber and his massage therapist, both Chinese immigrants who barely speak English. He was explaining this to me in December, over a lunch of rare steak-frites and Bordeaux at Lucien, a bistro a few blocks from his Lower East Side apartment. "I go to a bar, I get to know the bartenders and the manager," he said. "That's where I get my mezcal, that's my place, that's what I do. But parties, hanging out?" He shook his head. "I don't have anybody living around me who has much of a sense of what I do. That's exactly what I like."

Lucien Bahaj, the restaurant's owner, and his wife, Phyllis, came over to the table to greet Wideman. It was clear they knew him as a regular but, judging from their conversation, not at all as the author of 21 highly distinguished works of fiction and nonfiction or as a MacArthur genius who was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters or, for that matter, as one of the first three African-Americans to ever earn a Rhodes Scholarship.

If they knew any of that about Wideman the writer, they would also have to know this about Wideman the person: He is the older brother of a man convicted of murder, serving a life sentence without the chance of parole; the uncle

of a young man shot execution-style in his own home; the father of a boy who, at age 16, woke up one night while traveling with a group of campers, got out of bed and stabbed his roommate to death while he was sleeping. The drama of Wideman's personal history can seem almost mythical, refracting so many aspects of the larger black experience in America, an experience defined less by its consistencies, perhaps, than by its many contradictions — the stunning and ongoing plurality of victories and defeats.

Now 75, Wideman is noticeably gentler-looking than the severe ice-grill that has glared from dust jackets for so many years. After Bahaj left, he confessed to me that he had been reading reviews of his newest book, "Writing to Save a Life," published in November. He noted that critics tend to write about him as an isolated and haunted figure, an idea he has resisted but has been coming to accept about himself. "I mean, if everyone tells you your feet stink, after a while, you may think you washed the boys, but everybody can't be wrong." He laughed at himself but then soberly conceded, "I always felt extremely isolated." That loneliness Wideman speaks of is twofold: both peculiar to him and quintessentially black, especially for more talented men of his era. I have seen this loneliness, too, in my father, a man of Wideman's generation and the first in his family to break out of the segregated South and get a college education, a dual triumph that simultaneously freed him and left him a consummate outsider.

For Wideman, who spent much of his working life in places like Wyoming and Western Massachusetts and rural Maine, this solitude has been further compounded by cold mathematics. Not only is mainstream publishing overwhelmingly white, it is also nearly bereft of black writers *like him*: American men of letters descended from Southern slaves, who position themselves as part of a grand and omnivorous intellectual and artistic tradition. Though we live in the most racially fraught period in at least a generation, much of what we read on the subject comes from pundits, journalists and internet think-piece writers whose experiences and perspectives are rooted more in the language of critical theory than in anything resembling literary mastery.

"Writing to Save a Life: The Louis Till File," about 10 years in the making, is a slim but powerful volume, an account of the brief and terrible life of Louis (Saint) Till, the largely forgotten father of Emmett Till, the Chicago boy whose horrific lynching in Mississippi in 1955 shamed the nation. It feels in many ways like an apotheosis, a project that combines and distills all the various obsessions of a brilliant half-century investigation into the existential predicament of, as Wideman once put it to *The Paris Review*, "a person who's still scarred and outraged and mystified by the experience of Europe and Africa and slavery and the relationship between those

continents." It is the late-phase masterwork of a man still trying desperately to figure out how America works at a time when his perennial concerns — freedom and confinement, policing, fatherhood, the inheritance of trauma and ontological stigma — feel as pertinent as ever.

Yet, thus far at least, both black and white audiences engaged in the perpetual national conversation on race have mostly ignored it. (Critics less so: It was recently named a final-

'I DON'T HAVE ANYBODY LIVING AROUND ME WHO HAS MUCH OF A SENSE OF WHAT I DO. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I LIKE.'

ist for the National Book Critics Circle Award in general nonfiction). Perhaps this is because Wideman's layered and sometimes contradictory insights resist abbreviation and easy dissemination in short bursts of epiphany on social media. His disposition is to bypass blunt polemic and make his case through description and story, which is by necessity inventive, conditional and ambiguous. Simplicity sells, but the truth is seldom simple.

And the truth, as Wideman put it to me at one point during lunch, his food an afterthought, his eyes locked on his hands as if he could somehow manipulate his words with his fingers, is that whatever existential pain separates black America from the world, "it ain't nothing to do with our blood, it ain't nothing to do with our history, it is essentially a recognition, the most profound and basic human recognition that you are alone. I am alone."

BORN IN WASHINGTON in 1941, John Wideman was raised in Homewood, a black neighborhood in Pittsburgh said to have been founded by a runaway slave. In the world that shaped him, appearances were often deceptive. His father was dark-skinned, but his mother, Bette, was pale enough to pass for white if she wore a scarf over her hair. It was only in adulthood, he told me, that he discovered that her biological grandfather was actually a German butcher. ("Not a Nazi!" he clarified. "The other kind of German butcher.") Bette's father was a man named John French, who was, as Wideman describes in his recent book, "lighter than many of the Italian immigrants he worked beside plastering and hanging wallpaper." Wideman saw early on that race, and by extension identity, were nebulous formations: collective fictional endeavors, albeit ones with real consequences.

When he was 12, Wideman's family relocated to middle-class Shadyside, where he attended

high school and became valedictorian and captain of the basketball team. The University of Pennsylvania came calling and offered an academic scholarship. He was an excellent student in college, and before he graduated in 1963, Gene Shalit wrote an article about him in *Look* magazine titled “The Astonishing John Wideman.” This was both an incredible individual honor and a damning acknowledgment of the scarcity of black faces at places like Penn. It could not have been easy, but Wideman evinced the polar opposite of a sense of victimization. “To me, being Negro is only a physical fact,” he told Shalit. “If there were something I wanted very badly that being Negro prevented me from doing, then I might have the confrontation of a racial problem, and I would be driven to do something about it. I’m sure I would. But so far, the things that I’ve wanted to do haven’t been held back from me because of my being a Negro.”

After Penn, Wideman studied 18th-century narrative technique at Oxford, married a white Penn graduate named Judith Goldman and eventually became one of Penn’s first black tenured professors. He quickly wrote three well-received novels that failed to find large audiences and that he has since described as operating on the apprentice level. It was not until 1981, with the publication of his story collection “Damballah,” that Wideman grew into his mature style, a learned and distinctively black register that switches naturally between the sublime and the profane, an earthy vernacular and a high literary mode with which he spins tales both true and untrue that overlap and accumulate, like 3-D printing, into tangible landscapes and characters.

“Damballah,” along with the novels “Sent for You Yesterday” and “Hiding Place,” formed what has since become known as the *Homewood Trilogy* and marked Wideman’s emergence as one of the premier novelists in the country. But even as Wideman’s career was on the rise, his family life back home had been ravaged.

His brother Robby was arrested in 1976 after participating in a botched robbery that ended with the victim dying of a gunshot wound to the shoulder. He was convicted and sentenced to life without the possibility of parole. Wideman spent years interviewing him during soul-crushing visits to Western Penitentiary. In the course of these conversations, he got to know his brother more intimately there than he ever had on the outside, and in 1984, he published “Brothers and Keepers,” a collaborative nonfiction attempt to come to grips with how their two life trajectories

had parted so drastically: how he had become the friend of someone like Senator Bill Bradley, while his brother had developed “prison arms.” It was at once a book about Robby’s obvious guilt and grim history leading up to the crime and also about the extremity of his punishment. The victim, who was white, was himself a criminal, Wideman told me, but “nobody ever said anything about him having criminal genes.” What’s more, it was one of Robby’s accomplices who pulled the trigger.

In the summer of 1986, two years after the publication of “Brothers and Keepers” and 10

life in prison, but he was granted the possibility of parole. The salacious story of the great black writer’s homicidal son was quickly picked up in newspapers across the country and given lengthy treatment in respectively compassionate and vicious pieces that ran in *Esquire* and *Vanity Fair*.

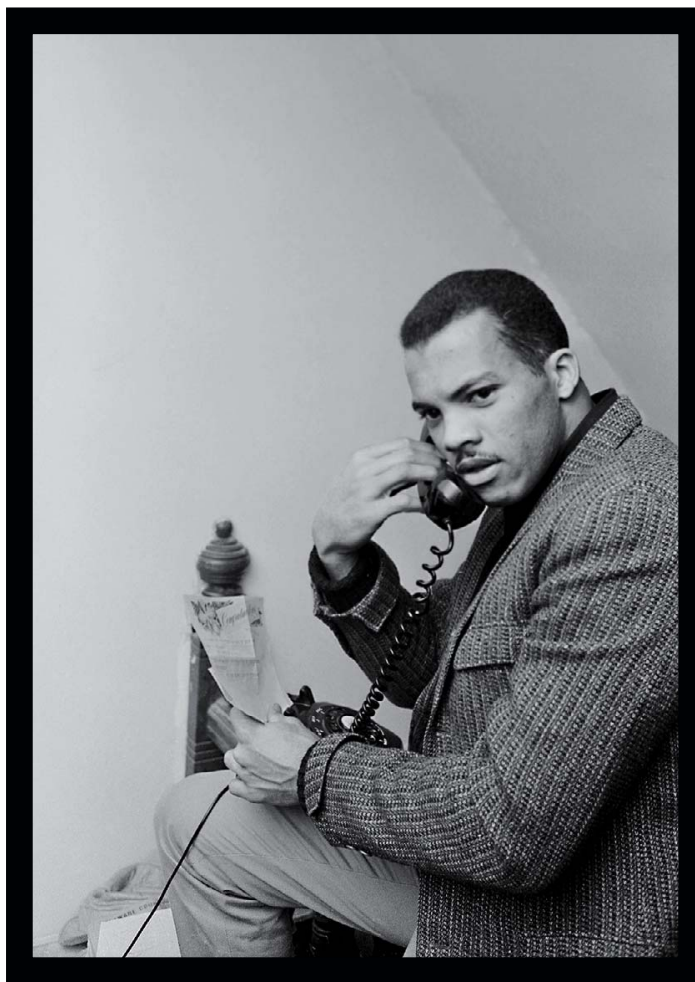
Wideman himself has never written about Jacob, at least never directly. “My son doesn’t like me to talk about his situation,” he told *The Paris Review*, “so I don’t. Period.” This was very much on my mind as I prepared to ask Wideman about this aspect of his biography. A friend had alerted me in early November — on Election Day, actually — that Jacob, now

almost 47, had been granted release from prison. Wideman confirmed that his son is currently living in a halfway house after serving 30 years in prison and having been denied parole on six previous occasions. This unexpected turn of events, he confided, has left him somehow optimistic. “It kind of put all the other news in perspective.” He recently recorded a segment on NPR and found himself tongue-tied, trying to make sense of the current political upheaval. “The idea that my son was out. . . .” he told me, his voice trailing off. “Hey, nothing else mattered.”

I asked Wideman whether, given the specificity of Jacob’s own personal demons, the level of his parents’ education and social capital and the sheer fact that he could pass for Caucasian, it made sense to think of his collision with the criminal-justice system in the same terms we keep for poor and more conventionally black men like Till or Robby Wideman. He replied that Jacob’s defense lawyers, with whom he has since become friends, came to believe that the state was looking to make an example of Jacob. In Arizona at the time, Wideman said, “there were more and more immigrants, black people, street crime, drugs,” and the lawyers

told Wideman in confidence that they believed the state had plans to seek the death penalty.

The family instead accepted a plea deal. Wideman maintains that he has never argued for Jacob’s innocence — it was he and Judy who took him to the police station — though he does insist on pointing out an uncomfortable truth: Jacob was a natural and appropriate candidate for juvenile imprisonment, but he instead nearly became an opportunity to expand the reach of capital punishment, because, Wideman believes, his victim was white. This was “strange,” he told me, but it was not for lack of precedent. I both understood and sympathized with his point, but it was one of the few moments in speaking



years after Robby’s arrest, Wideman’s middle child, Jacob, a tawny, blond-haired black boy who displayed serious developmental problems, accompanied a small group of teenagers on a tour across the West. At a stopover at the University Inn motel in Flagstaff, Ariz., inexplicably, he twice buried a six-inch blade in the chest of his sleeping white roommate, Eric Kane. It was a horrific crime — it took hours for Kane to bleed to death — and prosecutors routed Jacob into the adult system, though he was just a teenager. Like his uncle Robby, Jacob was sentenced to

WIDEMAN RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS AFTER HE WON A RHODES SCHOLARSHIP IN 1962.

with him that I found myself questioning the accuracy of mapping a tragedy so specific onto one so universal.

IMANI PERRY, THE Hughes-Rogers professor of African-American studies at Princeton University, works out of a spacious, book-lined office just inside the main gates. When I visited her in December to get a better sense of Wideman's position in the black and wider American tradition, she compared him with Albert Murray, the unjustly overshadowed brother-in-arms of Ralph Ellison. As was the case with Murray, Wideman's writing is, Perry said, "not really something you can designate as belonging to one or the other side of a political spectrum. It's actually about your disposition toward life." This is a hard-won quality she believes is found more often today among black male writers born before 1950. And that is why, in our current racial conversation, which can tend to be "too driven" by younger voices, she said, there's "something particularly useful about hearing from someone who is in his 70s."

But Wideman's cerebral sensibility is one that resists easy consumption. Even his longtime friend and agent, Andrew Wylie, describes his work as probably destined for "a fairly select audience, as is the case with many of the best writers in the world." He is, in other words, a writers' writer.

One of his many admirers is Mitchell S. Jackson, the author of "The Residue Years," a 2013 semi-autobiographical account of his experience selling drugs in college and going to prison. One line of Wideman's has stuck with Jackson for years: "The facts speak for themselves, but never speak for us." If you were to look at the facts of Jackson's own life, he says, you would see a guy who sold drugs, went to prison and made a success of himself writing about it. "But," he said, "it's what's *between* that that's who we are."

"Writing to Save a Life" chronicles Wideman's attempt to fill in some of those gaping blanks between the rock-hard facts of Louis Till's life and the files relating to his court-martial, which seem to suggest the American military systematically railroaded the young soldier into a practically predetermined guilty verdict. Stationed in Civitavecchia, Italy, during the twilight of World War II, Till, along with two other black servicemen, was accused of the rape of two Italian women and the murder of another, on purely circumstantial evidence and despite enormous amounts of contradictory testimony. "No, all witnesses agree: Too dark to tell what color clothing the attackers wore," Wideman writes. "Yes, all witnesses agree: We could see the color of the invaders' skin." A military court sentenced Till and one other man to death by hanging.

There is not a whole lot Wideman or any of his readers can know for sure about Till, but what we do learn is often unattractive. He beat his wife, Mamie, who took out a restraining order. He squandered the family's income. Presented by a judge with the dubious choice of prison or the military, he opted for the latter and ended up in the former anyway, in a distant Mediterranean

'SEAMLESS, CAREFUL, BY-THE-BOOK PERFORMANCE PROVIDES NO EVIDENCE OF WHAT THE SPIDER'S THINKING ABOUT THE FLY ENMESHED IN ITS WEB.'

cell near Ezra Pound of all people. He is not Rosa Parks by any stretch of the imagination, and Wideman makes no attempt to sanctify his character. Yet there is undeniably something in him that the author not only relates to but also admires, and it has to do with the fact that Till does not ever beg or plead but keeps quiet, even stoic, in the face of a system that "provides agents ample, perhaps irresistible, opportunities for abuse."



What unsettles Wideman about the Till case is not only that it was flagrantly flawed but that everything had the veneer of propriety about it. “Every T crossed, every I dotted,” he writes. “But seamless, careful, by-the-book performance provides no evidence of what the spider’s thinking about the fly enmeshed in its web.” Even participants in an unjust system can be blind to the ways they sustain it. It’s a jarring idea when taken to its logical conclusion, that, independent of any willful bigotry, the person on the jury or in the voting booth may not even know why she decided the way that she did. For Wideman, this means that transcendent racial harmony may permanently lie on the horizon, just beyond our reach. Which is also why, in his view, storytelling takes on the dimensions of a battle royal, a “never-ending struggle” to make sense of the world, which implies a kind of “ultimate democracy” but also “a kind of chaos.”

In a 1990 *Esquire* profile he wrote of Michael Jordan, Wideman observed that “a great artist transforms our world, removes scales from our eyes, plugs from our ears, gloves from our fingertips, teaches us to perceive reality differently. Proust said of his countryman and contemporary, the late-19th-century Impressionist Auguste Renoir: ‘Before Renoir painted there were no Renoir women in Paris, now you see them everywhere.’” Wideman has, with this book, achieved a similar feat. The most disturbing argument he makes in “Writing to Save a Life” is that, whether guilty of any particular actions in Italy or not, Till’s one true offense is something that can be accurately described only as a crime of *being*: In the logic of the criminal-justice system, people like Till, people bound to the wrong side of that stubborn fiction of race, often seem to necessitate “a pre-emptive strike.”

I had never once thought of nor seen Louis Till before Wideman painted him so exquisitely, and now I have to acknowledge that he is all around me. Walter Scott? He’s Louis Till; so is Eric Garner. Michael Brown, unsympathetic as he appears on that convenience-store video — I can no longer see him without conjuring Emmett’s father. Seventeen-year-old Laquan McDonald, wandering through the Chicago night until his body jumps and jerks from 16 shots? Louis (Saint) Till. Poor Philando Castile — pulled over at least 49 times in 13 years before the final and fatal interaction that left him bleeding in front of his girlfriend and her daughter and all the rest of us on Facebook Live — is a high-tech Louis Till. Ditto Alton Sterling down in Baton Rouge, Freddie Gray up in Baltimore and “bad dude” Terence Crutcher out in Tulsa: all these men are Louis Tills. Trayvon Martin and 12-year-old Tamir Rice are something else altogether, heart-rending combinations of both Tills, père and fils, doomed man-children in

the fretful, trigger-happy imagination of American vigilantes and law enforcement. Whatever other crimes may or may not have been committed, may or may not have potentially been on the brink of being committed, these were all crimes of being before they were anything else. That is one true story, whatever other stories there may be, and Wideman has told it masterfully.

ON A FREEZING Saturday afternoon that dropped an almost nonexistent film of snow, I waited for Wideman in the entryway to a McDonald’s near his home. For the past decade and a half he has lived in a quiet, somewhat inaccessible corner of Lower Manhattan that seems to suit his need to be on the periphery. It’s the same in France, where he has long been published by the top-tier Gallimard but eschews the cafe scene in Paris, preferring to spend summers with his second wife, Catherine, at their home on the coast of Brittany.

I had come to join him on one of his favorite walks, a cinematic back and forth across the Williamsburg Bridge into Brooklyn, “an old habit” he once fictionalized in a short story for Harper’s. He arrived promptly, in a pair of black New Balance running shoes and a smart black Nike Dri-Fit ensemble that surprised me. Whatever he had done with the elderly gentleman I talked to just days earlier, I couldn’t tell you. He seemed 10 to 15 years younger and even to stand several inches taller. As we wove through traffic and up the ramp to the pedestrian walkway, he initiated then maintained an outlandish stride that left me, 40 years his junior, struggling to keep up.

Wideman has written repeatedly of his lifelong love for the game of basketball, both the organized kind that provided a haven of rules and order and got him out of Pittsburgh but also the pickup kind that he gave up, with great sadness, only when he hit 60. He still lifts weights and runs occasionally and, in talking with him, I began to suspect, could also drink me under the table. As we walked, the wind whipping off the East River and the metal-on-metal of J, M and Z trains rattling beside us and the whir of microfiber generated by the swinging of his arms combined to nearly drown out his voice, which hadn’t grown one decibel louder.

The truth is, I told him, he has written a hell of a book at the age of 75. I wanted to know if it was in any way harder for him than it had been earlier in his career. “Everything is gravy now,” he said. “By the time I finished playing basketball, I used to be, you know, the star, the go-to guy for whomever I played for. But at the end of the time on the playground, to make a layup, you know, to steal the ball once — it’s gravy. You don’t have to worry about carrying the team, your rep. You’re just out there, and anything you can get is good.” He had finally given up his last teaching post at Brown, because, he explained, when he can no longer perform a task to his standards, he has no

choice but to walk away. The writing still works, though, even he agreed, and he mentioned a new story he just completed for Harper’s.

We walked along the waterfront before warming up over steak and eggs and bloody marys at a Polish restaurant Wideman likes on Bedford Avenue. When we finally headed back to Manhattan, I asked him about the ending of “Writing to Save a Life,” a mystifying passage in which he is standing over Till’s bleak, half-size grave near Fère-en-Tardenois, France, 75 miles east of Paris, on an ignominious plot of land where all 96 soldiers (83 of them black) who were executed by the U.S. military during World War II are buried.

Wideman imagines himself talking in down-home, midcentury black slang to the dead young man as if he were a brother or a comrade, telling him a fable about a tenacious swarm of honeybees. When a muscular grizzly bear rampages their hive for honey, “every damn mama bee, daddy bee and every little jitterbug bee jump Brer Bear’s burly ass,” Wideman says to Till. And as the bear gets mad and starts swatting and growling, some of “the wildest, meanest bees,” the crazy Kamikazes, “dives down the bear’s big mouth.” The bear starts thrashing about in pain, but the craziest bees sting him deep inside his throat and stomach until he vomits blood and honey and all those bees back up, hurting so bad that, he wishes “he ain’t never been born.” The beehive is obliterated, but the strange thing is, out of all that gratuitous destruction, “not all the Kamikaze bees dead in there. A few crawls out the mess.” They’re sticky and banged up, “but a couple few alive. Alive and just as wild, mean and crazy as ever.” If the bear comes back, “they gone bust his big chops wide open again.” What, I asked him, does that all mean? He paused to consider my question. Then he said he thought it meant that “we need [expletives] like Till.”

I nodded and said goodbye to him in front of his building on the cold and windswept corner of Grand Street, mulling over his words as I walked back to the subway. Was he really saying that oppressed people need people, even bad people, to take the fight to the beast of American racism, a conflict in which almost any retaliatory act might find justification? It seemed far too simplistic a story for Wideman to tell, and it left me underwhelmed, turning the image over and over in my mind as I descended to the platform and headed back to Brooklyn.

Then slowly, somewhere under the river, I began to wonder if he was saying something else, a much more complicated and interesting story. I began to wonder if he was saying that people like Till — people who do actual wrong and veer off course and go and get smashed down the hardest — aren’t antiheroes so much as sacrificial explorers who have ventured quite literally into the belly of the furious beast, exposing for the rest of us the very extent of the danger within, and how lucky we may have been to escape it. ♦

'The

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Undocumented college students face the dawn of the Trump administration.

By Dale Russakoff
Photographs by
Angela Strassheim

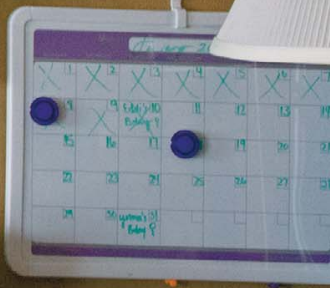
A M E R

NO HUMAN
BEING IS
-ILLEGAL-

- Kevin & Traci's Bucket List...*
- Holocaust Museum - Brooklyn, Harlem, NY
 - ✓ Museums in D.C.
 - Minumizers
 - Cyprian Zera
 - Times Square
 - Broadway
 - Statue of Liberty
 - Chinatown, NY
 - Chinatown, Philly
 - LOVE Philly
 - Baltimore Aquarium
 - N.J. Shore
 - N.J. Boardwalk
 - Pratt Learning Walk
 - House of Jenga's

ACADEMIC CALENDAR
September 2017

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30



hen Indira Islas was in third grade at Centennial Arts Academy, a public elementary school in Gainesville, Ga., she decided it was time to get serious. It was 2006, and she was in the lowest reading group in her class. She had been in that group since arriving two years earlier, speaking no English, in Gainesville, a city of 38,000 just northeast of Atlanta's booming outer suburbs. But being at the bottom went against everything she believed about herself. "I wanted to be with the smart kids," she recalls. Starting the year before, in second grade, she read every volume of the "Magic Tree House" books in her elementary-school library, a series about two ordinary siblings who climb into their backyard treehouse and time-travel to Pompeii, the Wild West, the ice age, feudal Japan and beyond. "I absolutely loved them," she says. "It was like going on adventures all over the world."

It was also the opposite of her own life. Indira left Mexico for the United States at age 6 with her parents and two younger sisters. Her mother cleaned houses when she wasn't caring for the children — there would eventually be seven of them — and her father worked in construction, and there was no money for after-school lessons or soccer clubs, let alone traveling. "I'd hear about trips and experiences of my white friends, and I remember thinking: I'll never go to the beach or Disney World for spring break," Indira says. Her parents told her that education was all that mattered, and she had to spend all her free time inside, reading and writing. "I tell my children this country is a blessing to all the people living here," her mother told me. "If you have the opportunity to be good, it's very important to take it." Indira took this advice to heart. By the time she was in fifth grade, her reading skills had improved so much that she tested into the top reading group. By middle school, she consistently got A's, which qualified her for a celebratory school trip every time report cards came out. "They rewarded us by taking us skating or bowling," she says. "I felt like I was so smart, just getting the chance to go out for the whole school day with friends. That's when I said: 'I can make it.'"

Indira began to throw herself into everything. At recess, she played soccer and basketball, competing so fiercely that everyone took notice. Boys usually picked other boys for their teams, and white kids tended to favor other white kids. But everyone started picking Indira. In middle school, she was on the track team, running long-distance races. Her coach was stunned by her determination. In meets, even when she won her event, she scolded herself unless she broke her previous record. After practices ended, she would keep running. "I wanted to think," she says. "I'd stay after practice and run and run and run."

Indira remembers understanding vaguely that it wasn't just poverty that set her and her family apart. Her parents had been doctors in Mexico. She admired pictures in their dresser drawer of the two of them in their 20s standing together, tall and proud in their white coats — before they all fled the violence of drug gangs who were then taking over their home state, Guerrero. When she asked her parents why they were no longer doctors, they explained it was because they were not American citizens. It didn't make sense to Indira. Why would her father have shed that beautiful crisp white coat for the fraying pants and shirts he now wore?

Soon after Indira turned 13, in 2011, she was riding home from track practice with her mother when another car

sideswiped the family's Ford Expedition. The other driver, who was at fault, insisted on calling the police, according to Indira and a lawyer who assisted the family. Indira pleaded not to involve the police, explaining that her mother did not have a driver's license because she was not an American citizen. (In Georgia and most other states, undocumented immigrants cannot obtain driver's licenses.) But the driver said she needed a police report to get insurance to cover the damage to her car.

A police officer arrived and asked for Indira's mother's license. When she said she did not have one — a state crime — she was told to get out of the car. Indira got out, too. She remembers two of her younger siblings sleeping in the back, one in a booster seat, one in a car seat. Two elders from the church they attended arrived to ask for mercy. She has seven children, they told the officer. He responded that he was simply enforcing the law. Indira's mother turned to her and began to cry. "Indira, I don't know what is going to happen," she said. "They're going to take me." Indira remembers remaining strangely calm. "When she was being handcuffed, I said: 'Mom, everything is going to be O.K.'"

Indira's mother was held in Gainesville's Hall County jail for three days, but that wasn't the most frightening part for the family. Hall is one of four counties in Georgia that have a formal agreement to report arrests of undocumented immigrants to the Department of Homeland Security, which means that infractions as minor as a burned-out bulb above a license plate can spiral into deportation proceedings. Indira's mother says that her charge of driving without a license ultimately led to a referral to immigration court and a deportation order instructing her to leave the country within 30 days. She stayed, slipping into the shadows. Every day since, Indira says, she and her siblings have feared that their mother would be deported. It would take only one more traffic stop.

"That woke me up," Indira says. "Until then, I thought the world was happy." In fact, she now realized, it was only American citizens who seemed truly happy. "It must feel pretty good, I guess, to not have to worry about whether your family could be taken away any day."

INDIRA HAS WANTED to be a doctor for almost as long as she can remember. When she was 10, her family was shopping for groceries at Sam's Club, and she spotted a large book about human anatomy. She became so excited about it that her parents bought it for her birthday, even though it was well above her reading level — and their price range. She began working her way through it, mesmerized, and when she got stuck, her mother would explain whatever had stumped her.

She was determined to go to college and medical school and fulfill her parents' interrupted dream. In her junior year, Indira began researching college options. She would be a strong applicant. She was consistently at or near the top of her class; she was on the high-school track and soccer teams; she volunteered over 1,000 hours a year at the local hospital, a record in the history of the teen-volunteer program; and she led her school's chapter of the Hispanic Organization Promoting Education (HOPE), which encouraged Latino students — who made up just over half the district's population — to stay in school and graduate.

She was distressed to discover that Georgia barred undocumented immigrants from attending its top public universities and charged them out-of-state tuition at all others — triple the rate for citizen residents. She then turned to researching

'Life is going to be like it is for our parents. They could come pick us up and take us away any time.'

financial aid and learned that Congress barred her from accessing federal Pell grants, loans, scholarships and work-study jobs — the most common forms of assistance for low-income students. At first, she greeted this as just another set of obstacles to surmount, but as time went on, she began to despair. She would retreat to the classroom of her science teacher, Teresa Leach, who had become her mentor, in need of encouragement. “There were a couple of times when I just cried to her because I was tired,” she said. “I questioned myself if it was all worth the effort.” All the while, Indira told me, she held onto her religious conviction that God had a plan, and that she must respect it.

At a college fair attended by representatives of numerous Georgia colleges, she asked admissions officers what kind of help was available for undocumented students. No one had any to offer her. She switched her focus to private colleges and was admitted to Atlanta’s Agnes Scott, which she says awarded her \$20,000 annually in financial aid, less than half of what she needed. She researched full-ride private scholarships and found two for undocumented students, but she was selected for neither. She was awarded seven small scholarships, which totaled \$10,000, enough to go to a nearby public commuter college for only one semester at the out-of-state tuition rate.

Last May, Indira attended her graduation ceremony at Gainesville High School, but she had nowhere to go next. In every picture from that day, she wears a wide smile, but she was in pain inside, particularly when she caught a glimpse of her mother in the crowd, looking distraught. Unable to bring herself to celebrate with friends, she went home to be with her family.

Days later, a friend told her about a philanthropic organization called TheDream.US, which was offering undocumented students full four-year scholarships to Delaware State University or Eastern Connecticut State University. The application was demanding, and only 76 students would be chosen. She poured herself into the essays, spending hours composing them alongside an English teacher, Cindy Lloyd. She applied to Delaware

Indira Islas (center) with her siblings at home in Georgia. Previous photograph: Indira in her dorm room at Delaware State University.

State, a historically black college in Dover, five hours closer to home than Eastern Connecticut. In late June, she received an email from TheDream.US. “I saw ‘Congratulations,’” she remembers, “and I read no more.”

In late August, Indira made the 11-hour drive with her parents from Gainesville to Delaware State in unusual silence. She was thinking hard about each of her six younger siblings, wondering how they would fare without her. Over breakfast at a Cracker Barrel in South Carolina, when her mother pressed her about how she was feeling, she talked only of her concerns about not being at home to help everyone. When she arrived on campus — a flat expanse of grassy courtyards and buildings amid strip malls, auto dealers and chain restaurants just beyond Dover’s historic capital area — she found 33 other “opportunity scholars,” just as worried and hopeful as she was. All of them were assigned to a dorm about a quarter of a mile from the D.S.U. campus, a former Sheraton hotel acquired a few years earlier by the university as part of an expansion. They bonded instantly, traveling as a posse from classes to the library to the cafeteria, often ending up together late at night in the dorm lobby or in a lounge that had been a large hotel suite on the second floor.

In their first month on campus, the opportunity scholars were invited to a welcoming ceremony in the school’s Martin Luther King Jr. Student Center with Gov. Jack Markell; the Democratic senator Tom Carper; Donald Graham, a founder of TheDream.US; and D.S.U.’s president, Harry Williams. “This is not just an opportunity for you; it is an opportunity for the state of Delaware,” Markell told them. “It is sad to see your own home state reject such talent and potential.” He pronounced himself “thrilled that you’re here.” It was the first time many of the students could recall being welcomed anywhere. “We felt rejection our whole lives from our own states,” Indira said. “We were here only three weeks, and we already met the governor and the senator. It felt like saying ‘Haha!’ to Georgia.”

OF THE 34 opportunity scholars enrolled at D.S.U., 28 are from Mexico and one each is from Ecuador, El Salvador, Peru, Gabon, Gambia and Trinidad and Tobago. Their families are a composite portrait of the economic forces that have drawn undocumented immigrants to the nation’s small towns and metropolitan heartland. Their parents work in poultry plants, on factory lines, in warehouses, on construction sites, in restaurants; they clean and paint houses and schools, tend gardens. “They make everything look perfect for the tourists,” Yulma Lopez, who left Mexico at age 3, said of her parents’ work for a landscaping company in Charleston, S.C. Almost all their parents work illegally, but many pay income taxes, having obtained federal tax-identification numbers. And some, including Indira’s father, have secured temporary federal permission to work and drive lawfully.

While most of the students are 18 or 19, typical for college freshmen, some have worked for years in hopes of one day saving enough for college. Olivia Bekale, who is 27 and grew up in Baton Rouge, arrived in Louisiana from Gabon as a child. She graduated from high school in 2008 with a 3.9 G.P.A. from the Louisiana School for Math, Science and the Arts, a prestigious state-supported boarding school for top achievers. Unable to afford college, she cycled from one low-wage position to the next — server at the Melting Pot, a fondue restaurant; retail sales consultant for Sprint; customer-service agent for Marriott; pharmacy tech for Walgreens. Olivia, who had wanted to be a doctor since an aunt died of AIDS when she was 5, had





been out of high school for eight years when she learned of the opportunity scholarship; she applied immediately.

All but one of the students were enrolled in the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals program, also known as DACA. Created in 2012 by an Obama-administration executive action, DACA allowed teenagers and young adults who came to the United States illegally as children with their parents to register with the government and in turn receive a two-year renewable protection against deportation, along with work permits and Social Security numbers. Most of the students, like Indira, signed up at age 15, as soon as they were eligible. With DACA, Indira, who is now 18, was able to get a driver's license and a job at a Publix supermarket when she was in high school, working 20 hours a week as a cashier and bagger. Being able to work and drive legally, free of the fears her mother faced, and fitting in with her classmates, Indira says, was "living the American dream." With her income from Publix, she even was able to get braces for her teeth.

The starting point for all of their dreams was education, and the quest for it has been central to the experience of undocumented young people since long before Indira and her classmates were born. In the late 1970s, when undocumented immigrants had yet to move in large numbers beyond border states, Texas passed a law authorizing local school districts to ban them from public schools or charge them tuition. In a landmark decision in *Plyler v. Doe* in 1982,

a narrowly divided Supreme Court struck down the law, finding that undocumented children had a constitutional right to free K-through-12 public education. The opinion blamed a dysfunctional immigration system for creating the crisis by failing to keep out undocumented immigrants or provide them a path to citizenship. "Already disadvantaged as a result of poverty, lack of English-speaking ability and undeniable racial prejudices, these children, without an education, will become permanently locked into the lowest socioeconomic class," Justice William Brennan wrote for the majority, quoting the district-court opinion. The case also introduced the argument that undocumented children were legally blameless, unlike their parents: "The classification at issue deprives a group of children of the opportunity for education afforded all other children simply because they have been assigned a legal status due to a violation of law by their parents," Justice Lewis Powell wrote in a concurring opinion.

Undocumented children poured into the nation's schools over the next generation, and as they reached college age, they coalesced into a movement, advocating access to higher education as well as full citizenship. In 2001, they began calling themselves Dreamers, now an estimated 2.1 million young immigrants who have grown up as Americans in almost every way except for their passports. The name came from the Dream Act (Development, Relief and Education for Alien Minors), introduced in Congress in 2001 by Senator Richard

Opportunity scholars at dinner in a cafeteria at D.S.U.

Durbin, a Democrat from Illinois, and Senator Orrin Hatch, a Republican from Utah, and for which activists fought for over a decade. The measure, which would have put undocumented children on a path to citizenship, never passed, but the vast network of Dreamers became a compelling political force.

In 2001, hundreds of them turned out to testify in Texas in favor of legislation to allow undocumented residents to pay in-state college tuition if they graduated from Texas high schools and lived in the state for three years. “Something magical happened when those kids told their stories,” says the former Texas state representative Rick Noriega, a Democrat who sponsored the bill. “It was a humanizing of a very real issue dealing with children’s dreams and hopes. Every heart on that committee was touched, Republicans and Democrats.” The legislation passed both houses almost unanimously and was signed by Rick Perry, then governor of Texas and now President Donald Trump’s pick for energy secretary. Texas became the first state, followed quickly by California, to allow Dreamers to pay in-state tuition. Today, 21 states charge Dreamers the same tuition as legal residents, including six carried by Trump — Florida, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Utah and Texas.

In many of those states, however, the once-bipartisan issue has turned politically treacherous. In Texas, efforts to repeal the tuition law come closer to passing every year, and Noriega says there is no chance the original measure would pass today. The leading national opponents of in-state tuition for Dreamers include the Republican senator Jeff Sessions, Trump’s choice for attorney general, and the secretary of state of Kansas, Kris Kobach, a Republican who was a leader of Trump’s transition team on immigration. Each argues that students who are in the United States illegally should not get a public benefit in any state that is denied to a citizen from another state. In other words, if Dreamers pay in-state tuition in Texas, citizen students next door in Arkansas and Oklahoma — or Massachusetts, for that matter — should have the same right. “How much sense does that make, to have people here illegally, and they have more benefits than those who are here legally?” Sessions asked in a Senate floor statement. Kobach used the same argument to bring class-action lawsuits against in-state tuition for Dreamers in Kansas and California. Judges found no legal basis for the claims and dismissed the cases.

The larger debate over how to treat an estimated 11 million immigrants who came here illegally has been at a stalemate for decades, with advocates seeking a “path to citizenship” for law-abiding families who have been in the country for years and opponents denouncing “amnesty” for people who broke the law to enter the country. Amid hardening resistance in Congress to immigration reform, Dreamers brought pressure on Obama — including sit-ins and hunger strikes at his 2012 campaign offices — to use his executive power to create DACA. The program, announced on June 15, 2012, the 30th anniversary of the Supreme Court’s Plyler decision, proved transformative for Dreamers. They have entered college, taken on-the-books jobs, received driver’s licenses, bought cars. They now fly on planes, passing effortlessly through airport security. They still lack legal immigration status, but no longer are they exactly undocumented. “DACAmended,” many have called themselves.

Even in states where they pay in-state tuition, Dreamers still struggle to afford college because they are disproportionately low-income and have no access to federal financial aid. Fewer than 10 percent of Dreamers who graduate from high school

‘I felt so helpless to make things better. I decided almost right then I’ll go to college and medical school if it takes me the rest of my life.’

enroll in college. At a time when college graduates earn 70 percent more than those without degrees, these numbers conjure the 1982 warning by the Supreme Court that undocumented children could become a permanent underclass.

In response, a handful of philanthropies have adopted the cause of sending students with DACA status to college. The biggest of these, TheDream.US, has raised \$90 million to eventually finance 4,000 students at public colleges, with significant contributions from Donald Graham, former publisher and chief executive of The Washington Post, and his family; Mark Zuckerberg and Priscilla Chan; Bill and Melinda Gates; the hedge-fund executive William Ackman; and Michael Bloomberg, among others. (I was a reporter at The Washington Post from 1980 to 2008.) In 2014, TheDream.US began offering Dreamers full scholarships in states that charge them in-state tuition. Last year, in partnership with Delaware and Connecticut, the organization created the opportunity-scholarship program for students from the other 29 states, financed by \$41 million in philanthropy from Graham and his family and two anonymous donors. The governors of Delaware and Connecticut agreed to charge roughly in-state tuition rates for the 34 scholars at Delaware State and the 42 at Eastern Connecticut State — a total of \$80,000 per student for tuition, room and board for four years. In an effort to pre-empt political opposition, Graham says, the philanthropy works only with schools, like Delaware State and Eastern Connecticut State, that have excess capacity, so that undocumented students are not displacing citizens. And private donors pay all expenses, so that no state dollars are spent.

Still, when The Delaware State News ran an article in September about the D.S.U. opportunity scholars, the online comments complained that undocumented immigrants, not citizens, were benefiting. “Trump isn’t perfect, but I will vote for him because he puts Americans FIRST,” wrote a reader named John Huff of Magnolia, Del. “There are plenty of kids who are citizens who have the same dream and should come first.” And as news of the scholarship spread on the Delaware campus this fall, a number of African-American students told Dreamers that they resented that their own families had to go into debt for a portion of their education costs while the DACA students got full scholarships.

By then, Trump had mobilized anti-immigrant anger in large swaths of the country, having kicked off his campaign criticizing Mexican immigrants — “They’re bringing drugs. They’re bringing crime. They’re rapists” — and vowing to build a wall on the border to keep them out. In stump speeches, he promised to deport all 11 million undocumented immigrants and, in his first 100 days in office, to terminate DACA, labeling it “illegal amnesty.” Both vows became instant applause lines.

INDIRA DECLARED HER major in biological sciences at the beginning of the semester and started a demanding pre-med curriculum with six classes, including biology and chemistry, both requiring labs. Her parents had insisted she not take a job, in order to devote herself to education, freeing up four hours a night that she had spent working in high school. With that extra time, she found the academic challenges manageable. Much harder was living apart from her close-knit family for the first time in her life.

Her mother texted her daily. “Good morning, *hija*,” she wrote one recent morning, using the Spanish word for daughter. “May God bless you today in school. Please be kind to

everyone.” That night, over FaceTime, Indira talked with two of her younger sisters, who like her were born in Mexico and are undocumented. One, a junior in high school, is already on a quest for college scholarships. She and Indira came up with potential essay ideas and discussed her résumé. Then Indira helped the other, a freshman who is the smartest of all the family’s children, Indira says, with physics homework. On weekends, she FaceTimes with her four youngest siblings — a sixth grader, a fourth grader, a third grader and a first grader — all of whom were born in Georgia and are citizens.

Separation from family, from home, even from Mexican food made most of the opportunity scholars profoundly lonely. Estephany Martinez, a petite criminal-justice major with long black hair, couldn’t stop thinking about her sisters in the first weeks. “Whenever we came home from school, all four sisters would sit in the living room and do our homework and talk and watch TV,” she recalled wistfully of her life in Winder, Ga. In Delaware, “I didn’t have anybody that cared for me. I didn’t have anyone to come home to.” In early September, she summoned all the scholars to a gathering in the dorm’s second-floor lounge. “All right, you guys, we’re going to be here for each other,” she said. “That part of our lives — being undocumented — is critical to who we are. We have to share our stories.” Everyone crowded in, sitting on the sofa, spilling onto the floor, sitting shoulder to shoulder on counters that once were part of a kitchenette, sprawling into one another’s space.

Carlos Gonzales of Manteo, N.C., a lanky and cheerful marketing major whose mother is a restaurant cook, broke down crying when he recalled the violence that drove his family from Mexico City. He, his mother and his younger sister moved to North Carolina when he was 7. It was his mother who encouraged him, beginning in elementary school, to reach for college. “I don’t want you to live the life we’re living now,” she told him. In high school, he was an honor student and varsity wrestler and runner, working nights and weekends at McDonald’s in his Outer Banks town. When he received the email telling him he was an opportunity scholar, he said: “I hugged my mom and cried for two hours. The only reason I stopped was I had to go to work.”

Indira told the harrowing story that led to her own family’s departure from Mexico. In 2004, when she was 6, three masked gunmen broke into their home, which housed her parents’ clinic, and robbed them of everything — money, jewelry, a new computer, a television, cameras and medications. They filed a report with the police, they said, who didn’t investigate, in deference to cartels then taking over Guerrero, now the most violent state in Mexico. An uncle of her father’s already had been killed. In subsequent years, a cousin of her mother’s, a veterinarian, was kidnapped and never found. Two nephews disappeared. Her mother’s sister has been kidnapped twice — most recently this past November — and returned only after her family paid steep ransoms.

Weeks after the robbery, Indira’s family of five arrived in the United States on a tourist visa that her father procured a month earlier in hopes of taking everyone to Disney World. Instead, they went to Gainesville, where her father’s brother worked in construction — one of thousands of Mexican workers who flocked to the north Georgia community in the last 25 years, swelling the Hispanic population to more than 40 percent in 2013 from 8 percent in 1990. Indira said her parents are certain they would have been killed had they

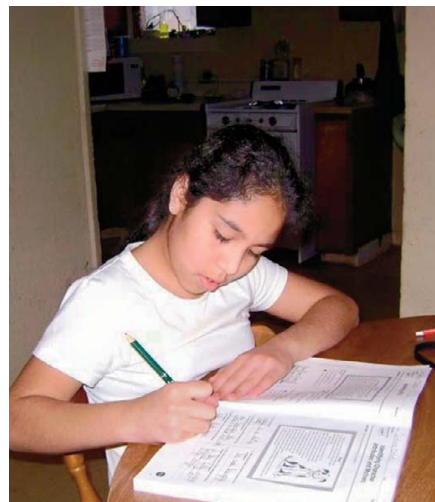
stayed. They decided to forfeit their careers for their family’s safety. “I no longer saw my future, but I saw my children’s future,” her father said to me.

Antonio Patino, a computer-science major who is a lifeguard and plays bass and guitar in his spare time, told the group about riding with his family in their car in 2015 in Lawrenceville, Ga., when a police officer pulled them over, though none of them understood why. His father, who is undocumented and processes returns for a local manufacturer, was driving but did not have a license. Antonio and his mother, younger sister and brother all watched in terror as his father was handcuffed, placed in a police cruiser and driven off to jail. As it turned out, he was released the next day after paying a fine of more than \$800 and was not referred to immigration court for further proceedings, but the incident shook Antonio’s sense of belonging in America. “I felt like I got slapped in the face just for living, trying to be a normal person in this beautiful country,” he said. “It feels like a hole inside me.” He said he now found himself gripped with fears for his parents’ safety at random moments during his days at D.S.U. It is as if he has swapped roles with his mother and father. “Like I’m now the parent and they’re the child, and I’m worried for them,” he told me. “Not being there, all these what-ifs swarm into my mind. What if out of nowhere they get pulled over again?” Calling them and hearing their voices usually comforts him. But after one such call, he said: “I went outside, and I had to cry a little. I was feeling like I couldn’t help them.”

A number of students shared the enormous sacrifices they had seen their parents make for them. Juan Chavez, 23, who grew up in Plymouth, Ind., and worked for five years after high school, told of his mother suffering a breakdown after her divorce from his father. He saw it as a response to the crushing instability of their lives, moving from one home to another in search of shelter. “She’s the strongest person I’ll ever know,” he said. “She’s my role model. My father figure as well as my mother.” He continued: “I felt so helpless to make things better. I decided almost right then I’ll go to college and medical school if it takes me the rest of my life.” He is now a psychology and pre-med major, intending to become a psychiatrist.

On and on the students went until almost 3 a.m., the common threads in their stories drawing them closer. It was the first time most of them had talked openly about being undocumented, but instead of feeling exposed, they felt safer. Until then, Antonio had gone out of his way to avoid conversations with non-Dreamers at D.S.U. about his scholarship,

Left: Indira doing homework as a second grader. Right: Indira at her high-school graduation.



not wanting to have to explain that he got it because he was undocumented. The next day, though, he fell into conversation with a student who asked him how he happened to come all the way from Georgia to D.S.U., and he said without hesitation: “I got a scholarship.”

“What for?”

“I’m undocumented,” Antonio said, surprised at how comfortable this felt.

“O.K., man, that’s cool,” the student said.

After their long night talking, the scholars also better understood what had propelled them all for as long as they could remember. Throughout high school, the opportunity scholars watched undocumented friends and siblings give up and drop out, shamed and beaten down by public scorn over illegal immigration and the dead-end options awaiting even those who excelled in high school. But they kept on striving, steeled to the insults, positioning themselves for a breakthrough they couldn’t yet see. Now this all made sense. “This pain — it pushes us,” Estephany said. “It’s motivation. It has made me who I am. It makes me go through every day.”

“Now we know what drives us,” Indira said.

ONE MORNING IN mid-October at 9:50 a.m., 10 minutes before Indira’s analytic-chemistry class was scheduled to start, she and two other opportunity scholars were already ensconced in the three center front-row seats, notebooks, pens and textbooks at the ready. Indira was wearing a Harvard sweatshirt that a classmate bought for her when their high-school A.P.-history class visited Boston. (Indira couldn’t afford to go.) “I’m going to get there one day,” she said with a confident smile. Most of the other students didn’t arrive until class was about to begin — or later — and there was little competition for the front rows.

A similar scene unfolded that morning in the ultramodern science center, in computational-thinking class, where Antonio and Jose Reyes Rios, another computer-science major, sat front and center with an African-American classmate named Hanqaamo Lintisio, who is from Maryland and has a track scholarship. The three had formed a study group and tutored one another so effectively that they all scored above 100 on the midterm. (They nailed the bonus question.) They were the only A’s in the class.

The Dreamers gather daily at a long Formica table in a D.S.U. cafeteria for food and conversation. At lunch, Carla Moreno propped her English composition textbook, “Patterns for College Writing,” against a napkin holder, securing it with an apple. She paged through a chapter while eating her salad and chili dog. “It’s just a quiz,” she said, “but I want to keep my A.”

“I deal with a lot of students, and I feel like the Dreamers are at a different level,” says Kevin Noriega, the adviser for their scholarships. “They’re saying, ‘I’ve got to make this happen because it’s my only option.’” Of the 488 scholars funded by TheDream.US who began college in 2014, 94 percent remain enrolled after their sophomore year; research shows that only 66 percent of low-income college students nationally return after one year. “This is a low-income population with retention rates like Harvard’s,” Donald Graham says. Because beneficiaries of TheDream.US have full rides, they avoid a common problem faced by other disadvantaged students: running short of money for costs not covered by Pell grants or other forms of aid.

One night in October before a biology exam, Indira went

‘This pain —
it pushes us.
It’s motivation.
It has made
me who I am.
It makes
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every day.’

to the D.S.U. athletic center for a workout to relieve stress. She was armed with a stack of homemade flash cards and her iPhone, on which she had downloaded discussions of test topics from various websites. While pounding out three miles on the treadmill, she flipped through her study cards, then plugged in her earbuds for a YouTube lecture on glycolysis. Returning to her dorm, she sat down at her desk for a final review. Hanging on the wall in front of her was a collage of family photographs. One showed the whole family of nine around their dinner table. “When I’m struggling, I look at a picture of my mom or dad, and I say, ‘I’m working for that person,’” she said. That night, her studying complete, she took a last look at her parents’ picture and fell asleep listening to recordings of her biology professor’s lectures. She got an A on the exam.

Indira’s determination to become a doctor requires more than a little imagination, because under current law in Georgia and many other states, licenses to practice medicine are reserved for citizens and legal residents. “I’m not planning my life based on the way things are today,” she said. “I’m thinking of the future.” In her eyes, America is a land of ever-unfolding opportunity. Over Columbus Day weekend, she visited Washington for the first time with her roommate, Karen Baltazar, who is from Lawrenceville, Ga., and also wants to be a doctor. At the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial, Indira stood underneath Roosevelt’s Four Freedoms — freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, freedom from fear — her arms raised high above her head, as if exulting in the message. Her smile was radiant. Karen snapped a picture, and Indira posted it on her Facebook page along with the caption, “I have never forgotten the reasons my parents brought me to this great country.”

Such unsinkable optimism, which I heard from many D.S.U. Dreamers in the early fall, is hard to maintain, and many of the estimated 65,000 undocumented immigrants who graduate from high school every year — and thousands who drop out — simply can’t muster it. In a recent book, “Lives in Limbo,” Roberto G. Gonzales, an assistant professor at Harvard’s graduate school of education, writes that academically successful Dreamers are far outnumbered by those who become casualties of “the deeper and more far-reaching consequences of being undocumented: living in poverty, having parents and family members who also bear the burdens of being undocumented, watching friends moving forward but being unable to join them, watching opportunities pass you by, navigating a world of exclusions while constantly looking over your shoulder.”

At least some of the opportunity scholars’ optimism last fall came from their assumption, based on reported polls, that Hillary Clinton would be the next president. They were heartened by her speeches about keeping families together and pursuing comprehensive immigration reform. At the very least, they were confident that DACA would remain in effect under her leadership. Though they didn’t believe Trump could win, he unnerved them with his speeches branding Mexicans criminals who stole Americans’ jobs and lived off their tax dollars. They took this rhetoric as a personal affront and were horrified by the hatred they saw on the faces of those who cheered his words. “The only thing that depresses me is so many people support him,” Jose Reyes Rios, the computer-science major, who aspires to work at Google one day, said in late September.

On election night, a group of Dreamers gathered around the flat-screen TV in the dorm lobby, (Continued on Page 51)

AS A PRESIDENTIAL
ELECTION APPROACHES
THIS SPRING, EVEN
WORKERS IN FRANCE'S
RUST BELT ARE EMBRACING
RIGHT-WING POPULISM.
IS SOCIAL DEMOCRACY
MAKING ITS LAST STAND?

BY JAMES ANGELOS

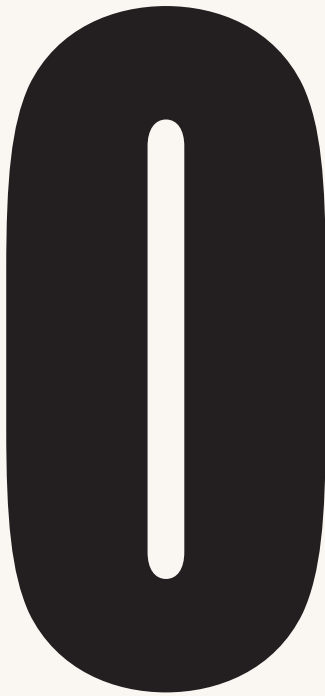
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON

THE RUST BELT





WORLD



One afternoon in September, Franck Sailliot marched through the northern French city of Lille alongside a couple of thousand leftist trade unionists and students. The marchers waved union flags, blew whistles, bellowed slogans. “Enough, enough, enough of this society, where there’s only unemployment and insecurity!” they yelled. “We don’t want the law of the bosses! The only solution is to revoke it!” Sailliot, a 48-year-old trade unionist who had worked much of his adult life in a paper mill in a town about an hour’s drive to the east, shuffled along, mostly silent, his hands in his pockets. As the demonstrators made their way through Lille’s town center, passing the ornate 17th-century stock exchange, they shouted, “Fire the stockholders!” and “Everything they have, they stole it!” One man wielded a bloodied, severed mannequin head and waved a French flag emblazoned with the silhouette of Robespierre, who presided over the Reign of Terror. It was a revolution of sorts, but Sailliot seemed a bit bored. The French left has long protested the encroachment of an unbridled free market, and despite some victories in halting its progress, the overall trend was one of demoralizing defeat.

Sailliot debated peeling off from the crowd early and grabbing a beer.

He might have been forgiven for betraying a degree of protest fatigue. For seven months, he had participated, off and on, in a wave of large and angry antigovernment demonstrations that transfixed the country and at times paralyzed it. Chief among the objects of the protesters’ ire was a labor law, conceived by President François Hollande’s Socialist government, designed to loosen the country’s impossibly dense network of job protections. The law lacked support in the French Legislature, so in July, Hollande’s prime minister invoked special constitutional powers to push it through without a vote. From the point of view of French leftists like Sailliot, this was the latest in a series of betrayals by an ostensibly left-wing government that backed one nonleftist measure after another. Hollande and his ministers were acting under immense pressure to improve the country’s sluggish growth and chronically high unemployment, which now hovers at 9.5 percent (25.9 percent for people under 25). Everyone from the International Monetary Fund to the European Commission was urging Hollande to undertake a program of economic liberalization in order to remedy the problem. The argument for the labor law was the essence of free-market orthodoxy: If companies could more easily lay off workers in bad times, they would be more willing to hire them in good times.

The argument was unconvincing to many in Pas-de-Calais, the rural and industrial area in the northernmost tip of France, where Sailliot lives. In the 1970s, France, like other industrialized countries, began a shift away from manufacturing to a services-based economy, and within a few decades, Pas-de-Calais came to epitomize industrial decline. It is now France’s rust belt and coal country all in one. The working-class voters of Pas-de-Calais have long supported France’s Socialists along with the French Communist Party. But as in the United States, where Rust Belt voters no longer embrace the Democratic Party, these workers have increasingly lost faith in the parties of the left.

Sailliot’s union, the General Confederation of Labor, or the C.G.T., was among the most strident opponents of the new labor law. The C.G.T., formerly linked to the Communist Party, is one of the oldest and largest trade unions in France. Though its membership and stature, like those of other French unions, have declined considerably from their post-World War II height, the C.G.T. remains unmatched in its ability to mobilize workers. And many of its members retain a far-left ideology and preference for militant tactics. After a draft of the labor law leaked last February, the C.G.T. demanded that it be scrapped and recommended alternative policies: Reduce the French workweek to 32 hours (from the current 35) and give workers raises.

The Socialist government tried to appease the C.G.T. and other unions by watering down the original draft of the law, but opposition to it remained fierce. The face-off ignited one of the most sustained and impassioned protest movements in France since the May 1968 demonstrations that nearly brought down the Fifth Republic a decade into its existence. Marches in Paris and cities across the country drew hundreds of

thousands of protesters and often culminated in tear-gas-laden street battles between truncheon-swinging riot officers and anarchist groups. Nuit Debout, a French version of Occupy Wall Street, drew large gatherings of young people to nighttime meetings in the Place de la République in Paris. C.G.T. activists blocked highway lanes and oil refineries, creating fuel shortages. Labor strikes halted train travel and cut output at nuclear-power plants.

Sailliot had another reason to protest. The paper mill in Pas-de-Calais where he worked for three decades shut down in 2015, because of what the company called an “accelerating deterioration in market conditions for printing and writing papers.” Sailliot was still technically employed there — he was a C.G.T. delegate, he explained, so legally it was harder to lay him off — but it was an unsettling feeling, he said, to think he’d have to find a new industry to work in. He blamed the Socialist government. His resentment was aggravated by the fact that he voted for Hollande in the French presidential election of 2012, enticed by his leftist pre-election rhetoric. These new Socialist laws, Sailliot said, were even worse than what the right was proposing; as for Hollande personally, Sailliot raised his hand in a gesture, not uncommon among Frenchmen, to indicate his testicles’ springing up to his neck in anger. “He’s a traitor.”

All around his home and workplace in Pas-de-Calais, Sailliot told me, the far-right, anti-immigration National Front was filling the political void that working-class discontent had created. With national elections looming, the party depicted itself as the new defender of the French worker; as part of that effort, its leader, Marine Le Pen, joined France’s hard leftists in condemning the labor law as “social regression” — the same term of disparagement used by trade-union leaders and the Communist Party. Le Pen’s economic rhetoric, in fact, is often hard to differentiate from positions normally held by the far left. She rails against free-trade agreements and “social dumping” — the practice of domestically hiring foreigners for lower wages than citizens earn — and her party has vowed to reindustrialize France and protect social benefits. The French newsmagazine *Le Point* reported that Hollande, when asked to explain the growing popularity of the National Front, often





LAURENT DASSONVILLE

'THE LEFT FORGOT ITS TRADITION. IT'S UP TO US TO APPROPRIATE IT.'

relays a story a former head of the C.G.T. told him: When the union leader read a National Front leaflet to his fellow union members without telling them what party it was from, the union members all approved of the message.

Sailliot, a committed Communist, referred to the National Front's leaders as "impostors" — a word that C.G.T. leaders use when describing the party's effort to appeal to their rank and file — and dismissed the notion that the far-right party, if elevated to power, would keep its leftist-sounding promises. But he could not deny the political effectiveness of the message. Among his disaffected colleagues, neighbors, even within his own family, the National Front was increasingly popular, he told me. Laid-off workers saw that mainstream parties hadn't done anything for them, he said, "so they vote for Le Pen."

In two rounds of voting this April and May, France will elect a new president to succeed Hollande. According to polls, as of this writing, Le Pen remains a viable contender. Her success — in the coming election and beyond — hinges in no small part on her party's effort to supplant the left in places like Pas-de-Calais, and to make the National Front the new voice of France's working class.

The 2008 financial crisis, which began in the United States but quickly spread to Europe with more enduring, destructive consequences, should in theory have been a boon to the global left. The vast scope of the collapse, after all, illustrated that free markets are far from unflinchingly efficient. Governments

OPENING PAGES: THE BLOCKED ENTRANCE TO A DEFUNCT PAPER MILL IN WIZERNES.

across Europe stepped in to rescue banks, to save capitalism from itself. Both the origins of the crisis and the activism of the state in addressing it seemed to justify the social-democratic model that European nations traditionally championed: government intervention to tame the excesses of capitalism and harness its productive capacity for the greater good.

Recently, though, European social democrats have witnessed an extraordinary drop in support. In 2009, the Social Democratic Party of Germany suffered its worst election defeat in post-World War II history. In the British general election one year later, the Labour Party received its second-lowest share of the vote since 1918, the year that voting restrictions on women and non-property-owning men were relaxed. Even in Scandinavian countries — often cited as the apotheosis of social democracy — center-left parties are struggling. A recent analysis in *The Economist* showed that across Western Europe, support for social-democratic parties is at its lowest point in 70 years.

France appeared to be something of a holdout. Hollande's ascension to the presidency in 2012 was seen as a rare bit of good news. Before his election, Hollande tapped into the sense of grievance on the left, declaring his "true enemy" to be the "world of finance," calling himself the "candidate of justice" and vowing to impose a 75 percent tax on earnings over one million euros (a measure later enacted but allowed to expire in 2014). Hollande also declared his opposition to German-backed austerity policies applied in response to the eurozone debt crisis. But only months into his presidency, he began to anger the far left, supporting a German-led European Union fiscal compact that established stricter controls over national spending. By 2014, Hollande was emphasizing the need to reduce corporate taxes and trim public spending in order to increase growth and control deficits, and he replaced leftist cabinet members with more centrist ministers. Hollande's prime minister, Manuel Valls, had previously suggested that the party drop the word "socialist" from its name; it was Valls who later muscled the labor law through Parliament. In part because of the disaffection of the leftists who once supported him, Hollande became perhaps the least popular president in recent French history; in one poll last October, only 4 percent of respondents said they were satisfied with him. In December, Hollande took the extraordinary step of announcing that he would not run for re-election, making him the first sitting president in recent French history not to seek a second term.

For many French leftists, Hollande's presidency did not represent the first betrayal at the hands of the Socialist Party. The only other Socialist president of the Fifth Republic, François Mitterrand, was an even greater disappointment. When he was first elected in 1981, Mitterrand ran on an anticapitalist platform, vowing to nationalize industry, raise wages and reduce the retirement age. His victory was met with jubilation on the left, and some supporters believed Mitterrand would end French capitalism. But outside France, political winds were blowing in the other direction. The 1980s were the era of deregulation and economic liberalization, the age of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan. Europe was advancing toward a single market. Mitterrand's policies couldn't contain inflation, threatening the country's place in the coming monetary union. He was forced to choose between his revolutionary agenda and European integration. By 1983, Mitterrand chose Europe and implemented spending cuts, a move referred to in France as the *tournant de la rigueur*, or the austerity turn. Today, French leftists compare Hollande's shift to Mitterrand's U-turn and ask now, as they asked then, Is socialism dead?

The answer, at least in today's Europe, is probably yes. In the 1990s and early 2000s, leaders like Tony Blair in Britain, Bill Clinton in the United States and Gerhard Schröder in Germany led a center-left resurgence. Yet in their fight for the political middle ground, they pulled their own parties away from shrinking labor constituencies and toward a fuller embrace of the free market. In Europe, the demise of the old left has been cemented by the strictures of E.U. membership, which sets in stone practices that were once anathema to socialists: free trade, limits on national spending and monetary policies that subordinate employment to price stability. There is no more blatant example of the European left's inability to be leftist than Greece, where in 2015 voters elected Syriza, a "radical left" party that promised to thwart E.U. austerity policies. Since its victory, however, Syriza has been compelled, under threat of expulsion from the eurozone, to adopt an agenda that is anything but leftist: privatizations, pension cuts and stringent fiscal targets. In a recent interview in the French journal *Le Débat*, Hollande was asked about his own rightward drift: Will he be the president who presides over "the end of the socialist idea"? Hollande replied that it was impossible to be socialist in isolation, before going on to frame the left's challenge. "What is at stake is whether the left, rather than socialism, has a future in

the world, or whether globalization has reduced or even annihilated this hope.”

As center-left parties become more indistinguishable from their center-right opponents, the classical liberal vision — a well-informed polity making democratic choices along a left-right continuum — has blurred. The left-right dichotomy has its roots in the French Revolution, when members of the National Assembly physically divided themselves according to their view on the king’s authority: Those members in favor of more royal power stood on the right side of the chamber, and those opposed stood on the left. While the meaning of the left-right divide has since evolved and the concept has often failed to encapsulate complex political movements, it has since come to define democratic politics. Increasingly, however, voters perceive their democratic choices along a different axis, not from left to right but from a fill-in-the-blank centrist party to a populist, radical one, as a choice between parties that wish to tweak the prevailing order and those that seek to overthrow it.

Far-right parties are not the only ones offering revolution. Far-left parties remain on ballots across Europe, and in France, the Left Front, an electoral coalition that includes the French Communist Party, has sought to take advantage of the Socialists’ troubles. The Left Front was popular among many of the trade unionists I met, yet as of now, its support has remained limited. With notable exceptions like Greece and Spain, where far-left parties have surged in the face of economic misery, voters in Europe often perceive these parties to be discredited by history, even irrelevant. And now, in countries like France, the far left faces growing competition from the far right.

Many believe that the consequences of this political scrambling will be profound. Dominique Reynié, a political-science professor at Sciences Po in Paris, described “the end of the story of the democratic-socialist model” as “very bad news,” even though he does not identify as a socialist himself. “If we consider the invention of pluralistic democracy in Europe at the end of the 19th century, it was founded on the possibility of making a choice between the right and the left,” he told me. “If we have lost this duality, we have probably lost the mechanical principle of democracy.”

The defunct paper mill Sailliot worked at is in a small town called Wizernes, a worn-looking cluster of red-roofed homes surrounded by marshy parkland and intersected by the Aa River, which runs through the mill and other factories along its serpentine course to the North Sea. One morning, I found Sailliot and his colleagues sitting inside a prefabricated shed outside the mill, a base of resistance marked by a red C.G.T flag planted in a rusty barrel. Sailliot and other union members had maintained a round-the-clock vigil since the mill’s closing, to draw national attention to their plight and also, they said, to ensure that the company did not secretly send trucks to disassemble the mill. The idea was to keep it ready for production in the event that another buyer came along. (Sequana, the company that owns the mill, said it would take it apart this year.) A pile of tires lay next to the shed, ready to be ignited if a blockade was deemed necessary. One of the men pointed out the scorched asphalt where he had set tires alight — ostensibly to prevent suspicious trucks from entering, but surely good theater too — and, with a devilish smile, expressed hope that he would soon get a chance to do it again. Inside the shed, posters covered the walls. One, with an image of a worker’s hand holding a hammer, called for a “dictatorship of the proletariat.” Another, picturing Hollande, was captioned “the gravedigger of the left.”

I struck up a conversation with Bruno Evrard, a 49-year-old whose father had worked at the mill, as had his grandfather. Evrard worked at the plant for three decades and hoped to spend his working life there. Instead, he was now employed at a nearby cardboard factory on a week-to-week basis. Given the growth in online shopping, Evrard said, cardboard was a relatively good business to be in. Still, he didn’t want to get his hopes up. “They use temporary people like Kleenex,” he said.

Evrard asked me how American workers protected their jobs. “Eat or be eaten,” I said, trying to draw a laugh. But this seemed only to confirm the unionists’ view of America’s grim reality. “Are there a lot of ‘insecure’ jobs?” Evrard asked, meaning jobs with no protections from layoffs. Pretty much all private-sector jobs in America are insecure, I said, explaining that it was common for people to change employers many times over the course of a lifetime.

“That’s what they’re trying to do in France,” Evrard snapped. “The same kind of stupidity.”

“That’s the labor law,” Sailliot chimed in.

“It’s American,” Evrard said in perturbed agreement. “It’s American.”

Evrard told me that his opinion of the French Socialist Party, which brought this American idea to France, was “zero.” I asked him if that meant he would consider voting

for the National Front. He came from a staunchly communist family and maintained his allegiance to the left, he told me. But it was an increasingly lonely position. All Evrard ever heard from his new co-workers was how the government took care of foreigners, not French workers. “I’m never on the right side of the conversation,” he said. The National Front has become “too big of a phenomenon.”

Sailliot then gave me a tour of the expansive grounds, walking me past the brick chateau next to an apple orchard that was built, he said, by the wealthy family that once owned the place, and then over to the mill itself, where he pointed out the virtues of the giant machines. Afterward, we walked over to a nearby restaurant for lunch. At our table, not far from a television that blared out the progress of a horse race, we were joined by Jérôme Lecoustre, a reticent man with a bulldog tattoo on his neck. Lecoustre works with Sailliot’s wife at a nearby glass factory that, he said, had shed thousands of employees since he started working there two decades ago. His own wife worked at a school cafeteria, part time and on a short-term contract. They had two children, 11 and 14. I asked him if he was worried about losing his job. Lecoustre hesitated to answer, taking a gulp from a glass of red wine.

“No,” he said finally.

Sailliot shot him a look of disbelief. “Come on, you know you’re afraid of the future.”

Lecoustre paused, then gave his explanation: Workers with

‘PEOPLE ARE FED UP, SO MAYBE WE CAN TRY TO CHANGE SOMETHING.’

ROWHOUSES BETWEEN MÉRICOURT AND LENS.



more menial jobs were at greater risk of losing them. But he worked on a machine, and this gave him more security.

Sailliot didn't press the issue. The two men remained friendly, despite glaring political differences. Lecoustre was a supporter of the National Front. I asked him why.

"People are fed up," he said. "So maybe we can try to change something."

"Fed up about what?" I asked.

"A bit of everything," he said.

Lecoustre brought up the thousands of African and Middle Eastern migrants and refugees that had set up a sprawling camp, widely referred to as the Jungle, in Calais, a French port city near the Channel Tunnel. Their attempts to stow away on ferries, trains and trucks bound for Britain had become a nuisance to drivers and travelers. The solution, according to Lecoustre, was to take greater control of the national borders.

The National Front has, in recent years, become more popular in many rural areas and small towns like Wizernes, places that are often relatively homogeneous and have few immigrants. Many people, of course, wish to keep it that way and therefore happily embrace the National Front's nativist message. Yet immigration is also intertwined with broader anxieties that fuel support for the party — fear of terrorism, fear of economic collapse — and so the issue becomes an easy, tangible target, even if it remains an abstraction.

I asked Lecoustre if immigration had changed his life in any direct way. He thought for a moment. "No," he said.

Sailliot interjected. This was the absurdity of it all, he said. There were hardly any migrants in the area, and yet somehow, immigration was everybody's biggest problem. How could that be? Sailliot went on: Politics ought to be about putting all people first, ahead of global markets, ahead of the bottom line, not about getting some people out of the country. Lecoustre listened, but he did not appear convinced.

The suspicion that immigrants are taking something they don't deserve, the conviction that native citizens are being supplanted by foreigners, the growing sense that mainstream political parties serve the interests of privileged global elites rather than working people — all of this will be perfectly familiar to Americans who just lived through the last election. President Donald J. Trump's campaign in many ways embodied the nativist, anti-establishment rebellion sweeping much of the West. In doing so, it replicated aspects of an older French model, in which the far right adopted the rhetoric of the far left to surprising success.

In the mid-1990s, Jean-Marie Le Pen, the National Front's founder, began to push the party's economic platform away from its original free-market ideology and toward protecting the working class. (Observers coined the term *gaucho-lepénisme* to describe his growing appeal to traditional leftists.) In 2002, he stunned France by coming in second in the first round of the French presidential election, ahead of the weak Socialist candidate. In France, the winner must obtain an absolute majority of votes, so the top two finishers compete in a second round. In that runoff, Le Pen lost overwhelmingly to the center-right candidate, Jacques Chirac, as many leftists joined center-right voters to form a "republican front," uniting forces to thwart the National Front.

When Jean-Marie's youngest daughter, Marine, took over the party in 2011, she redoubled the leftist economic message and shunned her father's blatantly anti-Semitic statements — a so-called *dédiabolisation* of the party intended to make it more palatable to the mainstream. Her economic rhetoric is now often indistinguishable from that of far-left European leaders. In 2015, Hollande and Chancellor Angela Merkel of Germany jointly addressed the European Parliament in Strasbourg, France. Le Pen, a member of that Parliament, stood to make a reproach to Merkel. The terms on which she did so — German economic domination of Europe, the "vassalization" of European nations and the imposition of austerity policies that led to mass unemployment — could just as well have come from Greece's former finance minister, Yanis Varoufakis, Le Pen's ideological opposite in every other way.

Le Pen has adopted an old-left economic message at a time when the center-left has largely abandoned it. Across much of Europe, in fact, far-right parties are increasingly presenting themselves as guardians of workers and of the welfare state for native citizens, promising to preserve it from the threat of foreign newcomers. The consequences are proving particularly drastic for the European Union. Britain's vote to leave the E.U. was propelled by an unusual alliance of conservatives and working-class voters who have traditionally supported the Labour Party — many of them in England's industrial north. Le Pen promises that if she wins the presidential election, she, too, will call for a referendum on whether France should remain in the E.U., and she hopes a similar alliance of voters will yield the same result. France is a founding member of the E.U. and is far more economically and politically entwined with the bloc than Britain, which was never a fully committed member. While Brexit was a blow to the E.U., France's departure could signify its end. An eventual French exit, though unlikely, is not unimaginable. French voters rejected a European Constitution in a 2005 referendum, and French attitudes toward the European Union since then have only grown more skeptical. A pre-Brexit Pew Research Center survey found that 61 percent of the French held an unfavorable view of the E.U.; the same survey found that 48 percent of Britons did.

Presidential-election polls in France, as of this writing, show Le Pen likely to make it to the runoff, to be held in May. The pressing question in France now is: Will the "republican front" once again hold? Given the unpopularity of the Socialists, Le Pen's chief opponents are now François Fillon — a center-right, market-oriented social conservative who has promised to cut public-sector jobs and was recently depicted on the front page of the left-wing newspaper *Libération* with a Margaret Thatcher hairdo — and Emmanuel Macron, a young former investment banker who served as the economy minister under Hollande but has now split to form his own neither-of-the-left-nor-of-the-right political movement. This, bewilderingly, makes the far-right Le Pen the only leading candidate with a traditionally leftist economic message, and it leaves many leftists who remain opposed to her hard-pressed to vote for her opponents.

Sailliot told me that he would support the Left Front candidate in the first round, but that if he was forced to choose between Le Pen and one of the other probable candidates in the second round, he would not vote at all. Some of his leftist colleagues, many of whom voted for Chirac in 2002 in order to foil Jean-Marie Le Pen, told me the same thing. Ultimately, Marine Le Pen isn't expected to win; enough left-leaning voters, it is believed, will join center-right voters to defeat her. But this is an era in which political prediction may seem like a fool's game. The day after Trump's election, Le Pen

(Continued on Page 53)

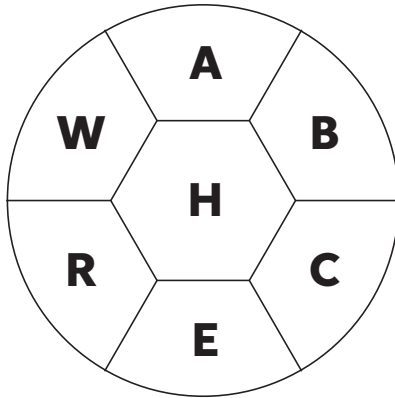


SPELLING BEE

By Frank Longo

How many common words of 5 or more letters can you spell using the letters in the hive? Every answer must use the center letter at least once. Letters may be reused in a word. At least 1 word will use all 7 letters. Proper names and hyphenated words are not allowed. Score 1 point for each answer, and 3 points for a word that uses all 7 letters.

Rating: 5 = good; 10 = excellent; 15 = genius

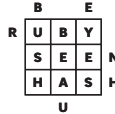


Our list of words, worth 19 points, appears with last week's answers.

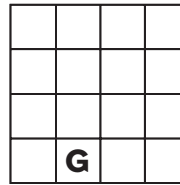
PROJECTORS

By Patrick Berry

Answer the clues for 8 words — 4 across and 4 down — to be entered in the grid. Each answer is 1 letter too long to fit, though, so either the first or last letter will “project” outside the grid. The clues are in no particular order. One letter has been placed for you as a starting help. When the puzzle is done, start at the upper left and read the projecting letters clockwise to get the name of a famous film (like BEN-HUR in the example below).



Clues: Friend, in Mexico • Given a title • Like a Rockette • Bette’s “All About Eve” role • Appliance brand owned by Whirlpool • Cut a rug • Use a curling iron on • Ally’s opposite

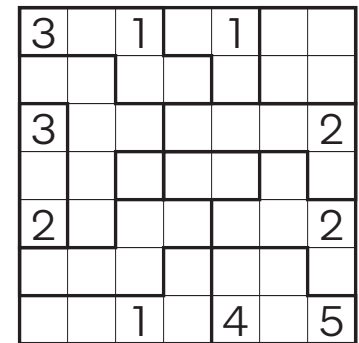


CAPSULES

By Wei-Hwa Huang

Place numbers in the grid so that each outlined region contains the numbers 1 to n, where n is the number of squares in the region. The same number can never touch itself, not even diagonally.

Ex.



PUNS AND ANAGRAMS

By Mel Taub

ACROSS

- 1 Tip used in an argument
- 8 Features that the Scottish landscape bears
- 13 Damn deep and depressed
- 14 Concerning a social engagement
- 16 What the model said while at work
- 17 Morning exam
- 18 Mechanically repeat standard nonsense
- 19 Boy with all the vowels — A, E, I, O, U —
- 21 Slide off the ends
- 22 Arch exclamation
- 23 Farm sound heard in one of the 8-Across
- 24 What a note denotes
- 25 Boy in Eagle Scouts
- 26 ACDE ... WXYZB
- 28 Like the judgments of officials in robes
- 29 Tried seed, say
- 31 They diminish unrest, I think
- 33 Retro attire
- 34 Make ir_ _tab_ _

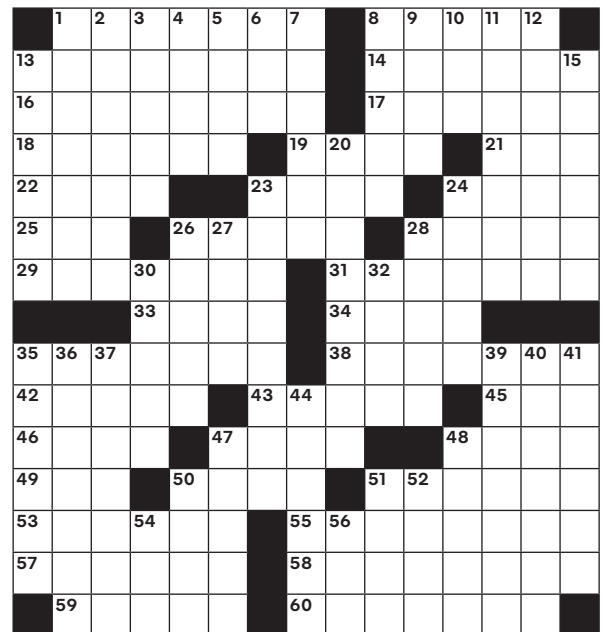
- 35 Be hopin’ for a body part

- 38 City involved in an A.M.A. deal
- 42 Girl who’s somewhat well endowed
- 43 Parts for a loser
- 45 German for the Red
- 46 Outer banks of Plymouth Bay
- 47 Sets the legs
- 48 Bird with a tail on its tail
- 49 Skip, as a class at T.C.U.
- 50 Kind of cure
- 51 Like a little fellow who’s coming
- 53 Isaac or Howard, e.g.
- 55 Lake seen in a cover of an old film magazine
- 57 The set theory, oddly
- 58 M U S
- 59 Window dressing for an ad rep
- 60 These deals are best when gotten from manufacturers

DOWN

- 1 What the beaver’s work does over time

- 2 Strongly influence, as a Miss. rep
- 3 Source of Sp. metal
- 4 “Why do I have to ___ much to buy things in Mexico?”
- 5 Arian’s predecessor
- 6 Clear up
- 7 Grades of literary awards
- 8 One of a TV bunch from Darby
- 9 Monsieur Myer
- 10 Said goodbye
- 11 Where one doing a piercing can labor with ease
- 12 Worker a furniture factory retains
- 13 Nothing piled on an antenna
- 15 Dr. Lee’s parents
- 20 A last run of music signs
- 23 Pestered with an edged bar
- 24 Something Northwest Indians met to discuss
- 26 English poet next to Reagan
- 27 Like Neal after dieting
- 28 He is Al’s partner
- 30 It could be by a shrine
- 32 Line through Egypt
- 35 Wearer of the cap that says, “I’m cool, man”



- 36 Sullied, perhaps
- 37 Prattle about a dish
- 39 With whom do I meet Esau?
- 40 Gadgets for de seconds in command
- 41 A scare over palms
- 44 Absolutely no foie gras
- 47 Green variety
- 48 Nod at a 1930s film star
- 50 Start of a ration
- 51 Rise of a small town
- 52 An ol’ home for the Saints, informally
- 54 Letter from B. to Ray
- 56 Clemens, at heart

SCIENCE

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DACA

(Continued from Page 43)

many of them studying as they watched returns. Indira had exams the next day in math and biology and arrived equipped with her flash cards. The mood turned dark after Trump won Florida. Everyone's mind flooded with his vows that they had discounted until now — to revoke DACA, to deputize local police departments to enforce federal immigration laws. "We will issue detainers for all illegal immigrants who are arrested for any crime whatsoever, and they will be placed into immediate removal proceedings," Trump said last summer in Arizona. As all of them knew well, these crimes included one of their parents' daily activities — driving without a license. If DACA disappeared, and with it their Social Security numbers, their own driver's licenses would be worthless. So would their federal work authorization, meaning most would lose the jobs that paid for their books, phones, clothes, travel home and anything else they needed.

By 1 a.m., Indira became too distressed to concentrate. Olivia Bekale was one of four opportunity scholars who watched until Trump was declared the president-elect. "We were just looking at each other and crying," she says. "We hugged each other and went to our rooms."

On the Sunday after the election, when they gathered in the dorm lobby, the opportunity scholars were struggling with something unfamiliar: despair. They had registered for DACA with the Department of Homeland Security, which now knew exactly where they were. "Life is going to be like it is for our parents," said Victor Hernandez of Coats, N.C., stunned and shaking his head. "They could come pick us up and take us away any time."

Social media brought aftershocks for all of them as they discovered that many of their best friends voted for Trump. Almost all of Antonio's high-school swim teammates in Lawrenceville had Trump filters on their Facebook and Snapchat profile pictures. "All I could think was: You voted against me," he said. "What did I do to you?"

The day after the election, Indira couldn't bear to call her mother until the afternoon. Instead, she confided her fears in text messages to her former science teacher, Teresa Leach. "I've never been so disappointed in this country," she wrote. "I've never felt so powerless. . . . I'm scared about my family, my mom. . . . Not sure if I'll even get my degree, much less go to medical school here." When Indira finally did call home, her mother insisted she was not afraid and told Indira that education was now even more important.

Several of Indira's friends back home told her they doubted Trump would follow through on all his campaign promises, and in any case, they couldn't imagine he would target her. "These are people who helped me get to where I am, who remind me they love me, and I love them," she said. "But they'll never understand what we feel. They say, 'He won't do that.' Do they think he's going to send back all the immigrants except Indira?"

A lifeline of sorts arrived the week after the election, when the students received letters from The Dream.US, Governor Markell and the president of D.S.U., pledging to stand behind their scholarships no matter what became of DACA. Donald Graham lined up attorneys to represent them if anyone challenged their right to be in school.

But their bigger fears were for their parents. Antonio and Indira went home for Christmas to find their families filled with trepidation. "We're trying to be invisible, trying to stay hidden," Antonio's father said, "do only the things we have to do to live, like go to work, go buy groceries." During the 2015 holiday season, they took a driving tour of the Christmas lights and celebrated New Year's Eve in downtown Lawrenceville. "Now we can't go to any festivities because for us it's very dangerous," his mother told me in their apartment in a complex in Buford, Ga. "There are a lot of police there."

Antonio's father said he worries about driving his daughter, Litzy, 15, home from her swim-team practice at rush hour, when the police presence increases. Litzy was born in Georgia, and he thought of asking

her to leave the team until she is old enough to drive because, as a citizen, she will be able to get a driver's license. "But then I said to myself: 'No! That's crazy. That's why we're here — for our kids. So they can take advantage of every opportunity.'" He continues to ferry her — carefully — during rush hour.

Indira found her mother more frightened than at any time since receiving her deportation order. Her mother says she has no choice but to drive when someone at her church asks for help, when her children call for rides home and when she is needed at a charity medical clinic where she volunteers as a doctor's assistant and translator. "Life changed after the election," she told me in December, in her living room decorated with framed academic awards for each child. She was surrounded by her kids, who listened carefully. "The children know I don't have a driver's license. They know at any time maybe the police will take me again. 'If I can't come back,' I tell them, 'you have to go to school every day. You have to study hard — even harder.'"

By the time Indira and the other opportunity scholars returned to campus in January, all of them had come to the same conclusion: There was now only one thing they could control — their education. "The only way we can fight back is to excel in school," Indira wrote to me in a text message. She felt weary in the aftermath of the election, but when she had this epiphany, she said: "I wasn't tired anymore. I had that drive, that hunger to just come out on top. I was angry. I was staying at the library longer, going to the gym a lot more."

Estephany Martinez focused on her life's mission. "My goal is being a police chief — something that makes my voice louder," said the criminal-justice major. "I have to educate myself to get there. I want to show people who don't believe in us: 'I got all the way here. I'm starting from the bottom with education, and I'm going to get there.'"

As they settled into the semester, they monitored everything Trump and his close allies were saying about immigration, their

moods shifting with each utterance. Back in December, they felt hopeful when Trump, in his interview as Time Magazine's Person of the Year, said approving things about Dreamers and indicated that he would deport serious criminals before other undocumented immigrants. They were discouraged in January when Jeff Sessions, in his confirmation hearing to become attorney general, appeared unconcerned about the consequences of revoking DACA. They took heart two days later when Paul Ryan, the speaker of the House, said in a CNN town-hall meeting that he wanted Congress to pass legislation making Dreamers "right with the law."

Indira and other Georgia scholars were exhilarated in early January when a state court ordered the Board of Regents to allow DACA holders to pay in-state tuition. But their hopes collapsed when a state appeals court stayed the decision; Trump appeared likely to revoke DACA before Georgia Dreamers could reap the benefits. "I said: 'I don't know what'll happen next, but we're here in this place, and the only way we can win is to succeed in our education,'" Indira told me.

Soon after classes started, the opportunity scholars learned that their collective grade point average for the first semester was a 3.76. Six of the 34 students had achieved a perfect 4.0. Indira was one of them. "Succeeding for me is how I can get my revenge," she told me over the phone, interrupting her biology homework for a few minutes. "I want to break the stereotype of us being here taking jobs away and not helping the economy. I want Trump to see we're the total opposite of what he thinks." ♦

HIT THE DECK

By Jim Hyres and David Steinberg

ACROSS

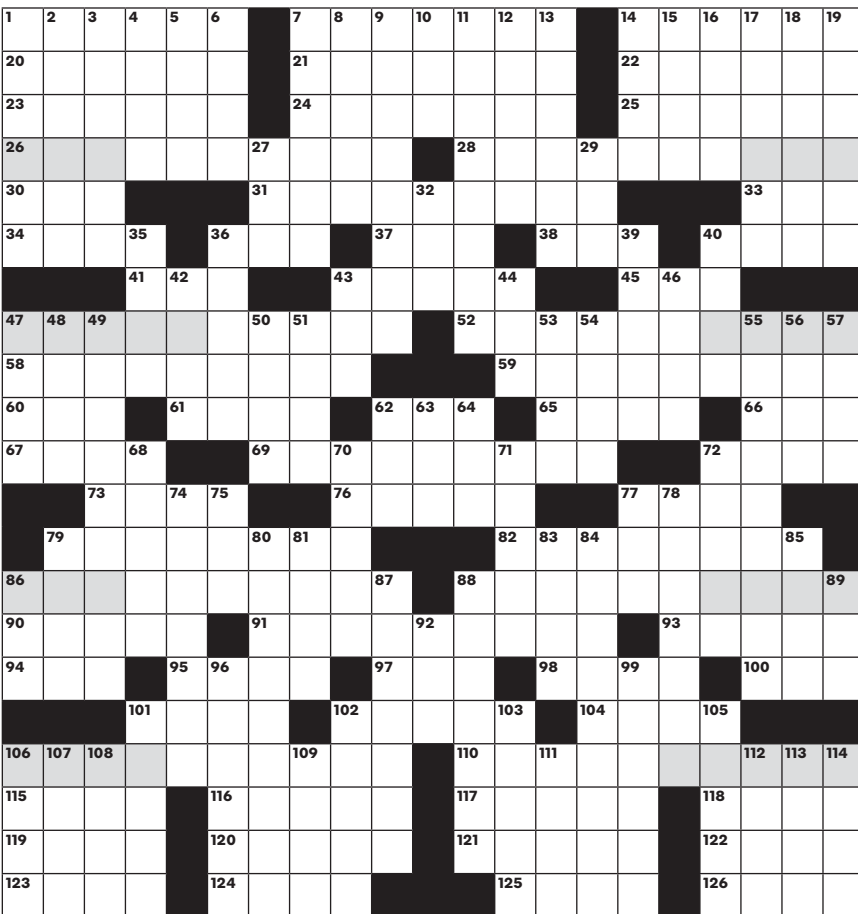
- 1 One side of a 69-Across showdown
- 7 Strip of buttons
- 14 Other side of the showdown
- 20 Collective works
- 21 "Get lost!"
- 22 Pinball wizard's hangout
- 23 Mother ___
- 24 Entertainment on a Jamaica cruise, perhaps
- 25 Kind of paper or test
- 26 Lieutenant, informally
- 28 It's unreturnable
- 30 Musicianship
- 31 Green plant?
- 33 Path to enlightenment
- 34 Cannon in movies
- 36 Developer's purchase
- 37 Samoan staple
- 38 Bullets legend Unseld
- 40 Top-shelf
- 41 Sushi restaurant wrap?
- 43 Moxie
- 45 X-File subject
- 47 Fairy-tale family

- 52 Celebratory request
- 58 "Great!"
- 59 One doesn't hold stock for long
- 60 "My man"
- 61 "What ___?"
- 62 Storied workshop worker
- 65 Sand wedge, e.g.
- 66 Sean Lennon's mother
- 67 Thanksgiving dish
- 69 Game depicted in the shaded squares
- 72 Carpenters with small jobs?
- 73 Last mustachioed president
- 76 See 125-Across
- 77 Easy-breezy tune
- 79 Place where taps may be heard
- 82 Skype alternative
- 86 Amount of separation, in a party game
- 88 Investment-seminar catchphrase
- 90 Lost big
- 91 Big retailer in women's fashion
- 93 Upscale bag brand
- 94 "Damn right!"

- 95 Indy 500 winner A.J.
- 97 Silly Putty holder
- 98 Standard poodle name
- 100 Hound
- 101 Digital camera mode
- 102 Countenances
- 104 Confession subjects
- 106 "The Call of the Wild" author
- 110 March Madness stage
- 115 In the distance
- 116 Having a lot to lose, maybe
- 117 "___ Care of Business" (1974 Bachman-Turner Overdrive hit)
- 118 Eins + zwei
- 119 Message with a subject line
- 120 Unlikely partygoer
- 121 Lieu
- 122 Bring in
- 123 1-Across's cry
- 124 Tel. no. add-ons
- 125 With 76-Across, like Arial and Helvetica
- 126 14-Across's result

DOWN

- 1 Like houseplants
- 2 Wiggle room
- 3 Light show
- 4 The "Y" of Y.S.L.
- 5 Once, at one time
- 6 Behind



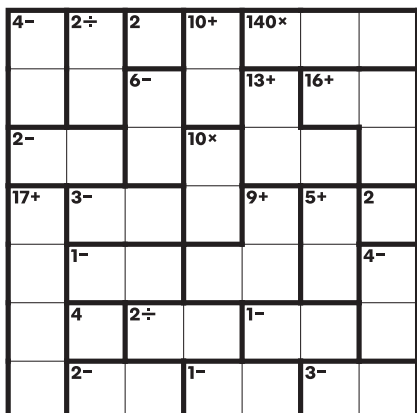
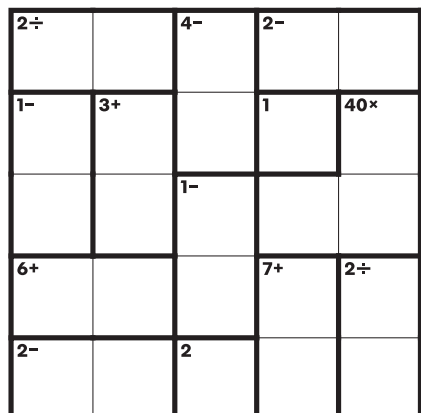
1/29/17

- 7 Campaign expense
- 8 Wine-barrel descriptor
- 9 Linc's portrayer in 1999's "The Mod Squad"
- 10 One may get smashed
- 11 Chest-thumping
- 12 "Up" voice actor
- 13 Changed, as voting districts
- 14 Artist who said, "I don't do drugs. I am drugs"
- 15 Speed skater Heiden
- 16 Entr'___
- 17 Delivery instructions?
- 18 Infers from data
- 19 Feel bitter about
- 27 "I think," in texts
- 29 Neckline shape
- 32 Word shortened to its last letter in texts
- 35 Holiday air
- 36 Tabloid issue
- 39 Total
- 40 Citi rival, informally
- 42 Newwirth of "Frasier"
- 43 Some SAT takers: Abbr.
- 44 Tease
- 46 Item by many a reception desk
- 47 Super Fro-Yo seller
- 48 "Hava Nagila" dance
- 49 Hotel bill add-ons
- 50 Right on a map
- 51 From Square 1
- 53 Marked by futility
- 54 Jane Rochester, nee ___
- 55 "O.K. by me"
- 56 Blow off steam
- 57 Matchmaker of myth
- 62 Suffix with acetyl
- 63 Printer paper size: Abbr.
- 64 BTW
- 68 Famed Broadway restaurateur
- 70 Ruhr industrial city
- 71 Butcher's discards
- 72 How great minds are said to think
- 74 Worried
- 75 Laser ___
- 77 Maui memento
- 78 "O.K. by me"
- 79 Word after snake or sound
- 80 Container that may have a sharpener
- 81 Superman, at other times
- 83 Starting on
- 84 Like the sign of the fish
- 85 Marijuana, in modern slang
- 86 "___ cheese!"
- 87 Composer Max who was called "the father of film music"
- 88 Young swans
- 89 Part of a tour
- 92 Basis of some discrimination
- 96 "Lawrence of Arabia" star
- 99 Maniacs
- 101 City that's home to the Firestone Country Club
- 102 Divider in the Bible?
- 103 Venetian blind parts
- 105 Bottom of an LP
- 106 "Twister" actress Gertz
- 107 Some
- 108 Intimate garment, for short
- 109 Bit of progress
- 111 Company with a noted catalog
- 112 Dull color, in Düsseldorf
- 113 Word on a towel
- 114 Shade

Puzzles Online: Today's puzzle and more than 9,000 past puzzles, nytimes.com/crosswords (\$39.95 a year). For the daily puzzle commentary: nytimes.com/wordplay.

KENKEN

Fill the grid with digits so as not to repeat a digit in any row or column, and so that the digits within each heavily outlined box will produce the target number shown, by using addition, subtraction, multiplication or division, as indicated in the box. A 5x5 grid will use the digits 1-5. A 7x7 grid will use 1-7.



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France

(Continued from Page 49)

was clearly heartened by his unexpected victory. “What happened last night wasn’t the end of *the* world,” Le Pen said. “It’s the end of *a* world.”

One morning, I visited Grégory Glorian, the 41-year-old head of the C.G.T.’s Pas-de-Calais office in the city of Lens, a former coal town in the heart of the region’s mining basin, where coal extraction began in the 18th century. Glorian, a thin, hospitable man, told me that his grandfather had worked in a mine just down the road; he still remembered how his grandfather’s blue eyes peered out at him from a coal-blackened face at the end of a shift. That mine shut down when Glorian was 11; in 1990, the last mine in the area closed. While the government supported programs to place miners in other industries, some of those suffered, too.

The mining life, despite its hardships, had provided security. Miners lived in rowhouses built by the mining company. Their children went to schools built by the company. Coal, electricity and health care were all provided by the company. Now all that remains of the industry in the basin is a collection of mining pits, slag heaps and workers’ estates so archaic that Unesco, in 2012, added the region to its World Heritage List of unique global treasures. The site “illustrates a significant period in the history of industrial Europe,” Unesco noted. “It documents the living conditions of workers and the solidarity to which it gave rise.”

Glorian’s working life is emblematic of the new uncertainty. For a time, he worked at Metaleurop-Nord, a smelter that produced zinc and lead, then at a textile factory that produced carpet thread. Each of those factories closed. The shuttering of the smelter in 2003 was a particularly hard blow to the region, leaving several hundred workers without jobs. The National Front sensed electoral opportunity. Marine Le Pen has run repeatedly for the French Parliament in the area around Lens, narrowly missing a seat in 2012. At the same time, National Front candidates have steadily chipped away at the left’s power, making significant gains in local elections.

Glorian acknowledged that the National Front was attracting some C.G.T. members in Pas-de-Calais; in one case, he said, a prominent C.G.T. delegate from a nearby tire shop ran for office on a National Front ticket. The delegate, Glorian added, was kicked out of the union. When C.G.T. members openly expressed sympathy for the National Front, Glorian told me, union leaders tried to “educate” them about the errors in their thinking. If that didn’t work, they kicked them out, because the union doesn’t tolerate overt racism and nationalism. Glorian said he was afraid that some of his peers hid their favorable feelings about the National Front from him, knowing

they wouldn’t go over well. “The left is to blame,” he told me of the party’s success. “They didn’t do their job.”

The C.G.T. delegate turned National Front politician, I soon found out, was not an isolated case. A number of National Front politicians in the area claim to come from unions and other traditionally leftist organizations. The party, it appears, often seeks out members with such credentials as part of its strategy to supplant the left. In Méricourt, a town a few miles from Lens that is overshadowed by a volcanic-looking slag heap, the Communist mayor is holding together an alliance of leftists who are battling a rising challenge from National Front politicians like these.

On the morning of my visit to Méricourt, an outdoor market was set up on the main street, with stalls selling cheap clothes, cleaning supplies, sandwiches. In a bar, I met a foreman named Laurent Dassonville who described himself as a former Communist. Now he is the president of the town’s chapter of the National Front. Dassonville and I moved toward the pool table, where his 12-year-old son sat next to him, playing Pokémon Go. Dassonville told me that his father had been a Communist, and so had his grandfather. Years ago, he switched allegiance because, he said, the National Front is the only party that still defends workers. Dassonville ran for local office in 2015 on a National Front ticket. He virtually tied his leftist opponents in the first round of voting but came up short in the second round. After his loss, Dassonville published an angry letter in a local magazine, accusing his leftist opponents of siding with “the big bosses” in order to prevail over the National Front. “You followed the instructions of the haves and the powerful,” he wrote. A National Front politician was denouncing the area’s hard leftists as if they were neoliberal capitalists.

Dassonville sipped his coffee and lit a Marlboro. He called over a man he introduced as a National Front activist, a retiree who presented a new party membership slip to Dassonville. New members were signing up all the time, Dassonville told me. “Look, this one’s a truck driver,” he said. “Someone from the working world.”

I couldn’t help wondering if this interaction was being staged for my benefit. “They say we are an extreme-right party,” Dassonville said. “But when you look closely at the words of Marine Le Pen and at the program we are now building, there’s a big part of the left in it. The left forgot its tradition. It’s up to us to appropriate it.”

I asked Dassonville if he would call the National Front an extreme-right party or an extreme-left party. Like many in the National Front, he objected to the designation “extreme.” “It’s a normal political party,” he said. “Why would you say extreme? What does the word ‘extreme’ even mean?”

Dassonville thought the whole left-right spectrum was finished anyway. “For me,” he said, “it has no value.”◆

Answers to puzzles of 1.22.17

MISHMASH

C	O	S	M	I	C	S	T	A	R	E	S	I	N	F	L	O	W				
O	N	E	A	C	A	T	O	R	N	A	T	E	C	E	T	E	R	A			
P	O	W	D	E	R	E	D	W	I	G	W	A	G	H	E	R	N	A			
R	E	P	R	O	S	I	D	T	A	G	O	G	L	E							
P	I	E	O	R	O	A	N	A	E	P	C	O	T								
L	A	O	J	O	I	N	E	D	A	T	T	H	E	H	I	P	H	O	P		
O	L	D	P	A	L	E	L	O	A	M	A	Z	O	N	W	W	I				
A	L	I	E	N	E	E	A	P	T	C	H	E	N	W	I	N	E				
F	I	N	G	E	R	T	I	P	T	O	P	R	E	V	I	S	I	T			
D	E	B	C	D	S	A	S	I	A	N	I	N	E	T	Y						
O	F	T	H	E	E	I	S	I	N	G	S	O	N	G							
M	A	S	A	L	A	A	S	S	T	S	U	I	S	E	M						
E	L	T	R	A	I	N	L	E	T	H	E	R	R	I	P	R	A	P			
G	I	R	D	L	E	A	F	R	A	O	S	E	M	A	I	N	E				
A	K	A	S	O	C	C	E	R	C	C	S	D	O	N	E	I	N				
N	E	W	Y	O	R	K	K	N	I	C	K	K	N	A	C	K	P	A	D		
P	A	U	S	E																	
I	C	O	N	D	A	F	F	Y	T	R	I	V	I	A							
B	A	L	K	A	N	T	R	I	P	L	E	F	L	I	P	F	L	O	P		
A	L	L	E	G	E	W	A	N	T	O	N	E	A	S	E	O	U	T			
R	E	S	E	E	D	T	U	G	S	A	T	R	O	S	T	R	A				

KENKEN

2	4	5	1	3	4	3	5	1	6	7	2
5	3	2	4	1	3	6	1	2	7	4	5
1	2	4	3	5	7	2	6	3	1	5	4
4	1	3	5	2	6	1	2	5	4	3	7
3	5	1	2	4	1	4	7	6	5	2	3
					2	5	4	7	3	1	6
					5	7	3	4	2	6	1

ACROSTIC

SIMON LOUVISH, MONKEY BUSINESS — Groucho, the most intellectual of the brothers, . . . developed his ideas under the influence of social commentators like . . . Mencken, with his passionate defense of freedom of speech . . . and contempt for the American “boobocracy” . . .

- A. Sketch
- B. Inmate
- C. Mobster
- D. Off-color
- E. Noodle
- F. Loafers
- G. Other half
- H. Upper case
- I. Volte-face
- J. Imperfect
- K. Shelf ice
- L. Howard
- M. Method
- N. Oprah
- O. Notion
- P. Kitchen
- Q. Esteem
- R. Youngman
- S. Bibelot
- T. Unforced
- U. Sestet
- V. Idiomatic
- W. Nuanced
- X. Edison
- Y. Scheme
- Z. Shane

THREE OUTS

1. CRACKERJACK
2. GRATIFICATION
3. RAZZMATAZZ
4. CHINCHILLA
5. YELLOWBELLY
6. PHENOMENON
7. SEVENTEENTH
8. MATHEMATICIAN
9. UNDERHANDED
10. RHINESTONES
11. HONEYMOONER
12. FOREVERMORE
13. STEPSISTERS
14. ANTICLIMACTIC
15. SCUTTLEBUTT
16. OVERACHIEVER

CAPSULES

1	3	2	3	1	4	2
5	4	1	4	2	3	5
2	3	2	3	5	1	4
4	1	5	1	4	2	3
3	2	3	2	3	5	1
1	5	4	5	1	4	2
4	2	1	3	2	3	1

Answers to puzzle on Page 50

SPELLING BEE

Beachwear (3 points). Also: Archer, beach, beech, breach, breech, cache, cheer, chewer, creche, earache, heehaw, reach, recherche, rehab, rehear, where. If you found other legitimate dictionary words in the beehive, feel free to include them in your score.

Joy Reid Has Never Heard a Good Argument For Trump

Interview by Ana Marie Cox

A few weeks ago, you said the media should stop covering Donald Trump's tweets in order to force him into giving a press conference. Now that we've seen one, did you find it useful? It wasn't a press conference, and it wasn't useful. It was a weird third-world pep rally. Trump could make a very fine African or Middle Eastern dictator — it's the same combination of machismo, charisma and lack of any concern for morals, ethics or standards of behavior that we saw in Hosni Mubarak or Mobutu Sese Seko.

I do think that the media, both left and right, is fascinated by Trump, but our fascination detracts from our ability to cover him. The media needs to start ignoring him until we can make him talk to us in a normal way: not on Twitter and not at a show, which is what a press conference is. He can't take not having our attention. Your show fills the time slot left by Melissa Harris-Perry, who left MSNBC after she felt the network was "silencing" her because of her politics. Do you think her claims had any merit? I wish they had been able to figure out a way for her to do her show in the context of an election. Not every executive could understand the importance of a show like hers in a political year. In the business of television, there's an emphasis on providing politics to viewers — but for black women, the Melissa Harris-Perry show *was* political. Right, and if you're a person of color, you're more sensitive to the lived experience of racism and how it manifests itself in the real world, which might've been useful for anticipating the rise of



Age: 47

Occupation:
Political correspondent

Hometown:
Denver

Reid is the host of "AM Joy," a weekend talk show. She is an editor of "We Are the Change We Seek: The Speeches of Barack Obama."

Her Top Five Obama Speeches:

1. "Yes We Can"
2. 2015 Selma speech
3. Nobel Prize speech
4. "A More Perfect Union"
5. 2004 D.N.C. keynote address

Trump. Do you think that there was a difference in how black journalists were able to understand why Trump appealed to people? I think the way that black people, particularly, experience Donald Trump is interesting. If all you knew was the Trump from "The Apprentice," from the "Home Alone" movie, from hip-hop songs, and if all he's doing is saying: "I'm a business guy, I'm going to get you jobs, I'm going to eliminate these terrible trade deals that we hate" and being a celebrity, he could've actually been a pretty effective crossover Republican candidate! The problem is, from the moment he became a "birther," he exposed the inner Trump — the racist Trump, the Trump that New Yorkers know — to the whole world.

During the campaign, you interviewed dozens of Trump supporters and surrogates — was there anyone who presented a sound argument for why they supported him? No. We had one Hispanic woman say that she was for Trump because she needed her taxes to be cut. She was the only person who ever made that argument — for other people, it was always immigration or ISIS or some other thing. "Make America Great Again" seems to be nostalgia for a time when white supremacy was a more effective institution. White male supremacy. One of my most incorrect assumptions was that white women, particularly white women with college degrees, would have voted in much higher numbers for Hillary Clinton, just because of the sheer outrage over Trump, but the outrage was a lot less in the end than a lot of us thought.

I read a precampaign-season interview with you, and you were apprehensive about Hillary's appeal to black voters. I firmly believe that she and Bill did real damage to their reputations among African-Americans in 2008, and we saw that play out in the lack of enthusiasm about her.

What did you think about her efforts to capture the African-American vote? At the end of the day, you have to go to those cities and be on the ground. Clinton believed the data that black people were just going to show up just because we're Democrats. But black people know how to live in a terrible system; we've been living in a terrible system most of the time we've been in America. You're not going to scare us by saying: "If you don't vote, a racist is going to be the president." Black people are just like: "Really? Again?" ♦

CHARLES TYRWHITT

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