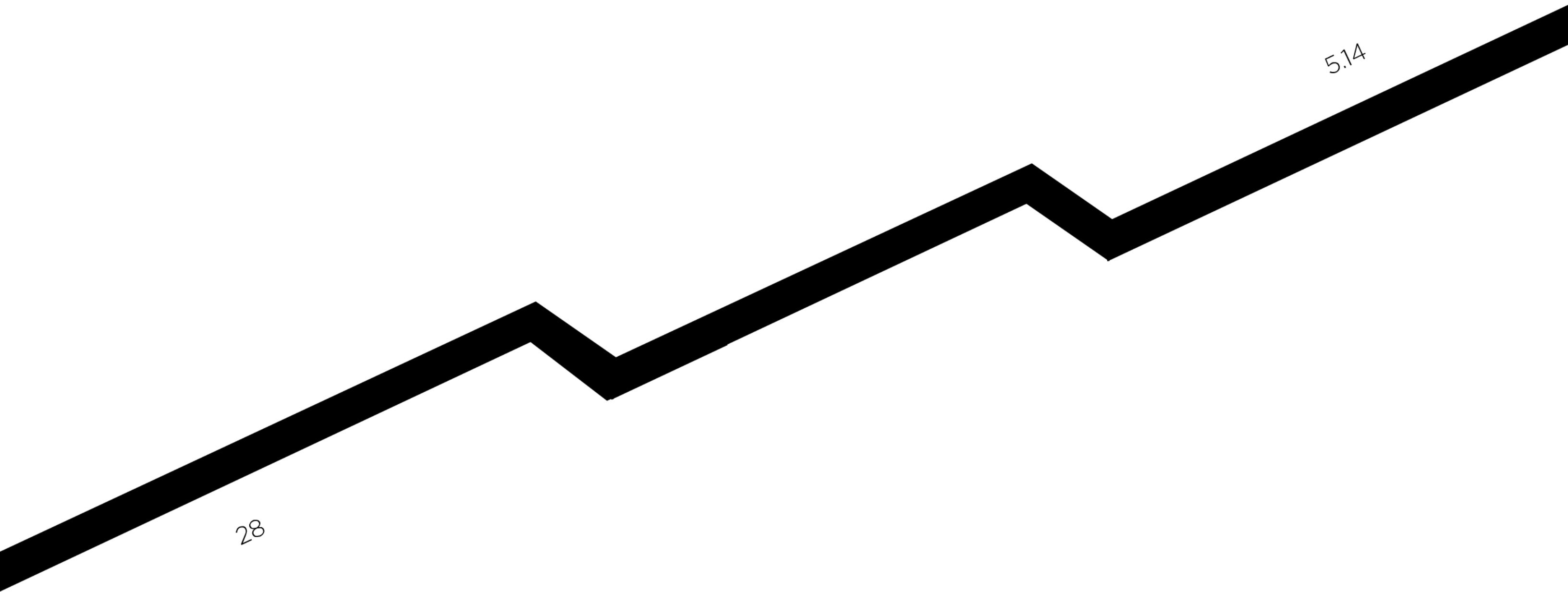
THE NEW INQUIRY



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EDITORS' NOTE

WHEN an airplane disappeared en route from Kuala Lumpur to Beijing, foul play was suspected almost immediately: How else could an international passenger jet carrying more than 200 people vanish into thin air? The speculation only intensified when it was reported that two of the passengers were Iranian citizens traveling on stolen European passports. Media commentators spouted conspiracy theories that the two must surely have hijacked the plane, driving it into the ocean in an act of terrorism. It was assumed that the two men had good reasons to hide their real identities before boarding the plane.

The two passengers did, in fact, have good reasons to hide their identities. They needed to pass as citizens of another country to travel freely and navigate borders that were closed off to them and most of their countrymen but not to citizens of wealthy first-world nations. (The stolen travel documents in their possession were, naturally, first-world.) The Austrian and Italian passports would have allowed these men to ambulate without visas—and in the case of one of the youth, reunite with his mother in Germany and request asylum.

The Malaysia Airlines Flight 370 incident occurred just weeks after an Ethiopian pilot hijacked his own plane, not to blow it up but to veer off course and ask for asylum in Geneva, Switzerland. The pilot was unarmed. He climbed out of the cockpit with a rope, announced himself as the hijacker, and proceeded to self-surrender to the police. Ethiopia announced it would seek extradition. The pilot said he could not return for fear of persecution.

A scant few weeks later, a 16-year-old boy was found in the wheel well of a plane flying from California to Hawaii. He survived an unprecedented feat of staying alive through sub-zero temperatures and severely limited oxygen, unharmed and undetected. He told authorities that he had seamlessly bypassed the airport security apparatus—by scaling a fence.

It's no wonder that borders figure so centrally in the dominant news stories of the day, and transfix our attention like few other public spectacles to the detailed complications and anxieties they pose. Borders do, however, shape more than just geopolitics: they hold the power to transform the motives and consequences of our lives. They

exist unapologetically through baseless contradiction: insurmountable, yet deeply arbitrary. They are the shared provenance of all states, whether liberal, totalitarian, settler-colonial, or fascist. They're the embarrassing common denominator par excellence, limiting, regulating, and controlling precious commodities of human endeavor, such as mobility, flow, and circulation. But like all commodities their bounty for some spells scarcity for others.

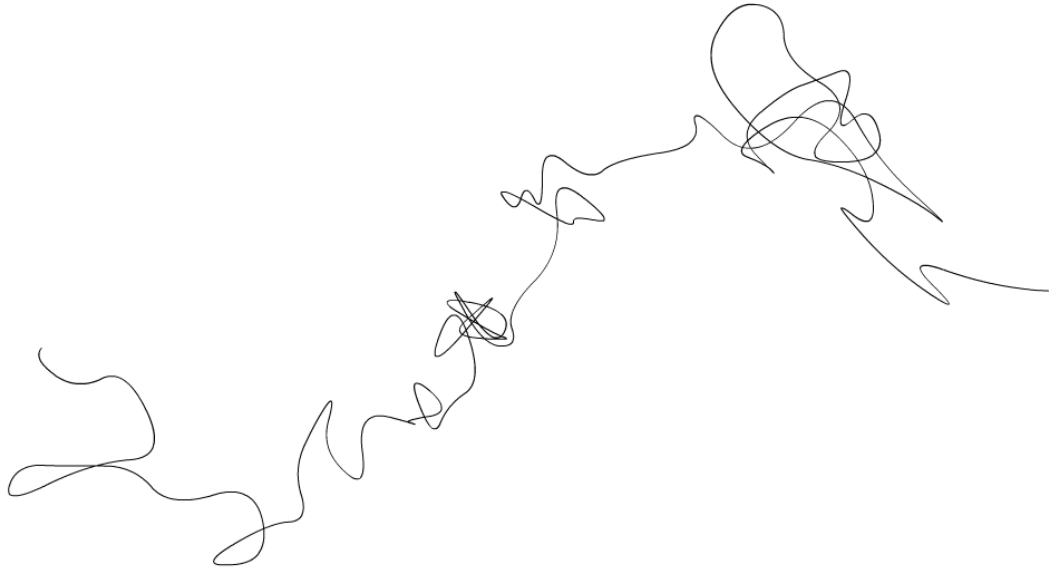
"Borders?" the Norwegian explorer Thor Heyerdahl exclaimed. "I have never seen one. But I have heard they exist in the minds of some people." From the tightly micro-managed and surveilled spaces of airports to the no-man's-land sites of barbed wire and seam zones, border practices instill concrete and pictorialized reminders of the imaginations of the world's masters. The writers in this issue traverse multiple meanings of the term, illuminating fields of experience from borders and social arrangement, borders and representation, and borders and language. They intimate who is being secured by and from whom, and what strategies of recuperation and reclaim might lie in wake of that securitization.

Borders constitute more than dividing lines. As Jenna Loyd writes in her essay on U.S. deterrence policy, "Border operations are performative." Liberal states especially prize the decoys and covers this performance affords.

Steven Salaita's review of *The Battle for Justice in Palestine* perceives contemporary colonialism's "discrepancy between image and action, PR and reality," linking Zionism's settler ethos to the frontier strategies of the United States.

Manifest destiny hasn't expired. Nor has its walls, poised to keep distribution unequal and social mixture nonthreatening. As Kelli Korducki writes, a few stars—chiefly the late Selena—burned nearly bright enough to disrupt the NAFTA mandates.

Michael McCanne delves into inter-state boundaries that are legally indeterminate or undecidable. "Empty



zones" are in fact heavy with human and animal life. As spatial exemptions that prove the sovereign rule, these shells mold the interiors of nation-states.

McCanne finds a purported empty zone between the villages of Daeseong-Dong, South Korea, and Kijong-Dong, North Korea. Joseph Nevins stumbles upon an absurdist scene on the wall between neighboring Jacumba, California, and Jacume, Mexico, posing the question of whether the ongoing production of 20th century "human filters" forecloses radical possibilities in the 21st century.

Swiss artist Christian Marclay's film splicing scenes from Indian cinema shot in Gstaad, Switzerland behaves like a human filter of its own, Rahel Aima argues. Indians are allowed to be a part of the landscape but never belong to it. In Marclay's border-switching supercut (which shares an intimate wink with the viewer, but never the Indian subject) Aima finds a "resoundingly reductive 'they' in what amounts to a sanitized ethnography."

Networked borders may strike some as a contemporary phenomenon, but as geographer and historian Shane McCorristine, interviewed by Courtney Stephens, recounts, women clairvoyants of the 1800s traveled psychically to foreign lands, and their magnetic powers were even consulted in the event of adventurers gone missing in British Admiralty territory.

How different is difference? Ross Perlin reviews the *Dictionary of Untranslatables,* a compilation of political, literary, and philosophical terms (despite the volume's title, or in spite of it, it was recently translated from French into English).

Karla Cornejo Villavicencio examines the afterlives of citizenship and belonging at an unlikely junction: a cross-border corpse repatriation business, with a foothold in the drug-torn 1980s in Colombia, based out of Jackson Heights, Queens. Not even death frees the bodies of the disenfranchised. TNI

The Magnetic North

SHANE McCORRISTINE *interviewed by* COURTNEY STEPHENS

Female clairvoyants in the 19th century used their powers to traverse class as well as distance

Imp Kerr, *Ahura Mazda*, 2014

IN the 19th century, female clairvoyants often described psychic visits to distant lands. The practices of these women, mostly housemaids, were alternately seen as therapeutic, treated as public spectacle, and taken seriously as proto-scientific. The network of psychic connectivity that they were believed to be accessing while in "the magnetic state" was compared by some to the electric telegraph. A number of clairvoyants reported to the British Admiralty on the whereabouts of male explorers gone missing in the far reachers of the empire. Here, Courtney Stephens talks to Shane McCorristine, an Irish geographer and historian and the author of the forthcoming *Spectral Geographies of Arctic Exploration*, a monograph on supernatural narratives and arctic exploration in the Victorian era. McCorristine, who has lectured widely on "occult geographies," is a Wellcome Postdoctoral Fellow at the University of Leicester.

Where did the idea of the female clairvoyant come from?

A long tradition associates women with the spirit world. Examples of women as visionaries or seers abound in the historical record: "wise women" in European folklore, witchcraft beliefs, oracles, and so on. Masculinity was associated with common sense, action, and physical possession of the earth, while women were relegated to the home and associated with emotion and otherworldliness. This "two spheres" ideology reached its zenith in Victorian Britain and was visible in the realm of geographical exploration: Men expanded the borders of the empire while women remained indoors. Altered states allowed them other forms of mobility.

Clairvoyant practices originate in mesmerism, which was a set of therapies, often staged for entertainment, positing a magnetic fluid that emanated from the bodies of the patients during trance states. The practice typically involved a male mesmerist using magnets and candles and making "passes" with his hands over a seated patient, usually a young woman. It was quite an erotic exchange. The language of mesmerism was full of touches, "crises," and ecstasy. The state that most interested mesmerists was called somnambulism, where the mesmerist reached what was called a rapport between himself and the patient. In this state she could taste what he tasted, feel pain when he did. This could also extend to thoughts, whereby feelings and secrets were seen to move spontaneously between people via a sympathetic connection.

When did these states come to involve outbound travel, rather than focusing on the transference between patient and mesmerist?

During the 19th century, and especially around the 1840s, mesmerists began to ask women under their power to leave their bodies and travel far distances. The women employed were typically maidservants. Because they were seen as too uneducated to perform fraudulently, their visions were seen as all the more marvelous. During these experiments, the maidservants would describe everything from prosaic scenes in nearby houses to exotic scenes on foreign shores, and sometimes solve crimes.

The concept of a "community of sensation"—a network linking the mesmerist and the patient—was discussed in the context of technological networks such as the electric telegraph. What if the rapport was an intangible connection between the nerves of people, a vast network capable of being empirically demonstrated? Clairvoyance was seen as one technology along a spectrum of other mid-Victorian discoveries about the unseen world, from electricity to microscopy. It was described in terms of a magnetic state or vision, in which light projected from within like a current. The women were referred to as living stethoscopes or compared to telescopes in the hands of an astronomer.

The idea of women as messaging services linking male observers with distant places later manifested as communication with the dead. In New York, the Fox sisters led the first séances through tapping on tables, a practice that is again resonant of the telegraph. But in 1845 mesmeric traveling was predominantly imagined as a mobility across real space and time, through contact with or rapport between living bodies.

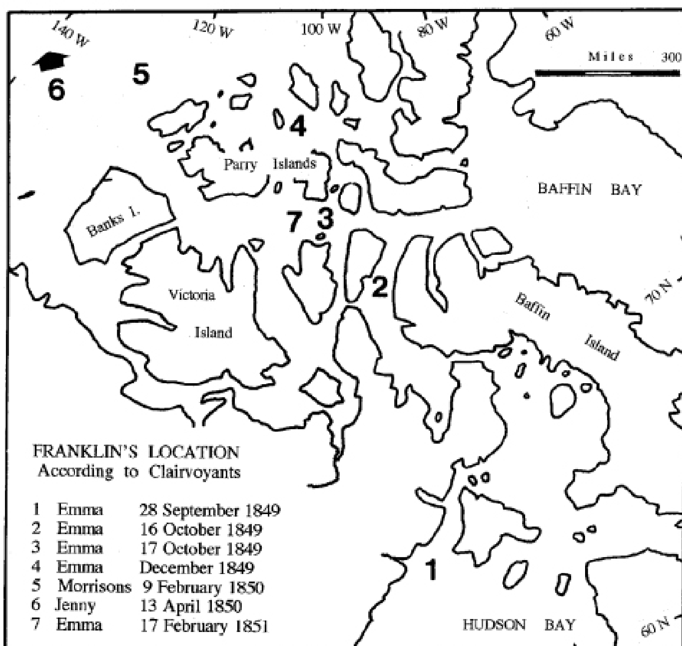
Did these women, while in trances, physically experience the places they visited?

When the women were "sent" to the Arctic they would often shiver and shake or perform the kind of hardships associated with male explorers. I've found a report about a clairvoyant who visited the Arctic and described drinking the same fish oil that she saw the men drinking, which unsurprisingly made her nauseous. How did housebound women imagine moving through landscapes they would never encounter? There's an analogy between this otherworldly mobility and the panorama, which was a very popular form of entertainment at the time that offered people something like an IMAX experience. At the

panorama shows people described the strong sense of actually being in a different place—you could walk off the street at Leicester Square and enter a boat journey up the Mississippi River or a balloon trip across the English Channel. At the panorama one could be both there and not there, inside and outside, traveling and stationary.

Did the public view the clairvoyant travelogues as similarly spectacular? How widely believed were the reports?

These types of communications were frequently satirized in medical journals and lampooned in the general press. Then, in 1845, an Arctic expedition led by Sir John Franklin famously disappeared, leading to a worldwide storm of clairvoyants claiming that they had located the expedition. It's at this moment that we see how many in society, not least Franklin's family, desired that the claims be true. The case became something of a test for proving or disproving this new technology.



Franklin's ships, the *Terror* and *Erebus*, left London in 1845 with 128 men, looking for a northwest passage through the now Canadian Arctic and out to the Pacific. This had been a British quest since the 16th century, and although Franklin's men did not know it, no navigable passage existed at the time due to ice. Ironically, they are now being used by the shipping industry because of climate change.

Given the difficulties the British had in the Arctic, these places had otherworldly connotations in the popular imagination of the time. There had been, going back, ancient ideas of the North as the domain of Satan, a place of darkness and icy horror where humans could not survive. These were succeeded by the medieval idea of the far north as Ultima Thule, the borders of the known world. In the early modern period there was a renewed interest in the lost Viking colonies on Greenland and a thirst to explore the unmapped Arctic for riches. By the time of the age of exploration, the idea of actually physically traveling through the Arctic had the sense of crossing an ontological boundary, of going outside historical time and into a realm of visions.

This is interesting because the real Arctic is demanding and brutal.

That's just it. On the one hand the Arctic is a testing ground for manliness. On the other, there has always been a link between this brutal embodiment and a kind of disembodied dream travel. It's not like the southern regions, which were exoticized but also somehow knowable. The Arctic's main quality was its white blankness, which allowed explorers to claim that what they did was different from the more brutal and physically wasting work of subduing African or Asian colonies. This of course disguised the fact that the Arctic was only blank to the British: The people who lived there were well able to travel vast distances across ice and land and had accurate maps.

In the case of the Franklin expedition, communication was lost when it entered the regions beyond Lancaster Sound in 1845. When, in 1848, there was no word of the ships from the Pacific side, the British Admiralty began sending search parties by land and sea. A whole range of schemes and ideas were proposed to the Admiralty about how to make contact with the lost expedition. They released Arctic foxes with special collars that contained the coordinates of a rescue ship. They sent dolls to the Inuit children of the Arctic with the same details sewn into them, in the hope that a lost sailor would recognize them as European toys. Neither the dolls nor the foxes were heard of again. They also experimented with releasing hundreds of unmanned messenger balloons over the Arctic, rigged to release brightly colored messages with details of rescue locations, but the balloons only went a short distance. Some suggested that the men might be located through the efforts of clairvoyants, and during this period we have records of at least a dozen women from Ireland, Britain, India, and Australia who claimed that they visited Franklin and could give helpful information.

What were their reports?

Almost all reported that Franklin was alive, that the expedition was struggling but that the men would be home in a number of months. One exception is the report by a Melbourne clairvoyante who claimed that Franklin had achieved the northwest passage, visited several islands in the Pacific, and succumbed to illness off the coast of South America. She accurately described the protocol of a naval officer's funeral and cried discussing the grief of the other officers. Her story seems to have been inspired by a six-month-old press report that had probably just reached Australia from Britain.

The medium who gained the most notoriety around the time of Franklin's disappearance was Emma L. of Bolton. Emma had the ability to travel to distant parts of the globe on the basis of handwriting—she would place

a letter over her head and be transported to the place and present climate. She was once very surprised to find, following the letter of an Australian man, that the seasons were reversed where he was.

Emma's travels were not limited to the earth—her operator, a surgeon apothecary named Dr. Joseph W. Haddock—sent her on an excursion to the moon. There she saw inhabitants who "were very small dwarfs—not larger than children on our earth." She became a phenomenon based on her exotic travels, and all the more marvelous because she was seen as an uneducated and naive source.

In 1849, Haddock was contacted directly by a naval officer, a friend of Franklin's, about the possibility of using Emma in his search for the missing ships. Haddock requested a letter in Franklin's handwriting and a morsel of hair. When Haddock consulted Emma, she reported that Franklin was still alive, with three or four companions, and that they were clothed in rough skins. In subsequent communications, she said that Franklin was in good hope of returning to England within the year, thought often of Lady Franklin, and thought it very strange that no one had come to help him. She correctly stated that he was bald and gave picturesque details describing the ice, marvelous animals, and what she called "many queer looking things." She also gave notes on longitude and latitude and would trace her fingers along maps to show the route Franklin had taken.

Were these reports submitted to official channels?

Oh, yes, detailed memoranda on Emma were sent to the Admiralty, and they provided letters from other crew members on the ship. Her visions were widely covered in the British press and the colonies and seen as good news—that Franklin was with a few companions, despite Emma's report of seeing a sunken ship and the dead bodies of others in different postures under the snow. Lady Franklin was very interested in these reports and began to attend mediums herself.

When there is a disappearance, and when it is particularly traumatic, there is a sense that any information is good information. When "official" channels fail, people no longer recognize the barriers that exist between, say, the Admiralty and a psychic. This is not to say that families of the missing who use psychics are irrational, but to argue that the important thing is information, clues, hope. People will seek these things anywhere; it just so happens we decide that seeking them from "legitimate" authorities is normative.

It's as though the psychics were providing a live feed, a form of surveillance.

Traversing such long distances as explorers did meant that authorities back home had extended periods of dead time with little or no reliable knowledge of what was occurring in the field. In a séance, the journey is immediate, while confirmation channels of the day depended on networks of information, networks created by and accessible to men. While the clairvoyant network was also controlled by men, in that it was always male mesmerists who put the women in trances and sifted through the information, the female clairvoyants could influence the messages. They could express their sense of a sentimental relationship between Lady Franklin and her husband; they could display emotion; they could request extra payment for séances and skive off work.

So these performances were also a kind of dance between competing forms of authority. I like to think of these clairvoyant techniques as revealing a geographic unconscious, another sphere of thought, about the nature of physical movement, place, and expansion. But this sphere was also worldly in that it involved young, illiterate maidservants who were being "sent" on journeys they could never physically make in life. For me the phenomenon reveals tensions about geographical knowledge at the time. What makes something "credible" or "incredible"? These women made their own maps to *terra incognita,* and this challenged the viewpoint that only Admiralty sources were legitimate.

I can't help but think of Malaysia Airlines Flight 370. Its disappearance seemed to possess the public for reverse reasons—because it challenged our assumption that everything is now mapped. The idea that something could exist in geographic space and yet not be located seems preposterous. A CNN anchorman pondered aloud the possibility that the plane flew into a black hole, as if that were a more likely alternative.

Yes, we can draw a lot of analogies here. There is the panic that an airplane can actually "disappear"—people assume that in the age of satellites, radar, and telecommunications signals, every moving object leaves behind a trace. Geographers today argue that disappearance is social and political as much as it is geographic. In Argentina in the 1970s and '80s, thousands of people were "disappeared" by the state; some people conscious of our current surveillance society choose to disappear from CCTV using masking techniques. Malaysia 370 may have disappeared, or it may have been made to disappear. People and things disappear everyday; the crucial thing is naming something as disappeared, because this gives it a social life. For the families of those on board, the plane is *somewhere*.

With Franklin's *Terror* and *Erebus*, people knew they would not hear from them for years, but they had faith in the technological power of the ships and the intellectual power of the men. When these ships were lost, it was frightening enough that, just like the news anchor you mentioned, the media began to wildly speculate that the men had found some kind of temperate paradise in the North or that they had traveled into the mythical "open polar sea."

Did they eventually find out what happened to Franklin?

In 1854, a Scottish explorer reported stories from Inuit people of seeing bands of white men, starving, wandering southward from the King William Island region years before. This was not a place named by any of the clairvoyants, incidentally. Sir Franklin had died shortly after the ship first became stuck, in 1847. There was information suggesting the men later engaged in cannibalism. Relics and bones from their death march are still found by archaeologists every summer.

Proof of Franklin's death arrived to England in 1859, but people had long suspected it. Indeed Franklin was already something of a celebrity in the world of spiritualism. Mediums, especially in the United States, would contact him during séances to ask questions about his death. There, in the company of other dead celebrities, such as Emmanuel Swedenborg and Benjamin Franklin, Franklin would discuss how the expedition ended in disaster and what life was like in the other world.

There is real defiance in saying "I can go places you cannot go."

These earlier clairvoyants were quite subversive in that they performed social mobility as fantasy. During one séance it was reported that Emma L. went in search of Franklin still wearing her apron from work. Here was an illiterate maid who could use the power of the trance to elevate herself from her proper sphere. Some clairvoyants described themselves as lifting off in balloons. During her visions Emma also told the men in the Arctic that she could write, which she could not, and would then make the motions of writing with her left hand on her right arm.

For Emma the trance was perhaps an opportunity to earn some extra money and take time off work. But when we add in all the other clairvoyant accounts, we can see that the trance was a route to somewhere else. Whereas other imperial female travelers like Lady Franklin and Mary Kingsley came from privileged backgrounds and carried this with them as they traveled to exotic locations, Emma was bound in social class and location and therefore had to move differently through colonial space. The fact that these travels were imaginative or otherworldly in scope should not disguise the social geography underlying them. If the Arctic was not so distant from Emma, then perhaps little people were not so distant from the big empire? TNI

One If by Land, Two If by Sea

By JENNA M. LOYD

To turn the U.S.-Mexico border into the Border, America had to erase its Caribbean history

Up to 30 feared dead as a migrant boat capsizes in the Bahamas (AP, 2013)

IN December 1994, the government of Panama told the United States that it would no longer permit the U.S. to use Howard Air Force base as a "safe haven" camp for Cuban refugees. The announcement came at the end of a series of what the Defense Department called "disturbances" during which two Cubans died,

30 suffered injuries, and 221 U.S. soldiers were wounded. More than 30 people held at the camp would try to commit suicide. The U.S. would end the Panama operation by March 1995. This Caribbean chapter of U.S. border history is largely forgotten. This forgetting is a strategic erasure, a shadow produced with the hyper-visible U.S.-Mexico border spectacle.

Camp One on Howard Air Force Base and Camp Bulkeley at the Guantánamo Bay Naval Base were at the center of an archipelago of military and civilian spaces established or planned as "safe havens" across the Caribbean in 1994. The Clinton administration secured agreements from other nations in the region—including Panama, Dominica, Suriname, Grenada, St. Lucia, the Turks and Caicos, and the Bahamas—to provide sanctuary (or "processing" space en route to sanctuary) to people fleeing political repression in Haiti and Cuba.

Even as the "safe haven" crisis was unfolding in the Caribbean, the Clinton administration rolled out its new national strategy to "control the borders of the United States between the ports of entry, restoring the Nation's confidence in the integrity of the border." The Border Patrol strategy—called "prevention through deterrence"—was developed in consultation with the Defense Department's Center for Low Intensity Conflict, and aimed to prevent unauthorized entry. The strategy entailed the deployment of more Border Patrol agents, increased fortification and surveillance of the boundary, and harsher sanctions. The plan centered on the U.S. Southwest, prioritizing securing the boundary between El Paso and Juárez and San Diego and Tijuana, before moving on to the Tucson and south Texas sectors.

These borders are more than fortifications along international boundaries; border operations are performative. In *Border Games*, Peter Andreas argues that strategic images and symbols of the border "are part of a public performance for which the border functions as a political stage." Moreover, Alison Mountz writes in *Seeking Asylum*, "Visuality is an affective register through which sovereignty is secured." The border spectacle produces not only a sense of beleaguered nationhood on the part of some U.S. citizens, but it also positions the state as a protector of the nation and, contradictorily, as the protector of migrants who themselves are endangered by the state's militarized policing and profoundly elitist migration laws.

To call the border a spectacle is not to say that it is unreal or that its effects are not deadly. Spectacles, following Guy Debord, are not false distortions of reality. Rather, they are "a worldview translated into an objective force" that shapes what is seen and unseen. Cultural theorist Shiloh Krupar, in *Hot Spotter's Report*, usefully conceptualizes spectacle as "a tactical ontology—meaning a truth-telling, world-making strategy" that creates powerful symbolic divisions between people and places that are actually deeply intertwined.

The Border Patrol acknowledged as much in its strategic plan when it concluded that "the absolute sealing of the border is unrealistic." Indeed, the plan was launched in 1994, the same year as the North American Free Trade Act (NAFTA) was implemented to further integrate economies of the region. Nonetheless, the border spectacle had the immediate and enduring effect of funneling attention and anxiety over border "control" away from the Caribbean and isolating it along the U.S.-Mexico boundary. This spectacle builds on long colonial histories in both regions, but Attorney General Janet Reno's claim that the Border Patrol's 1994 strategic plan was "necessary to establish a border for the first time" obscures this past, the Cold War development of deterrence doctrine in the Caribbean, and deterrence strategy's harmful effects.

Following the 1980 Mariel boatlift—during which more than 125,000 Cubans and 25,000 Haitians arrived in south Florida over a six-month period—the Reagan administration established a two-pronged strategy of interdiction at sea and mandatory detention intended to deter migration and prevent "another Mariel." The U.S. did

not issue a formal refugee policy until 1980, but even after implementation, the Immigration and Naturalization Service and State Department continued to make refugee determinations on the basis of Cold War geopolitics. This phenomenon was most famously depicted in a scene in the 1983 movie *Scarface*, when the wily Mariel boatliftee tries to appeal to what he assumes are his immigration interviewer's anti-communist sentiments: "I am Tony Montana, a political prisoner from Cuba, and I want my fucking human rights, now! Just like the President Jimmy Carter says." Asylum seekers from enemy nations like Cuba were treated by default (for a time) as freedom fighters, while those seeking refuge from ally nations were categorized as economic migrants or illegal entrants and denied entry.

Under the Duvalier regimes (1957–86), Haiti was a Cold War ally of the U.S., and the U.S. developed the dual strategy of interdiction and detention to prevent migration from there. In the mid-1970s, the Department of Justice (then in charge of the INS) ran what it called the "Haitian Program," which a U.S. District Court for South Florida ruling called a "transparently discriminatory program designed to deport Haitian nationals and no one else." The routine exclusion of Haitian asylum seekers in the 1980s and 1990s was a continuation of these Carter-era practices.

When thousands of people left Haiti after the first ousting of populist President Jean Bertrand Aristide in 1991, the U.S. continued to interdict boats and conduct "credible fear" interviews on board Coast Guard cutters. With so many people departing Haiti, George H.W. Bush issued a new policy that year stating that Haitians who had been "screened in" would be transferred not to the U.S. mainland but to the base at Guantánamo. As the base's captive population grew to more than 12,500 people, the first Bush administration issued yet another policy ordering interdiction and direct return. While the United Nations Refugee Convention prohibits signatory nations from returning people to places where they fear for their lives and political freedoms, the U.S. offered a legal interpretation that the principle of *non-refoulement* did not apply outside of U.S. territory.

Advocates challenged the legality of asylum hearings on Guantánamo and returns to Haiti. Approximately one-third of the Haitian people who had sought asylum were able to gain entry, and by May 1992 some 300 people remained on the base. They had all been classified as refugees, but also were infected with HIV, and the U.S. refused to admit them. Following still more legal efforts, a judge ruled that the Haitians' First Amendment and due process rights had been violated and that they should be immediately admitted to the U.S. The Clinton administration eventually complied with the ruling, closing the camp in June 1993.

But the camp did not stay closed for long. When the deal negotiated on New York's Governor's Island to reinstate Aristide fell through, political reprisals escalated, and tens of thousands of Haitians once again attempted to find safety in the U.S. Despite having just brokered Aristide's return, the Clinton administration maintained the previous practices of onboard screening and direct return. Facing substantial criticism, Clinton implemented a more liberal screening process, and ultimately issued a "safe haven" policy wherein people who passed credible fear interviews would not be returned to Haiti, though they would also not necessarily be granted entrance to the continental United States either. By July of 1994, Guantánamo was once again a refugee camp, where 16,000 Haitians found themselves effectively shut out from gaining asylum in the U.S.

Meanwhile, a political crisis in Cuba erupted and more than 30,000 Cubans departed by boat. Before they could arrive in Florida, they were also interdicted. Approximately 23,000 Cubans were detained at Guantánamo and another 9,000 were airlifted to Howard Air Force Base in Panama. Attorney Harold Koh, who was one of the leading critics of the operations, concluded: "In effect, we have built offshore cities of more than 20,000 people

without constructive outlets, with little to do besides getting frustrated."

A decade of legal battles over these practices left many human rights advocates, including Koh—who joined the Obama administration as a State Department legal adviser in 2009 and made headlines with his defense of the President's targeted killing program—in the unenviable position of supporting "safe haven" campus as the least-bad option. The establishment of internationally monitored "safe havens" located within regions of conflicts—rather than resettlement in the U.S. or Europe—was part of a broader trend following the end of the Cold War. While these nations portrayed "safe haven" as humanitarian measures, legal scholar Joan Fitzpatrick argued that it "instead constitutes one more device to constrict access to asylum."

Post–Cold War geopolitics certainly contributed to the profound shifts in refugee "management" worldwide, but geopolitics is still local. In *Operation Gatekeeper and Beyond*, border scholar Joseph Nevins shows how local restrictionist politics drove national policy. In California, the 1994 election featured a hotly contested anti-immigrant ballot initiative (Proposition 187) and a gubernatorial race between Republican governor Pete Wilson—a former mayor of San Diego who had long taken a hard-line stance against "illegal immigration"—and Democratic candidate Kathleen Brown, who called for a high-profile border operation in San Diego like the one that had just been tried in El Paso (Operation Blockade, later Hold the Line). The implementation of Operation Gatekeeper in San Diego following the Border Patrol's announcement of its strategic plan, Nevins concludes, was "a political sideshow designed for public consumption to demonstrate the Clinton administration's seriousness about cracking down on unauthorized immigration."

President Clinton knew the stakes of these election-year immigration crises were high; he lost his 1980 gubernatorial reelection in Arkansas at least partly because of fallout over the confinement of "Mariel Cubans" at Fort Chaffee. Indeed, the high profile of the joint civilian-military operations in the Caribbean during the summer of 1994 were also positioned for the benefit of Florida Democratic gubernatorial candidate Lawton Chiles, who was seeking re-election against Republican Jeb Bush. Governor Chiles, one aide told the *New York Times*, "made every effort at preventing Mariel II."

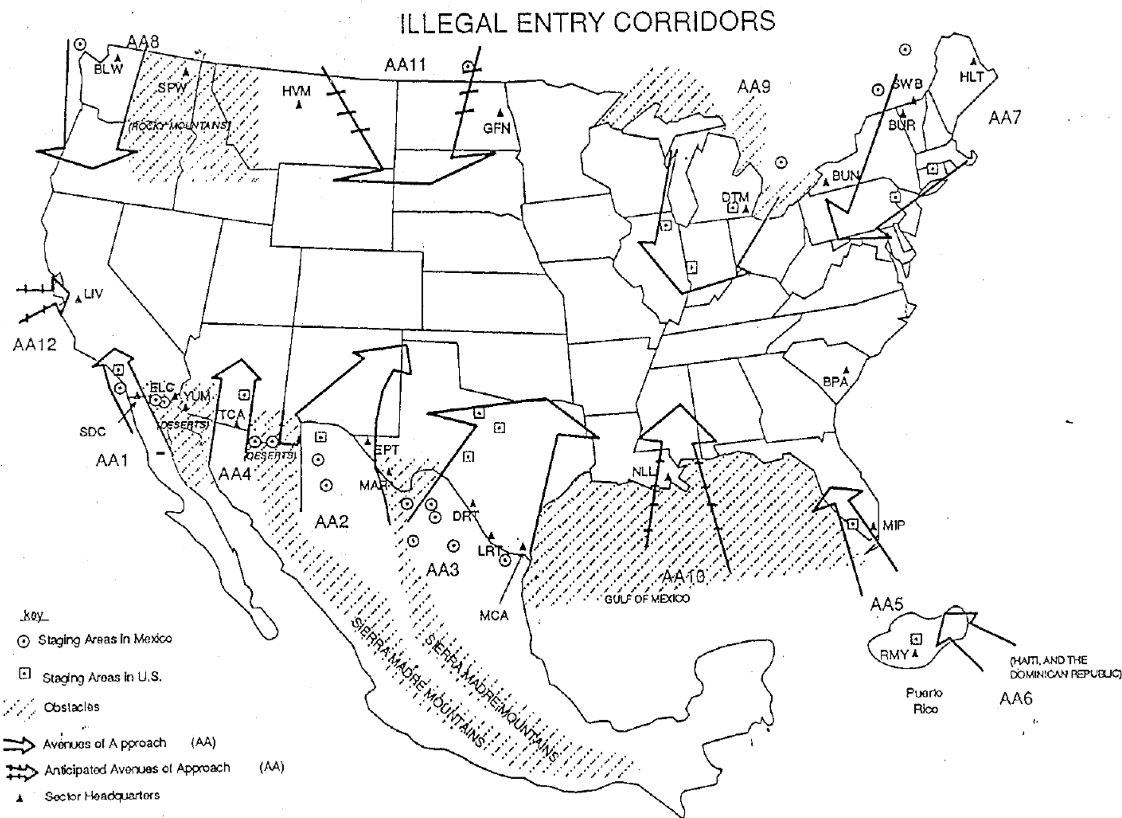
The remarks that Clinton delivered to the "Cuban-American Community" after the pivotal 1994 election and shortly after the closure of the camps in Panama illustrate the spectacular staging of the border to a specific audience:

> In the summer of 1994, thousands took to treacherous waters in un-seaworthy rafts, seeking to reach our shores; an undetermined number actually lost their lives. In response, I ordered Cubans rescued at sea to be taken to safe haven at our naval base at Guantánamo and, for a time, in Panama. Senior United States military officials warned me that unrest and violence this summer were likely, threatening both those in the camps and our own dedicated soldiers.
>
> But to admit those remaining in Guantánamo without doing something to deter new rafters risked unleashing a new, massive exodus of Cubans, many of whom would perish seeking to reach the United States.

Clinton's attention to the peril facing Cuban migrants deploys terms of safety and order in an effort to rationalize the administration's sharp departure from the welcome that Cuban refugees had long received as defectors from a Soviet satellite.

Yet these operations are noticeably absent from the Border Patrol's 1994 strategic plan, despite the fact that monthly costs for the Safe Haven operation had reached $30 million. As the map included in the plan illustrates, South Florida and Puerto Rico are listed as fifth and sixth priority regions, just ahead of the northern border states of Washington and New York.

The spectacular funneling of "the Border" to the U.S.-Mexico borderlands worked to contain operations in the Caribbean and separate them from the "national" deterrent project. This separation could be achieved not only by dividing political refugees from economic migrants but



U.S. Border Patrol, Border Patrol Strategic Plan 1994 and Beyond, 1994

also by tactically erasing the deterrent strategies of interdiction, mandatory detention, and "safe haven" developed to control migration from the Caribbean.

The spectacular containment of Haitian migrants in the Coast Guard's scopic target, as seen in the December 2013 image on page 14, reifies a vision of state protection while effectively erasing the violence of militarized border and asylum policies. Meanwhile, as Todd Miller writes in *Border Patrol Nation*, the U.S. response to the 2010 earthquake in Haiti, which left more than 1.2 million people without homes, included the deployment of additional Coast Guard cutters to prevent boat departures. Although the Caribbean border has been officially deprioritized, deterrence policies implemented there helped to produce a militarized border and detention regime nationwide. While these practices create harsher conditions for those seeking safety (or a livelihood), border spectacles shift the danger of "the border" to the nation, and away from migrants who endure treacherous crossings and prolonged detention. Border spectacles rely on this separation to work, lifting the burden of migrant deaths from the state policies that knowingly cause them, and putting it on migrants themselves.

Deterrence as a policy was never solely directed against external "threats," but also aimed to prevent struggles of migrants in U.S. territory to *remain*. Because *expulsion* is difficult—legally and politically—the U.S. turned to deterrent practices that would *contain* through mainland detention and *deny* entry by shifting the border offshore through interdiction at sea and militarized "safe haven." Challenging current pushes for further border militarization will mean countering the spectacular erasure of ongoing Caribbean histories of deterrence by reconnecting it to the border spectacle deployed along the U.S.-Mexico boundary. These intertwined histories of presence and expulsion reveal shared struggles against deadly state borders that we can continue to build. TNI

Insuring the Dead

By KARLA CORNEJO VILLAVICENCIO

Inside the business of corpse-repatriation insurance

Russian Criminal Tattoo Encyclopaedia, Steidl/Fuel, 2003

IT is said, by people who would know, that at its peak, Colombia's infamous Medellín drug cartel was spending $2,500 a month on rubber bands to wrap around bricks of cash. The arithmetic of human excess begins to acquire mythic status when money becomes nearly impossible to count and we are left to communicate chiefly through estimates and legends, like the one in which Pablo Escobar set fire to $2 million in cash to create a fire for his daughter when they were on the run and she got cold. During Colombia's dark and bloody 1980s, the cartels' pecuniary abundance was not only the stuff of legendary proportion. Death, too, became grimly innumerable—and at the intersection of cartel, guerrilla, and paramilitary violence was the question of how to respond to the ubiquity of death.

For communities that have been ravaged by violent deaths, the dignity of a burial and the indignity of a mass grave co-exist as parallel possibilities that seem arbitrarily assigned to victims. Family members of the so-called disappeared in countries like Chile, Argentina, and Colombia have fought for the identification and return of their loved ones, in some cases demanding exhumation of mass graves in order to bring what remains of the dead bodies back home to bury them according to local funerary practices.

Human grief and corresponding funerary traditions are sophisticated—we invented the Kübler-Ross model and can recite the five stages of grief by rote—but the existence of rituals around dead or dying bodies is not unique to our species. We are in the company of elephants, chimpanzees, mole rats, even honeybees. These animals have complex and varied ways of reacting to familiar deaths—covering corpses with sticks and leaves, moving a dead insect away from the hive to deposit their body elsewhere—and the communities of the living remain ordered. If dead bodies can be seen to represent, to borrow a term from anthropologist Mary Douglas, "matter out of place," this suggests that there are spaces in which this matter, now dead, is meant to lie.

Since the 1950s, several funeral homes in Colombia had been offering funerary plans you could purchase in a state of *prenecesidad,* or "pre-necessity." But this particular practice really got off the ground in the drug-torn 1980s with four funeral homes: Cristo Rey in Bogotá, Funerales del Valle in Cali, Funerales y Capillas la Aurora in Bogotá and Funerales la Esperanza in Medellín. The locations of these funeral homes are no coincidence. Bogotá, Medellín, and Cali had been seeing alarming numbers of civilian deaths due to the narco-conflict. And so it began to look like a market.

The plans are called *previsión,* something like "foresight" or "precaution." At the national level, one out of two Colombians has opted into such a program. Coverage hovers at about 50 percent in Barranquilla and Cali, and 65 percent in Bogotá, the capital. One of the highest coverage rates, unsurprisingly, is 80 percent in Medellín, home to the Medellín cartel, once the epicenter of the global narco-enterprise.

The need for pre-necessity as a result of drug-war violence brings us to the United States, to the Jackson Heights, Queens, travel agency owned by a large, warm man named Orlando Tobón, sometimes called "the mayor of Little Colombia." Tobón moved to the U.S. from Colombia some 40 years ago, when he was 21. He started working as soon as he landed, first as a dishwasher at a Jackson Heights restaurant, eventually earning an accounting degree from a community college, then establishing a travel agency, Orlando Travel.

It was at Orlando Travel that Tobón began overseeing his first corpse repatriations. His neighbor died in a car accident, survived by a sister who was newly arrived in the country and spoke little English. Tobón accompanied her to the morgue. Once there, he was struck by the sight of unidentified corpses. He was told that they were Colombians who had died transporting drugs and nobody had stepped up to identify or claim them. They did not go by their real names, making it difficult to accurately identify them. And so they lay in the morgue. Matter out of place.

Since then, Tobón has organized the repatriation of more than 400 Colombians, many of them young women. They are known as *mulas,* or drug mules, so called because they are paid to carry drugs inside their bodies, in the cut-off fingers of latex surgical gloves or condoms packed tightly with cocaine. Chloraseptic numbs their throats so they can swallow the drug pellets whole, first practicing by swallowing large grapes to suppress their gag reflex, or inserting the pellets into their vaginas. Once they land, they're taken to a guarded location and given laxatives to excrete the contraband. They don't always make it this far. Sometimes the pellets explode inside their bodies and the women die immediately, painfully.

Other times, they cannot excrete the drugs and they die in other, violent ways.

Law enforcement both in the U.S. and Colombia proved unhelpful in returning the young women's bodies home, so Tobón decided to take care of things himself. He went around to nightclubs, churches, restaurants, local businesses, asking people in Jackson Heights to give a few dollars toward sending the girls' bodies back to Colombia. Sometimes, when he was unable to locate living relatives or when it became clear there would not be a funeral, Tobón brought in a Jackson Heights priest to pray over the bodies. He would attend the service alone.

Tobón is in his 60s now and thinking about retirement. He shares his office with a young man named Mauricio Palacios, the U.S. director of Previsión Exequial, a for-profit company that offers Colombians in Colombia and in New York bicontinental funerary insurance. It has Tobón's blessing. In Colombia, Palacios worked as a journalist and a consultant in political marketing. He is a gifted speaker. According to Tobón, he discovered Palacios after he got in trouble with his reporting and angered the wrong people. His editor—a friend of Tobón's—offered his name as a candidate to head Prevision.

Repatriation, in the hands of Tobón, was about responding to emergencies. It was about charitable giving and pre-emptive reciprocity. It was about individuals. Repatriation, in the hands of Palacios, is about planning for tragedy. It is about entire families. It is also for-profit.

Dying in the U.S. is expensive and confusing, especially for vulnerable populations like non-English speakers and undocumented immigrants. Previsión handles every step in the repatriation funerary process, from U.S. permits, which vary state by state, to death certificates, coroners' reports, health and sanitation licenses, dealings with the airlines. The entire process takes about four days, from first contact with Prevision to a final landing in a Colombian city.

A single repatriation from the U.S. to Colombia costs from $10,000 to $15,000. Previsión's insurance rates start at $4.12 per person per month. There are two kinds of packages: $21.99 a month for four people, and $32 for eight. Although Previsión primarily deals works with New York-based immigrants, at least one family member still living in Colombia is included in their plans. Since 2005, more than 14,000 people have signed up. More than 330 have already been repatriated.

In a flier from 2010, a folk singer holds up his membership card. Shooting stars in red, blue, and yellow—colors of the Colombian flag—float by his head, surrounding the numbers "1810–2010". "It's been 200 years of independence, passion, and love for Colombia," the flier reads, "and for the past 5 years, we Colombians have been counting on funerary Previsión in the United States!"

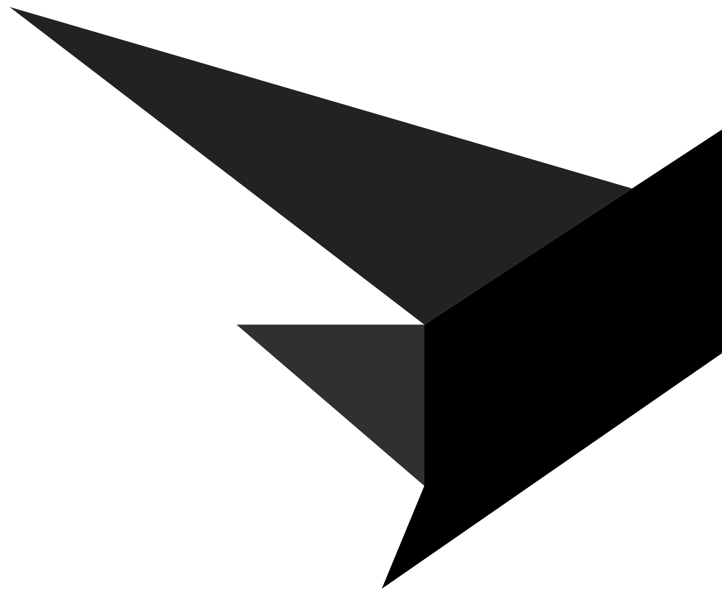
The tie-in to the bicentennial is a savvy move, making the purchase of a pre-necessity plan a patriotic duty. Over the past 20 years, Colombia has launched initiatives to incorporate the Colombian diaspora into its national project: there was the right to a double citizenship (1991), the right for Colombians in the exterior to have their own representative in Congress (1991), the right to run for office as a representative from their home region (1997). Pre-necessity plans in Colombia were born of the senseless ubiquity of death in its drug-ravaged cities and the public's need to secure an easy funeral and burial for their families.

The repatriation of corpses from the U.S. began as a simple one-man effort to send back the bodies of young women whose bodies paid bore witness about the failures of their government to protect them, instead dumping them in the hands of a citizen and his *colecta*. The men and women purchasing the plans stateside do so for many reasons, chief among them the desire to be buried in their homeland. Repatriations require extensive paperwork and many of the clients acquire documentation from the U.S. at long last. The ongoing war on drugs provides a helpful lens through which to track the popularity and necessity of pre-necessity programs, granting disenfranchised citizens—drug mules, undocumented families—political afterlives. TNI

No Man's Land

By MICHAEL McCANNE

Lying outside either state's claims to sovereignty, the border zone both challenges and defines the legal conception of the state.



IN the early 1970s, the city of New York started auctioning off public property to bolster funds against the growing economic recession. Among the pieces for sale were several strips of useless land, some measuring as little as a foot in width, created by zoning errors or orphaned by public works projects. The artist Gordon Matta-Clark bought 15 of these properties—almost all in Queens—with the intention of turning them into a project called *Fake Estates*. He visited his properties as best he could—many were in the middle of a block or locked between other lots—and measured and photographed them. He also amassed all the official records he could find on their "value" and how they came to exist. When Matta-Clark died in 1978, the properties reverted to the city for failure to pay

property tax and his research went into storage. Although it was never completed, Matta-Clark's project suggested a way to understand property ownership and value through tiny lots whose mere existence contradicted the prevailing logic that created them.

The spaces between national borders are like Matta-Clark's slivers of property: their anomalous existence hint at the totality of the system that created them. Just as New York City allocates every piece of land for usable value, borders divide and embed territory with sets of law and sovereignty. In medieval times, borders were sprawling areas of dwindling or overlapping authority, far from sovereign seats of power. People could cross easily through different realms without passing any demarcation or checkpoints. The rise of the liberal state and advances in cartography solidified borders into exact lines, compressing that undefined border zone into a narrow and liminal space. If a sovereignty has always been defined by its territory, the rigid definition of borders is a fundamental (and foundational) aspect of the modern state. But even precise borders inevitably leave slight cracks between nations.

Sometimes these border spaces are a few miles wide, sometimes only a few inches, but they are widest where the generally precise and agreed upon national borders, usually thought of as a single line in space, are disputed or exist between hostile nations. On the Korean Peninsula, the demilitarized zone separates North and South, cutting a 2.5-mile-wide, 160-mile-long no-man's land across the 38th parallel. Both sides of the zone are heavily guarded, and the empty space between is rigged with sensors, booby traps, and land mines. It is wholly devoid of people except for two "peace villages," symbolically left in the space from which both governments withdrew since the 1953 armistice. Villagers in Daeseong-Dong, administered by South Korea, technically have South Korean citizenship, but they are exempt from taxes, military service, and other civic duties. The North Korean village Kijong-dong, meanwhile, is not even inhabited but is instead an elaborate concrete stage set, replete with automatic lights to make the buildings look inhabited and prosperous. Outside these two enclaves, flora and fauna have replaced human activity, transforming the DMZ into a strange nature preserve, an extremely biodiverse core sample cut through various ecosystems and supporting several species of endangered birds and a breed of endangered tiger. Natural vegetation has slowly erased all signs of cultivation and war.

On Cyprus, another armistice line runs across the middle of the island, creating pockets of extra-territoriality. In 1974, a coup which attempted to unite Cyprus to Greece triggered a brief civil war and an invasion by Turkey, who looked to support Turkish Cypriots in the North and maintain a Turkish sphere of influence. Fighting stopped under international pressure, but the armistice left the island partitioned into a Turkish Republic in the North and a Greek-Cypriot South by a United Nations buffer zone called the Green Line. Nicosia—the largest city on the island—is divided by the buffer zone. The U.N. built walls out of white and blue oil drums to seal off streets and alleys that connected one side of Nicosia with the other. As a result, several parts of the city were left in the space between, ostensibly administered by U.N. troops from the U.K. and Argentina, but actually they are empty zones, left to rot.

The Manifesta Foundation chose Nicosia as the location for its 2006 European contemporary art biennial and contracted Mai Abu ElDahab, Anton Vidokle, and Florian Waldvogel to curate. The trio conceived of an experimental art school that would traverse the various political and cultural divides of the island and challenge the prevailing standards of various European art events. Vidokle went a step further and planned to create his section of the art school in an abandoned hotel within the city's buffer zone. When the plans went public, the local authorities balked, and Manifesta Six was canceled, triggering a series of lawsuits between the Manifesta Foundation, the local governments, and the curators. Cypriot artists accused Manifesta of using the border zone as a cultural fetish, while defenders argued

that Cyprus's inability to set aside bureaucratic protocols prevented an idealistic cultural exchange from taking place.

In the fall of 2011, protesters from both sides of the Green Line moved into the buffer zone and set up a tent encampment. The U.N. peacekeeping force issued several formal calls for the group to move out of the buffer zone but made no move to evict them. During the winter the occupiers took over several empty buildings that had been caught between the two borders and abandoned after partition. After several months, Cypriot antiterror police went into the buffer zone and brutally evicted the encampment, arresting people and sending those from Northern Cyprus back over the Green Line.

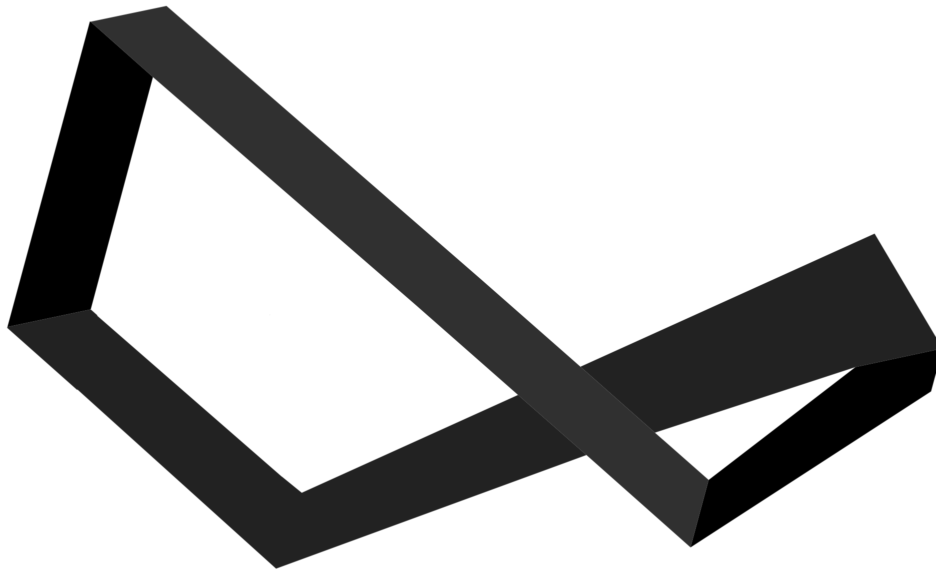
Outside these two enclaves, flora and fauna have replaced human activity, transforming the DMZ into a strange nature preserve

Manifesta 2006 and Occupy Buffer Zone were not the first attempts to engage with the extra territorial spaces within bisected cities. When East Germany erected the Berlin Wall, the exemplar cosmopolitan border, it made a slight deviation from the agreed-upon boundary, leaving a small portion of eastern territory on the western side of the wall. Separated from the East by the Berlin Wall and from the West by a simple chain link fence, weeds took over the lot, which came to be known as the Lenné Triangle.

In March 1988, the two Berlins reached an agreement to exchange various pieces of land orphaned on either side of the wall, including the triangle, which was to become part of a freeway in West Berlin. As soon as the agreement was announced, a group of West German squatters moved into the triangle and set up a barricaded encampment, declaring themselves outside the laws of either government. The West Berlin police, unable to enter the zone, asked the East German police to evict the squatters and push them back into the West, but they refused, citing the Wall as the limit of their jurisdiction. West Berlin then asked the Americans or Soviets to exercise their de facto authority as occupying powers and remove the encampment, but they also refused, perhaps out of fear of anything in the border zone that could put the two superpowers into direct confrontation.

Frustrated by the anomalous legal nature of the Triangle, the West Berlin police were reduced to playing loud music, shinning lights and throwing tear gas into the camp from their side of the border. The squatters for their part responded with stones and Molotov cocktails. As the standoff continued, the camp grew to hundreds of people and even had its own pirate radio station. On July 1, 1988, the land exchange was finally formalized and the Lenné Triangle became part of West Berlin. The West German police moved in that morning and most of the squatters fled over the wall into the East, climbing homemade ladders and jumping into the arms of East German border guards who helped them down and gave them breakfast.

While the Lenné Triangle occupation is a nice anecdote of the radical potentiality of border zones, the eastern side of the Wall reveals more of their true nature. East German border guards might have welcomed West Berliners over the wall—no doubt eager to embarrass their municipal counterparts—but they mercilessly prevented East Germans from crossing to the West. The wall was built to prevent such defections and from its concrete height to



a preliminary eastern border lay a 300-foot "death strip" in which all movement was forbidden. This strip also ran between East and West Germany from the Baltic Sea to Czechoslovakia. Border guards in overlapping towers were charged with preventing "violations of the border area" by any means, including shooting to kill. The area was covered with various booby traps and land mines, which, combined with shootings, killed several thousand people over the duration of the border's existence. One of the most famous cases was Peter Fetcher, an 18-year-old East German construction worker who bolted across the dead strip for Check Point Charlie in West Berlin. He was shot in the side and fell tangled in the last yards of barbed wire, still alive but trapped in that nether region. Guards from both sides refused to enter the strip, and only after he bled to death did an East German official came to retrieve his body.

Borders are containers of law and so the exercise of laws, and by extension legal rights, stop at the border. But sovereign power—not to mention flows of capital and information—extend into and beyond the spaces between nations. Bodies caught in this nether region (or banished to it) are subject to state power absent legal protections. In its most extreme form—such as with Peter Fetcher—it is a place where the state can kill but a person has no right to live, a situation reminiscent of Agamben's concept of bare life.

Recently, however, this interborder zone has been divorced from physical geography, becoming instead a condition transposed onto bodies rendered subjects of state power. In Steven Spielberg's 2004 film *The Terminal*, Tom Hanks plays a person rendered stateless by a coup in his home country and stuck in the transit terminal at JFK airport, unable to either enter the United States or fly back to his home country. The story is loosely based on the story of Mehran Karimi Nasseri, an Iranian refugee who lost his passport in transit and was stuck in the transit terminal at

Charles de Gaulle. Afraid to leave the terminal—and face deportation back to Iran—he stayed in the airport for 17 years. The courts in France ruled he could not be expelled from the terminal itself, as he had entered it legally, and he sat beside his luggage and lived on food airport workers brought him until he fell ill and was removed to a hospital.

In the very beginning of *The Terminal*, Hanks is actually cordoned off by ropes into a special zone, made temporarily and specifically for him. It is as if legal indeterminacy has been transferred from the in-between space of the transit terminal unto his person—a visual representation of the border zone's projection beyond actual space. Across the industrial world, governments have set up immigrant detention centers, places designed to justify the extra-jurisdictional, extralegal status of those they detain. Immigrants and stateless persons held in those centers are rendered, as one researcher put it, "illiberal subjects still within the jurisdiction of liberal states." The border can function then as a movable tool of state repression, extending deep within any national territory, producing the legal paradox of subjects within the territory of a state but excluded from the rights it supposedly guarantees.

In his book *The Enemy of All,* Daniel Heller-Roazen (a frequent translator of Agamben) examines this concept as applied to piracy. He traces the evolution of piracy away from a primarily territorial concern.

> In the past, a piratical act presupposed, by definition, a specific area of the earth in which exceptional legal statutes applied. For centuries this region was that of the high seas. Subsequently, it began also to include portions of the air, once a legal theory of the earth's most elevated zones had been developed. Today, however, this classic relation has been inverted. The pirate may no longer be defined by the region in which he moves. Instead, the region of piracy may be derived from the presence of the pirate.

Roazen goes on to show how the legal theory of the pirate has been transposed to the War on Terror. By situating the conflict "outside the borders" of any particular nation, the U.S. and its allies have pushed the war into a juridical space outside law itself. Those who fight in that space are neither criminals nor soldiers, afforded neither set of legal protections. They are instead unlawful combatants, like the pirate or medieval outlaw, banished from civil society and existing only as bare life between the borders of *civilized* nations.

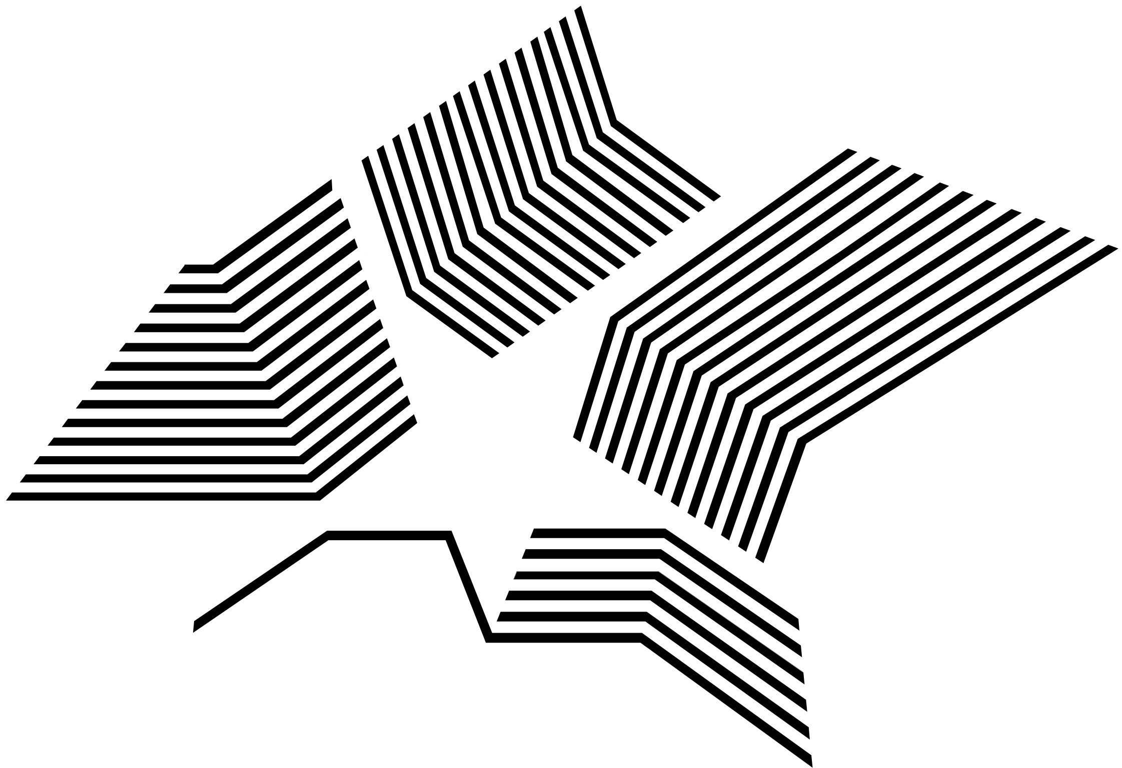
Those who are captured instead of killed are removed to any number of U.S.-run extraterritorial sites. Guantánamo is the most well known and serves as the quintessential example of the indeterminate border zone as a place of absolute power. It is outside the legal jurisdiction of either Cuba or the United States but remains under the sovereign power of the U.S. military. As such, Guantánamo is a legal black hole in which the laws of the U.S. and the Geneva Convention do not apply. The unlawful combatants brought there from fields of operation across the globe can be held indefinitely, tortured, and even killed as a matter of administrative procedure. The extraterritorial nature of the camp threatens to be not the exception but the order of state power, especially U.S. military power.

Some might question the value of examining the nature of these scant extraterritorial spaces, given that bourgeois laws are always underwritten (and often overwritten) by other systems of power. But legality and governance operate according to their own almost self-generating logic, creating and manipulating categories of space. In Korea that space is a nature preserve, in Nicosia it is mirage of possibility, and in Guantánamo it is a horrifying detention camp. On one side of the Berlin Wall, the absence of legal jurisdiction protects squatters, while on the other it is cause for summary execution. These spaces are not uniform but share certain characteristics worth considering. If we have truly come to live in a sort of Kantian order of nation-states, fixed in geography and federated to one another as a world governance, then the existence of spaces not administered by that system—however small—seems significant to the order as a whole. Perhaps in the end they are the juridical exterior by which the interiority of states are made. TNI

Dreaming of NAFTA

By KELLI KORDUCKI

Tejano star Selena represented the cultural promise of a more open U.S. Mexico border. Her death presaged the ultimate fate of that dream.



TWENTY years ago, in January 1994, the North American Free Trade Agreement took effect, promising to perforate the social-commericial membrane between the U.S. and its neighbors. Just months before, Tex-Mex superstar Selena had begun recording on her English-language crossover, *Dreaming of You*, an album meant to catapult her to a new level of cross-border (and cross-cultural) fame. Neither of these worked out as planned.

At first, NAFTA's ratification held tentative promise: Some policymakers anticipated that the income gap between the two countries would shrink as the treaty expanded trade, gradually eliminating tariffs between Mexico and the U.S. Logistically, a strengthened Mexican economy might temper the impetus for ongoing economic migration from Mexico into the U.S.; culturally, it could make for a more level playing field, with the potential to usher in an age of North American unification. It could even help mitigate Anglo-American cultural hegemony. Selena, a Texas-born Latina with a geographically scattered and primarily Spanish-speaking fan base, forecasted what that might look like.

Selena's full name was Selena Quintanilla but, like Ciccone before her, she took to stage on a first-name-only basis. By the time she began work on *Dreaming of You*, the luminescent young songstress had been poised as "the Mexican Madonna" for a new and English-speaking audience that wouldn't necessarily catch how she wasn't Mexican but Chicana—an American-born citizen of Mexican descent, the daughter of a second-generation Mexican American father and half-Cherokee, half-*Tejana* mother. That distinction—that she was neither one thing nor another but several—matters.

Growing up in Corpus Christi, Texas, roughly a three-hour drive from the Mexican border, Selena was indelibly shaped by what Gloria Anzaldúa, in her influential 1987 book *Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza*, calls "*una herrida abierta* where the Third World grates against the first and bleeds."

This *herrida abierta*—the open wound of a permeable boundary—also gave shape to the distinctly border-hugging genre Selena performed in: *Tejano* is a *frontera* soundtrack encompassing a history of invasions and migrations, blood and betrayal. As Anzaldúa writes, Europeans and Anglo-Americans made their uninvited debut in Texas territory—then still a part of Mexico—in the 1800s. After the Battle of the Alamo and eventual capture of Santa Ana in 1836, Texas became Texas and *Tejanos* became outsiders in their own terrain. With the new Texas came European influx. Poles, Germans, and Czechs entered the region to work as ranchers. They brought their music: waltzes and polkas and the accordions on which those were played. These would fuse with Mexican ranchera music—an early 20th century descendent of the older mariachi tradition—and give rise to *norteño* music and its slightly slower (but otherwise almost identical) sibling, *conjunto*. *Conjunto* became associated with *Tejano* culture, adding in soupçons of rock and roll and R&B as the century progressed.

These overlapping influences are especially present in Selena's wrong-side-of-the-tracks love ballad "Amor Prohibido" ("forbidden love"), the title track of Selena's final, chart-topping Spanish album. Layering dance-pop synths over traditional cumbia instrumentation, the song's first-person narrator laments a society that tsk-tsks her dalliance with an upper-class suitor, declaring: "Money doesn't matter in you or in me, or in our hearts." The Tejana writes her own rules, follows her heart, and risks everything.

This spirit of defiance is pivotal to the way Selena's life story gets told. In Gregory Nava's biopic *Selena* (1997) the young idol-in-waiting (played by Chicana child actress Rebecca Lee Meza) gets coached on the finer points of Spanish pronunciation by her father, Abraham (Edward James Olmos). Selena and her siblings had been playing together in a 2.0 version of their dad's former doo-wop band (he hadn't sung in Spanish, either) with mixed success, and it dawns on Abraham that by taking up regionally beloved classics, his offspring might play more favorably to their local demographic. "But I don't know Spanish!" yelps young Selena, baffled. This prompts a pointed (and a tad heavy-handed) lecture on the importance of knowing her identity: She's American, but she's also Mexican. In order to sing from the heart, the artist needs to know what exactly that means.

Going back to English, as an adult, could be seen as the full-circle celebration of this fused identity. In a 1994 interview with Spanish-language talk-show host Cristina

Saralegui during the early stages of recording *Dreaming of You*, Selena says that "Tejano music is a [cultural] mix," explaining that the genre's mutability made an English-language album transition not only a realized "dream" for herself and bandmates but an inevitability.

This inevitability is that of the *mestiza*, who grapples with white, indigenous, and Mexican cultural inputs. "Cradled in one culture, sandwiched between two cultures, straddling all three cultures and their value systems, la *mestiza* undergoes a struggle of flesh, a struggle of borders, an inner war," writes Anzaldúa. "Like others having or living in more than one culture, we get multiple, often opposing messages. The coming together of two self-consistent but habitually incompatible frames of reference causes *un choque*, a cultural collision." In a context of Chicanismo, those factions are muddled further by citizenship—the legal designation of belonging. On paper, the Chicana isn't Mexican at all. Yet despite her passport status, she's American in the "wrong" ways. Her surname evokes a legacy of Spanish conquest of indigenous lands and bodies; maybe her English is inflected with a suspiciously hispanicized cadence. She betrays origins beyond the border.

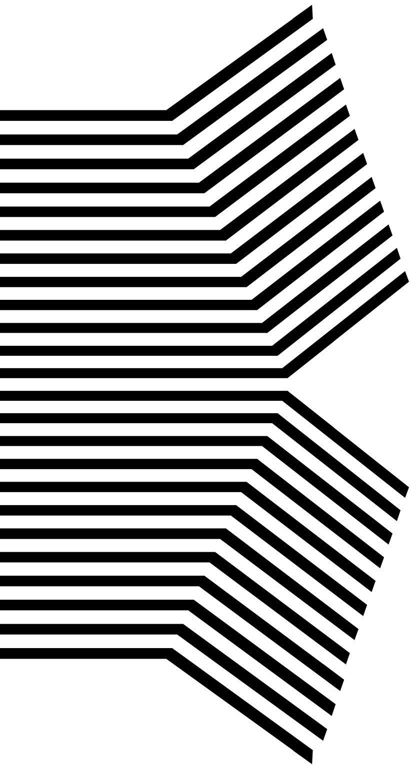
Selena, a glass-half-full public persona, tended to downplay the reality of prejudice. "Anywhere in the world you go, you find racism, discrimination," she told the magazine *Entérese!*. "Not just in the United States, or in Texas. It's very sad for me, but that's the way it is. I can't change the world by myself."

Still, Selena's early decision to switch to Spanish paid off. By the time she hit her teens, she had graduated from the *quinceañera* and state-fair circuit to the Tejano Music Awards, where she was anointed Best Female Vocalist at 16. When she made the decision to cross back into English in 1994, she'd released five albums and amassed 14 additional Tejano Music Awards among a bevy of others, including a Grammy. She'd also launched a successful line of Texas clothing boutiques and even had a cameo on *Dos Mujeres, Un Camino* ("two women, one road") the NAFTA-anticipatory telenovela about a Mexican trucker (played by Erik Estrada, the Puerto Rican actor best known for the 1970s motorcycle cop procedural *CHiPs*) who two-times his wife with a hot young thing he meets across the Tijuana border. The time had come to stake new frontiers.

BOUNDARIES are also islands. Discussing a recent multipart NPR feature exploring the span of the Mexico-U.S. border, reporter Steve Inskeep noted that "The two sides of the border, for all the security and fear there, are more similar to each other than the country on either side." The reinforced legal boundary is an artificial one. Inhabitants on both sides are marked by frontierism, psychically imprinted by the constant code-switching that comes with being the embodied site of a cultural back-and-forth. But there are limits to the parallels. El Paso, Texas, one of the least crime-ridden cities in America, sits just on the other side from the Rio Grande as Ciudad Juárez.

NAFTA didn't correct for these disparities, but neither was it all disappointment for everyone south of the border. "We went from being a country where things were assembled to a country where things are manufactured," Mexican soft-drink distributor Juan Gallardo Thurlow told *U-T San Diego* newspaper in March, exactly a year after being added to *Forbes*' ranking of billionaires. But not everyone can count themselves among the Gallardo Thurlows of the world. One of the most criticized facets of NAFTA's fallout has been the absurdly uneven distribution of the wealth it promised to generate for the Mexican economy. Few got a slice of the pie; many more, shit sandwich. If only the hopeful, class-transcending chorus of "Amor Prohibido" rang true in life.

Meanwhile, American immigration policy made clear that ostensible trade equals do not *actual* equals make. Consider: the Mexican Madonna would sell one-fifth of the total albums as her American counterpart. Since 1994,



the Mexico-U.S. Border has become ludicrously fortified to guard against undocumented northern crossing. Over the past two decades, roughly a third of the nearly-2,000-mile-long border has been splintered by a wall or fence.

The trend has continued: Just this March, the Israeli company Elbit Systems Ltd. announced that it would be producing surveillance systems for *la frontera* not unlike those it already makes for the Israeli West Bank barrier. Obama has deported nearly 2 million people since taking office, many Mexican immigrants among these.

Selena didn't live to see any of this. Two weeks shy of her 24th birthday, in February 1995, the singer was shot dead by her fan club president over a financial dispute. She had been notoriously low-key about her own boundaries; a former neighbor would point out that, in lieu of bodyguards, a fence was all that protected Selena's home. Selena's crossover album peaked at No. 22 on the *Billboard* charts shortly after its release, five months after her death. It's sentimental and dated adult contemporary—track-for-track, weaker than her dynamic, cross-referential Tejano output—but a couple of standout singles ("I Could Fall in Love" and "Dreaming of You," which both received their share "mainstream" English-language radio airplay) proved memorable. Selena's nimble, uncompromising vocals make them work.

About 3,000 mourners attended her closed-coffin viewing, moved from a Corpus Christi funeral home to a downtown convention center. Then-governor George W. Bush declared the slain star's April 16 birthday as "Selena Day" in Texas. The loss reverberated beyond the border. In the wake of her death, *People* magazine released two commemorative issues, which together sold more than a million copies. In 2011, the United States Post Office included Selena in a "Latin Legends" memorial stamp series alongside the likes of Tito Puente and Celia Cruz, luminaries whose careers spanned several of Selena's lifetimes.

No Chicana musician since has succeeded in disrupting the cultural narrative of unequal distribution fostered in NAFTA's wake. Selena herself never managed to fulfill her promise as a dual-language, tricultural—Mexican, American, South Texan—star. The cultural-economic gap between Mexico and the U.S. continues, its bridges unrealized. TNI

REVIEW

Philosophers of Babel

BY ROSS PERLIN

The Dictionary of Untranslatables *offers proof that ideas like "democracy," "revolution," "politics," and even "existence" translate easily from County Cork to Kyiv.*

Barbara Cassin, ed. *Dictionary of Untranslatables: A Philosophical Lexicon*, Princeton University Press, 2014

GRAND translation schemes always flirt with absurdity. The mighty Septuagint—the first-ever translation of the Hebrew Bible, into Greek—is named for the 70 (or possibly 72) learned Alexandrian Jews allegedly pressed into service by King Ptolemy II back in the third century BCE. The King James Bible, named for its cagey sponsor ("the wisest fool in Christendom"), was the work of the 47 forgotten Anglican churchmen he deputized. The urge lives on today in Google Translate, whose gurus crunch their algorithmic way through endless error; the Phraselator folks, whose handheld gizmo is mainly used by the U.S. military and by Native American tribes; and SIL International, with its 5,000-plus missionary linguists busy rendering scripture into every human language.

By comparison, *The Dictionary of Untranslatables*, newly translated from the French original, wears its modest megalomania well. An 11-year project involving some 150 contributors and comprising more than 400 entries, the *Dictionary* suggests comparison with Volume XI of the First Encyclopedia of Tlön, described by Borges as "a vast and systemic fragment of the entire history of an unknown planet." The planet in question here is what we usually call "continental philosophy." It's everything that the bone-dry Anglo-American analytical philosophy taught in our universities isn't: a heady universe of speculative thinking about the meaning of life, the history of ideas, the fate of mankind, and so on.

Postmodern winks aside, *The Dictionary of Untranslatables* is a mad, encyclopedic tribute in the grand tradition of bizarre translation projects, with the official funding to match: Eurothink at its academic best. Why else would the culture czars of Paris and Brussels who've brought you the yearly European Culture Capitals (Umeå, anyone?) and Quaero (the mysterious, amply funded Franco-German search engine) pay theory buffs the big euros, if not to pedal soft power? The first translation of all this untranslatability, conspiracy theorists will remark, was into Ukrainian.

Editor Barbara Cassin notes in her introduction that language is "one of the most urgent problems posed by the existence of Europe." This is not a theoretical statement: The European Union is usually cited as having the largest translation service in the world. For years the proceedings of the European Parliament were translated into every official language (there are now 24), resulting in a massive "parallel corpus" that geeks and linguists have been mining with glee—a veritable Rosetta Stone of the present. *The Dictionary* aligns itself fervently with this multilingual vision. It is against the threat of all-conquering, homogenizing English and in support of a Europe that "explores divisions, tensions, transfers, appropriations, contradictions, in order to construct a better versions of itself." If not politically, is this still at least philosophically possible in the Age of Merkel? Will Europe also need an intellectual and spiritual lender of last resort (*dernier ressort*)?

From certain outside points of view, Europeans are famously and marvelously fractious, as irregular as their indented coastline. Proud languages like French, Italian, and Spanish are swell-headed dialects, a Chinese or Arabic speaker might say—and likewise English speakers, keen to keep up cousinly connections, are held to be ignorant or jesting if they say they speak "American," "Canadian," or "Kiwi." Linguists, too, might question whether the European rainbow (or is it a Rem Koolhaas bar code?) really covers much of the color spectrum. To begin with, the vast majority of European tongues stem from just a handful of branches of the Indo-European language family—and the world begins to look quite different in outliers like Hungarian, Saami, Maltese, or Basque (the last represented in the *Dictionary* by *gogo*, which translates, or doesn't, as "spirit" or "soul").

What's more, the European languages represented here (especially French, German, and Italian, plus the venerated forebears Greek and Latin) have grown up together for centuries, evolving through constant interchange into what is sometimes called "Standard Average European." Indeed, the *Dictionary* is further proof that "Europe," for all its agreeing to disagree, is very much a shared intellectual space, an ongoing Republic of Letters: Ideas like "democracy," "revolution," "politics," and even "existence" translate easily from County Cork to Kyiv.

Not that we shouldn't attend to the nuances—*vive la différence!* Inevitably, the more different, the more striking: Take Russian *pravda*, a blackened word that is finally shedding the connotations of Soviet agitprop. Usually translated as "truth", *vérité*, *Wahrheit*, and the like, *pravda* also has "justice, legitimacy, law, equity" very much in its semantic field according to the *Dictionary*, reflecting a traditional view, now "broken by modern physics," that the world endures through the just, that "truth" is not fully autonomous but has a moral character. (It's not clear if this has affected actual usage, or if a nuanced understanding of *pravda* is really so far from the idea of "truth" in a contemporary English expression like "speak truth to power.")

Another case, from the other side of the continent, is *saudade*, "a tender malaise," an untranslatable nostalgia-and-then-some long presented as "the key feeling of the Portuguese soul," the longing of "a people that has always looked beyond its transatlantic horizons." The *Dictionary* takes us on a bracing journey through the history of *saudade*, from a 14th-century codex to the Jesuit António Vieira's fantastical *History of the Future* and a samba by the legendary Brazilian musician Antônio Carlos Jobim. We learn that the word has consistently been used to assert a national character in the face of outside intrusion.

This is revealing stuff, but may belong more readily to the history of nationalism than to a cosmopolitan history of philosophy, as the intellectual historian Svetlana Boym reminds us: "Curiously, intellectuals and poets from different national traditions began to claim that they had a special word for homesickness that was radically untranslatable: the Portuguese had their *saudade*, Russians *toska*, Czechs *litost'*, Romanians *dor* ... untranslatable words of national uniqueness [that] proved to be synonyms of the

same historical emotion." One word, coined by the psychologist Erik Erikson, that does not appear in the *Dictionary: pseudo-speciation*, the purposeful elaboration of difference where none really existed before.

The *Dictionary* is at its best not so much when unpacking keywords from disparate national traditions or when wading into the depths of wide-angle comparative philosophy, given that a deep comparison of European "nature" with Chinese *ziran* would pose many more problems than anything attempted here. But the *Dictionary* is revealing for the way it sketches, lexically, a set of parallel but alternate intellectual traditions. What language teachers call "false friends" are everywhere, inspiring a constant alertness to nuance. Did you know that French *classicisme* summons up Versailles (which we'd call baroque) but it was German *Klassizismus* that crystallized our idea of the "neoclassical"? Or that the vital feminist distinction between "sex" and "gender," current in English since the 1970s, was "nearly impossible to translate into any Romance language," not to mention the problems posed by the German *Geschlecht*, as Judith Butler writes in the *Dictionary*? Further probing may even make us wonder whether the nature/culture distinction so sharply drawn (and now promoted) by the English idea of "sex" vs. "gender" is the right distinction—the languages of the world offer many other possibilities.

This is the kind of "philosophizing through languages" that the *Dictionary*'s editors have in mind, and they're right: philosophy has always been about bending (and coining) words to work in particular ways, about consciously harnessing and creating abstraction out of linguistic systems already engaged willy-nilly in much the same task. A century ago, analytic philosophers such as Bertrand Russell and Ludwig Wittgenstein saw the problems of philosophy as all boiling down to unclear language; contributors to the *Dictionary* lay a similar stress on words but revel in their contested indeterminacy. They chart a middle course between Anglo-American "ordinary language philosophy," which harvests the way we actually talk, and quasi-mystical etymology spinning and neologism making in the style of Martin Heidegger (though the *Dictionary* doesn't shrink from taking on such translation-proof Heideggerisms as *Dasein* and *Ereignis*). Though generally grounded in intellectual and linguistic history, the *Dictionary*'s authors sometimes seem to forget that they're handling actual words rooted in and shaped by spoken languages, not just talismans passed down and swapped back and forth by a transnational philosopher tribe. Occasional cross-referencing with Urban Dictionary is strongly recommended, likewise Raymond Williams's *Keywords* and Flaubert's *Dictionary of Received Ideas*.

Many languages get their own entries. The one on English aptly highlights the "genius of the ordinary," the resistance of English-language philosophers across several centuries to building a rigorous philosophical jargon. Even as minuscule a factor as the naturalness of the English gerund can't be discounted, the *Dictionary* informs us, noting how heavily we lean on a phrase like "the making of" where French is stuck with the ungainly *le faire*. Likewise we have to wonder at certain special properties of Greek and German, the two Western languages in which philosophy feels fully at home: the former its native land, the latter a foreign soil to which it was transplanted through great effort and originality by the likes of Kant, Hegel, Nietzsche, and Heidegger. Whatever is untranslatable wins out in the end, provided we care enough.

The *Dictionary*, we should have said at the outset, is too heavy to read and too random to reference systematically. Scrupulous and difficult, it's everything that the Internet, which wants everything to talk "frictionlessly" with everything else, is not. No dreams of universal translation here—enjoy the friction. Use it for bibliomancy, the lost art of divination by book (with scripture or Virgil or Homer or Hafiz). You flip at random but with intention to a section of the venerated tome, you place your finger on the page, and your fate is there in the text. That fate, those words: They are yours and yours alone. TNI

REVIEW

Christian Marclay Goes to Bollywood

BY RAHEL AIMA

The artist's supercut of Indian films' use of Switzerland is a whitewash

Bollywood Goes to Gstaad (2013), by Christian Marclay, 17 minutes, single channel video, color with sound

IF you've seen any Bollywood films lately, you may be familiar with the "cut to Switzerland." No matter what precedes it, when the music swells, it's time for a quick costume change and an even quicker teleportation to an alpine dreamscape some 5,000 miles away. Perhaps the lovers—and it's nearly always the lovers—run to each other in a springy, buttercup-studded meadow. Perhaps they're in the mountains or sharing chaste almost-kisses by the lake under an impossibly clear sky. In the other filmic staple, a sudden torrential downpour sets the stage for a conveniently soaked sari and passionate almost-clench, but it's always sunny in Switzerland.

Cut to Gstaad, a picturesque Swiss ski resort, sometime in 2012. The Swiss artist and musician Christian Marclay is standing on a glacier. He's there to scout locations for "Elevation 1049: Between Heaven and Hell," a site-specific exhibition of 25 Swiss artists that will open in early 2014. Yet looking around, he sees something strange, surprising. Brown people, and lots of them. These unexpected foreigners are Indian tourists and they're all location scouting too, trying to find the sites made famous by their favorite Bollywood films.

Mountains, lakes, and meadows have long been bound up with fantasy and escape in the Indian imaginary. Since the earliest days of Bollywood, the natural beauty of the Kashmir valley has made it the dream sequence location of choice. Yet as the Kashmiri conflict grew increasingly more bloody in the 1980s, with militants and the Indian army equally to blame for the brutalities, filmmakers began looking farther afield. Switzerland, with its verdant fields and snowy peaks, proved to be a close enough match. Yes, the buildings looked different and the locals couldn't dance, but as an ersatz Kashmir, it would do.

Today, heavyweight director Yash Chopra is often cited as popularizing Switzerland as a location, after falling in love with Gstaad while on his honeymoon. He is said to have told his wife that every subsequent movie he made would have one romantic scene or song shot in the country, a promise he managed to keep. Yet the bulk of the credit is due to the Swiss authorities and their aggressive

courting of Indian directors. Minimal red tape, help with site scouting, facilitation of travel and visa arrangements, and a ready willingness to comply with even the most unusual of requests have since cemented Switzerland's place as the new Kashmir.

So it is that the cut to Kashmir segued comfortably into the cut to Switzerland. In turn, Marclay has drawn from this wealth of shot-in-Switzerland scenes for his newest work, *Bollywood Goes to Gstaad.* Let's call it BGTG, to mimic a particularly Bollywood mode of shortening its often lengthy film titles. On show at Elevation 1049 earlier this year, the 17-minute video montage was screened both in a cable car that travels partway up the Gondelbahn glacier, as well as in a small theatre in Gstaad. Each of the clips come from films that were shot on location in Gstaad and span several decades to provide a kitschy, if haphazard—there's more than a faint whiff of Bollylocation emanating from this—picture of Bollywood's love affair with Switzerland.

Marclay is best known for his 2010 work *The Clock,* a 24-hour video montage that functions as a cinematic timepiece. It always shows the correct time at the location in which the work is on view. Through the flashing digits of an alarm clock, languid pillow stretches, or bumbling criminals casing their next joint, each minute is announced with a new cut. It isn't really—the cuts are irregular but presented as otherwise, and it is in these moments, and in the overarching score that subjugates images to his narrative, that we most feel the invisible hand of Marclay. The artifice of editing, of seamless perfection, is at once both exposed and reified in an overwhelmingly immersive experience that makes you keenly feel the passage of time.

In part, *The Clock* feels like a study of gestures. Take its scenes of the early-hours phone call, with its certain attitudes of holding a rotary-phone receiver, or a tendency to switch on a night light before answering the phone. Repeated in aggregate, it moves from being suggestive to prescriptive. If you're the kind of person who takes their cues from the screen, "Is this how they do it, then" becomes "Is this how I ought to be doing it?" During *The Clock,* clock-time and lived time are collapsed into one glowing screen. Rather than being an escape from the vicissitudes of daily life, time is forced onto the aesthetic experience. Nothing exists outside of *The Clock,* nothing is allowed to exist outside *The Clock,* and there's a certain flattening violence in that.

Watching *The Clock,* you are also made aware of a certain breadth of cinematic history, specifically the Anglophonic kind. While the work largely drew breathy phrase, even winning the Golden Lion at Venice in 2011, it was criticized for its myopia in which other cinematic traditions received only the most token of nods. When *The Economist* queried him as to how he and six full-time research assistants were apparently unable to find any instances of time-marking in Bollywood films, Marclay responded, "I guess it's a different tradition, with a different concept of time."

Bollywood and its different conception of time, okay. Was Marclay referring to Indians' cultural permissiveness of lateness, the hour (or more) of wiggle room that's sometimes referred to as Indian Standard Time? Or the collective endurance that allows Bollywood films' 150-plus-minute average running time or a five-day cricket match to remain enjoyable and not arduous marathons? Or the mental acrobatics that allow cinema-goers to accept space-time ruptures like the cut to Switzerland and its analogous cut to reality with ease and at no detriment to their viewing experiences? To take a decidedly determinist turn, does India's cinematic language mean Indians experience time differently?

Whatever the reason, it's difficult to avoid dissonance between the beautiful, if cruel, precision of *The Clock* and *BGTG.* The film opens with a shot of a train leaving a platform. Minisha Lamba, in green patiala pants, a pink top and a denim jacket, waits at the Rougemont train station in the late 2000s. Kajol, in a yellow and red salwar suit, gets on a train, looks back, and smiles in the mid-1990s.

Ravena Tandon and Govinda cavort on the platform in the late '90s; she's wearing a red latex-and-netting top and gold lamé trousers. And so on.

As with *The Clock*—or any supercut-style montage, really—there's a small pleasure in identifying and dating each clip used, whether by knowing the film or flinging guesses based on the actors and what they're wearing. Sometimes there's even a conversation across time, such as when a particular cut puts Sridevi and Ranbir Kapoor—each in their own flushes of youth some 20 years apart—across a carriage table from one another. As these images flash by, however, they too become subjugated under Marclay's master narrative. Minisha/Kajol/Raveena/Sridevi quickly melt in to the one brown body of the woman, there to accompany the man. Two Indians and the Gstaad pastoral: Nothing exists outside it, and nothing changes but the resolution.

From trains we move to motorcycles, where the woman always sits behind the man. Sometimes she raises her arm to whip a high-contrast scarf in the breeze behind her, and sometimes he takes his hands off the handlebars, so as to best illustrate his joyous freedom. Next come convertibles, open roads, and airports. Cue arms flung up in meadows and on mountains, captured from above by what is probably a helicopter but more closely resembles, in its wild swinging, a drunken mosquito. Getting into these aerial views, it is here that Marclay's choice of site gets interesting. In watching *BGTG* on my laptop and not lurching several hundred feet up in the air, what is lost? It might be wondered too if the work doesn't lean too much on its container and its little frissons of turbulence to sex up what is an otherwise lackluster montage.

But lest we dwell on any one thing too long, we're quickly moved into the playful snowplay and handheld skips downhill portion of the program. At the bottom of the mountain, it appears to always be summer, just in time for chocolate tasting, biking, and rolling in fields of imminent hay fever, more trains, helicopters, cable cars, spinning and dancing, and so on. All the expected tropes are there, each in prim little clusters that keep to themselves, and nothing else.

This time round, Marclay doesn't look to expose the scaffolding of the editing process so much as to lay bare the elements that constitute a fantasy sequence. It doesn't require submission or demand, I suspect, your full attention. The organizing principle seems to be an airily homogenizing "this thing looks kind of like these things, so let's put them together and that's good enough for now," with an end result that is akin to pasteurization. *BGTG* feels nowhere near as meticulously matched and edited as its predecessor. (The sound mixing, in particular, suggests iTunes set to crossfade.) His collage here doesn't quite tessellate so much as put similar-to-Marclay images—foreigners dancing in Gstaad—in something resembling proximity. He's put them together, so surely they must be all the same.

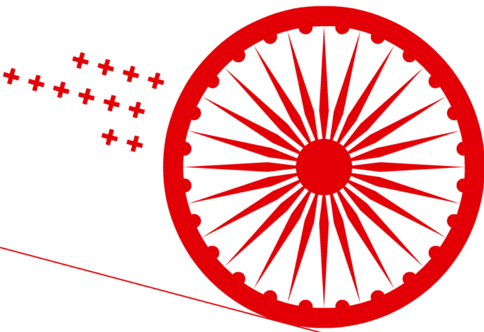
If *The Clock* was a study in small gestures, *BGTG* feels like a study in movement on a much larger scale. Perhaps it's the grandeur of the landscape, which is inarguably stunning, that demands these more expansive gestures. Perhaps it was all about Gstaad and its landscape to begin with, and the people are just convenient props. Indeed, there's something rewarding in this vision of site specificity that Marclay presents. Here is a work that resolutely responds to and is made for the built and natural terrain of the location it exists in. Unlike the infinitely mobile *The Clock, BGTG* requires Gstaad to breathe.

At the same time, the work turns on the distance that is implicit in the performance of site specificity, in which an artist might make a few site visits or at most, spend a few months. Despite being Swiss, Marclay has spent nearly four decades outside Switzerland and approaches Gstaad as an outsider himself. In an interview on the Elevation 1049 site, Marclay says of *BGTG,* "It's a video about Gstaad but seen through the eyes of Indians … I could relate to this distance from this kind of idyllic environment that I knew from my childhood, but

now I can look at it with a certain distance and maybe be a bit more critical."

All the calculated intimacy of *The Clock*—we sit down to dinner, we toss awake at night, we fall in love—is gone here in favor of a resoundingly reductive "they" in what amounts to a sanitized ethnography. Marclay's "we" is white. And yes, *BGTG* drips with exoticization, fetish, cultural appropriation, and all the power dynamics that are implicit in a white man repackaging another browner culture to be consumed by the global jet set and art world fancies that frequent the socially gated Gstaad. How could it not?

Take Marclay's seeing through the eyes of Indians. There's a grand old tradition of white directors claiming to access brown subjectivity through montage. (It's always, always montage. Brown people presumably have different conceptions of time.) Yet while the protagonist usually exits the sequence with some snippet of brown cultural capital to be subsequently leveraged, the only takeaway here is caricature. In instrumentalizing Indians to perform the actual labor of looking, of dissecting the construction of Switzerland, Marclay almost asks you to have that same initial experience that he did back in 2012 on the Gondelbahn glacier. These Indians! In Gstaad! Aren't they so colorful, so funny, so utterly and totally out of place?



Alpine frolicking, boutique chocolatiers, and the sound of money: This is the Switzerland frozen in time that Marclay chooses to present. He understands that this vision of Switzerland—aspirational luxury that's on sale to anyone who's lighter than blue collar—is as manufactured as the cinematic image. He knows it, you the presumed viewer know it, but do those Indians? Look at them dancing, renting helicopters, dropping their tourism francs, aspiring. Do they know it's cinema?

Cut to reality. Here are some other things that an Indian might see: a 2007 law that requires the votes of all members of a local community to approve citizenship, resulting in the disproportionate rejection of non-Christians and people of African and Asian origin. The banning of minarets, an aggressive deportation policy that is criticized as being in violation of human rights protocol, the chilling rise of the neofascist Swiss People's Party—currently the largest single party in the country—and its attendant xenophobia and racism. This too is Switzerland, where Bollywood can come but it can't stay, where Indians may be framed by the landscape as long as it's understood they don't really belong within it. TNI

REVIEW

The Will to Wall

BY JOSEPH NEVINS

What is the work that walls do in a world of staggering inequality?

Marcello Di Cintio, *Walls: Travels Along the Barricades,* Soft Skull Press, 2013

IT was a Sunday afternoon sometime around 1998 when I found myself in Jacumba, California, a small town on the U.S. southern boundary, just across from its neighbor in Mexico, Jacume. I was at the point where a 10-foot-high wall and a low-steel vehicle barrier connected along the international divide. A U.S. Border Patrol car was parked nearby.

Two or three yards away on the southern side of the borderline lingered a small group of Mexican men enjoying a cookout and throwing down some beers. One of them, visibly drunk, began insulting the Border Patrol agent sitting in the vehicle. Likely emboldened by his inebriated state, the man stepped over the vehicle barrier to hurl more insults. When the agent told him to return to Mexico, the man refused, acquiescing only when the agent began to get out of his SUV. As soon as the agent retreated, the unwelcome border crosser popped back over to the U.S. side. He then proceeded to straddle the barricade, shifting his weight from Jacume to Jacumba as he alternated touching his feet on either side of the international line, his friends laughing on one side while the Border Patrol agent stood bewildered on the other.

Such creative subversion, travel writer Marcello Di Cintio suggests in his book *Walls: Travels Along the Barricades*, speaks to a "human instinct" to resist barriers, even as "walls are our compulsion." Such rebellion also illustrates one of the many ways by which walls are "co-opted and hijacked by those who oppose" them.

In taking the reader on what is in many ways an illuminating expedition of the world's most controversial barriers, Di Cintio shows much of the work that walls do—from enhancing the control of territory claimed by a state to stymieing the mobility of unwanted entrants. Most important, walls enable the tragic division of "us" and "them," obscuring and undermining connections and commonalities between the spaces they delimit in the process. As he asserts, "the whole point of the barriers, of walls everywhere, is to erase all ambiguity."

Beyond producing rigid binaries that deny the messiness of life, however, walls stand atop the gross inequities

Jacumba, California, U.S.A. and Jacume, Baja California Norte, Mexico. March 2001. Photo by Mizue Aizeki.

and various forms of violence associated with them, phenomena produced by and productive of various harm-inducing (and, conversely, benefit endowing) "isms," such as those associated with class, empire, nation, and race. In seeking to elucidate the political-geographical project of wall making and the corrosive effects it has on individual and collective ways of being, Di Cintio at times exhibits awareness of such structural forms of violence, but not in a consistent and sufficiently deep manner.

He points to the Western Sahara, home to what is purportedly the world's longest wall—built of sand and stone, topped with land mines, and policed by Moroccan troops—as an illustration of walls as tools of dispossession. (Here one wishes for some maps, which the book sadly lacks.) In the territory illegally occupied by Morocco, Di Cintio is clear about the effect of the militarized divide on tens of thousands of Sahrawi refugees stuck in camps in neighboring Algeria: "exclusion, the theft of their land, and the separation of families."

Elsewhere, he acknowledges his sense of guilt for being able to easily enter barricaded Melilla, one of two Spanish exclaves in northern Morocco and a territorial legacy of European empire building on the African continent. He recognizes the freedom of movement facilitated by his Canadian passport as a manifestation of his "white man's privilege." Yet he also says that "no place claims I am not wanted or not worthy," and again, "No one has ever built a wall for me." In other words, the walls he negotiates apparently have little to do with his privilege, as manifested by his hypermobility.

As geographer David Delaney has argued, territory—bounded space tied to relations of power—both reflects and constitutes the social orders of which it is part. At the same time, Tim Cresswell, another geographer, has asserted that movements of people are always "products and producers of power (and thus their attendant inequities)." Putting together these observations, it follows that Di Cintio's white and national privilege does not exist in a vacuum but rather flows from and gives rise to particular geographies and their related social formations. They are ones that afford

the globe-trotting of some and the immobility of others. In this regard, there are walls built for him, and walls that he unwittingly legitimates and reproduces. Tax-paying Canadian citizens like Di Cintio contribute to the policing infrastructure in the Canada-U.S. border and indirectly in the U.S.-Mexico borderlands. Further, Canadian diplomacy—very pro-Israel under Harper—provides valuable political space for Israeli actions vis-à-vis Palestinian land, including its expropriation via walls. In other words, barricades are not merely physical obstacles but facilitators of movement by and for particular classes of people. Walls serve as human filters.

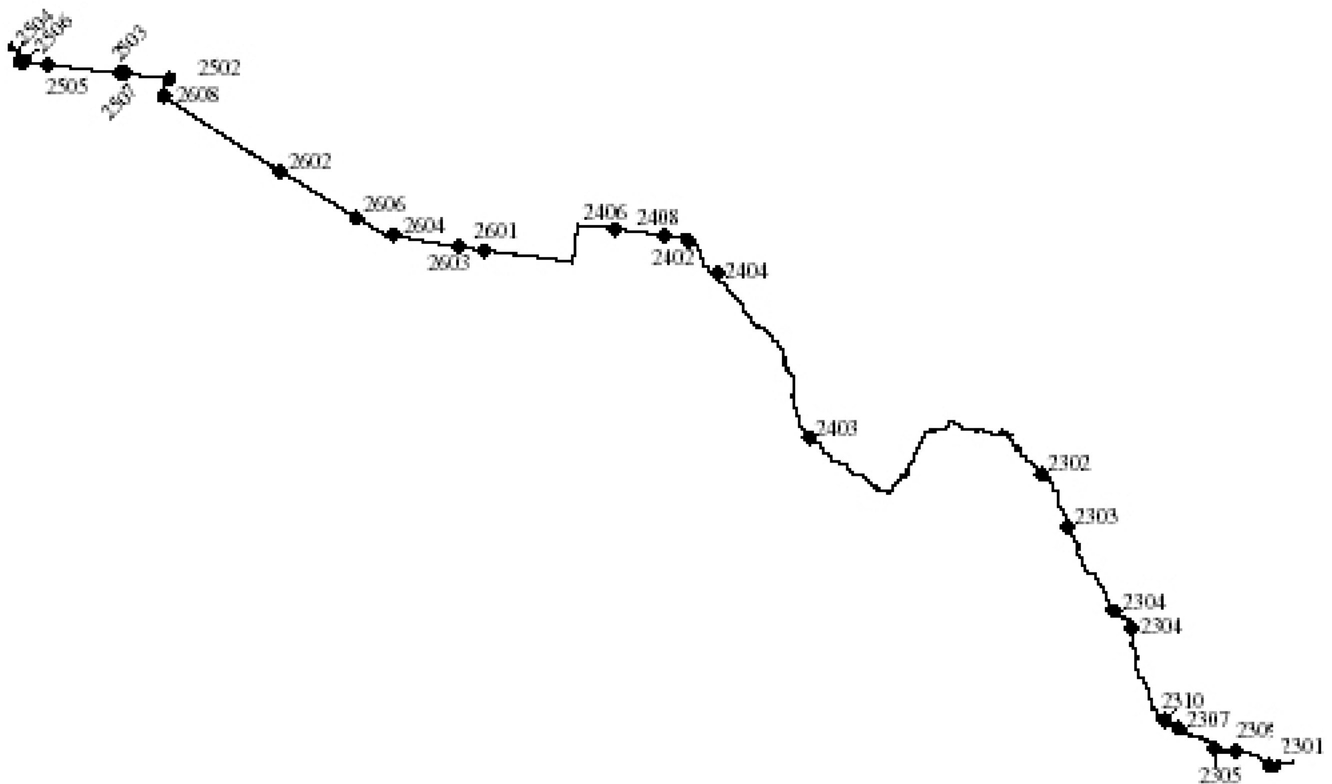
This trait helps demonstrate why walls persist and proliferate across the world in a globalized era that some predicted would make such barriers redundant. For Di Cintio, however, what explains this seeming paradox is globalization's homogenizing effects, which undermine sovereignty: "We are uncomfortable being so undefined. We need to put something, anything, under our control. So we counter economic and electronic entropy with simple geometries of bricks, barbed wire, and steel." Di Cintio never explains who exactly this undifferentiated "we" is that the text occasionally invokes. As he shows in many case studies—and this is hardly surprising—it is usually the population on one side of a wall, or typically a state acting in the population's name, which is responsible for a barrier's construction and maintenance. Admittedly, in places like Northern Ireland, the process sometimes reveals itself as two-sided. But even there, given how British colonialism sowed the seeds of inter-communal conflict—a matter Di Cintio does not explore—one cannot fully grasp what underlies wall-building without an appreciation for underlying historical-geographical injustices.

The associated socio-geographic distinctions are ones that often literally have deadly implications, as in the Arizona-Sonora borderlands where thousands of unauthorized migrants have perished since the mid-1990s, and elsewhere. He recounts one particularly horrific case, that of 15-year-old Felani Khatun, who in January 2011 tried to surreptitiously cross India's boundary fence into Bangladesh to join her husband-to-be on her wedding day. The barbed wire caught her skirt as she was climbing over the barrier, which led her to panic and scream. Hearing the noise, Indian border police fired their weapons, and a bullet hit Felani in the chest. For half an hour, she hung off the wire upside down and bled to death. This case notwithstanding, it is typically migrants from Bangladesh who are on the receiving end of such lethal force: Di Cinto informs that India's Border Security Forces shot dead more than three hundred Bangladeshi nationals from 2007 to 2010.

As illustrated by the thick sea border between Europe and Africa in the Mediterranean—perhaps the most lethal area of the world for unauthorized migrants—barriers need not be walls (at least of the conventional sort) to be deadly. The International Organization of Migration reported this past October that about 25,000 migrants have lost their lives in that sea over the past 20 years.

This speaks to a concern raised by Basel, a Palestinian artist living in the shadow of the wall in the occupied West Bank. He tells Di Cintio that he perceives an inordinate focus on the Israeli barrier given what he understands it to represent—apartheid, injustice, racism—structural oppression that long preceded its construction. "I've never been allowed to cross the Green Line into Jerusalem," he says. "Not before the Wall and not now. The Wall is not the point."

Considering such matters globally, a central principle of walls is what the great human and civil rights activist W.E.B. Du Bois once called "the problem of the color line"—the global racial divide that he powerfully decried in his epic 1903 book *The Souls of Black Folk* as "the problem of the 20th century." Du Bois was writing at a time when most of the modern techniques used to classify peoples and regulate territorial boundaries were born—the 1880s to 1910s, according to historian Adam McKeown—as part of an effort to exclude those hailing from Asia from



migrating to white-settler nations (e.g. Australia, Canada, South Africa, and the United States).

It is a line that divides those who have the benefit of Di Cintio's (and I add, my) white national privilege from those who possess the obverse to which that privilege is inextricably tied: the disadvantage of the global majority. That disadvantage translates into less access and control over the planet's resources, less political power on the world stage, and restricted mobility between countries. This helps explain why, almost two decades after writing of the color line, Du Bois characterized whiteness as first and foremost about power, not mere phenotype, or "the ownership of the earth forever and ever. Amen."

Those who travel precariously in a world of profound inequality, who are compelled to risk their lives in order to reach spaces of relative social and biophysical security, are the "owned": unlike members of the global minority who can generally traverse the world's space without serious obstacle or threat, and at the moment of their choosing their mobility across territorially boundaries—especially those dividing the rich and poor, the white and nonwhite, "owners" and the dispossessed—is highly limited. Indeed, it is often violently repulsed.

The barriers along and within the occupied Palestinian Territories, the border between North Africa and the European Union, and the divide between Jacumba and Jacume (a boundary wall far longer and more formidable than it was in the late 1990s), produce and maintain privilege and disadvantage, the chosen and dispossessed, and the licit and illicit. The walls embody the connections between those granted access and life and those assigned the threat of erasure and death—and all the stations in between the extremes of injustice.

Bringing down actual and figurative walls requires actively challenging the unjust socio-geographic formations associated with them. This requires that we see do not consider walls, as Di Cintio declares perfunctorily, as "our compulsion" (suggesting a degree of inevitability). Instead those among us who desire a more just and harmonious world should position barricades in the contemporary age as a key focus of our resistance and confrontation. TNI

REVIEW

Decolonizing Israel

BY STEVEN SALAITA

The Boycott, Divestment, Sanctions movement enjoys increasing success as Zionists begin to lose the PR battle, even at home

Ali Abunimah, *The Battle for Justice in Palestine*, Haymarket Books, 2014

"THE Palestinians are winning," writes Ali Abunimah in his new book, *The Battle for Justice in Palestine.* It's an audacious assessment and arguably true even in the U.S. This moment of Palestine activism is dynamic and by some measures unprecedented. Of course, Palestinian activism and scholarship have always been vigorous, but at no time in the United States, going back even to the anti-Zionist activity of *al-muhjar* (the Arab American writers of the early 20th century), has Israel's behavior been under the sort of scrutiny in evidence today. That scrutiny has been forced into conversation by linking of the Palestine struggle to international movements of decolonization in new media venues, coming together under the name of the Boycott, Divestment, Sanctions movement (BDS).

BDS is not simply a political tactic. Even its most optimistic supporter would have a hard time arguing that it will significantly affect détente at the level of the state. However, if we view BDS as a phenomenon on the level of discourse, as Abunimah does, we can better understand its influence on public debate, where pressure on Israel has altered the dynamics of organizing and the vocabularies of advocacy. BDS as a specific movement is nearly a decade old and emerged out of a weariness about the traditional modes of resistance (dialogue, state intervention, outreach, and so forth), which had largely proved ineffective. BDS has developed through systematic decolonial analysis, with the result that Israel continues to be situated—rightly, in Abunimah's opinion—as a settler colony.

Abunimah's book arrives at an opportune moment, with the movement—not state actors—generating headlines and the latest round of peace talks sputtering with even more than the usual ineptitude. Abunimah is a well-placed narrator of Palestine as a global phenomenon. A founder of the news and commentary site Electronic Intifada, he is a familiar figure to veterans of the online wars around the Israel-Palestine conflict. Known for his sharp and sometimes pointed debating style, Abunimah is a veteran of Palestinian public life. His first book, *One Country: A Bold Proposal to End the Israeli-Palestinian Impasse*, was published nearly a decade ago amid an

emerging debate about the one-state/two-state solution and, along with a handful of contemporary titles (like Joel Kovel's *Overcoming Zionism* and Mazin Qumsiyeh's *Sharing the Land of Canaan*), helped push Palestine activism toward a one-state paradigm.

His latest book, *The Battle for Justice in Palestine*, both reflects and synthesizes the dramatic shifts in the discourse around the Israel-Palestine conflict in the U.S. as well as in Israel and the Arab world, in particular the emergence of one-state demands and the coalescence of an anti-Zionist position on the left. Significant elements of Palestine activism are in conversation with anarchist, decolonial, and postcolonial traditions of anti-state philosophy, which are anathema to the statist desires of both Zionism and the Palestinian Authority. Abunimah synthesizes these dynamics while simultaneously pushing forward his vision of a democratic binational state, which he views as the only lasting solution to the conflict.

Underlying Abunimah's view is an insistence that Israel's model of ethnocracy cannot be maintained. This is not his own theoretical innovation: Many have predicted its ultimate demise from the earliest days of Israel's existence. But now, as Abunimah shows, the level of pressure from anti-Zionists and, increasingly, from liberal Zionists like Peter Beinart on Israel's archaic models of citizenship is higher than ever. Ethnocracy is susceptible to liberal critique because it has to rely on biological determinism, a putative taboo of liberalism. This biologism is something that liberal commentators will often concede exists in the Occupied Territories but not inside the 1948 borders of Israel. Even significant portions of the American public have cooled on their support for Israel (its main base in the U.S. remains evangelical Christians, who are often less touchy about biological determinism).

I've observed in my own work that Israel's inequitable juridical system often comes into conflict with its self-image. But the Zionist right always knew it. From Vladimir Jabotinsky to Meir Kahane, hard-line ethnonationalists have embraced the need to displace Arabs in order to maintain Israel's Jewish purity (or at the very least its Jewish majority). It is the liberal Zionists who have had a more difficult time reconciling their affinity for Western humanism with their desire for an ethnocratic society.

The disconnect isn't as contradictory as it first appears. European colonization often used humanistic discourses that celebrated the probity of altruism. Zionism, of course, emerged from a Europe at the height of its colonizing fever and its infatuation with nation-states, partition, and the transfer of populations. (Indian partition occurred at roughly the same time as Israel's creation.) These conventions of modernity usually contrasted with the historical organization of communities subject to European colonization. Such was the case throughout the Arab world.

Zionism's settler ethos also accorded to the pioneering spirit of the U.S., whose colonial strategies and discourses were of great inspiration to founding prime minister David Ben-Gurion. The notion of escaping religious persecution and creating a new society in a land of milk and honey, replete with a godly imprimatur, was from its outset in conversation with comparable American mythmaking. The tenets of manifest destiny in the U.S. have always dictated that colonial violence was necessary for democracy. In the context of this logic, ethnic cleansing in Palestine wasn't incompatible with liberal values; it was a constitutive part of their installation in the region.

To open the book, Abunimah optimistically assesses the state of play for the two sides. His reasoning rests on the unsustainability of Israel's ethnocratic model. As he puts it, "it is not the Palestinians as a people seeking self-determination and liberation who face constant doubt and anxiety about the legitimacy and longevity of their political project". The claim is that even at home, Zionists are beginning to lose the PR battle around the Israel-Palestine conflict, but Abunimah's formulation informs more complex matters. He's getting at the ethical viability of propagandizing state violence as against the salience of Palestine

Anti-Zionist demonstration, Damascus Gate, Jerusalem, 1920

to the global left. How sustainable is propaganda in an era of new media and instant access? In many ways, the fate of Palestine relies on the type of social change people initiate in places far from the Middle East. Abunimah, then, is theorizing matters broader than Palestine. He is hopeful about the efficacy of grassroots organizing in opposition to state power. Palestine, in this analysis, is both immediate and symbolic.

Abunimah's emphasis on the competing moralities of Zionism versus anticolonialism allows the book a sustained insistence on the need for and viability of justice. This may tip the book's reception in favor of reading it as polemic, but the wealth of historical material assembled exceeds a too-narrow classification. *The Battle for Justice in Palestine* is neither journalism, strictly defined, nor historiography, broadly defined. It's best viewed as a series of political essays organized around the themes of Palestinian liberation and the many ills of ethnocracy.

Those familiar with Abunimah's writing know to expect sophistication without theoretical jargon. This style serves him well in *The Battle for Justice in Palestine.* Abunimah isn't snarky, but he's often funny. He's not mean-spirited, but he suffers no proposal whose implementation would stop short of full independence for Palestinians. He attacks the predominant modes of Zionist activism, showing that it relies on the glorification of war criminals (Ehud Olmert, for example) and the intimidation of pro-Palestine organizers. He notes that "it would take several volumes to document all the instances of the Israel lobby attempting to suppress criticism of Israel on campus." Of particular interest is Abunimah's assertion that Zionist organizations have harnessed the power of repressive institutions—law, the courts, legislative bodies—to criminalize dissent, a material application of the rhetorical appeal to authority.

Other Zionist strategies include pinkwashing, the appropriation of gay struggles to attest to Israel's modernity versus the homophobic barbarity of Arabs and Muslims; multicultural outreach, in which Zionists court ethnic minorities by positioning Israel as racial wish fulfillment; and geopolitical affinity, an emphasis on Israel's indispensability to the U.S., an approach where anything from liberal engagement to neoconservative war chanting can be an appropriate outlook.

Even if pro-Palestinian activism has been able to counter many of these claims, the political power of Zionism is still formidable, and it dominates most of the

discussion on Israel/Palestine. Abunimah is hopeful, confident even, but cautious about offering sweeping rhetorical pronouncements. His argument, like his tone, is ultimately pragmatic, focused on developing a legitimate framework for democracy in Israel/Palestine. And in order to develop that framework, he carefully dismantles a broad range of Zionist mythologies.

The myth of the penniless and clean-hearted Holocaust survivor coming to Palestine for refuge, for example, has been especially powerful in the Western imagination. Rather than debunking or downplaying such histories of escape and asylum, Abunimah accepts that Jewish history in modern Europe has been fraught with profound violence and that many Jews needed refuge. He argues instead that Zionism fostered a colonial relationship among immigrant and native that required the dispossession of Palestinians and the maintenance of an inequitable legal system. He concludes: Jewish freedom is not incompatible with Palestinian human rights. Zionism is.

It might appear to be a self-evident point, but it runs into corresponding mythologies about which Abunimah is less magnanimous. Those mythologies include the notion that the Palestinian people do not exist, claims of Israel's messianic destiny, the assignment of blame to the Palestinians for failed peace talks, and institutional denial of Israel's role in the creation of the so-called refugee problem.

As he contests these mythologies, Abunimah argues for the virtue of a binational state. His rationale for binationalism is fundamentally secular, making its case based on both moral critique and legal precedent. For Abunimah, a binational solution is not merely the most preferable from the standpoint of satisfying a desire for justice, but the most viable in terms of its durability. He makes his belief clear that short of a comprehensive solution, one that involves refugee rights and an end to preferential immigration laws for Jews, the conflict will never fully abate.

Abunimah invests considerable hope in BDS. Without doubt, the movement has energized Palestinian activism around the globe. Its recent high-profile success at the American Studies Association has placed Israel's occupation squarely in the public eye. It's a location to which Zionists are accustomed, but one in which they are comfortable only when they control the narrative. BDS not only decenters their authority, it forces them to answer for their support of ethnocracy. The usual bromides about dialogue and coexistence sound feeble when given as answers to the charge of ethno-supremacy.

One needs to read closely to see it, but Abunimah's bemusement at the efforts of the Israeli government and a variety of well-heeled Zionist groups to suppress BDS adds a pleasant flavor to his analysis. It is not Abunimah's disposition that is of concern, but the sheer ridiculousness of such national groups devoting so many resources to combat a movement instead of engaging its demands. It's like a grade schooler spending three days finding somebody to write his book report when he could have done it himself in three hours.

Abunimah doesn't come out and say that BDS will topple Israel's occupation, but he's clearly optimistic about its potential to disrupt the commonplaces of Zionist discourse. He observes,

> For all the millions spent on promoting their cause, it has been impossible for Israel and its surrogates to hone a message that they are genuinely interested in "peace" or that the two-state solution they claim to want can win new supporters. Israel's clear priorities have been accelerating the colonization of the occupied West Bank and limiting the amount of space available to Palestinians, using whatever means are necessary to further these goals.

If *The Battle for Justice in Palestine* clarifies one phenomenon, it is this: the discrepancy between image and action, PR and reality. Abunimah's argument is fundamentally about the immorality of Zionism, one proffered with a terrific amount of supporting material, all leading to the same conclusion: In the end, no amount of propaganda can negate the continuous brutality of what Israel and its functionaries work so hard to conceal. **TNI**

CARDINAL SINS 8

ACROSS

1. Neighbor of 6-Down, for short
4. Dylan's last name on "Beverly Hills 90210"
9. Gorgons
13. Where heros are made
15. Actress Birch of "American Beauty"
16. Nomad's shelter
17. Gobs
18. Ulysses S. Grant's real first name
19. Bit
20. Exits for 49-Across
22. Motif
23. Tab, e.g.
24. Like success, to some
25. RSVP
26. Thomas Mulcair's party
27. Ugly chick, to The Situation or Pauly D
28. Time, in Düsseldorf
30. Ready and eager
32. Angeleno, e.g.
34. "... ___ will!"
35. Ben Kingsley gangster film
39. Punjab's capital
41. Experiential travel magazine
42. Fed up with
45. Oomph
48. "Is that __?"
49. See 20-Across
50. Swingers
52. Calculus pioneer Leonhard
53. Brought hot chicken soup on a tray to the bedridden, maybe
54. 2004 Red Sox champion Nixon
55. First name in Slytherins
56. Took on water?
58. Sense
59. "The Age of Anxiety" poet
60. Hindu honorifics
61. Vortex
62. "Steppenwolf" writer
63. ___ Fell, English peak

DOWN

1. Swap spit at the ballpark, briefly
2. Brace in the night?
3. Approaches, with "on"
4. Stratovolcano of northern Oreg.
5. Like some gates
6. See 1-Across
7. Caucasus river
8. Verb for Popeye
9. Showy shrub
10. Location of Wayne and Garth's Public-access television program
11. Kvetched
12. "Venerable" monk of old England
14. Part of M.I.T.: Abbr.
21. Sales channel?
22. Romeo and Juliet, e.g.
23. Floor
24. It might be casual: Abbr.
27. They may inspire strikes
29. Rocket data
31. JFK datum
33. Detection acronym
36. Wild cards
37. Jackson satirist
38. Homies
40. Christmas trio
42. Acquire bicuspids
43. Hardened
44. 1997 Metallica album
46. "No more for me"
47. Marseilles Mrs.
50. Travels down I-95, say
51. 9 to 5, e.g.
53. Pitch-perfect
55. Doo follower
57. That, in Oaxaca

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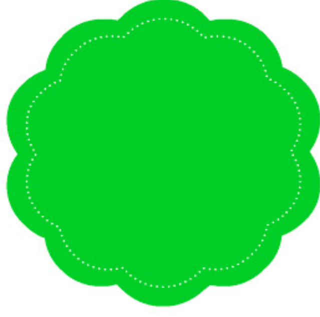

Imp Kerr, *they don't touch see*, 2006-2010