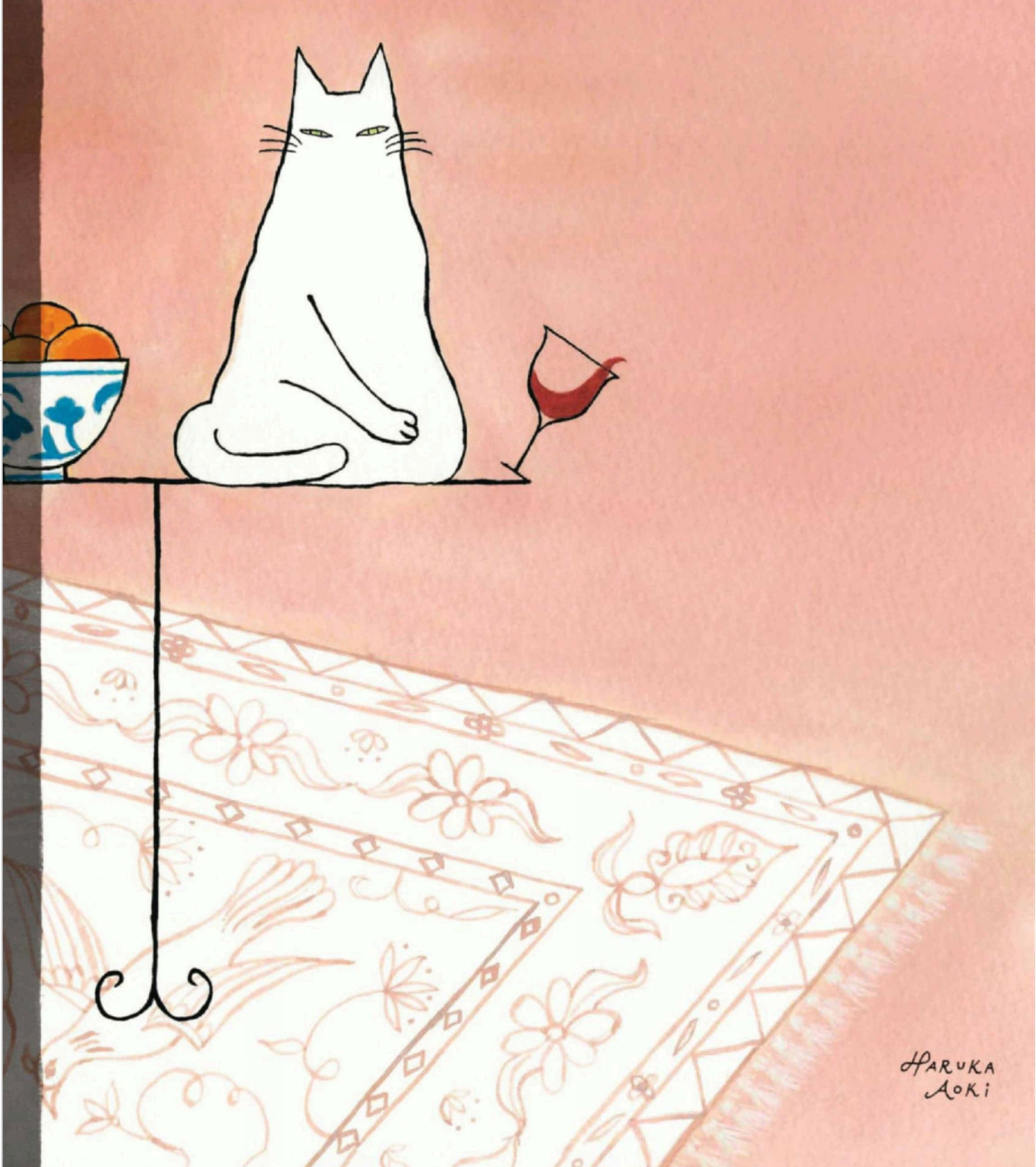
PRICE $9.99

THE NEW YORKER

JUNE 16, 2025



HARUKA AOKI

PICASSO
TÊTE-À-TÊTE

IN COLLABORATION WITH
PALOMA PICASSO

THROUGH JULY 3, 2025
980 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

GAGOSIAN

THE NEW YORKER 100

JUNE 16, 2025

DRAWINGS *David Sipress, Will McPhail, Elisabeth McNair, Michael Maslin, Amy Hwang, Roz Chast, Maddie Dai, Ellis Rosen, Jon Adams, Pia Guerra and Ian Boothby, Jimmy Craig, Benjamin Schwartz* SPOTS *Emilia Miękisz*

CONTRIBUTORS

Rebecca Mead (*"Bodies, Bodies, Bodies," p. 36*) joined the magazine as a staff writer in 1997. Her most recent book is the memoir "Home/Land."

Jennifer Wilson (*"Action!," p. 12*) is a staff writer covering books and culture. Previously, she was a critic at the *Times Book Review*.

Michael Luo (*Comment, p. 7*) is an executive editor at *The New Yorker*. His book, "Strangers in the Land: Exclusion, Belonging, and the Epic Story of the Chinese in America," was published in April.

Jim Shepard (*Fiction, p. 46*) first contributed to the magazine in 1987. His book "The Queen of Bad Influences and Other Stories" is due out next year.

Haruka Aoki (*Cover*) is a poet and an illustrator. This marks their first contribution to the magazine.

Rae Armantrout (*Poem, p. 51*), a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, is the author of "Go Figure," among other books.

Eyal Press (*"Without Borders," p. 26*) has been a contributing writer since 2023. He is a Puffin Foundation Fellow at the Type Media Center.

Emily Nussbaum (*"Mother of the Sitcom," p. 18*), a staff writer, won the Pulitzer Prize for criticism in 2016. Her book "Cue the Sun!: The Invention of Reality TV" was published last year.

Ina Garten (*Takes, p. 43*) is the author of thirteen cookbooks and the host of the show "Be My Guest with Ina Garten." Her memoir, "Be Ready When the Luck Happens," came out last fall.

Rick Barot (*Poem, p. 30*) published his fifth poetry collection, "Moving the Bones," last year. He directs the Rainier Writing Workshop, in Tacoma.

Mike O'Brien (*Shouts & Murmurs, p. 25*) has written for "Saturday Night Live" and created the sitcom "A.P. Bio."

Dayna Tortorici (*Books, p. 54*), a first-time *New Yorker* contributor, has been a co-editor of *n+1* since 2014.

THIS WEEK IN THE NEW YORKER APP

NICHOLAS KONRAD; SOURCE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM GETTY

Taylor Swift's Master Plan
When the star decided, in 2019, to rerecord her albums and take control of the music rights, the idea was applauded as an act of feminist reclamation. Was it? Tyler Foggatt reports.

Download the New Yorker app for the latest news, commentary, criticism, and humor, plus this week's magazine and all issues back to 2008.

THE MAIL

BY THE PEOPLE

Adam Gopnik, in his survey of recent Civil War literature, asks whether the conflict was, after so much death and suffering, worth it (Books, April 28th). He writes that "we accept mass dying with enormous aplomb" and that we view it as "the price of the history that seemingly rewards us now." In addition to the eight hundred thousand dead, another casualty of the Civil War that's often overlooked was civil liberties. Abraham Lincoln suspended habeas corpus during the conflict—first unilaterally, and then with the accession of Congress, after Chief Justice Roger Taney stated that only the legislative branch has the authority to take such action.

Americans seem to accept wartime intrusions on our civil liberties with the same equanimity with which we accept thousands of soldiers dying to defend those very freedoms. Lincoln's suspension of habeas corpus led to Woodrow Wilson's crackdown on dissent after the United States entered the First World War, which led to Franklin D. Roosevelt's internment of Japanese Americans during the Second World War and George W. Bush's establishment of a surveillance state during the war on terror.

This long history of the expansion of executive power, often with the acquiescence of the courts, to violate and restrict civil liberties in the name of national security has ultimately brought us to our current situation. President Trump is blatantly ignoring court rulings and due process, and justifies many of his actions with the dubious idea that we are at war with any country from which immigrants have fled to enter the U.S. illegally. War, as Randolph Bourne put it, may very well be the "health of the state," if we define the state as the executive branch. One can imagine Trump agreeing with that definition, seeing himself as a kind of modern-day Louis XIV, proclaiming, "I am the state."

Jason Schlabach
Cincinnati, Ohio

Gopnik concludes that too many political obstacles made the Civil War unavoidable, but that the mass death that resulted still needs to be more widely and deeply acknowledged. Although I don't disagree with those assessments, he glosses over the experiences of enslaved people.

He is right to foreground the conflict's enormous costs, in death and injuries, and the false promise of emancipation, given that what followed was Jim Crow and other manners of organized oppression throughout the country. But the Civil War's bloody canvas must also be considered alongside the violence inflicted daily upon the millions in servitude—violence that, in Gopnik's "gradual emancipation" scenario, would have continued for years. How might one weigh that hypothetical suffering against the actual misery and destruction caused by the Civil War?

Paul Weichselbaum
Hendersonville, N.C.

"Specious" is what Gopnik calls Lincoln's argument, in the Gettysburg Address, that the question posed by the Civil War was whether any nation "so conceived and dedicated" to liberty "can long endure." But Lincoln was right: no political institution—not a nation, a state, or a school district—can survive if a disaffected minority is free to withdraw. The institution can endure only if its constituents are obligated to go along with measures they dislike and to accept that they may act on their objections only within the rules of the institution. If splintering the institution is always an option, the result is ongoing anarchy.

John Ross
Bend, Ore.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number via e-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium. We regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.