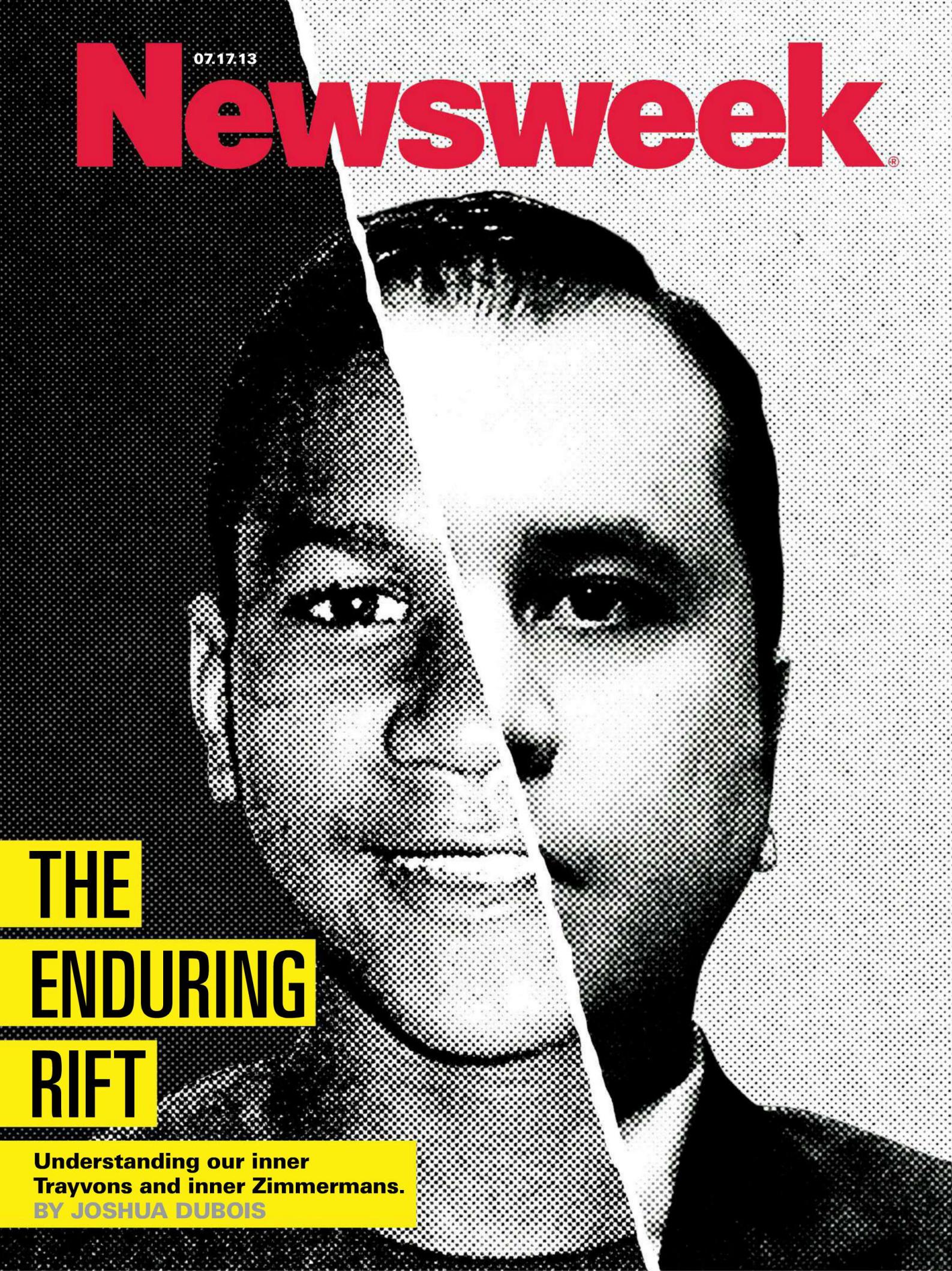


07.17.13

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THE ENDURING RIFT

Understanding our inner
Trayvons and inner Zimmermans.
BY JOSHUA DUBOIS

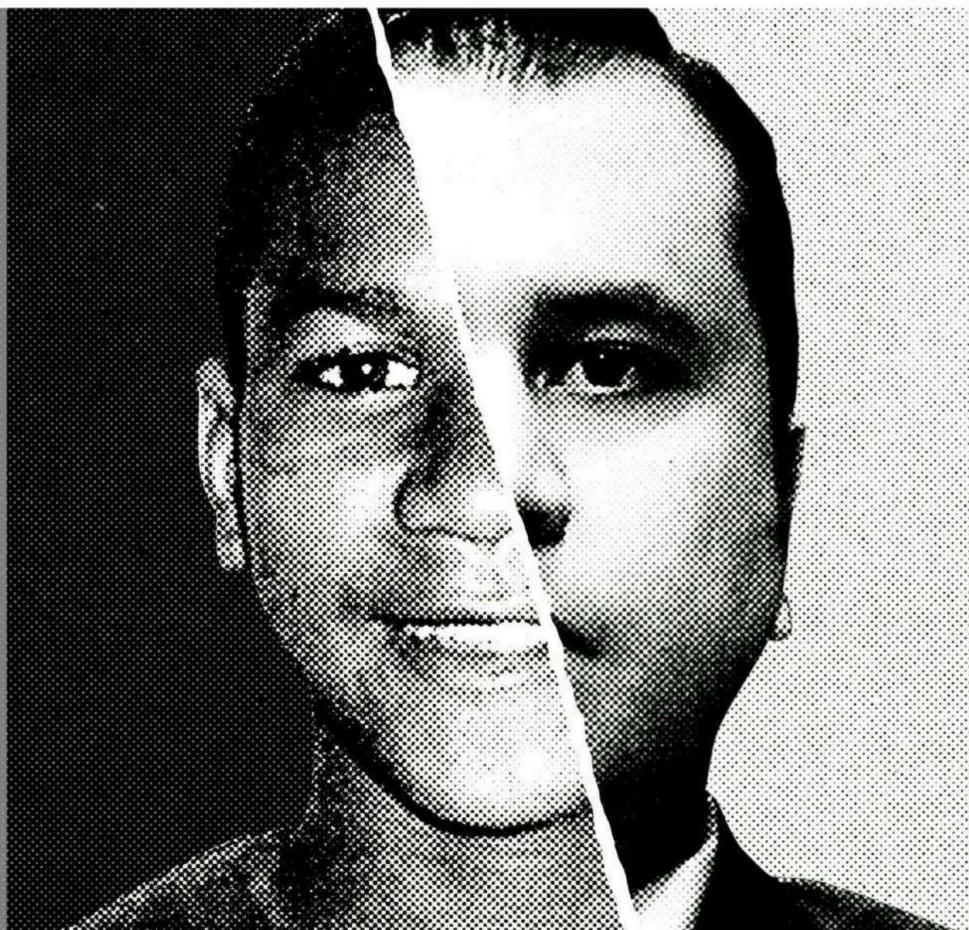
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FEATURES

THE ENDURING RIFT

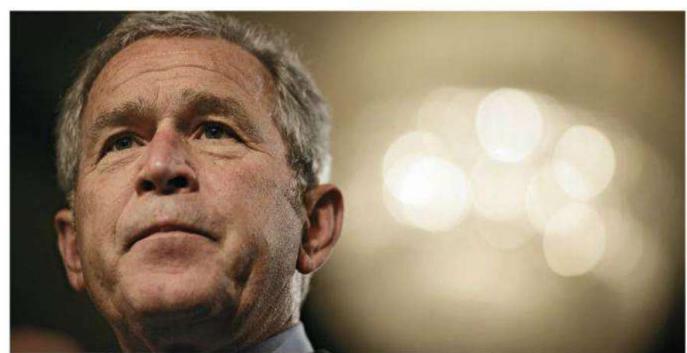
Understanding our inner Trayvons and our inner Zimmernans.

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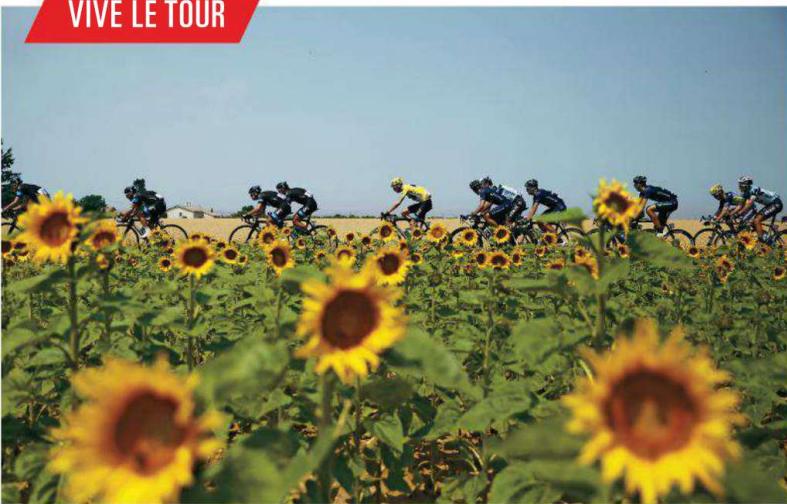


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GIRL WONDER



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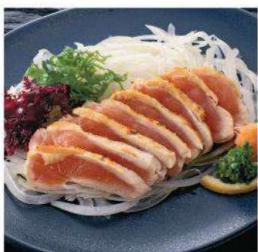
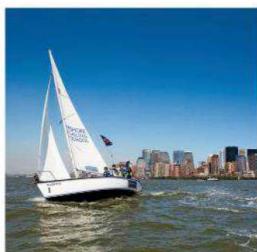
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01

20th Century Fox—Everett Collection

APOLOGY NOT ACCEPTED

WHEN FIGHTING WITH YOUR PARTNER, THINK TWICE BEFORE RESORTING TO 'I'M SORRY.'

By Rob Verger

WHY DO couples fight? Keith Sanford, an associate professor of psychology and neuroscience at Baylor University, wanted to try to get to the bottom of that eternal question. Not only was he interested in discovering the roots of conflict, he wanted to better understand what some possible solutions might be. As he sees it, a couple might be arguing about the proper way to put the soap in the dish-

washer—but what's going on beneath the surface of that fight?

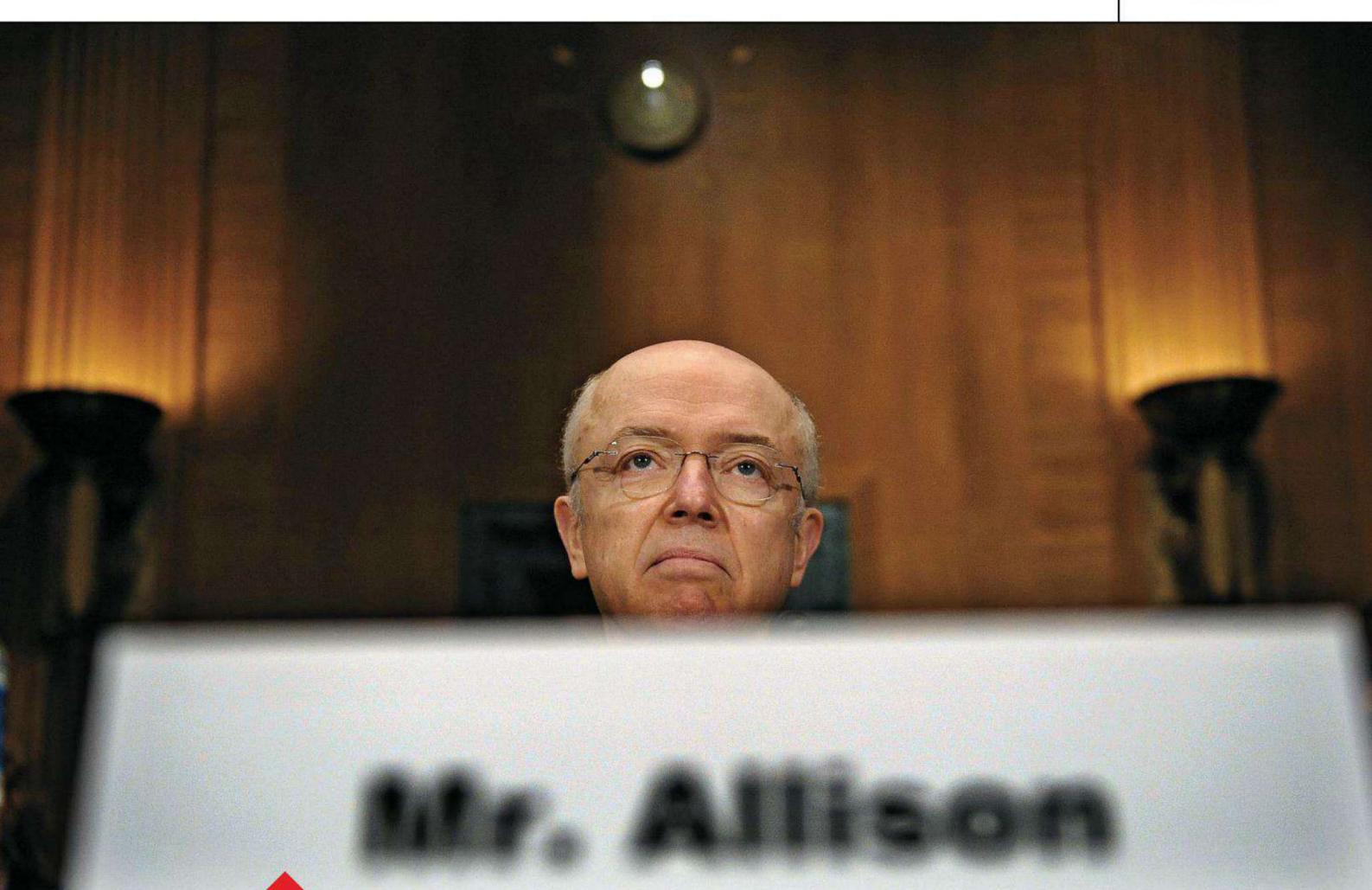
In the course of two separate studies, Sanford gathered data from nearly 1,000 people undergoing conflicts in their relationships.

(The studies were recently summarized in the *Journal of Social and Clinical Psychology*.)

Sanford looked at two categories of conflict: “perceived threat,” meaning that one half of the couple feels attacked or controlled; and “perceived neglect,” meaning that a partner feels, well, neglected.

What people most frequently wanted in response to these kinds of concerns wasn't all that surprising: in response to a perceived threat, they wanted their partners to back off in some way—to essentially cede some power; in response to perceived neglect, they wanted their partners to show them affection. More interesting was what couples *didn't* seem to care much about: apologies. That is, when asked an open-ended question about what they hoped their partner would do, people were unlikely to say they wanted to hear the words “I'm sorry.”

This finding would seem to contradict the common folk wisdom that being quick to apologize is a good way to preserve peace in a relationship. It might also suggest that people aren't as gullible or as easily bought off with cheap words as we sometimes assume. An apology can be “slippery,” says Sanford; it can simply be a way to “find the off-switch to a conflict”; a way of saying, “What do I need to do to get you to shut up? If I apologize, will you stop?” Often, it seems, the answer is no. ■



02

Jewel Samad—AFP/Getty Images

THE GOOD BANKER

HERBERT ALLISON DEFIED WALL STREET STEREOTYPES.

By Daniel Gross

HERBERT ALLISON, who died Sunday at age 69, was that rarest of birds in 21st-century America: a public-minded investment banker. Rather than retire after losing out in the CEO sweepstakes at Merrill Lynch, Allison in 2002 agreed to become the (comparatively) low-salaried head of TIAA-CREF, the giant nonprofit investor that shepherds the retirement accounts of millions of educators and college employees.

When the financial crisis hit, Allison took the first of a series of thankless government positions, making him the equivalent of a World War II dollar-a-year man. In the fall of 2008, Allison, by then retired, agreed to the Bush administration's request to become CEO of Fannie Mae, the busted mortgage giant that had just become the unwanted property of the federal government. "I felt that saying no was not an option," said Allison, who had served in the Navy in Vietnam. The following spring, when President Obama asked Allison to run the Troubled Asset Relief Program—another hugely unpopular government investment in the financial-services industry—Allison likewise agreed.

The image of the bailouts may not have changed. But the results were generally positive. Under Allison, TARP began the process through which it recouped virtually all the taxpayer funds it had doled out to the stricken financial system. Fannie Mae, which stabilized thanks to the influx of taxpayer funds, is now reliably profitable and returning cash to the Treasury.

But while most Wall Street titans have been unrepentant (see: Dimon, Jamie) and saw the 2008 crisis as a mere blip, Allison was clearly affected by the near-death experience of the system. The lifelong Wall Streeter became convinced that the sector was too big for its own good. In 2011 Allison penned an e-book, *The Megabanks Mess*, in which he calmly laid out a program to reduce the influence and size of the largest financial institutions. ■



03

Simela Pantzartzis—Landov

THE ROAD TO GREEKOVERY

ANTONIS SAMARAS IS OPTIMISTIC ABOUT GREECE. BUT MANY OF HIS COUNTRYMEN AREN'T BUYING IT.

By Barbie Latza Nadeau

A YEAR ago “Grexit” was the summer catchphrase among Europeans who had largely written off Greece as the first casualty of the European economic crisis. By the books, Greece’s economy is not much better this year. But thanks to austerity measures and more than a little bit of smoke and mirrors, this summer’s slogan—perhaps overly optimistic, yet noteworthy nonetheless—is “Greekovery.”

The man responsible for this attitude adjustment is Greek Prime

Minister Antonis Samaras, the 62-year old head of the New Democracy Party who narrowly won a runoff election against left-wing politician Alexis Tsipras last June. Samaras has spent his first year in office walking a tightrope between his constituents and the European Union and International Monetary Fund, which pushed Greece to adhere to the stringent conditions attached to a \$315 billion bailout the country needed to stay afloat.

Samaras, who is visiting President Obama on August 8 in a state visit to America meant to build confidence in the beleaguered nation, faced perhaps his biggest challenge this week when everyone from cops to coroners walked off the job to protest a parliamentary bill that included 25,000 additional job cuts. The protest began Monday, with hundreds of police officers using their motorcycles and patrol vehicles to block Athens's busiest streets. On the same day, 200 of the country's mayors froze all services, including garbage collection. On Tuesday thousands of teachers, medical workers, and broadcasters came out in full force to protest the continuation of relentless austerity measures.

It's true that these measures have yet to work any sort of dramatic turnaround. Youth unemployment in Greece has risen to 70 percent, and more than 60,000 businesses are expected to close in 2013, as the country lumbers through its sixth straight year of recession. Still, Greece has managed to stave off default and qualify for each bailout installment, a small miracle by almost any standard. Samaras has also managed to privatize some of the country's costly treasures, from museums to ports. And he promises the books will be in order this fall when the EU and IMF come for a follow-up review.

Samaras may have the least enviable job in the political world, but he has managed to keep his optimism. "Until recently, many analysts believed that Greece was a lost case," he told a group of Chinese businessmen on a trip to Beijing. "We proved them wrong." At least he convinced the Chinese, who have made major investments in the Greek port of Piraeus and are eyeing Athens International Airport, which is up for sale in a move to privatize state assets. Now all he has to do is convince the Greeks that a few more years of tough love is the only way up. ■



Keith Lane—MCT-Getty Images

THE CONVICT

ROBERT BECKER HAD A FIRSTHAND VIEW OF EGYPT'S DRIFT AWAY FROM DEMOCRACY.

By Eli Lake

FOR OBSERVERS of international politics, it hasn't been easy to figure out what to make of Egypt over the past few weeks. Whom, if anyone, should we be rooting for in a power struggle between two entities—the military and the Muslim Brotherhood—that seem to care little for democracy and human rights?

Perhaps no American has a more personal understanding of this complicated and grim situation than Robert Becker. Not long before the coup, Becker—a former employee of the National Democratic Institute, whose offices were raided by the authorities while the organization was monitoring Egypt's first parliamentary elections—was convicted and sentenced by an Egyptian court to two years of hard labor. (His crime: operating an illegal NGO and receiving foreign

funding.) All the other American NGO workers in the same predicament opted to leave the country after they were charged, but Becker—in a show of solidarity with Egyptian colleagues who were also facing charges—stayed for his trial.

Becker did eventually leave Egypt on June 4, hours after the judge pronounced the sentence. A month later came the coup—and with it, a host of questions about where the country is headed. When I spoke with Becker recently, he seemed as torn as many other observers about which side in Egypt's current power struggle—the Muslim Brotherhood or the military—represents the greater threat to democracy.

"Ninety-nine out of 100 times I would be against a military coup against a democratically elected government," he said. "But I cannot defend Morsi, having watched him not even pretend to care about democracy for a year since he was elected."

This view is, in some ways, informed by Becker's own experience as a target of prosecution. When he was first charged, Egypt was still being run by a transitional government beholden to the military. But during this period, the Muslim Brotherhood had begun to campaign against foreign NGO workers like Becker. Newspapers affiliated with the political party even portrayed him as a spy.

Then, when Mohamed Morsi finally took power, his government proposed a law that would require a national-security committee to approve all NGO activities in Egypt. "This would be like the CIA having to approve all charities operating in the United States," Becker said, relaying a quote from Egyptian national and Human Rights Watch researcher Heba Morayef.

The irony of all of this is that when Becker first arrived in Egypt in 2011, he trained all political parties, including the Muslim Brotherhood, in the art of field organizing and fundraising. "I am a lifelong liberal, so I was not keen on their conservative politics," Becker said. (Indeed, he had learned his craft by working on Democratic Party campaigns in the United States.) "But I had a great deal of respect for how well organized they were. They are disciplined. I did not have any trouble working with them."

Becker now has a few weeks to decide whether he will return to Egypt and fight his conviction. But he is most concerned about the 15 Egyptians who have been found guilty of the same crimes. Three of those Egyptian NGO workers have left the country and face immediate arrest if they return home. "The U.S. government and the American NGOs involved in this need to make overturning these convictions an absolute priority," he said. "The future of Egypt's civil society depends on it." ■



05

'A GIRL IN THE LOCKER ROOM?!'

A NEW DOCUMENTARY TRACKS THE PLIGHT OF THE FEMALE SPORTSWRITER.

By Adrienne Vogt

COACHES PHYSICALLY pushed them out of locker rooms. Players taunted them, slapped them with towels, and poured water over them. They got death threats from people who called them harlots, perverts, and lesbians.

Such attacks were routine for female sportswriters in the late '60s and '70s. Even as journalism opened up to allow women to cover professional athletics, they faced formidable hurdles—including being banned from lock-

er rooms, where male reporters fraternized with players and coaches. Now the story of their fight for equal access is getting the ESPN treatment in the documentary *Let Them Wear Towels*, which aired this week and will be broadcast throughout the summer and available for download on iTunes and Amazon.

“They all ran up against this idea of the closed locker-room door as the thing that prevented them from being the best in their career that they could be,” said Ricki Stern, who co-directed the film with Annie Sundberg. “It all came down to fairness—I can’t do as good a job as my male sportswriter if I don’t have the same access.”

Women first started reporting on major-league sports in the 1970s, during the social upheaval of the civil-rights and women’s movements. During that time, outlets like *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* were hit by gender-discrimination class-action suits, a point brought up by Jane Gross, a former *Times* reporter. Each publication was required to hire one female sports reporter.

Women quickly realized that they had to be creative to work around the locker-room ban. “I’m not going to come in here and complain that my job is too hard because I can’t get into the locker room. What I’m going to show you is, I can do this job anyway,” said Betty Cuniberti, the first female sportswriter to get into the L.A. Dodgers press box. She once asked Ohio State coach Woody Hayes to go on a ride with her at Disneyland, just to nab an exclusive interview.

Locker-room access became a rallying point after the female writers kept getting scooped by male reporters. But opposition from some teams—and even other journalists—was fierce. “It was a woman trying to get into a man’s world, trying to break down a barrier to an all-

male inner sanctum,” said Robin Herman, the *Times*’s first female sportswriter.

Men in power sexualized the issue, predicting that women wouldn’t be able to do their jobs in the presence of naked men. But female reporters just rolled their eyes. “I don’t know a reporter, male or female, who loves going into the locker room,” said Christine Brennan, the first woman to cover the Washington Redskins. Added Sheryl Flatow of UPI New York: “This has to be one of the most unsexy, most disgusting places you can be.”

When MLB commissioner Bowie Kuhn barred *Sports Illustrated* writer Melissa Ludtke from the Yankees’ locker room during the 1977 World Series—saying he hadn’t polled players’ wives about it—the magazine successfully sued the team. By 1979 a federal judge mandated that all female reporters be allowed in all locker rooms.

While the law changed, attitudes were slow to follow. In 1990 the *Boston Herald*’s Lisa Olson sued the New England Patriots for harassment after players made vulgar comments toward her inside the locker room. The team was fined, but the *Herald* moved Olson to Australia after she received death threats.

Despite monumental gains, female sports reporters continue to endure intimidation. In 2009 ESPN reporter Erin Andrews was videotaped nude by a stalker outside her hotel room. In 2010 New York Jets owner Woody Johnson publicly apologized for his players’ catcalls and insults toward TV journalist Inés Sainz.

Even as female reporters faced—and continue to face—adversity in the dog-eat-dog world of sports journalism, they’ve managed to make waves in the business: now more than 1,000 female sportswriters work in the field. They may want to give a big tip of the baseball cap to those first pioneers. ■



06

Charles Bertram—Lexington Herald-MCT-Getty Images

HAS MITCH MET HIS MATCH?

ALISON GRIMES WILL TRY TO EVICT ONE OF WASHINGTON'S MOST POWERFUL REPUBLICANS FROM THE SENATE.

By Eleanor Clift

A **DEMOCRATIC** senator from Kentucky? The idea may sound far-fetched, but Alison Lundergan Grimes, 34, is about to take her shot. This week, the Kentucky secretary of State filed papers to run against Senate Minority Leader Mitch McConnell—an uphill struggle in which she will try to topple a five-term senator who is twice her age and one of Washington's most formidable figures.

Grimes does have a lot going for her. She is the daughter of Jerry Lundergan—a two-term state-party chair, a good friend of

Bill Clinton's, and a member of Hillary Clinton's finance committee in 2008. In other words, though she will have to play catch-up on the money front—McConnell has \$7.4 million on hand already—her connections should help her raise considerable cash. "She is one hell of a retail politician, a dynamic speaker," says Kentucky Democratic Rep. John Yarmuth, who noted that Grimes wowed donors at a Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee event on Martha's Vineyard. "A minimum of \$70 million will be spent in the race," he predicts. "I don't think there are enough TV stations to run all the ads."

In her 2011 secretary-of-State campaign, Grimes trounced her Republican opponent by double digits while demonstrating a knack for cutting through clutter. During that campaign, she broadcast a commercial titled "Elsie and Thelma," which showed her sitting with her two grandmothers, each elderly woman at a laptop, brainstorming about writing campaign ads. Warm and witty, it was a winner. In office, she pushed through an initiative to allow service members overseas to vote electronically and another to keep the addresses of domestic-abuse victims confidential.

Polls suggest that a Grimes-McConnell race would be close, with one recent survey showing McConnell up 7 points and another showing a 45-45 tie. That said, it's true that the basic realities of Kentucky politics favor Republicans. Moreover, McConnell is known for playing hardball on the campaign trail. Actress Ashley Judd toyed with entering the race, but bowed out after McConnell aides were caught on a leaked tape looking for ways to use her admission of past drug abuse against her. More recently McConnell launched an ad against Grimes that showed her head attached to the body of Ellen DeGeneres as the talk-show host danced with President Obama. Grimes, the commercial proclaimed, is "not ready for primetime."

In response to the ad, Grimes told a local television reporter, "This is one Kentucky woman who is not going to be bullied." That much seems clear. What we won't know until next year is whether she can win. ■

COVER STORY

07.17.13
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THE ENDURING RIFT

*Understanding our inner
Trayvons and
inner Zimmers.*

By Joshua DuBois

Photo illustration by Sean McCabe; Source photos: Splash News—Corbis (Martin), Reuters—Corbis-Pool (Zimmerman)

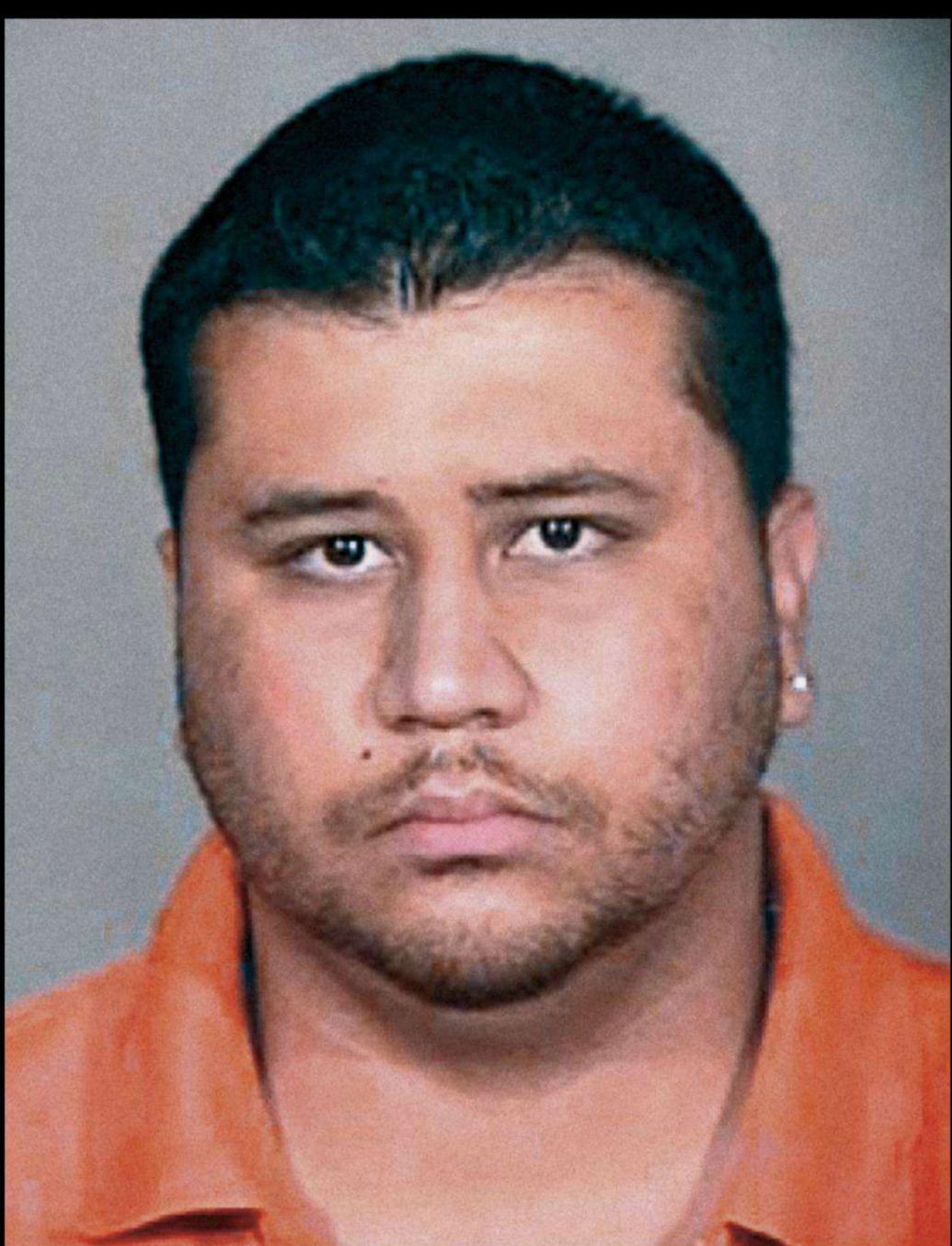
BY THIS POINT, ALL AMERICANS KNOW THE FACTS. A TEENAGER, TRAYVON MARTIN, WAS PURSUED AND KILLED.

The shooter, George Zimmerman, was acquitted, his claim of self-defense validated by a jury. We have lined up to state our views about what should happen next: vocal protesters and advocates (I count myself among them) think that the system failed at critical points and should be corrected, from the “stand your ground” law that empowered Zimmerman to the investigation and prosecution of the case itself. Others are assembling to protect gun rights and the right to self-defense.

In service of these goals, we will march. We will tweet. The Justice Department will investigate, talk radio will opine, and some laws and policies will hopefully, needfully, be changed.

But when it is all over—when the political debates have run their course, when the pundits have moved on—we will still be left with something else. Something harder to describe. A set of noxious gut feelings about Trayvon Martin and George Zimmerman—and where we all stand on the issue of race.

For black Americans, it will be that sour, aching feeling that someone, in the dark of night—empowered by a weapon, a reason, and relative impunity—can gun us, or our sons, or our husbands, down. It’s that thing my fiancée felt when she looked at me after we watched the verdict, hands held, sitting on the floor of my office. This is an intelligent woman, law-school educated, not overly emotional, and never at a loss for words; but channeling Trayvon’s mother, with a stunned look in her eyes, all she could muster was, “Can they really just kill our kids?”



Splash News—Corbis

Zimmerman's self-defense claim has proved polarizing.

For many white Americans, it will be a different though related sentiment that will linger. It's a sentiment that is largely quiet on television and social media—because it would be swiftly condemned—but we must acknowledge that it's there, that it's represented in massive numbers across the country, in opinion polls, congressional districts, and, yes, on juries.

It's a view that has sympathy for the Martin family, but at the end of the day also has sympathy for George Zimmerman: *You know, sue me, but a tall,*

hooded black man that I've never seen before in my neighborhood is maybe a little frightening. And I don't know what happened next between Zimmerman and Trayvon. But if, God forbid, I, or my husband, or my wife, is ever in that situation, I might like the right to ... Most would shudder to finish the sentence.

Our marches will proceed, and they should. Our laws will be de-

bated, and hopefully changed. A civil case, and a federal case, will at least be considered. But when it's all said and done, in the pits of our stomachs, we are still left with this ... *thing*. Two new versions of a very old fear—with a wide chasm in between.

What to do about it? In the days after the Zimmerman verdict, I approached several people who have spent lifetimes building bridges and breaking down walls. I asked them what on earth black and white Americans could do to seek and find justice in our country and heal ourselves in the process.

"

When the verdict came, all my fiancée could muster was, 'Can they really just kill our kids?'

ONE WOULDN'T necessarily think of the Southern Baptist Convention as a place to look for advice on race. The convention was formed in 1845 when its members, insisting that foreign missionaries should be able to own slaves, split from their Northern Baptist counterparts. After that time, for more than a century, the leadership of the SBC was at the forefront of restricting minority rights. Southern

Baptists were found among the Klansmen and lynch mobs during Reconstruction. They fought for the passage and maintenance of Jim Crow laws. And the convention—our nation's largest Protestant denomination—was one of the chief opponents of the civil rights movement and Dr. Martin Luther King.

That consistently tragic history is what makes a guy like Russell Moore so remarkable. A white Southerner with a broad smile, jet-black hair, and a ceaselessly cheery demeanor, Moore is the new head of the Southern Baptist Convention's Ethics and Religious Liberty Commission, the public-policy arm for the denomination, and its most powerful spokesperson. And, believe it or not, he has emerged as one of our country's most articulate and persuasive leaders on the issue of race outside of the traditional civil rights community.

It started when he was a very young child attending Sunday school



From left: Mario Tama—Getty Images, Romeo Guzman—Cal Sport Media-Zuma

We're left with politically and emotionally complex gut feelings about Martin and Zimmerman.

in Biloxi, Mississippi, which is just off the Gulf of Mexico and about as far south as you can get. Moore was playing with a dirty quarter and placed it in his mouth, as boys are prone to do. Noticing the infraction, his teacher scolded, “Russell, take that quarter out of your mouth. You never know if a colored man touched it!” Little Russell sat, stunned, as the teacher proceeded to lead the class in the famous song “Jesus loves the little children; all the children of the world ...”

The experience was jarring for Moore. He told me that even at a young age, he knew those two things—racism and the Gospel—could not comfortably rest side by side. “I see now that my teach-

er was dealing with a sort of ethical schizophrenia,” he says. She held one belief about God the Father, and quite another about his African-American children.

Since his early Mississippi days, Moore has made it a personal goal to understand the manifestations of racism in the American soul and root it out—first as a congressional aide, then as a professor and dean at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He began his tenure as the Southern Baptist Convention’s chief ethicist with a call to racial reconciliation before thousands of Southern Baptists.

Through his work, Moore told me that he learned that people like his childhood Sunday-school teacher are usually not “evil white supremacists plotting in a lair somewhere trying to harm people, or infect the rest of the country with their ideology.” Rather, issues of racism are pervasive among otherwise well-meaning folks; these

matters are, as he puts it, “a part of our ambient culture.”

When it comes to the case of George Zimmerman and Trayvon Martin, and the racial questions that have arisen in its aftermath, Moore told me that the core problem is that black and white Americans are having two entirely different conversations.

“African-Americans tend to speak about the case in broad social and political terms,” he explains, “but we rarely get to hear their own quiet, personal stories. The real message of the Martin case didn’t hit me until an African-American pastor, a friend of mine, told me that there are some places he doesn’t want his young son to go, because he’s ‘afraid of him becoming another Trayvon.’”

“This man was fearful for his son’s personal safety,” Moore continues. “That hits home for me, as a father and as a man. And it’s the type of personal story that can shatter the myth that everything is OK.”

Conversely, Moore suggests that whites move away from the micro and toward the macro when they consider the Zimmerman verdict:

“

Black and white Americans are having two entirely different conversations.



Kris Connor—Getty Images

“When I heard the decision,” says Congressman John Lewis, “I fell ill.”

“On the other hand, too many white Americans deal in particulars, without realizing that it’s larger than that,” Moore says. “It’s not just about this individual case; it’s about the fabric of American history. We have to recognize that African-Americans see Trayvon Martin’s face alongside Medgar Evers, Emmett Till, and others that most people will never know. We have to acknowledge that in our conversations.”

To Moore, where and how this dialogue happens matters. “These conversations have to be had at the local level, organically, and it can’t be in the heat of nationally polarized moments. We have to take time to invest in preparation. There’s advance work that has to be done.”

“It’s like marriage,” Moore adds. “You have to work on issues in advance, when times are good—not when you’re screaming at each

other and on the way out the door.”

CONGRESSMAN JOHN Lewis, who marched across the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma, Alabama, with billy clubs crashing down upon him, has seen racial conflicts wax and wane. But for him, the Zimmerman trial was still in a class by itself. “When I heard the decision, I fell ill,” he told me. “I couldn’t speak about it for a day.”

He has since done a lot of thinking about the trial and where the country should go from here. I asked him what the best way forward was, expecting to hear that people should organize and that policies should be changed. He did make these points, but then paused for a second. “You know, here is the key: to be made whole, we have to forgive George Zimmerman,” Lewis said. “We have to forgive those who believe that what he did was right.”

African-Americans see Trayvon Martin’s face alongside Medgar Evers, Emmett Till, and others.’

“I forgave and never had ill will towards George Wallace, or the people who beat me in Rock Hill, South Carolina, in 1961,” he continued. “In order to be effective, all of our actions, all of our organizing, all of our conversations have to flow from a consistent ethic of forgiveness.”

Lewis said that he learned this lesson from a man named Jim Lawson, a black Methodist pastor and missionary from Ohio who had spent time in India studying the principles of Gandhi. Hearing about Lawson, Martin Luther King Jr. recruited him to journey south, saying, “Come now. We don’t have anyone like you down here.”

“Jim Lawson taught me that any meaningful action on the topic of race must begin with forgiveness,” Lewis says. “Once we forgive, we can encourage the majority population to walk in our shoes—the shoes of a black mother, a black father, a black son, a black daughter. But first, we have to forgive.”

THE PRESCRIPTIONS of both Lewis and Moore suggest just how much we need to do differently as a country—and they are right to focus on the challenges ahead. But Maya Angelou offered a different perspective when we spoke: she focused on how much we are already doing right. Angelou—who has knit a fair piece of our country's cultural fabric together over the years with her words, poems, and life—made clear that her heart was broken for Trayvon Martin. Yet—and I did not expect this—it also brimmed with hope.

"Look at the people who are protesting!" she told me. "Look at the people who are standing up for their rights." In their faces she saw a glimpse of the American future. "These aren't just black people or white people—these are *right* people," she said. "These crowds, some of them are 50, 60 percent white." Angelou compared it with the days of marching with King, when Christians, Muslims, and Jews stood side by side, and Northern students joined Southern sharecroppers to demand ever-greater liberty.

For Angelou, this is the key: the fact that an increasing percentage of white Americans now deeply identify with the struggles of black folks. In the wake of Trayvon's death, "it is not just African-Americans who feel belittled and injured," she told me. "No, the desire to understand what happened, to comprehend, to inform, to ingest what we know to be right has finally spread to people of all different backgrounds and beliefs."

PERHAPS IT will continue to spread. I certainly hope it does. But first, we have to be honest with ourselves—about our hopes, as Maya Angelou expresses, but also about our fears.

Some have called for a "national conversation on race," maybe another speech by President Obama on the subject, like the one he delivered years ago in Philadelphia, or an expansion of his more recent remarks on Trayvon Martin. While I believe these types of conversations and speeches are helpful—the president's invocation that, if he had a son, "he'd look like Trayvon" had a healing effect for many—I wonder if something at once greater, and smaller, is needed.

Instead of a national conversation on race, perhaps it's time for a



Splash News—Corbis

"If I had a son," Obama invoked, "he'd look like Trayvon."

million local ones. Over coffee or dinner, I'd love to listen—really listen—as my neighbors tell me how they feel when they see young men like Trayvon Martin, in the dark of night, hooded sweatshirts and all. I'd like to then share a bit of what I know about these boys, who are so much like me: their history, their families, their angst, their dreams.

I don't know what would result from that type of dialogue; previous national moments to finally speak candidly about race have fallen by the wayside. But maybe it's time to lay bare our thousands of anxieties about George Zimmerman and Trayvon Martin, and see where it gets us. In doing so, perhaps we'll learn more about this thing called race, and begin to address our gnawing fears. ■

JOSHUA DUBOIS was President Obama's first director of the White House faith-based initiative, and is now an author, teacher, speaker, and CEO of Values Partnerships.

BRAZIL'S CELEBRITY PRIEST

Father Marcelo Rossi has a No. 1 bestseller, legions of followers, and an unusual style of Catholicism.

By Mac Margolis

Lalo de Almeida—The New York Times-Redux

Marcelo Rossi's São Paulo congregation is flourishing.

Trim and tidy in a worn white blazer, his hair cut for Sunday, José Batista da Silva kneels on the cement floor and prays. The 56-year-old former bus driver knows every hymn at the Sanctuary of the Byzantine Rosary, Father Marcelo Rossi's Catholic megachurch in São Paulo, where he has attended mass

for the past six years. Today he is hoping for a little extra blessing.

Batista's head is bowed and his arms stretch toward the skylight. In each hand he grasps a pocket-size passbook, the document Brazilians use to register employment contracts. Both he and his daughter Samanta, age 23, are out of work, and Batista, who sustained a back injury on the job, saw his disability pension cut in 2007. But among the 10,000 faithful who have gathered here to worship, sway, and bear witness as Father Marcelo sets the gospel to song, he draws comfort. "Everyone prays and sings. Here, it feels like God opens His heart a little wider to us," he says. "Father Marcelo is bringing back people to church."

That is the sort of message Rome is keen to hear. When Pope Francis touches down in Brazil on July 23, the world will be watching. Officially, his visit is to kick off World Youth Day, a weeklong pilgrimage held in a different country every three years that draws devout Catholics from around the world. Yet Francis's first major international journey is freighted with significance for a church in turmoil. Roiled by pedophilia scandals and financial mismanagement, pulled down by outdated liturgy, and facing a global shortage of priests and nuns, the 1.2 billion-strong Roman Catholic order is losing souls in droves.

In Brazil, nominally the world's largest Catholic country, the church's struggles have provided an opening for Protestant evangelical sects, whose fast-talking televangelists woo away the poor and the forgotten into jerry-built temples that have spread like fast-food franchises. This is where Father Marcelo and his megachurch come into play. The 46-year-old preacher and author (one of his self-help-style books is currently the bestselling title in Brazil) is at the vanguard of a Catholic counterinsurgency that aims to make Brazil's church more appealing by taking cues from the rollicking



Nelson Almeida--AFP/Getty Images

Charismatic priests such as Rossi have retained congregants with singing, chanting, and gospel rock.

approach of the *evangélicos*. “Most of our parishes are straight out of the fourth century. The liturgical style has not changed, and the people have strayed,” Rossi says. And so he has shaken things up by introducing gospel rock, theatrical prayer sessions, and an all-out communications blitz that would impress Madison Avenue. “We cannot sit back and wait for people to come to church,” he says. “The church has to reach out and bring people back.”

EARLY LAST century, two thirds of Roman Catholics lived in Europe. But now religiosity is moving east and south. Asia’s Catholic flock now numbers 137 million and Africa’s Catholics have more than tripled their ranks in the past four decades, rising from 45 million

in 1970 to 176 million last year.

Rome's New World stronghold is still Latin America, home to 41 percent of global Catholics. So it's no surprise that the Argentine-born Jorge Mario Bergoglio, the church's first leader from the Americas, is kicking off his papacy by calling on Brazil. And yet here, too, the church is in trouble. Though Brazil's flock numbers 126 million—or 11 percent of the world total—the flagship faith

has been struggling with attrition for decades. In a land where church spires once trumped skyscrapers, millions have strayed. Once, virtually all God-fearing Brazilians called themselves Catholics. Today, just two in three take their cues from Rome. Meanwhile, evangelical Protestants have seen their numbers soar 22 percent in the past decade, while the ranks of those with no allegiance to religion are growing even faster.

Hastening the exodus is a political and social upheaval of tectonic proportions.

A strengthening democracy, rapid urbanization, and a flourishing consumer economy have shaken the country and awakened the flock to alternatives—spiritual and otherwise. Once-clandestine African spirit cults like Candomblé have become acceptable forms of worship, while Protestant evangelical sects have taken root by aggressively making their pitch to the poor and the forgotten.

Many of the new orders are Pentecostals, with beat-the-devil preachers who read the Bible literally and rail about the end of days. They pass the collection plate—often in the form of a gunnysack hooked on a stick—and dangle the promised redemption to those willing to empty their pockets. Sometimes the hard sell is scandalous. One pastor was notoriously captured on a video—which subsequently spread via YouTube—browbeating a penitent for not divulging the PIN for his debit card. “That’s no fair,” said Assembly of God Pastor Marco Feliciano of the reluctant wor-

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Rossi added aerobics steps to Sunday services and played lively music. Soon his small church was overflowing.



Pedro Kirilos—Globo-Getty Images

Catholics have already begun preparing for the pope's arrival for World Youth Day in Rio de Janeiro.

shiper. “He’s going to ask God for a miracle and God won’t deliver, and then he’ll say God is bad.” (What’s worse, Feliciano is a federal congressman who presides over the congressional human rights council and whose signature legislative initiative was a bill to promote therapy to “cure” homosexuals.)

And yet the born-again message has played well in the *favelas*, the local shantytowns. Preachers have set up their storefront temples in the slums, opening their doors to alcoholics, addicts, and lapsed Catholics for whom the turgid centuries-old liturgy had long ago lost its charm. I once followed a group of young evangelical missionaries into the combat zones of Rio’s drug wars, where they prayed for the souls of teenagers with AK-47s.

The evangelicals also understood something essential: that today’s worshipers want their Sundays infused with drama and pageantry. Mass baptisms, exorcisms, thundering oratory, and speaking in



Fabio Frustaci—Camera Press-Redux

Pope Francis's first major international journey is freighted with significance for a church in turmoil.

tongues are liturgical staples. Some of the fastest-growing orders have invested heavily in neon-lit temples and set their sermons to electric guitars and crashing drums, bringing the faithful to their feet. And those who can't go to church turn on their television sets, where the televangelists have been buying up time slots. One major competitor to the Catholic monopoly, the Universal Church of the Kingdom of God—a Pentecostal order run by the fire-breathing Edir Macedo—bought an entire television station with a nationwide audience.

PADRE ROSSI started preaching in the late 1990s, when Brazil's bishops were rubbing their rosaries over the waning congregations. Part of the problem was that church hierarchy was still arguing over liberation theology, in which politically minded clergy mixed

Christian doctrine with Marxism and declared that their mission was redeeming the poor. The ideological brawl left many Catholics cold and encouraged them to stray.

The church's answer was the Charismatic Revolution, a movement of young priests like Rossi who infused their sermons with singing, chanting, and gospel rock. For Rossi, with a degree in physical education, it was the perfect repertoire. Athletic and strapping,

standing a muscular 6 foot 5, he added aerobics steps to Sunday services and played lively music. Soon his small church in a blue-collar São Paulo district was overflowing.

This style drew criticism both from progressives and conservatives within the church. "They don't like me very much," he says, enigmatically. "Many charged I was alienating people by emphasizing emotions. But in faith you have to have both sides, and you can't ignore emotions."

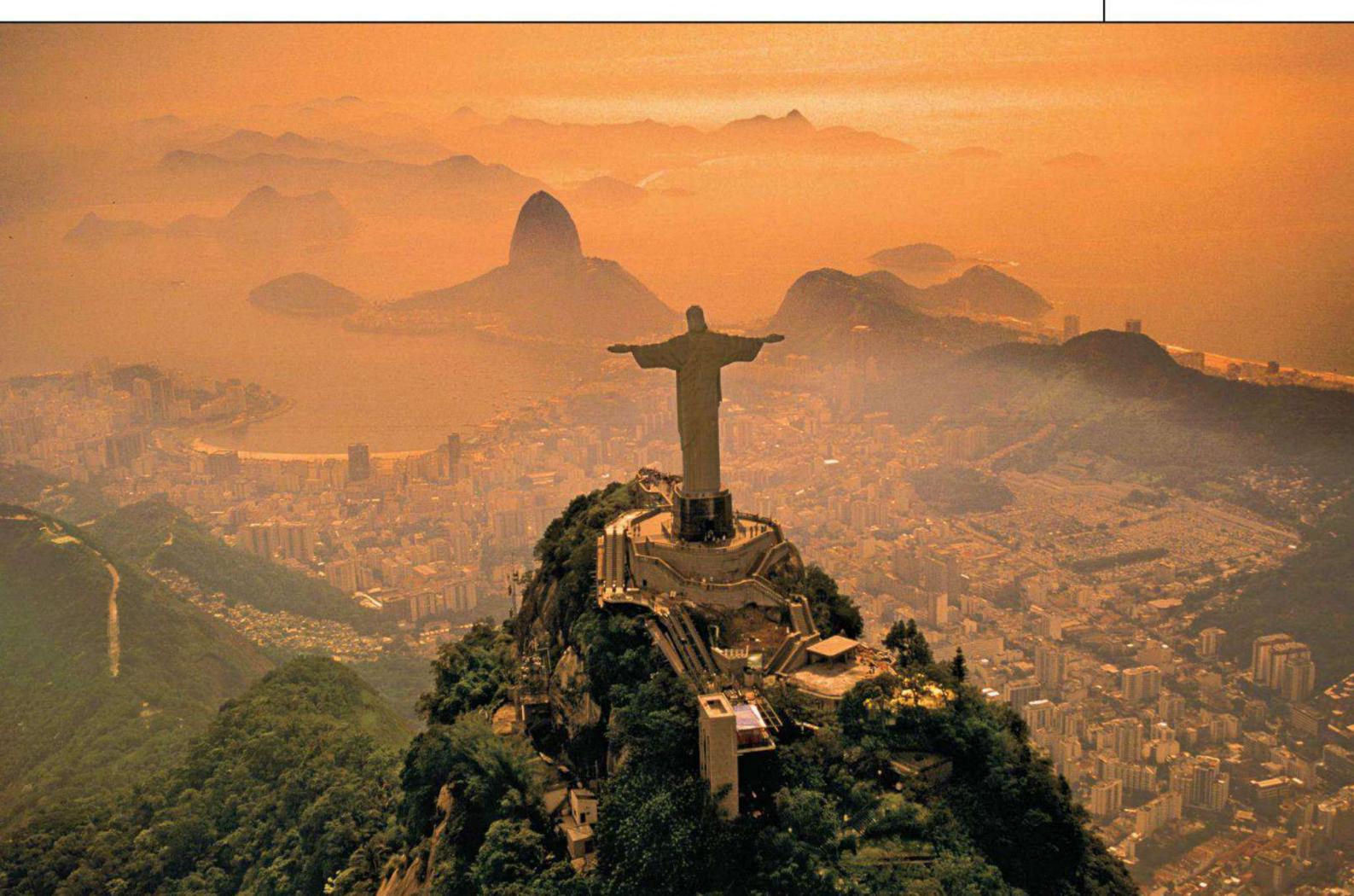
Rossi eventually built a new

church—the Sanctuary of the Byzantine Rosary, a giant warehouse-like structure looming on the city outskirts that seats 8,500 with room for a few thousand more standing at the back. Every Sunday, caravans of worshipers arrive in chartered buses to watch Ross stride and strut the lofty dais while leading the congregation in prayer. He often ends meetings by dousing the crowds with buckets of holy water.

Many of the devout wear T-shirts emblazoned with pictures of the pop padre himself, while others grasp signed copies of Rossi's two ultrapopular books, which retell passages of the Bible in simple, bite-size chapters. *Kairós* (Greek for "God's timing") is Brazil's current bestseller, and his 2010 book, *Ágape* (meaning "divine love"), a stripped-down version of St. John's gospel, sold 8.4 million copies—shattering all national publishing records for a single title. Sales from these books, plus the take from Rossi's gospel

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Many of the devout wear T-shirts emblazoned with pictures of the pop padre himself.



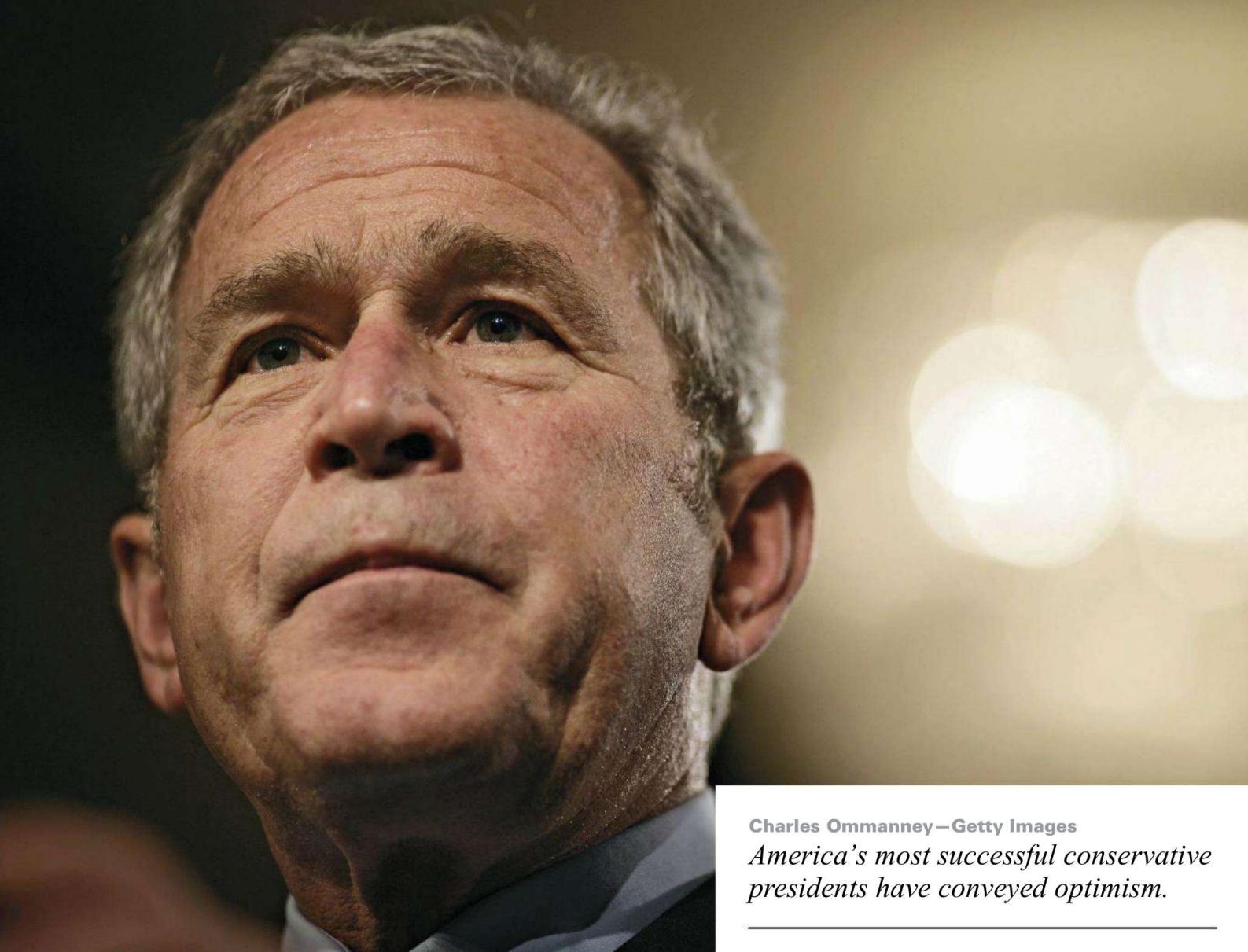
Christian Heeb—laif Redux

Rome's influence in Brazil has declined in recent years.

CDs and the DVD of his popular film, *Maria, Mother of God*, have reaped more than \$10 million. He plows all of it back into his new church, where there's not a collection plate in sight. "Why should I ask for money if I am able to work?" he says.

And work, he does. With a daily radio program to host, book signings to attend throughout Brazil, and Sunday masses that draw crowds that rival rock concerts, Brazil's pop padre can barely sit still. All the better for Pope Francis, who arrives in the world's biggest Catholic nation this month, with a country to enchant and Rome's authority to mend. ■

MAC MARGOLIS is Latin America bureau chief for **Newsweek** and **The Daily Beast**.



Charles Ommaney—Getty Images
America's most successful conservative presidents have conveyed optimism.

AFTER BUSH, THE BLUES

Since the 43rd president left office, GOP pessimists have taken full control of the party.

By Peter Beinart

The juxtaposition between image and text could not have been more humiliating. The photo above *The New York Times* story featured a craggy-faced George W. Bush—now looking like a cross between himself and his father—alongside newly minted American citizens from Nigeria and the Philippines. Below it read the story’s headline: “Republicans in House Resist Overhaul for Immigration.” Or as the New York *Daily News* might have phrased it: “GOP to Bush: Drop Dead.”

It’s becoming a pattern. As early as 1994—when as the newly elected governor of Texas he berated his California counterpart, Pete Wilson, at a Republican governors meeting for demonizing Hispanics—Bush made being pro-immigrant and pro-Hispanic a centerpiece of his political identity. But last week, despite warnings from his old *consigliere*, Karl Rove, the congressional GOP buried legislation offering illegal immigrants a path to citizenship.

A few days earlier, conservative heavyweights—from Fox’s Bill O’Reilly to *The New York Times*’s David Brooks to *The Wall Street Journal*’s editorial page—defended the military’s coup in Egypt, thus rejecting Bush’s doctrine of Middle Eastern democracy promotion. And if that wasn’t enough, House Republicans on July 11 stripped food stamps from the farm bill for the first time since 1973—sharply breaking from the “compassionate conservatism” that had led Bush to back higher government spending on education and prescription drugs.

The party Bush once commanded is repudiating much of his legacy. And it’s doing so because it no longer shares his temperament. Bush was, at his core, an optimist. For starters, he was an optimist about the budget. He had taken over in the wake of a late-1990s economic boom that erased the deficits built up during the Reagan years. For Bush, the message was that you can cut taxes, maintain popular domestic programs, and dramatically boost military spending without worry, because economic growth will eventually balance the budget, as it did in the 1990s. As Dick Cheney famously replied when then-Treasury secretary Paul O’Neill warned that Bush’s eco-



Larry W. Smith—EPA-Landov

Bush made being pro-immigrant and pro-Hispanic a centerpiece of his political identity.

nomic policies were leading the country toward a fiscal abyss, “Reagan proved that deficits don’t matter.”

Bush was a cultural optimist, too. He had taken power on the heels of what Samuel Huntington called the “third wave” of democratization, a mighty tide that began when Spain and Portugal shrugged off their autocratic governments in the mid-1970s, and extended in the 1980s and 1990s from South Korea and the Philippines to Argentina and Chile to Hungary and Poland to South Africa. This historic shift—which made democracy the normative form of government not merely in Northern Europe and North America but throughout the world—shaped “neoconservative” intellectuals like William Kristol, Paul Wolfowitz, and Robert Kagan. But it also dovetailed with something personal in Bush. As his former speechwriter Michael Gerson has noted, Bush’s brand of Christianity was strikingly untroubled by original sin. His own life was a tale of purposeless, self-destructive wandering followed by radical transformation via the power of faith. And while other conservatives focused on an entrenched “culture of poverty” that made it difficult to change the lives of America’s urban poor, Bush championed the idea that with religious counseling, inmates in Texas jails could experience the

same radical, redemptive change he'd seen in his own life.

Bush, in other words, was an optimist even when it came to cultures—like the ones prevailing in America's inner cities or in the Arab world—for which other conservatives held out little hope. Despite the incredulity of many on the right, he responded to 9/11 by insisting that Muslims were just as desirous of democracy, liberty, and peace as Christians and Jews. And he set about proving

that in Iraq. "The human heart," he told the American Enterprise Institute two months before the invasion, "desires the same good things, everywhere on earth." That universalism also shaped his views on immigration. If Iraqis shared the same basic values as Americans, so did undocumented Mexican immigrants.

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The party Bush once commanded is repudiating much of his legacy. And it's doing so because it no longer shares his temperament.

Even during Bush's presidency, his economic and cultural optimism met resistance inside the GOP. From the moment 9/11 hit, polls found that many conservatives—contra Bush—did consider Islam a violent religion. In 2003 the White House and GOP leaders had to brutally pressure some congressional

Republicans to make them back Bush's expansion of Medicare. And in 2007 Bush's push for comprehensive immigration reform failed in large part because of lack of conservative support.

But since Bush left office, the GOP pessimists have taken full control of the party. When Bush was jacking up the deficit via tax cuts and defense spending, the conservatives who worried about America's fiscal health mostly held their tongues. When Barack Obama replaced him, however, and began spending money on a domestic stimulus package and a universal-health-care law, the deficit became a GOP obsession. Gone was Bush's happy talk about how economic growth, which had overcome the Reagan deficits, would do so again. In its place came a dystopian vision of America as Greece:



Mohammed Jalil—AFP-Getty Images

Despite warnings from Karl Rove, the congressional GOP buried legislation offering illegal immigrants a path to citizenship.

its currency worthless and its coffers empty. The GOP, the party that under Bush said America could have it all, under Obama has become the party that says America can't even afford food stamps.

If the post-Bush GOP is more pessimistic about America's fiscal health, it's also more culturally pessimistic—both at home and abroad. Under Bush, when the GOP won a higher percentage of Hispanic votes, Republicans liked to say that new immigrants embodied the values that conservatives revered: religious faith, family unity, self-reliance. But in the post-Bush era, as Hispanics have fled the GOP, a nastier stereotype has taken hold: Hispanics are part of the 47 percent “who are dependent upon government, who believe that they are victims, who believe the government has a responsibility to care for them,” in Mitt Romney’s immortal words. As O’Reilly put it on election night, “You are going to see a tremendous Hispanic vote for President Obama,” because Hispanics and other Democratic voters “feel that they are entitled to things.”

To some degree, the intra-Republican conflict over immigration has been a contest between these optimistic and pessimistic narratives. After Romney’s defeat, hordes of conservative bigwigs promised, Bush style, that if the GOP embraced a path to citizenship for immigrants,

Hispanics would reveal themselves to be a “natural Republican constituency” (in Charles Krauthammer’s words). But when comprehensive immigration reform reached the House of Representatives, Republican members of Congress rejected that logic, partly because they don’t need to win Hispanics to keep their seats and partly because they don’t think the GOP can win anyway.



If George W. Bush himself were a post-Bush Republican, he might be pessimistic, too.

the Ground Zero mosque, and during the 2012 elections, GOP presidential contenders pandered to voters worried about the imposition of Sharia. When it became clear that the Arab Spring would empower the Muslim Brotherhood, only a few conservative intellectuals held to the Bush line that the United States should support democratic elections even if they don’t deliver the results we want. More common were denunciations of President Obama for acquiescing to a fanatically anti-American revolution in Egypt in the same way Jimmy Carter had in Iran. When the military overthrew the Brotherhood earlier this month, leading conservatives breathed an audible sigh of relief.

For conservatives to be at least somewhat pessimistic about the future isn’t surprising. After all, conservatives want to conserve. But America’s most politically successful conservative presidents—like Ronald Reagan and, to a lesser degree, Bush—have conveyed optimism by promising that under their leadership, the America of the future would reclaim the best values of its past. The problem for Republicans today is that it’s hard to argue that with a straight face. At

If the GOP has rejected Bush’s optimism about Hispanics, it has rejected his optimism about Arabs, too. For conservatives who never believed Bush’s universalistic rhetoric, Iraq’s refusal to become the pro-American liberal democracy he promised made it easier to insist that Arabs and Muslims didn’t share our values after all. And once Bush left office, top Republicans were liberated to become more crudely anti-Muslim. In 2010 key figures in the party denounced the construction of



Bill Clark—CQ Roll Call/Getty Images

After Bush, a nastier stereotype has taken hold within the GOP: Hispanics are part of the 47 percent “who are dependent upon government.”

this moment, at least, there's not much evidence that a more heavily immigrant, more heavily nonwhite America will bring back the values of the 1950s, or that democracy in the Arab world will boost American power, or that future economic growth will restore the fiscal solvency of yesteryear. It's hard for conservatives to be optimistic because George W. Bush's optimistic predictions—about the budget, the transformation of the Middle East, and Republican success with Hispanics—have not come true. If George W. Bush himself were a post-Bush Republican, he might be pessimistic, too. ■

PETER BEINART writes about domestic politics and foreign policy at *Newsweek* and *The Daily Beast*. He is also an associate professor of journalism and political science at the City University of New York.

WEEK OF
JULY 17



01

VIVE LE TOUR

The 2013 Tour de France comes to a close Sunday, July 21. This year marks the 100th anniversary of the cycling race, in which competitors cover a total of 2,115 miles in 23 days.



Jeff Pachoud—AFP/Getty Images

Press-time overall leader Chris Froome of Britain has the distinction of wearing the yellow jersey to distinguish him from the pack.



Pascal Guyot—AFP/Getty Images

Fallen riders are not immediately disqualified from the race, but delays are reflected in their overall times and scores.



Joël Saget—AFP/Getty Images

This year's tour is the first to be completed entirely on French soil since 2003. The race has included routes through nearby countries in the past.



Eric Gaillard—Reuters

Fans from all over the world cheer on the riders as they complete each stage of the race.

02

GIRL WONDER

Malala Yousafzai was only 15 when she was shot in the head by a Taliban gunman for advocating girls' education in Pakistan's Swat Valley. But she hasn't been silenced. Last week she addressed the United Nations General Assembly on her 16th birthday.



Mary Altaffer—AP

Though the U.N. called July 12 Malala Day, she said the day was not hers, but instead “the day of every woman, every boy and girl who have raised their voices for their rights.”



Brendan McDermid—Reuters

Addressing Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon and others, Malala described her dreams of education for all children, including “sons and daughters of the Taliban.”



Todd Heisler—New York Times-Redux

Gordon Brown, the U.N. special envoy for global education, congratulated Malala with what he called “the words the Taliban never wanted you to hear: happy 16th birthday, Malala.”



Andrew Burton—Getty Images

Yousafzai is the subject of a forthcoming documentary and has been nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize. She is half the age of the youngest winner to date, Yemeni journalist Tawakkol Karman.

03

CLINICAL TRIALS

After weeks of debate, the Texas state Senate passed some of the strictest abortion laws in the country. The laws ban abortions after 20 weeks and are likely to force the closure of many clinics.



Tamir Kalifa—AP

Sen. Wendy Davis, who filibustered the bill last month, joined other Democratic state senators to proudly display their opposition to the bill, HB2.



Tamir Kalifa—AP

More than 2,000 abortion-rights supporters and opposers gathered to hear the outcome. The law will impose the same requirements on abortion providers as surgical centers—a guideline only five of Texas's 42 clinics currently meet.



Tamir Kalifa—AP

Political opponents rubbed shoulders in the State Capitol rotunda as they awaited the decision.



Tamir Kalifa—AP

Planned Parenthood president Cecile Richards, an idol for liberal activists, rallied with pro-choicers.

04

FULL STOP

India's 160-year-old telegraph service has officially been edged out by modern technology. Cellphones and computers have made the dot-dot-dash obsolete.



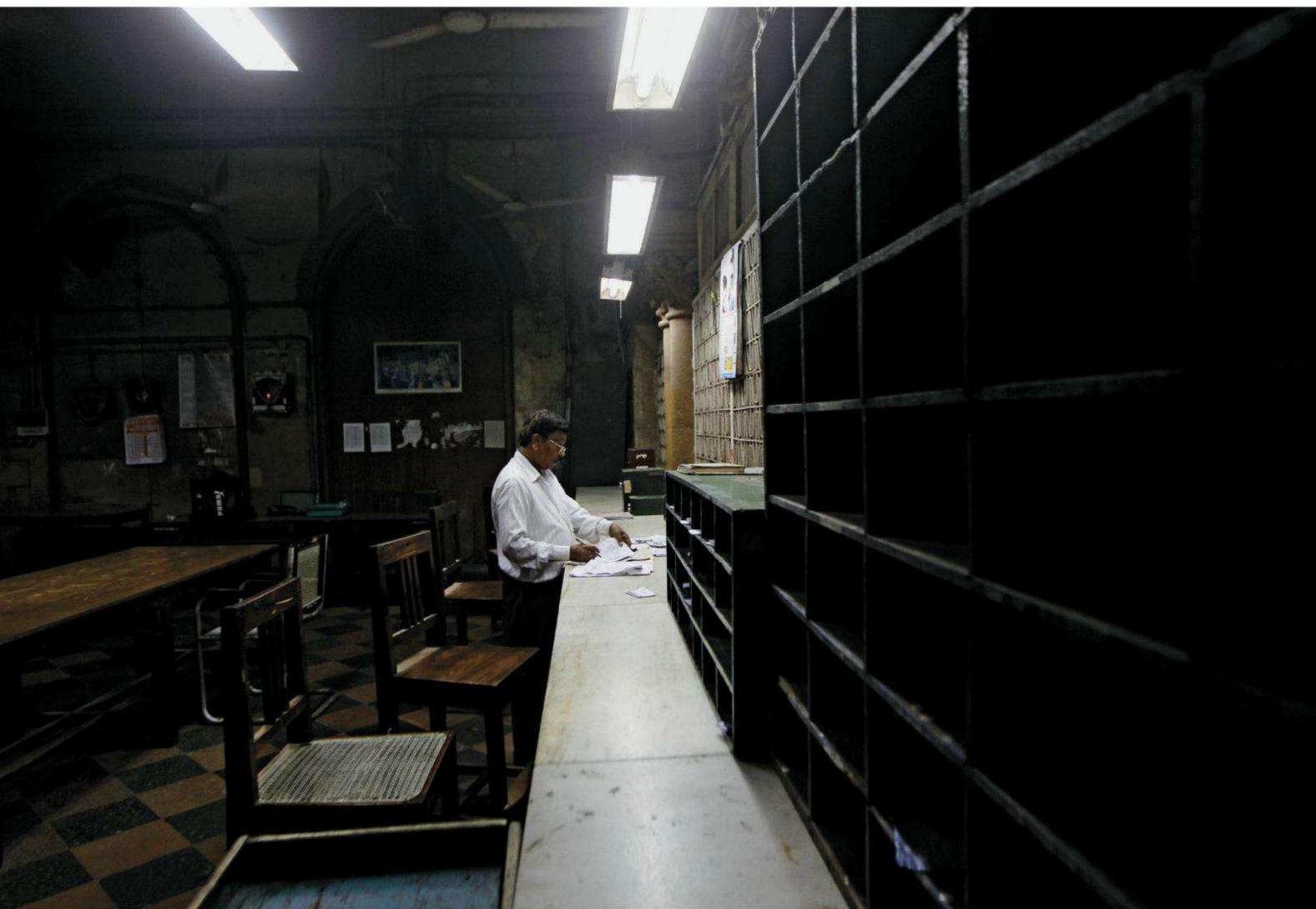
Rajanish Kakade—AP

As of July 15, telegrams can no longer be sent in India. Technology like email has forced Bharat Sanchar Nigam Limited (BSNL) to discontinue the nondigital service.



Rafiq Maqbool—AP

BSNL stopped sending international telegrams two months ago. The service had become more expensive as costs for inland service rose substantially in 2011.



Rajanish Kakade—AP

Employees of the now-defunct BSNL will soon start working for other Indian communication services, but trouble is predicted among trade union members as surplus workers are transferred.



AP

The service is no longer commercially viable with losses of \$23 million annually. Telegrams were once favored as a relatively inexpensive and fast form of communication.



WORLD'S BEST ICE CREAM?

HOW HIGH-TECH METHODS CREATE FOOD THAT'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS.

By Christopher Dickey

Alex Loscher

FOR SEVERAL years now, ultracold liquid nitrogen (a chilly minus 321 degrees Fahrenheit, or 77 degrees Kelvin) has been a fad component in super-sophisticated kitchens. As Bee Wilson writes in her delightful history of cooking, *Consider the Fork*, former Microsoft exec Nathan Myhrvold's perfect burger is slow-cooked to the proper pink, then plopped in liquid nitrogen (so the middle will stay rosy), then deep-fried for a dark crust. But now Robyn Sue Fisher has brought the surprising culinary delights of liquid nitrogen back down to earth and into the streets to make what many think is the best ice cream ever. She's patented a machine, which she calls Brrr, that keeps the ingredients smooth as they freeze. (This is the trick, because the idea of using liquid nitrogen to create iced desserts has been around since the late 19th century.) The process is so quick that each batch is made to order, and there are no emulsifiers or preservatives. Fisher started out in 2009 in the parks of San Francisco with the machine in a little red wagon. Now her Smitten Ice Cream is concocted at a stand made from a recycled shipping container, and with rave reviews in tech and foodie publications alike, she looks ready to expand. ■



Ed Kashi—Corbis

LAW AND DISORDER

COULD BETTER BRAIN SCANS HELP US TREAT CRIMINALS?

By Christopher Dickey

ONE OF the most memorable moments in the original *Frankenstein* movie was when the mad doctor's benighted assistant stole a brain labeled "abnormal." Not surprisingly, the whole experiment went downhill from there, as the criminal cerebrum turned the doctor's creation into a monster. When David Eagleman, a bestselling author and neuroscientist at Baylor College of Medicine, talks about looking into the brain to change antisocial behavior, he risks evoking such old-movie clichés about "the criminal mind." In the past that kind of thinking led to a hideous form of brain surgery, the lobotomy, which took away not only the criminality but the entire personality of the subject. Eagleman knows the pitfalls, however. In his 2011 book, *Incognito*, and in recent lectures, he predicts that advances in our ability to detect tiny details of microcircuitry through neuroimaging, combined with training to control certain parts of the brain, can open the way for a more intelligent method of dealing with criminals. Detailed neural analysis should be a factor in sentencing and the focal point of therapy, says Eagleman. As he puts it, prisons have become America's "de facto mental-health facilities." It is time they started working on treatments that bring results. ■



LESSONS UNLEARNED

FROM VIETNAM TO IRAQ, OLD HABITS DIE HARD.

By Christopher Dickey

Tim Page—Corbis

WITH THE U.S. threatening to increase the pace of its withdrawal from Afghanistan, and Iraq sinking deeper into violence now that the Americans are gone, a lot of people make facile analogies to Vietnam. But a lot of those people weren't alive in 1975, when that thankless war drew to an ignominious end. Frank Snepp was right in the middle of it. He was working for the CIA and wrote a book about the bungled policy, *Decent Interval*, which the U.S. government hated so much, it prosecuted him with the same kind of vehemence now turned on Edward Snowden and other whistleblowers. What are the lessons Snepp learned from Vietnam? Trying to buy off insurgents and local leaders rarely works. They "identified with their American bagmen, not with Vietnam's central government," Snepp wrote in a *Los Angeles Times* op-ed in May, "and the government in turn remained suspicious of their loyalties." Moreover, assassination programs are a bad idea. Local sources manipulate lethal intelligence to settle scores. Innocents get blown away. Today drones carry out "targeted killings," says Snepp; in Vietnam the organized murder campaign was called the Phoenix program. ■



TRASH INTO TREASURE

ONE WOMAN'S QUEST TO HELP LOCALS
SAFELY SALVAGE ELECTRONIC WASTE.

By Christopher Dickey

RACHEL FIELD was still a college student when she saw reports in 2010 about a smoldering slum in Ghana so gruesome that locals called it Sodom and Gomorrah. It's one of the world's dumping grounds for defunct electronics, and residents make their living there—if it can be called a living—by melting computer circuit boards to try to extract the metals. They don't get much, perhaps a little copper. A lot of the rest is lost. Children ingest the e-waste miasma with every breath and every bite of food. Field was horrified and decided to make it her thesis project at Harvard, and her mission, to develop a safer way for the people in that slum to do the job they were trying to do. Her answer: a pedal-powered grinder that works on the same principle as big industrial recycling plants, pulverizing the plastic and extracting the metals with magnetic currents. "All of the supplies necessary can be harvested from supplies readily available at the electronic waste sites, such as magnets from speakers or drives," she says. She has already won a \$35,000 prize to develop it further. She calls it "Bicyclean," and clearly the project is on a roll. ■

Karin Bruilliard—Washington Post—Getty Images



TIME OUT OF MIND

IS TIME AN ILLUSION ... OR IS SPACE?

By Christopher Dickey

Philip Hart—Corbis

HERE'S A huge idea to try to wrap your head around while gazing up at the summer stars. What if, contrary to just about everything physicists have been telling us since before Albert Einstein's theory of relativity, time is not really a fourth dimension indistinguishable from the other three? What if "spacetime," such a wonderful sci-fi word for that 4-D continuum, is more fiction than science, and time really does exist on its own? That's the idea put forth by theoretical physicist Lee Smolin in his recent book, *Time Reborn*. Einstein wrote, "People like us, who believe in physics, know that the distinction between past, present, and future is only a stubbornly persistent illusion." Smolin disagrees: "Not only is time real, but nothing we know or experience gets closer to the heart of nature than the reality of time." As James Gleick explains in *The New York Review of Books*, Smolin tends to validate what we regular folks think we know, "those of us who wear wristwatches, cross the days off our calendars, mourn the past, pray for the future, feel in our bones the march of time." But here's the catch: Smolin's not so sure that space really is what we think it is. Now there's an idea. ■



COME SAIL AWAY

SUMMER'S SWANKY PASTIME ISN'T AS EXCLUSIVE AS YOU THINK.

By Sarah Elizabeth Richards

At the end of his workday in steamy midtown Manhattan, Joel Terry craves relaxing outdoors. But these days, instead of starting his hourlong commute home to the mellow shore town of Long Branch, New Jersey, Terry stops at an unlikely source of nature: downtown Manhattan.

There, he boards a sailboat and is soon jibing and tacking against the

whipping winds of New York Harbor. Terry, 37, who works in retail finance, is a newly minted member of the Manhattan Sailing Club, one of an increasing number of community sailing clubs across the country. Dozens of its sailboats sit in the North Cove marina, bobbing among mega-yachts near the World Financial Center. But sailing these days doesn't have to mean blue blazers, clubhouse dining rooms, and strict rules of etiquette. Next to multimillion-dollar yachts with names like *Imagine* and *Endless Summer*, and in the shadow of shiny towers housing financial behemoths Goldman Sachs and American Express, members, or "dock rats," socialize on plastic lawn

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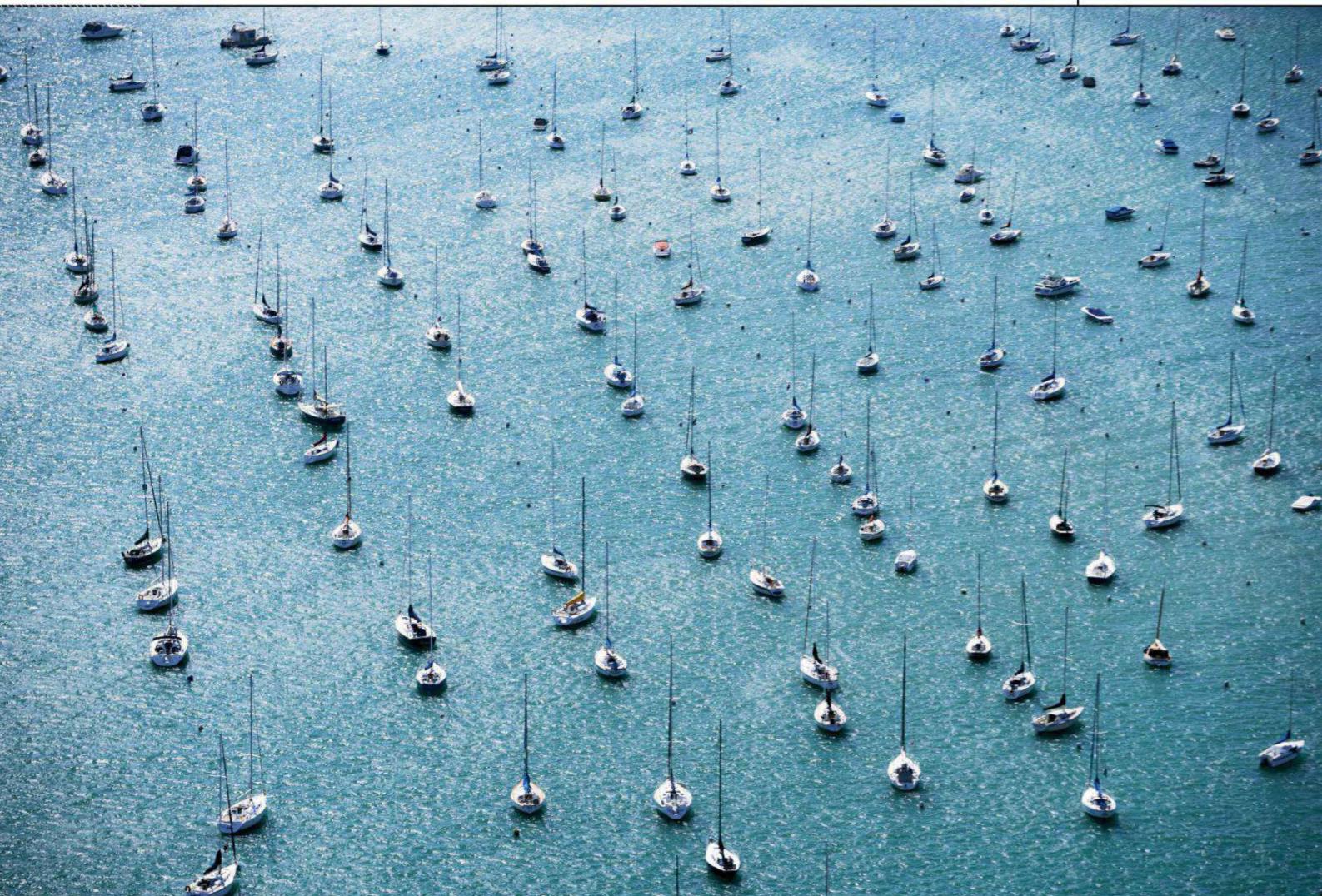
**Sailing these
days doesn't
have to mean blue
blazers and
clubhouse dining
rooms.**

chairs while drinking beers. (Full disclosure: the writer is a member.)

"Sailing has had the reputation of being an expensive, elitist sport, but it really isn't," says Jack Gierhart, executive director of U.S. Sailing, the governing body for the sport. "Community sailing programs have been around for quite a while, but they've become more relevant and active in sailing recently, even in this economy."

With more than 550 community sailing programs across the United States, these open-to-the-public and mostly nonprofit clubs account for the recent resurgence of a pastime whose popularity has waned since its heyday in the 1970s and '80s, when sailing was a chic alternative to motorized boats during the energy crisis. The number of these organizations has risen 10 percent over the past three years, according to Gierhart.

For \$1,500 a year, some 900 Manhattan Sailing Club members get access to the club's 38 boats, the option to compete in racing leagues, and a "fleet captain" mentoring program in which they go out on the water with experienced skippers who remind them of the difference between clove and cleat hitches. Membership at the volunteer-run Fairwind Yacht Club in Marina del Rey in Southern California costs just \$400 a year and offers access to its modest fleet of 20 boats.



Cameron Davidson—Corbis

The number of community sailing clubs has increased in the past few years.

These price tags are a far cry from those of the nation's more than 1,100 private yacht clubs, with initiation fees often in the tens of thousands and yearly dues that run several thousand more. That can be in addition to requirements that members purchase hundreds of dollars of food and drink every month. Often, entry into these clubs is by recommendation only. Such rules have been blamed for sailing's stagnation

over the past couple of decades.

The pastime has also suffered what could be described as a branding problem. "Sailing has traditionally been portrayed as being just for rich white people, and yachting has such a snooty reputation," says Charlie Nobles, executive director of the American Sailing Association, which certifies instructors and students. "The average age of yacht-club members 10 years ago



Liu Yilin—Xinhua-Eyevine-Redux

Sailing clubs offer a level of affordability.

was 50. Now it's 60. They're not getting replacement members. The challenge we have today is how to get youth interested."

To that point, a less formal atmosphere and social camaraderie are big selling points for these sailing clubs, especially in young professional Manhattan. The Manhattan Sailing Club hosts "full moon" parties on the floating bar it runs next to the Statue of Liberty, where members have a view of the new One World Trade Center on one side and New Jersey sunsets on the other.

In the winter, it organizes annual trips where members can island-hop in the Caribbean; there are rotating parties every night among as many as 12 boats, complete with pitchers of Dark and Stormies. "The social aspect is as important as the sport, because it gives people a sense of community and helps them make lifelong friends who then become their sailing buddies," explains Commodore Michael Fortenbaugh, who started the club 25 years ago and is credited with introducing recreational sailing to New York Harbor. He isn't shy about reminding members how many marriages and romances got their start in the club.



Chip Somodevilla—Getty Images

Socializing is a big draw for the new generation of sailing-club members.

It's a formula that works for lawyer Celia Montgomery, 41, who joined three years ago and has traveled with the club to the British Virgin Islands and the Grenadines. "Being a single woman in Manhattan, it fills a need, because you don't have to find other single people to travel with or pay that awful single supplement. You're not awkward and alone. Plus, sailing attracts adventurous, smart people," says Montgomery, adding that she's made new friends in the club. "I

expected this club to be snootier. I thought I would have to wear preppier clothes, but you can just wear jeans. It's not pretentious at all."

While promoting the social side of sailing may be the key to attracting people to the sport, the appeal of speeding along the open water tugs at something more primal. "It's an amazing feeling, using the wind and tide to propel your boat forward," says Terry. "It clears your mind, and you're just in that moment." ■

Martino Lombezzi—Contrasto-Redux

Bidun Arabs have no nationality, and usually no citizenship in Kuwait.



STATELESS IN KUWAIT

THE WINNER OF THE 'ARABIC BOOKER' TACKLES ETHNIC PREJUDICE IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

By Maya Jaggi

The oil-rich Middle East depends on migrants—from legions of house servants to the construction workers who build the region's gleaming, sky-high edifices. Yet their voices and inner lives have been less present in its literature.

I recently caught a glimpse of this rich seam in a harrowing yet redemptive novel, translated from south India's Malayalam language, in which an Indian diver enslaved as a goat herder in the Saudi desert finds himself forced to live like the animals he tends. *Goat Days*, written in 2008 by a writer in Bahrain whose pen name is Benyamin and published by Penguin India, recalls literary classics of captivity and liberation from gulags to slave plantations. But the true story behind it is to some degree emblematic of the lives of millions of workers in the Arabian Peninsula. *Goat Days* made the long list, in a strong year, of the Man Asian Literary Prize—whose



As a mixed-race Kuwaiti, José hits a wall of prejudice.

jury I chaired—a \$30,000 pan-Asian prize awarded in Hong Kong (and funded till now by the sponsors of the Man Booker Prize in Britain).

Now another novel that lays bare

social attitudes in the Gulf through the eyes of an outsider, this time by a young Kuwaiti writer, is reaching a growing Arab readership, thanks in part to winning the International Prize for Arabic Fiction (IPAF) in April. The \$60,000 “Arabic Booker” is awarded annually, during the Abu Dhabi International Book Fair, for the best novel of the year in Arabic. In six years, it has grown into one of the most talked-about literary awards in the Arab world, and a valuable conduit into other languages. The Booker Foundation in London supplies know-how, while sponsorship was taken up this year by the Tourism and Culture Authority of Abu Dhabi, a Gulf emirate plowing petrodollars into culture—and heavily reliant on migrant labor.

Saud Alsanousi's winning novel, *The Bamboo Stalk*, is set in Kuwait and the Philippines, from 1985 to the near present. Its hero, José Mendoza, also called Eissa Al-Tarouf, is the son of a Kuwaiti journalist and a Filipina housemaid, whom his father married for love but abandoned. Packed off to the Philippines with his mother as an infant, José returns, age 18, to the country he views as a lost paradise. But as a mixed-race Kuwaiti, he hits a wall of prejudice, not least from his own high-class relatives. The novel, which is said

**Kheridine Mabrouk***Alsanousi won \$60,000 with the IPAFA.*

to raise disquieting questions about national, racial, and religious identity, was praised by the chair of judges, Egyptian writer Galal Amin, as daring and moving. An extract is available in English in issue 46 of *Banipal* magazine, and the prize guarantees that the novel, Alsanousi's second, will be translated.

In Abu Dhabi after the award ceremony, Alsanousi, 31, told me the attitudes he targets are found in all Gulf states, from Qatar to the U.A.E., where citizens are often outnumbered by non-nationals. Speaking through an Arabic interpreter (though his English is good), he said his is the first novel by a Gulf Arab to have a foreigner as its narrator and hero. It was born of the shock of realizing how foreign workers view Kuwaitis—most of whom relate to

them only as laborers or servants.

The son of a town councilor and a school geography teacher, Alsanousi is a banking graduate from Kuwait City. But he chose to work at a baking factory's sweltering ovens—work he says his compatriots would sniff at: "The salary was terrible, but I wanted to start at the bottom." Drinking tea with southern Egyptians, and eating with Indians, "broke down the barriers between us. That's how I learned the negative picture they have of us." In the ensuing soul-searching, "I asked myself the most difficult question: Who are we? Are we what we think we are, or are we as others see us? The answer wasn't pleasant."

According to Human Rights Watch, migrants make up 80 percent of Kuwait's work force, in a state with roughly 1.3 million citizens and as many non-nationals. Its more than half a million domestic workers are almost exclusively migrants—from Asia and east Africa. As well as being excluded from labor-protection laws, they are vulnerable to abuse under the widespread *kafala*, or sponsorship system, which makes workers dependent on their employers for their legal status. Moreover, the IPAFA prize-giving coincided with the first regional U.N. conference on human trafficking, held in



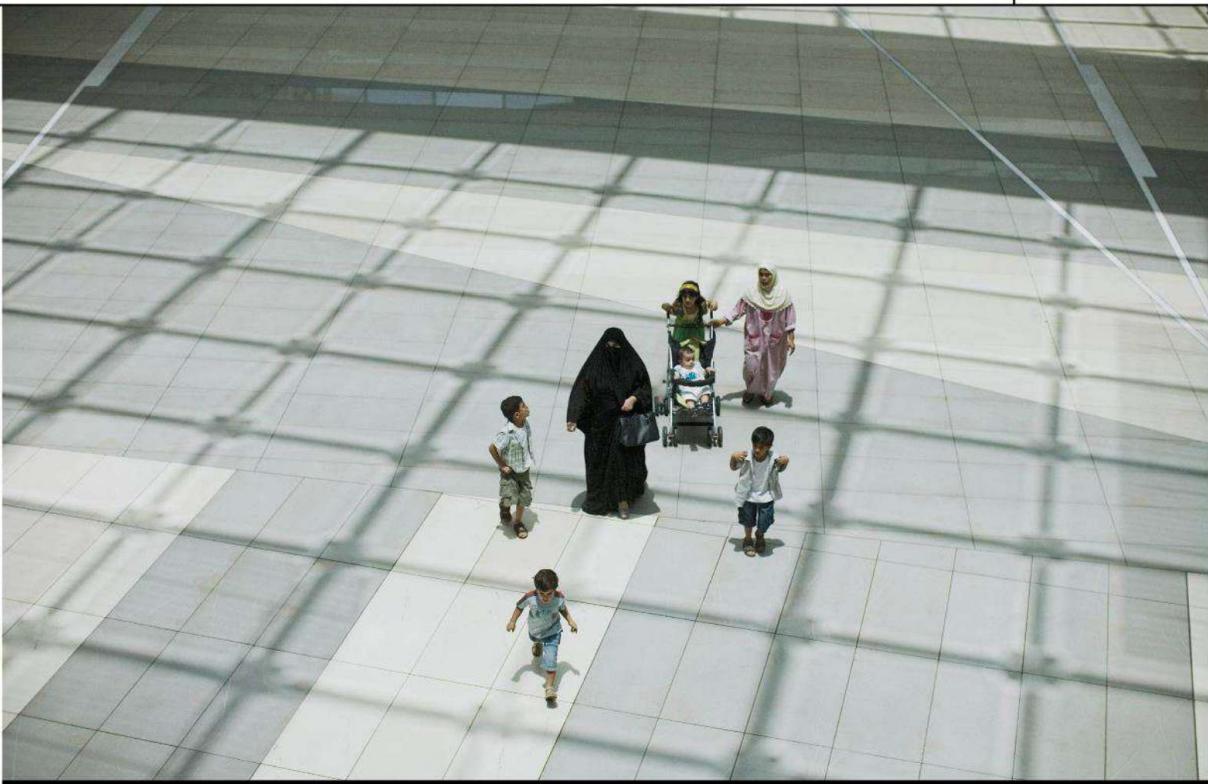
Laura Boushnak—ArabianEye-Redux

Kuwait relies on non-nationals for much of its labor.

Jordan in April, which estimated that more than 600,000 migrant workers are tricked or trapped into forced labor across the Middle East.

Even short of abusive employers, Alsanousi is concerned with an indifference that he sees as harming not only foreigners, but Kuwaitis themselves. Breaking down barriers at work, “I got to know myself through knowing other people. We don’t know ourselves in isolation.” The problem is “our seclusion and segregation from others.” Servants “live in the same house, but we never talk or find anything out about each other. For us, that’s normal.”

To discover what drives so many to leave their homelands for his, Alsanousi visited the Philippines, living for a time in a bamboo nipa hut outside Manila, where he learned much about himself, too. “When an old lady came out into the compound to water the plants, I used to turn my face aside out of respect, as we do in Kuwait. She didn’t understand why. But just by my saying ‘Good morning,’ the whole family changed towards me. They brought me food. It was a great experience.” Back in Kuwait, he filled his flat with bamboo stalks, and “watched Filipino channels on TV, though I don’t under-



Moises Saman—New York Times-Redux

A domestic worker, top right, assists a Kuwaiti woman and her children.

stand Tagalog, and read only Filipino papers in English, till I was looking through José’s eyes.” So convincing was his narrator that there were false rumors in the Arab press that *The Bamboo Stalk* was written by a Filipino-Kuwaiti. At a press conference in Abu Dhabi, Alsanousi made a rhetorical point in identifying with his hero. “I say my mother is a Filipino, and I’m proud of her,” he declared.

Through a character who brings José to Kuwait but, ironically, has few rights himself, the novel also alludes to the plight of the Bidun—the more than 106,000 stateless people who may have lived in Kuwait for decades. Although Alsanousi sees

many as deserving of citizenship, he is uneasy about “those who tore up their papers to avoid being sent back, and took refuge in Kuwait, where the government does everything for you.” The argument echoes one heard across the affluent world, wherever citizenship bestows generous state benefits. Yet, he adds, “I wouldn’t give that group nationality, but I would give them human rights.” Until recent, minor reforms, if Biduns wanted to get married, “it wasn’t recognized, so their children would be illegitimate. A Bidun couldn’t get a birth certificate, nor a death certificate, so he was eternal. Human rights and citizenship

are two different things."

While the novel charts some progress in women's rights (Kuwaiti women won the vote in 2005), Alsanousi points out that, unlike men, women who marry foreigners cannot pass their nationality on to their children. He is also a sharp observer of a class system that prevents some Kuwaiti families from marrying into others.

"Higher-class families are not free at all. You're watched continuously to avoid any scandal."

Alsanousi, who now works in the same baking company's head office and writes columns for Kuwaiti newspapers, sees it as "our problem as closed societies that we think

we're ideal people, that there's nothing wrong with what we've inherited." His grandmother still remembers life before oil, when men would spend nine months at sea looking for pearls.



THE BAMBOO STALK BY SAUD ALSANOUSI.
Arab Scientific Publishers.



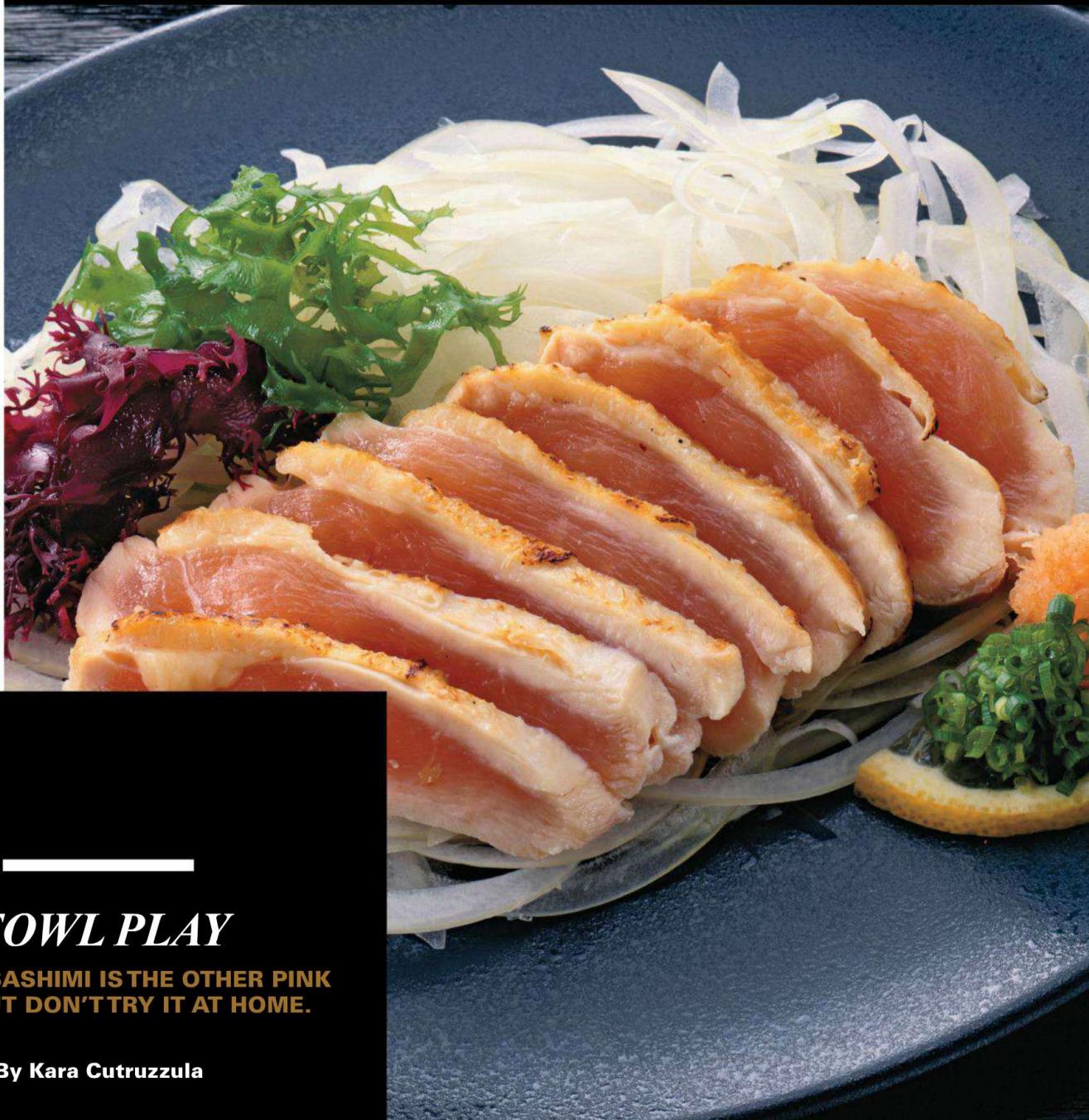
Aron Suevég—Anzenberger-Redux

Kuwait passed a bill to grant 4,000 Biduns citizenship in March.

A century ago, he says, when there were only 30,000 Kuwaitis "living inside a wall on the sea," it was a "very closed, conservative, religious society. Now it seems open, but deep down, tradition and custom still govern things." Gulf citizens may be, like the author, well traveled and feel as at ease in Western dress as traditional robes, "but we're still insular," he argues. "We just take our culture in a trunk to Oxford or the Champs-Élysées."

Pained at others' image of his compatriots, he wrote his winning novel to "make the reader experience this pain, so they would look for the cure." ■

Maya Jaggi was awarded an honorary doctorate from Britain's Open University in 2012 for her outstanding contribution in cultural journalism.

Studio Eye—Corbis*A few very select restaurants serve up chicken sashimi style.*

FOWL PLAY

CHICKEN SASHIMI IS THE OTHER PINK MEAT. BUT DON'T TRY IT AT HOME.

By Kara Cutruzzula

Few people would dream of asking for “chicken—medium rare, please” at their next neighborhood barbecue, but at a few (emphasis on few) restaurants around the world, that’s exactly what diners are ordering. Whether billed as chicken sashimi or sasami, chicken tartare or tataki, select restaurants are daring

to serve meat so raw it's practically still clucking. After a few friends raved about their own electrifying experiences with the dish, I decided to find out what the fuss was about—and whether I could get my hands



Francesc Guillamet

Chicken sashimi at Dos Palillos in Spain is “mellow and sweet, and a bit fatty.”

on this elusive culinary contraband.

The most popular restaurant for raw chicken on the West Coast is the always busy Ippuku in Berkeley, California, whose most “OMG, guess what I just ate!” dish is chicken tartare served with a raw quail’s egg. “Freshness is really the key,” says founder and chef Christian Geiderman. “Our chickens come in with the heads and feet on, and the rigor mortis is still so fresh in them that you can stand the chickens up by their legs.” By using poultry from a few small farms, the kitchen knows exactly how long ago each bird was killed. A quick bath in boiling water for five to 10 seconds, just long enough for the outside to turn white, is the only means of cooking it at Ippuku. Geiderman compares the mouthfeel to raw tuna and the flavor to yel-

lowfin or bigeye.

Channeling Pumbaa's description of bugs in *The Lion King*, one friend who dined at Ippuku last year called the tartare "slimy, yet satisfying."

Ippuku was partly inspired by Nagomi, a Tokyo restaurant run by Geiderman's friends and one of many known for serving poultry sashimi. "In big cities like Osaka, Kyoto, and Tokyo, it's just run-of-the-mill," says Geiderman. "Almost any upscale yakitori place will also have chicken sashimi on the menu." (Yakitori means grilled chicken, but it's more known as a style of cooking meat on skewers over hot coals.) Even Anthony Bourdain chowed down on the stuff at Tokyo restaurant Toriki while cameras rolled for his TV show *No Reservations* a couple of years ago.

These cubes are so raw, they glisten. So what of the insidious S word: salmonella? As Geiderman points out, all chicken has a risk factor for salmonella, but the inner breast—the part getting its tartare on at Ippuku—is the most well protected, decreasing its chance of exposure to salmonella, which lives in the digestive tract. Working with a small farm is key. At large commercial chicken operations—the ones likely supplying your local grocery chain—chickens pass through many more hands, upping the risk for salmonella (incidences increase in the summer, when warm weather provides cozy conditions for bacteria, according to the New York Health Department). Technically, curious cooks could try a similar version at home, but unless they're looking to get better acquainted with their toilet bowls, it's not advisable. Steak tartare, on the other hand, is commonly accepted; after all, it's just a few degrees cooler than meat cooked medium rare.

Better to leave it to the chefs to push culinary boundaries, transforming something slightly terrifying into an edible work of art. At Dos Palillos, a Michelin-starred Spanish-Asian tapas bar with locations in Barcelona and Berlin, chef Albert Raurich serves chicken sasami, sourced from a free-range farm where the birds eat grains and corn. Made by marinating the tenderloin in ginger oil and grilling it about a foot above a flame for two minutes max before finishing with a ginger-infused soy sauce and a bit of sansho pepper and wasabi, the result is served raw, but hot. "Very mellow and sweet, and

a bit fatty,” says Raurich, who admits that some diners arrive eager to try anything, while others are convinced only after hearing about the sensations they’ll feel on their palates. For some especially reluctant customers, the restaurant reveals the dish as chicken only after they’ve eaten it. But with Raurich’s pedigree as the former head chef of Michelin-starred El Bulli, widely recognized as the best restaurant in the world, who wouldn’t trust him?

With yakitori gaining popularity in the U.S., I thought certainly one or two places in New York City could help me on my quest for sasami enlightenment. After opening in 2004, Yakitori Totto was infamous for its chicken sashimi, although *The New Yorker*’s Leo Carey deemed it “less dramatically weird than one secretly hoped.” Despite my pleas, Totto says it stopped serving it six years ago. Yakitori Torishin, the city’s only Michelin-starred yakitori joint, is its closest competitor. After reading numerous Yelp reviews claiming that Torishin serves sashimi (and one waitress’s confirmation), I ate my way through the delicious omakase menu of chef’s favorites—past chicken hearts, thighs, and oysters (a small piece of dark meat within skipping distance of the thigh), grilled shishito peppers and corn, and duck breast and asparagus, among other skewered delights, all the way to dessert.

Wait ... no sashimi? Despite the arrival of chickens every day from a farm in Pennsylvania—“very fresh,” says the waitress, making a chopping motion with her hands—they stopped serving chicken medium rare about a year ago (although one Yelp reviewer claimed to have tried it six months ago). Blame the city’s health department, which demands poultry be cooked to 165 degrees—and, perhaps, the increased publicity that arrives in tandem with Michelin accolades. She asks one of the chefs where I might be able to find this elusive dish and translates his advice—that I have it with his master chef at Toriyoshi. In Tokyo. And there’s always the more permissive Berkeley. Meanwhile, the waitress points out that one of my skewers, long since eaten, was similar to sasami. The juicy breast tenderloin topped with a smudge of wasabi was cooked less than the others, probably medium. I had come so close to greatness, but all I could remember was that it tasted like chicken. ■

Paul Schiraldi—Netflix



TV'S TRANSFORMATIVE MOMENT

NETFLIX'S NEW SHOW TAKES A CASTING CUE FROM REAL LIFE.

By Hugh Ryan

Orange Is the New Black, Netflix's original series that debuted on July 11, is no prison TV show by way of Victoria's Secret. Created by Jenji Kohan (the mind behind *Weeds*), the dramedy portrays with nuance its diverse cast of char-

acters—prisoners, lesbians of color, poor people, and even WASPs. And, most shockingly, a transgender woman of color—played by a transgender woman of color.

For the first time in TV history, a transgender character is at the forefront of a show and being portrayed by a black transgender woman. (Transgender is an umbrella term that also includes transsexuals.) Laverne Cox plays Sophia Burset, a former firefighter sent to prison for using credit cards stolen from the wreckage of fires she helped put out. In prison, she acts as a hairdresser, friend, and political conscience for the other prisoners, while also trying to ensure ac-

cess to her female hormones and repairing her relationship with her wife and son. There has only ever been one other recurring, substantive transgender TV role held by a transgender actor: *Dirty Sexy Money's* Carmelita, played by Candis Cayne, who is a staple in small transgender roles, including turns on *Nip/Tuck*, *Drop Dead Diva*, *Necessary Roughness*, and *CSI: NY*.

"Sophia's the role I've dreamed about, prepared for, trained for," says Cox, who has been acting for more than a decade in shows like *Law & Order* and *Bored to Death*

“

Audiences generally encounter trans people not as actors, but via some form of reality programming.

and in independent films like *The Exhibitionists*. Born in Alabama, Cox made her way to Marymount Manhattan College in New York City in the late '90s (she demurs

on her age), where she would come out as transgender and begin her transition. Almost immediately, she began being cast in shows in the theater department, even though she was a dance major. Despite her talent and interest, acting never seemed a viable career path. "I just didn't think I could have a career as an actor because I'm trans," Cox says.

Indeed on television, audiences generally encounter trans people not as actors but via some form of reality programming. All too often in the past, the forum was exploitative daytime talk, such as *The Jerry Springer Show's* 1997 episode "My Boyfriend Is a Girl" (the show aired numerous iterations of this episode over the years). Recently, however, modern reality competitions have begun to depict trans people in a more nuanced light. The most obvious example is RuPaul's *Drag Race*, but trans contestants have also appeared on *America's Next Top Model* (Isis King) and *Dancing With the Stars* (Chaz Bono). Cox herself had her breakout moment as a contestant on the first season of VH1's *I Want to Work for Diddy* in 2009. She parlayed that experience into her own VH1 show, 2011's

TRANSform Me, a touching reality series in which Cox and two other transgender women gave physical and emotional makeovers to cisgendered (someone who identifies with the gender that they're born as) women.

Still, scripted roles for transgender actors are few and far between. More often than not they are limited to bit parts where they deliver a single sassy line, solicit someone for sex in a sordid alley, or die brutally during the opening credits of a police procedural. Cox is all too familiar with these roles, having played them before, as deeply and richly as their problematic scripts would allow.

"As an actor, it's not my job to judge characters," she says, "but to infuse them with as much multidimensionality as I can. I've known trans women who've been in the sex industry, and their stories deserve to be told in a human way. I would rather see a trans person playing that character than a cisgendered male actor in a wig."

Knowing what Cox would face as an actress, her first acting teacher, Actor's Studio life member Susan Batson, told her that "it would be my job to bring truth and rawness" to these stereotypi-

cal, two-dimensional roles, Cox recalls. In other words, to act—something that network executives and casting directors all too often believe trans people are incapable of doing.

"The wisdom has been that trans actors can't or won't go deep," says Cox, "because—and a lot of this is because of how we've been represented—people think that our identities are not real. We are fake women." At the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation awards one year, a well-known director told Cox that "all she could do was glamour."

This same logic keeps transgender actors from being put forward for non-trans-specific roles. In her talks with casting executives and agents, Cox has been told routinely that this idea is a nonstarter. (Cox has gotten roles that weren't specifically written for trans people, such as her turn as Blithe Stargazer in 2012's *The Exhibitionists*, but only when the director has specifically requested her.) Yet the reverse is commonplace. When substantive transgender characters are written (which happens more in film than in television), cisgendered actors are typically cast—even when it's a queer film made by a queer director. From Hilary



John Medina—WireImage/Getty Images

As a transgender person, Cox never believed she could have a career as an actor.

Swank's Oscar-winning performance in 1999's *Boys Don't Cry*, directed and co-written by Kimberly Peirce, to Felicity Huffman as the transgendered woman lead in 2005's *Transamerica*, written and directed by Duncan Tucker, well-meaning LGB people often write trans narratives without employing actual trans people. In the current TV landscape, there's one recurring trans character on network television (*Glee*'s Unique) and one on cable (*Degrassi: The Next Generation*'s Adam Torres), according to a GLAAD report; both are played by actors who identify as cisgendered.

Moreover, complex trans characters are almost always written as white. "Black families like the Bursets, going through a transition, with a wife, with a child? I don't think I've ever seen that on TV," says Cox. "Ever."

It helps, of course, that *Orange Is the New Black* is a Netflix original, and thus able to circumvent the scrutiny of advertisers on network and cable television. And Kohan has often shown herself to be more than willing to buck received wisdom and make complex choices.

But there are also signs that the industry as a whole is evolving.

Transgender actress Harmony Santana was nominated for an Independent Spirit Award for Best Supporting Actress for her role in the 2011 festival-circuit movie *Gun Hill Road*, making her the first transgender actor to be acknowledged by a major acting award in the United States. Last November, the Sundance Channel greenlit a TV series, *T*, which the network described as a "deeply personal look at Terrence, a transgender male who has recently undergone gender reassignment surgery and is beginning to live life as a man." Casting for Terrence has yet to be announced, but here's hoping a trans person will get the role.

Still, casting choices won't matter until there's good material to be cast in and great actors to cast. And that takes vision and time, says Cox, who is ultimately optimistic.

"I believe in the creatives. When the creatives begin to do it, the casting directors will come along." ■

Hugh Ryan is a journalist and young-adult author in New York City. His work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *Tin House*, and *Details*, among other publications.



IT'S CROPPING UP CROP TOPS

THINK SOPHISTICATED, NOT SCANDALOUS.

By Isabel Wilkinson

From left: Victor Virgile—Gamma-Rapho-Getty Images, Karl Prouse—Catwalking-Getty Images, Chris Moore—Catwalking-Getty Images (3), Jennifer Polixenni Brankin—Everett Collection

When the Spring/Summer 2013 collections debuted on runways last fall, it sent a collective shiver through the fashion world: by summer, fashionable women everywhere were going to have to have really, really flat abs.

Could women stomach midriff mania? The answer, apparently, is yes. As summer swelters on, the belly-baring trend has popped up on red carpets, streets, at pool parties, and even in offices—to relieve those for whom a swath of fabric across the stomach is just too much to bear.

Crop tops are nothing new, though their skimpiness has always attracted attention. Ginger Rogers played tennis in one in 1950. Ann-Margret paired one with a whip in 1964. A ponytailed Barbara Eden wore one in every episode of *I Dream of Jeannie*. Madonna spawned a fashion craze in 1983 after she wore a mesh version in the music video for “Lucky Star.” And Jennifer Grey and Beals turned them into dance and workout staples in *Dirty Dancing* and *Flashdance*, respectively.

The current crop-top trend has been swept in with the tide of ’90s revival everywhere in fashion, from platform shoes to ripped jeans to backpacks. Think Britney Spears, who took the belly tee to eye-popping extremes in the coy form of a tied blouse (...*Baby One More Time*), midriff-revealing

turtlenecks (*Sometimes*), and finally a plain old bra (*I'm A Slave 4 U*). Christina Aguilera answered with an even skimpier version in her raunchy *Dirrrty* video. The Spice Girls, too, were crop-top enthusiasts, prancing around in belly-button-exposing costumes while ruling the charts.

But this season’s crop top isn’t something you sweat in. And it doesn’t want to shock. It’s cooler and fresher than ever before, without the titillation of the Britney era. When paired with high-waisted pants or skirts, it’s ladylike and refined. Michael Kors’s striped versions are vibrant and sophisticated, and Alexander Wang’s assortment of minimal, monochromatic cropped tanks and bra tops are the go-to summer shirts for the style set.

At the Dior Haute Couture show in early July, Jennifer Lawrence paired a pink crop top by the designer with loosely fitting pants. Beyoncé recently wore a striped skirt and matching crop top from Topshop, and Kim Kardashian shimmied herself into a tightly fitting black one before announcing her pregnancy.

Despite the current season’s midriff evolution (or revolution?), the question for the uninitiated remains: who dares to bare? From Barbara Eden to Miley Cyrus, take a page from crop-top history.



Bettmann—Corbis

Ginger Rogers swung for the fences in her fashion-forward tennis whites and scarf in 1950.



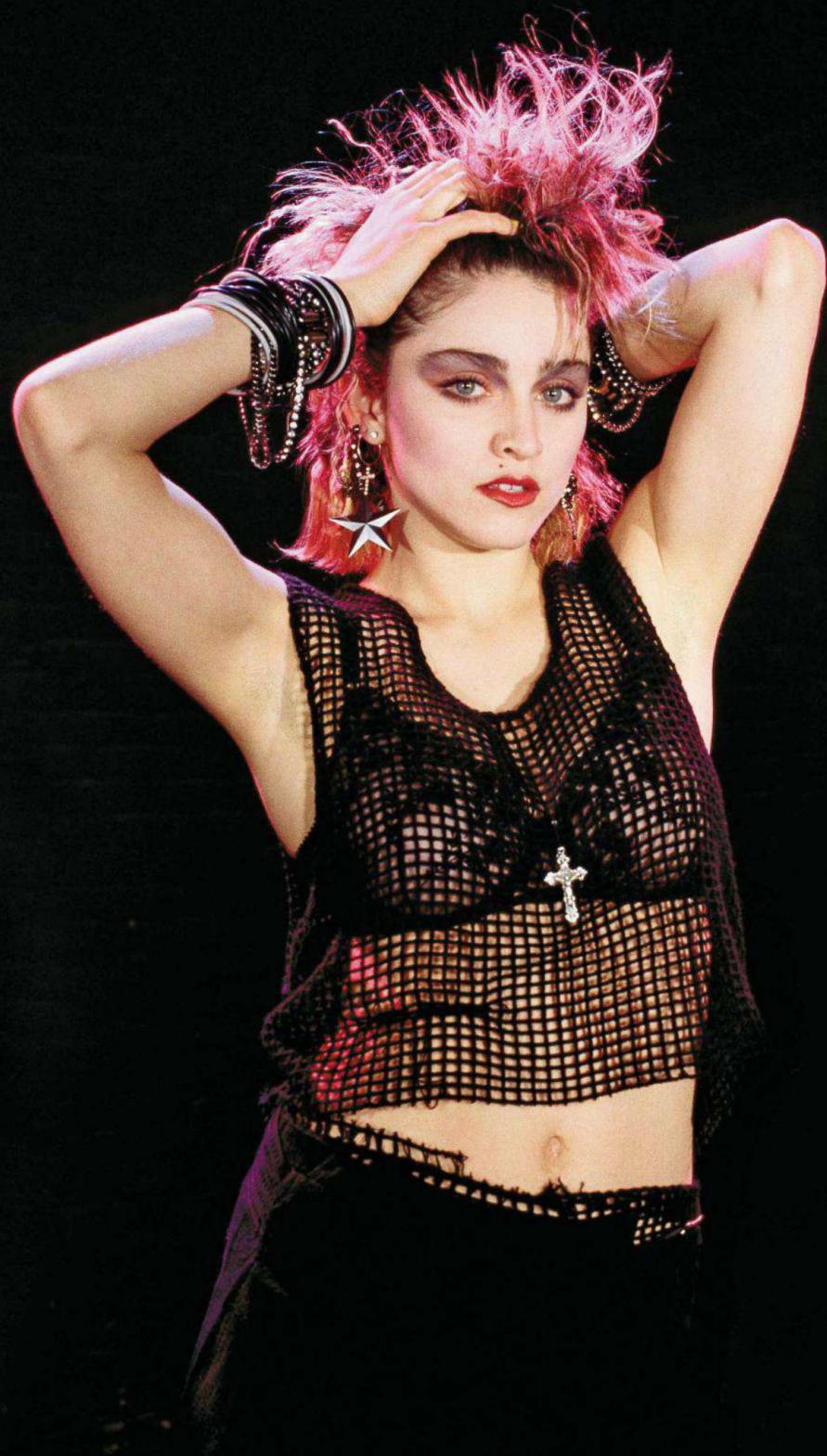
Everett Collection

Marilyn Monroe was the epitome of young, wild, and free in a cropped sweater and high-waisted shorts in 1951.



Silver Screen Collection—Getty Images

*Barbara Eden in her iconic role on *I Dream of Jeannie* in 1967.*



Kees Tabak — Sunshine-Zuma

Madonna's controversial video for "Lucky Star" in 1983, in which she wore a mesh crop top over a lace bra, started a fashion craze.



Vestron Pictures Ltd—Photofest

Jennifer Grey played a sultry Frances “Baby” Houseman in *Dirty Dancing* in 1987.



Jeff Kravitz—FilmMagic/Getty Images

The Spice Girls spiced up our lives in the '90s with their outrageous ensembles, pictured here in 1997.



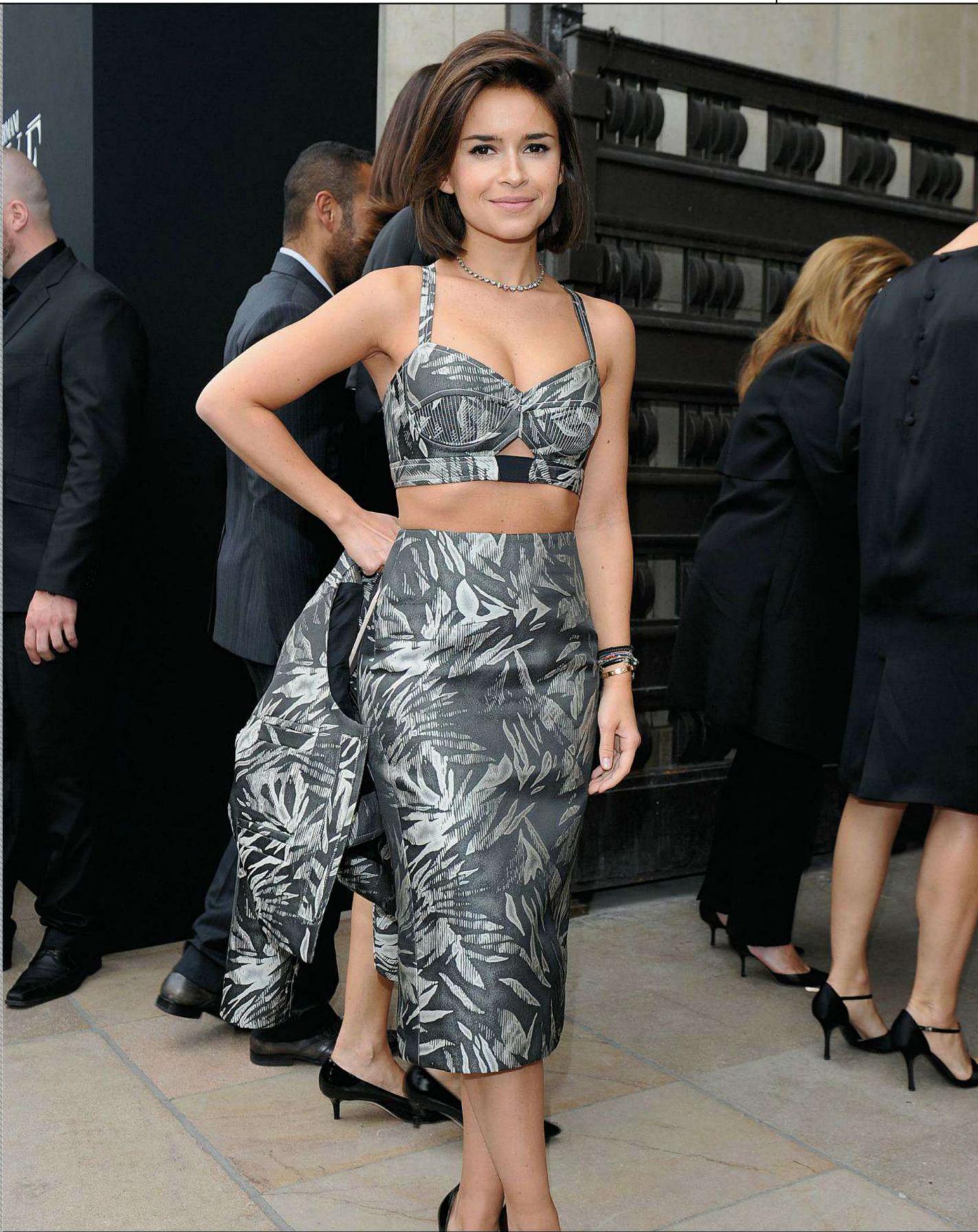
Ron Wolfson—WireImage/Getty Images

Britney Spears may have covered her neck while filming her video “Sometimes” in 2000, but she bared her abs.



Pacific Coast News

Kim Kardashian was caught in a stretch crop top with a leather peplum skirt in Miami last December.



Jacopo Raule—FilmMagic-Getty Images

Russian street-style star Miroslava Duma attended the Giorgio Armani Privé show during Paris Haute Couture Week in July in a palm-printed gray skirt, jacket, and matching bralette by Jason Wu.



Martin Bureau—AFP/Getty Images

The Hunger Games star went all out for the Dior Haute Couture show in Paris in a billowing Christian Dior skirt-pants paired with a pink crop top.



James Devaney—WireImage/Getty Images

Most recently, Miley Cyrus visited Good Morning America in a revealing crocheted black-and-white skirt and matching bra top.