SNOWDEN'S HELPERS

RUSSIA'S RUBBER HAMMER

Newsweek

01.16.2015

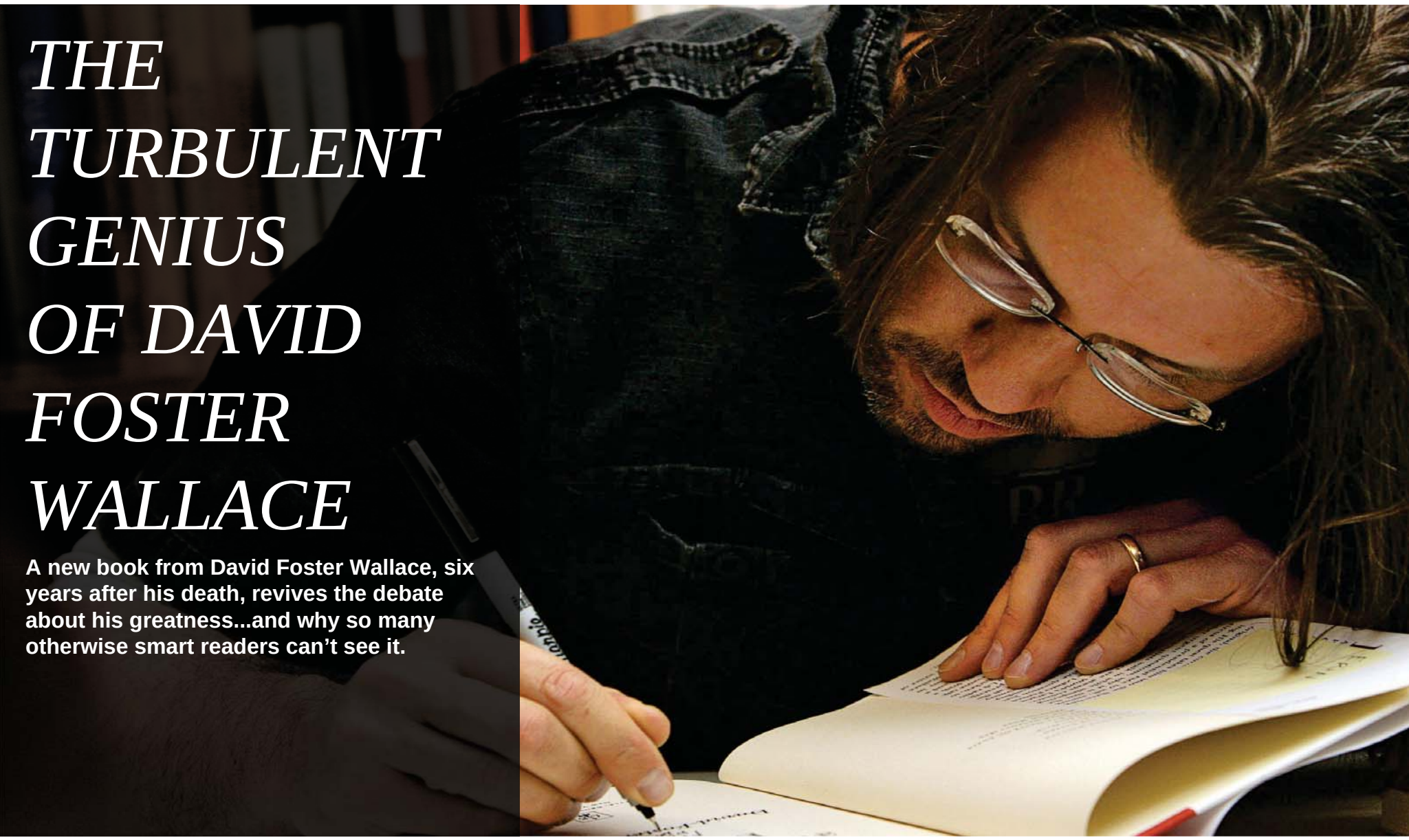
THE GRATING AMERICAN NOVEL

THE TURBULENT GENIUS OF DAVID FOSTER WALLACE



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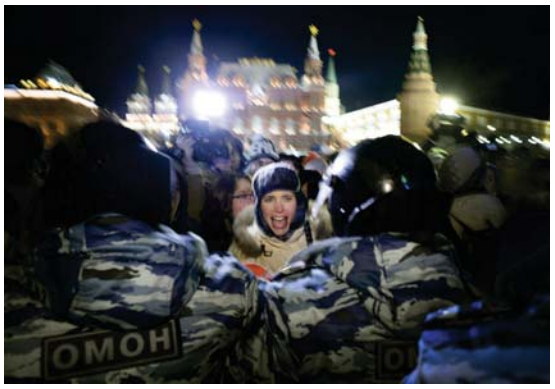
THE TURBULENT GENIUS OF DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

A new book from David Foster Wallace, six years after his death, revives the debate about his greatness...and why so many otherwise smart readers can't see it.



DAVID MIRANDA AND THE HUMAN-RIGHTS BLACK HOLE

DOWNLOADS



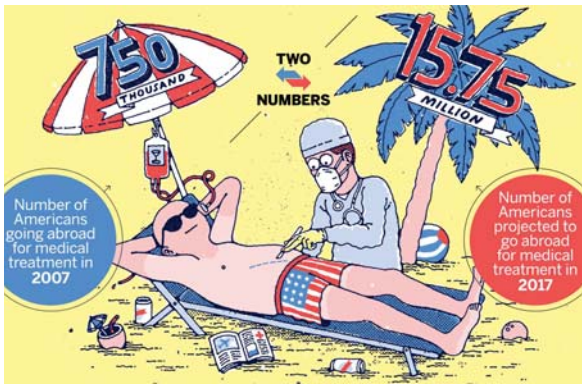
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IS PUTIN'S HAMMER RUBBER?



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THE WINTER OF EGYPT'S DISSENT



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THE MADNESS OF MARIUPOL

NEW WORLD



THE FRIENDLIER NEEDLE

DOWNTIME



FOUND! A MISSING BLOOMSBURY MURAL



FIGHTING WITH GUERRILLA THEATER AFTER THE DEATH OF ERIC GARNER



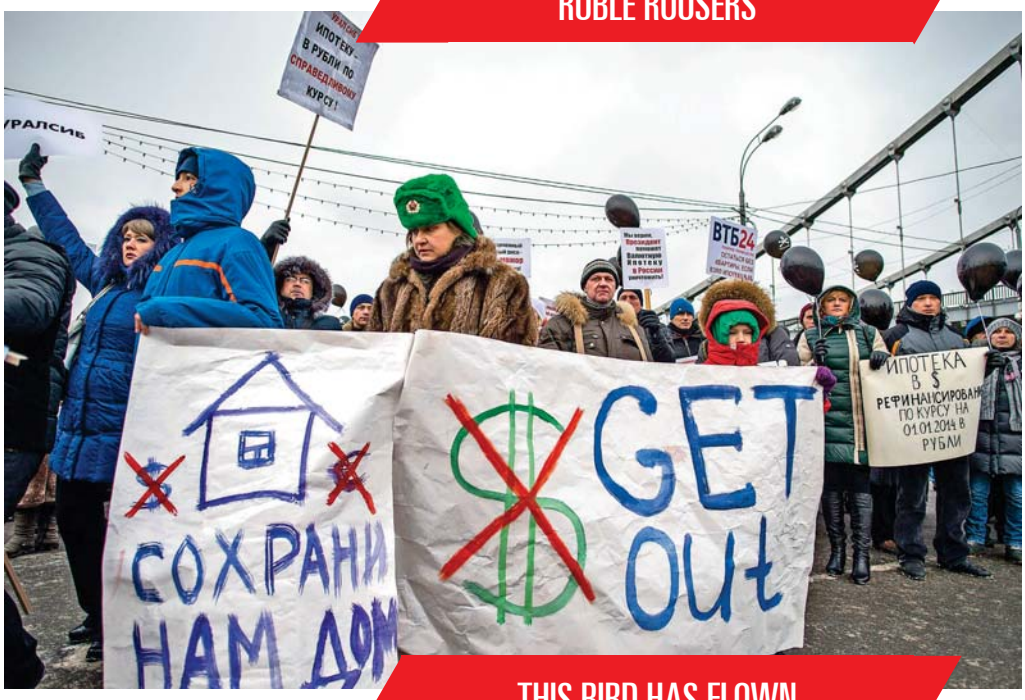
THE ACTION IN 'THE MISSING'

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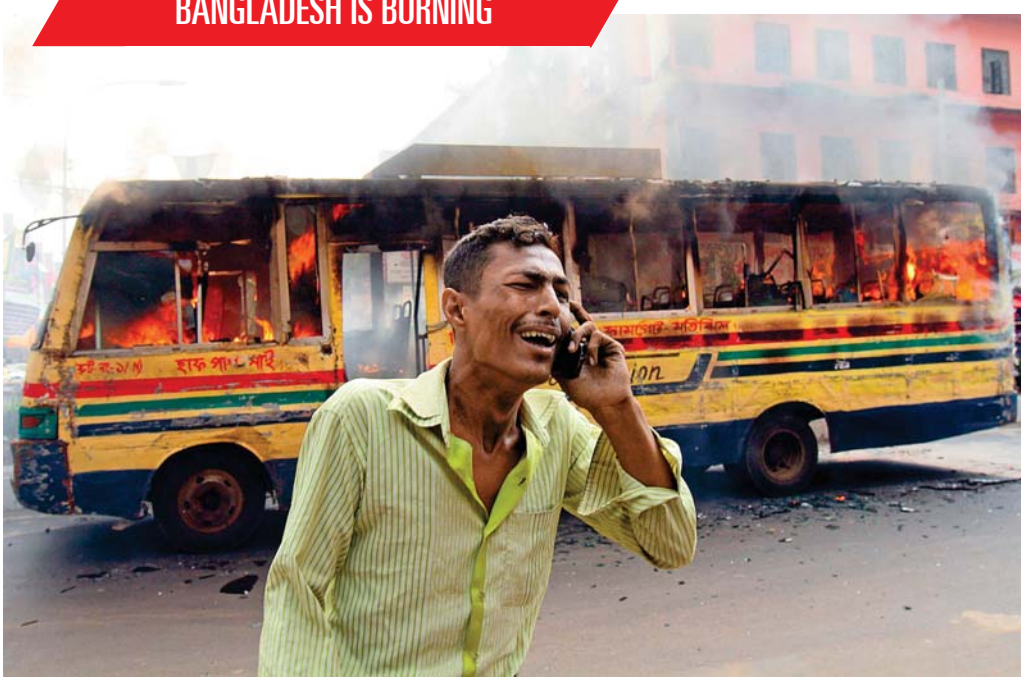
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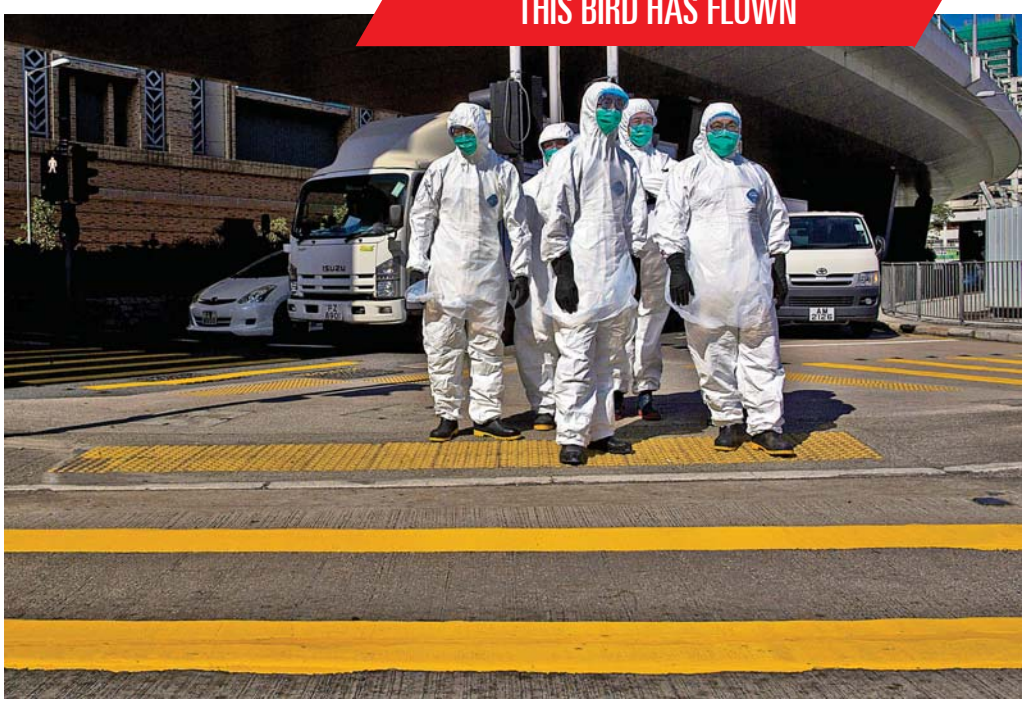
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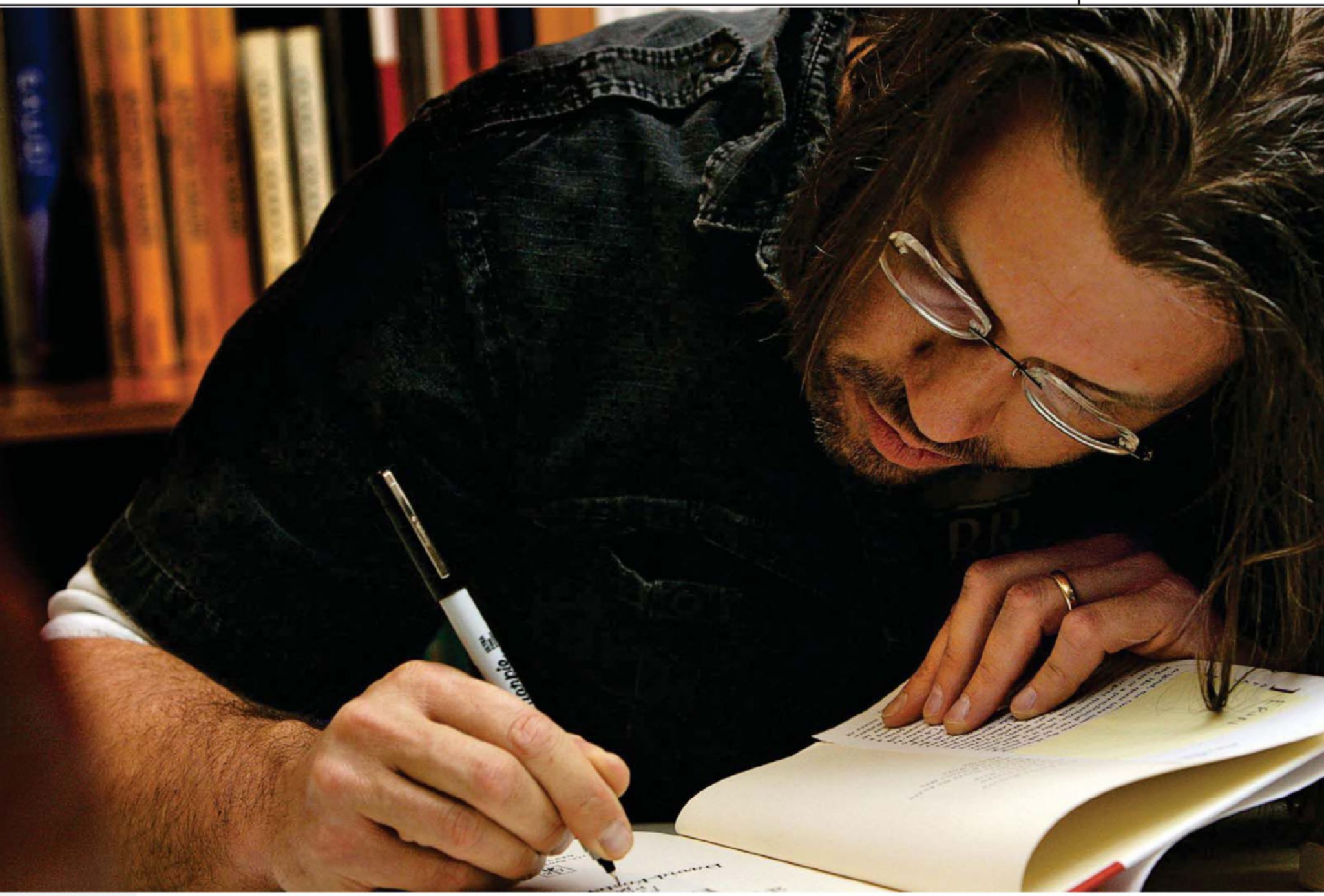


BANGLADESH IS BURNING



THIS BIRD HAS FLOWN





Suzy Allman/The New York Times/Redux

THE TURBULENT GENIUS OF DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

A NEW BOOK FROM DAVID FOSTER WALLACE, SIX YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH, REVIVES THE DEBATE ABOUT HIS GREATNESS...AND WHY SO MANY OTHERWISE SMART READERS CAN'T SEE IT.

Read what follows with a stern caveat emptor in mind, for it has been written by an unabashed David Foster Wallace fanboy, one of those forlorn, bespectacled young men covertly handed a copy of Infinite Jest in his formative

years, and who subsequently recited passages from the novel the way early Christians, hiding in dim catacombs, must have read with secret, feverish ecstasy from the epistles of Paul. You know the kind: mop-haired hipsters dragging themselves through The Broom of the System, Wallace's first novel, getting their angry fix from the essays of A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again and Consider the Lobster. I was one of them. I am one of them still.

For a while in the mid-aughts, I drifted from the Wallace tribe. He'd published a short story collection, Oblivion, and a book about set theory (nonfiction, obvs) called Everything and More: A Compact History of Infinity. I was waiting for the next novel, though, a successor to Infinite Jest that would somehow trump Infinite Jest. What was taking him so damn long?

But then, on September 14, 2008, I got an email with the subject heading "so sad." It was from the college friend who'd first pressed Infinite Jest into my hands, back in the days when I thought American fiction began with Ernest Hemingway and ended with Raymond Carver, back when I actually imagined (oh, youth!) that postmodernism was no more than the cerebral onanism of Donald Barthelme and his metafictional myrmidons: Look, Ma, I broke down the fourth wall!

The old college chum waxed poetic in the aforementioned email about having first read Infinite Jest: "Like coming home to a stiff drink or other drug of your choice after a long hard day or week, it was something I'd look forward to regularly. I'd never read something that so continually blew me away, in a variety of ways, despite being as challenging as it was." Then, turning suddenly to anger, he chastised those who mistook Wallace's textual experimentations for the sort of postmodern trickery he'd so thoroughly and explicitly renounced: "Fuck James Wood [The New Yorker's resident critic] for ignoring this man's intense effort to communicate human emotion and

instead pigeonholing him as a po-mo, ironic, long-winded whatever."

I understood neither the fury nor sentimentalism of this Sunday morning e-missive. But then I opened the paper and grasped at once what was "so sad." The headline read, "David Foster Wallace, Influential Writer, Dies at 46." He had been suffering from depression for years, and in 2007 had jettisoned his medication. The ground opened up, and the bottomless darkness swallowed him whole. On the evening of September 12, Karen Green, his wife, went for a walk. "After [she] left, Wallace went into the garage and turned on the lights," writes D.T. Max in Every Love Story Is a Ghost Story: A Life of David Foster Wallace. "He wrote her a two page note. Then he crossed through the house to the patio, where he climbed onto a chair and hanged himself."

In that brightly lit garage, his wife would eventually find the fragments of a novel long in the making, which Wallace's editor at Little, Brown, Michael Pietsch, cobbled together into The Pale King. The novel—Wallace's finest, IMHO, and if you've read this far, I am guessing you care at least a teensy bit about what my HO might be—was a finalist for the 2012 Pulitzer Prize, but the committee did not award a fiction prize that year, spinelessly forgoing the opportunity to bestow a well-deserved posthumous honor to a writer who'd never been feted, for whatever reason, on the literary prize circuit. Then again, the Pulitzer board had rescinded the 1974 prize for Thomas Pynchon's Gravity's Rainbow because some Puritan couldn't countenance the vision of Tyrone Slothrop's tumescent member. And when one considers the middling talents who have won the Pulitzer and that Pynchon was Wallace's foremost literary influence, maybe the snub was a more significant commendation.

Since the arrival of The Pale King, Wallace's estate and Pietsch have published several books: This Is Water,

the philosophical and quietly rousing commencement address Wallace gave at Kenyon College in 2005; Signifying Rappers, the superannuated but amusing pop-culture treatise he wrote about hip-hop with his college friend Mark Costello; Both Flesh and Not, a collection of lesser-known essays; Fate, Time, and Language: An Essay on Free Will, a discussion of the philosopher Richard Taylor written when Wallace was in college, where he studied literature and philosophy.

Now comes The David Foster Wallace Reader, a big and handsome tome with selections from both his fiction and nonfiction, as well as a smattering of teaching materials that include discussions with his mother about the finer points of English grammar (e.g., the pesky lie/lay dichotomy). Its selections were chosen by 24 editorial advisers, but the project unquestionably belongs to Pietsch. Now the chief of the Hachette publishing behemoth, he seems to approach the posthumous publication of Wallace's work with the zeal of a missionary looking over a sea of heathens. Wallace's death was an abomination he could not prevent, but he will not allow the man's work to pass into oblivion.

But do we need The David Foster Wallace Reader? According to Maslow's hierarchy of needs, probably not. Though the book seems like a Christmas gift in the making, it contains almost no new work. But I think I get what Pietsch is doing here, and I am all for it. You need evidence of miracles for sainthood; you need something only marginally more mundane to sustain a bid for lasting literary greatness, for entrance into that pantheon protected from the vicissitudes of literary taste. This is part of that effort, a reminder of how good Wallace could be, whether he was writing about Kafka or the Illinois State Fair, whether he was making stuff up or trying to see things as they actually are.

I don't mean that his writing is flawless. In fact, the flaws are all too obvious: a charming loquacity that could

lapse into annoying logorrhea, an inability to fashion anything resembling plot, and, most damning, the inability to resolve the question of irony, namely whether it was a useful strategy or a dangerous disguise. Some were simply “allergic” to his style, which in both the fiction and nonfiction scrambled technical jargon with mall-escalator colloquialisms. The novelist Richard Ford once told me that he tried reading Infinite Jest but saw no point in continuing after a while: “OK, that’s enough,” he remembered thinking as he closed the book.

But those who love Wallace overlook those faults. His voice seems geared to the overeducated American college graduate plodding toward adulthood, tired of sarcasm but resorting to it too often, suspicious of belief but desperate for faith, awash in meanings but lacking Meaning. He is the slightly older, vastly smarter friend who’d break it all down over a joint; I don’t think his ever-present bandanna and stubble, which lent him the aura of a New Age guru, were accidental vestments.

Wallace did not subscribe to Hemingway’s “iceberg theory” of fiction, wherein the unsaid was the greater part of artistry. If Wallace had written “Hills Like White Elephants,” it would have been an incredibly frank, convoluted and informed (not to mention unbelievably verbose and sometimes even weirdly jaunty) debate about abortion, not a sparse short story about the same. Indeed, Wallace’s work can sometimes take on the voice of a plainspoken prophet, as in these passages from Infinite Jest, with every declarative statement beginning with the pronoun that:

That cockroaches can, up to a certain point, be lived with.

That “acceptance” is usually more a matter of fatigue than anything else.

That different people have radically different ideas of basic personal hygiene.

…

That it is permissible to want.

That everybody is identical in their secret unspoken belief that way deep down they are different from everyone else. That this isn’t necessarily perverse.

That there might not be angels, but there are people who might as well be angels.

It’s a long way from cockroaches to angels. You might say that Wallace was one of the few writers equipped to travel the distance.



The David Foster Wallace Reader collects his works and makes a case for his place in modern literature. Credit: Hachette Book Group

Wallace grew up in a small Illinois town that he called in one essay (“Derivative Sport in Tornado Alley”) “a

tiny collection of corn silos and war-era Levittown homes whose native residents did little but sell crop insurance and nitrogen fertilizer and herbicide and collect property taxes from the young academics at nearby Champaign-Urbana's university." His father, Jim, was one of those academics, teaching philosophy at the University of Illinois. His mother, Sally, taught English at Parkland College. If one of the Wallace children made a grammatical error at dinner, she would lapse into a paroxysm of coughing until the error was caught and corrected. Max writes in his biography of Wallace that "he would later tell interviewers of his memory of his parents lying in bed, holding hands, reading Ulysses to each other." In other words, a family as average as the Joneses.

Jim Wallace had gone to Amherst College; Wallace fils went there, too. Though signs of mental distress had shown themselves earlier, in the form of childhood anxiety, they now blossomed like black flowers. He had to take time off from school in 1982, then again in 1983. During the second of these depressive episodes, he read Gravity's Rainbow and wrote a short story called "The Planet Trillaphon as It Stands in Relation to the Bad Thing." Trilafon is an antipsychotic medication. You have surely divined, already, the nature of "the Bad Thing."

"Trillaphon" was published in the Amherst Review, and more recently in Tin House, but appears here for the first time for popular consumption in book form. It inaugurates The David Foster Wallace Reader with these ominous words: "I've been on antidepressants for, what, about a year now, and I suppose I feel as if I'm pretty qualified to tell what they're like. They're fine, really, but they're fine in the same way that, say, living on another planet that was warm and comfortable and had food and fresh water would be fine: it would be fine, but it wouldn't be good old Earth, obviously." This is juvenilia, sure, but it is revealing. "Everything in you is sick and grotesque," Wallace writes

in “Trillaphon” of the depression that never relinquished its hold on him. This slight story may be the most personally revealing thing he ever wrote.

After graduating from Amherst, Wallace decided to get a graduate degree in creative writing. He was admitted to the University of Iowa Writers’ Workshop, but chose the program at the University of Arizona instead, where, according to Max, he “wouldn’t have to come out writing like John Cheever”—a horrifying thought, much as I adore the Ovid of Ossining. He acquired an agent who managed to sell his first novel, The Broom of the System, to Viking’s Gerry Howard.

Trying to choose a representative selection from one of Wallace’s three novels (average length: 717 pages) is like trying to choose a single boulder to capture the feeling of climbing Mount Everest. There are only about 40 pages of Broom here, which Howard notes in his afterword is “a novel of ideas, most of them deriving from the gnomic philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein,” a collegiate favorite of Wallace’s. The whimsical names of the characters (Biff Diggerence, Vance Vigorous, Candy Mandible) hint at Pynchon’s influence. Published in 1986, the novel clashed with the superficial Brat Pack style that had recently come to reign over American fiction. Wallace made Bret Easton Ellis, whose Less Than Zero had come out the year before, seem like a coke-addled interloper in literature’s grand cathedral, kind of amusing but totally ephemeral. “Clearly Mr. Wallace possesses a wealth of talents,” Michiko Kakutani wrote in The New York Times, though she worried that the 24-year-old novelist was too enamored of his own intelligence. The same charge would hound Wallace for the rest of his life.

In 1989, Wallace published the short story collection Girl With Curious Hair, two stories from which are in the Reader (“Little Expressionless Animals” and “My Appearance”). The experimental stories inflated his reputation as a Serious

Young Talent (as the capitalization-prone Wallace might have put it), but they left me impressed yet unmoved. Though their preoccupation with sincerity in an age of screens—because aren't screens just masks?—is central to Wallace's oeuvre, this concern finds fuller expression in his novels than in his stories—and there are several included in the Reader from Brief Interviews With Hideous Men (1999) and Oblivion (2004). He was a better marathoner than sprinter. In an essay called "Some Remarks on Kafka's Funniness From Which Probably Not Enough Has Been Removed" (yup, it's in the Reader), Wallace noted that "the technical achievement of great short stories is often called compression." Kafka could compress meaning into a single gut-punch of a paragraph; Wallace needed the arc of hundreds of pages to make his point.

Infinite Jest, published in 1996, was his great screaming across the sky. More than 200 pages of it are excerpted in the Reader, but that makes up only about a fifth of the novel. A lap at the pool doesn't quite approximate traversing the English Channel; nevertheless, Pietsch and his advisers have obviously labored to give a sense of the novel, which A.O. Scott once surmised is "the longest novel about tennis ever published," at 1,100 gleefully end-noted pages. Nobody has contested that claim, though plenty have debated whether Infinite Jest is a great novel or a great disaster.

The title comes from Hamlet's "poor Yorick" speech at the commencement of the play's fifth act. Wallace seems to share the prince of Denmark's dismay at the "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable...uses of this world," a sentiment that may have its roots both in his Midwestern modesty and membership in that despairing clan known as Generation

In his astute analysis of Wallace's fiction, New Republic critic Adam Kirsch notes that the novelist admired Kurt Cobain, the Nirvana frontman who killed himself two years before Infinite Jest was published. Much like Wallace,

Cobain seemed utterly disgusted by and totally steeped in American popular culture.

Wallace continued to publish short stories and essays as Infinite Jest went viral in the old-fashioned way, wending its way through college campuses and East Village apartment shares. Young men gathered in apartments and, stoned, read their favorite passages (so I've heard, anyway). No other po-mo writer—neither John Barth nor William H. Gass; certainly not Richard Powers or Jayne Anne Phillips; not even William T. Vollmann, who deserved it then and still deserves it now—enjoyed such word-of-mouth high-culture popularity or, to use a phrase, cult status.

The follow-up novel only came in 2011, after Wallace was dead, leaving Pietsch to piece together the fragments. The result is fantastic, a mess both less complete and more fulfilling than Infinite Jest. The novel is about tax collectors: One hypnotic passage, not excerpted in the Reader, simply has them turning pages in an office. Thankfully, the Reader does include the opening of the novel, which displays Wallace's virtuosity with the English language, soaring above the intellectual asides and po-mo convolutions. Here's how the novel's first paragraph ends:

Very old land. Look around you. The horizon trembling, shapeless. We are all of us brothers.

No irony, no prolixity. I want to read that sentence, and the several that precede it, to all those smug detractors who confidently claim that Wallace was a weakling of a craftsman. He was sometimes a reluctant one, but The Pale King, far more than any of his other fiction, shows that he could summon Calliope when he needed to.

In a speech called "In Praise of Boredom," the Soviet-born poet Joseph Brodsky informed the graduating seniors of Dartmouth that a "substantial part of what lies ahead of you is going to be claimed by boredom." In The Pale King, Wallace is concerned with that substantial part, with minds full of desiccated things. It is a novel for, and about,

the modern postindustrial American worker, alone in his cubicle, alone in the world:

Try as he might he could not this last week help envisioning the inward lives of the older men to either side of him, doing this day after day. Getting up on Monday and chewing their toast and putting their hats and coats on knowing what they were going out the door to come back to for eight hours. This was boredom beyond any boredom he'd ever felt. This made the routing desk at UPS look like a day at Six Flags.

Reading this, I see why the Pulitzer committee shied away from awarding Wallace a prize. The Pale King is often philosophically and psychologically speculative, shorter than Infinite Jest but more ambitious, trying to cut through the dense tumor of modern malaise. Just looking at the Pulitzer citations, one pretty clearly gets a sense of what they are looking for: "beautifully written,"; "exquisitely crafted"; "polished prose." A rinky-dink single down the first base line is just about all that a small mind can grasp. Wallace, conversely, was the Reggie Jackson of modern American fiction, sometimes striking out, but always looking to slap the ball out of Yankee Stadium.



Wallace (1962-2008) sits on a stoop in Manhattan's East Village, circa 2002. Credit: Janette Beckman/Redferns/Getty

In 2001, Pomona College named Wallace, who was not yet 40, its first Roy Edward Disney Professor of Creative Writing. The middle section of the Reader is devoted to his teaching materials, including not-terribly-revelatory correspondences with his mother and selections from his syllabi. Nothing here is even remotely as instructive as, say, Nabokov's lectures on literature delivered at Wellesley and Cornell, or the six "nonlectures" E.E. Cummings gave at Harvard in 1952 and 1953.

Nevertheless, these pages satisfy a long-standing curiosity about what it was like to have Wallace as a teacher. The answer: probably pretty cool. "In essence," he wrote in

a 2003 syllabus, “we can talk about whatever you want to—provided that we do it cogently and well.” Students in that class read Paula Fox, Renata Adler and Walker Percy. Yet they were cautioned that “of the 306 final grades I’ve given since 1987, the average (mean) is currently 7.375,” or about a C+ on Wallace’s 13-point grading scale.

The teaching materials serve as a sort of palate cleanser, followed as they are by Wallace’s nonfiction. Both Flesh and Not collected little-known works like Wallace’s review of David Markson’s Wittgenstein’s Mistress and his take on the “Conspicuously Young” literary stars of the 1980s, whom he accused of “a certain numbing sameness.” Because the Reader strives to be a more authoritative take than Flesh, it predictably but nevertheless disappointingly includes essays familiar to Wallace fans and readily available in other collections. (My personal favorite, a Hellfire missile fired from the pages of the New York Observer at the work of John Updike and his fellow “phallocrats,” didn’t make the cut, probably because it reveals how incisively cruel Wallace could be, even if the cruelty was thoroughly earned.)

Most good novelists have styles of their own (some bad ones do, too). But can you name a single essayist with a distinctive voice? Pynchon may be a maniac novelist, but the few essays he’s written are relatively subdued and notable mostly for how un-Pynchonian they are. Joan Didion is both relevant and eloquent, but not really original in how she writes. Christopher Hitchens was magnificent, but working in a well-established critical tradition whose boundaries he respected.

The essays of David Foster Wallace could only have been written by David Foster Wallace. Reality offered just enough of a brake on his imagination; having a word count probably helped, too. He isn’t the same writer as in the novels—he is a more intriguing one, intimate in one sentence, cerebral in the next, dropping teenage slang and obscure mathematical jargon in the same dependent clause,

always following the Saul Bellow edict of being a “first-class noticer.” He is just as intellectually restless as in the novels, but thanks to nothing more than the strictures of the medium, a little more lucid and, dare I say, a little more fun.

One of the essays included in the Reader is “Authority and American Usage,” nominally a review of Bryan A. Garner’s A Dictionary of Modern American Usage. Which it is, precisely in the way that Moby-Dick is about whales. Wallace starts by describing his upbringing as a SNOOT, which may mean, according to Wallace, “Syntax Nudniks of Our Times” or “Sprachgefühl Necessitates Our Ongoing Tendance,” the latter preferable in the Wallace household to the former:

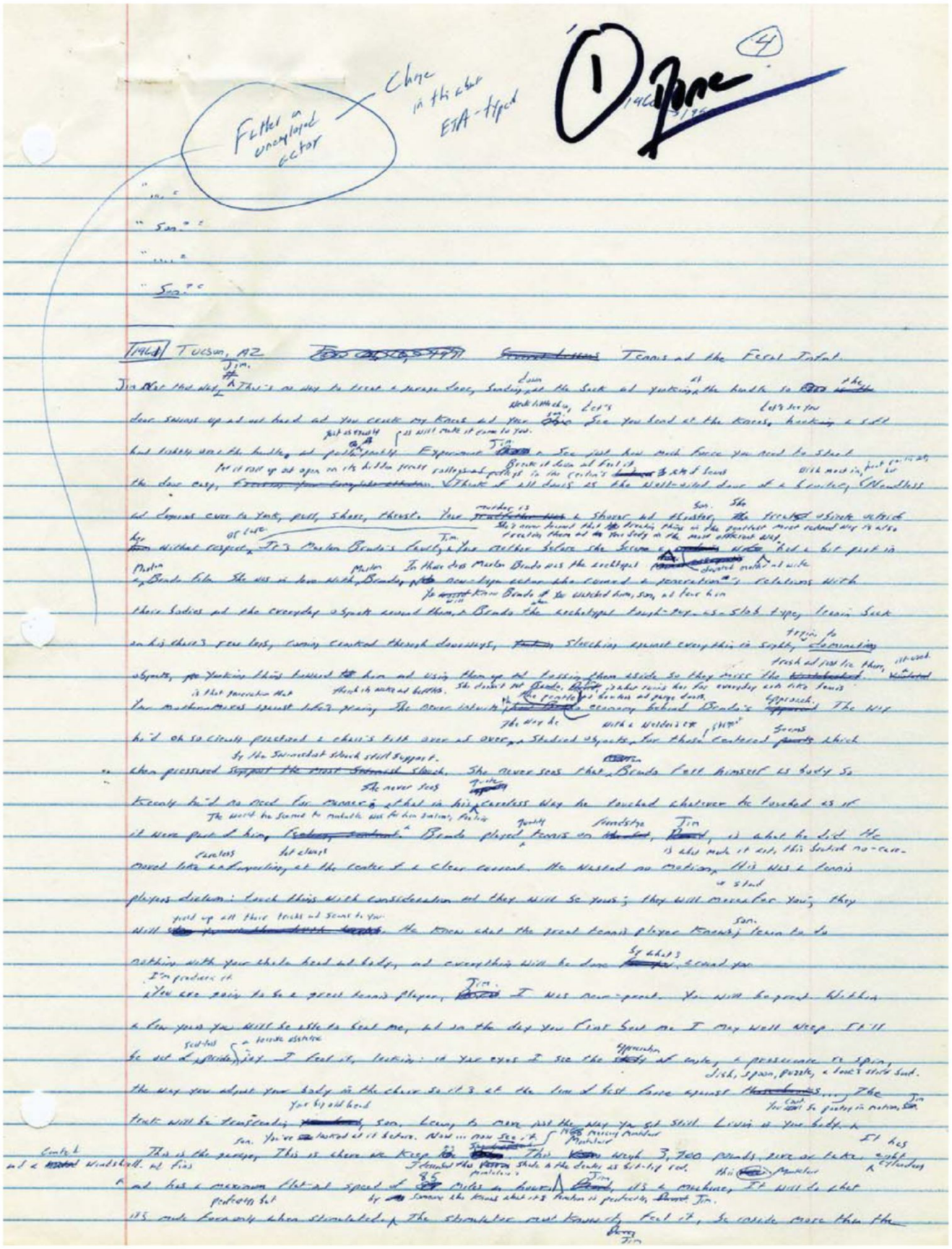
I submit that we SNOOTS are just about the last remaining kind of truly elitist nerd. There are, granted, plenty of nerd-species in today’s America, and some of these are elitist within their own nerdy purview (e.g., the skinny, carbuncular, semi-autistic Computer Nerd moves instantly up the totem pole of status when your screen freezes and now you need his help, and the bland condescension with which he performs the two occult keystrokes that unfreeze your screen is both elitist and situationally valid). But the SNOOT’s purview is interhuman life itself...you can’t escape language: language is everything and everywhere, it’s what lets us have anything to do with one another; it’s what separates us from the animals; Genesis 11:7-10 and so on.

An essayist today, assigned the Garner review, would probably pound out a dreary think piece about why bad grammar is good for American democracy. Or maybe she would cite a legion of statistics (“one study found that…”) to bolster the opposite case. Maybe he would write a deeply personal, utterly banal piece about having a grammarian mother, his conclusions thoroughly pedestrian and unoriginal (“So whenever I see the predicate nominative, I always remember...”). I can’t think of anyone but Wallace who could bring so much insight and personal reflection and

curiosity and, best of all, joy to the question of whether split infinitives matter.

Above all, the essays are sincere, in a way that fiction can never be, since the mere act of passing off make-believe as truth is fundamentally dishonest. Often, in the essays, Wallace breaks out in disarmingly straightforward musing, an awed Midwestern boy trying to make sense of things. Here he is in "A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again," a chronicle of his adventures aboard a cruise ship:

There is something about a mass-market Luxury Cruise that's unbearably sad. Like most unbearably sad things, it seems incredibly elusive and complex in its causes and simple in its effect: on board the Nadir [Wallace's nickname for the cruise ship, which is named the Zenith]—especially at night, when all the ship's structured fun and reassurances and gaiety-noise ceased—I felt despair. The word's overused and banalified now, despair, but it's a serious word, and I'm using it seriously.… [It's] wanting to die in order to escape the unbearable feeling of becoming aware that I'm small and weak and selfish and going without any doubt at all to die. It's wanting to jump overboard.



An early draft of Infinite Jest Credit: David Foster Wallace Literary Trust

One of Wallace's good friends was the novelist Jonathan Franzen, in whom he confided about going off the antidepressant Nardil in the spring of 2007. "I've been blowing stuff off and then having it slip my mind. This is the harshest phase of the 'washout process' so far; it's a bit like I imagine a course of chemo would be," he wrote in an email to Franzen about the experience.

Three years later, Franzen took to the pages of The New Yorker to write about his departed friend. The piece is not quite what one might have expected, with Franzen clearly annoyed by some of the encomia that had been written after Wallace's passing. "The curious thing about David's fiction…is how recognized and comforted, how loved, his most devoted readers feel when reading it," Franzen wrote, noting elsewhere in the essay—whose nominal subject is actually Robinson Crusoe—"the near-perfect absence, in his fiction, of ordinary love."

That may be so, though it presupposes that people read fiction to learn how Montague-Capulet romances resolve. Some do, maybe. But nobody could possibly read Wallace for that, especially since he was so much more than just a novelist. By mixing his fiction and nonfiction, and throwing some teaching materials into the mix, the Reader implicitly —and convincingly—suggests that all of Wallace's work was part of a single quest that, though diffuse it was, strove to understand the entirety of the American project, which included ironic novelists, and people who used "ain't" because that was the English they had learned, and stoned tennis prodigies, and IRS drones dreaming of freedom, and television icons, and people who watch television, and people who read books, because they think that, beyond providing entertainment, a book might tell the truth.

The tragedy of Wallace dying at 46 was that he surely had so much more to say, even if he'd said so much already. How would he have revised and edited The Pale King? What strange and revelatory essays would he have written about Facebook, Miley Cyrus, Novak Djokovic?

We will sadly never know.



Ueslei Marcelino/Reuters

DAVID MIRANDA AND THE HUMAN-RIGHTS BLACK HOLE

THE CASE OF DAVID MIRANDA THREATENS THE MOST POWERFUL INTELLIGENCE-GATHERING APPARATUS IN THE WORLD.

David Miranda is many things—a boisterously proud, gay Brazilian; an outspoken civil liberties evangelist; a freshly minted university graduate; and the spouse of Glenn Greenwald, the American journalist who has been publishing highly classified material leaked by former CIA systems

analyst and National Security Agency (NSA) senior adviser Edward Snowden.

But one thing Miranda is not is a terrorist. The 29-year-old has never been accused of being a terrorist. He has never been observed associating with terrorists or traveling in terrorist circles. Yet on August 18, 2013, Miranda was detained under Schedule 7 of the United Kingdom's Terrorism Act 2000, at London Heathrow Airport, and questioned by British authorities for nearly nine hours—the legal limit. Just like a terrorist.

Miranda's story went viral in the days that followed—a function of the high-profile work he was engaged in with Greenwald, who was writing articles for The Guardian bringing to light the Snowden files that revealed the vast reach of U.S. and British surveillance powers. More than a year later, Miranda, who was never charged with any crime, is still grinding his way through the U.K. court system to prove his detention at Heathrow was not only unlawful but a dangerous abuse of the U.K.'s surveillance and counterterrorism powers—and, by extension, those of the United States. At stake are the basic human liberties every democratic society holds sacred.



David Miranda, partner of the Guardian's Brazil-based reporter Glenn Greenwald (out of frame), who was among the first to reveal Washington's vast electronic surveillance program, speaks before the investigative committee of the Senate that examines charges of espionage by the United States in Brasilia on Oct. 9, 2013, following press reports of U.S. electronic surveillance in Brazil based on leaks from Edward Snowden, a former U.S. National Security Agency contractor. Credit: Evaristo Sa/AFP/Getty

"These people did not think I was a terrorist," says Miranda, who has experienced the U.K. only from inside one of Heathrow's detainment rooms. "They were sending a message: 'Don't fuck with us.' But you know what? We're going to fuck with you really bad."

In 2013, Miranda filed a lawsuit against the U.K.'s Home Office and the Metropolitan Police Service claiming he was unlawfully detained and interrogated under the Terrorism Act 2000. He also claimed that his right to freedom of expression guaranteed under Article 10 of the European Convention on Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms (ECHR) was violated. The U.K.'s High Court of Justice rejected the suit in February 2014, and his case is due to go to appeal in the first half of 2015. In November, the details of his case figured prominently in arguments in a separate

case heard before the Supreme Court (the U.K.'s highest appeals court) in London, where a panel of five justices pondered whether the scope of Britain's counterterrorism powers impinged basic rights.

A year ago, it seemed that most of the challenges to government counterterrorism powers had largely fallen flat, but a shift came last July with a scathing report from the U.K.'s independent reviewer of terrorism legislation, David Anderson, who suggested that, in light of the Miranda case, the U.K.'s overly broad, "and some would say alarming," definition of terrorism was edging into dangerous territory.

Anderson, appointed by Home Secretary Theresa May in 2011 to troubleshoot the U.K.'s counterterrorism powers and recommend changes to her, the Treasury and Parliament in an annual review, is a senior barrister and describes himself as the nation's de facto "terrorism watchdog." His role gives him access to highly classified government documents and state secrets. While his suggestions are frequently the basis for adjustments to U.K. law and influence how police and U.K. courts exercise their powers, they are nonbinding. "The true issue is not whether the police ought to have the power to stop someone on the basis of the sort of intelligence they were given on Mr. Miranda, which they surely should and arguably do," Anderson wrote in his report, "but whether it was lawful to use counterterrorism law for that purpose." His recommendation: a "root-and-branch review of the whole edifice of terrorism law."



Custody Cells in the UK Border Agency at Manchester Airport. Credit: Gary Calton/Eyevine/Redux

Indeed, increasingly the consensus within the U.K.'s legal, intelligence and academic communities is that the Miranda detainment was a botched job. "To arrest David Miranda on charges of terrorism was an appalling mistake, and we still do not know who is responsible for it," says Anthony Glees, director of the Centre for Security and Intelligence Studies at the University of Buckingham. "Even though you can see today why terrorists may have benefited from the Snowden disclosures, there is just no excuse for the fact it happened."

The actual seizure of what amounted to stolen government property is not so contentious. Many believed the U.K. to be well within its rights, as Miranda was carrying an encrypted hard drive and two encrypted USB storage devices (along with a mobile phone, two smart watches and some video games) containing tens of thousands of secret and top-secret U.S. and U.K. intelligence documents passed on from Snowden.

Miranda was traveling to Rio de Janeiro from Berlin, where he'd just met and exchanged Snowden documents with one of Greenwald's key collaborators, Laura Poitras, the American filmmaker who last year released the Snowden documentary Citizenfour. According to a witness statement from the U.K. deputy national security adviser for intelligence, security and resilience in the Cabinet Office, Oliver Robbins, the smuggled documents pose the risk of irreversible "damage to U.K. national security" and "a potentially catastrophic stream of public reporting of intelligence material."

But Miranda was not just stopped and searched. "If capturing the files was the U.K.'s only goal, the main goal, he would have been detained for nine minutes and not nine hours," says Greenwald. "I think the goal was also to send a message of intimidation."



An armed British police officer patrols outside of Heathrow Airport on Aug. 11, 2006 in London. Credit: Scott Barbour/Getty

BLACK HOLE

Miranda's lawyers say he stumbled into a "human-rights black hole" at Heathrow that only exists at U.K. ports, airports and international rail terminals like the

Eurostar, giving U.K. authorities the right to conduct zero-suspicion search and seizures on anyone passing through them—without the need for what Americans call probable cause and what the British call reasonable grounds. (While many countries reserve the right to search noncitizens or nonresidents in border areas, including the U.S., the U.K. is unique among nations in that it executes deeply invasive and coercive searches on anyone, including its own citizens. Inside the U.K., the rules are different; no one, citizen, resident or foreigner, can be forced to undergo such examinations without grounds. This legal wrinkle applies only at U.K. border crossings.)

The power to stop and search individuals at ports and borders without suspicion first appeared in the 1989 version of the U.K.'s Prevention of Terrorism Act and was limited to just the investigation of terrorism related to Northern Ireland. It wasn't until 2000, when the 1989 act was repealed and replaced with the current one, that broad search-and-seizure powers were introduced that could target anyone and do not require officers to establish reasonable grounds.

Since the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, in the United States, and July 7, 2005, in London, detentions under Schedule 7 have spiked. According to the U.K.'s statistics, it now targets more than 50,000 travelers a year passing through its ports, airports and train stations—all of whom are checked for being terrorists. Since April 2010, U.K. authorities have arrested 753 people for terrorism-related offenses and put 138 behind bars, according to the Home Office. Anyone stopped can be arrested and imprisoned and face serious charges as a terrorist.

In a speech on November 24, Home Secretary May made an appeal to the U.K. public to further expand the country's already formidable surveillance and counterterrorism powers to combat the advancing threat of the Islamic State, also known as ISIS. As Britons learned last summer that more than 500 of their own had traveled to Syria and Iraq to fight

with the terrorist group—and might return home—the U.K. Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre raised the threat level from "substantial" to "severe," indicating a terrorist attack was highly likely on U.K. soil. Speaking at the Royal United Services Institute security think tank in Whitehall, May painted a picture of an embattled Britain where terrorists "within a few hours' flying time of our country" are "given the space to plot attacks against us, train their men and women and devise new methods to kill indiscriminately."



Border Force officer Julian Woollard patrols the River Thames in a small RIB sent out from the new cutter HMC Protector, March 16, 2014 in London. Credit: Mary Turner/Getty

May's speech coincided with a nationwide anti-terrorism campaign and the U.K. government's introduction of new legislation to Parliament that seeks to broaden the country's counterterrorism powers, granting authorities the right to seize travel documents such as tickets and passports for up to 30 days; restrict suspected terrorists' movements both inside and outside the country; compel airlines to turn over passenger data—including credit card information—and force schools, universities, prisons and local government to muzzle "extremist" speech, enforceable by court order. May

said the Home Office is working to reestablish government powers that have been “whittled down by the courts” and propounded the notion that liberties under the ECHR are “qualified and not absolute” rights. (All U.K. rights, in fact, are qualified rights, except for the right to not be tortured.)

GOING FISHIN’

Miranda’s case—seen by the U.K.’s legal community as the strongest yet to threaten the counterterrorism powers of the U.K. government—is a test of how the government balances its job of “protecting” the public with the duty to protect individual liberties and the right to privacy. As May pointed out in her speech, under her purview the U.K. has “changed the law to make clear to the courts” that the right to a private life and family life, which includes private correspondence—Article 8 under the ECHR—is no longer an inalienable right.

The U.K. Supreme Court case heard in November, which is shaping up to be a second test case, involves Sylvie Beghal, a 45-year-old French national and U.K. resident who got fed up after being detained three times in 14 months at British airports and sued the U.K. government. The final time, in 2011, she was returning on a flight from Paris with her three children—one of them still breast-feeding—and was slapped with a criminal charge for refusing to answer questions without a lawyer. She pleaded guilty to doing this but is seeking to have the conviction overturned based on her treatment. (Her lawyer arrived within 40 minutes of her calling him, but the police decided to charge her as he arrived and refused to proceed with interrogating her in his presence.)

Miranda, who was not charged while under detainment, was also initially denied a lawyer. U.K. law stipulates detainees are entitled to a lawyer of their choosing, but in practice this often doesn’t happen.

Miranda and Beghal have little in common. Beghal is a Muslim whose spouse, Djemal Beghal, is in prison in France on terrorism charges, which he denies and says were based on information extracted under torture. Miranda was carrying files from Snowden to Rio, where he lives with Greenwald, who intended to use them for journalistic purposes. Both, however, are challenging the U.K.'s authority to strip travelers of their rights at the border—in particular, those acknowledged by the ECHR as well as British common law, such as the right to liberty and security of person; the right to privacy and private correspondence; the right to not self-incriminate; and the right to a family life, freedom of movement and freedom of expression.

Miranda and Beghal were both told they were not suspected of being terrorists, even though they were detained under Schedule 7 of the Terrorism Act—legislation designed to catch terrorists. Schedule 7 allows examining officers to detain anyone for hours, and force travelers to answer private and deeply invasive questions about their personal lives, friends, family, finances and religious beliefs. By law, all questions must be answered; there is no right to not self-incriminate. Travelers must remove articles of clothing if asked and must give up private data such as passwords to mobile phones and laptops so police can copy and keep personal files and private data, such as photos, indefinitely. Any failure to comply can result in longer detainments, imprisonment, criminal charges—or all three.

In his arguments in November, Matthew Ryder, the lawyer at London's Matrix Chambers representing both Beghal and Miranda, highlighted that the law does not sufficiently constrain border officers from conducting a "freewheeling check" versus a "focused task." He suggested that once travelers are detained under Schedule 7 of the Terrorism Act, despite being under no suspicion of terrorism, they are effectively "stripped naked of their

rights" and unable to legally defend themselves. "There's nothing in reality that prevents a fishing expedition under this code," he told the five justices. In fact, he argued, because national security is held above all other rights, those detained have found it "virtually impossible" to gain any legal relief when they bring their complaints to U.K. courts.

For ordinary citizens and travelers, the law leaves them "unclear as to whether or not their actions are liable to be treated as criminal," Anderson said in his report last July, noting that in 2013 the Supreme Court recognized that this "risks undermining the rule of law."

In the witness statement submitted to the High Court in the Miranda case by Robbins, he defended the government's sprawling counterterrorism powers as necessary for protecting national security. "Over and above the statutory duties of the security and intelligence agencies, one of the first functions of government is to protect the country and its citizens against threats," he said. "It is this overriding interest which informed the approach of [Her Majesty's Government]."

Given the heavy collaboration going on between U.K. and U.S. intelligence agencies, Ryder raised concerns during the Beghal case that the existing legal framework, which he describes as woefully lacking in safeguards, creates the wrong incentives for intelligence agents and border officials to abuse and exploit the human-rights black holes at U.K. ports, airports and train stations for "secondary" or even politically motivated purposes. "Who you select is not in any meaningful way spelled out in the code," he told the U.K. Supreme Court, adding that once persons are seized, they can find themselves subject to a "full police interrogation, sans lawyer" and, like Beghal, even convicted for defending their rights to basic protections.

The U.K. Treasury Solicitor's Department, which arranges for the defense of government agencies in U.K. courts when they are challenged, dispatched its

top counselor, James Eadie from London's Blackstone Chambers, to argue against Ryder in November. Eadie argued that safeguards are not needed for a "no-suspicion" stop-and-seizure power. Officers are constrained enough, he said, by the requirement that they must act in good faith and not conduct arbitrary searches. He also defended the powers as essential for the protection of the public from "threats of the most serious kind." Ryder, in response, stated: "Utility is not an answer to a discretionary power that violates the law." Ryder and Eadie, as well as the treasury solicitor's office, declined to comment, pending judgment.

"We may not hear a judgment on Beghal for a few months," says Kate Goold, a partner at U.K. law firm Bindmans, who has worked on the Miranda case. "But if they win, we win."

Even if Beghal wins, the one additional right Miranda may continue to litigate that is not at issue in the Beghal case, she says, is freedom of expression. Crucially, the ECHR guarantees the right "to hold opinions and to receive and impart information and ideas without interference by public authority and regardless of frontiers."

In an interview in December with Newsweek, Greenwald said the colossus of U.S.-U.K. counterterrorism powers has experienced mission creep since the September 11 attacks. "Our information is that these powers now go well beyond the scope of terrorist surveillance—they are monitoring economic conferences, climate change conferences, our allies, our enemies, even corporations," he said.



Amidst the houses and the car parks sits GCHQ, the Government Communications Headquarters, in this aerial photo taken on Oct. 10, 2005.

Credit: David Goddard/Getty

On Christmas Eve, the United States' NSA, which works closely with the U.K.'s Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ) to monitor global communications for intelligence gathering, released a report admitting to more than a decade of unlawful privacy violations, from 2001 to 2013, including instances where intelligence officers were found spying on their partners or spouses.

YOU NEED A BIG HAYSTACK

It was these same far-reaching counterterrorism and surveillance powers that allowed the U.K. authorities to track and intercept Miranda and his stash of classified Snowden documents—an operation that went forward with the full knowledge of Home Secretary May, U.K. Prime Minister David Cameron and the White House.

Surveillance remains one of the most controversial of the U.K. and U.S. governments' counterterrorism powers—and the two countries go to great lengths to hide the extent to which they collectively scrub global communications and commingle their data. While the U.S. has acknowledged the existence of PRISM, the mass surveillance data-mining

program run by the NSA, a similar program run by Britain's GCHQ, Tempora, has yet to be acknowledged by the Home Office. Tempora captures communications in bulk from trans-Atlantic fiber-optic cables—an estimated 40 billion items a day—then uses computer processing power to rapidly sift through the material, which is narrowed to "needles from a haystack," according to Sir David Omand, who headed up GCHQ from 1996 to 1997. (He later became permanent secretary in the Home Office and security and intelligence coordinator in the Cabinet Office through the September 11 attacks to his retirement in 2005.) From there, GCHQ and NSA analysts are able to examine the data, which, by U.K. law, may focus on preexisting persons of interest—or, more controversially, form the basis for new suspicions.

While the U.K. intelligence operation is just a fraction of the size of the U.S. intelligence empire, Greenwald says the "intelligence apparatuses of the U.S. and U.K. are nearly indivisible," with the U.S. paying "hundreds of millions of dollars a year" to receive information from the U.K. "Under the law, the U.K. has fewer limits and can do things the U.S. can't," Greenwald says. "The U.S. benefits from that."

Omand has joked of the U.S.-U.K. relationship, "We have the brains. They have the money. It's a collaboration that's worked very well." But he takes issue with the "mass surveillance" characterization.

"The category error journalists have made is conflating bulk access with mass surveillance," he says. "In the needles of the Internet, you need a big haystack. No human being has access to the whole haystack, and they cannot, because there is just too much data. You might have computers looking for the IP address of a particular machine known to be in use by a terrorist. The art is to whittle it down. The rest we are not authorized to look at and don't look at."

But what happens when a non-terrorist is flagged? What if intelligence agents at GCHQ or the NSA make a

mistake? Are there safeguards in place for people to defend themselves before being branded suspected terrorists?



Satellite antenna dish are seen at GCHQ Bude Satellite Listening Station defense at Cleave Camp, Cornwall, United Kingdom. Credit: Tim Graham/ Getty

OFFICIAL SECRETS

In Miranda's case, even the High Court, which was privy to classified evidence, struggled to assess how decisions were made about detaining him. "The examining officers are not told and do not know anything about the intelligence behind the stop," wrote Lord Justice Laws in the Miranda decision in February. "How then should the court approach ascertainment of the purpose for which the stop was executed under Schedule 7?" he asked.

Britain's Security Service, or Mi5, first became aware of Miranda's movements days before he arrived at Heathrow in August 2013. Just a few days into his trip to Berlin, on the morning of August 15, MI5 briefed the Metropolitan Police Service's Detective Superintendent Jim Stokley about detaining Miranda, according to evidence presented to the High Court.

The next day, MI5 sent a form, called a port circulation sheet (PCS), requesting that Miranda be detained under Schedule 7 when he arrived at Heathrow that weekend. What is interesting is MI5's response on page 2 of the form, which asked for it to confirm that the person to be detained "appears to be someone who is or has been concerned in the commission, preparation or instigation of acts of terrorism." This was crucial to lawfully stopping him under Schedule 7. MI5 entered the words: "Not applicable." According to the High Court, "This first PCS was not actively considered when it was received."

Midday the next day, August 17, MI5 sent a second form, again asking for the search and seizure of Miranda. Once more, the police department did not think the information on the form was sufficient to justify a lawful stop. Miranda was due to arrive just after 8 a.m. on August 18. What happened next could only be described as a scramble by MI5. The Security Service sent another note on Friday to Detective Superintendent Stokley, citing a "national security" justification for stopping Miranda. But it still stopped short of calling him a terrorist. That tack changed by the evening of August 17, when MI5 sent a final PCS form, this time closely tracking Britain's legal definition of terrorist—a person who uses threat to endanger lives, influence the government or advance a political, religious, racial or ideological cause.

"We assess that Miranda is knowingly carrying material, the release of which would endanger people's lives," MI5 wrote on the form. "Additionally, the disclosure or threat of disclosure is designed to influence a government and is made for the purpose of promoting a political or ideological cause. This therefore falls within the definition of terrorism and, as such, we request that the subject is examined under Schedule 7."

Stokley, who handled the preponderance of the correspondence with MI5, never saw the final PCS form and

told the High Court, “It is not my role to approve them.” The officer who gave final approval, Detective Inspector Woodford (neither the High Court nor the Metropolitan Police Service would disclose his first name), did not know what “material” Miranda was suspected of carrying and did not see the final form until minutes before Miranda arrived at Heathrow. Through the Metropolitan Police Service, both Stokley and Woodford declined to comment to Newsweek.

In his July report, Anderson, who viewed the confidential correspondences between MI5 and the Metropolitan Police Service, noted the terms of the request “certainly had the flavor of espionage, rather than terrorism.” He added that when “the police correctly responded that the request from MI5 did not give sufficient assurance that there was a lawful basis for the use of Schedule 7,” MI5 quickly “reformulated its request in a manner that consciously tracked the statutory definition of terrorism.” The extension of the definition of terrorism to apply to journalism, he said, was a first for the U.K.

The details of Miranda’s detainment are now well known—he was met coming off his flight at 8:05 a.m. by Woodford and questioned for nine hours by seven examining officers, none of whom were identified by name, only serial numbers. His encrypted hard drive and USB sticks were taken and his electronic files copied, including personal photos on his phone, the kind you and your partner don’t want anyone else to see. Miranda was not allowed to call Greenwald, and the examining officers initially denied him a lawyer of his choosing, insisting he speak with one of their lawyers. Later in his detainment, he says he was allowed access to a lawyer from The Guardian, but their right to speak privately was heavily restricted.

Above all, Miranda felt the exercise was made to be as intimidating as possible.

Glees points out that other U.K. laws, such as the Official Secrets Act, would have been much more fitting for the purpose of apprehending Miranda and his cache of state secrets. “It would have been an incontrovertible case, because Miranda was clearly in possession of our country’s secrets, not to aid jihadists but to reveal the secrets of the British state,” he says.

Omand agrees, although he believes the options would have been more punishing for Miranda. “There is some question as to whether it would have been better to stop Miranda under the Official Secrets Act. But that surely would have meant him spending the night in prison and being charged.” At present, a criminal investigation of Miranda is underway, but no charges have been brought.

What most likely happened, Glees says, is that the U.K. was worried about the political fallout of detaining Miranda under the Secrets Act. “The British people don’t like secrets and don’t want to hear about material being kept on them, but they don’t often object to someone detained as a terrorist,” he says.

Anderson, who, as an independent reviewer, would not explicitly weigh in on whether Miranda should have been held under the Terrorism Act, also raised concerns about the violation of public trust: “To render people subject to the terrorism laws whom no sensible person would think of as terrorists risks destroying the public trust upon which these special powers depend for their acceptance by the public.”

Aside from confirming she was given advance notice of Miranda’s detainment, Home Secretary May, who is directly accountable to Parliament for the actions of MI5 and GCHQ, referred all inquiries to the Metropolitan Police Service—which is declining comment, pending the outcome of Miranda’s legal challenge. Both the White House and 10 Downing Street have distanced themselves from the decision-making process leading up to Miranda’s detainment.

CRACKING THE CODE

For all the scrutiny over Miranda's detention, intelligence services still do not know exactly what he was carrying. U.K. intelligence officials, including those at MI5, the Secret Intelligence Service, GCHQ and its National Technical Assistance Centre, have been working around the clock to discover exactly what was inside those heavily encrypted files. “This is not a simple process, and, even given the very high priority that is being placed on the work, which is, of course, diverting resources within the security and intelligence agencies, this will take a considerable amount of time and will consume a large amount of resources,” Robbins said in the witness statement he submitted to the High Court in the Miranda case. On the hard drive alone, he estimated Miranda was carrying 58,000 highly classified intelligence documents, which “we assess might be a complete set of the U.K. intelligence documents held on one particular network.” Of the U.S. intelligence data Miranda might have been carrying, Robbins said: “We believe that it is likely some or all of [the] U.S. material is contained in the data held on the USB sticks.” Miranda told Newsweek the memory sticks contain almost exclusively raw, classified data provided by Snowden.

“It was a bit of a stretch, detaining Miranda under the Terrorism Act, given that Security Services hasn’t been able to say exactly what he was carrying,” says Omand.

At the time of his detainment, Miranda did not have password access to the highly classified files seized by U.K. border police. But, on a handwritten piece of paper, he was carrying the password to an index, a single file on the hard drive describing some of the Snowden files, which is the basis for Robbins’s guess as to what he might have been carrying. Greenwald tells Newsweek the full files reveal the far-reaching magnitude of the top-secret surveillance programs being conducted by the U.S. and U.K. governments to allow them to snoop on their own

citizens, as well as people around the world. “They did not want this material to come to light,” says Greenwald, who has access to copies of the files. “We have a memo where the U.K. government openly states that it would cause embarrassment, unwanted debate and possible lawsuits over the invasion of privacy.”

The conflict, at times, has assumed surreal proportions. In 2013, just days after Miranda’s detainment, British intelligence officers stood in the offices of The Guardian to witness the destruction of the newspaper’s hard drives containing some of the Snowden files. That, like Miranda’s detention, turned out to be fruitless, as backup copies of the Snowden files had been disseminated elsewhere.

JOURNALISM AS TERRORISM

In a witness statement submitted to the High Court, Greenwald decried the U.K.’s attempt to interfere with reporting of the Snowden files: “Our reports have triggered a worldwide debate about the value of Internet freedom and individual privacy and about the dangers of allowing the U.S. and U.K. to construct a massive system of suspicionless surveillance with no transparency or accountability,” he stated.

Anderson wrote at length in his July report about the dangers of stretching the definition of terrorist in the Terrorism Act, which includes those who use “threat” to advance an “ideological” cause that might “influence the government,” to encompass journalists. “To bring activities such as journalism and blogging within the ambit of ‘terrorism,’ even if only when they are practiced irresponsibly, encourages the chilling effect that can deter even legitimate enquiry and expression in related fields,” he said.

The freedom of expression rights at the heart of Miranda’s case—encompassed in Article 10 of the ECHR—touch on everything from newspaper articles to personal emails, and it boils down to this: If the government may be

watching you or might punish you for what you say, will that affect how you express yourself?

Omand, who is not afraid to talk about the dampening prospect of "over-surveillance," says the goal of national security is to reduce the risk of threat to the public, but not necessarily to eliminate it, with minimal impact on the day-to-day lives of citizens. "Every time people say, 'We need more powers,' the test is, 'How much before this disrupts normal life?' Our goal is for people to continue to go about their normal lives, freely and with confidence—that means basic liberties and freedoms, transportation, stable markets. If normal life can continue, then we're winning and they're losing. The goal is not to disrupt public life; once we do that, they're winning."

Anderson raises concerns of an Orwellian "chilling effect" on newspapers and publications under a post-Miranda regime, stating that under the U.K.'s statutory definition of terrorism, the act of "publication may be a terrorist action, regardless of whether the material published was stolen, or classified," and "the consequences of publication as a terrorist action stretch well beyond the national security sphere."

Taken to the fullest extent of current law, Anderson says, a journalism organization could be deemed to be a "terrorist organization," making it "a criminal offense to be employed by it or to fund it." An affiliated person could face up to seven years' imprisonment for simply supporting the publication of articles or circulating them, and 10 to 15 years in prison for possessing documents helpful to the writing of such articles.

"Both the newspaper and its journalists could be designated under asset-freezing legislation, rendering it a criminal offense to make funds, financial services or economic resources available to them without a license, if the Treasury deemed this necessary to protect the public from similar 'terrorist' activities," he says. The movements

of journalists or those assisting them could even be restricted by laws—as is already the case for terrorists placed under what have become highly controversial U.K.-imposed quarantines.

In the final analysis, "terrorism," he says, could be nothing more than an article or blog arguing against the vaccination of children for certain diseases. If judged to create a serious risk to public health and designed to influence government policy—something journalism frequently does—it "would be classed by the law as a terrorist action."

The law would apply whether the holder or publisher of material deemed hazardous realizes it is dangerous or not, Anderson concludes, raising the possibility of what Beghal and Miranda's lawyer Ryder calls the "accidental terrorist."

"The significance of Miranda is to demonstrate that the publication of facts and opinions may itself be an act of terrorism on no other basis than that it is politically motivated and is considered to endanger life or create a serious risk to public health or safety," Anderson says. He adds, "It is important that the definition remains wide enough to cover the evolving threat, but a definition so wide as to catch activity falling well outside the ordinary understanding of terrorism jeopardizes the public acceptance of the need for anti-terrorism laws."

BECOMING THE STORY

The significance and delicacy of being an objective journalist covering a story and then suddenly becoming an unwilling, if integral, part of that story is not lost on Greenwald and Miranda. This, more than anything else, is how a journalist makes the transition to what Greenwald calls "adversarial journalism."

Greenwald and Miranda have been swamped by the very same counterterrorism and surveillance forces they have sought to expose. Says Miranda, "We have cameras all

over the house, our phones are encrypted, our computers are encrypted. You can never be 100 percent safe, but since they detained me I think we are more protected now than ever before, because it was such a stupid move."

Miranda says he is still recovering from the trauma of being held for nine hours and having no idea what was going to happen to him. "I lost weight, at least five kilos. I went back to the gym and gained it back, but then I went back to smoking," he says. "I quit, but actually, I have a cigarette in my hand right now."

Miranda says he still can't shake the eerie feeling of the moment when he flew back to Brazil after his detainment and logged on to his Skype account, only to see he was already logged in from the other side of the world—his identity hijacked by nameless intelligence agents burrowing through his accounts.



Glenn Greenwald holds his partner David Michael Miranda, left, after arriving at John F. Kennedy International Airport on April 11, 2014 in New York. Greenwald and Laura Poitras of the Guardian share a George Polk Award for national security reporting with The Guardian's Ewen MacAskill and Barton Gellman, who has led The Washington Post's reporting on the NSA documents. Credit: John Minchillo/AP

After interviews with Miranda and Greenwald over the course of a few months, it is easy to see how they became partners. Miranda, who is headstrong, appears nonplussed about being called Greenwald's "human passenger pigeon" (a term coined by the press and repeated by Robbins in his witness statement about Miranda's detainment). To the contrary, he says, he feels privileged to be working on the Snowden files with Greenwald. "I was here when he had only 100 people on his blog. His first post, his first book, I was there. He's jumping and I'm not going to jump with him? We are together. This has only made our relationship stronger. There have been down points, like at Heathrow. But it's been a big adventure. It's been exciting to see people devoting their lives to transforming the world."

Glees believes the Miranda case could be a turning point. "Our intelligence community has begun to see that too much secrecy had become counterproductive, especially as it leads to people believing in things that may not be true but are never clarified. And the intelligence community has been coming around. In Britain we have a strong tradition of political debate, and I think this will come out right in the end."

Says Omand, "The problem that Snowden created is really one of perception. The U.K. missed a trick in not explaining to the public, 'This is how it all works.' The law is very convoluted and complex, even for lawyers. Even though Parliament signed up for this, few knew how it really worked in practice in the digital age. It threw everyone for a loop. People said, 'This can't be going on, surely.' But the intelligence agencies were acting lawfully. Everything Snowden exposed was authorized legally. The legal structure is all there, so you can say society has consented."

In an interview with Newsweek at his offices in central London, Anderson, who considers it his role to inform the public debate, as well as Parliament, about the U.K.'s surveillance and counterterrorism activities, said the U.K.

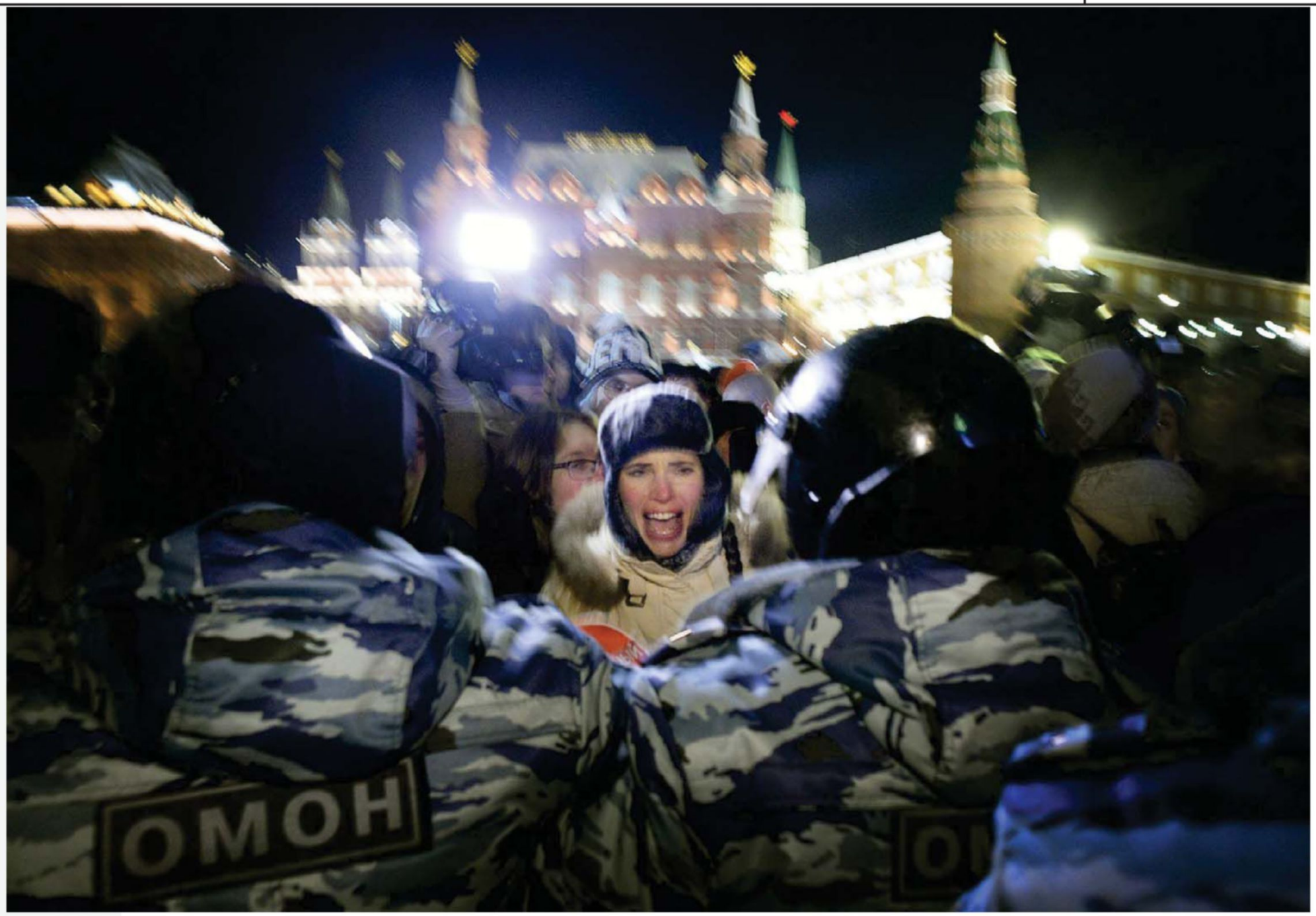
government is not averse to making changes when it must. “We have here a healthy democracy in that the ratchet is not all in one direction,” he says. “The government has shown itself to be able to cautiously roll things back.” For instance, after Miranda’s detainment, the maximum time a person can be held under the Terrorism Act has been reduced to six hours from nine.

Miranda’s case has been given financial backing by The Guardian and a new media company funded by billionaire eBay founder Pierre Omidyar, First Look Media, whose flagship publication, The Intercept, is led by Greenwald. But it’s expected to be an uphill battle.

If he fails in London, Miranda plans to take his case to the European Court of Human Rights, which has cracked down on Britain for taking its powers too far. “This case is not to benefit us for any reason except to stand up for press freedoms,” Greenwald tells Newsweek. “It’s a pure press freedom principle. You cannot take people engaged in journalism and just turn them into terrorists.”

Even if he wins, Miranda says he won’t be going back to Britain anytime soon. “All journalists are enemies of the state,” he tells Newsweek. “If you are a journalist, go to your Facebook profile right now and change it to ‘terrorist.’”

As he and Greenwald toast their 10-year wedding anniversary on February 19, they will also be putting the finishing touches on a full Snowden archive they plan to open in 2015 to journalists around the world at the First Look offices in New York. “They don’t know what we have,” Miranda says of the authorities in the U.S. and U.K. “They don’t know what’s coming.”



ALEXANDER NEMENOV/AFP/Getty

IS PUTIN'S HAMMER RUBBER?

AS THE KREMLIN CRACKS DOWN ON CRITICS, THE RUSSIAN LEADER'S AURA OF INVINCIBILITY IS FADING.

When it comes to finely calibrated police brutality, Moscow's riot cops are masters of the art. When several thousand Muscovites gathered on Manezh Square just before New Year's Eve to protest the jailing of a leading opposition activist, the paramilitary police were ready and waiting. Two hundred "troublemakers" were picked out of the crowd

and quickly arrested by police spotters armed with photos grabbed from Facebook and earlier protests.

When veteran anti-corruption campaigner Alexei Navalny emerged from the metro to lead the protest, a wedge of officers piled hard and fast into the crowd to grab him. Within just 14 seconds, Navalny was enclosed in a phalanx of muscle and hard plastic, dragged into a police van and driven away. Two hours later, the crowd had been chased from the square by police charges and freezing temperatures.

Tactically, it looks as if the Kremlin still holds the streets of Moscow under very firm control. Strategically, though, it's a different story. Falling oil prices and international sanctions have poisoned Russia's economy at the root, sending the ruble plunging by 45 percent against the dollar in the past six months. Inflation is already in double digits, ruble interest rates are at 17 percent, and the economy is set to contract sharply this year. Putin's aura of invincibility is dissipating. "We've lost the feeling that Putin is some kind of wizard who controls everything: Crimea, Siberian tigers, the ruble," wrote the usually rabidly pro-Kremlin tabloid Moskovsky Komsomolets in December. "Something intangible has changed."

Clearly, more protest and unrest is coming. And the knee-jerk response of the former KGB men who run the Kremlin has been predictable: harass leading opposition figures and threaten them with jail. And yet the Navalny story shows a curious mix of vindictiveness and indecision. At his December trial on charges of defrauding the French cosmetics company Yves Rocher, Navalny was convicted and given a suspended sentence—even though Yves Rocher testified that there had been no evidence of any wrongdoing—while his brother Oleg was sent to prison for three and a half years.

"It's a filthy sentence," Navalny told the court. "My brother has become a hostage." Navalny remains under house arrest (he's been confined to his home since another

doubtful conviction for fraud last year). But instead of silencing Navalny, the Kremlin has only succeeded in angering him and spurring him to greater activism.

"The government looks weak and divided," says New York University professor Mark Galeotti. "No one sympathetic to Navalny will give the Kremlin any credit for 'mercy' in this questionable trial and sentencing. Likewise, no one who regards Navalny as a crook or a hypocrite, or who feels a firm hand is needed, will be satisfied with a mere suspended sentence. As a result, the Kremlin gets the classic worst of both worlds of a compromise decision, satisfying neither side."

Another criminal case that opened in December and targets a group of leading Moscow intellectuals—all opposition supporters—shows a similar mixture of repression and indecision. Curator Alexandrina Markvo has been accused of embezzling state money allotted to a Moscow literary festival. Four leading Russian writers were called in for questioning by the feared Investigative Committee as witnesses and potential suspects. When the case was announced, commentators on Russian social media compared it to the Shakhty case of 1934, Stalin's first show trial, which set the tone for a decade of repression.

"This is a classic attempt by the authorities to spread fear. They are saying, We're not only not listening to you, but we're going to turn the screws of repression tighter," says Moscow City Duma member Konstantin Yankauskas.

Boris Akunin, a mystery author whose books are international best-sellers and who was one of those named in the indictment, said, "I believe that the Investigative Committee long ago became a criminal organization devoted to cooking up criminal cases to order.... I am sure that in a new, democratic Russia the members of this organized crime group will someday face real justice."

The conspiracy theories over the case have come thick and fast, including the accusation floated by several pro-

Kremlin media outlets that Markvo embezzled state money to fund the opposition through her boyfriend Vladimir Ashurkov, a former banker who serves as the executive director of Navalny's anti-corruption campaign. But almost as soon as the investigation began, it petered out, and none of the star witnesses was questioned. Markvo, who denies wrongdoing, is based in London.



Russian opposition leader Alexei Navalny, right, and his brother Oleg Navalny appear at Moscow's Zamoskvoretsky District Court for the announcement of a verdict in the Yves Rocher fraud case, Dec. 30, 2014.

Credit: Artyom Korotayev/TASS/ZUMA/Newscom

The Kremlin's flip-flopping over how to deal with the opposition "reflects a perennial uncertainty in the government about quite what to do with Navalny," says Galeotti. The result is "an inadequate and incoherent compromise between different camps or schools of thought, a reflection of division and lack of confidence."

What's clear, though, is that the Kremlin is dead set on avoiding a repeat of the events in Kiev's Maidan square a year ago, where crowds several hundred thousand strong

occupied the center of the capital and forced Ukrainian President Viktor Yanukovych to flee to Russia with a motorcade of valuables, leaving a string of lavish villas and a plethora of corruption charges behind him.

"The fate of [slain Libyan leader Muammar] Qadda# and Yanukovych is Putin's ultimate nightmare," says Stanislav Belkovsky, a political analyst who used to work for the Kremlin. One of the most persistent themes of this year's Russian television coverage of Ukraine has been that U.S.-backed fascists staged a coup in Kiev—and that the West is scheming to do the same in Russia. Navalny has repeatedly been accused of being a CIA agent by Russian media, which claim he was recruited and trained by the CIA during a fellowship at Yale University. The message—that the opposition are Western stooges—has resonated among many Russians. Among the December's protesters on Manezh—dubbed "Euro-Manezh" by organizers in a provocative echo of Kiev's "Euro-Maidan"—were several small groups bearing placards reading, "No to Maidan!"

Navalny has called Kiev's revolution a "people's uprising against the same kind of thief-emperor" who rules Russia. Maidan, he says, is "a threat, a challenge and a horrible example" for today's occupants of the Kremlin.

The problem for Navalny and the would-be organizers of a Russian Maidan is that many people who dislike Putin fear a revolution could bring someone far worse to power. Ordinary Russians remain extremely reactionary. A phone-in on Russia's state-controlled Channel One in early January asking for viewers' top wishes for the new year revealed that 5.9 percent of callers wanted an end to Western sanctions, 7.6 percent wanted a stable ruble, 26 percent wanted an end to the war in eastern Ukraine—and 60.5 percent said they wanted the "return of the Soviet Union."

In the winter of 2011-12, mass protests against Putin's return to the presidency for a third term brought 100,000 people onto the streets of Moscow. Navalny

was instrumental then in building an alliance of not just pro-Western liberals but Russian nationalists and old Communists as well. A repeat of those mass protests could prove more difficult. True, the ruble is sliding and economic woes are piling up, but many Russians fear the unpredictable consequences of a revolution.

"The coalition which fueled the protests of 2011 is dead," says Anton Krasovsky, who ran oligarch Mikhail Prokhorov's campaign for the presidency in 2012. (Prokhorov polled under 8 percent of the vote; Putin got 64 percent.) "There is no such thing as public politics anymore. Navalny and all the liberal opposition are marginal, they are irrelevant. The people will not follow them again."

And yet Navalny's trump card remains the one thing that unites almost all classes of Russian society: anger at massive corruption among Russia's bloated bureaucratic class. For nearly a decade, Navalny has documented, with the help of crowdsourcing and some very well-informed leakers inside state-controlled businesses, cases of theft and embezzlement running into hundreds of billions of dollars.

This has proved a powerful weapon in undermining the legitimacy of Putin's government. Corruption cases have claimed several high-profile victims, most recently Mikhail Lesin, Putin's former press minister, who was subject to a U.S. Justice Department investigation after revelations that he had purchased $28 million of luxury real estate in California. "Greetings to M.Y. Lesin, a patriot of California real estate," Navalny joked on his blog after Lesin handed in his resignation in December.

Ultimately, Navalny may prove more dangerous to Putin's legitimacy when he's behind a laptop rather than at the head of a crowd, not least because his revelations about corrupt officials will, says Belkovsky, "certainly be used as ammunition in coming clan wars" between Kremlin factions as they fight over a shrinking economic pie.

What's not in doubt is that over the coming year Putin will be fighting for his political life. Millions of Russians will be impoverished by the economic crisis, and swaths of the Russian elite are going to decide he is bad for business. Putin could attempt to reinvent himself as a liberal pragmatist and hire back some popular technocrats such as former finance minister Alexei Kudrin. But he might be more likely to pile on the repression.

One big wild card is Swiss-based former oligarch Mikhail Khodorkovsky, who was released in 2013 after 10 years in jail. In a powerful New Year's message on YouTube, he swore to bring regime change to Russia "through elections, or otherwise" and he has begun pumping money to the Russian opposition.

Whatever happens, Putin and the crony-capitalist system he created are up against an existential challenge. It's now up to him to decide whether the end of his long and extraordinarily lucky career will be relatively painless for him—like the quiet removal of Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev in a palace coup—or a violent, chaotic and bloody one, like Yanukovych's.



Amr Abdallah Dalsh/Reuters

THE WINTER OF EGYPT'S DISSENT

LACKING LEVERAGE, WASHINGTON HAS EASED UP ON CAIRO OVER HUMAN RIGHTS.

A year ago, three journalists working for Qatar's Al-Jazeera English network suddenly found themselves caught up in Egypt's harsh security crackdown following the military's overthrow of Islamist President Mohammed Morsi, the country's first democratically elected leader. Two of them, Australian Peter Greste, an award-winning former BBC correspondent, and Mohammed Fahmy, an Egyptian-

born Canadian, were arrested when police burst into their office suite in Cairo's Marriott Hotel. The third, Egyptian freelance producer Baher Mohammed, was led away in handcuffs from his Cairo home after police shot his dog, Gatsby.

The journalists, locked away in Cairo's fortress-like Tora prison complex on the edge of the desert, were accused of helping a "terrorist organization" by broadcasting what Egyptian authorities said were erroneous reports reflecting Qatar's sympathies for the now-outlawed Muslim Brotherhood. After a lengthy trial, the three received seven-year jail terms. Mohammed, who had picked up an empty bullet casing from a demonstration as a souvenir, was given an additional three years for possessing ammunition.

On New Year's Day, an Egyptian appeals court agreed to a retrial, a decision that coincided with broader diplomatic moves toward a rapprochement between Cairo and Doha. But the retrial represents the only bright spot so far in an otherwise grim catalog of draconian security measures since Morsi's July 2013 ouster. Over the past 18 months, Egypt's repression has been more brutal than even the ugliest periods under former president Hosni Mubarak. Under the direction of Abdel-Fattah el-Sissi, the former general elected president in May, Egyptian security forces have opened fire indiscriminately on pro-democracy demonstrators, killing more than 1,400 people, human rights workers estimate. In swift trials, some lasting just eight minutes, more than 1,300 people have been sentenced to death or given life sentences on dubious terrorism-related charges. Thousands more, including local journalists, secular activists and supporters of the Muslim Brotherhood, have been jailed indefinitely for taking part in anti-government protests, which also have been banned.

Egypt's crackdown on political dissent has presented President Barack Obama with a difficult choice. On one hand, he is keenly aware of Egypt's strategic importance to

the U.S.—from cooperation with anti-terrorist intelligence to maintaining the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, among other things. Which is why Obama has refused to characterize Morsi's overthrow as a coup, a step that would legally require the administration to halt all military aid to Egypt until the country restores democracy. But Obama also wants to be seen as a staunch defender of human rights and democracy, key demands of the Arab Spring protests that challenged autocratic rule in much of the Middle East. To that end, the conflicted president last year held up hundreds of millions of dollars of military aid to Egypt to signal his concern over human rights violations.

Now, however, Washington's strategic considerations appear to have trumped its human rights concerns. The reason: an incoming, Republican-controlled House and Senate concerned above all with the rise of ISIS militants across the region, as well as the huge influx of aid to Egypt from oil-rich Gulf states that has weakened U.S. leverage over Cairo. Last month, much to the dismay of democracy advocates, Obama signed legislation that allows him to invoke national security concerns to waive all the human rights conditions attached to Washington's $1.5 billion in mostly military aid to Egypt, such as requirements to hold free and fair elections and protect minority rights. And while Obama periodically speaks out against Egypt's dismal human rights record, there is little doubt among both administration officials and Middle East hands that he will use that waiver to keep the aid to Cairo flowing.

"We can harangue the Egyptians all we want about democracy," says Steven A. Cook, an expert on Egypt at the Council on Foreign Relations, told Newsweek. "But it doesn't get us anywhere."

The new approach toward Egypt represents a sharp turn away from last year, when Patrick J. Leahy of Vermont, the gravel-voiced Democratic chairman of the Senate panel that doles out foreign assistance, placed numerous

conditions for Egypt aid—and conspicuously denied the president a national security waiver to maneuver around them. The ensuing delays in weapons deliveries infuriated the Egyptians, who felt Washington didn't fully comprehend the threats Egypt faces from Islamists at home and from rival powers in the region, such as Iran.

Egyptian officials point out that in addition to the threat posed by the Muslim Brotherhood, insurgents belonging to Ansar Beit al-Maqdis—a militant group that recently swore allegiance to ISIS—have killed hundreds of Egyptian security forces in the rugged Sinai Peninsula since Morsi's ouster. In these dangerous times, Egyptian officials argue, Washington should focus less on human rights and consider instead Cairo's long record as a reliable ally that has given U.S. warships preferential treatment in the Suez Canal, closely cooperated with U.S. intelligence against Al-Qaeda and joined other U.S. allies in the Middle East to blunt Iran's growing influence.

"The Egyptian attitude toward the Obama administration is, What is your problem? For 30 years you've been trying to drive a consensus in the Middle East. Well, here's the consensus: It's us, the Saudis, the Emiratis, the Kuwaitis and your friends, the Israelis, and you should listen to us," said Cook, paraphrasing the comments he's heard from Egyptian officials. "Why the hell are you bothering us about human rights and the Muslim Brotherhood? Why are you telling us to engage with the Islamists? We've got bigger things to do, like beating the crap out of them, dealing with ISIS and countering Iran."

That argument clearly prevailed on Capitol Hill, where a coalition of Republican defense hard-liners, bipartisan Israel supporters and parochially minded lawmakers whose districts stand to gain from Egypt's weapons purchases agreed it was time to listen to the Egyptians. Also, the Republicans' capture of the Senate in the November midterms stripped Leahy of his mantle as the Senate's

top foreign aid appropriator and gave it to South Carolina Republican Lindsey Graham, an outspoken hawk who supports el-Sissi.

The administration appears to be happy with the turn of events. “We welcome the flexibility that the bill provides to further our strategic relationship with Egypt and our national security interests,” said State Department spokeswoman Jen Psaki.

Human rights and pro-democracy advocates are frustrated about the change in policy, but they do see a glint of hope. While the State Department and the Pentagon are pleased Congress has removed the obstacles to resuming aid to Egypt, these advocates say Susan Rice, Obama’s national security adviser, is still pushing human rights in Washington’s dealings with Cairo. Just before Christmas, the White House said, Obama telephoned el-Sissi to voice his concern over the mass trials and the continued detention of journalists and peaceful activists.

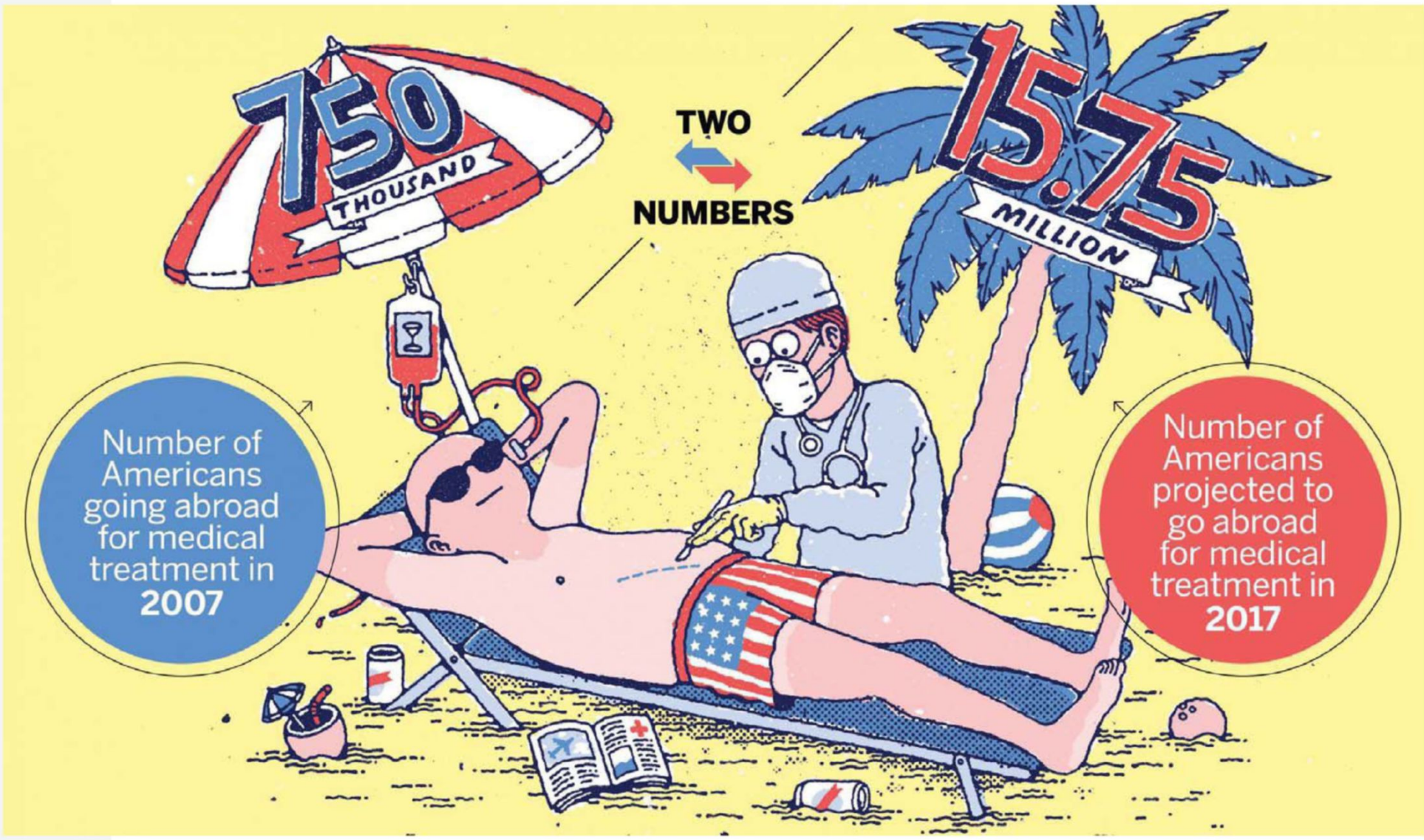
And in what appears to be a move to exert some leverage over the Egyptians, some U.S. officials are now hinting that the administration might reconsider a decades-long preferential arrangement under which more than $1 billion in annual U.S. aid goes into an Egyptian bank account in one lump payment. The alternative—smaller aid payments spread out over the course of the year—would deny Egypt millions of dollars in interest.

Such attempts at gaining leverage over the Egyptians don’t seem to be working. If anything, they have further stoked Egyptian doubts about Washington and driven Cairo closer to Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates and Kuwait. These wealthy Gulf nations share Egypt’s suspicions of the Muslim Brotherhood as a subversive threat to their rule and have provided el-Sissi with some $32 billion in aid with no conditions attached. By contrast, Washington’s annual $1.5 billion aid package now seems paltry.

Last year's delays in U.S. military aid prompted Cairo to use some of that money from the Gulf states to diversify its weapons suppliers and reduce its dependency on the U.S. Egypt and Russia have signed a $3 billion arms deal for two dozen advanced Mikoyan MiG-35 fighter jets, among other things. The deal follows earlier weapons agreements with Russia and France, signed last year, each worth more than a billion dollars.

Even with the likelihood that U.S. military aid to Egypt will now flow without conditions, the relationship still faces some rough spots. Egyptian officials are resisting American advice to spend its aid money on counterterrorism equipment and border security, preferring to buy more big-ticket items such as war planes and heavy armor that they believe will enhance Egypt's prestige and image in the region.

Yet these disagreements are unlikely to change Washington's decision to mute its human rights concerns. Which means the jailed Al-Jazeera journalists will have to count on a successful rapprochement between Egypt and Qatar for their release, rather than any further pressure from Washington. As an American working with the Egyptian military, who asked not to be identified, said, "I don't think the administration has much stomach to really push hard against Cairo."



Tane Williams

TWO NUMBERS: SUN, SEA AND STITCHES

AMERICANS IN NEED OF NEW HIPS AND HEART BYPASSES ARE FINDING IT CAN BE CHEAPER TO GO ABROAD.

If you're thinking of a trip to India, you may imagine the majesty of the Taj Mahal, the thrill of an elephant ride or a chance to eat exotic curries. What you're probably not imagining is checking into a hospital for major surgery. Yet an increasing number of Americans are doing just that. Americans are choosing to travel to countries such as India,

Thailand and Mexico, as well as European destinations such as Germany, for medical procedures. The reason is simple: money.

The World Health Organization (WHO) calls this medical tourism and forecasts the industry will grow as costs continue to rise in the U.S. for things like hip and knee replacements, back surgery and cosmetic work. In 2007, 750,000 Americans traveled abroad for medical treatment, according to the WHO, which projects that almost 16 million Americans will travel abroad for treatment by 2017. There's a lot of money at stake. The WHO estimates that in 2017, $373 billion or more will flow out of the U.S. to foreign health care providers.

Health care providers abroad are already competing for the American medical tourism market. For example, a group called German Surgery helps individuals find the right hospitals and doctors for medical procedures and works with U.S. health insurers to extend coverage for treatment in Germany. "We can provide both affordable and high-quality health care, and our primary focus is on assisting patients from abroad in all aspects of their medical travel, from the point they initially contact us until they depart from Germany," said Frank Rothmaier, general manager of TheBioTechPanel GmbH, a Munich-based company that owns German Surgery. He estimates that a total hip replacement, typically costing anywhere from $50,000 to $100,000 in the U.S., would cost an American patient 30 to 60 percent less in Germany.

U.S. health insurers are starting to take notice. Some have initiated programs, such as United Group in Florida, which promotes medical tourism to members of self-funded health plans for treatment at hospitals in India and Thailand. Even taking into account the airfare and accommodations, the cost savings can be significant. For instance, the WHO estimates that heart bypass surgery in the U.S. costs

$113,000, compared with $10,000 in India and $13,000 in Thailand.

So the next time you're planning an overseas vacation, keep in mind what surgeries you need done. Your lifelong goal of seeing the Taj Mahal might be closer than you think.



Alan Chin for Newsweek

THE MADNESS OF MARIUPOL

ON UKRAINE'S FRONT LINES, A STRATEGIC PORT CITY IS AWASH WITH RUMORS ABOUT SABOTEURS, SPIES AND IMMINENT ATTACK.

Mariupol Mayor Yury Khotlubei convenes his war council in a drafty hall in the former Continental Hotel, a mint-green palace built more than a century ago. Forty men sit before him in white plastic lawn chairs, several in fatigues and one with an assault rifle slung across his back. One by one, as Khotlubei barks out their last names,

they rise to report on the status of policing, utilities and the delivery of supplies to the Ukrainian soldiers dug in on the outskirts of town.

A giant Christmas tree with no decorations looms in the corner. The faded hotel will have to do, as Khotlubei's city hall is a burned-out shell, the result of fighting between pro-Russian militants and government troops before Kiev reasserted its authority over Mariupol in June. The steel town of half a million has since become the unlikely outpost of Ukrainian power in Donbas, the Donetsk coal basin torn apart by a Kremlin-backed insurgency. Khotlubei, 70, a political chameleon who has run the city for most of the past 25 years, has likewise become an unlikely Ukrainian patriot. The frayed cuffs on his shirt attest to his longevity—and the hard times Mariupol faces as a front-line city.

"The city was vulnerable. We didn't have enough tanks and artillery to hold back the aggressors," Khotlubei says, recalling the first days of September when separatists reinforced by Russian army troops pushed toward Mariupol from the Russian border, 30 miles away. "Now we are an impregnable fortress."

Mariupol, perched on the Sea of Azov, is the only port in Donbas and lies in the path of a possible corridor between Russia and the Crimean Peninsula, which Russian President Vladimir Putin annexed in March. A September 5 cease-fire halted the rebel offensive, giving the city a respite to shore up its defenses. Yet while no territory has changed hands since then, sporadic firefights and shelling have taken a heavy toll. Almost a third of the 4,700 dead in the eight-month conflict have been killed since the beginning of the cease-fire, according to the United Nations.

What diplomats refer to as the "line of contention," the defenders of Mariupol simply call "the front." The biggest danger to Ukraine's fragile independence is that the cease-fire line hardens into a de facto border, hobbling the country's Western integration and dividing Europe with

a new Iron Curtain. Having lost control over hundreds of miles of its border with Russia, Ukrainian President Petro Poroshenko is at the mercy of whatever Putin throws his way. Ukrainian intelligence counted 250 tanks, 400 armored fighting vehicles and almost 1,900 trucks crossing from Russia over a six-week period in the fall.

Attempts to renew peace talks in Minsk, Belarus, have faltered, even as the Ukrainians imposed a “regime of silence” to reduce tensions along the cease-fire line. The world is now watching to see how Putin reacts as the United States and the European Union tighten sanctions that are already hurting the Russian economy. The ruble fell 40 percent against the dollar in 2014. The Ukrainian hryvnia fared even worse, losing almost half of its value last year.

Mariupol is a city awash with rumors about saboteurs, spies and imminent attack. In mid-December, a video showing a rebel column with the words To Mariupol painted on the side of armored personnel carriers appeared on YouTube. The next day, a local news site ran a headline saying, “No reason for panic.” There are almost daily reports of Russian reconnaissance drones over the city’s defenses, and in late December a railway bridge was damaged in an explosion. Even supporters of the Kiev government concede that the city is split into three more or less equal parts: one pro-Ukrainian, the second pro-Russian and the third indifferent “as long as there is no war.”

The city’s economic survival depends on two huge steel mills owned by Rinat Akhmetov, Ukraine’s richest man. After then-president Viktor Yanukovych fled to Russia following the bloody Maidan protests in Kiev last winter, Akhmetov avoided taking sides for months, waiting to see who would prevail in the struggle for Donbas: the bumbling provisional government in Kiev or the pro-Russian separatists, who were seizing one administrative building after another.

When Akhmetov finally decided that his fortune would be at greater risk in an unrecognized gangster state, it was almost too late. The billionaire made panicked video appeals and paid his Mariupol steel workers $25 bonuses to go on 12-hour patrols in the increasingly lawless city. Khotlubei says that the town's steelworks are working at 70 percent capacity because coal mines in rebel-held areas have been shut down and rail links severed. Only two daily passenger trains now connect the city to the rest of Ukraine, and the Mariupol port has seen export cargos drop by more than 40 percent, according to port director Alexei Rosinsky. With supplies uncertain, businesses can't plan more than a few days in advance.

The worst-case scenario for 2015 is that pro-Russian forces renew their attack, concentrating on Mariupol to break through a land bridge to Crimea, says Ihor Todorov, an international relations professor who fled Donetsk in July and now teaches in Uzhhorod in western Ukraine. The best case would be a successful Ukrainian counterattack to liberate Donbas, he says. "The most realistic scenario is preservation of the status quo. Endless, useless talks in the 'Minsk format,' no active combat—but terrorist acts on a permanent basis."

On the northern approaches to Mariupol, vehicles line up to be checked before entering the city, their headlights yellow smudges in the fog. Donetsk, once the regional center 60 miles away, is now the capital of a self-proclaimed "Donetsk People's Republic," which even the Kremlin doesn't recognize. If a significant portion of the region's population believed that a sham independence referendum in May would be enough to trigger a Crimea-style annexation, it has become clear that the local inhabitants are pawns in Putin's campaign to make Ukraine ungovernable. Months of shelling and an economic blockade by Poroshenko have undermined any remaining loyalty to Ukraine.

"Kiev is to blame for everything. They're traitors, and they should all be put on trial," says Alla Vasilenko, who traveled down from Donetsk to pick up her monthly pension of less than $100. Because her bank is facing liquidity problems, Vasilenko and other pensioners picket the same branch every day in hopes of withdrawing the daily limit of about $20. "Europe gives them money, and they put it in their pockets or buy weapons," she says.

The suffering of the civilian population is even starker in the village of Sartana, on the edge of Kiev's zone of control. Bunches of wilted flowers, soaked by the winter rain, lie on the roadside where a Grad missile killed seven villagers taking part in a funeral procession in October. The likely target was a collective farm up the road that Ukrainian border guards have turned into their base. The unit, normally stationed 800 miles to the west near Poland, is now tasked with guarding an arbitrary boundary line well inside the country. "An artilleryman has his duties, we have ours," the unit commander, Major Valeriy Shchesnyak, says laconically.

Behind one of their checkpoints, Shchesnyak's men have set up camp in a dried-out reservoir. It was not government contractors with exorbitant day rates who dug out the underground bunkers, rigged them with electricity and installed wood-burning stoves—the border guards built everything with their own hands. In a country ravaged by corruption and teetering on bankruptcy, the defense of the nation has become a D.I.Y. undertaking. The food in the field kitchens, as well as body armor and helmets, are donations from ordinary Ukrainians. Schoolchildren's drawings paper the walls of the bunkers.



A trained watchdog sits at a checkpoint in Sartana, Ukraine, with troops from the Mostyska Detachment of the DPSU (State Border Guard Service of Ukraine). Credit: Alan Chin for Newsweek

The most crucial citizen contributions are the volunteer battalions that came to the aid of the underfunded, demoralized military, which was unable to suppress the pro-Russian uprising on its own. Konstantin Batozsky, an adviser to liberal Mariupol politician and businessman Sergei Taruta, discounts as “total nonsense” the accusation that the battalions are fascist paramilitaries. “There are many questions about the battalions, but they are made up of people who are ready to die for Ukraine every day,” Batozsky says. “War always attracts strange characters.”

The strangest character on the Mariupol front may be Dmytro Korchynsky, 50, who helped found the St. Mary’s Battalion as an explicitly Christian unit following the September cease-fire. Korchynsky last made news when he fled Ukraine a year ago after being accused of provoking violence against the police during the Maidan protests. Now he drives around Mariupol in a double-cab Toyota Tundra

with a camouflage paint job, armed with a Steyr assault rifle and Jericho pistol.

“Christianity should be practiced as it was in the 13th century,” says Korchynsky. “War for faith is the best thing that can happen in a person’s life. It should happen all over the world, and first of all in Ukraine.” He speaks softly and doesn’t smile.

Korchynsky blames Russia for the deaths of two great-grandfathers in the aftermath of the 1918 Bolshevik Revolution and a grandfather during World War II. He says he fought on the side of Chechen rebels in the mid-1990s and learned from them the effectiveness of injecting a religious element into their fight against Moscow. “Russia is too strong. We can only fight back as a crusade, not a national liberation movement,” Korchynsky says. “We consider Russia to be the house of Satan. Russia as a state should be destroyed and its people liberated.”

To Moscow? “Yes.” To Vladivostok? He nods. Mariupol is the beginning, not the end.



AccuVein

THE FRIENDLIER NEEDLE

A HANDHELD DEVICE LETS DOCTORS AND NURSES SEE YOUR VEINS THROUGH YOUR SKIN.

Americans stick a lot of needles in their veins. There's an estimated 2.7 million vein sticks every day in the U.S., and blood tests inform over 70 percent of medical decisions. Venipuncture is a ubiquitous function of modern medicine; between blood draws for annual checkups, IVs, blood donations and more, nurses are constantly seeking out the right vein to delicately skewer.

But despite the pervasiveness of the procedure, drawing blood remains an arduous task. Finding a vein is often difficult; an estimated 30 percent of patients require multiple sticks.

AccuVein, a New York–based company, recently developed a device that could help put an end to missed veins. It uses noninvasive infrared technology to project an image of a person's veins onto the skin's surface; when a patient's arm is scanned, the musculature appears red, and the veins show as dark lines. Although the technology used by AccuVein has been around for nearly a decade, it has only recently become viable for use in a standard health care setting. Early vein visualization devices were too expensive for most health clinics, and far too heavy—weighing in at close to 150 pounds—to be of practical use. AccuVein's new AV400 weighs only 9.7 ounces (about as much as two iPhone's) and costs only $5,500 a pop.

The device is already being used in over 3,000 health care facilities, the company says, including many teaching hospitals, where administrators rave about it. "Before AccuVein, the only option for finding a vein, especially with young, elderly, dark-skinned, and obese patients, was going by feel which obviously presents a lot of problems," says Catherine Nunn, the coordinator of the venous access program at NYU Langone Medical Center, which uses the AV4000. Vein finder technology, she adds, makes "patient movement a non-issue." Combined with shortening the time it takes to perform a procedure, "leads to a higher level of confidence among venipuncture technicians. A confident technician means a confident patient."

Though additional research needs to be done, one early study presented at the 2014 Infusion Nurses Society Annual Convention showed that 81 percent of nurses felt they were more capable of inserting an IV using vein visualizing devices. In an AccuVein survey, 93 percent of respondents gave a facility a higher satisfaction score if it used vein

visualization technology. The majority of respondents also reported that they would be willing to drive out of their way to a facility that used such a device if given the option.

And helping to quell the fears associated with needle sticks could increase the number of people vaccinated every year. “There are generally two types of people who don’t get vaccinated,” says Dr. William McKay, professor of pain management at the University of Saskatchewan. “The first are people who are paranoid over vaccinations and think they do more harm than good. The second are people with needle phobia.” There may not be much that technology can do to help the first group, but vein visualization devices may be able to soothe the fears of the second.



Ed Jones/AFP/Getty

UBER IS GOING TO EAT YOUR CHILDREN...

...AND THE OTHER TOP TECH TRENDS OF 2015.

The tech industry constantly unleashes thrilling ideas that race through the population like pink eye in a preschool. Some of them, like e-commerce and the Long Tail, have staying power. Others look silly in the rearview mirror —burning millions of dollars to gain “eyeballs” did not continue to be an admirable business strategy after the dot-com bubble burst.

With such perspective, here are eight buzzy tech trends/ideas to watch in 2015, the 20th anniversary of the Internet's big bang: Netscape's IPO.

No company gets more attention today than Uber. It's changing personal transportation. It's getting in fights and stirring up shit-storms all over the world. It's worth $41 billion. So, of course, every startup team wants to sprinkle a little Uber dust on itself. GlamSquad, which lets users tap an app to get a hairstylist to do a house call, dubbed itself "sort of an Uber for women's haircuts." BloomThat calls itself the Uber for flowers. GreenPal's CEO described his company as an Uber for lawn care.

The problem there is that Uber's greater goal is to eventually be the Uber of every goddamn thing. Much the way Amazon started with books and usurped most of retail, Uber will start with taxis and snort up whatever might seem as if it should be Uberized, whether it is haircuts, flowers, lawn work or clowns. And the company seems mean enough to do it. Watch this space for a lot of Drugstore.com and Pets.com roadkill.

In 2011, super-investor Marc Andreessen penned a CEO-rattling op-ed about "why software is eating the world." The thrust was that software is replacing or revolutionizing everything that used to be done with hardware or physical stuff, whether it is TV, medicine or money.

This has proved to be largely true, and CEOs have progressed from denial to conversion. So today we're seeing companies declare that—holy smokes!—they are software companies after all! Or, as Salesforce.com CEO Marc Benioff teased from the stage of his massive convention this fall, "if you weren't a software company before, you are one now."

Even the Girl Scouts succumbed, finally letting its members sell Girl Scout cookies online. If your kid is still hawking Thin Mints door-to-door, she might as well pack up her sash and see if she can get a job as a

telephone switchboard operator. This is no fad. Software will inexorably march through one industry after another in 2015 and beyond, unless the North Koreans destroy all of America's computers. Then every company will be a hand-cranked company.

This phrase was the title of Bill Gates's 1999 book, and now seems to be uttered everywhere in business conversation, much like "innovator's dilemma" a decade ago. It's supposed to conjure up super-fast actions in a highly networked age. But this sounds like a really bad idea. Given how scattered our thoughts are, acting instantly on all of them would result in corporate strategy as disjointed as Snooki's Twitter feed. Lord knows, executives could use a little more Dalai Lama and a little less Microsoft philosophy. How 'bout "business at the speed of mindfulness"?

Look for the "speed of thought" phrase to become a cringe-worthy cliché by year's end.

Google's Nexus 6 is supposed to be a phone, but it's practically as big as a wok. Put it in your inside jacket pocket and it looks as if you're wearing half a bulletproof vest. Phone sizes are getting bigger faster. "It took five years for the average screen size to get from three inches to four inches, but only two more to get to the current average of five inches," notes Alex Barredo, who analyzed data on 7,000 phone models.

What's driving this? A younger generation, in particular, is using the phone for almost everything that formerly belonged on the laptop: Web searching, Facebooking, movie watching. So it makes sense that they'd want a larger screen, as long as it can awkwardly make a call in an emergency, like when they have to ask their father for money. At least that's been my experience.

But the trend can't continue or phones will soon end up as big as laptops. And then some college-age genius will have an epiphany that it would be really cool to have a connected device you could carry in your shirt pocket, as if

that never happened before. Then we'll go back to square one.

HBO and CBS dove into streaming in 2014. Every other significant programmer will follow in 2015. Cable companies have overpriced and under-serviced their way to a level of consumer disgust unmatched by almost any industry in history. No one will weep for Comcast.

Apple is closing in on a market cap of $700 billion. OK, so it's still $300 billion away from $1 trillion, which is like Apple growing both a Facebook and an Amazon to get there. Still, if stocks keep climbing and Tim Cook doesn't screw up, Apple could pass that milestone soon. U.S. Steel became the first billion-dollar company in 1901. We've been waiting 114 years to get to the next level.

Investing in Bitcoin in 2014 was like using your money as cat litter: $940 for a Bitcoin in January dove to $330 in December. But while the mania for Bitcoin as an investment might be over, most every venture capitalist says that startups in payments and financial technology are their hottest investments right now—and the potential of the technology behind Bitcoin is a big reason. Banks and credit card companies might be heading for the same rough ride that's ahead for the cable companies.

What? You mean like arbitrary lists cynically aimed at luring eyeballs? No way.



Elizabeth Dalziel/AP

STEALTH HEALTH

VITAMIN-FORTIFIED CURRY POWDER AND SOY SAUCE COULD ALLEVIATE MALNUTRITION ACROSS THE GLOBE.

In 1922, one of the great puzzles of nutrition was solved by a Swiss doctor on a mission to prevent the people of Appenzell Ausserrhoden from developing enlarged thyroid glands—a condition better known as goiter. People weren't getting enough iodine in their diets, and Hans Eggenberger, the chief physician of the district hospital, in the town of Herisau, knew it.

After some thoughtful observation into the dietary habits of the Swiss, Eggenberger introduced iodized salt—table

salt with sodium iodide or potassium iodide added to it—to Appenzell Ausserrhoden. Within a year, incidences of goiter locally dropped precipitously. Immediately, the United Swiss Rhine Salt Works began to produce iodized salt and the Swiss Federal Office of Public Health formed the Swiss Goiter Commission in 1922 to ensure that, moving forward, the Swiss would only have iodized salt at their tables.

Across the Atlantic, in the U.S., goiter remained an issue of almost epidemic proportions in the Great Lakes area. A professor of pediatric medicine at the University of Michigan, David Murray Cowie looked at the Swiss success and asked “why not here?” By May 1, 1924 the Morton Salt Company was distributing the cure to goiter to households nationwide: iodized salt.

Today, iodized salt has lowered the incidence rate of goiters considerably around the world. Not even three decades after the discovery, goiter rates among Michigan schoolchildren had fallen from a high of 66 percent in some cities down to just 0.2 percent. In England, by the turn of 21st century, goiter had dropped from roughly 1 percent incidence to 0.041 percent. Iodized salt has also minimized risks related to pregnancy, such as stillbirth and spontaneous abortion, and cognitive defects in a child’s early developmental years, such as cretinism. Just over a decade after UNICEF and the World Health Organization (WHO) officially recommended the world’s salt supplies be iodized in 2003, 120 countries have programs in place.

While Eggenberer’s revelation has led to huge nutritional successes, other micronutrient deficiencies still plague people all over the world. For example, more than one-quarter of the world’s population is anemic, with children most at risk. Vitamin A deficiencies, the leading cause of preventable blindness in children, afflict roughly 250 million preschool-age children. These illnesses and others like them crop up in both underdeveloped countries and industrialized

ones—where food is either bountiful but monotonous, or, in the case of food deserts, absent.

That's why groups like WHO and the Global Alliance for Improved Nutrition are trying to solve modern deficiencies of other micronutrients in the same way we solved the iodine problem nearly 100 years ago: through people's food.

The first step, says Luis Mejia, one of the scientists leading the charge, is deciding which foods get fortified. That depends heavily on how often the food is consumed, in what quantities it's consumed, and who's doing the consuming. "You can't just choose any food," says Mejia, a professor of food science and nutrition at the University of Illinois. It wouldn't make sense, for example, to fortify wasabi or Old Bay Seasoning—those spices aren't consumed by enough people. The vehicle must be quick, convenient and used pretty much daily. In 2010, for instance, Mejia and fellow scientists at INCAP, a nutritional organization in Central America and Panama, saw major success bringing vitamin A and iron to the region's supplies of sugar.

However, some experts suggest Mejia's victory in fortifying sugar is a best-case scenario and addresses only a few of the many challenges likely to be experienced in other countries. Iron fortification is a great example. While each country necessarily has its own nutritional challenges, due to unique profiles of disease and deficiency, across the board, iron intake is problematic. In 2010, food scientists convened to analyze how well iron-fortified wheat flour had been helping the populations of 78 countries. The short answer: It wasn't. Only nine countries were judged to have benefited from their current programs. The other 69 were either using the wrong type of iron powders, the wrong concentrations or both.

In large part, this is because of other endemic health problems in those countries. "If you get down to the nitty-gritty, one of the main problems is trying to give nutrients to

populations that have a lot of inflammation and infection," says Richard Hurrell, professor emeritus at ETH Zurich and co-editor of the 2006 WHO report "Guidelines on Food Fortification With Micronutrients." In sub-Saharan Africa, especially, these maladies prevent iron fortification programs from taking hold because the body's natural inflammatory response is to block absorption of the nutrient. "You can't just go with food fortification," says Hurrell. "You have to go with a hygiene program and a program to treat malaria or to treat worms."

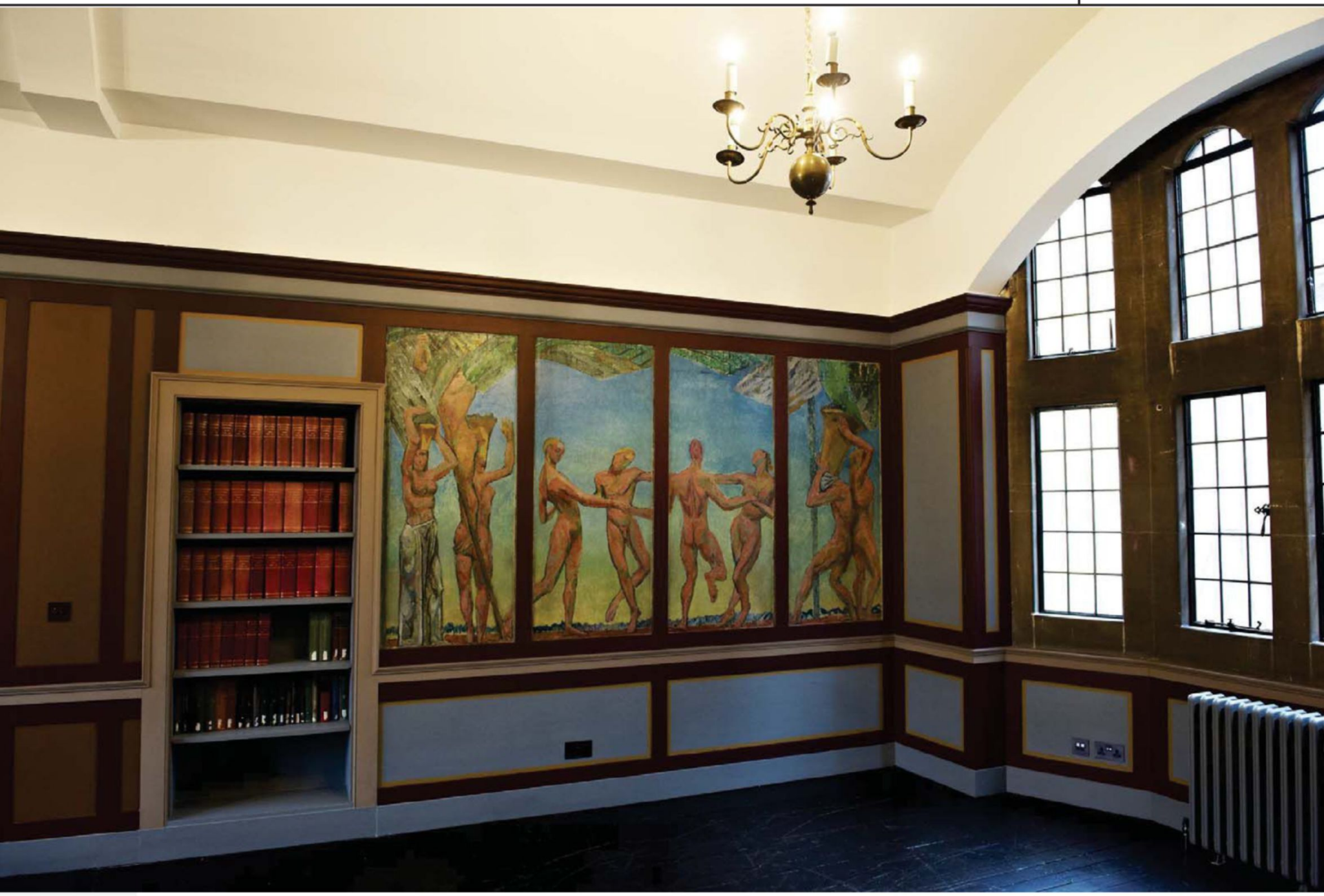
Mejia suspects vitamin A fortification may encounter similar logistical hurdles. While Southeast Asia has nowhere near the level of infectious disease found in Africa, people there have micronutrient deficiencies because their diets are too simple, which impedes their bodies' ability to absorb certain nutrients. Unlike water-soluble vitamins like B-complex vitamins and the family of C vitamins, vitamin A gets absorbed through the presence of fat. In countries with rice-heavy diets, fortifying condiments like soy sauce and fish sauce must take these fat scarcities into account. Fortunately, says Mejia, "there is usually a minimum amount of fat from nuts or some fruits that may help the intestinal absorption of vitamin A. True, the absorption may not be optimal, but it is better than nothing."

Finally, there is the matter of stability. Fortification programs are successful when they take existing foods and preserve qualities like taste, odor, texture and color, so that people don't need to make any mental leaps to incorporate a strange new food into their diets. If all goes to plan, nothing on the consumer's end needs to change. Cowie's mission to iodize America's salt might not have worked if his plans required modifying it into a bitter blue powder or turning it into chalky pink rocks. Fortification's big sell is that it is expansive and automatic—people who eat salt eat salt, and fortifying something complex, like mustard or chocolate, leaves too much room for naysayers.

Then there's the cost, which stands in the way of many blue-sky solutions to global problems, including the micronutrient fix. Understanding how a nutrient can get to a population requires vast amounts of fieldwork, data collection and analysis, and man-hours, all of which eat up millions of dollars and precious time that few countries can afford. Luckily, Hurrell says, the fortification industry recently has had some help from donors like the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, USAID, nongovernmental organizations, academic institutions and other private sector companies.

If funding can keep pace with the advances made in both food and implementation sciences, Mejia suspects countries will be able to roll out new programs within a handful of years— fortified curry powder in India and sauces in the Philippines and Vietnam may be a reality before the decade's out. Compared to other global public health programs, which often project decades into the future, fortification holds a unique power: to help billions of people get healthier in the same generation that hope first arrived.

"If you can do that," Mejia says, "I think you have a winner."



Emilie Bailey for Newsweek

FOUND! A MISSING BLOOMSBURY MURAL

A WALL PAINTING BY DUNCAN GRANT IS UNCOVERED AFTER NEARLY A CENTURY.

Four naked revelers hold hands and dance in the sunshine. To their left, another naked figure balances on a ladder while harvesting grapes and dropping them into baskets held by fellow workers in various stages of undress. On their right, two other nude grape pickers wrestle with a basket.

It’s a large, colorful and startling painting. Not the artist’s best work, as he admitted, but to art historians an unearthed treasure of incalculable value.

Like a long-lost Shakespearean manuscript or a forgotten Beatles tape, this mislaid mural by the British painter Duncan Grant has lovers of Postimpressionism in paroxysms of delight. Unseen for nearly a century, it was revealed recently on a wall in King’s College, Cambridge, when eight other large paintings by Grant and his partner, Vanessa Bell, were removed for restoration.

But how did a 20th century masterpiece find itself on the walls of an office used by economics lecturers? And what was the esteemed artist Duncan Grant doing decorating the walls of a humble college room?

The story starts with that intellectual pre-jet set that became known as the Bloomsbury Group. The writer Virginia Woolf, her husband Leonard, her sister Vanessa Bell and their friends Lytton Strachey, Roger Fry and others, formed an intellectual powerhouse in early 20th century England. They were prodigiously creative—writing, painting, designing and debating in a way that influenced art and literature for decades.

Dorothy Parker quipped that they painted in circles, lived in squares and loved in triangles. And their domestic and personal lives reflected their iconoclastic attitudes to the intellectual and moral norms of the time. They were forever hopping in and out of bed with each other, barely thinking of which sex they nominally belonged to and carefree in a hedonistic, almost-hippie way. Socially, think of them as the Fleetwood Mac of their age.

Into this group drifted the talented young artist Duncan Grant, born in Scotland but educated in English private schools. Through his cousin, Strachey, with whom he had a brief affair, he was introduced to the man who oiled the

wheels of the Bloomsbury Group and kept it financially secure, the now legendary economist John Maynard Keynes.

In any list of the greatest minds or the most influential people of the last century, Keynes is right at the top. His analysis of global economics after World War I, published as The Economic Consequences of the Peace, became a best-seller and his The General Theory introduced the notions of government intervention in markets and investment to stimulate growth that came to be characterized as Keynesian.

Not content with saving the world from further economic disaster, and founding the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, he found time to be the first chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain and to build the Arts Theatre in Cambridge.

In these days of TMZ, CCTV and social media, it is hard to imagine a world where a distinguished government adviser and civil servant could live such a rakish life. Homosexuality was illegal in Britain until 1967. But before the Soviet spy scandal in the 1950s involving Kim Philby, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, it was quite permissible to be a member of the secret Cambridge society The Apostles, conduct any number of gay relationships and hang out with anti-establishment, possibly seditious artists.

And Keynes didn’t just throw himself into the Bloomsbury lifestyle, he bankrolled it, working hard as an investor, some would say speculator, to fund the writing, painting and studying of his Bloomsbury chums.

Duncan Grant was 23 and studying at the Slade School of Fine Art, which forms part of University College in the area north of the British Museum known as Bloomsbury, when in 1908 he met 25-year-old Maynard Keynes. They formed an immediate attachment and shared rooms first in St John’s Wood, then in Fitzroy Square and later Brunswick Square in Bloomsbury.

Keynes was enchanted by young Grant's enthusiasm for travel and for painting. During the next few years they visited the Orkneys, France, Turkey and Greece, where Grant first witnessed grape and lemon harvests. Throughout this period Keynes retained his association with Cambridge University and, as a fellow, was given a suite of three rooms in Webb's Court, just off the main square of King's College.

The painters of Bloomsbury believed art should never be confined to the canvas and the conventional picture frame. They painted anything and everything. Cupboard doors, fireplaces, shelves, vases, any surface which could be decorated was daubed in their preferred bright colors.

So Keynes's instinctive reaction to the bare walls of his new rooms was to ask his lover to cover them with art. Grant was entranced by the idea of capturing rhythm and movement. In London's Tate Gallery you can see two of his paintings, which explore the same theme. The Dancers depicts four naked and partly dressed figures holding hands, just like the characters he painted for Keynes. In The Lemon Gatherers, five women chat, inspect their feet and balance on their heads baskets which look just like the ones in Keynes's mural.

When his journey into this area of expression was finished, Grant would be hailed as a pioneer of the Postimpressionist movement. But it was a hard ride. Sixty years later, recalling his work on Keynes's room, he told Richard Shone that he "ran into difficulties towards the completion of the painting" and remembered "throwing down his brushes and bursting into tears."

Grant's biographer Frances Spalding, professor of art history at Newcastle University, says the Webb's Court painting is "an important work which demonstrates the importance of rhythmic movement to the Postimpressionists." It's "an effort to find a modern visual language to express traditional ideas of animating human figures which stretched back to the renaissance."

Spalding sees echoes of the 15th century Italian painter Piero della Francesca, particularly his depictions of dancing groups, and also of Henri Matisse, whom Grant had met a few months earlier in Paris. Some of the figures in Matisse's La Danse (1909) are uncannily similar to Grant's painted in 1910.

There is no evidence of the great economist's reaction to the mural, but his decision 10 years later to commission four paintings by Grant and four by Vanessa Bell to hang on either side of his door and obscure the original suggests that neither he nor Grant were too enamored of the work. By this time Grant's affair with Keynes had ended and Grant had formed a partnership with Bell.

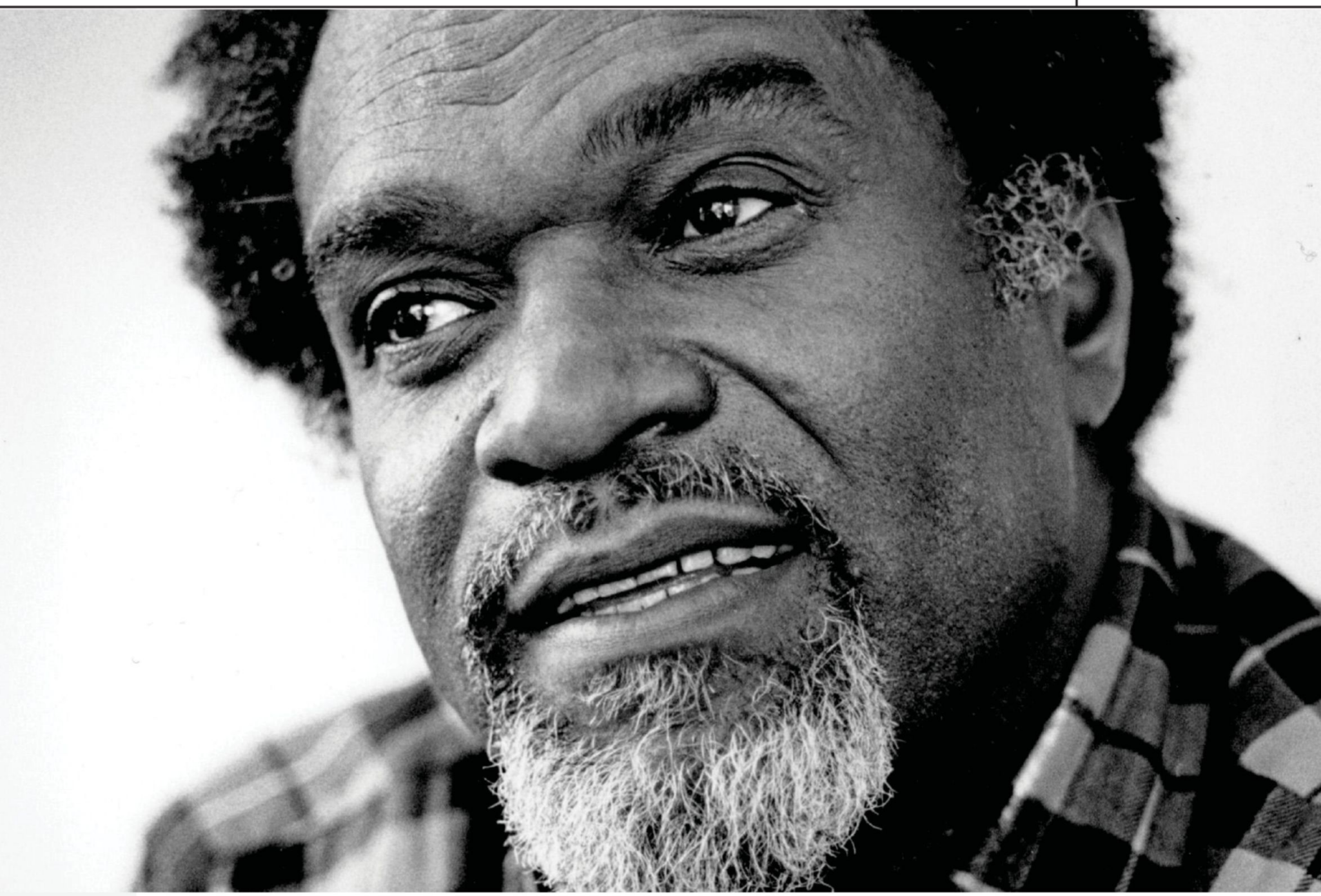
In 1925, Keynes met and married the celebrated Russian ballerina Lydia Lopokova. He took rooms elsewhere in Cambridge, but retained his Webb's Court set of rooms until his death in 1946. His large and extremely valuable collection of paintings was bequeathed to King's College and many of them are now on show at the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge.

Professor Jean Michel Massing, director of studies in art history, lives in King's College in rooms decorated floor to ceiling by paintings, some of which are part of the Keynes bequest. The bedroom and dressing room/bathroom have been converted for use as shared offices by the college's economics department. The books on the shelves include several bound volumes of the Economics Journal, which Keynes edited between 1912 and 1944, bulked out by books rescued from a skip when they were deemed surplus to requirement by the college library.

Aytek Erdil, director of studies in economics at Kings, lived in Keynes's rooms before they were converted and still uses them occasionally for seminars and meetings. He might be expected to be in awe of his legendary predecessor and the world-changing conversations that must have been had within the walls of P3 Webb's Court.

Curiously, though, he is dismissive of Keynes's academic legacy and never liked the paintings. But other members of Kings are much more positive. The first bursar, Keith Carne, confirms that King's is keen to support research following in its benefactor's tradition and happy to show the rooms to people.

It might seem incongruous that an obsessive number-cruncher and policy wonk like Keynes would be interested in painting, but the celebrated economics professor Victoria Chick sees no inconsistency. "Culture and civilization," she says, "are what economics is for."



Marty Reichenthal/AP

FIGHTING WITH GUERRILLA THEATER AFTER THE DEATH OF ERIC GARNER

DOUGLAS TURNER WARD'S NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY MENTORED DENZEL WASHINGTON AND SAMUEL L. JACKSON, AND HELPED CREATE BLACK ACTIVIST THEATER

A young black man stands in front of the New York Police Department's headquarters in Times Square. A crowd

gathers around him and starts humming in harmony. “This congregation has come together to express its dissent of police matters,” he raps. “In exercising our right to be heard, the only proper police protocol is to use excessive force. Forceful words. This is how we shoot back.”

The young man is Daniel J. Watts, a writer and performer currently in Motown on Broadway. The crowd around him is made up of cast members from Kinky Boots, The Lion King, The Phantom of the Opera and other shows. They were brought together by Tony Award-winning producer Warren Adams and Brandon Victor Dixon, a Tony-nominated actor. Their company, WalkRunFly Productions, created this piece of guerrilla theater in July to speak out against police brutality following the death of Eric Garner on New York’s Staten Island.

For Dixon and Adams, creating the performance seemed natural. “As artists, our job is to communicate thoughts and tell stories,” says Dixon. “And this is a story we wanted to be a part of.”

Both Dixon and Adams are keenly aware of the political legacy of black theater: from Langston Hughes to Sidney Poitier, African-American theater artists have used stories to ignite sociopolitical conversation. Yet, for these theater activists, few can compare in significance to Douglas Turner Ward, founder of the groundbreaking Negro Ensemble Company (NEC). “Those are the shoulders I stand on,” says Watts. “Without them,” says Adams, “there really wouldn’t be us today.” Michael Dinwiddie, an associate professor at New York University, calls the NEC “a truly visionary company intent on mining the stories of African-American people at a time when no one was doing it.”

The NEC mentored the likes of Denzel Washington, Samuel L. Jackson, Laurence Fishburne, Phylicia Rashad, Delroy Lindo and Angela Bassett, yet Ward is almost unknown outside of the theater world.

He's now 84 and lives alone in New York's East Village. An operation for tongue cancer has made it difficult for him to speak. But his voice is still loud and clear and his eyes sharp as they relive the past.

He was born Roosevelt Ward Jr. on May 5, 1930, in Burnside, Louisiana. He seemed destined to play a part in America's race battles: His great-great-grandmother, Elnora, was owned as a slave by General Nathan Bedford Forrest, a founder of the Ku Klux Klan. Elnora bore Forrest a daughter, but fearing for their safety, she escaped to Louisiana.

Ward was raised in New Orleans, where he says he had "no interest" in theater but describes himself as a "precocious kid" with a passion for literature. As a teenager during World War II, Ward witnessed his uncles being drafted into a war "fighting for 'freedom,' when their own country afforded them only oppression and injustice."

Ward studied journalism at the University of Michigan. It was there, he says, that he became "radicalized." Students had begun protesting the segregation of Ann Arbor's movie houses, and Ward found himself at the center of the movement. He also discovered Marx and Engels' Communist Manifesto. "I thought they wrote it for me," he says.

In 1949, at the age of 19, Ward moved to Harlem, where he helped found the Labor Youth League and quickly rose in the ranks of New York's black leftist movement. Describing New York City at the time, Ward talks about police brutality, segregated neighborhoods and enormous inequality —in short, he says, "all the issues we face today." It was during this period that he discovered theater as a means of political activism. He began writing skits about daily events, to perform at meetings. Ward found the "impact of immediacy" offered by live performance electrifying.

But being part of a Communist group in the McCarthy era was dangerous. Like Paul Robeson, Ward found himself

a government target. In 1949, Ward was arrested by the FBI for evading the draft and sent back to New Orleans to await trial. He was eventually acquitted, but during the 18-month legal process he wrote his first major play, The Trial of Willie McGee, based on the true story of an African-American man in Mississippi who was falsely convicted and executed for the rape of a white woman. He returned to New York, worked as a reporter for The Daily Worker and began taking acting classes with Paul Mann, who had taught both Ossie Davis and Sidney Poitier.

That same year, at the Hotel Theresa in Harlem, Ward held a reading of Willie McGee with Lorraine Hansberry and Lonne Elder III. According to Ward, the reading "helped ignite their ambition to become writers": Elder became the first African-American to be nominated for an Academy Award for writing; Hansberry became the first black woman to write a play performed on Broadway, with A Raisin in the Sun.

In 1957, The Daily Worker closed, and Ward decided to pursue a full-time career in theater. Within a year he had understudied Poitier in the role of Walter Lee Younger in A Raisin in the Sun on Broadway, and eventually he took over the role for the show's national tour. Ward remembers Poitier as "the greatest" but says he was "never right for the role" because Walter was from Mississippi and Poitier from the Bahamas.

Returning to New York, Ward performed in Jean Genet's The Blacks. The original cast of the show included James Earl Jones, Cicely Tyson and Maya Angelou. Yet despite this burgeoning of African-American talent, Ward recognized a profound gap in the New York theater scene. In 1966, Ward penned a landmark op-ed in The New York Times titled "American Theatre: For Whites Only." In order for African-American theater artists to thrive, he wrote, "the most immediate, pressing, practical, absolutely minimally essential active first step is the development of a permanent

Negro company…. Not in the future, but now." The Negro Ensemble Company was formed in 1967, with Ward as founding artistic director, and quickly became a beacon for black actors across the country.

The NEC's first major success came in 1969 with Lonne Elder III's Ceremonies in Dark Old Men. The show was a huge hit—Ward remembers calling Elder up and saying, "You poor motherfucker—you're rich overnight."

There were offers to take Ceremonies to Broadway, but Ward refused. He felt it would compromise the NEC's ethos: Ward envisioned the company not as a commercial institution but as a creative locus. He had also seen other black companies ruined by Broadway before: When the American Negro Theatre took Anna Lucasta to Broadway in 1944, infighting and manipulation from white producers ruined the company.

The Great White Way eventually proved too alluring. In 1973, the NEC made its Broadway debut with The River Niger by Joseph Walker. The play had been a huge hit off-Broadway, winning the Obie for Best American Play. Ward, who directed and starred in the show, felt that the NEC had now established itself as a cutting-edge company and Broadway would not harm its reputation. The show won the 1974 Tony Award for Best Play.

Ward was "the best director I've ever worked with," says Charles Weldon, the current artistic director of the NEC, who performed in The River Niger. He says Ward used to "sit there reading the newspaper during rehearsals. People didn't get it. But the thing was, he was really listening. And you'd better hope he didn't put down that newspaper."

The NEC continued to have critical and commercial success throughout the '70s and early '80s, but the one play that truly defines the legacy of the Negro Ensemble Company is A Soldier's Play by Charles Fuller. Directed by Ward, it opened on November 20, 1981, and ran for 468 performances. The play won the Outer Critics Circle Award

for Best Off-Broadway Play and the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award for Best American Play. It also won the 1981 Pulitzer Prize for Drama.

Awards aside, A Soldier's Play exemplifies what made the NEC and Ward legendary. A murder mystery inspired by Melville's Billy Budd, the play examined black tensions in a military context. As Frank Rich wrote in the New York Times's review, the play "tirelessly insists on embracing volatile contradictions because that is the way to arrive at the shattering truth."

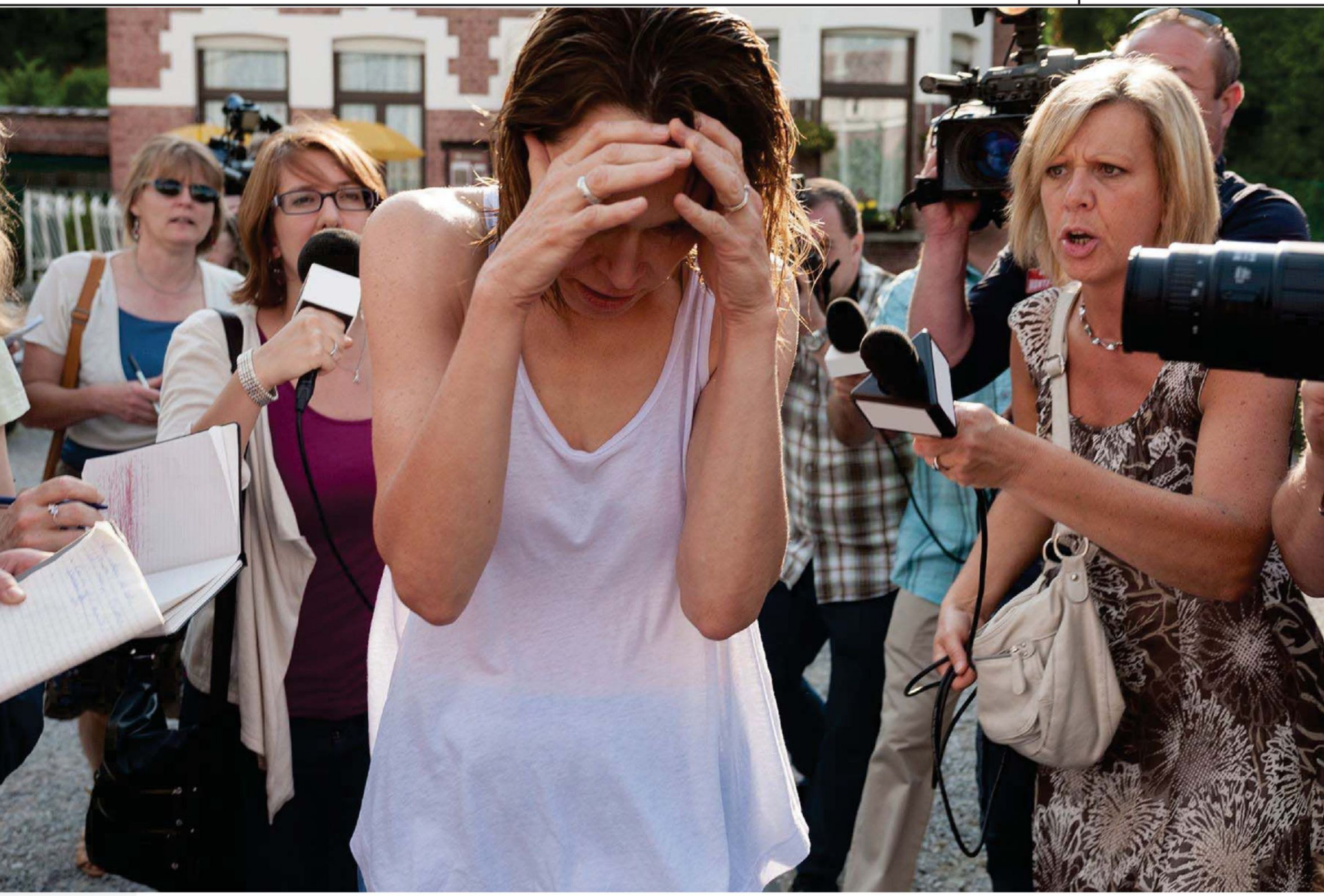
Ward called it "The Blacks of this generation" because it was "the best combination of black actors ever." The cast included Denzel Washington, Samuel L. Jackson and Charles Brown. Ward had already decided whom to cast as Private Peterson when he got a phone call: "This is Denzel Washington. Are you still auditioning?" Ward replied, "If you can make it in the next hour, I'll see you." When Washington read for the part, Ward says, "it was instant. It was obvious that this was his role." Washington went on to star in the film version of the play and was catapulted to stardom.

Yet A Soldier's Play was also the NEC's last major success. An Internal Revenue Service investigation led to the company going into huge debt, in an effort to cover legal fees and the eventual tax payback, which was sizable. The theater continued to suffer financially, and following the critical failure of Fuller's epic WE, the NEC almost shut down. Charles Weldon had to rescue the company from bankruptcy.

The company now sits in a tiny office in Times Square. Dusty boxes filled with old playbills and scripts litter the shelves. Samuel Jackson and Denzel Washington stare down from old black-and-white photos. Weldon admits that he's "no rich man" and that maintaining the company is a struggle. Still, for him it's worth it, "to hold on to history. A

history that was great. A history that so many great people were a part of."

Despite the work of the NEC and others, "racism is still the virus that plagues America," as Daniel J. Watts says. This has become apparent even in the theater world. Producers Adams and Dixon admit that there is just a handful of black directors, producers and writers working regularly on Broadway. They set up their company to change this, to give black artists "the chance to fly."



Liam Daniel

THE ACTION IN 'THE MISSING'

BEHIND THE SCENES OF STARZ'S CHILD-ABDUCTION DRAMA, THERE WAS PLENTY OF EMOTION.

"What you have seen, no father should ever see," French detective Julien Baptiste (Tcheky Karyo) tells Irish father Tony Hughes (James Nesbitt) about halfway through Starz's mystery series The Missing. He's referring to a glimpse caught on video of Hughes's 5-year-old son Oliver, who disappeared in a small town in France eight years earlier —a terrifying image that confirms the father's suspicion

the boy was abducted and may still be alive—but he might be speaking for the audience that remained terrified and tantalized throughout the eight-part series (which has been nominated for a Golden Globe).

Now imagine how the actors felt. Nesbitt and Frances O'Connor, who plays the boy's mother, Emily, are both parents and lived with the story and their characters' anxieties for five-and-a-half months. "As an actor, even when you are taking on an emotionally demanding role, you get the script and the schedule and you'll say, 'In two weeks that's going to be a tricky time or a difficult week,'" says Nesbitt. "With this, Oliver goes missing right away; it meant that you had to be in the position to be going to those places almost every day."

The Missing (written and produced by brothers Jack and Harry Williams, and directed by Tom Shankland) spools out over two time periods: in the summer of 2006, when the boy disappears, and the winter of 2014, when Tony returns to the fictional town of Chalons Du Bois seeking the truth. He has remained obsessed (some might say unhinged), while Emily is the parent who has ostensibly moved on and accepted her loss. Though both had to remain close to the emotion at the heart of the story. "I thought I would use my own daughters as the tool to get to the lonely and dark and desolate places, particularly in the aftermath of Oliver's disappearance," says Nesbitt (Bloody Sunday, Waking Ned Devine). "What I discovered unfortunately is you can't really do that. If you try and locate the notion of that happening to your own, there's a distinct self-defense mechanism which throws up these shutters. You're disallowed from going there."

O'Connor, who was also nominated for a Golden Globe for her performance, had similar problems trying to use her 9-year-old son as a touchstone for Emily's grief. "That's a long time to sustain that kind of thought," she says by phone from her native Australia. It helped that during the week

they were somewhat isolated shooting in Brussels (which subbed for France) and she got to return to her family in London on the weekends.

A more concrete challenge was playing the couple in two different eras. They filmed the 2014 sequences first, meaning the actors got to know each other and build a strong relationship with the international cast and crew and relied in part on wardrobe and makeup to convey the passage of time. “Nothing bad had ever happened to 2006 Emily,” says O’Connor (Mr. Selfridge). “She was someone who’d had quite a sheltered life; [she’d been] a single child and Tony was one of those guys who looked after her and did everything for her.” Her hair was fair and her feelings are on the surface. “In 2014 I wanted her to be really structured; changing her hair, and her clothes are very structured… it’s a much more grown-up, contained [look]; she’s holding cards very close to her. She’s not harsh, but there’s a brittleness to her.”

O’Connor knew that audiences would react negatively to a mother who seemed to be over the loss of her child, and one of the show’s dynamics is that tension created by our contrary expectations: We profess admiration for the single-minded parent keeping a lonely vigil, like Tony, but applaud the Oprah-esque notion of closure Emily seems to embody—at least at first.

“I knew there would be a certain amount of judgment toward Emily at the start, but, because I knew the endgame, I tried to play it quite strongly in that direction,” says O’Connor. And as the plot thickens, and suspicion about the boy’s disappearance is spread among the townsfolk, the police searching for him and even the parents, nothing is quite as it seems—including Emily’s reserve. “It’s always a bit scary,” she says with a laugh, about playing this ambiguity. “Actors like to be liked. But you have to tell the story.”

Nesbitt, playing the fixated father, may have had the straighter path. He tried to live his character off-screen, at least during the winter months. “Right from the beginning Tom [Shankland] and I made a kind of pact that I would never really not be anyone but Tony throughout the time,” says Nesbitt, speaking from his home in Northern Ireland. “I lived in an apartment away from the cast and crew, I kind of turned the apartment into a Tony-like den. I had the art department give me everything Tony would have, all the police records, the newspaper clippings, I had little items of Oliver’s stuff.… Now admittedly, I was going to and from work in a very nice car, but when we were shooting 2014 I would sort of match the psychological state of where Tony was.”

British audiences reacted strongly to the series (it ran first on BBC One, concluding in mid-December) with some critics complaining the finale didn’t offer enough (yep) closure. (Starz has announced a second season, with a new cast and case, that the Williams brothers will again write and produce.) Nesbitt, who was also starring in Danny Boyle’s cop series Babylon (beginning on the Sundance Channel this month) between Missing shoots, takes it in stride. “When people live with something for so long, they are bound to react,” he says. And we’re not talking Lost here: Those who follow this season to its final episode, airing on Starz January 10 (with the full season available on Starz Play and On Demand), will be left with questions but they’re the sort we have to ask ourselves. When has a parent done all that he can? When is it time to let go?

Perhaps as an Irish Protestant, Nesbitt is more comfortable with the idea of insoluble problems. “I was 7 years old when Bloody Sunday happened,” he says, referring to the 1972 protests in Derry when British soldiers killed 26 Irish Catholic demonstrators, the source for Paul Greengrass’s 2002 film. “That was the watershed that put England and Ireland at war for 30 years. We were 26 miles

away in Ireland at the time: [part of the] absurd accident of birth that determined whether or not you were going to be involved or distanced, and you wanted to remain distant. The rest of the world was telling you you lived in a terrible place, and you loved it. It’s a complicated place to live.”

01

TURN, TURN, TURN

New York - For the second time in two weeks, police officers turn their backs in silent protest against Mayor Bill de Blasio, on January 4. De Blasio was eulogizing NYPD officer Wenjian Liu at the Aievoli Funeral Home in Brooklyn. On December 20, Liu and his partner, Rafael Ramos, were shot and killed while they sat in their patrol car by Ismaaiyl Brinsley, reportedly in retaliation for police brutality against minorities. The New York City police union has attacked de Blasio, blaming him for the two officers' deaths and spurring unrest after he failed to back them when protesters took to the streets in the wake of a grand jury decision not to indict an NYPD cop for the choking death of Eric Garner.



John Minchillo/AP

02

RUBLE ROUSERS

Moscow - As the ruble continues to tank, protesters worried about nightmare mortgages rally on December 28. Driven by economic sanctions against Russia for the annexation of portions of Ukraine and a drop in oil prices, Russia's main source of revenue, the currency has lost over 40 percent of its value against the dollar over the past year. With Russia's mortgage industry still in its formative phase, many loans were based on foreign currencies before the economic crisis with high interest rates of 10 to 12 percent—meaning many Russians will wind up paying double to triple the principal borrowed on 15- to 20-year loans. Foreign currency mortgage holders say Russia's financial crisis has transformed their loans into "financial slavery."



Dmitry Serebryakov/AFP/Getty

03

BANGLADESH IS BURNING

Dhaka, Bangladesh - A driver cries after his bus is set on fire on January 4, as the anniversary of the election of Bangladesh Nationalist Party president Khaleda Zia nears. Tensions have been rising between the ruling Awami League and the opposition BNP, and Zia, barricaded in her office and besieged by police sympathetic to the Awami League, has called on supporters to rally. At least four BNP protesters were killed in demonstrations. Toby Cadman, an international human rights lawyer, told Al Jazeera that there has a “breakdown in democracy in Bangladesh.”



SK Hasan Ali/Demotix/Corbis

04

THIS BIRD HAS FLOWN

Hong Kong - Health officers in full protective gear wait to cross a street near a wholesale poultry market, December 31. Hong Kong began culling 15,000 chickens on Wednesday and suspended imports of live poultry from mainland China for 21 days after the H7 bird flu strain was discovered in a batch of live chickens that came from the



Tyrone Siu/Reuters