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IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

A New Campaign Manager Tries to Reform an Unreformable Candidate

In the October 17, 2016, issue of *The New Yorker*, in "Taming Trump" (p. 30), **Ryan Lizza** profiles Kellyanne Conway, the first woman to run a Republican Presidential campaign, and Donald Trump's third campaign manager. First, there was Corey Lewandowski, but "the Trump children didn't like Corey, because they thought Corey was becoming too familiar," a Trump adviser told Lizza. In March, Trump hired Paul Manafort, who took full control once Lewandowski was fired in June, but he had "no chemistry with Donald," the adviser said. "The real campaign manager, in fact, the entire time, has been Jared Kushner, who is still the real campaign manager, even today," a campaign official told Lizza. Conway, who became campaign manager in August, at first was lauded as "the Trump whisperer," the only person who could persuade Trump to prepare for the first Presidential debate. Conway told Lizza, "Everybody thinks I sugarcoat it, but I don't. I can actually deliver tough news in a friendlier way." But many in the campaign thought Trump's debate performance was catastrophic, and they blamed the Conway camp. One Trump campaign official told Lizza "post-debate, I guarantee you there's a fucking Kool-Aid cooler the size of a fucking wheat silo that they're all drinking from . . . because none of them can accept the blame for what they failed to do."

Conway first got to know when she and her husband, George Conway—who played a historic role in the impeachment of Bill Clinton—bought an apartment in Trump World Tower, in 2001. Conway, who has her own polling firm, produced a poll for Trump in 2013, when he was considering running for governor of New York—and she was bullish on his chances. A report that Conway produced downplayed the fact that Trump was thirty-five points behind Andrew Cuomo. An adviser involved in the discussion said that Conway misrepresented Trump's prospects: "She produces an analysis that buries every terrible number and highlights every positive number. It's just an enormous crock of shit."

Conway, who will turn fifty on Inauguration Day, told Lizza that, if Trump loses, she already has other plans. Before she started working for Trump, she promised her family a trip to Italy. "I'll either be at a fabulous party in Washington, D.C., or I'll be in Italy," she said. "I can't lose."

Did an Exiled Cleric Try to Overthrow the Turkish Government?

In "The Thirty-Year Coup" (p. 60), **Dexter Filkins** investigates Fethullah Gülen, the cleric suspected of directing his vast network throughout Turkey to orchestrate this summer's military coup—all from his compound in the Poconos, where he has lived in exile for decades. Last year, Filkins was summoned

in the Poconos, where he has lived in exile for decades. Last year, Filkins was summoned to Gülen's compound, the Golden Generation Worship and Retreat Center, which occupies some twenty-five acres of woodlands and lawns. When asked about his relationship with Turkish President Recep Tayyip Erdoğan, Gülen told Filkins, through an interpreter, that Erdoğan had never willingly shared power with anyone: "Apparently, he always had this vision of being the single most powerful person." Former Gülenist Ahmet Keleş recalls that Gülen's organization was hierarchical, divided into seven levels, with Gülen at the top. Keleş tells Filkins, "The only way to protect Islam was to infiltrate the state with our followers and seize all the institutions of government ... The only way to do it was the illegal way—to infiltrate the state and change the institutions from within." Said Alpsoy, a Gülen follower for seventeen years, said, "The goal is power—to penetrate the state and change it from within. But they will never talk about power. They will deny it." In the Islamic world, feet and shoes are symbols of filth, and Alpsoy recalls that once a man appeared with a shoe that he said had been worn by Gülen, and "people were so excited—they stripped the leather from the shoe and boiled it for a long time. Then they cut the leather into pieces and ate it."

Erdoğan and Gülen, once allies, emerged from a series of scandals, in 2007, as the two strongest forces in the country—and quickly began to turn on each other. Erdoğan pursued the Gülenists relentlessly—thousands of public employees who were suspected of



having ties to Gülen were pushed out, and government agents raided Gülenist businesses. Then on July 15th of this year, a military coup lasting less than twelve hours resulted in more than two hundred and sixty deaths and thousands more wounded—and Erdoğan claimed Gülen was the mastermind behind it. In outraged statements to the United States government, Erdoğan demanded that Gülen be extradited, so that he could be made to face justice in a Turkish court. Two Western diplomats told Filkins they found the government's accusations against Gülen compelling, if not entirely convincing: "Undoubtedly, Gülenists played a credible role in it. But there were also anti-Erdoğan military opportunists mixed in." Former U.S. Ambassador to Turkey James Jeffrey told Filkins, "The Gülenists are the only people who could have done this." Lieutenant Colonel Levent Türkkan said in a statement to Turkish officials that the night before the coup, a fellow-Gülenist, a colonel, described a plan: "The President, the Prime Minister, the ministers, the chief of general staff, other chiefs of staff and generals would be picked up one by one."The state of emergency that Erdoğan declared after the coup gave him "dictatorial powers, which he used to carry out a far-reaching crackdown that began with Gülenists but has grown to encompass almost anyone who might pose a threat to his expanded authority," Filkins writes. "The numbers are stupefying: forty thousand people detained and huge numbers of others forced from their jobs, including twenty-one thousand police officers, three thousand judges and prosecutors, twenty-one thousand publicschool workers, fifteen hundred university deans, and fifteen hundred employees of the Ministry of Finance. Six thousand soldiers were detained. The government also closed a thousand Gülen-affiliated schools and suspended twenty-one thousand teachers." Ibrahim Kalın, an Erdoğan aide, told Filkins, "We're going after anyone with any connection with this Gülenist cult, here and there, in the judiciary, the private sector, the newspapers, and other places."

Gülen denied involvement and said in a sermon, "Let a bunch of idiots think they have succeeded . . . but the world is making fun of them." Listening to his sermon, Filkins thought back to his meeting with him last year: when asked how Gülen would be remembered, he replied, "I wish to die in solitude, with nobody actually becoming aware of my death and hence nobody conducting my funeral prayer. I wish that nobody remember me."

Leonard Cohen at Eighty-Two

In "How the Light Gets In" (p. 46), **David Remnick** profiles the musician and writer Leonard Cohen, who, at eighty-two, has a new album out this month which, like Cohen himself, is God-infused, funny, and obsessed with mortality. Remnick travels to Cohen's home in Los Angeles, where Cohen offers "what could only have been the complete catalogue of his larder" and later, following a misunderstanding over timing, delivers "the most forbidding talking-to I have experienced since grade school," Remnick writes. Cohen—known for songs including "Hallelujah," "So Long, Marianne," and "Dance Me to the End of Love"—had his first major live performance in 1967 at Town Hall, in New York. Since then, he has played thousands of concerts all over the world, but has always found performing unnerving—it did not become second nature until he was in his seventies. "It stems from the fact that you are not as good as you want to be—that's really what nervousness is," Cohen tells Remnick. He recalls a performance in 1972 when, after fumbling onstage and retreating to his dressing room, the audience started singing as if to inspire him and call him back: "It really invited me to deepen my practice. Dig in deeper, whatever it was, take it more seriously." Bob Dylan tells Remnick, "When people talk about Leonard, they fail to mention his melodies, which to me, along with his lyrics, are his greatest genius." He continues, "There's always a direct sentiment, as if he's holding a conversation and telling you something, him doing all the talking, but the listener keeps listening." Singer-songwriter Suzanne Vega says, "Leonard's songs were a combination of very real details and a sense of mystery, like prayers or spells."

In 2004—some time after ceding control of his financial affairs to his longtime business manager—Cohen discovered that his accounts had been emptied. Cohen sued and, although the court ruled in his favor, he's never managed to collect the awarded damages. One thing was clear: he would need to return to the stage. Between 2008 and 2013, in his mid-seventies, Cohen performed some three hundred and eighty shows around the world. "Everybody was rehearsed not only in the notes but also in something unspoken," Cohen recalls. "You could feel it in the dressing room as you moved closer to the concert, you could feel the sense of commitment, tangible in the room." Remnick writes, "The show that I saw, at Radio City, was among the most moving performances I've ever experienced. . . . Time and again, [Cohen] would enact the song as well as sing it, taking one knee in gratitude to the object of affection, taking both knees to emphasize his devotion, to the audience, to the musicians, to the song."

"There is probably no more touring ahead," Remnick writes. "What is on Cohen's mind now is family, friends, and the work at hand." Cohen has unpublished poems to arrange, unfinished lyrics to finish and record or publish. In Los Angeles, Cohen recites a "sweet little song" that he'd been working through, before telling Remnick, "I don't think I'll be able to finish those songs. Maybe, who knows? And maybe I'll get a second wind, I don't know. But I don't dare attach myself to a spiritual strategy. I don't dare do that. I've got some work to do. Take care of business. I am ready to die. I hope it's not too uncomfortable." Since his childhood days davening in his grandfather's synagogue in Montreal, Cohen has been a spiritual seeker. "I know there's a spiritual aspect to everybody's life, whether they want to cop to it or not," he tells Remnick. "You hear this other deep reality singing to you all the time. . . . More than at any time of my life, I no longer have that voice that says, 'You're fucking up.' That's a tremendous blessing, really."

The Unruly Imagination of Ursula K. Le Guin

In "Out of Bounds" (p. 38), **Julie Phillips** profiles the eighty-seven-year-old science-fiction writer Ursula K. Le Guin, whose work, which was once relegated to the margins, has transformed the literary mainstream. When Le Guin started writing, she was "going in another direction than the critically approved culture was," she told Phillips. "I didn't know who my fellow-writers were. There didn't seem to be anybody doing what I wanted to do." Over the decade that followed her graduation, in 1951, from Radcliffe, Le Guin wrote poems, short stories, and at least four novels. "She felt her way tentatively forward, unsure of her direction, lacking models," Phillips writes. By the eighties, she was stepping over the boundaries that separated science fiction and literature. For Le Guin, science fiction supplied a ready-made set of tools, including spaceships, planets, and aliens, plus a realm—the future—that set no limits on the imagination. "I just didn't know what to do with my stuff until I stumbled into science fiction and fantasy," she tells Phillips. "And then, of course, they knew what to do with it." "They" were the editors, fans, and fellow-authors who gave her an audience for her work. Le Guin has never felt at home temperamentally with establishments of any kind. But now she finds the establishment wanting to hear what she has to say. She has won numerous awards for her work, and, in 2000, the Library of Congress declared her a "living legend." I am getting really sick of being referred to as 'the legendary,' she tells Phillips. "I'm right here. I have gravity. A body and all that."

When she was growing up, Le Guin's household was full of voices as well as stories. "There were too many people, and I was outshouted by everybody else," she told Phillips. Learning how to be heard gave her a tendency to appear fiercer than she is. "People think I mean everything I say and am full of conviction, often, when I'm actually just floating balloons and ready for a discussion or argument or further pursuit of the subject," she said. Le Guin's work combines alternative thought with a strong scientific bent that she sees as an inheritance from her father, Alfred L. Kroeber, one of the most influential cultural anthropologists of the past century. In her fiction, she said, she has tried to balance the analytical and the intuitive. "Both directions strike me as becoming more and more sterile the farther you follow them," she said. "It's when they combine that you get something fertile and living and leading forward."

Plus: In Comment, Amy Davidson considers how Gary Johnson and his running mate, William Weld, are appealing to voters (p. 23); in the Financial Page, James Surowiecki examines why Donald Trump's tax plan will attract the Republican establishment and be overlooked by working-class voters (p. 29); in Shouts & Murmurs, Jack Handey offers some advice: never give up (p. 37); Alexandra Schwartz reads Emily Witt's first book, "Future Sex" (p. 80); Adam Gopnik reads a new series of novels by famous novelists retelling tales from Shakespeare (p. 85); Zoë Heller reads Ruth Franklin's new biography of Shirley Jackson, "A Rather Haunted Life" (p. 90); Leo Robson considers the life and work of the English novelist Henry Green (p. 94); Dan Chiasson reads a new biography of the English essayist Thomas De Quincey, by Frances Wilson (p. 100); Alex Ross attends "Tristan und Isolde" at the Metropolitan Opera, and "Das Rheingold" at the Lyric Opera of Chicago (p. 104); Peter Schjeldahl visits the Agnes Martin retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum (p. 106); Anthony Lane watches "The Girl on the Train," directed by Tate Taylor, and "Under the Shadow," directed by Babak Anvari (p. 108); a sketchbook by Barry Blitt depicts Hillary 2016 campaign memorabilia (p. 55); poems by Marianne Boruch (p. 69) and C. L. O'Dell (p. 97); and new fiction by Cynan Jones (p. 72).

Podcasts: David Remnick speaks with David Axelrod about the Presidential election and the World Series; John Cassidy, Sheelah Kolhatkar, and Dorothy Wickenden discuss how the Presidential candidates are coping with voters' rage at business tycoons, big banks, and politicians.

Digital Extras: Photographs from various stages of Leonard Cohen's life; images of paintings from the Agnes Martin retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum; poetry readings by Marianne Boruch and C. L. O'Dell.

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