the weekly Standard

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PRESIDENT CLINTON EXPLAINS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
ANDREW FERGUSON

Wars of Hatred and the Hatred of War

Why We Must Win in Kosovo

by Charles H. Fairbanks Jr.

the weekly Standard

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Books & Arts

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¿Habla World Wide Web?

George W. Bush is renowned among Republicans for his ability to attract Hispanic voters. Along with John McCain, Bush has made a point of distinguishing himself from the Republican pack by pointedly not opposing bilingual education. And now he has further distinguished himself by becoming the first of the Republican candidates to have a bilingual Web site (Internet Al also has a bilingual home page). The English version opens with a homily on the promise of America and the "party of Lincoln," which "makes sure no one is left behind." The Spanish page is a paean to prosperity and the importance of education to those who would realize the American dream.

But there is a more striking difference between the two versions than language, as can be seen in these pictures. The English-language page has more content and all its links work. The Spanish version has fewer links, and the important ones at the top—showing the governor and his logo—are broken. The Scrapbook is confident this is an oversight, and not an inadvertent parable on the pitfalls of bilingualism.

English version

En Español

Happy Birthday, NATO

NATO turns 50 this year, and in honor of the occasion the Clinton administration is throwing quite a party. Later this month, heads of state from over 40 countries are assembling in Washington to participate in what organizers are billing as a "Once-in-a-Lifetime Event."

For three days, beginning April 23, the administration will host an almost endless series of receptions, luncheons, dinners, plenary sessions, press conferences, and official portrait opportunities in honor of NATO's birthday. General Motors and Daimler Chrysler have agreed to supply hundreds of vehicles for the use of the partygoers. Virtually every defense contractor in America has signed up to be a "corporate sponsor" of the event. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright has announced an important new "children's art initiative" that aims to "educate and inspire a new generation of Americans about the significance of the historic Summit being held in Washington, D.C., Friday, April 23, 1999." (Translation: A bunch of 7th graders are painting a mural.)

Sounds like a great time. The only problem is, there's a war going on, and so far, NATO is losing. It's too late to cancel the party—what would the kids do with their mural?—so organizers have decided instead to make alterations in tone. The host committee, for instance, is looking for more serious, less jubilant music to accompany the formerly festive festivities. A "gala" hosted by the mayor of Washington has become a mere "reception." The entire weekend has officially been downgraded from a "celebration" to a "commemoration."

But wait. Isn't a commemoration an act of remembrance, an event designed to honor a person or thing that has died or retired (or found itself unable to remove a rapacious tin-pot dictator from the center of Europe)?

"That's not how we mean it," assures a White House spokesman. Doubtless not.

Which is not to say that the 50th anniversary of NATO won't be a cause for joy, at least in some quarters. Thanks to the awesome amount of police protection required for the visiting heads of state—17 security forces from various countries and the District of Columbia will descend on the city—traffic in Washington is certain to be a mess. To ease the gridlock, close to 100,000 government employees, federal and local, get to celebrate—not commemorate—a new, paid holiday: NATO Day. Happy birthday.

Scrapbook

Prince Rudy

New York City mayor Rudy Giuliani has always struck The Scrapbook as one of those guys who read the Cliffs Notes version of Machiavelli—"It is better to be feared than loved"—and thought this was just the coolest thing he had ever heard. But of course if he'd read further, he would have learned that a prince should want to be loved *and* feared, while realizing that fear is more reliable in a pinch, since the people can withdraw their love but they can't withhold their fear.

These days, though, the mayor seems to have neither fear nor love going for him. His approval rating has descended to 40 percent from a high of 74 percent in February 1998. A media drumbeat over the February 4 police shooting of African immigrant Amadou Diallo seems to be a factor in pushing Giuliani's numbers down. But still he has refused to join the liberal chorus that blames Diallo's death on systemic racism in the New York Police Department.

Indeed, the latest poll numbers last week elicited a statement that was *echt* Giuliani, almost poetic in its blunt matter-of-factness: "I have a pretty good sense of the media, of the direction and how it spins things, and I also have a sense of the things I could say that would quickly make me more popular. But I don't believe them so I'm not going to say them." How refreshing. A few more statements like that, and we might start to love the guy.

Seize the Holiday

Last week congressman Roscoe Bartlett of Maryland held a press conference with Mrs. Robert E. Lee IV, the regent of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association familiar to readers of last week's cover story, "Updating George Washington." With Mrs. Lee's enthusiastic support, Bartlett has introduced legislation to revive Washington's birthday as a national holiday.

For a couple of decades now, the third Monday of February has been called "President's Day." But that designation is just a popular mistake; the name "President's Day" has no force in federal law, and the misunderstanding has served only to obscure the true meaning of the holiday, which is to celebrate the birthday of the father of our country. Bartlett's bill aims to correct the misapprehension, requiring all federal entities to ditch the term "President's Day" and call the holiday by its right name. It's a small step toward a worthy goal: returning the greatest of the Founding Fathers to his proper place in our public life. So far, Bartlett has assembled a bipartisan group of co-sponsors, including at least one from each of the 13 original colonies. Sen. John Warner promises to introduce companion legislation in the Senate. More power to them all.

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Casual

Bronx Cheer

Back home in New York recently, I spent a day at the protests. I made a point of getting there early—before 9 A.M.—to survey the field.

Walking the length of the enormous courthouse in the Bronx where the four New York City police officers who shot Amadou Diallo were to be arraigned in the afternoon, I was reminded of how huge the streets are in the outer boroughs. On three sides of the courthouse, the police had closed the streets off to traffic. Then they'd divided and subdivided the empty streets with waist-high iron barricades, until all three streets were a series of pens, as big as basketball courts. With hundreds of uniformed cops manning their stations, the place looked like one big anti-riot contraption.

At the courthouse, which is about a homerun's distance from Yankee Stadium, the four officers would face charges of 2nd-degree murder and reckless endangerment. It would be the first time any New York City police officer was charged with murder for a shooting while he was on duty.

A little after ten o'clock, about twenty-five people were gathered in the pen designated for anti-cop protesters, carrying signs and marching in a circle. Their number would grow to 400 or more in the course of the day. Their signs mostly targeted New York mayor Rudy Giuliani: "Racist Rudy," "Arrest Giuliani" (a couple of organizers were handing these out by the dozen). Some compared the mayor to Adolf Hitler, the Devil, what have you: "Butcher Rudolf goes to Reno, Not the casino." Such talk, of course, does nothing to dampen the claim that it's Giuliani's rhetoric that has, as Jesse Jackson says, set a climate of hatred. Business was brisk for a button seller hawking his wares inside the protest pen. Buttons bearing the recent *New Yorker* cover of a cop taking 41 pops at a carnival game went especially fast.

Other signs testified to ragtag leftist affiliations. One, bearing the name of the Black Labor League, said, "Cops out of unions." Some demanded freedom for death-row cop-killer Mumia Abu Jamal or called on marchers to "Break with Democrats! For workers revolution to sweep away the racist capitalist state." But it all came back to cops. Around 11, a guy appeared looking ever so pleased with himself as he held aloft his message to the world: "Encourage police suicides."

In the mostly black crowd, I noticed many Nation of Islam types, a couple of Travis Bickles, dozens of community activists with lapels full of political buttons and fists full of fliers, a few shaggy-haired, middle-aged New Yorkers eager to enlighten you on any number of third-world problems, a short Mexican in a gigantic black and silver sombrero who kept time for the marchers on a scratchy wooden instrument, fiftysomething hippies with beards down below their beads, and, poignantly, a near-sighted old man who, in addition to looking as if he had just been kicked out of a homeless shelter, had prepared for the roar of the crowd by stuffing wax paper in his ears. Absent were the everyday New Yorkers invoked by columnists to say these rallies are not about Al Sharpton, who received huge applause when he showed up with the Diallo family.

True, the occasional businessman was there, marching along chanting, "AHM-AH-DOO, AHM-AH-DOO" or "One, Two, Three, . . ." all the way to 41, for the number of bullets the officers shot. And some kids were running around, one holding a sign that said, "I skipped school today because I'm 9 years old and I'm against police brutality." She probably could have used a lesson in the meaning of "because." Still, the presence of kids lent the proceedings the air of a community outing.

About fifty feet away, quartered in their own pen, a crowd of off-duty police officers, on hand to support the defendants, quietly grew. Standing around in one big coffee klatch, they could have been outside the local Knights of Columbus. At 1:10 precisely, 200 of them moved en masse to the side of their pen closest to the protesters, who immediately fell out of lockstep and lunged toward the cops. Organizers moved quickly to rally the protesters, saying, "That's exactly what they want you to do. Don't stop marching. Keep moving. Keep moving."

Suddenly the air seemed spiked with fury. The people in the anti-cop pen were a bit frenzied. Squeezing my way through the crowd, I got tied up in a knot of protesters facing off with a uniformed officer. "You can't possibly understand," a rather angry man was shouting. "Just cause you don't know my name, just cause I don't wear a badge, don't mean I don't have value. We all got value. Even though we're not white. We oughta bum-rush the gate, you bastard." Being the only white person except the stonefaced cop in the immediate area, I took one last look around and made my getaway.

David Skinner

Correspondence

Dangerous Liaisons

It was heartening to read the articles by Jeffrey Gedmin and David Brooks warning your readers about the rise of the European Union and the danger it poses to America and to Europe itself ("The New Europe—Menace or Farce?" March 29). There has been little appreciation in the United States of the significance of what is happening on this side of the Atlantic.

In particular, the single European currency, the euro, is designed to help create a European superstate. It is a project devised and guided by unaccountable elites acting with little or no regard to the opinions of their national electorates. Too many European leaders have chips on their shoulders about America and are willing to eliminate their own national democracies in the drive to create a world power to rival the United States.

The United Kingdom remains outside the euro-zone, but our government intends to abolish the pound sterling and adopt the euro as soon as domestic opinion allows. Without the eventual participation of Britain, the euro will lack credibility and the European Union's quest for statehood will be impaired. The stakes could hardly be higher.

Douglas Smith
Democracy Movement
London, England

Buchanan's Bright Idea

Irwin M. Stelzer's article was not only fair in its analysis, but long overdue from a conservative publication ("Partly Right: Taking Buchanan Seriously," March 22).

Over the years, and in particular since the NAFTA debates, I have grown accustomed to, and agree with, conservatives' dismissing Buchanan's ideas on free trade as antithetical to the Republican party. Nevertheless, I agree with Stelzer when he writes, "conservatives owe something to the deserving among those who have been adversely affected by market forces over which they have no control."

As an overall political theory, the free trade ideas most associated with Adam Smith and the Austrian school are justifiably preferable to any other system of economic theory.

But, how is it possible for a Republican to reach the voters of Steeltown, U.S.A., touting the virtues of free trade? Citing Joseph Schumpeter and the benefits of "creative destructionism" in such areas would be disastrous for any candidate.

It is stipulated that free trade and globalization ultimately produce enormous efficiencies. Is there not a way for Republicans to bridge Buchanan's outreach to America's displaced production workers with the benefits of free trade? Is what I'm for nothing more than a variation of "compassionate conservatism"? Perhaps.

Stelzer has provided a review of

Buchanan's policies which I consider a much needed breath of fresh air. Thanks to Stelzer for his, I hope, prescient piece.

Douglas Grane
Western Springs, IL

Underdogs 1, Yankees 0

In response to Donald Kagan's eulogy of Joe DiMaggio as an American Achilles and proper hero who drew out the best in all those around him, I believe Mr. Kagan has badly misunderstood the *Iliad* as only a Yankee fan could ("Joe DiMaggio, Baseball Aristocrat," March 22).

Achilles is not a hero, nor noble in any useful sense of the word. He is a preening, selfish, nearly invincible demigod. No, the hero of the *Iliad* is Hector of Troy, who comes out and battles for his doomed city—day in and day out—throughout his more than ten years of competition, alone giving hope to the desperate Trojans alongside him on the battlefield and watching from beyond the besieged city's walls. He knows his side will never actually beat the Achaeans, but that never stops Hector from soldiering on.

And that's not DiMaggio or any other member of a dynasty. It is all the players who came back year after year only to be stomped by the Yankee juggernaut. The Duke Sniders, the Jackie Robinsons, the Ted Cronins, the Ted Williamses—most of whom eventually saw their cities razed of baseball and their teams carried off to the West like vanquished Trojans. Our Hectors are all the also-rans who could never quite measure up, but abjectly refused to concede defeat and came back each spring hoping that this would be the year they would finally knock off the damn Yankees. These are the men who would then spend the next six months giving their all to yet again not quite do so.

I don't doubt the heroism of Joltin' Joe, whose rings and records (both in the books and the jukebox) speak for themselves. But persistence and determination in the face of ongoing ruin, whether on the diamond or the blood-stained plains of Asia Minor, is the stuff of another kind of hero which career champions can never be. And in picking a role model, I'll take it and the long suffering underdog every day of the week.

Dan Morenoff
Chicago, IL

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Win It

According to the polls, a majority of the American people support sending U.S. and NATO ground troops into Yugoslavia to defeat Serb forces and stop the slaughter and ethnic cleansing of the Kosovar Albanians. Or, to put it another way: to win this war against Slobodan Milosevic and his army of butchers by whatever means necessary. No doubt much of this popular sentiment comes from Americans watching the daily horrors of Kosovo unfold before their eyes, while the ineffectiveness of ever-so-slowly-escalating NATO airstrikes becomes ever more depressingly apparent.

But we think American opinion on Kosovo has also been significantly shaped by something else, something often talked about but rarely glimpsed: bold political leadership—the kind of leadership that shapes polls rather than follows them, the kind that stakes out a position in a crisis without waiting to see which way the pack is running, the kind of leadership for which Americans ordinarily look to their president. Only this time the bold leadership is not coming from the White House, or from the State Department, or from the Pentagon, whose inhabitants, whatever their good intentions, remain paralyzed by fear at the thought of committing ground forces to complete the job they so hesitantly and, as it now appears, ineptly began. No, this time it is coming from a handful of Republican politicians, led by Senator John McCain, who had the guts to get out in front of public opinion and make the case that the moral and strategic stakes in Kosovo are high, and that when America starts a war it needs to win it—even if that means using ground forces. The happy result of McCain's leadership, along with that of senators Richard Lugar and Chuck Hagel, is that a good portion of the American public has come remarkably quickly to the same conclusion: that winning is the only acceptable option in this crisis. Now other influential Republicans, like congressman Chris Cox, are stepping up to the plate despite their earlier misgivings about the military operation in Kosovo.

One could wish that President Clinton had the courage to build on the foundation of public support established and reinforced by leaders like McCain, Lugar, Hagel, and Cox. Unfortunately, Clinton and his advisers seem to be worried that while support for ground troops may be high today, it will not remain so once troops are deployed and casualties taken. So Clinton and his advisers are preemptively deterred even from preparing for the use of ground troops because they fear that at some unknown moment down the road, the polls might dip. Talk about leadership. Why don't they just make Dick Morris the national security adviser and stop the charade?

Still, perhaps the president can be led to the right policy, and the right policy is to win this war. Here's what winning means:

¶ ***Liberate Kosovo***. The bare minimum that the United States and NATO must achieve in the coming weeks is the removal of all Serb forces from Kosovo, followed by the return of ethnic Albanian refugees under the protection of a NATO force. President Clinton tried to sound like George Bush last week, declaring that Serb actions in Kosovo "must not stand." But unlike Bush, Clinton has refused to take the necessary steps to make good on that promise. As McCain said last week, "the president wants to win a war without waging a war." The Clinton administration continues to cling to the hope that victory can be achieved by air power alone. But whether or not that proposition ever made sense, the way the United States and NATO have conducted the air war—with Vietnam-style gradualism—has made success nearly impossible. Driving Serb forces out of Kosovo is now going to require U.S. and NATO ground troops. It is irresponsible for the president and his advisers to continue ruling out the ground option, and it is simply unforgivable that the administration has refused even to begin preparing for such a deployment. Mobilization for a ground war will take weeks. The longer Clinton waits, the better Milosevic's chances to win—either on the battlefield or at the negotiating table.

¶ ***No more deals with Milosevic***. In the coming days the Butcher of Belgrade is going to mount a peace offensive to try to lock in his military gains in Kosovo and split the alliance. He may offer a plan for partition. He may offer to accept many of the terms laid out in the Rambouillet agreement, including "autonomy" for Kosovo—but with Serb control and

some Serb military and police forces remaining in Kosovo to intimidate whatever ethnic Albanians are left in the province. Accepting any of these proposals, or even entering into negotiations to discuss them, means a victory for Milosevic and a clear defeat for the United States and NATO—not to mention a continuing nightmare for the ethnic Albanians. The only thing to discuss with Milosevic is his unconditional surrender. Until that discussion begins, the Clinton administration should revoke Richard Holbrooke's passport and tell Yevgeny Primakov to turn his attention to fixing the Russian economy.

¶ ***No return to the status quo ante***. It is essential that Milosevic pay a very high price for his brutality in Kosovo. At the end of the war, Milosevic must be seen, by his own people, by the world, and especially by the likes of Saddam Hussein and the leaders in Pyongyang, to have made a disastrous miscalculation of American and NATO resolve, which cost him and his followers dearly. For that reason, it is not enough if the United States and NATO merely reverse Milosevic's aggression in Kosovo. They must also damage his interests elsewhere. That means defending the increasingly independent republic of Montenegro against attempts at subversion and allowing the Montenegrins the chance to break away from Belgrade's control. And it means taking much tougher measures against pro-Milosevic forces in Bosnia. This would be a good time, for instance, for NATO to go in and snatch the war criminal Radovan Karadzic, who has been frolicking around Bosnia for years. NATO has been reluctant to go after him for fear of casualties. But now that we're in a full-scale war with Milosevic, that reticence seems especially ludicrous. Will hard-line Bosnian Serbs protest and perhaps even seek vengeance? Probably, but at some point in this conflict they may do so anyway. That's why in addition to preparing for ground war in Kosovo, NATO should beef up its forces in Bosnia and get ready for the possibility of combat there, too.

¶ ***Drive Milosevic from power***. Whether this is a short-term or long-term goal, we need to make clear that it must be the ultimate goal of American policy to rid Europe of this menace once and for all. It is Milosevic's ruthless ambition, not historical ethnic hatreds, which has brought war and misery to the Balkan peoples throughout this decade. Any strategy that does not aim at Milosevic's ouster—as well as the removal of the thugs who surround him—will only make it likely that at some point in the future the horrors we have witnessed will return. This does not necessarily mean marching on Belgrade—although we would hope that as NATO moves forward in any ground war this option not be discarded. (After all, more strategic flexibility would have served us well in the Gulf War, as it became apparent at the end of the conflict that the removal of Saddam Hussein was a goal well within the grasp of American military forces.) But it does mean indicting Milosevic as a war criminal. It does mean isolating him in the international community, maintaining strict economic sanctions, and supporting those Serbian democratic forces who, once the present conflict is over and Milosevic's military has been defeated, will surely return to their earlier struggle against the tyrant who has brought the Serb people so much misery. There is no guarantee that Milosevic would fall, or that if he did his successors would be angels. But that is no reason not to try. Dictators around the world, and other would-be Milosevics who have not yet made their appearance, need to know that when they carry out their brutal acts, they will not merely be resisted and turned back. They need to know that they will lose some of their power, preferably all of their power, perhaps their lives as well. They need to know that they will become marked men.

That is what is at stake in this crisis. The struggle in Kosovo today is about more than human suffering. It is about more even than European stability and NATO's credibility. At stake is the single overriding question of our time: Will the United States and its allies have the will to shape the world in conformance with our interests and our principles, challenging as that task may be? Or will we allow much of the world to slip into chaos and brutality, to be shaped by men like Milosevic and Saddam Hussein and Kim Jong-Il and the dictators in Beijing? It may seem odd that this challenge is coming in a place that few Americans ever heard of. But then history has taught us that you rarely get to choose where to make your stand. Today the crisis in Kosovo has become one of those unlikely pivots in history. We will someday have to look back and judge whether we had the courage and wisdom to stem the tide of brutality and dictatorship or whether the United States, instead, let the international order we uphold, and from which we benefit, begin to crumble.

This week Congress returns and will likely take up the Kosovo crisis. Presidents normally lead, and Congress normally follows, but the best thing Congress can do is to put as much pressure as possible on this president. Congress should oppose cutting any deals with Milosevic and insist on victory. Congress can and should authorize the use of ground forces as part of a strategy for victory. There will be a time later on for post-mortems on the Clinton administration's conduct of this war and for a broader debate on the principles and practice of American foreign policy. The task now is to win the war.

—Robert Kagan and William Kristol, for the Editors

McCain's Moment

by Fred Barnes

YOU PROBABLY MISSED the first primary in the 2000 Republican presidential race, but Sen. John McCain won it. So says Vin Weber, the former GOP congressman from Minnesota and a McCain adviser. No, it was the "first quarter" in the fight for the presidential nomination that McCain just won, says Rick Davis, McCain's campaign manager. No, says Greg Stevens, McCain's media consultant, it was a "contest" that "contrasted" McCain with the other candidates, especially Texas governor George W. Bush, the GOP frontrunner. McCain won, naturally. No, says media consultant Mike Murphy, it was a battle for favorable "buzz" in the political community. McCain, of course, won, planting "a seed from which a great oak can grow." Murphy doesn't work for McCain, but talks to him occasionally and certainly likes him.

John McCain

Bill Nelson

McCain is the strongest Republican voice on Kosovo, but let's not get carried away. His campaign team thinks it's already a two-person race, McCain versus Bush, but they're dreaming. Even McCain is dubious of how much he's gained from all the visibility and good press on Kosovo. "Suppose this gets settled within two months," he says. "It's over. Will the primary voters lapse back into apathy about foreign affairs and national security?" McCain thinks they're likely to.

Though the Republican race hasn't been transformed, McCain's presidential bid *has* gotten a boost. His poll numbers haven't jumped, but he's made a strong impression on the folks who matter now, eight months before the first caucus or primary. This is mainly an elite group of Washington politicians, lobbyists, consultants, and journalists, plus party activists around the country. Many of these folks thought his candidacy was a lark. I suspect now they've concluded McCain is serious and has the ability to perform under pressure as a national candidate. Once Bush starts campaigning outside Texas on June 12, he may prove he can play the game nationally too. But he hasn't demonstrated that yet.

To be more specific about McCain, he's shown three things in the debate over Kosovo that are bound to help him as a candidate. One, he can lead on a president-sized issue and pull at least a few other leaders along with him. Two, he knows how to seize control of an issue and run with it. And three, he's tireless, having done more TV, radio, and print interviews in a shorter span of time than anyone in human history. Yes, there's a fourth thing that's also important here. For all McCain's boldness on Kosovo, most Republicans don't agree with his interventionist, pro-bombing, pro-ground troops position. It's liberals who are thrilled, and they won't be participating in the Republican primaries next year.

From the start, McCain realized the folly of not backing the president in war. So he voted for the resolution—which 38 GOP senators opposed—authorizing the president to use military force against Slobodan Milosevic. But he also pointed to Clinton's shortcomings. (Having voted to convict on both articles of impeachment, McCain is not soft on Clinton.) "I cannot remember a single instance when an American president allowed two ultimatums to be ignored by an inferior power without responding as we threatened we would respond," he said March 23 on the Senate floor. Defying public opinion and conventional wisdom, McCain insisted winning must be the goal, and ground troops would be needed unless Milosevic acquiesced. Since then, public opinion has shifted in favor of land troops. McCain may not have been the catalyst, but he certainly was out front, leading, not following.

Two contrasts are worth noting, between McCain and Clinton, and McCain and Bush. McCain is more comfortable talking about foreign policy and war than Clinton is. Perhaps having fought in the last big war, Vietnam, gives McCain an air of confidence, while having ducked that war and then lied about it makes Clinton seem awkward and unsure. Anyway, McCain has looked more presidential than the president—far more.

It's really unfair to contrast McCain with Bush; unfair to Bush, that is. As governor of Texas, Bush is dealing with state matters until the legislature shuts down May 31. He's not really campaigning. Besides, the race isn't supposed to have begun in earnest yet. Sorry, Governor, but politics is unfair, and campaigns

wait for no candidate to get ready. Anyone who watched McCain talk about Kosovo and then listened to Bush could see that McCain is cruising, Bush is stumbling.

Over a week's time in early April, Bush moved in fits and starts toward McCain's position. His first statement said Clinton should use force "decisively and, of course, successfully." Criticized for being vague, Bush defended his statement as "measured" and "good." In an interview several days later with Dan Balz of the *Washington Post*, Bush revised it, saying ground troops would be fine so long as there's "a strong commitment to win" and "a clear exit strategy." Finally, on April 8, he said this: "I define the mission as to restoring Kosovo, so Kosovoians can move back in, and at the same time teach Mr. Milosevic that NATO and its ally, the United States, will not tolerate genocide." Each time, he sounded more like McCain.

McCain campaigns like Clinton—incessantly. He appeared on eight separate shows on April 5, chatting with Larry King, Geraldo, Ollie North, and Forrest Sawyer (on *Nightline*), among others. The next morning, he did *Imus*. On April 2, he was a guest on all three network morning shows. It was 5 A.M. for him in Phoenix. On April 6, he spent the late afternoon and evening on TV shows, telephoning print reporters during the breaks. He'll have no problem keeping up in the primaries.

By then, his appeal may have narrowed. He benefits now from what *Washington Post* columnist Mary McGrory calls "liberal infatuation" with him. It's mostly liberals in the media like Al Hunt of the *Wall Street Journal*. They love McCain's tobacco bill and his campaign finance reform legislation and support for bombing Serbia. But he's not going to be stressing those issues much when the primaries grow near. Instead, his topics will be tax cuts, deep spending reductions, a military buildup, and curbs on abortion. This will result in worse press coverage, but more support from Republicans. Not a bad tradeoff.

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

THE WILL TO FIGHT

by Lawrence F. Kaplan

THE FINELY CALIBRATED BOMBING of Serbia exemplifies a conventional wisdom that emerged soon after the 1991 Gulf War: The only wars American public opinion will sanction are those that may be fought bloodlessly and, hence, from the air. There is a paradox here. During the era of universal conscription, which lasted a mere three decades, nearly half a million American families lost sons in foreign wars. Until the later stages of the war in Vietnam, those losses were borne with remarkable fortitude. Today, of course, the United States fields an all-volunteer military. And yet, according to the new wisdom, the mere prospect of ground operations will quash the resolve of a citizenry for which, apparently, the contests of the post-Cold War era offer no great purpose.

But is the prevailing wisdom accurate? Do Americans instinctively recoil at the very mention of ground troops? At least to judge from the opinion polls, the answer is no. Consider, to begin with, Operation Desert Storm, where the public was instructed to and did anticipate thousands of U.S. casualties. Dire predictions notwithstanding, fully 84 percent of those polled on the eve of the war backed the use of ground troops to drive Iraqi forces out of Kuwait. Nor is public willingness to employ ground forces merely a function of some narrowly defined national interest. Last week, for example, a *Washington Post*-ABC News poll found that 57 percent of respondents supported the use of combat troops in Kosovo—not an overwhelming figure, but a clear majority nonetheless. Then, too, a Gallup poll taken last year finds that even the continued presence of U.S. soldiers in Bosnia commands majority support.

In the case of Desert Storm, public support for ground troops intensified over a six-month period, largely in response to presidential cajoling. On the matter of Kosovo, however, a willingness to deploy American soldiers has developed independently of White House leadership: When the president finally saw fit to mount his podium, it was mainly to make the case against ground operations. In this instance, at least, a famously poll-driven White House is less reacting to public fears than projecting its own.

Indeed, reluctance to place at risk the nation's military professionals emanates from the top down these days. Ever since the 1993 Somalia debacle, which for Bill Clinton was the first sustained public humiliation of his presidency, risk-averse war managers at the White House have tailored America's strategic goals to reflect the president's own preoccupation with casualties. Within the administration, that sensitivity has proved contagious. "We intend to take care of you . . . to minimize the risk to your lives," Secretary of

Defense William Cohen pledged to his uniformed subordinates on the eve of an aborted operation against Iraq last year. "That's why [the mission] has been very carefully circumscribed." And that, too, is why the Clinton team has assured the American public (and Slobodan Milosevic) of its determination not to send combat troops to Kosovo.

Instead, its members have sought in vain to devise a methodology for unshackling themselves from war's messy logic. Substituting tactical scoring for genuine measures of military effectiveness, the administration has shown a clear preference for directing sporadic fusillades of cruise missiles at inanimate objects in Iraq, Afghanistan, Sudan, Bosnia, and now Serbia. And when compelled to employ ground troops, the administration has had them hunker down in base camps, and declared "force protection" the ne plus ultra of the deployment.

Needless to say, such practices have evolved in response to imagined political imperatives rather than the nation's strategic interests. And, indeed, the self-defeating preoccupation with casualties has led to strategic paralysis. While the tendency to advertise our fears as if they were virtues no doubt comforts the sensibilities of national security advisers and senators, it undermines U.S. credibility on the international scene and encourages adversaries to conclude that they enjoy more room to maneuver than American rhetoric would suggest—as in fact they do. Hence, Slobodan Milosevic, like Saddam Hussein before him, opts to call America's bluff, sensing rightly that the administration's enlightened sensitivities comprise its Achilles' heel. The eagerness of administration officials to liken Milosevic to Hitler and Pol Pot notwithstanding, the Serb dictator recognizes that the cost of halting his contemptible depredations is not one that Americans—or, rather, American officials—will be willing to pay.

In the serene conviction that victory on the battlefield may be achieved without sacrifice—and that the public will not, in any case, endure much loss—the administration has become caught in a bind of its own devising. For the objectives it routinely sets for itself—from destroying Iraq's weapons program to halting ethnic cleansing in Kosovo—plainly cannot be accomplished with the risk-free means it favors. On the contrary, the destruction of the targets our opponents most value—their infantry battalions, tactical headquarters, and staging areas—can only be achieved with low-flying attack aircraft or ground forces and, hence, considerable peril. The sooner the White House acknowledges this unwelcome truth and seeks to persuade rather than be persuaded, the sooner American military power might recover its utility as an instrument of national policy.

Lawrence F. Kaplan is executive editor of the **National Interest.**

Toasting NATO

by Jeffrey Gedmin

When the history of NATO's demise is written, the entire affair, it will be said, was rich with irony. It was on the eve of the Washington Summit in April 1999. Western leaders were preparing to toast each other in the American capital when a defining moment inconveniently emerged, courtesy of Slobodan Milosevic.

NATO had won the Cold War—decisively and without firing a single shot. The alliance had just extended its zone of freedom and stability into the heart of central Europe. And NATO was positioning itself to meet the challenges ahead. Its concerns would range far beyond simply defending itself. The new NATO would have a say about proliferation, terrorism, rogue states, and regional threats. After all, even the "indispensable nation," as secretary of state Albright liked to call the world's only superpower, needed its allies. And the Atlantic community, with all its power, remained, as Albright said the year before, the "drive wheel of progress on every world-scale issue." Heady stuff. And spirits were high, until a 57-year-old Balkan banker and ex-Communist bureaucrat pulled the curtain down on what was being celebrated as the most successful alliance in history.

Of course, NATO is not dead, not yet anyway, even though the administration's start in Kosovo has been dangerously inauspicious. But the Western alliance may yet die an ignominious death if President Clinton doesn't set aside his golf clubs and finally grasp what is at stake.

For a decade now, Milosevic has terrorized NATO's backyard, threatening to spread war and destabilize neighbors. Even as the West temporized over Bosnia in the early 1990s, Ibrahim Rugova, a leader of the Kosovar Albanians, was telling the world that ethnic cleansing in Kosovo was "still Milosevic's ultimate objective." And now, as the West dithers once

more, Milosevic is on the march again. At this stage, only a decisive American-led victory and an unambiguous Serbian defeat will give peace an opportunity in the region—and permit the alliance a future after this month's 50th anniversary summit.

We've come up with several excuses for our inability to deal with Milosevic. Conflict in the Balkans, some said, was an insoluble clash over religion and ancient hatreds. The bloodshed was, others contended, "not within NATO's defense zone." Reaching still further, President Clinton infamously proclaimed, "the United Nations controls what happens in Bosnia."

Best of all, perhaps, we liked blaming the allies. The Europeans—led by the Germans—prematurely extended diplomatic recognition to the breakaway republics Croatia and Slovenia, making war in Bosnia inevitable. The Europeans rejected arming the Bosnians for self-defense. They frequently used the authority of the U.N. Security Council as an excuse for inaction and remained obsessed with diplomacy, even though it failed and meant appeasing a dangerous tyrant in their midst.

Has anyone noticed how the tables have turned? Even a left-leaning popular German magazine seems to have gotten the idea. "If [NATO] succeeds," writes editor in chief Michael Maier of *Stern*, "the Americans will be more than the world's policeman: As moral authority, they'll be able to promote and defend the Western value system worldwide." The allies have finally stepped up and the alliance faces an extraordinary moment. Europe seems to be grasping more quickly than Washington the implications of allied disunity and capitulation. The Belgian daily *De Standard* accepts the idea of ground troops precisely because the West's failure against Milosevic "would be worse than a defeat"; it would be "an unacceptable loss of credibility" for NATO and for the United States. A victory for Milosevic would, contends Milan's *Corriere della Sera*, "diminish [NATO's] ability to avert other wars, whether in the Balkans or elsewhere."

A dozen of NATO's 18 members are already participating actively in Operation Allied Force—with France, of all countries, joining the United States in the lead. The German newspaper *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* beat American hawks to the punch in calling for air strikes deeper into Serbia, so that "the dictator [Milosevic] fears for his own life." Even Germany's Social Democratic chancellor Gerhard Schröder has held the line, enduring criticism from leaders of his party, while his Green foreign minister Joschka Fischer owned up early to the fact that only ground troops would likely get the job done. Germans, usually reluctant to intervene, have even been worried about premature peace.

Across the Rhine, leading French intellectuals applaud the alliance for finally saying "enough" to Belgrade. Foreign minister Hubert Védrine defends NATO's action and points out that "this tragedy in Kosovo has been smoldering for 10 years . . . [and] everything that has been attempted has failed." Dismissing suggestions from the French press that Paris is "playing the Americans' game," Védrine calmly

insists that it's the wrong time to argue "in terms of competition between Europe and the United States." French philosopher Pascal Bruckner argues, "In the face of horror . . . we must reaffirm that we share the same values as America." Bruckner also warns that anti-American forces are already well positioned to take advantage of an American-led fiasco.

And what of American leadership so far? President Clinton rules out ground troops. Defense secretary William Cohen states that air strikes will inflict "enough damage to reduce [Milosevic's] capacity to wage war against the people he's been killing." And when bombing makes the humanitarian nightmare worse (and Milosevic predictably shows no signs of surrender), a senior U.S. officer involved in planning the campaign actually tells the *Washington Post*, "We didn't plan for the worst-case scenario."

Of course, we can complain that the Greeks waffled; that the Italians worried about the impact the war would have on tourism; or that the allies initially resisted targets in Serbia for fear of collateral damage. In the case of Milosevic's presidential palace, we might even complain that West Europeans dragged their feet because the site is a "cultural landmark."

But the fact is, we may look back soon and recognize that there was a time in this war, at a pivotal moment in alliance history, when Europe was with us. Right now is that time. Europeans aren't bent on negotiating with a war criminal; Europeans seem to recognize that additional force is necessary. Meanwhile, we are becoming known as the superpower that doesn't do ground troops. NATO could come to an end now, not because of weak-kneed Europeans, but because of the failure of its leader, the United States of America.

Jeffrey Gedmin is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute and executive director of the New Atlantic Initiative.

The Noriega Option

by Seth Cropsey

WHICH U.S.-LED MILITARY ACTION of the past decade will set the pattern for the current Balkan war? As the United States moves closer to committing ground troops, the choice is stark.

In 1989, American military intervention in Panama destroyed a dictator's ability to threaten U.S. personnel in the Canal Zone. And it achieved the larger objective of ending an obnoxious regime by removing its head, Mañuel Noriega. Panama hasn't turned into a model Jeffersonian republic, but the problems Noriega caused disappeared with his arrest.

Iraq is another story. In 1991, a U.S.-led coalition secured the military objective of driving the Iraqi army from Kuwait. Regrettably, however, it did not achieve the strategic objective of halting the endless mischief of Saddam Hussein, who remains a source of growing problems today. We will see no end to this trouble until the man himself is gone.

These contrasting experiences should focus our thinking about the mission in Kosovo, as it becomes unavoidably plain that only U.S. Army and Marine ground forces can ensure a NATO victory.

In all wars, it is critical to distinguish between military and political goals. The Serb campaign of terror against the Kosovars began almost ten years ago, when Slobodan Milosevic took power in Serbia and adopted a policy of repression toward Kosovo. He eliminated the autonomy the province had enjoyed since 1974 and denied its ethnic-Albanian majority their basic civil rights. But the present rampage in Kosovo is only the most recent violence Milosevic has sponsored against neighbors that once were part of Yugoslavia. Since 1991, he has unleashed aggression against the Slovenians, the Croatians, and most lethally the Bosnians, at a cost of up to 200,000 lives.

The current U.S. and NATO action should be thought of as a long-delayed response to an extended series of deliberate and bloody provocations. Its proper military objective is to expel the Serbs who are committing outrages in Kosovo and permit the return of the Kosovars who have been forced to flee.

But the larger strategic purpose must be to remove the source of this ten-year terror. And that is Milosevic. If he stays in power, there will be more trouble. There are Serb populations in neighboring Montenegro, a republic of Yugoslavia, and in Macedonia, an independent country since 1991. Milosevic would be acting out of character if he allowed Montenegro to proceed unmolested toward democracy, as it has sought to do in recent years. Meanwhile, the Serbs' kidnapping of three American peacekeepers in Macedonia is a clear expression of Milosevic's territorial ambitions there—the very ambitions that occasioned the peacekeeping presence in the first place. As for Bosnia, the Dayton accords will be in extreme peril if Russian arms are sent to resupply the Serbs.

The strategic purpose of sending troops to Kosovo is to stop Milosevic before he invades again; to remove a dictator who has been as successful at stirring up discord between Washington and Moscow since the Cold War ended as Marshall Tito was at working both sides of the street while it was in full swing. Republicans who are now slouching toward isolationism—senators Trent Lott, Tim Hutchinson, Robert Smith, and others, whose party once stood for principle in foreign policy but now seems purely reactive to Clinton—ask how many American lives Kosovo is worth. They are asking the wrong question. The right one is: How many *more* American lives will it be necessary to sacrifice if we fail in the Balkan war today? And how many American lives will be *saved* if we demonstrate to Saddam Hussein, the Iranian mullahs, the maximum dictator of North Korea, and the Chinese leaders that the price for provoking the United States to war is very high?

Pushing the Serb security forces out of Kosovo would be a great humanitarian act. But actually returning stability to the Balkans would be an even greater strategic achievement, one that requires removing Milosevic from power. By doing this, the United States would make the world a safer place. By failing to do it, the United States would turn Serbia into a second Iraq: another U.S. mistake, setting the stage for some larger and more perilous conflict in the future.

Seth Cropsey is a fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. He was deputy undersecretary of the Navy in the Reagan and Bush administrations and is an officer in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

Shades of Gray

by Matthew Rees

Sacramento, California

The delegates attending the recent state Democratic convention, a liberal bunch that otherwise hasn't much to be excited about, were positively giddy. With the election of Gray Davis, California became one of only two states to have a Democratic governor, two Democratic U.S. senators, and Democratic control of the state legislature. But Gov. Davis, rather than play to the crowd with a rousing dose of left-wing agit-prop, doused it with cold water: "Our fellow citizens are sick and tired of extremism in the defense of ideology. They want us to stand up for principle and practicality. This is what it means to be a Democrat at the dawn of the 21st century." As for the crowd, Bill Buckner would have gotten a warmer reception from a roomful of diehard Red Sox fans.

The speech was part and parcel of Davis's remarkable effort to strip California Democrats of doctrinaire liberalism. Here's what Davis has done during his first three months as governor: He's approved the execution of a Thai immigrant found guilty of a double murder, blocked a costly Bay Bridge restoration project coveted by Willie Brown and Jerry Brown (mayors of San Francisco and Oakland, respectively), proposed education reforms opposed by the heavily Democratic teachers' lobby, agreed to phase out a clean-air gasoline additive favored by environmentalists, refused to support trial lawyers' attempt to lift the cap on medical malpractice awards, and signaled his opposition to taxes on Internet commerce.

He's also come up with a university admissions plan that keeps Proposition 209 intact. And in what is surely the ultimate heresy for many California Demo-crats, Davis opposes gay marriage and is unlikely to oppose a statewide initiative on the ballot next March that would bar same-sex unions. Dan Walters, a venerable columnist at the *Sacramento Bee*, says Davis "intends to stick religiously to the political middle, cultivate middle-class suburban voters, and do nothing that would allow Republicans to pin a liberal label and a political target on his back."

These moves don't come as a total surprise. After running as a non-ideological candidate in the Democratic primary, Davis made a great effort to appear moderate for the general election. Not only did he speak the language of centrism, he offset his more liberal positions—e.g., abortion on demand—with support for center-right ideas. He endorsed the reduction in car taxes advocated by then-governor Pete Wilson. On crime, he supported the three-strikes idea and famously said, "Singapore is a good starting point in terms of law and order." And if that wasn't enough, he said he'd support a constitutional amendment to ban flag burning.

Davis demolished his Republican opponent, Dan Lungren, by 20 points. Had he wanted to, the new governor could have immediately turned left. Liberals are in firm control of the legislature. The state's deficit is expected to disappear, and its coffers are flush with revenue. No strong Republican is looming as an opponent for 2002. A left-wing agenda would even be in keeping with the one constant of Davis's 25-year

career: his instinct to blend in (thus the joke about "Gray" being the perfect name for him).

So why hasn't he scrapped his pledge to "govern neither from the left nor the right, but from the center"? Davis has learned a number of political lessons from studying the Clinton administration and from working as chief of staff for former California governor Jerry Brown. One is that trying to do too much too quickly can have grave consequences, particularly if your proposals expand government (ClintonCare) or strike at cultural values (opening the military to gays). Another lesson, learned the hard way from Brown, is the importance of discipline. Brown's extracurriculars, including a run for president, gave Davis great power while serving as his top aide, but they also undermined Brown's legislative agenda. Says Phil Eisenberg, a Davis adviser and a former assemblyman: "Gray learned the lesson of what he didn't want to be by watching Jerry try to do everything as governor."

Kent Lemon

Gray Davis

This led Davis to centrism; it also made him exceedingly risk-averse, as a recent education debate illustrated. In his highly disciplined campaign, Davis promised that, if elected, education would be his "first, second, and third" priorities. A January poll by the Public Policy Institute of California showed nearly 90 percent of those surveyed want to increase education spending. So Davis called a special legislative session and came up with a four-part plan.

The proposals included peer review for teachers, enhanced reading instruction, a school-rating system, and a standardized test required for high school graduation. The package initially alienated the education lobby—a badge of honor for Davis—but it lacked any sweeping reforms. Overhauling teacher tenure, for example, was never discussed.

The modesty of the effort didn't stop union-friendly Democrats in the legislature from watering down many of the reforms—the test required for graduation isn't even administered at the 12th-grade level. But Davis didn't put up much of a fight. His goals were to get the legislature to move quickly and ensure their amendments didn't make the reforms look excessively liberal. When both goals were met—all four bills were approved by late March—Davis declared victory. He promptly held signing ceremonies in Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and Sacramento, California's four biggest media markets.

This last gesture left political insiders chuckling. As the *Los Angeles Times* pointed out last year, Davis "has a homing pigeon's instinct for a TV camera, and an unshakable reputation as one of Sacramento's biggest publicity hounds." Indeed, the quest for publicity led him to the only other issue for which he gained any fame: milk cartons.

In 1985, as a junior assemblyman, Davis proposed placing the pictures of missing children on milk cartons, paper bags, and billboards throughout California. It was a brilliant political move—Who could oppose it?—and it had the advantage of providing Davis with priceless publicity for free. (Actually, his name was initially left off the billboards, but Davis lobbied the outdoor advertising company to have it included.) He was frequently cited in news accounts of children being reunited with their parents, and his subsequent election to the statewide office of controller in 1986 was widely attributed to the milk-carton campaign.

As governor, Davis will seek out similar issues to keep his favorability ratings high (58 percent in a mid-March Field poll), but his biggest challenge will be pursuing a centrist path without inviting resistance from liberal Democrats in the legislature. They're already threatening trouble if Davis doesn't drop the state's appeal of the ruling that overturned Proposition 187, which denies services to illegal immigrants. Moreover, they are planning measures that would reward trial lawyers, teachers, and gays.

Yet these liberals are politically sophisticated, and no one expects them to cause as much trouble for Davis as conservatives caused for Pete Wilson. They're so happy that California's 16-year streak of Republican governors has ended, they're willing to cut Davis some slack. Sheila Kuehl, a liberal assemblywoman representing Santa Monica, told me that after dealing with Wilson, she's "just happy to be able to walk down to the horseshoe [the executive offices of the governor] and get in." This conciliatory spirit isn't going to last forever; Davis should make the most of it while he can.

Matthew Rees is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Compounding the Solution

by Stephen Moore

Albert Einstein is purported to have once remarked that the most powerful force in the universe is compound interest. My favorite example of the power of compounding effects was recounted recently by George Gilder: The emperor of China was so excited about the game of chess that he offered the inventor one wish. The inventor replied that he wanted one grain of rice on the first square of the chess board, two grains on the second square, four on the third, and so on through the 64th square. The unwitting emperor immediately agreed to the seemingly modest request. But two to the 64th power is 18 million trillion grains of rice—more than enough to cover the entire surface of the earth. The clever inventor did not gain all the rice in China; he lost his head.

Of course, the power of compound interest is most relevant these days when it comes to managing our personal finances. Imagine for a moment that back in 1927 your grandparents had placed $100 in a trust fund for you. And imagine that the principal and the interest had remained untouched for the next 70 years. If the trust fund earned the average rate of return of the stock market, how much money would you have today from that initial $100 investment?

The incredible answer is $263,000. From a mere $100 gift you could draw down that account upon retirement in the form of annual payments that would virtually match or even surpass what you can expect from Social Security.

Or consider this scenario: Back in 1950, when he was just starting out in life, assume your father had placed $1,000 in a mutual fund. Let's say in 1997 at age 68 he retired. That $1,000 would have grown to $217,630. And that assumes he never saved an additional penny for the rest of his life. Who needs Social Security?

If starting in 1950 your father had put $1,000 *every year* into a stock fund paying an average rate of return, he would be very rich today. The stock fund would be worth $1.85 million. Your parents could have a higher income just by living off the interest from this account than from their Social Security checks, *and* they could leave the entire $1.85 million to their children.

When Tom Kelly, president of the Savers and Investors League, showed me the data (check out their spreadsheet for yourself at *www.savers.org*), I was in a state of disbelief. Kelly found that regardless of "the mutual fund's volatility over time, a fund's total return from any start year (1930, 1950, 1970, etc.) to 1997 was virtually always 11 percent per annum."

To verify whether that rate of return could possibly be right, I consulted Jeremy Siegel's indispensable bible on the financial markets, *Stocks for the Long Run*. There I found basically the same conclusion. Siegel reports that, from the day the New York Stock Exchange opened its doors through the end of 1997, the average annual rate of return on stocks has been more than 10 percent. Siegel finds that there has never

been a 40-year period in American history when the markets have deviated significantly from that long-term trend.

These findings demonstrate why Social Security is such a terrible deal for workers. Social Security's pay-as-you-go benefit structure—a scam in which the payroll tax money is spent on retirees virtually the same day it is collected from workers—robs Americans of the awesome power of compound interest. There is no compounding effect from your Social Security payments, because there is no money actually being saved.

The findings from Kelly and Siegel's research also blow some pretty impressive holes in many conventional myths about financial markets. The most prevalent fallacy is that the stock market is a "risky" place to park your retirement funds—particularly if you are a low-income worker. The fallacy here emanates from a failure to distinguish between the short run and the long run. It is entirely true that in the short term the stock market has all the volatility of Dennis Rodman's prickly personality. But over the long run, say 25 years or more, the U.S. capital markets are about the most reliable, risk-free place to put your money other than under your mattress—and you're going to get a much nicer return with stocks. When liberal do-gooders tell low-income Americans that stocks are unsafe for building up wealth, they are perpetuating a pernicious lie that keeps poor people poor.

Over the long run even minimal investments can accumulate into substantial wealth. My favorite real life example is Theodore R. Johnson who, according to a recent *Chicago Tribune* profile, never made more than $14,000 a year working at United Parcel Service. But he plowed every penny of savings he had back into UPS stock (he really should have diversified), and when he reached the age of 90 he shocked his relatives and friends by announcing that his net worth was a cool $70 million.

Now for the bad news. Up until now we have forgotten about our friend, the IRS tax collector. Let's go back to the example of your parents who conscientiously placed $1,000 a year in a mutual fund starting in 1950. Recall that with no taxes applied, they now have $1.85 million; but if they were in the 15 percent tax bracket, their nest egg shrinks to $973,000. Even at this lowest income tax rate, taxes would snatch 59 percent of the gain. What if they paid a combined federal and state income tax rate of 50 percent, as many Americans do today? Then the nest egg would be not $1.85 million today but just $188,000. No, this is not a misprint. Taxes would have confiscated 89.9 percent of the return!

Economists and political pundits in Washington sermonize that Americans should save more. In a *New York Times* article earlier this year, Lester Thurow of MIT thumped Americans on their knuckles with his ruler for having "negative savings rates in late 1998." Why don't Americans save? he asks in perplexity. The brief answer is: Why should we? The tax code punishes us for thrift. The double and triple layers of taxation on saving imbedded in our income tax system claim up to 90 percent of the rewards from saving and investing. We are rewarded for purchasing as many VCRs, Nintendos, cellular phones, and Sony entertainment centers as we can possibly stuff in our homes.

There is a logical policy prescription: Universal Savings Accounts. No, I'm not talking about the White House's brainstorm of a new means-tested entitlement program whereby the government deposits a free check in Americans' bank accounts each month. What we need is Congress to make tax-free Individual Retirement Accounts much more widely available to all Americans regardless of their incomes. Congress should build on the popularity and success of the Roth IRAs, begun last year. Under a Roth IRA, you pay tax on the money when you place it in the account, but you never pay tax on the equity build-up in the fund or when you eventually take the money out. Today, more than 25 million Americans have IRAs.

Not surprisingly, IRA expansion plans are proliferating. Presidential candidate Dan Quayle has proposed super IRAs, or "Freedom Accounts," in which the annual contribution limits would be raised to $10,000 per person. Democratic senator John Breaux of Louisiana has a terrific bill that would allow unlimited tax free deposits in IRA accounts. (Psst, don't tell any liberals, but if Breaux had his way we would finally have the tax reformer's dream: a consumption tax.)

If Congress would allow taxpayers to build up more wealth in untaxed IRAs, Americans could be weaned from paternalistic government programs, like Social Security, Medicare, unemployment insurance, and student loans. The Quayle plan, for example, would allow workers to take funds out of IRAs to pay for education, health care, and, of course, retirement. This is an ingenious backdoor strategy for privatizing these activities.

IRAs and privatized Social Security accounts would allow Americans to save more and take more control of their own destinies and those of their families. The best children's program that Washington could possibly devise is one that allows Americans to build up wealth for their own kids and grandkids. It doesn't take a village to raise a family, but it may take a smarter tax code—one that taps the power of compound interest.

Stephen Moore is director of fiscal policy studies at the Cato Institute.

Wars of Hatred & the Hatred of War

By Charles H. Fairbanks Jr.

Wars of Hatred

Ending fourteen months in which he was resolute only for drift, Bill Clinton lurched into a bombing campaign against Serbia whose goals he never defined and whose consequences he did not anticipate. As a result, the Kosovar Albanians, NATO, and the United States face a genuine disaster. Administration officials have been incompetent in articulating the reasons for responding vigorously, and it falls to their critics to make the case. The president has shown himself so opportunistic that the arguments he does make—such as his rather offhand comparison of Milosevic to Hitler—tend to be discredited.

But the president's comparison to Hitler may be more apt than he knows. As I shall argue, ethnic cleansing and genocide, while not the same, are kin and spring from different sources than the traditional oppression of minorities. Rather than atavistic political manifestations, these forms of violence are disturbing products of modernity.

The most prominent arguments against strong intervention in Kosovo—the "ancient enmities" argument and the "Why not everywhere?" argument—assume that ethnic cleansing is nothing new. A classic formulation of the former is: "It's a civil war. Generations—no, centuries—they've been fighting." The latter is simple: If we will fight for the suffering Albanians of Kosovo, why not for the victims of oppression in southern Sudan, in Sri Lanka, in Sierra Leone, and in fifty other places?

The Nazi genocide, by contrast, clearly was unusual, and invoking it now is not entirely polemical. To be sure, Serb nationalists have never sought the extermination of Albanians or objected to their living in Albania, whereas Hitler wanted to wipe out every Jew. Yet Serb officials speak of Albanians in terms reminiscent of Nazi rhetoric, with its biological and sexual obsessions. "Serbs think with their brains, Albanians with their genitals," the foreign minister of the now-defunct Serb mini-state in Croatia told me.

Charles H. Fairbanks Jr. is director of the Central Asia-Caucasus Institute at the School for Advanced International Studies in Washington, D.C.

Moreover, Kosovo and the other instances of ethnic cleansing since 1989 have psychological and civilizational roots similar to those of Hitler's racial program. Real ethnic cleansing—the attempt to eliminate from one's territory all the people of a given identity—is rare in human history. It seems to have been first practiced by the ancient Greeks and Romans, who killed the men of conquered cities like Melos and Carthage and sold the women and children into slavery. It is significant that this was done not by the monarchies or oligarchies, like Persia or Sparta, but by cities ruled by the whole people, by democracies or at least republics. In the Middle Ages the Jews were repeatedly expelled from European countries, beginning with England and ending with Spain and Portugal in 1492 and 1497. Paradoxically, these ethnic cleansings occurred not in the depths of the dark ages but in more civilized times and places; the survival of many Jews in the Polish-Lithuanian kingdom is an indicator of its backwardness. Ours, of course, has been the great century of ethnic cleansing. Over the broad sweep of history, this impulse has gone not with underdevelopment but with progress.

History is full of ethnic oppression and ethnic massacres. But ethnic oppression and ethnic cleansing are not the same. We casually equate the instances of ethnic conflict in Kosovo, Bosnia, Rwanda, and Iraq. But Saddam Hussein has never tried to eliminate the Kurds or the Shiites (half the population): He wants to rule them and exploit them, and he is willing to use the most brutal means. Similarly, in Rwanda and Burundi, few, if any, of the ethnic massacres since 1963 apparently have been attempts to kill an entire ethnic group. In Rwanda in 1994, I am told, many Hutus sheltered Tutsi friends. These horrors are extreme cases of a situation common in most of Africa and in other third-world countries: An ethnic group uses political institutions to secure a disproportionate share of the offices and wealth; then it uses the powers of the state to quell the inevitable discontent among other ethnic groups, killing people where necessary.

Ethnic conflict provoked by discrimination is characteristic of third-world countries like Kenya,

Nigeria, Uganda, Iraq, Guatemala, and Sri Lanka. This kind of conflict is tragic, but it rarely demands U.S. action. It forces on ethnic minorities a bad situation, but not usually an impossible situation. One can live one's life while accommodating oneself to the domination of another ethnic group and seeking to avoid victimization wherever possible. In countries with traditional politics, focused on who gets the larger share of the pie, ethnic minorities usually can survive. There are usually as much corruption, friendship, compassion, and favoritism as there is discrimination, precisely because such regimes stand for no principle that they rigorously impose.

A different pattern of ethnic conflict is characteristic of the liberated Soviet bloc. The Nagorno-Karabakh conflict flared in 1988 and was followed by ethnic cleansing in Azerbaijan proper and in Armenia, Croatia, Bosnia, South Ossetia and Abkhazia in Georgia, North Ossetia in Russia, and now Kosovo. This pattern starts not with discrimination, but with the coexistence of ethnic groups that enjoy group rights, often in a region dominated by one ethnic group, within a larger republic dominated by another.

In fact, it is collapsed communism that has offered the most fertile soil for ethnic cleansing. The very phrase, coined in the early 1990s, in Russian and Serbian uses the word *chistka*, the standard term for a party purge. As a consequence of the transition from Communist political forms to new ones, including the democratic mobilization and privatization the West has favored, the structures of the state are decisively weakened. In Kosovo, after Milosevic took away the province's autonomy, the Albanians in effect seceded from the state and set up a competing government.

In the absence of normal state institutions, a situation arises where, as Michael Ignatieff explains in *Blood and Belonging*, "If you can't trust your neighbors, drive them out. If you live among them, live only among your own. This alone appeared to offer people security. This alone gave respite from the fear that leaped like a brush fire from house to house." In the absence of an ideological justification for ruling over people, like Marxism-Leninism, and of effective, politically neutral police and courts, communities fall back on the simplest, most instinctive definition of the political community: It is composed of *people like us*, neighbors who share our identity, ethnic or religious. What then is to be done about the others, who have an identity different from ours? Here comes the impact of modern notions of mass mobilization and popular rule. We disenchanted modern men no longer have available theories to justify the rule of one class, race, or religion over others. If we are thoroughly modern relativists, who cannot judge other people, we begin to lack even a justification for assimilating the Other in a dominant culture or constitutional system. As the brilliant Hungarian thinker G.M. Tamas, now at Georgetown University, has pointed out, the shift of orientation, in Western societies, from integration to multiculturalism parallels the shift in the post-Communist world in 1989-92 to a desire for the ethnically pure community achieved by ethnic cleansing.

> DISENCHANTED MODERN MEN NO LONGER HAVE THEORIES TO JUSTIFY THE RULE OF ONE CLASS, RACE, OR RELIGION OVER OTHERS.

Ethnic cleansing is an appalling solution to a deeply felt quandary of modern man, who acknowledges no authority, who "privileges" no discourse, worldview, or institution over others. In different, vastly harsher circumstances, it is a solution akin to separate academic departments for African-American studies, women's studies, Jewish studies. We don't want to be judged by the Other; let us just keep to ourselves and do our own thing. Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic is so consistent that he regards ethnic Serbs in Sarajevo, who in an earlier age would have been seen as a source of influence or a potential Fifth Column, as *hostages*: They must separate and live with their own kind. Contemporary ethnic cleansing is not imperialistic, but says: Leave us alone—once we have gathered in all of our own people. In Kosovo, it says: What can be done with the Albanian Other on our Serb land, within our Serb community? The only solution is to drive him out or kill him. If he dominates numerically, we no longer rule; there is no legitimate authority any more.

Far from being the reaction of an oppressive government that wants to rule people against their will, ethnic cleansing presupposes the impossibility of imperialism and domination in the modern world. It is thoroughly at home in the post-Gorbachev world, where rulers like de Klerk in South Africa, Rabin and Peres in the West Bank and Gaza, and Blair in Northern Ireland are, like Gorbachev, giving up on governing peoples against their will. The frightening thing about ethnic cleansing is that it is not a remnant of political backwardness, but a manifestation of what may be deepest in us modern men and women. It does not go with autocracy, imperialism, and oppression,

but with popular rule, community, authenticity, self-expression. It could be the wave of the future.

It is here that there is a certain connection, though a complicated one, with Hitler's genocide. Hitler was impelled to ethnic cleansing and mass murder by a combination of post-Christian anti-Semitism, muddled 19th-century scientific materialism, primacy of the body and "race," social Darwinism—and the relativism he drew from the philosopher he most admired, Friedrich Nietzsche. In 1933, Germany was the most intellectually sophisticated country, the most "post-modern," anywhere. Since 1945, Nietzsche's relativism or "nihilism," to use a term he coined, has swept the world. In this country, conservatives talk about "values," a term from Protestant theology that Nietzsche adopted to express the impossibility of reaching universal standards of right and wrong. As for Americans generally, their reaction to the Monica Lewinsky scandal showed how deeply the idea that we can't judge each other's behavior has taken root.

AP Photo/David Brauchli

Refugees from Kosovo reach for bread in a camp on the outskirts of Kukes, Albania.

What is the political implication of this historic turn in human consciousness? The Nazi regime is, to date, the government most permeated by nihilistic thinking. Liberal democracy, in contrast, is a project of 18th-century rationalism. It insists that the best political order can be rationally justified and assumes that people of utterly different origins can become full participants. How liberal democracy will fare under relativism, now that its certainties are no longer bolstered by the Cold War, remains to be seen. But the effect of relativism on societies without liberal-democratic traditions and institutions is clearer.

The collapse of communism, with its deadening reign of a Truth in which no one believed, has opened the former Communist world to the impact of relativism. If no one has the right to judge what is good and bad, which form of government is better or worse, we must fall back on the only community that is given, prior to argument and demonstration: the community of ethnicity and religion. And if there are Others in the community, there is nothing to do but drive them out or kill them; the collapse of rationalism leaves no way of including them, the equality of values no excuse for ruling them. Thus, the possible consequences of this pattern of ethnic conflict are far worse than the consequences of the third-world pattern, the human price far higher. It simply becomes impossible for the outsider to coexist in a community dominated by post-modern ethnic consciousness.

It is a matter of great moment that the forces of liberal democracy should stand against this terrifying phenomenon—which may be not the vestige of something the world is growing out of, but the reappearance of a horror the world only began to sample in 1933.

The Hatred of War

In contemporary ethnic cleansing, we are becoming aware of a new current in history not yet fully visible. Understandably, we have had trouble naming it and responding to it. Our president has identified Milosevic's ethnic cleansing both with Hitler's Holocaust and with scattered incidents of gay-bashing.

Further impeding our ability to respond is another new and elusive historical current: the fading away of modern war as an accepted way of solving nations' problems. Throughout history there has been violence between individuals and groups; indeed, in the former Communist world, violence is even increasing. But conflicts like those in the Balkans in the 1990s are not war in the sense that emerged in the 17th century and culminated in the cataclysm of World War II—sharply distinct from peace in time and place, undertaken by

states against other states, for political goals, and by means of trained armies. In Bosnia and Kosovo, as in Transdniester, Abkhazia, South Ossetia, Nagorno-Karabakh, Chechnya, and Tajikistan, peacetime seems like war, wartime like peace. Most of the victims are civilians, as are many of the fighters, among them criminal gangs raised not by the state but by gangster-warlords like Arkan. The aims include the plunder and rape of enemy civilians.

At the same time, it would seem that the West no longer wishes to wage war. Thus, in the Kosovo conflict, when NATO decided after long hesitation to hit military targets in the enemy's capital, it chose to hit them in the middle of the night, lest enemy soldiers be killed or wounded. An observer from a different era, looking at Western conduct in Bosnia and Kosovo, might conclude that no war, but some sanguinary ritual or game, was in progress. The events would seem to add up to some sort of handicap race.

In a handicap race, an attempt is made to compensate for the fact that different racehorses have different capabilities. The healthiest and fastest horses are loaded with weights, just sufficient to give the feebler horses a chance against them. The handicaps we impose on Western forces take many forms.

They take the form of sanctuary areas, for instance, like the bases in baseball, where we undertake not to attack the enemy. Thus, in Bosnia, when we were angriest at the Bosnian Serbs, who had just massacred the Muslim civilians of Srebrenica in cold blood, we bombed around Pale but left the Bosnian Serbs' stronghold in Banja Luka untouched. Throughout the long, agonizing war in Bosnia, we carefully respected the Bosnian Serbs' greatest vulnerability: the Brcko or Posavina corridor connecting Serbia proper and Serb-occupied Western Bosnia in the north. Serb reinforcements, fuel, and ammunition were funneled through this bottleneck less than five miles wide, commanded on both sides by Bosnian and Croatian guns. From Cannae to Desert Storm, the peak of the military art was to encircle and destroy the enemy. In Bosnia, we didn't even want to think about it.

At other times we let Milosevic call timeouts from the game. We did this again in recent months in Kosovo: NATO made demands under threat of military action; Milosevic agreed to some, or simply agreed to negotiate; we dropped our threats; and the cycle started all over. Are we doing this for fun? If so, we've been playing it right: Milosevic concedes something, though no one believes his promises; our jockeys slacken their efforts; his sprint ahead; then we try to catch up. We won't know the winner till the end of the race. Bosnia went on this way for years.

This mode of behavior on NATO's part reflects a historical pattern in the West. Since 1815, when the last foreign wars involving Switzerland and Sweden ended, larger and larger zones of peace have been created in Europe and North America. Today, although there are many tensions between the United States and Canada, or between Germany and France, it is unthinkable that these nations' statesmen would resort to war to get what they want or that their publics would be willing to fight. This is the phenomenon that Michael Mandelbaum and other theorists have labeled "debellicization": the gradual inanition of "major war," meaning war in the sense accepted since about 1650; its disappearance from the repertory of politics, of statesmanship, and of life. The result is NATO in the Balkans: We don't seriously wage war against Milosevic because we don't like war anymore.

For relations between Germany and France, this great transformation is an almost unmixed gain. For the Balkans and the Caucasus, its benefits are not so clear. When "major war" becomes obsolete, how do we respond to violence of the kind employed by Milosevic as well as by kidnapping gangs in Chechnya, warlords in Somalia, drug traffickers in Colombia, and Islamic terrorists such as Osama bin Laden? Milosevic seems able to employ his style of violence much more effectively than we can employ ours. This great historical transformation, and its effect on our reaction to ethnic cleansing, requires urgent reflection.

Professional soldiers have contempt for the handicap-race approach to war. The game-like character of the enterprise means that the military services cannot do a professional job, and they don't want to do less. For soldiers, to use force is to wage war. The aim of war is victory, usually achieved by crippling the opposing forces in the shortest possible time. In war, there are two sides: your side and the enemy. If others are shooting at the enemy, they are your allies. In a war, it is useful to have allies: Sometimes they can do things more easily than you can—for example, accept casualties, or fight for less money. War is a great simplifier.

But what we have avoided like death itself in the Balkans is saying we are fighting *with* the Bosnians or the Kosovars. Even today, we officially oppose the independence of Kosovo, although we are bombing Serbia daily to protect people who will accept nothing else. In fact, what we seem to be doing in Kosovo is what we did consciously in Bosnia: seek to impose some neutral, objectively fair solution on all the hostile parties. This may be wonderfully idealistic, but it creates a tremendous practical problem: The parties involved all oppose the neutral solution. This vastly increases the diplomatic muscle or military force

required to secure it—and does so at the very time we have crippled ourselves with the handicap-race syndrome. Just try to imagine World War II fought this way. We couldn't have provided Lend Lease or fought alongside the Allies because Churchill was a colonialist, Stalin a Bolshevik.

If there are no local friends in ethnic conflicts as we fight them, there also seem to be no enemies. We want to hurt Milosevic just enough to make him accept our neutral, objectively fair solution but not enough to destroy him. Does this sound familiar? It is exactly the strategy by which the Johnson administration fought the Vietnam War. Harvard professor Thomas Schelling, who invented it, called this "coercive diplomacy." The idea is not to destroy the other side's capability to resist you, but to affect his calculations in a bargaining process. In coercive diplomacy, we bargain by hurting the enemy; we try to reach a point at which for Milosevic, the pain from cleansing Kosovo outweighs the gain.

In Vietnam, it didn't work. And it hasn't worked well in Bosnia or Kosovo. It is a typical creation of intellectuals, wonderfully deft and subtle in principle but too complicated and ambiguous for any actual coalition to pull off in the confusion of the actual Balkans. Amazingly, the American national-security establishment keeps trying it again and again, although the country was irreparably maimed by the first attempt. Such a strange pattern belongs not to the world of problem solving but to the world of ritual. It suggests that what is at work beneath the surface is not the will to manage crises, but rather the habit of projecting on real events a psychological need for "debellicization." Out of this confusion, nothing can come except endless dithering over means and groping for goals, false hopes, disappointment, and futility.

In this slough we will wallow helplessly until we return to the inherent logic of the use of force: Force should be used only to wage war. And war is no handicap race: It allows for no sanctuaries, no timeouts, no weapons or tactics whose use is excluded from the beginning. In the Balkans, if we are to wage war, we must wage it against Milosevic, his regime, and his special police. This does not mean waging war against the Serbs, who suffer from the corruption of the regime and the international isolation it has brought to Serbia, and who scorn Milosevic's corrupt gang even as they spit defiance at NATO. Every statement of NATO's intentions toward Kosovo should (but does not) reiterate our resolve to secure, in any settlement, the Serbs' continued control of their shrines and historical sites, as well as internationally guaranteed rights for the Serb minority. To accomplish this will not be easy in the disastrous situation that has arisen.

Similarly, we must face the fact that we are on the side of the Kosovars. Because we are on their side, we can expect their assistance in what we are doing. And we can expect the support of Milosevic's other enemies, Albania, Bosnia, Croatia, Slovenia, and the pro-Western Montenegrins. Of course, taking someone's side is complicated by the fact that our allies never have all the attitudes we would choose. But if we are on their side, we gain more influence over them than if we were trying to impose our own neutral solution. Only by taking someone's side can we substantially influence their goals. Luckily, the Kosovars seem to have a stronger sense of community than the Bosnians and to unite more clearly behind responsible leaders. Nor is the ethnic map of Kosovo as complex as Bosnia's—there are only two contending sides instead of three. In these respects the Kosovars are likely to be easier allies than the Bosnians.

So, then, should we arm the Kosovo Liberation Army? This is the right idea, but the wrong slogan. What we need to do is arm and fight alongside a Kosovar military force. The KLA is a coalition of armed bands, some containing dubious elements like drug traders and Marxists-Leninists. Although we do not know enough to be sure, it seems that the KLA was unable to impede Milosevic's ethnic cleansing. Thus, in the present national emergency, the KLA is largely discredited. There is every reason to mount a new military effort that is above faction. Anyone who is fighting beside the Kosovars, supplying them with arms, training, and money, will be in a position to influence the leadership, and agenda of their military force.

To fight beside the Kosovars is important for another reason: It is the only way to get out. We do need an "exit strategy," both because domestic anxieties demand it and because the Balkans are not, ultimately, a vital American interest on a par with Central Europe or Japan. The notion that we should make Kosovo a sort of NATO protectorate will result in endless demands for troops and money, endless headaches and recriminations. The great difficulties in implementing the Dayton accords in Bosnia show how badly such arrangements work in practice.

The final objection to arming the Kosovars is that it would take too long. It is odd to hear this from the same administration that urges us daily to wait for the results of the bombing. The time it takes to create a military capability among defeated guerrillas and enraged refugees is being overestimated. We need only two things from a Kosovar military force: first, a will-

ingness to commit itself, on the whole, to the settlement we reach together and not to wreck it behind our backs; and second, a province-wide guerrilla threat that will work synergistically with our air power to cripple the Serb army and police in Kosovo, as the French resistance worked with the Allied bombing campaign to paralyze the Wehrmacht in May-June 1944. We could begin to create this threat in days, by airdropping simple weapons in areas where the KLA is still active. The rocket-propelled grenade launcher was the weapon of the Chechen and Afghan victories, and the Kosovars don't have many. Judging from the speed with which untrained but highly motivated Americans were turned into adequate armies in 1861 and 1917, we could probably train an awesome Kosovar guerrilla army in three months.

Finally, do we need to "go in on the ground"? Yes, though there is no need to rely primarily on Western troops against Serbia in ground combat. Nor should we require 200,000 NATO troops—the figure invoked to prevent any NATO action at all. It was a much smaller Croatian army, trained by retired American officers and supplemented by NATO air power, that more or less brought the contending forces in Bosnia to a settlement. Talk of "going in on the ground" tends to come from those who crave an imposed, neutral solution and embrace the notion of a protectorate. Most of what NATO could do would be done better by our Kosovar allies working with our air power.

As Paul Wolfowitz has argued, the capability of air power is far greater today than ever before in history—if we use it effectively. But it is very hard for air power to be effective against an army that doesn't have to come out of hiding and fight. In our panic, we have decided to send to the Balkans a mere 24 of some 2,000 Apache attack helicopters, our most effective system for the Kosovo theater. We should send in a few battalions from Macedonia to seize "sanctuaries" in the easily defensible southwest corner of Kosovo and beyond the Kacanik pass. Units of similar size could seize communications links to Kosovo, such as the tunnels and river crossings beyond Podujevo. And we should begin creating the infrastructure for a much more massive heliborne and armored attack from Albania and Hungary, should that be necessary to end the war.

A problem, we all know, sometimes grows beyond its measure. We begin to worry not about the problem but about how we can deal with it, then about whether we can deal with it at all. Forgetting the scale of the problem and our own strength, we soon descend to anguished self-doubt and paralysis. For the West, the ethnic cleansing of Bosnia became such a problem, and the catastrophe in Kosovo is developing the same way. But NATO, which enters the millennium as the only superpower alliance, commands the power to end the ethnic cleansing of Kosovo. For the liberal democracies, it may not be grandiose to say that their understanding of civilization is at stake. What is necessary is to face the depth of the emergency and summon the will to wage war. ♦

"This Kosovo Thing"

President Clinton Explains What It's All About

By Andrew Ferguson

People used to rag on poor Bob Dole—the pre-Viagra Bob Dole—for his verbal tics as a presidential candidate. For instance, he used to say "Whatever" whenever he was stumped for something to say, which was often. Another tic, on display hourly on the campaign trail, was "That's what it's all about."

"The children," the candidate would say, "that's what this campaign is all about." "It's about character—that's what this election is all about." And so on, through "the future," "leadership," "where we're going," "experience"—the campaign, the election, whatever, was about all those things, depending on the time of day. Unfortunately, Dole's improvisational reliance on the phrase "what this campaign is all about" was taken (correctly) as evidence that he didn't have a clue what the campaign was about, and that he didn't much care to find out.

Dole's inarticulateness was all the more painful in

Andrew Ferguson is a senior editor of The Weekly Standard.

contrast to his opponent's preternatural fluency. If you asked President Clinton what the campaign was all about, he could unspool a tripartite answer, lovingly rehearsed, trimmed to fit the audience before him and the time available. Of course, the answer might not have been true—President Clinton's reelection campaign was about getting President Clinton reelected and nothing more—but you had to admire his skill in getting the patter down. Getting the patter down is in fact his greatest skill. It's what he's all about.

Which makes his rhetorical performance of recent weeks especially odd. With the war in Kosovo bearing down, the president's fluency has left him. This war—what's *that* all about? Well . . .

AP/Wide World Photos

"When we see slaughter or ethnic cleansing abroad," he said in a speech last week, "we should remember that we defeat these things by teaching and by practicing a different way of life, and by reacting vigorously when they occur within our own midst. That's what this is about."

"The peace of Europe is important to the future of the children in this room today," he said on April 1. "That is, in the end, what this is about."

"First of all, we must always be working on ourselves," he said on April 6. "That's really what this is about."

"If we want people to share our burdens of leadership, with all the problems that will inevitably crop up," he said on March 23, "Europe needs to be our partner. Now that's what this Kosovo thing is all about."

"But just remember this," he said on the same day. "It's about our values."

And on April 1, he quoted Franklin Roosevelt: "'More than an end to all wars, we want an end to the beginnings of all wars.' That is what we are trying to achieve in Kosovo." In other words, that's what it's all about: an end—at last!—to the beginnings.

If this confusion sounds Dolean, it is Dolean, so to speak, in a Clintonian way. The president's first extended attempt to explain his war came during a speech to a union group on March 23. It was a very long speech, full of sentences that were very long.

"With all of our increasing diversity in America, I wanted an America that really reaffirmed the idea of community, of belonging, the idea that none of us can pursue our individual destinies as fully on our own as we can when we want our neighbors to do well, too, and that there is some concrete benefit to the idea of community that goes beyond just feeling good about living in a country where you're not discriminated against because of some condition or predisposition or anything else that has nothing to do with the law and nothing to do with how your neighbors live their lives, and that what we have in common is more important than what divides us."

In this riot of subordinate clauses—unparsable and essentially incoherent, redolent of high sentiment or low bromide, depending on your point of view—it is the last phrase that is most telling. Somewhere around the fiftieth or sixtieth word, the president must have realized that this zeppelin of verbiage he had sent aloft was in danger of drifting heavenward, never to return. Sensing trouble, he lunged for the guy wire of one of his favorite platitudes and so at last managed to pull the enormous vessel safely to the earth. In that last phrase you can almost hear the sigh of relief. *What we have in common* etc. has for years recurred in the president's speeches as a verbal safe haven, a touchstone; *We should lift people up*, *It's the right thing to do*, and *This is a very great country* often serve the same purpose, grounding him in familiar territory when his love of talking for talking's sake threatens to send him spinning into space. Here, however, in his first Kosovo speech, *what we have in common* served an even more convenient purpose. The sentiment itself soon became his chief means for justifying NATO's bombs, and for explaining "this Kosovo thing."

"People are still killing each other out of primitive urges because they think what is different about them is more important than what they have in common," he continued. This is a more succinct phrasing of his essential point: that Slobodan Milosevic has what we might these days call an *issue* with diversity—with "difference." Diversity is Serbia's strength. Milosevic just doesn't know it yet. "He acts like he wants to take Serbia back to the 14th century," the president, sounding perplexed, told a group of military families on April 1, "back to 14th century values, 14th century ways of looking at other human beings." But Milose-

vic is not alone in his delusion. You can find this kind of totally retro way of thinking all around the world. "You can see it in the Middle East, in Northern Ireland," the president said. "You can see it in the tribal wars in Africa."

And you can see it here, too—right here in the USA. As presidents do in times of crisis, Clinton has been forced to shoehorn references to Kosovo into all his speeches, regardless of the audience. This makes for some odd transitions—to a gathering of electronics dealers, for example, he felt compelled to point out that those persecuted Kosovars are, let's not forget, potential customers: "the little people who may never even see most of the things you invent and sell and market, but who could if they could live in peace." (We bomb so that you may someday sell them VCRs.) But at an event booming "hate crimes" legislation, the president made the thematic transition seamlessly. It was his most remarkable statement on Kosovo to date. For he found a commonality between ethnic cleansing abroad and anti-gay and anti-black violence here at home. "To see what is going on in the Balkans," the president said, "and to see these terrible examples of violence here in our own country—it's very humbling."

AP/Wide World Photos

And so it is—but not so humbling that the president hasn't been able to tease from these seemingly unrelated acts a unified-field theory of human acrimony. The IRA = the PLO = the Hutus = Slobo = the crackers who did in Matthew Shepard. And you and me, too: It turns out we're all culpable. Even the president!

"We know that inside each of us there are vulnerabilities to dehumanizing other people simply by putting them in a category that permits us to dismiss them, or that permits us to put them in a category so that on a bad day, when we're feeling especially bad about something we've done, we can say, well, thank God I'm not them. And it is a short step from that—a short, short step from that—to licensing and even participating in acts of violence."

("You might want to put some ice on that.")

So *that's* what it's all about: crushing the universal Id. The president does recognize that some are more culpable than others. "We're not for anybody's hate crimes," he noted; still, he's a believer in proportional response. When you or I have a bad day, we might drag somebody behind a truck. When Milosevic has a bad day, the whole Balkan Peninsula suffers. So to combat hate here at home, the president recommends that "the Justice Department and Education Department include in their annual report card on school safety crucial information on hate crimes among young people." To combat hate in Kosovo, the president recommends bombing.

These are deep waters, as the waters surrounding the president often are. And you might think they're a little deeper than they need to be. Psychologizing a military action will always sound less plausible than using the concrete language of geopolitics. But you can't really blame the president for going Freudian. His earliest efforts to explain his action in simpler terms were fated to fail. Shortly before the bombs started falling, he warned an audience about what might happen if the bombs didn't start falling quick. "And let me say this," he said on March 23, "if we don't do something, they got 40,000 troops there, and a bigger offensive could start any moment." And what do you know—to stop the bigger offensive, NATO started bombing, and the bigger offensive started sure enough.

With his rationale of "deterring aggression" having been, as the phrase goes, overtaken by events, it was back to the drawing board, and the president has clung to his theory of "primitive urges" ever since. But even here a kind of Dolean confusion survives. At the end of last week, the president again addressed the Kosovo war. He spoke again of "purging [people's] hearts of primitive hatreds." But halt! Two sentences later, he had discovered a new wrinkle to those primitive hatreds. "Clearly," he went on, "our first challenge is to build a more peaceful world, one that will apparently be dominated by ethnic and religious conflicts we once [i.e., thirty seconds ago] thought of as primitive, but which Senator Moynihan, for example, has referred to now as postmodern." Holy smokes. The mind stalls and sputters. Which is it? Primitive or postmodern? Maybe postmodernism is a kind of recrudescence of primitivism. Or something. As another senator used to say: Whatever. ♦

WANTED
The West of Wallace Stegner

By Bill Croke

Sierra Club Books

Before he died in 1993 at the age of eighty-four, Wallace Stegner was asked what the difference was between his view of the American West and that of Louis L'Amour, the enormously popular pulp western writer. Stegner laughed and replied, "About two or three million dollars."

The question itself, however, was revealing, for Stegner never entirely escaped being considered merely a "regional writer." Though he set novels in locales as varied as Vermont, suburban California, and Denmark, he was in reviewers' minds consigned to the West he roamed in his early years and later described so eloquently.

Identification with a particular region has never been an absolute bar to becoming a national American writer. Mark Twain was never more universal than when he wrote of the Missouri Border Country, William Faulkner when he created Mississippi's Yoknapatawpha County, Sarah Orne Jewett when she described Maine's down-east Country of the Pointed Firs.

But no chronicler of the Far West has been accepted out of the ranks of regional interest and into the national pantheon. That's a shame, for it means that readers aren't as aware as they should be of just how good Wallace Stegner was—and means as well that the school of "Western Realism" he created with Paul Horgan, Bernard DeVoto, and Wright Morris hasn't assumed its rightful place in the American consciousness. Together, these writers strove to create a fictional West free from the myths of the nineteenth-century dimestore novels, the extravaganzas of Buffalo Bill Cody, and the Hollywood "horse operas." Stegner yearned for the West to have a genuine literary culture—like the South of Faulkner or the New England nineteenth-century fiction that we've absorbed so fully it seems to express our national soul.

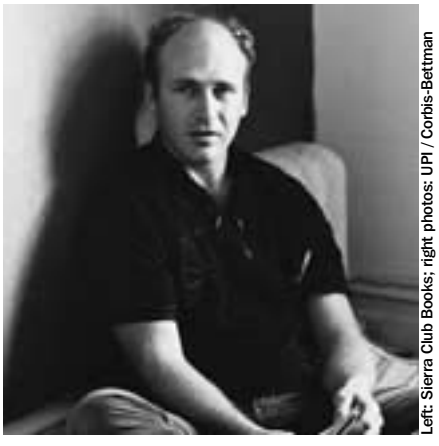
WALLACE STEGNER
Marking the Sparrow's Fall
Wallace Stegner's American West
Henry Holt, 359 pp., $25

JAMES HEPWORTH, ed.
Stealing Glances
Three Interviews with Wallace Stegner
Univ. of New Mexico Press, 118 pp., $15

Of course, creating a literary culture is difficult. In *Stealing Glances: Three Interviews with Wallace Stegner*, James Hepworth asked the novelist if he thought western America could be fictionalized as the South had been so successfully in the twentieth century. And Stegner answered that the West has little "usable past" and little culture not imported from the East. Unlike the South, the West lacks a "rural tradition with a relatively homogeneous population, homogeneous problems." And yet, like Faulkner, Stegner sired a stable of writers fired with an ambition to chronicle the region and force upon the nation a new and "demythologized" view of the West.

It does not surprise easterners to learn that the modern West is the scene of endless battles over agriculture, water rights, the survival of American Indians, and the use of the three-hundred million acres of public land. But it does surprise them to learn, for example, that the majority of westerners live in cities. And over the last twenty years, the writings of Thomas McGuane, William Kittredge, Terry Tempest Williams, Chilton Williamson, Stephen Bodio, James

Bill Croke is a writer in Cody, Wyoming.



Left: Sierra Club Books; right photos: UPI / Corbis-Bettman

Wallace Stegner, c. 1947, and his students: Edward Abbey, top right, and Ken Kesey, bottom right.

Welch, Rick Bass, Gretel Ehrlich, Ivan Doig, Teresa Jordan, Mary Clearman Blew, the late Edward Abbey, and many others all reflect Stegner's contempt for the Hollywood myth of the West.

Wallace Earle Stegner was born in Lake Mills, Iowa, in 1909, the second son of George and Hilda Stegner. Hilda, an intelligent but unschooled farmer's daughter, instilled in her son a love of books and learning, while his father (eventually a suicide) was one of those western chasers of get-rich-quick schemes who lack, as Stegner told Hepworth, "stick-to-it-iveness." The anti-individualism of the son's fiction was in no small part inspired by the cautionary tale of his father, who unsuccessfully pursued innumerable legal and illegal careers, from farming to bootlegging to managing a casino.

The itinerant family lived during Stegner's childhood in North Dakota, Seattle, Canadian Saskatchewan, and Montana before finally settling in Salt Lake City when Wallace was twelve. It was there his mother died of cancer and his older brother Cecil of pneumonia at twenty-three, leaving Wallace in young manhood the family's sole survivor.

He always afterwards called Salt Lake his hometown. It was there he had been a Boy Scout, camping in the Wasatch Mountains, and there he attended East High School. A job installing rugs and linoleum enabled him to pay his way through the University of Utah, where he was an English major and saw his first freelance work appear in the now-defunct *Salt Lake Telegram*.

The gentile Stegner thrived in Mormon Salt Lake. The Latter Day Saints were, he thought, hardworking, tight knit, and devoted to their families, and they reinforced his developing anti-individualism (though, according to his biographer Jackson J. Benson, he found their religious dogma "preposterous"). In later years, Mormons would praise his books *Mormon Country* and *The Gathering of Zion: The Story of the Mormon Trail* as accurate renderings of their history and culture.

After finishing college in 1930, Stegner landed a fellowship in the new writing program at the University of Iowa—where he met Mary Stuart Page, to whom he would be married for sixty years. They had one son, Page Stegner.

The newly married Stegner wrote his first novel out of dire economic need. Seeing in 1936 a magazine ad in which the publisher Little, Brown and Co. offered a $2,500 prize in a novel-writing contest, Stegner submitted *Remembering Laughter* and won handily. For the rest of his life, he followed the strict regimen he had formed while working on *Remembering Laughter*: four hours of early-morning writing before going off to teach.

In 1945, after a teaching stint at Harvard (where he encouraged the young Norman Mailer), Stegner moved to Stanford, and it was there over the next twenty-six years that he created one of the most influential and sought-after creative-writing programs in the country. Its graduates include Edward Abbey, Thomas McGuane, Eugene Burdick, Larry McMurtry, Robert Stone, Wendell Berry, William Hjortsberg, Tillie Olsen, Ernest Gaines, and Ed McClanahan—

and that's not to mention the 1960s bad boy Ken Kesey, who compared studying writing under Stegner to playing football under Vince Lombardi.

But in Stegner's view, Kesey and like-minded students in the 1960s marked the decline of his Stanford writing program. Stegner's influence shows for a careful reader in Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and, perhaps more strongly, in his *Sometimes a Great Notion*. But Kesey was influenced as well by the 1950s Beat writers who thought that spontaneous self-expression was all that mattered in literary endeavor. Stegner, insisting on discipline and hard work and revision, was annoyed by Kesey, who held alternative literary gatherings at his house on Perry Lane in Menlo Park (the beginnings of the psychedelic experiments chronicled by Tom Wolfe in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*).

Stegner was not exactly a conservative, but rather an old-fashioned—now out-of-fashion—sort of liberal. His opposition to the excesses of radicalism on the Stanford campus, together with his allegiance to tradition, the work ethic, and family values, make one pine for the days when liberals stood for such things.

In fact, to read Wallace Stegner—and to read about him—is to admire the man more and more. The recently published *Marking the Sparrow's Fall: Wallace Stegner's American West*, edited by his son, collects twenty-two essays and a novella from different periods in Stegner's long career. About half of the pieces are reprinted from such earlier essay collections as *The Sound of Mountain Water* and *Where the Bluebird Sings to the Lemonade Springs*. The rest appear in book form for the first time.

Stegner's easy, conversational style is notable throughout, and many of the pieces can be enjoyed for their nostalgic accounts of a West that has all but disappeared. "That Great Falls Year" and "At Home in the Fields of the Lord" are vivid recollections of Stegner's childhood in Montana and Salt Lake City. "Xanadu by the Salt Flats" is his humorous account of a summer job in the 1920s at Saltair, the "Coney Island of the West," where the young Stegner hawked hot dogs and swam in the Great Salt Lake: "There is no pleasure quite equal to a hard, salt-coated sunburn."

In three travel pieces—"Lake Powell," "Back Roads River," and "Back Roads of the American West"—Stegner writes about the area around "Four Corners," where the states of Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico touch. These travelogues through Monument Valley and along the Colorado and San Juan Rivers leave the reader with an intense desire to see these places—though to see them as Stegner did forty years ago is now impossible. It is this fact that steers the book back from nostalgia to serious environmental polemic in such essays as "The Best Idea We Ever Had" (the national parks), "Living on Our Principal" (the conservation of natural resources), and "Living Dry" (the West's eternal water problem). In "Qualified Homage to Thoreau," Stegner holds the Sage of Walden Pond at arm's length for his canonization in the eyes of the more radical elements of the modern environmentalist movement. Though an admirer of his writing, Stegner sees Thoreau as the first hippie, a self-obsessed enemy of history and tradition, the antecedent of all he found distasteful in the politics and rhetoric of the 1960s.

ON THE WHOLE, THE LITERATURE OF THE CONTEMPORARY WEST IS A LITERATURE WHERE NO CONSERVATIVE NEED APPLY.

The new collection closes with "Genesis," an eighty-page novella reprinted from *Wolf Willow*, Stegner's fictionalized memoir of the windy Saskatchewan plains. Perhaps the best fiction he ever wrote, "Genesis" relates the travails of a group of cowboys trying to save a herd of cattle caught in a ferocious week-long blizzard. Based on the disastrous winter of 1906, which brought to an end the era of open-range Canadian cattle ranching, the story follows men as they move from dull routine to the struggle against lethal weather. Reviewing *Wolf Willow*, Larry McMurtry wrote that "Genesis" is "as good a short novel as anybody has done about the West, or any part of it." In truth, it ranks with Melville's *Billy Budd* and Faulkner's *The Bear* as one of the great American novellas.

Stegner wrote novels, short stories, essays, histories, and biographies, more than thirty books in all. In 1972, despite sometimes shabby treatment by the literary establishment, he won the Pulitzer Prize for *Angle of Repose*, the multi-generational story of the Ward family in the West. The *New York Times Book Review*, which for years classified Stegner as a western pulp writer, had not bothered to review it, and John Leonard, the *Book Review*'s editor, protested Stegner's award at the expense of John Updike's *Rabbit Redux*. Similarly, the *Times* took no notice of Stegner's 1976 *The Spectator Bird*, which won the National Book Award.

Stegner had come close to a Pulitzer for non-fiction in 1955 with *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West*, a biography of Powell with an exciting account of his legendary journey down the Colorado and a study of his influence on western demographic, political, and agricultural trends. Stegner may have lost the prize because of the book's acerbic introduction by Bernard DeVoto, which blasted the work of a previous Pulitzer winner. But DeVoto was a strong influence on Stegner's growing environmental awareness in the 1940s. From the bully pulpit of *Harper's* monthly "Easy Chair" column, DeVoto took potshots at the eastern corporations and western politicians threatening the wilderness West. In 1974, Stegner wrote a biography of DeVoto, *The Uneasy Chair*, and in 1975 he edited *The Letters of Bernard DeVoto*.

At the behest of the photographer Ansel Adams, Stegner joined the Sierra Club in the early 1950s, eventually serving on its board of directors. He was instrumental in preserving Dinosaur National Monument in Utah, when the Bureau of Reclamation sought to flood it. But he always regretted not working harder to stop the Glen Canyon Dam project, which inundated that Utah

canyon in 1963, creating Lake Powell and depriving the public of a natural wonder that rivaled the Grand Canyon.

Stegner's association with the Sierra Club was not always peaceful. He was disgusted by the hard-left direction pushed by David Brower, the organization's autocratic chief executive, who soon resigned to found the more radical Friends of the Earth. At one point, Brower castigated the author for "wasting his time writing novels when the fate of the planet is at stake." In *Stealing Glances*, Stegner tells his interviewer:

> I am not a good soldier in the environmental armies because I don't seem to work well in bodies with other people. Here's an irony. I'm against individualism gone rampant, but I don't seem to be a very good team player. . . . So in some of the work of conservation, which is by necessity touched with zealotry, I resist, . . . unable to bring much of my thought about conservation into fiction, because I suspect myself when I begin to be doctrinaire.

Unfortunately, this sentiment is not shared by some of Stegner's literary heirs. Bass, Ehrlich, Williams, Kittredge, and many others in the present generation have seized upon the West's endless environmental battles for a topic—and thereby, in an unconscious and sad ironic twist, resurrected the mythical West that Stegner had tried to abolish. In too much western fiction nowadays, those bent on fighting the ravages of capitalism wear the white hats, while ranchers, miners, loggers, and other embodiments of corporate greed wear the black ones. It is the new horse opera of the West.

There is a flaky New Age sensibility to much of this work. Gretel Ehrlich and Terry Tempest Williams, for example, can't seem to take a walk anywhere in the West without it turning into a mystical experience. I recently heard a radio interview with a well-known regional writer who said it is important to her work to "have conversations with the land." These Zen buckaroos and sagebrush Thoreaus are in the ascendant and have spawned legions of imitators in regional graduate writing programs. They may be the future of the literary West, but they're not what Stegner had in mind.

Stegner does seem to have some genuine heirs, with writers like Chilton Williamson, especially in *Roughnecking It*, his rambunctious memoir of the late 1970s-early 1980s Wyoming oil boom, and Stephen Bodio, whose *Querencia* is an extraordinary memoir of seven years in New Mexico.

On the whole, however, the literature of the contemporary West is a literature of liberal arrogance where no conservative need apply. It has begun to dominate culturally the changing region, assisted by public radio and television, green organs like "High Country News" and "Northern Lights," and public money circulating through left-leaning state university systems.

The writers of this literature share a contempt for American history as the villain which has brought us to our modern mess in the West. But anyone who has read Stegner—*Angle of Repose*, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, *Wolf Willow*, and the Mormon books—knows that he knew and loved the history of his nation and his region. The fact remains, however, that though he may have found these contemporary writers lacking, they are his progeny: The Literary West is as Wallace Stegner made it.

That's Stegner the teacher and academic manager, of course. Wallace Stegner the writer remains untouched by his students. And it is his books that need to be read and remembered when we form our new national idea of the West. ♦

Baltimore's Birds

Money & the Big Leagues in the 1800s

By Steven Slezak

Fungoes and free agents. Infield flyballs and incentive clauses. Double baggers and deferred compensation. Suicide squeezes and salary arbitration. You can smell it in the April air: Spring is sprung, and baseball's back.

One of the signs of any new season is the shower of books timed for the first pitch: This year, according to Amazon.com, sixty-two baseball books appeared with a publication date around opening day.

And sure as good pitching will beat good hitting, there's always a book in the new season's line-up that bemoans the impact of money on the nation's game. Business is *bad*, you understand, and especially bad for baseball. It sullies innocence, turns players into mercenaries, and pits city against city—not in the sportsman-like combat of a game but in the no-holds-barred financial struggle to attract a team.

Batting in this year's oh-the-evils-of-money slot is Burt Solomon's *Where They Ain't*, an account of the original Baltimore Orioles and their slide to perdition. Despite its thesis, however, Solomon's book manages to tell a fascinating story. The baseball gods love the Baltimore Orioles so much they've given the name to five different teams.

BURT SOLOMON
Where They Ain't
The Fabled Life and Untimely Death of the Original Baltimore Orioles, the Team That Gave Birth to Modern Baseball
Free Press, 320 pp., $25

The first of those teams, the original Orioles, is Solomon's subject. This was the gang that revolutionized play under their manager "Foxy Ned" Hanlon. Between 1892 and 1898, Hanlon introduced strategies and tactics that spread throughout baseball and prevail to this day: the hit and run, the sacrifice, and the cutoff man. Led by some of the sport's most colorful characters, including Wee Willie Keeler and John

Steven Slezak is a financial analyst living in Baltimore.

McGraw, the Orioles built themselves into the dominant team at the end of the century.

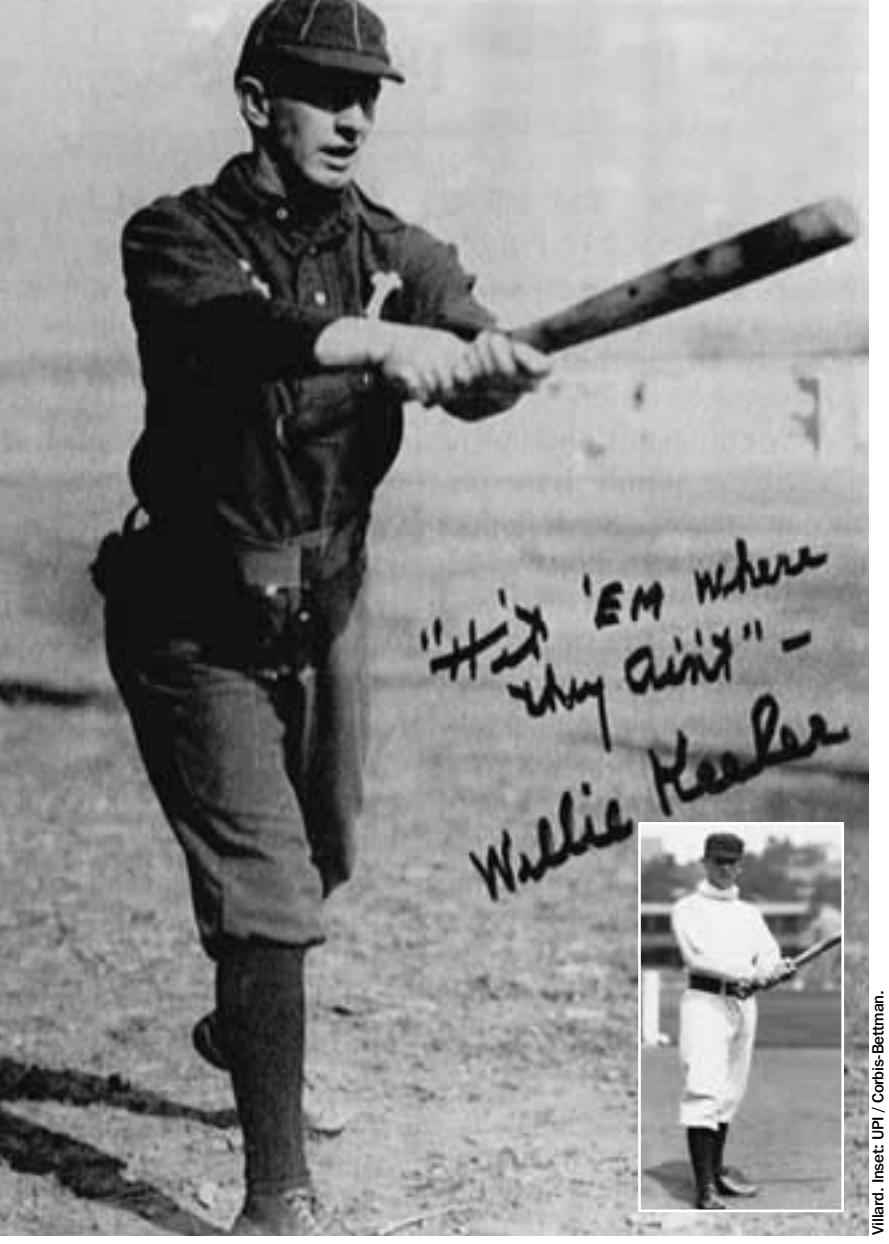
But inevitably, filthy lucre wrecked those Birds, who abandoned a beery but friendly Mob Town to hot-foot it up to gold-plated Gotham. (Solomon has a knack for using—and overusing—the newspaperese of 1890s sportswriters.) In 1899, the Orioles' best players went with their manager Hanlon to breathe new life into a financially ailing Brooklyn club known as the "Trolley Dodgers" and run by an upstart New York City councilman named Charley Ebbets.

In 1901, a resurrected Orioles under the leadership of McGraw joined the new American League. Their tenure was short. By 1903, the Orioles had once again left for New York, to become the Highlanders—the team that renamed itself "the Yankees" in 1908 and has occasionally been heard from in the years since. McGraw too found himself in New York, as the manager of the National League's Giants.

In their third and fourth incarnations, the Baltimore Orioles fell into the minors. An Eastern League squad lasted from 1903 until 1912, when it was replaced by the International League Orioles. It was these Orioles that first gave a professional contract to a Baltimore native, a troubled but promising left-handed pitcher named George Herman Ruth.

In 1954, major league baseball returned to Baltimore when the American League's St. Louis Browns gave up their uneven struggle to attract fans from the National League's Cardinals and became the modern Orioles. During most of the forty-five years since, the O's have been the winningest team in baseball, a distinction the franchise lost only last season to—who else?—the New York Yankees.

Solomon is right to be drawn to the first of these Baltimore teams. It's always hard to measure something like the contributions of Ned Hanlon's and John McGraw's Orioles, but consider this: From 1904 to 1998, the three New York descendants of the original Baltimore Orioles appeared in sixty-eight World Series. In a quarter of them, Baltimore's offspring would play each other.



Villard. Inset: UPI / Corbis-Bettman.

Wee Willie Keeler and John McGraw (inset).

In 1903, Keeler, the character at the center of *Where They Ain't*, was the first professional player to receive $10,000. That's about $165,000 in today's money and less than the minimum salary a rookie earns under the current agreement between owners and players.

Unsurprisingly, the first player to be offered $100,000 was the man who broke Keeler's record of hitting safely in forty-four consecutive games: Joe DiMaggio. Today, that deal would be worth $400,000, a full million short of the average major league salary now.

After his death last month at the age of eighty-four, the Yankee Clipper was memorialized by George Will as "a link in baseball's chain of understated excellence"—which isn't bad for a man who sixty years ago was reviled by fans and sportswriters across the country. In 1938, Joltin' Joe had the temerity to demand $45,000 to renew his contract. When the Yankees informed DiMaggio that the great Lou Gehrig himself made just $41,000 that year, DiMaggio replied, "Gehrig is underpaid." He held out through most of April 1939 and was booed mercilessly in Yankee Stadium upon his return.

Of course, Keeler, Gehrig, and DiMaggio played before the advent of free agency. The modern salary king is right-handed hurler Kevin Brown, who signed with the Los Angeles Dodgers for $105 million over seven years. This level of major league salary is typically offered as the first exhibit in the case against big money in the big leagues: a symptom of

what's wrong with professional baseball, a measure of the distance between players and the fans that support them.

But, as Joe DiMaggio learned in 1938, there's no sure way to correlate a player's intrinsic value to the game with his imputed economic value. A *real* market for baseball players doesn't exist. Every salary negotiation is essentially an exchange of assertions that ends in a bet. (The latest techniques of financial analysis might help assign something like fair value to ballplayers, but current salaries indicate that the major leagues are utterly unfamiliar with such techniques.)

The purists are simply wrong to think that grace and beauty can't accompany bulging bankrolls. If Renaissance art could reach its glories under the murderous Medicis, why can't baseball thrive under George Steinbrenner, Peter Angelos, Ted Turner, and Bud Selig?

We live in a time with the best baseball ever played—to some degree, precisely because of the embrace of business. Our golden age would be impossible if baseball hadn't become big business a hundred years ago.

Despite its lamentations about the influence of money, Burt Solomon's *Where They Ain't* remains a worthy read, an affectionate depiction of baseball and Baltimore in the 1890s. But, with that said, let *Where They Ain't* be the last of its outdated style of anti-business baseball book. Certain financial excesses have undoubtedly hurt the game from time to time over the years. But the question of whether, on the whole, money has been good or bad for baseball was answered long ago. Play Ball! ♦

B&A

The Farthest Diaspora

The History of the Jews in China

By Charles Horner

In 1605, Matteo Ricci, the renowned Italian Jesuit missionary hard at work in China, reported back to Europe that he had discovered the existence of a community of Jews in Kaifeng—a city situated on the Yellow River about five hundred miles to the southwest of Peking. He had learned of them when an elder of the community had come to Beijing, seeking out Ricci and his group who he thought just might be Jews themselves.

This initial encounter between Jesuit and Jew was only the first of a series of misunderstandings, and it took a while to get it cleared up. Thereafter, the Jews of China, small in number and mysterious in origin, took on a symbolic significance far beyond their actual influence. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, these Chinese Jews, on the verge of extinction, would be joined by co-religionists from Europe and the Middle East whose practical impact on China and the world would prove far greater.

JONATHAN GOLDSTEIN, ed.
The Jews of China
Historical and Comparative Perspectives
M.E. Sharpe, 352 pp., $29.95

In 1992, Harvard University sponsored a conference entitled "Jewish Diasporas in China," and some of the fascinating papers there presented have finally found their way into print. Like the subjects themselves, the conferring scholars represented several countries, including the United States, Israel, China, and Japan. Once of purely antiquarian interest, the subject of Judaism in China now encompasses not only high scholarship, but also personal memoirs and searches for familial roots. Indeed, as China itself has become more connected to the outside world, Chinese scholars have become more interested in Judaism. Thus, the Institute of World History of the Shanghai Academy of Social Sciences has a center for Judaic studies, as does Nanjing University in central China. (The connection also reverberates outside the Chinese academy: Commercially successful Chinese, some of whom have been called the Jews of Southeast Asia, have been victims of communal violence reminiscent of the experience of Jews in Europe.)

Even though pressures for assimilation and acculturation grew out of the sheer mass of the surrounding civilization, the Kaifeng Jewish community lasted for about seven centuries. The general view is that Jews settled there in the early twelfth century, though Jewish traders had probably been visiting China for centuries before that. Even today, there are Chinese in the city who speak of themselves as Jews, but the identification is a tenuous one. The community's last synagogue was destroyed in 1866. The Kaifeng Jews, as Professor Shirley Isenberg describes them, were by then

> living in poverty, and no one among them knew Hebrew or Jewish liturgy. . . . Their pleas to outsiders for Jewish teachers, Holy Scriptures, prayer books, and Hebrew-Chinese grammars were all thwarted by fate or indifference. . . . What was left to the Kaifeng Jews was only the knowledge that their ancestors had been Jewish.

Ironically, their fate seemed more important to Christians than to Jews. Their discovery by Europeans was, in its day, a large event. Were these people related to the Ten Lost Tribes? Would their texts and scrolls reveal something about the original Hebrew scriptures, something preserved in the pristine environment of China? Did the unexpected appearance of Jews in China mean that the Second Coming was that much closer? Would it not be a coup of some kind to convince the Jews of Kaifeng to embrace Christianity? (They never did.) These questions were widely discussed, and the small number of Jews in China became the subject of much larger theological and, occasionally, political debates in the Christian world.

Charles Horner is senior fellow at the Hudson Institute and adjunct professor of politics at Washington and Lee University.

The outside world's interest declined in the nineteenth century, while the real influence of other Jews, more recently arrived in China, proceeded to grow. Jewish families, originally from the Near East, built up important trading relationships with China, especially under British rule. Iraqi Jews, particularly, migrated first to India and then on to China, paralleling the march eastward of British power. The legendary trader David Sassoon came to Bombay in 1833 and his descendants expanded the family's commercial network to China. The Sassoons and other families helped form connections with Baghdad, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghai—important achievements that remain underappreciated in British imperial history.

The founders of the great Jewish families that thrived under British protection, we are assured, were observant and devout, but the rising generation less so. In writing about Silas Hardoon, a colorful figure in early-twentieth-century Chinese history, Joan Roland describes a multiculturalist ahead of his time. Hardoon, who had worked for the Sassoons in Hong Kong and Shanghai, later established his own company. Though he financed the construction of a synagogue in Shanghai, he later married a Eurasian woman, became a renowned collector of Chinese art, and endowed a Buddhist university. At his funeral in 1931, Roland tells us, Hardoon was buried with both Jewish and Buddhist rites, perhaps befitting a person who had become famous as the "richest man East of Suez."

The next significant group of Jews to appear in China were of European, not Middle Eastern, origin. In the early twentieth century, Russian Jews fleeing increasingly virulent anti-Semitism, made their way through Siberia to Manchuria. But this was hardly an opportune time to arrive in the Middle Kingdom. As Professor Boris Bressler (himself a Russian Jew born in Manchuria) notes, though the Russian Jewish community in China lasted only until about 1958, it saw in its sixty years two world wars, two major local wars, the collapse of the Chinese dynasty, a warlord era, another major international war, and then the decisive civil war which established Communist rule.

Refugees from the Nazis established yet another outpost of European Jewry in China. This community was based in Shanghai, which was governed by Japan from 1937 to 1945. The Japanese practiced a kind of wary toleration, and many of the exiles managed to survive and prosper in a small way. Indeed, the city was a far better sanctuary than many other places, and the Jewish population reached about twenty-five thousand in its heyday.

The United States now contains the world's most influential Jewish community, and it is thus Americans who are at the forefront of renewed efforts to reestablish ties between China and the Jews. Israel has foreign policy and commercial interests which it pursues through trade and diplomacy, but in the newly reopened China, a more permanent presence has been established by younger American Jews now resident there. This past summer, first lady Hillary Clinton and secretary of state Madeleine Albright visited the Ohel Rachel Synagogue (originally built in 1920 but abandoned in 1952), whose renovation was financed by the municipal authorities, almost certainly in response to ongoing criticism of the Chinese government's suppression of religious freedom. The building is still a "historic site," though its reconsecration is anticipated.

Professor Emeritus Benjamin Schwartz of Harvard, one of America's greatest sinologists, noted at the 1992 conference that "some of the most meaningful encounters between the Jews and China have occurred only in recent years as the number of scholars of Jewish origin who are interested in both traditional and modern China has grown significantly." And, as Schwartz also astutely pointed out, the mere existence of such scholars has prompted a growing interest in Judaism in the Chinese academic world, which, in turn, is bound to influence the West's perception of China. ♦


Mozart


Beethoven


Wagner

Tone-Deaf

PBS Misses with The Great Composers

By Michael Linton

Kill PBS. Or at least kill the "public" part of it. That was a well-publicized plank in the Republican revolution of 1994.

But here it is 1999, and PBS is still with us—which some of the time (I have to confess) still seems like a good thing. I get to watch Kenneth Clark's stroll through civilization, Ken Burns's series on the Civil War, the Metropolitan Opera's complete production of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelungs*, and the weekly *McLaughlin Group* shouting match: PBS has brought some informative and even ennobling television into America's homes.

But there are other times when public broadcasting exasperates even its firmest supporters: If we don't quite want PBS killed, we're tempted to maim it a bit.

A case in point is the six-part series, *The Great Composers*, airing successive Wednesdays beginning April 14. Co-produced by WNET in New York, the BBC, and NVC Arts, the series presents hour-long programs on Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, Puccini, Tchaikovsky, and Mahler (the series included a seventh program on Bach, which WNET declined to distribute because of its broadcasts on Bach's cello suites last year).

As ideas for television programs go, the notion of producing an instructional series about the great composers was not a bad one. Basic music education in America has been terrible for a generation. High schools have nearly abandoned orchestra, while colleges typically assign "Music Appreciation" to their least distinguished instructors as a kind of punishment. So anything that reintroduces the great music of our civilization is to be welcomed.

Good notion though it is, however, it's a difficult one to pull off. Music and television make an uneasy mix: Music, particularly symphonic music, is about listening; TV is about seeing. Opera, because of its spectacle, can work on screen, but in order to make string quartets and symphonies visually appealing, directors often have to resort to close-ups of bouncing bows, sweeping views of the brass, and even fly-overs of alpine meadows and shots of butterflies.

The situation is even worse in a narrative program. Music, the ostensible topic of the show, must be relegated to the background so that we can hear the text—the purpose of which is to add our understanding of the music, which we're not listening to.

Then too, it's hard to make composers' lives good TV. There are some notable exceptions—the life of the Renaissance composer Gesualdo would make a great cable mini-series—but basically, composers are boring. Beethoven moved a lot. Mahler liked to spend long stretches of time by himself staring at manuscript paper. One of Bach's main tasks was to teach schoolboys Latin.

This isn't gripping stuff. The artists' lives don't lack drama, but that drama is *interior*. It's the drama first of summoning, every day for years, the discipline to master a particular craft (how to write a fugue, why the passage between two notes is difficult for the oboe, how to assign notes to a group of horns—besides all those hours practicing piano). And it's the drama second of finding the courage to become an individual and to express that individuality through the discipline of art. Biography is really just a footnote—which makes great art, but dull theater (that's why Peter Shaffer, in the movie *Amadeus*, had to replace the dull historical Mozart with a much more saucy fictional one).

A portion of PBS's six-hour series rises to the difficult task. It's hard not to fall in love with Mozart's music just watching Cecilia Bartoli talk; to hear her sing it is to lose all resistance. The great American musicologist Robbins Landon eloquently tidies up the mess left by Shaffer's *Amadeus*, and there are lots of beautiful shots of Mozart's haunts in Salzburg, Vienna, and Prague. The program on Beethoven is the series' best. Charles Rosen rightly explains Beethoven's music as "highly moral," and

Michael Linton is associate professor of music at Middle Tennessee State University. His piano suite "Las Fuentes del Café del Rey Moro" was recently released on the Heartdance label.


Puccini


Tchaikovsky


Mahler

Photos: WNET

William Meredith, director of the Center for Beethoven Studies at San Jose State, keeps the scholarship solid without being pedantic. About Puccini we get to hear stories of his serial adulteries from gossipy neighbors, and the program on Tchaikovsky deals honestly with his homosexuality and controversial death.

But most of the PBS series could stand improvement, and some of it is straight-out awful. This is about music after all, and an astonishing amount of the music is badly played. The Puccini program begins with a performance of *Nessun dorma* so out of tune that the singer would be laughed out of any audition. The Prague Symphony, led by Roger Norrington, sounds slightly worse than a student ensemble (I don't know if I've ever heard a clumsier reading of the opening bars of *Tristan und Isolde*).

Both the reputations of Michael Tilson Thomas and Jonathan Miller would have been better served if they had been out of town when the film crew showed up (Thomas, for instance, reveals himself to be painfully ignorant of Beethoven's purposes in his discussion of the *Third Symphony*). There are corny camera angles and stupid directorial gimmicks. What's the point of having a string quartet sit with their backs to each other? And why all the shots of Mozart symphonies being rehearsed in a church sanctuary—a place where they would never have been performed? When there are so many great concert performances available on film (particularly from James Levine, Leonard Bernstein, and Herbert von Karajan), why did the producers subject us to footage of marginal ensembles in rehearsal? The rare quality performances—Charles Rosen playing a bit of a Beethoven piano concerto, forty-five seconds of Solti leading the London Symphony in the *Ninth Symphony*, the St. Petersburg Philharmonic playing Tchaikovsky's *Sixth Symphony*—only reveal how poor the rest of the playing is.

Bad as the performances are, the entire program on Wagner is worse. Wagner was a towering genius of the nineteenth century, and his *Ring* is possibly the greatest dramatic work ever created. You wouldn't know it from this program. Not only is the *Ring* barely heard (limited to a few bars from each of the operas), but the selections are silly, and, with the exception of the soprano Deborah Polaski, the singers are mediocre.

But most reprehensible is PBS's decision to make Wagner's anti-Semitism the core of its program. Wagner's racial views have become a lucrative cottage industry for a number of academics, and their fantasy is given free rein in this hour. Wagner was a racist, but then so were Liszt, Darwin, and indeed most "liberal" scientific thinkers in the nineteenth century. And—contrary to the program's talking heads—Wagner's anti-Semitism was not the central purpose of his life. Certainly it wasn't the key to his operas. Wagner's villains are villains not because of their race but because of their behavior.

It's hardly illuminating to blame the Third Reich on Wagner. (In an example of spectacularly misleading editing, the plans for Wagner's ideal opera house in Munich are presented as part of a computer animation of the renovations Albert Speer proposed to Hitler for Berlin.) The man was a political liberal whose purpose in establishing his Festival Theater was to found an ideal community undivided by class (here he is best compared not to Beethoven but rather to Robert Owen and William Morris).

Far from being an ardent nationalist, Wagner actually thought Germans backward and provincial, and he would have found the Nazis repugnant; if he was anything, Wagner was a snob. *The Great Composers* hour on Wagner is a monument to irresponsible scholarship and reprehensible editing.

It's things like this that make me consider joining the opponents of PBS. The program could have been so much better. And it should have been. Our lives are a mess of contradictions, and yet, within that mess, our greatest desire is to make sense of it all, to see the transcendent purpose. In the greatest pieces of music, we find the validity of our hope for transcendence confirmed. That's what the bus driver in St. Petersburg means when she says at the end of the hour on Tchaikovsky that his music "is better than medicine."

That message is hinted at occasionally in the series, and the music can still be potent, no matter how badly mangled. But the message ought to have come through *loud*, because it's the one thing that makes this music worth listening to. It's certainly the one thing that makes programs like *The Great Composers* worth raiding the public purse for. ♦

Parody

All NYPD cops will soon carry cards instructing them how to be polite to the public as part of the department's efforts to ease tensions in the wake of the Amadou Diallo shooting.
—New York Post
April 7, 1999

New York Police Department
Office of Manners and Etiquette

Please keep this document in your possession at all times. The following phrases will be used by officers in the performance of their duties:

While Protecting a Political Rally

- "Good Morning, Rev. Sharpton. How are you?.....Actually, what you suggest is anatomically impossible. But if it were, it would certainly reduce the need for sexual partners."
- "I'm afraid you are mistaken. If these were jackboots, they would go a little higher up my calf."
- "Be my guest, Reverend. I didn't want to finish that Quarter-Pounder anyway."

While Directing Traffic

- "I'm sorry to disturb you. But continued driving on the sidewalk may present a public hazard."
- "Would you mind backing your taxi up a few feet? Your muffler has pinned my ribcage to the pavement."
- "I realize driving a taxi is a difficult job. Furthermore, I've always supported your country's right to test and deploy weapons of mass destruction."

While Raiding a Crack House

- "Oh, I'm sorry. Are you busy? We can come back later."
- "You know excessive flushing is really bad for the pipes."
- "Since you've reached inside your pocket, would you mind if we unloaded our revolvers into your abdomen?"

While Granting an Interview to the *New York Times*

- "No, it couldn't have been me. I didn't arrest anyone during the Columbia Sit-In in '68."
- "Actually, these stripes on my sleeve are not strictly for decoration. They indicate rank. The military has a similar system of marking, as you may have seen in *Saving Private Ryan*."
- "I agree. The panhandling situation around Zabar's is getting out of hand. I will get right on it."