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SHAKESPEARE IN TROUBLE
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Texas Ranger

Did running a baseball team help prepare George W. Bush to run America? BY DAVID BROOKS

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The Hillsdale Stonewall

In mid-November, after repeated attempts to ignore the scandal exploding on its own campus, Hillsdale College announced plans to hire a law firm "to guide" the school "in an investigation of reported incidents that have led to the retirement of former President George C. Roche, III."

These "reported incidents," you'll remember, include a 19-year affair between Roche and his daughter-in-law, Lissa, and her subsequent death by suicide. The announcement was designed to mollify critics who had accused the college of staging a particularly inept cover-up, and for a while it seemed to work. William Bennett, who had resigned in frustration from the school's presidential search committee, called Hillsdale's president to congratulate him on the move toward openness.

That was three weeks ago. As of Friday, Dec. 3, Hillsdale had made no obvious progress toward an investigation of any kind. The school has not hired a law firm, nor announced when it will. In fact, says a spokesman, Hillsdale's board of trustees has not even decided whether hiring a law firm will in the end be necessary. "Before a special counsel is appointed," he explains, "the Justice Department makes sure there's a reason for a special counsel to be appointed."

Meanwhile, Ron Trowbridge, Hillsdale's vice president for external affairs, is still collecting a salary. In the days following Roche's departure from Hillsdale, Trowbridge orchestrated an unusually vicious smear campaign to discredit both the deceased Lissa Roche and her grieving husband, George IV. Though Trowbridge is no longer acting as the school's spokesman, there appear to be no plans to fire him. As for former president Roche, he is said to be "on his way West" somewhere. The college says it does not know where he is, though presumably he is still receiving installments on his $2 million pension.

As Hillsdale decides whether to find out what really happened, a number of news organizations are already working on it. Last week, after filing a request under the Freedom of Information Act, the Associated Press received a copy of the extensive police report prepared after Lissa Roche killed herself. The report is filled with depressing and strange little details—Lissa Roche's husband stopped for a hamburger at a fast food restaurant on the way back from the police station after reporting her suicide—but it makes at least one thing very clear: Hillsdale administrators knew within hours of Lissa Roche's death (and likely even before) that she had been sleeping with the college president. According to the police report, George Roche IV told Hillsdale provost Robert Blackstock about the affair on the day of the suicide. Blackstock is now acting president of Hillsdale. As of last week, he was still pretending that the relationship between Roche and his daughter-in-law was an unsolved mystery.

"Maybe we just can't know," he told the AP. "Maybe all this will be fruitless."

Maybe so, but only if Hillsdale continues to stonewall. ♦

Your Facts Are Correct, But . . .

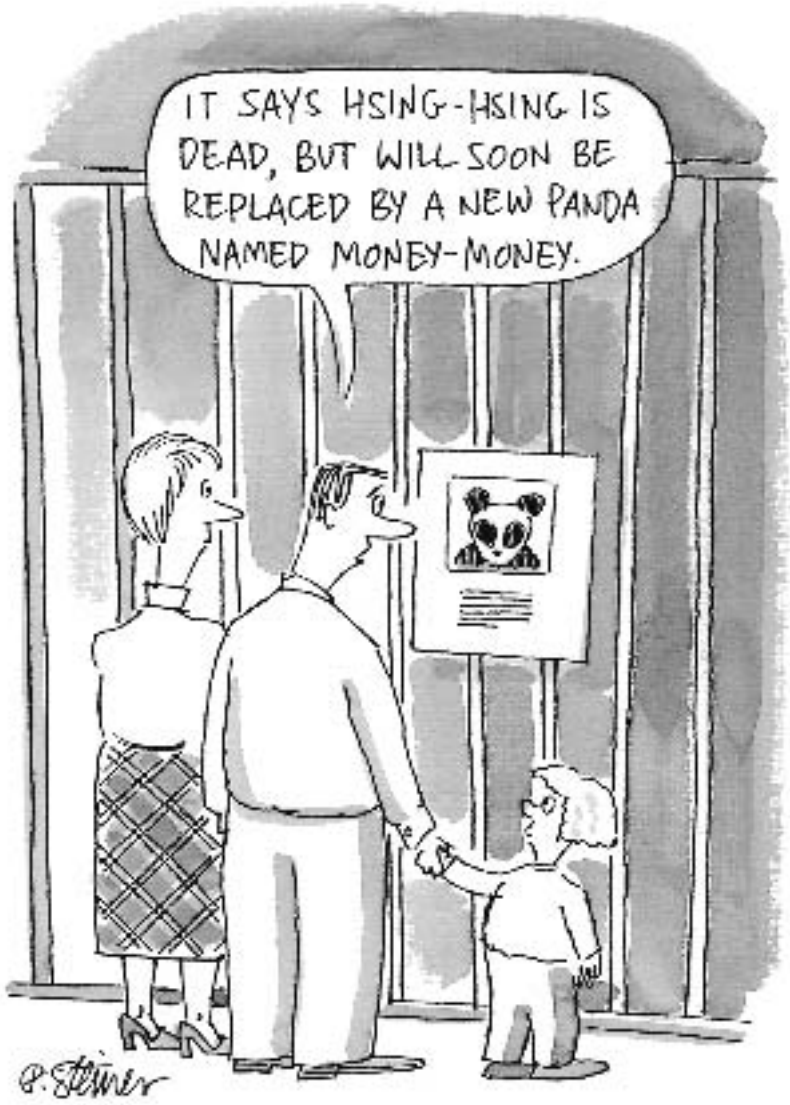
Buried in the *New York Times* the day after Thanksgiving was an amazing interview with Thomas Constantine, head of the Clinton administration's Drug Enforcement Administration from March 1994 until his retirement last summer. Despite being the nation's top drug-enforcement official for five years, Constantine told reporter Tim Golden, he never once was called on to brief the president, or even chat with him about drug policy.

Constantine was especially disturbed by what he saw as a concerted effort in the administration to ignore the drug trade in Mexico. "I watched that situation for five and a half years, and every year it became worse," he told Golden. "We were not adequately protecting the citizens of the United States from these organized-crime figures."

But the DEA's annual evaluation of Mexico's efforts to combat drugs was regularly whitewashed by Constantine's superiors in the administration: "The policy makers from the National Security Council and the State Department started with the premise that they were going to certify Mexico," Constantine said. "Their question was, 'How do we get around the facts presented by Tom Constantine?'"

According to the *Times*, "other Clinton administration officials were resolute: American concerns about Mexico's corruption and drug-trafficking problems were secondary to trade and other economic interests. 'The idea was, if you said those things publicly, if you release documents, you will just aggravate the situation,' [Constantine] said. 'My concern was that we had kids in this country dropping like flies. Maybe that was parochial, but I felt like I was the only person there who felt like that. . . . Everyone would say, 'Your facts are correct, but there are bigger policy issues involved.'" ♦

Scrapbook



Harvard's Peking Duck

The last weekend in October, Harvard University played host to a group of university presidents—five from the United States and seven from China. According to the account in the *Harvard Crimson*, the agenda consisted of "fundraising, academic planning, admissions, and computer technology." Everything of concern to college administrators, in short, with one conspicuous exception: academic freedom.

But the most disturbing aspect of the meeting was the decision by the Chinese university administrators, notably the president of Peking University, to exclude a Harvard student from their meeting. And it was no ordinary student: Wang Dan, before he was exiled to America and enrolled at Harvard, may have been the most famous former student of Peking University, which he attended until being arrested for his leading role in the 1989 democracy uprising in China. In an account in *Time*'s Asia edition, Sinming Shaw noted that "Wang, hardly the firebrand portrayed in Chinese propaganda, meekly obliged. None of the 20-odd Harvard students and alumni of Peking University who were present protested. In a Chinese academic context, it is unthinkable for a student to refuse a 'request' from a superior, even a former one. As for Harvard, it considers the incident a private matter between Wang and Peking University's leaders, even though Chen was an official guest and the incident took place on Harvard property.

"Communist China unfailingly demands that others respect its internal values. Yet when they are overseas, China's leaders too often show scant respect for values precious to other nations. What's troubling is how willing the rest of the world is to exercise self-restraint, even at the cost of bending its core values. Even at fair Harvard." ♦

Oops

Correction of the week, from the *Washington Post*: "In yesterday's paper, reviewer Peter Carlson kvetched that Jackie Mason's performance at the Kennedy Center was too short. The schlemiel! He left when the lights came up—the program said there would be no intermission—and missed the second half, which was apparently just as funny as the first. The *Post* regrets the error and Carlson regrets having missed the rest of the show. It's so hard to get good help these days." ♦

E-mail The Scrapbook

In response to popular demand, The Scrapbook is now reachable 24/7. To paraphrase Alice Roosevelt Longworth, if you don't have anything nice to say, e-mail it to Scrapbook@Weeklystandard.com. ♦

Casual

No Acknowledgment Needed

Yesterday's mail brought a book from a friend—not a close friend, but someone I like a lot—and I was pleased to see that my name wasn't mentioned in his acknowledgments. Instead the book bears an inscription that states "Thanks very much for your help and good advice during the past couple of years." My help consisted of my reading and commenting on 30 or so pages of his manuscript; and my advice of some conversation about dealing with an editor who had moved on to another publishing house—a common enough occurrence nowadays—while this book was in mid-composition. Save the print. A free book with a nicely proportioned inscription felt just right.

I have been acknowledged in several books, and, sad to have to report to those who haven't been, as pleasures go, this one is minimal. I would rate it as roughly equivalent to my having won a good-conduct medal in the Army, which is given to everyone who has not been in a car accident or acquired a venereal disease. (I have to add here that, while in the Army I had no car.) Often I have been acknowledged for things I had no real hand in; on occasion, my name has appeared in a list with at least two other people I genuinely despised. This has caused me to imagine, with a deep shudder, my name showing up in the acknowledgments of a book by a skinhead: "For their help during a difficult phase in the composition of this book, the author wishes to thank Joseph Epstein, Jeffrey Dahmer, and Hermann Goering."

As a careful reader of acknowledgments soon enough recognizes, writers, already a bit high from having recently finished a book, are here playing with Monopoly money—handing out lavish tips that finally cost them nothing. In my own books, I have always attempted to keep acknowledgments short and precise. I have been greatly aided in this by not incurring too much in the way of literary help. I do like to dedicate my books to family and friends. A dedication seems so much grander than a mere acknowledgment. As long as we are playing with Monopoly money, why not, I say, build hotels? But best, I think, never to acknowledge the

Darren Gygi

help of one's wife, husband, or children, which, no matter how much any of them may actually have helped, is inevitably going to sound phony. "And, finally, to dear Sylvia, our pit bull, my thanks for not eating this manuscript, especially in its early stages; I owe you one, sweetie."

Acknowledgments can have other purposes. They can be useful as a depository for serious name-dropping, providing the hint that one knows famous people rather more intimately than one in reality does. Nothing in the rules that says one has to know someone at all to put him or her in one's acknowledgments. "I want to thank Bunny Wilson, Lizzie Hardwick, and Red Warren, even though none of them actually saw this book during its lengthy preparation, for providing useful models of the literary vocation at its highest power. Hey, thanks, guys."

I'm currently reading a charming memoir, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, by John Richardson, that has as fine a roster of acknowledgments as I've seen in decades. "I would also like to express my gratitude to the following," writes Mr. Richardson, and there follows a list of 48 names that speak to the widest—and toniest—intellectual and social connections. I shall copy down here only 10 or so of the names that, for me, have the most zing, even though I don't know who all of them are: Sid and Mercedes Bass, Bill Blass, David Douglas Duncan, Maxime la Falaise, Lucien Freud, James Lord, Sonny Mehta, Claude Picasso, Annette de la Renta, and (*voden*?) Robert Silvers. If you can't dedicate a book to William Shawn, now long dead, the least an author can do is mention Bob Silvers in his acknowledgments.

If I seem a little nutty on this subject, it is because I have a grudge against acknowledgments, having lost a friend through them. I have felt a certain sourness at being exaggeratedly acknowledged, or acknowledged as one among a select circle of creeps, but no acknowledgment quite got to me so much as one offered by a former graduate student who had become a friend. When his dissertation, extensively rewritten as a book, arrived in my mailbox, I noted that both I and a man whose intellectual career I had come intensely to dislike were thanked in the exact same terms. We were both credited, as I recall, with independence of mind and courageousness of thought. My feeling was that if this other fellow had these qualities, I didn't want them. When the author next called, I told him how powerfully ticked his acknowledgment left me, and went on about it long enough to constitute telling him off. I must have been very convincing, for we haven't spoken since and that has to have been more than two years ago. This isn't a book, but I would nonetheless like to end here by making a different kind of acknowledgment: I was a jerk.

Joseph Epstein

Correspondence

Fast Eddie Exposed

After years of conservatives from the *Wall Street Journal* to the Heritage Foundation heaping praise on Ed Rendell as "America's Mayor," it was heartening to read a fair, measured, and factual account of what really happened (or did not happen) in Philadelphia over the last eight years ("Bill Clinton's Favorite Politician," Nov. 29). While I hesitate to kick a man when he's down, I must add two important points to Matthew Rees's otherwise informative article.

First, when studying Rendell's budgetary "success," it is imperative to note that the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania appointed a state oversight board. This oversight board compelled Mayor Rendell (and the city council) to adopt balanced budgets and reasonable five-year financial plans. Therefore, Rendell's one actual "accomplishment" must be viewed in this context: He was forced to act responsibly.

Second, to say Rendell achieved "next to nothing" in education is to ignore what he did. He did sue the Commonwealth, twice, for more state funding of Philadelphia's public schools. (The city has 12 percent of Pennsylvania's students, yet already receives 18 percent of state education dollars.)

Finally, as was reported in newspapers across Pennsylvania and in the *Wall Street Journal*, on the evening in June 1999 when the state legislature was preparing to enact the most sweeping parental choice bill in the nation, Rendell called members of the General Assembly one at a time to lobby against legislation that would have offered Philadelphia's public-school parents school choice. He is "credited" as the single most important factor behind the bill's defeat.

"Reformer?" "Progressive?" "America's Mayor?" Maybe Stephen Goldsmith, John Norquist, or Rudy Giuliani. Not "Fast Eddie."

Guy Ciarrocchi
Paoli, PA

A Gutless Majority

Charles Murray admits in his review of Gertrude Himmelfarb's *One Nation, Two Cultures* that the cultural elites are largely responsible for the emergence of the American underclass ("Common Ground?" Nov. 29). He believes, however, that America still has something of a moral majority. What he does not stress enough is that it is a gutless majority. Given that the typical suburbanite opposes tight abortion restrictions, school vouchers, and tax reform, and embraces most cultural trends from "gangsta rap" to women's studies to Jerry Springer, it appears that the current bourgeois morality does not extend beyond the confines of gated communities.

John P. Bladel
Fairfax, VA

Learning Values

In reviewing Nicholas Lemann's book on the history of the SAT, Mary Campbell Gallagher falls back on a common fallacy when she argues that by giving minorities a break on SAT scores in college admissions "we will not force ourselves to improve the grade schools and high schools that minority groups attend" ("Test Ban?" Nov. 22).

As one who attended a racially diverse inner-city public school (where busing was in effect), I can assure Gallagher that the quality of the school had much less to do with a student's success than the culture whence that student came. The books, the building, and the teachers were the same for all students at Sullivan High School in Chicago. What differed was the emphasis on learning, or lack thereof, that students brought with them. I'll never forget handing a newspaper article about our football team's success to an African-American teammate, then a junior. Ten minutes later he was still working on the first sentence. Sheepishly he confided in me that he could not read. At first I thought he was kidding, but sadly he was not.

While improving the schools should be a top priority, let's not fool ourselves that this is a panacea. When education is not emphasized in the home, as it clearly wasn't for my illiterate teammate, the best schools can do only so much. How to instill cultural values of learning, and not just lip service to it, is a far greater challenge.

Evan J. Winer
Evanston, IL

Mary Campbell Gallagher responds: When a student is big enough to play football, it's time to stop blaming his mother if he cannot read. Strict nineteenth-century public and parochial schools taught millions of non-English-speaking and often rural immigrants to read. Evan J. Winer, by contrast, has no expectations for his teammate's literacy, and refuses to hold the Chicago public schools accountable.

Schools with high expectations and without excuses will achieve better results, regardless of home background.

Curses, Curses

I am writing regarding the use of the "f" word in Andrew Ferguson's article on Sen. John McCain ("The McCain Rage," Nov. 15). In my view, use of that word is unacceptable even when quoting someone, as in Ferguson's article. Using "f" with dashes is sufficient to convey what was said, even though it may not come across with as much clout.

Our society is coarsening fast enough without The Weekly Standard's help. I urge you to help maintain community/family standards with an editorial policy proscribing the use of such words.

Richard O. Savoye
Annandale, VA

EDITORIAL

The Government Flunks Math

Earlier this year, James Milgram of Stanford University got curious about something called the Connected Mathematics Project (CMP), an intermediate-school math curriculum lately developed at Michigan State. So he carefully analyzed CMP's sequence of 24 student booklets. And in one of the seventh-grade units, he found the following review exercise, a problem of basic algebra and arithmetic that depends for its solutions on an equally basic understanding of percentages:

> In 1980, the town of Rio Rancho, located on a mesa outside Santa Fe, New Mexico, was destined for obscurity. But as a result of hard work by its city officials, it began adding manufacturing jobs at a fast rate. As a result, the city's population grew 239 percent from 1980 to 1990, making Rio Rancho the fastest-growing "small city" in the United States. The population of Rio Rancho in 1990 was 37,000.
>
> A. What was the population of Rio Rancho in 1980?
>
> B. If the same rate of population increase continues, what will the population be in the year 2000?

Reasoning that Rio Rancho's population was 2.39 times larger in 1990 than in 1980, and would be 2.39 times larger again in 2000, the CMP booklet goes on to recommend dividing 37,000 by 2.39 to arrive at the answer it lists for question A (15,481) and multiplying it by the same amount to get answer B (88,430).

Except that both answers are wrong, by a wide mark. Deeply, essentially wrong, in fact—since, as every schoolchild was once drilled to know, increasing a number by 239 percent produces another number not 2.39 but 3.39 times its size. "I guess we should be glad," James Milgram mordantly notes, "that the population did not increase zero percent." In which case, by the logic of CMP's instructional materials, Rio Rancho's residents would all have died.

This gasp-inducing error turns out to be merely a surface symptom of the CMP curriculum's paramount, underlying flaw: a nonchalance about—no, outright hostility towards—the precision, coherence, and content of mathematics as an academic discipline worthy of study in its own right.

Throughout the booklets, CMP students are asked to do a great lot of group "investigation" into otherwise classic math topics. But those topics are never explicitly defined as such, and the standard algorithms they involve are never introduced. Is whole-number factorization into primes—the fundamental theorem of arithmetic, which CMP only implicitly establishes with "experiments" proposed for sixth grade—an inviolable principle? The booklets do not say. And they are silent by design. CMP's teacher manuals advise a passive approach to pupils because "showing them how to do something" only produces an "impression" of success. Parents are then warned *not* to fill in the gaps: "It is important that you do not show your child rules or formulas for working with fractions," for example. Better that kids just figure it out. Or fail to.

Having read this far, you have no doubt reached the not unreasonable conclusion that Connected Mathematics is a pedagogical disaster waiting to happen. You will therefore be distressed to learn that it has *already* happened; CMP is widely used in public schools across America. And you will be appalled to learn that CMP is likely soon to be still more commonly employed in our classrooms. Especially when we tell you why: On October 6, the U.S. Department of Education officially endorsed Connected Mathematics—as "exemplary"—along with nine other, philosophically indistinguishable kindergarten-through-twelfth-grade math curricula. Local school districts, if they haven't yet done so, should seriously consider adopting such a program, the department announced. "These are the prevailing standards in the country," education secretary Dick Riley observed.

And, alas, he is right about that, which is the whole crux of the problem.

In 1989, the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics (NCTM), reflecting the rigid utilitarianism and learn-by-discovery "constructivism" that has long dominated the nation's colleges of education, promulgated new and much-ballyhooed guidelines for K-12 math instruction. Numbers must be made "useful" and "engaging" to the many American students previously mystified or bored by them, the council proclaimed. Direct guidance by teachers at blackboards should now be minimized in favor of less stultifying "cooperative learning" driven by pupils themselves. NCTM derided math education's past "preoccupation with computation and other traditional skills"; children must be allowed to use calculators in place of paper-and-pencil procedures for all but the most rudimentary numerical opera-

tions. And so on.

The NCTM standards were initially welcomed as revolutionary by unthinking politicians of both major parties—and largely ignored by the general public. What those standards might mean in practice did not begin to penetrate popular consciousness until 1992, and then only in California, the first major state to conform its instructional objectives with the council's recommendations. California, to take just one of many bizarre particulars, decided that mastery of multi-digit long division would no longer be a goal for its high-school graduates. And textbook publishers immediately got with the program.

"Mathland," an elementary-school curriculum specifically created in response to California's 1992 math "framework," does not teach calculator-unassisted long division. To help students grasp the notion of really big numbers, Mathland has them count out a million birdseeds, one by one. To help students maintain a disappointment-free, exploratory feeling about these and other number problems, Mathland advises teachers never to "indicate in any way the rightness or wrongness of different answers." Mathland, in short, is an educational abomination.

In 1997, after an intense, grass-roots parent reaction against such stuff, California was forced to reinstitute more rigorous and traditional mathematics requirements and ban future purchases of Mathland-like curricula by its school districts. But by then 42 other states, operating in 42 separate vacuums of ignorance, had adopted their own NCTM-derived math benchmarks. And the cruddy textbooks to which those benchmarks correspond. Mathland may be expiring in California. But it is alive and well almost everywhere else.

And Mathland, too, amazing but true, has now been endorsed ("promising") by the U.S. Department of Education. These are the "prevailing standards in the country," after all. And they seem likely to continue prevailing from above until populist state-by-state rebellions defeat them from below. The NCTM has recently circulated a draft revision of its 1989 standards. The new document makes only the barest, cosmetic concessions to the council's critics.

Most notable among those critics have been research mathematicians like Stanford's Professor Milgram. Three weeks ago, Milgram helped write, and 200 of his professional colleagues around the country signed, an open letter to Secretary Riley urging the Education Department to withdraw its endorsement of the 10 "new new math" curricula. These people are the cream of American professional mathematics: the department chairmen of Caltech and Stanford; four Nobel laureates in physics; and two winners of the International Mathematical Union's quadrennial Fields medal. But they have complained to no avail. Riley's spokesman insists that "we stand firm behind the process that was used."

Which brings us to the only practical suggestion we can think to make to Congress. The "process" in question, a system by which the Education Department commissions panels of outside experts to recommend "exemplary" and "promising" school programs, is one directly authorized by law. The department's math curricula endorsements are the first, ill fruit of this system. Still pending are reports on science, safe schools, technology, and gender equity. It is too late to undo the damage to mathematics; that cat is unfortunately out of the bag. But before the damage spreads to other disciplines, Congress can do something simple and overdue. The expert panel system is self-evidently untrustworthy and dangerous. Congress should abolish it.

—David Tell, for the Editors

AP/Wide World Photos

The Less-Than-Inevitable Bush

His first debate showed that George W. Bush could have a tough road ahead. BY FRED BARNES

A BUSH ADVISER was asked recently what's likely to happen in the months leading up to next November's presidential election. "Nothing," he said.

The idea is that George W. Bush is such a strong front-runner he'll glide through the Republican primaries, then defeat a damaged Democratic nominee with relative ease. So long as Bush avoids mistakes, victory is all but inevitable. The Bush camp cast his adequate but hardly impressive performance in the New Hampshire debate on December 2 in the context of this rosy view of Bush's prospects. Bush didn't blunder, his opponents barely nicked him, so the march to the White House remains on track.

Maybe it does. But we've learned a lot about Bush and his campaign in November and December that suggests otherwise. True, Bush continues to rack up endorsements, the latest from senators Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania and Lincoln Chafee of Rhode Island. He's raised more than $60 million. He has the luxury of losing an early primary or two, which his strongest challenger, John McCain, doesn't. His policy statements and proposals are sound and politically attractive. Now, however, we know these positives aren't the whole story.

For one thing, even Bush acts as if the GOP nomination is not simply his for the asking. Why else would he go out of his way to zing Steve Forbes, his chief critic, in the debate? Bush read from a 22-year-old article in which Forbes said the age threshold for Social Security might have to be raised—exactly the position Forbes had been attacking Bush for. Soon after Bush spoke, his aides handed out copies of the Forbes article to reporters. One reason Bush delighted in embarrassing Forbes is that he intensely dislikes him. He laughs off criticism by Alan Keyes, but he watched a tape of a November 21 debate in Tempe (Bush didn't participate) and was offended by Forbes's sneering attacks. There's a larger motive, too. Bush wants to deter further assaults by Forbes, which might harm him and wind up aiding McCain.

In his *Meet the Press* interview on November 21, Bush tilted to the right on nearly every issue where he didn't have a pre-cooked position. Rather than cause political heartburn for social conservatives, an important constituency in the primaries, Bush said he wouldn't meet with gay Republicans. More telling still is the Bush tax cut plan. He soothed conservatives by cutting marginal income tax rates and eliminating what Lawrence Lindsey, Bush's chief economics adviser, calls "the biggest supply-side constraints in the tax code." These affect lower income workers as they earn more and give up benefits from the Earned Income Tax Credit. The tax plan, says Lindsey, is one Bush "can run on, win on, and enact." Like his foreign policy, it aims to please conservative voters who dominate the primaries.

We've also learned that Bush, at the moment anyway, is not a skillful or appealing debater. He needs practice. Before New Hampshire, he'd been in only two gubernatorial debates in Texas. Those were snaps. Against five GOP presidential candidates who've been sparring for months, Bush looked cautious and programmed. His goal was to put across his personality, market his agenda, and respond amiably to criticism. He failed on the first two counts. Anyone who's spent time with Bush knows he's relaxed and extremely likable. But little of his personality came across in the debate. Nor was he effective in spelling out his tax plan, which he'd announced just two days before. Here's something to think about: If Bush can't shine in a debate with his Republican foes, imagine what will happen in a one-on-one matchup next fall with Al Gore, a clever and ruthless politician who's never lost a debate.

A final thing we've discovered about Bush is that he suffers from not having played the national political game as long as McCain, Forbes, Keyes, Gary Bauer, and Orrin Hatch. They've been yapping about domestic and foreign policy issues for decades. Bush spent the '70s, '80s, and early '90s in the oil business and running a

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

baseball team. Even as Texas governor, he hasn't been deeply involved in the national political conversation. This shows when he's on his own in a debate. He's not as quick or comfortable in answering questions as the others. He doesn't have much to say. Bush supporters have likened him to Reagan: Both were governors who gained political office as a second career. But Reagan had been obsessed with national issues since his days as an actor. Long before he ran for office, he debated these issues with national figures like William F. Buckley Jr. and Robert Kennedy. Bush's debates were with Ann Richards and Gary Mauro.

Bush's greatest strength is that he has staffed up like a shadow government, with a strong team of experienced, savvy, smart advisers. With their help, his policy speeches have been dazzling. His economics advisers spent eight months working up Bush's tax plan, and it fits nicely with his claim to be a compassionate conservative. His address delivered a month ago at the Reagan Library in California was the most impressive foreign policy statement of 1999 by any candidate, Democrat or Republican. When McCain outlined his own foreign policy views on December 1, they were an echo of Bush's.

But his advisers can't help him during nationally televised debates. No, debates aren't everything in a presidential campaign, but they matter enormously. And here's the threat Bush faces. So far, he's been largely an idea to most voters, not a flesh-and-blood candidate. What they knew about him was that he was the son of a former president and a very popular GOP governor who appeared likely to beat any Democratic opponent next November. Now, people are beginning to see him in action. And at least in his first debate, he didn't awe anyone. He has plenty of time to recover. There's another debate on December 13 and at least two more in January. And he's helped by the fact that voters want to like him. They're just not sold on him yet. To complete the sale, Bush will have to do more than just avoid mistakes. ♦

Bomb-Shelter Bill Does Foreign Policy

After all this time, Bill Bradley is still an anti-Cold Warrior. BY TOM DONNELLY AND KAREN WRIGHT

TO YOUNG BILL BRADLEY, the world could be a very scary place. "I remember when I was about 9 or 10 years old I designed my own bomb shelter," he recalled at the opening of his foreign policy performance piece at Tufts University last week. "In that bomb shelter I identified where I was going to put my cot, where I was going to put my favorite books and where I was going to put my basketball."

It is a poignant picture of a child anxious at the unfathomable prospect of annihilation. Bill's bomb shelter must have seemed an island of safety and security amid a world so full of potential horror.

This is a story he has told before. In the summer of 1992, for example, he gave this version in a major Senate speech outlining his ideas for future relations with post-Soviet Russia: "I remember as a 12-year-old drawing the design of my own bomb shelter with specific places for my cot, my books, my favorite foods, and my basketball. In 1962, I can remember going to bed during the Cuban missile crisis not knowing whether I would be alive in the morning. For 45 years, the prospect of nuclear war haunted our collective imagination."

For a man who boasts that he has "been thinking and writing and speaking about foreign policy for more than 20 years," Bradley seems not to have moved beyond his atomic-age equivalent of a boy's tree house. While the Bradley record is as maddeningly vague as his current Zen-like candidacy—at Tufts he chose to forgo a formal speech and answer students' questions: "Without further ado, let's talk foreign policy!"—there is a consistent pattern amid musings, frettings, and worries. There may not be a Bradley Doctrine, but there are certainly Bradley Instincts.

The two strongest instincts are Fear and Loathing: fear of action in a complex world and loathing of American geopolitical power. Everywhere he looks, Bomb Shelter Bill sees a confusing and dangerous world, where the risks of action, especially military action, are truly paralyzing. It is his belief, expressed at Tufts and repeatedly during his Senate years, that America has neither "the resources nor the wisdom" to lead the world. It is always better to defer decisions and to seek consultation through collective institutions, to foist upon others the power and responsibilities that naturally fall to the sole superpower.

Lacking confidence in the durability of American principles and power, Bradley believes the United States must avoid what might be called the Margarine Effect: "I think that the United States can get spread thin over a wide territory in the world." This has been a consistent theme through his days in the Senate, where, on the great foreign policy and security issues—defense spending, how to handle post-Soviet Russia, the Gulf War, American involvement in the Balkans, and the extent and purpose of American power more broadly—Bradley has seen a world too big for America to manage or to lead.

In a "globalized" world too "interconnected" for simple geopolitical

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leadership, Bradley constantly calls for "new thinking." But in fact, it is Bradley who is mired in the past, in the Cold War, retaining the outlook of an unreconstructed arms controller. To Bradley, weapons, particularly nuclear weapons, are dangerous in themselves, no matter if they are possessed by the United States or our enemies.

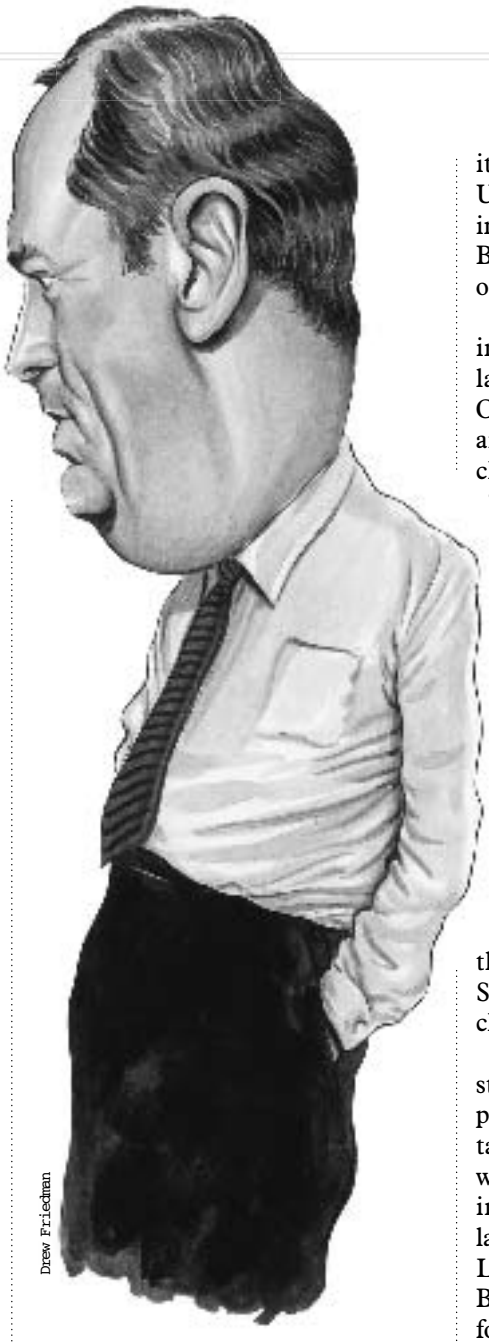
At Tufts, he equated strategic stability with the prevention of "a new and deadly arms race around the world," and called for proceeding directly to a new round of strategic arms talks with Russia, even though the levels he described would call into question America's ability to deter other nations—from Iraq and Iran to North Korea and China.

Not surprisingly, Bradley places little faith in the value of U.S. military strength; American armed forces are excessively large and expensive anachronisms. Despite the fact that the Pentagon is unable to meet the full range of missions on its plate, Bradley, alone among major candidates, opposes increases in defense spending.

In his view, even Clinton administration defense reviews "really only tinkered at the margins," even as they have cut forces by a third and defense spending by almost 40 percent, all the while increasing missions. A Bradley administration would "reassess America's total defense needs in light of the generally improving balances of forces between the United States, its allies and other partners on the one hand, and potential threats to our interests on the other."

There is perhaps no better example of the Bradley Cold War mentality than his opposition to missile defenses. He argues that "threats to America's security . . . include runaway deficits and the erosion of civil society as well as North Korea's nuclear program." Sophisticated weaponry—the B-2 bomber, for example—has always struck him as "unnecessarily expensive and technologically ambitious."

To Bradley, the great threats of the post-Soviet era are the "transnational" threats—terrorism, proliferation, environmental degradation, and so



on. Still, none of these troubles would warrant American leadership or action outside of the United Nations or other multilateral frameworks. Not even the threat of unleashed ethnic and racial strife—a threat Bradley has emphasized repeatedly over the past decade—is enough to motivate American military action.

In 1995, as the question of the Dayton Accords and the deployment of ground forces to Bosnia came before the Senate, Bradley could only lament that "virtually no one, from the beginning, championed pluralism." In his speech, Bradley cited history's coldest realist, Germany's Otto von Bismarck: "I have long believed that Bosnia itself is not a strategic interest of the United States," argued Bradley, agreeing with the Iron Chancellor that "the Balkans were 'not worth the loss of one Pomeranian grenadier.'"

Nor has Bradley fared much better in understanding the relationship of larger powers since the end of the Cold War. He made news at Tufts with an attack on Vice President Gore, charging that the United States "missed a real opportunity" in its policies toward Russia by emphasizing economic issues over arms control—meaning American arms control, because Russia can no longer afford to maintain its rotting nuclear arsenal. But to Bradley, U.S. strategic superiority is to be feared, not welcomed.

The one part of Bill Bradley's record that cements forever his stance in the McGovernite tradition is his opposition to the Gulf War. Bradley's speech on whether to use force against Iraq reminds one that the overwhelming majority of Senate Democrats utterly failed the challenge of the moment.

In Bradley's speech, all the superstitions of left-isolationism are on display: fear of American action, the certainty that any course is better than war, that the United Nations or some international organization or multilateral solution is required, and so on. Like the boy in the bomb shelter, Bradley felt the United States should forever remain in a "defensive, deterrent posture," hoping that economic sanctions would bring Saddam Hussein to heel.

Confronting Saddam's apparent intransigence, Bradley, as always, found solace in the "He-Kept-Us-Out-of-War" version of Woodrow Wilson, who waited three years before taking the United States into World War I. In the Gulf, Bradley foresaw the potential ruination of the post-Cold War multilateral order he dreamed of. Operation Desert Storm, he predicted, would "cost thousands of American lives, billions of additional taxpayer dollars, and endanger our long-term vital interests" in the Gulf. "Even victory," Bradley omi-

nously warned, "has a high price."

That price might well include destabilizing Saddam's regime, Bradley worried; we would be "spilling American blood to make the region safe for Iranian and Syrian domination." Even worse, the United States "would have to fill the power vacuum ourselves, with a military presence in the region for the indefinite future." Perhaps worst of all, Americans would be unloved on the Arab street; U.S. troops would become the "infidel occupier," making the "United States the main enemy of millions of Arabs for generations."

Bradley wanted to give Saddam until October 1, 1991, to withdraw from Kuwait, "although October 1 would not be an automatic deadline." After that would come further consultations with Congress and additional authorization from the U.N. In place of military action, Bradley favored continued sanctions, in which he had tremendous faith.

Indeed, he argued, "if Hitler's earliest aggression . . . or Japan's earliest aggression . . . or Mussolini's earliest aggression had been met with . . . international military preparations and strong economic reprisals," then the "Allies might never have had to face the awful choice of war or appeasement. That is the lesson of the 1930s." Well, maybe it isn't, since both Italy and Japan were hit with sanctions, and the American embargo on oil shipments to Japan helped to provoke the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The view from Bill Bradley's bomb shelter hasn't changed much through the years. His attempts at "new thinking" reflect the frozen prejudices of Cold War arms controllers. His fear at having to face "the awful choice of war" and his antipathy to the exercise of American power are deeply rooted. So deeply rooted that, in his debate with Al Gore, Bradley nominated Woodrow Wilson, Jimmy Carter, and Mikhail Gorbachev as his heroes—three leaders characterized by their moral vanity and political failures. If that's the kind of international leader Bill Bradley wants to be, maybe we should all build bomb shelters. ♦

Rough Trade in Seattle

The protesters and the WTO deserve each other. BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

TWO MONTHS AGO IN BRUSSELS, I interviewed European Commission president Romano Prodi with a dozen other American journalists. "Sorry for the confusion," he said, as he hurried into his office five minutes late, "but we're getting ready for Seattle." And a puzzled, sidelong look went around the room from journalist to journalist: Seattle? What's "Seattle"? A traveling dance troupe? The name of the new European space probe? Until last week, before the massive street demonstrations that disrupted the proceedings of the World Trade Organization, probably no one in *Seattle* knew what "Seattle" was, either.

But the summit has obsessed every other nation on earth for months. Seattle introduced the United States—tardily—to the brass-knuckles politics of globalization. The Geneva-based WTO, which grew out of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade in 1994, is like GATT in its mission: to promote free trade worldwide. But it is unlike GATT in its enforcement powers. Countries that erect trade barriers can see their exports blocked from the markets of the WTO's 135 member countries.

If Americans have had the luxury of ignoring the WTO, there are two good reasons: First, while the economic boom of the last decade owes much to trade, the dislocations and social problems that get protesters worked up arise mostly from technology—something the United States, uniquely, has little need to trade for. Second, the enormousness of the U.S. market means that the WTO cannot do without it. So the United States gets to steer the organization—witness its de facto veto power over China's entry—while steering *clear* of its rules. To take just one of the environmental issues raised last week, WTO regulations forbid the United States to ban shrimp caught in nets that harm turtles—which the Clinton administration would love to do, and does (informally) anyway. Where is the country that will risk half its trade to enforce its trading rights over a few prawns? Mercedes can't sell its standard European cars in the United States because of our rigorous emissions standards. Is that backdoor protectionism, as WTO regulations say it is? Mercedes might have to go through bankruptcy to find out.

But a preponderance of trading power is no longer enough to protect the United States from political backlash. It is true that just who did the bulk of the car-burning and vitrine-smashing in Seattle remains largely unclear. Was it foreigners, like José Bové, the Roquefort-brandishing leader of the French Peasants Confederation who has become a national celebrity for vandalizing a McDonald's and sowing paranoia about the health hazards of "*la malbouffe*"? Or was it a few trust-fund "anarchists" from the University of Washington and Seattle Community College, who next summer will be begging for internships at Paine Webber?

Whoever it was, we can discern two main currents of complaint about the WTO. The first is that it's authoritarian. Pat Buchanan sees it as an infringement of American sovereignty, and Ralph Nader calls it a "super-

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All photos: AP/Wide World Photos

Clinton at a WTO luncheon December 1 and (inset) charming Washington's apple growers

national autocratic system that runs courts that would be illegal in this country." They're right. Many of the WTO's deliberations are secret. The bilateral arbitration sessions it sponsors work with sealed records. A country wishing to show that imported products harm its citizens faces an almost insuperable burden of proof. The WTO's current head, Michael Moore of New Zealand, claims the WTO is "merely carrying out the democratic will of the people in the countries that make up its membership"—but that's nonsense, since many member countries are autocracies. A second complaint is that the organization is simply not left-wing enough, and doesn't do enough for workers and the environment.

Almost all establishment commentary conflates the two problems, assuming—without evidence—that, if the WTO were more democratic, it would be a global force for green economics and human rights. The *Village Voice* writes: "The WTO is unaccountable to citizens, a threat to hard-won environmental standards and health and safety regulations, and willfully neglectful of human and workers' rights." The *Washington Post* has a particularly lunatic idea of how to combat the body's "perceived lack of legitimacy." Earlier in the decade, the *Post* noted admiringly, the World Bank, facing environmentalist protests, "responded by reaching out to critics and by channeling a growing share of its money through those agencies." The WTO could do the same—which amounts to saying that any clown who can assemble a hundred protesters in Rome has a right to my taxes.

What was most extraordinary about President Clinton's catastrophic intervention in Seattle was the evidence it provided that he does not, at a basic level, understand global trade. "Today," he said, "we have about 4 percent of the world's people. We enjoy about 22 percent of the world's income. It is pretty much elemental math that we can't continue to do that unless we sell something to the other 96 percent." The president's "elemental math" is confused. We already sell to most of the world. And we'd probably still have our 22 percent—granted, of a smaller pie—if no one ever traded anything again.

But President Clinton's larger problem is that he shares the *Village Voice*'s assumption that more "democracy" in the WTO will turn it into a responsible organization. "Opening up" the WTO is not without problems. "Openness" merely enslaves the organization to political horse-trading (your Roquefort hostage to my beef) and domestic posturing. That's the kind of politics the president enjoys, but "responsible," in this case, is a synonym for "anti-free trade."

The United States's every move at Seattle was a pitch for backdoor protectionism. The president was right to say that Europe's Common Agricultural Policy created unfair subsidies for European farmers. But those subsidies also save small farms—and Europe is no more unreasonable in its pursuit of that goal than the United States is. To drive his point home, the president hauled out a Washington state fruit farmer named John Butler, who said, "As a third-generation family farmer, I fear that I may be the last on my farm. The family farm won't last much longer if we don't tear down these barriers." So, saving Europe's farmers is not our problem, but saving our farmers is Europe's.

Services were the president's other

top priority: specifically, to get the WTO to continue its moratorium on Internet taxes. This is a preposterous and arbitrary directive, amounting to a subsidy from low-tech corner-store owners to the president's classmates who own Internet boutiques in Silicon Valley. So why do the less advanced countries put up with it? Perhaps because the Third World bureaucrats present in Seattle belong to the Internet-using classes themselves. Mister Apologize-to-Guatemala is thus doing what he always claimed right-wing governments did—allying with elites of poor countries against their populations.

What Third World elites cannot be persuaded to do, however, is relinquish the only competitive advantage they possess: their labor markets. The president's big push in Seattle was to enforce "minimum labor standards" around the world. "I implore you," he said. "Let's continue to find ways to prove that the quality of life of ordinary citizens in every country can be lifted." As if, say, Pakistan's representatives are so callous that they care less about Pakistani laborers than Clinton does. The president, of course, was only responding to labor's demands that he do something to reduce pressure on American wages. He met one-on-one during the Seattle proceedings with AFL-CIO head John Sweeney, who has never claimed free trade as his heart's desire.

Clinton was met with howls of derision when he told the union-friendly *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* that a workers' rights group should develop labor standards that would be part of every trade agreement. "Ultimately," the president said, "I would favor a system in which sanctions would come for violating any provision of a trade agreement." In other words: Give me a trophy to bring home to my AFL-CIO, or we'll starve you.

This crypto-protectionist platform was pressed with an insolent double-talk that expressed the attitude: *Maybe you see through me—but what are you going to do about it?* Particularly annoying was the insistence of the administration's friends that anyone who disagrees with the WTO's policies is simply *stupid*. The *New York Times* quoted "some longtime devotees of free trade" present in Seattle as saying that "the hostile reception they got from protesters on the street persuaded them that there is widespread ignorance about trade." The *New York Times*'s Thomas Friedman, chief ideologue of the world's yuppie elites, dismissed the protesters as "ridiculous," "a Noah's ark of flat-earth advocates," "ridiculous" (again), "nonsense," "crazy," "yapping," and "duped," without naming a single protesting group or what it was protesting about.

In Friedman's view, the protesters should just shut up and let bureaucrats rule them. Friedman doesn't seem to mind the managerialism that trade makes necessary. "The more countries trade with one another," Friedman wrote, "the more they need an institution to set the basic rules of trade, and that is all the W.T.O. does. 'Rules are a substitute for walls—when you don't have walls, you need more rules,' notes the Council on Foreign Relations expert Michael Mandelbaum." (True enough, but in democracies, people get to *vote* on their rules.) "There's never going to be a global government to impose the rules the protesters want," according to Friedman. "But there can be better global *governance*—on the environment, intellectual property and labor." (We're not *ruling* you, you see—just engaging in "governance.")

This arrogance, this high-handedness, this double-talk, is the real source of the fury that sent protesters onto the streets of Seattle. Yes, free trade is better, for the most part. Yes, it creates prosperity. Yes, protectionists can be ignorant of economics. But self-determination is more important to most people than the global economy, and the WTO leadership has fallen into autocratic habits: dogmatism, self-interest masquerading as disinterested system-building, outright authoritarian contempt for democracy. If this continues to be the attitude of the WTO's leaders, then the backlash against globalization has only begun. ♦

Seattle Politics, Always a Riot

The political culture of the yuppie paradise invited the WTO chaos. BY MATT ROSENBERG

"The last thing I ever wanted to be was the mayor of a city where I had to call out the National Guard, where I had to see tear gas in the streets," said [Seattle Mayor Paul] Schell, who pointed out that he was an anti-war protester during the 1960s.

—Seattle Times, *December 1, 1999*

SEATTLE HAS THE REPUTATION of being a laid-back yuppie paradise, a place where ex-Microsoft millionaires hold court in Starbucks, cooking up new dot-com business plans with venture capitalists as blue herons fly over Puget Sound. Lulled by these familiar images of a mellow, thriving oasis, the media and local officials alike were in a state of shock last week when long-planned protests of the World Trade Organization conference degenerated into rioting and looting. Shock turned to horror when—having lost control of the streets and created an international debacle for the United States—the police fought back with rubber bullets, clouds of tear gas, and curfews. This was the stuff of liberal Seattlites' worst nightmares. Of all the places you might expect to see such chaos, they all agreed, surely Seattle was the last.

In fact, Seattle had it coming. Its vaunted political culture is practically an invitation to riot. This culture values disobedience over obedience, protest over order, and antic political mischief over playing by the rules. Indeed, before the riots, it would have been hard to say which was the source of greater civic pride: that Seattle would be hosting the WTO delegates from around the world, or that it would be host to the thousands of labor and environmental activists protesting free trade. Other cities—New York, Washington, any of the European capitals—would have taken care to cordon off streets and segregate protesters from the delegates, who ended up trapped in their hotels. Not Seattle. Instead, police chief Norm Stamper bragged that no one wanted "to send a message that Seattle was a police state." And mayor Paul Schell went further, telling a *Wall Street Journal* reporter even as the disorder was still escalating: "If we had to do it again, we wouldn't do it differently. Free speech triumphed."

Yes, that's the Seattle spirit. And those of us who live in the city affectionately known to some local progressives as "Sodom on the Sound" can hardly pretend that last week's chaos was just an unfortunate accident. Before the costumed sea turtles, clowns on stilts, Gap-pants burners, Nike Town- and Starbucks-window smashers came here for the anti-WTO circus, Seattle had a venerable political tradition of embracing all that is marginal.

Consider our recent political history. In late August, the Seattle City Council decided it would extend to transgendered individuals a municipal code "ban" on discrimination already applying to transsexuals and transvestites. Somehow, though, it had neglected to ban discrimination against topless transsexuals. Not to worry. In early September, Ara Tripp, 38, a buxom post-operative transsexual construction worker from Olympia, took matters into her own hands. Tripp scaled a high-voltage electrical tower above Interstate 5 and brought Seattle's rush-hour traffic to a halt by partially disrobing and spitting huge bursts of vodka-fueled flame from her mouth. Power to 5,000 residential customers was shut off for a time. They may not have been amused. But no matter. Tripp wanted to protest the injustice of laws prohibiting women from going topless, while men can. As she told the *Seattle Times*, "I see guys with boobs bigger than me, with hair on them, and it's legal." Talk radio feasted. Tripp then bared her appurtenances for an alternative weekly.

AP/Wide World Photos

Cleaning graffiti after the riots

Matt Rosenberg is a writer living in Seattle.

Wearing a red cocktail dress and high heels for her court date, Tripp was fined $800 and given only home detention. You might say free speech triumphed.

On the other hand, one city government insider told me that Tripp's protest may have been a test encouraged by WTO protesters who were then in training and considering similar stunts (though without the nudity). Whether Tripp acted alone or not, WTO gadflies could hardly have failed to be encouraged by her relatively lenient sentence, given the disruption she had caused to the thousands of commuters trapped in the traffic jam and the thousands who lost power.

In less extravagant ways, too, Seattle has exhibited a fondness for the disorderly margins of society. The city council spent large chunks of time last year debating whether individuals who had been repeatedly cited for drunk and disorderly behavior should be kicked out of city parks. "Displacement coalition" avengers went to the mat over city efforts in 1998 to bar encampments of homeless tent people under expressway ramps. But city and county officials have mostly been on the side of the activists. They have accepted as given a substantial population of vagrants supported by the city, debating only the details: Should there be bunks for drunks? Where do we put the showers (or hygiene centers, as they are called here)? How do we maintain fresh needle stations for junkies, against concerns that they are ill-advised? Tellingly, this fall's city elections were fought over the issue of whether "civility" is repressive. One unsuccessful council candidate complained that laws to clear the parks and sidewalks of anti-social behavior were making the city "seem as repressive as Singapore." Another decried as "diabolical" any effort to curb panhandling. As it turned out, even in a political monoculture, voters have their limits: The four pro-civility candidates won.

This small victory for "civility" laws should not be exaggerated. Seattle still encourages a fundamental disrespect. Basic municipal competence and civic pride are strangely absent. The city-owned historic plaza at the Washington Street Public Boat Landing on the tourist-thronged Alaskan Way downtown waterfront has remained run down and neglected for years. Ragged and belligerent vagrants occupy the benches, trashcans overflow with clothes, paint is peeling. No wonder the two flag poles sport no flags. The city is ashamed to claim the plaza as its own, although there's a nice plaque from 1960 proudly noting the landing is a historical point of interest. For more than a year, nothing changed, except the city removed a small pier favored by floppers, forcing a greater concentration of them closer to the sidewalk, under the landing's beautiful, ornate pergola. No boats can land at the boat landing now. But then, why would they want to?

On the way to Safeco Field, the spanking new $517 million home of the Seattle Mariners, a stretch of First Avenue South remains fouled with human excrement, the stink of urine, and an abundance of litter and broken glass. It's been like this for more than two years. Most folks walk to the lovely ballpark on the other side of the street.

It's an odd predicament for a city that is, after all, flush with the economy of the Information Age. A leader in trade with Asia, fiercely proud of its symphony hall, its burgeoning arts scene, Northwest cuisine, stunning natural setting, world-class medical centers, and growing philanthropy, Seattle nonetheless is unwilling to police and clean its streets. Doing so would violate the self-image of the city's political elites.

Even before the WTO arrived, Seattle was well on its way to demonstrating the dark side of liberal "tolerance" as a governing principle. This spring, the city's pacifists and environmentalists, joined by "whaling activists" from around the world, mercilessly teed off on the impoverished, dispirited Makah Tribe of the Olympic Peninsula, who had resumed whale hunting as was their right under an 1855 treaty. Protesters tailed the tribe's hunting boat out of Neah Bay, bumped it, and blocked it. The level of invective was astonishing. "I personally hate the Makah Tribe. I hope and pray for a terrible end to the Makah Tribe, very slow and painful," one activist wrote to the *Seattle Times*. Another chimed in, "I'm ashamed this tribe is here. . . . The white man used to kill Indians and give them smallpox-infected blankets. Is this a tradition we should return to?" Save The Whales. Screw The Indians. Welcome to the yuppie paradise.

If Jimmy the Greek were alive today, he'd lay three to five that by a week after the New Year, Seattle will convene a "conversation of the people" about what went wrong at the WTO opening last week. There will be earnest discussions about free speech and tolerance and the defusing of tensions. For underlying Seattle's political culture is a deep fear of confrontation—which is considered vulgar in our rain-washed, muted, infinitely polite city. This fear of confrontation has allowed Seattle's politics of the marginal to flower. It's also what allowed our police to stand by so dully when things first careened out of control in the heart of downtown, with the whole world watching. When you wait too long to exert authority—years in the case of Seattle's governing class—it can be hard to regain the upper hand.

What the city especially won't want to confront is the truth that was made abundantly clear once the riots began: A political culture that for years had defended the marginal didn't know how to defend the mainstream. Seattle proved literally unable to defend itself. And Paul Schell, mayor of what is arguably America's most left-wing city, had to call in the National Guard as a result. The real irony in Seattle last week was that one of the most striking fantasies of the New Left was finally brought to life in a left-wing city. The liberality suddenly looked like a sham, and the tolerance, as Herbert Marcuse once put it, turned out to be repressive. ♦

A City Goes to Pot

Everything's up to date in Amsterdam; it's gone about as far as it can go. **BY DON FEDER**

Amsterdam

IF AMERICA WERE RULED by a triumvirate of Larry Flynt, the Mayflower Madam, and the late Dr. Timothy Leary, it would look pretty much like Amsterdam today.

Since many of the city's historic sites border its Red Light District (locally referred to as *de Walletjes*—"the little walls"), visitors are struck by stark contrasts.

On the one hand, there's the Oude Kerk. Begun in the 13th century, it is the oldest and quite possibly the loveliest Protestant church in the Netherlands, with its oak-encased organ and a stained-glass window picturing the death of the Virgin Mary, in the Lady Chapel. But beyond the main entrance of the church, one quickly descends from the eternal to the infernal.

Running along the canals in Amsterdam's old city is an area roughly a mile in length crammed with porn shops, live-sex shows ("The Sex Palace: sadomasochism, teen sex, animal sex—three shows—live girls—simply the best!"), bikini-clad hookers behind glass doors, and coffee houses selling pot, hash, and psychedelic mushrooms.

Amsterdam is the sex and drugs capital of Europe. Worldwide, Bangkok is its only rival. This once-Calvinist metropolis, with its quaint canal-side architecture, has become a druggies' Disneyland and playground of the sex-obsessed. Voyeurs can sample videos of the most bizarre acts imaginable. Shoppers browse in the Porno Supermarket offering "films, books, magazines, videocassettes and sex aides." The most popular souvenirs are socks decorated with pictures of marijuana leaves and boxer shorts displaying cavorting condoms.

For those seeking livelier entertainment, there are establishments with names like Club Rosa and the Banana Bar, offering everything from solo performances with fruit to copulating couples and groups engaged in sexual gymnastics. "Come on, sir. We have some really hot sex here," said a promoter at one of the theaters.

Holland is home to an estimated 30,000 ladies of the evening, morning, and afternoon. The most visible manifestation of the world's oldest profession is the window girls. Grouped geographically (one street has Africans, another Asians, a third blond, Nordic types), the district's hookers are weary and worn. In their '60s beach attire, they can barely manage a half-smile at male passers-by. Their tiny cubicles are equipped with a massage table, chair, and lamp. When a customer is being serviced, window curtains are discreetly drawn across the doors.

The drugs are cheap, but still too costly for those not capable of much effort. Some sweep sidewalks or run errands for hookers.

The window girls appeal largely to those with limited means or impaired senses. For the upscale market, Amsterdam has clubs. There, the girls are young and pretty, mostly Dutch. An hour with one of them is roughly three times the price of a cubicle courtesan (almost exclusively foreign workers). The clubs will send a driver to pick you up at your hotel ("no extra charge"). One advertises a jungle room and a presidential suite, though no replica of Clinton's Oval Office.

In October, the Dutch parliament voted to legalize brothels. Given the openness of these fleshpots (they advertise on street signs), why bother—other than to put the government's seal of approval on a thriving business? The industry brings in hundreds of millions in tourist dollars annually for the Dutch.

But Amsterdam isn't only for lovers. Next to the Cannabis Connoisseur's Club ("Number One in Hemp Seed") is The Hash, Marijuana, Hemp Museum, with displays showing how different cultures through the ages have been enriched by addiction. Here a cult has grown up—adults worshipping vegetation. At nearby Oosterhout, psychedelic tourists can reverently caress any of 2,000 marijuana plants on display at the Cannabis Castle. "It's the most beautiful plant in the world," gushes co-owner Linda Dronkers. "It's very spiritual. You have to give yourself completely to the plant."

Many have. As I walked through the prurient precinct, two young cops advised me to watch my wallet, camera, and fillings. Patrons meander out of coffee houses with names like The Flying Dutchman, Extase, and Pick Up The Pieces. The more than 1,500 of these joints throughout the Netherlands are having a definite impact on the quality of life. Crime is rampant. The drugs are cheap, but still too costly for those not capable of much effort. Some sweep sidewalks or run errands for the hookers. Mostly they beg or steal. The Dutch Ministry of Justice reported a 25 percent rise in violent crimes between 1991 and 1996 (a period when crime rates fell steadily in the United States). In various surveys, almost 75 percent of Dutch voters rank law and order as their primary concern.

Crime is only one symptom of the nation's drug policy. (Though not legal, so-called soft drugs have been decriminalized.) The Ministry of

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Health reported a 250 percent increase in teen marijuana use between 1988 and 1992. Quoted in an article in the May/June issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Dr. J.A. Wallenberg, director of the Jellinek Clinic, Holland's best-known drug rehab center, observes: "We have indulged ourselves in a kind of blind optimism in Holland concerning cannabis. . . . It can and does produce a chronically passive individual . . . someone who is lazy, who doesn't want to take initiatives, doesn't want to be active—the kid who'd prefer to lie in bed with a joint in the morning rather than getting up and doing something."

To explain the phenomenon of Sodom among the tulips, guidebooks note that the Dutch have a history of tolerance. There may be more involved. The Netherlands has the lowest church attendance in Europe, itself the most secular continent. Many of Amsterdam's beautiful churches have been turned into museums to faith on the verge of extinction; others are municipal offices.

A short trolley ride from the Red Light District is the Rijksmuseum, with its incomparable collection of 17th-century art. The display starts with altar art and moves on to scenes of domesticity and marital contentment, like Frans Hals's "Wedding Portrait of Isaac Abrahamsz Massa and Beatrix van der Laen." I stopped in front of Nicolaes Maes's "Old woman at prayer." The subject's eyes are closed. Her hands are together in supplication. A look of tranquility lights the withered face. On a nearby window ledge stand an hourglass and a Bible. Time moves swiftly and eternity beckons. From a culture that produced such sublime beauty, Holland's sex and drugs tourism seems all the sadder.

There is a weariness to all of this. The relentless pursuit of sensory indulgence ends in that old ennui. Some fear that Amsterdam is a harbinger. Or is it the sexual revolution and drug culture gasping for air—barely living proof of the ultimate boredom and futility of pleasure divorced from higher values? ♦

Texas Ranger

Did running a baseball team help prepare George W. Bush to run America? BY DAVID BROOKS

In the early 1990s, the owners of the major league baseball teams held a meeting in Denver. Jerry McMorris, the owner of the new Colorado Rockies, decided to host a lunch not at a restaurant near the meeting site, but at a country club in suburban Castle Rock. It was a mistake. The men who own major league baseball teams are imperious types, with the attention span of a 4-year-old. They are not used to being herded onto buses for long drives. Worse, this bus got lost; the driver circled round and round. The mood on the bus got ugly. Gene Autry, the aging owner of the California Angels, needed to relieve himself. His wife went up front and said something to the driver. The bus pulled over to the side of the highway, where an embarrassed Autry got out and urinated. It was an awkward moment for everybody. Then, when Autry stiffly hoisted himself back onto the bus, George W. Bush's voice rang out: "Hey Gene, you still got a great spray for a guy your age." A smile opened up on Autry's face and the bus exploded with laughter. As one of the people who were there remembers, Bush had once again said just the thing to improve everyone's mood and to remind them how much fun it is to be around him.

Bush was the managing general partner of the Texas Rangers from March 1989 to November 1994. When you talk to baseball people about how he ran the team, again and again you hear about the Bush Glow. People simply loved being with him. Bush was not just liked by the other owners, he was extremely well liked. He was liked not only by the people he promoted, he was liked by the people he fired, such as former Rangers and current Mets manager Bobby Valentine. "I think he's a terrific guy. He exudes the right feel when you're around him," Valentine told me. "He used levity. He had a great sense of humor he used to break the tension in the clubhouse, which sometimes existed for real reasons."

But what's most interesting about Bush's tenure with the Rangers is the way he translated his personality into a management style. He didn't try to compensate for his weaknesses—his lack of interest in the nuts and bolts of team operations. He played to his strengths. Uninterested in doing the things he was not good at, he delegated day-to-day management of the club and spent his time on climate control. He was a constant presence in the ballpark, keeping everybody, from the ushers to the players, feeling good about the franchise. His ownership group was an ever shifting stew of between a dozen and two dozen millionaires; he spent a lot of time keeping them happy. During games he sat in a box next to the dugout, not in the normal owner's box above. He ribbed the players, passed out autographed baseball cards of himself to fans, and shouted jokes to the managers. Bush spoke at Rotary Clubs about the glories of baseball and even made cold calls to prospective season-ticket buyers.

He was not merely a cheerleader. He was known around baseball as an activist owner—less activist than Yankees owner George Steinbrenner or Orioles owner Peter Angelos, but more activist than most. Yet in his handling of each of the major challenges he faced, it is his social skills that stand out. Bush recently told *Time* magazine that firing Bobby Valentine was one of the most agonizing decisions he has made in his life. Valentine had been Rangers manager for over seven years, but in 1992,

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AP/Wide World Photos

the Rangers got off to a relatively slow start, 45 wins and 41 losses. More important, attendance was down 170,000 from the year before. Bush, team president Tom Schieffer, and general manager Tom Grieve met for an hour with Valentine to give him the bad news. "It was a tough meeting. It was especially tough on Grieve. They had been best of friends," Bush now remembers. "I was the person who described what the decision was. Bobby was taken aback but he didn't argue. We visited about it." Bush spent the next hour telling Valentine what an outstanding manager he was and what a brilliant career lay ahead of him. "I was sitting in that room and being fired. But the way he made me feel about myself was wonderful," Valentine recalls. "He was firm. He didn't waver or try to make it seem that somebody else was to blame. But he was very encouraging." Valentine left the room enthusiastic about Bush, but he went out to the media and blasted team president Tom Schieffer. "I didn't get that kind of human touch from Schieffer," Valentine says.

Tom Schieffer was given broad authority in the Rangers organization. Schieffer, the brother of *Face the Nation* host Bob Schieffer, was a Democratic state representative in Texas who was swept out of office in 1978. He went into law, specializing in the oil and gas business, and prospered. In 1989, when Bush, Rusty Rose, and others were organizing the group to buy the Rangers, they were told they would have to include more Texans. Schieffer was invited to join the partnership and did, investing $1.4 million for a 4.2 percent interest in the club (actually a greater share than Bush owned).

Schieffer was not an obvious choice to be team president, having rubbed a lot of people the wrong way during his political career. But in 1989 Schieffer attended almost as many games as Bush, and the two became close friends. In the Rangers' front office, they established a seamless and highly successful working relationship. "He's not much on details," Schieffer told the *San Antonio Express-News*. "But he likes to participate in strategic decisions, and then he likes to recruit people to his staff." From the pattern Bush set at the Rangers, one could infer that the chief of staff in a George W. Bush White House would be the most powerful one in history. But Bush disagrees. "I wouldn't draw a conclusion that a single person would have a lot of authority," he says. "As governor, I've got a much flatter organizational chart. I have direct access from more than one person."

Their biggest accomplishment, and Schieffer's major responsibility, was building a stadium. When the Rangers moved to Texas from Washington, they were housed in a glorified minor-league ballpark, with lousy seats and few luxury boxes to generate revenue. Bush, Rose, Schieffer, and Richard Greene, the mayor of Arlington, developed a proposal to hike the city's sales tax by half a cent to raise $135 million for the new stadium. It was put to the voters in a referendum. Bush campaigned for it, while critics called it welfare for millionaires. In the biggest turnout in Arlington history, the measure passed by 2 to 1.

They drew up a list of 100 features they wanted in the new ballpark. "I wanted grass of course," Bush says. "It's like foreign policy. You're either an isolationist or an interventionist. You're either for grass or artificial turf. There are certain threshold issues." They wanted an asymmetrical outfield, to increase the number of triples, which Bush says are baseball's most exciting play. They wanted tight space around the foul lines so fans would be closer to the game. They wanted old-fashioned lighting pillars. They wanted plenty of features for families, so that fans would bring along the spouse and kids when they went to games.

They also wanted a lot of nooks and crannies throughout the stadium. "We noticed that different culture clusters grow up in different sections of a ballpark. We wanted the nooks and crannies for the cultures to develop," Bush adds. He says the weeks doing stadium design were some of the most fascinating of his life.

They selected Washington architect David Schwartz and asked him to build the park—Baltimore's Camden Yards, the first of the retro-parks, was just under construction. Schwartz came up with an art deco design and an old-fashioned one. Bush chose the more traditional one. Bush insisted that the stadium have a Texas feel. When they talked about concession stands, Schwartz says, Schieffer wanted to know how many points of sale there would be from a revenue standpoint; Bush wanted to make sure there would be quality Texas barbecue.

The stadium was built quickly and at a relatively low cost. The building, which opened in 1994, is generally regarded as esthetically inferior to similar parks in Baltimore and Cleveland—it is thought to be kitsch. But the new stadium transformed the franchise. Revenues were $28.8 million the year before Bush and company bought the team. They were up to $62.4 million in 1993, the last year in the old stadium. But in the new park, attendance jumped by 700,000, with revenues skyrocketing to $116 million last year. The new money allowed the owners to sign better players and jack up the payroll (now around $75 million). The Rangers were hapless cellar-dwellers in the decades leading up to the Bush ownership; now they are a playoff team, drawing nearly 3 million fans a season. The Rangers were worth $84 million when Bush's group bought them in 1989. The team sold for $250 million in 1998. By any measure, Bush, Schieffer, and company were fantastically successful. And their architect, David Schwartz, got to enjoy the full Bush Glow like everyone else: "Some clients treat architects like the help. But he was incredibly kind to me. My wife and I got to know George and Laura. He was interested in learning about architecture."

Over and over again Bush uses the word "traditionalist" to describe his approach. Not only was "The Ballpark at Arlington," as the stadium came to be called, traditional, but his attitude toward the game was too. In his dealings with other team owners, Bush waged a series of lonely and losing battles to preserve traditional aspects of baseball. During his tenure, the major-league owners decided to adopt interleague play, an expanded playoffs format with wild-card teams, and a reformed division structure, with three rather than two divisions in each league. Bush opposed all those changes. When it came time to vote on interleague play, he insisted on casting the first vote, to make it clear where he stood. He did, and lost 27-1. "I made the most eloquent speech in history, and persuaded one guy . . . me," Bush said after the meeting.

On the expanded playoff idea, Bush was motivated by his traditionalist instincts. "The traditions of baseball are sacred. The outstanding thing is you can compare today with yesterday, a team of the thirties against a team of today." He was inclined to oppose anything that might mar the comparisons. He also argued that baseball is properly a long-distance ordeal. "You build a team to win a 162-game marathon, not to get lucky in a 5-game playoff." His opposition to interleague play was motivated in part by a marketing judgment. "The primary asset of baseball is the World Series. It cheapens the World Series if the two teams have already played each other," he says. His opposition to the new division structure was more narrowly self-interested. The new alignment put the Rangers in the same division as three Pacific Standard Time teams, the Oakland A's, the California Angels, and the Seattle Mariners. That meant away games would start at 9 in Texas, screwing up the local TV schedule.

Bush's most passionate confrontation with his fellow owners came in 1992 over the decision to fire Fay Vincent, baseball's last powerful commissioner. Vincent is an old family friend, who used to stay at the Bush house back when George Bush the elder was in the oil business. But he offended most of the team owners, often by taking actions that were in the best interests of the game. Above all, the owners were afraid Vincent might insert himself into the upcoming negotiations with the players' union (the talks that led eventually to the disastrous strike). White Sox owner Jerry Reinsdorf led the group that wanted Vincent's head. "When we go to war with the union, I want [the commissioner] to have an obligation only to the owners," Reinsdorf said.

Bush led the group who wanted to save Vincent. The crucial meeting was in Rosemont, Illinois. "It was a bitter moment. I can remember a row of klieg lights, like it was a giant inquisition," Bush recalls. "Fay Vincent was a friend. I was also concerned because terminating a commissioner before the end of his term set a bad precedent." But when Bush's people got there, they quickly realized that they had been outmaneuvered and out-hustled by Reinsdorf's group. Reinsdorf had worked the phones and sewed up the votes, so that by the time the owners gathered, there were no owners left to be swayed. Bush made some passionate defenses of Vincent, in closed-door sessions and in the media, but again, he lost badly.

History has shown that Bush was on the right side of the fight. If Vincent had stayed on, perhaps baseball could have avoided the owner-player confrontation, the replacement players, and all the subsequent foulness. But it's hard to tell whether Bush defended Vincent because he had thought through what would be best for the game, or just

AP/Wide World Photos

New owner: the sale of the team to Bush's group had just gone through

out of personal loyalty. Furthermore, it is striking that even amidst these disagreements, Bush never offended his fellow owners. If their testimony is to be believed, Bush left each confrontation even more popular with his peers than he had been before.

As owner, Bush loved talking about trades and free-agent signings. He often peppered his manager and general manager with trade ideas: "Maybe we can get those two guys, for these four," is how Valentine describes it. Valentine is careful when talking about the quality of Bush's suggestions. "At first we wondered if he was a guy who thought he was trading playing cards. But his ideas were not crazy." Bush would think through the salary implications of each trade idea before he suggested it. On the other hand, it's not clear any of Bush's trades were ever pulled off. "He did get us thinking outside the box," Valentine says diplomatically.

Bush never interfered with field decisions, and much to his manager's relief, he wasn't the sort to hold player meetings to give "Win One for the Gipper" speeches. He was friendly but rarely intimate with the players. He enjoyed the company of some, such as outfielder Jose Canseco. He apparently regarded many as spoiled brats who didn't live up to their obligations, such as pitcher Kevin Brown. He went out of his way to speak Spanish with the Hispanic players. And he defended his on-field personnel when they needed it. The toughest test of that came in 1993, when new manager Kevin Kennedy allowed Canseco to pitch at the end of one lopsided game. Canseco promptly blew out his elbow, and the $4.1 million outfielder was lost for the season. Kennedy had made an awful blunder. "I'm not going to second guess my manager," Bush said right afterwards.

Bush and Rusty Rose did approve all of the big player signings and trades. The worst of them was the one that sent the young Sammy Sosa and Wilson Alverez to the Cubs for Harold Baines. Some of the other owners recognized it as a disastrous trade at the time, and Bush had to smooth ruffled feathers. "I take responsibility for that one," Bush says. "It was late in the season and we were making a run. The baseball people came to me with the suggestion that we trade these young players. Baines was an offensive threat. But if I had said no it wouldn't have happened." While the Rangers were negotiating to re-sign first baseman Rafael Palmeiro, they signed first baseman Will Clark. Palmeiro was outraged, calling Tom Schieffer a "backstabbing liar," and went on to have productive years with the Orioles before returning to Texas last year.

But many of the moves worked out better. Bush and Rose were roasted in the media in the winter of 1992 for letting pitcher Jose Guzman leave. "This franchise has absolutely no commitment to win," was a typical commentary from the *Dallas Morning News*. But Guzman, already hurt, never pitched effectively again. Their basic approach was to find players who really wanted to play in Texas, and dump players, like Brown and Ruben Sierra, who didn't. Bush, Rose, and Schieffer were known as moderate spenders in the free-agent market and big spenders on player development. The Rangers' farm system has been quite productive, producing stars like Ivan Rodriguez and Juan Gonzalez.

Obviously running a baseball team is a lot different from running a country. Baseball is about grown men trying to hit a little white ball with a stick. The presidency is supposed to be about statesmanship. But Bush's experience with the Rangers is at least as telling as Bill Bradley's touted experience with the New York Knicks. Bush's record with the Rangers will not assuage those who doubt his readiness for the Oval Office, who believe that he knows too little about government and policy, and that he lacks the gravitas to head a great nation. But his record with the Rangers does illustrate qualities that would have relevance in the White House. He can disagree with people and still get along with them. He can delegate (and how!). He is able to set a tone for an administration and build morale. He doesn't try to play outside himself (as hitters say). And he has discovered a management style that fits his awesome interpersonal skills. In the post-Clintonian age, a president's power is often measured by his approval ratings. George W. Bush is a popularity superstar. ♦

The Cybermonk of Kosovo

It will take more than goodhearted multiculturalism to salvage a democratic future for the Balkans.

By Stephen Schwartz

Gracanica, Kosovo

On November 23, Bill Clinton and his daughter, Chelsea, took a trip around Kosovo. With Thanksgiving close at hand, it could almost have been described as a holiday tour.

They began at the Pristina airport, still jointly run by NATO and the Russian troops who seized it at the end of the war last June. The president ate Thanksgiving turkey with American troops at Camp Bondsteel, the massive base near Ferizaj housing some 6,000 U.S. personnel, while Chelsea dined vegetarian.

Clinton also visited the main players in the present phase of the Kosovo crisis: the United Nations chief administrator of the province, Bernard Kouchner; the U.N. commander, general Klaus Reinhardt; the two rival leaders of Kosovo's Albanian majority, Ibrahim Rugova and Hashim Thaci; and the chief representative of what remains of the Serb minority in Kosovo, archbishop Artemije Radosavljevic of the Orthodox archdiocese of Raska and Prizren.

From each of these encounters, the spirit of ethnic reconciliation spilled forth like holiday stuffing. To the Albanians—long repressed by their Serb masters, and only newly freed as a result of NATO's bombing of Serbia—Clinton preached forgiveness, declaring, "No one can force you to forgive what was done to you, but you must try." To the American troops, he stressed their rainbow hues—African-American, Hispanic, Asian—as "an example" of cultural togetherness worthy of imitation by the fractious Kosovars.

Altogether, the visit was classic Clinton. Certainly, it did nothing to discomfit the various representatives of the "international community" administering the province, whose policy for dealing with Kosovo can be summed up as "aid blackmail." Before the local populace gets any services or serious economic assistance, there have to be major group hugs between Albanians and Serbs. As a result, the foreign governments running Kosovo have yet to come up with funding for the U.N. mission there. In Brussels last month, a "donors' conference" pledged $1 billion for reconstruction next year. But that included only $88 million for the U.N. program, and none of the money is likely to become available before the end of what is shaping up as an exceptionally hard winter all over Europe.

Part of the shortfall has been made up by two major financial powers, the World Bank and George Soros. Together, the bank and the Soros-funded Kosovo Foundation for an Open Society announced in mid-November that they would grant $20 million for small-scale local-government and community projects.

That won't make much of a dent; but then the Kosovars aren't waiting for an international bailout. By contrast with Bosnia-Herzegovina, where economic progress is at a standstill, Kosovo is alive with entrepreneurship.

As undersecretary of commerce David Aaron observed after a visit here, Serbian president Slobodan Milosevic did the Kosovar Albanians a macabre sort of favor. In attempting to destroy their economic base, he cut them out of the dying Yugoslav command economy. "There was a blessing in the last 10 years of martial law," Aaron noted. "Ethnic Albanians were kicked out of managerial and administrative positions by the Serbs. The result was to create thousands of small entrepreneurs—shopkeepers, retail distributors, builders—and they are a vibrant group for recovery."

Almost every home in Kosovo is being rebuilt, Aaron said. Certainly Pristina has more small businesses on a single muddy lane than can be found the length of Mar-

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AP/Wide World Photos

Bill and Chelsea Clinton in Pristina for Thanksgiving

shal Tito Street in Sarajevo, the Bosnian capital. In Kosovo, shops are selling roof tiles, floor covering, window glass, furniture, rugs, and satellite dishes, all to an Albanian clientele. Serbs, meanwhile, continue either to leave the province or to hole up in ethnic enclaves, surrounded by NATO's protective troops, known as KFOR. Although Clinton met with Archbishop Artemije, he might have learned more about how the Serbian remnant in Kosovo is faring from a visit to Gracanica, a Serb redoubt only five miles outside Pristina.

Gracanica is the headquarters of Father Sava Janjic, the man who, as the crisis of the Milosevic regime wears on, has come to be seen as offering Serbs the only real alternative to aggrieved nationalism. Nicknamed the "cybermonk," Sava has revolutionized communications from the Serbian archdiocese. The Orthodox clergy being the key cultural institution for Serb society, he is assumed to have something important to say. His actual titles are Hieromonk Sava and secretary to Archbishop Artemije; and he is a former deputy abbot of the monastery at Decani.

In the monastery at Gracanica, Sava and his Web facilities are besieged. British KFOR units maintain a barricade at the perimeter, though entry is easy enough with a press ID, readily issued by KFOR and treated in Kosovo as indistinguishable from a KFOR personnel credential. Here, Father Sava readily names the cause of the Serbs' problems: Milosevic, "the cancer of Europe," who is "holding the entire Balkans hostage." But unlike such wavering and unreliable Serb "opposition leaders" as Vuk Draskovic, who bears considerable responsibility for the coming of war to Yugoslavia, and Zoran Djindjic, who gave moral support to the Bosnian Serb forces during the war in Bosnia, Sava admits the Serbs' crimes against Kosovo's Albanians.

In July, he told the Belgrade magazine *NIN* (Weekly Illustrated News) why Serbs have fled Kosovo. Many refugees, he said, were motivated by their "direct responsibility in the systematic deportation of the Albanian population, the eradication of [the Albanian] identity, and the destruction of a cultural heritage." This is balder language than that employed by Draskovic, who blends his attacks on Milosevic with racist diatribes against Albanians. Sava views as morally equivalent the forces of Serb extremism and the former fighters of the Kosovo Liberation Army who dominate Albanian politics.

"The KLA and the supporters of Milosevic have the strongest political bases in Kosovo today," he warns, while the U.N. mission has failed to establish a real government in the province. He also favors every attempt at interfaith dialogue in Kosovo, describing meetings with Albanian Muslim and Albanian Catholic clerics. Nevertheless, for-

eign observers have accused Sava of circulating Serb propaganda. A recent English-language pamphlet on the alleged vandalizing of 52 Serb holy sites entitled "Crucified Kosovo" has an introduction by Sava charging the existence of "a systematic strategy . . . to annihilate once and forever all traces of Serb and Christian culture in Kosovo."

More likely, Albanian villagers have carried out isolated acts of revenge for the suffering they, their relatives, and their neighbors underwent before and during the NATO intervention. Sheik Xhemali Shehu of the Rifa'i Islamic community in Prizren, who fled to the United States during the recent war, asks, through "all the centuries we [Albanian] Muslims lived in Kosovo, how is it that all the Serb monasteries were left intact? We could have destroyed all of them, but because we followed Koran, which recognizes the sacred in past traditions, we respected the Serb holy sites."

Furthermore, if anything is apparent on the ground in Kosovo, it is that nothing here is happening in a "systematic" fashion. As for attacks on Christianity, there is no local support for Islamic fundamentalism or "Wahhabism" in Kosovo (nothwithstanding the unwelcome influx of thousands of Muslim extremists from the Arab countries, Afghanistan, and Pakistan after NATO's intervention), and Sava himself admits that Albanians do not consider religion a major issue in their own lives or that of others.

Nevertheless, Serbs and other non-Albanians in Kosovo have been driven from their homes; and Albanians have seen their houses looted. The KLA and its supporters look upon their joint victory with NATO as an opportunity for personal enrichment—at whose expense being a secondary issue. That is the main reason a recent poll showed that if an election for the Kosovo presidency were held today, KLA boss Hashim Thaci would lose 4 to 1 to Ibrahim Rugova, the pacifist whom Western chatterboxes typically label "utterly discredited."

From the beginning of the war in Kosovo in early 1998, destruction of holy sites presented one of the worst features of the conflict. Hundreds of mosques, as well as some Albanian Catholic churches, were damaged or destroyed. No summary documentation has yet been produced on the vandalism of Islamic sacred structures.

However, in an interview, H.E. Rexhep Boja, president of the Islamic Community of Kosovo, stated that in addition to 200 mosques damaged or destroyed, the homes of 150 imams were devastated, his own office in Pristina was ransacked by Serbs and all its archives destroyed, 30 imams were killed, 15 were missing or in prison after the intervention, and up to 4 Islamic meditation centers were wrecked.

Of the Orthodox and Islamic holy sites destroyed in Kosovo, a significant number were of recent construction. Vandalism seems to have been motivated more by political than religious feeling. Serb extremists and Albanians alike resented the building of structures that each side saw as representing the encroachment of the other. The proliferation of new mosques reminded Serbs that the Albanian population might eventually outnumber them in Serbia proper, as it had long since in Kosovo. Similarly, to the Albanians, new Orthodox churches symbolized Serb political domination. It seems likely to require all the wisdom of the holiest sages to achieve religious peace in Kosovo.

AP/Wide World Photos

Father Sava (right), the Cybermonk

Which brings us back to Father Sava. The cybermonk, once described as "the most interviewed person in Kosovo," meets the press every morning at 10. He is a large man in a black cassock, with hair past his shoulders and wire-rimmed glasses. He speaks almost-perfect English.

He answers questions in an open, candid way. His personal history may be the most interesting thing about him. He is 33 years old. His mother was Croatian, his father a Serb, and he was born in Dubrovnik, the historic cultural capital on the Dalmatian coast, where flourish the arts, liberal philosophy, antifascism, and in recent times, extreme dislike for Croatian quasi-dictator Franjo Tudjman.

Father Sava is an outstanding representative of cosmopolitan Serbdom. He grew up in the Herzegovinian town of Trebinje (whose beautiful mosques were destroyed by Serbs in the 1992-95 Bosnian war), but his family was never nationalist. His ancestors included Germans and

Hungarians. As an infant, he was not baptized although his parents were not Communists. He says almost shyly, "I never saw myself in ethnically exclusive terms."

His Serbian grandmother took him to services at the Orthodox church, his Croat grandmother to Catholic mass. His best friends in school were Bosnian Muslims. When he himself became religious, he followed a path familiar in the West. Spurred by the sense that his life was empty, he turned first to Zen Buddhism and Japanese poetry; then made his way to Mount Athos, the worldwide center of Orthodox monasticism. The spiritual seeker had found a home.

Thus, the most committed opponent of Milosevic in Serbia, the veritable conscience of Kosovo's Serbs, turns out to be not a diehard traditionalist, but a man who parachuted into Serbian Orthodox culture in midlife, one who spurns its vocabulary in favor of the vague idealism of international pop religiosity.

There is something infinitely tragic in this. The same Sava who points out that religion is not the basis of the Kosovo conflict sadly admits that the Serbs are no more devout than their Albanian neighbors. "Archbishop Artemije spoke out against Milosevic here for years, and nobody listened to him," he notes. Sava cannot expect to realize his aim of seeing Serbia free of Milosevic, with churches and mosques once again side by side in Kosovo.

But like Clinton, whose sensibility was formed amid the hippie excitement of the '60s, he is a man of the past, the New Age '70s and '80s. For such a man to be representing the Serbian Orthodox church is absurd. When he states that "the majority of Serbian Orthodox bishops did not see Kosovo in political terms," he is simply deluding himself and participating in the attempt to delude others. Clinton should have visited Father Sava. They might have had a lot in common.

So in the end, the phrase "crucified Kosovo" turns out to be appropriate. The crucifixion is being carried out by self-interested Serb and Albanian politicians, abetted by incompetent foreigners. That Father Sava Janjic should seek to wash the bodies of the victims before they are buried may be laudable. It is certainly curious that a man who exemplifies both contemporary soft spirituality and the narcissistic temptations of the Internet should be doing this. But much more is needed to rescue the Serbian nation from darkness and bring to Kosovo the democracy promised when NATO bombers were screeching overhead. Appeals to multiculturalism, whether by trendy monks or American presidents, are not enough. ♦

Michael Ramirez

Remains of victims of the Khmer Rouge. UPI /Corbis-Bettmann.

Dead Souls

Tallying the Victims of Communism

BY ANNE APPLEBAUM

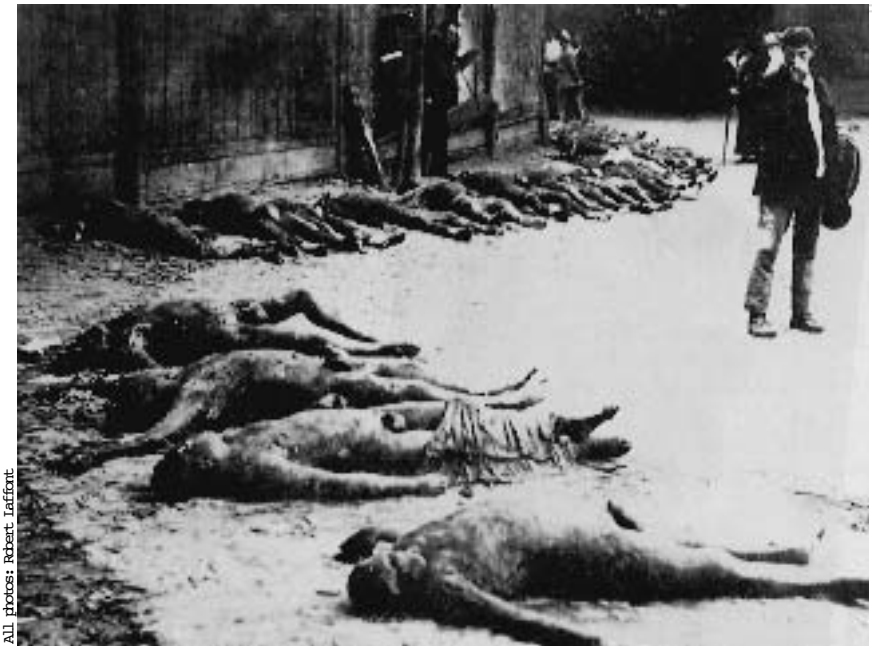
Its pages were yellowed, its cheap binding broken, its typeface uneven: There was nothing imposing about the copy of *Un Bagne en Russie Rouge*—"A Prison in Red Russia"—someone once handed me as a curiosity. Nevertheless, the book, published in Paris in 1927, was one of the first to describe the Soviet Union's political prisons on the Solovetsky Islands in the White Sea. Quoting survivors, escapees, and what little information had been published in the Soviet press, the author Raymond Duguet accurately described the geography of the islands, the barracks within a former monastery, the lack of food, the mass executions. He correctly named prisoners and several guards. He mentioned the mosquitoes. For sixty years, Duguet's book was the most complete source on Solovetsky in the French language.

But *Un Bagne en Russie Rouge* was a failure. Its author was not famous, and its literary value was minimal. Worse, the book was mistimed. Because it appeared at the end of the 1920s, when the bloodiness of the Russian revolution was already fading into memory, it was easily outshone by volumes like *L'Amour en Russie* and *Ma Petite Bolchévique*, which described the romance and excitement of Soviet Russia. In *C'est la Lutte Finale*, Magdeleine Marx, a French leftist who traveled to Russia in the late 1920s, wrote: "Such boutiques there are! The happy crowds promenade beneath the trees with an air of well-being." Stories of dismal Russian prisons were not popular, and in any case, they could be countered by better stories told by the distinguished French Communists who had visited Russian prisons prepared for that purpose.

The Black Book of Communism
Crimes, Terror, Repression
edited by Stephane Courtois
trans. Mark Kramer and Jonathan Murphy
Harvard Univ. Press; 1,120 pp., $37.50

All of which is a way of explaining the surprising success of *The Black Book of Communism* when it was published in France in 1997. A serious, scholarly history of Communist crimes in the Soviet Union, Eastern and Western Europe, China, North Korea, Cambodia, Vietnam, Africa, and Latin America, the *Black Book* did not look like a candidate for the bestseller list: 846 pages in the French edition—1,120 pages in the new American edition, translated by Mark Kramer and

A journalist based in Warsaw and London, Anne Applebaum is writing a history of Soviet concentration camps.



All photos: Robert Laffont

Above: Counter-revolutionaries in Kiev, 1919. Opposite: Polish victims in Katyn, 1940.

Jonathan Murphy—of torture, murder, repression, famine, and terror.

Nor were its authors the sort usually thought to have mass-market appeal: The *Black Book* was edited by Stephane Courtois, director of research at the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique in Paris, together with five other scholars—ranging from a member of the Polish Academy of Sciences to a specialist in the history of Southeast Asia at the University of Provence—and a handful of collaborators.

The contents of the *Black Book* were not even very original. The crimes of communism had been described before. In the 1930s, French newspapers reported the Moscow show trials. In 1947, Viktor Kravchenko's book on life in Soviet Russia, *I Choose Freedom*, so shocked the French Left that one Communist journal accused him of inventing it, and a spectacular libel trial followed. In the 1970s, Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* had an impact in Paris comparable only to its impact in Moscow: Articles were written, hands were wrung, and Marxism was publicly renounced by many Marxists. It certainly didn't seem, in 1997, that the French could be shocked by more accounts of Communist repression.

Yet something always seemed to intervene to prevent the wider public from appreciating the scale of Communist terror. After the revelations of the 1930s came the war: Stalin, the conqueror of Hitler, loomed larger than Stalin, the back-stabbing despot. After the Kravchenko trial came 1968: Mao, the revolutionary voice of French youth, triumphed over Mao, the man responsible for the greatest famine in world history. Solzhenitsyn was slowly discredited, in the anti-American, anti-Reagan France of the 1980s, as an authoritarian, a nationalist, even a fascist. One way or another, in French political and intellectual life, anti-anti-communism always managed to triumph.

The *Black Book*'s editor, Stephane Courtois, intended to break this cycle. In his introduction, Courtois, a historian of the French Communist party and an ex-Trotskyite, produced a list of the casualties of Stalin, Mao, and other Communist leaders and concluded that Communist repression was responsible for the deaths of a hundred million people in this century. He denounced the "cupidity, spinelessness, vanity, fascination with power, violence, and revolutionary fervor" that motivated several generations of Western, and particularly French, intellectuals to ignore or "cover up" these deaths. Most important, he asked why they were so regularly and popularly played down in comparison with the crimes of Hitler. "A French government agency, the National Lottery, was crazy enough to use Stalin and Mao in one of its advertising campaigns," Courtois observes. "Would anyone even dare to come up with the idea of featuring Hitler or Goebbels in its commercials?"

Courtois's real aim was not to reshape historiography; the comparison of Hitler and Stalin has been made, after all, by historians and political philosophers from Hannah Arendt to Alan Bullock. Rather, Courtois wanted to push the memory of Communist crimes back into the cultural mainstream. His language was perfectly calculated to irritate and embarrass the French Left, which has always been far happier to dwell upon its opposition to Hitler than its links to Soviet communism.

At this he succeeded, not least because he topped off his scholarship with a series of combative television appearances. Courtois told me that he prepared for one show, in which he was to debate the former editor of *L'Humanité*, the French Communist newspaper, by digging out the edition from the day of Stalin's death. When the editor began, predictably, to deny that his paper had ever supported the Russian dictator, Courtois pulled out the paper, which featured a large portrait of Stalin surrounded by a thick black border of mourning, and waved it dramatically in front of his nose.

Unlike Raymond Duguet, Courtois had political timing on his side. In 1997, France was under a Socialist government, and the immediate result of this attack on the Left was a sort of collective howl, well described in the foreward to the American edition by Martin Malia, emeritus professor at Berkeley and a scholar of Soviet history. *Le Monde* ran a front-page headline declaring "A Book Has Relaunched the Debate on the Crimes of Communism," with pages of commentary following for weeks. Two of Courtois's co-editors denounced his comparison of Nazism and communism and disassociated themselves from the book. A group of right-wing politicians, citing the *Black Book*, attacked the new prime minister, Lionel Jospin, for including the Communist party with its "criminal past" in his ruling coalition. Jospin replied that the Revolution of 1917 was "one of the great events of this century" and said he was "proud" to

have Communists in his government; the right-wing politicians walked out of the National Assembly in protest. The book became a publishing sensation, not only in France, where it sold fifty thousand copies within the first two weeks, but in Germany and Italy, where the reaction of the Italian Left was almost as dramatic as that of the French.

Yet for a volume whose publication was surrounded by so much politics, the *Black Book* is for the most part apolitical. Because it covers so many places over such a long period, it is of necessity condensed, and reads at times like a martyrology. Trotsky's death is dispensed with in a paragraph; more than three hundred thousand Poles are deported to Siberia in a page and a half. Fascinating stories are told only in briefest outline: the tale of the twenty-eight thousand children kidnapped during the Greek civil war by Greek Communists and deported across the border to Albania and Bulgaria, on the grounds that they would have a more humanitarian upbringing in Communist countries, for instance. Or the thousands of idealistic Finnish-Americans who emigrated to Karelia, the Finnish-speaking region of the Soviet Union, only to be arrested as spies, sometimes within days of arrival, and shot or deported to concentration camps.

In fact, the *Black Book*'s polemics are confined to the introduction, written specifically to irritate the French. Although some of Courtois's comments will annoy the English-speaking academic world (we too have our historians and journalists who were less than forthcoming about Communist crimes, and who will be less than pleased to see Hitler and Stalin mentioned in the same breath), it's hard to see Bill Clinton or Tony Blair getting worked up about it. The English language edition is unlikely to have any mainstream political impact.

But even though Europeans bought it primarily because of the controversy surrounding it, the *Black Book* does indeed surpass many of its predecessors in conveying the grand scale of the Communist tragedy, thanks to its authors' extensive use of the newly opened archives of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

When those archives first became accessible to Western scholars a decade ago, some material was released, some was not; in Russia and Eastern Europe today, certain collections remain closed to some people and opened to others, or simply closed altogether, which leads many to suspect that the most sensational documents have not yet been released. In fact, the relative dearth of sensational revelations has been a disappointment to those who hoped the opening of archives would dramatically alter our knowledge of Soviet history.

Yet this is to miss the point. What is available is often quite ordinary: the day-to-day records of the Gulag administration, for example, with inspectors' reports, financial accounts, letters from camp directors to their supervisors in Moscow. And it is the very ordinariness of such documents that matters. They may not tell us anything very new; we've known about the existence of Soviet concentration camps since the early 1920s. But the documents make the camps seem real. To tell their history, we no longer have to compare survivors' memoirs to the depiction of camps in propaganda films, no longer have to contrast Raymond Duguet on prisons with Magdeleine Marx on Soviet boutiques. The words of the camp guards themselves can be used to describe what happened.

Here, for example, is how Solzhenitsyn in *The Gulag Archipelago* describes the kulak deportations in the late 1920s and early 1930s, a period when richer peasants were removed from collectivized farms and sent to the far North to work as forced laborers. This wave of repression, he writes, drove

> a mere fifteen million peasants, maybe even more, out into the taiga and the tundra. . . . This wave poured forth, sank down into the permafrost, and even our most active minds recall hardly a thing about it. It is as if it had not even scarred the Russian conscience. And yet Stalin (and you and I as well) committed no crime more heinous than this.

By contrast, Nicolas Werth, who wrote the chapter on the same period in the *Black Book*, is able to quote from an official document from the archives in Novosibirsk. Signed by an instructor of the party committee in Narym, Western Siberia, and sent to the attention of Stalin in May 1933, it precisely describes the arrival of a group of deported peasants—labeled "outdated elements"—on the island of Nazino in the Ob river:

> The first convoy contained 5,070 people, and the second 1,044; 6,114 in all. The transport conditions were appalling: the little food that was available was inedible and the deportees were cramped into nearly airtight spaces. . . . The result was a daily mortality rate of 35-40 people. These living conditions, however, proved to be luxurious in comparison to what awaited

> the deportees on the island of Nazino. . . . There were no tools, no grain, and no food. That is how their new life began. The day after the arrival of the first convoy, on 19 May, snow began to fall again, and the wind picked up. Starving, emaciated from months of insufficient food, without shelter and without tools, . . . they were trapped. They weren't even able to light fires to ward off the cold.

By August 20, three months later, only 2,200 of 6,114 people were still alive, and those partly thanks to cannibalism. No appeals to the Russian conscience are necessary to convey the tragedy, no attacks on Stalin or Soviet society, no "you and I as well," are needed to heighten the drama. That we know this information comes from a document written by an ordinary party worker, expressly for Stalin's eyes, is enough.

Unfortunately, the enormous impact of archives on the accounting of Communist crimes also makes the *Black Book* somewhat lopsided. With the exception of Cambodia, the chapters on Asia cannot stand up to the chapters on the Soviet Union and Central Europe, since the Communist regimes in Asia are still in power and have not opened their records. In some countries, China included, researchers have been able to do field work, and there are excellent secondary sources. In others, such as North Korea, all information must still be couched in language like "it is estimated" or "there is no way of knowing exactly."

Some of the *Black Book*'s French critics attacked the book's wide geographical scope for other reasons. Accusing the authors of ignoring the importance of cultural differences, they argued that the history of so many countries could not be told in one volume. Nevertheless, Courtois and his publishers (he credits them with the idea) were right to include non-European Communist movements. For this is the other aspect of the *Black Book* that makes it different from its predecessors: Now, in the wake of the collapse of the Soviet Union, it makes sense to look back at the evolution of Communist terror as a single phenomenon, to trace the direct lines of influence, ideological and financial, from Lenin to Stalin to Mao Zedong to Ho Chi-Minh to Pol Pot, from Castro to the MPLA in Angola—to examine the spread of concentration camps from Russia to China to North Korea, and the export of the Soviet model of secret police to Cuba and East Germany.

Many of the authors in the *Black Book* attempt to put Communist movements into their cultural contexts, discussing the legacy of peasant rebellion in Russia or of slavery in Cambodia. But because communism was an anti-traditional ideology that deliberately destroyed older ways of life, the cultural differences between various national Communist parties are not, in the end, nearly as striking as their extraordinary similarities. What Jean-Louis Margolin, in his chapter on Cambodia, calls the "mania for classification and elimination of different elements of society" turns out to have been characteristic of nearly all Communist regimes: In Russia they were the "former people" or the "enemies of the people," in China they were the "blacks" as opposed to the "reds," in Cambodia they were the "75'ers," who had been expelled from cities in 1975.

From Prague to Phnom Penh, the same kind of language was used to dehumanize these enemies—"poisonous weeds," "insects"—and the same kind of fate awaited them and their families, in massacres, camps, and exile. Words and phrases invented by Lenin and his chief of secret police, Felix Dzherzhinsky, were repeated all over the world, in the most unlikely of places. As late as 1977, Mengistu launched a "Red Terror" in Ethiopia.

In the end, the very repetitiveness of these accounts produces their powerful effect. Over the past hundred years, human beings of extremely varied ethnic and political backgrounds have humiliated, imprisoned, and murdered one another in the name of various higher ideals and causes, using an ever-increasing degree of organization and technology. Each mass murderer learned from his predecessors. Each had his claque of supportive intellectuals. Each had his following among his soldiers, police, and fellow citizens. The real moral problem posed by the *Black Book* is not simply whether Stalin was as bad as Hitler. It is rather whether the history of the twentieth century hasn't given us objective and final proof of what the philosophers and theologians of a much earlier era often claimed: that human nature itself is fallen and twisted at its core—and that utopian ideologies of "liberation" which deny this fact end by causing murder on an unprecedented scale. ♦

An Ethiopian refugee camp, 1980. Inset: A Chinese execution, c. 1968.

Rich and Poor; or, the Two Christmas Dinners. A newspaper allegory, c. 1890. UPI /Corbis-Bettmann.

We Want to Be Millionaires

The relation of capitalism to democracy.

BY DANIEL J. SILVER

Capitalism and democracy are familiar bedfellows. During the heady days of communism's collapse back in 1989, it was common to hear that the free market provided an important, perhaps indispensable, setting for the growth of democratic institutions. But nowadays, when the subject comes up, the relation is made to seem almost disreputable. The "special interest" of business is said to corrupt representative government, capturing the people's democracy for capitalists' mercenary designs. It's as though we've just discovered that a worthy charity is being run with mob money.

Capitalism, Democracy, and Ralph's Pretty Good Grocery
by John Mueller
Princeton Univ. Press, 352 pp., $29.95

The political scientist John Mueller thinks our ambivalence about the relation of capitalism and democracy is based on illusions we have about both these institutions. His title, *Capitalism, Democracy, and Ralph's Pretty Good Grocery*, alludes to the store in Garrison Keillor's Lake Wobegon, which has as its motto "If you can't get it at Ralph's, you can probably get along without it." This is Mueller's theme: Both capitalism and democracy are pretty good—imperfect, not entirely satisfying, but most likely the best of their kind. They are the systems most likely to last because they are undemanding on ordinary people. Indeed, Mueller insists, ordinary people remain mystified by the workings of capitalism and democracy, and yet the systems function quite well all the same. And while, in his view, neither absolutely needs the other, on the whole they help each other along.

The image of neither capitalism nor democracy seems to fit the reality. Capitalism's image of a grasping, avaricious drive that sweeps away common decency is far worse than its reality, while democracy's image of shared values and deliberative intelligence is far better than its ugly, messy reality. Altruism has more to do with capitalism than many suspect, while greed and ambition have everything to do with democracy. Mueller argues that these "image mismatches" are themselves the cause of destructive cynicism; if we could adjust our theories to reality, we would all be better off.

"Greed . . . is good," declared Gordon Gekko in Oliver Stone's film *Wall Street*, a phrase intended to capture the amoral ethos of capitalism. And it's true that the desire to make money is the essence of capitalism. But the notion that focusing on short-term gain at the expense of all other values is the best way to do so is simply wrong. Mueller asks us to consider P.T. Barnum. The man known for his "humbugs" and who is supposed (falsely) to have said "there's a sucker born every minute," actually wrote a treatise on how to be a fair and honorable businessman. As Barnum discovered to his profit, the way to encourage people to part with their money is to convince them that you are treating them well—and the best way to convince them that you're treating them well is, in fact, to treat them well. Early circuses failed because opportunistic owners—looking only for a quick killing from the local rubes—bilked customers and let pickpockets and other

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riffraff roam the grounds. Barnum and John Ringling established fair pricing and a safe experience that drew the public year after year. So, too, Mueller reminds us of the retail revolution brought by John Wanamaker, who made a fortune with "one-price" merchandise—a price that didn't vary with haggling or changing demand—and the novel idea of letting customers return unsatisfactory goods.

Mueller also urges us to value the not-inconsiderable "heroism" of entrepreneurs, half of whose start-up businesses fail. He even finds a kind of virtue in stock speculators, who enlarge the overall economy in the quest for quick gains. Capitalism's encouragement of the aspiration to ferret out profit does serve the common good, and Mueller is hopeful about the prospects of capitalism because it requires virtually no support from outside. Even government institutions, such as reliable legal rules, tend to follow the self-regulating development of the market. He also believes that economists have finally figured out some basic truths—particularly, the imperative value of free trade—that are increasingly being established as a consensus around the world.

Mueller's minimalist conception of democracy is more controversial than his paean to capitalism. For Mueller, democracy has little to do with virtue. As long as we are all free to pursue acquisitive goals without being subject to harassment and violence, we can be fairly said to live in a democracy. In every political system, there are elites with disproportionate influence, but in a democracy, even the elites are compelled to subject themselves to the noise of the crowd. Tiny, highly disfavored groups can sometimes exert enough pressure to get what they want in a democracy; in no other system are they free even to try. Mueller calls this a system of "minority rule and majority acquiescence." For many theorists, the apathy of the majority is a critical failing in a democracy. For Mueller, apathy is not altogether bad, because without it the majority, aroused to its full militant vigilance, would crush minorities.

And there is one minority whose freedom is especially important to the success of the democratic enterprise: the rich. Mueller turns upside down the complaints of "hyperdemocrats" like Lenin, who argue that the bourgeois democracies, despite their egalitarian rhetoric, perpetuate the power of the wealthy. In fact, democracy successfully co-opts the rich, who could otherwise hire "thugs with guns" to enforce their dictates. Needless to say, in Mueller's version of democracy, egalitarian ideals get short shrift: Because power goes to the favored or loud, democracy means that we are all free to try to be unequal.

Once democratic idealism has been given a cold bath, Mueller suggests, we are in a better position to appreciate democracy. Many political theorists have argued that only special historical conditions of culture or economic development can serve as fertile soil for democracy. Mueller demands instead that we look at the post-Communist nations that have tried the democratic way: boisterous, full of often rancorous debate, sometimes verging on chaos—but without guns in the streets. That's real democracy. It's only a slavish devotion to a Norman Rockwell image of town-meeting harmony that leads us to disillusionment. For nations to adopt democracy requires, in Mueller's view, only that the elites embrace it. And to get them to do so may require nothing more than a good job of marketing—helped out by the fact that democracy's best exemplars are successful states such as the United States and Britain.

Mueller's provocative book deserves a wide audience, if only because it shows that in the right hands political theory can be engaging. Mueller writes sharp, brisk, and witty prose that is unfailingly lucid. Yet his irreverence about the role of morality might make us uneasy. After all, if democracy withers without citizens educated in virtue, as many of our Founders claimed, then it makes a difference how we live. Still, the honesty in *Capitalism, Democracy, and Ralph's Pretty Good Grocery* about the limits of idealism offers its own kind of civics lesson. At Mueller's—as at Ralph's—at least you won't get sold a bill of goods. ♦

BCA

The Justice of School Choice

A Brookings publication embraces school vouchers. **BY RICHARD W. GARNETT**

The politics of education reform are a mystery. Millionaire businessmen and conservative activists invoke civil-rights ideals to demand equality, freedom, and diversity in education—while liberals join union bosses and anti-religious activists in support of a government monopoly. Strange days indeed, when the NAACP's and ACLU's *opponents* are black schoolchildren singing "We Shall Overcome" on the courthouse steps.

Choosing Equality
School Choice, the Constitution, and Civil Society
by Joseph P. Viteritti
Brookings, 352 pp., $29.95

Enter Joseph Viteritti, whose *Choosing Equality* is a compelling cry for meaningful school choice. Viteritti is an education expert who knows the data and has studied the studies, but *Choosing Equality* is not a numbers-crunching book. Indeed, its strength lies in the fact that it builds the case for school choice not so much on an economic-efficiency

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model but on the Constitution's promise of equality. That promise was affirmed in 1954 when the Supreme Court declared in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* that no child "may reasonably be expected to succeed in life if he is denied the opportunity of an education. Such an opportunity . . . is a right that must be made available to all on equal terms." *Choosing Equality* shows that making good on *Brown*'s promise requires us to empower parents to choose the best education for their children.

Viteritti begins with the simple observation that some Americans—those with enough money—already have school choice. But the education establishment's allegiance to the government's monopoly on public education "has consigned an entire segment of the population to schools that most middle-class parents would not allow their sons and daughters to attend." The self-interest of teachers' unions, the political calculations of their elected allies, faulty constitutional reasoning, and a misplaced suspicion of religious schools have trumped the educational needs and rights of poor children. "The most compelling argument for school choice in America," Viteritti insists, "remains an egalitarian one: Education is such an essential public good for living life in a free and prosperous society that all people deserve equal access to its benefits."

Just one year after *Brown*, the economist Milton Friedman suggested replacing the government's education monopoly with a universal government-funded voucher system. Friedman was ahead of his time, but in the years that followed, many thinkers took up the idea of vouchers. Free-market economists liked the competition, liberals liked the idea of saving poor children from bad schools, and cultural and religious minorities hoped to protect their values and traditions from state-imposed homogenization.

School choice failed to catch hold in politics, however, in large part because of the vehement opposition of the teachers' unions and the increasing identification of school choice with religious conservatives. As a result, many choice supporters lowered their sights to more modest reforms, such as intra-district public-school choice, "magnet" schools, privately managed public schools, and charter schools. As *Choosing Equality* shows, these compromises share the problem of "not enough choice, too much control." Even charter schools—which provide convenient political cover for politicians required by what William Bennett has called the education-establishment "Blob" to oppose real choice—have fallen short of reformers' hopes. What Viteritti calls "Potemkin bills that pretend to be serious reforms but lack the essential ingredients of strong laws" and disingenuous lawsuits have often succeeded in hamstringing charter schools with the same regulations that cripple the public schools.

"Controlled choice" doesn't work, but, Viteritti insists, real choice can, *if* private and religious schools are included in parents' educational menu. In emphasizing the importance of eschewing discrimination against religious schools, Viteritti follows John Chubb and Terry Moe, who proposed in 1990 a program through which public, private, and religious schools would compete for government money. Chubb and Moe transformed school choice from a topic for dusty policy journals to a national political issue, and by 1997 the "paradoxical politics of choice" were at center stage. A liberal president who "defined himself as a champion of the poor" killed a modest voucher proposal for poor children in the District of Columbia that the plan's intended beneficiaries—the District's low-income, predominantly black residents—overwhelmingly supported. As Viteritti observes, President Clinton's uncharacteristic fortitude in opposing choice "epitomized one of the great dilemmas of liberal Democratic politics: On the one hand, sympathetic to the plight of the disadvantaged, concerned with the tragic condition of public education in cities; on the other hand, deeply indebted to the education establishment and the powerful teachers' unions."

Even as the president was making the District of Columbia safe for monopoly, however, a number of local and private initiatives around the country were serving as "laboratories for experimentation with an idea whose time had finally come." In Atlanta, at a ceremony for the forty-thousand students awarded scholarships through Ted Forstmann and John Walton's Children's Scholarship Fund, former mayor Andrew Young declared, "In the words of the old Negro spiritual: Great Day!" In Milwaukee, Polly Williams, a black, single mother of four, joined hands with Howard Fuller, a community activist and unlikely superintendent of schools, to beat back the unions and, eventually, to enact a limited scholarship program for poor children. And in Cleveland, Fannie Lewis, the indefatigable councilwoman from Cleveland's low-income, primarily black, Hough neighborhood, allied with David Brennan, a wealthy Ohio businessman, to push a choice program through the Ohio legislature.

Notwithstanding black parents' overwhelming support for the scholarship proposals, however, "public interest" legal organizations rushed to attack in the courts what they couldn't defeat in the legislatures. The Wisconsin Supreme Court held that the Milwaukee program did not violate the First Amendment. But in Cleveland, the anti-choice interest groups managed to convince a federal judge, just days before the opening of the school year, to pull thousands of poor children out of their chosen schools. The judge later reconsidered, and the Supreme Court stayed his ruling, keeping the Cleveland program running. But its legal status remains uncertain.

The Milwaukee and Cleveland cases illustrate how church-state jurisprudence stymies meaningful school reform. "The idea of strict separation is," as Viteritti puts it, "of recent vintage and, so far as the Supreme Court is concerned, was short lived." As late as the 1950s, the Supreme Court was still mostly accomodationalist in its religion jurisprudence. But the 1970s "ushered in a ten-year period of judicial decision-making that was confused and incoherent in its thinking. If there was any rhyme or reason to the Court's First Amendment jurisprudence, it coalesced around a separationalist philosophy that was insensitive to the interests of religious believers and out of touch with a tradition of toleration that dates back to the first Congress of the United States." It is this dark decade that provides anti-choice lawyers with their "arsenal of legal precedent."

Over the last fifteen years, the Supreme Court has done much to undo the damage, holding in a series of cases that the Constitution requires neutrality, not hostility, toward religion and religious schools. Most Court watchers agree that it is only a matter of time before the Court finally repudiates voucher opponents' favorite weapon, the 1973 *Nyquist* case, which struck down a New York program that provided public assistance to parochial schools.

But there are other obstacles ahead. *Choosing Equality*'s most important contribution to the legal debate is its discussion of the "common school" myth that provides so much of the rhetorical ammunition for the defenders of monopoly and their analysis of the various state constitutional provisions that grew out of nineteenth-century nativist movements and forbid aid to religious schools.

Like most choice supporters, Viteritti strongly endorses public funding of education, but he argues that "there is no episode in the American chronicle that better illustrates the inherent dangers of majority rule that so preoccupied Madison than the history of the common school." It was only in reaction to the waves of Catholic and Jewish immigrants in the nineteenth century that the idea of a "common school" system began to catch hold as a way of Americanizing the newcomers and freeing them from their native superstitions. "One cannot reasonably separate," Viteritti insists, "the founding of the American common school from the obtrusive nativism that had its origins at the Protestant pulpit during the early nineteenth century."

The common-school movement was not a civil-society triumph, but a "telling story of the risks involved when a political majority is allowed to establish a monopoly."

The common schools' nativist agenda was supplemented with laws banning government support of parochial schools. Maine congressman James G. Blaine proposed to correct the "defect" in the United States Constitution that permitted states to aid parochial schools, and though the "Blaine Amendment"—which would have done to the Constitution's text what the Supreme Court later did through interpretation—failed, radical Republicans managed to get "baby Blaine amendments" inserted in the constitutions of nearly thirty states. This "unholy alliance between the public-school lobby and nativist political forces would carry over well into the twentieth century," and continues even today when voucher opponents hint darkly about the insidious influence of the Catholic Church, and some liberal academics emphasize the public schools' important mission to liberate students "from the ways of thinking imposed by religions and other traditions of thought."

Choosing Equality shows that Blaine's legacy and the intransigence of the education establishment are undermining the ideals demanded by *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. Viteritti has wisely shifted—or at least re-focused—the terms of the school-choice debate from economics to equality, citizenship, and civil society.

In the end, it is not enough to say that religious schools educate well or that school choice would promote efficiency. The best argument for school choice, Viteritti shows, is that it is essential to achieving equality of opportunity for American children, rich or poor. School choice treats the poor as citizens of equal dignity; it promotes the independence upon which constitutional government depends; and it empowers parents to transmit their values to their children. The advocates of school choice, not the public-education monopoly, are the people who promise to invigorate public life, create more capable citizens, bring together the races, and make good on the Constitution's promises. ♦

William T. Sherman on his march through Georgia. UPI/Corbis-Bettmann.

Men in Arms

Autocratic generals and democratic armies.

BY TOM DONNELLY

The relation between a democratic nation and a democratic army is paradoxical. Democratic peoples are reluctant to go to war, and yet, when roused to fight, they often reveal a surprising martial spirit and skill. "A long war," as Alexis de Tocqueville put it, "has the same effect on a democratic army as a revolution has on the people themselves. It breaks down rules and makes outstanding men come forward."

This is the grand theme of the classicist Victor Davis Hanson's latest volume, *The Soul of Battle*. Linking the stories of Theban general Epaminondas' Peloponnesian campaigns in the fourth century B.C., the Union general William Tecumseh Sherman's sweep "from Atlanta to the sea" in 1864, and George S. Patton's dash across France in 1944, Hanson celebrates three democratic "armies of a season" that ended the great affronts to human liberty of their day: Spartan helotage, Confederate slavery, and German Nazism.

The Soul of Battle
From Ancient Times to the Present Day, How Three Great Liberators Vanquished Tyranny
by Victor Davis Hanson
Free Press, 544 pp., $30

Hanson's aim is essentially moral rather than military. The Soviet Red Army arguably did more to destroy the German army than Patton achieved, just as Ulysses S. Grant arguably did more to bring the Civil War to its end than Sherman managed. Yet it was the American army that produced the free Germany of today, just as it was Sherman's march that destroyed the cultural and political basis of slavery. Likewise, Hanson makes a convincing case that it was Epaminondas who should be hailed as the great champion of Greek political liberty in place of Pericles (whom Hanson regards as an agent of Athenian imperialism).

But by making an explicit link between political ideology and the performance of soldiers, Hanson helps restore an essential element to discussions about the military. Individual conscience contributes as much to "unit cohesion" as fear of dishonor or love of one's comrades; "combat effectiveness" has a moral component. Sherman's men were rough Midwesterners, bred largely to small-farm life and reared to self-reliance. And though they shared the racial prejudices of their day, exposure to the realities of a slave society made them merciless in their contempt of Southern aristocrats and almost gleeful in their pillaging.

The argument in *The Soul of Battle* weakens, however, when the author attempts to connect democratic morality not just to the question of military effectiveness, but to the question of tactics as well. Hanson believes that the preference for maneuver rather than battle uniquely suited Epaminondas, Sherman, and Patton to their task: "All three generals agreed that grand envelopment was the proper paradigm for an army that was a reflection of a restless, if not fickle, democratic citizenry ever eager to abandon the fray should the war be prolonged or go bad."

This is at best a false dichotomy. There has never been a successful general who would not prefer to maneuver. Even Grant, whom Hanson constantly denigrates in comparison to Sherman, maneuvered as best he could within the confines of his mission, the terrain, and his logistics. Conversely, it would be difficult to find more daring tactical leaders than Lee or Stonewall Jackson, though they served the cause of slavery.

In his eagerness to draw the lesson of his narrative, Hanson styles himself an apostle of the "indirect approach" as

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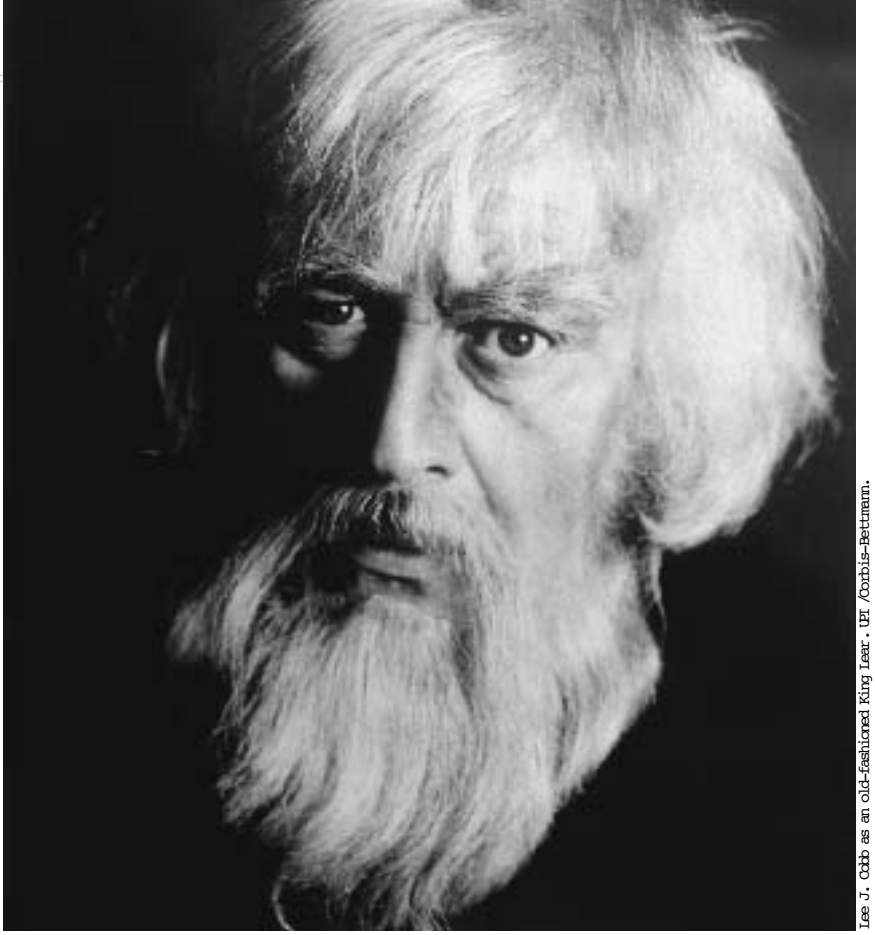
advocated by the eccentric British strategist and journalist Basil Liddell Hart, a man who claimed the brilliant Nazi maneuverists of the blitzkrieg as his disciples. Fretting repeatedly about democracies' aversion to casualties, Hanson also shares some of Liddell Hart's revulsion at the reality of warfare as killing. Liddell Hart never recovered from his experience of trench warfare in World War I, and the result of his influence was British generals and British politicians unprepared for Hitler's challenge. Thus, Hanson's paean to his three great liberators concludes with the dark thought that "the great danger of the present age is that democracy may never again marshal the will to march against and ultimately destroy evil."

If the American record of the past fifty years is anything to go on, the will power of democratic peoples can be a more constant force than Hanson imagines, and democratic armies can endure in the cause of freedom for more than "a season." One can wish with Hanson that Sherman rather than Colin Powell had been the architect of the Gulf War, but could even Epaminondas have achieved more from Operation Allied Force in Serbia than NATO commander General Wesley Clark? By every account, the mercurial Clark bullied superiors and allies alike in pursuit of victory over evil; since the war, he has suffered a similar fate to that of Epaminondas, Sherman, and Patton—cast aside by his political masters.

Perhaps the "soul of battle" is never entirely extinguished from democratic armies. The actions of America and its allies in opposing evil over the past decade suggest that the martial spirit of liberty may be stronger and more varied than even Hanson can admit. It expresses itself now more mutedly, in the brief appearance of American troops in Kosovo, Bosnia, East Timor, or the skies over Iraq, rather than so grandly as in the epics of Epaminondas, Sherman, and Patton. Democratic armies, wrote Tocqueville, enjoy hidden strengths "which no other armies ever possess; and these advantages, which attract little notice at first, cannot fail in the end to give them the victory." ♦



Lee J. Cobb as an old-fashioned King Lear. UPI /Corbis-Bettmann.

Shakespeare in Trouble

Mute Cordelias, cross-dressing Hamlets, and other willfulness. **BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER**

Early this century, on New York's Lower East Side, where the Yiddish theater thrived and Shakespeare was an audience favorite, the playbill for a famous Second Avenue production read: "*Hamlet*, bei William Shakespeare, fartaytch un farbessert"—*Hamlet*, by William Shakespeare, translated and improved.

The urge to translate and improve upon the master turns out, unfortunately, not to be the exclusive property of recent immigrants. It is by now the norm. One citadel of translation and improvement is Washington's renowned Shakespeare Theatre. ("The nation's foremost Shakespeare company"—the *Wall Street Journal*.)

I got hooked on the Shakespeare Theatre about four years ago, by a brilliantly staged production of *Henry V*. I was so impressed, I took out a subscription. But I have since paid a heavy price: So much translation, so much improvement, so much wincing, nay, recoiling.

I am not talking here about such conventional devices as abridging the text or using period costume. I am talking about the directorial flourishes that deliberately invade the text, often in pursuit of some crashingly banal political or social statement. Such as staging *Othello* with colors reversed, the Moor being white, Iago and Desdemona and the rest being black.

Or take this year's *The Trojan Women* (the season includes one or two non-Shakespeare classics) with costume and scenery—ominous, heavy metallic architectural forms—making loud allusion to the Holocaust. And for those who don't quite get it, there is a gratuitous opening moment before any dialogue when a woman prisoner runs naked across the stage into an open shower.

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And now *King Lear*. They can't really ruin *Lear*, can they? Prepare yourself.

I don't object to the Edwardian period dress. But why, in God's name, the giant birthday cake in the opening scene? Candles lit, it is brought out to Lear and then—I'm not making this up—the whole assembly of daughters and courtiers bursts into a rendition of Happy Birthday.

The trope is then reinforced when Lear divides his kingdom among his daughters by carving a map of icing on the cake. This knowing, winking anachronism (lifted from *The Godfather II*, in which Hyman Roth similarly carves up Cuba) can only be described as camp. It's a joke on the play and the audience, in which the audience is supposed to join in taking ironic distance—that modern conceit—from the play itself.

Some of the other clang devices are by now routine for the Shakespeare Theatre: the minimalist staging (a flat set, Godot-like in its barrenness, barely changing whether it's supposed to be a raging heath or a sumptuous castle), costumes as deliberately flattened as the sets (the King of France in tux), and, once again, the ever-present coarse metallic background (the clichéd Holocaust-totalitarianism motif).

But one device is not routine at all. Even after the cake, it comes as a shock—an in-your-face, look-at-me piece of directorial arrogance. When it is the turn of Cordelia, the good daughter, to speak, she does so—in sign. She is mute. As she signs, her lines are spoken to the other characters by Fool (and later, by France).

Of all the people to be robbed of speech: Cordelia. And robbed by whom? This coup of political correctness is particularly egregious because it so contradicts Shakespeare. In his dying moments, Lear says movingly of Cordelia, *her voice was ever soft, / gentle, and low, an excellent thing in a woman*.

It is one thing to take liberties with ambiguities. Or to seize upon holes in the text to drive through one's own sensibility. But to do it in contradiction to the text is sheer willfulness.

This willfulness is, of course, in perfect synchrony with the prevailing academic notion of the critic being superior to the author. Indeed, the author must be stripped of all authority over his creation, lest we lapse into authoritarianism. He loses control of the text the minute pen leaves paper. There is no real text, only what the reader makes of it. And the reader—which in this case means the director—can make of it what he wants.

Just a few months ago, the company's production of *The Merchant of Venice* totally inverted the character of Lorenzo. His every profession of love is undermined by a stage action—fingering Jessica's jewels or throwing a knowing wink—that tells the audience that he is a knave and that every word Shakespeare put in his mouth is meant to be taken ironically.

The *coup de grâce* occurs when one of Portia's suitors, the Prince of Arragon, arrives. Says Shakespeare: "with train." Says the Shakespeare Theatre: with dwarf, racing silently about making lewd gestures. As if modern audiences cannot take Shakespeare straight without some camp conceit for comic relief.

If this were the story of just one theater (albeit one the *Economist* calls "one of the world's three great Shakespearean theaters"), it would be an amusing curiosity. Unfortunately, the Shakespeare Theatre of Washington is not at all unique. Modern artists everywhere feel impelled to draw mustaches on the work of the great. It is, in part, an act of defiance. But it is more often a sign of desperation, an unwitting acknowledgment of the smallness of our time.

And yet, despite these travesties, the Bard still triumphs. We are still moved. He still speaks to us above and around and despite these febrile attempts at translation and improvement. That is the good news. The bad news is about us, plagued by a narcissism that forces even Shakespeare to struggle to be heard above our preening din.

Across town, the rival Folger Shakespeare Theater is putting on a production of *Hamlet* in which the role of Hamlet is divided (within each performance) among four actors, three of whom are women in cross-dress. Says Kate Norris, one of the quarter-Hamlets, "We have so much fun on this thing." Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were executed for less. ♦

"To call him a lightweight would be like calling Plato a lightweight."
—South Carolina attorney general Charlie Condon discussing George W. Bush on CNN's Inside Politics, November 23, 1999

THE DIALOGUES OF BUSHUS

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE: *Bushus, Governor*
Alcibiades
Rovus

SCENE: The banquet room, governor's mansion

Rovus: Greetings, Governor Bushus. Alcibiades and I were just discussing the nature of compassion and its relation to conservatism. If any.

Bushus: That's terrific, Rovus. Let me tell you, it's great to be wearing a toga again. I haven't worn one of these babies since the DKE House at Yale. Did I ever tell you about the time we ran a pair of knickers up the flagpole and . . .

Rovus: Indeed you have, Bushus, many times. But the question Alcibiades raised has to do with the origins of compassion.

Bushus: And it's a darn good question, too, Rovus. Rovus-Povus. You mind if I give you a nickname? Rovus-Povus-Bovus. But listen: Wouldn't we be more comfortable having this dialogue down in the baths?

Rovus: I'm afraid not, sir. The baths are where all the Log Cabin Republicans hang out. You have said you will not meet with them.

Bushus: And I won't, Rovus. See, I am a uniter, not a divider.

Rovus: But for a thing to be divided, must it not first be united? What is the quality of unity that differentiates it from division?

Bushus: I don't want to get into the complexities, R-P. When the time comes, I'll be able to seek advice from the best epistemologists. What the people need to know is that I'll lead in the new Bronze Age economy. If we have to go to war with the Spartians, then . . .

Rovus: You mean *Spartans*.

Bushus: Whatever. I'm not going to play "gotcha" with you, Bovus. That's not what these dialogues are about. They're about vision. They're about dialogue. They're about having the vision to have a dialogue. You know, Athenia . . .

Rovus: You mean Athens.

Bushus: The Athenites need to know that their leader will not send their sons off to fight in a war they can't win, like in the Pubic Wars.

Rovus: You mean . . . oh, never mind.