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ARAFAT'S WAR

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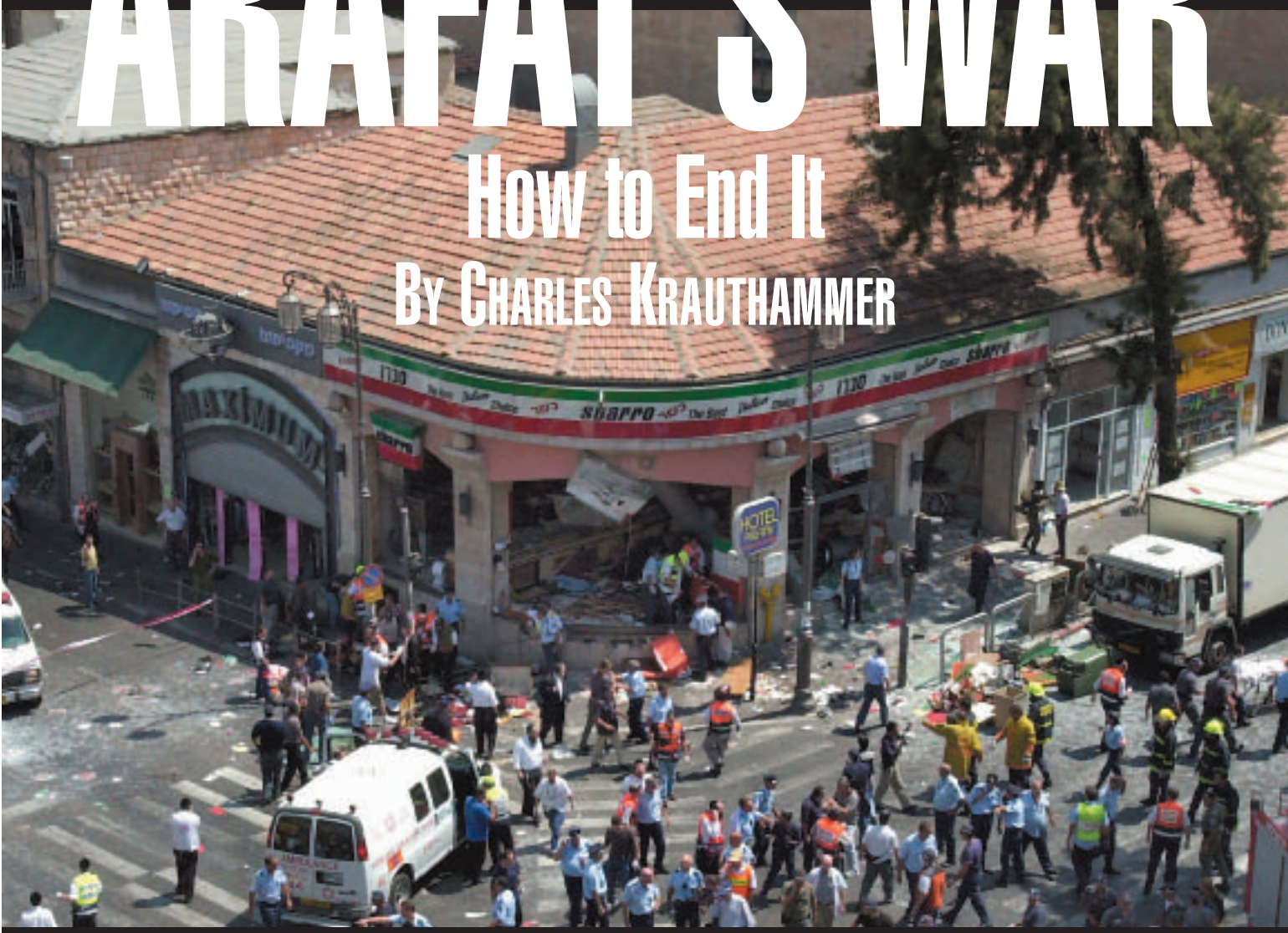

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

Because I Got My MTV

Watching the culture for signs of decline is usually a volume business, but sometimes an item cries out for individual attention. This week it's the phenomenal success of "Because I Got High," a disarmingly cute song about smoking pot by a Mississippi rapper who calls himself Afroman. Radio stations across the country have been absolutely barraged with requests to play the song, which entered *Billboard*'s Top 20 last week after outstanding gains the week before.

"With its lazy baseline, subversive doo-wop harmonies and sing-along hook," writes a critic from *Variety*, "Afroman's 'Because I Got High' is the likely winner in the song of the summer sweepstakes." It has made the once obscure Afroman, né Joseph Foreman, into an overnight celebrity who has now been interviewed by *Time*, the *Washington Post*, and Howard Stern, among others. His fame is certain to increase with the opening of Kevin Smith's new movie *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*, on whose soundtrack "Because I Got High" can be heard.

And yet, despite all this hype, MTV refused to play the song's video because it was too pro-marijuana. They insisted that some scenes first be deleted.

The *New York Post*, among others, found this quite ironic, given MTV's unequaled permissiveness in every other area of programming. Where does a cable channel get off broadcasting *Undressed*, a graphic comedy about teenagers having sex, or *Jackass*, a variety show featuring a guy who will accept practically any dare short of killing himself, while refusing to play a video that "actually points out the negative aspects of drug use"? The *Wall Street Journal* seconded that motion and wondered, "Is someone at MTV too stoned to think straight?"

Not that THE SCRAPBOOK wants to become known as an authority on the subject, but it strikes us that MTV knows more about marijuana than either the *Post* or the *Journal*. "Because I Got High" is as "negative" about pot as a Cheech and Chong movie. The singer does complain that getting high has stopped him from showing up to class ("I could've cheated and I could've passed") or to work, and has stopped him from having sex and making his child-support payments, but this is no story of personal downfall. "Because I Got High" doesn't so much warn against being a pothead, as make the pothead an object of fun, a sort of charming layabout and likable screwup.

In fact, "Because I Got High" was recorded with several voices on it to create the sense of a bunch of goof-offs sitting around while one of them leads the group through the verses of this rollicking call-and-response song. And the biggest laughline on the recording comes right after the singer says he should've pulled over when he saw the cops, but he had gotten high. "Now I'm a paraplegic, and I know why / yeah, yeah / because I got high, because I got high . . ." If anything, the song makes light of drug-induced disaster.

It's a pity that the most humorous pop song in recent years is about getting high, but THE SCRAPBOOK is pleased to find MTV for once on the right side of the culture war. ♦

Unleash Hyde

Rep. Henry Hyde proves himself a political treasure in both hemispheres. Late last week, on August 24, Hyde was in Taiwan to speak to the Chinese National Association of Industry and Commerce. People on the mainland won't be allowed to read what he said. But here in the States, we don't have that problem, so THE SCRAPBOOK figures it will pass along the choicest part of Hyde's address. We particularly commend it to our friends at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

"Taiwan's mere existence as a prosperous and stable Chinese democracy is a challenge to the regime in Beijing because it is proof that its propaganda about the impossibility of democracy in China is false. Democracy is not only possible in China; it already exists. Taiwan proves that an authoritarian regime is not necessary for stability and for progress, that democracy will actually enhance these. This great truth is not limited to Taiwan; it embraces all of China.

"This is a deeply disquieting message to the regime, even if delivered quietly. I believe it is one reason why the regime in Beijing is so determined to bring Taiwan under its control.

"So that there is no ambiguity, no misunderstanding, the United States must publicly state that we will never allow Beijing to subvert or destroy the world's only functioning Chinese democracy and thereby eliminate its subtle, yet powerful influence on the Chinese people. The eventual freedom of one-fifth of humanity is simply too important to us and to the future of the world.

"Instead of backing away from Taiwan, we should hold its democracy up as an inspiring example to all of China. We must protect it, not only because we have a duty to come to the defense of freedom, but because it provides tangible hope that the world's largest nation, with its ancient and profound civilization, will one day enter the ranks of the free nations of the world." ♦

Greider's Block

Nation columnist William Greider once described Treasury secretary Paul O'Neill as sounding like "Uncle Bonzo, flapping his gums with crank pronouncements on how the world ought to work." It's an apt description of Greider himself. Take his latest column.

Greider is very angry with Daniel Patrick Moynihan for his work on President Bush's Social Security commission. Moynihan's commission, charged with exploring policy alternatives to keep Social Security solvent, is playing "deceitful word games" on the American people, Greider complains. Worse, he writes, "Big media, with a few honorable exceptions, are respectfully swallowing the big lies."

Now, we're not normally defenders of "big media," but listen to Greider's example: "In its news columns, the *Washington Post* described defenders of Social Security as 'know-nothings' and 'Luddites.'" In its news columns? Yet another example of the *Post*'s well-known pro-Bush bias?

Well, not exactly. Here's how the actual passage, from a July 25 piece by Amy Goldstein, reads:

"In an uncommonly vitriolic exchange for a presidential commission early in its work, panel members called their opponents 'know-nothings' and 'Luddites.' In turn, a key House Democrat called on President Bush to 'throw out this commission that has no credibility' and begin direct, bipartisan negotiations over Social Security's future."

The only "big lies" and "deceitful word games" here are Greider's. ♦

Welcome to Milwaukee

Several weeks ago, THE SCRAPBOOK wondered with amusement at Milwaukee mayor John Norquist's rather enthusiastic embrace of American Communists. In a letter welcoming the Communist Party U.S.A. to its convention in Brew City, Norquist boasted that the city is "widely known for our socialist traditions" and its people "share many things in common with the long history of the Communist Party and all those engaged in the fight for a decent life for working families."

Norquist's spokesman, Steve Filmanowicz, assured THE SCRAPBOOK that Norquist had nothing to do with the letter. The mayor, he added, was on vacation at the time.

But Norquist was in Milwaukee last week, when President George W. Bush visited the city to address a VFW conference. And though Norquist found time to speak to the veterans, he didn't apparently have time for an appearance or two with the leader of the free world.

Norquist insists it wasn't a snub, and the Bush White House has taken no offense. But others aren't so sure.

"Generally, if a public official of a top level comes to town, the mayor greets him or her, even if that person is of another party," said former Milwaukee mayor Frank Zeidler, a Socialist. "If Bush can meet Putin, an ordinary Democrat can meet Bush." ♦

Casual

Right out of College

When I left home for my freshman year of college three years ago, my mother and father did what every diligent parent since Polonius has: They sat me down for the Talk. Unlike most 18-year-olds about to set off into the world, however, I did not receive the usual warnings about drugs, alcohol, or my maidenhood. As I was headed for Harvard University, famous for its dearth of both social scene and attractive men, perhaps these didn't seem like pressing concerns. Instead, my mother placed her hand on mine, gazed at me earnestly, and, with tear-filled eyes, implored, "Honey, . . . don't become a liberal."

Her fears were well founded. Of some 2,000 faculty members at Harvard, all of 6 identify themselves as conservative. On the way to class each morning, I pass a Communist bookstore, a gaggle of protestors wielding flourescent "Free Mumia" posters, and, if the weather's good, an encampment of Abercrombie-clad Progressive Students Labor Movement members subjecting Harvard Yard to their noise pollution and odor while trying to replace the collective bargaining process of the university workers' union with their own smoothie-sipping authority. Once I actually enter the lecture hall, the timbre of discussion is much the same—sans smoothies.

And yet I was not tempted. I had figured that being surrounded by the most brilliant liberal minds in the country might make me waver in my own beliefs. After all, as a pro-gay marriage vegetarian from California, I've often strayed from the GOP line. But being immersed in left-wing intellectualism—even subjected to the chastisements of my friends in the dining hall each evening—only made me more steadfast in my perceptions.

I certainly did some soul-searching. Last year, for example, one of my advisers in the English department explained to me that the study of literature was, in its entirety, incompatible with conservatism. A text, it would seem, was inherently evolving, and conservatism demanded an adherence to the static. I was floored. I returned to my room, with its shelves of Keats and Hardy, and wondered if I was a pseudo-intellectual, an oxymoron. And then laughed. I had been studying English for five semesters. Unless, in some sort of postmodern way, I did not in fact exist (which was entirely within the realm of possibility, according to our philosophy department), my adviser's argument was difficult to grasp because it was ridiculous.

Another moment of self-evaluation came when the Radcliffe Union of Students (the women's group to which every female undergraduate technically belongs) put on its annual "Take Back the Night Week," to raise awareness of violence against women. In a candle-holding, group-swaying sort of way, they touched on some genuine issues, but one item on the agenda shocked me: the Pro-Choice Activism Workshop.

Apparently, the RUS purported to speak for every woman in the college on a highly divisive issue. Though unsure of my own moral view of abortion, I was furious that women—or supporters of women's rights—were automatically taken to be pro-choice. When I said as much in an op-ed for the *Harvard Crimson*, I was put in my place by a (male) letter writer, who said my supporting the right of pro-life females not to be spoken for was tantamount to endorsing the rape of women.

So, here I am, living an enormous lie. Not only am I not an English major, apparently I'm not a woman either. And my mother thought I would be swayed by these arguments?

While I've accepted the role of everyone's favorite token conservative at school, I am perpetually frustrated by my position at the margin of discourse at the college I've grown to love. My observation is hardly original: The liberal indoctrination at universities isn't exactly a news flash. I suppose I'd like to raise a challenge to those conservative thinkers who hesitate to head east for college.

I've found only a refined understanding of my beliefs in the often stimulating, often infuriating, forum of a "liberal" liberal arts institution. And I can't help but believe that once more of us endure trial by ideological fire, we'll have a better chance of restoring balance to the academic discussion. So parents, don't worry: Send your kids to Harvard (or Brandeis or even—shudder—Yale). They'll stay conservative. Just remember to mention a few of those other cautions during the Talk.

Erin Sheley

Correspondence

Stem Cell Double Take

As Eric Cohen and William Kristol note ("Cloning, Stem Cells and Beyond," August 13), the supposed justification for embryonic stem cell research is that amazing cures for diseases such as Parkinson's supposedly lie just around the corner if only, so goes the end-justifies-the-means argument, scientists can have those "surplus" embryos that are going to be "discarded" anyway.

Remember all those amazing cures that were supposed to come from rare plants to be found in the rain forest? After decades of looking, no one has even found a decent weed to make tea with.

The fact is these miracle cures are neither imminent or inevitable. Stem cells can grow into many things. But we don't know how to control what they grow into or to make them do it on command.

It is a myth that embryonic stem cells are the only or even the best source for research into possibly curing Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, or other diseases. Stem cells taken from umbilical cord blood have improved the health of a 13-year-old Arizona boy dying from leukemia, who received the experimental treatment when no matching bone marrow donor could be found (The Scrapbook, August 6). On July 24 he passed his 100th day of survival, a "milestone" according to his doctors.

Dr. John P. Chute, director of the adult stem cell research lab at the Navy Medical Research Institute, reports that in research on curing radiation sickness, which functionally destroys bone marrow, blood stem cells were isolated, replicated, and transplanted back into baboons that were exposed to a lethal dose of radiation. The replicated stem cells regenerated their bone marrow, which began producing healthy white blood cells again. They were cured.

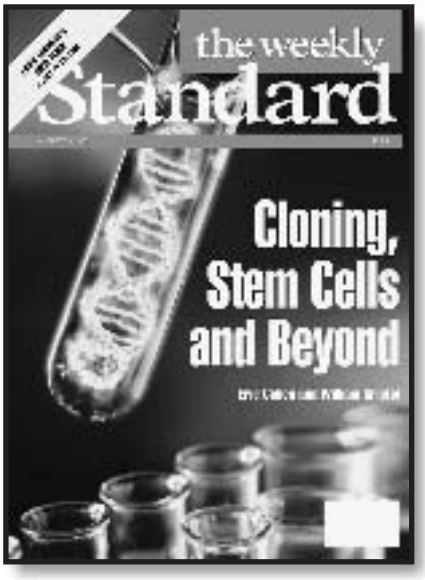
Most current breakthroughs in stem cell research have involved non-embryonic stem cells. Johns Hopkins School of Medicine researchers have injected non-embryonic stem cells into the spinal fluid of paralyzed mice and rats, half of which partially or fully recovered.

Life begins at conception, and it is a nonsensical argument to say a human embryo should be killed and made useful because it is going to die anyway. Prisoners on death row are going to die anyway, yet we do not harvest the organs they will no longer need.

We don't know if we can find a cure for Parkinson's using embryonic stem cells. But maybe one of the human embryos we let live will grow up to find a cure.

Daniel John Sobieski
Chicago, IL

I join Eric Cohen and William Kristol in applauding the recent House vote for a total ban on human cloning. Like them, I consider so-called "therapeutic cloning" to be oversold on its scientific merits, and a dangerous first step to a Huxley-esque future. Their article, however, goes far beyond reiterating their



opposition to cloning and embryonic stem cell research, and for the first time brings into the mainstream a broader argument against biomedicine per se. This argument is flawed both in rhetoric and substance.

First, in defining the sides of the cloning/stem cell debate, the authors describe the pro-cloning forces as "hubristic scientists," one of several slurs against the research community as a whole, yet all of their relevant quotes come from lobbyists and congresspeople! Why not quote Ian Wilmut, creator of Dolly the sheep, who has been outspoken in his opposition to human cloning on medical and social grounds? Nor is Wilmut exceptional, as he was joined by many of his mainstream colleagues in a recent National Academy of Sciences forum essentially devoted to the scientific case against cloning.

As for myself, please remove me from the "hubristic scientist" category, and lump me in with the "anguished moderates." I am proud to share this label with Charles Krauthammer, whom the authors approvingly quote in spite of his repeated calls for combining federal funding for embryonic stem cell research with a cloning ban. The authors are apparently unembarrassed to be grouped with the environmental and anti-corporate leftists who have turned Seattle, Quebec City, and Genoa into bloody war zones. In such hysterical company, it is unsurprising that Cohen and Kristol go on to claim that the quest to halt disease—regardless of whether adult or embryonic stem cells are used—"may end as a 'compassionate' effort to stamp out the diseased themselves."

Such a leap requires more than faith to sustain it, yet the authors provide no support for their insistence that the ultimate end of biomedicine is eugenics. Do the authors also object to laser surgery to correct eyesight? Why not prohibit the use of eyeglasses, since they reflect the same desire to "conquer nature, relieve man's estate" that the authors find so troublesome? In fact, these approaches are anti-eugenic, because they allow those born with deficits to overcome their "lot in life." This logic also applies to the proposed uses of stem cells to treat diabetes, Parkinson's, or spinal cord injuries. Cohen and Kristol court absurdity in suggesting that to treat such diseases is to seek the perfection of man. Bravo for the vigorous insistence that the ends do not justify the means, but spare us the postmodernist nostalgia for medieval sensibilities.

Charles Murtaugh
Molecular and Cellular Biology Fellow
Harvard University
Cambridge, MA

Murder by Numbers

William Tucker's article on capital punishment ("Capital Punishment Works," August 13) is a fine one, but the chart on the first page of the arti-

cle has the wrong scale on the right side. It purports to tell us that homicides ranged between 150 and about 75 per 100,000 between 1930 and 1999. That's far too high. As the chart on the next page shows, the rate must have been lower than 9 per 100,000 in all years from 1990 through 1999. The scale on the left side, which relates the number of executions during the same period, has thoughtlessly been reproduced on the right side of the chart.

THEODORE W. VOLCKHAUSEN
New York, NY

INDEFENSIBLE

THE WEEKLY STANDARD'S VITRIOLIC attack on defense secretary Donald Rumsfeld and his deputy Paul Wolfowitz ("No Defense," July 23) is unwarranted. Not only is William Kristol and Robert Kagan's verdict on the White House defense agenda premature, but it aims arrows in the wrong direction.

President Bush did not create the military deficit this nation is now grappling with; he inherited it. In fact, the new administration has proposed the highest defense budget in a decade—and with a $32.6 billion increase over last year, it offers the most significant jump in spending during that time. Rather, it was eight straight years of defense cuts under the Clinton administration that prevented us from pursuing military modernization. The former White House was more interested in using the military as a social experimentation lab than in transforming it into a force capable of meeting 21st-century security requirements. Its continual defense cuts and 124 unbudgeted military deployments left our troops ragged, their equipment worn, and our defense budget hundreds of billions deeper in the financial hole. It is going to take time to undo the damage inflicted on the military by the Clinton team.

The first Bush administration had a well-defined security strategy to take us into the 21st century, and it initiated a logical, policy-driven restructuring of our forces to support it. But the plan laid out by then defense secretary Dick Cheney was never completed, and the policies on which it was based were thrown out the window by his successors in the Clinton administration. Much more content to focus on their ambitious social agenda, the "Clintonistas" left our services hanging in a post-Cold War purgatory. Whether by design or neglect, the Clinton team left our services to muddle through without clear guidance. Despite their smaller numbers and reduced assets as a result of the positive Cheney restructuring, our troops were suddenly being asked to deploy at unprecedented levels, and they were wearing down their equipment in the process. Those deployments were not based on any overarching security strategy, but on political whim. It's not hard to see how this excess could have left our troops around the globe feeling that their mission was less driven by a clear foreign policy than by public opinion polls.

President George W. Bush has pledged to restore our military strength, and to do so on the basis of a sound security strategy. But a lot has happened since his father left office, and after almost a decade of turbulence, he is right to reassess where we are now and where we should be going in the future. He has tasked Secretary Rumsfeld and Deputy Secretary Wolfowitz to oversee one of the most extensive reviews of our security posture ever undertaken in peacetime. By Rumsfeld's own admission, that review is taking more time than he originally expected. Fortunately, it is nearing completion, and the results will be incorporated into the Quadrennial Defense Review expected this fall. Until that occurs it is only a guess as to how we should be shaping our military forces.

We shouldn't be throwing money at problems until we know what they are, and until we know what it will cost to fix them. I would agree with the authors that we are likely to need more money, not less, to accomplish our security objectives. But when we have more detailed guidance, we can debate the budget issues. Congress has not crafted its defense spending bills yet, and there is still time to increase funds for the next fiscal year if the findings warrant it.

In the meantime, what we should be doing is ensuring that today's fighting forces have the training and operational equipment to get back into fighting shape. We should be providing funds to ensure that military families are getting more equitable pay and adequate health care coverage for their families. It is time to move ahead with missile defense and ensure that our nation is not left undefended. President Bush has plans to do all of that, and that is why he has already proposed an $18.4 billion increase and the largest defense budget in 10 years. Given the failed Clinton policies of the '90s and the devastation they have caused within our military, it is unfair to lay blame for the pent-up frustration among our fighting forces at the door of the new administration. At least for now let's give the secretary and his deputy the time and support they need to carry out the president's promise.

U.S. REP. RANDY CUNNINGHAM
(R-California)
Washington, DC

SNOODY LETTER

WOE IS ME, I'M HOOKED! I read Christopher Caldwell's Casual ("Snoodist Colony," August 13) and, being the curious sort, I researched the game Snood on the Internet. Happily, I found that one could download a trial version for free. The very next day, I purchased it. The rest, as they say, is history.

I'm a middle-aged, middle-management female, and I'm an addict. I need to find a "Snoodists Anonymous" group to help wean me from grabbing my laptop every evening as soon as supper is over to play my next game.

By the way, I scoff at Caldwell's "high" score of 44,545. ("If there's anyone in the entire WEEKLY STANDARD readership who's matched it—and I rather suspect there is not—I'd love to hear from him.") Within three days of first touching the game, my high score was 56,323. And I'm not even a "him."

SANDY HEBENSTREIT
Norcross, GA

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the weekly Standard

A Green Light for Israel

Is the United States a reliable ally, one that can be counted on in time of crisis to assist close friends it has promised to defend? If the answer is yes, then it is now time for the United States to stand unequivocally with Israel. President Bush deserves credit for resisting calls for more "active" U.S. "engagement" in the conflict between Israel and the Palestinian Authority. Such engagement would mean, in practice, putting pressure on Israel not to fight back against terror. At best, this would imply U.S. evenhandedness between terror and its victims, and between democracy and dictatorship. At worst, it would mean rewarding the perpetrators of terror. Glib proponents of a more "active" U.S. role in the conflict should not be allowed to get away with sounding like they are advocating American world leadership. They are rather advocating an abdication by the United States of both moral judgment and political leadership.

But the president should do more than resist foolish counsel. He should assert true American leadership by suspending our role as the Middle East's honest broker, on the grounds that the peace process in which such a role might conceivably make sense has given way to a condition of war. He should make clear that for the duration of this war, which has been thrust upon Israel by Yasser Arafat and his Palestinian Authority, the United States is morally and strategically compelled to support its ally. He should let it be known to the Israelis, the Palestinians, and to the Arab world that Israel will be allowed to fight the war by the means it deems necessary, without American carping and with whatever American material and financial support may be required. Strange as it may seem to our foreign policy establishment and to the international club of peacemaking professionals, an American green light to Israel could actually create the conditions for stability and peace in the region. But even if it didn't, there is no alternative consistent with American interests and moral obligations.

The president should assert true American leadership by suspending our role as the Middle East's honest broker, on the grounds that the peace process in which such a role might make sense has given way to a condition of war.

Right now, Yasser Arafat believes he can let the terrorists loose and keep the intifada brewing without paying a real price. And he believes this because the world, and more importantly the United States, encourages him to believe it. Every time a terrorist kills innocent Israelis, and the Israelis respond in even the most limited fashion, Colin Powell's State Department evenhandedly condemns the "cycle of violence." When Israel peacefully occupies a Palestinian political headquarters in East Jerusalem in response to a vicious terrorist murder, Powell's State Department accuses Israel of "escalating" the conflict. The famous report by George Mitchell, the mediation efforts of CIA director George Tenet, the daily statements by the State Department spokesman, all declare the United States morally and politically neutral as between its Israeli allies and the Palestinians who war against them. Under these circumstances, Arafat feels no need to halt the violence. Under these circumstances, Israel has no confidence that if it moved against Arafat and his dictatorship—an action which really could lay the groundwork for reducing both Israeli and Palestinian bloodshed—it would receive American backing. And Arab leaders, such as Egypt's pusillanimous and cynical Hosni Mubarak, have no incentive to put pressure on Arafat to stop the violence.

Indeed, the Egyptian government's recent calls for a "more active and engaged role" by the United States in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict would be merely amusing were they not so profoundly offensive. It was Mubarak,

after all, who helped torpedo the peace process last year, when he urged Arafat to reject the unbelievably generous offer of Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak at Camp David. Mubarak is now desperate for the United States to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. For as the *New York Times*'s Thomas Friedman has noted, Mubarak lives in constant fear that pro-Palestinian protests in Egypt stirred up by Arafat could fly out of control and metamorphose into attacks on the Mubarak dictatorship itself. This past week, panicky Egyptian officials were in Washington begging the Bush administration to put more pressure on Israel, warning of "enormous instability in the region," i.e., in Egypt, if something isn't done to stop Sharon. Such appeals from a "moderate" Arab leader like Mubarak strike terror in the hearts of State Department Middle East hands, who insist we must sit on the Israelis or lose Mubarak to the Muslim crazies. The foreign policy establishment nods sagely, and Mubarak gets what he wants without having to use any of his own enormous influence with Arafat.

The reality is, so long as the United States sticks to the neutral banalities of the Mitchell report, Mubarak has no incentive to act. But what if, instead of falling for Mubarak's con job, we turned up the heat and raised the stakes? What if we made it clear that, far from pressuring Israel, we planned to back its right to defend itself, and trusted our ally to do the right thing in the very difficult situation in which it finds itself? If Mubarak is so afraid of his own people's fury getting out of control, then let him pressure Arafat to clamp down on the terrorists immediately. Until he does, we should support Israel and let Mubarak stew in his own juices.

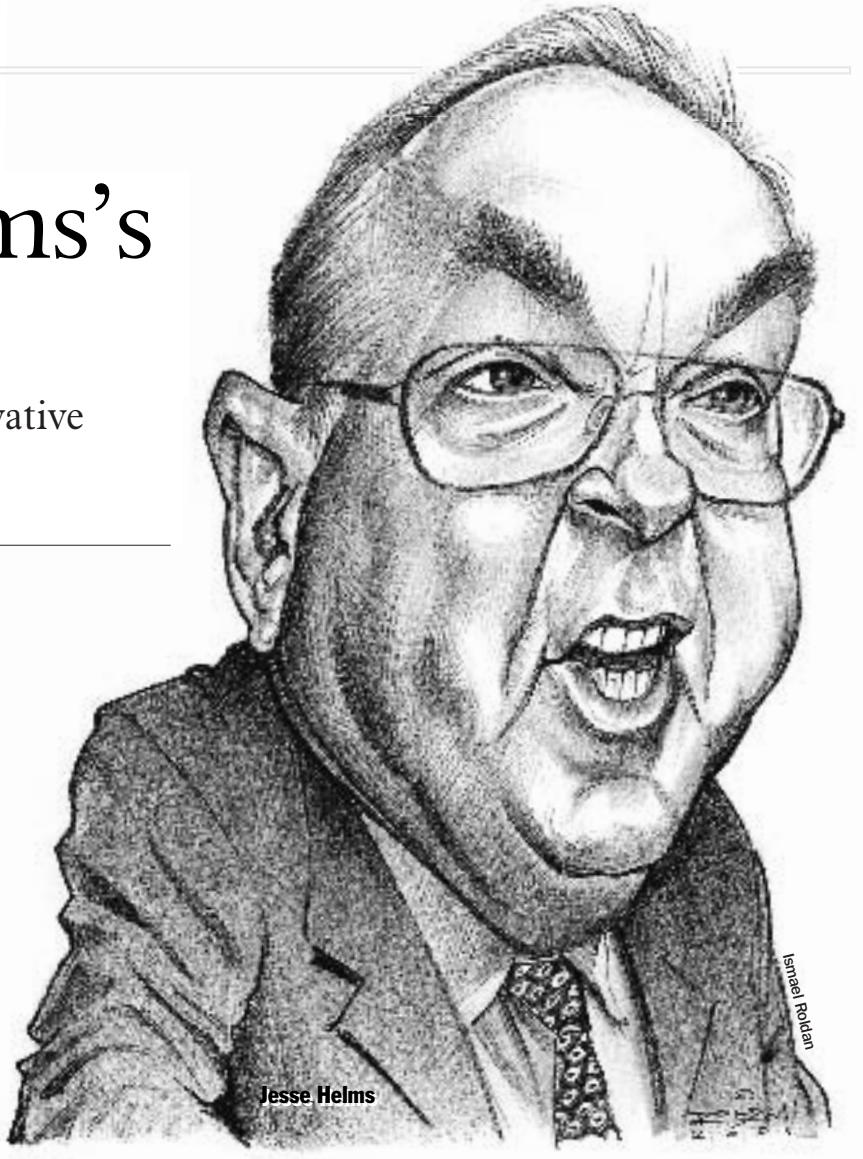
The basic fact is this: Only when confronted by the prospect of a United States firmly behind Israel will Palestinian and Arab leaders, and the Palestinian and Arab peoples, take seriously their own interest in and obligation for restoring peace. At the present time, the best hope for a "peace process"—and certainly for peace—in the Middle East is for the United States to give Israel a green light.

—Robert Kagan and William Kristol

Jesse Helms's America

The Senate's No. 1 conservative announces his retirement.

By Fred Barnes



In 1997, when President Clinton named then governor William Weld of Massachusetts ambassador to Mexico, Sen. Jesse Helms declared the nomination dead on arrival. Not only that, but Helms, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said he wouldn't even allow a hearing on it. Washington was outraged. The media pounded Helms as high-handed and undemocratic. GOP senators who knew Weld, a Republican himself, lobbied Helms on his behalf. A number of conservatives weighed in, arguing Weld wasn't egregiously moderate and hadn't been as squishy, while a federal prosecutor, in pursuing drug cases as Helms thought. Members of the Foreign Relations Committee demanded a hearing. But Helms was implacable. Weld never testified and the nomination died.

Wrapped in that episode are most of the elements of Helms's extraordinary success as a Republican politician and Senate powerhouse—elements that will be painfully missed when Helms retires in 2002 after 30 years in Washington. Helms is an ideologue, and his unflinching devotion to conservative principles has made him a powerful figure. He's oblivious to the buzz, the chatter, and gossip of the press, pols, and the permanent establishment. He's totally inner-directed. He cares little for details or process. But when something clashes with his conservative views—Weld, say, or the creation of a national holiday honoring Martin Luther King, or disproportionate funding for AIDS research—he steps up, no matter how unpopular that makes him. He wins some, loses some, but is always a player to be reckoned with, even when he's acting alone.

To understand Helms, it's useful to compare him with the Washington type who is deemed to have "grown" in office. The latest example is Republican senator John McCain of Arizona. His tactic is to get out in front on issues that are at least superficially popular, often championed by liberals, and stir the interest of the media. So he's jumped onto a liberal patients' bill of rights, gun control, and global warming. McCain has also successfully courted the press and became one of the most highly visible figures in American politics.

Helms hasn't grown at all since his days as a conservative commentator on WRAL-TV in Raleigh in the 1960s and early 1970s. So far as I know, he's changed his mind on only one issue in three decades, dropping his criticism of Israel and becoming a strong supporter. Helms gets out in front on hard-core conservative issues certain to prompt media harrumphing, and he's relentless in pursuing them. A good example is his refusal to approve payment of American dues to the United Nations until its lavish bureaucracy was reformed. He was savaged for this, then got only minimal praise when the U.N. gave in. Nor does Helms woo reporters. He has few friends in the press. He refuses to go on Sunday morning interview shows. The result: He's not all that visible as a national politician.

But his achievements are many. He's imposed reforms not only on the

Fred Barnes is executive editor of The Weekly Standard. *His "The Ascendancy of Jesse Helms" was the cover story of our August 11, 1997 issue.*

U.N., but also on the State Department. He's single-handedly blocked numerous liberal appointees. During the Reagan years, he bolstered the president's inclination toward anti-Communist activism, especially in Latin America. He's thwarted steps toward normalization with Cuba. He's turned issues such as the cultural excesses of the National Endowment for the Arts into rallying points for conservatives. And when he's lost, he's often won. He failed to block ratification of the Chemical Weapons Convention but won 28 of the 33 concessions he sought.

Of course Helms's greatest achievement was the Reagan presidency itself. How's that? Well, when Reagan sought to wrest the GOP presidential nomination from President Ford in 1976, Helms saved him from a catastrophic defeat that would have doomed his White House dreams forever. Reagan was 0 for 5 in the early primaries and his aides were negotiating his withdrawal with the Ford forces at the time of the North Carolina primary. Ford was heavily favored. But Helms and his ally Tom Ellis wouldn't quit. They raised money to televise Reagan's speech denouncing the Panama Canal giveaway. Reagan won, then ran off a string of primary victories that nearly gained him the nomination. The real effect, however, was to make Reagan the frontrunner in 1980. Had Helms not played the role of savior in North Carolina, a Reagan without a primary victory in 1976 would have been finished as a national figure.

Will another Helms emerge in the Senate? Politicians as firm in their beliefs and as willing to buck public opinion and the Washington culture don't appear very often. Sen. Phil Gramm of Texas, with his presidential ambitions gone, might fit the bill. So might Sen. Mitch McConnell of Kentucky, though he may be on track to become the next Senate GOP leader. Both are unashamedly conservative and fearless in taking unpopular positions. But replace Helms? It's probably more than can be hoped for. ♦

Gary Condit's Washington

Looking for love in all the wrong places.

BY JAMES W. CEASER

WASHINGTON, D.C., has come of age. The affairs of representative Gary Condit, like those of the more illustrious politician he emulates, have at last shown the world that the American capital is a sophisticated town, the rival of its European counterparts. Just turn on the TV or read a major newspaper. While commentators don't actually endorse serial philandering, they are sure to keep their disapproval perfunctory, a quick prelude to discussing the "real" issues at hand. When it comes to matters now deemed private, there is a rush to avoid judgment.

Washington was not always this way. When the British scholar Anthony King inaugurated the science of scandology in 1981, his chief discovery was that while British political scandals hinged on sex, those in America remained stuck on bread and butter varieties of bribery. King's empirical research drew strength from a much older European view, or prejudice, that our capital was woefully deficient in the arts of romance. The great French writer Stendhal, in his work *De l'Amour* (*On Love*) published during our Era of Good Feeling in 1822, rendered a stinging judgment: "The habits of reasonableness prevail so much in the United States that the crystallization of love there has become impossible."

It is nice to know, then, that we have finally caught up in refinement. Or have we? A closer look at Stendhal's masterpiece shows that his primary concern was with the quality of love or intimate relations, which might be undermined not just by the pedestrian habits of reasonableness, but also by a bleak and tawdry view of romance. Love, for Stendhal, though obviously rooted in natural feelings, was mostly a product of art, of an idea planted in the public imagination by moralists, novelists, artists, journalists, and all manner of public figures. Love, he thought, is one of the great accomplishments of civilization, and sustaining it is one of our highest responsibilities. "Love is civilization's miracle," wrote Stendhal. "Among savages and barbarians only physical love of the coarsest kind exists. Modesty protects love by imagination, and so gives it the chance to survive."

Which brings us back to contemporary Washington, D.C. Stendhal's concerns were echoed in worries voiced recently at a meeting of the Independent Women's Forum. In an audience filled with working women, from interns to high civil servants, many raised the question of what picture of romance is being held up to the imaginations of the young by Washington's celebrity lovers. What these speakers had in mind were affairs between powerful males and overmatched, though not always innocent, females, whose expectations are usually disappointed. Stendhal had a term for this kind of intimate relation, "love à la Don Juan" or "Don Juanism," and he regarded it as the greatest modern enemy of genuine love. It features a male engaged in a continuing series of conquests,

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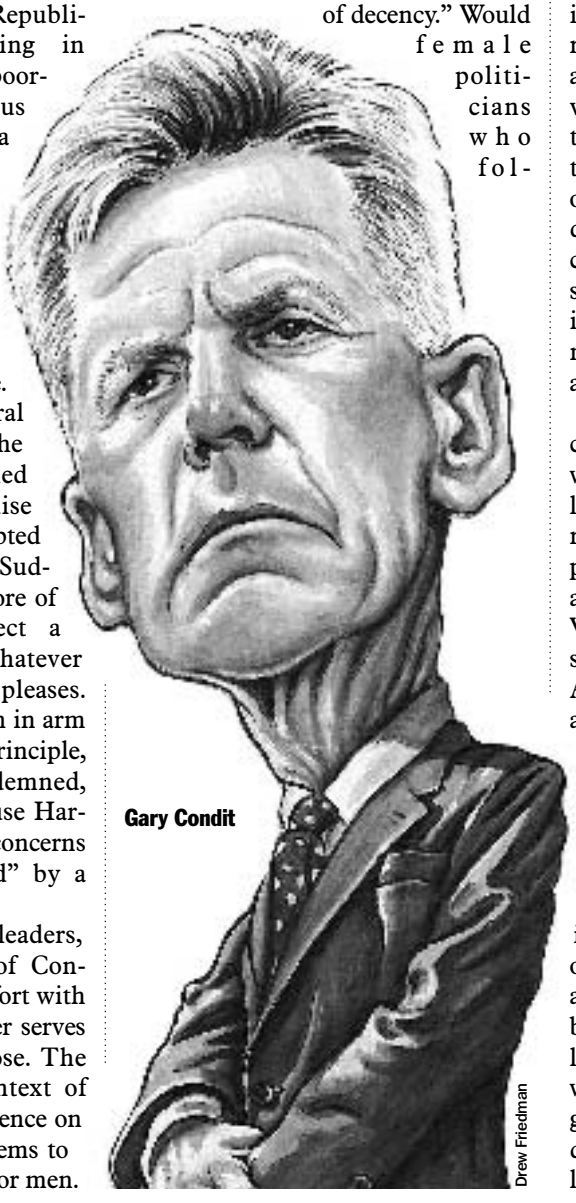
whose attitude is, "You are hunting; you come across a handsome young peasant girl who takes to her heels through the woods." Substitute policymaking for hunting, and intern or staff worker for peasant girl, and you can easily accommodate the mores of Washington.

What our new sophistication amounts to is the mainstreaming of Don Juanism. This change has been in the works for several years, but the Condit affair may have clinched it. The position of leftist women's groups during the Clinton impeachment debate helped pave the way. Before Bill Clinton, the feminist Left was conducting a scorched earth campaign to punish males (all Republicans) accused of indulging in unwanted sexual speech or boorishness. This censorious endeavor, which drew on a hatred of men and male sexuality as such, represented a strange and fanatical new puritanism. Sophisticates were too browbeaten to express their disagreement.

But the politics of impeachment forced a change. Holding the fate of a liberal president in their hands, the women's groups abandoned their crusade and, to disguise this political expediency, adopted a new position of principle. Suddenly they argued that the core of their cause was to protect a woman's right to choose whatever sexual involvements she pleases. Sophisticates now walked arm in arm with feminists. Under this principle, Don Juanism might be condemned, but without real fervor. To use Harvard Law School lingo, any concerns on this score are "trumped" by a woman's consent.

Already some women leaders, including some members of Congress, have expressed discomfort with this position, which no longer serves any practical political purpose. The problem is that, in the context of Washington, the *de jure* insistence on a woman's right to choose seems to sanction a *de facto* advantage for men.

There are two possible ways out. One is to abandon the new principle, although so hasty a reversal might bespeak a lack of seriousness. The other is to vindicate the principle of equality by legitimizing the fair sex's version of Don Juanism. No polite term yet exists for this lifestyle choice, although "Messalinaism" has been suggested, named for the wife of the emperor Claudius who was renowned for her public displays of sexual prowess with members of the Roman Legion. But this option too has its drawbacks. The Roman historian Tacitus judged Messalina with unusual sternness: "In that lust-ridden heart there was no trace of decency." Would female politicians who followed this path today face similar censure, even as their male counterparts continued to enjoy benign neglect? Such an injustice is a nightmare for the proponents of perfect equality.



Gary Condit

Drew Friedman

The new sophistication in Washington has brought an important transformation of public standards. With a few notable exceptions, those appearing on television to comment on Rep. Condit's missing girlfriend have been forced to repeat, almost as a mantra, some variation of the formula: If committing adultery disqualified a man from public office, only (a) one-third, (b) one-quarter, (c) one-eighth of the members would be left in Congress. The continual public repetition of this "fact" is meant to act as a bar against the rendering of any verdict on private behavior. The claim that "everyone does it," traditionally the weak excuse of the exposed offender, now serves as a preemptive defense to ward off potential criticisms. Likewise, although no one is supposed to judge the private behavior of public officials, public officials now use government staff to cover for and lie about their personal affairs.

The larger issue involved in these cases, however, is not the rights and wrongs of any particular affair, but the long-term impoverishment of our romantic sensibilities. When all is permitted and no one is held to account, love itself is likely to suffer. With no risk of censure, what proof or surety exists of a lover's seriousness? All recognize, of course, that a cultural or philosophical treatment of love does not necessarily endorse the standards of morality demanded by religious injunctions, which derive their authority from another source. By the same token, religious treatments acknowledge that not every intimate affair outside the boundaries of marriage is devoid of love. Things are more complicated than that. Yet before we seize on the mysteries of love to mock orthodox morality, it would be well to consider the far greater toll taken on love by our new dogmatic tolerance of the ethic of the libertine. ♦

The President's Very Favorite Book

In defense of George W. Bush's literary taste.

BY ANDREW FERGUSON

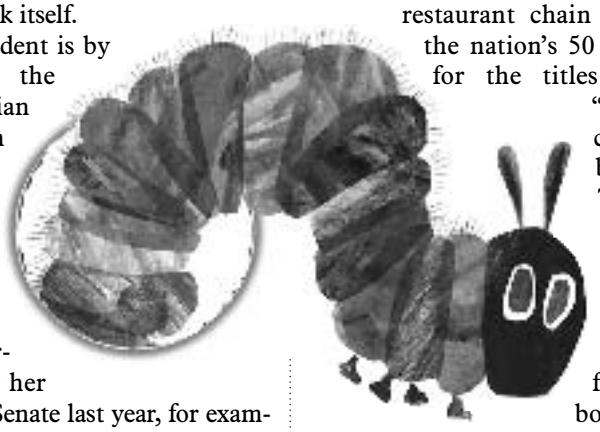
ONCE AGAIN, *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* has wormed its way into the news. Rousing himself from the sweltering torpor of his Texas vacation, President Bush earlier this month made his customary visitations to a classroom or two, where TV cameras as usual recorded him perched before an array of schoolchildren, reading aloud. Several news accounts noted that the president's choice of reading material was this *Hungry Caterpillar*, a children's book by Eric Carle, first published in 1969. Trapped in similar venues, the president has read from this book many, many times. One paper even reported that White House aides now travel with a copy of the book, ready to be read from at a moment's notice should the president suddenly find himself surrounded by kindergartners, as presidents, nowadays, often do.

Our commander in chief's reliance on, and apparent fondness for, *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* is worth a moment's thought, as a clue to his own character, on several counts. For one thing, his taste is sound: It's a charming book. Detractors might point out that it's oversimple and unambitious, an early product of the era when educators had first begun to realize that the TV-pummeled toddlers left to their care were incapable of grasping any narrative sequence more complicated than a knock-knock joke. But its story line is redeemed by Carle's illustrations, splashy collages done up in the style of Paul Klee. Over 14 pages they show a caterpillar grow from a tiny egg, resting on a moonlit leaf, to a brilliantly colored butterfly, basking in the sun. The caterpillar's progress is marked by hearty meals—one apple on Monday, two pears on Tuesday, and so on, through strawberries and oranges, then cupcakes and sausages, and finally, in a climactic binge, a big green leaf. Sated, the protagonist discovers that he has evolved from a very hungry to a very fat caterpillar. So he builds a cocoon and fasts, before emerging at last as the sleek and gorgeous butterfly. I should probably note that with this sentence my description of the book is now longer than the book itself.

The president is by no means the only politician to rely on *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*. It has become a tool of the trade generally. During her run for the Senate last year, for example, Hillary Clinton often read from the book when confronted by preschoolers. For Mrs. Clinton, a bookish woman and an ideologue, the tale likely stands as an environmental allegory: The foods the caterpillar eats are surely treated with organic insecticides—otherwise he, as an insect, would be dead—while, conversely, the orgiastic consumption of the big green leaf could be interpreted as a harrowing account of deforestation. The president, however, is less susceptible to flights of metaphor, and we are safe in supposing that he brandishes the book because he knows it well, can read it handily, and, for these and other reasons, likes it.

He likes it so much, indeed, that he resists what must be a powerful political temptation to abandon it. Reporters who covered Bush in Texas had long noted his fondness for the book and his unvarying decision to read it in classroom photo-ops, but national reporters only discovered it in the preliminary stages of the presidential campaign, just as they were trying to settle on a single, consensus caricature of Bush for professional purposes. Was he a bloodthirsty death-penalty advocate or a born-again moralist? Party animal or feckless businessman? Yalie snob or ignorant dope?

After some back-and-forthing, as we know, "ignorant dope" was agreed upon, and the candidate's attachment, as an adult, to a picture book about a roly-poly insect served to reinforce the caricature. This came about in late 1999, when, for reasons that were never entirely clear, the Pizza Hut restaurant chain canvassed the nation's 50 governors for the titles of their "favorite childhood books." The request was ambiguous; it could have referred to books one read in childhood, or to books written to be read by (and to) children. Bush's office offered up more titles than any other governor's, with *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* at the tippy-top, followed by six others. The list was obviously an off-the-shelf concoction of the kind that a politician's staff will use in responding to routine requests—Bush's office had



Caterpillars from *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*, by Eric Carle

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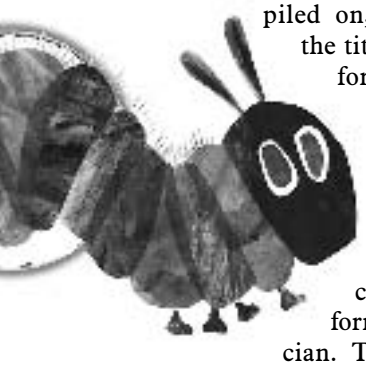
recently sent the same titles to the *American Spectator*, which had asked for a list of favorite books to give as holiday gifts. But it soon got into the papers that Bush's "favorite book" ran to 150 words and involved a caterpillar.

This was then amended to a form repeated by dozens of smarty-pants commentators, including the editorial page editor of the *Miami Herald*: "When asked in one interview to name his favorite childhood book, Bush cited *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*. That book, it turns out, was published when he was 23."

As a gag—a 23-year-old reading *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*! What a moron!—this is sub-Leno, sub-Bill Maher even, but not surprisingly it proved irresistible to Gail Collins, a columnist for the *New York Times*, who beat the poor joke to within an inch of its life, invoking it three times over a span of months. Others piled on, too, making the title a shorthand for the opinion all enlightened people hold of Bush. The snickering would have cowed a less formidable politician. The caterpillar would have been retired and *The Little Engine That Could* would have taken his place at schoolhouse events. But Bush soldiered on, clinging to the caterpillar as both candidate and president. He forces the obese little multiped on one classroom after another, and practically taunts anyone who would question his choice. "These kids are way beyond *The Hungry Caterpillar*," he told reporters after one session with second-graders last month. "They read it better than the president could."



This is the setup for an insult so obvious that even I will refrain from making it—and a sign, on the president's part, of either supreme self-possession or utter cluelessness. I know which I prefer to think it is. ♦

The Upside of the Downturn

There are good reasons why consumers keep spending. BY IRWIN M. STELZER

EVERYONE WHO WATCHES the financial news channels and reads the generally depressing economy stories in the daily press knows one thing: Trillions of dollars of wealth have been destroyed as the stock market continues its descent from the stratosphere. What they can't figure out is why American consumers haven't abandoned the shopping malls in order to have more time to compute the exact losses they have suffered in their 401(k) and other accounts.

Easy. Americans know a gamble when they see one. And they gambled on becoming very rich very quick. Many lost their bets. But instead of whining, they have shrugged and gone about their two businesses—working and spending. This is not irrational denial of reality. Rather, in part at least, it reflects the fact that wealth destruction has been accompanied by a less easily observed phenomenon—wealth redistribution. In short, the plunge in the Dow and the Nasdaq has created some real winners.

Start with the two-thirds of Americans who own their homes. The new census data show that the median value of single-family, owner-occupied homes rose from $79,100 in 1990 to $120,162 in 2000, a nice increase of over 50 percent. The National Association of Realtors, using a slightly different method, shows a similar result for a more recent period. In the second quarter of this year the median price of existing homes in 125 metropolitan areas rose by 6.4 percent ($9,400) over last year's levels, to $146,900. Although the figures are not strictly comparable, it is interesting to compare these increases in house values with the declines in the average value of 401(k) portfolios. Since 1999 the median value of those retirement accounts has fallen by $5,700 (from $47,000 to $41,300); in a roughly similar time period, the median value of existing homes has risen by $13,800.

No one thinks this torrid rate of increase in house prices can continue, especially if the job market takes a turn for the worse. But neither does anyone think that house values will shrivel. It seems that falling share prices and a weakening economy have forced Alan Greenspan and his monetary policy colleagues at the Fed to lower interest rates. Lower interest rates make it cheaper to carry mortgages, in turn making it easier for buyers to bid up house prices. Wealth has shifted from shareowners to homeowners, as the Fed has fought to keep the economy on an even keel by lowering interest rates. And there are a lot more families for whom their home represents the biggest item on their balance sheets than there are folks whose wealth is predominantly in shares.

Then there is the little-noticed transfer of wealth from capitalists to workers, if I may be permitted to use those old-fashioned designations. Daily there are reports from America's leading companies of profit targets missed or losses incurred. "Where did all the profits go?" asks a recent edition of *Business Week*. When oil prices were soaring, some of them

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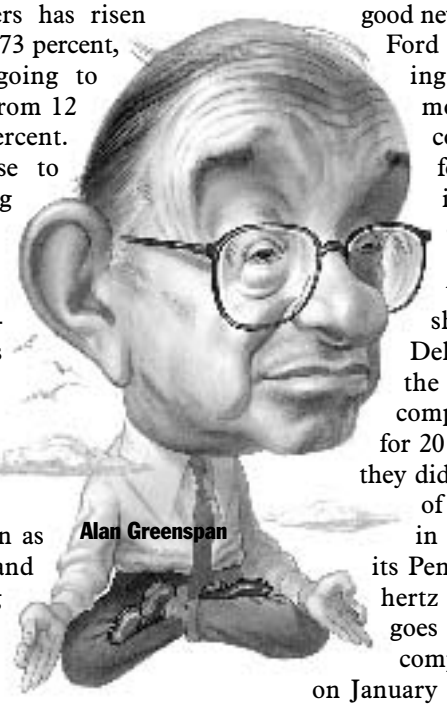
went to the producers' cartel. But more went to American workers. New government data show virtually no growth in the profits of non-financial companies since 1995, if account is taken of the increase in payments to employees who exercised stock options when those options were still worth something.

What these revised data also show is that labor compensation has grown much faster than anyone realized. The Commerce Department now estimates that in the past three years the share of national income going to compensate workers has risen from 70 percent to 73 percent, while the share going to profits has fallen from 12 percent to 9 percent. That's pretty close to $250 billion going from dividend checks into paychecks. No wonder, then, that "household demand has been sustained," as the Fed announced last week in the statement accompanying its latest rate cut, even as "business profits and capital spending continue to weaken." Against the suffering of the corporate sector, and of those who profit from profits (including a lot of workers with profit-sharing plans and stocks) must be set the joy of workers who are watching their real incomes rise.


Alan Greenspan

This shift in dollars from corporate bottom lines to workers' pay packets reflects the tight labor markets of recent years and, despite the headline layoffs now, the ongoing shortage of skilled workers. The unemployment rate for white collar workers is a mere 2.2 percent, and the Information Technology Association of America estimates that some 420,000 openings for programmers, software engineers, and other high-tech workers will remain unfilled this year. Remember: Most high-tech workers are employed by non-high-tech firms, not the busted dot-coms and telecommunications companies about whose woes we read so much. Layoffs and increasing competition from immigrants may keep wages from rising at the unskilled end of the labor market, but increases at the upper end are likely to continue to outpace inflation—unless, of course, the combination of the tax rebate now hitting consumers' mailboxes and the Fed's interest rate cuts fail to prevent a major recession.

Finally, bad news for producers is good news for consumers. Ford and GM are having trouble making money because competition from foreign car makers is forcing them to offer huge discounts to move their metal off the showroom floors. Dell can't get into the black because its computers are selling for 20 percent less than they did at the beginning of the year. Intel is in trouble because its Pentium 4, 1.4 gigahertz processor now goes for about $180, compared with $574 on January 1. Small startups are finding that they can afford to rent office space in Silicon Valley, furnish it with swanky furniture bought for 25 cents on the dollar from failed dotcoms ($699 Aeron desk chairs—a back-saving and prestige-enhancing feature of high-tech executive offices—are in such plentiful supply that the Salvation Army won't pick any more up), and equip it with the necessary gear, still in original boxes, at 10 cents on the dollar.

And then we have the airlines. This is an industry that can't stand prosperity: As soon as it gets into the black, it shovels money to its pilots, to its customers, or to both. Only low-fare carriers such as Southwest seem capable of sustained prosperity. Right now, having given or offered their pilots huge wage increases, carriers such as United find themselves trying to fill empty seats by lowering fares, although it is difficult to say by how much. Nancy Paul, a top business getter with Executive Travel Associates in Washington, D.C., points out that the round trip fares of $296, $376, and $244 between Chicago and LaGuardia, Los Angeles, and Dulles reported recently in the *New York Times* vanished from sight within a relatively few days. But American Express Business Travel Monitor, which tracks fares on 215 frequently traveled domestic routes, says that airfares are now lower than at any time since 1954, and the industry's trade association reports that average fares are more than 8 percent lower than they were last year. No surprise, then, that the industry will lose $1.5 billion this year. That represents a transfer of real wealth from shareholders to workers and consumers.

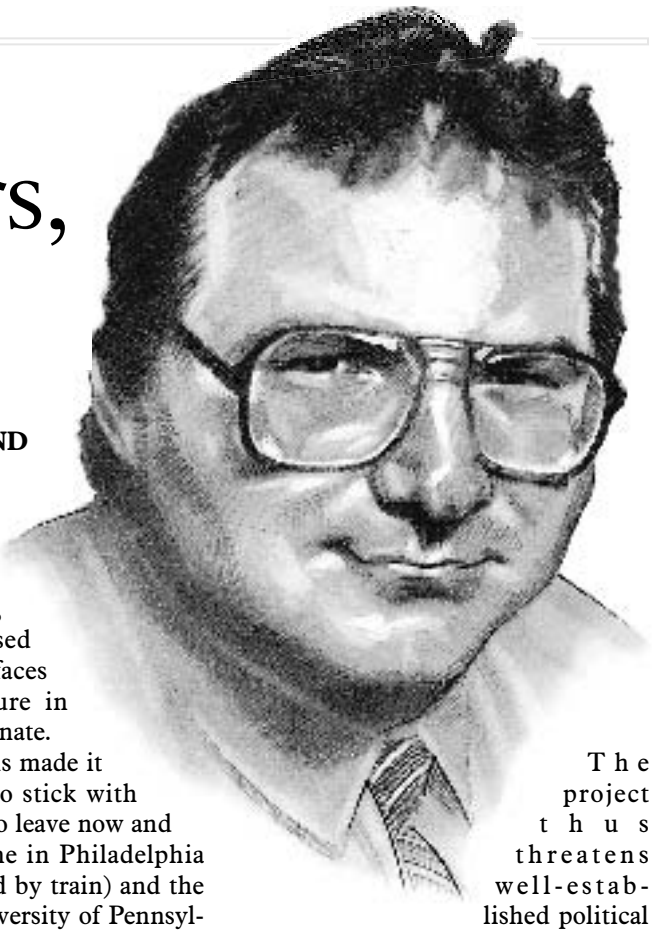
None of this is to denigrate the role of profits in making the economy go. Without the prospect of a reasonable return, investors will not make their capital available to entrepreneurs and to corporations. Which is what is happening in the high-tech industries right now. Sooner or later, no profits mean no investment and fewer jobs. But in the face of excess capacity in the high-tech and other industries, declining profits are the market's way of saying "no more." Which means that the ability of businesses to claim a larger and larger share of the nation's income for their bottom lines is over, at least for now. And that's no bad thing. Meanwhile, excess capacity and foreign competition are forcing a transfer of wealth to consumers, and tight labor markets are forcing a transfer of wealth to workers.

If this trend doesn't go too far, and there is no reason to believe that it will, profits are likely to remain under pressure even as the economy recovers. But a growing economy with lower profits is not the end of the world. Keep that in mind when watching the depressed analysts on the financial news channels. ♦

Illustration by John Kascht

Faithfully Yours, John DiIulio

The head of Bush's key initiative steps down. BY TERRY EASTLAND



UPON BEING NAMED DIRECTOR of the White House Office of Faith-Based and Community Initiatives, John DiIulio Jr. made clear that he expected to be in the post for only a short while. Notes of my January interview with DiIulio begin: "Do at least six months."

DiIulio, as it turns out, will have done the job seven months—too long in the eyes of his many critics. An unabashed Democrat of prodigious intellect and energy, as well as a Catholic of evident conviction, DiIulio, who is a contributing editor to this magazine, drew fire from all sides. For the secular left, which dominates the leadership of his own party, DiIulio was too friendly to religion. For many on the right, including its religious conservatives, he was too friendly to big government, favoring as he did traditional grant-making over indirect assistance (such as tax credits and vouchers). Seeking to build broad-based support for President Bush's project, DiIulio reached out to black and Hispanic pastors, only to incur the wrath of white evangelical leaders who thought their interests merited as much attention.

DiIulio wanted significant Democratic support for the legislative piece of the project—a view that put him at odds with House Republicans, who wanted a bill this year even if few Democrats would vote for it. That was also the position of the president and his political aides, some of whom spoke critically of DiIulio in anonymous remarks to the press. In July, only 14 Democrats joined Republicans in passing H.R. 7, Bush's faith-based bill, which now faces an uncertain future in the Democratic Senate.

Health problems made it easy for DiIulio to stick with his original plan to leave now and return to his home in Philadelphia (he had commuted by train) and the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. But obviously he was frustrated in the job. DiIulio told Cox News's Rebecca Carr, a reporter he saw as more evenhanded than most and who broke the story of his decision to leave, "I hate the nonsense that goes on here." In our conversation, DiIulio described himself, happily, as "a free man." He will go, having helped push the president's project onto the national agenda, no mean feat.

In retrospect it is apparent just how large and complicated DiIulio's assignment was. Large because Bush's faith-based initiative contemplates a massive shift in the way the nation provides social services—away from reliance upon large, often secular social-service providers and toward reliance upon smaller, community-based groups, many of them motivated by religious faith. The project is complicated because accomplishing such a shift requires not only new law but right administration of current law, as well as considerable outreach and exhortation—to big business and big foundations that, like big government, have long supported mainly the big providers. The project thus threatens well-established political alignments and the secular dominance of social services. In *The Federalist*, Alexander Hamilton viewed the presidency as the office uniquely constituted for the undertaking of "extensive and arduous enterprises" for the public good. George W. Bush's faith-based initiative qualifies—more than any other of his policy proposals—as such an enterprise.

DiIulio's chief legacy may well be a report he released on August 14, the day he told Carr about his decision to leave. On January 29 the president issued an executive order establishing a "center" for the new undertaking in each of five departments—Justice, Education, Labor, Health and Human Services, and Housing and Urban Development. Bush directed the five centers to conduct department-wide audits of their programs in order to identify barriers to participation of faith-based and community organizations in the delivery of the agency's social services. While the legislative fight over H.R. 7 dominated the faith-based news, the five centers quietly did their work. "Unlevel Playing Field," DiIulio's report, summarizes their findings.

Illustration By Darren Gygi

Terry Eastland is publisher of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

The report confirms that the government favors large providers over small ones in the award of social service contracts. Whether the government is directly awarding grants or passing funds to states and local governments for their distribution, the story from the five departments is the same: faith-based and other grass-roots groups receive very little.

This funding gap can't be explained on the grounds that big providers outperform smaller ones. The report points out that Washington doesn't know much about the performance of the groups it already funds. Our big government happens to be ignorant government, notwithstanding a 1993 law demanding results-based management. "Only rarely are federal programs and grantees examined to determine whether taxpayer funds achieve the desired results." And: "Virtually none of the programs has ever been subjected to a systematic evaluation of their performance that meets rigorous [or] even rudimentary evaluation research standards."

Part of the funding gap can be explained by reference to the small groups themselves: Some don't want government funds for theological reasons, or they fear dependence on government or its regulatory tentacles, or they fear losing their soul (having gained the world, so to speak). "Unlevel Playing Field" shows, however, that those concerns can only explain so much. The report points to survey data suggesting that there are many small, faith-based organizations, particularly in urban areas, which don't have these concerns and would be willing to administer federal social service programs in their neighborhoods. Many of the groups don't know about the programs. And barriers await any that try to compete for them.

The report identifies 15 barriers, such as overly complex applications and burdensome regulatory requirements. But most barriers concern religion. There is, says the report, "an overriding perception by federal officials that close collaboration with religious organizations is legally suspect." Indeed, these officials "often seem stuck in a 'no-aid,' strict separationist framework." For example, the Labor audit found that reviewers of grant applications assume that "Jefferson's 'wall of separation' metaphor automatically disqualifies all but the most secularized providers." The Education audit noted that an official believed the Constitution flatly forbids the use of grant funds even for activities that merely have a religious component. "Unlevel Playing Field" includes examples of federal programs that actually ban outright all religious organizations from applying for funding.

Notably, the bias against religion exists even though many programs audited by the five departments are covered by the "charitable choice" laws passed since 1996. Charitable choice seeks to ensure that faith-based social service providers are not disadvantaged by virtue of their religious orientation but are allowed to compete for grants on the same basis as all others. Yet, says "Unlevel Playing Field," the new charitable choice laws have been "almost entirely ignored by federal administrators." Health and Human Services has more programs covered by charitable choice law than any other agency. Yet "it has done very little to apply the rules to its own grant making or to ensure that the state and local governments that received covered funds adjusted their own procurement rules to comply with the congressional directives."

DiIulio, a student of politics and public administration, says "implementation gaps" are common enough with new laws. "But what's not common," he adds, is to find such an egregious example of a law's being ignored. Charitable choice, after all, "applies literally to scores of billions of dollars of welfare services. . . . This is a Grand Canyon of a gap."

A reader of "Unlevel Playing Field" might wonder why there should be more charitable choice if the charitable choice that now exists is largely unimplemented by a recalcitrant federal bureaucracy. As DiIulio put it to me: "Someone has to turn this into action." ♦

PBS Flunks Its Back to School Test

September's here and the Blob is still in charge.

BY CHESTER E. FINN JR.

THIS TIME OF YEAR always brightens education with the optimism of fresh starts. Classrooms are clean, teachers rested, children eager. There are new textbooks on the shelves, new hardware in the computer labs, perhaps a new menu in the cafeteria.

Some of this year's innovations are even more profound. Hundreds more "charter" schools will open their doors in coming weeks, bringing the total to nearly 2,500. In some cities, such as Washington, D.C., Kansas City, and Dayton, the charter enrollment approaches 20 percent (though nationally it's still below 1 percent). Tens of thousands of youngsters are studying in private schools with the help of privately funded voucher programs. More children than ever aren't sitting in school at all; they're being educated at home and by a cluster of high-tech "virtual" schools. More schools than ever are being outsourced to private management firms, one of which has just been engaged to devise a new master plan for the entire Philadelphia system. "Alternative" teacher certification is spreading as evidence mounts that able liberal arts graduates are at least as effective in the K-12 classroom as those who attended education schools.

In sum, there's lots of reform ferment. And yet we've been reforming U.S. education for at least 18 years—since 1983's "A Nation at Risk" report—and have mighty little to show for it. Test scores remain flat at an unacceptably low level. Rich-poor and black-white gaps remain wide. Our international rankings remain stagnant, also at an unacceptably low level. Remediation remains the greatest growth sector in higher education. Employers seeking technical workers continue to look overseas. Many of our new teachers are still drawn from the bottom third of their college classes, and a dismayingly large fraction of our children are being "taught" by people who barely studied the subjects they're now responsible for teaching. Yet with all this evidence that our schools aren't producing decent results, 62 percent of parents still award "honors" grades to the public schools of their communities.

As if Newton's laws of physics governed education policy, we also find that, for every promising reform, there's an equal and opposite reaction seeking to quash it. Milwaukee's pioneering voucher program barely dodged a legislative bullet this summer. The charter school laws of Ohio and Pennsylvania are under courtroom siege by teachers' unions and school board associations—which have a special animus toward "virtual" schools that need fewer teachers. New York's fledgling charter program is paralyzed by election politics. State after state is entrusting teacher certification to "independent" boards run by the ed-school/teachers' union cartel. Chicago's hard-charging school superintendent was dismissed by the mayor—and his counterpart in Los Angeles is faltering even as New York City's businessman-chancellor appears headed for the exit. Many communities face a testing-and-accountability backlash fomented by unions, "testing experts," and affluent parents. President Bush's ambitious "No Child Left Behind" plan to reform federal education policy, though winning plaudits from the public, has had most of its stuffing knocked out by Congress; the testing scheme that survives is imperiled in a conference committee, even as Messrs. Daschle and Kennedy hint that no bill will reach the Oval Office until lots more money is earmarked for those weary, ineffectual old federal programs.

The reactionaries have even recruited the Public Broadcasting Service, which is greeting the new school year with two documentaries chock full of bad education ideas. One of these films profiles a quintet of earnest young teachers during their first year in the classroom. It's quite appealing, until you notice that they're never shown imparting academic skills and knowledge to their pupils. Rather, they function as social workers, guidance counselors, prejudice-erasers, and political agitators. There's nary a whiff of science, history, literature, or math.

The longer and more troubling film spends four hours persuading viewers that today's public schools are doing exactly what Thomas Jefferson dreamed of, and that those dreadful agitators for standards, testing, choice, and competition are bent on destroying the American dream. Perhaps it's only coincidence that the Clinton administration pumped $1.6 million into this documentary project; that the public school establishment is falling over itself to promote it; and that the filmmakers are relatives of former vice president Fritz Mondale and his brother Mort, the quondam National Education Association official who in the late 1970s helped hold Jimmy Carter to his ill-conceived pledge to create a cabinet-level education department.

Television documentaries don't

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set policy, but they do influence the war of ideas. And as school resumes we would do well to recognize that today's crucial education battles are ultimately about ideas. Our readiness to replace bad ones is the key to real reform. But ideas are Newtonian, too. The resistance to changing them is intense and, so far, at least equal to the push for reform. Five dubious ideas top the list of candidates for replacement:

First, stop defining public education as a bureaucratic system of government-run schools. Instead, let it mean educating the public: ensuring that all children gain the skills and knowledge they need from whatever sources suit them best—physical or virtual schools, governmental, private, charter, non-profit, for-profit, home, or hybrid.

Second, stop assuming that the "experts should be in charge." Rather, acknowledge that education's big decisions are best made by parents and public officials such as governors and legislators.

Third, stop insisting that all teachers be ed-school graduates who are "certified" by state bureaucrats. Instead, let schools hire—and deploy, retain, and compensate—anyone who knows the material and is willing to teach it to kids.

Fourth, retire the faux-progressive notion that education's main task is developing children's self-esteem and self-awareness. Affirm instead that the crucial work of teachers is to infuse specific skills and knowledge into their pupils along with good behavior and decent character.

Finally, quit treating "accountability" as a meaningless mantra and start putting it into practice. Children who learn what they should ought to be promoted and graduated—and the rest should be tutored until they do. Adults who teach them successfully should be properly rewarded. Those whose students don't learn should find their own lives less pleasant, their pay less generous, and their jobs less secure.

Welcome back to school, boys and girls. ♦

An Army of One

Floyd Spence, 1928-2001.

BY TOM DONNELLY

Darren Gygi

FOR FIVE OF THE SIX YEARS that Floyd Spence chaired the House Armed Services Committee—six years ending just months before the congressman's death on August 16—I served on the committee staff, doing policy work and writing speeches for the chairman. My role involved me in the wrangling over policy that has been incessant in the post-Cold War years, with every national-security issue up for grabs; and it required me to make a close study of my principal's habits of mind, use of words, and animating ideas. While many aspects of the chairman's very full life were outside my purview, I gained a deep understanding of his driving concern as a politician. The person I always think of as "Mr. Spence" had a dedication to military affairs and the well-being of people in uniform so consuming that it provides not just the essential measure of the public man, but also a yardstick against which to assess the conservative movement, the Republican party, and the state of American politics.

Floyd Spence's dedication was rooted in the culture of his native South Carolina and developed in his own military service—in the Korean War and in the Naval Reserve from 1947 to 1988—and his three decades in the House of Representatives. It was thus an amalgam of tradition, experience, patriotism, and his idea of the fundamental responsibility of the federal government.

At meetings in the committee's hearing room, he loved to point with his gavel to the words emblazoned on a brass plaque in front of the great chairman's chair, from Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution: "The Congress shall have Power . . . to raise and support Armies, . . . provide and maintain a Navy, . . . make Rules for the Government and Regulation of the land and naval Forces."

Alas, few of Spence's colleagues felt the weight of those words as he did. Though he was one of the first southern conservatives to switch his affiliation from Democrat to Republican—he did so in 1962, two years ahead of senator Strom Thurmond—he was in some ways out of step with the GOP by the time of the Republican Revolution of 1994. Indeed, had Newt Gingrich and the other new House leaders been more interested in defense affairs, they might well have brushed aside Spence, the most senior Republican on the Armed Services Committee, and substituted one of their own lieutenants.

Differences over defense spending soon widened the distance between Spence and the new Republican leaders. Gingrich's revolutionaries represented a younger generation of conservative politicians, a post-Vietnam and even a post-Cold War cohort who came to Washington intending first

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and foremost to reduce the size of government, restrain spending, and lower taxes. Though they considered themselves heirs of Ronald Reagan, they styled themselves "cheap hawks," and saw the Pentagon as a wasteful federal bureaucracy.

For Spence, whose defense program was simple and clear—"Mo' money"—the realization that his ostensibly conservative allies had no wish to restore the defense funds cut in the early Clinton years was deeply shocking. He had particular disdain for John Kasich, the spiritual leader of the budget hawks, who had combined with the ultraliberal Ron Dellums to lead the fight to terminate the B-2 bomber program.

Indeed, by the time I joined the committee staff in April 1995, it already was clear that Spence and a few other defense-minded backbenchers were fighting a frustrating battle against their own leadership as well as the Clinton administration. Though otherwise entirely loyal to Speaker Gingrich and his successor, Dennis Hastert, and too good a party soldier to make a public spectacle of his dissent, Spence quietly drew the line at voting for budget resolutions he believed were inadequate.

Spence often found himself caught in the middle in policy terms as well, especially in regard to the many constabulary missions U.S. forces have undertaken over the past decade. "To anyone who believes the post-Cold War world will be kinder or gentler," he said, speaking of Rwanda but prefiguring what lay ahead in the Balkans, "the hatred against humanity we see on display ought to give us pause."

Yet repulsed as he was by the increasing violence of ethnic wars, Spence was also angry about the feckless way the Clinton administration employed the American military. It was an outrage, he thought, to put U.S. soldiers' lives at risk without any idea what victory was or how to achieve it.

The fundamental breach between the political generations remained even after President Bush came to office this year. Spence was an early and enthusiastic Bush supporter, and the South Carolina primary propelled Bush to the nomination over senator John McCain. Yet Spence's support was energetic because he believed the Bush campaign's promise that "help was on the way" for the military, which he understood to mean the realization of his long-deferred desire to significantly increase defense spending. But as the months passed, the new administration retreated from this commitment, and Spence, his health problems mounting, became increasingly troubled. Characteristically, he expressed his unhappiness mostly in private, though it occasionally was visible in committee hearings.

For all his political disappointments, Spence loved being the chairman of the armed services committee. During his two decades in a seemingly permanent Republican minority in the House, he never anticipated such a privilege. Once it came, he relished it.

Eventually, it fell to me to be the lead staffer at a full committee hearing. The duties aren't all that demanding—keeping track of the correct order of members' allotted speaking slots and pushing the egg-timer device that limits each member to five minutes—but the penalties for failure are unpleasant. And sitting next to the chairman, facing a packed hearing room and occasionally the glare of C-SPAN lights, and shepherding a committee of almost 60 members is an intoxicating experience.

"Good morning, Mr. Spence," I said as he approached the chairman's seat.

"First time, isn't it, Tom?"

"Yes sir."

"Pretty good, huh?" he said, raising his eyebrows toward the room.

"An honor, sir."

"Always is for me," he said. "Remember it. And remember to push the button." ♦

Arafat's War

How to End It

By Charles Krauthammer

I. Peacekeeping?

What passes for the great Middle East debate in Washington centers upon whether the Bush administration is "doing enough." The president is criticized for not "engaging" in Middle East diplomacy. The fact that the last such presidential engagement—the Camp David debacle of July 2000—led directly to the worst fighting and the worst Arab-Israeli crisis in 20 years seems not to deter the critics. Mindlessly, the call to "do more" grows.

What does "doing" mean? If anything, it means sending high-level people over to jawbone. But we know the futility of this approach. The Clinton administration wooed and cooed Yasser Arafat for eight years. He was invited to the White House more often than any leader in the entire world. And what did America get in return for this diplomatic largesse? More leverage with Arafat? Precisely the opposite. Clinton's obsessive intervention and eternally open door showed Arafat that there was no price to be paid for either humiliating the United States, as he did at Camp David, or plunging the region into crisis, as he did weeks later when he began his now year-long guerrilla war against Israel.

The Bush administration, to its credit, has fallen into the "doing something" trap only once, when President Bush sent CIA director George Tenet in June to broker a cease-fire that never took. He then sent secretary of state Colin Powell to bolster the fictional cease-fire even as it collapsed around him. After that acutely embarrassing exercise in futility, Powell left. Wisely, he has not returned.

The other notion about "doing something," emanating mostly from the Europeans, is to send some kind of international force, including Americans, to observe and peacekeep.

We have been here before, but no one seems to remember. Everyone remembers that 241 American servicemen were massacred in Beirut during the last American peacekeeping operation (as were 58 French paratroopers, killed in a similar suicide bombing). No one remembers how we got there.

We went there to rescue Arafat and protect Palestinians. Here is how it happened: After years of being attacked by the Palestine Liberation Organization from Lebanon, Israel invaded in 1982. Yasser Arafat and his PLO soon found themselves surrounded in Beirut by Israeli forces. Having overplayed his hand, Arafat asked for rescue. U.S., French, and Italian forces were sent to evacuate Arafat and his troops to Tunisia. The rescuers then withdrew. They were shortly sent back, however, after Christian Lebanese massacred Palestinians in the refugee camps of Sabra and Shatilla. The Westerners returned to protect the Palestinians. They stayed to pacify the region and became sitting ducks for Islamic terrorists. After the French and Americans were massacred, they all finally sailed away.

Sound familiar? Arafat initiates violence, openly provoking an Israeli military reaction. Facing massive counterforce, he calls for international peacekeepers to save the Palestinians. How did it end last time? Badly.

Arafat is the master of bringing in others to save him from wars *that he starts*. And he wants to do it again. For the West to fall into that trap is truly insane. But such is the anti-Israel feeling in Europe and the Arab world that the idea has gained much currency—so much, in fact, that the Bush administration has had to fend it off, single-handed, in the Security Council.

As it should. An observer or peacekeeping force would be a deathtrap for outsiders. It would do nothing to end the current guerrilla war. It would only fortify the Palestinians, giving them a wall of international protection behind which to take shelter as they prepare yet more terrorist attacks within Israel. How would international peacekeepers stop Palestinian suicide bombers from infiltrating, when Israelis, who live there and know every nook and cranny of the place, cannot?

II. The Oslo Illusion

What then to do? The beginning of wisdom is to understand how we got here. The premise of Oslo was "land for peace." It is now clear that

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Arafat's intention from the beginning was "land for war"—to use whatever West Bank and Gaza territory he would be granted in any "peace" as a base for waging war against Israel proper.

"I don't believe that Arafat ever really gave up violence as a tool to achieving his objectives," outgoing ambassador to Israel Martin Indyk confessed in his parting interview with the *Jerusalem Post*, published on July 6. It took Indyk and the rest of the American "peace team" eight years—and oceans of blood—to figure this out. This is diplomatic malpractice that verges on manslaughter. Nonetheless, the fact that these congenital Panglosses have themselves finally come to this conclusion—after constantly, vociferously, belligerently maintaining otherwise—makes it unanimous: That pledge of nonviolence, made in Arafat's famous September 1993 letter to Yitzhak Rabin in the Oslo accords, the foundation of the whole "peace process," was a fraud and deception from the very beginning.

Oslo's basic premise was even more fundamentally violated. After all, it was not "land for cease-fire"; it was "land for peace." Meaning, not just nonviolence, but recognition by the Palestinians and the Arab world of the legitimacy of Israel.

We now know, eight sorry years later, that the PLO's recognition of Israel was just paper, without an ounce of true intent—a token to be withdrawn as soon as Israel had exhausted its grant of extraordinary and irreversible concessions. Having outlived its usefulness, the "recognition" has been openly and boldly repudiated.

Not only do the Palestinians speak candidly to their own public and the world of taking all of Palestine and destroying Israel; not only has the Arab world broken the few low-level relations it opened during the Oslo interlude; not only does the Arab League threaten to revive the Arab boycott; not only do even pro-Western Arab states, like Saudi Arabia and Egypt, talk of making war on Israel again; but even the basest of anti-Semitic calumnies, the "Zionism is racism" canard, has been resurrected—at a U.N. conference on racism, no less. The mask of "recognition" is off.

Again, the self-deception by Israeli doves and American foreign policy elites is, in retrospect, simply staggering. From the very beginning, Palestinian officials flaunted their nonacceptance of Israel and their disdain for the "peace" they had signed. Within months of Oslo, in a speech in South Africa, Arafat analogized Oslo to the treaty that Mohammed signed with the Quraysh. It proved very temporary and soon led to the tribe's final conquest by Mohammed's forces. At every opportunity, Arafat insisted that the Oslo peace accords were only a means, and that if they did not get him what he wanted, he would revert to "other means."

By the end of the eight years, the Palestinians were no longer speaking in code or by analogy. At a conference earlier this year in Lebanon, that much-celebrated Palestinian "moderate" Faisal Husseini (who died of a heart attack shortly thereafter) explained why the Palestinians had accepted only a relatively small amount of land with Oslo. Not in order to make peace with Israel, but, on the contrary, in order to establish a territorial base from which to fight and destroy Israel. The objective, he said openly, has always been "Palestine from the river to the sea." Meaning from the river Jordan to the Mediterranean: no Israel.

The irony is that there is nothing new here. This is precisely the program laid out by the Palestinians in the 1974 Cairo "Phased Plan." In it, the Palestine National Council decided to accept any piece of land within Greater Palestine as Phase One, from which to carry on Phase Two, the war for the extinction of Israel.

III. Arafat's War

We are now at Phase Two. This is the war Arafat has coveted all his life: the war against Israel from *within* Palestine. He tried first to make war from Jordan and was expelled in 1970. He then tried to make war from Lebanon and was expelled in 1982. And then in 1993, the miracle: Israel itself, in a fit of reckless high-mindedness unparalleled in the annals of diplomacy, brought him back to Palestine, gave him control of 98 percent of the Palestinian population, armed his 40,000 "police" (i.e. army), and granted him international legitimacy, foreign aid, and the territorial base of every city in the West Bank and Gaza.

Yet there are still observers in the West who remain puzzled by Arafat's war. Taken in by Oslo for the entire eight years, the *New York Times*'s Tom Friedman, for example, now rationalizes the collapse of his illusions by characterizing Arafat's war as senseless and self-defeating, "a grievous error" and an "idiotic uprising."

This analysis is sheer nonsense. The war is the war Arafat always wanted. He has just seen Israel, facing guerrilla war in Lebanon, abjectly surrender and withdraw unilaterally. And now, after a year of his own guerrilla war within Palestine, the balance of forces with Israel has shifted dramatically in his favor.

Israel is dazed and reeling—economically, diplomatically, and politically. Above all, psychologically. Israelis are afraid. They are afraid to send their children to the mall. They are afraid to go to the movies. They are afraid to drive the open road. And even worse, they are demoralized. They have lost hope. The illusion that assuaging the Palestinians and granting them their own state would

bring peace is shattered. The hope behind that illusion—to demilitarize Israeli society, to relax its isolation, to live without fear—has utterly evaporated. Israelis see nothing but indefinite struggle, continued bloodletting, for the endless future.

Military reserve service has been extended. Tourism, a mainstay of the economy, is dead. Unemployment is at the highest level in Israeli history. The United States has issued an advisory for its citizens not to visit the area. People are so afraid to go to Israel that British Air, Swissair, KLM, and Lufthansa forbid their pilots who fly there to stay overnight.

Israel is not just suffering, it is isolated. The vilification of Israel, temporarily moderated during the Oslo interlude, has resumed full force at the United Nations, the Arab League, and in Europe. Egypt and Jordan have withdrawn their ambassadors. The tentative ties Israel had established with moderate Arab states like Morocco, Qatar, and the United Arab Emirates have been cut. At the Durban conference on racism, dozens of countries will join not only to brand Zionism as racism but to devalue the Holocaust by deliberately using the word to apply to a myriad of other national tragedies.

Three Israeli soldiers are kidnapped by Lebanese terrorists in a raid that brazenly crosses the U.N.-drawn frontier between Lebanon and Israel. Not only is the world silent. But the U.N. conceals film of the kidnapping from Israel, the victim country—film that might have helped it find its soldiers or track down the perpetrators.

Israel stands alone, except for the United States. Yet even the United States speaks the language of moral equivalence in the face of a war begun by the Palestinians after rejecting a generous peace. For eight years, the Clinton administration urged Israel to take "risks for peace" with solemn assurance that the United States would stand behind it. "Today I come to Israel to fulfill a pledge I made," declared President Clinton in Jerusalem in December 1998, " . . . to reaffirm America's determination to stand with you as you take risks for peace." Israel took those risks, giving Arafat his armed mini-state and adding steadily to its territory under relentless pressure from secretary of state Madeleine Albright. And now? Terrorists attack innocents outside a Tel Aviv discothèque, in a Jerusalem pizzeria, in a Haifa café—and even the highly restrained, entirely bloodless Israeli responses are denounced by the State Department as "provocative," "escalation," and "disproportionate."

Yasser Arafat

Arafat's war serves an even larger purpose, however. Apart from directly damaging Israel's economy and morale, apart from driving wedges between Israel and its allies, the war has helped radicalize the Palestinian people, embitter them against Israel, and mobilize them for a long, bloody, death struggle.

The suicide bombings and drive-by shootings have forced Israel to impose strict security measures. With every act of Israeli retaliation, with every long wait at a security checkpoint, with every day of economic hardship made worse by the closures, popular anger at Israel is stoked. It is the classic dialectic of guerrilla war. Whatever voices for peace there might have been among the Palestinians have been silenced: Many have been driven out (there has been an especially large emigration of Christians under duress), some have been radicalized, others executed as "collaborators." As demonstrated by Mao and Ho and countless other guerrilla leaders, revolutionary war isolates and eliminates the opposition. Those Palestinians wishing minimal civil relations with Israel live in fear for their lives.

When Arafat arrived eight years ago, no one knew what political direction the Palestinian population in the territories would take. Now the direction is clear. Oslo assumed that Arafat would prepare his people for peace. Instead, he has trained them for "popular war," down to the children who are indoctrinated with the glories of "martyrdom" and bloodlust from their very earliest days. (A video clip repeatedly shown on Palestinian TV features a children's song with the lyric, "How pleasant is the smell of martyrs, how pleasant the smell of land, the land enriched by the blood, the blood pouring out of a fresh body.") Arafat's war has secured the future: a new generation, raised on hate, mobilized and ready to carry the fight long after Arafat and his generation are gone.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

Why should he stop? Every day is a victory. Every Palestinian death creates a martyr and a rallying cry. Every Israeli death sows more fear and despair in the enemy. Irrational? To western observers whose notion of human achievement ends with a good latte, a round of golf, and high-speed Internet access, this war seems insane. To a man who has dedicated 40 years of his life to molding his people to refight (and reverse) Israel's War of Independence, it makes perfect sense. Given what he has achieved in the last 11 months, why *would* he stop?

IV. Sharon's Way

Arafat won't. Which is why he must be stopped. Israel cannot go on like this. No country of 6 million people can sustain one Columbine massacre after another. (Think of how a single Columbine massacre traumatized a country of 280 million.) Arafat's war will give rise to Israel's war, a massive conventional attack on Arafat and his entire political-military infrastructure. That response is coming. Maybe not today, but tomorrow for sure.

For today, Israeli prime minister Ariel Sharon has been temporizing, casting about for a strategy. First, he tried moderation. After the Dolphinarium disco massacre in which a suicide bomber murdered 21 youths and maimed dozens of others, Sharon did nothing. Instead, basking in international acclaim for his forbearance, he accepted the Tenet cease-fire. It proved worthless.

Less acclaimed is his attempt at counter-terrorism. The policy of targeting terrorist ringleaders has been called "assassination" and widely denounced. These denunciations are the epitome of hypocrisy. What country would not go after those who were sending bombs into the middle of its cities? In 1998, President Clinton ordered cruise missile attacks on Usama bin Laden's bases in Afghanistan. The obvious objective was to kill him. Or failing that, to kill enough of his followers to deter or slow down their operations. And when in 1986 the United States found Libya responsible for a terrorist bombing that killed two American soldiers in a Berlin discothèque, it did not send Qaddafi a subpoena. It bombed his tent.

Killing those who arise to kill you is a universal and perfectly legitimate tactic of war. But legitimacy does not guarantee efficacy. In 1943, the United States deliberately shot down the plane carrying Admiral Yamamoto, architect of the attack on Pearl Harbor. That did not stop the Pacific war. Nor will Sharon's antiterrorist "assassination" campaign stop this war.

After all, the entire campaign of terrorism, suicide bombings, drive-by shootings, mortar attacks, gun battles, and ambushes is carried out under the umbrella and protection, often the direction, of Arafat and the Palestinian Authority. When he wants to shut down the violence, he does. How do we know? Look what happens when he is momentarily frightened and trying to avert an expected massive Israeli response, as after the Dolphinarium massacre. The violence miraculously abates—on his command and that of his eight separate security services.

To go after the terrorist ringleaders is certainly justified and might be marginally effective. But it misses the point. This is Arafat's war. The only approach is to go to the source.

What does that mean? It means doing to him what King Hussein did in 1970 when Arafat tried to destroy both the king and his Hashemite state: defeat him and expel him.

V. The War to Come

The diplomats prattle on that there is no military solution to this conflict. They were undoubtedly saying the same to King Hussein in 1970. Well, we do know that there is no diplomatic solution. Pressure from the United States, such as putting the PLO on the terrorist list, might force some tactical retreats or occasional cease-fires. But the root of the problem is intent. And Arafat's intentions have been laid bare for all to see.

So long as one could imagine him as a peace partner, simply wanting a better deal but ready in the end to accept a Jewish state living side-by-side with Palestine, one could imagine needing him. But Arafat has not wavered from the unbroken Palestinian tradition of rejecting compromise. In 1947, when the Palestinians were offered a state side-by-side with a Jewish state, they rejected it in favor of a war of extermination, a war that failed. In 1978, they were offered negotiations and autonomy after the Camp David peace treaty between Israel and Egypt. The PLO rejected the offer root and branch.

In 1993 in the Oslo accords, Arafat was offered recognition, self-government, and an end to occupation. The overture culminated in Ehud Barak's astonishing July 2000 offer of a Palestinian state with its capital in a shared Jerusalem. Arafat did not just turn that down, he never made a counter-offer. His counter-offer was war.

Arafat is not a peace partner. He is an obstacle to peace. And until he and the Palestinian Authority are removed, there is no hope for anything other than endless "war until victory," as Arafat assures his people almost daily.

Eventually, and inevitably, Israel will have to launch and fight *its* war. It will have to launch a massive lightning strike on the Palestinian Authority. Every element of

Arafat's police state infrastructure will have to be destroyed: headquarters and commanders of his personal security services, police stations, weapons depots, training camps, communications and propaganda facilities, including radio, TV, and government-controlled newspapers. At the same time, Israel will have to strike and destroy the headquarters and leaders of Arafat's most deadly allies, Hamas and Islamic Jihad. Israel knows where they are. But Israel has been reluctant to invade to seize and destroy. Eventually it will. Perhaps not after the next nail-bomb massacre; but after the one after that.

Who will then rule the Palestinians? Perhaps it will be chaos, but chaos is preferable to the current unholy alliance of Arafat's Palestinian Authority and the Islamic terrorists. Chaos will yield new leadership. That leadership, having seen the devastation and destruction wrought by Israel in response to Arafat's unyielding belligerence, might be inclined to eschew belligerence.

To have that effect, the Israeli strike will have to be massive and overwhelming. And it will have to be quick. The Arab states will be in the Security Council within hours, calling for the world to restrain Israel from trying to win a war that it did not start and did not want. The pressure on the United States will be enormous. But it must give Israel the few days it needs to disarm and defeat Arafat.

Of one thing we can be certain. Israel will not stay to rule. It has no intention of occupying Palestinian cities and people. The whole point of the Oslo experiment, and the terrible risks Israel undertook in the name of peace, was to stop being an occupying power and to give the Palestinians self-government and dignity. Israel will withdraw.

But because the fate and political direction of the Palestinians will remain uncertain, Israel must then take one supreme protective measure: enforce a separation between Palestinian and Israeli populations, until the Palestinians decide they actually want to live in openness and peace with the Jewish state. That means erecting a fence separating Israel and Palestinian territory. A largely overlooked fact in the current bloodshed is that not a single suicide bomber has come from Gaza. Why? Because there is a wall between Gaza and Israel. One can lob mortars over it, but sending suicide bombers through it is very difficult.

Jews are no lovers of walls. And this wall will be an admission of a great historic failure—the failure to find a genuine partner for peace among the Palestinians. Nonetheless, the wall will need to be built. And it will need to remain in place until a Palestinian leadership arises willing to sign a real peace, accept the Jewish state, and forswear violence.

One final element. Under cover of war, Israel will need to abandon and evacuate its more far-flung settlements. To do so today would be disastrous. It would reward Palestinian violence and vindicate the Hezbollah model of making guerrilla war to force Israel into unilateral territorial retreat.

Some settlements must be abandoned, but only in the context of an Israeli war that reshapes the landscape by removing Arafat and the PLO, enforcing separation, and defining the new border between the Jewish and Palestinian states. The border must be rational: defensible for Israel, livable for the Palestinians. It cannot meander through every nook and valley of Judea and Samaria.

Strike, expel, separate, and evacuate. All within, probably, three to four days, at which time the world will have forced Israel to stop. Will the current Israeli government attempt this? That is unclear. On the one hand, the structure of the government militates against it. Sharon is locked in a national unity government with the very Labor doves who brought on the catastrophe of Oslo and feel the need to justify that folly by making yet more peace agreements with Arafat.

On the other hand, no country can tolerate the bloodshed daily inflicted on Israel by Arafat's war. At some point either this government will act, or it will fall and a new government will do what needs to be done.

Israel will, of course, be accused of creating a ghetto around the Palestinians. The victimizer cries foul again. For 34 years, since it came into possession of the West Bank (in another war it never sought), Israel has offered the Palestinians open borders, open traffic, open commerce. Why, within days of the conquest of Jerusalem in 1967, Israel returned the Muslim holy places at the Al Aqsa Mosque to Muslim authority. It tried to erase the Green Line between Israel and the territories, allowing Palestinians to work within Israel. And look at the Oslo accords. They groan with dozens of clauses inserted at Israel's insistence about joint cooperation—economic, environmental, educational, industrial. The list is endless, idealistic, generous, and, of course, delusional: a one-handed handshake.

Arafat never had any intention of creating this New Middle East of civilized societies living side by side. Israel offered it, and what did it get in return? War. Neighbors who broke out in dance and song upon news of the massacre of innocents at the Jerusalem Sbarro.

Against such an enemy, there are only two choices. The status quo of endless guerrilla war, Arafat's war. Or Israel's war: attack, followed by evacuation and separation.

The choice is clear. It is only a matter of time. ♦

An 1804 depiction of the duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. Bettman / CORBIS.

The Founders' Honor

There's more to American politics than self-interest or principle can explain

By Harvey Mansfield

The word "honor" is not one we hear much these days. It sounds quaint when we read it of the past and pretentious if applied to the present. We prefer to speak more realistically, more candidly, of self-interest.

Yet the biggest recent events in American politics make sense only when seen as motivated by a sense of honor. When President Clinton was impeached, he refused to resign, one could say, for reasons of both honor and self-interest. But the Democrats in public office who supported him could have done so only for honor. They did not want to give in to those prissy, self-righteous Republicans, who would have crowed in triumph at his fall. In refusing to sacrifice their tainted champion as self-interest would have dictated, the Democrats paid a price. Their candidate Al Gore, chief among Clinton loyalists, suffered from "Clinton fatigue" (or Clinton disgust) in the electorate, and he lost a close election he probably would have won if Clinton had resigned and had taken his bad odor with him, leaving Gore to run as a relatively unembarrassed incumbent.

The Republicans for their part might have been well advised by self-interest to leave well enough alone, and not insist on impeachment in the House or a trial in the Senate. But they were overcome by their outrage. They felt it necessary to uphold law and propriety against a liar who had, at long last, been caught in his lie. So the Republicans refused to "move on" and diminished their advantage from Clinton fatigue because they seemed too eager for his removal.

Honor always has a sticking point: something you refuse to accept even though it might be in your own best interest. President Clinton, the one who spoke of "moving on," stayed where he was and brought his party to defeat. His sense of honor was no doubt perverse, but even in better cases, there is always something perverse about honor.

Honor is a feature of human nature that does not disappear with the arrival of democracy, though it takes new forms. We did not see President Clinton subjected to a public caning by Monica Lewinsky's father—to the mixed approval and consternation of the Secret Service—which he so richly deserved under the old code of honor. Mr. Lewinsky was more concerned for his president's honor than for his daughter's or for his own.

Affairs of Honor, a new book by Yale historian Joanne Freeman on the early American republic, has much to teach political theorists and American historians, as well as other souls with a merely personal interest in how to live. Freeman treats two of the most dramatic events in American political history. If you want to know about honor, look for drama; if you prefer life to be dull, if you want to be an economist, stay with self-interest—if you can. Freeman gives a careful analysis of the presidential election of 1800, in which Thomas Jefferson won out over Aaron Burr in the House of Representatives, and the duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr in 1804. She intends to use the later—and lesser—

Affairs of Honor
by Joanne B. Freeman
Yale University Press, 384 pp., $29.95

Power versus Liberty
Madison, Hamilton, Wilson, and Jefferson
by James H. Read
University Press of Virginia, 224 pp., $47.50

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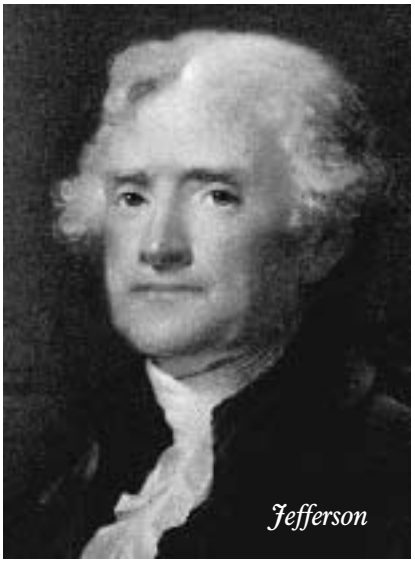
event of the duel to explain the earlier and greater event of the election. But because honor has its own priorities, she makes it appear that the central event of the period was the duel, despite its peculiar irrationalities—and not the coming of democracy to America, in what Jefferson called the "revolution" of 1800.

The duel in which Hamilton was killed by his unprincipled foe was the last major one in American political history, as public opinion was outraged at the result. The American people turned against the *politics of personal destruction*. Hamilton fought the duel reluctantly, and he left a carefully composed note in explanation of his decision to appear but not to fire his gun. As a Christian and a law-abiding citizen, he would not shoot, but to maintain his reputation with the public he could not "decline the call" to appear on the field of honor. When Hamilton was fatally wounded, the calamity put an effective end to dueling in American politics—but, in truth, that was only because Hamilton actually had been willing to risk his life for the sake of his honor. It is a pretty irony that affairs of honor were ended by a display of honor. Hamilton's action made it possible for politicians today to *retain their political viability* by remaining alive, adopting the bourgeois principle that fear for one's life has first priority.

It remains an advantage, of course—and a matter of honor—to have risked one's life for one's country. Freeman takes on the task of "reconstructing the logic" of honor to insensitive historians in the grip of the bourgeois principle. She explains the code and the language of honor that ruled democratic politics in its early phases, before partisan honor came in great part (but not altogether) to replace personal honor, and the spectacle of Mr. Lewinsky's inaction became possible. She also mentions the obvious fact that dueling was for men, but does not make much of it.

Freeman is surely right that the disputes among the candidates and their supporters in the election of 1800 were dominated by considerations of honor.


Hamilton


Jefferson


Madison

Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison: Hulton / Archive.

The code of honor dictated the etiquette of political gossip, threatening letters, and press attacks. But she concludes from this that America backed its way into democratic partisan politics through personal conflicts of honor, taken up without reference to principle.

This is the only place at which one might wish to contest her excellent book—though not to the point of dueling with its author. The bourgeois principle puts fear ahead of honor, but does not honor also ally with a principle? When human beings dispute over honor, it is never merely a fight over turf as with other animals, for some issue of principle is always involved. Honor was omnipresent in the election of 1800, but there was also the principle of Jefferson's party justifying the formation of itself as a party to save the republic. As Freeman says, a politics without sharply defined permanent parties was "like a war without uniforms." But *Affairs of Honor* shows very well that disagreement, if not war, was perfectly possible without permanent parties, and that republics could democratize honor without abandoning it. I would draw the opposite conclusion: The coming of parties required a new principle, one that opposed and overthrew the old principle prevailing before Jefferson formed his party—the principle that parties are the bane of republics.

The honor of a thinking man like Hamilton is constituted not only, and not mainly, by his conformity to an honorable code, vital as that may be to his reputation and self-respect. His honor and his integrity are also the consequence of the power and coherence of his thought. If honor is not to be fought out over arbitrary distinctions, it must be connected to the cause it represents, and the cause must be worthy. Another excellent and innovative book, James H. Read's *Power versus Liberty: Madison, Hamilton, Wilson, and Jefferson*, treats the political thought of four of the Founders with a view to their consistency. Read does not mention honor, but in fact he upholds the honor of Hamilton, Jefferson, James

Madison, and James Wilson by proving that they did not sway with the breeze and save their careers at the expense of their principles. Like Freeman, Read does this by sympathetically reconstructing the logic of their actions and their differences with one another. Whether historian or political theorist, you have to find out what the subjects of your study had in their minds.

The title of Read's book, *Power versus Liberty*, is actually the target at which he takes aim, and he is a liberal to whom conservatives should pay attention. He mainly objects to the notion that so much power added to government is that much liberty subtracted from the people—the idea Jefferson expressed when he said, "I own I am not a friend to a very energetic government. It is always oppressive." Jefferson, away in France at the time, was not a framer of the Constitution, which for the sake of liberty does provide an energetic government. Though surely a Founder, and later reconciled to the Constitution, he cannot be considered a friend to its basic intent. Read joins with historian Jack Rakove's book *Original Meanings* in questioning the notion made current today by conservatives that there is a single "original intent" that can be said to inspire the Founders and the Constitution.

In particular, Read attempts to pry apart the convergence of Madison and Hamilton in the Federalist Papers, the classic source of any original intent, and to show that their agreement was limited and temporary. He addresses the difficult problem of Madison's consistency, for in the Federalist Papers Madison was together with Hamilton in promoting energetic government, yet four years later he was an outraged opponent of Hamilton's national bank proposal, an instance of energetic government. Historians have speculated over accidental reasons why Madison might have been drawn to the side of his friend and fellow Virginian Jefferson to found a party against Hamilton, the man with whom he apparently agreed more. Madison, however, insisted in later life on his own consistency, and Read, by carefully following Madison's arguments, saves his honor as statesman and thinker. He finds Madison to be free of the arbitrary and petty loyalties and enmities that make up the politics of honor discussed by Freeman. Perhaps there are two levels of honor, a higher one of reason that directs and redeems the lower one of personal or party loyalty.

In opposing Hamilton, Madison did not put as the critical point his belief in a weak national government or in states' rights or in strict construction of the Constitution's text; it was that the people had to have agreed beforehand when ratifying the Constitution to powers claimed under it. This the people had refused to do in the case of the federal government's power to charter corporations like the national bank. Liberty is endangered by too little as well as by too much power—that is the message of the Federalist Papers in which Madison concurred. But in addition, and on his own, Madison believed that powers publicly exercised should be publicly granted beforehand.

Hamilton, according to Read, was concerned that there be enough power in total quantity, and so he worried less about the permitted boundaries of power. The right amount of power is what the people need, not the amount they have conferred. Liberty is not prior to power but balanced with power. Hamilton feared not the people but the states, which he thought were too jealous of power. He was neither a monarchist nor an aristocrat but a republican who believed that effective sovereignty must reside in the government, not the people. When well administered, government will, over time, attract and deserve the consent of the people, from whom Hamilton asked for "faith but not blind faith."

The reasoning of Madison and Hamilton was more intricate and more impressive than the simplifications of Jefferson and Wilson, but Read gives the latter two their due as well. With calm and persistence he follows the motion of principle as far as it will go, or as far as he can. At some point, however, we encounter the angry passions and factions that Freeman wrote about. It's not possible to remove principle from politics, but it's also not possible to enjoy a politics of pure principle.

Beyond principle lie both self-interest and honor, not merely self-interest as we Americans tend to believe. We need to reflect on honor, and on the relationship between honor and principle. Joanne Freeman's *Affairs of Honor* and James Read's *Power versus Liberty* are a help—and a little reading in Plato, too, would not hurt. ♦

All You Need Is Love

A new book on Plato's Symposium *by Leo Strauss!*

BY MARK BLITZ

Finding a new book by the political philosopher Leo Strauss more than a generation after his death in 1973 is as startling and unexpected as discovering a lost manuscript by Bach in some dark and remote German basement. Strauss has become famous among American conservatives as an opponent of relativism or historicism and as a friend of natural right or law. His rediscovery of natural standards led to a fresh and salutary look by some of his students at how equal natural rights, not arbitrary power or chance, form the bedrock of the United States. We are shaped neither by

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flighty preferences and values, nor by dumb and brutal materialism. Rich and permanent nature is our measure, and it guides us to a government designed to secure our liberty through constitutional limits.

Nature, however, is not exhausted by natural rights, and Strauss's importance is not only—or primarily—political. He teaches us that to understand nature more completely and, therefore, to go beyond even political good sense, we must examine the writings of ancient authors, of Plato, Aristotle, and their Christian, Jewish, and Muslim followers. We must then explore the transformation in understanding that begins with Machiavelli, culminates politically in countries based on natural rights, and proceeds to ignore or forget nature in the name of historicism and positivism. Strauss is known not merely as an opponent of relativism in politics but as an advocate of serious education through the unstinting study of the great thinkers who wrote about reason and nature.

We can grasp many of these thinkers only if we recognize that authors often write with systematic irony, employing extraordinary skill to at once protect decent conventions and liberate us from them. Strauss also is famous or notorious for discovering the not very egalitarian fact that many thinkers wrote "esoterically," using the same words to say different things to different people. The radical disjunction and extraordinary connection between political justice and philosophical freedom that is the source of "esotericism" was for him a central question. The uncompromising path of basic questioning is linked to, but not identical with, sound politics and serious education. The true dimensions of Strauss's achievement become evident only philosophically.

As Strauss's notoriety and fame have grown since his death, comprehension of his works has in some ways suffered. His writings are looked at by many almost exclusively through political eyes. Unfriendly or untutored academics pester his reputation with bad books and articles. His own students emphasize the aspects of his work most congenial to them and sometimes lose sight of the whole. "Strauss" is becoming an object of scholars and a name for journalists to drop—and his genuine presence and power threaten to recede from view.

Leo Strauss on Plato's Symposium is especially welcome because it fights these tendencies. It arrives fresh, it enables us to see Strauss alive in the classroom addressing himself to students and answering their questions, and its topic, love, is obviously alluring and important. The manuscript has not yet been subjected to our academic death grip and frozen for intellectual examination.

Strauss agreed forty years ago to allow the transcript of his seminar on the *Symposium* to be published, as long as Seth Benardete, the editor, provided better translations than were then available of the passages in the *Symposium* read in class. Benardete reports that Strauss rejected the first version but accepted the second. "For several reasons," the manuscript "never saw the light of day" and was then lost. Benardete has now reconstructed it, using the superb translation of the *Symposium* he has since published. Several gaps in the tapes from which the transcript was made, however, could not be filled in. We therefore have a work for which Strauss is both accountable and not accountable, something from which we can learn but which we should not treat as gospel.

The heart of Strauss's lectures on the *Symposium* is a careful commentary on Plato's dialogue, and the dialogue is a subtle and comprehensive exploration of the amazingly varied topic of *eros*, or love, in all its complexity. Strauss intends to direct our attention to *eros* as Plato portrays it and, therefore, to *eros* itself. Among Strauss's most novel, telling, and helpful observations is his statement that *eros* is of special importance because it is "somehow" Plato's contention that *eros* is "the nature of man and, in a way, the nature of the whole." That is, love is not chiefly a matter of passion, friendship, or attraction—to either physical or moral beauty. These phenomena must be accounted for by *eros*, and Plato displays them in his characters and in what they say. Indeed, Strauss claims that Plato's dialogues make evident his superiority to his great rivals in wisdom, the poets, precisely because he is able "by virtue of [his] deeper understanding of the principles" to make transparent in men "the manifestation of the principles."

Because *eros* is so comprehensive, it must also "somehow" be the foundation of politics. Yet as Strauss points out, politics' characteristic passion is spiritedness—and spiritedness, together with the anger and the severity associated with it, seems to be in tension with love. Strauss carefully considers this tension throughout his *Symposium* lectures, exploring, for example, the dual origin of the gods—both in the the love of beauty and as agents of avenging justice. The tension of love and politics can be understood better if we see that although each of Plato's dialogues stands alone, nonetheless "every dialogue is connected with every other dialogue but sometimes in a very indirect way." The *Laws*, obviously about politics, is "the only dialogue which begins with the word *god*," but the apparently apolitical *Symposium* is the only dialogue whose explicit theme is a god—namely, *eros*.

From the third chapter to the book's conclusion, Strauss's method is to explicate the *Symposium*'s six speeches about love (together with the dialogue's seventh speech, Alcibiades' concluding encomium to Socrates), and to relate the speeches to each speaker's character and desires. The summaries Strauss offers of his own previous discussions, together with his colloquies with students, enable us to see him develop his thought. "I am not only willing but eager to learn that I am wrong," he says at one point. Nonetheless, the overall impression is one of striking mastery and consistency from beginning to end.

Strauss argues that the *Symposium*'s speeches are ordered in an ascent. The first three fail to praise love itself (the

task that the first speaker, Phaedrus, had given the party). Instead, they "subject *eros* to something outside" or alien to it: the beloved's selfish gain, moral virtue, science, or art. Strauss brings out his conclusions with convincing subtlety, finding the central nerve in each speech. Especially revealing is his analysis of the speech by the physician Eryximachus. "The background of this speech is the philosophy of Empedocles," and it is "as far as my knowledge goes the only document in a philosophic text prior to Plato where the notion of science for the sake of power, the famous Baconian formula, is somehow approached." Eryximachus' view of love is one in which "there is no hierarchy, and the distinction between good and bad must come from a subjective point of view." The speech proves to be a central ancient text for exploring in advance what would come to reality in modern times with the dominance of technology.

Indeed, the *Symposium* as a whole is a partial antidote to submission to technology's dominance. What technological manipulation is able to create is necessarily limited and directed by the nature of passion and reason—and by the objects of passion and reason as we understand and experience those objects in the world. We may change the means by which we experience. We may even try to eliminate human experience altogether. But we cannot change the meanings and possible fulfillments inherent in our actions. And when we ignore what is inherent—when we have a distorted understanding of the intricacy of human experience—what we create is frighteningly narrow and often monstrous. In opposition to all this, the *Symposium* shows us the openness of love to what is good, and it is therefore an indispensable guide in our technological age.

Strauss's discussion of the final four speeches begins with an extraordinary analysis of the argument Aristophanes offers in the dialogue. Aristophanes gives a brilliant account of love as two halves of an original unity searching for each other, and Strauss shows how profoundly that image brings out the nature of love's rebellious power and its tension with convention, divine law, or "civilization," without which men "cannot become men."

Agathon, whose victorious tragedy the banquet or "symposium" is celebrating, offers the next opinion about love, one that appears to be completely different from Aristophanes' view: For Agathon, love is love of the beautiful. Then Socrates gives his own speech, in the form of a dialogue with the prophetess Diotima. Strauss orients

Leo Strauss on Plato's Symposium
edited by Seth Benardete
University of Chicago Press, 320 pp., $39

his discussion of their conversation around the varied ways in which Diotima subtly connects and differentiates love of one's own from love of the beautiful. Love is not always love of one's own, for when we love something noble or beautiful we often forget or even sacrifice ourselves. This duality is at play in parents' love of their children, in poets' love of fame through beautiful works, and in philosophers' love of truth.

Strauss patiently brings out Diotima's argument that love is, finally, love of the good—more, of "the good being one's own forever." Love is, as it were, between men and gods, between the mortal and the immortal. The view that love is of the truly good therefore comprehends, and surpasses, the opinions of both Aristophanes and Agathon. In sexual desire for the young and beautiful, for example, beauty is "a means, a decoy." As "a reflection of the mortal in the immortal," beauty is a condition for one's own "sempiternal possession of the good," namely, "giving birth to offspring."

In the lectures on the *Symposium*, Strauss summarizes Plato's understanding of love when he answers a student's question by extemporaneously observing, "There is a love of the beautiful which is really self-forgetting and which is, in a way, of higher nobility than that love which is not self-forgetting." And yet, Strauss notes, even that selfless love of the beautiful is not the highest form of love—for "the remarkable fact is this: On the highest level, self-forgetting is not possible. Love of the truth is higher than love of beauty, and love of the truth, if it is anything, is something you want to possess. This can be absent in love of the beautiful. That is what Plato means. There is that strange kinship between the highest and the lowest."

The *Symposium*'s final long speech belongs to Alcibiades, and in his analysis, Strauss brings to a head a topic that has been central throughout the lectures: Socrates himself. Strauss makes clear how Socrates is characterized by a hubris, an insolence that is connected to his famous irony. He indicates how Socrates' thought and *eros* has a special purity "directed toward the beautiful, not toward immortality" although "he becomes immortal, perhaps . . . by generating genuine virtue." And finally Strauss explores whether Socrates' refusal to write is a consequence of this purity or a deficiency in his spiritedness. What was Socrates missing that his students Plato and Xenophon enjoyed?

Given his concerns, it should not be surprising that the problem of Socrates became an ever more explicit theme in Leo Strauss's writings during the last decade of his life. This book on the *Symposium* is a remarkable addition to that remarkable body of work. ♦

Central Intellectual Agency

Shepard Stone, the CIA, and the Cold War of ideas.

BY ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Between 1950 and 1970, two battles of the Cold War raged across Western Europe and the United States. The first was the fight against the Soviet Union's effort to control the world of ideas and letters. The second was the struggle to overcome the anti-Americanism of European intellectuals. These were battles of high purpose in the campaign against communism, but they were filled with low skirmishes.

America and the Intellectual Cold Wars in Europe
by Volker R. Berghahn
Princeton Univ. Press, 384 pp., $39.50

The details are now mostly forgotten, but in a scholarly volume called *America and the Intellectual Cold Wars in Europe*, Volker R. Berghahn, a history professor at Columbia University, has resurrected them, centering his story on the fascinating character of Shepard Stone, the American bureaucrat, editor, writer, and intellectual cold warrior.

After War World II, the Kremlin relaunched its cultural offensive against the West, and the then-newly created CIA sought to command the free world's countermeasures. In 1950 it secretly planned and financed what became known as the Congress for Cultural Freedom, headquartered in Paris, at the very heart of the European anti-Americanism that was being fanned by Stalinist intellectuals. The CIA's role was exposed in 1967, which—given the bad odor of Cold War spying—pretty much ended the Congress for Cultural Freedom's moral standing. That was a shame, for there were some spectacular intellectual achievements to the congress's credit, notably its magazines: *Encounter* in England, *Der Monat* in Germany, *Preuves* in France, *Tempo Presente* in Italy, *Cuadernos* in Latin America, and *Quest* in India.

Those too young to remember may ask: What was so wrong about CIA financing? Plenty—and the CIA man in Paris, the likable Michael Josselson, knew it. Berghahn quotes a letter in which Josselson says he tried hard "to protect all those associated with the Congress from any damage to their reputation which might result from a discovery of the CIA connection." Had the money been openly handed to managerial intellectuals to play with, the Congress for Cultural Freedom might have worked out. But the CIA, captivated by a sense of omniscience, wanted to run, if not the actual content of magazines like *Encounter*, then at least the political activities of the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

In short, the CIA reduced the congress to a CIA department. And, like the CIA, the resulting congress seemed more concerned with Europe than America. As Berghahn describes it, "The Congress for Cultural Freedom had been turned into an organization that was much more responsive to European intellectuals' preoccupations." So the Europeans were wined and dined, and, lured by juicy honoraria, these *poules de luxe* agreed to be wafted to the loveliest places in the Mediterranean at high season for conferences and seminars. A fat lot of good it did—since anti-American Europeans, whether left or right, remain incorrigible to this day.

The effect was fiascoes like the international organization (the "Congress for Cultural Freedom Secretariat") hoping to win the admiration of European intellectuals by demanding in vain that its American affiliate (the "American Committee for Cultural Freedom") support a pardon of the Rosenbergs, the atomic spies, on the eve of their execution. When the American congress publicly condemned Bertrand Russell for his 1956 magazine article charging that the United States was a police state run by J. Edgar Hoover, the Paris headquarters rebuked the Americans for daring to criticize Lord Russell—an honorary Congress for Cultural Freedom chairman no less. At which point, Diana Trilling, then the chairman of the American congress, fired off to the parent congress a brutal question: "How untruthful about America may a man be and still be useful to an organization which is pledged to truth and which numbers among its affiliates an American branch?" (I should note, in the interest of full disclosure, that I was a later chairman of the American affiliate.) The Congress for Cultural Freedom drove from its board Arthur Koestler and Sidney Hook because they were hard-line anti-Communists—and by shunting these hard-liners to the sidelines, the CIA operation "won the support of a significant number of highly regarded European academics, intellectuals, businessmen and politicians," says Berghahn approvingly.

Berghahn's book, an important contribution to intellectual history, is the most recent volume on the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Among the earlier ones were Peter Coleman's judicious study *The Liberal Conspiracy* and Frances Stonor Saunders's *The Cultural Cold War*, a tirade against anything and everything the Congress for Cultural Freedom did. Berghahn, however, has availed himself of the archived papers of the late Shepard Stone, whose justifiable claim to fame

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was the years he devoted to the democratization of the defeated Nazi state as an officer of the United States High Commission in West Germany.

Stone came in at the tag-end of the Congress for Cultural Freedom story and tried, with the financial help of a reluctant Ford Foundation, then the largest philanthropic organization in the world, to salvage something from what was the still quivering post-exposé Congress for Cultural Freedom corpse. He became head of the organization's successor, the International Association for Cultural Freedom.

Berghahn misses one important aspect of the CIA's involvement: the connection with American labor. Under AFL president George Meany and his successor, Lane Kirkland, the AFL (and later the AFL-CIO) took large CIA subventions to help finance their fight against entrenched Communist labor unions, especially in France and Italy.

But the labor leaders never allowed the CIA or the State Department to dictate their policies. As ambassador Philip Habib said about Irving Brown, the AFL operative in Europe who distributed the money where it would do the most anti-Soviet good: "We didn't use the sonofabitch, the sonofabitch used us."

The same Irving Brown had been elected to the original 1950 Congress for Cultural Freedom executive board, no doubt in keeping with the old Leninist slogan of uniting "workers of brain and brawn." Brown kept pressing the Congress for Cultural Freedom leadership to get "legal": either to take CIA funds openly or else find non-CIA financing. When the Congress for Cultural Freedom leadership persisted in its secrecy, he resigned.

The Congress for Cultural Freedom was an extraordinary organization that had as its guiding philosophy Daniel Bell's classic, *The End of Ideology* (although Berghahn over-credits the book with almost mystical omnipresence). The congress had, as *America and the Intellectual Cold Wars in Europe* shows, no endowment or physical assets of its own, but "it ran a multi-million dollar enterprise"—although, it must be added, always under the supervision of the CIA. Berghahn writes that the congress "had representatives and select membership circles operating in most of western Europe, the United States, and an array of Asian, African and Latin American nations. It supported a dozen or more intellectual and scholarly journals in major languages of the world, and it organized large and expensive international conferences on central themes of contemporary concern."

So was it all worth it? The battle against the Soviet campaign of ideas and letters against the West was won, at last, after four decades, and it was surely one of the great victories of contemporary civilization. The second battle of the intellectuals' Cold War, the attempt to overturn European anti-Americanism, has yet to be won, and probably never will be.

Still, by funding literary and intellectual magazines like *Encounter*, the CIA—whether intentionally or not—made it possible to read regularly some of the best prose and poetry of the twentieth century. That is no mean

Bush v. *Gore*, Again

The strange pragmatism of Judge Richard A. Posner.

BY DAVID TELL

In *An Affair of State*, his 1999 analysis of the Monica Lewinsky scandal and Bill Clinton's resulting impeachment, Richard A. Posner, a judge on the Seventh U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, set out to prove that, almost without exception, the leading characters in that drama were "fools, knaves, cowards, and blunderers." The president himself, a man with only "splinters of a fractured personality," had committed serial felonies, of course, and arguments to the contrary—whether from White House lawyers or petition-signing scholars—were impossible to credit.

Breaking the Deadlock
The 2000 Election, the Constitution, and the Courts
by Richard A. Posner
Princeton Univ. Press, 266 pp., $24.95

On the other hand, Clinton's "frenzied and irrational" critics were motivated hardly at all by concerns over such questions of law and constitutional order as might have been raised by his crimes. These "moralistic conservatives" were interested instead, Posner says, in pursuing an irredentist *Kulturkampf* on behalf of "sexual puritanism."

The puritans were all along bound to fail, Posner concluded in *An Affair of State*, since ordinary Americans have "attained a level of political maturity at which widespread disillusionment with the moral and intellectual qualities of our political leaders will not cause the sky to fall." Clinton had "defiled" the presidency, Posner allowed. But most of us "do not and should not care about preserving the dignity of [that] office."

There was something here to offend nearly everyone, you would think, but the book was nevertheless favorably received across the board. Reviewers on the right chose to ignore the spitballs Posner lobbed their way, so grateful were they to have Clinton declared guilty as charged by a brilliant federal jurist. For reviewers everywhere else, it was enough that *An Affair of State* endorsed the president's acquittal in the Senate as the worthy product of coolly "sophisticated" modern politics. No one seemed troubled by the obvi-

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ous contradictions of such a politics—or by its barely concealed implications.

Perhaps they will be troubled now. What the Clinton impeachment and last year's presidential election share, Posner suggests in the preface to *Breaking the Deadlock*, his new book about the Florida recount, is that both crises demonstrate "the indispensability of pragmatism to the resolution of tumultuous, law-saturated public issues." This is an attention-grabbing notion, to be sure. The failure of the Clinton impeachment and the failure of the Democrats' election lawsuits in Florida have one practical thing in common: Al Gore didn't get to be president, either as a post-impeachment stand-in or on his electoral strength. And the number of political thinkers who are happy about *both* these failures must be small enough to fit in the backseat of a taxicab.

But riding with them, Posner insists, is the large, coherent, governing philosophy of American democracy. The essential meaning of which he begins to outline in *Deadlock*'s opening chapter, a thirty-five-page cadenza of novelty theoretics. "Pragmatism" turns out to have rather a lot to do with the "particularly delicate" question whether "voting should be made easier for people of limited literacy."

The popular franchise, you see, is a "very crude" method for teasing out wisdom in public policy. Voting eligibility is generally restricted to registered adult citizens residing—but not incarcerated—in a geographically specified jurisdiction. But those are "coarse sieves," Posner explains, "if the objective is to confine voting to intelligent, knowledgeable, civic-minded, politically mature, responsible people with a tangible stake in the outcome of the election." And how few of *those* there are! A great many Americans "would lack the intelligence or education" necessary to locate their own political interests "no matter how much time they spent studying the issues and candidates." What's more, even the smartest and most diligent of them casts but a single ballot among millions and so cannot reasonably hope to profit from his homework. The wonder, then, is "why anyone who is eligible bothers to vote" in the first place.

The answer, Posner proposes, is that a democratic citizen's voting behavior is best understood, in economic terms, simply "as a form of consumption, like rooting for one's alma mater at a college football game"—an effort to "signal taste, values, or affluence," nothing more elevated than that. We would do well to abandon our "starry-eyed" predisposition to "prate about self-government."

Better that we operate on the assumption that our political questions are not "resolvable by deliberation or debate," that the beliefs we hold as individuals are "likely to be distorted by self-interest or ignorance," and that We the People consequently "cannot be trusted to exercise power."

The best Posner can do is note that the popular franchise in America has become a "symbol of equality" of notable "psychological" force.

The good news, Posner offers, is that the ingenious republican structure of American government works to ensure that power is exercised by a better breed. Representative democracy—"practical," "realistic," and consistent with "commercial values"—all but forces ballot-box hoi polloi to "pick the best candidate for each office." The best candidate, which is to say "the glib, the clever, the shrewd, the handsome, and the charismatic" one. Which is also to say: "a superior person, not at all typical of the voters"—who, in their starry-eyed delusion, no doubt imagine that honor and ability are really what they're after.

It is around this time in his book, before Posner has even begun to address the Florida recount, that nervous readers may start wondering what happened to those "sophisticated" average Americans whose "political maturity" he celebrated two short years ago in *An Affair of State*. And what has all this to do with the Florida recount, in any case? Surely *Deadlock*'s final two hundred pages, about the nuts and bolts of an actual event in contemporary public affairs, promise some relief from the battery-acid abstractions of Posner's introductory discourse on democracy? Surely he means to make his "pragmatism" *attractive*, after all?

No, sorry. Especially to folks already distressed by the conclusion of last year's presidential election, *Deadlock* will seem the literary equivalent of those screaming-rabbit recordings that the FBI played outside the Branch Davidian compound in Waco. "Anyone who could read at a high school, or maybe even an elementary school, level," Posner blandly observes, should have been able to figure out how to cast a successful ballot in those of Florida's counties that employed "punchcard" vote-recording machines. The machines performed well. The people did not.

In particular, some thousands of people who intended to vote for Al Gore wound up spoiling their ballots instead. It is "an elementary statistical proposition that the standard deviation from the mean of a sample is inverse to the square root of the sample size," Posner reminds us. And from such calculations, he continues, it becomes plain as day that the punchcard-ballot incompetence of certain Democratic-trending Florida voter demographics—the "confused, clumsy, illiterate or semiliterate," for example, a "disproportionate percentage of blacks" among them—cost Gore the White House.

Tough luck, Posner says, and more or less in so many words. The rules were the rules, as previously established, and that should have been the end of it, the moment a mandatory

Voters during the 2000 election. AP / Wide World Photos.

machine recount confirmed that George W. Bush had won a majority of Florida's validly cast Election Day ballots. That state's supreme court had no authority under either local statute or the federal Constitution even to permit, let alone require, selected Florida counties to pursue the matter any further. By twice ruling otherwise, and thus launching the Democratic party's ad hoc mission to fashion a White House from dented specks of cardboard, the Tallahassee judges did "what a banana republic might do." Had Gore become president by virtue of those now famous hand recounts, Posner argues, "he would have owed his victory to legal error." And legal error is a very bad thing, never more so than in a circumstance as grave as this.

Needless to say, many of us long ago reached similar conclusions about what happened in Florida on November 7. The surprise is that Richard A. Posner should now be agreeing with us. Or, more precisely, the surprise is what basis Richard A. Posner should now be choosing to disagree with our opponents. For he wishes to be thought an avatar of "pragmatism," remember. And it would seem an odd sort of "pragmatism," indeed, that makes fealty to legal and procedural formality its overriding concern.

Or perhaps Posner is simply exercising the purest pragmatism, properly understood: any old debating point in a storm. And sure enough, so soon as he has excoriated the Florida Supreme Court for abjuring strict reliance on legal text and precedent, he turns around—never bothering to acknowledge the switcheroo—and praises the U.S. Supreme Court for doing much the same thing. The Fourteenth Amendment equal-protection argument with which the federal justices reversed their state-court counterparts in *Bush* v. *Gore*, Posner admits, was "not a persuasive one," technically speaking. Nor was the argument adopted in the three-vote *Bush* v. *Gore* concurrence, which relied on Article II of the Constitution, particularly effective; Chief Justice Rehnquist, who wrote that concurrence, "did not defend it very cogently."

Nevertheless—*nevertheless*—the High Court is to be applauded for its "pragmatic" intervention against looming "chaos." The best jurists, pragmatic jurists, do not restrict themselves to "canonical materials of judicial decision-making, such as statutory or constitutional text and previous judicial opinions," in a mystical and unavailing search for the "One Correct Decision." Recognizing that there is no such thing, the pragmatist instead "regards adjudication, especially constitutional adjudication, as a practical tool of social ordering and believes therefore that the decision that has the better consequences for society is the one to be preferred."

But how—by reference to what immutable principle, and against what commonly accepted standard—are those "better consequences" to be identified? Posner stays largely mum on the matter. Returning at last to *Deadlock*'s original question whether "voting should be made easier for people of limited literacy," he generously answers "yes." The United States should now effect those modest constitutional and administrative reforms necessary to ensure that devices like the punchcard ballot never again trip up the dullest witted voters among us, Posner argues. Their interests, too, should be reflected in our elections, he proclaims.

Yes, they should, and devotees of "starry-eyed" democratic idealism would have little trouble explaining why. But the best Posner can do is note that the popular franchise in America has become a "symbol of equality" of notable "psychological" force. This may well be "hokum or sentimentality," he thinks. But it remains "a brute fact" of our political culture.

It would seem Richard A. Posner is prepared to indulge the illogical passions that fire the democratic imagination of his brutish fellow citizens. Which is very nice of him, really. But given that those passions are embodied in American law, might he not find some better place to work than the Seventh U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals? ♦

News Item: "A Coach purse, containing a Gucci wallet and a Louis Vuitton change purse valued at $800, was reported stolen Sunday from a black Jaguar parked outside the Winnetka Golf Course. Two cell phones and $200 in cash were also missing from the car." —*Winnetka Talk*, July 19, 2001

THE LADY IN THE DKNY

It's 94 degrees out and rising, and the a.c. at Designer Crimes has been on the fritz since morning. I'm sitting feet up at my Alberto Meda desk, Zegna unconstructed jacket on the back of my Jorge Pensi chair, Hermès tie loosened, Joseph Abboud shirt completely damp. I pop a Kate Spade mint into my mouth, when this knockout, I mean off the charts, blonde walks into my office.

"You the man in charge of designer goods?" she asks.

"I'm the man," I say. She's wearing Escada jeans that don't leave a lot to the imagination. There's something Ralph Lauren-on-safari about her long hair, but with a let 'er rip Versace-goes-slumming look in her eyes.

"Nice shoes," she says. "Kenneth Cole?"

"Barneys," I say. "But my guess is you're not here to talk about my shoes."

"I've been ripped off," she says.

"Where'd it happen?"

"The Winnetka Golf Course. Took the stuff right off the front seat of my black Jag. Your watch—Bvlgari?"

"Tag Heuer. What'd they get?"

"A Coach bag, Gucci wallet, Louis V. change purse that set me back eight hundred . . . a couple of hundred more in cash, two cell phones."

"How come you carry two cell phones?"

"One's mine, one's my daughter's."

"You married?"

"Not anymore."

"How old's your daughter?"

"Four," she says, yawning, stretching her arms over her head, giving the pima cotton of her DKNY T-shirt a workout.

Next morning we round up the usual suspects for a lineup. Habituals, all of them. Designer-goods crimes on the North Shore in Chicago are up something like 87 percent. The victim shows up in take-no-prisoners Jil Sander Capri pants, a Chloé tank top, and J.P. Tod's driving shoes.

"That suit," she says to me. "Polo? Purple Label?"

"Oxxford. But let me tell you something about this lineup. Many of these men and women have done time at the Penitentiary Rehabilitation Administration Department Annex. PRADA, they call it. It's hard time. They wear Fila running suits. They're released with fifty bucks walking-around money and some *schmatte* of a suit from Brooks Brothers or an off-the-rack dress from TJ Maxx. Even so, the recidivism rate is up around 98 percent."

She slips on a set of Fendi tortoise-shell glasses and concentrates her teal blue eyes as five men and three women take their places under the glaring lights.

"The guy in the Armani suit is kinda cute," she says. "Don't much like the tie. Hugo Boss, maybe?"

"It's Boss all right. Does he look at all familiar?"

"Don't think so. What about the guy in the Helmut Lang suede jacket?"

"What about him?"

"Is he, do you happen to know, single?"

"I can find out."

"I notice, Detective, that you don't wear a ring."

"In this business, marriage ain't such a hot idea. The hours are terrible, the . . ."

A cell phone goes off in her bag, a black Chanel job. She takes the phone out, puts it to her ear—then another phone rings, and she takes a second cell phone out of the bag. Right then I know I am being had.

"The Chanel," I say, when she gets off both phones. "Hand it over."

The bag felt light, insubstantial, the buckle flimsy. I empty its contents on a table before us: Along with the two cell phones, a Gucci wallet, a Louis Vuitton change purse, the keys not for a Jag but for a Toyota spill out. The Chanel, the Gucci, the Louis V.—it didn't take a trained eye to know all of 'em are cheap knockoffs.

"You never lost any of this stuff? Why report it stolen?"

Tears come into her eyes. Sobbing, she says, "It's almost impossible to meet a well-dressed man. Ever been to a Jewish singles' dance, Detective? Schlepperosity like you wouldn't believe."

She slips her bare arms around my neck. Her Valentino scent goes straight to my brain. Still crying, she says, "You can't know what it was like to be married to a man who wore Dockers seven days a week."

I feel her firm young body against me. My heart jumps. But I'm not about to take the fall for a woman who carries fake designer goods. Some morning I'd wake up next to her, and find myself in knockoff Yves Saint Laurent pajamas. No thanks. She's going down. The babe doesn't know it, but it's PRADA for her.