the weekly
Standard

THE BUSH WHITE HOUSE SPRINGS A LEAK
JEFFREY BELL • MATTHEW CONTINETTI
WILLIAM KRISTOL

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SMACK DOWN!

The other Democrats gang up on Dean

by David Tell

Restructuring our markets: a proven solution.

We are a nation of investors. A majority of Americans participate in equity markets by purchasing stocks or mutual funds directly or through their retirement savings plan. In many ways, our fortunes as a nation rise and fall with the strength and integrity of our equity markets.

But recent events at the New York Stock Exchange (NYSE) have shaken investor confidence and called into question the integrity of our markets. This crisis is partly due to individual misjudgment and poor governance, but the heart of the problem is the structure of the market – specifically, the barriers that protect the NYSE from competition. These barriers increase the cost of trading equities and, over time and many millions of transactions, erode the returns on our investments.

We've been here before.

The good news is that we have successfully addressed a similar problem before. Prior to 1997, investors trading Nasdaq-listed stocks had no choice of trading venues – all orders were sent to a Nasdaq dealer for execution. As a result, dealers effectively had a monopoly for setting the prices of Nasdaq stocks. The result: an investigation by the Justice Department and findings of fraud, price fixing and collusion by Nasdaq dealers.

At the time, the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) wisely refrained from micromanaging a remedy. Instead, the SEC opened the Nasdaq marketplace to competition and restored the integrity of the regulatory process.

Specifically, the SEC created a regulatory opening for a new sort of competitor: a fully electronic market that could compete with dealers in setting the prices at which Nasdaq-listed stocks were bought and sold. Rather than employing dealers to act as middlemen on every transaction, these all-electronic markets allow investor orders to interact directly. Investors may well have saved billions of dollars from the resulting lower transaction costs produced by this competition.

In addition to introducing competition, the SEC also required Nasdaq to separate its regulatory function from its business operations. Prior to the Justice Department investigation, Nasdaq was responsible for regulating itself. As a result of the Justice Department's findings, the SEC eventually forced Nasdaq to outsource its regulatory functions to the NASD, a non-profit organization.

Today, we see the NYSE confronting many of the same issues – largely stemming, once again, from a lack of competition. As was the case with the Nasdaq dealer, the NYSE specialist effectively controls the entire price discovery process for every security traded on the NYSE. Further, due to the current regulatory structure conceived more than 20 years ago when only manual, floor-based exchanges existed, new electronic marketplaces like those of Instinet Group and Nasdaq are effectively prevented from competing with the NYSE specialist.

Ensuring high ethical standards.

So how do we modernize our markets and introduce competition? We must begin with regulatory reform that knocks down the barriers to competition in the listed environment: specifically, the rules and regulations governing the Intermarket Trading System (the so-called "trade-through" and "quote-through" rules). These rules undermine the trading benefits that electronic markets offer to investors, stifle transparency, widen spreads, increase transaction costs and most importantly, protect the NYSE monopoly. In today's technologically advanced marketplace, the definition of best price must extend beyond best "advertised" price and include factors such as speed, neutrality, anonymity and the certainty of making the trade. Our goal should be to level the playing field and give investors the benefits of the narrower spreads and lower transaction costs produced through competition.

In addition, the NYSE should also be required, as Nasdaq was a few years ago, to separate its regulatory function from its business interests. Regulation is a duty owed to the public and must be separate from the profit motive.

Competitive alternatives.

At Instinet Group, we have long been committed to providing competitive alternatives to the manual, floor-based market. We have built our business by offering investors a marketplace that is not only efficient and technologically advanced, but unconflicted – we never place our interests ahead of our clients. To deliver greater value to our customers, we are now in the process of formally separating our global agency broker business ("Instinet") from our two electronic marketplaces. We will also soon be combining the best aspects of our two electronic marketplaces and creating one large pool of liquidity called "INET."

All of us have a stake in the health of our nation's markets. We have an historic opportunity to harness the benefits of competition and innovation and deliver tremendous value to investors. Let us seize this chance to strengthen our equity markets.

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To learn more about these issues, visit **www.instinetgroup.com**

What Happened to Tony Blair, America's "Best Friend"?

Gerald A. Dorfman is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution

Over the more than two years since 9/11, and especially during the run-up to the war in Iraq, President Bush repeatedly praised Prime Minister Blair of Britain as America's best friend and closest ally.

So what has happened to our best friend since the war ended? The answer is, simply, nothing good. Like President Bush, Blair enjoyed what the London media styled the "Baghdad bounce" after major hostilities in Iraq ended. For a few weeks, Blair (like Bush) and his Labour government experienced a surge of national pride that translated into swelling support in the public opinion polls. But alas it was not to last, and today **Blair and his government have less support than at any time since they took office in 1997.** What was a double-digit poll lead before the war has collapsed into a three- to five-point deficit to the opposition Conservative Party. Blair, the most trusted and respected political leader in Britain before the war, is now the least trusted and respected. Why such a steep fall?

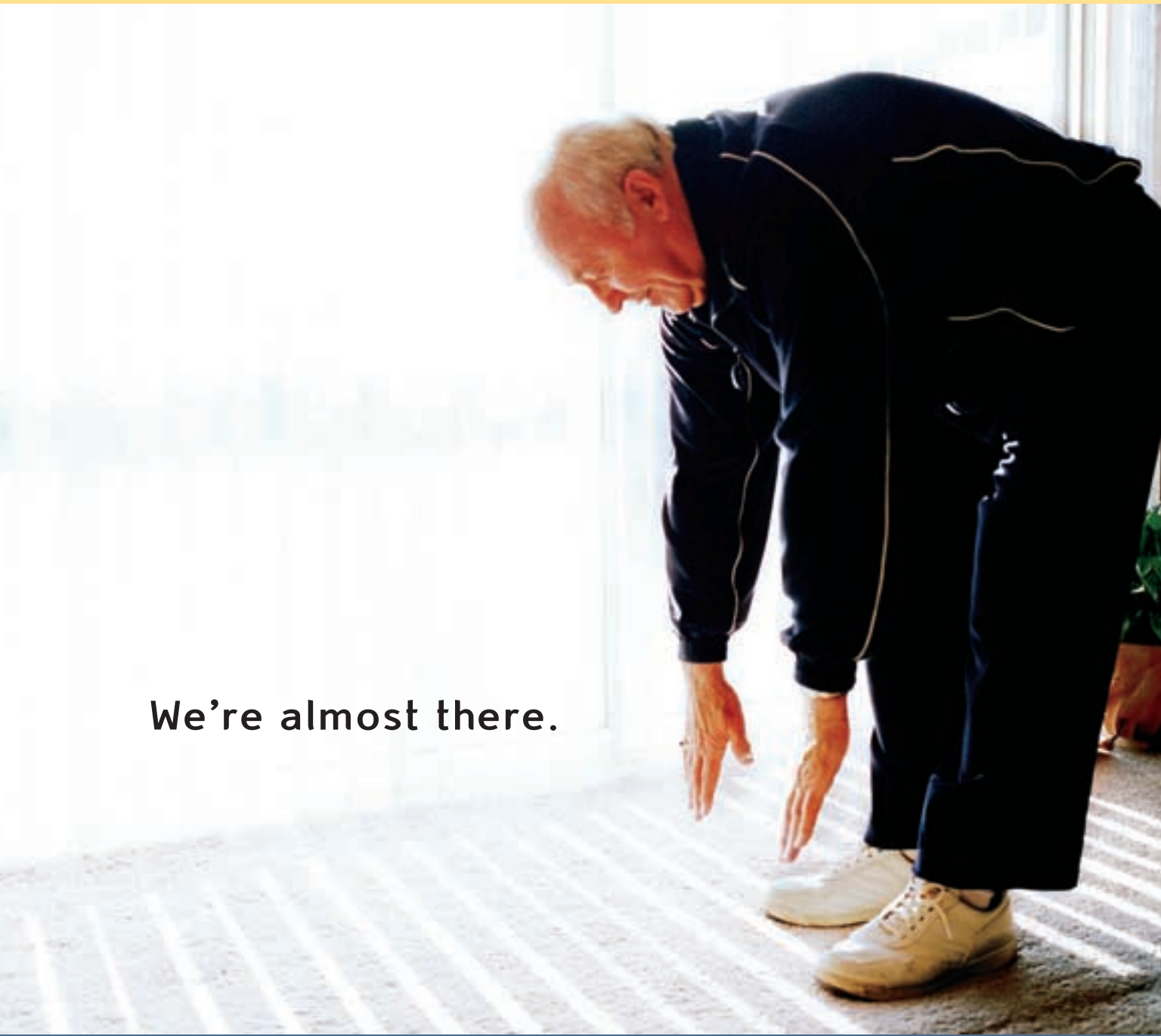
A big part of the answer is that Blair took a much greater political risk in leading his nation into war than did President Bush. Although Blair took the initiative on Iraq from a position of unprecedented political strength, he also faced much stronger domestic opposition from the start. Even more important, the bulk of that domestic opposition came from within his own Labour Party in sharp contrast to President Bush, who enjoyed his strongest support from within his own Republican Party. Therein lay the origin of what has been Blair's misery. **In laying out the case for war, Blair needed to convince his core political supporters.**

Case in point, Blair never convinced half his Cabinet or a third of the Labour members of the House of Commons, none of whom ever came to accept that Iraq posed a clear and present danger to British security. Moreover, they did not like Blair's close relationship with Bush—scorning Blair as no more than Bush's "poodle." So when Blair went to war, his Labour colleagues did no more than go along with what they regarded as "Blair's War," including its attendant political risks.

Blair was highly vulnerable to the political disaster he has been suffering. The failure to find weapons of mass destruction immediately set off shrill demands for an investigation of the entire Iraq policy. This led to the (questionable) accusation that Blair had a key role in exaggerating the case for war. Recently, Blair has suffered through a public judicial investigation of the suicide of a government scientist who apparently made such a charge to a BBC journalist. A highly damaging report from this investigation plus more investigations to follow may make matters worse. But whatever happens the important political consequence for Blair is already known. He has lost the most precious of political advantages, trust and respect, which were the strongest elements of his success. He has indeed paid a steep price to be America's best friend.

— Gerald A. Dorfman

Let's pass a prescription drug plan that offers Medicare beneficiaries a choice.



Thanks to research, today there are prescription medicines that help people live longer, healthier lives. Now is the time for Congress to improve patients' access to those medicines with a Medicare prescription drug benefit. America's seniors and people with disabilities are waiting for Congress to pass a prescription drug plan this year. A plan that provides real choices and access to the best medicines. Let's work together to give them the coverage and choices they deserve.

PhRMA

Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America

www.phrma.org

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Cover: Ismael Roldan

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the weekly Standard

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In Memoriam

A few hundred people gathered the other day at a wet state park in the wooded hills of Maryland to honor four American journalists who've died in the line of duty in the war on terror. There were family and friends of the fallen. And there were ordinary citizens. Some said they like to hike through Gathland State Park on the Appalachian Trail. Some are history buffs fond of the quirky, 50-foot memorial arch there that pays tribute to war correspondents.

The stone monument, with its crenelated tower, statue of Mercury, and terra cotta horse heads, was dedicated in 1896, the creation of George Alfred Townsend, the youngest man to cover the Civil War. It bears the names of 157 writers and artists who covered wars, and the first famous battlefield photographer, Matthew Brady.

The new plaque honors Daniel Pearl of the *Wall Street Journal*, murdered by Islamic extremists in Pakistan in February 2002, and three reporters who died in Iraq in April 2003, Michael Kelly, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, David Bloom, a reporter for NBC News, and Elizabeth Neuffer, foreign correspondent for the *Boston Globe*. A light rain cleared in time for the ceremony.

Wolfowitz, Ehrlich, and Brokaw at the memorial

The Hood College Chamber Singers sang the national anthem a capella. Governor Robert Ehrlich of Maryland presided, under the trees. The Bush administration sent not only a cabinet member, Gale Norton, whose Interior Department owns the historic site, but also Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz, among the most articulate proponents of the Bush Doctrine.

Representing the press, Tom Brokaw spoke of the lessons for future generations preserved in the monuments we build. He said war correspondents go to the heart of darkness and danger, to shine the bright light of empathy and intelligence and curiosity so the rest of us can understand events far away. Echoing Lincoln's words at nearby Gettysburg, he said we must rededicate ourselves to the unfinished task.

It was a kind of mini-festival of freedom, solemn and heartfelt. The Hood singers sang "Eternal Father, Strong to Save." A Navy trumpeter played taps, and men in Civil War dress fired a period cannon. Mike Kelly's 7-year-old son said it was too loud. ♦

Polls Apart

A favorite pastime of political junkies in southern California is trying to figure out how the *Los Angeles Times* comes up with the poll numbers it does. The paper's poll results are widely distrusted. Now the chief pollsters for the rival Field Poll have offered an explanation: The folks at the *Times* play games with their sample of voters.

On September 12, the *Times* released a statewide poll showing that 50 percent of Californians intended to vote to recall Democratic Gov. Gray Davis and 47 percent were opposed to removing him from office. A Field Poll, conducted just before the *Times* survey, got a quite different result: 55 percent for recall, 40 percent against.

Well, Mervin Field and Mark DiCamillo have discovered why the *Times* produced a more favorable result for Davis. The *Times* found that the largest two groups of voters were solidly pro-recall, whites by 54 to 43 percent, Latinos by 53 to 41 percent. They constituted 82 percent of likely voters.

That left 18 percent who had to be blacks or Asians. Do the math and you'll see these 18 percent of voters would have to be 2-to-1 against the recall to produce the narrow 50 to 47 percent edge for the recall. Two things are wrong with this. In the last election in California, Asians and blacks constituted only 10 percent of the electorate. And this fall other polls have found that Asians are slightly more in favor of the recall than not. "Did the *Times* poll sample include a proportionate number of black/African Americans or a disproportionately large number, whose inclusion, due to their strong opposition to the recall, could have skewed their poll results?" asked Field and DiCamillo in an article.

It's highly unusual for one pollster to question the professional integrity of another. But Field and DiCamillo asked a good question that points

inescapably to the answer: The *Times*, which is ferociously anti-recall, toyed with the sample to get the result they wanted. No wonder the *Times*'s polls are so suspect. ♦

Thanks, But No Thanks

Robert Thompson is going to take the money and run. Last week, in an astonishing display of political gamesmanship at its worst, Michigan Democrats managed to scare off a $200 million donation to Detroit's struggling education system. Tired of being used as a bargaining chip in the statewide debate over charter schools, the Thompson Foundation withdrew its offer to jumpstart 15 charter schools in inner city Detroit. Robert Thompson said that the contentious debate had "taken a personal toll on my wife and me."

In a recent interview with the *Detroit News*, Detroit mayor Kwame Kilpatrick, who led the fight against Thompson's proposal, had this to say: "Every time a kid leaves the Detroit system that's $7,000 walking out the door. That money to help 7,500 students will come from the pot for 160,000 students. That will cause greater harm to the city. That could be the beginning of the demise of the Detroit public school system." (If he's so outraged by charters' drain on the public system, he could of course have given back the money he himself has "walked out" with—his kids go to one of the city's existing charter schools.)

When the deal fell through, Kilpatrick didn't seem too distraught. He was not "saddened because I know there is another day."

"We need to turn the page," he continued. "We couldn't rely on Bob Thompson to either save us or kill us." Apparently, Detroit's school kids can't rely on Kilpatrick to save them, either.

So: A businessman gives $200 million to inner-city children and Democrats make his life hell. Yep, just your typical "hard-hearted" industrialists and "caring" liberals playing to type. ♦

Blair Gets It

For those who thought that Tony Blair's left-wing party might pull apart the Anglo-American alliance in the terror war, Blair's speech to the Labour party conference was a powerful rebuttal:

"I believe the security threat of the 21st century is not countries waging conventional war. I believe that in today's interdependent world the threat is chaos. It is fanaticism defeating reason.

"Suppose the terrorists repeated September 11th or worse. Suppose they got hold of a chemical or biological or nuclear dirty bomb; and if they could, they would. What then?

"There was no easy choice.

"So whatever we each of us thought, let us agree on this.

"We who started the war must finish the peace." ♦

Casual

Nuclear Family

In 1983, around the time NATO was placing medium-range missiles in Europe, ABC aired the made-for-TV movie *The Day After*, which concerned what would happen to Lawrence, Kansas, in a nuclear war. The film had been trumpeted for weeks in advance as "unquestionably-the-most-shocking" this and "a-chilling-meditation-upon" that. Who would miss it? "No-American-who-cares-about-the-future," that's who. The message of the larger culture, relayed to us through ABC's sponsors, was that "anyone-with-the-courage-to-face" various something-or-other would tune in. Elie Wiesel, William F. Buckley Jr., and Secretary of State George Shultz were enlisted to calm the inevitable hysteria that would follow.

I was home from college at the time and insisted the whole family watch. This took some nagging. Seeing Jason Robards's skin drip off his face was not exactly my family's bag. But their horror at witnessing nuclear armageddon on their TV screens was nothing compared with my own horror at confronting the possibility that I sprang from a family of Americans-who-didn't-care-about-the-future.

So there we sat after dinner, in front of the television set with our drinks and nuts and knitting, taking our medicine along with 100 million other Americans. In one decisive scene, a woman who lives next door to a nuclear base is puttering around her kitchen, loading the dishwasher or something. We hear a rumble and a sound like "Shwoo! Shwoo!" and see, outside the picture window, two enormous intercontinental ballistic missiles roaring out of their silos and leaving a wake of vapor. I dropped my Rubik's Cube in my lap. Here it was: the Apocalypse. The living will envy the dead, and all that. Everyone on the sofa was grim and hushed.

Except my mother. Reaching for a handful of nuts, she frowned at the screen, then paused, and said, "Look at that. What a gorgeous kitchen."

The word that best describes my feelings at that moment is grateful. I was grateful that none of my friends from college was present, which would have faced me with the hard choice of either finding an excuse for my mother's act of lèse-opinion or repudiating her maternity altogether.

Darren Gygi

It didn't take me many years (at least not too many) to realize that, if there was a conformist suburban sycophant in the living room that night in 1983, it was not Mom. But it's with some embarrassment that I myself have begun to pick up her habit of ignoring what everyone says is the "subject" of what I'm looking at.

This kind of taking one's eye off the thematic ball is not something that tends to win much intellectual respect, except perhaps from Auden in his "Musée des Beaux Arts," when he admires how, in Breughel's *Icarus*, "everything turns away / Quite leisurely from the disaster."

A few months ago, I was walking through the National Museum of American History with my family. One of the more stirring exhibits there commemorates the sit-ins that began at the segregated Woolworth's lunch counter in Greensboro, North Carolina, on February 1, 1960. The Woolworth's was integrated only after months of jeers and threats and thrown food. That sit-in is arguably the fulcrum on which the whole civil rights movement pivoted. The exhibit is stirring because the American history museum doesn't merely have photographs and captions and the odd personal effect or contemporaneous telegraph—it has the lunch counter itself, with its grimy chrome-and-green-leatherette swivel stools, its Formica countertop, its pie racks, its metal condiment-caddies, and behind those, the actual menus of the time, which the protesters would have faced for hour after grueling hour.

So what did I think as I stood before this shrine to American liberty? I thought: "Thirty-nine cents for a banana split! Holy cow! Today that'd set you back six bucks at the Dairy Queen. At least!"

Then, the other day I found myself transfixed by some photos out of a history book. They were of top-level White House meetings from the Vietnam-war era. Was I scanning Robert McNamara's face for evidence of treachery, or studying George Ball's for beatitudinal wisdom? I wish I could say I was. Actually, I was trying to figure out, by looking at the position of the ashtrays on the table, which of the Kennedy-Johnson brain trust smoked. I can't say I succeeded. I did, however, find out that, in LBJ's February 1966 Honolulu meeting with South Vietnamese premier Nguyen Cao Ky . . . I found out . . . well, I can't actually tell you that much about Ky, but he was a smoker. Unfiltereds, as best I can make out.

Christopher Caldwell

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Vituperative Virgilians

What a delight to find Virgil on the cover of The Weekly Standard ("Virgil Lives," Sept. 29). Yet how disappointing, once one reads Robert Royal's review of Eve Adler's *Vergil's Empire*, to find the old calumny of Epicurean "atheism."

If one reads Lucretius, instead of simply dipping into secondary sources, one finds that Lucretius believed in—and considered as proven—the existence of the gods. Lucretius inveighed against superstition, and warned against the indecent behavior that is often the result of a belief in rewards and punishment after death. The Golden Rule was the source of Epicurean and Stoic morality. But the Epicureans were dismissed by Christians as deficient in that their pagan morality centered on duty to one's fellows and to reason. Of course, if 300 Spartans had trusted in pacifistic nonviolence, we might all be speaking Persian in a theocratic monarchy.

Mike Herrin
Palos Verdes Estates, CA

Raw Energy

Lewis Lehrman ("Energetic America, Sept. 29) supports his argument for a national policy of cheap and abundant energy with graphs and statistics, but neglects two crucial problems that render his analysis flawed and his policy goals unattainable.

First, Lehrman correctly notes that U.S. oil production peaked in 1975, but blithely blames the ensuing output drop on "environmental laws and lawsuits," rather than admit the real cause: We have already exhausted the bulk of the easily recoverable resource. Based on analysis of rates of consumption and recoverable reserves remaining in the ground, a number of well-known petroleum geologists have predicted a similar peak will occur in world oil production in this decade.

This peak will occur in spite of any drilling in previously off-limits wilderness or coastal areas. This does not mean that we will run out of oil tomorrow, but it does mean that national energy policy pegged on an increased flow of ever cheaper petroleum is doomed to failure.

Lehrman also correctly notes that no new nuclear plants have been built in the last generation, but glosses over the reason for this. Nuclear power is dead, principally because the dangers of operating reactors and the problems of deadly spent fuel and decommissioned plants have not been solved. When a reactor generates waste that remains lethal for 200,000 years, it takes very thick rose-colored glasses to describe this technology as "cheap" and "clean burning." And on top of that, his advice to increase nuclear power use by invoking the iron glove of governmental fiat goes against the grain of many conservatives.

Carl Mezoff
Stamford, CT

Bombs Away

Henry Sokolski ("Stopping the Iran Bomb," Sept. 29) correctly identifies the danger of Iran's nuclear ambitions, but his recommendation that we involve the U.N. Security Council will not solve anything. The best way to increase the safety of the American people with respect to Iran's nuclear program is by adopting a policy of regime change in Iran and unilaterally destroying Iran's weapons stocks. Preventing the radical Islamists in Iran from obtaining nuclear weapons is too important to leave to the circus known as the United Nations.

Michael Paranzino
Bethesda, MD

Henry Sokolski responds: Michael Paranzino correctly identifies a problem with the U.N.: It might not act. The question is whether the United States should try to take military action against Iran without the moral authority of Iran being found in violation of U.N. protocols. Moreover, what good would it do to bomb what we can see when we know Iran's most important nuclear efforts may still be hidden from our targeteers? Such an overt military strike without even making a failed attempt to get Iran condemned by the U.N. would only make any long-term strategy against a nuclear Iran more difficult. It would certainly increase Iran's commitment to its bomb program. It also would endanger any American attempt to appeal to the hearts and minds of those opposed to the current Iranian regime and spark a government crackdown against them the likes we have not yet seen.

Gun Show

James Rosen ("What's Hidden in the LBJ Tapes," Sept. 29) is not up to his usual high standards. There is no such thing as "a .25 caliber automatic Colt revolver." Rosen really means a Colt pistol.

John H. Christman
Cardiff, CA

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Terry Eastland, Publisher

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$87 B is more than all state budget deficits in the United States, combined.
President Bush wouldn't help states deal with their deficits, even though his tax cuts helped drive down state revenues.

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(Joint Committee on Taxation)

If Bush's 2001 tax cuts for the richest one percent of Americans were frozen today, the nation would ***save $442 Billion over the next six years.***
(Citizens for Tax Justice)

President Bush says Americans must sacrifice for Iraq.
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Reality Check

Realities are sometimes unpleasant. Presidents are elected to confront such realities, and to deal with them. Evading them doesn't work. Pundits can afford to indulge in wishful thinking. Partisans can choose to preoccupy themselves with rock-throwing and blame-casting. But presidents have to govern. They have to deal with difficult realities—even if disingenuous liberals are capitalizing on them, and Democrats are distorting them.

Perhaps the biggest such reality for President Bush is the disarray within his administration. That disarray has been highlighted by reactions to the leak in mid-July of the name of an undercover CIA employee—the wife of an administration critic—to columnist Robert Novak.

On July 6, retired ambassador Joseph Wilson took to the pages of the *New York Times* and accused the Bush administration of having manipulated intelligence on Iraq's nuclear threat and thus of having gone to war "under false pretenses." A critic of the administration's Iraq policy, Wilson reported in his op-ed that he had traveled to Niger at the request of the CIA in early 2002 to investigate reports of Iraqi attempts to purchase uranium there. By Wilson's (no doubt exaggerated and self-important) estimation, he had debunked such reports but was ignored by a White House that continued to cite them. Novak offered an explanation for why the outspoken Wilson had been chosen for the CIA mission: "Two senior administration officials told me his wife suggested sending Wilson to Niger." Novak named Mrs. Wilson, describing her as a CIA "operative on weapons of mass destruction."

Revealing the identity of covert CIA agents is a crime under certain circumstances. But given the strict stipulations of the relevant statute, it seems unlikely that the Justice Department investigation will ever lead to a successful prosecution of the leaker or leakers. That doesn't make the political reality or the moral responsibility any less urgent. Surely the president has, as the *Washington Times* suggested last week, taken "too passive a stance" toward this misdeed by one or more of his employees. Surely he should do his utmost to restore the White House's reputation for honor and integrity by calling together the dozens of more-or-less "senior" administration officials and asking whoever spoke with Novak to come forward and explain themselves. Presumably the relevant officials—absent some remarkable explanation that's hard to conceive—should be fired, and their names given to the Justice Department. The president might also want to call Mrs. Wilson, who is after all a government official serving her country, and apologize for the damage done to her by his subordinate's action.

The leak controversy has revealed an administration at war with itself, a war intensified by the difficult aftermath of the war in Iraq. The situation there seems to be better than you would think if you read only the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, but worrying nonetheless. On Thursday, the commander of U.S. ground forces in Iraq, Lt. Gen. Ricardo Sanchez, acknowledged that the enemy had succeeded in organizing itself in recent weeks to become "a little bit more lethal, a little bit more complex, a little bit more sophisticated, and, in some cases, a little bit more tenacious." With its submission of the $87 billion package to Congress, the administration has begun to come to grips with the problem, and seems committed to doing what needs to be done. But reports suggest that the civilian efforts on the ground in Iraq remain spotty and that the military is stretched very thin. And even more striking, as debate has raged on its $87 billion request, the administration has been virtually invisible in making its case to Congress or to the American people.

One reason for this is that the civil war in the Bush administration has become crippling. The CIA is in open revolt against the White House. The State Department and the Defense Department aren't working together at all. We are way beyond "fruitful tension" and all the other normal excuses for bureaucratic conflict. This is a situation that only the president can fix. Perhaps a serious talk with Messrs. Tenet, Powell, and Rumsfeld can do the trick, followed by strengthening the National Security Council's role in resolving intra-administration disputes. Perhaps a head or two has to roll. But the present condition is debilitating, and, given the challenges facing us in postwar Iraq, in Iran, and in North Korea, it is irresponsible to let it fester.

To govern is to choose. Only one man can make the choices necessary to get the administration back on course. President Bush has problems with his White House, his administration's execution of his policy, and its internal decision-making ability. He should fix them sooner rather than later. Time is not on his side.

—William Kristol

Bush I vs. Bush II

The struggle beneath the leak controversy.

BY JEFFREY BELL

JOSEPH WILSON, the retired ambassador who wants to see top Bush aide Karl Rove "frog-marched out of the White House in handcuffs" for allegedly "outing" his CIA-agent wife, wants us to know it's nothing personal against the Bush family. He told a C-SPAN interviewer last week of his warm relationship with former President Bush, who once described Wilson as a "truly inspiring" and "courageous" diplomat for his role in extracting potential American hostages from Baghdad in 1991.

Wilson supported the 1991 war against Iraq and vehemently opposed the war against Iraq in 2003. He joked to an interviewer that an updated version of his obituary should read, "Joseph C. Wilson IV, the Bush I administration political appointee who did the most damage to the Bush II administration . . ."

Wilson is far from unique among Bush I appointees willing to damage Bush II. And now even some current Bush appointees have joined forces with Wilson and his Bush I colleagues. There's the anonymous "senior administration official" who on September 28 in the *Washington Post*, fingered two "top White House officials" as shopping the status of Wilson's wife to "at least six" Washington journalists. The venom of this senior official was such that the *Washington Post* reporter who received the disclosure felt compelled to write, "It is rare for one Bush administration official to turn on another."

The next day's *Post* brought forth a very long front-page article titled, "Iraq, 9/11 Still Linked by Cheney," mainly a rehash of the pros and cons of whether a sighting in Prague of 9/11 hijacker Mohamed Atta could be confirmed. What was new in the article were a number of anonymous allegations by "senior and mid-level administration officials" implying the vice president and his chief of staff, Lewis Libby, were obsessed with linking Iraq and 9/11. At one point, the *Post* describes Libby as "over the top," attributing this opinion to "other officials present" at a meeting called to discuss the draft of a U.N. speech by Secretary of State Colin Powell. Why "other officials," you might ask? Because "several administration officials" also present believed that Libby, far from acting "over the top," was merely supplying "the broadest range of options" for inclusion in Powell's speech.

Zuma Press / Chris Kleponis

Powell and Cheney, in Bush I days

The elephantine effort that went into producing this journalistic mouse is intimately related to the controversy over the outing of Ambassador Wilson's wife. The Bush I and Bush II views of the world, always at odds, have reached their inevitable point of maximum conflict, which is their view of regime change in Iraq and its relationship to the rest of global politics. Colin Powell is the constant in the two Bush administrations, opposed to overthrowing Saddam Hussein in both eras. As secretary of defense, Dick Cheney acquiesced in the first decision, then switched to the side of regime change in Bush II. A convert and hero in the Bush II view of Iraq and the world, the vice president is the great betrayer in the Bush I view, which explains the rage so many Bush I adherents feel toward him, as well as the elaborate effort to discredit him and his top aides and allies. From either viewpoint, Bush I or Bush II, Cheney is the pivotal figure.

There are huge stakes in which view of Iraq prevails. Among these is the historical legacy of Bush I no less than of Bush II.

The Bush II view of the world is that 9/11 ignited a world war between the United States and a radical political offshoot of Islamic fundamentalism, often called Islamism. Islamists have already proven their willingness to murder vast numbers of American noncombatants, which makes their connection, or potential connection, with anti-American rogue states a special danger. Deeply anti-American rogue states, including non-Islamist ones like Saddam's Iraq and North Korea, logically become an important target of American war strategy.

Bush II also has a political strategy, based on its analysis of the enemy. It

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argues that Islamism thrives on the chronic inability of the Islamic world to separate religion from politics. It therefore believes that, even more than economic growth, the establishment of constitutional democracy in Islamic countries provides a reasonable hope of ending or at least eroding the political base of violent Islamism. Hence the importance of U.S. efforts to foster liberal democracy in Iraq and Afghanistan, as well as encourage democratic reforms among friendly Islamic governments ranging from Indonesia to Morocco. This is why the Bush II vision of Israeli-Palestinian peace is firmly linked to post-Arafat democratic reforms by the Palestinian Authority.

There are also backward-looking implications of the Bush II view of the world, and of the world war Bush II believes we are in. Who carried out the mass murders of 9/11? The Sunni wing of Islamism, led by Osama bin Laden. What is the main geographic and cultural base of this movement? Saudi Arabia and the Wahhabi sect of Islam. What was the main rallying point of this movement? The presence of U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia. When and why were they brought there? In 1990, to protect Saudi Arabia against possible invasion by the Saddam Hussein regime in Iraq. Why were they still there 10 years after the first Iraq war? Because Bush I decided not to overthrow Saddam at the end of that war. Why have they been withdrawn now, removing a major grievance/rallying point of Islamists and Wahhabis? Because Bush II has overthrown Saddam Hussein, and the threat that necessitated the U.S. presence in Saudi Arabia no longer exists.

If the Bush II view of the world is vindicated, in other words, Bush I will no longer be the administration remembered primarily for decisively winning the Persian Gulf War. It will be remembered as the administration that left Saddam Hussein in power, inadvertently leading to a chain of events culminating in 9/11 and a far-flung world war. This is the link between Saddam's rule and 9/11 that can never be denied or discredited.

There is an alternative Bush I view that is now engaged in a death struggle with Bush II. It has a micro, not a macro, interpretation of what happened on 9/11. It sees Osama and Islamism as limited and aberrational. It mildly supported the invasion of Afghanistan, but would favor no other significant military actions, backing mainly police actions geared toward catching Osama and other al Qaeda figures. It believes many of our problems in the Islamic world relate to our support for Israel. Bush I does not like Yasser Arafat, but believes the United States and Israel have no choice but to try to strike a deal with him.

In the Islamic world, Bush I favors economic development through trade and internal, top-down reforms. While it does not oppose attempts to achieve democratic reforms in Islamic countries, it has little hope that this will be much of a factor in the immediate decades ahead. Bush I retains a generally benign view of the Saudi monarchy. It believes unrest in the kingdom can be alleviated by internal economic reforms and by U.S. support for a revived peace process with Yasser Arafat.

The acts of terrorism and armed resistance in post-invasion Iraq have revived the core Bush I belief that leaving Saddam in power in 1991 was the right thing to do. If a peaceful, democratic outcome in Iraq continues to look doubtful, Bush I will inevitably, as a corollary of its opposition to preemption and regime change, elevate Bush II's invasion of Iraq into one of the two biggest U.S. problems in the Islamic world, the other being U.S. support for Israel.

This is not meant to imply that Bush I has a vested interest in everything going badly in Iraq. There is one path, even after what it sees as the error of the Bush II invasion and overthrow of Saddam, to a reasonably bright future for Iraq. That is U.N. involvement.

At every stage of the now 13-year-old American debate on Iraq, Bush I has favored United Nations involve-

ment as the centerpiece of U.S. policy toward Iraq. It formed and led a U.N. coalition to eject Saddam Hussein from Kuwait. It refrained from overthrowing him in part because the U.N. resolution it was acting under did not provide for this. When Saddam showed recalcitrance, Bush I helped enact U.N. sanctions.

When Bush I sensed that Bush II was determined to overthrow Saddam, James Baker, Colin Powell, and other key Bush I figures convinced Bush II to do this only after obtaining a new U.N. resolution. Bush II successfully did so, then attempted for nearly six months to persuade the Security Council to enforce its own new and unanimous resolution. When it would not, the United States and Britain went to war.

When violence and unrest in Iraq flared up in the aftermath of the invasion, Powell convinced Bush II to return to the U.N. for help, both military and financial, as well as a new resolution. Despite the limited success, once again, of this latest effort, it is predictable that as long as Bush I elements remain active in Bush II, there will be new attempts to conciliate and involve the U.N. in the future of Iraq, awarding it the lead role if possible.

Partly, this reflects the desire of Bush I to limit American casualties. But the more dominant reason is Bush I's belief that the attempted democratization of Iraq is an exercise in futility, and that turning things over to the U.N. is the quickest way to terminate such Bush II efforts and dilute blame for the mess that is the likeliest outcome of what they see as Bush II's misconceived invasion of Iraq.

But if the clock is ticking on Bush II's efforts to bring democratic reform to Iraq, it is ticking even faster on the Bush I worldview. This is the best explanation for the accelerated urgency of the effort by Bush I loyalists within the current administration to discredit Dick Cheney and Karl Rove, the two most powerful advocates other than the president of the Bush II worldview. ♦

Wilsonian Foreign Policy

Joe Wilson's one-man crusade against the Bush White House. **BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI**

SAY WHAT YOU WILL about Ambassador Joseph C. Wilson IV, but one thing is sure: The man loves the spotlight. When Wilson's CIA operative wife had her cover blown by leaks from the Bush administration three months ago, the story received little attention. But in the days since the leak investigation became a major Washington scandal, Wilson has been at the center of press coverage. By leaking his wife's identity, the Bush administration created its own monster: an anti-war critic with a legitimate grudge whose one-man press operation functions more smoothly than those of most political operatives.

Joe Wilson

Picture Desk Photos/George Waldman

In the space of a few days, Wilson has fashioned himself as the leading critic of the Bush administration, causing more trouble for the president than the entire Democratic presidential field. Wilson's canny public relations moves shouldn't come as a surprise. Unlike most career foreign service officers, he has a history of headline-grabbing. He's an articulate spokesman and unafraid to take controversial public stands. He enjoys taking on authority figures. And he will almost certainly dominate coverage of the CIA scandal for as long as he is able.

If you want to understand Wilson, read the *New York Times* from the summer and fall of 1990. When Iraq invaded Kuwait, Wilson was the chargé d'affaires at the U.S. embassy in Baghdad. Ambassador April Glaspie was on vacation in London at the time of the invasion, which meant that Wilson was the senior American official in Iraq. He was the last American government official to meet with Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein, which thrust him into the public arena for the first time. He didn't seem to mind.

When you read about the Joe Wilson of 10 years ago, you find that he's a lot like the Joe Wilson of today. During the tense months before the first Gulf War, Wilson was told by Iraqi government officials that all those "sheltering foreigners" in Baghdad were subject to execution. His response was, well, unique in the annals of diplomacy. He briefed reporters with a hangman's noose around his neck instead of a necktie. Wilson says the message behind the noose-wearing was, "If you want to execute me, I'll bring my own f—ing rope."

Wilson's stand against the Iraqi

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If it's not from Chablis,
it's simply not true Chablis.

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Chablis
is from Chablis

dictator won accolades from the press, as well as the administration he worked for at the time. The first President Bush told reporters, "We've got a very able person there in Baghdad." The columnist Rowland Evans wrote that Wilson's behavior was "the stuff of heroism." After the war, Wilson was rewarded with the ambassadorship to Gabon, which eventually led to his work on the Africa desk of the Clinton National Security Council.

It's clear that Wilson demonstrated true courage a decade ago. But certain personality tics were present in the months after Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, tics that Bush administration officials would have been well advised to notice before getting drawn into a fight with him in July. That's when Wilson's *New York Times* op-ed attacking the administration's use of intelligence in making the case for the Iraq war prompted a leak of the fact that his wife works for the CIA. The idea seems to have been to explain how someone so hostile to administration policy had been picked by the CIA to investigate whether Saddam Hussein was trying to buy uranium in Niger.

First, there is Wilson's penchant for slightly exuberant behavior, of which wearing the noose is but one example. When Wilson secured the release of several hundred American hostages of the Hussein regime, he told the *Washington Post*, "Obviously we're delighted for the [hostages] and their families. . . . I put a bottle of champagne in the refrigerator and will light my cigar as soon as I see the first hostage leave." It's a typical Wilson statement: a little charming, a little off topic, more than a little self-centered.

Today, Wilson is no different. In a front-page profile last week, a *Washington Post* reporter noted that the ambassador "seems to have a theatrical streak." That's an understatement. Wilson describes himself as a "former hippie, surf bum and ski bum." He quotes Jimmy Buffett in press interviews. He says he and his wife discussed "who would play her in the movie" version of the CIA scandal.

But the more important trait is his tendency to personalize conflict. In October 1990, he told the *Los Angeles Times* that "no one is ever going to be able to point a finger and say Joe Wilson was the guy who lost Iraq." Three weeks before the U.N.-imposed deadline for the withdrawal of Iraqi forces from Kuwait, with Hussein as belligerent as ever, Wilson told reporters, "I have not given up hope on the diplomatic process," which scanted the more important question of whether the Iraqi dictator had given up hope on the diplomatic process.

Wilson has personalized his fight with the Bush administration over faulty intelligence and the leaking of his wife's identity in much the same way. In one sense, this is perfectly understandable—after all, it was the administration that made his wife an issue in the first place. But Wilson has upped the ante. He told a crowd in Seattle that he wants "to see whether or not we can get Karl Rove frog-marched out of the White House in handcuffs"—later admitting that when he said "Karl Rove," he wasn't saying that Bush's top political adviser was the "source or the authorizer" of the leak but that he "thought that it came from the White House and that Karl Rove was the personification of the White House political operation." He wrote in the *Nation* that "neoconservatives" have "a stranglehold on the foreign policy of the Republican party." The *Washington Times* reported that Wilson is not shy about his political agenda, quoting him as saying, "Neoconservatives and religious conservatives have hijacked this administration, and I consider myself on a personal mission to destroy both."

Wilson's grudges are built to last. According to the *Washington Post* profile, he likes to imagine how his obituary will read. He "used to say" that it would describe "Joseph C. Wilson IV [as] the last American diplomat to meet with Iraqi President Saddam Hussein." Now he thinks it's going to say, "Joseph C. Wilson IV, the Bush I administration political appointee who did the most damage to the Bush II administration."

Wilson's many Democratic fans like to say that the story is about what the Bush administration did, and not about Joe Wilson. Maybe they should tell him that. ♦

Texas Chainsaw Gerrymander

It's the Republicans' turn to cut and paste the state map for political advantage. BY FRED BARNES

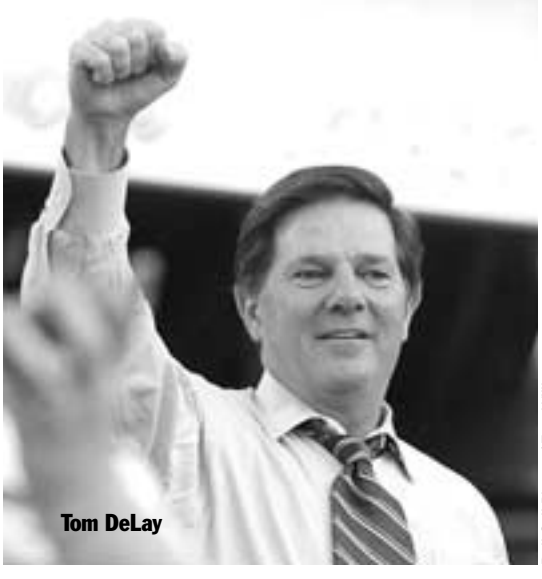
Austin, Texas

TEXAS DEMOCRATS are very good at gerrymandering. For decades, they shamelessly suppressed Republican prospects in the U.S. House of Representatives by manipulating district lines to minimize seats the growing Republican party could win. In 1991 Democrats packed as many Republican voters as possible into a few misshapen districts. The district of Republican Rep. Joe Barton, which crawled through the outskirts of Fort Worth like a weed, was one of the least compact in American political history. Midland County, the oil capital of east Texas and hometown of President Bush, was split among three districts.

Now Republicans—having won all 27 statewide offices and gained control of both houses of the legislature in 2002—are bent on undoing the Democratic handiwork, and then some. Republicans won 56 percent of the total vote in all House races in Texas last year, but only 15 of 32 individual seats (44 percent). If they succeed in reapportionment, they expect to capture 20 or 21 seats (more than 60 percent). They'd replace Democratic gerrymandering with Republican gerrymandering and go one step further.

Democrats didn't target incumbent Republican congressmen for defeat in 1991. They concentrated on winning three new seats created by population growth. But Republicans have targeted influential Democratic congressmen such as Martin Frost and Charles Stenholm and intend to drive them from office by substantially altering their districts.

Democrats in the legislature made a histrionic effort to prevent a vote on redistricting by fleeing the state this summer, first to Oklahoma, then to New Mexico. This drew highly favorable media attention, with the national press instantly falling for the notion that Texas Democrats were embattled defenders of representative government. (In fact, Democrats were merely seeking to preserve the old Democratic gerrymander.) Texans overwhelmingly frowned on the tactic of leaving the state (by 2-to-1 in polls) and the Democrats came home in September. "This is the state of the Alamo," says Wayne Slater of the *Dallas Morning News*. "You don't run. You fight."



Tom DeLay

Roll Call Photos / Tom Williams

Republicans can't touch the seven Hispanic and two black districts, which are protected by the Voting Rights Act. (One Hispanic seat is held by Republican Henry Bonilla, another by white Democrat Gene Green.) But there are eight white Democrats in the House—Frost, Stenholm, Chet Edwards, Jim Turner, Max Sandlin, Nick Lampson, Lloyd Doggett, Chris Bell—whom Republicans are eager to defeat. Which ones might be ousted depends on the redistricting map Republicans adopt.

The prospect of major Republican gains makes Texas more important than the other 49 states combined in the 2004 House elections. Republican chances of picking up as many as five seats outside of Texas are slim. There just aren't enough competitive seats to target. A Republican strategist in Texas noted that the National Republican Campaign Committee will spend $50 to $60 million on House races in 2004 and produce little. But five seats can be gained in Texas for free—unless Republicans screw things up.

They might. There are three obstacles to passing a redistricting bill, and after working on reapportionment for nine months, Republicans have overcome only one. They've subdued the Democrats: Another walkout is unlikely. But they haven't found a way around the bitter disagreement over a new district centered on Midland. And they haven't decided how boldly to target incumbent Democrats, particularly Frost.

Just a few months ago, Democratic opposition in the statehouse seemed insurmountable. In 2001, Democrats gambled they'd be better off blocking redistricting and leaving the matter to federal judges. They guessed right. A three-judge panel produced new district lines for the 2002 election that gave Texas's two new seats to Republicans but otherwise left the old map drawn by Democrats largely intact. The result: Democrats won 17 of 32 seats in 2002.

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Republicans were frustrated and furious. And they began working anew on reapportionment of House seats when the legislature gathered in January. Democrats insisted the court's ruling was the final word on redistricting, barring Republicans from enacting a new plan. It was when Republicans went ahead nonetheless that Democratic legislators began their migrations out of state.

What brought them back? Governor Perry, unfavorable polls, and Democratic state senator John Whitmire of Houston. Perry refused to yield, calling three special legislative sessions to keep the pressure on absent Democrats. "Perry stared them down," says Jim Ellis, director of DeLay's political action committee, ARMPAC. Once the polls turned negative and a judge ruled Republicans were entitled to draw a new redistricting map, Whitmire acted.


Martin Frost

Getty / Alex Wong

Exiled in Albuquerque, New Mexico, Whitmire and the other Democratic state senators had become heroes to Democrats across the country. But Whitmire, chosen by *Texas Monthly* as one of the top ten legislators in Austin, was wary. MoveOn.org, the left-wing group, promised to publicize the story of Texas Democrats nationally. "What about Waco?" Whitmire asked a MoveOn.org representative. "I'm more interested in Waco," which is Democrat Chet Edwards's district. Democratic lawyers assured him the case against Republicans was going well, but Republicans won. So Whitmire returned to Texas, providing a quorum in the state senate and thus allowing a vote on redistricting. Going into exile, Whitmire says, was "bad politics and bad PR. I'm a very good Democrat, but we just didn't have an exit plan."

Whitmire's defection left Republicans to deal with their own problems, in particular the question of a new Midland district and the Frost issue. House Speaker Tom Craddick of Midland is willing to let reapportionment die unless a new Midland congressional district to his liking is drawn. He wants Lubbock in a separate district so it can't dominate Midland in Republican or congressional politics. He's insisted on this for months, but Lt. Gov. David Dewhurst and state senate Republicans have balked. And Perry, who says he's "not a mapmaker," has not forced a compromise.

The problem is time. "We're at 11:59 and 30 seconds before midnight," a Republican says, without an agreement, and the special session ends in mid-October. If another session is called, filing deadlines and the March 7 primary will have to be pushed back. Craddick is unmoved. He was shown a proposed map last week with a new Midland district. It was endorsed by the Republican congressional delegation and one of his statehouse allies. Craddick rejected it.

Then there's the Frost issue. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled earlier this year that redistricting plans should accommodate districts "where minority voters may not be able to elect a candidate of their choice but can play a substantial, if not decisive, role in the process." Frost lives in such a district in Dallas, as does Democratic congressman Bell in Houston.

Changing these "influence districts" would require Justice Department approval and undoubtedly prompt a legal challenge by Democrats. If successful, a lawsuit could upset the entire Republican redistricting effort. But Texas House members, Majority Leader Tom DeLay, party activists, and even Republican governor Rick Perry want to go after Frost anyway.

And Republicans say they have devised a way around the legal pitfalls. By creating a new black district in Houston and a new Hispanic district in south Texas, Republicans believe any loss of influence by minority voters would be more than offset. And Frost, a smart and effective Democratic leader in Washington, would be stashed in a Republican-leaning district. This plan would make it impossible to target Democratic representative Lloyd Doggett of Austin, a noisy liberal. But, as a Republican operative declared, "one Frost is worth five Doggetts."

Many Republican legislators here regard the get-Frost plan as dangerous overreaching. They favor a more cautious approach that spares Frost and leaves the influence districts unaltered. Instead, they would target east Texas Democrats Turner, Sandlin, and Lampson, along with Edwards in the central part of the state and Stenholm in west Texas. A potential pickup of five seats is fine with Republican legislators. The removal of Frost might gain a sixth new Republican seat, but legislators believe the attempt would look greedy. Last week the legislators lost the argument and the get-Frost plan was adopted.

Whatever Republicans do, there's still another difficulty with gerrymandering to be considered. It's not that the process is cynical or unsavory. True, it produces politics in its

rawest, most partisan, and self-interested form. But rejiggering district lines for partisan gain is an American political tradition. Both sides do it with a vengeance. The other significant factor is that gerrymandering often doesn't work as expected. It didn't in Georgia last year, where two freshly minted Democratic districts were won by Republicans.

In Texas, the uncertainty of gerrymandering is exemplified by Stenholm. What every Republican redistricting proposal has in common is an effort to defeat Stenholm. At the same time, Stenholm, the senior Democrat on the House Agriculture Committee, has many Republican backers in the farm community. They claim he's critical to maintaining federal support for Texas agriculture. Stenholm's foes respond that Texas is well protected by DeLay and Bonilla, the chairman of the House agricultural appropriations subcommittee. Adds Perry: "I'm not worried about Texas being shorted. When Charlie Stenholm is gone, Texas will still be Texas and we'll be fine."

But Stenholm may not be gone. First elected in 1978, he's survived serious Republican challenges before. He's a relatively conservative Democrat who voted to impeach President Clinton. Stenholm's current district is rated by political analyst Charles Cook as one of the most reliably Republican in the country. President Bush won 72 percent of the district's vote in 2000. Yet Stenholm got 59 percent in 2000 and scraped by with 51 percent in 2002 despite a Republican landslide in the state.

Republicans would be hard pressed to fashion a more Republican district for Stenholm. So their tack is to give him as much new territory as possible where voters don't know him. One plan would have put him in Republican Rep. Mac Thornberry's district, but Thornberry didn't like the shape of the reconfigured district. "Stenholm is popular," a Republican operative concedes. "No matter what we do, he may still win." The lesson here is that reapportionment promises a lot, but nothing is guaranteed. ♦

No Regrets for Blair

The combative prime minister defends his Iraq policy to a skeptical party. BY IRWIN M. STELZER

Bournemouth, England

THE ROAD to the pleasant seaside resort of Bournemouth, where the Labour party faithful gathered last week for their annual conference, began in Chicago almost five years ago. It was there that British Prime Minister Tony Blair, the bags not yet formed under his eyes, the hair not yet thinning and graying, not yet "battered" as he now describes himself, told an audience that it is morally intolerable for civilized nations not to intervene in the Balkans to end the genocide being perpetrated by Slobodan Milosevic. Never mind that this was a civil war. The world has a responsibility to intervene when inaction means the slaughter of innocents: A war that is about "values" rather than "territory" is a just war.

From there to Baghdad. Never mind about finding new weapons of mass destruction. To the blaring of Heather Small's "Proud" ("I look into the windows of my mind, reflections of the fears I know I've left behind, I step out of the ordinary, I can feel my soul ascending"), Blair strode to the platform to assure the assembled delegates that WMD did once exist, had been used, could easily again be manufactured, and that failure to find new ones now doesn't much matter in the scheme of things. He told the conference, "We didn't regret the fall of Milosevic, the removal of the Taliban, or the liberation of Sierra Leone, and whatever the disagreement, Iraq is a better country without Saddam."

In short, regime change in Iraq, although not presented to Parliament as a reason for going to war, was a good thing. At least, so it seems to Blair and to the minority of delegates willing to use force to "destroy evil and restore human rights," as Ann Clwyd, MP for Cynon Valley, put it.

In private conversations, Blair defends his commitment of British troops, 51 of whom have thus far lost their lives, on two grounds. First, and most important to this deeply religious and moral man, because it is the right thing to do. "All you can do in a modern world . . . is to decide what is the right way and try to walk in it. . . . I look at Saddam's country and I see its people in torment, ground underfoot by his and his sons' brutality and wickedness," Blair says. Unlike most of the world's politicians, Blair comfortably speaks of "wickedness" just as George W. Bush unashamedly speaks of "evil"—one reason the two men get along so well, and why the likes of secular, pragmatic Jacques Chirac find them so difficult to understand.

But Blair has a second reason for announcing to a skeptical party that "I would take the same decision again" and "I've not got a reverse gear" (echoing Margaret Thatcher's famous "The lady's not for turning"). He has more than once told me of his "nightmare"—that the growing trade in weapons of mass destruction will eventually place them in the hands of terrorists who will turn them on Britain. The recent trial run to develop a response to a possible anthrax attack in the London tube reflected Blair's concern.

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Blair at Bournemouth

Reuters / Russell Boyce

Neither the prime minister's moral certainty nor his worries about a terrorist attack on Britain trumps his party's hostility to his decision to back America. "Bush's poodle" is the epithet of choice used by Blair's opponents, and not just those within his party. A recent poll found that 57 percent of the British people believe that President Bush has the greatest influence on the prime minister—only 41 percent think that his wife, Cherie, no silent partner, wields more influence on her husband.

One Labour member of Parliament called the war "illegal" and demanded a pullout to "stop the killing"; a former minister accused America of engineering the destruction of the World Trade Center so that it would have an excuse to unseat Saddam; a Labour party activist warned of "the unpredictability of the Bush administration with its overwhelming economic and military power"; a member of the party's governing committee accused Blair of creating "a wasteland" and denying the Iraqis their basic human rights. More significantly, Robin Cook, a former foreign minister popular with backbench Labour MPs, called Britain's policy "the most disastrous episode for a decade in Britain's international relations." And Tony Benn, the dean of old-line Labour socialists and a man who long ago renounced his peerage in order to sit in the House of Commons, walked the line between the anti-Bushism that is so fashionable in Britain and an anti-Americanism that is less pervasive: "It is very important not to allow ourselves to be trapped into a crude anti-Americanism as if Bush, and the American people, were indistinguishable, which they are not."

With that as background, the expectation in the smoke-filled corridors of the once-grand, now-slightly-seedy Victorian hotels that housed those delegates who can afford more than a modest bed-and-breakfast—yes, there are still smoke-filled corridors at party conferences here in Britain—was that Blair would duck the issue, perhaps following the lead of his popular chancellor, Gordon Brown, who the previous day had confined himself to notably unenthusiastic support of Blair's Iraq policy: An unassailable "it is right . . . to bring security and reconstruction to Iraq" was about as far as Brown was prepared to go, other than the obligatory plaudits for "the professionalism and dedication of our armed forces."

Blair didn't duck—no surprise to those who know that when he is convinced that he is right, as he is in the case of Iraq, the prime minister will display none of the ambivalence that seems to make him uncertain when confronting such issues as whether to attack crime or the causes of crime, or illegal entry into his country by people, some of whom are indeed poor, homeless, and wretched, but others of whom are not.

Blair confronted the poodle argument head on. Britain should confront terrorism "not because we are America's poodle, but because dealing with it will make Britain safer." He worries not about American unilateralism or the unwise use of its power. Instead, he fears America's "isolation, its walking away when we need America there engaged in the world, fighting to get world trade opened up, fighting to give hope to Africa, . . .

staying with it in the Middle East."

This played to a fear that is emerging among many here who opposed the war. It goes something like this. The war was a mistake, and postwar Iraq is the quagmire that we predicted it would be. But if America is defeated, as it was in Vietnam, it will retreat into some form of isolationism for a generation. That will leave the world dangerously exposed to terrorists and unable to cope with disasters such as Kosovo, where Blair's importuning finally brought American power into play, ending the slaughter.

Whether Blair changed any minds is difficult to say. His speech was followed by seven-and-a-half minutes of applause. That may have been in response to leaflets urging the delegates to "Clap Tony to 10 More Years." It seems that at the party conferences of 2001 and 2002 he received "ovations" of two and two-and-a-half minutes, respectively. The leaflet concluded, "Labour Party Conference 2003: Let's make it three minutes. Remember: when Tony stops talking, keep on clapping."

They did, and then some. But their approbation extended only to two of the sentences Blair spoke on Iraq and America. The first was when Blair, who must know something that the rest of us don't, suggested that the United States is "changing its position for the future of the world, on climate change." The second was when he praised America for "telling Israel and the Palestinians: Don't let the extremists decide the fate of the peace process, when the only hope is two states living side by side in peace."

The seven-and-a-half minutes of applause may have been in response to leaflets urging delegates to "Clap Tony to 10 More Years."

In Britain, the "two-states solution" is more often than not code for "ending Israeli oppression of the Palestinians." Some delegates didn't bother with code. Oona King, the much televised MP for Bethnal Green and Bow, condemned "terror on both sides," called for removal of the wall being constructed by the Israelis, said that "power lies with the Israelis and with power comes responsibility, so end the occupation now." Another delegate went further, calling for elimination of the veto in the U.N. Security Council so that resolutions condemning Israel might pass.

I know from personal talks that the prime minister doesn't use the "two-states solution" as code; but many of the delegates to this conference do, either from conviction or in recognition of the fact that many of the approximately two million Muslims living in Britain are concentrat-

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ed in constituencies won by the Labour party, and outnumber by far the fewer than 300,000 British Jews. This is a country in which Muslims belonging to a group called al-Muhajiroun this year took the occasion of September 11 to honor the "Magnificent 19" who crashed planes into the Pentagon and the World Trade Center. There is no estimate of the total membership of al-Muhajiroun, but it must be significant. After all, the BBC found the group's press conference sufficiently important to warrant prominent coverage.

Blair entered the conference hall in Bournemouth faced with polls that showed that the failure to find the weapons of mass destruction that he had assured Parliament and the nation Saddam could deploy in 45 minutes had sapped trust in him. That loss of trust infected attitudes towards his domestic programs (crime, immigration, education, transportation, health care), none of which have been resounding successes, and made it possible for the halls to buzz with talk of a post-Blair era.

But such talk is not much more than that—talk. Blair will stand for a third term at the next election in about two years, and will win handily. The delegates may not be happy with his decision to back America despite the French-induced paralysis of the United Nations Security Council; the trade unions may be unhappy with his efforts to introduce a modicum of consumer choice and market mechanisms into the health service; Muslim delegates might wish he would be tougher on Ariel Sharon, but all, or at least most of these unhappy campers know a winner when they see one. Blair is their meal ticket, and only the loony left prefers anti-Americanism, socialist doctrinal purity, and consignment to permanent opposition, to Blairite pro-Americanism, reform of the welfare state, and continuance in power. The only threat to a continuation of the Bush-Blair alliance seems to be coming from our side of the Atlantic, where the president is headed for a far tougher fight for reelection than is his British ally.

As the conference ended, the delegates joined in singing the once-banned "The Red Flag," and the star of "Blair does Bournemouth" returned to No. 10 Downing Street, secure in the knowledge that the delegates, who had arrived shaken by polls showing the opposition Tories with a slight lead, left stirred by his promise to lead them to a record third term. ♦

Let Them Eat Vouchers

Poor kids in D.C. could get an education if this bill passed the Senate. BY KATHERINE MANGU-WARD

THE MOVEMENT to set up vouchers for low-income kids in Washington, D.C., has gained a surprising ally—lifelong voucher opponent Senator Dianne Feinstein. But such breakthroughs have been few. Oddly lackluster support from school choice advocates, waffling from moderates, and a threatened filibuster have the relevant bill stalled in the Senate—and kids stuck in failing D.C. schools.

Feinstein credits a "personal appeal" from D.C. mayor Anthony Williams, a fellow Democrat, with winning her over. She recently opposed a voucher program in her home state of California, but says the D.C. plan is different because it appropriates $13 million in new federal money instead of dipping into existing school funds. She also emphasized that her support was conditional, since the program is actually a limited, five-year pilot with testing and accountability provisions. Feinstein succeeded in adding an amendment making testing of participants even more stringent, a change that has led some private schools to decide they won't participate in the program, should it go through.

The D.C. voucher program would make available about 1,700 vouchers worth $7,500 each. These "opportunity scholarships" are significantly larger than the vouchers offered in Milwaukee and elsewhere. They also dwarf the maximum of $3,000 offered by the Washington Scholarship Fund, a private scholarship organization.

Even more surprising than Feinstein's support may be the lack of enthusiasm from traditional voucher supporters. Judd Gregg of New Hampshire, the chairman of the Senate D.C. subcommittee, says that local groups have been doing the heavy lifting. Virginia Walden-Ford, the head of D.C. Parents for School Choice, says "national groups haven't really been here. They haven't been working with us."

Roll Call / Tom Williams

Feinstein and D.C. mayor Anthony Williams

Grover Norquist, president of Americans for Tax Reform, who has long been involved in the school choice movement, disagrees. Norquist says he is "surprised [voucher advocates] are doing as well as they are . . . considering that we don't have an organization in the way that the other side has the National Education Association."

Teachers' unions, long opposed to vouchers, have been running ads in the districts of wavering Democratic senators. And Eleanor Holmes Norton, the nonvoting delegate from D.C., has repeatedly emphasized that "a majority of elected officials" in D.C. oppose the vouchers. She says the program is being forced on her city by national Republicans eager to exploit the unique relationship between the federal government and the district.

Nina Rees, of the Department of Education, calls this argument "insulting." She points out that "the mayor, the head of the education committee on the D.C. city council [Kevin Chavous], and the school board president who received more votes than anyone else in the last D.C. election [Peggy Cooper Cafritz] are all asking for this. They have gone out on a limb and endorsed an idea that has not been popular with their parties." In short, she says, "you have three locally elected African-American Democratic officials asking for school choice."

The most prominent is, of course, Mayor Williams, who recently told the *Washington Post* that over a year ago, he "got up one morning and decided there are a lot of kids getting a crappy education, and we could do better." He has since compared the conditions in D.C. schools to a "natural disaster" and a "slow-moving train wreck."

And Washington parents are clearly on Williams's side. The Washington Scholarship Fund had 7,500 applications in 1998—that number represents more than 17 percent of the district's total school population. Terry Moe of the Hoover Institution says the divide in D.C. is typical of voucher debates nationwide. "Black parents are consistently pro-vouchers. It's the black elites, the NAACP types, that are against vouchers."

But the most important supporter of vouchers these days is President Bush. His original No Child Left

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Behind plan included $75 million for localities that wanted to experiment with school choice. This provision was ultimately dropped, but Bush pledged to return to the issue. And he has. Bush recently held an event at the KIPP academy in Southeast D.C. where he lobbied for the D.C. voucher plan.

If it has backers as diverse as Bush and Feinstein, why hasn't this bill passed? One moderate senator who's gumming up the works is Republican Arlen Specter, who cast the sole vote against the D.C. appropriations bill in committee. Like 46 percent of congressmen, according to a recent Heritage study, Specter sends his kids to private school. The reason he does so, he has said, is "they didn't have access to a good public school." (Parents in D.C. know exactly how he feels.)

Louisiana Democrat Mary Landrieu recently submitted an amendment that would allow only schools that accept the voucher as full tuition payment to participate. Her amendment also requires that participating children show academic improvement after three years. Landrieu's children, according to the Heritage report, also attend a private school, a pretty tony one, too, that costs about $20,000 a year.

Voucher supporters say Landrieu's amendment could cripple the program. Landrieu says if her proposed changes are not adopted, she will vote against the bill.

A version of the bill has already snuck through the House in a 209-208 vote. But, despite support from Democrats Zell Miller of Georgia and Robert Byrd of West Virginia, Senate Republican leaders apparently fear they lack the 60 votes necessary to block a filibuster. The voucher plan is part of the D.C. budget, and the bill must be reconsidered before the session ends, but after a week of debate, it has been set aside.

Feinstein, Williams, and other D.C. Democrats have put much on the line by lending support to a typically Republican cause. It would be a pity if all this courage were for nought. ♦

Mind Games

The Senate's mental health parity bill is ill-conceived. BY SALLY SATEL AND KEITH HUMPHREYS

MENTAL HEALTH PARITY is back as an important issue in Congress. The idea is to have the government require employers to pay for treating mental conditions the same way they pay for treating physical diseases. This approach sounds like a boon for people with psychiatric illness, but it's not. It would end up restricting care for the most desperately ill patients.

The impetus for the legislation comes from two senators with sad family histories of mental illness. During his lifetime, the late senator Paul Wellstone spoke movingly of his older brother's struggle with schizophrenia. Senator Pete Domenici, a passionate advocate for the mentally ill, has a daughter who is afflicted with schizophrenia. For years the two men cosponsored legislation that would mandate equal treatment by employers' health plans of mental and physical illness, ending the need for workers to pay more out-of-pocket for mental health care. The measure almost passed last year, and the Senate is now poised to take it up again.

Advocates of the Senator Paul Wellstone Mental Health Equitable Treatment Act claim it will end "insurance discrimination" against people with serious psychiatric conditions. Coverage for catastrophic mental illnesses such as psychosis or a near-lethal suicide attempt would finally be put on the same basis as that for, say, a heart attack. Unfortunately the Senate bill, like its House counterpart, makes no distinction between serious conditions and garden-variety neuroses.

Indeed, the bill would require coverage for every emotional and behavioral condition listed in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (DSM), the 850-page handbook published by the American Psychiatric Association. As practicing clinicians, we have seen DSM categories treated like elastic waistbands that stretch to any psychological size. For example, a person experiencing angst over an approaching 50th birthday could be diagnosed as having an "adjustment disorder with mixed emotional features." Says psychiatrist Mark Schiller, president of the American Association of Physicians and Surgeons, "I have frequently seen psychiatrists diagnose patients with a range of psychiatric diagnoses that aren't justified, to obtain third-party reimbursements. That problem will only get worse with this current mental health parity legislation."

Our 50-year-old would be entitled to the same number of doctor visits, the same deductibles, and the same dollar limits on annual and lifetime care as a 20-year-old college student beginning to suffer the hallucinations and suicidal thoughts of manic-depressive illness. What's more, the two patients would be on a par not only with each other but with someone else being treated for cancer. It is double jeopardy for employers: They will be required to cover all mental conditions on a par with physical illnesses, and then required to cover all mental conditions equally.

Although estimates of the cost of mental health parity vary widely, few dispute the possibility that some employers will react to increases in cost by dropping their mental health benefits entirely. Parity will likely

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create a situation like that of the 1970s and '80s, when long-term psychotherapy for people with minimal distress fueled inflation in employers' mental health benefits costs. In response, employers cut back coverage across the board.

Parity advocates like the National Mental Health Association scoff at these concerns. They tout a recent HHS analysis of Vermont's mental health parity law, showing that costs barely budged. What they gloss over is how Vermont's modest price tag was achieved: by managing care tightly through utilization review, a process by which the insurer determines whether a minimally acceptable level of care has been provided. As the association itself says, "Introducing mental health parity in conjunction with managed care results in a 30 to 50 percent decrease in total mental health costs."

This is not a triumph of equitable care, but rather a different way of rationing it. As a 2000 GAO report concluded, after Congress passed the last mental health parity mandate in 1996—one that required only that any cap on annual and lifetime mental health benefits be the same as any dollar cap on physical health benefits—health insurance benefits for the mentally ill were actually reduced to offset the higher caps.

Such accounting maneuvers have the most dire effect on the sickest patients, who need costly hospitalization. Typically, psychiatric patients are now approved for about nine days of hospital care, according to the National Association of Psychiatric Health Systems, compared with 23 days in 1991. Hospital administrators and psychiatrists must battle insurers to squeeze out additional days of treatment. The emphasis, according to the association, is on "stabilizing patients and discharging them to outpatient care as soon as possible." Or, as some of our colleagues describe it, "Treat 'em and street 'em." This means that many patients are forced out of the hospital while still sick and are soon readmitted, often to a state mental hospital.

The solution? First, we must recognize that catastrophic mental illnesses are as incapacitating and devastating as physical ones and deserve equivalent resources. However, the proposed legislation, while it would open the door to greater treatment of people with low-level anxieties, would do little about the propensity of utilization reviewers to rush the most vulnerable out of their beds. They could well be sent on their way even faster than they already are.

Second, Congress should not make the mistake of tying parity to the entire DSM. Many of the diagnoses it contains are not really mental illnesses at all. They are signifiers of unhappiness, dissatisfaction, or troubling character traits. Lawmakers should focus benefits on the sickest people, for whom it is medically and morally unjustifiable to limit care.

Many of the diagnoses in the DSM are not really mental illnesses at all. They are signifiers of unhappiness, dissatisfaction, or troubling character traits.

Targeted parity should extend equitable benefits to serious, debilitating diseases like schizophrenia and other psychoses, autism, major depression, manic-depressive illness, and obsessive-compulsive disorder. These conditions have distinct diagnostic criteria and many have established treatment guidelines, so it is possible to evaluate quality of care. Most of the 33 states that have adopted parity laws in the past decade, such as Texas, Delaware, Maine, and Colorado, have targeted benefits in this way.

Many of the beneficiaries of targeted parity, it turns out, will be children. The most serious psychiatric disorders, such as schizophrenia, often appear during late adolescence and the college years, when children are still covered under their parents' policies. The devastation of serious mental illness in a child is compounded by the prospect of enormous debt the families incur.

This is what Senator Domenici was referring to when he told a reporter last year, "You get into the world of these dread diseases—you hear stories—they're terrible from the standpoint of what's happening to these people and what's happening to their families." In a recent survey of 19 states, the General Accounting Office found that almost 13,000 children were placed into the welfare or juvenile justice systems in 2001 so they could obtain mental health services_that their families could not afford themselves.

What to do for workers who are not seriously mentally ill but nonetheless distraught and likely to benefit from therapy? Or for those with mild symptoms of depression or anxiety who are in the beginning stages of a more serious condition and for whom early treatment could avert clinical disaster? Remember that targeted parity does not affect the status quo. Extending full coverage only to severe illnesses still leaves intact current coverage of therapy for less serious problems—it's just that limits apply. This is appropriate because we have good, tested brief therapies for people afflicted with lower-grade conditions. Furthermore, most companies that currently offer health coverage also contract with employee assistance programs that provide counseling for employees whose problems with work performance are linked to family issues or personal woes.

Covering disabling mental illnesses on a par with serious medical illness would be great clinical progress even if costs rise a bit. But it would not be worth it if the people suffering from the most devastating mental illnesses are not helped as they should be. As currently written, the parity bills are so expansive they endanger their own worthy mission. ♦

A Not-So-Unstoppable Frontrunner

The Dean campaign's rendezvous with reality

By David Tell

Not until something like the first of August did conventional Washington opinion finally wake up to the possibility that this mad-as-hell, antiwar Howard Dean fellow might just have a realistic shot at the Democratic presidential nomination. But after that it was off to the races. In no time flat, and based on the very same evidence that had awakened them in the first place, the conventional opinion people started upgrading Dean's candidacy from the realistic to the highly promising and beyond, as if he'd all but sewn things up. "The former Vermont governor may be"—thus spake cable-news oracle William Schneider on August 5—"unstoppable." Unstoppable, for example, even in the intricate, union and party-machine dominated caucus politics of Iowa, where a *Des Moines Register* poll had Howard Dean (23 percent), the self-described insurgent, vaulting into a rulebook-defying lead over his much better-known and better-wired rivals. Both presumed labor-movement favorite Dick Gephardt (21 percent) and presumed national frontrunner John Kerry (14 percent) were said to be running inert and perilously buzz-deficient campaigns.

No doubt the *Register* poll was a perfectly accurate, summer snapshot of Iowa sentiment about the top three guys, Dean, Gephardt, and Kerry—among, that is, the slight majority of likely Democratic caucus-goers then inclined to express a sentiment for either Dean or Gephardt or Kerry. Fully 42 percent of likely Democratic caucus-goers were not yet so inclined, however, either because they hadn't got around to deciding whom to root for, or because they were still prepared, for the time being at least, to root for one of the underdogs:

Joe Lieberman, maybe, whose strategists concede that he can't even "start to win the nomination" until after New Hampshire, and who meantime hardly pretends to be contesting Iowa. Or Carol Moseley-Braun, who hardly pretends to be contesting anywhere. Or John Edwards, who's been stumping everywhere, rarely failing to win excellent reviews—but rarely managing to win appreciable support. Or Dennis Kucinich, whose appreciable support, his press releases boast, includes endorsements from such "prominent activists" as "spiritual teacher" Ram Dass, best known for his enthusiastic, bulk-quantity consumption of LSD. Or Bob Graham, to whom a Ram Dass endorsement might look pretty good right about now. Or Al Sharpton, who is Al Sharpton.

It's not quite right to say, as spokesmen for single-digit candidates like these always do, that state-specific horse-race polls like the *Register*'s, conducted six months before the state in question will cast its votes, are "meaningless." Not even the national polls are "meaningless." (Though they probably ought to be; as recently as a few weeks ago, somewhere between a third and a half of all Democrats were still telling survey researchers that no, they hadn't any opinion, favorable or otherwise, about their party's purportedly unstoppable phenomenon, Howard Dean—*because they'd never heard of him*.) For good or ill, it's an inescapable fact that certain key groups of people—the kind who make out contribution checks and put up yard signs—do pay exaggerated attention to early polling numbers, using them as tips about who's worth working for and who's a waste of time. And all things being equal, the more money and footsoldier assistance a worth-it candidate attracts, the better he's able to sell himself to voters who'll answer future polls—which then attract further donors and volunteers, and so on.

But all things are not equal, and the good-poll-begets-help-begets-victory algorithm becomes less and less reliable as time goes by. For the most part, truly marginal presidential campaigns just don't last very long nowadays. The snows come and the campaigns die, and their would-be supporters are cast out among the still-undecided, all of them forced to choose, from the winnowed field, someone new to vote for. And it is not a choice that ordinary voters typically resolve on the basis of which candidate had a two-point lead in the polls six months ago. Four years ago, in

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October 1999, just three months shy of the balloting, Bill Bradley had a seven-point lead over Al Gore in New Hampshire, had closed to within three points in Iowa, and had a several-hundred-thousand-dollar war chest advantage, too. Bradley wound up getting crushed.

In other words: Howard Dean's current top-dog status in the Democratic presidential sweepstakes is a dependable indicator that he will eventually win the nomination only to the extent that his current top-dog status is the product of factors that his rivals are powerless to alter. So what might those factors be?

There's a standard two-part explanation for why Iowa's Democratic caucus electorate, a third or more of it derived from labor-movement households, hasn't long since rolled over for Dick Gephardt, who's got a truckload of union endorsements. One: Iowa Democrats disapprove of the president's war with Iraq, which Gephardt voted to authorize. Two: Gephardt's executive-committee union endorsements are as deep as it goes. The rank-and-file memberships view him with no particular enthusiasm. They tend to prefer—or so suggested the *Des Moines Register* poll—Howard Dean instead.

And yet: Less than two weeks after that poll was released, I twice in three days watched Gephardt speak to sizable Iowa union audiences, the second one a mammoth Friday evening candidates' forum in Cedar Rapids, and both times he received a positively rapturous response. At neither event could I find a single rank-and-filer in the crowd who had much bad to say about him. In Cedar Rapids, further confounding the usual who's-for-whom account of things, I did find one local labor *dignitary* willing to volunteer his profound contempt for Gephardt's current presidential ambitions. It wasn't the war, or any other issue, that was bugging this man. His animus was driven by a purely political calculation: He didn't think Gephardt had the spine to "dethrone" President Bush. Not after what happened in last year's midterm congressional elections: "A lot of union people spent money they didn't have, volunteered time they didn't have. Dick Gephardt was the Democratic leader. And Tom Daschle. And we were off in the wilderness. No idea what the party was supposed to stand for. We shoulda taken back the House. And I, personally, just can't get over that."

Was it this gentleman's sense that a similar resistance to Gephardt's candidacy might be bubbling under the surface throughout the labor movement generally? "No, it isn't," he conceded. "If it were, he wouldn't be getting all these endorsements." Okay, how about those labor people who *did* share his feelings on the matter? If not Dick Gephardt, then who? Would it be safe to suppose—the *Register* poll and whatnot—that he himself would be voting for Dean? "No, I'm for John Kerry, have been from the start," again for reasons having nothing at all to do with the war, which Kerry, too, voted to authorize. Why Kerry and not Dean, I wondered? "It's kinda hard to explain. [Dean] just kind of rubs me the wrong way. A kind of arrogance. I know he tries to work on it. But it just doesn't come off as natural." It turned out that the master of ceremonies that evening, Ray Dochterman, the president of the Cedar Rapids/Iowa City Building Trades, also preferred Kerry to Dean. When it was Kerry's turn to take the stage, to almost-Gephardt-level thunderous applause, Dochterman wrote him out a surprise-gift $1,000 personal check, right there on the spot.

And when it was Howard Dean's turn to take the stage, things got more surprising still. Early on in his remarks, as you would expect, Dean brought up the subject that had most energized his campaign and best distinguished him from his principal competitors. "I did not support the war in Iraq, and let me tell you why," he began, before being interrupted by a standing ovation—from about a third of the room. The other two thirds stayed seated. A fair number of them grimaced. Among the grimacers, one woman from Iowa—"Just call me 'one woman from Iowa,'" she later instructed me—noticed that I was looking at her and flushed red in the face. By which point Dean had finished with Iraq and moved on to George W. Bush's spoliation of America's domestic economy. "How many of you have lost a job in the last twelve months?" he asked the crowd. Maybe twenty people, out of more than a thousand, raised their hands. Dean attempted to recover: "How many of you have a family member who's lost a job in the last twelve months?" A couple dozen more hands, tops. Only when Dean had extended the unemployment list to friends and acquaintances did his stunt produce its intended visual effect. And pretty soon after that, it was time for someone else to talk.

And pretty soon after *that*, it was time for me to seek out "one woman from Iowa," apologize for peering at her as I had, and ask her why she'd flushed red during that business about the war. Whereupon she flushed red again: "You were up front by the stage. I thought you worked for Howard Dean. My nephew was in Baghdad. And now he's in Kuwait City. And Howard Dean oughta shut the f—up."

A genuinely "unstoppable" Democratic primary campaign, propelled by party-wide fury against a Republican president and his awful foreign war—that campaign wouldn't quite have looked like this, would it? Couldn't it simply be, instead, that Dean was a talented, intelligent, credible, but *fallible* candidate who'd earned an early lead in Iowa, as much as anything else, by spending lots more time and advertising dollars there—and sooner—than the

other talented, intelligent, credible, and fallible candidates in the race? Couldn't it therefore be, as well, that the Democratic presidential nomination remained entirely up for grabs? What would happen, for example, when Democratic primary voters were offered a view of the candidates not just as solo stump-speechmakers, but as directly engaged competitors, with each man's personality and policy platform undergoing an extensive, full-stress test? What would happen when everybody started really *whaling* on Howard Dean?

Well, they're whaling on him now. And he's not bearing up in what anyone could seriously call unstoppable fashion.

Subtler appraisals of campaign mechanics and strategy are not so important in this analysis. It doesn't matter that Dean has raised a lot more cash than Dick Gephardt has; it matters only that Gephardt has a powerful argument to make against Dean, and enough money to fight it out at par for at least another couple of months. It doesn't matter that Joe Lieberman's longshot wait-till-February plan has no successful modern precedent. Or that his intended position as the field's "moderate," given the Democratic party's current, ideologically irritable mood, would probably get Lieberman involuntarily recharacterized as the "rightmost" candidate, and therefore rejected, under any circumstances. It matters only that Lieberman, too, has a powerful argument to make against Dean, and that he has the wit and obvious determination and wherewithal to stick with his plan past New Hampshire, arguing all the way. Lieberman may not win. But his continued presence in the race could go far to determine who does. Ditto for John Kerry, except that he still has an excellent chance to be that winner. So what if Kerry's campaign has had some staff turnover, which all of 300 people in the Western Hemisphere are aware of? So what if he's sometimes "wooden" with a typescript speech and a TelePrompTer? He works a room better than Dean does. He's a slicker debater. He's got plenty of money in the bank. You'd rather have him as your dinner companion. And Kerry, like the others, has a powerful—particularly versatile—argument to make.

Moreover, Howard Dean is now, if anything, less well equipped to respond to unflattering arguments than he was back in the spring, back before he became unstoppable, back before most people would have guessed he'd ever be goable, in fact. On the day I spent watching him canvass New Hampshire last March, he was an Upper East Side, Type-A version of the mid-1980s Bill Clinton. He was purposefully eclectic, one step removed from certain of his party's orthodoxies—but only one step, and not always in a coherently similar direction. He had an apparently inexhaustible supply of otherwise dull and indigestibly complicated policy-wonk programs to discuss, but was able and eager to translate them into engrossing, plain-English narratives. And he was opposed to the war before opposition to the war was cool. In short, at the very beginning, Dean was mounting a meticulously planned introductory incursion into big-league national politics; he had anticipated every conceivable obstacle in his path; and he was interesting.

But by the end of the summer, he had become deliberately less interesting. "Frontrunner" designations very often have a baleful psychological effect on successful campaigns. The frontrunning candidate has more to lose and thus less reason to take risk. Substantive politics is risky, so the frontrunning candidate is inclined to avoid it. Enveloped in the excitement his progress has created, he tends to lose track of the necessary distinctions involved; maintaining the excitement becomes his campaign's central daily activity. And then it becomes the central *purpose*: The candidate begins to run a campaign about itself. About how much money it's raised, and how many people have signed up on its website, and how it's going to conduct the world's largest-ever conference call, and *MeetUp.com*, and isn't it all just sooo a-ma-zing?

This is what seems lately to have occurred with Howard Dean. Now the Dean campaign no longer just steers cautiously clear of dangerous or unfamiliar policy terrain; it explicitly disdains to go there. What are mere issues, after all, when you have just produced "a month that will change politics forever," a "September to Remember"? "It is true that the current debate must focus on specific aspects of particular programs," campaign spokeswoman Tricia Enright announced two weeks ago, "but Governor Dean believes the debate is also about something much larger: It is about what sort of country we will be in the future." And it can only be the proper "sort"—as Dean himself explained at a big speech in Boston's Copley Square the day before—provided we first "take back our country," with "mouse pads, shoe leather, and hope," from "a king named George," whose attendant "narrow band of right-wing ideologues have subverted the democratic process." Hark! "Democracy itself is at stake in this election."

There is the predictable level of bumper-sticker grandiosity every presidential campaign emits like car exhaust. And then there is this: the broken-muffler variety, a vaguely "progressive," cyber-savvy transmogrification of Pat Buchanan, up to and including the "King George" and peasant-rebellion material. Howard Dean is smart enough to know better, of course. But the additional supporters such rhetoric tends to attract may not be. And there are more and more of them every day, sprinkled through his

street rallies, always dominating his official blog. It is a type. Each of us knows someone like this, or was one himself while in college: people who imagine themselves righteously "political," but actually have little practical experience or understanding of politics, and consequently little concern for its daily requirements and limitations. These are undependable supporters, in other words, to whom politics is primarily a vehicle for the projection of an idealized sensibility, not a set of plans and convictions. The chosen candidate is their mirror. They will love him—"I want to have your baby!" the *Washington Post* reports hearing one transfixed young woman yell at a recent Dean rally—until they don't anymore.

So long as they do love and gravitate toward him, however, Howard Dean will increasingly be confronted by the seduction of audiences he needn't be all that careful with, because even the very worst imaginable verbal misstep may sail right past their heads. It's happened already.

Thus we have "Pablo," reporting September 4 to the Dean campaign blog about some momentous developments the night before:

> I was at the Santa Fe, NM meetup last night at The Tribes Coffeehouse. The Dean "tribe" was out in force, as well as a lot of curious Kucinich supporters (SF has a strong Kucinich group, I should know, I used to be one myself). The Gov. stopped in after having a fundraiser a few blocks away. He was obviously very tired and everyone thought he would speak for just a few minutes. Dean spoke and answered questions for at least a half hour, by the end of his talk the energy in the room was definitely rising, contagious. I'm sure there are a few less folks in the Kucinich camp after last night. The debate should be awesome!!

As it was, the candidates' debate Pablo mentioned, later that day in Albuquerque, was only half-awesome. It was there that Joe Lieberman made his televised pounce on Dean's still controversial, only partially retracted suggestion to the *Washington Post* that the United States, its NAFTA and World Trade Organization obligations notwithstanding, should abandon bilateral trade with any country that fails to observe environmental and labor-protection regulations as strict as our own. Lieberman pointed out that Dean was thereby proposing that America suspend its commercial arrangements with nearly the entire world. Which "would cost us millions of jobs," and "the Bush recession would be followed by the Dean depression." Lieberman had—and still has—a real issue here. There is a not insubstantial, rich and influential constituency for free trade within the Democratic party. Dean must be making these constituents awfully nervous.

Lieberman would have had two real issues at once, dramatically elevating the Albuquerque debate's awesomeness quotient, had someone on Lieberman's staff been fortunate enough, earlier in the day, before the debate, to chance upon a certain Associated Press dispatch from the always estimable Ron Fournier. Pablo, it turned out, had not been the only reporter at The Tribes Coffeehouse the night of September 3. Pablo was just the only one who'd failed to report, probably because its significance had escaped him, the highly peculiar commentary Dean had offered on the Middle East peace process. As quoted by the AP's Fournier:

> I don't believe stopping the terror has to be a prerequisite for talking, you always talk. I don't find it convenient to blame people. Nobody should have violence, ever. But they do, and it's not our place to take sides. We all know that enormous numbers of the settlements that are there are going to have to come out.

It might seem to have been Gov. Dean's position, then, that Palestinians should not be blamed for terrorism, that negotiations should proceed irrespective of terrorism's continuing death toll, that the United States should meanwhile pressure "enormous numbers" of Israelis to relocate within narrower borders—and that official adoption of such a policy would somehow constitute a restoration of American honest-broker fairness, the implication being that the Bush administration had tilted its affections too far in Israel's direction. Four days after the fact, Lieberman's people did finally catch sight of Fournier's story, which discovery produced a campaign press release calling Dean's remarks "either a major break in a half a century of American foreign policy," or evidence that the man needed to "think before he talks." John Kerry joined the criticism. As did many other people and institutions, in fairly short order, notably including 34 Democratic House members led by Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi. Even today, some of those Democrats remain bitterly dissatisfied with Dean's subsequent, multiple attempts to mitigate his blunder. "It's bull—," Rep. Gary Ackerman of New York told *The Hill* late last week. "Dean said his position is my position is Clinton's position, which it's not."

A Democratic congressman does not ordinarily employ such language to describe another Democrat who's leading an "unstoppable" charge to the Oval Office. He holds his tongue instead. But no one is holding his tongue about Howard Dean at this point. Within the space of just a single business day, Friday September 12:

1. Dick Gephardt unloaded a multimedia barrage of archival newsclips in which Howard Dean is revealed to have (a) endorsed a Gingrich-era, "Republican Revolution," Medicare cost-containment plan that the Clinton administration and congressional Democrats hotly opposed; (b) called the existing Medicare setup "one of the worst federal programs ever"; and (c) flirted with Social

Security benefit rollbacks, too. Some of these clips are rather old, but Gephardt can't seriously be accused of using them unfairly. And what would the effect be were he to use them unceasingly—in, say, $200,000 television attack ads during the run-up to the Iowa caucuses? One can only guess. But "unstoppable Howard Dean" is not the first phrase that comes to mind.

2. John Kerry, revisiting one of the several tributary controversies resulting from Dean's Santa Fe coffeehouse Middle East policy fiasco, and doing so, in context, very close to the boundaries of demagoguery, accused Dean of "going out of his way" to call Hamas militants "soldiers" rather than "terrorists." According to Kerry, "Governor Dean insults the memory of every innocent man, woman, and child killed by these suicidal murderers."

3. Amplifying a much less unsavory and—elementary political logic would suggest—considerably more powerful line of attack he had been tentatively employing against Dean (and Dick Gephardt) for several months already, Kerry made clear in media interviews that he will campaign as the Democratic protector of middle-class pocketbooks. Some parts of President Bush's $1.7 trillion tax cut would be retained by a successor Kerry administration. "If you're a $40,000 income earner," the senator pointed out, not inaccurately, "Howard Dean's going to raise your taxes more than 20 times. And I don't want to do that."

4. Al Sharpton demanded that Dean retract his support for the Michigan primary's voting-by-Internet plan. African Americans own fewer computers, and . . . well, you know.

Dean is indignant in the face of all these nasty words. He is vengefully indignant sometimes: "I think what Joe and the others are doing on the Middle East is despicable." And he is cloyingly indignant other times: "It is a sad day for Dick Gephardt when he compares any Democratic candidate running for president to Newt Gingrich." But whatever the tone, the essential and only strategic defense initiative Howard Dean has so far proved willing and able to undertake is the cry of foul. He declines to engage and rebut his accusers on the specifics of their accusations. And he declines to issue detailed, retaliatory charges of his own. This, too, is a habit inconsistent with political unstoppability. Again, one is reminded of the Gore-Bradley primary battle of late 1999.

Gore, playing Dick Gephardt in the relevant analogy, and hoping to kill off Bradley, playing Dean, gave an early December speech that contained the following, much publicized, soon-to-be incessantly repeated, mimeographed, and distributed line: "Let me sum up by saying this to Senator Bradley. It is wrong to destroy Medicaid; it's wrong to ignore Medicare, and it is wrong to cut Social Security benefits and play games with nursing homes and our seniors' retirement." Bradley replied thusly: "I think we've reached a sad day in our political life in this country when the sitting vice president distorts a fellow Democrat's record because he thinks he can score a few political points." Bradley's candidacy wilted almost overnight. Dean's might, too—under this or any of several other, completely anodyne, textbook, Campaign-School 101 scenarios.

One obvious, remaining question thus arises: What is this retired General Wesley Clark tulip frenzy all about? He has been hustled onto the presidential primary stage by some of the canniest and hardest-eyed operatives in the Democratic party, people who do not hire and fire staff, and make decisions about the expenditure of millions of dollars, and stay up half the night six days each week "for fun." And yet the only passably plausible rationale anyone has so far been able to offer for Clark's candidacy is "electability": that Clark is uniquely "electable," as an Iraq war critic who can appeal to Bush-phobic Democratic base voters, and as a career military officer who is immune to the question-your-patriotism smear campaign Karl Rove would surely unleash to devastating effect against the likes of Howard Dean. Trouble is, for one thing: By the time Clark formally announced himself a contender, this passably plausible rationale had become empirically unsustainable. President Bush has had a dreadful run of news these past few months. His poll-reported "reelect" numbers have consequently drooped. So much so, in fact, that by now there's been at least one national poll in which each of four different Democrats—Kerry, Gephardt, Lieberman, and even the unstoppable but unelectable Howard Dean—has outpointed Bush.

Why should Democrats want so very badly to stop Howard Dean, in that case? Assuming a persuasive and practical affirmative answer to that question could be identified, why should Democrats require the assistance of Wesley Clark to do the deed? Is Clark better situated to slap Dean around about middle-class tax cuts, or is Kerry?

And can Clark himself stand up under serious political fire? This is a major-party candidate for president of the United States who has no discernible platform; his current proposal on health care is eventually to develop a proposal on health care. He has no discernible partisan profile; he has several times in the past few weeks been caught in fibs about his current party registration. He hasn't a natural politician's rudimentary instincts; he patronized the locals on his very first campaign appearance ("That's a real Iowa outfit!" he cooed to a woman wearing overalls). Forget the polls. Bush and Rove would slaughter this guy.

Who'll stop Clark? ♦

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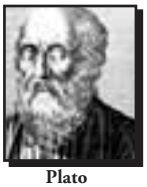
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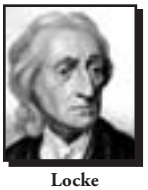
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For at least 30 centuries, mankind has grappled with the most fundamental questions life raises. Who am I? What should be the purpose of my life, and how should I lead it? What is the best kind of life? Active and engaged? Immersed in the rewards of reflection and understanding? Absorbed in the pleasures of the senses? Who or what is God? When is it legitimate for one person to have power over others? What is justice? Beauty?

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Prokofiev and the Wolf

Music under Stalin

By Algis Valiunas

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The Soviet Union murdered some twenty million of its own people—so it might seem frivolous to trouble oneself with the fate of Soviet artists in particular, were it not for the fact that the Soviet masses venerated and loved them. The record is grim. Lev Gumilev, spearhead of the Acmeist movement and husband of the poet Anna Akhmatova, was executed as a counterrevolutionary in 1921. Vladimir Mayakovsky shot himself in 1930. Osip Mandelstam died in a Siberian prison camp in 1938. Marina Tsvetaeva hanged herself in 1941. Others fled when they could. The writers Vladimir Nabokov and Ivan Bunin, the painters Wassily Kandinsky and Marc Chagall, the composers Igor Stravinsky and Sergei Rachmaninoff were all exiles.

Some who remained behind drew strength from their travail. Boris Pasternak, hounded into near silence for decades, broke free with the novel *Doctor Zhivago* in the 1950s. Alexander Solzhenitsyn spent eight years in the gulag and emerged indomitable. Abram Tertz, another gulag veteran, became an eloquent voice, speaking for all who suffered. Anna Akhmatova, though she was refused nearly all publication from 1923 to 1940, never abandoned her vocation. In the preface to her poem *Requiem* (1957), she recalls standing in line outside a Leningrad prison in the 1930s (she does not say so, but her son was a prisoner), when another woman there whispered through blue lips, "'Can you describe this?' And I said: 'Yes, I can.' And then something like the shadow of a smile crossed what had once been her face." Such artists were revered because they knew what barbed wire had done to the Russian soul, and they assured their audience that in their worst anguish they were not alone.

Prokofiev
From Russia to the West, 1891-1935
by David Nice
Yale University Press, 338 pp., $35

Sergei Prokofiev
A Biography
by Harlow Robinson
Northeastern University Press, 584 pp., $24.95

Sergei Prokofiev (1891-1953), who ranks with Stravinsky and Shostakovich as one of the foremost Russian composers of the twentieth century, presents a perplexing case study of Soviet man and artist: a lifelong child, selfish, petulant, careless, needy, wounding; a petit bourgeois by birth and haut bourgeois by inclination who lived the free if not always easy life of an émigré artist in Paris and New York for seventeen years, then returned to the Soviet Union just when the crackdown and bloodletting were reaching their worst; an artist who paid the necessary obeisance to the official overseers of Soviet culture yet managed, as carefully as he knew how, to render in his music the pain of living in a country ruled by the malignant; a man crushed in the end by the forces he tried to placate.

On the fiftieth anniversary of Prokofiev's death, David Nice, author

Algis Valiunas is the author of Churchill's Military Histories.

Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov: CORBIS. Prokofiev: Northeastern Univ. Press.


Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov


Sergei Prokofiev as a student


Alexander Glazunov

of books on Elgar, Tchaikovsky, and Richard Strauss, has produced the first volume of a critical biography of the composer, *Prokofiev: From Russia to the West, 1891-1935.* One wishes he had waited until the hundredth anniversary. Nice's biography is one of the dullest books I have ever read. One suspects it was written with an audience of a dozen musicologists in mind; one doubts that they found it of much interest either. Nice evidently has no idea of what Prokofiev the man was like, and although he devotes considerable space to Prokofiev's music, he evidently has no idea what it amounts to. His concern is almost exclusively with local effects—numerous musical examples stud the text—and he offers no explanation of how they cohere. Nice's own style in writing is mostly musicological happy-talk, of the sort one should have gotten over in Introduction to Harmony: "All but the playfully brief no. 4 have a contrasting central idea, though this takes up the greater part of the first song, where the legato vocal line finds silken cords to throw round the piano's far-flung major and minor triads. Perhaps the most exquisite of the five is no. 2—not so much for its quaintly oriental central theme in C sharp minor as for the main melody's sudden veering from Prokofiev's most limpid A minor/C major diatonicism to A major, from which it deftly extracts itself via an equally unexpected excursion into C sharp minor."

Yes, and so? So one is grateful for Harlow Robinson's *Sergei Prokofiev: A Biography*, first published in 1987 and reprinted in 2002, which is about as good as a musical biography gets: Robinson illuminates the artist's character, penetrates the human significance of the music, demonstrates an easy command of Russian political and cultural history, and writes with clarity and vigor. Anyone thinking about Prokofiev is deeply in his debt.

Prokofiev grew up in the Ukrainian countryside, where his father managed an estate. His mother was exorbitantly musical, playing the piano six hours a day, and the young Sergei took in Beethoven and Chopin with his mother's milk. The boy began noodling around on the piano at the age of four. Listening to peasant folk songs supplemented his diet of keyboard études, and his first visit to Moscow with his parents, at the age of eight, introduced him to opera (Gounod's *Faust* and Borodin's *Prince Igor*) and ballet (Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty*). The sights and sounds incited him to creative riot, as he tossed off his own first opera, started another straightaway, and produced a steady stream of briefer pieces.

Prokofiev's appreciative parents nurtured his gifts, enlisting an accomplished student from the Moscow Conservatory, Reinhold Gliére (a pretty fair composer himself), to spend a summer teaching the fledgling genius. When he was thirteen, they sent the boy off to the St. Petersburg Conservatory, where Alexander Glazunov and Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov were the presiding deities. More influential in Prokofiev's development than the conservatory—they used to say there that he was unable to set down two correct notes in a row—were the salon "Evenings of Contemporary Music," where the musicians defied the tradition the conservatory sought to conserve. It was there that Prokofiev first heard Debussy, Ravel, and Schoenberg, that he met Stravinsky, and that he made the personal connections that would lead him to Serge Diaghilev, artistic director of the Ballets Russes in Paris.

When Prokofiev played some of his pieces for Diaghilev in London in 1914, Diaghilev commissioned a ballet score from the young composer. He thought the result warmed-over Stravinsky, however, and he rejected it. Prokofiev reconstituted the score as *The Scythian Suite*, and its 1916 premiere in Petrograd established Prokofiev at the head of the Russian avant-garde—although his rejection by Diaghilev left him with the European reputation of a somewhat timid member of the pack.

Success energized and emboldened him. He knocked off the score for his opera *The Gambler*, based on Dostoevsky's novel, in little more than a year. He took as his model Modest Musorgsky's iconoclastic rendering of Nikolai Gogol's play *Marriage*, in which Musorgsky stripped opera of its customary panoply of musical showpieces and focused on giving the origi-

nal dialogue a musical setting. Russia's most daring theatrical director, Vsevolod Meyerhold, championed Prokofiev's work; and, although the singers found the music dauntingly peculiar, everything was ready for the premiere at the Mariinsky Theater, when the February Revolution intervened. Not until 1929 would *The Gambler* make its stage debut.

Disappointment evidently goaded Prokofiev into action as effectively as triumph did. In 1917 he threw himself into work and produced the First Symphony, the First Violin Concerto, two piano sonatas, a cantata, and a cycle of brief piano pieces. Music was all Prokofiev had on his mind, and the significance of the cataclysm erupting around him eluded him almost entirely. Yet even to the mentally cloistered, street violence and the shortage of food and fuel did present a distraction, and in the spring of 1918 Prokofiev set off for New York, planning to spend several months abroad while things returned to normal back home.

His first New York piano recital, featuring works of his own as well as some by Scriabin and Rachmaninoff, thrilled critics and audiences alike. A performance of his First Piano Concerto with the Chicago Symphony led to a commission from the Chicago Opera to compose *Love for Three Oranges*, based on Meyerhold's adaptation of an eighteenth-century *commedia dell'arte*. Prokofiev tossed off both the bughouse libretto and the jauntily eccentric score in nine months, but the production would not hit the stage for another two years. He started another opera as well, in an effort to save his reputation from charges of smirking frivolity: *The Fiery Angel*, demon-laden and maniacally serious, which would take him eight years to finish.

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From right: Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Diaghilev, with a friend in 1921.

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Prokofiev in America, c. 1918

But the need to make a living chained him to the peripatetic performer's life, so that composing had to be done in furtive snatches. And the music he did find time to write met in this period with blunt incomprehension. Unable to wait for the New World to acquire the taste necessary to appreciate him, he removed himself to a Bavarian hamlet in 1922, hoping for fecund seclusion. Even in Europe, however, bringing in cash meant concertizing.

Unlike Chicago, which turned up its nose at his Third Piano Concerto—one of his finest works—Paris and London lapped up the piece and the pianist. Once again, Prokofiev thought he had it made. Paris had an insatiable need for the stunning and provocative, and Prokofiev did what he could to oblige. His Second Symphony is filled with sudden dynamic jars, machine-shop rhythms, flying chromatic sparks, repetitive thuds and drillings: This is music that aspires to the condition of noise and occasionally gets there. Yet even here Prokofiev pours pastoral grace like balm over the sonic damage; and one is hard-pressed to tell whether he repents of his modernist disdain for beauty of the Tchaikovsky type, or insists that if you're going to love that beauty you have to love the new ugliness along with it, until you see that it is beautiful too.

As it happened, not even this was innovative enough to charm Paris; maybe it was the concession to the old beauty that vexed the Parisians, for Prokofiev did seem to be too beautiful for them. His First Violin Concerto, which enjoyed its premiere in 1923, made the Parisians yawn with its outworn tonal lyricism, reminding them of insupportable Mendelssohn. The same concerto brought Moscow to its feet, and in 1923 word of the popularity his music enjoyed there stirred Prokofiev's homeward yearnings. Still, Paris remained the cynosure of artistic dazzlement, and Prokofiev was out to astound precisely that part of the world which mattered most. Also, he had

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Prokofiev with Sergei Eisenstein in 1938.

married a Spanish opera singer, Lina Llubera, and to the newlywed and expectant father Paris seemed rather more congenial than the socialist motherland.

In 1925 Diaghilev swooped in, asking Prokofiev to collaborate on a ballet about the new Soviet man. When the Ballets Russes produced *Le Pas d'Acier* in 1927, all of Paris had Prokofiev's name on its lips. The proletarian revolution brought to the stage was eminently fashionable: heroic greasemonkey chic of the highest order, to bemuse the diamond-tiara crowd.

While waiting for the ballet to be produced, Prokofiev sought first-hand experience of Soviet man, returning to Russia for the first time since 1918, and performing his own music in Moscow and Leningrad. The artistic bureaucracy rolled out the red carpet, the audiences loved his music, and it was hard to resist the throbbing conviction that he was at last where he belonged. There were those in the government, however, who professed severe reservations about this decadent turncoat musicmaker.

When Prokofiev took a dislike to George Balanchine's stylized staging of his ballet *The Prodigal Son* for the Ballets Russes in 1929, Prokofiev again thought of home. Unfortunately, the Russian Association of Proletarian Musicians, which hated anything European and especially anything modern, had in the intervening years won a power struggle with the Association for Contemporary Music, which liked Prokofiev's kind of music. Meyerhold sent a clipping of a critical assault on Prokofiev as a "semi-European" composer in a Russian journal, and though Prokofiev wrote that the review displayed "malicious stupidity and stupid malice," he evidently did not suspect that these had become the norm. Without a serious idea of what he was in for, he began to edge his way back onto the Russian scene.

He did understand that he would have to make some changes. He denounced as the perversities of a wayward youth the wrong notes, spiky lines, jagged harmonies, and grotesque sonorities characteristic of his early work: "We want a simpler and more melodic style for music, a simple, less complicated emotional state, and dissonance again relegated to its proper place as one element of music," he told the *New York Times* during a 1930 tour, which brought him unprecedented renown in America as the exemplar of "a heartening tendency nowadays toward sanity in music." America clearly loved the idea, but it was not America he most wanted to please.

In 1936 he took the plunge and returned to Russia. Once the Soviets had him, the gracious blandishments ended and reality kicked in. Shostakovich considered Prokofiev a contemptible careerist and political imbecile who thought coming back to Russia would advance his purposes both there and in the West, where Soviet culture was acquiring a tony sheen. Shostakovich had reason for his contempt; in January 1936, the most infamous piece of Soviet music criticism appeared: *Pravda*, which did not customarily address itself to the arts, denounced Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District* for its "grinding" and "screaming" music, its barnyard sexuality, its apolitical and thus objectively anti-Soviet attitude, and its popularity in the West.

Certainly the itch for gain and glory played a part in driving Prokofiev into totalitarian arms. But music also played a part: He was giving up the ironic jolts of modernism for the straightforward solemnities of the people's democratic art.

It didn't turn out quite the way he'd figured. He would write piece after piece that he was sure would please his masters, only to be rebuffed with disdain. He turned out an opera about a Ukrainian peasant's indoctrination into Bolshevik virtue, *Semyon Kotko*; spent years attempting to meet the unspoken specifications of the culture police for an operatic adaptation of *War and Peace*; tried his hand at a blatant agitprop opera about a Soviet pilot who loses both his legs but returns to air combat, *Story of a Real Man*. None made it to the stage in his lifetime. He did enjoy surges of acclaim that lifted him to popular preeminence, but the commissars thought differently.

Perhaps they were not entirely mistaken. From early in his Soviet career, Prokofiev could wield an irony so delicate and unobtrusive it breezed right past the inspectorate. Harlow Robinson writes that even the children's clas-

sic *Peter and the Wolf* subtly points to a type of heroic virtue quite contrary to the normative behavior the Soviet powers wished to inculcate. Peter belongs to the Pioneers, an organization for elementary school children that prepares its charges for righteous citizenship—and yet, Peter is not submissive, but rather daring and innovative. This is not the sort of teaching likely to make Stalin and his minions smile; and Prokofiev was lucky that Stalin did not recognize his own avuncular visage in either the grandfather or the wolf.

Prokofiev did on occasion write to Communist order, and his agreeableness won him some honor. Soviet cultural doctrine held film in perhaps the highest esteem of all the arts, and the music Prokofiev wrote for Sergei Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky* (1939) pleased Stalin himself. The film tells the story of the thirteenth-century Battle on the Ice, in which the Russians defended their homeland against the Teutonic Knights. *Alexander Nevsky* is full of the approved Soviet sentiments, especially hatred of the Germans and love of a stalwart leader: The music declares that, like Nevsky, Stalin holds the fate of his people in sure hands.

A subsequent collaboration with Eisenstein, on the film *Ivan the Terrible*, would prove trickier and more perilous. It had occurred to Stalin that he must be the reincarnation of the sixteenth-century tsar, so anything less than adulation of Ivan would amount to *lèse majesté*. Eisenstein didn't entirely succeed in praising, and Prokofiev abetted the director in his sacrilege. Ivan's most honored retainers, the *oprichniki*, prototypes of Stalin's secret police, are a gang of drunken yahoos, whose song extolling the pleasures of murder and arson swings along to an undeniably jolly tune; their humming chorus in the cathedral, where they are about to assassinate Ivan's rival, is a brutish parody of sacred chant. The music that accompanies Ivan's recovery from illness could just as well have accompanied his death. Stalin enjoyed the first part of the film well enough, but he assigned his culture boss Andrei Zhdanov to hound Eisenstein for his disrespectful handling of the Tsar in the second part. Eisenstein never did get around to making the third part. Zhdanov hounded him to his death. At an official party in his honor, Eisenstein collapsed with a heart attack. Prokofiev, less obviously culpable than Eisenstein, escaped with his skin.

CORBIS

Northeastern University Press

Above: Stravinsky in 1937. Below: the 1929 Prodigal Son.

Prokofiev's circumspect audacity marks his Fifth Symphony (1945), which he advertised as a pure expression of "the grandeur of the human spirit." He delivers something different. This wartime work intimates that, even as a truly magnificent triumph over the Nazis approaches, Russia cannot rejoice wholeheartedly. The music evokes not an elemental conflict between good and evil but a disorderly swirl of emotion: Moral complication bedevils any attempt to make Soviet victory seem purely glorious. The piano sonatas Prokofiev wrote during the war recall the grand themes, feelings, and gestures of the nineteenth century, but filter them through the spiritually ragged, almost threadbare sensibility of a modern Russian.

The opening movement of the Seventh Sonata, marked *allegro inquieto*, falls immediately into a Chopin-like brooding inwardness that possesses all the distress and none of the pleasures of melancholy; it seems to be sadness without purpose, from which no wisdom or strength will emerge, so the sudden frantic assertion of liberty that breaks out lacks any real hope of enduring, and tumbles back soon enough into the acceptance of defeat. The final, *precipitato* movement, in which headlong determination almost becomes joy then almost becomes anguish, illustrates the mad amplitude of the twentieth-century Russian soul, shows how near the extremes of emotion are to each other; there is no room here for the moderate and orderly feelings of an emotionally settled existence.

By showing that he knows every nuance of an apparently comfortless state, Prokofiev offers the only comfort he can: The art of a fellow sufferer proves that one is not alone in heartbreak and serves as the crucial lesson in how pain is to be endured, even turned aside for a time; music such as this makes one stop thinking only of

one's own misery, as long as it plays in the mind. No one in Paris could have written this sonata; Prokofiev had to come back to Russia and suffer with his countrymen to compose such music.

He paid for such attempts at creative greatness. Episodes of moral daring in his life were always followed by episodes of fearful cringing. Russia had artists who displayed preternatural courage and whose work asserts the splendor of a spiritually free humanity. Prokofiev was not one of them, and the last five years of his life show man and artist alike caving in. In his final illness, he declared, "My soul hurts." He knew he had not been good enough.

However much he paid, he was not the one who paid most dearly for his failures. In 1941 he separated from his wife, Lina, and took up with another woman, Mira Mendelson. During the war, he didn't see his two sons even once. In 1948 he divorced Lina, and the state swallowed her up: Railroaded on the customary trumped-up charges of spying for the West, she was sentenced to twenty years in a labor camp. She was serving her term in the Siberian arctic when the inmates received word of the death of Stalin.

There was no mention then of the death of Prokofiev, who suffered a fatal cerebral hemorrhage the same day as the Beloved Father, March 5, 1953, at age sixty-two. Lina didn't learn that he was dead until one day the next summer.

While she was emptying slops, someone came running to say that a radio broadcaster had mentioned a memorial concert just held in Argentina for the composer Prokofiev. Lina broke down weeping, and walked off to be alone with her grief. ♦

A Feminist for Zion

Phyllis Chesler's unlikely assault on the new anti-Semitism.

BY WERNER J. DANNHAUSER

A funny thing happened to Phyllis Chesler on the way to the Hall of Fame of radical feminism. She was a shoo-in, even though she is a practicing Jew who finds in Judaism more than a myth fostering patriarchal oppression. Such a liability pales when set beside the fact that Phyllis Chesler is the author of *Women and Madness*. Published in 1972, the book is now available in a twenty-fifth-anniversary edition. In the author's own words in a new introduction, it has sold "more than two and one-half million copies" and been "translated into many languages including Japanese and Hebrew." A sprawling work of almost four-hundred pages, it is a "classic" in the literature of feminism.

The New Anti-Semitism
The Current Crisis and What We Must Do About It
by Phyllis Chesler
Jossey-Bass, 307 pp., $24.95

But then, at about 11 A.M. on September 11, 2001, she walked over to her computer and typed the sentence, "Now, we are all Israelis." In the resulting book, *The New Anti-Semitism*, Chesler has in mind a more intimate connection between Israel and the United States. It is not only that in the diseased minds of the terrorists the two countries are virtually indistinguishable evils. It is also that—in an astonishing number of places around the world—the Jews are being blamed for the destruction of the World Trade Center: either because of some conspiracy theory that Zionists planned the attack, or because of some root-cause theory that the sinful existence and history of Israel is the reason behind the attack. The name of this sick and sickening belief is anti-Semitism.

Chesler's analysis of what she calls the "old anti-Semitism," traditional murderous hatred of Jews, is entirely conventional and not entirely convincing: Anti-Semitism consists of scapegoating the Jews for all that is wrong in the world. What is more, in pointing to the cruelties Christianity has inflicted on Jews, she does not do enough to explain pre-Christian anti-Semitism. It can be said on Chesler's behalf, however, that nobody has ever understood the phenomenon perfectly, certainly not the Zionists with their noble delusion that a Jewish state would solve the Jewish problem. So mysterious is it that one can sympathize with those Jews of the nineteenth century who took refuge in irony and said anti-Semitism consists of disliking Jews more than is reasonable.

In any event, Chesler hits her stride only when she turns to the new anti-Semitism, which she identifies as "the most virulent anti-Zionism, which in turn has increasingly held the Jewish people everywhere, not only in Israel, accountable for the military policies of the Israeli government." She admits and even asserts that it is possible to oppose particular policies of Israel and even the idea of a Jewish state without being guilty of hating Jews—though anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism have always overlapped more than anti-Zionists admit, and in practice there is scarcely a difference any longer. Only anti-Semitism can explain the ceaseless special and unjust treatment of one nation among the nations.

A further novelty of the new anti-Semitism is that "it is being perpetrated in the name of antiracism and anticolonialism." In other words it speaks the language of the left. The left's historical record is by no means pure (Chesler might have mentioned Karl Marx's repulsive rhetoric in *On the Jewish Question*), but traditionally, anti-Semitism has been more often on the right than on the left. Today, hatred of the Jews unleashes its intolerance in

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the name of toleration, seeks the exclusion of Jews in the name of inclusivity, and spreads hate in the name of universal brotherhood.

Chesler makes no bones about the fact that this new anti-Semitism is rampant among feminists and other radicals; it infects a number of her former comrades in arms and friends. Her former allies will find in her a formidable opponent, for she backs up what she says with a wealth of factual material. What is more, she has impeccable credentials for now defending Israel, for she has criticized the nation in the past. She fought vehemently for the equality of women praying at the Western Wall. She has been, and she continues to be a harsh critic of the role of the settlements in Israeli life. She writes, "I regret nothing. I am not recanting my ideals as a civil-rights worker, as a member of the antiwar movement, or as a feminist." Nevertheless, both her friends and her enemies will be tempted to shout, "You've come a long way, baby." She does not lose her composure when she speaks of Ariel Sharon, and she is capable of mentioning with approval such writers as Daniel Pipes, Yoram Hazony, Charles Krauthammer, and the Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci (whom she resembles in certain respects).

Unfortunately, *The New Anti-Semitism* is something of a mess. The prose frequently falls victim to dubious grammar and syntax. What is more, Chesler can be maddeningly repetitive, and her book conveys the impression of having been haphazardly thrown together rather than organized. This is a pity, for *The New Anti-Semitism* is a genuinely useful and even noble book—first of all because it is a compendium of material relevant to the case for Israel. It contains a summary of Arab attacks against Israel, the details of Islamic terrorism against the United States from the 1970s on, the sorry record of European anti-Semitism in our time—and lots more. If one wants "the goods" on media bias against Israel, this is the place one can turn to as an introduction. If one wants to find out what really happened at Jenin, one can find out here.

The book is also useful as a compendium of sensible advice. Chesler's suggestions are specific and down-to-earth. She counsels men and women to expose the lies about Israel (that is surely steady work). She urges Jews—and not only Jews—to set aside their schismatic instincts and doctrinal splits; she does not hesitate for a moment to urge those of her persuasion to "make common cause with the Christian left, right, and center, with whom we may disagree on other fundamentals."

When all is said and done, this book is bound to impress impartial readers by its author's courage. True courage does not so much consist in taking a stand against the majority as in taking a stand against one's peers; it is a willingness to forsake the cozy warmth of one's intimate group when integrity demands it.

This proud radical feminist has done just that. It behooves those of us who are neither feminists nor radicals to welcome her to the good fight. ♦

At the City's Edge

The Rockaways and the Big Apple.

BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

A few years ago, I decided to move to "the Rockaways," which is New York City's term for the Queensborough peninsula extending west from Long Island into the Atlantic. Scarcely known or visited, the Rockaways are the sandbarish land over which airplanes pass as they take off from Kennedy Airport.

Looking for references to the Rockaways, I found remarkably little: a single novel written fifteen years ago, the passage from the opening pages of Melville's *Moby-Dick*, poems by Howard Moss and Delmore Schwartz, a pop song by the Ramones, and scattered mentions in general books about New York (including references so thin in Robert Caro's otherwise thick critique of Robert Moses, *The Power Broker*, that I wondered if Caro had actually set foot in New York City's most obscure domain). Dover Books has in print a collection of century-old photographs, and I've come across citations of two old histories that I've never seen: William Sage Pettit's *History and Views of the Rockaways* (1901) and Alfred H. Bellot's *History of the Rockaways, from the Year 1685 to 1917* (1917).

Between Ocean and City
The Transformation of Rockaway, New York
by Lawrence Kaplan and Carol P. Kaplan
Columbia Univ. Press, 237 pp., $35.50

With such thin resources, I eagerly approached Lawrence Kaplan and Carol P. Kaplan's *Between Ocean and City: The Transformation of Rockaway, New York*. The male author is a retired City College professor who grew up in the Rockaways, apparently in the section called Arverne, and went to Far Rockaway High School, whose alumni include the physicist Richard Feynman, the pop psychologist Joyce Brothers, and the financier Carl Icahan. Not unlike others who grew up there before 1970 or so, Kaplan displays a genuine affection for the place.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, the Rockaways provided a resort for the city rich. Once it was connected to New York City by train, it became a bungalow colony, a gathering of unheated summer homes, mostly for lower-class New Yorkers desiring to

The poet Richard Kostelanetz, having recently published SoHo: The Rise and Fall of an Artists' Colony, *is currently working on a book about the Rockaways.*

CORBIS

Far Rockaway, c. 1904

escape the steaming city in the days before air-conditioning. (The rich had by then moved further out into Long Island.) I know a dentist now in his late eighties who remembers that in the 1920s his Jewish father would move his Harlem grocery store to Far Rockaway for the entire summer to serve his regular customers. For decades, summertime life there was fine.

What happened was that the city planners, epitomized by Moses, decided the bungalows were unsightly, as indeed they were. Late in the 1930s, Moses began by building a four-lane, grass-divided highway adjacent to the boardwalk, incidentally pulverizing summer housing. Running from 103rd to 73rd Street, commonly called "the highway to nowhere," Shore Front Parkway rarely has more than a few cars. (The original scheme, long forgotten, was to continue it along the Long Island shoreline as far as Montauk.) New York's city planners have always had both a distaste for what people were actually doing in the Rockaways and no idea what to do instead. "During the late 1960s and early 1970s," the Kaplans write, several thousand more people were evicted from shacks between 73d and 35th Streets, and miles of beachfront property were leveled. "Over time some construction appeared on the vast sandy acreage, but for more than thirty years it remained empty except for weeds. The former houses, shops, and playing fields were demolished. While such destruction was visited on other places in the United States, this area in the Rockaways was the largest of its kind."

For years, New York City's administrations entertained schemes for "urban renewal" of its confiscated oceanfront property. Some of them were quite spectacular, but all failed for one reason or another. Further east, the city in the 1960s and 1970s built public housing that couldn't be constructed closer to Manhattan or residential Brooklyn, because voters in those places there would have objected. The result for Far Rockaway and Edgemere was an abundance of social dysfunctions associated with housing projects for the poor, along with a general lowering of property values on the entire peninsula. So bad did street-level business become in Far Rockaway that even Off-Track Betting closed there in the early 1980s. Even today, nowhere on the Rock can be found a shopping center, a bookstore, a moviehouse, a coffeehouse, an appliance store, or any of many other amenities.

Toward the western end of the peninsula, private developers in the 1970s built cheap structures for mental patients recently de-institutionalized and more solid nursing homes mostly for New Yorkers and their aged parents. Near the ocean, some of these offered magnificent views and fresh air that were otherwise unknown in New York City.

According to the Kaplans, the occupants of these caretaking homes have recently constituted as much as six percent of the year-round population. "Outside of Rockaway," they write, "the impression has persisted that the peninsula is an undesirable place to reside or even visit." Especially in the middle of the peninsula, the predominant atmosphere is that of beach towns so seedy that they lack summertime stores because they aren't "invaded" in July and August.

Most valuable in *Between Ocean and City* is the history. The authors recall a German-American Bund that was active in Far Rockaway. They explain how the public-housing projects were constructed and how the racial composition of their residents changed. They show how the traditionally Irish enclave of Breezy Point was able to thwart a developer who had actually constructed buildings several stories high that were later abandoned and destroyed.

Otherwise, *Between Ocean and City* is limited. Too much of it is tedious; too often prominent authorities are flattered, as though the authors were assistant professors, rather than partly retired. The two old histories I've seen cited elsewhere aren't even mentioned in their bibliography, "millennium" is misspelled, the Rockaways' St. Patrick's Day parade is not on March 17, as the authors think, but a few Saturdays before (I assume so that the marchers can participate in the city-wide celebration on March 17).

Worst of all, the elegiac tone was undone in the time it takes for a book to be published, for within the past year there has been a bit of a construction boom. The city has finally released the oceanfront Arverne property to a private developer, who promises to construct 2,300 units, none more than a few stories high. Meanwhile, other plots, long empty, are getting built by individuals and small developers. Property values have doubled. My former accountant tells me that he is purchasing for rental a townhouse on the other side of the subway from me. A few years ago, such investment would have been unthinkable.

Nearly a century ago, a proposal for Rockaway independence nearly passed through the New York State legislature. It's a wonder it hasn't been revived, so repeatedly have the Rockaways been mistreated by their behemoth patron. Perhaps it will be—I'd certainly vote for it. ♦

"I'm sorry, is this going to be a long ancient legend? Because I'm double parked."

Books in Brief

***Yoga Hotel* by Maura Moynihan (Regan, 304 pp., $13.95).** Maura Moynihan was brought to India as a teenager much against her wishes when her father, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, was appointed the United States ambassador there. By the time the family returned to America, young Maura had conceived a deep, clearly lifelong passion for the subcontinent and its people. She also acquired fluent Hindi.

As her collection of five sparkling short stories and a novella prove, her affection for and knowledge of things Indian go far beyond any adolescent crush on the exotic. She views Indians of all social classes with a keenly observant, wickedly witty eye. In "The Visa," she neatly skewers a sleek upper-class, married male, Vinod, who shamelessly hits on mousy Melanie Andrews working in the visa section of the American embassy to get a much-prized visa for the United States for himself and business associates. Highly entertaining and clever as many of the stories are, Moynihan also shows a devastating awareness of just how hollow and hypocritical some Americans can be—as in her story "High Commissioner for Refugees," in which a young U.N. official, newly posted to Delhi, comes up against the reality of a Tibetan monk who's been a prisoner, tortured by the Chinese for three years.

At a recent book promotion in Washington, Moynihan read aloud one of her stories, "A Good Job in Delhi," doing all the characters in their various Indian accents and reducing her audience to helpless nonstop laughter—easily topping Peter Sellers's tour-de-force in *The Party*. One trusts her publisher, Judith Regan, will have her do her own audio.

—Cynthia Grenier

***Terrorists, Despots, and Democracy: What Our Children Need to Know* (Thomas B. Fordham Foundation, 116 pp., $10 in print, free electronically at *www.edexcellence.net*).** Uniting thirty contemporary public philosophers' essays with an excerpt from Lincoln and the speech to the United States Congress by Tony Blair, this collection offers guidelines for schoolteachers who want to explain the war on terrorism to children.

Its criteria are eclectic, putting Richard Rodriguez alongside Victor Davis Hanson, and linking Lynne Cheney's clearsighted commitment to our national spirit with William Galston's nervous palpitations about Iraq. In addition, the recommended bibliography at the end seems a bit hasty, since it includes both Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*, an excellent read for any young person, and the discredited *The Authoritarian Personality* study by Daniel J. Levinson and Frankfurt School adherent Theodore Adorno.

Other contributors include Kenneth R. Weinstein on the perils of American niceness, E.D. Hirsch Jr. on moral progress, Stephen Schwartz on America and the crisis of Islam, and Stanley Kurtz on the doctrine of preemption.

Lamar Alexander underscores an important point in his "Seven Questions About September 11." He asks, "Is 9/11 the worst thing to happen to the United States?"—and he responds, "The answer is, of course, no, but I'm surprised at the number of people who say yes. It saddens me to realize that those who make such statements were never properly taught the history of our country. Many doubted America would win the Revolutionary War. The British sacked Washington and burned the White House to the ground in the War of 1812. In the Civil War, we lost more Americans than in any other conflict, as brother fought against brother. The list goes on. Children should know why we made these sacrifices and fought for the values that make us exceptional."

Terrorists, Despots, and Democracy represents a major step toward that worthy goal.

—Richard Datchery

Parody

A12 WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 2003 • THE WASHINGTON POST

Backfield in Commotion: Limbaugh's Wife's Cover Blown

LIMBAUGH, *From A1*

what the hell the White House is doing blowing the name of an undercover EEOC operative," the source said. He disputed that Rove was involved. "Karl doesn't know [expletive] about the passing game."

Limbaugh was chosen for the ESPN assignment because he had worked in both sports and race relations. "His wife's career as a quarterback has nothing to do with it," said McClellan. When Limbaugh arrived in Philadelphia and discovered that McNabb had thrown three interceptions the previous week, he decided to go public. "I think Philadelphia Eagles season ticket-holders have been defrauded by a bunch of neoconservative Monday-morning quarterbacks."

There was no need for columnist Robert Novak to reveal that Limbaugh's wife, Gale Sayers-Limbaugh, had worked as a quarterback coach for several NFL teams, Limbaugh said.

"My wife is a professional," Limbaugh said. "But now that her cover is blown, I think we're going to see a lot more reliance on the running game."

Do-Not-Call List Status Uncertain

CALL LIST, *From A1*

Despite the legal limbo of the national do-not-call list, regulators yesterday encouraged consumers to file complaints if they put their phone number on the list but are still getting sales calls. Among the issues to be resolved is whether cold calls from White House political operatives can legally be blocked under the "marketing," law as a form of "marketing," or whether having registered as a member of a political part... constitutes a "relation... with party represe...

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the weekly Standard

OCTOBER 13, 2003