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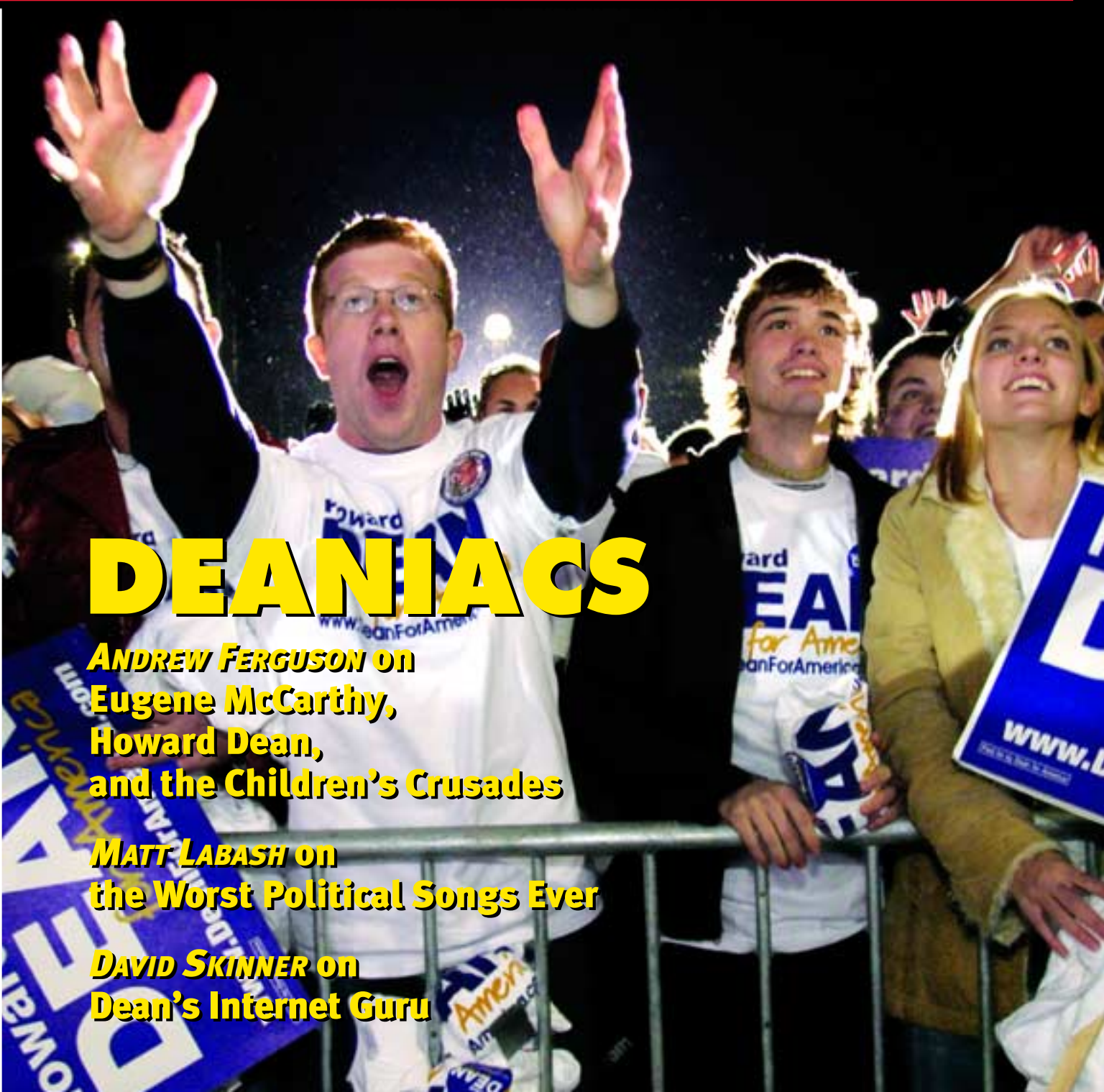
FRANCE BANS THE VEIL
CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL



DEANIACS

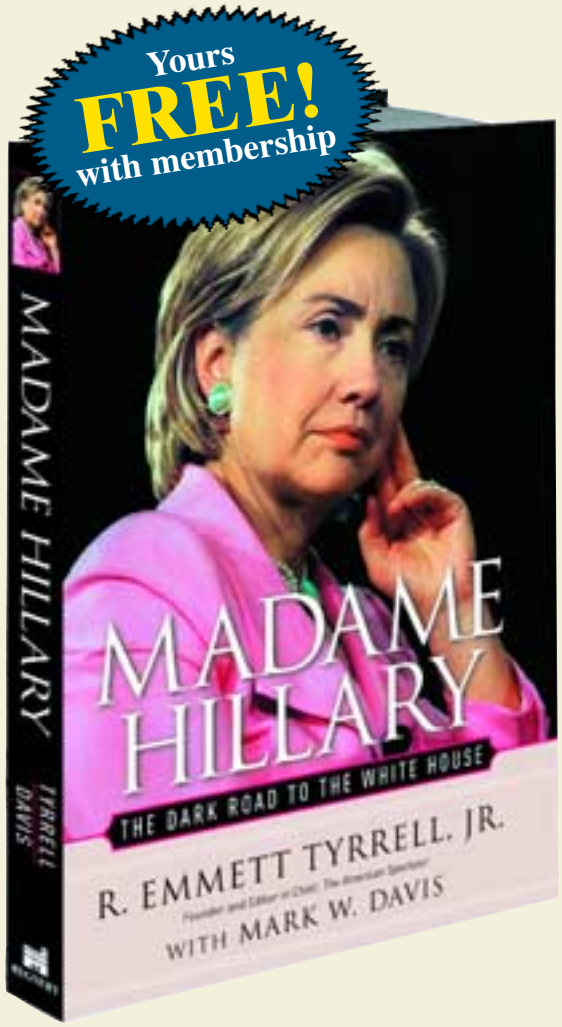
ANDREW FERGUSON on Eugene McCarthy, Howard Dean, and the Children's Crusades

MATT LABASH on the Worst Political Songs Ever

DAVID SKINNER on Dean's Internet Guru

HILLARY: Dishonest, Grasping, and Corrupt

And, She's Going to Do Everything She Can to Become President



"THIS IS A WOMAN WHO'S BEEN FIRST LADY, WHO'S LIVED IN THE White House and shared power with a president," says one of Hillary's fellow Senators. "Her ambition is not the Senate leadership.... It's obvious she has a much greater goal in mind. Her ambition is the White House, with all the moves to prepare the way." Now, R. Emmett Tyrrell and Mark Davis reveal in ***Madame Hillary: The Dark Road to the White House*** that not only is Hillary determined to be President: she has the power, the influence, and the determination to attain that goal.

Tyrrell and Davis detail her plans to capture the presidency — with help from the liberal media establishment, which continues to treat her adoringly and ignore uncomfortable questions about her record. With an insider's access to Hillary's Senate colleagues and other key players, they examine in detail several strategies she may use to win. They also explain how she distorts the Clinton administration's sorry record in order to position herself for her own run for the Oval Office, forecasts the damage that a President Hillary might inflict upon the nation — and best of all, shows how she can be stopped.

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Who Could Be against "Adequate" School Funding?

Eric A. Hanushek is the Paul and Jean Hanna Senior Fellow at the Hoover Institution and a member of Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.

Many states are currently locked in court battles in which they are being sued to provide "adequate" funding for their schools. These adequacy suits, which have spilled over into legislatures, represent yet another example of a situation where words and slogans do not match reality.

For three decades state school funding has been driven by a series of court cases concerned with fiscal equity. These cases have a common argument: the individual state constitutions require a greater parity in spending between rich and poor school districts than is typically observed under mixed state and local funding.

But the supporters of the lawsuits were dismayed by the end results. In fact, some state legislatures that were required by the courts to equalize spending across districts did not come up to the highest-spending districts but instead kept the overall level constant. The proponents of these suits were unhappy because their desire had been to pry more school spending out of the states.

In reaction to this apparently unfortunate outcome, a new kind of lawsuit and argument developed—the need for *adequate* spending. Under this new legal strategy, a system could be equalized but could still be inadequate to provide an appropriate education. For example, one group claimed that New York State was not providing the constitutionally required adequate spending to New York City, even though New York City schools were spending more than the average being spent in forty-two states.

For the proponents of greater school spending, adopting the word "adequate" was a great coup, similar to adopting the word "equity" many years before. Surely we all want both equitable and adequate spending.

The crucial ingredient to these arguments is an implicit presumption that spending translates directly to school quality. Unfortunately, **a massive amount of evidence indicates that spending on schools is not closely related to school quality or student learning**.

How could this be? In the simplest terms there are too few incentives that reward good performance and too few disincentives to penalize poor performance in our public schools. Schools introduce unproven and unproductive programs. They overpay poor teachers (and underpay good teachers). They tolerate ineffective administrators at the state, district, and individual school level. In sum, they do not ensure that any additional funds will be spent in ways that improve student learning.

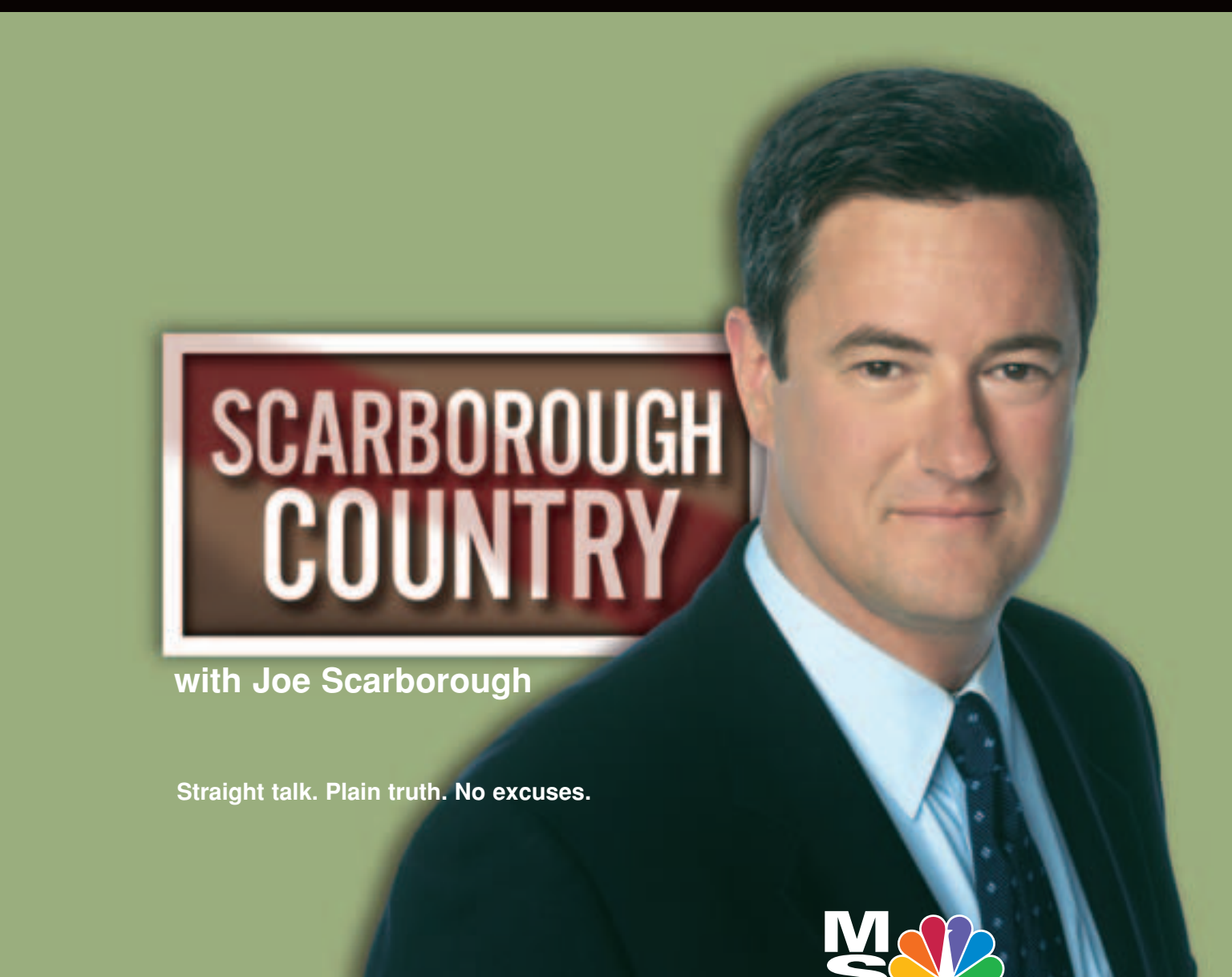
Because funding is not related either to overall student performance or to the performance of specific groups—minorities, disadvantaged students, or urban students—it is not a good index of equity. Nor is it possible to calculate how much needs to be spent to ensure adequate student performance.

Thus, when legislatures search for adequacy in funding or when courts demand it, they do not realize that it is a search for the Holy Grail—a noble but ultimately futile effort. The proponents of adequacy on the other hand know exactly what is going on. By exploiting this term, they are able to press for greater spending, knowing that whatever is spent now will be insufficient and that more will be needed tomorrow.

When asked to rally around equity and adequacy in education, be skeptical because those words do not mean what you think they do.

— Eric A. Hanushek

He's right in the middle of America.



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The Two Colin Powells

Last week, Secretary of State Colin Powell was asked at a news conference about a new report by three antiwar scholars at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Although focused on Iraq's WMD capabilities, the report threw in another finding for good (or political) measure. "There is no new evidence that Iraq actively aided al Qaeda. There is some new evidence that there were no operational links."

What "new evidence" do the authors cite? A discredited claim made in a newspaper article from six months ago, the absence of reporting about the debriefing of a senior Iraqi intelligence official, and a "study" by a U.N. monitoring team that hasn't operated in Iraq for nine months. Hardly compelling. In fact, it's hardly "evidence" at all.

In the *Times* story cited by Carnegie, it was reported that "two of the highest-ranking leaders of al Qaeda in American custody have told the CIA in separate interrogations that the terrorist organization did not work jointly with the Iraqi government of Saddam Hussein. . . . In his debriefing, [Abu] Zubaydah [an al Qaeda planner and recruiter] said Mr. bin Laden had vetoed the idea [of an alliance] because he did not want to be beholden to Mr. Hussein, the official said."

But as THE WEEKLY STANDARD's Stephen Hayes first reported in October, the *Times* reporter got only half the story. The *Times*'s source was an "official who has read the Central Intelligence Agency's classified report on the interrogation." But that same report contained an important caveat from Zubaydah: "Bin Laden views any entity which hated Americans or was willing to kill them as an ally. . . . Abu Zubaydah explained that [Osama bin Laden's] personal goal of destroying the U.S. is so strong that to achieve this end he would work with whomever could help him, so long as al Qaeda's independence was not threatened."

The CIA report adds that Zubaydah "admitted that it was entirely possible that there were communications or emissaries" of which he would not be aware. Zubaydah also confirmed that bin Laden "approved of contacts and funding" for militant Islamists in northern Iraq widely believed to have had Iraqi intelligence officials in their ranks.

That the Carnegie report cites this *Times* article as "new evidence" that Iraq and al Qaeda didn't collaborate speaks volumes about the strength of its research. THE SCRAPBOOK isn't surprised that reporters fell for the "new evidence," but we found it odd that Colin Powell was likewise so gullible. Asked about the Carnegie finding, Powell said:

"I have not seen smoking-gun, concrete evidence about the connection. But I think the possibility of such connections did exist, and it was prudent to consider them at the time that we did."

Huh? That view certainly puts Powell at odds with most other administration officials familiar with intelligence on the relationship between Iraq and al Qaeda.

Here's what one senior administration official said last February:

"Iraq today harbors a deadly terrorist network headed by Abu Musab Al-Zarqawi, an associate and collaborator of Osama bin Laden and his al Qaeda lieutenants. . . . When our coalition ousted the Taliban, the Zarqawi network helped establish another poison and explosive training center camp. And this camp is located in northeastern Iraq. . . . Those helping to run this camp are Zarqawi lieutenants operating in northern Kurdish areas outside Saddam Hussein's controlled Iraq. But Baghdad has an agent in the most senior levels of the radical organization, Ansar al-Islam, that controls this corner of Iraq. In 2000 this agent offered al Qaeda safe haven in the region. After we swept al Qaeda from Afghanistan, some of its members accepted this safe haven. They remain there today.

"Zarqawi's activities are not confined to this small corner of northeast Iraq. He traveled to Baghdad in May 2002 for medical treatment, staying in the capital of Iraq for two months while he recuperated to fight another day. During this stay, nearly two dozen extremists converged on Baghdad and established a base of operations there. These al Qaeda affiliates, based in Baghdad, now coordinate the movement of people, money, and supplies into and throughout Iraq for his network, and they've now been operating freely in the capital for more than eight months.

"Iraqi officials deny accusations of ties with al Qaeda. These denials are simply not credible."

Who was this official presenting "smoking-gun, concrete evidence about the connection?" Dick Cheney? Donald Rumsfeld? Paul Wolfowitz? Condoleezza Rice? None of the above. It was Colin Powell in his report to the U.N. Security Council. Was he kidding? ♦

Primarily a Joke

D.C.'s nonbinding "beauty contest" primary will be held on January 13, and the Friday before, Dennis Kucinich was working hard to grab votes. He had at least one success. At a campaign lunch we attended, Karen A. Szulgit from the Stand Up! For Democracy in D.C. Coalition said that she "has a problem." She arrived as a Sharpton supporter. But Kucinich, she said, "has given us a lot of what we want." After all, in response to the first question, he had promised to introduce

a bill for D.C. statehood when Congress comes back in session, a gold medal pander as these things go.

After citing his "longstanding commitment to urban America," Kucinich opined that "democracy, like charity, should begin at home." People laugh a lot about Kucinich, but he showed impressive skill in fending off the hobby horses of various conspiracy theorists in the crowd ("it wouldn't be appropriate to bring that up in the context of presidential debate"). He then accepted a DVD filled with evidence that Bush is protecting murderers and other unsavory characters from prosecution, and with surprising grace ran out the door to catch a plane.

A woman with a Kucinich sticker affixed between her shoulder blades discoursed to THE SCRAPBOOK on the color of the auras of the nation's children ("indigo") and poured herself tea from her own thermos ("Chinese recipe, I never travel without it"). An earnest young man talked to a woman seated nearby about his "photo documentary on inequities in education." An older man discussed the dirty details of D.C.'s Sisyphean statehood campaign but asked that his name not be used in connection with the Kucinich event because, he confided, "I'm a Republican."

But the prevailing mood was open and good-humored. Another member of the Stand Up! coalition put her finger on why—Kucinich "obviously sees us as having some kind of power," she said. "That never happens to us." ♦

Our Kind of Democrat

Still catching up with our Christmas vacation reading backlog, we came across the *New York Sun*'s December 29 interview with former Nebraska senator Bob Kerrey, now president of the New School. He sounded at times very much like a fish out of water. For instance, this take on airport security is not likely to endear him to the other members of University Presidents Local 2865:

"We nationalized security, put another billion dollars out there, bailed out the airline industry, which was already providing lousy service—that's why they were in trouble—and shut down National Airport. It was a response that indicated that something else was wrong. They take away our knives, they take away sharp objects. They probably should issue knives to everybody. It probably increases our chance that we're going to be able to put down somebody who tries to take a plane with a box cutter."

Asked by the *Sun*'s Eric Wolff, "Do the Democrats have a chance?" he began with the party line: "Yes." But it was all downhill (uphill?) from there: "Twenty percent of the American people will vote for anybody but Bush. I think that any Democrat who doesn't get 200 electoral votes has done a terrible job. Do I think Bush has a very strong hand? Yes. He's the incumbent, he's been prodigious in his fundraising ability, which matters; he's got great political and personal skills; people like him; women like him. People need to like you. Howard Dean has a plus and minus there. He photographs very well, his still photographs are very good, and that's not small. He's got a big neck; he looks like a wrestler. He and Bush both have the same sort of physiognomy."

And the minus? "He's not likable." Ouch. ♦

Casual

Evite: French for Avoid

In December, President Bush signed a bill regulating spam, those unsolicited emails that clog up your inbox with advertisements for pornographic websites, shady investment opportunities, and products promising to augment certain body parts. I've been thinking lately that the ban didn't go far enough. For instance, it didn't prohibit—didn't even mention!—one of the worst sorts of unsolicited email: the Evite.

"Evite" is short for "electronic invitation," which is another way of saying "socialite spam." Here's how it works. A friend of yours who wants to organize a party visits *Evite.com*, where, in a few minutes, she can pick out an invitation design, enter the party's date, time, and location, and plug in the emails of invited guests. Then, with a click of the mouse, her electronic invitation speeds out into cyberspace, to arrive shortly thereafter in your inbox. What's more, your friend can do all this for free. Sounds simple.

Well, it isn't. Evites can be complex—infuriating, even, if you're of a non-techie frame of mind. Look at the website's own promotional materials, which sound like the instructions for your new DVD player in the original Japanese. According to one press release, Evites are meant to help "individuals manage event communication and access all the resources necessary for successful activity planning."

Got that? I didn't. What I have got, however, are Evites. Tons of them. Evites for holiday brunches, New Year's soirées, farewell dinners, and birthday parties. Evites for book launches and high school reunions, bar nights and presidential fundraisers. I'm sure you've gotten the same—but if you haven't yet, just wait. If you have an email address, you'll be getting your first Evite soon. Trust me. It's inevitable.

It's also inevitable, come to think of it, that you, too, will become disenchanted with electronic invitations—assuming, of course, that you're able to open them in the first place. This is always a challenge. I've had Evites crash my email program, and sometimes my entire computer. A quick survey of my office shows I am not alone.

But let's say that you're able to open your Evite. Your next task is to RSVP. You do this by clicking on Yes, Maybe, or No. Also provided is a small window where you can type "comments" about the party—how excited you are to attend, say, or how you'd love to make it, but unfortunately you have a prior commitment to go cow tipping in Secaucus that day, and . . . you get the idea.

Darren Gygi

If you can't come up with a good excuse, however, don't worry. You can always use someone else's. You see, the party's entire guest list, along with the other guests' comments, is printed next to the area where you RSVP. The person throwing the party has the option to hide the guest list, of course, but this happens rarely. (Especially in the capital, where the best-attended parties are those offering the chance, however slight, of hobnobbing with a VIP.)

It used to be that if you didn't want to go to a party, you could ignore the invitation. That's no longer the case. If you're sent an Evite, you're also sent a reminder—sometimes every day until you respond. And it doesn't stop there. If you say that you're going to attend, you still get reminders—only these count down the days until the party. There are times when my inbox is so stuffed with Evites, Evite RSVP reminders, and Evite "save the date" memos that I long for the days when all I had to worry about was spam hawking Viagra.

Now, I'm prepared to admit that Evites can be a quick, cheap, and easy way to bring a group of people together. But isn't there something mechanical, even deadening, in sending the same cookie-cutter message to everyone on your guest list? And isn't it mechanical, too, for the guest, who has but three RSVP options, and has to share his excitement, ambivalence, or regret about the party with everyone else invited? The Evite, it turns out, is yet another example of the Internet's changing how people relate to one another—in this case, for the worse.

Of course, not everything has changed. Hosts still come up with lame excuses when they "forget" to invite you to their party. A few weeks ago, for example, word spread among my friends about a must-attend Christmas party in Virginia. Everyone had received an Evite about the event—everyone, that is, except me. I was on good terms with the host, you understand, and couldn't figure out why I hadn't been invited. So I asked him one day about the party.

"Oh!" he said, feigning surprise, "you didn't get an invitation?"

No, I said.

"Well, then," he said, fumbling for an excuse, " . . . it must've got lost in the email."

Matthew Continetti

Missing Lincoln

I attended the unveiling of the Abraham Lincoln statue in Richmond on April 5, 2003, and found the statue's opponents to be more sinister than Andrew Ferguson describes in "When Lincoln Returned to Richmond" (Dec. 29, 2003 / Jan. 5, 2004). The airplane towing the "Sic Semper Tyrannis" banner circled the park for over an hour, and one hard-looking young man, who made sure he was in the front row of spectators, wore a T-shirt proclaiming John Wilkes Booth to be an "American Hero." I didn't hear anyone say the statue looked small, but, then again, it was hard to hear anything at the moment of unveiling because of the yells and catcalls of the statue's opponents.

Burrus M. Carnahan
Vienna, VA

In Andrew Ferguson's "When Lincoln Returned to Richmond," Brag Bowling, one of the chief opponents of the Lincoln statue's unveiling, resorts to the old truism that "victors write the history." But the problem with this truism is that, more often than not, it isn't true. Losers often write the history of wars, because they have so much more to explain. In the case of the Civil War, much of the initial writing after the war was done by former Confederates, who had to explain how a virtuous, God-fearing people, fighting for a righteous cause, could be whipped by a bunch of Yankee hirelings.

The advantage of writing first is that it allows those writers to frame the issues. In the case of most ex-Confederates (there were some exceptions), all of these literary exertions, printed mostly in the pages of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, *Century* magazine, and an endless stream of memoirs, was to develop four major themes. They were: The eastern theater was the only one that mattered; the Union prevailed solely by sheer numerical superiority; Robert E. Lee was a military genius with a Christ-like personality; and, with Lee so elevated, his second-in-command, James Longstreet, had to be made the Confederacy's Judas Iscariot for his criticism of Lee's tactics at Gettysburg.

These themes exerted great influence on many of the earlier scholarly students of the war, most notably Douglas Southall Freeman. Only over the past decade have we begun to move beyond these notions in a meaningful way.

Two other examples of history-by-losers are World War II in Europe, where an endless stream of memoirs by former German generals created the image of the tactically flawless German Army being done in by Allied material superiority and by Hitler, who, being conveniently dead, was blamed for everything that went wrong. The other example would be the Spanish Civil War, where again the literature consists generally of an unending series of paeans to the Stalinist dupes who made up the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

Richard DiNardo
Stafford, VA

My Left Football

It is not enough for Jeffrey H. Anderson, in his "Tocqueville and College Football" (Dec. 29, 2003 / Jan. 5, 2004), to simply disagree with critics of college football's BCS system; instead, he must enlist a famous political philosopher in his effort to ascribe his opponents' arguments to defects in the American character.

Nor does Anderson tell us how he has determined that fans want a "panel of experts" to determine team standings. In fact, it is only in the next-to-last paragraph of his article that he discusses what fans really want, as indicated by *USA Today*'s polls: a playoff. But he brings up the subject of a potential playoff only to dismiss it, too, as symptomatic of the supposedly unique American tendency to ignore unintended consequences—in this case, a less dramatic regular season.

In fact, a playoff would likely make for a better regular season. It would lessen the pressure a team feels to go undefeated, and thus lessen the incentive a school has to pad its schedule with patsies. This, in turn, would result in a tighter schedule with more high quality match-ups.

Anderson should consider the possibility that fans might well make the reasonable tradeoff of a less dramatic regular season for a more dramatic postseason with a genuine, undisputed champion. A college playoff, of course, would reduce greatly the value and significance of pseudo-sophisticated computer rating systems, such as that devised by Anderson. Most fans want a college champion to be determined in a manly fashion, on the field.

W. Walter Hearne
Alexandria, VA

I have seen many authors stretch to make some quote of Tocqueville's relevant to a thesis, but Jeffrey H. Anderson takes the cake. It's quite a stretch when he cites Tocqueville to defend the BCS computer program that put Oklahoma into the national championship game, notwithstanding the fact that the Sooners had just been thrashed 35-7 by Kansas State for the Big 12 Conference championship.

What the sportswriters and college coaches brought to the balloting for USC as the number one team at the end of the regular season was something impossible for a computer to exercise—namely, judgment, which has nothing to do with politics or majority rule. If garbage comes out of a computer, it is because some computer programmer put garbage in. It should go without saying that it is not possible to be the number one team in the country if that team is not at least the number one team in its conference. Not even Tocqueville can make that compute.

Edwin A. Kilburn
Scottsdale, AZ

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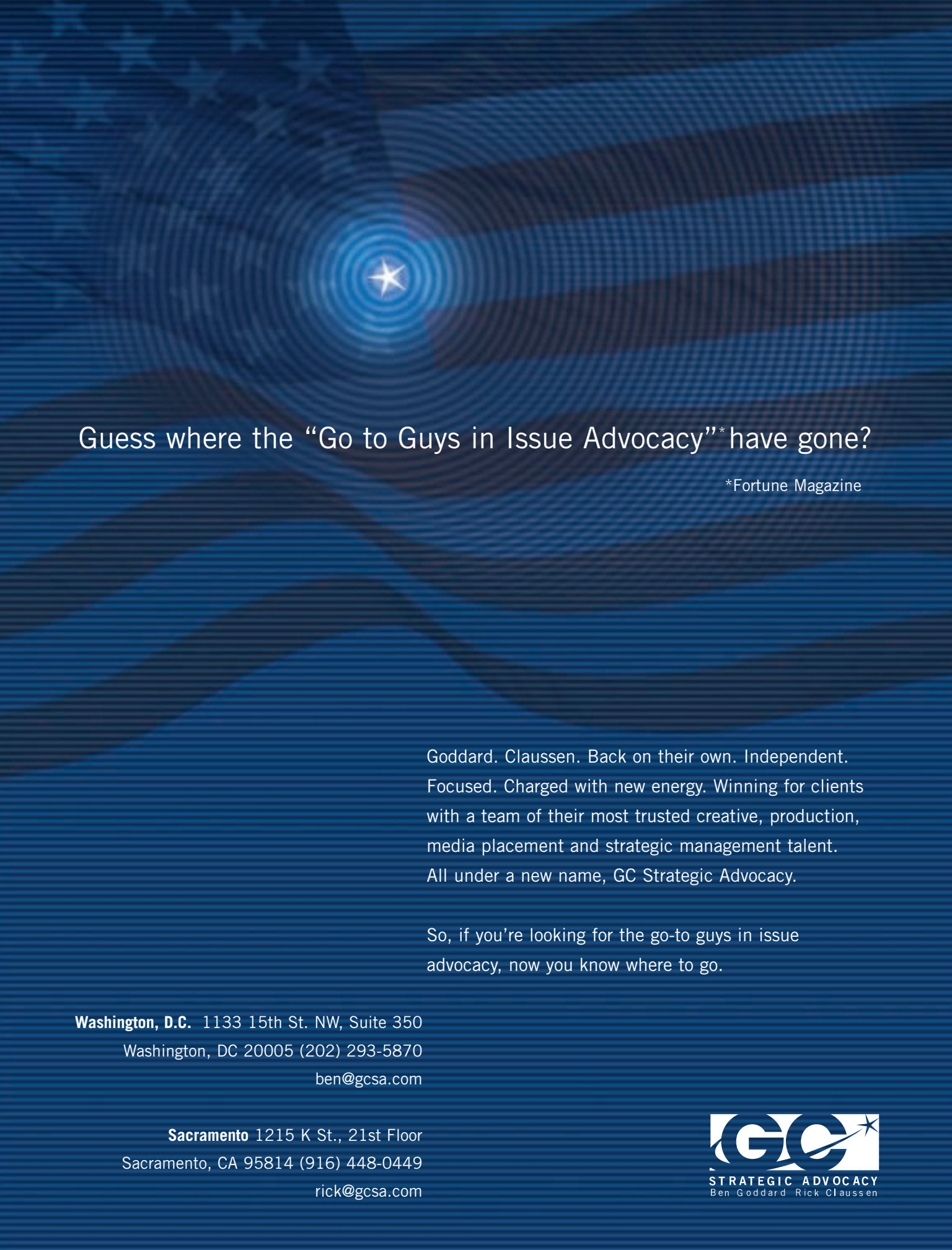

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the weekly Standard

Watch Your Wallet

The Democratic reversal on taxes has come full circle. Forty years ago, Democratic president John F. Kennedy believed tax increases would neither balance the budget nor create jobs. Kennedy proposed deep cuts in income taxes that were enacted by an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress after his death. In the 1980s, Democratic presidential nominees Walter Mondale and Michael Dukakis had a different tack. Mondale said it was sad but true that federal taxes had to be raised. Dukakis said he might boost taxes, but only as a last resort.

Now all nine Democratic presidential candidates agree that increasing taxes must be a first resort. This is an amazing turn of events. Sure, some would sweep away President Bush's tax cuts in their entirety, and others would preserve the cuts for lower income brackets. But this striking fact remains: While serious candidates like Richard Gephardt and Joe Lieberman don't agree with wacko candidate Dennis Kucinich and demagogue Al Sharpton about much, they're on board with them on taxes. And by the way, so are Democratic congressional leaders.


Alexandria Arlington

Legislative 2004 Preview

TAX REFORM

It's as if Democrats live in a parallel universe where ordinary economic rules don't apply. Although the Bush cuts have helped trigger a roaring economic recovery, Democrats would repeal most or all of them. Howard Dean, the frontrunner for the nomination, would go even further. He would also lift the cap on the Social Security and Medicare payroll taxes, now set at $87,000 of income. The result would be still another tax increase, for employees and employers alike. This would particularly damage small businesses, the source of most of the new jobs in America. The tax hike mania has seized even Lieberman, the most sensible of the Democrats. He is not content to restore the top rate for individual income, now 35 percent, to its Clinton-era level of 39.6 percent. He would raise it to 44.6 percent. So would General Wesley Clark. This would be nearly as economically counterproductive as Dean's payroll tax increase.

There's a devious aspect to the Democratic tax message. Lieberman, Clark, and the rest have touted their plans as tax reform. Other Democrats, notably Governor Mark Warner of Virginia, have done the same. Their aim is to disguise a huge increase—Virginia's largest ever in Warner's case—as merely a fair-minded restructuring of the tax code. And the press has mostly played along. Warner would raise the sales tax from 4.5 percent to 5.5 percent (while reducing it to 2.5 percent on groceries), boost the top rate from 5.75 percent to 6.25 percent, and increase business taxes. But the *Washington Post* continues to echo Warner's spin that this is tax reform (see picture).

Sorry, but real tax reform is something different. It has a neutral effect on revenue. It aims to broaden the tax base by reducing rates and eliminating special tax credits, exemptions, and loopholes. And this makes for a simpler, fairer system, leading to a more productive economy. With high rates like the ones Democrats are advocating, the pressure to carve out new loopholes becomes irresistible. Clark's plan, as the *Wall Street Journal* points out, is actually "reverse tax reform." He would increase taxes on a smaller base.

A falsehood is at the root of Democratic tax plans: that the wealthy bear less of the tax burden. In truth, the top 1 percent of earners paid 36.3 percent of income taxes in 2000, up from 19.75 percent in 1979. Call it trickle-down economics if you wish, but it's this 1 percent of Americans who are counted on to save, invest, stir economic growth, and create jobs.

As the presidential caucuses and primaries begin, some Democrats are beginning to fear that advocating tax hikes is political suicide. Even Dean, having been pounded by rivals over his desire to increase taxes on middle and lower income workers, wants to take the edge off his proposed hikes. Of course, he and other candidates who talk up middle-class tax relief don't favor a net reduction in taxes, only a few "targeted" cuts. And that touches on another problem: the near absence of prominent Democratic tax-cutters. At the moment, there are only two, Governor Bill Richardson of New Mexico and Senator Zell Miller of Georgia, who is retiring at the end of this year. These two worry that the reputation of Democrats as tax-raisers is hardening. They have reason to worry.

—Fred Barnes, for the Editors

Sing a Song of Howard Dean

The revival, if you can call it that, of campaign songs. **BY MATT LABASH**

NOT ALWAYS, BUT OFTEN, there comes a point in a Howard Deaniac's life when it's no longer enough to blog yourself silly, or to throw Dean-centric house parties, or to quit your job, move to Burlington campaign headquarters, and start dressing like a bike messenger. Sometimes, you've got to take off your "Hi-my-name-is" sticker, leave your Meetup early, and do something of greater consequence. Sometimes, you've gotta sing.

Proof of this is on display at *songsfordean.com*—an unofficial site where grassroots types like you and me can download those who have lifted their voices in support of Dean with original compositions. The campaign-song tradition is, of course, a storied, if not largely moribund one. We all have our favorites. Mine is a two-way tie. First, there's John Quincy Adams's "Little Know Ye Who's Coming." With the melody pinched from the Scottish "Highland Muster Roll," it's a sunny little ditty that reminds voters what's coming if they fail to elect Adams. The list is not encouraging: "Fire's comin', swords are comin', pistols, knives and guns are comin'." Additionally coming were slavery, knavery, hatin', and Satan, "if John Quincy not be comin'." For unintentional hilarity, however, it's hard to beat William Howard Taft's entreaty to "Get on a Raft with Taft"—a chancy move, considering he weighed as much as a small manatee.

In recent decades, however, candidates have settled for more generic fare, often with deleterious consequences. If Bill Clinton hadn't lifted "Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow," we might have made it through the rest of our lives without a Fleetwood Mac reunion. And while George W. Bush originally spun Tom Petty's "Don't Back Down" at campaign events (Petty complained, Bush backed down), he ended up settling on a song ("We the People") performed by the most dreaded name in the English language: Billy Ray Cyrus.

The 2004 cycle has seen a revival of the form. Erstwhile candidate Bob Graham went so far as to release the "Charisma Tour" CD—with cuts like a "Friend in Bob Graham," and the Spanish-language version, "Arriba Bob." And Dennis Kucinich, who's consorted with rappers and who has a "hip-hop coordinator," has an entire website called "Musicians 4 Kucinich," where he is the subject of flattering songs and testimonials from the likes of the perfectly named "Chester and the Over Anxious Sparrows."

But for sheer volume of output, it is hard to match the fecundity of the Deaniac singer-songwriters. In fact, in the annals of songs written about former Vermont governors, it is a golden era of sorts—the equivalent of working in the Brill Building of the early sixties, or Topanga Canyon in the early seventies. As for the quality? "Varying" would most politely describe it.

While I'm hardly the first to state that the Dean campaign is remarkably free of people of color, I am, after spending a day on *songsfordean.com*, the person who has suffered through the most painful reminders of it in rapid succession. From coffeehouse bluesmen who over-enunciate every whitebread word, to hot blasts of undiluted folk so earnest that it could make the Weavers cry uncle, the songs are by and for white people. Sort of.

There are two versions of the "Howard Dean Rap." One interpretation is done by a Justin O. and Noah D. "D," or maybe it's "O," asserts that "Dean's balanced budgets and he's cut taxes / Don't you look at me, I'm just sayin' what the facts is" (which the cognoscenti will recognize as a rhyme sampled from those 1970s proto-rappers, the Steve Miller Band). From there, it gets much, much worse. They use dated rap terminology like "chill" and "wack." One line goes, "Stop and stare, say hey, lookie there! / It's a doctor! Where? And he knows health care!" "*Lookie there?*" If they were real rappers, they'd get their asses kicked even in East Hampton, where Dean hails from. By the time they recite Bush's falling "P to the O to the double L" numbers, you just want to grab the first B-to-the-L-to-the-ACK person you can find, and tuck a reparations check into their breast pocket while apologizing profusely.

A recurring theme of the Dean corpus is his doctorhood. Dean's five terms as governor, among supporters, pale next to his M.D. credential. Two different songs are titled, "The Doctor Is In," and one is less imaginatively titled "Doctor Howard Dean" (featuring the considerably more imaginative lyric, "This land is showing symptoms of having a disease / More serious than acne, more serious than fleas").

No fewer than 10 songs mention that Dean's a doctor, and rarely do they do so in the poetic, rock'n'roll sense (such as the Thompson Twins' early '80s plaint, "Doctor, Doctor, can't you see I'm burnin', burnin'"). Some get painted into unfortunate lyrical corners. Denny Zartman, an AM radio-board operator from Smyrna, Ga., sings in "We Want Howard Dean": "We're gonna need a doctor to fix us up quick / We need to remove our Bush and our Dick." But many of the doc references come off

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like the boasts of beaming old women in the bingo parlors of their assisted-living complexes—as in, "My son's a doctor."

If Dean songwriters don't come in all colors, they do come in all stripes. Dan Tyler, author of one of the "The Doctor Is In"s, exhibits sturdy songcraft and is an accomplished writer, having penned hits for the likes of LeAnn Rimes and the Oak Ridge Boys. As a performer, he could pass for Guy Clark if you had a few beers in you—perhaps the only legal way to pleasantly make it through an afternoon at *songsfordean.com*.

Then there's "Pi," who does not, as her name suggests, represent the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle. Rather, she says via email (in true Deaniac fashion, I interviewed a good many songwriters via email), she is a Pisces. Her real name is Lisa Marie, after Elvis's daughter, so she understandably sticks to the nickname. A self-described "child of liberal hippies" and "international it-girl," Pi would like to be in charge of Dean's inauguration music, where she would mix it up: some old-school rock, some Missy Misdemeanor Elliott, some Groove Armada "so people could dance," and a variety platter from trip-hop to jungle. Convinced that even she, a "lowly, flaky musician," would make a better president than Bush, she has turned out "Dean 4 Prez." To a swing-songy Nelly Furtado-ish beat, she sings that Dean represents "the Party People's Party," and stays with his résumé motif ("here's a list of his qualifications" goes one line), baldly asserting that "Dean thinks that you should sleep with who the hell you want." Party people, indeed.

While most of the singing Deaniacs say they have never lent such support to another political candidate, some are downright sheepish that a reporter spied their work. When I contacted the author of "Sleepless Summer," 52-year-old media designer Marc Montefusco, he said, "You discovered my guilty secret, and I feel—well, guilty." His song lightly rips off Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Travelin' Band," because "I didn't want to write some fulsome, personal, yucky folk tribute." Like scores of first-timers who have been sucked into Dean's grassroots-charisma nexus, he seems almost surprised that he's gone so far as to post a Dean song: "I haven't told anyone—not my partner, not my friends. . . . It's almost completely unlike me."

Creative people, by nature, create. And so it is that many of the singing Deaniacs have a body of work unrelated to Dean. Carlton Schreiner, for instance, who wrote the Dean-themed "Let's Take Back America," also wrote "Sick Camel," a harrowing story-song about Gaza Strip strife, told from the camel's perspective. Likewise, Bryan Hitchcock, who wrote the Dean-themed "Song For America," is an administrative assistant at a landscaping company who also runs a role-playing website with buddies he's been playing Dungeons and Dragons with since high school. ("Yes," he writes, "I am a geek. LOL.") Not only did he write "Annihilation Rock," about the first Gulf War, but he also dabbles in gothic poetry, with selections like "Scarlet Witch," "Ragnorok," and "two-hundred and twelve degrees fahrenheit," the last of which contains this little snippet of light verse: "Dip my oozing body in your hot liquid soul / so that I may emerge / new and wet / and glistening / with the essence of our union / So that I may wrap you / in my writhing spirit / and engulf you / in my own boiling flesh."

Hitchcock, however, will have his work cut out for him if he aims to be the poet laureate of a Dean administration. That honor will most likely go to David Teller, a New York City subway busker. Like Dean, he seems kind of angry. Several times a week, he says, "I take my guitar into the subway and scream at the world to relieve the stresses" involved in being a full-time caregiver to his disabled wife. In addition to issuing an entire CD of Dean songs, he also writes Dean-inspired limericks. He's got 23 of them in the can. And while it's easy to clown on Deaniacs, as I hope I have demonstrated, scoffers should be mindful of Teller's Dean Limerick #22:

Last month they thought we were funny.
Birkenstock Liberals all soaking in honey.
But now we have on hand
What they most understand
*A fat f****** pile of money.* ♦

The Quiet Americans

Our mute ambassadors in Europe.

BY IRWIN M. STELZER

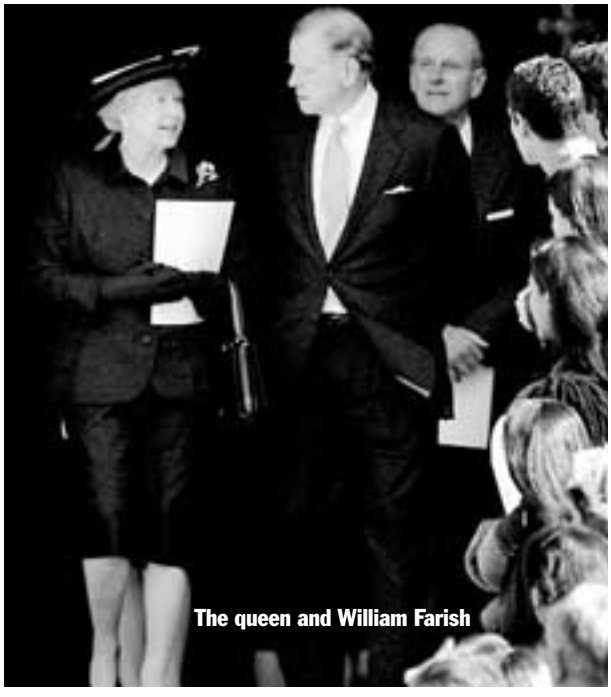
London

"IT'S NOT MY JOB to get George Bush reelected," snorted a senior State Department officer when asked why he wasn't speaking out to defend the president's foreign policy. Which goes a long way to explaining why America's critics have the field all to themselves in Europe's capitals, while our ambassadors cower behind barricades, in many cases waiting for their subordinates to translate the day's newspapers from a language with which they are unfamiliar. And why one prominent member of Britain's Parliament complained to me that he had nowhere to turn when he needed some data to include in a speech in the House of Commons defending America's policy in Iraq.

Little wonder that Christopher Marquis is able to report in the *New York Times* (reprinted in the *International Herald Tribune* for the delectation of overseas America-haters), "America . . . is having a hard time selling itself. The government's public-relations drive to build a favorable impression abroad . . . is a shambles, according to both Republican and Democratic lawmakers, State Department officials and independent experts."

How the mighty have fallen from the days after World War II, when America mounted a broadly successful campaign "to win hearts and minds in Europe," as Jeffrey Gedmin and Craig Kennedy put it in their recent lament in the *National Interest*, "Selling America—Short." Then, they point out, we had "the Congress for Cultural Freedom, . . . the political opinion magazine *Encounter* and crucial alliances with leading intellectuals. . . . The Ford Foundation and other charitable organizations were enlisted in a concerted effort to portray American culture in a fair and positive light." We might not have convinced everyone that we were the good guys in the Cold War, but we convinced enough policymakers to enable us to do what had to be done to defend Western Europe and, ultimately, ourselves.

Now, America's rhetorical guns have fallen silent or, at best, been reduced to a whisper. In Britain, only Tony Blair, risking the wrath of his party and his church, extols the virtue of American values, while William Farish, our ambassador to the Court of St. James, is nowhere to be seen—or heard. Farish was selected for this important post because of three qualifications: He had managed the senior Bush's trust fund during the first Bush presidency, he contributed handsomely to the second Bush's campaign and campaigned at his side, and he shares the queen's interest in horses.



The queen and William Farish

EPA / Landov / Adrian Dennis

Indeed, one businessman, who had during earlier administrations regularly been invited to various seminars and meetings with our commercial attaché and other embassy personnel, and to a variety of social functions, remarked sarcastically at a recent dinner party that he thought we had closed our U.K. embassy. Another, a prominent ex-pat in the investment business, told me that he had with considerable difficulty lured our ambassador to a business function of the sort routinely attended by his predecessor, then watched in amazement as Farish found it necessary to read his 30-second introductory remarks from an index card.

Even the ambassador's defenders admit that public speaking is not his long suit. Indeed, some damn him with faint praise. Here's Peter Oborne, political editor of the *Spectator*: "Though unobtrusive to the point of invisibility on London's diplomatic circuit, Farish, who shares a passion for blood-stock with the Queen, enjoys an entrée to royal circles unrivalled by any previous U.S. ambassador." Unfortunately, the hearts and minds we are fighting for in Britain don't reside at Buckingham

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Palace. The battle is being fought in seminars, on op-ed pages, on talk shows, on television panel programs, and over dinner tables.

Those, say Farish's friends, are not the ambassador's natural habitat. He prefers a low-key, nonpublic presentation of America's position, and has succeeded in getting policymakers here to support those positions that matter most to American interests. Besides, most British media are irredeemably hostile to American policies, and are beyond persuading.

Perhaps. But to view the media as uniformly and permanently hostile is wrong. For one thing, Britain's highest-circulation newspaper, the *Sun*, may be the most pro-American publication in the world; for another, to treat the media as irredeemably opposed to U.S. policy is to surrender without a fight. And the willingness of Great Britain to continue the special relationship in this fraught time has to be more Blair than Farish. Finally, there is more to diplomacy these days than quiet talks out of public view.

Britain's ambassadors to Washington know this well. Sir David Manning, like his predecessor Sir Christopher Meyer, gathers together reporters, opinion-formers, thinkers, and others who might affect Americans' views of British policy, or who might have valuable ideas that could enrich that policy. Indeed, I have had the pleasure of presiding over a small dinner party in which Sir Christopher was gang-tackled by about a dozen anti-euro policy types. Despite the intrinsic weakness of the position he was required to take by Tony Blair's pro-euro policy, he held his ground. Each side agreed that there was something to be said for the other point of view, and we all (re)learned the many virtues of civil discussion.

I don't mean to single out Farish. I am told that our ambassadors in other countries are also not to be seen or heard on the fields of battle for the hearts and minds of Europeans. Sources in Germany say that Dan Coats, generally regarded as able during his stints in the House of Representatives and as a senator from Indiana, is a nonfactor in the country to which he has for some reason been assigned, despite the availability of the 1,500 U.S. civilian and military personnel under his control. Ambassador Coats does not speak German, and hence cannot participate in radio or television debates or university seminars.

Just as our ambassador in London suffers by comparison with Britain's ambassadors to America, he suffers by comparison with his German and Israeli counterparts at the Court of St. James. Berlin's man in London has a communications link from his embassy to BBC studios so that he is instantly available to comment on the key early-morning radio programs when a matter of interest to his country is being reported or debated. Israel's representatives here are typically all over the British media when the usual pro-Palestinian stories hit.

And I am told by a very politically attuned Italian entrepreneur that our situation in Italy is no better than in Britain and Germany. This important international businessman is vaguely aware that the U.S. ambassador was a real estate developer in an earlier life, but can't recall his name. Others on the ground say they see little sign of any systematic defense of U.S. policy in the multiple fora in which foreign policy issues are debated. This, despite the fact that our ambassador in Rome, Mel Sembler, is an able and normally outspoken defender of American values who, when ambassador to Australia, was known for his active defense of American interests.

Since all of these ambassadors were given their plum appointments by Bush, they have no reason to be less than vigorous in defending his policies. So one doesn't have to be a conspiracy theorist to guess that there is some centrally directed policy at work here. Sure, in this day and age our ambassadors need protection from terror attacks. And, yes, that will inevitably limit their freedom of movement somewhat. But it shouldn't stop them from conducting many

activities from the safety of their embassies. They might not be able to walk the length of the land as did Bill Clinton's appointee to Britain, Philip Lader. But there is nothing to stop them from following his example and dealing themselves in on radio talk shows, seminars, business luncheons, and television programs. Or, in this day and age, being filmed in the embassy, or holding in-the-compound seminars to influence important policymakers. Or, at the very least, instructing embassy press officers to return reporters' calls, something they are becoming rather famous for not doing, I am told.

But our diplomats just won't make the effort necessary to explain America's positions to Europeans who might be willing to listen. The simple fact is that the State Department professionals are behaving as if it were not part of their job to defend America's foreign policy; or, more likely, they disagree with it to such an extent that they feel it intellectually dishonest to defend the president's position. In which case—call me old fashioned—resignation would be the honorable course.

All of which raises the more important question: Where is Colin Powell when we and the president need him? In Europe, Powell is incontestably the most popular member of the president's foreign policy team. Don Rumsfeld is portrayed as a macho bully, Paul Wolfowitz as a dangerous ideologue who, years before anyone had heard the dread initials WMD, was plotting the overthrow of Saddam Hussein, and John Bolton (undersecretary of state for arms control and international security) as a sinister warmonger.

Powell, on the other hand, is the acceptable face of the Bush doctrine. But rather than take to the airwaves and the print media to defend American policy—his New Year's Day oped piece in the *New York Times* being a rather bland exception—our secretary of state generally confines himself to private meetings with world leaders. I am told by anti-anti-Americans in Europe that Secretary Powell rarely combines visits with significant television interviews, does not regularly preside over particularly newsworthy press interviews, and does not generally meet with editorial boards or important academics.

It is possible, of course, that the secretary's popularity exists precisely because he refuses to defend U.S. policy publicly and vigorously. But he can't know unless he gives it a try, and in any event his capital is there to be used, not forever hoarded. Besides, even if Powell does choose to avoid taking to the field himself with meaningful frequency, he could order his troops to do so. What else are all of those thousands of employees in the great capitals of Europe and in Foggy Bottom there for?

But enough hand-wringing. What is to be done? One possibility is to marshal the numerous expatriate Americans living and working abroad. My own experience in Britain suggests that won't work. Many of these folks have left the United States for the United Kingdom purely in response to overwhelming economic opportunity: Their business is business, and although many of them are Bush supporters, they aren't particularly interested in getting into arguments with prospective clients and partners.

Other expats are here because they find the cultural ambience more agreeable than the coarser variant, as they deem it, on offer in the United States; the muted version of market capitalism more agreeable than the red-in-tooth-and-claw U.S. version; and the left-wing plays on offer here just the right fare with which to end a not-too-hard day at the office. Many are among the world's most virulent Bush-haters, sharing the view of the BBC-led British left that the president is an ignorant, gun-toting, God-quoting Texan whose presence in the White House, in place of the real winner of the last election, is an ongoing embarrassment, and whose Iraq adventure is all about oil.

That leaves the model of expatriate engagement that Jeff Gedmin—who styles himself a "combative intellectual"—has put together at the Aspen Institute, Berlin. He has, in essence, privatized the defense of American policy. Using his fluent German and a rolodex that can have come only from years of work, and with modest funding, Gedmin organizes seminars and debates. Many are built around the visits to Berlin of leading intellectuals, some of whom agree with American policy (William Shawcross) and others of whom do not (E.U. diplomat Robert Cooper, columnist William Pfaff). The purpose is to show that there is more than one side—the anti-American side—to the issues troubling Europeans. Add to that Gedmin's steady stream of op-ed pieces and media appearances, and you have at least a partial substitute for the missing-in-action State Department.

Another possibility is to revert to the post-World War II model, and fund a "combatively intellectual" program, including a modern-day successor to *Encounter* and other platforms from which Americans—not all of whom need agree with every jot and tittle of the Bush doctrine, or be fond of all aspects of American culture—can discuss with their European counterparts the most contentious policy issues of the day: Iraq, the Kyoto agreement on global warming, the role of multinational institutions, preemptive military strikes—the list goes on.

Better still, the secretary of state might decide that now is the time to ride to the rescue of American policy—when better to spend one's political capital than at the end of a distinguished career of public service, and in what better cause than the defense of the United States? Or he might with dignity decide that now is the time to call it a day, and turn the reins over to one more in tune with the president's policy, and more willing to persuade the lifers at the State Department that it is indeed their job to fight in America's corner. Better that than the present condition—in which America has unilaterally disarmed in the battle to explain our values and our goals. ♦

Howard's Web

The Dean camp's Internet impresario.

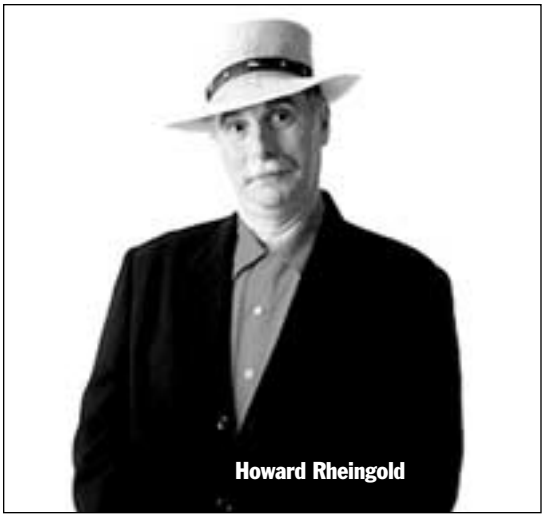
BY DAVID SKINNER

IF HOWARD DEAN'S VAUNTED Internet campaign has a guru, it's arguably Howard Rheingold, author of *The Virtual Community*, *Smart Mobs*, and other works of techno-sociology. Rheingold, once called the "first citizen of the Internet," established himself during the early '90s as the leading proponent of the idea that the Internet would have profound social consequences. Since September, he's been advising the Dean campaign on its online strategy as part of the campaign's Net Advisory Net, a group including Stanford law professor Lawrence Lessig, *Cluetrain Manifesto* coauthor Doc Searls, and assorted celebrities of the Bay Area's technophile, anti-Microsoft, intellectual milieu.

Rheingold says he communicates by email with the Dean campaign about once a week—"it's just getting started"—but there is clearly no lack of affection between the Deanies and the wired crowd. Rheingold's relationship with the campaign began when Dean campaign manager "Joe Trippi had mentioned on my weblog that he had read my book [*Smart Mobs*] and found it influential." Sending a compliment the other way, one NAN adviser has written that the Dean campaign "is the first presidential campaign that really gets the Internet and will do right by it."

For the most part Rheingold's contribution to the NAN conversations concerns the Internet's "decentralized, self-organizing power," its enabling of likeminded people who don't know each other to get together, to form what he called in his 2002 book of the same title "smart mobs." *Meetup.com*, the web service that Dean supporters have latched onto to set up meetings and fundraising parties, is "a perfect example of a smart mob," he says.

Rheingold made rather bold claims in that book about the democratizing potential of wireless technology—cell phones and especially text messagers. "The practice of exchanging short text messages via telephone," he wrote, "has led to the eruption of subcultures in Europe and Asia. At least one government has fallen, in part because of the way people use text messaging. Adolescent mating rituals, political activism, and corporate management styles have mutated in unexpected ways."



Howard Rheingold

The fallen government was that of Philippine president Joseph Estrada, who in 2000 was about to be impeached because of a corruption scandal when he got off almost scot-free in court. This inspired massive demonstrations, organized by shorthand text messages on cell phones, giving the location for the demos and the added suggestion to "wear blck" [sic]. The story exemplifies a favorite Rheingold theme—that technology is returning power to the people. He notices this in contexts large and small, including among teenagers who with their own phones no longer need permission to call their boyfriends and girlfriends.

Technology's democratizing effect is what we discuss when I reach Rheingold by phone, once we get past the fact that I work for THE WEEKLY STANDARD. "I am starting with the fact that you identify yourself as a conservative magazine and I simply want to identify the fact that my political or your readers' political bias shouldn't matter if you stipulate that we all agree that democracy is a good thing."

Thus stipulating that I'm not wearing a brown shirt, we get underway. Or rather he gets underway. I count six sentences in a row starting with the word "and," as Rheingold launches into a McLuhanesque riff about printing presses and political revolution from the 18th century all the way to the Nixon-Kennedy debates in 1960, making television "the most important player in democratic politics."

What's most likable about Rheingold's spiel is his acknowledgment that "democratizing doesn't mean that all the effects are going to be pleasant. . . . You can make an argument that al Qaeda used these technologies—the Internet and mobile telephones and [their] enabling of decentralized self-organization—to commit terrorist acts."

And yet, despite the qualifications, the word democracy seems to hold an almost talismanic power for Rheingold (and many others on the left) not entirely in keeping with America's constitutional traditions. Rheingold's signature phrase—smart mobs—would strike most previous generations as absurd if not sinister. A mob,

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in the parlance of practically any political philosophy, is a seething and irrational, potentially violent, group of people. That it would be "smart"—in Rheingold's sense, meaning instantly organized by the Internet and wireless technology—would only make it more dangerous.

Even discounting for hype, Dean's is clearly the most with-it campaign when it comes to the world of meetups and flash mobs, and as a result it gives the impression of being more than just a campaign, possibly a seminal cultural moment. Rheingold, however, says that's not the attraction of the Dean campaign for him. True, he "forecasted something Dean's people picked up on and have taken advantage of." But he likes Dean because of Dean's willingness to bring the fight to Bush, who Rheingold believes is, among other crimes, trampling the Constitution.

"This administration," he says, with perhaps more passion than coherence, is "changing everything from the Fourth Amendment, search and seizure, the First Amendment, about the right to publish, to the way it is gerrymandering election districts, and [raising] questions about voting machines."

How quickly we descend from the aerie of technology and the future of democracy to the hard pavement of partisan contempt. Like many on the left, Rheingold is credulous about the most extreme anti-Bush accusations and markedly less excited about ordinary political issues. He's with Dean because of Dean's "objection to the fundamental constitutional rules being changed by the present administration. And frankly, his policies could be the same as George Bush . . . on everything else" and Rheingold would still support Dean.

When I ask Rheingold where he stood on going to war against Iraq, he says he approves of "corrective international action against nations who seek to possess weapons of mass destruction." He adds that it's too bad we alienated so many countries before going into Iraq because "we still have to deal with Iran and Korea." It's funny how often the political rhetoric of people who can be strikingly original thinkers in their own disciplines turns out to be clichéd and second-hand.

Dean's campaign may be by far the "coolest" of the Democratic operations in its enthusiasm for technology and for having supporters help the campaign by doing their own thing. Alas, it is probably not these qualities but group-think contempt for Bush that explains why the Dean campaign has all the energy on the left right now and why tech royalty like Howard Rheingold are along for the ride. It is, indeed, a smart mob. ♦

Beyond Terri's Law

What we can learn from the Schiavo case.

BY WESLEY J. SMITH

IT IS THE CALM before the storm in the Terri Schiavo case. The Florida woman, who was in the throes of a court-ordered death by dehydration last October when Florida's legislature and Governor Jeb Bush intervened, continues to receive tube-supplied food and water. But this good news may not last. In December, as her family and many supporters celebrated her 40th birthday, their joy was tempered by the knowledge that powerful cultural forces are adamant that Terri Schiavo not live to see age 41.

The Schiavo case was one of the most important stories of 2003. The big news wasn't that she was ordered dehydrated to death: Conscious and unconscious cognitively disabled people like Terri are often denied tube-supplied food and water in America's hospitals and nursing homes. What made this case remarkable was the successful public campaign mounted by Terri's parents Bob and Mary Schindler to prevent their daughter from suffering a slow and potentially agonizing death. As a result, millions of people awakened to the ugly reality that we treat helpless humans in a way that would be criminal if done to a horse.

When more than 100,000 people contacted Florida governor Jeb Bush demanding that he intervene and save Terri's life, the result was the passage of "Terri's Law," a measure that permits the governor to suspend the removal of a feeding tube from patients (a) who do not have a written advance directive instructing that they not be nourished and (b) whose families disagree with the decision to dehydrate. Bush acted and Terri's food and water were restored.

But Michael Schiavo, Terri's quasi-estranged husband—he's lived with another woman for several years and has two children with her—remains adamant that Terri die. Assisted by the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) and cheered on by the bioethics establishment and media, which view the case through a distorting "right to die" prism, Michael Schiavo sued to have Terri's Law declared unconstitutional. If he succeeds, Judge George Greer of Florida's Sixth Judicial Circuit will undoubtedly order Terri's feeding

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tube removed as he has done twice before.

As we await further court proceedings, it is a good time to take stock of the case, clear up some common misperceptions, and see whether anything can be done to prevent future Terri Schiavos.

The Myth of 19 Judges: Supporters of Terri's dehydration often argue that Terri's rights have been fully protected through extensive judicial oversight. Michael Schiavo put it this way on *Larry King Live*: "Nineteen judges have come to the conclusion that this [dehydration] was Terri's wish." His attorney George Felos then added, "This case has gone from the trial court to the appellate Court to the Florida Supreme Court, to the U.S. Supreme Court, to the Federal District Court. All of those judges have looked at this case, have looked at the facts, and have found that Mike acted properly."

Well, bunk. The case has been shunted back and forth between the Sixth Judicial Circuit Court and the Florida Second District Court of Appeal, where the rulings have been repeatedly replayed like a looping audio tape. Only one trial judge and one appellate court actually reviewed the evidentiary record. Moreover, contrary to Felos's assertion, the Florida Supreme Court and the U.S. Supreme Court did not look at the facts. Rather, both declined to review the case. Refusing to rule is not the same thing at all as studying the record.

This is a crucial point because many important and highly relevant facts have never been fully litigated. For example, because the Schindlers could not afford to hire a neurologist to examine Terri at the time of the original trial, Judge Greer heard only one perspective about Terri's medical condition.

This situation has now changed. Several doctors and rehabilitation experts have signed affidavits asserting not only that Terri is conscious, but also that she could be weaned off her feeding tube with rehabilitation. Judge Greer refused to permit this evidence to be presented fully in open court, however, because to do so, he said, would be to retry the case.

But the case *should* be retried. A human life is at stake. And there are many other issues in addition to the heterodox expert medical opinions about Terri's condition that must be considered if justice is to prevail over mere legal procedure.


Terri Schiavo

Getty

For example, Michael Schiavo was not cross-examined at the first trial about the two different stories he has told to two different courts, from which he wanted two different verdicts. When he wanted a money award from a medical malpractice jury, he presented evidence that Terri would have a normal life span, that she would need extensive and expensive rehabilitation throughout her life, and that he would provide her this care as long as he lived. (In cases such as this, the longer the patient is likely to live, the higher the award probably will be.)

Six years later, when he wanted his wife's feeding tube removed, he changed his story, contending that she told him she wouldn't want to live "on anything artificial." Surely, the credibility gap created by this 180-degree turnabout is worth considering, given that Michael's testimony and that of his brother and sister-in-law constituted the only evidence presented to Judge Greer that Terri would want to die.

There are other inconsistencies in Michael Schiavo's story: After the medical malpractice jury money was safely in the bank, he withheld antibiotics from Terri when she developed an infection. Because of this, the Schindlers sued to remove him as Terri's guardian. When Michael was questioned in a deposition about a conversation he had with a doctor about removing Terri's feeding tube, he testified, "I said [to the doctor] I couldn't do that to Terri." He also admitted that he did not want Terri to regain consciousness because he did not think it in her best interests.

There is also considerable evidence that would be presented in a new trial casting doubt on Michael's good intentions toward Terri. Several nurses who cared for Terri in the mid-1990s have come forward and signed sworn affidavits that are highly relevant to the dispute over Terri's medical condition and Michael's good faith. For example, the nurses testified in their affidavits that Terri was responsive and could even speak on occasion.

The affidavit of Carla Sauer Iyer, RN, is especially damaging to Michael's case. She testified that Michael refused medical recommendations that Terri be given therapy, insisting that "Terri should *not* get any rehab, that there should be no range of motion [therapy], whatever, or anything else. . . . One time I put a wash cloth in Terri's hand to keep her fingers from curling together, and Michael saw it and made me take it out, saying that was therapy."

Even more disturbing, Iyer has stated under penalty of perjury:

> Throughout my time at Palm Gardens [Terri's former nursing home], Michael Schiavo was focused on Terri's death. Michael would say, "When is she going to die?" "Has she died yet?" and "When is that bitch going to die?"

Of course, Iyer's accusation should not be accepted at face value and should be tested by rigorous cross-examination. But so too should Schiavo's version of his disputes with care providers. He admits clashing with Terri's nurses, but claims he was angry because they were not providing her with good enough care.

These matters are sufficiently serious to warrant a thorough airing in a full-blown trial. This should be uncontroversial. After all, if Terri were a condemned murderer facing execution and factual matters of this import and relevance had not been adequately addressed in the original proceeding, the ACLU would never stop suing. Yet, even though Terri's case is just as much a death case as any murder proceeding, the ACLU wants Terri to die.

Unfortunately, the judges of the Sixth Judicial Circuit are not eager to face new facts. Indeed, Judge Greer's Sixth Judicial Circuit colleague, W. Douglas Baird, has now refused to permit Governor Bush's attorneys to conduct any factual discovery in the lawsuit over the constitutionality of Terri's Law.

This is to stack travesty upon travesty. Despite the general legal rule that laws are to be presumed valid when being challenged constitutionally, Baird instead declared Terri's Law "presumptively unconstitutional" before Governor Bush had even filed pleadings in the case. Such a statement at least presents a sufficient appearance of bias to require Baird be removed. Instead, the looping tape brought the controversy back to the Second District Court of Appeal, which true to form refused to order that Baird be disqualified. And now, even though Judge Baird has been transferred to a criminal court, he has nonetheless held on to the Schiavo case.

The Missing Guardians *ad Litem*: "I have never seen anything like the Terri Schiavo litigation," the Schindlers' attorney Pat Anderson told me recently. "I call it the 'Rule of Terri's Case.' If following a legal procedure will likely result in Terri dying, it will be adhered to. But if a procedure could make that outcome more difficult to attain, it will not be followed. It's the most frustrating experience of my legal career."

Bitter words from a lawyer who has, so far, lost her case? I don't think so. Consider the fact that Terri does not currently have a guardian *ad litem* who would be duty-bound to look out for her interests. This, despite a Florida statutory requirement that an *ad litem* be appointed whenever a conflict of interest may arise between a guardian and a ward, as it clearly has between Michael and Terri.

Terri once had a guardian *ad litem*, attorney Richard L. Pearse Jr. of Clearwater, Florida. But after opining before the trial that Terri's dehydration should not be permitted and further urging that she continue to be represented by a guardian *ad litem*, he was dismissed from the case and no replacement has ever been appointed. When the Schindlers appealed, the Second District Court of Appeal brushed their concerns aside, ruling in essence that Judge Greer could serve both as Terri's advocate and as a neutral arbiter of her fate. As a consequence, Terri was sentenced to die without having an unbiased, zealous advocate acting solely on her behalf.

The same pattern has now occurred under Terri's Law, which explicitly requires a guardian *ad litem* be appointed for a patient whose dehydration has been suspended by the governor. Accordingly, David A. Demers, chief judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, appointed health law professor Jay Wolfson to represent Terri and ordered him to review the case and report back to the court and to the governor within 30 days. Wolfson filed a 38-page report on December 1, 2003. While accepting Judge Greer's ruling that Terri is in a persistent vegetative state, he recommended that Terri be given a swallow test—she has not had one since 1992—opining that if she "has a reasonable hope of regaining any swallowing function," her feeding tube should not be removed. Wolfson also expressed his belief that "due process requires that the ward's interests continue to be represented in all further proceedings herein" by a guardian *ad litem* or "other appropriate fiduciary."

Judge Demers was having none of that. He thanked Wolfson for his report and dismissed him from further service. Thus, Terri is yet again being denied an advocate to call her own.

The Lack of a Legal Presumption for Life: The Terri Schiavo case shows the acute dangers posed to the most weak and vulnerable among us by the so-called right to die. We are now a society that too often gives the benefit of the doubt to death in cases such as Terri's. Terri's Law was merely a stopgap measure.

A more thorough and well-thought-out law is clearly needed. Such legislation has been filed in Florida. Senate Bill 692, to be considered in the 2004 session, would create an explicit legal presumption in favor of providing tube-supplied food and fluids to cognitively disabled patients. But this general rule would not be ironclad. The presumption would not apply for patients who had signed a written advance medical directive instructing that the tube-supplied sustenance be withheld if it "would not contribute to sustaining the incompetent person's life or provide comfort to the incompetent person."

Such a common sense law would strike a proper balance between the right to make our own medical decisions and the right to life of our most vulnerable citizens. It would also go far in preventing bitter intra-family litigation such as the Schiavo case that has roiled the nation in recent years. A just and compassionate society should accept no less. ♦

Erbil Remedy

Federalism is not a panacea for Kurdistan.

BY VANCE SERCHUK

On Christmas Day in Erbil—the semi-official capital of the semi-official entity known as Iraqi Kurdistan—over 100 delegates from across northern Iraq gathered in a meeting hall that resembled nothing so much as an inner city high school auditorium, complete with rows of battered faux-leather chairs and dim fluorescent lighting. An improbably huge Kurdish flag was draped across the rear of the stage—three stripes of red, white, and green, with a golden sun at the center.

The assembly was a cross-section of Iraqi society: a bespectacled professor of law from Sulaimaniya in a prim three-piece suit; a Yezidi doctor from Sinjar; a turbaned cleric; representatives of the Turkmen and Chaldean parties from Erbil and Dohuk, respectively; even a lone, octogenarian Arab who had driven up from Kirkuk. Their stated purpose in coming together? To advocate a referendum on the political status of Iraqi Kurdistan.

Such a vote would grasp the nettle of two contentious questions: the terms on which the region, which has been de facto independent since 1991, should be reintegrated with the rest of the country, if at all; and where the boundaries of Iraqi Kurdistan, which many Kurds insist must include territory outside their present control—most notably, Kirkuk—should be established.

On the former question, the Coalition Provisional Authority (CPA) initially embraced a vision for a federal Iraq divided into the 18 traditional governorates. Of these, 3 would partition the territory now under Kurdish administration. Kurdish politicians unanimously rejected this approach, pressing instead for "ethnic" federalism, with a single, unified Kurdish government distinct from "Arab" Iraq. For the majority of delegates assembled in Erbil, however, this too was insufficient; they saw the referendum as a means to pull even further from Baghdad's orbit.

"Federalism cannot fundamentally resolve the Kurdish question," Sherko Bekas, a Kurdish poet, publisher, and principal organizer of the referendum movement, lectured me the week before in his plush Sulaimaniya office. "We do not see ourselves as Iraqis. We are Kurds." The first speaker to the dais in Erbil took up the theme: "The aim of the referendum is independence. We do not want life in Iraq. We want life in Kurdistan."

Life in Kurdistan, however, is politically dominated by two parties—the Kurdistan Democratic party (KDP) and the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK)—which fought a civil war and partitioned the territory between them in the 1990s. Without their support, a referendum is unlikely to get much traction. The party leaders in turn recognize that independence is not practicable right now, given the opposition of the United States, neighboring countries, and other Iraqis. "As a people, we have a right to self-determination, but we are condemned to terrible geopolitics," explains Barham Salih, prime minister of PUK Kurdistan. "We have two options: Either we commit to this dream, or we do something tangible and seek a federal, democratic Iraq."

Even as they sit on the Interim Governing Council, however, Kurdish leaders are sufficiently savvy to realize that the threat of a freely organized referendum—which would almost certainly give democratic imprimatur to the widespread Kurdish desire for independence—gives them leverage in Baghdad. Thus, the KDP and PUK have refrained from adopting a formal position on the referendum, while warning, off the record, that "we will have no choice but to support the referendum if the Americans do not give us what we need," in the words of a KDP minister.

"The Kurds have adopted Yasser Arafat's post-Oslo strategy," explains one CPA official. "Agree to whatever Baghdad wants, but do not prepare the population in any way for a compromise. Then, when push comes to shove, say that the people will not accept such a compromise."

These maneuverings on the referendum fit into a broader pattern of assertiveness by the KDP and PUK, which have calculated that the United States, in its mad dash to return sovereignty to Iraqis by summer and its preoccupation with the violence in the Sunni Triangle, has limited enthusiasm for meddling in an otherwise stable north. In addition to playing a leading role in derailing the Turkish troop deployment in November, the Kurds now appear to have strong-armed Washington into accepting federal autonomy at least through the transitional period.

In the eyes of some, these are just deserts for a people, who—having been gassed by Saddam Hussein and harried by Islamic terrorists affiliated with al Qaeda—can now assume their rightful place as America's natural allies in the post-9/11 world. "The Kurds participated in the coalition against Saddam Hussein. They helped liberate the country," insists Col. Dick Naab (ret.), who ran "CPA North," responsible for Iraqi Kurdistan, for nine months last year.

Of course, that the KDP and PUK have such zealous advocates within the CPA has emboldened them in their negotiations over the future of Iraq. "The problem of clientitis is rife in CPA North," complains a U.S. official in Baghdad. (Naab, for his part, proudly acknowledges putting the Kurdish

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flag on his business card as a symbol of solidarity.)

Indeed, it is easy to romanticize the situation in Iraqi Kurdistan, especially when compared with the rest of the region. I arrived there on December 19, 2003—exactly nine months after the launch of coalition military operations to remove Saddam Hussein, and six days after the deposed dictator was pulled from his spider hole. While counterinsurgency operations continued unabated to the south, the U.S. military footprint was barely perceptible in the territory under Kurdish control. No humvees patrolled the roads after dark; I heard no gunfire during my two-week visit.

Instead, on a recent evening in Sulaimaniya, storefronts were brightly lit and bustling with customers. Uniformed police officers directed traffic, while at the popular "Madonal" restaurant—famous for its imitation golden arches as well as the pro-American sentiments of its owner ("PUK-USA 2003" reads one poster taped to the door)—university students in blue jeans, young couples with children, and businessmen in ill-fitting suits were queuing up for "Big Macks," french fries, and pizza.

Granted, if fast food were the primary metric for civil society, Iraqi Kurdistan could qualify for membership in the European Union. But it's not—and as many progressive Kurdish leaders acknowledge, politics in the north is not nearly as democratic or liberal as commonly portrayed.

To no small extent, this is a function of the KDP and PUK's stormy transitions from Marxist-Leninist guerrilla resistance, geared toward national liberation, to the prosaic business of governance. Although dramatically more successful than the Palestinians in this endeavor—having learned over the past decade to respect something of a free press as well as the values of political pluralism and compromise—Iraqi Kurdistan has gone 12 years since its first and only parliamentary election.

Furthermore, the competition between the KDP and PUK is essentially a battle for power between personalities. The KDP is largely the fiefdom of its leader, Massoud Barzani, and his tribe; the PUK, to a lesser degree, of Jalal Talabani and his family. Power in Kurdistan devolves principally from the KDP and PUK politburos to their respective patronage networks. Thus, each of the two Kurdish "governments" is first and foremost an appendage of its host party.

AFP

Massoud Barzani (left) and Jalal Talabani

Key governmental functions likewise remain more closely associated with the parties than with the "state." At the Ibrahim Khalil border crossing with Turkey, a large sign informs the outgoing traveler that he is departing neither Iraq nor even Iraqi Kurdistan, but the territory of the KDP. Internal checkpoints are as likely to fly the banner of the relevant party as they are the Kurdish flag, while the *peshmerga* militiamen who wave cars along wear armbands restating that affiliation.

Whether acting independently or through the state apparatus, the parties also have disproportionate influence across the rest of Kurdish society, from education to business to mass media. Whereas post-Saddam Iraq is often described in terms of a power vacuum, the reality of Iraqi Kurdistan is, if anything, that the parties are too muscular and entrenched, crowding out independent civil society. "You have this incredibly organized operation in the Kurds," says one former CPA official. "It's like southern Italy up there."

In the last year, the two Kurdish regional governments have begun efforts to merge their administrations. Nevertheless, as far too many visitors to Iraqi Kurdistan fail to grasp, what is good for the Barzanis and Talabanis is not necessarily what is good for the Kurds. While governorate-based federalism would work to break the parties' hold on the region, ethnic federalism is likely to perpetuate their hegemony.

The hope, of course, is that the continued American military presence in Iraq—coupled with the capture of Saddam Hussein—will provide a sense of security that spurs internal reforms, which both parties insist are right around the corner. KDP prime minister Nechirvan Barzani explains: "From 1991 to 2003 . . . the Iraqi army would sometimes advance. Who would be responsible for defending Kurdistan? The KDP and PUK. They had the responsibility to defend the people. A government or civil servant was not in a position to do much. . . . Now, Saddam is gone, and the situation is changing."

Still, the strategy of the KDP and PUK in their negotiations with Baghdad suggests that the parties, having both inculcated and profited from fierce Kurdish nationalism, may

remain hostage to this dogma well after it becomes counterproductive.

That said, some Kurdish leaders clearly do recognize the stakes at hand. "I do not like to see my people part of a never-ending political turmoil that would basically mitigate corruption and autocracy like the rest of the Arab world," insists Prime Minister Salih. "We need schools. We need hospitals. We need roads. We need jobs for our kids. These are the real issues."

Also encouragingly, the moderate Islamist party—the Kurdistan Islamic Union (KIU)—has focused its criticism of the KDP and PUK on their administrative failings. Hadi Ali, deputy secretary general of the KIU, explains: "Both the PUK and KDP are revolutionary parties. It's the source of their legitimacy—their bread and butter. But they have not been as successful in the cities as they were up in the mountains."

"The expectations for [the parties] are today very much greater," agrees Michael Howard, a reporter with the *Guardian* based in northern Iraq. "They can now no longer hide behind Saddam's presence to excuse failings of transparency and democracy. . . . What both the PUK and KDP have to do is withdraw from every aspect of life and begin to behave like normal political parties."

In essence, the KDP and PUK must come to grips with the peculiar irony that their pursuit of power—so long justified, even necessitated, in the name of defending Iraqi Kurdistan—may now pose the greatest threat to its prosperity and development. Far from being the region's perpetual losers, the Kurds have proven themselves in the last year to be among the most agile political operators in the new Iraq. Indeed, the future of their region now depends, for the first time in recent history, less on the machinations of their neighbors or the inclinations of the Bush administration (both of whom the Kurds have deftly thwarted in the past six months) than on the choices they make and the priorities they set for themselves. ♦

Barely Illegal

In defense of Bush's immigration proposal.

BY CESAR CONDA AND STUART ANDERSON

IT WAS HARD TO TELL from the headlines and instant controversy, but President Bush's January 7 immigration speech was not about granting amnesty to illegal aliens. Instead, the president has proposed a measure that would dramatically curtail illegal immigration. However, to the consternation of critics, he favors a method—temporary worker visas—that anti-immigration members of Congress and their allies despise.

Under President Bush's plan, immigrant workers would no longer need to evade Border Patrol agents or die trying. Moreover, recognizing reality, the president would allow those now working illegally in this country to pay a fine and obtain a temporary visa, good for three years but renewable. Crucially, the president recognizes that "our current limits on legal immigration are too low," and he pledged to work with Congress "to increase the annual number of green cards."

A little background helps explain why this last point is so important. Contrary to some perceptions, current law is in practice highly restrictive in offering opportunities for U.S. employers to hire immigrants to work legally in agriculture and other non-professional fields. While H-2A visas for agricultural workers are uncapped, the procedure for obtaining them is so cumbersome and litigation-prone that fewer than 30,000 such visas are issued annually, while several hundred thousand immigrants work in the fields illegally. Though individuals may work in non-agricultural jobs under the H-2B visa, restrictive interpretations of the statute have generally prevented employers from hiring individuals for jobs other than those that are seasonal or of very short duration. In addition, that category is capped at 66,000 annually. An even lower cap limits sponsorship for permanent residence (green cards) to 10,000 per year for immigrants coming here to work who possess less than an undergraduate degree.

The absence of avenues to work legally in the United States is a primary reason for the current levels of illegal immigration. This can be seen clearly by looking back at the bracero program, which allowed foreign agricultural workers easier access to U.S. jobs.

As the bracero program expanded in the 1950s, INS apprehensions of illegal immigrants fell from the 1953 level of 885,587 to as low as 45,336 in 1959—a 95 percent reduction in the flow of illegal immigration into the United States. From 1964—when the bracero program ended—to 1976, INS apprehensions increased from 86,597 to 875,915 (and have remained at roughly that level or higher ever since).

This is not to say that workers who entered the bracero program did not experience problems or even hardships. The point is that when legal entry to work was widely permitted, illegal entry to the United States was an order of magnitude lower. And immigration enforcement officials understood this. At a congressional hearing in the 1950s, a top INS official was asked about stopping illegal immigration if Mexican agricultural workers could no longer come in

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legally. He replied, "We can't do the impossible, Mr. Congressman."

Congress can certainly choose to maintain the status quo, which is an enforcement-only approach. However, the evidence is strong that current policies—or even more hardened versions of them—are ineffective. From 1990 to 2000, illegal immigration increased by 5.5 million as the number of U.S. Border Patrol agents rose from 3,600 to nearly 10,000.

Existing policies also contribute to two unintended consequences: (1) More than 300 young men and women die each year trying to cross dangerous terrain or wade rivers. (2) The difficulty of an illegal crossing causes more migrants to stay in the United States after making it, rather than work for a short time and return to Mexico.

One needs a scorecard to follow the politics of immigration. But one thing worth remembering is that the main anti-immigration groups that feed information to Capitol Hill are neither conservative, Republican, nor genuinely interested in stopping illegal immigration. The politically potent groups are on the left, both unions and the anti-immigration groups, including the radical wing of the environmental movement, which favors sharp reductions in the population levels of the United States to as low as 150 million. Since newcomers increase the U.S. population or maintain it at its current size, these latter groups do not want anyone coming here legally either, no matter how helpful that would be in reducing illegal entry.

Meanwhile, Bush's critics on the right, led in the House by Colorado Republican Tom Tancredo, are wrong on key aspects of the president's proposal.

This is not an amnesty. The definition of an amnesty is an unconditional pardon. Bush's proposal requires the payment of a fine and does not guarantee a green card to anyone. In contrast, the 1986 amnesty signed by President Reagan allowed permanent residence for anyone present in the country within certain dates.

The proposal is not a repeat of the 1986 law. In 1986, Congress largely wiped the slate clean but failed to provide any new mechanisms for individuals to enter and work legally, thus ensuring another buildup of the illegal population.

This is not the end of the American worker. Any temporary worker program will contain labor protections. Moreover, Americans who may now feel they compete unfairly with someone here illegally (who is thus too scared to make problems for the boss) will no longer face that problem.

The politics for the administration are complicated but not daunting. Critics say the president is proposing immigration reform for political reasons and at the same time argue that most Americans oppose it. Both can't be true. In fact, President Bush started working on this issue as early as February 2001 and neared completion of a proposal prior to the September 11 attacks, which delayed consideration of the initiative. Moreover, the polling data on this issue are so ambiguous that no one can say it's a clear vote-getter, even among Hispanics. Despite the cynicism that greets almost any proposal emanating from Washington, one should not discount the most obvious explanation for the initiative: The president believes it's good for the country.

Another political wrinkle: While the proposal is said to upset the president's ideological base, in fact, there are many conservative enthusiasts, including senators Larry Craig and John McCain and congressmen Chris Cannon, Jeff Flake, and Jim Kolbe, who have called for a "market-based solution to a market-based problem." Moreover, the business community strongly supports immigration reform, and pro-immigrant groups like the National Immigration Forum have made positive statements. This will enable the administration to make the Democrats play policy, not politics—or face public criticism from pro-immigrant groups.

Still, there is room for the president to improve his proposal and at the same time increase the prospects for genuine reform.

First, he can actively engage on his call for legal immigration increases, which would largely eliminate criticism from the left that the proposal does not provide a realistic path to permanent residence for workers. Large, multiyear increases in the "Other Workers" employment category is one approach to take, which means workers with less than a bachelor's degree could receive green cards if sponsored by their employers. Another approach would be to remain open to some form of "earned legalization" concept, requiring prospective work in the country for a period of years. (Such a concept is already contained in two existing congressional measures, the McCain-Kolbe-Flake bill and the AgJobs Act.)

Second, the administration can closely monitor support for more modest legislation, such as for agricultural guest workers, and see whether taking a bite out of the apple first will make it easier to then move a larger initiative.

Third, if the path to permanent residency becomes more realistic as part of a bipartisan agreement, the White House will have to keep its eye on the centerpiece—establishing a flexible temporary worker program for employers—making sure that later agency regulations do not destroy the utility of the visas, as has happened before.

By combining enforcement with new temporary worker visas, the president's plan carries with it a tremendous opportunity to reduce illegal entry into the United States, freeing Border Patrol agents to focus on more serious concerns like terrorism. It would make controlling the border far more manageable and make known to authorities anyone seeking legal status. Now, who was saying that the president no longer had a domestic agenda? ♦

The Real Car of the Year

It's cheaper, cleaner, and made in the U.S.A.

BY HENRY PAYNE

Detroit

EVERY JANUARY the world's automakers assemble here for the glitzy North American International Auto Show, an opportunity to show off their best products to the world's biggest consumer auto market and over 7,000 journalists from around the globe. And every year, the show kicks off with the North American Car of the Year Award. This year, to no one's surprise, the 49-journalist panel gave the top prize to the politically correct media favorite, the Toyota Prius hybrid.

But as impressive as the Prius's green hybrid gas/electric engine technology is, the breathless press clippings hide a far more significant generation of vehicles now sitting in America's showrooms. So-called PZEV engines—zero-emission gasoline engines currently available in such mass-appeal cars as the Ford Focus and Honda Accord—are having a much greater positive impact on the environment than their better-known hybrid cousins.

PZEV (pronounced pee-zev) technology is not getting the attention it deserves because it is an evolution of—and not a replacement for—the internal combustion engine, a device despised by environmentalists and their political allies. And that is an unfortunate thing for America's environment.

Originally developed for the California and Northeast markets (where lower emissions are mandated), PZEV technology is going national. Ford's Focus has a PZEV option with a 2.3-liter engine that is America's premier PZEV. At $13,455—or just $115 more than a base model four-door Focus—the PZEV Focus is vastly more affordable than the $20,500, four-door Prius.

And it's cleaner too. The PZEV Focus produces fewer particulate emissions—nitrogen oxides and hydrocarbons—that cause smog. What's more, the PZEV Focus sacrifices nothing in performance, actually improving on the standard-engine Focus. Pumping out a zesty 145 horsepower, the PZEV accelerates from 0 to 60 mph in 9 seconds. It takes the Prius 11.

And, because of its price, the greener Focus sells to a wider audience. Ford projects 100,000 sales through the 2004 model year. By contrast, only 56,255 Toyota Prius hybrids have been bought here in the last three years.

Says Ford Motor Company's vice president for global product development, Richard Parry-Jones: "Because of its impact on air quality, the PZEV will have a much more positive impact [than the hybrid] simply from the weight of the numbers."

Yet, despite the numbers, the U.S. government subsidizes Prius buyers, but not PZEV buyers, with a $1,500 tax break—a sweet bonus for upscale customers like Arianna Huffington and Cameron Diaz who choose the car as a social statement. Why the discrimination? The reason lies in the government's greater obsession with global warming than with the health-related emissions that produce smog.

As Ford's Parry-Jones emphasizes, "The hybrid and PZEV are solutions to two different problems."

The one advantage the Prius hybrid has over the PZEV Focus is fuel economy, with the hybrid achieving 51 mpg in highway driving, well above the PZEV's 36 mpg. As a result, the Prius produces less carbon dioxide, a gas many scientists link to global warming.

But global warming is not an issue in the United States, where the Senate voted down the Kyoto Treaty 97-0. Nor is fuel mileage an issue in a country where gasoline is well below $2 a gallon. A 2003 survey by J.D. Power & Associates, a global auto forecasting company, found that only 15 percent of consumers consider fuel economy when buying a vehicle. Even the perennial political argument that higher fuel mileage would make the United States less energy dependent on the Middle East is a red herring. Europe, which taxes its gasoline to $4 a gallon, is still over 50 percent dependent on the vast—and cheap—oil resources of the Middle East.

So while American car companies like Ford are producing PZEV Focus models that actually address this country's most pressing environmental concern—urban air quality—the U.S. government gives, to a comfortable few, tax breaks to buy Japanese-manufactured hybrids that reduce carbon dioxide, a nonpolluting gas not regulated in the United States!

As Walter McManus of J.D. Power & Associates told the *Detroit Free Press* this week, "The fuel savings [of hybrid cars like the Prius] are not worth the upfront additional cost [of $7,000 per vehicle]. You'd have to drive the car for 20 years for it to pay off."

Meanwhile, for just $115 more per vehicle, Americans can drive off the lot a PZEV Focus that produces a stunning one-tenth the emissions of a comparable internal combustion-powered vehicle. Ultra-green California rates it less polluting than an electric car.

Now that's a vehicle worthy of the title Car of the Year. ♦

Henry Payne is a freelance writer and editorial cartoonist for the Detroit News.

Veiled Threat

Can French secularism survive Islam?

By Christopher Caldwell

In late December, Mohamed Hussein Fadlallah, spiritual leader of the Lebanese radical organization Hezbollah, released to the Western media a letter in which he complained of a "stripping of liberties from Muslims, even when they have not disobeyed the law," and warned of an emerging climate "hostile to religion and to Muslim citizens." The tone was not unusual for a Hezbollah letter. What was unusual was the addressee. For the broadside was launched neither at George Bush nor at John Ashcroft but at French president Jacques Chirac, who until recently was hailed as a hero among Arab radicals for his opposition to the American invasion of Iraq. Last March, Chirac was mobbed by hundreds of thousands of Algerian well-wishers in the streets of Oran. Even Fadlallah in his letter (which is reproduced on the French Middle East website *www.proche-orient.info*) professed himself "mindful of France's political role—under your administration—in Lebanese, Arab, and French matters, and the convergence of our positions, along with our interests, despite differences on certain points."

Fadlallah's gripe is a law now being rushed to the French National Assembly that by February will, in many settings, forbid women and girls to wear Muslim headscarves. On December 11, a Chirac-appointed blue-ribbon commission under the direction of the centrist politician Bernard Stasi recommended a ban on "conspicuous" religious symbols—including headscarves, yarmulkes, and "large crosses"—in schools, hospitals, and other public buildings. There were other things in the report, including the proposal to add two new national holidays—Yom Kippur and Id al-Adha, the Islamic feast of Abraham. The new holidays were approved by 98 percent of Muslims, according to mid-December polling done by daily *Le Parisien*, but were overwhelmingly rejected by the public at large. The commission also broached the establishment of a School of Islamic Studies and the teaching of *le fait religieux* ("religion as a subject") in secondary schools. This last measure would seem particularly pressing in a country that has grown thoroughly alienated from religion. According to an article published in *Le Figaro* two days after Christmas, 45 percent of those who describe themselves as Catholics are unable to say what Easter celebrates.

But the commission's proposals on the veil dwarfed everything else. The French are obsessed with Muslim headwear, with an intensity that can mystify foreigners. There are a dozen books on the veil selling briskly in French bookstores now, and to rattle off some of their titles puts one in mind of a Monty Python routine: *One Veiled, the Other Not*; *The Veil That Is Tearing France Apart*; *A Veil Over the Republic*; *Drop the Veil!* (by the Iranian feminist Chahdortt Djavann), and *What the Veil Veils* (by the leftist gadfly and Stasi commission member Régis Debray). The controversy dates from 1989, when the first cases of girls' refusing to uncover themselves cropped up. Over 15 years, the issue has been settled and reopened through a series of bans, rules, waivers, overturnings, and decrees.

It is true that more women are wearing coverings lately (at the National Institute for Oriental Languages and Civilizations in Asnières, a third of the female students are covered, according to the *Chronicle of Higher Education*) and that there has been a spike in confrontations between public-school girls and authorities (some of them related to political issues in the Middle East and in Iraq). But the most recent statistics—1,200 cases of veiled girls in state schools, with four expulsions—would seem to indicate little more than a dress-code problem of limited extent. Yet the French are debating it as Americans would debate a declaration of war.

Which is what the French man on the street perceives it to be. At issue is the assimilability of France's Arab immigrants and their children. France is now about 10 percent Muslim. Some set the Muslim population (almost all of it Arab) at 5 million, others at 8 million. But all agree that the Muslims are disproportionately (even unconscionably) poor, clustered in housing projects surrounding France's biggest cities, victimized by discrimination, and ravaged by unemployment and increasingly crime. Young men of Arab descent (*beurs*, as they're called) have been responsible for a lot of that

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crime, including the vast majority of the hundreds of attacks on Jews and Jewish institutions in France over the last three years, and for much of an epidemic unruliness in France's schools. In *The Lost Territories of the Republic*, the sociologist Emmanuel Brenner made an inventory of such classroom incidents—kids guffawing through lectures on the Holocaust, teachers subjected to ethnic taunts, humiliation of girls—that is reported to have shocked Jacques Chirac profoundly. So the veil is to the French imagination what graffiti were to the American imagination in the late 1970s: harmless per se, yet a marking of territory, sparking fear that those willing to do harm are in the neighborhood.

This attitude toward the veil upsets Claude Allègre, the Socialist former minister of education, who wrote recently: "Anyone who thinks that the 'atypical' presence of a couple hundred veiled girls among 7 or 8 million adolescent students is enough to bring a rather apathetic France to its boiling point is kidding himself. The veil is above all a symptom of fear—a fear that Le Pen and his retrograde and dangerous ideas can ride on." French centrist politicians don't want the far-right National Front of Jean-Marie Le Pen to use anxiety over the veil—and more generally over immigration and assimilation—to score big victories in the regional elections coming this spring. That is part of the reason why the law on the veil is being rushed to the legislature. And also part of the reason why France's minister of the interior, Nicolas Sarkozy, has spent much of the past year trying to bring Islam into line with the country's laws.

France has a sharp separation of church and state that regulates religion under the rubric of *laïcité*, which can be translated as "secularism" but is a specifically French concept. As Paris's Cardinal Lustiger has correctly noted, *laïcité*—particularly the 1905 laws in which it is encoded—is "a history," more than a theory of government. It was meant to solve several concrete problems. In 1905, the church was reactionary; it possessed enormous state power through its control of the schools; and enormous power to influence elections through its assets and its authority to excommunicate and preach. These factors had come together to permit the church to play a central role—as both propagandist and backroom string-puller—in denying justice to Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, the Jewish career officer framed on charges of spying for Germany and sentenced to exile.

Laïcité, in other words, is a hundred-year-old compromise between a decadent state Catholicism and a crusading rationalism, the key insistence of which is that all religions must confine their practice to the private sphere. Religion has no place in political life. A French politician who uttered an American-style platitude along the lines of "My faith sure as heck means a lot to me" would be pressured to resign. Where the American First Amendment seeks to protect the free exercise of religion from state interference, *laïcité* seeks to protect the country's political life from being hijacked by the church.

Perhaps we assume too much in asserting that the open democratic republics of the West are compatible with "religion." We know empirically only that they are compatible with Protestantism, Judaism, and Catholicism. It is no insult to Islam to say that it may not be as assimilable into a regime of *laïcité* as Catholicism, Protestantism, and Judaism were—because there is little historical evidence that Islam can be effectively or sincerely practiced only in private. In recent years, French institutions have often tried to fudge the matter by offering ad hoc religious easements to Muslims that would be unthinkable for Protestants, Catholics, or Jews: Last summer in Lille, the mayoralty made one of its swimming pools women-only, and agreed to board up the windows, under pressure from Islamic groups.

The philosopher Chantal Delsol referred in a recent interview to Marsilius of Padua, who argued in the fourteenth century that the papacy had no right to interfere in the affairs of states. "The Islamic Marsilius hasn't appeared yet," she said. "And if he did, on what [Islamic] texts could he possibly base his case?" If Delsol is right, then France has a difficult choice: either scrapping the principle that has been the foundation of its social harmony for a century or banning the public expression of a religion. One of them—either the French social compact, or Islam as it is normally practiced—will have to go.

And France has a great deal of trouble admitting that this may be the choice it faces. The sociologist Michel Wieviorka answers Delsol by saying that we must distinguish between Islam (religious, good) and Islamism (political, bad), "much as one must separate Catholicism, Judaism, or Protestantism from their most radical fundamentalisms." The distinction between Islam and "extremist" Islam redefines as political any elements of the religion that the French public doesn't like. It thus offers an out to those who would retain their multiculturalist credentials—"your culture is just as good as mine"—while taking aim specifically at the veil. It is not Islam but "extremism" that is being targeted.

Such thinking has the added benefit of moving France's biggest problem out of an arena the French don't understand (religion) into an arena they understand quite well (politics). But at a steep price, for it throws the proposed legislation on the veil into a thicket of disingenuousness.

The neutrality of the law is a fraud, because France is worried about *Islam*, not about "religion." So the Île-de-France chapter of the French Council on the Muslim Religion (CFCM), the newly established public body that mediates between French Muslims and their government, is right to declare that the law "is aimed at Muslims, stigmatizes their religion, practices exclusion, and condemns them to turning inward to their own community." The ban on crosses and yarmulkes is meant only to disguise the singling out of Islam by distributing restrictions evenly across the religions—as if the religions themselves were different "styles" of the same thing. Clearly *laïcité* is not the principle that is being defended here—it is being defended, yes, but only incidentally, as a means of curbing Islam while allowing the French state to appear politically correct.

Obviously political correctness is not a presentable reason for an intrusion into the religious lives of a nation's citizens. So French authorities are flailing about for a pretext that can be mentioned in polite company. Chirac has tried to cast his actions as a defense of feminism, saying that "a society's level of civilization is measured first and foremost by the position that women occupy in it." In this he has had ample backing, from the philosopher Paul Ricoeur to the magazine *Elle*. The magazine, casting the veil as an "intolerable discrimination" and the "visible symbol of the submission of women in public," sponsored a petition against it that was signed by the designer Sonia Rykiel and the actresses Isabelle Adjani, Nathalie Baye, Emmanuelle Béart, and Isabelle Huppert, along with several intellectuals and politicians.

On the Monday before Christmas, 3,000 veiled women took to the streets of Paris, begging to differ. They marched against the proposed law along with a sizable male "security detail." Two young students claimed to have come up with the idea for a "spontaneous" demonstration themselves. No one believed them. There are three more demonstrations planned before the first week of February. One will be led by the Muslim Collective of France, whose best-known organizer is the telegenic fundamentalist Tariq Ramadan. Another has been organized for January 17 by Mohammed Ennacer Latrèche, founder of the Strasbourg-based French Muslims' party (PMF). The theme of the PMF march will be "No to Lay Islamophobia." ("Islamophobia" being a word coined defensively two years ago in response to the essayist Pierre-André Taguieff's book *The New Judeo-phobia*, which described an anti-Semitic upsurge on the left and in Islamist circles. A good dictionary definition of Islamophobia might be "resistance to Judeophobia.")

Religious parties are a violation of French *laïcité* (the PMF is another of those ad hoc exceptions mentioned above), but in fact, Latrèche's is not a Muslim party—its program consists almost purely of anti-Semitism. At Latrèche rallies, lists are handed out that detail American and Jewish products to boycott; the "Jewish" ones are accompanied by a Nazi yellow star bearing the word "*Jude*" (German for Jew). Latrèche was the subject of a telling profile in early January by the journalists Blandine Grosjean and Olivier Vogel of *Libération*, in which it was noted that he has taken to referring to France's Socialist party as the Zionist party, and now associates with one of France's notorious Holocaust deniers. He coedited a work called "The Judeo-Nazi Manifesto of Ariel Sharon" and took several Parisian youths to Baghdad to serve as human shields before the invasion of Iraq. "Fear is going to have to change sides," *Libération* quoted Latrèche as saying. "It's going to have to pass from the side of veiled women to the side of those politicians who are going to vote for this law."

In a sense, this is exactly what France has bargained for in transforming a serious religious problem into a serious political problem. And it is a good bargain, too, making it possible to refer Latrèche-style outrages to the police, arresting the violent, and leaving in peace those who practice their religion inoffensively. But none of this is as easy as it sounds.

Jean Bauberot, one of the members of the Stasi commission, stressed that France needs a policy on religion that is "credible beyond our own borders." He is right for two reasons. One is that, however battered it may look at present, the European Union could yet evolve into a tighter confederation, with community-wide directives on religious freedom. France would like those to arise out of its own system, and not out of, say, the system of Ireland, whose constitution mentions the Holy Trinity in its preamble.

The second reason involves Islam worldwide. French politicians were apt to brag during the Iraq war of how clearly their voice was heard in the Arab world. France indeed has sway there, but at the price that it must listen attentively to the Arab world's wishes. The mufti of Egypt has darkly warned Chirac that the anti-veil law would "destroy the social peace of French society." The Muslim Brotherhood in Egypt has called it "an interference in the realm of Muslims' personal and religious liberty." And Hezbollah wrote that angry letter to Chirac. Interior Minister Sarkozy was thus heartened when Mohamed Sayyed Tantawi, the hugely influential imam of al-Azhar theological institute in Egypt, told him that France had the right to ban the veil. While Sarkozy's visit was presented as a drop-in after a vacation, it was obviously of high diplomatic import.

But alongside any cheer that Sarkozy may feel at this

In Visu / Corbis / Jerome Sessini

"The veil is my choice": Demonstration in Paris, December 23, 2003

triumph of diplomacy, it must be sobering to know that France needs a *nihil obstat* from Muslim clerics abroad before it can pass a piece of domestic legislation. More sobering still is an increasing tendency among Muslim theologians to count France as part of *Dar al-Islam* ("the House of Islam"). When Tantawi made similar accommodations to Sarkozy's predecessor, Jean-Pierre Chevènement, in the late 1990s, other clerics at al-Azhar repudiated them under pressure from French Muslim groups.

What lessons has America drawn from this episode? None. It has decided to gloat instead. There are elements of *laïcité* in American politics, such as the American Civil Liberties Union's efforts to ban crèches from public land at Christmastime. But the broader American system does *not* insist on the religious evacuation of the public square. It is probably the stronger for that. Nevertheless, Americans in government have been too quick to criticize French attempts to regulate the veil. John Hanford, the State Department's roving ambassador for freedom of religion, expressed his concern that France was violating "a fundamental principle of religious freedom." Pennsylvania senator Rick Santorum called the law "further evidence of the postmodern culture in Europe. When you marginalize faith, you end up marginalizing the people of faith." (In Britain, too, the measure was attacked by both the Foreign Office and Rowan Williams, the archbishop of Canterbury.)

These are cheap shots. Americans overestimate the constitutional issues involved primarily because they are ignorant of the historic ones. Jean-Marie Colombani, editor of *Le Monde*, is right to say, "It is no longer a question of religious freedom but of public order." One can prefer the American means of dealing with religious diversity and still question the smug assumption that America's constitutional order could easily cope with the facts on the ground that exist in France—i.e., the equivalent of, in this country, some 30 million rapidly radicalizing Muslims, concentrated in a handful of pivotal cities.

Banning the veil is not about Anglo-Saxon constitutional niceties, it is about a clash of civilizations. France's Muslims bring higher rates of practice and much more passion to their religion than France's post-Christian secularists bring to the defense of the Republic. Those Frenchmen who cling to the order of *laïcité* have begun to fear that Islam is strong enough to overthrow it. That is a problem for people of all non-Islamic religions. Devout Catholics have at times been shabbily treated under *laïcité*, and many likely think the world it structures is arid and unspiritual. Yet in a country where the public square is dominated by *laïcité*, Catholics are able to practice their faith unmolested. What guarantee do they have that they will be able to do so in a public square dominated by Islam?

Such questions show why this law, which looks illogical and off-the-point to foreigners, is nothing of the sort. France's problem is not some short-circuiting of individual freedom due to a faulty constitutional code—in fact, looking at the problem that way is what has led France to delay acting on the veil for 15 years. The problem is finding a way to deal with Islam while it is still, as condescending editorialists put it, the second religion of France, and before it becomes, more simply, the religion of France. ♦

The "Geneva Accord"

Is it the way to lasting peace in the Middle East or to disaster?

With great hoopla, two private citizens, unconnected with and unauthorized by their respective governments, have taken it upon themselves to produce the draft of a "peace treaty," which would finally bring an end to the century-old struggle between Jews and Arabs. The treaty, the "Geneva Accord," would almost immediately bring about a "Palestinian" state.

What are the facts?

Negotiators without standing: Yossi Beilin, the "negotiator" for the Israeli side, has no official standing at all. He is a former minister of justice, but has been repudiated by the Israeli electorate. His Arab counterpart Yasser Abed Rabbo has no standing either. He is said to have Yasser Arafat's ear, whatever that may be worth.

This is extraordinary. It is as if an American citizen, say, for instance, Al Gore or Pat Buchanan, were to negotiate with an Iraqi confidant of Saddam Hussein about the American-Iraqi relationship.

Apart from the sheer illegitimacy of this process, provisions of this Accord need examination. They are, without exception, damaging to Israel, which, as usual, is asked to make all "concessions." If this Accord were to come to fruition, it would threaten the very survival of Israel as a Jewish state. The Accord cedes the Temple Mount, the Jewish people's holiest of holies, the focus of its two-thousand-year yearning, to the "Palestinians." Jews could be admitted only at the sufferance of the Muslims. Why would any Jew concede the very soul of his people and of his nation? Would the Muslims concede Mecca, would the Catholic Church concede the Vatican?

> "The Geneva Accord is a Trojan Horse, meant to destroy the State of Israel. The world and Israel should firmly repudiate it."

But there are equally or perhaps even more weighty matters than these "sentimental" considerations. Under this Accord, Israel would agree to almost total withdrawal from Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza, dramatically increasing the number of "settlers" who would have to be repatriated. Since the Accord considers them to be "illegal occupiers" no compensation would be conceded to them. Under the Accord, the high ground dominating the Tel Aviv region and the central coastal strip would be in "Palestinian" hands. More than seventy per cent of Israel's population lives in that area and most of its industrial and military capacity and its major civilian airport are located there. Only a fool could believe that the Arabs, who have broken every provision of the vaunted Oslo Accord, would not avail themselves of the opportunity of critically damaging or, if possible, totally destroying the Israeli state.

Israel naked before its enemies: Further, the suggested transfer of the Jordan River Valley, Israel's first line of defense against attack from the east, would put it into an untenable military position. Any safety net, any viable security for Israel would disappear. Israel would lie virtually naked and helpless before its mortal enemies if this disastrous Accord were ever implemented.

The Accord is ambiguous about the so-called "right of return." There is apparently no longer insistence that *all* "refugees" be allowed to settle in Israel. The "refugees" are the descendants of those who, at the urging of the Arab armies that invaded the Jewish state at the very day of its founding, fled the fighting. There were about 500,000 of them; they have now miraculously swelled to five million. Nobody talks about returning the millions of German refugees to what is now Poland and Czechoslovakia, and nobody dreams of compensating them. But under the Geneva Accord, all those "refugees" are to be paid "compensation," which could amount to hundreds of billions of dollars. Significantly, no compensation is countenanced for the about 800,000 Jews, who were expelled or who had to flee for their lives from the Arab countries, where in most cases they had lived for over 1,000 years.

Under the Geneva Accord, Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), which, together with Gaza, would form the "Palestinian" state, is to be free of Jews, made *judenrein*, in line with the Nazi model. But how about the over one million Arabs who live and prosper in Israel? Would it not be fair and reciprocal if they were transferred from "Israel proper" and were moved into the new "Palestinian" state? The Geneva Accord does not address this obvious question, and nobody else does either.

If the Geneva Accord were accepted and implemented, it would be an unmitigated disaster for Israel. It would give its holiest site, the very essence of the Zionist dream, to its Arab enemies. It would accept perhaps hundreds of thousands of so-called "refugees," which would thus finish Israel as a Jewish state. It would make Israel militarily indefensible. The Geneva Accord is a Trojan Horse, meant to destroy the State of Israel. The world and Israel should firmly repudiate it.

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From Gene to Dean

The children's crusade in American politics

By Andrew Ferguson

Over the past year, as Howard Dean's Children's Crusade emerged from the dorms and classrooms and ecstasy raves of America's colleges, and the young crusaders began tilting their wooden (and very sharp) swords toward the heart of what remains of the Democratic party establishment, some of us turned our thoughts to the first Children's Crusade in American politics—the one led against the party establishment in 1968 by the improbable figure of Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota.

Hoary ruminations on McCarthy may well become unavoidable in the next few weeks with the appearance of a new biography by a British historian named Dominic Sandbrook. *Eugene McCarthy: The Rise and Fall of Postwar American Liberalism* is an interesting book, handsomely written, and closely researched. And while Sandbrook, like all sober-sided biographers, declines to draw cheap, facile parallels between his historical subject and today's headlines, his work is rich enough to allow others, like me, to do so.

It would be too bad, though, if reviewers relied on Sandbrook's book alone for their parallel-drawing, for *Eugene McCarthy* betrays a hostility toward Eugene McCarthy that verges on character assassination. They say every biographer begins to hate his subject somewhere during his research, in keeping with the principle that familiarity breeds contempt, and that the biographer's duty therefore lies in crawling his way back toward something like toleration, if not affection, before he finishes his work. Sandbrook's familiarity with McCarthy evidently curdled into contempt early on, and he never crawled back. As McCarthy meanders through a long, various, and eventful career, Sandbrook snipes at him from behind any available rock, never troubling with inconsistencies in the line of attack. McCarthy is reactionary, except when he is unrealistically liberal. He is too idealistic; he is too cynical. He has his head in the clouds and entertains the basest motives exclusively. He is a crudely ambitious pol who cares only about writing *vers libre*. He cracks jokes that, while very funny, are often inappropriate, and he's humorless to boot.

Where the historical record is thin, Sandbrook speculates, as biographers will—yet only when it ill serves his subject. McCarthy never catches a break. I put the book down with no intention of picking it back up when, about two-thirds through, I came across the sentence that distills the Sandbrookian method. McCarthy's view of constitutional interpretation grew more conservative over the years—a development his biographer accounts for like so: "This was no doubt a matter of personal pique as

Eugene McCarthy
The Rise and Fall of Postwar American Liberalism
by Dominic Sandbrook
Knopf, 352 pp., $25.95

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much as philosophical conviction." That "no doubt" gives the game away: *I don't have any evidence for this, but what else would you expect from such a creep?* McCarthy was a fastidiously private "public figure," and his motives were always hard to discern, but Sandbrook patches these holes in his narrative with a caulk of bile. The poor guy must have hated writing this book.

But I picked it up again anyway, because (his biographer notwithstanding) McCarthy stands out from recent political history as a uniquely appealing man: funny, thoughtful, eccentric, allusive; a professional politician whose mind had plenty left over when the politics was done. He's hard to figure out. No one, early in McCarthy's career, could have predicted that his political life would reach a climax with an effort to unhorse a president of his own party. As a young man he had entered a Benedictine seminary, dropped out, joined up again, and dropped out again, and he never shook the habits of a mind steeped in Catholic scholasticism. His classical training would emerge at the unlikeliest moments. Watching from a hotel window as a phalanx of Chicago policemen waded into protestors during the chaotic 1968 Democratic convention, he turned to a companion and said the horrible scene reminded him of the Battle of Lake Trasimeno.

Sandbrook respects the intellectual influences that shaped McCarthy's thinking and he explains them well. As a student in the 1930s McCarthy was part of the *Catholic Worker* crowd, theologically orthodox but politically left-wing, and to this day McCarthy still reminisces fondly of visits with Dorothy Day. After seminary, he tried his hand at farming, then took a job teaching economics at a Catholic college in Minnesota—which, given the state of Catholic thought about the marketplace in those days, was a bit like teaching Transubstantiation at the Wharton School. He never did get the hang of how a free market might work, and he remained a quasi-socialist for most of his career.

McCarthy won his first race for Congress in 1948. He was a protégé of Hubert Humphrey, then the dynamo mayor of Minneapolis who had led the purge of Communists from the state's Democratic-Farmer-Labor party. Like Humphrey—and like Harry Truman, their national leader—McCarthy was a committed Cold Warrior, his anti-communism as much a part of his Catholic disposition as his watered socialism.

In Washington he was a competent congressman but easily bored. He preferred to attend windy conferences on such topics as "the intersection of Catholic thought and political action," and he thereby made a name for himself as a political intellectual in the mold of Adlai Stevenson (although, unlike Stevenson, he insisted on writing his books himself). When a Senate seat opened up in 1958, the party elders suggested he take it.

By the middle of his second Senate term, however, he was bored again and drifting leftward, away from the anti-Communist consensus that had undergirded his career, and his party, for twenty years. The immediate cause was Lyndon Johnson's feckless prosecution of the Vietnam War. McCarthy fell also under the influence of Senator William Fulbright of Arkansas, the increasingly dovish chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. As intellectual influences go, this was a step down from Thomas Aquinas.

With Fulbright, McCarthy formed the nucleus of an antiwar cell in the Senate and within the national Democratic party—"bomb-throwers," Johnson called them, without irony. But as a national figure McCarthy was still second tier in 1967. An itinerant group of activists wandered the Senate office building in search of a senator who would dare run against Johnson's then-assured reelection bid, solidifying the new "peace movement" by turning it into a presidential campaign. For a Democratic officeholder, taking on the party establishment so decisively would mean an end to any larger ambition, and everyone who was asked, beginning with Robert Kennedy, said no. Only McCarthy, after much shuffling of feet, said yes. To this day it's hard to know why. The announcement of his candidacy was typically diffident. Appearing before the press in the Senate Caucus Room, he never used the words "candidate" or even "nomination." He said only that he would put the antiwar position "before the people," to see how they would respond.

A campaign poster from 1968 showed a bird's-eye photo of McCarthy standing by himself in an otherwise empty plaza patterned in brick. The legend read: "He Stood Up Alone and Something Happened." Well, yes. McCarthy nearly beat Johnson in the New Hampshire primary. Four days later Kennedy joined the race. Two weeks after that, Johnson dropped out. Three weeks later, Humphrey became a candidate and eventually, in the riot-riven convention that August, his party's nominee. At the end of the year, Kennedy was dead, Johnson was exiled to ignominious retirement, Richard Nixon was president-elect—and according to a national poll, among people under the age of twenty-four Eugene McCarthy was the most popular man in America.

In a way—to return to today's headlines and parallel-drawing—Howard Dean's mobilization of a large army of young volunteers is more impressive than McCarthy's. In the 1960s politics had not yet earned the dismal reputation it enjoys today, when it appears to most Americans,

young and old, as not merely irrelevant but, worse, the exclusive domain of hobbyists and cranks, in thrall to the bellowing narcissists who strut across the sets of *Hardball* and *The O'Reilly Factor* and *Hannity and Colmes*. Unless you have a natural taste for it, politics in the age of cable and blogs must seem as cultic as a *Star Trek* convention—and what sensible person, watching a foam-flecked debate over the relative merits of Spock and Bones, would want to be a Trekkie? Yet somehow from this slough of indifference Dean has conjured passion and excitement, and he has done so among a class of people who might otherwise have been thought to have better things to do, like study.

Reuters

McCarthy had an easier time of it. Thanks to the military draft, politics had a built-in relevance for young people, especially young men, in 1968; if they couldn't end the war in Vietnam by "working within the system" and "participating in the political process," there was a reasonable chance they would be sent to a jungle very far away and get shot. Such a prospect imposes its own kind of urgency. And when McCarthy presented himself as the only plausible vehicle for altering the course of the war, tens of thousands quite understandably signed up. These weren't just Johnson's political opponents, these young folk, they were his potential victims. The Children's Crusade was an act of self-defense.

But not wholly self-defense, of course. Anyone who's ever worked on a political campaign before the age of, say, twenty-four knows where the real interest lies, and it's not in a "serious discussion of the issues in hopes of advancing a progressive agenda for the future of this country" or whatever. It's the cold pizza at four A.M., it's the naps stolen on the headquarters floor, it's the fast friendships, it's the sex—real if you're lucky, hypothetical otherwise. It's the best of dorm life, and no classes the next morning. It is like this in every Children's Crusade, in 1968 no less than in 2004.

Yet there are more substantial similarities between then and now. McCarthy saw, as Dean later did, that in the view of many party members the party establishment had grown flaccid and corrupt. Analysts marvel that so many of Dean's supporters seem unaware of his political positions, if not flatly opposed to them. McCarthy is remembered today as an antiwar candidate, and of course he was, but in 1968, polls in New Hampshire and elsewhere showed that a large minority of his voters, especially older ones, either misunderstood his position on Vietnam or disagreed with it. What they did understand was that he wasn't Lyndon Johnson. He offered a way around a distant political apparatus that had disengaged from the people to whom it was theoretically beholden. The mismanagement of the Vietnam War from Washington was just one sign of the disconnection. Johnson and Humphrey, in their day, had no sense of this free-floating disenchantment, and Gephardt and Kerry couldn't see it in theirs. McCarthy did, and so did Dean.

And there the parallels draw to a close. You can't think about political insurgencies too long before you come up against the character of the insurgents themselves, and in this regard Dean fares less well in the comparisons—or perhaps better, depending on your taste.

Throughout his career, when the professorial mood was upon him (as it often was), McCarthy had called for "the de-personalization of politics"—a phrase that sounded just as pompous then as it does now, but which nonetheless expressed a thought-through belief about how self-government should work. McCarthy thought institutions deserved more care and attention than the men who run them, and that a political campaign should be bigger than its candidate. His favorite politician, he said, was Edmund Burke—pompous again, maybe, but revealing. His reticence seemed principled as well as personal. He attended Mass every day, for example, yet never spoke in public of his private faith—a blessed contrast to candidates who seldom go to services yet won't shut up about how much religion means to them. McCarthy despised charisma, deemed it dangerous and undemocratic—Bobby Kennedy horrified him, partly for this reason—and his disdain, paradoxically, made him all the more charis-

Bettmann / CORBIS

matic. When he campaigned in 1968 huge crowds would greet him, rafter-swinging crowds, roof-raising, thunderous crowds, and he would refuse to amplify the enthusiasm that poured over him. He never played to the crowd. The crowd loved him for it.

"Crusading zeal," Sandbrook correctly writes, "was not merely something with which McCarthy felt uncomfortable; it was also something he regarded as irrational and insidious."

The campaign was inevitably bizarre. The candidate declined to hire a professional campaign manager, for one thing. In a nine-month slog, he never once spoke from a prepared text. The larger and more important his audience, the duller and longer his speech would be. He stoutly resisted the grand gesture. A big break came when he appeared on the *Tonight Show* with Johnny Carson, who asked whether he thought he'd be a good president. "I think," McCarthy said after a pause, "that I would be adequate." When Johnson withdrew from the campaign, reporters rushed McCarthy for a comment, an occasion to rally the troops: "Things have gotten rather complicated," he said, and left it at that. Why didn't more blacks vote for him, a columnist once asked. "I don't know," he said. "I haven't really made much of an argument that they should." Early on he abandoned that staple of industrial-state politicking—greeting the sunrise shift at factory gates—because, he explained, "I'm not really a morning person." At fundraisers he would routinely appear, shake a few hands, then retire to the bar.

His idiosyncrasies wore badly on the few professionals on his staff. "Even Caesar could kiss the ass of somebody who would be useful to his cause," said one, "but not Gene." They blamed laziness, personal pique, selfishness—the same motives that, thirty-five years later, his biographer ascribes to him. And McCarthy was waspish indeed. But there was more to it than that. He didn't like pressing the flesh, it's true, especially at factory gates at sun-up, but he campaigned twenty hours at a stretch when he had to, and though his showcase speeches were invariably dull, in small groups, in living rooms and church basements, he would reach for eloquence and often find it. He didn't make special plays for black votes—or farm votes, or factory votes—because "I will speak the same to all." When Kennedy boasted that his state-of-the-art campaign had assembled more than thirty advisory committees, each assigned to a specific demographic subset of the general population, McCarthy was agog. "I knew that Baskin-Robbins had thirty-one flavors of ice cream," he said. "I hadn't known there were thirty-one different types of American."

The political professionals got him wrong. Norman Mailer, a political idiot, came closer to the truth when he saw in McCarthy's diffidence a hint of "the most serious conservative to run for nomination since Robert Taft." The British journalist Henry Fairlie called him "the nearest thing there is to Calvin Coolidge." Barry Goldwater considered him one of his favorite politicians—"a gentleman and a scholar, who has done things in a calm and reasonable way." There was enough emotional gas in the air in 1968, McCarthy later said, without him trying to light a match to set it off.

"Calm and reasonable" is not, of course, the style of our present politics—and certainly not of the leader of our latest Children's Crusade. It is impossible to imagine McCarthy in one of Dean's artery-popping harangues. For that matter, it is impossible to imagine him uttering any of the oily self-advertisements that have become essential to the modern campaign. Think of George W. Bush in 2000: "I'm a very compassionate person"; or John McCain, the same year: "I just get very angry about social injustice—I'm sorry, but it's who I am." Of course, as Dean supporters will point out, the things that made McCarthy appealing to many people were inextricable from, maybe identical to, the things that made him a loser: the ambivalence and cool detachment, the irony and wit, the range of learning and intellectual curiosity. His detractors always said that McCarthy thought he was too good for politics. His admirers thought he was right to think that.

What effect did this first Children's Crusade have? Did it—to ask the most obvious question—meet its intended object of hastening the end of the war? Sandbrook, in this new biography, says no, and he's probably right. Then he goes a step further to say that it actually lengthened the war, by crippling Humphrey's chance for election and clearing the way for Nixon's narrow victory—an absurd claim. Nixon, always with one eye on reelection, made sure to have most of the troops out by 1972 and damn the larger consequences (just as, in 1971, he imposed wage and price controls to stymie inflation till the ballots were safely counted a year later, leaving his successors to reap the inflationary whirlwind). It is

not at all certain that Humphrey, an enthusiastic supporter of the war from the start, would have wrapped things up so hastily. Even McCarthy suggested during the campaign—in his typically desultory fashion: kind of here and there, sort of once in a while—that under his own peace plan some U.S. soldiers might have to remain in Vietnam for five more years.

Undeniably, however, the 1968 Crusade hastened the self-destruction of the Democratic party's old regime, as it existed under Lyndon Johnson. In political parties old regimes are always being destroyed and replaced by new regimes that then grow old themselves, to be destroyed and replaced in their turn, and by now, after three and a half decades, the layers of rubble are too deep to trace a line of influence from McCarthy's campaign to the Democratic party's present condition. Yet the havoc of 1968 did inspire wholesale reform of the party's system for selecting convention delegates. By design the new rules removed power from the party's professionals and placed it squarely in the hands of the dewy-eyed innocents who nominated George McGovern four years later.

At least one electoral catastrophe, therefore, can be traced to McCarthy's Crusade. And maybe more. As Sandbrook points out, the McCarthy campaign also foreshadowed the party's separation from its traditional bedrock constituency—Southern whites and blue-collar males—in favor of the rich liberals, college professors, graduate students, and childless yuppies who became the most reliable constituencies of many subsequent campaigns: John Anderson's, Gary Hart's, Michael Dukakis's.

As it happens, these look to be Howard Dean's most reliable constituencies, too. If Dean wants to know where a crusade like his is headed, he can always ask McCarthy, who is (wonderful to say) still alive and thriving, dividing his time between a retirement home in Georgetown and his farm in the Virginia Piedmont. The number's in the book if the doctor wants to make the call. ♦

BCA

The End of Innocence

J.M. Barrie's Peter Pan *isn't aging well.*

BY GABY WENIG

The new $100 million filming of *Peter Pan*, directed by P.J. Hogan for Universal Pictures, bills itself as "the timeless story as you've never seen it before." Much of it looks very familiar, however. Sure, there are some new special effects that make the children's flight to Neverland look as if they are flying through the Space Mountain ride at Disneyland, and the fight scenes between Peter and Hook as if choreographed from *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. But the film is basically a live-action version of the 1953 Disney animated classic.

The film takes place in early twentieth-century London, the same place and period where James Matthew Barrie originally wrote the story, and its Peter is the same flamboyant sylph who has been charming adults and children for more than a century. Mr. Darling and Captain Hook are both played by the same actor, Jason Isaacs, which is how it was done in the original productions.

And yet something is different in this new version, for the children around Peter—the Darling siblings and the sorry band of Lost Boys—seem altered. Barrie always had a pronounced distaste for adulthood and a belief in the innocence of children. But he wasn't a complete sentimentalist, and the children's innocence showed itself in their comic hedonism. Indeed, that's what provided Barrie with the wit that makes reading *Peter Pan* a delight and prevents it from being merely a mawkish treatise on the folly of maturity. In this film, Hallmark sentimentality replaces the humor, and a curious knowingness replaces the unselfconsciousness that used to make the story run.

Yale University Press

J.M. Barrie, age nine.

That's a pity, really, because innocence is what *Peter Pan* is all about. The character was created by a man fixated on arresting time and returning to the idylls of childhood. It was an obsession that started before Barrie even grew up. He was the seventh surviving child in a family of eight, born in 1860 to David Barrie, a handloom weaver, and Margaret Ogilvy in the Scottish village of Kirriemuir.

His mother had great educational ambitions for her children. She was a religious woman who in her youth had belonged to an austere splinter group of the Presbyterian Church known as the Auld Lichts (old lights), and her greatest desire was that her sons become ministers. Her star child was her middle son, David, who showed tremendous academic promise. But in 1866 when he was thirteen, David died in a skating accident. Margaret Ogilvy's face

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Yale University Press

J.M. Barrie plays Captain Hook to Michael Llewellyn Davies's Peter Pan.

became, in J.M's words, "soft" and "wet" in sadness, and she started her lifelong obsessive mourning for David.

Six-year-old J.M. could see that in her mind's eye, David was frozen in glorious youth, and he ached to become his surrogate. David was the specter that could unshroud his mother's happiness, and so the living boy dressed up for her in the dead boy's clothes—whistling his whistle, telling her jokes and stories, and trying to recreate for her the stories of her own childhood she would tell. "If I live to a time when . . . the past comes sweeping back like shades of night over the bare road of the present, it will not, I believe, be my youth I shall see but hers," he wrote. "Such a grip has her memory of her girlhood had upon me since I was six."

Despite his better intentions, Barrie grew up, and despite his mother's contrary desires, moved to London and became a very successful writer as a young adult. He loved telling stories and writing stories, and he was a prodigious worker, producing reams of articles, books, and plays. By the time he was thirty-two he was something of a literary celebrity. All the prestigious British publications were printing his articles, and he had had three plays performed and six books published, most of which were critical and commercial successes in England and overseas.

But in several ways Barrie remained a child. His high forehead, bulging eyes, and broom moustache gave him a thoughtful countenance, but his body was small, about five feet tall. His books and plays made him very wealthy, but he never cared for money, and didn't notice when his manager misappropriated thousands of pounds or large checks weren't cashed. Relations with the opposite sex filled him with trepidation. Throughout his life young pretty women, very often the actresses of his plays, mesmerized him, but he agonized that his height and callowness rendered him invisible to them. Though he married actress Mary Ansell in 1894, he thought marriage a ghastly prison, and, rumored to be impotent, he invested no energy in it.

Instead he retreated into the world of youth that he loved so much, both in his professional work and in his private life. In 1897 while taking a walk through Kensington Gardens with his large St. Bernard dog, Porthos, he met the cherubic muses who would later inspire *Peter Pan*. It was mutual attraction from the first. The five-year-old George, four-year-old Jack, baby Peter, and later Michael and Nico Llewellyn Davies, were the quintessential children: pint-sized, angel-faced keepers of the youth crypt.

And for the boys, Barrie was an ultimate playmate. As Andrew Birkin notes in *J.M Barrie and the Lost Boys*, Barrie "could wiggle his ears and perform magic feats with his eyebrows . . . Singularly well informed on the subject of cricket, fairies, murders, pirates, hangings, desert islands, . . . he was old, but not grown up."

Barrie insinuated himself into the Llewellyn Davies family, to the consternation of the boys' father, Arthur, a barrister, who didn't know what to do with this strange little man who hung around his house for longer than was polite and had a disconcertingly idolizing friendship with his wife, Sylvia. But Barrie was happily marooned on an oasis of youth. In 1900 he published *Tommy and Grizel*, an autobiographical novel about a writer in London who remains a boy at heart with disastrous consequences for his romantic involvements. In 1902 he published *The Little White Bird*, about a writer, Captain W., who develops a close friendship with a young boy, David, a thinly disguised account of Barrie's relationship with George Llewellyn. It is here that Peter Pan first appears, as one of the characters in a story that the Captain tells David.

In his original incarnation, Peter Pan was a "betwixt-and-between," not a bird, not a human, but a strange boy creature who escaped his mother when he was seven days old by flying out the window. He wandered around Kensington Gardens, shunned by all the living things, scaring the birds and the fairies, just wanting his mother to blow his nose but not knowing that that was what he wanted. He is torn between returning to his mother's love and the freedom of the garden. Eventually he becomes the garden's gravedigger, burying the children who perished because they remained there after lockout time.

Universal Pictures

Rachel Hurd-Wood as Wendy and Jeremy Sumpter as Peter in the new movie version of Peter Pan.

But Peter Pan was developing a life beyond that of the peculiar gravedigger. In a 1901 holiday in Surrey, Barrie and the Davies boys, with the help of Porthos the dog who wore a tiger's mask, play-acted stories of pirates and redskins and walking the plank. Barrie photographed the exploits and self-published the shots in a book called *The Boy Castaways of Black Lake Island*. Back in London, when walking in Kensington Gardens, parents who had read *The Little White Bird* would besiege Barrie with questions about fairies and Peter Pan, and Barrie started working on the story. In his tongue-in-cheek introduction, Barrie attributes authorship to the five boys and says he "rubbed the five of you violently together, as savages with two sticks create a flame," and created Peter and his adventures in Neverland.

Peter Pan is the story of Wendy (a name Barrie invented, to the dismay of thousands of girls subsequently given the name), Michael, and John Darling, who are lured out of the nursery window by Peter Pan, the boy who doesn't want to grow up. Flying away to Neverland, Wendy becomes mother to Peter's Lost Boys—boys who fell out of the perambulators when their nannies weren't looking. The dastardly Captain Hook, so-called because of the hook he used to replace his arm after Peter cut it off and threw it to the crocodile, stalks them all. The crocodile, who has swallowed a ticking clock that heralds his arrival wherever he goes, in turn stalks Hook, and there are lots of fabulous sword fights, daring rescues of Indian princesses, communions with mermaids and fairies, before the Darlings decide that it is time to fly back to the nursery.

The play opened in London in 1904. The production was lavish, with its flying children, flickering fairies, and enchanting animals. Audiences loved it, and the play was revived for season after season. In 1906 Barrie republished the Peter Pan chapters in *The Little White Bird* as *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens*, and in 1908, there was a solo performance of Barrie's addendum, *When Wendy Grew Up, an Afterthought*, a very short play in which Wendy's daughter Jane flies away with Peter Pan for spring cleaning. Barrie published his novelized version of the story, *Peter and Wendy*, in 1911.

In the ensuing years, the story of Peter Pan was read, performed, and filmed countless times. Tragedy after tragedy, however, shattered the innocence of the family that gave birth to Peter Pan. Arthur died of cancer in 1907, Sylvia in 1910 (at which point Barrie adopted the boys), George in action on the front in 1915, Michael in a possible suicide drowning in 1921, and Pan's namesake Peter, who called the play "that terrible masterpiece," stepped in front of an oncoming train in 1960.

The new film version is an attempt to dress Barrie's vision in newer, more expensive clothes. Hogan and screenwriter Michael Goldenberg add a character to the story, Aunt Millicent (Lynn Redgrave), a family matriarch who wants to ensure that the Darlings will move upwards out of the middle-class quagmire. She wants to steer the tyrannical, socially inept Mr. Darling to success at the bank ("Wit is very fashionable at the moment," she says as she instructs him on making small talk), and—horror of horrors—remove Wendy (Rachel Hurd-Wood) from the nursery so that she can start becoming a young lady.

That night, of course, Peter Pan (Jeremy Sumpter) and Tinkerbell (Ludivine Sagnier) arrive in the nursery and inveigle the children to fly back with them to Neverland. There they battle the lasciviously charming Hook and his hideous pirates twice—the first time on the turrets and landings of Hook's dark stone castle, which is replete with mechanical gates that lower into a murky moat where the ticking crocodile waits patiently, and the second time onboard the *Jolly Roger* pirate ship. During the second fight, Pan gets the energy to finish off Hook after Wendy kisses him and sends his powers soaring.

Neverland in this film is a flashy place—green and lush, dark and foreboding, happy and giddy. There are fairies that act like illuminated human humming birds, mermaids that look like large piscean silver fetuses, and a weather system that can see four seasons in one day.

Peter Pan is the lord of this place. The original was obnoxiously cocky, so enamored with himself and pleased with his cunning that he sang his own praises all the time. He would often almost ruin his plans by bursting into applause for himself, and, because his world was really only big enough for him, he forgot who people were all the time. Though the film gestures at this cockiness—Peter says, "Oh, the cleverness of me!" once and, as they are flying, asks John who he is—Sumpter is more puckish than conceited.

Sagnier is fabulous as Tinkerbell and quite possibly the best part of this film. She doesn't talk, she buzzes, mugging for the camera and pulling faces that are so exaggerated and funny that playground children would envy them. "Tink was not all bad . . . sometimes she was all good. Fairies . . . being so small they unfortunately have room for one feeling only at a time," says the narrator, in a line from the original. But this Tink is—luckily for the audience—mainly bad. She is tremendously loyal to Peter, but she hates Wendy and is furious at Peter for liking Wendy, so she concocts little fairy plans to get Wendy out of Neverland.

But this film is missing Barrie's ironic humor. In Barrie's original, for example, Nana the dog is the sensible one at the Darling house while Mr. Darling is the fool who could not tie his tie and feels so remorseful about his part in the children's flying away that he goes to live in the dog kennel. "In the bitterness of his remorse he swore that he would never leave the kennel until his children came back," Barrie writes. "Of course, this was a pity; but whatever Mr. Darling did he had to in excess; otherwise he soon gave up doing it."

Similarly, when the original Wendy becomes a mother to the Lost Boys, she feigns adult seriousness and propriety but is actually so childishly delighted that she is given a chance to mother them—even in a place where she needs to make rules about not guzzling imaginary tea too loudly—that it supersedes any seriousness. "She would fling up her arms and exclaim, 'Oh dear, I am sure I sometimes think spinsters are to be envied.' Her face beamed when she exclaimed this."

The film neglects a lot of these comic possibilities. And the actors playing the Lost Boys and the Darling siblings can't quite manage the degree of ingenuousness necessary for the roles to work. The script's mistrust of anything like guilelessness doesn't help. There are two superfluous kisses for example: one as the redskin princess Tiger Lily kisses John Darling after she is rescued, and John blushes, and the other, near the end, as Wendy kisses Peter and empowers him to fly high and defeat Hook. Barrie managed to desexualize kisses by making them thimbles, acorns, and buttons. Here they are contrived to add a soupçon of knowingness that hails maturity, the very opposite of Peter Pan. In *Peter and Wendy* and *Peter Pan*, Wendy's relationship with Peter hovers at the edge of oedipal ambiguity. He thinks of her as his mother, but she wants more than that although she does think of him as the father of the house. Wendy, however, was a little girl always confused by Peter, and in making her knowing, the filmmaker axes the story.

Yale University Press

Michael Llewellyn Davies as Peter Pan in 1906.

But perhaps the film is only accounting for how different children are today. They're no longer preteen exemplars of vernal bloom. Instead they are the zero-to-ten-age-bracket for advertisers to target, and Neverland is no longer a dreamy island of "coral reefs and rakish-looking craft in the offing and savages and lonely lairs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and caves through which a river runs," but a toy store, where children are lured by advertisers to spend their parents' money on Playstations and Swan Lake Barbie dolls.

And the Peter Pans of today are not aeriform boys who still have all their baby teeth but grotesque adults with none of the flight but all of the stunted growth. The film is dedicated to one—Dodi Fayed, the final paramour of Princess Diana, who was a nouveau riche eternal child living a giddy and carefree life where he spent lavishly but didn't pay his bills. Another, faded pop star Michael Jackson, who is so dedicated to being Peter Pan that his ranch is called Neverland, trails weird scandals wherever he goes.

Still, this splashy and extravagant production is testament to the fact that the legend of Peter Pan is not going to fade. He remains as Barrie created him, a character who might change with time, but is never changed by time. ♦

"You've accounted for leap year, of course?"

Books in Brief

Confronting Jihad: Israel's Struggle and The World After 9/11 **by Saul Singer (Cold Spring, 296 pp., $14.95).** The situation in Israel, particularly the confrontation with Palestinian terrorism, is often discussed formulaically in the West, with Israel and its supporters treated as a monolith. But Saul Singer's columns for the *Jerusalem Post* represent a very useful antidote, indeed.

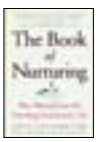
Now collected in a single volume, Singer's writings make clear that the war on terror has not produced ideological rigidity—except, perhaps, on the pro-Palestinian left. In a column from the spring of 2002, Singer points out that the relationship between Saudi Arabia and the most violent forms of Islamist extremism remains among the strangely unexamined issues in regional politics. He quotes Donald Rumsfeld, who gave Saudi Arabia "a broad pass"—declaring, "It isn't countries that do this. . . . It's an individual mullah, and it's an individual financier who decides they want to send their money and help out" al Qaeda.

Singer notes, "This, unfortunately, lacks Rumsfeldian fervor and does not nearly do justice to the scope and significance of the problem." He might have added that the relations of the mullahs and financiers with the royal authorities in Riyadh was something Rumsfeld should have known before the wakeup call of September 11.

Although he affirms in eloquent detail the need of Israel to remain forceful in its response to terror, Singer does not exclude the possibility of a meaningful dialogue between the two sides. He notes the stance of Israel's Labor party, which claims its opponents on the right are "incapable of responding to an opening for peace." But, he asks, "was it not Menachem Begin who made the 'painful concessions' of his time in response to Anwar Sadat's overture? And if Ariel Sharon wants to avoid similar difficult choices, then why would he prefer Labor over the right-wing parties as his partner? Perhaps it is too much to ask that the Left admit that the Right actually has a better chance, and arguably a better record, of building a workable peace."

Singer's views will give no comfort to those who, inured in their hatred of the Jews, want to believe that Israel represents a single-minded, expansionist, and essentially colonialist power in the Middle East. His Israel fights to survive and allies itself with the United States in the war against terror. But it is an Israel that requires more than perfunctory commitment from itself and its allies, and which clearly wishes to be left in peace rather than to impose itself on others.

—Richard Datchery



The Book of Nurturing: Nine Natural Laws for Enriching Your Family Life **by Linda and Richard Eyre (McGraw-Hill, 182 pp., $19.95).** A decade ago, the Eyres' *Teaching Your Children Values* was the first parenting book since Dr. Spock's to top the bestseller lists. Now the prolific pair—nine children, over a dozen books—has written a prequel. It was inspired, they say, by parents' feedback from their previous book. While much was laudatory, some was bewildered; one parent plaintively wondered how to impart values to a drug-addicted gang-member son. The couple concluded that a family foundation, established by nine kinds of nurturing, must precede values training.

They've pegged the list to nature fables, drawing parallels between, for example, the intertwined roots of giant redwoods and a child's need for security. Each chapter includes examples of how to implement the principle. At times the book abandons itself to mystifying treacle: "Like the whales, we need to make our communication not a lecture but a song—a song of honest interchange and mutual respect."

Still, some of the observations are devastatingly accurate. There really are parents better at organizing their children ("general-contractor parenting") than nurturing them. This book alone won't make your basic harried parent stop and smell the Play Doh, but for some it could be a start.

—Susie Currie

Parody

VOWS

Kelly Rabinowicz and Armand Chandrasekar

By TIFFANI SELZBURG

LINCOLNWOOD, IL, SEPT. 23 Kelly and her bridesmaids guide their mounts to the ceremony.

When Kelly Rabinowicz and Armand Chandrasekar first spotted each other on pack mules outside the famous copper mine in Telluride, Colo., where each had gone separately and quite alone on vacation, Ms. Rabinowicz, 24, never guessed that, three months later, they would be together on pack mules once again, only this time reciting marriage vows they themselves wrote before Rabbi Mary Francis Doyle at Temple Israel ben Nurishkrit of Lincolnwood, Ill.

"When Armand first asked me out," Ms. Rabinowicz said, "I was frankly hesitant. I mean, here was this recently defrocked Trappist monk, and I have been sexually active from a fairly early age." Muffin Ginsburg, Ms. Rabinowicz's maid of honor and former roommate at Rollins College in Florida, chuckled and said, "Sexually active! In the sorority house at Rollins, the standing joke was, could Kelly get a pair of Manolo Blahniks with round heels?"

Originally from Calcutta, Mr. Chandrasekar, 34, none of whose family was able to attend the wedding, comes from a long line of untouchables on his father's side. His mother's great aunt was Eva Braun, Adolf Hitler's mistress.

"I have to admit that at first the Hitler thing was a bit disturbing," said Dr. Morris Rabinowicz, who gave away his daughter from atop a grey pack mule named Siggy. "Kelly's mother and I were very wary, but we brought her up to be her own person and decided not to stand in the way." From her mule, a palomino named Seth, Kelly's mother, Dr. Stacey Rabinowicz, agreed, smiling. "Always unpredictable, our Kelly." The Rabinowiczes are in partnership as veterinary oral surgeons in Skokie, Ill.

As if there weren't complications enough between the couple, Mr. Chandrasekar is a strict vegan, who will eat nothing that has originally had either eyes or roots. Ms. Rabinowicz likes nothing better than, as she put it, "to tear into a three-inch thick veal chop." Summers during her college years, she worked as a hostess at Myron and Phil's Steakhouse in Lincolnwood. "You could practically die from the secondary cholesterol in the place," she said. "Still, it was a fun job."

Well aware of Mr. Chandrasekar's dietary restrictions, the night of the day they met, Ms. Rabinowicz brought a blender to his room, along with a five-pound box of chocolate truffles and a large bag of Clementine oranges, and made him an orange-truffle puree. "It was highly scrumptious, let me assure you," said Mr. Chandrasekar, in his clipped Calcuttan accent. "And so was he," added Ms. Rabinowicz with a smile. "I'd never slept with an untouchable before."

The impressive differences between the bride and bridegroom were noted by many guests at the wedding service. "They're not sufficiently alike to be considered opposites," said Dr. Rabinowicz, the bride's mother. "Kelly has always been sexually active," said Megan Schwartz, a bridesmaid who knows Ms. Rabinowicz from high school days. "And Armand has spent the better part of the last ten years in his cell in the monastery. With the need to make up for lost time, I think they'll get along just fine."

Mr. Chandrasekar, who has been working as a consultant for McKinsey & Co. since leaving the monastery, focuses on assisting start-up firms specializing in low technology agribusiness. Ms. Rabinowicz, who intends to keep her maiden name professionally, is a dental technician, currently unemployed.

The bride's friends look forward to fascinating conversations and many interesting meals at the home of the newly married couple once they return from Madagascar, where Mr. Chandrasekar keeps a summer home.

"They'll get along splendidly," noted Deidre Shapiro, a friend who knows Ms. Rabinowicz from preschool. "Kelly was always, you know, sexually very active." Dr. Rabinowicz, the bride's father, otherwise seeming very pleased with the proceedings, looked a bit puzzled and remarked that this was the first he had heard of all this sexual activity.

The mules, rented from Thernstrum Stables in nearby Morton Grove, Ill., remained calm and well-behaved throughout the ceremony.

the weekly Standard

JANUARY 19, 2004

Light,
c Doina

Kate Dwyer,
Vic Matus

Percy and Blythe Dwyer of Upper Lipp, Conn., are dismayed to announce the marriage of their daughter, Kathleen Wascha Dwyer, to

Catherine Canaga,
Nick Swezey