the weekly Standard

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LIBERAL HAWKS, AN ENDANGERED SPECIES
MATTHEW CONTINETTI

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BY Jonathan V. Last

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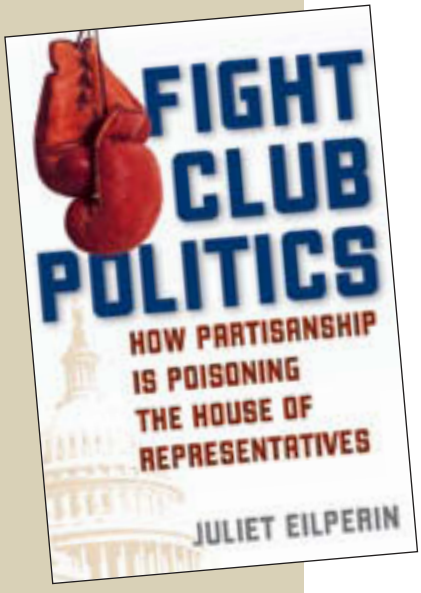

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the weekly Standard

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013), a division of News America Incorporated, is published weekly (except the first week in January, third week in April, second week in July, and fourth week in August) at 1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505, Washington D.C. 20036. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 50108, Boulder, CO 80322-0108. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-283-2014. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders and changes of address to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 50108, Boulder, CO 80322-0108. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-902-563-4723 for subscription inquiries. American Express, Visa/MasterCard payments accepted. Cover price, $3.95. Back issues, $3.95 (includes postage and handling). Send letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. For a copy of The Weekly Standard Privacy Policy, visit www.weeklystandard.com or write to Customer Service, The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BPA INTERNATIONAL

Jack Kemp's 'Lonely Voice'

The Scrapbook is here to report a Jack Kemp sighting.

Readers with long memories, and a taste for masochism, will remember Mr. Kemp from the 1996 vice-presidential debate, when Al Gore twice praised him for being "a lonely voice in the Republican party" against racial discrimination. Instead of grabbing Vice President Gore by the lapels, shaking him hard, and explaining to him (a) the long history of Republican opposition to racial discrimination, (b) the long history of Democratic support for racial discrimination, and (c) the difference between racial equality and racial quotas, Jack Kemp, instead, *thanked* Al Gore for the compliment!

Fast forward 11 years to last week's hearing before a Senate panel on a bill to grant District of Columbia residents a voting member of the House of Representatives. The Scrapbook concedes that the question of "voting rights for the District"—to use the local shorthand—is a complicated matter about which reasonable men may differ. But the fact is that the United States Constitution is pretty doggone explicit about the status of Washington, D.C., as a "federal enclave"—not a state—and that members of the House must represent states, not federal enclaves.

Translation: If people want a congressman and two senators for the District of Columbia, they will have to amend the Constitution. (Or, if it's simply a question of representation, then the residential neighborhoods of D.C. could join the state of Maryland—call it South Bethesda—just as the part of the District south of the Potomac River, then known as Alexandria County, was retroceded to the state of Virginia in 1846.)

Of course, mere constitutionalism hasn't stopped this latest legislative subterfuge, which President Bush has pledged to veto. Nor did it stop Jack Kemp from appearing before last week's meeting of the Senate Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs Committee to urge passage of the measure which would, he declared, give Republicans "a chance to be recorded on the right side of a civil rights issue."

At which point The Scrapbook had to be restrained from grabbing Mr. Kemp by the lapels. Yes, a bare majority of District residents are nonwhite, but that does not make this a civil rights issue. It's a constitutional issue, and has been a constitutional issue since the creation of the federal enclave 217 years ago when the District of Columbia was carved out of neighboring Maryland and Virginia.

In the meantime, The Scrapbook welcomes the assistance of any bright 5th grader who would like to explain to Jack Kemp that the Republican party was founded in 1854 as the anti-slavery party (as opposed to the Democratic party, which was the pro-slavery party) and that modern civil rights legislation—in particular, the 1957 and 1964 Civil Rights acts—enjoyed near-unanimous Republican support and was opposed, almost exclusively, by Senate Democrats—including, incidentally, Sen. Al Gore Sr. of Tennessee.

An inconvenient truth, as it were. ♦

Stephen Smith Wins!

In higher education news, conservatives have expanded one of their rare, small footholds in liberal academe. The votes of alumni were counted last week in the Dartmouth College trustees race, in which the conservative petition candidate Stephen Smith ('88) faced off against three establishment candidates backed by the Alumni Council, including San Diego Padres CEO Sandy Alderson ('69). Readers will recall that this race sparked national attention when baseball aficionado and columnist George F. Will endorsed Alderson, while William F. Buckley went to bat, so to speak, for Smith. Smith, a distinguished University of Virginia law professor, emerged victorious.

In a press release, Smith stated: "I came to Dartmouth in 1984 as an inner-city kid raised on welfare in Washington, D.C. To have the opportunity now to return as a trustee to the College to which I owe everything is an honor beyond words."

Smith joins three other insurgent board members (who won similar petition campaigns) on the 18-member panel—Silicon Valley tycoon T.J. Rodgers ('70), George Mason law professor Todd Zywicki ('88), and Hoover Institution fellow Peter Robinson ('79). It's not quite a revolution in the Ivy League halls, but it's certainly a good start. ♦

A Worthwhile Canadian Initiative

The Scrapbook extends a welcoming tip of its homburg to the good crew putting out a new Canadian quarterly of conservative ideas, entitled *c2c*. In the debut issue, Travis D. Smith eloquently explains (as his headline puts it) "Why Canada Needs Conservatives, Though it Tends to Imagine Otherwise":

"Young Canadians unhesitatingly affirm that there is greater freedom of thought in Canada than in the United States. At the same time, they express confusion and frustration that Ameri-

(Classic Steiner, reprinted from our issue of July 29, 1996)

cans still engage in lively political disputation over questions which they regard as settled. It is as if Canadians think that we should already live in a world where only technical questions remain, relegating nagging quarrels to judicial resolution (where their outcome is not much in question). Canadians not only criticize the particular decisions Americans make in the defense of their nation and way of life; they express disbelief at the idea that it needs defending (or warrants it). Canada is a (very!) good country that wants to be loved, with uneasy relations with a neighbour that aspires to remain great and therefore needs to be fearful. Canadians should remember how lucky they are that they can get away with being so lovable. Having too much confidence in one's own good intentions, friendly disposition and enlightened outlook makes one an easy mark—a hard lesson many young people eventually learn as a result of various misadventures. The American founders knew that their republic was an 'experiment in freedom,' one that might not succeed or survive. Their republic has been preserved in part because they have been so wary of losing it. Canadians are right to cherish the freedom, prosperity and justice of their society, but supposing too strongly that history is on our side only leaves us vulnerable."

More information can be found at *www.c2cjournal.ca*. There can never be too many conservative journals, eh? ♦

Great Moments in Captioning

We've harped before on the absurd degree to which wire services will bend over backwards to be "objective" and nonjudgmental. Shortly after 9/11, for instance, the Panafrican News Agency, a favorite SCRAPBOOK news source, referred to Osama bin Laden as "the Saudi dissident blamed for the 11 September terrorist attacks in the U.S.," while Agence France-Presse called him "Osama bin Laden, the Afghan-based Saudi dissident." Here's another one for the files. The photo on the cover of this issue received the following caption from the Associated Press: "Some of the 40 passengers and crew of United Airlines Flight 93 are believed to have fought their hijackers and perhaps caused the plane to crash in a field near Shanksville." All that's missing is the word *alleged* before hijackers. ♦

Le Big Bang

A May 15 headline in *Le Figaro* on the new French president's preparing his government: *Nicolas Sarkozy prépare un big bang ministériel.* Maybe French anglophobia really is a thing of the past! ♦

Casual

That '70s Show

I was actually thinking about Jerry Falwell before he died last week. A few days earlier, during my daily commute, I saw the golden-oldie anti-Falwell sticker on the bumper of the car ahead of me: "The Moral Majority Is Neither." And this wasn't a faded bumpersticker on a 1980 Volvo. It was a newish sticker on a newish car. The Moral Majority's heyday is 25 years behind us; the organization proper ceased to exist 18 years ago, yet its brilliantly needling name lives on and apparently continues to get under the skin of my liberal neighbors in Arlington, Virginia.

Have you noticed how the politics of the 1970s seem to linger on well past their sell-by date? Jimmy Carter departed Washington 26 years ago yet managed to provoke a passionate back-and-forth between friends and detractors of his administration with his book on the Middle East last year. Were the late Eisenhower years similarly a topic of lively banter a quarter-century after the fact in the mid-1980s? Not that I recall. Nancy Pelosi is yammering on about "gouging" at the gas pumps. Last week—in what seemed like another blast from the 1970s—the commandant of the Marine Corps lowered the drinking age for leathernecks from 21 to 18—both for official functions on military bases and on leaves abroad. How long till Mothers Against Drunk Driving goes on the warpath? (Okay, MADD is not quite a '70s group, but close—they were founded in May 1980.) Believe it or not, a couple of days ago I even heard joking about the metric system on a sports talk radio show.

I have no special theory about why the obsessions of the '70s have proved so durable. But I do have a prediction to make. It won't be long till the next Howard Jarvis bursts on the scene and leads a property tax revolt, the likes of which we haven't seen for 30 years. Jarvis was one of the great mad-as-hell activists of the 1970s, leading the property-tax slashing Proposition 13 initiative that California voters passed 65-35 percent in a June 1978 referendum that presaged the success Ronald Reagan would enjoy as a tax-cutter. (Fans of the classic Zucker brothers comedy *Airplane!* will remember Jarvis in his cameo role as the man in the taxi.)

Darren Gygi

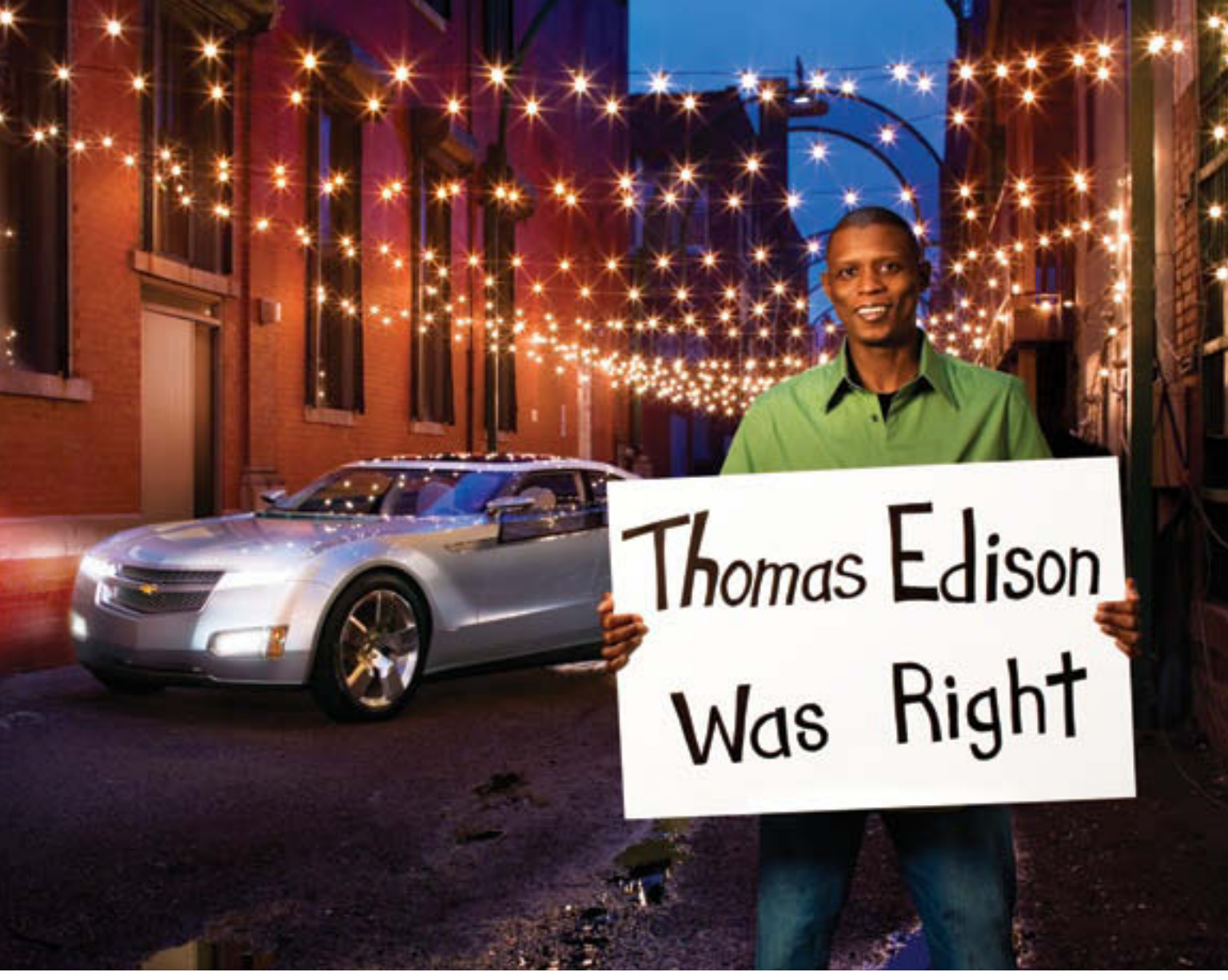
I base my prediction not just on the fact that we seem to be living through a replay of the 1970s, but on a highly scientific sample of one. Thanks to the real estate bubble and the connivance of the aforementioned liberals of Arlington—who have controlled my county government for the last quarter-century—my property taxes have more than doubled in the last 10 years. To be precise, not only have the taxes gone up with inflation, they've also increased by an additional 6 percent a year. The worst part is the posturing every year by the board, which trumpets the fact that it is "reducing tax rates." But single-digit rate reductions when combined with double-digit increases in real estate prices have still produced hundreds of millions a year in new revenue for them to spend.

And what do we have to show for their binge? Lots of "state of the art" school buildings (a fellow Arlingtonian jokes that he reaches for his wallet every time he hears the words "state of the art" or "world class" emanate from our county board) although with no evidence of higher educational achievement, and new speed bumps every 20 feet on our residential streets. The latter are referred to as "traffic-calming measures"—but in my experience they aggravate more drivers than they calm, and are no doubt proving a windfall for the auto repair shops specializing in springs and shocks.

The *Washington Post* reported last fall that the county was curtailing one program known as Community Spokes. As the *Post* told it, the program "gave Arlington high school and middle school students the chance to learn [repair] skills from an experienced bike enthusiast." They'd spent $500,000 on this boondoggle over the previous five years, but according to a county official, "the number of regular participants had dwindled to three." You might think such an expenditure of public funds is indefensible, but you would be wrong. One parent of a participant spoke up to say: "I think you can't place a value on the mentoring relationship." To the contrary: Until it came to its senses, my county had placed a value on that relationship to the tune of tens of thousands of dollars per turn of the spoke wrench.

So, to the next Howard Jarvis, wherever you are out there, you can count on me. I'll sign a petition, I'll send money—for the good of the cause, I'll even wear a sandwich board. Not a leisure suit, though, or bell-bottoms or six-inch-long collars—some aspects of the 1970s are far too hideous ever to be allowed back in our lives.

Richard Starr



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Jelani Aliyu

Jelani Aliyu

Lead Exterior Designer, Chevrolet Volt

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Don't Abandon the Iraqis

From time to time, nations face fundamental tests of character. Forced to choose between painful but wise options, and irresponsible ones that offer only temporary relief from pain, a people must decide what price they are willing to pay to safeguard themselves and their children and to do the right thing. America has faced such tests before. Guided by Abraham Lincoln, we met our greatest challenge during the Civil War and overcame it, despite agonizing doubts about the possibility of success even into 1864. The Greatest Generation recovered from the shock of Pearl Harbor and refused to stop fighting until both Germany and Japan had surrendered unconditionally. A similar moment is upon us in Iraq. What will we do?

America has vital national interests in Iraq. The global al Qaeda movement has decided to defeat us there—not merely to establish a base from which to pursue further tyranny and terror, but also to erect a triumphant monument on the ruins of American power. Al Qaeda claims to have defeated the Soviet Union in Afghanistan, and its recruiting rests in part on that boast. If America flees the field of battle against this foe in Iraq, al Qaeda will have gained an even more powerful recruiting slogan. That is why al Qaeda fighters from across the Muslim world are streaming into Iraq and fighting desperately to retain and expand their positions there. Al Qaeda does not think Iraq is a distraction from their war against us. Al Qaeda believes Iraq is the central front—and it is. To imagine that America can lose in Iraq but prevail in the war against jihadism is almost like imagining that we could have yielded Europe to the Nazis but won World War II.

Al Qaeda is not our only enemy in Iraq, however. Iran has chosen to fight a proxy war against us there, determined to work our defeat for its own purposes. Iranian weapons and even advisers flow into Iraq and assist our enemies, both Sunni and Shia, to kill our soldiers and attempt to establish control over Iraq itself. This Iranian support is not the result of a misunderstanding that could be worked out if only we would talk to the mullahs. It is the continuation of nearly three decades of cold war between Iran and the United States that began in 1979 with an Iranian attack on the sovereign American soil of the U.S. embassy in Tehran. The states of the Arabian Gulf are watching closely to see who will win. If Iran succeeds in driving America from Iraq, Iranian hegemony in the region is likely. If that success is combined with the development of an Iranian nuclear weapon, then Iranian hegemony is even more likely. Dominance of the Middle East by this Iranian regime would be very bad for America. And a nuclear arms race in which Arab states tried to balance against Iranian power would also be very bad for America.

Iranian support of our enemies in Iraq is not the result of a misunderstanding that could be worked out if only we would talk to the mullahs. It is the continuation of nearly three decades of cold war between Iran and the United States.

These are the obvious American stakes in the fight in Iraq, and they are high enough to justify every possible effort to succeed there. But there are reasons to keep fighting even beyond these geopolitical considerations. On a recent trip to Iraq, I saw the human stakes in this struggle. I spoke with the commander of the 8th Iraqi Army Division in Diwaniyah, Major General Othman. He is a Shia, commanding a heavily Shia unit in an entirely Shia area. I asked him what was the most serious challenge he faced. He answered at once: Shia militias. General Othman stands strongly for an Iraq ruled by law, in which the government holds a monopoly on the use of force, and in which Sunni and Shia are treated equally. He has put his beliefs to the test of battle. When he saw that members of Moktada al-Sadr's Shia militia, the Mahdi Army, had taken control of the city of Diwaniyah, he conducted a large-scale clearing operation with the help of American forces and drove them out. General Othman

now holds Diwaniyah, where the people can breathe free again, subject neither to that militia nor to any other. There is no turning back for General Othman. The Mahdi Army is determined to kill him and his family, and they will do so if we do not continue to support him. The life of this decent man is in our hands.

In Iskandariyah, I met Major General Qais, the commander of the Babil Province police forces. I asked him the same question, What is your greatest challenge. Without hesitation, he, too, said: Shia militias. The Iraqi police are known to be infiltrated by Shia militia fighters, but General Qais has molded a force that he uses against those very militias on a daily basis. He has survived attempts on his life, and he and his family are under constant threat. They, too, rely on America to help them fight the agents of Iran who seek to defeat us. Across Iraq today, decent people are standing up and identifying themselves. They are reaching out to us, working with us, and fighting alongside us against our enemies, even against the powerful Shia militias. If we abandon them now, they will be tortured and killed, along with their families, by the militias. We will have exposed every decent person in the country to destruction.

For the fact is that the democratic government of Iraq is an ally—and a strong ally—against al Qaeda. Against al Qaeda, Iraqi leaders from government, civil society, the military, and the police are implacable. Even the Sunni Arabs, who once provided al Qaeda safe haven and support, have turned against the terrorists. Thousands of Sunni Arabs in Anbar, Salahaddin, Diyala, Babil, and even Baghdad have reached out to the Coalition and the Iraqi government, offering to fight the *takfiris*, as they call al Qaeda. Anbar Province, whose Marine intelligence officers had virtually given it up only last year, is now lost to al Qaeda. Thousands of Iraqis have died fighting al Qaeda. When al Qaeda attacks recruiting centers, health clinics, government buildings, and military and police outposts, the Iraqis do not run home. They run back into the battle, to fight harder. But they continue to need our help. If we abandon them, al Qaeda terrorists will barbarically punish those who have opposed them. They may even so terrorize the people that they are able to establish a home in part of Iraq. That is certainly their aim. We cannot allow them to succeed.

The democratic government of Iraq is a strong ally against al Qaeda. Against al Qaeda, Iraqi leaders from government, civil society, the military, and the police are implacable.

But the stakes are even higher than these. I had the chance to walk through the market near Haifa Street the other day. Only in January, the streets of this mixed Sunni-Shia neighborhood featured day-long gun fights between al Qaeda terrorists and U.S. and Iraqi soldiers. American forces have not yet finished clearing the neighborhood. Nevertheless, I walked through the market with Lieutenant General Ray Odierno, commander of Multi-National Corps-Iraq, retired General Jack Keane, Colonel Bryan Roberts, the local brigade commander, my wife, Kimberly Kagan, Colonel H.R. McMaster, and several other American soldiers and civilians. With a handful of armed soldiers as escort, and attack helicopters circling overhead to guard against snipers known to be in the area, we walked through the meandering market. The American brigade commander was well known to the locals, who greeted us all, "*Salaam aleikum, wa aleikum es-salaam*." Smiling children darted through our group, surrounding us, begging for candy, for my wife's sunglasses, for one of General Odierno's stars ("Just one, please—you have three"). We walked through a crowded pool hall and past tables of men playing dominoes. Pool players patiently tried to make their shots despite our interruption; old men slammed dominoes on the table triumphantly and tried to get us to play with them.

But the most moving scenes were in some of the worst neighborhoods of the city. Our uparmored Humvees rolled through Ghazaliyah and Dora, two Sunni neighborhoods heavily infiltrated with al Qaeda and under pressure from Shia militias. There are few services in these neighborhoods, and IED attacks and killings had been regular features until very recently. We walked through raw sewage in the streets and saw bullet and bomb holes in the buildings. But to my amazement, we also saw children in those streets who did not glare or run or stand dourly as the occupiers passed. Instead they smiled and waved, asking for candy or just saying hello. Even in the worst places in Iraq, we have not lost the children. They still look to us with hope. They still expect us to deliver them from death and violence. They still believe that we will honor our commitments to their parents.

What will happen if we abandon these children? Death will stalk them and their families. Al Qaeda will attempt to subjugate them. Shia militias will drive them from their homes or kill them. And they and their neighbors, and everyone in the Middle East, will know we left them to their fate. Everyone will know, "Never trust the Americans." Everyone will warn their children, "The Americans will only betray you." We will cement our reputation as untrustworthy. We will lose this generation not only in Iraq, but throughout the Middle East. And we will have lost more than our reputation and our ability to protect our interests. We will have lost part of our soul.

—Frederick W. Kagan, for the Editors

The Undeclared Candidate

Fred Thompson debates Michael Moore rather than the other Republicans. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

As the ten declared Republican presidential candidates traveled to Columbia, South Carolina, last Tuesday to participate in a nationally televised GOP debate, Fred Thompson stayed home. While the announced candidates put on suits, smiled, and fielded questions about Iraq, taxes, and terrorism, Thompson shot a homemade video to be posted on the Internet responding to a frivolous attack from lefty filmmaker Michael Moore.

To some, it was an odd decision. Why would Thompson choose to engage a hack propagandist looking for publicity while his would-be rivals discussed the important issues of the day at a forum designed to make them look "presidential" (even with Ron Paul on the stage)? It would take several days, but by week's end the answer would be clear.

Here's the backstory. Moore is preparing to release a new "documentary" on the U.S. health care system. He traveled to Cuba for some of the filming in an effort to contrast the care available to Americans with that provided by Fidel Castro's regime. (In Moore's world, the comparison favors Cuba. Seriously.) Thompson criticized the trip. Moore, seizing on a detail from a story in THE WEEKLY STANDARD last month—that Thompson's office features many boxes of Montecristo cigars—wrote a letter to Thompson suggesting the former senator is a hypocrite for liking to smoke Cubans. Moore challenged Thompson to a debate on health care. The letter was first reported Tuesday morning on the *Drudge Report*, the news website once derided by mainstream reporters as too gossipy and now has become the most important political site on the Internet.

Two of Thompson's informal advisers made their way out to his Northern Virginia home with a cameraman and an Apple laptop. As they did, Thompson composed a response in his head. When they arrived, he did a quick run-through as they set up, and then recorded the 38-second video in one take. There was little discussion of the wisdom of a response. Thompson wanted to do it as soon as he heard about the letter from Moore, and four hours later his response was online.

"You know, I've been looking at my schedule, Michael, and I don't think I have time for you," said Thompson, sitting in a leather chair, chomping on a big cigar. "But I may be the least of your problems. You know, the next time you're down in Cuba visiting your buddy Castro, you might ask him about another documentary filmmaker. His name is Nicolas Guillen. He did something Castro didn't like and they put him in a mental institution for several years, giving him devastating electroshock treat-

Stephen F. Hayes is senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

ment. A mental institution, Michael. Might be something you ought to think about."

The video response, released to the *Breitbart.tv* website and also linked on Drudge, was played more than 200,000 times that day. By the end of the week, that number would have more than tripled. Conservative blogs posted the video with their own commentary on Moore and Thompson, the former deemed moronic and the latter most excellent.

It wasn't just the Internet. CNN ran the Thompson video in full the next day. So did MSNBC. The Associated Press distributed a story about the confrontation on its wire. The *New York Daily News* highlighted the exchange and, more important, so did the *Des Moines Register*. That night, Fox News Channel's Bill O'Reilly replayed part of the video on his ratings-topping show and discussed it at length in his "Impact" segment. Said O'Reilly, "I'm giving it a win for Fred Thompson."

The GOP debate went well. Both Rudy Giuliani and John McCain turned in strong performances, and Mitt Romney, the clear winner of the first contest, didn't do anything to hurt himself. Still, Thompson's tête-à-tête with Moore ensured that he was mentioned in post-debate analysis. *National Journal*'s *Hotline*, the insider's guide to campaign reporting and analysis, put it this way: "Thanks to Michael Moore, Fred Thompson may have upstaged the entire GOP field without even showing up to 5/15's debate." Thompson was named the winner of the debate in an unscientific poll on Glenn Reynolds's high-traffic conservative/libertarian blog, *Instapundit.com*. And on it went.

When Thompson and his advisers talk about running a "different kind of campaign," this is what they mean. They believe he can use the Internet—in videos, audio files, and written commentary—to communicate directly with voters. His message will be unfiltered and therefore somewhat protected from mischaracterization by a left-leaning press corps in Washington. Campaign events will be filmed and posted so that interested parties—in this case, very interested parties—can see for themselves whether a Thompson performance was actually "lackluster" or lackluster only in the eyes of reporters. It is all part of Thompson's plan.

And Thompson is planning to run for president. His friends and advisers have moved on from the will-he-won't-he talk of just a month ago. Now, they speak of an exploratory committee. Barring some new unforeseen obstacle, he will be in by late June.

Thompson has had a timeline in mind ever since he told Chris Wallace in early March that he was seriously considering a bid. Despite lots of advice about the timing of an announcement—most of it unsolicited—his timeline remains largely unchanged. (When I pressed him on whether he'd be a full-fledged candidate by the Iowa straw poll in Ames on August 11, Thompson demurred, saying only that he was well aware of the date.)

The current challenge is to keep uncommitted Republicans and other potential supporters in the uncommitted camp. Underneath the smiling public faces, Republican candidates have been engaged in a ferocious battle to secure endorsements, to build organizations in early primary states, and to land top fundraisers. Elected officials who have not yet committed to one of the announced candidates are being encouraged by those candidates—in some cases threatened—to do so soon, so as to keep them from waiting for a possible Thompson announcement.

Even as Thompson gets pressure to accelerate his schedule from those folks and others, he seems content to do things his own way. And he makes no apologies about the cigars, either.

"As to the cigars, they are the result of the generosity of a friend of mine who gives me a few from time to time. We intend to see to it that they are destroyed over the next few months." No doubt one at a time. ♦

What Falwell Wrought

Just the biggest voter realignment in modern history. BY JEFFREY BELL

To gauge the impact of Jerry Falwell—or, more precisely, the political realignment he was a central figure in precipitating—it is helpful to review the voting behavior of conservative white Protestants in the presidential elections between 1976 and 1984, the years when Falwell's political influence emerged from nowhere and reached its peak.

Jimmy Carter's capture of the Democratic presidential nomination in 1976 was important on several levels. Above all else it was a step back from the McGovern nomination of 1972, which was seen by millions of socially conservative Democrats as not merely antiwar but countercultural. (The most memorable unofficial slogan of that year, after all, accused the Democrats of favoring "acid, amnesty, and abortion"—two out of three referring to social issues.) Carter was the first presidential nominee of either party in many cycles to talk unapologetically about his religious faith, which he described as "born again."

Carter became the first southern politician to win the presidency without ascending from the vice presidency since the 1840s. A centerpiece of this achievement was a strong Democratic showing at the ballot box among theologically conservative Protestants. Exit polling by religion was not as explicit as it later became, but most analysts estimate Carter won between 60 and 65 percent of Bible-believing white Protestant voters. A reasonable estimate is that the Carter-Mondale ticket carried these voters by a margin of 25 percentage points.

Bettmann / Corbis / Ron Edmonds

Falwell and Reagan in October 1980

In 1980, the national network exit poll found the same Carter-Mondale ticket losing these voters to Reagan-Bush by roughly 25 percentage points. Then in 1984, the Mondale-Ferraro ticket lost them by 62 percentage points (81-19 percent).

Thus the swing in terms of partisan margin among theologically conservative white Protestants was a breathtaking 87 points—from a Democratic margin of 25 points in 1976 to a Republican lead of 62 points in 1984. By way of comparison, the margin swing in the electorate as a whole was 20 points—from Carter-Mondale's 2-point victory in 1976 to Mondale-Ferraro's 18-point defeat in 1984.

These numbers might suggest that the entire GOP presidential gain between 1976 and 1984 could be accounted for by the striking change among the roughly 20 percent of the electorate classifiable as Bible-believing white Protestants. In pure statistical terms this is true, and much was happening in the campaigns of 1980 and 1984 to explain the shift in terms of social issues and the status of religion in American life.

Of course, Bible-believing, socially conservative voters care about other issues as well. If Ronald Reagan had not offered plausible positions on the economy and foreign policy, his appeal on social/religious issues would have been less salient, if not irrelevant.

In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that until the 1960s, this group had *never* voted on social/religious issues. Conservative Protestants had felt unwelcome in the public square ever since atheist attorney Clarence Darrow's humiliation of three-time Democratic presidential nominee William Jennings Bryan, a Fundamentalist, in a Tennessee trial on the teaching of Darwinian evolution in 1925.

In the four decades or so centered on World War II, social and religious issues were at most a limited factor in national politics. On economic issues, religious voters behaved like most other voters, if anything leaning a bit Democratic. Only with the challenge to traditional values that characterized the 1960s did this begin to change.

The rise in social issues was accom-

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panied by a challenge to the role of religion in the public square, led by judicial elites. The Supreme Court's 6-1 decision in 1962 effectively outlawing spoken prayer in the public schools came as a particular shock.

There has been much debate in conservative circles as to what caused such a swift collapse of Democratic strength among religious voters in the later 1970s. Jimmy Carter's IRS announced it would revoke the tax exemption of Bible schools that were found to be segregated. Coming from a born-again president, this was felt by many to be almost a personal betrayal.

More broadly, the post-1976 debate on abortion became more and more polarized between the two major parties. In 1980, the nomination of Ronald Reagan coincided with the first undiluted pro-life plank in the Republican party's platform, while Democrats were moving decisively in the opposite direction. In 1984, there were several weeks following the two party conventions when Geraldine Ferraro was debating abortion with Catholic bishops at the same time as Walter Mondale was decrying the stepped-up political activities of Protestant clergymen and calling Reagan an ayatollah for welcoming them.

The realignment of conservative Bible-believing Protestants in these years is rightly associated with such names as Ed McAteer, Paul Weyrich, and Pat Robertson. But it was Jerry Falwell's voter registration drive that had the most frankly political content. The very name of his group, which led the drive, the Moral Majority, spoke for itself in stark terms that left little room for ambiguity.

Though Falwell himself sometimes came across as eccentric in the years leading up to his death last week, his impact is still being felt in, for example, the pivotal role of "values voters" in the 2004 presidential election and the Supreme Court's recent 5-4 vote upholding a ban on partial-birth abortion. Because of Falwell and the social earthquake he helped make happen, American politics will never be the same. ♦

Crying Wolfowitz

. . . while the United Nations bankrolls dictators.

BY CLAUDIA ROSETT

For two of Paul Wolfowitz's most prominent critics, Mark Malloch Brown and Ad Melkert, the war over the World Bank presidency could not have come at a better time. Whatever else the ousting of Wolfowitz has achieved, it has done plenty to distract from the North Korea Cash-for-Kim scandal that just four months ago was threatening to engulf the United Nations agency piloted for the past eight years first by Malloch Brown and now largely by Melkert.

That agency is the U.N. Development Program, or UNDP, and especially in light of the U.N. system's sudden interest in ethics, it deserves a lot more attention. Run by Malloch Brown from 1999-2005, the UNDP is now home to Melkert—previously head of the ethics committee at the World Bank—who has worked since early 2006 as its hands-on manager and number two man to the often-traveling administrator, Kemal Dervis.

Despite its generic name, the UNDP is not just any old U.N. agency (or "programme," in U.N. parlance). It is the alpha in the U.N. alphabet soup, the U.N.'s flagship in the developing world. Its administrator is the third-highest-ranking official in the U.N. system, and the UNDP is angling to serve as top boss of all other U.N. agencies in the field. For years, the UNDP has enjoyed an image as the model of a modern, more efficient U.N.—product of the "reforms" and vast expansion of both its budget and braggadocio under Malloch Brown.

The reality is a lot less wholesome. Operating with even less transparency than the opaque U.N. Secretariat, and now channeling more than $5 billion per year worldwide in the name of development (at least $245 million of that contributed by U.S. taxpayers), the UNDP has made a practice of bunking with dictators from Algeria to Zimbabwe. It has done this while maintaining internal oversight controls lax enough to embarrass Enron in some cases. This January, in the Cash-for-Kim scandal, the UNDP got caught playing sugar daddy to North Korea's nuclear extortionist regime of Kim Jong Il. It further emerged that while forking over hard currency to Kim, UNDP officials in Pyongyang had been storing counterfeit U.S. banknotes in their own office safe.

What has not been disclosed until now is that the UNDP in Pyongyang was also busy shepherding and bankrolling "study tours" of the U.K. and Europe for North Korean arms experts, stocking Kim Jong Il's research libraries with specialized publications on global security matters, and dispensing funds on behalf of other U.N. agencies for such ventures as sending North Korean officials to a three-week conference on "statistics" in Iran. This went on even after North Korea's U.N.-denounced missile and nuclear bomb tests last year.

And though the U.N. has treated Cash for Kim as an anomaly (recently suspending UNDP operations in Pyongyang, but nowhere else), the program's odd activities hardly begin and end with North Korea. The UNDP is also supporting such endeavors as an upgrade for the state-owned national airline of Syria, a mullah-approved official youth group in Iran, and a network of women's

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groups in Burma that were recently accused of shaking down impoverished villagers for forced membership fees. In Zimbabwe, the UNDP is embroiled in unproven allegations that its vehicles have been used for smuggling from a diamond mining venture it has been supporting—which raises the question of why the UNDP is involved in diamond mining at all.

In defense of such dubious activities, plus many more (such as the time it got caught in 2005 bankrolling anti-Israel propaganda in Gaza), the UNDP has issued a stream of denials and prevarications—including the notion that one has to break a few eggs to make an omelette.

Such outrages are the natural result of the UNDP's ever expanding mission to plan every developing economy on the planet. UNDP programs are crammed with new-age U.N. jargon about "capacity building," "national partners," and "millennium development goals." What they're really talking about is old-style, top-down central planning, done by UNDP-ocrats in cahoots with their high-level counterparts in client governments. What the Soviet Union called five-year plans, the UNDP calls "Multi-Year Funding Frameworks."

Especially pernicious are the UNDP policies known as "country ownership" and "national execution." Under these arrangements, which account for the bulk of its projects worldwide, the UNDP turns over resources and on-site responsibility to client governments (charging "cost-recovery" fees in the process). The idea is that the UNDP, by encouraging client governments to design and run their own "development" projects, will persuade the likes of Zimbabwe's dictator, Robert Mugabe, or the Burmese military junta to shape up. Too often, especially in the most corrupt and repressive countries, the result is that the UNDP rolls over, shoveling money and materials into the hands of national officials, taking a cut for its services, and slapping on top a UNDP seal of good housekeeping. The specifics of many of these projects are shrouded from public view under such stock labels as "Energy and Environment," or "Capacity Building for Development Cooperation" (the name of the UNDP project that in January covered the $12,000-plus business class airfare for a North Korean official to attend a UNDP board meeting in New York).

For an outsider, following the more than $5 billion that flows yearly through the UNDP system is like tracking Osama bin Laden through the caves of Tora Bora. Headquartered in New York, across the street from the landmark U.N. complex, the UNDP serves as the U.N.'s main development shop and coordinating network around the globe, employing 7,355 staff plus a host of consultants. The UNDP has offices in 135 countries, programs in 165; and in many capitals its resident representatives have long doubled as emissaries of the U.N. secretary general. (That's why a UNDP mission chief in Ghana was able to help Kojo Annan, son of former Secretary General Kofi Annan, clear a Mercedes duty-free through customs in 1998 under false use of his father's name.) In dispensing funds worldwide—currently $3.7 billion annually for its own projects, and $1.5 billion on behalf of other U.N. agencies—the UNDP handles more than one-quarter of the entire U.N. system's $20 billion annual budget.

To raise money, the UNDP relies not only on "core" donations from member states, but according to its comptroller also operates more than 600 trust funds, some thematic, some country specific, some project specific. None are particularly transparent. There are so-called public-private partnerships, in-kind donations, collaborations and cooperative arrangements with other U.N. outfits, NGOs, and foundations. In effect, the UNDP offers itself as a black box into which donors with almost any aim can contribute money from almost anywhere and have it used under the UNDP label for almost anything they might want to earmark, as long as the UNDP agrees—and apparently it often does. For instance, last year's jaunts abroad for North Korean arms experts were pet projects of the UNDP, the North Korean government, and donors in Sweden and Germany.

Murk pervades this maze. The UNDP does not make its internal audit reports available even to the 36 member states on its own executive board (which mixes democracies such as the United States and Britain with a gang of thugocracies currently including Algeria, China, Russia, Kazakhstan, Pakistan, Guyana, and Belarus, as well as, of course, North Korea). What does seep out is not promising. The U.N.'s largely toothless "external" Board of Auditors, in a report released last year, expressed generic concern at "the increase in project expenditure not audited," and noted that among the nationally executed projects in 2004 and 2005 that *were* audited, reports for some $1 billion worth of spending were submitted late. As of mid-2006, more than one-quarter of these audit reports had yet to be submitted at all.

The UNDP's country offices have websites on which they post generic lists of "sustainable" goals and programs, but stunningly little is disclosed in the way of project details, and almost nothing about spending. At the UNDP's New York press office, staffers can be pleasant and work long hours, but often appear to have trouble obtaining information themselves. In response to pointed queries, the UNDP provided some documentation for two of the 30 projects underway last year in North Korea—including the "disarmament" project described above—then suddenly found it impossible to lay their hands on any more. The UNDP provides no regular press briefings. This month, the UNDP finally announced a financial "disclosure" policy. It is modeled on Annan's farcically empty measures introduced last year for the U.N. Secretariat, in which there is no

requirement to disclose anything to anyone outside the U.N.

Then there's Mark Malloch Brown and the upmarket house he has been renting for years on the suburban New York estate of hedge fund tycoon George Soros—for whom Malloch Brown has now gone to work. Reporters queried Malloch Brown in 2005 about potential conflicts of interest in renting from Soros while running a UNDP that by his own admission was collaborating "extensively" with Soros's network of foundations. Malloch Brown's response was not to provide documentation on what he claimed was an arm's length arrangement. Instead, he denounced reporters for their "bile."

Last year, persistent questioning by Matthew Russell Lee of the Inner City Press finally extracted from the UNDP the information that a book about its own history, commissioned in 2004 by Malloch Brown, had cost the organization $737,000 (including such items as salary and travel money for the author, and purchase of copies from the publisher). The book was a paean to the UNDP, and to Malloch Brown in particular, describing his reforms as a model "of efficiency and effectiveness."

This is the institution and ethos that were at risk of exposure when Cash for Kim hit the headlines. Secretary General Ban Ki-moon, in a brief flash of wisdom, promised an independent audit of the entire U.N. system. But within days, a classic U.N. cover-up had begun. Ban scaled back the inquiry to include only U.N. agencies in Pyongyang, and turned over the job to the housebroken U.N. Board of Auditors, who are expected to deliver their overdue report any day now. The auditors did not visit North Korea. They never even asked for visas.

And so, here we all are, four months later, having heard from U.N. officialdom plenty about the pay package of Paul Wolfowitz's companion at the World Bank, but almost nothing more about the UNDP. At the U.N., they call this development. ♦

Bordering on Progress

How the immigration bill came together in the Senate. BY FRED BARNES

In 2006, with Republicans in control of the Senate, an immigration bill that was anathema to most Republicans passed the Senate by a filibuster-proof margin. Now, oddly enough, with Democrats in charge, the Senate is likely to approve an immigration bill—call it Kyl-Kennedy—that from a Republican perspective represents a major improvement over the earlier bill in almost every conceivable way.

We have three people to thank for this. The first is Senate Republican leader Mitch McConnell, who in January set in motion the process that led to the bipartisan compromise on immigration reached last week. The second is Arizona Republican senator Jon Kyl, who strongly opposed last year's bill but basically wrote this year's. The third is Democratic senator Ted Kennedy, who wanted a bill rather than an immigration club with which to bash President Bush and Republicans, and was willing to make concessions to get one.

Assuming the measure passes in Congress—a dicey assumption at this point—it should save Republicans from further erosion of support among Hispanics. This is crucial to Republican prospects for holding the White House in 2008 and recapturing Congress. The legislation will also give congressional Democrats a legislative achievement to tout. And it may give Bush, long an advocate of immigration reform, a political boost and jack up his approval rating.

But don't be confused about whose bill this is: It's not the White House's. Soon after he became Republican leader, McConnell summoned the Republican senators most involved in the immigration debate. His first question was whether they wanted to enact a bill in 2007. They did.

After a few preliminary meetings, the senators asked if the White House wanted to be actively engaged in negotiations to fashion new legislation. The answer was yes. So two cabinet members, Michael Chertoff of Homeland Security and Carlos Gutierrez of Commerce, joined the sessions. And Chertoff became an especially important player.

The McConnell strategy next called for negotiating with Kennedy. Why Kennedy? Three reasons. One, he's more interested in making progress on the issues that are dear to his liberal heart than he is in exploiting those issues for political gain. Criticize him if you will, but Chuck Schumer he's not. Two, immigration reform *is* dear to his heart. Three, a bill without Kennedy's backing would have no chance of passage.

Republicans and conservatives may be unwilling to acknowledge it, but Kennedy is a towering figure in the Senate. If he's on your side, most Democratic senators will fall in line behind you. And on immigration, the major Hispanic and immigrant groups are very unlikely to buck Kennedy since he has been their most important ally in Congress for more than a generation.

The drive for immigration reform by Senate Republicans was premised partly on the understanding that the estimated 12 million illegal immigrants already in the country are not going to be rounded up and deported. Thus, they must be dealt with as permanent residents. Another premise was that the public is demanding action on immi-

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gration. "I just finished a tough campaign a few months ago and if there was any message from Arizona voters, it was do something about illegal immigration," Kyl said.

Restrictionists agree with Kyl on border security. What they fail to understand is that a bill merely beefing up security cannot pass either a Democratic or a Republican Congress. Restrictionists actually get the kind of border buildup they want in the Kyl-Kennedy bill. Their objection is to what comes with it: the immediate "work authorization" allowing the 12 million to be legally employed, visas permitting them to remain indefinitely, and a path to citizenship.

What do Kyl and his colleagues get besides enhanced border security that includes 370 miles of fence, 200 miles of vehicle barriers, and all kinds of technology to thwart border crossings? In short, what do they get that wasn't in last year's bill? A lot.

The most striking gain is the "trigger" proposed by Republican senator Johnny Isakson of Georgia. It requires that all measures to secure the border be in place and functioning before any other immigration reforms are implemented, such as bringing in 400,000 temporary foreign workers and issuing visas to illegals. Chertoff said it might take 18 months to get all the security improvements in place, but that's wildly optimistic.

Regarding temps, Kyl emphasized that their stints in the United States will be "literally temporary." They must leave after two years, stay away for a year before returning, and won't be eligible for citizenship. Hispanic groups are angry about this.

Another breakthrough came in limiting "chain migration." For decades, even distant relatives of legal immigrants have been given preference in coming here. The new legislation adds a complicated point system that would give the educated and skilled a better chance of entering the United States.

And while the bill offers the possibility of citizenship for illegal immigrants, it's hardly guaranteed. Once the border is certifiably secure, an illegal must qualify for a four-year visa and later renew it for another four years. Then the immigrant must return to his home country to get a green card, which allows him to return and opens the path to citizenship. Meanwhile, there's a $5,000 fine to pay, plus the requirement to learn English. When those and other conditions are met, the person is permitted to go to the *back* of the legal immigrant line and wait.

The immediate response of immigration critics was Pavlovian. It's an amnesty bill, they said. But allowing those who are here illegally and aren't being deported to stay is, at worst, a kind of temporary amnesty. They must qualify for visas or, a White House official says, "they'll be deported."

Though the amnesty charge is sure to be repeated again and again, it may have lost much of its sting. At least Republicans should hope so. They desperately need to put their ugly and bitter debate on immigration behind them. The Kyl-Kennedy bill gives them a chance to do just that. ♦

Pretoria Unguarded

Terrorists take refuge in South Africa.

BY JONATHAN SCHANZER

In early May, South Africa's intelligence minister, Ronnie Kasrils, invited Ismail Haniyeh, Hamas member and prime minister of the Palestinian National Authority, to lead a delegation to South Africa. For good measure, Kasrils also demanded that the international community lift the aid embargo imposed against Hamas since its electoral victory in January 2006. Though sanctions were only to be lifted if Hamas recognized Israel, Kasrils insisted that Haniyeh had gone "a long way to meeting those requirements as we understand them."

This embrace of Hamas should come as no surprise. As long ago as June 2003, South Africa's deputy minister of foreign affairs, Aziz Pahad, met with representatives of Hezbollah. After the meeting, the ministry announced that "clear distinctions" must be made "between terrorism and legitimate struggle for liberation."

Overtures to Hamas and Hezbollah are indicative of Pretoria's utter indifference to the threat of radical Islamic ideologies and violence. The worst consequence of this blindness may be the creation of a safe haven for terrorists in South Africa itself.

According to one reported U.S. intelligence estimate, al Qaeda leaders are operating throughout South Africa. Other reports indicate that terrorists are exploiting the country's banking system, and that South African passports are finding their way to al Qaeda operatives worldwide.

It is only natural, then, that South African jihadists are popping up in terrorist hotspots. In July 2004, Pakistani police arrested two South Africans—Feroz Ibrahim and Zubair Ismail—along with Khalfan Ghailani, who was on the FBI's most wanted list for his role in the 1998 embassy bombings in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. Subsequent investigations have revealed that the pair was plotting to attack the Johannesburg Stock Exchange, the parliament complex in Pretoria, and several other high-profile targets in South Africa.

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Another South African, Haroon Aswat, was tied to the July 7, 2005, London mass transit bombings. After the attacks, Zambian officials detained Aswat, who reportedly had exchanged a spate of phone calls with each of the four suicide bombers before they carried out their deadly attacks. Further research reveals that in the 1990s, Aswat was an assistant to London-based Abu Hamza al-Masri, a one-eyed, one-handed terrorist ideologue tied to al Qaeda groups in Yemen and Algeria. Aswat worked with al-Masri at the radical Finsbury Park Mosque, where a number of other terrorists received their training, including shoe bomber Richard Reid.

More recently, in January 2007, the U.S. Treasury named two South African cousins—Junaid Dockrat and Farhad Dockrat—Specially Designated Global Terrorists for their support to al Qaeda and the Taliban. Farhad, who had been detained in Gambia for suspected terrorist activity in 2005, was identified as having provided nearly $63,000 to al-Akhtar Trust, a charity that was designated in 2003 for providing support to al Qaeda. Junaid was responsible for raising $120,000 for Hazma Rabia, the al Qaeda operations chief killed in Pakistan by the U.S. military in 2005.

After freezing the Dokrats out of the U.S. financial system, Treasury submitted their names to the Sanctions Committee on al Qaeda and the Taliban for designation by the United Nations Security Council. To the chagrin of Washington, rather than pursuing these terrorists, South Africa's foreign affairs minister, Nkosazana Dlamini-Zuma, used his country's new seat on the Security Council to put a hold on the U.N. designations. Thus, while American sanctions might freeze any of the Dockrats' assets that reach U.S. banks (the likelihood of that is now extremely low), the terrorist-funding cousins continue to conduct business in South Africa—and everywhere else in the world except America—with impunity, all the while complaining about how the United States has arbitrarily accused them of funding terrorism.

Pretoria appears to have cast its lot with the two terror suspects, rather than the United States. Aziz Pahad voiced concerns about the designation, claiming that the rights of South Africans need to be defended. Pahad and other officials are asking for more information, which is odd, considering a South African *Sunday Times* report that discussions about the Dockrats has been ongoing between Washington and Pretoria for almost a year.

One cannot say that South Africa is hamstrung by a sizable or influential Muslim population—as is, for instance, France. Whereas some 10 percent of the French population are estimated to be adherents to the Islamic faith, with increasing sway over the Quay d'Orsay (although the election of Nicolas Sarkozy may change this), the Muslim population in South Africa is only about 600,000 out of a population of 44 million, or 1.5 percent.

Even South African Muslim leaders admit there is a problem in their community. As activist Naeem Jeenah writes on his website, "We *do* have people in our community who are sympathetic to al Qaeda and the Taliban; we do have people in our community who hold the same ideologies as those groups."

Indeed, the problem is more systemic. Pretoria and Washington simply do not see eye to eye on virtually any of the critical international security challenges we face today. They have clashed over Iranian nukes (South Africa maintains friendly ties with Iran), the war on terror (South Africa does not agree with the U.S. definition of terrorism), U.N. reform (South Africa appears to be uninterested), and the Arab-Israeli conflict (Pretoria blames Israel).

Some of these policies can be traced to South Africa's identification with the downtrodden. Its population remembers apartheid, and seeks to redress social injustice. There is a deep distrust of the United States, in light of the fact that the State Department labeled the African National Congress (ANC) a terrorist group until the organization was legalized and became a prominent political party in 1990. The State Department's recent charm offensive through public diplomacy has done little to erase that chapter in U.S. history—even though the ANC was unquestionably involved in terrorist acts and had long-standing ties to the terrorist Palestine Liberation Organization, and Nelson Mandela embraced both Yasser Arafat and Muammar Qaddafi as loyal friends and supporters of the ANC.

Given this history, there is a deep distrust of America's Middle East policy, particularly its unwavering support for Israel. When former President Jimmy Carter claims in his latest book that Israel "perpetrates even worse instances of apartness, or apartheid, than we witnessed in South Africa," South Africans sit up and take notice.

South Africa's quest for social justice notwithstanding, a terrorist threat looms inside the country. What has been revealed in the press and in U.S. government actions is likely just the tip of the iceberg. And Pretoria further supports terror by reaching out to murderous groups in the Middle East. As a result, Washington must keep an eye on one more potential source of danger: South Afristan. ♦

Billionaires for Obama

Can private equity funds survive a hostile political environment unscathed? BY IRWIN M. STELZER

There are times when profound changes to our economic system proceed without notice. This might be one of those times. Capitalism is once again doing what it does best—adapting to change. That's what the wheeling and dealing of those billionaire private equity funds is all about. But the emergence of a class of *nouveaux très riches* entrepreneurs, with lifestyles that make investment bankers look underprivileged, has Congress considering new tax rules to stem the tide of private equity deals by raising the tax on profits earned by private equity entrepreneurs from the 15 percent long-term capital gains rate to the ordinary income tax rate of about 35 percent.

As Andrew Roberts points out in his masterful *History of the English-Speaking Peoples Since 1900*, the development of the limited liability company—the modern corporation—"opened up the modern capitalist system that has brought prosperity to every society that has ever properly adopted it." That system has gone through many phases. During the 19th century, huge corporations, many having acquired monopoly power using methods that could not long pass muster with the public, made their appearance. The result was a reaction that produced the antitrust laws, stripping what Theodore Roosevelt called "malefactors of great wealth" of that power and establishing the rules that linked competition to capitalism, creating the socially mobile meritocracy for which America is admired and envied abroad.

In the 20th century these companies grew by raising huge sums in small amounts from widely dispersed shareholders. This allowed corporations to garner economies of scale, but it also created a managerial class independent of the scattered shareholder-owners of the business. As Adolf Berle and Gardiner Means pointed out in 1932 in their classic, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, "The separation of ownership from control produces a condition where the interests of owner and of ultimate manager, may, and often do, diverge, and where many of the checks which formerly operated to limit the use of power disappear."

Unlimited and unaccountable power inevitably produced abuses: executive salaries that bore no relation to performance; mergers that aimed more to aggrandize the executives of the acquiring company than to obtain efficiencies; more attention to executive perks (golf-club memberships, luxurious corporate apartments) than to enhancing shareholder value.

Enter Michael Milken and his corporate raiders, sharks, predators, greenmailers—pick the pejorative of your choice. In the 1980s, Milken created the "junk bond," a perfectly sensible debt instrument that allowed entrepreneurs who did not share a country club membership with their bankers to borrow money to finance the takeover of badly managed companies. These takeover artists ended up both owning and managing the companies they acquired. Faced with the burden of servicing the enormous debt they had incurred, they grounded corporate jets and sold off company wine cellars in order to increase profits and the value of their holdings.

Once again there was a reaction: Highly leveraged balance sheets fell from favor. Corporate managers regained control of their companies, relying, as in the past, on the dispersion of ownership to engage in practices that at minimum did not enhance shareholder value, and at worst landed those executives in jail.

Enter private equity (PE), described by its trade association, the Private Equity Council, as "partnerships formed to acquire large (often controlling) stakes in growing, undervalued or underperforming businesses." Somewhere between 90 percent and 97 percent of the money in these partnerships comes from pension funds, endowments, and individual investors; the balance comes from the entrepreneur known as the general partner.

In addition to the stake that his investment buys, the general partner typically receives another 20 percent of the profits in the deals he engineers to compensate him for his time, knowledge, and talent. When the performance of the acquired company is sufficiently improved and its value enhanced, it is returned to the public market—rather like a tired and obese athlete returning to competition after a stay at a rehabilitation spa.

Just as talented trainers can improve an athlete's performance, so the management talent that is flocking to the private equity firms in response to potentially rich rewards, can tone up flaccid businesses. Douglas Lowenstein, president of the Private Equity Council, last week told the House Financial Services Committee that data from Europe demonstrate that private equity firms grow both sales and employment faster than firms whose shares are publicly traded. Of course, there are also failures, in which case the private equity entrepreneurs and their investors take losses, and the entrepreneurs have some serious explaining to do to potential investors when they try to raise money for their next fund.

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The reach of these firms makes the improvement in performance of the companies they own and manage of significance to the overall economy. KKR, led by Henry Kravis, a big hitter for more than three decades and the man who engineered the $30 billion buyout of RJR Nabisco in 1989, participated in deals worth $120 billion in the first four months of the year, and now controls companies with 565,000 employees and $107 billion in annual revenues. Its rival, Blackstone, led by Steve Schwarzman (he of the $5-$15 million, depending which tabloid you read, 60th birthday party), controls companies with 400,000 employees and $87 billion in revenues.

No one loves a revolutionary, especially one who manages to unnerve the entire industrial/financial establishment. Theodore Roosevelt was hated by entrenched business interests for passing the antitrust laws. Mike Milken was hated by the corpocrats of his time for making it possible for social outsiders, many of them "young, aggressive, and Jewish," according to one description, and therefore ineligible for membership in the better clubs, to take over old-line sleepy companies. Thanks to Milken, the "barbarians" were able to batter down the gates.

The new private equity crowd, in its turn, is facing hostility from three sources. The first is the corporate "establishment," with its usual hostility to the entrepreneurs who are the agents of the "perennial gale of creative destruction" that Joseph Schumpeter claims is "the essential fact about capitalism." For the entrepreneur, adds Schumpeter, "his characteristic task consists precisely in breaking up old, and creating new tradition," motivated by "the will to conquer." That produces what Tom Wolfe calls "the collision of new money and old money or, to be more accurate in the American context, slightly older money."

The second group that feels threatened by private equity is the trade unions, which worry that PE takeovers will mean massive job cuts. Never mind that most studies show that companies acquired by private equity funds grow faster and create more jobs than their publicly traded counterparts.

Finally, we have politicians, always threatened by forces they do not understand, and always worried about developments that increase inequality of income distribution. In the case of the Democrats who now control Congress, obligations to their trade-union supporters, and a strain of that disease, egalitarian redistributionitis, make them suspicious of organizations that spawn billionaires. But because these billionaires are big funders of Democratic candidates, Congress has decided to postpone consideration of any tax changes that would disadvantage these new wealthy potential contributors.

Should Senator Clinton make it back to the White House, these "freshly minted" billionaires might find the tax code changing in ways so unpleasant that they would have to say goodbye to Greenwich, Connecticut, and hello to some Caribbean island.

That might change. Most of the PE crowd is supporting Barack Obama in his fight to wrest the Democrats' presidential nomination from Hillary Clinton. These donors are loaded with "the freshly minted money spawned by the hedge-fund and private-equity eruptions of the new millennium," is the way *New York* magazine put it. Should Senator Clinton make it back to the White House, these "freshly minted" billionaires might find the tax code changing in ways so unpleasant that they would have to say goodbye to Greenwich, Connecticut, and hello to some Caribbean island, London, or another of the offshore locations now being studied by their lawyers. "There will be total retribution if the opportunity presents itself," one Clinton staffer told *New York*.

But the political turmoil created by private equity funds is far less relevant than the economic upheaval. We might, just might, be entering a new phase of capitalism. Firms taken over by private equity funds will have to improve their performance; publicly owned firms competing with them will have to respond by improving their own profitability. Life at the top of corporate America will be less pleasant. Which is what dynamic capitalism is all about—change that discomfits the comfortable.

The anti-private equity crowd, those who fear that these new centers of economic and political power will curtail their own, might take heart from two bits of news. Blackstone, after trumpeting the virtues of private as opposed to public ownership, has decided to go public to raise up to $4 billion. And several of the companies acquired by these funds, after having been made leaner and meaner, are being returned to public ownership. Dealogic, a firm that keeps tabs on these things, reports that of the 69 companies that have gone public this year, 23 were sponsored by private equity firms. They might also find solace in the fact that no tree grows to the sky: If interest rates do as Alan Greenspan expects them to do, and rise, the cost of funding these ventures, which rely on debt for about 60 percent of their capital, will rise, and the role of private equity might well diminish.

So what goes around, comes around, as capitalism proves again its ability continuously to reinvent itself, this time by providing an incentive for private equity funds to snap up companies, do what is necessary to make them efficient engines of progress, and return them to public markets. ♦

Sane Mental Health Laws?

Don't hold your breath. Federal "advocates" are standing in the way of reform. BY SALLY SATEL

It often takes a tragedy to inject some sanity into mental health law. The death of Kendra Webdale is an unforgettable example. In January 1999, Webdale was pushed in front of a New York City subway train by a man with schizophrenia. In her memory, the state legislature quickly passed Kendra's Law to enable courts to compel psychotic individuals with a track record of violence to take their medication.

The Virginia Tech massacre last month will surely prompt changes in commitment laws too. Virginia governor Timothy M. Kaine has created a panel to review events and issue recommendations. The governor's panel will join several other Virginia bodies already reviewing the state's mental health laws.

The most prominent is the Task Force on Civil Commitment. It was established six months ago by the chief justice of the Virginia Supreme Court to scrutinize the state's unusually narrow standard for committing someone to a psychiatric facility against their wishes. (A patient must be "imminently" dangerous—in short, clearly ready to kill himself or someone else—before a judge can mandate treatment.)

The task force proceedings are bitterly contentious. On one side are civil liberties lawyers and disgruntled patients who insist that lowering the "imminent" danger threshold would threaten individual rights. On the other side are psychiatrists caring for people with schizophrenia and bipolar illness and their relatives who have lived through the nightmare of not being able to get timely treatment for desperately ill loved ones.

Contests like this have played out in almost every state at one time or another. But determining the proper scope of involuntary care of the severely mentally ill is not exclusively a state matter. The federal government plays a surprisingly influential role in shaping treatment laws—and in undermining their reform. In fact, a lot of the financial and ideological firepower obstructing common sense reforms comes from the nation's lead agency on mental health, the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration (SAMHSA), which is part of the Department of Health and Human Services.

Consider a program called Protection and Advocacy for Individuals with Mental Illness (P&A). Established in 1986, the P&A program began with a laudable mission—to investigate allegations of patient abuse, neglect, and rights violations on hospital wards or in residential facilities. The announcement last month of a federal probe into overcrowding and maltreatment at Georgia's state mental hospitals shows this shameful problem is very much alive. However, the program mission soon began tilting away from protection of institutionalized patients toward an autonomy-at-any-cost version of advocacy. As Rael Jean Isaac and Virginia Armat documented in their 1990 book *Madness in the Streets*, the P&A quickly devolved into a "playground for anti-psychiatric activists."

The P&A program operates as 50 state agencies working with $34 million a year from SAMHSA, or about one-tenth of the agency's discretionary mental health budget.

Some examples of P&A activities include:

* In 2006, the New Mexico P&A helped stall state legislation for court-ordered outpatient treatment. To help move things along, the city of Albuquerque passed its own compulsory outpatient treatment law following a spate of local tragedies, including a 2003 incident in which a police officer was shot in the head by a psychotic man who wrested her gun away. The New Mexico P&A rushed in again, this time to sue the city, claiming it did not have authority to pass such a law. A judge agreed, saying that the statute had to be passed by the state. Legislators responded by introducing another bill in the 2007 session—only to have the P&A help kill it in committee this March.

* In California, the P&A sought to undermine Laura's Law, named for Laura Wilcox, a 19-year-old college sophomore shot to death along with two others in 2001 by a paranoid man who had refused treatment. When Los Angeles County experimented with outpatient commitment in 2004, the P&A sued to stop them. The case was settled the next year, but now other California counties are leery of implementing the law for fear of being sued by the P&A.

For its part, SAMHSA is silent on the subject of court-ordered outpatient commitment. The agency promotes a treatment philosophy called the "recovery model," which holds that with sufficient therapy, housing options, and employment programs, patients with schizophrenia or manic-depressive illness will be able to take charge of their lives.

To be sure, a lot of patients will, but the recovery model is a dangerous one-size-fits-all fantasy that ignores the toughest cases, like the men who killed Kendra Webdale and Laura Wilcox. Granted, such severely disturbed people are a small minority of all individuals with mental illness.

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Nonetheless, they often require heavy doses of paternalism.

Studies suggest that roughly half of all patients with psychosis are not fully aware of their illness. The medical term for this phenomenon is anosognosia. It is similar to neglect syndromes in stroke patients who don't acknowledge paralysis of a limb because the regions of the brain required for awareness of the problem are severely compromised. Mercifully, this is reversible to varying degrees with medication, but because patients don't acknowledge illness, they may refuse medication, which, in turn, increases the risk of violence.

And that risk is real. To be certain, most people with schizophrenia pose no danger, but those who are paranoid, delusional, and hear voices are indeed more likely to be violent compared with their more socially withdrawn and apathetic counterparts. Use of drugs or alcohol increases the risk further. The 2006 National Institute of Mental Health Clinical Antipsychotic Trials of Intervention Effectiveness study, which surveyed patients over a six-month period, found that psychotic individuals committed acts of "serious violence" (e.g., assault or threat with a lethal weapon, assault with injury, or a sexual assault) at three to nine times the rate of patients whose florid psychotic symptoms were under control. The latter subgroup, data from other studies suggest, are no more likely than the general population to commit serious violence. Thus, actively psychotic people are at least three to nine times as likely to be dangerous as the rest of us. Thankfully, despite this elevated risk, only a small minority of people within that subgroup, a little more than 5 percent, actually perpetrated serious violence.

Outpatient commitment can help enormously. In 2005, the New York State Office of Mental Health released an assessment of the first five years of Kendra's Law. Patients participating in the program for at least six months had a marked improvement in a wide range of measurements, including frequency of arrests, hospitalizations, assaults, threats of violence, incarceration, and homelessness. More than twice as many patients took their medication when under court order as before. A raft of studies from states such as North Carolina, Arizona, Iowa, and Ohio, and the District of Columbia have demonstrated similar benefits.

An appalling case of federally funded patient "advocacy" run amok was exposed just this month. On May 3, Robert Bruce of Caratunk, Maine, testified before the state legislature about his 25-year-old son, William. The young man had been a patient at Riverview Psychiatric Center from February to April 2006, where he had been committed after assaulting his father. Mr. Bruce and his wife were afraid of their son and begged the hospital to medicate him with the antipsychotic that had previously quelled his paranoia and aggression.

But William wanted to leave the hospital. Advocates from the Disability Rights Center, Maine's federally funded P&A, pushed for his release despite dire warnings from psychiatrists ("I find myself extremely concerned about this young man's potential for violence," reads one of many explicit notes in the medical record).

Nonetheless, the advocates insisted that William was "competent" for discharge and openly coached him—as a lawyer would his client—on how to placate the doctors so they'd let him go. William prevailed, and Riverview discharged him on April 20. Exactly two months later he murdered his mother with a hatchet. In his wrenching testimony before Maine legislators, Robert Bruce emphasized "the role that the patient advocates played in this tragedy."

In the wake of the Virginia Tech shooting, there has been murmuring on Capitol Hill of forthcoming proposals to better equip state mental health systems to manage the severely mentally ill. President Bush has already appointed HHS secretary Mike Leavitt and Education secretary Margaret Spellings to conduct an inquiry on what went wrong.

Unless SAMHSA miraculously reforms itself quickly (and Congress could help things along by prohibiting P&A's from lobbying state legislatures on mental health laws), a much less overbearing federal role might be the best thing to hope for from this process. It is disgraceful that, to date, the lead federal agency on mental health care has not been able to grasp the complexity of severe mental illness and has failed to keep its watchdog component from harming the vulnerable souls it is entrusted to protect. ♦

"It seems odd that an amendment requiring Congressional authorization for military action against Iran would have less support than an amendment preventing the Pentagon from planning for such action. If a member of Congress is worried that the Bush administration is preparing for a possible strike against Iran's nuclear facilities—which the administration would be unbelievably foolish not to do—then wouldn't that representative also want to require that the Bush administration seek Congressional approval before putting those plans into action?"

The Memorials We Deserve

Flight 93 reminded us that America still produces heroes. Too bad we don't also produce worthy monuments for them.

By Jonathan V. Last

When the design for the Flight 93 permanent memorial in Shanksville, Pennsylvania, was first announced in September 2005, there was a minor eruption. The winning plan, titled "Crescent of Embrace," was remarkable. Like many modern monuments, it was intentionally antisymbolic. Nothing about it would evoke the heroism of the passengers who rushed the hijackers of their plane on September 11, 2001, likely sparing the U.S. Capitol or White House from a direct hit. The proposed monument, composed of trees, fields, and a wetland area, had more in common with Yellowstone National Park than, say, the Lincoln Memorial. Yet for all their studied indifference to symbolism, the designers inadvertently created one very large and inappropriate symbol: From the air, the red maple trees that dominated the memorial formed an enormous crescent, which, coincidentally, is the most common emblem of Islam. During the final seven seconds before Flight 93 dove into the ground, the cockpit voice recorder captured a terrorist shouting "Allah is the greatest" nine times.

Corbis / Jason Cohn

A U.S. Marine looks at the Temporary Flight 93 Memorial, near Shanksville, Pennsylvania. It will be removed during construction of the permanent memorial.

Many people, conservative columnist Michelle Malkin and Rep. Tom Tancredo prominent among them, objected to the "Crescent of Embrace," seeing it as a sign of capitulation to the enemy. Eager to avoid controversy, the National Park Service and the architects went back to the drawing board and hastily rejiggered the plan, changing its title and adding more trees so as to turn the "crescent" into a "bowl." Critics of the original design were mostly mollified and the long march toward construction continued.

The crescent flare-up took on the aspect of a skirmish in the culture war, but the process of planning that produced the sadly antiheroic Flight 93 National Memorial is a more complicated story than a simple conflict between left and right, between conservatives and multiculturalists. Indeed, it is a depressing tale which suggests that, no matter how noble the deed we set out to commemorate, in modern America we are doomed to get unmonumental memorials.

Jonathan V. Last is online editor of The Weekly Standard.

"I'm on United Flight 93 from Newark to San Francisco. The plane has been hijacked. We are in the air. They've already knifed a guy. There is a bomb on board. Call the FBI."

(Tom Burnett to his wife, Deena, on a cell phone)

As it happens, although the Flight 93 National Memorial is still in the fundraising stage and won't break ground for some time, there is already a memorial next to the Flight 93 crash site. Shanksville, population 245, was transformed on September 11. The tiny town in rural Somerset County became famous when the 40 passengers and crew on Flight 93 fought back against the 4 terrorist hijackers. The plane crashed into an empty field situated between a handful of modest residences and an old strip-mining operation. Within hours, Shanksville was overrun by police, emergency responders, the FBI, the National Transportation Safety Board, and other officials and members of the media. The townspeople and nearby residents immediately went into motion providing for these hundreds of workers, bringing them food and welcoming them into their homes for the duration of the investigation and clean-up, which took several weeks.

Towards the end of September, one of the residents of Shanksville set up a small memorial for Flight 93 in her front yard. She woke one morning to find a bouquet of flowers next to it, with a card that read, "Thanks for saving our lives—The Capitol employees." It was the first of a stream of tributes that would be left in Shanksville.

No one seems to have expected the visitors, but they started coming, by the hundreds, to pay their respects at the crash site. On November 1, 2001, the county established a temporary memorial on a small bluff overlooking the crash site. It was starkly simple: a 60-foot chain-link fence, two poles flying the American and Pennsylvania flags, and a small placard with the names of the dead. After that first winter, the trickle of visitors turned into

Jeremy Glick told his wife Liz that the passengers were taking a vote: Should they try to take back the plane? "Honey, you need to do it," Liz told him. Glick wondered what to use for a weapon. "I have my butter knife from breakfast," he joked.

a large and steady stream. Since then, roughly 130,000 visitors have made their way to Shanksville each year; in 2006, the number grew to 170,000.

The people coming to Shanksville have changed the temporary memorial; visitors have adopted the custom of leaving things behind. The fence is covered with tiny tributes, everything from firemen's helmets to baseball caps to crucifixes to prayer cards. Near ground-level it is not uncommon to see collections of Matchbox cars and other toys left by children. There is a 15-foot cross by the flagpoles now, an array of benches bearing the names of the dead, and a set of 40 small wooden "Freedom Angels." The county administers the temporary memorial, removing and storing mementos when they become weather-beaten and keeping a catalogue of every item that has been left behind.

But it is the townspeople who have volunteered to care for the temporary memorial itself. In the weeks after it was first erected, Shanksville resident Donna Glessner noticed people congregating at the temporary memorial. In January 2002, she stood up in church on a Sunday morning and said that she was going to start a group to take care of the memorial and its visitors. Initially, 17 people volunteered to help her. They called themselves the Flight 93 Ambassadors. The group numbers almost 50 now, and they watch over the memorial during daylight hours, 365 days a year. They shovel snow and put down salt in the winter, they bring jugs of cold water to drink in the summer, and they answer questions from visitors using a short, no-nonsense presentation of the events of that dark day.

As much as anything else, the ambassadors serve

Flight attendant Sandy Bradshaw, who was trained never to spill hot coffee on a paying customer, slipped into the airplane's galley and began filling pitchers with boiling water.

as an honor guard. As one of them told me nearly four years ago, "There are times when I come here and I'm the only one. And I just stand there and look out over the field and think about them. . . . I guess if that was my family member that had died, I would want somebody to care enough to be here, to watch over them."

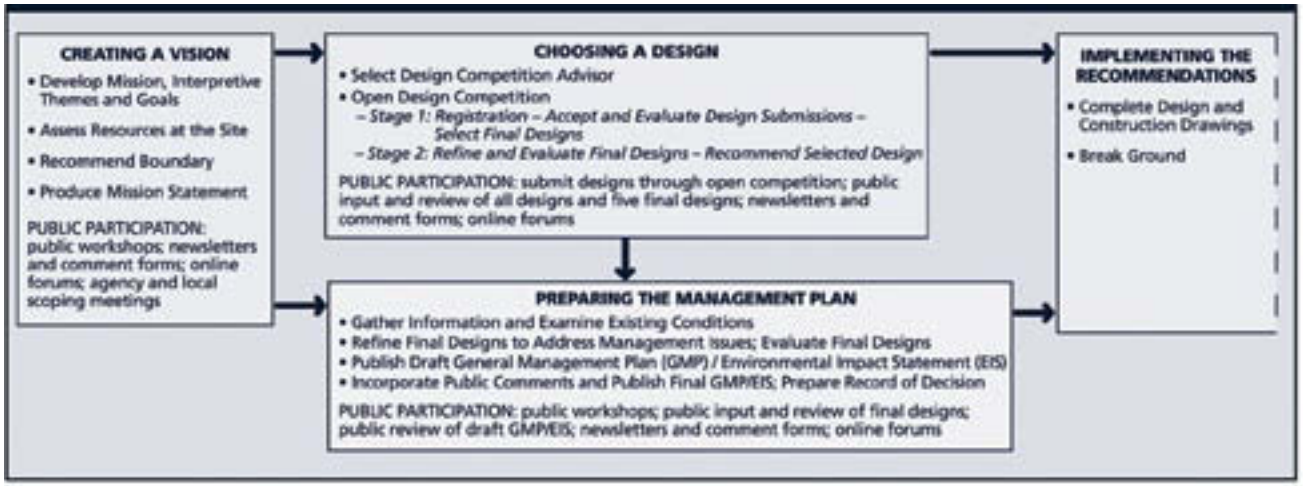
As is its wont, the federal government set out to improve this small piece of perfection. In 2002, Rep. John Murtha and Sen. Arlen Specter assembled the Flight 93 National Memorial Act, calling on the National Park Service to establish a permanent, national memorial in Shanksville. It passed both houses handily and was signed by President Bush on September 24, 2002. The sausage-making then began in earnest.

The act established a governing body called the Flight 93 Advisory Commission, which was charged with collaborating with three other organizations—the National Park Service, the Families of Flight 93 (a nonprofit group), and the Flight 93 Memorial Task Force (a collection of some 80 people, mostly from the Somerset County area). They were given three years to submit a report to the secretary of the interior recommending a design and plan for a permanent memorial. The advisory commission was composed of 15 members, ranging from Flight 93 family members to locals such as Donna Glessner and Pamela Tokar-Ickes, the commissioner of Somerset County, to Daniel Sullivan, the president and CEO of FedEx Ground, to Brent Glass, the director of the National Museum of American History. The commission was to be staffed and supported by the National Park Service.

The first thing the commission did was create a flowchart to help them begin the process of crafting a mission statement, which, when completed, ran three pages long. Its preamble stated, "A common field one day. A field of honor forever."

The mission statement identified seven core goals: honoring the passengers and crew; revering the impact site as their final resting place; commemorating 9/11; celebrating the lives of the passengers and crew; expressing appreciation for their sacrifice; educating visitors; and offering "a place of comfort, hope, and inspiration." Coming up with this list took, by the commission's own account, "several months of workshops, an online forum," and other consensus-building vehicles.

Next, in December 2003, the Park Service filed in the Federal Register a document known in bureaucratese as a Notice of Intent to Prepare a General Management



How a monument is made: The first order of business for the Flight 93 Advisory Commission was the creation of this flowchart.

Shortly before 10 A.M., Tom Burnett called home one last time. "A group of us is going to do something," he told Deena.

Plan and Environmental Impact Statement. This notice was followed by the Flight 93 Advisory Commission's recommendation to the secretary of the interior that the boundaries for the new memorial be set to include some 2,200 acres surrounding the crash site. With these two bureaucratic boxes checked, the commission announced a design competition for the memorial, which opened on September 11, 2004.

One thousand and eleven entries were received by the close of the competition on January 11, 2005. In addition to the mission statement, designers were given three "objectives" from the commission: (1) "Honor the heroes of Flight 93," (2) "Contribute to the dialogue of what a national memorial should be," and (3) "Conceive a message that will reflect on the event that occurred on September 11, 2001, and be timeless in its power and conviction."

While the mission statement required months to craft, an independent jury "comprised of design professionals, family members, and local and national leaders" whittled the field of monument designs down from 1,011 to 5 in just 24 days. The 5 finalists were invited to further refine and expand their proposals, which were then resubmitted in June 2006.

Clearly, the jury knew what it wanted because the finalists shared remarkably similar sensibilities. The design "Disturbed Harmony" was little more than a knee-high, granite "Bravery Wall," running through the field leading to the crash site. "(F)Light" proposed a covered walkway tracing the final few seconds of Flight 93's trajectory. "Memory Trail" was another planned walkway, this time culminating in a visitor's center. The design of finalist "Fields, Forests, Fences" rivaled the film *Snakes on a Plane* in the literalism of its title.

Seen in this company, "Crescent of Embrace" may well have been the best choice. The commission announced on September 7, 2005, that they had chosen the design from Paul Murdoch Architects and Nelson Byrd Woltz Landscape Architects. Stretching out over 1,300 acres, the memorial begins with a tall "Tower of Voices" (which houses 40 wind chimes) by the entrance. Visitors drive past it and down to the parking area near the Crescent (later reconfigured as the Bowl)—a giant circle defined by 40 groves of trees, each of which contains 40 red and sugar maples. Visitors walk through the bowl, toward the crash site, dubbed "Sacred Ground." Here is the proposal's description:

> The gentle slope and bridging over multiple ecologic zones provides not only a singular journey but also multiple pathways to the Sacred Ground. . . . This design best addresses the interface between the public realm of the visitor and private realm of the Sacred Ground while keeping the focus on the content, not on words or imposed symbolism.

Part of the Bowl is designated "Wetlands": "The area will be its own kind of healing landscape, as it will be a habitat full of life. . . . Here visitors will be most aware of continuously connected living systems as the circular path literally bridges the hydrology of the Bowl."

The architects proclaimed that their plan was for a "living memorial" that "offers the visitor space for reflection, learning, social interaction, and healing." An 8,000-square-foot visitors' center (the temple of Lincoln Memorial is only 9,228 square feet) is also part of the scheme. The current temporary memorial is not. It will be demolished when the new memorial is erected, its former site marked only by the retention of a few benches where it once stood. The new memorial is projected to cost $44.7 million.

One of the five finalists in the memorial competition

Leor & Gilat Lovinger and Office of Lawrence Halprin, courtesy of the National Park Service

When he had finished relaying his love for his family, finished praying the Psalm still connected with the outside world. "Are you guys ready? Let's roll," he said. "They're getting ready to break into the cockpit. I love you. Goodbye." "I've got to go. Bye." CeeCee Lyles let out a scream. "They're doing it! Then his wife said something he couldn't

(The quotations above narrating the last minutes of Flight 93

After choosing the Murdoch/Nelson Byrd Woltz design, the Flight 93 Advisory Commission set about justifying the project, compiling a 215-page draft of their General Management Plan and Environmental Impact Statement. The conceit of the report was that the commission was evaluating two options: leaving the temporary memorial as is, or building the new memorial. It is no scandal that the commission's report concluded that building the new memorial was preferred. But the justifications they used were revealing.

(F)LIGHT, one of the finalists

Ken Loom & Design Team of Dennic Fanti, Yvonne Lam, Ivan Ilic, courtesy of the National Park Service

The costs of the two alternatives differed enormously, of course. The as-is option did not mean literally leaving the temporary memorial alone. It would have allocated $450,000 for building a small visitor's center, more parking, and improved access roads. It also would have spent $8 million to formally acquire the 657 acres of land immediately around the crash site (the other 1,605 acres would have been brokered through easements with owners). Since it would have been federalized, the National Park Service would have taken over stewardship from the county and spent $750,000 per year to operate the site.

The proposed new memorial was more expensive. In addition to the $44.7 million construction costs, land acquisition costs were estimated at $10 million and annual operating costs at $1 million.

After detailing these costs, the commission ran through a battery of indexes, gauging the effects of the two alternatives on things such as vegetation and wildlife, public health and safety, visitation to the memorial, and the local economy. These last two categories were of particular interest, since they seemed to be the only two in which the alternatives varied significantly in their impact.

Observing the pattern of visitors to the temporary memorial, the commission estimated that by 2014, the number of visitors would dwindle to just 87,000 annually. By contrast, they projected that the new memorial would raise visitation to a peak of 400,000 people in 2011, before settling at 230,000 yearly thereafter.

Where did these numbers spring from? The commission hired a Penn State economist to create a visitation projection. As a model, two historic sites in Pennsylvania were chosen—the Allegheny Portage Railroad, which underwent a major rehabilitation in 1983, and the Johnstown Flood National Memorial, which was renovated in 1989. The analysis compared post-renovation visitor numbers from those two sites with pre-renovation numbers, averaged them, and then applied that factor to the numbers of visitors already recorded at the Flight 93 temporary memorial.

Aside from the fact that both sites are in Pennsylvania and under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service, it is difficult to think of any similarity between the Flight 93 memorial and the Allegheny Portage Railroad or, for that matter, the Johnstown Flood Memorial. But however imperfect this model, it at least aspired to social science. The pre-

that asked for green pastures and still waters, Todd Beamer put down the phone, Honor Wainio was still on the line with her stepmother. "I need to go," she said. "Everyone's running to first class," Sandy Bradshaw told her husband. They're doing it! They're doing it!" she said. Lorne Lyles heard a scream. understand. Then the line went dead.

***are drawn from the October 28, 2001,* Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*)**

diction that the temporary memorial's attendance would drop to 87,000 a year seems to have been based on intuition.

With these academic projections in hand, the commission fed the presumed attendance figures into a computer model (the Impact Analysis for Planning system). The results were eye-popping: The computer predicted that within five years of beginning construction on the new memorial, an additional $90 million would be pumped into the local economy and 1,134 jobs would be created. The as-is alternative, the computer suggested, would add only $29 million of economic value and create only 817 jobs in the first 8 years. In the long run, the numbers looked even more stark:

AP Photo / Paul Murdoch Architects

Crescent of Embrace, the winning entry

> The economic benefits of Alternative 1 [leaving the temporary memorial as-is] would be minor, whereas the economic difference between Alternative 1 and Alternative 2 [building the new memorial] would be $252 million in total sales within the nine-county region over the 15-year planning period. The projected sales revenue for the nine-county region is expected to amount to $79 million for Alternative 1, compared with $331 million for Alternative 2. Similarly, the value-added component for Alternative 1 would be slightly more than $51 million, compared with a $212 million value-added gain in the region over this same period if a permanent memorial is constructed.

At the end of this bridge of economic assumptions, the commission decreed that "because of the anticipated low economic benefits that would result," the impact of leaving the temporary memorial as is would be "major." Such is the logic of bureaucracy.

The Department of the Interior was satisfied by the arguments of the commission. The planning for the permanent memorial proceeds apace; the Flight 93 National Memorial Capital Campaign has been launched. It needs to raise $30 million before ground can be broken, and, as a practical matter, there seems to be no way to change course now.

At some point in the next few years, the National Park Service will give us its version of the Flight 93 Memorial. It won't have any of the sentimentality of left-behind crosses or rosaries, motorcycle jackets or matchbox cars. Neither will it have any elements of the heroic or the classical—no obelisks or domes or statuary. Instead it will, as the NPS Flight 93 Memorial newsletter soothingly explains, offer the visitor "space for reflection, learning, social interaction, and healing." Not to mention wind chimes. And a spacious visitors' center, too.

To those who prefer their monuments to be monumental, this may come as something of a disappointment, if not an outright betrayal. Even at this late date, seemingly ordinary citizens can perform extraordinary feats, as Flight 93's heroic epic reminds us. The problem isn't that we've run out of heroes in America. We just don't know how to honor them anymore. ♦

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Liberal Hawks, an Endangered Species

What Iraq has done to the interventionists of the Democratic party

By Matthew Continetti

There once was a political subspecies known as the liberal Iraq hawk. These were liberals who saw American interests and ideals at stake in the future of Iraq, and who believed in presidential leadership in waging war. Relatively few in number, the liberal Iraq hawks nonetheless tended to be opinion leaders. Some worked in think tanks or at policy journals, and wrote articles and books in support of the war. Some served in Congress, and voted to authorize and finance it. Democrats in the broader electorate paid attention to the liberal Iraq hawks, and when the war came, and America invaded Iraq, support for intervention among Democrats stood at more than 50 percent.

Not for long. The American-led coalition toppled Saddam's regime only to discover there were no weapons of mass destruction. Baathists, assorted Sunni insurgents, and soon al Qaeda in Iraq began attacking American troops. Saddam was still missing. The Iraqi democratic process was stalled. Back home, the 2004 presidential campaign was underway. The liberal Iraq hawks started moving away from the war, criticizing the decision to fight and the Bush administration's incompetence. And the public followed the liberal Iraq hawks' lead. Support for the war among Democrats plummeted, and even the capture of Saddam on December 13, 2003, failed to revive it. In March 2004 it stood at around 30 percent. By September 2004 it had dropped to around 20 percent. It was all downhill from there.

One by one the liberal Iraq hawks died out. They backed away from Iraq, inch by inch, until they could no longer support an American presence in that embattled country. In November 2005, Jack Murtha, who had voted for the war, pronounced that it was lost and that American troops should return home as quickly as possible. In 2006 the most prominent and consistent liberal Iraq hawk, Joe Lieberman, lost his state party's primary to antiwar challenger Ned Lamont. So far in 2007, Congress has passed an emergency defense supplemental appropriation bill mandating that troops begin withdrawing from Iraq by October 1. Senate majority leader Harry Reid has said Murtha is right and America has lost in Iraq. The most famous liberal Iraq hawk, British prime minister Tony Blair, has announced he will retire from office on June 27.

Meanwhile, the frontrunner for the Democratic presidential nomination, Sen. Hillary Clinton, refuses to apologize for her vote to authorize the use of force. But she, too, has discarded her willingness to continue the fight. She's joined antiwar senator Robert Byrd in calling for the repeal of the congressional authorization for war. And on May 16, 29 Senate Democrats, including the formerly pro-war Clinton, Reid, Christopher Dodd, Joe Biden, John Kerry, and Chuck Schumer, voted to end debate on a motion to cut off funding for the war by March 31, 2008.

The liberal-Iraq-hawk intellectuals are no different. As the war went on, they grew tired of conflict and death. They began to see America as the problem in Iraq, not the solution. Pundits who had written books calling for Democrats to embrace an assertive foreign policy suddenly penned columns defending George McGovern. Columnists who had advocated the invasion of Iraq said the situation was hopeless and began stressing the looming dangers of global warming. The advocates of American power to stop genocide in the nineties argued that the lessons of Bosnia, Rwanda, and Kosovo were inapplicable to the sectarian conflict in Iraq.

Some conservative and moderate Iraq hawks have reversed course and now oppose the war, but not many. A few endangered liberal Iraq hawks remain in captivity, but none occupies a position of influence or prestige. The partisan lines have been drawn. While the former liberal Iraq hawks want to move beyond Iraq, the conservative Iraq hawks argue that Gen. Petraeus must be allowed time to

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implement his new counterinsurgency strategy. While the former liberal Iraq hawks ignore, discount, or dismiss the possible consequences of a U.S. withdrawal, the conservative Iraq hawks argue that the repercussions for American interests, ideals, and honor would be disastrous. The Iraq debate has gone from one in which elite support for the war transcended partisan identification to one in which partisan identification trumps everything.

Animal populations expand, remain in equilibrium, or suddenly vanish. Political animals are no different. The liberal Iraq hawk is extinct. Through the process of political selection, it has mutated and been replaced by another subspecies. Where once there were liberal Iraq hawks there are now liberal Iraq doves.

In early May 2003, a few weeks after the fall of Baghdad, the 2004 Democratic presidential field met in South Carolina for its first debate. Nine candidates appeared on stage. At the time, the three major contenders for the nomination were senators Lieberman and Kerry and congressman Richard Gephardt. All had voted to authorize the war, and each defended his vote in the debate. One other candidate, Senator John Edwards, also supported the war, bringing the total number of Iraq hawks to four. At the time, the five antiwar candidates were all second-tier. Within the antiwar group, however, there were only three candidates who wanted America to leave Iraq—Rep. Dennis Kucinich, former senator Carol Moseley Braun, and Al Sharpton. They were the outliers.

Four years later, in late April 2007, the 2008 Democratic presidential field met in South Carolina for its first debate. There was a reason Kucinich was beaming from the podium that night. What had once been marginal had become mainstream: All eight Democrats on stage supported a withdrawal from Iraq. The major differences were between those who wanted American troops to leave immediately and those who wanted to conduct the withdrawal over a year. That's not exactly what you call diversity of opinion.

What's striking is that the 2008 Democratic presidential field has more candidates who supported the war initially than the 2004 field had. Five of the eight Democrats running for president supported the war in 2002: senators Clinton, Edwards, Biden, and Dodd, and New Mexico governor Bill Richardson. Now these former liberal Iraq hawks have joined Kucinich and Senator Barack Obama, who were against the war from the beginning, in calling for withdrawal. And to demonstrate the degree to which sentiment on the war has shifted left, the 2008 field has a candidate who makes Kucinich seem almost statesmanlike: former Alaska senator Mike Gravel, a McGovernite dinosaur who has risen from the tar pits of obscurity.

The same shift has occurred in Congress. In the House, 81 Democrats voted to authorize the use of force against Saddam Hussein in 2002. Back then, the Democrats were in the minority and the pro-war, midwesterner Gephardt was their leader. Today the Democrats are in the majority, the antiwar, Pacific Coast representative Nancy Pelosi is speaker of the House, and a third of the Democrats who voted for war against Saddam have left Congress, Gephardt among them. More remarkable is the fact that, of the 57 onetime Democratic Iraq hawks who are still in the House, all but 3 voted for the recent supplemental defense appropriations bill calling for withdrawal from Iraq.

The Senate is no different. There, 29 Democrats voted to authorize the use of force against Saddam. Of those, 20 remain in the Senate as Democrats—8 no longer serve, and Lieberman is now an independent who caucuses with Democrats. And of the 20, all except one—Tim Johnson, who has been incapacitated since his stroke last December—voted last month to end the war.

The Democrats' unanimity of opinion on Iraq is stunning. For now, it is matched by a similar unanimity among Republicans that Bush's new strategy must be given a chance to succeed. There were only two Republicans in each chamber who joined the Democrats to call for withdrawal. But there is probably more internal discussion within the GOP about what to do in Iraq than there is within the Democratic party. Most Democrats have made up their mind about what to do in Iraq: Get out.

A cynic would say the Democrats are following the polls, or that the public is once again following cues from elites. But this theory doesn't explain the disappearance of the liberal-Iraq-hawk intellectuals, whose jobs do not depend on election returns. In December 2002 the *New Yorker*'s George Packer wrote about the liberal hawks for the *New York Times Magazine*. The Balkan wars of the 1990s, Packer wrote, had created a new class of liberal intellectuals who argued that military force was the only way to oppose mass slaughter. With the Cold War over, these intellectuals began to see the world not through the prism of defeat in Vietnam, but through the prism of appeasement at Munich. American power, they argued, could be put to good uses, such as the protection of minority populations from genocidal regimes.

The Iraq war presented these liberals with a dilemma. Saddam Hussein had invaded two countries, massacred minority populations within his borders, launched missiles at Israel, kicked out U.N. weapons inspectors, and defiantly pursued weapons of mass destruction. The Bush administration argued that if Saddam were not disarmed he would pose a grave threat in a post-9/11 world. The ques-

tion facing the liberal hawks was whether they should side with a Republican president and advocate armed intervention in Iraq, or argue that containment and inspections remained the best policy. In his article, Packer focused on five intellectuals. Each had supported the American interventions in the Balkans. With varying degrees of enthusiasm, three of them—Christopher Hitchens, Paul Berman, and Leon Wieseltier—were pro-Iraq war (as was Packer). Two of them—David Rieff and Michael Walzer—opposed an invasion.

It may seem as though the Bosnia analogy is more applicable to Iraq today, where coalition forces are the only thing keeping the various sectional, sectarian, and political factions from slaughtering one another. Not to Rieff, who wrote in a *New Republic* symposium last year that the United States should leave Iraq as "quickly as possible." In the same symposium, Walzer called for negotiations between Iraqi political factions, between America, Iraq, Iran, Syria, Turkey, and others, between America and Europe, and between Bush and the Democrats.

By 2006, most of the liberal Iraq hawks Packer wrote about had been chastened by four years of bloody war. In the *New Republic* symposium, Wieseltier wrote that the United States needed to "try anything" to create the conditions for a stable and decent Iraqi society. For his part, Packer skirted the issue of how America should leave Iraq, but wrote that getting out should be our goal, coupled with a generous refugee policy for those Iraqis who had assisted the coalition. Of those Packer had profiled in 2002, only Hitchens and Berman continue to defend the initial intervention.

When you examine the remains of the now extinct liberal Iraq hawks, you discover that all of them, politician and intellectual alike, went through the same evolution. Whether it is Jack Murtha or Harry Reid, John Edwards or Hillary Clinton, George Packer or Jacob Weisberg, on the way to becoming doves the former liberal hawks expressed similar emotions and voiced similar ideas. Just as there are five stages of grief, there are five stages of liberal disavowal of the war.

First comes anger at the Bush administration for its missteps in prosecuting the war. When John Kerry delivered a speech announcing he would vote against the $87 billion for the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan in October 2003, he repeated several times that it was "imperative that we succeed in Iraq," but he could not authorize the funds because Bush had mucked things up.

In a 2004 *Slate* symposium on the Iraq war, Jacob Weisberg wrote that while the Iraq war may have been morally justified, he wasn't "at all sure it was worth the costs." Weisberg didn't blame Bush entirely for the costs of the war, but he did write that those costs "could have been reduced substantially" if President Bush hadn't "gratuitously alienated so many potential allies" and if "arrogance and ideology hadn't prevented his Pentagon team from properly planning for the occupation." And when Hillary Clinton confronted Donald Rumsfeld at an Armed Services Committee hearing in August 2006, she gave a litany of the administration's mistakes: There were not enough troops, the Iraqi army should not have been disbanded, there was little postwar planning, and so on.

The second stage of liberal disavowal is bargaining. Democrats in this stage believe that negotiating with Syria and Iran is the only way for America to extricate itself from Iraq. They believe that Syria and Iran want to stabilize Iraq, even though those regimes show no signs of doing so. Foreign fighters traveling to Iraq go through Damascus, and figures associated with the Quds brigade of the Iranian Revolutionary Guards Corps are conducting offensive operations against American soldiers. Those in the bargaining stage believe negotiations will produce results in the future even if their track record has been lousy. "We need to engage in the robust diplomacy that we haven't been engaged in," Chris Dodd told Brian Williams at the first Democratic presidential debate. "This administration treats diplomacy as if it were a gift to our opponents; a sign of weakness, not a sign of strength." Meanwhile, Bill Richardson wants to convene conferences with Iran and Syria, and with international donors for reconstruction. And Joe Biden wants to do the same, except the focus of his conference would be Iraqi federalism.

The third stage is depression. When Jack Murtha renounced his support for the war in November 2005, he painted a grim picture. "The future of our military is at risk," he said. The military is "stretched thin." The Army is "broken." Recruitment is down. There are shortfalls on U.S. bases. The cost of health care is skyrocketing. Other former liberal Iraq hawks say similar things: Casualties continue to rise, there is no end in sight, America has alienated our friends and reenergized anti-Americanism throughout the globe, the "real war on terror" in Afghanistan has been neglected, Iraq is a recruiting tool for al Qaeda, other nonproliferation threats such as Iran and North Korea have been neglected . . . and so forth. It's more than enough to leave anyone depressed about the state of the world. And if you are a liberal Iraq hawk going through Democratic disavowal, it's more than enough to make you think that the American presence in Iraq is causing more trouble than not.

Next comes acceptance of American defeat. "Iraq cannot be won militarily," Murtha said back in November 2005. In fact, the "presence of U.S. troops in Iraq is

impeding this progress." The only alternative is to withdraw. "This war is lost," Harry Reid said in April. "It is time to reverse the failed policies of President Bush and to end this war as soon as possible," Hillary Clinton said this month while introducing legislation that would sunset the authority for war. "America is losing or has already lost the Iraq war," Jacob Weisberg writes in *Slate*. "The United States has only one card left to play in Iraq," writes Peter Beinart in the *New Republic*. "The threat to leave immediately. . . . We must wield that threat as dramatically as possible, and, if Iraq's leaders don't respond, leave as fast as we humanly can."

The final stage of Democratic disavowal is denial. Democrats in this stage deny that America is fighting al Qaeda in Iraq. They deny that America has used its power to stop civil wars from getting out of hand in the past, and can do so again. They deny that the new "surge" strategy has produced some tenuous positive results. They deny that an American withdrawal from Iraq would be interpreted as a defeat. "This is not America's war to win or lose," Hillary Clinton has said; "This is not win or lose," Biden has echoed. The denials pile up. Democrats in this stage deny the possibility that the situation in Iraq might get worse if America leaves.

Surveying the Democratic foreign policy landscape, one might be tempted to conclude that not only have the liberal Iraq hawks disappeared. So have liberal hawks in general. Public opinion data show that Democratic partisans are far more reluctant than others to deploy American force in the defense of American interests or in the pursuit of American ideals. The energy in the Democratic party is found on the antiwar left, whether on lefty blogs, at Democratic think tanks like the Center for American Progress, or on cable talk shows like *Countdown with Keith Olbermann*. Because of Iraq, Democrats no longer see the world through the prism of Munich. They've gone back to seeing the world through the prism of Vietnam.

It may not be this simple, however. Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama want to increase the size of the Army, a policy on which John Kerry and John Edwards campaigned for the White House in 2004. Obama has said that "all options are on the table" with respect to the Iranian regime's pursuit of nuclear weapons. During the first Democratic presidential debate Obama defended this position against attacks from Kucinich and called a nuclear Iran a "major threat." He reminded his audience that Iran is the "largest state sponsor of terrorism."

Meanwhile John Edwards says NATO should send troops to police the conflict in Darfur. And Hillary Clinton's moderate hawkishness is no secret. She continues to receive briefings from former Army vice chief of staff Gen. Jack Keane, one of the architects of the president's Iraq surge policy. Hers was one of the most important voices urging President Clinton to begin bombing Serbia during the 1999 Kosovo crisis. And she, too, says no option should be taken off the table with regard to Iran.

In an important sense, then, the Democratic presidential candidates have not gone the way of Kucinich and Gravel. Unlike many on the left, the top contenders do not argue that the United States is the cause of the world's problems. Rather, they argue that the United States can help—ought to help—solve the world's problems. At least publicly, they do not rule out the use of force. They are not antiwar. They are antiwar-in-Iraq.

So the common distinction between liberal hawks led by Clinton and liberal doves led by Obama is misleading. One of Obama's chief foreign policy advisers is Pulitzer Prize-winning author and Harvard lecturer Samantha Power. No one can argue that Power favors a noninterventionist foreign policy. Nor can anyone argue, upon reading Obama's recent speech to the Chicago Council on Global Affairs, that the Illinois senator is reluctant to embrace the use of force. As Robert Kagan has pointed out, perhaps the key line of Obama's speech was his assertion that "no president should ever hesitate to use force—unilaterally if necessary."

Nonetheless, there is a foreign policy divide in the Democratic party. It's the divide between those one might call Transcendentalists, who are more concerned with transnational threats—failed states, nuclear proliferation, global epidemics, narcotraffickers, and global warming—and Statists, who are more concerned about the behavior of nation-states. A key exchange during the recent Democratic presidential debate illustrates this divide. When moderator Brian Williams asked Obama what he would do as president if the United States experienced another 9/11-style attack, Obama said he would make sure "we've got an effective emergency response." Then, Obama went on, he would look at intelligence data "so that we can take potentially some action to dismantle that network."

This is classic Transcendentalist reasoning. In the Transcendentalist view, al Qaeda is a loose terrorist group without any state affiliation. Its cellular, decentralized composition makes it difficult to unravel. To Transcendentalists like Obama foreign-policy advisers Tony Lake and Susan Rice, the way to fight groups like al Qaeda is through intelligence and Special Forces operations.

Islamic terrorism, in other words, isn't a problem arising from state activity. The Transcendentalists look beyond the nation-state toward supranational (crime, pro-

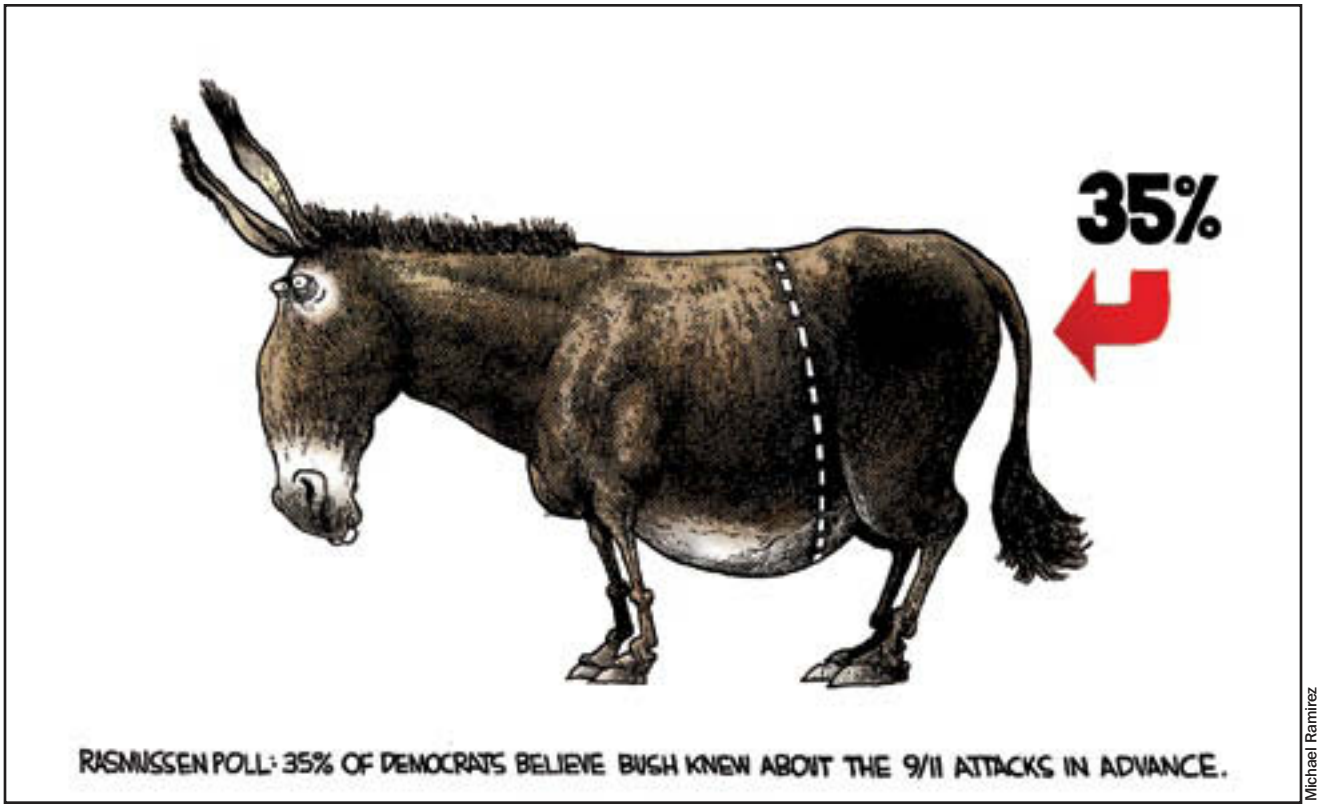
liferation, global warming) and subnational (failed states leading to ethnic cleansing) phenomena. To the Transcendentalists, American security is a collective enterprise. America should join the "international community" in multilateral arrangements that limit American power in the pursuit of global goods.

The Statists have a different view. When Brian Williams asked Hillary Clinton how she would respond to another 9/11, the first thing Clinton said was, "I think a president must move as swiftly as is prudent to retaliate." She said, "If there are nations that supported or gave material aid to those who attacked us, I believe we should quickly respond." When discussing America's enemies, Clinton used harsh rhetoric. "Let's focus on those who have attacked us and do everything we can to destroy them," she said. It was the only time the word "destroy" was uttered during the debate.

The important thing here is that Clinton mentioned "nations." She was referring to state support for international terrorism. She rejected the idea that al Qaeda and its ilk exist without the aid of governments. In her own way, she has internalized a key tenet of the Bush Doctrine: that the United States ought to make no distinction between terrorists and the states that support them. The emphasis on states is the mark of a Democratic Statist. When Brian Williams asked Joe Biden what three nations posed the biggest threat to the United States, Biden wasted no time and said North Korea, Iran, and Putin's Russia. He did not add global warming to the list.

There are Statists who sympathize with some of the Transcendentalists' arguments and even see merits in the Transcendentalist outlook. At the end of the day, though, the Statists have a more traditional view of American interests than the Transcendentalists. One of the few books Clinton has cited in her major foreign-policy speeches is *Ethical Realism*, coauthored by Anatol Lieven and John Hulsman. "Ethical realism points towards an international strategy based on prudence," they have written. "A concentration on possible results rather than good intentions." The Statist engages in "close study" of other states—their "nature, views, and interests." She exhibits a willingness to accommodate the interests of those states "when possible." She is an American patriot who also understands the limits "on American power and on American goodness."

Notice what is missing from Transcendentalism and Statism. There is no grand ideological crusade to promote democracy or liberalism in the Middle East and beyond. There is no argument that America is an exceptional nation that has much to offer and teach the world. There are few mentions of the war in Iraq except to say that it has gone on for too long. There still may be hawks in the Democratic party, but they have moved beyond the most important issue of our time. They have . . . evolved. And they are willing to leave Iraq to a horrible fate. ♦



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The Hawk Tower at Tor House, Carmel, California, July 20, 1926

Nature vs. Man

For Robinson Jeffers, it wasn't even close

BY JOHN FELSTINER

Not Man Apart. For a 1965 Sierra Club photo book, the environmental activist David Brower took this title from Robinson Jeffers (1887-1962). A mind-cleansing rightness strikes home if we hear those three spare words, "Not Man Apart," the way they actually occur. Praising "Organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things," Jeffers then says: "Love that, not man / Apart from that"—a loaded line break!

Ansel Adams found Jeffers "a strange presence with his rugged features and relentless glance" when they met in 1926. Later, he told Alfred Stieglitz he hoped "to call attention to the simplicities of environment . . . to 'the enormous beauty of the world,' as Jeffers writes. Pray for me." His photographs of California's Big Sur coast were featured in *Not Man Apart*, and Adams mostly turned his lens on the nonhuman world.

Jeffers deplores the "contagion" of selfish human consciousness on our planet,

> *But who is our judge? It is likely the enormous*
> *Beauty of the world requires for completion our ghostly increment.*

Less hangs on "Beauty" here than on "enormous," the cosmos in which humanity is a late and transient addendum. Completion, perhaps, and consciousness, yes, his poems pulse with it. But not egocentric self-consciousness.

Not "man / Apart," he wrote, and this too: "No imaginable / Human presence here . . . " Jeffers's "The Place for No Story" holds back like George Oppen's "Psalm," impinging on a landscape only by the force of imagery.

> *The coast hills at Sovranes Creek;*
> *No trees, but dark scant pasture drawn thin*
> *Over rock shaped like flame;*
> *The old ocean at the land's foot, the vast*
> *Gray extension beyond the long white violence;*
> *A herd of cows and the bull*
> *Far distant, hardly apparent up the dark slope;*
> *And the gray air haunted with hawks:*

Notings only, with no main verb, and semicolons hold this terrain intact,

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unstoried (as Frost, a continent away from Jeffers, said about "the land vaguely realizing westward"). But any scene requires a seer: "shaped like flame," he says, "hardly apparent." And whose pasture, whose herd? Jeffers might have ended on "gray air haunted with hawks," but his colon there won't let him:

This place is the noblest thing I have seen.
No imaginable
Human presence here,

he moralizes. No human could help but "dilute" raw rock, old ocean, the surf's white violence. Let such things stay pristine, primal, "as if I were / Seeing rock for the first time," he says in a later poem.

Prophetic arrogance has been the charge against Jeffers, and misanthropy, something sharper than Frost's "I had a lover's quarrel with the world." Yet the bitterness Jeffers felt at human spoliation—the "year's filth," "the wheels and the feet," "the power-shovels"—always sprang from awe of the earth he settled upon and basic faith in our love for it.

His family, strict Calvinists, had moved from Pennsylvania to California in 1902. At 17, in *The Youth's Companion*, Jeffers published "The Condor," whose rhyme and meter he'd soon abandon but not its austere stance: "My wings can dare / All loneliest hanging heights of air; / . . . I reck not of the earth below." California condors had thrived for tens of thousands of years, until whaling and sealing deprived them of marine carcasses. Then, thanks to power lines, pleasure shooting, and lead poisoning from hunters' kills, Jeffers saw them decline from 600 to about 50 to none in the wild. By 1985 one breeding pair remained. Then an astonishing recovery program literally snatched them from the brink of extinction and they're now back in the hundreds.

After college in southern California, Jeffers in 1914 moved north with his new wife Una. Traveling by stagecoach they "looked down through pines and sea-fogs on Carmel Bay"—"our inevitable place." Una describes Big Sur, south of Carmel, with the skill and verve of a Dorothy Wordsworth transplanted to the Pacific rim: "Canyons, gushing springs and streams, are thickly wooded with redwoods and pines, laurels, tan-oak, maples and sycamores, and, high up, the rosy-barked madrones. . . . Lashing waves roll in, incredibly green and blue beyond the foam, menacing and gray in storm"; wild flowers of every sort, "Flashing bird-wings . . . And high above, arrogant hawks hover, marsh hawks and sparrow hawks, redtails and peregrine falcons. Vultures too peering down, and a rare pair of eagles." In "Lashing," "Flashing," "peering," you can feel the bent of mind she shared with her husband, plus what he mightn't have said: "incredibly," "menacing," "arrogant."

"I'd sooner, except the penalties, kill a man than a hawk." This bluff thought, from "Hurt Hawks," might turn one off Jeffers. But listen to the end, after he's fed the broken-winged redtail for six weeks:

I gave him the lead gift in the twilight.
What fell was relaxed,
Owl-downy, soft feminine feathers; but what
Soared: the fierce rush: the night-herons by the flooded river
cried fear at its rising
Before it was quite unsheathed from reality.

No false sentiment, no sentiment at all, spoon-feeds these lines. We sense a flayed openness. "Soared . . . fierce . . . fear": The poetry identifies utterly with animate life, while "rising . . . unsheathed from reality" discovers a raw and spirit-bound beauty.

Along with hawks, Jeffers bonded with gray rock, the "granite sea-boulders" he hauled up "wind and wave-worn" to help construct Tor House on a stone outcrop 50 yards above the Pacific. Digging for a fireplace foundation he found bedrock blackened by ancient Indian campfires. A few years later, with his twin boys, he built the four-story Hawk Tower (setting into it a piece from Yeats's old stone tower in Ireland). Again and again his verse comes back to "living rock," "lonely rock," "water-darkened . . . lovely rock," "pure naked rock." His poem "Rock and Hawk" calls these two presences, bird and stone, "Fierce consciousness joined with final / Disinterestedness." No American had bound together such starkness and passion in writing of nature, speaking from "this granite edge of the continent."

Jeffers first caught East Coast attention thanks to a 1925 California anthology whose title poem, "Continent's End," has ocean storms shaking "beds of granite" and the poet "gazing at the boundaries of granite and spray." Here was a voice like Thoreau's confronting "vast, terrific . . . inhuman Nature" at Mount Katahdin in Maine. From his own standpoint, Jeffers held to a tenet of "Inhumanism," based on "the astonishing beauty of things" and "the fact that mankind is neither central nor important in the universe." However perverse this sounds, he felt it a mark of nobleness, maturity.

As he aged and his voice grew faint against the noise of progress, Jeffers dug in, "Mourning the broken balance, the hopeless prostration of the earth / Under men's hands and their minds . . . my own coast's obscene future." Nowadays California coastal dwellers, watching their bluffs and beaches erode, build cement "sea walls, because we don't put waves before the homes of people." This may seem sensible, but it hides a puzzling idea of waves.

A certain pain arises from photos of Tor House and Hawk Tower solitary on a wild bluff in 1919, 1923, 1927, before "suburban houses" crowded round. And from Jeffers recalling how he and Una once watched a puma stride along a nearby ridge. In the mid-1930s the carving of a coast road, Highway One, brought acute dismay, yet "the great bronze gorge-cut sides of the mountains" remain "Not the least hurt," "Beautiful beyond belief."

That summer Jeffers hiked with his son up "the pathless gorge of Ventana Creek" near Big Sur, and recounted this event in "Oh, Lovely Rock." Introducing his lucid, level reading of the poem to a 1941 audience at the Library of Congress, he said, "You must understand that this is not southern California. There are no orange groves and no oil wells." Instead there was "forest on

forest above our heads." Past midnight the fire's flame "Lighted my sleeping son's face . . . and the vertical face of the great gorge-wall / Across the stream." Jeffers stares at "pure naked rock . . . as if I were / Seeing rock for the first time," those dots of his allowing for a movement of mind from the visual into the visionary. They occur again as he sees

the real and bodily
And living rock. Nothing strange . . . I cannot
Tell you how strange.

Why "living" rock, as if there were another kind? And why strange, when a rock is so familiar? Because in it he sees a "fate going on / Outside our fates." He and his son will die, "this age will die," but "this rock will be here,"

the energies
That are its atoms will still be bearing the whole mountain above.

Ending this memory of a "lovely rock," Jeffers says he "Felt its intense reality with love and wonder, this lonely rock." Such sentiment does not belie his severe creed, an integrity of humankind's organic wholeness with our earth. It takes rare keenness to sense those atomic energies, and humility to move from "lovely" to "lonely," speaking for himself in speaking for pure naked rock.

Turning 50 and stirred by Europe's imminent barbarism, in other poems he draws on the fierce oracles of W.B. Yeats, for whom "The falcon cannot hear the falconer; / Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold." Where catastrophe for Yeats was cultural, Jeffers imagines the sun combusting like a nova:

The earth would share it; these tall
Green trees would become a moment's torches and vanish, the oceans
Would explode into invisible steam . . .

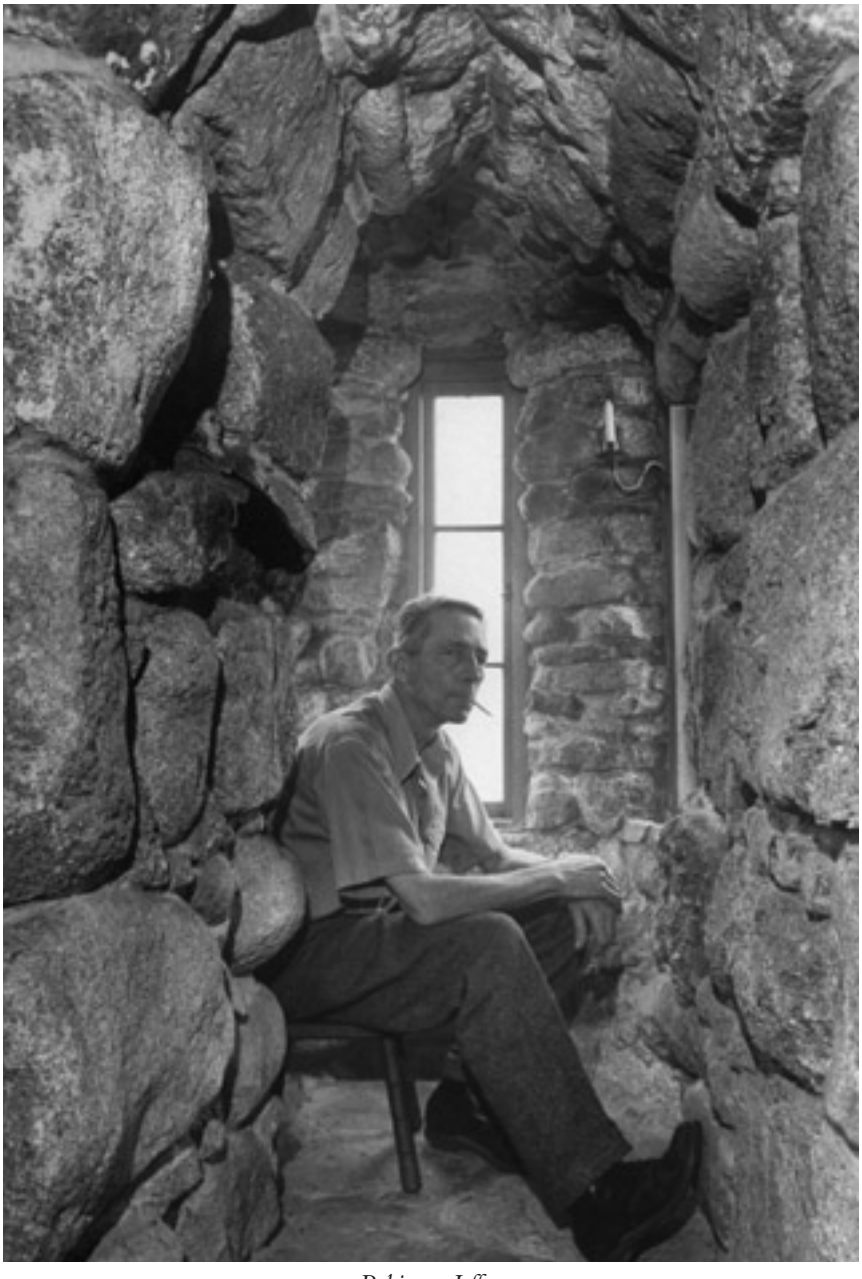
And where Yeats hoped an aristocracy rooted in folk tradition could save civilization, Jeffers relies on a lonely rock and our needs and nature no more changed "in ten thousand years than the beaks of eagles."

Sometimes disdain vies in his writing with a stubborn love for primordial nature. In "Orca," written just after World War II, he taps Walt Whitman's surflike verse for his own coast: "Sea-lions loafed in the swinging tide in the inlet," and offshore rocks

Bristled with quiet birds, gulls, cormorants, pelicans, hundreds and thousands
Standing thick as grass on a cut of turf. Beyond these, blue, gray, green, wind-straked, the ocean
Looked vacant.

Then "two black triangles, tacking and veering," killer-whale fins, drove in, panicking the seals. "The water boiled for a moment," while below "a screaming / And wheeling sky . . . brown blood and foam / Striped the water of the inlet."

Terror, death, "yet it looked clean and bright, it was beautiful. / Why? Because there was nothing human involved . . . no smirk and no malice." Calling "the breed of man" a "botched experiment that has run wild and ought to be stopped," Jeffers waives any affection for "man / Apart" (and for himself too) in favor of a deeper, necessary love. ♦



Getty / Nat Farbman

Robinson Jeffers

Mr. Creative Destruction

Joseph Schumpeter and the truth about capitalism.

BY KEVIN R. KOSAR

Economics, Carlyle famously grumbled, is the "dismal science." With few exceptions (Adam Smith, Milton Friedman), its practitioners are little known to non-economists, and frequently mocked. Who can forget what Lyndon Johnson once said to John Kenneth Galbraith? "Did it ever occur to you, Ken, that making a speech on economics is a lot like pissin' down your leg. It seems hot to you, but it never does to anyone else."

Prophet of Innovation
Joseph Schumpeter and Creative Destruction
by Thomas K. McCraw
Harvard, 736 pp., $35

So it's no small feat to make a jaunty read out of the life of an economist dead more than 50 years, and Thomas K. McCraw has done just that in his impressive new biography of Joseph Schumpeter. This is a result, in part, of McCraw's smooth prose and storytelling skills: The words just flow, and the reader can quickly gobble up the chapters, which seldom exceed 20 pages in length. Moreover, McCraw is well equipped for the topic, as the author of 10 volumes on business history and capitalism.

Without question, however, McCraw was aided by his subject, a flamboyant and complex figure whose life was marked with astonishing success and terrible sorrow. Joseph Alois Schumpeter was born in 1883 in Triesch, a small Moravian town in the Austro-Hungarian empire. His family was upper-middle class and prized stability; Schumpeters had resided there for four centuries and worked in the family textile business.

But a predictable life was not fated for Jozsi (pronounced YO-shee), as his parents called him. When he was four, his father died in a hunting accident. His mother turned this tragedy into an opportunity. She took her son 300 miles south to Graz, a city of 150,000, and within a few years had married a nobleman 33 years her senior, and then moved her family to an even bigger city, Vienna, which would serve as Jozsi's launch pad.

Now of a noble family, Schumpeter could enroll in the Theresianum, the empire's equivalent of Groton, where he studied mathematics, science, literature, history, and the classics, and was a top student. By graduation he had learned six languages. In 1901 he entered the University of Vienna, and made the most of it, hobnobbing with the upper social echelons and immersing himself in the study of law, history, and economics.

For all his efforts to project the persona of an old world aristocrat, young Schumpeter was a relentless striver. Both fop and grind, he dressed impeccably, bedded innumerable women, and was a tireless networker, all while studying to become the world's greatest economist. After graduating in 1905, Schumpeter exploded with activity. He traveled throughout Europe to meet eminent economists, married Gladys Seaver, the daughter of a Church of England official, started a law practice in Cairo, and wrote a 626-page book entitled *The Nature and Content of Theoretical Economics*. All in three years.

Then he bounced to a professorship at the University of Czernowitz, in what is now Ukraine, wrote another book (*The Theory of Economic Development*), wrangled a better job at the University of Graz, gave speeches at 17 American universities, and dashed off yet another volume (*Economic Doctrine and Method: An Historical Sketch*). By age 32 he had yielded more scholarship than most professors produce in their entire lives: Three books, 20 articles, and over 60 book reviews.

Throughout his life, Schumpeter would disapprove of academics who meddled in public policy. But after the collapse of the empire in 1918, he couldn't resist entering. His article, "The Crisis of the Tax State," prescribed a course for the economic recovery of the new state of Austria. The old state-directed economy should be replaced with an economy of competing firms, he wrote. Inflation ought to be kept low. Taxes should be set at a rate to generate sufficient revenues to repay debts, but not so high that they drive productive firms abroad. Critically, entrepreneurial dynamism must be fostered through the encouragement of credit and capital flows from abroad.

A few months later, thanks to his network of contacts, Schumpeter found himself Austria's first secretary of state for finance. He lasted less than a year, leaving the post in October 1919: His plans for rescuing Austria's economy were dead on arrival, the victim of internal politics and the victorious Entente Powers' desire to punish the Central Powers. Schumpeter's baptism in politics also commenced a largely disastrous period in his life. Rather than return to the University of Graz, Schumpeter went into banking. Initially he did well, but in 1924 Austria's stock market crashed, bankrupting Schumpeter. Meanwhile, his marriage had collapsed. In his early forties, the onetime *wunderkind* was reduced to giving speeches and writing articles to pay creditors.

Things improved the following year, however, when he married the love of his life, Annie Reisinger, and got a tenured professorship at the University of Bonn. But happiness was short lived; the next year his mother died, and two months after that, Annie died in childbirth and his newborn son four hours later. "All light," he wrote in his diary, had gone out of his days.

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Schumpeter understood, however, that loss can beget gain. In a letter to a friend he wrote, "Everything now hangs on my ability to work. If so, the engine will keep running, even if my personal life is over." Over the next 23 years Schumpeter rebuilt his life. In 1932 he decamped to America for a posh permanent appointment at Harvard. There he met his third wife, economist Elizabeth Boody, earned enough to retire his debts, and again began producing a stream of articles, reviews, and major books, including *Business Cycles*; *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy*; and the colossal *History of Economic Analysis*.

Although no longer the young fop who had shown up tardy to faculty meetings in jodhpurs and riding helmet, Schumpeter remained a flamboyant personage. Students and colleagues alike were impressed by his habit of drafting lectures afresh for every class and delivering them with gusto. During this period, as McCraw relates, Schumpeter expanded and deepened his already-impressive understanding of the nature of capitalism and its workings. He asked big questions and offered big hypotheses, and took a wrecking ball to many misconceptions and presumptions held by economists and the general public.

Anticipating behavioral economics by at least a half-century, Schumpeter argued that individuals do not behave as self-seeking utility maximizers. *Homo economicus* was a fantasy of economists. To understand economics you must study man as he is, living in contexts, and influenced by culture, prejudices, and idiosyncrasies. And speaking of everyman, one of his common errors is "the belief that the majority of people is poor because a minority is rich." Capitalism, Schumpeter counseled, is not a zero-sum game; the plain facts demonstrate that capitalist economies have significantly increased the wealth of everyone.

Looking at Great Britain and other national experiments with socialism, Schumpeter unleashed a devastating critique of Marxist economics. In the modern capitalist economy, he observed, there was inherent strife between capitalist and laborer. The reason is obvious: No barrier exists between the capitalist and labor classes.

"It is utter rubbish to argue that the worker is barred from social advancement," he declared. "One should never forget that today's entrepreneurs very often are themselves former workers and sons of workers." Those who saw socialism as the culmination of democratic development were confused. In point of fact, he wrote, "Modern democracy rose along with capitalism, and in causal connection with it." He also cautioned that socialism was more dangerous to freedom than capitalism because it permits government to legislate anything; the sphere of socialist governmental authority is unlimited.


Joseph Schumpeter, ca. 1930

Bettmann / Corbis

In the United States, bashing big industrial firms and trust-busting had been in vogue since the turn of the 20th century. Schumpeter found this troubling because it rested on a delusive premise: that big means bad. Usually, Schumpeter argued, big companies have produced more products more efficiently. Furthermore, the fears of monopolistic profits were overblown. Competition from other firms would develop, lowering prices. Schumpeter took on the giant of the day, John Maynard Keynes, whose great error, he believed, was to blame the Great Depression on capitalism. Schumpeter thought that variables peculiar to the era, such as the disaggregated U.S. banking system, not capitalism, were to blame. Keynes's encouragement of government spending to stimulate the economy was wrongheaded and tempted politicians to rob Peter to pay Paul.

While Keynes allowed that "in the long run, we are all dead," Schumpeter counseled that, in the long run, capitalism will leave society better off. Capitalism is evolutionary, its development driven by "creative destruction" that "incessantly revolutionizes the economic structure from within, incessantly destroying the old one, incessantly creating a new one." Entrepreneurs are the sparks for the conflagration, bringing new technologies to market and devising new means for operating firms. In little over a century we have seen tin foil-wrapped cylinders replaced by records, then by audio cassettes, then compact discs, and now MP3 players. Companies come and companies go. Farewell, Edison; hello, Apple.

When Schumpeter died in 1950, the world's best-known economist, newspapers around the world carried lengthy obituaries. When I asked some of the economists I know, who vary in age from 30 to over 60, whether they had studied Schumpeter in graduate school, all but one replied, "No." Only half-jokingly, one explained, "We don't really read books in graduate school, and certainly not histories of non-economic topics. Mostly we study formulas and graphs."

Dismal science, indeed—and too bad. We need more economists who can grapple with the big questions of capitalism and its development. As Schumpeter recognized, man affects economics and economics affects man. ♦

Dame at Sea

Life overshadows art in Mrs. Astor's biography.

BY JUDY BACHRACH

Frances Kiernan, the ladylike biographer of Brooke Astor, hadn't been expecting, during the course of her research, anything much in the way of excitement to write about. This she makes perfectly clear in her introduction. After five years of toil, Kiernan explains, she figured she could wrap the book up in a tidy bundle. She had by then done all the heavy lifting.

The Last Mrs. Astor
A New York Story
by Frances Kiernan
W.W. Norton, 256 pp., $24.95

Corbis / Gregory Pace

For example, the author had met Mrs. Astor—even better, met her at the Carlyle Hotel in New York for lunch—and the two discussed Mrs. Astor's first marriage, which was not a good idea, evidently. The bride remained a virgin six months into her marriage. And that, unfortunately, is about the first—and last—interesting revelation the reader is likely to trip over.

Why? Mrs. Astor led a pretty interesting life. She was never beautiful at any age, but she was always resourceful. She wasn't brilliant or especially witty, but men, even rich men, adored her. What happened to her biographer that she explains none of this?

The answer, I suspect, comes early in the book—right in the introduction, in fact. The author's investigations into a long, flush, and husband-packed life were aided, the author reports in a blithe-but-too-brief sentence, by "the cooperation of Mrs. Astor and her son, Anthony Marshall." Alas, the cooperation of Mrs. Astor was very likely limited. With her philanthropic subject almost a century old, no longer empress of New York, and ailing, Kiernan writes, "Mrs. Astor's story was over" after a few years, "awaiting only her death to provide a quiet coda."

One can only imagine the horror the author experienced last summer when she glanced at the *New York Daily News* and discovered that the cooperation—the complete, let-it-all-hang-out cooperation, that is—of Anthony Marshall was also likely of limited and insufficient value. DISASTER FOR MRS. ASTOR, read the unquiet headline. SON FORCES SOCIETY QUEEN TO LIVE ON PEAS AND PORRIDGE IN DILAPIDATED PARK AVE. DUPLEX.

Even worse, stunning court allegations were promised: Mrs. Astor's son was "intentionally and repeatedly ignoring her health, safety, personal and household needs," it was revealed, while helping himself to Brooke's millions. For example, Marshall sold his mother's Childe Hassam painting to a dealer, for which he got a $2 million commission. The dealer promptly sold it again for $20 million—double the original price.

These activities did not go unrecorded or unremarked. Thanks to Marshall's own son, and the intervention of Mrs. Astor's close friend, the socialite Annette de la Renta, Marshall was removed as his mother's guardian. In vain did Marshall protest his innocence or describe the legal interventions of Mrs. Astor's friends as "bad manners." The tabloids, along with the newly intemperate *New York Times*, made many lavish meals of these morsels. Everyone was riveted.

Well, everyone except for Brooke's biographer, it would seem. In *The Last Mrs. Astor* (a misnomer, as its author readily concedes, since Brooke really isn't the last) the reader can tell just how dismayed Kiernan was to learn of the kind of scandal most biographers can only pray for in the lives of their subjects. What she originally wanted to do with Mrs. Astor, she explains early on, was "concentrate on the years she served as president of the Vincent Astor Foundation," an organization which gave money to worthy causes, named for Brooke's bizarre, rich, and ill-tempered late husband—third in a line, in fact, of bizarre husbands.

Alas, it was none other than David Rockefeller who observed to the author "in the kindest way possible" that such a book, concentrating only on Brooke's philanthropy, sounded completely worthless to him. Then Felix Rohatyn weighed in, pointing out that hey, Brooke may have been loaded and philanthropic, yes, "but she hadn't made any significant difference."

Hmmm. It isn't every publisher that will allow such a dispiriting observation to appear on page 10. The author, of course, believes that Rohatyn was wrong, since he was simply talking about "money," whereas she, Kiernan, was talking "about a contribution that defied any assessment that placed a high value on results subject to measurement in dollars and cents." (Yes, I'm afraid she did write that sentence.) However, as Mrs. Astor married for money, valued money, lived in a moneyed fashion, wore money in the form of famous emeralds and satin designer gowns, and above all, gave piles of money away—it is

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hard to know what to make of such sentiments.

But back to mothers and sons. Let's say you're about to scribble that quiet coda, and along comes word that your heroine's only offspring, in his early eighties by the time he sells the Childe Hassam, isn't behaving in a manner widely considered filial. What to do? Do you delve into Mrs. Astor's past to reconsider what part, if any, she might have played in her son's life? Or what resentments he might have harbored?

As it happens, the biographer does touch on this tricky subject, and in a fairly original way, too. "It would be wrong," she writes defiantly, to say that Mrs. Astor "was a bad mother." About this she is sure. However, "at those times when Tony's life was threatened, his mother remembered just how much she loved him, but ordinarily her son's welfare was not foremost on her mind."

Then, almost at the end, comes another sure-fire conclusion: "One chooses one's friends; when it comes to family, one has no choice." But about one's book selections, one absolutely does. ♦

BCA

Unsoothing Scenario

Free markets are not leading to freedom in China.

BY DAN BLUMENTHAL

Our China policy is based on a social science theory: Rising per capita GDP inevitably leads to democratic political change. As incomes rise, a growing middle class will demand more rights and fewer restrictions, and have more time to participate in voluntary civic associations that curb the power of government.

In the case of China, this theory has been articulated emphatically by the administrations of Presidents Clinton and George W. Bush as the premise of our approach to that country: "Trade freely with China and time is on our side," said candidate Bush in making his case for the inevitability theory. Earlier, Clinton national security adviser Sandy Berger had said something similar: "Just as NAFTA membership eroded . . . one-party rule in Mexico, WTO membership . . . can help do the same in China."

But as James Mann's new book argues, there is little evidence that the democratic inevitability theory is unfolding in China. China has grown richer, but it is still authoritarian and repressive. *The China Fantasy* is a brave book. Mann takes on what he sees as a self-serving business, expert, and policy-making elite that is perpetuating an unsuccessful policy.

The China Fantasy
How Our Leaders Explain Away Chinese Repression
by James Mann
Viking, 144 pp., $19.95

Charm Offensive
How China's Soft Power Is Transforming the World
by Joshua Kurlantzick
Yale, 320 pp., $26

Mann reminds us that as late as 2005, there was an increase in state repression. Political dissidents, lawyers, and activists have been detained or placed under house arrest. There has been a crackdown on what is allowed to be communicated via the Internet. China holds tens of thousands of political prisoners. Peasants and workers challenging the existing order were subjected to violence at the hands of hired thugs. In addition, the Chinese Communist party cracked down on NGO activity.

And yet, Mann says, we are told by policymakers, the elite press, Sinologists, and business leaders that we need only be patient: Political reform is coming to China. He calls this conventional wisdom, the "Soothing Scenario." But there are other scenarios that are less soothing: One is a scenario of instability, the other a China that grows richer through trade but is no less authoritarian. Mann believes the latter to be most likely.

This book is brave because Mann names names: Thomas Friedman peddles the Soothing Scenario, as has Richard Haass, president of the Council on Foreign Relations. Cisco, Google, Yahoo, and Microsoft have cooperated with China's efforts at Internet censorship. Most China experts support and believe in the Soothing Scenario, and engage in a "lexicon of dismissal" of those who question whether an engagement policy will lead to a democratic China. Such dissenters are "provocative" or "ideological" for pointing out Beijing's manifold human rights abuses.

To complicate matters further, there are financial incentives for propagating the Soothing Scenario: Berger, Madeleine Albright, Carla Hills, and the prominent Sinologist Kenneth Lieberthal all consult on behalf of clients doing business in China. And the Communist party punishes those who criticize, making dissent bad for business.

Mann usefully explains why Sinology is prone to a particular kind of conventional wisdom. Today's China hands came of age at an exciting time, just as China was opening to the world and Sino-American relations were improving. At the same time, many American Sinologists still retained memories of the McCarthy era. This generational coming-of-age has led to the following dynamic: a belief that life in China has vastly improved since the Cultural Revolution (undoubtedly true) and that radicals in and around Congress could, at any time, engage in McCarthy-like demagoguery and freeze China relations once again.

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Every discipline has its historical and political baggage that creates distortions, and China Studies is no different. Mann offers an important insight as to why the China field seems to be prone to impulses and attitudes that may not be serving China policy well, and convincingly explains why the inevitability theory is, indeed, a fantasy. Many observers look at the successful political transitions of Taiwan and South Korea and believe China will follow a similar pattern. But they ignore important differences. Though it is true that Taiwan had developed what Seymour Martin Lipset termed the social, economic, and cultural prerequisites for democracy, it also faced tremendous pressure to change from its American security guarantor.

But Washington never really had much leverage with China, and has even less as the People's Republic grows richer and stronger. Moreover, for the democratic inevitability theory to work, a country needs a substantial urban middle class. China's urban middle class is a tiny proportion of the country: There are some 800-900 million peasants in China. China's 10 biggest cities have a population of 62 million people, or 5 percent of the population. The small urban elite has done well under the Communist party and may, in fact, be *afraid* of democracy in China.

What if a Chinese government had to be responsive to the desires of the vast majority of the Chinese population? A coalition of the rich and the powerful may be working hard against the establishment of democracy in China.

So, Mann argues, the most likely scenario for China may not be soothing at all: an authoritarian, rich, and powerful country. And why does that matter for Washington? Because already China is working against American interests, supporting the world's dictators against Washington's pressure. And why, exactly, would China conform to democratic norms abroad—say, improving the human rights situation in Africa—if it does not do so at home?

Mann's thesis has important implications for Joshua Kurlantzick's *Charm Offensive*. Talking and writing about China's "soft power," or its kinder, gentler diplomacy, has become quite popular in Washington policy circles. Kurlantzick utilizes his finely honed investigative techniques to explore the worldwide impact of China's new global influence.

Harvard's Joseph Nye developed the term "soft power" in the early 1990s in his hypothesis that a broad shift will occur in how nations utilize their power resources in an interdependent world. Soft, cooptive power would be more important than the "hard" kind of power that commands weaker states to do what the stronger state demands. The basic concept is that countries can get what they want through the attraction of their ideas, values, and culture. Soft power stands in stark contrast to hard power, which involves either coercion or payoffs.

But if this is the definition of soft power, then how could James Mann's China—authoritarian, repressive, and corrupt—wield soft power to get what it wants? As Kurlantzick illustrates, China is attractive to those states that want to grow economically but remain politically repressive.

In fact, Kurlantzick has found that China actively promotes its form of illiberal development. This is an important finding: Those who believe that Sino-U.S. relations will be characterized by competition think that the rivalry will be nonideological in nature. But if Beijing is, in fact, deliberately promoting an "authoritarian" growth model, the world's democracies may have a more serious problem on their hands.

At times, Kurlantzick falls into a trap that has caught other observers of China's soft power: He terms the pomp and circumstance surrounding China's massive investment and buying delegations in Latin America, Africa, the Middle East, and Australia "soft power" rather than good old-fashioned power or dollar diplomacy. But this is an intellectually honest book that shows the undersides of China's growing influence: There is a real risk that China will export its poor labor, safety, health, and environmental standards to countries that need the opposite.

For all its reporting strengths, *Charm Offensive* lacks analytical precision—the result, perhaps, of the amorphous concept of soft power itself. Is China's success in getting Uzbekistan to kick out the U.S. military a result of soft power? Or is it an example of traditional inducements to the Uzbek regime? Probably the latter. Kurlantzick is aware of this analytical problem and tries to resolve it by using China's, rather than Joseph Nye's, definition of soft power: any type of power other than military. But in accepting this definition *Charm Offensive* becomes more about China's political and economic influence—two realms of power that China is using as it grows its military—than about soft power as Nye defines it. For example, China provides aid packages to African nations that help them circumvent good governance requirements. That certainly buys China influence, and advances such goals as acquiring natural resources and curtailing diplomatic recognition of Taiwan. But it is not "non-coercive" soft power.

The book's greatest contribution is its systematic portrayal of China's growing global influence, and the ways in which that influence is hurting not only Washington but also international development institutions. And China is doing so at a time when America is not vigorously fighting the war of ideas as it did during the Cold War.

If Kurlantzick and Mann are right, we are in for a tougher challenge than we are currently prepared to meet. We face a China that is growing richer and stronger, that is still authoritarian and more globally influential, undermining some of our most important national interests. And we face impediments to rational debate about how to approach China because so many elites are invested in the Soothing Scenario.

Both Mann and Kurlantzick offer sound advice. According to Mann, we must break away from the inevitability theory: American visitors to China need to get out more—to the countryside, to the real China—and witness

the impediments to democratization. And then we need a serious debate on the implications of the "authoritarian stability" scenario for our China policy. Kurlantzick makes some reasonable suggestions about rebuilding our own soft power, and recommends treating and tracking China as the global phenomenon that it is, breaking down the seams between military commands and regional bureaucratic fiefdoms.

We can compete with an authoritarian China *if* we realize what we are up against, and appeal to countries (especially in Southeast Asia) based on our values, which, Kurlantzick believes, still resonate with beleaguered democracies. ♦

BCA

Hormonographics

Red states, blue states, and sex before marriage.

BY W. BRADFORD WILCOX

Discussions and debates about teenage sex in America tend to generate more heat than light. Religious conservatives protest sex education programs that do not begin to influence our young people as much as the pornification of popular culture, even as secular progressives promote a Swedish-style model of adolescent "sexual health" that does not begin to reckon with the emotional import of teen sex, particularly for girls. Rarely do advocates on both sides of the issue—not to mention observers in the media—take a sober, honest look at what is really happening on the ground to our nation's teens in this domain of life.

Forbidden Fruit
Sex & Religion in the Lives of American Teenagers
by Mark D. Regnerus
Oxford, 304 pp., $25

Thankfully, *Forbidden Fruit* is that rare book that casts more light than heat. Indeed, Mark D. Regnerus's commitment to telling the truth about teenage sex in all of its gritty complexity leads him to a number of intriguing and surprising conclusions. In particular, his findings about religion, region, and sex are bound to surprise partisans, experts, and journalists alike.

In Red America, especially in the South, Regnerus finds that teenagers—particularly teenagers hailing from evangelical Protestant homes—are more likely to hold traditional beliefs about sex. Sex is supposed to be reserved for marriage. In the words of one evangelical teen, "Sex is [a] great gift that God gave [us] and so . . . I think it should only be used then, when you're married." But Regnerus also finds that, despite their avowed sexual traditionalism, Southern teens—including evangelical teens—typically end up losing their virginity before teens who hail from the North, particularly Jewish and mainline Protestant teens.

In Blue America, by contrast, teenagers—especially those hailing from Jewish and mainline Protestant homes—do not necessarily object in principle to premarital sex. As Clint, an 18-year-old mainline Protestant from Michigan, puts it, "There's no reason . . . that, you know, you should save yourself for marriage in every single instance. . . . You know it's, it's a situational thing."

But surprisingly, teens from the North (and, again, especially Jewish and mainline Protestant teens like Clint) are more likely to abstain from sex, despite their avowed sexual progressivism. Indeed, in spite of his flexible sexual morality, Clint is a virgin who reports that he is glad he hasn't found himself in "that situation"—that is, having sex—because it's "one less thing to worry about."

So what gives? Why are southern evangelicals more likely to give way to passion, and Northern Episcopalians and Jews more likely to put off sexual activity? Class and cultural differences are central to understanding these divergent patterns. Red state teens tend to hail from less-educated, working-class homes where childbearing at an early age is not a big deal and a long-term orientation to life is in short supply. Red state teens seem to feel as if they don't have much to lose if they give in to their passions—especially if sex occurs with someone they view as a potential marital partner. More generally, as Thomas Sowell has observed, the "redneck" culture of the working-class South does not foster restraint in general and, more particularly, in matters sexual. So this helps to explain why support for sexual traditionalism in theory coexists with premarital sex in practice.

By contrast, Regnerus observes that blue state teens from middle- and upper-class homes may be "sexually tolerant" but also "perceive a bright future for themselves, one with college, advanced degrees, a career, and a family." They view early and especially unprotected sex as a potential threat to their plans for the future. A sexually transmitted disease, and especially a teenage pregnancy, are the last things they want to have to confront at this stage in their life. And so blue state teens—especially mainline Protestant and Jewish teens from well-heeled homes—tend to delay intercourse, even as they dabble in oral sex and pornography at higher rates than their red state peers.

Because of their strategic orientation, when blue state teens do finally resort to intercourse, as most do before they turn 20, they are much

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Getty / H. Armstrong Roberts

more likely to rely on contraception than their red state peers, often with the winking or open support of parents and local educators. As Regnerus notes, "Unprotected sex is frowned upon in the new [elite] moral order of adolescent sexuality," precisely because such sex is seen as risky and irresponsible.

The strategic approach to sex found among well-off blue state teens certainly has its merits: Among other things, they are much less likely to have a baby outside wedlock, to marry before they are ready for the responsibilities of family life, and to get divorced, than are working-class teens from red states. Their strategic approach to sex and especially reproduction gives them a leg up in their drive for professional and familial success.

But *Forbidden Fruit* also reveals—contrary to what the apostles of adolescent "sexual health" would have us believe—that blue state teens are kidding themselves if they think that a condom will protect them from all the consequences of sex. Among other things, Regnerus finds that, for most teens, sex is a gateway into sex with multiple partners; in other words, if a teen engages in sex with one partner, odds are that he (or she) will move onto other partners before he enters adulthood.

He also reports that 55 percent of sexually active teens wish they had waited longer to have sex. Regret is especially high among adolescent girls, who are more likely than boys to report they were pressured to have sex, that they did not realize how emotionally involved they would get after sex, or that they felt abandoned in the wake of a brief sexual encounter. Not surprisingly, teenage girls who are sexually active—particularly teenage girls who have had more than one partner, which is the norm (as we have seen) among those who are sexually active—are significantly more likely to report they are depressed than their peers who are virgins. Kimberly, an 18-year-old from Utah, reports that sex "messed me up emotionally and physically. . . . I mean I was depressed for awhile but my friends helped me through it. . . . I think people don't realize how emotionally involved you get."

Forbidden Fruit offers a number of sobering conclusions: The vast majority of teens engage in sex before they turn 20; most teens (including evangelicals from the South) who support virginity in theory don't manage to practice it in real life; and teenage sex seems to exact a serious emotional toll on a significant number of girls.

Are there any grounds for hope? Yes. Since the early 1990s, rates of teenage sexual activity, pregnancy, and abortion in America have all dropped. And although Regnerus overlooks these positive developments, his work suggests that the abstinence movement has played an important and often unheralded role.

Consider one of the most important groups in the abstinence movement: True Love Waits. Regnerus estimates that more than 2.5 million teenagers have taken abstinence pledges since the campaign was initiated by the Southern Baptist Convention in 1993. Although most young men and women who take the pledge ultimately end up losing their virginity before marriage, pledgers are significantly more likely to delay sex by more than a year, to have fewer partners, and to abstain from sex before marriage, than teens who did not take the pledge. These behavioral changes, in turn, translate into lower levels of teen pregnancy and abortion among the millions of American teens who have pledged abstinence through True Love Waits.

So in spite of the sexual failings and frailty that Regnerus reveals among American teens, their parents, and their religious communities, he gives cause for hope. By showing that religious, civic, and cultural efforts to promote abstinence during the past two decades have borne fruit, *Forbidden Fruit* suggests that American teenagers need not be left to their hormones. And his honest exploration of the toll that sex takes on the emotional lives of adolescent girls suggests that teens ought not to be left to their hormones. ♦

When Zombies Attack

Sometimes a horror film is just a horror film.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Horror is the lowest and most primal form of cinematic entertainment—except, perhaps, for porn. You can take a horror movie, any horror movie, and boil it down to one word: Boo. Perhaps that's why horror moviemakers and their fans tend toward extreme pretension when it comes to describing the work they make and love.

28 Weeks Later
Directed by Juan Carlos Fresnadillo

When a director named Wes Craven made a cheap little movie about a bunch of rednecks turned into monsters by atomic waste called *The Hills Have Eyes*, he said he had been inspired by the work of the Swedish existentialist filmmaker Ingmar Bergman—particularly *The Virgin Spring*.

When George Romero had the clever idea of staging a sequel to his zombie movie *Night of the Living Dead* inside a shopping mall—in part because a mall in his native Pittsburgh was willing to offer him a good rate on midnight filming—ecstatic critics dubbed *Dawn of the Dead* a profound critique of American consumerism.

And so it goes. British vampire movies with heaving-bosom heroines hypnotized into having orgasm-like responses when Dracula bites them on the neck are praised for their deep commentary on Victorian morals. An entire industry of pseudo-academic criticism has arisen, it seems, for the sole purpose of giving its authors intellectual cover for the exhilaration they experience when a movie succeeds in scaring the stuffing out of them.

These days, it's just not enough to say that the new zombie sequel *28 Weeks Later* is extremely dark, extremely clever, and extremely terrifying, or that it leaves its predecessor, *28 Days Later*, in the dust. It's not enough to praise *28 Weeks Later* for having one of the most interesting and surprising plotlines in the history of horror movies, with the *de rigueur* shocking surprise ending that is (for once) genuinely shocking and surprising. It's not enough to say that *28 Weeks Later* announces the arrival of yet another brilliant Spanish-language filmmaker (Juan Carlos Fresnadillo) who shows signs of ruthless mastery to match Pedro Almodóvar, Guillermo del Toro, Alejandro González Iñárritu, and Alfonso Cuarón.

There are astonishing scenes of kids wandering around an entirely empty London that generate the same how-on-earth-did-they-film-that wonderment generated by Cuarón in last year's *Children of Men*, the best-directed movie of the past decade.

No, it's not enough to praise *28 Weeks Later* for these qualities when it can be praised for qualities it does not possess. The movie has critics straining mightily to analogize its goings-on to the war in Iraq—because it's in part about how the U.S. military would respond to an outbreak of zombie violence in London.

"It's hard not to think of Iraq and the fear of Islam generated in the Dubya era as the U.S. occupying force starts shooting and bombing without regard to collateral damage," writes Peter Travers in *Rolling Stone*.

Fresnadillo and his team of screenwriters certainly had Iraq in mind when they wrote the film: The secure area controlled by the Americans is called "the Green Zone," for example. Touches like this caused A.O. Scott in the *New York Times* to praise the movie for its "biting satire." And David Edelstein of *New York* could only cry out, as to the heavens: "What has our government wrought?"

The problem, as Edelstein ruefully acknowledges, is that the logic of *28 Weeks Later* is not actually antiwar or anti-American. Sorry, Peter Travers, but the American forces we see in this movie only blow it when they *don't* "shoot and bomb without regard to collateral damage." The last half of the movie portrays a desperate effort on the part of a heroic American sniper and an American military doctor to save the lives of two teenagers whose blood might contain an antibody that would save the world from the virus that has depopulated Britain. God knows they mean well, and we're supposed to think of them as noble and heroic. They are resisting unjust orders. They deserve the Andrew Sullivan Gold Star, as presented by Rep. Ron Paul.

But—and you should stop reading now if you don't want to know the ending—by doing everything they can to keep those kids alive, these well-meaning Americans ensure that the rest of the world will soon be destroyed by the zombie virus that has been successfully contained in Britain. A helicopter pilot airlifts the kids across the Channel to Paris. The final image is zombies running demonlike toward the Eiffel Tower—and then, presumably, across Europe, Asia, and Africa.

So, if you want to take your warfighting wisdom on how to handle the enemy in Iraq from *28 Weeks Later*, you will probably come up with something like the use of a neutron bomb on the world's Muslim countries. This is why you don't want to take your political wisdom from movies like *28 Weeks Later*.

The reason the movie ends the way it does is that it's the most effective and frightening possible conclusion. It's the Boo! to end all Boos. It's not intended to be a political platform. But no matter. Its pretentious fans will deliberately misunderstand *28 Weeks Later* in order to mold its politics into something that reflects their views.

After all, you're talking about people who think they understand what Victorian mores were because they've seen *Dracula, Prince of Darkness*. ♦

John Podhoretz, columnist for the New York Post, *is* THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic.*

"After word arrived Tuesday afternoon that Jerry Falwell had suffered a fatal heart attack, Charlie Gibson was determined not to lead his newscast with the preacher's death.
"'It lends importance to a figure whose legacy contained a lot of positives and a lot of negatives,' says the ABC anchor. . . . 'It venerates the subject to an extent that I didn't think belonged there. He was a controversial figure.'" —Washington Post, May 17

TRANSCRIPT
ABC WORLD NEWS TONIGHT

Charlie Gibson: Good evening. We begin tonight with the story of a girl—a young woman, really—who saw the homeless and destitute wandering the streets of her comfortable hometown, Upper Montclair, New Jersey, and decided to do something about it.

Her name is Penelope Baumgartner, she's 14 years old, and the program for the homeless she founded on the streets of one New Jersey community is now a nationwide model for teens who want to do something to help those whose American Dream has turned into a nightmare.

Cue remote/footage/interview etc.

Charlie Gibson: Penelope Baumgartner. A young woman determined to make a difference. You can learn more about Penelope and how she and her friends are helping the homeless by logging on to www.abcnews.go.com/wn.

Later this evening, on *According to Jim,* Cheryl discovers a lump on her breast and fears she might have cancer. That's a worrisome scenario for millions of American women. But tonight there's good news from researchers at the National Institutes of Health, who have devised a simple test—a test that any woman can conduct herself—that experts say has a better than 50 percent chance of detecting some of the more curable cancers that will strike an estimated 100,000 American women just this year.

We'll have that story a little later in the broadcast, and *According to Jim* can be seen tonight at 9 o'clock Eastern Standard Time on most ABC stations. Consult your local directory for listings.

Coming up next: An end to lip-reading for a famous American. But first these messages.

Cue commercials.

Charlie Gibson: We report some sad news for some Americans tonight. ABC News has learned that former President George H.W. Bush died earlier today at his summer home in Kennebunkport, Maine. No cause of death was given, but the former president, whose single term in the White House contained a lot of negatives and a lot of positives, was 99 years old.

Willie Horton, whose career was important to the first President Bush's election in 1988, shared with ABC News this evening his memories of George H.W. Bush, his controversial presidency, and what his legacy might be.

Cue remote/footage/interview etc.

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