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MATT LABASH

AND ITS ENEMIES

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BY JONATHAN V. LAST

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Kiron K. Skinner, is an associate professor of international relations at Carnegie Mellon University and a research fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University. She is a coauthor of the *New York Times* bestsellers, *Reagan, in His Own Hand: The Writings of Ronald Reagan that Reveal His Revolutionary Vision of America* (with Annelise Anderson and Martin Anderson, 2001) and *Reagan, a Life in Letters* (with Annelise Anderson and Martin Anderson, 2003).

Contributors: Alexei Arbatov, Karen Brutents, Anatoli Chernaiev, Oleg Grinevsky, David Holloway, Robert L. Hutchings, Jack F. Matlock Jr., Michael McFaul, Georgi I. Mirski, Pavel Palazhchenko, Nikolai Petrov, Condoleezza Rice, Peter W. Rodman, George P. Shultz, Philip Zelikow, Vladislav Zubok.

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Contents

December 10, 2007 • Volume 13, Number 13

Articles

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Features

Books & Arts

the weekly Standard

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BPA INTERNATIONAL

A Very Carter Christmas

The Scrapbook was, frankly, thrilled this week to receive a letter in the mail with the return address that has brought hope to millions around the world, and reduced tyrants to quivering blobs of shame: The Carter Center, Atlanta, Georgia.

At first, we thought perhaps President Carter was inviting us to observe an election—in Venezuela, for example—or accompany him on a fact-finding mission to, say, Iran or North Korea or Cuba. Inside there was a beautiful, red-bordered card with a silhouette of the dove of peace, and a collage of heart-warming images within the silhouette: A smiling Jimmy Carter; a somewhat less-smiling Rosalynn Carter; and lots and lots of smiling kids, mostly of Third World provenance, who looked as if they had just received a handful of flour from Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter.

The Scrapbook had gotten a Christmas card from Jimmy Carter! "Best Wishes for Peace, Health, and Hope Throughout the Year," it said—strictly nondenominational, to be sure, but we couldn't contain our pleasure. We had not expected season's greetings from Al Gore's fellow Nobel Peace Prize laureate!

So readers can imagine our disappointment when, placing the card gently on a nearby table, the other contents of the envelope unexpectedly fell out. Alas, The Scrapbook is saddened to

report, it was all just another fundraising appeal, complete with a form for our tax-deductible contribution, and boxes to check for cash, Visa, MasterCard, AMEX, or Discover cards.

"Dear —," the letter began, "After leaving the White House, Rosalynn and I searched our hearts for ways to use our unique position to help those less fortunate here in America and around the world. In an 'act of faith,' we founded The Carter Center."

On and on it went, with the story of the Center's founding, the "three tests" the Center had to pass in order to succeed, a recitation of good works—"The Carter Center has silenced guns, helped warring parties find peace, and helped restore health to those wracked by disease"—as well as "a personal reflection" by President Carter: "People have told Rosalynn and me that when they read tragic news of famine, erupting conflict, or vicious tyranny, they take a measure of hope from their support for The Carter Center."

There was even a P.S. from President Carter in the time-honored language of direct-mail solicitations: "Please do not delay your gift—your support is urgently needed, and it will make an immediate difference. Thank you."

The Scrapbook sat down, read through President Carter's letter once again, and gazed ruefully at the solicitation form and the card with the dove on the front. And then, in the spirit of this holiday season, and mindful of the work The Carter Center does here in America, and around the world, The Scrapbook said a small prayer of thanks for wastebaskets, and in an "act of faith," did what we always do with pronouncements from Jimmy Carter. ♦

The USS *Kitty Hawk*'s Unhappy Thanksgiving

Last week, while The Scrapbook was stuffing itself with turkey and, well, stuffing, the sailors and Marines on board the USS *Kitty Hawk* found themselves embroiled in an international incident off the coast of China. At the last minute, the Chinese, having invited the aircraft carrier and its accompanying task force for a holiday port call in Hong Kong, retracted the invitation. Many of the crew on board the *Kitty Hawk*, the only U.S. carrier based overseas, had flown their families from Japan to Hong Kong so they could enjoy Thanksgiving together. Instead, the crew was stuck at sea, and their families in inhospitable Red China.

The Chinese at first explained their sudden change of heart as a "misunderstanding," but back in Beijing, the foreign ministry elaborated—the decision was retaliatory: a response to the American sale of missiles to Taiwan, which China considers a renegade province, and to President Bush's recent meeting with the Dalai Lama, the well-known spiritual leader of Chinese-occupied Tibet, whom China, uniquely, considers a terrorist.

As far as international incidents go, this was a minor insult, akin to a bratty little nephew extending his hand to greet you for the holiday only to withdraw it at the last second and run it through his hair, saying *psych*. The Chinese subsequently reversed themselves again, inviting the *Kitty Hawk* back to Hong Kong, but by that point it was too late—the *Kitty Hawk* and its task force were steaming for the Taiwan Strait, a maneuver akin to the U.S. Navy flip-

(Classic Steiner, reprinted from our issue of May 1, 1999)

ping the bird at Beijing while doing donuts in their front yard.

But a disturbing pattern is emerging. In a recent press briefing, Admiral Timothy J. Keating, commander of the U.S. Pacific Command, spoke of another incident in which the Chinese refused shelter to two U.S. minesweepers caught in a storm in the South China Sea:

> For the Chinese to have denied those two ships, in particular, small though they may be, that is a different kettle of fish for us and is, in ways, more disturbing, more perplexing than the denial for the *Kitty Hawk*'s port visit request. As it turns out, both the *Patriot* and *Guardian* remained unaffected. They suffered no damage. But this is kind of an unwritten law among seamen that if someone is in need, regardless of genus, phylum or species, you let them come in; you give them safe harbor. Jimmy Buffett has songs about it, for crying out loud.

This reminds The Scrapbook of another Jimmy Buffet song. It's called "Boats to Build," and the Navy better get to it. ♦

Antiwar Films Bomb

Better sit down; this may come as a shock. Hollywood's spate of antiwar movies—*Lions for Lambs*, *Redacted*, etc.—have turned out to be box-office duds. As a Scripps Howard headline put it: "War-based films are tanking at box office—it may be a symptom of apathy about Iraq." Or it may be a symptom of moviegoers' hostility to being propagandized by the likes of Robert Redford and Brian De Palma.

The latter is the theory of the parodist at the *Iowahawk* blog, who produced a winning knock-off of a *Variety* story last week:

> Boxbux Sux
> as Stix Hix Nix Xmas Flix
>
> Los Angeles—Despite critical acclaim and massive promotional budgets, a wave of anti-Santa holiday pictures floundered at the box office over the Thanksgiving opening weekend, leading some entertainment industry analysts to question whether Hollywood had overestimated the American public's loathing for the Claus administration and a seemingly endless shopping season. . . .
>
> Star power was . . . unable to save Sundance Films' *Dialog on 34th Street*, Writer/Producer/Director/Star/Costume Designer/Makeup Artist Robert Redford's take on the Christmas quagmire. Just last month the film had a triumphant debut for Redford at Redford's prestigious Sundance Film Festival, where it brought home Best Picture and earned Redford the Golden Redford for his portrayal of a young, gauzily-lit rugged dissident intellectual cowboy filmmaker who exposes the lies told by a department store Santa Claus (Tom Cruise) to a cynical 7-year-old girl (Meryl Streep). During its national weekend opening, however, it was only able to generate $7,425 in tickets sales, a figure which some industry analyst said would not cover the film's advertising budget, let alone the CGI and spackle cost for Mr. Redford's closeup scenes. . . .

There's much more where that came from, at iowahawk.typepad.com. ♦

Casual

Men Are from the Multiplex

When my wife and I began courting some ten years ago, she knew I loved the movies. I loved every bit of the cinema experience. I had favorite seats (fourth row, dead center), a favorite snack (Twizzlers), and even a favorite suburban googaplex located several miles from our urban homes. I insisted that we go to this particular theater because it had the biggest screens and best sound systems of any cinema within a 30-mile radius. For home viewing, I had a 60-inch TV, which back then was quite exotic, not to mention bigger than a Buick.

I favored a particular genre of movie—violent, exciting, well made. A new addition to Martin Scorsese's or Michael Mann's oeuvre immediately made the top of my must-see list. Even on the regrettable occasions when these masters eschewed violence, their movies were still satisfyingly intense.

My wife-to-be graciously indulged this interest, no matter how execrable my taste. She even endured *Star Wars: Episode 1—The Phantom Menace* with nary a complaint, other than the repeated comment that Liam Neeson's hair looked silly. And I tried to repay her kindness. I accompanied her to see Stanley Kubrick's cinematic train wreck *Eyes Wide Shut* and only chattered on for a week or so about how unendurable it was.

As our courtship turned into marriage, the rules began subtly to change. Oddly, the film most responsible for upending our comfortable movie arrangement was Roberto Benigni's nonviolent Holocaust tragicomedy *Life Is Beautiful*. A friend had told us it was hilarious. As we walked out of the cinema with tears running down our faces, we both angrily noted the incompleteness of our friend's description.

Then my wife floated a trial balloon. She said that she found such movies "too disturbing" to endure. I agreed, assuming she was speaking metaphorically. Little did I know that in that instant our cinematic relationship had been transformed.

Even after that, I was able to con her into seeing Scorsese's *Gangs of New York*. I pointed to the glowing reviews, and insisted that as sophisticated people we really ought to see it. About two hours into the movie, just at the end of Act II when Daniel Day-Lewis was beating poor Leonardo DiCaprio to a pulp, my wife whispered that she couldn't watch any more, and that she would wait outside the theater for the movie to end.

DARREN GYGI

Knowing a threat to domestic tranquility when I see one, I followed her up the aisle and immediately began begging forgiveness for dragging her to such a gory epic. She, realizing that the power structure of our moviegoing was now inverted, was slow to grant a pardon. She wisely milked the moment for all it was worth. After all, I had pressured her into seeing a movie that anyone allergic to disturbing imagery had no business seeing. The moral high ground was hers.

Unfortunately, the power inversion carried over to our happy home. Once we had enjoyed *The Sopranos* together. Then she added *The Sopranos* to her blacklist of the disturbing. We used to watch *Deadwood* together. No more. Same thing for *Rome*. She even refused to watch *The Wire*, perhaps the most brilliant television series ever.

As far as going out to the movies is concerned, finding a mutually agreeable film has become an almost insoluble puzzle. I suppose I could agree to fare like *The Devil Wears Prada*, but I still have some pride. Besides, I have to reckon with the reality that her list of entertainment that disturbs is ever-expanding. We've moved well beyond a ban on mere violence. Anything more intense than a Hallmark Hall of Fame Christmas special has the potential to disturb, and therefore to put me in the doghouse.

In this kind of marital struggle, the man doesn't have a chance. I've long since meekly surrendered to my wife's cinema ban on all things disturbing. When an epic like the recent *American Gangster* hits the theaters, I wistfully recall the days when as a matter of course I would see such a film on opening night. Then I thank God for Netflix and my wife's book club.

At home, I have to take care to make sure disturbing images don't inadvertently harass her. Every now and then, I'll weaken. I'll notice that *The Departed* is on HBO and try to sneak a few minutes of viewing even though my wife is in the next room. So this is what it's come to—I'm a mayhem-starved junkie, recklessly hitting up whenever the chance presents itself.

But I know that if she hears the Dropkick Murphys shouting "Shipping up to Boston" and sees Matt Damon's smooshed matinee idol looks on our TV, then a real disturbance will ensue.

Dean Barnett

Don't Ridicule Romney

The caricature depicting Mitt Romney on your November 26 cover is distasteful for two reasons. First it portrays Romney—an accomplished entrepreneur, manager, and leader—as a grasping, leering, charlatan controlled not by his dreams, goals, and ethics, but by whoever winds that toy key in his back. Having worked with Romney in the bluest of states, wherein Republicans numbered by the dozens are barely tolerated, Romney always came across as an earnest partner who wanted to work with you to accomplish your shared goals. You never felt any whiff of sleaze around Mitt. Never.

More importantly, by characterizing him as this grotesque doll, then linking that to the title of CEO, you are furthering the media generated impression of CEOs and businessmen as grasping crooks. The enormous wealth and prosperity existing throughout this land that is shared by virtually all its citizens and "guests" alike has been generated largely under the guidance and energy of our CEOs and entrepreneurs, not by the Washington elites and power brokers that largely just distribute this wealth.

Terry Magrath
Marblehead, Mass.

It was refreshing to read Fred Barnes's in-depth story on Mitt Romney's philosophy and style of governance rather than another tired piece on Romney's Mormonism or flip-flopping ("The Man Who Wants to Fix Washington," November 26). All the talk of religion, electioneering, and the minutia of ideology has become really stale. Romney's system of gathering critical information to solve problems in the world of business just might be able to change Washington's ways.

Mike Franitza
Charlottesville, Va.

A Boomer Repents

As a 55-year-old ex-liberal from California, I identify with the loathsome boomers described in William Kristol's editorial "Not-So-Great Generation" (November 26).

There is nothing in my past that I regret more than the attitude I had regarding the military during the Vietnam war. I never literally spit on those remarkable people, but I did in my heart.

My generation was unbelievably narcissistic and lived lives of utter insignificance. Most of the people I knew then are still the same now. But hopefully more of us boomers will dare to face ourselves and come to grips with what a load of useless spoiled brats we have been.

Carrie Pimentel
San Pedro, Calif.

Victimizing Veterans

The attempt by congressional Democrats, the media, and Hollywood to portray veterans as victims, as Dean Barnett chronicles in "The Last Talking Point of the Left" (November 26), is distasteful to say the least. I was wounded on January 29, 2005, in a rocket attack on the U.S. embassy in Baghdad, and I resent the Democrats' attempts to woo my vote with promises of using other people's money to pay me off. They assume that like their base we are laying around feeling sorry for ourselves hoping to get a chunk of someone else's hard earned money.

But unlike the Democrats' base, veterans made a contract with the American people and earned their benefits. We agreed that in exchange for being willing to go where bullets are flying, we would receive certain compensation, which would be determined based on length of service, wounds, etc. Veterans are neither victims nor wards of the state. A veteran can look in the mirror and say with confidence, "I gave more to America than I ever took, and of that I am very proud."

Russell A. Smith
Oklahoma City, Okla.

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President Clinton and Mr. Hyde

Has Bill Clinton lost his touch? In the old days, when he didn't want to take a clear position, he was the master of the straddle. Two days after Congress authorized the first Gulf War, in January 1991, he remarked, "I guess I would have voted for the majority if it was a close vote. But I agree with the arguments the minority made." As former Democratic senator Bob Kerrey commented in 1996, "Clinton's an unusually good liar. Unusually good."

In January 1998, as president, Clinton tested that proposition. He assured the American people, "I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Ms. Lewinsky"—apparently having in mind his own (rather restrictive) definition of sexual relations. And yet he survived.

His best days of debauchery and obfuscation behind him, Clinton now seems to think he can get away with just making things up. Campaigning for his wife in Iowa last week, he told voters that he "opposed Iraq from the beginning." On May 18, 2003, during a commencement speech at Tougaloo College in Mississippi, Clinton said, "I supported the president when he asked for authority to stand up against weapons of mass destruction in Iraq." A little over a year later, he told *Time*, "That's why I supported the Iraq thing." Now, he says he "opposed Iraq from the beginning"? Really?

And, one might add, opposing Iraq from the beginning was hardly on-message for the Hillary campaign. If it was so clear that one should have opposed the war from the beginning, why did Hillary vote in October 2002 to authorize the use of force? Hillary's narrative depends on her having been deceived by Bush into supporting the war. Bill's vainglorious claim that he—and presumably other intelligent observers—were always against the war doesn't help Hillary.

Does any of this matter?

Yes. It brings the tawdriness of the Clinton years rushing back. And it's not as if Hillary can distance herself from Bill—or from those years. What is, after all, Hillary Clinton's claim to the presidency? Her seven years in the Senate? Her years of law practice? No. Her claim is the "experience" she acquired as first lady. Her claim is that she was and is Mrs. Bill Clinton. The Monica scandal gave Hillary a fantastic political gift: a kind of separation from Bill Clinton while she still remained Hillary Rodham . . . Clinton. But now voters are reminded by Bill's presence on the campaign trail that the Clintons come as a pair. When Bill was running for president in New Hampshire in 1992, voters were told they would get "two for the price of one." Now voters have been reminded that they still get two for the price of one. Last week was a good week for Barack Obama.

***

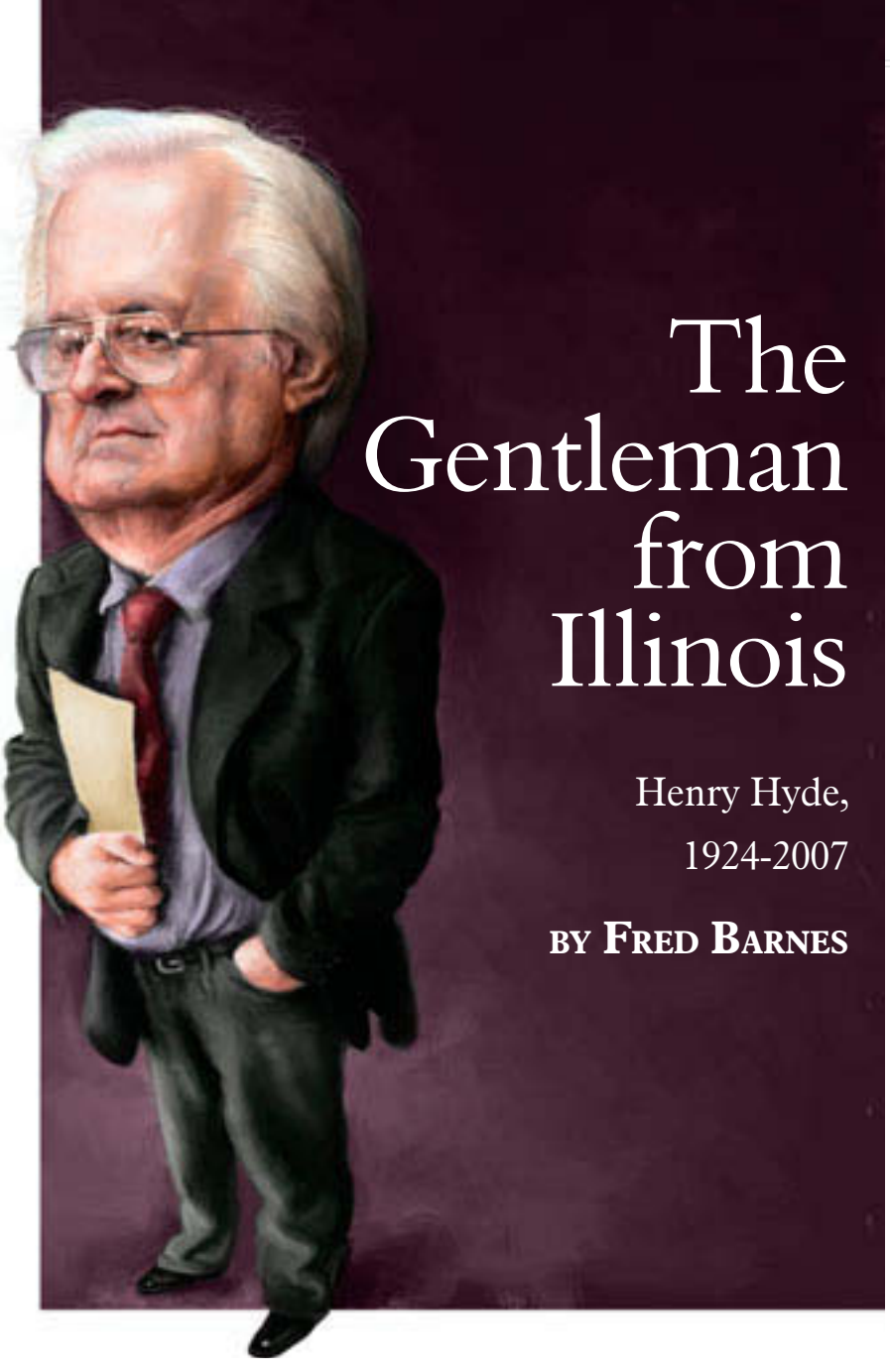
Last week also brought news of the death of former Illinois congressman Henry Hyde, who managed the impeachment of Bill Clinton. In February 1999, in the face of an overwhelming consensus that President Clinton would emerge the political victor from his impeachment showdown with the Republican Congress, this magazine editorialized that "Republicans should be proud to stand with Henry Hyde against Bill Clinton." And today, we say, Republicans should honor the legacy of Henry Hyde.

In 1999, we noted, in light of the unpopularity of impeachment, one of Hyde's statements: "There are issues of transcendent importance that you have to be willing to lose your office over. I would think of several that I am willing to lose my office over. Abortion is one. National defense is another. Strengthening, not emasculating, the concept of equal justice under law."

This remains a good description of what Republicans should stand for: defending the country, the Constitution, and moral principle. We also noted in 1999 that Republicans needed to come to grips with "their inability to figure out how to oppose a superficially alluring Clintonism." This time around, in 2008, the Democrats—even if they have the wit to avoid nominating Hillary Clinton—are presenting another superficially alluring message: that we can avoid tough choices both abroad and at home. Al Qaeda, entitlements, Iranian nukes—according to Democrats, none of these requires doing anything difficult or challenging.

The example of Henry Hyde—honored by George W. Bush with a Medal of Freedom shortly before his death—should remind Republicans that to govern is to choose, not to straddle.

—William Kristol



The Gentleman from Illinois

Henry Hyde, 1924-2007

BY FRED BARNES

The first time I spoke to a pro-life group—it was the summer of 1993—I expected Illinois congressman Henry Hyde to be there. I was speaking in Milwaukee at National Right to Life's annual convention and my assumption was that when a major anti-abortion group gathered, Hyde's presence was required. But Hyde wasn't there. I had brought my daughter Sarah with me and I was disappointed she wouldn't get to hear Hyde, the great pro-life orator and the nation's leading defender of the unborn.

As luck would have it, when we were flying home and changed planes in Chicago, whom should we sit across from on the flight to Washington but Henry Hyde. We were thrilled. And Hyde, tall, stout, white-haired, and quite friendly, said he'd be glad to chat with us over coffee at Washington National Airport.

And he did, and told us a fascinating story. For several years, he had debated a liberal Republican from New Jersey named Millicent Fenwick on the House floor. She was a real character. She smoked a pipe. Her mother had died in the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915. Fenwick was an unswerving defender of a woman's right to have an abortion.

After an especially contentious debate, Fenwick confronted Hyde in a state of fury. She told him he shouldn't be talking the way he did about abortion. He was dividing the Republican party, even the country. He was stirring ugly passions. He must stop.

Hyde interrupted Fenwick's tirade to say he'd tell her a story he'd never told anyone in Washington, not even close friends. Then she'd understand why he believed so strongly in saving unborn children. His mother wasn't married when she'd gotten pregnant. But she didn't seek an abortion. And when he was a month old she'd left him on the doorstep of a family, who took him in and reared him. That, he told Fenwick, was why he opposed abortion.

Fenwick was thunderstruck. She walked away without saying a word and never debated the issue of abortion with Hyde again. At this point, Hyde paused in telling the story. He looked at me and then at my daughter. "Of course the story wasn't true," he said. He'd made it up on the spur of the moment. But it was for a worthy cause, and he had never regretted using it to silence Fenwick. We laughed and laughed and so did Hyde. My immediate thought—one that stuck with me up to the day Hyde died last week at 83—was simply, "What a wonderful man. What a great guy to have on your side."

Hyde was a cheerful politician with a great sense of humor and a wide range of interests. He once told me how much he enjoyed going to movies, usually on Saturdays, and listed all the movies he'd seen recently. I hadn't seen any of them.

He was a skillful legislator who got along with nearly everyone in Congress, including Democrats. This was true even after he led the effort, as chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, to impeach President Clinton. When he argued on the Senate floor for conviction, it was a historic moment.

JASON SEILER

Fred Barnes is executive editor of The Weekly Standard.

But his role in impeaching Bill Clinton wasn't Hyde's most important as a congressman.

Enacting, and later saving, the Hyde Amendment was. The measure was passed in 1976, two years after Hyde arrived in Washington, and is still the law of the land. It bars the use of federal funds to pay for abortions. The year before, there were 300,000 federally funded abortions. A conservative estimate is that the amendment has saved at least a million lives over the past three decades, but the number could be higher.

When Clinton became president in 1993, he urged repeal of the Hyde Amendment. His administration estimated that, absent Hyde's ban, federal funds would pay for 325,000 to 675,000 abortions annually. Only a shrewd concession by Hyde saved the ban.

Many pro-lifers insisted that any softening of the amendment should be strongly opposed. But Hyde found he didn't have the votes. By altering it to permit federal funds for abortions in cases of rape and incest, Hyde peeled off enough House members to preserve the amendment. It was a victory that shocked the pro-abortion lobby, spurred opposition to Clinton's health care plan (which would have paid for abortions), and prompted the defeat of the Freedom of Choice Act.

Hyde was an early convert to the pro-life movement. As a state legislator in Illinois—pre-*Roe* v. *Wade*—he'd been approached by a colleague to cosponsor a bill legalizing abortion. Hyde was inclined to back the bill. When he read it, however, he changed his mind. Hyde had never thought about the abortion issue. Once he did, rather than support the bill, he led the opposition in defeating it. When he won a House seat in 1974, he came to Washington an ardent pro-lifer.

I don't know whether Hyde was always eloquent on the moral imperative to save unborn children. But he certainly was when I first heard him at a platform hearing at the Republican convention in Dallas in 1984. The party had adopted a pro-life plank four years earlier, and Hyde argued for keeping it. Senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut—another Republican in the Millicent Fenwick mold—urged it be dropped.

Until covering their debate, I'd paid little attention to the morality of abortion. I'd thought about abortion chiefly as a political issue or simply a medical procedure to be avoided if possible. But that wasn't what Hyde talked about. He said the Republican platform should oppose abortion without any exceptions, a position that seemed a bit extreme.

Hyde didn't run away from the hard cases: rape and incest. He said there was already one innocent victim in these cases, the pregnant woman, and abortion would only add a second. Aborting the unborn child would compound the horror of the crime that had been committed.

As I listened to Hyde, tears began streaming down my cheeks. This was embarrassing, unprofessional even, since I was sitting in the press section. I'd never thought of myself as a pro-lifer, but suddenly I did. A great man had persuaded me. ♦

'The Bombs of Dhamma'

Pakistan's pop music scene.

BY DAVEED GARTENSTEIN-ROSS & NICK GRACE

Singer-songwriter Imran Raza and guitarist Faraz Anwar hope to bring an unlikely revolution to Pakistan—one guided by Sufi-oriented music inspired by Led Zeppelin and Metallica. The country's music-averse extremists were quick to take notice.

Raza, 35, was born in Pakistan but raised in the United States. Sporting Dolce & Gabbana designer clothes, a shaved head, and Prada sunglasses, he reflects a Southern California sensibility. A former University of Southern California student who has been writing songs since his teenage years, Raza went back to school in 2001 to study film and poetry in pursuit of his dream of producing a rock opera.

Less than a month after classes began in August, he woke up in his penthouse apartment to the news of 9/11. In the aftermath of the attacks, Raza more than once heard bigoted remarks about Muslims; since he looked more like a rocker type than a Middle Easterner, people weren't on their guard around him. Raza says he felt more outrage at the attacks themselves and the Taliban's brutal rule in Afghanistan than anger at the comments—but both reinforced his desire to work against bigotry.

Two years later, Raza returned to Pakistan to film a short documentary as part of his studies. He discovered a vibrant music scene, for which rock musicians had one man to thank: President Pervez Musharraf, who had privatized the country's television stations the year before. Suddenly Pakistan boasted 20 channels, 3 of them dedicated to music. The result was an explosion of opportunity reminiscent of the early days of MTV: Airtime had to be filled, and a lot of stars emerged, many of them one-hit wonders.

Raza saw his chance to create a music

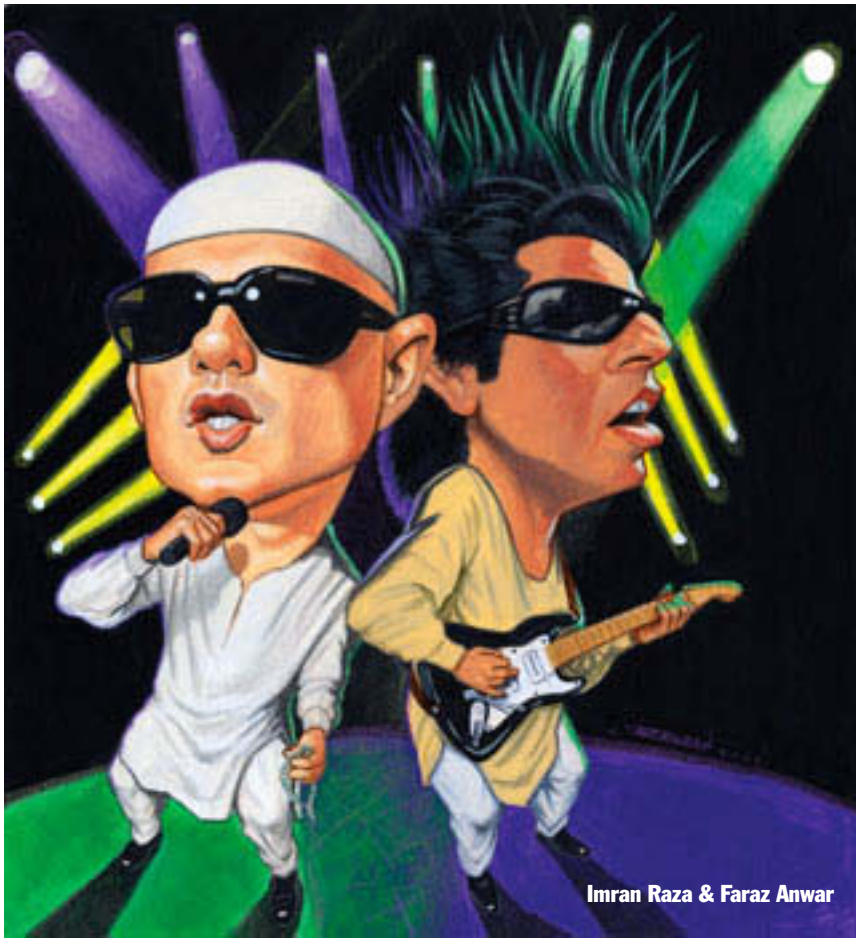
Daveed Gartenstein-Ross is vice president of research at the Foundation for Defense of Democracies, and the author of My Year Inside Radical Islam. *Nick Grace is a contributor to* ThreatsWatch*, a website seeking to increase public awareness of national security threats.*

comfortable for South Asians that would combine Western freedoms and his own commitment to Sufism, which to him is characterized by a mystical and tolerant practice of Islam. "Sufism's core message," he says, "is one of pluralistic understanding. It is very complex, and there are different aspects of how it addresses different human situations and relations with God."

Raza began looking for a musical collaborator. The search took four years, but was finally successful. Faraz Anwar, 30, had won Pakistan's national music competition at the age of 11, and had become a full-time musician at 14, touring as a guitarist with top-tier acts. Counting his recordings as a session musician, Anwar has sold over 30 million albums—no small feat in a country where music piracy is rampant. Although popular performers had tried to form bands with Anwar, he had always turned them down.

It was President Musharraf who introduced Raza and Anwar. Raza had a family connection with the president—an uncle had gone through officer training with Musharraf. Last May, Musharraf and Raza saw each other at a Sufi musical performance at the governor's house in Karachi, and Raza struck up a conversation with the president, a fan of classic rock. Raza explained his musical project and expressed an interest in working with the legendary Anwar.

Days later, Raza found himself in Anwar's modern recording studio in Karachi. Above an impressive guitar collection hung two six-foot posters, one of Jimi Hendrix and one of Anwar. Anwar was initially dismissive—but when he flipped through Raza's lyrics, a song called "The Bombs of *Dhamma*" caught his eye. *Dhamma* is the Pali word for *dharma*, which Raza explains as "an enlightened state of purified intentions where one doesn't desire to do anyone harm." The song proclaims: "I believe in enlightened moderation, the beauty of knowing who you are." It calls for "Bombs of purity and bombs of joy / Bombs of peace and bombs of love / Bombs of harmony and bombs of compassion / The bombs of *dhamma*."



Imran Raza & Faraz Anwar

ISMAEL ROLDAN

On reading this, Anwar exclaimed in Urdu, "Finally someone has come my way who is on my level!" The two musicians began recording Raza's songs. The first one they tackled was "Fly with Us," which mixes South Asian flutes and classical Sufi singing with classic rock. Speaking of the need for "a real reformation," the song contrasts religious intolerance with the fresh spirit of classic rock, inviting listeners to spurn extremism and "fly with" Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, and the Beatles.

Early in their recording sessions, unmixed clips of "Fly with Us" and "The Bombs of *Dhamma*" were leaked to the Pakistani media. They were played on the radio. Though other artists had released songs promoting tolerance, Raza's lyrics were especially direct. Religious extremists got the message and issued death threats against him. Provided a security detail by the government, Raza only became more outspoken. "What bothered me," Raza said, "is that the mullahs are able to muzzle speech and force others to bow through violence and retribution."

Anwar went further in a phone call with us from Karachi, challenging the extremists' theology. "They do not follow Islam," he said. "They have created something of their own. Basically, they are not educated people, and they don't even know what the Koran says."

During his most recent trip to Pakistan, Raza was afforded a glimpse of the celebrity that may be in store for him. Though his local number was unpublished, his cell phone rang incessantly with calls from journalists. One of Raza's bodyguards began fielding the calls so he could focus on his studio work.

Though Raza and Anwar haven't yet completed an album, the leaked songs have gained them plenty of

attention. In addition, the youth-oriented television channel Aag played a music video of their song "Be Like the Onion"; the response promptly landed it on the channel's "flaming hot" rotation. Raza hopes to complete an album by the end of 2008. And he still aspires to produce his rock opera centered on the themes of liberty and pluralism.

Pakistan's music scene has declined in the past five years. Because piracy remains unfettered, musicians rely on live performances for revenue. Concertgoers generally represent the most progressive element of society, young people either hailing from liberal families or rebelling against conservative ones. Musicians tend to be influenced by MTV and Western rock in both sound and look: There are long-haired performers and glammed-up pop stars. They typically perform in venues seating between 2,000 and 10,000. Among music fans there is a sense that social change is needed, but the feeling is diffuse, not connected to any program for action.

The rise in militancy in recent years has hit musicians hard. The Taliban and al Qaeda-led campaign against music stores across northwest Pakistan saw 20 stores bombed in May and 25 attacked in June and July. In October, a bomb ripped through the large Musafir CD Centre in Peshawar. A concert would make an ideal target for a suicide bomber.

In this environment, any live musician performs in an atmosphere of threat. It is unclear, however, whether others have been personally targeted. Raza noticed that the lead singer of a band called Fuzon seemed to have a government security detail, but he too may benefit from a connection to Musharraf.

Certainly Anwar and Raza know the risks. Military affairs analyst Bill Roggio said, "Raza and Anwar show real courage, as their music strikes at the core of the extremists' message. The Taliban will stop at nothing to silence them." But Anwar and Raza are undaunted. Said Raza, "Whatever you do in life, you have to do it with sincerity. If that involves risks, so be it." ♦

Around the World in D.C. Cabs

You never know who'll be behind the wheel.

BY ELLEN BORK

A taxi ride in Washington, D.C., can be at least as thought provoking as a panel discussion at one of our local think tanks. Several weeks ago, I took a cab to a movie theater. When I told the driver I was going to see a documentary film about art stolen by the Nazis, he replied: "The Russians took a lot of it." He asked me if I'd been to the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. I hadn't. He had. I asked him if he was an art historian. No, he said, an artist, from Ethiopia. He dropped me off and we agreed to look for each other at Lalibela, a restaurant in my neighborhood where Ethiopians meet. There are often a couple of cabs parked outside.

Some time later, shortly after General Pervez Musharraf declared a state of emergency in Pakistan, I hailed a taxi outside my office near Dupont Circle. Getting into the front seat next to the driver, as I sometimes do, I noticed in the light from the open door that he had a soft, untrimmed beard and wire-rimmed glasses. He was wearing a wool sport coat and open-collared shirt. I asked him to take me to the Jewish Community Center.

We drove up to the first light on the south side of the circle. To my right, under a street lamp, two men in dark suits and ties had finished crossing in front of us and were proceeding around the circle. They were carrying shopping bags from Marshalls department store. Very tired, I was almost unaware that I was speaking my mundane thoughts out loud.

"Those guys are probably here on business and had the afternoon off to go shopping at the mall." Gamely, the driver joined in, "Right. There isn't a Marshalls near here." Together, we watched them as we moved slowly around the circle, stopping at two more traffic lights.

A few blocks later we caught up with the men again. "Do you think they are lost?" the driver asked me. He lowered the window on my side and leaned over, calling out to the men in another language. The men looked over at us and one answered. The only words I could make out were "16th Street." "16th and what?" I asked. "16th and R," the voice came back with a slight roll of the "r." It was a block from where I was going. "Come with us," I said, and turned to the driver to ask if that was all right. "Yes," he said to them, "we'll take you for free."

The men got in the back seat. They were clean shaven and their conservative suits fit neatly. "How did you know you were from the same place?" I asked them. "We look the same," the driver said. "Well, not exactly," I said, trying to see what they recognized in each other. They were all from Pakistan, and it turned out the visitors were accountants in town for meetings.

Twisting around to face the new passengers, I asked them, "Do you support the lawyers?" referring to the members of the Pakistani bar who had been on the front pages of the newspaper leading the opposition to Musharraf's crackdown. One hundred percent, they said.

"It's an interesting time

Ellen Bork works at the human rights group Freedom House.

to be in Washington," I said.

"I know! Today I was so agitated," said one of them, his voice getting louder and the accented syllables sounding more clipped. "I wanted to go to the White House and hold up a placard saying, 'THIS IS YOUR GOON!'" His outburst ended with a laugh, but he looked down and shook his head.

The accountants recounted a comedy routine back home ridiculing the dictator's charade of constitutionalism. The comedian pretends to be President Musharraf firing General Musharraf—or maybe it was the other way around. They also agreed wryly with Asma Jahangir, a Pakistani human rights activist who was placed under house arrest for two weeks, that while Musharraf claimed to be protecting the country from Islamist extremists, he was locking up the moderates.

As we pulled up to my stop, I asked the driver what he thought. "I just want peace everywhere in the world." He couldn't be persuaded to offer an opinion. He said he was just a simple man driving a taxi. I paid the fare, the tip, and a little more and left them to go the rest of the way together.

You can learn a lot about what's going on in the world by taking Washington taxis. Like the trends in ethnic restaurants, the pool of taxi drivers often reflects international upheavals. I've had lots of Afghan drivers and Africans from several countries, although I can't recall a Vietnamese or Cambodian driver. It used to be said that one of the shah of Iran's former generals drove a taxi at National Airport.

You can be reminded of important things about America, too. On a short trip back to the office one day, a driver and I talked about his kids and my job. I asked where he was from originally. Morocco, he answered. He was applying to become a citizen. I told him I was glad to hear it. "This is a great country," he said. ♦

Trading with Colombia

President Uribe achieves a miracle—why won't the Democrats help him?

BY DUNCAN CURRIE

Medellín, Colombia

Gregory Meeks is walking casually through what used to be the most dangerous area of the world's most violent city. "This is unbelievable," says the five-term Democratic congressman from New York. "It blows my mind."

This city was made infamous in the 1980s by drug lord Pablo Escobar and his murderous cohorts. But the Medellín of 2007 has come a long way from its brutal past. The transformation is perhaps most visible in this hillside slum, known as Santo Domingo Savio. Where gun battles used to rage among guerrillas, paramilitaries, and narcotics gangs, children are running through the streets, laughing and eating ice cream. As dusk falls, the neighborhood is bustling with activity, a sign of the vastly improved security climate.

What is especially striking, says Meeks, is how quickly it changed. When he first visited Medellín in mid-2003, "members of Congress were forbidden to come here." Now they can ride straight into the neighborhood via cable car and see the new Library Park España. Medellín had over 6,300 murders in 1991. That year, according to *Newsweek*, "the annual murder rate was 381 per 100,000 people—more than 500 homicides a month. In 2002, it was still 184 per 100,000. Last year, it fell below 30, making Washington, D.C., look bad in comparison."

The progress in Medellín reflects a broader Colombian renaissance. By virtually every metric—security, political, economic, and social—the long-beleaguered South American country has made remarkable strides. Much of the credit goes to President Alvaro Uribe, 55, the Harvard-educated lawyer who took office in 2002 and was reelected in a landslide last year. He has pushed the right-wing paramilitaries to disband, while continuing the fight against the left-wing guerrilla groups and the drug cartels. Between 2002 and 2006, homicides dropped by 40 percent, kidnappings plummeted by 76 percent, and terrorist attacks fell by 63 percent. Uribe's policies have reduced corruption and made Colombia a hot new magnet for foreign investment.

"The improvement in Colombia," says Meeks, who has visited the country several times since 2003, "is nothing short of a miracle." The weekend before Thanksgiving, he was part of an official U.S. government delegation led by Commerce Secretary Carlos Gutierrez. The group included a handful of congressmen, mostly Democrats, and one senator, Oregon Republican Gordon Smith. By bringing U.S. lawmakers down to Colombia, the Bush administration hopes to boost support for a bilateral free trade pact awaiting congressional approval. In late June, Democratic House leaders announced they were postponing a vote on the agreement until Bogotá showed "concrete evidence of sustained results" in reducing violence, especially violence against organized labor. Senator Hillary Clinton has cited Colombia's "history of violence against trade unionists" as part of her opposition to the trade deal.

That "history of violence" is all too real, but also needs to be seen in perspective. In 2002, there were

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Rep. Gregory Meeks, Secretary of Commerce Carlos Gutierrez, and Colombian president Alvaro Uribe

REUTERS

nearly 200 documented murders of trade unionists in Colombia. So far this year, there have been around 30. Uribe has created a labor subunit in the prosecutor general's office and also established a special security program to protect trade unionists. According to the U.S. embassy in Bogotá, "In 2006 and 2007, not one trade unionist enrolled in this program was harmed." Meanwhile, the number of convictions in cases of violence against trade unionists is slowly but steadily increasing.

Democratic opponents of the free trade agreement also point to extrajudicial killings by the state security forces, which remain plagued by corruption. "There have been some recent reports on extrajudicial killings," says a Bush administration official. "Their stats seem to run counter to the longer-term trends that have shown an overall decrease in violence in Colombia, so the issue needs to be looked at closely. We take very seriously extrajudicial killings, and the Colombians have said they share this view and are working to continue their efforts to stop the violence."

The other cloud hanging over Uribe is the "parapolitics" scandal. His push to demobilize the paramilitaries—to date, more than 30,000 have laid down their arms—revealed their deep political infiltration. Uribe has supported and cooperated with the investigations, but the scandal has weakened his administration and bruised its image abroad. Many Colombians fear that the demobilized combatants will return to illegal activity.

During their mid-November junket, American lawmakers met with some of the former paramilitary fighters at Medellín's Library Park España. These sessions were off the record, but the ex-paramilitaries in my group seemed optimistic about the societal reintegration process. One said that the paramilitary forces have virtually "disappeared" in Medellín.

The U.S. delegation also attended an informal town hall-style meeting on the outskirts of Cartagena, a city on the Caribbean coast. There, amid the sweltering heat and humidity, they saw Uribe interact with throngs of impoverished slum dwellers, most of them Afro-Colombians who either were displaced from their original homes by violence or were demobilized. The locals were not shy about airing their grievances on such issues as housing and sanitation, but they seemed to admire and respect Uribe. As a U.S. embassy official explains, ordinary Colombians appreciate the risks he takes in visiting their communities. (Uribe has survived numerous assassination attempts, including a roadside bomb attack during the 2002 campaign.) His national approval rating now hovers around 70 percent.

Thanks to the security gains and some economic reforms, Colombia's economy grew by 6.8 percent in 2006, its fastest rate of expansion since the late 1970s. The U.S.-Colombia free trade pact would give American exporters the same market access that Colombian exporters have enjoyed under unilateral trade preference programs. How would it help Colombia? Secretary Gutierrez says that, among other things, it would swell U.S. investment, promote more favorable business conditions, and allow the Colombians to buy cheaper agricultural machinery. But opponents in Colombia fear that domestic companies would be unable to compete with U.S.-based multinationals. On the recent junket, U.S. lawmakers met with Colombian trade unionists both for and against the agreement.

The Commerce Department is planning more such trips in the near future. Whether they will sway a sufficient number of Democrats to get the agreement approved is unclear. Administration officials privately fear it may never reach a floor vote. Meeks, though, reckons that supporting the trade deal is "a no-brainer," even if it means handing a political victory to a lame-duck president. "This isn't about George Bush," Meeks says. "This is bigger than politics." ♦

Nonprofits Without Honor

Sen. Grassley tackles the trillion-dollar tax-exempt sector. BY JOHN J. DIIULIO JR.

Jesus, they preach, not only wants you to love the poor—Jesus wants you to get rich, or at least to live debt free! "They" are the Christian televangelists atop the multimillion-dollar media ministries being scrutinized by Senator Charles Grassley. The Iowa Republican has given them until December 6 to answer questions concerning their salaries, perks, and finances.

Senator Grassley is not just investigating nonprofit smoke where there's hellfire. In 2006, he held hearings exposing how some nonprofit hospital executives favor themselves with lavish travel and country club dues. "Not only," he scolded, "is there very little difference between for-profit and nonprofit hospitals when it comes to serving the community, but also . . . very little difference on executive compensation." In recent years, he has proposed myriad reforms to help ensure that nonprofit organizations put charitable good works before outsized perks.

The trouble with America's trillion-dollar (yes, trillion) tax-exempt sector, though, goes deeper than greedy executives or corrupt practices. The fundamental problem is that government routinely confers diverse public subsidies on nonprofit organizations that follow the law's letter while doing only incidental things to benefit their communities or the public at large.

Nonprofit organizations are exempt from taxes on property and investments; receive contributions of cash or property that are tax-deductible for the citizens or corporations making the contributions; receive government funds in the form of grants, loans, or vouchers to members; and are free to compete for certain government grants or contracts.

Take your favorite private college or university. It occupies land and buildings that generate zero local property tax revenue. Nonprofit-owned property costs local governments billions of dollars each year in foregone taxes. In my hometown of Philadelphia, the loss is about $90 million a year. In 2005, for a married couple earning $125,000 on their joint tax return, the net cost of a dollar donation to their alma mater was just 72 cents; for a more prosperous duo making $319,000 a year or more, it was just 65 cents. Many low-income or special-needs students' tuition payments originate as government grants or loans, and many faculty and staff receive government research grants—more in government money each year, in many cases, than the school receives in alumni contributions.

To qualify and stay qualified for these myriad public subsidies, the school need not give Uncle Sam its firstborn, nobody needs to work for free, and students are not restricted to studying nursing or other subjects that most citizens would consider socially useful. Instead, a nonprofit institution needs only to avoid enriching board members or other principals as such, and use any "excess revenues" to advance its publicly (and often nebulously) stated educational, charitable, or other public-spirited purposes.

Thus, a private college or university can pay its president $500,000 a year or more (scores of private colleges and universities do so, with ever more topping $1 million in total annual compensation). It can hoard a huge endowment and hire high-end talent to manage it (Harvard, with an endowment of $35 billion, just did). On its annual Internal Revenue Service 990 reporting form, it can list community service initiatives that also benefit student-members, need-sensitive but not need-blind admissions policies, and the like as proof that it is producing public benefits for people other than its own full-paying customers, salary-drawing denizens, and wined-and-dined donors—never mind if the do-good-for-others items don't sum to even a penny of each dollar that the institution expends annually.

The IRS recognizes over two dozen categories of organizations that can be exempt from federal income taxes, ranging from country clubs to labor unions, business associations to grant-making foundations. But religious organizations dominate the sector in numbers and finances. "Churches" is a term that the IRS uses officially and generically to encompass local houses of worship and congregations (churches, synagogues, mosques, and others), plus what the IRS terms "integrated auxiliaries" (for example, church members who do church-supported work but under a separate name).

Churches need *not* apply for IRS recognition or file the 990 form in order to enjoy tax-exempt status and receive tax-deductible donations. Why? The IRS tax guide for churches opens by noting that "Congress has enacted special tax laws applicable to churches, religious organizations and ministers in recognition of their unique status in American society and of their rights guaranteed by the First Amendment."

The power to tax, the federal courts have consistently and correctly reasoned, is the power to deter if not to destroy. Concerns about how tax exemptions might constitute "indirect establishment" have been dominated by concerns about how taxing religion might negate religious free-exercise rights. So the judges have kept both federal and state government regulations on "entry" into the "church market" to a bare minimum.

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Some tax-exempt televangelists may be abusing their nonprofit privileges, but the faith-based nonprofit subsector as a whole is not. Indeed, a case can be made that urban churches provide an especially big civic bang for the tax-exempt buck.

To illustrate, let's go back to Philly where, as noted, nonprofit property lightens city coffers by about $90 million a year. As in every big city, giant secular nonprofits headquartered there loom large in that loss, but let's lay it all at the churches' doors. Similarly, deductible donations to nonprofit organizations cost the federal treasury billions of dollars that would otherwise be paid in income taxes. For Philly alone, a sure overestimate for the faith-based tax-deductibility drain on the federal treasury would be $100 million a year. This brings our purposely inflated faith-based financial loss tally for the City of Brotherly Love to $190 million a year. Call it an even $200 million.

Now, in Philadelphia as in other cities, faith-based organizations, almost all without government financial support or technical assistance, supply scores of social services to nonmembers. To name just a few: food pantries; summer day camps; recreational programs for children and teenagers; clothing closets; drug and alcohol prevention; neighborhood cleanup; blood drives; job counseling and placement; outreach to the homeless; computer training; health screening; crime watch; day care; prison ministry; after-school programs; anti-gang violence programs; and welfare-to-work programs.

The Other Philadelphia Story, a 2006 book by University of Pennsylvania researcher Ram Cnaan, counts only the social services supplied by local religious congregations. It confirms previous estimates that the congregations' annual "replacement value"—what it would cost, on average, to supply the services that the city's congregations supply each year—easily exceeds $140,000 per congregation, for a grand total of about $250 million a year. The primary beneficiaries are disadvantaged children and youth who are not members of the faith group that serves them.

That is already net $50 million a year over our intentionally inflated cost calculation. And this doesn't count social services supplied to nonmembers by faith-based organizations that are not religious congregations or associated with religious congregations. For instance, many independent Catholic schools in Philadelphia have student populations in which low-income non-Catholic students are the majority. The city's black churches have led in expanding the Big Brothers Big Sisters of America mentoring program for the children of prisoners. The city's Latino community-serving ministries are major civic seedbeds of volunteering and philanthropy. As Harvard's Robert D. Putnam and his colleagues concluded in a 2006 report released by the National Conference on Citizenship:

> Affiliation with a religious organization is a strong predictor of secular civic habits (volunteering, giving to secular causes, voting, or giving blood) and an important incubator of social capital.

Amen. Yet it costs low-income, nonitemizing folks who put a dollar in the collection plate a whole dollar. One might insist that a high-income citizen giving to her well-endowed alma mater somehow yields greater benefits than a low-income citizen giving to her favorite community-serving church. But go ahead, try and prove it.

Or, one might simply retreat to the formal-legal position that tax-exempt status is not now by law contingent on producing actual, measurable benefits, but hinges only on asserting a broadly defined charitable purpose, and in seeing to it that no excess revenues benefit board members or other principals. True, but that does not make it right.

For instance, it doesn't sit right when a secular private university that does nothing much for its local community gets a government grant to document the efficacy of a local faith-based youth antiviolence program when the participating religious nonprofit groups themselves are discriminated against in the government grant-making process or have been summarily denied public funding to expand their civic good works.

The key nonprofit distinction is not religious or secular, large or small, national or local. It's who really serves disadvantaged members, nonmembers, or the public at large, how, and how much. It is time to consider revamping federal, state, and local laws governing nonprofit organizations so as to restrict full-fledged tax-exempt status to organizations that predictably and reliably produce significant nonmember benefits.

Ask not what nonprofit organizations do for their employees or members. Ask instead what they actually do for their local communities and for their country. Ask how much, all sanctimonious or self-serving rhetoric aside, they dedicate in money, manpower, building space, or other resources to producing these benefits. Some well-endowed private universities will come out looking great and deserving almost every break in the book; others will come out looking ... well-endowed. Some grassroots ministries will prove to practice even better than they preach while others will scream Elmer Gantry, or worse. And so on.

Or simply ask what would happen if given nonprofit organizations disappeared tomorrow. Ask whether, in fact, organizations within the tax-exempt sector need all the subsidies and breaks they get in order to survive or thrive.

Tax-exempt for what and for whom?—those are the fundamental questions to begin asking in earnest, and they will rapidly take us well beyond concerns about the nonprofit sector's vulnerability to gross mismanagement, ethical lapses, dirty deeds, or felonious actions.

The next president, Democrat or Republican, should have a "philanthropy czar" in the West Wing whose only job is to report objectively on how the nation's massive nonprofit sector serves the public interest (or not), and to recommend legislative and other reforms to improve the sector's self-governance and call it to public account the way that government once called for-profit corporations to public account. I hereby nominate the steadfast Senator Grassley. ♦

Google and Its Enemies

The much-hyped project to digitize 32 million books sounds good. Why are so many people taking shots at it?

By Jonathan V. Last

In 1998 Larry Page and Sergey Brin founded a company called Google, about which you likely know quite a bit. The outgrowth of work Page and Brin began in 1996 on hypertextual search engines, Google has moved from darling little high-concept innovator to Microsoft-like behemoth in record time. Google employs over 15,000 people, has a stock price hovering near $700 a share, and is the all-powerful advertising and search force on the Internet. It is gradually pushing and purchasing its way into entertainment, business software, and even the cellular telephone market.

Before Page and Brin started Google, however, they were graduate students working on Stanford's Digital Library Technologies project, which sought to digitally store and catalogue books, newspapers, and scholarly journals. Page, in particular, seems to carry a torch for this endeavor. In 2002 he approached his alma mater, the University of Michigan, about digitizing the library. It was the birth of the Google Library Project, one of the most ambitious undertakings in the history of the written word. It was also a move that would create for Google—a company obsessed with its own beneficence—a crowd of enemies.

The cost of Google Book Search is closely guarded. In a similar venture, Microsoft is spending $2.5 million to scan 100,000 books; if that scale were to hold, Google might spend as much as $800 million.

In July 2004, Google began quietly scanning and digitizing Michigan's library. Five months later, in December 2004, the company officially announced the "Google Print for Libraries" project. (After the effort hit snags and received some bad press, it was rebranded "Google Book Search.") Google partnered with five major libraries—Michigan, Stanford, Harvard, Oxford's Bodleian, and the New York Public Library—in an attempt to scan the pages of 15 million volumes. These digital books would be kept and indexed in a Google database, which would be made available, for free, to the public.

The scope has changed in the intervening years. Initially Google planned to scan the 15 million books in six years. That projection was revised upwards to more than 20 million books, and the *New Yorker* recently reported that Google is now aiming to scan at least 32 million books, besting the number of titles in the largest bibliographic database, WorldCat. It hopes to finish within ten years. As one Googlehead told the *New Yorker*'s Jeffrey Toobin, "I think of Google Books as our moon shot."

It remains to be seen how realistic this goal is. Google will not divulge how many books it is scanning currently, or how many titles are already in its database, which went live to the public in May 2005 at books.google.com. To get a rough sense of things, the University of Michigan library has 7 million volumes and Google estimates it will have annexed them all by 2013, noting that it is scanning tens of thousands of books each week. Google will not reveal how it scans the books. As for the cost, this too is closely guarded by Google. In a similar venture, Microsoft is spending $2.5 million to scan 100,000 books; if that scale were to hold, Google might spend as much as $800 million.

Google has also expanded its list of library partners to include 13 additional libraries, ranging from the Bavarian State Library to the University of Virginia. Most of the agreements are private, so it is unclear what the participating institutions get from the deal, other than a digital copy of books they already own. For Google, the potential upside must seem enormous: The ebook movement

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A Google employee rides a scooter at headquarters in Mountain View, California.

CORBIS

of a few years ago failed but the Holy Grail of the digital library movement remains a massive archive of books, all searchable, which can be accessed from anywhere on the planet. Already a company called OnDemandBooks has created a machine called "Espresso" which can take the digital text of a book, print it, and bind it into soft cover in about four minutes. The commercial promise—and downright coolness—of Google's undertaking staggers the mind. Which is why many recent accounts of the project, from Toobin's to Jason Epstein's in the *New York Review of Books* to Michael Hirschorn's in the *Atlantic*, vibrate with fidgety, egg-headed excitement.

Not everyone is thrilled, though. As a class, users seem underwhelmed by the product itself, poking fun on blogs at the page-scans, the titles included, and the odd results that appear in response to search queries. Google's book-reader interface is unwieldy: It is difficult to navigate through the books; what may be read is full of poorly explained limits; and "page unavailable" messages often appear in the middle of books. Some books are presented without advertisements. Others have ads embedded in the browser window, which appear to run on a keyword algorithm similar to Google's Ad Words service. The entry for Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*, for instance, carries ads for sightseeing tours on the Mississippi River and a volume from Twain's collected works.

Nor is everyone pleased by the idea of Google's online library. Just three days after Google announced the project, the president of the American Library Association took to the pages of the *Los Angeles Times* to proclaim the superior value of bricks-and-mortar libraries and caution against irrational Google exuberance: "This latest version of Google hype will no doubt join taking personal commuter helicopters to work and carrying the Library of Congress in a briefcase on microfilm as 'back to the future' failures, for the simple reason that they were solutions in search of a problem."

Competitors have also appeared. Amazon.com has scanned hundreds of thousands of books which can be accessed on the website and last month introduced its version of the ebook, called the "Kindle." As of now, it makes available 90,000 books for purchase and download. In 2005, Microsoft and the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation formed the Open Content Alliance, in conjunction with such institutions as the Boston Public Library and Johns Hopkins University. Google's chief competitor in the search engine business, Yahoo!, provides web hosting for

Google founders Sergey Brin (left) and Larry Page

the OCA. The publisher HarperCollins announced that it would scan 20,000 of its titles and provide the texts to all search engines, gratis.

On a much grander scale, the governments of China and India joined with the Library of Alexandria and eight U.S. universities on a "Million Book Project." They are moving aggressively: China has 18 digitization centers up and running, India has 22. Part of this consortium, Carnegie Mellon's "Universal Library," already has about 500,000 books digitized.

In Europe, the reaction to Google was striking. Jean-Noël Jeanneney, president of the Bibliothèque Nationale de France, wrote an op-ed that became a book, *Google and the Myth of Universal Knowledge*. It principally attacked Google's library project as a piece of Anglo-Saxon cultural imperialism. Jeanneney's book, which has been translated into several languages and sold briskly, is full of irritatingly French clichés. He laments the Monica Lewinsky affair and shakes his head in bewilderment at George W. Bush's reelection. At one point he worries that "English . . . if not contained, will become ever more dominant," because of projects such as Google Book Search. He did, however, prod some Europeans into taking Google seriously. The French Ministry of Culture has signed up some 30 libraries to its own digital library project. European governments are even contemplating the creation of a state-owned search engine—the embryonic project is called "Quaero"—with an eye toward competing with Google. The model Jeanneney cites for this endeavor is Airbus.

And then there are the lawsuits. The Google Library is composed of two different tracks, the "Partner Program" (originally called the "Publisher Program") and the "Library Project." Under the Partner Program, authors and publishers can volunteer their works for inclusion in the Google database. In return, they're given a portion of the revenue Google generates from ads that appear on pages featuring their books. A number of authors and major publishers have joined up, including Simon & Schuster, Penguin, and McGraw-Hill. Books scanned under the Partner Program will not give viewers access to the full text, but rather to a few pages on either side of the search result.

The legal problems lie with the Library Project. Copyright has its foundations in English law and the Licensing Act of 1662. The falling costs of printing had created rampant book piracy in England. Concerned that such behavior would blunt creativity and harm the book business, Charles II established a register of licensed books to protect authors and publishers. A hundred years later, the copyright was the only right the Founding Fathers gauged important enough to recognize explicitly in the Constitution itself. In the intervening years, it has evolved somewhat. Today, works published before 1923 are generally in the public domain. There are exceptions and complexities, but works published after 1978 are protected by copyright for 70 years from the author's death. As for works published between 1923 and 1978, they were given an original copyright protection of 28 years from first publication and another 67 years of protection upon renewal of the copyright. Got that?

And here lies Google's dilemma: Out-of-copyright books account for about one-sixth of all titles. Most books—75 percent of them—are in copyright, but out of print. Only about 10 percent of all books are both copyrighted *and* in print. Google has decided to get around this problem of copyright protection by simply ignoring it: forging ahead and scanning books, regardless of their copyright status. If a book is in the public domain, its full text is displayed to users, but if the book is protected, then Google shows users only a "snippet" of the text surrounding the search result. It is relevant to note

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that "snippet" is Google's word and is intentionally not a legal term; how much text is displayed is entirely at Google's discretion.

Concerned by this imposition on the copyright, authors and publishers began complaining to Google in mid-2005. That August, Google announced that it would suspend the scanning of copyrighted works for three months so as to allow copyright holders to "opt out" of the program and keep their works out of the database. A month later, the Authors Guild filed suit in New York's Second Circuit on the grounds of copyright infringement; a month after that, a group of publishers filed a separate suit on similar grounds.

Many of the publishers party to this suit were also, coincidentally, working with Google under the Partner Program. The publishers are seeking only to stop Google from scanning books without explicit permission; the Authors Guild seeks damages as well. As the Guild's Paul Aiken told the *New Yorker*, "Google is doing something that is likely to be very profitable for them, and they should pay for it. It's not enough to say that it will help the sales of some books. If you make a movie of a book, that may spur sales, but that doesn't mean you don't license the books." Both cases are winding their way slowly through the courts.

Google's 'opt-out' strategy turns traditional law—which stipulates that someone wanting to use copyrighted material must seek and receive affirmative permission—on its head. In the 2006 case *Field* v. *Google*, a court found that by not telling Google to stay away, website owner Blake Field was asking to have his copyright violated. It's the intellectual property version of 'She wore a red dress to the bar on Saturday night.'

Google has, as they say, all the right enemies. Anytime the ALA, Microsoft, France, a trade guild, and a bunch of trial lawyers are lined up on one side of an argument, the other side is going to look extremely attractive. And there is a seductive appeal to the *idea* of Google Book Search, to the dream of having millions of books at your fingertips. Yet there are the aspects of the project that should give us pause.

Google's Wal-Mart-like obsession with secrecy does not engender trust in either its practices or arguments. As silly as most of Jean-Noël Jeanneney's broadside against Google is, it's easy to see why a book search without transparency of either its data set or its search algorithm would be suspicious and not obviously objective. Page and Brin admitted as much in the research paper that became the foundation of Google, "Anatomy of a Large-Scale Hypertextual Web Search Engine." They wrote:

> The goals of the advertising business model do not always correspond to providing quality search to users. . . . For this type of reason and historical experience with other media, we expect that advertising funded search engines will be inherently biased towards the advertisers and away from the needs of consumers.

Free-market competition should lessen this concern, of course. And, as previously mentioned, a number of competitors to Google have materialized. But Google's principal advantage is that its competitors have abided by the letter of intellectual property law and *not scanned* copyrighted materials without the express permission of the owners. Google's willingness to flout the law is the actual source of its competitive advantage.

To defend this advantage, Google has adopted a legal defense aimed straight at copyright law. The defense is multipronged, but the two most startling aspects relate to the establishment of the "opt out" option for copyright owners and Google's claim of a transformative nature to the Book Search. Each challenges the current understanding of the copyright in a fundamental way.

Google maintains that by giving copyright owners the chance to opt out of the program, it has performed due diligence with respect to the copyright. This turns traditional law—which stipulates that someone wanting to use copyrighted material must seek and receive affirmative permission—on its head. Yet Google has found a slim precedent in the 2006 case *Field* v. *Google*.

Blake Field sued Google for copying and caching 51 works from his website. The court ruled in Google's favor, citing in particular the ease of Google's "opt out" feature, but the decision was based in part on dubious grounds. The court said that Field had "invited" Google's spiders—web robots which crawl through the Internet cataloguing and indexing pages for a search engine—by not including code on his website which discouraged them. In other words, by *not* telling Google to stay away, Field was asking to have his copyright violated. It's the intellectual property version of "She wore a red dress to the bar on Saturday night."

In another part of the decision, the court ruled that Field's works were only a thimbleful of the "billions" Google had copied, and, presumably, Google had cached

many of those without permission, too. The sheer volume of the copying provides them cover, since no one entry stands out in the sea. The violation of one copyright is a crime, the violation of 20 million is a statistic. There's an evident weakness in Google's citing this legal argument: In the relatively closed system of Google Book Search, *most* of the entries will likely be from protected works used without permission. In the *Field* decision, moreover, the court made much of the fact that works were copied by automated spiders and that there was "no evidence of any market for Field's works." Neither is true in the case of the book-scanning project.

The Internet has become, like the 17th-century printing press, incapable of observing copyrights. In the same way the printing press encouraged the mass production of books and magazines and newspapers, the Internet cries out for the distribution of all information—everything from blog entries to pictures to books. And as it distributes all of this information, it exerts a leveling force that diminishes the value of everything it touches. There is no reason that the Internet, unlike the printing press before it, should be exempt from the same protections of creative value. Yet, this is what Google's defense would achieve.

In the Google worldview, content is individually valueless. No one page is more important than the next; the value lies in the page view. And a page view is a page view, regardless of whether the page in question has a picture of a cat, a single link to another site, or the full text of *Freakonomics*.

If the copyright protection is shifted so that it must be invoked—precisely what Google's "opt out" policy establishes—it will become the burden of holders. They will have to find and petition all those using their works to cease and desist. Georgetown Law professor Jonathan Band dismisses this concern in the course of a measured, intriguing defense of Google in the journal *Plagiary*. Band writes, "As a practical matter . . . only a small number of search engine firms have the resources to engage in digitization programs on the scale of Google's Library Project." But this is an odd argument: So long as only Google infringes on the copyright, then it should be allowed to do so, because opting out will only be a burden if everyone else is allowed to infringe on the copyright, too.

The second, larger, aspect of Google's defense is that Google Book Search is a "transformative work," which would provide for the fair use of previously copyrighted material. It might seem obvious that creating an index of protected works—whose primary value and advantage lies in the number of works in the set—and simply allowing users to search it, is not "transformative." Google Book Search is in important ways similar to LexisNexis, the search database which catalogues newspaper, wire service, and magazine articles. LexisNexis pays content providers for the right to include their material, even though all it does is aggregate that material and render it searchable. The copyright protection of this material was solid enough that the Supreme Court decided in favor of freelance writers who sought compensation for this electronic reuse of their materials in the 2001 case *New York Times Co.* v. *Tasini*.

Tasini is not perfectly on-point because LexisNexis gives the full text of written works to paying customers where Google is proposing to give only snippets to its users.

Here Google finds redoubt in the 2003 case *Kelly* v. *Arriba Soft*. Photographer Leslie Kelly sued Arriba Soft because its search engine copied photographs posted on her website, created thumbnail-sized versions of them, and placed them in its search index. The Ninth Circuit found that Arriba's copying and usage met fair-use standards because the searchable thumbnails constituted a transformed work. (They also voiced the red dress and thimble arguments that would be later brought to bear in *Field*.)

This ruling would seem to offer comfort to Google because there is some similarity between Kelly's thumbnail images and the snippets of copyrighted books Google is giving away—both are abstractions of larger works and neither eliminates the need for the original. It assumes, however, that the violation of the copyright occurs when Google gives material to the user. In reality, the infringement occurs when Google scans and archives an entire book without permission. It is the presence of millions of these whole, copyrighted books inside Google's database that creates commercial opportunities, albeit indirect ones, for the company. If Google Book Search included only works in the public domain, it would be almost indistinguishable from its competitors.

Google has tried to sidestep this problem by promising not to run advertisements on the snippet-delivering pages of copyrighted books. But the presence of the protected works in the database is what renders the ad space on the public domain book pages so valuable. And Google's promise of access to millions and millions of protected

works is what creates the commercial opportunity for the rest of the project. If the courts do not recognize this principle, Google will have changed the landscape of intellectual property law.

A book is scanned at the New York Public Library, December 2004.

MIKE SEGAR / REUTERS / CORBIS

So where does Google go from here? The lawsuits fall in the Second Circuit. If the court finds against Google, it may produce a conflict with the Ninth Circuit, a conflict the Supreme Court may decide to resolve. It's also possible that Google will buy its way out of the problem and make a deal with the publishers and the Authors Guild. There is additional incentive because such a settlement could function as a high barrier to entry and keep the competing enterprises from beginning to use protected works.

If the courts were to find against Google, however, the Book Search would likely die on the vine. As Georgetown's Band notes, it would be extremely difficult to construct a licensing regime for books modeled on the ASCAP/BMI models for musical compositions. And if Google were to try to go legit, the transaction costs of identifying, locating, and contacting copyright holders to seek permission could easily stretch to tens of billions of dollars. Band puts the best guess in the neighborhood of $25 billion.

Yet even if Google finds a way to realize its dreams, it's unclear exactly how useful the Book Search would ever be for the average user. Is there value in seeing "snippets" of this or that text? The only way the project could really achieve its goal of disseminating knowledge to the masses would be by ignoring copyrights and putting all texts into the public domain. Which is, of course, what the logic of the Internet ultimately wants. "Information wants to be free," according to one of the web's founding mantras.

If Google was a different company, with a different set of motivating principles, it might well have constructed its Library project along the lines of Apple's iTunes model—that is, it would have spent time and money not perfecting a mass scanning operation designed to gobble up as many pages as possible per hour, but in securing the rights to a large catalogue of books which it could then sell as downloads. After all, it's not as though the current delivery mechanism for books is in any way optimal.

But this concept is beyond its ken. Google's corporate philosophy is based on the model which brought them success: organizing and giving away other people's content, creating space for advertisements in the process. The enormous success Google found with that model in the search engine business spurred it to try and impose it in every arena. In the Google worldview, content is individually valueless. No one page is more important than the next; the value lies in the *page view*. And a page view is a page view, regardless of whether the page in question has a picture of a cat, a single link to another site, or the full text of *Freakonomics*. When all you're selling is ad space, the value shifts from the content to the viewer. And ultimately the content is valued at nothing. And here, finally, is the larger problem posed by Google's actions. Books are not in any important sense user-centric. Whether or not a book has readers matters little. Books stand on their own, over time, as ideas and creations. In the world of books, it is the ideas and the authors that matter most, not the readers. That is why the copyright exists in the first place, to protect the value of these created works, a value which Google is trying mightily to deny.

As much as any other American business, Google is the corporate embodiment of the Internet's first principles. And as with so much else on the Internet, the promise of Google Book Search lies somewhere off on the horizon, while the dangers it poses today are very real. ♦

Sing a Song of Ron Paul

The enchanter of the disenchanted attracts white-boy rappers, truther troubadours, and would-be Woody Guthries.

By Matt Labash

"If a thing isn't worth saying, you sing it," the French playwright Beaumarchais once noted. But his heedless naiveté can be forgiven. Beaumarchais expired in 1799, well before the advent of today's endless presidential campaigns. Here, if everything that was not worth saying were sung, the political arena would sound like the high school cafeteria in *Fame*—one couldn't get down a sporkful of chipped beef without a musical number breaking out.

It used to be that campaign songs featured original lyrics that strove to mobilize supporters ("Get on a raft with Taft!") or to draw subtle policy distinctions between candidates, such as the William Henry Harrison ditty that educated voters about incumbent Martin Van Buren:

Who rules us with an iron rod
Who moves at Satan's beck and nod
Who heeds not man, who heeds not God?
Van Buren!

In recent decades, things have grown considerably more milquetoast. Candidates today are most likely to pick an already existing pop song that exemplifies their ethos. For instance, Hillary Clinton made a perfect choice with "You and I," which is saccharine, turns on synthetic emotion, and is sung by Celine Dion, one of the few people with a voice more cloying than her own.

But the last two cycles, there's been a slight return to original compositions. Four years ago in these pages, I explored the songcraft of the Howard Deaniacs. While many voters now have trouble even remembering the Dean campaign beyond the "I Have a Scream" speech, the songs still remain on songsfordean.com. To this day, I can't watch Dean without thinking of the lyric: "We're gonna need a doctor to fix us up quick / We need to remove our Bush and our Dick."

Despite their prodigious output, however, Deaniacs were positively slothful compared with those called everything from Paulheads to Paultards to Ronulans—the supporters of Ron Paul. On the Bands4RonPaul MySpace page, there are 16 artists listed who've written original Paul songs, with 181 more bands who support Ron Paul listed beneath them: everyone from Larry's Broken Biscuits to Bloody Holly to White Trash and the Catholics to Fresh Cut Salads. So long is the line to throw one's musical backing to Paul that bands like MouthRot, Crash Martinez, and Clown Vomit posted demands to be included. And this page represents just a tiny fraction of the original Paul songs available on YouTube. Good luck finding them all.

To give an idea of Paul's viral velocity, if you hit "Rudy Giuliani" or "Mitt Romney" into YouTube's search engine, you'll turn up about 3,700 hits apiece. Do the same with "Ron Paul," and you'll be wading through 63,000 offerings. Coupled with the fact that Paul holds the one-day record for online fundraising ($4.2 million) and that money is pouring in from all sorts of unpredicted sectors (more active-duty military have given to Paul than to any other candidate), it's small wonder Paul's followers insist that they are underrepresented by conventional polling.

A requisite for being a Ronulan is incessantly complaining that journalists ignore your man. A YouTube satirist named Pudgenet, who himself wrote a song called "You Forgot Ron Paul!," even posted an outtakes reel in which he pinches Johnny Cash's "Sam Hall," singing:

My name it is Ron Paul
And I hate you one and all
I hate you one and all
Damn your eyes.

As for this journalist, I'll eliminate Paultard paranoia by putting my cards on the table: By all accounts, Ron Paul is decent, principled, smart, and honest (John McCain once said he was "the most honest man in Congress"). Of all the candidates, he's the one I'd most trust to hold my purse if I had to use the Jiffy John at a Paulapalooza festival (a proposition his musical backers are considering). While I don't fully agree with him, I enjoy his underdog tenacity and his unslick tetchiness. His laissez-faire libertarianism and old-style limited-government conservatism make me nostalgic for a more innocent time—let's call it "1993"—when Republicans could talk about pruning the long branches of

GARY LOCKE

Matt Labash is a senior writer at The Weekly Standard.

government without laugh-snorting Diet Coke from their nostrils. All this is to say, I like Ron Paul. Or I thought I did, before seeing how much atrocious music he's inspired.

There is nothing wrong with white rappers, except that they're white, and they're rappers. The Paul movement seems to have attracted an unfortunate number of them. The worst of the worst is Digital Funtown's "Ron Paul Rap," in which a dancing pizza slice attempts to elucidate Paul's positions with rhymes like

Every pizza likes to dance
Ron Paul says no to immigrants . . .

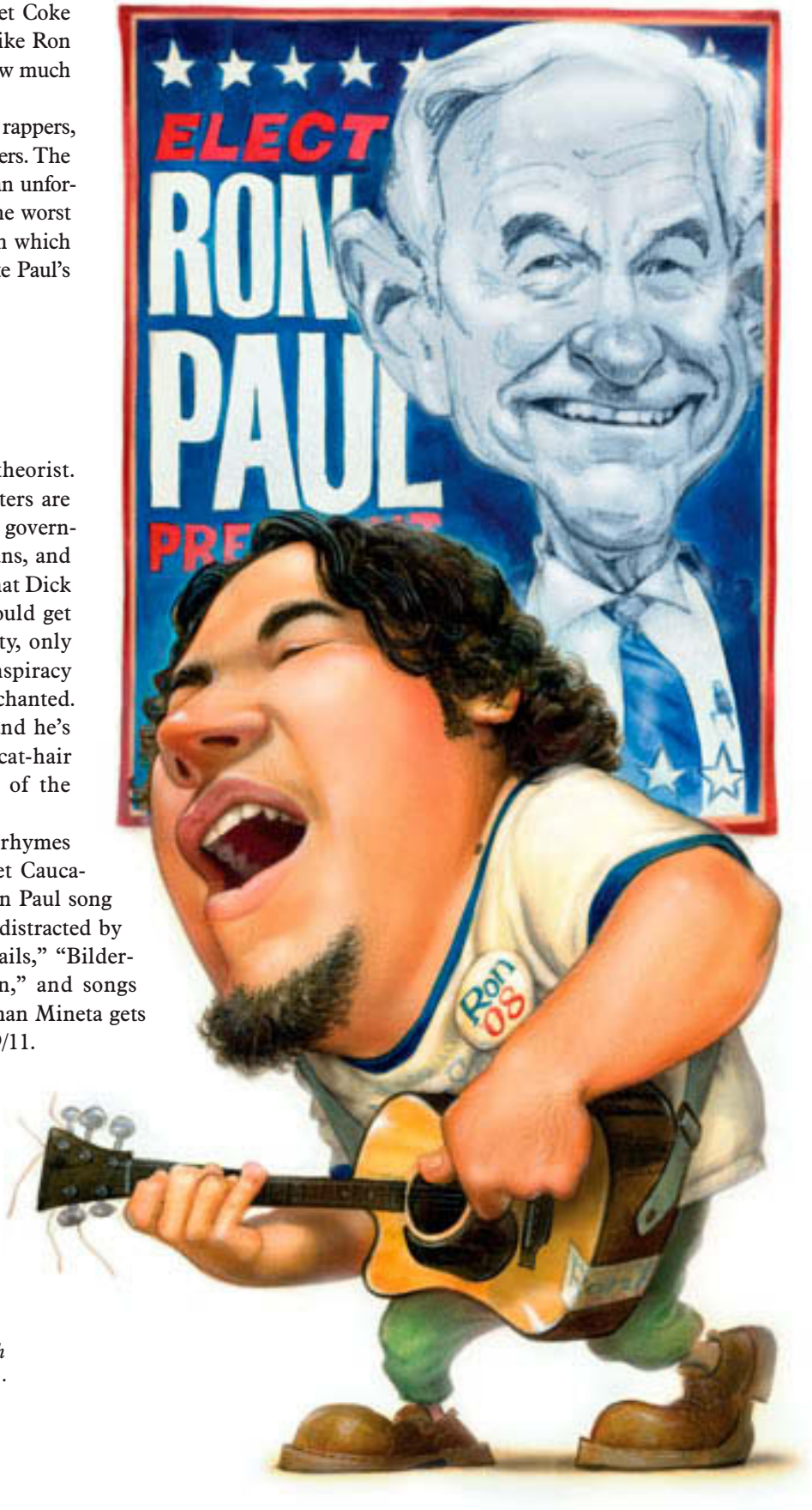
Tomato sauce, provolone
Ron Paul says leave your fetus alone.

Paul himself is not a conspiracy theorist. And suggesting all his musical supporters are would be unfair—about as unfair as the government blowing the levees in New Orleans, and imploding the World Trade Center so that Dick Cheney and his Halliburton cronies could get free ExxonMobil gas cards. In actuality, only about 70 percent of Paulheads are conspiracy nuts. Paul is the enchanter of the disenchanted. Drag him through a college campus, and he's like a human lint roller, picking up cat-hair covered pamphleteers from all sides of the political spectrum.

There's the group A-Bomb, whose rhymes sound like distress signals from Planet Caucasian. I'm not really sure what their Ron Paul song says. Once on their website, I was too distracted by links such as "Understanding chemtrails," "Bilderberg Watch," "Preparing for Invasion," and songs such as "FEMA Camp" in which Norman Mineta gets blamed for the "inside job" which was 9/11.

Then there's a group called Griffenz, whose "Money Bombs" is an anthem for the upcoming "Tea Party" in which Paul supporters are striving to achieve a record $10 million donation day. Most rappers boast about the size of their tire rims or the extensiveness of their firearms collection. Griffenz boasts:

Yo we're having a tea party on December 16th
Ron Paul taught us all revolution hits deep . . .
If you wanna holla at us
Hit up the Daily Paul . . .
It's our blog war weapon
Boston tea party revolution keeps on steppin



Note to white political rappers: Name-checking former transportation secretaries and boasting of your blogging prowess isn't the best way to build street-cred in the hip-hop community.

But not all Paul singers are white rappers. There's the reggae group Three Shoes Posse, who seem to have some trouble distinguishing between subjective and objective pronouns, with songs such as "Can't Fool We." With a website that calls to "Let Jah Will Be Done," they'd also seem to be out of step with Paul, who is a Baptist by way of Lutheranism. Likewise, they feature a photo of him in his doctor's coat, administering defibrillator paddles to the Constitution. (As with Dean, the doctor theme is rampant throughout the songbook, though few want to recognize that Paul was actually an OB/GYN as it's rather hard to rhyme anything with *adnexal torsion* or *Fallopian tube*.)

They aren't all stone-cold nuts; some are charming eccentrics. There's Mark Thornton, an economist with the Ludwig von Mises Institute—Paul, who wishes to return to the gold standard, is a devotee of the Austrian School of economics—who's tailored the Beatles's "Revolution" into "The Ron Paul Revolution." Thornton sings more like Ringo than John, but he keeps the lyrics simple, knowing its really un-rock 'n' roll to go into the fine points of the Hayekian concept of intertemporal equilibrium. Thornton also does a cover of George Harrison's "Taxman"—"I Hate the Taxman"—with revised lyrics that change the voice of the song "to that of a Rothbardian tax protester." Paul disciples seem to like casually dropping "Rothbardian"—referring to libertarian economist Murray Rothbard—with no further explanation.

Then there's Rick Ellis, who used to front the Screamin' Sea Monkeys but, after meeting heartache and hearing *In the Wee Small Hours*, became a Frank Sinatra impersonator. He now plays Sinatra not only in real life, but in Second Life, the online fantasy world, where his avatar performs three nights a week in a virtual Playboy Club. Ellis says he had an epiphany when toying around with "New York, New York." Amended lyrics:

It's your right to choose
It's the American Way
The Constitutional heart of it
Ron Paul, Ron Paul.

Ellis attends the virtual Ron Paul meet-ups in Second Life. He's thinking about doing a virtual concert for the virtual Ron Paul. "I know it's crazy," he apologizes, "I shouldn't have mentioned it."

Perhaps the most talented Paul songwriter I've encountered is the Pittsburgh folkie named Daryl Fleming, of Daryl Fleming and the Public Domain. He sings with a pleasing tomcat rasp, and when reaching for the bigger notes, sounds like he should be twinning harmonies with The Band's Levon Helm. Fleming feels that limited government is underrepresented in rock and folk music. He's a far cry from dancing pizzas and seems a bit self-conscious about the company he's keeping. "I am not guilty by association," he emails of the grab bag of other Paul supporters. "The 9-11 Truthers, white supremacists, and assorted kooks (perhaps some of the other songwriters?) who support Ron Paul do not invalidate his message. Faulting RP (or me) for some of his non-sanctioned supporters is like blaming Jodie Foster for the shooting of Ronald Reagan."

If there is a Woody Guthrie of the Ronulan movement, he has to be Steve Dore, a San Jose-based blues musician and boogie-woogie piano enthusiast. He's been playing music since he was 6 years old, and came of age in the sixties. As a songwriter, he "had nothing to say." The melodies would pop into his head, but the words wouldn't come. Then he started reading up on economics and inflation (he cut a record called "Inflation Nation," which he calls "training wheels" for his current Ron Paul efforts), and went to see Paul at a hard assets conference in San Francisco, where he found himself standing on his chair numerous times, applauding Paul's fiscal sense. Ever since, the music won't stop flowing.

He's written so many Paul songs—everything from "Critical to Get Political" to "Fed Reserve Song"—that he's now releasing a full CD, called "Early Songs of the Great Ron Paul Revolution." The Paul family has preordered 50 copies. Dore would've given them freebies, "but they believe people should be paid for their labor." (In keeping with Paulian philosophy on currency, Dore will accept silver as payment, currently going for $14 an ounce. He'll take gold, but at $800 an ounce, you should plan on a bulk order.)

Dore explains that a long shot like Paul appeals to writers and artists, who are dreamers by nature. Quoting Oscar Wilde, he says, "A dreamer is one who can only find his way by moonlight, and his punishment is that he sees the dawn before the rest of the world."

It's a nice notion, but maybe the mounting appeal of Paul, a politician beloved by those who hate politicians, can be explained in more prosaic terms, articulated by a YouTube songwriter named Sporty4Harvey:

So here's why I'm voting for Dr. Ron Paul
I believe he's the best of all
The candidates we have seen
Not that it's been any voters dream
You gotta admit the field is, uh, pretty lean. ♦

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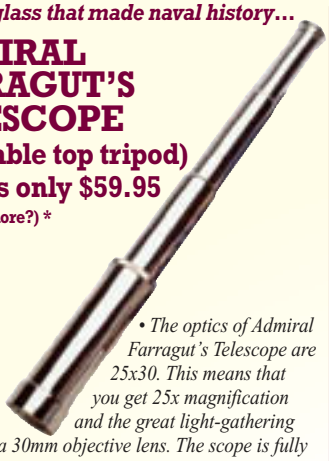

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By Max Boot & Lee Wolosky

Traveling to the Middle East can be a disconcerting experience. One day you feel as if you're journeying into the future, the next day into the past.

The futuristic part of our recent trip—undertaken with a bipartisan delegation of American policy wonks, and organized by the Center for Strategic and International Studies—was our visit to Dubai. A mere decade ago this city perched on the edge of the Persian Gulf amounted to a single office tower and lots of sand. Today it looks like a Hong Kong, Shanghai, or Singapore in the making, with elements of Miami and Las Vegas tossed in. A drive into town along a traffic-clogged highway takes a visitor past glass-and-steel skyscrapers too numerous to count. Some are complete, others still under construction. Giant cranes are everywhere: Dubai is estimated to have up to 25 percent of the world total.

The ambitions of this parvenu city seem limitless. Old showpiece projects are constantly being superseded by new ones. An eight-year-old hotel built in the shape of a sail and a two-year-old indoor ski slope are old news. The buzz now is about the silvery Burj Dubai ("burj" means tower in Arabic), which will be the tallest building in the world. With 156 stories completed, it has already far surpassed the previous record-holder, the 101-story Taipei tower in Taiwan. The ultimate height is a secret, but it will exceed 160 stories, or twice the height of the Empire State Building. Numerous other, slightly shorter buildings are going up around the Burj, along with what is being called the world's biggest mall, exceeding in size the nearby Mall of the Emirates which at one time claimed that title. The Burj is estimated to cost $1 billion, the whole multiacre project $20 billion.

This vertical city will have offices, apartments, and an Armani hotel. Who will volunteer to inhabit its uppermost floors? That hasn't been announced, but the developer—a company called Emaar, which is 32 percent owned by the government of Dubai—claims to have sold the first 52 apartments within an hour of their going on the market, with apartments supposedly fetching $10 million.

Although the United Arab Emirates sit on 10 percent of the world's proven crude oil reserves, such grandiose projects are not being built with the proceeds from black gold—at least not directly. Dubai has relatively little in the way of natural resources; most of the Emirates' oil is to be found in neighboring Abu Dhabi. (The UAE is a federation of seven emirates created after the British pullout in 1971-72.) But thanks to an aggressive strategy of broadening the economy's base, only 30 percent of the UAE's GDP now comes from the energy sector—down from 75 percent during the last oil boom in the 1970s. The rest comes from investment within the UAE, and from the hundreds of billions of dollars invested in the outside world by the country's "sovereign wealth" funds. (The Abu Dhabi Investment Authority just announced a $7.5 billion investment in Citigroup, making it the largest shareholder in America's largest bank.) Black gold still enters the picture: It is the original source of a lot of the capital invested in and by Dubai. But it is growing less important in the overall scheme of things than in neighboring states.

One of Dubai's largest companies attracted unwanted publicity last year when Dubai Ports World, a state-owned company formerly known as the Dubai Ports Authority, sought to assume management of six major U.S. ports after acquiring their previous operator, the

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Downtown Dubai: The world's tallest building, Burj Dubai, rises in the background.

British-based Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. DPW's proposed investment was nixed after a political outcry in the United States, even though the UAE is one of America's closest partners in the Arab world and in many respects a model of what we would like the region to look like in the future. Dubai is a major port of call for the U.S. Navy, the UAE has Special Forces deployed to Afghanistan, and the country supports U.S. military operations in a variety of important ways.

The one area where more help is needed is sanctions against Iran. The Iranian Business Council estimates that some 300,000 Iranians live in the UAE and hold $300 billion in assets there. Many of these Iranians operate banks, businesses, and front companies that provide the mullahs a critical financial and economic outlet to the rest of the world. While the UAE has been doing a much better job of cooperating with the United States to stop terrorist money laundering since the 9/11 attacks (which were carried out by, inter alia, two Emiratis), it would be helpful if the UAE did more to implement multilateral and unilateral U.S. financial sanctions against Iran. Without the UAE, such steps will be meaningless.

While there is undoubtedly jihadist sentiment in the UAE, as in all other Muslim (and, for that matter, non-Muslim) countries, what is notable is how far this small state has managed to move beyond many of the pathologies that mar its neighbors. Dubai, in particular, is open for business in a way that can be said of no other Arab city save Beirut—and it doesn't have Lebanon's political instability to contend with. The Maktoum family, which has ruled this emirate since 1833, has driven breakneck economic growth over the past decade that has led to a large influx of foreign capital, workers, and visitors.

Of the UAE's total population of 4.4 million, only 800,000 are natives and citizens. Fully 50 percent of the population is composed of South Asians, many of them manual laborers who work for as little as $2.50 an hour and live in Dickensian "work camps" run by their employers. Other expatriates are higher-paid managers

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAX BOOT

Abu Dhabi: Property developers don't have to worry about pesky zoning boards or "NIMBY" syndrome.

and professionals lured from all over Europe, Asia, North America, and the Middle East to run an ever-growing number of companies. The attractions are good pay, lots of jobs, and no income tax.

Emirati men still dress in flowing white robes, and many women still cover their hair if not their faces. But it's also common to see European women (including a growing number of Russian prostitutes) parading around in high-cut skirts and low-cut blouses. And even many of the black-clad women wear jeans and high heels that peek out from under their black gowns. In some other predominantly Muslim cities such behavior could provoke a lashing; in Dubai no one bats an eyelash. Liquor is readily available in bars and restaurants across the city. The party doesn't even have to stop during Ramadan.

This social and economic freedom doesn't extend to the political sphere. The UAE is still very much an absolute monarchy run with a firm hand by its ruling families. That said, the de facto level of tolerance is high, and the country is as close to a meritocracy as you can find in this kind of a system. The people wielding the country's day-to-day economic and political power are in many instances the best-and-the-brightest nonroyals drawn from Harvard, Oxford, and Georgetown. In some ways, Dubai is reminiscent of Hong Kong in the days of British rule, when it was remarkably free without being democratic.

Abu Dhabi is more conservative than Dubai, its neighbor a two-hour drive away. You see more burkhas in Abu Dhabi and fewer miniskirts. Overall, it is much less bustling, but that is changing. The two cities have a historic rivalry, and Abu Dhabi's rulers, the Nahyan, are determined to keep up with the Maktoum of Dubai, who have traditionally been seen as their younger brothers.

(A Nahyan is by custom president of the entire country; a Maktoum the vice president and prime minister.)

Dubai built a world-class air carrier, Emirates Airlines; Abu Dhabi responded by starting its own luxury carrier, Etihad. Dubai built a Formula One racetrack; Abu Dhabi built one of its own, and for good measure added a Ferrari theme park. (Abu Dhabi owns 5 percent of the Italian automaker.) Dubai built a spate of luxury hotels; Abu Dhabi responded with what is reportedly the world's most expensive hotel—the $3 billion Emirates Palace, constructed in an Arabian Nights motif with endless marble corridors and gold-leaf domes. Dubai became a tourist center with attractions such as its beaches and indoor ski slope; Abu Dhabi responded by setting in motion a cultural district on its Saadiyat Island (the "Island of Happiness") that will include branches of the Guggenheim and Louvre museums. The buildings are being constructed by Frank Gehry and other famous architects, and they will be the drawing cards for a mixed-use area that will house 150,000 people. The island development is scheduled to be completed by 2018 at a cost of $27 billion.

It's hard not to be both impressed and amused by such relentless ambition. Everything in the UAE is touted as bigger and better than anything else in the world—and frequently it lives up to the hype. It's as if John D. Rockefeller, Leona Helmsley, and P.T. Barnum had been reincarnated in Arab dress and given limitless political as well as economic power to make their wildest dreams a reality. Property developers in the UAE don't have to worry about pesky zoning boards or "NIMBY" syndrome. Anything can be built to the nth degree as long as it has the support of the rulers.

Does all this construction make economic sense? Local officials insist that it does; the sky's the limit. So far they appear to be right, but at some point the market will be saturated. Even when the inevitable downturn arrives (and it could easily be triggered by a slump in the price of oil), the future of the UAE still seems bright because Dubai and Abu Dhabi offer such a welcome investment, tourism, and residential haven in a region better known for war and extremism. The freedom, opportunity, and stability are unrivaled in this part of the world.

If you want to see why so many rich Iranians, Iraqis, Saudis, Kuwaitis, and other Middle Easterners have poured their resources into the UAE, all you have to do is hop on a two-hour flight to Riyadh. Traveling to Saudi Arabia is like going back through time to a drearier era of economic stagnation and repression. You know you're not in Dubai anymore when the first thing you see at Riyadh's airport is not the duty-free Hermès shop but a line of at least 30 men kneeling in prayer next to the gate. We don't recall hearing the muezzin, the call to prayer, once in Dubai. In Riyadh we heard it five times a day, and each time it sounded, large numbers of Saudis streamed into mosques that are notable for their ubiquity and size.

One of the most striking things about spending a few days in Riyadh is the paucity of contact with the fairer sex. Not a single woman was employed in our business hotel; even the maids were men. There were few women to be seen in public either. When they do make an appearance it is of course in a shapeless black abaiya (gown) topped off with a hijab (head scarf) and burqa (face covering). Aboard an Emirates flight from Dubai, we watched one woman clad in this outfit eating her dinner. It was quite a production, with every morsel of food and every drop of drink having to be lifted precariously beneath her burqa. Mustn't lift the veil even an inch lest, presumably, some lascivious male be turned on by the sight of a dainty jawline.

That was one of the few times we saw a Saudi woman eating, since all restaurants, public buildings, and even private homes are strictly segregated. Women are never supposed to mix with men to whom they are not related. In one of the more barbaric applications of this antediluvian code, a 19-year-old Saudi gang-rape victim was recently sentenced to 200 lashes and six months in jail for being in a car with an unrelated male when the attack occurred. Last week, her lawyer was disbarred for objecting too vociferously to this mind-boggling outcome.

While aware of this gender apartheid before visiting the kingdom, we had failed to appreciate how pervasive it is. Just as in apartheid South Africa and Jim Crow America there were separate entrances for whites and blacks, so in many Saudi buildings there are separate entrances for men and women. The public library has men's and women's sections. So did a Starbucks near our hotel.

Women are discouraged from working, and when they do work, they are put in separate office areas. Only 7 percent of Saudi women are employed—a tremendous waste of human capital. The official rate of unemployment among Saudi men is 13 percent, though the actual figure is probably higher.

This points to another fact that we hadn't appreciated sufficiently before visiting the kingdom: While Saudi Arabia is a very wealthy country (it is projected to earn $165 billion this year from oil exports), little of that wealth trickles down to the Muhammad in the street. Average per capita income is only $13,800, considerably less than in Israel ($26,800), to say nothing of the UAE ($49,700). Of course there are super-wealthy Saudis whose gaucheries make global headlines: Prince Alwaleed bin Talal, chairman of the investment firm Kingdom Holding

Company, made news while we were visiting by becoming the first individual to purchase for his personal use Airbus's new A380, the world's largest passenger jet. But there is also a substantial underclass among Saudi Arabia's 25 million people.

Most Saudis get only indirect benefits from their country's oil wealth, to the extent that the government uses its revenues to fund public projects. Saudi Arabia is not, contrary to the public perception, a cradle-to-grave welfare state. Its people get free (and low-quality) health care and education, and that's about it. Many of the social-welfare functions that in the West are run by the state are still reserved in Saudi Arabia for tribes, families, and religious organizations.

The public library has men's and women's sections.

Riyadh, capital of the country with the world's largest oil reserves, doesn't feel opulent—nothing like Dubai. There are few skyscrapers, and the roads are full of clunkers. There are some fabulous palaces and public buildings, to be sure, but also lots of modest homes and shops. Camels wander through the desert just a few miles outside of town. And Riyadh is the kingdom's centerpiece; many other areas are downright destitute.

Part of what holds Saudi Arabia back is the puritanical Wahhabist theology taught in its mosques and schools. The kingdom's emphasis on religious purity produces too many graduates who cannot compete in the modern world except in the art of suicide bombing.

Many Saudi leaders know they have a problem, but they have been slow to adjust. It took the May 12, 2003, terrorist attacks in Riyadh for the authorities to crack down hard on the group known as Al Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula. Since then, Saudi security forces claim to have killed or captured 5,000 suspected members of this movement. Only last week, the Saudi Interior Ministry announced the arrest of 208 suspected terrorists in six cells ahead of the annual hajj. Al Qaeda has not been totally defeated; its handiwork was evident when a security forces colonel was decapitated in April and his headless body left for his son to find in the entrance of their house. But terrorist activities have become fragmented and smaller in scale than they were in 2003 and 2004, when al Qaeda was staging high-profile raids in Riyadh. Cooperation with American intelligence and law enforcement agencies, once anemic, has become more robust, even if the Saudis still refuse to imprison prominent individuals implicated by the U.S. Treasury in the financing of terrorism.

The Saudi government claims it has moved to tone down the rhetoric of sermons, schoolbooks, and official publications distributed at home and abroad. (According to PBS's *Frontline*, one Saudi ninth-grade textbook instructed students, "The day of judgment will not arrive until Muslims fight Jews, and Muslims will kill Jews until the Jew hides behind a tree or a stone. Then the tree and the stone will say, 'Oh Muslim, oh servant of God, this is a Jew behind me. Come and kill him.'") Outsiders have to take the Saudis' word for the state of their reforms; independent verification is hard to come by since the kingdom does not publicly release its school texts and has denied Western officials access to schools.

In any event, poisonous attitudes built up over many decades cannot be changed overnight—even if the Saudi government were determined to effect a radical break, which it is not. Many members of the royal family still exhibit attitudes that raise eyebrows in the West. Prince Nayef, the hardline interior minister, for instance, once publicly suggested that "Zionists" were behind 9/11. By all accounts, King Abdullah, who took the throne in 2005, is one of the more moderate and enlightened royals. But how much change can an 84-year-old monarch implement in a tribal society that still functions by consensus? While the UAE is a youthful meritocracy bubbling with new ideas, Saudi Arabia is a staid gerontocracy in which change occurs at a glacial pace.

Saudi Arabia's modest experiment in democracy has already been aborted. Two years ago the Saudis allowed elections to some seats on municipal councils. The biggest winners were hardline Islamists, so the government has, probably wisely, put the kibosh on voting for now. Economic reform is still moving ahead: The government is privatizing some state-owned enterprises, liberalizing the financial services sector, and loosening rules for foreign investment. The number of foreign financial institutions with offices in Riyadh has shot up from 10 a few years ago to over 100 today. (American firms are losing out in many

Riyadh doesn't feel opulent: Though it's the kindom's centerpiece, many areas are destitute.

instances to Europeans and would be wise to return to what has become a more vibrant non-oil economy.)

But despite talk about possibly letting women drive and other such reforms, there is little progress on the social front. Abdullah seems determined to avoid any frontal clash with the kingdom's clerical establishment. Instead of going at the clerics, he is going around them. Dissatisfied with what is being taught in Saudi schools, he is funding 25,000 scholarships to send Saudis to study in the West. He is also building a new citadel of higher learning, King Abdullah University of Science and Technology, that is supposed to be a Saudi MIT with an endowment of $10 billion. It is being constructed not by the hardline Education Ministry but by the more progressive state oil company, Saudi Aramco.

The university will be part of King Abdullah Economic City, an entirely new metropolis planned for an undeveloped spot on the Red Sea. This is only one of six new "economic cities" supposed to be erected across the kingdom. The Saudis, it seems, have Dubai envy. They still derive 45 percent of their GDP, 75 percent of their budget, and 90 percent of their export earnings from oil, and they would like to diversify more than they did during the last oil boom. It seems doubtful that they will succeed in emulating their neighbors, however, until they relax their stifling social strictures—and that won't happen anytime soon.

If anything, Saudi Arabia is going backwards. Older residents recall that the kingdom was more tolerant and progressive prior to the 1980s. The turning point was the 1979 Iranian Revolution and the takeover of the Grand Mosque in Mecca by Islamic radicals. A 50-something Saudi journalist we met recalled that when he was growing up men and women could actually go to social events together. That's inconceivable today.

Unless the Saudi government can nudge the country toward the future at a faster pace without at the same time triggering a fundamentalist revolution, it will continue to be a serious security concern for the West no matter how much its law enforcement agencies cooperate in counterterrorist operations. Indeed, it is no surprise to learn that Saudi Arabia remains the No. 1 foreign source of funds and suicide bombers for Al Qaeda in Iraq, with Saudis comprising some 40 percent of foreign jihadists. That pattern is likely to remain unchanged as long as jihadist ideology continues to be reinforced by Saudi institutions, ensuring that the kingdom remains mired in the past even as neighbors like the UAE zoom into the future. ♦

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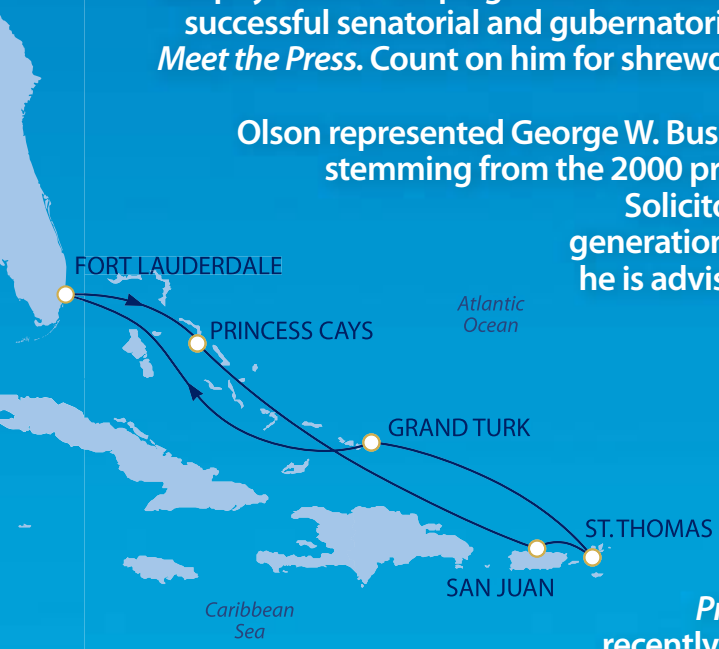
Olson represented George W. Bush and Richard Cheney in the *Bush v. Gore* cases stemming from the 2000 presidential elections. In 2001 he was appointed Solicitor General. William Safire has called Olson "this generation's most persuasive advocate." In his spare time he is advising the Giuliani campaign. Count on Olson for astute observations about the challenges confronting the next president.



Podhoretz was recently named editorial director of *Commentary* magazine. In 1995 he helped launch *THE WEEKLY STANDARD.* Today he is our movie critic. He is the author of *Bush Country: How Dubya Became a Great President While Driving Liberals Insane* and, most recently, *Can She Be Stopped?: Hillary Clinton Will Be the Next President of the United States Unless . . . .* John will tell us what comes after "Unless"!

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The U.S. ambassador at the Security Council, 2006

Man vs. Machine

John Bolton battles the bureaucracies BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

John Bolton did not have a formal role in policymaking on torture, but if he had, he would have spoken with authority born of firsthand experience. He had been a conservative at the State Department and an American at the United Nations. No one chooses to be tortured, of course, but Bolton actually sought these positions of pain and agony.

If one definition of masochism is "a willingness or tendency to subject oneself to unpleasant or trying experiences," then Bolton qualifies. He was a Goldwater Republican as a teenager in Baltimore and, later in the Vietnam decade, a right-wing campus agitator at Yale. All of that—and he picked a profession that requires him to talk to journalists on a regular basis. Masochist, indeed.

But there are many reasons to be grateful that Bolton has chosen to subject himself to such discomfiture, and they fill the pages of *Surrender Is Not an Option.* This thick volume overflows with the acerbic wit and blunt critiques that have made him the bane of the Washington Establishment, and something of a cult figure among conservatives. (A photograph on the back of the dust jacket shows Bolton smiling broadly with his arms raised in triumph, taking in the cascading applause that he received at the Conservative Political Action Conference this year.)

Surrender Is Not an Option
Defending America at the United Nations
by John Bolton
Threshold, 496 pp., $27

John Bolton grew up in working-class Baltimore; his father, a fireman, worked two jobs so that his son could attend a well-regarded private school outside the city. It paid off. Bolton enrolled at Yale in 1966, the first member of his family to go to college. Already a conservative, he was active in the Yale Political Union and, during graduation week, shoehorned his way into giving a speech at the Class Day ceremony so that he might scold his classmates and the faculty for their aggressive liberalism. When he was heckled, he heckled back.

"What you have over there," he said, gesturing to his tormentors, "is a typical example of liberal 'tolerance.'" He declared: "The conservative underground is alive and well here; if we do not make our influence felt, rest assured we will in the real world."

Bolton collected his law degree at Yale before venturing out into that real world, and after spending some time in private practice, took a job as the top

Stephen F. Hayes, a senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD*, is the author, most recently, of* Cheney: The Untold Story of America's Most Powerful and Controversial Vice President.

lawyer at the Agency for International Development at the beginning of the Reagan administration. After another stint in the private sector, he returned to government as an assistant attorney general, where he became a close adviser to Attorney General Edwin Meese. When George H.W. Bush was elected president, Bolton served as assistant secretary of state for international organization affairs, and he returned to Foggy Bottom with George W. Bush as undersecretary of state for arms control and international security.

In that role, and out of the spotlight, Bolton helped expedite U.S. withdrawal from the "Cold War relic" that was the 1972 ABM treaty with the then-Soviet Union. More important, he served as a check on the accommodationist tendencies of the State Department bureaucracy in dealings with Iran and North Korea.

Finally, in 2005, President Bush nominated Bolton to serve as ambassador to the United Nations, the job that would make him famous to the America outside of the conservative movement and the insular world of arms control. The political left thought that nominating Bolton, a longtime critic of the U.N., was yet another example of the to-hell-with-you diplomacy of the Bush administration.

"This is just about the most inexplicable appointment the President could make to represent the United States to the world community," Senator John Kerry sputtered.

Conservatives who did not choose to ignore the U.N. altogether believed Bolton was the perfect choice. After all, Bush had gone there in 2002, after a decade of Iraq's defiance of U.N. resolutions and international appeasement of Saddam Hussein, and asked: "Will the United Nations serve the purpose of its founding, or will it be irrelevant?" When the Security Council passed a resolution threatening "serious consequences" for continued Iraqi intransigence, and then stood by while Iraq (once again) defied the international community, we seemed to have an answer. But Bush's willingness to take the U.N. seriously, despite the taint of the growing Oil-for-Food scandal, made it relevant once more. If the United Nations was going to remain relevant, better to send someone like John Bolton to whip it into shape.

He tried. Bolton was successful where he could be (pushing the Security Council on North Korea, for example) and less successful where the weight of the international community prevented progress (Iran, U.N. reform). Perhaps the most important contribution of *Surrender Is Not an Option* will come from the light it shines on the Department of State and its permanent bureaucracy. Unlike many other memoirs written by former government officials, Bolton manages to give readers a real sense of the internecine battles and day-to-day drudgery of working inside a vast federal bureaucracy. He sometimes does this unintentionally—by including the most trivial details of sniping between agencies and relying so heavily on bureaucratic acronyms—but, more often, his anecdotes and observations serve to illuminate the disconnect between President Bush and the professional diplomats paid to serve him:

> While not exactly scintillating to outsiders, surviving and flourishing in a federal bureaucracy is often the difference between failure and success, which I define as implementing the president's policies. Since the bureaucracy defines success differently—who sat where at the daily morning staff meeting, whose name appeared first on the "from" line of a memo to the secretary, who went on what trip, and other such weighty questions—I often got what I wanted by giving the bureaucracy what they wanted.

Bolton is not afraid to throw sharp elbows. He writes that Secretary of State Colin Powell and his deputy, Richard Armitage, were 'obsessed by their own press coverage' and suggests that President Bush sometimes does not understand what is happening to his own foreign policy.

For some elements of the bureaucracy, success meant blocking the president's policies. Bolton writes:

> At the outset, I was willing to be accommodating to the bureaucracy, but Bush's January 29, 2002, 'axis of evil' State of the Union speech convinced me to take a harder line. Actually, it was not just the speech, but also the reaction to it at the State Department staff meeting. Jim Kelly [East Asian and Pacific Affairs], assistant secretary, announced that his bureau would be preparing press guidance explaining that *Bush's speech did not represent a change of policy on North Korea.*

Not surprisingly, Bolton is unafraid of throwing sharp elbows. He writes that Secretary of State Colin Powell and his deputy, Richard Armitage, were "obsessed by their own press coverage" and suggests that President Bush sometimes does not understand what is happening to his own administration's foreign policy: "The lesson of North Korea policy under George W. Bush is fundamentally the lesson of the Risen Bureaucracy. . . . The bureaucracy's persistence prevailed so overwhelmingly that Bush himself did not even realize it."

By the end of his book, Bolton has made it clear that the bureaucracy's victories include far more than just North Korea. And George W. Bush's kinder, gentler foreign policy has generated rare praise from the Washington media establishment and those people Bolton calls "the High Minded." Meet with Iran? Terrific. Directly engage North Korea? Outstanding. Restart the Israeli-Palestinian peace process? True leadership.

Of course, Bolton sees things differently. He offers his assessment almost in passing, but expresses it in a characteristically blunt manner so that it remains in your head long after you finish reading: The triumph of the bureaucracy, he writes, means that Bush "administration foreign policy is in something like a free fall." ♦

What's in a Name

Just about everything for the purposes of fiction.

BY SHAWN MACOMBER

In a telling scene from George Hagen's debut novel, *The Laments* (2004), Howard and Julia Lament argue over Howard's Shakespeare-inspired decision to christen the couple's newborn twins Julius and Marcus.

> "Darling, they're fine names. It's not as though I named them Cain and Abel."
>
> "No, but you picked names out of tragedies. Couldn't you have picked comedies?"
>
> Howard looked incredulous. "Malvolio? Bertram? Bottom? Darling, the names in the tragedies have elegance, gumption, history! We want these lads to have a destiny, don't we?"

Unfortunately for the well-meaning Laments, the lives of their sons end as tragically as their literary forerunners. Perhaps it was the triumph-challenged surname. Or did circumstance, bad luck, and random malevolence simply rear its single, synergetic hydra head? After all, Julia Lament may believe a child's name "is his portal to the world," but we cannot name our daughters Chastity and then assume they will proudly walk high school hallways wearing an "Abstinence Rocks!" T-shirt and a "Savin' It" bracelet. Our Charitys are not necessarily charitable. Our Augusts may fumble iambic pentameter. And while playground mockery may be a certainty, even a Cornelius can receive a "D" in chemistry without any peripheral parental prodding and guidance.

Nevertheless, in fiction, names frequently *do* matter in much the way the Laments hoped/feared. Thus, when Hagen chooses to title his fast-paced, life-spanning sophomore novel *Tom Bedlam* after a character who attempts (unsuccessfully) to evade the implications of his name by becoming Tom *Chapel*, and, further, introduces us to an infant called the Orfling ("part orphan, part changeling") who refuses to age when his family forgets his name, it behooves readers to take note.

Tom Bedlam
A Novel
by George Hagen
Random House, 464 pp., $25.95

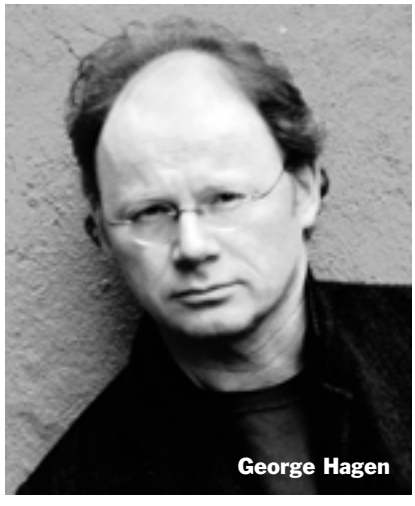
Steeped in Dickensian imagery, *Tom Bedlam* opens in Victorian London amongst the standard-issue tenement death traps and factories. Here young Bedlam stokes the fires at a porcelain factory a few feet away from his God-fearing mother, the mistreated and underappreciated figurine carver Emily Bedlam. The first time Tom meets his absentee, ne'er-do-well actor-father the man eats all the household porridge and pilfers his mother's meager savings—from between the pages of her Bible, no less.

Life, in other words, is, indeed, bedlam. Even Tom's pious mother, who refuses to embody the disquiet of her married name, develops a brain tumor that causes her to unwittingly abandon her turn-the-cheek blessings for less affectionate retorts.

"Ah, Mr. Todderman," she memorably greets her cruel boss one morning, "*may the devil brand your backside with the face of your wife.*"

When Emily succumbs to her illness, Tom appears destined to inherit the same chaotic life, and not much else, until a hitherto unknown, and well-off, grandfather suddenly appears offering to pluck Tom out of the factory and drop him into a private school. On Tom's first day, a kindly professor advises: "The factory and the farm are similar my friend. The chicken that walks differently from its neighbors is pecked."

Proving the maxim in a none-too-subtle manner, Tom's only true friend at school—Arthur Pigeon, a bird-named boy who walks *very* differently—is shortly thereafter heinously murdered by the popular scion of a well-connected, affluent family. When it becomes clear that the school authorities have no intention of conducting a good faith investigation of Tom's foul-play claims, the young man reluctantly strikes a semi-Faustian bargain with the murderer's father: his silence in exchange for medical school tuition.



George Hagen

Once his schooling is over, Tom, believing the name Bedlam "probably wouldn't inspire confidence in a patient," changes his name to Chapel, runs off to Africa with the daughter of his mentor (against the man's wishes), sets up a medical practice, begins a family, and, for a time, experiences blissful peace.

Settling into the well-worn ruts of other period novelists, Hagen colors his narrative with celebrations of social struggles gone by, and so only the boy from the tenement rises above the privileged order and immoral vacuity of the aristocracy-in-training.

"In London my practice will be waiting for me: fat, old people ravaged by wealth, good living, infidelity, sloth, vanity and self-importance," a

Shawn Macomber is currently at work on a book about global class warfare.

BROOKLYN HAGEN

classmate observes with improbable pride. "And I shall soon resemble one of them."

Meanwhile, Tom's once and future love, Audrey Limpkin, is forced to dress as a man to support her family—"disguised for the benefit of those who fear change," as she puts it in a letter to Tom. "Surely society will not come crashing down because a woman adds sums as well as a man," our superstar accountant-with-a-secret posits earnestly. Then there are the ho-hum condemnations of British militarism in the Boer War and World War I, clearly designed for modern resonance.

"It was in the newspapers every day; it was *good* versus *evil* and *us* versus *them*," Hagen narrates. "It was a seduction, a distraction, an entertainment and an addiction." The antiwar Chapel takes on the angry aura of an Alec Baldwin robbed by history of a *HuffingtonPost* login, his tongue rife with pithy takedowns of warmongers: "If patriotism could be removed as easily as tonsils, I'd work night and day, believe me. . . . Thanks to our leaders, we are *all* savages again." And when confronting Arthur's murderer who has grown up to be Britain's minister of war—well, yes, *of course* he has—"How many more men will die while you maneuver your political career?"

The almost supernatural pull of the Bedlam name, however, is the always-present undercurrent in *Tom Bedlam* that becomes more pronounced as Tom's frantic effort to oppose the Bedlam influence in his progeny only seems to further empower it. Like the poetry professor who wonders how the beefcake teenage quarterback in front of him could possibly be his offspring, Chapel is bewildered as his children morph into Bedlams.

"One daughter takes to the Bible like her grandmother, another to the theater like her grandfather," Tom laments. "Please tell me what mistake I made in your upbringing."

There is no more shocking case for Tom, however, than his son Arthur. Tom names the boy to honor poor Arthur Pigeon and then immediately begins to fret that the designation might cause his son to be as socially awkward and vulnerable as his long-dead namesake. So when Tom finds Arthur playing with clothespin dolls, he burns them and forces the boy to play with toy soldiers. Young Arthur responds by adorning the soldiers with makeshift dresses.

Tom sends him to a prep school to toughen him up. Arthur becomes so tough he decides to go fight the war his father despises. Simultaneously, the daughter who pursued acting much to Tom's chagrin ends up in an absurdly popular "war protest revue." The contradictions are intertwined with unintended consequences until Tom looks at the massive whole and realizes that, perhaps, his decision to "live with a backward eye, intent on repairing his past" ensured the very bedlam/Bedlam he sought to escape.

Before her convenient death—necessary for the reunion with the reformed cross-dressing love of his youth—Tom's wife muses openly whether he shouldn't have married her sister: "She would have molded you into a pillar of society," Mrs. Chapel says.

> "I didn't want to be molded."
> "We are all molded, darling, whether we like it or not."
> "My father never molded me."
> "He certainly did. The minute you were born he set you on a course by giving you a name and walking out the door."

We can dismiss such a contention as mysticism or a negative self-fulfilling prophecy. Then again, would you choose a doctor named Tom Bedlam as your primary care physician? ♦

BCA

Melancholy Liberalism

The virtues of democracy that knows its limitations.

BY MARK BLITZ

Brian C. Anderson's *Democratic Capitalism and Its Discontents* is a clearly written, thoughtfully argued book about important matters.

It consists of three interconnected parts. He opens by discussing some friendly and unfriendly critics of democratic capitalism, turns to questions of civil society, religion, and judicial activism in the United States, and concludes with alternating discussions of good and bad analyses of liberalism and modernity. Some of his essays (on Pierre Manent and Bertrand de Jouvenel, for example) are better or more generous than others (on John Rawls and Jean-Paul Sartre). But each is illuminating.

Democratic Capitalism and Its Discontents
by Brian C. Anderson
ISI, 225 pp., $25

This book as a whole is somewhat less than the sum of its parts, for Anderson skips lightly over issues such as education and technology that a complete discussion should consider, and the occasional nature of the essays and reviews cannot be altogether overcome.

Given Anderson's standpoint, however, this difficulty is less telling for him than it might be for others. His is a conservative and pluralistic liberalism, not a simply systematic one. His greatest praise is for those who support democratic capitalism, but reflect on its limits: "It has been a virtue of the richest currents of liberal democratic thought, from James Madison and Alexis de Tocqueville to Irving Kristol and Pierre Manent, to

Mark Blitz, the Fletcher Jones professor of political philosophy at Claremont McKenna College, is the author, most recently, of Duty Bound: Responsibility and American Public Life.

explore bourgeois society's inherent limitations and failings without losing sight of its basic decency and relative justness."

The modest awareness of imperfection that shapes this "melancholy liberalism" contrasts with "the hubris of the secular religions," such as communism, that believed "they had solved the 'political problem.'"

Liberalism's two central limits are its "egalitarian spirit," which "easily becomes subject to egalitarian overbidding," and its "moral indeterminacy." Anderson explores the effect of these tendencies and of apolitical utopianism or fantasy in authors he criticizes such as Rawls, Sartre, and Negri, in Europe's extreme secularism, and in our Supreme Court's inventive excesses.

Anderson's judgment about how best to deal with these problems stems primarily from his view of the importance of culture. Social failures such as those that followed Lyndon Johnson's Great Society did not result from economic disruption alone. Cultural changes, directly and through the Supreme Court's mistakes, also caused them. Consequently, they can be ameliorated by renewed attention to family, neighborhoods, and other institutions of civil society, and these gain sustenance from religion. America's religious life is vigorous as Europe's is not; we therefore benefit from the breadth, communal friendship, and moral seriousness that religion can enhance. For anyone to ignore "theism" is to ignore something crucial to healthy democracy.

Anderson brings out democratic capitalism's virtues indirectly, largely by discussing others' arguments. It is vital in reducing poverty. The dislocations it causes are real, especially in its current global moment; but authors such as John Gray are wrong when they overplay the problems and sell short the immense economic achievement. It also allows unprecedented pluralism and, as Anderson writes, we "should indeed be pluralists, open to the varieties of human flourishing, at least up to a point."

We may engage Anderson's analysis most usefully by raising several questions about it, and discussing them allows us to suggest approaches to the problems of liberal democracy that modify his arguments.

Voting in Costa Rica, 2007

MAYELA LOPEZ / AFP / GETTY IMAGES

The first issue is Anderson's reticence about natural rights. He says little about them. He asserts individualism's tendency to willfulness, nihilism, and libertinism much more than he explores what is natural and reasonable in individual freedom. But if we cannot show what is natural and reasonable about rights—what is true about them, even if it is not the whole truth—all that remains are the arbitrary preferences and intuitions that correctly concern Anderson when he discusses John Rawls. Anderson prefers an "originalist" understanding of our Constitution to the "living" Constitution's invitation to judicial legislating. But is this preference wise unless one further argues that what we are originally is sensible and good? Originalism without excellence is despotism.

Connected to this reticence is insufficient attention to character and virtue. Liberal democracies foster (though they hardly guarantee) certain virtues: hard work, tolerance, pleasantness, responsibility. Nor do they simply ignore the more classical dispositions of courage, justice, and moderation. Anderson touches on, but does not explore, these virtues, so liberal democracy sometimes appears too selfish and low in his telling, and its good qualities less individual and more vestigially communal than they are.

As he himself suggests, however, what makes civil society sensible is that it encourages responsibility, and good government requires prudence. These virtues form a ground and goal for liberal democracy that is more substantive than the sometimes-pointless variety of pluralism, and they are naturally congruent with individual rights. It is intelligent to advance them through the mechanisms Anderson prefers, and against the tendencies he deplores. But we should appreciate that, in encouraging virtue, we often can work with the liberal tide, even while clearing its debris.

My third question concerns religion. Anderson discusses religion in liberal democracy at some length, with impressive sympathy and understanding. The standpoint from which he analyzes liberal democracy's shortcomings is strongly influenced by Roman Catholic intellectuals such as Michael Novak, Pierre Manent, and Bertrand de Jouvenel. At the same time, he is alive to the Catholic church's former attacks on modernity.

My disquiet centers on the significance of toleration. Anderson treats it primarily by mentioning economists who argue that the variety toleration encourages is good for religions because it keeps competitors on their toes. But this view overlooks how toleration changes religions by limiting the elements in many of them that seek full legal or political control. The Founders' religious references do not gainsay the fact that American faith becomes more a private than a public matter. Religion is compatible with liberal democracy, but it is transformed so that the elements that support democratic capitalism and liberal reason come to the fore.

In order to see the effect of healthy liberalism on religion, you might ask what Islam would need to give up to become fully liberal. Not only the extremists'

murderous hatred, but also many of its legal, cultural, and sexual restrictions would need to be transformed. Anderson is right to suggest how continued religious health in American liberal democracy elevates us and helps prevent a mad dash to selfish vulgarity. But it is dangerous not to acknowledge the importance of the rational common sense that worries about religious excess, and not to face up to liberalism's rational redirection of faith.

In general, indeed, Anderson downplays the relation between religion and reason. The Declaration of Independence refers to God in several ways, as he suggests, but God is "Nature's God." Anderson does not focus sufficiently on the coordination of faith with rational, natural, understanding that, in liberalism, is dominated by the reasons that issue in natural rights.

My final question concerns Anderson's defense of pluralism. The difficulty with the pluralism that Anderson admires is its kinship to the relativism he deplores. He correctly ridicules the Supreme Court's ludicrous discovery of the "right to define one's own concept of existence, of meaning, of the universe and of the mystery of human life." Compared with such sophomoric mumblings, Justice William O. Douglas's hazy emanations and penumbras are the essence of mature sobriety. But how, exactly, does one argue (as Anderson would wish) that a "Muslim . . . 'concept of meaning'" that "allows me multiple wives" is wrong and does not constitute a "constitutional right" to multiple marriages?

Can one merely oppose faith to faith, or impose legal force? Is it enough, when educating students, to give them no guidance but speeches about "the incommensurability of human goods," and the varieties of "human flourishing," "political arrangements, and conceptions of the good life that human nature legitimately allows"? Anderson would not think so, but he apparently leaves the possibility of "universal moral claims," such as "the moral superiority of the traditional family," to the "precepts of one's faith." He suggests, indeed, that one can "argue for the universal truth of one's faith" while still tolerating "human practices that fall short of the ideal," and admitting "the uncertain nature of moral life."

The problem is that this says nothing of rational claims to universality. But without these, is not faith's "argument" willful? Anderson, perhaps, takes for granted the rationality, or at least the compatibility with reason, of the precepts of the faiths he admires. It is otherwise difficult to account for his confidence in faith's reasonable relaxation of its universal demands.

A related problem is that moral precepts do not guide sufficiently our choice of ways of human flourishing. The virtues discussed earlier provide some guidance, and restrict the range of reasonable choice without being irrationally absolute. Even they, however, cannot fully govern how we should rank and use our powers, or the justice and effectiveness of our practices and institutions. Does this openness, then, force education and choice to be grounded in the accidents of tradition, irrationality of absolutism, or arbitrariness of pluralism?

Anderson closes by calling for a "renewed commitment to classical education." The classics are, indeed, a good place to search for answers to our questions. Aristotle's flexibility in recommending political institutions in the light of a rational account of human happiness, or Plato's rational account of the good, just, and noble that permits reasonable subtlety in following the imperfect images of these ideas, are models of a rational guidance that shapes gently, not with absolutism's icy hand. How to secure this understanding within liberalism's reasonable virtues and rights, and how to invigorate it within the accidents of our situation, are difficult questions, of course.

As Anderson tells us in this prudent yet lively work, politics is imperfect. We will help to protect ourselves from a threatening winter of discontent if we linger in the autumnal liberalism that Anderson favors, and reflect on the problems it raises. ♦

BOOKS & ARTS

Greeks at War

A field marshal's perspective. **BY J.E. LENDON**

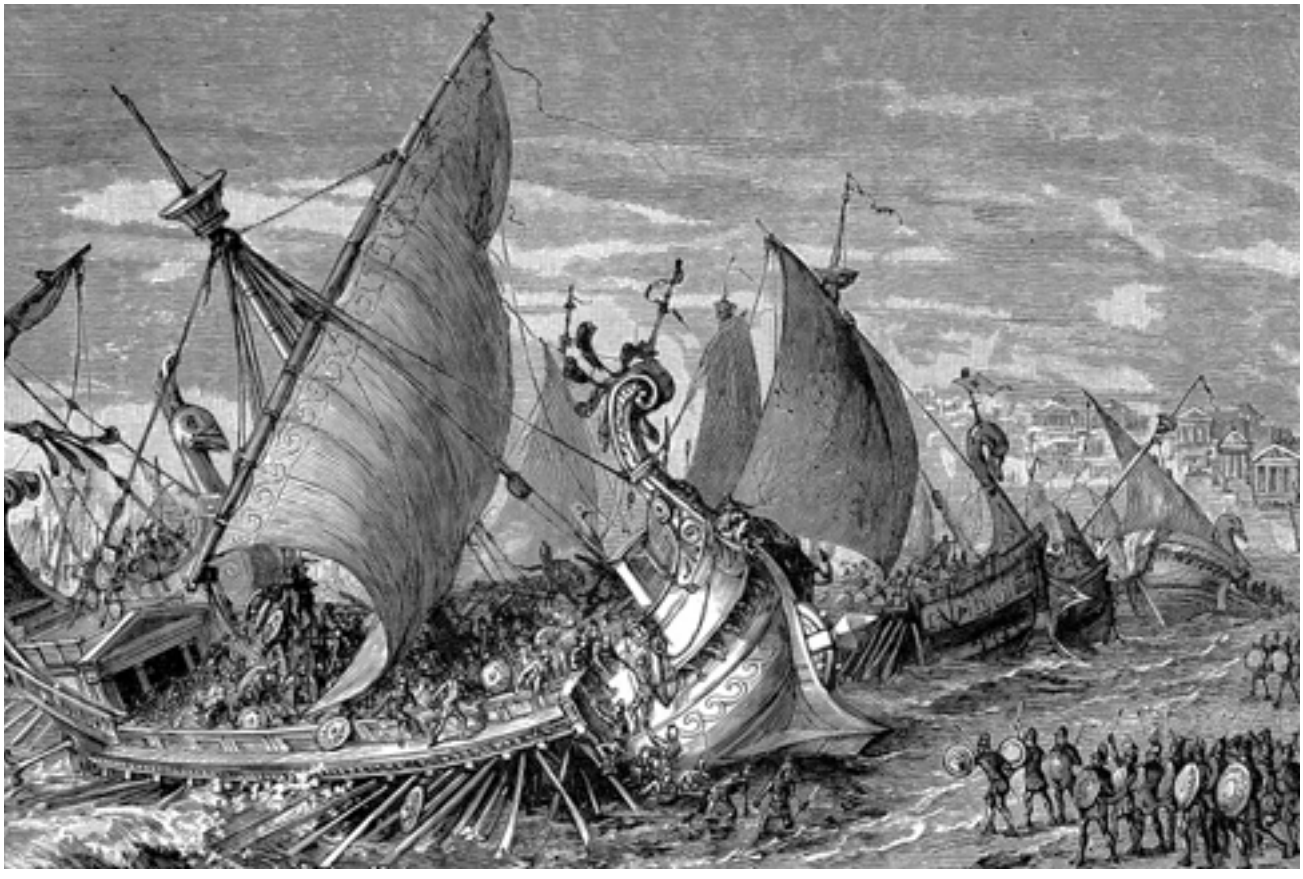
In the year 2002 there died, full of years and sherry, Field Marshal Sir Nigel Bagnall, Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, recipient of the Military Cross and Bar.

"Ginge," as this distinguished soldier was known, for the British Army marches on its nicknames, was a fearless red-haired hero of the Malayan troubles, and rose to be chief of the General Staff. He was a good shot (he bagged a high-ranking Communist official) but a bad driver (he bagged a bicyclist as well). Tone deaf—his subordinates had to nudge him when it was time to salute during the national anthem—he was a keen gardener and an enthusiastic breeder of colorful ducks.

He joined his father's regiment at 18 and so was denied a university education: Of all the honors with which he was laden—so many weighed down his uniform that he called them his "f—g jewelry"—he was proudest of his honorary fellowship at Balliol College,

The Peloponnesian War
Athens, Sparta, and the Struggle for Greece
by Nigel Bagnall
Thomas Dunne, 336 pp., $29.95

J.E. Lendon, professor of history at the University of Virginia, is the author, most recently, of Soldiers and Ghosts: A History of Battle in Classical Antiquity.



Sparta defeats Athens in Syracuse harbor.

TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES

Oxford, a testimony not only to his eminence in the British Establishment, but also, one suspects, to his inexhaustible fund of good stories.

Field Marshal Bagnall was an intellectual soldier and a lover of military history. In retirement he published a good, bluff, commonsensical military history of the Punic Wars, and just before his death he had, it seems, finished a draft of a manuscript about the military history of Greece during 500-404 B.C., the period of the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars.

This draft was far from perfect: The end, his account of the Peloponnesian War, was relatively polished; but as one moved towards the beginning, to his descriptions of the ways of the Greeks and the earlier Persian Wars, things got rather murky. There were many careless errors of detail—of the kind any author cleans up in the process of revision. And the manuscript began with a pair of glossaries: a short one of people, and another very, very long one of places which the author, judging by the cross-references ("as we have already seen"), evidently imagined that the reader would read straight through as if it were a normal part of the book.

If Bagnall had lived, he would have cleaned up the errors of fact (which are far fewer in *The Punic Wars*) and his editor would have pointed out that starting the book with a gigantic glossary of places, and telling so many of the best stories in that glossary, would both perplex the reader and require constant reference back, or repetition later in the text. In the process of rewriting, the good and useful stories would have been removed to their proper place in the body of the book, and the glossary diminished and stuck in the back, where such things belong.

But that is not what happened. His publishers, no doubt confident that their author's name would guarantee good sales whatever the state of the book, appear simply to have published the manuscript as it was when its author's pen fell forever still, so inflicting upon Bagnall a fate similar to that of Thucydides, whose unfinished work is our main source for the Peloponnesian War. A hundred pounds sterling would have hired a graduate student to correct the errors of history; little more would have bought an editor to fix the broken structure of the book with its 40-page monstrosity of a glossary stuck on the front like a palsied elephant's trunk.

Perhaps a conscientious copy editor complained that there were actual contradictions between statements in different parts of the manuscript, and that some anecdotes and aphorisms were repeated: for example, that the strategic principle *klotzen nicht kleckern* (whack, don't dribble), however drolly expressed, did not need to be thus expressed three times. If so, her pleas were ignored. Rather than a valedictory monument to a great soldier, this is a mournful testimonial to the idleness of publishers, and a salutary reminder to all writers of eminence to include in their wills strict instructions that anything not yet in proofs be destroyed.

Yet despite the mess, there is much

of interest here. Professional soldiers make good historians, because they seek to draw practical lessons from history, and to draw lessons they need to know what actually happened. Classicists—that is, professors of Greek who read Thucydides, and so interest themselves in the Peloponnesian War—consider figuring out what actually happened beneath them, preferring to study the mind of the author. Academic historians are happy to throw up their hands at historical puzzles—or worse, to pursue the puzzles for their own sake, seeking them out for the joy of combat with their colleagues.

But a soldier marching through the text of Thucydides asks again and again, "What happened?" And when there is conflicting evidence, or no good evidence, he makes an educated guess. Soldiers are brave in their writing, just as they were on the battlefield. They also have a good sense of what historical soldiers can and cannot accomplish, physically and morally, and they have more common sense than professors.

What they lack is that sympathy with the people of the past that long study of the past should bring. Again and again Bagnall is amazed that the Greeks believed in their religion, and allowed religious scruples (refusing to march during the Olympic games, for example, even as the Persians drew near) to interfere with their strategy. In fact, culture—both your culture and the enemy's culture—guides and constrains strategy just as much as weapons and logistics and terrain, as American soldiers discover day after day in Iraq.

We miss that dimension in Bagnall's book. And along with it we may miss a grasp of the ultimate strategies of the contenders in the Peloponnesian War. Their ravaging fields and raiding coastlines, plans which Bagnall mocks as futile because of the small economic and diplomatic damage they inflicted, had a different significance to ancient Greeks, who thought in terms of insult and honor, and not of bushels of wheat burned and allies detached. Still, within the limits this book imposes upon itself, the reader learns a great deal about why the fighting developed as it did, and especially about the possible plans and hopes in the minds of the leaders on both sides, with whose quandaries Bagnall has, naturally, a great deal of empathy.

Bagnall is well supplied with historical and contemporary parallels, some moving and many enjoyable, and his particular talent is for imagining the options available to the commanders but (sometimes unwisely) *not* chosen, a kind of imaginative history that an academic author, being closer to the text of Thucydides and more a prisoner of Thucydides' interpretations, might fail at, or never imagine was wanted.

Thucydides himself would be pleased with this book, because he wrote his, in part, as a guidebook for generals, and that is how Bagnall has used it. And that a modern officer can find so much useful in a book written 2,400 years ago reminds us that Thucydides was a thinker and historian as deep as the sky.

So Bagnall's time was not wasted, nor is the reader's, if he begins to read at about page 130, after the worst of the muddle. As for the wretched publishers, I would consign them to the tender mercies of the youthful Bagnall's nemesis, "the classicist, battle-scarred headmaster, with his connoisseur's collection of assorted canes." ♦

Giants at Play

It's 50 years since CBS's pioneering 'Sound of Jazz.'

BY NAT HENTOFF

During television's early years, jazz was infrequently seen, except when its few popular "names," such as Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong, appeared on variety shows like Ed Sullivan's. But on December 8, 1957, live on Sunday afternoon, many members of the jazz pantheon appeared on CBS-TV's *The Sound of Jazz*, among them Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Thelonious Monk, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Red Allen, Gerry Mulligan, Pee Wee Russell, and Roy Eldridge.

Because nearly all the legendary originals on the program are dead, videos of this historic (and never to be equaled) event have been played and replayed around the world. Along with the late Whitney Balliett of the *New Yorker*, I selected the musicians. For me, it was a jazz fan's fantasy come true.

Making it all possible was the producer, Robert Herridge, the most creative, and stubbornly independent, force I've known in my various television forays. (Among the works he transmuted to the screen were Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground*, *All the King's Men*, and *The Trial and Death of Socrates*.) His only instruction to Whitney Balliett and me was, "Make it pure!" He didn't care if most of the players were unknown to a general audience so long as they exemplified what Whitney had described as "the sound of surprise" of this music.

Only one of our choices caused trouble. During a sound check, Herridge received a note from a representative of the sponsor, read it, and tore it up. He paraphrased the message for me and Whitney: "We must not put into America's homes, especially on Sunday, someone who's been imprisoned for drug use." Herridge told the bearer of the note that if Billie Holiday could not go on, he, Whitney, and I would leave.

The show went on.

Because of his extensive experience at CBS, and having worked with many cameramen, Herridge selected those he knew could improvise. "When you see a shot you want, take it," he told them. "We'll handle it in the control

Nat Hentoff is the author, most recently, of Insisting on Life.

The Count Basie/All-Star Orchestra in rehearsal

PHOTO BY MILT HINTON, © MILTON J. HINTON PHOTOGRAPHIC COLLECTION

room." Director Jack Smight, himself an extraordinary improviser, enthusiastically agreed.

The set for *The Sound of Jazz* was simply the studio, with viewers seeing the cameramen, and some of the musicians in informal attire, wearing hats—as jazz players habitually did at rehearsals. I had neglected to tell Billie Holiday that this would not be the usual television setting, and when she found out, she told me angrily: "I just bought a goddamn $500 dress for this show!"

But once in the musical company of her peers, Billie happily swung into the groove. Aware that there would be no splicing out of clinkers in this entirely "live" hour, the unfettered musicians, as at an after-hours jam session, played to impress their peers, as well as themselves. As a viewer wrote to CBS: "One so seldom has the chance to see real people doing something that really matters to them."

I had heard all the players often in clubs, concerts, and in recording studios. But that afternoon, there was a special exhilaration in their interaction—in part because they knew they were on "live," going for broke, and also because many had not played together for a long time, adding to the thrust of being challenged, which is the essence of the jazz experience.

Only one of the musicians arrived for the session looking as if he was not up to the challenge: Lester Young—"Prez," the president of the tenor saxophone—was waiting, alone and weak, in an empty room next to the studio. I told him that he didn't have to be, as scheduled, in the reed section of the Count Basie/All-Star Orchestra—alongside such powerful, equally famed, and formidable tenor saxophonists as Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. He nodded, but told me he was up to the small group session, later in the show, featuring Billie Holiday.

That sequence turned out to be the climax of *The Sound of Jazz,* and has been continually shown around the world. Billie and Lester had been very close—musically, as in her early recordings, and personally as well. But as several musicians told me, that was no longer true.

Billie was to be accompanied in this quieter session by Lester, seated in a semicircle with Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster, trumpeters Roy Eldridge and Doc Cheatham, trombonist Vic Dickenson, Gerry Mulligan on baritone saxophone, and a rhythm section of drummer Osie Johnson, bassist Milt Hinton ("The Judge," musicians called him), and guitarist Danny Barker. Her number was her own composition, a blues number, "Fine and Mellow."

In the control room we expectantly leaned forward. Billie was her usual knowing, tender, subtly sensual, and swinging self. When it was time for his solo, Lester did not remain seated, as I'd suggested to him he could; Prez played a spare, pure, transcendent blues chorus that brought tears to my eyes and, as I looked around, to the eyes of Robert Herridge, Jack Smight, and the sound engineer. Billie, her eyes meeting Lester's, was nodding, smiling, and seemed to me to be with him, back in time, in a very private place.

Both Billie and Lester died two years after *The Sound of Jazz.* Lester went first, on March 15, 1959. Until reading Gary Giddins's perceptive notes for the new Columbia/Legacy Billie Holiday set, *Lady Day: The Master Takes and Singles*, I hadn't known that Lester's widow, Mary, prohibited Billie from singing at his funeral. But I've since learned, from Dave Gelly's masterful new biography (*Being Prez: The Life and Music of Lester Young*) that Mary's decision was because of the state Billie was in.

Billie died four months later, on July 17, 1959. But the last mutual chorus, across time, between Prez and Lady Day has been preserved in *The Sound of Jazz.*

I have another lasting memory from immediately after the program ended on December 8, 1957. I had come down into the studio from the control room, and Billie was coming swiftly toward me. She didn't say anything about the $500 dress she wasn't allowed to wear on the show: Still glowing from the music, Billie kissed me. That award excels any others I've received.

Years later, after a showing of *The Sound of Jazz* at the Museum of Television and Radio in New York, a young man asked me, "How were you able to get so many great players in one place at the same time?"

"They could all use the gig," I said. And it was a gig they all remembered. ♦

America's Storyteller

Our vision of the early republic owes much to James Fenimore Cooper. **BY PATRICK J. WALSH**

James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), America's first successful novelist, dramatized the American experience to the world. Once highly regarded in Europe and America, his adventure novels are not appreciated in our day. Yet through Cooper's art, the world got its first pictures of the American wilderness, plains, frontiersmen, and Indians—all the romance and promise of America. These "pictures!" wrote D.H. Lawrence, were "some of the loveliest, most glamorous pictures in all literature."

James Fenimore Cooper
The Early Years
by Wayne Franklin
Yale, 752 pp., $40

Cooper was born in New Jersey and was moved in infancy to Cooperstown, New York, on Otsego Lake, where his father, a Federalist judge and congressman, owned great stretches of land. Until recently the area had been a wilderness; to the youngster the place was magical. Stories from the original settlers stimulated the boy's imaginative capacity and love of history. His creative eye returned again and again to the region.

His writing career began on a bet with his wife, Susan De Lancey, sister of the Episcopal bishop of New York. One evening, reading aloud to her from one of the penny-dreadful romances popular at the time, Cooper grew weary of declaring that "I could write you a better book than this." The result was *Precaution* (1820), an account of English high society that received little critical acclaim. Finding a more appealing subject in the union of history and adventure, Cooper tried again, and his second attempt met with better success. *The Spy* (1821) was based on information supplied to Cooper by John Jay about an actual spy recruited by Jay during the Revolution. This was followed by *The Pioneers* (1823), where he introduced Natty Bumppo, one of the most famous creations in all fiction, a figure who continues to haunt the American psyche and is a staple of Hollywood westerns.

Four other books about this character, also known as Hawkeye, would complete Cooper's famous *Leatherstocking Tales*, which form an epic of sorts about America. Curiously, the tales move backwards through time. In *The Pioneers* Natty (or Hawkeye) is an old man, yet by the time of the final *Leatherstocking* tale, *The Deerslayer* (1841), Natty is a golden youth. In *Studies in Classic American Literature*, D.H. Lawrence speaks truly when he writes that this is the "true myth of America. . . . She starts old, old, wrinkled and writhing in an old skin. And there is a gradual sloughing of the old skin towards a new youth. It is the myth of America."

Wayne Franklin's is the first assessment of Cooper in many years, and this opening volume (of two projected) contends with Cooper's life until 1826, when he left the United States for a seven-year hiatus in Europe with his family. Previously unavailable archival materials were made available to Franklin, and one fault here is that the author spends a little too much time on Cooper's finances and legal transactions and not enough on his ideas and beliefs. Perhaps this will be rectified in the second volume.

Either way, Cooper deserves reevaluation. His reputation received a drubbing from Mark Twain in his humorous essay—*Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses* (1895)—but after all, Twain found fault with other major American writers, including Nathaniel Hawthorne and that apex of craft and style, Henry James. Writers as diverse as Balzac, Sir Walter Scott, and Leo Tolstoy had all praised Cooper. He not only trailblazed the new literary landscape of the frontier and prairie but invented the sea novel with *The Pilot* (1823) and *The Red Rover* (1827). Both Joseph Conrad and Herman Melville praised Cooper's talent for narrative and his skillful use of detail. Melville remembered the "vivid and awakening power" Cooper had over him in his youth and, later in life, declared Cooper "a great, robust-souled man." He predicted that "a grateful posterity will take the best care of Fenimore Cooper."

Among American writers in his time, Cooper expressed the greatest faith in American democracy, and would become the most disappointed. He had hoped that democracy would make men self-sufficient and independent enough to think for themselves. The democratic experiment, he believed, depended on the responsibility of an independent citizenship to think and make judgments for the common good.

But upon returning to America in 1833, Cooper became embroiled in a lawsuit to recover property that had been taken by neighbors while he was abroad. In the legal battle that Cooper ultimately won, the newspapers libeled him, and so he sued them as well. During this long period of litigation, he published *The American Democrat*, an important, though often overlooked, critique of democracy. (The historian John Lukacs has called Cooper "our native Tocqueville.")

As a republican gentleman, Cooper loathed uniformity and the tyranny of public opinion. But his power of analysis went deeper, and with prescience, he identified a problem that has only grown worse in America with time:

> One of the commonest arts practiced . . . is to simulate the existence of a general feeling in favor, or against, any particular man, or measure; so great being the deference paid to publick opinion, in a country like this, that men actually yield their own sentiment to that which they believe to be the sentiment of the majority. ♦

Patrick J. Walsh is a writer in Massachusetts.

These Guns for Hire

The Coen brothers score another point for nihilism.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

No Country for Old Men is a frontrunner for this year's Academy Award, and it exudes every quality that attracts present-day Oscar voters.

As the latest work from the fraternal writing-directing team of Joel and Ethan Coen, it has impeccably hip provenance. As an adaptation of a novel by the Pulitzer Prize-winning, MacArthur Genius, and Oprah Book Clubber Cormac McCarthy, it reeks of self-conscious literary prestige and accessible bestsellerdom at the same time. Perhaps most important, *No Country for Old Men* wags a moralist's finger at the extreme violence it depicts in such loving and specific detail. It shares this tsk-tsking attribute with *Fargo*, the only other Coen movie to find particular favor with Academy voters.

No Country for Old Men
Directed by Ethan and Joel Coen

The Coens do not apply such disapproval with any consistency in their movies, as they usually treat violence—a mainstay in their pictures, even comedies like *The Ladykillers*—as the occasion for flip nihilism or outright slapstick. Clever boys they are, though, and they know when it is a propitious moment to don the pince-nez and look down with appalled horror at a spectacle they themselves have created, and might, on another occasion, set to a jaunty oom-pah-pah.

In *No Country for Old Men*, a contract killer goes on a rampage in an especially barren and depopulated corner of Texas. His name is Anton Chigurh (Javier Bardem) and he is yet another of the screen's limitless supply of flawless, brilliant, absurdly accomplished psychopathic murderers. He possesses perfect knowledge of the habits and behaviors of the people he is stalking. He is never wrong. He never makes a false move. He can even operate on himself.

Why he goes on this rampage, and in whose service, doesn't concern either the Coens or McCarthy, whose novel they have adapted faithfully. They are not concerned with plot in the conventional sense, or character development, or much of anything else except technique: in McCarthy's case, the writerly challenge of turning every page incarnadine with only words, and in the case of the Coens, how to make a film that is (for at least half its running time) entirely silent both watchable and engrossing. They succeed in surmounting these technical challenges, and that is why McCarthy has won a Pulitzer and why the Coens may win an Oscar. But both on the page and on screen, *No Country for Old Men* is spectacularly pointless.

Though there is some talk toward the end about how drug-related crime has profoundly altered the American landscape—turning it into Yeats's "no country for old men"—both the movie and the novel are so purposefully divorced from any kind of recognizable social reality that they seem almost abstract. It is nearly impossible to tell that the story takes place in 1980, rather than the present, because the Texas hill country setting is so barren and devoid of human beings.

A series of unpleasant things happen to four people: to Chigurh himself, a taciturn Vietnam vet named Moss (the splendid Josh Brolin) and his wife, and a sheriff named Bell (Tommy Lee Jones, who has given this performance 47 times already). It all centers around some sort of drug deal gone bad. A group of Mexicans have been left to die in the brush. A suitcase with $2 million in cash is there with them. Moss, who is out hunting when he stumbles across the site of the Mexican shootout, finds the suitcase. He is an intelligent and resourceful man, and thinks he can manage to keep the suitcase for himself.

The problem is that he is being trailed by Chigurh, who has been brought in by two men in suits to help clean up the mess. For no discernible reason, Chigurh puts bullets in their heads. Later he kills two other men in another city who apparently worked with the ones he killed earlier. Then he kills a few more people. Sometimes Chigurh uses a gun. Other times he uses an oxygen tank with a nozzle that delivers compressed air.

He is very frightening, even though he has a Prince Valiant haircut. He stops at a gas station and threatens the owner by flipping a coin and demanding the man call heads-or-tails for his life. It is a powerful and portentous scene, but like most of *No Country for Old Men*, it seems set in some amalgam of *The Twilight Zone* and *Waiting for Godot*. The *Twilight Zone* aspect gives the scene an unsettling kick; the *Godot* evocation offers pretentious viewers the illusion that they are watching something meaningful.

Sheriff Bell is trying to figure out what is happening, but he is a small-town lawman and not equal to the task of dealing with Chigurh. But given the supernatural prowess McCarthy and the Coens have bestowed on Chigurh, it would take a combination of Sherlock Holmes, Porfiry Petrovich, and Professor Van Helsing to keep up.

McCarthy clearly fancies himself Faulkner reborn—note the lack of quotation marks anywhere in his work—but Chigurh is just a Hannibal Lecter knockoff who seems to have taken a Calvinist community-college course in providence and predestination.

Given the injustice to Yeats of associating his great poem "Sailing to Byzantium" with this tawdry swill, I wish the Coens had used a more suitable title, like, say, *The Texas Highbrow Massacre.* ♦

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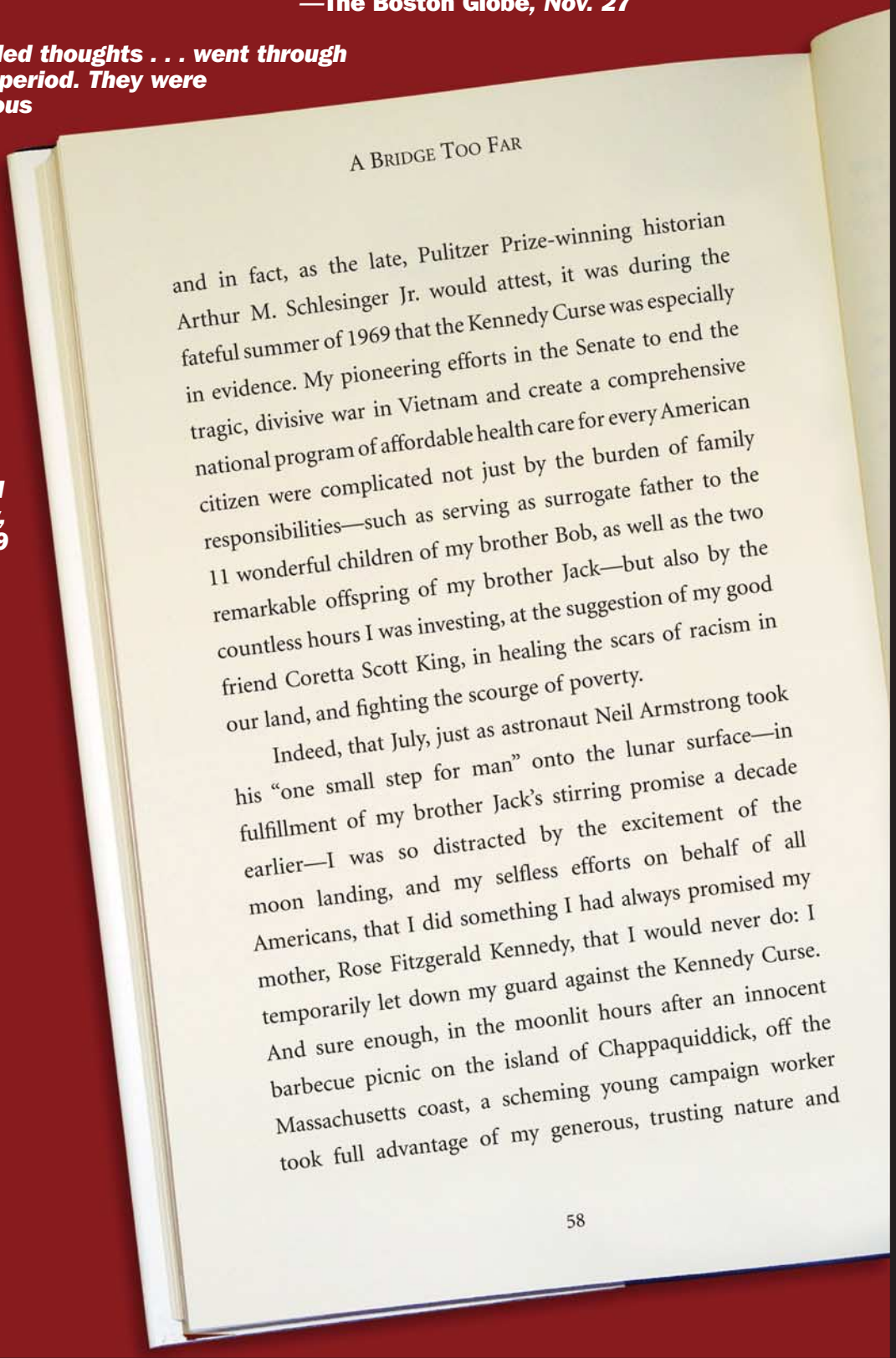
"Senator Edward M. Kennedy has agreed to a multimillion dollar deal . . . to pen his memoirs, giving the veteran Massachusetts lawmaker a forum for his own perspective on a life and career that has been examined by others in countless books and articles. . . . No one involved in the negotiation could say if Kennedy would address the events at Chappaquiddick, where Kennedy's car went over a bridge in 1969, killing his passenger and campaign worker, Mary Jo Kopechne."

—The Boston Globe, *Nov. 27*

"All kinds of scrambled thoughts . . . went through my mind during this period. They were reflected in the various inexplicable, inconsistent, and inconclusive things I said and did, including such questions as whether the girl might still be alive somewhere out of that immediate area, whether some awful curse did actually hang over all the Kennedys."

—Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, July 25, 1969



A Bridge Too Far

and in fact, as the late, Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. would attest, it was during the fateful summer of 1969 that the Kennedy Curse was especially in evidence. My pioneering efforts in the Senate to end the tragic, divisive war in Vietnam and create a comprehensive national program of affordable health care for every American citizen were complicated not just by the burden of family responsibilities—such as serving as surrogate father to the 11 wonderful children of my brother Bob, as well as the two remarkable offspring of my brother Jack—but also by the countless hours I was investing, at the suggestion of my good friend Coretta Scott King, in healing the scars of racism in our land, and fighting the scourge of poverty.

Indeed, that July, just as astronaut Neil Armstrong took his "one small step for man" onto the lunar surface—in fulfillment of my brother Jack's stirring promise a decade earlier—I was so distracted by the excitement of the moon landing, and my selfless efforts on behalf of all Americans, that I did something I had always promised my mother, Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy, that I would never do: I temporarily let down my guard against the Kennedy Curse. And sure enough, in the moonlit hours after an innocent barbecue picnic on the island of Chappaquiddick, off the Massachusetts coast, a scheming young campaign worker took full advantage of my generous, trusting nature and

58