

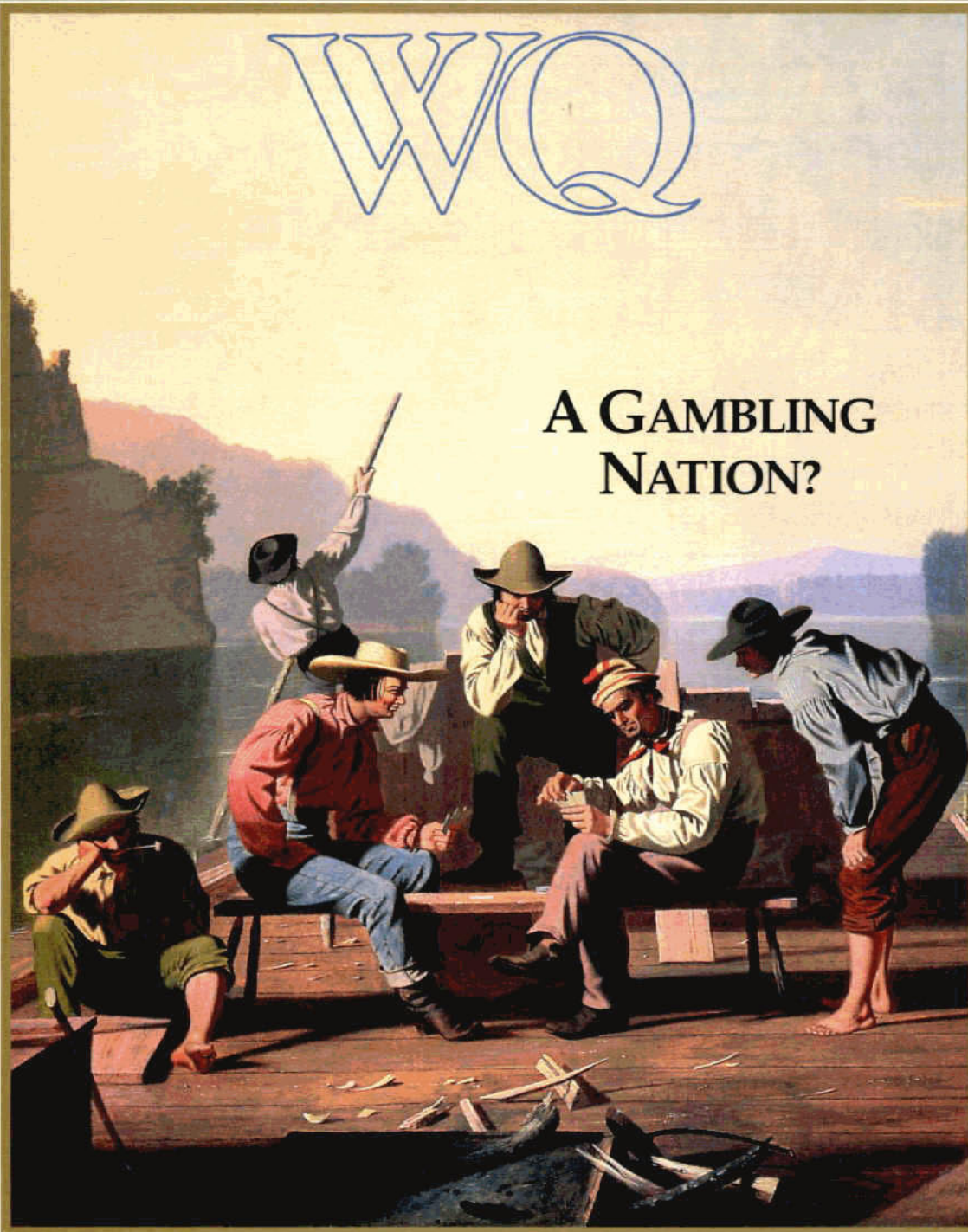
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AMERICA'S GAMBLING FEVER

Jackson Lears • Robert Goodman • David Spanier

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EDITOR'S COMMENT

The recent history of gambling in America seems remarkable. From being, only 10 or 15 years ago, a shady pursuit on the margin of most Americans' lives, gambling has gone mainstream. Indeed, to growing numbers of citizens who stake a few bucks on the state lottery or spend several hours playing the "slots" at the nearest Indian reservation, it's almost a matter of daily routine.

It turns out, though, that all this really isn't so new. Chance, and the games played upon it, have long been a part of the American dream. (Horatio Alger, after all, was lucky as well as persevering.) And while those critics go too far who say that our capitalist system is nothing more than a crapshoot, chance plays a major role in many of our economic endeavors—in some far more than in others.

Given Lady Luck's proximity to the Bitch Goddess Success, we set out in this issue to explore not only the current gaming scene but also our nation's long and varied debate over the pitfalls and pleasures of gambling. This history, we found, lends helpful perspective to the dire prophecies and exaggerated hopes occasioned by the current gambling boom. For all its very real dangers, casino savant David Spanier reminds us, gambling to some Americans is simply fun, an important part of their pursuit of happiness (an ideal explored elsewhere in this issue by historian Robert Darnton).

■

A word of advertisement: our next issue will arrive with a different look—cleaner and more elegant, we hope, and therefore easier to read. The new design is but one way we intend to mark our 20th anniversary, a calculated gamble, you might say, as we set forth on the journey ahead.

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AT ISSUE

Listening—and Deciding

Between the intellectual and the political leader there inevitably lies a gap. The intellectual pursues truth; the politician, power. If both parties are wise, they recognize this existential situation and tolerate each other's consequent limitations. Each has his respective duties: the intellectual, to seek the truth and speak it to power; the political leader, to use the truth to help him exercise power wisely.

Alas, reality frequently falls short of the ideal. The unavoidable gap widens to become a yawning chasm, with each side harboring contempt for the other. Justified as the disdain may often be, political leaders and intellectuals need each other. A vivid reminder of how much this is so—and of how tragic for the country when the need is ignored—was provided recently by the publication of *In Retrospect: The Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam* (1995), the best-selling memoir by Robert S. McNamara. The former secretary of defense (1961–68) observes that presidents John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson and their top advisers (including McNamara himself) were profoundly ignorant of Vietnam, of its history, culture, and politics. He then makes the astonishing claim that there were *no* Southeast Asia specialists in the U.S. government to whom they could turn for knowledgeable guidance. If only there had been, he gives us to understand, perhaps the disaster could have been avoided.

Why were there no such specialists? Chiefly, according to McNamara, because “the top East Asian and China experts” at Foggy Bottom—who had correctly foreseen the victory of Mao Zedong and the Communists in China—had been purged during the McCarthy era for their prescience. “Without men like these to provide sophisticated, nuanced insights,” McNamara explains, “we—certainly I—badly misread China’s objectives and mistook its bellicose rhetoric to imply a drive for regional hegemony. We also totally

underestimated the nationalist aspect of Ho Chi Minh’s movement. We saw him first as a Communist and only second as a Vietnamese nationalist.” (Inasmuch as Ho and his forces killed, or otherwise eliminated, noncommunist nationalists, that may well have been the way he saw himself. But let that pass.)

McNamara’s claim about the want of expertise, if accepted at face value, raises an obvious question: if “sophisticated, nuanced insights” about Southeast Asia were not to be found in the upper reaches of the U.S. government, then why did Kennedy, Johnson, McNamara, and the others not turn to scholars and intellectuals *outside* the government?

Certainly, they knew the names of some.

On May 15, 1965—after the Johnson administration had begun to escalate U.S. military involvement in Vietnam—a “teach-in” on U.S. policy was held in Washington. It lasted 15½ hours, was attended by some 5,000 people, and was heard via a special radio hookup by more than 100,000 listeners at more than 100 college campuses. No one-sided protest against the war, the colloquy offered a serious debate between scholars such as Berkeley political scientist Robert A. Scalapino, who favored U.S. policy, and others who opposed it. Government officials and specialists also took part.

The teach-in made front-page news for two days running in the *New York Times*; two full pages were devoted to excerpts alone. McNamara and his colleagues could hardly have been in the dark about it.

The leading scholarly critics of U.S. policy at the teach-in said much the same thing that the repentant McNamara himself now says. George McT. Kahin, director of the Southeast Asia Program at Cornell, for example, declared that American officials’ “most consistent failure has been an inability both to appreciate the importance of Asian nationalism and to work with rather than against this power-

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ful force. . . . Moreover, the obsession of American policy makers with what they still see as monolithic Communism has blinded them to the fact that Communism in Asia has adapted itself to nationalism. And they have confused the broad but nationally differentiated force and potential of Communism with the threat of specifically Chinese power."

Did Kahin, University of Chicago political scientist Hans J. Morgenthau, and other critics lack "sophisticated, nuanced insights" simply because they were not senior government officials? Apparently so. When journalist Charles A. Cerami once cited Morgenthau's criticism of the domino theory to Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Cerami recalls in *America* (June 3, 1995), Rusk replied: "Well, if we let the professors make our policies for us, this sure would be a different place."

No one, of course, was suggesting that "the professors" be placed in charge of U.S. foreign policy. And as the 1965 teach-in showed, "the professors" were not unanimous as to what that policy should be. (Indeed, in retrospect, neither side of the debate had exclusive possession of truth and wisdom. Professor Scalapino, for instance, saw clearly—as many critics of the U.S. effort did not—that the Viet Cong were not a truly indigenous force in South Vietnam and did not command the support of the populace.) But instead of paying serious attention to the informed arguments of the dissenting intellectuals and specialists outside the government, the Johnson administration simply tried to discredit them.

Such hubris proved disastrous. As Morgenthau wrote in 1966, "The information available to the government is quantitatively but not qualitatively superior to that accessible to the general public. A case can even be made . . . that the enormous quantity of information to which the decision-makers of the government are exposed impedes sound judgment."

It was that quality—sound judgment—that seemed most wanting in the upper reaches of government, not a lack of expert knowledge. Such knowledge was available even inside the

government. Roger Hilsman, who served as assistant secretary of state for Far Eastern affairs in 1963 and '64, recently noted that the State Department had several highly qualified specialists on China and Southeast Asia. Among them were Alan Whiting, "one of the top half-dozen China experts in the United States," Edward Rice, "a career Foreign Service officer who had spent his whole life in China," Marshall Green, "a former consul general in Hong Kong who had been specifically in charge of watching China," Paul Kattenberg, a Yale Ph.D. specializing in Southeast Asia and Vietnam, and Louis Sarris, a long-time desk officer for Vietnam.

"The problem was not that McNamara got no expert advice, as he now claims," Hilsman writes in *Foreign Affairs* (July–Aug. 1995), "but that he would not listen to it. From the beginning of the Kennedy administration, these experts piled up memo after memo. . . . All of the reasons that McNamara now gives for why the United States should not have made Vietnam an American war were repeated to him again and again—not only by the experts . . . but also by Robert F. Kennedy, W. Averell Harriman, George Ball, and me."

The end of the war, when it finally came, did not bring an end to the need for wisdom in governance or the challenge of bringing knowledge to bear on the exercise of power. Indeed—to move abruptly forward to the less sorrowful present—it could be argued that if President-elect Bill Clinton and his advisers had paid more heed to the accumulated scholarship on presidential transitions, he and his administration, not to mention his party, might not be in the straits they are in today.

The 11 weeks between election and inaugural "are hazardous because they are so few," Harvard political scientist Richard E. Neustadt observes in *Presidential Power and the Modern Presidents* (1990). "They leave but little time to turn a campaign into an administration, which takes office three weeks after Congress does." Before the election, the candidate and his aides are too preoccupied with winning to spend much time thinking about governing; after it, the elated and exhausted victors, intoxicated with their own success, may

find it hard to adjust swiftly to their new role and to do all that should be done. They face not only the tyranny of time but the temptation to look upon the work of the 11 weeks as just more campaigning. It isn't, as Neustadt and other scholars have pointed out.

If President-elect Clinton and his fellow campaigners read the scholarly literature on the hazards and challenges inherent in presidential transitions, they gave very little sign of having absorbed its lessons. "Astonishingly," writes journalist Elizabeth Drew in *On the Edge* (1994), "there was no real plan for what the new administration would do after it got to Washington. George Stephanopoulos said that a memo covering the first two weeks had been drawn up before the Clinton people left Little Rock. And that was it."

It was not enough. Almost immediately, with the doomed Zoe Baird nomination for attorney general and the raising of the homosexuals-in-the-military issue, the new administration began to flounder. "We just weren't ready—emotionally, intellectually, organizationally, or substantively," a senior White House official told Drew. The Clinton administration has never fully recovered from that early display of ineptitude.

Like Robert McNamara and his colleagues, President Clinton and his advisers have intelligence and good intentions in abundance. But sound judgment and wisdom are also needed. Scholars and intellectuals cannot necessarily supply those qualities, but sometimes, by drawing deeply on history and making as disinterested an analysis as possible, they can help.

Yet even the most luminous scholars and intellectuals are not infallible guides to action. Once, in response to criticism from Hans Morgenthau, President Kennedy said that the professor should sit where *he* sat. As the ever-realistic Morgenthau acknowledged, the president had a point.

The political leader is wrong to ignore what serious scholars and intellectuals have to say,

even if he is right to be skeptical of "the professors," whose professed truths are not always true and not always relevant. But ultimately, he—not they—must decide.

As was the case with Vietnam, so today with Bosnia. Elizabeth Drew tells how in May 1993, while Secretary of State Warren Christopher was in Europe trying to get U.S. allies to agree to the president's proposal to lift the arms embargo and then conduct air strikes if the Serbs took advantage of the interval before the arms reached the Muslims, he received word that Clinton, who had been reading Robert Kaplan's *Balkan Ghosts*, was wavering on the policy. Under Kaplan's spell, Clinton now apparently was convinced that nothing could be done about the war because it was just an upsurge of "ancient ethnic hatreds." As Noel Malcolm, author of *Bosnia: A Short History* (1994), later commented: "We can only speculate as to what the course of history might have been if, instead of reading Kaplan's book, President Clinton had read the long and critical review of it [by Malcolm himself] published in the Summer 1993 issue of *The National Interest*."

Clinton, of course, is not the first president to find it hard to make up his mind about a difficult issue. Once, after a day spent listening to his advisers argue about a tax matter, President Warren G. Harding cried out to one of his secretaries: "I listen to one side and they seem right, and then—God!—I talk to the other side and they seem just as right, and here I am where I started. . . . God! what a job!"

On the other side of the gulf that separates them, intellectuals and scholars can sympathize with the political leader as he struggles with the daunting issues of the day. They can offer analysis and advice, and the leader is foolish indeed not to listen. But then he must decide. That *is* the job. And when history comes to judge how well he did it, it will do him no good to blame his bad decisions on others. The decisions were his to make, even if now they seem to have been, in McNamara's words, "wrong, terribly wrong."

—Robert K. Landers



Rol-A-Top (1981) by Charles Bell

AMERICA'S GAMBLING FEVER

Nearly 50 years ago, gangster "Bugsy" Siegel built a casino in the desert town of Las Vegas, Nevada, unwittingly altering the course of American social history. Today, practically anywhere in America, you can try your luck at lottery offerings of every description, electronic keno, and other games of chance. Casinos are popping up everywhere. Our authors search for precedents in America's history of ambivalence toward gambling, and they weigh the pleasures and perils of this increasingly popular national pastime.

PLAYING WITH MONEY

BY JACKSON LEARS

Americans have always been of two minds about gamblers and gambling. Several decades ago, Baltimore sportswriters searching for the ultimate accolade for the Colts' daring, crew-cut quarterback, Johnny Unitas, dubbed him a "riverboat gambler" in tribute to his knack for making big plays. But during those same years, the Maryland legislature went about abolishing the slot machines that had been a feature of every bar and roadhouse from Baltimore to Leonardtown. Public support for legalized gambling was at a low ebb. The riverboat gambler remained an appealing metaphor, but slots-playing waitresses and sheet metal workers seemed intolerable.

For more than two centuries, gambling has played a confused and contradictory role in the American imagination. Generations of moralists have dismissed the gambler as sybaritic, sinful, backward, or pathological. Yet at times the gambler has also embodied grace under pressure and a certain ideal of masculinity. Elements of courage, calculation, and skill have entered the picture alongside the feverish itch to squander. The cultural significance of gambling is not always easy to fathom.

No such uncertainties obscure the central facts about gambling today: during the past quarter-century, it has become more respectable than ever. Legalized gambling—from parimutuel wagering on horses and dogs to convenience store keno—has spread to an unprecedented degree. There are only 13 states that do *not* have lotteries today. Casinos, until recently confined to Las Vegas and a few other tawdry hot spots,

are popping up on Indian reservations and in other places across the country. Riverboats outfitted with slot machines and blackjack tables once again ply the Mississippi, as well as the Missouri and Red rivers. The image of the gambler has been correspondingly domesticated. The sharkskin jackets and shoulder holsters of yesteryear's archetypal gambler have given way to jogging suits and fanny packs. Gambling has lost the *frisson* of the forbidden; it has become family fun, as well as an attractive source of revenue for financially strapped state and city governments.

Not everyone is convinced that these are healthy developments. No less a block of prudential granite than Walter Cronkite interprets the legalization of gambling as moral decline, complaining that "a nation once built on a work ethic embraces the belief that it's possible to get something for nothing." Cronkite's attitude typifies the outlook of many Americans—indeed of anyone raised in the faith that there is no such thing as a free lunch, that unearned wealth is somehow tainted. Given our persistent attachment to a Protestant ethic of disciplined achievement, it should come as no surprise that lotteries and draw poker can still provoke anxiety as well as exhilaration.

Criticism of gambling is never about gambling alone. It is always freighted with larger cultural issues. Cronkite's condemnation of the something-for-nothing mentality, for example, reflects some fundamental ambiguities in our attitudes toward eco-

conomic success. In an entrepreneurial society, the line between illegitimate and legitimate gambling has always been difficult to draw. The big gamble has always been a persistent feature of our economic and cultural history. What were the earliest English settlements at Jamestown and Massachusetts Bay if not enormous gambles?

Professional historians and business mythologists alike have celebrated the speculative go-getter, the man of vision rather than the respectable plodder. Students in search of American "national character" have repeatedly cited Alexis de Tocqueville's observation in 1835 that American commerce resembled "a vast lottery." Tocqueville wrote that "those who live in the midst of democratic fluctuations have always before their eyes the image of chance; and they end by liking all undertakings in which chance takes a part." Risk taking, from this perspective, was the engine that powered the progress of a fluid, mobile democracy.

But some kinds of risk taking were considered more salutary than others. Gambling with cards or dice provoked more sustained criticism than gambling with stock certificates—though at times the two practices seemed indistinguishable. What made the first kind of wagering illegitimate was the gamblers' refusal even to feign obedience to the work ethic. Stock speculators, if they were successful, could claim to be men of enterprise but casino gamblers could not. In their flagrant pursuit of something for nothing, they dramatized publicly what many people sensed privately about success in America: hard work often had little to do with it. Luck was the key.

The affluent have always found it easier than the poor to believe that the rich were rich because they deserved to be. The Protestant belief in providence, which began

with the principle that the fruits of human striving are God's alone, was gradually (and paradoxically) transformed so that it endowed the striver's success with moral worth. "The doctrine of providence was always less likely to appeal to those at the bottom end of the social scale than the rival doctrine of luck," writes the historian Keith Thomas. "The concept of luck explains any apparent discrepancy between merit and reward and thus helps to reconcile men to the environment in which they live." This is as true in the 20th century as it was in the 17th. The novelist Dorothy Allison writes of her dirt-poor childhood, two decades ago in South Carolina's Piedmont: "The only thing my family wholeheartedly believed in was luck and the waywardness of fate."

Making a virtue of necessity, believers in luck created an ethos of resignation—and something more. From early colonial times, they also helped fashion an important and enduring subculture, one more at ease with chance and contingency, less committed to a faith in human mastery over fate, than the dominant culture of enterprise, efficiency, and control. Despite the elements of calculation involved in some gamblers' success, the subculture of luck was the gambler's true home. If we take that subculture seriously, we may discover that the American debate over gambling, conducted during the course of several centuries, is not merely about changing definitions of vice and virtue; it is about different ways of experiencing the world.

One way to illuminate the larger significance of gambling is to treat it as play—in the larger sense developed by historians and anthropologists—not just as a manifestation of immorality or pathology. The play impulse, as the Dutch historian Johan Huizinga argued in his classic *Homo Ludens* (1938), animates art, poetry, and religious ritual as well as sports, games, the child-

Jackson Lears is professor of history at Rutgers University. His most recent book is Fables of Abundance: A Cultural History of Advertising in America (1994). Copyright © 1995 by Jackson Lears.



A 19th-century painting by Benjamin Franklin Eddy seems to warn against the dangers of gambling.

world of make-believe—and, I think we can safely add, most forms of gambling.

“Deep play,” according to the anthropologist Clifford Geertz, serves important cultural functions. Geertz saw deep play in the cockfights enjoyed by the people of Bali. They constituted, in his understanding, an important social ritual and also a form of art. “Like any art form,” he wrote, “the cockfight renders ordinary, everyday experience comprehensible by presenting it in terms of acts and objects which have had their practical consequences removed and been reduced (or, if you prefer, raised) to the level of sheer appearances, where their meaning can be more powerfully articulated and more exactly perceived.” Issues of status, hierarchy, masculine pride, the frus-

tration of ambition, the contingency of fate—all, Geertz claimed, are rendered concrete and meaningful in the cockfight.

The same could be said of other forms of gambling in other times and places, including the United States. Gambling takes money and raises it to the level of sheer appearances—piles of colored chips whose only immediate purpose is to keep the game in motion. In many ways, the game is a ritual re-enactment of the risk taking and status striving in everyday American life.

Yet at times it is something else. Playing for absurdly high stakes, gamblers can display their disdain for money as a medium of exchange. They can transcend the utilitarian

calculus that dominates the society outside the sacred circle of the game. At such moments, gambling provides a subversive commentary on dominant social values. It opens the closed world of calculation to the play of the imagination. It even resonates with religious longings—above all the longing to cast off economic care, to “take no thought for the morrow” (as Jesus advised) and put oneself in the hands of Providence. Naturally, such moments are fleeting, but to understand their significance we need to untangle some major themes from several centuries of debate over gambling in the United States.

From earliest colonial times, the debate over gambling in America was inflected with religious idioms and regional accents. Although the English settlers were overwhelmingly Protestant, there was more than one Protestant ethic. It is too simple to pose Anglican against Puritan, Cavalier against Yankee. But it is not completely mistaken. The contrast between Massachusetts and Virginia does reveal a developing pattern of conflict, a pattern that points to broader cultural contradictions in an emerging entrepreneurial society.

To be sure, Puritans had theological warrant for opposing gambling. In the strict Calvinist view, there was no such thing as chance: all events were governed by providential decree. Casting lots was therefore nothing less than a means of catching a glimpse of God's mind. “Now a Lot is a serious thing not to be trifled with,” Increase Mather wrote in 1687, “the scripture saith not only (as some would have it) of *Extraordinary Lots*, but of a Lot in general, that *the whole disposing* (or Judgment) *thereof is of the Lord*, Prov. 16.33.” Casting lots (or throwing dice or shuffling cards) “in a Sportful Lusory Way” was a trivial pursuit that demeaned God's providence.

Yet in shaping attitudes toward gambling (and many other things), Puritan ethics were more important than Puritan theology. As early as 1631, the Massachusetts General Court declared that “all persons whatsoever

that have cards, dice, or tables in their houses shall make away with them before the next Court, under pain of punishment.” Punishment would most likely take the form of fines, and though they were rarely if ever levied against Puritans gambling at home, a person caught racing horses in Ipswich could be forced to pay the huge sum of 40 shillings.

But it is not clear how consistently these laws were enforced. By the 1720s, horse races were being promoted in the Boston newspapers. Even as the Puritans inveighed against frivolity, the city was filling with newcomers, including raucous habitués of the London alehouses who brought their cards and dice with them across the Atlantic. This was another version of a transatlantic (and easily caricatured) cultural confrontation: the respectable middle-class reformer clucking over the common folk at their traditional revelries. Sometimes the common folk struck back. The Reverend Samuel Sewall of Northampton, Massachusetts, rebuked some gamblers on a Sabbath eve in 1699, and came home a few days later to find a pack of cards strewn all about his “fore-yard”—a mocking, anonymous counterthrust against authority.

Still, by the mid-18th century, gamblers were increasingly disreputable figures in New England society. Among the respectable majority, the old evangelical commitments to disciplined holiness mingled with newer aspirations to gentility. The growing force of a middle-class, Protestant morality rendered gambling more disreputable than ever.

In Virginia, the same destination was reached by a significantly different route. By the early 18th century, the planter elite had turned gambling into deep play—a way to demonstrate one's masculine honor, an opportunity to show that one was a hell of a fellow who knew how to have a good time and cared not a fig for money matters. From Williamsburg to Richmond, Virginians bet not only on horses, cards, dice, and cockfights, but also

on women, crops, prices, and the weather—in short, on just about anything. This was more than mere status display. It was a way of puzzling out one's *fortuna* in the largest, oldest sense of that term. "A gentleman's dice were like the soothsayer's bones from which they had descended—a clue to the cosmos, and a token of each individual's place within it," observes the historian David Hackett Fischer.

In Virginia, too, gamblers met clerical criticism. But unlike the Puritan clergy, the Virginia Anglicans were gentlemen of the gamblers' own social background. Their reproofs were mild. Like William Stith, the rector of Henrico Parish near Richmond, they tended to worry not that high-stakes wagers trivialized providence but that they threatened the gambler's capacity for self-determination. By the 1740s, however, in Virginia as in New England, evangelical revivalists of the Great Awakening were encouraging the pursuit of personal holiness. Gambling was declared guilty by association with the entertainments of the alehouse.

During the revolutionary era, gambling came into even worse odor when it was lumped together with the "parasitic" pursuits of a corrupt aristocracy. Gradually the "something for nothing" quality of gambling began to assume more prominence in the minds of the critics. The parasitical gambler was the antithesis of the virtuous "producer"—the yeoman farmer and the hard-working mechanic—of republican mythology. Yet games of chance survived and flourished for decades after the Declaration of Independence. Nearly all state governments continued to sanction and sponsor lotteries. In a new country where banks were few, the lottery was a convenient means of pooling large amounts of capital for joint ventures or what we now call "infrastructure." In 1793, President George Washington joined in sponsoring a lottery to finance improvements in the District of Columbia. Lotteries played a key role in raising money for Harvard College, the University of Virginia, and the University of North Carolina.

Even at this early stage in American economic history, it was sometimes difficult



Thomas Hart Benton placed games of chance at the center, literally and figuratively, of the mythology of the American West in his panoramic celebration, Arts of the West (1932).

to tell the difference between gambling and legitimate business. The boundaries became even more blurred with the rapid spread of market exchange after the War of 1812. What we now call the antebellum decades did not seem "antebellum" to those who lived through them. They were filled not with foreboding about the future (at least until the 1850s) but with spurts of manic optimism, punctuated in 1819, '37, and '57 by financial panics. The entire country—or at least a good many of the free white males—seemed engaged in the feverish pursuit of quick cash. "Gambling hells" proliferated in frontier towns and port cities. Public disapproval sometimes erupted unpredictably. In Vicksburg, Mississippi, five gamblers (notorious confidence men all) were lynched in 1835. The gambler was a pariah. When 11 people were killed by an explosion on the steamer *Constitution* near Cincinnati on May 4, 1817, a German traveler noted that "among them was a gambler, who was buried separately." But outrage was often mingled with admiration. The gambling spirit caught many features of the masculine temper in a raw new country.

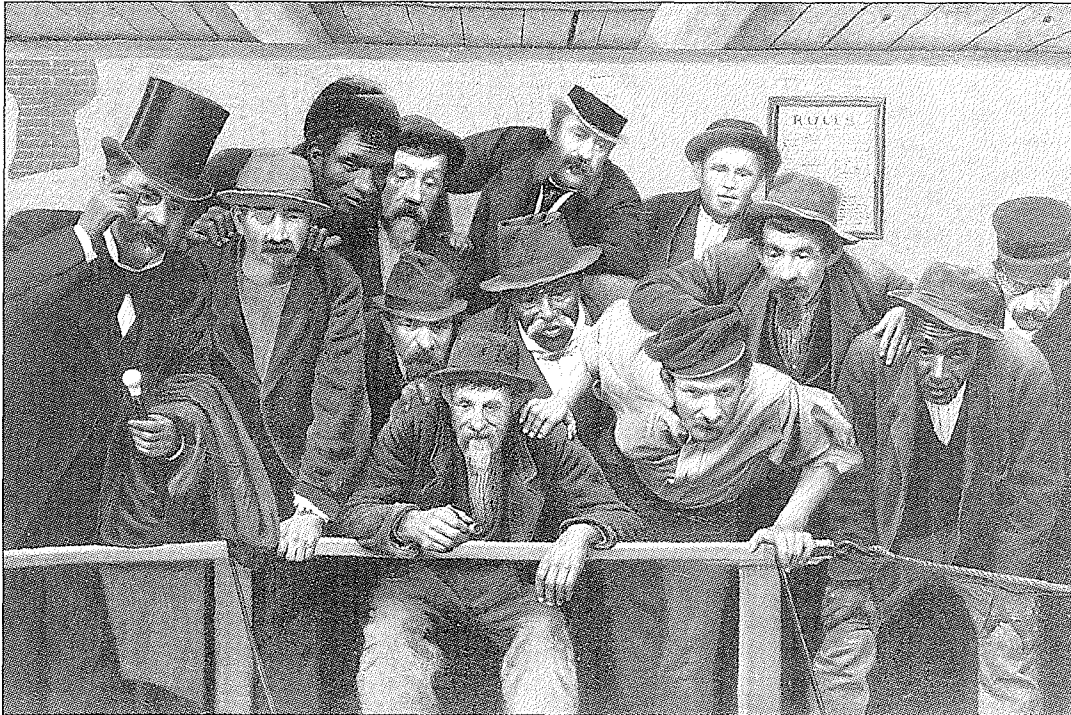
The importance of the frontier during this period, both as metaphor and as everyday experience, cannot be underestimated—notwithstanding the many simple-minded applications of Frederick Jackson Turner's "frontier thesis" by 20th-century interpreters of America. Aided and abetted by foreign observers, Americans began to mythologize their frontier experience even while they were in the midst of it. Tocqueville, visiting during the 1830s, wrote that Americans went west for the same reason they liked to gamble, "not only for the sake of the profit it holds out to them, but for the love of the constant excitement occasioned by that pursuit."

Hubert Howe Bancroft, who trekked to California in search of gold and later wrote the first major history of the state, captured some of the essential qualities that seemed to unite the frontiersman and the gambler

in his description of the '49ers at the gaming tables: "It is a fine thing to get a peck or a bushel of gold just by betting for it. . . . The tremulous rapture of mingled hope and fear is almost compensation enough even if one loses. . . . Next to the pleasure of winning is the pleasure of losing . . . only stagnation is unendurable."

Bancroft was writing in 1887, deep in the era of frontier mythmaking, when "tremulous rapture" was more appealing than ever to his elite audience, who felt themselves sliding into a morass of "overcivilization." Bancroft's gambler, with his contradictory tendencies, seemed an appealing representative of masculinity: "Supreme self-command is his cardinal quality; yet, except when immersed in the intricacies of a game, his actions appear to be governed by impulse and fancy. . . . He is never known to steal except at cards; and if caught cheating he either fights or blandly smiles his sin away, suffers the stakes to be raked down without a murmur, treats good-humoredly, and resumes the games unruffled. . . . He accustoms himself to do without sleep, and if necessary can go for several days and nights without rest. . . . He deals his game with the most perfect sang-froid, and when undergoing the heaviest losses there is no trembling of fingers or change of expression."

The riverboat gambler, that suave, bejeweled gentleman, as easily mythologized as the '49er, also came into his own during the antebellum period. He operated on the geographical margins of society (the rivers), usually with a sidekick disguised as a hick (or as an Irish greenhorn, Yankee merchant, or itinerant preacher). Often stuck with pariah status, the riverboat gambler could nevertheless carve out a successful career. Elijah Skaggs, for example, put faro (player versus dealer, one on one, high card) and three-card monte (the carnival shell game, with cards) on a new level of organizational complexity, creating a network of dealers in



Nearing the Issue at the Cockpit (1870), by Horace Bonham. Rich and poor mingled at cockfights.

dozens of cities. He was known ironically but respectfully as “Brother Skaggs, the preaching faro dealer” because of his ministerial garb and abstemious mien. This theatricality was of a piece with the self-promoting antics of P. T. Barnum and other 19th-century confidence men. No matter what the endeavor, a knack for publicity was often at least as important as hard work if you wanted to get ahead.

The gambler’s style and strategies were indeed difficult to distinguish from those of the speculative plunger. As the Jacksonian economic theorist Richard Hildreth wrote in 1840, “When speculation proves successful, however wild it may have appeared in the beginning, it is looked upon as an excellent thing, and is commended as *enterprise*; it is only when unsuccessful that it furnishes occasion for ridicule and complaint, and is stigmatized as a *bubble* or a *humbug*.”

Material success brought solidity and moral standing to the upwardly mobile American—sometimes even to gamblers. From the 1830s to the ‘50s, for example, Edward Pendleton ran a luxurious (and legal) Washington, D.C., gambling establishment he called the Palace of Fortune just a few blocks from the White House. Pendleton was the prototype of the civilized sporting man. Dapper and articulate, the scion of an old Virginia family, he often loaned money to his less fortunate customers. He pioneered the use of “lady lobbyists” to minister to the needs of his clientele, which included members of Congress, presidential candidates, and cabinet officers. Yet Pendleton had a place in society. When Mrs. Pendleton died in 1859, according to one Washington newspaper, “President Buchanan stood, hat in hand, at the foot of her bed.”

But even as some gamblers managed to win a measure of respectability, many moralists and business apologists sought to

draw a sharper distinction between legitimate and illegitimate means of accumulation. The emerging ethical consensus smiled upon any profit-seeking activity that seemed to be conducted within the circle of self-control, will, and choice. Most forms of gambling—and certainly the many state-sanctioned lotteries—fell outside it. When waves of evangelical reform sentiment swept America during the 1820s and '30s, the lottery was targeted for abolition. Lotteries embodied an outlook antithetical to what was becoming the dominant ethos of success through disciplined achievement. As a Maryland poet named St. Denis Le Cadet wrote in *The Lottery* (1815):

She seems to give to all who ask
Without imposing labour's task
The idle as the busy bask
Alike in the sunshine of her mask.

Evangelical reformers redefined notions of manliness to exclude gambling. In antilottery literature, the gambler was not a cool and masterful embodiment of masculinity but a pathetic slave of passion. Fashion, not Fortune, was his goddess. The lottery, according to one pamphleteer in 1833, "is the effect of 'that Little Flippant Thing' called *Fashion*, at whose Shrine are offered daily sacrifices, from the Crowned Monarch, down to the Hatless Vagrant."

The evangelical assault on gambling was part of a broad effort to institutionalize self-control as the key virtue that would stabilize the centrifugal forces of the marketplace in a democratic society. As the historian Ann Fabian writes in her excellent study of gambling in 19th-century America, *Card Sharps, Dream Books, and Bucket Shops* (1990), by the 1830s "gambling represented an anachronistic expression of aristocratic pretensions, as well as a dangerous flirtation with unstable passion, and a serious violation of the steady accumulation and delayed gratification designed to control a wild enthusiasm for gain and turn selfish profit

seekers into a capitalist community." Gambling upset the delicate equipoise between discipline and desire that lay at the heart of a capitalist, entrepreneurial democracy.

The stakes in the struggle against gambling were higher than the merely political; the gambler posed a threat to the evangelical vision of the United States as a Christian nation. The assault on lotteries was largely successful. By 1878, Louisiana was the only state that still ran a lottery. The war on gambling was part of an ideologically charged reform agenda that included temperance, Sabbath observance, and the preservation of domestic sanctity. The domestic connection was probably the most important. Like drunkenness (and slavery), gambling broke up the idealized American home—that island of utopian harmony in a chaotic sea of self-seeking.

In many ways, the Civil War ratified and nationalized the Victorian consensus. It discredited the last vestiges of the aristocratic order in the South, a society based at least in part on contempt for labor and on archaic conceptions of masculine honor. It sanctioned the virtues of self-control and personal productivity.

Yet the war also spurred the growth of the nation's cities, where growing numbers of non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants sustained a popular culture of luck. Freed slaves, Irish, Germans, and, later, immigrants from southern and eastern Europe—all maintained an attraction to policy (the 19th-century "numbers" game). One manifestation of policy's popularity was the proliferation of "dream books," which offered tips on numbers to play based on the interpretation of dreams. Like patent medicine circulars, dream books such as *Old Aunt Dinah's Policy Dream Book* (1851) and *The Gypsy Witch Dream Book* (1903, rev. ed., 1930) drew on the old fascination with exotic lore, claiming to communicate the occult wisdom of Africa or the Orient. They constituted a kind of vernacular divination, a means of ordering and acting upon the chaos of everyday life—a system, you might say, of

hope maintenance that offered not guarantees but possibilities of magical self-transformation.

Gambling after the war was not confined to back alleys and immigrant ghettos. There was plenty of action upstairs as well. The Gilded Age (1865–1900) got its name from Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner's novelistic send-up of fraud, but the term could as easily be used to reflect the gambler's dazzling and misleading use of surface effects to achieve his ends. It also caught the essence of the palaces in New York, Chicago, Baltimore, and other cities where gamblers plied their trade for years after the Civil War. These gambling resorts ensconced a nouveau riche world where a man's worth was measured by the girth of his stomach and the size of his diamond stud. It was a world where the gambler could cut quite a figure.

John Morrissey was one who did. He embodied an Anglo-Saxon nightmare: the barely literate, irredeemably crude Irish immigrant who accumulated a glittering mound of ill-gotten gains and enormous political influence, not to mention a seat in Congress. Morrissey was brought to Troy, New York, from Ireland by his parents in 1834, when he was three years old. On the streets of Troy he learned how to use his fists, becoming first a gang leader and later a successful bare-knuckle prizefighter in New York City. In 1858, after winning \$5,000 in a side bet on himself, he announced his retirement from the ring, saying, "My duties to my family and myself require me to devote my time and effort to purposes more laudable and advantageous." He then turned to building a career as a professional gambler and machine politician.

Morrissey was better at gambling than politics. Though elected twice to the U.S. House of Representatives, he could never quite get the etiquette of the place down.

Whenever anyone disagreed with him, he demanded that the other fellow put up his dukes. But in the world of gambling he acquired legendary status. As much impresario as participant, Morrissey ran opulent (and technically illegal) establishments in Providence, Newport, and New York City, and played a major role in the transformation of Saratoga Springs, New York, from a sanatorium to an elegant watering place.

Morrissey was a brilliant and absolutely honest poker player. In the games he organized for others he was a skillful swindler, unless a more straightforward strategy suited his interest. His resorts were little more than "skinning houses," yet they were magnets for the famous and the fashionable. Morrissey, resplendent in swallowtail coat and white kid gloves, and with his lovely wife on his arm, would work the crowd of paunchy sybarites at his Saratoga Club House night after night. At the height of his fame he was worth millions, but by the time of his death from pneumonia in 1878 his estate had shrunk to less than \$75,000. He had squandered almost everything, not on cards or dice but on stocks and bonds, following the reckless advice of his financial adviser, the old robber baron Cornelius Vanderbilt. Yet he and others like him, by bribing the right public officials and setting a standard for personal style, made gambling seem a fascinating, desirable, and maybe even respectable business.

And why not, in a society where money was the universal solvent? The gambler's cash was as convertible as the banker's. Indeed, the two occupations could meet on cordial terms, as they did in a possibly apocryphal poker story that came out of Denver in the 1890s. Three bleary-eyed men showed up at a bank when the clerk opened it at 9 A.M. One wanted to borrow \$5,000; his collateral was the poker hand he held concealed in an envelope, which he furtively showed to the bank clerk. The baffled teller

stammered refusals until the bank president walked in from his own all-night poker game. The loan applicant explained his case again and gave the executive a peek at the cards. The bank president promptly agreed to make the loan. He began piling bundles of twenties on the table in front of the poker players, upbraiding his employee for not knowing good collateral when he saw it. "Remember that in future four kings and an ace are always good in this institution for our entire assets, sir—our entire assets," he told the clerk.

Despite the growing acceptability of gambling within the business community, it still stirred intense opposition in many quarters and remained illegal virtually everywhere. Among those provoked was Anthony Comstock, whose name has become a synonym for the overly zealous religious reformer. A Congregational minister from rural Connecticut who rose to prominence in the 1870s, Comstock was obsessed with eliminating such "filth" as birth control advertisements from the mails. He was also given to conducting his own raids on pool-rooms and betting parlors and dragging the outraged occupants off to the police—who often released the prisoners if they had anted up the requisite protection money. This only intensified Comstock's rage and zeal for strict enforcement of the law.

Comstock personified the pinched, parochial version of Protestant reformer. He occasionally staged raids in resorts such as Saratoga, but he reserved most of his energy for those of lower class and darker hue. He assailed policy as "superstition's stronghold. The negro dreams a dream, the Irishman or woman has a 'pre-sintimint,' and the German a vision, and each rushes to the 'dream book,' kept in every policy den, to see what number the vision calls for."

Comstock was convinced that the entire social world surrounding him was on the

verge of disintegration. Young men especially, in Comstock's view, were being exposed to urban temptations that would completely undermine their capacity for self-control. "Business men," he wrote in a warning about horse pool betting parlors, the (illegal) precursors to today's off-track betting establishments, "a clerk who frequents these places, and is brought under these seductive influences, is not to be trusted in office or store. The wild excitement that fires his brain will unman him." Here again we are in the presence of the reformers' great reversal: gambling was the opposite of manliness.

A more refined version of Comstock's critique was offered by Octavius Brooks Frothingham, a Massachusetts Unitarian minister. Writing in the *North American Review* in 1882, he described gambling as "one of those perilous devices by which men try to suffuse romance into their otherwise dull existence, to add zest to their experience, to drag some portion of heaven down to their clay. To procure this, one goes to the wine-shop, another to the house of prostitution, another to the dance, another to lascivious music." But "gambling is the most fascinating because it is the most intense, the most lasting, and the most social. It brings the greatest number of stimulants together, and exerts their power on the most sensitive nerves."

What was at stake, Frothingham believed, was nothing less than the possibility that man was relapsing into beast: "Not only is [the gambler] destitute, as he must needs be, of any perception of the divine import of money as a sign of man's supremacy over the lower spheres of nature, he equally lacks comprehension of its higher social advantages. He is animal and passionate through and through." In this progressive reinterpretation of traditional Christianity, money is no longer a temptation but a sign with "divine import"; it represents the ascent of man over beast. The problem with the gambler, in this view, is

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not that he is obsessed with money but that he cares nothing for it.

Frothingham's image of the gambler as beast was part of a broader attack on the popular culture of luck, conducted less in the name of Christian morality than under the banner of human progress. In this crusade, secularists such as economist Thorstein Veblen could participate alongside liberal ministers. In *The Theory of the Leisure Class* (1899), Veblen excoriated the belief in luck, which he found among "leisure class" sportsmen and other American groups as well as peasants and pre-industrial folk generally, as a relic of primitive animism. It was sand in the gears of the industrial machine and therefore an impediment to progress. The key to efficiency was a work force with heads uncluttered by superstition and filled instead with matter-of-fact understanding of cause and effect. Non-gamblers, all.

Sounding like nothing so much as a late-20th-century social scientist discussing "obstacles to modernization in the Third World," Veblen wrote: "This lowering of efficiency through a penchant for animistic methods of apprehending facts is especially apparent when taken in the mass—when a given population with an animistic turn is viewed as a whole." Veblen did not specify which given populations in the United States might be so afflicted, but he gave a hint of how widespread he thought the problem was when he noted that "the gambling spirit which pervades the sporting element shades off by insensible gradations into that frame of mind which finds gratification in devout observances." For Veblen, though, the mechanisms of industrialization worked inexorably; values would evolve to meet the new industrial conditions. Meanwhile, we would live with what a later generation of technological determinists would call "cultural lag."

The vision of a huge plan of progress,

unfolding under the direction of Science rather than God, was the late-19th-century positivist's substitute for older beliefs in providence. The newer deterministic scheme had even less room for notions of chance. In the minds of positivists such as Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-95), Britain's great advocate of Darwinism, to acknowledge any place for chance was to give way to ignorance. Behind every apparently random event lay a mechanical cause-and-effect relationship; scientists just hadn't discovered it yet.

Not everyone was delighted by this new picture of things. William James, the great Harvard psychologist and philosopher, for one, was chilled by the implications of the positivist "block universe." In "The Dilemma of Determinism" (1884) and other essays, he sought to vindicate the persistence of chance in our philosophical—if not our physical—universe. Chance, in James's view, had been loaded with a terrible lot of moral baggage that the poor word couldn't handle. It had been treated as a synonym for irrationality and disorder when all it really meant was "that this is not guaranteed, that it may fall out otherwise." Acknowledge the persistence of chance, reject the block universe of iron law, and you open the door to the possibility of human freedom, of ethics, and even of religious belief. If Providence existed in James's universe, he admitted, it would have to be a little less than omniscient, a little more like a chess master facing an amateur opponent: the master knows how the game will come out (he will win), but he doesn't know all the moves.

For most Americans at the turn of the century, conversations about gambling evoked concerns more immediate than the free-will-versus-determinism debate. Populists, socialists, and social gospel ministers increasingly traced the era's ruinous unemployment, farm foreclosures, and business failures to the parasitical machinations of



In 1910, amid renewed anti-gambling sentiment, illegal Chicago slot machines met the sledgehammer.

finance capital. And these often seemed virtually identical to gambling. "When one man bets another that a certain card has such a face, or that one horse will trot a mile in fewer seconds than another, or that wheat will sell for so many cents a bushel 30 days from date, and the loser pays the bet, what exchange takes place?" asked Washington Gladden, a prominent social gospel minister. "The winner gets the loser's money; the loser gets nothing at all in exchange for it. This is gambling. The gambler's business is simply this: to get money or other property away from his neighbors, and to give them nothing whatever in exchange for it." Gladden offered the "something for nothing" critique with a communal twist: the gambler's error was not his failure to work but his refusal to participate in mutual exchange.

The views of Gladden and his allies merged with those of a new generation of

good-government political reformers that arose at about the same time. These reformers saw corrupt politicians and businessmen as only barely distinguishable from prominent local gamblers such as Morrissey of New York and Mike McDonald of Chicago. From the 1870s to the '90s, McDonald ran a magnificent (though technically illegal) palace of chance he called "The Store" at the corner of Clark and Monroe streets. McDonald, who coined the phrase (usually attributed to P. T. Barnum), "There's a sucker born every minute," developed a devious formula for success: his dealers and croupiers systematically cheated the fat folks with cash but no influence while playing fair with powerful government officials (including his pals Mayor Carter Harrison and Governor John Altgeld) and professional gamblers who could spot a scam.

The Store's career was brought to a

close by two events: the assassination of Mayor Harrison on October 28, 1893 (by the proverbial "disgruntled office seeker" who always seemed to be lurking in the shadows of Gilded Age politics), and the creation of a reform-minded Civic Federation inspired by a muckraking exposé by the British journalist William T. Stead. The bankers, ministers, and businessmen behind the federation were full of good-government fervor, and one of the group's first achievements was to harass the Store so constantly that the owners finally closed the place.

The rise of organizations such as the Chicago Civic Federation marked a key transitional moment in the public debate over gambling. A new breed of corporate executives and public officials was emerging around the turn of the century, inspired not only by genuine humanitarian sentiments but by a new and more encompassing vision of self-control and social efficiency. Some progressive reformers did devote themselves to the pursuit of public health and social justice, launching campaigns against adulterated food, child labor, and other evils. But many were preoccupied with personal morality. These moral reformers helped make the Progressive era (1900–1916) a period of national self-purification dominated by movements to establish stricter taboos: the Prohibition movement, the first "war on drugs," and a variety of crusades against gambling and municipal corruption. The body and the body politic were alike in need of purgation—in the name not only of morality but of rational efficiency as well.

The managerial world view defined society as a smoothly functioning system, with no room for randomness or unpredictability. ("The chief work of civilization is to *eliminate chance*," the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency asserted in a 1909 pamphlet.) The managerial scheme of things allowed play but only when it was reduced to "recreation"—something satisfying but fundamentally

unserious, a sport or hobby that would re-create the player's capacity to perform where it counted: in the workplace.

Gambling did not fall into this category. The first two-thirds of the 20th century were hard times for sanctioned gambling, maybe the hardest in American history. Protestant moral revulsion persisted and even intensified as big-time gambling became increasingly associated with swarthy Mafiosi and labor racketeers. By the 1950s, clinical idioms reinforced moral language; an emergent psychology of adjustment identified gambling with neurotic compulsion. "I submit that the gambler is not simply a rational though 'weak' individual who is willing to run the risk of failure and moral censure in order to get money the easy way, but a *neurotic with an unconscious wish to lose*," the psychoanalyst Edmund Bergler wrote in 1958. The gambler was labeled pathological as well as immoral.

Still the games went on. Men (and, increasingly, women) of all classes and conditions held their private poker nights. The urban subculture of luck flourished: shiny-suited bookies taking bets and shooting craps; policy players paying their hope-maintenance tax to the daily numbers runner; ordinary guys like Felix and Oscar of *The Odd Couple* gathering nonchalantly for their Friday night poker game. The more affluent middle and upper classes headed for exotic gaming locales: Havana and (especially after World War II) Las Vegas. Scenes of tropical decadence or *faux*-Oriental splendor reinforced the otherness of the gambling experience for tourists, muffling any lingering prudential doubts and reminding them that this was no place like home.

Yet, by the early 1970s, gambling had begun to return to everyday life. State governments, led by New York, revived lotteries (1967) and off-track betting (1971); Vegas was increasingly accessible in an era of frequent flying; and in 1978 Atlantic City inaugurated the return of legal casino gambling to the East

TAKING CHANCES

Percentage of Americans favoring legalized casino gambling (1992):
in their own state to raise revenues: 51 percent
in a major city in their own state: 40 percent
on Indian reservations: 42 percent
on riverboats: 60 percent

Percentage of Americans saying they had gambled in the past year:
in 1950: 59 percent
in 1989: 71 percent

States that have no legalized gambling of any kind: *Hawaii and Utah*

State lottery sales:
in fiscal 1990: \$20 billion
in fiscal 1995: \$32 billion

Number of Americans who play the lottery:
every week: 30 million
occasionally: 70 million

Amount spent by states on lottery promotion in
fiscal 1994: \$380 million

Annual lottery sales per capita:
Massachusetts: \$441
California: \$66



Approximate percentage of revenues returned as prize money:
by the average Las Vegas slot machine: 95 percent
by the average state lottery: 50 percent

States with the highest levels of gambling per capita: *Nevada* (\$72,111), *Mississippi* (\$6,620), *New Jersey* (\$4,555)

States with the lowest levels of gambling per capita: *North Carolina* (\$5), *South Carolina* (\$23), *Wyoming* (\$24)

Number of Mashantucket Pequot Indians: 300 (approx.)

Number of slot machines at the Pequots' Foxwoods Resort Casino: 3,864

Average wagering budget of a Las Vegas gambler: \$479.77

Proportion of current problem gamblers: 1.2 to 4.8 percent of the adult population (in eight states surveyed since 1991)

Estimated volume of illegal betting on sports, horses, numbers, etc.: \$43 billion

Arrests for illegal gambling activities (1993): 15,336

Number of marriages performed per hour in Las Vegas: 12

Price of a personal appearance by "Elvis" at wedding: \$100

Sources: *The Public Perspective* (Jan.-Feb. 1994); *North American Gaming Report 1995*; *La Fleur's Lottery World*; the *New York Times* (various editions); California State Lottery; *Gambling in America* (1992), by Bertha Davis; *International Gaming & Wagering Business* (various editions); Las Vegas Convention and Visitors Authority; Gemini Research; Federal Bureau of Investigation; *Casino Magazine* (May-June 1995).



The gambling spirit is everywhere in American life, from TV game shows such as Wheel of Fortune to newspaper sports pages, where point spreads and other information used in illegal betting are printed.

Coast. Within less than a decade, a national casino boom was underway.

What is striking about the contemporary revival of legalized gambling is its ordinariness—its integration into everyday life, even “family entertainment.” Offering everything from magic shows to acrobats and performing dogs, resort hotels such as Circus Circus in Las Vegas have begun to breach the citadel of middle-class respectability. One of the strongest arguments against gambling has always paralleled arguments against alcohol: both vices, it was alleged, undermined the family. Now, in the new world of casino gambling, unthinkable scenes are being enacted daily (un-

thinkable, at least, to Comstock or Cronkite)—kids are capering about within yards of the spot where grandma is pumping quarters into a slot machine.

How could promoters reverse long-standing moral conventions in less than two decades? At this point, we can only speculate. The supply-side part of the explanation would emphasize de-industrialization and the shifting of investment capital in the United States from manufacturing to service industries, including casino gambling. As organized crime has made room for “legitimate” investors, the whole scene has gradually come to seem more sanitized. De-industrialization has also helped depress personal incomes and state tax revenues, especially in the Northeast, bringing the lottery back into favor as a money-raising strategy. Public hostility to taxes has also increased the allure of lotter-

ies and other forms of legalized gambling.

On the demand side, one could say that there is a “gambling instinct,” or propensity to take risks, embedded in “human nature” that is now finding new outlets. But a fuller explanation would emphasize the possibility that cultural values have changed during the last several decades. It is possible to see this change as a decline, for instance, an abandonment of the work ethic that built this country. Despite the mantralike quality of this argument, there is something to it. No one can deny that, for many of the new casino patrons, gambling has become an addiction or a destructive compulsion—an anxious, desperate perversion of the spirit

of play, with calamitous consequences for gamblers and those around them. The rise of Gamblers Anonymous tells part of the story, but one need only saunter by the casinos in the early morning hours and watch the hollow-eyed habitués pump up their VISA card indebtedness on the ubiquitous cash machines to be persuaded that the problem is real. This is not necessarily a way of life we want to encourage.

Yet, to complicate the notion of decline, we should also consider the connections between cultural and economic history during the past 20 years. De-industrialization, the export of capital and jobs overseas, the return of a "root, hog, or die" mentality to the center of political debate—all these developments have led to a shrinkage of the middle and upper working class, as well as a contracting sense of the possibilities for upward mobility. There are fewer opportunities, but there may also be fewer inhibitions, and greater need for the maintenance of hope. If gambling seems like "action" in a life going nowhere, and kids eat free, then why not head for The Mirage? A similar argument applies to the retirees who flock to casinos. Why shouldn't bored oldsters, weary of facing one more trek around the mall, find in the slots a bit of a thrill, an experience of play?

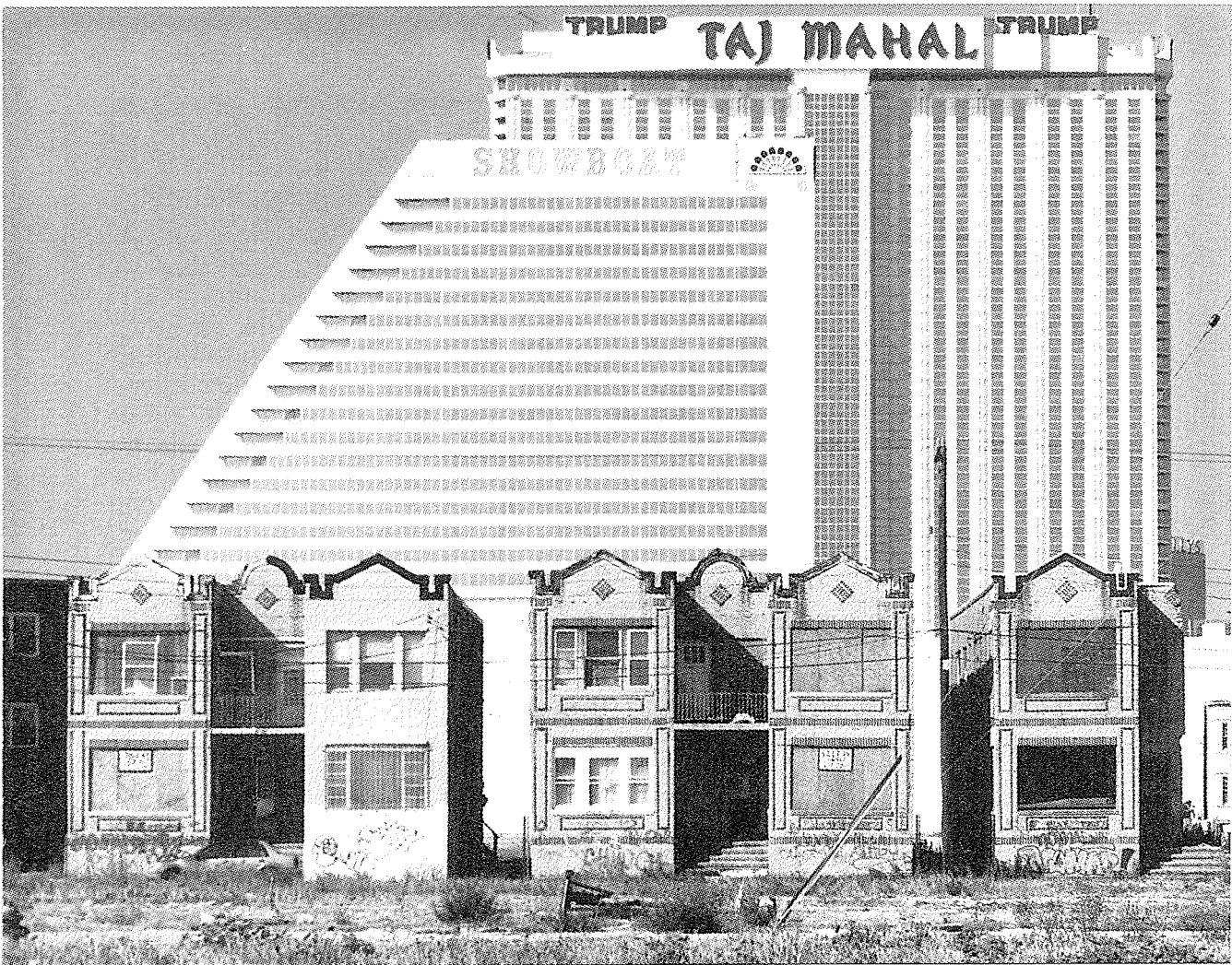
Gambling can be pathological, but it can be many other things besides. One of the main things it can be, as writers such as Robert Hermann and David Spanier have suggested in recent years, is play. But play is not just a moment of spontaneity snatched from routine. To glimpse a broader and more complex conception of play, we have to listen to the participants in the World Series of Poker, interviewed in downtown Las Vegas by the journalist A. Alvarez and reported in *The Biggest Game in Town* (1983).

These poker players were mentally ag-

ile enough to calculate the odds for almost any hand in any situation; they embodied the calculation and coolness that has always characterized gambling in its agonistic mode. Yet they had little but condescension for limited-stakes poker as "an unimaginative mechanical game." It is merely "a disciplined job," said Jack Straus. "Anybody who wants to work out the mathematics can be a limit player and chisel out an existence." But high-stakes poker brings out the bluffer, the feinter—the player—in gamblers such as Straus. "If there's no risk in losing, there's no high in winning," Straus said. "I have only a limited amount of time in this world and I want to live every second of it. That's why I'm willing to play anyone in the world for any amount."

This is the quest for intense experience, but something more: a fine, careless disregard for utilitarian standards. As Alvarez points out, in gambling the test of a true professional is insouciance in matters of money—handling big losses nonchalantly. It's only a game.

The willingness to reduce (or raise) money to the status of mere counter in a game returns us to the largest significance of gambling. The gambler inhabits a world where prudential economic values have been inverted. When the countervalues are articulated, the results can be arresting. Consider the advice of Harlem Pete, in a dream book published in Philadelphia in 1949: "If you want to be rich, Give! If you want to be poor, Grasp! If you want abundance, Scatter! If you want to be needy, Hoard." Harlem Pete's world view embraces the paradox of giving: "The more I give to thee," says Juliet to Romeo, "the more I have." It is a world view profoundly at odds with one based on rational self-interest. It also sounds a little like Christianity.



Dreams and reality remain in uncomfortable contrast 17 years after gambling came to Atlantic City.

GRAND ILLUSIONS

BY ROBERT GOODMAN

The United States has embarked on an unprecedented experiment with legalized gambling. At times in the past, everything from lotteries to roulette was tolerated and even exploited for public revenues.

But recognizing the moral and material hazards involved, public authorities generally acted cautiously, subjecting such ventures to tight controls. Today, gambling enterprises of various kinds, including casinos and riverboats, are not only

permitted but actively promoted by many state and city political leaders as a magic bullet for ailing local economies. Indeed, only a belief in magic can explain the willingness of so many people to accept the proposition that legalized gambling can provide jobs and tax revenues at virtually no cost to society. We are only beginning to recognize the real costs.

The rapid spread of legalized gambling has been hard to miss in recent years, insistently announcing itself through clamorous advertisements for lotteries and casino outings. Yet the numbers are still startling. As recently as 1988, casino gambling was legal in only two states: Nevada and New Jersey. By 1994, casinos were either authorized or operating in 23 states, and legalization was being proposed in many others. Casinos sprang up on more than 70 Indian reservations, thanks in large part to powers granted the tribes under the federal Indian Gaming Regulatory Act of 1988. The state of Mississippi alone was home by last year to one million square feet of riverboat casinos—in the four years since legalization Mississippi acquired more gambling space than Atlantic City, New Jersey, did in 16 years. Within three years after the introduction of casino riverboats in Illinois, per capita spending on gambling in that state doubled.

Between 1988 and 1994, casino revenues in the United States nearly doubled—from \$8 billion to about \$15 billion annually. Overall, Americans wagered \$482 billion in casinos and other legal betting venues in 1994, a jump of 22 percent over the previous year. Gambling has expanded at all levels—and has even brought a rise in attendance at church bingo games. The new gambling outlets were impressive for their variety: electronic slot machines in rural South Dakota bars; imitation Wild West casinos in old Colorado mining towns; riverboats along the Mississippi River, from the distressed

industrial cities of Iowa to the Gulf of Mexico; and gambling establishments on Indian reservations from coast to coast. New Orleans is now building what promoters tout as the world's largest casino, while the mayors of Chicago, Philadelphia, and other big cities enthusiastically embrace gambling proposals.

Casino companies often enjoy economic advantages that are available to few other businesses. Since they are usually granted exclusive government franchises, they are able to generate short-term profits on a scale that proprietors of other businesses can only dream about. Earnings of five to eight percent of revenues are the norm for most American businesses. In the gambling industry, however, yearly profits between 30 and 50 percent are not unusual. It is not extraordinary for companies to be able to pay off their total investments in one or two years. One Illinois riverboat company reportedly tripled the return on its investment in just six months.

More and more Americans are being persuaded to try their luck. According to casino industry sources, the number of American households in which at least one member visited a casino doubled between 1990 and '93—from 46 million to 92 million. More than three-quarters of this upsurge was the result of people visiting casinos outside Nevada and Atlantic City. In 1994, gambling industry leaders and other business observers were predicting even more spectacular growth. "By the year 2000," said Phil Satre, president of Harrah's Casinos, one of the world's largest casino companies, "95 percent of all Americans will most likely live in a state with legal casino entertainment." By then, according to Mark Manson, a vice president of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, a stock brokerage firm, lotteries, casinos, and other kinds of legal gambling "could

surpass all other forms of entertainment in terms of total revenue." Manson concluded that "the movement towards gaming appears unstoppable for the foreseeable future."

The amount of money in play is huge. Between the early 1980s and the early '90s, betting on legal games, including the lotteries that were conducted by 37 states and the District of Columbia, grew at almost twice the rate of personal incomes. Last year, legal gambling in the United States generated nearly \$40 billion in revenues for its public- and private-sector proprietors.

What has made gambling attractive to politicians and local business leaders is the prospect of new jobs for workers and easy money to fill the coffers of local government and business. An activity that was once feared for its ability to sow moral corruption, its corrosive impact on the work ethic, and its potential to devastate family savings has suddenly been transformed into a leading candidate to revive the fortunes of towns and cities across America. In Chicago, casinos were proposed to bail out the city's overbuilt hotel sector. In Gary, Indiana, they were supposed to offset declines in a once-booming steel industry. In Detroit, they were touted as a way to replace lost jobs in automobile manufacturing. In New Bedford, Massachusetts, gambling was going to provide jobs for fishing industry workers thrown out of work by the exhaustion of Atlantic fisheries.

Advocates eagerly seek to cleanse gambling of its traditional connotations. It certainly looks on the surface more reputable than it once did. An industry created

by the likes of "Bugsy" Siegel and Meyer Lansky and financed with laundered drug money and other ill-gotten gains is now operated by business school graduates, financed by conglomerates, and listed on the New York Stock Exchange. "Much of the moral argument against legalization is based upon the belief that gaming is mainly about money or greed," Harrah's president Satre told the National Press Club in 1993. "It is not. It is about entertainment. . . . It is a true social experience. And there are no gender-based, race-based, or physical barriers to access." Politicians and others have joined in the effort to de-moralize the debate over gambling. No longer do they speak of "gambling," with all its unsavory overtones, but in euphemisms such as "gaming" and "casino entertainment."

Legalization tends to have a snowball effect. When one state allows games of chance, other states have a greater incentive to do so as well. If your citizens are going to gamble anyway, why not at least reap some of the benefits by letting them do so at home? In 1985, Montana became the first state to allow slot machines in bars, effectively creating minicasinios throughout the state. Four years later, South Dakota's legislature gave its state lottery agency authority to install "video lottery terminals"—which in reality are little more than slot machines—in bars and convenience stores. Soon afterward, Oregon, Rhode Island, West Virginia, and Louisiana legalized similar machines. By 1991, Oregon had also legalized betting on sports teams and electronic keno machines through its state lottery.

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Iowa took a much bigger leap into gambling in 1991 when it became the first state to legalize casino gambling on riverboats. To ensure that the floating casinos would remain low-key tourist operations, the state government limited stakes to \$5 per bet and total losses of any player to \$200 per cruise. But these restrictions were soon dropped, after politicians in Illinois, Mississippi, and Louisiana authorized riverboat gambling with unrestricted betting. Iowa had to keep up with the competition.

By late 1994, however, there were signs that the days of expansion without end were over. The casino boom of the early 1990s was not built on a broad base of popular support for legalization. The laws were changed in response to unprecedented, well-financed campaigns by the gambling industry, countered only by the underfunded, ad hoc efforts of opposition groups. But as casinos proliferated and their social and economic costs became more widely recognized, more and more communities rallied to defeat them.

Where statewide referendums have been held on casino gambling, voters have mostly voted no. In 1994, despite the gambling industry's promises of riches to come, not a single one of the four state casino referendums passed. (In seven other states where gambling was already legal, measures to expand it got mixed results.) In Florida, casino companies mounted their costliest promotional campaign ever, yet the voters rendered a decisive no. Where casino gambling has been legalized, it usually has been by direct action of state legislators or by legislature-approved referendums on the town, city, or county level. When the target is a single community starved for jobs and tax revenues, the industry has regularly been

able to gain approval.

Yet Americans appear to be recognizing that the promises made by gambling proponents are rarely if ever realized by cash-strapped cities and towns. The municipalities' hopes are based largely on what happened in Las Vegas—a remote desert city that for decades held a virtual monopoly on gambling. The city was able to draw huge numbers of tourists who spent freely, not only at the tables and slots but in local hotels, restaurants, and stores. Something at least remotely similar has been achieved at the reservation-based casinos. The Indian reservations have several things in common with early Las Vegas, notably, remote locations and no existing economic bases to speak of. They have, in short, nothing to lose.

But there aren't likely to be any more Las Vegas-style success stories. With the proliferation of casinos around the country, the nature of the game has changed. Cities and towns entering the gambling market now face fierce competition, and they will be hard-pressed to draw patrons from outside their regions. Most of the people pumping money into their slot machines will be local residents. Instead of bringing in new dollars from outside the local economy, gambling will siphon away consumer dollars from other local businesses. At the same time, these communities will be saddled with enormous new costs as they deal with the economic and social consequences of open gambling. Not the least of these costs is an increase in the local population of chronic gamblers, who bring with them not only their personal tragedies but a host of related problems, from bad debts and family breakups to crime, often of the white-collar variety. Estimates of the annual private and public costs imposed by each problem gambler range from my own \$13,200 (in 1993

THE GLOBAL GAMBLING EXPERIMENT

The explosion of lotteries, casinos, and other forms of legalized gambling in the United States has had echoes abroad—faint in some places, louder in others. Casinos have opened for business everywhere from Russia to Malaysia to Australia. If casino revenues per capita are a guide, then Australia and Spain are the world's biggest gambling havens. But in most respects, the United States enjoys the dubious distinction of leading the world in legalized gambling.

The same mixture of progambling influences is at work overseas as in the United States: the gradual relaxation of community attitudes toward minor vices and "victimless crimes" and the weakening of religious strictures. Money also matters. Dreams of plentiful tax revenues and tourism are hard to resist. A single government-sponsored casino launched in late 1989 in Winnipeg, Canada, grossed nearly \$20 million in its first year. And the likelihood that some other country will snap up any opportunities left unexploited makes gambling that much easier to accept.

Lotteries are less controversial than casinos. The German and Dutch national lotteries date from the Middle Ages; those in Spain, Portugal, and Mexico have been in operation since the 18th century. Elsewhere there have been cycles of legalization and prohibition. Banned in many European countries during the 19th century, lotteries were revived after World War I, often as a means of paying off war debts, and have remained in place ever since.

Last year, lottery sales neared \$100 billion worldwide, up 11 percent from the previous year. The United States led the lottery world, with more than one-quarter of those sales. Germany was a distant second, with \$9.2 billion in sales, followed by Spain and Japan.

What's new is legalized casino gambling in places outside long-established resort areas such as the Caribbean or Baden-Baden in Germany. Monte Carlo, chartered by Monaco's Prince Charles III in 1856, is the archetype of the traditional casino resort. Catering to a moneyed elite,

it was created with the express purpose of attracting foreign money to an area with few economic assets. It was largely off-limits to local residents. The idea was to harvest cash from outsiders without breeding the social ills often associated with gambling.

Over the years, however, scholarly research generally has not established firm correlations between gambling and crime. Indeed, gaming advocates have argued, prohibition can breed crime. When gambling was outlawed in Sweden, for example, many Swedes bet illegally on English soccer games. When gambling was legalized, in 1930, the bookies were wiped out (and Sweden kept more of its kronor at home).

The loosening of the crime correlation has also helped fuel the recent casino fever. Casinos have been legalized (with various restrictions) in many countries, including South Korea (1967), Australia (1973), the Philippines (1977), Spain (1978), New Zealand (1990), Canada (1990), and South Africa (1995).

The old, Las Vegas-style "sin city" existing in gaudy isolation from the rest of society is largely a thing of the past. Many of the new casinos around the world are found close to major cities. Others are located in the heart of the city. Yet access by the local population still tends to be constrained or prohibited.

Moscow, for example, is home to a wild and woolly downtown gambling scene. During the communist era, the state placed severe restrictions on the gaming business, allowing only a few slot machines in tourist hotels. Today, however, about 100 privately owned casinos do a thriving business in Moscow, catering mainly to foreigners. But many of the new emporiums have ties to organized crime.

Southeast Asia, with a long history of tolerance, is another hotbed of gambling. In largely Muslim Malaysia, for example, the Qur'an's edicts against games of chance have been accommodated in unusual ways. After independence was attained in 1957, the government had little hope of stamping out the horse-race betting es-

established during British colonial rule, the numbers games popular in the tin mines, or the gambling at hill-station enclaves. In the 1980s, Kuala Lumpur opted to regulate gaming, privatize Malaysia's anemic state-run lotteries, and tax the trade. Ethnic Malays are barred by law from the country's lone casino, the Genting Highlands Resort, located 35 miles outside of Kuala Lumpur. But their ethnic Chinese countrymen—one of whom owns the company—are free to mingle with the foreigners at the tables and slot machines. In a new twist on the old idea of tapping foreigners for gambling revenues, Malaysia has become a home base for companies that operate only in other countries. Malaysia's five main gaming groups account for more than 10 percent of the Kuala Lumpur stock exchange's value.

Indonesia also has few qualms about allowing its citizens to invest in offshore ventures—even if they are not at all far offshore. President Raden Suharto's government banned casinos in 1981

after protests by Islamic groups, but in 1993 a group of investors opened an exclusive "boutique" establishment on Christmas Island, an Australian outpost off Java. Meanwhile, the Suharto regime has also come under intense pressure from Islamic groups to pull the plug on a national lottery launched in 1987.

None of the world's major cultures rival that of the Chinese in its tradition of openness to games of chance. A belief in luck is deeply embedded in Chinese culture, as is the practice of social gambling. Games of *fan tan*, *sic bo*, and *pai gow* (played for small sums with beads, dice, and dominos, respectively) are time-honored pursuits. Mahjong is a favorite family game.

Gambling was targeted for eradication after the communist takeover in 1949, but only in 1992 were all types of gaming (except the five-year-old national lottery) officially banned, a reaction

to the increasingly open pursuit of the old pastimes in the countryside. Efforts are already underway to legalize casinos in China. Yet according to William Eadington of the University of Nevada at Reno, the world's most gambling-tolerant culture is governed by one of its most gambling-resistant regimes. Beijing is deeply uneasy about the social impact of gambling—the days when gambling debts reportedly consumed up to one-third of the average farm family's income in some areas have not been forgotten. (Casino gambling is also illegal in Taiwan—and Japan.) If legalized gambling comes to China, Eadington predicts, it will likely be limited to isolated Vegas-style "sin cities."



If China is one step behind the worldwide trend, Britain may be one step ahead. There, gaming of most kinds received the sanction of law in 1963. But the rousing success of public betting and the emergence of organized crime set off alarms, and the clock was partially turned back in 1968. Gambling is permitted

but considered a social problem to be repressed. Through devices such as zoning restrictions, a 48-hour waiting period for membership in a gaming club, and a prohibition on live entertainment, gaming has been effectively contained—although public enthusiasm for the new national lottery has stirred talk of loosening up again.

All of the world's debates over legal gambling, however, may soon be rendered irrelevant by technology. Earlier this year Internet Casinos, based in the Caribbean, went on-line with the first full-service "virtual casino" on the Internet. Armed only with a personal computer and a modem, anybody in the world with a credit card and a hankering for action can call up a full sports book and 15 casino games in 10 different languages. Access is now restricted by law. But who is willing to bet that such prohibitions will last?

dollars) up to \$52,000. A mere 100 additional problem gamblers, in other words, exact a monetary toll of more than \$1 million.

The sad lesson of gambling as an economic-development strategy is that it creates far more problems than it solves. It doesn't even deliver the goods it promises. In Atlantic City, for example, about one-third of the city's retail establishments shut their doors during the first four years after the casinos' arrival. Many could not compete with the low-price restaurants and services offered by the casinos to lure customers. In 1993, unemployment in Atlantic City was double the state average.

One of the worst long-term consequences of legalizing gambling is the difficulty, if not impossibility, of undoing the decision. New gambling ventures create powerful new political constituencies that fight to keep gambling legal and expanding. These operations can radically alter the balance of power in state and local politics.

"Casino gambling is not a 'try it and see' experiment," observes Stephen P. Perskie, the politician who led the battle to legalize gambling in Atlantic City, and a former chair of New Jersey's Casino Control Commission. "Once the casino opens and the dice begin to roll, gambling creates an instant constituency. People depend on it for jobs. Governments depend on it for revenues." Perskie, who went on to become vice president of Players International, a casino development company, elaborates: "You've got economic realities created. You've got infrastructure investments, you've got public policy commitments. . . . The public official who will stand up and say close that casino and put those 4,000 people out of work is somebody I haven't met yet."

Once the novelty of a new casino or a new game wears off, as it inevitably does,

revenues tend to fall or flatten, forcing legislators to look for new gambling ventures and gimmicks to keep the money coming in. And as enterprises suffer lower revenues from increased competition or fading consumer interest, they turn to government for regulatory relief and sometimes direct subsidies.

Even in New Jersey, where the casino industry is prohibited by law from lobbying, casino operators wield enormous political power. The state's experience offers an instructive example of the ways in which gambling regulations weaken over time. In Atlantic City, the original rules governing casinos included regulations that sought to reduce problem gambling. They prohibited 24-hour gambling, restricted the amount of floor space that could be dedicated to slot machines (considered by many experts one of the most addictive forms of gambling), outlawed games such as electronic keno, poker, and sports betting, and created rules for jackpots and prizes designed to ensure that players wouldn't be taken advantage of too outrageously. But over time, especially as competition from casinos in other states increased during the early 1990s, casino companies pressed for relief from these restrictions. Gambling got its way. By 1994, all these rules had been dropped, with the single exception of limits on sports betting. (New Jersey's Casino Control Commission ruled that it simply had no legal power to change these rules because federal law restricts sports betting.)

New Jersey's powerful casino constituency was the force behind a number of public projects that were designed to restore Atlantic City's luster as a tourist destination—and thereby bolster the gambling business. In 1993, the state announced plans to spend about \$100 million to expand Atlantic City's airport, rebuild the city's convention center, and beautify the approach roads to the casinos and their surrounding Boardwalk areas.



Las Vegas increasingly competes with Disney World as an all-inclusive family resort. It is not uncommon to see couples shepherding children to theme parks or pushing baby strollers down the Strip.

The plans had little to do with reversing the massive deterioration of the other Atlantic City beyond the Boardwalk. In fact, they were aimed at concealing the city's mean streets from casino visitors. As an article in the *New Jersey Casino Journal*, a voice for local casino owners, explained,

"The need to negotiate passage through a depressed and deteriorated urban war zone is not especially conducive to a memorable entertainment experience."

The public debt that many cash-poor communities must assume to build or improve boat docks, parking facilities, high-

ways, water and sewer systems, and other infrastructure creates problems of its own. The hope is that a continuous stream of revenue from taxes on casino income will help pay off this debt. But the community is also in a trap. To close down or curtail these operations if they falter or prove disruptive would be almost impossible—indeed, the community has every incentive to promote even more gambling.

Some of the biggest costs of gambling expansion are the hardest to quantify. They are what economists refer to as “opportunity costs.” The more energy government officials and business leaders expend on gambling as an economic development strategy, the less they can devote to the cultivation of other kinds of business enterprises that may be less flashy and more difficult to establish. Over the long term, such businesses would almost certainly be more beneficial to towns and cities than those built on the exploitation of the gambling itch.

If gambling ventures continue to proliferate and expand, the political power of the gambling industry will grow as well, making it increasingly difficult to control gambling. A taste of what may come was provided in the spring of 1994, when the

Clinton administration proposed a four percent federal tax on gross gambling revenues to fund its new welfare reform programs. The industry’s response was swift and forceful. Thirty-one governors promptly wrote to the president complaining of the potential damage to their gambling-dependent state budgets. Governor Bob Miller of Nevada flew to Washington and presented President Clinton with a scenario of silent casinos and layoffs by the thousands in the gambling industry. Owners of horse and dog race-tracks lobbied Congress with similar visions of economic devastation. The administration quickly withdrew its tax proposal.

The seed planted in the Nevada desert some 50 years ago is now bearing very dangerous fruit indeed. America’s unprecedented gambling boom has created grand illusions worthy of the gaudiest and most grandiose Las Vegas casino. Only in one place could the notion flourish that a magical way could be found to create new jobs, generate fresh revenues for public coffers, and revive cities at virtually no cost: a fantasy land.

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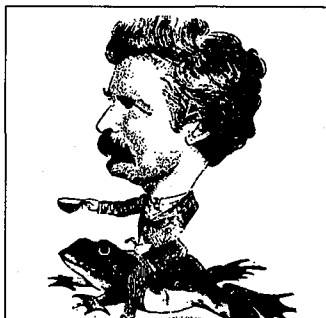
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Playing roulette in Puerto Rico, 1949

THE JOY OF GAMBLING

BY DAVID SPANIER

The action is everything, more consuming than sex, more immediate than politics, more important always than the acquisition of money.

—Joan Didion, *The White Album*

What if you met a man in a bar this evening, after you quit work for the day, and he said (as people sometimes do), "Hey, let's toss a coin for a dollar, heads or tails."

"Right here in front of everybody?"

"Why not!"

"Okay," you might say, if you were in that sort of mood. "Let's go for it!"

But then the man adds: "Just one little thing about this toss I want to explain before we start. When I win, you lose your dollar. When you win, I'll pay you only 99 cents."

It's not all that different, is it, one penny on the toss? But you would be out of your mind to take on such a proposition, wouldn't you? Especially if your spouse or, worse, your employer, happened to be watching. You would be marked down as an idiot if you couldn't handle your money any better. A dollar to 99 cents. Why do it? It makes no sense.

But that is exactly what all of us do when we gamble, when we cross the threshold between workaday life and the fantasy realm of a casino. In fact, if the house gets only one percent of an edge or advantage (as in certain bets at dice), gamblers consider it a good bet. If they can get even money, one for one on their stake, they think it's great value, as in certain bets at dice.

I have a confession to make, right at the start. I am not a gambler. Not any more, that is. I have learned the hard way, as most of us do, that you cannot beat the laws of probability.

On my first visit to Las Vegas, as a freshman on vacation from Cambridge University, I came prepared with a system for roulette. My idea was to wait for a series of reds or blacks to come up, six in a row, and then start betting on the other color, doubling up after each losing spin until I hit a winner. So after six reds, say, I would start betting black: \$1, then \$2, \$4, \$8, \$16, \$32, \$64, \$128. For the system to lose, the same color would have to come up 15 times in a row, which seemed highly unlikely. My only anxiety, as I recall, was that the initial run of six consecutive reds or blacks would take such a long time to appear that I might get bored waiting.

I need not have worried. After a couple of hours logging the wheel, I was ready to launch my system. The first spin went down, the next spin went down, and the next, and the next, with terrifying speed, as red kept repeating. Suddenly, like a flash of light striking a philosopher, the realization penetrated my fevered brow. This particular roulette wheel did not give a damn about me and my

pathetic hopes of fortune. It was oblivious to the fact that I had traveled 7,000 miles across an ocean and most of a continent to test my luck. If I was to follow my system, I had to bet \$256 on the next spin. I also had six weeks of summer vacation to pay for. The croupier was eyeing my precarious tower of chips like an explosives expert about to dynamite a building. I pulled back—just in time.

Nearly everyone makes this mistake in gambling, which is to confuse the short-term outcome with long-term probability. On every individual spin, the probability of red or black is the same, 50:50. And over a million spins, reds and blacks will virtually even out (ignoring zeros). But within that series, there will be many short-term fluctuations on either side. Fourteen reds in a row is no big deal.

It is good to learn this lesson young. When I go to Las Vegas now, I don't even see the slot machines. I feel almost guilty—considering the immense and multifarious efforts the casinos make to tempt the visitor to gamble—that I do not spend a dime on casino games. My passion lies elsewhere. I play poker, a game of skill, albeit with a big gambling element in it. What I like is the ambience of gambling, particularly casino gambling, with its day-into-night and night-into-day sense of anything-goes-and-here-it-comes release from the conventions of ordinary life.

Everyone takes chances, every day, although people do not consciously classify the process as gambling. Every time you drive, every time you buckle up in an airplane seat, one might say every time you cross the road, the risk is there. These are unavoidable risks in the modern world and, for most people, so habitual as not to be worth worrying about. *Che sera sera*. These days, there is danger in riding the subway, danger in visiting New York's World Trade Center, danger even in visiting a government building in Oklahoma City, let alone in traveling abroad.

Other sorts of risks, such as those inher-

ent in active sports such as skiing, mountaineering, horseback riding, sailing, and football, are more easily avoided. The pleasure of doing it is what gets people involved. That pleasure far outweighs any vestigial concern about something going wrong. Besides, regardless of the sport, everyone involved has had at least a degree of initial training to prepare himself or herself and to guard against accidents. The odds of coming through safely are tilted well in your favor.

Even in matters of investment, such as taking out a life insurance policy, which means, in effect, betting on your own longevity, the gamble is a studied risk, founded on actuarial tables and the prudent desire to protect your family. The insurance company, working on the past record of hundreds of thousands of instances, calculates the probability of a particular misfortune befalling the applicant, and sets its premium accordingly, adding a healthy margin to cover operating costs and allow for a profit.

The insurance companies are not really gambling themselves, because they are operating on the basis of statistics that virtually guarantee them a positive return. Yes, but then we remember Lloyd's of London. Even the best-regulated risks sometimes come unstuck. I think it was James Thurber who observed: "There is no safety in numbers; there is no safety anywhere."

Casino gambling is risk taking in its purest form. The participants willingly and deliberately get involved, knowing the chances are not in their favor. No one has to do it. All players are aware that the odds are against them. The odds are set out in all the books, even in government reports on gambling. The question is: why do people still do it?

It may seem a paradox to insist that

money is not what gambling is about. Of course, money is the essence of gambling and the way you keep score. Games of chance without money involved simply do not work. And you cannot gamble in a casino without money. Money is the fuel of gambling; it drives it, as gasoline powers a car. But the pleasure of driving a car is not about gas. It's about speed, style, movement. Gas is only what makes the car run. In that sense, the real motives behind gambling are to be sought elsewhere.

Play, the enjoyment of play, is a part of human nature. It is an instinct as old as the sex drive, as powerful as hunger and thirst, as basic to the human condition as survival. Gambling is a heightened form of play. That is why so many people like gambling, and spend so much money on it, not just all over the United States now that the brakes are off but in virtually all societies in the modern world.

The appeal of gambling, to my mind, is in the *action*. The phrase "where the action is" derives from Damon Runyon's story, "The Idyll of Miss Sarah Brown" (1947), which celebrates the exploits of gambler Sky Masterson. The immortal Sky Masterson got his name, you may remember, because he liked to bet so high, on any proposition whatever, that he would bet all he had. "The Sky is strictly a player. . . . As far as The Sky is concerned, money is just something for him to play with and the dollars may as well be doughnuts as far as value goes with him."

Action expresses, in a word, the whole gambling experience. It means playing with chance, taking a challenge, the excitement of living in top gear. In gambling, this is the payoff. In our routinized urban lives, most of us are cogs in the wheel of work, taxes, and social and family obligations. Gambling offers a fast way out. On the green baize, or

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at the track, or at a lottery terminal, the player can give self-indulgence a whirl, briefly cast responsibility aside, and fantasize about a brighter, richer, easier life. It is not, in reality, going to work out like that. But some people do win, don't they? In lotteries, almost unimaginable sums of money.

Here it is useful to distinguish different forms of gambling by the payoffs they offer: long-term versus short-term; degrees of social gratification; profit and loss. Each kind of gamble offers its own appeal.

First, the long-shot gamble, as in lotteries. In terms of odds, of many millions to one against winning, lotteries are a bad gamble. Their appeal, which certainly elicits a deep response across a huge swath of the population, lies in the prospect of acquiring superstar wealth, as if the finger of fate were suddenly to reach out and touch one lucky person. All of this can be purchased for a very small price. For a period before the draw—it may be just a few minutes, or may last for days—people can daydream about what they would do with the money. And why not? It is a harmless enough little dream, which can lighten dull lives. Lottery players know that only one winner will make it big. What their purchase of a ticket gives them is a little spoonful of hope, which, like honey, is pleasing while it lasts.

Experience shows that lotteries tend to exploit low-income sectors of the population. Besides being least able to afford this kind of spending, which is of course an indirect form of taxation, such people tend to be most vulnerable to the lottery promoters' blandishments. Indeed, what may be most troubling about lotteries are slogans like "Your way out of the ghetto" and other enticements used by state agencies to attract bettors.

A great deal of gambling, at the popular level, is geared to a short-term thrill. This is what casinos offer. Unlike with lotteries, the odds seem within reach. Casino gamblers look down on lotteries because the

odds are too long to offer a practical expectation of gain, whereas slot machines, dice, blackjack, and roulette can provide an immediate return. At a fast-moving game of roulette, there may be more than 60 coups an hour: a slot machine, without the intermediary of a dealer or croupier, or any need for know-how on the part of the player, offers perhaps five or six coups per minute. With a slot machine, the thrill of the action as the gambler inserts the coins, pulls the handle, or presses the buttons, is almost continuous—as long as the money lasts. The American people have become so enamored of slots that they now account for about 65 percent of casino gambling.

It should be noted, in passing, that there is no skill involved in casino games (with the single exception of blackjack). What gamblers get is speed and intensity of action, plus the chance of hitting a winning streak that can lead to a big win, the win that will salve all their previous losses. At roulette, the queen of casino games, hitting the right number pays 35 to 1. Never mind that the edge against the player on the double-zero game is an iniquitous 5.26 percent, compared with only 2.7 percent on the single-zero European game. If luck, i.e. short-term fluctuation, runs your way, you can break the bank or at least win a small fortune. (What is the sure-fire way to make a small fortune in a casino? Answer: start off with a large fortune.)

The gambling games offered by casinos act like a drug. It's part physical, part psychological, highs and lows, over and over, in rapid succession. These fluctuations of loss and gain, the glint of light and action, awareness of other people gambling, the sense underneath it all of playing with risk, of living on the edge of danger, are exciting. This is what the expression "getting the adrenalin going" means. The physical sensation—dryness in the throat, sweaty palms, butterflies in the stomach, the feeling of every nerve on full alert—is, for many people, highly pleasurable.



The Cheat with the Ace of Diamonds (circa 1620), by Georges de la Tour.

Some psychologists have suggested a parallel between gambling and sexual excitement: build-up, climax, release of tension, repeated over and over. There is no need to press the analogy too far to make the point that gambling carries a strong emotional charge.

To increase the sense of indulgence, of fantasy, of losing hold of reality, casinos create an ambience far removed from the surround of ordinary life. No clocks. No daylight. Seductive lighting. Flashes of surreal color. The whirl of the slots. The beat of music, pulsing under the noise of greetings, shouts, ringing jackpots, whoops from the winners. Drinks on the house—"Keep 'em coming, baby!"—and on every side, the half-open sexual turn-on of cutey-pie dealers in party dress or cowboy gear. What a heady, glamorous mix! How can anyone long resist it? All of it designed to disorient the gamblers and keep them playing. The

whole operation driven—this is most important—by easy credit. "Another 2,000, Mr. Ashuro, just sign this slip, sir."

The social component of gambling, varying from game to game, finds its most extreme expression in baccarat. The baccarat pit is usually separated from the casino floor by a rail; bystanders can admire or envy it, at a distance. The excitement of baccarat comes from the sheer size of the stakes, up to \$250,000 a hand in the case of Australian tycoon Kerry Packer and a few other very rich men. Again, it is a game requiring no skill whatsoever. (Two sides, Bank and Player, each draw two cards with the option of a third card, to see who gets closer to a total of nine.) Baccarat caters to a select group of monied players who probably can afford more or less anything they want in material terms but who relish the challenge of high-stakes play, of taking on the house. The players know that each hand is the

equivalent of, say, the price of a Cadillac, but the bets are treated simply as so many plastic chips.

What gives this kind of gambling its cachet, its style, is not just the high stakes but another dimension of the game, which might be termed "social pampering." Baccarat provides a handful of top casinos—there is a pecking order among casinos as well—with the cream of their revenue. The managers of these casinos will do anything and everything to attract the high rollers: not merely the routine "comps" (complimentary services) of a free flight and private suite accorded all big gamblers, but the kind of personal attention (such as a favorite chef on call 24 hours a day) designed to gratify a particular customer's every whim. Such high pampering is not readily obtainable in ordinary life, even to the rich. (Girls? Perish the thought! Las Vegas casinos claim they would never risk their gambling licenses for petty prostitution.)

Casino staffs include a particular category of employee called a "host" whose role is to take care of high rollers: the host and the guest each understand that their relationship, cordial as it may be, is based on a false premise—namely the narrow 1.2 percent house edge on baccarat which, cumulatively, is immensely profitable to the casino. But both sides conspire to accept the relationship at face value. (Sometimes the players win a million or two, but so long as they keep coming back, the casino isn't worried.)

The social aspect of gambling comes out most clearly in horse racing. The race track offers a quite different kind of gamble from casino play. For one thing, racing has a public image: people attend race tracks in large numbers, and they read about racing in the papers. The sport can be enjoyed for its own sake. Racing brings together a wide-ranging fraternity of owners, trainers, jockeys, and other followers whose common link is their enthusiasm for the game. In England, this

identity of interest runs from Queen Elizabeth herself all the way down to the cloth-capped punter at the street bookie.

More significantly, from the gambling point of view, horse racing (unlike most casino games) allows room for judgment. The bettor has lots of information to weigh: all the variables of running, timing, handicapping, etc. that comprise form. Horse-race players are notably studious, and the intervals set between races allow time to resolve the more or less insoluble equation of form, to pick a winner. This is a relatively measured form of betting, but being available almost every day, it still carries as much risk of becoming compulsive as any other form of gambling. It is satisfying to make your own judgment (especially if it proves right), but racing is still a gamble—much more so than games such as bridge or backgammon, in which a player's skill, in the shape of his or her own decisions, determines the result.

The element of skill finds its most complete expression in professional gambling. As the odds in gambling are, by definition, against the player, "professional gambling" is something of a misnomer. It connotes players who have managed to turn the odds in their favor. The only casino game in which this occurs is blackjack. Thanks to mathematician Edward Thorp's landmark book *Beat the Dealer* (1962), many thousands of players have learned "counting" (a way of keeping track of the cards in order to increase the stakes when the outcome appears favorable; casinos hate counters and do their best to bar them). "You have to be smart enough to understand the game and dumb enough to think it matters," comments Peter Griffin, author of another treatise on blackjack.

Professional card players certainly exist: poker players, who expect to win more than they lose, and follow no other occupation, work longer hours than many accountants. In the United States, they pay income tax on their earnings. Their edge comes from exploiting

the weakness of less-skilled players. "Ain't only three things to gamblin'," according to W. C. "Puggy" Pearson, former world poker champion. "Knowin' the 60:40 end of a proposition, money management, and knowin' yourself." There is at the same time a camaraderie among groups of gamblers, whether they are card players or horse-race players (or stock market speculators), which gives their activity an added dimension of a sense of belonging beyond the activity itself.

The truly professional gamblers are the casinos themselves. "If you wanna make money in a casino, own one!" advises Steve Wynn, president of Mirage Resorts, Inc. As the most successful operator in the gaming industry, he has proved his point. The casinos, by gratifying the gambling instincts of the rest of us, are betting on a sure thing. The odds are always in their favor. And if they get the operation right (not as easy it looks, as competition gets tougher), they must win. It took Wall Street some time to grasp this essential truth and accept casino stocks as respectable, but they are now a popular—perhaps even blue-chip—investment.

The rise of privately and publicly sponsored legalized gambling has consequences that are double-edged in different ways for communities and individuals. And the irony is that while the individual pleasures and psychic rewards of gambling have been generally underappreciated, the social and economic benefits of legalized betting are generally overestimated.

It was Atlantic City that launched the gambling spree across the United States, taking it well beyond the arid confines of Nevada. The first casino opened its doors on the Boardwalk in 1978. Atlantic City became a model for other jurisdictions eager to cash in, so they fondly imagined, on easy money. It was an unfortunate model, because,

as anyone who has been there can vouch, Atlantic City is a dismal failure. Instead of being transformed into a new community, the old resort has remained essentially what it was, a glorified dump.

There are exceptions to the Atlantic City model. The most extraordinary, surreal even, eruption of gambling in America has occurred in an unlikely location: the green hills of Connecticut. Foxwoods, on the 2,000-acre reservation of the Mashantucket Pequot tribe, is now the most successful casino in the United States, indeed, in the English-speaking world. It plays host to 45,000 visitors a day. Its annual "drop" (money gambled) is more than \$800 million, its total "win" (money held after paying out the winners, before expenses) around 20 percent of this sum. And all this since 1991. Foxwoods has brought thousands of new jobs to a region in decline. The collapse of the shipbuilding industry in New London as the result of post-Cold War military cutbacks cost 6,000 jobs. Foxwoods has more than made up this total and has plans to add still more hotels and entertainment attractions.

Yet many of the jurisdictions that are so confidently promoting gambling today will discover that the economic benefits are illusory. Even Foxwoods could some day see an end to the easy money as competition in the region rises. What tends to occur is a diversion, rather than a net growth of economic resources. Gambling is, after all, different from other leisure activities. It can so easily destroy people. It can encourage false hopes, undermine thrift, and lead to compulsive behavior. It must be prudently controlled. The risk now is that it may do some of these things to entire communities as well. Even those (such as myself) who appreciate the revivifying effects of a night at the casino or a day at the race track may care to shade their bets in the face of the gambling fever that now grips the United States.

AMERICA'S GAMBLING FEVER

It is only a little far-fetched to suppose that humans began to gamble almost as soon as they learned to walk. Archaeological evidence suggests that people began rolling astragali (dicelike objects made from the ankle bone of a sheep or dog) some 40,000 years ago.

From the Etruscans to the American Indians, virtually all of the world's peoples have played games of chance. As Lorenz J. Ludovici notes in *The Itch for Play* (Jarrolds, 1962), such games were rarely uncontroversial. Hindu holy books warn against playing with dice; Aristotle regarded dice players as thieves.

Some of the roots of the speculative urge lie in a desire to learn the mind of God. In the Old Testament, God commands Moses to divide the Promised Land by lot. Yet He also rebukes the children of Israel for "preparing a table for Luck." As late as the 17th century, Protestant ministers were agonizing over when it was permissible to cast lots.

Many people gamble just because it's fun. Yet even a game, it appears, is not always just a game. The deeper functions of play are explored in Johan Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* (1938, repr. Harper, 1970) and Roger Caillois's *Man, Play, and Games* (1958, repr. Schocken, 1979).

Last but far from least on the list of goads to gambling are greed and compulsion. Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *Gambler* (1847) features literature's most famous wretched card-and-dice man. From the social sciences come a number of books, including *Compulsive Gambling* (Lexington, 1989), edited by Howard J. Schaffer. Dostoyevsky's own compulsive gambling is the subject of an essay by Sigmund Freud in *The Psychology of Gambling* (Harper, 1975), edited by Jon Halliday and Peter Fuller. Noting that Dostoyevsky was at his best as a writer when most nearly reduced to penury by gambling, Freud speculated that "when his sense of guilt was satisfied by the punishment he had inflicted upon himself, the inhibition upon his work became less severe and he allowed himself to take a few steps along the road to success."

The heavy moral baggage tends to tip the balance in many books. A good account of gam-

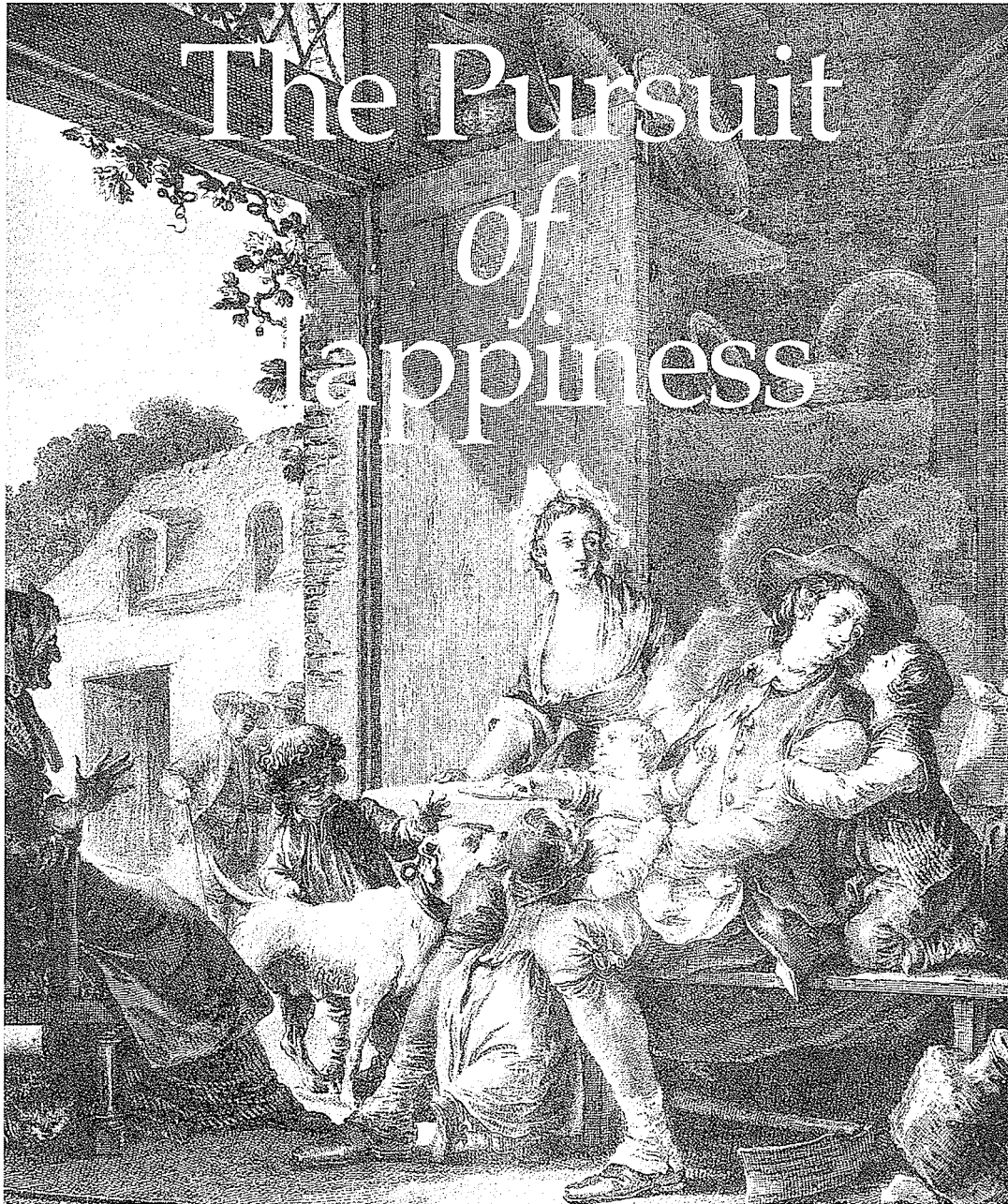
bling in ancient times, for example, is *Fools of Fortune* (Anti-Gambling Assoc., 1892), by reformed gambler John Philip Quinn. His well-stuffed narrative—including digressions on matters such as the "nail prick" and "shiner" methods used by card cheats in his own day—is wrapped in a violent antigambling tirade. A more lighthearted survey of the scene in 19th-century Europe is Ralph Nevill's *Light Come, Light Go* (Macmillan, 1909).

In *Gambling and Speculation* (Cambridge, 1990), a less ambitious survey, Reuven Brenner takes a decidedly more relaxed view than Quinn. Other histories include *The Business of Risk* (Univ. Press of Kansas, 1985), by Vicki Abt, James F. Smith, and Eugene Martin Christensen; *Sucker's Progress* (1938, repr. Patterson Smith, 1969), by Herbert Asbury; and *Play the Devil* (Potter, 1960), by Henry Chafetz. The best historical survey of the American scene is John Findlay's *People of Chance* (Oxford, 1986).

In *Card Sharps, Dream Books, and Bucket Shops* (Cornell, 1990), Ann Fabian argues that condemnation of gambling grew in tandem with capitalism in 19th-century America. Gambling, she says, became a "negative analogue," [which] made all other efforts to get rich appear normal, natural, and socially salubrious."

William R. Eadington and Judy A. Cornelius, both of the University of Nevada, Reno, have edited a number of volumes surveying recent research, including most recently *Gambling and Commercial Gaming* (Inst. for the Study of Gambling, 1992). On lotteries, see *Selling Hope* (Harvard, 1989), by Charles T. Clotfelter and Philip J. Cook.

One of the most thoughtful books in the field is *House of Cards* (Little, Brown, 1978), by Jerome H. Skolnick. Writing before the recent casino explosion, Skolnick worried that the spread of American-style legalized gambling would spur problem gambling, create an oversupply of casinos, and breed corruption of various kinds. Once left largely to the states, he wrote, the question of legalization might eventually become a major concern of the federal government.



True Happiness by Moreau le Jeune

BY ROBERT DARNTON

*Most Americans take it for granted as a natural extension of “life” and “liberty.”
But as the author shows, the pursuit of happiness is an idea that has long
been debated—and whose meaning is still up for grabs.*

The idea of happiness has become so deeply embedded in American culture that it sometimes disappears from sight. It is everywhere and nowhere, an implicit assumption that colors a world view, hardly an idea at all. But an idea it very much is, and, if seen from the perspective of the history of ideas, it has a long and impressive pedigree.

It appears among the ancients in the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle and especially in the thought of the Epicureans and Stoics. The Epicureans incorporated the concept of happiness into a general philosophy of pleasure and pain, which led to an ethics of rational self-interest. The Stoics linked it to withdrawal from the dangerous hurly-burly of civic life and contentment in the minimal pleasures of life in Arcadian retreats. "Happy is he who, far away from business, like the race of men of old, tills his ancestral fields with his own oxen, unbound by any interest to pay," said Horace in the first century B.C. One could find similar sentiments scattered throughout the Augustan poetry and Ciceronian rhetoric of the Romans.

Not, however, among the early Christians. Before his death in 604 A.D., Saint Augustine characterized life on this side of the City of God as the pursuit of vanity through a vale of tears. His message corresponded to the human condition as it was experienced by most people for the next thousand years, when men and women worked the fields in a state of semislavery, ate little more than bread and broth, and died young. Theirs was an existence best summed up by Thomas Hobbes's description of life in the state of nature: "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

By the 15th century, however, philosophers were facing a revived notion of pleasure—earthly as in Boccaccio and refined as in the court of the Medici. To be sure, the classical revival was snuffed out in Florence by Savonarola's bonfire of vanities in 1497

and in Rome by the troops of Charles V during the sack of 1527. The reformations and religious wars made happiness as a consummation to be desired this side of the grave look more unlikely than ever.

But in the Age of Enlightenment the idea of happiness revived once again, attached to other notions such as progress and prosperity. The Enlightenment philosophers took happiness to be the end of man's life as an individual and of society's existence as a collectivity. The most radical of them, Diderot, Rousseau, Helvétius, and d'Holbach, built the concept of happiness into a modernized Epicureanism, reinforced with a strong civic consciousness.

Having reached this point, philosophy in the 19th and 20th centuries could not turn back, despite the countercurrents of pessimism stirred up by figures such as Nietzsche and Freud. Jeremy Bentham's rallying cry, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," actually was formulated by two philosophes of the Enlightenment, Francis Hutcheson in Scotland and Cesare Beccaria in Italy. Bentham worked it into a philosophy of enlightened self-interest derived from Epicurus and Lucretius and adapted to the reform politics of Britain. For Karl Marx, the prophet of socialist happiness, liberal reforms could never reconcile individual and collective interests, because class interests stood in the way. Instead, Marx imagined happiness as a historical state to be reached at the end of a dialectical process by society as a whole.

Such, in a snapshot, is how a history of the idea of happiness might look if seen at a very great distance, like the earth photographed from the moon. But from such a perspective, everything blurs into everything else. What would notions of happiness look like if seen up close? I would like to examine two such views located at what I have identified as the great turning point in the history of happiness, the Age of En-

lightenment. More precisely, I want to explore two famous phrases: "We must cultivate our garden," offered by Voltaire as the conclusion to *Candide* (1759), and the right to "the pursuit of Happiness" proclaimed by Jefferson in the American Declaration of Independence. The effort, I hope, will shed light on that curiously quicksilver phenomenon known as "the American way of life."

The last line of *Candide*, "We must cultivate our garden," is the final remark in a philosophical discourse that accompanies a fast-moving, picaresque plot. Spoken by the chastened protagonist, it is meant to answer a question. But what was that question? None of the characters in the final chapter of the book ask *Candide* anything. They chatter past one another as they have done throughout the entire story. The question is provided by the story itself. In pursuing his true love, Cunegonde, from one adventure to another, *Candide* is pursuing happiness. How can happiness be found? That is the question posed by the novel, as by the entire French Enlightenment, and the answer can be reformulated as "Happiness lies in the cultivation of our garden."

Of the many glosses on the text, four stand out: Stoic withdrawal (by shutting themselves up in the garden, *Candide* and his companions turn their backs on politics); pastoral utopianism (the little society supports itself by farming, cutting itself off from commercial capitalism); secular salvation through work (everyone in the group labors hard, thereby staving off poverty, boredom and vice); and cultural *engagement* (cultivation means commitment to the cause of civi-

lization). There is something to be said for each of these interpretations. Each fits the context of Voltaire's concerns in 1758 as he composed *Candide*: his quarrel with Frederick II; the horrors of the Seven Years War; the even more horrible disaster of the Lisbon earthquake; Voltaire's debate over the problem of evil with the followers of Leibniz and Wolff; and his recent decision to retire as a country gentleman to Les Délices, where he worked hard at creating a garden of his own.

The garden motif also summons up the Christian utopia of Eden, a favorite target of Voltaire in his youth. As a freethinking man about town in Regency Paris, he celebrated the pleasures of high society or "le monde" and derided Christian asceticism. Thus, in his youthful credo, "Le Mondain," he mocked the barbarity of our mythical ancestors in a weedy, unkempt Garden. He pictured Adam as an ape-man dragging his knuckles on the ground and Eve as a foul-smelling slut with dirt under her fingernails. Instead of Eden, Voltaire celebrated the world of wit and beauty enjoyed by the rich and the well-born in "le monde." Happiness was not to be found in paradise but in Paris, not in the afterlife but in the here and now. "Terrestrial paradise is where I am," concluded "Le Mondain." It was an Epicurean credo, flung in the face of the church, and it captured the spirit of salon society in the early 18th century. But it had nothing to say to most of humanity, which lived in misery outside the salons.

By 1758, Voltaire had seen more of the world. But he did not cease to delight in the good things of life. The last chapter of *Candide* includes a description of the hospi-

Robert Darnton is Shelby Cullom Davis Professor of European History at Princeton University. He is the author of, among other books, *The Literary Underground of the Old Regime* (1982) and *The Forbidden Best Sellers of Pre-Revolutionary France* (1995). This essay is adapted from a lecture given in Tokyo on October 6, 1993, to celebrate the opening of the Japanese Institute for Advanced Study, and draws heavily from the following works: Robert Mauzi, *L'idée du bonheur dans la littérature et la pensée françaises au XVIIIe siècle* (1979); Howard Mumford Jones, *The Pursuit of Happiness* (1953); Ursula M. von Eckardt, *The Pursuit of Happiness in the Democratic Creed* (1959); and Rhys Isaac, *The Transformation of Virginia 1740-1790* (1982).

tality offered by a philosophic Turk, whose little farm provides a model for Candide's: exquisite sorbet, a fine selection of fruits and nuts, "mocca coffee which was not mixed with the bad coffee of Batavia" (Voltaire was a coffee addict), courteous service by the two daughters of the host, and intelligent conversation. Candide had received the same kind of hospitality, though on a grander scale, from the philosopher-king of Eldorado, the utopian society described in the middle of the novel. Voltaire himself offered it to visitors at Les Délices and later at Ferney. What distinguished this kind of good life from the Epicureanism advocated by the young Voltaire in "Le Mondain"?

The setting, for one thing. Candide settled his community at the eastern edge of European civilization, just as Voltaire established his estate at the eastern boundary of France, far from Paris and far from politics. "I never inform myself about what is going on in Constantinople," the philosophic Turk tells Candide. Of course, Voltaire worked hard to keep himself informed about intrigues in the French capital, but he had cut himself off from court life. He had withdrawn from "le monde," and he had changed his tone. A new note of anger and darkness crept into all his writing after he fled from Frederick II and Berlin. He found himself increasingly confronted with unhappiness—and, worse, evil.

Consider one of the unhappiest moments in Voltaire's life. It occurred in 1730. His beloved mistress, the great actress Adrienne Lecouvreur, suddenly died after playing the lead in his tragedy, *Oedipe*. Voltaire had sat by her bed in her last agony, and he may well have witnessed the unceremonious disposal of her corpse. Death struck Adrienne Lecouvreur before she had time to renounce her profession and receive Extreme Unction. As actors and actresses were excluded from the rites of the church, her body could not be buried

in hallowed ground. Therefore, it was dumped in a ditch and covered with quicklime to speed its decomposition.

This obscene act obsessed Voltaire right up to the moment of his own death, when he feared that his body would receive the same treatment. It appears in some of his most impassioned poetry, in the *Lettres philosophiques*, and even in *Candide*. In chapter 22, Candide visits Paris and is told the story in all its horror. He then remarks: "That [was] very impolite." Not what we would expect by way of a comment on a barbarism that had set a lover's blood to boil.

But Voltaire filled the word "politeness" with a passion that may escape the 20th-century eye. The first characteristic Candide noticed among the inhabitants of the utopian society of Eldorado was their "extreme politeness." He marveled at their good manners, elegant clothing, sumptuous housing, exquisite food, sophisticated conversation, refined taste, and superb wit. The king of Eldorado epitomized those qualities. Like the philosophic Turk at the end of the book, he "received them with all imaginable grace and invited them politely to supper." Utopia is above all a "société polie" or "policée," which amounts to the same thing.

The 18th-century notion of "police" could be translated roughly as rational administration. It belonged (conceptually, not etymologically) to a series of interlocking terms—*poli*, *policé*, *politique*—that extend from culture to politics. For Voltaire, the cultural system of the Old Regime shaded off into a power system, and the code of polite society belonged to the politics of enlightened absolutism.

The interpenetration of culture and politics is the main theme of Voltaire's most ambitious treatise, *Le Siècle de Louis XIV* (1751). This was a crucial work for 18th-century writers, a book that defined the literary system of the Old Regime and that created literary history in France. In it, Voltaire

CANDIDE,
OU
L'OPTIMISME,

TRADUIT DE L'ALLEMAND.

DE

DOCTEUR RALPH.



M D C C L I X.

effectively argued that all history is literary history. Kings, queens, and generals do not count in the long run, although they attract most of the attention of their contemporaries and occupy a good deal of Voltaire's narrative. What matters above all is civilization. So, of the four "happy" ages in the history of mankind, the happiest of all was the age of Louis XIV, when French literature reached its zenith and the politeness ("la politesse et l'esprit de société") of the French court set a standard for all of Europe.

By civilization, Voltaire meant the moving force in history, a combination of aesthetic and social elements, manners and mores ("mœurs"), which pushes society toward the ideal of Eldorado, a state in which men are perfectly "polis" and "polisés." So Voltaire understood politesse as power, and he saw an essential connection between classical French literature and the absolutism of the French state under Louis XIV. This argument underlies the key episodes of *Le Siècle de Louis XIV*. Louis mas-

ters the French language by studying the works of Corneille, he controls the court by staging plays, and he dominates the kingdom by turning the court itself into an exemplary theatre. That idea may be a cliché now, but Voltaire invented it. He saw power as performance: the acting out of a cultural code. This code spread from Versailles to Paris, to the provinces, and to the rest of Europe. Voltaire does not deny the importance of armies, but he interprets the supremacy of Louis XIV as ultimately a matter of cultural hegemony. The script for his court tour de force was written by Molière, whom Voltaire describes both as a "philosophe" and as "the legislator of the code of conduct in polite society" ("le législateur des bienséances du monde.")

However anachronistic and inaccurate, this view of history conveys something more than the chase after the good things in life in "Le Mondain." It conveys direction, purpose, power—something akin to the "civilizing process" of Norbert Elias. It also demotes kings and puts philosophes in their place as the true masters of history, and it makes the historical process look progressive—uneven, to be sure, but one in which barbarism retreats before the forces of politeness.

Candide finally joins those forces. He becomes a philosophe—not a false philosopher, like his tutor Pangloss, but a true one, who opts for engagement instead of withdrawal. His pursuit of happiness, in the person of Cunegonde, does not lead to a happy ending. When he finally marries her, she has become ugly and disagreeable. But the pursuit has taught him to commit himself to something more substantial: polite society, or the process of civilization.

The pursuit of Happiness" is even more familiar to Americans than "We must cultivate our garden" is to the French. It is the most memorable phrase in the American Declaration of Independence, the rhetorical climax to Thomas

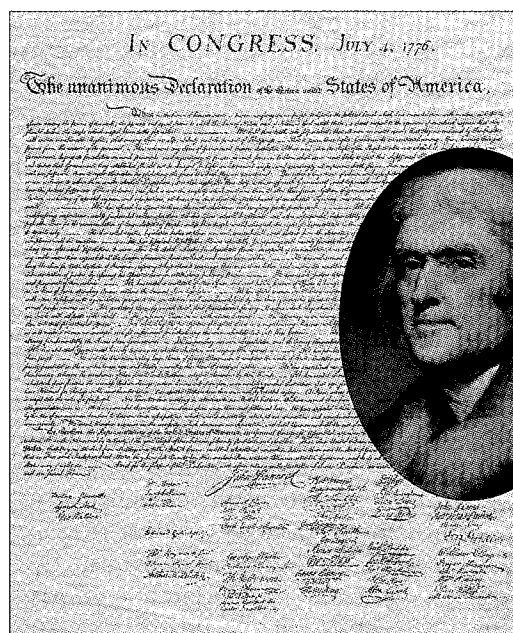
Jefferson's enunciation of natural rights and revolutionary theory: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." What did Jefferson mean by "the pursuit of Happiness?" And what does his meaning have to do with a subject that belongs to the history of mentalities—namely, "the American way of life"?

Analysts of political discourse often determine meaning by showing what is not said as well as what is said. "Life, liberty, and property" was the standard formula in the political debates of the English-speaking world during the 17th and 18th centuries. In substituting "the pursuit of Happiness" for property, the Declaration of Independence deviated significantly from other founding charters—the Petition of Right and the Declaration of Rights connected with the English revolutions of 1640 and 1688, for example, and the declarations of the American Stamp Act Congress of 1765 as well as the First Continental Congress of 1774. If "the pursuit of Happiness" is to be viewed as a speech act, its meaning must consist, at least in part, in an implicit comparison with the right of property. By omitting property from his phrasing, did Jefferson reveal himself to be a secret socialist? Can Americans cite him today in order to legitimate demands for social welfare legislation and to oppose the advocates of minimal, laissez-faire government?

Before tearing Jefferson out of the 18th century and plunging him into the midst of our own ideological quarrels, it would be wise to ask how "happiness" resonated in the context of his time. As a philosophically minded lawyer, he had a thorough knowledge of the natural law tradition, which went back to Plato and Aristotle and was formulated for the law students of his generation by Locke, Pufendorf, Burlamaqui, and Blackstone. The most important of these was Locke. (Jefferson had a personal distaste for Blackstone's *Com-*

mentaries.) In fact, Locke was so important that many scholars have considered him the grandfather of the American Declaration of Independence, which advanced a contractual theory of government that seemed to come straight out of his *Second Treatise on Civil Government* (1690).

The *Second Treatise* certainly provides grounds for asserting a right to revolution if the government violates its contractual obligations to the citizenry. But a right to happiness? Locke kept to the usual trinity—"life, liberty, and property." In his *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690), however, he stretched "property" into "lives, liberties, and estates," and then went on to talk of "that property which men have in their persons as well as goods." In doing so, he shifted ground from law to psychology. Property in one's person implied the liberty to develop the self, and self-development for Locke was an epistemological process. It took place when men combined and reflected on sensations, the primary signals of pleasure and pain, according to the procedure described in the *Essay*. Thus, the sensationalism of Locke's epistemology could



be combined with the natural rights of his political theory in a way that would open the road to the right to happiness. In short, Locke, too, was a philosopher of happiness. He said so himself: "As therefore the highest perfection of intellectual nature lies in a careful and constant pursuit of true and solid happiness, so the care of ourselves that we mistake not imaginary for real happiness is the necessary foundation of our liberty."

But Jefferson did not need to combine passages from the two John Lockes, the Locke of the *Second Treatise* and the Locke of the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, because the work had already been done for him by his friend George Mason. Mason was the one who did the most to stretch "property" into "happiness" in the philosophical deliberations of Virginia's radical squierarchy. Like Jefferson, Mason had a library packed with the works of philosophers, ancient and modern, in Gunston Hall, his country estate. Having worked through this material while participating in the agitation over the Stamp Act, Mason drafted a series of manifestos about representative government and natural rights. He discussed them with like-minded country gentlemen—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Patrick Henry—around dinner tables and through correspondence. He debated them in free-holder meetings, held in the brick courthouse of Fairfax County, in 1774 and 1775.

Then, in May 1776, the Virginians met at Williamsburg and declared themselves independent of Great Britain. Mason provided the philosophic justification for this revolutionary step by drafting a "Declaration of Rights," which included the phrase: "All men are created equally free and independent, and have certain inherent natural rights . . . among which are the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety." Mason's wording runs exactly parallel to the famous phrase that Jefferson wrote into the Declaration of Independence a month later. It suggests that hap-

pinness is not opposed to property but is an extension of it.

Jefferson made no pretense to originality. He described his statement of principles as the mere "common sense of the subject." And a half-century later, when he discussed the Declaration of Independence in a letter to James Madison, he explained further: "Neither aiming at originality of principle or sentiment, nor yet copied from any particular and previous writing, it was intended to be an expression of the American mind."

Common sense" and "the American mind"—we are entering territory the French call "the history of mentalities," and which I would prefer to describe as anthropological history. The American anthropologist Clifford Geertz has analyzed common sense as a "cultural system"—that is, as an admixture of attitudes, values, and cognitive schemata that ordinary people use to make sense of the world. Ordinary people, not philosophers. True, Jefferson, Madison, Mason, and their crowd look like American-style philosophes. And when compared with today's statesmen, they look like giants. But they were also Virginia farmers who inhabited a common-sense world of tobacco plantations, Georgian manor houses, Episcopal churches, county courts, taverns, horse races, and (let us not forget it) slavery. The plantations kept them separated from one another in semiautonomous units ordered according to patriarchal principles. The churches and courthouses drew them together in settings that reinforced the social hierarchy. The taverns and horse races gave them a chance to vent their passions and strut their status. And the slavery indicated the limitations of statements such as "all men are created equal."

This contradiction did not weigh too heavily with men who thought of themselves as successors to the slave-holding patricians of Augustan Rome. Their librar-

ies confirmed the message of their larders. The classicism of their education echoed the classical architecture of their houses. Cicero and Seneca rang true, because they conformed with the values of order and hierarchy given off by the everyday surroundings in Virginia. So did Locke, the spokesman of a Whig aristocracy aligned against an alien, absolutist monarchy. In short, the philosophizing fit the social environment, not as an ideological afterthought but as the reflective gentleman's way of making sense of what his common sense already proclaimed. "Sense" in this respect belonged to what Max Weber called "Sinnzusammenhang," or "elective affinities": it was a way of ordering reality.

How did the Virginians describe reality in more casual moments, when they were not composing theoretical manifestos? Here is Jefferson again, writing from his country estate in 1810:

I am retired to Monticello, where, in the bosom of my family, and surrounded by my books, I enjoy a repose to which I have been long a stranger. My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner, I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark, I give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends; and from candle light to early bedtime, I read. My health is perfect; and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue. . . . I talk of ploughs and harrows, of seeding and harvesting, with my neighbors, and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please.

This is happiness, something embedded in the daily course of life. It is an American way of life—but closer to Horace and Virgil than to the America of Madison Avenue and Wall Street.

Also, it should be added, the Horatian glow dimmed during the next 16 years, a period when Monticello nearly collapsed into bankruptcy and its master felt increasingly alienated from the Jacksonian variety of politics, a speculative surge of capitalism, and an evangelical revival of religion. By cultivating his garden in Monticello, Jefferson withdrew from the world—unlike Voltaire, who used Ferney as a fortress for conquering it.

If Jefferson himself found an increasing disparity between his ideals of the 1770s and the realities of the 1820s, how did Americans see any continuity at all between his way of life and theirs during the next century-and-a-half? Horatian Jeffersonianism and industrial capitalism seem so far apart that one would think they have nothing in common. Yet they are bound together by a common thread: the pursuit of happiness.

As the intellectual historian Howard Mumford Jones has shown, that theme provides one of the leitmotifs of American jurisprudence. If, as the Declaration of Independence proclaims, I have a right to happiness, shouldn't the courts enforce it? Unfortunately, the Declaration of Independence did not become part of constitutional law, except as it was rewritten in the form of the Bill of Rights, and the Bill of Rights does not mention happiness. The state constitutions, however, do. Two-thirds of them have adopted some variant of Jefferson's phrase. So for more than a century Americans have gone to court, suing their authorities and one another over a right they believe belongs to them by fundamental law. They have claimed the right to happiness in order to set up massage parlors, sell contraceptives, and smoke opium. They have rarely succeeded, but their attempts indicate the prevalence of a general attitude—that the pursuit of happiness is a basic ingredient of the American way of life.

Of course, a great deal besides constitutional law went into this cultural pattern. The

open frontier, the availability of land, the gold rush, the seemingly endless opportunities for getting rich and getting ahead—all oriented values around the notion of happiness in the 19th century. In each case, happiness appeared as something to be pursued, not something showered down from heaven; and the pursuit often led westward. In this respect, the Jeffersonian ideal also provided a jumping-off point, because the agrarian, yeoman democracy favored by Jefferson provided the ideological impulse for the conquest of the frontier. In the Northwest Territory Act and the Louisiana Purchase, Jefferson himself tried to shape the settlement of the West in a way that would perpetuate the society of farmer-philosophes he had known in Virginia. Horace Greeley and other publicists echoed this idea when they proclaimed, "Go West, young man!"

The real impulse, however, was money, money and land, the chance to get rich quick. The gold rush precipitated a general *Drang nach Westen*. Ever since 1848, it has seemed that the whole country has tried to move to California. I am exaggerating, of course, because the great waves of immigrants who were carried across the Atlantic during the late 19th and early 20th centuries generally washed onto the East Coast and emptied themselves in the slums between Boston and Baltimore. Many of the poor from Kiev and Naples never got farther west than the East Side of Manhattan, although their descendants usually crossed the Hudson and settled in the suburbs of New Jersey—not exactly in Jeffersonian freeholds but on their own plots of land, in houses with gardens and white picket fences, which turned into the new version of the American dream. To such people, America really was the land of opportunity, even if it took two generations to extricate themselves from the slums, even if suburbia was a far cry from the Oregon Trail.

Thus did the Jeffersonian vision become transformed into the American dream, a

vision that was basically materialistic but that inflamed imaginations throughout the Old World, where millions struggled to get out and to get ahead. The dream is still alive today, although the immigrants generally come from Latin America and settle in Miami, Houston, and Los Angeles. But its realization remains an elusive goal to many African Americans, whose ancestors—who did the work on Jefferson's plantation—were legally excluded from its pursuit and who provided a living witness to the tragic flaw in the American dream.

That did not prevent the dream from gathering more force in the second half of the 20th century. Technology seemed to bring happiness within the reach of nearly everyone, because it provided the means of controlling the environment, of enjoying pleasure and mitigating pain. The point may be so obvious that we cannot see it, because we have become insulated from the pains of everyday life that existed in the age of Jefferson. If I may provide a homely example, I would cite George Washington's teeth. Washington had terrible teeth. He lost them, one by one, and finally acquired a full set of false teeth, made of bone, lead, and gold. The "Father of Our Country" and the toothache—it seems incongruous, but having read thousands of letters from the 18th century, I often think of the dread of rotting teeth, the horror of the itinerant tooth puller, the sheer pain in jaws everywhere in the early modern world. Dentistry may not look like a particularly noble calling, but it has weighed heavier than many professions in the hedonistic calculus we have inherited from Epicurus and Jeremy Bentham.

To dentistry, add medicine in general, vaccination, public hygiene, contraception, insurance, retirement benefits, unemployment compensation, lightning rods, central heating, air conditioning . . . the list could

go on forever, because it leads through the endless array of goods we associate with the so-called consumer society and the services we expect of the "welfare state." I know that these are hard times for millions of Americans and that my remarks may sound hollow. But I have spent so much time in the 18th century that I cannot fail to be impressed with how much control man has gained over his environment in the 19th and 20th centuries.

The pursuit of happiness in America has spilled over from science and technology into popular culture, a favorite subject for historians of mentality. The most exotic varieties bloom in southern California: hot tubs, "perfect" waves, "deep" massage, fat farms, love clinics, and therapy of every conceivable kind, not to mention the happy endings that still prevail in Hollywood. This kind of popular culture can easily be caricatured, but it cannot be dismissed easily, because it has spread throughout the country and now the world. One encounters the face of "Joe Happy"—a circle with a smile in it—everywhere: pasted on windows, pinned in buttonholes, even, I have found, dotting the i's in students' papers. Along with the current greeting—"have a nice day"—it expresses the thumbs-up, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed form of public behavior that can be so annoying to Europeans, who prefer the limp handshake, the down-at-the-mouth Gauloise, and the café slouch as a style of self-presentation.

Of course, many other strains run through the patterns of culture in everyday America, and many run counter to the pursuit of happiness. In order to situate the motif of happiness within the pattern as a whole, it is important to keep three considerations in mind. First, America has always contained a vocal minority of cockeyed pessimists. The American jeremiad arrived on the *Mayflower*,

along with sermonizing about the "City on a Hill," or colony of saints. While Thomas Jefferson expanded on Locke, Jonathan Edwards defined happiness as follows:

The sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever. It will not only make them more sensible of the greatness and freeness of the grace of God in their happiness; but it will really make their happiness the greater, as it will make them more sensible of their own happiness; it will give them a more lively relish of it.

Americans have been avid consumers of anti-utopian literature: 1984, *Animal Farm*, *Brave New World*, and dark varieties of science fiction. They also have produced a vast amount of pessimistic literature, from Hawthorne and Melville to T. S. Eliot, Kurt Vonnegut, and John Updike. The Civil War, the closing of the frontier, the Great Depression, the Beat generation, and the antiwar activists of the 1960s represented so many stages of disillusionment with the American dream. Most young people today feel they live in a world of limited resources rather than unlimited opportunity. Public opinion polls indicate that they do not expect to do better than their parents. If they no longer worry about a nuclear catastrophe and the Cold War, they sense economic contraction and ecological disaster everywhere. In the face of the AIDS epidemic, many of them feel angry—at the government and at the world in general, for AIDS represents the ultimate denial of the pursuit of happiness as a way of life.

Second, those who continue to believe in happiness as an end often pursue it with an earnestness that looks self-contradictory. They take up extreme forms of asceticism. They diet, they jog, they lift weights, they deprive themselves of tobacco, meat, butter, and all the pleasures that Falstaff categorized under the rubric "cakes and ale." To what end? To live forever? Aging has now become a major industry in America, and the American way of life has evolved into the American way

of death—that is, the subculture of funeral “homes” and pastoral cemeteries that dress death up so prettily as to deny it. But most of America’s worldly ascetics have transformed the old Protestant ethic into a new cult of the self. *Self* magazine, the “me generation,” and the appeals to building a better body and developing a more assertive or better-balanced personality all express a general egoism that looks like the opposite of the Stoical and Puritanical varieties of self-discipline practiced by the Founding Fathers.

Egocentric asceticism brings us to the third point, John Kenneth Galbraith’s characterization of the American way of life as “private wealth and public squalor.” Despite food stamps and Social Security, the welfare state never made much headway in the United States. True, the national parks and some of the state systems of higher education opened the door to happiness for many millions. But the consumer culture (we do not have a national sales tax) and the cult of rugged individualism (we do not stand in line at bus stops) stood in the way of state-sponsored projects to assure a minimal degree of happiness for the entire population.

Roosevelt’s New Deal, launched to the tune of “Happy Days Are Here Again,” provided no answer to the problems of poverty and racism. Those problems continue to fester at the center of our cities, while individuals pursue their personal welfare in the private enclosures of our suburbs. It is, I believe, a national disgrace, but it is also a general problem—one that goes back to the opposition between the private and the public varieties of happiness that were incarnated in Voltaire and Rousseau, and back even further to the Epicureans and the traditions of antiquity. While remaining rooted in the Jeffersonian tradition, the American pursuit of happiness shares promises and problems that have characterized Western

civilization in general.

What to make of it all? The leitmotifs in patterns of culture do not lead to bottom lines, so I will not try to end with a firm conclusion. Instead, let me cite two examples of the pursuit of happiness I recently came upon. The first expresses the technical, commercial, and individualistic strain. Dr. Raymond West announced a couple of years ago that “happiness is a warm stethoscope,” and offered a new invention to an astonished world: a stethoscope warmer, which would make health checkups more pleasurable and abolish forever the unpleasurable sensation of “ice-cubes on the back.”

The second example is less trivial. It expresses the collective end of the American republic as it was originally defined by Thomas Jefferson, and it comes from the inaugural address President Clinton delivered in January 1993:

When our founders boldly declared America’s independence to the world and our purposes to the Almighty, they knew that America, to endure, would have to change. Not change for change’s sake, but change to preserve America’s ideals—life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness.

Noble words. But Clinton would do well to think of Washington as well as Jefferson—Washington the statesman and Washington the victim of tooth decay. Imagine Washington sitting down to a banquet in Candide’s garden. If we are ever to bring together the two ways of pursuing happiness, the individual and the social, we should follow Washington’s example, set our jaws firmly, grit our teeth, tuck in, and dedicate ourselves to the public welfare. Such, at least, is the view of one American at a moment when the welfare state looks as beleaguered as Monticello.

THE OTHER CAMUS

Among Paris's postwar intellectuals, Albert Camus stood apart—both for his independence and his compelling lucidity. Yet few of his admirers knew how different Camus was even from the persona that came through in his early, existential writings. As our author shows, the publication of Camus's last, uncompleted novel brings us closer to the man we barely knew.



Albert Camus, 1956

BY ROBERT ROYAL

What they did not like in him was the Algerian.
—From *The First Man* (Notes and Sketches)

Albert Camus died in literature's most stunning car crash on January 4, 1960; he had lived in two very different worlds. One extended into the highest reaches of French intellectual and political life and brought him fame and honors, including the 1957 Nobel Prize for literature. The other was that of the lower-class European workers in the Belcourt quarter of Algiers where Camus was reared, a world of "poverty and sunlight."

Even the details of his death reflected his movement between these two worlds. Returning from a vacation in the south of France with Michel Gallimard, scion of the prestigious Parisian publishing family,

Camus died instantly when Gallimard lost control of his Facel Vega and struck a tree. (Gallimard died several days later.) Camus's body, accompanied by only a few family members and close friends, was taken back to the cemetery at Lourmarin, a humble village in Provence where, in the last few years of his life, he liked to write.

Camus's deep loyalty to the worlds of high art and simple human existence may be sensed in almost everything he wrote, but nowhere more poignantly than in *The First Man*, the unfinished manuscript found in his briefcase near the scene of the crash. The Camus family allowed scholars to consult the text of *The First Man* after the author's death, but, because it was unpolished and incomplete, withheld it from publication. Destroying it was unthinkable, however. Camus's daughter, Catherine, finally decided to oversee its publication. An instant sensation when it appeared in France last year, the novel remained on the best-seller lists for months. In her note to the American edition, which came out in August, Catherine reminds us that her father "was a very reserved man and would no doubt have masked his own feelings far more in its final version." But she also points to one of the novel's more intriguing qualities: in it, Camus's voice sounds much as it did to those who knew him best.

The First Man also reveals how Camus, throughout his career, was both shadowed and inspired by the voiceless mass of people who, like the Algerians of his youth, go through their lives leaving barely a trace of their existence. Many of his tensions as a writer may have had to do with, on the one hand, his fear of sterility, a falling back into the simple silence of those people, and, on the other, his will to express the truth and beauty of their existence to a wholly different world.

In the preface to a new edition of some of his early work that appeared shortly before his death, Camus remarked that a writer "keeps within himself a single source which nourishes during his lifetime what he is and what he says. As for myself, I know that my source is in . . . the poverty and sunlight I lived in for so long, whose memory still saves me from two opposing dangers that threaten every artist, resentment and self-satisfaction."

In its printed version, *The First Man* runs to more than 300 pages, an already large text for the usually succinct Camus. But there are many indications that he was embarking on something even larger. *The First Man* was to have been, Camus said, "the novel of my maturity," a large-scale saga on the order of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, encompassing the whole panorama of Algerian history from the 1830 French conquest and subsequent colonization down through the Nazi Occupation and the eventual Nazi defeat.

It is impossible to say how the novel would have finally turned out,

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At his uncle's workshop in 1920, Camus sits in the center of the front row, wearing a black smock.

"There was a mystery about this man, and a mystery he wanted to clear up. But at the end there was nothing but the mystery of poverty that creates people without a name and without a past."

—*The First Man* (Notes and Sketches)

or even whether Camus could have done what he intended. But the man painting on that large a canvas with the full palette of colors is quite different from the Camus that American readers of *The Stranger* and *The Plague* may expect. *The First Man* is neither stark nor anguished. Instead, a naked exuberance and love animate its pages. Camus seems to have been working back toward the wellsprings of his genius: "A man's work is nothing but this slow trek to discover, through the detours of art, those two or three great and simple images in whose presence his heart first opened," he wrote in the late 1950s. "This is why, perhaps after working and producing for 20 years, I still live with the idea that my work has not even begun."

By the end of his short life (he was only 46 when he died), Camus seems to have been shifting into a new phase as an artist and thinker. We know from various sources, including his journals, that Camus had early on formulated a multiphase writing plan. The first phase consisted of a triad of works—the play *Caligula* (1938), the novel *The Stranger* (1940), and the book-length essay *The Myth of Sisyphus* (1941). In them, he set out to confront the absurd—the nihilism that seemed to have gripped modern Europe. Unfortunately, many readers in his lifetime,

and some even today, identify Camus exclusively with this first stage. To Camus, the radical confrontation with the absurd was an absolute necessity in the 20th century, but only as a first step toward a fuller vision of human meaning and value.

Even before completing the first phase in 1941, Camus, who was then still in his late twenties, laid out the second. Having faced and rejected the existential abyss, he believed that values could be constructed out of rebellion against the human predicament. Another triad of works was projected and took a decade to complete: a play entitled *The Misunderstanding* (1944), a novel, *The Plague* (1947), and an essay, *The Rebel* (1951). The first two phases contain many of the works usually associated with Camus, but, as he remarked in his journals in 1949, he regarded these early works as a necessary depersonalization before speaking "in my own voice."

For a subsequent phase, he planned on another triad of works exploring the need for limits and measure, even in revolt: *The First Man*, *The System* (a long essay never written), and another play. Camus saw these various phases as falling under three mythological markers: Sisyphus, Prometheus, and Nemesis. To readers who think writers produce spontaneously, this scheme may appear calculated and surprisingly rigid. But for Camus it was necessary. He believed that an inborn tendency to anarchy, unless vigorously disciplined, would lead to a fatal dispersal of his powers.

In many ways, it is remarkable that a man like Camus ever conceived of such a scheme. He had grown up with few of the supports that normally provide direction and order. Less than a year after his birth on November 7, 1913, Camus lost his father—a victim of wounds received at the Battle of the Marne. The penniless youth from Belcourt, one of the poorer quarters of Algiers, went on to the lycée and university only because certain kind teachers convinced his grandmother, who dominated the Camus household, that it would profit the family if he continued studying rather than go directly to work. At 17, just out of the lycée, he came down with tuberculosis and might well have died had not one of his uncles, a butcher, taken him under his wing and kept him well fed. Even so, his prospects were not bright: the tuberculosis meant that Camus, though intellectually promising, could not pass the physical for the *agrégation*, the usual route to a teaching position in the French university system.

In the 1930s, while he worked on his thesis at the University of Algiers, Camus took various odd jobs. He tutored, directed a theater company, recorded weather data for a meteorological office, sold car parts, and finally became a journalist at the *Alger Républicain*. During the same period, he also was briefly an activist and member of the Communist Party and found time to write two collections of essays, his play *Caligula*, and part of two novels, *A Happy Death* and what would become *The Stranger*.

By 1940, when he gave up on job prospects in Algeria and took a job at *Paris-Soir* under Pascal Pia, his former editor at *Alger Républicain*,

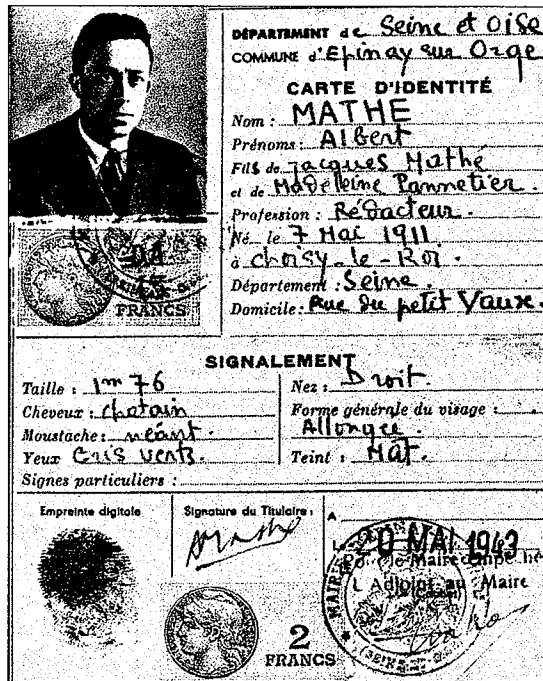
Camus was still unknown but had already accomplished some remarkable work. Despite the war, he continued writing, publishing both *The Stranger* and *The Myth of Sisyphus* in 1942. The following year, he began writing for the Resistance paper *Combat* and eventually became its director.

Camus emerged from this period an almost legendary figure. In addition to his fame as a novelist, he had won recognition as perhaps the most distinguished moral voice in Europe. No one else wrote more movingly, for example, of the spiritual resistance to Nazism. His *Letters to a German Friend*, which came

out in the months before the liberation of Paris, are still worth reading not only for the testimony they give to the human spirit but for their lyrical invocation, even in the flush of victory, of a humanity that refuses to sink to the enemy's level: "It would not be enough for me to think that all the great shades of the West and that 30 nations were on our side; I could not do without the soil. And so I know that everything in Europe, both landscape and spirit, calmly negates you, without feeling any rash hatred, but with the calm strength of victory."

To many readers, Camus was the romantic model of the 20th-century French intellectual. Attractive, modest, irresistible to women, a talented actor and director, a voice of the Resistance, he exerted a strange fascination over a whole generation. As one commentator put it, "He was like Bogart but more exuberant." Susan Sontag says in her well-known but often misleading essay on Camus's *Notebooks*, "Kafka arouses pity and affection on the part of his readers, Joyce admiration, Proust and Gide respect, but no modern writer that I can think of, except Camus, has aroused love."

This is even more curious because of a certain *pudeur* in everything Camus wrote, a reserve and a distance evident even in his notes to himself. The journal entries from the 1940s, for example, barely acknowledge the world war and nowhere mention how the publication of *The Stranger* and *The Myth of Sisyphus* brought the talented but obscure



The false papers that Camus used during the Occupation identified the Resistance worker as Albert Mathé.

French Algerian to the forefront of the Paris literary scene.

Camus is often called the French Orwell, a fair comparison if not pressed too far. Both men suffered from tuberculosis and derived wisdom from their proximity to death. Both championed the working class but were by nature incapable of the public exaggerations and mendacities required by partisan politics. Both recognized early on a truth to which George Orwell gave precise formulation: "The sin of nearly all left-wingers from 1933 onwards is that they have wanted to be anti-fascist without being anti-totalitarian." Both writers demand description as decent human beings who tried to promote justice and a clear public language at a time when most intellectuals were ideologically corrupt or obscurantist.

Camus's reputation continued to grow steadily in the late 1940s and early '50s. He was a nonpartisan, humane voice during the Cold War and Algerian conflicts, and a reliable commentator on Communist injustices, the invasion of Hungary in 1956, and various other crises. Though a man of the Left, he clashed repeatedly with the Parisian literary leftists— at no time more pointedly than when his essay *The Rebel* appeared in 1951.

From the book's opening sentence—"There are crimes of passion and crimes of logic"—to its lyrical conclusion about a measured brotherhood, *The Rebel* is a vibrant exposition of Camus's belief both in the need for rebellion and in the equally strong need for limits to it. Camus indicts radical revolt not only among 20th-century Marxists and fascists but also its expressions in the French Terror, de Sade, Hegel, Marx, portions of Nietzsche, the Russian anarchists, the French surrealists, and others.

To leftists, an appeal for limited rebellion always sounds like a defense of the status quo, and in fact Camus was disturbed to find that only French conservatives seemed to agree with him. But Camus was determined to present some third way that would not simply fall into the simplistic left-right dichotomies of the Cold War. Unfortunately, those very dichotomies shaped the early reactions to his argument.

Stung by Camus's criticism of their apologies for communist atrocities, Jean-Paul Sartre and other left-wing intellectuals savaged the essay in Sartre's magazine *Les Temps modernes*. They accused him, variously, of apologizing for capitalist exploitation, of misreading the historical record on several philosophers and literary figures, of having no political solutions, and of being in over his head. Though there was some truth to the latter charges, Camus was right on his main points—and his accuracy cost him his standing in Parisian literary circles for years to come.

The sharp intellectual criticism of *The Rebel* by Sartre and his circle seems to have shaken Camus's confidence during the early 1950s. Besides pointing to technical philosophical deficiencies, his critics had put their finger on a real problem: Camus had no concrete political program. That shortcoming became even more apparent in his agonized response to the growing conflict in Algeria. Camus found it impossible to follow most left-wing intellectuals in Paris, who blithely took the Arab side against their own government. In a famous remark, Camus denounced

the National Liberation Front's policy of indiscriminate violence against all Europeans in Algeria, among other reasons because it would strike "my mother or my family." Unable to choose between the only available alternatives, Arab terrorism or France's repression, he lapsed into what he hoped was an eloquent silence: "When words lead men to dispose of other men's lives without a trace of remorse, silence is not a negative attitude."

The ferocity on both sides was something his instinctive moderation could not reach. When he went to Algiers in 1958, just two years before his death, to speak in favor of a just French-Arab society, he arrived as a hometown hero of the Resistance, a Nobel laureate, and a writer who commanded worldwide moral authority. Yet he was shouted down when he tried to speak at a political gathering and was threatened by both sides.

Personal as well as political tensions exacted a heavy emotional toll on Camus during the 1950s. He began having attacks of "claustrophobia" in restaurants and trains, he saw a psychiatrist, and extensive womanizing caused his second marriage to unravel, with Camus finally moving to a separate but nearby apartment in order to remain close to his two children.

The almost epic promiscuity that destroyed his marriage raises questions about Camus's relationships with women in general. In his early life, he was reserved, and Algerian friends teased him about his shyness. That changed after his short-lived marriage to Simone Hié in the early 1930s. A fellow French Algerian, wealthy, flamboyant, and beautiful, Hié knew how to manipulate men. She got together with Camus while her then-boyfriend Max-Pol Fouchet, one of Camus's best friends, was out of town. To make matters worse, Hié was also a morphine addict, who, if necessary, would seduce doctors for the drug. Discovering that the seductions were still going in 1935, a year after their marriage, Camus left her and almost never spoke of Hié again.

But the discovery deeply changed him. Camus became promiscuous, and something cold and strangely cynical in an otherwise remarkably uncynical man broke loose. It was five years before he married again, this time to a more proper French-Algerian beauty, Francine Faure. She was talented, attractive, and intelligent in her own right, but with a more stable nature that promised something Camus may have felt he needed: a regular family life.

Unfortunately for both of them, the war intervened. Faure came to Lyons in France for the wedding. But when she returned to Algeria for a visit, the Allied invasion of North Africa and the Nazi Occupation of the south of France separated her from Camus for the rest of the war. (In *The Plague*, an allegorical treatment of the Occupation, Camus writes of the effects of a similar separation caused by a medical quarantine.) When Camus moved to Paris during the Occupation, things took an even more tragic turn.

In the highly emotional atmosphere of the time, as he continued writing and producing plays, Camus met a passionate Spanish-French actress who would become the central romantic figure in his life, Maria Casarès. Camus valued the "Castilian pride" he had inherited from his mother's Spanish ancestors, and some strange harmony

of passion, pride, and vulnerability united the two. Camus, whose reserve was legendary, could even be open with Casarès.

Until the liberation of Paris, they carried on a torrid affair. Both knew the relationship might end when the war did, and though Casarès wanted all or nothing, Camus could not make up his mind to divorce Francine. He split with Casarès, seemingly forever, in 1944, after a passionate struggle that she said "placed me at the center of life but left me completely vulnerable."

But the strange Castilian alchemy between them did not go away. Francine came to live in Paris and had twins after the liberation. Five years later, Camus and Casarès met by accident on the street and never separated again. Oddly, Camus continued to have many other affairs. His secretary had to keep a list of young women who were to be put right through to him at the Gallimard offices, and of others who were to be told he was unavailable. He and Casarès agreed that since they could not have everything, they would live by what they called the "75 percent rule." They existed mostly for each other, with some gaps. Ultimately, however, for Casarès, this meant that she could not even attend Camus's funeral.

Hard as this was for Casarès, Camus's irregularities were even harder on his wife. Unable either to leave Francine or curb his appetites, Camus finally drove her to a nervous breakdown. When he won the Nobel Prize in 1957, they went to Stockholm together for the sake of appearances, even though they were living apart. Camus was aware of his moral problem, even if many of his admirers were not, and it may have had something to do with his frequent confessions of weakness. In *The Fall* (1956), the protagonist makes a lengthy confession about all the women he seduced or harmed, one he may even have allowed to die, while appearing to the world to be an upright man. Though told humorously and with no little irony, the narrator's confessions may be Camus's as well.

It is in light of all of these political and psychological circumstances in the 1950s that we must read *The First Man*. What appears to be facile nostalgia floats over an immense abyss. Amid the Algerian apocalypse and personal troubles, Camus was trying to preserve an image of youthful innocence from total oblivion and perhaps make a statement as well. The critic Paul DeMan, writing without knowledge of *The First Man* and before his own past as a pro-Nazi writer was known, took Camus to task for believing that "he could shelter mankind from its own contingency merely by asserting the beauty of his own memories." DeMan wickedly went on to conclude that Camus the writer was like Camus the young man and soccer goalie: he did not enter the fray but merely defended a disappearing society from attacks against it. While the charge is unfair in many ways, DeMan had a point.

Yet the personal and political uncertainties and paralysis during the 1950s had some good effects for Camus. In an unforeseen divergence from his plan, he began writing the short stories that eventually were



Simone Hié (upper left), Camus's first wife, was bright and beautiful, but suffered from a morphine addiction. Camus's second marriage, to Francine Faure, pictured here (lower left) with their two children, lasted longer but was almost as tumultuous as the first. Although he had many mistresses, Camus's passion for the actress Maria Casarès (right), whom he met during the war, never subsided.

collected as *Exile and the Kingdom*. These powerful stories display a wider range of human life and emotion than appears in the earlier work. One story, "The Fall," grew into a long, intricate monologue that had to be published separately as a short novel. The speaker, Jean-Baptiste Clamence, a former Parisian lawyer living in Amsterdam, provides an anatomy of the moral hypocrisy of his time, and perhaps of Camus himself, in language that often becomes epigrammatic: "A single sentence will suffice for modern man: he fornicated and read the newspapers."

At first, these works were relatively neglected and disparaged, perhaps because they were so different from what Camus's readers had come to expect. Today, *The Fall* seems Camus's best novel, and the stories show a life that *The Plague* and perhaps even *The Stranger* no longer have. Some unanticipated impulse was making itself felt, an impulse that broke loose in 1958, when he began *The First Man*.

The First Man has been described as a book about a man in search of a father, and that is a central part of protagonist Jacques Cormery's story. The novel opens on the night of Cormery's birth, during a down-pour, as his father, together with a sympathetic Arab, drives a wagon bearing Cormery's mother, already in labor, to their new home in Algeria. A note in the appendix may explain part of the significance of this

scene: "At 40, he realizes he needs someone to show him the way and to give him censure or praise: a father. Authority and not power."

This strikes an unusual note in Camus, as does the whole novel, which is highly autobiographical and personal. Forty years after the death of his father, Camus (like Cormery in the novel) visited a military cemetery and discovered, with a shock that is physical as much as emotional, that his father died at 29. Until then, Camus had little interest in his unknown progenitor. But the silent graveyard confrontation with the fact of unfulfilled aspirations spurred Camus, as it does the fictional Cormery, to find out more about his family's Algerian past.

The larger saga of Algeria, the Tolstoyan dimension the author projected for *The First Man*, had not yet been sketched when Camus died. This is particularly unfortunate because Camus would have produced a balanced account of Algerian colonial experience, which, for all its moral ambiguities and outright horrors, had something heroic to it.

The manuscript of *The First Man* has been consulted by scholars in the years since Camus's death, and some parts of the story are fairly widely known. What is less known, and what alters our overall view of Camus, is the emphasis he gives to the aliterate, basically ahistorical silence of the people from whom he sprang. It is one of Camus's admirable qualities that his family, which knew nothing of civilizations, history, or wars other than their immediate effects on family members, never caused him shame or self-doubt. Those silent lives buffeted by nature and history were, for him, reasons for pride, not embarrassment. They were part of that great, wordless mass of humanity that, since the beginning of time, has had to face life without intellectual illusions. As Cormery says at one point, for all his travels and experience in a larger world, "they were greater than I am."

Prominent among these mute figures, almost to the point of obsession, is Camus's mother, Catherine. If much of *The First Man* involves the search for a father, some of the narrative and fragments at the end of the volume suggest that Camus intended to dedicate the book to his mother. In fact, he contemplated an unusual literary strategy: some scenes would be presented as they would appear to an average literate person, others as they would appear to a woman, like Camus's mother, whose everyday vocabulary ran to about 400 words. Dedicating the entire book to her, Camus explained, would add the irony that it would be an expression of love and admiration for a person, and a whole world, that could never understand it.

Though, like any writer, Camus changed, there is also much continuity in his emotional universe. For example, the very first entry in his first notebook, started in his early twenties, speaks of childhood poverty and the crucial importance of mothers: "The bizarre feeling that the son has for his mother constitutes *his whole sensibility*. The manifestations of that sensibility in the most diverse fields is adequately explained by hidden memory, material from his youth (a glue that sticks to the soul)." Read in isolation, this passage might ap-

pear to be either a truism or a confirmation of vaguely Freudian intuitions. But Camus's relationship to his mother has profound and particular echoes in his other work.

The mother who is dead before the action of *The Stranger* begins, it is now clear, belongs only to Camus's early "absurd" phase. And the indifference of her son, Meursault, is mostly an absurdist literary device. More normative is the presence of the mother in *The First Man*, who carries a startling, and almost defining, meaning for Camus's work and sensibility. Camus's mother was an odd type: illiterate, taciturn to the point of muteness, distant, and, to an outside eye, cold. (His grandmother was the more active presence in the household, and a violent one at that.) Most boys would have resented such a mother, but Camus made her a kind of ideal figure of rugged human love, a representative of the silent people who accept life and death with calm equanimity.

In terms of pure literary craftsmanship, Camus reveals himself here as a highly capable painter of scenes from life, whether they be set in the lycée, on the beach, in the streets, or at home. There is a great deal of color, taste, sound, and smell that is largely absent from the novels that were admired for their sparseness and intellectual rigor. *The First Man* shows Camus's old genius for making fiction do the work of thought, but he is less concerned here to strip the story down to bare essentials. In fact, the story's main interest is its recreation of the lost life of Algiers, a world that nurtured the sensibility of the author and his fictional counterpart.

All his life, Camus pursued a kind of personal quest beyond or above politics, especially in his fiction. In some ways, the quest was philosophical. Although Camus received the *Diplôme d'études supérieures* in philosophy from the University of Algiers, both he and his professors knew that he would never make a proper academic philosopher. It was not that Camus was incapable: his essay "On a Philosophy of Expression by Brice Parain" shows philosophical gifts that could have been developed further, had he wished. But there was too much personal engagement in Camus's philosophizing and too little technical reasoning to satisfy the academic philosophers. A journal entry from 1935, just around the time he was finishing his university studies, expresses Camus's sense of his own path: "One only thinks through images. If you want to be a philosopher, write novels."

What kind of philosopher Camus became is difficult to specify. After their break with Camus, Sartre and his collaborators took him to task for the philosophical simplicity and second-hand knowledge in his work, especially *The Rebel*. But just as a standard political reading of Camus provides too narrow a focus, readers who approach him with the wrong philosophical expectations miss a crucial dimension of his work. Like Nietzsche, Camus valued the ancient Greeks, not the philosophers but the pre-Socratic thinkers and poets, as he construed them. Plato is too otherworldly for Camus, who always proclaimed loyalty to the earth

RETURNING TO BELCOURT

In this scene from The First Man, we follow Jacques Cormery (Camus's fictional alter ego) as he returns from school to his apartment in a poor working-class neighborhood of Algiers.

At seven o'clock came the rush out of the *lycée*; they ran in noisy groups the length of the rue Bab-Azoun, where all the stores were lit up and the sidewalk under the arcades was so crowded that sometimes they had to run in the street itself, between the rails, until a trolley came in sight and they had to dash back under the arcades; then at last the Place du Gouvernement opened up before them, its periphery illuminated by the stalls and stands of the Arab peddlers lit by acetylene lamps giving off a smell the children inhaled with delight. The red trolleys were waiting, already jammed—whereas in the morning there were fewer passengers—and sometimes they had to stand on the running board of a trailer car, which was both forbidden and tolerated, until some passengers got off at a stop, and then the two boys would press into the human mass, separated, unable in any case to chat, and limited to working their way slowly with elbows and bodies to get to one of the railings where they could see the dark port with its big streamers outlined by lights that seemed, in the night of the sea and the sky, like skeletons of burned-out buildings where the fire had left its embers. The big illuminated trolleys rode with a great racket over the water, then forged a bit inland and passed between poorer and poorer houses to the Belcourt district, where the children had to part company and Jacques climbed the never lighted stairs toward the circle of the kerosene lamp that lit the oilcloth table cover and the chairs around the table, leaving in the shadow the rest of the room, where Catherine Cormery was occupied at the buffet preparing to set the table, while his grandmother was in the kitchen reheating the stew from lunch and his older brother was at the corner of the table reading an adventure novel. Sometimes he had to go to the Mzabite grocer for the salt or quarter-pound of butter needed at the last minute, or go get Uncle Ernest, who was holding forth at Gaby's café. Dinner was at

and made a lucid recognition of the beauties and brutalities of the world—a joyful forgetting of death in the frank embrace of life—into a kind of personal ideal.

We might even think of Camus as a Stoic or Epicurean in the ancient sense of those terms. The original Stoics were not merely grim heroes; nor were the Epicureans pleasure addicts. Instead, both pursued a rational enjoyment of the world among friends, a resignation to inevitable evils, and a state of deep calm in the soul. Though much of that shared ethos harmonizes with the endurance of the simple people described in *The First Man*, Camus's love of beauty and the world was a bit too exuberant for either ancient school. Nevertheless, several entries in his notebooks show that he thought of himself as trying to find a kind of religious order: "The real problem, *even without God*, is the problem of psy-

eight, in silence unless Uncle Ernest recounted an incomprehensible adventure that sent him into gales of laughter, but in any event there was no mention of the *lycée*, except if his grandmother would ask if he had gotten good grades, and he said yes and no one said any more about it, and his mother asked him nothing, shaking her head and gazing at him with her gentle eyes when he confessed to good grades, but always silent and a bit distracted; "Sit still," she would say to her mother, "I'll get the cheese," then nothing till the meal was over, when



His mother, Catherine Camus

she stood up to clear the table. "Help your mother," his grandmother would say, because he had picked up *Pardaillan* and was avidly reading it. He helped out and came back to the lamp, putting the big volume that told of duels and courage on the slick bare surface of the oilcloth, while his mother, pulling a chair out of the lamplight, would seat herself by the window in winter, or in summer on the balcony, and watch the traffic of trolleys, cars, and passersby as it gradually diminished. It was, again, his grandmother who told Jacques he had to go to bed because he would get up at five-thirty the next morning, and he kissed her first, then his uncle, and last his mother, who gave him a tender, absentminded kiss, then assumed once more her motionless position, in the shadowy half-light, her gaze

lost in the street and the current of life that flowed endlessly below the riverbank where she sat, endlessly, while her son, endlessly, watched her in the shadows with a lump in his throat, staring at her thin bent back, full of an obscure anxiety in the presence of a misfortune he could not understand.

Reprinted from The First Man, by Albert Camus, copyright ©1995 by Alfred A. Knopf.

chological unity (the only problem really raised by the operation of the absurd is that of the metaphysical unity of the world and the mind) and inner peace. . . . Such peace is not possible without a discipline difficult to reconcile with the world. *That's where the problem lies.* It must indeed be reconciled with the world. It is a matter of achieving a *rule of conduct in secular life.*"

This brings us to a crucial point. One of the more attractive features of Camus's thought and art to many readers is his sense of the sacred. By all accounts, his family in Algeria was only nominally Catholic and he made his First Communion at the insistence of his grandmother for social rather than religious reasons. Otherwise, the family seems to have been entirely non-practicing. Nothing conventionally religious appears in *The First Man*. In fact, a note states baldly: "Christ did not set foot in

Algeria," perhaps echoing Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli*. In later years, Camus would describe religion as treason to the stoic endurance of his family. Yet something in Camus, even during his youth, suggested a deep religious sense to those who knew him.

Because of a certain tone and attitude in his work, it is often said that Camus might have become a Christian had he lived longer. But there is little reason to doubt his own words on the matter: "I feel closer to the values of the classical world than to those of Christianity. Unfortunately, I cannot go to Delphi to be initiated!"

Yet if Camus is pagan, he is also post-Christian, and Christian influences mark his work. He has a profound sense of the disunity of the human soul that parallels religious ideas such as original sin. Camus once described himself as an "independent Catholic" to his friend Paul Raffi and even allowed that a Christian reading of *The Fall* was legitimate. (Every element in the name of the single speaker in *The Fall*, Jean-Baptiste Clamence, has clear Christian overtones, as does the very title of the book.) Camus's highly successful stage adaptation of Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun* in the late 1950s and several of the stories in *Exile and the Kingdom* involve dark and primitive spiritual themes. But in the final analysis, his was a pagan voice—though an unusual one. As he said in an interview shortly before he died, "I have a sense of the sacred and I don't believe in a future life, that's all."

"That's all," however, covers quite a bit of ground. Camus early became and remained a Nietzschean, of the rare sweet-tempered variety. In the same briefcase that held the unfinished manuscript of *The First Man*, there was also a copy of *The Gay Science*. Camus agreed with Nietzsche that Christianity had damaged the human race's image of itself. More seriously, he thought Christianity had inspired a neglect of justice and joy in this world in anticipation of happiness in the next. And like Nietzsche, Camus regarded the way back to real virtues as involving a confrontation with the abyss and a heroic response.

But Camus was not simply a blind disciple of Nietzsche. In Camus's work, there is no hint of the Nietzschean scorn for the great masses of people too hamstrung by Christianity and the usual human-herd instincts to pursue the heroic ideal. Camus was too aware of his own failings and too sympathetic to the human predicament for such arrogance. And Camus had too great a love and reverence for the way of life and kinds of people who appear in *The First Man*.

Camus was powerfully attracted by the notion of a return to simple happiness after a plumbing of existential depths—for modern intellectuals. Whatever relationship this stance has to the truth about ancient Greece (probably very little), it was his task to make the simple greatness of his poor Algerians visible to the literate world. In the last analysis, it may be this Camus, the Camus of post-Christian pagan piety and the expansive energy emerging toward the end in *Exile and the Kingdom*, *The Fall*, and *The First Man*, that says the most to us in the post-Cold War world and that will endure. We may now also have

to think about this Camus in unexpected company—that of Leo Tolstoy.

Such a pairing seems odd only if we insist on the spare, existential Camus as the essential man. The Camus of the first phase is certainly closer to Kafka and Dostoyevsky as one of the radical explorers of the modern predicament. By the 1950s, however, Camus said he preferred re-reading Tolstoy. Even earlier, in a note to himself, Camus revealed that the example of Tolstoy's life was much on his mind: "I must break with everything. If there is no desert at hand there is always the plague or Tolstoy's little railway station."

Tolstoy's troubled pacifism and humanitarianism, his moral stature and his irregular Christianity, and even his domestic problems, we now see, have striking parallels in the life and career of the later Camus. More pointedly, Tolstoy's descent into the confused wreckage of modern culture in search of "what men live by" unexpectedly anticipates Camus's own quest. Tolstoy saw in his Russian peasants and Camus in his *pie-d-noirs* some simple virtue and calm hope that the intellectual and political world spurned. Tolstoy remains the much larger figure, of course. But we will never know how much closer their intellectual odysseys might have brought them had Michel Gallimard's car not strayed from the road that winter day, sending Camus to the grave at an age when Tolstoy had just reached the height of his powers.





ATATÜRK'S DAUGHTERS

Though founded upon Western secularist principles, Turkey has not been immune to the Islamic fundamentalist upsurge of recent years.

Nowhere is Atatürk's legacy more pointedly challenged, the author shows, than in heated public struggles over matters affecting women and their status as full and equal citizens.

BY AMY SCHWARTZ

On a fine April evening in 1994, a conference at the Women's Library in Istanbul is drawing to a close. In the courtyard of the converted Byzantine basilica, 20 or so women, mainly academics and other professionals, prepare to leave after a day of discussions marking the fourth anniversary of the institution's founding. A sliver of moon rises over the Golden Horn, whose waters twist their way through this old, lower-class neighborhood.

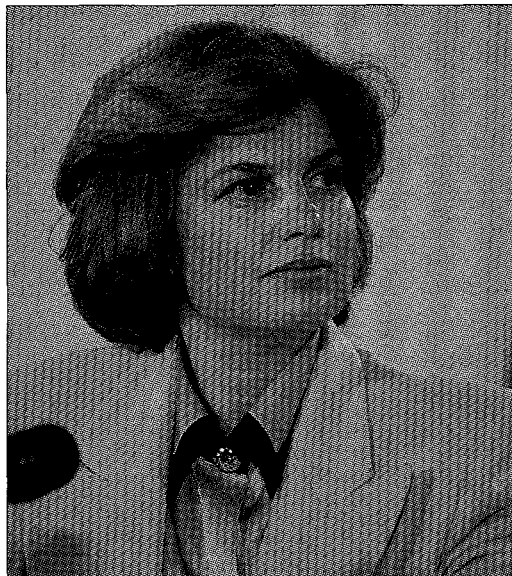
One woman in the group nudges another and points at the moon: "Pretty, no?"

"No," exclaims the other in mock dismay, "I won't say anything nice about it!"

Nervous laughter runs through the courtyard as everyone catches the reference to the Islamic crescent. The joke is bitter. Just a week before, Turkey's main Islamic fundamentalist party swept the municipal elections of Istanbul and the nation's capital, Ankara. It wasn't a national takeover by any measure; the winning Islamist party, Welfare, took only 19 percent of the votes nationwide in fragmented local elections. This, however, translated into victory in 28 cities, includ-

ing Istanbul, the most secular. Nobody at this point can say exactly what powers over daily life the mayors of cities have; to make drastic changes to the secular state and its laws, the party would need to do as well or better in national parliamentary elections in 1996.

But when Islamist parties start gaining ground, women and their institutions tend to be the first to notice. The Women's



Tansu Çiller: Turkey's first female prime minister

Library, itself supported by the city government, is just the kind of organization that could feel the pinch. Set down in the midst of a traditional neighborhood, designed to appeal not only to Western-style feminists but to any woman with an interest in women's history, it nonetheless stands firmly identified with Turkey's secular and egalitarian culture—and so could easily draw the ire of an Islamist mayor.

The ostensible topic of the anniversary conference is "Women in the Islamic World," but the participants have spent most of the day arguing over what will come next, what to do about it, and whether to panic. During the breaks, they wonder whether the wine they are sipping is illegal—the new mayor having proclaimed, on his third day in office, that alcohol would no longer be served at City Hall functions.

Everyone at the conference knows how the fundamentalists have moved in on women in Iran and other nations, shooting or beating those who refuse to veil their faces and segregating public workplaces. But Turkey's situation, they also know, is more complicated.

More than a year later, it remains so. In addition to a political system with an 80-year commitment to secularism, Turkey has had until recently a female prime minister, Tansu Çiller (who may yet be able to form a new government). It also has an avowedly "moderate" Islamist party cagey about what changes it actually seeks. Such cunning is necessary. A broad-based popular emotional investment in women's emancipation remains a badge of Turkey's modernity, proudly worn by many Turkish citizens.

After the group dispersed that evening two springs ago, I fell into conversation with a young woman named Deniz, who had returned to Istanbul the



Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, father of modern Turkey

previous fall after spending a decade in America training to be an art historian. Hired to teach the introductory art course at the Istanbul Fine Arts Faculty, she had been surprised to discover that a substantial minority of the female students in her class wore the Islamic head scarf. In her own college years, a decade before, such a style of dress would have been illegal, head scarves being explicitly religious and the university firmly secular.

Deniz had tried to take the headscarved students in stride, but two weeks into the term she was summoned by the dean, who told her the university had two serious complaints about her behavior. The first was that she was being too pleasant and tolerant toward the fundamentalist girls in her classes. Though the university had been forced to admit such students, the dean explained, it had an obligation, as a secular institution, to make them uncomfortable. The other complaint was that her skirts were too short.

I laughed at this, and Deniz looked astonished. "You find it funny because you're American," she said. "Not one

single Turkish person I've told that to, not one, has understood why I thought it was funny."

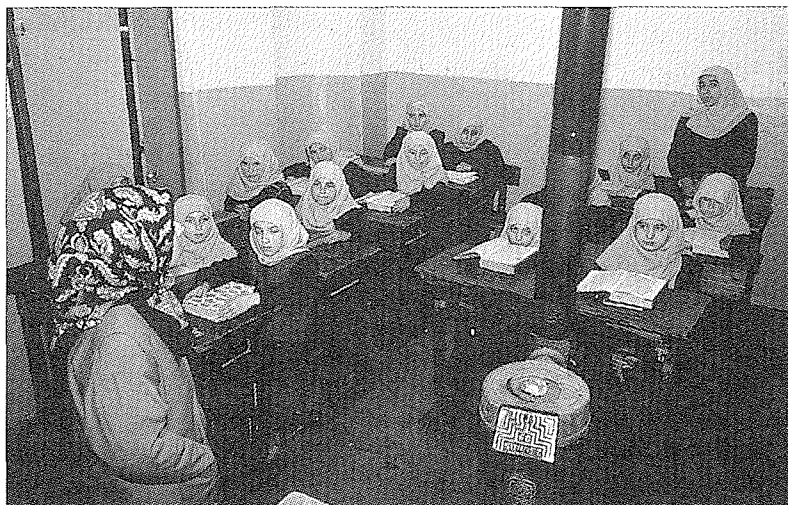
It's easy for an outsider to laugh, harder to thread the maze of Turkey's contradictions and to appreciate the struggles that wove it. The "secularism" to which the Turkish state pledged itself in 1923 has much in common with the type subscribed to by Western governments—enough to set it off sharply from virtually all its neighbors in the region. But there are divergences from Western-style secularism as well. The most notable is the absence of any real connection in people's minds—in this nation 99 percent Muslim—between the concept of a secular government and that of true religious tolerance, for believers as well as unbelievers.

Embracing government "secularism" in the West—*or at least the American*—mode would entail allowing girls to wear head scarves if they so desired and to forgo them if they wished. An American

might also wonder how a state-run institution that set itself so implacably against the swathing of women's heads, railing endlessly against a religion that dictates how women should dress, could then turn around and impose its own form of dress code.

Suspended between East and West, Asia and Europe, secular present and Ot-

toman past, Turkey is undergoing a reluctant reappraisal not only of its secularism but of other ideals that shape the modern republic. Countries with even more aggressive Islamic movements face similar reckonings, but only in Turkey do the details of the Islamic-secular tug of war play out so publicly in the arena of electoral politics. And of all the markers laid down in this culturally Muslim country by the state's commitment to its vision of secularism—a civil law code, minority religious rights, interest-bearing accounts in the banking industry—by far the most visible and contested is the status of women. In the public struggle to determine that



Schoolgirls in head scarves: an increasingly familiar sight

status, the most powerful symbols remain, as always, matters of dress. Rulings on such matters as skirt lengths and head coverings are the moves played out on the chessboard of the female anatomy, in terms everybody can understand.

General Islamic doctrine offers a simple rule for *hejab* or covering: all the female "charms," except the face and hands,

Amy Schwartz writes for the Washington Post. A frequent visitor to Turkey, she lived in Istanbul in 1986 and 1987. Copyright © 1995 by Amy Schwartz.

must be covered. An amazingly wide range of acceptable dress styles appears throughout various Muslim regimes, from the all-encompassing black *abaya*, or chador, popular in the early days of the Iranian Revolution, to the raincoat-and-scarf combination more common there now to the loose-fitting *shalwar-kameez*, or tunic and trousers, favored throughout South Asia. In Turkey itself, setting aside the majority of the upper class that doesn't cover at all, there are three prevailing types of *hejab*, determined not by doctrine but by age, profession, and social class.

One style is favored by the "traditionals," older women who cover their hair not so much for religious as for cultural reasons. These include Balkan Turks who cover their heads with a babushka-style handkerchief and village women who wear a scarf once they are married but rarely bother to tuck in every last hair. Then there are the young women students or professionals from the middle class who have adopted the large head scarf that folds around the edges of the face and, in a characteristic pattern, down over the shoulders of what is typically a loose-fitting coat. The wearing of such "turbans," as they are confusingly called in Turkish, is a statement of identity and rebellion.

An even stronger statement is made by women who go about dressed in a manner that secular types call *çarsafli*—literally, wrapped in bed linen. Such women are poor and uneducated, usually belonging to the rapidly growing class of the "recently rural"—the economic migrants who are flooding from their villages to the city, faster with every passing year. The *çarsaf* is a version of the black chador, draping to the floor in all directions and leaving a slit for the eyes. If you go far enough east in Anatolia, even the eye slit disappears, though the owner of the sheet can apparently see through the thin weave of the cloth.

A young Turkish professional, a merchant of soap and perfumes, once showed me a vintage 1930s picture of Istanbul's Galata Bridge, the 800-year-old footbridge over the Golden Horn. "See those wonderful women on the bridge, in those wonderful Paris fashions?" he asked despairingly. "How is it we have sunk to this, with women going over that same bridge wrapped in the black cloth like Saudi Arabians?"

That was in 1987, and a fair proportion of the sheeted bridge crossers might well have been Saudi Arabians, who swarm Istanbul in the summer to avoid the desert heat at home. But there is also no question that from year to year the concentration of covered women grows and that Istanbul, long the most cosmopolitan of the Turkish cities, changes visually with the years. Nor is there any denying that if at any point the government could have stopped this from happening, it would have done so.



Secularism is a cornerstone of the philosophy of Kemalism, by which modern Turkey's founder, Mustafa Kemal Atatürk (1881–1938), wrenched the newborn Turkish Republic out of the moribund Ottoman Empire in 1923 and set its face westward toward modernization. Distancing his regime from a religion that had justified the veil and *purdah*, Atatürk made a high-profile commitment to women's full equality a central part of his "march from East to West."

To some extent, the resulting Turkish secularism—the almost visceral recoil from symbols of overt or state-supported religion—has left intellectuals and government bureaucrats vulnerable to the charge of "secular fundamentalism," a charge that carried a particular sting in the 1980s, when cultural and political Islam became a force to reckon with. Unable

to extend to the faithful the kind of tolerance that might have defused the drive for Islamic political action, a regional fact of life by 1987, the guardians of secularism found themselves stuck. The logical outcome was the turban crisis.

Deniz, who was caught off guard by the head-scarved girls in her class, had missed the turban crisis. I caught some of it on visits to Istanbul in 1987 and '88. As political spectacles go, it was a striking event, or, rather, series of events, starting in the fall of 1986 when growing groups of newly devout Muslim girls marched and demonstrated for the right to cover their hair with turbans in school. For the then still marginal Islamist parties (polls that year showed that only seven percent of the population favored the adoption of Islamic law, or *sharia*), it was a brilliant public relations success. So effective was it, in fact, that people assumed—and the papers reported as fact—that the girls were being funded with money from Iran and Saudi Arabia. (A fair amount of evidence has since turned up to support that allegation.)

Turkish universities had run into trouble with such symbols before, but their attempt to uphold the ban against head scarves was their most dramatic miscalculation. For a time, the administrators held out firmly. Several girls were expelled and became folk heroes in the Islamic right-wing media. Six student organizers were arrested, and government spokesmen, supported by the normally left-leaning secularist press, declared that they had found a compelling reason not to give in: one of the organizers was Iranian. With the Islamists calling for freedom of religion, the supposedly liberal press insisted that the turban controversy was an issue of religion versus the legitimacy of the state. The president, an ex-general named Kenan Evren, made ominous noises about "cultural backsliding," and

Evren was understood to speak for the firmly secularist and Kemalist army.

Finally, the Supreme University Council, tired of creating teen-age female martyrs, lifted the prohibition at the end of 1987. By then, though, it was widely agreed, the controversy had produced one more significant and probably irreversible effect: the religious youth organizations had become sophisticated political organizations, primed for further activism.



Kemalist-style secularism was ill equipped to deal with the upsurge of the back-to-Islamic-roots feeling that made the Welfare Party attractive in 1994. Kemalism in fact rests on an array of early prohibitions against symbolic religious expression of various kinds, though most of those prohibitions have eased with the years. In the early decades of the Turkish republic, before the first of four coups that introduced multiparty democracy in the 1940s, the mosques were forbidden to issue calls to prayer in Arabic; only Western classical music could be played on state-owned radio; non-Western dress, including the veil, was strongly discouraged, while the fez, designed for ease in touching the forehead to the ground in prayer, was officially banned.

In opposing aspects of Islam that prescribed a traditional role for women, in particular those that barred them from education, Atatürk was indefatigable. He campaigned for an end to traditional practices such as child marriage, arranged marriage, bride-price, and veiling. At the same time, he instituted free and compulsory primary education for both sexes and created "village institutes" that offered compulsory adult literacy classes for men and women. The replacement of the *sharia* personal code with the Swiss Civil Code in 1926 outlawed polygamy and the Islamic practice of divorce by repudiation.

Granting women the right to vote, to run for elective office, and to serve in the army, the code lifted Turkish women above women in many European countries.

While strongly supported by much of the urban elite, Atatürk's reforms met with fierce resistance in the rural areas where, in the 1920s, the majority of Turkey's tiny population lived. In *The Emergence of Modern Turkey* (1986), historian Bernard Lewis quotes Atatürk's dry evaluation of the role of military rule in his project of persuasion: "We did it . . . while the Law for the Maintenance of Order was still in force. Had it not been, we would have done it all the same, but it certainly is true that the existence of the Law made it much easier for us."

To be sure, many countries with Muslim populations and officially secular governments have extended voting rights to women. In few, however, was the emancipation of women so bound up in the national project of modernization and Westernization. To Atatürk, women's equality was a psychological centerpiece not only of the nation's modernity but also of family life. Characterizing the "Turkish mother" as "fundamental to the nation on a thousand and one points," he managed to knit the idea of women having careers to the goal of "15 million Turks in 15 years," a drive to repopulate after the disastrous War of Independence (1919–23) and the empire's messy end.

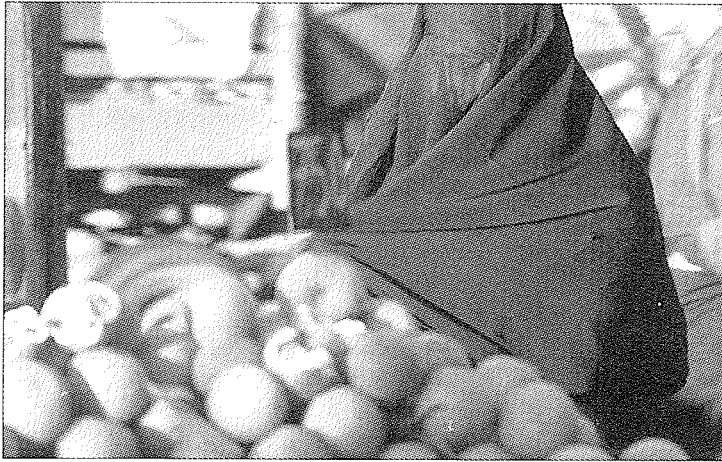
More to the point, Atatürk managed to capture the popular imagination on the question of women and make the cause central rather than peripheral to political reform. The ground had been prepared by the socially engaged literature of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, including reformer Namik Kemal's novel *The Poor Infant* (1874), which explores the tragedy of arranged marriage for intelligent and sensitive women, and his still-popular play *Fatherland, or Silistre* (1873), whose

female protagonist disguises herself as a man to go to war.

Atatürk's own personal life dramatized his desire to put women's issues high on the agenda. He shocked his cabinet ministers by dancing with his wife, Latife, at parties, and even insisted—much against prevailing custom—that she be present at their wedding. One long-term effect of his actions, evident even now, is the degree to which modern Turkish democrats see the success of women's emancipation as central to their own self-identity as Western.

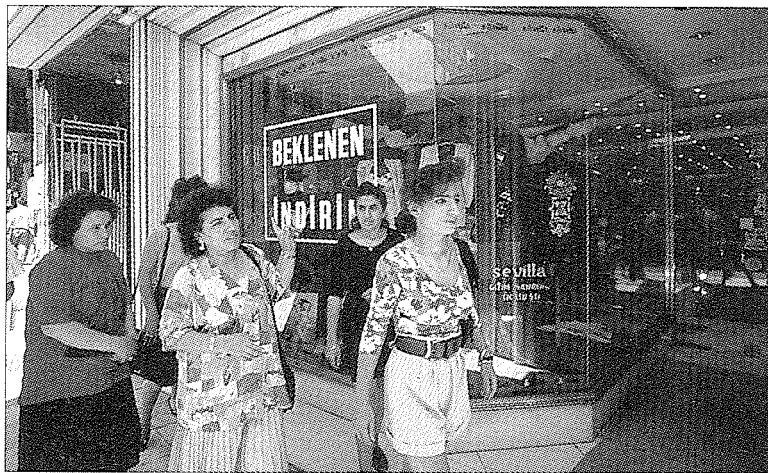
Nowhere was this more visible than in the initial pride and enthusiasm expressed to foreigners on the accession of Tansu Çiller as prime minister in 1993—expressed not just by members of the educated elite but by a wide range of more modestly educated Turkish men on the street and in the bazaar, frequently with the addendum, "See, we're not so backward." The need to prove Turkey's modernity and Westernness gained urgency from an external political reality that Çiller herself has not been above exploiting—the strong impression that the European Union, long hesitant to grant Turkey membership, was turning its back in rejection. The EU's more encouraging response to the membership hopes of Hungary, Poland, and other Eastern European countries only stoked the insecurity that underlies a great deal of Turkish public and political feeling toward the West.

Çiller's sudden arrival on the political scene was typical neither of Turkish politics nor of the paths to power taken by female political leaders in other parts of the Islamic world (paths usually blazed by the deaths of husbands or other relatives). Çiller, by contrast, was an American-educated professor of economics who became minister of economics for then-prime minister Suleyman Demirel in 1991. Elected to



Shoppers from two worlds: a veiled woman examines produce in the marketplace while three of her countrywomen stroll through Istanbul's Fatih district.

the parliament as a fresh face, she became Demirel's protégée in True Path, one of a cluster of center-right parties with nearly identical policies. Demirel ascended to the presidency on the death of Turgut Özal, a popular leader and successful economic reformer who had been in power (first as prime minister, then as president) since the after-



math of the 1980 military coup. Özal died suddenly of a heart attack in 1993 after an exhausting trip through the Central Asian Turkic capitals. Demirel, seeking to build a coalition that would keep True Path in power, backed Çiller; she became prime minister at age 47.

At first Çiller played her advantages to the hilt. Shortly after she took office, she and Pakistan prime minister Benazir Bhutto made a wildly photogenic trip together to embattled Sarajevo. Europeans and Americans responded enthusiastically to the attractive, tough-talking leader; Çiller's background in economics fueled hopes that she would do something

about the financial mess that had become noticeable under Demirel. But the glow wore off quickly. Early reviews of her economic performance were disappointing, and colleagues complained that she refused to listen to advice or work with a team.

If such complaints were gender tinged, they were the closest her opponents in the Welfare Party came to challenging her on the basis of sex—at least at first. As unhappiness with her performance intensified, barbs about the “blonde beauty” tended to increase. For her part, Çiller has assiduously avoided giving offense to the Islamic establish-

ment, sometimes to the point of making other secular women uncomfortable, ostentatiously wearing a scarf on her head when she visits mosques or speaks with religious leaders. ("I'll bet she's never been in a mosque before this in her life," said a disgusted female professor at Ankara's Hacettepe University.) Just as important, she has drawn more and more support from, and given more and more rein to, an increasingly confident military establishment.

Any more deeply seated lack of confidence in Çiller's power could be inferred only from the persistence of rumors—starting with the Welfare wins and repeated every few weeks since—that she was about to be removed. If anything, the challenges to her gender came from her closer, more nominally secular rivals in the parliament, a group of whom, rallying for her opponent Mesut Yilmaz, chanted, "*Mesut koltuga, Tansu mutfaga*"—"Mesut to the chair, Tansu to the kitchen."

In person, Çiller can be steely. Asked in an interview about the role of groundbreaker, she softened slightly: "I have to succeed for Turkey, and also for Turkish women." The success of the fundamentalists drew no acknowledgment: a protest vote, she shrugged, against political fragmentation and the corruption of her predecessors; all the more need for the constitutional amendments at the national level that, in fact, she has since been tirelessly pushing to enact.

Asked for her views of fundamentalist Islam generally, she answered obliquely that Turkey's role is "to help both sides avoid becoming politically fundamentalist." Both sides? "Yes. If the Europeans decide not to help the Bosnians, or not to admit us to the European Union, because they want only Christians, that is fundamentalist thinking."

A little of that steel may be reason

enough for the clerics to steer clear. In general, though, Welfare has been extraordinarily careful on the question of women, preferring to send its messages in stereo and to demur when questioned directly. "You never hear the answer to the question," complained Sirin Tekel, one of the Women's Library directors. "It's pretty clear what they would like to do [with women], but at that stage the whole population would rise up—they know that, so they're being very careful."

Though Welfare has never mentioned what it wants to do with, to, or about women, this very caution strikes many as a tip-off. One of its television campaign ads featured a blonde woman, a dentist, who appeared with her head uncovered. Party functionaries I interviewed in Istanbul were indignant at the suggestion that anybody's rights could be in danger.

"This isn't blocking anybody," said a spokesman for Tayyip Erdogan, the Istanbul mayor. "We've expanded opportunity. Before this, a woman in a head scarf could not work in City Hall. Now she can."

As for the true Islamic radicals, the ones Welfare disavows because they discard tact and openly urge the adoption of *sharia*, they too can be cautious. Drinking tea in the center of Istanbul's fundamentalist neighborhood of Fatih, I asked a bearded and capped magazine editor about Çiller's legitimacy. He jumped up and rummaged through bookshelves that offered, along with ordinary religious materials, a variety of gruesome anti-Semitic tracts, coming back with a volume of his own commentary. "In here," he said, presenting it to me, "I write that a woman can even be caliph."

The most widely accepted explanation for Welfare's mayoral wins was, as Çiller said, not Islam but corruption: the other parties had failed so resoundingly to solve economic and administrative problems,

even pragmatic secular Stamboullis wondered if the straight-and-narrow fundamentalists might not be able to get the trash picked up on time.

And yet Islamist parties, too, have their flanks to protect. The first news stories after the election were not about trash or taxes but about an incident in which a group of teen-age boys had responded to news of their party's electoral victory by going up to women whose skirts they considered too short and spitting in their faces. Reading the news accounts of this incident while flying to Turkey in the spring of 1994, I felt in a small way what I later learned many women in the secular elite experienced powerfully: a sinking, whirling sense of inevitability, the sort of feeling that comes when you hear that someone you know has a deadly disease.

But the story proved to have a surprise ending. The spitters were attacked by passersby, who sailed in with their fists; two days later, Welfare announced that it did not support the street harassment of women. This was modest, to be sure, but more explicit than any Islamist party, in Turkey or elsewhere, had ever been on the subject of street harassment. Though harassment on the basis of dress has been heard of in the year since, and one woman in the provinces was recently reported shot by a relative for failing to veil, the party's official position remains unique among Islamist parties holding office. Then again, no other religious party in the Islamic world is currently in the position of having to hold onto votes and woo an electorate.

■

Which is the real Turkey? That question, which hangs over the country's increasingly contested politics, is of long standing.

The taboos against Islamic practice, so strongly pushed by Atatürk, began to break down shortly after his death in 1938. For most rural women, it's agreed, they never really took hold at all. Along with the East-West and Islamic-secular divides, the other great split in Turkish consciousness lies between city and country. Like the others, this one is borne out most powerfully and visibly in the lives of women. Overall, the literacy and professional-employment rates for Turkish women are higher than anywhere else in the Middle East: women make up one in six judges, one in four doctors, and over 40 percent of the enrollment in schools of medicine and law. There are three or more generations' worth of firmly feminist, Kemalist women in politics and the professions.

But outside the cities in this country of 60 million, there are eight million illiterate females, a dramatically lower average age of marriage, and burdensomely high fertility rates. Most annoying to the authorities is the persistence in the villages of the practice of contractual religious marriages (sometimes arranged for very young children). Birth control and abortion, while legal and widely available in the large cities, play little role for rural women who continue to plow the fields and to function as Anatolian family farmers have for millennia. Women remain the principal harvesters of the Black Sea tea and nut crops, while the men, following a pattern seen throughout the Middle East, frequently spend their days in the village coffee houses. Few women in the cities have contact with this other side of the moon, where folk Islam, as opposed to the rigorous new kind, continues much as it always has.

The great exception to the secular-religious dichotomy was Semra Özal, the late president's colorful, liberal, and cigar-smoking first lady. After his death, Turgut Özal was greatly credited in the outside world for his economic reforms and privatizations, as well

as the light touch with which he brought the fractious country back together after the 1980 military coup. But during his term as president, the Turkish intelligentsia attacked him bitterly for having accommodated the fundamentalists after military rule was lifted in 1983. A devout man, Özal made a point of going on hajj, the Muslim pilgrimage, with Saudi Arabian friends—the first secular Turkish leader ever to make the trip. But the main reason he gave a hand to the



An Anatolian peasant in "traditional" garb

fundamentalists was to counter the threat of communism. Building mosques and separate religious schools, inviting fundamentalists into the army, Özal incurred the wrath of people who thought he had opened the door to Islamist influence in politics.

On women's issues, though, Özal drew no complaints. "Semra Hanim," or Madam Semra, was a continuing demonstration that such a man could be religious and yet have a wife who traveled freely and pursued her own public-service agenda in the villages. She took a special interest in family planning, traveling often to remote areas, holding public health clinics, distributing birth control devices, and periodically presiding over mass registrations of illegal religious marriages with the civil courts.

Despite 80 years of modernity, you can still feel the pull of the 600-year Ottoman past, whose legends speak of contradictions no less twisted than today's. Ottoman culture gave the world the harem,

that powerful image of female mystique combined with female imprisonment, but the reality of the harem—in literal meaning, the private dwelling quarters of the head of household—is endlessly debated among historians and sociologists, some of whom even see the centuries of gender segregation as laying the ground for women's institutions and women's political structures more powerful than those that exist in the West. And though mainstream Ottoman society was deeply marked by the two sets of restrictions that shaped the lives of women throughout the Islamic world—*sharia*, which imposed the unequal personal-status laws governing marriage, divorce, and inheritance; and *pardah*, the practice of restricting women to their homes—it seems also to have had a version of today's split between upper-class female freedom and lower-class female ignorance and confinement. The sultans' mothers and sisters had great power; people who know nothing at all about Turkey are likely to have heard a vague echo of the stories told of "Roxelana," the



Young girls in a central Anatolian village

favorite wife of Suleiman the Magnificent (1490?–1566), who altered the succession in favor of her son and was one of several royal women to engage in large-scale architectural patronage.

The original nomadic existence of the first Ottoman Turks, and their more distant Central Asiatic cultural forebears, made for relatively free lives for women even after the adoption of Islam, a freedom that was curtailed only with settlement and urbanization. Sociologists find a parallel in contemporary Turkey, where women who undergo the sharpest decrease in personal freedom are the ever more numerous “recently rural,” transplanted from a life of hard agricultural toil to modest or squalid city surroundings

where they cannot work or, in some cases, even go outside because of the proximity of strangers. Such scholarship suggests that it is not Islam itself that circumscribes women’s lives but Islam in conjunction with pressures brought about by massive social change.

Moreover, many Islamist intellectuals go a step further and defend Islamic conceptions of womanhood in the same language their feminist critics use. Arguing that Western feminism arose specifically in response to female inequality under Christianity, they suggest that women are oppressed and objectified not by Islam but by consumerism and materialism, and that Islam has always offered a more “empowering” model for full female self-actualization, albeit in the private sphere.

At the very least, ardent secularists have been forced to examine their own prejudices. “We made a mistake with the turbans,” sighs Turkan Akyol, minister for health and women’s affairs, the second-highest-ranking woman in Çiller’s government, a second-generation Kemalist, and a former university president. Akyol is filled with regret and trepidation by the successes of the Welfare Party, and with confusion. “We were too careful,” she says. “My generation used to refuse all such things, even those of us who came from religious families, even if we believed in God. We always felt we had to be very careful of the slightest step in that direction, the slightest religious symbol. Probably it was too much, but it helped us, too, in the beginning—be-

cause when you make such a big change, you need taboos to avoid going back."

In Washington recently, in a conference room at the National Endowment for Democracy, a male journalist visiting from Algeria declared passionately that "it is women, and only women, who stand between us and Islamist takeover. All over the Middle East, women will save us from Islamism." Turkey is no Algeria. It is a nation of complexity and pragmatism, and whatever happens there is likely to happen slowly. Tolerance, it's said, is the option turned to when exhaustion and permanent warfare make all other paths impossible; it could also be the option into which parties are forced by electoral spinning and trimming, even if the opposite poles of the argument lie on opposite sides of the mental and philosophical world.

A splinter politician, traveling around the Turkish countryside to launch a party called New Democracy, takes pains to say he is reaching out to the people "who are

not afraid of democracy, who are not afraid of religion." He tells a campaign anecdote that sounds like a Grimms's fairy tale: "I was at a picnic, campaigning, and I met a man with three daughters. The first daughter said, 'Oh! You're so handsome! Can I kiss you?' And she kissed me on the cheek. The second one shook my hand. The third one wouldn't shake my hand; she was too religious. But she wished me well." The candidate, whose name is Cem Boynar, is an industrialist who might do well in 1996 or disappear without an electoral trace. His candidacy hardly suggests the old Atatürkian metaphor of a straight march from East to West. Instead it conjures up a more complicated image, suggested by the turbulent waters one sees from the Istanbul bridge connecting Europe with Asia. The waves there move neither east nor west but roil endlessly above the colliding currents of the Black Sea, the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus, an apt image of a nation that will never be in anything as simple as transition.

CURRENT BOOKS

Speak of the Devil

THE ORIGIN OF SATAN. By Elaine Pagels. Random House. 256 pp. \$23

THE DEATH OF SATAN: How Americans Have Lost the Sense of Evil. By Andrew Delbanco. Farrar, Straus. 320 pp. \$23

Satan did not step suddenly from the shadows, absolute evil all at once, co-star in the cosmic drama. He found his way into the part, matured to the role. It took centuries for the Christian devil to arrogate to himself the various characteristics of the devils who make scattered appearances in the Bible. Satan is present in only a few places in the Old Testament, most prominently in the Book of Job, where he seems to be a member of God's court who, with God's permission, is allowed to test Job. The snake is perhaps the best-known symbol associated with Satan, but Genesis does not identify him with the cunning creature who persuaded Eve to try something new.

Just how closely the Old Testament Satan is to be associated with evil is a matter on which scholars differ. To his successor in the New Testament and beyond, however, the scent of evil clings like a signature cologne. The creature conjured up today in the popular imagination by the word *Satan* is a mix of malevolent beast and fallen Miltonic presence, hooved and horned and burnt red by the circumstances of his overheated home. (Is the use of the male pronoun contested, by the way, or are those who have made God "She" disinclined to give Satan a makeover too? Is he still "All yours, guys"?)

The titles of these two new books, by Elaine Pagels, a professor of religion at Princeton University, and Andrew Delbanco, a professor of English at Columbia University, make them sound like proper bookends to the life and career of the Lord of Evil. (All that's missing is an appropriate bridge volume, something like *Satan: The Working Years*.) In fact, however, the two books are strikingly

dissimilar, in purpose and approach.

Pagels, the award-winning author of *The Gnostic Gospels*, here continues her study of early Christianity. Specifically, she wants to show how events related in the Gospels about Jesus and those who supported or opposed him "correlate with the supernatural drama the writers use to interpret that story—the struggle between God's spirit and Satan." She explores the "specifically *social* implications of the figure of Satan: how he is invoked to express human conflict and to characterize human enemies within our own religious traditions." Her intention is to expose "certain fault lines in Christian tradition that have allowed for the demonizing of others throughout Christian history."

Pagels argues that Christians reading the Gospels for almost 2,000 years have always identified themselves with the disciples and, as a consequence, have necessarily identified the disciples' opponents, "whether Jews, pagans, or heretics, with forces of evil, and so with Satan." This Satan was born, she believes, sometime in the second half of the first century A.D., when adherents of the Jewish sect that became Christianity began to associate those who resisted their teaching with diabolical forces.

The Jewish proto-Christians found evil in their differences with other Jews, and the polarization was progressive. The first stage of demonization saw them turn against those closest to them ("intimate enemies"), the rabbinical leaders of Jewish society at the time of the war with the Romans (A.D. 66–70). For Pagels, the war and its aftermath drove a wedge between Jews who embraced Jesus' teaching and were trying to convert other Jews to their beliefs and Jews who held to their traditional faith. These resistant Jews were seen as allies of Satan's cause, the cause of darkness and evil. In this early demonization, so integral to establishing the new faith, Pagels

finds the seeds of the violence that Christians would work on Jews during the course of the next two millennia.

But the demonization did not stop with Jews. As Christianity spread around the Mediterranean, Christians discovered enemies at every point along the sweeping radius of their influence: non-Jews whose minds were closed to conversion also took on the mantle of Satan. Eventually, the serpent bit its tail: Christians found unorthodox thinkers in their own midst—and they too underwent demonization.

Pagels's argument depends on reading the Gospels in the following chronological order, so that the Passion narratives assign increasing blame to the Jews for Jesus' death: Mark first, written near the end of the war with Rome, and reflective of divisions in the Jewish community that the war made worse; then Matthew and Luke, from the decade A.D. 80–90; and finally John, from the mid '90s. She makes much of the first chapter of Mark, in which the Spirit descends on Jesus as he is baptized and then sends him out into the desert to be tempted by the Devil. In the last chapter of Mark, the risen Jesus sends the disciples out into the world to baptize believers and gives them the power to cast out devils. Thus, a cosmic struggle frames the narrative. Pagels wants its representation in Mark to mirror the conflict between Jews-turned-Christians (the forces of good) and the Jewish majority in first-century Palestine (Satan's team).

Pagels refers the reader to other scholarly work (including her own) for elaboration. But the evidence, no matter how ingeniously manipulated, remains incomplete and ambiguous. It cannot convince because, as she herself is at pains to remind the reader, the historical circumstances surrounding the composition of the Gospels remain, and perhaps will always remain, controversial. From the evidence we tease theory, not fact, and from the same evidence others will tease another theory. A book to be published in 1996 will offer new evidence that Matthew's Gospel

should be dated no later than A.D. 50. So early a date for Matthew would play havoc with Pagels's speculation about the chronology and purpose of the Gospels.

Pagels concedes that many Christians through the ages—Francis of Assisi and Martin Luther King are named—have resisted demonizing their opponents, but these, she claims, are the exceptions: "For the most part, however, Christians have taught—and acted upon—the belief that their enemies are evil and beyond redemption." The assertion is dramatic, but is it true without an awful lot of qualification? Of course, many readers of the Gospels have called those who will not accept their faith devils. Yes, there were Crusades and an Inquisition and a St. Bartholomew's Day.

But those are the extreme cases. What about the ordinary? The Roman Catholic tradition in which I was raised in mid-20th-century America taught us to pray for the conversion of "nonbelievers" but never once to identify them with Satan. On the contrary, each was a soul to save—a potential Catholic. The only individual I remember being denounced as "evil" and "a devil," maybe even *the* Devil, was Stalin—and about him the nuns were more savvy than the apologists.

In truth, though, there was no need to identify "the other" with the Devil. The Devil was all too real himself. Our devil was the devil of 1 Peter 5.8, the one who went about like a roaring lion looking for someone to eat. What mere nonbeliever could measure up to that? Who had time for "the other" (that creature of recent academic making)? You had all you could do to worry about yourself. The cosmic struggle was less significant than the daily personal struggle to lead a good and moral life. It's because you were so often tempted from the clear path of resolve into the delicious woods on either side that you were prepared to believe it was the Devil doing the deflecting.

This daily devil is absent from Pagels's account, though I suspect he has been a whole

lot more present to individual Christians and important to their lives for 2,000 years than her cosmic warrior. She writes, "The figure of Satan becomes, among other things, a way of characterizing one's actual enemies as the embodiment of transcendent forces." Yes—but in that "among other things" may hide the clever beast's most abiding and significant self.

We are light-years from ancient Palestine and cosmic struggle between good and evil in the contemporary world of Andrew Delbanco. "We no longer inhabit a world of transcendence," he writes, and the change, which some would see as a sign of maturity, is for him a mixed blessing at best. Indeed, there are moments, he admits, when the loss of a sense of transcendence is "unbearable." Delbanco's book, an eloquent, morally charged work of cultural, social, and intellectual history, uses American literature to explore how the country came untethered from its traditional religious moorings and how our language was "evacuated of religious metaphor"—metaphors such as "Satan." It is "the story of the advance of secular rationality in the United States, which has been relentless in the face of all resistance."

The concept of evil does not accord comfortably with our modern world view, for which the dominant mode is irony. Yet metaphysical need is not so easy to pull as a tooth. "Despite the monstrous uses to which Satan has been put," writes Delbanco, "I believe that our culture is now in crisis because evil remains an inescapable experience for all of us, while we no longer have a symbolic language for describing it." We want Satan back, and need to find new ways to conceive his reality, for "if evil escapes the reach of our imagination, it will have established, through its elusiveness, dominion over us all."

Delbanco's provocative sweep through American history leaves few religious ideals upright—and moves at so swift a pace that the reader's doubts about much of the grim, dra-

matic, academically astute generalization simply eat dust. Puritanism devolves from "a religion of self-effacement before an angry God" to "a religion of individuals striving under the gaze of a parentally proud God," and sin becomes "a synonym for the disreputable." By 1700, Satan begins to lose his moral content and his credibility. He goes from being an attribute of the self to a visible being outside the self, subject to dismissal in every one of his forms. By the mid-19th century, when the marketplace rules supreme and liberal individualism is increasingly the norm, he has been disavowed in literature, folklore, theology, and psychology. The color is gone, and not merely from his cheeks.

The Civil War is a crippling blow to faith and belief; in the land it bloodies grows a culture of doubt. America becomes modern, and, for Delbanco, "the emergence of chance and luck as the chief explanations and desiderata of life is perhaps the central story of modern American history." Evil is just bad luck. Soon, America enters its great age of scapegoating, when evil becomes synonymous with a foreign face. Belief bumps finally against our contemporary postmodern sense, or non-sense, of the self and our reflex disavowal of personal responsibility for any action, no matter how awful. How can we accept the irreducibility of evil in the self when there is no self? "As a society," Delbanco writes, "we seem to have virtually no beliefs left." But we had better learn to believe again, he urges, and soon.

The difficulty with both these books is that their catchy titles promise much more than their sober texts deliver. Reality is messier than any theorizing about it. You just can't coax every bee into the hive. Pagels's essay makes you doubt by the end the possibility of neatly defining at this late date "an" origin for Satan. Delbanco does an autopsy on the Devil's corpse, but the thing keeps twitching during the procedure.

To say "Americans" have lost the sense of evil, or a sense of transcendence and its complications, is to say only that "some" Americans have lost them. Millions have not,

and hold to their reality with a conviction that is properly religious. There are others for whom the impulse to believe may exist without formal religious motivation. Why do so many people put themselves through a hell far less hospitable than Dante's by reading the unreadable novels of Stephen King—reading them willingly, that is, by lamplight rather than at gunpoint—or the fevered oeuvre of Anne Rice, which is not merely unreadable but unspeakable? The need to encounter good and evil plainly marked, in their local, regional, and cosmic varieties, numbs all aesthetic sense in these folks. Why have angels become such a hot commodity in recent years, after languishing for so long on stained glass windows and greeting cards? What's going through people's heads when they dial "psychic hot lines"?

All this is trivial evidence, perhaps. But the figures on how many Americans still believe in God are not trivial. Nor is the strong,

and growing, fundamentalist presence in the country. There are people who know evil all too well when they see it, and they see it all too often. Americans—*some* Americans—have not entirely given up on the possibility of transcendence, even if they're looking for light (and darkness) in all the wrong places. Delbanco insists that the old language of evil has become a collection of dead metaphors and that you can't get back a sense of evil in ways that have been superseded by history. I wonder. Rationality might argue so, but will its low and even voice carry over the noise of stubborn conviction and irrational faith? To those who want to set tombstones atop the graves of transcendence and the Devil, the prudent advice may be "Hold off carving the dates."

—James Morris is the director of the Wilson Center's Division of Historical, Cultural, and Literary Studies.

The Stately Homes of Russia

LIFE ON THE RUSSIAN COUNTRY ESTATE: A Social and Cultural History. By Priscilla Roosevelt. Yale. 384 pp. \$45

Russian literature from Pushkin's *Bronze Horseman* (1833) and Gogol's *Overcoat* (1842) to Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* (1866) seems preoccupied with the agitations of urban life, especially those of Peter I's capital, St. Petersburg. But the literature has a rural side as well, concerned with the gentry's country residences and the worlds of nature and the peasantry in which those estates were immersed. For the century and a half before 1917, this second locus of Russian literature was the more important of the two, as Priscilla Roosevelt makes clear in her excellent book. By turns literary history, sociology, econom-

ics, art history, and architectural history, *Life on the Russian Country Estate* has something for everybody. Indeed, in its sheer inclusiveness lies one of the book's greater appeals.

The world into which Ivan Turgenev and Leo Tolstoy were born, and whose passing Anton Chekhov later mourned, was, like so much in Russian culture, created "from above" by the will of the tsars. Russia's rulers cut a simple deal with the gentry. In effect, they commanded, "Serve the crown, and in return the crown will reward you with land and control over your farm labor." Thus was Russian serfdom born at the beginning of the 17th century. By the late 18th century, the grandees were no longer required to serve in the government, though serfdom continued and the gentry still exercised many state functions locally.

For a few hundred of Russia's elite, the deal with the crown brought immense wealth, allowing both the architectural extravagance of the great rural estates and the establishment of notable amenities—domestic theater companies and orchestras, for example. The wealth bought lesser luxuries too, such as foreign tutors and foreign travel. The travel stimulated Russians' imaginations and challenged and intensified their sense of self. These disparate multicultural contacts—on the one hand with the culture of Western Europe, and on the other with the rough-talking peasants in the village just beyond the copse—were the fertile soil in which a great literature grew.

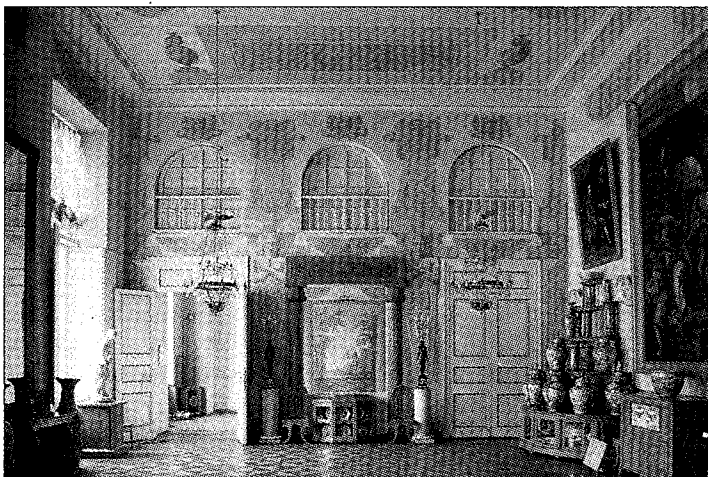
Roosevelt, a fellow of the Institute for European, Russian, and Eurasian Studies at George Washington University, frequently contrasts her portrait of this world with the more rooted English country life of the same period. More telling still would be a comparison with the life of the great Elizabethans, who were the direct beneficiaries of royal benevolence and built their palaces so as to receive the British queen on her periodic peregrinations around the country.

In several absorbing chapters, Roosevelt summarizes recent scholarship on the system of serfdom that underlay Russia's estates.

Though the Russian system differed significantly from slavery in the antebellum South, it gave to Turgenev's novels a social mood reminiscent of a plantation in Virginia's Tidewater. But comparisons geographically closer to Russia are readily at hand. A similar form of serfdom continued in Germany until the Napoleonic wars in the early 19th century, and much later in the Austrian Empire and Russian-ruled Poland.

To a far greater extent than the country houses of England or France, the great landed estates of Central Europe provided the immediate model for Russian grandees as they created their bucolic nests. When Count Razumovsky tried to hire Franz Joseph Haydn for his Ukrainian estate, he was consciously imitating the composer's Hungarian patron Prince Esterhazy, at whose great estate Haydn had spent many years. The many early-19th-century literary-philosophical circles that sprang up at the country houses of Russian aristocrats have their immediate antecedents in the world of the Brothers Grimm in Westphalia, and in country seats in Bohemia and locations farther east. The sprawling Baltic estates in what are now Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania were also well known to Russian aristocrats. Thanks to this rich array of models based on serf labor, a fashion such as the natural and informal "English Garden" could be passed from Western Europe to Russia through several national and cultural stages.

The number of Russians who owned or resided on landed estates was minuscule. Most Russian "aristocrats" lived no more grandly than many farmers in 19th-century Indiana. Moreover, the age of the theatricalized superestate, with its army of liveried servants, was fading even before Napoleon invaded Russia in 1812. During the last years of serfdom before its abolition by



Alexander II in 1861, Russian estate owners fell even deeper into debt, tried to cobble together rural factories staffed with serf workers to recoup their losses, and simply sank into a genteel lifestyle amid Russian-made furniture patterned after Biedermeier originals from Central Europe.

However few Russians participated in this world, the insistent reality of country life left a profound imprint on the larger culture in art, literature, and music. When the tsars of Soviet culture lauded Russians' passionate love of the Russian land, they were in fact echoing the lyric effusions of 19th-century Russian gentry writers such as Turgenev. The anarchic strain that coexists with Russians' supposed subservience to authority also traces in part to these same gentry, who were accustomed to thumbing their noses at the

bureaucrats in St. Petersburg. Indeed, Mikhail Bakunin, the founder of European anarchism, was just such a rural aristocrat. Finally, the sense of a lost golden age that permeates Russian culture from Chekhov to our own day is a direct legacy of the long, slow death of the Russian estate in the late-19th and early-20th centuries. Despite their passion for modernity, Russians still fear the sound of the ax in the patrimonial cherry orchard.

It is no criticism to say that Roosevelt's richly illustrated book is not the last word on these subjects. Rather, it is the *first* word for a very long time, and, as such, should be heartily welcomed.

—S. Frederick Starr, president of the Aspen Institute, is the author of *Bamboula! The Life and Times of Louis Moreau Gottschalk*.

OTHER TITLES

History

REPORTING WORLD WAR II: American Journalism 1938–1946 (2 vols.). *Library of America*. Vol. I: 912 pp.; Vol. II: 970 pp. \$35 each

To commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II, the *Library of America* has made a rare break with its normal practice of publishing the work of a single author and issued two volumes of reports and reflections on the war written by American journalists between 1938 and 1946. It's an inspired memorial, likely to be valued even when the war's anniversaries are no longer routinely tallied.

The "reporting" in these volumes generally consists of feature stories and essays rather than "breaking news" about events. For the most part, the authors try to recreate the experience of being there—on battlefields and bombing runs, in villages, cities, and concentration camps

during the war and as the fighting finally came to an end. And, for the most part, they succeed.

The 150 or so pieces are the work of gifted and important writers—among them William L. Shirer, A. J. Liebling, Edward R. Murrow, Margaret Bourke-White, Walter Bernstein, E. B. White, John Hersey, James Agee, Ernie Pyle, and Vincent Tubbs. (Brief but helpful biographies of all the contributors are included.) Cartoonist Bill Mauldin's book *Up Front* appears in full and may be the best thing in the collection. By contrast, Gertrude Stein's account of life in a rural village in France is notable mainly for its silly punctuation. Reports from the home front are also included, but they are mere counterpoints to the principal action, which is elsewhere. Battle stories, life-on-the-line stories, and refugee stories crowd these pages.

The volumes follow standard *Library of America* editorial procedures. In other words, the texts are accompanied by less explanatory



"You'll get over it, Joe. Oncet I wuz gonna write a book exposin' the army after th' war myself."

information than some readers will wish. There is no introduction to explain why the editors chose what they did, and no discussion of the overall strategy of the war, though maps and a chronology in the appendix suggest its course. It's churlish to complain about what's *not* in 2,000 pages, but one does miss stories of the military behind the lines (the sort of thing about which *M*A*S*H* and *Catch-22* have subsequently made us curious), stories of the navy as a navy rather than a mere support for air or infantry forces, and reports about pacifism on the home front (perhaps something by Dorothy Day of the *Catholic Worker*, who was nothing if not a journalist).

Reporting World War II concludes with the full text of John Hersey's *Hiroshima*, which first appeared in the *New Yorker* in August 1946. Hersey addresses, but does not resolve, the moral ambiguity of using nuclear weapons, and his doubt contrasts with the certainty most of these journalists felt about the rightness of their cause. In this valuable collection, at least, the war ends not with a period but a question mark.

THE BLACK DIASPORA: Five Centuries of the Black Experience Outside Africa. By Ronald Segal. Farrar, Straus. 477 pp. \$27.50

The numbers are still contested and perhaps fall short of the reality, but they are sufficiently awful without increase or precision: from the 16th century through 1870, some 12 million individuals were taken by ship from Africa against their will and transported in chains across the Atlantic in squalid, airless confinement. Between 10 and 20 percent of the kidnapped Africans are thought to have died at sea. Some 400,000 of those who survived were cargo for North America; the vast majority were brought to South America, in particular to Brazil, and to the islands of the Caribbean.

Segal, who spent more than 30 years in voluntary exile from his native South Africa, where he was the first white member of the African National Congress, and who is the author of 11 other books, has set himself the monumental task of writing an account of the 500 years of this vast displacement and its consequences—"the story of a people with an identity, vitality, and creativity all their own." (He does not write about slavery within Africa itself, or within the Islamic world.) And he tries to find in these people's experience "some underlying meaning, some redeeming force, a very principle of identity that may be called the soul." This soul he identifies with freedom.

The first third of his book is the most riveting. Its catalogue of horrors about the Atlantic slave trade fascinates and overwhelms. But Segal's schematic approach robs the book of cumulative power. He does not tell the story of events in any one country straight through. Rather, individual chapters recounting the introduction and spread of slavery in a group of countries (Brazil, Haiti, Guyana, Cuba, the United States, etc.) are followed by chapters that recount the resistance to slavery and the struggle for emancipation in each of those same countries—and then by chapters on subsequent political, economic, social, and cultural development. The locales change, but too often the reader has the feeling of going over the same ground.

At the same time, Segal's narrative ambition allows scant space for nuance. One often wants

pages when Segal has time to supply only a paragraph, or a provocative sentence. Thus, of America in the 1930s he writes: "The arrival of the Great Depression led to a Democratic federal government whose New Deal was freighted with old discrimination." The sentence needs sustaining by more than the subsequent dozen lines of documentation. (His chapter on contemporary America is entitled, predictably, "The Wasteland of the American Promise.")

Such criticisms do not diminish the achievement. It is instructive to have the full sweep of the tragedy, and to be reminded anew of how many nations were complicit in it—not just the United States, but the British, the French, the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Spanish. Slavery planted a canker at the core of civic life in much of North and South America and the Caribbean, and its destructive power is never more evident than when Segal tells of the struggle of black against black, or lighter black against darker black, for status and economic advancement. The infection can cause blindness: "In 1988, a congress was held at the University of São Paulo to mark the centenary of the abolition of slavery in Brazil. At the formal opening, there was not a single black to be seen on the platform."

In the end, Segal wants the black diaspora not just for subject but for audience, and his message to it is moral and hortatory. To free itself, he argues, the diaspora must do something it has not yet done—"accept its past, as a source not of degradation, but of dignity." Above the din of five centuries, Segal lifts his voice bravely, improbably.

THE AGE OF HIROHITO: In Search of Modern Japan. By Daikichi Irokawa (trans. by Mikiso Hane and John K. Urra). Free Press. 179 pp. \$25

Pivotal historical figures who survive being the pivot usually tell their stories, in Tokyo no less than in Washington. That the Emperor Hirohito never reflected publicly on his tumultuous reign (1926–1989), the longest of any Japanese emperor, is a measure of how much he remained, even decades after World War II, the focus of intense debate over the nature of the state. In this brief

but closely argued book, Irokawa, a historian at Tokyo University of Economics, provides background to that debate and seeks to illuminate the shadowy figure at its center.

Though his main purpose is to describe the emperor's personal role in World War II and the effort to hide that role after Japan's catastrophic defeat, Irokawa does not confine his criticism to Hirohito. He apports it throughout Japanese society and across seven decades. For the war, he blames military leaders and the ambitious, greedy industrialists who encouraged them; leftist intellectuals, who were blinded to events by their devotion to Soviet ideology; and even the Japanese people, who were all too easily distracted from political issues.

The favorite means of exculpating Hirohito has been to claim that he was a figurehead, with little influence on policy. He himself said that because he was a constitutional monarch his authority was narrowly circumscribed. But by examining the emperor's policy decisions and claims to authority before and during the war, Irokawa refutes the latter-day efforts at justification. "Despite the emperor's general inaction," he writes, "on numerous occasions he did exercise the authority of the supreme command." He did not merely reign; he ruled—and he could have stopped the war. A strong stand by Hirohito against leaders of the military and their expansionist plans would have compelled their assent. He was, after all, their highest recourse, their god.

Japan surrendered, but the fight to protect the emperor continued, and, ironically, Hirohito acquired a surprising new ally—the Americans. Calculating that Japan would be more tractable if the emperor remained in place, the prosecution at the Tokyo war crimes trials refused to accept testimony against him. He was allowed at last to assume his full stature as figurehead.

Arts & Letters

WALKER EVANS: A Biography. By Belinda Rathbone. Houghton Mifflin. 308 pp. \$27.50

Before tattered signposts, desolate streets, and desperate, unposed people became fashion-



able subjects for photographers, Walker Evans (1903–74) discovered them through the lens of his Leica. Best known for the hauntingly plain images of southern sharecroppers in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* (1941, with text by James Agee), Evans took to serious photography after he dropped out of Williams College in 1923 and made unsuccessful forays into business and writing. The prominent schools of photography at the time—impressionistic pictorialists and slick, surreal modernists (who loved to shoot eggs and angled skyscrapers)—had little use for the realism that Evans favored. They deliberately distanced photographic art from ordinary life, and, as Rathbone, a historian of photography, argues that Evans was, with his painfully honest eye, the first great photographer of the ordinary.

Evans turned to the camera even though he professed to find photography disreputable and “ludicrous.” Drawn to the streets, warehouses, and back alleys of Brooklyn and Manhattan, he thrived on the tense images he found there. But when he showed his early work

to Alfred Stieglitz, the self-established god of the growing photography industry, Stieglitz was not impressed. “Technically uneven” is Rathbone’s own measured judgment of the work.

Evans did not turn professional until 1930, when his friend, the struggling poet Hart Crane, insisted that Evans’s bleak photos of the Brooklyn Bridge illustrate the text of his new poem *The Bridge*. Evans repeatedly sought his subject in urban landscapes. “The right things,” he wrote to a friend, “can be found in Pittsburgh, Toledo, Detroit (a lot in Detroit, I want to get in some dirty crack, Detroit’s full of chances).” He craved the unposed and took to the New York subway to photograph weary, oblivious subjects with a concealed miniature camera.

James Agee drew Evans out of the city in 1936 to the back hills of Alabama, where he produced some of his bravest work. The photos he took of a family of white sharecroppers were stunningly intimate. They captured the dignity as well as the poverty of each family member, and they refrained from judgment. Evans rejected the conjurer’s tricks of light and angle and forced posing used by contemporary photographers such as Margaret Bourke-White. He shot straight on and created intensely personal portraits that kept the photographer at a distance.

Like her subject, Rathbone keeps her own graceful distance in this, her first book, and the first biography of Evans. She portrays in detail Evans’s taste for married women (his two marriages began as adulterous affairs), the intense friendship with Agee, the explosive, devastating passions, including a youthful homosexual experimentation with 21-year-old writer John Cheever, the increasingly frequent bouts of alcoholism, and the sharp peak and steady decline of his professional career. Keeping supposition to a minimum, she allows the contradictions in Evans to stand. And so he remains—the artist of the ordinary who fastidiously pursued the socially elite; the sensual collector of junk (“For him, trash was the contemporary equivalent of the ruin”); the surly, unfaithful husband; the driven, unpredictable genius.

EMBLEMS OF MIND: The Inner Life of Music and Mathematics. By Edward Rothstein. *Times/Random*. 263 pp. \$25

The composer Igor Stravinsky once remarked that in mathematics a musician should find a study "as useful to him as the learning of another language is to a poet." What Rothstein, chief music critic of the *New York Times*, attempts to explain is why. Few dispute the strong connections between music and mathematics. Even at its most improvisational, music follows structural rules of meter and tempo. Similarly, even the most abstract mathematical equations are built from known axioms in an elegant pattern not unlike the movements of a sonata. But Rothstein wants to delve deeper into the two disciplines, to discover whether their inner workings yield insights into the act of creation itself.

The journey he undertakes—through the higher reaches of philosophy, musical composition, and mathematical theory—is so satisfying that the elusiveness of its destination finally becomes irrelevant. Along the way, the lay reader learns to appreciate how mathematicians derive such principles as Fermat numbers, the Fibonacci Series, and Gödel's incompleteness theorem. One of Rothstein's more intriguing observations is that the process driving mathematics is "no more dominated by compulsion or mechanism than musical composition is by the 'need' to follow one type of chord with another." Rather, mathematicians extrapolate proofs through surprisingly playful experimentation with the relations between numbers. The numbers represent an unmapped universe; if the mathematicians' work is successful, they uncover an internal relationship between the elements.

Rothstein suggests that listeners arrive at a sense of a composer's work in a similar way: "Mappings are made within music—from one phrase to another, from one section to another... [and] to our varied experience as listeners." Depending on that experience, the connections may become more refined. It may be possible, for example, for a given listener to recognize the style of the music—baroque or classical or romantic—or

to identify a piece as a fugue or a waltz, but even the uninitiated will recognize that there is order behind the notes.

Rothstein deftly reveals the beauty and elegance of certain mathematical principles, but his argument tends to reduce music to a consideration of form and function—at least until the visionary final pages of the book, where he describes the poet William Wordsworth's encounter with a spectacular view emerging from morning mist. "The mist, the moon, the sky, and the ocean are each distinct objects," writes Rothstein, "each seemingly subject to its own law, possessing its own character. But they are also tied together, exercising powers and influences on one another." As the poet seeks to apprehend the influences and make sense of the whole scene, so composers struggle to make music out of silence and mathematicians to show connections where none appear to exist.

Yet something about the two arts of music and math—so similar in their "inner and outer life," in their reliance on "metaphors and analogies, proportions and mappings"—hovers always just out of reach. They remain mysteries, "too close to Truth to be merely human, too close to invention to be divine."

WRITING AND BEING. By Nadine Gordimer. *Harvard*. 176 pp. \$18.95

WRITING WAS EVERYTHING: Life as a Critic, 1934–1994. By Alfred Kazin. *Harvard*. 152 pp. \$17.95

What makes writers tick? In these two books, each a blend of memoir, criticism, and history, a famous novelist and a famous literary critic reflect on their shared craft. What surprises is how very direct the American critic's reflections are, and how very theoretical the South African novelist's.

When a life is made particularly vivid in fiction, a reader can't help but wonder how much of it is true. Gordimer, winner of the Nobel Prize for literature, plays this "prurient guessing game" as writer, reader, and critic, all "fumbling to find out where fiction [comes]

from," and explores the shadowy theoretical territory that lies between fact and fiction. Arguing that fiction informed by real-life experience is often more true than self-declared history or biography, she cites the novels and poetry of South African revolutionaries as "testimony" to their search for a physical and artistic homeland. She allies herself with writers who have followed Proust's directive, "Do not be afraid to go too far, for the truth lies beyond." These include Naguib Mafouz in Egypt, Chinua Achebe in Nigeria, and Amos Oz in Israel, whose fiction was banned in their respective countries, as hers was in South Africa, for revealing unpleasant political and social realities. This slender book is most involving when Gordimer speaks of trying to "write her way out" of her adopted country's physical and cultural boundaries. One wishes that the personal and critical honesty had to contend with less theory, which nearly obscures her considerable wisdom. Gordimer manipulates her Barthes, Said, and Lukacs well, but they seem beside the point when she tells us plainly in her own words how "fiction is an enactment of life."

Alfred Kazin, now 80 years old and a professor emeritus of English at Hunter College, provides a clear-eyed analysis of 20th-century literary history as it parallels his own career. He regrets the "tides of ideology" that have swamped the reader "mercilessly" since the 1960s, and, unlike Gordimer, he has little patience for the "guidance" that too dogmatic—or abstract—a theory can impose on the impressionable reader. "Only in an age so fragmented," he growls, "can presumably literate persons speak of Dante, Beethoven, or Tolstoy as 'dead white European males.'"

Kazin interweaves personal with literary anecdotes to show that living, writing, and reading are necessarily intimate. Indeed, all his personal stories are literary, and one gets the impression that, from the moment he was "shaken and seized" by *Oliver Twist* at the age of 12, books rather than events have marked the significant moments in his life.

Kazin might flinch at Gordimer's theorizing, but when he bears witness to the intermingling of writers' lives with their art, his testimony is not unlike hers. In particular, he recalls how the writings of Hannah Arendt and Polish poet Czeslaw Milosz made clear to him, an American Jew, "the European agony we did not experience." At such moments, he and Gordimer share the same sensibility: writing does not merely record human "experience"; it shows that life *is* narrative, and it lets the two converge.

Contemporary Affairs

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG. By Robert Timberg. Simon & Schuster. 540 pp. \$27.50

In January 1961, John F. Kennedy told the world that the United States was willing to "pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship" to advance the cause of world freedom. He struck a chord in the hearts of Americans of his generation who believed in America's special mission abroad and thought military service a duty and an honor. How dramatically things had changed by April 1975, when the Ford administration ordered the emergency evacuation of the United States embassy in Saigon. America had suffered through an unpopular and devastating war that spawned enormous social upheaval and, as Timberg puts it, opened a "generational fault line" between those who served (as Timberg himself did) and those who did not.

His book is about this fault line and how it endured to contribute to the election of Ronald Reagan and to his administration's involvement in the Iran-contra affair. Timberg, deputy chief of the *Baltimore Sun's* Washington bureau, pursues his theme through fascinating portraits of five prominent Vietnam veterans who were also, like him, graduates of the U.S. Naval Academy—John S. McCain III, Robert C. "Bud" McFarlane, Oliver L. North, Jr., John M. Poindexter, and James H. Webb III. These five men, so different in character and personality, shared an "unassailable belief in America" which led them to distinguish them-

selves in action in Vietnam. McCain's ordeal was the most notorious: as a prisoner subjected to humiliation and brutality in the Hanoi Hilton, he held to the military's highest standards of honor and courage. (McCain is now a U.S. senator from Arizona.)

The physical and emotional trauma of the war was only a portion of its legacy for the five men (and for hundreds of thousands of other veterans). They returned home to "hostility, contempt, ridicule, at best indifference." Little wonder, then, that the fault line in the society grew so wide: the spat-upon veterans came to view the pious activists who surreptitiously (or illegally) evaded service with an equal measure of moral contempt.

For the most part, Timberg's subjects managed to get on with their lives after the war and make successful careers. But for McFarlane, North, and Poindexter, he argues, something was missing. They had been "stunned into silence" by the hostility and ridicule of their fellow Americans. Timberg likens them to nightingales, who find their voice only when they hear another nightingale sing. Ronald Reagan's full-throated patriotism and generous praise for Vietnam veterans restored their voices, even as it provided "resonance" for the message in Webb's novels and "mood music" for the emerging politician McCain, who had remained "silent by choice."

In 1984, the Congress—full of individuals who had not served in Vietnam and could not appreciate "what it meant to be bloody, hungry and out of ammunition"—voted to cut off all aid to the contras in Nicaragua. Determined that the United States not betray another ally, as it had South Vietnam, and seduced by patriotism's song, North, McFarlane, and Poindexter became involved in a covert plan to support the contras with proceeds from Iranian arms sales. They acted for what they thought good and noble reasons, and they suffered eventual rebuke on both sides of the fault line.

For all but the seasoned ornithologist, Timberg's governing metaphor is strained. The considerable strength of his book lies rather in the wealth of stories through which he gives individuality to each of his five prin-

cipal characters and makes of their collective histories a vivid account of America's social and political climate from the morass of Vietnam to the quicksand of Iran-contra.

THE TYRANNY OF NUMBERS:

Mismeasurement and Misrule. By Nicholas Eberstadt. AEI Press. 310 pp. \$24.95

We Americans are allowing statistics to rule us and drive public policy, argues Eberstadt, a visiting fellow of the Harvard University Center for Population and Development Studies and a visiting scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. But how do statistics gain ascendancy, and what happens when we cede control to them? Eberstadt takes aim not at any specific political ideology but at the faith we now place in the official figures collected by governments. He believes that, despite current doubts about the future of the nation-state and its centralized methods of governance, the rise of public sectors in free societies has yet to reach its peak: "The modern voter and his agents have demonstrated already that they are quite capable of inveighing against the heavy burden of an excessive government even as they militate for additional state subventions." Because more will be at stake in the political redistribution of resources, the need for reliable data—from governments and other sources—will grow, and the data will continue to inform politics.

Eberstadt analyzes contentious public claims about social problems by examining how numbers are constructed for the purposes of argument. On the controversial issue of poverty in America, for example, he insists that "the poverty rate" itself is "an arbitrary and, in some ways, a seriously misleading statistical indicator" because it focuses on income rather than consumption. That focus resulted, Eberstadt explains, from a federal agency's unwillingness 30 years ago to collect information about expenditures because data about income were already available. Having a different (and less alarming) measure for material deprivation, Eberstadt argues, would create a different public debate about poverty.

On a second controversial issue, Eberstadt suggests that ineffective governmental and medical systems may not be responsible, as many believe, for high rates of infant mortality in America, and that we need to know more about the attitudes and behavior of pregnant mothers. But research into this aspect of the problem meets strong resistance—for political reasons. It “blames the victims,” something avoided at all costs these days, even that of failing to understand—and end—the true causes of high infant mortality.

Eberstadt’s approach is clearly provocative, and his passionate commitment to getting the figures and the correlations right lends his work a genuine moral dimension. That’s too rare a quality in contemporary social science to be ignored.

VIRTUALLY NORMAL: An Argument about Homosexuality. By Andrew Sullivan. Knopf. 205 pp. \$22

Andrew Sullivan, the editor of the *New Republic*, is a romantic at heart, or maybe just below the skin. He still believes in happy endings; at least, he refuses to disbelieve in them. Sullivan’s book is “about how we as a society deal with that small minority of us which is homosexual.” Unimpeded by statistics and footnotes, it has the pressing, insistent tone of serious conversation. It is inevitably a book about politics—specifically, the conflicted politics of homosexuality in America today. What Sullivan wants for homosexual citizens is nothing more than public equality with heterosexual citizens, that is, equal treatment by the state. That is all, he believes, one can or should expect of the state, and it would be enough. The state cannot legislate an end to private scorn and hatred of homosexuals.

Sullivan argues from observation and lived experience, true to his epigraph from Ludwig Wittgenstein: “One can only *describe* here and say: this is what human life is like.” On the basis of his own life and the testimony of many others, he contends that “for a small minority of people, from a young age, homo-

sexuality is an essentially involuntary condition that can neither be denied nor permanently repressed.” For such individuals, homosexuality is, quite simply, natural, and to deny it is to go against their nature.

Sullivan assigns—somewhat artificially, as he admits—the most prominent arguments currently being made about homosexuality to four groups: prohibitionists (for whom homosexuality is an abomination and an illness, and who feel that homosexual acts call for punishment and deterrence by the society); liberationists (for whom homosexuality is not a defining condition or inherent natural state but an arbitrary social construction); conservatives (a variety of liberals, actually, for whom homosexuality is a condition to be tolerated in private because individuals’ privacy must be respected, but disapproved in public lest it fray the social fabric); and liberals (for whom homosexuality is an individual’s right, to be protected by law in the society, along with the myriad other “rights” liberals have discovered in the process of educating a skeptical and reluctant public about what’s good for it).

Alert to the need for nuance and qualification, Sullivan gives each of these positions its due before arguing its insufficiency. He would replace all of them with his own politics of homosexuality, “one that does not deny homosexuals their existence, integrity, dignity, or distinctness.” What he proposes is less a parting shot than an opening volley: an end to all public (as distinct from private) discrimination against “those who grow up and find themselves emotionally different.” “And that is all,” writes Sullivan, as if the proposal were as simple as it is reasonable: accord homosexual citizens every right and responsibility that heterosexuals enjoy as public citizens.

The consequences? Well, for one, equal opportunity and inclusion in the military. For another, and even more provocatively, legalized homosexual marriage and divorce. For many in the society this would be the last straw; for Sullivan it is the best hope. He may be prescient, and he may be right; for the historical moment in American politics, he is merely quixotic—romantic even. But his book honors and advances the debate.

BALKAN TRAGEDY: Chaos and Dissolution after the Cold War. By Susan L. Woodward. *Brookings*. 536 pp. \$42.95

When the European Community declared the former Yugoslavia dead at a 1991 peace conference in the Hague, the six republics that lived within its bounds became locked in a bitter struggle over the decedent's estate. Long after borders are redrawn in blood and the spoils of war divided, debate over the causes of what happened will rage among journalists, scholars, and policy makers.

Woodward, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, has written the most thoughtful, detailed, and lucid work on the disintegration of Yugoslavia to appear thus far. It confronts head-on what will be the crux of the controversy—the alleged inevitability of the collapse of Yugoslavia into nationalist regimes and civil war.

According to the new Western dogma, Yugoslavia was doomed from the start. It was an artificial country that never should have lasted its 73 years; a hellish place, moreover, where the end of the Cold War lifted the lid from “a cauldron of long-simmering hatreds.” The “revival of ethnic hatreds in a return to the precommunist past” has become, says Woodward, the ideological explanation of choice in the West for the disaster: the breakup was unavoidable, and only its brutality was negotiable.

An entirely different dogma prevailed during the Cold War. Yugoslavia was once the darling of the West, and the Yugoslavs were America's pet Eastern Europeans. As Woodward explains, Yugoslavia was then an important element in the West's policy of containment of the Soviet Union, and the Yugoslav regime survived Tito's clash with Stalin thanks in large part to American military aid and economic assistance.

Balkan experts who were part of the earlier consensus, and proud of it, have since gone into hiding. But not Woodward. Her book runs counter to every tenet of the new orthodoxy on Yugoslavia. She begins her account a full decade before the fall of the Berlin Wall, when economic austerity and reforms in Yugoslavia triggered a breakdown of political and civil order and a slide toward governmental disintegration. This

was the real origin of the conflict.

Woodward is determined not to take sides in the war in Bosnia-Herzegovina, though she is fully aware that “all those who propose instead to analyze the conflict are accused of assigning moral equivalence between victims and aggressors—or worse, of justifying actions being explained.” She rejects the predictable argument that a longstanding Serb-Croat conflict exemplifies the historical character of contemporary Yugoslav politics, and she coolly discounts as “unlikely” the fashionable American theory that Yugoslavia unraveled because Serbia's president, Slobodan Milosevic, devised a diabolical master plan for a “Greater Serbia.”

Woodward neither calls for bombings nor scrambles for the moral high ground. Her interest lies in understanding as clearly as possible why, over a prolonged period, government authority eroded. She sees the Yugoslav crisis as a “story of many small steps taken in separate scenes and locales,” and a drama to which Western governments and onlookers contributed significantly. Her exceptionally well-documented book will not buttress the dubious opinions one may acquire watching the evening news or reading the columns of the laptop bombardiers in the morning papers. But for those who care to know, it will explain why Yugoslavia perished, and why there has been so much death since its passing.

POSTETHNIC AMERICA: Beyond Multiculturalism. By David A. Hollinger. *Basic*. 210 pp. \$22

Does the debate over multiculturalism have to end at an impasse? Hollinger, a historian at the University of California, Berkeley, thinks not, and he proposes a novel way through the cultural and political tangles that obstruct any reasonable advance. His effort to tie a new civic nationalism to a vigorous endorsement of diversity will be especially welcome to readers who support cultural diversity but seek a common culture.

The problem with most defenders of pluralism, he argues, is that they don't go far enough. They erect artificial fences around each ethnic or

racial group to preserve its cultural identity or to protect its political and economic interests. Such defenders of pluralism often depict themselves as liberal or radical, but they are, in a sense, deeply conservative. They share with Euro-American traditionalists the prayer that ties of blood and family will withstand the centrifugal pressures of the modern world.

But some members of each group in the officially sanctioned American ethnic "pentagon" (whites, blacks, Indians, Latinos, and Asians) are rattling their protective fences from inside: Korean and Filipino-Americans challenge the category "Asian-American" because it connotes Chinese or Japanese ancestry; West Indian blacks distinguish themselves from African-Americans of southern U.S. origin; young people of all groups increasingly marry across ethnic and racial lines and thereby create a growing "mixed-race" population.

To those who value the free development of personality—a historic liberal commitment—over obedience to traditional prescriptions, such developments are good news. The irony of multiculturalism, Hollinger notes, is that its relentless insistence on pluralism has ended up undermining the stability of each ethnic or racial enclosure and "diversifying diversity." By so doing, multiculturalism has prepared the way for a critical cosmopolitanism that cherishes the freedom of each person to choose multiple identities. And one of those identities, Hollinger believes, should be civic, based on a decision to build up one's American self through participation in the culture and politics of the nation.

In Hollinger's view, it is time for liberals to stop belittling "patriotism," which they ceded to the Right in the wake of Vietnam. Like Marxists and other progressives, liberals have always had more difficulty than conservatives expressing their loyalty to the nation because the nation stood for something parochial. Hollinger sees the nation rather as an indispensable locus of loyalty and as the only cultural and political entity capable of advancing the historic liberal quest for equality.

Hollinger harbors no illusions that it will be easy to move beyond multiculturalism. He even concedes that, in the absence of a wide political consensus on eliminating poverty, multicultu-

ralism may be the only way to salvage a few crumbs for the poor. But his book makes a timely case for abandoning an increasingly rigid pluralism and setting out for a cosmopolitan America where cultural differences can proliferate and civic nationality deepen.

Philosophy & Religion

HANNAH ARENDT / MARTIN HEIDEGGER. *By Elzbieta Ettinger.* Yale. 160 pp. \$16

Why should it matter, other than to the gossip-hungry, that Martin Heidegger (1889–1976) and Hannah Arendt (1906–75) once had an affair? The year was 1924. He was 35, married with two children, a professor of philosophy at the University of Marburg, and—most important—heir apparent to the throne of German philosophy then occupied by Edmund Husserl at the University of Freiburg. She was 18 when she first heard him lecture, a bright young German Jew with a first-class mind and an almost religious reverence for the misty labyrinths of Teutonic thought. Within a year they were launched upon an affair that would last, thanks to much discrete plotting, until 1928, when Heidegger succeeded to Husserl's chair (and found another mistress).

Ettinger, a professor of humanities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, mines the newly released correspondence between Heidegger and Arendt in her attempt to illuminate the relationship between a man whom some consider the greatest philosopher of the 20th century and a woman who became one of the more influential political thinkers of her time. Heidegger is important for his radical rethinking of the Western metaphysical tradition, his probing if often obscure explorations of the "existence" question (*Being and Time*, 1927), and his critique of technology and instrumental thinking. He is controversial to an almost equal extent for his involvement with the National Socialist Party. Despite his artful postwar disavowals, a spate of recent studies shows that Heidegger was a party member not merely while rector of Freiburg (1933–34) but well into 1945. And perhaps worse than his philosophical

sympathy with parts of the Nazi ideology was his deplorable treatment of Jewish scholars who were once friends, colleagues, and mentors (including Husserl himself).

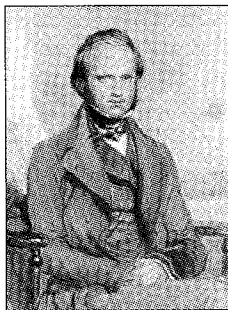
Arendt's postwar response to this shameful record was almost as troubling. Although she left Germany in 1933 and eventually settled in the United States, she knew that Heidegger had been anything but blameless during the Hitler years. Writing in *Partisan Review* in 1946, she noted that he had banned Husserl from the Freiburg faculty "because he was a Jew." Yet within a few years, after resuming her correspondence with Heidegger, she accepted almost all of his self-justifications and evasions. Indeed, she became one of his more ardent apologists in the United States. For this gullibility Ettinger adduces a single reason: Arendt never overcame her youthful infatuation; nor did she cease, in Ettinger's words, "to believe that she was the woman in Heidegger's life."

That may well have been Arendt's belief, but as an explanation for her action it falls woefully short of adequate. Much more to the point is her complicated intellectual debt to the substance and style of Heidegger's thought, apparent in all of Arendt's work, including her masterpiece, *Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951). This influence she found impossible to shed. Even a book as short as Ettinger's might have hinted at how Arendt's defense of Heidegger was at least partially a defense of her own intellectual position. Alas, no such hint appears. Because Ettinger so assiduously avoids the entanglement of two minds, her study ends up being little more than high gossip, a sad record of treasons large and small, as slight in significance as it is in size.

Science & Technology

CHARLES DARWIN: Voyaging. (A Biography, Vol. I.) By Janet Browne. Knopf. 543 pp. \$35

The man who persuaded us that our forefathers swung from trees did not wish to scandalize. So he tucked his observations away in secret notebooks and suffered mysterious stomach ailments. In this latest of recent studies, Charles Darwin (1809–82) is once again the "tormented



evolutionist" of Adrian Desmond and James Moore's rather break-neck 1991 biography, which placed Darwin at the center of the social and political uproar of mid-19th-century England. Browne, a zoologist, historian, and editor of *Darwin's Correspondence*,

views Darwin "as his wife or friends" might have seen him—hiding from the public, puttering in his garden, studying worms. Although scholars may wish for more hard science, lay readers will find much to admire in her leisurely stroll through the great man's life.

Browne's book also adds weight to Gertrude Himmelfarb's argument in *Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution* (1959) that Darwin was a "conservative revolutionary." His theory of evolution did not grow from radical social or political persuasions, Browne shows, but from a uniquely stubborn mind. Emotionally, he could not have been more conservative. As a child, he cared only for bugs, dogs, horses, and relatives. Two weeks before his 30th birthday, with no greater ambition than to be comfortably settled, he abruptly married a younger first cousin. Affectionate natures made for a happy marriage, though Emma Darwin's Anglicanism operated as a brake on her husband's evolutionary ideas. Intellectually, Darwin proved more adventurous. His father, a doctor, sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. But Darwin recoiled from the surgical techniques of his era and preferred to roam the countryside with other fanciers of bugs and rocks. He even tried the ministry but could not abandon his naturalist hobbies.

A Cambridge University mentor secured for Darwin the opportunity that launched his career: a five-year voyage aboard a naval surveying ship, the *Beagle*. At the tip of South America, he was exposed to a dazzling variety of geological formations and plant and animal species; contact with native "savages" impressed upon him the variations possible within our own species. Finally, the trip gave Darwin license to draw conclusions about change in the natural world; he was simply too far from home to

doubt his own powers of observation.

Darwin approached the natural sciences with a strong philosophical bent. Though never moved by notoriety to mount a soapbox, he could not help thinking more publicly about the origins of life as he grew older. When Browne's first volume ends, in 1856, Darwin has passed the midpoint of his life; he is redrafting his secret notebooks and reading such social critics as Thomas Robert Malthus (1766–1834) to gain support for his theory of natural selection. He stands ready at last to show his fellow Victorians his dark and godless truth. In Browne's words, "The pleasant face of nature was . . . only an outward face. Underneath was perpetual struggle, species against species, individual against individual."

Following the publication of his evolutionary theories, Darwin had two decades to live. Much of that time he spent sick and depressed. After *The Origin of Species* (1859) and *The Descent of Man* (1871), he reverted to some humbler studies of flowers and worms. It will be interesting to see how Browne handles these distinctly unglamorous years, when Darwin's greatest voyage was long behind him.

SCIENCE AND THE QUIET ART: The Role of Medical Research in Health Care. By David Weatherall. Norton. 320 pp. \$25

"It was his part to learn the powers of medicines and the practice of healing," wrote the Roman poet Virgil in the first century B.C., "and, careless of fame, to exercise the quiet art." In Virgil's day, so little was known about the body's mechanics that medicine was indeed an art. But not today, maintains Weatherall, the Regius Professor of Medicine at the University of Oxford. For all the mounting distrust of medicine and interest in "alternative" remedies, medicine remains a science, and the miracles it performs are products of scientific research. As Weatherall demonstrates in this informative excursion through the history of medical research, to effect cures requires a deep understanding of biology.

For centuries Western doctors, armed with the elaborate belief systems of the ancient

Greeks, confidently bled and blistered their patients to restore the body's "humors" to balance. Few in this prescientific age thought to test whether such remedies did any good. A gulf opened between those who accepted blindly what they were taught and more skeptical healers who chose rather to acquire their knowledge and skills at the bedside. Thomas Sydenham, 17th-century England's most famous pragmatic clinician, was one of medicine's first scientists. He recommended only remedies whose worth he could see and stressed the importance of healthy habits, the body's ability to cure itself, and the doctor-patient relationship. Medicine has taken a long time to reach the same level of common sense by subjecting to rigorous clinical trials the new therapies research makes available.

Costly as modern medicine is, it has made colossal gains against disease and death. Yet medicine today is at an impasse. The spectacular success of antibiotics is now a half-century old, and the major modern scourges—heart and vascular disease, Alzheimer's, cancer, and stroke—are far too complex to be knocked out by a "magic bullet" or kept at bay with a vaccine. By living longer, we have become subject to the long-term interaction of our genes, habits, and living conditions, and to the myriad unexplained failings of old age. When the basic mechanisms of disease are not understood, doctors are reduced to managing symptoms.

If medical science fails, a public yearning for simple answers seeks them elsewhere. Statistics implicate diet, pollution, lack of exercise, and high cholesterol. But Weatherall's review of the latest findings shows that smoking is the only environmental agent conclusively shown to murder on a grand scale. Simple solutions are no solution at all. What is needed is more knowledge. Yet Weatherall has no faith in the directed-research blitz. It is basic research that must have broad support. He believes that if researchers studying the molecular, chemical, and genetic bases of disease are given sufficient time and support, they will eventually break the current impasse. And as general principles come to be better understood, the need for specialization will diminish and doctors will be able to view, and treat, patients as whole human beings.



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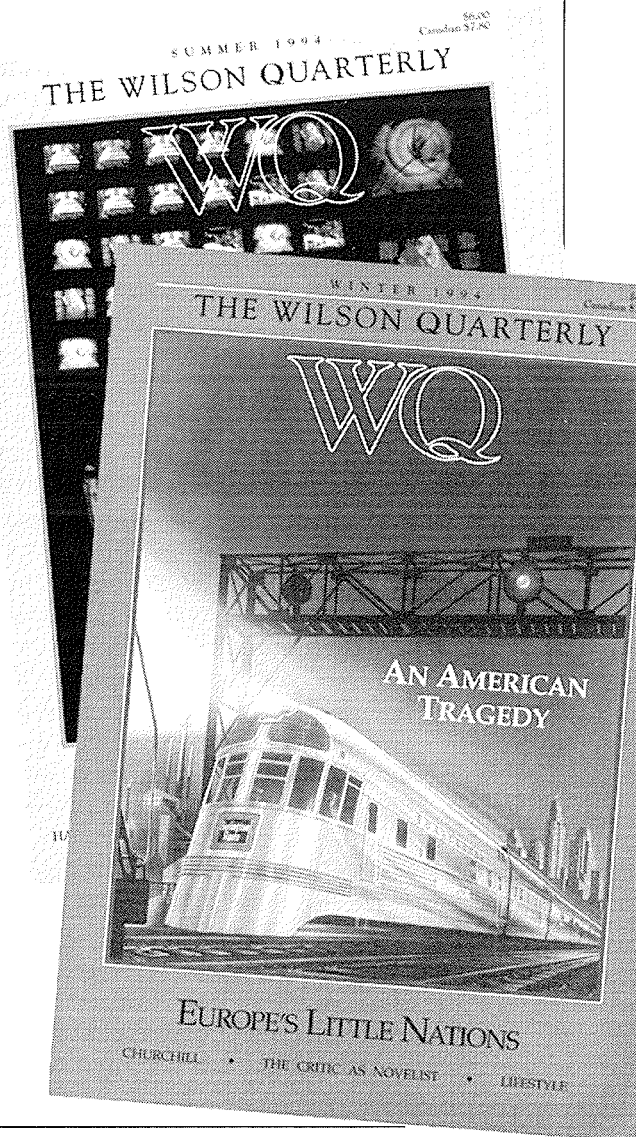
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POETRY

CÉSAR VALLEJO

Selected and introduced by Edward Hirsch

César Vallejo's poems are intensely imaginative. They have an anguished power, a rebellious lexical energy, and a wild, free-wheeling emotionalism. Sympathy for the suffering of others is a deeply political current which runs through all his work. His lyrics are suffused with what Federico García Lorca termed *duende*, a demonic inspiration that lifts the imagination to another plane in the presence of death. At times, one feels as if Vallejo has descended into the welter of the unconscious and returned bearing messages from this other world. Yet his own voice comes through as that of the most vulnerable, agonized, and compassionate of speakers—a witness urgently testifying to the experience of human pain.

Vallejo was born on March 16, 1892, in Santiago de Chuco, a small Andean mining town in northern Peru. He had Indian and Spanish blood on both sides. His poetry shows tremendous feeling for his large, affectionate family—for his mother, the emotional center of his religious childhood world, for his father, a notary who wanted him to become a Catholic priest, and for his 10 older brothers and sisters. Vallejo's life was marked by poverty at nearly every point. In 1908, he completed his secondary schooling in the city of Huamachuco, and then attended college off and on for five years, withdrawing several times for lack of money. During this time he worked as a tutor to the children of a wealthy mineowner, as a bookkeeper's assistant on a sugar plantation, and as a science teacher at a boys' school. He finally graduated from the University of Trujillo in 1915, with a thesis on romanticism in Spanish poetry.

Vallejo supported himself for several years by teaching in primary schools in Trujillo and Lima. He read widely, worked furiously at his poems, and belonged to the vanguard *Colonida* group. He also suffered several traumatic love affairs, after one of which he attempted suicide. In 1919, the year after his mother's death, he published his first collection of poems, *Los heraldos negros* (*The Black Riders*). "There are blows in life so violent . . . I can't answer!" the speaker cries out in the title poem, and, indeed, these dark heralds come with messages of destruction that leave him reeling and desolate. In these poems of alienated romanticism, Vallejo grapples with the anachronism of his past as well as the tragic incompatibilities of his divided heritage. Faced with these contradictions, he speaks of his own harsh solitude and inexplicable longings. One of his recurring subjects is the void left in the soul when the Logos has become uncertain and Christianity has lost its stable meaning. Suddenly bereft of a common spiritual vocabulary, the poet seeks to create an authentic language of his own in a fallen modern world.

In 1920, Vallejo returned home for a visit and got inadvertently mixed

up in a political feud. Though innocent, he went into hiding for three months and then was incarcerated for 105 days, one of the gravest experiences of his life. During this period he wrote many of the poems for his second book, *Trilce* (1922). Published in the same year as *The Waste Land* and *Ulysses*, *Trilce* is a groundbreaking work of international modernism. Its 77 poems, which bear numbers for titles, are exceptionally hermetic; the syntax disregards the rules of conventional grammar and logical narrative. Language itself is put under intense pressure; surreal images float loose from their context and poetic forms are radically broken down and reconstituted. Neologisms abound. There is a cabalistic obsession with numbers in a world where reality is fragmented and death omnipresent. Vallejo's dire poverty, his bitter sense of orphanhood and brooding exile from his childhood, his rage over social inequities—all make their way into an astonishing and difficult work that fell, as the author declared, into a total void. He published no more collections of poetry in his lifetime.

In 1923, Vallejo left Peru for good and settled in Paris, where he eventually met his future wife, Georgette Phillipart, a woman of strong socialist convictions, and eked out the barest subsistence by writing journalistic pieces for Peruvian newspapers. Several times he nearly starved to death. In the late 1920s, he underwent a crisis of conscience. Consumed by Marxist causes and the quest for a better social order, he visited the Soviet Union three times to see communism in practice. In 1931, he published two books in Spain: *El tungsteno* (*Tungsten*), a socialist-realist novel, and *Rusia en 1931* (*Russia in 1931*), a travel book. His political activism peaked with his involvement in the doomed Republican cause in the Spanish Civil War. He wrote descriptive accounts of the conflict as well as a play, *La piedra cansada* (*The Tired Stone*), and the 15 magnificent poems that became *España, aparta de mi este cáliz* (*Spain, Take This Cup from Me*). In the spring of 1938, he developed a fever that doctors could neither diagnose nor treat, and he died on April 15th of that year.

Between 1923 and 1938, Vallejo wrote the 110 posthumously published poems that are his most enduring literary achievement. The year after his death his widow published *Poemas humanos* (*Human Poems*), which brought together his undated lyric and prose poems written between 1923 and 1936, as well as dated poems from 1936 to 1938. Recent scholarship suggests that Vallejo intended three separate collections: *Nómina de huesos* (*Payroll of Bones*), *Sermón de la barbarie* (*Sermon on Barbarism*), and the Spanish Civil War verses. Human feeling is the compulsive subject of these apocalyptic books. The poems speak to the difficulty of maintaining a human face in an alienated industrial world where people wander among objects like strangers and, again, language no longer seems to represent reality. All are shot through with a terrible sadness as, disaffected and dislocated, Vallejo struggles to speak as clearly and accessibly as possible. The poems are haunted by premonitions of the poet's own death, by his sense of the torment of others, by his grief over the impending fate of Spain and the destiny of Europe. Finally, Vallejo emerges as a prophet pleading for social justice, as a grief-stricken Whitmanian singer moving through a brutal universe.

The Black Riders

There are blows in life so violent—I can't answer!
Blows as if from the hatred of God; as if before them,
the deep waters of everything lived through
were backed up in the soul . . . I can't answer!

Not many; but they exist . . . They open dark ravines
in the most ferocious face and in the most bull-like back.
Perhaps they are the horses of that heathen Attila,
or the black riders sent to us by Death.

They are the slips backward made by the Christs of the
soul,
away from some holy faith that is sneered at by Events.
These blows that are bloody are the crackling sounds
from some bread that burns at the oven door.

And man . . . poor man! . . . poor man! He swings
his eyes, as
when a man behind us calls us by clapping his hands;
swings his crazy eyes, and everything alive
is backed up, like a pool of guilt, in that glance.

There are blows in life so violent . . . I can't answer!

Translated by Robert Bly

The Anger That Breaks the Man

The anger that breaks the man into children,
that breaks the child into equal birds,
and the bird, afterward, into little eggs;
the anger of the poor
has one oil against two vinegars.

The anger that breaks the tree into leaves,
the leaf into unequal buds
and the bud, into telescopic grooves;
the anger of the poor
has two rivers against many seas.

The anger that breaks the good into doubts,
the doubt, into three similar arcs
and the arc, later on, into unforeseeable tombs;
the anger of the poor
has one steel against two daggers.

The anger that breaks the soul into bodies;
the body into dissimilar organs
and the organ, into octave thoughts;
the anger of the poor
has one central fire against two craters.

Translated by Clayton Eshleman and José Rubia Barcia

XV

In that corner, where we slept together
so many nights, I've now sat down
to wander. The deceased newlyweds' bed
was taken out, or maybe what will've
happened.

You've come early on other matters,
and now you're not around. It is the corner
where at your side, I read one night,
between your tender points,
a story by Daudet. It is the corner
we loved. Don't mistake it.

I've started to remember the days
of summer gone, your entering and leaving,
scant and burdened and pale through the
rooms.

On this rainy night,
now far from both, I suddenly start. . .
Two doors are opening closing,
two doors that come and go in the wind
shadow to shadow.

Translated by Clayton Eshleman

Black Stone Lying on a White Stone

I will die in Paris, on a rainy day,
on some day I can already remember.
I will die in Paris—and I don't step aside—
perhaps on a Thursday, as today is Thursday, in au-
tumn

It will be a Thursday, because today, Thursday, set-
ting down
these lines, I have put my upper arm bones on
wrong, and never so much as today have I found myself
with all the road ahead of me, alone.

César Vallejo is dead. Everyone beat him,
although he never does anything to them;
they beat him hard with a stick and hard also

with a rope. These are the witnesses:
the Thursdays, and the bones of my arms,
the solitude, and the rain, and the roads. . .

Translated by Robert Bly and John Knoepfle

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WHAT I LEARNED IN THE LENOIR HIGH SCHOOL BAND

Despite more than three decades of generous private and government support for the arts, arts education in the United States can boast of only meager results. In this time of diminished funding and growing skepticism, the solo oboist of the New York Philharmonic explains what was so crucial in his own musical education—and why it is precisely what is missing, and needed, in arts education today.

BY JOSEPH ROBINSON

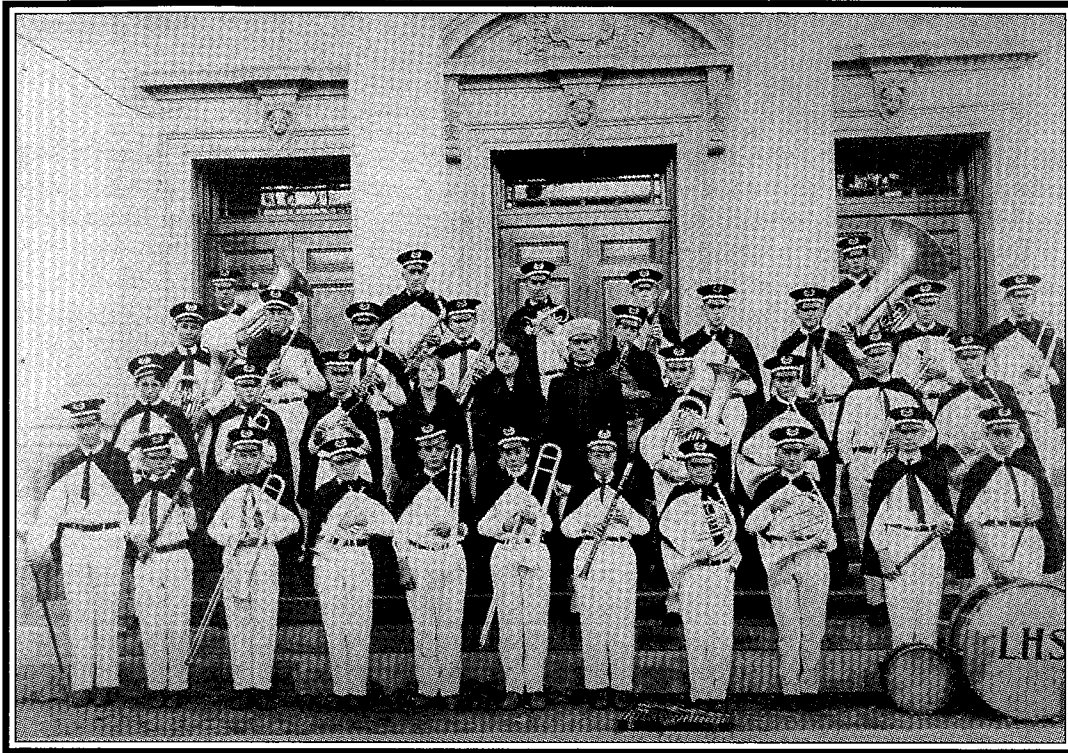
I have been oboist of the New York Philharmonic for 18 seasons, but many fans and colleagues still view my success as unlikely—even miraculous—because of two peculiarities in my résumé. The first is that I grew up in a small town in North Carolina instead of the kind of cosmopolitan urban center that produces most classical musicians; the second is that I attended a liberal arts college rather than a conservatory. But in fact these “handicaps” were crucial assets in my improbable rise to the top of the orchestra world.

For as long as anyone can remember, Lenoir, North Carolina, has called itself “Gateway to the Blue Ridge Parkway.” In 1954, however, it was known chiefly for two things: the manufacture of quality wooden furniture and a remarkable high school band. Most of the town’s 8,000 residents worked for Broyhill, Bernhardt, Kent-Coffey, or one of the dozen or so other furniture manufacturers. What was surprising

was how many of their sons and daughters played in the high school band.

That band was created in 1924, the product of miscalculation rather than prescience. The local American Legion had formed a band a few years earlier, hoping to march up Main Street on Armistice Day to its own music. When the Legionnaires wearied of all the hard work, the blatts and the squawks, they donated their 24 instruments to the local high school. The Legion’s conductor, Captain James C. Harper, a wealthy scion of one of the local furniture families, agreed to give some of his time to the school “just to get things started.” The Captain—whose title stuck from his World War I commission—stayed for 50 years, betting his entire life and family fortune on a premise that no foundation board of directors would have accepted—namely, that a handful of mountain children in North Carolina deserved to have a conservatory education absolutely free of charge.

The site of that education was a three-



The Lenoir High School Band in the second year of its existence, 1925–26. The band acquired its first instruments, and two adult members, from Captain Harper's short-lived American Legion Band.

story brick building that stood on West Harper Avenue, directly behind the main school building. It boasted 18 practice rooms, a magnificent rehearsal room, offices and storage rooms, locker rooms for boys and girls, and a library full of music, records, and scores. The band itself had three sets of uniforms, as well as a fleet of buses and instrument trucks to transport it to events around the region, including parades, gubernatorial inaugurations, and halftimes of the Carolina-Virginia football games.

Of the five full-time faculty members, the brass teacher had once played solo cornet in the Sousa Band, the woodwind teacher had studied with the Philadelphia Orchestra's legendary clarinetist, Ralph McLean, and the marching band director was the brother of Metropolitan Opera soprano Dorothy Kirsten. The best instruments in the world at that time—Heckel bassoons, Lorée oboes, Buffet clarinets, Conn horns and trumpets, and Selmer trombones—were made available to band

members at no cost. And when I entered the band in 1954, a 30-year tradition of success loomed menacingly overhead, threatening to bring vengeance upon any of us who betrayed the standard.

What resulted from Captain Harper's provincial experiment in music education were instrumental proficiency and professional achievement that defy all demographic probability. From my era alone, the Lenoir High School Band produced the tuba player of the Minnesota Orchestra, the principal bassoonist of the Dallas Symphony, a successful New York free-lance flutist, and the first oboist of the New York Philharmonic. Another "wave" 10 years later yielded the composer in residence of the St. Louis Symphony, a percussionist with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, a prominent North Carolina trumpeter, and a professor of clarinet at the University of

North Carolina. There were dozens of others before and after—the stalwarts of the band who had more than enough talent for careers in music. Many of them remain in Lenoir, still recalling their band experiences as the most challenging and fulfilling of their lives.

We were not a remarkable group. Bassoonist Wilfred Roberts was the son of a cabinetmaker and a schoolteacher; he played organ in Lower Creek Baptist Church and exhibited prize-winning steers at the county fair each year. When she wasn't practicing flute, Katherine Menefee waitressed at her father's café, the Gateway, where the rest of her family pitched in to cook, clean up, and count whatever change had come in by the end of the day. Lynn Bernhardt's father ran the hardware store (which may explain why she chose percussion), and tuba-player Ross Tolbert was a good-natured farm boy with the reddest neck you ever saw.

The point is, we were just average North Carolina kids. What was not average was the band itself. It remains the most effective instrumental training program I have ever known—and proof beyond doubt that talent lies everywhere, waiting to be tapped. If Captain Harper and his colleagues could find children behind mountain rocks and in trailer parks at the end of red clay roads and turn them into competitive classical musicians, then education can accomplish anything.

Unfortunately, Davidson College did not keep musical pace with the Lenoir High School Band, but it did provide the quality liberal education my father insisted I receive. My first appearance as an oboist at college was atop a table in the Phi Delt house, accompanying a pledge brother in

"Columbus Stockade Blues," for which achievement I was invited to eat a jar of peanut butter on the spot. The first rehearsal of the college wind ensemble was scarcely more promising, with 12 students (four of them saxophonists) showing up to slog their way through Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture."

In the middle of my sophomore year, I considered transferring to Oberlin, where I could have studied in its outstanding conservatory while pursuing a degree in English. But increasing involvement in orchestras around Davidson gradually compensated for the absence of on-campus opportunities. As well as playing regularly in the Charlotte Symphony and the Greenville (South Carolina) Symphony, I joined a number of pick-up groups and spent my summers as an eight-hour-a-day oboe player at Tanglewood and the Brevard Music Center. Sticking it out at Davidson, I ended up with an excellent transcript and a Fulbright grant to study government support of the arts in West Germany. And it was thanks to the Fulbright that I had the opportunity to seek out the greatest oboist of the 20th century—Marcel Tabuteau.

Born in France, Tabuteau was the archetypal émigré musician, one of the first of the hundreds who staffed America's orchestras in their infancy. He was recruited for the New York Philharmonic by Walter Damrosch in 1903, played for Arturo Toscanini in the Metropolitan Opera until 1913, and then spent 39 years as principal oboist in the Philadelphia Orchestra. During that time, teaching at the Curtis Institute, he created a distinctively "American school" of oboe playing and guided his students to virtual domination of the field. But in 1954, following political battles with musical di-

Joseph Robinson has been solo oboist of the New York Philharmonic since 1977. Prior to that he was principal oboist for the Atlanta Symphony and also taught at the North Carolina School for the Arts. Copyright © 1995 by Joseph Robinson.

rector Eugene Ormandy, Tabuteau returned to France, resolving never to play or teach again.

Sitting at a sidewalk cafe in Nice one March afternoon in 1963, I pondered my chances of meeting the man who had rejected the overtures of oboe students from Curtis, Juilliard, and Eastman for so many years. Captain Harper's favorite advice came to mind at just the critical moment: "Strike while the iron is hot." In one of those 51-to-49 decisions that sometimes make all the difference in life, I got up and walked to Tabuteau's apartment. The great man was not at home, but his maid let me in long enough to write a hasty note explaining who I was and saying that I hoped to return at 8 P.M. "just to shake your hand." When I arrived, Tabuteau himself answered the door and graciously ushered me inside.

"So you're the one!" he exclaimed. "You don't look like an oboe player!"

At dinner that evening, and during the next day, when we explored the nearby fields in search of reed-making oboe cane, Tabuteau treated me like a grandson and told me that I reminded him of himself as a young man. It proved to be a further stroke of good fortune that I had left my instrument in Paris for repairs, because when Tabuteau invited me to return to Nice that summer to study with him, he had never heard me play a single note on the oboe. Only when I returned to Nice in July did he reveal his motive for my unprecedented reception. At age 76 he had one unfinished piece of business—to produce a method book that would codify his principles of the American school of oboe playing. And when Tabuteau met me, an oboe-playing English major, he was sure God had sent

him his scribe.

If Davidson opened Tabuteau's door for me that spring, the five weeks of lessons I had with him the following summer opened the door to my professional career, more than compensating for the conservatory training I had never received. Tabuteau astonished me repeatedly with his mastery of elements of playing I had not known even existed. In an eight-note phrase of his own invention, he would trace an arc through time, then change the inflections of notes along the curve in terms of shape, color, and articulation. He would establish a rhythmic pulse, then retard it or speed it up, with



Joseph Robinson, president of the Lenoir High School band, presents Captain Harper with a silver bowl at his retirement ceremony in 1958.

magical effect. He adorned his tone with a multilayered vibrato, his melody with ingenious ornamentation. And the effect of it all was to demonstrate, beyond any doubt, that the artistic challenge of playing an instrument is infinite, limited only by a player's imagination, perception, and discipline.

In a letter he penned a year and a half later, in December 1965, Tabuteau promised to help me "join the club of [his] star pupils" if I would return to Nice to assist him with his method book. Tabuteau died just two weeks later, before either of us could put his offer to the test. But almost 12 years to the

day after he wrote that letter, I won the national audition to succeed the great Harold Gomberg as solo oboe of the New York Philharmonic. Ironically, my undergraduate degree played a decisive role again, by sustaining me through the audition process—the most important opportunity in my career.

Auditions are musical decathlons—torturous lists of the most difficult excerpts from the repertory, any of which would be sufficient challenge in a typical subscription concert. Because of this, it is often harder to win an orchestra position than to retain it. An audition tests a player's skills in every direction at once—and usually attempts to do so in under 12 minutes. Adding to the difficulty, I came to the audition with what I was certain was a distinct disadvantage. Although I had played principal oboe in the Atlanta Symphony for six years, I was teaching at the North Carolina School of the Arts when the New York audition was announced. As a result, I knew that the audition committee members had less interest in me than in some of the "very important oboists" who were waiting in the wings when I stepped out onto the Avery Fisher Hall stage to begin playing. But then things seemed to turn my way. Instead of performing for 10 minutes, I was asked to strain in the traces for an hour and 20 minutes, until I could no longer hold my lips on the reed. I flew back to North Carolina confident that my extended trial boded well.

Three days later the Philharmonic's personnel manager, James Chambers, called to tell me that music director Zubin Mehta had judged my tone "too big" for the New York Philharmonic. Two players had been called back, but I was not one of them. At that moment my candidacy for Gomberg's job should have ended. Instead, at 3 A.M.—my Davidson College muse stirring within me—I rose from bed to pen a letter to Chambers, arguing that since it was impossible for any player to surpass Harold Gomberg's heroic tone, the acoustics of the

empty stage must have created a misconception. I added that the Philharmonic would not make a mistake by hiring either of the remaining candidates, but it would make a mistake by excluding me "if tone were really the issue."

Several days later, Chambers called again, this time to say that he had read my letter to Mehta in Los Angeles and that they agreed it could not have been "more persuasive or fortuitous." In the final audition, to which I was now invited, I won unanimously—and the winning lottery ticket had Davidson College written all over it.

When I was 16 years old and crazy about the oboe, my father warned me, "Son, this music business is like religion; just don't go off the deep end." In the nearly 40 years since then, I can report that I have been to the musical mountaintop as well as off the deep end. I have performed with Stokowski, Horowitz, and Casals. I have recorded Mahler with Leonard Bernstein, Brahms with Isaac Stern, Tchaikovsky with Emil Gilels, and Dvorak with Yo Yo Ma. Nearly 3,000 concerts have taken me five times to Asia and Europe, and four times to South America. I have appeared on dozens of television programs, many of which still circulate as videotapes around the world. The best moments have been breathtaking, transcendent, and unforgettable, and each reminds me of what Tabuteau once said when I asked him whether he could remember any "best moments" in his long career. Pausing for a moment and looking toward the Alps, he said, "There were a few good notes . . . there were a few good notes . . . and they are still ringing!" Ultimately, it was for the sake of the "good notes" that Captain Harper started so many mountain youngsters on a lifelong quest for musical truth. And certainly it was for their sake that Tabuteau wanted me to write his method book. Without realizing it, I think my father

also touched upon something quintessential in pointing to the connection between music and religion.

Faith in the transcendent and redemptive power of the arts was at the heart of the Rockefeller Panel Report's resounding affirmation in 1965—that "the arts should be for the many and not the privileged few; should be at the center and not the periphery of society." It is a credo that inspired the "culture boom" in America at the time my professional career was just beginning. In fact, I came of age with the National Endowment for the Arts and in a very real sense bet my life on the premises that inspired its creation.

In 1966, the Ford Foundation introduced its colossal program of matching grants for symphony orchestras—the same year Title III programs began spending \$75 million annually on arts enrichment in the schools. Arts councils sprang up everywhere; corporations initiated new sponsorships for programs in theater, dance, and painting; experts declared that increased leisure in America would turn us all, if not into Rembrandts, at least into avid consumers of high culture. In such a time of blue-sky optimism, everyone seemed to rush out for an arts tan.

Thirty years later, there has been a serious change of weather. As Martha Wilson, director of an avant-garde theater in New York put it in the *New York Times* recently, "The climate that was once warm is now cold, and we will have to find other ways to survive." Foundations that led the way into arts patronage in the 1960s led the way out in the 1980s; corporations that once contributed, discretely, out of a sense of good citizenship, now wave their sponsorship

banners at performing arts events, demanding marketing "bang" for their bucks. These extravaganzas often fill entire concert halls with customers who care more about the pre-performance cocktail party than the performance itself. Even the National Endowment for the Arts is on death row, facing the prospect of fiscal starvation within two years. Despite hundreds of millions of dollars spent to introduce the arts to new consumers in the past three decades, aging and diminishing audiences threaten our most venerable institutions. The national infatuation with the arts now seems to have been only skin deep, and the tan is quickly fading.

What went wrong? I believe a naive assumption underlay thousands of showcase events that were staged throughout the 1970s and '80s in schools, malls, churches and inner-city storefronts. It was the notion that the arts would prove irresistible if they were brought to the uninitiated. Establishing vast bureaucracies of arts administrators and funders, we employed thousands of musicians, actors, dancers, and painters to accomplish the goal. But while enrich-



Joseph Robinson performing in concert with the New York Philharmonic

ment and inspiration did indeed flow from many of the performances, "exposure programs" seemed in general to benefit the performers and producers far more than the audiences.

In my experience as a clinician at hundreds of school concerts of different kinds, I found that very few young observers were more persuaded than impressed by what they witnessed. The lesson we slowly learned was a basic one: it is not enough to hear the "arts language" spoken; children (and adults also) must learn to "speak" it if they are really to get the message.

"What do 80 percent of our audience have in common?" asks Gretchen Serrie, executive director of the Florida West Coast Symphony, in a letter this year to the Knight Foundation. "They have played a musical instrument. It is 'hands-on' musical experience, much more than early concert attendance, that has created our musical audience."

Serrie believes it is our orchestras' greatest failure to have stood by and watched the dismantling of 50 percent of public school instrumental training programs nationwide since 1960. We have only just begun to reap the meager harvest of an educational policy that invested so much money in "show and tell" school concerts and so little in the choirs, bands, and orchestras that would have continued to make our children musically literate.

"Even now," Serrie declares, "we play at children, rather than teach children to play. However creative our programs become, despite all the school concerts, workshops, enrichment programs, and integration of music teaching with other disciplines, there will be no [path] to the Symphony for the next generation unless there are strong instrumental training programs in the public schools."

For me there is no more poignant metaphor for the decline of these programs than the Lenoir High School Band building as it stands—or barely stands—today. The floor is rotting, the ceiling is falling; tiles have

dropped from the walls and windows are broken everywhere. The once-exuberant hallways are silent and forlorn. In the name of educational progress, the Lenoir school system was replaced in the mid-1970s by a regional network of schools. The band's instruments and music were distributed among four county high schools; the scrapbooks and endowment, along with other expensive equipment, went to Davidson College (where, ironically, students with musical interests now receive better instrumental training than do students in Lenoir). In short, the Lenoir High School Band no longer exists. Like hundreds of other programs that vanished or were seriously curtailed after the start of the space race, it was a casualty of educational priorities that shifted radically toward math and science and away from the arts and humanities.

Some 2,400 years ago, at the height of a civilization that in so many ways inspired our own, Plato prescribed the ideal curriculum for the most promising children of Athens: music and sport until age 16, then mathematics and moral philosophy to complete the education of future philosopher-kings. His plan has found contemporary endorsement in the work of Harvard psychologist Howard Gardner, who theorizes that the highest manifestations of human intelligence are musical, spatial, kinesthetic, and empathic, as well as mathematical and verbal. Not long ago the *New York Times* reported that college students who listened to a Mozart piano concerto for 20 minutes before taking a strenuous examination did 10 percent better than those who did not. Professor Frances Rauscher, of the University of California at Irvine, has tested young children before and after eight months of regular piano and voice training, and discovered that their spatial perceptions increased 35 percent as a result of musical activity, which enhanced apparently unrelated potentials

within the brain. The startling implication is that music seems to make us smarter. Perhaps Plato was right all along. In any case, it is certainly time to reconsider the idea that human beings need wholeness in their development if they are, as the saying goes, not only to "do the thing right" but to "do the right thing."

With that idea in mind, many American orchestras have begun to forge new partnerships with local schools in hopes of reinstating instrumental training for all students. The most dramatic example of this effort is a project in Boston involving the Boston Symphony, the New England Conservatory, and the WGBH Foundation. At the New York Philharmonic, educational programs are tailored to all ages, while "adopt-a-school" initiatives involve orchestra musicians in on-site teaching, supervision, and teacher training. But well meaning as all such efforts are, they are still inadequate. Orchestras themselves cannot possibly fill the shoes of thousands of music educators and administrators who were once charged with day-to-day music instruction but who now no longer have jobs. In the end what is really needed is to rebuild the Lenoir High School Band and

to create about 500 other programs just like it across the United States.

If skeptics think that is impossible, I should add that I recently encountered an astounding high school band that reminded me of Lenoir's. While on tour with the Philharmonic, I was invited to give master classes at a school in a city not far from one of our concert venues. I was met at the local train station by a white-gloved chauffeur, who drove me directly to the front entrance of the school. There I encountered three television crews and dozens of students, some of whom held little bunches of flowers in their hands. The mayor of the city sat in a prominent place as I coached young performers in a woodwind quintet by Jacques Ibert. Then the entire ensemble—about 90 students—appeared in full dress to play a band arrangement of Leonard Bernstein's overture to *Candide*. The piece was performed with feverish intensity in a rendition as memorable for the pride and quality of the students' commitment as for its musical excellence. Afterward, in the director's office, surrounded by a large staff of assistants and dozens of trophies, awards and photographs, I felt strangely at home, once again in the Lenoir High School Band . . . in Okayama, Japan!

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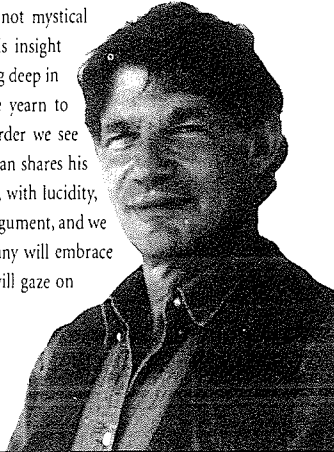
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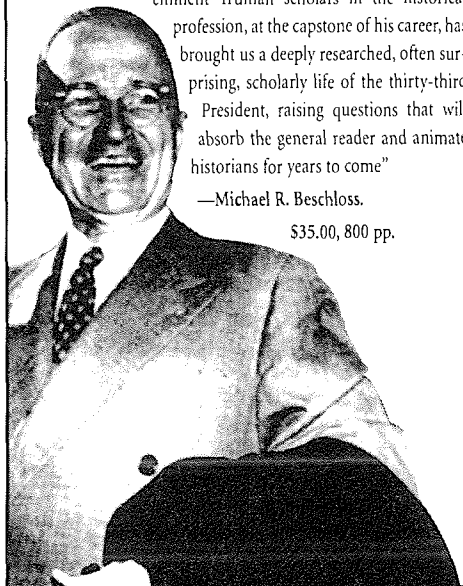
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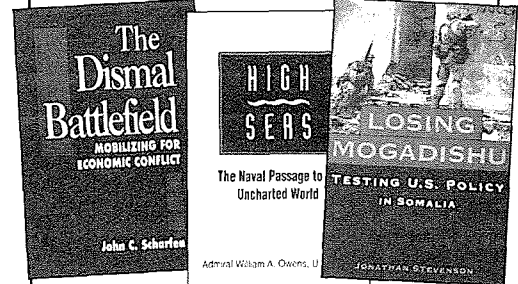
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THE PERIODICAL OBSERVER

Reviews of articles from periodicals and specialized journals here and abroad

The Battle over History Standards

A Survey of Recent Articles

It is familiar news, but still disturbing: most American high school students appear to know little about U.S. history and less about world history. In a 1988 national test, only a minority of seniors showed even a general sense of the chronology of events in America's past or were familiar with the Declaration of Independence and other fundamental texts. The National Standards for United States History and the National Standards for World History, unveiled a year ago, were supposed to help schools and teachers do better by spelling out, in two volumes of outlines and study guides, what students in grades 5–12 should be taught. But the firestorm of criticism that the proposed standards ignited suggests that America's common culture may be, for now at least, so divided as to render that educational mission almost impossible.

"The controversy over the standards is part and parcel of a larger, profoundly political, culture war," observes Gary B. Nash, a historian at the University of California at Los Angeles, in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* (Apr. 21, 1995). Nash is codirector of the National Center for History in the Schools, which coordinated the writing of the National Standards documents. On one side of the barricades, in his view, are historians who "have tried to go beyond a happy-face American history and a triumphant celebration of Western civilization." On the other side are critics who "believe that young Americans should not learn that . . . every society's history is full of paradox, ambiguity, and irresolution."

Other prominent scholars take a similar view. "Historians become notably controversial," Michael Kammen, president of the Organization of American Historians (OAH), claims in the *OAH Newsletter* (May 1995),

"when they do not perpetuate myths, when they do not transmit the received and conventional wisdom, when they challenge the comforting presence of a stabilized past. Members of a society and its politicians in particular, prefer that historians be quietly ironic rather than polemical, conservators rather than innovators."

The "politicians" to whom Kammen refers include, presumably, the members of the U.S. Senate, who voted 99–1 in January for a resolution expressing disapproval of the National Standards. Lynne Cheney, who headed the National Endowment for the Humanities when it approved funds for the National Standards project in 1992, also has sharply condemned the results. "Reading the world history standards," she writes on the *New York Times* op-ed page (Mar. 10, 1995), "one would think that sexism and ethnocentrism arose in the West, when Western civilization has in fact led the way in condemning the unjust treatment of women and encouraging curiosity

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about other cultures. The American history standards make it seem that Joseph McCarthy and McCarthyism (mentioned 19 times) are far more important than George Washington (mentioned twice) or Thomas Edison (mentioned not at all)."

But the views of even informed citizens count for only so much in the eyes of Theodore K. Rabb, a Princeton historian. He believes that the interpretations of professional historians should be "privileged" (to use a term popular in the academy). "When citizens have had their say," he writes in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* (Mar. 10, 1995), "they must understand that there are professional standards that govern acceptability in history no less than in physics." The National Standards, Rabb declares, "should reflect the full range of interpretations that professionals in the field regard as reasonable [his italics]."

But the National Standards, particularly in U.S. history, manifestly fail to meet even that restricted test. The critics include not only politicians, journalists, and others outside the historical priesthood but also professional historians. Walter A. McDougall, a historian at the University of Pennsylvania, writes in *Commentary* (May 1995), that the world history standards give non-Western cultures "a moral pass, but with one exception: their treatment of women. If any consistent ideological thread runs through the world Standards, it is feminism. Over and over again, whether the subject is ancient Rome, Christian Europe, the Islamic world, China (footbinding gets repeated coverage), India, or Mesoamerica, students are prompted to ask 'what obstacles [women] faced,' 'what opportunities were open to them,' 'what life choices were available,' and 'in what ways were women subordinate?'" Such cues, McDougall says, invite students to conclude "that sexual roles were always a function of patriarchy backed by theology."

Boston University's John Gagliardo, one of 11 historians who appraise the National Standards in a special issue of *Continuity* (Spring 1995), similarly finds an exaggerated emphasis in the world history standards on the status of women. Moreover, he says, the stan-

ards give the impression that the main reason that the West dominated much of the world after the mid-15th century was "its willingness to employ a superior technology, in all its forms, for purposes of dominion over people who lacked the moral unscrupulousness and lust for power and wealth that characterized the West. What this vaguely moralizing approach fails to recognize is the power and virtues of the Western cognitive tradition, traceable all the way back to the intellectual syntheses of the ancient classical world, which gave to Western society an apprehension of reality—including its temporal and spatial components—very different from that of any other civilization that has ever existed."

Examining the National Standards for American history, Walter McDougall says that although "race, class, and gender" probably get too much attention, "the basic political narrative is still there." The problem, he says, is with its "spin": that the "deeper meaning" of American history is to be explained "in terms of minority and female struggle versus white male resistance. This is the *gnosis* a pupil must grasp to get good marks. If Europeans braved the unknown to discover a new world, it was to kill and oppress. If colonists carved a new nation out of the woods, it was to displace Native Americans and impose private property. If the 'Founding Fathers' (the term has been banished) invoked human rights, it was to deny them to others. If businessmen built the most prosperous nation in history, it was to rape the environment and keep workers in misery."

In the National Standards on U.S. history, as reproduced in a special issue of the *OAH Magazine of History* (Spring 1995), the Cold War is portrayed not as a struggle between totalitarian tyranny and constitutional democracy but as the "swordplay" of two morally equivalent powers, the Soviet Union and the United States. It "rightfully claims attention," according to the text, "because it led to the Korean and Vietnam wars as well as the Berlin airlift, Cuban missile crisis, American interventions in many parts

of the world, a huge investment in scientific research, and environmental damage that will take generations to rectify."

Diane Ravitch, a historian of education and a champion of national standards, says in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* (Feb. 17, 1995) that the history standards "are deeply flawed. I don't believe that one can teach civic values, as the standards claim to do, or explain our society's successes and failures, without emphasizing the Western democratic tradition. But . . . the standards should be substantially

revised, not abandoned."

Forrest McDonald, the noted University of Alabama historian, disagrees. For about two decades, he writes in *Continuity*, "left-wingers . . . have dominated the history departments of the most prestigious schools as well as the two major associations of professional historians." So long as that dominance continues, he says, any national standards drawn up by the historical establishment are unlikely to be much different. The best course, in his view, is to scrap the idea altogether.

POLITICS & GOVERNMENT

America the Resilient

"Malaise and Resiliency in America" by Seymour Martin Lipset, in *Journal of Democracy* (July 1995), 1101 15th St. N.W., Ste. 802, Washington, D.C. 20005.

In a much-noted article earlier this year, Robert D. Putnam, director of Harvard University's Center for International Affairs, pointed out alarming signs of decay in America's "civil society" [see "The Periodical Observer," *WQ*, Spring '95, p. 137]. Lipset, a sociologist at George Mason University and a senior scholar at the Woodrow Wilson Center, argues that while decay has probably taken place, America's civil society "remains relatively healthy."

There still is greater civic engagement among Americans than among most other peoples, Lipset asserts. A 1990 survey showed that 82 percent of Americans belong to voluntary organizations—compared with 53 percent of Germans, 39 percent of the French, 36 percent of Italians, and 36 percent of the Japanese. Nearly half of all Americans reported taking part in charitable or service activities, compared with only one-fifth of the French and less than one-seventh of the Germans. Americans also remain among "the most religiously committed people in Christendom," Lipset says. Although there are conflicting data, Gallup polls show that membership in churches and synagogues has stayed steady at about two-thirds, and weekly atten-

dance has hovered around 38 percent since 1950.

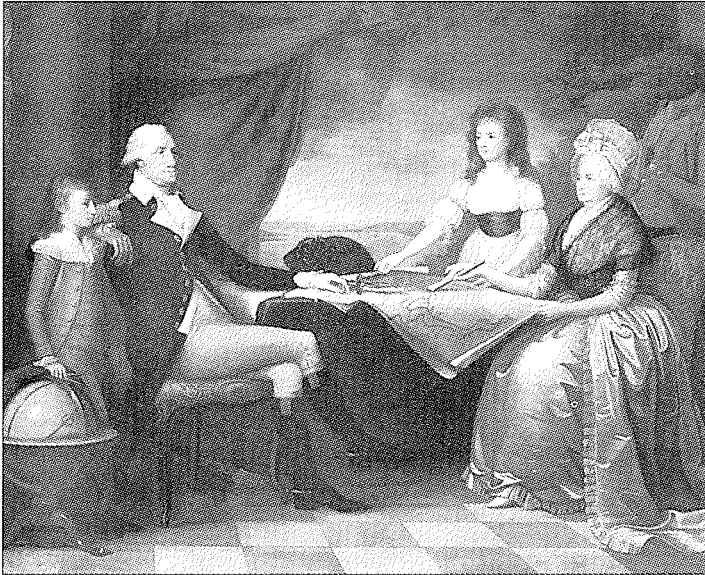
Moreover, Lipset says, most Americans "are not unhappy about their personal lives or prospects." A 1994 Hudson Institute study found that more than four in five Americans say they are "optimistic about my personal future," and about two in three are "optimistic about America's future." As that study and others show, Lipset says, Americans "still view the United States as a country that rewards personal integrity and hard work, as a nation that—government and politics aside—still 'works.'"

These are not the views of a people in crisis. Despite the oft-noted declines in political participation, in confidence in political institutions, and in the strength of the traditional two-party system, and despite the apparent signs of civic decay, "the American political system . . . is in no real danger," Lipset concludes.

The Making of George Washington

"George Washington: Today's Indispensable Man" by Forrest McDonald, in *The Intercollegiate Review* (Spring 1995), 14 South Bryn Mawr Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010-3275.

Embarking on the perilous course of revolution, Americans had to trust someone—and



In a 1790s portrait, the uniform, map, and globe point up Washington's identities: military hero, country squire, man of science and the world.

George Washington, tall, powerfully built, and with an aura of invincibility about him, looked like the right man. But Washington, observes McDonald, a historian at the University of Alabama, was also the man most worthy of their trust—and he had set out from an early age to become so.

"To understand how he did it," McDonald says, "we must turn to the prevailing ideas about the nature of the human animal." Virtually all Americans then believed in God and in the inherent sinfulness of man. While man could not escape his base nature, he could improve himself in a number of ways. "All of them rested on the premise that the social instinct is a primary force; the desire to have the approval of one's peers ranked with the physical appetites in motivating people. A perceptive person could turn this instinct into an engine for self-improvement"—and that is just what Washington did.

Wanting as a child to become a country gentleman, he recorded and followed "110 Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation." Taken as a teenager under the wing of the Fairfaxes, a wealthy, titled family, Washington was very conscious of his own position in the highly

stratified society of 18th-century Virginia. From observing the Fairfaxes, and from a play—Joseph Addison's *Cato*—that he saw in his late teens, McDonald says, Washington "learned to aim higher than just seeking the approval of his peers": he began to strive for "the esteem of the wise and the good." Later, when circumstances and his achievements permitted, he set his sights even higher—on winning the esteem of posterity.

Washington also sought to improve himself, McDonald says, by his choice of "character," which in polite 18th-century society and among people in public life referred to "a persona or mask that one

deliberately selected and always wore." Country gentleman, scientific farmer, military hero, commander in chief of the Continental Army—Washington "chose to play a progression of characters, each grander and nobler than the last, and he played them so successfully that he ultimately transformed himself into a man of almost extrahuman virtue." In his First Inaugural Address, Washington said it was imperative that "the foundations of our national policy be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality"—words as true and relevant today, McDonald says, as they were in 1789.

Presidential Plums

"Political Opportunity for Federal Appointment: The Case of Departing Members of the U.S. House of Representatives, 1961–1992" by Harvey D. Palmer and Ronald J. Vogel, in *The Journal of Politics* (Aug. 1995), Journals Division, University of Texas Press, 2100 Comal, Austin, Texas 78722–2550.

When members of the U.S. House of Representatives leave office, their public careers do not necessarily come to an end. Some, of course, win a Senate seat or a governorship. But that

is not the only way to avoid the oblivion of private life.

Political scientists Palmer, of George Mason University, and Vogel, of the University of Rochester, found that of the 925 congressmen who retired or were defeated at the polls between 1961 and 1992, a total of 153, or 16 percent, were appointed within two years of leaving office to judgeships, cabinet posts, ambassadorships, or other federal jobs. Of those who belonged to the president's party, interestingly, 28 percent received such appointments.

The implication, the authors note, is that presidents—who control some 4,000 executive and judicial positions—use their power of appointment to reward legislators who follow the chief executive's lead. The appointive jobs also serve as a "safety net" for congressmen who agree to quit the House to run for the Senate for the greater good of the party. Illinois representative Lynn Martin, for example, quit her relatively safe House seat in 1990 to

run for the Senate at the behest of GOP strategists who believed that Democratic senator Paul Simon was vulnerable. After Martin lost the election, President George Bush gave her a consolation prize: the post of secretary of labor.

Abortion Reconsidered

"The Conservative Case for Abortion" by Jerry Z. Muller, in *The New Republic* (Aug. 21 & 28, 1995), 1220 19th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; "On Abortion: A Lincolnian Position" by George McKenna, in *The Atlantic Monthly* (Sept. 1995), 745 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

Few issues have roiled the political waters in recent decades as much as abortion. While extremists dominate the public debate, the majority of Americans occupy an ambivalent middle. Muller, author of *Adam Smith in His Time and Ours* (1992), and McKenna, a political scientist at City College of New York, try

WJC Versus JFK

Like John F. Kennedy, President Bill Clinton is young, "addicted to action," and "thrives on chaos"—but there are also some significant differences between the men and their times, writes JFK biographer Richard Reeves in the *Washington Monthly* (Sept. 1995).

In the Clinton White House the doors are all closed, not because of a sense of secrecy, but often because someone inside is on the phone with a favored and famous reporter, giving his version of something that just happened inside the Oval Office. There is in the White House staff's willingness, even eagerness, to leak to the press an adolescent stargazing: Imagine this, Mom!—here I am chatting with Bob Woodward, or talking to Cokie Roberts about what she said on "Nightline."

In spite of the president's fury with the leaking, he does not seem to have fully confronted his own role in fueling it. Clinton told me that he was greatly impressed with [President John F.] Kennedy's ability to hold decisions open for

so long without constantly being called indecisive. "How did he do that?" Clinton asked. The answer was that Kennedy's men knew what would happen to them if they ever leaked stories of his private indecision. (When Kennedy suspected Chester Bowles, one of his closest advisers, of trying to make himself look good by letting it be known that he had opposed the Bay of Pigs decision, Bowles was ejected from the inner circle. Clinton's staff lives with no such fear.) And Kennedy did not analyze and agonize over his decisions in public. That is what I should have said [to Clinton], but I did not have the courage to tell my president in person that he should consider shutting up sometimes.

to stake out fresh positions that speak to their concerns.

It is not feminists who are the main obstacle blocking the success of the right-to-life movement, Muller contends. Rather, it is "the millions of more or less conservative middle-class parents who know that, if their teenage daughter were to become pregnant, they would advise her to get an abortion rather than marry out of necessity or go through the trauma of giving birth and then placing the child up for adoption." And many people in other circumstances—"young, unmarried, pregnant women loath to bring a child into a family-less environment; parents of a fetus known to be afflicted by a disease such as Tay-Sachs that will make its life painful and short; parents whose children are likely to be born with severe genetic defects, who know that the birth of the fetus will mean pain for them and for their other children—all choose abortion," Muller says, "not because they fetishize choice but because they value the family."

The unborn child has moral standing but sometimes, Muller says, "choosing to give birth may be socially dysfunctional, morally irresponsible or even cruel: inimical to the forces of stability and bourgeois responsibility conservatives cherish." Conservatives ought to favor abortion in such circumstances.

Even many who strongly defend abortion are uneasy about it, McKenna points out, as evidenced by the euphemisms they frequently employ. "Abortion is a 'reproductive health

procedure' or a 'termination of pregnancy.' Abortion clinics are 'reproductive health clinics' (more recently, 'women's clinics'), and the right to obtain an abortion is 'reproductive freedom,'" he notes.

Opponents of abortion, he argues, should take a leaf from Abraham Lincoln's position on the evil of slavery. In his "House Divided" speech of 1858, and in subsequent speeches and writings, "Lincoln made it clear . . . that his intention was not to abolish slavery but to 'arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction.'" Pro-life politicians today should follow Lincoln, McKenna argues, recognizing abortion's legal status but treating it as "an evil that needs to be restricted and discouraged."

He believes that the Democratic Party is the natural home for such a Lincolnian position. The Republicans, as champions of unbridled individualism, "are pro-choice in their hearts." The Democrats, under the influence of pro-choice feminists and abortion lobbies, "are pro-choice for political reasons." But "the same formula—grudgingly tolerate, restrict, discourage—that I have applied to abortion is what liberal Democrats have been using to combat racism over the past generation," McKenna writes. In time, he thinks, Democrats may shake themselves free of the abortion lobbies and take a Lincolnian stand on abortion.

FOREIGN POLICY & DEFENSE

The Warlike Democracies

"Democratization and the Danger of War" by Edward D. Mansfield and Jack Snyder, in *International Security* (Summer 1995), Center for Science and International Affairs, Harvard Univ., 79 John F. Kennedy St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Shortly after U.S. peace-keeping troops landed in Haiti in 1994, U.S. National Security Advisor Anthony Lake declared that "spreading

democracy . . . serves our interests" because democracies "tend not to abuse their citizens' rights or wage war on one another."

A world full of mature, stable democracies probably would be a safer one for the United States, agree Mansfield and Snyder, political scientists at Columbia University. It is a common view. But trying to bring that world closer to reality, they argue, may promote not

peace, but war. "Countries do not become democracies overnight," and in the typically rocky transition period, the authors say, states tend to become "more aggressive and war-prone, not less."

Analyzing the same statistical data for 1811-1980 that other scholars have used to support the "peaceable democracies" thesis, Mansfield and Snyder find that, on average, *democratizing* states were about two-thirds more likely to go to war than were states that did not experience any change in their form of government.

Why should this be? After the breakup of an autocratic regime, note the authors, nascent democratic institutions are weak, and groups that had done well under the old regime "vie for power and survival" with one another and with new groups "representing rising democratic forces." Struggling to win mass support, the rivals often resort to nationalistic appeals, unleashing forces that are hard to control.

Virtually every great power, the authors say, "has gone on the warpath during the initial phase of its entry into the era of mass politics." Mid-Victorian Britain, for example, in transition from the partial democracy of the First Reform Bill of 1832 to the full-fledged democracy of the later Gladstone era, "was carried into the Crimean War by a groundswell of belligerent public opinion." Similarly, the leaders of Emperor Wilhelm II's Germany, facing universal suffrage but only limited governmental accountability, were pushed toward World War I by their "escalating competition with middle-class mass groups for the mantle of German nationalism."

Similar forces are at work today in Russia and the former Yugoslavia, Mansfield and Snyder note. "Russia's poorly institutionalized, partial democracy has tense relationships with many of its neighbors and has used military force brutally to reassert control in Chechnya; its electorate cast nearly a quarter of its votes [in 1993] for the party of radical nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovsky." The "return to imperial thinking" in Moscow results from President Boris Yeltsin's "weakness, not his strength."

Instead of "a naive enthusiasm for spreading peace by promoting democratization," Mansfield and Snyder maintain, the United States and its allies need a strategy for minimizing the risks that accompany liberalization. Experience in Latin America, they point out, suggests that giving the military and others threatened by change a "golden parachute," including guarantees that they will not end up in jail, helps smooth transitions. In the postcommunist states, the authors conclude, "finding benign, productive employment for the erstwhile Communist *nomenklatura*, military officer corps, nuclear scientists, and smoke-stack industrialists" ought to be a top priority.

The CIA Got It Right

"The CIA Vindicated" by Bruce D. Berkowitz and Jeffrey T. Richelson, in *The National Interest* (Fall 1995), 1112 16th St. N.W., Ste. 540, Washington, D.C. 20036.

As if the Aldrich Ames disaster were not enough, the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) has been harshly criticized by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D.-N.Y.), *New York Times* columnist William Safire, and others for failing to anticipate the collapse of the Soviet Union. Berkowitz, a former CIA analyst, and Richelson, author of the forthcoming *A Century of Spies*, beg to differ with these eminent critics.

That the Soviet economy was faltering was evident to CIA and defense intelligence analysts by the late 1970s, the authors say; by 1985, when Mikhail Gorbachev came to power, its "stultified, stalled-out condition" was a given. Analysts asked two main questions: was Gorbachev serious about economic reform? Could he carry it out "without losing control and releasing forces that would bring down the Soviet system"? In 1985, they agreed that Gorbachev was serious, but they doubted that the reforms would work or that the system was at risk. Two years later, however, the CIA issued a more pessimistic assessment, stating: "If it suspects that [liberalization] is getting out of control, the Party could well

execute an abrupt about-face, discarding Gorbachev along the way." The agency's "main message," the authors say, was "that the Soviet economy was stagnating" and there was no visible means of reviving it.

Critics claim that the intelligence organizations should have warned U.S. leaders during the late 1980s that Gorbachev was in trouble. The documentary record, Berkowitz and Richelson contend, shows that, in essence, they did. "In the extreme," an April 1989 assessment stated, "his policies and political

power could be undermined and the political stability of the Soviet system could be fundamentally threatened." A coup or an assassination were definite possibilities. "The Bush administration chose to stand by Gorbachev in spite of the intelligence that argued his future was limited," the authors say.

In 1989, the agency disagreed with the consensus view in the intelligence community that the regime would be able to tough it out. The Berlin Wall fell that November, and in February 1990, the Soviet Communist Party agreed to give

A Soviet Spy, After All

In the *Nation* (Aug. 14–21, 1995), where the innocence of convicted Soviet spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg has long been an article of faith, veteran Rosenberg defenders Walter and Miriam Schneir come to a conclusion they say "will be painful news for many people, as it is for us."

The 49 decoded Soviet intelligence messages [from the 1940s] released on July 11 by the National Security Agency contain so much amazing, sad, disturbing material, one hardly knows where to begin. . . .

What these messages show, briefly, is that Julius Rosenberg was the head of a spy ring gathering and passing nonatomic defense information. But the messages [intercepted by the U.S. Army in a secret program called Verona] do not confirm key elements of the atomic spying charges against him. They indicate that Ethel Rosenberg was not a Soviet agent. And they implicate the American Communist Party in recruitment of party members for espionage.

But are the Verona intercepts authentic? Thirty years ago we published Invitation to an Inquest, a book that concluded that the Rosen-

bergs were "unjustly convicted" and "punished for a crime that never occurred." We maintained this point of view in three subsequent editions, the last, in 1983, written after we had an opportunity to study FBI documents released under the Freedom of Information Act. Since the end of the Cold War, we have broadened our knowledge by means of research in Prague with members of the Czech secret police and others, and in Moscow with the Russian foreign intelligence services; we have

conducted interviews with Soviet intelligence agents Anatoli Yakovlev and Morris and Lona Cohen (alias Kroger), and also with Joel Barr and the widow of Alfred Sarant (both men accused participants in a Rosenberg spy ring). Based on our knowledge of the case, it is our judgment that the Verona intercepts are authentic.



up its monopoly on political power.

Between 1989 and '91, Berkowitz and Richelson write, the CIA not only said that the communist order was finished, but repeatedly mentioned a coup as a serious possibility. In addition, the agency said that nationalism, disillusion with the communist regime, and economic failure were so extensive that "even if hard-liners did manage to seize power temporarily, they would not be able to consolidate control." An April 1991 memorandum detailed steps that Soviet hard-liners had taken that suggested a coup was in the works. When the coup, from which Boris Yeltsin emerged the dominant figure, took place four months later, "the intelligence community quickly determined that . . . the plotters had little chance of success. This analysis enabled the United States to adjust its position quickly as the crisis evolved."

Operation Public Relations

"The Art of Naming Operations" by Gregory C. Sieminski, in *Parameters* (Autumn 1995), U.S. Army War College, Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Pa. 17013-5050.

Just before the 1989 invasion of Panama, an American general phoned another officer with a complaint: "Do you want your grandchildren to say you were in Blue Spoon?" The invasion quickly got a new name: Operation Just Cause. This righteous appellation struck some critics as, in the words of a *New York Times* editorial headline, "Operation High Hokum." Nevertheless, a trend was born, recounts Sieminski, an army lieutenant colonel. From the Persian Gulf War (Desert Shield and Desert Storm) to the humanitarian mission in Somalia (Operation Restore Hope) to the occupation of Haiti (Operation Uphold Democracy), major military operations since 1989 have been given nicknames intended to shape domestic and international perceptions.

It was not always so, Sieminski notes. The code names of World War II operations were classified until after the war and much care was taken to pick ones that did *not* suggest an operation's purpose or location. (Hitler was

not so careful. From Operation Sealion, the name for his planned invasion of Britain, British intelligence was able to divine the target.) The American-led invasion of Normandy in 1944 was originally named Roundhammer, but the British sneered at that "revolting neologism," and British prime minister Winston Churchill changed it to Overlord. It was to become the war's most famous code name.

During the Korean War, the American military continued to use code names to protect operational security, but let them be made public once the operation had begun. Taking command of the badly demoralized Eighth Army as it was being pushed southward by Chinese forces, Sieminski notes, Lieutenant General Matthew Ridgway gave "decidedly aggressive" names to his counteroffensives: Thunderbolt, Roundup, Killer, Ripper, Courageous, Audacious, and Dauntless. Thus inspired, presumably, the Eighth Army pushed the Chinese back to the 38th parallel. The names stirred some objections, however. The army chief of staff told Ridgway that "the word 'killer' . . . struck an unpleasant note as far as public relations was concerned." Ridgway was unrepentant, but operations after Killer and Ripper were given less violent names.

The PR lesson had to be learned again during the Vietnam War. In 1966, when a First Cavalry Division operation was dubbed Masher, Sieminski says, President Lyndon B. Johnson angrily objected. Masher swiftly gave way to the pacific White Wing. Thereafter, Vietnam operations were named after American cities (Junction City) or historic battles (Bastogne) or figures (Nathan Hale). Defense Department regulations adopted toward the end of the war (and still in force today) specify that nicknames must not "express a degree of bellicosity inconsistent with traditional American ideals or current foreign policy." Only with Operation Just Cause, however, did the military grasp the full PR potential of nicknames.

"But there is a point at which aggressive marketing turns public relations into propaganda [and] breeds cynicism rather than support," Sieminski cautions. "Precisely where this point is may be ill-defined, but the nickname Just Cause probably came close to it."

Can Labor Come Back?

A Survey of Recent Articles

It has been a long time since people spoke of "big labor" and "big business" in the same breath. But with the recent retirement of the American Federation of Labor-Congress of Industrial Organizations' (AFL-CIO) long-time president, Lane Kirkland, the labor movement's prospects are being reappraised. Both candidates to succeed Kirkland are pledging to shift resources into organizing campaigns. After decades of decline, could recovery be in the cards?

Robert Kuttner, coeditor of the *American Prospect*, is moderately hopeful. "Even if fresh organizing results in few initial victories," he says in the *Washington Post* (Aug. 11, 1995), "it will at least restore some of the charisma of the labor movement." Leo Troy, an economist at Rutgers University, is skeptical. "Private-sector unionism . . . cannot survive the new age of increased worldwide competition," he declares in *Society* (Mar.-Apr. 1995).

The statistics certainly seem grim. Today, only 11 percent of private-sector (nonfarm) employees are unionized—a far cry from the high of 36 percent in 1953, and even slightly less than the pre-New Deal proportion of 12 percent in 1929. Membership in private-employee unions has shrunk in absolute terms by more than seven million from its record high of 17 million in 1970. Public-employee union membership, meanwhile, which reached more than seven million in 1993, continues to grow—but not enough to offset the decline in the private sector.

"Despite their dwindling membership," journalist Sean Reilly writes in the *Washington Monthly* (July-Aug. 1995), "unions still help millions of working people secure decent wages and benefits. At Harvard University, for example, the Harvard Union of Clerical & Technical Employees, which spent 15 years fighting to organize, has . . . seen its members' average salary grow by \$7,000 in the last six years. Minimum employee pensions have been doubled, employees' share of health in-

surance premiums has been halved, and the university now puts up money for education and child care."

For workers as a whole, average wages, adjusted for inflation, have been declining in recent years, while labor productivity (output per worker) has been rising. "Even conservative economists," Reilly says, "concede that shrinking unionization has contributed to the inequity between worker output and wages, the growing gap between white- and blue-collar wages, and the decline in benefits. Unions, then, would seem the obvious solution to workers' woes. But many workers don't see it that way." Although most working Americans want organized representation in the workplace, according to a study done for the Clinton administration's Commission on the Future of Worker-Management Relations, only about one-third of nonunion workers want to join a union. For that, Reilly and others say, union leaders deserve much of the blame.

Lane Kirkland, who served as AFL-CIO president from 1979 until last summer, "rejected pleas for the federation to take a more active role in organizing workers," writes John B. Judis, a senior editor of the *New Republic* (Aug. 21 & 28, 1995). Kirkland argued "that the AFL-CIO should leave the job of creating and defending unions to its affiliates" and concentrate instead on national politics. "Kirkland believed that labor was declining mainly because employers were able to take advantage of both loopholes in the labor law and a Republican-appointed National Labor Relations Board to discourage unionization and break strikes. Only a pro-labor Democratic president could change the law and the composition of the board." The flaw in Kirkland's strategy, Judis argues, was that to strengthen the labor laws, the labor move-

ment had to become stronger—and instead it was getting weaker.

One union that has been growing stronger, however, is the Service Employees International Union (SEIU). Since 1980, when John Sweeney took charge, SEIU's membership has almost doubled, to 1.1 million. Mergers have provided some of the boost, but organizing has been important. Sweeney, now a candidate to succeed Kirkland, wants to devote 30 percent of the federation's budget to organizing, about six times the current proportion. His rival, Acting President Thomas R. Donahue, who was secretary-treasurer under Kirkland, also considers organizing a top priority.

What stands in the way of organizing successes? "Historically," Leo Troy writes, "white-collar employees, women, and people from the South have been difficult to organize in the private economy." He doesn't expect that to change.

Steve Early and Larry Cohen, both of the Communications Workers of America, writing in *Social Policy* (Winter 1994), take a different view: "The biggest obstacle to organizing is repression of union organizing by employers and the fear it engenders. In America today, even the most benevolent firm, with the most elaborate mechanisms for 'employee involvement,' does not want to deal with a bona fide labor organization."

But employers have always resisted unions, Troy points out, never more than in labor's heyday. The real problem is that union strength is concentrated in industries that have downsized, such as steel and autos.

Market forces also have "virtually 'repealed'" the National Labor Relations Act

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AFSCME
in the public service

Public-sector workers increasingly have seen the advantage of belonging to the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees. From 889,000 in 1979, membership grew to more than 1.1 million in 1993.

(NLRA) of 1935, Troy notes, which was intended to protect employees seeking collective bargaining. Exempt from the law are the growing numbers of employees with certain "managerial" or "supervisory" responsibilities, as well as many part-time or temporary workers. "Our current labor relations system must be reconceived in light of the realities of the new service work force," Dorothy Sue Cobble, who teaches labor studies, history, and women's studies at Rutgers, writes in *Dissent* (Fall 1994). Workers should be able to exercise certain managerial prerogatives, for example, without forfeiting their protection under the NLRA. But unions also need to

change, she argues. While the adversarial elements of labor-management relations need to be acknowledged, "unhealthy and unnecessary adversarialism" should be minimized. "Unions must be encouraged to accept more responsibility for the health of the enterprises with which they are linked, whether schools, hospitals, or auto factories."

Cobble's Rutgers colleague, Charles Heckscher, author of *The New Unionism* (1988), agrees. The labor movement, he writes in *Social Policy* (Winter 1994), needs to learn better how "to use tactics of influence—persuasion, flexibility, trustworthiness, responsible con-

tribution to the success of employers—in strategic coordination with tactics of confrontation."

Persuasion is essential to the labor movement's recovery, Heckscher maintains. Part of the reason for labor's weakness today, he argues, is that it has lost much of its ability to persuade people that unionization is a good thing—to persuade workers that it is a cause worth sacrificing for, to persuade the larger society that it promotes the general welfare. Labor made those cases successfully in the past. If it can adapt to today's changed environment, he says, it may be able to make them successfully again.

How Japan Escaped The Great Depression

"The Great Depression Reconsidered: Implications for Today" by William McDonald Wallace, in *Contemporary Economic Policy* (Apr. 1995), Western Economic Assn. International, 7400 Center Ave., Ste. 109, Huntington Beach, Calif. 92647-3039.

Most mainstream economists believe that the Great Depression of the 1930s decisively refuted Say's Law of Markets. That theretofore sacrosanct edict—promulgated by French economist Jean-Baptiste Say (1767-1832)—holds that supply creates its own demand. A depression, in this theory, is merely the result of temporary overproduction for some markets and underproduction for others, an imbalance that will soon be automatically righted. In the United States, however, gross national product tumbled by almost half in four long years after 1929, while unemployment grew to 25 percent. Nevertheless, Say's Law was confirmed, insists Wallace, who teaches economics and business at St. Martin's College in Lacey, Washington.

The proof, he contends, is provided by Japan, which largely escaped the Great Depression (and whose experience is usually ignored by most analysts of the depression). Say's Law assumes that labor costs are flexible. In Japanese industry they were, because much of the compensation that employees received con-

sisted of bonuses tied to corporate performance. Consequently, when a sharp recession hit in 1930, the four firms that dominated Japan's industrial economy "were free to cut prices sharply and did so in order to maintain output and employment." By 1933, Japan's economy had bounced back and gained six percent in real terms over its 1929 level.

In agriculture, Wallace argues, Say's Law "worked as advertised" throughout the world. "Earnings were variable, prices fell sharply, and as Say's Law predicts, employment and output remained stable, even in the United States, despite a 55 percent collapse in income." The reason that the depression was so hard on American farmers, he observes, is that the prices of the industrial products they needed "fell very little" compared with the prices of farm products.

Say's Law was suspended in U.S. industry, Wallace explains, because corporations "employed workers as hirelings, not partners. Rarely paid bonuses, workers did not participate in upside gains." Naturally, they resisted wage cuts. "Rigid pay inhibited timely price cuts in response to softer demand. Most firms were forced to hold prices up and lay off labor instead." The result: mass unemployment. U.S. firms today, he suggests, should take a leaf from Japan's book (and the family farm's), dealing workers in for a share of the profits and losses of business.

Staying on The Highway

"The Highway Revolution That Wasn't" by Jonathan Walters, in *Governing* (May 1995), 2300 N St. N.W., Ste. 760, Washington, D.C. 20037.

Despite its ungainly name, the Intermodal Surface Transportation Efficiency Act (ISTEA) of 1991 was supposed to usher in a new era of flexibility and creativity in American transportation. No longer would federal aid go overwhelmingly to highway construction. Now there would be more bike paths and public transit, fewer superhighways. It has not worked out that way, reports Walters, a senior writer at *Governing*.

In 1991, according to the American Public Transit Association, \$3.3 billion in federal aid was spent on public transit and \$15.1 billion on highways, a ratio of \$1 to \$4.60. In 1995, \$4.6 billion went for public transit and \$19.9 billion for highways—a ratio of \$1 to \$4.30. Hardly a revolution, Walters points out, especially when one considers that 1992 marked the official end of construction of the interstate highway system.

ISTEA (pronounced "ice tea" by those in the know) emphasized planning and local control, and gave states great flexibility in spending federal transportation aid. But very few states, Walters says, have taken advantage of that to shift funds from highways to bike lanes or rail service. Out of a total of more than \$15 billion appropriated for ISTEA's Surface Transportation Program for its first four fiscal years, states tagged only about \$400 million for such "alternate transit."

ISTEA has not lived up to its backers' dreams, Walters argues, because most Americans, including most state and local transportation officials, do not share those dreams. "Despite the best efforts of environmentalists, pro-transit forces, land use planners, preservationists, and bike and greenway proponents," he writes, "Americans still love roads, love cars, and love to drive." They roll up 250 million miles a year on their odometers—twice as many as they did two decades ago. "Americans don't like taking the bus. They view cycling to work as highly impractical. They want to drive. Alone." The 1980 census showed that 64.4 percent drove solo to

work; the figure a decade later was 70 percent.

In a few states, ISTEA is being used along the lines that its supporters envisioned. Maine is putting together a statewide transportation plan that calls for enhanced public transit and envisions moving truck freight onto rail, establishing bike lanes on the shoulders of highways, and perhaps expanding passenger rail service. But ISTEA did not turn the state around, Walters notes. One month before ISTEA was signed into law, Maine's voters—by a margin of nearly three to two—rejected a bond issue to fund the widening of the Maine Turnpike, and they went on to approve a new transportation policy. "The people of Maine wanted change," says the former head of the state's transportation department. But for now at least, it seems that—ISTEA or no ISTEA—most of the rest of the country does not.

The Charlatan And the Scholar

"Levin, Jeffries, and the Fate of Academic Autonomy" by Nathan Glazer, in *The Public Interest* (Summer 1995), 1112 16th St. N.W., Ste. 530, Washington, D.C. 20036.

To the federal courts, the cases of Leonard Jeffries and Michael Levin looked very much alike. Both men were tenured professors at the City College of New York (CCNY), both had either written or said things that many, on campus and off, found offensive and false, and both had had actions taken against them by the college. For the courts, First Amendment issues were paramount in both cases. Yet there were profound differences between the two, contends Glazer, the noted Harvard sociologist. The college's failure to recognize them is a cause for alarm.

Jeffries, chairman of CCNY's black studies department, gave a 1991 speech on multicultural education in which he characterized his critics as Jews hostile to blacks, and attacked Jews generally for their roles in the slave trade and in Hollywood portrayals of blacks. On other occasions, Jeffries advanced his theory that blacks are superior "sun" people and

Brothers and Dreamers

Writing in *Civilization* (July–Aug. 1995), Gerald Early, the director of the African and Afro-American Studies program at Washington University in St. Louis, explains the appeal of Afrocentrism.

[Writer and critic] Stanley Crouch is right in pointing out that the Afrocentrist is similar to the white Southerner after the Civil War. To black nationalists, the lost war was the "war of liberation" led by black "revolutionaries" in the late 1960s, which in their imagination was modeled on the struggles against colonialism then taking place around the world. (The enslavement of the Africans, of course, was an earlier lost war, and it also weighs heavily on the Afrocentrist. He, like the white Southerner, hates the idea of belonging to a defeated people.) This imaginative vision of a restored and indomitable ethnicity is not to be taken lightly. In a culture as driven by the idea of redemption and as corrupted by racism as this one, race war is our Armageddon. . . .

Today, Afrocentrism is not a mature political movement but rather a cultural style and a moral stance. There is a deep, almost lyrical poignancy in the fantasy of the Afrocentrist, as there is in the white Southerner's. What would I have been had I not lost the war? The Afrocentrist is devoted to his ancestry and his blood, fixated on the set of traditions that define his nobility, preoccupied with an imagined lost way of life. What drives the Afrocentrist and the white Southerner is not the expression of a group self-interest but concern with pride and honor. One group's myth is built on the surfeit

of honor and pride, the other on the total absence of them.

Like the white Southerner, the Afrocentrist is in revolt against liberalism itself, against the idea of individual liberty. In a way, the Afrocentrist is right to rage against it, because liberalism set free the individual but did not encourage the development of a community within which the individual could flower. This is what the Afrocentrist wishes to retrieve, a place for himself in his own community. Wilson Jeremiah Moses, a black historian, is right: Afrocentrism is a historiography of decline, like the mythic epic of the South. The tragedy is that black people fail to see their "Americanization" as one of the great human triumphs of the past 500 years. The United States is virtually the only country where the ex-masters and the ex-slaves try to live together as equals, not only by consent of the ex-masters but by the demand of the ex-slaves. Ironically, what the Afrocentrist can best hope for is precisely what multiculturalism offers: the idea that American culture is a blend of many white and non-white cultures. In the end, although many Afrocentrists claim they want this blending, multiculturalism will not satisfy. . . . The Afrocentrist does not wish to be a mongrel. He wants, like the Southerner, to be pure.

whites are "ice" people. When the 1991 speech provoked an uproar—though he had been expressing such views for years—CCNY reluctantly tried to reduce Jeffries's term as department chairman. He sued. (A federal appeals court first upheld his reinstatement on First Amendment grounds, then reversed itself last April.)

Levin, meanwhile, in forums such as the *New York Times* letters section and the *Proceedings and Addresses of the American Philosophical Association*, criticized affirmative action and argued that blacks, on average, are less intelligent than whites. Levin's views also stirred an outcry. Demonstrators even blocked students from entering his classroom. The college

moved with manifest determination to condemn his views on race and intelligence, and to set up an alternative philosophy course, so that students could avoid exposure to the one that he taught (although Levin apparently never advanced his racial arguments in the classroom). Levin, too, went to court. The judge ordered the college not to attempt to discipline the professor, not to create any "parallel" classes to his, and to protect his classes from disruption.

The "key difference" between the cases, Glazer contends, is that Levin was "a legitimate scholar" engaged in "legitimate academic activities," including research and teaching, while Jeffries had done no published research and was engaging in "outrageous" classroom teaching. Levin's "objectionable views," published in the form of a coherent argument with supporting data and sources, can be judged and criticized by other scholars, and modified. Jeffries, on the other hand, "cannot play a role in the research and discussion process and in settling such matters as his claim about the Jewish role in slavery because he does not write and does not publish." Instead, he makes demagogic speeches.

The CCNY administration, Glazer argues, should simply have left Levin to his academic work and, if necessary, prevented his classes from being disrupted. But it should have stripped Jeffries of his chairmanship and perhaps his tenure. Instead, CCNY "censured Levin but refused to act against Jeffries until forced to do so by a political uproar." If the academy cannot uphold academic ideals, Glazer fears, the courts and the law, "with all their limitations," may be the only recourse.

An Invisible Hand Up

"From Underclass to Working Class" by James L. Payne, in *The American Enterprise* (Sept.-Oct. 1995), 1150 17th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Exploitation is the word that journalists tend to use when a corporation takes men who are down and out and puts them to work in

low-wage jobs. They shouldn't, argues Payne, director of Lytton Research and Analysis in Sandpoint, Idaho, after a close look at the operations of one such firm, Industrial Labor Service Corporation (ILS).

The firm's Dallas branch (one of 20 it has in different cities) is the largest employer of temporary manual laborers in the city, offering 650 jobs on a typical day. It pays workers an average of \$4.70 an hour and charges employers \$7.50 for their labor. Out of the difference, ILS pays dispatchers, van drivers, salespeople, rent, taxes, and other overhead—and makes a profit of 17 cents per hour of labor contracted. ILS also operates a one-room shelter called the Bunkhaus, which charges lodgers \$5 a night and can accommodate up to 180 men.

Most of the men staying in the Bunkhaus, Payne found, had done time in prison. But keeping good order among them required only one manager and one security guard; they screened out the worst troublemakers, kept drugs out, and cooled off tempers when violence threatened. "The steadying, motivating influence on this little community," Payne says, "is work. The real jobs to be had and money to be earned provide an order and camaraderie to the shelter. The discipline of work sends the men to bed early, with lights out at 10 P.M., and propels them to rise when the lights pop back on at 4 A.M."

Instead of government "make-work" jobs that stress "self-esteem" but involve the kind of work that no one really wants done, Payne contends, the ILS workers get meaningful jobs "where an employer 'selfishly' demands productive labor in exchange for money." The men "can hardly escape gaining a sense of accomplishment. . . . When you've dug a ditch or unloaded a 60-foot trailer truck, you know you've accomplished something that sets you apart from, and somewhat above, the soft and unproductive sectors of society."

Government job-training programs have difficulty inculcating good work habits because the programs are funded according to how many people are served. Administrators tend to tolerate disruptive workers. "In the

profit-making world, the incentives are reversed," Payne notes. Men who fail to develop good work habits are fired.

Yet at the same time, no one bugs the workers about reforming their lives, he points out. An ILS job is not ordinarily a steppingstone to bigger and better things, but it is a giant step above underclass existence.

Social reformers, who are inclined to think

"that unconditioned giving is the way to help people in need," have something to learn from commercial firms such as ILS, Payne concludes. That is "the idea of *exchange*, the notion that the assisted person should give something in return for what he receives. Helping arrangements based on exchange avoid dependency, enhance self-esteem, foster social learning, and promote tolerance."

PRESS & MEDIA

The Forgotten Gray Audience

"Why Won't Television Grow Up?" by Vicki Thomas and David B. Wolfe, in *American Demographics* (May 1994), 127 State St., Ithaca, N.Y., 14850.

TV advertisers and broadcast network executives are obsessed with the youth audi-

ence. A 30-second spot on NBC's "Sea Quest," which appeals to twenty- and thirty-somethings, costs \$101,000, while a half-minute on CBS's "Murder, She Wrote," which is popular with over-50s and has a much larger audience, goes for \$26,000 less. In their intense competition for harder-to-reach younger viewers, argue Thomas and



Star Trek: The Next Generation was near the height of its popularity last year when it was canceled and replaced by another Star Trek series designed to have more appeal to younger viewers.

Wolfe, who both work in the promotional business, the networks and advertisers are foolishly ignoring a gold mine.

"The most lucrative markets of the 1990s consist of people aged 45 and older," the authors say. Households headed by 45- to 54-year-olds spent an average of \$41,020 in 1993—more than any other households, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. On a per capita basis, those households spent \$14,650, while households headed by 55- to 64-year-olds were next highest, at \$14,336. The next-oldest group spent less (\$12,477) but had a larger share of discretionary income than its juniors. Meanwhile, households headed by people between 25 and 34 years old spent only \$10,212 per person.

Not only do older adults spend more, Thomas and Wolfe note, but their numbers are growing, as the baby boomers age. The median age of adults today is 41.3; in 25 years, it will be 49. By then, the number of people over 50 will have increased by more than 60 percent, while the number of those ages 18-49 will hardly have grown at all.

So why the obsession with youth? One reason, say Thomas and Wolfe, may be that copywriters, agency representatives, and media buyers are young themselves. In an informal survey of top advertisers and ad agencies, the authors found that the average executive was 31 and the average agency representative even younger. They may find it easier to figure out what consumers in their own

generation want (or can be made to want). In addition, the authors say, "few of these young decision-makers are knowledgeable about demographic trends." Most surveyed thought the median age of U.S. adults was lower than it is. These youngsters, however, may have one thing in their favor: it may not be too late for them to learn.

The Culture of News

Writing in *Forbes MediaCritic* (Summer 1995), Michael Schudson, a sociologist at the University of California, San Diego, contends that while many journalists like to depict themselves as high-minded individualists, they are very much creatures of their professional culture.

Not only do journalists work in particular kinds of organizations, but their work draws on and depends on particular cultural traditions. These traditions concern, among other things, how to know what is interesting or unusual, how to validate a claim, how to demonstrate one's own authorial legitimacy, how to write an arresting lead, how to win a journalistic prize, how to construct a news story as an acceptable moral tale. The cultural traditions, often unspoken, often taken to be instinctual ("a nose for news") or acquired only by long experience in the field ("news judgment"), are the literary, intellectual, and cultural scaffolding on which the news is hung. . . .

The news . . . is produced by people who operate, often unwittingly, within a cultural system, a reservoir of stored cultural meanings. It is organized by conventions of sourcing—who is a legitimate conveyer of information to a journalist. It lives by unspoken preconceptions about the audience—less a matter of who the audience actually may be than a projection by journalists of their own social worlds. News as a form of culture incorporates assumptions about what matters, what makes sense, what time and place we live in, what range of considerations we should take seriously. A news story is supposed to answer the questions "who," "what," "when," "where," and "why" about its subject. But to understand news as culture requires asking of news writing what categories of person count as a "who," what kinds of things pass for facts or "what's," what geography and sense of time is inscribed as "where" and "when," and what counts as an explanation of "why."

The New Natural Philosophers

"The New Darwinian Naturalism in Political Theory" by Larry Arnhart, in *American Political Science Review* (June 1995), American Political Science Assn., 1527 New Hampshire Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Most modern political theorists, like social scientists in general, reject out of hand the possibility that human behavior—as well as morality—has roots in biology. Nature, they insist, is nothing next to nurture in the for-

mation of human beings.

But recently, writes Arnhart, a professor of political science at Northern Illinois University, political scientists such as Robert J. McShea, author of *Morality and Human Nature* (1990), and James Q. Wilson, author of *The Moral Sense* (1993), have been reasserting the importance of biology—and reopening some fundamental debates.

"One of the most pervasive assumptions in the social sciences," Arnhart writes, "is that there is an unbridgeable gap between *is* and *ought*." What is belongs to nature; what

A Catholic Atheist

In *The Sewanee Review* (Winter 1995), John McCormick, author of *George Santayana: A Biography* (1987), describes the philosopher's religious beliefs.

Santayana was born in Madrid in 1863 and was baptized a Catholic. From age nine to age 49, he lived in Boston as a boy, then in Cambridge, where at Harvard he was both student and finally professor of moral philosophy. Skeptical by nature and preference, he attended Catholic services from his early days more as admirer than as believer. Several of his earliest writings and reviews concerned religious questions; their contents were included and expanded in Interpretations of Poetry and Religion (1900). Here, and in his many later philosophical and autobiographical writings, Santayana revealed himself, at least to my reading, as a Catholic atheist, a position I found comprehensible, sympathetic, and almost rational.

Central to Santayana's position is his belief that religious doctrines do not refer to matters of fact, since they are poetic, the work of the imagination, not a product of revelation. The proper task of religion is to express an ideal, and when liberals seek to reinforce religion by forcing it into synchrony with popular contemporary modes, its symbols are vulgarized and impoverished. Hence, I thought, the contrast be-

tween medieval and Renaissance painting and architecture, and the ugly painted plaster saints of modern Catholicism, housed in churches outstanding for their inappropriateness. And the contrast between the Latin mass and its music and the current Reader's Digest translations, against the background of "I'm Hangin' Out With Jesus" on a guitar, was appalling. Santayana did not oppose religion, in the manner of the ideologists of atheism, but he continued to insist on the moral function of the imagination and the poetic nature of religion. Poetry and religion, he wrote, "enhance emotional life and make articulate public conscience, family and national spirit." Without poetry and religion our history would have been even darker than it is. Without imagination the soul is chilled, and even clear perceptions of truth remain deprived of joy and "the impetuosity of conviction." As he became fully grounded in his materialism and his conviction of our animal nature, Santayana would modify some of his "humanism" of 1900; but he never abandoned his early position concerning the aesthetic origins and satisfactions of religious observances.

ought to be is a product of reason. Often mistakenly attributed to David Hume, this dualistic view was formulated by Immanuel Kant, who used it as an argument against the sort of ethical naturalism developed by Hume. "If we agree with Kant that the 'moral ought' belongs to an utterly autonomous realm of human experience that transcends the natural world," Arnhart notes, "then we would have to say that any move from human nature to human morality is mistaken. But if we agree with Hume that moral obligation is grounded in natural human sentiments or desires, then we would have to say that human morality must be rooted in human nature."

Thus, James Q. Wilson—taking cues from Aristotle and Hume as well as Charles Darwin and modern genetic science—argues that natural selection may have promoted a psychological propensity to "attachment" or "affiliation," which enhanced reproductive fitness by inclining parents to care for their young. Out of this natural phenomenon, in Wilson's view, grew more generalized sentiments of "sympathy" and "benevolence," which form the basis of abstract ideas about ethics. Human values, Robert McShea maintains, arise from reflections on *natural* human feelings. If that is so, Arnhart says, then there is no absolute gap between *is* and *ought*.

"Kant's primary argument for a radical separation of the natural *is* and the moral *ought*," he observes, was that all moral judg-

ment required "freedom of the will." Moral freedom was freedom *from* nature. But for Aristotle, Hume, and Darwin, Arnhart points out, "the uniqueness of human beings as moral agents requires not a free will that transcends nature but a natural capacity to deliberate about one's desires." If choice is what matters, he says, then there is no absolute gap between nature and freedom.

In practical terms, accepting the biological origins of moral thought opens many doors. Instead of an absolute gap between nature and nurture, there is a complex interplay between them. Many psychologists assume that the effects of parental care on children demonstrate that nurture is more important in human development than nature. But Arnhart notes that recent research in behavioral genetics (largely based on adoption and twin studies) "indicates how the natural temperament of the child shapes the social environment. . . . Successful parenting is not the imposition of external norms on the child but the cultivation of the child's innate potential."

The false dichotomies between facts and values, freedom and nature, and nurture and nature, Arnhart says, have kept the social sciences separate from the natural sciences. If the new Darwinian naturalists carry the day, he concludes, then social science "could become once again—as it was for Aristotle, Hume, and Darwin—the science of human nature."

SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY & ENVIRONMENT

The Science of Sex Differences

"Sex Differences in Mental Test Scores, Variability, and Numbers of High-Scoring Individuals" by Larry V. Hedges and Amy Nowell, in *Science* (July 7, 1995), 1333 H St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

More men than women do extremely well on intelligence tests. Does that mean the average

man is smarter than the average woman? Not at all, say Hedges, a professor of education at the University of Chicago, and Nowell, a graduate student there. But the disparity may pose problems for efforts to equalize the number of male and female scientists.

Six national surveys of adolescents and young adults conducted between 1960 and 1992 generally showed little difference in the

average scores of men and women in tests of mental abilities, in most areas of intellectual activity. The big exception was that the average man did far better than the average woman on vocational aptitude tests for mechanical reasoning, electronics information, and auto and shop information. Otherwise, the differences were generally slight: women did a little better than men on tests of reading comprehension, perceptual speed, and associative memory, while men did somewhat better on tests of mathematics and social studies. One of the surveys indicated that the male edge in science and mathematics has narrowed over the years.

What may be more important than average scores, however, is the fact, illustrated by the various national surveys, that the test scores of males are much more *variable* than those of females. In mathematics, science, and social studies, as many as 3.4 times as many males as females scored in the top 10 percent. Females were somewhat overrepresented in the bottom 10 percent.

The result: even though average scores are not so far apart, only one-half to one-seventh as many women excel in science and mathematics as men. That makes the goal of numerical equity between the sexes in those fields seem daunting indeed.

Family Matters

"Kin Recognition" by David W. Pfennig and Paul W. Sherman, in *Scientific American* (June 1995), 415
Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-1111.

As shown by the use of surnames (not to mention family reunions), humans attach a lot of importance to knowing who their relatives are. So, it seems, do wasps, wildflowers, and many other members of the plant and animal kingdoms. Pfennig, a biologist at the University of Illinois, and Sherman, a professor of animal behavior at Cornell University, explain how—and perhaps why—the process works.

Some organisms, such as primates and frogs, recognize their kin by their distinctive

physical characteristics, sensing these directly by sight, sound, or smell. Other organisms pick up indirect clues from place or time as to who their relatives are. Bank swallows, which nest in colonies on sandbanks, use both methods to identify their young. For about three weeks after hatching, parent bank swallows will feed any nestlings they find in their burrow. After the chicks learn to fly, however, broods mix extensively, and the parents are forced to turn to direct means of identification, picking out their own young by the distinct vocal signatures that chicks develop by the time they are 20 days old.

Such recognition "labels" can reflect genetic traits, as in the case of certain sea squirts. These brainless marine animals, the authors write, "begin life as planktonic larvae that eventually settle on a rock and multiply asexually to form an interconnected colony of structurally and genetically identical animals." Sometimes, two genetically similar colonies merge. If a colony tries to join another unrelated one, however, the latter emits poisonous substances to repel the invader.

Other organisms use ID "labels" acquired from their environment. Certain types of the common garden insects known as paper wasps, for example, build open comb nests composed of wafer-thin plant fibers. Each wasp early on "assimilates from its nest an odor specific to the insects that live there," Pfennig and Sherman say, and this smell, derived from the plant fibers, is locked into the insect's skin before it hardens. Colonies of paper wasps typically consist of a queen and her daughter workers. When wasp visitors show up, their smell labels make it possible to distinguish between homeless relatives whose nests have been destroyed and alien wasps bent upon stealing eggs to feed the larvae in their own colonies. The kin are welcomed, the others repulsed.

Why is favoritism shown to relatives other than offspring? There may be more than one evolutionary reason, but Pfennig and Sherman say that according to the now-standard "inclusive fitness" theory developed by William D. Hamilton of the University of Oxford in 1964, natural selection favors organ-

isms that help their relatives, "because by doing so they increase their total genetic representation." Nepotism, it would seem, may be an almost universal fact of life.

Beyond Recycling

"Time to Dump Recycling?" by Chris Henrickson, Lester Lave, and Francis McMichael, in *Issues in Science and Technology* (Spring 1995), University of Texas at Dallas, P.O. Box 830688, Mail Station AD13, Richardson, Texas 75083-0688.

Recycling, that seemingly unimpeachable symbol of environmental virtue, has become standard practice in much of the nation. Unfortunately, contend professors Henrickson (civil engineering), Lave (economics), and McMichael (environmental engineering), all of Carnegie-Mellon University, recycling today is both extremely uneconomical and a detriment to the environment.

As an economic venture, recycling has several serious problems, the authors note. One is that the overall demand for recycled glass, plastic, metal, and newsprint fluctuates widely. According to a recent study, the price (in constant 1992 dollars) of a typical set of recyclable materials dropped from \$107 per ton in 1988 to \$44 per ton four years later. A bigger—and often overlooked—problem is the cost of collecting the recyclable materials.

In Pittsburgh, for example, it cost \$94 per ton in 1991 to collect regular garbage, but it cost \$470 per ton to collect recyclables. The recyclables, being less dense, take up more space in collection trucks, and the trucks also pick up much smaller amounts at each house. That translates into more truck travel to collect the same tonnage. In Pennsylvania and elsewhere, many urban officials have begun to realize that and to scale down their recycling programs.

Recycling is also environmentally costly. Every mile of truck travel in the pursuit of cast-off newspapers and aluminum cans adds carcinogenic diesel particles, carbon monoxide, organic compounds, oxides of nitrogen, and rubber particles to the environment. The construction and upkeep of trucks and recycling facilities also use energy and other limited resources. Overall, the authors suspect, recycling consumes more resources than it saves.

The basic problem, the three analysts argue, is that Americans each generate 1,600 pounds of solid waste annually. They are consuming "too much of our natural resources" and degrading the environment. The key to solving that problem, the authors believe, is not mandated recycling but making prices for raw materials and products reflect "their full social cost, including resource depletion and environmental damage."

ARTS & LETTERS

Sexuality and The Sculptor

"Auguste Rodin" by Millicent Bell, in *Raritan* (Spring 1995), Rutgers Univ., 31 Mine St., New Brunswick, N.J. 08903.

Auguste Rodin (1840-1917) was already in his forties when he began to taste success with masterpieces such as *The Thinker* (1880) and *The Kiss* (1886). Much of his subsequent work was given over to bold and searching depic-

tions of his female models. His contemporaries seldom failed to link this turn in his art to the sculptor's notorious womanizing. Bell, an emeritus professor of English at Boston University, sees more profound forces at work. Sexuality played a role in *all* of Rodin's work, early and late, she says, and it emerged as a theme "not only from his personal life but from his deep sense of a whole culture's becoming what we call *modern*."

When as a 20-year-old, Rodin failed to

qualify for admission to the *École des Beaux Arts* and his hopes of becoming an artist seemed dashed, his father, a minor police functionary, advised him: "The person who wants to succeed will attain his goal, but he must desire it seriously. In this way he will achieve the will to do it, that is to say, a kind of male energy, not female." Rodin's father, Bell says, was expressing the dominant view of his time: "Achievement was the proof of male virility." The son was driven by "the need to realize himself as a man by means of his genius." His early sculpture was almost entirely restricted to the male figure.

Not until his midlife love affair with Camille Claudel, one of his students, was "his encounter with femaleness . . . so profound an experience that it finally released him from his troubled preoccupation with being masculine," Bell speculates. "It was then that he began that development which amounted to identification and participation in the feminine, and it was then that images of women began to flow from his hands."

Iris, Messenger of the Gods (1891) was the "most astonishing" of Rodin's sculptures of women, Bell says, with the headless female body being "a proclamation of exuberant life announcing itself, as the dancer holds her own outward flung leg aloft and widespread, her opened vulva proudly displayed." The other elements of the body are not conventionally beautiful but "subordinated in their plain vigor to the sexual center." The sculpture's title reinforced "the statement that sexuality is the origin, the source, of human radiance."

Rodin was also reacting to larger forces at work in European culture. His rejection of conventional poses in the depiction of the female body, "those false modesties of concealment," was probably related, Bell believes, "to the opening of the fine arts to the forbidden subject matter and imagery abundant in the media of mass-circulation engraving and, soon, photography." Other artists of the period, from Edouard Manet to Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, responded to the same influences. The poet Charles Baudelaire, says Bell, called for a sculptor "who would fully render the subversive female subject," a sculp-

tor who "had the courage and the wit to seize hold of nobility everywhere, even in the mire." Rodin, Bell concludes, "became that sculptor."

A New Jazz Age?

"Stop Nitpicking a Genius" by Frank Conroy, in *The New York Times Magazine* (June 25, 1995), 229 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

When jazz becomes completely respectable, does it cease to be jazz? There are many who think so. But Conroy, author of *Stop-Time* (1967) and *Body and Soul* (1993), and for five years in the 1970s a professional jazz pianist, is not among them. "There is a French expression, *nostalgie de la boue*, which means nostalgia for the gutter," he says, "and it is perhaps that preoccupation [that is] slowing down so many jazz fans, observers, and writers from recognizing reality." That reality, he contends, is that a new day is dawning for jazz.

The traditional image of jazz musicians as dissolute and self-destructive is badly out of date, he observes. Today's young players "are, by and large, educated, cultured people in their twenties," he says, "more likely to be vegetarians than drug addicts, more likely to run three miles a day than smoke cigarettes, and more likely to be carrying an organ-donor card than a gun." They include such rising talents as Eric Reed, a "very young and very brilliant" jazz pianist.

The venues in which jazz is being played are also different. Institutions such as New York's "Jazz at Lincoln Center" have been springing up, jazz clubs have gone upscale, and jazz programs have come into being at many colleges and universities. While club dates remain important to the musicians, they are no longer the summit, Conroy says.

These changes in the public face of jazz are now being matched by profound innovations in the music itself, Conroy argues. In the past, jazz was "based on two short forms—the blues (usually, but not always, a 12-bar structure) and the ballad or tune (usually, but not always, a 32-bar structure)." The short forms,

Night Thoughts

"It's not hard to paint a design," artist Edward Hopper (1882–1967) once told Alexander Eliot. "Nor to paint a representation of something you can see. But to express a thought in painting—that is hard." Writing in *Parabola* (Summer 1995), Eliot, author of *Global Mythology* (1993), looks at Hopper's painted thoughts.

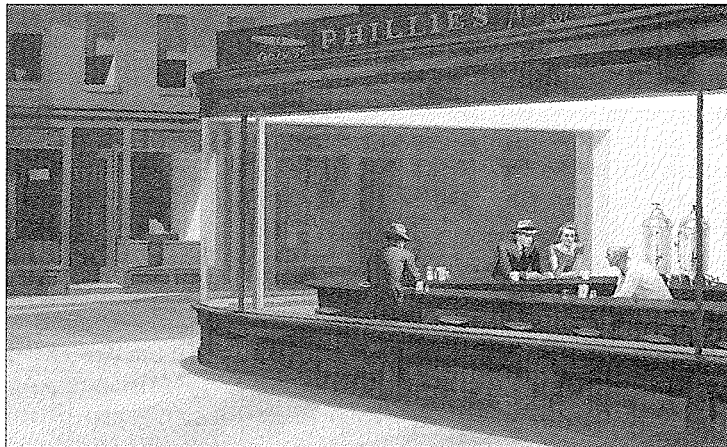
Tearless nostalgia, the ache of loneliness, and finally the sense of romance just beyond reach, inform Hopper's creative work. Each of his great canvases is narrowly but brilliantly staged, emptied of trivial details, and subtly distorted for dramatic impact. Each one tells a wordless story, but they're not illustrations of anything. Rather, they project strangely splendid insights into secret America.

Consider his "Nighthawks," for example. This canvas, at the Chicago Art Institute, dates from 1942. We're out near a city corner, at a midnight hour, looking across the street and in through the plate glass window of a brightly-lit fast-food joint. Hopper may well have passed a place like this on his frequent prowls around Greenwich Village, but he had his own means of transposing the scene to

a legendary realm. Thus he enlarged the empty pavement and the dark building, so that they seem broadly sweeping gestures of the night itself.

Contrastingly, the four figures at the counter inside appear small, crisp, courageous, and half-conscious of their isolation—marooned in light. The customer with his back to the street sits gazing across at the tensely close couple opposite and the priestly counterman in his starched white vestments. These four figures all display the same angular, dimly repressed body language.

This awkward stiffness is theirs, not Hopper's, yet the artist himself abjured gesture as a general rule. The flamboyance of the surrealists and the abstract expressionists alike repelled him. His own art has the stillness of a dreamer in bed. It doesn't express emotion; rather it projects a mood peculiar to this artist alone. The mood is bleak and yet tender at the same time. It conveys a quality of casting-about



for one knows not what; like an inch-worm at the end of a twig. "Self-seeking" was a synonym for selfishness in Hopper's time, and generally frowned upon. Yet Hopper insisted that he was in fact "a self-seeker"

Looking at "Nighthawks," I sense an invisible fifth participant who hovers on our side of the street. A passerby like us, he observes the action from the dark, and in through the plate glass, with appreciative and yet rather terrible detachment. Darkly shimmering, mercurial, and soon gone again is the artist's self, the actual nighthawk.

and the challenge of working with them and within them, will always belong to jazz, Conroy says. But now trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, the controversial 33-year-old director of Jazz at Lincoln Center and a leader of the new generation of artists, is taking the music into relatively unexplored territory: "long forms, forms of a length we usually associate with so-called classical music."

Marsalis's *Blood on the Fields*, which premiered at Lincoln Center last year, marks this expansion, in Conroy's view. A three-hour secular oratorio in 20 sections, it presents a narrative about slavery in the South and transcends the old division between classical jazz (Dixie) and modern jazz. "The new generation of jazz players and composers feels free to draw from everywhere, the more sources the better. Dixie, Bartok, be-bop, regional music—all grist for the mill," Conroy says.

Critics charge that Marsalis is leading jazz toward a lifeless classicism. But *Blood on the Fields* shows "how jazz conventions and jazz 'feel' can retain and renew energy while expanding into large forms that contain other elements and other traditions," Conroy writes. "Jazz need no longer be marginalized, neither in its structures nor its emotional and intellectual ambitions."

The Avante-Garde Walt Disney

"Walt Disney: Art and Politics in the American Century" by Steven Watts, in *The Journal of American History* (June 1995), 1125 E. Atwater Ave., Bloomington, Ind. 47401-3701.

Walt Disney's name today is indelibly linked to a corporate entertainment colossus, embracing everything from theme parks to television networks. It was not always so. Disney (1901-66), notes Watts, a historian at the University of Missouri, Columbia, "was once taken quite seriously as an artist."

Throughout the 1930s and early '40s, intellectuals joined millions of moviegoers in praising Disney's innovative animated fantasies. Impressed by his Silly Symphonies series,

his Mickey Mouse shorts, and feature-length animations such as *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (1937) and *Pinocchio* (1940), critics hailed Disney as an artistic genius and modernist pioneer—the most significant figure in graphic art since Leonardo da Vinci, said political cartoonist David Low.

Disney's pioneering work in animation drew on the culture of modernism for much of its "atmosphere," Watts argues. Emerging in opposition to 19th-century Victorianism, modernism challenged "the ascendancy of reason and judgment over impulse, of educated taste over folk and popular preferences, of the adult over the childish, of the conscious over the preconscious mind." In Disney's animation, "the line between imagination and reality" was continually being blurred "to produce a wondrous universe where animals spoke, plants and trees acted consciously, and inanimate objects felt emotion."

Two short films show "the full emotional spectrum of Disney's modernist vision," Watts says—and his awareness of Freudian themes. In *Flowers and Trees* (1932), two young trees fall in love and, with the aid of their forest friends, the wild birds, overcome adversity to marry, before a celebrating audience of wildflowers. In *The Mad Doctor* (1933), by contrast, "Pluto is kidnapped and hauled off to a castle where a crazy physician and vivisectionist will use his body parts for macabre medical experiments." (It all turns out to have been a nightmare.)

Yet Disney was also moving, Watts observes, toward "greater and greater realism in animation. Increasingly, the object of Disney's aesthetic quest was a sunny, naturalistic style with roots in the Victorian 19th century . . . a 'realistic' depiction of people, objects, and scenes where dark or messy dimensions of reality had been wiped away." As the critics caught on, their misgivings about Disney mounted. By the late 1940s, they were portraying him as an innovative artist who had squandered his talent. His films, sneered Manny Farber in the *New Republic*, had degenerated into "lollypop art." Disney deserves more credit, in Watts's view. He was a rare hybrid: a "sentimental modernist."

OTHER NATIONS

The Algerian Quagmire

"Algeria's War on Itself" by Andrew J. Pierre and William B. Quandt, in *Foreign Policy* (Summer 1995), Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 2400 N St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037-1153.

Since early 1992, Islamic militants and Algeria's military regime have been locked in a bloody struggle that has reportedly cost more than 30,000 lives. Now Algeria's woes are becoming a crisis for France, say Pierre, a senior associate of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and Quandt, a political scientist at the University of Virginia.

Contrary to the conventional wisdom, France's relationship with Algeria is not especially close, and Paris remains very much in the dark about what is happening in its former colony. "Conversations with senior officials in Paris," the authors write, "reveal that the military-led government in Algiers is opaque to the French; they do not know where real power lies, nor can they account for the reasons behind the shifts in Algerian policies and attitudes. French contacts with the sizable Islamic opposition groups . . . are very limited."

When Algeria in 1962 finally won its eight-year war for independence, its economic ties with France were strong; but they have since shriveled. Algeria buys only about one-third of its imports from France, down from more than 80 percent at independence. The former mother country now gets only two percent of its oil and 30 percent of its gas from Algeria. "In the years after independence," the authors note, "some 60,000 French were involved in business, communications, and civil administration in Algeria. Now the number is down to 1,500, and for good cause: Islamic terrorists have been systematically assassinating foreigners since 1992." Within France, Islam is poorly understood, despite the presence of 800,000 Algerians, some of whom have lived in France for generations.

The French are alarmed. They fear not only terrorist bombs but the prospect "that hordes of Algerian boat people will migrate and take jobs away in a country with a 12.3 percent rate of unemployment."

Early this year, under the auspices of a Catho-

lic group called Sant'Egidio, leaders of the Algerian National Liberation Front, the Islamic Salvation Front, and other opposition groups reached agreement in Rome on a "National Contract" calling for multiparty democracy. It was intended to serve as a basis for talks with President Lamine Zeroual's military government. The regime quickly denounced the move as foreign interference and promised to hold presidential elections by the end of the year, the authors note, "without quite explaining how these elections would restore peace."

French officials have come to realize, Pierre and Quandt say, that they may need help to achieve peace. For the Algerian antagonists, "the former colonizers are more familiar than others, but they are also less trustworthy." The Sant'Egidio declaration, the authors point out, "included an appeal to the international community as a whole—not to France alone—for assistance in resolving the conflict."

Confucianism Lite?

"The New Confucianism in Beijing" by Wm. Theodore de Bary, in *The American Scholar* (Spring 1995), Phi Beta Kappa Society, 1811 Q St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

During China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of the late 1960s and early '70s, Confucianism and its supposed agents were viciously attacked. Today, with the hollowness of the official Marxist-Leninist ideology more and more apparent, the Beijing regime has been trying to reclaim China's Confucian heritage and use it to ward off the threat of Western decadence. Confucian temples have been restored to their former elegance, and a China Confucius Foundation, headquartered in Beijing, has been established. At a major international congress in China in 1994 to commemorate the sage's birth 2,545 years earlier, Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew, the world-famous champion of the Confucian work ethic, social discipline, and zeal for learning, and a staunch critic of Western individualism, was given a thunderous ovation. Yet de Bary, an emeritus professor at Columbia University and author of *The Trouble with Confucianism* (1991), doubts that China's new commitment to

The Chechnya Obsession

Russia has been trying to wipe out the Chechen people for a very long time, writes David Remnick, author of *Lenin's Tomb: The Last Days of the Soviet Empire* (1993), in the *New Yorker* (July 24, 1995).

The Chechen Republic is a tiny, landlocked parcel on the southwestern periphery of Russia, and even now to most of the world it seems a second-order crisis spot, a geopolitical obscurity: Ceylon, Angola, Chechnya. In the Russian imagination, however, Chechnya is an obsession, an image of Islamic defiance, an embodiment of the primitive, the devious, the elusive. For more than three centuries, the czars and the general secretaries—and now a democratically elected president—have tried to obliterate the Chechens, first by war on horseback, then by deportation by cattle car, and now by heavy artillery bombardment and carpet bombing.

When Yeltsin described Chechnya not long ago as a "criminal" state, deserving of the same regard as the Medellín cocaine cartel or the Golden Triangle, in Southeast Asia, he was joining in a traditional Russian strain of rhetoric, a resonant demonology. In the mid-19th century, while the czars' armies were engaged in what turned out to be a 40-year war with the great warrior of the Caucasus, Imam Shamil, a Russian civil servant and scholar named Platon Zubov wrote, in a book on the northern Caucasus entitled "A Picture of the Caucasian Region and Neighboring Lands Belonging to Russia," that the Chechen nation is "remarkable for her love of plunder, robbery and murder, for her spirit of deceit, courage, recklessness, resolution, cruelty, fearlessness, her uncontrollable insolence and unlimited arrogance," and that "the Chechens spend their life plundering and raiding their neighbors who hate them for their ferocity." According to Zubov (and here he seems to speak for his regime and the regimes to follow), "The only way

to deal with this ill-intentioned people is to destroy it to the last." In this, the czars did not quite succeed: they ended the war by declaring victory but allowed the Chechens to live in relative autonomy. . . .

Long after the czarist failure to crush the Chechens, Stalin tried to remove them from the map entirely. In the midst of the war with Germany, he ordered the mass deportation of the Chechens, and also of other small ethnic groups, from the Caucasus and the Crimean peninsula to Siberia and the wastes of northern Kazakh-



stan. . . . The Chechens lived in exile for 13 years, and were allowed to return to the Caucasus only after Stalin died and Khrushchev, in 1957, announced that it had all been a mistake.

*The Chechens proved no less defiant in exile than they had been in battle against the czars' generals. In the third volume of *The Gulag Archipelago*, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn recalls seeing, while he himself was living in exile, that the Chechens were the one group that utterly refused to submit to Soviet power.*

Confucianism is more than skin deep.

Properly understood, he points out, Confu-

cianism is not just a social discipline and work ethic but "a form of liberal learning," in the clas-

sic sense of *liberal* as broadening and liberating. And few Chinese today have much acquaintance with this Confucian tradition.

"For most of this century," de Bary observes, "educated Chinese have learned nothing about Confucianism except the [Communist] Party's negative characterizations of it as 'reactionary' and 'feudal.' Quite apart from the closing of schools for years during the Cultural Revolution, and the turning over of instruction to workers, peasants, soldiers, and Red Guards, only a few college majors in classical studies have read any of the Confucian texts, while all students have been compelled to read the 'classics' of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and Mao." Some Confucian traditions—"a certain reciprocity, mutual support, and give-and-take within the family"—may have survived in the home, but their carry-over to the world of politics and government is doubtful.

"Only with the reinstatement of some genuine Confucian culture, and the reading of basic texts in the school and college curriculum—which would require the retraining of a whole generation of teachers—could Confucian learning be articulated to the level of literate discourse so that it could have any significant influence on educated Chinese today," de Bary declares. Unless that should happen, he concludes, Beijing's new Confucianism "would amount to little more than mass indoctrination in official formulae, as mechanical and meaningless as the failed slogans of Maoism."

Should Japan Rearm?

"East Asian Security: The Case for Deep Engagement" by Joseph S. Nye, Jr., and "East Asian Security: The Pentagon's Ossified Strategy" by Chalmers Johnson and E. B. Keehn, in *Foreign Affairs* (July-Aug. 1995), 58 E. 68th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.

Fifty years after the end of World War II, Japan remains in effect a U.S. military protectorate. Johnson, author of *Japan: Who Governs?* (1995), and Keehn, a lecturer in Japanese politics at Cambridge University, argue that with the Cold War over and the yen so strong that the 45,000 U.S. troops stationed there "cannot afford a bowl of noodles," it is time for Japan to become a "nor-

mal" country and provide for its own security.

There has been a "profound shifting around the world, particularly in East Asia, from military to economic power," the two specialists argue. Tokyo welcomes the continued U.S. military presence as a short-term convenience, they assert, while it consolidates its economic ascendancy "in preparation for the day when the United States can no longer support"—financially or politically—its military forces in East Asia. The U.S. security guarantee, moreover, reduces the incentive for Japan to revise its constitution, which renounces war as a sovereign right of the nation, and to develop into a responsible "ordinary country" providing for its own defense, and helping to keep the peace abroad.

Nye, assistant secretary of defense for international security affairs, insists—as a Pentagon report did earlier this year—that the presence of about 100,000 American troops in Japan and the rest of East Asia (including 36,000 in South Korea) is vital to the region's security. He calls the U.S. troops "a force for stability, reducing the need for arms buildups, and deterring the rise of hegemonic forces. . . . How the international system adjusts to the rise of Chinese power, the eventual rejuvenation of Russia, the evolving role of Japan, and the tensions on the Korean peninsula will be critically important to the future of East Asian stability and prosperity."

Japanese analysts fear, among other things, the international ripple effects of rearmament. The specter of a revived Japanese militarism, for example, might prompt neighboring nations, from Malaysia to China, to build up their own military forces. Japan, Nye notes, remains committed to the alliance, albeit one "tailor[ed] to the post-Cold War period." A 1994 report by a nongovernmental commission in Japan urged that the nation assume a larger international role, including greater participation in UN peacekeeping operations. Until a few years ago that was unthinkable, Nye points out. But in recent years, Japan has joined in international peacekeeping efforts in Cambodia, Mozambique, and Rwanda. Although Japanese attitudes toward the nation's proper role are thus evolving, it does not appear that Japan is going to become a "normal" country anytime soon.

RESEARCH REPORTS

Reviews of new research at public agencies and private institutions

"Unequal Wealth and Incentives to Save."

RAND, 1700 Main St., P.O. Box 2138, Santa Monica, Calif. 90407-2138. 37 pp. \$6.00

Author: James P. Smith

Are Americans saving enough for retirement? No, says Smith, a RAND economist. Those in the baby boom and successor generations, especially the poor among them, should be saving more.

Why aren't they? Smith begins by analyzing the enormous gap between rich and poor. Among households with at least one member in his or her fifties, for example, the top five percent have average equity or assets of \$843,598, according to a 1993 survey, and the bottom 10 percent only \$923. Surprisingly, financial inheritances do not explain much of the difference. Subtract all inheritances from family wealth [see chart], and the vast inequality of wealth remains.

What accounts for it? Not race or ethnicity, Smith says. True, the average white family with at least one member age 70 or older has \$90,000 in equity or assets, according to a 1994 survey, while comparable black households have only \$17,000. But most of the racial disparity in wealth, he says, is due to income differences. More income means more wealth, regardless of race. Indeed, a comparison of whites and blacks with the same income in the above group reveals that the white families

have even less wealth than the black families: \$11,000.

Income is not the whole story, Smith argues. Even after wealth acquired thanks to higher incomes is factored out, the top five percent of elderly white families still had 1.8 times as much wealth as the median household. The wealth of the bottom 10 percent was only three percent of the median.

Low-income households, Smith concludes, save at much lower rates than those with higher incomes. Why? He offers several reasons. One is that divorce and single parenthood

married people.

A second factor, he says, is that people with health problems—disproportionately the poor—are less able to work and have higher medical expenses.

The economist also contends that public policy has discouraged the poor from saving. Asset limits for Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) and other means-tested "safety net" programs are "shockingly low," he points out. Only \$1,000 in household wealth is enough to disqualify one for AFDC.

How the Rich Get Rich
(Households with at least one member age 51-61, in 1993)

<u>Percentile</u>	<u>Household Wealth</u>	<u>Portion from Inheritance</u>	<u>Wealth minus Inheritance</u>
95	\$843,598	\$62,957	\$780,641
90	504,278	34,900	469,378
70	193,152	14,009	179,143
50	97,506	7,767	89,739
30	39,563	5,644	33,919
20	16,352	5,383	10,969
10	923	0	923

are more common among the less well off. Assets that might otherwise be combined in one household are split. But beyond that basic fact, Smith finds "that marriage strongly encourages savings behavior." Families headed by married couples in their fifties have almost four times as much wealth as those headed by divorced or never-

"What incentive does a poor family with \$800 in assets have to save an extra few hundred dollars over the next few years to safeguard against some unforeseen emergency?" he asks.

Social Security is the main form of "wealth" low-income families will have in retirement. When the safety net programs are also taken into ac-

count, many such families "may be better off when they retire than they are now." And that, Smith argues, further discourages saving.

But Social Security may not be able to provide such support in the future. His propo-

posal: revise Social Security to provide only "a minimum decent standard of living" in old age. Health insurance should be redesigned to protect against genuine health risks but not to subsidize all medical care. He also favors a con-

sumption tax or mandatory deductions from income for future retirement. Changes of this sort, Smith believes, are needed to create a sustainable retirement system—and to foster more realistic saving practices among Americans.

"Realigning Journalism with Democracy: The Hutchins Commission, Its Times, and Ours."

The Annenberg Washington Program in Communications Policy Studies of Northwestern University, 1455 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W., Ste. 200, Washington, D.C. 20004-1008. 39 pp. Free.
Author: *Stephen Bates*

Today's news media are often indicted for sensationalism, frivolity, distortion, bias, and other sins. Perhaps a baker's dozen of high-minded academics should be assembled to set journalists straight on what freedom of the press means, and what the press's obligations are. Roughly a half-century ago, that is just what happened, observes Bates, a Senior Fellow at the Annenberg Washington Program.

Headed by Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, and underwritten by *Time* editor-in-chief Henry R. Luce, the Commission on Freedom of the Press began its ruminations in 1944. Harvard University philosopher William Hocking favored government regulation of the press and making press freedom conditional on press "responsibility." Beardsley Ruml, a former University of Chicago social scientist, proposed having a federal agency license newspapers. Harold Lasswell,

a former University of Chicago political scientist, suggested that the government regulate the content of monopoly newspapers. "Instead of breaking up the paper . . . give it over to public utility regulation," he advised. In the end, such far-reaching schemes were scrapped in favor of one central recommendation: that a private agency be created to watch the "watchdog" of the press. "Does there not have to be a continuing commission of some sort," asked Hutchins, "a commission on the order of this one, to do the double task of educating the public on what it ought to demand and educating members of the press [on] what they ought to supply?"

Journalists (besides rejecting the term *journalist* as too pompous) "placed a great deal of faith in the common citizen," Bates says, and viewed themselves as serving and representing the public. In the eyes of Lasswell and others, however, the ordinary citizen "was ill-informed,

emotional, and dangerously susceptible to demagogues. Their solution was to shift power . . . to level-headed scientific experts—that is, themselves."

When the commission issued its 133-page report, *A Free and Responsible Press*, in 1947, Hutchins and some of his colleagues expected a grateful press to beseech them to launch the recommended press-watching agency. Instead, the press dismissed the report as "disappointing," if not dangerous. Colonel Robert McCormick, the *Chicago Tribune's* owner, called it the work of "a gang of crackpots."

Today, the gap between journalists and the professoriate has narrowed, Bates notes. Sensationalism has migrated to TV and decreased in newspapers. Reporters and editors are more "professional," better paid, and better educated. Indeed, Bates says, a new Hutchins commission would have to ask if press and public have not grown too far apart.

COMMENTARY

We welcome timely letters from readers, especially those who wish to amplify or correct information published in the Quarterly and/or react to the views expressed in our essays. Letters may be mailed to 901 D Street S.W., Suite 704, Washington, D.C. 20024, or sent via facsimile, at (202) 287-3772, or E-mail, at WWCEM166@SIVM.SI.EDU. The writer's telephone number and postal address should be included. For reasons of space, letters are usually edited for publication. Some letters are received in response to the editors' requests for comment.

The Loss of Community

Alan Ehrenhalt ["Learning from the Fifties," WQ, Summer '95] is right to mourn the passing of a "world of lasting relationships," but he is wrong to place that world in the 1950s. The '50s were the decade when Americans chose to break community ties and embrace personal satisfaction. The examples of stability and loyalty he cites were the residue of earlier periods, not the creations of that decade.

The '50s saw the steady march of middle-class families out of city neighborhoods and rural communities into suburbs designed to enhance private enjoyment. As a result, churches and synagogues were steadily transformed from community houses to casual collections of churchgoers. In place of the community markets and taverns Ehrenhalt fondly recalls, the affluent households of the '50s embraced the new supermarkets and restaurant chains.

The trend toward a transient population was sealed by the national decision in the mid-'50s to construct an interstate highway system rather than an interstate rail system. Whatever the economic merits of each system, a rail-based infrastructure defines and connects communities; an automobile culture disperses individuals.

The '50s also saw the beginning of the cultural gap between generations. As innocent as 1950s pop music seems today, it demonstrated the unprecedented power of young people to sustain an entertainment industry that catered to adolescent interests.

It's risky business to characterize an entire decade. After all, many American households of the 1950s still had no plumbing or electricity, let alone a big menu of life choices. But if we assess that time by observing what people chose to do once they had the means to do so, we have to say that they opted for personal wealth, private enjoyment, and simple convenience over a communal vision of well-being.

Joseph S. Harrington
Morton Grove, Ill.

The case for the 1950s is even stronger than Alan Ehrenhalt had room to point out. Not only was crime rare then by current standards, but the homicide rate actually fell. Not only was the divorce rate low, but illegitimate births were uncommon among whites, and the rate for blacks was only about 15 percent, tiny by today's standards. The great majority of

children of all races grew up in two-parent families.

But Ehrenhalt overstates the degree to which authority has been undermined. In such institutions as school and family the loss is obvious, but in the marketplace, as he points out, corporations are more ruthless than at any time since the 1930s, relentlessly downsizing even when making record profits. A high school youth today, after years of enjoying unheard-of freedoms, graduates into an economy so competitive that it is hard to earn a living, much less support a family.

The collapse of authority has been partial, great enough to allow the young to cultivate self-indulgence while leaving them ill equipped to survive in the savage new marketplace where employers can hire and fire at will. It may be here that the changes Ehrenhalt hopes for will begin. Surely it must become obvious that emphasizing self-esteem at the expense of self-discipline has seriously harmed the entire nation.

William L. O'Neill
Department of History
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N.J.

Congratulations on "Learning from the Fifties"! Many of us have been waiting for a more positive reappraisal of that much-maligned period of American history. You might want to think about a follow-up piece that will bring out the scapegoating of the 1950s by those intellectuals and social science professionals who pushed the critique of conformity and the authoritarian personality and who devised a combination of revolutionary and therapeutic strategies for change. Many of them were traumatized in one way or another by European fascism.

Robert Lindner (of *The 50-Minute Hour* and *Rebel without a Cause* fame), whose career as a lay psychoanalyst and social critic spanned the 1940s and '50s, is representative of the contradictory results of those critiques. His intentions were humane (he was an early opponent of "strong-arm" techniques in psychiatry such as lobotomies), but his preoccupation with criminal psychopaths and with the Nazi movement in Germany led him to co-found one of the most Kafkaesque prison/asylums in the world—Patuxent Institute in Maryland.

Today it is much more difficult to see the relationship between the conformist "man in the gray flannel suit" of the '50s and the psychopath, and

much easier to discover the latter in our liberated next-door neighbor.

Ken Whelan
San Francisco, Calif.

I think Alan Ehrenhalt has it exactly right: the revitalization of community requires some restraint on unfettered choice and some restoration of an all-but-vanished authority. But how can choice be restricted in a manner consistent with our historical commitment to liberty, and how can authority be strengthened without risking repression? The point of departure, I believe, lies in the internal limits of individual choice.

First, while I am for the most part free to act in ways that damage my own interests, I am not similarly free to act in ways that impose costs on others—or on society as a whole—without their consent. Call this the principle of responsibility. The consistent application of this principle leads, for example, to “liberal” conclusions in environmental policy and “conservative” conclusions in family law.

Second, I cannot lay claim to the advantages of a free society without doing my part to maintain the institutions that undergird liberty. Call this the principle of reciprocity. I cannot reasonably demand a trial by jury while refusing to serve on a jury when called; I cannot expect government benefits while seeking exemption from the general system of taxation, and so on.

Far from representing a repressive return to the 1950s, responsibility and reciprocity are restraints on choice that most Americans regard as reasonable in the '90s. Their enforcement would be seen as acts of legitimate authority, and their practice would help rebuild community.

William A. Galston
School of Public Affairs
University of Maryland
College Park, Md.

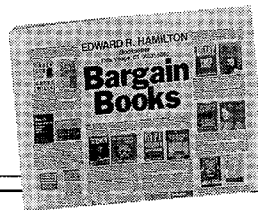
Science in Crisis

Thanks for publishing “The Crisis of Contemporary Science” [WQ, Summer '95]. Your having done so indicates either a conviction that a crisis exists, or that the three arguments—of Daniel J. Kevles, David Goodstein, and J. Michael Bishop—make an interesting case even if there is not a “crisis.” Unfortunately, the former is correct: there is a crisis, to which scant attention is being paid.

My cavil, if any, with the set of articles is that by addressing three separate threats to reasoned, disinterested inquiry (which is, in the end, what “science” means), it tends to underestimate the total—integrated—threat. And, quite as disturbing as the manner in which nonscientists and antiscientists are

transforming science—in the public mind—to a species of low politics, is the failure of scientists themselves to respond, or even to notice, the derogation.

Kevles documents the important shifts by which the Kilgore vision, which is demonstrably wrong, has displaced that of Vannevar Bush, which was demonstrably right. Goodstein then argues convincingly that the exponential growth of science will—must—stop; but he does not explain why. The general argument therefore parallels the demand for capping health care spending, i.e. cost is rising faster than inflation. But “health care” encompasses today much more of our time, interests, and needs even than 10 years ago: the range of desirable, and desired, services has multiplied. Hence it is not *necessarily* a bad thing that it accounts for a larger fraction of spending than 10 years ago. The same is true in spades for the enterprise of “science.” Every real environmental threat (for which ecoradicals like to blame science), for example, was discovered by scientists; and the solutions to those problems, if any, must come at least in large part from science.



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Bishop writes movingly of the triumphs of—especially biomedical—science, dismissing the atavistic yearnings of Vaclav Havel for a culture richer in faith. He does not try to convey, however, just how widespread such calls for faith-like beliefs have become, and how common is the effort to debunk science in their favor among literati, professors, and politicians in the West.

This is a real threat to reason. It is more than just the politicization of federal funding, more than the neglect of general education by science professors, more than good old quasi-poetic anti-Enlightenment. And, so far, official science doesn't see it any more than does your now-typical, reflexively PC college president.

*Paul R. Gross
Markey Center for Cell Signaling
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Va.*

The realities described in "The Crisis of Contemporary Science" are denied by too many in the scientific community. The pessimists have concluded that the "partnership between American science and the federal government" is ending. The blind optimists think the problems will disappear if no one talks about them. Neither position will wash. Continued growth is an empty hope, but opinion polls and knowledgeable congresspeople both demonstrate strong support for basic science. Although knowledge for knowledge's sake still has its appeal, the nation is more interested in solving problems. And it is fantasy to think that private industry and philanthropy can make up for declining federal support.

Many scientists are unwilling to admit that science is just another interest group. But the integrity of science could be protected by unified political activities. The biomedical community rightly takes pride in its recent successful lobbying on behalf of the National Institutes of Health budget, but in the long run we would all be better off if the various sciences could support one another. As Daniel J. Kevles says, the opposition of physicists helped to kill the Superconducting Supercollider. If we can't convince our colleagues of the importance of certain research, how can we convince Congress?

We should also increase the general public's understanding of science—not the details, which bore most people, but the exciting ideas and fruitful consequences that come from a scientific view of the world. For too long, scientists have stood arrogantly apart from teachers and the educational process. David Goodstein rightly urges scientists to get involved in teaching.

*Maxine F. Singer
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Much of the malaise that now permeates the scientific establishment stems from blighted expectations. Having grown up in the golden age of public regard and federal support, scientists of my generation are experiencing a kind of cognitive dissonance: how can a nation that once loved us so much now seem to care so little?

But younger scientists—the ones on whom our future depends—have quite a different reason for disappointment: there aren't enough academic jobs. They believe that a fundamental promise has been denied them, and they're angry. A "Young Scientists Network" saturates cyberspace with complaints about the false encouragement they were given by the National Science Foundation's warnings in the late 1980s of a coming "scientific shortfall." And that is only part of their problem. The scientific elders, by tirelessly campaigning for a minimum "target" number of National Institutes of Health grants, have helped to deprive the successor generation of the same research opportunities they themselves enjoyed.

David Goodstein properly criticizes scientists for overproducing, but he could have added that science itself sends confusing signals about the state of its own affairs. An example can be found within these articles. Daniel Kevles's NSF-derived plot of federal research funding suggests that the 1970 level was about \$43 billion and the 1990 level about \$57 billion (1987 dollars). Yet Goodstein says that over the same period the support doubled, from \$30 billion to \$60 billion; elsewhere Kevles gives a 1995 figure of \$70 billion. Small wonder that the enterprise seems so murky, for participants and the public alike.

In the end, stability of funding and a coherent supply-and-demand relationship depend on a consistent public view of what science is for. In the 1970s and '80s, a strong case was made on utilitarian grounds: the "war on cancer" and "international competitiveness" were among the rallying cries for basic research. The difficulty of raising expectations is that people lose confidence if these expectations aren't met. J. Michael Bishop's piece confronts that difficulty squarely, and makes a powerful appeal for science as a human adventure. It is the right appeal.

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Bosnia Revisited

Ljiljana Smajlovic ["From the Heart of the Heart of the Former Yugoslavia" [WQ, Summer '95] wonders why I advised the U.S. government to recognize Bosnia's independence in 1992 when I had argued earlier against the breakup of Yugoslavia.

I am glad to explain.

The U.S. government strongly opposed the dissolution of Yugoslavia, largely because of our belief that it would lead to war. The Bush administration opposed the European Community's decision in December 1991 to recognize Slovenia and Croatia and to offer recognition to Bosnia and Macedonia. Once that wrongheaded decision had been made, there was no Yugoslavia left. The issue then became how to protect Bosnia from war. The evidence shows that, long before the EC's decision, the Bosnian Serb leadership, the Serbian government, and the Yugoslav army were coordinating preparations for a land grab in Bosnia. The declaration of Serbian autonomous areas in Bosnia in the spring of 1991, the Yugoslav army's supplying of arms to militant Bosnian Serbs, the army's infiltration from Croatia to assist the Serbs, the withdrawal of Bosnian Serbs from the Bosnian government and parliament, and the establishment of autonomous Bosnian Serb governmental institutions—all these acts pointed to aggression.

In these circumstances, I believed, and so advised Washington, that Western recognition of Bosnia might deter Serbian military action by internationalizing the Bosnian crisis. As it turned out, recognition did not have that effect, although it did give the international community greater authority to penalize Serbia economically and to involve itself, however haltingly, in defense of the Bosnian victims. Serbian charges that Western recognition of Bosnia gave the Serbs no alternative to military action are refuted by the evidence cited above. Whatever the West did, the Serbs were going to move; only the timing might have changed. That's why the Bosnian war is a war of aggression and not just a civil war.

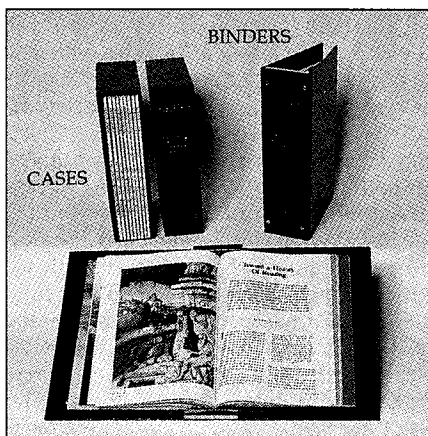
Warren Zimmermann
U.S. Ambassador to Yugoslavia, 1989-92
Great Falls, Va.

Ljiljana Smajlovic delivers a well-deserved rebuke to the people like me who have seen Serbian nationalism, to the exclusion of other Balkan nationalisms, as the main problem in the former Yugoslavia and in Bosnia. I doubt that Smajlovic, a Serb herself, is completely objective about Serbs; indeed, I suspect that she sometimes downplays Serbian actions she knows to be wrong. Nevertheless, she sensibly tries to balance the scales. And though she does so only indirectly, she is also right to question the legitimacy of the Bosnian government, especially whether it deserves to be considered the sole legitimate political authority in Bosnia.

I have reluctantly and with considerable emotional struggle come to believe that the Bosnian government shares far more of the responsibility than I once thought it did (and more than the U.S. government still believes it does) for the outbreak of



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violence in Bosnia. Today, I suspect that the Muslims, not the Serbs, are the main obstacle to a settlement. This is so because the West has taken such a strong pro-Muslim stand, converting Western recognition of Bosnia into a blank check for Muslim aspirations to political dominance.

Smajlovic doesn't tackle the question of whether recognition of Bosnia violated norms of international law, perhaps because she worried that to raise such an issue would have branded her a Serb apologist. She's not the only one with reason to fear accusations of pandering to the Serbs. The anti-Serb climate in the U.S. has so infected press accounts and policy deliberations that it seems impossible for Western leaders to admit that the Bosnian Serbs, too, may have some principled arguments on their side. Despite their brutal resort to force, we must not dismiss out of hand their claims to self-determination, many of which are valid.

George Kenney
Washington, D.C.

Overgoverned or Undergoverned?

In "The Paradox of Yeltsin's Russia" [WQ, Summer '95], Frederick Starr challenges readers to consider Russia's paradoxes. To paraphrase the old ad, Russia is "tough but oh so chaotic."

I would not describe Russia as "undergoverned," as Starr does. "Overgoverned" is more descriptive, especially when Alexander Korzhakov, the head of Boris Yeltsin's security service, intervenes in matters not normally under the aegis of a presidential bodyguard. At other times, the country could best be described as "erratically governed." How else to describe it when Yeltsin issues one order, Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin issues another, and the Duma issues yet a third, each contradicting the others? This is one of the few countries in the world that has four branches of government, each with its own bureaucracy.

Nor is it just the institutions that are out of synch. The country itself lacks a consensus, split between those who want interaction with the West and Slavophiles who want to look inward, especially to the Russian Orthodox Church and the peasantry.

Finally, while I would agree with Starr that U.S. aid could be better focused, I resist the notion that this misdirected aid is responsible for Russia's problems. Russia's success or failure depends on its ability to sort out its conflicts and develop experience with democratic institutions. Given that the Russians have had little experience with either democracy or free markets and now have had to deal with both, the odds are that the transition period is far from complete.

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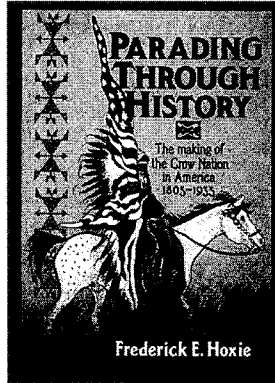
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