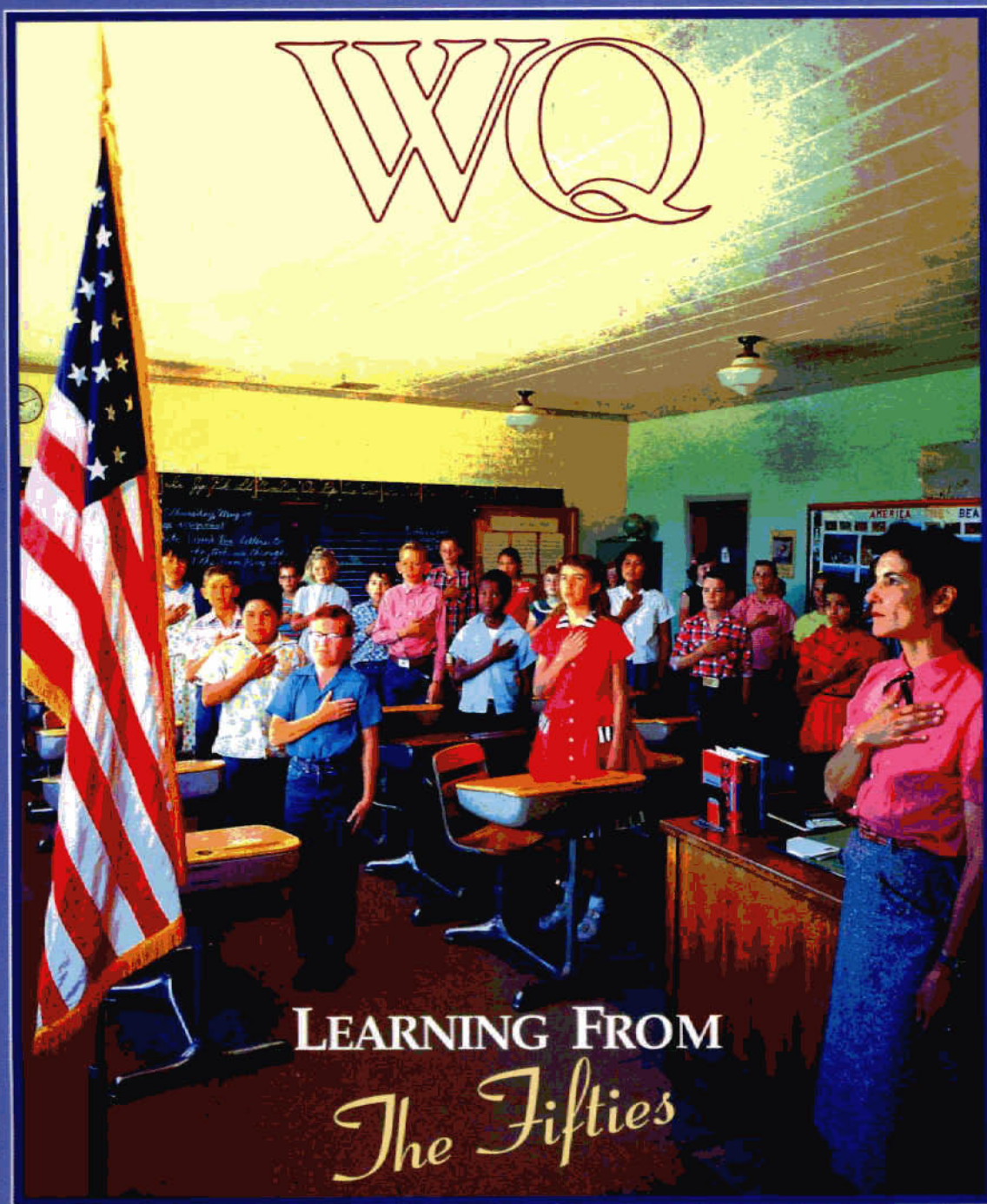


SUMMER 1995

\$6.00
Canadian \$7.80

THE WILSON QUARTERLY



LEARNING FROM
The Fifties

SCIENCE AT RISK

THE DEATH OF HUME • YELTSIN'S RUSSIA
BOSNIA • HOW TO BUILD A SUBURB

S

ummertime—and the listening is lively! Help keep your mind in shape this summer with thoughtful conversations on key international and domestic topics.

Look for these upcoming programs in August on *Dialogue*:

Week of July 31–August 06

“The Books of Anchee Min”

Week of August 07–13

“Money Sings: The Changing Politics of Post-Soviet Urban Space”

Week of August 14–20

“Her Excellency: America’s Women Ambassadors”

Week of August 21–27

“Theft of an Idol: Ethnicity, Communalism, and Violence in India”

Week of August 28–September 03

“Stepfamilies and the Law”

For stations and airtimes near you, contact:
202/287-3000 x325 (E-mail: Radiodial@aol.com)

▶ This is *Dialogue*
from THE WOODROW WILSON
INTERNATIONAL
CENTER FOR SCHOLARS
in association with Radio Smithsonian

Distributed by Public Radio International

DIALOGUE, THE WOODROW WILSON CENTER, SUITE 704, 901 D ST., SW
WASHINGTON, DC 20024

SUMMER 1995
THE WILSON QUARTERLY

Published by the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars

8

LEARNING FROM THE FIFTIES

by Alan Ehrenhalt

Many Americans long for the virtues of the 1950s—community, security, certainty. To retrieve them, they will have to reconsider their allegiance to other cherished values.

40

THE CRISIS OF CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE

Daniel J. Kevels • David L. Goodstein • J. Michael Bishop

Science in America is in trouble. No longer assured of boundless federal support, scientists, our authors report, are also encountering redundancy in their ranks and hostility from a scientifically illiterate public.

30. The Death of Hume

by Stephen Miller

The philosopher's death in 1776 rekindled the debate, lasting to this day, over the link between morality and religion.

66. The Paradox of Yeltsin's Russia

by S. Frederick Starr

**100. From the Heart of the Heart
Of the Former Yugoslavia**

by Ljiljana Smajlovic

114. How to Build a Suburb

by Witold Rybczynski

DEPARTMENTS

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2. Editor's Comment | 127. Periodicals |
| 4. At Issue | 154. Research Reports |
| 74. Current Books | 156. Commentary |
| 94. Poetry | 160. From the Center |

Cover: Elementary school students perform a daily ritual of the 1950s, pledging allegiance to the flag.

Printed in the U.S.A.

The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars.

EDITOR'S COMMENT

The Jefferson Lecture, sponsored annually by the National Endowment for the Humanities, was delivered this past May by the renowned architectural historian Vincent Scully. It was a riveting master-class, alternately passionate and witty, but many in the audience noted the piquant irony of the setting: the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. The Center is a structure of formidable modernist pretensions, and Scully's speech was, among other things, a devastating critique of the Modern Movement and its baleful influence on the fabric of American communities.

Speaking with the self-deprecating wisdom of a lapsed modernist, Scully detailed the ways the great figures of the movement, from Le Corbusier to Frank Lloyd Wright, elevated originality above all concerns for physical and human context. But as well as describing what the modernists did wrong, Scully pointed to the work of a younger generation of architects who have lately been reorienting their craft in encouraging ways. This generation, he noted, is respectful of historical traditions and local architectural vernacular; it is mindful of human scale and the requirements of a healthy civic space.

We at the *WQ* were gratified to hear Scully endorsing views that have frequently been expressed in our pages, in some cases by the very architects he extolled. We point with particular pride to the seminal essay, "The Second Coming of the American Small Town," by the husband-wife team of Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk (Winter '92). Another contributor on the built environment, Witold Rybczynski, returns in this issue with an essay from his forthcoming book on the distinctiveness of American urban and suburban design. In addition to its own strengths, Rybczynski's essay provides a fitting companion to our cover story, "Learning from the Fifties," which considers other ways Americans might go about repairing their communities.

Editor: Jay Tolson
Deputy Editor: Steven Lagerfeld
Managing Editor: James H. Carman
Senior Editor: Robert K. Landers
Literary Editor: James M. Morris
Associate Editor: Diantha Parker
Poetry Editor: Anthony Hecht
Copy Editor: Vincent Ercolano
Design Consultant: Tawney Harding
Contributing Editors: Linda Colley, Denis Donoghue, Max Holland, Walter Reich, Alan Ryan, Charles Townshend, Alan Wolfe, Bertram Wyatt-Brown
Researchers: Genevieve E. Abravanel, Jessica J. Cohen, Natalie C. Gill, Robert G. Hargrove, Laura K. Smid
Librarian: Zdenek V. David
Editorial Advisers: K. Anthony Appiah, Mary B. Bullock, Robert Darnton, Nathan Glazer, Harry Harding, Elizabeth Johns, Michael Lacey, John R. Lampe, Jackson Lears, Robert Litwak, Frank McConnell, Richard Rorty, Blair Ruble, Ann Sheffield, S. Frederick Starr, Joseph Tulchin
Founding Editor: Peter Braestrup
Publishing Director: Warren B. Syer
Publisher: Kathy Read
Business Manager: Suzanne Napper
Circulation Director: Rosalie Bruno
Direct advertising inquiries to:
Bob Rosen
Kalish, Quigley & Rosen, Inc.
850 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10019
TEL: (212) 399-9500
FAX: (212) 265-0986

WOODROW WILSON INTERNATIONAL CENTER FOR SCHOLARS

Smithsonian Institution Building, Washington, D.C.

Charles Blitzer, *Director*
Samuel F. Wells, Jr., *Deputy Director*
Dean W. Anderson, *Deputy Director for Planning and Management*

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Joseph H. Flom, *Chairman*
Dwayne O. Andreas, *Vice Chairman*
Ex Officio Members: The Secretary of State, The Secretary of Health & Human Services, The Secretary of Education, The Chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, The Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, The Librarian of

Congress, The Director of the U.S. Information Agency, The Archivist of the United States. **Private Citizen Members:** James A. Baker III, Joseph A. Cari, Jr., Jean L. Hennessey, Gertrude Himmelfarb, Carol Iannone, Eli Jacobs, Paul Hae Park, S. Dillon Ripley. **Designated by the President:** Anthony Lake.

THE WILSON COUNCIL

Albert Abramson, J. Burchenal Ault, Charles F. Barber, William J. Baroody, Jr., Theodore C. Barreaux, Conrad Cafritz, Edward W. Carter, Albert V. Casey, Peter

B. Clark, William T. Coleman, Jr., Michael D. DiGiacomo, Donald G. Drapkin, Raymond A. Guenter, Robert R. Harlin, James A. Harmon, William A. Hewitt, James H. Higgins, Eric Hotung, Frances Humphrey Howard, Donald M. Kendall, Christopher Kennan, Donald S. Lamm, Harold Levy, Plato Malozemoff, Edwin S. Marks, Deryck C. Maughan, C. Peter McColough, James D. McDonald, Martha T. Muse, David Packard, L. Richardson Preyer, Robert L. Raclin, Edward V. Regan, Raja W. Sidawi, Ron Silver, William A. Slaughter, Herbert S. Winokur, Jr.

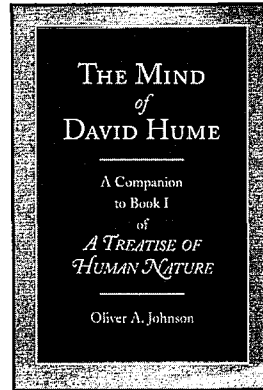
The Wilson Center has published the *Quarterly* since 1976. It also publishes Wilson Center Press books, special reports, and a series of "scholars' guides" designed to help researchers find their way through the vast archival riches of the nation's capital. All this is part of the Wilson Center's special mission as the nation's unusual "living memorial" to the 28th president of the United States.

Congress established the Center in 1968 as an international institute for advanced study, "symbolizing and strengthening the fruitful relation between the world of learning and the world of public affairs." The Center opened in 1970 under its own presidentially appointed board of trustees, headed by former vice president Hubert H. Humphrey.

Chosen in open annual worldwide competitions, some 50 Fellows at the Center carry out advanced research, write books, and join in discussions with other scholars, public officials, journalists, and business and labor leaders. The Center is housed in the original Smithsonian "castle" on the Mall. Financing comes from both private sources and an annual congressional appropriation.

THE MIND OF DAVID HUME
A Companion to Book I of "A Treatise of Human Nature"
 OLIVER A. JOHNSON

"This book will richly reward the attention not only of Hume scholars, but of anyone interested in the history of modern philosophy and the history of ideas." — Robert H. Hurlbutt III, author of *Hume, Newton, and the Design Argument*
 Cloth, \$59.95; Paper, \$24.95



LENIN, HEGEL, AND WESTERN MARXISM
A Critical Study
 KEVIN ANDERSON

"Today Lenin looks like he did little more than prepare the way for Stalin. You will find the opposite view in this novel study. . . . I recommend the book to anyone seriously interested in Russia and revolution." — George Uri Fischer, author of *The Soviet System and Modern Society* Cloth, \$49.95; Paper, \$15.95

MAKING SENSE OF NIETZSCHE
Reflections Timely and Untimely
 RICHARD SCHACHT

In these essays Nietzsche emerges as a "genuine philosopher"—one of those rare thinkers whose thought opens the way to new understanding of things of great importance.
 Cloth, \$49.95; Paper, \$17.95



NIETZSCHE'S REVALUATION OF VALUES
A Study in Strategies
 E. E. SLEINIS

"An exemplary argumentation that Nietzsche scholars will find provocative and non-experts will find clear and informative." — Kathleen Higgins, author of *Nietzsche's "Zarathustra"*
 Illus. Cloth, \$37.50; Paper, \$19.95

800/545-4703 *Illinois*
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS
 1325 South Oak St. • Champaign, IL 61820

THE BEST IN HISTORY

Funding the American State, 1941-1995

The Rise and Fall of the Era of Easy Finance
W. Elliot Brownlee, Editor

In this volume, an interdisciplinary group of scholars explores the history of American taxation and public finance since 1941 in an attempt to understand the political, social and economic forces that have shaped the current regime.

Contributors: *W. Elliot Brownlee, Carolyn C. Jones, Edward D. Berkowitz, Herbert Stein, Julian Zelizer, Cathie Jo Martin, C. Eugene Steuerle*

Woodrow Wilson Center Press Series
 55240-0 Hardback about \$49.95

Available in bookstores or from **CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS**

40 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011-4211
 Call toll-free 800-872-7423.
 MasterCard/VISA accepted. Prices subject to change.

Knowledge and Belief in America

Enlightenment Traditions and Modern Religious Thought

William M. Shea and Peter A. Huff, Editors

This volume unites the work of theologians, historians, literary critics, and philosophers to explore the interaction between Enlightenment ideals and American religion. The essays explore religion in the thinking of such representative figures as Edwards, Emerson, Lincoln, Santayana, Stevens and Eliot.

Contributors: *William M. Shea, Peter A. Huff, James T. Kloppenberg, Giles Gunn, Mark A. Noll, Patrick W. Carey, Jacob Neusner, John E. Smith, Stanley Cavell, Andrew Delbanco, Henry Samuel Levinson, Denis Donoghue, Schubert M. Ogden, David Tracy, Richard J. Bernstein*

Woodrow Wilson Center Press Series
 55011-4 Hardback about \$49.95

Books in the Woodrow Wilson Center Press Series are available to Woodrow Wilson Associates at a 20% discount.

AT ISSUE

The Edgy Decade

How it has happened is something that only future historians will be able to explain: somehow we have traveled halfway through the current decade without giving it a name. The absence of such a tag line is, apparently, sorely felt. The editors of the mass-circulation *USA Weekend* recently held a "Name That Decade" contest, but the best that 700 respondents could come up with was "the Whiny '90s."

This business of naming decades is relatively new. We've just left the Decade of Greed behind, having already survived the Me Decade that preceded it. It makes you wonder why we bothered to give them separate names. Before these twin decades of selfhood, with a few exceptions (the Roaring '20s), we were content to let decades speak for themselves.

Decades used to be eponymous. Two words, "the 1960s," conjure up a larger world of allusions than the entire text of the average modern novel—sexual revolution, political upheaval, general Dionysian riot, you name it. Need an antidote? Try "the 1950s." It was the thesis for which the '60s became the grand Hegelian antithesis. Or, to put it in lay terms, "the 1950s" is a kind of verbal saltpeper.

To agree on a name for a decade is to agree not on its meaning but on the rules of an interpretive game about the state of American culture. Thus, "the 1950s" once had the quality of an expletive, containing in a way that even the most egregious swear word could not intimations of all that is oppressive, dull, and ordinary. Recently, however, the decade has undergone an intellectual facelift. Nobody is suddenly claiming that we didn't settle down, move to Levittown, and raise a family with Mom staying at home while Dad went off to work. The revisionists are not, in other words, contesting the essential character of the decade. Nor are they mere sentimentalists. They are saying that perhaps that character

has a little more to recommend it than we have been willing to recognize.

Indeed, elsewhere in this issue Alan Ehrenhalt goes further, arguing that precisely those things that made the decade seem oppressive, dull, and ordinary to some—its restricted menu of personal and consumer choices, its willingness to take direction from authority—were two of its greatest virtues.

To name a decade rather than let it name itself is often to launch a pre-emptive rhetorical strike. If we really have just lived through the Decade of Greed, what's left to argue about? I believe, however, that these last days of the 20th century have already named themselves. There is a word that runs through the American consciousness today like the endless "omm" of the *uber* meditator,

so ubiquitous that we are only barely aware of its presence. The word is *edge*. We are living in the Edgy Decade.

"Edgy" has become the decade's adjective of choice. It is everywhere. Heaping praise on a novel in the *New York Times* recently, reviewer Michiko Kakutani saluted the writer's "idiosyncratic vision and his ability to articulate that vision in wonderfully edgy, street-smart prose." The success of a new rock band is explained by a newspaper critic in terms of the group's "edgy but ethereal" sound. Edginess is apparently *de rigueur* in music: "Flutist To Bring Her Edgy, Progressive Sound To Town," promised a *Houston Post* headline recently. Edge is desirable even in children's entertainment. *Casper*, a movie based on the old children's cartoon and comic series, was panned the other day by a critic who explained that it just wasn't edgy enough. Scholars might say that the term exerts a kind of *edgemony* over popular criticism.

The edge is the place to be. In Washington, D.C., devotees of bondage, discipline, and other quaint sexual endeavors gathered this spring for a "Fetish Fest" at a nightclub called

WQ

you-know-what. Edge is, if at all possible, the *thing* to be. It is the name of the guitarist of the rock supergroup U2.

Many of these examples are drawn from the Nexis on-line data base of news stories. Anything on line is edgy. A search through Nexis turns up, for the first half of this year, nearly 100 stories headlined with the e-word. (E-mail is edgy too.) Many of the headlines refer to economic affairs—"Dollar Fluctuates Vs. Yen in Edgy Early Tokyo Trade"—which is appropriate since much of our current edginess derives from economic unease.

"Edge" and "attitude" are the Two Horsemen of the rising Generation X—although its members insist that they have edge and attitude precisely because they are *not* rising but drifting in the backwash of the American Dream, scrambling for leftovers. Those with the most edge and attitude, paradoxically, are those who have given up (at least temporarily) on pursuit of the Dream: the "slackers."

There are, however, larger reasons for America's edginess. We are living, after all, at the edge of the millennium—or actually two millennia, if you consider that we are leaving one and entering another. In fact, such in-betweenness or indeterminacy is the essence of edginess. Call it fin de millennium confusion. And it is not only a millennium that we are leaving behind. We are postmodern, post-Cold War, and now, it appears, post-New Deal as well. But we are pre-We Don't Know What. It's good to be on the (cutting) edge, but a little scary, too. It leaves you, well, *edgy*.

Edge awareness has infiltrated every corner of our consciousness. We increasingly live and work, for example, in what we call edge cities. They are new and exciting outposts on the suburban frontier, but, as even their defenders (including this writer) admit, they are also more than a little bland and homogeneous. They are not comfortable.

This is one of the essential qualities of edgi-

ness: even when it is good it is bad. Edgy may be bold, unexpected, and exciting; it is also disconcerting and unsettling. The edge is a zone of instability. A culture cannot live for long on the edge. Like the slacker, it must eventually make some choices.

That is exactly what our culture appears to be doing. Staying true to the paradoxical qualities of the edge, it is inching forward and looking back. Finding itself adrift and ill at ease in earlier times, as Ehrenhalt writes, America has always renewed itself in just this way. Values and ideas that once seemed hopelessly out of date can in fact be renovated and restored.

Thus that antediluvian quality, character, was the subject in May of a White House conference bringing together (among others) President Bill Clinton and conservative Republican William Bennett. Bennett has also picked up the reins of a campaign against gratuitous sex and violence in popular music that was launched during the 1980s by Tipper Gore, the vice president's wife. Bennett's target is the corporate purveyors of popular music.

Personal responsibility and community responsibility: these may be the Two Horsemen of the era ahead. It's in music, surprisingly, where this can be glimpsed most clearly. Disturbing as they are, gangsta rappers and Nine Inch Nails are not what's most important (or even where most of the money is) in music. Jazz, that most American musical genre, is now dominated by a legion of sparkling young musicians who have turned their backs on the "free jazz" of the recent past in favor of the more rigorously ordered idioms of 1950s hard bop, a form that requires both tight ensemble playing and creative individual improvisation.

That seems a good analogy for what's wanted today, and it gives us reason to hope that we are living not in a netherworld of indeterminacy but at the edge of renewal.

—Steven Lagerfeld

Bridled Ambition



*Why Countries
Constrain
Their Nuclear
Capabilities*

MITCHELL REISS

"At a time when nuclear proliferation is becoming an increasingly ominous threat to global stability, Mitchell Reiss's book provides the much-needed perspective."

—Zbigniew Brzezinski

"His book reminds us that governments do not always view nuclear weapons as essential or even particularly useful for promoting national security."

—Lawrence J. Korb,
New York Times Book Review

"Judiciously lays out the wins and draws of recent nonproliferation efforts."

—S. S. Hecker, Director,
Los Alamos National Laboratory

"A provocative look at the up-side of proliferation scenarios."

—Leslie H. Gelb, President,
Council on Foreign Relations

\$16.95 paperback

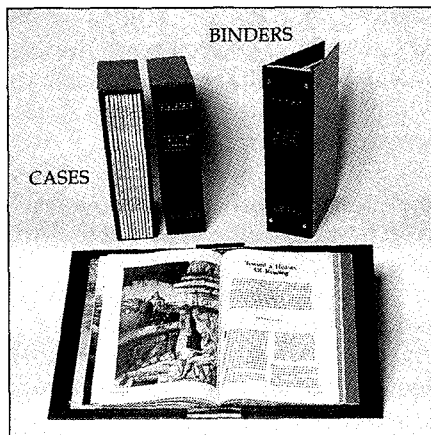
**Published by
The Woodrow Wilson Center Press**

**Distributed by
The Johns Hopkins University Press**
Hampden Station, Baltimore, Maryland 21211
To order, call 1-800-537-5487.

20% discount to Wilson Center Associates



*Organize & Protect Your
Copies of Wilson Quarterly*



These custom made cases and binders are the perfect way to organize and protect your valuable copies of the **Wilson Quarterly**. Beautifully crafted from reinforced board covered with durable leather-like material in maroon with gold logo, the cases are V-notched for easy access, and the binders have a special spring mechanism to hold individual rods which easily snap in. Each binder or case holds 2 years (8 issues) of the **Wilson Quarterly**.

Cases: 1-\$8.95 3-\$24.95 6-\$45.95
Binders: 1-\$11.25 3-\$31.85 6-\$60.75

The Wilson Quarterly

Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. 95 WQ
499 East Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134

Enclosed is \$ _____ for _____ cases and _____ binders. Add \$1.50 per case/binder for postage & handling. Outside continental U.S. (including AK and HI) \$3.50 per case/binder (U.S. funds only). PA residents add 7% sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

CHARGE ORDERS (\$15 min): AMEX, VISA, MC, DC accepted. Send card name, account number, and expiration date.

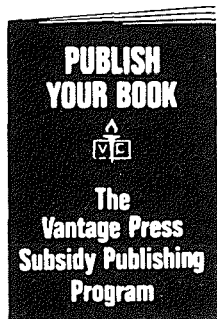
CALL TOLL FREE (7 days, 24 hours):
1-800-825-6690

SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Since 1949 more than 15,000 authors have chosen the Vantage Press subsidy publishing program.

You are invited to send for a free illustrated guidebook which explains how your book can be produced and promoted. Whether your sub-



ject is fiction, non-fiction or poetry, scientific, scholarly, specialized (even controversial), this handsome 32-page brochure will show you how to arrange for prompt subsidy publication. Unpublished

authors will find this booklet valuable and informative. For your free copy, write to:

VANTAGE PRESS, Inc. Dept. RD-6
516 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001

New Titles in American History from
VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY PRESS

Creating Picturesque America Monument to the Natural and Cultural Landscape

Sue Rainey

"An excellent book on a highly interesting episode in the history of American culture."

—David Tatham, author of *WINSLOW HOMER AND THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK*
\$34.95 0-8265-1257-7

George Peabody: A Biography Franklin Parker

"A biography admirable for its readability and succinct in its details. . . I found myself swept along by the story itself."

—Edward G. Holley, *JOURNAL OF LIBRARY HISTORY*

Cloth \$29.95 0-8265-1255-0
Paperback \$16.95 0-8265-1256-9

Vanderbilt University Press
c/o Publisher Resources Inc.
P.O. Box 7018
La Vergne, TN 37086-7018
(800) 937-5557

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Department—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a new language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Arabic, Korean, and others.

This is our 23rd year as publishers of audio-cassette self-teaching language courses. We are known world-wide for our quality, service, and reliability. **Foreign-Language Feature Films** on video are a new addition to our catalog. Our 60-page *Whole World Language Catalog* offers courses in 91 languages. Call 1-800-243-1234 or write for your free copy.



AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Room E718,
96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

LEARNING FROM THE FIFTIES

Contemplating the turmoil and stress of the last three-and-a-half decades, many Americans idealize the easeful golden days of the 1950s. But as our author shows, the price of security and community may be higher than most Americans are now willing to pay.

BY ALAN EHRENHALT

Most of us in America believe a few simple propositions that seem so clear and self-evident they scarcely need to be said. Choice is a good thing in life, and the more of it we have, the happier we are. Authority is inherently suspect; nobody should have the right to tell others what to think or how to behave. Sin isn't personal, it's social; individual human beings are creatures of the society they live in.

Those ideas are the manifesto of an entire generation in America, the generation born in the baby boom years and now in its thirties and forties. They are powerful ideas. They all have the ring of truth. But in the past quarter-century, taken to excess, they have landed us in a great deal of trouble.

The worship of choice has brought us a world in which nothing we choose seems good enough to be permanent, and we are unable to resist the endless pursuit of new selections—in work, in marriage, in front of the television set. The suspicion of authority has meant the erosion of standards of conduct and civility, visible most clearly in schools where teachers who dare to discipline pupils risk a profane response. The repudiation of sin has given us a collection of wrongdoers who insist that they are not responsible for their actions because they have been dealt bad cards in life. When we declare that there are no sinners, we are a step away from deciding that there is no such thing as right and wrong.

We have grown fond of the saying that there is no free lunch, but we forget that it applies to moral as well as economic matters. Stable relationships, civil classrooms, safe streets—the ingredients of what we call com-

munity—all come at a price. The price is rules, and people who can enforce them; limits on the choices we can make as individuals; and a willingness to accept the fact that there are bad people in the world, and sin in even the best of us. The price is not low, but the life it makes possible is no small achievement.

Not all that long ago in America, we understood the implicit bargain, and most of us were willing to pay the price. What was it really like to live under the terms of that bargain? Would we ever want to do so again?



In 1975, after a long but singularly uneventful career in Illinois politics, a round-faced Chicago tavern owner named John G. Fary was rewarded with a promotion to Congress. On the night of his election, at age 64, he announced his agenda for everyone to hear. "I will go to Washington to help represent Mayor Daley," he declared. "For 21 years, I represented the mayor in the legislature, and he was always right."

Richard J. Daley died the next year, but Fary soon discovered the same qualities of infallibility in Tip O'Neill, the Speaker of the House under whom he served. Over four congressional terms, Fary never cast a single vote against the Speaker's position on any issue of significance. From the leadership's point of view, he was an automatic yes.

And that, in a sense, was his undoing. Faced with a difficult primary challenge from an aggressive Chicago alderman, Fary had little to talk about other than his legendary willingness to do whatever he was told. The Chicago newspapers made sport of him. "Fary's lackluster record,"

one of them said, "forfeits his claim to a House seat." He was beaten badly and sent home to his tavern on the Southwest Side to ponder the troubling changes in modern political life.

It was not an easy thing for him to understand. The one principle John Fary had stood for during 30 years in politics—obedience—had come into obvious disrepute. The legislator who simply followed the rules as they came down to him invited open ridicule as a mindless hack.

No quality is less attractive in American politics these days than obedience—not foolishness or deceit or even blatant corruption. There is no one we are more scornful of than the office-holder who refuses to make choices for himself. There are bumper stickers all over Washington that say, in big block capital letters, QUESTION AUTHORITY. There are none that say LISTEN TO THE BOSS.

John Fary made a career out of listening to the boss. Of course, he didn't have much alternative. In the Chicago politics of the 1950s, you could either be part of the machine, and entertain a realistic hope of holding office, or be against it, and have virtually no hope at all. Fary actually began as something of an upstart. In 1951, he ran in the 12th Ward as a challenger to the Swinarski family, which more or less dominated ward politics in alliance with other machine lieutenants. After that unsuccessful campaign, however, Fary made his accommodations to the system; he had no other choice.

If Fary ever chafed at the rules of his constricted political world, he never did so in public. He seemed content voting with the leadership, gratified to be part of an ordered political system, content working behind the bar at his tavern when he was not practicing politics in Springfield or Washington. He didn't appear to give much thought to the possibilities of doing it any other way. When he achieved passage of the one notable legislative initiative of his long career, a state law legalizing bingo, he celebrated by inventing a new drink called "Bingo Bourbon" and serving it to his customers on the house.

In the years when John Fary was building a political career out of loyalty on the South Side of Chicago, Ernie Banks was making his baseball career on the North Side. From the day he joined the Chicago Cubs in the fall of 1953, Banks was special: skinny and not very powerful looking, he swung with his wrists and propelled line drives out of Wrigley Field with a speed that sometimes seemed hard to believe.

The 1950s were a time of glory for Ernie Banks—40 home runs year after year, two Most Valuable Player awards in a row, gushing praise on the sports page—and yet, in other ways, his rewards were meager. He played on a string of terrible Cubs teams, so he never came close to appearing in a World Series, and because the fans didn't buy many tickets,

Alan Ehrenhalt, executive editor of Governing magazine, is the author of The United States of Ambition: Politicians, Power, and the Pursuit of Office (1991). This article is adapted from The Lost City: Discovering the Forgotten Virtues of Community in the Chicago of the 1950s, which will be published this September by Basic Books. Copyright © 1995 by Alan Ehrenhalt.

the Cubs weren't very generous about salaries. Compared with mediocre ballplayers today, Banks was woefully underpaid, even in the real-dollar terms of his time. In 1959, the year he recorded his second straight MVP season, the Cubs paid him \$45,000.

But Banks never considered leaving the Cubs and going to another team. He couldn't, because he was not a free agent. The Cubs owned him, and according to the baseball rules of the 1950s, his only options were to accept the contract they offered him or leave baseball altogether. Like John Fary, he really didn't have any choice.

If Banks spent any time worrying about his limited choices, it didn't show. The Cubs were his team, they had lifted him out of the weedy fields of the Negro leagues, and he belonged with them. After a few years in Chicago, he became famous not only for his home runs but for his loyalty and enthusiasm. He loved to tell reporters about the "friendly confines" of Wrigley Field. Warming up before a doubleheader on a bright summer day, he would say two games weren't enough. "Let's play three!" Banks would exult.

What John Fary is to the present-day politician Ernie Banks is to the present-day ballplayer. You can compare him, for example, to Rickey Henderson, who in the last 15 years has stolen more bases than anyone in the history of the game. Henderson will be in the Hall of Fame someday, as Ernie Banks already is. Unlike Banks, however, he has been paid fabulous salaries, and the arrival of free agency has allowed him to jump from team to team in search of money and World Series appearances. And yet he has never seemed content with his situation. Everywhere he has played he has expressed his frustration with his contract, the team management, the fans, and even, sometimes, his own play. The market has made Rickey Henderson free, and it has made him rich. It just hasn't made him happy.

The differences between Ernie Banks and Rickey Henderson are, of course, partly a matter of temperament. Some people are content by nature, and some are restless. In another sense, though, the two ballplayers are a metaphor for the changes in American life over the past 40 years. We live today in a time of profuse choice, with all the opportunity and disillusionment that it brings. Ernie Banks and John Fary lived in a world where choice was much more limited—where those in authority made decisions that the free market now throws open to endless individual re-examination.

This observation applies not only to baseball and politics but to all of the important personal relationships in life. In an average year in the 1950s, the number of divorces in America was about 10 per 1,000 marriages—barely a third of what it was to become by 1980. This was not because divorce was impossible to obtain—although it was difficult in a few states— or because it made anyone an outcast in the community. It was because divorce was simply not on the menu of options for most people, no matter how difficult or stressful life might become. The couples of the 1950s got married on the assumption that it was their job to make things work the best way they could. Like Ernie Banks and John Fary, they played the hand they were dealt and refrained from agonizing over what might have been.

People just stayed married in the 1950s, to their spouses, to their political machines, to their baseball teams. Corporations also stayed married—to the communities they grew up with. Any one of a thousand examples could illustrate this point, but one will do: the story of the Lennox Corporation and its hometown, Marshalltown, Iowa.

In 1895, David Lennox invented a new kind of steel furnace and set up in business making them in Marshalltown. As the years went by, his company prospered as a manufacturer of boilers, and later, air conditioners. The Lennox Corporation became a reliable source of respectable factory jobs that enabled generations of blue-collar families to enjoy the comforts of middle-class life. Its managers helped with countless local fairs, fund drives, and school-building campaigns.

Lennox probably could have improved its profit margins in the 1950s by moving to a place where labor was cheaper, but its leadership never thought of that. The company was married to Marshalltown. Eventually, though, Lennox did begin looking around. In the late 1970s it moved its corporate headquarters to Dallas, arguing that a small town in central Iowa was inconvenient for its executives to fly in and out of. The factory stayed where it was.

In 1993, Lennox grew even more restless. It announced that it might have to close the Marshalltown plant altogether. Not because the company was losing money or facing any other sort of crisis, but just because the time had come to seek out the best opportunities. The fact that Marshalltown's very survival might depend on Lennox was of no consequence. "Strictly a business decision," the company vice president said.

In the end, Marshalltown managed to keep Lennox—with what amounted to a bribe of \$20 million in subsidies paid by a local government that badly needed the money, to a profitable corporation that really didn't. But the lesson is clear: long-standing relationships don't keep a factory open any more. "In terms of the morality of the situation," the mayor of Marshalltown said, "it's just a fact of life."

There are, of course, technological reasons why companies have gotten wanderlust in the last couple of decades. Computers and telecommunications have made it possible to assemble products almost anywhere in

WEDNESDAY

7:55 WAGON TRAIN—Western
Bette Davis in "The Elizabeth McQueeney Story." Elizabeth McQueeney joins Seth Adams' wagon train with a group of lovely young girls as her charges. She tells the people of the train that she is taking the girls West to begin a "girls' finishing school."
Cast
Elizabeth McQueeney Bette Davis
Seth Adams Ward Bond
Count Robert Strauss
Hawks Terry Wilson
Wooster Frank McGrath

8 MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY
The D.A. leads a crusade for a test strip for teenage hot-rod drivers.

7 COURT OF LAST RESORT
"The Karl Hooff Case." On the basis of testimony by one woman, who identified him as the arsonist responsible for a disastrous fire, Karl Hooff was sentenced to life imprisonment. Sam Larsen: Lyle Bettger. Karl Hooff: Karl Lukas.

8 U.S. BORDER PATROL
"In a Deadly Fashion." A Border Patrolman disguises himself as a boxer. Richard Webb. Joe Holly: Lee Warren.

9 MOVIE—Drama
Million Dollar Movie: "Masked Woman." (1937) A woman is a hostess in a clip joint. Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.

11 AIR POWER—Documentary
"The 1930's," narrated by Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle and Walter Cronkite, and featuring excerpts from speeches by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

12 NEWSBEAT—Mike Wallace

13 QUEST FOR ADVENTURE

7:55 WEATHER—Margo Lee

OCTOBER 28
Evening

8:00 9 MEDIC—Drama
"Homecoming." A man who suffered from leprosy returns home. Richard Boone.

7 HOBBY LOBBY—Weaver

8 U.S. MARSHAL—Police
"Needlepoint." A man tells his unsuspecting wife to pick up a briefcase for him. John Bramfield, Paul Abbott.

11 MR. ADAMS AND EVE
"International Affair." An oriental petentate visits a movie set where Eve and Howard are working. Ida Lupino.

12 PLAY OF THE WEEK—Drama
"Burning Bright." See Mon., 8 P.M., Ch. 13, for details.


13 TO BE ANNOUNCED

8:30 2 MEN INTO SPACE—Adventure
"Water Tank Rescue." During an early expedition to the moon, one of Colonel McCauley's men suffers a heart attack. The colonel is warned that the man will never survive a moon take-off and landing.
Cast
Colonel McCauley William Lundigan
Lt. Rick Gordon Jon Sheppard
Carl Gordon Joan Taylor
Major Warnecke Paul Langton


4 1230 PRICE IS RIGHT

9 AWARD THEATER—Drama
"Guy in Ward 4." A psychiatrist, treating airmen in a hospital in England, becomes interested in one of his patients, Capt. Josiah Newman. Richard Kiley. Alvarado: Charles Aldman.

7 8 OZZIE AND HARRIET
"Who Needs Girls?" Rick talks Dave and his fraternal brothers into skipping a dance in favor of a trip to the mountains. Rick sings "That's All" and "You'll Never

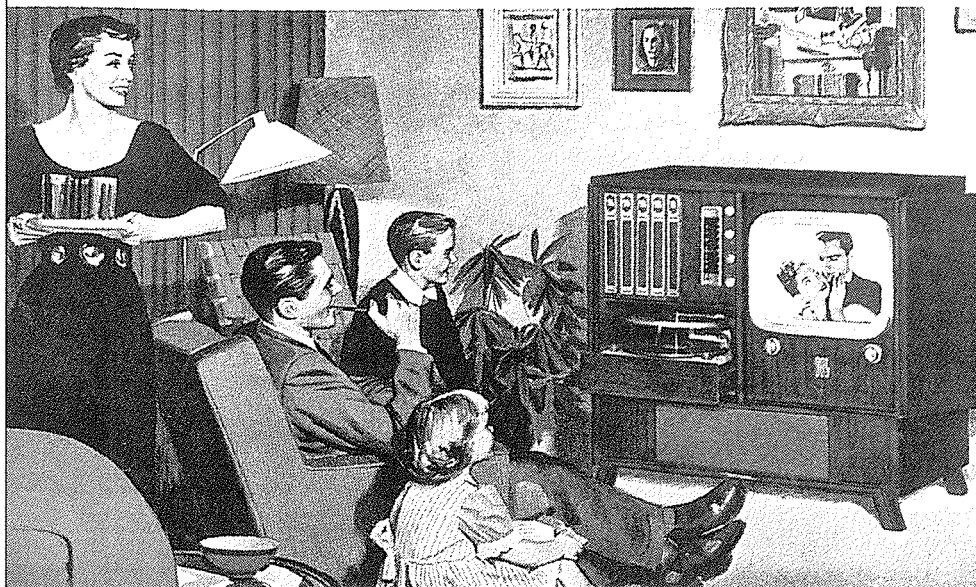


A-70



TV GUIDE

TV happiness shared by all the family!



the world. But threatening to move a profitable company out of its historic home wasn't done in the 1950s mostly because it wasn't thinkable, in the same way that it wasn't thinkable to cancel employees' vacations or fire them at age 50 or 55 when their productivity began to decline. Those actions also would have improved the bottom line. But they were gross infringements on the enduring relationship between worker and manager that factory employment was supposed to be. Breaking up that arrangement was not on the menu of options.

If it is true to say of 1950s America that it was a world of limited choices, it is also fair to call it a world of lasting relationships. This was as true of commerce as it was of sports and politics, and it was nearly as true of the smallest commercial transactions as it was of the big ones.

When John Fary was not busy at politics, he was the proprietor of the 3600 Club, at the corner of 36th Street and South Damen Avenue, in the Back of the Yards neighborhood of Chicago, where his father had run a tavern before him. Fary lived in an apartment above the bar and operated the place himself most of the time.

There was a saloon like Fary's on virtually every block of his neighborhood during most of the years of his life. Each saloon was a sort of community center, a place where stockyards workers, factory workers, cops, and city patronage employees repaired at the end of the day to rest

and to recycle their earnings back through the neighborhood.

When it came to picking a saloon to patronize, these people actually had quite a bit of choice. Just within walking distance there were a dozen possibilities. Fary's own brother operated a similar establishment a couple of blocks away. But once a customer picked his bar, because he liked the smell of it or liked the people he found there, it was his. The market was not a factor. He didn't switch to another tavern because he heard that Hamm's was available on tap for five cents less. The residents of this neighborhood weren't hard-nosed consumers in the current sense. They had a different view of what was important in life.

It takes only the briefest of excursions back into the daily routine of an imaginary family in John Fary's neighborhood, circa 1957, to demonstrate that theirs was indeed a different sort of life altogether.

From the meal that started off the morning, in which the selection of cereals was tiny and the bread was always white, to the recreation in the evening, provided by a TV set that received four stations, most of them carrying a western or a quiz show at any given moment, this family lived in a world where choice was highly limited and authority meant something it does not mean any more. It was a world for which Wonder Bread and black-and-white TV are appropriate symbols, and no room needed to be made for Pop Tarts or toaster strudel, the Nashville Network or CNN.

If the breadwinner in this family drove to work in the morning, he almost certainly did it without the benefit of radio traffic commentators advising him on the best way to get there. One of the Chicago radio stations actually did institute a traffic alert feature in 1957, with a police officer hovering above the city in a helicopter, but most of the people who heard it were bewildered about what to do with the information. Wherever they were going, they had very few routes to choose from: the option of selecting the least congested freeway did not exist for most of them because the freeways themselves did not yet exist. They chose a city street and stayed on it until they reached their destination. If it was slow, it was slow.

Nor did this breadwinner have many choices, whether he worked in a factory or an office, about when to start the workday, when to take a break, or when to go to lunch. Those decisions, too, were out of the realm of choice for most employees in 1957, determined by the dictate of management or by the equally forceful strictures of habit. How to arrange the hours on the job was one of the many questions that the ordinary workers of the 1950s, white-collar and blue-collar alike, did not spend much time agonizing over.

The wife of this breadwinner, if she did not have a job herself, was likely to devote a substantial portion of her day to shopping, banking, and the other routine tasks of household economic management. Like her husband, she faced relatively few personal decisions about where and how to do them. Chances are she took care of her finances at a place in the neighborhood, where she could deposit money, cash checks, and, at the end of the quarter, enjoy the satisfaction of recording a regular savings dividend. She knew the teller personally—the teller had been with the bank as long

as she had, if not longer. But it was also likely that she knew the manager as well, and perhaps the owner. Once she opened an account, there was no need to re-examine the issue, no reason to check on what the competing bank further down Archer Avenue was offering for her money. They all offered about the same thing anyway.

Shopping, in the same way, was based on associations that were, if not permanent, then at least stable for long periods of time. The grocer was a man with whom the family had a relationship; even if his store was a small "supermarket," shoppers tended to personalize it: "I'm going down to Sam's for a minute," women told their children when they left in the afternoon to

pick up a cartful of groceries. Because of fair-trade agreements and other economic regulations, the neighborhood grocery of 1957 was in fact reasonably competitive in price with the new megagroceries in the suburbs, but price was not the important issue. Day-to-day commerce was based on relationships—on habit, not on choice.

If this Chicagoan had young children, there is a good chance she also spent part of her day on some school-related activity, volunteering around the building or attending a meeting of the PTA. When it came to schools, her family likely faced one important decision: public or Catholic. Once that choice was made, however, few others remained. The idea of selecting the best possible school environment for one's children would have seemed foreign to these people; one lived within the boundaries of a district or a parish, and that determined where the children went to school. If St. Cecilia's or Thomas Edison wasn't quite as good as its counterpart a mile away (fairly improbable, given the uniformity of the product)—well, that was life.

It should not be necessary to belabor the question of how all these rituals have changed in the decades since then. Our daily lives today are monuments



to selection and to making for ourselves decisions that someone above us used to make on our behalf. We breakfast on choice (sometimes on products literally named for it), take any of several alternative but equally frustrating routes to work, shop in stores whose clerks do not know us, bank in banks where we need to show identification after 20 years because the teller has been there two weeks, and come home to a TV that offers so many choices that the newspaper can't devise a grid to display them all.

In the past generation, we have moved whole areas of life, large and small, out of the realm of permanence and authority and into the realm of change and choice. We have gained the psychological freedom to ask ourselves at any moment not only whether we are eating the right cereal but whether we are in the right neighborhood, the right job, the right relationship.

This is, of course, in large measure a function of technology. Birth control pills created new social and sexual options for women; instantaneous communication by computer made possible all the global options of the footloose corporation. And it is in part a function of simple affluence. Choices multiply in tandem with the dollars we have to invest in them.

But our love affair with choice has not been driven solely by machines, and it has not been driven solely by money. The baby boom generation was seduced by the idea of choice in and of itself.

Most of us continue to celebrate the explosion of choice and personal freedom in our time. There are few among us who are willing to say it is a bad bargain, or who mourn for the rigidities and constrictions of American life in the 1950s.

A remarkable number of us, however, do seem to mourn for something about that time. We talk nostalgically of the loyalties and lasting relationships that characterized those days: of the old neighborhoods with mom-and-pop storekeepers who knew us by name; of not having to lock the house at night because no one would think of entering it; of knowing that there would be a neighbor home, whatever the time of day or night, to help us out or take us in if we happened to be in trouble.

There is a longing, among millions of Americans now reaching middle age, for a sense of community that they believe existed during their childhoods and does not exist now. That is why there is a modern movement called communitarianism, and why it has attracted so many adherents and so much attention. "I want to live in a place again where I can walk down any street without being afraid," Hillary Rodham Clinton said shortly after becoming first lady. "I want to be able to take my daughter to a park at any time of day or night in the summer and remember what I used to be able to do when I was a little kid." Those sorts of feelings, and a nostalgia for the benefits of old-fashioned community life at the neighborhood level, are only growing stronger as the century draws to a close.

The very word *community* has found a place, however fuzzy and imprecise, all over the ideological spectrum of the present decade. On the Left, it is a code word for a more egalitarian society in which the oppressed of all colors are included and made the beneficiaries of a more generous social wel-

fare system that commits far more than the current amount to education, public health, and the eradication of poverty. On the Right, it signifies an emphasis on individual self-discipline that would replace the welfare state with a private rebirth of personal responsibility. In the middle, it seems to reflect a much simpler yearning for safety, stability, and a network of stable, reliable relationships. But the concept of community has been all over the pages of popular journalism and political discourse in the first half of the 1990s.

Authority is something else again. It evokes no similar feelings of nostalgia. Few would dispute that it has eroded over the last generation. Walk into a large public high school in a typical middle-class suburb today, and you will see a principal who must spend huge portions of the school day having to cajole recalcitrant students, teachers, and staff into accepting direction that, a generation ago, they would have accepted unquestioningly just because the principal was the principal and they were subordinates. You will see teachers who risk a profane response if they dare criticize one of their pupils.

Or consider the mainstream Protestant church. We haven't yet reached the point where congregants curse their minister in the same way high school students curse their teachers, but if it is even a faintly liberal congregation, there is a good chance that the minister is no longer "Dr." but "Jim," or "Bob," or "Kate," or whatever diminutive his or her friends like to use. Putting ministers on a level with their congregations is one small step in the larger unraveling of authority.

Authority and community have in fact unraveled together. But the demise of authority has brought out very few mourners. To most Americans of the baby boom generation, it will always be a word with sinister connotations, calling forth a rush of uncomfortable memories about the schools, churches, and families in which baby boomers grew up. Rebellion against those memories constituted the defining event of their generational lives. Wherever on the political spectrum this generation has



landed, it has brought its suspicion of authority with it. "Authority," says P. J. O'Rourke, speaking for his baby boom cohorts loud and clear, "has always attracted the lowest elements in the human race."

The suspicion of authority and the enshrinement of personal choice are everywhere in the American society of the 1990s. They extend beyond the routines of our individual lives into the debates we conduct on topics as diverse as school reform and corporate management.

Of all the millions of words devoted in the past decade to the subject of educational change, hardly any have suggested improving the schools by putting the rod back in the teacher's hand or returning to a curriculum of required memorization and classroom drill. The center of the discussion is the concept of school choice: the right of families to decide for themselves which schools their children will attend. Many things may be said for and against the concept of school choice, but one point is clear enough—in education, as in virtually every other social enterprise, individual choice is the antithesis of authority. It is a replacement for it.

Similarly, one can comb the shelves of a bookstore crowded with volumes on corporate management without coming across one that defends the old-fashioned pyramid in which orders come down from the chief executive, military-style, and descend intact to the lower reaches of the organization. There are corporations that still operate that way, but they are regarded as dinosaurs. Corporate hierarchies are out of fashion. The literature is all about constructing management out of webs rather than pyramids, about decentralizing the decision process, empowering people at all levels of the organization. The words "command and control" are the obscenities of present-day management writing.

As they are, more broadly, in economic thinking. Five years ago, few Americans were familiar with the phrase "command economy." Now, virtually all of us know what it means. It is the definition of a society that fails because it attempts to make economic decisions by hierarchy rather than by the free choice of its individual citizens. It is the most broadly agreed-upon reason for the abject failure of world communism. The communist implosion both reinforced and seemed to validate our generational suspicions about hierarchy and authority in all their manifestations, foreign and domestic, the American CEOs and school principals of the 1950s almost as much as the dictators who made life miserable in countries throughout the world.

What has happened in education and economics has also happened, not surprisingly, in the precincts of political thought. There has in fact been a discussion about authority among political philosophers during the past two decades, and its tone tells us something. It has been a debate in which scholars who profess to find at least some value in the concept have struggled to defend themselves against libertarian critics who question whether there is any such thing as legitimate authority at all, even for duly constituted democratic governments. "All authority is equally illegiti-

mate," the philosopher Robert Paul Wolff wrote in a landmark 1971 book, *In Defense of Anarchy*. "The primary obligation of man," Wolff argued, "is autonomy, the refusal to be ruled." It is only a slight exaggeration to say that the record of debate on this subject in the 20 years since has consisted largely of responses to Wolff, most of them rather tentative and half-hearted.

Meanwhile, the revolt against the authority figures of the prior generation has spilled out all over American popular culture, into books and movies and television programs. A prime example (one of many) is *Dead Poets Society*, the 1987 film in which Robin Williams starred as an idealistic young prep school teacher of the 1950s who unwittingly brings on tragedy by challenging two monstrously evil authority figures: the school's headmaster and the father of its most talented drama student. The student commits suicide after the father orders him to give up acting and prepare for a medical career; the headmaster fires the teacher not only for leading the boy astray but for organizing a secret coterie of students who love art and literature and seek to study it outside the deadening rigidities of the school's official curriculum. The message is powerful: true community is a rare and fragile thing, and authority is its enemy. The one way to achieve true community is to question authority—to break the rules.

The message of *Dead Poets Society* cuts across the normal ideological barriers of Left and Right, uniting the student Left of the 1960s and the Reagan conservatives of the 1980s. At its heart is a mortal fear of arbitrary rules and commands, of tyrannical fathers, headmasters, and bosses. E. J. Dionne made this clear in his 1991 book, *Why Americans Hate Politics*, quoting the 1970 lyrics of Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young: "Rules and regulations, who needs 'em/ Throw 'em out the door." That song was in fact a tirade against Richard J. Daley. But whether it was left or right hardly mattered. It was a song against authority.

The words of such songs may have long since been forgotten by most of those who listened to them, but the tune is still in their heads, even as they have grown into affluence, respectability, and middle age. It expresses itself in the generational worship of personal choice—in speech, in sexual matters, in human relationships of every sort.

If there were an intellectual movement of authoritarians to match that of the communitarians, it would be the modern equivalent of a subversive group. The elites of the country, left and right alike, would regard them as highly dangerous. The America of the 1990s may be a welter of confused values, but on one point we speak with unmistakable clarity: we have become emancipated from social authority as we used to know it.

We don't want the 1950s back. What we want is to edit them. We want to keep the safe streets, the friendly grocers, and the milk and cookies while blotting out the political bosses, the tyrannical headmasters, the inflexible rules, and the lectures on 100 percent Americanism and the sinfulness of dissent. But there is no easy way to have an orderly world without somebody making the rules by which order is

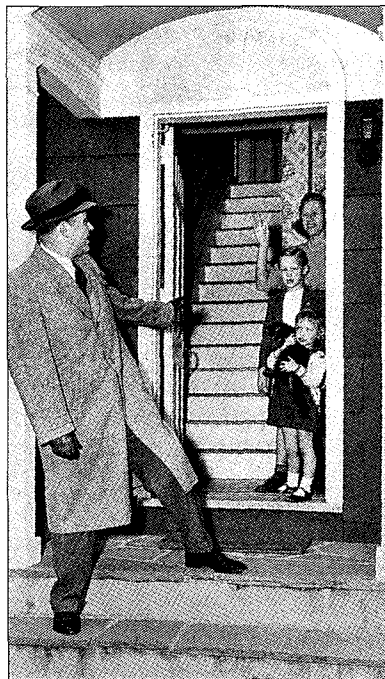
preserved. Every dream we have about recreating community in the absence of authority will turn out to be a pipe dream in the end.

This is a lesson that people who call themselves conservatives sometimes seem determined not to learn. There are many on the Right who, while devoting themselves unquestioningly to the ideology of the free market, individual rights, and personal choice, manage to betray their longing for old-fashioned community and a world of lasting relationships. In the 1980s, Ronald Reagan was one of them. His 1984 re-election campaign, built around a series of "Morning Again in America" TV commercials featuring stage-set small-town Main Streets of the sort Reagan strolled down in youth and in Hollywood, was a small token of communitarian rhetoric in the midst of a decade of unraveling standards, both economic and moral. But when people tell us that markets and unlimited choice are good for communities and traditional values, the burden of proof is on them, not us.

Once the pressures of the global market persuaded Lennox Corporation that it had the moral freedom of choice to make air conditioners wherever in the world it wanted to, the bonds that had tied it to a small town in Iowa for nearly a century were breakable. Once McDonald's begins serving breakfast in a small community and siphoning off business from the Main Street café that always provided a morning social center, that café is very likely doomed. There is nothing we can do—or want to do, at any rate—that will stop McDonald's from serving breakfast. Once Wal-Mart turns up on the outskirts of town and undersells the local hardware and clothing stores, Main Street itself is in trouble. People do not want to destroy their historic town centers, but they are rarely willing to resist the siren call of cheaper light bulbs and underwear.

It is the disruptiveness of the market that has taken away the neighborhood savings and loan, with its familiar veteran tellers, and set down in its place a branch of Citibank where no one has worked a month and where the oldest depositor has to slide his driver's license under the window. It is market power that has replaced the locally owned newspaper, in most of the cities in America, with a paper whose owner is a corporate executive far away and whose publisher is a middle manager stopping in town for a couple of years en route to a higher position at headquarters.

In its defense, one can say that the global market onslaught of the last two



decades was technologically inevitable, or, more positively, that it is the best guarantor of individual freedom, and that individual freedom is the most important value for us to preserve. Or one can say that the market puts more dollars in the ordinary citizen's pocket, and that, after all, the bottom line should be the bottom line. But, in the end, there is no escaping the reality that the market is a force for disruption of existing relationships. To argue that markets are the true friend of community is an inversion of common sense. And to idealize markets and call oneself a conservative is to distort reality.

What is true of market worship is true in a larger sense of personal choice, the even more precious emblem of the baby boom generation. While, like the authors of *Dead Poets Society*, we may wish to place community and unrestricted choice on the same side of the social ledger, the fact is that they do not belong together.

Wal-Mart offers a bonanza of choice: acre upon acre of clothing and hardware, dishes and stationery, detergent and Christmas ornaments, the option of choosing from among dozens of models and manufacturers, a cornucopia that no Main Street store can compete with even if it can somehow compete on price. Such businesses are built not on choice but on custom, on the familiarity and the continuing relationship that buyer and seller create over a long period of time. The Main Street café owed its existence to the irrelevance of choice—to the fact that it was the one place in town to go in the morning. Perhaps that meant that the price of eggs or the incentive to cook them perfectly wasn't what it might have been under a more competitive arrangement. But its sheer staying power provided people with something intangible that many of them now realize was important.

The standard argument against this idea is a simple one: when all is said and done, people are entitled to what they want. If they preferred the café or the hardware store on Main Street, they would drive Wal-Mart and the franchise restaurants out of business. If they vote with their stomachs to have breakfast at McDonald's, what business is it of a bunch of communitarian elitists to tell them they ought to go somewhere else for the sake of tradition?

This is a beguiling argument, hard to counter, and yet it is much too simple. People want all sorts of contradictory things. They want to smoke and be healthy, to bulldoze forests for lumber and still have the trees to look at, to have their taxes cut without losing any government benefits. The fact that they want to buy their hardware at the lowest cost doesn't mean they want their downtown commercial district to fall apart. What they want is unlimited consumer choice and a stable, thriving downtown all at the same time. Unfortunately, such a combination is impossible.

To worship choice and community together is to misunderstand what community is all about. Community means not subjecting every action in life to the burden of choice but rather accepting the familiar and reaping the psychological benefits of having one less calculation to make in the course of the day. It is about being Ernie Banks and playing for the Chi-

ago Cubs for 20 years, or being John Fary and sticking with the Daley machine for life, or being one of John Fary's customers and sticking with his tavern at 36th and Damen year in and year out. It is being the Lennox Corporation and knowing that Marshalltown, Iowa, will always be your home.

It would be a pleasure to be a baseball fan today and not have to read every fall about a player who won the World Series for his team and is now jumping to another team that has dangled a juicier contract in front of him. It would be nice to have some of the old loyalty back—to be able to root for Ernie Banks instead of Rickey Henderson. But the stability of Ernie Banks's world depended precisely upon its limits. Restoration of a stable baseball world awaits the restoration of some form of authority over it—not, one hopes, the rigid wage slavery of the reserve clause, but some form of authority nevertheless. In baseball, as in much of the rest of life, that is the price of stability. The price is not low, but the benefit is not small.

It would similarly be a pleasure to allow one's children to watch television or listen to radio without having to worry that they will be seeing or hearing obscenity, but here too the market has assumed a role that used to be occupied by network authority.

Consider television in the 1950s. Certainly no one could plausibly claim that it was not in the grip of market forces. But beyond certain boundaries, the market simply did not operate. No doubt there would have been considerable viewer demand for a pornographic version of *Some Like It Hot*, or perhaps a version of *20,000 Leagues under the Sea* in which Kirk Douglas was eaten alive in CinemaScope by the giant squid.

Those things were absent from television in the 1950s not because no one would have watched them but because there were sanctions against their being shown. There was someone in a position of authority—in this case, a censor—who stepped in to overrule the market and declare that some things are too lurid, too violent, or too profane for a mass audience to see.

It is in the absence of such authority that five-year-olds can conveniently watch MTV or listen to Howard Stern, and 12-year-olds can buy rap albums that glorify gangsterism, murder, and rape. It is a matter of free choice. Obscenity and violence sell, and we do not feel comfortable ordering anyone, even children, not to choose them. We are not yet willing to pay the price that decency in public entertainment will require. But if children are not to gorge themselves on violent entertainment, then it is an inconvenient fact that someone besides the children themselves must occupy a position of authority.

Some readers will no doubt object that I am portraying the 1950s as a premodern, precapitalist Eden. I am not that naïve. Nobody who spends any time studying the period—nobody who lived through it—can entertain for long the notion that it was a time when people were insulated from market forces. The 1950s were the decade of tail fins, mass-produced suburban subdivisions, and the corruption of television quiz shows by greedy sponsors. The market was immensely powerful; it was the enemy that an entire generation of postwar social critics took aim against.

In the 1950s, however, a whole array of social institutions still stood outside the grip of the market and provided ordinary people with a cushion against it. In the last generation, as sociologist Alan Wolfe and others have eloquently pointed out, that cushion has disappeared. The difference between the 1950s and the 1990s is to a large extent the difference between a society in which market forces challenged traditional values and a society in which they have triumphed over them.

And the decisiveness of that triumph is written in the values that the baby boom generation has carried with it from youth on into middle age: the belief in individual choice and the suspicion of any authority that might interfere with it.

Of course, there will be quite a few people to whom none of this makes any sense, people who believe that individual choice is the most important standard, period; that no society can ever get enough of it; that the problem in the last generation is not that we have abandoned authority but that there are still a few vestiges of it yet to be eradicated. Many of these people call themselves libertarians, and arguing with them is complicated by the fact that they are nearly always intelligent, interesting, and personally decent.

Libertarian ideas are seductive and would be nearly impossible to challenge if one thing were true—if we lived in a world full of P. J. O'Rourke's, all of us bright and articulate and individualistic and wanting nothing more than the freedom to try all the choices and experiments that life has to offer and express our individuality in an endless series of new and creative ways.

But this is the libertarian fallacy: the idea that the world is full of repressed libertarians waiting to be freed from the bondage of rules and authority. Perhaps, if they were right, life would be more interesting. But what they failed to notice, as they squirmed awkwardly through childhood in what seemed to them the straitjacket of school and family and church, is that most people are not like them. Most people want a chart to follow, and are not happy when they don't have one, or when having learned one as children, they later see people all around them ignoring it. While the legitimacy of any particular set of rules is a subject that philosophers will always debate, it nonetheless remains true, and in the end more important, that the uncharted life, the life of unrestricted choice and eroded authority, is one most ordinary people do not enjoy leading.

There is no point in pretending that the 1950s were a happy time for everyone in America. For many, the price of the limited life was an impossibly high one to pay. To have been an independent-minded alderman in the Daley machine, a professional baseball player treated unfairly by his team, a suburban housewife who yearned for a professional career, a black high school student dreaming of possibilities that were foreclosed to him, a gay man or woman forced to conduct a charade in public—to have been any of these things in the 1950s was to live a life that was difficult at best and tragic at worst. That is why so many of us still respond to the memory of those indignities by saying that nothing in the world could justify them.

It is a powerful indictment; it is also a selective one. It is often said that history is written by the winners, but the truth is that the cultural images that come down to us as history are written, in large part, by the dissenters—by those whose strong feelings against life in a particular generation motivate them to become the novelists, playwrights, and social critics of the next, drawing inspiration from the injustices and hypocrisies of the time in which they grew up. We have learned much of what we know about family life in America in the 1950s from women who chafed under its restrictions, either as young, college-educated housewives who found it unfulfilling or as teenage girls secretly appalled by the prom-and-cheerleader social milieu. Much of the image of American Catholic life in those years comes from the work of former Catholics who considered the church they grew up in not only authoritarian but destructive of their free choices and creative instincts. We remember the inconsistencies and absurdities of life a generation ago: the pious, skirt-chasing husbands, the martini-sneaking ministers, the sadistic gym teachers.

I am not arguing with the accuracy of any of those individual memories. And yet, nearly lost to our collective indignation are the millions of people who took the rules seriously and tried to live up to them, within the profound limits of human weakness. They are still around, the true believers of the 1950s, in small towns and suburbs and big-city neighborhoods all over the country, reading the papers, watching television, and wondering in old age what has happened to America in the last 30 years. If you visit middle-class American suburbs today and talk to the elderly women who have lived out their adult years in these places, they do not tell you how constricted and demeaning their lives in the 1950s were. They tell you those were the best years they can remember. And if you visit a working-class Catholic parish in a big city and ask the older parishioners what they think of the church in the days before Vatican II, they don't tell you that it was tyrannical or that it destroyed their individuality. They tell you they wish they could have it back. For them, the erosion of both community *and* authority in the last generation is not a matter of intellectual debate. It is something they can feel in their bones, and the feeling makes them shiver.

To be sure, America is full of people willing to remind us at every opportunity that the 1950s are not coming back. Ozzie and Harriet are dead, they like to say, offering an instant refutation to just about anyone who ventures to point out something good about the social arrangements of a generation ago—conventional families, traditional neighborhoods, stabler patterns of work, school, politics, religion. All of these belong, it is said, to a world that no longer exists and cannot be retrieved. We have moved on.

And of course they are right. If retrieving the values of the 1950s means recreating a world of men in fedora hats returning home at the end of the day to women beaming at them with apron and carpet sweeper, then it is indeed a foolish idea.

But the real questions raised by our journey back to the 1950s are much more complicated, and they have nothing to do with *Ozzie and Harriet* or *Leave*

It to Beaver. They are questions like these: can we impose some controls on the chaos of individual choice that we have created in the decades since then? Can we develop a majority culture strong enough to tell its children that there are inappropriate ways to behave in a high school corridor, and that there are programs that eight-year-olds should not be free to watch on television? Is there a way to relearn the simple truth that there is sin in the world, and that part of our job in life is to resist its temptations?

The quickest way of dealing with these questions is to say that the genie is out of the bottle and there is no way to put it back. Once people free themselves from rules and regulations, taste the temptations of choice, they will never return to a more-ordered world. Once they have been told they do not have to stay married—to their spouses, communities, careers, to any of the commitments that once were made for life—they will be on the loose forever. Once the global economy convinces corporations that there is no need for the personal and community loyalties they once practiced, those loyalties are a dead letter. So we will be told many times in the years to come.

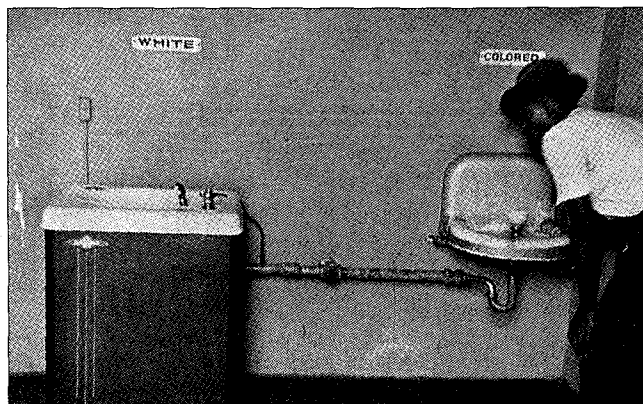
But is it true? Is the only sequel to social disorder further disorder? There are other

scenarios, if we do not mind making a leap to look for them.

It is always dangerous to stack up decades one against the other, but it is remarkable how many of the laments and nostalgic reflections of the 1990s sound curiously like those of one particular time in the history of America in this century. They sound like the rhetoric of the 1920s.

Seventy years ago, the best-selling book in America was Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*, a fond chronicle of everyday life before the Great War and a lament for the lost community of those years. "Preceding the Great War," Sullivan said, "the world had had a status—an equilibrium." Since then, the most prominent feature of social life for the average American had been "a discontent with the postwar commotion, the turbulence and unsettlement that surrounded him and fretted him; it was a wish for settled ways, for conditions that remained the same long enough to become familiar and dear, for routine that remained set, for a world that 'stayed put.'"

More than anything else, Sullivan believed, the eroding values of the 1920s had to do with technology—with the automobile and the methods of mass production that had transformed the American factory in the first quarter of the 20th century. So it is more than marginally interesting that the creator of those methods, Henry Ford, spent the 1920s mourning so-



cial change as much as anyone. In 1926, he began the construction of Greenfield Village, a historic replica of the place where he had grown up, complete with gravel roads, gas lamps, and a country store. "I am trying in a small way," Ford explained, "to help America take a step . . . toward the saner and sweeter idea of life that prevailed in pre-war days."

Ford believed that the pace of living had somehow accelerated beyond easy comprehension or control. So did millions of other people who were less responsible for the change than he was. "In our great cities," the financier Simon Straus worried early in the decade, "people break down in health or reach premature senility because of late hours, loss of sleep, fast pleasures, and headlong, nerve-racking methods of existence."

The sense of debilitating change and collapsing rules was not simply an idea loose in the popular culture of the 1920s; it was central to the most sophisticated intellectual debate. Walter Lippmann talked about the "accidents of modernity" undermining traditional truths and authoritative standards. Joseph Wood Krutch, in *The Modern Temper* (1929), argued that science had broken life loose from any moral compass altogether.

In the years since, historians who have studied the 1920s have struggled to come to terms with its palpable tension and longing for a simpler time. Two decades ago, Roderick Nash set out to write a new book about the period after World War I variously described as the "Roaring Twenties" and the "Jazz Age." He ended up with *The Nervous Generation* as his title. "The typical American in 1927 was nervous," he wrote in one chapter. "The values by which he ordered his life seemed in jeopardy of being swept away by the forces of growth and change and complexity."

It was a point reminiscent of one made a few years earlier, by the historian William Leuchtenburg, in *The Perils of Prosperity* (1958). Two things about the 1920s stood out most clearly to Leuchtenburg: the loss of community and the loss of authority.

"The metropolis had shattered the supremacy of the small town," Leuchtenburg wrote, "and life seemed infinitely more impersonal. It was proverbial that the apartment-house dweller did not know his neighbor. . . . In the American town of 1914, class lines, though not frozen, were unmistakable. Each town had its old families. . . . The world they experienced was comprehensible. The people they saw were the people they knew. . . . Moral standards were set by the church and by the family. Parents were confident enforcers of the moral code. By 1932, much of the sense of authority was gone."

It was easy to dismiss those who mourned the social losses of the 1920s by telling them that they were indulging in flights of nostalgic fantasy. The Great War was a social as well as a political watershed; the horse and buggy was gone, and so was the America it represented. Anyone who bothered to point to the communitarian virtues of life before the war ran the risk of being trumped by the all-purpose Ozzie and Harriet rejoinder: "Forget it. Those days are over."

And they were, in the same sense that the 1950s are gone today. But nobody on either side of the argument had any clue as to what lay ahead in the two decades that would follow: extraordinary group effort and so-

cial cohesion in the face of the massive challenges of the Great Depression and another world war, back to back. The 1930s and '40s not only produced real communitarian values but generated real leaders and authority figures whose arrival appeared as unlikely in the individualist era of the 1920s as it does amid the individualism of the 1990s.

It would be foolish to minimize the tensions and divisions that existed in America all through the Great Depression and war years, or to suggest that those years somehow represented a return to the innocence of the time before World War I. Still, it seems fair enough to say that, under the pressures of crisis, the country developed a sense of cohesion and structures of authority that seemed lost forever only a few years before.

Of course, suggesting that community and authority tend to return in times of crisis may not be a very reassuring or relevant argument for the 1990s, a time when both depression and world war seem remote prospects. But could the moral erosion of the present time be, in its way, a crisis sufficient to rival war or economic collapse? And if so, might a swing back to older values be a plausible response? Perhaps that is not so farfetched.

There is an even more interesting case, if one is willing to cross the ocean to look for it.

The year 1820 in England was a time of notorious disrespect for the very highest levels of authority. The king and queen were national laughingstocks, exposed as such by a sensational divorce trial that documented the stupidity of both. The political system was distrusted as a cesspool of corruption, with seats in Parliament bought and sold at the constituency level by private wealth, and the Church of England was widely regarded as a bastion of clerical privilege rather than religious devotion. The cultural superstars were artists such as Byron and Shelley, notorious for their rejection of what they considered obsolete standards of family life and sexual morality: Byron boasted publicly of having slept with 200 women in two years, while Shelley was a wifeswapper and founder of a free love colony. The country was in the midst of a widespread and poorly concealed wave of opium addiction that was disabling some of its most promising talents.

England's conservative social critics of that time lamented the disappearance of authority, community, and all the bonds that had made the place livable in the 18th century. "The ties which kept the different classes of society in a vital and harmonious dependence on each other," William Wordsworth wrote, "have with these 30 years either been greatly impaired or wholly dissolved."

Wordsworth was referring to the 30 years since the events that triggered the French Revolution and launched a revolution in manners all over the Western world. To most thoughtful people, 1789 had been a watershed that set "modern times" off from an old regime that grew fainter and more remote with each passing year. To talk to them about a "return" to the arrangements that prevailed before 1789 would surely have struck them as an exercise in fantasy.

Certainly few of them believed that, a generation later, England would

be in the midst of a period famous to this day for its sexual prudery and obsessive concern with "family values," renowned for its national devotion to a frumpy, widowed queen, and marked by the reform and revitalization of its religious establishment. Victorian England does not represent a re-enactment of any previous historical time; it merely serves as a reminder that there is a pendulum at work in the manners and values of a society, and that it can swing when no one expects it to.

The year 1820 was separated by just three decades from the start of the French Revolution and the arrival of what was thought to be a permanent social transformation. In 1995, it is just three decades since the events of the mid-1960s, the social and moral equivalent of Bastille Day in our own lives. There is nothing farfetched about asking when the pendulum might begin to swing again.

One needs to be even more politically careful talking about the England of Queen Victoria than about the America of Ozzie and Harriet. Anybody who refers to it in anything but the most caustic terms risks being labeled an advocate of censorship and sexual repression. But it is nonetheless true, and revealing, that in the past few years a growing number of scholars have suggested that the Victorians have something to tell us about our situation.

"Contemplating our own society," the historian Gertrude Himmelfarb wrote in 1994, "we may be prepared to take a more appreciative view of Victorian moralism—of the 'Puritan ethic' of work, thrift, temperance, cleanliness; of the idea of 'respectability' that was as powerful among the working classes as among the middle classes."

Himmelfarb not only writes with approval of Victorian virtues; she comes close to suggesting that they will reappear sometime in the coming decades. "If in a period of rapid economic and social change, the Victorians showed a substantial improvement in their 'condition' and 'disposition,'" she argues, "it may be that economic and social change do not necessarily result in personal and public disarray. If they could retain and even strengthen an ethos that had its roots in religion and tradition, it may be that we are not as constrained by the material conditions of our time as we have thought."

As Himmelfarb points out, the Victorian era did not witness any national slowdown in the pace of societal change. Its cohort lived through a time of enormous technological upheaval marked by the appearance of the railroad, telegraph, and camera, and the expansion of the British Empire into a worldwide colossus that made immense fortunes and transformed the economy at home.

What can be said about the Victorians is not that they reversed the flow of social change but that they searched for anchors to help them cope with it, and that they found them in the familiar places: family, religion, and patriotism of the hokiest and most maudlin variety.

And that also seems a fair thing to say about the 1950s in America. They were not years of stasis but of rapid and bewildering change: nuclear tension, population explosion, the creation of a new world in the suburbs, the sudden emergence of a prosperity and materialism that scarcely anyone

had expected. The people who lived through this change looked for anchors to help them cope with it all, and found them, however imperfectly, where people normally look for such things: at home, in church, in the rituals and pieties of patriotic excess. They found them in "togetherness" and the basement family room, in the Holy Name Society and the Green Donkeys Social Club, in Bishop Sheen and Walt Disney. It required some pretending—some hypocrisy, if you insist—but it served its purpose.

We are never going to return to the 1950s in America, any more than we are going to return to Victorian standards of morality. And we should not want to return to them. What is past is past. What we badly need to do, once our rebellion against the 1950s has run its course, is to rebuild some anchors of stability to help us through times of equally unsettling change.

For that to happen anytime soon, the generation that launched the rebellion will have to force itself to rethink some of the unexamined "truths" with which it has lived its entire adult life. It will have to recognize that privacy, individuality, and choice are not free goods, and that the society that places no restrictions on them pays a high price for that decision. It will have to retrieve the idea of authority from the dustbin to which it was confined by the 1960s deluge. The middle-aged communitarian who yearns, in the words of Hillary Clinton, to "do what I used to be able to do when I was a little kid," has no alternative but to develop a realism about the natural limits of life that most of the baby boomers have yet to demonstrate.

There is a good chance that this will not happen. It is difficult enough for individuals to correct the misconceptions of their youth once they have reached middle age. For the largest single generation in American history to do this in the years remaining to it seems highly problematic.

In that case, what really matters is what the next generation grows up believing—those who are children now, who are being raised by the creators of the deluge. What will they think about community and authority, habit and choice, sin and virtue? This generation will come to adulthood in the early years of the next century with an entirely different set of childhood and adolescent memories from the ones their parents absorbed. They will remember being bombarded with choices, and the ideology of choice as a good in itself; living in transient neighborhoods and broken and recombinant families in which no arrangement could be treated as permanent; having parents who feared to impose rules because rules might stifle their freedom and individuality.

Will a generation raised that way be tempted to move, in its early adult years, toward a reimposition of order and stability, even at the risk of losing some of the choice and personal freedom its parents worshipped? To dismiss that idea out of hand is to show too little respect for the pendulum that operates in the values of any society, and the natural desire of any generation to use it to correct the errors and excesses of the one that went before.

THE DEATH of HUME

A scholar once called the late 18th century an era of "competitive dying." The ability to die well, preferably with a few well-chosen words on one's lips, was widely seen as a measure of greatness. For the philosopher David Hume, our author writes, death provided what many considered the ultimate test of his ideas.

BY STEPHEN MILLER

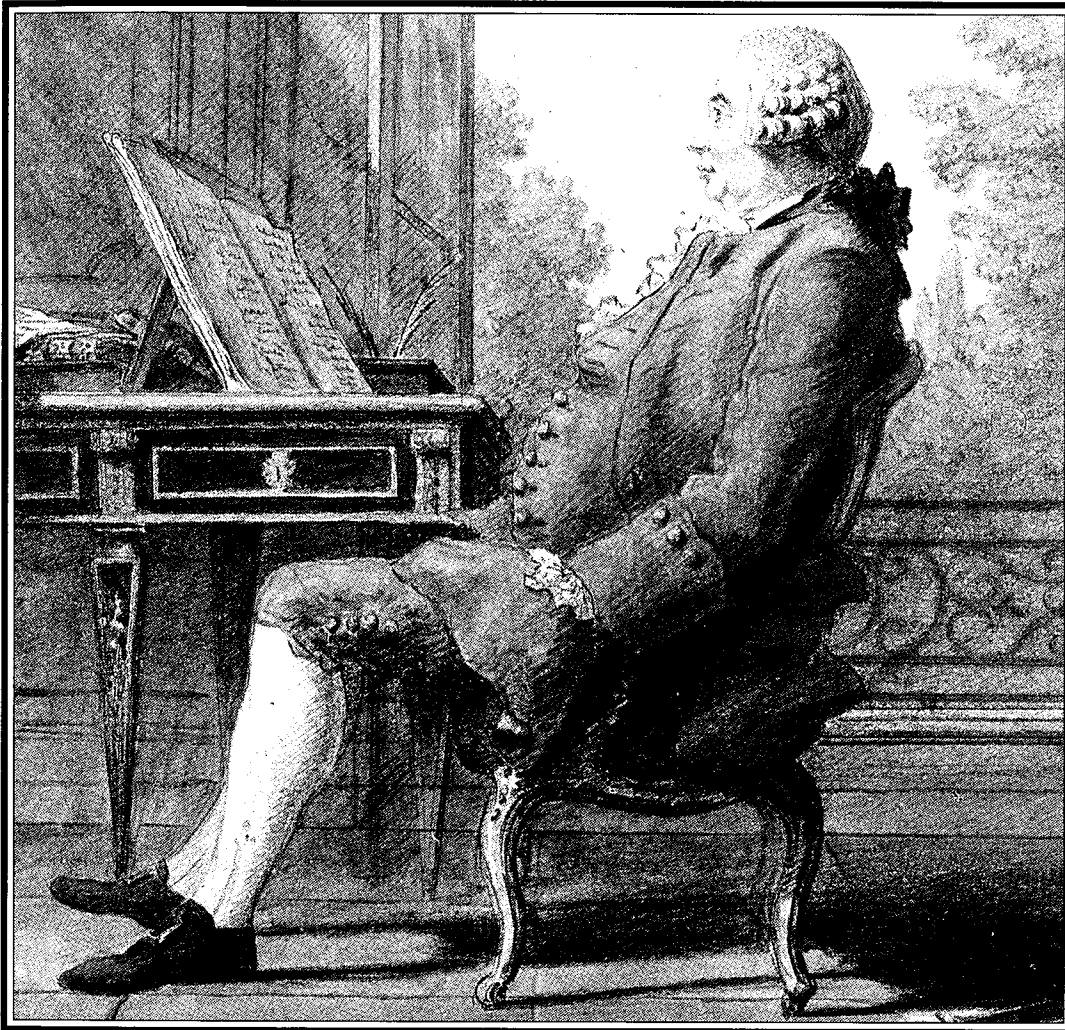
Seventeen seventy-six was a momentous year in Great Britain: Edward Gibbon published volume one of *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* appeared, the American colonies declared their independence, and David Hume—called the Great Infidel because of his skeptical view of Christianity—died at the age of 65.

The death of Hume may seem a minor event in comparison with the others, but it was far from inconsequential. The circumstances surrounding Hume's tranquil and very pagan death (probably from colon cancer) on August 25, as reported by his close friend Adam Smith, occasioned a controversy that continued for at least a decade and involved many of the leading writers of the age, including Smith and Gibbon, as well as Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, and James Boswell.

The controversy touched upon a question we continue to wrestle with today:

what role does religion play in promoting morality and political stability? Johnson and Burke, who thought Smith had made too much of Hume's deathbed composure, argued that religion played a major role in encouraging moral behavior, though they did not say that there was a necessary connection between the two. By contrast, Smith and Gibbon, who admired Hume intensely and thought he had died the "death of a philosopher," as Gibbon put it, downplayed religion's role in promoting the moral life. Somewhere in the middle was Boswell, who attacked Hume's infidelity—that is, his skepticism toward traditional religion—yet was haunted by the possibility that Hume was right.

The story of Hume's death properly begins in April 1776, when he composed a short autobiography, declaring that even though he now reckoned upon "a speedy dissolution," he did not fear death. "Notwithstanding the great decline of my



David Hume (1711–1776), by Louis Carrogis

person . . . [I have] never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits. . . . I possess the same ardor as ever in study, and the same gayety in company." Hume also claimed that he had achieved a kind of serenity that came from being "detached," as he put it, from life. In mid-August, a week before he died, the philosopher continued to insist that he was cheerful. To his friend the Comtesse de Boufflers, he wrote: "My distemper is a diarrhoea, or disorder in my bowels, which has been gradually undermining me these two years; but, within

these six months, has been visibly hastening me to my end. I see death approach gradually, without any anxiety or regret."

In early May, Hume had asked his friend Smith, a dozen years his junior, to see to the publication of the autobiography as well as his *Dialogues Concerning Natural Religion*, a previously unpublished book he had written in the 1750s and lately had been busy revising. When Smith offered a noncommittal reply, Hume wrote to him again. Smith readily agreed to

publish the autobiography, promising that he would "add a few lines to your account of your own life," but he promised only to preserve the *Dialogues*. Finally, 10 days before he died, Hume amended his will to make other arrangements for getting his last philosophical work into print.

Hume was right about his fellow Scot's reluctance to be associated with the *Dialogues*. In a letter to Hume's publisher two weeks after the philosopher's death, Smith wrote: "I must, however, beg that his life and those dialogues may not be published together; as I am resolved, for many reasons, to have no concern in the publication of those dialogues." Smith wished that the book, "tho' finely written . . . had remained in Manuscript to be communicated only to a few people."

What explains Smith's reluctance? Perhaps he thought the strongly anti-Christian *Dialogues* would hurt Hume's reputation. But Hume was already widely regarded as anti-Christian. Perhaps Smith thought it would be impolitic to be associated with such a work. Or perhaps he found Hume's corrosive skepticism unpalatable. Whatever the reasons, Smith's own account of Hume's final days, published as a five-page letter to the publisher in *The Life of David Hume, Esq; Written by Himself* (1777), reveals that Smith himself did not want to be seen as anti-Christian. In his original letter, he wrote: "Poor David Hume is dying very fast, but with great cheerfulness and good humour and with more real resignation to the necessary course of things, than any Whining Christian ever dyed with pretended resignation to the will of God." In the published version, the reference to whining Christians disappeared.

Smith also toned down an anti-Christian remark that Hume had made to him. The older man had joked that perhaps he could persuade Charon to delay his passage to the other world in order to give him more time to rid the world of Christianity. "Good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of people; have a little patience only till I have the pleasure of seeing the churches shut up, and the Clergy sent about their business; but Charon would reply, O you loitering rogue; that wont happen these 200 years; do you fancy I will give you a lease for so long a time? Get into the boat this instant." In the published version, Smith has Hume say: "Have a little patience, good Charon: I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the Public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition."

Perhaps Smith changed Hume's remarks because he wanted the dying man to be seen as serene, as someone no longer interested in attacking Christianity. In his account of Hume's death, Smith belabored the point that Hume faced death cheerfully, mentioning it five times. To back up his account he quoted Hume's doctor, who wrote to Smith a few days before his patient's death that Hume "is quite free from anxiety, impatience, or low spirits, and passes his time very well with the assistance of amusing books." Later, the physician recalled that during those final days the philosopher "never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness."

In the last paragraph of his "well au-

Stephen Miller is the author of Special Interest Groups in American Politics (1984) and Excellence and Equity: The National Endowment for the Humanities (1985). His essays have appeared in many magazines, including the American Scholar, the Public Interest, and Partisan Review. He is completing a book entitled The Two Faces of Religion: Johnson, Hume, and Smith on the Utility of Religion. Copyright © 1995 by Stephen Miller.

thenticated account" of Hume's final days, Smith stressed that Hume was an exemplary human being. "Thus died our most excellent and never to be forgotten friend; concerning whose philosophical opinions men will, no doubt, judge variously . . . but concerning whose character and conduct there can scarce be a difference of opinion." Though Smith said that Hume possessed "the most extensive learning [and] the greatest depth of thought," his main point was that Hume should be admired as a man of virtue regardless of what one thought of his writings. He spoke of Hume's "good nature and good humour . . . without even the slightest tincture of malignity," and he ended with a remark that recalls Plato's tribute to Socrates in the last sentence of the *Phaedo*: "I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit."

This effort to depict Hume as an 18th-century Socrates seems to have gone for naught. Many Christians were offended by accounts of Hume's pagan death. George Horne, president of Magdalen College, Oxford, publicly denounced the autobiography and Smith's letter in the name of "the people called Christians." The controversy continued for many years. In 1786, two years after Johnson died, William Agutter preached a sermon at Oxford entitled "On the Difference between the Deaths of the Righteous and the Wicked, Illustrated in the Instance of Dr. Samuel Johnson and David Hume, Esq." The attacks annoyed Smith, who complained to a friend that "a single, and as I thought, a very harmless Sheet of paper, which I happened to write concerning the death of our late friend, Mr. Hume, brought upon me 10 times more abuse than the very violent attack I had made upon the whole commercial system of Great Britain [in *The Wealth of Nations*]."

One of those who found Smith's account offensive was Boswell (1740–95).

Writing to Johnson two months after Hume's autobiography was published, he was vitriolic: "Without doubt you have read what is called *The Life* of David Hume, written by himself, with the letter from Dr. Adam Smith subjoined to it. Is not this an age of daring effrontery?" Boswell said that both he and a friend—a professor of natural philosophy—thought "there was now an excellent opportunity for Dr. Johnson to step forth" and attack Hume and Smith. He urged Johnson to "knock Hume's and Smith's heads together, and make vain and ostentatious infidelity exceedingly ridiculous. Would it not be worth your while to crush such noxious weeds in the moral garden?"

Boswell had not always regarded Smith and Hume as noxious weeds. He once said that Smith, whose course in moral philosophy he had taken while studying law at the University of Glasgow, was his favorite professor. Of Hume he had once said: "Were it not for his infidel writings, every body would love him. He is a plain, obliging, kind-hearted man." In early 1776, Boswell had even considered writing a biography of Hume. (His famous biography of Johnson then lay 15 years in the future.) In his letter to Johnson, Boswell did not mention that he had visited Hume seven weeks before his death. "I asked him," Boswell wrote in his journal, "if the thought of annihilation never gave him any uneasiness. He said not the least." Hume also told his visitor that religion had a bad effect on morality: "He then said flatly that the morality of every religion was bad . . . [and] that when he heard a man was religious, he concluded he was a rascal, though he had known some instances of very good men being religious."

Hume's skepticism even in the face of death clearly unnerved Boswell. A few days after his visit, he wrote to Johnson's close friend Mrs. Thrale that "it has shocked me to think of his persisting in infidelity." Desperately trying to explain away Hume's

beliefs, Boswell said: "My notion is that he, by long study in one view, brought a *stupor* upon his mind as to futurity. He had pored upon the earth till he could not look up to heaven." This rationalization apparently failed to bring Boswell lasting comfort. Five months later, he noted in his journal: "I saw death so staringly waiting for all the human race, and had such a cloudy and dark prospect beyond it that I was miserable as far as I had animation. . . . I absolutely was reduced to so wretched a state by my mental disease that I had right and wrong and every distinction confounded in my view."

Boswell knew that the only remedy for the acute melancholy that gripped him was a dose of Johnson. "I should like to hear Dr. Johnson upon this," he had written in his letter to Mrs. Thrale. "What a blessing is it to have constant faith in the Christian revelation!" Long before, in 1769, Boswell had asked Johnson what he thought of Hume's claim that he did not fear death. Johnson, in effect, said it was nonsense; everyone feared death. When Boswell asked him if "we might fortify our minds for the approach of death," his great interlocutor replied: "No, Sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time. . . . A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

In September 1777, roughly a year after Hume's death, Boswell brought up the subject again: "I told Dr. Johnson that David Hume's persisting in his infidelity, when he was dying, shocked me much." Johnson, as Boswell reported the conversation in his journal, professed puzzlement. "Why should it shock you, Sir? Hume owned he had never read the New Testament with attention. Here then was a man who had been at no pains to inquire into the truth of religion, and had continually turned his mind the other way. It was not to be expected that the prospect of death would alter his way of thinking, unless God should

send an angel to set him right." When Boswell claimed that Hume wasn't worried about his approaching end, Johnson responded: "He lied. He had a vanity in being thought easy."

Francis Bacon almost two centuries earlier had written that "men fear Death as children fear to go in the dark." He added, however, that this fear is easily mastered: "there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death." Johnson's point was similar. Hume mastered his fear of death because he was very much concerned about the world's opinion of him.

Hume's death preoccupied Boswell to such an extent that he brought up the subject again—with Burke—in April 1778. In Boswell's journal for that year, there is the following entry: "Talking of David Hume, Mr. Burke laughed at his life and at Smith's appendix, 'most virtuous,' etc." Burke told Boswell that the description of Hume's final days "is said for the credit of their church, and the members of no church use more art for its credit." Burke was referring to the era's influential deists and freethinkers, who held that morality depends not on traditional religion but on an innate moral sense. Burke, like Johnson, thought too much had been made of Hume's tranquil death. "Here was a man at a great age, who had been preparing all along to die without showing fear, does it, and rout is made about it. Men in general die easily."

Though Burke's and Johnson's responses to Hume's death were somewhat different—Burke didn't think that men always fear death—both thought Hume was not as detached as he claimed to have been. Even Gibbon, who deeply admired Hume, said that his autobiography was tainted with vanity: "there we discover a true and honorable nature, the naive vanity of a child, the independence of a philosopher, and the courage of a dying man who loved

life without pining for it." Hume himself, in the last sentence of his autobiography, admits that vanity may have played a part in "this funeral oration of myself."

But what Burke and Johnson mainly objected to in Hume was not his vain desire to appear serene as he lay dying. It was his unprincipled—to their minds—desire to strengthen the case for infidelity. Hume, they thought, had an agenda: he wanted his virtuous life and tranquil death to be proof positive that morality has nothing to do with religious faith.

Hume also wanted to brand those who attacked his writings as religious fanatics. In the autobiography, he spoke sarcastically of the "zealots [who], we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability." Such zealots, Hume thought, were chiefly to be found in the strongly Anglican English literary-intellectual world, a world he held in low regard. When Gibbon published the first volume of *Decline and Fall*, Hume wrote to Smith that "I should never have expected such an excellent Work from the Pen of an Englishman. It is lamentable to consider how much that Nation has declined in Literature during our time."

In the autobiography, Hume did not attack England directly. Rather, he pointedly observed that there is a "real satisfaction in living at Paris from the great number of sensible, knowing, and polite company with which that city abounds." Hume spent many years living in France—in part because university posts in England and Scotland were closed to him on account of his religious views. He lived there in his twenties, when he was writing *A Treatise of Human Nature* (1739–40), and in his fifties, when in 1763 he was private secretary to the British ambassador to France. During his second stay he was a famous writer, chiefly noted for his essays and his *History of England* (1754–62), so it was easy for him to

gain entry into the circle of Encyclopaedists, where he befriended Denis Diderot and others. Hume also lived in London at three different times in his life, but only for relatively short periods. He much preferred Paris and Edinburgh to the English capital, in no small part because the London literary-intellectual world was dominated by Samuel Johnson—"a man of enthusiasm and antiquated notions," he once told Boswell. (In the 18th century, *enthusiasm* was always a pejorative term, often used to describe religious fanatics. In his *Dictionary*, Johnson defined it as "a vain belief of private revelation; a vain confidence of divine favour or communication.")

Despite Hume's profession of detachment, then, the autobiography should be seen as his Parthian shot at the world Johnson dominated, a world where Hume was attacked in print by several well-known writers and where he was frequently attacked by Johnson, albeit only in conversation. Hume knew he was being attacked because Boswell often told him so. Boswell appeared to enjoy provoking Hume by mentioning what Johnson said about him—or provoking Johnson by bringing up Hume. "Hume I knew he [Johnson] would abuse," Boswell said in his notebook. In *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* (1785), Boswell could not bring himself to record Johnson's gibes: "He added '*something much too rough*,' both as to Mr. Hume's head and heart, which I suppress."

Johnson never apologized for his attacks, telling Boswell that "when a man voluntarily engages in an important controversy, he is to do all he can to lessen his antagonist, because authority from personal respect has much weight with most people, and often more than reasoning."

Johnson's standard line about Hume and infidels in general was that they were motivated by vanity, which prevented them from seeing the truth. Hume, he told

Boswell, was "a man who has so much conceit as to tell all mankind that they have been bubbled [i.e. deceived] for ages, and he is the wise man who sees better than they."

Johnson's reason for detesting Hume was simple: he thought anyone who promoted impiety was unprincipled, if not necessarily personally immoral. He also viewed Hume as intellectually irresponsible, claiming that he promoted impiety without ever having made a serious study of Christianity. Johnson (and Burke as well) felt, as Boswell put it in his journal, that "Hume and other infidels . . . destroyed our principles and put nothing firm in their place."

Johnson, like many 18th-century writers, often discussed morality by referring to the passions. He agreed with Hume that the passions could not be suppressed, but unlike Hume he thought that they could best be regulated with the help of traditional religion. He took a dim view of the notion advanced by Hume and other writers associated with the Scottish Enlightenment—especially Hume's mentor, Francis Hutcheson—that morality stemmed from an innate moral sense or from what Hume called the "natural virtues."

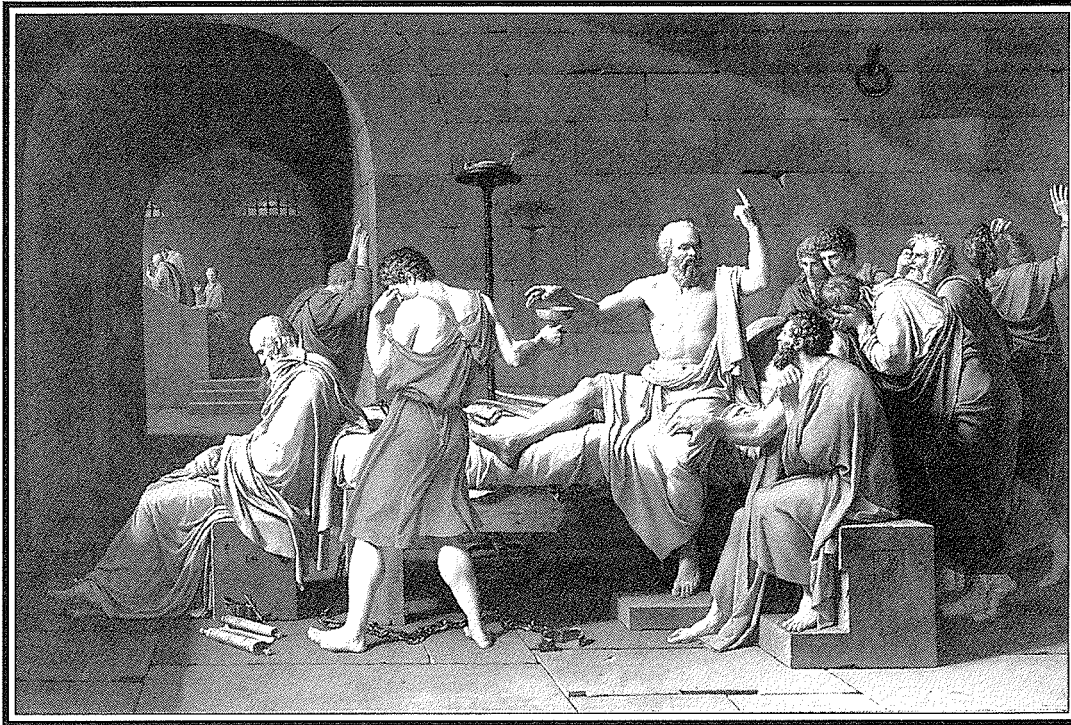
But Johnson was going against the current of an age that in various ways was seeking to build morality on a foundation other than religion. Morality, it was argued, stemmed from the "natural" passion of benevolence or sympathy. It was also argued that in some people—an uncommon few—morality stemmed from an extraordinary self-command, from a stoic ability to control one's passions, so that one could, for example, face impending death tranquilly. In mid-18th-century France, the anticlerical philosophes often sang the praises of those pagan philosophers—Socrates, Cato the Younger, and Seneca—who chose martyrdom rather than compromise their virtue and integrity. There was a veritable cult of Socrates. Diderot, who owned an intaglio

ring with a carving of Socrates' head, thought of writing a "philosophic drama" on his death, and Jacques Louis David painted *The Death of Socrates* (1787). Gibbon, who was friendly with the philosophes when he lived in Paris in the mid-1760s, was affected by this cult. In a footnote in the *Decline and Fall*, he implied that Socrates was a more heroic figure than Jesus, for "not a word of impatience or despair escaped from the mouth of the dying philosopher."

Even in England and the American colonies, where anti-Christian sentiment was much weaker among artists and intellectuals than in France, there was a vogue for paintings portraying the noble deaths of great men. The American painter Benjamin West launched his career with a depiction of the death of Socrates. After settling in London, he achieved his greatest popular success with *The Death of General Wolfe* (1770), a heroic tableau showing the last moments of the British officer who fell while taking Quebec from the French in 1759. In England, the cult of heroic virtue increasingly centered on the deaths of great national figures rather than those of pagan philosophers.

The interest in heroic deaths did not mean that most of the English embraced secular explanations of morality. Indeed, there was a religious revival of sorts in the 1750s, and by the 1770s deism was probably a waning force. The Scottish poet, philosopher, and essayist James Beattie was lionized by the English literary world for his polemical tract, *An Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism* (1770). Johnson and Burke praised the book—Johnson saying that "Beattie has confuted Hume." The latter was irritated by all the praise heaped on Beattie, whom he called "that bigotted silly Fellow." The English, Hume said, were "relapsing into the deepest Stupidity, Christianity, and ignorance."

Thus, Hume was an angry man in the mid-1770s—angry, above all, with English



The Death of Socrates (1787), by Jacques Louis David.

“zealots” such as Johnson and other members of the London literary-intellectual world. The celebration of Beattie and the attacks on his own work were proof to Hume that religion was not only false but harmful; it ruined one’s mind because it soured the “natural” affections and inflamed the passions. In 1768, he had told Boswell that “it required great goodness of disposition to withstand the baleful effects of Christianity.” Hume hoped that both his autobiography and the testimony of those who saw him during his final days might at least persuade some people that virtue had no connection with religious faith.

If religious faith did not help Hume become a man of virtue—and Hume, by all accounts, was a virtuous man—what did? What gave him such self-command? Hume spent a lifetime pondering the springs of morality, noting in the *Enquiry Con-*

cerning the Principles of Morals (1751) that while many scientific questions had been resolved, “men still dispute concerning the foundation of their moral duties.” In the autobiography Hume ruminated about his character, but the autobiography of course is not a work of moral philosophy. Moreover, in the autobiography Hume said he achieved a certain detachment, but the central point of Hume’s moral philosophy is that such detachment is impossible. One cannot escape the passions—and trying to do so is a mistake. In the *Enquiry* Hume criticized “the perpetual cant of *Stoics* and *Cynics* concerning *virtue*”—meaning their pretension to be “above” the passions. He also attacked “the whole train of monkish virtues,” such as celibacy, fasting, penance, and mortification. These misguided efforts to suppress the natural passions have, according to Hume, a terrible effect: “they stupefy the understanding and harden the heart, obscure the fancy and

sour the temper."

Yet, aside from the question of detachment, the ideas about morality in Hume's autobiography are roughly similar to the ideas he advanced in the *Enquiry*—the main one being that virtue is "natural." To be sure, Hume was aware that "natural" is a very difficult word to define, yet he used it frequently in the *Enquiry* and the autobiography. In the latter, he said that his conduct stemmed mainly from his "natural temper," a phrase he used twice. Hume also said he was "a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor, capable of attachment . . . and of great moderation in all my passions." Hume's ability to regulate his passions, it seems, depended heavily on the luck of having been born with the right "natural" qualities. He was, as many 18th-century writers would have put it, a "good-natured" man.

Johnson never attacked Hume in print, yet he took issue with the idea that morality is somehow "natural." He once said that "man's chief merit consists in resisting the impulses of his nature." Disputing Rousseau's assertion that pity is a natural passion, for example, Johnson argued that "Children are always cruel. . . . Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason."

Johnson believed that in a world where religious principles were considered a smaller component of morality than "natural" feelings and tempers, an increasing number of people would find it difficult to govern their passions. Indeed, many would end up persuading themselves that they were prisoners of their passions and that there was nothing they could do to control them. Johnson did not deny that people possessed different tempers or dispositions, but he thought that making so much of one's temper or disposition eroded free will. Being moral was hard work. Those who underestimated this struggle to control the

passions, who argued that good-natured people had no trouble being moral, were misguided. "We can have no dependence upon that instinctive, that constitutional goodness which is not founded upon principle," he instructed Boswell.

Thus the controversy surrounding the death of Hume was not about whether Hume could be tranquil in the face of death—only Boswell was preoccupied with this question. The controversy was about Hume's ideas: the idea that morality was not tied to religion and the idea that religion inflamed the passions, turning people into zealots who formed violent factions that threatened political stability. Johnson and Burke agreed that religion could be a politically destabilizing force. Johnson's description of the Puritan revolution in his *Life of Butler* (1781) is as negative as Hume's description in his *History of England*. Yet he thought that on balance Christianity was a positive force.

Smith, much as he admired Hume, thought his elder was wrong to attack traditional religion so violently. He hoped that in the long run most people would embrace deism, or what he called "rational religion," but he was willing to give traditional religion the benefit of the doubt. It "affords . . . strong motives to the practice of virtue, and guards us by . . . powerful restraints from the temptations of vice," he observed in *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* (1759).

Smith recognized that religion could be a politically destabilizing force, but he was hopeful that religious zealotry could be contained through a kind of free market approach. "The interested and active zeal of religious teachers can be dangerous and troublesome only where there is either but one sect tolerated in the society, or where the whole of a large society is divided into two or three great sects," he wrote in *The Wealth of Nations*. "But that zeal must be altogether innocent where the society is divided into two or three hundred or perhaps

as many as a thousand small sects, of which no one could be considerable enough to disturb the publick tranquillity."

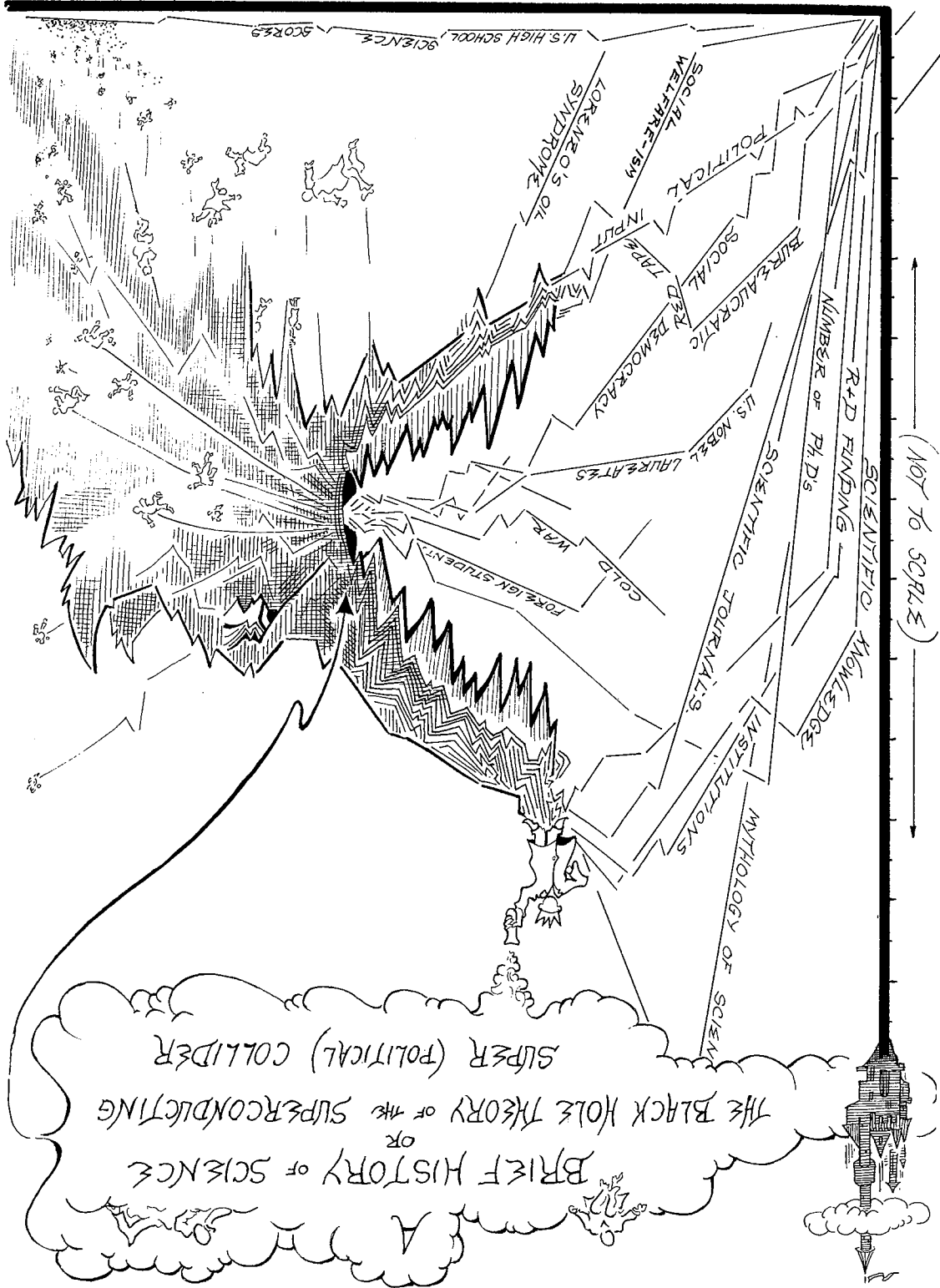
Late in his life, Gibbon also decided that the good aspects of traditional religion outweighed the bad. He was so shocked by the excesses of the French Revolution that he sided with Burke, its most profound critic. "I can almost excuse his reverence for church establishments," Gibbon wrote in his autobiography. The situation in France, Gibbon thought, revealed that anticlericalism could breed a fanaticism that was more dangerous than religious zealotry.

Hume's failure to persuade even Smith and Gibbon, however, was not exactly Johnson's triumph, since Johnson's skepticism about "natural" morality fell upon deaf ears. In the late 18th century, traditional religion was powerfully influenced by what many historians have called "the sentimental revolution"—a loose cluster of ideas advanced by the Scottish moral-sense theorists, as well as by Rousseau, especially in *Julie, ou La Nouvelle Heloise* (1761). Man was naturally good, in the new view, and the passion of benevolence was a strong force in human beings. Morality was a function of strong feeling—a feeling that was pleasurable.

In the *Sentimental Magazine*, a journal published in the mid-1770s, a writer argued that "moralists . . . must be sensible that

precept will never prevail against sentiment; writing that edifies should arouse 'the tear of compassion.'" Oliver Goldsmith wrote of one character in his *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) that his "greatest pleasure was in doing good." A contemporary reviewer of Goldsmith's novel praised "the exemplary manner in which it enforces the great obligations of universal BENEVOLENCE: the most amiable quality that can possibly distinguish and adorn the WORTHY MAN and the GOOD CHRISTIAN!" A person's sensibility—that is, his ability to feel strongly—often became the chief criterion in judging his character.

Thus Johnson and Hume—the reigning men of letters in late 18th-century England and Scotland and the main protagonists in the great debate about religion, morality, and political stability—were odd men out. Their views were rejected by the mainstream of British thought: Johnson's because he opposed the age of sentiment, Hume's because he rejected traditional religion. Yet their ideas speak powerfully to questions we loudly debate today: What are the foundations of morality? Does religion inflame the passions or help to regulate them? More than 200 years later we are still seeking answers to the questions that were raised by the death of David Hume.



A BRIEF HISTORY OF SCIENCE
OR
THE BLACK HOLE THEORY OF THE SUPERCONDUCTING
SUPER (POLITICAL) COLLIDER

(NOT TO SCALE)

The Crisis of Contemporary Science

With the United States no longer engaged in war, hot or cold, American science is entering a new—and uncertain—age. The close relationship between science and government is being redefined. The exponential growth of the scientific enterprise is at an end. And science itself comes increasingly under attack. Our authors explain.

THE CHANGED PARTNERSHIP

BY DANIEL J. KEVLES

Not many years ago in the United States, the special relationship between science and government seemed as permanent as an old-fashioned marriage. Whatever one partner requested, the other was more than eager to provide.

In the early 1980s, for example, American physicists in the field of high-energy particle physics urged the Reagan administration to fund construction of a gargantuan high-energy particle accelerator—the Superconducting Super Collider, commonly called the SSC. In an underground, circular tunnel some 52 miles in circumference, two beams of protons would be accelerated in opposite directions, each to an energy of 20 trillion electron volts. The huge subterranean donut would encircle an area 160 times as great as that enclosed by the Tevatron, at the Fermi National Accelerator

Laboratory in Batavia, Illinois, which is the country's flagship machine, spitting out particles at one trillion electron volts.

Enthusiasts of the SSC argued that it was essential to further progress in elementary particle physics. Not only would it guarantee the nation's strength in the field against all international competitors, but the technical innovations required to build the machine—for example, more powerful superconducting magnets—would yield industrial and medical dividends long into the future. In 1987, the project won the support of the Reagan administration, and in 1989, Congress voted decisively to fund construction of the machine—it would be located in Waxahachie, Texas, near Dallas—at a cost of \$5.9 billion.

Then, astonishingly, just three years later, the partnership faltered. In June 1992, the House of Representatives voted to terminate the SSC. The margin of defeat for the project

was a hefty 51 votes. Scientists who supported the Collider were stunned. Forty physicists, including 21 Nobel laureates, expressed their shock and dismay in a letter to President George Bush and House members, pointing out the SSC's importance to America's scientific prowess. The Bush administration and the Senate then came to the project's rescue. The next year, however, the House tried again, and this time it succeeded. In October 1993, the SSC died, a victim of the post-Cold War outlook. Senator Dave Durenberger (R-Minn.) explained the change in blunt terms: "If we were engaged in a scientific competition with a global superpower like the former Soviet Union, and if this project would lead to an enhancement of our national security, then I would be willing to continue funding the project. But . . . we face no such threat."

Leading physicists were profoundly dismayed by the collider's demise. They variously declared that high-energy physics had no future in the United States, that the country was relinquishing its role as a scientific leader, and that, as Roy Schwitters, the head of the project, remonstrated, "curiosity-driven science is [now regarded as] somehow frivolous and a luxury we can no longer afford." Some scientists, with a mixture of resentment and regret, declared that the long-standing partnership between American science and the federal government had come to an end.

In fact, it hadn't. But the alliance *is* being redefined. To understand what is happening, it is necessary to go back to the partnership's beginning.

During World War II, civilian scientists working under the auspices of the Office of Scientific Research and Development (OSRD) achieved military miracles. The physicists—who produced microwave radar, proximity fuses, solid-fuel rockets, and the atomic bomb—were the most conspicuous of the scientists, but members of the OSRD Committee

on Medical Research also brought off several miracles, including the development of penicillin.

With the war nearing its conclusion, it seemed evident to many policymakers and scientists that for the sake of the nation's military security, public health, and economic welfare, the federal government should support programs of basic and applied scientific research and training in academic institutions, the traditional source of new scientific knowledge and new scientists. The question was how to do so. Two fundamentally different approaches competed for acceptance.

Senator Harley M. Kilgore, a New Deal Democrat from West Virginia and a staunch ally of organized labor, favored what could be called a "social welfare" approach. Kilgore, a small-town lawyer, National Guardsman, Legionnaire, Mason, and past Exalted Ruler of an Elks lodge, was quick to admit "utter, absolute ignorance" of science and technology. However, during wartime hearings on ways of better mobilizing the nation's technological resources, he had learned a good deal about the importance of science to the national interest. Now, looking ahead to postwar America, he began to develop legislation that called for federal research activities to be planned in accordance with liberal social purposes such as aiding small business, fostering pollution control, and providing low-cost rural electrification. Kilgore also wanted at least part of the money in all scientific fields to be distributed geographically. And he urged federal support of the social sciences, then widely regarded as tools for distributing the benefits of science and technology more equitably.

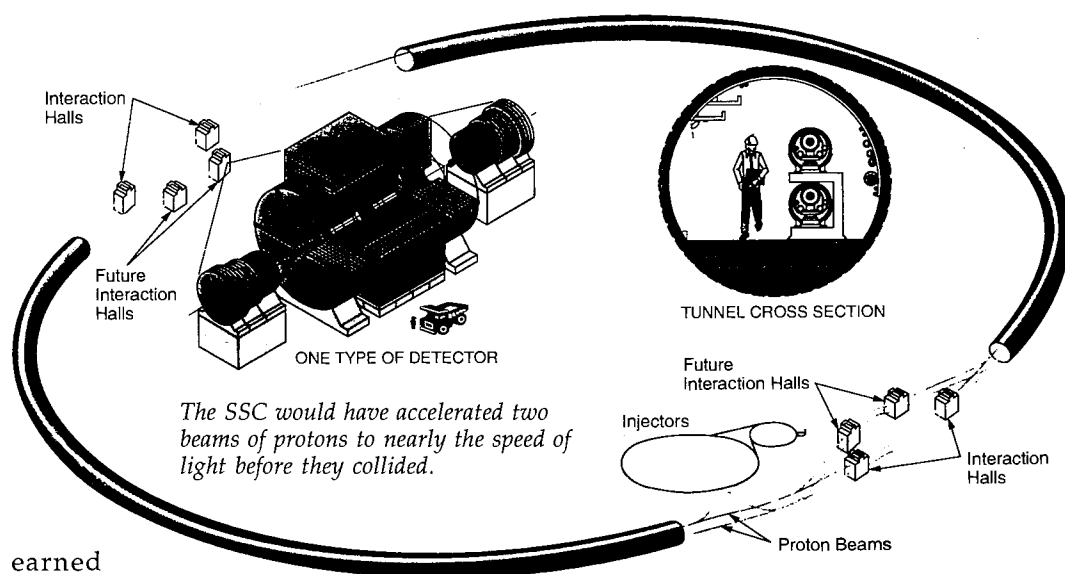
Opposing Kilgore's social welfare notions were Vannevar Bush, head of OSRD, and most of America's high-level research scientists. The Massachusetts-born son of a minis-

Daniel J. Kevoles is a professor of humanities at the California Institute of Technology. He is the author of The Physicists: The History of a Scientific Community in Modern America (1995, 2nd ed.) and In the Name of Eugenics: Genetics and the Uses of Human Heredity (1985). Copyright © 1995 by Daniel J. Kevoles.

ter, Bush (1890–1974) was a no-nonsense electrical engineer with a strong sense of public service. He had spent most of his prewar career on the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where the electrical engineering curriculum emphasized training in the basic sciences and the department stressed research. During his MIT years, he

mental knowledge and depleted the supply of trained men and women able to generate it. The welfare of the nation demanded the replenishment and enlargement of its scientific investment. But this had to be done in the right way—and that way, he was sure, was not Kilgore's.

Partly to head off the senator, Bush

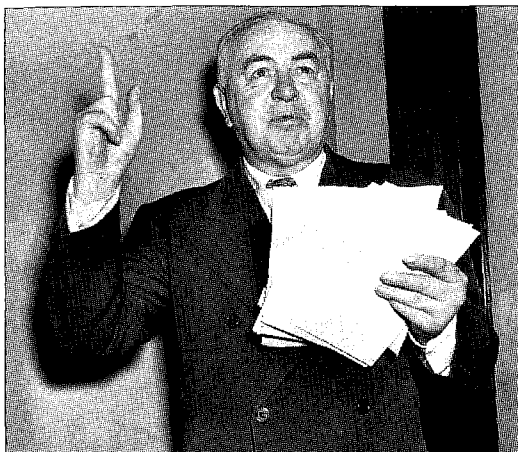


earned distinction for his own research, especially for the invention and development of the differential analyzer, an early type of computer. He also played an influential role in transforming MIT into a research-oriented institution at the vanguard of both high-tech engineering and basic science.

Bush fully recognized the powerful inclination in America's "practical" culture to foster the applications of knowledge rather than the advancement of knowledge as such. From the war effort, he also knew that advances in esoteric, seemingly impractical fields such as nuclear physics and microbiology could lead to the creation of powerful new weapons and medical agents. In his view, the wartime production of such technological miracles as the atomic bomb and penicillin had drawn heavily on the capital of basic science, and by doing so had retarded the growth of funda-

persuaded President Franklin D. Roosevelt to ask him to prepare a report on postwar science policy. Bush delivered the report to President Harry S Truman in July 1945, outlining a policy that, in its essentials, would ultimately prevail.

Bush's approach in *Science—the Endless Frontier*, as the report was called, could not have been more different from Kilgore's. Unlike the senator, Bush gave no consideration to the social sciences, which he regarded as intellectually shoddy, little more, indeed, than political propaganda masquerading as science. His report also made no mention of the geographical distribution of research funds; Bush believed that funding should be distributed among the best investigators, wherever they were located.



Senator Harley Kilgore: a "social welfare" approach

(He maintained, with considerable justification, that most of the significant progress in a scientific field is generated by the most capable practitioners, a relatively small group.) And his report rejected the idea of targeting research to particular social or economic purposes. Above all, Bush held that the social and economic benefits of basic scientific research and training were best realized not by the directives of politicians but by the mechanisms of the free market, by private initiative. Federal science policy, his report stressed, should be insulated from political control.

Bush proposed creation of a "National Science Foundation" to serve as the flagship agency of basic research and training in all the major areas of science, including those related to medicine and the military. He staunchly opposed military domination of science in peacetime, in part because he believed that military influence in American life ought to be limited, but also because he thought that civilian scientists who were independent of military control (as they had been under OSRD) were better able to produce worthwhile innovations, even for military purposes.

Released to the public on July 19, 1945, Bush's report became, as an OSRD staff member remarked, "an instant smash hit," applauded in scores of editorials across the ideological, partisan, and geographical spectrum. *Science—the Endless Frontier* became the char-

ter for a science-government partnership that was to last for almost a half-century.

Still, not everything went according to Bush's plan. By the time the National Science Foundation (NSF) was established in 1950, it had already been pre-empted in the medical area by the National Institutes of Health (NIH), which had been set up in 1948 as an "umbrella" to cover the National Cancer Institute and the new National Heart Institute, and which now comprised five more research institutes, for a total of seven. In the military area, too, the National Science Foundation was vastly overshadowed.

In his postwar science blueprint, Bush had not anticipated that the peace that followed World War II would soon turn into the Cold War with the Soviet Union and communism. But he soon found that the imperatives of that struggle would make national security the predominant focus of federal policy for scientific research and development (R&D). Contrary to his plan, some 90 percent of federal R&D funding would come not from the National Science Foundation but from the armed services, which were consolidated in the Department of Defense in 1947, and from the Atomic Energy Commission, which Congress established in 1946. (Although a civilian agency, the commission devoted its research efforts overwhelmingly to the military uses of atomic energy, especially the development of nuclear, and then thermonuclear, weapons.)

With the outbreak of the Korean War in 1950, the defense R&D budget more than quadrupled, to \$3.1 billion in fiscal 1953. Some of it was spent on "basic" research, which, while seemingly impractical, might unexpectedly pay enormous practical dividends (as research into the atomic nucleus had, in the form of the atomic bomb). Another portion went to basic defense research, that is, research into phenomena closely related to military technologies. A larger amount of the money was devoted to "applied" research, intended to produce a specific technology (such as an airplane). And the lion's share of the R&D funds went for "development"—

turning a technological prototype into a finished piece of hardware.

The terminology was loose; one sort of research could easily shade into another. But whatever the labels, a lot more R&D was undertaken. By 1957, the demands of high-tech national security—nuclear warheads, rockets and missiles, antisubmarine warfare and continental defense systems, and scientific manpower—had increased federal R&D expenditures another 10 percent in constant dollars. High-tech industrial research increasingly became a ward of national security, with defense projects supplying an ever-larger fraction—the portion crossed the 50 percent mark in 1956—of total expenditures for industrial research.

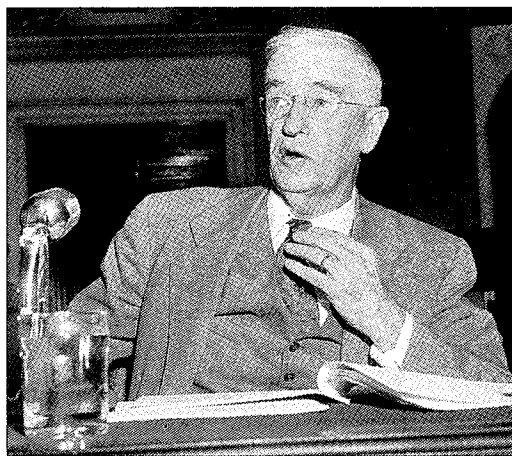
The military gave lavish sums to large research universities, supplying them with roughly one-third of all their federal R&D funds. Most of the rest came from the Atomic Energy Commission and, to lesser extents, from the National Science Foundation, NIH, and the Department of Agriculture. A sizable fraction of the military support went to basic research, which, to quote a later Defense Department directive, was recognized “as an integral part of programmed research committed to specific military aims.”

Typical of such activity was the Research Laboratory in Electronics at MIT, created to extend the basic microwave research that had been conducted there during the war. Supported by the three armed services, the work was intended to accelerate the transfer of advanced atomic, molecular, solid-state, and microwave physics to engineering practice. The military also became the principal supporter of basic scientific research as such, particularly via the Office of Naval Research (ONR), which before the NSF was established had moved quickly to support the work of astronomers, chemists, physiologists, botanists, logicians, psychologists, computer scientists, and nuclear physicists, among others.

Washington’s nondefense R&D budget

for science and technology rose with the tide, reaching \$16 million in 1956. The NSF supplied a small but significant supplement to the enormous patronage that the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission gave to the nation’s universities for research and graduate training in physics, electronics, aeronautics, computers, and myriad other branches of the physical and biological sciences and engineering. In 1955, the NIH budget totaled \$81 million and was climbing. Part of the money went to NIH laboratories in the Washington, D.C., area, but at least one-third of it was devoted to research fellowships for promising young biomedical scientists and for basic and applied biomedical research conducted in universities and medical schools.

As much as the federal government was spending on science and technology—\$3.9 billion in fiscal 1957, or some five percent of the federal budget—widespread fears soon developed that it was not enough. On October 5, 1957, Americans were shocked to learn that the Soviet Union had launched the world’s first artificial Earth satellite, a 184-pound capsule called *Sputnik I*. Then, 29 days later, *Sputnik II*, weighing more than 1,120 pounds, was sent aloft, packed with a maze of scientific instruments and a live dog. The two *Sputniks* revealed that the Soviets possessed impressive rocket, guidance, and life-support capabilities. After December 6, when



Vannevar Bush: a no-nonsense federal science policy

the U.S. attempt to launch a satellite from Cape Canaveral fizzled in a cloud of brownish-black smoke, American alarm at the Soviet achievements increased. Much hand-wringing and self-flagellation ensued. The American character was said to be materialistic and flabby, and America was said to be lagging behind the Soviet Union in science and technology. "Ten years from now the best scientists in the world will be found in Russia," the physicist Edward Teller warned.

The Eisenhower administration promptly established a new White House post of special assistant to the president for science and technology, and MIT president James R. Killian, Jr., was named to fill it. The federal government undertook crash programs to improve high school science facilities and to assist college students in critical scientific fields. In 1958, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) was established to oversee the nation's nonmilitary activities in space research and development. "How much money would you need to . . . make us even with Russia . . . and probably leap-frog them?" Representative James G. Fulton (R.-Penn.), asked NASA chief T. Keith Glennan. "I want to be firstest with the mostest in space, and I just don't want to wait for years."

That goal was not achieved overnight, but it didn't take long for federal R&D expenditures to skyrocket. Between 1957 and 1967 they quadrupled, to some \$16.5 billion a year—about 11 percent of the federal budget—including more than \$2 billion for basic research. In part because of the high priority given to the space program and to biomedical research (the NIH budget reached \$400 million in 1960 and \$1.4 billion in 1967), the defense-related share of total federal R&D fell from three-fourths to a bit less than one-half.

The Cold War competition kept the federal dollars flowing for scientific projects that were deemed significant. In 1958, an advisory panel of physicists pointed out that the Soviet Union proposed to build a 50-billion-volt synchrotron, a machine that

would speed up protons to an energy twice that of the most powerful proton accelerator in the U.S. budget. At the time, a proposal from Stanford University was pending at the Atomic Energy Commission for a 10-billion-volt linear accelerator that would send electrons down a two-mile tunnel through the hills near Palo Alto; it would cost \$100 million and be the most powerful electron accelerator in the world. In May 1959, President Eisenhower announced that he would ask Congress for the money, declaring that progress in this field was vitally important to the nation.

It was not the intellectual content of the field that was so critical. The more energetic the physical processes that were investigated, the less they had to do with the world of nuclear or thermonuclear processes. As the physicist Robert Wilson said when he testified in favor of constructing the original Fermilab accelerator in the mid-1960s, particle accelerators have nothing to do *directly* with national defense. But the technologies involved in building and operating accelerators—such as high-speed electronics and data analysis—paid real-world dividends. Most important, in terms of the Cold War, the pursuit of high-energy physics provided national prestige and an insurance policy: if something important to national security unexpectedly emerged from the work, the United States would have that knowledge ahead of the Soviet Union.

For academic scientists, the quarter-century after World War II was a golden era. Not only was federal money freely available, but their own professional judgment was given great weight in determining how it was spent. The partnership between science and government might have been dominated by the concerns and agencies of national security, with the NSF given only a minor role to play, but the system still worked pretty much as Bush had proposed. The Department of Defense paid attention to what leading academic scientists and engineers said was worth study-

ing, and grants and contracts went to the scientists and engineers, and the colleges and universities, that were adjudged most capable—regardless of the resulting geographical and institutional concentration of federal dollars. Without overt political control, the system produced basic scientific and technological knowledge, as well as trained technical manpower.

The system proved highly fruitful, to say the least. It yielded not only nuclear weapons and intercontinental missiles but jet planes, computers, silicon chips, nuclear reactors, and Earth satellites for communications and surveillance; chemotherapies for cancer and other medical marvels; advances in molecular genetics, particle physics, and planetary science; and the landing of men on the moon,

not to mention myriad consumer items and, indirectly, millions of jobs. American scientists in this golden age received more than three dozen Nobel Prizes, and the United States became the world's leading scientific and technological nation, a mighty and dominant producer of scientific knowledge and high-tech goods.

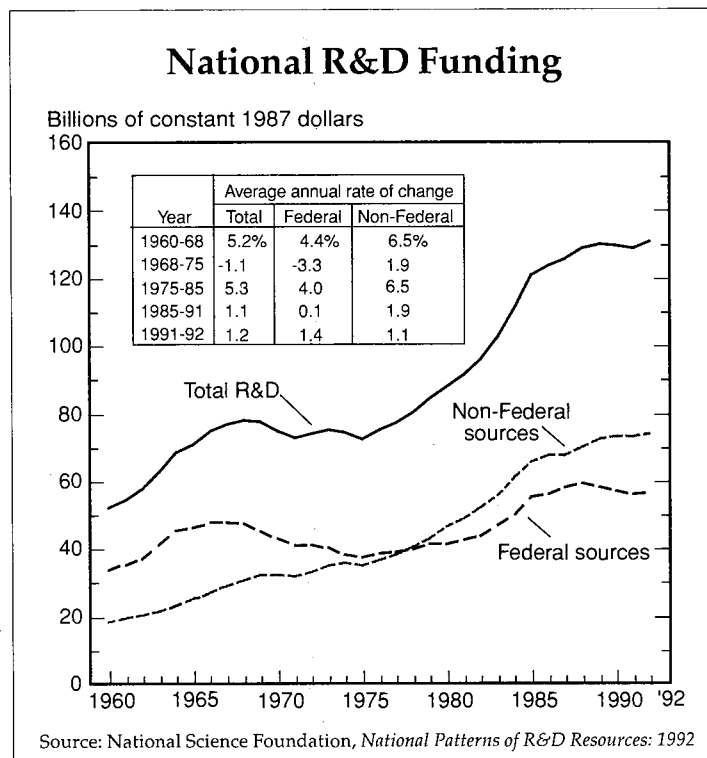
Yet for all that, the system was, in truth, not as free of "politics" as it seemed. The decision to make national security the paramount consideration in research policy, the decision to allow scientists and engineers wide latitude in their choice of research programs, and the decision to leave it up to the free market to determine what to do with the resulting social and economic benefits—all these were, in reality, *political* decisions and, as such, subject to change.

In 1965, Harvard University political scientist Don K. Price, a respected analyst of sci-

ence policy, remarked that Senator Kilgore's "central notions are slipping up on us again."

As the nation became more concerned with poverty, racial inequality, and urban decay, left-of-center critics turned a skeptical eye on federally supported science, particularly its unresponsiveness to social problems and its insulation from political scrutiny and control. As U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War escalated, the criticism turned into searing attacks on universities for allowing the Defense Department to play so large a role in academic research and training, and on science and scientists for their close relationship with the military.

The left-of-center critics had allies among fiscal conservatives distressed by the federal scientific enterprise's increasing absorption of tax dollars. While the federal budget had



Since 1985, growth in the nation's total (inflation-adjusted) expenditures on R&D has been slow, with federal funding declining in the early '90s.

grown elevenfold since 1940, the R&D budget had exploded some two-hundredfold, a relative growth rate that was bound to draw the attention of budget hawks sooner or later. By the late 1960s, a coalition of liberal and conservative critics had succeeded in bringing the geometric growth of federal spending for science to a halt. On college campuses and in the halls of Congress, the pressure grew to limit the military's role in academic research and the scientific establishment's role in public policy, and, above all, to subject the federal scientific system to greater control in the interest of social welfare. Liberals worked to shift R&D funds into areas they considered more socially useful, such as pollution control, and also sought to bring about a more equitable social, institutional, and geographical distribution of R&D dollars.

President Lyndon B. Johnson, who was intent on waging a "war" on poverty as well as the war in Vietnam, kept asking his science advisers what science had done for "grandma." He instructed the managers of federal science to share the wealth and see about applying all the scientific knowledge already accumulated. LBJ's successor, President Richard M. Nixon, also stressed the seemingly practical. He favored technology—the supersonic transport, the fast-breeder reactor, and antiballistic missiles—over science, and considered the "war" on cancer more important than the advancement of fundamental biology.

By the mid-1970s, the federal R&D budget had, in constant dollars, become 20 percent smaller than what it had been in 1967. Moreover, environmental, energy, and health research commanded a larger proportion of the total outlay, while the space program's share had been cut by half and the defense-related proportion had edged down further, to 46 percent. In 1969, Senator Mike Mansfield (D.-Mont.), a former professor of history and political science who was eager to reduce the military's influence in academic life, had slipped a section into the military authorization bill prohibiting the Pentagon from financ-

ing any research not directly related to a specific military purpose. Although the Mansfield amendment was dropped from the military authorization bill the next year, the Pentagon took it lastingly to heart.

Despite the inroads made by Kilgore-style social welfare-ism, the U.S. government remained committed to the hard core of Bush's vision—to federal responsibility for basic scientific research and training, to the involvement of academic and industrial scientists in the policy process, and to the awarding of research funds only to the better investigators. Science policymakers and advisers often managed to interpret mandates for "practical" research programs in such a way that basic investigations were funded. For example, war-on-cancer money paid for basic research into the mechanisms that transform healthy cells into malignant ones, and so sustained the work that led J. Michael Bishop and Harold Varmus, at the University of California, San Francisco, to their Nobel Prize-winning discovery of oncogenes.

Nevertheless, the disturbing trends in federal R&D policy during the 1970s set off various alarms. Some defense specialists contended that the reductions in Pentagon spending, including that for R&D, were making the United States militarily vulnerable. Other worried analysts pointed to the increasingly vigorous foreign competition, especially from Japan, that the United States faced in technological markets not only abroad but at home. Corporate and academic leaders claimed that excessive government regulation was choking industrial and academic science, perhaps even threatening freedom of scientific and intellectual inquiry.

By the late '70s, more and more people were arguing that American military and economic security required an enlarged investment in R&D and a revival of scientific autonomy. The latter would be accomplished by loosening the government's controls on research it funded and by increasing the money

FINANCIAL WORLD

extends a special offer

to the readers of

WILSON QUARTERLY

You are invited to sample the
next two issues of FW for free.

FW is a unique combination of business

and investment news. Each issue includes in-depth features, profiles and analysis of major corporations and industries, as well as timely investment ideas about stocks, bonds, mutual funds and other investment vehicles. You'll get an exclusive take on the pulse of the market with Company Watch, Mutual Fund Watch and Market Watch.

In FW's Financial Planner, you'll find better ways to lower your taxes and increase your returns through features covering everything from investing in art to 401(k) advice to estate planning. You'll also appreciate our hallmark Independent Appraisals (a regular feature) containing statistics and rankings of over 1,300 NYSE and ASE issues, and 800-plus OTC issues.

Just fill out the attached postpaid card to receive your two free issues of FW. Read them, use them and evaluate them. If it's not for you, just return the invoice marked "cancel." You'll owe nothing and the free issues are yours to keep.

But it's our bet that once you read FW, wild horses couldn't drag you away. If you agree, then pay just \$19.95 and we'll send you 23 additional issues, 25 in all. That's 47% off the regular subscription price!

So take advantage of the special offer by mailing the card today!
Or for faster service, call 800-829-5916.

obtained from alternative sources, particularly industry. "Our engineering and scientific base is disappearing," House Armed Services Committee chairman Melvin Price (D.-Ill.) warned. In the view of many experts, *Business Week* reported, "the future health of the nation's economy . . . requires a much more benign environment for industrial R&D than has existed over the past decade."

As a result of the growing concerns, federal research expenditures grew during the Carter administration and further increased under President Reagan. By the time work began on the Superconducting Super Collider, federal R&D expenditures (in constant dollars) were 20 percent higher than they had been at the predownturn peak, in 1967. The largest share of the increase went to the Department of Defense, whose research programs included semiconductors, optics, lasers, and integrated circuits. These were things that could yield gratifying economic results as well as military ones. Similarly, between 1981 and 1990, the NIH budget (in constant dollars) rose about 50 percent, two-thirds more than the increase in total federal outlays. And at the end of the 1980s, the government established the Human Genome Project, which was estimated to cost \$3 billion over 15 years. Designed to map and sequence all the genes in the human genome, the project would not only accelerate biomedical research but enlarge the nation's capacity in biotechnology.

Policymakers and biotechnologists considered biomedical research an important means of strengthening the nation's high-tech competitiveness. The emerging biotechnology industry was founded on basic research that the NIH had supported, particularly the invention of the technique of recombinant DNA during the 1970s by Herbert Boyer and Stanley Cohen, of the University of California, San Francisco, and Stanford University, respectively. With recombinant DNA, a gene from one organism—say, a human being—could be snipped from its native genome and

inserted into that of another organism—for example, a bacterium or a mouse—where the function of the gene could be studied, or a valuable protein could be produced. Stanford and the University of California jointly obtained a patent on the technique, which they licensed to biotechnology companies. Among the first to make use of it was Genentech, which enjoyed a spectacular success on the stock market when it went public in 1980.

University patenting of the products of basic research and their licensing into the marketplace appeared to be advantageous to academic institutions, new high-tech businesses, and America's economic competitiveness. In academia, however, there was widespread apprehension that professorial involvements with commercial firms would lead to unsavory exploitation of university resources and students, and might drive out research that had no market promise. Despite all the worries, the incentives pulling academic biologists and their universities toward commercialization—big hits such as Genentech—were too strong to resist.

In the interest of generalizing the policies and practices that fostered the biotechnology industry, the federal government moved to encourage closer collaboration between industry and researchers. In 1980, Congress passed legislation to promote commercial use of inventions arising from federally sponsored R&D at nonprofit institutions. The new patent law made uniform across all government agencies what had been the practice in some, including NIH—namely, to grant property rights in such inventions to institutions that would seek patents on them and license the rights in the market economy. Six years later, Congress passed a law to encourage the commercial use of technologies devised in federal laboratories by, among other things, authorizing government agencies or their employees to license patents on such technologies to private industry.

Industry responded to the incentives for academic collaboration, which were strength-

ened by university promises of often exclusive patent-licensing arrangements with corporations that supported campus research. Between 1977 and 1986, industry patronage of academic research grew more than fourfold, increasing its share of expenditures for university R&D from around three percent to almost six percent.

In some respects, the shift in R&D policy during the 1980s represented a revival of the fuller vision advanced in *Science—the Endless Frontier*. Vannevar Bush would have been pleased by the resumption of vigorous support for basic research, the marked retreat from the socially purposeful R&D of the 1970s, and the renewed reliance on market mechanisms as the primary means of translating scientific progress into public benefits. Federal R&D funds continued to be allocated mainly to the better-qualified investigators and institutions rather than according to any principle of equity in geographical or institutional distribution. And while the Pentagon's involvement in basic research had increased considerably, in the late 1980s the military supplied only about half the proportion that it did in the mid-1950s and about the same that it did in 1967.

Yet federal science policy—starting in the 1960s with the reappearance of the Kilgore approach of social welfare-ism—had also departed from Bush's vision in important respects. It had become overtly politicized, not in the sense that what might be thought or published was subject to political test, but in the sense that—beginning with the Nixon administration—the views of candidates for appointive advisory and administrative posts on such controversial issues as antiballistic missile policy, the Vietnam War, and the Strategic Defense Initiative were taken into account. The Reagan administration applied tests of political allegiance to candidates for appointment to scientific advisory panels, especially in the regulatory agencies. In the early years of the administration of President Bush, similar tests on issues such as abortion reportedly played a role in appointments to the

National Institutes of Health.

Science policy had also become politicized in a more profound sense: the allocation of resources for R&D had been incorporated into the open, conventional political process and become subject to the play of competing interest groups, especially in Congress. Before the late 1960s, the president and the federal bureaucracy had held the upper hand in most areas of science and technology policymaking. They controlled the making of the budget, and they could marshal enormous technical expertise to back up their policy choices.

But they lost that monopoly of power when Congress became more assertive and acquired its own arsenal of expertise on science and technology (beyond the special subject of atomic energy). Legislators hired capable staff members who were knowledgeable in such areas as space, the environment, health, and defense, and over time, individual lawmakers developed their own expertise in particular subjects. Senators and House members also could turn to the Congressional Budget Office for budgetary analyses and to the Office of Technology Assessment for reports on topics ranging from biotechnology to the effects of nuclear war.

As the power to set science policy has become diffused, more and more interest groups, such as environmentalists, feminists, and AIDS activists, have become involved. For federal R&D, that has meant reduced attention to science for its own sake and more to science for social purposes, technological innovation, regional development, and regulation. Thanks to the enactment of laws to strengthen environmental protection, occupational health and safety, public health and medicine, and consumer protection, scientific research has become more integral than ever to regulatory policymaking. Congress also has been challenging the concentrated distribution of federal R&D funds, responding sympathetically to moves by have-not or have-less institutions to circumvent the peer review

process by legislating direct grants for the development of laboratory facilities to particular universities.

While scientists continue to enjoy intellectual freedom, the new, open politicization of science policy has meant that the previously most powerful branches of the scientific community—high-energy physics, for example—can no longer decisively determine which inquiries federal monies will stress.

The Superconducting Super Collider was largely done in by the shift to a greater sharing of power between the executive and the legislature in the making of science policy. Made vulnerable by the end of the Cold War, the SSC was forced to stand or fall on its domestic political muscle. On that basis, its strength did not compare with the space station's, which, with a price tag more than twice that of the collider, had commitments of some \$8 billion in foreign financing, the heavy-weight support of the aerospace industry, and the reported creation of 75,000 jobs to its credit. The vast majority of SSC procurement contracts had gone to only five states, including Texas, where some four times as much money was spent as in second-ranked California. Representative Sherwood Boehlert (R-N.Y.), an unrelenting enemy of the collider, summarized with only slight exaggeration the political dynamic: "My colleagues will notice that the proponents of the SSC are from Texas, Texas, Texas, Texas, and Louisiana, and maybe someone from California. But my colleagues will also notice that the opponents are . . . from all across the country."

The death of the SSC signified not the end of the partnership between science and government but rather a redirection of its aims and a revision of its operating rules. Now, Senator Kilgore's social welfare approach, as much as Vannevar Bush's vision, is reflected in the partnership's purpose: the advancement of knowledge not only for its own sake

but for the sake of specific socioeconomic purposes ranging from industrial competitiveness to environmental management to the battle against particular diseases. And the revised rules of operation make science subject to "normal" political constraints, not the least of them being the pressure to curb federal spending.

In the years ahead, private patrons—both industrial and philanthropic—may well come to shoulder more of the cost of scientific research and training, as they did before World War II. The Howard Hughes Medical Institute, for example, currently supports roughly 10 percent of the basic biomedical research in the United States.

Still, the federal government remains the country's most generous single patron of science, providing in fiscal 1995 roughly \$70 billion for R&D, including 60 percent of all monies spent on academic research. If such largesse is spent wisely—that is, if a reasonable portion is devoted to basic research by the most capable scientists—the quality and vitality of American science will not necessarily suffer. But the more it is recognized that the era of sustained exponential growth in science is over, the more difficult it may become for wisdom to prevail. In the SSC controversy, physicists outside the field of high-energy particle physics became involved and helped to kill the project. As the competition for federal research dollars becomes more intense, scientists in all fields, as well as their host institutions, are likely to get involved in political battles in the same way.

With the end of the Cold War, American science is no longer sacrosanct. Science is in the open political arena and scientists can no longer remain above the fray. Instead, they will have to fight for federal tax dollars, like any other interest group. For them, and for science, it is a new era.

AFTER THE BIG CRUNCH

BY DAVID L. GOODSTEIN

In the beginning, roughly 10 billion years ago according to modern cosmology, was the Big Bang. The universe has been expanding ever since. Whether it will keep doing so forever, we do not know. It may be—if the density of matter in the universe is sufficiently great—that gravitational forces eventually will cause the universe to stop expanding and then to start falling back in upon itself. If that occurs, the universe will end in a cataclysmic event that cosmologists call the Big Crunch.

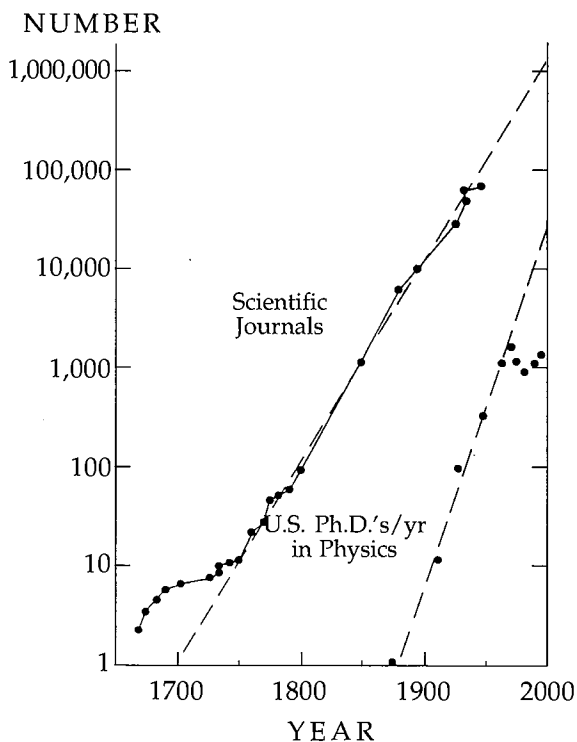
The history of modern science is somewhat analogous. This science appeared on the scene almost three centuries ago in Europe and slightly more than a century ago

in the United States. In each case, it proceeded to grow at an astonishing exponential rate. But while the universe conceivably may expand forever, the exponential enlargement of the scientific enterprise is guaranteed to come to an end.

It is not that scientific knowledge must stop growing. On the contrary, if all goes well, it should continue to expand. But the growth of the profession of science, the scientific enterprise, is bound to reach certain limits. I contend that these limits have now been reached. Many of my scientific colleagues persist in the belief that the future will be like the past and are seeking to preserve the "social structure" of science—the institutions and the patterns of education, research, and funding—that they have come to know so well. If I am right, they won't succeed.

The Big Crunch is here (even if it is actually more like a large whimper than a big bang); indeed, in some fields it has already happened. In physics, it occurred about 25 years ago—and we physicists have been doing our best to avoid the implications ever since. We cannot continue to do so. We must address a question that has never even occurred to the cosmologists: what do you do after the Big Crunch?

The situation can be illustrated by a graph. The upper curve—first published in a book called *Science since Babylon* (1961) by the historian Derek de Solla Price—shows, on a semilogarithmic scale, the cumulative number of scientific journals founded worldwide over the last three centuries. A straight line with a positive slope on this kind of graph means pure exponential growth. If something is increasing that way, then the larger it gets, the faster it grows.



Price's curve, he maintained, is a suitable stand-in for any quantitative measure of the size of science. If so, then modern science appears to have sprung into being around 1700 (the Big Bang might have been the publication of Sir Isaac Newton's *Principia* in 1687) and thereafter expanded exponentially, growing tenfold every 50 years.

Price predicted that this behavior could not go on forever—and, of course, he was right. The straight line in the plot extrapolates to one million journals by the millennium. But the number of scientific journals in the world today, as we near the millennium, is a mere 40,000.

That is only one measure of what is happening, but all the others tend to agree. Consider, in particular, the number of scientists around. It has often been said that 90 percent of all the scientists who have ever lived are alive today. That statement has been true for nearly 300 years—but it cannot go on being true for very much longer. Even with the huge increase in world population in this century, only about one-twentieth of all the people who have ever lived are alive today. It is a simple mathematical fact that if scientists keep multiplying faster than people, there will soon be more scientists than there are people. That seems very unlikely to happen.

I have plotted, on the same scale as Price's curve, the number of Ph.D.'s in physics produced each year in the United States. Like all other quantitative measures of science, this one behaves much like Price's curve. The graph shows that science started later in the United States than in Europe. The first Ph.D. in physics was awarded soon after the Civil War, around 1870. By the turn of the century, the number of doctorates in physics awarded was about 10 per year; by

1930 the annual figure was about 100, and by 1970 it was about 1,000. By extrapolation, there should be one million physics Ph.D.'s given out annually by the mid-21st century, and there now should be about 10,000 awarded per year. But this has not happened. Instead, we have the Big Crunch. The Ph.D. growth stopped cold around 1970, and the number awarded each year has fluctuated around 1,000 ever since. In other fields of science, the timing of the Big Crunch may be a bit different, but not the basic phenomenon. It is inevitable, and it has already begun to happen.

Now, that does not mean that American science has ceased expanding since 1970. It has not. In fact, federal funding of scientific research, in inflation-corrected (1987) dollars, doubled from about \$30 billion in 1970 to about \$60 billion two decades later. And, by no coincidence at all, the number of academic researchers has also doubled, from about 100,000 to about 200,000. But this rate of growth, controlled by the amount of funding available, is too slow to allow research professors to keep replicating themselves at the same rate as in the past.

If American science were in a steady state condition, the average professor in a research university would need to produce only one future research professor for the next generation. Instead, the average professor, in the course of a typical 30-year career, turns out about 15 students with doctorates—and most such people want to be research professors. As the growth of science slowed in recent decades, it did not take long for the smarter students to realize that not everyone with a Ph.D. could become a research professor. As a result, the number of the best American students who went on to graduate school in science started to drop around 1970, and has been decreasing ever since.

David L. Goodstein is vice provost, professor of physics and applied physics, and the Frank J. Gilloon Distinguished Teaching and Service Professor at the California Institute of Technology. He is the author of States of Matter (1985) and the host and creator of The Mechanical Universe, a PBS television series based on his physics lectures at Caltech. Copyright © 1995 by David L. Goodstein.

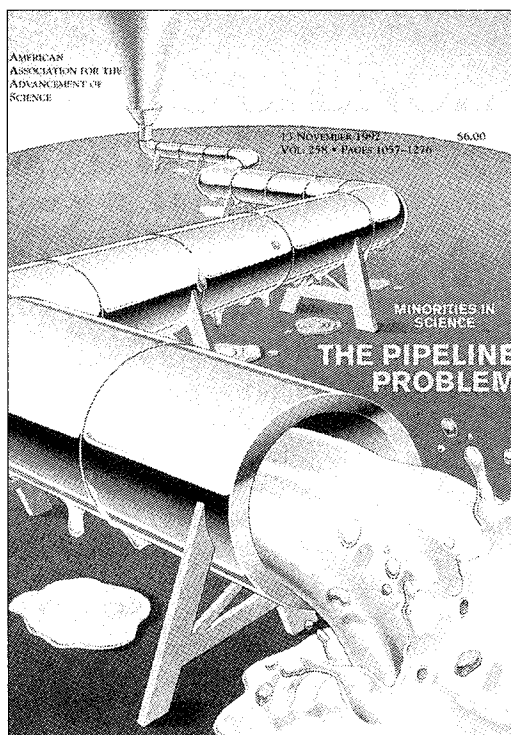
Despite the decline, research professors have been turning out far more scientists than American universities can employ, indeed, far more scientists—now that the Cold War is over and now that the great corporations such as IBM and AT&T have decided to turn away from basic research—than the U.S. government, industry, and academe together can employ.

How have the research professors pulled off this trick? The answer is actually rather simple.

The golden age of American academic science—that is, the 1950s and '60s—produced genuine excellence and made American universities the leaders of the world in scientific training and research. What Europe once was for young scientists in America, America became for young scientists in the rest of the world. They sought to come to the United States, either to obtain an American doctorate or at least to spend a year or more in graduate or postdoctoral study. In short, *foreign* students have taken the places of the missing American students and now constitute roughly half of the Ph.D. holders that American research professors are turning out.

There was one other trick that the professors employed to ward off the effects of the Big Crunch and pretend that it had not occurred. They multiplied the number of postdoctoral research positions, thus creating a kind of holding tank for young scientists that allowed them to put off the unpleasant confrontation with the job market for three to six years, or in some cases even longer.

Since I began with a cosmological analogy, let me now return to one. An unfortunate space traveler, falling into a black hole, is utterly and irretrievably doomed, but that is obvious only to the space traveler. In the perception of an outside observer hovering above the "event horizon," the space traveler's time slows down, so that it seems as if catastro-



As this 1992 illustration suggests, leakage in the Ph.D. "pipeline" was widely seen as a major problem.

phe can forever be deferred. Something like that has happened in American research universities. The good times ended forever around 1970, but by importing foreign students and employing newly anointed doctors of philosophy as temporary "post-docs," the professors and the universities have stretched time out, allowing them to pretend that nothing important has changed, to think that they need only wait for the good times to return. Only the students realize that they are falling into a black hole.

In spite of all this, only a few years ago, in the early 1990s, many leaders of American science became alarmed that we might not be producing enough scientists and engineers for the future. The problem, they thought, lay with the "pipeline." This metaphor emerged, I believe, from the National Science Foundation, which keeps careful track of science work force statistics, and

came to be widely accepted. At the pipeline's entrance was said to be a torrent of youngsters, curious and eager to learn. But as they moved on through the various grades of school, they somehow lost their eagerness and curiosity, and fewer and fewer youths showed any interest in science. The pipeline, in short, was leaking badly, and as a result, there would not be enough Ph.D.'s at the end of the line. The leakage problem was seen as particularly severe with regard to women and minorities. If America is to have all the scientists it will need in the future, we were warned, the leaky pipeline must be fixed. Today, the fear of too few scientists has vanished from the scene, but the pipeline metaphor of science education persists.

I think the pipeline view of our situation is seriously flawed. The metaphor itself leaks—beyond all repair. The purpose of American education is not to produce holders of doctoral degrees in science or in anything else. The purpose is to create knowledgeable citizens of American democracy who can contribute to their own and the common good. To regard such citizens as somehow deficient because they lack advanced degrees in science is silly, not to mention insulting. Moreover, if American education were a leaky pipeline and could be fixed, the problem that many scientists still do not want to face would remain: what to do with the resulting flood of people with advanced degrees in science.

A more realistic way of looking at American science education, as it is now and has long been, is, I suggest, to view it as a mining-and-sorting operation designed to discover and rescue diamonds in the rough, ones capable of being cleaned and cut and polished into glittering gems, just like us, the existing scientists. Meanwhile, all the other human rocks and stones are indifferently tossed aside in the course of the operation. Thus, science education at all levels is largely a dreary business, a burden to student and teacher alike—until the happy

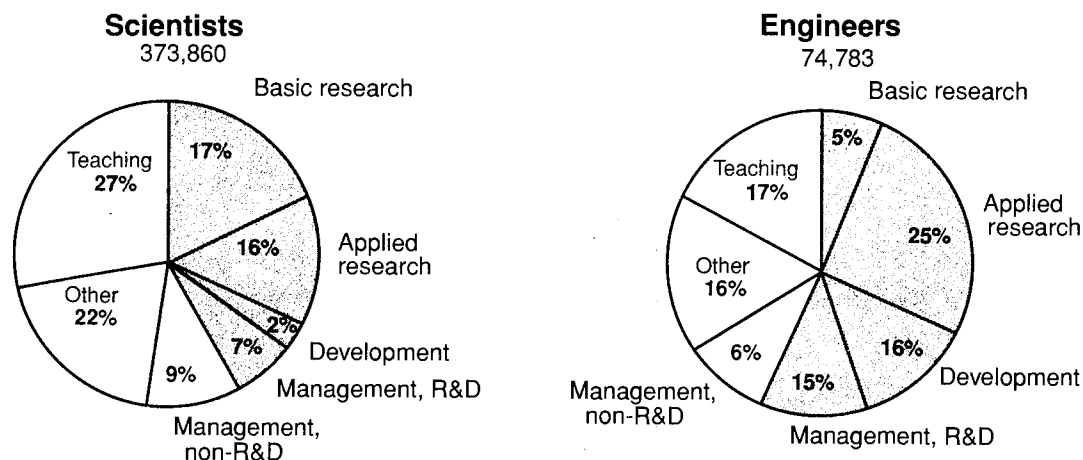
moment arrives when a teacher-miner finds a potential peer, a real, if not yet gleaming, gem. At that point, science education becomes, for the few involved, exhilarating and successful.

This alternative metaphor helps to explain why, in all of the industrialized world, the United States has, simultaneously and paradoxically, both the best scientists and the most scientifically illiterate young people: America's educational system is designed to produce precisely that result. At the same time that American scientists, trained in American graduate schools, win more Nobel Prizes than the scientists of any other country, and, indeed, than the scientists in most, if not all, of the other countries combined, the students in American schools invariably rank at or near the bottom of all students from advanced nations in tests of scientific knowledge. America leads the world in science—and yet 95 percent of the American public is scientifically illiterate.

Let us look a little closer at this mining-and-sorting operation that science education is in America. It begins in elementary school, but only sluggishly and almost without conscious direction. Most elementary school teachers are poorly prepared to present even the simplest lessons in scientific or mathematical subjects. In many colleges, elementary education is the only major that does not require even a single science course. Worse, it is said that many students who choose that major do so precisely to avoid having to take a course in science. To the extent that that is true, elementary school teachers are not merely ignorant of science but determined to remain ignorant. That being so, they can hardly be expected to encourage their students to take an interest in science. Moreover, even those teachers who did have some science courses in college are not likely to be well prepared to teach the subject.

Thus, few elementary school pupils

Primary Employment of Scientists and Engineers



Source: National Science Foundation, *National Patterns of R&D Resources: 1992*

The main work of the 448,600 doctoral scientists and engineers in 1989 (43 percent more than in 1979): for 25 percent, teaching; for 17 percent, applied research; for 15 percent, basic research.

come into contact with anyone who has scientific training, and many decide, long before they have any way of knowing what science is about, that it is beyond their understanding. Nevertheless, some students, a relative handful—usually those who do sense that they have unusual technical or mathematical aptitudes—reach middle school and then high school with their interest in science intact.

There, the mining-and-sorting process gets under way in earnest. Most of the 22,000 high schools in the United States offer at least one course in physics. (Because I have some firsthand knowledge of the teaching of physics in high schools, I shall focus on that, but I am quite sure that what I have to say applies to other science subjects as well.) There are only a few thousand trained and fully qualified high school physics teachers in the United States, far fewer, obviously, than there are high schools. Most of the physics courses are taught by people who in college majored in chemistry, biology, mathematics, or—surprisingly often—home economics (a subject that has fallen out of favor in recent years). These teachers are, in many cases, marvelous human beings who, for the sake of their students, work extraordinarily hard to make them-

selves better teachers of a subject that had never been their first (or perhaps even their second or third) love. Their greatest satisfaction as physics teachers comes from—guess what?—discovering those “diamonds in the rough” that can be sent on to college for cutting and polishing into real physicists.

That process is not completed in college, of course. Mass higher education, essentially an American invention, has meant that nearly everyone is educated, albeit rather poorly. The contrasting alternative in Europe has been to educate a select few rather well. But in the better U.S. graduate schools, elitism is rescued from the jaws of democracy. In about their second year of graduate school, the students (in physics, at least) finally catch up with their European counterparts and thereafter are second to none.

American education, for all its shortcomings and problems, was remarkably well suited to the era in which the scientific enterprise was expanding exponentially. But after about 1970 and the Big Crunch, the gleaming gems produced at the end of the vast mining-and-sorting operation were

Science for Everyone?

What should an educated person know about science? In The Myth of Scientific Literacy (Rutgers University Press, 1995), Morris Shamos, a professor emeritus of physics at New York University and a past president of the National Science Teacher Association, contends that trying to make everyone scientifically literate is futile. Instead of offering general students the usual medley of scientific disciplines and asking them to memorize terminology and facts, educators, he says, need to provide students with a broad understanding of what science can—and cannot—accomplish.

The promise of a *meaningful* public literacy in science is a myth. However good our intentions, we have tricked ourselves into believing that what is being done with science in our schools can lead to such literacy. The folly of this position is that not only do we lack agreement as to the meaning of scientific literacy, but more seriously, we also lack any *proven* means of achieving even the lowest level of science understanding in our educated adult population. . . .

Testifying at a hearing of the Senate Armed Services Committee in November 1957 (soon after Sputnik was launched), the physicist and hydrogen bomb expert Edward Teller likened the need for public support of science to that of the arts. "Good drama," he said, "can develop only in a country where there is a good audience. In a democracy, particularly if the real sovereign, the people, expresses lack of interest in a subject, then that subject cannot flourish." Later in the hearing, giving his views on education in science for the nonscience student, he added: "The mass of our children should be given something which may not be terribly strenuous but should be interesting, stimulating, and amusing. They should be given science appreciation courses just as they are sometimes given music appreciation courses."

Teller's message of science *appreciation*, coming at a time when the American public, and particularly the Congress, was highly

sensitive to the issue of Soviet competition in space, and just when massive [National Science Foundation] support for precollege science education was in its formative stage, fell on deaf ears as the nation girded itself for a far more ambitious role in science education, namely, to achieve in the educated public what had never before been accomplished—the intellectual state that came to be known as "scientific literacy."

While not clearly defined at the time (nor even now), this objective carried such a comforting pedagogical feel that one could hardly challenge its premise, and for the next quarter-century the science education community sought to [portray] virtually everything it did as bringing us closer to the goal of scientific literacy. It tried valiantly but it failed badly. . . .

The science and engineering communities, and our nation generally, would be better served by a society that, while perhaps illiterate in science in the formal academic sense, at least is aware of what science is, how it works, and its horizons and limitations. . . .

Teller was perfectly correct in his observation that science must have an appreciative audience, meaning in these times a supportive society, one that values science for its intellectual strength as well as . . . the technologies it spawns. Without such support, science and technology . . . could both flounder, and the United States might indeed become a second-rate nation.

produced less often from American ore. Research professors and their universities, using ore imported from across the oceans,

kept the machinery humming.

That can't go on much longer. It is hardly likely that the American public,

when it apprehends the situation, will agree to keep pumping vast sums of federal and state money into scientific research in order to further the education and training of foreign scientists. Sooner or later—and in today's post-Cold War environment, it is bound to be sooner—we scientists must face up to the reality of the Big Crunch and learn how to deal with it.

That will not be easy. In 1970, as a young assistant professor of physics at the California Institute of Technology, I circulated a memo among my colleagues pointing out that exponential growth could not be sustained and recommending that Caltech set a dramatic example by admitting fewer graduate students. My faculty colleagues accepted my main argument, but they had a different solution: everyone else should get out of the Ph.D. business, and Caltech should go on just as it was. At every other university where I've broached this subject, I've had precisely the same reaction: not that Caltech should go on as before, but that the particular university I was visiting should.

Harold Brown, who when I circulated my memo was president of Caltech (and who later served as U.S. secretary of defense), had a more creative solution to the problem: make a Ph.D. in physics a prerequisite for any serious profession, just as classical Latin and Greek once had been for the British civil service. (He may have been influenced by the fact that he himself has a Ph.D. in physics but never became a practicing physicist.)

Brown was probably joking. But many scientists today seriously put forth a similar solution. They are advising doctoral candidates on other careers they might pursue after earning the degree that certifies their competence to do scientific research. The little matter of *why* they should become elaborately trained to do something that they are not going to do is seldom brought up.

Why are research professors so eager to

produce more future research professors? Of course, most are quite certain that the world will need many more splendid people just like themselves. Their main motive, however, is a little less noble: graduate students are a source of cheap labor. They teach undergraduates, thus freeing the professors to concentrate on research, and they also help the professors do their research. And the graduate students' labor is indeed inexpensive: by their third year, those in science are typically performing difficult, technically demanding work at salaries lower than those received by most starting secretaries.

The arrangement is very convenient for the research professors, but it and the mining-and-sorting operation we call science education in this country cannot go on as they have in the past. The Big Crunch will not allow it. For the new era of constraint, we will have to develop a radically different scientific "social structure," for both research and education. That structure will come about by evolution, not radical redesign, because no one knows what form it will eventually take. One thing, however, is clear: reform of science education must be part of our efforts to adapt the scientific enterprise to the changed conditions.

Pure research in basic science does not reliably yield immediate profit. Hence, if it is to flourish, private support will never be enough. Public funds will continue to be essential. If that support from the public purse is to be forthcoming, there must be a broad political consensus that basic science is a common good. It is a common good, for two reasons: first, it helps to satisfy the human need to understand the universe we inhabit, and second, it makes new technologies available. The world would be a very different place without, for example, communications satellites or computers. But to get the public—in the absence of a war, hot or cold—to agree that basic science is worth

substantial funding, we scientists are going to have to do a much better job of education than we have in the past. It is no longer enough just to educate a scientific elite.

Really teaching science to people who will never be scientists is not going to be easy. The frontiers of science are far removed from most people's everyday experience. Unfortunately, we scientists so far have not found a good way of bringing people in large numbers along as "tourists" on our scientific explorations.

But that leads me to a modest suggestion: perhaps, after all, there is a reason to keep churning out people with Ph.D.'s in science.

As I indicated before, roughly 20,000 U.S. high schools lack even one fully qualified physics teacher. All of the people with physics Ph.D.'s who are now driving taxis could help to meet that need, and they would be just a beginning.

However, let's be realistic. Before large numbers of people will be willing to obtain a Ph.D. in order to teach in high school, the conditions under which American high school teachers work will have to be substantially improved. I am not speaking here primarily of money. After all, the salaries of beginning schoolteachers today are almost competitive with what postdoctoral fellows receive, and experienced teachers earn salaries comparable to what professors at many colleges get. It would help, of course, if high school teachers were paid better, but that is not the main thing. The real problem is that schoolteachers today are not given the professional respect, freedom, and responsibility that people who have earned Ph.D.'s tend to believe they deserve. I have no blueprint for reform, but I see no intrinsic reason why the prestige of schoolteaching cannot be elevated. In Europe, schoolteachers are highly esteemed precisely because of their superior academic qualifica-

tions. Perhaps conditions in the United States now are such that improvement along this line is possible.

Even if education can be reformed, however, that will not be enough. Many of the institutions of science that evolved and worked wonderfully during the long era of exponential growth are gradually breaking down in the new age of constraint. For example, universities have been the real entrepreneurs of science. They raise or borrow funds to put up new laboratory buildings and hire tenured professors to work in them, counting on the professors to bring in grants that will pay off the university's investment. That strategy is becoming suicidal, but many universities seem not to have caught on yet. When they do catch on, or else go belly up, who will build the laboratories of the future? Another example is peer review, long considered a pillar of the system. Anonymous peer review becomes a dangerous game when the author and reviewer are locked in an intense competition for scarce resources. The conflict of interests seems to be obvious to everyone except those who are currently running the system. But what alternative is there to peer review?

We scientists who came of age during the 1950s and '60s must finally recognize that the old era is gone and that, no matter what we do, it is not coming back. We are in a new era now, and it is by no means certain that science as we have known it will even survive. But if we are willing to face the new realities and adapt to them, we may be able not only to rescue the scientific enterprise but to give young Americans something that too many of them now do not have: a basic knowledge of what science has thus far revealed about the world they will inherit. If we can accomplish that, the era of constraint for science may turn out to be a new golden age.

ENEMIES OF PROMISE

BY J. MICHAEL BISHOP

We live in an age of scientific triumph. Science has solved many of nature's puzzles and greatly enlarged human knowledge. And the fruits of scientific inquiry have vastly improved human welfare. Yet despite these proud achievements, science today is increasingly mistrusted and under attack.

Some of the opposition to science comes from familiar sources, including religious zealots who relentlessly press for the mandatory teaching of creationism in the public schools. It is discouraging to think that more than a century after the publication of Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859), and 70 years after the Scopes trial dramatized the issue, the same battles must still be fought. But fight them we must.

Other antagonists of science are less familiar. Strange though it may seem, there is within academe a school of thought that considers science to be wholly fraudulent as a way of knowing. According to these "postmodernists," the supposedly objective truths of science are in reality all "socially constructed fictions," no more than "useful myths," and science itself is "politics by other means." Anyone with a working knowledge of science, anyone who looks at the natural world with an honest eye, should recognize all of this for what it is: errant nonsense.

Science, of course, is not the exclusive source of knowledge about human existence. Literature, art, philosophy, history, and religion all have their insights to offer into the human condition. To deny that is

scientism—the belief that the methods of the natural sciences are the only means of obtaining knowledge. And to the extent that scientists have at times indulged in that belief, they must shoulder some of the blame for the misapprehensions that some people have about science.

But science does have something inimitable to offer humankind: it is, in the words of physician-author Lewis Thomas, "the best way to learn how the world works." A postmodernist poet of my acquaintance complains that it is in the nature of science to break things apart, thereby destroying the "mysterious whole." But we scientists take things apart in order to understand the whole, to solve the mystery—an enterprise that we regard as one of the great, ennobling tasks of humankind.

In the academic medical center where I work, the efficacy and benefits of science are a daily reality. So when I first encountered the postmodernist view of science some years ago, I dismissed it as either a strategy for advancement in parochial precincts of the academy or a display of ignorance. But now I am alarmed because the postmodernist cry has been joined, outside the academy, by other strong voices raised against science.

Consider these lines from Václav Havel, the widely admired Czech writer and statesman, who has vigorously expressed his disenchantment with the ethos of science: "Modern rationalism and modern science . . . now systematically leave [the natural world] behind, deny it, degrade and

defame it—and, of course, at the same time, colonize it.”

Those are angry words, even if their precise meaning is elusive. And anger is evident, too, in Havel’s main conclusion: “This era [of science and rationalism] has reached the end of its potential, the point beyond which the abyss begins.”

Even some influential men who know science well and who have been good friends to it in the past have joined in the chorus of criticism and doubt. Thanks in part to Havel’s ruminations, Representative George E. Brown, Jr. (D.-Calif.), who was trained as a physicist, reports that his faith in science has been shaken. He complains of what he calls a “knowledge paradox”: an expansion of fundamental knowledge accompanied by an increase in social problems. He implies that it shouldn’t be that way, that as science progresses, the problems of society should diminish. And he suggests that Congress and the “consumers” of scientific research may have to take more of a hand in determining how science is conducted, in what research gets funded.

A similar critique has been made by former Colorado governor Richard Lamm. He claims no longer to believe that biomedical research contributes to the improvement of human health—a truly astonishing stance. To validate his skepticism, he presents the example of the University of Colorado Medical Center. It has done “little or nothing,” he complains, about increasing primary care, expanding medical coverage to the uninsured, dealing with various addictions and dietary excesses, and controlling violence. As if biomedical research, or even academic medical centers, had either the resources or the capabilities to do what Lamm desires!

The source of these dissatisfactions appears to be an exaggerated view of what science can do. For example, agitation within Congress may induce the National Science Foundation to establish a center for research on violence, but only the naive would expect a quick fix for that momentous problem. Three-quarters of a century after the death of the great German sociologist Max Weber (1864–1920), the social and behavioral sciences have yet to produce an antidote for even one of the common social pathologies. The genesis of human behavior entails complexities that still lie beyond the grasp of human reason.

Critics such as Brown and Lamm blame science for what are actually the failures of individuals or society to use the knowledge that science has provided. The blame is misplaced. Science has produced the vaccines required to control many childhood infections in the United States, but our nation has failed to deploy properly those vaccines. Science has sounded the alarm about acid rain and its principal origins in automobile emissions, but our society has not found the political will to bridle the internal combustion engine. Science has documented the medical risks of addiction to tobacco, yet our federal government still spends large amounts of money subsidizing the tobacco industry.

These critics also fail to understand that success in science cannot be dictated. The progress of science is ultimately driven by feasibility. Science is the art of the possible, of the soluble, to recall a phrase from the late British immunologist and Nobel laureate Sir Peter Medawar. We seldom can force nature’s hand; usually, she must tip it for us.

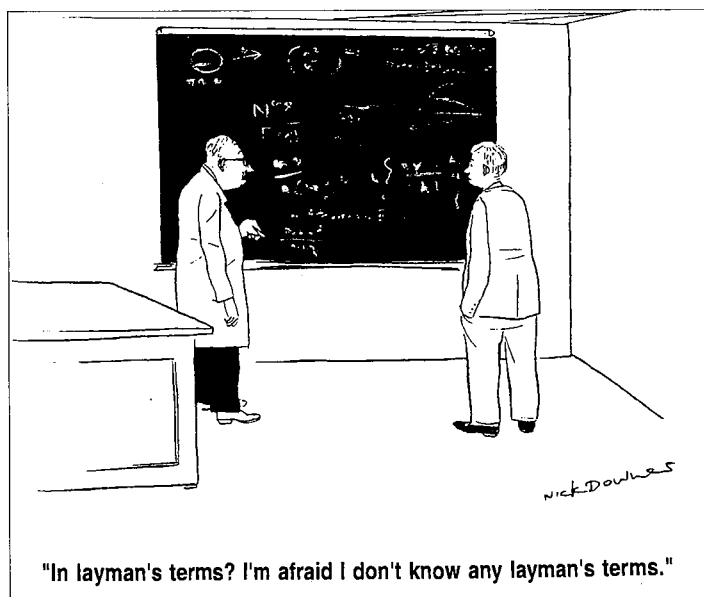
J. Michael Bishop, is a University Professor of microbiology, immunology, biochemistry, and biophysics at the University of California, San Francisco. He also is director of the G. W. Hooper Research Foundation at the university. He and a colleague, Harold Varmus, were awarded the 1989 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine for their discovery that normal cells contain genes capable of becoming cancer genes. Copyright © 1995 by J. Michael Bishop.

Nor is it possible, especially in the early stages of research, to anticipate what benefits are likely to result. My own experience is a case in point. In 1911, Peyton Rous at the Rockefeller Institute in New York City discovered a virus that causes cancer in chickens, a seemingly obscure observation. Yet 65 years later, that chicken virus was the vehicle by which Harold Varmus and I, and our colleagues, were able to uncover genes that are involved in the genesis of human cancer. The lesson of history is clear: the lines of inquiry that may prove most fruitful to science are generally unpredictable.

Biologist John Tyler Bonner has whimsically recalled an exchange he had some decades ago with the National Science Foundation, which had given him a grant for a research project. "After the first year, I wrote that things had not worked out very well—I had tried this, that, and the other thing, and nothing had really happened. [The foundation] wrote back, saying, 'Don't worry about it—that is the way research goes sometimes. Maybe next year you will have better luck.'" Alas, no scientist today would think of writing such a report, and no scientist today could imagine receiving such a reply.

The great successes of science have helped to create the exaggerated expectations about what science can accomplish. Why has malaria not been eradicated by now? Why is there still no cure for AIDS? Why is there not a more effective vaccine for influenza? When will there be a final remedy for the common cold? When will we be able to produce energy without waste? When will alchemy at last convert quartz to gold?

When scientists fail to meet unrealistic



Even for educated members of the public, science is largely a mystery.

expectations, they are condemned by critics who do not recognize the limits of science. Thus, playwright and AIDS activist Larry Kramer bitterly complains that science has yet to produce a remedy for AIDS, placing much of the blame on the National Institutes of Health (NIH)—"a research system that by law demands compromise, rewards mediocrity and actually punishes initiative and originality."

I cannot imagine what law Kramer has in mind, and I cannot agree with his description of what the NIH expects from its sponsored research. I have assisted the NIH with peer review for more than 20 years. Its standards have always been the same: it seeks work of the highest originality and demands rigor as well. I, for one, have never knowingly punished initiative or originality, and I have never seen the agencies of the NIH do so. I realize with sorrow that Mr. Kramer is unlikely to believe me.

Biomedical research is one of the great triumphs of human endeavor. It has unearthed usable knowledge at a remarkable

rate. It has brought us international leadership in the battle against disease and the search for understanding. I wonder how all this could have been accomplished if we scientists did business in the way that Kramer and critics like him claim that we do.

The bitter outcry from AIDS activists over the past decade was echoed in the 1992 film *Lorenzo's Oil*, which portrays medical scientists as insensitive, close-minded, and self-serving, and dismisses controlled studies of potential remedies as a waste of precious time. The film is based on a true story, the case of Lorenzo Odone, a child who suffers from a rare hereditary disease that cripples many neurological functions and leads at an agonizing pace to death.

Offered no hope by conventional medical science, Lorenzo's desperate parents scoured the medical literature and turned up a possible remedy: the administration of two natural oils known as erucic and oleic acid. In the face of the skepticism of physicians and research specialists, Lorenzo was given the oils and, in the estimation of his parents, ceased to decline—perhaps even improved marginally. It was a courageous, determined, and even reasoned effort by the parents. (Mr. Odone has since received an honorary degree from at least one university.) Whether it was effective is another matter.

The movie portrays the treatment of Lorenzo as a success, with the heroic parents triumphant over the obstructionism of medical scientists. The film ends with a collage of parents testifying that the oils had been used successfully to treat Lorenzo's disease in their children. But it fails to present any of the parents who have tried the oils with bitter disappointment. And, of course, all of this is only anecdotal information. Properly controlled studies are still in progress. To date, they have not given much cause for hope.

Meanwhile, as if on cue, medical scientists have since succeeded in isolating the

damaged gene responsible for the rare disease. Thus, the stage is set for the development of decisive clinical testing and effective therapy (although the latter may be long in coming).

If misapprehensions abound about what science can and cannot do, so do misplaced fears of its hazards. For more than five years now, my employer, the University of California, San Francisco, has waged a costly battle for the right to perform biomedical research in a residential area. For all intents and purposes, the university has lost. The opponents were our neighbors, who argued that we are dangerous beyond tolerance; that we exude toxic wastes, infectious pathogens, and radioactivity; that we put at risk the lives and limbs of all who come within reach—our own lives and limbs included, I suppose, a nuance that seems lost on the opposition. One agitated citizen suggested in a public forum that the manipulation of recombinant DNA at the university had engendered the AIDS virus; another declared on television her outrage that “those people are bringing DNA into my neighborhood.”

Resistance to science is born of fear. Fear, in turn, is bred by ignorance. And it is ignorance that is our deepest malady. The late literary critic Lionel Trilling described the difficulty well, in words that are even more apposite now than when he wrote them: “Science in our day lies beyond the intellectual grasp of most [people]. . . . This exclusion . . . from the mode of thought which is habitually said to be the characteristic achievement of the modern age . . . is a wound . . . to our intellectual self-esteem . . . a diminution of national possibility . . . a lessening of the social hope.”

The mass ignorance of science confronts us daily. In recent international testing, U.S. high school students finished ninth in physics among the top 12 nations, 11th in chemistry, and dead last in biology. Science is

poorly taught in most of our elementary and secondary schools, when it is taught at all. Surveys of adult Americans indicate that only a minority accepts evolution as an explanation for the origin of the human species. Many do not even know that the Earth circles the Sun. In a recent committee hearing, a prominent member of Congress betrayed his ignorance of how the prostate gland differs from the testes. Accountants, laborers, lawyers, poets, politicians, and even many physicians look upon science with bewilderment.

Do even we scientists understand one another? A few years ago, I read of a Russian satellite that gathers solar light to provide constant illumination of large areas of Siberia. "They are taking away the night," I thought. "They are taking away the last moments of mystery. Is nothing sacred?" But then I wondered what physicists must think of biologists' hopes to decipher the entire human genome and perhaps recraft it, ostensibly for the better.

Writing an article about cancer genes for *Scientific American* some years ago, I labored mightily to make the text universally accessible. I consulted students, journalists, laity of every stripe. When these consultants all had approved, I sent the manuscript to a solid-state physicist of considerable merit. A week later, the manuscript came back with this comment: "I have read your paper and shown it around the staff here. No one understands much of it. What exactly is a gene?"

Robert M. Hazen and James Trefil, authors of *The Sciences: An Integrated Approach* (1994), tell of 23 geophysicists who could not distinguish between DNA and RNA, and of a Nobel Prize-winning chemist who had never heard of plate tectonics. I have encountered biologists who thought string theory had something to do with pasta. We may be amused by these examples; we should also be troubled. If science is no

longer a common culture, what can we rightfully expect of the laity by way of understanding?

Lionel Trilling knew where the problem lay in his time: "No successful method of instruction has been found . . . which can give a comprehension of science . . . to those students who are not professionally committed to its mastery and especially endowed to achieve it." And there the problem lies today: perplexing to our educators, ignored by all but the most public-minded of scientists, bewildering and vaguely disquieting to the general public.

We scientists can no longer leave the problem to others. Indeed, it has always been ours to solve, and all of society is now paying for our neglect. As physicist and historian of science Gerald Holton has said, modern men and women "who do not know the basic facts that determine their very existence, functioning, and surroundings are living in a dream world . . . are, in a very real sense, not sane. We [scientists] . . . should do what we can, or we shall be pushed out of the common culture. The lab remains our workplace, but it must not become our hiding place."

The enterprise of science embodies a great adventure: the quest for understanding in a universe that the mathematician Freeman Dyson once characterized as "infinite in all directions, not only above us in the large but also below us in the small." We of science have begun the quest well, by building a method of ever-increasing power, a method that can illuminate all that is in the natural world. In consequence, we are admired but also feared, mistrusted, even despised. We offer hope for the future but also moral conflict and ambiguous choice. The price of science seems large, but to reject science is to deny the future.

THE PARADOX OF YELTSIN'S RUSSIA

Recent events in Russia raise fears that authoritarianism is making a comeback. Our author finds that the danger is not an overly powerful state but an enfeebled one.

BY S. FREDERICK STARR

Russia today may be a new federation of 21 republics and 49 oblasts (regions), but it is still the legal successor to the Soviet Union, the most powerful and centralized state in history. While the passing of the communist regime has been widely celebrated, many observers fear that Russia's new leaders are resorting to the old top-down methods to prove that their state is just as much a great power as its predecessor.

The Russian army's blast-and-burn assault on Grozny, Boris Yeltsin's power under the 1993 constitution to brush aside even popular opposition groups, the aggressive response of the Ministry of Internal Affairs and police to the country's



crime wave, Foreign Minister Andrei Kosyrev's ominous warnings about Russia's rights and its readiness to use armed force in the so-called near abroad—all of these have reminded the rest of the world that the Russian state can be a mighty but blunt weapon.

Russia, in fact, appears to be bucking a global trend. In an era of devolution,



when country after country is cutting back state functions in favor of private initiative and civil society, this land on the eastern fringes of Europe seems to be headed in the opposite direction.

In truth, however, something very different may be under way, something we in the West misperceive at our peril. The basic facts are not in dispute. Every instance

Members of the National Salvation Front demonstrate against Boris Yeltsin's policies outside the Russian parliament building in August 1993.

just cited seems to underscore the power of the Russian state. But they also lend themselves to an opposite conclusion: namely, that the Russian state is acting out

of a sense of its own profound weakness.

Much of the bluster and posturing that we interpret as evidence of a resurgent Russian statism in fact suggests the inadequacy of the central institutions of the state. And strange to say, this weakness, more than the purported resurgence of the Russian state, poses serious dangers to the United States and other democracies. That is the great paradox of Russian life today.

To understand this paradox, we need to look more closely at the evidence, beginning with military and security matters. However ruthless the Russian army's effort to pulverize Grozny last winter, the campaign revealed a state of utter breakdown in the armed forces. Neither the commander in chief in Moscow nor the regimental leaders on the spot could develop a coherent strategy or have their orders carried out in the field. Coordination was nonexistent. None of this is surprising in an army that has had its procurement budget slashed by more than four-fifths and its troop level cut by more than half. But these occurrences are strikingly at odds with the aspirations of the Red Army a mere generation ago, or even those of the tsarist army of earlier times.

And what of the vaunted security system, the heir of the KGB? Every day, one seems to read of new powers that have been ceded to the security organs. Yet for all their power on paper, it was these fine fellows who brought about the Chechnya disaster by making bold promises to clean up the tiny region of the Caucasus in a tidy, covert campaign.

Nor does the national police force look any better. True, when our television

shows Moscow's plainclothes officers shooting their way into a nest of gangsters, or when it is rumored that the police themselves are in collusion with criminals, it gives one pause. But this is only part of the picture. Underpaid and undermanned, the police forces are pitifully unable to protect citizens and businesses from criminal elements. No wonder individual Russians and business firms look elsewhere for security, even to organized criminal bands.

The weakness of the central government is no less apparent in the economy. Over the past year, the government of Prime Minister Victor Chernomyrdin successfully laid the foundations of monetary stabilization. Nevertheless, fiscal discipline weakened during the autumn of 1994, when the ruble lost and then regained a quarter of its value in the span of a single day. Nor could the central government stem the illegal flight of tens of billions of dollars abroad, or compel its repatriation. And the government's blundering in Chechnya now promises to throw the budget out of whack once more, triggering a new round of inflation.

Privatization of state industries has been a notable success. Indeed, no republic of the former Soviet Union has moved more decisively to turn over both large and small firms to private owners than Russia. But the government has yet to guarantee basic property rights, including clear title to land on privatized state firms. Agricultural privatization is limited to a few thousand experimental farms and will not go further unless the government is able to face down a powerful collective-farm lobby. So far it has not. And while a fledg-

S. Frederick Starr, a former director of the Wilson Center's Kennan Institute for Advanced Russian Studies, is the president of the Aspen Institute. His books include Melnikov: Solo Architect in a Mass Society (1978), Red and Hot: The Fate of Jazz in the Soviet Union (1983), and Bamboula! The Life and Times of Louis Gottschalk (1994). Copyright © 1995 by S. Frederick Starr.

ling stock market is booming, the government has so far failed to set up even a minimal regulatory process or to secure the basic rights of shareholders.

Another major function of normal governments is to establish a coherent pattern of financial relations between the center and regions, among regions, and between businesses in the same or different regions. Such matters are normally defined in laws and regulations and are administered by courts and executive bodies. But to the extent that such institutions exist in Russia, they perform ineffectively at best.

To its credit, the Duma passed a new civil code on November 30, 1994. Although it went into effect on January 1, its enforcement is not assured. The central government in Moscow has still not set up the kind of judicial structures—courts, a modern bar, and a cadre of knowledgeable officials to make it all work—that could enable citizens to adjudicate conflicts. Nor does the new civil code cover most property in land, which awaits a new land code.

With the fall of the Communist Party, Russian society emancipated itself from the pervasive regimentation and meddling of the old statist system. But even as the state withdrew from such functions as censorship, cradle-to-grave involvement in citizens' life decisions, and oversight of morals, it also drew back from many functions deemed essential by all modern societies. The provision of unemployment benefits, social security, and pensions for the elderly are among the many areas in which the Moscow government has shown itself weak and ineffectual in recent years. Add to this list the ability to build and maintain roads, a postal service, and telecommunications, and the picture appears even bleaker. Schools are struggling and public universities are a mess.

Predictably, these problems of communal and individual security, economic

stabilization, and social welfare can be traced to severe shortages of money and human talent. Nor is it surprising that the government's thirst for revenues and its need for good people are closely related.

From the Gorbachev years (1985–91) onward, Russians have successfully mounted what may be the biggest tax revolt in recent history. Indeed, the Soviet Union's end was brought about not by the ringing words of orators or the exhortations of pamphleteers but by the refusal of local and republic governments to turn over tax money to the center. Even today, millions of Russian citizens and many of the new private firms find reasons for not paying taxes to a democratically elected government that most accept as legitimate.

But even if Russia's citizens and local governments were suddenly to display an eagerness to pay, the Moscow government would be in no position to collect. Its version of the U.S. Internal Revenue Service is pathetic, with no adequate information on taxpayers, either individual or corporate, and insufficient computerized systems for processing that information. As a result, barely a quarter of all taxes imposed from Moscow are actually collected and turned over to pay for the normal functions of government. And of all taxes collected at the local level last year, barely seven percent went to cover the operations of the central government, down from a still-paltry nine percent the year before. The rest went for the pet projects of the republics, oblasts, and cities, which carry on as if they were sovereign entities recognizing few if any obligations to the country as a whole or to its national government.

Unable to collect the taxes it levies, Russia's central government resorts to desperate measures. In April 1994 it re-established the age-old state alcohol monopoly, which covered nearly half of the

military budget under both tsars and commissars. Knowing that foreign businesses are more punctilious than Russians about paying taxes, the central government also imposes unusually heavy and often capricious duties on foreign firms operating in Russia. In other words, the Russian government hits up whomever it can, regardless of the impact of such actions on society or the economy. Foreign businesses respond by scaling back their commitments in Russia—or by canceling them altogether.

The problem underlying the weakness of Russia's central apparatus of state traces as much to people as to money. With the budget in shambles, the Russian government underpays its bloated staff. The brightest civil servants read the portents a half-decade ago and began bailing out for more lucrative pursuits in the private sector. Of those who stayed, many engage in business on the side or in corrupt dealings.

Like the federal government in Washington, Russia's government has been downsizing with a vengeance, but more from desperation than from principle. Since the most talented civil servants leave first, those left are invariably the ones with the least ability or initiative. For all the downsizing, there still remain hordes of Russian functionaries, including the thousands who staff Yeltsin's presidential office. Yet the sheer number of remaining bureaucrats cannot hide the fact that the Russian government today lacks the cadre of capable and loyal civil servants that any normal state requires. These include not just administrators and tax collectors but also teachers, the best of whom have been quitting in droves.

It cannot be denied that the travails of Russia's central government are to some extent offset by the great strides that have been made by many new centers of power. Many of Russia's republics and oblasts are doing far better today

than under Communist Party rule, if only because they are spending much of the money that the central government needs in order to operate. The government's financial infrastructure may be crumbling, but scores of private banks are thriving. Thousands of senior administrators who kept Soviet-era trains running on time, both literally and figuratively, now work in private firms that are turning handsome profits and are able to lobby effectively in Moscow for policies favorable to their needs.

Russians, like Americans, are eagerly cutting back the overgrown structures of the central government in order to balance their country's budget. Like Americans, they are turning many functions back to local government. Yet even the most thoroughgoing decentralization and devolution, if they are to be effective, still require the central government to perform certain essential services. Self-managed regional governments and independently controlled businesses cannot thrive without central institutions of government, even if they are far smaller than, and different from, those that existed under communism. Moreover, the relations among these institutions must be clearly defined and work smoothly.

The constitution introduced by Boris Yeltsin in 1993 specifies the powers of the various branches of government. (The president, for example, appoints the prime minister, who is in turn approved by the legislature.) But by no means all of the constitution's precepts are applied in practice. Worse, many well-informed Russians expect yet another constitution to be adopted once the most destabilizing phase of the present transition is past. If this happens, basic questions about the core structures of government will be wide open once more.

Such ageless questions of political philosophy are under constant debate in any

healthy democracy, including America's. But in Russia, the inadequacy of the central government and its incapacity to meet the normal needs of society are so glaring that millions see no need to wallow further in theoretical debate. Instead they react, shouting for Russia's leaders to save the state from what appears to them as breakdown and from the deep national humiliation to which such disorder and recklessness give rise.

Many in the West dismiss the noisy demands of Russia's nationalists as the primitive rantings of people unable to adjust to the realities of a postcommunist world. While the views of self-styled "reformers" enjoy respectful coverage in the Western press, the nationalists' appeals for a strong Russian state are virtually equated with the desire for an authoritarian or even fascist regime.

Reformers in both the West and Russia call for a stronger civil society in which rules are imposed by law and government is reduced to the status of one institution among many in an open society of free citizens. The prescription is sound, but reformers make a leap of logic when they conclude that strengthening the central institution of Russia's government will inevitably lead the country away from a civil society and back to authoritarianism.

It is true that many of those seeking to strengthen the central government in Moscow would like also to roll back civil liberties, reimpose state control of the economy, and even re-establish a unitary, centralized state in the former territory of the Soviet Union. However, if one strips away such bombast and the psychology of victimhood that it feeds upon, there remains a quite reasonable demand that should be familiar to any citizen in a democratic country, namely, for normal central institutions that work. Surely, this is not only compatible with the idea of civil society but essential to its realization.

For the last six years, Russia has been in the midst of a revolution far more massive,

all-embracing, and swift than nearly all the other great revolutions of the modern era. National borders, form of government, structures of society, economic institutions, the political system, and values all have undergone significant changes, and have done so not seriatim but simultaneously. Is it any wonder that the country appears to be on the brink of chaos? Yet to future historians it will be clear that the process is more rational than it now seems, and that it can be divided into two phases.

Up to now, the main thrust of the new Russian revolution has been negative. It has dismantled and stripped away the entire system under which Russians lived for three-quarters of a century. The first wave of destruction pulverized the Soviet empire into 15 new countries. It also pounded the Communist Party, which was forced to give up its monopoly of power and then to disband. Successive waves dismantled the regulation of prices and the entire structure of state control over the economy. They also brought about the denationalization of thousands of state-owned industries, including large parts of the military-industrial complex and the state's chief hard currency earner, energy. Moscow also ceded control of dozens of functions to regional governments, including housing and most social welfare. So thoroughgoing was this latter process that many reasonable observers who can in no sense be considered Russian chauvinists feel that Yeltsin gave away far too many central prerogatives in the negotiations leading up to the March 1992 Federation Treaty on which the new constitution is based.

Even as this initial, negative phase of Russia's revolution was proceeding, the first signs of a second, positive phase began to appear. While old institutions were still being destroyed, new ones began to be constructed: the presidency, a bicameral legislature, pri-



vate businesses, and an independent social sector. The simultaneous processes of destruction and construction have raised a noisy and bewildering cacophony.

A parallel to the present situation can be found in the 1850s, when Russians began dismantling the system of serfdom that had kept 90 percent of the population in bondage. The job could not be done all at once, of course, and as a result the country for many years seemed caught between two worlds. As the writer Alexander Herzen put it a century and a half ago, tsarist Russia had struck out from one shore of a river but had not yet reached the other. Meanwhile, to those with no sense of the larger movement under way, the country indeed seemed in a state of utter confusion. Only by the end of the 19th century did Russia emerge, briefly, as a relatively prosperous semicapitalist country.

A similar state of transition has prevailed during the last three years. To provide some semblance of order amid the epochal changes, Yeltsin sought extensive presidential powers of decree under the constitution that was drafted in 1993. As part of the same strategy, Prime Minister Chernomyrdin focused his attention on the reform and development of the pub-

lic sector, even as he allowed further dismantling of the old system through state-owned massive privatization.

As of this writing, Russia is still "between two shores," with the destructive phase of its revolution now far advanced but the constructive phase still at an early point. Pessimists both in Russia and abroad argue that this phase will proceed no further, and that the most likely course for Russia will be an atavistic return to

authoritarianism. Scanning Russia's political landscape, they are quick to detect in any effort to consolidate the central institutions of government a move in this direction. Some, with claims of clairvoyance that would humble Merlin the Magician, even assert that a shift toward authoritarian rule is inevitable. Never mind that the future will be shaped by decisions and forces largely unknowable today. The faith of these doomsayers is as hard to shake as the faith of those who foretell the apocalypse. Meanwhile, life goes on.

Given the unprecedented scale of the revolution under way in Russia, it is remarkable that more blood has not been shed. Millions of people who gained their identity through the old regime have good cause for anger now. However, sheer fatigue at the scale of suffering imposed by Lenin, Stalin, and their successors has caused such people to moderate their natural desire to vent frustrations. Then too, the constructive phase of the revolution has already brought benefits to millions, and particularly to members of the rising generation, most of whom have placed their hopes on the emergence of what they call a "normal" government, economy, and society in their country.

The rapid rise and fall of the blowhard

Vladimir Zhirinovskiy attests to the fundamental health and good sense of the Russian polity down to the midpoint of 1995. Whatever Russia's success to date, though, the financial, political, and psychological crisis brought on by the war in Chechnya reveals starkly how fragile the new order remains. If the ability of the Moscow government to carry out basic social functions is further impaired by the need to divert massive funds to rebuilding the military and to emergency relief in Chechnya, that basic good sense could be overwhelmed by a wave of disoriented demagogues eager to mask the central government's failures through aggressive actions at home and bullying abroad.

The reality of Russia in 1995 is that it is *undergoverned*. And an undergoverned Russia is dangerous both to itself and to others. The world's democracies should take heed of this. The United States, rather than scat-

tering its aid on whatever "projects" happen to be in fashion among consulting firms along the Capital Beltway, should concentrate on building up the government infrastructures that are essential to open societies. These include laws, police, and a judicial apparatus, which together provide security to individuals; the regulatory bodies and courts that assure the sanctity of contracts; and the administrative and social organs that address the population's education and basic welfare.

Above all, this rebuilding requires attention to the budgetary practices that assure fiscal stability and, no less, to those unexciting but essential agencies that collect the taxes necessary to pay for all of these core functions. In this fragile period of transition, the perils of an underfunded and underperforming central government in Russia are enormous. Until this condition of undergovernment is addressed, progress toward an open and free society will be slow, if it occurs at all.

CURRENT BOOKS

Two Reports from Greenland

THE LIFE OF GRAHAM GREENE, Volume II: 1939–1955. By Norman Sherry. Viking. 672 pp. \$34.95

GRAHAM GREENE: The Enemy Within. By Michael Shelden. Random House. 442 pp. \$25

It seems certain by now that the work of Graham Greene (1904–91) is, after that of Joseph Conrad and D. H. Lawrence, the last expression of what F. R. Leavis once called the “great tradition” of the British novel.

Surely, no other storyteller of the period managed to be at once as popular and as respected by “serious” readers, in the grand manner of the Victorian novelists. (It was a point of pride for Greene that a distant cousin had been that consummate entertainer, Robert Louis Stevenson.) No writer of comparable genius concentrated as fiercely on the *craft* of narrative and representation, eschewing the involuted experiments of the modernists.

Some feel that Greene’s traditional approach is unremarkable, coming as it does after such works as James Joyce’s *Ulysses*. Yet no one else so caught—or was so caught by—the spirit of paradox that both protected and undermined the modern temper between the rise of the Third Reich and the evaporation of the Soviet Union. (The period coincided almost exactly with the years of Greene’s flourishing.) He was a Catholic whose strongest novels were disapproved of by the Vatican, and who liked to call himself, in later years, a “Catholic atheist”; an avowed leftist contemptuous of the blandness of socialism and fascinated with the intricacies of realpolitik; an eloquent analyst of love and fidelity who could also detail the awful compulsions of betrayal.

The locales of Greene’s fiction—from Central Europe to Africa, Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, and Vietnam—include some of the

most troubled spots of our troubled age, and Greene himself, indefatigable wanderer and sometime secret agent, knew them all intimately. He is a figure whose biography should enthrall at least as much as his work.

Alas, that’s not the case with these two new offerings by Norman Sherry and Michael Shelden. They are both disappointing and both more than faintly annoying—indeed, disappointing and annoying in complementary ways. Sherry’s biography is a studiously awestruck piece of hagiography; Shelden’s, a bitter, elbow-nudging exposé. I begin with Sherry, whose sins are (as Dante would say) of excessive rather than deficient charity.

Greene appointed Sherry, a distinguished Conrad scholar, his official biographer in 1975. Given access to letters and journals, entrée to personal interviews, and *lettres de crédit* for surviving old friends, Sherry embarked on a 20-year (and counting) quest to understand Greene and present him to the world. The first volume of *The Life of Graham Greene* appeared in 1989, and the second, covering the years 1939–1955, this year. A third, presumably final, volume is still to come—if Sherry lasts, that is, for he has turned the writing of the biography into a one-man, personal-best literary endurance contest. One is both impressed and distressed by his substitution of athletics for judgment. The dauntless Sherry has visited most of the venues familiar to his quarry. He relates with pride how he caught dysentery in the same Mexican village Greene did while writing *The Power and the Glory* (1939). He has suffered malaria, temporary blindness, and all manner of unpleasantness on Greene’s trail. Thank God, one thinks, he didn’t choose Malcolm Lowry or William S. Burroughs as a subject.

This is biography by total immersion.

Sherry's hunger to share the Greene experience is equaled only by his diligence in walking every blind alley of the man's life. One begins to wonder if there are any letters, journals, or trivialities he *doesn't* quote. The net effect is like living in a house where everything is painted red: all details are equally significant, so none is really salient. Sherry should have studied his man's own talent for concision and judicious observation.

Nevertheless, this second volume of the biography is better than the first, mainly because Greene published his greatest books, including *The Power and the Glory* and *The End of the Affair* (1951), between 1939 and 1955. These years span the failure of his marriage; the great, consuming affair of his life with the brilliant Catherine Walston; and his growing obsession with the moral ambiguities of the Cold War world. Sherry performs a real service in limning both the macro- and microhistorical context of Greene's golden decades.

There is a worse way to write a biography than to be in awe of your subject, and that is to dislike him. Michael Shelden's *Graham Greene: The Enemy Within* seems written out of a variant of that worst of feelings, unrequited love. "When I began work on this biography," Shelden says, "I intended it to be an affectionate portrait of a novelist who deserved all the prizes the world could give him. . . . But . . . I kept uncovering unpleasant facts, and my understanding of Greene's life and art gradually changed." "Gradually," perhaps; "changed," for certain. Here, at length, is the conclusion to Shelden's discussion of Greene's 1938

masterpiece, *Brighton Rock*:

Some readers . . . cherish the author's works as noble political and religious statements; they recommend him for Catholic literary awards, the Jerusalem Prize, the Nobel Prize. . . . And all the time they refuse to listen to the record. They do not hear—or do not want to hear—the anti-Semitism, the anti-Catholicism, the misogyny, or the many jokes made at their expense.

This litany of offenses is partial. Among the other things readers do not want to hear—which Shelden hears quite clearly—are the homosexuality, pederasty, drug addiction, and probable high treason. Robert

Louis Stevenson's cousin would have been amused: Sherry finds him a troubled but kindly Dr. Jekyll; Shelden sees only the abominable Mr. Hyde.

I hesitate to accuse Shelden, who has done a very good book on George Orwell, of the worst kind of literary naïveté, mistaking the tale for the teller (as if the author of *Richard III* were himself a nihilistic, infanticidal schemer); but he forces one's hand. Greene is

no more one of his characters than Milton is Satan. And while Shelden repeatedly cites "interviews" and "conversations" with people who can verify or at least support suspicions of Greene's sneaky dealings, his references provide only the vaguest, most marshmallowy indications of who these people actually are.

Shelden was specifically denied access to Greene's estate, and it seems that much of his critical apparatus is either borrowed



from Sherry's authoritative book or is wishful thinking. Scobie, the tormented hero of *The Heart of the Matter* (1948), believes himself guilty of a mortal sin and is led to commit suicide out of his deep desire to serve God and do good. The action evokes the quite serious problem of what Kierkegaard, in *Fear and Trembling*, called "the teleological suspension of the ethical." Yet Shelden sees the book as yet another instance of the writer's melodramatic posturing, and cites Orwell's prim review as back-up. "Unlike Orwell," he sniffs, "[Greene] was not trying to make the world a better place. He was engaged in a private dance with sin."

Greene was a friend and colleague of the master spy Kim Philby. To his cost and honor, he defended their friendship even after Philby's scandalous defection to Moscow, and he wrote a controversial introduction to Philby's memoir, *My Private War*. Asked late in life what he would have done had he known his friend was a traitor, Greene replied that he probably would have given him a week to get out of the country, then turned him in. For Sherry, this story is a sad, honest reflection by one old man on a friend who has terribly erred. For Shelden, however, it is proof—contrary to the findings of British intelligence (MI 5), whose agents interviewed Greene extensively—that the writer may have known his friend was a double agent and kept silent for the sheer perverse joy of vicarious treason.

Shelden is intrigued by Greene's fascination with espionage and declares that the writer's family "had no shortage of spies." At various points, he suggests that Greene spied for the Soviet Union in the 1930s or—contradictorily—that he used his loudly proclaimed leftist sentiments in the '50s and '60s to cover his MI 5 activities while traveling to Moscow, Kenya, and Haiti. Yet again, Shelden's strongest sources for these assertions seem to be Greene's novels themselves. Greene did serve as an intelligence agent during World War II, as did virtually every smart person the British could recruit,

and never blushed to admit it. The man's morals may have been questionable. But it is more likely that he wrote about whoremasters, addicts, traitors, and perverts because, as writers from Dostoevsky to Auden to Mailer have known, such figures—especially the double agent—are apt metaphors for the jumbled morality of our age. "Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things," says Robert Browning in a poem Greene loved to quote.

The Enemy Within, as it builds up steam, progresses from distaste to malice to whatever is on the other side of malice. Why all this studied outrage? Yes, the "real" Graham Greene got a kick out of espionage, liked drink and opium, had numerous affairs, and enjoyed prostitutes. These were open secrets, despite Shelden's constant harping on his man's duplicity. Greene was a stern, complex moralist in his fiction but a sensualist in real life.

And yet, for all its unfairness, I can't help thinking that Greene would have enjoyed Shelden's book more than Sherry's. Greene had an appetite for scandal, and a biographer such as Shelden, who gets the scandal of every novel, is a much more compelling companion than the bland, wide-eyed Sherry.

What is missing from both books, however, is the principal gift a literary biography should deliver: a formula for mapping the chaos of the life onto the achieved order of the work. This is what Maynard Mack did with Alexander Pope, Leon Edel with Henry James, and Richard Ellmann with Joyce, Yeats, and Wilde. Someday Greene's prince may come, but not yet. Until then, the "real life" rests in a handful of imperishable tales, crafted, passionate, ironic, and holy. Not a bad resting place, that.

—Frank D. McConnell, a former Wilson Center Fellow, is professor of English at the University of California, Santa Barbara.

What Kind of Bootstraps?

ONE BY ONE FROM THE INSIDE OUT:
Essays and Reviews on Race and Responsibility in America. By Glenn C. Loury. Free Press. 332 pp. \$25

Glenn Loury has lived an amazing life, and the resulting temptation to interpret his life rather than his work is almost irresistible. Loury himself heightens the temptation by ending his book of essays on "race and responsibility in America" with a very intimate epilogue exploring his experience of being "born again": "Because of this encounter with Jesus Christ, the death and vacancy, the emptiness of my life, has been relieved." His final paragraphs offer a personal testimony to the truth of the Gospel: "I know primarily, and I affirm this truth to you, on the basis of what I have witnessed in my own life. This knowledge of God's unconditional love for humankind provides moral grounding for my work in cultural justice and racial reconciliation, economics, and social justice."

Loury, a professor of economics at Boston University, had enjoyed great secular success: "I had reached the pinnacle of my profession. When I went to Washington, people in the halls of power knew my name. I had research grants. I had prestige." The oblique remark reminds us that, in March 1987, President Ronald Reagan had nominated him—a child of Chicago's South Side, born to a black, solidly working-class family in 1948—to be deputy secretary of the U.S. Department of Education. His public fall from secular grace began when he withdrew his name from consideration a few days before assault charges were filed against him by his mistress. Drug charges followed in November. In early 1988, Loury checked himself into McLean Hospital in Belmont, Massachusetts, to start drug rehabilitation. There he was helped to begin

the reconnection with Christianity that has brought him to a new state of spiritual grace.

These private facts, made public in part through Loury's all-too-brief period of candidacy for high public office, are bound to be in the background of every response to these essays. For in them he addresses the crisis of the black ghetto, and his authority to speak of the necessity for moral reform in the life of the drug abuser, the unwed father, and the unfaithful husband derives, in some measure, whether he likes it or not, from the fact that he can say, "I am the man, I suffered, I was there."

The pathos of Loury's public tragedy and private triumph has another unavoidable consequence: it raises the stakes in criticizing his work. Don't kick a man when he's down, we say. But it's not much more attractive to kick a man who has just gotten up.

Still, I think we should resist the temptation to take Loury's life as an emblem of anything, least of all the state of black America. He is an extraordinary individual—a man of prodigious intellectual gifts, in particular—and we will learn more from engaging with his ideas than from reading his life. If we must face the question of Loury's life at the start, it is so that, in the end, we can put it aside.

The ruling idea developed in these essays is that black Americans should heed the call of Booker T. Washington (1856–1915) and act in their own communities to address the crisis of values in the ghetto by "religious, civic, and voluntary efforts of all sorts." This is what Loury calls the "inside game," and its players are the black community and its leaders. Instead of debating what actions the government should take to help black people, black leaders should be guiding them to their own salvation. Self-help, not state intervention,

should be the primary focus.

Loury admits that Washington's call for such a focus may have been mistaken in its own day. Then there was still the task of undoing the work of Jim Crow segregation, and Loury is clear that black Americans were right to insist on equality under the Constitution. But the civil rights war is largely won, he thinks, and simply insisting that America still owes a debt to black people is both undignified and politically counterproductive.

It is undignified, Loury thinks, because the gesture of petition keeps black Americans in the subordinate position that has its roots in slavery; it is counterproductive because the behavior of some young black men and women—the latter irresponsibly giving birth to children they cannot afford because the former do not face their responsibilities as fathers, preferring to live lives of violent crime—has alienated many white Americans. So too has the failure of black political leaders to condemn this behavior. Loury believes, with Washington, that black Americans have to earn from the rest of the country “honor, respect, equal standing . . . and worthiness as subjects of national concern.”

So far, so conservative. But Loury also insists that the state does have a role in helping to deal with black poverty: “Medical care for the poor, education in the inner city, job training for welfare mothers, discipline for criminally offending youths, funding for improvement of community infrastructure and for housing, nutrition for infants, drug treatment for addicts seeking help—all of these and more require the provision of public funds and are essential to black progress.” The rub is that, to get these desperately needed services funded, there has to be a public will to pay for them. And that can be created, Loury argues, only if Americans generally believe that the black poor *deserve* their help. To persuade white Americans of this black Americans must—

as Loury puts the matter in deliberately old-fashioned language—“comport themselves” in a more dignified way.

Persuading Americans generally to attend to the problems of the most disadvantaged is the object of what Loury calls the “outside game,” and his critique of the civil rights leadership is both that they have played this game badly and that it has led them to ignore the essential “inside game.”

Moral reform, the objective of the inside game, “is not a task for the state in our liberal society,” Loury argues, but requires instead, “religious, civic, and voluntary efforts of all sorts.” It is such skepticism about state action that makes Loury an American conservative. Yet Loury's opposition to current civil rights policy—and to affirmative action in particular—is unlike that of many conservatives. It is not based on the idea that America's debt to black people has been paid; nor is it rooted in the notion that anti-black racial discrimination is gone (though he *does* think its persistence is exaggerated by the black political leadership). Rather, Loury believes that affirmative action hurts black Americans more than it helps them.

Loury's opposition to much affirmative action—in particular, preferential hiring of blacks—is not driven by what drives those many (mostly white) conservatives who rail against “reverse discrimination.” His worry is not that affirmative action is unfair to white men but that it is ultimately bad for blacks, and for the worst-off blacks particularly. When Loury argues that welfare is bad for the poor, it is clear that he is not just another guy who will use any argument, fair or foul, to reduce his taxes.

Loury is unmistakably a “race man”: an African American who is deeply—and, in the end, unapologetically—preoccupied with the well-being of black people, especially those who are trapped by poverty and by crime. In the prologue, he writes:

Who am I, then? Foremost, I am a child of God . . . I am a husband, a father, a son, a teacher, an intellectual, a Christian, a citizen. In none of these roles is my race irrelevant, but neither can racial identity alone provide much guidance for my quest to discharge these responsibilities adequately.

But the cool tone here is a little misleading. "Not irrelevant" doesn't quite capture how central racial identification is in Loury's life. What captures it better is his subsequent confession that he was worried when his middle-class, suburban son took up hockey, a "white man's game." "My aversion to my son's involvement...was rooted in my own sense of identity as a black American man who grew up when and where I did." I rather suspect that Loury would go along with another of Booker T. Washington's sentiments: "From any point of view, I had rather be what I am, a member of the Negro race, than be able to claim membership with the most favored of any other race." *That* remark has the kind of grand, dignified sense of self that Loury wants to see in the children of the ghetto. And he wants them to be helped to live lives that *merit* that self-respect.

The claim that affirmative action has bad effects is, of course, familiar. There is the self-doubt of some beneficiaries of affirmative action, made familiar by Shelby Steele and Stephen Carter (whose books are reviewed here by Loury). There is the anger of white Americans, the legitimacy of whose "competing interests" is ignored, Loury says, by the "entitlement-oriented" rhetoric of affirmative action's defenders. There is the fact that the major black beneficiaries of affirmative action have been middle and upper-middle class, with little trickle down to the black working poor. There is the way affirmative action encourages everyone to think of other people not as individuals but as members of races. Loury makes these points strongly and carefully.

But he also develops a novel argument to the effect that holding blacks to lower standards than whites reduces the incentives for black self-improvement, thus perversely making belief in black underachievement a self-fulfilling prophecy. Loury is at pains to insist that "*this discussion is theoretical*," denying that he has evidence of its significance in the real world. Yet because he devotes an appendix of 15 pages—about the length of some of the chapters, and much longer than most of the book reviews—to these ideas, we are presumably to take them seriously.

To be sure, no one can deny that affirmative action has negative effects. The question, though, is whether they outweigh the positive ones. And that can be addressed only by someone who seeks to measure evenhandedly what affirmative action achieves as well. Spending 15 pages on a confessedly "theoretical" objection (however elegantly developed) in an essay that doesn't say much about what good affirmative action has done leaves one suspecting that Loury's discussion is not the fair-minded exploration of the issues we so desperately need.

The claim that blacks would be better off, on average, if racial preferences were abolished tomorrow strikes me as wildly implausible. But Loury's view would trouble me less if he had more plausible things to say about what policies should replace affirmative action. He correctly insists that it is not "enough merely to be right about liberals having been wrong." He recognizes that we cannot just abolish affirmative action, reduce welfare, and leave the ghetto to its own devices. Yet the solution he does see—the "inside game"—is addressed to a recovery of values within black communities, a recovery that he believes must begin "one by one, from the inside out," a consummation that would best be advanced, he clearly thinks, by the revival of Christian faith.

Loury does not seek to promote this course as a matter of government policy. Indeed, in his discussion of the work of Stephen Carter, he defends—against Carter—a fairly tough separation of church and state. He insists, like a good liberal, that public policies should be defended by appeal to secular principle. One can invoke moral principles that are rooted in religious experience and conviction in Loury's public sphere, but one cannot invoke the religious grounds themselves. It follows that public policy can play only a secondary role even in the worldly salvation of the truly disadvantaged.

If Loury's conclusions seem a little thin, his skepticism about the value of government action challenges liberals to

find policies that will be more successful than past efforts have been. Still, nothing he says persuades me that we *cannot* do better, or that racial and gender preferences will not continue to be a useful (if minor) part of the policy mix. The failures of government action are grounds for better action, not for the abandonment of the task. And the continuing challenge of Glenn Loury—the smart, morally engaged race man—is more a spur than an impediment to that enterprise.

—Kwame Anthony Appiah is professor of Afro-American studies and philosophy at Harvard University. His most recent book is *Another Death in Venice* (1995).

Rebirth of a Nation

THE NEXT AMERICAN NATION: The New Nationalism and the Fourth American Revolution. By Michael Lind. 300 pp. Free Press. \$23

Michael Lind is a renegade among American political thinkers, as independent in his reflections upon the state of the nation as his fellow Texan C. Wright Mills was in his earlier readings of American society. Lind, who recently became a senior editor of the *New Republic* after a brief stint at *Harper's*, has even created something of a stir among the intellectuals by publishing two scathing critiques of conservatives and conservatism in *Dissent* and the *New York Review of Books*. To some this was treason, or at least apostasy, for Lind in an even earlier incarnation was executive editor of the *National Interest*, the foreign policy journal founded by neoconservative Irving Kristol.

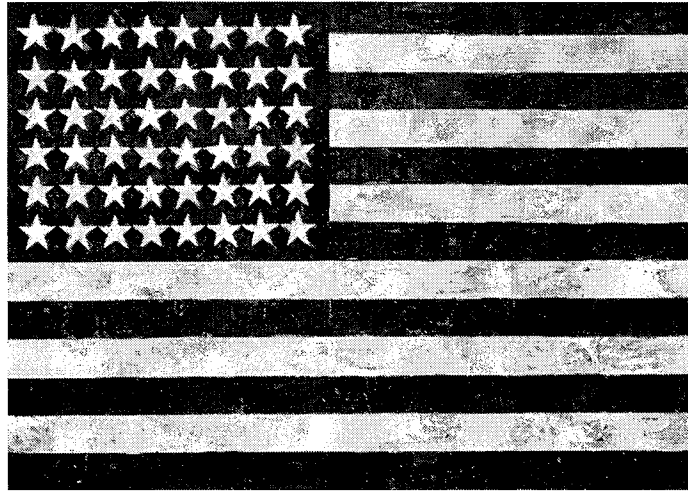
The book under review will not do much to restore Lind's relations with his former colleagues on the right. But his newfound liberal friends may find much to disagree with as well, especially his trenchant critique of affirmative action. No matter whose ox he gores, though, Lind has produced a highly original polemic, flawed and uneven but always provocative.

Lind's manifesto, calling for "a third way between laissez-faire capitalism and unworkable socialism," quite consciously follows the model of Herbert Croly's *Promise of American Life* (1909), the influential progressive blueprint for an activist national government. Like Croly, he offers a reinterpretation of American history, dividing the nation's political past into "three republics," or regimes—Anglo-America, Euro-America, and Multicultural America. After describing each, he posits a desirable fourth regime, the "Trans-American Melt-

ing Pot," which Lind hopes his manifesto will help usher in. Explicit in this fourth republic, in a way clearly reminiscent of Croly's book, is a revised and democratized version of Alexander Hamilton's program for a powerful national government.

At the heart of Lind's argument, as the names of the four republics suggest, is the notion that America, like other nations, has a national culture that binds its citizens together. Here Lind rejects the view of Croly and others who have argued that America is unique among states in owing its coherence to a set of core beliefs or ideas. And while he echoes the arguments against American exceptionalism recently made by *National Review* editors John O'Sullivan and Peter Brimelow, he builds his case on a subtler, more persuasive understanding of American culture that acknowledges its diverse elements and allows for its syncretic growth. So, for example, Lind quite rightly puts the history of black Americans at the center of the American experience, a positioning that would not sit too well with O'Sullivan and Brimelow, who emphasize America's British heritage. (While Lind joins them in arguing for greatly restricted immigration, he does so on strictly economic grounds.)

Rejecting the interpretation of the exceptionalists, Lind invokes America's cultural traditions as the basis of his nationalist credo, which he calls "liberal nationalism." Consequently, he de-emphasizes the role of the Founders—including Washington, Madison, and even Hamilton—in favor of "the conquerors of the national homeland" and "the culture-founders." Among the former, Lind includes General Sam Houston, "hero of the Texas war of independence," and General Winfield Scott,



"conqueror of Mexico." Among the culture-founders Lind includes Governor John Winthrop, Sir William Penn, and Frederick Douglass. Such individuals, Lind argues, founded the nation (in the territorial and, especially, cultural sense) before the nation-state was fully consolidated under a powerful federal government.

There are many virtues in Lind's rebuttal of the exceptionalists' perspective on American history. It reinforces the view of many recent scholars that most immigrants were not drawn to America by its laws or political ideals. Most came for economic gain, and many intended to return to their native countries. Those who remained, however, became assimilated into a distinctively American culture even as they added elements of their own heritages to the simmering pot.

Yet Lind's interpretation can also lead to problems. One is an unnecessarily strident stance that posits dichotomies where none may exist. For example, many conservatives who subscribe to the exceptionalist view are nevertheless highly concerned about recent cultural changes in contemporary America, including multiculturalism and multilingualism. In other words, the two interpretations cited

by Lind do not appear to be mutually exclusive. Yet Lind never bothers to address this possibility.

Another problem with Lind's brand of nationalism, particularly his emphasis on conquest and territorial expansion, is that it leaves black and Mexican Americans in a very difficult situation. If these (along with Native Americans) are in fact nothing more than the conquered peoples of North America, not unlike those brought to heel by other nation-states, are they not then relegated to the victim status that some of their leaders claim for them? If so, are these groups not entitled to the affirmative action programs that Lind is so critical of—and that he would like to see eclipsed by a revived class-based politics?

Despite this problem, the strongest part of Lind's argument is without doubt his critique of affirmative action, the defining policy of Multicultural America and its grievance-group politics. The essence of his argument is that affirmative action is the cynical response of a white elite, what Lind refers to as the "overclass," eager to buy social peace by co-opting racial-minority leaders. Resurrecting sometimes-forgotten history, Lind correctly points out that affirmative action, as applied to trade unions, got an important boost from the Nixon administration. In the same vein, he points to the racial gerrymandering resulting from the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and advanced under Republican and Democratic administrations alike.

Though not entirely original, Lind's argument here is forceful and persuasive, particularly when he points out that affirmative action has helped white elites—conservative and liberal—respond to minority demands without undertaking "the dramatic reforms of American government and business that are necessary to integrate working-class and poor blacks

and Hispanics, along with the absolute majority of the poor who are white, into the larger society."

What is perhaps most impressive about Lind's case is that, despite his condemnation of the group-rights logic of affirmative action, he does not subscribe to the trendy view that America is breaking up into feuding racial and ethnic groups. Far from it. Lind is too attuned to the absorptive power of our national culture to accept such scenarios. But if Lind is not concerned about Balkanization, he is very much alarmed by what he calls Brazilianization, by which he means the emergence of a rigid social hierarchy based roughly on color.

Confronted by economic forces exacerbating class barriers and political forces undermining class-based politics, Lind advocates an activist, interventionist welfare state. In characteristically high-handed fashion, he declares the debate surrounding the culture of poverty "over"—in favor of those who argue that culture is indeed the decisive factor. Arguing for "maximum feasible paternalism," Lind endorses proposals such as those by James Q. Wilson calling for orphanages and boarding schools for ghetto youth. He also insists on the need to "revitalize the public school system" by equalizing education expenditures and "imposing statewide and national standards," though he is skeptical of voucher and choice schemes.

But Lind is hardly prepared to stop there. He favors curtailing the entry of unskilled immigrants as part of a "social market contract" to restore the living standards of American workers. Included in this contract would be a "social tariff" designed to "deter American employers in some industries from responding to rising wages in a tight American labor market by transferring production abroad." Lind also proposes to substitute progressive

income and consumption taxes for payroll levies to finance Social Security and other social benefits.

Lind urges his readers not to get too caught up in the details of such proposals and instead to focus on his overall point that reducing class barriers should take precedence over affirmative action tokenism. Even so, many of his proposals seem dubious economically, though evaluating them is frankly beyond my competence and, I would wager, Lind's as well.

Lind gets into even more trouble with proposals for political reform. Convinced that we now live in a campaign-finance driven "plutocracy," he argues for the "separation of check and state" and calls for the prohibition of paid political advertising and the subsequent provision of free informational public-service notices in the print and electronic media. He also calls for European-style multiparty democracy and proposes that U.S. senators be elected by proportional representation in national elections every four years, concurrent with the presidential election.

Lind's goal here is to eliminate the factors "that are alienating an ever-growing number of Americans from the political process." His concern is surely on target, yet the remedies he proposes would just as surely exacerbate the problem. For the nationalized, mass democracy he envisions would almost certainly be dominated by the media (whether free or not) whose biases have already helped alienate millions of Americans from politics. But even more to the point, the minor parties that get increased clout under proportional representation would compete for media attention and thereby increase the stridency of our politics. Finally, it is particularly ironic, given Lind's concern with the class bias of today's politics, that his proposals in all likelihood

would do further hurt to the less affluent, for whom the political process would be all the more complicated—unless drastically simplified by the emotional appeals of media demagogues.

As for Lind's hopes for a more rational and substantive class-based politics, these too could founder on a nasty, media-fed brawl between the haves and the have-nots. What Lind completely overlooks is that the last time our politics was more class based, under the New Deal, we had much stronger locally based institutions—including churches, political parties, and labor unions—that not only articulated and organized interests but did so in ways that linked citizens to the process through everyday, face-to-face relationships. Such mediating structures and the vital role they play in making politics comprehensible to ordinary Americans are completely left out of Lind's analysis.

For all his iconoclasm, then, Lind falls into the same trap that snares many contemporary writers and intellectuals. Preoccupied with overarching historical themes and contemporary value conflicts, the chattering classes give short shrift to the messy and sometimes arcane details of the institutions that make society work. Nevertheless, at a time when political and policy debates seem increasingly locked into boring set pieces, Lind deserves credit for attempting to break the molds. He has written a book that, even when wrong-headed, challenges and stimulates in a realm where predictable cant is the norm.

—Peter Skerry, a Wilson Center Fellow, is the author of *Mexican Americans: The Ambivalent Minority* (1993).

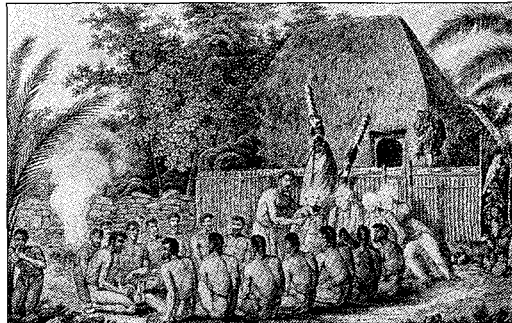
History

HOW "NATIVES" THINK: About Captain Cook, For Example. By Marshall Sahlins. Univ. of Chicago. 318 pp. \$24.95

Captain James Cook, the famed 18th-century British navigator, came ashore on the island of Hawaii in January 1779 and died there the following month at age 51. That much is indisputable. What happened between his arrival and his death, however, has become the subject of intense debate between two noted contemporary anthropologists, Marshall Sahlins of the University of Chicago and Gananath Obeyesekere of Princeton University. Their fight is not just about what occurred more than 200 years ago in Hawaii. It goes to the heart of a continuing debate about the ability of anthropologists working in the Western tradition to understand other cultures. Sahlins argues for the plausibility of modern anthropological inquiry in the face of a creeping political correctness that threatens to silence the very "natives" it ostensibly seeks to defend. He insists that there is a way to look at other cultures objectively that need not become the kind of "imperialistic" anthropology he has been accused of practicing.

Obeyesekere fired the first shot in *The Apotheosis of Captain Cook: European Mythmaking in the Pacific* (1992). He argued against the long-accepted view advanced by Sahlins and others that the Hawaiians believed Cook to be an incarnation of the god Lono. (The captain's appearance coincided with an important annual religious festival.) The idea that the Hawaiians took Cook for a god was, in Obeyesekere's view, a contrivance of imperialist ideology, a myth "fundamentally based on the Western idea of the redoubtable European who is a god to savage peoples." He offered a different interpretation: Cook was not received as Lono but was installed honorifically as a taboo chief and deified only after his untimely death at native hands.

How Natives Think is Sahlins's response, a compelling and thorough, if occasionally plodding, indictment of Obeyesekere's scholarship (shoddy) and political agenda (misguided). *Apotheosis*, Sahlins claims, is "a veritable manual of sophisticated and historiographical fallacies," and



Obeyesekere's theory, for all the critical acclaim it has received, is "undermined by reason, historical evidence, and the ethnography of Western culture." If these seem like strong charges, they are aimed at a formidable ideology. Obeyesekere wants to defend the Hawaiians against the ethnocentric forces of the West, but he does so, Sahlins maintains, by practicing a "symmetrical and inverse ethnocentrism": Hawaiians are accordingly "endowed with the highest form of Western mentality, while Western scholars slavishly repeat the irrational beliefs of their ancestors."

Sahlins is a careful prosecutor, and his sometimes trying detours into such matters as the Hawaiian lunar calendar are important to the argument. He wittily dismantles Obeyesekere's case, accusing him of taking a "scholarlier-than-thou-attitude" and of creating a "pidgin anthropology." There is a sporting thrill to this unusual (because public) bloodletting in the academy, but the fight is likely to continue well beyond Sahlins's round-two punch.

MONSIEUR D'EON IS A WOMAN: A Tale of Political Intrigue and Sexual Masquerade. By Gary Kates. Basic Books. 363 pp. \$25

Spies tend to have more complicated inner lives than the rest of us. What sort of person chooses to live an uprooted existence, change identities at great risk, and deceive friends, family, and lovers on a routine basis? As Kates demonstrates in his absorbing study of the 18th-century Chevalier d'Eon, spies in the past were every bit as complex as their modern counterparts.

Charles d'Eon de Beaumont was born in 1728

to a family of lesser Burgundian nobility. By his mid-thirties, this workaholic bachelor was a captain of the elite corps of Dragoons and had received from Louis XV the coveted Cross of Saint-Louis for distinguished diplomatic service in Russia and England. But while pursuing the French crown's official policies abroad, d'Eon also worked as a spy furthering a clandestine agenda to put a Frenchman on the Polish throne and to undermine English domestic politics. When financial tensions escalated between the chevalier and his "handlers" in the 1760s, this model civil servant's career began to come apart. D'Eon threatened to blackmail the French government, and to show he was serious, he published a collection of highly confidential documents. Ordered to return to France, he refused.

But none of this accounts for d'Eon's lasting notoriety. In 1770 a rumor circulated in London that d'Eon was actually a woman; soon the wild speculation led to heavy betting. In 1772 d'Eon and a French official confirmed the startling "truth" that the chevalier was really a chevalière. Mademoiselle d'Eon lived for another four decades in England and France, only to stun the world once more upon her death in 1810: examination of the corpse indisputably proved that she was a man after all.

D'Eon was one of the most talked-about characters in 18th-century Europe, and his story has been told before. But at a time when gender-bending tales such as *M. Butterfly* and *The Crying Game* have enjoyed great success, this reopening of the d'Eon dossier was inevitable. Kates, a history professor at Trinity University in Texas, tackles the central question head-on: why would an 18th-century man choose to jeopardize his status by passing for half his life as a member of the "lesser" sex?

Kates's answer is likely to be controversial: d'Eon, he insists, was neither a transvestite nor a transsexual. None of his abundant autobiographical writings suggest that d'Eon made a fetish of women's clothes or was ill at ease with his male body. Kates uses these works and d'Eon's library (he owned at least 60 books relating to the nature and status of women) to argue that d'Eon's decision to live as a woman was an intellectual one, an early form of feminism later bolstered by his revived religious faith.

Women, d'Eon believed, were spiritually superior to men.

Kates will not convince every reader that Chevalier d'Eon was the man of (feminist) principle he depicts. Intent on removing d'Eon's story from the realm of pathology, Kates makes his transformation seem implausibly rational. But this does not detract from his lively, novelistic account of an extraordinary life—or from a wonderful tour of the politics and culture of 18th-century Europe.

THE END OF REFORM: New Deal Liberalism in Recession and War. By *Alan Brinkley*. Knopf. 371 pp. \$27.50

Between its beginnings in the early 1930s and the end of World War II, New Deal liberalism underwent a fundamental change. Its principal architects, including Franklin D. Roosevelt himself, gradually backed away from trying to deal with difficult issues of wealth, class, and economic power, with consequences for American liberalism that persist to the present day.

Brinkley, a historian at Columbia University, tells how powerful external forces—the recession of 1937–38, the growth of organized labor, World War II—deflected the New Dealers from their original plans to restructure American society and its troubled economy. By the end of World War II, he writes, "New Dealers so transformed their vision of political economy that it no longer bore any direct relation to the progressive traditions that had originally informed their efforts."

Although few New Dealers were ever actually hostile to capitalism, they all believed that something was wrong with it and that government should find a way to set it right. But the consensus of the early Depression yielded, says Brinkley, to "a set of liberal ideas essentially reconciled to the existing structure of the economy and committed to using the state to compensate for capitalism's inevitable flaws." New Dealers replaced their zeal for a fundamental overhaul of the economy with a much less forceful "regulatory impulse." The Justice Department's Antitrust Division under Thurman Arnold did not attempt to eradicate busi-

ness monopoly but sought merely to contain it.

Just as World War I had put an end to the Progressive Era, so World War II dealt a blow to the New Deal's early ambitions. The rise of fascism made Americans wary of granting more power and control to the central government. And though the war did spur increased government involvement in the economy, it also promoted greater *cooperation* between Washington and the American business community. The experience of the war forced New Deal reformers to acknowledge their own limitations. "By the end of the war they had disabused themselves of the notion that all problems could be helped by fundamental cures," Brinkley concludes. "Instead, they had more modest goals: protecting consumers and encouraging mass consumption, and using fiscal policies and social welfare innovations to find the road to prosperity."

Brinkley admits that a certain measure of present-mindedness spurred his investigation: he wanted to understand why contemporary American liberalism, with its focus on individual rights and group entitlements rather than on the national well-being, has strayed so far from its New Deal roots. Historians frown upon drawing contemporary lessons from their work, but Brinkley's book does provide a cautionary tale when powerful forces in Washington speak blithely once again about fundamentally reordering government and society.

THE OTHER GREEKS: The Family Farm and the Agrarian Roots of Western Civilization. By Victor Davis Hanson. Free Press. 541 pp. \$28

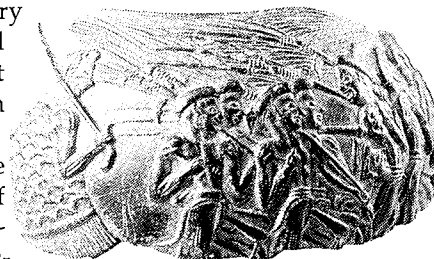
What other Greeks? Who among these ingenious folk have escaped the confines of an old popular tradition? The ancient Greeks were urban and urbane, curious and cantankerous, wrote poems and plays and philosophy, excelled at mathematics and sculpture and architecture, and invented democracy. Hanson, a classicist at California State University, Fresno, does not entirely dismiss this traditional view but sees it as myopic and partial. To understand Greece in its days of glory, he argues, we must look beyond the cities to the countryside, where, from the eighth to the

fourth century B.C., the most important members of the Greek population lived. These essential "other Greeks" were family farmers.

Hanson contends that a new form of agrarianism took hold in Greece sometime around 700 B.C., spurred by the growing population's need for a larger food supply. Central to this change was the emergence of the small farm, rarely larger than 20 acres in size but worked to the limits of productivity by its independent owner. Over time, such owners coalesced as a class and became powerful enough to dictate Greek military and political development through the sixth century B.C.

Many of the fundamentals of Western civilization, Hanson argues, originated in the agricultural practices of the polis: private ownership of land, free choice in economic activity, an economic mentality to improve productivity, constitutional government based on local representation, the subservience of military organization to civilian political control, notions of egalitarianism and equality of property holding, and private ownership of arms. "Agrarian pragmatism," he writes, "not intellectual contemplation, farmers, not philosophers, 'other' Greeks, not the small cadre of refined minds who have always comprised the stuff of Classics, were responsible for the creation of Western civilization."

The startling modernity of Hanson's list signals his larger purpose. He would have us see America through his elaborate Greek prism: the traditional—agrarian—values on which *this* country was founded are disappearing along with the American family farm, and we are slipping into our own Hellenistic age of desultory, untethered pandemonium. Six generations of Hanson's family have worked a ranch in California. When he complains of the farmer's increasing marginalization or describes the hardship of making a life on the land, whether in ancient Greece or 20th-century America, he writes from experience.



Compelling as his book is, Hanson's thesis about the influence of agrarianism on Greek culture is not entirely persuasive. He makes large claims, on behalf of Greece and America both, and his evidence does not always lend them convincing weight. Those ancient playwrights and poets and philosophers and sculptors are not so easily diminished, nor is the vast impersonality of contemporary American agribusiness self-evidently menacing. The world moves through cycles of change, impossible to resist, as the Greeks themselves knew all too well. Still, there is truth to be seen from Hanson's altered perspective, even if it is not the whole truth.

Arts & Letters

THE MAKING OF RUBENS. By Svetlana Alpers. Yale. 178 pp. \$30

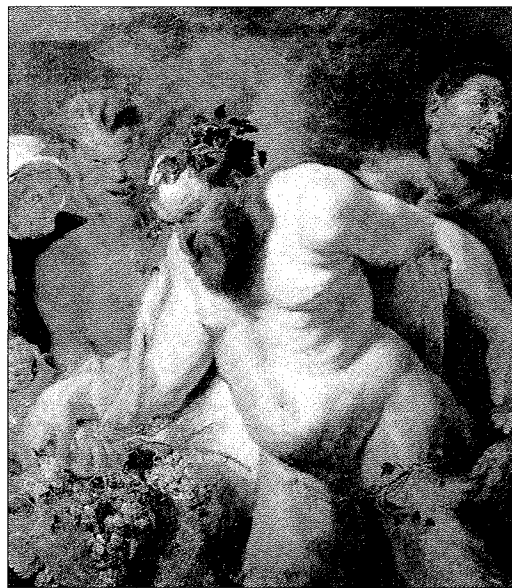
Why would a male painter in the Western tradition represent flesh as Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640) does in his great picture *The Drunken Silenus*? Alpers, an art historian at the University of California, Berkeley, asks the question in the last of this handsome volume's three tenuously linked essays. It's a reasonable question, apart from that worrisome "male," to ask of a painter as flesh-absorbed as Rubens. But Alpers's answer is something else again: "I think it has something to do with the problem of male generativity. How are men to be creative, to make pictures, for example, when giving birth is the prerogative of women?" (Do we lack evidence that men, some of them painters, have coped with their disadvantage through the ages?)

Silenus is a mythical figure from Virgil's sixth *Eclogue* who must be tied up before he will sing to his captors. He makes his possession by others, his disempowerment, his surrender of masculinity, the condition of his creativity. So too, writes Alpers, did Rubens seek access to a potent, ecstatic mode of creating and to a feminine kind of surrender. Alpers views the body of the drunken Silenus as neither clearly male nor clearly female. It exists rather "in a curious no man's and no

woman's land, between or eliding genders." By identifying with this ambiguously sexed Silenus, Rubens evokes "a desire—a male desire perhaps—for the merging with a woman that was essential to him in the making of art."

Earlier, Alpers describes the development of a French taste for Rubens's art in the 18th century as opposed to the art of Nicolas Poussin (1594–1665). Rubens was a virtuoso in the use of color, and his work was thought feminine, while Poussin, who excelled in line and design, evoked a male world of significant action. Alpers regards this 18th-century critical "engendering" as odd and arbitrary, and it was indeed soon subject to reversal (i.e. Rubens became "masculine"). Yet it seems no more arbitrary than her own fashionable but implausible rendering of a Rubens for our gender-obsessed age: the artist who needed to get in touch with his feminine side.

Alpers contends that "the making of Rubens is not only a matter of circumstances, or of the viewing of his art, it is also a matter of his own activity as a painter." The statement is remarkable for what it implies about the state of art-historical criticism in the academy these days. The painter's "own activity"—his vision, his genius, the pictures, for goodness' sake, which once would have been self-evi-



dently primary—needs to have its claims asserted against historical, ideological, and social externalities.

To the extent that Alpers means to argue the importance of Rubens's innate creative impulses—whether masculine, feminine, or modishly mixed—her project is significant. Rubens and his individual genius, not Flanders or politics or posterity, made Rubens. But oh for a bit more Poussinian clarity of line in the argument.

Contemporary Affairs

THE CONFIDENCE GAME: How Unelected Central Bankers Are Governing the Changed Global Economy. *By Steven Solomon.* Simon & Schuster. 606 pp. \$30

Solomon's book couldn't be more timely. Since the end of 1994, the U.S. dollar has plummeted nearly 20 percent against the Japanese yen and 15 percent against the German deutschemark. Such volatility is one of the hallmarks of today's anarchic global economy: trillions of dollars of stateless capital slosh around the world every day, beyond the control, and sometimes even the comprehension, of government officials and central bankers.

How did the world's economy expand so rapidly into this vast, stateless swirl? Solomon, formerly a reporter for *Forbes*, cites several causes: the 1970s breakdown of the Bretton Woods system of fixed exchange rates, new communications technologies that allow for instantaneous, worldwide trading 24 hours a day, and marketplace innovations that permit relatively small investors to control huge sums of money. Amid such changes, central bankers in Europe and Japan, as well as the United States, have worked diligently to prevent global economic crises. Remarkably, they have often succeeded—as in their handling of the debt crises of less-developed countries in the early 1980s, and their quick response to the 1987 stock market crash.

Unfortunately, central bankers appear to have more power than they actually possess. Their effectiveness, according to Solomon, lies

in perpetuating what is at least partly a myth: that they are, in fact, in control. Within the parameters of their own currencies, they still manage the money supply (by increasing or reducing banking system reserves) and short-term interest rates (by raising or lowering the rates financial institutions must pay to borrow from their central banks). But central bankers have less power to affect global exchange rates. To influence the foreign exchange value of the dollar, for example, the Federal Reserve needs the cooperation of the president and Congress on fiscal policy—something the Fed only rarely secures.

Solomon recounts instance after instance in which many of the central bankers' threats—to each other, to governments, to market speculators—were at least partially empty. But for the last 15 years, their bluffs have seldom been called, and the confidence game has largely worked. The question, though, is how much longer their luck can continue.

The answer depends largely on how much longer Americans are willing to give unelected officials so much power over the nation's—and, indeed, the world's—economy. Though the subtitle of his book suggests otherwise, Solomon argues that central bankers are the heroes of the new stateless economy. The independence of central bankers needs to be strengthened, he says, rather than weakened. Elected officials are the "bad guys" of his story. Either they don't understand the complexities of the global economy, or they do and nevertheless pursue bad policy for political gain. In either case, Solomon believes, elected officials cannot be trusted with managing their nations' money supplies or their currencies.

But central bankers have weaknesses as well. For one, Solomon says, they lack a coherent theoretical model for dealing with economic reality. Indeed, according to many of the central bankers Solomon interviewed, they have no idea what that "reality" is. No one, for example, knows at any given time whether the dollar is fairly valued. Was it overvalued relative to the yen and mark in late 1994, and fairly valued now? Or was it fairly valued then, and undervalued now? There is nothing even ap-

proaching a consensus on this question among so-called experts.

If central bankers can't fully comprehend all of what's going on in the global economy, neither can any of the rest of us. That's the important, if unsettling, message of this book.

URBAN LEVIATHAN: Mexico City in the Twentieth Century. *By Diane E. Davis.* Temple. 391 pp. \$24.95

In 1940, 1.7 million people lived in metropolitan Mexico City; today it is home to more than 16 million. What was once a charming city with a leisurely air has become, in the words of the writer Octavio Paz, "a monstrous inflated head, crushing the frail body that holds it up." What went wrong? Why has the development of Mexico City proceeded so disastrously? And what have been the consequences of its unchecked growth for the political and economic well-being of the nation? Davis, a sociologist at the New School for Social Research, provides disturbing answers.

While many observers blame Mexico's current crisis on corrupt and power-hungry politicians in the party that has ruled for more than 60 years, the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI), Davis links it to the physical concentration of social, political, and economic resources in Mexico City, the country's capital and geographic center. According to Davis, the PRI lavished its attention on Mexico City, to the exclusion of other regions, in order to secure the loyalty of its sizable population (today, about 20 percent of all Mexicans). This strategy led to the state's long-standing protection of an uncompetitive class of Mexico City industrialists, who produced primarily for local consumption rather than for export. Their loyalty to the party was rewarded with hefty state subsidies.

Moreover, Davis maintains, the PRI's preoccupation with social and economic forces within Mexico City led it to forgo competitive democratic politics and to rely on a pact with urban labor (based mainly in Mexico City), urban industrialists, and the urban middle classes. The system worked so long as party

leaders plowed enough money back into Mexico City to keep its residents and party constituents loyal, or at least acquiescent. But when the PRI could no longer guarantee prosperity or congenial conditions in the city, Davis claims, grassroots opposition flared.

Davis's history helps to explain both the poverty and the political opposition now so evident in the other regions of Mexico, notably Chiapas, where outright rebellion erupted in 1994. If Mexico's current woes have many causes, Davis's account sheds valuable light on why the endangered PRI is now courting rural populations, advocating regional development, and scrambling to compensate for decades of provincial neglect.

IN RETROSPECT: The Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam. *By Robert S. McNamara with Brian VanDeMark.* Random House. 414 pp. \$27.50

Last spring, after almost three decades of reticence, Robert McNamara finally issued his version of what went on in the highest government circles during the Vietnam War. Predictably, the former secretary of defense drew hot criticism from many quarters for his admission that he remained at the Pentagon even after developing grave doubts about the prosecution of that badly conceived war. Read carefully, however, his memoir is less a mea culpa, as advertised, than an often artful sharing of the blame ("We were wrong") with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and his former colleagues in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. Nevertheless, to the abundant historical literature he adds a useful, albeit truncated, chronicle of high-level obfuscation and strategic confusion during 1961-68, the years of growing U.S. commitment in Southeast Asia.

As the United States sought to "contain" Sino-Soviet expansionism, both Kennedy and Johnson feared being accused at home of "losing" South Vietnam to the tenacious men in Hanoi. Johnson wanted to "win," but at the lowest possible political cost lest he lose his Great Society programs. That meant no congressional declaration of war, no mobilization

of the reserves, no risky U.S. offensive strategy in Indochina. The press and Congress initially backed LBJ's approach. So did McNamara.

But the cost kept mounting: first, step-by-step expansion of the bombing of North Vietnam, then the landing of marines to protect the bomber bases in the South, then more U.S. troops (eventually 549,000) to beat back the local Viet Cong and the infiltrating North Vietnamese regular forces. Soon, the conflict became an endless "body count" war. By December 1965, only nine months after the marines landed, McNamara writes, he was convinced that no U.S. military victory was feasible. Thereafter, the secretary of defense became the prime in-house advocate of intermittent bombing pauses and (illusory) peace diplomacy, and resisted the Joint Chiefs' requests for more bombing. Privately, he lamented the war with Robert Kennedy, LBJ's rival. Publicly, he hailed allied "progress" in South Vietnam. Finally, LBJ tapped him to head the World Bank and McNamara left the Pentagon in February 1968. "I don't know whether I resigned or was fired," he writes.

McNamara may have intended his memoir as a rebuttal to an unflattering 1993 biography by Deborah Shapley. But his narrative often reads as if it were cobbled together. For example, McNamara says General William Westmoreland, the U.S. commander in Vietnam, had "no alternative," given Washington's constraints, to waging a war of attrition; then, oddly, he quotes Westmoreland's critics at greater length. McNamara seldom analyzes either the Indochina battlefield or the major war-fighting issues raised by the U.S. military. He brushes by the Communists' surprise 1968 Tet offensive, the last crisis of his tenure. He ignores the sacrifices (more than 300,000 dead) of the South Vietnamese and implicitly blames lackluster Saigon leaders for America's difficulties. He disingenuously lays high-level ignorance about Vietnam to a lack of U.S. experts when in fact many experts,

civilian and military, were available but unheeded.

The supermanager who came to the Pentagon from the Ford Motor Company is most convincing when he illuminates the crucial leadership failure: neither Kennedy nor Johnson ever wanted to confront what "winning" or "getting out" might truly require, just as McNamara himself failed to confront the awful consequences of his private doubt and public silence.

Philosophy & Religion

GOD: A Biography. By Jack Miles. Knopf. 446 pp. \$27.50

Clear the couch: it's God's turn for a 50-minute session. Jack Miles's "biography" of God is an ingenious conceit spun out to dizzying, and somewhat wearying, length. The author proposes "a consciously postcritical or postmodern reintegration of mythic, fictional, and historical elements in the Bible so as to allow the character of God to stand forth more clearly from the work of which he is the protagonist." Miles, a former Jesuit now on the editorial board of the *Los Angeles Times*, treats God as if he were a figure like Hamlet: it is his action and inaction, presence and absence, silence and speech that drive the Biblical narrative.

The God on Miles's couch is explicitly not the God of faith. This is a God of literary life, not ordinary life, let alone eternal life. He is profligate with personalities—more faces than Eve, fewer than Sybil—and you can read his ups and downs in the chapter headings: "creator," "destroyer," "creator/destroyer" (God's conflicted), "liberator," "lawgiver," "liege," "executioner," "wife" (yes), "counselor," "fiend," "sleeper." Indeed, God is something of an existential basket case who needs to define himself entirely through interaction with his creatures.

He's powerful enough in the beginning to create the universe, but he's also at a child's stage of emotional devel-



opment, with neither a past nor a social life, unlike those lucky Greek gods on Olympus. He labors toward emotional maturity, unaware of his own intentions until humankind helps him discover them. Miles locates the climax of his tale in the Book of Job, where God is finally so flummoxed by his dealings with Job, the human being who forces him to confront his inner demon ("a dragon goddess of destruction"), that he falls silent for the rest of the Bible. He doesn't grow old so much as simply subside.

Miles does his best to keep aloft the balloon of his conceit, but it begins to lose air before the official landing. You hear the hiss when he resorts to filler such as "God sometimes becomes a part of the landscape rather than one of the *dramatis personae* because his character has stabilized for a while." Read instead: "The Bible is in the way of my theory." In the end, there's no getting around all those disparate books that make up the Book, composed by many hands for different purposes over hundreds of years and arranged in a couple of final orders—of which only one, the Hebrew, serves Miles's reading.

"The unity of the Bible," Miles insists, "was not imposed by clever editing after the fact. It rests ultimately on the singularity of the Bible's protagonist, the One God, the *monos theos* of monotheism." Nevertheless, the absence of a final authorial hand, such as shaped the received *Iliad* or put Hamlet through his paces, may leave a theorizing critic as winded as his readers. The Lord awaits his Boswell still, but he's found a Joyce Brothers and a Cleanth Brooks in the meantime.

JOHN DEWEY AND THE HIGH TIDE OF AMERICAN LIBERALISM. By Alan Ryan. Norton. 416 pp. \$30

Philosophy once mattered in America, or at least one philosopher did. John Dewey was 92 years old when he died in 1952, and for more than 60 of those years he found an attentive and responsive audience not just among his fellow academics—he was associated with Columbia University from 1905 until his death, in the philosophy depart-

ment and as a member of the education faculty—but among the larger public. This was an extraordinary achievement for a philosopher, the more so for one such as Dewey, who was not an easy or engaging writer and whose beliefs, if fully understood, might not have been expected to win wide acceptance among Americans. Born in Burlington, Vermont, and raised a Congregationalist, he lost his faith in his early twenties. But he continued throughout his life to use the language of religion—of "faith" and "belief" in democracy, the common man, and education—to argue for a worldview that was squarely at odds with religion and decisively rejected the supernatural.

Dewey called his mature philosophy "experimentalism" (the graceless word says a lot about the foursquare philosopher). "What he meant," writes Ryan, a professor of politics at Princeton University, in this splendid new contribution to the ongoing reappraisal of Dewey's thought, "was that the truth, or more broadly the value, of any belief or statement about the world is to be measured in experience. He was insistent that a thoroughgoing naturalism was the only intellectually respectable philosophy, the only approach to life, education, ethics, and politics that offered a hope of progress."

Above all, Dewey wanted the world to be governed by "intelligent action." The words were meant to suggest an agenda of informed—by science especially—and energetic purpose. And he wanted to make the scientific attitude consistent with religious, artistic, and ethical attitudes, as part of a process of trying to understand and bring order to the world.

Not everyone was persuaded. Ryan notes that Dewey has always had two kinds of readers. One group, in which Ryan situates himself, "has seen him as trying to unite the religious conviction that the world is a meaningful unity with a secular 20th-century faith in the scientific analysis of both nature and humanity." The second group takes him for "an aggressive rationalist, someone who expects 'science' to drive out faith, and a contributor to the 20th century's

obsession with rational social management."

Dewey was out of favor with his fellow philosophers when he died, for his approach was regarded as old-fashioned. Now he is being read again by philosophers and political theorists who worry about the state of contemporary liberal democracy and speak of a new communitarianism. Ryan's respectful but not reverent book is, in fact, the third major work on the philosopher to appear in recent years. The others, which Ryan acknowledges and praises even while observing that "their" Dewey is often not "his," are Robert Westbrook's *John Dewey and American Democracy* (1991), "a distinguished intellectual biography," and Steven Rockefeller's *John Dewey* (1991), "truer to Dewey's philosophical and religious concerns."

Taking readers through 100 years of American intellectual life, Ryan locates Dewey's politics at the heart of the 20th century's attempt to articulate a "new liberalism" that allows for individual freedom even as it acknowledges the regulatory role of the state in working to improve the life of the national community. In this, Ryan's position is orthodox and at odds with Westbrook's, who portrays a more radical, socialist inclination in Dewey. Ryan's British background allows him to see Dewey as more than simply an American figure—to recognize how he was influenced by British philosophers and to place him in a larger world context, as a "modern" and a "North American."

Dewey's religious views leave Ryan, like many before him, a bit baffled. He complains that "Dewey wants the social value of religious belief without being willing to pay the epistemological price for it." Yet he acknowledges as well that Dewey was "a visionary of the here and now" who could "infuse" the present with "a kind of transcendent glow" that overcame the vagueness of his message and won widespread conviction. Ryan's book should help the man he calls "the century's most influential preacher of a creed for liberals, reformers, schoolteachers, and democrats" find an attentive new audience.

Science & Technology

FIRE IN THE MIND: Science, Faith, and the Search for Order. By George Johnson. Knopf. 357 pp. \$27.50

"There are few places on earth that so many people have claimed as holy and where so many people see the world in different ways." *New York Times* science writer George Johnson is speaking of the desert and mountains surrounding Santa Fe, New Mexico. A rich mix of peoples make their home here, from descendants of the native Anasazi, who left behind their puzzling runes scratched into the rocks, to the Hermanos Penitentes, a Catholic brotherhood whose members regularly perform a rite of self-flagellation in order to recall the sufferings of Christ. Both groups were profoundly influenced by Coronado's Spanish legions, and later by *Yanqui* expansionists sweeping down from the north.

The land remains a magnet. At Trinity Site, 150 miles to the south, scientists detonated the world's first nuclear device; at the nearby Santa Fe Institute, Big Thinkers still ponder the Big Questions, including whether the universe is governed by some underlying order.

Johnson observes that the people from these different cultures, sciences, philosophies, and religions all share common ground. He cannot help wondering whether they might, in some larger sense, share Common Ground as well. Could there be strands hidden within their varied tenets that, when woven together, might yield a tapestry explaining the origins of the universe? Johnson is adept at adding the proper touches of local color and telling detail, but his task proves elusive. Time and again he follows strands to the end only to find them circling back to where he began. Thus, he describes experiments occurring at the "edge of chaos" and remarks that "science, the art of compressing data, turns its gaze back on itself and finds, surprise, that the very ability to gather and compress data is fundamental. . . . Driven to spin our gossamer webs, we can't help but put ourselves, the spiders, at the very center."

Indeed, says Johnson, humanity is "bequeathed by nature with this marvelous drive to find order," and this desire sometimes leads us

to see patterns that may not be there. When the mysteries overwhelm our weak minds, our religions invoke a Great Designer, and the age-old struggle by scientists and spiritualists to explain the unexplainable continues.

Yet what else can we do but seek and question? Science, after all, has looked into the future and seen our eventual doom, if not by fire then by ice. Eternally hopeful nonetheless, we launch probes into space beyond the reaches of our most powerful telescopes and send as our emissary Johann Sebastian Bach on a compact disc. But for Johnson, "expecting galactic neighbors to recognize our signals as signals" may be the ultimate exercise in wishful thinking. In the end, he can do little more than offer up a kind of prayer to the pursuit of knowledge, even if all we are constructing are "Towers of Babel that reach higher and higher above the plains."

SCIENCE AND THE FOUNDING FATHERS: Science in the Political Thought of Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, and Madison. *By I. Bernard Cohen. Norton. 368 pp. \$25*

Not since Theodore Roosevelt, who gave a biology lecture at Oxford University, has there been a U.S. president with a serious claim to competence in experimental science. What a change from the intellectual temperament of the first presidents, for whom science was an integral part of their lives. They were, after all, men of the 18th century, and, in the Age of Reason, reason found no higher expression than in science. As Cohen, a professor emeritus of the history of science at Harvard University, shows, "the sciences served as a font of analogies and metaphors as well as a means of transferring to the realms of political discourse some reflections of the value system of the sciences."

Cohen fills his book with entertaining anecdotes about the Founding Fathers' scientific doings. James Madison made detailed measurements of the organs of the female weasel (the mole too), and Thomas Jefferson published the data in his *Notes on the State of*

Virginia (1787) to refute the view of a French naturalist who had declared that all plant and animal life would degenerate in the inferior natural conditions of the New World.

Cohen tellingly points the science toward the politics. In America, the rational, empirical, and apparently successful methods of the one inspired the practical optimism of the other. In 1786, Benjamin Franklin justified the new country's halting political progress by arguing that "we are, I think, in the right Road of Improvement, for we are making Experiments."

But Jefferson and Franklin held their duty to politics above scientific inquiry. When Franklin abandoned his own experiments to respond to public crises, he wrote, "Had Newton been Pilot but of a single common Ship, the finest of his discoveries would scarce have excused or atoned for his abandoning the Helm one hour in Time of Danger"—particularly, Franklin added, "if she had carried the Fate of the Commonwealth."

In his *Principia* (1687), Isaac Newton proclaimed the three laws of motion to be self-evident truths, though previously they had been evident to no one. Jefferson admired Newton and hung his portrait at Monticello. When he wrote in the Declaration of Independence that certain "Truths" were "self-evident," we can hear the echo, and perhaps surmise that he too was referring to hypotheses—human equality and unalienable rights—of which many were unpersuaded.

Cohen argues that Jefferson invoked Newton's authority only *by analogy*, and that neither he nor Franklin believed there were exact scientific laws for society as there were for the natural world. He refutes Woodrow Wilson's assertion that the Constitution should be interpreted as a reflection of Newtonian principles about forces in balance that produce some perfect adjustment. Rather, he says, "science in general and the Newtonian philosophy in particular served to provide acceptable metaphors for discussion or argument." But Americans are fortunate that the nation's Founders went to school on such metaphors.

POETRY

GEORGE STARBUCK

Selected and introduced by Anthony Hecht

Once upon a time, there was a poetry entrepreneur-cum-anthologist named Oscar Williams who was the maker and breaker of the budding careers of young poets by dint of his powers to include or exclude them from his *Little Treasury* series of American or Modern Poetry collections. To be included was to be noticed by the major book publishers and in due course to find one's way to a published volume of one's own. To be denied that recognition was bad enough, but to be "dropped," to have Oscar's Oscar contemptuously taken away, was like being consigned to a special poetic oblivion. This terrible fate befell the brilliantly gifted George Starbuck, whose bravura technique probably has no match among English-language poets of this century.

It was not for any incompetence that he was dismissed from Williams's pantheon. It was instead because of what Williams belatedly discovered in a Starbuck poem that he had included in a previous anthology. The poem was called "A Tapestry For Bayeux," and it was about intricate naval operations during World War II. Composed, dauntingly, in dactylic monometer (three syllables to a line, with the accent always on the first), the poem consisted of a dozen 13-line stanzas and had a needlework complexity even at first or second reading.

The wrath of the anthologist was provoked when someone eventually showed him that, along with its other complications, Starbuck's poem was an acrostic, with the initial letters of the first 78 of its 156 lines spelling out:

Oscar Williams fills a need but a Monkey Ward catalog is softer
and gives you something to read.

For all the charm of such a tour de force, simple considerations of length prevent its presentation here. Nor is there room for a double-dactylic poem 124 lines long; nor for a book-length poem entitled "Talkin' B.A. Blues; the Life and a Couple of Deaths of Ed Teashack; or How I Discovered B.U., Met God, and Became an International Figure"; nor for the remarkable "The Sad Ballad of the Fifteen Consecutive Rhymes"; nor for a poem called "The Staunch Maid and the Extraterrestrial Trekkie," subtitled "*hommages à Julia Child*." This last begins, "Stand back stand back, Thou blob of jelly./ Do not attack/ A maid so true./ I didn't pack/ My Schiaparelli/ To hit the sack/ With a thang like you," and continues four stanzas later, "You shall not lack/ For mortadelle./ You shall not lack/ For pâte-à-choux./ You shall have aq-/ Uavit quenelle/ Mit sukiyak-/ I au fondue." There are 14 stanzas in all, observing the same rhyme scheme and form throughout.

Starbuck's work is not confined to high jinks and hilarity. He has writ-

ten some of the most mordant comments on society's flaws and international blunders to be found in contemporary poetry. Of these, "Just a Little Old Song" is a powerful indictment of southern gentility, while "Of Late" seems to me, after many years of reading very bad poems of moral outrage on the topic, certainly the best poem to be written by an American about the Vietnam conflict.

Nevertheless, it is for the astonishing fertility of his wit; his easy traffic with vernacular parlance, regional speech, and idiomatic and demotic melting-pot American; his effortless technique in such forms as the ballade, the clerihew, and the double-dactyl; and his general cheerfulness and lively intelligence that Starbuck is to be read, and is likely to be remembered.

His *Who's Who* entry tells us that Starbuck was born June 15, 1931, in Columbus, Ohio, studied at the California Institute of Technology (his early aptitudes were in science and mathematics), Berkeley, Chicago, and Harvard. He spent two years in the armed forces and a year at the American Academy in Rome, has been married three times, and is the father of five children.

One catches glimpses of the man himself in the memoirs, letters, and photographs of New England literary life in the late 1950s and afterward. For example, there is a celebrated photograph of Robert Frost at Bread Loaf in 1959, resting against a huge boulder in the midst of a mown field and holding forth to a reverent group of aspiring young poets, including Starbuck and Anne Sexton, crouched on the ground before him.

For a few years, Starbuck, while working as an editor at Houghton Mifflin, was also a student in Robert Lowell's poet's workshop at Boston University; his fellow students included Sexton and Sylvia Plath. The strenuous demands of those classes would be followed by the three younger poets' ritual postmortem and "unwinding" over martinis at the Ritz. Anne Sexton would usually drive them there, and she would daringly park in the hotel's loading zone with the breezy assurance that "it's all right because we're here to get loaded." In the course of time, Starbuck himself became a member of the English Department at BU, and his lively presence in the literary life of Boston is affectionately recorded by Peter Davison in *The Fading Smile* (1994).

The phrase *light verse* is often employed dismissively or contemptuously, though in our more private and honest moments we usually confess to an admiration for poets whose gifts are of this kind. Some of the very best light verse has been written by the likes of Howard Nemerov, X. J. Kennedy, Kenneth Koch, Howard Moss, Helen Bevington, Phyllis McGinley, Morris Bishop, Ogden Nash, and W. H. Auden, not to mention Cole Porter, Lorenz Hart, and Noel Coward, or, for that matter, Byron, Thomas Hood, and Thomas Hardy. Once you begin seriously to compose a list of admirable writers of light verse, you find yourself rounding all sorts of unexpected turns, and coming upon, for example, A. E. Housman. George Starbuck should certainly be numbered among that remarkable company.

What Works

(An admired *ko-an* of the Zen Buddhists goes as follows: *There is a live goose in a bottle. How does one remove the goose without hurting it or damaging the bottle?* An admired answer is: *Behold, I have done it!* John Holmes's poem "Poetry Defined" settled the matter thus, in its last lines:

I put it in with my words.
I took it out the same way.
And what worked with these
Can work with any words I say.)

I had a lovely bottle, bottle-blue
in color with a heavy bottle-shape.
It filled my kitchen table (window too)
as round, as fine, as dusty as a grape,
but not as edible.

Reading my friend
John Holmes's poem "Poetry Defined;
or a Short Course in Goose-Bottling by Mind-
Over-Matter," I smiled: I saw an end
to certain problems. Yes, a goose would serve.

Laying out axe and pot, steeling my nerve,
"Doggone, I've put this goose in this-here bottle,"
I said. And it worked: there she was—a beaut! all
white and afraid. Now:

"There she is!" I cried.
Thunk went the fatted shoulders. Well, she tried.
"There she is!" *Thunk*. "THERE she is!"
What the heck,
they came out, goose and bottle, neck and neck
each time. Seizing the pot-lid, *Thwack!* My eyes
buzzed as the blue-green bits like sizzling flies
diamond-drilled them. Oh, if words could show them:
fires, flares, rockets, the works! *There* was a poem!
(spent like a wish, of course, after one use)
but here, Kind Reader, here is our bruised goose.

Stockholm

Rabindranath Tagore
Made flowers bloom where there were none before.
"It's my green thumb," he said, "and with my tan thumb
I do stuff like the Indian National Anthem."

Working Habits

Federico García Lorca
used to uncork a
bottle or two of wine
whenever the *duende* dwindled for a line.

James Joyce
would have preferred a choice
of brandies in decanters made by Tiffany's,
but rotgut was the shortcut to epiphanies.

The Later Henry James
bet shots of rum against himself in games
of how much can we pyramid upon a
given *donné*.

Little Dylan Thomas
didn't keep his promise
to stay out of Milk Wood.
He tried to drown the fact as best he could.

Anna Akhmatova
Eyed the last shot of a
Pre-war *cognac de champagne*.
"So much for you, little brandy. *Do svidanya*."

T. S. Eliot
used to belly it
up to the nearest bar,
then make for a correlative objective in his car.

Proust
used
to
too.

Said

Agatha Christie to
E. Phillips Oppenheim,
"Who is this Hemingway,
Who is this Proust?"

Who is this Vladimir
Whatchamacallum, this
Neopostrealist
Rabble?" she grouched.

Of Late

"Stephen Smith, University of Iowa sophomore, burned
what he said was his draft card"
and Norman Morrison, Quaker, of Baltimore Maryland,
burned what he said was himself.
You, Robert McNamara, burned what you said was a concen-
tration
of the Enemy Aggressor.
No news medium troubled to put it in quotes.

And Norman Morrison, Quaker, of Baltimore Maryland,
burned what he said was himself.
He said it with simple materials such as would be found in
your kitchen.
In your office you were informed.
Reporters got cracking frantically on the mental disturbance
angle.
So far nothing turns up.

Norman Morrison, Quaker, of Baltimore Maryland, burned,
and while burning, screamed.
No tip-off. No release.
Nothing to quote, to manage to put in quotes.
Pity the unaccustomed hesitance of the newspaper editorialists.
Pity the press photographers, not called.

Norman Morrison, Quaker, of Baltimore Maryland, burned
and was burned and said
all that there is to say in that language.
Twice what is said in yours.
It is a strange sect, Mr. McNamara, under advice to try
the whole of a thought in silence, and to oneself.

Said

J. Alfred Prufrock to
Hugh Selwyn Mauberly,
"What ever happened to
Senlin, ought-nine?"

"One with the passion for
Orientalia?"
"Rather." "Lost track of him."
"Pity." "Design."

Twigs

for Lore Segal

Ludwig van Beethoven
Slept often and ate often,
Combed seldom and cared less,
Causing his friends considerable distress.

Baron von Richthofen
Urped often and hicked often.
His friends knew what to do.
They would sneak up behind him and go Boo.

Michelangelo
Could not be his Mummsy's daddy, so
He had to become Italy's
Praxiteles.

Translations from the English

(for Arthur Freeman)

Pigfoot (with Aces Under) Passes

The heat's on the hooker.
Drop's on the lam.
Cops got Booker.
Who give a damn?

The Kid's been had
But not me yet.
Dad's in his pad.
No sweat.

Margaret Are You Drug

Cool it Mag.
Sure it's a drag
With all that green flaked out.
Next thing you know they'll be changing the color of
bread.

But look, Chick,
Why panic?
Sevnyeighty years, we'll all be dead.

Roll with it, Kid.
I did.
Give it the old benefit of the doubt.

I mean leaves
Schmeaves.
You sure you aint just feeling sorry for yourself?

Boston

Mr. Paul Verlaine?
We've come to fix your cleri-hew again.
No no no no, moi je m'appelle Verlaine.
Sure buddy, and I'm Richard Henry Dana.

Out in the Cold

All day today the seagulls cried.
All day they cried, if not because of you,
then not at least because I asked them to.
I've got enough poor bastards on my side;
I'm not a Greek, I can be satisfied
to share a chorus with the shrill sea mew
without pretending it's an interview
with souls plucked from the shipwrecked as
they died.

I've got enough cold company: the guys
you used to tell me how you used to see
before I came along and you got wise.
Where are they now, in what capacity—
those dear, well-meant, unsatisfactory
approximations of the eventual me?

Late Late

Where tomahawks flash in the powwow
and tommyguns deepen the hubbub
and panzers patrol, is the horror
I live without sleep for the love of,

whose A-bombs respond to the tom-tom,
whose halberds react to the ack-ack,
while I, as if slugged with a dum-dum,
sit back and sit back and sit back

until the last gunman is drawn on,
last murderous rustler druv loco,
last prisoncamp commandant spat at,
and somehow, and poco a poco,

the bottles are gone from the sixpack,
sensation is gone from the buttocks,
Old Glory dissolves into static,
the box is a box is a box.

The Well-Trained English Critic Surveys the American Scene

"Poetic theory in America is at present in an extremely curious state, resembling that of England during the Barons' Wars rather than that of a healthy democracy or well-run autocracy. It is not even a decent civil war . . ."

—Thom Gunn in *Yale Review*

Sometimes I feel like a fodderless cannon
On one of those midwestern courthouse lawns
Fiercely contested for by boys of ten and
Topped by a brevet general in bronze.

Hallucination, naturally: no
Era without its war, and this has its,
Roundabout somewhere, some imbroglia,
Even if only run by starts and fits.

Limber me up again, somebody.
In with the charges! To the touch-hole! Wham!
Elevate me, ignite me, let one ruddy
Side or the other taste the thing I am!

This pale palaver, this mish-mash of factions:
How can you find employment in a war
Of private sorties and guerrilla actions?
Maddening! Maddening! It chokes the bore!

Great God why was I tempered of pure
sheffield
Unless to belch and fulminate and reek?
Never in England would I be so stifled.
Name me the nearest caitiff: let me speak!

Ballade of the Mislaid Worksheet

(for Bernard Weinberg)

Where are the notes I made last year
On the flip side of a popcorn package
Toward my perennial sacrilege
Upon the Muse: another near-
Translation of Villon? But where
Is Harlow? Where is Norma Tallmadge?
Norma Jean Baker? Norma Shearer?
What tantalizing curve or cleavage—?
Water under the bridge.

Back to my dog-eared Dictionnaire.
Back to my Fowler's *English Usage*.
But where is Mrs. Average
American? Remember her—
Smiling at her discoverer
The census-man—a Personage
At last? And Carole Lombard, where
Is she? And Mrs. Calvin Coolidge?
Water under the bridge.

Where are the powers I bargain for:
The Archimedean leverage
To raise at least my own dead language
Up? O Edmund Spenser, where
In the wildern woods of verbiage
Hath wonèd wended, and whither yore?
And oomph, and eld, and yesteryear?
And Bernhardt's voice, and Bernhardt's carriage?
Water under the bridge.

L'envoi

A thousand scattered cans of footage
Turning in unison yellower,
A piece of French Literature,
And this, a petty pilferage
On both, are yours awhile, and are
Water under the bridge.

All poems reprinted from the *Argot Merchant Disaster* by George Starbuck. Copyright © 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1970, 1978, 1981, and 1982 by George Starbuck. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

FROM THE HEART OF THE HEART OF THE FORMER YUGOSLAVIA

*Bosnia has become a synonym, along with Beirut, Somalia,
and Rwanda, of murderous conflict and political anarchy.*

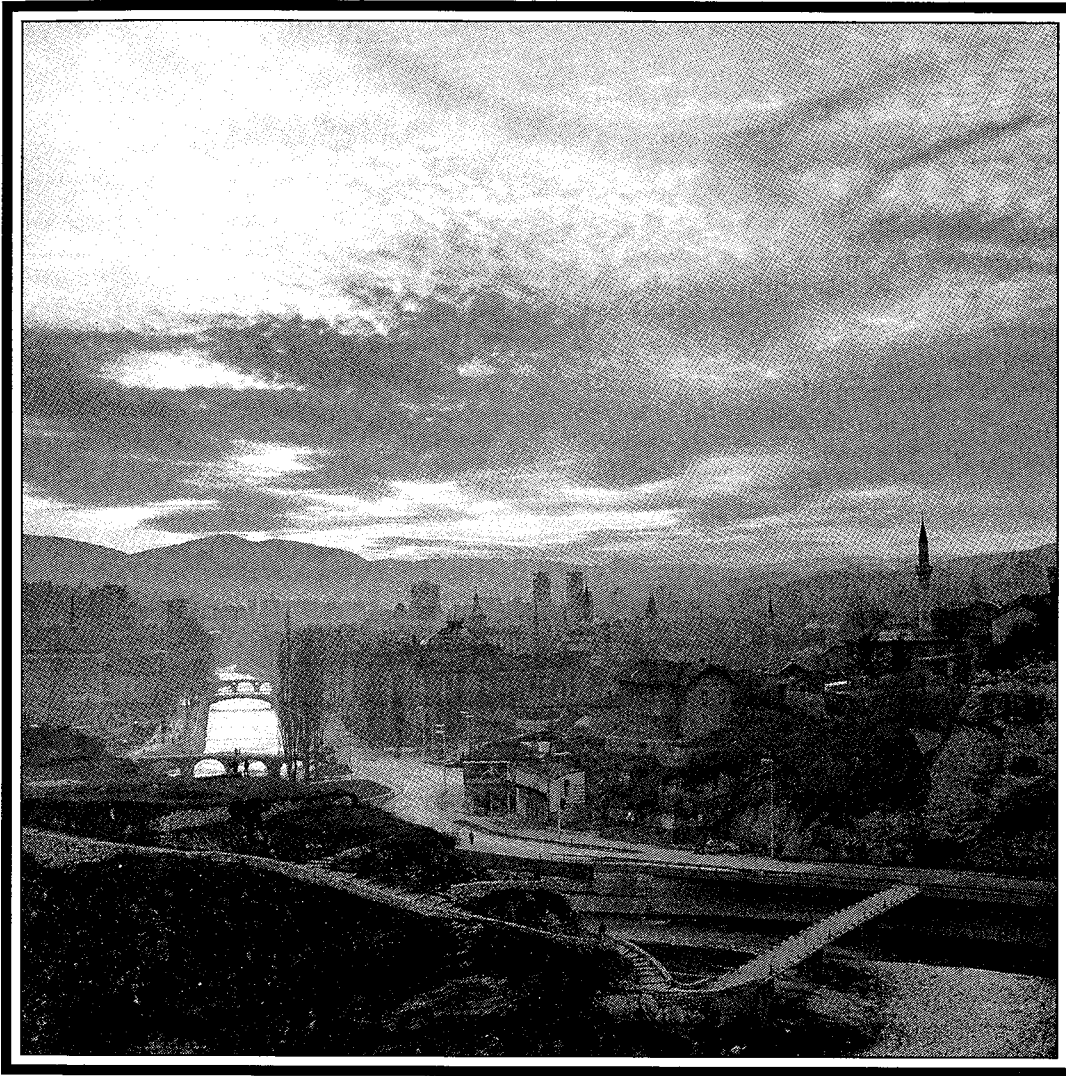
*The tragedy of this Balkan nation, a Sarajevo-born
journalist explains, cannot be understood apart
from the larger story of Yugoslavia's unraveling.*

BY LJILJANA SMAJLOVIC

Years before the thousand-day siege began, my Sarajevo neighbors and I played a waiting game with war. It was not going to confound us. We had taken a long, hard look at every possible scenario of Yugoslavia's violent breakup. Our amateur analysis invariably showed that we, the residents of Albanska Street, had nothing to fear.

We lived right across from the brand-new Military Hospital. It was an indispensable facility. And we reassured one another that it would provide unconstrained services to all sides. The war, after all, was going to be in the country, not in the city. In Sarajevo, the wounded would be treated and political treaties would be negotiated. And if things went from bad to worse, the women and children could always seek refuge in the nearby Marshal Tito army barracks.

Our hopes died a very sudden death. As it turned out, my neighborhood became one of the most perilous places in the city. The hospital was pounded, the Marshal Tito barracks were devastated, and the street around the corner soon came to be called Sniper Alley. In May 1992, a month after war broke out and the siege of Sarajevo began, a Serb shell struck my apartment building, removing part of the wall and vastly enlarging my bedroom window. Fortunately, I was then living and working in Brussels, where I'd gone the previous September to open a bureau for my newspaper,



Sarajevo, 1994: buildings symbolizing old Bosnia, including the parliament, are favored targets.

Oslobodjenje. Around the same time my apartment was hit, I received a telephone call from a Muslim woman—my neighbor, my colleague, and my best friend. Hearing artillery fire in the background, I advised her to leave her apartment. “You’re crazy,” she exclaimed. “If it’s hit I have to be here to put out the fire.”

That was the first real indication that I was on the sidelines, where I have remained uneasily throughout the war. Three months after that conversation I left Brussels for Belgrade, becoming a refugee from the war in which my former neighbors, friends, and relatives were killing each other.

We had once thought that only the zealots would fight, not nice people like us. We had badly miscalculated. Not only did barricades go up in the city—they also went up in our hearts and minds. The war divided us. But today, living temporarily in the United States, I am repeatedly told that the fratricide raging throughout my native land is not, in reality, a civil war.

Conventional wisdom in the West, shared by editorial writers and

scholars alike, holds that the "real causes" of Bosnia and Herzegovina's destruction originated on the outside—that it was "not internal tensions but neighboring states" that ripped the country apart and that, left alone, Bosnia might have lived in peace. A number of respectable historians have turned out volumes asserting that there is no historical precedent for ethnic or religious clashes among Bosnia's three peoples. According to such wisdom, nothing I remember is in reality as I remember it.

My earliest memories go back to my first home in Sarajevo, an old building left over from the Austro-Hungarian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, located on a street, Vase Miskina, that has since become notorious as the site of one of the bloodiest episodes of the war, the bread-queue massacre that killed a score of people in May 1992. At Vase Miskina 13, I grew up on a diet of heroic tales and bitter memories. The South Slavs, I learned, had had the bad luck to build their house in the middle of a busy road. As a result, they were proselytized by three religions (Islam, Roman Catholicism, and Orthodox Christianity), fell under the rule of two powerful empires (Ottoman and Habsburg), and later suffered occupation by the Nazis. In Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbs, Muslims, and Croats lived together under foreign rule for centuries, inhabitants of a backwater province on the periphery of empires.

In every tale we were told, my friends and I had to wade through blood. Seven major German offensives racked Yugoslavia during World War II. Five of them were fought in the Bosnian mountains, along with two or three concomitant civil wars. The fascist Croat Ustashes set up a puppet state in Bosnia and slaughtered Serbs, Jews, Gypsies, and Partisans (of all

ethnicities) with a brutality that made their Nazi masters wince. The Serb royalist Chetniks slaughtered Muslim civilians, Serb Partisans, and Croats whenever they could lay their hands on them. The Partisan Serbs, Muslims, Croats, Montenegrins, Jews, and Gypsies simultaneously fought Nazis, Ustashes, and Chetniks.

When I grew too old to listen to heroic tales, I remained under the strong impression that memories of World War II fueled Serb fears of being separated from the bulk of the Serbian nation. (The fascist Independent State of Croatia killed hundreds of thousands of Orthodox Serbs in its program to exterminate a third, deport a third, and convert a third to Catholicism.) I also believed that the memory of the River Drina running red with Muslim blood after the Chetnik massacres in 1942 added to Muslim fears of being abandoned by Croats and left alone in a Yugoslavia dominated by Serbs.

Yet in a much-praised book, *Bosnia—A Short History* (1994), British journalist and historian Noel Malcolm insists that this is simply an "episode of violence," an "exception," "an aberration," and that generations have grown up without "personal memories" of the fighting. Moreover, Malcolm claims, "these animosities were not permanently built into the psyches of the people" because "for most of the period after 1878, the different religious or ethnic communities in Bosnia lived peacefully together."

True, I belonged to a generation that grew up without a personal recollection of civil war. My mother had fought with the Partisans in the Eighth Krajina Brigade in Bosnia for four years, but to my chagrin she would never talk about her experience. Others of my generation made their parents' stories their own. Not long before Yugo-

Ljiljana Smajlovic, a current Wilson Center Fellow, is a former correspondent for the Sarajevo daily newspaper, Oslobođenje, and now writes for the Belgrade independent weekly, Vreme. Copyright © 1995 by Ljiljana Smajlovic.

slavia's breakup, a strapping Serb colleague whose village near Sarajevo was purged early in World War II, 10 years before he was born, reminisced about the horror as if he had been there: "Ljiljana, you just wouldn't believe it. Two little Croats, no taller than you—here," holding his hand approximately five feet above the ground, "led 80 men away to their deaths. To the peasants, those little guys were the state, and you did what the state told you to do. Serbs will never again live as a minority in someone else's state."

When I left Sarajevo in 1991, Bosnia and Herzegovina, slightly smaller than West Virginia but every bit as mountainous, had a population of 4.3 million people—44 percent Muslim, 31 percent Serb, and 17 percent Croat. It was still a federal republic in Yugoslavia, but Yugoslavia was rapidly disintegrating. Of six original republics, only Serbia and Montenegro remained fully committed to the federation. Slovenia and Croatia had already proclaimed their independence, and Macedonia had announced its intention to do the same. The three Bosnian ethnic nations and their coalition government were bitterly divided over the future of Bosnia. Serbs wanted to remain in Yugoslavia, together with other Serbs from Serbia and Montenegro; Muslims wanted an independent, sovereign state; Croats were more than happy to follow the Muslims out of the federation. A bloody war began in April 1992, after the European Community and the United States recognized Bosnia's sovereignty and the Serbs besieged Sarajevo.

At the same time, a war of words and ideas erupted. At stake were the hearts and minds of the Western world. By the time I arrived in Washington in the late summer of 1994, that particular war was long over. The Bosnian government of Alija Izetbegovic had won it. No contest.

The first battle of that war had been fought over the definition of the conflict. Supporters of the Bosnian government re-

jected the label "civil war" outright, knowing that no Western power would want to intercede in an internal affair. So the conflict had to be depicted as an outside aggression, and here the Serbs were of tremendous help. The initial role of the Yugoslav People's Army (JNA) and obvious support from Serbia for the rebellious Serbs in Bosnia provided ample ammunition for those who argued that the war in Bosnia was an "external aggression." When Bosnian Croats attacked their Muslim allies in the spring of 1993, the definition of the conflict was quickly amended. Now the Bosnian government was pronounced the victim of aggression from both neighboring Serbia and Croatia. Out of three native Bosnian groups, two became "external" aggressors: the Bosnian Serbs and the Bosnian Croats.

With the best intentions, Western journalists and scholars presented the Bosnian question as a deceptively simple dichotomy: the Bosnian conflict either derived from internal tensions or was caused by neighboring states (Serbia and Croatia). Not surprisingly, the commentators came up with a deceptively clear answer: "neighboring states."

Unfortunately, the question itself was wrong. The dichotomy, specious at best, is of no use whatsoever in illuminating the Bosnian tragedy.

The Bosnian conflict is an eminently Yugoslav conflict. Bosnia's identity was so intricately linked to that of the neighboring republics that it was indivisible from Yugoslavia's as a whole. Out of six former republics, Bosnia was the one created most truly in Yugoslavia's image, a fragile amalgam of faiths, nationalities, dialects, and histories. It was Yugoslavia writ small, trying doggedly to imitate and outshine its model. The lines that separated what was "internal" and purely Bosnian from what was "external" but still Yugoslav were hopelessly blurred.

But even scholars are confused—or at

least ambivalent—on this point. In a volume of essays edited by Mark Pinson, *The Muslims of Bosnia-Herzegovina* (1994), historian John Fine of the University of Michigan refers to the three nationalities of Bosnia as “Yugoslavs of all ethnic groups.” Urging Bosnia’s Serbs and Croats to abandon their excess ethnic baggage (the Muslims presumably have none, being by implication the only pure Bosnians), he counsels “Yugoslavs” to “see that the true interest of their respective nationalities is represented by the Bosnian cause.”

In dispensing political advice to “Yugoslavs,” Fine makes two curiously contradictory references to Yugoslavia itself. First, he claims that “Bosnians” have no reason to feel nostalgic about Yugoslavia because Yugoslavia “was in fact a greater Serbia.” Then he suggests that Serbs and Croats should return to the spirit of *bratstvo-jedinstvo* (brotherhood and unity) that was “Yugoslavia’s salvation 50 years ago.” So Fine leaves us wondering: was Yugoslavia a Greater Serbian nightmare or the means to fraternal salvation?

John Fine is not the first to tell Bosnian Serbs and Croats that they should rid themselves of surplus ethnic identification. Bosnian purification was attempted once before, under the Austro-Hungarian policy of Benjamin Kallay, the empire’s finance minister from 1882 to 1903. Kallay developed the idea of Bosnian nationhood in an effort to induce Serbs and Croats in Bosnia to renounce their “other” identities. This unhappy experiment ended in the bloodshed of World War I.

Yugoslavia was born in the wake of that war. During its existence first as part of the Kingdom and then as a republic in the Federal Socialist Republic of Yugoslavia, Bosnia had few problems exclusively its own. Anything that happened to Serbs, Croats, and Muslims living elsewhere in Yugoslavia reverberated dramatically among Bosnia’s Serbs, Croats, and Muslims. Since precious little ever happened in Yugoslavia that did not involve the country’s three largest eth-

nic groups, almost all of Yugoslavia’s tensions at once became Bosnia’s as well. No Bosnian issue during the last 50 years would fit the current Western “internal tensions/ neighboring states” dichotomy. And the present war is no exception.

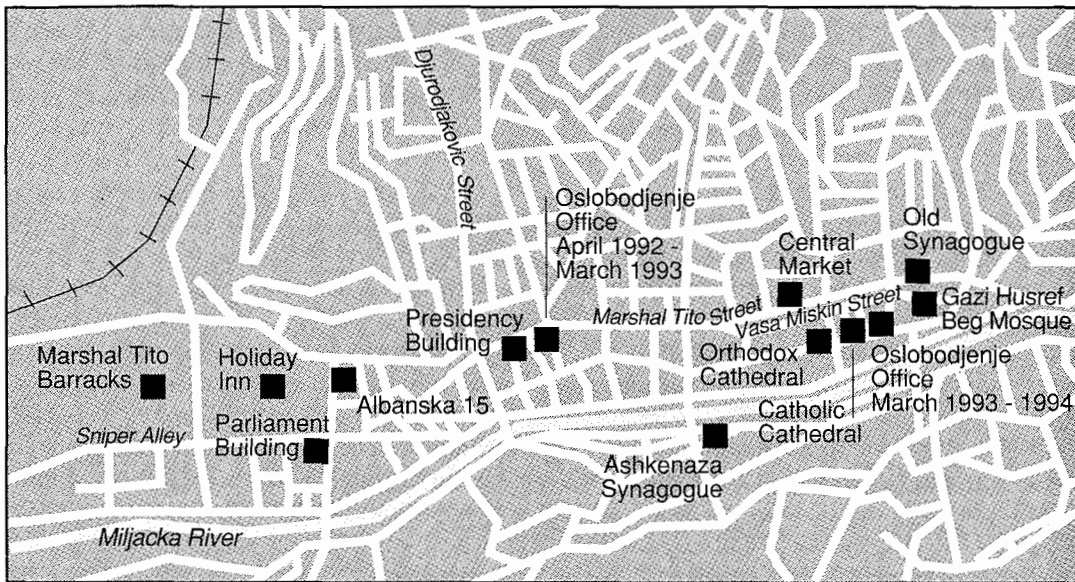
A few months before the Bosnian war erupted, a well-known intellectual and opposition politician from newly independent Croatia, Ivan Zvonimir Cicak, asked the right question: “Isn’t Bosnia being destroyed by those who fear the answer to the following question: if life together is possible in Bosnia, why was it not possible in Yugoslavia? Isn’t Bosnia being destroyed by those who fear that preserving the Yugoslav model of existence in Bosnia would prove we might have all lived differently than our violent breakup suggests?”

■

Whenever I hear that, “left alone,” Bosnia might have lived in peace, I think of my last home in Sarajevo, a six-story apartment building on a small street two blocks east of the Holiday Inn and within 100 meters of Ali-Pasha’s and Magribija mosques, St. Joseph’s Catholic Church, and the Parliament, where the Communist Party once routinely held “historic” plenary sessions of its Central Committee. From where my window used to be, you no longer see the minaret of the Magribija. It was blown off by a high-explosive Serb shell.

Had we been left alone, we tenants of Albanska 15 surely would not have started a war. Yet my neighbors are now fighting in three different armies, some as “aggressors,” others as “heroic defenders.”

We had all seemed perfectly decent people before the war broke out: quiet, unassuming, hardworking. We were doctors, teachers, journalists, electricians, secretaries, housewives, and pensioners, the Yugoslav



Albanska 15, the author's former apartment building, and the surrounding portion of Sarajevo.

version of lower- and upper-middle-class townspeople. Back then, I would never have guessed who among us would come to be identified by Western journalists as "aggressors." A few might have stood accused of alcohol abuse or perhaps an illicit affair or two. But none would have been accused of being bad people—or even of being bad neighbors, for that matter.

Unaware of a horrific future, we shared small daily pleasures, such as tiny cups of potent Turkish coffee on the roof of the building, where women and children sometimes retreated in summer months to hang laundry and enjoy the view of the city—a valley city of some 500,000 people. And we shared more than pleasures. When a neighbor's daughter was diagnosed with a brain tumor, we all chipped in to help the family handle the cost of an operation in Zurich. (The Yugoslav health-care system paid for the operation; we picked up the bill only for a few Western toys.) We cried and commiserated with the parents and later cheered the child's recovery.

We were what you would call "good neighbors." But our building did not exist in a vacuum. It went to war along with the rest

of Bosnia. It was part of a whole and could no more be left alone by the "sum of its parts" than Bosnia could isolate itself from the Yugoslavia it had belonged to for 70 years.

Serbs, Croats, and Muslims, we had all dreaded the breakup of Yugoslavia. We certainly never imagined that the country could fall apart neatly at the seams, as Western leaders apparently thought it could. Or hoped it would, sometimes against their better judgment. Warren Zimmermann, Washington's last ambassador to Yugoslavia, confesses in a recent issue of *Foreign Affairs* that he and everyone at the U.S. embassy knew that "no breakup of Yugoslavia could happen peacefully." Bosnia's president Alija Izetbegovic knew so as well. Zimmermann quotes him as saying that the survival of Yugoslavia was "essential to Bosnia's survival," and that "Bosnia [would] be destroyed" if Croatia went. Zimmermann deems Izetbegovic's subsequent decision to seek independence for Bosnia a "disastrous political mistake," a "miscalculation" and a "double-game." Yet he fails to explain why he advised his own government to compound

Izetbegovic's "disastrous mistake" by recognizing Bosnia's independence.

At Albanska 15, the prospect of Yugoslavia's dissolution conjured up images that were anything but orderly. It would be like "the dismantling of a Scud missile in a provincial autoshop," as my friend Miroslav Jankovic, a journalist from an all-Serb village on the outskirts of Sarajevo, observed. We toasted his metaphor and joked about his "ethnically clean" suburb, back in pre-war days when such jesting was still acceptable among secular, liberal Sarajevans.

When the dismantling began in earnest, Jankovic upgraded his metaphor: Yugoslavia, he said, had burst into shrapnel, a fragment of which—Bosnia—was a carbon copy of the blown-away original. He wrote this two months before the West recognized this tiny piece of metaphoric shrapnel as a sovereign nation.

On April 6, 1992, the European Community's Council of Ministers unanimously recognized Bosnia, determining that the former Yugoslav republic had met all the international requirements for becoming an independent nation. My fellow Bosnian Serbs soon blasted my building with mortar shells from the hills surrounding the city. But that's not when things really began.

In the year preceding the war, my neighbors and I still drank coffee together and watched our children play in the courtyard. But when the martial music sounded, we all heard different drummers. In the first week of September 1991, tenants from my building showed up on the front steps of the nearby Parliament building to participate in two different antiwar demonstrations. War was raging in Croatia between Yugoslav army units allied with the local Serb populace on one side, and Croatian forces on the other.

Those of my neighbors who went to the first demonstration stood under bright green moon-and-crescent Muslim party flags and demanded two things from the Yugoslav

People's Army: first, that it lay down its guns and let Croatia secede, and second, that it allow Bosnian conscripts to go home.

The second demonstration was a riposte to the first. Those of my neighbors who took part in it carried a blue, white, and red Yugoslav flag with a red star in the middle. They cheered the army's efforts to prevent secession and to protect their Serb brethren in Croatia.

As a journalist, I went to both demonstrations and died a little each time.

In Washington today, I find it amusing that the currently fashionable Western view of prewar Bosnia—an island of ethnic harmony and political bliss in a sea of Yugoslav turmoil—reminds me so much of the communist myth of Bosnia.

That pretty picture is precisely the one that Bosnia's rigid, doctrinaire communist leadership tried so hard to project. The party elite carefully nurtured the image of Bosnia as the bedrock of Yugoslav communism—the secure home of brotherhood, unity, and ideological purity. Our political education glorified two things: the Yugoslav fatherland and the Yugoslav road to socialism.

Our leaders' loyalty to those sacrosanct values was anecdotal. At political rallies they repeated, ad nauseum, that Bosnia was neither Serb, nor Croat, nor Muslim, but rather Serb and Croat and Muslim. So often was this repeated that the "neither-nor republic" came to be Bosnia's derisive nickname in select political circles.

When borders among the six Yugoslav republics were drawn at the end of World War II, Bosnia's strongman, Djuro Pucar, an ethnic Serb, foolishly turned down his comrades-in-arms' offer of an Adriatic port for Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Josip Broz Tito had just rebuked those who had criticized the Communist Party's decision to create the republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina as a separate federal unit on the grounds that it meant splitting Serbia in two: "Serbia is part of Yugoslavia, and we do not intend to create within Yugoslavia states that

will go to war against each other. If Bosnia and Herzegovina has equal rights, if [the people of Bosnia] have their own federal unit, then we have not torn Serbia apart but created happy Serbs in Bosnia instead. The same goes for Croats and Muslims. [Borders between republics] are merely administrative borders. I will have no borders in Yugoslavia that will divide our peoples: I want borders that will bind them together."

Bosnia was poor and underdeveloped, but it put Yugoslavia's development before its own. Djuro Pucar was so fiercely devoted to the common good and Yugoslavia's centralized economy that he became a joke in postwar Belgrade: it was said that he once mailed back part of Bosnia's share of federal funds, earmarking the sum for "those republics who could find better use for the money."

This was far from standard bureaucratic practice, even at the height of communist solidarity in the heady days of postwar euphoria. But there was a price to pay for excessive idealism. Before they knew it, Bosnians were supplying the market with cheap labor and raw materials, much as they had under Habsburg colonial rule. Rumor has it that even Tito laughed at a popular joke: Yugoslav laws are cooked up in Ljubljana, written in Zagreb, promulgated in Belgrade, and applied (only) in Sarajevo.

In the 1960s, the Yugoslav Communist Party set out to rectify such federal inequities. Selling cheap lumber to Slovenia and buying back expensive furniture was no longer deemed an acceptable mode of Yugoslav patriotism. But as party bureaucrats loosened their grip on the economy, they tightened their hold on political power in Bosnia. When a new generation of party leaders had their little fling with liberalism in the 1970s, Tito purged the politburos of Ljubljana, Belgrade, and Zagreb. He had no such work cut out for him in Sarajevo—Bosnia's hard-liners had kept their house in order. They were drab and humorless and

did not flirt with political enemies.

They enjoyed Tito's full confidence, but the people paid for it in the currency of political freedom. Bosnian society professed disdain for political rights such as freedom of speech. It gave priority to "higher ideals" such as brotherhood and unity. Bosnia criminally prosecuted what other regions in Yugoslavia commonly tolerated. (Alija Izetbegovic was sentenced to nine years in jail in 1983 for writing a privately printed "Islamic Declaration.")

When tolerance of dissidents became fashionable throughout Yugoslavia during the 1980s, Bosnia developed its own strain of the dissident virus. We privately referred to it as "spitting over the neighbors' fence." Some of our dissidents, discreetly cultivated by the regime, excelled in righteous indignation over ideological aberrations spied in Belgrade, Zagreb, Ljubljana, Pristina. Occasional nationalist outbreaks in Bosnia were diagnosed as "imported nationalism."

Bosnia's assignment in the Yugoslav



Throughout the war in Bosnia, the Sarajevo daily newspaper, Oslobodjenje, has continued to publish.

Federation was to be its guardian, the keeper of the "holy grail" of brotherhood and unity. It wasn't a self-appointed role. Bosnia's communist leadership did not adopt the watchdog attitude simply to ingratiate itself with Tito (who always welcomed new justifications for tight communist control and the need for national unity). Nor was it motivated exclusively by the leadership's desire to rule Bosnia with an iron hand. Bosnia's mission in Yugoslavia was to prove that Yugoslavia itself was a good and workable idea, that all nations could live under one roof, in harmony and peace. If there had been no Bosnia, Tito would have had to invent one.

Bosnia assured Yugoslavia's survival by providing the "ultimate solution" to the Serb-Croat conflict—or so Yugoslavia's leaders presumed. Their presumption remained unspoken because it implied that Bosnia would exist only as long as it was an effective barrier against Serb or Croat separatism. Bosnia had long been the apple of discord between Serbs and Croats. The Communists gambled that neither Serbia nor Croatia would ever embark on the path to secession if there was no chance of dividing Bosnia. They gambled that both nations would prefer to stay put in Yugoslavia rather than risk abandoning their Serb or Croat compatriots in Bosnia (along with the real estate).

The Communists were bad gamblers. When Yugoslavia began to destroy itself after Tito's death in 1980, the Serbs and Croats in Bosnia watched first with fascination and then with horror. They were quick to exhibit symptoms of an old Balkan ailment: the "ethnic minority syndrome." But in their fears of being cut off from their respective motherlands, they could not expect much sympathy from the Bosnian Muslims, who had their own problems. While Serbs and Croats looked longingly toward Serbia and Croatia, Muslims, suffering from the anxiety of a "stateless nation," turned inward and resolved to pre-

vent Bosnia from going where Yugoslavia was headed—into oblivion. They saw the dissolution of Yugoslavia as a historic opportunity to create their first state.

But first they had to reinvent history. To do so they went back 900 years, claiming descent from Bosnia's first medieval kingdom. Yugoslavia they reduced to a speck of historical dust; it had been around for a mere seven decades. Muslim leader Izetbegovic even professed inability to discern any relevance Yugoslavia might still have for Bosnia. The latter, after all, had existed far longer than Yugoslavia and was by no means bound to follow Yugoslavia onto the trash heap of history. The Muslims, self-proclaimed heirs to Bosnia's venerable tradition of tolerance and coexistence, would in no way permit it.

Izetbegovic retained some of the flavor of the old communist rhetoric, minus the ideology. Once again, political will declared Bosnia to be a multiethnic, multicultural Garden of Eden. Bosnia's new political patrons, postcommunist ethnic Muslims, went even further than their predecessors. They claimed that Bosnia had been a land of uninterrupted religious and ethnic bliss for no less than nine centuries. The horrible fratricide of Serbs, Muslims, and Croats during World War II was only an inconsequential aberration, another speck of historical dust.

This historical revisionism was hotly contested around many dinner tables in Sarajevo, including my own at Albanska 15. Many of my friends and neighbors, not all of them Muslim, were only too happy to open their minds to this new school of thought: exit the short, bloody history of Bosnia as our parents knew it, enter timeless harmony and peace. If this was the way out of the Yugoslav morass and an alternative to civil war, it seemed perfectly reasonable to replace Bosnian writer Ivo Andric's famous image of Bosnia as a dread "land of hate" with an image of peaceful coexistence. But we all knew that this pretty picture, freshly painted, served a specific political

purpose, as had all the other pretty pictures we had been asked to treasure during the communist years. And not everyone was willing to buy it.

Late one night in February 1991, my next-door neighbors and I watched a live telecast of a session of Bosnia's Parliament, our favorite pastime in those feverish political times. Members of Bosnia's ruling coalition of three ethnic political parties (Serb, Croat, and Muslim) were locked in a bitter dispute over the sovereignty of Bosnia. A Serb member of Parliament warned that Serbs would never acquiesce to an independent Bosnia and issued a threat. "The sovereign of your sovereign state would never make it past the Gavrilo Princip Bridge," he declared, referring to the structure named after the young Bosnian Serb nationalist who assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, Sophie, in 1914.

My neighbors and I were outraged at the brazen vulgarity of the threat. In other countries, people watch football games the way we watched political sessions—keenly, boisterously, querulously. We grew quiet as a Muslim member of Parliament took the podium. He retorted that in a sovereign Bosnia the Princip Bridge would no longer bear the name of a terrorist. It would be given its old appellation, Latin Bridge, in recognition of the predominantly Croatian character of the neighborhood at the turn of the century. It should never have been named after the Serb murderer in the first place, he insisted.

Again, I was loudly indignant, until I realized that my neighbors' mannerly as-
sent was chiefly motivated by sympathy for my feelings. I discovered in my own home that night that one person's hero is, indeed, another person's terrorist.

My next-door neighbors were an elderly Croatian couple, the most gentle, warm-hearted, unassuming people I have ever had the luck to share living space with.

Franjo, a retired railway worker with bad lungs and a weak heart, smoked incessantly and always had a special bottle of home-made wine—"not quite the same as the one we sampled the week before"—that he wanted me to taste. After my son went to sleep at night, we would sip wine at their kitchen table and talk politics. Franjo's wife, Lucija, dropped in daily. She came for a quick chat over a cup of coffee, often bringing her own sugar cube with her. I kept only loose sugar and she drank her Turkish coffee the Bosnian way, melting the cube in her mouth before taking a sip.

Our conversations never faltered, despite the abuse our ethnic leaders heaped on one another, even after Franjo came to feel that "my" Serb Yugoslav Army had invaded "his" Croatia. Whether hero or assassin, Gavrilo Princip would have to rest in peace as far as we were concerned. We were civilized people and good neighbors in Albanska 15. But we could not dodge the war.

Less than 48 hours after that volatile exchange in Parliament, someone attacked the plaque honoring Gavrilo Princip's world-transforming act. The words "Latin Bridge" were sprayed on the wall of the Museum of Young Bosnia (the secret organization Princip had belonged to) above the spot where the teenage assassin's steps were set in the pavement, defacing the inscription: "FROM THIS SPOT ON JUNE 28, 1914, GAVRILO PRINCIP, WITH HIS SHOT, EXPRESSED THE PEOPLE'S PROTEST AGAINST TYRANNY AND THE CENTURIES-LONG YEARNING OF OUR PEOPLES FOR PEACE."



My first home on Vase Miskina Street was only a few blocks away from the Princip Bridge in Bascarsija, the old Turkish quarter. The apartment building in which my family shared a flat with another couple

and their daughter, as was customary in the years of postwar austerity, had a most illustrious tenant. Ivo Kranjcevic was a Croat member of Young Bosnia and had taken part in the assassination plot. He had served his prison term with Gavrilo Princip in Theresienstadt, a military prison under the Habsburgs and a concentration camp under the Nazis. It is now Terezin, a small town in the Czech Republic.

Mrs. Kranjcevic was kind enough to give me French lessons in 1963, when I was seven years old, in exchange for the pittance my parents could afford. The elderly couple was not privileged in any way. Or so I suspected, noticing that my father used various excuses to bring a kilo of fruit or some such small thing to our neighbors on the fourth floor. I was an avid listener to adult political conversations from an early age, and I overheard the very dignified Mr. Kranjcevic tell my father, "You Communists believe that the world began with you." My father was an ex-Partisan and an amateur historian. Having Mr. Kranjcevic as a neighbor was, to him, like living next door to history.

Unlike Princip, Ivo Kranjcevic survived Theresienstadt. According to him, Princip was overjoyed to find himself occupying the same prison cell that formerly held Hadzi Lojo, the legendary Muslim resistance leader at the beginning of the Austro-Hungarian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1878. Princip told Ivo Kranjcevic that he was delighted that "Austria's last Bosnian prisoner was in the same cell as her first one." He was soon right. Young Gavrilo died and, shortly thereafter, so did the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Alija Izetbegovic's image of Bosnia as a country that had existed before Yugoslavia and would continue to exist after Yugoslavia was perfectly legitimate and, to a certain degree, historically accurate. But the

present-day Bosnia he was speaking of, the one I grew up in, was not King Tvrtko's medieval creation. It was a far more modern invention. The historian Maria Todorova has noted that the motif of Sarajevo as a multicultural paradise is a favorite one in current journalism: "It was in this paradise, of course, that the fatal shots of Gavrilo Princip signalled the outbreak of the First World War and prompted John Gunther to write in his immensely popular *Inside Europe* (1936), 'It is an intolerable affront to human and political nature that these two wretched and unhappy little countries in the Balkan peninsula can, and do, have quarrels that cause world wars. Some 150,000 young Americans died because of an event in 1914 in a mud-caked primitive village, Sarajevo.'"

"It is an irony," observed Todorova at a recent conference, "to read the paragraph about the 'mud-caked primitive village' in light of today's eulogies about Sarajevo as the beautiful cosmopolitan urban quintessence. It must have become this under the barbarous rule, first of the independent South Slav monarchy and especially under the Yugoslav Communists, while it had been a loathsome village under the enlightened rule of the Habsburgs, which they had inherited from the Ottomans."

Sarajevo has many true stories to tell of urban tolerance, ethnic harmony, and religious diversity. But the Sarajevo way of talking politics is special. It's a peculiar skill, and most Sarajevans shared it. We were artisans of the ambiguous statement, masters of the illusive metaphor, craftsmen of equivocal attitudes.

As war neared, we spoke of "them" an awful lot. "They" were our leaders, and we were careful to give no names, for fear of accidentally omitting political leaders of our own ethnic groups. We affected to be angry at all of them and publicly assumed the posture of innocent victims. We loved all

peoples and nationalities equally and meant no harm, but terrible leaders were taking us down the path of destruction against our will and better judgment. *Zavadjaju narod* ("They set us against one another") was "our" verdict on "them."

It was hardly hypocrisy, for no one was a dupe. Not the second time around, anyway. I had fallen for the artful Sarajevo street discourse back in 1990, prior to the first free multiparty elections. That was when we all took turns ridiculing newly created ethnic parties and their uninspiring leaders, who acted as though we could not tell the difference between our ethnic origins and our political affiliations. And we acted as though this could happen only in rural areas—after all, what did the peasants know?—or perhaps in some of the less ethnically mixed suburbs.

In the social circle I frequented, not a single soul professed the intention to vote for the "nationalists." The Muslim Party of Democratic Action (SDA) had shown itself capable of attracting 200,000 people at a campaign rally in Velika Kladusa in northwestern Bosnia. At an earlier Sarajevo rally, fewer than 5,000 people had shown up. A liberal, multiethnic, and secular Reformist Party was all the rage in our city, to judge by the huge campaign rally turnouts and by the way people talked. The Reformists packed the stadium that the Muslims were unable to fill. Similarly, the Socialist Democratic Party (the renamed Communist Party) drew huge crowds.

But the morning after the elections, I found out that even my own neighborhood in the heart of sophisticated, secular Sarajevo, a municipality called "Center," had voted strictly along ethnic lines, helping to elect a pack of nationalists in a landslide. The Reformist Party captured less than 10 percent of the vote, about the same share that was garnered by the Socialists. I fared poorly, having split my vote between the two parties. The November 1990 election results strikingly resembled the 1991

census profile: nearly 40 percent of the seats for the Muslim Party, close to 30 percent for the Serb Democratic Party (SDS), and almost 17 percent for the Croat Democratic Union (HDZ).

I still think many voters were unimpressed by Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic, Izetbegovic, or their Croat counterpart Stjepan Kljuic. They simply acted out of the fear that even if they withheld their vote from a Karadzic, their Muslim neighbor would still give his vote to an Izetbegovic. In the end, they were afraid of weakening their own nation in the hour presaging the ultimate confrontation.

Their leaders also shared a common interest: defeating the Communists at the polls. And for this they needed one another. Karadzic, Izetbegovic, and Kljuic promised Bosnians that, if elected, they would mend what the Communists had broken. In the days leading to the election, they never missed an opportunity to be photographed with their arms around one another. The leaders, through their respective ethnic parties, would legitimize healthy ethnic feelings that the Communists had stifled. Pride without prejudice was now the message. There was, of course, no talk of war.

But two months into the ethnic parties' hypocritical coalition, near-anarchy prevailed. Three national platforms converged at a crossroads, and there were no stop signs. Power grabbing, not power sharing, abounded. Parliament was paralyzed. The Serbs established "autonomous" provinces across Bosnia, while the predominantly Croat region of western Herzegovina set up its own monetary system, based on the Croatian dinar. A year before war broke out Bosnia was, in effect, partitioned. The authority of the central government in Sarajevo extended only to the city's limits. Serb-dominated Banjaluka in northwestern Bosnia, for instance, refused to send tax monies to the government in Sarajevo. Mus-



lim-dominated Zenica in central Bosnia refused to send army conscripts to the JNA. Croat Listica, in western Herzegovina, refused to allow army convoys to pass through its territory.

Finally, in June 1991 in Visegrad, on the River Drina in eastern Bosnia, Muslims demonstrated in front of the police station, stopping all traffic because a Muslim motorist had been detained. Two days later, Serbs did the same when the three Serb policemen who had detained the Muslim motorist were suspended. By that time Karadzic, Izetbegovic, and Kljucic were openly snarling at one another—only six months after they assumed power.

Their hostility spilled over into the streets and *mahalas* (in Turkish, “city quarters”) of Sarajevo. The first time I felt it ripple through my own neighborhood was in February 1991. My newspaper was locked in a bitter struggle with the Izetbegovic government over editorial control, and I already had a reputation for writing stories that tweaked the sensibilities of leading politicians. But nothing prepared me for the outrage that followed my account of what I saw as a bizarre incident in Bosnia’s Parliament.

It took place in the men’s restroom. There was a recess at noon to allow Muslim members to observe the prayer ritual, and

one of our photographers captured a few members of the ruling Muslim party washing their feet in the sink—a ritual called *abdest* that precedes prayer. This was the first time the ritual had been performed in the Parliament building, but what I heard and reported as news others interpreted as disrespect.

Much earlier, before the election, my newspaper had asked Alija Izetbegovic whether he considered himself the leader of a classical political party or a religious movement. In my column on the *abdest* episode, I quoted his ambiguous reply: “Neither one. This is a Muslim Party, which strongly resembles the people it is recruited from. It is a religious people.”

Borrowing an argument from Hannah Arendt’s *Origins of Totalitarianism* (1968), I observed that the communist regime had long depended on the silent consent of the unorganized masses, the neutral supporters who had never been interested in politics because they felt that no parties existed to champion their interests. Under the direction of Bosnia’s ethnic parties, the silent majority had suddenly shed its apathy and voiced its anger. I pointed out that the other two ruling parties, Serb and Croat, were also strongly oriented toward history, tradition, and their ancestors’ religions.

To my dismay, a rather dense political column became, overnight, a dubious sensation; it seemed that everyone in town had either read it or at least heard about it. Unfortunately, most Muslims thought it gratuitously anti-Muslim. The reference to *abdest* was considered unduly provocative. I had breached the first law of Sarajevo’s multiethnic coexistence: do not offend thy neighbor. The resentment did not subside after several Muslim politicians pointed out that prayer rituals should more properly be

observed in one of Sarajevo's hundred mosques, several of which were close upon the Parliament building. The uproar continued even after Izetbegovic's Muslim Party discontinued the practice of Parliament prayer altogether. I was not to be forgiven for using the feet-washing episode as a symbol of the new political era in Sarajevo. This was my first inkling that secular Sarajevo was not as secular as I had once thought.

In America, I buy newspapers and history books uniformly reflecting rosy images of prewar Bosnia peddled by the old communist regime and its first freely elected one. There is no warning to consumers that these goods present anything short of historical truth. They tell me that if my neighbors and relatives are fighting each other in the land of their birth, this does not yet mean that they are waging a civil war. Robert Donia and John Fine, in *Bosnia and Herzegovina: A Tradition Betrayed* (1994), designate as "chauvinists" those who would depict the present conflict as an ethnic one. To speak of Serbs against Muslims "is a dreadful and misleading distortion," Fine writes in one chapter, "Medieval and Ottoman Roots of Modern Bosnia."

My mind full of such "distortions," I think back to my apartment building, Albanska 15. After thousands of Serb shells fell on predominantly Muslim Sarajevo, Princip Bridge was in fact renamed Latin Bridge. My neighbor Lucija died of illness, privation, cold, and misery during the first year of the war. She spent most evenings and some of her days in the

cellar, fearing bombardment. Her husband, Franjo, was still alive when American journalist friends last visited my old apartment building. He never joined Lucija in the cellar. He was too frail to walk up and down the stairs. During the shelling, he sat quietly alone in a stairwell in the dim light of an oil lamp.

Many of my other neighbors are dispersed, living in different cities in several countries. The little girl who recovered from the brain tumor is in Hamburg with her Serb father and Croat mother. The Serb family that marched off proudly with the red-star flag to demonstrate in support of Yugoslavia in September 1991, a few days after Muslims had demonstrated against the army, has split up and scattered. The mother and two children are refugees in Serbia. The father would not leave his infirm sister and aged mother and remains trapped in Sarajevo—three inadvertent statistics in the column of "loyal Serbs" that the Bosnian government and Western journalists cite to demonstrate the popularity of the Bosnian "multicultural" and "multiethnic" government. They, and many Sarajevo Serbs like them, obviously are not friends or acquaintances of John Fine, who wrote, "Most of the Sarajevo Serbs I know are still in the city, in favor of Izetbegovic's government."

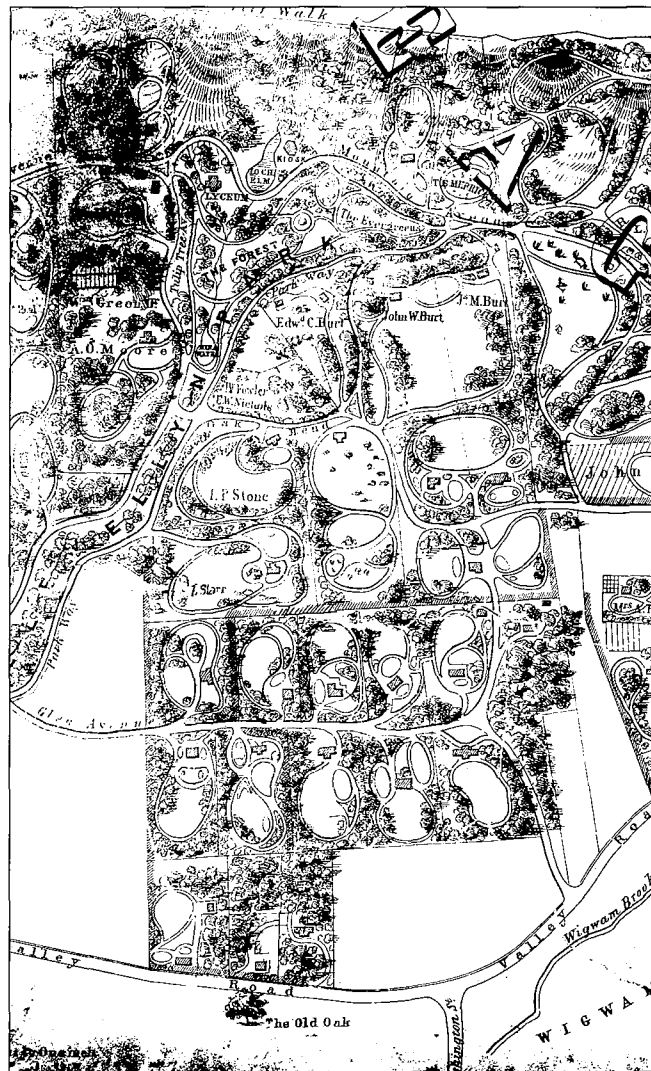
The last member of the small, tightly knit group of childhood friends from Albanska 15, my half-Muslim, half-Serb son, is currently in Washington, blissfully unaware of his dual Sarajevo nature—part "aggressor," part "heroic defender"—a "neither-nor" from the heart of the heart of the former Yugoslavia.

HOW TO BUILD A SUBURB

BY WITOLD RYBCZYNSKI

Even its
defenders concede that the modern
American suburb has many
shortcomings. An antidote may be
found in the ideas of the nation's
earliest suburban pioneers.

When the Swiss-born architect Le Corbusier visited New York City in 1935, he found it strange that many of the academics, professionals, and businesspeople he met did not live in the city but in the suburbs. This was unheard of in Paris, where most people who worked in the city lived in the city. There were outlying towns such as Auteuil, Boulogne-sur-Seine, and Neuilly where some rich Parisians built villas, including a few designed by Le Corbusier himself, but in the 1930s not many middle-class people owned the cars needed to commute to such distant locations. To most Parisians, *les banlieues* (the suburbs) referred chiefly to the dreary industrial districts that ringed the city like a sooty pall. Only workers who



manned the factories lived there.

Suburbs in the New World were different—not industrial but residential, and not proletarian but professional and managerial—and one senses grudging admiration as Le Corbusier describes the American suburban landscape with its generous, unfenced lots and its green amplitude. Always attracted to technology, he was impressed by the comfortable trains that linked Connecticut to Manhattan and made the leisurely suburban way of life possible. But there is an underlying sarcasm in his description of the suburban



commute: "After a stimulating cocktail they [the commuters] pass through the golden portals of Grand Central Terminal into a Pullman which takes them to their car; after a ride along charming country roads they enter the quiet and delightful living rooms of their colonial style houses."

The notion of a decentralized city ran counter to all of Le Corbusier's urban theories, and he would have none of it. In *When the Cathedrals Were White* (1935), the chronicle of his American visit, he roundly condemned the concept of suburban living,

New Jersey's 19th-century Llewellyn Park is a prototype of many postwar American suburbs. Unfortunately, with its gated entrance, social homogeneity, and exclusively residential character, it is also in many ways a model of what not to build.

convinced that the city of tomorrow would be a concentrated vertical city, not exactly Manhattan, but a version of Manhattan nevertheless.

He was wrong. The historian Fernand Braudel once observed that the French visitors to 19th-century northern England, hor-

rified at the ugly, jerrybuilt factories and crowded mill towns, could not have dreamed that it was precisely Manchester and Glasgow, not London, that were the harbingers of the new industrial-age cities soon to spring up in France and all over Europe. In 1935, when Le Corbusier saw the houses of the American suburbs, he could not imagine that it was they, and not the towers of Manhattan, that were the precursor of the postindustrial urban future.

Le Corbusier was too caught up in his own urban theories to stop and ask, Why are their cities like that? Had he asked, he might have found that the different form of American cities represented a long-standing desire on the part of their inhabitants for a different way of life.

Unlike Parisian workers, Americans lived in suburbs by choice and had been doing so for more than 100 years. The architectural historians Christopher Tunnard and Henry Hope Reed date the earliest New York suburbs to 1814, when a ferry service for commuters was started between Manhattan and Brooklyn, and New Yorkers who could not afford a house in the good parts of Manhattan settled in suburban Brooklyn Heights. Soon, the commuters ventured farther. Landscape historian John Stilgoe quotes the editor and writer Nathaniel Parker Willis, who complained in 1840 that "there is a suburban look and character about all the villages on the Hudson which seem out of place among such scenery. They are suburbs; in fact, steam [Willis was referring to the steamboats that linked the villages to Manhattan] has destroyed the distance between them and the city." Similar patterns were unfolding in other cities. Henry Binford of Northwestern University

traces the origin of the first suburban communities around Boston to 1820, and Rutgers University historian Robert Fishman dates the first West Philadelphia suburbs, which were reached by horse-drawn omnibus, to the 1840s.

By the time of Le Corbusier's visit, suburban living was a well-established fact of American life: one out of six Americans lived in the suburbs. These outlying areas were growing rapidly. Of the six million new homes built between 1922 and '29, more than half were single-family houses, and most were in the suburbs. More significantly, suburbs were growing faster than cities. Between 1860 and 1920, the number of people living in urban areas had increased from only 20 percent of the population to more than half, but by the 1930s and '40s, the rate of urban growth slowed to almost zero. The use of streetcars and buses, a good indicator of urbanization, peaked in the mid-1920s and fell thereafter. One of the most urbane cities in America, Boston, started losing population as early as 1930. In the entry on Chicago in its 1949 edition, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* noted that the decade 1930-40 had seen the smallest increase in population in the city's history, and added that "the rate of regional growth about the city seems to be increasing as the rate of strictly urban growth declines." By 1950, New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, and many smaller cities had all stopped growing. The metropolitan regions surrounding these cities were vigorous even before 1950, but that year is probably as good as any to mark the end—or, more accurately, the beginning of the end—of traditional concentrated cities.

One reason why it is not easy to identify clearly what has happened and is happening to cities is that urban terminology is

Witold Rybczynski is the Martin and Margy Meyerson Professor of Urbanism at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of Home: A Short History of an Idea (1987), Waiting for the Weekend (1991), and Looking Around: A Journey Through Architecture (1993). This essay is drawn from his new book, City Life, to be published in September by Scribner. Copyright © 1995 by Witold Rybczynski.

very inaccurate. Terms such as *city* and *suburb* are used as if they represent polarities. In fact, they are often only polemical categories: depending on your point of view, either bad (dangerous, polluted, concrete) cities and good (safe, healthy, green) suburbs, or good (diverse, dense, stimulating) cities and bad (homogeneous, sprawling, dull) suburbs. The reality is more complicated.

Like *bourgeois* or *capitalist*, *suburb* is one of those words that are difficult to use in a precise discussion because they describe something that has become a stereotype. And like most stereotypes, *suburb* is composed of clichés. For example, compared with urban housing, suburban housing is held to be monotonous, although urban tenements and industrial-age rowhouses are equally standardized and repetitive. Another cliché holds that suburban areas are rich, white, and white-collar. While this was true of the first suburbs, suburban areas have grown to include a variety of incomes, classes, and, increasingly, ethnic and racial groups. (One manifestation of this growing diversity is the appearance of ethnic restaurants and food stores in suburban malls.) Indeed, it is the cities that are more likely to be homogeneous, containing more than their representative share of the poor, of blacks, and of Hispanics.

Only in a legal sense is the difference between urban and suburban clear: everything inside the city limits is urban, and everything outside is suburban. On the ground, there is often little distinction in the physical appearance of urban and suburban neighborhoods or the life they contain. Of course, there is a marked contrast between crowded inner city neighborhoods and the outer suburbs, where large houses stand on one-acre lots, but these are the two extremes. In most cities—especially those newer cities that grew in the postwar period—urbanites live in houses, mow lawns, drive cars, and shop at malls, just like their suburban neighbors. Even New York, once

one leaves Manhattan, is composed of many neighborhoods in which houses with front gardens and backyards line the streets.

Most American cities grew—and grow, at least in the West and Southwest—by annexing surrounding towns and villages, hence producing urban areas that include neighborhoods that are suburban, even rural, in character. Houston and Minneapolis annexed entire counties and created an apparently anomalous hybrid: bucolic outer suburbs inside the city limits. Some annexed suburbs, such as New York's Queens and Staten Island, maintained a suburban atmosphere; others were physically transformed and grew denser and are now indistinguishable from the rest of the city. Suburbs were not always integrated into the adjacent central city. Academic enclaves such as Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Berkeley, California, started as suburban villages and developed into small, independent cities without losing their small-town, suburban character. Brooklyn, by contrast, was already the third-largest city in the United States when it was annexed by New York City in 1898.

The Connecticut suburbs that Le Corbusier described were the offspring of what John Stilgoe has characterized as "borderlands": 19th-century residential enclaves typically one or two hours outside the city that were cherished for their semirural character and their sylvan surroundings. Stilgoe makes the point that the "women and men who established these communities understood more by *commuting* and *country* than train schedules and pastures," and what drove them was a search for better, healthier, more restorative surroundings than were available in the city. They were not simply leaving the city for the country but rather creating a new way of life that contained elements of both.

But trains were expensive, and less wealthy commuters relied on horse-drawn rail cars, which were pulled on tracks and were later replaced by electrified streetcars.

Stilgoe deplores the kind of dense inner suburbs that sprouted along streetcar lines, where people lived "without the joys of genuine city life and without the pleasures of borderland residence." This judgment may be too bleak. Another Harvard historian, Alexander von Hoffman, argues in *Local Attachments* (1994) that the evolution of Jamaica Plain in Boston demonstrates that streetcar suburbs could provide some of the advantages of city life. By 1850, this farming community had grown large enough to incorporate itself as a separate town of about 2,700 people. Over the next two decades the town grew, chiefly as a result of the arrival of middle- and upper-class commuters, who traveled by horse-drawn rail car from Boston. In 1873, the townspeople voted for annexation by the City of Boston, a change that promised jobs, development, and growth. Growth did come, fueled by inexpensive electric streetcars and later by the railroad, and at the turn of the century the population had mushroomed to almost 33,000, the equivalent of a small city.

Was Jamaica Plain merely a residential appendage to Boston? Von Hoffman presents compelling evidence to the contrary. The railroad did bring upper-middle-class commuters, but it also brought factories; people commuted out of the area but also into it (much as they do in contemporary "edge cities"). "During the second half of the 19th century, Jamaica Plain matured from a fringe district to a heterogeneous city neighborhood, a type of urban area that heretofore has not been generally recognized," he writes. "It evolved into a local urban community, not as an isolated or segmented district, but as part of the larger growth patterns of Boston." Such outer-city neighborhoods, unknown in Europe, were physically different from their inner city counterparts—instead of tenements there were small houses, and the den-

sity of buildings was generally lower—and while their location and character were suburban, their residents' way of life was urban.

The presence of suburban elements in cities such as Berkeley or in urban neighborhoods such as Jamaica Plain is a reminder, as the architect Robert A. M. Stern points out, that the suburb is defined by neither location nor legalities alone. "The suburb is . . . a state of mind based on imagery and symbolism," he writes. "Suburbia's curving roads and tended lawns, its houses with pitched roofs, shuttered windows, and colonial or otherwise elaborated doorways all speak of communities which value the tradition of the family, pride of ownership and rural life." Stern also suggests that as long as the image—not necessarily the reality—of a freestanding house on a tree-lined street is maintained, the suburban ideal can be applied in a wide variety of situations, an observation that explains the surprisingly rich diversity of suburbs.

Suburban growth in America was the result of coincidences. First, there was the availability of land. Then there was the pressure of the growth of the commercial downtown, which engulfed the traditional downtown residential neighborhoods of the rich and the middle class. There was transportation—the railroad (which in many cases was already in place) and the streetcar. Above all, there were businessmen who had the resources and the vision to undertake the task of creating new communities.

The first comprehensively designed suburban residential development was Llewellyn Park, in West Orange, New Jersey, begun in 1853 by a young, successful Manhattan merchant, Llewellyn S. Haskell. Haskell intended his project, which he called a "villa park," to be a healthy and picturesque alternative for New Yorkers who wanted ready access to the city, about 12 miles away. Llewellyn Park attracted enterprising individuals; its most famous resident was probably Thomas Alva Edison, who lived there for more than 40 years and

established his laboratory nearby. For ordinary folks, however, the high cost of commuting to New York and the price of the generous lots were prohibitive. Llewellyn Park was exclusively residential; no industrial, commercial, or retail uses were allowed. Deed restrictions included rules about architecture and landscaping—fences, for example, were banned. Such enforced homogeneity became the pattern for many of the early suburbs. Moreover, developers used their own discretion to ensure that the new home owners were socially acceptable.

Haskell's architect, Alexander Davis, did not simply subdivide the 400-acre parcel of mountainous terrain on Eagle Ridge into building lots. He carefully manipulated the landscape to produce a natural experience. He heightened the illusion of a virgin forest by leaving a heavily planted 50-acre nature preserve, cleft by a ravine, in the center of the development. Today, the visitor to Llewellyn Park is impressed not only by the terrain and the planting—Haskell spent more than \$100,000 on landscaping—but by the romantic appearance of the houses themselves. Their Gothic, Swiss chalet, and Italianate styles were chosen not for their cultural connotations but simply for their pleasing aspect.

The skillful Davis was the author of *Rural Residences* (1838), a popular book of house patterns for architects and builders. His ideas were influenced by his friend and frequent collaborator, Andrew Jackson Downing, whose *Cottage Residences* (1842) and *The Architecture of Country Houses* (1850) were the most widely read books on domestic design of the period. Downing recommended that houses be designed in an irregular, picturesque manner; the rambling architecture was to be augmented by naturalistic landscaping and informal street layouts. This approach became the hallmark of all early American suburban developments, although the actual architectural styles varied. The preferred style in Garden City,

founded in 1869 as one of the first Long Island suburbs, was Italianate; at Short Hills, another New Jersey development, the society architects McKim, Mead, and White were commissioned to design a model home in the English cottage style.

The entire development of Llewellyn Park, including the nature preserve and the streets, was treated as private property, and public access was restricted by a peripheral fence and a gatehouse—which also became common practice. This type of exclusive enclave represents one branch of the suburban tradition. In its contemporary guise, the exclusive enclave has become a new kind of town, comprised uniquely of private homes, socially homogeneous, and privately governed. The chief legal vehicle of the enclave is the home owners' association (also pioneered at Llewellyn Park), which enforces the rules established by the original property developer and administers the commonly owned landscaped areas. Over time, the amenities of such enclaves have come to include not only gardens but recreation areas such as golf courses, tennis courts, riding paths, and swimming pools. The home owners' associations administer common services such as garbage collection, road maintenance, and policing—in other words, many if not all of the functions normally carried out by municipal governments.

These types of communities, called Common Interest Developments, have proven very popular with developers and buyers alike. According to Evan McKenzie of the University of Illinois at Chicago, there are currently some 130,000 such developments in the United States, housing about 30 million people, or 12 percent of the population. McKenzie estimates that by the year 2000 as many as 30 percent of Americans will be living in some form of community association.

If McKenzie is correct in suggesting that Common Interest Developments "are not only the present but the future of American

housing," the further development of enclaves is likely to accentuate the existing inequalities between rich and poor communities. That would be a shame, because the exclusive enclave is only one model available to suburban developers.

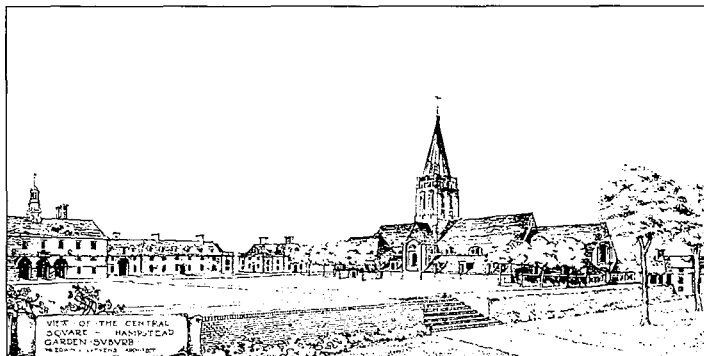
The Anglo-American garden suburb represents a very different ideal. In America, its antecedents were developments such as Riverside, on the outskirts of Chicago, planned by Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux in 1869. Nine miles from the Loop on the Burlington and Quincy Railroad, Olmsted transformed 1,600 acres of farmland into a beautiful park-like setting. The landscape approach is similar to that in Llewellyn Park (Olmsted, too, planted thousands of trees), but Riverside had no gates, and its scale was truly urban. It also had a commercial town center. Today, the graceful streets display the soundness of Olmsted's vision. Chicago was ideal for suburban development since it had a ready-made commuter system in place—the railroad. The 1880s saw many similar upper- and upper-middle-class suburbs—Winnetka, Highland Park, Lake Forest—stretching as far as 30 miles from the Loop.

The British branch of the garden suburb tradition originated in an urban movement that was analogous to but different from the City Beautiful. In 1898, Ebenezer Howard, an English court stenographer inspired by the American Edward Bellamy's best-selling futuristic novel, *Looking Backward* (1888), published a book containing a working blueprint for a new kind of city. In *Tomorrow: A Peaceful Path to Real Reform* (later retitled *Garden Cities of Tomorrow*), Howard elaborately explained how to build completely new, economically self-sufficient communities. These "garden cities" would be planned at a relatively low density to avoid the over-

crowding and squalor of Victorian industrial cities. They would be surrounded by greenbelts to preserve the countryside and would include industry and commerce to provide employment to their inhabitants. Howard acquired a wide popular following. In 1899, a group of British industrialists, businessmen, and social reformers formed the Garden City Association and in relatively short order marshaled the resources to start building the first garden city.

Founded in 1904 in Hertfordshire, some 30 miles from London, Letchworth Garden City was an ambitious undertaking that encompassed almost 4,000 acres and was intended to house 30,000 people. Howard had written nothing about the actual design of the proposed city, but the plan devised by Raymond Unwin and Barry Parker, two young architects who were members of the association, became a model for all later garden suburbs. Unwin and Parker came up with a loose, villagelike layout, and for the buildings they adopted an informal domestic style loosely based on the traditional architecture of British country towns. Although Letchworth incorporated Howard's novel ideas about urbanism, to most people it looked comfortably familiar.

Letchworth was followed by a second garden city: Hampstead Garden Suburb. As the name suggests, it was not a true city but a suburb, located a short subway ride from London. The developer of Hampstead was Henrietta Barnett, a friend of the famous



Hampstead Garden Suburb

housing reformer Octavia Hill and a social activist herself. Barnett saw the new suburb as an opportunity to offer working-class Londoners an alternative to the crowded inner city. Accordingly, Hampstead incorporated housing for people in various income brackets and included rental cottages and flats affordable to clerks and artisans. (Barnett was unable, however, to realize her dream of rehousing slum dwellers.)

With Letchworth under his belt, Unwin, one of the most talented urban designers of the period, produced in Hampstead a plan of great sophistication and subtlety. It incorporated a picturesque street layout, extensive landscaping in the residential areas, a range of innovative housing types, and a compact town center. The site covered more than 300 acres, and at an average density of eight houses per acre—about half the density of a typical inner city neighborhood—there was plenty of parkland and other open space. Nevertheless, compared to many later suburbs, Hampstead was densely peopled. The Long Island suburban communities built by William Levitt after World War II, for example, usually had a density of about four houses per acre, and many contemporary suburban developments average less than that.

Unwin's plan was neither a simple grid nor a Beaux-Arts diagram but rather a complex composition that took advantage of topography and natural features. There was variety in the road system: avenues, side streets, cul-de-sacs, and service lanes were all integrated into the plan. "It was not deemed enough that a road should serve as a means of communication from one place to another," said Unwin, "it was also desired that it should offer some dignity of approach to important buildings, and be a pleasant way for the passer-by."

This comprehensive planning was based on the visual and spatial experience of a place. It was similar to Olmsted's approach but distinctly more urban; Hampstead was a conscious attempt on

Unwin's part to capture some of the charm of the traditional country towns he so loved. The housing groups, designed by Unwin and Parker and by the notable Arts and Crafts practitioner M. H. Baillie Scott, were based on English vernacular architecture. Edwin Lutyens planned the town center in a more formal manner, with a large rectangular green flanked by two churches and a housing terrace, all designed in masterful fashion by himself.

Hampstead has been called "the jewel in the suburban crown." It is one of the most beautifully designed suburbs of the period—indeed, of any period—and influenced suburban developers everywhere, especially in the United States. One of these developers was George Woodward of Chestnut Hill, an outlying neighborhood of Philadelphia.

In 1873, Woodward's father-in-law, Henry Howard Houston, a successful Philadelphia businessman, acquired more than 3,000 acres along the scenic Wissahickon Creek, in and around Chestnut Hill. Eleven years later, Houston persuaded the Pennsylvania Railroad (of which he was a director) to build a spur line through his property, linking Chestnut Hill to the city. He then began an ambitious effort to fashion a new suburban community by constructing a large hotel; for recreation, he created a lake for canoeing and an arboretum for promenading; for worship, a church. He also deeded land to the Philadelphia Cricket Club (which moved from downtown) and convinced the managers of the annual Philadelphia Horse Show to relocate the event to Chestnut Hill. The last two moves were motivated not by philanthropy but by business. Houston wanted to attract Philadelphia socialites to his real-estate venture, and he succeeded. He built about 100 houses for predominantly upper-class families.

When Houston died in 1895, Woodward took over the direction of the family business. He displayed a not-uncommon characteristic of turn-of-the-century subur-

ban developers: a blend of entrepreneurship and idealism. A physician by training, Woodward was a reformer, progressive politician, and state senator, and also president of Philadelphia's Octavia Hill Association. Following the example of the British reformer, the association engaged in building and rehabilitating low-rent housing and model tenements for workers. Although a businessman, Woodward regarded Chestnut Hill as more than merely a real estate venture. His ideas about architecture were inspired by both John Ruskin (Octavia Hill's mentor) and the English poet, craftsman, and utopian socialist William Morris. Many of the Woodward houses are in the Arts and Crafts style. All are characterized by solid, honest construction and good craftsmanship. Woodward was also familiar with the Garden City movement and with projects such as Hampstead Garden Suburb.

One of the design issues that Unwin had addressed in Hampstead was the formation of a town composed uniquely of small, detached houses. "So long as we are confined to the endless multiplication of careful fenced in villas, and rows of cottages toeing the same building line, each with its little garden securely railed, reminding one of a cattle-pen, the result is bound to be monotonous and devoid of beauty," he had written. Unwin's solution was to group individual houses into terraces, picturesque clusters, and large quadrangles or courts. This created larger common spaces, as well as a variety of house types and building forms along the street. A small group of houses served by a narrow driveway instead of a wide road also saved money and land.

The houses Woodward built in Chestnut Hill included terraces of rowhouses surrounding landscaped courts, clusters of houses whose freestanding character was disguised by connecting stone walls and outbuildings, and interesting groups of attached cottages that produced the visual effect of larger

houses. Woodward also pioneered the use of quadriplexes consisting of four dwellings arranged in a cruciform plan, sharing a central core. Between 1910 and 1930, Woodward commissioned about 180 houses. He sent his young architects—H. Louis Duhring, Robert Rodes McGoodwin, and Edmund Gilchrist—to England and France to study traditional architecture; as a result, Chestnut Hill acquired several picturesque streets composed of Cotswold-style cottages as well as a group of eight houses, known locally as the French Village, designed by McGoodwin in the Norman style.

The houses built by Woodward, including smaller dwellings for young families as well as the large houses, were not sold but rented. (He did sell individual lots to people wishing to build their own houses.) This assured a high degree of conformity with Woodward's architectural ideals. But no effort was made to physically separate the development from the surrounding neighborhood. It had no gates—it was not an exclusive enclave. Access to the parks was unrestricted, and the streets were all public thoroughfares. In fact, it was not easy to tell exactly which parts of Chestnut Hill the Woodwards owned. Moreover, the neighborhood encompassed various income groups, including a large Italian community composed mainly of the families of masons who had been attracted to the area by the Woodward construction projects (which were all built using local stone), as well as other artisans, domestic servants, and local shopkeepers.

Houston and Woodward were unable to innovate in the street planning of Chestnut Hill. They had to adhere to the layout established earlier by the city of Philadelphia, a continuation of William Penn's downtown grid. The regularity was somewhat relieved by the rolling topography of Chestnut Hill and by the ragged edge of nearby Fairmount Park, as well as by several angled roads dating from the colonial era, but it was not the sort of plan that the builders of garden suburbs preferred.

Woodward did introduce an Unwinesque, crescent-shaped group of houses that flanked a public green, and he created a public park, but his design for a formal approach road was never implemented.

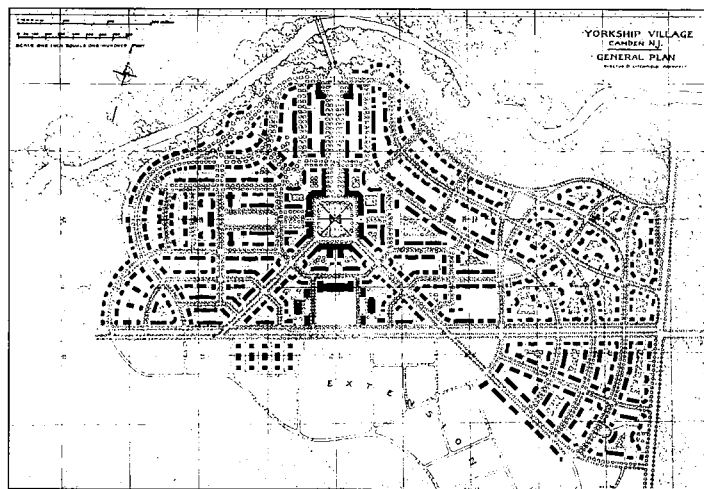
For a fully realized planned garden suburb in the United States, one must turn to the village of Mariemont, built in the 1920s on the outskirts of Cincinnati overlooking the Ohio River. Like Chestnut Hill, Mariemont was the work of an enlightened developer, Mary M. Emery, who wanted to create a model community that would demonstrate the value of modern (that is, Garden City) planning ideas. In 1914, she engaged John Nolen, a Philadelphia native and an experienced planner and architect who had been active in the City Beautiful movement. Starting from scratch on 420 acres, Nolen created a formal town center focused on a village green and bisected by a boulevarded avenue, with streets radiating out into the village. The plan is an extraordinarily subtle exercise in axial formalism combined with a very relaxed form of grid planning, which is all the more impressive when one appreciates that this is among the first suburbs planned expressly for the automobile. Nolen provided space for on-street parking and rear lanes giving access to garages.

Emery intended Mariemont to be an affordable community, and it included a variety of lot sizes as well as low-rise apartment buildings and commercial buildings with flats above stores. The housing was designed by several architects of national stature.

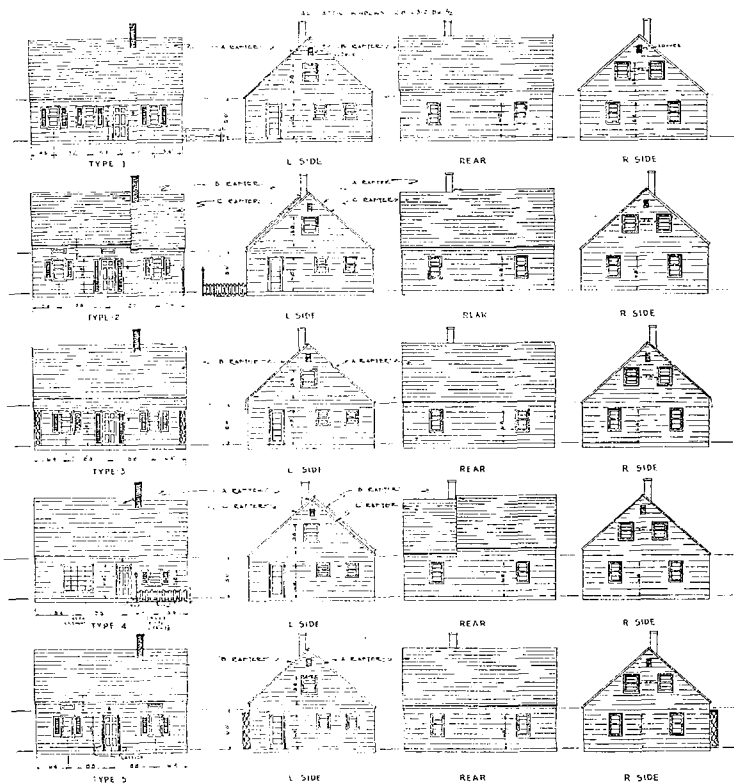
The development of Chestnut Hill and Mariemont coincided with a general increase in suburban construction that lasted from about 1910 to 1930. Garden suburbs

appeared in all parts of the continent. Country Club District, in Kansas City, Missouri, which was founded in 1907, grew over the next three decades and finally encompassed more than 4,000 acres. Shaker Heights, in Cleveland, developed into one of America's most beautiful garden suburbs. Forest Hills Gardens, 15 minutes by rail from Manhattan, was the American suburb that most resembled Hampstead. Lake Forest, north of Chicago, included an exemplary market square, forerunner of the regional shopping center. In Montreal, the Canadian National Railway commissioned Frederick Todd in 1910 to plan the Town of Mount Royal, a garden suburb linked to downtown by CNR tracks. A few years later, Todd was hired by the Canadian Pacific Railway to design the Town of Leaside, just outside Toronto. This suburban boom was caused by the increased congestion of traditional urban neighborhoods, which encouraged people who could afford it to seek alternatives, and by the advent of automobile ownership that, especially after 1920, made outlying areas accessible and freed developers from dependence on railroad companies. Above all, there was the innate attraction of the garden suburbs themselves.

Whereas most people today equate sub-



The design of Yorkship Village, with a regular hierarchy of streets organized around a town center, was typical of the garden suburb.



Five versions of the Cape Cod were sold at Levittown on Long Island. The community had few town-like qualities, but the houses had features that evoked the small town: shutters, picket railings, cross-and-bible doors.

urban development with negligent planning and incompetent design, the earliest garden suburbs were distinguished precisely by the sophistication of their layouts and the quality of their architecture. What is impressive is the consistency of this quality. This was as true in North America as it was in Britain. A small group of exceptional planners—Elbert Peets, the Olmsted brothers, Nolen, Todd—set the example, and others followed. It is also striking how many talented architects worked in the garden suburbs. Good planning and imaginative architecture made the garden suburbs popular with the buying public, but more important, they also assured their longevity. Like Chestnut Hill and Mariemont, all the garden suburbs of the 1910s and '20s have remained attractive places to live. Some, such as River Oaks in Houston, Beverly Hills and

Palos Verdes outside Los Angeles, and Coral Gables near Miami, have become synonymous with wealth.

The architectural and urbanistic qualities of the garden suburbs made them particularly attractive—and in the long run drove up real estate values. But as the example of Chestnut Hill shows, these places were by no means elitist. Nor were they always middle class.

Garden suburb planning was used in public housing and in developments for the working class. In 1918, shortly before the end of World War I, the New York Shipbuilding Company of Camden, New Jersey, built Yorkship Village, a community of about 1,000 dwellings intended for its workers. The plan of Yorkship, designed by Electus D. Litchfield, a New York City architect, bears some resemblance to

Mariemont's: there is a square green in the center, flanked by shops with flats above. Two diagonal avenues lead from the green to a boulevard, where a streetcar line connected Yorkship with Camden. Most of the dwellings are tiny rowhouses arranged in small terraces. The plan, which includes a system of rear service lanes, is carefully designed to avoid long, unobstructed vistas and to create a sense of intimacy through pleasant, closed spaces.

Yorkship Village (now known as Fairview) has survived intact. It continues to be a solid community still close to its blue-collar roots. The small houses are well tended, shops still surround the shaded village green, and there is an active community association. It's hard not to credit Litchfield's careful planning, whose human qualities are still evident,

with the vitality of this community, which exists in the city of Camden, a sad example of urban decay and devastation.

The period from 1900 to 1930 is a largely forgotten chapter in the history of the American suburb. The early garden suburbs of this era display none of the clichés of later suburban planning. They were clearly intended to offer a green alternative to the city, but their developers understood that town planning was an important tool in achieving their aims.

Compared with contemporary suburban developments, the garden suburbs were paragons of urban design. Instead of confusing layouts of cul-de-sacs, there were carefully planned hierarchies of avenues and streets interspersed with parks and squares. Instead of the ubiquitous bungalow, there was variety: rowhouse terraces, clusters, twins, and courts, as well as free-standing cottages and villas.

By the 1920s, the automobile had to be accounted for, and it was integrated in subtle ways: instead of lines of garage doors on the street, there were service lanes and garages at the end of backyard gardens; to prevent high-speed traffic, secondary roads were kept relatively narrow.

Above all, the garden suburbs were less spread out. Instead of one-story ranch houses, homes had two or three floors; instead of being set back behind large front lawns, houses were often close to the street. Small lots produced compact neighborhoods in which, despite the automobile, one could walk to the store, to school, or to the park. The garden suburb designers did not think of their work as an alternative to the city—still less as antiurban—but rather as a part of the long tradition of city building.

Suburban construction slowed down during the Great Depression and did not resume until after World War II. The postwar suburbs were different from their predecessors, however. They came to be called subdivisions—aptly so, for little artistry went into

their planning. It's almost as if a sort of amnesia set in and the garden suburb was forgotten. There were several reasons for this shift. The postwar suburbs were marketed chiefly on the basis of low price, and the selling price of houses was kept affordable by reducing overhead costs. Developers quickly realized that they could dispense with the niceties of architectural design and urban planning without harming sales.

Scale also differentiated the postwar suburban developments: they were huge. Railroad and streetcar suburbs had to be compact since people still walked a great deal; automobile suburbs could spread out—and starting in the late 1940s, they did. One of the most famous, Levittown on Long Island, eventually housed about 80,000 people; the second Levittown, outside Philadelphia, had about 60,000 residents. Compared with the garden suburbs, these were really small cities: the second Levittown included light industry, office buildings, 10 elementary schools, two high schools, recreation areas, swimming pools, and about 18 churches. Size was an important ingredient in the economic success of these subdivisions, since it was by mass-producing the houses (on site, not in factories) that the Levitt brothers in 1949 were able to market a four-room Cape Cod cottage for \$7,990. (Thanks to the GI Bill of Rights, no down payment was required, and the low monthly charges were actually cheaper than the rent for a comparable city apartment.) Although it was small—750 square feet—the two-bedroom house included an unfinished attic and such amenities as underfloor radiant heating, a fireplace, and a Bendix washing machine.

This achievement was made possible by standardizing house construction. What is less obvious is that the urban planning was also standardized. The basis for the new mode of planning was the individual lot for a detached house (virtually the only kind of housing available in the postwar suburb) and the



Some developers and designers are trying to revive various pre-World War II models of suburb building. One product of the trend is the new town of Kentlands, in Gaithersburg, Maryland.

need to handle car traffic. High-speed arterial roads cut the developments into large blocks, which were further subdivided by feeder roads usually culminating in cul-de-sacs around which the lots were clustered. There was nothing resembling a public center. Schools, recreation facilities, and shopping centers were scattered throughout the development—large buildings surrounded by parking lots. It was assumed that people would drive from place to place, and indeed, the low density of the postwar suburb (with predominantly one-story houses on large lots) made walking impractical.

Unlike the builders of garden suburbs, the subdivision developers did not seek

out prominent architects and planners. In order to save money, they preferred to use either stock plans or in-house architects. In any case, by 1945 the planners and architects of Unwin and Nolen's day were either dead or retired, and the succeeding generation of architects had no interest in suburban housing. These architects were caught up in international modernism, and when they did design housing, it was more likely to be publicly funded shelter for low-income people, such as the infamous Cabrini-Green project in Chicago. As for city planners, they had moved away from physical design altogether, preferring to concern themselves with statistical and policy analysis. The indiscriminating buyers must bear some of the blame for the bland subdivision as well, but the architectural profession and professional schools' departure from the design of suburbs and suburban housing after 1930 contributed greatly to this decline in quality.

The failure of the postwar subdivisions was, paradoxically, a result of their great commercial success. The making of suburbs, which had been an honorable branch of town planning, became simply a way of marketing individual houses. By concentrating entirely on making houses affordable, the developers overlooked the chief lesson of the 1920s garden suburbs: subdivisions should consist not only of private dwellings but also of public spaces where citizens can feel that they are part of a larger community. Suburbs are located outside the traditional city, but that does not mean that they cannot be urban, too. Civic art belongs in the suburbs just as much as in the cities.

THE PERIODICAL OBSERVER

Reviews of articles from periodicals and specialized journals here and abroad

Affirmative Action: A Symbol under Siege

A Survey of Recent Articles

It was never supposed to be permanent, and after some 30 years the time may have come for government "affirmative action" to cease. Senator Joseph Lieberman (D.-Conn.), upon assuming the chairmanship of the moderate Democratic Leadership Council earlier this year, expressed the now-widespread view: racial and gender preferences are "patently unfair."

California is taking the lead in the dismantlement. Governor Pete Wilson recently ordered scores of state affirmative action programs curtailed or eliminated, and a proposition to prohibit the state from discriminating in its employment, contracting, and school admissions is expected to be on the ballot next year. In Washington, President Bill Clinton, prodded by Republican victories at the polls, has ordered a review of federal affirmative action programs.

To Don Wycliff, editorial page editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, affirmative action "looks like a goner." Although he says that "not happily, but resignedly," he writes in *Commonweal* (May 19, 1995), he has long been somewhat troubled by affirmative action. "It really can foster doubt about the legitimacy of the achievements of those it's meant to benefit—not just in the minds of white males, but also in the minds of the blacks, women, or other beneficiaries."

Shelby Steele, author of *The Content of Our Character* (1990), has been making that same point for years. Writing on the *New York Times* op-ed page (Mar. 1, 1995), he contends that affirmative action "has always been what might be called iconographic public policy—policy that ostensibly exists to solve a social problem but actually functions as an icon for the self-image people hope to gain by supporting the policy." White supporters feel virtuous, blacks empowered. The uncomfortable reality, Steele says, "can be seen in two remarkable facts: middle-class white women have benefited from

it far more than any other group, and 46 percent of all black children live in poverty."

Affirmative action has increased the presence of minorities in the professions and at some corporations, universities, and public agencies, observes Princeton University sociologist Paul Starr in the journal he coedits, the *American Prospect* (Winter 1992). But this "genuine positive benefit . . . has not come without cost." It has fueled white racism, and even its beneficiaries have been hurt by that.

For blacks, the loss of affirmative action "will be more symbolic than substantive," Wycliff says. "To be sure, affirmative action has wrought some genuine successes—I count my own education and career among them. But overall, in terms of bringing black people to parity with whites, it has not overwhelmed."

In the view of Roger Wilkins, a professor of history at George Mason University, however, affirmative action "has done wonderful things for the United States by enlarging opportunity and developing and utilizing a far broader array of the skills available in the American popu-

POLITICS & GOVERNMENT	129
FOREIGN POLICY & DEFENSE	130
ECONOMICS, LABOR & BUSINESS	134
SOCIETY	135
PRESS & MEDIA	139
RELIGION & PHILOSOPHY	141
SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY & ENVIRONMENT	142
ARTS & LETTERS	145
OTHERNATIONS	148

lation than in the past. It has not outlived its usefulness."

Some aspects do need to be reconsidered and even, in certain cases, abandoned, Wilkins concedes in the *Nation* (Mar. 27, 1995). "It is not a quota program, and those cases where rigid numbers are used (except under a court or administrative order after a specific finding of discrimination) are a bastardization of an otherwise highly beneficial set of public policies."

But it may be too late for such tinkering. When, beginning in the 1970s, the concept of affirmative action was expanded beyond blacks to cover women and various ethnic groups, support for it was bound to be undermined, Don Wycliff says, because that expansion diluted "the sense that this was an obligation to justice. Remember, affirmative action (at least as originally conceived) was about compensation—reparation?—for disadvantages stemming from massive, unique, and undisputed historical wrongs. In this society, those criteria qualify two groups: African-Americans and Native Americans. Any others are a stretch."

The way to rescue affirmative action now, suggests author Richard Kahlenberg in the *New Republic* (Apr. 3, 1995), is "to base preferences, in education, entry-level employment, and public contracting, on class, not race." Others, however, beginning with that magazine's legal affairs editor, Jeffrey Rosen, have been quick to criticize the idea. Class-based affirmative action would be "perverse," Rosen asserts in the *New Republic* (May 8, 1995). He cites a College Board survey: in 1992, the average combined SAT score for black students whose parents earned more than \$70,000 a year was 854 (out of a possible 1,600), 25 points *lower* than the average SAT for white students whose parents earned less than \$20,000. "This statistic," Rosen says, "fatally undermines the premise that disadvantage is a useful proxy for race; and it suggests that need-based preferences, honestly applied, would replace middle-class black students with lower-class white students."

Nathan Glazer, the noted Harvard University sociologist and author of *Affirmative Discrimination* (1975), agrees. Writing in the *Wall Street Journal* (Apr. 5, 1995), he calls class-based affirmative

action "a bad idea, whose weaknesses become apparent" when one looks at how it would operate in government contracting (already "afflicted by dissembling and fraud"), employment, and college admissions. For example, notes Glazer, there already is "a huge and expensive system of federal loans and grants, supplemented by state programs and individual institutional scholarships," to enable the impoverished to go to college. For blacks, making tuition payments is not the biggest challenge. "The problem African-Americans face in entering institutions of higher education is performance, and performance is affected by poverty," Glazer says. Improving performance requires efforts targeted at blacks. Class-based affirmative action, he says, would amount to turning away from the problem.

If President Clinton wants to salvage something from affirmative action, Rosen suggests, "he will have to eliminate most of the mandatory racial preferences that the federal government now administers." But that would enable him to make "a crucial distinction." Federally mandated affirmative action "puts the U.S. government in the business of classifying its citizens by race and gender," and is more offensive to the ideal of equal citizenship than private affirmative action, taken voluntarily by employers.

For all the flaws of affirmative action, "at its heart is a reality that cannot be wished away," says Glazer, a long-time critic. "This is the distinctive condition of American blacks, scarred by a history of oppression no other group, save American Indians, can match."

Affirmative action may be little more than a symbol for blacks, but it *is* a symbol. While it "has done precious little to ameliorate" the problems it was intended to address, Glazer fears "that African-Americans will see the abandonment of affirmative action for them as a terrible rejection by an indifferent and hostile society." At the very least, he concludes, *voluntary* affirmative action—which colleges and universities, major corporations, and many cities could be counted on to maintain, even in the absence of federal regulations—should be encouraged.

Tom Paine's Place in History

"Disturbing the Peace" by Gordon S. Wood, in *The New York Review of Books* (June 8, 1995), 250 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10107.

He was the author of *Common Sense* (1776), the most influential pamphlet of the American Revolution, and of other stirring works, including an essay that famously began: "These are the times that try men's souls." He labored in behalf of liberty and the American Revolution "with as much effort as any man living," no less an authority than Thomas Jefferson recalled in 1801. And yet Thomas Paine (1737–1809) never won a place in the pantheon of America's Founding Fathers.

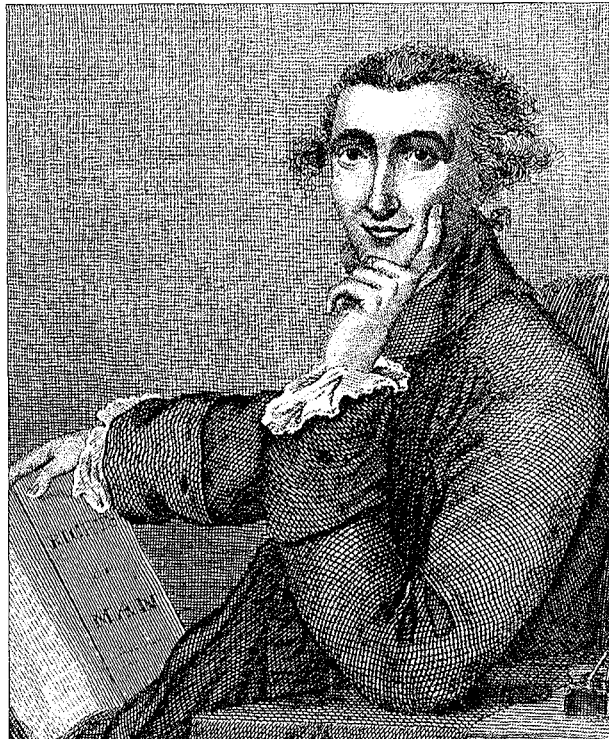
His religious views are often held to blame, but Wood, a historian at Brown University and author of *The Radicalism of the American Revolution* (1991), is skeptical. In *The Age of Reason* (1794), Paine attacked Christianity and orthodox religion, Wood notes, but he also set forth "his deistic belief in God the creator and harmonizer of the world." His deism was not very different from that of Jefferson or Benjamin Franklin. Yet no one would dream of calling them what Theodore Roosevelt called Paine: a "filthy little atheist."

Wood argues that the real source of Paine's poor standing was the character of the 18th-century social order. Like most of the Founding Fathers, he was not born a gentleman. But unlike them, he "was never quite able to shed his lowly origins as the son of a corset maker and the effects of all his years of living in poverty and obscurity, close to the bottom of English society." He arrived in America only 14 months before *Common Sense* appeared. Franklin, by contrast, was a self-made man who retired at age 42 from his printing business to live the life of a "gentleman." And public life was only one of his gentlemanly pursuits. Paine was a rootless critic of society who knew "only one kind of life," as he said in 1779, "and that is a thinking one, and

of course, a writing one." He was, Wood says, "America's first modern intellectual." He mingled with Washington, Jefferson, and Lafayette, but was seen as "a man without a home and even without a country."

Paine tried to turn the perceived defect into a virtue, Wood says, becoming "quite literally a citizen of the world." He returned to Europe in 1787. "After being hounded out of England for writing the *Rights of Man* [1791–92], Paine fled to France," where he spent 10 months in prison during the Terror of the French Revolution. Although he came back to America to live in 1802, the United States to him was not home, only a symbol.

This tribune of the people was out of step with popular religious beliefs, observes Wood. Critics attacked him as a "lying, drunken, brutal infidel." Paine was allowed to die in obscurity, with most of the revolutionary leaders wanting to forget that they had ever known him. Americans since have acted as if they felt the same way.



America's "first intellectual," in an 18th-century engraving

Rejecting the 'Vision Thing'

"The Oakeshottian President: George Bush and the Politics of the Present" by Dean C. Hammer, in *Presidential Studies Quarterly* (Spring 1995), 208 East 75th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.

The presidency of George Bush remains a puzzle. *Time* magazine summed it up in January 1991, when it named the 41st president "Men of the Year": a double image of him was splashed on the cover as if to say, "George Bush, bold leader of the crusade against Saddam Hussein, meet George Bush, curiously inert domestic political leader." The political scientists are already inventing labels for Bush: "guardian president," "hierarchist," and so on. Hammer, one of their brethren at Franklin and Marshall College, has a new one. Bush, he believes, was an "Oakeshottian" president.

Michael Oakeshott (1901-90) was a conservative British political philosopher who offered his diagnosis of the modern political disease in the title of his most famous book: *Rationalism in Politics* (1962). "For Oakeshott," Hammer explains, "Rationalism is born of a post-Renaissance belief in the authority of reason and a confidence in the attainability through political engineering of the perfectibility of human conduct and condition."

Against this vision, Oakeshott counterposed

a now-famous metaphor of politics as "men sail[ing] a boundless and bottomless sea: there is neither harbor for shelter nor floor for anchorage, neither starting-place nor appointed destination. The enterprise is to keep afloat on an even keel; the sea is both friend and enemy; and the seamanship consists in using the resources of a traditional manner of behavior in order to make a friend of every hostile occasion."

A better description of Bush's approach to politics would be hard to find, Hammer suggests. It meant eschewing what Bush called "the vision thing" in favor of incremental change, traditional practices, and the acceptance of life's inevitable untidiness. Describing his school-reform agenda in 1991, for example, Bush presented no master plan but stressed its "voluntary," "open-end[ed]," and "local" character. Even his boldest moves fit the Oakeshottian mold. His call for a "new world order" may have sounded like a Wilsonian trumpet blast, but in fact, Hammer believes, all Bush had in mind was a restoration of order, plain and simple. Operation Desert Storm sprang from a similar motive.

So total was Bush's immersion in the Oakeshottian way that he was unable even to mimic a "vision thing" during the 1992 presidential campaign. Trust me to keep the ship afloat, he said to the voters. The voters, however, preferred tales of safe harbors in distant lands.

FOREIGN POLICY & DEFENSE

A Tale of Two Confucianisms

"Confucianism and Democracy" by Francis Fukuyama, in *Journal of Democracy* (Apr. 1995), 1101 15th St. N.W., Ste. 802, Washington, D.C. 20005.

Singapore's former prime minister Lee Kuan Yew and others argue that Western-style liberal democracy is incompatible with traditional Confucianism. Many in the West, such as Harvard political scientist Samuel P. Hun-

tington, agree. "Classic Chinese Confucianism and its derivatives in Korea, Vietnam, Singapore, Taiwan, and (in diluted fashion) Japan," he has written, "emphasized the group over the individual, authority over liberty, and responsibilities over rights."

Fukuyama, a senior researcher at the RAND Corporation in Washington, sees things somewhat differently. Although traditional Chinese Confucianism, which took shape long after Confucius (551-479 B.C.) and held sway in China for 2,000 years, justified a

hierarchical political system culminating in the emperor, its essential feature was its stress on the family as the basic building block of society. The moral obligations of family life took precedence over all others, including obligations to the emperor. This was not true in Japan, notes Fukuyama, where Chinese Confucianism was modified after being imported in the 17th century so that one's duties to the emperor were deemed superior. Huntington's general characterization of Confucianism holds much more true for Japanese than Chinese Confucianism, Fukuyama says. "Yet it is Japan, rather than China, that has been democratic for the past 45 years."

Paradoxically, he argues, the weaker Chinese deference to authority created a greater need for an authoritarian political system: "Precisely because state authority is less respected in China, the danger of social chaos emerging in the absence of an overt, repressive state structure is greater there than in Japan." The stress on political authoritarianism in Singapore and other Southeast Asian states may also be less a reflection of their "self-discipline—as they would have outsiders believe—than of their rather low level of spontaneous citizenship and corresponding fear of coming apart."

The most important difference between Confucian culture and the West's Christian and democratic culture, Fukuyama says, has to do with the latter's regard for the individual, for human rights, and for the individual conscience as the ultimate source of authority. "This, it is safe to say, does not have a counterpart in any Confucian society."

Nevertheless, Fukuyama says, the thesis that economic development gives rise to political liberalization has been bolstered in recent decades—and nowhere more so than in Asia. Confucian societies such as Japan and South Korea "have been able to accommodate a greater degree of political participation and individual liberty than Singapore without compromising their own fundamental cultural values, and Taiwan is moving rapidly in the same direction. I see no reason why Singapore should not be able to follow this path."

An Ounce of Prevention?

"Alchemy for a New World Order" by Stephen John Stedman, in *Foreign Affairs* (May-June 1995), 58 East 68th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.

"Preventive diplomacy" and "conflict prevention" are the latest enthusiasms among the foreign policy cognoscenti, and numerous weighty studies are promised. It seems that whatever the disaster, whether anarchy in Somalia, civil war in the former Yugoslavia, or genocide in Rwanda, some analysts believe that early diplomatic intervention could have prevented it at little cost. Thus, in the Balkans, U.S. Secretary of State Warren Christopher has asserted, "the West has missed repeated opportunities to engage in early and effective ways that might have prevented the conflict from deepening." All the prevention chatter is largely wishful thinking, contends Stedman, a professor of African studies and comparative politics at Johns Hopkins' School of Advanced International Studies.

Heading off bloodshed in Somalia, Bosnia, or Rwanda, he says, "would have involved substantial risk and great cost. The cheapness of intervention depends on what actions will be necessary to deter the parties in a conflict from using violence (or more violence) to resolve it." Somali warlord Mohamed Farah Aidid, Serbian president Slobodan Milosevic, Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic, Angolan rebel leader Jonas Savimbi, and genocidal factions such as the presidential guard in Rwanda "decided on civil war," Stedman points out, "because they thought they could prevail militarily and that the international community was powerless to stop them. If they had faced an early international willingness to use massive force, then their calculations might have been different." If the threat worked, the cost would have been slight. But if it did not, "then only the use of force with the risk of prolonged involvement in a civil war" could work.

Stedman is equally critical of the theory of "conflict prevention," which suggests that foreign aid can be used to eradicate the putative roots of strife, including poverty, environmental degradation, and overpopulation. Between 1992 and '94, the United States gave aid to Rwanda to improve governance, strengthen

Hell, Yes, We Will Go!

A growing number of people on the American Left are looking at military intervention in a new light, Michael Walzer, a professor in the School of Social Science at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, New Jersey, and author of *Just and Unjust Wars* (1977), notes in *Dissent* (Winter 1995).

Should we put soldiers at risk in faraway places when our own country is not under attack or threatened with attack (not Maine or Georgia or Oregon) and when national interests, narrowly understood, are not at stake? I am strongly inclined, sometimes, to give a positive answer to this question.... The reason is simple enough: all states have an interest in global stability and even in global humanity, and in the case of wealthy and powerful states like ours, this interest is seconded by obligation. No doubt, the "civilized" world is capable of living with grossly uncivilized behavior in places like East Timor, say—offstage and out of sight. But behavior of that kind, unchallenged, tends to spread, to be imitated or reiterated. Pay the moral price of silence and callousness, and you will soon have to pay the political price of turmoil and lawlessness nearer home. . . .

[Interest] and obligation together have often provided an ideology for imperial expansion or Cold War advance. So it's the political Right that has defended both, while the Left has ac-

quired the habit of criticism and rejection. But in this post-imperial and post-Cold War age, these positions are likely to be reversed or, at least, confused. Many people on the Right see no point in intervention today when there is no material or, for that matter, ideological advantage to be gained. "What's Bosnia to them or they to Bosnia/ that they should weep for her?" And a small but growing number of people on the Left now favor intervening, here or there, driven by an internationalist ethic. They are right to feel driven. Internationalism has always been understood to require support for, and even participation in, popular struggles anywhere in the world. But that meant: we have to wait for the popular struggles. Liberation should always be a local initiative. In the face of human disaster, however, internationalism has a more urgent meaning. It's not possible to wait; anyone who can take the initiative should do so. Active opposition to massacre and massive deportation is morally necessary; its risks must be accepted.

democratic organizations, train market entrepreneurs, and increase farm productivity. The Hutu genocidal assault on the Tutsis there, however, had little to do with living conditions. It "was chosen, planned, and directed by individuals who did not want to cede power," writes Stedman.

"Absent well-defined interests, clear goals, and prudent judgment about acceptable costs and risks," he concludes, "policies of preventive diplomacy and conflict prevention simply mean that one founders early in a crisis instead of later."

The Hiroshima Debate

"The Biggest Decision: Why We Had to Drop the Atomic Bomb" by Robert James Maddox, in *American Heritage* (May-June 1995), Forbes Building, 60 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011; "Hiroshima: Historians Reassess" by Gar Alperovitz, in *Foreign Policy* (Summer 1995), Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 2400 N St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037-1153.

As the recent rows over the Smithsonian Institution's planned *Enola Gay* exhibit and the U.S. Postal Service's mushroom-cloud postage stamp demonstrate, President Harry S

Truman's decision to drop an atomic bomb on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, and a second one on Nagasaki three days later, can still stir controversy.

Revisionist critics such as Alperovitz, author of *Atomic Diplomacy* (1965), contend that U.S. leaders failed to explore other alternatives and may even have used the bombs mainly with an eye to making the postwar Soviet Union "more manageable," not to defeat a Japan already on the verge of surrender. Maddox, a historian at Pennsylvania State University, believes that the revisionists are all wet. The militarists in control of Japan's government intended to fight to the bitter end, he argues, and Truman "acted for the reason he said he did: to end a bloody war that would have become far bloodier had invasion [of Japan's home islands] proved necessary."

Much of the recent debate has focused on estimates of American casualties in an invasion. Truman in his memoirs claimed that 500,000 American lives would have been lost. Critics have assailed that and similar statements by other officials as gross exaggerations. Alperovitz, who updates his familiar critique in *Foreign Policy*, asserts that U.S. military planning documents—as shown in recent studies such as John Ray Skates's *Invasion of Japan* (1994)—indicate that a November 1945 invasion of the southernmost Japanese home island of Kyushu would have cost between 20,000 and 26,000 American lives. "In the unlikely event that a subsequent full-scale invasion had been mounted in 1946," Alperovitz writes, "the maximum estimate found in such documents was 46,000."

In their effort to minimize the number of U.S. casualties an invasion would have entailed, Maddox notes, revisionist critics have often cited a spring 1945 report prepared for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It concluded that an invasion of

Kyushu, followed by that of the main island of Honshu (as the chiefs proposed), would cost 40,000 dead, 150,000 wounded, and 3,500 missing in action. "The notion that 193,500 anticipated casualties were too insignificant to have caused Truman to resort to atomic bombs might seem bizarre to anyone other than an academic," Maddox observes. In any case, he says, subsequent Japanese troop buildups on Kyushu made those spring estimates irrelevant.

By August 6, he says, intercepts of Japanese military communications indicated that there were 560,000 troops in southern Kyushu, some 210,000 more than had been assumed in the spring (and 340,000 short of the roughly 900,000 troops actually there). A July 31 assessment of medical needs—unmentioned by Alperovitz—estimated that total U.S. battle and nonbattle casualties might run as high as 394,859 for the Kyushu operation alone. That figure, moreover, did not include those killed outright (who would not require medical attention).

Some historians concede that the first bomb might have been necessary but condemn the dropping of the second as needless. "The record shows otherwise," Maddox says. As American officials predicted, Japanese hardliners minimized the significance of



Preface to Hiroshima: Taking Iwo Jima (above) in March 1945 cost 6,000 U.S. dead and 20,000 wounded; on Okinawa, U.S. casualties neared 50,000.

Hiroshima. The Japanese minister of war, for example, at first refused even to admit that the weapon used at Hiroshima was an atomic bomb. "Even after both bombs had fallen and Russia entered the war, Japanese militants

insisted on such lenient peace terms that moderates knew there was no sense even transmitting them to the United States," Maddox writes. Only after the intercession of Emperor Hirohito did Japan finally surrender.

ECONOMICS, LABOR & BUSINESS

The Retail Revolution

"Change at the Check-out" by Michael Reid, in *The Economist* (Mar. 4, 1995), 25 St. James St., London, England SW1A 1HG.

The retail business once seemed fairly simple: the humble merchant chose from the goods available from manufacturers and wholesalers, then offered the array to his customers, at prices largely determined by the manufacturers. Not any more, reports the *Economist's* Reid. "In the past 15 years, retailing has undergone a many-sided revolution from which it has emerged as a leader in business innovation and the management of complexity. Top retail firms are now run by polished professionals" and exercise enormous sway over both manufacturers and consumers.

Retail firms have grown, first at home, more and more abroad, into some of the largest companies on earth. The Wal-Mart discount chain, launched in 1962 when founder Sam Walton opened a store in Rogers, Arkansas, is now the world's biggest retailer, ahead of Metro, a diversified German chain. Wal-Mart, with more than 2,500 stores, had receipts of more than \$67 billion in 1993, making it, in terms of sales, the fourth largest American company. (If it sustains its rapid growth, by 2000 the firm may be the largest company in the world.) Today, Wal-Mart's sales revenues outstrip those of its main suppliers. Similarly, each of Europe's top half-dozen food retailers has greater sales than any of the Continent's food manufacturers except Nestlé and Unilever.

"The traditional supply chain, powered by

manufacturer 'push,' is becoming a demand chain driven by consumer 'pull,'" Reid writes. "Retailers have won control over distribution not just because they decide the price at which goods are sold, but also because both individual shops and retail companies have become much bigger and more efficient. They are able to buy in bulk and to reap economies of scale, mainly thanks to advances in transport and, more recently, in information technology."

Using sophisticated computer systems, retailers can now find out right away "what they are selling in each of hundreds of stores, how much money they are making on each sale and, increasingly, who their customers are," Reid notes. No longer must a retail firm keep stock that may not sell or run out of items customers want. Exploiting their closeness to the customers, retailers have passed the devilish risk of maintaining inventories to manufacturers.

Growth has been accompanied by concentration. The gap between the front-running retailers and the rest has widened. America's top 70 nonfood retailers accounted for well over half of total sales of general merchandise, clothing, and furniture in 1993, a 10 percent increase over their share a decade earlier. Bankruptcies in U.S. retailing have gone up sharply during the 1990s.

"As most of the easy pickings have gone, large American retailers now find they can gain market share only at each other's expense," Reid observes. And increased competition is not retailers' only worry: "What if new technology allows their customers to dispense with stores altogether? What if consumers find they can do their shopping from

home?" In short, there just might be *another* retail revolution on the horizon.

The Myth of the Miserable Union Worker

"A Re-examination of the Relationship between Union Membership and Job Satisfaction" by Michael E. Gordon and Angelo S. DeNisi, in *Industrial and Labor Relations Review* (Jan. 1995), 201 ILR Research Bldg., Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. 14853-3901.

Are union members more unhappy with their jobs than others are? Economist Richard Freeman in 1978 found that union members were less happy but were also less inclined to leave their jobs. He saw that as a strength: through contract negotiations and grievance procedures, union workers were able to express their discontents and improve their working lives. Non-union workers' main option was to quit. Most later research has supported Freeman's findings.

Gordon and DeNisi, of Rutgers University's School of Business and Institute of Management and Labor Relations, respectively, object that the earlier research was based on national surveys and did not adequately take into account the possibility that the union members' working

conditions actually were worse. Pursuing this line of thought, the Rutgers researchers examined three surveys in which union and nonunion employees worked together.

A 1986 survey of 188 public-sector employees in an "agency shop" (in which workers must pay a fee about equal to union dues but do not have to join the union) and a 1980 survey of 1,578 federal workers who operated in an "open shop" (in which neither union membership nor dues are required as a condition of employment) produced the same result: no connection between job satisfaction and union membership. So did a 1989-90 survey of 721 Rutgers professors, of whom about 64 percent belonged to the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors.

It is true, Gordon and DeNisi acknowledge, that unions generally do try to bring worker discontents to the fore during an organizing campaign. Once they have been chosen to represent workers, however, they have every incentive to make workers happier with better wages and working conditions. Studies of both private- and public-sector unions, the authors point out, have shown "that workers who were most satisfied with their jobs also tended to be most satisfied with their union."

SOCIETY

Welfare Cowboys

"Storm over the Rockies" by Karl Hess, Jr., in *Reason* (June 1995), 3415 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Ste. 400, Los Angeles, Calif. 90034-6064.

The sagebrush rebels in the American West who oppose wetlands regulation and higher grazing fees and who imagine themselves at war with the federal government (or did at least before the sobering tragedy of the Oklahoma City bombing) conveniently overlook their own extensive reliance on that same government. What these ranchers, miners, and

others mainly want, argues Hess, a writer affiliated with the Foundation for Research on Economics and the Environment in Bozeman, Montana, is to keep "federal lands . . . safe for ranchers and ranching."

The 28,000 public-land ranchers, Hess points out, do not object to "the myriad programs and subsidies [through which] the federal government has made sure that cattle stay king on the western range." (Little more than one-third of the West is in private hands, and the federal government lays claim to most of the rest.) For decades, Washington has paid

trappers about \$30 million a year "to purge the western range of wolves, bears, cougars, and coyotes that prey on domestic livestock." Federal dams on western rivers supply ranches with plentiful subsidized water, even in times of drought.

"A more massive subsidy to both private- and public-land ranchers," Hess says, is provided by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's emergency feed program, which pays ranchers half the cost of hay and grain to keep their herds alive during the worst droughts. In recent years, he says, the program has become "an entitlement program for dry years and wet. . . . Nevada ranchers, the most vocal of sagebrush rebels and the most intent on kicking Uncle Sam out of the West, receive on average \$18,000 per year for every man and woman in the program." The program not only costs the taxpayers as much as \$500 million a year but also encourages overgrazing—which means less grass produced next year and greater need for drought relief. "But as long as government payments for emergency feed grow as fast as the grass disappears," Hess notes, "ranchers can stay in business, and even make a profit."

The West's real war, Hess contends, is with itself. "The West, paradoxically, is the most urbanized region of the nation. It has a sparse and tiny rural population; Nevada, for example, has 90 percent of its population in its three major urban centers." While the ranchers cling to their government privileges and subsidies, western environmentalists, sportsmen, and outdoor enthusiasts have other uses in mind for the region's vast expanses of public lands. The latest sagebrush rebellion, Hess says, may turn out to be subsidized ranching's "last hurrah."

A Role Model Fallacy?

"Following in Her Footsteps? Faculty Gender Composition and Women's Choices of College Majors" by Brandice J. Canes and Harvey S. Rosen, in *Industrial and Labor Relations Review* (Apr. 1995), 201 ILR Research Bldg., Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. 14853-3901.

It is conventional wisdom in academe these days that if there were more women teaching science, engineering, and mathematics, then more female undergraduates would decide to major in those subjects. This idea has had consequences. Colleges are trying to hire more female professors, for example, and the National Science Foundation has awarded grants for women scientists and engineers to serve as visiting professors. But the conventional wisdom may well be invalid, contend Rosen, an economist at Princeton University, and Canes, a graduate student at Stanford University.

Examining data from the 1970s and '80s from Princeton, the University of Michigan,

Don't Hound 'Deadbeat Dads'

Liberals and conservatives alike now seem to favor extracting child support from the "deadbeat dads" of children whose mothers are on welfare. Writing in the *American Spectator* (June 1995), George Gilder, author of *Wealth and Poverty* (1981), spies a pitfall.

Because of the promotion of early sexual activity through television, films, sex education, and the welfare state—all attacking the constraints of chastity and female modesty—the girls of the welfare culture are widely promiscuous from the age of 14, whether black or white. Many black youths, in particular, can be linked as DNA dads to some ghetto child or other. Thus the threat of garnishment makes official employment a treacherous arena for inner-city men. They can never know when their paychecks will be devastated by a huge lien, representing years of support payments for some unknown child (or even for a known child who has long received payments off the books). Like all welfare crackdowns focusing on desirable activity—honest work, savings, and tax payments—the DNA-Dad programs will destroy marriages and forcibly drive men out of the official economy into crime and other underground work.

A Republic of Meddlers?

In *Society* (May-June 1995), Charles Edgley, a professor of sociology at Oklahoma State University, and Dennis Brissett, who teaches behavioral science at the University of Minnesota Medical School at Duluth, decry the latest national pastime.

There was a time long ago when the phrase "it's none of your business" meant something. Not any more. A boorish and persistent army of meddlers, equipped with righteous indignation and a formidable array of theories and technologies, has made almost everyone's business its own. Meddling in the lives of others is now the republic's most visible obsession. Examples are everywhere—from national crusades against bad habits such as drinking, smoking, and gambling to the efforts of a group in Woodbury, Minnesota, to create a "fragrance-free" work environment where workers are insulated not only from the disgusting stench of tobacco smoke but also from the aroma of perfumes, shampoos, and aftershave lotion as well. . . . In Takoma Park, Maryland, a group of "concerned citizens" tried to ban outdoor grills and lawn mowers, spawning a countermovement that calls itself "pro-choice" on the question of charcoal and Toros. . . .

Obviously, not all this meddling is bad. In fact, the consequences of meddling, at least in terms of what the meddler wishes to accomplish, may be quite positive. But whether meddlesome interventions succeed or not (and there always seems a way to make them seem successful), a deeper concern is the attitude of meddling that has become so prevalent in our society. Increasingly, it seems, people are stampeded into believing, with very little reflection and much cocksure arrogance about the matter, that meddling and being meddled with are cultural virtues; indeed, that they are the hallmark of what

good people do for each other. The alternative to meddling is now more often seen as an apathetic, uncaring, isolated disregard for others symbolized by those tragic instances in which cries for help go unheard or unanswered. . . .

*An even more pernicious dimension is, however, at the nub of meddling. It is that meddling is done so impertinently. It is the meddler's impudent arrogance, effrontery, and audacious presumptive understanding of the meddlee that makes meddling so different from most other forms of human association. Meddlers neither approve nor indulge the meddlee's behavior. At the same time, they presume to understand—or at least claim to be in possession of an understanding of how to understand—not just the behavior but the self, relationships, and entire life of the meddlee. In short, it is the meddlers' wholesale, know-it-all arrogation of the meddlee that makes meddling the bane of modern civilization. In the process, differences between the meddler and meddlee become inequalities, establishing the moral, intellectual, and psychological superiority of the meddler. As Alida Brill [author of *Nobody's Business: Paradoxes of Privacy* (1990)] has observed, "privacy invasions are virtually always justified for a higher moral purpose or public good or for a nobler motivation than privacy protection." So it is little wonder that people take such pride in being meddlers. It just may be the last bastion of socially sanctioned snobbery in an egalitarian society.*

and Whittier College, Canes and Rosen found that female students did tend to cluster in departments with larger numbers of female professors. In an average year at Princeton, for ex-

ample, 19 percent of the English professors were female, as were 50 percent of the graduating English majors. But coincidence is not causality. Those female English majors may

have had other reasons for picking the field.

If same-sex role models are an important factor in such decisions, then an *increase* in female professors in a department should boost the number of women majoring in the subject. But Canes and Rosen found no evidence that this happened. At Princeton, an increase of 10 percentage points in the proportion of female faculty members in a department resulted in perhaps a half-point rise in the department's percentage of female undergraduates.

Of course, the absence of evidence does not prove that professorial role models are not important. But Canes and Rosen suggest that some skepticism is in order. It may be that in selecting a major (or career), undergraduates mainly take the measure of their own capabilities and situations.

Before Time Was Money

"'Time That Can Be Relied Upon.' The Evolution of Time Consciousness in the Mid-Hudson Valley, 1790-1860" by Martin Bruegel, in *Journal of Social History* (Spring 1995), Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213.

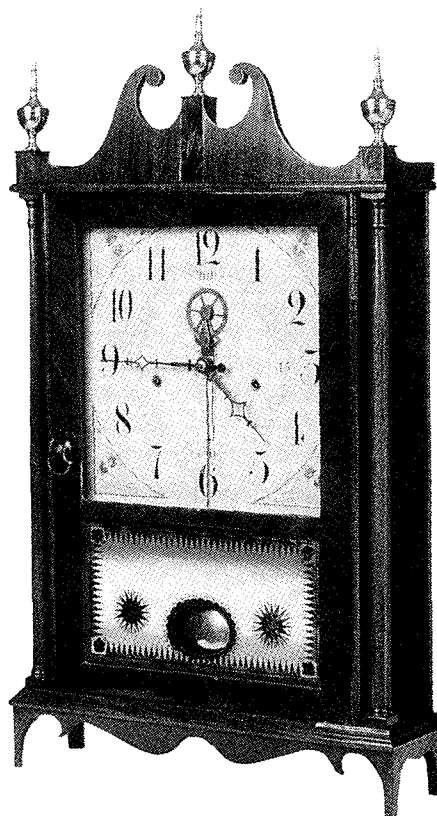
Harvard's David S. Landes, the author of *Revolution in Time* (1983), and other scholars have maintained that it was only when railroads penetrated the countryside that rural Americans in the 19th century became conscious of time as something precisely measured by clocks rather than by the sun and the seasons. Bruegel, a historian at Cornell University, contends that in New York's rural Hudson Valley, the change came before the railroads, with the introduction of clocks.

When the 19th century began, the agricultural economy of the mid-Hudson Valley required little in the way of timing, Bruegel says. "The vast majority of exchanges were confined to the neighborhood, where time was an abundant resource." Occasional trips to the landings on the Hudson River to deliver produce for the New York City market "called for some planning and arrangements, but the coordination of these journeys involved few

people and needed no timetables."

By 1810, the invention of interchangeable parts had ushered in an era of mass-produced clocks. Peddlers on horseback roamed the mid-Hudson Valley, selling the new timepieces. "The Yankee pedlars, with their wooden clocks, are renowned," wrote the English author Harriet Martineau in 1837. These men, in her view, were "great benefactors to society: for, be their clocks what they may, they make the country people as well off as the inhabitants of towns, in the matter of knowing time."

"People owned timepieces before time owned people," Bruegel writes. Initially, the clocks and watches were prized as "objects of refinement," not as tools for what we now call time management, he notes. Athens merchant John Smith's gold watch, valued at \$25 when he died in 1810, reflected his social distinction. A gold watch, observed the author of an 1833



This 1816 pillar-and-scroll timepiece, made in Connecticut, was one of the first mass-produced clocks.

article in the *Rural Repository*, a magazine published in Hudson, "combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions [and] is usually considered a very valuable appendage to the gentleman." What a watch did for an individual, a public clock did for a village or town. A New Yorker who visited Catskill during the 1820s was much impressed when he beheld a church steeple with "an excellent toned bell" and next to it, "a town clock . . . which strikes the hours regularly."

As the prices of clocks and watches fell, their snob appeal diminished. By the 1820s, a majority of rural households in the valley had clocks or watches, and their utility as timepieces was becoming paramount. Comments about the importance of timeliness and punc-

tuality became more and more common in business and agriculture. Time "increasingly became a public preoccupation in mid-Hudson Valley towns," Bruegel says. "[In] an economy whose division of labor was growing more complex, clocks and watches served to organize the processes of production and distribution and to open the community outward."

By midcentury, the valley's inhabitants had acquired "a new sense of time," Bruegel says. It no longer seemed, as it had when the century began, "an abundant resource that suffered squandering." Instead, as novel measures of productivity came into use, time became "a scarce [resource] that required husbanding."

PRESS & MEDIA

The End of Editorials?

"Climbing Down from the Ivory Tower" by Judith Sheppard, in *American Journalism Review* (May 1995), 8701 Adelphi Rd., Adelphi, Md. 20783.

The loss of authority evident in so many American institutions seems finally to have reached that stronghold of certitude, the newspaper editorial page. "Lately there's been a real sense of self-doubt that's crept up on many editorial boards," says Jane Eisner, editorial page editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. "We're questioning whether it's right to take stands and speak in one voice."

At the *Spokane* [Washington] *Spokesman-Review*, editors have ceased questioning: they've muzzled themselves. "We took our space to 'be God' and gave [readers] the space. Less God space, more people space." So says Rebecca Nappi, a former *USA Today* political reporter (who says she hates politics) who is now an editorial board member and an "interactive editor" at the *Spokesman-Review*. Editorials have been cut from 13 a

week to eight, are signed by the writer "for the editorial board," and sometimes are even rebutted, in a feature called "Both Sides." The newspaper's impersonal institutional voice is no longer heard. Syndicated columnists have been cut back. More space is given over to readers' letters and to longer pieces by local people that "are solicited, polished, and sometimes virtually ghost-written" by the "interactive editors," according to Sheppard, a former newspaper reporter who teaches journalism at Auburn University.

Few newspapers have gone as far as Spokane's, but many have moved in that direction. "Today," Jay Bookman, an editor at the *Atlanta Constitution*, has written, "the editorial page (at this and other papers) is more a debating society than a pulpit. . . . Editorials are no longer meant to be the final word on a subject; part of their purpose now is to set the agenda for further debate."

"But will editors who are so acutely attuned to readers remain independent enough to take unpopular editorial stands?" asks Sheppard. "Most great moments in

American editorial page history rose out of opposition to majority points of view." Indeed, more than once, courageous editors have helped alter the course of history. During the 1950s, the *Atlanta Constitution's* Ralph McGill and Hazel Brannon Smith of

the *Lexington [Mississippi] Advertiser*, crusading at great personal and financial risk, helped turn the tide against segregation in the South. That is not a tradition, Sheppard suggests, to be abandoned lightly in the name of letting the people speak.

Mencken as Newsmen

Like Theodore Dreiser, Ring Lardner, Stephen Crane, and Carl Sandburg, among others, H. L. Mencken (1880–1956) began his writing career at a newspaper. Unlike them, Louis D. Rubin, Jr., an emeritus professor of English at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, observes in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* (Spring 1995), Mencken remained a newspaperman all his working life.

It certainly wasn't because of a passion for covering the news, as such. He soon tired of that—as did most of the young men and women who wrote for newspapers en route to literary careers. He ceased to take satisfaction in getting out a daily paper, did not wish to direct news coverage, lay out pages, write headlines, battle the composing room. From about 1908 onward Mencken was a commentator, not a reporter, and for the remainder of his days on earth it was the expression of his opinion, not the gathering of news, that concerned him.

He remained a newspaperman because he liked to sound off, to make a noise. In that respect he did not, in one sense, differ from any other person who has written for a living, whether fiction or fact, prose or poetry. . . .

But there were particular compulsions at work within him that made it vital that he do his sounding-off in newsprint. . . . These were:

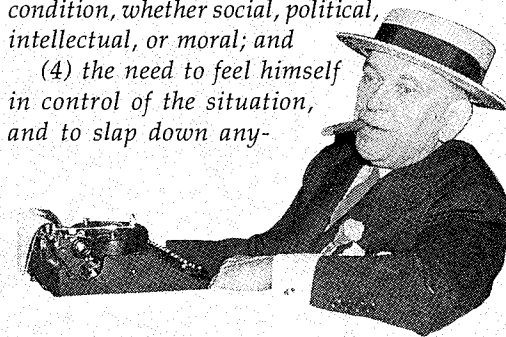
(1) the need to demonstrate that although possessing intense artistic leanings he was no dreamy esthete but an eminently practical and worldly-wise fellow;

(2) the need and wish to smite self-righteous authority-figures;

(3) the need to insist upon the absolute futility of any attempt to ameliorate the human

condition, whether social, political, intellectual, or moral; and

(4) the need to feel himself in control of the situation, and to slap down any-



thing and anybody appearing to menace that control.

Such needs existed not in separation but in creative relation to and as part and parcel of each other. For Mencken, however, their combined thrust meant that he couldn't cut loose from his role as a newspaper columnist—not even in the 1920s when the American Mercury was in full flower and he was happily battling prohibitionists, book and magazine censors, anti-evolutionists, American Legionnaires, the British Empire, Calvin Coolidge, chiropractors, believers in Christian Endeavor, and all other Right Thinking people everywhere. Each Monday his [Baltimore] Evening Sun column kept the animals stirred up and reasserted his presence on the home front.

Substance Abuse

"Thank You, God, for Newt Gingrich" by Carl M. Cannon, and "The New Congress & the Old Media" by Terry Eastland, in *Forbes MediaCritic* (Spring 1995), P.O. Box 762, Bedminster, N.J. 07921.

"Today," anchorman Tom Brokaw announced, introducing a story on the NBC evening news last September 27, "GOP congressional candidates were summoned to Washington and given a battle plan. However, as NBC's Lisa Myers tells us tonight, it is long on promises but short on sound premises."

And that's the way it was for the mainstream news media last fall, argues Cannon, who covers the White House for the *Baltimore Sun*. The national news media gave short shrift to the House Republicans' now-famous "Contract with America" and thus missed the story of what the elections of 1994 were all about: a choice between two competing visions of government.

"USA Today, in an advance story on September 27, quoted none of the 367 Republicans who would sign the contract," Cannon notes, "but did report the White House view that the contract was a 'gimmick' that would cut Social Security and Medicare and shower tax cuts on the rich." The *Boston Globe* the next day quoted three Democrats—including the White House chief of staff, who called the contract "a fraud"—but no Republicans. In general, Cannon says, the press served up the Democratic version of the GOP contract and failed to explore the document's contents or its signifi-

cance in the 1994 elections.

Why? One reason, speculates Eastland, editor of *Forbes MediaCritic*, was simply lack of familiarity with the players and politics inside the Republican Party. After decades of Democratic control of Congress (except for the six years during the 1980s when the GOP held the Senate), journalists were not in the habit of taking pronouncements by members of the minority party very seriously. As Steven V. Roberts of *U.S. News* said in an election post-mortem, "the press treated the Republicans with the same disdain for many years that the Democrats treated the Republicans: they didn't pay much attention to them." The press, however, does follow the election returns, and it has become very attentive. In fact, Eastland notes, "after the election, news organizations hustled to do in-depth pieces on the contract."

Washington journalists can be counted on to educate themselves about the Senate and House Republicans, Eastland believes, and their reporting will be more accurate as a result. He is less confident that, in covering the 104th Congress, the press will overcome what conservatives have long seen as its liberal bias. An even greater obstacle to fair, balanced, and comprehensive coverage may be the news media's inclination to be relentlessly negative and to relish conflict for its own sake. Cannon suggests that perhaps journalists should consider offering their own contract with America: "It could include a promise to look beyond the spin for the substance."

RELIGION & PHILOSOPHY

The Future of Priestly Celibacy

"Numbers Don't Lie" by Richard A. Schoenherr, in *Commonweal* (Apr. 7, 1995), 15 Dutch St., New York, N.Y. 10038.

If demography is destiny, then the Roman Catholic Church in America seems almost

sure to experience before long a head-on collision between two cherished traditions: eucharistic worship and mandatory celibacy for priests. So argues Schoenherr, a sociologist at the University of Wisconsin, Madison.

Ever since the Second Vatican Council (1962-65), the supply of ordained priests in the United States has been shrinking. From about

1,000 a year in the late 1960s, ordinations fell to roughly 500 annually during the '80s, before climbing back to about 600 a year in the early '90s. What little encouragement might be taken from that increase, Schoenherr notes, is dimmed by the fact that the number of Catholic seminarians in the final years of study before ordination has been decreasing steadily, from 8,325 in 1966 to 3,416 in 1993.

Compounding the problem of dwindling enlistments is the chronic defection of young priests from the active ministry. Although nowhere near as bad as it was in the early 1970s, when 95 percent of newly ordained priests were needed to fill vacancies created by resignation rather than death or retirement, the hemorrhaging continues. Today, four out of 10 newly ordained priests must fill such vacancies—and the other six are not enough to replace all the older priests who have retired or died. In the coming years, as the many priests ordained during the 1950s and '60s reach the end of their careers, Schoenherr points out, "natural attrition rates will begin to soar and the already limited supply of active priests will precipitously dwindle."

Meanwhile, he notes, membership in the Catholic Church in the United States has con-

tinued to grow, from roughly 45 million in 1965 to some 70 million today. "High fertility rates of Catholic families and the steady immigration of Asian and Hispanic Catholics account for most of the growth," Schoenherr says. For every active priest in 2005, there are expected to be 2,200 lay Catholics—twice the number in 1975.

The shortage of priests has been mitigated by greater lay participation in the Mass, Schoenherr observes. "Lay people now help plan the liturgy [and] actively participate by reciting prayers, singing hymns, reading the Scripture passages, serving at the altar, even preaching homilies, and distributing Communion." But priests are still required "to preside over sacramental celebrations, principally the eucharistic sacrifice of the Mass." Eventually, the church may be forced to limit the frequency of such rites.

Study after study in recent decades has concluded that mandatory celibacy, a requirement for Catholic priests since the 12th century, is at the root of the church's problems in recruiting and retaining priests. "The full weight of history and social change," Schoenherr concludes, "is turning against male celibate exclusivity in the Catholic priesthood."

SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY & ENVIRONMENT

The Mystery of The Double Tongue

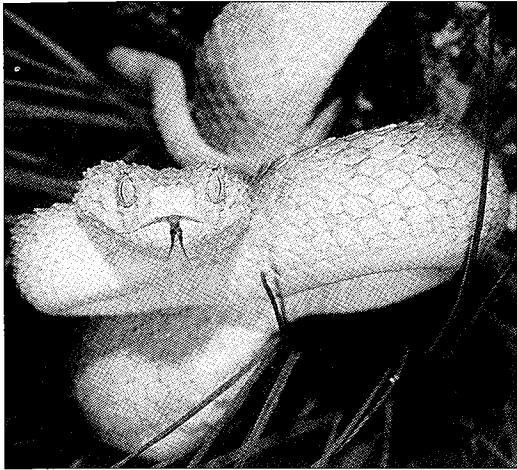
"The Serpent's Tongue" by Kurt Schwenk, in *Natural History* (Apr. 1995), American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St., New York, N.Y. 10024.

Everyone knows that some humans employ a forked tongue to get around inconvenient truths, but why do *snakes* have forked tongues?

Aristotle imagined that the fork in their tongues gave snakes "a twofold pleasure from savors, their gustatory sensation being as it

were doubled." Plausible, notes Schwenk, a professor of ecology and evolutionary biology at the University of Connecticut—except for the fact that snakes have no taste buds. Early-20th-century scientists believed that the delicately forked organ helped to give snakes a sense of fine touch. But the serpents' frequent flicking of their tongues into the empty air suggested that that wasn't the answer, either.

During the 1920s and '30s, experimenters in Germany and the United States found some important clues. They discovered that when a snake flicks its tongue, it picks up chemical particles and brings them into its mouth. The



A venomous African Bush Viper flicks its forked tongue, picking up chemical particles in the air.

particles then are somehow delivered to two tiny, bulb-shaped structures—the vomeronasal organs—that lie side by side in the snake's snout, just above the roof of the mouth. Some German researchers "suggested that the slender tips of the forked tongue must be inserted *into* the openings of the [vomeronasal organs], delivering scent particles directly." This hypothesis eventually became dogma and can still be found in some textbooks. But the evidence contradicts it. Snakes can deliver chemical particles to the vomeronasal organs even after their tongue tips are surgically removed. Pads on the floor of the mouth probably make the delivery.

So *what* is the function of the double tongue? Scientists in recent years have found the answer: it is used to follow scent trails. By spreading the tongue tips far apart as they touch the ground, snakes (and fork-tongued lizards) are able to sample scent particles from two different points; they then can compare the strength of the chemicals on each side and follow the stronger scent. This ability is especially useful for following pheromone trails left by prey or potential mates. For both venomous and nonvenomous snakes, Schwenk says, the forked tongue is vitally important: "In many ways, the tongue and the tremendously sensitive vomeronasal system it serves are the essence of being a snake."

PC Science

"Science by Quota" by Sally L. Satel, in *The New Republic* (Feb. 27, 1995), 1220 19th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

In a 1993 measure that President Clinton signed into law, Congress required the National Institutes of Health (NIH) to develop guidelines to ensure that women and minorities are included as subjects in clinical research. "The seemingly laudable goal is to compensate for years of actual and perceived underrepresentation," says Satel, a professor of psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine, but the likely result will be *fewer* medical breakthroughs.

"Wholesale inclusion of minority groups, defined as black, Hispanic, Asian/Pacific Islander, and American Indian/Alaskan native, makes little sense," Satel says, "unless there's a specific reason to expect that different groups will respond differently to particular treatments." Usually, there isn't—yet wholesale inclusion is what the new policy demands. Most investigators probably will have "to search far and wide for minority research subjects," she says, and including them in adequate numbers will make the clinical studies many times larger and far more expensive. "How the policy will affect NIH's allocation of its coveted award budget remains to be seen," Satel says. "But, if priority goes to costly 'inclusive' projects, the agency clearly will be funding fewer studies." Hence, fewer medical breakthroughs.

The NIH guidelines do allow exemptions from the inclusion rule when the particular disease under study is largely confined to a specific minority group (as sickle cell anemia, for example, is to blacks). But few diseases limit themselves so neatly.

Satel sees a better way to satisfy the desire for inclusion. Congress "should encourage the NIH to fund more projects designed explicitly to investigate whether group differences in response to certain medical therapies actually exist." And it should let each of the 21 institutes within the NIH "devote a certain percentage (based on demographic representation, perhaps) of its budget to minority-related

Crushed Illusions

In New York City, as in many other American towns and cities, civic-minded souls carefully sort their recyclables and put them out for curbside collection. What happens next, writes *City Journal's* Roger Starr in the *Public Interest* (Spring 1995), would likely shock the virtuous recycler.

As one member of the two-person sanitation-truck team pulls levers, an immense jaw of steel reaches back over the trough into which one or more blue bags have been deposited, cramming them further into the body of the truck. There, a blade, rising from the bottom inside the truck body, presses the newly acquired bags against the rear face of an immense piston, crushing the bags and gradually forcing the piston to retract toward the inside front of the truck body.

In the process, most of the glass bottles, cans, and jars inside the bags are smashed or shattered. Glass shards and glass dust mix with the plastic containers, foodstuffs, and refuse that some less-conscientious householders forgot to wash out of their discards. Inevitably, the reuse value of the carefully saved containers is compressed with them, until the fragments are subject to a new, costly, and only partially effective process for restoring them to marketability.

When the truck reaches its MRF destination—the initials stand for Municipal Recycling Facil-

ity, in New York City always privately owned and operated—the rear wall of the truck body pivots upward. The piston, by now retracted toward or all the way against the front end of the truck body, is driven rearward, forcing the bags out of the truck into a pile on the floor of the MRF or into a large open-top container that can be lifted and moved by a front-end loader.

The privately owned MRF now gets to work, restoring what the truck mechanism put asunder. The natural question of a householder who discovers that the truck monster casually crushed the fruits of his, or, more likely, her, virtue, is "Why does the Sanitation Department countenance such a destructive operation?" The answer is simple. The cost of operating each truck with a two-person team is fixed, and thus, the larger the load that can be crammed into it, the fewer the loads. With fewer loads there are fewer trucks and crews, consequently, lower total waste-collection costs faced by the city.

health problems." This approach might turn "politically correct science into scientifically correct policy."

From Hackers To Crackers

"Hackers Taking a Byte Out of Computer Crime" by Wade Roush, in *Technology Review* (Apr. 1995), Bldg. W59, MIT, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

During the 1970s and '80s, rebellious young "hackers" found it thrilling to break into corporate and academic computer systems and commit electronic mischief. They formed

clubs with names such as "Masters of Deception" and "Legion of Doom" and reveled in their superiority over the slow-footed "Establishment" whose computer systems they so easily penetrated. A popular 1983 movie, *War Games*, portrayed young hackers as high-IQ superheroes.

Improved security measures and the threat of imprisonment, not to mention advancing age, brought the heyday of relatively innocent hacking to an end. But the volume of computer intrusions is apparently growing, says Roush, a reporter for *Science*. As more and more people have gotten on the Internet, the exclusive appeal of hacking has diminished, but the number of truly malicious hackers—

"crackers," in the jargon—seems to have increased.

The Pittsburgh-based Computer Emergency Response Team—formed in 1988 after an Internet "worm" (a self-replicating program) clogged academic computer systems throughout the nation—received reports of about 130 intrusions in 1990, 800 in 1992, and 2,300 last year. According to a 1992 study, the number of intrusions in U.S. workplace computers more than doubled between 1989 and 1991, from 339,000 to 684,000. In 42 percent of the cases studied, the intruders altered or destroyed data or software, at a cost of \$82 million in 1989 and \$164 million in 1991.

In "the battle for safety and order in the digital realm," Roush says, law enforcement agencies and information security specialists have begun to turn to hackers and ex-hackers for help. At Bolling Air Force Base in Wash-

ington, D.C., for example, investigators asked a young hacker who had pleaded guilty to breaking into a Pentagon computer system to attack as many Air Force systems as he could. Within 15 seconds, he broke into the same Pentagon computer system he had penetrated before, and during the next three weeks, he got into more than 200 Air Force computer systems. The Air Force then tried to patch the holes in its computer security.

"Nervous about exposing themselves to roving data thieves, many corporations are refusing to join their local networks to the Internet," Roush reports, "while others are spending millions installing 'firewalls'—gatekeeping computers that filter out all but a few authorized forms of data exchange." Necessary though they may be, such security measures seem to dim one of the bright promises of the Internet: easy access to information.

ARTS & LETTERS

Slumming with T. S. Eliot

"T. S. Eliot and the Cultural Divide" by David Chinitz, in *PMLA* (Mar. 1995), Modern Language Association, 10 Astor Place, New York, N.Y. 10003-6981.

T. S. Eliot (1888-1965), one of the high priests of literary modernism, is often seen as the fastidious and austere hero of a struggle to defend high art from the masses. Although Eliot in later life was more inclined to assume that role, observes Chinitz, an English professor at Loyola University, in Chicago, he was attracted all his life to "low" culture and even argued during the 1920s that all valid art must be rooted in the popular.

The poet's biographers, Chinitz notes, have made it clear that he was a fan of comic strips, boxing, street slang, melodrama, vaudeville, sensational news stories (especially about murders), the music of Broadway and Tin Pan Alley, bawdy comedy, crossword puzzles,

and Marx Brothers movies. "One of Eliot's lasting enthusiasms," Chinitz writes, "was for detective fiction, from Arthur Conan Doyle to Georges Simenon and Raymond Chandler." In a 1927 essay, he deplored the gulf that had opened between "high" literature and "popular" fiction, warning "serious" writers that the craving for melodrama "is perennial and must be satisfied" and that dull literature is doomed. "Fine art," he argued in a 1923 review, "is the *refinement*, not the antithesis, of popular art."

Eliot, however, did have a "modernist antagonism toward the middle class," the author notes. In a 1922 essay, he complained that "the respectable mob, the decent middle-class mob," had taken over high culture and made it averse to "adventure and experiment." Eliot saw the arts of the lower class, especially the music hall, as an ally in the struggle against gentility. He wanted, Chinitz says, "to wrest art away from 'the respectable mob' to reunite it with 'the people.'"

Who Goes to the Movies?

Writing in the *New York Review of Books* (Mar. 23, 1995), Louis Menand, a professor of English at Queens College, City University of New York, contends that the movies are not as much of a mass medium as most people think.

One of Hollywood's best-kept industrial secrets is that the movies are entertainment for educated people. . . . This was a finding that surprised the studios when, in the 1940s, they first undertook to analyze their audience: frequency of movie attendance increases with income and education. Even today, when people complain that they don't make movies for grown-ups anymore, the percentage of people who say they are "frequent moviegoers" is more than half again as great among people who have gone to college (31 percent) as it is among people who have only finished high school (19 percent). . . . Movie-going is a lot more expensive than television-watching, of course, and no doubt this helps to account for the difference. But the numbers make it clear that film is not truly a mass art form to anything like the degree that television and popular music are. Movies since the 1930s have been designed for the people who have the money and the leisure to afford them.

After the 1920s, Eliot increasingly turned to drama, rather than poetry, "as a way of bridging the cultural divide." Still, in his poetry up through *The Hollow Men* (1925), Chinitz says, "popular culture was significant as both influence and subject." In the original version of his most famous poem, Eliot drew extensively on popular song, including the lyrics from a George M. Cohan show. Had fellow poet Ezra Pound not persuaded Eliot to delete most of the references to contemporary popular culture, *The Waste Land* (1922) would have looked

very different, Chinitz points out. And so, perhaps, would have the literary high culture of the decades that followed.

A Critique of Pure Bile

"Céline: The Problem" by Renee Winegarten, in *The American Scholar* (Spring 1995), 1811 Q St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

Among the literati, French novelist Céline (1894–1961) is seen as a great writer ("a very great writer," according to Philip Roth). The claim, contends Winegarten, author of *Writers and Revolution* (1974), raises the question of what literary "greatness" really is.

Born Louis Ferdinand Destouches in the lower-class Paris suburb of Courbevoie, Céline adopted everyday working-class speech for his literary purposes. From his first and best novel, *Journey to the End of Night* (1932), Winegarten observes, he deliberately set out "to break the classical, rational mode of the French literary language, freely manipulating it and creating new words of his own, transforming the vulgar tongue into a powerful instrument of mocking challenge to convention and hypocrisy. This is the sphere in which his influence has been the most marked and enduring."

The major themes of Céline's works, Winegarten notes, are present in that first novel, in the wartime and African episodes of the "journey toward death" of his alter ego, Ferdinand Bardamu, and in his next novel, *Death on the Installment Plan* (1936), about a nightmarish childhood. "For Céline, the supreme truth is death, or more specifically, 'my own death.' Christianity, Catholicism, religion itself, together with optimistic illusions, such as progress and 'the American way of life' (to which would later be added Soviet 'utopia'), are smoke screens, futile attempts to conceal this bitter truth." Céline was also a vile anti-Semite, whose oeuvre includes "three notorious hate-filled anti-Semitic tomes": *Trifles for a Massacre* (1937), *School for Corpses* (1938), and *A Pretty Pickle* (1941). A staunch admirer of Adolph Hitler, Céline was unfazed by revelations after

World War II about the Nazi Final Solution.

Céline's admirers, such as Frédéric Vitoux, author of *Céline: A Biography* (1988), see the writer's style "as a kind of grace that somehow redeems all." But does it? Winegarten asks. "Can this steady outpouring of bile, this blinkered self-righteousness and self-concern, this unwavering baseness and nihilism be accounted great? Where are the moments of joy in nature, the counterweight of decency, the deeds of supererogation that can be found in common experience? In an age when such French writers as Malraux, Montherlant, [and] Camus were seeking a ground for humanism and human values, Céline stands aloof."

Art Attacks

"Art and Authority in Antebellum New York City: The Rise and Fall of the American Art-Union" by Rachel N. Klein, in *The Journal of American History* (Mar. 1995), 1125 East Atwater Ave., Bloomington, Ind. 47401-3701.

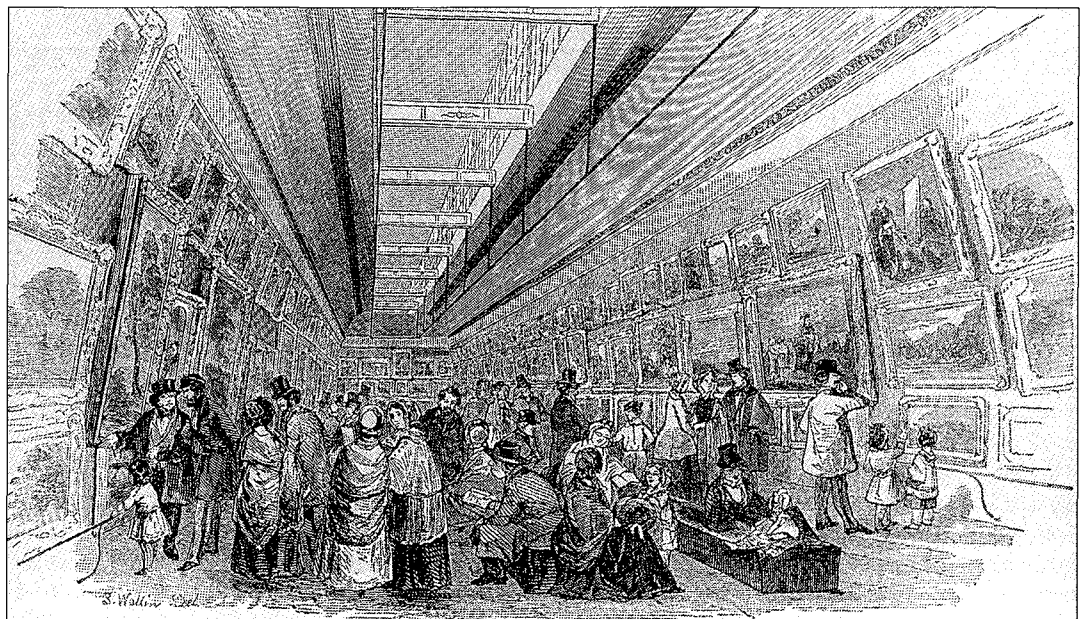
The National Endowment for the Arts is not the first institution to aid American artists,

promote appreciation of art—and become embroiled in controversy. In the case of the American Art-Union, founded in New York City in 1839, the storm proved fatal.

The Art-Union, writes Klein, a historian at the University of California, San Diego, "represented a particular adaptation of a general transatlantic phenomenon. Early European art unions sought to liberate artists from dependence on private patrons while enlisting art in the reformation of public life. Rather than serving the pleasure of the few, art would foster moral improvement among the many." The American organization added a patriotic dimension, aiming to create "an uplifted, unified sense of national identity."

In return for \$5 a year, the nonprofit Art-Union offered subscribers its publications, at least one engraving, and a chance to win a work of art in the lottery it sponsored. With the subscription funds, the union bought paintings by American artists and displayed them in its gallery; then, at the end of each year, it distributed the art works by lottery to the subscribers.

By the late 1840s, the Art-Union boasted



The popularity of the American Art-Union public gallery is evident in this 1849 depiction.

some 19,000 subscribers, a slight majority of them from New York State, and had become the primary market for American paintings (other than portraits). During its existence, the union bought 2,481 works of art from more than 300 American artists; in its heyday, from 1847 through 1851, it purchased an average of almost 400 paintings a year. The union helped to support many artists associated with the Hudson River school, as well as genre painters such as George Caleb Bingham, noted for his representations of Midwestern river life.

But the Art-Union came under attack from several quarters. Expressing the view of the genteel press, Nathaniel Parker Willis, editor of the *Home Journal*, contended that true artistic taste was the property of only the enlightened few. Willis scorned the union's managers as "'mere tradesmen' whose lack of discrimination and inadequate appreciation of quality demoralized art and artists," Klein writes.

Many artists shared Willis's view. In 1851, a year the union passed over his landscapes, Thomas Doughty denounced the organization

for expending "[its] means in a most prodigal manner on some half-dozen or so of pet artists" while refusing to give "even a crumb for others."

The "penny press," particularly James Gordon Bennett's *New York Herald*, became the Art-Union's principal antagonist. Purporting to speak for the "public" (and amplifying the grievances of disgruntled artists), the penny press "reviled the alleged duplicity of the managers" and insisted that the Art-Union "promoted private, selfish interests." Managers, the *Herald* charged, "were manipulating the lottery in their own interest."

With critics attacking the Art-Union's lottery, the New York Supreme Court ruled it illegal in 1852, effectively killing the organization. The Art-Union's fall "signaled a decisive change in the patronage and exhibition of American art," Klein concludes. Henceforth, she says, in such institutions as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the emphasis would be less on educating the broad public than on preserving the best art for the enlightened few.

OTHER NATIONS

Adieu, Quebec?

A Survey of Recent Articles

For more than three decades, the threatened secession of Quebec has disturbed Canada's domestic tranquillity. With a referendum promised for later this year, the issue may be settled once and—if not for all, at least for a long time.

"From the early 1960s," David J. Bercuson, a historian at the University of Calgary, writes in *Current History* (Mar. 1995), "the Canadian federation has been akin to a marriage in which one partner has his or her bags perpetually packed in the vestibule, in full sight of the other partner, as a constant reminder of how tenuous the marriage really is. No marriage can go forward on

that basis; nor can a political union."

"Because the rest of Canada is no longer prepared to make concessions to appease Quebec," Canadian media magnate Conrad Black points out in *Foreign Affairs* (Mar.–Apr. 1995), "Quebec will finally have to decide whether it really wishes to be part of Canada or not."

Quebec premier Jacques Parizeau, whose separatist Parti Québécois narrowly won the provincial election last fall and pledged to hold a referendum on independence this year, said in April that a spring vote, which had been widely anticipated, would be too "hasty." Instead, he announced, "We've de-

cided to convene Quebecers for their moment of truth this fall."

The postponement may have been prompted by opinion surveys, which seldom have shown support for secession among Quebecers (about 12 percent of whom are primarily English-speaking) running higher than 45 percent. In 1980, when an earlier Parti Québécois government held a referendum on "sovereignty association" (i.e., political sovereignty juxtaposed with economic association with Canada), 60 percent of Quebecers voted against it. (Although a bare majority of Francophones voted yes, Anglophones overwhelmingly voted no.)

Within days of that *non* vote, observes Thomas G. Barnes, a historian at the University of California, Berkeley, writing in an issue of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* (Mar. 1995) devoted to Canada, Liberal prime minister Pierre Trudeau informed the 10 provincial premiers that he intended, via Parliament, to push ahead with plans to "patriate the Constitution" (make Canada fully independent of Great Britain). The resulting constitution, with an elaborate Charter of Rights and Freedoms, took effect in 1982, although Quebec—which was given little it did not already have—refused to ratify it.

In the years since, David Bercuson observes, two major efforts have been made "to square the circle—to reconcile the mounting demands of French Quebecers to create a nation within a nation, and the growing refusal of English-

speaking Canadians to make compromises on political principles that they believe constitute the essence of being Canadian."

The first effort, led by Progressive Conservative (Tory) prime minister Brian Mulroney, culminated in the Meech Lake Accord of 1987, which proclaimed Quebec "a distinct society within Canada." But the accord failed by mid-

Solzhenitsyn Speaks

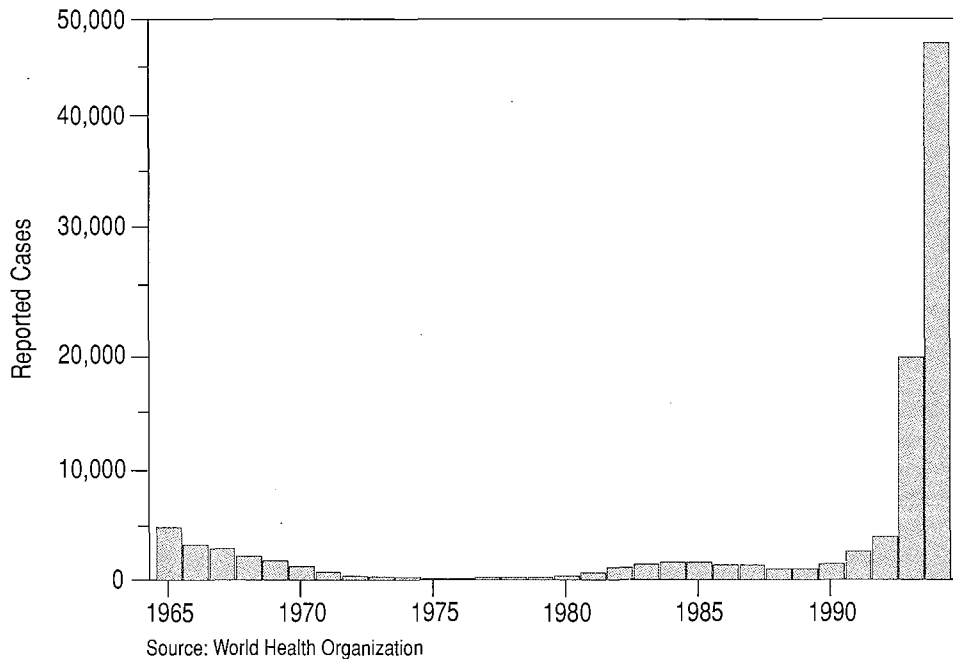
Interviewed by Natalia Zheinerova of *Argumenty i fakty*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn declares in *Index on Censorship* (Mar.–Apr. 1995) that Russia should let the Chechen people go.

During the course of my trip across Russia [in 1994], I repeatedly said that Chechnya should be given independence. But the Moscow media were determined to ignore my statements. I also spoke about Tajikistan. Now Chechnya is ablaze and everyone is asking: "Why is Solzhenitsyn silent?" When Tajikistan explodes, they'll say the same. Which is why I am issuing yet another warning: we must leave Tajikistan without further delay.

When [Dzhokhar M.] Dudayev declared [Chechnya's] independence we should have acted right away; strengthened our borders, organized customs posts to prevent the passage of drugs or arms. We should have declared all Chechens in Russia foreigners and asked them to go home or get a visa, like any other foreigner. . . . And we should have provided refuge for all Russians who wanted to leave Chechnya. . . .

When one part of the body is gangrenous, it has to be amputated to save the rest. The integrity of Russia is more important. I have heard it said that our leadership is ready to agree to a confederation with Chechnya. In fact we need neither a confederation nor a federation. The Russian Federation is an artificial, Leninist invention. Russia never was a federation; it never was formed on the basis of a union of ready-made states. Today the autonomous republics are based almost entirely on minorities. The 1989 census shows that Tataria has a Tatar population of 48.5 percent; Yakutia is 37 percent Yakut; Bashkiria 22 percent Bashkir; and Karelia just 10 percent Karelian. It is only in Chechnya, Tuva, and Chuvashia [and, since June 1992, Ingushetia] that the indigenous population is over two-thirds of the population as a whole. In the remaining republics Lenin's formula has given power to a minority.

A Diphtheria Outbreak in the Former Soviet Union



In what may be a sign of growing chaos, a diphtheria epidemic broke out in the former Soviet Union in 1990 and has been rapidly spreading since then. Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report (Mar. 17, 1995) says that cases jumped from 839 in 1989 to 47,802 last year, when 1,746 persons died.

1990 to get the required unanimous consent of all 10 Canadian provinces, thanks to Manitoba and Newfoundland.

The second effort "to square the circle" resulted in the Charlottetown Accord of August 1992, which reiterated Quebec's distinctiveness but also addressed a host of other issues, such as western Canada's demands for institutional reform. The agreement was endorsed by Mulroney and the federal government, the three major federal parties, the 10 provincial premiers, the leaders of the Northwest and Yukon territories, and the leaders of the main "aboriginal" peoples (Indians and Eskimos)—by everybody, in short, except the voters. In an October 1992 referendum on the accord, 54 percent of Canadians—including a majority of Quebecers, who evidently thought that it did

not sufficiently increase their province's status and powers—voted against it.

This failure sealed the fate of Mulroney and his party, says Thomas Barnes. "A year later, under a new leader... the Tories went down to the most stunning defeat in Canadian political history." They won only two seats in the 295-member Parliament—a staggering loss of 151 seats. The Liberals, under Jean Chrétien, returned to power, and the role of Official Opposition was taken, astonishingly, by Lucien Bouchard's pro-independence Bloc Québécois, formed after the Meech Lake debacle.

"Instead of engendering unity," David Bercuson points out, "the constant constitutional tinkering between 1982 and 1992 created greater

disunity, as expectations were raised and dashed, and then raised and dashed again." The continuing failure to resolve the matter lessened Canadians' faith in their leaders. "Worse, it has produced government by bribery, under which Ottawa has continually attempted to purchase the loyalty of Quebecers." Between 1970 and 1990, by University of Calgary economist Robert Mansell's estimate, Ottawa poured over \$160 billion more into Quebec than it took out in tax revenues.

Ottawa also gave greater recognition to the French language and tried to counter the notion that this was mainly a Quebec matter. The Official Languages Act of 1969 designated both French and English official languages of Canada and "decreed that federal government services should be provided in either language in the capital and throughout the country wherever there was 'sufficient demand,'" Dale Thomson, a political scientist at McGill University in Montreal, notes in the *Annals*. The act also provided for federal financial support for second-language education. Quebec, however, took the view that the French language was the basis of its "distinct society," and that therefore, French and English could not have equal standing in the province. Under the 1977 Charter of the French Language, only the French version of government documents was to be legally binding, and public signs, with only rare exceptions, were to be in French. When

the Supreme Court of Canada in 1989 declared the law forbidding the use of English on public signs unconstitutional, Quebec used a loophole in the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms to re-enact the original language law. "English-speaking Canadians were outraged," observes David Bercuson.

Canada today is a country of two fundamentally different worldviews, Bercuson says. "English-speaking Canadians conceive of Canada as a nation of individual citizens who are equal before the law—regardless of the language their forbears spoke—and who live in a federation of provinces with equal constitutional status." But French-speaking Quebecers "view Canada as a nation of collectivities defined primarily by language," and think Quebec "needs special powers to defend itself and cannot be subject to the dictates of institutions representing the collective power of 'the English.'" Compromise between these worldviews is no longer possible, he believes.

"Most Canadians agree that the process of having a plebiscite on the future of Canada conducted in Quebec alone every 10 to 15 years must stop," Conrad Black says.

What happens next is up to the Quebecers, Joseph Jockel of the Washington-based Center for Strategic and International Studies concludes. English Canada, he says in the *Annals*, is presenting Quebec with a choice: "the current constitutional arrangements, take them or leave them."

China's Stillborn Industrial Revolution

"The Needham Puzzle: Why the Industrial Revolution Did Not Originate in China" by Justin Yifu Lin, in *Economic Development and Cultural Change* (Jan. 1995), 1130 East 59th St., Chicago, Ill. 60637.

Until the last few centuries, the eminent British scholar Joseph Needham has shown, China was well ahead of the West in most areas of science and technology. Many historians agree that by the 14th century China was

on the threshold of a full-fledged scientific and industrial revolution. Yet it failed to cross that threshold—and when progress in the West accelerated after the 17th century, China lagged further and further behind. Left unresolved was the question of why it was unable to keep its early lead.

A widely accepted explanation among many scholars—first proposed by Mark Elvin, author of *The Pattern of the Chinese Past* (1973)—has been that China's early adoption of such modern institutions as family farming, fee-simple ownership, and the market system

A Dream Dies in Africa

Washington Post reporter Keith B. Richburg, a black American from Detroit, covered Africa for that newspaper from 1991 to 1994. In the *Washington Post Magazine* (Mar. 26, 1995), he tells what he reluctantly found there.

This is not the story I sat down to write. Originally, I had wanted to expound on Africa's politics, the prospects of freedom and development, the hopes for the future. My tour in Africa, after all, came during what was supposed to be the continent's "decade of democracy"—after the fall of one-party communist states of Eastern Europe, the argument went, and the consolidation of democracy in Latin America, could Africa's one-party dictatorships and military regimes be far behind? . . .

But three years of following African elections, in countries as diverse as Nigeria, Cameroon, Kenya, Ethiopia, Malawi, and Mozambique, have left me—and many of those early, hopeful African democrats—far less than optimistic. I've seen elections hijacked or stolen outright, elections canceled, elections bought, and elections that have proved to be essentially meaningless. How can you talk about elections in countries where whole chunks of territory are under the sway of armed guerrillas? Where whole villages get burned down because of competing political loyalties? And where traditional belief runs so deep that a politician can be charged in public with casting magic spells over poor villagers to force them to vote for him?

African autocrats are proving far more en-

trenched, far more brutal, and far more adept at the manipulation of state machinery than their Eastern European communist counterparts. Africa's militaries—as compared with those in, say, South America—are proving less willing to return to the barracks and bow to the popular will. In country after country, even oppositionists demonstrate themselves to be grasping, quarrelsome, and in most cases incapable of running things if they ever do manage to make it to power. Politics in Africa is about lucrative spoils and fresh opportunities for corruption, and much of opposition politics across the continent consists of an out group wanting its turn at the feeding trough.

It's become a cliché to call tribalism the affliction of modern Africa, but, unfortunately, my years of covering African politics has convinced me that it is true. . . .

In trying to explain Africa to you, I needed first to try to explain it to myself. I want to love the place, love the people. I can tell you I see hope amid the chaos, and I do, in places like Malawi, even Mozambique. But the Rwandas and Somalias and Liberias and Zaires keep intruding into my mind. Three years—three long years—have left me cold and heartless. Africa is a killing field of good intentions, as Somalia alone is enough to prove.

gave it the initial edge. But thanks to a ballooning rate of population growth, there were so many people working the land by the 14th century that the incentive to create labor-saving technology was vastly diminished. Hence, the revolution did not occur.

Lin, an economist at Peking University, rejects this explanation. China's population increased until about 1200, when it was 115 million, he notes, but it then declined to about 81 million in 1400 before returning to about 115 million a century later. It continued to rise

during the 16th century, peaking at about 160 million around 1600, and then fell to about 140 million a half-century later. "If the man-to-land ratio were the valid explanation for the burst of labor-saving innovations up to the 12th century," Lin says, "then that rate should have been even higher in the 14th and 15th centuries and again in the mid-17th century."

China's industrial revolution was stifled not by a lack of demand for new technology, Lin argues, but by a shortage of supply: "In premodern times, most technological inven-

tions stemmed from the experiences of artisans and farmers, and scientific findings were made spontaneously by a few geniuses." The larger the population, the more artisans, farmers—and geniuses. Hence, China's comparative advantage. Modern technological change, however, mainly results from experiments and discoveries made by trained scientists. "China fell behind the West . . . because China did not make the shift from the experience-based process of invention to the experiment cum science-based innovation, while Europe did so through the scientific revolution in the 17th century," Lin says.

Why didn't China make this jump to modern science? Lin, following Needham, suggests that China's bureaucratic state deserves much of the blame. Government service was considered by far the most honorable and worthwhile occupation, and after the Song dynasty (960–1275), all bureaucrats were selected on the basis of competitive civil service examinations. Intellectually gifted Chinese had every incentive to spend years memorizing the Confucian classics and preparing for the exams, and thereafter to devote themselves to the bureaucratic life. The rewards and attractions of a career devoted to scientific research were, by comparison, very meager. As a result, Lin concludes, "despite her early lead in scientific achievement, China failed to have an indigenous scientific revolution."

Europe's 'New Populists'

"New Populist Parties in Western Europe" by Paul Taggart, in *West European Politics* (Jan. 1995), Frank Cass and Co. Ltd., Newbury House, 900 Eastern Ave., London IG2 7HH, England.

Jean-Marie Le Pen's strong showing in the French presidential election last April offered fresh evidence of the extreme Right's growing power in Europe. But it is a mistake to regard the Right as a monolithic phenomenon, argues Taggart, a lecturer in politics at the University of Sussex.

Some of the right-wing parties have historical links to fascism and clearly deserve

the "neofascist" label, he says. Among them are the National Alliance (formerly the Italian Social Movement) in Italy, the German People's Party and the National Democratic Party in Germany, the National Political Union in Greece, the National Front in Spain, the Christian Democratic Party in Portugal, the British National Front and the British National Party in England, and CP'86 in the Netherlands. All of these are essentially anti-immigrant parties.

Other far-right parties represent what Taggart calls a "New Populism." Although they often are explicitly or implicitly anti-immigrant, that is usually not the only basis of their appeal. Switzerland's Automobilsts' Party was formed in reaction to the demands of environmentalists, while the New Democracy in Sweden and the Progress parties in Denmark and Norway have an antitax agenda. The New Populist parties generally purport to represent ordinary people, favor the market and freedom from state restrictions on individuals, and oppose "the system"—which includes "politics as usual," politicians, bureaucrats, intellectuals, and welfare recipients, as well as immigrants.

Some far-right parties—including such major ones as Le Pen's French National Front and the Republicans in Germany—do not fit neatly into either the neofascist or New Populist category, Taggart says. But most of them do—and the distinction is important, he argues. The avowedly racist and neofascist parties, as a whole, have gained a lot of publicity but have enjoyed much less success with voters than the New Populist parties have. Whereas most of the populist parties have won more than five percent of the vote in one election or another in recent years, the neofascist parties have not (with the notable exception of the Italian Social Movement, which got 14 percent in the 1994 parliamentary elections).

"The new wave of activity on the far right is . . . not a continuation of the long-term trend of neofascism," Taggart concludes, but rather "a formidable protest force." Eventually, he says, it may radically transform West European politics.

RESEARCH REPORTS

Reviews of new research at public agencies and private institutions

"The Work Alternative: Welfare Reform and the Realities of the Job Market."

Urban Institute Press, 2100 M St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037. (Distributed by University Press of America, 4720-A Boston Way, Lanham, Md. 20706.) 218 pp. \$24.95
Editors: Demetra Smith Nightingale and Robert H. Haveman

Should America now seek, in the words of President Bill Clinton's 1992 campaign promise, to "end welfare as we know it"? No, says Nathan Glazer, a sociologist at Harvard University and co-editor of the *Public Interest*, the neoconservative policy journal. There has been no quantum leap in knowledge about how to make the welfare system work better, nor any welfare crisis urgently demanding action, he argues, since the welfare system was overhauled in the Family Support Act of 1988.

Although the number of Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) cases increased between 1989 and '93 by 1.2 million to 5.5 million, it is unclear, Glazer says, "what was driving these in-

creases, aside from the worsening economy," and thus equally unclear what changes in policy should be made. At \$13 billion in 1992, federal AFDC expenditures represented a smaller proportion of the federal budget than the \$5 billion spent in 1975.

"Whatever the numbers and costs of AFDC, these are not motivating welfare reform today," Glazer says. "Rather the issue has become what welfare symbolizes, not what it is. Welfare has come to stand for the rise of a permanent dependent population cut off from the mainstream of American life and expectations, for the decay of the inner cities, for the problem of homelessness, for the increase in crime and disorder, for the problems of the inner-city black poor."

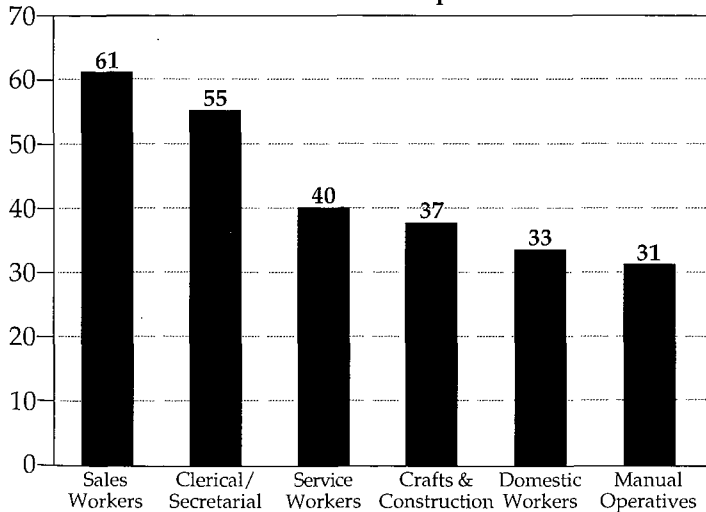
Welfare reform now offers the illusion of some relief from these problems.

The 1988 legislation, which obliged states to turn AFDC into a jobs-oriented program, reflected the consensus among many liberals and conservatives that welfare mothers able to work should be required to do so, and, if necessary, given education, training, and other help. The Family Support Act, Glazer says, went about as far as national legislation could—and, as would be true of any welfare reform, it wasn't very far.

More than half of adult AFDC recipients are ordinarily exempt from the act's JOBS (Job Opportunities and Basic Skills Training) program because of illness, incapacity, old age, the need to care for a child under three or an ill family member, pregnancy, or other conditions. Of the AFDC recipients not exempt, only about 16 percent were taking part in the work program in 1992—which exceeded the goal for 1992-93 of 11 percent.

The extreme modesty of the goals for participation that were set by the 1988 act, Glazer says, reflects the difficulty of setting up various training, education, and placement programs and of moving large numbers of AFDC recipients into them. The results of even the best welfare-to-work programs, studies by the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation show, are only

Percentage of AFDC Recipients not Meeting Minimum Skills Requirements



Source: *The Work Alternative*

a little better than no program at all. One reason is that many of those on welfare get off it on their own initiative within a few years. Overall, half of all spells on welfare last less than two years. If the aim is to get people off welfare, Glazer points out, then "for a large proportion of the welfare population . . . it hardly matters what we do."

For the rest, he and other contributors believe that a well-administered program can lead many welfare recipients to jobs. But given the low levels of education, skills, and motivation characteristic of most AFDC recipients, the income from the jobs is unlikely to match welfare payments. Even after one or two years of steady employment, says

Rebecca M. Blank, an economist at Northwestern University, a woman still may be unable either to find a job providing health insurance or to fully cover her child-care expenses.

Insisting that welfare recipients work is the right course, Glazer says. The need now is "to elaborate the *administrative structures* that put the requirement into effect."

"Molding the Good Citizen: The Politics of High School History Texts."

Praeger Publishers, 88 Post Rd. West, Westport, Conn. 06881. 187 pp. \$55; \$17.95 (paper)

Authors: Robert Lerner, Althea K. Nagai, and Stanley Rothman

A 1987 study of the historical knowledge of 17-year-old Americans found that more of them were able to identify Harriet Tubman than Winston Churchill or Joseph Stalin. Three out of four knew that women worked in factories during World War II—but only 61 percent knew when the U.S. Constitution was signed. Rothman and his colleagues, all of the Center for the Study of Social and Political Change at Smith College, believe that politically engineered history textbooks are largely responsible for this skewed state of knowledge.

They performed a content analysis of the portrayal of historical figures in the leading high school history textbooks from the 1940s through the 1980s. In the three '80s books, they found a great deal of what they call "filler feminism": minor historical characters and events are accentuated at the

expense of major ones. Thus, in *America, Its People and Values* (1985), by Leonard C. Wood et al., a 19th-century astronomer who discovered a comet and happened to be a woman is treated extensively, while physicist Enrico Fermi, one of the chief architects of the nuclear age, is barely mentioned. The '80s textbooks, the authors say, present feminists and the feminist movement in a uniformly favorable light, do not take any female opponents of the feminist cause seriously, and portray America, past and present, as a sexist society.

The effort in recent decades to include blacks in the textbooks also has resulted in some distortions, the authors say. For example, in terms of her impact on the course of American history, Tubman, an escaped slave and "conductor" on the Underground Railroad, was a far less important figure than Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*

(1852). "Yet since the 1960s, history books give Tubman at least as much, and sometimes more, coverage than they give to Stowe."

The political correctness in the '80s textbooks also extends to the American Indians. Their virtues, real and imagined, are emphasized, as are the vices of the encroaching white settlers. In *Rise of the American Nation* (1982), Lewis Paul Todd and Merle Curti claim that Europeans brought the practice of slavery to North America; in historical fact, however, slavery existed as an indigenous institution in many tribes.

The rewriting of American history to bring it into line with the "progressive" prejudices of the present "has been going on for some time in the schools," Rothman and his colleagues say. Despite what they believe to be its contribution to the decline in educational achievement, they expect the political rewriting to continue.

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 'Invisible' Speechwriter

Carol Gelderman's thoughtful solutions to President Bill Clinton's problems ["All the Presidents' Words," *WQ*, Spring '95] are sound but insufficient. In fact, Clinton already appears to agree with her that less is more. To a greater degree than before, he has been husbanding presidential appearances and pronouncements. If nothing else, at least he no longer gives interviews to the electronic media while dripping sweat after a morning run.

But Clinton faces a news reality that none of his predecessors endured to this degree: a hyper-powered media echo chamber fed by multichannel cable TV, talk radio, and the omnipresent punditocracy. This conglomeration repeats ad nauseam every presidential statement and then draws and quarters it in a 24-hour news cycle. Even a reticent president will inevitably become overexposed.

Another problem is the American public's television-induced shorter attention span. Anyone who doubts that Americans can't concentrate on anything for very long should try giving a traditional 50-minute lecture to the MTV generation.

Combine overexposure and a short attention span, and boredom with the incumbent is the result. A bored public is much more likely to cancel a presidential series after it has played for only four years (or if 1994 is any indication, just two years).

So by all means, bring back the "alter ego" speechwriters and the "quieter rhetorical presidency." But it may not make all that much difference.

*Larry J. Sabato
Robert Kent Gooch Professor of
Government and Foreign Affairs
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Va.*

Veterans of earlier presidencies look on the recent development of speechwriting staffs with incredulity. In pre-Nixon days, speechwriters were people, few in number, who had policy responsibilities and ready access to their presidents and for whom speechwriting was a secondary assign-

ment. They were also professionally committed to anonymity and indeed were known as "ghostwriters," ghosts being notorious for invisibility. The now-regular identification of the speechwriters in the next day's newspaper after a presidential oration astonishes those of the old school, who believe that the speech belongs to the person who gave it. And the practice of consigning speech drafting to people who have no continuous contact with policy and no regular access to presidents no doubt accounts for the decline in quality of presidential speeches. The latter-day reliance on public-opinion polls, focus groups, etc., also devalues the speech process. The one thing polls really prove is the volatility of public opinion. Polls register only what people think they think without having thought much about a question. People are often ready to change their minds under the pressure of new considerations and of practical consequences. Polls are therefore chiefly of value in defining the challenge to presidential leadership and indicating what must be done to change voters' minds.

Timing is essential, too. FDR, of course, had a tremendous instinct for timing. In early 1935, Democrats and liberals had an unhappy sense that the administration was confused, drifting, in the doldrums. The strident voices of Huey Long, Father Coughlin, and General Hugh Johnson dominated the headlines. People—among them Ray Stannard Baker, the biographer of Woodrow Wilson, and my father, the liberal historian from Harvard—beseeched the president to regain command of the scene. FDR wrote Baker: "If since last November I had tried to keep up the pace of 1933 and 1934, the inevitable histrionics of the new actors, Long and Coughlin and Johnson, would have turned the eyes of the audience away from the main drama itself. . . . Individual psychology cannot, because of human weakness, be attuned for long periods of time to a constant repetition of the highest note in the scale." He wrote my father, "I agree with you about the value of regular reporting. My difficulty is a strange and weird sense known as 'public psychology.'" When the psychological moment came, FDR made the congressional session of 1935 as full of achievement as the Hundred Days of 1933.

Politics is in the end an educational process, and speeches are a vital instrument of presiden-

tial leadership. Speeches are also important within the executive branch as a means of forcing decisions, crystallizing policies, and imposing discipline. Carol Gelderman is absolutely right in arguing the necessity of "uniting important policymaking and speechwriting functions in one trusted adviser"—a Rosenman, a Clifford, a Sorensen, a McPherson.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
Department of History
Graduate School and University Center
City University of New York
New York, N.Y.

Carol Gelderman misconstrues reality and helps to perpetuate a political myth when she refers to the "nearly unanimous negative response" to FDR's "quarantine" speech of Oct. 5, 1937.

As Dorothy Borg pointed out in her classic "Notes on Roosevelt's Quarantine Speech" (*Political Science Quarterly*, September '57), the early reaction was generally favorable. Jay Pierrepont Moffat, head of the State Department's Division of European Affairs, likened the response in his diary to "a burst of applause." Of the first flood of letters and telegrams to the president, 423 supported the speech while only 74 were in opposition. A number of major newspapers, from the *Los Angeles Times* and the *San Francisco Chronicle* to the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *New York Times*, welcomed the speech as a sign of a stronger U.S. foreign policy. The *Chicago Tribune* and the Hearst press were hostile, but they were clearly in the minority.

The problem was that neither the president's supporters nor his critics nor apparently the president himself knew exactly what he meant by "quarantine." Many supposed that what he had in mind was at least some form of economic sanctions against the Japanese, since anything less would render his statement meaningless. Roosevelt himself scotched that idea, however, during an off-the-record exchange with reporters the day after his speech.

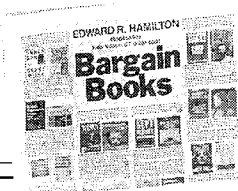
When questioned about sanctions or the possibility of a peace conference, Roosevelt simply referred reporters to the concluding words of his speech: "America hates war. America hopes for peace. Therefore America actively engages in the search for peace."

This, of course, explained nothing. But the president dropped the subject, thus disheartening his early supporters and leaving the field to Hearst and other isolationists who continued to denounce the speech. This created the (false) impression that the popular response to the speech was negative.

The notion that the quarantine speech did not go over well has been seized by Roosevelt's apologists, who contend, as Ms. Gelderman does, that the president "could move only as far and as fast as the people would let him." Instead, as I argue in my new book, *Hard Bargain* (Scribner), the record shows that the president failed to take advantage of his own rhetorical skills and public concern about aggression in Asia and Europe and to rally the country against the threat from abroad.

Robert Shogan
Chevy Chase, Md.

Professor Gelderman's thoughtful and informative essay is right on target in deploring the trend in recent presidencies to separate the speaker from the speechwriter. No president should be pressured into accepting a form of staff organization incompatible with his work habits. But



FREE CATALOG
Huge Selection
Lowest Prices

America's Biggest Selection of
Bargain Books

Overstocks, Remainders, Imports and Reprints from all major publishers. Books recently priced at \$20, \$30, \$40 - now as low as \$3.95, \$4.95, \$5.95.

Thousands of titles, from yesterday's best sellers to books you never knew existed.

Over 40 subject areas: Biography, History, Fiction, Sports, Literature, Politics, Health, Nature and more.

Fast Shipment, normally within 48 hours, and a moneyback guarantee.

Please send me your Free Catalog of Bargain Books.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

HAMILTON Box 15-172, Falls Village CT 06031

wordsmiths in a distant White House office of speechwriting will never be able to reflect the president's decisions and policies as well as a Rosenman, Clifford, or McPherson—people who not only wrote speeches but participated in the formulation of decisions and policies.

Theodore C. Sorensen
Special Counsel to the President, 1961–64
New York, N.Y.

Religion and Writing

Not long ago, as the elevator I was riding in reached the ground floor, someone behind me said rather loudly, "Well, I never discuss politics, sex, or religion in public." There is a scintilla of wisdom here, because one often needs a perspicacious guide, a modern Hermes, to lead one through the minefields of controversy, especially when certain groups of fundamentalists start tossing about their homemade handgrenades. In her article, "A Missed Connection" [WQ, Spring '95], A. G. Mojtabai asks us to read modern, postmodern, and contemporary literature in order to see how creative writing can evoke—or fail to do so—the faith within us. One telling observation signals her thesis: "Passivity despite energy and constriction of aim strike me as tendencies for concern in contemporary North American fiction." I find that Professor Mojtabai knows the literary and spiritual terrain well; she is sensitive to the power of the word in all its manifestations. But I wonder if some discussion of the novellas of Andre Dubus, or the critical thinking of Reynolds Price, or the poetry of Elizabeth Bishop, or the novels of Walker Percy might change the tone of her analysis? It might just be my Ignatian bias of finding God in all things, but I often am uplifted by the recent works of creative writers.

Patrick Samway, S.J.
Literary Editor, America
New York, N.Y.

A. G. Mojtabai's is the most provocative meditation on writing and reading—as interlocked lenses on living—I've read in some time. Its focus on (dis)connections between contemporary culture and religious sensibility is as "serious" in implication for those who see in secular terms as for those to whom "connection" is sought in the language of belief.

"Constrictions" of vision and "dismantlements" of reach and grasp are indeed parts of the landscape, as perhaps they always have

been, even under Emersonian or Biblical dispensations of unified relation between word and world. It is characteristic but too self-critical of Mojtabai, however, to say that she as much as any writer falls short of reaching "beyond," since her example amply authorizes her hopes "for my country's writers, and for our literature." She is not alone: sharers of her faith—in the power of the insufficient word, in what she herself calls "our" revisions and revisionings—abound among readers and writers, students and teachers, alike. *We* are all helped by hearing *her*.

Gordon O. Taylor
Chapman Professor of English
University of Tulsa
Tulsa, Okla.

I'm sympathetically familiar with the spiritual need to which A. G. Mojtabai's essay gives urgent utterance, and gratified therefore by the extended reference it makes to a lecture in which I compared D. H. Lawrence's story "The Blind Man" with Raymond Carver's story "Cathedral." In each of these stories, blindness becomes an avenue to human transcendence. Mojtabai amplified her lament that literature is no longer "expected to offer light in a dark place" by referring to my judgment that the transcendence imagined in Lawrence's story was awe inspiring and that that imagined in the later Carver story was comparatively trivial. I'd like to state for the record, however, that in a subsequent published version of my lecture I felt compelled to qualify that judgment.

I continued to find Lawrence's story a more boldly visionary literary accomplishment than Carver's, but several considerations also brought me to trust Carver's democratic, reassuringly comic, minor instance of transcendence more than I any longer could the exclusive and punitive greater transcendence of "The Blind Man."

This shift need not be equated, though, with absolute loss. Mojtabai twice compares the crucial "dark place" from which literature can rarely continue to guide us to the dilemma of finding a sufficient way to regard mortality; the composed spirit in which Carver apparently faced the imminence of his premature death also influenced my increased appreciation of "Cathedral." In his final weeks as he was rereading Chekhov's stories, he wrote one of his last stories, "Errand," as an account of Chekhov's own premature death. Though part invention, "Errand" incorporates the testimony of Chekhov's wife Olga Knipper: as her husband's ultimate moment approached, he stopped sipping the champagne prescribed by his physician to ease his breathing,

announced emphatically that he was dying, then drained his glass appreciatively and "quietly lay on his left side and was soon silent forever."

Monroe Engel
Cambridge, Mass.

Giving Up the Bomb

Mitchell Reiss's article on nuclear nonproliferation ["The Future That Never Came," *WQ*, Spring '95] included a section on the then-imminent conference to review and extend the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty (NPT). Reiss identified important issues and noted the stakes involved in the decision to extend the treaty.

The NPT Conference culminated on May 11 with a consensus decision by more than 170 nations that the NPT should continue in force indefinitely. The United States was committed to this objective and had conducted intensive diplomatic efforts toward it for more than three years prior to the conference under the leadership of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. President Clinton, on a trip to Russia and Ukraine at the time of the conference, issued a statement from Kiev which noted that this outcome was a "victory for all" and a decision that "will build a better future for our children and the generations to come."

The Conference also adopted a set of principles and objectives on nonproliferation and dis-

armament and agreed to enhance the process for future review of the NPT.

The decision on extension represents a strong global affirmation of the continued importance of arms control to international security. Worldwide support for efforts banning chemical weapons, nuclear testing, and the production of fissile material for nuclear explosives, as well as for further reductions in nuclear forces—along with the increased interest in conventional and regional arms control—further attests that arms control will remain a vital force in the post-Cold War world.

Lawrence Scheinman
Assistant Director for
Nonproliferation and
Regional Arms Control
U.S. Arms Control and
Disarmament Agency
Washington, D.C.

Corrections

In Carol Gelderman's "All the Presidents' Words" (*WQ*, Spring '95), it was incorrectly stated that Secretary of State Dean Rusk was unsympathetic to the idea of a partial bombing halt in North Vietnam. Rusk proposed such a measure. Due to an editing error, the year of President Theodore Roosevelt's presidential campaign was given as 1908. The correct year is 1904.

Credits: Copyright © 1995 Superstock; p. 9, Copyright © 1995 Eve Arnold/Magnum Photos, Inc.; p. 13, From the collection of the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village; p. 15, Copyright © 1956 by Ralph Crane, *Life Magazine*; p. 17, Copyright © 1995 Superstock; pp. 20, 44, 140, The Bettmann Archive; p. 25, Copyright © 1950 Elliott Erwitt/Magnum Photos, Inc.; p. 31, *David Hume*, by Louis Carrogis, Copyright of the National Galleries of Scotland; p. 37, *The Death of Socrates* (1787), by Jacques Louis David, The Metropolitan Museum of Art; p. 40, Illustration by Vint Lawrence; p. 43, Energy Technology Visuals Collection, Department of Energy; pp. 45, 75, 123, UPI/Bettmann; p. 55, Courtesy of *Science* magazine; p. 63, Cartoon by Downes/ Cartoonists & Writers Syndicate; p. 67, ITAR-TASS/SOVFOTO; p. 72, Cartoon by Shein/ Cartoonists & Writers Syndicate; p. 81, *Flag* (1954–54, dated on reverse 1954), by Jasper Johns, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, Gift of Philip Johnson in honor of Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Photograph © 1995 The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.; pp. 84, 129, The Granger Collection; p. 86, Nimatallah/ Art Resource, N.Y.; p. 87, Erich Lessing/ Art Resource, N.Y.; p. 90, Scala/ Art Resource, N.Y.; p. 101, Copyright © 1995 Paul Lowe/ Magnum Photos, Inc.; p. 105, Eason & Associates, Washington D.C.; p. 107, Courtesy of Helen Sheehan, London, England; p. 112, Copyright © 1995, Gilles Peress/ Magnum Photos, Inc.; pp. 114–15, courtesy of Phyllis Ficarotta, Llewellyn Park Historical Society; p. 120, From *Town Planning in Practice*, by Sir Raymond Unwin, Copyright © 1971, Benjamin Blom, Inc.; p. 123, from *The Anglo American Suburb*, edited by Robert A. M. Stern, Copyright © 1981, Architectural Design; p. 124, Nassau County Museum; p. 126, Courtesy of DPZ Mid-Atlantic Office; p. 138, Courtesy of American Clock & Watch Museum, Inc., Bristol, Conn.; p. 143, Copyright © 1995, Brian Kenney, Venice, Fla.; p. 147, Courtesy of The New York Historical Society.

FROM THE CENTER

As I write these words, the 104th Congress is about to depart for its Memorial Day recess, leaving behind great expectations, great anxieties, and a cloud of uncertainty over the entire federal government. These are precisely what one might expect at the outset of a revolution involving the size and shape of the federal government, and that government's relation to the states and the people. There can no longer be any doubt that a revolution began with last November's elections and that it involves fundamental questions that go far beyond the debate over how to reduce or eliminate the federal budget deficit.

Legislation to begin the process of amending the Constitution to require a balanced budget, to limit the terms of members of Congress, and to permit officially sanctioned prayer in public schools and other public places has been introduced in Congress; the first proposal failed by a single vote in the Senate. There is talk in Congress of exempting certain bills from constitutional review by the federal courts, including the Supreme Court. The Court itself has not been immune to the new spirit. Recently, it struck down a federal law forbidding guns on school playgrounds as an unconstitutional intrusion into state and local affairs. What had seemed to most adults eternal verities—the right of judicial review stemming from *Marbury v. Madison* (1803) and the use of the Constitution's interstate commerce clause as the foundation of almost any legislation Congress saw fit to pass—have thus been cast into doubt.

Nor is this all. The separation of powers among the three branches of government also seems more than likely to undergo alteration. Even as Congress ponders exemptions from judicial review, a bill has been passed by the House and is being debated by the Senate that would materially increase the role of the legislature in the conduct of foreign policy. Both houses of Congress are also considering laws, very different in form but identical in intent, that would give the president a "line-item" veto over appropriations bills, allowing him to approve some parts and send back to Con-

gress other parts of bills that he must now accept or reject in toto. Although it is widely believed that such a power would strengthen the executive branch and reduce "pork" in the budget, its effects might be quite different. No one doubts, however, that the balance of power between the branches would be altered.

But if today's ultimate issues are the scope of federal authority and the separation of powers, the lion's share of time and attention has gone to the titanic effort to reduce the federal deficit—indeed, in the versions most likely to carry the day, to balance it in seven years, probably even with a tax cut. These are not, of course, separate issues. One may begin with a fundamental conviction that the government should be smaller and less intrusive and rejoice that accomplishing this will incidentally eliminate the deficit; or, one may begin with a belief that the deficit must be eliminated and note, with whatever degree of pleasure or pain, that this can be done only by drastically reducing the role of the government. One man's chicken may be another's egg, but whatever the sequence, the two are inseparable, and together their effect can scarcely be called anything less than revolutionary.

Lest this give the impression of a monolithic juggernaut moving inexorably to a predetermined end, I should mention a few countervailing or indeterminate tendencies. The Democrats are showing signs of recovery from the shock of last November and may yet produce a coherent and persuasive alternative to the prevailing philosophy. The awesome discipline of the Republicans shows signs of fraying as Congress moves from rhetoric and general proposals to the difficult business of framing and passing specific legislation. And, most important, it remains to be seen how the electorate will respond to the pain and sacrifice it surely will be called upon to bear. But of one thing there can be no doubt: we are privileged (or fated) to be witnesses to, and participants in, one of the epochal moments in this nation's history.

Charles Blitzler
Director

83¢ Is All It Takes to understand politics, the economy, the arts, and the inner workings of Washington.*

Every week the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC put together the best ideas and boldest commentary available on the political, social, and cultural scene.

**For Fastest
Service
Call
1-800-
827-1289**

Andrew Sullivan,
Leon Wieseltier,
Michael Kinsley,
Robert Wright,
Mickey Kaus,
Charles Lane and
Michael Lind
focus in on the

true stories behind the headlines. Writers like Stanley Crouch, Naomi Wolf, and John Updike contribute to the powerful prose in this unpredictable newsweekly. Stanley Kauffmann and Robert Brustein cover the latest in film and theater.

Discover the world of THE NEW REPUBLIC where politics, art, culture, and opinion all collide with powerful impact.

**THE
NEW REPUBLIC**

1220 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

FREE ISSUE RESERVATION

Yes, please send me the next issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC - absolutely free. If I like it, I'll pay just \$19.99 for a six month's subscription (23 more issues for a total of 24). That's a savings of 42% off the basic subscription price.*

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED:

If I choose not to subscribe I'll write "cancel" across your invoice, return it, and owe nothing at all. Either way the free issue is mine to keep.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

** Introductory offer valid for first time subscribers only. Please call for foreign rates.*



Return this coupon to:

The New Republic
P.O. Box 602
Mt. Morris, IL 61054

AWQ952

* Less than the cost of a cup of cappuccino

BODY & Soul



Mr. Everett Photography

Rewriting the Soul

Multiple Personality and the Sciences of Memory
IAN HACKING

Twenty-five years ago there were only a handful of patients in the history of Western medicine who had been diagnosed as having "multiple personalities." Today there are people receiving treatment for "Multiple Personality Disorder" in cities throughout North America.

Why did this baffling syndrome suddenly appear? What is it about our culture in the late twentieth century that has encouraged its growth? Is there a larger historical context for this surprising outbreak of mental illness? These are the questions that the distinguished philosopher Ian Hacking sets out to answer in this fascinating new book.

"There is little Mr. Hacking leaves untouched. His book ranges from history, science and philosophical rumination to amused reflections on daily life with equal authority and grace. Mr. Hacking writes with a poetic, almost elegiac beauty."—*The Washington Times*

Cloth: \$24.95 ISBN 0-691-03642-X

Fighting Words

Individuals, Communities, and Liberties of Speech
KENT GREENAWALT

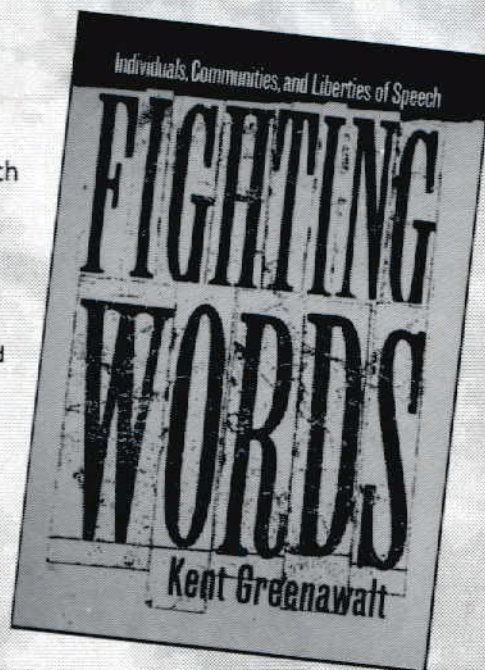
In a lucid and balanced analysis of contemporary court cases dealing with "hate speech," flag burning, speech codes, obscenity and workplace harassment, the acclaimed First Amendment scholar Kent Greenawalt addresses a broad general audience of readers interested in the most current free-speech issues.

"Fighting Words is an outstanding book. It deserves not only all the accolades it undoubtedly will receive, but also the widest possible readership."

—Lee C. Bollinger, Provost, Dartmouth College

"Kent Greenawalt's important, insightful book provides thoughtful, lucid, well-balanced analyses of the most challenging contemporary free speech controversies."—Nadine Strossen, President, American Civil Liberties Union

Cloth: \$24.95 ISBN 0-691-03638-1



PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

AVAILABLE AT FINE BOOKSTORES OR DIRECTLY FROM THE PUBLISHER: 800-777-4726