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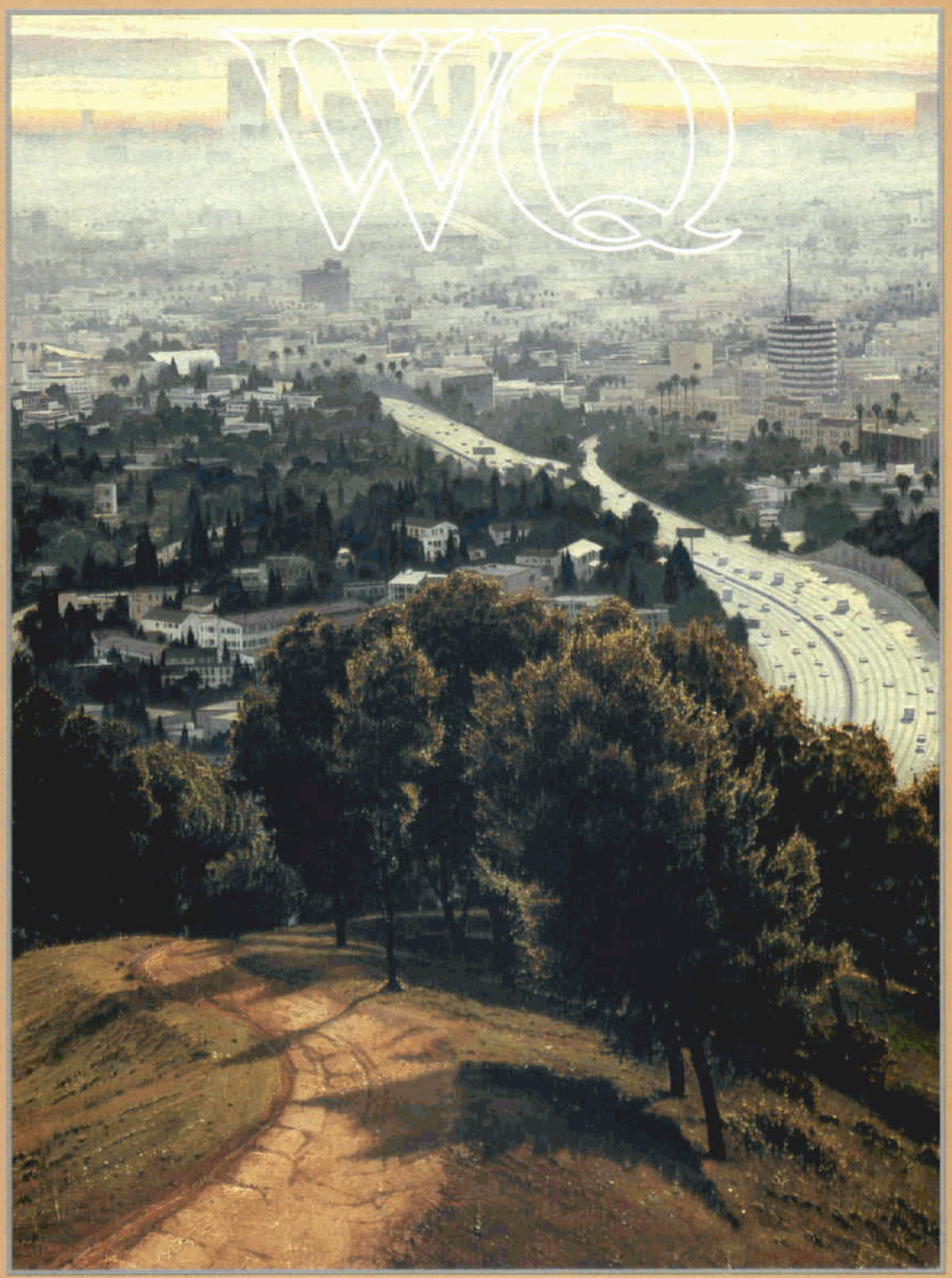

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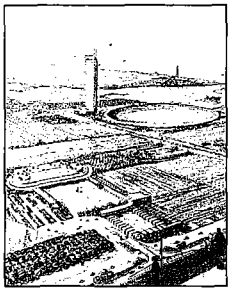

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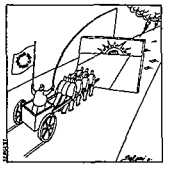

IDEAS

REFLECTIONS

DEPARTMENTS

Cover: *Morning View, Hollywood Freeway* (1988), by Simeon Lagodich. From the Tatistcheff Gallery, Santa Monica, Calif.

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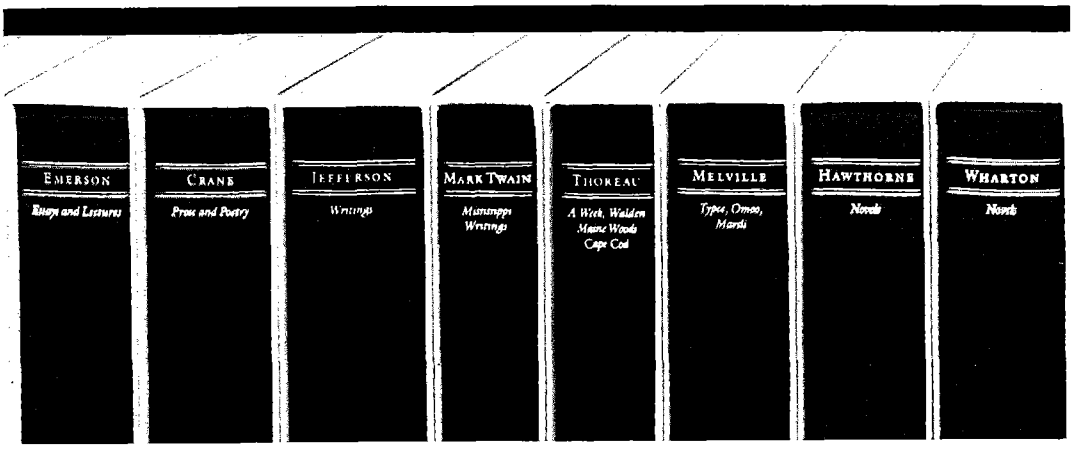

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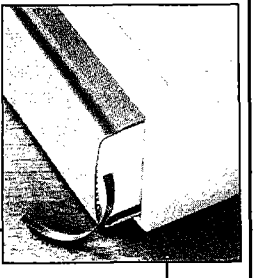

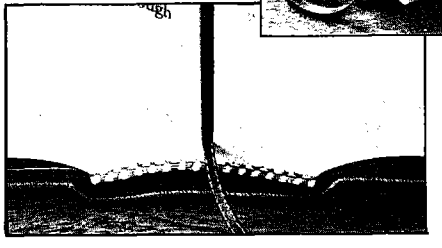

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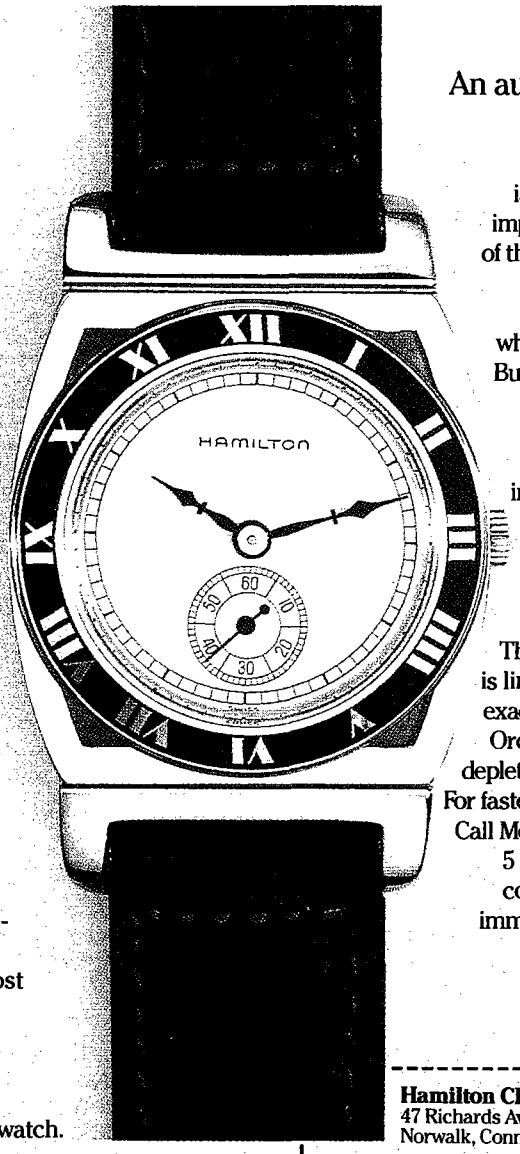

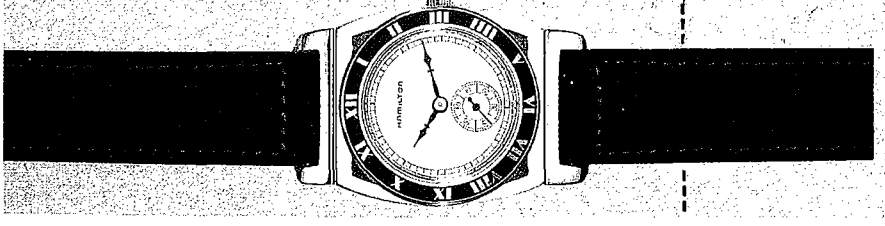

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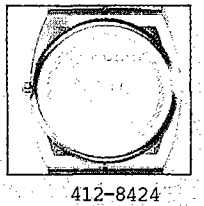

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Editor's Comment

We at the *WQ* tend to be wary about prophecies; history, not futurology, usually informs our perspectives on current affairs. But with a new year just beginning and the third millennium not far ahead, we decided to hazard a few forward glances. In our cover story, Robert Fishman describes the emerging shape of America's new cities. Steven Lagerfeld and Josef Joffe consider the prospects of the European Community in 1992. And Cullen Murphy takes the approaching millennium as the occasion for some reflections on mankind's abiding preoccupation with the end of time. Readers should rest assured, however. Even when casting into the future, our contributors retain a firm grip on the past. Like oarsmen in a shell, they advance while looking backwards. Not a bad way, we think, for anyone to move into the future in these exciting and uncertain times.

Our futuristic speculations are further balanced by historian Daniel Boorstin's evocative memoir of his father and life in an earlier America. Recently the recipient of a National Book Award for his contributions to American letters, Boorstin demonstrates that great history, like great art, originates in what the poet Yeats once called the "rag-and-bone shop of the heart."

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 in specific fields, from Soviet studies to film and video, 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.

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POLITICS & GOVERNMENT

The Ruling Class

"The Wasp Ascendancy" by Joseph W. Alsop with Adam Platt, in *The New York Review of Books* (Nov. 9, 1989), 250 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10107.

For 300 years, this country was ruled, if not always governed, by a small White Anglo-Saxon Protestant (WASP) elite. George Bush notwithstanding, the WASPs as a group have not enjoyed an organized political victory since the upright ladies of Mrs. Charles H. Sabin's Woman's Organization for National Prohibition Reform helped put martinis back on the nation's tables in 1933.

Alsop, a prominent newspaper columnist who counted himself a "very minor member" of the WASP "ascendancy" before his recent death, writes that his tribe had many faults and one great virtue: It created a handful of political leaders and public servants who were without peer.

Truth be told, direct WASP participation in politics was only sporadic after the Federalist Party fell apart during the administration of President Thomas Jefferson (1801–09). "Money was the true occupation; and money was the source of the ascendancy's authority." Controlling the big banks that financed the nation's economic development, the WASPs of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston "felt a right, even a duty . . . to set the tune and lay down long-term rules for the rest of the country."

The WASP ascendancy "supplied the role models followed by other Americans, whether WASP or non-WASP, who were on their way up in the world." It was not quite as impermeable as we now imagine, says Alsop. Entry into the ascendancy—the Roosevelts, of Dutch origin, are a famous example—was frequently advertised by "ecclesiastical migration" into the Episcopal Church. The rules of behavior and deportment were endless. "For an evening suit," Alsop recalls, "a double line of braid on the trousers was required, whereas a mere single line of broader braid was needed for a dinner jacket." Proper speech was paramount. One said coffin not casket, curtains not drapes, house not home, and so on.

Of course, the WASP way of life was not all trivialities. The greatest advantage of the ascendancy, Alsop believes, "was that the young had their careers laid out for them in advance so there was no foolish waffling." Membership instilled the self-confidence and sense of duty that gave the nation some of its greatest leaders—the Roosevelts again, as well as such post–World War II foreign policy "wise men" as Dean Acheson and Paul Nitze.

But "grossly selfish" mismanagement of the nation's financial system during the 1920s and the Great Depression finally cost the ascendancy its dominance. And a good thing, too, says Alsop. For had it remained in power, he doubts that it would have been permeable enough to allow Italians, Poles, and other ethnic groups into the nation's elite, this nation's "greatest single feat in the 20th century."

Yet today's elite, lacking a cohesive cul-

The WASP ideal: Theodore Roosevelt and family in 1874. Roosevelt declared his opposition to plutocracy and mob rule but thought there was "something to be said" for aristocracy.

ture and a sense of its role in American history, is not likely to produce leaders even in the small numbers that the WASP ascendancy did. Somehow, Alsop believes, we must found a new self-conscious elite to create future generations of "wise men more representative of the mixed America that gives me such pride."

A Thousand Points of Bite

"Confessions of a Ghost" by Patrick Anderson, in *Regardie's* (Nov. 1989), 1010 Wisconsin Ave. N.W., Ste. 600, Washington, D.C. 20007.

Patrick Anderson says he must have been "temporarily insane" when he first agreed to write a speech for a politician. He wrote it in the spring of 1976 for Jimmy Carter, then a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. Carter introduced this new "Kennedyesque" marvel by woodenly informing an audience, "Now I'm going to read a statement my staff prepared." Then he plodded through the text.

Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell, later explained to Anderson that "it was just part of Carter's I'll-never-tell-you-a-lie posture." Anderson eventually realized that "it galled [Carter] to speak my words, because it suggested that he couldn't do everything himself." Unlike many of his competitors, however, Carter had more ambition than ego.

Most politicians, says Anderson, who went on to write speeches for other Democrats, "don't know what they want to say. They really don't want to say anything, because almost anything they say will offend someone." With rare exceptions, "they hate brevity, scorn clarity, and fear their

own humanity." Moreover, aides and advisors struggle over every word the candidate is supposed to utter, and speechwriting becomes a bureaucratic battle, as it eventually did in the Carter White House.

Because of the growing importance of TV news, however, their struggles are increasingly irrelevant. Working for Senator John Glenn (D.-Ohio) in 1983, Anderson wrote a long, dull speech announcing Glenn's candidacy for the Democratic nomination. It was a carefully calculated risk, intended to show Glenn as a substantive thinker rather than a glamorous ex-astronaut. But Glenn gave the speech in his Ohio hometown, and TV newscasters chose to cover it as a heartwarming Hero Goes Home story. "Our dreary speech didn't matter a whit," says Anderson.

During the 1988 primaries, Anderson played a minor role in Senator Albert Gore's (D.-Tenn.) campaign. But Gore gave his all to "debate prep" and paid little attention to his speeches. "To the media, and thus to the candidates, the primary-season debates promised conflict, drama, news; speeches were a bother, a yawn, an afterthought."

Since political rhetoric does not really matter anymore, Anderson jestingly proposes a ban on speechwriters. Perhaps that would force our leaders to learn again how to speak to the American public.

Turning Crimson?

The Bush administration as dissected by Dinah Wisenberg of the States News Service, in *Common Cause Magazine* (Sept.–Oct. 1989).

In the heat of [the 1988] presidential campaign, George Bush attacked Michael Dukakis for espousing liberal policies "born in Harvard Yard's boutique." And he boasted to a Houston audience last June, "when I wanted to learn the ways of the world, I didn't go to the Kennedy School [at Harvard]. I came to Texas."

One year later, President Bush's Harvard-bashing days seem to be behind him. Of the 200-plus appointments made by the Yale-educated president, more than four dozen are Harvard University graduates or faculty members. Some Texans may also be surprised that several high-ranking White House aides have ties to Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government.

The Dark Side Of Federalism

"Is Government Full of Crooks, Or Are We Just Better at Finding Them?" by Elder Witt, in *Governing* (Sept. 1989), 1414 22nd St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037, and "The Effectiveness of State Economic Development Policies: A Time-Series Analysis" by Margery Marzahn Ambrosius, in *The Western Political Quarterly* (Sept. 1989), Univ. of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112.

Much of the initiative in government during the past decade has shifted from Washington to the nation's state houses and city halls. And liberals and conservatives alike seem to applaud the growth of governments "closer to the people." The "people," however, may be paying a high price.

Witt, a staff writer for *Governing*, reports that federal criminal indictments of state, city, county, and other local officials have grown tenfold over the past 20 years. In 1970, there were 36 officials under federal indictment; in 1987, there were 348. No reliable data exist on state and local prosecutions.

Yet more indictments do not necessarily mean that there is more corruption. As Witt notes, ethics laws have proliferated madly; what was legal, or at least overlooked, 20 years ago could put a local official behind bars today. More important, she says, is the growing aggressiveness and

technological sophistication of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) and federal prosecutors since the 1980 Abscam investigation. In Mississippi, for example, 60 county supervisors went to jail recently for taking kickbacks after the FBI mounted a sophisticated "sting" operation. The FBI used high-tech "body wires" to build airtight cases—the supervisors' own words—on tape.

Still, Witt concedes, new laws and technology are not entirely to blame. Corruption always seems to follow money, and state and local officials now control a great deal of money: Their budgets total some $900 billion, eight times what they were in 1960.

Bigger budgets also seem to guarantee more plain-old pork-barrel legislation. Ambrosius, a political scientist at Kansas State University, studied the economic development programs that many states have started in recent years. Through such measures as bond-financed construction subsidies, various targeted tax breaks, and other incentives, the states now spend billions annually to promote the growth of industry. Ambrosius put all the numbers for eight kinds of economic development programs through a computer. Her question: What impact did these programs have on the states' unemployment and industrial output between 1969 and 1985? The answer: near zero. (Tax breaks on land and capital improvements, she found, *may* have helped ease unemployment slightly.)

Ambrosius does not mention corruption. Her point is that business interests have more influence at the state level than in Washington. How else to explain billions in state spending that does no discernible good? In any event, neither Witt nor Ambrosius seems to offer much encouragement to partisans of the "new federalism."

FOREIGN POLICY & DEFENSE

A Fall From What?

"Rethinking the Origins of American Hegemony" by G. John Ikenberry, in *Political Science Quarterly* (Fall 1989), 475 Riverside Dr., Ste. 1274, New York, N.Y. 10115-0012.

Along with "endism" [see p.14], "declinism" has been a hot topic recently among foreign affairs specialists. Since the publication of Paul Kennedy's *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* (1987), they have been seeking to gauge just how badly American power has ebbed since World War II.

Ikenberry, a Princeton political scientist, looks at the question from a very different angle: How great was American power to begin with?

The conventional view, he notes, is that the United States has fallen far from the heights it occupied immediately after World War II. And there is no denying that by many measures America was a colossus. In 1948, for example, it produced nearly half of the world's industrial goods. But Ikenberry argues that "in terms of the ideals and plans it originally articulated [during the war], the United States got much less than it wanted; in terms of direct involvement in leading the postwar Western system, it got much more involved than it wanted."

During the war, for example, U.S. officials believed that a system of multilateral free trade, embracing even the Soviet Union, was essential to ensuring the peace. But the wretched state of Europe's economies (and its governments' pleas for continued trade protection), along with rising East-West conflict, prevented Washington from fulfilling much of its plan.

American officials also wanted to minimize direct U.S. involvement in Europe. As George F. Kennan wrote in 1947: "It should be a cardinal point of our policy to see to it that other elements of indepen-

dent power are developed . . . in order to take off our shoulders some of the burdens of bi-polarity." The Truman administration (1945–53) sought an independent, unified Europe. Indeed, Congress made progress on that front a condition for Marshall Plan aid in 1948. But the Europeans resisted independence. What the United States got instead was what it had wanted least: a U.S. commitment, through the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, to defend Europe.

And what kind of Europe was it defending? Not the Europe of laissez-faire governments Washington had envisioned, but a Europe of welfare states, sheltered by protectionism and other special arrangements. This was a compromise Washington made when the outbreak of the Cold War compelled it to support even socialist governments in Europe, so long as they were non-communist.

Ironically, Ikenberry concludes, America might have been able to exercise more of its power during the early postwar years if Europe had been stronger. But then, as now, power could not be measured as if it were a purely mechanical force.

Mission Impossible?

In *The New Republic* (Nov. 20, 1989), Harvard's David Landes suggests that both free-market and "development" economists misapprehend the problem with foreign aid.

The earlier confidence that history is teleological, tending irresistibly toward industrialism and modernity, no longer seems tenable. Is it time for a paradigm shift? Suppose the process of economic development is not the destiny of all humankind. Suppose instead that what we are dealing with is a pool of candidates. Some are favored by circumstance; some are not. The ones most favored go first. Others follow. And as the pool is exhausted, the hard cases remain—not only because of the misfortunes and misdeeds of history, but because, for all manner of internal reasons, they do not take to . . . new ways. They don't like them; they don't want them; they are discouraged from learning them; if they learn them, they want out; etc. Perhaps what we are seeing now is simply that we're getting down to the hard cases . . . .

We must and shall keep trying to help, as much for ourselves as for those we want to benefit. But we're going to have to choose our targets better and aim straighter.

Foreign Aid Steroids

"Investment Without Growth, Industrialization Without Prosperity" by Nicholas Eberstadt, in *Journal of Economic Growth* (Summer 1989), 1615 H St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20062.

Since 1950, when President Harry S. Truman requested a modest $45 million for his Point Four program, U.S. foreign aid has grown to some $9 billion annually. Add contributions from the other industrialized nations and aid to the Third World averages some $40 billion annually. With the exception of Japan and Taiwan, virtually every nation in Asia, Africa, and Latin America receives help.

All of that money is having plenty of impact, writes Eberstadt, a visiting scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, and most of it is for the worse.

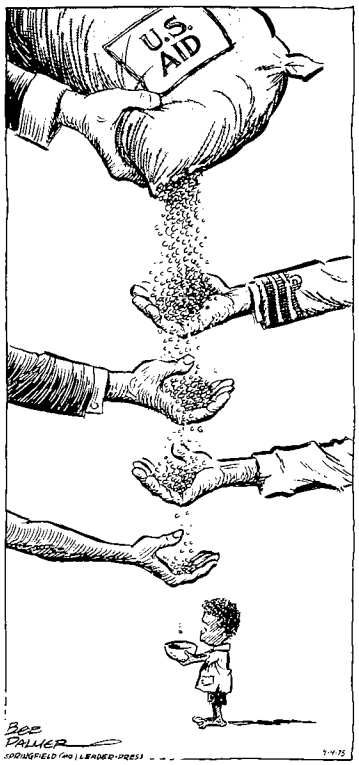
For two decades, most aid dollars were poured into industrial development schemes. The result, says Eberstadt, has been gross economic distortion. It is almost as if the recipients were on economic steroids. Thus, Zimbabwe, Botswana, and Trinidad, among others, appear to be more "industrialized" than Japan. Industry generates 41 percent of Japan's gross domestic product (GDP) but, according to World Bank data, 43 percent of Botswana's. Likewise, gross domestic investment seems to be higher in many Third World lands than in the West.

As a result, Eberstadt observes, agriculture and consumption in these countries claim abnormally small shares of GDP. But these are precisely the countries

where farming and consumption—i.e. purchases of food, shelter, and other necessities—ought to claim the largest shares of GDP.

During the 1960s, development specialists recognized their mistake. Industrialization was proceeding apace, but poverty rates remained high. So, says Eberstadt, they devoted more money to "basic human needs"—health care, education—and merely compounded their error. Such aid only swelled the budgets of Third World governments, thus shrinking the share of GDP available for personal consumption.

Meanwhile, investment in Third World industry has not abated, even though it has produced, at best, mediocre rates of return. What has happened, says Eberstadt, is that direct investment by Western business has shrunk, but commercial loans and subsidized loans from institutions like the World Bank have not. Overall, a remarkable $1.8 trillion in capital flowed into the Third World between 1956 and 1986. The only plausible explanation, Eberstadt notes, is that Third World governments "are being held to a lower standard of economic performance than those facing their own citizens, international businesses, or the governments of Western countries." That allows the governments of poor countries to ignore the marketplace if they choose (though some do not), and ultimately to further impoverish their citizens. "Development economics" has failed, Eberstadt suggests; the market, he believes, deserves a chance.



Much U.S. aid never reaches the people it is intended to help. As a result, Washington increasingly bypasses foreign governments.

Fukuyama II

"A Reply to My Critics" by Francis Fukuyama, in *The National Interest* (Winter 1989–90), 1112 16th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

No article in recent memory has provoked as much controversy as Francis Fukuyama's "The End of History?" in the *National Interest.* [See *WQ*, Autumn '89, pp. 12–13]. Now Fukuyama, deputy director of the U.S. State Department's policy planning staff, answers his critics.

He says that many of these critics misunderstood his basic point. He argued that history as the philosopher G. W. F. Hegel understood it has come to an end: Liberalism has triumphed over all competing ideas about the organization of society. "In order to refute my hypothesis, then, it is not sufficient to suggest that the future holds in store large and momentous events. One would have to show that these events were driven by a systematic idea of political and social justice that claimed to supersede liberalism."

This argument is not as esoteric as it may seem. For virtually all of us are Hegelians, Fukuyama insists, even if we do not realize it. It is from Hegel that we have inherited the notion of history as progress, as a process of evolution "from primitive to modern, through a succession of stages of 'false consciousness.'" History thus must arrive at some final truth, an end. The only alternative is radical relativism, as Friedrich Nietzsche held, in which all values and morals are mere "products of their time." That, says Fukuyama, leads to consequences, such as fascism and the

glorification of war, "which few of us would be willing to stomach."

Other critics have faulted Fukuyama for ignoring continuing threats to the liberal idea. True, he says, the communist world could abandon reform. But communism can never regain the moral authority that made it a worldwide challenge to liberalism. What about Islamic fundamentalism? "For all of Islam's pretensions of being a universal religion, fundamentalism has had virtually no appeal outside of communities that were not Muslim to begin with." And although Islam claims nearly a billion adherents, the clash between Islam and the West "seems something less than an even match."

Fukuyama is more inclined to take seriously the challenge of resurgent nationalism, especially now that German reunification is a serious prospect. Still, he holds, it is hard to imagine nationalist conflicts turning into wars on the scale of the ideological struggles of the past.

Finally, there is what the historian Gertrude Himmelfarb called the "X-factor," the possibility that some unimagined new ideology may arise to challenge liberalism. Fukuyama believes the fact that human progress toward liberalism has been underway "since at least the beginning of the Christian era in Europe" makes this unlikely. And yet he cannot completely rule out Himmelfarb's prospect.

Fukuyama admits one mistake. What he failed to make clear when he said that liberalism will "govern the material world in the long run" was that the "long run" may be several generations of struggle away. The end of history, then, is an anticlimax. It is cause neither for wild celebration nor for complacency.

ECONOMICS, LABOR & BUSINESS

Industrial Policy Rides Again

"The Quiet Path to Technological Preeminence" by Robert B. Reich, in *Scientific American* (Oct. 1989), 415 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

During the 1980s, two Republican administrations devoted to the free market have launched an undeclared national defense-oriented industrial policy.

In 1987, for example, the Reagan administration approved a $4.4 billion superconductor accelerator; a $1 billion "high-performance computing strategy" was announced early in 1988. Among other elements of the new "industrial policy" is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency's $100 million annual contribution to SEMATECH, the joint research venture sponsored by U.S. semiconductor companies.

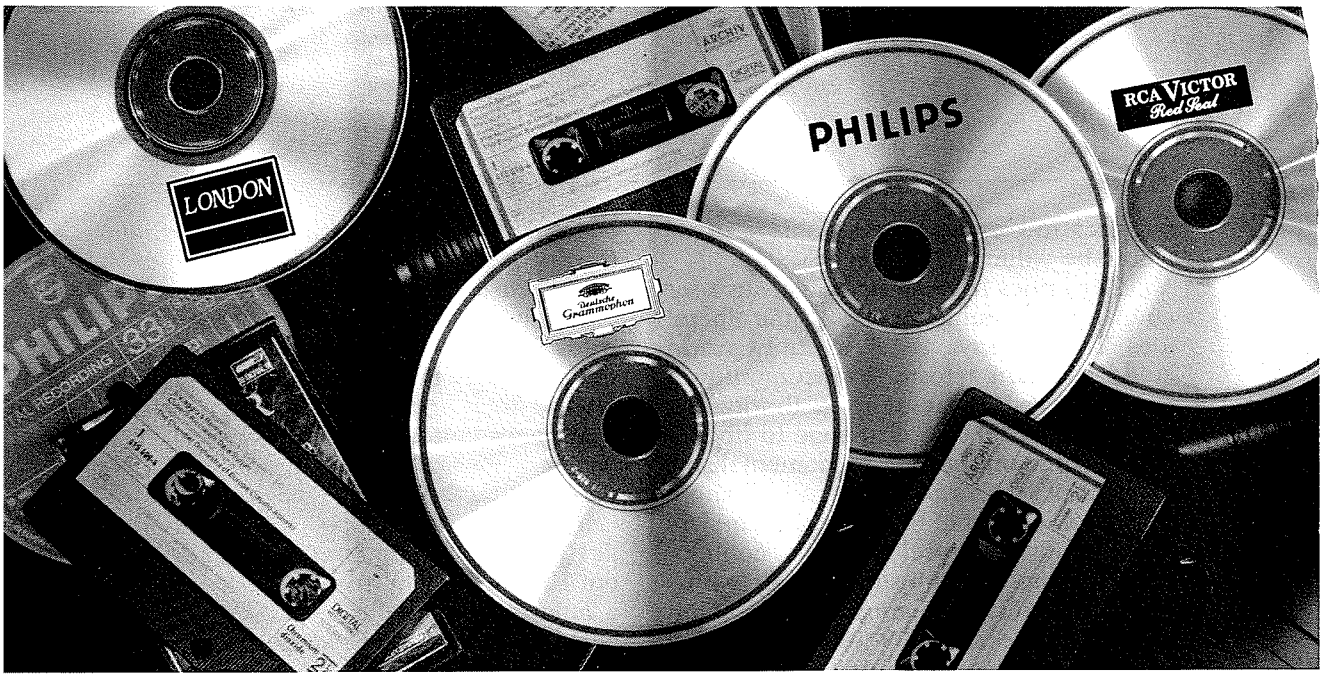
Reich, the relentless industrial-policy advocate from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, finds himself in the unaccustomed position of opposing these government subsidies. The United States, he says, already outspends Japan on research and

Defense Protectionism

In *Orbis* (Fall 1989), William J. Long of American University criticizes the Republicans' de facto industrial policy.

Increasingly, the argument is heard in defense circles that a sound strategic trade and investment policy entails governmental protection of, or encouragement for, certain industries . . . .

Once [the Pentagon] weakens the executive branch's commitment to open trade and capital markets, large and powerful industries are likely to wrap themselves in the banner of strategic trade to obtain preferential treatment. For, as Jacques S. Gansler, a former Pentagon procurement officer, puts it: "National security sells. Industrial policy doesn't."



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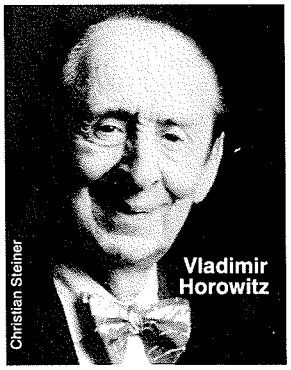

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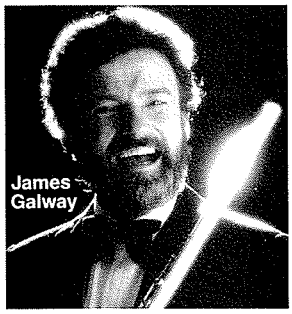

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development by three to one. Its research laboratories in both industry and the universities are second to none.

Where the United States falls on its face, he argues, is in quickly translating basic research into "products and processes for designing, manufacturing, marketing and distributing such products." Experience seems to bear this out. American scientists invented the transistor, but in 1953 Western Electric licensed the technology to Sony. The rest is history. In 1968, another U.S. firm, Unimation, licensed industrial robot technology to Kawasaki Heavy Industries. And who has heard of Unimation since? During the year ending in March 1987, Reich reports, Japanese firms spent $1 billion to buy technological information in the United States; U.S. firms spent less than half as much in Japan. Between 1956 and 1978, Japanese firms paid $9 billion for technologies that cost between $500 billion and $1 trillion to develop.

Reich just happens to have a handy six-point program to turn things around. U.S. industry must search the globe for inventions with commercial potential, and it must learn to integrate the work of laboratory and factory floor more effectively. Washington must work harder to make the fruits of government research and development available to industry, and it must set uniform technical standards for new technologies, such as high-definition television, so that corporate research efforts are not wasted. Finally, government must invest more in basic education and industry must invest more in worker training. Unfortunately, these are not strategies that lend themselves to headlines and ballyhoo. And that, Reich says, "may prove to be the major stumbling block."

Corporate Makeover

"Eclipse of the Public Corporation" by Michael C. Jensen, in *Harvard Business Review* (Sept.–Oct. 1989), Boston, Mass. 02163.

The boom in leveraged buyouts (LBOs) and other kinds of corporate takeovers has provoked cries of outrage in the executive suites of the *Fortune* 500 and even in Congress. Now, from the Harvard Business School, the high church of corporate capitalism, comes a lusty cheer.

The publicly-held corporation, declares Jensen, a Harvard professor of business administration, "has outlived its usefulness." We are in the midst of a massive restructuring of the U.S. economy.

The chief agent of change is the LBO; the chief result is that large corporations whose stock was once traded on the nation's stock exchanges are "going private." In 1988 alone, the $77 billion of LBOs (mostly financed by "junk bonds") shrank the supply of stock in public corporations by 2.5 percent.

Behind it all is not the greed of buyout artists like TWA's Carl Icahn or Wall Street investment banks, Jensen argues, but the "widespread waste and inefficiency of the public corporation and its inability to adapt to changing economic circumstances." Because the owners of stock in big publicly-held corporations can rarely supervise their investments effectively, corporate managers have grown fat and lazy. They have ignored stockholders' interests. Thus, Ford Motor Company executives have hoarded an amazing $10.5 billion war chest. It ought to be distributed to shareholders, Jensen says, but Ford executives are sure to use it for "diversification," otherwise known as empire building. The reason is simple. In Corporate America, executive pay, perks, and prestige are linked to corporate size rather than to corporate performance.

How do LBO's help? Jensen maintains that the substitution of "junk bond" debt for stock changes everything for the better. The need to meet payments "creates the crisis atmosphere managers require to slash unsound investment programs, shrink overhead, and dispose of assets that are more valuable outside the company."

And since executives in privately-held companies have bigger ownership stakes in the business, rewards are more strongly

linked to performance. Finally, bloated bureaucracies are reduced. In 1988, when Kohlberg Kravis Roberts took RJR Nabisco private in a $25 billion deal, RJR Nabisco's entire 470-person headquarters was replaced by 16 professionals and 44 support personnel at KKR.

During the late 19th century, the creation of railroads and other capital-hungry enterprises spurred the rise of the public corporation.

Jensen says that LBOs make the most sense in mature industries—such as steel, chemicals, broadcasting, and brewing—where little further investment can be justified. Public stock ownership still makes sense in fast-growth sectors where opportunities outstrip company resources, such as computers and pharmaceuticals.

Private ownership of industry helped propel West Germany and Japan to economic success, Jensen believes. And today's corporate revolution in the United States is essential to meet their challenge.

Rich and Stupid

"Problems and Non-Problems in the American Economy" by Herbert Stein, in *The Public Interest* (Fall 1989) 1112 16th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

All political discussion in America today seems to begin and end with the "twin deficits"—the U.S. budget and trade deficits. Nobody seems to know exactly why they are bad, observes Stein, an economist at the American Enterprise Institute and chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Ford. "The fact that they are called 'deficits' seems sufficient."

Not to Stein. Our obsession with these two "non-problems," he argues, has led us to overlook larger issues.

He is particularly dismissive of the $95 billion trade deficit. During the early 1980s, people worried that the trade deficit would depress U.S. output and employment. That proved false. Now people worry that foreigners are "buying up" America. But capital is flowing into the United States because of attractive investment opportunities here that exceed U.S. savings. "It is as natural that we should import capital from countries that are good at saving," Stein remarks, "as that we should import coffee from countries that are good at producing coffee."

Some people insist that foreign capital is merely financing the U.S. budget deficit. Wrong again, according to Stein. Even if foreign investors underwrite $60 billion of the $115 billion budget deficit, that only means that $60 billion of U.S. investors' money is freed for productive investments.

Well, some may persist, if foreign investments don't break us today, then paying the interest and dividends on them eventually will. In fact, Stein responds, foreign investments generate the income to pay those bills. And the United States still earns more from its overseas investments than it pays out to foreigners who have invested here.

Finally, some worry that the trade deficit reflects declining U.S. "competitiveness." Strictly speaking, this is not true either. Taiwan's industrial productivity is far lower than ours, yet it has a substantial $10 billion trade surplus with us.

So what is the "real" problem? In Stein's view, it is the growing American taste for consumption rather than saving, which dropped from about 17 percent of GNP in 1980 to 14 percent in 1988. As a result, we are underinvesting in business, in education, in help for the poor, in national defense—in real "competitiveness." Lost in today's dead-end debates is the fact that the current low tax/big budget deficit regime increases consumption and depletes savings. Stein's prescription: Raise taxes.

SOCIETY

Marcus Welby Where Are You?

"Warning Symptoms" by Ann Dudley Goldblatt, in *University of Chicago Magazine* (Fall 1989), Robie House, 5757 S. Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60637.

It is more than a slight exaggeration to say that doctors and patients now seem as likely to meet in court as in the consulting room. But the doctor-patient relationship is clearly not what it once was. How have things come to such a pass? Goldblatt, a lecturer in medical ethics at the University of Chicago, attributes it to a mixture of law and technology.

The traditional doctor-patient relationship, she says, was "vertical": The physician was a paternalistic "knower, a teacher, a diagnostician, and a healer." After 1940, medicine's triumph over such diseases as polio and diphtheria added a new dimension to the physician's role: "technological guarantor." Patients' unrealistic expectations, along with new technologies and medical specialties, eventually drove a wedge between physician and patient. As a result, medical malpractice suits began to increase during the 1960s.

Meanwhile, the courts introduced an alternative "horizontal" model of the doc-

Segregation and 'Integration Shock' in America

A Survey of Recent Articles

Even as the nation's first black governor takes office in Virginia, the seat of the old Confederacy, new symptoms of America's deep racial divisions are appearing. Two new studies conclude that residential segregation is "even more extreme than previously imagined." The authors blame racial discrimination. But a black scholar argues that blacks themselves have "regenerated" segregation.

The most disturbing evidence comes from a study by Nancy A. Denton and Douglas S. Massey in the *American Sociological Review* (Oct. 1989). Analyzing 1980 U.S. Census data, the two University of Chicago sociologists find that Hispanic immigrants from the Caribbean, where there are no sharp distinctions between blacks and whites, are quickly divided in the United States.

Black Hispanics (mostly Cubans and Puerto Ricans) become "very segregated" from American society, the authors say. They are "much more like U.S. blacks than white Hispanics." According to the authors' "dissimilarity index," about 80 percent of them would have to move to white neighborhoods to achieve integration.

But white Hispanics are only "moderately" segregated from Anglos. Integration could be completed if 58 percent of these immigrants resettled in Anglo neighborhoods. The "dissimilarity" between white Hispanics and black Hispanics is also 58 percent. In other words, white Hispanics occupy a kind of middle ground, moderately segregated from both Anglos and their fellow immigrants who happen to be black. (Like Anglos, they are very segregated from American-born blacks.)

Moreover, the authors say, the separation of Hispanics, black *and* white, from the larger society increased between 1970 and 1980.

In a second study, published in *Demography* (Aug. 1989), Denton and Massey gauge the segregation of American blacks in the nation's big cities. Using five statistical measures, they find extreme segregation in 10 big cities: Baltimore, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Philadelphia score high by all five measures; Gary, Los Angeles, Newark, and St. Louis score high on four.

Twenty-three percent of all American blacks live in these "hypersegregated" cities. The authors also identify nine integrated cities in the South and West. But they contain only two percent of the nation's black population.

Blacks in the "hypersegregated" cities inhabit "small, densely settled, monoracial neighborhoods . . . clustered tightly around the city center." Those who do not have jobs that take them outside the ghetto "would rarely meet, and would be extremely unlikely to know, an Anglo resident of the same metropo-

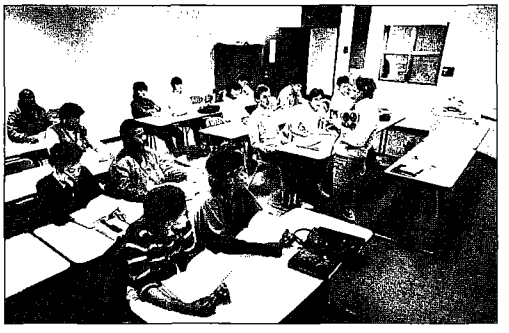
tor-patient relationship. In 1971, courts in California and Washington, D.C. created a new concept called "informed consent." Seeking to restore an awareness of medicine as a "science of uncertainties," American courts increasingly required physicians to discuss the risks and benefits of treatment. The effect was to transform the doctor-patient relationship into "a contractual or commercial partnership."

In the famous *Roe* v. *Wade* decision of 1973 giving women and their physicians the right to decide to abort pregnancies, the U.S. Supreme Court spoke almost nostalgically of the doctor-patient relationship. But the effect of the Court's decision was to encourage "contractual" arrangements. Women who went to the new abortion "clinics" merely had a service performed—the doctors offered them no advice. Before long, clinics operating on the same (lack of) principles began offering cosmetic surgery and other services, evolving into a multi-billion dollar industry. Across the board, patients gained the power to demand services—from tranquilizer prescriptions to heart surgery—from their physicians.

Meanwhile, patients who continue to look upon their physicians the old way have been given new reasons to be wary. Hospital cost-containment and efficiency measures (e.g., reduced hospital stays) undermine trust. So do physicians' costly investments in magnetic resonance imagers and other diagnostic devices, which create

lis." Hypersegregation and the racial prejudice that enforces it, the authors say, are responsible for "the growing social and economic gap between the black underclass and the rest of American society."

But Shelby Steele, a professor of English at San Jose State University, has other ideas. "Certainly there is still racial discrimination in America," he writes in a remarkable essay in *The American Scholar* (Autumn 1989), "but I believe that the unconscious replaying of our oppression is now the greatest barrier to our full equality."



Boston, 1989

As children, he writes, all people are "wounded in some way and to some degree by the wild world we encounter. From these wounds a disbelieving *anti-self* is born, an internal antagonist and saboteur that embraces the world's negative view of us, that believes our wounds are justified by our own unworthiness, and that entrenches itself as a lifelong voice of doubt." But black children are doubly wounded by the unique evils of prejudice, which accuse them of inferiority simply because of the color of their skin. The vigilant anti-self grabs this racial doubt, says Steele, and mixes it into the pool of personal doubt to create a "racist within."

When blacks approach the mainstream, he continues, "they are not only vulnerable to society's racism but also to the racist within." They experience what Steele calls "integration shock"—a stab of racial doubt. "The whispers of the racist anti-self are far louder in the harsh accountability of freedom than in subjugation where the oppressor is so entirely to blame."

Because the black "anti-self" makes every personal failure a confirmation of racial inferiority, the risks of striving are much greater for blacks, Steele argues, and many shrink from opportunity. Children "turn off" school; if they make it to college (black enrollment is shrinking), they segregate themselves from whites; their parents stand by while outsiders run the shops and businesses in black neighborhoods.

Overcoming the crippling black anti-self, in Steele's view, poses a test of personal character. "No black identity, however beautifully conjured, will spare blacks this challenge that, despite its fairness or unfairness, is simply in the nature of things." But he also has faith that blacks will eventually succeed.

In Search Of Reverence

John P. Sisk on the meaning of Personal ads, in *The Georgia Review* (Fall 1989).

I trust that observers and scholars of our popular culture have been giving Personal ads the attention they deserve . . . . If so, they may have noted the extent to which "irreverent" has become a highly valorized term. In a recent New York *magazine, for instance, a 44-year-old man advertises himself as "successful, handsome, trim, irreverent . . . ."*

People who grew up between the two world wars may wonder why a person seeking loving company is able to assume that a capacity for irreverence will make him or her desirable. They may remember being advised by parents, teachers, and clergymen to avoid irreverent people, the idea being that those for whom nothing is sacred are probably too caught up in their own egos to treat others with respect . . . .

[T]here is a pervasive fear in the world of the Personals that the amorous intensities and life-enlarging expectations of youth are in danger of being lost forever, that unless one resorts to the once-unconventional means of advertising one's plight in some public forum, it will soon be too late . . . .

[A society's] fear of sacred space, which is a fear of life lived by what always appears to be the long odds of faith, goes with its reluctance to commit itself to the burden of distinguishing between revitalizing fresh perspectives and faithless subversions. For lack of something worthy of reverential attention it must worship life in its precarious time-bound condition, which means that it must worship youthfulness.

incentives to order up tests for patients.

But Goldblatt thinks that it is not too late to turn back. Most physicians still deserve trust, she says. Public education, self-regulation by physicians, and perhaps no-fault malpractice insurance can help prevent doctors from becoming "highly trained body plumbers."

The Culture of Empire

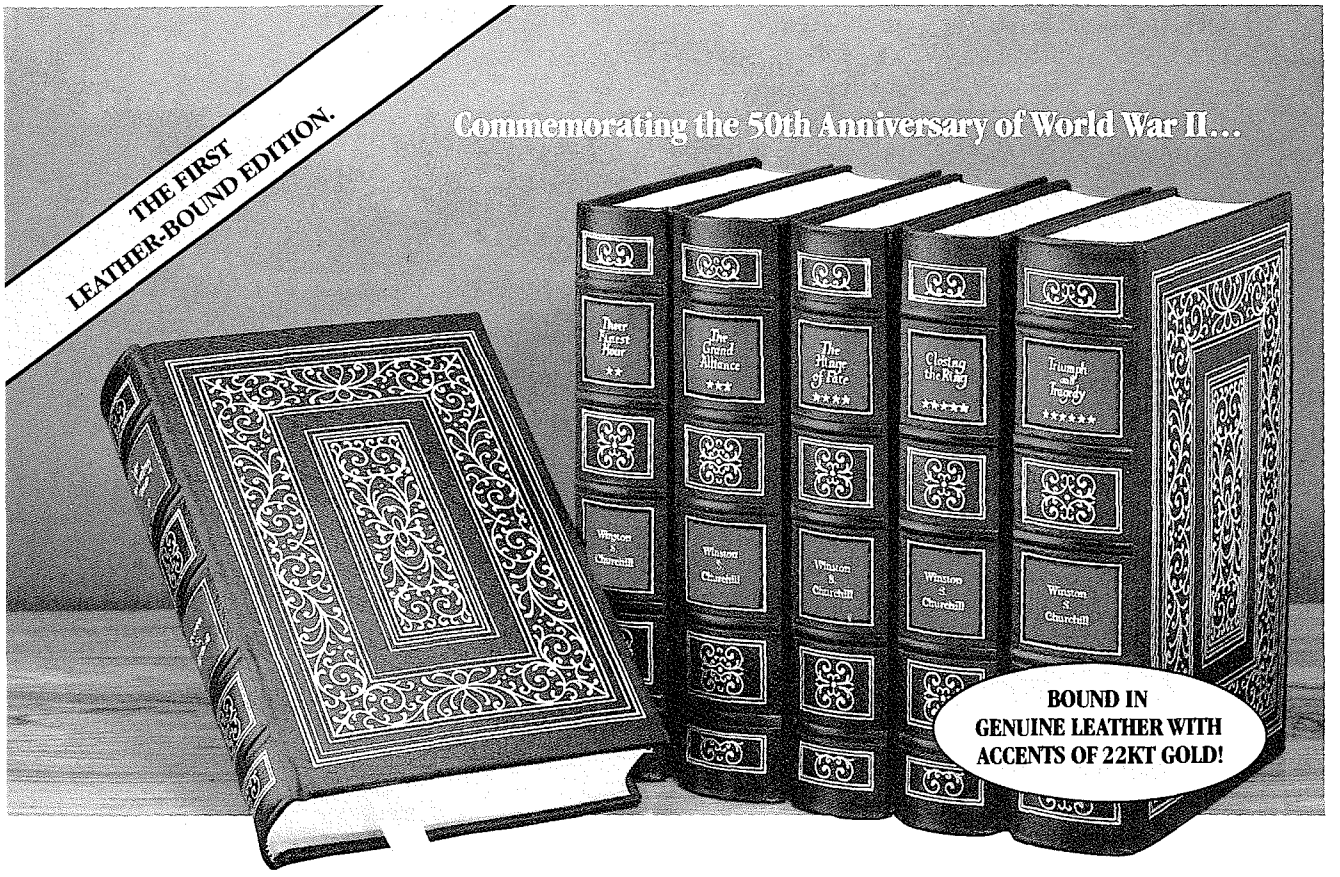
"Empire Builders, Culture Makers, and Culture Imprinters" by Charles Issawi, in *Journal of Interdisciplinary History* (Autumn 1989), Tufts Univ., 26 Winthrop St., Medford, Mass. 02155.

Why is it that the Roman Empire left a lasting cultural legacy in its domain, while the Greek influence all but vanished from the Mediterranean? Why did the Spanish "imprint" their culture on their colonies but not the French? Why the Arabs but not the Persians? Curiously, it seems that certain empires that attained the highest cultural achievements have been the least successful at passing on these achievements to the areas where they held sway.

The reason, says Issawi, an emeritus professor of Near Eastern studies at Princeton, has more to do with the way an empire is organized and where it is located than how advanced its civilization is.

Three factors seem vital to ensuring an empire's cultural legacy. First, the empire must establish itself in a defensible region so its culture can develop and spread. The Arabs, notes Islamic scholar Ibn Khaldun, solidified their empire when they "forsook a nomadic for a sedentary life [and] concentrated all their energies on politics, rulership, and war." They left learning and scholarship to "the Persians, or those who were . . . subject to them." But the empire also must have "culture bearers" who migrate from the capital to the outlying regions. This migration of "priests and scholars . . . ruffians and convicts" occurred in empires as diverse as the Chinese, Indian, Roman, Arab, Portuguese (in Brazil), Spanish, British, and Russian. Perhaps most important, the empire must be "identified with a religion that either actively proselytized or at least easily admitted converts." This establishes the rulers' language as a sacred tongue, helps spread the culture to the masses, and allows it to survive invaders. In Christian Rome, as in Muslim Arabia, conquerors who destroyed

Periodicals *continues on page 125*



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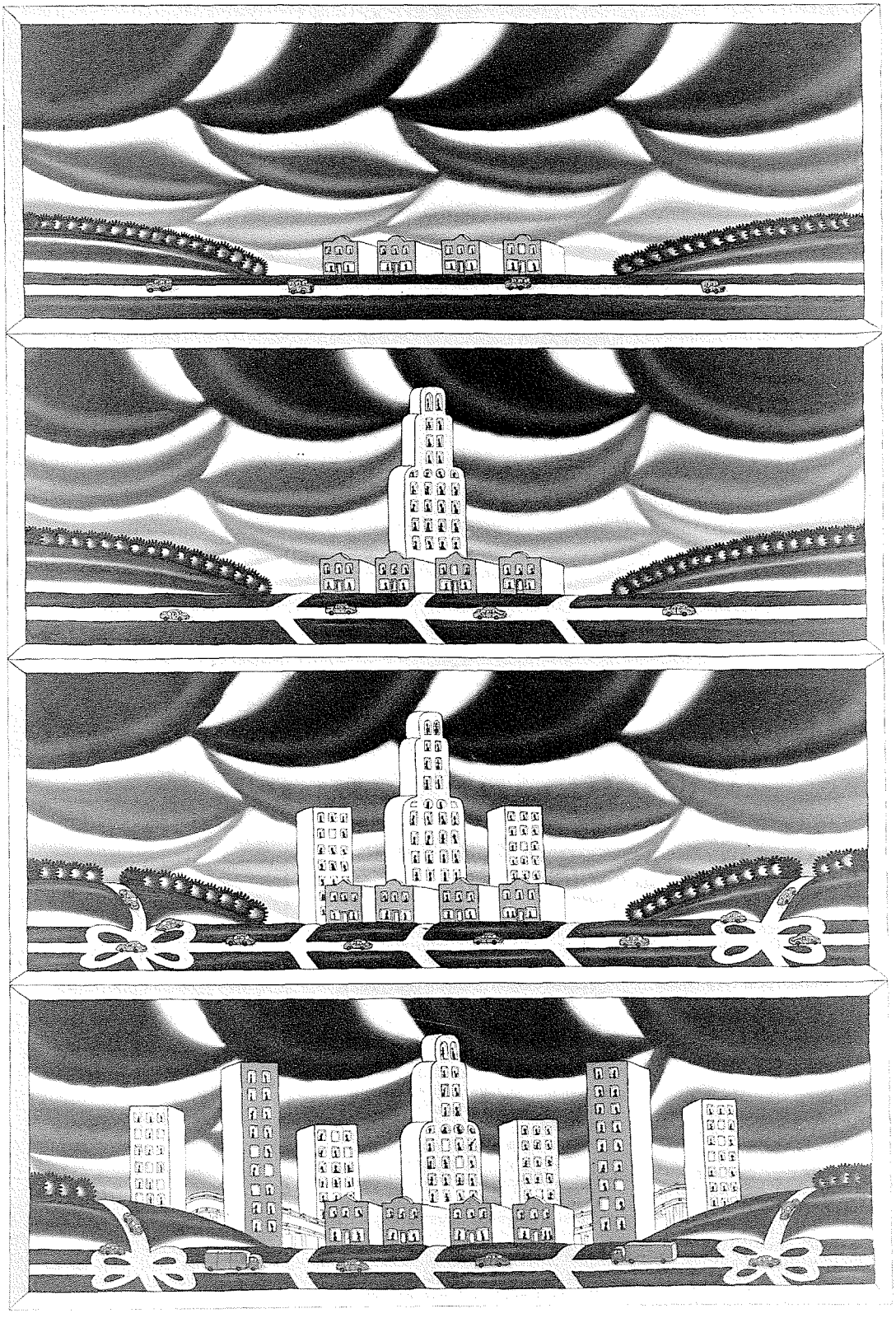


A City's Evolution, *by Roger Brown.*

America's New City

Something new is appearing on the American landscape. Architects, planners, and others have given it a variety of names—spread city, slurb, exurb, edge city, sprawl. The profusion of vaguely ominous names is only one sign of our deep uncertainty about what this new thing is. Is it merely the old suburb swollen beyond all proportion? Or are we seeing the distinction between city and suburb gradually being erased? Historian Robert Fishman believes that a "new city," utterly without precedent, is arising. If its opportunities are recognized, he argues, Americans' long quest to combine the amenities of technological civilization with the pleasures of natural surroundings may at last be rewarded. If they are not, the failure will blight the landscape of America—and the lives of Americans—for generations to come.

MEGALOPOLIS UNBOUND

by Robert Fishman

Jim and Delores Bach live in a redwood contemporary in West Nyack, N.Y., about 25 miles north of Manhattan. Twenty years ago, their cul de sac was an apple orchard, and today two gnarled old trees on the front lawn still hold up their fruit to the early autumn sun.

This morning, two of the Bach children will board buses to school and Delores will drive young Alex to a day-care center in nearby Nanuet. Then she will drive 20 minutes down the Garden State Parkway to her job at a medical laboratory in Montvale, N.J. Her husband, meanwhile, will be on the New York State Thruway, headed east over the Hudson River on the Tappan Zee Bridge to his job with IBM in Westchester County.

A decade ago, Delores Bach could not have imagined finding such a good job so close to home. She stayed home with the children and Jim commuted to midtown Manhattan. But since the 1970s, northern New Jersey and New York's Westchester County—the very county whose genteel "bedroom communities" the writer John Cheever lived in and wrote about for the *New Yorker*—have become carpeted with office complexes and stores. West Nyack and other towns in Rockland County have filled up with families who can't afford Westchester's stratospheric home prices. Others are moving even farther to the northwest, to Orange County. Now, the Tappan Zee, built as part of the interstate highway system 35 years ago to link New York City with Albany and other distant upstate areas, is jammed every rush hour. In fact, Jim Bach's trip will take about an hour, longer than his old 50-minute commute by express bus to Manhattan.

The Bachs still make it a point to get to Manhattan once every six months or so for a day at the museum with the kids or a night out at the theater. They still subscribe to the *New York Times*. But they have friends who have not been to "the City," as

it is called, in 10 years. Why bother? They can get good jobs nearby, buy anything they could possibly desire at one of a dozen convenient malls, attend a college, get fine medical care or legal advice—virtually anything they could want is within a one-hour radius. All they have to do is get in the car and drive.

The Bachs are fictional, but West Nyack is a real place—one of literally hundreds of former suburbs around the nation which, without anybody quite realizing it, have detached themselves from the big city and coalesced into "new cities." They lack skyscrapers, subways, and other symbolic structures of the central city, but they have acquired almost all of its functions.

"The big city," Frank Lloyd Wright announced prophetically in 1923, "is no longer modern." Although his forecast of a new age of urban decentralization was ignored by his contemporaries, we can now see that Wright and a few other thinkers of his day understood the fragility of the great behemoth—the centralized industrial metropolis—which then seemed to embody and define the modernity of the 20th century.

These capital cities of America's industrial revolution, with New York and Chicago at their head, were built to last. Their very form, as captured during the 1920s in the famous diagrams by Robert E. Park and Ernest W. Burgess of the Chicago School of sociology, seemed to possess a logic that was permanent. At the core was the "central business district," with its skyscraper symbols of local wealth, power, and sophistication; surrounding the core was the factory zone, the dense region of reinforced concrete factories and crowded workers' housing; and finally, a small ring of affluent middle-class suburbs occupied the outskirts. These were the triumphant American cities, electric with opportunity and excitement, and as late as the 1920s they were steadily draining the countryside of its population.

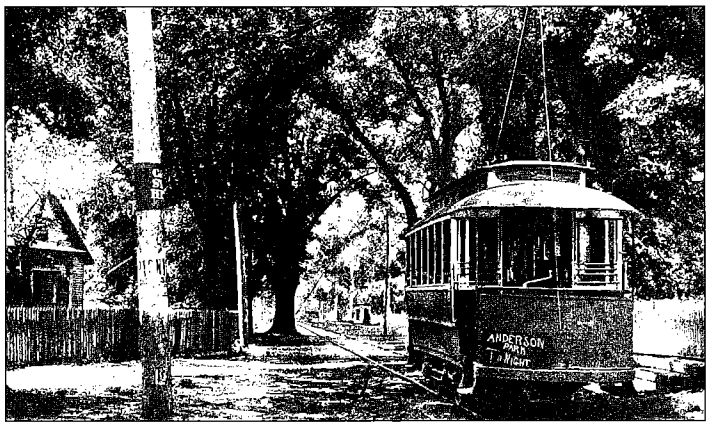
But modernism is a process of constant upheaval and self-destruction. Just when the centralized metropolis was at its zenith, powerful social and economic forces were combining to create an irresistible movement toward decentralization, tearing asunder the logic that had sustained the big city and distributing its prized functions over whole regions. The urban history of the last half-century is a record of this process.

Superficially, the process might be called "the rise of the suburb." The term "suburb," however, inevitably suggests the affluent and restricted "bedroom communities" that first took shape around the turn of the century in New York's Scarsdale, the North Shore of Chicago, and other locales on the edge of the 19th-century metropolis. These genteel retreats from urban life established the model of the single-family house on its own landscaped grounds as the ideal middle-class residence, just as they established the roles of commuter and housewife as social models for upper-middle-class men and women. But Scarsdale and its kind were limited zones of privilege that strictly banned almost all industry and commerce and excluded not only the working class but even the majority of the

Robert Fishman, *a former Wilson Center Fellow, is professor of history at Rutgers University, Camden. Born in Newark, N.J., he received a B.A. from Stanford (1968) and a Ph.D. from Harvard (1974). He is the author of* Urban Utopias in the Twentieth Century *(1977) and* Bourgeois Utopias: The Rise and Fall of Suburbia *(1987).*

less-affluent middle class. The traditional suburb therefore remained an elite enclave, completely dependent on the central city for jobs and essential services.

Since 1945, however, the relationship between the urban core and the suburban periphery has undergone a startling transformation—especially during the past two decades. Where suburbia was once an exclusive refuge for a small elite, U.S. Census figures show that 45 percent of the American population is now "suburban," up from only 23 percent in 1950. Allowing for anomalies in the Census Bureau's methods, it is almost certain that a majority of Americans live in the suburbs. About one third remain in the central cities. Even more dramatic has been the exodus of commerce and industry from the cities. By 1980, 38 percent of the nation's workers commuted to their jobs from suburb-to-suburb, while only half as many made the stereotypical suburb-to-city trek.



A fateful choice: Before the triumph of "automobility" a half-century ago, it was possible to travel hundreds of miles, well into the countryside, on trolleys such as this one in Moss Point, Miss.

Manufacturing has led the charge from the cities; the industrial park, as it is so bucolically dubbed, has displaced the old urban factory district as the headquarters of American manufacturing. Commerce has also joined the exodus. Where suburbanites once had little choice but to travel to downtown stores for most of their clothing and household goods, suburban shopping malls and stores now ring up the majority of the nation's retail sales.

During the last two decades, the urban peripheries have even outpaced the cores in that last bastion of downtown economic clout, office employment. More than 57 percent of the nation's office space is now located outside the central cities. And the landscaped office parks and research centers that dot the outlying highways and interstates have become the home of the most advanced high-technology laboratories and factories, the national centers of business creativity and growth. *Inc.* magazine, which tracks the nation's emerging industries, reported in a survey earlier this year that "growth is in the 'edge cities.'" Topping its list of "hot spots" were such unlikely locales as Manchester-Nashua, New Hampshire; West Palm Beach, Florida; and Raleigh-Durham, North Carolina.

The complex economy of the former suburbs has now reached a critical mass, as specialized service enterprises of every kind, from hospitals equipped with the latest CAT scanners to gourmet restaurants to corporate law firms, have established themselves on the fringes. In all of these ways, the peripheries have replaced the urban cores as the heartlands of our civilization. These multi-functional late-20th-century "suburbs" can no longer be comprehended in the terms of the old bedroom communities. They have become a new kind of city.

The "new city of the 20th century" is not some fantastic city of towers out of Fritz Lang's celluloid *Metropolis* (1926) or the visionary architect Paoli

Soleri's honeycombed Arcology. (Soleri's plan for a new city in the Arizona desert captivated futurists during the 1960s; the stunted model city that resulted is now a bizarre tourist attraction.) It is, rather, the familiar decentralized world of highways and tract houses, shopping malls, and office parks that Americans have built for themselves since 1945. As exemplified by such areas as the Silicon Valley in northern California, Route 128 outside Boston, the Route One corridor between Princeton and New Brunswick, New Jersey, Du Page County west of Chicago, the Route 285 area north of Atlanta, the northern Virginia district that surrounds Tysons Corner, or the immense region that stretches along the southern California coast from Los Angeles to San Diego, the new city includes the most dynamic elements in our national economy. It flourishes in the rocky soil of New Hampshire, the broad prairies beyond Minneapolis, the rainy shores of Puget Sound and the desert outside Tucson. From coast to coast, the symbol of this new city is not the jagged skyscraper skyline of the 1920s metropolis but the network of superhighways as seen from the air, crowded in all directions, uniting a whole region into a vast super-city.

Familiar as we all are with the features of the new city, most of us do not recognize how radically it departs from the cities of old. The most obvious difference is scale. The basic unit of the new city is not the street measured in blocks but the "growth corridor" stretching 50 to 100 miles. Where the leading metropolises of the early 20th century—New York, London, or Berlin—covered perhaps 100 square miles, the new city routinely encompasses two to three *thousand* square miles. Within such "urban regions," each element is correspondingly enlarged. "Planned unit developments" of cluster-housing are as large as townships; office parks are set amid hundreds of acres of landscaped grounds; and malls dwarf some of the downtowns they have replaced.

These massive units, moreover, are arrayed along the beltways and "growth corridors" in seemingly random order, without the strict distinctions between residential, commercial, and industrial zones that shaped the old city. A subdivision of $300,000 single-family houses outside Denver may sit next to a telecommunications research-and-production complex, and a new mall filled with boutiques once found only on the great shopping streets of Europe may—and indeed *does*—rise amid Midwestern corn fields.

The new city, furthermore, lacks what gave shape and meaning to every urban form of the past: a dominant single core and definable boundaries. At most, it contains a multitude of partial centers, or "edge cities," more-or-less unified clusters of malls, office developments, and entertainment complexes that rise where major highways cross or converge. As *Washington Post* writer Joel Garreau has observed, Tysons Corner, perhaps the largest American edge city, boasts more office space than downtown Miami, yet it remains only one of 13 edge cities—including Rockville-Gaithersburg, Maryland, and Rosslyn-Balston, Virginia—in the Washington, D.C. region.

Even some old downtowns have been reduced to "first among equals" among the edge cities of their regions. Atlanta has one of the most rapidly growing downtowns in the country. Yet between 1978 and 1983—the years of its accelerated growth—the downtown's share of regional office space shrank from 34 percent to 26 percent. Midtown Manhattan is the greatest of all American downtowns, but northern New Jersey now has more office space.

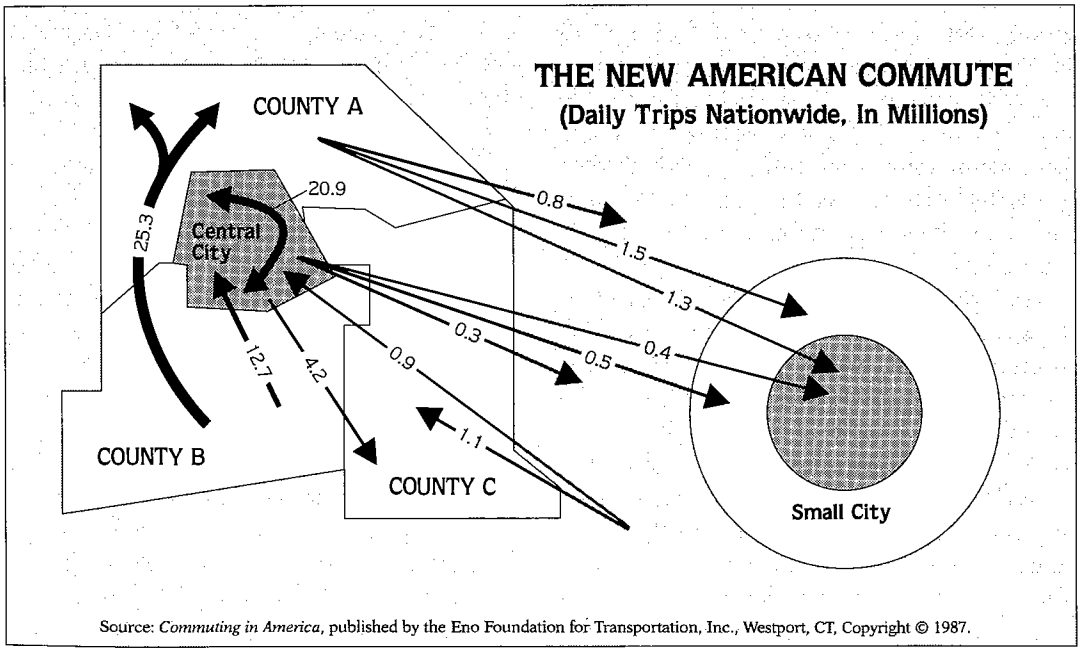
If no one can find the center of the new

city, its borders are even more elusive.

Low-density development tends to gain an inevitable momentum, as each extension of a region's housing and economy into previously rural areas becomes the base for further expansion. When one successful area begins to fill up, land values and taxes rise explosively, pushing the less affluent even farther out. During the past two decades, as Manhattan's "back offices" moved 30 miles west into northern New Jersey along interstates 78 and 80, new subdivisions and town-house communities began sprouting 40 miles farther west along these growth corridors in the Pocono Mountains of eastern Pennsylvania. "By the time we left [New Jersey]," one new resident of eastern Pennsylvania told the *New York Times*, "there were handyman specials for $150,000 you wouldn't put your dog in." Now such formerly depressed and relatively inexpensive areas as Pennsylvania's Lehigh Valley are gaining population, attracting high-tech industries and office employment, and thus stimulating further dispersion.

Baltimore and Washington, D.C., once separated by mile after mile of farms and forests, are now joined by an agglomeration of office parks, shopping strips, and housing. Census Bureau officials have given up attempting to draw a statistical boundary between the two metropolitan areas and have proposed combining them into a single consolidated region for statistical purposes. Indeed, as the automobile gives rise to a complex pattern of multi-directional travel that largely by-passes the old central cities, the very concept of "center" and "periphery" becomes obsolete.

Although a few prophets like Wright foresaw the downfall of the old city, no one imagined the form of the new. Instead, it was built up piecemeal, as a result of millions of uncoordinated decisions made by housing developers, shopping-mall operators, corporate executives,



Source: *Commuting in America*, published by the Eno Foundation for Transportation, Inc., Westport, CT, Copyright © 1987.

The diagram represents a day in the life of America's commuters in 1980. Suburb-to-suburb commuting is growing rapidly; it accounts for twice as many trips as suburb-to-city travel.

highway engineers and, not least, the millions of Americans who saved and sacrificed to buy single-family homes in the expanding suburbs. The new city's construction has been so rapid and so unforeseen that we lack even a commonly-accepted name for what we have created. Or, rather, we have too many names: exurb, spread city, urban village, megalopolis, outtown, sprawl, slurb, the burbs, nonplace urban field, polynucleated city, and (my own coinage) technoburb.

Not urban, not rural, not suburban, but possessing elements of all three, the new city eludes all the conventional terminology of the urban planner and the historian. Yet it is too important to be left in conceptual limbo. The success or failure of the new city will affect the quality of life of the majority of Americans well into the 21st century. In a few scattered locales today, one can discern the promise of a decentralized city that fulfills its residents' basic hopes for comfortable homes in sylvan settings with easy access to good schools, good jobs, and recreational facilities of many kinds. More ambitiously, one might hope for a decentralized civilization that finally overcomes the old antithesis of city and countryside, that fulfills in daily life the profound cultural need for an environment that combines the machine and nature in a new unity.

But the dangers of the new city are perhaps more obvious than the promise. The immense speed and scale of development across the nation threaten to annihilate the natural environment of entire regions, leaving the tranquility and natural beauty that Americans seek in the new city perpetually retreating another 10 exits down the interstate. The movement of urban functions to an environment never designed for them has produced the anomaly of urban-style crowding and congestion in a decentralized setting. Through greed and ignorance we could destroy the very things that inspired the new city and build instead a degenerate urban form that is too congested to be efficient, too chaotic to be beautiful, and too dispersed to possess the diversity and vitality of a great city.

The new city is still under construction. Like all new urban types, its early form is necessarily raw and chaotic. The real test of the new city as a carrier of civilization will come when the first flush of hectic building slows down and efforts to redesign and reconstruct begin, as they have in the old downtowns today. But before we can improve the new urban world we are building we need to understand it.

Perhaps the best way to grasp the innovations of the new city is to contrast it with the older metropolis. Lewis Mumford (b. 1895), 20th-century America's greatest urbanist and one of our most clear-sighted prophets of decentralization, expressed this contrast succinctly in his classic work of 1938, *The Culture of Cities*. There he defined "the metropolis of old" as "a single center" that becomes "the focal point of all regional advantages." In the new decentralized city, however, "the whole region becomes open for settlement."

The centralized industrial metropolis that flourished during the 19th and early 20th centuries was the last in a series of urban forms that go back ultimately to Ur and Babylon in the ancient Middle East. At its heart, the traditional city was an attempt to solve the problem of slow and expensive transportation by concentrating people and resources at a single point. Occasionally, this meant locating the city where trade

routes crossed or local markets could be established. More often it favored riverside and seaside locations that lent themselves to the construction of a port.

The coming of the railroads during the 19th century amplified the natural advantages of cities like New York and Chicago and transformed them into national centers. Toward the end of the century, as major trunk rail lines were supplemented by similarly converging networks of streetcar and subway lines, the characteristic pattern of the great metropolis emerged: a city formed by its transportation system into a centralized pattern of a hub and spokes. As Mumford argued, such a pattern necessarily concentrated "regional advantages" at the hub and placed all other locations in the region at a disadvantage. A familiar urban ecology emerged, composed of concentric rings with the central business district at the core, the factory zone, and then the suburban ring.

Moralists regarded these crowded "monster metropolises" with horror, but concentration worked. The clustering of office buildings in a central business district multiplied the opportunities for face-to-face communication and the exchange of vital information, opportunities which gave the big-city businessman a significant advantage over his small-town counterparts. Similarly, the subways and trolleys that delivered people from around the region to a

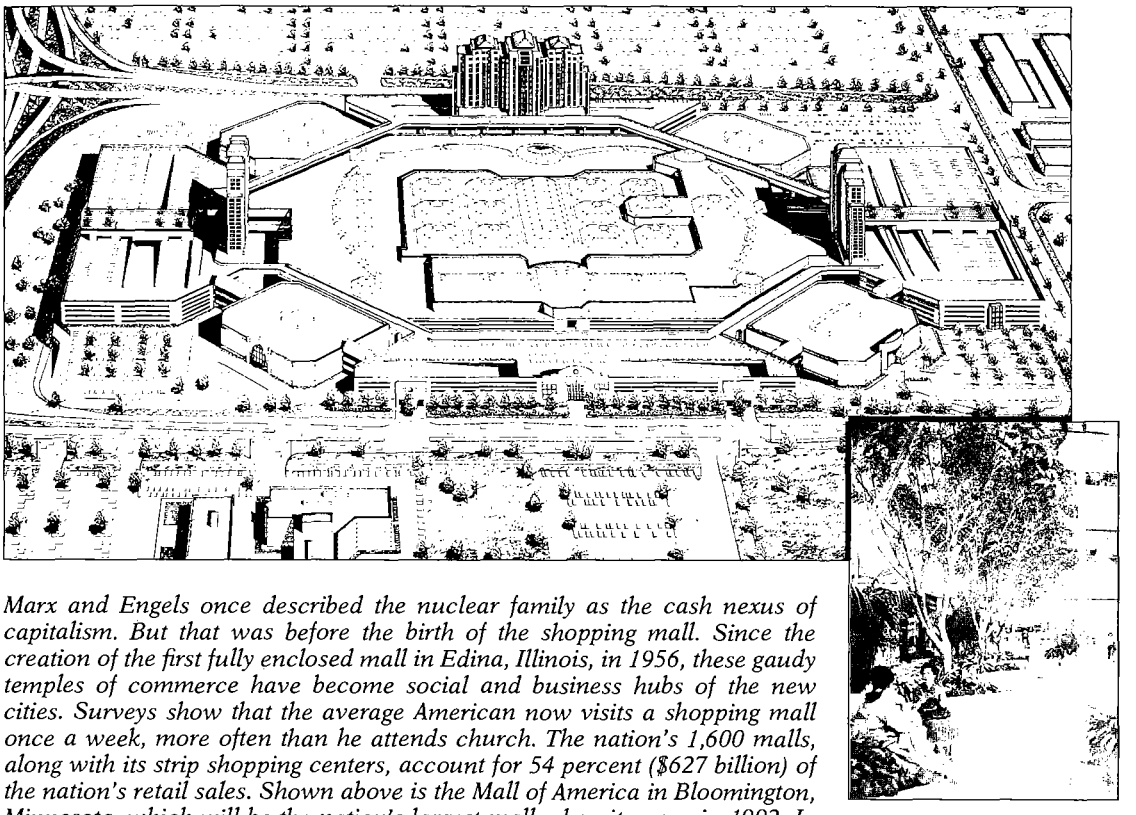
WHY PLANNING MATTERS

The shape of the city not only reflects its citizens' values and preferences, Lewis Mumford wrote in The City in History *(1961), it also helps form them.*

When cities were first founded, an old Egyptian scribe tells us, the mission of the founder was to "put the gods in their shrines." The task of the coming city is not essentially different: its mission is to put the highest concerns of man at the center of all his activities: to unite the scattered fragments of the human personality, turning artificially dismembered men—bureaucrats, specialists, 'experts,' depersonalized agents—into complete human beings, repairing the damage that has been done by vocational separation, by tribalisms and nationalisms, by the absence of organic partnerships and ideal purposes.

Before modern man can gain control over the forces that now threaten his very existence, he must resume possession of himself. This sets the chief mission for the city of the future: that of creating a visible regional and civic structure, designed to make man at home with his deeper self and his larger world, attached to images of human nurture and love.

We must now conceive the city, accordingly, not primarily as a place of business or government, but as an essential organ for expressing and actualizing the new human personality—that of 'One World Man.' The old separation of man and nature, of townsman and countryman, of Greek and barbarian, of citizen and foreigner, can no longer be maintained: for communication, the entire planet is becoming a village; and as a result, the smallest neighborhood or precinct must be planned as a working model of the larger world. Now it is not the will of a single deified ruler, but the individual and corporate will of its citizens, aiming at self-knowledge, self-government, and self-actualization, that must be embodied in the city. Not industry but education will be the center of their activities; and every process and function will be evaluated and approved just to the extent that it furthers human development, whilst the city itself provides a vivid theater for the spontaneous encounters and challenges and embraces of daily life.



Marx and Engels once described the nuclear family as the cash nexus of capitalism. But that was before the birth of the shopping mall. Since the creation of the first fully enclosed mall in Edina, Illinois, in 1956, these gaudy temples of commerce have become social and business hubs of the new cities. Surveys show that the average American now visits a shopping mall once a week, more often than he attends church. The nation's 1,600 malls, along with its strip shopping centers, account for 54 percent ($627 billion) of the nation's retail sales. Shown above is the Mall of America in Bloomington, Minnesota, which will be the nation's largest mall when it opens in 1992. In addition to the usual array of shops and department stores, its 96 acres of floor space will host a variety of amusements, including a seven-acre Camp Snoopy theme park under glass. The contemporary mall may be a demented hybrid of the bazaar, the circus, and the television game show, but it has also become (inset) the center of entertainment and community life in many new cities where no downtown has ever existed. Senior citizens gather in them, families stroll through them, and, under the watchful eyes of security guards, adolescents cavort in them.

single downtown created the dense mass of patrons that made possible such urban institutions as department stores, vaudeville houses, movie palaces and concert halls, museums, sports stadiums, and big-city newspapers.

The complex tangles of branch rail lines that served the factory zone gave enterprises located there a significant advantage over those anywhere else in the region. The factory zone was also the home of a large skilled and unskilled workforce which only those enterprises within the zone could tap. By the 1890s it thus became the natural environment for all manufacturing firms attempting to become national enterprises.

Perhaps the group best served by metropolitan concentration was the middle-class suburban elite, for they enjoyed all the economic benefits of the great city while living in a quiet, leafy-green, smoke-free environment at its edge.

By the 1920s the centralized industrial city had reached its zenith; at the time, only a few lonely prophets noticed that a series of separate and uncoordinated technological innovations were converging to undermine the special advantages of the central city. As Mumford suggested, these innovations all had in common the replacement

of networks of communication that focused advantages on the core with networks that distributed them equally over a region.

The great model of such a network was the road system. Although early highway engineers attempted to design major roads on the hub-and-spokes model of the railroads, automobile owners soon discovered that the radical innovation of the roads was to open up to settlement areas remote from rail lines. In a rail-dominated metropolis, most people in cities or suburbs lived no farther than a 15-minute walk from a train or trolley stop; with an automobile, people found that they could fill in the empty spaces between the spokes of the regional rail system without condemning themselves to a kind of exile.

The effect of trucking on industrial location was nearly as dramatic. First used extensively during the 1920s, trucks made it possible for factory owners to leave the crowded streets of the industrial zone for cheaper land on the periphery without sacrificing timely pickups and deliveries from other firms that remained in the city.

Not surprisingly, it was in Los Angeles that these possibilities were first recognized. As late as 1925 Los Angeles was a relatively centralized city organized around a lively and prosperous downtown served by a highly-efficient system of public transportation. The big red streetcars of the Pacific Electric system traveled over more than 1,000 miles of track connecting the downtown to even the most remote parts of what was then a vast region of farms and citrus groves. But when downtown traffic reached intolerable levels during the mid-1920s the city was presented with two opposing visions of its future: expand public transportation, or, as the Automobile Club of Southern California proposed, create a massive new grid of roads.

In the debate among the city's civic and business leaders, the issue was put with surprising clarity. Improving public transportation would save the downtown, but it would limit residential development to the narrow rail corridors of the Pacific Electric System. Los Angeles would thus come to resemble eastern cities of the time, with most people living in multi-family dwellings close to public transportation. A new road system, by contrast, might doom the downtown but it would put virtually every acre of land in the 900 square miles of the Los Angeles region within a few blocks of a major road. That would open the whole region to low-density settlement.

Since many of the Los Angeles elite were heavily involved in real-estate speculation, it was never much of a contest. Without hesitation, they chose to sacrifice the downtown and persuaded the citizenry to go along. "Business is pointing the way out of the intolerable congestion situation in our downtown areas," the influential Los Angeles City Club declared in a 1926 report. "Branch banks are going out to the people, factories are seeking outside locations... and some of our retail merchants are building, or have established branch stores in outlying sections." In a referendum that year, voters overwhelmingly approved a massive bond issue for new road construction and rejected a modest proposal to improve the streetcar system.

By the mid-1930s, both the Los Angeles downtown and the public transportation system that sustained it were already deteriorating, as the city established what was then a unique pattern of settlement. The downtown was supplanted by many smaller automobile-based centers like the "Miracle Mile" along Wilshire Boulevard (built, like most of the city's other major streets, with funds from the 1926 bond issue), while the movie studios, the new aircraft factories, and other industry scattered throughout the region. Los Ange-

DISPATCHES FROM THE NEW CITY

Howard County, Md.—Ah, springtime in exurbia! Newcomers may detect it in that first whiff of honeysuckle or mesquite barbecue smoke, wafting over from the neighbor's yard.

But in western Howard County, where working farms still exist amid the three-acre "farmettes" and upscale subdivisions, there remains an earthier harbinger of the season: the first withering blast from a freshly manured field.

"It's country perfume," cracked Todd Taylor, a local lawyer and county resident.

But the new folks don't always see it that way. Last year, neighbors from the new subdivision down the road panicked when a dairy farmer scooped out his winter accumulation of cow manure—an annual ritual—and spread it on a field.

"They called the police department, the Howard County Health Department, and the EPA," recalled William F. Kirkwood III, president of the Howard County Farm Bureau.

"They wanted to know what was that terrible smell."

—*The Washington Post* (April 5, 1989)

"Are you aware that this is now considered part of the Greater New York Metropolitan area?"

Raritan Township, N.J.—The drastic remaking of this old farm town has changed what it means to be a volunteer.

In 1957, the volunteers built the township's first fire truck, scrounging parts from junk. The chassis came from an old oil tanker, the water pump was donated and the engine was pulled from a wrecked Mercury. Art Lentini, a mechanic, John Carberry, a lawyer, and Bill Worthington, a farmer, organized everybody. Cleaning all the parts, welding them together and then painting the rig took a year.

But now that inspired country camaraderie has vanished along with most of the dairy and egg farmers who gave Raritan Township its identity for decades.

Volunteerism today, such as it is, is represented by a trickle of new residents willing to join town boards. In 1987, 13 people offered to serve out of about 15,000 residents. Most come to government with either a gripe or a wish-list as the rural community is reshaped into a white-collar suburb in the hills 60 miles west of Manhattan....

No newcomers, though, are joining the fire department, once Raritan's social hub, or the rescue squad. Volunteers are their lifeblood, but as in suburbs everywhere, their membership is stagnant.

—*The New York Times* (Jan. 4, 1988)

Gwinnett County, Ga.—Many of the county's schools look like trailer parks, with mobile homes serving as makeshift classrooms alongside school buildings. New children arrive in Gwinnett at the rate of 90 each Monday. The county says it needs to build a new classroom every Monday, Wednesday and Friday just to keep from getting any further behind....

The Five Forks Middle School assigns old-timers as buddies to the newcomers to counsel them to smile a lot and make eye contact. Counselors are ever-watchful. "It is very important that they have a sense of place," says Greg Brigman. "We are trying to make each student's world smaller so the kids have [an] anchor—a group to go around in orbit with."

Meanwhile the school is searching for its own comfortable orbit. Its principal, Michael O'Neal, has posted welcome signs at the perimeter of his school's territory in hopes of drumming up some sense of community identity that might, in turn, promote community support for the school.

—*The Wall Street Journal* (March 26 & 27, 1987)

Los Angeles, Cal.—Already, mountains more than 60 miles from the city's center are being leveled to build thousands of new houses to make greater Los Angeles even bigger. And futurists expect that Los Angeles, the symbol of urban sprawl, will become denser, stacked atop itself.

—*The Wall Street Journal* (June 12, 1989)

les thus established an alternate, decentralized form for the American city based on the automobile and the single-family house.

As Los Angeles demonstrated, transportation was the crucial innovation. But roads and autos could not have achieved their full revolutionary impact without the creation of several other important new networks of decentralization: electricity, telecommunications, mass-market retailing, and new modes of corporate management.

Consider electricity. Until the coming of "giant power" (i.e. regional electricity networks) during the 1920s, utility service rarely extended beyond the metropolis. Thereafter, far-flung homeowners and industry enjoyed the same access to reliable electrical power as those at the core.

The telephone network was the harbinger of the great series of inventions—radio, television, computers, fax machines—that increasingly substituted electronic for face-to-face communication, thus reducing the need for meetings and informal contacts downtown.

The 1920s also saw the fruition of new techniques of mass production, which flooded the nation with consumer goods. This new plenty created the possibility of multiplying the number of retail outlets, thus breaking the monopoly of the great downtown stores. No longer would suburbanites have to go "downtown" to enjoy a wide selection of goods.

Meanwhile, corporate managers had developed techniques (and bureaucracies) that allowed them to supervise a variety of plants at one time, all of them from a great distance. Factories were freed to locate far from the cities, where land and labor were cheaper.

These new networks undermined the functional underpinnings of metropolitan centralization. But the new city might have emerged slowly and partially if it had not found an unexpected ally: the American government.

In Europe, governments fearful of losing precious farm land to the encroaching cities have severely restricted decentralization wherever they could. As early as 1938 the British government prohibited London and the other large British cities from expanding beyond their existing boundaries. A decade later it created permanent "greenbelts" of farm and park land around the cities, including an impressive five-mile wide Metropolitan Greenbelt which still rings London. (Paris, on the other hand, is ringed by a Red Belt, so called because its working-class residents consistently vote Communist. This reflects another unique quality of European development: The affluent middle class generally prefers urban to suburban living.) In the United States, however, Washington, as well as state and local governments, indefatigably promoted expansion. Government "planning" was largely unconscious and unintended, but that did not lessen its effects. Between 1930 and 1960, state intervention in four different arenas profoundly affected the shape of the nation's cities:

- *Housing.* Although the American preference for single-family suburban houses was well-established by the 1920s, it took the New Deal's Federal Housing Administration (1934) to reform the nation's rickety system of mortgage finance and, ultimately, put the American dream house within reach of millions of citizens. As historian Kenneth Jackson has shown, FHA regulations also funneled mortgage money to newly built suburbs, considered good credit risks, while virtually starving the cities of residential construction loans.
- *Defense Industries.* During World War II, the new factories built to manufacture synthetics, alloys, aircraft, and other products under the auspices of the Defense Plants Corporation were rarely located in the central cities. For example, Nassau

County, Long Island, future site of the archetypal postwar suburb of Levittown, became the East Coast's center for aircraft production during the war, as Grumman, Republic, and other manufacturers opened plants there. Unlike the old urban factories, they were built on a single level on great tracts of land, in accordance with new ideas of industrial efficiency. Almost overnight these new factories gave the metropolitan peripheries and decentralized sunbelt cities a substantial industrial base on which they could build during the postwar period.

• *Highway Construction.* From the beginning, highways were regarded as a public responsibility, entitled to subsidies with tax dollars, while the rail system was not. Rail freight (and often mass transit as well) remained under the control of private corporations. After 1920, the owners were increasingly unable or unwilling to improve their services to attract customers. Highway engineers presided over one of the most massive construction efforts in history, culminating after 1958 in the 44,000 miles of the federal interstate highway system built at a cost of $108 billion. While these Main Streets of the emerging new cities flourished, the rail lines that served the downtowns stagnated or declined.

• *Local Government.* After the turn of the century, city after city failed to annex its suburbs because of suburban resistance. As a result, cities lost the tax base of the most prosperous and rapidly expanding areas of the region. And since zoning in the American system is essentially a matter of local control, the power to regulate new development passed to the hundreds of suburban governments, which had little interest in restraining growth to create a balanced metropolitan region. Developers learned they could play one small local planning board off another, escaping all control. As the developer Sam Lefrak observed, "There is no zoning: only deals."

Relieved of the task of delivering the full range of services required by a great city, suburbs could tailor public spending to the specific needs of their constituents. With surprising speed, suburban public school systems developed into formidable enterprises, soon rivaling and then surpassing the once-dominant big-city schools.

Without anybody intending for it to happen, all of these seemingly unrelated forces converged to generate enormous momentum behind the great tide of decentralization that washed over the American metropolis after 1945. The tide has continued relentlessly, through booms and recessions, under Democratic and Republican administrations, until the old industrial city became, if not an extinct species, at least a highly endangered one.

The first significant sign was a drop in population. Between 1950 and 1960, all of the large, established cities lost people. Boston, the worst case, shrank by 13 percent, while its suburbs gained 17 percent. New York and Chicago lost less than two percent each, but their suburbs gained over 70 percent. To these blows were added shrinkage of the industrial base. Between 1947 and 1967, the 16 largest and oldest central cities lost an average of 34,000 manufacturing jobs each, while their suburbs gained an average of 87,000. This trend continued through the 1970s, as the cities suffered the elimination of from 25 percent (Minneapolis) to 40 percent (Philadelphia) of the manufacturing jobs that remained.

Building on their growing base of population and jobs, suburban entrepreneurs during the 1950s and 1960s began transforming the new city into a self-sufficient world. "We don't go downtown anymore," became the new city's motto. Shopping centers displaced downtown department stores; small merchants

and repairmen deserted Main Street for stores "along the highway" or folded up shop under the competitive pressure of the growing national chain stores. Even cardiologists and corporate lawyers moved their offices closer to their customers.

By the 1970s and 1980s, the new city found itself at the top of a whole range of national and even international trends. The movement from snowbelt to sunbelt meant a shift toward urban areas that had been "born decentralized" and organized on new-city principles. The new city, moreover, moved quickly to dominance in the most rapidly expanding sections of the industrial economy—electronics, chemicals, pharmaceuticals, and aircraft—leaving the old city with such sunset industries as textiles, iron and steel, and automobiles.

Finally, during the 1970s, the new city successfully challenged the old downtowns in the last area of their supremacy, office employment. The "office park" became the locale of choice for many businesses, new and old. Jaded New Yorkers looked on in stunned disbelief as one major corporation after another pulled up stakes and departed for former commuter towns like Stamford, Connecticut, or more distant sunbelt locations. By the 1980s, even social scientists could not ignore the fact that the whole terminology of "suburb" and "central city," deriving from the era of the industrial metropolis, had become obsolete. As Mumford had predicted, the single center had lost its dominance.

But are the sprawling regions *cities*? Judged by the standards of the centralized metropolis, the answer is no. As I have suggested, this "city" lacks any definable borders, a center or a periphery, or a clear distinction between residential, industrial, and commercial zones. Instead, shopping malls, research and production facilities, and corporate headquarters all seem scattered amid a chaos of subdivisions, apartment complexes, and condominiums. It is easy to understand why urban planners and social scientists trained in the clear functional logic of the centralized metropolis can see only disorder in these "nonplace urban fields," or why ordinary people use the word "sprawl" to describe their own neighborhoods.

Nevertheless, I believe that the new city has a characteristic structure—one that departs radically not only from the old metropolis but from all cities of the past.

To grasp this structure we must return to the prophetic insights of Frank Lloyd Wright. From the 1920s until his death in 1959, Wright was preoccupied with his plan for an ideal decentralized American city which he called Broadacres. Although many elements of the plan were openly utopian—he wished, for example, to ensure that every American would have access to at least an acre of land so that all could reap the economic and psychological benefits that he associated with part-time farming—Wright also had a remarkable insight into the highway-based world that was developing around him. Above all he understood the consequences of a city based on a grid of highways rather than the hub-and-spokes of the older city. Instead of a single privileged center, there would be a multitude of crossings, no one of which could assume priority. And the grid would be boundless by its very nature, capable of unlimited extension in all directions.

Such a grid, as it indeed developed, did not allow for the emergence of an "imperial" metropolis to monopolize the life of a region. For Wright, this meant that the fam-

ily home would be freed from its fealty to the city and allowed to emerge as the real center of American life. As he put it, "The true center, (the only centralization allowable) in Usonian democracy, is the individual Usonian house." (Usonia was Wright's name for the United States).

In the plans for Broadacres—a city he said would be "everywhere or nowhere"—Wright foresaw what I believe to be the essential element in the structure of the new city: a megalopolis based on *time* rather than space.

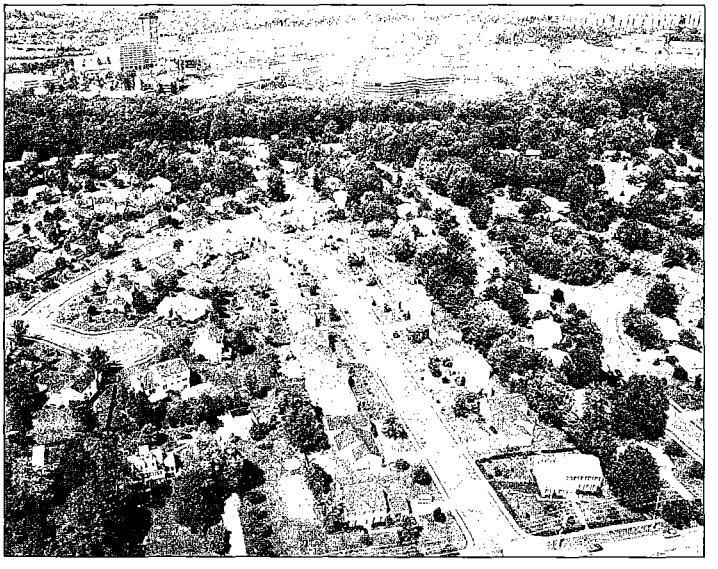
Even the largest of the old "big cities" had a firm identity in space. The big city had a center as its basic point of orientation—the Loop, Times Square—and also a boundary. Starting from the center, sooner or later one reached the edge of the city.

In the new city, however, there is no single center. Instead, as Wright suggested, each family home has become the central point for its members. Families create their own "cities" out of the destinations they can reach (usually travelling by car) in a reasonable length of time. Indeed, distance in the new cities is generally measured in terms of time rather than blocks or miles. The supermarket is 10 minutes away. The nearest shopping mall is 30 minutes in another direction, and one's job 40 minutes away by yet another route. *The pattern formed by these destinations represents "the city" for that particular family or individual.* The more varied one's destinations, the richer and more diverse is one's personal "city." The new city is a city *à la carte.*

It can be seen as composed of three overlapping networks, representing the three basic categories of destinations that define each person's city. These are the household network; the network of consumption; and the network of production.

The household network is composed of places that are part of family and personal life. For a typical household of two parents and two children, this network is necessarily oriented around childrearing—and it keeps parents scurrying frantically in station wagons and minivans from one place to another. Its set of destinations include the homes of the children's playmates (which may be down the street or scattered around a county), the daycare center, the schools, a church or synagogue, community centers, and the homes of the parents' friends. Although this network is generally more localized than the other two, it is almost always wider than the traditional urban neighborhood.

The two-parent family with children is the arche-



"Don't Fairfax Loudon!" says a bumper-sticker in suburban Loudon County, Virginia. Fairfax County is the home of Tysons Corner (above), a prime example of the new city gone awry.

typical new-city household, but, especially since 1970, the new city has made a place for others. For single or divorced people, single parents, young childless couples or older "empty nest" couples, widows and widowers, the new city offers a measure of familiarity and security that many find lacking in the central city. Its housing is increasingly diverse. No longer confined to single-family homes, it now includes apartment towers, town homes and condominiums, and various kinds of retirement housing, from golf-oriented communities to nursing homes. There are more places to socialize. The same mall that caters essentially to families on weekends and evenings may also serve as an informal community center for older people in the morning, while its bars and restaurants play host to a lively singles scene after the stores close.

The network of consumption—Mallopolis, in economist James Millar's phrase—comprises essentially the shopping centers and malls which, as Wright predicted, have located themselves at the strategic crossroads of the highway system. It also includes movie theaters, restaurants, health clubs, playing fields and other recreational facilities, and perhaps a second home 30 to 100 miles away.

Although this network serves much the same function as the old downtown, it is scattered, and each consumer is free to work out his particular set of preferences from the vast menu of offerings presented by Mallopolis.

Finally, there is the network of production. It includes the place of employment of one or both spouses. It also includes the suppliers—from computer-chip manufacturers to janitorial services—which these enterprises rely upon. Information comes instantaneously from around the world while raw materials, spare parts, and other necessities are trucked in from the firms that cluster along nearby highways.

This network minimizes the traditional distinction between the white-collar world of administration and the blue-collar world of production. Both functions co-exist in virtually every "executive office park." Its most successful enterprises are those where research and development and specialized techniques of production are intimately intertwined: pharmaceuticals, for example, or electronics. Conversely, its most routinized labor can be found in the so-called "back-offices," data-processing centers that perform tasks once done at a downtown corporate headquarters.

Each of these networks has its own spatial logic. For example, primary schools are distributed around the region in response to the school-age population; shopping malls reflect population density, wealth, and the road system; large firms locate where their workers and their suppliers can easily reach them. But because the networks overlap, the pattern on the ground is one of juxtaposition and interpenetration. Instead of the logical division of functions of the old metropolis, one finds a post-modern, post-urban collage.

In some places, a particularly active locale like Tysons Corner, in Fairfax County, Virginia, may draw together elements from different networks—shopping malls and offices—to form an approximation of an old downtown. But the logic of the new city generally confounds that kind of concentration. Such areas immediately become points of especially bad traffic congestion, denying the ready access that is a hallmark of the new city. (It may be poetic justice that the leaders of the American Automobile Association, patron saint of the suburban motorist, have become so frustrated by the bumper-to-bumper traffic in the area around Tysons Corner that they have decided to move AAA headquarters to the relatively open roads of Orlando, Florida.) Tysons Corner is an exception. In general,

FURTHER DISPATCHES FROM THE NEW CITY

Detroit, Mich.—The distinction between "city" and "suburb" makes no sense here. Actually, Detroit is more like Los Angeles than New York: It's a city stuck in a Cuisinart, then poured out, into a big shallow pan. You'll find people living, working, shopping all over the place. The Old City just doesn't have the concentration of functions that make it the undisputed centerpiece.

Indeed, like Los Angeles but for different reasons, Detroit has evolved several separate "centers." Not downtowns exactly, but these concentrations of jobs and people now rival the old riverside "downtown." While [Mayor Coleman] Young's people scramble for political construction handouts, or pay off developers in concessions to build on their turf, Southfield and Troy-Birmingham enjoy a boom of privately financed building.

—*The Detroit News* (August 5, 1987)

Some companies [in suburban office parks] have tried to compensate for the isolation by using consultants more .... One executive summed it up in a word. What, I asked him, gesturing to the empty visitor's parking lot, did they do about visitors? "We hire them," he said.

—*City: Rediscovering the Center* (1989) by William H. Whyte

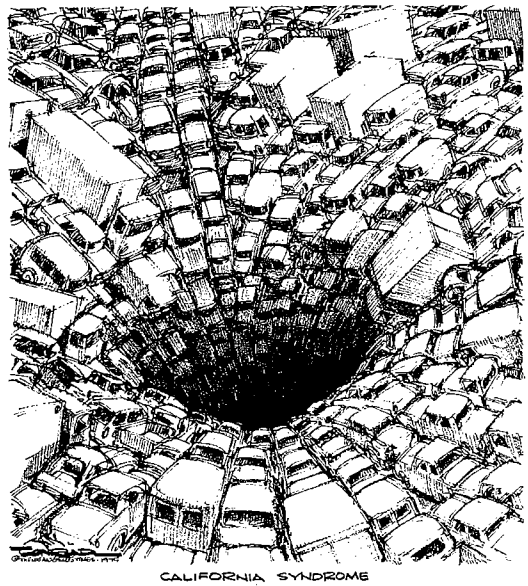
Schaumburg, Ill.—It's a cliche heard time and again in the suburban zoning... battles and cries for the preservation of open space: "We don't want to be another Schaumburg!"

[I]t's jealousy, pure jealousy, responds Thomas C. Koenig, director of planning for the Village of Schaumburg. "Most communities wish they had our problems."

By "problems" he means 45,000 local jobs, a population that has grown to 64,000 from 130 in 32 years, no municipal property tax levies, a top-notch police department, its own cultural center and many more amenities.

—*The Chicago Tribune* (July 26, 1988)

Pick your metropolitan area, from Boston to Hartford to New York to Washington, and now across the South and Midwest and in California, and you run into some severe labor shortages. The same alarming mismatch appears: Low-skill, entry-level jobs go begging in the suburbs, while in center cities jobless rates remain alarmingly high—up to 30 percent or worse for black teenagers....



CALIFORNIA SYNDROME

Some employers' solution is to carry inner-city workers out to suburban work sites—by public or private transportation—as work locations crop up farther from mass-transit lines. McDonald's, in suburban Westchester County, New York and Connecticut, buses in workers from the Bronx. Vans go out 26 miles to Dulles Airport from depressed Washington neighborhoods....

The special vans—derisively labeled "slave vans"—can serve some workers, some places. But they mask gut problems.... How many people will be anxious to forsake welfare for $4- or $5-an-hour jobs with long commutes and high bus fares?

— *The Los Angeles Times* (Aug. 14, 1988)

Miami, Fl.—Miami's miserable experience with Metrorail—also called "Metrofail" and "the train to nowhere"—could spell the end of any major new fixed-rail transit systems. Daily ridership at last count was about 36,000, less than 20 percent of the projected 202,000. Not only does Miami's system spring from the old hub-and-spokes mentality but it calls on many riders to use two or three modes of transit to reach their destination.... Says University of Miami Prof. Ira Sheskin: "I figured out pretty quickly I could drive my car in half the time and I could park at a meter for 5 hours for about $2."

—*U.S. News & World Report* (Sept. 7, 1987)

the new city allows and requires each citizen to make connections among the three networks—to make a city—on his own. The new city has no center or boundary because it does not need them.

Women have been a not-so-hidden force behind the new city's economic success. Since 1957, the proportion of married women aged 27 to 54 with jobs has grown from 33 percent to 68 percent. More than half of all women with children aged three years or younger are now employed outside the home. Much of the economic life of the new city, especially with its concentration on retail trade and back-office data processing, would be impossible without these new workers. Indeed, the presence of employment opportunities so close to home—convenient, with decent pay and flexible schedules—is surely responsible for part of the remarkable influx of married women into the work force (although the plentiful supply of workers could just as easily be said to have attracted employers). The outcome is more than a little ironic, considering the fact that the bedroom suburb had originally been designed to separate women from the corruptions of the world of work.

The new city thus decisively breaks with the older suburban pattern that restricted married middle-class women with children to a life of neighborhood-oriented domesticity. Women still work closer to home than men do, and they still bear most of the responsibility for childcare and housekeeping, but, in contrast to the old metropolis, the economic and spatial structure of the new city tends to equalize gender roles.

Indeed, one can argue that the new city has largely been built on the earnings of two-income families and thus reflects their needs more closely than did either the urban core or the traditional bedroom suburb. One large housing developer, Scarborough Corporation of Marlton, New Jersey, found that 72 percent of its customers during the mid-1980s were two-income couples, compared to less than 30 percent a decade earlier. Accordingly, the firm redesigned some of its houses, substituting a "study-office" for the "sewing room," scaling down the formal living room and enlarging the family room, providing more pantry space to cut down on trips to the supermarket, and selecting building materials to minimize maintenance.

In other ways, both trivial and important, the new city has responded to the changing character of families with more flexibility than critics of "the suburbs" are willing to admit. Encouraged by women's groups and planning boards, some developers have set aside space for day-care centers in new office complexes. There are extended school days for "latch-key" children and, during the summer, recreation programs. And only in the new city can one find the extensive array of Pizza Huts, Sizzler's, Denny's, and other inexpensive "family-style" restaurants which, though they may not delight Julia Child, are many a parent's salvation at the end of a hard day at the office.

When Frank Lloyd Wright envisioned Broadacre City, he failed to consider the role of the old centralized industrial cities in the new world of the future. He simply assumed that the old cities would disappear once the conditions that had created them were gone. The reality has not been so simple. Just as the industrial metropolis grew up around the older mercantile city, so the new city of our time has surrounded the

old metropolis. What was once the sole center is now one point of concentration among many.

In general, the skyscraper cores of the central cities have adapted to this change and prospered. Even a decentralized region needs a "headquarters," a place of high status and high rents where the movers-and-shakers can rub shoulders and meet for power lunches. By contrast, the old factory zones have not found a function in the new environment. As a result, the central city has reverted to what it was before industrialization: a site for high-level administration and luxury consumption, where some of the wealthiest members of society live in close proximity to many of the poorest.

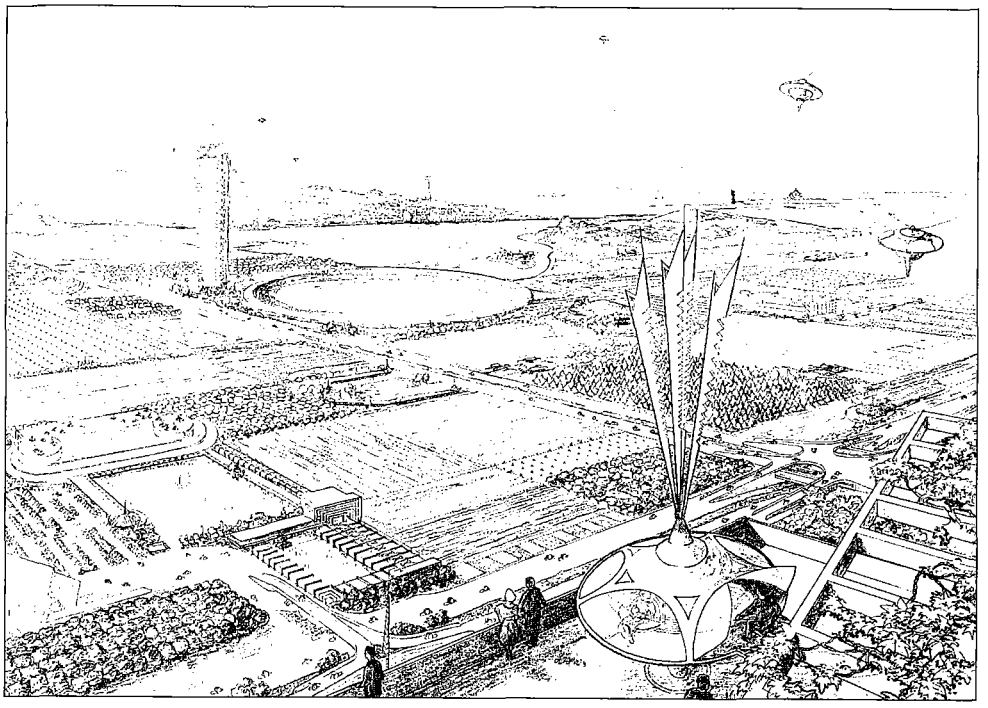
The recent boom in downtown office construction should not conceal the fact that downtown prosperity rests on a much narrower base than it did in its heyday during the 1920s. Most of the retail trade has fled to the malls; the grand old movie palaces and many of the nightspots are gone. Only the expansion of corporate headquarters, law firms, banks and investment houses, advertising agencies, and other corporate and governmental services has kept the downtown towers filled, and even in these fields there have been major leakages of back-office employment to the new city. Nevertheless, this employment base has enabled most core areas to retain an array of specialized shops, restaurants, and cultural activities unequalled in their region. This in turn encourages both the gentrification of surrounding residential neighborhoods and the "renaissance" of the core as a tourist and convention center.

Yet only blocks away from a thriving core like Baltimore's Inner Harbor one can usually find extensive poverty, decay, de-industrialization, and abandonment that stretches out to encompass the old factory zone. The factory zones have found no new role. Their working-class populations have largely followed the factories to the new city, leaving a supply of cheap, old housing which has attracted poor black, Hispanic, and other minority migrants with no other place to go. If the industrial city in its prime brought people together with jobs, cheap housing in the inner city now lures the jobless to those areas where employment prospects are dimmest. The old factory zone is thus doubly disadvantaged: The jobless have moved in, the jobs out.

Public transportation retains its traditional focus on the core, but the inner-city population generally lacks the education to compete for the high-level jobs that are available there. By contrast, the new city usually has an abundance of entry-level jobs, many of them already going begging as the supply of women and students seeking jobs diminishes. Unfortunately, residents of the new city have generally resisted attempts to build low-income housing in middle-class areas and have discouraged public transportation links. They want to keep the new city's expanding tax base for themselves and to avoid any direct fiscal responsibility for the urban poor. The new city has thus walled itself off from the problems of the inner city in a way that the Social Darwinists of the 19th century could only envy.

If the majority of Americans have voted with their feet (or rather, with their cars) for the new city, we need not conclude that this new environment has been successful, whether judged by the standards of previous cities or even on its own terms.

Comparing the new city with the old metropolis, we can see that the new city has yet to evolve anything comparable to the balance of community and diversity that the metropolis achieved. The urban neighborhood at its best gave a sense of rooted identity that the dispersed "household network" of the new city lacks. The



A sketch from Frank Lloyd Wright's plan for Broadacre City. A roadside market and cultural center are in the foreground, with the county seat in the tower beyond. Wright's skills as a writer were inversely related to his genius as an architect and planner, as this excerpt from The Living City *(1958) suggests: "Imagine man-units so arranged and integrated that every citizen may choose any form of production, distribution, self-improvement, enjoyment, within the radius of, say, 10 to 40 minutes of his own home—all now available to him by means of private car or plane, helicopter or some other form of fast public conveyance . . . .*

"When every man, woman, and child may be born to put his feet on his own acres and every unborn child finds his acre waiting for him when he is born—then democracy will have been realized. By way of education made organic, life organic and organic architecture become the greatest servants of modern man. Great architects will surely then develop creative buildings not only in harmony with greenery and ground but in intimate patterns of the personal lives of individual owners."

downtowns provided a counterpoint of diversity, a neon-lit world where high and low culture met, all just a streetcar ride away. By comparison, even the most elaborate mall pales.

Of course, many residents of the new city were attracted there precisely because they were uncomfortable with both the community and diversity of the old. They wanted to escape from the neighborhood to a "community of limited liability," and they found the cultural and social mix of downtown more threatening than exciting. The new city represents the sum of these choices, but we should beware of accepting the architecture critic Ada Louise Huxtable's snooty judgment of the new city as "slurb" embodying "cliché conformity as far as the eye can see." The new city is rapidly becoming more diverse than the stereotypical suburb of old.

Beyond the inevitable distinctions be-

tween more and less affluent residential districts, the new city has begun to generate "communities of shared concerns" formed around areas of special historic, architectural, or environmental value. A neglected town bypassed by the malls and highways attracts homebuyers who want to restore the old houses and merchants who seek to revive its Main Street. An isolated area near a state park attracts those who are willing to sacrifice convenience for access to an unspoiled landscape.

Inevitably, the central city will continue to shelter the dominant institutions of high culture—museums, concert halls, and theaters—but in our electronic age these institutions no longer monopolize that culture. As the French novelist and cultural critic André Malraux wrote in his *Voices of Silence* (1950), there exists a "museum without walls"—a world of high-quality prints, photographs, art books, and other images which are available outside the museums or the galleries. In the age of the compact disc and the VCR, we have concert halls, opera houses, theaters, and movie palaces without walls. The new city is still a cultural satellite of the old, but the electronic decentralization of high culture and the growing vitality of the new city could soon give it an independent cultural base to rival past civilizations.

The most fervent self-criticism coming from the new city has not, however, focused on the lack of art galleries or symphony orchestras. It comes from those who fear that the very success of the new city is destroying the freedom of movement and access to nature that were its original attraction. As new malls and subdivisions eat up acre after acre of land, and as highways clog with traffic, the danger arises that the three networks of communication that comprise the city may break down. Too often the new city seems to be an environment as out of control as the old metropolis. The machine of growth is yet again gaining the upper hand over any human purpose. The early residents of the new city worried little about regulating growth because there was still a seemingly endless supply of open land. Now that it is disappearing, the residents of the new city must finally face the consequences of get-and-grab development.

Once again we must turn for wisdom to the great prophets of decentralization, especially Frank Lloyd Wright. Wright believed that the guiding principle of the new city must be the harmonization of development with a respect for the land in the interest of creating a beautiful and civilized landscape. "Architecture and acreage will be seen together as landscape—as was the best antique architecture—and will become more essential to each other," he wrote. As his Broadacre City plans and drawings show, he largely ruled out large buildings or even high-rise structures. His plans show the same juxtapositions of housing, shopping, and industry that exist in the new city today. But they depict a world in which these are integrated into open space through the preservation of farmland, the creation of parks, and the extensive use of landscaping around buildings.

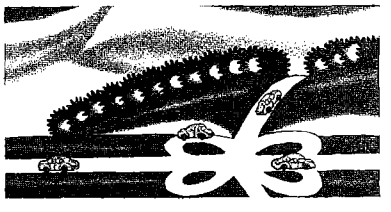
For Wright, an "organic" landscape meant more than creating beautiful vistas. It was the social effort to integrate the potentially disruptive effects of the machine in the service of a higher purpose. Wright, however, gave little practical thought to how this might be achieved. In one of his books he vaguely suggested that each county in Broadacres would have a "County Architect" with dictatorial powers to regulate the environment.

Lacking such a figure in reality, the new city must now undertake the difficult task of moving democratically from its virtually

unplanned pell-mell growth to planning with a concern for balanced growth. In New Jersey, a public opinion poll taken in connection with the proposed "State Development and Redevelopment Plan" shows that, by a margin of five to one, the residents of the highly-developed Garden State prefer less growth even at the cost of less economic development. Half agreed that controls on development should be "extremely strict," and 25 percent more said regulation should be "very strict."

The ever-present threat of a veto by the state legislature as the plan develops into final form (scheduled for late 1990) shows that these sentiments are still far from determining policy. The New Jersey Plan, however, includes certain proposals that will have to figure into any effective land-use control program in the new city. Limited areas of the state are designated as growth corridors, while development is discouraged in still-rural areas. Scenic or historic sites that give identity to a region are strictly earmarked for preservation. Wherever possible, building is to be channeled back into Newark, Paterson, and other depressed cities. In a creative adaptation of the urban concept of saving historic buildings by selling the air rights to build above them, New Jersey's farmers are allowed to sell the "development rights" to their farms to entrepreneurs who can apply them as credits toward denser development in other areas where new construction is permitted. The farmers are thus allowed to tap the equity in their land without abandoning it to the bulldozer.

Preserving and enhancing the common landscape might become the issue on which the people of the new cities finally come together as communities. Not even Wright's County Architect could accomplish such a task unaided. It will be a slow effort of drafting regulations and making them stick; of patient upgrading of older construction to newer standards, and drawing together the privatized beauties of individual sites into a unified framework. Fifty years ago Lewis Mumford defined his ideal decentralized community as the "biotechnic city," the place where nature and the machine exist in harmony. He saw the coming age of decentralization as a great opportunity to embody the civilizing virtues of the great cities of the past in a new and democratic form. The last half century has not been kind to utopian expectations, but the promise of a new civilization in a new city need not be lost.



AMERICA'S NEW CITY

America's big cities, Lewis Mumford declared in 1938, represent "a general miscarriage and defeat of civilized effort."

In **The Culture of Cities** (Greenwood, rev. ed. 1981), the polymath social philosopher and prophet of decentralization inaugurated a debate over the nature of cities that has continued to the present day. Mumford was no partisan of the suburb—like virtually all intellectuals, he was appalled by it. His ideal was the medieval city, which he argued had been unjustly maligned.

Our images of plague-ridden city dwellers clad in filthy rags come from a later era, Mumford argued. He insisted that life in the medieval city was generally healthy and fulfilling, rich in architectural beauty and civic life. Most important to him was the openness to nature that the cities' "clustered" housing made possible. "Gardens and orchards, sometimes fields and pastures, existed within the city," he wrote, as if scenting the moist earth from the far remove of his own New York apartment.

But Mumford held that the medieval city was perverted during the 15th century by the centralization of political power and the invention of the cannon. The need for massive fortifications made it too costly to found new cities, forcing the residents of old ones to live in ever more crowded and unpleasant circumstances. The forces of politics and "technics" were thus unleashed, a dynamic which Mumford traced in *Culture* and in his later, more comprehensive work, **The City in History** (Harcourt, 1961). City and suburb, he argued, would culminate in what he referred to as Megalopolis, Tyrannopolis, and Nekropolis.

Like others before him, notably the English city planner Ebenezer Howard, Mumford advocated a radical reorganization of the landscape—the creation of innumerable small "garden cities" of 30,000 souls or so, modeled on the medieval city. No mere dreamer, he managed, along with like-minded planners in the Regional Planning Association of America, to secure private financing during the 1920s to build just such a city in Radburn, New Jersey. As Daniel Schaffer notes with regret in **Garden Cities for America: The Radburn Experience** (Temple Univ., 1982), the Great Depression struck before Radburn could be completed. Today, that fragment of Mumford's vision is a unique island "surrounded by the endless expanse of northern New Jersey's suburbs."

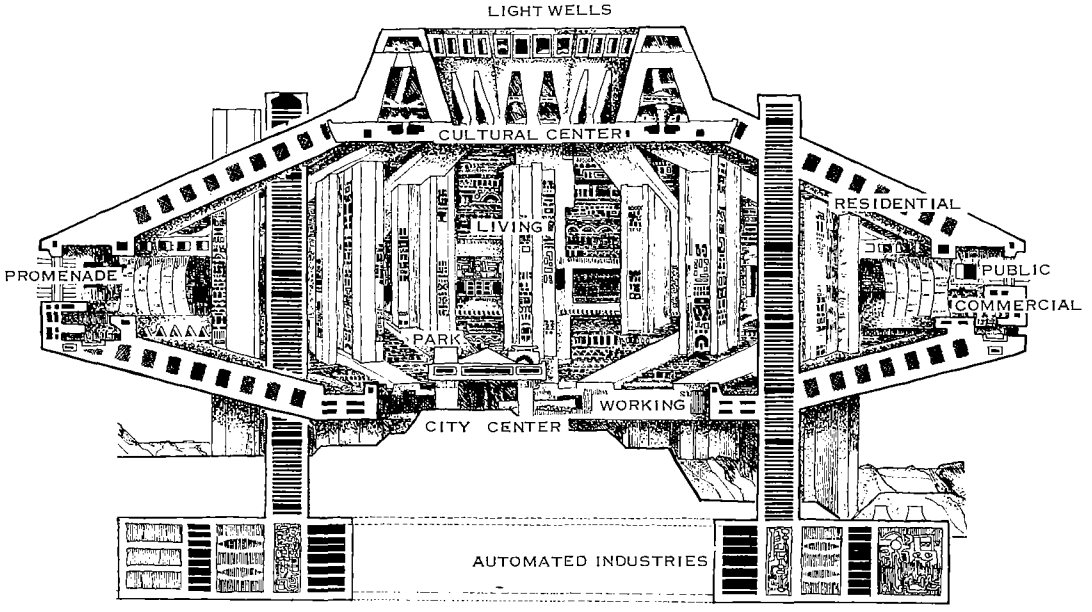
During the Depression, many veterans of the Radburn effort wound up in the New Deal's Resettlement Administration. There, as Paul Conklin writes in **Tomorrow A New World: The New Deal Community Program** (Da Capo, rev. ed. 1976), they planned to build 50 "greenbelt" towns at various sites around the country. But the plan foundered on Congressional opposition to the "socialistic" scheme. Only three new towns were built: Greenbelt, Md.; Greenhills, Ohio; and Greendale, Wis. Like Radburn, they have since been swallowed up by encroaching suburbs. Yet Mumford's ideas were later put into practice in places like Irvine, California, and are routinely incorporated in many less ambitious housing projects being built today throughout the country.

Mumford's influence was felt in less benign ways as well, according to Jane Jacobs. In **The Death and Life of Great American Cities** (Random, 1961), she rather unfairly lumped Mumford together with the Swiss-born architect Le Corbusier and other modernist urban planners, and blamed them for inspiring the disastrous urban renewal efforts of the late 1940s and '50s. The Decentrists, as she called them, were anti-city. (The garden cities they advocated, Jacobs sneered, were "really very nice towns if you were docile and had no plans of your own.") Yet, Jacobs lamented, their ideas became orthodoxy, not only among planners and architects but also in Congress, state legislatures, city halls, and in the banks and government agencies that provide most of the nation's mortgage dollars.

Adapted to the realities of the nation's existing cities, Jacobs argued, the Decentrists's anti-urban principles led to the replacement of poor but lively urban neighborhoods with monolithic apartment tower projects designed to keep the home separate from the hectic city streets. Jacobs, a passionate advocate of city

life, said that was all wrong. She proceeded to dissect in fascinating detail the characteristics of successful urban neighborhoods. She favored more of everything that she accused the Decentrists of disliking: more density, more activity, more intensity.

Only in America (and possibly Britain) would she get much argument. As Kenneth T. Jackson of Columbia University notes in **Crabgrass Frontier: The Suburbanization of America** (Oxford Univ., 1985), Europeans (and others) are astonished by the American preference for suburban life. In some European cities, suburbs simply do not exist, thanks in part to forceful government planning. "The outer boundaries of Copenhagen, Moscow, Cologne, and Vienna abruptly terminate with apartment buildings, and a 20-minute train ride will take one well into the countryside," says Jackson. In the sprawling "megacities" of Latin America and Africa, the outlying areas frequently lack running water, sewers, and police and fire protection.



A city of the future by Paolo Soleri (1969).

As Jackson observes, there was nothing inevitable about the American pattern of suburban development. Over the years, suburban growth has been built around several different forms of transportation, beginning with the ferry and horse-drawn omnibus, each with its own characteristic pattern of residential settlement. The railroad created exclusive suburbs (along Philadelphia's Main Line, for example), the trolley fostered leafy middle-class suburbs, and the streetcar mostly served working-class neighborhoods close to the city center.

The trolley system in particular was vast and inexpensive, recalls Harvard historian of landscape architecture John Stilgoe in his wistful, evocative **Metropolitan Corridor** (Yale Univ., 1983). In 1904, newlyweds Clinton and Louisa Lucas, seized with "trolley mania," managed to make their 500-mile honeymoon trip from Delaware to Maine almost exclusively by trolley, with a bagful of nickels and only a few brief interludes of railroad travel. Sam Bass Warner's **Streetcar Suburbs: The Process of Growth in Boston** (Harvard Univ., 1969) remains the classic work on the effects of that form of transportation.

By the 1920s, however, the romance was over. "Most people," Jackson writes, "agreed with New York Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia that the automobile represented the best of modern civilization while the trolley was simply an old-fashioned obstacle to progress." Who could have guessed that Americans would so quickly

use their new Fords and Chevies to follow "progress" to the suburbs?

Why this American romance with the suburb? The usual answer is our legacy of Jeffersonian anti-urban sentiment. But in **Bourgeois Utopias: The Rise and Fall of Suburbia** (Basic, 1987), Robert Fishman traces its origins to British ideas about home and family. He says that the three Americans most responsible for popularizing the suburban ideal during the mid-19th century—writer Catherine Beecher and architects Andrew Jackson Downing and Calvert Vaux—were deeply influenced by such English Evangelicals as William Wilberforce (1759–1833). The Evangelicals, writes Fishman, laid the foundation of Victorianism and, not coincidentally, also founded the prototypical suburb in Clapham, south of London. The suburb was meant to remove the nuclear family from urban vices—crime, taverns, dance halls, the petty corruptions of the workaday world—and to provide a haven where women, the "faithful repositories of the religious principle," as Wilberforce wrote, could tend to the moral and spiritual well-being of their children and husbands. Clapham and other towns like it became the model for the first American suburbs, such as New Jersey's Llewellyn Park (1857).

But for nearly a century, the suburb was as distant from the average American's experience as Palm Springs or Martha's Vineyard are today. The great geographical contest for people and preeminence was between city and country, a clash played out through populism at the ballot box and in the cultural politics of books such as Sherwood Anderson's portrait of small town grotesques, **Winesburg, Ohio** (1919). Not until 1920 did the U.S. Census Bureau certify the city's victory in the battle for bodies, if not souls.

It was not long before the suburb replaced the countryside as the city's prime competitor. No sooner had the first moving vans from the Bronx arrived in Levittown, it seemed, than urban intellectuals began publishing furious indictments of the alleged sterility of life in the subdivisions. Among them were David Riesman's **The Lonely Crowd: A Study of the Changing American** (1950) and William H. Whyte's **The Organization Man** (1956). Exceeding all others in vitriol, Betty Friedan's **The Feminine Mystique** (1963), assailed the "domestic ideology" propagated by Wilberforce and his intellectual successors.

Still the exodus to suburbia continued. As Carl Abbot of Old Dominion University observes in his survey of **The New Urban America: Metropolitan Growth and Politics in Sunbelt Cities** (Univ. of N.C., rev. ed. 1987), the big city's demographic reign over American life lasted a brief half century. In 1970, the U.S. Census Bureau announced that suburbanites accounted for 37 percent of the U.S. population, city dwellers only 31 percent.

Beginning with Kevin Phillips's premature celebration of **The Emerging Republican Majority** (Anchor, 1970), political analysts have generally pronounced the population shift to the suburbs and the decentralized cities of the Sunbelt a conservative trend, though few have shared Phillips's satisfaction with it. Dissent of another kind was heard from neoconservative writer and editor Irving Kristol, who argued in **On the Democratic Idea in America** (Harper, 1972) that television and mass higher education were transforming all of America into an "urban civilization." The nation could do without the philistinism of provincial America, he said, but he worried about how it would fare without the ballast of the heartland's agrarian notions of piety and virtue.

Another line of argument concerns the fate of the poor in America's new geographic dispensation. Thus William Julius Wilson, a University of Chicago sociologist, argues in **The Truly Disadvantaged** (Univ. of Chicago, 1987) that the shift of people and jobs to the new cities is partly responsible for the growing isolation of inner-city ghettos and the creation of an urban underclass.

All of these books, from Mumford's to Wilson's, remind the reader that where and how Americans choose to live are not just matters of economics or convenience. Each step—from countryside, to city, to suburb, to "new city"—has involved an argument over what values we as a nation hold dear, a redefinition of what we call "the American way of life."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many of the titles in this essay were suggested by Robert Fishman.

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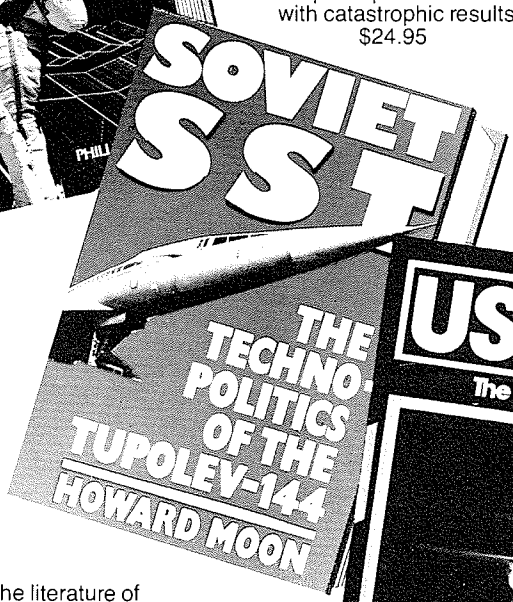

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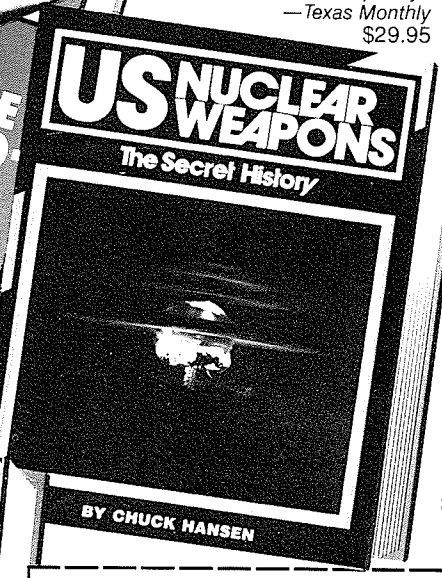

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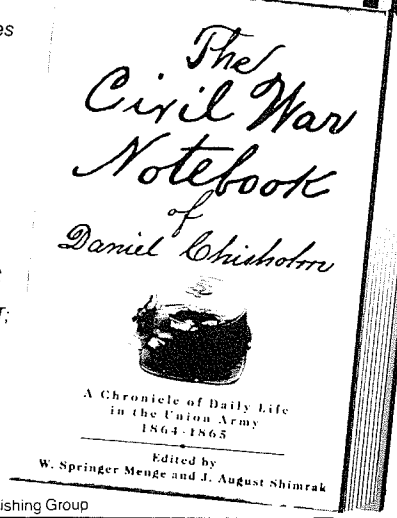

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IDEAS

THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS

With the end of a millennium drawing nigh, eschatology, the study of last things, bids fair to become a major growth industry. Anticipating a chiliastic frenzy, Cullen Murphy here offers some thoughts about our timeless preoccupation with the coming end of time.

by Cullen Murphy

By fire or by ice? wondered Robert Frost. With a bang or with a whimper? wondered T. S. Eliot. In the chronicles of our mortal race there may have been one or two people, for example William ("I decline to accept the end of man") Faulkner, who did not concede that a bold *Finis* would one day be scrawled at the conclusion of the human saga. There may have been one or two who would not have been tempted—were only it possible!—to skip ahead to the final chapters of our story and discover how it all turns out. But most of us from time to time find ourselves contemplating the great question mark that seems ever to loom just beyond the horizon.

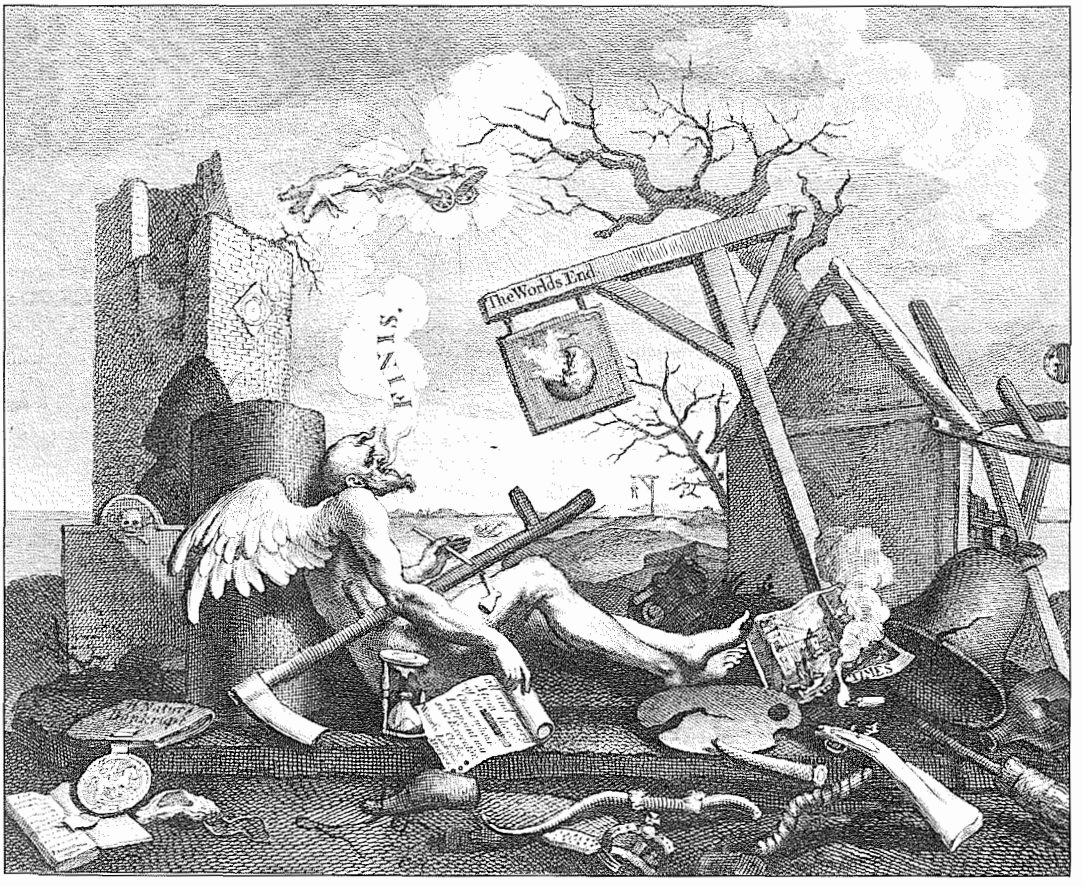
This curiosity about the ultimate destiny of our species and planet—about the end of the world—has its origins, surely, in the consideration of one's personal demise. "Lord," pleaded the author of Psalms, "make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is." But mixed with curiosity there is also a certain element of wishfulness and anticipation—indeed, of vengeance. It is a strange but real consolation to believe that all creation will eventually suffer—perhaps in a split second, snuffed out like an insect by impersonal forces—the same fate that we as individuals must suffer. Faulkner, apparently, denied himself such consolation. Perhaps that's why he drank.

All of this comes to mind because, as some reckon it, we have embarked on the decade known as the '90s, when Western societies have traditionally been troubled by thoughts of the last things, entranced by the eschaton, possessed by the prospect of oblivion. Technically, of course, the final decade of this century doesn't begin until the first day of 1991. But this nicety is not likely to be observed in the streets. No, the '80s, though not quite dead, were embalmed months ago in the press. We are irrevocably into the '90s now. What is more, for only the second time in history we are in a '90s decade that precedes a millennium year. There has been considerable speculation by eschatologists, as specialists

on the end of the world are known, that the turn of this millennium may have an unpleasant surprise in store for us. During the waning months of the 1980s a Mr. Michael Breen, 31, made news when he punched Senator John Glenn in the jaw, muttering, "The earthquakes are starting, the earthquakes are starting." In the decade ahead other eschatologists will be seeking platforms to air similar views. The grim orgy of prognostication has begun.

And there may well be something to it this time around. To judge from the printed word—merely one among many types of evidence available—our civilization has, since mid-century, been engaged in a gradual and methodical shutdown of its constituent parts. The sociologist Daniel Bell led the way in 1960 when he proclaimed *The End of Ideology*. The years since then have given us, in chronological order, such books as *The End of Taboos*, *The End of Affluence*, *The End of Intelligent Writing*, *The End of Christendom*, *The End of British Politics*, *The End of Comedy*, *The End of Sex*, *The End of Libraries*, *The End of Law*, *The End of Art Theory*, *The End of Beauty*, *The End of Conversation*, *The End of Organized Capitalism*, *The End of Desire*, and several score more.

Within the past six months, as the onset of the '90s imparted a sense of special urgency, the prominent eschatologist Francis Fukuyama set Washington abuzz with an important article in the journal *National Interest* in which he asserted that we had come, in the words of his title, to "The End of History?," a development that, at the very least, could make his job on the State



"The Bathos" (1764) was William Hogarth's final work. It was intended both as a satire of doom-predictors and a pessimistic statement about the state of England in his own time.

Department's policy-planning staff obsolete. Not long afterwards an eschatologist of comparable audacity, Bill McKibben, published a book in which he heralded *The End of Nature*, arguing that the natural world, battered by the impact of man, could no longer act as an independent force on the planet. Contemporary eschatologists believe, I suspect, that if enough of the planet's operations can be neutralized in advance then significant dislocations on the Big Day will be substantially reduced. The *New York Times* is doing its part. No doubt anticipating that the number of newsworthy subjects still around to be covered will only decrease in the 1990s, the *Times* has decided to discontinue its "Saturday News Quiz."

In novels about wise old dogs or grandfathers there is always a moment in the final pages when someone scratches his head and says, "It's as if he knew he was going to die." The same might be written of our own epoch. The end draws nigh, and people have begun to behave accordingly.

Some will say: "We have heard all this before." In the opinion of skeptics, the prophets of doom have, over the years, suffered an erosion of credibility. In galactic circles, they say, Earth is derided as the planet that cried wolf.

Mainstream eschatologists concede that the skeptics have a point. The ancient Sumerians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, and Hebrews, for example, all constructed elaborate destruction myths. The Persians believed that at the end of time a Saoshyant, or savior, would raise the dead to life; then the earth would be drenched in molten metal, which on those who had been wicked would have the effect you might imagine, while purging them of sin. (Those who had been good would feel nothing more unpleasant than a bath in "warm milk.") Yet few of the sobering scenarios put forward by the ancients have come to pass. Indeed, the damage to civilization has so far been limited to an occasional doctoral thesis.

With the advent of Christianity, and of the expectation that Jesus Christ would return one day soon and establish his kingdom on earth, millennial fervor flared again. The original notion of the millennium, which of course means "a thousand years," was that Christ, whenever he reappeared, would reign on earth for that length of time, after which would come the Apocalypse, or Day of Reckoning, or Last Judgment. The failure of Christ to reappear threw theologians and laity alike into confusion. St. Augustine, whose life straddled the fourth and fifth centuries A.D., a time when Christians were no longer holding their breath for the Second Coming, tried to make the best of any lingering millennial hopes by arguing that the very birth of Christ had ushered in the millennium, and that the next time he came would therefore bring not the millennium but rather the end of the world. Augustine also warned Christians not to take the "thousand year" benchmark too seriously, citing Paul's epistle to Peter: "with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." The situation, in other words, was fluid.

Augustine's opinion carried considerable weight, but it did not prevent later savants from concluding that since the millennium had begun with the birth of Christ, the world would end a thousand years thereafter. And, predictably, there was a flurry of concern as the tenth century wound to a close that mankind might not enjoy an eleventh. According to the chronicle of a Burgundian monk named Raoul Glaber, numerous signs and portents—an unexpected meteor seen in England, a shower of blood in Aquitaine, an eclipse in Calabria—struck fear into the hearts of the devout as the year 1000 drew nigh. "On the threshold of the aforesaid thousandth year," Glaber wrote, "so innumerable a multitude began to flock from all parts of the world to the Sepulcher of our Savior at Jerusalem, as no man could before have expected; for the lower orders of men led the way, and after them came those of middle

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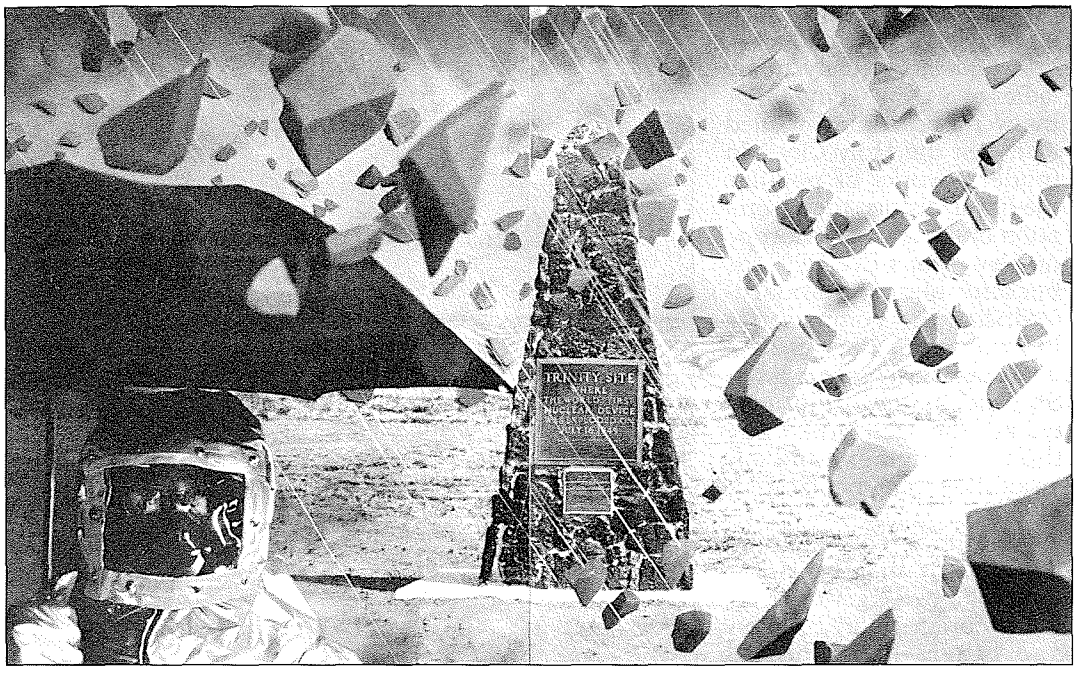
rank, and then all the greatest kings, counts, and bishops; and lastly many noble ladies and poor women. For many purposed and wished to die in the Holy City." In modern works of popular medieval history the re-creation of the scene in Europe on New Year's Eve, 999, has become almost standardized, like the compulsories in gymnastics. Pope Sylvester II nervously says mass at St. Peter's, the multitudes quake, the rich give away their belongings, and all await the tolling bell at midnight.

The story that has come down to us may be something of an exaggeration. As the historian Henri Focillon and others have shown, Raoul Glaber, a major source of information about the "terrors" that stalked the first millennium, is not always the most reliable of chroniclers. The famous New Year's Eve scene also rings false. In his wide-ranging and idiosyncratic new book, *Century's End*, Hillel Schwartz points out that nations and cities all over Europe celebrated New Year's on different days: on Christmas Day in Rome, for example, on Easter in France, on January 1 in Spain, on July 9 in Armenia. Moreover, there would have been no agreement on which year was in fact the millennial one. The Anno Domini calendrical system was invented by a fifth-century monk, Dionysius Exiguus, or Dennis the Little, and long after his death was adopted as standard for Church purposes. It has a major quirk. Dennis decreed that the first day of the year 1 was the day, a week after his birth, on which Christ was circumcised, or January 1. This meant that Jesus was born in the year before the year 1, but Dennis had no way to designate that year (the idea of B.C. wasn't thought of until much later). Depending therefore on whether one calculates the millennium from the year 1 or the year before the year 1, the millennium is reached in the year 1000 or 1001.

The "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1498) is one of the 15 woodcuts Albrecht Dürer made to illustrate St. John's Revelations.

Despite his reservations, Focillon concluded that Europe truly was afflicted with "an ill-defined fear" as the millennium approached. When the millennium came and went without Apocalypse or Armageddon, the people of Christendom resumed lives filled with more quotidian forms of irritation, such as forgetting in the first few weeks of the new year to write M on their checks instead of DCCCCLXXXXIX. But the genie was out of the bottle and, as Hillel Schwartz makes clear, the final decade of



"Trinitrite Tempest" (1988), by Nagatani/Tracey. This work of apocalyptic art alludes to the world's first nuclear explosion at the Trinity Site near Alamogordo, N.M., on July 16, 1945.

each subsequent 100-year period has been characterized by apocalyptic bombast and giddy trepidation. In the 1290s, millenarian movements appear all over Europe; roving bands of Flagellants tour the countryside, scourging themselves with leather whips tipped by iron spikes and calling upon God to "Spare us!" In the 1390s, in the wake of yet another outbreak of bubonic plague, the danse macabre appears in drama; on stage, cadaverous figures dressed as popes, clerics, nobles, and common men mock the pridefulness of life and urge submission unto Death. In the 1490s, Savonarola preaches repentance and doom in Florence; to the north, Albrecht Dürer produces his famous series of woodcuts, *The Apocalypse*, its four horsemen cantering across the sky with a scale of justice and weapons of death. Century after century the '90s no sooner heave into view than the pamphleteers and street-corner orators whip a goodly portion of the populace into a fearful frenzy.

And yet so far as we know the world has on none of these occasions come to its conclusion. Why should the close of the present epoch be any different?

There are plenty of reasons why. One of the prophecies of Nostradamus, the 16th-century French seer, runs like this: "The year 1999, month seven./From the sky shall come a great King of terror." There are Old Testament prophecies that speak of Armageddon as occurring a generation after the reestablishment of a Jewish state. There is a traditional Buddhist teaching that the world will end some 2,500 years after the death of Buddha—who died roughly 2,500 years ago. Psychic pyramidologists who have examined the inner galleries of the Pyramid of Cheops at Giza report that the world will end around the turn of the present century, a conclusion supported by Aztec, Hindu, and Hopi data, by certain calculations of Heraclitus of Ephesus, and by a prophecy of the medieval Irish monk St. Malachy. To all of this add the fact that we are nearing not just the end of an ordinary century but the end of a millennium—a circumstance that in itself must sorely tempt fate. The evidence suggesting an imminent date for the end of the world has been convincingly marshalled by Charles

Berlitz in *Doomsday: 1999 A.D.* It is not a book for the faint of heart.

In the minds of eschatologists the big unknown is not when but precisely *how* the world is going to end. Various theories have waxed and waned in popularity. During the 1950s and '60s nuclear annihilation was the anticipated form of demise. This was succeeded during the 1970s by an expectation that the greenhouse effect would result in the melting of the polar ice caps, drowning us all. Lately, however, several prominent eschatologists have backed off, noting that because the planet is due for another ice age—the current "interglacial" being near its end—the greenhouse effect may actually help tide us over what is expected to be a 100,000-year cold snap.

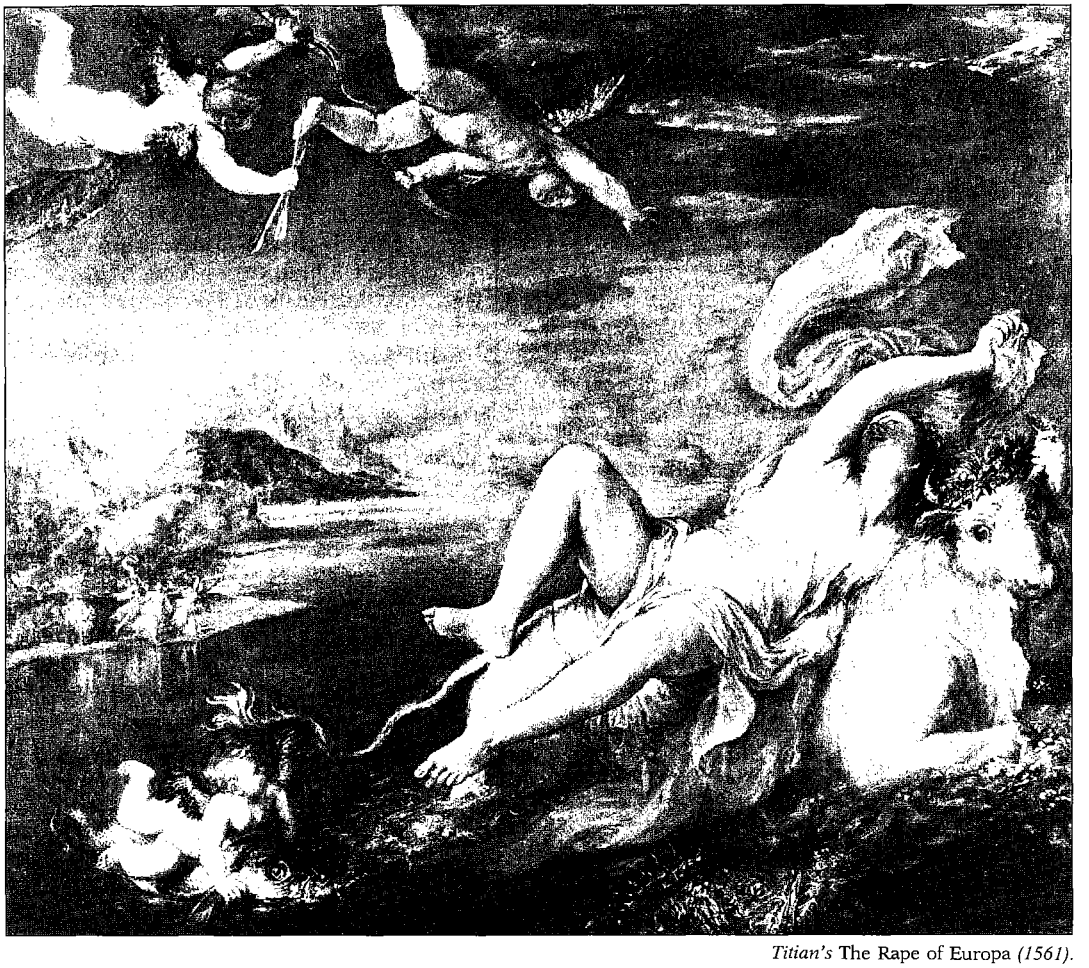
With the exception of a small working group at the London School of Economics, which still holds out the hope that Doomsday will be brought on by man-made factors such as pollution and the destruction of the rain forests, most eschatologists now look to exogenous forces. The chances that Earth will be hit sometime soon by another celestial body, for example, are not negligible. "Big Asteroid Passes Near Earth Unseen In a Rare Close Call" declared a *New York Times* headline last April. The asteroid, traveling 46,000 miles an hour, crossed our planet's path undetected, at a distance equal to only twice that between the Earth and the moon, and astronomers say it will be back. "Sooner or later it should collide with the Earth, the Moon, or Mars," one astronomer told the *Times*. This asteroid has company. The planetoid Toro, for example, which is five kilometers wide, now orbits between Venus and Earth, and while it currently poses no danger, a slight gravitational shift could send this speeding "death star" right into our flanks. Fortunately, there are only about 40 fast-moving bodies whose orbits regularly cross Earth's path.

The most horrifying prospect for the planet may also be the most likely one, according to some eschatologists. In May of the year 2000, astronomers tell us, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn will be aligned behind the sun, aimed directly at Earth on the other side. The pull of these planets could, some say, be so intense as to rupture seismic faults and even to cause devastating tsunamis in the planet's underlying magma, the molten rock pulsing in powerful waves beneath the mantle and disturbing continental plates. The geologic disruptions could be so great that, combined with the immense and ever-growing weight of the Antarctic ice cap, they could cause a "wobble" in Earth's rotation and possibly cause a "polar flip," with the planet falling over on its side or turning completely upside down, like an unskilled kayaker. Scientists are unanimous in the view that the result would be a real mess.

Is there no way out? Should we stop worrying about the deficit and the integrity of the Social Security system? Science has done much to improve the lot of humanity, but it remains powerless before many of the possible catastrophes we face. We cannot deflect the path of Toro, much less that of Jupiter. And yet there is one slender thread of hope.

In early Christian times, years were counted from the beginning of the world, or Anno Mundi, and it was calculated that the year of Christ's birth was 5199 A.M. As the dreaded millennial year 6000 A.M. came closer there was great consternation in Christendom. And then someone had an idea. Why not, it was suggested, adopt Dennis the Little's calendar, so that when 6000 A.M. arrived it would actually be 800 A.D.? The proposed calendrical reform was approved at the Synod of Whitby, and disaster was averted.

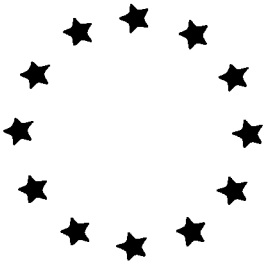
The task ahead is plain. Let us reform, friends, for the end is nigh. And let us act before the year 7190 A.M. is out.



Titian's The Rape of Europa *(1561).*

Europe 1992

The Greeks named Europe for the princess Europa, who, according to myth, so charmed Zeus that he transformed himself into a bull and carried her off from the Middle East to Crete. Zeus promised her that their sons would rule "over all men on earth." Europe has often seemed, in another sense of the word, no more than a myth. Although Europeans have often spoken of their common culture, Europe has been mostly a word on the map, a name for a continent that gave birth to both the world's greatest cultural achievements and its bloodiest wars. Suddenly, however, the elusive goal of European unity seems within reach. The 12 nations of the European Community have agreed to merge into a Common Market by the end of 1992. Many believe that political unity will necessarily follow. And now the dramatic eclipse of communism raises the prospect that Eastern Europe may join. Here, Steven Lagerfeld describes the journey to 1992; Josef Joffe points to the formidable obstacles that remain.



EUROPHORIA

by Steven Lagerfeld

A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of "1992." But unlike the specter of communism invoked by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels more than a century ago, this one does not inspire dread among the major powers of Europe. To the contrary. They are encouraging it to materialize.

What will actually appear remains a mystery. Some Europeans imagine a Europe economically integrated, a colossus larger than the United States in population (324 million versus 244 million) and nearly its equal in gross national product ($4.6 trillion versus $4.9 trillion). Others, going considerably beyond, envision the eventual development of a politically and culturally unified United States of Europe in which every Parisian or Berliner is a European first, a Frenchman or a German second.

Meanwhile, we Americans look on like confused spectators, alternately cheered or frightened by thoughts of what the grand climax may bring. Will the apparition take form as a fanged and unfriendly protectionist Europe? Will it become a stronger, healthier ally? Or will it remain the benign old ghost we've known for so long?

The drama of 1992 provides endless cause for speculation, but only this much is certain: Europe has not even a ghost of a chance of soon achieving the grand aims of the millenialists. Indeed, it now seems clear that Europe will fall short of the concrete goals its leaders set for 1992. [See box, p. 64.] Whatever is or is not going to happen will take far longer.

Brilliant publicity is making a historic development seem even more earth-shattering than it is. Take the "1992" slogan itself. The official deadline for implementing the program is actually December 31, 1992, which gives the European bureaucrats who are supervising the project, the "Eurocrats," an entire year to hustle stragglers onto the bandwagon. There is a list of exactly 279 directives to be written and implemented. The checklist serves to remind one and all of exactly how far along Europe is on the road to blissful fusion. (Only 145 directives to go!)

And then there is the very term European Community. The 1992 program represents the culmination of what used to be

called the Common Market, but that sounds too, well, common, as if it involved old women in shawls selling vegetables in a village square. By some mysterious process, Common Market has largely dropped out of everyday use, replaced by the sleek and sophisticated term, European Community, or, better yet, simply "the Community." Americans have good reason to worry about U.S. competitiveness in the post-1992 world: The Europeans have clearly learned a thing or two about advertising.

This latest episode in what has been a toddler's wobbly march toward European integration began in December 1985, when the leaders of the EC nations met in Luxembourg to endorse the Single European Act. The Common Market was then in such disarray and its goals so long delayed that hardly anybody noticed. As political scientist Stanley Hoffmann recently observed, the leaders themselves did not seem to understand exactly what they were undertaking. The goals were certainly ambitious. The Act contemplated nothing less than the complete abolition of internal frontiers among the 12, allowing the free movement of people, goods, and capital. "The European Community's 1992 campaign," the London *Economist* cheered last May, "is doing to red tape and government controls what Harry Houdini did to chains, straps and manacles."

The key to achieving all of this is the implementation of the 279 directives. Some of those that have been written are dozens of pages long, dealing with matters as mundane as noise standards for lawnmowers and as significant as guidelines for corporate mergers and acquisitions. These directives are aimed at eliminating three kinds of barriers among the member nations: physical, technical, and fiscal.

The physical barriers—passport checks and the like—are enormous. One study found that a tourist's ordinary 750-mile trip by car from London to Milan takes 58 hours, while a similar journey within the United Kingdom takes only 36 hours. For freight-carriers, the delays are even more excruciating. A trucker hauling a load of goods from Spain to France might be required to present dozens of documents at the frontier to satisfy, among other things, export and import licensing requirements, health and safety regulations, and trade-quota laws (any Japanese TVs in there?). Average wait at European borders: 80 minutes. Total costs: $10 billion annually, not counting $5.5 billion in foregone trade. All of these internal border controls are to be abolished.

Technical barriers range from variations in national standards for such things as fruit juices and jams to national laws which prevent cross-border sales of insurance policies. These are extremely costly obstacles. As things now stand, for example, differing national standards force manufacturers to make seven models of the same TV for the European market.

Finally, there are the fiscal barriers: the separate national tax systems of the EC members. The target here is indirect taxes, such as value-added taxes (the equivalent of sales taxes). Today, rebates and payments of these taxes as goods move from country to country are a major cause of border delays. "Harmonization" is supposed to cut through all the paperwork. But no attempt is being made to harmonize direct taxes on personal or corporate income.

If all of these objectives are achieved, the EC estimates that it will give the collective gross domestic product (GDP) a jolt of up to 6.5 percent spread over several years,

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create as many as two million new jobs, and reduce consumer prices. All told, perhaps a $300 billion payoff. A less optimistic estimate by Data Resources Inc. takes into account the fact that parts of the 1992 agenda are not going to be completed by the deadline. It projects only a .5 percent increase in GDP. Europe will profit, but judging by the behavior of its stock markets, there is no economic bonanza just around the corner.

The beginning: Officials celebrate the inauguration of the European Coal and Steel Community in 1952. At right is Jean Monnet, the father of modern unity efforts and the ECSC's first president.

Economists' forecasts are even more unreliable than usual because so much about the ultimate shape of Europe after '92 remains uncertain. Even if the EC could write *finis* to every one of the 279 directives on January 1, 1993, it still may find itself poorly prepared to compete in the global economy. The causes of "Eurosclerosis" have little to do with markets. The world is a market, and West Germany (*not* Japan) is already the world's largest exporter. The fact that the United States is a "single integrated market" did not spare it from paying dearly for overregulation and corporate flabbiness during the 1970s, and European industry today is generally far more heavily regulated, far more coddled, and far flabbier than American business was only a decade ago.

Of course, the abolition of frontiers within Europe will lower costs for the big multinational firms that already operate across borders—not only European companies but the likes of IBM and Toyota—and allow smaller ones to forage for new business. What the Europeans need more than anything, however, is a large dose of what John Maynard Keynes called the "animal spirits" of capitalism to get them into the competition in computers, biotechnology, and other emerging industries. They already have efficient producers; they need good innovators. This is what British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and members of the Bruges Group have been arguing.* But most Europeans still seem determined to keep capitalists in zoos.

Ideally, '92 should be good for the entire world economy as well as for Europe. Not only should foreign business find new markets in Europe, but European firms should become more competitive on a global scale. The worry is that the Europeans will compensate for the lowering of internal trade barriers and the painful adjustments this will inevitably require by creating even stouter walls—quotas, domestic-content rules—against outsiders. This is the Fortress Europe scenario.

American anxieties on this score fluctu-

*The Bruges Group is a London-based organization of free-market-oriented intellectuals. Created after Mrs. Thatcher's famous September 1988 speech in Bruges, Belgium, attacking the notion of a European "superstate," the Bruges Group generally favors the 1992 initiative, but fears that Brussels will use it to increase regulation of European business.

ate from week to week. At stake is the nation's largest ($76 billion) market for exports. Early in 1989, Washington and American business were up in arms when the EC banned imports of American beef from cattle that had been fed growth hormones, erasing in one fell swoop $100 million in U.S. exports. The EC was not deterred by the absence of scientific evidence that the hormones are harmful to humans. Needless to say, this raised U.S. suspicions that the Brussels bureaucracy was actually more concerned about the health of Europe's cattle industry than the well-being of its citizens.

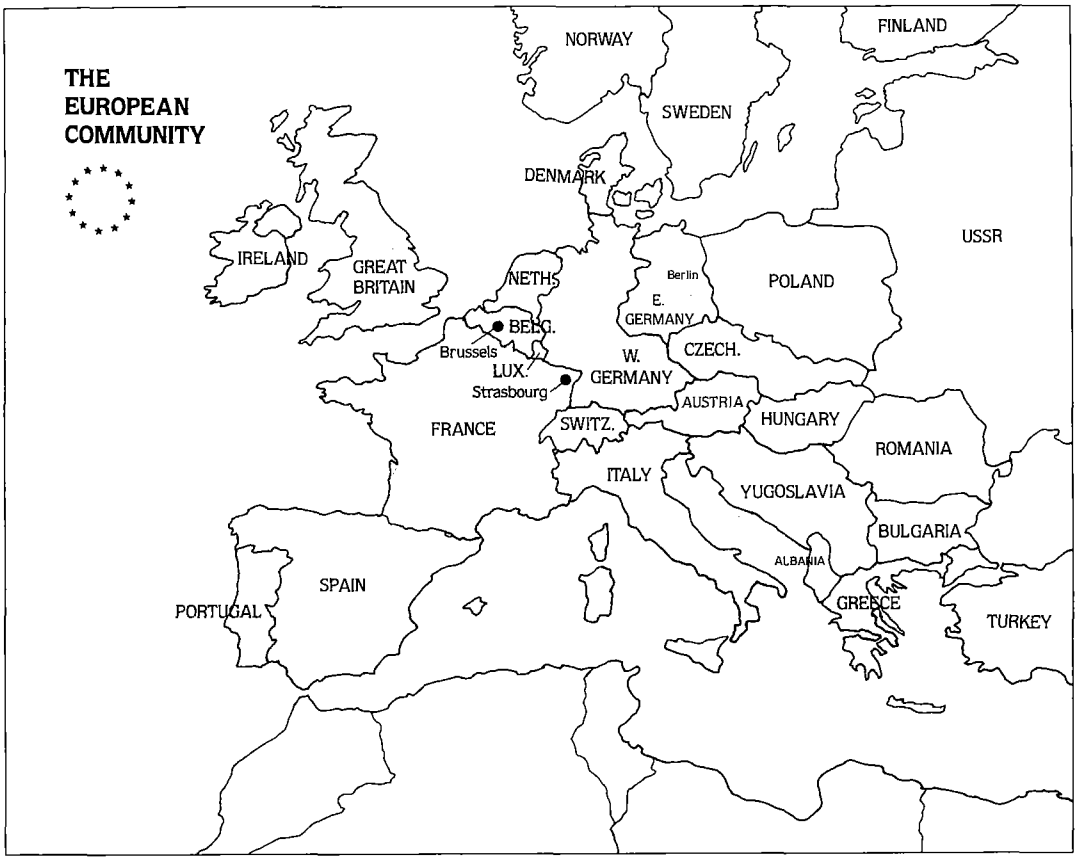
At the same time, Willy de Clercq, the EC commissioner in charge of external trade, was talking recklessly about the principle of "reciprocity," or what we Americans call "managed" trade. And France's Socialist prime minister, Michel Rocard, was moaning and mixing metaphors about "a Europe of the jungle, a house open to the four winds, a plane without a pilot." Reciprocity has many meanings. But what de Clercq had in mind was the antithesis of free trade. Like many other Europeans, he favors tit-for-tat trade policy: We'll let you sell $1 million worth of steel here if you let us sell $1 million worth in your country.

But Mr. de Clercq is gone now, and, for a variety of reasons, the prospects for free trade are a little brighter. In April, the EC backed off from a plan that would have required reciprocity in banking. Under the plan, U.S. or other foreign banks would have been able to operate like European banks, with headquarters in, say, Paris and branch offices throughout the EC, only if European banks had the same privileges here in the United States. The problem is that even American banks don't have those privileges in the United States. Under federal law, banks must be chartered in every state in which they operate; they cannot simply receive a charter in one state and open branches in the other 49. So the EC proposal would have required either a change in federal law (and the structure of American banking) or the forfeiture of the European market. Fortunately, the EC was persuaded to drop reciprocity, at least for the moment. But it has warned that it will monitor the treatment that European banks receive in the 50 states (and other countries), and may think again about reciprocity if it feels that they are suffering discrimination.

Although it received very little attention in the press, the United States dodged another very large bullet—a cruise missile, really—last September. Once again, four-legged creatures that go "moo" were at the center of the controversy.

U.S. pharmaceutical companies have developed a hormone-like substance called Bovine Somatotropin (BST), which turns ordinary dairy cows into blue-ribbon milk producers. EC Agriculture Commissioner Raymond MacSharry worried that BST would enable Europe's largest dairy farmers to drive smaller operators out of business. Nudged by Europe's environmentalist Green movement, MacSharry proposed a subtle change in the rules of the game that could have had very far-reaching consequences. Normally, decisions about whether to allow imports of substances like BST are governed by three criteria: the safety, efficacy, and quality of the product. MacSharry suggested creating a fourth criterion: socioeconomic impact. If adopted, the new criterion would allow the EC to ban imports of BST—even if it were proved safe, reliable, and effective—on the (dubious) ground that it would hurt Europe's small dairy farmers.

Of course, that is the kind of thing the EC does anyway, but now it must resort to subterfuge to do so. (Last June, for example, the EC adopted new "quality" stan-



COMPARING THE U.S. AND THE EC

	Population (Millions)	GDP Per Capita ($)	Gov't Expend. (As % of GDP)	Unemp. Rate, 1988	Percentage of Land in Agriculture	Population Per Sq. Mile	TV's Per 1,000 Pop.	Trade with U.S., 1988 ($ Billions)	U.S. Trade Surplus/ (Deficit) ($ Billions)
Belgium	{10	11,802	52	10.2	47	319	301	{11.9	{2.9
Luxembourg		14,705	44	1.7	49	133	253		
Denmark	5	13,241	58	- 5.6	66	119	386	2.6	(.7)
France	56	12,803	52	10.3	58	102	402	22.3	(2.1)
West Germany	61	13,323	47	6.2	48	245	379	20.8	(12.2)
Greece	10	6,363	43	7.4	70	76	174	1.2	.1
Ireland	4	7,541	55	17.6	81	51	260	3.6	.8
Italy	57	12,254	50	11.9	58	190	255	18.4	(4.8)
Netherlands	15	12,252	60	9.5	54	356	467	19.7	5.5
Portugal	10	6,297	44	7.0	48	111	157	1.4	.06
Spain	39	8,681	42	20.1	62	77	322	7.4	1.0
United Kingdom	57	12,340	44	8.3	77	233	534	36.4	.4
United States	244	18,338	37	5.4	46	26	813	..	..

Sources: *World Development Report 1989*; U.S. Department of Commerce; Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development; Statistical Offices of the European Community; *Statistical Abstract of the United States 1989*.

dards for canned sardines which Moroccan fishermen cannot easily meet but that Spanish and Portuguese fishermen, just by coincidence, can.) Under MacSharry's proposed "fourth criterion," the EC would not be forced to defend its protectionist dodges. And while the potential European market for BST is relatively small, consider what damage the fourth criterion might do if it were applied to other areas—who knows, maybe even to America's multibillion-dollar soybean exports to Europe.

In September, the EC avoided a final decision on BST but banned the use of the substance for 15 months. In 1991, however, a final decision is due on BST and, far more important, the fourth criterion.

While individual U.S. industries have shrieked when their interests have been threatened by EC actions, American business no longer seems to be greatly alarmed by the possibility of a Fortress Europe. "For those that can meet the challenge," *Fortune* magazine enthused last April, "Europe will be an exciting new frontier of growth." Big Business in particular has always treated Europe as a single market, and it has been putting its chips on 1992. (U.S. direct investment in Europe rose from $79 billion in 1983 to $126 billion last year.) Its great concern is that U.S. subsidiaries in Europe receive the same treatment under Community law that EC companies receive. So far so good.

But the great surge of American investment in Europe is partly related to a second worry, that a united Europe will erect even more import barriers than the individual countries already maintain. Here the precedents are less encouraging. The suave assurances of EC officials that they mean to block only Japanese imports only reveal how little they value and understand free trade. The EC's new domestic-content rules for semiconductors, for example, will create "forced investment," as manufacturers are compelled to open new plants in Europe rather than in the United States or elsewhere. Intel, a large American computer chip-maker, has already begun building a $400 million plant in Ireland.

The face of the new Europe—fortress or something else—is not simply going to appear out of the mists on New Year's Day, 1993. It will be built piece by piece, as a result of a thousand-and-one independent negotiations over obscure trade matters such as BST. And it is worth pointing out that few sturdy fortresses have been built so haphazardly. There are already some gaps in the earthworks that have been thrown up so far. In October, when the EC announced its new "nonbinding" quota limiting American-made fare to 50 percent of what is broadcast on European television stations—the most alarming of all EC trade actions so far, affecting a $2 billion U.S. market—Spanish, Greek, and Portuguese officials privately told the U.S. government that they would ignore it.

The United States, the EC's largest foreign trading partner, finds itself in a curious position as 1992 approaches. After World War II, Washington nudged Western Europe toward some form of integration, seeing a united Europe as a stronger bulwark against the Soviet Union and as a hedge against another conflagration in what John Foster Dulles, President Dwight D. Eisenhower's secretary of state, once called the "rickety fire hazard" that was Europe.

At the same time, American (and other) diplomats of the day were convinced that autarkic trading blocs, such as Japan's Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere, Britain's Commonwealth "sterling bloc," and Germany's special arrangements in Eastern Europe, had contributed to the outbreak of the war. Virtually nobody anticipated that Europe itself might someday

threaten to become a protectionist trading bloc. Today, much of Washington's old enthusiasm for European unity is gone. While the diplomats in the U.S. State Department murmur politely encouraging things about 1992, their pin-stripe suits are damp with sweat. At the Commerce Department, under Secretary Robert A. Mosbacher, good manners have been abandoned. Mosbacher has demanded, rather implausibly, an American "seat at the table" where the EC is establishing its trade policies. Led by Carla Hills, the U.S. Trade Representative, government trade negotiators are hoping for the best, even as they take a hard-nosed attitude toward the Europeans.

During the 1950s, Washington largely stood aside for fear of seeming to meddle. It applauded as the Europeans took their first step toward unity: the treaty creating the European Coal and Steel Community (ECSC) in 1951. This was a French initiative, inspired by Jean Monnet, a smallish, dapper economist—something of an Anglophile, if that can be said of a Frenchman—who had spent most of his career in public service outside of France and had preached the need for a united Europe since the 1920s. There was a clear economic motive behind the ECSC: The French feared the eclipse of their steel industry as West Germany's revived. But as Monnet wrote, the higher purpose was "to make a breach in the ramparts of national sovereignty which will be narrow enough to secure consent, but deep enough to open the way towards the unity that is essential to peace." By that he meant essentially peace with Germany. The quest for Franco-German rapprochement is also central to 1992.

Soon after the creation of the ECSC, Monnet and others engineered several bold attempts to form stronger pan-European unions. These foundered on nationalist sentiment. The European Defense Union was scuttled in 1954 by Gaullist French legislators, who couldn't bear to see French troops serve under non-French generals. As a kind of compromise, six European nations—Belgium, France, the Netherlands, Italy, Luxembourg, and West Germany—signed the Treaty of Rome in 1957, thus giving birth to the Common Market. The treaty created the European Economic Community (EEC) with the long-term aim of "establishing a common market and progressively approximating [harmonizing] the economic policies of the member states." (The name was officially shortened to the European Community in 1967, although common usage has changed only recently.) That meant abolishing tariffs and other barriers to the free movement of people, services, and capital within the EEC. Left out—or at least left ambiguous—were efforts to integrate not only the markets but the economies of the six nations. That would require, for example, the creation of a single currency and a unified tax system, and Europe's leaders were not yet prepared to surrender that much national sovereignty. They still aren't, despite Monnet's prediction that growing economic cooperation would lead to political union.

Eisenhower himself had hailed European unification as "a new sun of hope, security and confidence... for Europe and for the rest of the world." Even so, the EEC was born only a dozen years after the end of World War II; Europeans were not about to embark upon a utopian adventure. The Common Market puttered along, as had been hoped, and accomplished its first great task, the elimination of intra-EC tariffs, in 1968, more than a year ahead of schedule. There progress more or less came to a halt.

The oil-price shocks of the 1970s and the rise of Japanese competition turned the Common Market nations inward. Each vainly sought its own solutions to the de-

WHAT'S SPROUTING IN BRUSSELS?

BRUSSELS—The young Eurocrat squeezed into a tunnel-shaped office in the European Community's drab headquarters building could hardly tear his eyes away from the documents overflowing his desk. At 6:30 in the evening he seemed unfazed by the prospect of another all-nighter. He was, after all, building a new Europe.

"We used to be seen as these awful, overpaid, underworked bureaucrats," the German banking expert said cheerfully. "Now we can hold our heads up. We're the people with ideas."

After years of stagnation and inactivity, the thousands of functionaries who work for the European Community couldn't be riding a bigger wave. The impending fusion of 12 nations into a "single integrated market" has put them in charge again. They not only have something to do, it's something important.

"Five years ago, I was considering whether I should go to the private sector. I wouldn't dream of doing that now," said a British foreign-trade functionary.

The implementation of the 1992 project, a massive undertaking requiring 279 new Europe-wide directives that must make their way through a complex, seven-stage approval process, has the halls of the sterile Berlaymont building buzzing. From trucking to banking to taxes to television, the separate markets of Western Europe are being opened up to reforms and competition, and the new rules of the game are being written here.

One new regulation will wipe out a third or so of the German trucking industry, the official in charge of drafting it says, with a hint of satisfaction in his voice. Another will change the way Italy trains its dentists. Another will overturn a Danish prohibition against tin cans—unless the Danes succeed in getting an exemption; it's a hot issue in Denmark.

The importance of these rule changes has brought dozens of American companies and law firms to Brussels, to monitor and to lobby the European Community. Not only are these enterprises hiring former U.S. diplomats to open doors, they are stealing some of the EC's best and brightest for the same purpose. (A conservative estimate is that there are 20,000 European and foreign lobbyists working in Brussels.) In cases where retirement and pension rules discourage the ex-Eurocrats from accepting large salaries, private-sector employers offer free chauffeured limousines and other extravagant perquisites.

Brussels itself is bulging at the seams with an influx of hopeful favor-seekers. The city's famous two- and three-star restaurants—where lunch is generally a three-hour affair—are overflowing with lawyers, lobbyists, and officials. Real-estate prices, though still low by European standards, have tripled during the past three years. And speculators are obviously hoping for more. Whole residential neighborhoods near the EC buildings are boarded up and shuttered; developers are holding on to the once-cozy town houses, awaiting even higher prices before reselling them or replacing them with office buildings.

Despite the surge of enthusiasm, the 18,000 employees of the EC, never famous for their efficiency, remain bound by bureaucratic tradition. The entry a few years ago of Spain and Portugal, in fact, has made the machinery of the European Commission and its sister body, the European Parliament, more cumbersome than ever. With nine official languages and a staff composed of citizens of all 12 countries, the EC is a living Tower of Babel, in danger of gagging on its many tongues.

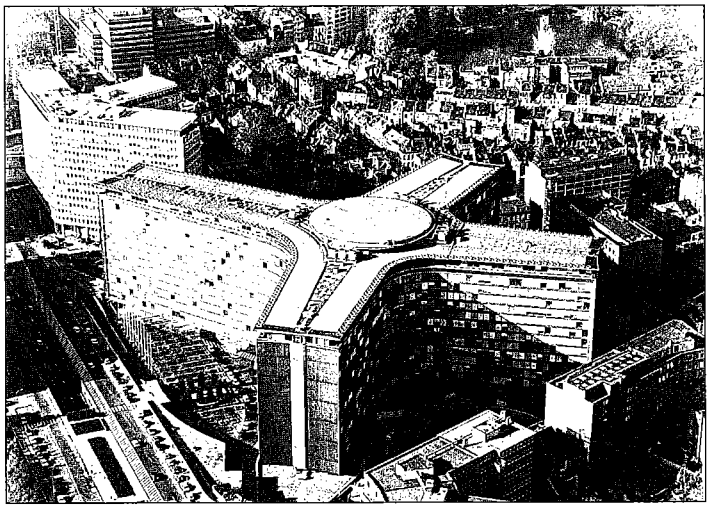
At an informal level, the problem is less severe. Low-level staff meetings are usually held in French or English, the de facto working languages at the Berlaymont. But when the higher-ups get involved, national pride steps in and few demean themselves by speaking tongues other than their own. That means 12 interpreters if six languages are spoken at a meeting, 27 if all nine are used. (Why do those combinations not make mathematical sense? Because some languages can't be translated directly into some others. Few interpreters are fluent in both Greek and Danish, for instance. So the speaker's language must be routed through a more common tongue first.)

Just to make things more difficult, the Germans are under new instructions from home to demand that all documents be presented in German as well as French and English, no matter how low-level the meeting or transitory the issue. They've been known to walk out of conferences or refuse to participate if their native tongue isn't used, even though many of them speak three or four languages fluently.

Squabbles aside, the Eurocrats remain on the list of Belgium's best-paid employees. Many earn over six figures in dollars, and, though his

salary is not public information, Jacques Delors, the president of the European Commission, is said to earn more than President Bush. No wonder that some of Europe's steepest restaurant and taxi prices can be found in Brussels and Strasbourg, France, the home of the European Parliament.

The Parliament is no less Byzantine than the Commission. Made up of 518 directly elected members from all EC countries, it holds its full sessions in Strasbourg, more than an hour from Brussels. Is that hard on the legislative body's staff? Ask them if you can find them—they're based in Luxembourg, more than 100 miles from Strasbourg.



The Berlaymont Building

With dreams of traveling less, Parliament has authorized the construction of a huge new complex, including a legislative chamber, in Brussels. Work has been underway for months, but France and Luxembourg have not agreed to the move, and they have the power under EC law to veto it indefinitely. When asked what the building will be used for if Parliament never shows up, EC staff members mumble something about a convention hall.

Despite its bizarre politics, the European Parliament is a lean machine in some respects. It has a total of about 3,200 staff aides, compared to about 18,000 for the U.S. Congress. The most important committees, dealing with such issues as taxation and monetary policy, have six staffers at the most. The average committee staff in the U.S. House of Representatives numbers in the fifties or sixties, with some staffs exceeding 100.

Like the Commission staff members in Brussels, members of Parliament are increasingly feisty these days. Seated by party, not by country, they bicker over the wording of bills, jeer at the president (a Spaniard named Enrique Baron Crespo) in the time-honored style of backbenchers throughout Europe, and openly read newspapers while business is being conducted in the chamber. Once a docile rubber stamp for the Commission, Parliament reached new levels of obstreperousness last fall when a rightist member loudly and lengthily protested what he saw as a procedural slight to his party. He went on at such length that Baron cut off his microphone, but the rightist continued until he was removed by ushers.

Parliament features more famous faces than before as well. Former Minister Willy de Clercq, French arch-rightist Jean-Marie Le Pen, and French Communist leader Georges Marchais—all are members, as are several lesser-known British lords and ladies and a descendant of the Hapsburg dynasty.

The leaders of the 12 European member nations view the increasing power of the EC bureaucracy with some misgivings. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, for one, has decried the possibility of a "European super-state exercising a new dominance from Brussels." Other countries couldn't be more pleased with the prospect of a stronger Brussels.

Italy, for instance, has been a strong advocate of expanding the single market into an all-encompassing political union. That is because the Italians, who have seen one government after another topple since the end of World War II, have reason to believe that the Brussels bureaucracy might do a better job of running Italy than the Italians have.

—Anne Swardson

Anne Swardson is a business reporter for the Washington Post. *She visited five EC nations recently under a fellowship from the Eisenhower Foundation.*

Wrapped in the flag of Europe: Jacques Delors, the president of the European Commission.

cade's recessions, energy shortages, and chronic inflation. It was during this period that "nontariff" barriers (e.g., quotas) proliferated, aimed against both outsiders and fellow members of the Common Market.

The Common Market was not entirely moribund. In 1973, three new members joined the original six: Denmark, Ireland, and Great Britain. (Greece entered in 1981, and Spain and Portugal joined in 1986.) Or, to use the EC's overblown terminology, which frequently sounds like mumbo-jumbo borrowed from the Loyal Order of Moose: First there were the Six, then Enlargement, then the Twelve.

In 1978, the EC created the European Monetary System. Responding to the destruction of the postwar Bretton Woods international monetary system by President Richard M. Nixon during the early 1970s, the member nations agreed to coordinate the foreign exchange rates of their currencies.* By minimizing fluctuations in, say, the value of the Belgian franc compared to the German mark, the system lowered the risk of doing business across borders and encouraged trade within the Common Market. The system is not without costs: Participating in it basically means marching in step with West Germany's powerful *Bundesbank*, which sits like an elephant on inflation, oblivious to the temptation of low interest rates and economic expansion.

At the same time, a new European Currency Unit was created. Some day, it may serve as the EC's universal currency. For now, however, it is used only in a few paper transactions. The *ecu*, as it is sometimes called—some would like to rename it the *monnet*—has been minted in small quantities and is legal tender only in Belgium. (It is worth about $1.10.) But even at the Brussels airport, at last report, you can't buy a newspaper with one.

Despite these accomplishments, the EC was so paralyzed by quarrels among its members that the Council of Ministers refused in 1982 to pay for an official celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Treaty of Rome. Pieter Dankert, the Dutch president of the European Parliament, compared the EC to "a feeble cardiac patient whose condition is so poor that he cannot even be disturbed by a birthday party."

Three years later the patient was fit to chase nurses around. The Europeans realized that they were being left behind as the world economy began to recover from the global recession of the early 1980s. Instead of being a comfortable Number Two to the friendly United States, they faced the prospect of straggling in at Number Three behind a surly America and remote Japan. They were (and still are) combating high unemployment. Europe's basic industries—steel, autos, and the like—were no match for the Japanese and other Asian competitors. Far worse, Europe was falling further and further behind both Japan and the United States in computers, semiconductors, electronics, and a host of smaller high-tech industries. While Ronald Reagan was declaring it to be morning

*Britain, with its special ties to the United States and its historical ambivalence about close involvement with continental Europe, long delayed joining the EMS. Recently, however, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher tentatively agreed to throw the pound into the EMS pot.

again in America, Europeans were still struggling along with their flashlights.

In 1984, Wisse Dekker, president of Philips, the Dutch electronics giant, declared that the failure to complete the "homework" given in the 1957 Treaty of Rome was the source of Europe's distress. He proposed to realize the promise of the Common Market with a plan he prematurely dubbed "Europe 1990." The Common Market had been launched during the 1950s for reasons of state, over the opposition of much of European business, which was then wed to local markets. "Now the situation has been reversed," observed Giovanni Agnelli, the chairman of Fiat, "it is the entrepreneurs and corporations who are keeping the pressure on politicians to transcend considerations of local and national interest. We believe that European unity is our best hope for stimulating growth and technological innovation, and for remaining an influential presence in the world."

The project got the capable leader it needed in 1985, when Jacques Delors, a former finance minister in the Socialist government of France's François Mitterand, became president of the EC's Commission, or executive arm. (He was recently appointed to another four-year term.) Delors, one of the architects of Mitterand's disastrous scheme to nationalize large sectors of French industry, was a very curious choice. But he seemed to grow larger than life in a job that had only diminished other men.

Delors immediately set out to "complete the internal market." By June 1985, he and Lord Cockfield, an EC commissioner from Britain, had drafted the White Paper which laid out the 1992 program. By the end of the year, they had won the endorsement of the 12 leaders of the EC nations for what was called the Single European Act. It committed the 12 nations to the 1992 program, and it introduced a crucial reform in the governing institutions the EC had created since 1957. Today, there are four key institutions:

- *The Council of Ministers.* The EC's supreme body, it is comprised of the 12 leaders of the member nations (or their representatives), with final power to approve or disapprove EC actions.
- *The Commission.* Now headed by Delors, it is the EC's executive branch, with 17 Commissioners (the equivalent of cabinet secretaries) appointed by the Council and some 12,000 "Eurocrats," headquartered in Brussels.
- *The Court of Justice.* Based in Luxembourg, it is the EC's 13-member "supreme court." It deals chiefly with trade and business disputes involving both governments and individuals.
- *The Parliament.* Sitting in Strasbourg, France, its 518 members are elected by popular vote in the EC countries. The Parliament is the only democratic body in the EC organization, and the only body that lacks a clear function. Controlling about 30 percent of the EC's $50 billion budget, it has few other powers. Ever hopeful, ever helpless, the members sit in eight political groupings from left to right, rather than in national delegations.

The big change wrought by the Single European Act was the limitation of members' veto powers. Before the Act, any nation could veto any proposal in the Council. Now, the veto power is sharply limited. Most decisions are reached by "qualified" (i.e. weighted) majority votes. This new chemistry encourages the members to compromise rather than play "chicken."

The Act also broadened the powers of the European Parliament, transforming it from a 98-pound weakling into a 99-pound one. Now it can veto petitions for EC membership and trade agreements with non-EC nations. And it can request changes in

directives and regulations drawn up by the Commission, although these alterations are subject to the Council's approval.

European enthusiasts hope that these new powers will transform Parliament into something more than the glorified university eating, drinking, and debating club it has been. But in the parliamentary elections held last spring, only 59 percent of the European electorate bothered to vote—not bad at all by American standards, abysmal by European ones.

In EC-speak, Parliament's shortcomings and the problems they represent are referred to as the "democratic deficit," as if they amounted to nothing more than a troublesome budget item. But as many observers have pointed out, Parliament may be the key to the European adventure. So far, the business of European integration has been conducted largely over the heads of most Europeans, by politicians and unelected technocrats like Delors. Even though Europeans are generally far more willing to concede autonomy to the state than Americans are, the technocratic drift of the '92 effort could ultimately be its undoing. Outright opposition to 1992 is now scattered. By majorities of around 80 percent, Europeans have long supported greater integration—in the abstract. But they could be in for a big surprise when more and more of the '92 directives are implemented: when French beers find their way into West German stores, or when British (or American or Japanese) companies buy out Spanish manufacturers, or when Dutch electronics workers are laid off because plants are shifted to low-wage Greece. The EC itself has estimated that completion of the '92 program could cost Europe 250,000 jobs per year during the first years of the plan—although many more would also be created. And what if a recession comes along?

But even if Europe fails to realize the dream of unity, some of Americans' worst fears about a protectionist Europe may still come true. It is entirely possible that a Disunited States of Europe will choose a more protectionist course. Long before Mr. Delors came along, the EC created a Common Agricultural Policy (CAP), a program of subsidy and protection so enormous ($33 billion) and comprehensive that it dwarfs the U.S. farm program. Under the CAP, Europe subsidizes crops, supports farm prices, limits certain imports, and heavily subsidizes exports (i.e. "dumping"). European crop subsidies, for example, launched Italy into competition with California in the kiwi fruit market; because of European export subsidies, American farmers have lost substantial markets for wheat and chicken in Egypt. Overall, CAP costs American farmers billions of dollars in exports annually. It is a major target of U.S. trade negotiators. The Europeans know that it is a scandal-ridden pork barrel, but they stand by it.

In another pre-Delors venture in cooperation, England, France, and West Germany in 1966 created a consortium called Airbus Industrie to compete with Boeing and McDonnell-Douglas in the global civilian aviation market. By 1972, the Airbus A300B took to the skies, and today the consortium manufactures high-quality products which claim about 25 percent of the world market for airliners, most of it wrested from its two U.S. competitors.

European breasts swell with pride when Airbus is mentioned. Yet the consortium has been on the dole for 20 years. Subsidies from the five European governments that now participate (Spain, the Netherlands, and Belgium have joined the consortium) have run into the billions—Boeing estimates $15 billion over the first 18 years—although the exact amount remains a secret. The consortium operates like a monu-

mental corporate "share-the-wealth" chain letter. Fuselage sections, nose landing-gear doors, ailerons, and other components are built at 67 different plants scattered throughout the five nations, then ferried by giant cargo planes called Super Guppies to the central plant in Toulouse, France. After assembly, each Airbus is flown to Hamburg, West Germany, where its interior is fitted. Then back to Toulouse for delivery—sometimes at prices below cost, critics charge—to the customer.

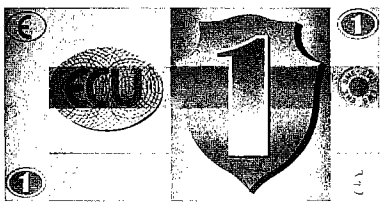
Europlanners seem to think that this is a terrific way to create 200,000 jobs and strike a blow at the Yanks, never mind the fact that European taxpayers (and America's unsubsidized workers) are footing the bill. They would like to see more ventures of its kind. Thus, last fall's quota on imports of U.S. television shows came with a cherry on top: a $275 million handout to foster a European answer to Hollywood.

These are not encouraging models of intra-European cooperation. Add to them Delors' controversial plan for what is called a Social Dimension—an expensive and all-embracing European welfare state—and one can easily imagine the EC seeking a cozy, protected, but ultimately suicidal retirement from the world marketplace.

But a variety of factors will probably prevent the Europeans from erecting an impregnable Fortress. Some of the EC nations (West Germany, Britain, and the Netherlands) have traditions of relatively free trade, and all have various needs for foreign goods. The Irish, Danes, and Dutch, for example, have no domestic auto industries of their own. As a result, they lust after Toyotas and Nissans. Jagdish Bhagwati, an economist at Columbia University and the author of *Protectionism* (1988), argues optimistically that their huge overseas investments now give European (and other) corporations every incentive to oppose protectionism. The same is increasingly true of governments. The global economy is blurring national distinctions—American trade negotiators, for example, now find themselves trying to keep open foreign markets for Honda automobiles built in Ohio. And Bhagwati also points out that in this new environment, protectionism is largely futile. World trade grew very rapidly even during the protectionist 1970s.

All of this suggests only that at best Europe's markets during the 1990s will not be much more closed than they are today. Some observers believe that a slight opening is even possible. At this point, one can only guess. But a significant dismantling of protectionist policies now seems out of the question.

European unity was conceived in the name of peace and international amity, designed to end the divisions among nations that led to two world wars. For it to end up as little more than an elaborate support for outmoded protectionism would be worse than disappointing. It would be tragic.



Too Little, Too Late?

by Josef Joffe

Three years from now, on January 1, 1993, Western Europe will be "born again." The 12-state European Community (EC) will turn into the Single Integrated Market (SIM). This new creation will unite some 320 million people with a combined gross domestic product of about five trillion dollars and will stretch from Cork to Calabria, from the Atlantic to the Aegean. As a trading bloc, it will surpass all others in the world. Even today, the (external) exports of the EC dwarf those of the other two giants, the United States and Japan. The EC is good for 20 percent of world exports, followed by the United States with 15 percent and Japan with 9 percent.

The process of Euro-fusion is known by the shorthand symbol of "1992." By the end of that year, supposedly, everything will be in place for the "Big Bang" of 1993. A dream will then come true: the free movement of capital, people, and goods—untrammeled by national governments and their legions of customs, immigration, and health inspectors. In theory, it will no longer matter whether a physician is a *docteur* (French), *Doktor* (German), or *dottore* (Italian). All will be able to set up shop in Copenhagen without the permission of Danish authorities—though in practice they will have to learn Danish before being able to tell their patients to "Say aaah...." *Crème fraiche* from Normandy will arrive on the dairy shelf of a Munich supermarket without passing through the rigorous pasteurization procedures prescribed by German law. Spanish *tinto* will compete with Greek *retsina* and British *riesling* (yes, there *is* English-made wine) on a "level playing field," as a key 1992 shibboleth has it. By 1993, West Europeans may even tackle one of the most frightful tasks of all: the design of a SIP—a "single integrated plug" to fit every electrical outlet between Portugal and Greece.

So will "1992" be like "1776," when the 13 colonies decided to bid farewell to George III and set up the United States of America? By no means. After all, the former colonies took another 11 years to agree on a common constitution, and even by 1787 they did not really amount to one nation, indivisible. *Real* integration eluded the United States until 1865, when, after four years of fratricidal civil war, force of arms decided the question of whether there was truly *e pluribus unum*. Real *economic* integration in the United States was not achieved until the early 20th century. It took the completion of the transcontinental railway to draw the two coasts into a single market. And though Americans never had to battle with francs, marks, lire, pounds, and pesetas, they had no "central bank" until the Federal Reserve System was founded in 1913.

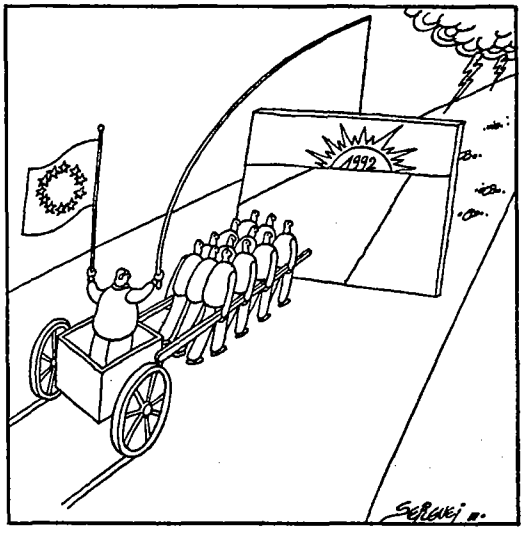
Come 1993, West Europeans will have at least as far to go as the young American nation did. They will have no common currency—apart from the ethereal European Currency Unit (ECU). They will have no "European Bank" to determine interest rates and money supplies for the entire Community. Instead, 12 central banks will

try to grope their way toward "monetary union"—a task so overwhelming even to contemplate that it has been postponed until the late 1990s. West Europeans won't have a single "federal" income tax, and it is very doubtful whether they will be able to impose the same "value-added tax" (the European version of a sales tax) on all 12 countries any time soon.

Nor will the Community have "harmonized" the myriad national laws—not even those that pertain only to economic intercourse and regulation. Already, the contentious issue of indirect taxation has been postponed beyond 1993, and the same goes for the abolition of border controls.* There are just too many rules and regulations in search of "harmonization." That is why the "founding fathers," the experts of the EC Commission in Brussels, have left national product safety standards and other obstreperous issues in abeyance—trusting that they will be resolved on a case-by-case basis in future suits brought before the European Court.

The American analogy falls apart completely when it comes to the question of political governance, to the much talked about "single integrated government" (SIG). To be sure, a European Parliament already meets in Strasbourg. But the "real" parliament is the Council of Ministers in Brussels, which represents not electorates but states. This is where sovereignty lies and will remain—or, more precisely, where sovereignty is shared *ad hoc* by 12 independent governments. Whatever the European Commission (the "executive") does must be sanctioned by the Council of Ministers, and though the emissaries of the 12 states can theoretically outvote one another through a "qualified majority vote," this is not what happens in practice. The unwritten but ironclad rule is that no nation shall be outvoted if it chooses to proclaim the issue at hand as one of "vital national importance."

The European Parliament in Strasbourg, on the other hand, has virtually none of the classic functions of a real parliament. It cannot make laws, appoint the executive (the Commission), or vote taxes—the three prerogatives that have made legislatures in the democratic world one of the three pillars of power next to the executive and the judiciary.



From Le Monde, *Paris.*

II

Why all the fuss, then, about 1992? There won't be a European Bank, there won't be a European Currency, and there won't be a single rule-making power—all of which are logically necessary to make 12 separate markets into a truly common one. Nor will there be a federation with true centralized power—at least not for a very long time, if ever. Twelve states will con-

*This reflects profound differences in historical development. The British would like to remain in charge of their borders because once a person is inside the country, he is hard to track down—given that the UK, like the U.S., knows neither identity cards nor registration with the authorities at the place of residence. The continental countries have both, which makes border checks less vital.

tinue to exist, along with their national governments and frontiers. Customs borders will vanish and a few supranational institutions such as the Commission, the European Court, and the European Parliament will encourage cooperation. But in many respects, 1992 will be little more than 1957—a quarter-century later.

In 1957, the original six EC states (France, the Federal Republic of Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg) concluded the Treaty of Rome. The agreement provided for a perfect customs union in stages. That it was not achieved according to the original schedule was the fault, first, of the six early birds who resisted implementation and, then, of the six latecomers (Britain, Denmark, Greece, Ireland, Portugal, and Spain) who asked for exemptions and special treatment. Leveling trade barriers that should have been removed years ago, 1992 is in many ways old business; what is new about it is its attack on "invisibles" like national health, product, and environmental standards, all of which hamper free trade and the opening of a Community-wide market for professional services.

The sound and the fury result, then, less from fact than from expectation. And from a resurgence of hope. In 1985, after years of stagnation and "Europessimism," the European Community suddenly developed new energy. This surge inspired the Single European Act of 1985—the "constitution" of the Single Integrated Market. The new *élan* galvanized the imagination of the West Europeans—and struck fear into the hearts of Americans and Japanese. Europeans hope, while Americans and Japanese suspect, that this is just the beginning: the first step toward a truly united Europe. Ensconced behind towering protectionist walls, so it is thought, the 12 will go on to build the "United States of Europe," rivaling the superpowers and dominating all commercial competitors.

The hopes and the apprehensions are equally exaggerated; 1992 will not be the *annus mirabilis* of the European Community. If history is a guide, 1992 will not be the take-off point from which European integration soars unswervingly toward perfection. Ever since the venture began in 1951 (with the European Coal and Steel Community), "Europe" has been the story of hopeful starts and grinding halts—the story of nation-states seeking the economic benefits of scale without having to pay the ultimate political price: the loss of national sovereignty. Inevitably, such an enterprise generates more cant than candor. Candor would require admitting that the "teleology" of Europe—what it is to become—is shrouded in deepest darkness. And for good reason: Neither François Mitterand nor Helmut Kohl nor Margaret Thatcher, to name but three key players, wants to legislate himself or herself out of existence. Nor do their compatriots want to become the equivalent of Michiganders or Californians; that is, Europeans first and Frenchmen, Germans, or Britons second.

The nation-state is alive and well in Europe. It is not about to crumble like yesterday's doomed empires. And while the West Europeans know in their hearts what they do *not* want—the sacrifice of their statehoods on the altar of European unity—no-

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body can agree on what it *does* want beyond 1992. Indeed, the "constitutional debate" has just begun: between "states' righters" and "communitarians," between free traders and protectionists, between champions of *laissez-faire* and advocates of *dirigisme*, between aficionados of the free market and advocates of welfarism. In each of these debates, the British appear to be on one side and the 11 other nations on the other. But if this were the case, the 11 could easily cajole or bully Margaret Thatcher into submission. They cannot because they do not speak with one voice, let alone think with one mind.

Take Mrs. Thatcher's opening volley in the constitutional debate, delivered in her speech at Bruges, Belgium, on September 20, 1988. "Europe should not be protectionist..." she began. "It would be a betrayal if, while breaking down constraints on trade to create the single market, the Community were to erect greater external protection. We must make sure that our approach to world trade is consistent with the liberalization we preach at home."

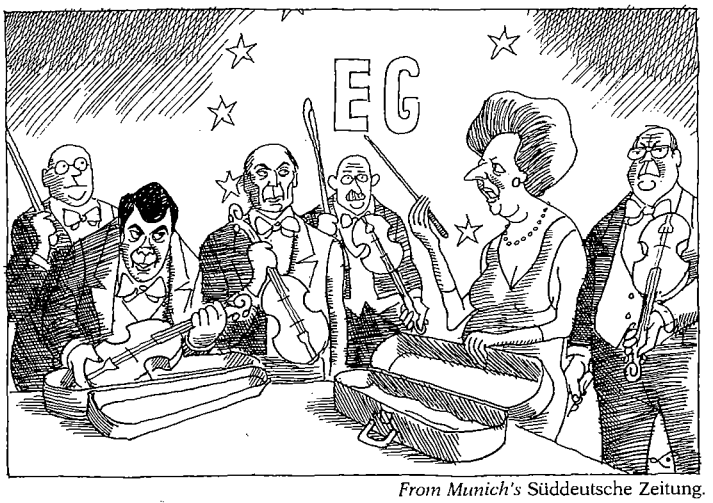
While the French and the Italians are traditionally and instinctively protectionist (there are virtually no Japanese cars to be found in Paris and Rome), the Dutch and Germans are not (though West German capital and insurance markets are nicely sheltered by informal cartels). Likewise, the Spaniards, who are past the industrial take-off point and depend on large tourist earnings, are more fervent free-traders than the Portuguese and Greeks, whose economies in many respects are closer to those of the Third World than those of the First. Such a collection of countries, ranging so widely in economic development and commercial interests, won't easily agree on a common trade policy, let alone on the European equivalent of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff.*

*The infamous American tariff of 1930 which imposed onerous duties on many imports.

Or take the "*dirigisme* versus *laissez faire*" debate. "We have not successfully rolled back the frontiers of the state in Britain," Thatcher observed in Bruges, "only to see them reimposed at a European level.... The Treaty of Rome was intended as a charter for economic liberty. Our aim should not be more and more detailed regulation from the center; it should be to deregulate, to remove the constraints on trade and to open up." A French official has put the issue thus: The British are building an internal market for the consumer (with low prices and high real wages), while the French are building one for producers (with high profits and low vulnerability to outside rivals).

In fact, the debate is not two-sided but three-cornered. Its antagonists are economic liberty, state intervention, *and* social welfare. It reflects one of the oldest ideological struggles in European history: between the classic liberals and free-marketeers like Adam Smith, David Ricardo, and Joseph Schumpeter, on the one hand, and mercantilists, socialists, and Catholics like Jean Baptiste Colbert, Karl Marx, and Jacques Maritain, on the other. The former believed that the individual was the rightful center of all economic activity, that the greatest individual gain equalled the greatest common good. The latter wanted to shift the focus to the collective—in order, variously, to strengthen the state in its rivalries with other states (the mercantilists), to favor one class over another (the Marxists), or to ensure that a quantum of social justice would temper the ravages of economic competition (the Catholic advocates of "subsidiarity").

Although "1992" will not resolve these ideological differences, it is safe to bet that the New Europe, with a long history of state intervention behind it, will not end up looking like Reagan's America of deregulation



From Munich's Süddeutsche Zeitung.

"Show your violin," says Mrs. Thatcher. Extracting a baton from her case, she clearly did not come to play along with the others.

and welfare cutbacks. Still, it is not just Thatcher versus everybody else, but the oldest game in the history of the nation-state: the one in which states with very different traditions and cultures try to assert themselves against others. The French, coming out of the mercantilist-absolutist tradition of a Louis XIV, instinctively favor statism. The Germans, however, look back to a very brief history of centralized decision-making and are therefore more inclined to contemplate power-sharing among autonomous institutions. The German *Bundesbank*, for instance, is the most powerful national bank in Europe not just because it commands the almighty deutschmark but because it is virtually independent of the government. France's central bank enjoys no such independence. So it is hard to see how the French and Germans will ever agree on a European Bank for the monetary union they contemplate.

France and Germany are both more collectivist than Britain—but in very different ways. Roughly speaking, in France it is the state that is strong; in Germany, it is society. Whether it is "industrial policy" or its opposite, a policy of competition and diversification, the Parisian bureaucracy inevitably takes the lead. Power in Germany, by contrast, flows from neo-corporatist roots: Large organized interests (labor, business, public employees, peasants) have habitually exercised—and will retain—veto power over public choice. As a consequence, the protectionist instincts of the two countries make for distinctly different policies.

While the French are external protectionists, the Germans are internal protectionists. Paris will typically pick a strategic industry, define it as being in the "national interest," and then seek to shelter or strengthen it against the international market—even at the expense of groups and firms at home which are not so favored. Given the cataclysmic changes suffered by Germany during this century, the basic German consensus is stability *über alles*: Nobody must lose. Hence designated winners are not so much nurtured as known losers are subsidized—whether coal, steel, agriculture, Paris, or the EC likes it or not.

Alternatively, if change is unavoidable, losers must be bought off. French, British, Italians, and others care little about shop-closing hours. In West Germany, though, an ancient federal law prescribes in detail the times when consumers are allowed to buy certain goods. A recent attempt to keep stores open on Thursday evenings unleashed a national storm, pitting shopkeeper associations and retail clerk unions against (badly organized) consumers. The outcome was a draw: Hours that were added on Thursday night were lopped off Saturday afternoon. Similarly, the veto pre-

rogative of large, well organized groups will lead Bonn to fight tooth and nail against any European company law that grants unions less power than they have under German "co-determination law," which provides workers equal representation on boards of firms above a certain size.

The point of these examples is that even when two nations like France and Germany are similarly positioned along the collectivist-individualist scale, policies at home and in Europe can differ profoundly. And since the road to 1992 and beyond must be travelled by states driving not simply in tandem but in convoy, progress will be slower than some hope and others fear. Possibilities for collision lurk around every corner.

Which is why Thatcher, speaking in the name of realism, rightly raised the "states' rights" issue in her Bruges speech in September 1988. "Willing and active cooperation between sovereign states is the best way to build a successful European community. To try to suppress nationhood and concentrate power at the center of a European conglomerate would be highly damaging.... It would be folly to fit [the EC countries] into some sort of identikit personality." Her words brought howls of condemnation from "good Europeans," but in fact the British prime minister merely pointed out the obvious.

Unlike the 13 American colonies, which had relatively little history of their own in 1776, the European 12 are nation-states or former empires whose history goes back as far as the demise of Rome some 1500 years ago. By 1400, Britain and France were distinct *nation*-states, not just royal possessions of the Tudors or Valois. The 12 speak nine different languages, vernaculars that are older than their separate statehoods. Ages ago, these now separate nations were part of a common Latin civilization (except for parts of Germany that were never conquered by Roman legions). But what have Portuguese and Greeks in common today—except, ironically, Japanese "durables" and the products of American pop culture? It is not the *Chanson de Roland* but the TV show *Dallas* that provides instantly recognizable images and metaphors throughout Europe.

Nor are any of the 12 governments about to slink away. Thatcher made only a self-evident point when she stressed "willing and active cooperation between sovereign states" as a necessary condition of Europe's evolution. It is a safe bet that no public-opinion majority would be found for the "United States of Europe" if sovereignty were jeopardized. How many Germans or Frenchmen would be willing to see Bonn or Paris become like Albany or Sacramento? And what common language would the Europeans speak? Charles de Gaulle, Margaret Thatcher's spiritual predecessor, used to suggest the non-existent *Volapük* in order to make fun of the European ideologues. But a synthetic language it would have to be. And to get an idea of how difficult it would be to come up with a new Esperanto, one need only consider the struggle involved in deciding upon a uniform cover for the European passport—one whose color had to be different from any used by the 12 governments. (The color finally decided upon was burgundy.)

III

The Community's history of fitful starts and grinding halts dramatizes two problems. One is obvious: Integration can only go as far and fast as the *sacro egoismo*—the "sacred egoism"—of nations allows. The other problem is less obvious but no less profound. Western Europe has chosen a

path to unity that knows no precedent. It is not political will that fuels the engine but economic necessity. It is not the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention or Bismarck's Prussia that will bring unity out of diversity but, if you will, Karl Marx and the "modes of production." Economic forces—the need for economies of scale or for international competitiveness—are supposed to lead the way; political institutions are expected to follow. In Marxist terminology, it is the "sub-structure" that will determine the "super-structure."

Marxist terminology, however, is no longer in vogue. The contemporary, non-revolutionary version of economic determinism is "functionalism," the reigning creed of Europeanists since integration's infant days during the early 1950s. Functionalism banked on what one could describe as "unification on the sly." The process would begin with the merger of certain sectors such as coal and steel. Such mergers would soon generate irresistible pressures for the integration of more and more sectors. This is known as the "spill-over effect": If there were free trade in steel, functionalists reasoned, how could cars be excluded? If Volkswagens were to sell duty-free in France, why not chablis in Germany? And once goods travelled freely, the invisible barriers of indirect taxes and internal regulations would have to go. Then there would remain national monetary policies, which distort trade; so they would have to be harmonized and brought under a common monetary authority. But since monetary authority is the sacred preserve of autonomous governments, this last rampart of national sovereignty would have to fall in order to allow the forward march of economic integration.

The theory appears both logical and plausible. But compare its premises with the historical record of integration elsewhere. What has driven the process in the past—economics or politics, Marx or Bismarck? If we turn to the two best known instances of unification, the United States of America and the second German Reich (1871–1918), economics does not look like the preordained winner. In both cases, political choice (or, in the German case, imposition*) *preceded* the integration of the economy. In post-1871 Germany, it was not the "hidden hand" of the market, much less functional necessity, but the iron fist of Berlin that forced a centuries-old world of autonomous kingdoms, principalities, duchies, and free cities into one nation and then into one market. "Blood and iron" achieved what the Reich's paltry predecessor, the North German Customs Union (*Zollverein*), could never do: They created a powerful state in all of Germany. This state then proceeded to tear down customs barriers, impose a common currency, sweep away the many restraints on trade put in place by kings, guilds, and associations, and replace them with new nation-wide laws and regulations.

In terms of brute state power, the young American republic was a spindly adolescent compared to the muscle-bound German Reich. But even in the United States, a supreme political act—the fusion of 13 ex-colonies under an overarching general will as laid down in the 1787 Constitution—preceded and shaped what would come afterwards: economic integration, territorial expansion, and what one might call the dismantling of conflicting internal rules and regulations pertaining to agricultural production (i.e. the abolition of slavery). The market did not make the state. The opposite is in fact the case. The growth of central government's power in the United States is the history of the government's expansion into the market via countless regulatory laws and agencies—the Interstate

*The process of German unification has aptly been called "the conquest of Germany by Prussia."

AN 'F' FOR EFFORT?

An uncharacteristic gloom permeated the European Commission's latest (September 1989) progress report on the 1992 agenda. The report also shows how complex are the obstacles to the "single integrated market."

Of the 100 directives, regulations, and other measures that were supposed to be "implemented" and in effect throughout the EC as of September, the Commission reported, only six were actually in force in all 12 nations. Spain and Portugal have fallen far behind their partners; Greece, Italy, Belgium, and Ireland are also lagging badly. In Italy and Portugal, for example, none of the EC directives regulating pollutants from autos has been put into effect. Although the report does not say so, this reflects a major fault line in the EC. The relatively poor nations which have joined the EC looking for an economic lift—Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Ireland—are going to be reluctant to pay the costs of the strict standards for safety and health favored by the wealthier nations.

Even when laws are on the books, the Commission found, compliance is often far from exemplary: "It is . . . shocking that national bureaucracies all too often continue to regard Community nationals as foreigners and, in practice, deprive them of their rights of establishment and residence through nit-picking interpretation of rules."

The European Court of Justice, meanwhile, is having "alarming" difficulties making violaters toe the line. Nine nations have ignored Court rulings. The Greeks, for example, have defied a decision that requires them to drop restrictions on foreign architects and surveyors; the West Germans are in violation of a 1987 Court ruling outlawing 16th-century purity laws that bar imports of many non-German beers.

There is trouble at the top, too. The European Council is tied in knots over the elimination of various border controls and the "harmonization" of indirect taxes. French resistance is a major cause of the tax deadlock. Harmonization would require Paris to reduce its steep value-added taxes and other indirect levies and to rely much more on its income tax, which French governments since the Revolution have been loath to do.

The Commission warned of "a worrying lack of progress." What it did not say is that it now seems clear that major elements of the 1992 program will not be in place on time.

Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, the Federal Reserve System, and a host of others.

The historical record, then, does not point to the primacy of economics over politics. The record suggests that the reality of West European integration will always fall short of the functionalist dream—unless the states do what they show no sign of wanting to do: merge their sovereignties into something that is more powerful than each and all.

Not even the dream of 1992 will be realized by New Year's Day 1993. For in order to have a truly common market, the 12 will need a truly common monetary and fiscal policy. Yet a nation's fiscal-monetary mix determines the pace of unemployment and inflation at home, and these are factors of great weight when electorates decide on the fate of their governors.

It is doubtful that any government in Western Europe will want to let go of the levers of the economy. Functionalist theory proclaims that the governments have no choice because the nation-state, pushed and pummeled by an increasing number of transnational forces, is no longer in charge of its economic destiny. But if this is true, why would governments compound the problem by offering up further powers to a supranational body? Pre-

cisely because the nation-state has been battered by transnational forces beyond its reach, it now seeks to recapture control, not to relinquish it.

Force may be the only effective unifier, as history again suggests. In America's case, George III forced the colonies into unity; in Germany's, it was Bismarck who brought about unity through "blood and iron." But in the contemporary West European setting, there is neither a dreadful enemy nor a formidable unifier. Instead of facing overwhelming pressure to unite, the West Europeans may soon find themselves faced by a powerful reason not to. The reason comes in the form of an irony: Just at a time when Western Europe is trying to grow bigger, it is finding that it may become something that is still too small.

The irony consists of two parts. First, even as a perfect customs union, Western Europe may be too small economically. After all, more and more goods and services are being produced and distributed on a *global* rather than a national or even regional level. Second, as the ideological division of Europe wanes along with the Cold War, Western Europe may become too small politically. The ultimate irony may well be that a united Western Europe, both as an institution and as a dream, is approaching obsolescence just as the 12 are poised for their Great Leap Forward.

Consider, for instance, the global scale of production and consumption. The threat posed to the EC by this development is that market forces, given current trends, will outleap institution building. One key motive for 1992 is to present European producers with an open market of 324 million consumers so that they can profit from economies of scale and acquire competitive muscle. Yet the ultimate economy of scale may soon be measured in global terms. Companies may well end up requiring a far larger base than even the Europe of the 12 can offer. Already, the "concentration of capital," as Marxist terminology has it, is bursting through national and continental confines, as the sustained rush toward global corporate alliances and mergers continues.

Take an example which may prove typical of future trends. In 1989, the West German Post Office opened bidding for the installation of a private mobile telephone network in the Federal Republic. The race was entered by seven consortia—not one of them purely European, let alone German. Among the contenders: Olivetti (Italy), Shearson Lehman (U.S.), BCE Mobile (Canada), Cables and Wireless (Britain), Lyonnaise des Eaux (France), Comvik (Sweden), and various German banks and companies. Big Business, it is obvious, already operates on a global rather than a continental scale.

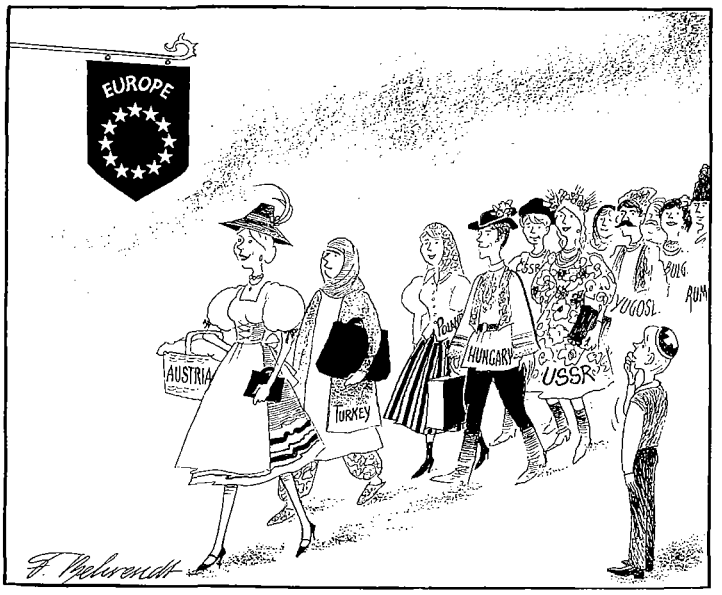
Also, it is no longer clear whether Volvo, Toyota, IBM, or BP are "national" corporations in any meaningful sense. They produce world-wide, their shares are traded world-wide, they sell global rather than national products, and their loyalties are no longer necessarily focused on their home countries. If IBM, for instance, does well, its workers in the United States do not necessarily do better as a result; it is more likely that IBM's profits go up because it has shifted jobs to lower-wage locales. The day is not far off when American, French, or German cars will be *world* cars, subject only to modifications required by local tastes—as Japanese and Korean consumer electronics already are.

The implications of globalization are still unclear. But they do not necessarily make Big Business (or consumers) into faithful allies of national governments or regional institutions like the European Community. Economic necessity, viewed by functionalists as the motor for *European*

integration, may impel producers toward open trade and investment—toward the global widening of economic frontiers rather than to their regional tightening. To maximize profits, the modern corporation does not necessarily need what Brussels is building. And just as business long ago learned to ignore national frontiers, so may it learn to circumvent and leapfrog whatever obstacles the EC puts in its way.

Political developments pose equally salient challenges to the future of the EC. In many respects, the European integration venture is a child of Joseph Stalin and of Harry S. Truman. Beginning with the Marshall Plan in 1948–51, the United States pushed West Europeans toward integration in order to create a bulwark against the Soviet Union on the continent. Unwillingly, Stalin also played a crucial part. His looming presence overshadowed ancient rivalries and fears which had kept Europe at war for centuries—especially the "arch enmity" between Germans and Gauls. The United States, playing the protector, helped put these enmities to rest. Germans and French could reach across gulfs of resentment and blood to join hands in the common European enterprise because, for the first time, there was suddenly a player in the system more powerful than either.*

But the Cold War is waning. And with its passing, the 40-year-old ligaments of the Western system in Europe—NATO, a separate West European consciousness—are loosening, too. Suddenly, Gorbachev's Soviet Union is knocking at the EC's doors in Brussels. Austria wants in. So does Turkey. The Swiss, Swedes, and Norwegians will not want to be left out forever. And Hungary and Poland are positioning themselves for association. Will the 12 want to keep them out? And if they don't, what will happen to West European unification?



From Amsterdam's De Telegraaf.

Who next? Austria and Turkey have already applied for membership in the EC, and others are sure to follow. So are troubling questions: Should neutrals be allowed in? Members of the Warsaw Pact? The EC refuses to rule on any applications until after 1992.

Only one thing is beyond doubt. More members equals less homogeneity; and the less homogeneity, the slower the ascent to the summit of political union. It is precisely for this reason that some EC countries may want to keep newcomers out. But at least one key player in Western Europe will oppose exclusivity.

That player is West Germany—a country that has been *in, of,* and *with* the West during the past 40 years but which, at the same time, has been powerfully pulled eastward. The reasons are obvious. First and

*For an elaboration, see my *The Limited Partnership: Europe, the United States and the Burdens of Alliance* (Cambridge: Ballinger, 1987), ch. 5: "Alliance as Order."

foremost is the fact of the postwar partition of Germany. For a long time, that issue seemed to be settled within the framework of "bipolarity." But as bipolarity recedes, the "German question" once again moves to the forefront. The crumbling of the Berlin Wall is only the most visible and dramatic example of this. If the "de-Sovietization" of Eastern Europe continues, what use is the German Democratic Republic (GDR) to Moscow? Moscow most likely will no longer need the GDR as *the* strategic brace of its East European empire. If the democratization of the Soviet bloc continues (no foregone conclusion), and the GDR continues the reforms that are moving it away from Prusso-Socialism, what is left to legitimize the GDR's existence as a second German state?

Regardless of such possible developments, the postwar system in Europe has become fluid enough to throw the German question wide open. And while outright reunification is the least likely outcome, "reassociation" or "confederation" is not. Whatever happens, the Soviet Union will always retain veto power over Germany's evolution, and that forces West Germany to be scrupulously deferential to Moscow's imperial sensitivities.

Such deference will have consequences for the West European venture. For as Bonn strengthens the walls of its West European house, it will presumably take care not to build too high or too fast. If and when Washington and Moscow disengage from Europe, even a benign Soviet Union will not look kindly on a West European superstate that replaces the United States as the counterweight to Soviet power. Nor will Bonn want to close the EC's doors to East Germany and *Mitteleuropa*, that mythical locale of Central Europe, which, in the imagination of some Germans, Czechs, Poles, and Hungarians, is the true cultural and political home of their nations.

Meanwhile, West Germany's traditional role in Europe is changing, regardless of events in the East. Forty years ago, of course, West Germany was a defeated, occupied, and discredited half-nation. In order to come out from under unilaterally imposed controls, the young Federal Republic had to become a partner in multilateral and voluntary ones. That is why the new German state became a compulsive joiner—in the hope that it could regain sovereignty by submerging itself in the Western community, be it the European Coal and Steel Community, NATO, or the European Economic Community. For the Federal Republic, self-abnegation was the very condition of self-assertion.

The success story of the European Community during the 1950s and '60s cannot be divorced from the unique, but transient, state of its soon-to-be most powerful member. Unable and unwilling to translate its growing economic weight into political muscle, the Federal Republic acted as paragon of integrationist virtue. As long as the Cold War was at its coldest and West Germany's moral rehabilitation was incomplete, deference to allies—especially to France—was the keystone of German foreign policy. Bonn paid more into the EC's communal kitty than it got back in so-called rebates; it yielded to France on matters of agriculture and "high politics"; and throughout, the Federal Republic chose communal discretion over nationalist valor.

But with the fading of the Soviet threat and the dimming of memories of World War II, the Federal Republic has begun to act like a "normal" nation. In the past, only De Gaulle would fling his veto against the Community; during the 1980s, West Germans have displayed similar petulance, often for relatively trivial reasons—such as blocking a minuscule drop in EC cereal

prices. Bonn, in short, has begun to "renationalize" its foreign policy precisely when the Community is poised to leap toward *more* supranationality.

Just as West Germany's eager Europeanism served as motor of integration in the past, its new role, welded to its enormous economic and political clout, may well act as a brake in the future. After 1992, the next scheduled step is monetary union. Today, the West German *Bundesbank* acts as the *de facto* manager of the European Monetary System (EMS), which seeks to keep members' parities in lockstep. Informally, in fact, the EMS has become a deutschmark zone, beholden to monetary discipline meted out by the *Bundesbank*. This being the case, it is difficult to see how the EC will go forward to a unified monetary authority. Will the West Germans relinquish their dominance? If not, will the others accept it *de jure* and not just *de facto*?

As Western Europe prepares for its Great Leap Forward, it becomes increasingly clear that it will not jump as fast or as far as some people think. Western Europe remains what it has always been: a collection of sturdy nation-states in search of more integration where tolerable bargains among 12 sovereignties can be struck.

It is clear, too, that West Europeans must act in a world that is changing more rapidly and profoundly than the Community's "founding fathers" could possibly have foreseen. With a globalizing market exerting its pull and an emancipating Eastern Europe beckoning, the Community may well become too small economically and politically.

And, finally, the ascent to the summit of supranationality becomes not easier but harder with each stride forward. It does so because each step takes the West Europeans into more difficult terrain, where the shadows of national autonomy loom ever more menacingly. The dream of European unity may be older than the European nation-state, but the dream has not yet been able to overcome the reality of national sovereignty. And no matter how battered and outmoded that reality is said to be, its longevity bears a message. It is a message of persistence, and it will not be drowned out by 1992 or any other future assaults on the ramparts of sovereignty in Europe.

FURTHER READING

The **Memoirs** (Doubleday, 1978) of Jean Monnet, the EC's "founding father," and Serge and Merry Bromberger's **Jean Monnet and the United States of Europe** (Coward-McCann, 1969) provide historical perspective on today's integration efforts. **European Unification: The Origins and Growth of the European Community** (European Community, 1986), by Klaus-Dieter Borchardt, is a compact account. Max Beloff's **The United States and European Unity** (Brookings, 1963) describes U.S. attitudes towards European integration through the Kennedy administration; Richard J. Barnet's **The Alliance** (Simon and Schuster, 1983) is a more general account of European-American political and economic relations. **The European Challenge, 1992: The Benefits of a Single Market** (Gower, 1988), by Paolo Cecchini, is the EC's official vision of the fruits of an integrated Europe. **The 1992 Challenge From Europe: Development of the European Community's Internal Market** (Nat'l. Planning Assoc., 1988) by Michael Calingaert, a former U.S. Foreign Service officer, is the best overview; **Europe 1992: A Practical Guide for American Business** (U.S. Chamber of Commerce, 1989) is a readable (and optimistic) nuts-and-bolts guide. American press coverage of European events has been spotty; *The Economist*, the British weekly which circulates widely in the United States, is the layman's best source of up-to-date information.

CURRENT BOOKS

SCHOLARS' CHOICE

Recent titles selected and reviewed by Fellows and staff of the Wilson Center

Dixie's Dictionary

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUTHERN CULTURE. *Edited by Charles Reagan Wilson and William Ferris. Univ. of North Carolina. 1634 pp. $49.95*

Would any scholar try to prepare an *Encyclopedia of Northern Culture*? Not likely. Yankeedom is too inclusive and too varied to qualify for such an enterprise. Southern culture, whether white or black, persists in the popular imagination as a culture apart. But how should the southerners' apartness be defined?

A leading conservative historian of the South, Clyde N. Wilson, recently suggested that "the South has always been primarily a matter of values." True enough. But the values that he and other conservatives celebrate do not include the dissenting tradition which C. Vann Woodward recorded in his influential *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* (1955). Woodward showed that southerners, both white and black, have periodically striven for racial and class justice, even if those efforts almost inevitably miscarried (or ended up working at cross-purposes). Dangers of simplification and the risks of distortion, both from the right and the left, have plagued the history of the South more than that of any other American region. One notable accomplishment of the *Encyclopedia* is that it avoids polemics, subtle or overt.

For other reasons as well, the *Encyclopedia* falls little short of a *tour de force*. With contributions from 800 specialists, the book contains articles, long and short, some trivial, others serious, ranging from Hank Aaron to Zydeco (black Creole) music. Collectively, they make a kind of intellectual fruitcake, each morsel of which is almost unfailingly rich. One learns, for instance, that as of 1981, on a ratio to total population, Mississippi leads the nation, as does the lower South as a whole, in the number of professional football players; or that, in 1984, of the top 10 states in the purchases of new mobile homes, eight were in the South. *Moon Pies* and *Moonshine* earn admission alongside such esoteric topics as *Chesapeake Bay Dialect*, *Drawl*, and *Conch* (a linguistic oddity of the Florida Keys). Alphabetically arranged, the *Encyclopedia* places a sketch of *James Madison* on the same page that shelters a lively piece about the *Mint Julep*.

Numbering 1,600 pages of text and weighing close to ten pounds, the volume is not a book to take to bed. (Better reinforce the shelf it is placed on.) To portray "everything that has sustained either the reality or the illusion of [southern] regional distinctiveness," the editors present 24 thematic sections, including history, religion, folklore, language, art and architecture, recreation, politics, the mythic South, urbanization, literature, music, violence, law, and the media. Open it anywhere, and chances are you'll land in the midst of an interesting discussion, often enhanced with a pertinent illustration.

On page 1379, for example, is a striking photograph of an elderly white boss, in sparkling white shirt and suspenders, who has one short, fat leg propped defiantly on the bumper of his car, partly obscuring the 1936 Mississippi license plate. Seated deferentially behind him in the shadows of a clapboard grocery is a collection of dark-clothed, black-skinned field hands. The photograph begins J. Wayne Flynt's section on *Social Class*, which shows how convictions about racial superiority made possible a sense of white social cohesion that all but erased class consciousness.

Relations between blacks and whites are never far away anywhere in this encyclopedia. Consider *Religion*. White Christians have generally held the conviction that morality should be approached indi-

vidualistically. But in a South divided largely between two homogeneous groups, "whites" and "blacks," that conviction enabled white Christians to disdain confronting social and racial problems that required collective effort. African-Americans, by contrast, were denied the luxury of considering their moral lot an individual affair. And black churches have provided the leaders and masses to overturn centuries of racial oppression. To their credit, the editors never assume that only the whites' values are truly southern.

Even with 1600 pages at their disposal, the editors had to make decisions. The African-American presence in the southern media, especially news publishing, is woefully scanted. Far too many current writers, such as Peter Taylor, Donald Justice, and Ellen Douglas, receive no mention at all. The section on *Women's Life* should have been enlarged—perhaps at the expense of *Music*, which has more rock stars than anyone over 16 need know about.

Nothing so differentiates the South as its much acclaimed—and much criticized—social ethics. While no section of the volume deals specifically with public values, the ingredients abound under such headings as *Violence*, *History and Manners*, *Mythic South*, and *Hospitality*. Such articles suggest that Clyde Wilson is right in saying that the South is best defined by its adherence to certain precepts. The problem is what to make of them.

So much has changed in the moral and cultural atmosphere of the South that debating its particularity in the manner of Clyde Wilson and C. Vann Woodward—and indeed the *Encyclopedia* itself—might seem at first a weary exercise in nostalgia. After all, the McDonald's in Coosawhatchie, South Carolina, is just the same as the one in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. To further complicate matters, economic pressures and inducements in the South have pushed out rural blacks and pulled in hordes of Northern urban whites. Two-thirds of all southerners now live in cities, Yankeeized in their skylines and squalid downtowns. Only a fraction of the southern population still works the soil.

Even the regional literature has changed. A new breed of writers—Madison Smartt Bell, Lee K. Abbott, Bobbie Ann Mason, and Larry McMurtry—has succeeded the generation of Eudora Welty and Robert Penn Warren. Generally the most recent fiction depicts characters suffering more from a sense of dislocation, alienation, and amnesia than from dreams of past crimes and spurious glories, the cultural mood which William Faulkner explored. The old southern code of honor has become a subject of ridicule, as in John Kennedy Toole's satire, *The Confederacy of Dunces* (1980). In it, the "Night of Joy" bar in New Orleans has a plantation decor with a comically mindless stripper in easily unhooked crinoline billed as "Harlot O'Hara."

In politics, too, the "Solid South" has vanished; old courthouse regimes disappear with each election. As James Hodges observes, southern white political ideology has begun "to look suspiciously American"—and Republican. Since the Voting Rights Act of 1965, southern Democratic aspirants rely ever more heavily on black votes. African-Americans have gained many more state and local offices in the South—some 3,233 by 1985, Darlene Hine tabulates—than ever they controlled during "black Republican" Reconstruction.

Under these circumstances, the question of the South's inherent character (and its continuation) seems less a matter of sectional separateness than of the southernization of the country at large. Now that cotton is no longer king, the South's major export is "culture"—music and language, black as well as "redneck." A kind of country talk has invaded the national media. In politics, by waving the Stars and Stripes, not the old "Bloody Shirt," Ronald Reagan and George Bush sound more southern than earlier heirs of Lincoln's mantle. Southern-born black leaders like Jesse Jackson and Andrew Young have a national, not solely regional, impact.

Despite all these changes—and partly because of them—the supposed advent of a "New New South" has been too loudly proclaimed. The bedrock of the southern temperament has included and today still includes these unhappy signs: continued insensitivity about matters of race and sex; undue leniency in criminal justice toward "justifiable homicide" and contrasting severity about "wrongdoers who threaten the moral values, beliefs, and social mores of the general public"; "schizoid" attitudes toward alcohol, as David Courtwright calls drinking in the Bible Belt. Forty percent of all adult southern males own guns, records Fred Hawley, some "16 percentage points higher than in non-southern areas." Atlanta, Houston, Tuscaloosa, Richmond, and the South as a whole have had greater rates of homicide per 100,000 than Colombia to the south and New York City to the north.

Of course a brighter side exists as well. Southern politeness and unwillingness to hurt others' feelings, at least when unprovoked, are not mere trappings of an obsolete gentility. Charles Wilson notes that "Southerners have traditionally equated manners with morals, so that unmannerly behavior has been viewed as immoral behavior." Common gestures, language, and tacit understandings have sometimes helped whites and blacks to achieve an accord that northerners might envy. Among southern blacks and whites there is, as Frederick Douglass once said, "a rigid enforcement of the law of respect for elders," an etiquette (if it survives) that will become ever more pertinent as the American populace ages. Even newcomers quickly learn to be southerners in spirit if not in accent. Like the natives, they are entangled in the web of place and persistent custom. Southern values, especially those surrounding family life, are at times the exemplary exception in a nation of growing homogenization.

In light of these factors, editors Wilson and Ferris offer stunning testimony to regional vitality. One need not be a conservative to appreciate Melvin Bradford's notion that "a culture is made up of a set of habits or modes of conduct, 'of chairs and tables, songs and tales,' and also of familiar sights and sounds and smells, and finally of manners." The South will continue to change, even drastically. Somehow, though, it promises to remain the South, for better or worse.

—Bertram Wyatt-Brown, '74, holds the Richard J. Milbauer Chair of History at the University of Florida

Portrait of the Poet as an Andalusian Dog

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA: A Life. *By Ian Gibson. Pantheon. 551 pp. $29.95*

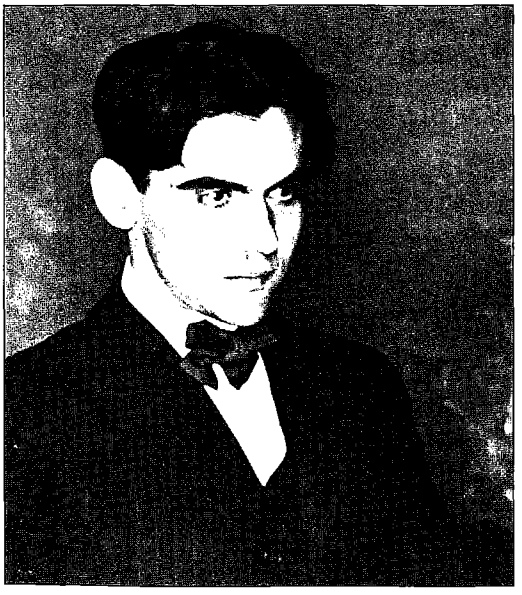
Reading this life of the Spanish poet and playwright Federico García Lorca (1898–1936) was for me a nostalgic adventure. As a sophomore about half a century ago, with my Hispanophilia freshly kindled by a stay in Cuba, I had as my Spanish professor the brilliant Don Augusto Centeno, who had been a classmate of Lorca's as well as Luis Buñuel's at the University of Madrid. His descriptions of Lorca's poetry indelibly stamped my sensibility. Lorca's

poem on Cuba evoked the myths of the island I had recently visited and caught with syncopated musical precision the *"ritmo de semillas secas,"* the dry chatter of the maracas.

> When the full moon comes
> I'll go to Santiago de Cuba,
> I'll go to Santiago
> in a coach of black water . . .
> Oh Cuba! Oh rhythm of the dry seeds!
> (*Oh Cuba! Oh ritmo de semillas secas!*)

At the time I speak of, Lorca's work had scarcely found a coterie in America. Today, Lorca is more translated than any other Spanish writer, including Cervantes. But 50 years ago, Lorca had barely begun his journey to becoming, in the world's eyes, Spain's most popular poet and playwright—a reputation that gradually solidified despite his being as often assailed as championed by other writers.

Jorge Luis Borges, for example, abhorred Lorca's poetry and dismissed him as a professional Andalusian with a "gift for gab." Borges charged that Lorca was idolized only because "he had the good luck to be executed." Their one conversation together broke off when Lorca suggested that Mickey Mouse exemplified the tragedy of American life.



The Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda, was, by contrast, an ardent admirer. In his *Memoirs*, Neruda sketched a portrait of Lorca based on their months together in Buenos Aires and Madrid—a portrait which is now amplified in Ian Gibson's pages. Neruda said that he had never seen such grace and genius, a heart so winged or a waterfall so clear.

Open-hearted and comical, worldly and superstitious, torn between spirituality and irrepressible carnal appetites, Lorca felt himself to be a living embodiment of *duende*. The notion of *duende* is, in fact, essential to understanding Lorca. According to one traditional Spanish usage, *duende* connoted a poltergeist-like spirit, but to Lorca it represented Dionysian inspiration sprung from anguish, mystery, and death. To most of those who knew him, Lorca appeared to be the supreme embodiment of *duende*. To them, his talent seemed inexhaustible, his expressiveness total: He excelled as poet, playwright, singer, musician, artist, actor, theater director. "Of Arabic-Andalusian roots," Neruda wrote, "he brightened and perfumed like jasmine the stage set of a Spain that, alas, is gone forever."

Yet even for Neruda, Lorca half remained an actor in that Andalusian pageant invented by French writers of the 19th century, a pageant performed to the gallicized gypsy tempos and ominous motifs of Bizet's *Carmen*. But Lorca was more than an actor, and one virtue of Ian Gibson's biography is that it digs beyond the surface brilliance of the Lorca legend into the life itself.

Lorca is forever associated with the backward Spanish region of his childhood, Andalusia. Andalusia gave Lorca the gift of a living language, vivid and colloquial. (Without self-consciousness, Lorca's cousin could tell him to "put the eggs in when the water begins to laugh.") But Gibson shows how Lorca meshed local inspiration with the encroaching modern world. Indeed, in his first successful book, *Gypsy Ballads* (1928), he scarcely mentions the visible Andalusia; his verse is

anti-folkloric and anti-flamenco, eschewing the bullfighter's suit of lights or three-cornered hat. What figures in the *Ballads* is an invisible land where gypsies, horses, archangels, planets, rivers, smugglers, and naked children all coexist. The province of Andalusia and its city of Granada, populated with impoverished peasants and misfits, and once with Jews (from whom Lorca claimed partial descent), Moors, and gypsies, have known a history of conquest and anguish that Lorca felt to be his own story. History may pass, but for Lorca the doom and foreboding remain.

Lorca was born in the tiny village of Fuente Vaqueros in that critical year, 1898, when Spain lost the remaining vestiges of its empire—the Philippines, Puerto Rico, and Cuba. Spain's loss was, for the infant Lorca, a double blessing. First, his father, Federico García Rodríguez, who had owned plantations in Cuba, now amassed an even greater fortune planting sugar on his vast estates near Granada. His mother, a former village schoolteacher of humble background, dominated the family: To her Lorca attributes his intelligence, to his father, his feelings. (In Spain, practicality was considered a feminine virtue, while the soul was seen as masculine.) Although Lorca called the Andalusian middle class the worst in Spain, his family's wealth gave him lifelong financial independence—a boon to any artist.

Spain's territorial losses had a large effect on the country, particularly on its intellectual life: Relieved of the burdens of empire, Spain's leading thinkers and artists began to respond to fresh impulses. And this was, for Lorca, the second blessing. In 1919, knowing the bird must escape its cage, Lorca left Andalusia and made his way to Madrid—no longer a backwater of Europe but in full artistic flowering. Spain's leading visual artists—Pablo Picasso, Juan Miró, Salvador Dalí, Juan Gris, Luis Buñuel—had won or were winning international recognition. The national constellation of poets that Lorca joined in Madrid—Alberti, Jiménez, Jorge Guillén, Aleixandre, Salinas—were all astute observers of the modern scene. At the Residencia de Estudiantes, Lorca became close friends with Dalí and Buñuel. (Later, when their relations soured, Lorca suspected Buñuel of satirizing him in his surrealist film *Un chien andalou* of 1928. Lorca commented to a friend, "Buñuel has made a tiny little shit of a film called *An Andalusian Dog*—and I'm the Dog.")

In Madrid, Lorca experienced and welcomed as liberating forces first cubism, then surrealism—the first as release from literal representation, the second as immersion in the subconscious. Without surrendering totally to these movements, Lorca learned to expunge romantic sensibility, to shun verbal exuberance, and to fix on the irreducible poetic image. (Most of Lorca's fellow artists, like Buñuel, would later flee Spain and Franco, to renovate the intellectual life in Spanish America—a token recompense for the ravages of Spanish conquest.) Although innumerable studies have analyzed the Spanish Civil War, few make so clear as Gibson does what a brilliant cultural renaissance perished during the conflict.

Lorca made his only trip to a non-Hispanic country, the United States, in 1929–30. Titles of his poems in *Poet in New York* (1938) are evocative: "Poems of Solitude in Columbia University," "Landscape of the Crowd that Vomits (Coney Island Nightfall)," "Landscape of the Crowd that Urinates (Battery Place Nocturne)," "Murder (Two Voices at Daybreak on Riverside Drive)." But save for a drinking bout with Hart Crane and some sailors, and reading Eliot's "Waste Land" in translation, Lorca had little interest in, and few meetings with, American writers. (Eliot, Lorca wrote, squeezes the city like a lemon "to extract from it wounded rats, wet hats and river shadows.") His principal contact with Americans was with Harlem blacks, whose music he associated with the Andalusian *cante jondo* and whose predicament he saw as an exacerbated form of the gypsies'. For Lorca, New York was not a "new" experience but a translation into modern, universal terms of what he already knew. His odes to Walt Whitman and

to a mythical "King of Harlem" and his play *The Public* all exemplify this expanded cognizance. They universalize the themes of *Blood Wedding, Yerma,* and *The House of Bernarda Alba*—plays in which a Sophoclean fate works through the "Spanish" ideas of honor, class, and family—plays that were about to bring their author international recognition.

New York was immediately followed by three months of deliverance in "Andalusian" Cuba. Then came the brief halcyon years of applauded production and performance in republican Spain and triumphal visits to Argentina and Uruguay. But fascism soon closed in, and Lorca, in seeming compliance with the death obsession that marked his life and writings, was among the first to be immolated. In 1936, at the age 38, Lorca was killed by the *Falangistes*, anti-Republicans who hated him for his spoofs of tradition and his disrespect for authority. Lorca's was a needless death, and what was lost is underscored by recalling that Lorca's youthful friends, Dali and Buñuel, were alive and working into the 1980s. No one speaks with more authority on this grievous matter than Ian Gibson, whose previous book on the poet is *The Assassination of Federico García Lorca.*

—Richard Morse is former Director of the Wilson Center's Latin American Program

How Different is Germany?

A GERMAN IDENTITY, 1770–1990. *By Harold James. Routledge. 240 pp. $25*

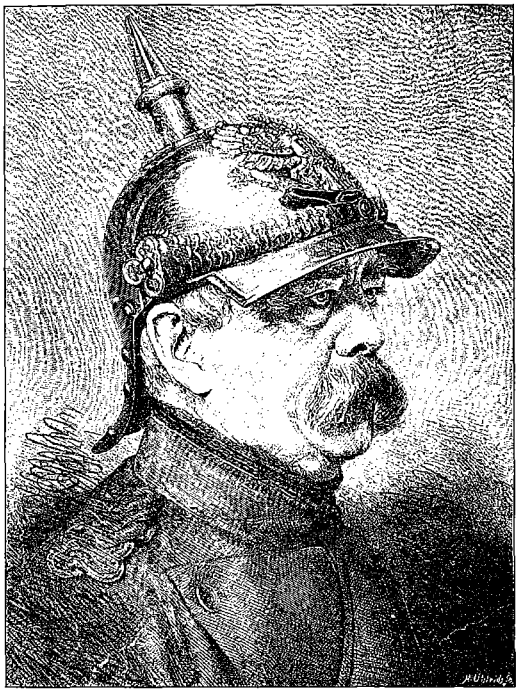
The "German question" is with us again—more so, it seems, with each passing day.

The looming possibility of German reunification has sparked a controversy within West Germany both among political parties and in the press. More recently, in East Germany, we have witnessed the collapse of the old government leadership and the spectacle of East Germans freely crossing the once-impregnable Berlin Wall. These developments—as well as shifts in East-West relations—speak louder than mere words that reunification is very much an "open question." One recent poll found that 73 percent of East Germans and 79 percent of West Germans favored a single state.

But if the issue of German reunification stirs passions inside Germany, it frequently triggers panic abroad. For whenever Germany has been united and strong in the past—as in 1871, 1914, and 1939—war has never been far away. Today's situation, however, appears significantly different: West Germany has known a stable democratic government for 45 years, and territorial conquest hardly seems desirable, much less feasible. With the borders between the two sectors open, many political analysts are now anticipating that Germany will be reunited in a few years. But others with longer memories fear there is something singular about the nation that makes reunification far less attractive.

This question of Germany's singularity is the subject of Harold James's new book: an investigation of "German identity" for the past 200 years. It is to the credit of James, a professor of history at Princeton, that he casts new light on this much-debated subject. As an economic historian, he provides an intriguing thesis, namely, that German unity has always rested on the promise of economic growth, and that this peculiarity has made Germany uniquely volatile since the founding of the Second Reich in 1871.

James argues that German sovereignty was always fragile because it had only an economic, and not a historical or a geographical, basis on which to build a modern national identity. France and England have rested on the same core of recognizable territory for centuries—centuries



Otto von Bismarck, about 1876

during which "Germany" had no specific geographical meaning. Until the 19th century, the German-speaking Holy Roman Empire consisted of 350 separate states; after the Congress of Vienna (1815), "Germany" was 39 sovereign states dominated, from afar, by Vienna. By contrast, as James points out, England and France were cemented by institutions and constitutions—a single monarch, Parliament, the National Assembly, the Magna Carta, the Rights of Man—for which Germany had no historic parallels.

Given such considerations, James's question seems pertinent: How have Germans conceived of Germany? The question is more intriguing now than ever because—whatever Germany is—if reunited, with a population of 80 million, it will dominate the European continent.

As James shows, Germany has long possessed a rich cultural and intellectual heritage. Indeed, during the first 100 years which he briefly discusses—1770 to 1870—German national identity rested on a sense of cosmopolitan cultural achievement. The writers Goethe, Schiller, and Hölderlin, the classicist Johann Winckelman, and the historian Leopold von Ranke might have provided a cultural basis for "the building blocks of German national identity." But the founder of the Empire, Otto von Bismarck, distrusted intellectuals as much as he did democrats. Bismarck founded the new Germany on "blood and iron." Doing so, he developed what James calls a "mongrel state form" that held together competing interests with promises of economic prosperity and the security of a welfare state.

As long as prosperity held, Bismarck's economic nationalism seemed to work reasonably well. But whenever economic prosperity declined—first during the 1880s, then notoriously during the 1920s—a cultural and racist nationalism, at odds with industrial civilization, challenged the Bismarckian achievement. Ironically, Hitler created an economic miracle only to sacrifice it to his racist and anti-communist agendas.

In 1945 a devastated Germany yearned for nothing more than a return to economic stability. The occupying powers agreed to give the Germans what they wanted, although on terms the powers themselves set. For "East" and "West" Germany, yoked to economic and political systems which limited their sovereignty, national unity seemed not only unrealizable but undesirable. But now with the influence of the United States and the Soviet Union waning and the economic future increasingly uncertain, cultural nationalism has emerged once more.

Yet if the German question is with us again, one wonders whether it is as peculiarly German as James would have us believe: Is Germany's identity uniquely faulty? After all, national identity is a concept invented in the 19th century as a means of understanding, and managing, the bewildering changes that the recent democratic and industrial revolutions unleashed. The historical profession, which also took form in the 19th century, helped create a usable past for the new concept of

nationalism. Jules Michelet (1798–1874) in France, Walter Bagehot (1826–1877) in England, and Heinrich von Treitschke (1834–1896) in Germany constructed notions of "la Nation," "the People," "das Volk" whose cohesion was seen as natural. Furthermore, these notions supported projects (e.g., standardization of language; national road systems; colonial adventures) which the nation-building elites had in mind. The creation of national museums, monuments, and holidays reinforced the new myths of national consensus and continuity. Even today, academic history is still usually framed in national terms.

Over the past decades, however, the concept of national identity itself has come under closer scrutiny. Historians and social scientists now see that, like race and gender, it is not so much an object as a category of knowledge, whose relationship to the actual consciousness or behavior of the people it supposedly refers to is highly questionable. The 19th-century Irish, for example, enlisted more willingly in the service of the British empire than they did in their own nationalist cause. Peasants in obscure corners of France became patriotic Frenchmen only in time to die in the First World War. The working-class "pals" who marched to English recruiting stations in 1914 had loyalties more local than national. The Great War, once thought of as being provoked by nationalist passions, is now viewed as helping create those national identities.

James is aware of the constructed quality of national identity, which he calls "manipulated nationalism," but he seems to think that it is a peculiar property of German history. When he talks of the "absence of a natural national cohesion," James seems haunted by a contrasting image of a "normal" German identity. Yet what constitutes his vision of Germany's normal identity—classless, genderless, unburdened by generational tension—hardly applies to or describes any existing nation. James assumes that a "natural" German identity would have made for a less tumultuous European as well as German history, but this is not a proposition that can ever be tested.

If we look to those nation-states, like Britain and France, which represent for James normal national development, we find them to be riven equally by class and gender conflict and subject to similar bloody ruptures. From the French Revolution onwards, the concept of nationalism itself has been, throughout Europe (and elsewhere), an instrument of power for elites who claim to represent the national interest. The very idea of one indivisible people can mask real differences and subjugate the interests of working people, women, and ethnic minorities. The supposedly natural cohesion of the British and the French did not bring women and workers to participation in political power any sooner.

James is right in stressing the extent to which German stability is dependent on economic growth but wrong in thinking this exceptional. Today's uncertain international economy arouses anxieties that cannot easily be satisfied within the present nationally oriented political order. Ecological catastrophes as well as economic booms and busts do not recognize borders; recent events in East Europe testify to the fact that even political developments are hard to confine within national boundaries. Under these conditions it would be all too easy for German reunification to provide a convenient displacement for debates that other peoples, including Americans, should be facing more directly. Above all, we need to re-think the concept of national identity itself and to consider alternatives better suited to the late 20th century.

—John R. Gillis, '88, directs "The Historical Construction of Identities" project at the Rutgers Center for Historical Analysis

NEW TITLES

History

HAROLD MACMILLAN. Volume One: 1894–1956; Volume Two: 1957–1986. *By Alistair Horne. Viking. 537 pp.; 741 pp. $24.95 each*

Harold Macmillan (1894–1986), maestro of mid-20th-century British politics, would hardly fit today's stereotype of a statesman. He *said* things when he spoke, for one, and unlike most politicians who restrict their reading to the newspapers, Macmillan read Homer's *Iliad* (in Greek) to keep himself civilized. Historian Alistair Horne has spent 10 years researching the life of this inscrutable personality of improbable accomplishment.

Macmillan was born into the wealthy Macmillan publishing family, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and survived combat in World War I with several wounds and an abiding distrust of Germans. A choice among many possible careers faced the young veteran, but in 1924 he quit Macmillan publishers to represent in Parliament Stockton-on-Tees, a decaying industrial town afflicted by massive long-term unemployment. Macmillan came to be as much affected by the conditions of the working poor as he had been by the suffering he witnessed during World War I. Although a Conservative, he became known as the "pink Tory"—and, before World War II, was consigned to near-oblivion—for his working-class sympathies and Keynesian ideas. At the time, Macmillan's public countenance remained unflappable, but privately he was tormented by his wife's infidelity, which was whispered about up and down the corridors of power.

Macmillan with JFK, 1961.

World War II proved his salvation. As British Minister Resident in Algiers, he worked closely with General Dwight D. Eisenhower and had a direct line to Prime Minister Winston Churchill. (Macmillan's background now paid off: The fact that he had an American mother increased his bond both with Churchill, whose mother was also American, and with Eisenhower.) His career took off. After the war, he played a key role in modernizing the post-Churchill Conservative Party. When he became prime minister in 1957, he said he expected to hold office for only a few weeks. Instead, he enjoyed a six-year tenure, leading Britain to its peak of postwar prosperity. Charming both Eisenhower and Kennedy, he rebuilt the Anglo-American "special relationship." His nickname then—Supermac—suggests the confidence so improbably associated with this reserved scholar-politician.

In 1963, De Gaulle vetoed British membership in the Common Market, and in the same year a sex scandal, the Profumo Affair, rocked Macmillan's cabinet. Even so, Macmillan certainly would have won re-election in 1964, but he miscalculated and resigned. A graver miscalculation was his insistence on naming a successor (Alec Home) so ineffectual that he paved the way for Labor's Harold Wilson and, in turn, for Margaret Thatcher, both of whom Macmillan detested. The prosperity of the Macmillan years has evaporated and, to some extent, so has the Supermac reputation. Dean Acheson's biting phrase is sometimes applied to Macmillan's years in office: Britain had lost an empire

but had not yet found a role.

It is the great strength of Alistair Horne's avowedly Boswellian approach that we see Macmillan plain at last. Full of sympathetic revelations, particularly of his profound loneliness, this compelling biography interprets Macmillan essentially as a tragic figure rather than as a heroic one.

FRAGMENTS FOR A HISTORY OF THE HUMAN BODY. *Edited by Michel Feher with Ramona Naddaff and Nadia Tazi. Three volumes. Zone. 480 pp.; 552 pp.; 578 pp. $39.95 (cloth); $16 (paper) each*

History is made up of personalities, its actions performed by characters. The fact that these characters once had bodies has been considered largely irrelevant: Anatomy may interest a biologist, but not a historian. *Fragments* challenges that assumption. These 48 essays, written by scholars from five countries, attempt to establish the "historicity of the human body," to show how the body has influenced—and been influenced by—historical events.

To get at this elusive subject, *Fragments* assembles the most unlikely cast of characters: medieval woman, African Wodaabe nomads, marionettes, Japanese ghosts, 16th-century automata, Holbein's Christ, the embryo in the *Upanishads*, Pascal on the incarnation, Dickens on bio-economics, gods, and animals. What can hold together such a menagerie? Dominated by leading French intellectuals—the linguist Julia Kristeva, the classicist Jean-Pierre Vernant, the historian Jacques Le Goff—these volumes, not surprisingly, are pervaded by the most fashionable, or faddish, idea in academia today: social construction. "The history of the body," the editors write, "is not so much the history of its representations as of its modes of construction." In other words, forget anatomy. The way a culture understands the human body—and these ways vary amazingly—can, the editors point out, "naturalize a political institution, a social hierarchy, or a moral principle."

Consider, for example, "head" and "heart". If the head is the ruling organ, as Thomas Hobbes asserted, then the state's requirement of a head can legitimize monarchy or authority; if the "heart" is the ruling organ, as the Romantics held, then society should tolerate more individual expression. If the female body is reckoned a lesser version of the male's—as Caroline Walker Bynum shows it was for the late Middle Ages, when the female genitalia were considered the male's pulled inward—then male primogeniture and kingship descent are rational. Centuries later, Freud's "locating" the female orgasm in the vagina instead of the clitoris—despite his knowing, Thomas Laquer argues, that the former had far fewer neural connections—endorsed a particular kind of "socially responsible" sexuality and sexual relationships. Even whether a rotten tooth, symbol of vice, was pulled in public (in the 17th century) or in private (in the 19th century) helped define, according to David Kunzle, the emotional life of members of society.

Fragments is like a banquet made up of many hors d'oeuvres but lacking a main course. History was once considered the stage where statesmen and generals played their part; today, the discipline considers material not only from the social sciences but even from the physical sciences. How is the historian to integrate it all? No clue here. Like the thin man struggling vainly to get out of the fat man's body, a synthesis fails to emerge from these weighty volumes.

HONORABLE JUSTICE: The Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes. *By Sheldon M. Novick. Little, Brown. 522 pp. $24.95*

When appointed to the Supreme Court in 1902, Oliver Wendell Holmes was already 61, but he sat on the bench long enough—from Roosevelt (Theodore) to Roosevelt (Franklin)—to write more opinions than any other judge in its history. And Holmes wrote them so eloquently that Edmund Wilson named him among America's outstanding literary figures. Even today his dissents on behalf of individual freedoms are quoted nearly as reverentially as the Constitution itself.

Well over six feet tall, handsome, charming, and brilliant, Holmes (1841–1935) was the product of the best breeding and education New England offered: His father was the much anthologized poet and author of *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* (1858). Young Holmes grew up knowing Emerson and the Jameses, and he was educated at Harvard, where he subsequently taught law. Novick, a scholar in residence at Vermont Law School and the first to write a biography based on the enormous Holmes papers, has succeeded in making one person out of Holmes the complicated individual and Holmes the jurist and legal philosopher. Novick is no hagiographer. Underlying much of Holmes's Social Darwinism—such as his defense of Virginia's law permitting mental defectives to be sterilized—was, Novick says, "a kind of fascist ideology."

Holmes, however, developed a defense of human rights that usually checked his own individual biases. His *Common Law* (1881) altered the course of judicial and legal practice in the U.S., Novick shows. Its opening words have echoed through the minds of generations of law school students: "The life of the law has not been logic; it has been experience." Before Holmes, judges believed themselves administering impersonal right though pure reasoning. Holmes argued that judges made the law as they interpreted it, and they interpreted it in terms of their own limited, conditioned experience. Venerable jurists at the time railed that *that* was not the Common Law they knew and applied, but so, eventually, we have come to understand it.

Holmes would not have sympathized with the politicized courts of today; judges, he said, should actively counter their tendency to shape decisions to their own personal, social, or economic views. Holmes's concept of "judicial restraint" held that, unless the Constitution was clearly violated, the Court should stand back and let governments legislate what they deemed best. Holmes combined this judicial restraint, however, with an unparalleled defense of individual rights. During the 1919 Red Scare, the Bolsheviks in America, he said, "had as much right to publish as the Government has to publish the Constitution." "The principle of free thought [means] not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate."

Holmes is the only judge to serve on the Supreme Court past his 90th birthday, and Novick paints an endearing portrait of a man active, passionate, and playful till the end. The newly inaugurated President Franklin Roosevelt paid a visit to Holmes and found him reading Plato. "Why do you read Plato, Mr. Justice?" "To improve my mind, Mr. President," replied the 92-year-old Holmes.

Contemporary Affairs

ONE STEP AHEAD IN CHINA: Guangdong Under Reform. *By Ezra F. Vogel. Harvard. 510 pp. $29.95*

In China, as in France, 1989 was a year of commemorations: It marked the 70th anniversary of the May Fourth Movement (the intellectuals' pro-democracy movement in 1919), the 40th anniversary of the communist victory of 1949, and not least, the 10th anniversary of the post-Mao reforms that introduced a qualified capitalism into the land of communist fundamentalism. Vogel, a professor of international relations at Harvard and author of *Japan as Number One*, studies this past decade in Guangdong, the province where reform was the most daring and the most successful. Written before but published after the tragic events in Tiananmen Square, Vogel's book serves as a sad farewell to a decade of unbridled optimism.

A specialist on Guangdong, Vogel was the first Western scholar ever invited by provincial authorities for an extended visit to study reforms. The result, *One Step Ahead*, examines reform on every front: from the economy, where Guangdong began controlling its own foreign trade, to village decollectivization, where households leased land as quasi-private property. The successful Chinese diaspora in nearby Taiwan, Singapore, and Hong Kong influenced reformist ideas in Guangdong. Indeed, neighboring Hong Kong, which furnished the capital and technology, and Guangdong, supplying the entrepreneurs and laborers, together formed a zone which Vogel describes as one of the world's most dynamic economic regions.

But what about the other side of this growth?

New investments led to a loose money supply that created inflation (up to 30 percent in 1989); also, under "capitalism," state bureaucrats who controlled limited supplies enjoyed unprecedented opportunities for corruption. Corruption and inflation together spawned the massive unrest that eventually led to Tiananmen Square. Vogel barely deals with these vexing issues. (He does mention that in one year there were a thousand executions in Guangdong alone for economic crimes.) An optimist himself, Vogel skirts basic structural problems, such as Beijing's growing inability to exercise control over Guangdong. Yet despite this limitation, Vogel is—and will likely remain—the authoritative guide to that first decade of reforms not only in Guangdong but in the People's Republic as a whole.

LOSING GROUND: Agricultural Policy and the Decline of the American Farm. *By Hugh Ulrich. Chicago Review Press. 278 pp. $18.95*

This informal history of U.S. farm policy begins in the early 20th century, when one out of three Americans were employed on farms. It concludes in the present, when less than two percent of U.S. citizens still work the soil. As it unfolds, one learns about massive soil erosion as well as bureaucratic inertia and the farm lobby's shortsightedness.

"The story of how we got into the current farm mess," writes Ulrich, a grains analyst and former member of the Chicago Board of Trade, "is a sort of 'How the West Was Won' in reverse." By 1910, American farmers ranked as the most productive in the world, even though their numbers were already beginning to decline. Through the 1960s, American farming remained at the pinnacle of world agriculture. "The United States was number one in productivity, in the size of its food surplus, in its export market share, available farm capital, applied technology, transportation, processing and refining, storage capacity," says Ulrich.

Iowa farmers protest foreclosure in 1985.

What happened? The shift from smaller to bigger farms brought in larger equipment and practices which, though profitable in the short run, eroded topsoil faster than it could be naturally replaced. U.S. government policies were also, at best, contradictory: Pork-barrel irrigation projects, for example, increased corn production at the same time the Department of Agriculture was jumping through hoops to reduce it. And mounting competition abroad—millions of acres of soybeans planted in Brazil, the "green revolution" in India—reduced demand for U.S. crop surpluses.

Things have only gotten worse in recent years, Ulrich shows. During the 1980s, world demand for U.S. farm exports dropped from a 1981 high of nearly $44 billion down to $26 billion five years later. Plunging sales abroad meant increased commodity surpluses and lower crop prices at home. Farmers who had gone deeply into debt during the 1970s to expand their operations now found themselves in serious trouble.

Not everyone was sympathetic. "For the life of me," David A. Stockman, then director of the Office of Management and Budget, said in 1985, "I cannot figure out why the taxpayers of this country have the responsibility to go in and refinance bad debt that was willingly incurred by consenting adults." Ulrich thinks that Stockman "made sense"—to a point. But Stockman came to "the more dubious conclusion that there were too many American farmers in 1985." On the contrary, Ulrich contends.

Unlike Stockman, Ulrich would not leave agriculture to the free market's invisible hand. Although he believes present, "ruinous" government programs favoring large farms should be abandoned, he argues that they should be replaced by support for small, owner-operated farms that "have a far more desirable impact environmentally and socially." Ulrich outlines a detailed program for encouraging soil stabilization, reforestation, and farm employment

maintained at five percent of the total population, all of which could help revitalize small towns and local industries. "No area of national policy," he argues, "has the same kind of power for good or ill as does farm policy."

THE USES OF ADVERSITY: Essays on the Fate of Central Europe. *By Timothy Garton Ash. Random House. 335 pp. $19.95*

It would seem foolhardy to publish a book about Central Europe at a time when daily newspaper articles about the region often prove outdated by the time they hit the streets. These 16 essays by the London *Spectator*'s foreign editor originally appeared in *The New York Review of Books, Granta, The Times Literary Supplement*, and the author's own publication; they date from the winter of 1983 to the summer of 1989. Yet there is little that is stale about them. They are saved, in almost every case, by Garton Ash's historical intelligence, his acute readings of cultural politics, and his deft portraits of key political players, many of whom (particularly those on the Polish scene) he knows first hand. The *New York Review* essays even entered directly into the political dialogue that helped shape the new Poland and the new Hungary: Hastily translated, they enabled reformers there to see events in their own country within the larger context of a collapsing Soviet Empire. The tempo of "refolution"—Garton Ash's neologism for the revolutionary reforms we are witnessing in Budapest, Warsaw, Prague, and East Berlin—has accelerated dramatically since last summer. But this collection will endure because it depicts so exactly, and often presciently, the region on the brink of its most dramatic political transformation since the early years of the Cold War. While clearly enthusiastic about the prospect of a reinvigorated, democratized Central Europe, Garton Ash remains soberly realistic about the dangers that lie ahead for an area with so troubled a past: "Can Central Europe be put together again . . . at the very point where it has most often, most horribly, and (from the point of view of neighboring empires) most successfully been divided—at the point where different nations, races, cultures, religions try (or fail) to coexist?"

Arts & Letters

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: Speeches and Writings. *Edited by Don E. Fehrenbacher. Two volumes. Library of America. 898 pp.; 787 pp. $35 each*

Abraham Lincoln is only the second American president—after Thomas Jefferson—to be "canonized" by inclusion in the Library of America's collection of "America's greatest writers." Does this mean that Lincoln, in addition to being a great president, should be reckoned among our great literary stylists?

Here are close to 1,700 pages of speeches, letters, messages, and even a few poems by which to arrive at a judgement. Certainly Lincoln's status as a stylist and writer was harder earned than Jefferson's. In his 1860 campaign autobiography, Lincoln reports that he never entered a college or "accademy" [sic] until he became a lawyer. "What he has in the way of education," Lincoln (a genius of understatement) writes of himself, "he has picked up." Yet, for all his homespun, unassuming airs, he made himself into a person of genuine culture: He attended the theater and the opera regularly, and he read widely. "Some of Shakespeare's plays," he said, "I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any unprofessional reader"—a literary training that few politicians, or non-politicians, can better.

At his best, Lincoln enters the company of Walt Whitman and Ralph Waldo Emerson; like them, he is a biblical prophet who has learned to use the American vernacular. The Civil War made Lincoln a stylist, because his biblical cadences were inspired by what was to him a *holy* war: "He [God] gives to both North and South, this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence [slavery] came." Lincoln's most remembered passages—"Four score and seven years ago" (from the Gettysburg Address) and "With malice toward none, with charity for all" (from the Second Inaugural)—are religious, not political, rhetoric.

Yet in sheer quantity the great speeches are outweighed by pedestrian addresses to interest groups like the Wisconsin Agricultural Society. What the reader finds in most of these two volumes is not art but the conditions for art—not always great speeches but the process of revision that makes great speeches possible. As though in some enormous rough draft, Lincoln kept reworking the same ideas over and over, first in casual formulations, until at last—as in the "House Divided" speech—they issued forth in concise, unforgettable expression.

ELLEN FOSTER and **A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.** *By Kaye Gibbons. Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill. 146 pp.; 158 pp. $13.95 each*

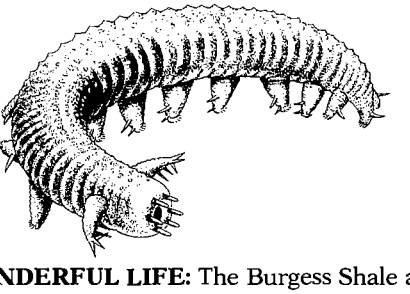
To add the name of a new author to the company of William Faulkner, Katherine Anne Porter, Tennessee Williams, and Thomas Wolfe is no small matter. Yet Kaye Gibbons, a housewife from Raleigh, North Carolina, not yet 30, has added a voice, original and recognizable, to southern literature.

Eleven-year-old Ellen Foster, the heroine-narrator of Gibbons' first novel, calmly describes her mother's illness: "You see when she was my size she had romantic fever I think it is called and since then she has not had a good heart." Ellen suffers, after her mother's death, some of the worst relatives found outside a Dickens novel. But Ellen represents the triumph of the decent and the practical over the tragic: "I fed myself OK," she says when her drunk father fails to appear for meals. "I tried to make what we had at school but I found the best deal was the plate froze with food already on it."

Gibbons' new novel, *A Virtuous Woman*, set in a contemporary but unnamed southern state, is filled with the family love so painfully lacking in Ellen's story. In alternating chapters, Jack Ernest Stokes ("stokes the fire, stokes the stove, stokes the fiery furnace of hell!") and his wife Ruby narrate their separate hardships, their unlikely meeting, and 25 years of living together. Before Jack, Ruby had a disastrous first marriage: "I just hated that the first big decision I ever made was the kind that can kill you if you make a mistake." Before Ruby, Jack had "never come close to marrying. Until I met Ruby I suppose the sweetest thing I'd ever asked a woman to do for me was to hold a mule still while I hitched him." Despite Jack's being a poor tenant farmer and 20 years older than Ruby, they build a good marriage. Yet it is hardly a match for life's sorrows—childlessness and Ruby's cancer. During the terminal stages of the disease, she fills the freezer with enough meals to last Jack through the winter. "Then maybe he'll feel up to planting a garden, carrying the whole thing through by himself."

Obviously, Gibbons can border on sentimentality, but she is saved by her vision of hard vicissitudes and necessary graces. More remarkable are Gibbons' spare sentences and paragraphs in which not a word can be changed without serious loss. From Madison Smartt Bell to Bobbie Ann Mason, contemporary southern writers describe a South shedding its distinctive features—as though Faulkner's mellifluous tragedies had washed up somewhere between tract home and shopping mall; these younger writers' language rarely sounds distinctively southern. But Gibbons' idiom—dry and practical as a farmer's skin, studded with clichés that somehow seem fresh, semi-illiterate yet never so intrusive as dialect—is recognizably southern and recognizably hers. And it is this, the creation of a voice, that makes her cousin to the "old masters," Flannery O'Connor, Eudora Welty, and even Faulkner himself.

Science & Technology



WONDERFUL LIFE: The Burgess Shale and the Nature of History. *By Stephen J. Gould. Norton. 347 pp. $19.95*

In 1909 the prominent geologist and longtime-head of the Smithsonian Institution, Charles Doolittle Walcott, was digging in a quarry in the Canadian Rockies when he uncovered a

Pandora's box of fossils which would eventually—more than 50 years later—turn upside-down the orderly Darwinian theories of evolution.

The Burgess Shale—"little taller than a man, and not so long as a city block"—is a rock slab containing a plethora of early life: creatures with more different body plans than there are in all the oceans, rivers, and lakes on the Earth today. The shapes of fossil-creatures from the Burgess Shale are more than passing strange. Close your eyes and imagine the *Opabinia*, a worm with five eyes on stalks, back claw, and a vacuum-cleaner nozzle up front. Or try to picture a huge *Anomalocaris*, two feet long, also with stalk eyes, a triangular and undulating fluted body, teeth, and curved, front-feeding appendages—a true terror from the deep.

Darwin described evolution as an inevitable progression from worse to better, the weak giving way to the fit, extinct species having "fathered" the superior creatures we know today. But the Burgess Shale creatures are nobody's ancestors, and their body plans are unreflected in any existing species. One morning half a billion years ago, an underwater landslide or some similar catastrophe buried them. Yet Walcott, who spent years studying these strange creatures, was determined to classify them as primitive ancestors of existing animals. Convinced that evolution was both linear and progressive, Walcott had no choice but to "shoehorn" his bizarre finds into existing categories.

Now let a half-century pass (not much time, after all, when you're dealing in billions of-years), and in 1972 three Cambridge University paleontologists—Harry Whittington, Derek Briggs, and Simon Conway Morris—decide to take a new look at the Burgess Shale fossils. They bring to the task new "theories about the basis of natural order" and a healthy appreciation of chance and catastrophe in nature's course. Aided by new techniques for reconstructing the shapes of crushed fossil forms in three dimensions, they find not Walcott's traditional arthropods and mollusks but a myriad of unimagined forms. In *Wonderful Life*, Harvard biologist Gould shows how this reclassification undermined the old Darwinian assumptions. "The history of life is a story of massive removal followed by differentiation within a few surviving stocks," says Gould, "not the conventional tale of steadily increasing excellence, complexity, and diversity." The Burgess Shale is thus appropriated as evidence for the theory of evolution which Gould espouses, called "punctuated equilibrium": Contingency, as much as "survival of the fittest," determines evolution. When a catastrophe occurs, when an ice age commences or an asteroid plows into the planet, some species perish and the luckier survive.

Gould writes for non-specialists, and he makes the Tale of the Shale an entertainment. But besides the entertainment is the sobering reminder of how scientific theories make facts quite as often as facts make scientific theories. By revealing how, in the Burgess Shale interpretation, intellectual climate was as influential as actual evidence, Gould challenges the comfortable notion of science as being strictly scientific, an objective ordering of facts.

MACHINES AS THE MEASURE OF MEN. Science, Technology, and Ideologies of Western Dominance. *By Michael Adas. Cornell. 430 pp. $29.95*

When Europeans in the early 16th century ventured to far-off places such as China, India, and Africa, they were fascinated by the tools and weapons they found. But, from the earliest contacts, the European explorers judged these devices inferior to their own technological instruments. Such a comparison was not innocent; nor was it without political consequences. As Adas, a Rutgers historian, relates, "scientific and technological measures of human worth . . . dominated European thinking on issues ranging from racism to colonial education" for centuries and served as the irrefutable justification for the "civilizing-mission" ideology that led to Europe's global hegemony in the 18th and 19th centuries.

Instead of admiring China for its refined culture, Europeans viewed the "Chinese failure to develop the full potential of such key inventions as gunpowder and paper" as an indictment of the stifling, "despotic Chinese government." By the same token, the "perceived lack of inventiveness and scientific curiosity on the part of the Africans" allowed Europeans to consider them as biologically inferior, an attitude

that rationalized the slave trade.

These feelings of superiority persisted into the 20th century, Adas notes. Their legacy has prompted many emerging nations to try to develop the very technology used so long to dominate them. After World War I, the European powers began sharing their technical (as well as organizational) know-how with their former colonies. Adas suggests that "greater sensitivity to African and Asian thought systems, techniques of production, and patterns of social organization" might have enhanced the chances for economic success in the emerging nations. But the first generation of leaders with Western-style educations, such as Jawaharlal Nehru (1889–1964) of India, hardly proved champions of their own countries' historic systems of production. Nor did they heed developmental constraints imposed by local traditions and resources. Instead, they pushed for full-scale industrialization, deeming it essential for social and economic reconstruction.

Adas closes by arguing that, given the toll it would exact on diminishing ecological resources, world-wide industrialization "might not be in humanity's best interest." Adas thinks the West should convince African and Asian peoples that more modest strategies of development, rooted in their own traditions, are every bit as valid. Yet he realizes that, to Third World peoples, his argument may seem "obviously self-serving." And he admits that neither he nor anyone else has a truly workable "system to propose as a replacement for the scientific-industrial order." Technology became the "measure of men" centuries ago; today humanity must deal with the consequences.

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(signed) Suzanne Turk, *Business Manager*

Will Deconstruction Be the Death of Literature?

Today, college students often describe their English courses in jargon that barely sounds like English at all. Hearing the word *deconstruction*, puzzled parents may suppose that their children are talking about urban renewal, not literary criticism. Yet deconstruction is the reigning school of literary theory. It is also the most difficult to comprehend, and the most controversial. Deconstructionist theory, Frank McConnell shows, not only challenges the way we think about "texts," authors, and readers: It attacks the ideal of tradition, even as it raises doubts about the notion of meaning itself. No wonder it has sparked debate in and around the academy. But, as McConnell reminds us, literary criticism since the time of Matthew Arnold has rarely been an innocent, ivory-tower pursuit. At stake in the "lit-crit" wars are our most cherished cultural values.

by Frank D. McConnell

A popular joke defines comedy as the second oldest profession, which, like the first, has been ruined by amateurs.

I would suggest that the truly oldest profession is poetry—or storytelling, or mythmaking, or whatever tag you put on people's habit of describing themselves, their experience, and their mortality as if they all somehow mattered. If this is so, then surely the second oldest profession is that of critic, the interpreter, judge, and custodian of the primal fables. And the question of whether the craft has been ruined by amateurs—or, indeed, by professionals—is at the center of a vituperative debate that has been raging on American and British campuses for at least a decade.

The debate may sound like an esoteric academic squabble. But it has serious implications for the future of humanistic studies in both countries and, for that matter, throughout the West. It does because it touches on the sensitive connections between our inherited culture and our political lives.

Quite apart from these larger implications, however, the study of literature is itself in crisis, as momentous a crisis as it has known for a very long time. The cause

is the school, or theory, or method, that both its adherents and its adversaries—and a growing number of bewildered innocent bystanders—refer to as "deconstruction."

As with most controversial terms, it is hard to say exactly what "deconstruction" means. Trying to do just that, in fact, is largely the point of this essay. But let's begin with a caricature: Deconstruction is a critical theory, deeply French at least in its origins, that finds the real significance of literary and philosophical texts not in their explicit meanings, nor even in their implied meanings, but in their unintentional meanings—in the slips, evasions, and false analogies that betray the text's "ideology." It is a way of reading *against* the text, and its aim is to achieve an unprejudiced, value-free vision of the societal and political power-structures underlying the classical "canon" of great works of Western literature. Drawing its analytic technique mainly from the methods of modern structural linguistics, deconstruction is suspicious of, and sometimes openly hostile toward, the tradition of bourgeois liberal humanism that has long dominated European thought. Many of its high priests are French—the philosopher-critic Jacques Derrida, the psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan, the social historian Michel Foucault; in America, the priesthood includes the literary critics Paul de Man, J. Hillis Miller, and Geoffrey Hartman.

All this, as I said, is a caricature. Deconstructionists doubtless will find it distorted and loaded with unjustified assumptions. They are very good at finding such things. But caricatures, while distortions, are not necessarily falsifications. (Nixon *did* have bushy eyebrows; Reagan *did* have a weirdly overtrained pompadour.) And not even the most insecure adherent of the school would deny two other facts. First, deconstructionist criticism is almost invariably written in a convoluted style and with a specialized vocabulary that excludes all but the initiated from penetrating its arguments. And second, despite their obscurity, papers of a deconstructionist bent dominate the proceedings of such weighty assemblies as the annual convention of the American Modern Language Association. More to the point, the people who deliver those papers are being hired, in increasing numbers, by the faculties of the most prestigious British and American universities.

The interplay among economics, academic politics, and "disinterested" thought should surprise no one. Frederick J. Newmeyer's *Politics of Linguistics* (1986) convincingly traces the rise and fall (and funding) of linguistic theories in relation to their usefulness to the American defense establishment, despite the "liberal" or even anti-establishmentarian content of many of those theories. Two distinguished scholar-critics, Lee Patterson in *Negotiating the Past* (1987) and Jerome J. McGann in *Social Values and Poetic Acts* (1988), similarly suggest that deconstruction, despite its radical critique of the humanist tradition, is, in its politically hygienic disengagement, the perfect academic support-wing for an acquisitive, historically irresponsible, and globally rapacious society. Such claims, especially voiced in rhetoric like this, can sound unduly partisan, if not shrill. Surely, deconstruction is not necessarily the running-dog tool of an "insidious establishment."

And yet the critics have a point. It is a truism that systems which explain—or claim to explain—"everything" (consider German philosophical systems such as Schopenhauer's and Hegel's) are usually systems that leave the objective status quo unscathed. Deconstruction is profoundly "conservative" if only because its concentration on all human reality as somehow linguistic implies that the universe is an infinitely complex but unchanging and unchangeable text.

Even the magisterial Derrida is sensitive to this charge. In 1987 he published a

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THE CRITICS: TWO FAMILY TREES

THE FRANCOPHONES

Ferdinand de Saussure
(1857–1913)
Ordinary language is, in reality, a code.

Claude Lévi-Strauss
(1908–)
Even cooking is a language, with its own grammar.

Paul de Man
(1919–83)
The critic creates the book.

Roland Barthes
(1915–80)
A wrestling match can be read like a book—and vice versa.

Jacques Derrida
(1930–)
Literary texts have no "meaning."

THE ANGLO-AMERICANS

Matthew Arnold
(1822–88)
The critic serves as secular priest.

Thomas Stearns Eliot
(1888–1965)
Every great writer revises the Tradition.

Ivor Armstrong Richards
(1893–1979)
Literature is therapy, making the reader whole.

Cleanth Brooks (1906–) **& Robert Penn Warren**
(1905–1989)
Irony, metaphor, ambiguity—the stuff literature is made on.

Northrop Frye
(1912–)
Books are old myths in new bottles.

long essay on the imprisoned South African black leader Nelson Mandela in an attempt to demonstrate the political "engagement" of his method. But, perhaps predictably, Derrida's argument amounted to little more than the assertion that, under enforced silence, Mandela had become a kind of mute text. It is hard to suppress a sigh: Is *this* all the new school has to tell us about as clear and present an evil as apartheid?

Such charges against the deconstructionists are serious. They amount, in fact, to a writ of *mauvaise foi*, or hypocrisy (the worst sin in the existentialist's index), against the theory's originators and especially the comfortably tenured, spouse-kid-and-Volvo practitioners who are paid to teach something called "literature" and who achieve professional success by writing essays comprehensible only to fellow inductees. No anti-deconstructionist that I know of has yet applied the parable of "The Emperor's New Clothes" to deconstruction, as tempting as the comparison might be. But after 1987, the parable may no longer be needed.

That is because 1987 was the year of the de Man scandal. Until his death in 1983, Paul de Man was the major proponent of deconstruction in the United States. It was de Man, a scholar of French and comparative literature at Yale University, who established the dogma that the difference between "critic" and "creator" of a literary text was an illusory one. Spreading the new gospel, the Belgian-born scholar became the guru of hundreds of bright Yale students, many of whom went on to establish themselves as professors of literature throughout the nation. But in late 1987, four years after his death, history intruded upon de Man's reputation and influence. It was revealed—first in the *New York Times*—that during World War II, in his native Belgium, de Man had written essays for a pro-Nazi newspaper. Quite a few essays.

Such discoveries, though disturbing, are not that uncommon in the history of this century. The great German philosopher Martin Heidegger not only wrote pro-Nazi essays but was a member of the Party; in France, Paul Claudel, François Mauriac, and even the mandarin André Gide welcomed the Vichy government as the fulfillment of historical destiny. There is no lack, in any nation at any period, of respectable intellectuals capable of rationalizing the unspeakable.

Yet de Man had not merely rationalized it; he had *suppressed* the rationalizations, and had done so while busily becoming the leader of a movement which argues that history and politics are irrelevant to critical apprehension. It could appear, in other words, that de Man's exultation of the critic as an intelligence somehow above or beyond the chaos of history was really a way of reinventing himself, distancing himself from his real—and thoroughly dishonorable—involvement in that chaos. "Trust the tale, not the teller," said D. H. Lawrence. And of course it is vulgar to criticize an idea in terms of the conduct of the person who formulates or proclaims that idea: It would be difficult to take Ezra Pound, or even Socrates, very seriously if we did. And yet, as the puzzle-of-the-week panel on the Sunday comics page says, something was wrong—quite wrong—with this picture.

Something was wrong enough, anyway, for the *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, and *Time* to feature the story as a sign of serious problems in the halls of academe. In *Harper's* (July 1988), Mark Edmundson, a professor of English at the University of Virginia, wrote an article about the scandal entitled "A Will to Cultural Power." Literary critics, explained Edmundson, trained on the largely American and humanistic New Criticism and anxious to preserve their perceived role as ethical arbiters, found in deconstruction a denial of the moral and political function to which they were dedicated. Naturally, and sometimes with unbecoming glee, they welcomed the de Man revelations as evidence of the moral bankruptcy of a position they were predisposed to loathe.

The deconstructionists were equally quick to come to the defense not just of the method but of de Man himself. Geoffrey Hartman in the *New Republic* and J. Hillis Miller in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, among others, rationalized or attempted to diminish de Man's culpability. In the spring 1988 issue of the journal

Critical Inquiry, Derrida published an essay which analyzed the *style* of de Man's pro-Nazi, anti-Semitic articles, discovering in them "incessant conflict . . . a *double-edge* and a *double-bind*." Derrida concluded that even while writing the articles de Man had also inserted "a counter-text," anti-Nazi and anti–anti-Semitic. The defense, to put it mildly, was ingenious.

Even before the de Man scandal, however, many people in and around academia thought something was at stake in the debate over the latest French philosophical import. Outsiders were a little more sceptical: Could there really be that much at issue in what is, after all, only the way we read poems and novels and plays?

The short answer, I believe, is yes. For the ways we read literature also affect the ways we read advertisements, and newspaper articles, and ultimately the instructions in the voting booth. The answer in its longer form, like the long form of the Internal Revenue Service, is both more complicated and more revealing.

I earlier described criticism as the second oldest profession. But in Anglo-American culture, the *institution* of the profession is fairly recent. In fact, it can be assigned a precise date. In 1857, Matthew Arnold, the son of the headmaster of England's famous Rugby School, was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He was the first non-cleric elected to that position and the first to lecture on the subject of English literature. Both facts are significant. Arnold (1822–1888) can justly be called the "father" of Anglo-American literary criticism. One of the renowned poets of his age, an assiduous public servant (Government Inspector of Schools), and a man of impeccable moral virtue, he established the model of the academic critic not just in his writing but in his very presence: genial, learned, open but judicious, perhaps a trifle stuffy (one would never say, "pompous"), and *very* serious about the function of literature. "I am bound," he wrote in "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" (1865), "by my own definition of criticism: *a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.*"

As self-conscious heir of the Romantic vision (Arnold is chiefly responsible for the use of "Romantic" to describe Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron), as witness to the cultural and economic ravages of industrialism, and as a troubled victim of the 19th-century religious crisis, Arnold found in criticism the best antidote to the confusion of his time. The inculcation of civilized values ("the best that is known and thought") would, he believed, help raise his age out of the materialist morass into which it was sinking. At the same time, and in the conclusion to "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," Arnold acknowledged the sadness of his nobly-chosen task. "That promised land [a truly humane society] it will not be ours to enter," he writes, "and we shall die in the wilderness; but to have desired to enter it . . . will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity."

Arnold imagined the critic as Moses, the prophet and lawgiver. But the critic was *not* the Messiah. According to Arnold's scheme, the "Messiah" would be the fully energetic, fully visionary poet—who the critic, by dint of his profession, could never be. The fact that Arnold was the first Oxford Professor of Poetry to lecture on English rather than on classical literature was a sign of his commitment to making the business of criticism relevant to the literature of his time. But as heir to all the clerics who had previously held the post, Arnold, and his Anglo-American successors, continued to regard their function as a quasi-clerical one, a theology in search of objects of worship.

Arnold made this clear in his famous prediction of 1883, in "The Study of Poetry": "More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry." Arnold's great precursor among the English critics, Samuel Johnson, would never have made such an assertion (or experienced the anxiety underlying it). For all his internal conflicts, Johnson *was* a fiercely devoted believer and *was not* an officially sanctioned prophet of culture.

Arnold broke new ground. And in do-

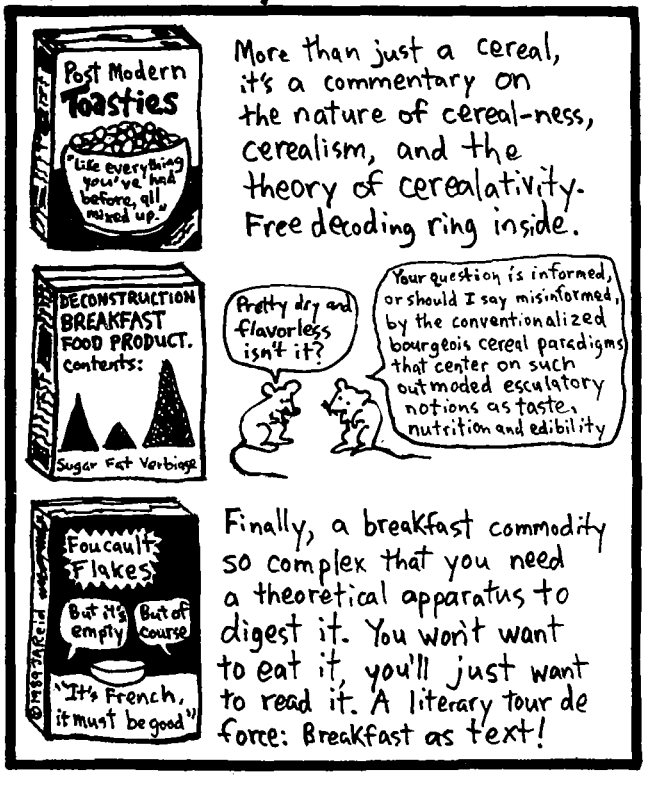
ing so, he introduced tensions into the critic's role that have endured until this day—at least until the recent advent of deconstruction. The critic's task, according to Arnold, is to stand apart from the vulgarizing, leveling spirit of the age and to guide it to finer, more humane attitudes by the example of his own sensibility. For while Arnold shared in the religious skepticism of his time, he fiercely maintained the moral standards that had been upheld by the old, lost creeds.

Oscar Wilde, whose first volume of poems was published in 1881, the year after Arnold published "The Study of Poetry," is a crucial example of the Arnoldian influence. If Arnold was a diffident poet, and a trifle stuffy, Wilde was self-advertising and almost unbearably flamboyant. "Would you like to know the great drama of my life?" Wilde once said to André Gide. "It is that I have put my genius into my life—I have put only my talent into my works." In fact, the title of his most brilliant play, *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895), is a send-up if not specifically of Arnold then of the whole Victorian standard of "high seriousness," of which Arnold was the chief voice.

But in his very aestheticism, in his inversion of the Arnoldian values, Wilde not only admits their force but in fact explores their further implications. "Art should never try to be popular," he writes in *The Soul of Man under Socialism* (1891); "the public should try to make itself artistic." Beneath the flair and arrogance of this pronouncement lies the idea of the critic as culture-bearer carried to its logical conclusion. Wilde asks the question, "Is criticism really a creative art?" He answers it by saying, "Why should it not be? It works with materials, and puts them into a form that is at once new and delightful. What more can one say of poetry?"

By the first decades of our century Anglo-American criticism had become a fairly well-established affair. It was humane, generous, centered on a canon of "great works," and profoundly committed to the idea that, by a proper "appreciation" of the canon, a person participates in the life of the culture altogether. It was, in short, Arnoldian.

Genial as this approach was, it nevertheless implied a certain class consciousness, or, put bluntly, a certain snobbery. It implied that *not* being capable of perceptions, and the *right* perceptions, about art was a sign of the vulgar and the declassé. It barred one from the tribe of the elect. Not having the right perceptions left one in the category of the Texas millionaire in the British Museum who complained to one of the guards, "You know, I've looked at all of these pictures, and I sure don't see anything so great about them." "But sir," replies the guard icily, "the *pictures* are not on trial."



The deconstructionist rage to reduce all things to "textuality" knows no limits, cartoonist Jeff Reid makes clear.

The very idea of a literary "canon" is borrowed from the study of sacred texts (the Bible, the Koran), where the texts themselves tend to dictate the possible responses to them. Not surprisingly, then, the next important phase of criticism turned out to be a revision of the idea of the "canon" itself, and a shift of emphasis from "appreciation" to "analysis." It was what came to be called during the 1930s, '40s, and '50s the "New Criticism." Its indisputable fathers were I. A. Richards and T. S. Eliot.

Richards was a Cambridge, and later a Harvard, professor; he was also a distinguished semanticist. Eliot, of course, was the most unavoidable poet of the age, widely perceived as the herald of modern poetry after the long Victorian-Edwardian twilight. What the two men had in common was a reorientation of the critical stance. Eliot, beginning with the essays in *The Sacred Wood* (1920), argued for a revision of the "tradition" in terms of its relevance to the sensibility of a modern reader. His enormous influence brought about a virtual revolution in taste, with previously "minor" poets (e.g., John Donne) usurping the place of previously "major" ones (e.g., Percy Bysshe Shelley). Eliot's cautious "modernizing" of the tradition to suit a contemporary intelligence was reinforced by Richards's books. In *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924) and *Practical Criticism* (1929), Richards insisted that the correct reading of poetry entails a careful attention to the verbal and metaphoric structures *intrinsic* to the poem (or novel or play) itself and not to its general cultural or historical resonances.

A generation of young critics and teachers on both sides of the Atlantic developed these notions into the New Criticism. Among the New Critics were William Empson (*Seven Types of Ambiguity*, 1930), Kenneth Burke (*A Grammar of Motives*, 1945), Cleanth Brooks (*The Well Wrought Urn*, 1947), and René Wellek and Austin Warren, whose *Theory of Literature* (1949) achieved almost sacred status, at least among American practitioners of the craft.

The New Criticism insisted on the independence of the literary work of art from considerations of political relevance or of historical "rank." This school of criticism assumed that literature is a form of knowledge completely different from our everyday, practical knowledge; that its ambiguity and irony (favorite concepts of the New Critics) are much closer to our most intimate experiences of life; and that learning to read these ambiguities is to learn to deal with the universal life experiences they describe. The "high seriousness" of the Arnoldian plan is still there. But now literature is no longer the test of universal civilization; instead, it constitutes personal civilization. This was an appropriate ideal for a culture that was becoming increasingly fragmented and individualistic.

No one who took a college English class between 1945 and 1970 fully escaped the influence of the New Criticism. In America especially, the New Criticism amounted to a glorious revolution in the role and self-image of the English teacher. Literature was not just a poor academic relation of the sciences; it was a discipline with its own innate value, its own mysteries. Journals were founded and academic careers were made.

Two points must be made about this, on the whole, immensely valuable movement. First, the requirements for interpreting the texts had been relaxed. One no longer needed to be Matthew Arnold, a carefully cultivated model of civilization; one needed only to *keep one's head* in reading the text. The New Criticism represented a kind of democratization of culture, and that is the second point to be made about it. The demographics of the profession of English altered radically after World War II. People for whom the leisurely sounding "profession of humanities" would previously have been out of the question now found that such work was within their grasp. The dominance of the New Criticism was due not only to its ideological appeal but also to the coincidence of its emergence with the passing of the G.I. Bill. Thanks to this piece of legislation, a generation of young men—and, with more struggles, women—found themselves able to enter a profession which previously would have been beyond their economic means. More important, they had at hand a critical approach which

did not require readers of poetry to fit the Arnoldian mold of upper-class gentlemen. The liberal arts had been liberated.

But any school of thought, once established, begins to generate dissidents. In 1957, the Canadian critic Northrop Frye published his *Anatomy of Criticism*, which at the time seemed a radical challenge to the New Criticism. Frye, a former Anglican cleric, took his cue from anthropology and comparative religion rather than from semantics and stylistics. He argued that the "meaning" of a literary work lies in the way that work reincarnates one or another of the elementary mythic structures of consciousness by which human beings have always understood their lives. Reading the poem is learning to re-read the myth behind it. But for all the controversy it initially generated, Frye's approach now seems in the mainstream of Anglo-American assumptions about literature: There is still a text, there is still a method of approaching and deciphering the text; and there is still the belief that, somehow, to do this is *good* for you.

And now we can begin to understand why deconstruction tends to disturb so many critics trained in the mainstream English critical tradition—and why it intends to do so.

"What is at stake," wrote Jacques Derrida in his seminal book *Writing and Difference* (French publication, 1967), "is an adventure of vision, a conversion of the way of putting questions to any object posed before us." Derrida's statement is not the definition of deconstruction—even deconstructionists admit that the method is almost impossible to define. What it articulates is the *fervor* with which the school announces itself, the sense that something grand and definitive is about to be achieved. Derrida's chief American disciple, de Man, wrote in his last book, *Allegories of Reading* (1979), that deconstruction "will in fact be the task of literary criticism in the coming years," and that "the distinction between author and reader is one of the false distinctions that deconstruction makes evident." De Man's statement recalls Wilde's aphorism that one should either be a work of art or wear a work of art. But Wilde, unlike de Man, was joking.

It is virtually impossible to say what deconstruction *is*; indeed, it is the nature of the beast to elude definition. "For it is precisely this idea," observed Christopher Norris in his book *Derrida* (1987), "this assumption that meaning can always be grasped in the form of some proper, self-identical concept—that Derrida is most determinedly out to deconstruct." Norris here indicated one keynote of the school: the denial or repression of nostalgia for the idea of *meaning itself*, the denial of the unity of utterance and intent upon which Western criticism is founded.

An old parable says that the hare was the fastest runner of God's creatures, until he began to wonder *how* he ran. Similarly, you are a natural deconstructionist if you have ever, while reading a book, realized that you *were* reading a book, or, in the middle of a conversation, realized that you were having a conversation, and that part of your mind was scripting your role. Such moments, when they occur, as they do to all of us, we ordinarily suppress as bothersome interruptions of the business of reading or speaking. But what—asks the deconstructionist—if these moments of vertiginous self-awareness are actually the *reality* of our life in language?

What I have called the "unity of utterance and intent," Derrida calls by the much more resonant name "presence." Quite simply, the Derridean position is that such presence, an inviolate meaning in the text, the sentence, or the word, is never really present. "It is only in God that speech as presence . . . is realized without defect," he wrote in *Writing and Difference* (and of course, for Derrida, "God" in this sense is an untenable hypothesis). Derrida insists that language is an arbitrary choreography of symbols. And to say this is to say that what language teaches us is precisely that we are linguistic animals.

If one were to search history for a patron-saint of deconstruction, a suitable choice might be the pre-Socratic philosopher Parmenides. Parmenides had an excessive, almost mad faith in the evidence of language over the evidence of experience: Deconstruction returns to that Parmenidean sense of the unity of all being in language. In *Allegories of Reading*,

de Man implies that man's whole universe is encased in various levels and kinds of language, or at least language-like structures: "Literature as well as criticism . . . is condemned (or privileged) to be forever the most rigorous and, consequently, the most unreliable language in terms of which man names and modifies himself."

In his two great books of 1967, *Writing and Difference* and *On Grammatology*, Derrida argues for this essential emptiness at the heart of all Western discourse and bases his argument on a critique of the very founder of that discourse, Plato. It was Plato's "invention," Socrates, who not only perceived the Idea—the pure truth which lies behind all thought—but spoke it in dialogue. Derrida points out that "Socrates" only exists for us because Plato *wrote* about him. That paradox, of course, is almost as old as the study of Plato himself. But for Derrida it suggests something besides paradox. It suggests that *writing*, the artificial production of meaning, is prior to speaking.

This assertion—the primacy of *writing*—at first blush violates everything we know about human evolution. Deconstructionists would not be unduly disturbed: Their concern is not human evolution in an objective sense but human self-perception as reflected in the universe of human speech. In fact, discussion of the *artificiality* of the word derives from Ferdinand de Saussure's posthumous *Course in General Linguistics* (1913)—the text that serves as the cornerstone of 20th-century structural linguistics. In describing language as a *code* understandable only in its own terms, without reference to a myth of "meaning," de Saussure not only founded modern linguistics but made possible the science—or technique—of structuralism.

When practiced by de Saussure's most brilliant followers, Michel Foucault and Claude Lévi-Strauss, there was something strikingly anti-humanistic about the "new science" of structuralism. In *The Savage Mind* (1966), Lévi-Strauss declared "the ultimate goal of the human sciences" was "not to constitute, but to dissolve man." And Foucault, surveying the origins of humanism in *Les Mots et les Choses* (*The Or-*

A (SORT OF) RETURN TO HISTORY

Deconstructionists have not been alone in challenging the received idea of the humanistic tradition. A group of scholar-critics calling themselves the New Historicists have, in the last decade, mounted an attack upon the authority of the text from what initially seems a quite different perspective: not the denial or the escape from history, but rather an insistence on the pressure of history upon the creation of art.

The New Historicism insists that an individual work of art is comprehensible *only* within the context of the economic, behavioral, and political forces of the culture out of which it arises. This is not really a *new* approach—Confucius insisted that from reading a poem one ought to be able to deduce the poet's own province and personal habits. Nor is it especially *historical*—these are mainly English professors who rely largely on secondary sources and catchy anecdotes. Nevertheless in the work of clever, thoughtful critics like Stephen Greenblatt, Richard Helgerson, and Mark Rose, the New Historicist impulse—it can hardly be called a method—has produced suggestive re-readings of classic texts, especially from the Renaissance.

And yet the New Historicism, as a movement, may be only a more Anglocentric version of the deconstructionist enterprise. In both cases, the critic or interpreter—the second oldest professional—usurps the place of the first. And if the text disappears into a haze of semiological abstraction, or if it disappears beneath catacombs of historical complexity, the result is the same. Like Alice according to Tweedledum and Tweedledee, it isn't really *there* anymore. So are we again confronted with a new literary criticism that betrays the very idea of literature?

der of Things, 1966), argued that, "in every culture, between the use of... the ordering codes and reflections upon order itself, there is the pure experience of order and of its modes of being." In other words, the point of studying the codes as codes—of studying systems of signals as signals while dispensing with the reality being "signalled"—is to allow you to grasp the nature of codification itself: to see that all human activity is somehow "encoded," organized according to rules that may lie far below the surface of behavior. And to think this way, at least implicitly, is to free yourself from the codifications of your own culture—to become that Cartesian ideal, an unconditioned intellect.

Lévi-Strauss and Foucault thus originally represented a liberating endeavor, a shattering of encrusted cultural and intellectual prejudices. Likewise Roland Barthes, that most generous and gentle of literary critics, structuralized or "semiologized" culture as a way of freeing or making "unconditional" our enjoyment of it. In his inaugural lecture as Professor of Semiology at the Collège de France (1977), Barthes identified the tyranny of cultural codes by saying that, "In every sign sleeps a monster, a stereotype: and I can never speak without dragging along what my language *implies*." He went on to apply semiology to everything from Racine and the Gospels to fashions of dress and professional wrestling. Barthes's intentional playfulness had the ironic effect of making "anti-humanist" structuralism (or semiotics) into a covert from of humanism: He devalued "the tradition" in order to rediscover it as a living thing.

But the danger that lurks in this kind of approach to the "text"—whether an individual book or a whole culture—is that the "text" may disappear or, worse, become irrelevant under the self-serving complexity of the analysis applied to it. Derrida's emphasis on the "primacy of writing" can in fact lead to the assertion, glamorous but suicidal, that "writing" is all there is, that the world of references no longer matters. At one extreme of deconstruction, all dictionaries become thesauruses. Everything is destroyed but the voice of the critic himself, presumably blessed by a vision of the meaning within the meaning of the text he pretends to be discussing. Text becomes, once and for all, *pre*text. It is not that there are no values. It is that to ask about values is to betray a deplorable enslavement to history and lack of taste.

This is the real significance of Derrida's most important term, *différance*. There is no such word in French. By the invented French term *différance*, Derrida means to imply the inescapable difference, gap, or void between sign and signified ("word" and "thing" in old-fashioned terms). *Différance* suggests the way meaning is always deferred. In later writings, Derrida and Derrideans have even taken to the use of a new typographical sign: as in ~~tree~~, ~~justiee~~, ~~fire-hydrant~~, or ~~elass-struggle~~. In each case, the ---- is supposed to indicate the simultaneous absence and presence of the concept in the written sign for the concept, suggesting that the text can never really say what the text seems to want to say. As with so much of deconstructionist theory, the concept of absence-in-presence implied by those ---- (or "erasures," as deconstructionists like to call them) can be demonstrated through the work of Lewis Carroll. In *Through the Looking Glass*, Alice meets Tweedledum and Tweedledee, good deconstructionists, who insist that she is only a figment of the Red King's dream, and that if he awakens she will disappear. She is, in other words, not Alice but A~~lice~~. But "I *am* real" says Alice, beginning to cry, and leaving herself open for a masterstroke of deconstructionist argument: "You won't make yourself a bit realer by crying," Tweedledee remarks: "There's nothing to cry about."

We have come a long and twisting way from a "disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." But the fact is that an original, quasi-revolutionary movement in French intellectual life has taken firm root among those safe and conservative people, Anglo-American academics. *Why* this has happened is a matter for sociologists. However, since the question affects not just the internecine feuds of literary intellectuals among themselves—about which nobody wisely cares much—but the very nature of literary education in Amer-

ica and England, it is a question worth examining.

Matthew Arnold may or may not have been right, but he was certainly righteous. Anglo-American universities still honor his idea that a literary education somehow contributes to good citizenship. Deconstruction not only challenges the idea that it does so contribute but argues seriously that the *idea itself* is a form of institutionalized conditioning—or, to put it in a Derridean way, a form of ~~humanism~~. Yet deconstruction presents an approach to literature almost void of any connection between what we read and what we do, between literature and the so-called "real world." Does this gap, as a number of critics have suggested, violate the idea of criticism and constitute a betrayal of the sacred texts by the very people charged with protecting those texts?

Although I am not myself a deconstructionist, my answer is no. Economics, tenure, and faddism aside—a very large aside—I think the current deconstructionist vogue can be seen as a necessary phase in the history Arnold set in motion over a century ago. Since literature, in Arnold's vision, had assumed from religion its functions of illumination and instruction, it seemed almost a corollary that literary critics establish a canon. By the mid-20th century, however, mainstream Anglo-American criticism had not only a mission and a canon, it had settled into an orthodoxy. Yet orthodoxies inevitably produce countermovements of dissent, or heresies. And to some extent, deconstruction can best be understood as a literary heresy paralleling Christendom's best-known religious heresy—gnosticism.

Suppressed by the official Christian Church, the early gnostics were philosopher-mystics who found in the scriptures a meaning beyond, or sometimes counter to, the public, "canonical" meaning of the text. Re-reading or misreading the established Christian texts, the gnostics were, in a fashion, deconstructionists. And the point of their "deconstruction" was precisely the liberation of the *self*; their use of the text to that end was more important than the "historical" reality of the text itself. The gnostics thought the unity and stability of the world a delusion, beyond which lay a greater reality, pure Being itself. In analogous fashion, deconstructionists find the unity and stability of the text an illusion, but now the greater reality, the true being, is the critic's or reader's. The deconstructionists' debunking of the text's supposed meanings and coherent patterns, in effect, liberates the critic-reader—like the gnostic "self" set free—from all orthodoxies of language, text, and interpretation.

Without the gnostics, the history of Western thought would have been immeasurably poorer. For all the censorship of their ideas, they directly or indirectly produced figures as essential as St. Francis and Martin Luther and Søren Kierkegaard. They kept alive, *against* orthodoxy, the essential tension of dissent, without which orthodoxy inevitably degenerates into a lifeless formation.

That is a comforting, reassuring evaluation of the deconstructionist invasion of American literary criticism. About historical necessity, about the elementary importance of reading great (or trivial) books, about the best that has been known and thought, the younger practitioners of deconstruction seem to know and care nothing. And yet the very energy of their unconventionality is a stimulant, and even the arrogant complacency of their insularity is a challenge. What they may have to teach us, even in their final failure, is that the enterprise of criticism still matters, that reading *is* training for thinking, and that however hard we try to deface the canon—however hard we deny the ideal, bourgeois-humanist picture correlating what we say and what we do—one equation nevertheless holds. Literature matters to us, because we are the matter of literature. In our culture, in the beginning was the word, whether written or spoken. And as deconstructionists would put it, the ~~word~~ is not on trial.

Summing Up the Reagan Era

What really happened to America during the Reagan era? Answering that question will occupy historians for years to come. But now that the decade Reagan dominated has come to a close, statistical data and trends are beginning to provide at least a preliminary answer. Karl Zinsmeister, who makes it his business to find out what numbers are saying, here offers a numerical portrait of America during the 1980s.

by Karl Zinsmeister

For all the academic ink devoted to the subject of revolution, history is rarely discontinuous, rarely an affair of dramatic leaps or breaks. While rhetoric and the emotional environment can shift quickly, the actual workings of a society usually change at about the same rate as the proverbial freight train. Just the same, there are occasional turning points in any nation's life, when the engine crests a hill or enters a deep curve. The train remains a train—momentum intact—but thanks to a thousand small changes in pressure and direction among its moving parts a different hum rises from the tracks.

Since we now find ourselves at the end of a decade, the question naturally presents itself: Were the 1980s such a time for America?

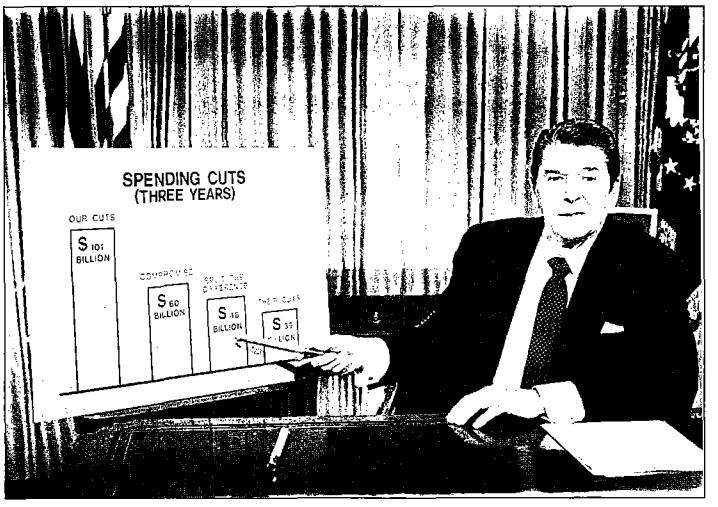
Viewed presidentially, the '80s were one part Jimmy Carter, eight parts Ronald Reagan, and one part George Bush. The decade seems destined to be known, however, as the era of the "Reagan Revolution." Just how revolutionary a time it was depends upon where you set your gaze, but the range of sub-possibilities extends from "More than you might think," to "A lot less than you've been told."

At its self-proclaimed core, the revolution was a clear underachiever. For an epoch supposedly characterized by its backlash against government spending, government intrusion, and government presence in national life, there was far less action than fanfare. Not a single public housing project was privatized. The sagebrush rebellion didn't pry any western lands out of Uncle Sam's grasp. Zooming farm subsidies and protections cost a total of $200 billion during the 1980s, by far the highest figure in our history. Enterprise zones, school prayers, and "the anti-communist resistance" in Nicaragua were so real to White House staffers as to have earned their own function keys on the speechwriting computers. But to average Americans they remained just slogans. Not a single tuition or social-service voucher was ever handed to a poor person over the head of a bureaucrat. And not only is there still a Department of Education, it spent one-and-a-half times as much in 1989 as it did ten years earlier.

In fiscal year 1980 the federal budget totaled 22.1 percent of U.S. GNP. By 1989, the figure had dropped all the way to 22.2 percent. No axe job! Not even any whit-

tling! No decrease at all! (For ancient history buffs, the figure was 16.0 percent in 1950.) That's the revenge of the Neanderthal conservatives?

Even on the narrower front of federal taxes, where it is constantly claimed that the Reagan administration made cuts of "irresponsible" proportions, the changes were distinctly mouse-like: Over the decade, the proportion of national output channeled into the federal till went from 19.4 to 19.3 percent (compared with 14.8 percent in 1950). And if state and local taxes are taken into consideration, one can only conclude that during the 1980s the American people took a little more government onto their backs.



President Reagan sometimes had trouble explaining his budgets to the nation. During his budget speech of April 29, 1982, he couldn't get his red marker to work on his charts.

Mathematicians in the audience will detect a mismatch between the taxes-in and spending-out figures cited above. That discrepancy is called "the deficit," a definite growth sector and the favorite subject of the policy class during most of the last decade. The federal deficit stood at $74 billion in 1980, peaked at $221 billion in 1986, and weighed in at $115 billion by decade's end. So much for fiscal prudence and other pinched Republican concepts.

Accumulated and metamorphosed over the years like so much sea-bottom silt, federal deficits eventually become federal debt, an increasingly plentiful quantity in America during the 1980s. On New Year's Eve 1979 the national debt stood at $834 billion. Ten Auld Lang Syne's later it hit $2.3 trillion. These figures inspired rare harmonic caterwauls from both the right and the left.

Recent U.S. binging, however, appears only routine when viewed against the behavior of other big-spending national governments. The U.S. deficit has lately amounted to a little over 3 percent of GNP. The Japanese—they of the mystical discipline, the sober frugality—were running up tabs half again as large, as of 1987. The Canadians, Austrians, and Spanish were also overspending their allowances by a larger portion than the United States, and the Italians, Irish, and Belgians, heaven help them, actually had double-digit deficit/GNP ratios.

If we sharpen our focus on U.S. budget figures even further and look toward the supposed heart of the Reagan hit list—social welfare spending—we still see little evidence of any adherence to an anti-bloat diet. Federal spending on Social Security, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, health, housing, education, and anti-poverty measures totaled 4.9 percent of GNP in 1960, 7.8 percent in 1970, 11.3 percent in 1980, and 11.3 percent in 1987. Much ballyhooed overhauls of the Social Security and welfare systems, replete with "blue-ribbon" commissions, presidential task forces, and "shadow committee" proposals resulted in the end in two distinct "Poofs!" that could be heard hundreds of miles from the nation's capital. Both reform efforts ultimately carried far more fingerprints of steady-as-she-goes Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan than of the would-be earthquake inducers in the Reagan administration.

The Reagan presidency was not without its effect on the budget, however. Raising spending is a lot easier than reducing it, naturally, and in the area of national de-

fense a notable expansion was accomplished. From its 1980 level of just under $200 billion, defense spending was increased to slightly more than $300 billion in the late 1980s (both figures in 1989 dollars). Here too, though, ephemerality was the byword. Defense outlays, which had represented 9.5 percent of GNP in 1960, 8.3 percent in 1970, and 5.0 percent in 1980, bobbed up to a peak of 6.5 percent of GNP in 1986 before dribbling back under six percent again by the decade's end.

People who understand physics claim that entropy is the law of the universe, but in Washington, D.C., inertia dominates. Truth is, the alleged "political realignment" of the 1980s produced relatively minor alterations of policy, and it resulted in almost no lasting change of casts. Following the relatively short-lived dominance of Republicans in the Senate (1981–87), the iron rule of the incumbents (which in Congress means Democrats) reasserted itself. In recent elections, incumbents in the House of Representatives have been victorious in literally 99 percent of their races. (Early in this century it was common for half of all Congressional incumbents to be replaced in an election year. As recently as the late 1940s, about one-fifth got dumped.) Competition has effectively disappeared from national representational politics.

The two lasting political effects of Reaganism are disparate: Party identification has taken a so-far enduring swing toward the GOP, with self-described Republicans even becoming a majority among some young voting cohorts. Among 18- to 29-year-olds, for instance, 52 percent inclined to Republicanism in the first quarter of 1989, versus 33 percent in 1980. (While young voters tend to be comparatively liberal on issues like race and gender, they toe a more conservative line on economics, crime, and foreign policy.) And the Supreme Court, with five reasonably solid right-leaning justices, has been transformed from a clearly liberal institution of more than 20 years standing to what most observers describe as a "moderately conservative" one. (The same is true for the federal judiciary generally.) Again, however, the transmogrifying jump was distinctly un-quantum like.

But the federal fisc and Washington are not the nation. In the myriad private universes of America, movement during the last 10 years was much more rapid. Indeed, change ranging between gradual and dizzying was virtually the rule.

For one thing, the pace of technical innovation—which accelerates largely without regard to ditherings beyond the laboratory—continues to defy most people's expectations. Scientific advances initiated in the 1980s include the first higher-temperature superconductivity, the first anomalous indications that nuclear fusion may be possible at sub-stellar temperatures, creation of the first genetically altered animals, and the first field tests of genetically engineered plants.

It must be remembered that personal computers and workstations—of which there are nearly 60 million now in operation—were only invented in the 1980s. Likewise cellular phones (a couple million in motion), laser printers (more than 3 million), any number of new drugs, and a host of other daily-life-changing products. Undoubtedly, though their significance is often hard to grasp at the moment of breakthrough, the advances now sweeping electronics, biotechnology, chemistry and other hard sciences will eventually cause our era to be thought of as an epochal one in human civilization.

The results of these quiet marches can be seen in fundamental indicators like life expectancy. Average life expectation for a child born in the United States was 70.8 years in 1970, 73.7 in 1980, and 75.0 in 1987. With each passing year during the 1980s, average life spans increased 67

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days. (To lay a prominent Reagan-attack to rest, infant mortality rates also continued to improve steadily during this period, falling from 12.6 deaths per 1,000 births to 9.9 in the first eight years of the decade.)

To put improvements of this magnitude in perspective, consider that when my still-living grandmother was born in 1900, U.S. life expectancy at birth was 47.3 years (10 years *below* the current level in India). The nearly 28-year improvement in longevity in her lifetime is more than occurred during the previous 10,000 years of human history.

It takes serious exertion to achieve progress like that, and the United States has spared no expense. In 1980, health expenditures represented 9.2 percent of our Gross Domestic Product. By 1986, they had jumped up to 11.1 percent and are still climbing. We spent $1,926 on health for every man, woman, and child in the country in 1986—far more than, for instance, the $831 invested by the Japanese, or the $1,031 per capita expended in West Germany.

We also poured a lot of money into our education system during the 1980s. Spending per elementary and secondary school student zoomed up 26 percent from 1980 to 1988, and the average salary of public-school teachers rose 23 percent (both figures in constant dollars). Our high-school drop-out rate edged down a couple percentage points—among blacks it was down about a third from 1980 to 1987. And college attendance continued to increase to an all-time high of 55 percent of all high-school graduates in 1986.

It's not clear, however, that all the extra effort improved the quality of education. During the 1980s, employment in school administrative bureaucracies grew two-and-a-half times as fast as employment of instructors. Barely half of all school employees today are full-time teachers. And judging by test results, not all of those teachers are teaching that well. The national average combined Scholastic Aptitude Test score bottomed out at 890 (out of 1600) in 1980. When the figure rebounded to 906 by the mid-1980s, backs were thumped everywhere. But average scores commenced to fall again after 1987. Our best assessment of nationwide educational competence stood at 903 as the decade ended, compared to an average score of 958 in 1968.

To return for a moment to the subject of life and limb, there is one very troubling 1980s retrogression that must be noted. Life expectancy for black Americans has actually *fallen* since 1984, an unprecedented occurrence. Given the health-care spending surge and all the countervailing technological factors regularly pushing life spans up, only a serious breakdown in the social arena could drag the figure lower. Unfortunately, such a breakdown exists today, in the form of the drug abuse and homicide epidemics which are tragically sweeping black communities across the nation. Jesse Jackson has taken to saying that dope is doing more damage to African-Americans than KKK ropes ever did, and on this critical statistical axis he is literally correct.

But the crime and drug waves which so damaged underclass communities during the 1980s went against society-wide trends. U.S. overall crime victimization crested in about 1979, and fell 14 percent for violent crime, 23 percent for personal thefts, and 28 percent for household thefts in the nine years following. The national trendlines on drug use by high school students peaked at about the same time. The fraction of high school seniors reporting use of an illicit substance within the previous 12 months declined 29 percent from the class of '79 to the class of '88.

Tougher law enforcement during the 1980s may have had something to do with these shifts. There were 29,000 criminal defendants convicted in U.S. District Courts in 1980 (about the same number as in 1970). By 1988 the number had jumped to 43,000. Likewise, the number of federal and state convicts behind bars increased from 316,000 in 1980 to 674,000 eight-and-a-half years later.

If gradual progress was ironically accompanied by a public sense of worsening crisis in the areas of crime and drugs, in another area almost the opposite phenomenon took place. The 1980s were the decade when the family arrived as a political issue. The public saw infant strollers clogging neighborhoods full of baby-

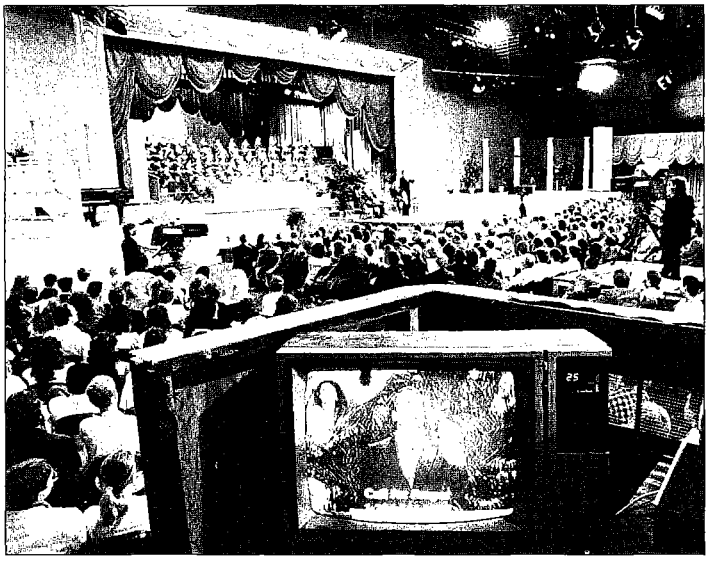
boomers and concluded that the return to traditional family values the president was calling for had actually taken place. Not so. The divorce rate did finally level off in the early 1980s, but that is mostly because the marriage rate had fallen so low. And divorce has stabilized at a level more than double the pre-1970s norm. (Current rates, extrapolated into the future, suggest that half of today's marriages will eventually break up.)

As for the birthrate, it has not risen from the low, less-than-population-replacement level it hit in the mid-1970s. All those strollers you are seeing are just a consequence of the aging of the baby boomers. An entire, large generation has hit the swollen-belly stage, but per couple they are having relatively few offspring (an average of 1.8 per woman, which doesn't even fill the places of mom and dad). Since the mid-1980s, for the first time in our history, the number of childless households in the United States has exceeded the number containing children.

And traditionalism is hardly on a roll. During the first seven years of the 1980s, right in the midst of a supposedly calm and conservatizing era, the number of births out of wedlock soared 40 percent. The astonishing result is that by the end of the decade one-quarter of all children born in America arrived without benefit of married parents. Literally a majority of them will depend upon welfare payments instead of a contributing father.

The combined result of 1980s divorce and illegitimacy patterns is that 27 percent of all children in this country now live apart from one or both of their parents. (In Japan, 96 percent of all children live in two-parent families. Could broken homes, with known negative effects on "human capital," be part of our competitiveness problem?) An even more frightening fact is this: At *some* point in their childhood, at least 60 percent of all American youngsters born in the 1980s will spend time in a single-parent home.

If family salvation and shrunken government were Reaganisms that just didn't happen, a few other battle cries translated more successfully into reality. While critics worried that greed and self-interest would overwhelm the voluntarism and individual accountability called for by the president, Americans remained very generous during the 1980s. Private giving for philanthropic purposes increased from $49 billion to $104 billion in the first eight years of the decade. More than four-fifths of that was comprised of individual donations. Corporate giving also jumped, by 66 percent in seven years. Mutual aid and fraternal cooperation are alive and well in the United States, as further indicated by the jump in national non-profit associations, from 14,726 in 1980 to 21,911 in 1989.



Live from Heritage Village Church near Charlotte, N.C. Scandals have shaken "televangelism," but religious TV viewers increased from 42 percent of Americans in 1980 to 49 percent in 1989.

The Reaganites always insisted that the best aid program in the world was economic growth, and of that there was a surprisingly large measure during the 1980s. As this is being written in the waning weeks of 1989 the United States is entering its 85th straight month of economic growth, the second longest expansion since record-keeping

began in 1854, and one that economist Herbert Stein characterizes as "the longest and strongest *noninflationary* expansion in our history."

In addition to confounding economists of varying hues, this long expansion did nice things to the pocketbooks of American citizens. Median family income, in constant 1988 dollars, stood at $29,919 in 1980. The decade-opening recession pushed it down to $28,708 by 1982. Then over the next six years it zipped up to $32,191. Income per capita, in many ways a purer indicator because it is not distorted by changes in family configuration over time, grew even more strongly: up a total of 17 percent from 1980 to 1988, or an annual rate of 2 percent since the expansion began.

Two percent annual growth sounds unexceptional, until you realize that it would *double* your standard of living in 35 years. For most of human history, an increase in life quality of that magnitude would have taken many generations. Today it is the legacy of a single presidential term.

Growth like that also has a way of eating up surplus labor. Early in the decade the air was full of talk of long-term "structural" unemployment. By late 1989 unemployment was just a bit over 5 percent, and a record 63 percent of all Americans 16 and over were in harness. The raw aggregates too are quite impressive: As of 1979, 100 million Americans were earning a paycheck. In 1989 it was up to 119 million. There has been a whole lot of shaking going on in the world of job creation.

Perhaps the best indicator of the progress made on this front is the fact that unemployment stories almost never show up on news programs anymore. Which is not to say we don't have a serious employment problem in this country. We do. As one Vermont state labor official puts it, "You've heard of the discouraged worker effect; what we're seeing is the discouraged employer effect."

New England, with 13 million residents, had a late-1980s unemployment rate of 3.1 percent. In the Maryland/D.C./Virginia region (home to 11 million), the figure was 3.5 percent. In many areas, grave labor *shortages* exist. Eight different states and such diverse jurisdictions as Raleigh-Durham, N.C., Burlington, Vt., Providence, R.I., Anaheim, Calif., Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Madison, Wis., Rochester, Minn., San Francisco, Calif., greater Washington, D.C., Boston, Mass., and the huge Nassau/Suffolk counties region on Long Island had late 1980s unemployment rates between 2 and 3 percent (about as low as these things can possibly go given normal job turnover). The minimum wage has become a fiction in many places (pizza deliverers for the Domino's chain are now paid between $8 and $12 an hour in the nation's capital), and employers throughout the land are finding it hard to fill positions with qualified workers.

Evidence of the rising prosperity of American private lives in the later 1980s could be seen in everything from skyrocketing housing demand (median sales prices of existing homes up 25 percent from 1985 to 1989) to record moviehouse admissions ($4.5 billion in 1988 versus $2.7 billion in 1980) to all-time highs in the fraction of American meals eaten out at restaurants (38 cents of every food dollar in 1987, up from 32 cents in 1980). Forty percent of Americans now attend an art event in the course of a year, 49 percent partake of live sports, 48 percent visit amusement parks. (We now spend the same amount attending cultural events as we do on athletic events. Twenty years ago it was only half as much.) The number of painters, authors and dancers has increased more than 80 percent over the last decade. The number of U.S. opera companies rose from 986 to 1,224 in just the first seven years of the 1980s.

Book purchases are up, national park visits and trips abroad have soared, cable TV hook-ups are climbing, wine sales have jumped, big-ticket athletic shoes are huge sellers. Nearly one out of every five houses now standing in the U.S. was built since 1980. Numbers of motor vehicles and numbers of phones have risen toward saturation (more than one of each for every adult in the country), and video cameras, microwave ovens, personal computers, food processors and other gadgets have come out of nowhere since 1980 to take their places right next to the toaster and other "necessities."

Expanded choices and new services confront even the reluctant consumer. Anyone spinning the FM radio dial in 1989 encountered a great many more stations than he or she did in 1980 (a thousand more nationwide, up 30 percent). New regional and specialty magazines fill every niche from *Organic Farmer* to *PC World*. Just about any item that a person desires can now be purchased from catalogs which slip conveniently through our mailslots every day.

One example of the increasingly riotous variety that bubbled through American life in the 1980s: The number of different fresh fruits and vegetables stocked by the average supermarket tripled in ten years. Visiting Soviet legislator Boris Yeltsin went home raving that the Americans HAVE 30,000 ITEMS IN THEIR GROCERY STORES! The fact that before returning he converted all his lecture fees into hypodermic needles—one of thousands of vital low-tech commodities that Mother Russia has found it impossible to produce in adequate supply—indicates how grotesquely fantastical these material riches must seem to people in countries of low economic creativity.

Perhaps out of frustration, many talented residents of those less creative nations decided to vote with their feet during the 1980s. Nearly 6 million legal immigrants came to our shores during the decade, a little less than half from Asia, somewhat under 40 percent from Latin America and the Caribbean, and most of the rest from Europe. The number of people of Hispanic origin in the United States rose from 15 million in 1980 to 20 million in 1989, and the ranks of Asian-Americans grew from 4 million to about twice that. Measures to draw immigrants from various continents in somewhat fairer relation to the existing make-up of the U.S. population were wending their way through Congress as the '80s drew to a close.

One of the biggest statistical "dud" stories of the 1980s concerned our supposed invasion by illegal aliens. After years of hearing alarmist guessers make alarming guesses, the Census Bureau in 1986 finally undertook an official calculation of the extent of illegal immigration to the United States. Their best estimate: about 200,000 per year. (This was prior to passage of the Simpson-Rodino bill in 1986, which tightened things up. Presumably there are fewer these days.)

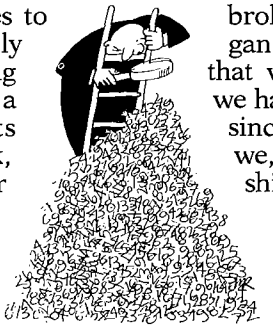
The Census Bureau also attempted to quantify *out*-migration from the country (most of it by foreign-born Americans returning to the country of their birth) and came up with a figure of around 160,000 annually. When the Immigration and Naturalization Service conducted its amnesty program for illegals in the later 1980s, just 1.8 million individuals applied for permanent legal status, confirming that the "undocumented" population in this country is much smaller than the 5 to 20 million figure sometimes bandied about.

A factual survey like this necessarily concentrates on subjects that can be measured and expressed statistically. But many of the most important shifts of the 1980s fell in softer categories, loosely organizable under the topic "cultural attitudes." In the long run, the new cultural thinking that coincided with the Reagan era (I do not wish to make a case here concerning cause and effect) may be more significant to the life of the nation than anything that happened in, say, the governmental or financial realms.

There was, for instance, a pronounced religious revival, with most of the action taking place within evangelical and theologically conservative churches. Even though the total percentage of Americans who attend church weekly is about the same today as it was in 1939—40 percent—the number of persons reporting they watch religious television rose from 42 percent in 1980 to 49 percent in 1989. A network of thousands of religious bookstores has spread across the country. Twenty-five hundred retail stores were members of the Christian Booksellers Association in 1980, versus 3,000 in 1989. If sales figures from such shops were included by the tabulators, religious books by authors like James Dobson, Charles Swindoll, Frank Peretti, Jeanette Oke, Robert Schuller, and Rabbi Harold Kushner would have appeared prominently on U.S. best-seller lists during the 1980s (with around 30 million books sold among them).

In other corners of American culture there has been a pronounced turn toward traditionalism. Our buildings, for instance, are once again being built with columns, ornaments, and gold leaf. On our stages, screens, political podiums, and playing fields, hairy-chested masculinity has roared back as an American ideal. In the music industry, classical recordings began to sell like rock recordings for the first time during the 1980s. Luciano Pavarotti's "Oh, Silent Night" went Platinum (one million or more sales), the Mozart soundtrack for *Amadeus* hit Gold (500,000 or more sales), and other pressings like "Horowitz in Moscow," RCA's "Pachelbel Canon," and Leonard Bernstein's "West Side Story" on Deutsche Gramophone are all approaching bullion status. Many of the most influential new pop artists were dubbed "New Traditionalists" because of their affinities for both older musical styles (acoustic instruments have made a big comeback, for example) and older lyrical themes. Love of family and flag, expressions of faith, and praise for independence and hard work were among the favorite songwriting topics of the 1980s.

Conservatism played well in the nation's bookstores as well. Allan Bloom sold around 850,000 copies of *The Closing of the American Mind*, a book which may best be described as a declamation against the 20th century. The two most influential public-policy books of the decade were a defense of supply-side economics by George Gilder and an attack on the Great Society by Charles Murray (the former, *Wealth and Poverty*, sold 114,000 copies in hardbound alone; the latter, *Losing Ground*, 56,000 copies). After 52 weeks on the fiction best-seller lists, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, Tom Wolfe's conservative critique of urban collapse, continues to sell briskly. Even writers of a usually leftish inclination started behaving uncharacteristically. In 1986, at a Poets, Essayists, and Novelists (PEN) conference in New York, none other than Norman Mailer surprised his audience with a defense of Reagan's Secretary of State, George Shultz.



On television and in film, too, new values—or at least a new wistfulness for old values—became apparent. Among the movies that American audiences consumed most hungrily during the 1980s were ones like "Chariots of Fire," "Top Gun," "Hoosiers," and "Trading Places"—films that treated religion sympathetically, that frankly admired military values, that celebrated small-town virtue, that were anti-communist, that were pro-entrepreneurial and anti-bureaucratic. Among the most popular television fare was "The Bill Cosby Show," with its full embrace of traditional bourgeois family values (top rated for four of its five full seasons to date), and the attacks on liberalism in criminal justice on "Hill Street Blues" (winner of 25 Emmy awards).

The currents and crosscurrents of the 1980s had their cumulative effect in subtle but significant ways. Toward the end of the decade an extremely average American woman named Anita Folmar, one of many conservative Democrats whom Ronald Reagan had induced to become a Republican, was quoted in an unimportant little newspaper piece praising the president for bringing a "return to morality . . . wearing jeans where jeans should be worn, not all the time." That is about as good a summary of the most important presidency since World War II as we are likely to get. Ronald Reagan—himself more a cultural icon, an embodied idea, than an actual motive force—was important mostly because he presented an *altered picture* to America in the 1980s.

In his own daffy way, Reagan characterized the decade perfectly. He wasn't quite the man he claimed to be, and he, like us, didn't carry through on a lot of his boldest resolutions. Few molds got broken during the 1980s. But Reagan projected an idealized image that was rather different from what we had become used to, and he quite sincerely aspired to fill it. He, and we, deeply wanted us to be the old shining city on the hill.

His was a wishful era. And wishes, we know, are very important.

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN

Lawyer Sam Boorstin

The Emersonian dictum—that there is "properly no history; only biography"—finds few better illustrations than the work of Daniel Boorstin. While most historians in the 1960s and '70s quantified and correlated, Boorstin, in such prize-winning works as *The Americans*, recreated the richness and diversity of individual lives. In this memoir of his father—a Jewish lawyer in love with the frontier town of Tulsa—Boorstin brings his relish for historical detail to his own family's past.

by Daniel J. Boorstin

I never knew anyone quite like my father, but then I never really knew my father either. He was a man without a single vice, but with a hundred foibles. He was a "devoted" husband in a miserably unhappy marriage. He was embarrassingly proud of me and advertised my small academic triumphs by stopping fellow Tulsans on the street to show them newspaper clippings, and he thermofaxed my letters home to give to passing acquaintances. Yet he never once praised me to my face. When I won my Rhodes Scholarship to go from Harvard to Oxford, he had no comment, but noted that a neighbor boy had been given a scholarship to send him from Tulsa Central High to the University of Oklahoma. My mother was one of the world's best cooks, not in the gourmet category, but in the Russian Jewish style, spending endless hours in the kitchen to make her cheesecake or her blintzes just right. Then when my father came to dinner from his office (always later than expected) he seldom failed to say that he "would just as soon eat a bale of hay." "Man should eat to live, and not live to eat."

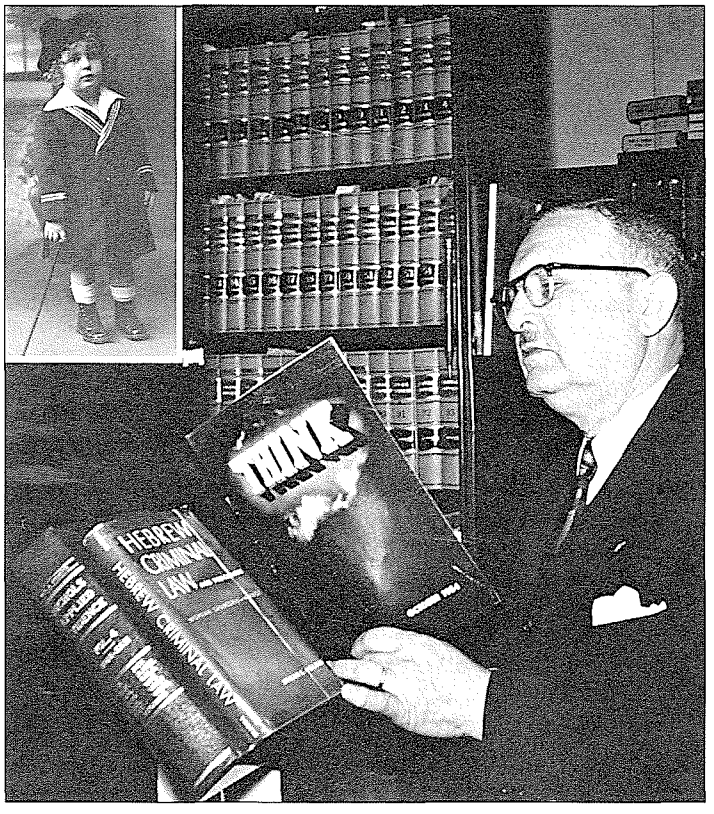
Still, there was never any doubt that my mother ruled the roost, and her tribal feelings confined the family's social life. For most of our years in Tulsa we lived in a "duplex" apartment, with my mother's sister Kate and her husband and daughter living below. My mother's only friend was this sister, but my father was everybody's friend and spent his spare hours in the lobby of the Tulsa Hotel, and later the Mayo Hotel, chatting with acquaintances or strangers or simply reading the newspaper and hoping to be interrupted by a strange or friendly voice. My mother was suspicious of anyone who was not a blood relation (including especially her brothers' wives), while my father's suspicions (with some reason) fell especially on the blood relations themselves. Except for two or three occasions when we entertained at dinner a local merchant who was my father's prize client, I cannot remember a single occasion when we had nonfamily guests in our house or were in another Tulsa home. Everything about our life—including our coming to Tulsa—seemed dominated by my mother's family. I never understood how two people so ill suited to each other could ever have married. But the story of how my father and mother first met was supposed to explain it. And behind that was the story of the last years of

my father's independence, back in Atlanta.

My father always spoke with a warm and soft Georgia accent. His father was one of the many Jews who emigrated from the Russian pale in the late 1880s to escape pogroms, military service, and persecution. This Benjamin Boorstin came on his own and for some reason, never explained, settled in Monroe, Georgia. His brother came about the same time. But the immigration officers spelled his brother's name Boorstein, and so he remained. The two brothers had stores on opposite sides of the street in Monroe, where their differences of name were constant reminders of their recent arrival. Benjamin Boorstin sent for his wife, who came over with their infant, Sam. My father went to school in Monroe. While working in a general store in his spare time he managed to collect the premium tags attached to the little bags of cigarette tobacco he was selling. He sent off a stack of these tags and received one of the primitive plate cameras.

This camera changed his life, for he used it to earn his way through college. Arriving in Athens, Georgia, the site of the state university, he quickly found his way into the office of the president. He showed the president his photographs of the cracked walls and peeling ceilings of the university classrooms. These pictures, and more like them, he said, would persuade the state legislature to grant appropriations for repairs and for new university buildings. With that he applied for the novel job of university photographer and got it on the spot. Then he worked his way through by helping the president with his campaign for larger appropriations and by taking class pictures.

In those days law was an undergraduate subject. When Sam Boorstin received his LL.B. degree he was still under 21, and when he appeared before the judge to be admitted to the bar, it was objected that he was underage. He won his first case when he persuaded the judge to admit him anyway, and so became the youngest member of the Georgia bar. In Atlanta he began practice as junior member of one of the most prestigious old law firms. He spent his spare time joining every fraternal organization that would let him in. These included the Elks, the Odd Fellows, the Red Men, and the Masons. I still have the fine Hamilton gold watch with the Masonic emblem engraved on the back which was given to him when he became the youngest Worshipful Master in the United States. He kept his hand in as a beginner in Georgia Democratic politics, which be-



The Boorstins were still living in Atlanta in 1916 when this picture (inset) of their two-year-old son, Daniel, was taken. Before the year was out, they moved to Tulsa, where Sam established his law practice. Here, many years later, the lawyer poses in his library.

came easier when Governor John Marshall Slaton engaged him as his private secretary. One of Sam Boorstin's qualifications—in addition to personal charm and an outgoing manner—was his elegant handwriting. He had acquired a beautifully rotund and flourishing hand by attending a penmanship school. His flamboyant signature was one of the first mannerisms that I tried to imitate—without any success.

He might have had a career in Georgia politics, even though he was a Jew. But unpleasant events surrounding the infamous Leo Frank case intervened and made this impossible. In 1913, the innocent pencil manufacturer Leo Frank was railroaded on a charge of raping and murdering one of his employees in a turbulent trial that roused the ugliest passions of racism and anti-Semitism that Georgia had ever seen. The case became a newspaper sensation. My father, though still one of the most junior members of the bar, lent a local hand to the defense, as aide to several eminent imported Eastern lawyers, including the distinguished Louis Marshall. When, to no one's surprise, Frank was convicted, my father had the bitter assignment of carrying that word to Frank's wife. In 1915, after his death sentence was reduced to life imprisonment, Frank was seized and lynched by a raging mob, who had the shamelessness to have their photographs taken standing proudly beside the dangling body of the innocent Frank. There followed in Atlanta one of the worst pogroms ever known in an American city, an unpleasant reminder of the Russia from which the Boorstin-Boorstein brothers had fled. My mother's brothers then owned a men's clothing store in Atlanta, whose store windows, like those of other Jewish merchants, were smashed in the aftermath of the Frank case. The prospects were not good for a young Jewish lawyer interested in politics.

Meanwhile, in 1912, my father had married my mother under legendary circumstances. She had come down from New York City to visit her brothers in Atlanta. The handsome and promising Sam Boorstin began courting the attractive Dora Olsan from the "East." The society section of the Atlanta Constitution carried a picture of the pretty visitor with the story of a dinner held at the hotel in her honor. Governor Slaton was present, and at the end of the dinner he arose, offered a toast, and said, "Sam Boorstin, if you don't marry that beautiful girl, I'll see that you're disbarred." Sam married Dora.

The Frank case impelled my mother's three brothers—along with my father and the husband of her sister—to leave Atlanta. They went to Tulsa (then still pronounced Tulsy), Oklahoma, a frontier town in what only nine years before had still been Indian Territory, set aside for the so-called Five Civilized Tribes. In 1916 Tulsa had few paved streets and fewer paved sidewalks. My three uncles opened a bank, and the husbands of the two sisters tagged along, with Kate's husband joining the bank. My father opened a law office, slightly separating himself from the family, and he soon became one of Tulsa's most energetic boosters.

After settling in Tulsa—which my mother despised (and never stopped despising)—my father never really took a vacation. He made a few business trips and once came to England to visit me when I was at Oxford. But he thought Tulsa was a good enough year-round place. My mother (usually with her sister) left town at the first crack of summer heat, usually to go to Atlantic City or some other resort.

It is still hard for me to understand—much less explain—my father's love affair with Tulsa. He thought, or at least said, it was the greatest place on earth. In fact, Tulsa was a frontier village translated into the architecture and folkways of the 1920s. With endless prairies stretching around, there was no good reason for skyscrapers. Still, Tulsa built the Philtower, the Philcade, and the Exchange National Bank

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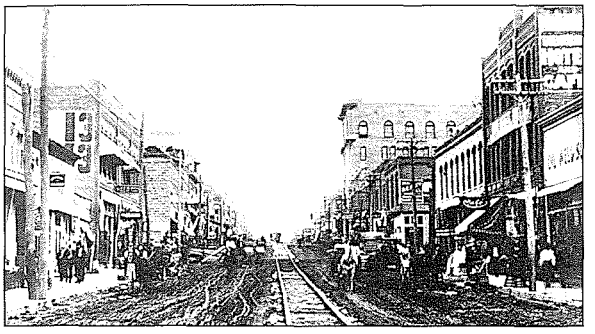


Progress comes to Main Street. The three photographs, from left to right, chart the rapid change of downtown Tulsa during the early 20th century. The dirt road of 1907 was a bricked boulevard by 1909. By 1917, the year after Sam Boorstin settled in Tulsa, Main Street was paved—and the hub of an increasingly modern-looking city.

Building, all of which cast their many-storied shadows across the barren plain. That was where I first understood the American booster's defense against critical overseas visitors. "No reason not to boast, just because the great things have not yet gone through the formality of taking place."

As for culture, there wasn't much. Only a Carnegie library, the annual visit of the Metropolitan Opera Company—heavily sponsored by the best ladies' "ready-to-wear" clothing stores—and Kendall College, a Baptist missionary school to which none of the wealthy local citizens sent their sons and daughters.

My father joined in the manic optimism for the future of Tulsa, which soon called itself "the Oil Capital of the World." Oil was mother's milk to all of us raised in Tulsa. And the gambling spirit infected my uncles, who played for, and won and lost, fortunes in oil. Would their next well be a "gusher" or a "dry hole"? Was it possible to open a new "oil field" on this or that farmer's land? This was the adult jargon most familiar to me.

While my father was a booster for Tulsa, he never became an oil gambler. Instead he became a species of lawyer now nearly obsolete. He was a lone "general practitioner." He never had a partner (my mother never would have tolerated it!), but through his office came a stream of young lawyers just out of law school whom he trained in the old apprentice style. They adored him, but found him difficult to work for. Many of them became district attorneys and judges, or they founded prosperous law firms that far outshone his own. He had his own way—his very own way—of doing everything. This included the way you use an index, the way you hold a pen, the way you talk to clients. Each of these apprentices stayed for a few years and then went on—much wiser in the law and how to practice it, but relieved at not being told how to do everything. I personally suffered more than once from my father's insistence on doing things his way. After I had been shaving for many years my father still insisted on my running the razor against the grain of my facial hair as "the only way to get a close

shave." His golf lessons, offered in a warm spirit of paternal helpfulness, made me hate the game, and I've never gone near a golf course since.

My father would have been happy to see a "Samuel A. Boorstin and Son" shingle outside his office, and to that end he really hoped I would go to the University of Oklahoma. My mother's insistence that "only the best" was good enough and that I must "go East" to Harvard helped save me from all that.

Still, my father's law practice was exemplary for those who believe that the law is a public-service profession. The big money was in oil, and he had a share of corporate oil practice. But what he enjoyed most, and talked about most, was his "general" practice. This was more like the work of a village curate than that of a city lawyer. He was especially proud of the occasion when he saved a hapless girl from disaster. He prevailed on her mother not to seek annulment of a quickie marriage until several months had passed—and so ensure the legitimacy and the financial provision for the baby he wisely suspected to be on the way. This despite the mother's and the girl's protests that "nothing had happened." There were countless occasions when he prevailed on irate husbands and wives not to go for a divorce. And there was the time when he helped secure the acquittal of one of his clients on a murder charge for shooting a rival merchant on Main Street.

As a prominent Democrat he was naturally the best general counsel for the *Tulsa Tribune*, an outspoken, violently right-wing Republican daily. He defended the *Tribune* against numerous libel suits, and despite their provocative and belligerent postures, he never lost a case for them.

He never got rich in the practice, but he had one profitable piece of good luck. A representative of Amtorg (the Soviet oil combine), who had come to Tulsa to improve his knowledge of oil-well technology, was run over by a truck and had to spend weeks in a local hospital. My father took his case and won one of the largest personal-injury verdicts on record in Tulsa at that time. The damages awarded were in the neighborhood of $75,000. This was by far my father's biggest case—which still gives me a warm feeling for the Soviet Union. But from a family point of view there was a price to pay. I don't think my father ever told my mother how much of a fee he had received in this case. But I do remember my mother's frequent question: "Whatever happened to all the Kapalushnikov money?"

My father's law office was a piece of Americana. The place of honor went to a pen-and-ink drawing of a mythical judge representing the Majesty of the Law—which my father had me trace from a picture that impressed him—and a photograph of the justices of the hallowed Supreme Court of the United States. On the walls and under the glass on his desk were mottoes, uplifting aphorisms, and lines of verse. The most poignant message (and now the most obsolete) in those days of breach-of-promise suits was the framed commandment: "Do Right and Fear No Man; Don't Write and Fear No Woman." There were some Edgar Guest poems and Kipling's "If—" in an ornate version printed by Elbert Hubbard's press. And then: "When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name—He writes—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game." His favorite modern literature was Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia."

My father still seems to me to have been the most unmercenary man in the world. He took cases because he thought he could somehow help someone. He never pressed for his fees and took cases without thinking whether the client could ever pay him—which of course infuriated my mother. He also loved to give gifts, and never worried about the cost. There was a particular kind of loose-leaf address book bound in leather which he thought (and insisted) that everyone should use. If a celebrity came to lecture at Town Hall, afterward he would send him one of these books and try to begin a correspondence. Each address book must have cost over ten dollars and they added up. He treasured the letters of acknowledgment he received from the celebrities, which he pasted in a book and showed to visitors to his office.

His law practice required a good deal

of reading—in the extensive law library which he maintained in his office. He invited other lawyers—especially the young ones just beginning—freely to use this library, which must have been one of the best and most up-to-date law libraries in town. His nonlegal reading was myopically focused. If he found a book that he really liked he would give it Biblical status. One particular biography of Judah P. Benjamin—the first professing Jew elected to the U.S. Senate (1852–1861), who held high office in the Confederate States of America and at the end of the war emigrated to England, where he prospered as a barrister—caught his fancy. He never failed to refer to it whenever any question of history or literature arose, and pressed me to read and reread it.

He was an early champion of gummed and printed name stickers and Scotch tape, which he affixed to everything—books, golf clubs, hats, tennis rackets. He could never understand why I preferred the pristine book. This was only one expression of his love of gadgets, his booster faith in the next way to do anything, including laxatives and the latest electronic belts and exercise machines to cure all ills. As an optimist he was a ready victim for visiting book salesmen and their multivolume subscription sets, often in "simulated leather." I remember particularly the unbroken (and mostly unopened) sets behind the glass doors of our living-room bookcase, which included the *Works of Theodore Roosevelt*, the *World's Great Orations*, *Beacon Lights of History*, and the speeches and writings of the notorious atheist Robert G. Ingersoll.

My father's enthusiasm for Robert G. Ingersoll did not interfere in the least with his public stance as a Jew. We were members of all three Jewish synagogues—the Orthodox on the impecunious North Side and the Orthodox and Reform synagogues on the prosperous South Side. My father was active in the Anti-Defamation League and in various inter-faith activities. But I can never remember his presence at a religious service. Very different from my paternal grandfather was my mother's father, who lived with us for many years and was scrupulously Orthodox. Jacob Olsan went to "shul" every day, did no work on Saturdays, and was the reason for our maintaining a kosher kitchen with a separate set of dishes for Passover. The status of Jews in Tulsa was curious. For Tulsa was a headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan, which was responsible for burning down the Negro sections of town in one of the worst race riots of the 1920s. The Klan had no patience for Tulsa Jews, but the Jews somehow paid little attention to their gibes. My father and his Jewish friends looked down condescendingly on them and their like as a bunch of "yokels."

I don't know how much life in Tulsa had to do with it. But just as my father was totally without vice—he never smoked, drank, or to my knowledge womanized—so he was an irritatingly tolerant man in his opinions. I could never get him to express an adverse or uncharitable judgment on anyone—including the Klan bigots and the rising Nazis. He always tried to make allowances for why people did what they did. He was a living example of how immigrant, mobile, westward-moving Americans wore off the edges of their convictions—how the West saved some people from bigotry but provided a fallow ground for bigots. I will never forget his contagious enthusiasm for the novelties of American life, and for the undocumented halcyon future.

Continued from page 22

these empires were converted to the religion and thus inherited the culture.

It also helps if an empire is the only civilizing force in a region. As Issawi points out, "Rome was dealing with relatively primitive peoples and Greece with highly civilized ones, strongly tenacious of their old cultures." Likewise, it was easier for Portugal and Spain to persuade the natives of the New World to adopt their culture than it was for the French to supplant the peoples' powerful ties to Islam in their North African colonies.

In almost every case that Issawi studied "it was the culturally less creative people that imprinted a large area." Good fortune, not merit, he believes, is the stuff of which lasting legacies are made.

PRESS & TELEVISION

TV's Critics

"Real and Perceived Effects of 'Amerika'" by Dominic L. Lasorsa, in *Journalism Quarterly* (Summer 1989), Univ. of S.C., 1621 College St., College of Journalism, Columbia, S.C. 29208-0251.

Liberal critics were hopping mad in 1987 when ABC broadcast its tedious seven-part miniseries, *Amerika*. The miniseries' grim depiction of life in a Soviet-occupied United States, they exclaimed, would turn the American people into raving anti-Soviet Rambos. Although Lasorsa, a professor of journalism at the University of Texas at Austin, does not mention it, ABC aired the miniseries partly to mollify conservative critics, who were hopping mad over ABC's broadcast of *The Day After* in 1983. These critics were convinced that ABC's dire portrait of life in the United States after a nuclear war would turn the American public into pacifist sheep.

As we all know, Americans became neither Rambos nor wimps, and Lasorsa has the opinion poll data to prove it, at least in the case of *Amerika*. But the controversies do raise an interesting question: Why do critics who consider themselves immune to the influence of television assume that others are such utterly helpless prey to it?

Lasorsa suggests an answer. Of the 523 people he surveyed about *Amerika*, 31 percent felt that the program had much greater impact on others than on themselves. Social scientists call this the "third person effect." What was the distinguishing characteristic of this group? Lasorsa found that many thought of themselves as "political experts." But when he tested all 523 respondents for "real" political knowledge, he found that only 22.5 percent of those "high" in real knowledge exhibited the "third person effect" while 34.7 of those who were "low" in knowledge did.

Lasorsa is rather polite in his conclusion: "Perceived political knowledge rather than real political knowledge fuels the third-person effect." In other words, when it comes to television, those who know least criticize most.

No More Deep Throats?

"When Unnamed Sources Are Banned" by Felix Winternitz, in *The Quill* (Oct. 1989), 53 W. Jackson Blvd., Ste. 731, Chicago, Ill. 60604-3610.

In 1988, George Blake, editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, voiced the anxiety of many news executives when he criticized the widespread use of anonymous sources—the ubiquitous "high administration official" or the mysterious "source close to the investigation." News stories that rely on anonymous sources, Blake said, are "trust-me" pieces that make it "difficult, if not impossible, for the reader to evaluate the accuracy of the information presented." Unlike his peers, how-

ever, Blake did something. He banned most anonymous sources from stories in the *Enquirer*.

The result, according to Winternitz, editor of *Cincinnati* magazine, has been disaster. The *Enquirer* (circ: 195,000) has been scooped time and again on local stories. Last summer, television's *60 Minutes* broke the story of illegal wiretaps by local policemen and Cincinnati Bell employees; a Columbus, Ohio, television station revealed Representative Donald "Buz" Lukens's (R.-Ohio) alleged sexual misconduct; the gambling charges against Pete Rose, manager of baseball's Cincinnati Reds, surfaced in *Sports Illustrated* and three Ohio newspapers.

Anonymous sources were vital to the development of all three stories. If every journalist shared Blake's high standards, Winternitz says, these shenanigans would have gone undisclosed.

The *Enquirer*'s George Blake insists that keeping anonymous sources to a minimum is essential to maintaining journalistic credibility. But Winternitz argues that a newspaper that misses big stories "will lose the trust of its readers a whole lot faster than a newspaper that relies on unnamed sources on a daily basis." In his opinion, the *Enquirer*'s policy is "a noble experiment that has failed."

RELIGION & PHILOSOPHY

Praise and Punishment

"In Praise of Punishment" by Stanley C. Brubacker, in *The Public Interest* (Fall 1989), 1112 16th St. N.W., Suite 530, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Americans were outraged to discover last May that Representative Jim Wright (D.-Texas), then Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, had a convicted criminal on his staff. In 1973, before he became Wright's aide, John Mack had assaulted a young woman with a hammer, stabbed her five times, then slit her throat and left her for dead. Miraculously, the woman survived. Mack served only 27 months in jail for his deed.

After the story came out, Mack resigned from his Capitol Hill job. Wright, who had long known of his aide's crime, declared, "I have never regretted giving John an opportunity all these years. I don't suppose anybody is immune from mistakes." Unwittingly, writes Brubacker, a Colgate political scientist, Wright was reflecting the ideas of the contemporary liberal political philosophers grouped around Harvard's John Rawls. These thinkers "cannot take crime seriously."

In his now-classic work, *A Theory of Justice* (1971), Rawls argued that to construct principles of justice we must forget everything that is allegedly morally arbitrary—genetic endowments, conceptions of the good, personal talents and traits. Rawls reasoned that in this "original position" people would be "risk averse." They would choose two principles: 1) maximum individual liberty that is compatible with the liberty of others and 2) social and economic inequality arranged so that the least advantaged would be most favored and so that offices and positions would be open to all under conditions of equal opportunity.

The problem, Brubacker argues, is the assumption in the "original position" that all differences among people are morally arbitrary, or undeserved. If that is so, one can justify creating rational rewards and penalties to shape behavior in the *future*—that is in everybody's self-interest—but not punishment (or praise) for *past* deeds. Criminal sanctions, in Rawls' words, are not "primarily retributive." Many jurists, notably Justice Thurgood Marshall, take the same position.

But punishment must be given its due, Brubacker insists, "for it reminds us of human responsibility as well as the limits of human choice."

Whose Scrolls?

"The Dead Sea Scrolls: A New Perspective" by Norman Golb, in *The American Scholar* (Spring 1989), 1811 Q Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

When Edmund Wilson published *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* in 1955, he popularized—and, indeed, helped to cement—the established scholarly interpretation of their origins. Only 8 years before, in 1947, a young Bedouin shepherd boy had been roaming through the Qumram caves near the Dead Sea when he chanced upon seven Hebrew scrolls. Many archaeologists and historians quickly concluded that they were the work of a tiny renegade Jewish sect called the Essenes.

Noted for their extreme ascetism, the Essenes embraced doctrines, including the duality of flesh and spirit, that resembled early Christian beliefs—one reason why some historians propose that Jesus himself was an Essene. True or not, Essene doctrines represented a departure from mainstream Jewish teachings.

But were the Dead Sea scrolls really written by the Essenes? Golb, professor of Jewish history at University of Chicago, has doubts. For one thing, many more scrolls of similar doctrinal cast have been discovered since 1947, some as far away as the fortress of Masada. Scholars, with procrustean zeal, have forced the new evidence to fit the Essene thesis. But Golb proposes a more elegant explanation: The scrolls, written in Jerusalem, contained a new strain of thinking within mainstream Judaism that was "radically different from its biblical predecessor and the rabbinic Judaism that followed." If that is so, the scrolls are far more important in the history of culture "than writers have been wont to suggest."

But why were documents containing this important, if only transitional, shift in Jewish thought buried throughout the Judaean wilderness and the plain of Jericho? In an effort to preserve them, Golb argues. When the scrolls were buried during the first century A.D., the Second Jewish Commonwealth was fighting and losing a war with the Roman Empire. Between the fall of Galilee in 67 A.D. and the siege of Jerusalem in 70, Golb suggests, Jerusalemites

Joseph Campbell's Mythology

The list of unlikely bestsellers from the academic world grows ever longer. Add *The Power of Myth*, based on Bill Moyers' dialogues with Joseph Campbell on public TV. In *The New York Review of Books* (Sept. 28, 1989), Brendan Gill speculates about Campbell's sudden popularity.

Some of his listeners assumed that the message was a wholesomely liberal one. In their view, he was encouraging his listeners not to accept without examination and not to follow without challenge the precepts of any particular religious sect, or political party, or identifiable portion of our secular culture . . . .

What I detect concealed within this superficial message and ready to strike like one of the serpents that are such conspicuous inhabitants of the Campbell mythology is another message, narrower and less speculative than the first. And it is this covert message that most of his listeners may have been responding to, in part because of its irresistible simplicity. For the message consists of but three innocent-sounding words, and few among us, not taking thought, would be inclined to disagree with them. The words are "Follow your bliss . . . ."

Plainly, to follow one's bliss is advice less simple and less idealistic than it sounds. Under close scrutiny it may prove distasteful instead of welcome. For what is this condition of bliss, as Campbell has defined it? If it is only to do whatever makes one happy, then it sanctions selfishness on a colossal scale—a scale that has become deplorably familiar to us in the Reagan and post-Reagan years. It is a selfishness that is the unspoken (the studiously unrecognized?) rationale of that contemporary army of Wall Street yuppies, of junk-bond dealers, of takeover lawyers who have come to be among the most conspicuous members of our society. Have they not all been following their bliss?

tried "to sequester the city's wealth as well as literature and other possessions of a spiritual nature." And after the spring of 68, the only areas open to them were to the east and south of the city—"that area, in other words, where Hebrew scrolls were discovered in the third, ninth, and 20th centuries."

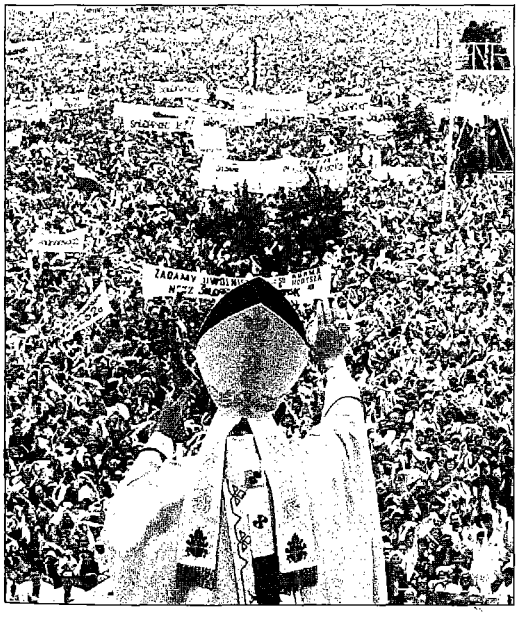
Rome's Crusade For Democracy

"Catholicism and Democracy: The Other Twentieth-Century Revolution" by George Weigel, in *The Washington Quarterly* (Autumn 1989), 1800 K St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

It seems entirely natural today to find the Catholic Church in the forefront of the struggle for human rights everywhere from Poland to South Korea. In fact, writes Weigel, the president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, the Church's "conversion" is relatively recent, and it is not without problems.

As late as 1864, Pope Pius IX rejected out of hand in his *Syllabus of Errors* the notion that "the Roman Pontiff can and should reconcile himself to and agree with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." And Pius IX was considered a reformer!

The Vatican was appalled by the French Revolution, and the idea that man rather than God was the proper focus of earthly government. Above all, says Weigel, it was convinced that religious liberty "would inevitably lead to religious indifference and, given the right circumstances, to hostility toward religion on the part of governments." Thus it favored the restoration of close church-state ties, along the lines of Europe's traditional altar-and-throne monarchies. In 1895, for example, Pope Leo XIII acknowledged that the Church was thriving in America but added that "she would bring forth more abundant fruits if, in addition to liberty, she enjoyed the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority."



Pope John Paul II's visit to Gdansk, Poland in 1987: Religion or politics?

Ultimately, the American experience, along with the rise of communism and fascism and the decline of anti-clericalism among European liberals, persuaded the Vatican to reconsider. An important step came in 1931 with a social encyclical by Pope Pius XI recognizing the importance of what sociologists call "civil society." Pius called it "both a serious evil and a disturbance of right order to assign to a larger and higher society what can be performed successfully by smaller and lower communities."

But the threshold was not crossed until 1965, when the Second Vatican Council officially embraced freedom of conscience, abandoning once and for all state-sponsored religion. Today, Polish-born Pope John Paul II stumps for democracy around the world. It is, Weigel notes, a secondary mission. And the Pope advocates a Whiggish sort of democracy that might make some Americans squirm. As Weigel puts it, the Pope believes that "freedom is not a matter of doing what you want, but of having the right to do what you ought."

Some issues remain to be worked out. How do various theologies of liberation fit

in? And what comes first when the Church faces hostility in the Third World: "inculturation" of democratic norms, or of the faith? Such questions, Weigel says, insure that the Church's intellectual struggle with democracy will continue.

SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY

Cosmic Anarchy?

"Through the Looking Glass" by George Greenstein, in *Astronomy* (Oct. 1989), 21027 Crossroads Circle, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, Wisc. 53187.

Is our universe only one among many? Is it theoretically possible to create a new universe in a laboratory—from 20 pounds of chopped liver?

Not long ago, scientists would have scoffed at such questions. Now, reports Greenstein, an Amherst astronomer, astrophysicists and others have begun taking them seriously because of the work of an MIT physicist named Alan Guth.

In 1981, Guth formulated a new theory that explained certain nagging gaps in the half-century-old Big Bang theory of the origin of the universe. Suppose that during the Big Bang the expanding universe suddenly underwent a quantum "inflation" far greater than hitherto imagined, and in the space of only 10^{-34} seconds. Drawing on the highly speculative "grand unified theory of particle physics," Guth suggested that during the Big Bang, the expanding (and cooling) universe experienced a sudden vast release of energy, just as water vapor releases energy when it cools and becomes liquid. That would cause Guth's "inflation." It would also explain the origin of matter. All of that energy would not merely dissipate after inflation, Greenstein explains, but would be transformed via Einstein's famous equation, $E=mc^2$, into matter: "Lots of matter."

That is why a new universe might, in theory, be created out of a tiny "seed" (the 20 pounds of chopped liver, or anything else) subjected to powerful forces.

It also suggests that nature may regularly create new universes, which stream outward from ours like "bits of fluff blown from a dandelion in spring." Or that our universe is a bit of fluff from an earlier one. These other universes could be ordered on completely alien principles. For example, they may be built without atoms. We might perceive these parallel universes only as "black holes" in space.

Finally, Guth's theory raises the possibility that, if "inflation" occurred unevenly during the Big Bang, even the far reaches

Onward to Mars!

In *Harper's* (Aug. 1989), the poet Frederick Turner proposes a modest cure for the malaise of affluence.

We need a project that will allow us to pursue beauty and truth on a grand scale—a vision as "impractical," "wasteful," "impossible" as the cultivation of Mars. The most stable and perhaps the most contented society in the world, I would say, has been that of ancient Egypt, which for thousands of years poured its surplus wealth straight into the ground, in the form of grave goods, tombs, and monuments. What was more impractical, wasteful, impossible than the pyramids? . . . How are we to employ the beautiful and terrible heroic spirit of humankind, ready for suffering and sacrifice, when we no longer have war and nationalist myth to spend it on? How are we to use those billions of dollars and rubles, which employ millions of workers and serve as a fiscal and technological flywheel, to keep the economy going? Garden Mars! The enormous scale and expense of such a project can, in this light, be seen as one of its great advantages.

of our own universe might be ordered on different principles. If so, the laws of physics are not truly universal.

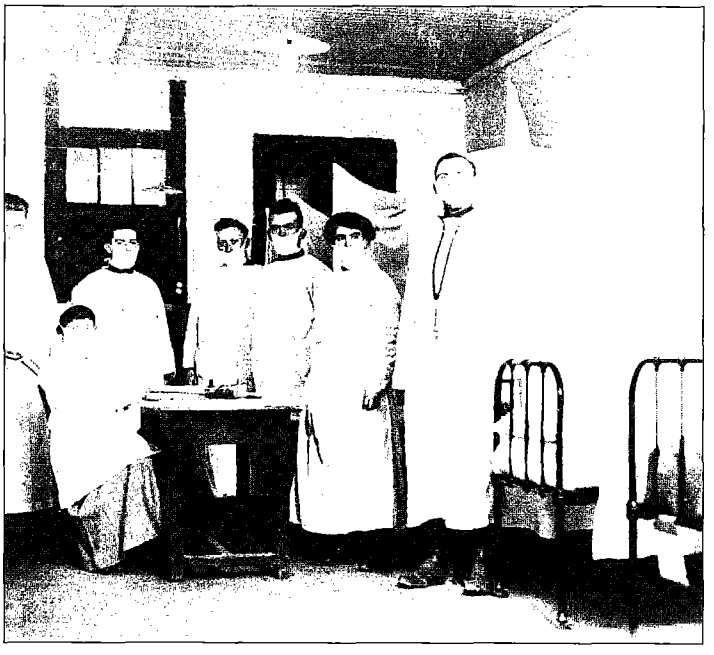
All of this is purely speculative, Greenstein cautions. But even if Guth is wrong he has moved us forward to "a great juncture in the evolution of our ideas about the cosmos."

A New Andromeda Strain?

"The VIRAL Advantage" by Rick Weiss, in *Science News* (Sept. 23, 1989), 1719 N St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

What if the AIDS virus could spread as easily as the common cold?

That horrifying possibility is not ruled out by medical researchers, reports Weiss, a *Science News* correspondent. Viruses have recently been found to possess an alarmingly high propensity to mutation—once in every 10,000 replications. In 1983, a benign virus present in chickens mutated into a deadly avian influenza in a Pennsylvania poultry farm. Before the epidemic ended six months later, 17 million chickens were dead. "The [1983] chicken population in Pennsylvania is like the world as it is in this moment," warns Robert G. Webster, a virologist at St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tenn. "There are millions of us 'chickens' just waiting to be infected." (The AIDS virus, which has infected five to 10 million people worldwide, was apparently once carried only by African monkeys.)



The great "Spanish flu" influenza epidemic of 1918–19 claimed 20 million lives worldwide, including 500,000 in the United States.

Far more common than mutation, but every bit as threatening, is the spread of existing viruses from hitherto isolated locales. Recently, for example, Lassa fever erupted in Nigeria after a "diamond rush" in the interior put humans in contact with a virus-carrying mouse. During the 1960s, several West German polio researchers died from a mysterious disease that caused bleeding and blood clots. The reason: They had been working with Ugandan monkey cells infected with a previously unknown organism now called Marburg virus. In 1977, Rift Valley virus jumped from South African sheep and cattle, its usual hosts, to humans. Making its way to Egypt, it infected millions of people and killed thousands.

Bearing everything from new strains of the flu to AIDS, viruses continue to confound scientists. They are not at all certain that they can contain new viruses in the future. They do agree on one thing: More research laboratories are needed in the tropical countries where new outbreaks most frequently occur. With these "listening posts" and proper planning, Weiss says, medical researchers might be able "to nip the next Big One in the bud."

Space Junk

"The Junkyard in Orbit" by Bhupendra Jasani and Martin Rees, in *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* (Oct. 1989), 6042 S. Kimbark, Chicago, Ill. 60637.

Space may be the Final Frontier, but it is also fast becoming the Ultimate Junkyard.

In addition to the roughly 350 active satellites orbiting the Earth in "inner space," there are some 7,000 hefty pieces of space garbage—including upper stages of launchers, booster motors, and dead satellites. Far more hazardous are the 30,000–70,000 pieces of junk, ranging in size from one to 10 centimeters, that are too small to track from Earth. These include fragments of exploded satellites, screwdrivers left behind by absent-minded astronauts, and assorted other detritus. Then there are billions of even smaller bits and pieces from the same sources.

It's an accident that's not waiting to happen, write Jasani and Rees, researchers at Britain's Royal United Services Institute and its Institute of Astronomy, respectively. In July 1983, for example, the U.S. space shuttle *Challenger* was hit by a speck of paint (0.2 millimeter in size) that chipped one of its windows. Several mysterious satellite failures over the years may well have been caused by collisions with space trash. It is only good luck that no lives have yet been lost, the authors say.

Jasani and Rees favor a treaty among the space-faring nations to stop the expansion of Earth's Junk Belt. Much of the space junk is needlessly lost in space: spent rockets are left in orbit, and defunct satellites are frequently blown up for security reasons. In the future, such leftovers could be safely returned to Earth.

RESOURCES & ENVIRONMENT

Apocalypse: The Sequel

"The End of Nature" by Bill McKibben, in *The New Yorker* (Sept. 11, 1989), 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036, and "A Reconnaissance-Level Inventory of the Amount of Wilderness Remaining in the World" by J. Michael McCloskey and Heather Spalding, in *Ambio* (No. 4, 1989), Pergamon Press, Maxwell House, Fairview Park, Elmsford, N.Y. 10523.

"I believe that we are at the end of nature," announces Bill McKibben, a frequent contributor to the *New Yorker*. "The rain will still fall and the sun will still shine," he says, but as the greenhouse effect inevitably reshapes the earth's climate, and the face of the world itself, "our sense of nature as eternal and separate" will be overturned.

Automobiles, industrial smokestacks, coal-burning powerplants, and the burning of forestland in Brazil and British Columbia all contribute to the build-up of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere that is chiefly responsible for the greenhouse effect. There is little doubt, McKibben asserts, that the average global temperature will increase by three to 10 degrees Fahrenheit within the next 80 years.

The change in climate and its impact on the landscape—forests will retreat, deserts grow—will transform the very workings of the world. Heat waves and hurricanes, for instance, will no longer be seen as "natural" occurrences but man-made phenomena. The idea of nature as an untamed force, "such as man never inhabits," as Thoreau put it, will cease to exist.

As McKibben observes, environmentalists have warned of various global ecological catastrophes ever since Rachel Carson's famous *Silent Spring* (1962). He tends to agree with those optimists, such as economist Julian Simon, who believe that human ingenuity will ultimately prevail over such challenges as pesticides, nuclear wastes, and even the greenhouse effect. But the solutions, he believes, are part of the problem. We can invent new ways to keep ourselves alive on an increas-

ingly inhospitable planet, for example, by genetically engineering "supercucumbers" to thrive in severe heat or "injecting" sulfur dioxide into the stratosphere to reflect the sun's rays back into space. But the closer we move toward finding salvation in a "macromanaged" world, the more we hasten the end of nature.

But is there any way to quantify this dire forecast?

As it happens, McCloskey and Spalding, chairman and researcher, respectively, at the Sierra Club, recently completed a survey of the world's remaining wilderness. They report that one-third of the globe (about 19 million square miles) still belongs to nature. However, 41 percent is found in the Arctic or Antarctic and only 20 percent in the temperate regions. Most of the settled continents, except Europe, are between one-quarter and one-third wilderness. The United States is only five percent wilderness; nearly two-thirds of Canada, one-third of the Soviet Union, and one-quarter of China remain wild.

Of the dwindling stock of wilderness, less than 20 percent is being protected. But there is still a chance, these authors believe, "to maintain some measure of balance between 'man and nature.'"

Water Wars

"Trouble on Tap" by Sandra Postel, in *World*Watch* (Sept.–Oct. 1989), 1776 Mass. Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Like the proverbial free lunch, the bottomless well is becoming a thing of the past. From the American West to the North China Plain, governments are struggling to come to terms with the fact that there is only so much water to go around.

The situation is most severe in the arid Middle East, reports Postel, a vice president of the Worldwatch Institute. Israel's Meir Ben-Meir, former minister of agriculture, predicts that a war over water is "unavoidable if the people of the region are not clever enough to discuss a mutual solution to the problem of water scarcity." Egypt's foreign minister, Boutros Ghali, fears a war over access to the waters of the Nile. Rapidly growing Egypt, which relies on the Nile for virtually all of its water, has water-sharing agreements with Sudan, where the Blue and White Niles meet, but not with other nations farther upstream. What happens when upstream users such as Ethiopia and Tanzania begin drawing on Nile headwaters more heavily?

In India, the problem is not so much scarcity as poor management of water. The government has spent $12 billion on dams to capture runoff during the June–September monsoon season, but it has also allowed massive deforestation in many watersheds. As a result, underground aquifers are not being replenished. Now, many neighborhoods in New Delhi receive running water only sporadically.

Mismanagement of a different sort plagues the Soviet Union. To irrigate the orchards and cotton fields on the fertile plains of Soviet Central Asia, Moscow has tapped two rivers that feed the Aral Sea. As the Aral shrinks, drying salt is swept by the wind onto nearby farmland, where it settles like a poison. Restoring the sea to its pre-1960 condition would require a 60 percent reduction in land under irrigation, a loss worth $30 billion annually.

"Common to these tales of shortage is the near-universal failure to value water properly," says Postel. Allowing users to buy and sell water rights, as they now can in much of the American West, is part of the solution. That will encourage a more rational use of water in places like California, where irrigated cattle pastures consume as much water as all of the state's 28 million residents. (Even the Soviet Union is planning to begin charging water users by 1991.) Conservation should also increase. Lining irrigation canals with impermeable materials, drip irrigation, and other techniques can cut farm water use by 20 to 30 percent. A California conservation effort is expected to save enough water to serve 800,000 people. (In the United States, a family of four consumes about

160,000 gallons annually.)

But economic incentives alone won't do the job, Postel believes. Population control, reforestation, and political negotiations will be needed in many parts of the world. Ultimately, water shortages are going to force many governments to rethink national needs and wants.

ARTS & LETTERS

Birth of a Genre

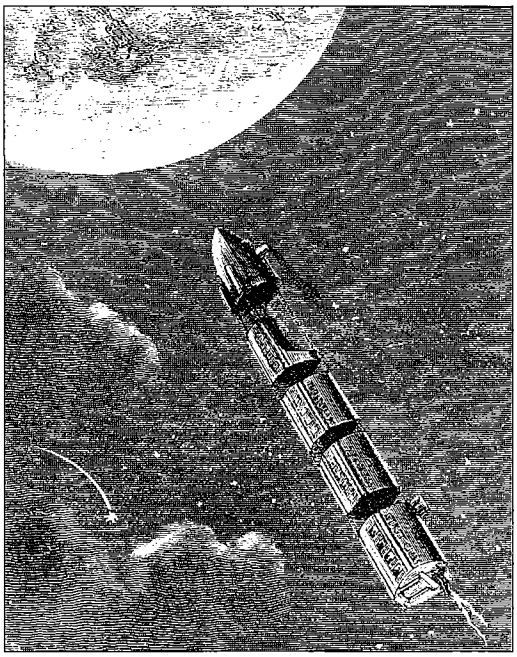
"Astounding Story" by Frederik Pohl, in *American Heritage* (Sept.–Oct. 1989), 60 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011.

Americans today are swamped by information and speculation about science and technology. It was not always so. Fifty years ago, there was no Carl Sagan, no *Nova* (indeed, no television), no *Discover* magazine. Radio and newspaper coverage of science was skimpy. Pohl, a noted science fiction writer, speculates that "a majority of the world's leading scientists today were first turned on to their subjects by reading science-fiction stories."

Science fiction traces its ancestry as far back as Jonathan Swift, but it developed as a distinct genre only during the 1930s in pulp magazines such as *Amazing Stories* and *Astounding Stories of Super-Science.* Book publishers ignored science fiction and Hollywood's few ventures into the field bombed. The genre was transformed after 1937, when a young writer named John W. Campbell took over as editor of *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine (later renamed *Analog*). Campbell insisted that his writers deal with more than scaly green space monsters and exotic machinery; he said he wanted "stories which could be printed as contemporary fiction, but in a magazine of the 25th century." From *Astounding*'s stable of writers came such now-famous science-fiction novelists as Robert A. Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, and Arthur C. Clarke.

Their day finally arrived after World War II, when book publishers realized that science fiction was different from other pulp genres. Unlike readers of westerns and war stories, science fiction's consumers were a devoted bunch, enthusiastically forming fan clubs and thronging sci-fi conventions. In other words, they were a natural market. From near-zero in 1945, the number of science fiction novels published soared until, by the 1980s, nearly one new novel in four was either science fiction or fantasy.

Along the way, the genre shed its image as the sole property of pimply teenaged boys. Academic critics like Leslie Fiedler began paying attention to it as early as the 1950s; today, for better or worse, seminars on science fiction are a regular feature of the Modern Language Association's annual meetings. By the 1960s and '70s, mainstream writers such as Kurt Vonnegut and Doris Lessing were trying their hands at science fiction.



Modern science fiction was pioneered by Jules Verne (1828–1905). Among his bestsellers was From the Earth to the Moon *(1873).*

Science fiction no longer monopolizes the attention of science-minded laymen, but Pohl notes that plenty of opportunities remain for what is now sometimes called "speculative fiction." As always, these reflect the mood of the day—technological pessimism during the 1960s, obsession with the self today. Samuel R. Delany, Ursula K. Le Guin, and others "are showing us possible future worlds in which human beings change their appearance, and even their gender, almost at will."

The End Of The Story

"The Crisis in Movie Narrative" by Richard Schickel, in the *Gannett Center Journal* (Summer 1989), Columbia Univ., 2950 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10027.

Consider the life cycle of a Hollywood film today. It begins with the selling of a brief story "concept" over drinks in Los Angeles and ends some years later as "word of mouth," when one moviegoer delivers a plot summary to her neighbor over the backyard fence.

All this talk of stories is a delusion, writes Schickel, a *Time* film critic. The traditional narrative film is dead. Most of today's movies, even critically acclaimed ones like Spike Lee's *Do The Right Thing*, are nothing more than collections of vignettes and gimmicks, haphazardly strung together, barely resembling a story. Schickel believes that the absence of persuasive storytelling explains the absence of the adult population from movie theaters. Only kids can stomach such thin gruel.

Schickel sees filmmaking today as a kind of free-for-all, where everybody from marketing experts to film stars tinkers with a film's "concept," destroying any possibility of narrative coherence. Even directors, who now think of themselves rather grandly as *auteurs* (authors), are usually only bit players who further burden plots with their "personal statements."

At most, says Schickel, a director today can hope to create a "'shimmering forcefield,' not a coherent or fully explicable narrative, something endlessly open to whatever interpretation we care to place on it." Only *Batman* and a few other films, such as Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* (1975) and David Lynch's *Blue Velvet* (1986) have seized this new potential. What *Batman* is really about—"no kidding," Schickel assures us—is urban design. Director Tim Burton's Gotham recasts the popular art deco architectural style into a landscape of menace, showing audiences that even urban design, the last best hope for the salvation of our cities, is a mirage.

The death of film narrative is the result of the rise of television during the 1950s. Television deprived Hollywood of the market for its staple genre films (westerns, detective stories), and thus the tradition of finely-wrought narrative; it also encouraged scriptwriters to create short, punchy sequences. Finally, the death of the studio system removed the discipline that kept actors and directors from tampering with stories.

Unfortunately, says Schickel, the "new" Hollywood is conducive only to chaos. Films like *Batman* are accidents that slip through the Hollywood mill, not the beginning of a historical transition to a new and wittier style of filmmaking.

Art by the Yard

"Seduction and Betrayal in Contemporary Art" by Cleve Gray, in *Partisan Review* (No. 3, 1989), Boston Univ., 236 Bay State Rd., Boston, Mass. 02215.

It appears that anybody who doubts the near-universal degradation of contemporary art need only consult a contemporary painter. Consider the aesthetic declaration made by one successful young painter in *Vogue* last year: "Suckers buy my work."

Artists, laments Gray, himself a painter, have only themselves to blame. Today's

cynicism, he says, has its origins in the aesthetic theories of the Dadaist painter Marcel Duchamp (1887–1968), who declared during the 1950s that artists produce only a raw product; "it must be 'refined' as pure sugar from molasses, by the spectator through the change from inert matter into a work of art." Duchamp's notion that life and art are inseparable was more revolutionary than anything Picasso did, Gray says, "for the final and inescapable conclusion to be drawn from it was that art could be entirely dispensed with." No longer an expression of the painter's spirit, art increasingly became just another marketplace commodity. A few contemporary critics, notably Jean Baudrillard, encourage artists to think of their work as nothing more than objects of consumerism.

A booming art market and a generation greedy for quick riches and fame have speeded the decline of art, Gray says. But his particular peeve is the reproduction of art in 35-mm. slides now used by curators and critics and in competitions and art schools. Paintings so reproduced, he says, are reduced in scale and stripped of their character. "To an ever increasing degree," the critic Walter Benjamin observed in 1936, "the work of art reproduced becomes the work of art designed for reproducibility." The result is art intended to shock and startle rather than to invite contemplation. And in the end, says Gray, that is the difference between most contemporary art and what went before.

OTHER NATIONS

Latin America's Protestant Ethic

"Speaking in Latin Tongues" by David Martin, in *National Review* (Sept. 29, 1989), 150 West 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

"Close to the tall iron tower [in Guatemala City] commemorating the 1871 liberal revolution are a converted cinema with *'Jesus salva'* on its marquee and the tent-like structure of an independent church called Verbo. As you trundle and bump through the barrios there is a storefront church every two or three hundred yards: Calvary, Jerusalem, Bethesda, Galilee, Tabor, Ebenezer, Prince of Peace." They are not Catholic churches, writes Martin, a sociologist at the London School of Economics and Southern Methodist University. Latin America, he says, "the great Catholic continent, home of almost half the Catholics in the world, is swarming with evangelicals, above all with Pentecostals."

Since 1960, Martin reports, perhaps one Latin American in 10 has converted to Protestantism. In Brazil, where the Catholic Church has been weakened by the importation of foreign priests, there are some 25 million converts; a third of Guatemala's population, perhaps a fifth of Nicaragua's, and three percent of

A Disneyland for Moralists

Southern Africa, as described in *Foreign Affairs* (Fall 1989) by Chester A. Crocker, who was Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs in the Reagan administration.

Southern Africa is a beautiful region, magnificently endowed with human and natural resources, the potential economic engine of a continent and a place whose web of racial and civil conflict tears at our hearts, urging us to engage ourselves. But at another level, southern Africa can become, as former ambassador to Pretoria Ed Perkins put it, a sort of "political vending machine" into which we insert our coins to receive moral hygiene or instant ideological gratification. Featuring almost every form of odious human behavior—racism, brutal oppression, Marxism, authoritarianism, terrorist violence, organized butchery of unarmed villagers and gross official corruption—the region became a moralist's theme park.

Mexico's have converted. Fifty million souls in all. A case of gringo cultural imperialism? Apparently not. While missionaries from the United States have helped spread the faith, Martin says, Protestantism has gone native.

What is the attraction? The converts, mostly poor people, leave behind "a Catholicism reduced to one or two external markers, to godparenthood and the fiesta," Martin writes. They join churches which offer "participation, a healing of body and soul, and a network of mutual support. What they demand is discipleship and discipline, at work, in the family, and in the church."

Just as the rise of Protestantism in Europe after the 16th century fostered the personal discipline and attitudes that launched the industrial revolution, as Max Weber wrote in *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* (1904–5), so, in Martin's view, the evangelical revolution bids fair to transform Latin America.

Gorbachev's Ethnic Surprise

"Ethnic Politics in the USSR" by Paul Goble, in *Problems of Communism* (July–August 1989) U.S. Information Agency, 301 4th St. S.W., Washington, D.C. 20547.

Mikhail Gorbachev must dread reading *Pravda*. Each day brings fresh news of ethnic unrest in his country, whether it be Baltic states demanding their independence or Armenians and Azerbaijanis clashing over the Nagorno-Karabakh region. Is the Soviet Union disintegrating? Have Gorbachev's policies of *perestroika* and *glasnost* opened a Pandora's box of turmoil that ultimately will topple him as party leader?

Gorbachev clearly was caught off guard by the level of unrest. As Goble, a State Department analyst, points out "Gorbachev had little experience or expertise on nationality questions before coming to power" in 1986. Now that the lid is off, Goble thinks Gorbachev can avoid disaster, and he may be able to use the troubles to advance his own agenda of loosening Party control over Soviet society.

More than 100 separate ethnic groups—ranging from the vast Ukrainian community of more than 50 million down to the Small Peoples of the North (26 micro-nationalities each numbering fewer than 2,000)—are clamoring for a say in what happens in their respective homelands. The party chiefs in the 15 republics for the first time are having to listen to the voices of their people or risk being rendered ineffective. A telling example: When outspoken Dinmukhammad Kunayev was replaced as Kazakhstan's party chief by Russian-born Gennadiy Kolbin in 1986, the appointment sparked mass demonstrations. But Kolbin himself was soon forced to become "more Kazakh than his Kazakh predecessor," amplifying the crowds' demands for more regional autonomy. Gorbachev has found himself bound by his own democratic style to permit such adaptability to ethnic demands.

Three of Gorbachev's policies have contributed to the growing dissent in the republics. First, glasnost revealed past sins of Kremlin leaders. As Goble says, "collectivization looks very different in Ukraine and Kazakhstan—where millions died as a direct result of it—than in Moscow, where Russian workers were guaranteed some food." Second, Gorbachev's call for mass participation in national politics has raised expectations of a larger role for the republics. At the same time, his plan to reduce some republic ministries has prompted a scramble among party chiefs to protect their own turf.

Ironically, the mass demonstrations have created two misconceptions in the West. Goble asserts that they are often the sign of a group's last-ditch desperation, not its power. What occurs behind the scenes is still what matters most. And although Moscow has seemed to let unrest get out of hand—albeit repressing it brutally at times, as in Azerbaijan—Gorbachev may be using the demonstrations to force the

Party to respond to citizens' complaints.

What lies ahead? Goble foresees "a period where there will be a series of ratchet-like adjustments of freedom and repression, as both Moscow and the other actors feel the situation out."

You Say Tomato . . .

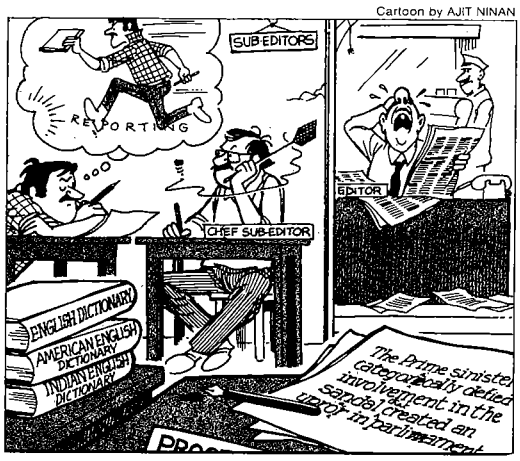
"Of Skylarks & Shirting" by Sarvepalli Gopal, in *Encounter* (July–Aug. 1989), 44 Great Windmill St., London W1V 7PA, Great Britain.

In 1937, the Malagasy poet Jean Joseph Rabearivals killed himself in despair over his inability to reconcile his nationalism with his need to write in French. The reaction was extreme, but similar to that suffered by people in many colonial lands, writes Gopal, a historian at Nehru College. India has been an exception.

The use of English has caused Indians no great discomfort in part because the elite has always spoken a second tongue—first Sanskrit, later Persian, then English. After the British withdrawal from India in 1947, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru bore English no special malice but expected it to die a natural death. After all, Gopal observes, it was a language of "sceptered isles and country churchyards" which touched little in the Indian soul. So in 1950, Nehru supported a constitutional provision which called for phasing out English as the nation's official language by 1965 and replacing it with Hindi, the native tongue in much of northern India.

But it turned out that Hindi replaced English only as the nemesis of non-Hindi speakers in southern India, and actually stirred more political protest. Recognizing the threat posed to national unity, and the fact that Hindi "was neither graceful, artistic, nor generally understood," Nehru declared in 1959 that *no* single language would be imposed.

The result has been an expansion of English, writes Gopal. Some 35 million Indians (four percent of the population) speak and write it; India is also the world's third largest producer of books in English. English remains the language of the Indian Establishment, "the unavoidable avenue to status and wealth," and the only language spoken by members of the elite everywhere in the country.



Three kinds of English, India Today *noted recently, often add up to bad English.*

One reason, says Gopal, is that after independence, English "began to sink roots into the upper layers of the Indian soil." Increasingly, the subcontinent's English-speakers have made the language their own. Men carry "bucks" or "chips" (rupees) in their wallets; sneakers, called "plimsolls" in Britain, are called "fleetfoots" in India. "Plenty of Indian writers of talent and passion find English a language in which they can deal adequately with the special realities of their country," says Gopal.

He believes that Nehru was right to let events shape themselves. Now that language has been depoliticized, radio and television are spreading all of India's languages. He expects that English will remain the language of the growing middle class, but will gradually give way to regional tongues as the language of Indian politics. The media, Gopal says, "are achieving imperceptibly what governments and politicians have struggled in vain to do."

RESEARCH REPORTS

Reviews of new research at public agencies and private institutions

"Gorbachev's Struggle for Economic Reform."

Cornell Univ. Press, 124 Roberts Pl., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850. 219 pp. $12.95.
Author: *Anders Åslund*

Nobody is more skeptical about Mikhail Gorbachev's chances of reforming the Soviet economy than Anders Åslund.

"The Soviet economic system has been counted out many times before," writes the Stockholm School of Economics scholar, "but never has it appeared so devoid of advantages." He believes, along with a few other deeply pessimistic analysts, that Soviet economic growth "appears to have ceased in 1978."

Meanwhile, Soviet military expenditures continued to grow by two percent annually through the early 1980s. The U.S. Central Intelligence Agency estimates that the Soviet military now consumes a staggering 15 to 17 percent of the Soviet gross national product. (U.S. military spending amounts to six percent of GNP.) Yet, Åslund notes, "it is difficult to find any informed Soviet citizen who believes in earnest that it is less than . . . 22 to 30 percent."

Looking back at the Soviet's last major attempt at economic reform, in 1965, Åslund says that some stumbling blocks have been removed. The 1965 reforms, under Leonid Brezhnev, failed for several reasons: Soviet leaders could still deceive themselves about the state of their economy; the legacy of Stalinist thinking was still overpowering; and communism was on the upsurge around the world.

But the 1965 reforms failed chiefly because there was no consensus among the Soviet leadership. And Gorbachev today faces essentially the same problem.

Although the composition of the 12-man Politburo has changed somewhat since Åslund completed this study, his essential point holds: The top leadership is badly split over what to do about the Soviet economy.

Gorbachev and several allies favor radical reform predicated on some democratization. But Åslund discerns four other camps: moderate reformers, technocratic "streamliners," neo-Stalinist advocates of increased discipline, and Brezhnevite "stand-patters."

Without unanimity at the top, Åslund predicts, Gorbachev will find it next to impossible to design a coherent reform program or to make the Party bureaucracy do his bidding. In any event, Åslund concludes, it will be another year before whatever reforms Gorbachev does achieve begin to have an impact on the Soviet economy.

"Down and Out in America: The Origins of Homelessness."

Univ. of Chicago Press, 5801 S. Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60637. 288 pp. $15.95.
Author: *Peter H. Rossi*

Only a decade after the homeless first began to creep into public awareness, they have already been counted, analyzed, and debated over to the point of diminishing returns. The great saving virtue of this study by Rossi, a sociologist at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, is that it lends historical perspective to today's emotion-charged debates.

Overall, Rossi shows, the number of homeless people has not changed vastly over the years. There were 200,000 or more homeless in the United States during the Great Depression; in 1950, there were at least 100,000. Today, says Rossi, the homeless population is 250,000 to 350,000. (Some well-publicized and misleading "guesstimates" have gone as high as three million.)

The greatest changes in homelessness, according to Rossi, have been *qualitative*. In the past, for example, few of the homeless actually slept in parks or on the streets. They could find cheap shelter on their own in flophouses and single-room-occupancy hotels. Today's homeless are in far more dire straits.

To compare the homeless then and now, Rossi contrasts his own study of the Chicago homeless in 1985–86 and sociologist Donald Bogue's 1958 survey in the same city.

In 1958, the homeless of Chicago (and other cities) were largely confined to Skid Row. The vast majority were white males; their median age was 50. Most worked intermittently at low-wage jobs. About a quarter of them were retirees, just barely scraping by on Social

Security. Surprisingly, only a quarter of the Skid Row inhabitants were alcoholics, but they had plenty of other problems: 20 percent suffered a physical disability, 20 percent were mentally ill, and 10 percent suffered what Bogue called "social maladjustment."

Today's Chicago homeless are like yesterday's in several respects. Alcoholism remains common. And while the "deinstitutionalization" of the mentally ill beginning in the 1960s is frequently blamed for today's homeless problem, only 25 percent of Rossi's subjects reported previous episodes as mental health patients (though 33 percent showed signs of mental disorders)—not a much greater proportion than Bogue found in 1958.

What's new about today's homeless?

About 20 percent are drug users or ex-addicts.

Most are young, in their twenties or thirties. (Thanks to Social Security, the elderly have disappeared from the ranks of the homeless.)

Most are black.

In part because demand for unskilled labor has dried up, they are much less likely than the homeless of 1958 to find even occasional work. And they are much poorer. The Chicago homeless of 1958 had annual incomes of $1,058; their counterparts today earn only $383 (in 1958 dollars).

About 25 percent are women. Most have had children, but relatively few have their children with them. As before, homeless families are rare: More than 90 percent of the Chicago homeless are alone.

The homeless are more visible than ever before. In Chicago, as in other cities, Skid Row gave way to downtown redevelopment beginning in the 1960s; the cheap hotels and flophouses were destroyed, their residents dispersed. At the same time, public drunkenness and other minor infractions were decriminalized.

But the homeless, Rossi warns, are simply the most visible members of the "extremely poor": the four to seven million Americans with incomes below $4,000 annually. Any of these people can tumble into homelessness at any time.

How can the homeless be helped? Few of them now receive welfare benefits they are entitled to, says Rossi; they must be aggressively enlisted. But in the long run, he argues, only generous public employment and housing programs will do the job.

"50 Simple Things You Can Do To Save The Earth."

Earthworks Press, Box 25, 1400 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94709. 96 pp. $4.95.
Authors: *The Earth Works Group*

World salvation may be a bit much to expect from the 50 modest conservation measures suggested in this slim volume. But it is encouraging to be reminded that some of the world's environmental problems can be addressed without radical legislation and ecological policemen.

The authors note, for example, that adding one passenger to every commuter car in the nation could daily save 600 million gallons of gasoline and reduce by 12 million pounds the carbon dioxide emissions that are the likely cause of the "greenhouse effect."

Like nagging mothers, they note that you can waste 10 to 15 gallons of water simply by letting the tap run while brushing your teeth: "A household can save up to 20,000 gallons of water each year by getting a grip on its faucets."

Or consider the lowly automobile tire. About 500 million of them are now on the road and 50 to 80 percent of them are underinflated. The cost in fuel economy is close to two billion gallons of gasoline annually.

What about junk mail? Americans receive almost two million tons of it every year—and promptly discard 44 percent of it unread. The junk mail Americans receive every day could produce enough energy to heat 250,000 homes; the paper in the junk mail the average family receives in a year represents one and a half trees. The authors note that one can have one's name removed from mailing lists.

Overall, Ben Franklin would have approved.

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. The writer's telephone number and 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.*

Reading Reconsidered

Robert Darnton ["Toward a History of Reading," *WQ*, Autumn '89] has a remarkable gift for seeing possibilities in unpromising material and for injecting new life into overworked fields of study. His treatment of the history of reading offers a case in point. But to anyone working on book history, the idea that reading has undergone transformations will come as no surprise. The topics Darnton covers and the case histories he cites do not lead toward uncharted territory but take us back over familiar ground.

Indeed, there may be some danger of prematurely plunging into archives before taking inventory of work already done. For example, after surveying the literature on the issue of reader response to *The New Eloise*, which reaches from Daniel Mornet's study of 1925 to Claude Labrosse's monograph of 1985, one may feel that the time has come not to take another look at archives but to give that particular topic a rest.

Labrosse's most recent work suggests that a fresh look at non-archival material can also yield unexpected rewards. It shows how book reviews in 18th-century periodicals guided readers' reactions to new fictional forms. Given the importance of periodicals from the late 17th century on, one is inclined to agree with Darnton that historians of reading need not limit themselves "to great books or to books at all!"

It is too bad that literary journals have been excluded because they seem so relevant to the question of "intensive" versus "extensive" reading. In my view, the question needs reformulating to make room for the coexistence of diverse reading practices and uneven book distribution within a given culture at a given time. That David Hall's New Englanders and Rolf Engelsing's Bremen merchants had to get by on few books until the late 18th century scarcely provides adequate basis for stating that "a fundamental shift in reading" marked "the end of an old regime." Reading a single book might be equivalent to reading many if the single book was an anthology—such as John Dunton's *Young Student's Library: Extracts and Abridgements of most valuable books printed in England and the foreign journals* (1692). Certainly we need not wait until the 18th century to find evidence of "extensive reading." Sixteenth-century commentators often remarked on the enlarged diet which printers supplied to bookworms. And of course, "intensive reading" is evident among fundamentalists right now. Well before the late 18th century, Francis Bacon had observed that some books are to be tasted, some to be swallowed, some to be chewed and digested. Diverse forms of reading (no single dichotomy makes sense) had long gone hand in hand. There had been silent reading in antiquity. Only after printing, however, would it become the standard mode—at least until the appearance of the book cassette right now.

At times, Darnton's treatment seems too airily dismissive of the difference between Catholic and Protestant practices. The single observation that "family Bible readings took place on both sides of the great religious divide" scarcely does justice to the issue.

Given the largely Anglophone readership of the *WQ*, and the author's preoccupation with that elusive figure the "ordinary" or "common" reader, it is a pity we spend so much time in France and none across the Channel. Something ought to be said about all the work that's been done on Elizabethan readers, Puritan readers, working-class readers, fiction readers, coffee-house readers, self-taught readers, newspaper readers and all the rest covered in studies by Altick, Webb, Spufford, Leavis, Hoggart *et al.*

Instead we are told to probe the experience of "ordinary readers" by looking at book margins for clues. A puzzling allusion to printed versions of medieval glosses which presumably steered the reader "through humanist texts" (didn't humanists oppose glosses?) is followed by mention of Gibbon's footnotes and John Adams's marginalia. But were many "ordinary readers" likely to own copies of the *Decline and Fall*? Zoltan Haraszti's book on Adams's marginalia does give us one reader's immediate reactions to the writings of the philosophes. But wasn't John Adams too exceptional as a reader to be useful for the purpose at hand?

It is also surprising to find resort to a "great man" theory of history in Darnton's final paragraph. To be asked to think about the way Luther, Marx and Mao "changed the course of history" is bad enough; to be asked to ponder how their reading of certain books turned the trick is too much!

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Muslim Diversity under Attack?

Mahnaz Ispahani ["Varieties of Muslim Experience," *WQ*, Autumn '89] is right to emphasize the immense variety of contemporary Islamic experience which defies generalization, and demonstrates the gap between "normative" Islam and Islam as the living faith of nearly one billion people.

Yet this diversity is under a relentless assault by Muslims themselves. It is doubtful whether the Muslim world has ever been so effectively wired for the rapid transmission of ideas and influences. The Muslim world is shrinking, and so is the space that shelters unique understandings of Islam.

The process reveals itself to the casual eye. Mosque architecture is cited by Ispahani as a visual measure of Islam's diversity, and so it is. But much contemporary mosque architecture is divorced from all local influence. It mimics aesthetic forms employed in Islam's cities of pilgrimage in Arabia, which draw legions of airborne pilgrims. On their return, they demand edifices of worship which proclaim their affinity to a center of Islam. A mosque under construction today in Jakarta is as likely to resemble a mosque in Kano as anything else.

The same process shrinks the world of ideas. There are "electronic mosques" of widely popular sermonizers, whose preaching has avid viewers and listeners in many countries. Muslim politicians, intellectuals, and activists ply the skies between conferences and seminars—on Muslim minorities, Islamic banking, Islamic medicine, Islamic information services. Missionary organizations based in Saudi Arabia, Iran, Libya, and Egypt support a bewildering array of Muslim associations across national frontiers. The new activists, utilizing modern technologies of communication, spread definitions of truth from aspiring new centers. The sheer reach of these techniques became evident in the aftermath of the Saudi-Iranian pilgrimage clash in 1987, when both countries mobilized vast transnational networks in support of their rival interpretations of the pilgrimage.

The varieties of Islam carried by the air lanes and airwaves hardly touch the lives of all Muslims. But in the wired capitals of Islam, local forms are retreating before the advance of a limited set of transnational forms. The diversity of the many soon may yield to the hegemony of the few.

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Dewey and Russell

Having only recently published a political biography of Dewey's British counterpart, Bertrand Russell, I was intrigued and amused by the similarities and differences between Diggins's hero ["John Dewey: Philosopher in the Schoolroom," *WQ*, Autumn '89] and mine. The similarities, of course, are many and obvious; both were ardent defenders of an education in which the child learned by doing, both began by doubting the need for any authority in the classroom other than the discipline of the subject matter itself, and both came to think in Hobbes's memorable words that children "are born inapt for society." Both, again, were hard to place on the spectrum that runs from left-wing liberalism to moderate socialism; Dewey, as Diggins remarks, thought FDR by no means went far enough in reconstructing the American economy after the Depression, while Russell all his life hoped that mankind would become rational and adopt the decentralized Guild Socialism to which he and Dewey had both subscribed in optimistic pre-war days.

What is more striking than their similarities is the absolute barrier that divided them. Diggins only touches on it when he observes that critics of pragmatism "believed that pragmatism simply confused truth with the process of its verification." For Russell at any rate, pragmatism was a sort of secular blasphemy. With God gone and most ethics shaky, all mankind had left was a concern for the truth—not a concern for what it would "pay to believe," but a concern for how things really were.

By bringing philosophy back into the marketplace, Dewey closed the breach that Russell had opened between the concerns of the intellectual and the duties of the plain man. By the same token he lost something important. It is not only, as Diggins says, that critics like Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford could complain that he exalted the practical at the expense of the spiritual. It is more that Dewey's passion for closing all gaps and rejecting all dichotomies is ultimately less true to life than Russell's insistence on the tragic dimension of everyday existence. A strong sense of the uselessness of truth and its unrelatedness to human affairs still strikes many of us as an indispensable element in the psychology of the serious philosopher.

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What about Piaget?

Walker Percy ["The Divided Creature," *WQ*, Summer '89] offers a prodigious analysis of psychology, with emphasis on psychology's failure to connect the knowledge of the physical world (e.g., neurons

and biochemistry), to the mental world (e.g., the self and consciousness).

While he has a clear grasp of the fundamental schools of psychology, conspicuous is the absence of any reference by Percy to the work of Jean Piaget. Piaget's basic interest was developmental epistemology, how the child constructs his knowledge of the world at different ages. Through simple experiments with children, such as noting when they will knock aside one object to obtain another or when they will search under a screen for an object, Piaget was able to infer the quality of their mental structures. He traced stages in development of such structures, which he called schemes, and which the present-day neuroscientist may readily translate into neural nets. At birth these schemes are global, with no distinction among subject, object, or their interactions. In steps, the child's undifferentiated schemes interacting with the environment reorganize themselves until a percept scheme of an object is distinct from a mental image scheme of that object and until a scheme of one object is distinct from that of a different object, including the self as an object.

In Piaget's system the triad is constructed, rather than given. Instead of starting with Peirce's triadic state—object, vocalized word, and that which brings them together, the symbolic function—Piaget started with an undifferentiated state in which subject and object schemes are merged and any sound coincident with activity of such a subject-object scheme is a part of it.

While Piaget did not address clinical findings, e.g., psychotherapy, some of his findings assist our clinical categorizations since age-appropriate cognition parallels styles of cognition found in clinical groups. For example, delinquents usually choose glitter over substance. This type of social cognition is comparable to the five- to seven-year-old's, as he prefers juice in a narrow glass (which appears like more) rather than in a wide one. Piaget offered a new, very general understanding of two determinants of consciousness. First, having found that repression and distortion occur not only in social/emotional cognition but also in physical cognition, he proposed that repression and distortion of knowledge occurs when that knowledge conflicts with a prevailing cognitive organization, not just when knowledge conflicts with the superego. Second, by discovering that in certain tasks (such as using a sling to throw a ball at a target) a child may be able to do the task before he understands how he did it, Piaget proposed that consciousness flows from awareness of intent and the result of action toward awareness of the behavior of the self and object (awareness of how the child acted on the object and how the object acted).

Finally, it is my contention that Piaget's stages of development of waking-state schemes—schemes in a state of relative connectedness to the peripheral nervous system—permit us to understand the entity we call consciousness as the child's construct of (his giving meaning to) the connectedness of an active scheme to the peripheral nervous system, at first quite undifferentiated, later divisible into thought and perception.

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Corrections

A box on page 45 of Bernard Lewis's article ["State and Society Under Islam," *WQ*, Autumn '89] mislocates the Atlas Mountains to the north of Mecca. Actually, the mountains are in Morocco, way to the west.

The *WQ* apologizes for its failure to credit the Fondazione Giovanni Agnelli as co-sponsor of the Wilson Center conference, "Italy: Political, Social, and Economic Change since 1945," held in February 1988. The planning for this conference provided invaluable background for the cluster of articles on Italy that appeared in our spring 1988 issue.

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Winter Issue: November 30

MAIL TO:
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The Wilson Center Media Studies Project is pleased to announce the winners of the 1989 Media Studies Essay Contest:

First Prize: $15,000
Stephen Klaidman, Senior Research Fellow at the Kennedy Institute of Ethics, Georgetown University.

Second Prize: $7,500
Dr. Rodger Streitmatter, director of the Graduate Program in Journalism and Public Affairs, American University, Washington, D.C.

Third Prize: $5,000
Amy Blitz, doctoral candidate at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Congratulations to our winners for their thoughtful and provocative essays. Please look at the announcement on Page 8 of this issue of the *Wilson Quarterly* for information regarding the 1990 Media Studies Essay Competition.

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