AFRICA'S DICTATORS: MADE IN THE U.S.A.
ANDREW RICE

THE INCREDIBLE LAMENESS OF BUSH'S WIRETAP DEFENSE
JEFFREY ROSEN

THE NEW REPUBLIC
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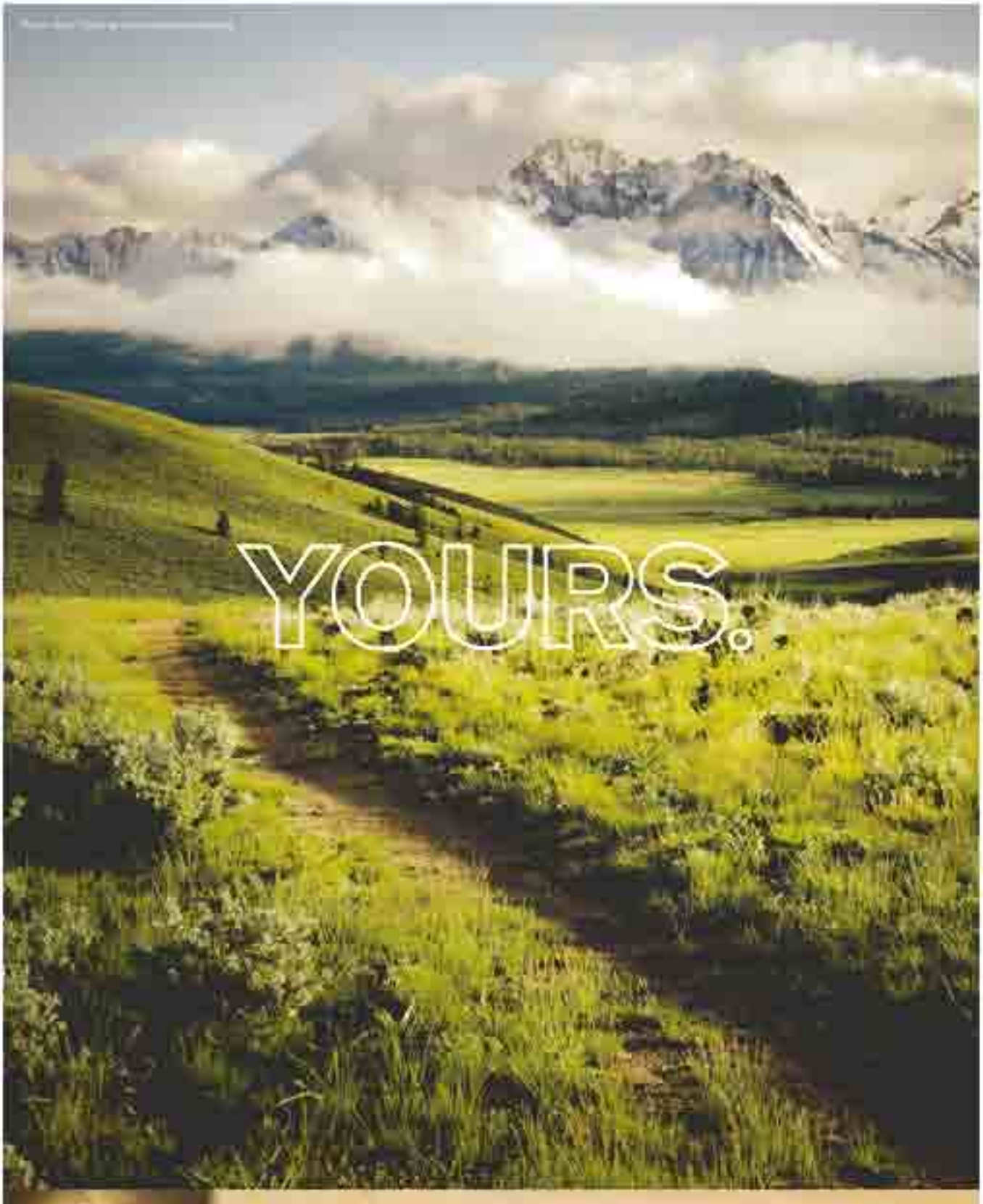
IDENTITY GOES TO WAR

AMARTYA SEN
THOMAS NAGEL
JOSEPH BRAUDE
ANNIA CIEZADLO



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THE NEW REPUBLIC
A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE ARTS

FEBRUARY 27, 2006 WASHINGTON, D.C. ISSUE 4,754 VOLUME 234

Cover Story: Identity Goes to War

Politics & the World

Books & the Arts

COVER PHOTO BY *Mian Khursheed/Reuters/Landov*

CORRESPONDENCE

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JASON ZENGERLE IS RIGHT THAT candidates need more than military experience to claim credibility on security issues, but he's wrong that Democrats lack a strong national security message ("Magic Bullet," February 6). At the beginning of the 107th Congress, I founded, with my colleagues Representatives Adam Schiff and David Scott, the Democratic Study Group on National Security, which serves as a forum for the discussion of smart, innovative approaches to current national security issues. Working with the Study Group and others, Democrats have been light years ahead of Republicans in addressing the host of critical security challenges we face in the post–September 11 world. From finishing the job in Afghanistan to providing enough troops and equipment in Iraq, Democrats were unified on many issues the Bush administration got wrong. And, from the creation of the Department of Homeland Security to the need for a unified international approach to the nuclear crises in North Korea and Iran, Democrats were calling for the policies Bush eventually chose, long before the administration realized Democrats were right. If only Republicans copied us more, our brave soldiers might not be coming home to run against them.

REPRESENTATIVE STEVE ISRAEL
Member, U.S. Congress
House Armed Services Committee
Washington, D.C.

WAR CLAIMS

STEVEN HAHN WRITES, "MORE PEOPLE were killed or wounded in the Civil War than in all other American wars combined. . . . Ours was, in fact, the bloodiest war of the nineteenth-century

world" ("Divine Rights," February 6). Hahn should check out the Taiping Rebellion in China in the middle of the nineteenth century. Estimates of casualties in that Chinese conflict range from 20 to 30 million. Our Civil War resulted in fewer than one million deaths. The Taiping Rebellion was probably the second-bloodiest conflict in modern history, exceeded only by World War II.

ROGER SCHMEECKLE
Seattle, Washington

LEFT CLOUT

YOUR EDITORIAL ON THE LEFTWARD shift of political movements in Venezuela, Brazil, and Bolivia (not to mention Argentina, Peru, Ecuador, and Chile) was incredibly patronizing ("De Nada," February 6). The neoliberal economics promoted by the United States have proved a disaster for the whole of South America, promoting persistent income inequality, civil unrest, the rape of indigenous resources,

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THE NEW REPUBLIC (ISSN 0028-6583), Vol. 234, Number 7, Issue 4,754, February 27, 2006. (Printed in the United States on February 16, 2006.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated March 20 & 27, June 5 & 12, July 10 & 17, August 14 & 21, September 11 & 18, and November 27 & December 4, 2006) at 1331 H Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005. Telephone (202) 508-4444. For advertising inquiries, please contact Grant Loomis at (202) 508-4444 or our NY sales office at (212) 465-8447. Yearly subscriptions, $79.97; foreign, $119.97 (U.S. funds); Canada, $99.97 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $8.00 domestic and $10.00 foreign/Canada (includes postage & handling). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, D.C., and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax (202) 628-9383. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. For hard copy reprints, call (202) 508-4444. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, and CD-ROM are available through ProQuest, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone (800) 521-0600. Postmaster: Send changes of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope (e-mail address: letters@tnr.com). For **subscription** inquiries or problems call **(800) 827-1289** or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.

and environmental degradation—often with the tacit support of U.S. and Western multinationals. It's all very well to say that the red line in the region should be democracy, but Western-style democracy is seriously discredited in important areas of the world, thanks primarily to U.S. policy.

Hugo Chávez may be a big mouth with authoritarian tendencies—even a potential dictator—but are you offering George W. Bush as a model alternative? Don't underestimate the importance of Latin America as a potential source of new political ideas. It should come as no surprise, given the shameful U.S. record of supporting repressive and cruel regimes until only 20 years ago. By "the dark ways of [Latin America's] past," you must be referring to dictatorships in Panama, Guatemala, Honduras, Chile, Argentina, Brazil, and El Salvador that were supported—covertly or otherwise—by the United States. Why is democracy so important now if it wasn't in the 1970s and 1980s, when Chile and Nicaragua elected Marxist governments? Far too many of the world's communities are being left in squalor, disenfranchisement, and environmental collapse to believe the pro-democracy blather emanating from the United States.

BRENDAN MURPHY
Macclesfield, England

THE NEW REPUBLIC DESERVES praise for "De Nada." Coverage of Latin America has been so alarmist of late, due to troubling political developments in Venezuela and Bolivia, that it hasn't recognized the unprecedented political strides made by many other countries in the region. Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, and especially Chile have recently made the region's most significant steps toward first-world status in decades. The most striking aspect of these transitions is how little transition there has actually been. No longer does a right-to-left swing guarantee social and economic chaos. These Clintonesque leaders have shown foreign investors that Latin America is finally stable enough for development. Perhaps the truest test of a country's success is whether it can elect a government from the opposite political spectrum and have nothing happen.

JEFF AUXIER
Salem, Oregon

Broadcast Blues

TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

SOMETHING IMPORTANT HAPpened this week in Iraq. The United Iraqi Alliance, the Shia Islamist coalition that won a plurality of seats in last December's elections, chose Ibrahim Al Jaafari as its candidate for prime minister, which means he'll almost certainly get the job. Jaafari was already Iraq's interim prime minister, but few thought he'd keep the post in a permanent government. After all, Sunnis accused him of allowing Shia militias to run roughshod in Iraq's Interior Ministry. Kurds and other secular Iraqis considered him a closet theocrat who had tried to undermine women's rights to inheritance and divorce. And just about everyone considered him indecisive and ineffectual—not a great quality when your government is fighting for its life. Yet he got the job. Turns out ineffectual and theocratic is just what some members of the United Iraqi Alliance wanted in a prime minister. In particular, Moqtada Al Sadr pushed for Jaafari's selection in a deal that could give his followers four or five Cabinet posts. It's quite possible, in fact, that Sadr will emerge as the most powerful figure in Iraq's new government. You remember Sadr—the guy the United States accused of murdering a moderate Shia cleric just days into the war. The guy who recently visited Iran and Syria to express solidarity with their anti-American dictators. The guy whose militia (which we tried—and failed—to disarm several years ago) periodically attacks British troops in the Iraqi south. Yes, that Sadr. Well, he's now Iraq's Dick Cheney.

Jaafari's selection sparked a lively debate on U.S. talk shows. Hosts asked their guests how it affected their views on troop withdrawal. Regional experts tried to explain the murky political dynamic within the Shia Islamist coalition. Pundits raised alarms about Sadr's new power. Talking heads speculated about how the Kurds and Sunnis would respond.

Actually, none of this happened. In reality, Jaafari's selection sparked little discussion in the broadcast media. It made the front page of Monday's *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, but, in the mysterious alchemy that converts print news into network news, the Jaafari story almost disappeared. According to transcripts, it received less than a paragraph of text on ABC's "World News Tonight Sunday" and "Fox News Sunday." And those were the responsible outlets. CBS's and NBC's Sunday evening broadcasts didn't mention Jaafari's selection at all.

Americans deserve better. The argument about how fast and under what conditions to pull U.S. troops from Iraq has quieted for the moment, but it will return with a vengeance in the run-up to the 2006 elections. It's a highly partisan, ideologically freighted debate—but, as much as possible, it should be dictated by events on the ground in Iraq. The Bush administration obviously cannot be trusted to portray those events to the public in an honest way. That leaves the mass media, and the mass media is doing a lousy job.

Part of the problem is the structure of cable news. The typical format is a debate between two people, one liberal and one conservative. It requires little expertise from the participants and conveys little information to the audience. It works best for familiar, hotly contested domestic issues like abortion and gay marriage, where the audience already knows what it thinks.

Iraq can be approached this way, too: Did Bush lie? Will it hurt him in 2006? Could the Democrats do better? All these debates work well on television because they're about us. The Jaafari story, by contrast, is unintelligible precisely because it's not about us. There's no preordained partisan story line. What the viewer needs is less opinion than information, less heat than light. And that's just what our cable talk shows rarely provide.

In fact, more than four years after September 11 supposedly reintroduced the United States to the world, America's political television has failed almost as egregiously as America's political leaders—and in some of the same ways. For George W. Bush, of course, the war on terrorism has been one vast wedge issue, which he has used in the same basic way that Republicans used race in the 1970s and 1980s: to artificially divide liberals and the white working class. From the creation of the Homeland Security Department to the debate over electronic surveillance, he has preferred polarization to national unity, even when there were relatively easy compromises upon which people from across the ideological spectrum could agree. And, because cable television feeds on the partisan divide as well, it has played right into Bush's hands. Fox News, for instance, constantly trumpets the "war on terror" but conveys remarkably little actual information about events in the Islamic world. Instead, it uses "foreign policy" to endlessly retell a story about the United States, in which Joe Six Pack faces off against the appeasing, beret-wearing, blame-America-first liberal elites who want to send Osama bin Laden to their Upper West Side shrinks. Trying to get information about Iraq, or the rest of the Middle East, by listening to Bill O'Reilly or Sean Hannity is like trying to get information about the Soviet Union in the 1950s by listening to Joseph McCarthy. It's a category mistake. Fox's jingoism and its isolationism are flip sides of the same coin.

MSNBC is less ideologically homogenous, but just as intellectually parochial. Which leaves CNN. Several years ago, it decided that Fox had cornered the market on shouting and that it should concentrate on providing information. Had it wanted to provide information about the rest of the world, it could easily have done so, since its sister network, CNN International, already reports extensively on news around the globe. If Fox has become the megaphone for post–September 11 American nationalism, CNN could have emerged as the voice of a post–September 11 American internationalism. It could have nurtured the genuine curiosity about the world that existed, at least for a time, in the aftermath of the attacks.

Instead, a brief glance at CNN's primetime lineup for Tuesday, February 14 (the day this column was written) promises stories on adolescent wrestling, dangerous dog treats, a teenage murderer, an interview with Judge Judy, wasteful post-Katrina spending, a company that is implanting tracking chips in its employees, and a woman who says her dog discovered her cancer. Americans may be ignorant about the country where our troops are dying—a place that could imperil our security for years to come. But, when it comes to the disease-detection potential of the family pooch, we can finally render an informed judgment. It's about time.

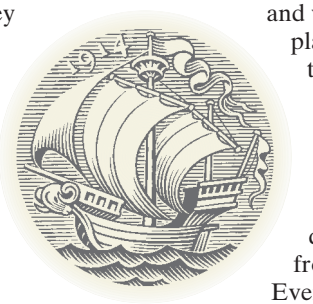
PETER BEINART

Slow Response

IF ONLY IT had been a terrorist attack. That was essentially the complaint of former Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) chief Michael Brown, who lamented to Congress last week that natural disaster response had become the "stepchild" of a Department of Homeland Security (DHS) focused exclusively on terrorism. If "a terrorist [had] blown up the 17th Street Canal levee, then everybody would have jumped all over that and been trying to do everything they could," he said. The much-maligned Brown received surprising sympathy for this narrative from some Democrats, with Hawaii Senator Daniel Akaka agreeing, "We need an all-hazards approach to . . . defending our homeland, not a 'call 911 only if it is a terrorist.' " The Bush administration sent out DHS Secretary Michael Chertoff to deny it was overemphasizing terrorism, but there is some truth to Brown's claim about the sidelining of FEMA. Whereas the Clinton White House granted the agency Cabinet-level status, brought in veteran emergency managers, and professionalized the federal government's disaster response, the Bush administration has cut FEMA funding, downgraded its responsibilities, and appointed hacks like Brown. Yet the suggestion that the Gulf coast would have fared better if terrorists, rather than a hurricane, had attacked gives the administration too much credit. It's not that DHS is better prepared for terrorism than natural disasters. It's that it's unprepared for both.

After a natural disaster like Hurricane Katrina, many of the challenges are similar to those caused by a terrorist attack. In both cases, there is an urgent need to treat and evacuate victims. Decisive action must be taken quickly, and yet coordination can be difficult, especially when communication systems are down.

Many of the problems that plagued the Katrina response would have likewise been in play in the aftermath of a terrorist attack. DHS utterly failed in its role as a coordinating agency. Turf wars compounded general disorganization, producing conflicting chains of command. Brown, for example, said he called the White House rather than his boss, Chertoff, because "it would have wasted my time." Critical information was passed along in fits and starts, so that, for instance, although the Coast Guard was flying over New Orleans throughout the first day of flooding, eyewitness reports didn't reach Washington until midnight. On top of that, officials were slow to act on the information they had. As a result, essential resources—water, shelter, a means of escape—didn't get to the people who needed them as soon as they should have. And more than 1,300 people died.



If this tragedy reflects a trade-off made in the name of the war on terrorism, it's unclear what we've gotten in return. The Bush administration has provided only a fraction of the resources necessary to reduce our vulnerability to attack, and ports, mass transit, and nuclear plants are all about as vulnerable to attack as they were before September 11. As former DHS Inspector General Clark Kent Ervin writes in his forthcoming book, *Open Target*, "[T]he Homeland Security Department has served to make us only marginally safer, and, in the age of terror, 'marginally' safer is not safe enough."

Still, the calls for Chertoff's removal, coming from certain Democrats right now, are misguided. The blame for our unpreparedness lies in many places. And, although Chertoff, a former federal judge and assistant attorney general, didn't have sufficient management experience when he was confirmed to the Homeland Security post a year ago, firing him at this point would only create more confusion. DHS needs to build on what it's got.

And, to his credit, Chertoff has been fairly open about admitting his department's shortcomings and proposing fixes. This week, in the face of mounting criticism, he made an admirable pledge to confront "stovepiped" command centers and "mov[e] us forward to a fully integrated and unified incident command" by the start of the next hurricane season. Chertoff's remarks, however, were heavy on the specifics of how DHS planned to update its technology and vague about how he planned to change its culture. It may be that he's reluctant to say anything publicly that would diminish the morale of his employees. But we hope he doesn't expect too much from technology alone. Even the most sophisticated hardware isn't worth much when somebody like Michael Brown is using it.

This week, Chertoff rejected Brown's criticism about an overemphasis on terrorism, saying, "Whether it's a natural disaster or a disaster caused by a terrorist, our response is often going to be the same." He's right. And that's what we're worried about. ■

NOTEBOOK

HUNTING IS SAFER THAN TIDDLEDYWINKS . . . KAREN HUGHES'S PERFORMANCE STINKS

STORM DAMAGE

WHEN HOUSE REPUBLICANS announced back in September that they would conduct a special investigation into the government's response to Hurricane Katrina, House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi predicted a "sham" inquiry and vowed that Democrats would have nothing to do with it. This instinct was not unreasonable, nor was her political strategy—trying to pressure Republicans into creating an independent panel modeled after the 9/11 Commission. But, once it was clear the GOP wouldn't budge, many Democrats urged Pelosi to let them join the House inquiry. It was better to cry foul from within than without, they said—and why let the GOP hog the spotlight?

Pelosi insisted her boycott strategy was best. That decision began to look dubious during the investigatory committee's high-profile hearings last December, which offered starring roles to Republican members like committee chairman Tom Davis and Christopher Shays of Connecticut.

This week, Pelosi's blunder became even more clear. The committee's report rips the Bush administration and makes Homeland Security Secretary Michael Chertoff look incompetent. Democrats could only watch as committee Republicans basked in coverage that has portrayed them as brave truth-tellers and provided them with badly needed political distance from the unpopular Bush administration. News outlets from the Associated Press to CNN turned to Republicans like Davis and Shays—a moderate desperate to run away from the White House this fall—for quotes about last August's "national failure." The AP even took care to note that this was the man-bites-dog handiwork of a "Republican-dominated" panel. Meanwhile, Democrats found themselves in the odd position of *praising* Republicans for not delivering the whitewash they had predicted.

Nancy Pelosi

To be sure, the report did inflict damage on the Bush administration. But Bush isn't up for reelection—House Republicans are. If only Nancy Pelosi had realized that a few months ago.

SAFER THAN PING-PONG?

UNTIL THIS SUNDAY, THE MAJORITY of Washington journalists didn't know the first thing about hunting. But now that political reporters, thanks to Dick Cheney, have had to take a crash course on the sport, one of hunting's dirty little secrets has been revealed: The "safety statistics" kept and promoted by various government agencies—which purport to show just how safe hunting really is—are a total joke.

Consider, for instance, the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department. On the "Safety First" page of its online hunter-education course, the department declares that "hunting is one of the safest outdoor activities you can enjoy" and backs up its claim by citing National Safety Council statistics that purport to show that hunting is not only safer than fishing and swimming; it's safer than football, basketball, and baseball! Or take this 2004 press release from Minnesota's Department of Natural Resources, which proclaims, "Based on the number of people seeking emergency-room treatment for sports injuries, The National Safety Council reports that hunting has fewer injuries per 100,000 people participating than football, baseball, cycling, volleyball, swimming, golf, tennis, fishing, bowling, badminton, billiards and ping-pong."

Hunting is safer than billiards and ping-pong? Well, only if you twist the statistics. The first twist is not accounting for the seriousness of an injury: Getting hit by 200 pellets of birdshot is treated just like spraining a pinkie in ping-pong. Indeed, the agencies don't even include fatalities in the statistics they present. So, while the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department can truthfully claim that more people in the United States are injured each year playing football than hunting, many more people are killed while hunting. (In 2001, for instance, only eight college and high school players died from injuries on the football field directly related to play; 79 people died hunting.)

The stats also err in using an injury rate based on the number of participants per sport rather than the amount of time a person spends participating. For instance, a footballer likely attends practices and games five or six days a week for three or four months out of the year. A hunter, by contrast, may hunt only three or four times a year, for a few hours each outing. Viewed this way, hunting is pretty risky. Why government agencies like the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department and Minnesota's Department of Natural Resources feel the need to twist safety statistics in order to downplay this risk is a mystery. Or maybe, given the power of the gun lobby, it's not.

DAVID COWLES

NOT PERFORMING

SINCE HER APPOINTMENT AS Bush's public diplomacy czar last March, we've seen Karen Hughes display a remarkable talent for failing to learn on the job (see "Diplomatic Toast," October 17, 2005, and Notebook, November 7, 2005). Now it looks like her boss's office has finally noticed her shortcomings. On February 6, the White House's Office of Management and Budget (OMB) launched a website, ExpectMore.gov, to track the effectiveness of government programs. The site categorizes Hughes's public diplomacy effort as "Not Performing." "There is no broad overarching US Government public diplomacy strategy," the assessment says. "Because of this lack of a plan, programs such as this one may not be the most effective both in the long and short term." (The OMB's "Improvement Plan" announces its intent to develop "an overarching US Government strategic diplomacy plan." Thanks for the info, OMB!)

But Hughes seems to have absorbed one important lesson: If you're "not performing," why have an audience? After being pilloried in the press for her obliviousness during her last "listening tour" of the Middle East, she made a crucial change for her upcoming trip to the Middle East and Europe: She scaled back her media contingent from 16 reporters to … none.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

"WELCOME TO HILLARYLAND" (February 20) stated that Hillary Clinton's legislative director, Laurie Rubiner, previously worked for Senator Lincoln Chafee and that he co-sponsored health care reform similar to a proposal she later developed. Although Rubiner briefly worked for Chafee, she mainly worked for Chafee's father, the late Senator John Chafee, who co-sponsored the bill.

"Settlers and Unsettlers" (February 13) mistakenly claimed that Terrence Malick's *The Thin Red Line* was made ten years after his last film. In fact, 20 years separated the films. We regret the errors. ■

TNR.commentary

EXCERPTS FROM *THE NEW REPUBLIC ONLINE*

THE HYPOCRISY OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

MEMORY LOSS

By Jeffrey Herf

The resolution that the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) passed two weeks ago referring Iran's nuclear program to the U.N. Security Council contains a key flaw: At the insistence of

Egypt, and with the backing of the European Union, the text has a clause calling for the creation of "a Middle East free of weapons of mass destruction, including their means of delivery"—a pointed jab at the region's only nuclear power, Israel. The clause gives Iran a powerful rhetorical weapon. It could make a "generous" offer to refrain from developing nuclear weapons if only Israel would unilaterally eliminate its weapons. And, when Israel refuses, Iran can claim that it is *Israel* standing in the way of a nuclear-free regional utopia.

But the clause is not merely bad geopolitical strategy; it is also the height of hypocrisy. It was only a quarter of a century ago, during the battle over missile deployments in Europe, that Great Britain and France found themselves in a situation almost exactly analogous to Israel today. During negotiations with the United States over intermediate-range nuclear forces in the early '80s, Moscow insisted that the nuclear arsenals of Great Britain and France be included—a proposal that London and Paris adamantly opposed. Had British and French weapons been counted, the Soviets could have proposed to dismantle their SS-20 arsenal if only Britain and France would eliminate their own nuclear deterrents. Aware that the slogan of a "nuclear-free Europe" might lead to demands for unilateral disarmament, the British and French governments persistently rejected this Soviet negotiating ploy.

Fast-forward to the present. A country sworn to Israel's destruction is moving toward acquiring nuclear weapons, the anti-Semitism of radical Islam is ascendant, and Hamas has just won an election in the Palestinian territories. Now, more than ever, Israel needs a strong deterrent. At such a moment, the Jewish state's nuclear weapons should be just as much a nonissue as Britain and France wanted theirs to be during the early '80s.

STATE'S DISHONESTY ON DARFUR.

WISHFUL THINKING

By Eric Reeves

Two weeks ago, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Jendayi Frazer signaled a shift in U.S. policy toward Darfur when she refused to say that genocide was currently taking place in the region. Asked twice whether the Darfur genocide was ongoing, she would only say that "a genocide has occurred in Sudan, and we continue to be concerned about the security environment in Darfur." In other words, there *was* a genocide, but now it's over. Frazer went on to assert that "there isn't large-scale, organized violence taking place today."

This is mendacity. Recent reports from South Darfur, for example, make clear that approximately 70,000 civilians have been violently displaced by Janjaweed raids recently. This replicates the basic pattern of the last three years: Khartoum seeks to destroy Darfur's non-Arab or African tribal populations as a means of counterinsurgency warfare. These actions clearly fall under the 1948 U.N. Convention on Genocide, which says that intent to destroy civilian populations based on their ethnicity constitutes genocide.

So why has the Bush administration chosen this moment to suggest that genocide is no longer taking place? Some of the answer lies in the awkwardness of having declared Darfur to be the site of genocide—which Colin Powell did in September 2004—but subsequently proving unable to do anything about it. Lacking an effective policy, Bush officials apparently decided simply to rename the crisis.

Jeffrey Herf is a professor of modern European history at the University of Maryland at College Park.

Eric Reeves is a professor of English Language and Literature at Smith College and has written extensively on Sudan.

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ESLAMI RAD/GAMMA/NEWSCOM

Alberto Gonzales's spin.

Tap Dance

BY JEFFREY ROSEN

After Attorney General Alberto Gonzales's inept performance before the Senate Judiciary Committee last week, Republicans as well as Democrats expressed strong skepticism about the legality of the Bush administration's domestic wiretapping program. The growing bipartisan consensus about the program's illegality is a relief. The administration's legal arguments were transparently unconvincing from the moment *The New York Times* revealed the program's existence, and, as fair-minded Republicans are recognizing in growing numbers, the arguments are also dangerous in suggesting that the president has the constitutional authority to ignore or distort legal restrictions with which he disagrees.

Now that congressional Republicans are protesting President Bush's brazen usurpation of their constitutional prerogatives, the question remains: What do they intend to do about it? The challenge isn't figuring out the right policy; since September 11, it has been obvious that there are a series of compromises that Congress and the president might strike to ensure broad surveillance of potential terrorists while protecting innocent citizens. The challenge is one of political will: In light of the president's arrogant unilateralism, does Congress have the nerve to stand up for itself?

Since the domestic surveillance program was exposed, the administration has repeatedly insisted that Congress implicitly endorsed the program on September 14, 2001, when it authorized the president to use force against the perpetrators of the September 11 attacks. But, as Senator Russell Feingold objected—with justifiable indignation—this is a "fantasy version" of the far more limited powers that Congress actually authorized. And indeed, at the Gonzales hearings, most of the Republicans on the Judiciary Committee—including Senators Lindsey Graham, Mike DeWine, Sam Brownback, and Arlen Specter—explicitly repudiated this fantasy. Several senators noted that the Bush administration had approached Tom Daschle, then the majority leader, shortly before the resolution came to the floor and asked that the words "inside the United States" be added to the authorization to use force. Although, given the circumstances, he was inclined to grant most of the White House's requests, Daschle refused, and the request was withdrawn. Recognizing that Congress was unlikely to authorize electronic surveillance, Gonzales later commented, "That was not something we could likely get." As Specter asked him with incredulity last week, "If this is something you could not likely get, then how can you say Congress intended to give you this authority?"

Gonzales had no convincing answer, except to claim repeatedly that the Supreme Court, in the case of Louisiana-born Taliban fighter Yasir Esam Hamdi, had ruled that the use-of-force resolution authorized the president to detain an American citizen seized on the battlefield in Afghanistan. "And detention," he said, "is far more intrusive than electronic surveillance." This claim entirely misses the point: The Supreme Court's reasoning suggested that suspects seized on a foreign battlefield have fewer rights than those seized at home, meaning the *Hamdi* ruling cannot be used as justification for *domestic* surveillance. Indeed, in *Hamdi*, Antonin Scalia and John Paul Stevens insisted that the 2001 use-of-force resolution does not authorize the detention of a citizen under any circumstances. And, in the case of José Padilla, once alleged to be plotting a dirty bomb attack, four justices noted that the resolution does not authorize the detention of an American citizen seized in the United States.

Gonzales's argument is dangerous as well as unconvincing, since it has no obvious limitations. Would the use-of-force resolution authorize the president to open mail or to conduct "black bag" operations, breaking into the homes of citizens without warrants, and conducting secret searches, asked Senator Patrick Leahy? Gonzales, typically, said he would not discuss these "hypotheticals." (In his confirmation hearing, Gonzales also called domestic wiretapping a hypothetical scenario, even though he knew that it was all too real.) But, in its official defense of the domestic spying program on January 19, the Department of Justice was not so coy. If courts interpreted the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) to prevent the president from doing whatever he thought necessary to protect the nation during a congressionally authorized war, the Justice Department declared, the law itself would be unconstitutional. In short, Justice's answer to the black bag question is "yes."

Of course, if you follow that reasoning, as Graham pointed out, there is no reason the administration couldn't, for example, ignore or break the federal ban on torture if the president decided that it impeded the war effort. "Taken to its logical conclusion," Graham said, "it concerns me that [the administration's argument about its inherent authority] could basically neuter the Congress and weaken the courts."

After suggesting that the administration had the power to stretch laws to mean the opposite of what Congress intends, Gonzales went on to suggest FISA didn't apply in this case, because it had been superseded by the use-of-force resolution. Even so, there was no meaningful difference, he insisted, between Bush's secret spying and the surveillance explicitly allowed by FISA, which requires probable cause to believe that one of the parties to a wiretapped conversation is a suspected spy or terrorist. The distinction between FISA's "probable cause" and the administration's "reasonable

grounds" standard for wiretapping, Gonzales said, was semantic: "It's the same standard," he insisted lamely. In fact, it is not the same standard: Probable cause is clearly more demanding. But the real difference is that FISA requires administration officials to seek a judicial warrant for the secret surveillance, while the administration insists on the need to supervise itself, without judicial oversight.

The Gonzales hearing made clear, however, that the administration is determined to resist any attempts by Congress to regulate surveillance, even when Congress proposes to codify the administration's own proposals. In 2002, for example, when DeWine proposed to lower the standard necessary to obtain surveillance warrants on non-U.S. citizens connected to terrorism from "probable cause" to "reasonable suspicion," James A. Baker, the Justice Department's counsel for intelligence policy, testified that the existing standard was working well and the lower one would likely be unconstitutional. (At the same time, the administration was secretly applying the lower standard on its own initiative.) Last week, DeWine asked Gonzales whether the administration would now support a federal law that allowed electronic surveillance of all international communications where one party is affiliated with a terrorist group, subject to oversight by the House and Senate intelligence committees. Gonzales demurred once again, refusing to say whether he thought Congress even had the power to ensure the president was following his own stated program.

Gonzales's contortions are not only dangerous, they're unnecessary, since it's easy to imagine a sensible way of protecting privacy while also being tough on terrorism. Since September 11, this magazine has argued that Congress could guarantee balance by striking the following bargain with the White House: The president gets expanded power to surveil people connected to terrorism suspects, but only if there is outside oversight and only if evidence collected during the surveillance can't be used to prosecute them for lower-level crimes that have nothing to do with terrorism (see "Security Check," December 16, 2002). The administration, however, responds that it must be able to prosecute potentially dangerous people for less serious crimes to prevent them from committing acts of terrorism (the equivalent of prosecuting Al Capone for tax evasion). Congress could answer this objection by setting up the following surveillance system: When the government suspects someone of being a spy or a terrorist, it can prosecute anyone for any crime, serious or trivial. But, until some degree of individualized suspicion develops, evidence uncovered in intelligence searches cannot be shared with law enforcement officials to prosecute crimes unrelated to terrorism. Judicial and congressional oversight would also be put in place to ensure that the executive kept its side of the bargain. In other words, warrants would be required, but the FISA court would grant them as long as one party to the conversation was a suspected terrorist, even if both parties were in the United States. The time period for the administration to conduct warrantless searches could be extended in emergencies, as long as the administration sought approval from the FISA court after the fact. And Congress would conduct periodic secret hearings to ensure that the new authorities were, in fact, focused on terrorists.

Is it realistic to expect Congress to strike a bargain like this with the White House—codifying the broad surveillance authority Bush has demanded in exchange for restrictions on information-sharing, combined with judicial and congressional oversight? The fact that Congress agreed to reauthorize the Patriot Act without meaningful modifications the same week that it held hearings on domestic surveillance does not inspire confidence. Since the Patriot Act was passed soon after September 11, almost all of the thoughtful civil libertarian objections have focused on a single provision, Section 215, which regulates the secret collection of physical evidence under FISA. Before the Patriot Act, both electronic surveillance and searches for physical evidence could only be conducted in secret and without warrants if there was probable cause to believe that the target was a suspected spy or terrorist. Under Section 215, the standard was lowered: Secret searches can take place in any case where the government says the evidence is relevant to a terrorism investigation. Civil libertarians have objected to Section 215 for the same reason they object to the Bush administration's eavesdropping program: namely that the government could, in theory, target its critics, certify that they had evidence relevant to a terrorism investigation, go on a broad secret fishing expedition, and then prosecute them for crimes that had nothing to do with terrorism.

Last July, the Senate unanimously passed an amendment to Section 215 that would have ensured that the government couldn't obtain the sensitive personal records of Americans who have no connection to terrorist spies or their activities. Unfortunately, this reform was abandoned in the Patriot Act compromise that emerged last week. The fact that the House and Senate, in the end, were unable to agree on even this one eminently reasonable reform makes it hard to be optimistic that Congress will insist on the same protections when it comes to regulating eavesdropping and real-time electronic surveillance.

Perhaps, however, Republican senators will remain so outraged about the administration's usurpation of their prerogatives that they will finally stand up for themselves. Specter, for example, has pointedly challenged the administration's unconvincing legal arguments. Before he will consider new legislation, Specter wants the FISA court to review the Bush program and rule on constitutionality. If he thinks that will shore up political support to resist the president's unilateralism, so be it. But, for more than four years since September 11, Congress has acquiesced in the steady erosion of its power. If Gonzales's sorry performance doesn't spur it to action, nothing will. ■

Kampala Dispatch

Made Man

BY ANDREW RICE

ON AND ON they came, in a long, lowing procession: Brown cows, dappled cows, longhorns and short, their tails swishing behind haunches branded Y.K.M. Ugandan President Yoweri K. Museveni sat regally in a padded plastic chair, a ceremonial cattle prod stuck beside him in the ground, watching with an expression of transported delight. Cattle are prized all over Africa as symbols of wealth and status, but they have special meaning for Museveni, who was born into a pastoral ethnic group and tended his family's herd from the age of four. Even today, when he owns thousands, he claims to know all his cows by name. As the parade made its way across the acacia-dotted pasture, Museveni rose from his chair to point out his favorite bulls. "This is my way of life," he shouted. "I can't forget my children just because I'm working for the regime. . . ." He paused a beat, reconsidering his choice of words. ". . . For the *government*."

I was tagging along with a delegation of Ugandan journalists, who had been invited up to the president's ranch, a couple hours west of Uganda's capital, to chronicle a day in Museveni's life as a gentleman rancher. It was early November, the beginning of the political season that will culminate in this month's presidential election, and the symbolism was lost on no one. For two decades now, since he marched into power with a victorious rebel army, Museveni has styled himself as Uganda's benevolent herdsman. He often likens politics to cattle-keeping, and his governing method has been much like the one employed by the slim men in threadbare clothing who patrolled the pasture in front of him. They beat the grass with sticks to let the animals know what path to follow. When one strayed out of line, they chased it down and rustled it back with a solid thwack to the side.

Museveni has often claimed that he is the only Ugandan with a vision for the country's future, and, for a long time, Western policymakers believed it. In the mid-'90s, Museveni was anointed one of a "new breed" of African military rulers who seemed poised to lead their once war-wracked countries to stable, responsible—and even democratic—futures. Among this group of youthful leaders, which also included the presidents of Rwanda, Ethiopia, Eritrea, and the Democratic Republic of Congo, Museveni was always the most promising: charming, smart, willing to speak hard truths about Africa's failings, permissive of dissent, and enlightened on many issues of public policy. Foreign governments showered the country with millions in aid. Everyone from Bono to President Bush came to see the Ugandan "miracle," as it was called. Bill Clinton, when he visited in 1998, saluted Museveni as the leader of an "African renaissance."

Today, eight years on, the renaissance talk of the '90s has come to seem terribly naïve. Leaders once hailed as fresh and new now carry a whiff—or more—of the old stench of dictatorship. One of them, President Laurent Kabila of Congo, is already dead—assassinated by his own bodyguard after several years of corrupt, tyrannical rule. In Rwanda, Congo's neighbor and occasional invader, the austere Paul Kagame now presides over a ruthless police state. Isaias Afwerki, the first leader of independent Eritrea, has degenerated into a drunken, paranoid hermit. He has canceled elections, arrested critics, and abrogated the constitution while intermittently warring with his larger neighbor, Ethiopia. That country's president, the brainy Meles Zenawi, a one-time confidante of Tony Blair, has lately taken to imprisoning opposition politicians and shooting at protesters who accuse him of stealing recent parliamentary elections.

Museveni, to one degree or another, has engaged in all these bad behaviors. He has attacked and looted Congo; he has allowed fantastic corruption within his inner circle; he has harassed journalists and cracked down on political dissent; he has amended Uganda's constitution to allow himself to serve indefinitely. In November, he jailed his strongest opponent in this month's presidential election, charging him with rape and treason. "Once touted as one of the 'new leaders of Africa,' " an American political analyst wrote recently in a damning confidential report to the World Bank, "[Museveni], over the last eight years, has increasingly resembled the old."

Looking back, many of the foreign policy specialists who were most closely involved in raising Museveni up as an exemplar believe that their strategy backfired. "We have made mistakes with Museveni, and we continue to compound them," said one former State Department official who served under Clinton. "The mistakes are that we have reinforced his self-image as the darling of the West, repeatedly and relentlessly." The United States, the wealthy nations of Europe, and lending institutions like the World Bank now contribute more than half of Uganda's budget in the form of foreign aid. Yet Museveni has virtually dared his benefactors to punish him. And, for the most part, they have stood by impassively as Uganda has grown more repressive and fractious. Like parties to a bad relationship, Museveni's suitors can't quite bring themselves to believe that Uganda's president is no longer the dashing man they once knew—or that, perhaps, they never really understood him at all.

NOW AROUND 60—his tribe didn't keep birth records—Museveni has been either fighting for power in Uganda or leading it for well over half his life. He came of age during the 1960s, the

Andrew Rice is writing a book about a Ugandan murder trial and the legacy of Idi Amin.

heady first days of independence, and attended the University of Dar es Salaam, then a hotbed of leftist thought. In his youth, he idolized Che Guevara, traveled to North Korea (where he learned to shoot), and wrote his thesis on Franz Fanon, colonial Africa's theorist of violent liberation. Within a few years, he had launched his first rebellion in Uganda, against the murderous dictatorship of General Idi Amin. After Amin's 1979 ouster, he went to war against Uganda's new president, Milton Obote. Provoked by the insurgency, Obote proved to be just as brutal as Amin; his army massacred countless civilians while trying to crush Museveni.

When Museveni came to power in 1986, at the head of an army of uneducated farmers and Kalashnikov-toting children, he promised "a fundamental change in the politics of our country." To the world's surprise, he proved good to his word. And, even more remarkably, what happened in Uganda seemed to reproduce itself all over Africa in the years that followed. Dictators like Ethiopia's Mengistu Haile Mariam and Zaire's Mobutu Sese Seko fell, and, from the ruins of civil wars, new leaders emerged. Like Museveni, their roots were in the Marxist milieu of the '60s, but, with the cold war ending, they were willing to forsake socialism and embrace the tough economic reforms that Western donors demanded. For the United States, the new breed—many of whom spoke English—represented a way to challenge France's spheres of influence in Africa. It was argued that, though they had come to power by force of arms, these "new soldier princes," as journalist Howard French called them, possessed a certain kind of legitimacy, having waged long struggles with the support of their countrysides. These were peasant revolutions the World Bank could love: Mao without the Marx.

The former rebels ruled by force, but they often talked of democracy, if only as a distant aspiration. In Uganda, Museveni presided over the enactment of a new constitution, intended to protect human rights. He reversed racist economic policies, welcoming back investors from India, who had been kicked out by Amin. He promoted an open political culture, grudgingly tolerated a raucous free press, and was one of the first African leaders to talk honestly about AIDS, a disease destined to kill more Ugandans than all the country's wars and dictators combined. He maintained a frugal lifestyle and encouraged his underlings to do the same. Only one political party was allowed, the ruling Movement Party, but Museveni reasonably argued that such strictures were temporarily necessary: Uganda's old parties had fractured along tribal and religious lines. "There were numerous signs to indicate that a process was moving forward that was positive in terms of setting the stage for a genuine democracy," says Johnnie Carson, the American ambassador to Uganda from 1991 to 1994, who has since become critical of the regime.

BUT MUSEVENI'S ADMIRERS were slow to recognize—or remained willfully blind—when he stopped living up to his renaissance man reputation. Corruption reemerged, particularly in the army, where the president's hard-living brother, Lieutenant General Salim Saleh—imagine Billy Carter in olive fatigues—held enormous sway. When Museveni invaded Congo in 1998, Saleh and his other generals promptly set about pillaging the country for gold, diamonds, and timber. They took kickbacks on deals for faulty weaponry, and they padded the military payroll with nonexistent soldiers, whose wages they pocketed. Eventually such "ghost soldiers" came to make up perhaps one-third of the army, leading to military setbacks in Congo and in Uganda's north, where a ragtag rebel army terrorized the populace. As the carnage mounted, grand mansions belonging to members of Museveni's inner circle appeared atop Kampala's green hills.

Diplomats and aid workers based in Uganda knew what was happening: Many of them rented their houses from the kleptocrats. But they developed a winking attitude toward the graft. Those who disbursed Uganda's aid knew their budgets, and maybe their jobs, were tied to the perception that the country was a continuing success. So they did nothing when money meant to fund schools and health clinics was diverted to the army or to Movement's extensive political machine. Some Africa experts, like Stanford University's Jeremy Weinstein, argue that the massive influx of aid may actually have retarded democratic reforms, because it made the "new breed" governments less dependent on popular support.

Museveni seems to have calculated, correctly, that the rules would be different for a darling. So, even as formerly strife-ridden countries like Mozambique, Namibia, and Kenya selected new leaders in free elections, he continued to argue that only an enlightened autocrat could hold Uganda together. He gradually eased into the time-honored role of the patriarchal African leader. These days, the president is surrounded by a shrinking cadre of loyalists who reverently refer to him as *mzee*, a Swahili word evoking a village elder, or, more straightforwardly, as "the Big Man." He thinks nothing of Mobutu-esque gestures like flying his pregnant daughter to visit a German obstetrician aboard the presidential jet.

In 2001, Museveni ran for his second and, it was then assumed, last elected term in office. The campaign turned nasty when Colonel Kizza Besigye, a former ally, decided to run against him. Museveni won, in an election marred by fraud, and Besigye fled into exile, claiming he feared for his life. Soon afterward, ruling party politicians began a campaign to amend the constitution to remove term limits, which would allow Museveni to run the country indefinitely. Through it all, Western diplomats did little more than issue critical communiqués; the aid kept flowing.

"I think too much slack was given," says John Prendergast, formerly an Africa specialist on Clinton's National Security Council staff and now a senior adviser at the International Crisis Group. "During the Clinton administration, we tried to be clever and we tried to maintain access, and I look at it in horror." Bush's Africa policy has differed little from

Clinton's, and Museveni still has unabashed supporters at the State Department. It hasn't hurt that he has become a vocal supporter of the war on terrorism and cozied up to leaders of America's evangelical movement.

That afternoon at his ranch, as black thunderheads rolled in across the savannah, Museveni beckoned me and a couple of Ugandan journalists to hop into his bulletproof Toyota Land Cruiser. He drove us back to the ranch house, skidding along the muddy unpaved road. He wanted to keep talking about animal husbandry. But our minds were on politics and the big issue of the week: Kizza Besigye's return.

The previous Wednesday, the former presidential candidate arrived on Ugandan soil after four years in exile. On his drive from the airport to Kampala, 25 miles away, his car had been mobbed by thousands of chanting supporters waving tree branches in celebration. At a massive rally held that evening, the colonel had attacked Museveni for allowing his cronies to grow rich while the rest of Uganda sunk deeper into poverty. "We now know we have the votes," Besigye had said in his distinctively low, gravelly voice. "If anyone wants to use force to steal our votes, then he will be undertaking the most serious risk of his life."

As he drove past scruffy villages where farmers lined the roadside, clapping in the pelting rain, Museveni told us he wasn't worried. "They can have a crowd of 20,000—that's not surprising at all—if they go where they are concentrated," he said. Movement's support lay in Uganda's countryside, he told us, not the cities, where only 14 percent of the population lives. Asked to predict how he would do in the election, Museveni replied, "It will be like 80 percent."

"Are you going to arrest him?" asked a Ugandan journalist in the front seat. Rumors of a crackdown on Besigye had been flying ever since he'd returned. Uganda's intelligence agencies had long alleged that, in the wake of his 2001 defeat, Besigye had plotted a civil war to overthrow the government, and there was ample circumstantial evidence. (On one memorable occasion, Besigye called a radio show to instruct his supporters to "train and wait" for war.) Now that he had returned, Besigye was refusing to disavow rebellion. "He must make sure he does not run afoul of the law," Museveni told us, choosing his words cautiously. "He will have to stop it, because I'm sure—I'm not a lawyer, but he must be breaking some law."

Ten days later, to no one's surprise, Besigye was arrested. Kampala descended into riots, the worst urban violence the city had seen since the end of the civil war. The day of the arraignment, I stood in a packed, sweltering courtroom as Besigye was charged with plotting rebellion and raping his former maid. Outside the court's window, police were shooting tear gas at protesters gathered in a park across the street. Periodically, the staccato sound of automatic rifle fire rang out.

Besigye's arrest began a menacing few months. He was denied bail and subsequently dragged before a military tribunal on separate charges. One day, black-clad men armed with machine guns—members of a military intelligence unit called the Black Mambas Urban Hit Squad—surrounded Uganda's High Court building, just to show the judges who was boss. The government slapped new restrictions on the movement of foreign journalists and threatened to ban an independent newspaper. Meanwhile, Museveni barnstormed the country with the leader of his abusive political militia in tow.

The repressive measures, however, have exacted a political cost. In the days after Besigye's imprisonment, several European nations cut their aid to Uganda, as did the World Bank. If the amounts were symbolic, the message was clear: Harder days are coming for Museveni. He is not yet a dictator in the mold of Zimbabwe's Robert Mugabe, another former rebel who was a darling in his own day, but it now seems beyond dispute that Uganda's herdsman is guiding his people down the same path. The situation is similar for all the new breed rulers. Many who once admired them, such as Prendergast, say the time has come to treat the soldier princes like what they have become: just another generation of Big Men in Africa. "It's the basic principle of 'speak softly and carry a big stick,' " he said. "We walk loudly and carry a toothpick, and these governments just laugh at our efforts at promoting democracy."

Pressuring a leader like Museveni on his weakest point—his country's dependence on foreign generosity—can work. In early January, after the aid cuts, a Ugandan judge abruptly freed Besigye, calling his prolonged detention "illegal and unlawful." More recently, after the same judge indicated that he is likely to acquit Besigye of rape, and a top general thunderously denounced him, he resigned from Besigye's treason case, citing his health and saying, "I still love my dear life." Besigye remains free for now, drawing large and enthusiastic crowds between court dates. The campaign itself has thus far been relatively peaceful, probably because of heightened international scrutiny. Museveni might be forced into a runoff; he could even conceivably lose. Whatever happens, fraud charges, court challenges, and public unrest are sure to ensue. But few Ugandans doubt who will remain in charge when the tear gas clears.

The night of Besigye's arrest, as soldiers patrolled the darkened streets of downtown Kampala, I visited a bar frequented by a crowd of boisterous, educated young Ugandans. I'd spent many nights arguing about politics there, and I knew the regulars split roughly evenly between Museveni supporters and opponents. But, that night, everyone was busy filling out yellow cards identifying themselves as members of the ruling Movement Party. Ideals were a luxury, they said; if there was going to be trouble, they wanted to be on the winning side. Only my friend Joseph, a hardcore Besigye man, refused to sign up. "Politics is getting nasty," he said disgustedly. "We are going back to those old days." Then he downed his beer and stalked off into the gloom. ■

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New Orleans Dispatch

Black Out

BY CAROL FLAKE CHAPMAN

It was a bittersweet reunion last Saturday for the men of the Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure Club. Dressed in their signature yellow-gold jackets, they gathered in front of the St. John Missionary Baptist Church on Jackson Avenue for a church service, the first event of the Carnival season. In ordinary years, the service would kick off the season with a blessing, and things would get progressively more festive during the two-week countdown to Mardi Gras day, when Zulu floats roll down the club's traditional parade route, with members transformed by blackface makeup, wild wigs, and grass skirts into comical, stylized African characters. This year, though, the service was a memorial, and fewer yellow-gold jackets than usual were in evidence at the church. Many of the members greeted one another in the fervent way of long-lost family members.

Like the city of New Orleans, post-Katrina Carnival has become whiter. In contrast to the diminished presence of Zulu, Endymion, the largest of the major krewes and mostly white, will likely roll with even more riders than usual. Members of Zulu, like much of the city's black community, lost their homes to the post-Katrina flood. Currently, more than half of the club's 500 members are living outside New Orleans. Many members journeyed to the event not from their homes in the Ninth Ward, Gentilly, or New Orleans East, but from Atlanta, Houston, or other cities that took in evacuees. Some couldn't make it back at all, including ten who survived Katrina but died after the traumatic evacuation.

A few of the club members who were missing, though, were absent by choice. The city's decision to carry on with the Carnival season in the absence of so many black residents troubled some, including Zulu member and attorney David Belfield. After members voted in December to participate in this year's Carnival, Belfield sued the club, seeking to have the vote nullified on the grounds that members had not been properly notified. "I love Mardi Gras," says Belfield, who lost his home and is now living in Lawrenceville, Georgia. "But what is there to celebrate when 70 percent of the population is not even living in New Orleans?"

Choosing not to march in Carnival is a significant gesture, given the importance of the celebration to the city, not only in economic terms but also in symbolic ones. But, with the city's future still so uncertain, particularly for its black population, choosing to march has significance as well. For Zulu President Charles Hamilton Jr., parading is a way for Zulu's membership to hold their place in the city until the rest of the black population can return. "That's why our theme this year is 'Leading the Way Back Home,' " he says.

Most black New Orleanians have remained ambivalent about which decision—Belfield's or Hamilton's—is best. But they are deeply sympathetic to the fear of marginalization that underscores both approaches. James Borders, a consultant to nonprofit organizations who also lost his home, worries most about the survival of black New Orleans. "For me, the holy trinity of New Orleans culture is the brass bands, the Mardi Gras Indians, and the social aid and pleasure clubs," he says. The news media's focus has been on seeing this year's Carnival, particularly the participation of the historically black Zulu krewe, as a sign of resilience. But missing in that story is the more desperate one of the black community trying, through Carnival, to keep a foothold in their city.

For all its air of frivolity, Carnival has long been a way for groups to proclaim their place in the city, beginning with the original antebellum krewe of Comus, regarded as the founder of Carnival's parade tradition. Members of Comus took pains to differentiate themselves through Carnival from newer arrivals in town. Carnival was also a field on which the city's residents grappled with racial issues. For years, some of the oldest krewes were white-only, and, long after blacks outnumbered whites in the city, Rex, an elite white-only krewe, continued to dominate the festivities. But, in 1991, the absurdity of lily-white clubs parading in a predominantly black town became too much, and, after long and bitter debate, the black-majority City Council passed an ordinance to prevent discriminatory clubs from marching on public streets. The Carnival war, as some regarded it, illustrated that Carnival had become as much a political ritual as a social one. Rex invited nonwhite members into its ranks, but some of the oldest krewes, including Comus, chose to give up parading rather than open up their membership.

Black New Orleanians, however, like women and gays, had long since made their own niche in the Carnival season. Zulu originated in 1909 as one of the social aid and pleasure clubs that were formed in the black community as a kind of social safety net. But, even within the black community, Zulu, whose founding members were inspired by a musical comedy skit involving an African tribe, became a controversial symbol of black identity. During the 1960s, when the idea of clowning in minstrel-show blackface went against the notion of black power and black-is-beautiful, many younger blacks spurned the group. But, by the time of the Carnival war in the early '90s, Zulu had become a pillar of Carnival, along with Rex, and the kings of the two clubs had begun meeting as equals in a ritual on Lundi Gras, the day before Mardi Gras. In one of Carnival's great ironies, Zulu, with its comic parody of white and black royalty, had taken on a kind of gravitas in the city's social world.

By the time Katrina hit, Carnival had become an eco-

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nomic engine driving the city's tourism industry, one of the few industries left in town, and therefore something of a sacred cow, even beyond its historical and cultural significance. Pro-Carnival boosters were fond of pointing out Carnival's multiplier effect to the economy: It pumped some $1 billion into the city, directly and indirectly, each year. To attack Carnival, then, was to attack not only the city's social fabric, but also its economic base.

After Katrina, the economic argument for Carnival doesn't really hold water, so to speak. This year, the city is expecting far fewer tourists, and no one seems quite sure how the city will pay the $2.7 million it's going to have to spend on police overtime and other expenses. For the first time, the city has hired a p.r. firm to drum up corporate support, but, so far, only Glad Products, the trash bag maker, has come through with a commitment.

But, perhaps because Carnival has less of an economic purpose this year, its symbolic one is heightened. A number of Mardi Gras Indians, who come from the city's poorest neighborhoods, are making new suits this year, and they plan to march on Mardi Gras day as an act of defiance. Hamilton talks about the decision to march not only in terms of stake-holding but also in terms of civic duty, explaining, "Some people are saying we shouldn't participate. But we have to take the lead in putting normalcy back into the city." It is the same argument that members of the city's tourism industry—as well as members of the city's white Carnival clubs—have made.

But that goal—normalcy—remains elusive, even on Mardi Gras day. Zulu will parade with only one-third or so of its usual number of floats, and it has had to advertise on the Internet for riders. The St. Augustine Marching 100, the legendary black high school marching band, has been merged—along with the school itself—with an uptown prep school, and the combined band will march on Mardi Gras day with Rex instead of Zulu. Missing, too, will be the black throngs that used to picnic on Claiborne Avenue, under the I-10 overpass, where thousands of junked cars are now parked.

It is this backdrop that is keeping former marchers like Belfield, a onetime king of Zulu, away. To hold Carnival under these conditions, Belfield says, is a "frivolous gesture." Belfield wrote Mayor Ray Nagin asking that the city put Carnival on hold until its exiled citizens could return, but neither Nagin nor Zulu has heeded his call.

Still, no one is under the illusion that this will be Carnival as usual. In recognition of that, Zulu added a jazz funeral to Saturday's memorial service. As the men marched through the city to the dirge and dance rhythms of the Pinstripe jazz band—past ruined houses still spraypainted with rescue markings—the parade felt like a tentative step in trying to take back the streets and to hold them in trust for those who couldn't be there. But, even with Zulu leading the way home for the black community, as their theme declares, it is going to be a very long road back. ■

Beirut Dispatch

Comic Relief

BY ANNIA CIEZADLO

For the Western news media, always eager to revisit Lebanon's bloody 15-year civil war, the Muslim rampage through a Christian neighborhood in Beirut on February 5 was a disappointment. A mob of predominantly Sunni Muslims threw stones at a Maronite Catholic church—a desecration most militias refrained from even during the civil war—and yet Beirut's Christians turned the other cheek. A peaceful counter-demonstration that night felt like a Cedar Revolution class reunion: Young men and women milled around chanting desultory slogans, then went home. By nightfall, what was assumed to be a ham-handed Syrian attempt to stir up sectarian trouble in Lebanon had fizzled. "We will not fall in the trap," proclaimed Druze leader Walid Jumblatt. "Our national unity is stronger than Syrian destruction."

The cartoon intifada—as the sometimes violent protests over a Danish newspaper's publication of cartoons depicting the Prophet Mohammed have come to be known—has been portrayed in the Western press as an epic struggle between West and East, Christendom and Islam. The image of angry, stone-throwing Muslims assaulting the Christian neighborhood of Ashrafiyeh fit right into that clash-of-civilizations paradigm.

But, as the world tuned in to watch a classic Christian-Muslim image from Lebanon's last war, it missed another picture: mainstream Sunni clerics frantically trying to hold back a bandana-wearing, brick-throwing Sunni mob that no longer respects their clerical robes. "I asked those troublemakers, 'What do the people who live in Ashrafiyeh have to do with the people who published those blasphemous cartoons about our Prophet?' " lamented one Sunni cleric from Dar Al Fatwa, Lebanon's highest Sunni spiritual authority. "I asked them, 'Why were those men destroying cars and public property? Why did they throw rocks at a church, which is a house of God?' Those people were not true Muslims. They had other agendas."

In Lebanon and Syria, the cartoon jihad is not a battle between West and East. It's a struggle by mainstream Sunnis to contain a growing network of radical Islamists. The Sunnis who burned Beirut's Danish Embassy weren't there to defend their Prophet from Lurpak butter or an obscure Danish newspaper. They weren't even there, really, to assault Christians. They came to Ashrafiyeh—from Lebanon's northern Islamist pockets, its Palestinian camps, and from neighboring Syria—to teach the mainstream Sunni estab-

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lishment a lesson. Most of all, they were there to send a message to Saad Hariri, the Saudi- and U.S.-backed figurehead of Lebanon's current parliamentary majority and the ostensible leader of Lebanon's Sunni community. The message was this: You cannot control us. What's frightening is that they might be right.

HERE'S A STORY from Lebanon that didn't make the international news: On February 2, someone detonated a small, one-kilogram bomb at a Lebanese army barracks in Ramlet Al Baida, a wealthy seafront neighborhood in predominantly Muslim West Beirut. Three hours earlier, someone claiming to represent "Al Qaeda in Lebanon" called a Lebanese newspaper and threatened to bomb several security bases unless the government freed 13 members of the group arrested in early January. The phone call was traced to Ain Al Hilweh, the most squalid and desperate—and the most militant—of Lebanon's Palestinian refugee camps.

Today, Lebanese security forces are worried that Al Qaeda–linked networks have decided to set up a military infrastructure in Lebanon, perhaps even forging ties to Jordanian terrorist Abu Musab Al Zarqawi. On February 11, Lebanon's acting interior minister admitted as much to a French newspaper, adding that "the soil is fertile." According to the Lebanese newspaper *As Safir*, some of the Al Qaeda suspects confessed to planning the same types of terrorist attacks in Lebanon as in Iraq.

In fact, they already tried once. In September 2004, Lebanese security forces uncovered a plot to bomb, among other sites, the Italian Embassy—in the heart of Beirut's rebuilt downtown—as retaliation for Italy's support of the Iraq war. When a suspect named Ismail Khatib died in custody, residents of his hometown, Majdal Anjar, erupted with rage, destroying shops on the Beirut-Damascus road, smashing windows, and blocking the highway with burning tires. Long before the February 5 demonstrations, the Majdal Anjar riots revealed a deep current of support for Al Qaeda–style terrorism: "The Interior Ministry accuses Ismail Khatib of recruiting fighters against the American invaders in Iraq. Well, this is an honor for him that should earn him respect, not death in a Lebanese detention center," raged pro-Syrian activist Maan Bashour at the dead man's funeral. Last week, in a disquieting sign of interconnected loyalties, the anonymous Ain Al Hilweh caller threatened that his group would not permit "the tragedy of Ismail Khatib" to be repeated.

For the Lebanese government, northern Islamist pockets like Majdal Anjar have been a perennial embarrassment. In theory, Lebanon's prime minister—and its leading Sunni families—represent the Sunni minority. But even Rafik Hariri, the powerful and popular former prime minister slain a year ago, had a hard time controlling Lebanon's Islamist backwaters. Hariri came from the relatively peaceful southern city of Sidon, not from the restive Sunni north. His son Saad is now the putative leader of the anti-Syrian majority in parliament. But inexperienced Saad is not as strong a figure as his father. "The radical Sunni fringe has a lot of control outside Beirut," says Eugène Sensenig-Dabbous, an assistant professor of political science at Lebanon's Notre Dame University and co-head of the Libanlink Diversity Center, a Beirut-based interfaith nonprofit.

After the February 5 clashes, some Lebanese are worried that Syrian dictator Bashar Assad may be using Lebanon's radical Sunnis against Hariri in a battle for the Sunni street. But, in doing so, the Syrian regime risks repeating the mistake the United States made when it funneled billions of dollars to Afghan mujahedeen: feeding a jihad it cannot keep caged. Take the Ahbash, a cultlike movement carefully groomed by Syrian intelligence into a Lebanese proxy. German prosecutor Detlev Mehlis, who conducted the U.N. investigation into Rafik Hariri's murder, found evidence that the Ahbash played a key role in planning Hariri's killing. "After the Hariri assassination, the Ahbash adopted a low profile, but it doesn't mean that their influence is decreasing," says Lokman Slim, leader of Hayyabina ("Let's Go"), a civil society group that promotes a secular Lebanon.

FOR YEARS, THE Syrian regime's rationale for occupying Lebanon was this: Without Syria to babysit, Lebanon's warring factions would collapse back into civil war. That's the rationale that led the United States to back the Syrian dominion over Lebanon for more than a decade. Similarly, the Baath regime has always used radical Sunnis as bogeymen. Without its dictatorship, goes the argument, the Muslim Brotherhood would ignite the Levant.

Syria has cried the Islamist wolf for so long that the West, and perhaps even the Lebanese government itself, has begun to underestimate the real threat. That miscalculation became painfully obvious on February 5, when Lebanese security forces made a miserable showing despite ample warning that trouble was on its way: first the burning of the Danish Embassy in Damascus, then busloads of Islamists massing in cities like Tripoli, in northern Lebanon. "It takes two hours to get from Tripoli to Beirut—they could have stopped them, but nothing was done," says Farid El Khazen, a member of parliament and a political science professor at the American University of Beirut. "And they knew that, the day before, there was a rehearsal, so to speak, when they burned down the Danish Embassy in Damascus."

Ever since the Iraq war, and especially in recent months, Assad's government has shown an increasing willingness to play with Islamist fire. After all, a bulwark isn't much use without something to hold back. As the Syrian regime grows increasingly desperate, it is more and more willing to entertain the kind of Islamists that could pose a threat to its own existence and the entire region—a threat that the Lebanese government has, until recently, been loath to acknowledge. "It proves that the Lebanese have learned very well the message of the Syrian Baath regime," says Slim. "Instead of saying, 'We have a problem inside the country,' we are hiding it." Until now. ■

Moderate Muslims and their radical leaders.

Misled

BY JOSEPH BRAUDE

Now a year and a half into Abdurahman Alamoudi's 23-year prison sentence for violating anti-terrorism sanctions, it might seem hard to remember why both the Clinton and Bush administrations used to embrace him, for years, as a leader of Islam in America. It might seem troubling that an FBI spokesman, as recently as 2002, had dubbed Alamoudi's organization, the then-Washington-based American Muslim Council, "the most mainstream Muslim group in the United States." It might seem perplexing that the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, in a statement praising Alamoudi's group as "the premier, mainstream Muslim group in Washington," had dismissed warnings about the organization and its long-serving director as "Muslim-bashing."

But the reasons Alamoudi enjoyed this status are not so difficult to understand. He purported to represent millions of American Muslims, who deserve a political voice in Washington. And, throughout his public life, he spoke out against terrorist attacks in the United States. In a typical speech to thousands of American Muslims at the annual convention of the Islamic Association for Palestine (IAP) in Chicago in 1996, for instance, he told the audience, "Once we are here, our mission in this country is to change it. . . . There is no way for Muslims to be violent in America, no way. We have other means to do it."

To a large extent, his reputation as an influential moderate Muslim became self-perpetuating, his stature enhanced each time he met with a mainstream politician or clergyman. The pages of his organization's newsletter and sympathetic publications reported that he had held meetings with President Clinton, Vice President Al Gore, and National Security Adviser Anthony Lake in the mid-'90s. The State Department reportedly sent Alamoudi on diplomatic junkets to Muslim countries in the late '90s. Bush administration officials had picked up where their predecessors in the White House left off, granting Alamoudi and his associates photo opportunities with the president and an open-door policy with senior administration officials.

What these mainstream politicians and government institutions largely missed, however, was that, if you listened to Alamoudi carefully, he stopped sounding so moderate. While he generally advised against attacks in the United States, he enthusiastically endorsed terrorism against Israeli, Jewish, and Western targets abroad. In that very same 1996 address to the IAP, he said: "I think if we are outside this country, we can say, 'Oh, Allah, destroy America' " and that "[y]ou can be violent anywhere else but in America." During a conversation recorded shortly before his 2003 arrest, he again counseled against attacks in the United States, but he called for strikes in Europe and Latin America. He expressed the view in Arabic that the Al Qaeda attack on the U.S. Embassy in Kenya had been "wrong," but only because "many African Muslims have died and not a single American died," and he went on to say that "I prefer to hit a Zionist target in America or Europe or elsewhere. . . . I prefer, honestly, like what happened in Argentina. . . . The [Buenos Aires] Jewish Community Center. It is a worthy operation." In July 2004, Alamoudi pleaded guilty in an Alexandria, Virginia, federal court to smuggling Libyan money into the United States and concealing his financial transactions and foreign bank accounts from the IRS. He also admitted to having participated in a plot to kill the crown prince of Saudi Arabia—the present King Abdullah—in consort with Al Qaeda affiliates in London.

This picture of Alamoudi leads to a troubling conclusion: During the time he was holding himself out as a spokesman for Islam in America, Alamoudi's words and deeds amounted to a toxic moral influence on American Muslims and a repugnant misrepresentation of that community to the politicians and priests who embraced him. Worse, Alamoudi is hardly one of a kind. Many of those recently held out as moderate leaders of the American Muslim community—and embraced as such by American politicians—are anything but. For over a generation, supporters of Hamas, Islamic Jihad, and Hezbollah have promoted their views and solicited support in numerous U.S. mosques, Islamic centers, and convention halls—as journalists and a litter of indictments and convictions in recent years have documented for the public. The opportunistic acceptance of the United States by Islamists like Alamoudi as "the dominion of truce"—a concept that has been spelled out in detail by leaders of the Muslim Brotherhood, both inside and outside the United States—is inherently shaky. It is a truce that asks to be breached—as recent cases of terrorist planning by American Muslims in the United States suggest.

The American Muslim community and the U.S. political establishment can and should do better than this. In contrast to various governments in Western Europe, where official negotiations with domestic Islamists have been deemed necessary, there is no need to reach such accommodations here. Fortunately, given the largely successful integration of Mus-

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lim immigrants in the United States, there is reason to hope that the Alamoudis of America will be superseded over time by more progressive Muslim voices. To some degree, such changes have already begun. But this natural process has been delayed and stifled by American political leaders' unnatural selection of extremists to represent Islam and Islamic aspirations in the United States.

CRITIQUES OF AMERICAN Islamist leadership typically come with the disclaimer that most Muslims in the United States do not call for the death of Israelis or Jews, let alone anybody else. This understatement does not begin to capture the disconnect between most American Muslims and groups like Alamoudi's American Muslim Council that have spoken and acted on their behalf. Islam in America, a millions-strong religion, does not resemble a cross section of the Muslim world, the Middle East, or any Muslim country. Among immigrant Muslims to the United States, Shia—who include nearly all of the country's Iranian Muslim immigrants and a significant proportion of South Asians and Arabs—may well outnumber Sunnis. Arab-American Christians outnumber Arab-American Muslims—though demographics and shifting migration trends are poised to taper if not invert this disparity. Black Muslims, relative newcomers to mainstream Sunni Islam, easily represent one of the largest waves of conversion in twentieth-century Islamic history—as well as one of the most remote from the faith's traditional heartlands. If all these disparate groups held a contested election for a single American Muslim community leader, wealth and demographics might easily induce a dead heat between an Iranian Shia businessman in Los Angeles and a black Sunni cleric in Chicago.

How strange, therefore, that the most prominent national Muslim legations to Washington have, for decades, been headed mainly by Sunni Arabs and Sunni Pakistanis, many of whom have baldly espoused the tenets of Wahhabism and the Muslim Brotherhood. Both of these ideologies are as anti-Shia as they are anti-Jewish. And Muslim Brotherhood architect Sayyid Qutb, whose teachings are frequently cited in Saudi-subsidized books that have been distributed in numerous American Sunni mosque libraries, was no fan of American blacks, either. In his Arabic-language account of visiting the United States in the late '40s, *The America I Have Seen*, he called jazz "this music that the savage bushmen created to satisfy their primitive desires, and their desire for noise on the one hand, and the abundance of animal noises on the other."

Evidence of the radicalism lurking beneath the moderate veneer of many of those who have headed prominent Islamic organizations is not hard to find. Take the case of Sami Al Arian, a former University of South Florida professor. To be sure, Arian shared Alamoudi's opposition to terrorism on U.S. soil, leaving aside a memorable speech about jihad in which he cried, "Let us damn America," from which he subsequently distanced himself. But Arian is currently facing nine counts in a Tampa terrorism indictment—after a jury acquitted him in December of eight counts and failed to reach a verdict on the rest of the 17 originally included in the indictment—arising from the charge that he helped finance and steer the Palestinian Islamic Jihad organization. Through his lawyer, Arian has conceded a close affiliation with the Islamic Jihad leadership and extensive financial remittances to individuals affiliated with the group. Arian does not deny having publicly called for the death of Israelis, nor does anyone dispute that a former colleague of his in Tampa, Ramadan Abdullah Shallah, now heads the Islamic Jihad organization. Yet Arian's thinly veiled activism did not lose him an invitation to the White House in 2001 or friends and supporters in the United States who have championed his cause in the name of political freedom and Islam in America.

Whatever value judgment one places on Arian's strident anti-Israel activism, one cannot help but notice that it indirectly promoted killing projects beyond Israel, including in the United States. Several conferences organized by Arian in Chicago featured Abdel Aziz Odeh—a cleric subsequently listed by federal prosecutors as an unindicted co-conspirator in the 1993 World Trade Center bombing—as a guest speaker, and one conference gave a platform to Omar Abdel Rahman, the blind Egyptian sheik now serving life in prison for his central role in the 1993 bombing and subsequent plots to attack New York City.

The natural connection between terrorism overseas and against the United States lies in the enduring alliance between Israel and the United States and the inherently transnational nature of the militant ideology Arian and Shallah espoused. Though Islamic Jihad is focused on Palestine, it is not a discrete national liberation movement. The group posits the centrality of the Palestinian cause within a broader armed struggle to reclaim all Muslim lands from rulers deemed un-Islamic—and arguably, by extension, all those who support them.

Alamoudi, Shallah, and Arian also appear to have had something in common with scores of other American Islamists and Islamist institutions subsequently charged by prosecutors with abetting terrorism overseas. While they may have frowned upon attacks on U.S. soil, their indictments suggest they had no qualms about flagrantly transgressing the country's laws. The 42-count Texas indictment against the Holy Land Foundation for Relief and Development, an avowedly pro-Hamas organization whose supporters were ubiquitous in Sunni American mosques and Islamic centers throughout the '90s, does not merely allege $12.4 million in material support to a terrorist group; it charges conspiracy, tax evasion, and money-laundering. The 2002 North Carolina conviction of Mohamed Hammoud on charges of materially supporting Hezbollah and several associates on charges of smuggling, racketeering, and money-laundering is stunning not merely because of its gravity—the defendants had funneled over $1 million to the group and sent advanced military technology and global-position-

ing systems—but also because their tactics are reminiscent of other organized crime syndicates. Hammoud and his co-defendants had organized an inventive cigarette-smuggling ring from North Carolina to Michigan.

Unlike common criminals, these Islamists' crimes are the result not of a moral lapse, but rather of a consistent moral position. Many radical Islamists subscribe to a traditional Muslim legal convention that divides the world into the "dominion of Islam" (*Dar Al Islam*), where Islamic law prevails, and the "dominion of war" (*Dar Al Harb*), where war prevails pending the country's Islamization. A debate has been aired publicly in the Muslim community as to which sphere the United States belongs. But, if the United States is within the dominion of war, all kinds of criminality may be permitted. As an article in *Al Zaitounah*, the flagship publication of the IAP, reported in 1994, "Some Muslims permit themselves to take money from non-Muslims in America, whether individuals or companies, and avoid reimbursing them, on the grounds that America is an infidel country."

Al Zaitounah interviewed three senior Muslim Brotherhood clerics on the question of whether the United States was part of the dominion of war. Their responses left a good deal of wiggle room as to the answer. Qatar-based Youssef Al Qaradawi, at the time a star attraction at well-attended Islamist conferences in the United States, clarified at the outset that Israel was the dominion of war and that "it must be dealt with on this basis until all rights and lands are restored to their owners and justice takes the place of the scum regime that is present there now." (It bears noting that Yitzhak Rabin, then–prime minister of the "regime" to which Qaradawi referred, had signed the Oslo accords with the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) a few months earlier.) Asked whether the United States belongs in a similar category, Qaradawi replied, "The bifurcation of the world into two dominions, a dominion of war and a dominion of Islam, does not necessarily mean that war must be waged against every dominion that is not a dominion of Islam. Some dominions should be fought, while other dominions could be affixed to the dominion of Islam by pacts and truces, as has been the case in Islamic history." Noting that one of the four schools of Sunni Islamic law, the Shafii school, had allowed for a third designation, "the dominion of truce" (*Dar Al Ahd*), Qaradawi suggested, "It may be generally possible to classify America and Western states as the dominion of truce, because they share treaties, common interests, and embassies with Arab and Islamic countries and do not—at least for the time being—pose a direct, unveiled aggression to Muslims or Muslim countries." The other two clerics did not substantively differ with Qaradawi.

A decade later, it would be difficult for any American follower of Qaradawi to avoid concluding that the cleric's conditional acceptance of the United States as "possibly" the "dominion of truce" no longer applies—if it ever did—based on its own logic. Qaradawi himself has confirmed his view that America's invasion of Iraq was a direct aggression against an Arab country and a Muslim people—calling for armed jihad against the occupier. So did 26 Saudi clerics in a joint edict released in November 2004. In a December sermon, he also called upon God to protect Iraq from "the American Satans." Though Qaradawi has been banned from entering the United States since 1999, he can still reach thousands of Arabic-speaking U.S. homes via Al Jazeera, on which he hosts a weekly program about Islamic life.

THIS STRAND WITHIN American Islamist culture, however thin, is relevant to the rash of initiatives by some Muslims in America to assist Al Qaeda, which federal prosecutors have brought to light since September 11. It was through a predominantly Arab-American mosque outside Buffalo, New York, that six American-born Yemeni ethnics—mostly employed, married, and college-educated, all registered Democrats—met a pair of preachers who lured them to an Al Qaeda training camp in Afghanistan and a meeting with Osama bin Laden. A journalist who visited the young men's hometown of Lackawanna, New York, described the Al Qaeda trainees as "the cool, assimilated guys in the community." The FBI agent who elicited their first confession—from a member of the group who had been intercepted in Bahrain—recalled in a "Frontline" interview, "[W]hen we got on the plane on our way to the States, and he met the case agents from Buffalo, one of his biggest concerns [was], 'How are the Buffalo Bills doing?' That tells me that he really likes what he has here." These youths had experienced an integrated, American Islamic cultural environment that condoned suicide bombings in Israel as surely as it cheered the home football team. When a local Al Qaeda preacher and his Saudi colleague sought to recruit them, they apparently did so by building on the moral foundation that formed the bedrock of their religious environment—by asking them to take a short walk from the dominion of truce to the dominion of war.

Other members of the community, to be sure, took issue with the preachers' arguments. The apprehension of the so-called "Lackawanna Six," in fact, was reportedly the result of information provided to the FBI by the Yemeni-American community—and the Saudi preacher had not lasted long in the local mosque. But the case may have been as much a learning experience for Al Qaeda and its affiliates as it was for the United States: It demonstrates that some number of second-generation American Muslims can be lured into American killing projects within the framework of their indigenous religious milieu—provided the recruitment is carried out discreetly, outside the purview of other American Muslims who disagree with Al Qaeda. Effective recruitment in the United States may be tricky and time-consuming, but it is doable—and some of the blame for this state of affairs rests on the failings of America's Islamist leadership.

Further evidence of the pernicious effect the radicalism of these so-called moderate Muslim leaders have on their flocks can be seen in several other recent terrorism cases. Consider the businessman in Brooklyn who allegedly

helped Sheik Mohammed Al Hasan Al Moayad channel money to Hamas and Al Qaeda (part of the multimillion-dollar total that the sheik allegedly raised and remitted). Before Moayad's conviction last spring in a Brooklyn federal court for conspiring to support both organizations, jurors were treated to a taste of the cleric's flamboyant personal style through clandestine recordings of his meetings. Moayad not only celebrated a suicide bombing in Israel, he also bragged that Osama bin Laden held him in the highest esteem and had called him "my sheik." On the basis of his many explicit recorded comments, it's hard to imagine anyone who partnered with Moayad being deluded into thinking he wished to kill only Israelis or support only Hamas. As for the studious distinction between Israelis and American Jews, it was plainly confused by 34-year-old Ahmed Hassan Al Uqaily, an Iraqi-born resident of the United States for over a decade who worked for a Krispy Kreme doughnut shop in Nashville, Tennessee. In October 2004, he paid an undercover agent $1,000 for two M-16 machine guns, four hand grenades, and several hundred rounds of ammunition. A Tennessee judge sentenced him in October 2005 to four years and nine months in prison for illegally possessing the weapons, which he had planned to use to attack two Jewish facilities—in the Nashville area.

Of course, law-abiding American Muslim leaders do not bear responsibility for the crimes of some misguided souls in Lackawanna, Brooklyn, Nashville, Washington, Richardson, Chicago, Charlotte, and a handful of other cities where Islamist killing projects and terrorism financiers have been busted since September 2001. But they do owe their flocks, and all Americans, a firm moral stand against the global murder fetish that aroused some of their jailed and far-flung counterparts. They should consistently repudiate Islamist civilian carnage—whether in Tel Aviv and New Delhi or New York and Riyadh—and relentlessly counter the set of teachings that sanction it. Such leadership has been too slow in coming—a tragedy for which some of the blame extends beyond the Muslim community.

WASHINGTON'S COZILY INTERTWINED Muslim advocacy groups tend to pool personnel, ideals, and Saudi largesse and co-habit Qaradawi's permanent floating dominion of truce. By the time Alamoudi was indicted in 2003, the American Muslim Council's preeminent mainstream status in Washington had been supplanted by the Council on American-Islamic Relations (CAIR). Its long-serving executive director, Nihad Awad, had been a prominent officer of the IAP, whose conferences Alamoudi memorably addressed. In November 2004, a federal judge declared the IAP civilly liable for the Hamas killing of an American citizen in the West Bank. Awad left the association to found CAIR in 1994—but, rather than try to distinguish himself from his former colleagues, Awad has also declared his support for Hamas in his new capacity and declined to denounce the movement's bloody tactics. Furthermore, he has acknowledged that CAIR received money from the Holy Land Foundation, the avowedly pro-Hamas charity that now faces federal charges of supporting terrorism. The Holy Land Foundation was co-founded by Mohammed El Mezain, who went on to work for a new nonprofit entity, KindHearts for Charitable Humanitarian Development. KindHearts has funneled money back to some of the same groups as Holy Land. Its 2003 tax return shows that $77,571 was transferred to the IAP. Among its remittances to overseas coffers in 2002, $100,000 went to the Sanabil Association for Relief and Development in Lebanon, which the Treasury Department designated a Hamas-supporting entity in August 2003. Mezain has since been charged with aiding Hamas through the Holy Land Foundation by federal prosecutors, and he has departed KindHearts; but a veteran of at least one other Islamist charity shut down by the government for providing support to terrorist groups also works for the organization.

All these American Islamist leaders and organizations, in turn, have maintained direct, public affiliations with the Plainfield, Indiana–based Islamic Society of North America (ISNA), the largest and oldest umbrella organization of Muslim groups in the United States and Canada. Its numerous ties to Brotherhood and Hamas activists do not amount to an indictment of ISNA as a whole or the tens of thousands of predominantly Sunni Muslim Americans who attend the group's annual convention. For that matter, nor does the fact that alleged Islamic Jihad backer Arian, according to several published conference proceedings, co-founded ISNA. These links do not devalue the $20,000 ISNA donated to victims of Hurricane Katrina in September or the vaguely worded condemnation of "terrorism" that the group added its name to back in July. (See Judea Pearl's insightful TNR ONLINE article on the document, "Word Choice," on September 13, 2005.) But they do underscore the commonplace acceptance of Hamas and Islamic Jihad within the culture of interlocking Islamist institutions that have achieved the most prominence in America.

This gut-wrenching state of affairs poses a recurring dilemma for outsiders whenever an Islamist leader in the United States seeks the same status-boosting acknowledgement from elected officials that other political interest groups do. When ISNA invited President Bush to address its annual convention in Rosemont, Illinois, last September, a total rebuff would have snubbed tens of thousands of American Muslims in attendance—but an acceptance would have elevated the mainstream communal esteem of their questionable leadership and affiliates, as surely as Alamoudi had been endowed a mainstream status he did not deserve. (Bush sent Undersecretary of State for Public Diplomacy Karen Hughes as his representative.)

THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER which some Sunni Islamists rose to prominence in the United States are intimately linked to U.S. government policy decisions: ISNA's most radical affiliates, including the IAP and the now-defunct Muslim Arab Youth Associa-

tion (MAYA), promoted militancy in support of the Afghan Jihad during the later years of the cold war—when President Reagan himself stood squarely behind the Afghan fighters they championed. In the '80s, the IAP and MAYA jointly brought Abdullah Azzam, Osama bin Laden's acknowledged spiritual mentor, on tours of American Islamic centers from his base in Peshawar, Pakistan. Azzam's sojourns across the Atlantic were truly within the borders of a "dominion of truce" at the time, in the sense that the United States and Azzam's Wahhabi backers in Saudi Arabia were aligned in support of Islamist fighters in Afghanistan. Yet, even then, Azzam used the occasion of his U.S. visits to push for attacks far beyond Afghanistan. In a Brooklyn mosque, as has been widely reported, Azzam memorably declared that the "jihad of the sword" was global, and he explicitly called for its fulfillment inside the United States. Camera pans of the sermon's audience in a video recording of the event subsequently revealed the presence of a co-conspirator in the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, Mahmud Abouhalima, taking in the cleric's message.

American groups like MAYA and the IAP, which hosted and boosted Azzam in this country, are in some ways comparable to Islamist groups in other pro-Western countries, once encouraged by their host governments out of deference to their struggle against a common, godless enemy: Egypt's late president, Anwar Sadat, gave the Muslim Brotherhood a chance to flourish in his country, hoping that the movement would serve as a counterweight to his communist and socialist opposition—a policy that did not survive his assassination by a radical Islamist. Israel's government, prior to the first Palestinian intifada in 1987, used to engage Sunni Islamists in Palestine, hoping that they would serve to challenge the PLO's monopoly on Palestinian politics; it was in this manner that Hamas was born. The fact that Hamas espouses suicide attacks on civilian targets does not erase its social function as a provider of some health and human services to Palestinians. But it does—and should—undermine the movement as a moral voice on any national or global stage. In a similar vein, both Alamoudi's American Muslim Council and Nihad Awad's CAIR have fought for Muslim civil rights in the United States, among other just causes. But their avowed support for Hamas and other manifestations of radicalism should call into question their pretext of speaking on behalf of millions of American Muslims—and disqualify them as interlocutors on behalf of American Muslims to the United States government. This is not to preclude the possibility that they may revise their views—or that true moderates may emerge from within the ranks of organizations tinged by an older generation of poor leadership. It is, in fact, to demand that such a transformation occur.

If the United States were France—where a massive, ghettoized Arab Muslim underclass encircles the capital city in an exurban wall of rage—then sending politicians to build bridges with domestic Islamist leaders might be a necessary measure, among other necessary measures. During the bloody riots around Paris last fall, the pro–Muslim Brotherhood Union of Islamic Organizations of France (UOIF) appears to have joined the government in calling for calm by pitting religion against the rioters. Since 2003, the UOIF has been the largest constituent member of the French Interior Ministry's French Council for the Muslim Religion—a body established to bring French Islam into the mainstream by granting it official status. A fatwa issued by the UOIF declared, "It is not acceptable to express feelings of desperation through damaging public properties and carrying out arson. … Under Islam, one cannot get one of his or her rights at the expense of others." Though some observers labeled the riots an "intifada" or "jihad," Islamist voices in France that extol jihad in Palestine and Iraq were successfully enlisted to try to undermine that ideological conception when it came to French terrain. Having achieved official recognition by the French Interior Ministry, the Brotherhood group evidently found enough common ground with the Republic to add its voice to calls for calm. In doing so, the UOIF issued the fatwa despite its grievances about the country's foreign policy—which supports harsh crackdowns by the Algerian regime on Algerian Islamists—and the second-class status of Muslim immigrants to France. This dominion of truce–style accommodation appears to be valuable to the French: The Muslim Brotherhood movement may well command more popularity among France's predominantly North African Arab Sunni Muslim immigrant population than the Republic itself.

But the United States has succeeded where France and much of Europe have failed. As Spencer Ackerman observed in these pages recently (see "Religious Protection," December 12, 2005), American Muslims enjoy social integration and acceptance, religious tolerance, economic opportunity, and a higher standard of living than the general population. These blessings mean that American imams, unlike their French counterparts, are not in the position of shepherding socially restive flocks. According to demographers, Jews and Muslims in the United States overwhelmingly co-habit the two coasts and a handful of urban areas in between. Nowhere since Baghdad in the 1930s—where a plurality of Jewish urban elites famously commingled with their Sunni and Shia counterparts in business, the professions, civil service, and music—have the points of intersection between the two faiths been so manifold, so easygoing, and so fruitful. Nowhere else has the medieval distinction between dominions of "war," "Islam," and "truce" been so irrelevant, so anachronistic. For this reason, the United States does not need to countenance Islamist interlocutors who endorse militancy and radicalism abroad, even while calling for a truce at home. It can find and promote true moderates more representative of Islam in America. The United States owes this much to its Muslim community, and its Muslim community owes this much to itself. ■

BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Dissent, Great and Small

SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO Germany sent us a film called *The White Rose*, which told the chilling true story of Munich university students who in 1942 formed a resistance group by that name. These students printed anti-Hitler leaflets and distributed them in the university: eventually they were caught, tried (or "tried"), and decapitated. *The White Rose* was one of the most moving films I have ever seen. Michael Verhoeven's directing felt hushed, and Lena Stolze, who played Sophie Scholl, one of the group's leaders, seemed a secular saint, modest but sure. (In fact, Stolze had played Sophie in an earlier film that dealt chiefly with her cellmate after her capture.)

SOPHIE SCHOLL—THE FINAL DAYS
(Zeitgeist)

THE 78TH ANNUAL ACADEMY AWARDS

Now we have a German film called **SOPHIE SCHOLL—THE FINAL DAYS**, directed by Marc Rothemund and written by Fred Breinersdorfer, occasioned by the recent availability of relevant records. Verhoeven's film dealt mostly with the students' activities before their capture. (This included the recruitment of one of their professors, who had asked them why they were risking their lives in this way. They said they were only acting on principles that he had taught them. So he joined them; and he, too, was caught and decapitated.) Rothemund, however, virtually begins with the arrest of Sophie and her co-activist brother Hans, along with a third young man. This new film concentrates on Sophie's interviews with a chief interrogator, and then her excoriation, along with the two young men, by a judge in a courtroom. The three defendants are permitted to share a last cigarette. We see Sophie led to the guillotine.

The fresh interest in Rothemund's film is in those scenes with the interrogator, Mohr. Sophie faces him in his office, quietly maintaining her innocence, which we know she does to protect others as well as herself, while he tries to bring her not only to confession but to an acknowledgment of something other than political error—ingratitude. He reminds her, or thinks he is reminding her, of how much she and her fellow students owe to Hitler's regime: their very education, for chief instance. Mohr himself knows what the war is costing—he has a son on the eastern front—but he believes it will all prove worthwhile in a golden future. Thus these interrogation scenes are not the usual harrying onslaught by a diabolical policeman: they flirt with truth—canted, grubby truth. (Presumably these scenes are accurate. Rothemund says he even interviewed Mohr's eighty-three-year-old son for insight into his father's character.) Eventually Sophie's show of innocence is cracked by other evidence. The effect on Mohr is not entirely triumphant. When she is taken to her execution, Mohr is there to watch, not gloating.

One point, mentioned in neither Verhoeven's nor Rothemund's film, must be noted. It is an uncomfortable fact that German university students had been among the most heated supporters of Hitler from his beginning. Disillusion did not appear signally until the late 1930s. This festered into outright resistance, among some students, only after the defeat at Stalingrad, which made the war seem futile. It takes no whit from the courage of the White Rose to remember that the students' actions came only after victory seemed impossible; but it does add historical perspective. To put it another way, and with forehead pressed reverentially to the ground, we can ask whether there would have been a White Rose if the Germans had won at Stalingrad.

Still, the forehead stays down, as with other accounts of anti-Hitler resistance. Latter-day moral superiority is a bit easy. Whenever I read about the acquiescence of Aryan Germans in the abduction of their Jewish neighbors in the Nazi days, I have to wonder, if I had been Aryan, how self-sacrificially noble I would have been. Belated though the White Rose's actions may seem, they were still overwhelmingly brave.

Julia Jentsch plays Sophie with a resolve not to act. She relies largely on thinking the appropriate thoughts and letting them take care of what we see and hear. This approach is about three-quarters effective; occasionally we could have used a touch—just a touch—of evident feeling. Alexander Held gives Mohr an air of expertise colored with a tacit need to believe in what he is doing. The cinematographer, Martin Langer, clothes most of the film in gray light. Rothemund uses the sky thematically throughout: Sophie looks upward whenever she gets a chance—not religiously (although she is religious) but with an implied recognition of a worldly beauty that she will miss. *Sophie Scholl* is not as devastatingly moving as *The White Rose*, but it, too, evokes awe in lesser beings.

Hollywood is again congratulating itself (a practice in which it has long been skilled), this time on the recent Oscar nominations for Best Picture. It boasts that the five films chosen were relatively low-budget pictures about serious subjects. The most expensive was *Munich*, which cost $68 million, not much of a drop in the *King Kong* bucket. As it happens, four of the five choices (*Munich* the exception) were praised here and are well worth seeing. Still, under the eye of completeness, the roster is a sorry joke.

It is hardly news that the Oscar ceremony is a promotional gimmick. Films that are not promotable are out of the race. To complain about this situation is like protesting the commercialization of Christmas. Still, in anything like a long view, it is horrendous that Oscar pays no attention to an important fact: with strange persistence, America produces small-scale, intelligent, interesting films, and they are automatically ignored by the Oscar nominating committee be-

cause they cannot benefit from promotion. (Similarly, the Tonys in the New York theater never go to Off-Broadway productions.) Obviously enough, the Oscar in itself is no absolute guarantee of quality: the point is that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences arbitrarily and continuously shuts out a vital segment of our motion picture work.

Here are three American films that, I believe, will linger in the minds of those who saw them as long as any of the five nominees: *Me and You and Everyone We Know*, written and directed and performed by Miranda July; *Junebug*, written by Angus MacLachlan and directed by Phil Morrison (for which Amy Adams got a best supporting actress nomination); and *Nine Lives*, written and directed by Rodrigo García. They are all so-called independent pictures and are outstanding in a field that continually pours free-spirited artistic venture into the American film world. But they are not, in Academy terms, promotable.

Well, I won't miss the Oscar broadcast, anyway. Talk about comedy! I'll never forget the year that Marisa Tomei beat Vanessa Redgrave for the supporting actress award. ■

Amartya Sen

Chili and Liberty

The uses and abuses of multiculturalism.

I.

THE DEMAND FOR MULTICULTURALISM is strong in the contemporary world. It is much invoked in the making of social, cultural, and political policies, particularly in Western Europe and America. This is not at all surprising, since increased global contacts and interactions, and in particular extensive migrations, have placed diverse practices of different cultures next to one another. The general acceptance of the exhortation to "Love thy neighbor" might have emerged when the neighbors led more or less the same kind of life ("Let's continue this conversation next Sunday morning when the organist takes a break"), but the same entreaty to love one's neighbors now requires people to take an interest in the very diverse living modes of proximate people. That this is not an easy task has been vividly illustrated once again by the confusion surrounding the recent Danish cartoons of the Prophet Mohammed and the fury they generated. And yet the globalized nature of the contemporary world does not allow the luxury of ignoring the difficult questions that multiculturalism raises.

One of the central issues concerns how human beings are seen. Should they be categorized in terms of inherited traditions, particularly the inherited religion, of the community in which they happen to have been born, taking that unchosen identity to have automatic priority over other affiliations involving politics, profession, class, gender, language, literature, social involvements, and many other connections? Or should they be understood as persons with many affiliations and associations, whose relative priorities they must themselves choose (taking the responsibility that comes with reasoned choice)? Also, should we assess the fairness of multiculturalism primarily by the extent to which people from different cultural backgrounds are "left alone," or by the extent to which their ability to make reasoned choices is positively supported by the social opportunities of education and participation in civil society? There is no way of escaping these rather foundational questions if multiculturalism is to be fairly assessed.

IN DISCUSSING THE THEORY AND the practice of multiculturalism, it is useful to pay particular attention to the British experience. Britain has been in the forefront of promoting inclusive multiculturalism, with a mixture of successes and difficulties, which are of relevance also to other countries in Europe and the United States. Britain experienced race riots in London and Liverpool in 1981, though nothing as large as what happened in France in the fall of 2005, and these led to further efforts toward integration. Things have been fairly stable and reasonably calm over the last quarter-century. The process of integration in Britain has been greatly helped by the fact that all British residents from the Commonwealth countries, from which most non-white immigrants have come to Britain, have full voting rights in Britain immediately, even without British citizenship. Integration has also been helped by largely non-discriminatory treatment of immigrants in health care, schooling, and social security. Despite all this, however, Britain has recently experienced the alienation of a group of immigrants, and also fully homegrown terrorism, when some young Muslims from immigrant families—born, educated, and reared in Britain—killed many people in London through suicide bombings in July 2005.

Discussions of British policies on multiculturalism thus have a much wider reach, and arouse much greater interest and passion, than the boundaries of the ostensible subject matter would lead one to expect. Six weeks after the July terrorist attacks in London, when *Le Monde* published a critical essay called "The British Multicultural Model in Crisis," the debate was immediately joined by a leader of another liberal establishment, James A. Goldston, director of the Open Society Justice Initiative in America, who described the *Le Monde* article as "trumpeting," and replied: "Don't use the very real threat of terrorism to justify shelving more than a quarter-century of British achievement in the field of race relations." There is a general issue of some importance to be debated and evaluated here.

I will argue that the real issue is not whether "multiculturalism has gone too far" (as Goldston summarizes one of

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the lines of criticism), but what particular form multiculturalism should take. Is multiculturalism nothing other than tolerance of the diversity of cultures? Does it make a difference who chooses the cultural practices—whether they are imposed on young children in the name of "the culture of the community" or whether they are freely chosen by persons with adequate opportunity to learn and to reason about alternatives? What facilities do members of different communities have, in schools as well as in the society at large, to learn about the faiths and non-faiths of different people in the world, and to understand how to reason about choices that human beings must, if only implicitly, make?

II.

BRITAIN, TO WHICH I FIRST CAME as a student in 1953, has been particularly impressive in making room for different cultures. The distance traveled has been in many ways quite extraordinary. I recollect (with some fondness, I must admit) how worried my first landlady in Cambridge was about the possibility that my skin color might come off in the bath (I had to assure her that my hue was agreeably sturdy and durable), and also the care with which she explained to me that writing was a special invention of Western civilization ("The Bible did it"). For someone who has lived—intermittently but for long periods—through the powerful evolution of British cultural diversity, the contrast between Britain today and Britain half a century ago is just amazing.

The encouragement given to cultural diversity has certainly made many contributions to people's lives. It has helped Britain to become an exceptionally lively place in many different ways. From the joys of multicultural food, literature, music, dancing, and the arts to the befuddling entrapment of the Notting Hill Carnival, Britain gives its people—of all backgrounds—much to relish and to celebrate. Also, the acceptance of cultural diversity (as well as voting rights and largely non-discriminatory public services and social security, referred to earlier) has made it easier for people with very different origins to feel at home.

Still, it is worth recalling that the acceptance of diverse living modes and varying cultural priorities has not always had an easy ride even in Britain. There has been a periodic but persistent demand that immigrants give up their traditional styles of life and adopt the dominant living modes in the society to which they have immigrated. That demand has sometimes taken a remarkably detailed view of culture, involving quite minute behavioral issues, well illustrated by the famous cricket test proposed by Lord Tebbit, the Conservative political leader. His cricket test suggested that the sign of a well-integrated immigrant is that he cheers for England in test matches against the country of his own origin (such as Pakistan) when the two sides play each other.

Tebbit's test has, it must be admitted, the merit of definiteness, and gives an immigrant a marvelously clear-cut procedure for easily establishing his or her integration into British society: "Cheer for the English cricket team and you will be fine!" The immigrant's job in making sure that he or she is really integrated into British society could otherwise be quite exacting, if only because it is no longer easy to identify what actually is the dominant lifestyle in Britain to which the immigrant must conform. Curry, for example, is now so omnipresent in the British diet that it features as "authentic British fare," according to the British Tourist Board. In last year's General Certificate of Secondary Education (GCSE) examinations, taken by graduating schoolchildren around sixteen years old, two of the questions included in the "Leisure and Tourism" paper were: "Other than Indian food, name one other type of food often provided by take-away restaurants" and "Describe what customers need to do to receive a delivery service from an Indian take-away restaurant." Reporting on the GCSE in 2005, the *Daily Telegraph* complained not about any cultural bias in these nationwide exams, but about the "easy" nature of the questions, which anyone in Britain should be able to answer without any special training.

I also recollect seeing, not long ago, a definitive description of the unquestionable Englishness of an Englishwoman in a London paper: "She is as English as daffodils or chicken tikka masala." Given all this, a South Asian immigrant to Britain might be a bit confused, but for Tebbit's kindly help, about what will count as a surefire test of British identity. The important issue underlying the frivolity of the foregoing discussion is that cultural contacts are currently leading to such a hybridization of behavioral modes across the world that it is exceptionally difficult to identify any local culture as being genuinely indigenous, with a timeless quality. But thanks to Tebbit, the task of establishing Britishness can become nicely algorithmic and wonderfully easy (almost as easy as answering the GCSE questions just cited).

TEBBIT HAS GONE ON TO SUGgest, more recently, that if his cricket test had been put to use, it would have helped to prevent the terrorist attacks by British-born militants of Pakistani origin: "Had my comments been acted on, those attacks would have been less likely." It is difficult to avoid the thought that this confident prediction perhaps underestimates the ease with which any would-be terrorist—with or without training from Al Qaeda—could pass the cricket test by cheering for the English cricket team without changing his behavior pattern one iota in any other way.

I don't know how much into cricket Tebbit himself is. If you enjoy the game, cheering for one side or the other is determined by a number of varying factors: one's national loyalty or residential identity, of course, but also the quality of play and the overall interest of a series. Wanting a particular outcome often has a contingent quality that would make it hard to insist on unvarying and unfailed rooting for any team (England or any other). Despite my Indian origin and nationality, I must confess that I have sometimes cheered for the Pakistani cricket team, not only against England but also against India. During the Pakistani team's tour of India in 2005, when Pakistan lost the first two one-day matches in the series of six, I cheered for Pakistan for the third match, to keep the series alive and interesting. In the event, Pakistan went well beyond my hopes and won all of the remaining four matches to defeat India soundly by the margin of four to two (another instance of Pakistan's "extremism" of which Indians complain so much!).

A more serious problem lies in the obvious fact that admonitions of the kind enshrined in Tebbit's cricket test are entirely irrelevant to the duties of British citizenship or residence, such as participation in British politics, joining British social life, or desisting from making bombs. They are also quite distant from anything that may be needed to lead a fully cohesive life in the country.

These points were quickly seized upon in post-imperial Britain, and despite the diversions of such invitations as Tebbit's cricket test, the inclusionary nature of British political and social traditions made sure that varying cultural modes within the country could be seen as being entirely acceptable in a multi-ethnic Britain. To be sure, there are many natives who continue to feel that this historical trend is a great mistake, and that disapproval is often combined with severe resentment that Britain has become such a multi-ethnic country at all. (In my last encounter with such a resenter, at a bus stop, I was suddenly told, "I have seen through you all!," but I was disappointed that my informant refused to tell me more about what he had seen.) Yet the weight of British public opinion has been moving, at least until recently, quite strongly in the direction of tolerating—and even celebrating—cultural diversity. All this, and the inclusionary role of voting rights and non-discriminatory public services, have contributed to an interracial calm of a kind that France in particular has not enjoyed recently. Still, it leaves some of the central issues of multiculturalism entirely unresolved, and I want to take them up now.

III.

One important issue concerns the distinction between multiculturalism and what may be called "plural monoculturalism." Does the existence of a diversity of cultures, which might pass one another like ships in the night, count as a successful case of multiculturalism? Since, in the matter of identity, Britain is currently torn between interaction and isolation, the distinction is centrally important (and even has a bearing on the question of terrorism and violence).

Consider a culinary contrast, by noting first that Indian and British food can genuinely claim to be multicultural. India had no chili until the Portuguese brought it to India from America, but it is effectively used in a wide range of Indian food today and seems to be a dominant element in most types of curries. It is plentifully present in a mouth-burning form in vindaloo, which, as its name indicates, carries the immigrant memory of combining wine with potatoes. Tandoori cooking might have been perfected in India, but it originally came to India from West Asia. Curry powder, on the other hand, is a distinctly English invention, unknown in India before Lord Clive, and evolved, I imagine, in the British army mess. And we are beginning to see the emergence of new styles of preparing Indian food, offered in sophisticated subcontinental restaurants in London.

In contrast, having two styles or traditions co-existing side by side, without the twain meeting, must really be seen as plural monoculturalism. The vocal defense of multiculturalism that we frequently hear these days is very often nothing more than a plea for plural monoculturalism. If a young girl in a conservative immigrant family wants to go out on a date with an English boy, that would certainly be a multicultural initiative. In contrast, the attempt by her guardians to stop her from doing this (a common enough occurrence) is hardly a multicultural move, since it seeks to keep the cultures separate. And yet it is the parents' prohibition, which contributes to plural monoculturalism, that seems to garner the loudest and most vocal defense from alleged multiculturalists, on the ground of the importance of honoring traditional cultures—as if the cultural freedom of the young woman were of no relevance whatever, and as if the distinct cultures must somehow remain in secluded boxes.

Being born in a particular social background is not in itself an exercise of cultural liberty, since it is not an act of choice. In contrast, the decision to stay firmly within the traditional mode would be an exercise of freedom, if the choice were made after considering other alternatives. In the same way, a decision to move away—by a little or a lot—from the standard behavior pattern, arrived at after reflection and reasoning, would also qualify as such an exercise. Indeed, cultural freedom can frequently clash with cultural conservatism, and if multiculturalism is defended in the name of cultural freedom, then it can hardly be seen as demanding unwavering and unqualified support for staying steadfastly within one's inherited cultural tradition.

The second question relates to the fact that while religion or ethnicity may be an important identity for people (especially if they have the freedom to choose between celebrating or rejecting inherited or attributed traditions), there are other affiliations and associations that people also have reason to value. Unless it is defined very oddly, multiculturalism cannot override the right of a person to participate in civil society, or to take part in national politics, or to lead a socially non-conformist life. No matter how important multiculturalism is, it cannot lead automatically to giving priority to the dictates of traditional culture over all else.

The people of the world cannot be seen merely in terms of their religious affiliations—as a global federation of religions. For much the same reasons, a multi-ethnic Britain can hardly be seen as a collection of ethnic communities. Yet the "federational" view has gained much support in contemporary Britain. Indeed, despite the tyrannical implications of putting persons into rigid boxes of given "communities," that view is frequently interpreted, rather bafflingly, as an ally of individual freedom. There is even a much-aired "vision" of "the future of multi-ethnic Britain" that sees it as "a looser federation of cultures" held together by common bonds of interest and affection and a collective sense of being.

But must a person's relation to Britain be mediated through the culture of the family in which he or she was born? A person may decide to seek closeness with more than one of these pre-defined cultures or, just as plausibly, with none. Also, a person may well decide that her ethnic or cultural identity is less important to her than, say, her political convictions, or her professional commitments, or her literary persuasions. It is a choice for her to make, no matter what her place is in the strangely imagined "federation of cultures."

There would be serious problems with the moral and social claims of multiculturalism if it were taken to insist that a person's identity must be defined by his or her community or religion, overlooking all the other affiliations a person has, and giving automatic priority to inherited religion or tradition over reflection and choice. And yet that approach to multiculturalism has assumed a pre-eminent role in some of the official British policies in recent years.

The state policy of actively promoting new "faith schools," freshly devised for Muslim, Hindu, and Sikh children (in addition to pre-existing Christian schools), illustrates this approach, and not only is it educationally problematic, it also encourages a fragmentary perception of the demands of living in a desegregated Britain. Many of these new

educational institutions are coming up precisely at a time when religious prioritization has been a major source of violence in the world (adding to the history of such violence in Britain itself, including Catholic-Protestant divisions in Northern Ireland—themselves not unconnected with segmented schooling). Prime Minister Tony Blair is certainly right to note that "there is a very strong sense of ethos and values in those schools." But education is not just about getting children, even very young ones, immersed in an old inherited ethos. It is also about helping children to develop the ability to reason about new decisions any grown-up person will have to take. The important goal is not some formulaic parity in relation to old Brits with their old-faith schools, but what would best enhance the capability of the children to live "examined lives" as they grow up in an integrated country.

IV.

THE CENTRAL ISSUE WAS PUT A long time ago with great clarity by Akbar, the Indian emperor, in his observations on reason and faith in the 1590s. Akbar, the Great Mughal, was born a Muslim and died a Muslim, but he insisted that faith cannot have priority over reason, since one must justify—and, if necessary, reject—one's inherited faith through reason. Attacked by traditionalists who argued in favor of instinctive faith, Akbar told his friend and trusted lieutenant Abul Fazl, a formidable scholar with much expertise in different religions: "The pursuit of reason and rejection of traditionalism are so brilliantly patent as to be above the need of argument. If traditionalism were proper, the prophets would merely have followed their own elders (and not come with new messages)." Reason had to be supreme, in Akbar's view, since even in disputing reason, we would have to give reasons.

Convinced that he had to take a serious interest in the diverse religions of India, Akbar arranged for recurring dialogues involving not only people from mainstream Hindu and Muslim backgrounds in sixteenth-century India, but also Christians, Jews, Parsees, Jains, and even the followers of "Carvaka"—a school of atheistic thinking that had robustly flourished in India for more than two thousand years from around the sixth century B.C.E. Rather than taking an "all or nothing" view of a faith, Akbar liked to reason about particular components of each multi-faceted religion. Arguing with Jains, for example, Akbar would remain skeptical of their rituals, and yet he was convinced by their argument for vegetarianism and even ended up deploring the eating of flesh in general. Despite the irritation all this caused among those who preferred to base religious belief on faith rather than reasoning, he stuck to what he called "the path of reason," the *rahi aql*, and insisted on the need for open dialogue and free choice. Akbar also claimed that his own liberal Islamic beliefs came from reasoning and choice, not from blind faith or what he called "the marshy land of tradition."

There is also the further question (particularly relevant to Britain) about how *non*-immigrant communities should see the demands of multicultural education. Should it take the form of leaving each community to conduct its own special historical celebrations, without responding to the need for the "old Brits" to be more fully aware of the global inter-relations in the origins and development of world civilization? If the roots of so-called Western science or culture draw on, say, Chinese innovations, Indian and Arabic mathematics, or West Asian preservation of the Greco-Roman heritage (with, for example, Arabic translations of forgotten Greek classics being re-translated into Latin many centuries later), should there not be a fuller reflection of that robust interactive past than can be found, at this time, in the school curriculum of multi-ethnic Britain?

When a British or an American mathematician today employs an algorithm to solve a computational problem, he or she implicitly commemorates the contribution of the ninth-century Muslim mathematician al-Khwarizmi, from whose name the term "algorithm" is derived, and from whose path-breaking Arabic mathematical book, *Al-Jabr wa al-Muqabalah*, the term "algebra" originates. Even if Muslim faith schools fail to celebrate such non-religious works of Muslim intellectuals, should not all British students—old Brits as well as new ones—read something about such global contributions to the roots of modern world civilization? Educational broadening is important not only in Britain but across the world, including the United States and Europe. World history need not come to children (as it often does) only in the form of parochial recollections, combined sometimes with small capsules of packaged history of religion—not to mention the lampooning cartoons encountered outside the school. The priorities of genuinely multicultural education can differ a great deal from the intellectual segmentation of a plural monocultural society.

IF ONE ISSUE CONCERNING FAITH schools involves the problematic nature of giving priority to unreasoned faith over reasoning, there is another momentous issue here, which concerns the role of religion in categorizing people, rather than other bases of classification. People's priorities and actions are influenced by all of their affiliations and associations, not merely by religion. The separation of Bangladesh from Pakistan was based on reasons of language and literature, along with political priorities, and not on religion, which both wings of undivided Pakistan shared. To ignore everything other than faith is to obliterate the reality of concerns that have moved people to assert identities that go well beyond religion.

The Bangladeshi community, large as it is in Britain, is merged in the religious accounting into one large mass along with all the other co-religionists, with no further acknowledgment of culture and priorities. While this may please the Islamic priests and religious leaders, it certainly shortchanges the abundant culture of that country and emaciates the richly diverse identities that Bangladeshis have. It also chooses to ignore altogether the history of the formation of Bangladesh itself. There is, as it happens, an ongoing political struggle at this time within Bangladesh between secularists and their detractors (including religious fundamentalists), and it is not obvious why British official policy has to be more in tune with the latter than with the former.

The problem, it must be admitted, did not originate with recent British governments. Indeed, official British policy has for many years given the impression that it is inclined to see British citizens and residents originating from the subcontinent primarily in terms of their respective communities, and now—after the recent accentuation of religiosity (including fundamentalism) in the world—community is defined primarily in terms of faith, rather than by taking account of more broadly defined cultures. The problem is not confined to schooling, nor to Muslims. The tendency to take Hindu or

Sikh religious leaders as spokesmen for the British Hindu or Sikh population, respectively, is also a feature of the same process. Instead of encouraging British citizens of diverse backgrounds to interact with one another in civil society, and to participate in British politics as citizens, the invitation is to act "through" their "own community."

The limited horizons of this reductionist thinking directly affect the living modes of the different communities, with particularly severe constraining effects on the lives of immigrants and their families. But going beyond that, how citizens and residents see themselves can also affect the lives of others, as the violent events in Britain last summer showed. For one thing, the vulnerability to influences of sectarian extremism is much greater if one is reared and schooled in the sectarian (but not necessarily violent) mode. The British government is seeking to stop the preaching of hatred by religious leaders, which must be right, but the problem is far more extensive than that. It concerns whether citizens of immigrant backgrounds should see themselves as members of particular communities and specific religious ethnicities first, and only through that membership see themselves as British, in a supposed federation of communities. It is not hard to understand that this fractional view of any nation would make it more open to the preaching and cultivation of sectarian violence.

Tony Blair has good reason to want to "go out" and have debates about terror and peace "inside the Muslim community," and (as he put it) to "get right into the entrails of [that] community." Blair's dedication to fairness and justice is hard to dispute. And yet the future of multiethnic Britain must lie in recognizing, supporting, and helping to advance the many different ways in which citizens with distinct politics, linguistic heritages, and social priorities (along with different ethnicities and religions) can interact with one another in their different capacities, including as citizens. Civil society in particular has a very important role to play in the lives of all citizens. The participation of British immigrants—Muslims as well as others—should not be primarily placed, as it increasingly is, in the basket of "community relations," and seen as being mediated by religious leaders (including "moderate" priests and "mild" imams, and other agreeable spokesmen of religious communities).

There is a real need to re-think the understanding of multiculturalism, so as to avoid conceptual disarray about social identity and also to resist the purposeful exploitation of the divisiveness that this conceptual disarray allows and even, to some extent, encourages. What has to be particularly avoided (if the foregoing analysis is right) is the confusion between a multiculturalism that goes with cultural liberty, on the one side, and plural monoculturalism that goes with faith-based separatism, on the other. A nation can hardly be seen as a collection of sequestered segments, with citizens being assigned places in predetermined segments.

V.

There is an uncanny similarity between the problems that Britain faces today and those that British India faced, and which Mahatma Gandhi thought were getting direct encouragement from the Raj. Gandhi was critical in particular of the official view that India was a collection of religious communities. When Gandhi came to London for the Indian Round Table Conference called by the British government in 1931, he found that he was assigned to a specific sectarian corner in the revealingly named "Federal Structure Committee." Gandhi resented the fact that he was being depicted primarily as a spokesman for Hindus, in particular "caste Hindus," with the rest of the population being represented by delegates, chosen by the British prime minister, of each of the "other communities."

Gandhi insisted that while he himself was a Hindu, the political movement that he led was staunchly secular and not a community-based movement. It had supporters from all the different religious groups in India. While he saw that a distinction can be made along religious lines, he pointed to the fact that other ways of dividing the population of India were no less relevant. Gandhi made a powerful plea for the British rulers to see the plurality of the diverse identities of Indians. In fact, he said he wanted to speak not for Hindus in particular, but for "the dumb, toiling, semi-starved millions" who constitute "over 85 percent of the population of India." He added that, with some extra effort, he could speak even for the rest, "the Princes … the landed gentry, the educated class."

Gender, as Gandhi pointed out, was another basis for an important distinction that the British categories ignored, thereby giving no special place to considering the problems of Indian women. He told the British prime minister, "You have had, on behalf of the women, a complete repudiation of special representation," and went on to point out that "they happen to be one-half of the population of India." Sarojini Naidu, who came with Gandhi to the Round Table Conference, was the only woman delegate at the conference. Gandhi mentioned the fact that she was elected the president of the Congress Party, overwhelmingly the largest political party in India (this was in 1925, which was exactly fifty years before any woman was elected to preside over any major British political party). Sarojini Naidu could, on the Raj's "representational" line of reasoning, speak for half the Indian people, namely Indian women; and Abdul Qaiyum, another delegate, pointed also to the fact that Naidu, whom he called "the Nightingale of India," was also the one distinguished poet in the assembled gathering, a different kind of identity from being seen as a Hindu politician.

In a meeting arranged at the Royal Institute of International Affairs during his visit, Gandhi insisted that he was trying to resist "the vivisection of a whole nation." He was not ultimately successful, of course, in his attempt at "staying together," though it is known that he was in favor of taking more time to negotiate to prevent the partition of 1947 than the rest of the Congress leadership found acceptable. Gandhi would have been extremely pained also by the violence against Muslims that was organized by sectarian Hindu leaders in his own state of Gujarat in 2002. But he would have been relieved by the massive condemnation that these barbarities received from the Indian population at large, which influenced the heavy defeat, in the Indian general elections that followed in May 2004, of the parties implicated in the violence in Gujarat.

Gandhi would have taken some comfort in the fact, not unrelated to his point at the Round Table Conference in London in 1931, that India, with more than 80 percent Hindu population, is led today by a Sikh prime minister (Manmohan Singh) and headed by a Muslim president (Abdul Kalam), with its ruling party (Congress) being presided over by a

woman from a Christian background (Sonia Gandhi). Such mixtures of communities may be seen in most walks of Indian life, from literature and cinema to business and sports, and they are not regarded as anything particularly special. It is not just that a Muslim is the richest businessman—indeed the wealthiest person—living in India (Azim Premji), or the first putative international star in women's tennis (Sania Mirza), or has captained the Indian cricket team (Pataudi and Azharuddin), but also that all of them are seen as Indians in general, not as Indian Muslims in particular.

During the recent parliamentary debate on the judicial report on the killings of Sikhs that occurred immediately after Indira Gandhi's assassination by her Sikh bodyguard, the Indian prime minister, Manmohan Singh, told the Indian parliament, "I have no hesitation in apologising not only to the Sikh community but to the whole Indian nation because what took place in 1984 is the negation of the concept of nationhood and what is enshrined in our Constitution." Singh's multiple identities are very much in prominence here when he apologized, in his role as prime minister of India and a leader of the Congress Party, to the Sikh community, of which he is a member (with his omnipresent blue turban), and to the whole Indian nation, of which he is a citizen. All this might be very puzzling if people were to be seen in the "solitarist" perspective of only one identity each, but the multiplicity of identities and roles fits very well with the fundamental point Gandhi was making at the London conference.

Much has been written concerning the fact that India, with more Muslim people than almost every Muslim-majority country in the world (and with nearly as many Muslims—more than 145 million—as Pakistan), has produced extremely few homegrown terrorists acting in the name of Islam, and almost none linked with Al Qaeda. There are many causal influences here, including the influence of the growing and integrated Indian economy. But some credit must also go to the nature of Indian democratic politics, and to the wide acceptance in India of the idea, championed by Gandhi, that there are many identities other than religious ethnicity that are relevant to a person's self-understanding, and also to the relations between citizens of diverse backgrounds within the country.

I recognize that it is a little embarrassing for me, as an Indian, to claim that, thanks to the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi and others (including the clear-headed analysis of "the idea of India" by Rabindranath Tagore, the greatest Indian poet, who described his family background as "a confluence of three cultures, Hindu, Mohammedan, and British"), India has been able, to a considerable extent, to avoid indigenous terrorism linked to Islam, which currently threatens a number of Western countries, including Britain. But Gandhi was expressing a very general concern, not one specific to India, when he asked, "Imagine the whole nation vivisected and torn to pieces; how could it be made into a nation?"

That query was motivated by Gandhi's deep worries about the future of India. But the problem is not specific to India. It arises for other nations too, including the country that ruled India until 1947. The disastrous consequences of defining people by their religious ethnicity and giving priority to the community-based perspective over all other identities, which Gandhi thought was receiving support from India's British rulers, may well have come, alas, to haunt the country of the rulers themselves.

In the Round Table Conference in 1931, Gandhi did not get his way, and even his dissenting opinions were only briefly recorded, with no mention of where the dissent came from. In a gentle complaint addressed to the British prime minister, Gandhi remarked, "In most of these reports you will find that there is a dissenting opinion, and in most of the cases that dissent unfortunately happens to belong to me." Yet Gandhi's farsighted refusal to see a nation as a federation of religions and communities did not "belong" only to him or to the secular India he was leading. It also belongs to any country in the world that is willing to see the serious problems to which Gandhi was drawing attention. ■

Thomas Nagel
The Many in the One

THE ETHICS OF IDENTITY
By Kwame Anthony Appiah
(Princeton University Press, 376 pp., $29.95)

COSMOPOLITANISM: ETHICS IN A WORLD OF STRANGERS
By Kwame Anthony Appiah
(W. W. Norton, 201 pp., $24.95)

IN HIS TWO NEW BOOKS KWAME Anthony Appiah undertakes to combine a form of liberalism that aspires to universal validity with a full recognition and substantial acceptance of the important cultural and ethical diversity that characterizes our world. *The Ethics of Identity* is a philosopher's contribution to ethical theory; *Cosmopolitanism* is a more popular work of social and political reflection; but both are of wide interest—invitingly written and enlivened by personal history.

Some of the issues Appiah addresses are familiar from contemporary public debates about multiculturalism, the relation of the state to religious pluralism, the effects of economic globalization, and the international reach of universal standards of human rights. Most of us have our own reactions to the prohibition of the Islamic head scarf in French *lycées* and Turkish universities, the restrictions on English signage in Quebec, the battles over gay marriage, the teaching of intelligent design in American public schools, the practice of female circumcision in Africa, the return of the Elgin Marbles to Greece, or the claim that liberal rights should be regarded merely as an ethnic custom of the West. Appiah is wonderfully perceptive and levelheaded about this tangle of issues.

His central claim is developed from the pluralistic liberalism of John Stuart Mill. Even though individual lives are what really matter, those lives and their value depend on identities of many different kinds shaped by the thick web of diverse cultures, religions, associations, and practices that make real, existing human beings. A theory of human good

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cannot be based on an abstract universal concept of the human—either biological or metaphysical—because humanity alone is not a sufficient identity for any of us. We are all much more concrete and specific and embedded than that.

Appiah has more identities than most of us. Born to a Ghanaian father and an English mother, nephew of the king of Asante and grandson of a British chancellor of the exchequer, brought up in Africa and educated in England, he now teaches at Princeton and is a leading figure in the philosophy and African American studies academic establishments. His parents were Methodists, but some of his relatives are Muslim and many of them believe in witchcraft. And he is gay. Appiah may insist that such complexity is not rare, but it has given him a greater sense of freedom than I suspect is felt by people whose identities are simpler. This puts him in a particularly strong position to explain why individualistic liberalism is not inevitably at war with parochial identities, even though some identities can be oppressive or even crippling. Appiah is as cosmopolitan as it is possible to be, but he has maintained his local roots in full consciousness, and espouses a form of liberal multiculturalism that he calls "rooted cosmopolitanism."

The view is developed at three levels: the individual, the societal, and the global or universal. Like Mill, Appiah believes that the individual level provides the foundation. Some of what is good and bad for human beings is determined by our animal biology alone, but the essentially human goods depend on identities that are determined by each individual's membership in smaller groups or systems of human relations. Think how important a person's family, profession, native language, or religion is in determining what it means for his life to go well.

These sources of value can also be sources of trouble, of course. Appiah applies a distinction made by Ronald Dworkin between circumstances that are *parameters* for determining what would constitute a successful life and circumstances that are *limits*—"obstacles that get in the way of our making the ideal life that the parameters help define." It illuminates the problematic ethics of identity when we notice that some of the most politically salient identities function both as parameters and as limits, and that there are struggles at both the individual and the societal level over how to categorize them.

At one time, the dominant liberal response to social contempt or demeaning stereotypes attached to blacks, gays, or women was to try to erase the ethical significance of such identities altogether—an attitude expressed in the embarrassing modifier "...who happens to be black." But this has been displaced in our time by the effort to turn them from limits into parameters:

> An African American after the Black Power movement takes the old script of self-hatred, the script in which he or she is a nigger, and works, in community with others, to construct a series of positive black life-scripts. In these life-scripts, being a Negro is recoded as being black: and for some this may entrain, among other things, refusing to assimilate to white norms of speech and behavior.... It will not even be enough to be treated with equal dignity despite being black: for that would suggest that being black counts to some degree against one's dignity. And so one will end up asking to be respected *as a black*.

Appiah tells the same story about gay identity after Stonewall, but he then adds:

> Demanding respect for people *as blacks* and *as gays* can go along with notably rigid strictures as to how one is to be an African American or a person with same-sex desires.... It is at this point that someone who takes autonomy seriously may worry whether we have replaced one kind of tyranny with another.

A further problem with black solidarity in particular is that it relies on a dubious criterion of identity. Many Americans believe that a person with one African American parent and one caucasian parent is an African American. If this principle is re-applied consistently, it results in the "one-drop rule," according to which *any* African ancestry makes one black. But Appiah cites statistical studies showing that millions of Americans who look white and are regarded by themselves and others as white have ancestors who were African slaves—and that these Americans may even outnumber those who regard themselves as black. If that is so, then the ordinary conception of black identity is incoherent.

This argument may impose too much

logic on a vague concept, but it makes an important point. In trying to turn the tables on racism, the civil rights movement and black solidarity have not challenged the conceptual racism associated with the one-drop rule, and may thereby be missing an opportunity to undermine the grip of the categories themselves:

> Current U.S. practices presuppose, by and large, that there is a fact of the matter about everyone as to whether or not she is African American. One is required to fill in forms for all sorts of purposes that fix one's race, and other people—arresting police officers, for example—may be required to do so as well. . . . Were the government to modify these practices, it would remove at least one tiny strut that gives support to the idea that social conceptions of race are consistent with reality.

Appiah's position is not that individual autonomy requires freeing ourselves of thick identities, but that we have to consider their constraining as well as their enabling effects, and even their rationality, in deciding how to be who we are.

APPIAH POSES THE SOCIETAL question this way: "What claims, if any, can identity groups as such justly make upon the state?" His answer, basically, is "none." Groups have no inherent moral standing; their importance depends on their importance to the lives of individuals. Appiah resists Charles Taylor's claim that the value of a culture is not derivative from its value to individuals, but the reverse.

Whatever may be the political implications, I think that he is here taking ethical individualism too far, and that Taylor is on to something important. When a language and its literature, or a musical or artistic form, or even a cuisine or a game, dies out, so that no one is able any longer to appreciate or to practice it, something valuable has gone out of existence. This cannot be explained by the harm to existing individuals, all of whom will have other things to do and other ways to flourish. Even though the lost element of culture could have continued only in the lives of individuals, its absence is not a loss to them if they do not miss it. It is the recognition that its disappearance would be a loss nonetheless, though a loss to no one, that motivates some of the strongest desires for cultural preservation, however quixotic. (I sympathize completely with the lament of a classicist I know that students at Oxford are no longer required to write Greek and Latin verse.)

Appiah shares with Mill an insistence on the value of social diversity to permit the flourishing of different individuals, and a distaste for uniformity. But like Mill, he thinks this means that some forms of diversity should not be tolerated: "It may be that many of us value diversity not because it is a primordial good but because we take it to be a correlative of liberty, of nondomination. But if autonomy is the sponsoring concern, the diversity principle—the value of diversity *simpliciter*—cannot command our loyalty." So he is not sympathetic to the kind of anthropological relativism that supports the protection of traditional group practices even if they impose serious disadvantages or inequalities on some members of the group (often its female members, as with arranged early marriage). And he denies that the mere legal possibility of exit from such a group is sufficient to immunize it from societal oversight to protect the individual rights of its members. The right of exit is not enough to cancel the constraining power of strong communal identities. What the state should do, however, depends on how fundamental the competing claims are: Appiah would not require the Catholic Church to admit women to the priesthood.

Appiah is also unsympathetic to preservationism: the obligation of a society to help identity groups, cultural or linguistic, to ensure their survival into succeeding generations—which goes beyond its obligation to see that present members of those groups do not suffer discrimination or persecution. Individual autonomy trumps group preservation, just as it does in the case of arranged marriages:

> The ethical principles of equal dignity that underlie liberal thinking seem to militate against allowing the parents their way because we care about the autonomy of these young women. If this is true in the individual case, it seems to me equally true where a whole generation of one group wishes to impose a form of life on the next generation—and a fortiori true if they seek to impose it somehow on still later generations.
>
> And once we attend to these vistas of descent, it may strike us that culture talk is not so very far from the race talk that it would supplant in liberal discourse.

He concludes that for linguistic minorities, such as the Québécois, it is political inclusion rather than community preservation that the state should aim at, and let the chips fall where they may.

APPIAH IS VERY GOOD ON THE confusing issue of the "neutrality" of the state in a pluralistic liberal society. Since this is an evaluative concept, it cannot mean general value neutrality, but must mean neutrality among a certain subset of values and practices based on a non-neutral evaluative premise. Appiah believes that a requirement of equal respect for individuals underlies such neutrality as liberalism requires—among religions, conceptions of the good life, sexual mores, and so forth. But respect for individuals and their autonomy will rule out respect for identities that undermine it, and the liberal state, while it will not engage in the formation of souls to a single standard, will try to impose through education and public forms of equality the conditions for pluralistic self-realization.

Equal respect is required of the state, but not of individuals, whose personal associations and communal identities essentially involve exclusive attachments without which life would be impoverished and abstract: "A radical egalitarian might give his money to the poor, but he can't give his friends to the friendless." Or, "to put the matter paradoxically: impartiality is a strictly position-dependent obligation. What is a virtue in a referee is not a virtue in a prize-fighter's wife."

The final level of Appiah's analysis is the world as a whole. He is not a moral relativist; he believes in universal human rights. There is objective truth, not only in science but in morality—though this does not guarantee that we will all come to agree on it. But he does not think this points to a utopian crusade to bring the world under the authority of a single standard, as other visions of objective universal truth—Christian, Muslim, Marxist—have too often hoped. He believes that the pluralistic liberalism that permits coexistence within liberal states can find its counterpart for the world. This is partly because what is universal hardly exhausts the truth:

> Identity is at the heart of human life: liberalism . . . takes this picture seri-

ously, and tries to construct a state and society that take account of the ethics of identity without losing sight of the values of personal autonomy. But the cosmopolitan impulse is central to this view, too, because it sees a world of cultural and social variety as a precondition for the self-creation that is at the heart of a meaningful human life.

What is universal, though immensely important, merely provides a protective framework for the flourishing of individuality. And we can come to agree on certain basic protections in practice without starting from a common theoretical foundation. (Here Appiah invokes Cass R. Sunstein's constitutional theory of "incompletely theorized agreements.") The key to co-existence and mutual benefit from the variety of forms of life is familiarity, and not just reason. We have to get used to one another, and then over time our habits will evolve. Sheer exposure can accomplish a great deal. This, Appiah points out, is how attitudes toward homosexuality have been transformed in our own society. And it may eventually have its effect on the "woman question" that he thinks plays a large part in fueling Islamic hostility to the West.

It is a humane and optimistic vision, eloquently expressed. Disarmingly, Appiah describes his view at one point as "wishy-washy cosmopolitanism," and if these books have a fault, it is that of under-rating the depth of the conflicts that make the spread of liberalism so difficult. Appiah's golden rule of cosmopolitanism is a famous quotation from the comic playwright Terence, a former North African slave who lived and wrote in Rome: "I am human: nothing human is alien to me." Though he acknowledges that pessimists "can cite a dismal litany to the contrary," Appiah believes that the accumulation of changes in individual consciousness brought on by communication and mobility is already propelling us along this upward path. He rejects by implication the "clash of civilizations" as the global drama to which we are all condemned. I hope the future will prove him right, though the experience of our time makes me wonder. Episodes such as the recent widespread and violent reaction to a few cartoon depictions of Mohammed prompt the grim reflection that it took centuries of bloodshed for the West to move from the wars of religion to its present roughly liberal consensus. We may have to wait a long time. ■

Toni Bentley
Shutters and Shudders

LEE MILLER: A LIFE
By Carolyn Burke
(Alfred A. Knopf, 426 pp., $35)

LEE WHO? UNCANNY BEAUTY, fashion model, Surrealist muse, assistant and model of Man Ray, *Vogue* photographer, war photographer, sexual bohemian, Lady Roland Penrose: thus is this genuinely fascinating woman identified, diffused, and therefore mostly forgotten. Even those who recall her name often are not sure why. Too many talents or accomplishments in a beautiful woman arouses suspicion. She must be a dilettante who was given the opportunities that beauties often are granted, usually by the men who want them, or something from them.

But Lee Miller cannot be so easily dismissed. Her messy, unbelievably interesting life, full of famous lovers and momentous encounters with the history of her time, provides an occasion to reflect on the problem of the intelligent beauty. It is a problem that rarely elicits understanding or sympathy. If Miller had been an ordinary-looking woman who had taken her lacerating photographs of World War II and its aftermath, she would probably be better known and more regularly praised. Talent is always acceptable as a substitute for beauty. But both? Men, and even many women, have trouble with so much kindness from fate. It must also be noted that Miller herself did less than nothing to promote her reputation. After her death, more than sixty thousand photos and negatives were found piled in boxes and trunks scattered in the attic of her English farmhouse. It is thanks to her son Antony Penrose and his wife Suzanna Penrose that we have these extraordinary images at all.

Miller's life as a *Vogue* cover girl who was shot by the greatest photographers of her time—Edward Steichen, Arnold Genthe, George Hoyningen-Huene, Horst P. Horst, Man Ray—preceded her life behind the camera. She made the rare transition from object to subject, her intelligence and her restlessness providing the bridge from one to the other. It is as if the need to escape the narcissism that was required of her as a model forced her to pick up a camera in self-defense. Thus Miller manifested a notable androgyny, beginning as a goddess of the infamous "male gaze" and then becoming the gaze herself. In so doing, she confounded her friends, her lovers, and herself.

Now Carolyn Burke, the author of a fine biography of the poet Mina Loy, has produced the first full-length life of Lee Miller, almost thirty years after her death. Burke's splendid and gripping and thoroughly researched book offers an opportunity to re-assess the three-dimensional woman and her two-dimensional prints. To look at the photos of Miller and then the photos by he, produces a kind of visual and emotional dissonance: Miller in an elegant gown by Patou reclining languidly on a wall like a young Garbo; and then, a few pages later, her image of the legs of liberated Dachau survivors in their stripes, standing around a great white, dusty pile—the gassed, gray bones of other Jews. Concentration camps are not the usual hangouts of ex-supermodels.

THE STORY STARTS WITH ELIZABETH Miller's rape, at the age of seven. But we must begin at the beginning. She was born on April 23, 1907, the second of three children of a well-to-do bourgeois family. The only girl in the family, she immediately became her daddy's darling. Theodore Miller was a person of considerable accomplishments and intelligence, a mechanical engineer with a lifelong interest in any and all gadgets. (His father had been a champion bricklayer.) Thomas Edison was his hero. He was an Emersonian Democrat, an educated man, and a great believer in science. "What counted," writes Burke, "was what one could measure or record." He was also a defiant atheist. Waking from a coma at the age of ninety-three, as if emerging from a metaphysical experiment, he scandalized the

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nurses attending him by declaring triumphantly, "I want you to know that God does not exist!"

With five hundred employees under his firm but benevolent jurisdiction, Theodore Miller was the superintendent of Poughkeepsie's largest employer, the DeLavel Separator Company, whose machines separated heavier liquids from lighter ones. His delight in physical transformation and modern technology found its greatest outlet in his lifelong hobby of photography. And his blonde-haired, blue-eyed baby daughter became his favorite subject—her life lovingly documented literally every step of the way. Early on in her childhood, he gave Elizabeth her first camera. The darkroom was a sanctuary.

Miller's mother, Florence MacDonald, of Scots-Irish descent, had been Theodore's nurse during a bout of typhoid, and while she clearly made a good match with the ambitious Miller, she was the less prominent parent, and her husband ruled the roost. While Theodore doted on his little princess, who became a tree-climbing tomboy, Florence favored the eldest son, John, dressing him in girls' clothes—a habit he continued well into adulthood, with the occasional public scandal.

During a visit to a family friend in Brooklyn in 1914, young Elizabeth was raped by a male friend of the friend. She was rushed back to Poughkeepsie with great concern, but also great secrecy. The details of the crime remain unknown, but the results were clear. The seven-year-old contracted gonorrhea and was thus traumatized, repeatedly over the years, not only by the illness but also by its horrific cure. For the next twelve months, isolated from any social intercourse, she had to visit the hospital several times a week and, at home, endure antiseptic baths administered by her mother, followed by an "irrigation" of the bladder with potassium permanganate using a glass catheter, a douche can, and a rubber tube. This pre-penicillin medieval torture was followed by a douche with a mixture of boric acid, carbolic acid, and oils. Twice a week, the little girl's cervix had to be probed with a cotton swab to remove infected secretions and then daubed with "picric acid in glycerine." Elizabeth's brothers were not told what was wrong with their sister; they just heard her screams from the bathroom and then watched as their mother disinfected every surface the contaminated little girl had touched to prevent further infection.

Miller never mentioned her rape, but it haunted her forever, and it haunts Burke's book. The beautiful little girl became "wild" after this, her brother John later observed. Within the year, Theodore proposed a new kind of photo for his daughter: mimicking the scandalous painting "September Morn," which featured a nubile naked girl, he had the eight-year-old Elizabeth pose naked but for her slippers outside their house in the freezing snow. "December Morn" was the first of many nudes that Theodore would take of his daughter over the next few decades.

COURTESY ABBEVILLE PRESS

MAN RAY, *Untitled*, circa 1929

Daddy took lots of naked pictures of his grown daughter. Lee sitting on a table, facing forward, one leg crossed, barely hiding her sex, looking sideways; Lee in the bathtub; Lee naked with naked girlfriends. "Theodore was always begging us to pose for him in different stages of undress," said Tanja Ramm, a close friend. "If you didn't do it, you'd feel prudish." The photographs can be dated as late as the 1930s.

Burke handles this curious situation with a simple telling of the facts. Florence was often in attendance at the photo sessions. There was never any sign that Elizabeth's intimacy with her father went further than posing for his lens. Many people—including her brothers—attested that Miller adored her father and trusted his love probably more than that of any man who followed. OK. Got it. No funny business—except that all of this is funny business. Burke shies from further interpretation; but to look at these nudes and see them, inevitably, through the eyes of the father is creepy to say the least, and incestuous to say the obvious. While one can believe that Theodore meant well and adored his daughter, he would be regarded very suspiciously today.

Between her rape and her nude photo shoots, Elizabeth became—surprise!—a rebellious teenager. She cursed, she smoked, she performed practical jokes for which she was expelled from her Quaker boarding school. But other influences were at work to inspire her dramatic persona. She was enthralled by performers—Bernhardt, Pavlova, the Denishawn dancers, the Ziegfeld girls, all of whom she saw perform on stage. She took some "interpretive" dance lessons and acted in a few local plays, but reserved her highest respect for women writers. She emulated her idol Anita Loos by writing movie scripts with her girlfriend that were "full of naked sinners on bearskin rugs." Theodore could have shot the movie.

When Elizabeth was seventeen, her mother attempted suicide by gassing herself in the car—she had fallen in love with another man—but Theodore saved

her just in time. As with Elizabeth's rape, it was all very hush-hush. Florence proceeded, against Theodore's advice, to see a well-known Freudian analyst, and remained in her marriage. He, meanwhile, had numerous affairs over the years and was still pinching his caretakers' bottoms from his wheelchair in his nineties.

A YEAR LATER, AT AGE EIGHTEEN, Elizabeth sailed to Paris for the first time, chaperoned by her Polish French teacher Madame Kohoszynska, who was wonderful but couldn't speak French. Unnoticed by Madame, they checked into a *maison de passe*, a brothel. "It took my chaperones five days to catch on, but I thought it was divine," Miller gleefully recalled. She spent her days watching clients go in and out of rooms, and shoes being changed in the hallway with regular frequency. "I felt everything opening up in front of me," she said. Her future was found and she declared Paris "my home!" She stayed seven months studying at a school for stage design and learning the language.

Back in Poughkeepsie, she was out rowing on a local lake with one of her many eager suitors when the young man dove off the side of the boat. Elizabeth watched as his dead body was dragged from the lake a few hours later. His mother blamed her. Soon came an aborted stint at Vassar, after which Elizabeth, financed by her father, moved to New York and enrolled at the Arts Students League. She was discovered by no less than Condé Nast himself. Standing on a street corner, the founder of the magazine empire pulled Miller back on the curb out of oncoming traffic. Between her beauty and her babbling in French he immediately suggested that she visit his offices. She appeared shortly thereafter on the cover of the March 1927 issue of *Vogue* in a drawing by George Lepape, a cloche framing her face.

Not yet twenty, Miller was launched as a top model into New York society. She wrote in her diary of her "supreme egoism." With her shimmery bobbed hair, smooth fine features, and slim body, she perfectly embodied the flapper, the *garçonne*, the sexually free modern woman. A mini-scandal ensued when an elegant shot of her by Steichen showed up in magazine ads for the "new and improved" Kotex sanitary pads.

After two years of New York celebrity, Elizabeth found that she had absorbed a lot from the distinguished photographers for whom she had posed, and she wished to learn more about their work. Armed with an introductory letter from Steichen to Man Ray, an American expatriate painter and photographer who had acquired widespread fame in Europe for his experimental Surrealist images, she set sail again for Paris. This was the beginning of her nomadic multicontinental existence. She said later that she went to Paris "to enter photography by the back end," by studying with the masters. In this she was not alone; she was in fact in the vanguard of women entering the art form behind the camera. Margaret Bourke-White, Berenice Abbott, and Germaine Krull were all beginning their careers in the 1920s.

In true bohemian fashion, two of Elizabeth's young American lovers were friends and tossed a coin to decide who would see her off from the pier. Alfred De Liagre (who was to become a well-known Broadway director) won the bet, but the other swain, a pilot, flew his plane overhead, dropping a cascade of red roses on the ship's deck at Elizabeth's feet. Flying back to his airfield, he picked up a student for a flying lesson, and their plane crashed, killing both of them. (Burke, curiously, declines to mention this tragic ending to a grand romantic gesture.) Elizabeth, now twenty-two, already had two dead lovers to her credit. Somewhere across the Atlantic, between New York and Paris, the femme fatale called Lee Miller was born.

IN PARIS, SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO the home of Man Ray, but was told that he had left town for the summer. She proceeded to a local café and in walked Man Ray. "I asked him to take me on as his pupil," she recalled in one understated version of the much-told tale. "He said he never accepted pupils, but I guess he fell for me. We lived together for three years and I learned a lot about photography." Man Ray's affair with Kiki de Montparnasse, the unforgettable and flamboyant model of some of his greatest portraits, had been over for a year, and he was, as he recalled, "ready for new adventures." He got them. Miller—seventeen years his junior and a good head taller—became his student, his assistant, his receptionist, his collaborator, his muse, his lover, and finally his misery.

"I have loved you terrifically, jealously," he wrote in the middle of their affair, while Miller was openly having others. "It has reduced every other passion in me, and to compensate, I have tried to justify this love by giving you every chance in my power to bring out everything interesting in you." "For the first and last time in his life," said a friend, "Man had to surrender. To have this fascinating, intelligent woman as his mistress was fatal." But the endless melodrama notwithstanding, their artistic collaboration was magnificent. "I do not photograph nature," Ray explained, "I photograph my fantasy." He got plenty of that from Miller, with her body frequently sectionalized in his images of her, as in "La Prière," with her back and backside scooped in Sadian worship, and in "Observatory Time," with her lips—and lips alone—floating enormously across the sky. He placed her all-seeing eyeball at the tip of a metronome's pendulum, and in numerous photos her nude torso is headless.

Miller was unintentionally responsible for the discovery of "solarization," a photographic technique that produces enhanced edges in a photograph due to a partial reversal of the black and white of the negative. In the darkroom one day, she accidentally turned on the light while some negatives were still being developed. Man Ray was furious, but as the model was no longer available to redo the photos, they developed the images anyway. Thus accident was, as usual, the mother of invention.

BY 1930, MILLER AND THE Russian émigré Tatiana Iacovleva—muse to the Russian poet Vladimir Mayakovsky, and later the infamous wife of Bertrand du Plessix and mother of Francine du Plessix Gray—were called the most beautiful women in Paris. Miller met all of Parisian society. She even starred, to Man Ray's consternation, as the painted Muse in Jean Cocteau's classic experimental film *The Blood of a Poet*. In December 1930 her father came to Europe, and took photos of his twenty-three-year-old daughter nude in the tub in their shared hotel room in Hamburg. Back in Paris, Man Ray and his mistress's father indulged their mutual delight in photographing scenes of three or four naked girls frolicking on a bed with Miller as the centerpiece. As testament to this extraordinary father-daughter relationship, Ray produced one of his most moving images of Miller in profile, conservative-

ly clothed, nestling across her father's lap, eyes closed, resting her head upon his shoulder. Oh, that every woman could be so trusting of her father.

During a visit to St. Moritz with Charlie Chaplin—also a likely lover—Hoyningen-Huene introduced Miller to a handsome and wealthy Egyptian businessman named Aziz Eloui Bey and his beautiful wife Nimet, whom Miller befriended and photographed. Bey was almost twenty years Miller's senior, and they began a secret affair that would result over the course of the next few years in devastation for Man Ray—he made a self-portrait with a gun to his head. It also was the cause of the suicide of Nimet, in a hotel room from alcohol poisoning.

By 1932, Miller had returned to New York alone and, with the financial backing of several businessmen, opened her own studio. She employed her younger brother Erik as an assistant and photographed, in addition to fashion shoots, many artists of the day—Joseph Cornell, Gertrude Lawrence, Virgil Thompson, and John Houseman (who wrote of his "unrequited lust" for her). Miller's images were shown at the Julien Levy Gallery, with whose eminent owner she had an affair. It was at this time that she took the famous portrait of herself in profile, short, wavy hair held back with a headband, clothed in rich, ruched velvet, looking like a flapper transplanted as Renaissance maiden. The photo was intended as an advertisement for the headband.

After less than two years of her New York life, a success by any standard, she again changed course. Bey arrived in America, and in June 1934 she abruptly closed her New York studio, married him, spent her honeymoon at Niagara Falls like a good American bride, and then sailed, like Cleopatra, for Alexandria and a new life in Egypt as Madame Eloui Bey. For the next few years, she played bridge, drank martinis, took long desert safaris, learned snake-charming, raced camels, skied on sand dunes, and photographed the epic landscape from the top, and bottom, of pyramids—and became, as was her way, increasingly bored. "I could easily and with pleasure become an alcoholic," she wrote.

The human costs of her adventurous way of living continued to mount. Of one photography expedition, she wrote to her brother: "Unfortunately I ran over a man or something … it spoiled the trip … but the pictures are swell." On her love life, she reported in an equally cool fashion that "If I need to pee, I pee in the road; if I have a letch for someone, I hop into bed with him." And there were several abortions along the way. (The gonorrhea had not left her infertile, as it did in 50 percent of cases at the time.)

Anatomy of Failure

Shadows passed over the statues in the night—
crossed them, hesitated, vanished;
even the dust was white as a bird.

Someone had loved me, had
stopped loving me. I had
failed in a minute but final way;

all the words exchanged
risen past the boundaries
of what had been made

and what wasn't yet outlined, risen
like a parrot toward a sky
only to find a painted ceiling and a stenciled sun.

I lived in a museum, slept
up against a body of stone,
spine to block-grey base

as a stranger's face looked
down upon me,
a bird in someone else's mind.

MEGHAN O'ROURKE

The summer of 1937 found her back in Paris, without her husband, in a whirlwind of social activities. At a costume party in Paris she met Roland Penrose, a wealthy British painter and writer who was an eager member of the Surrealist circle. After waking in his bed two mornings later, she embarked on a passionate affair with Penrose, and a wild summer of bohemian partner-swapping and exhibitionism that included a visit to Picasso at Mougins. There Lee was painted by Picasso six times and gladly loaned to him by Penrose for a night or two. Back in Roland's bed, he introduced her to bondage, apparently with her full compliance. (Later he gave her a set of handcuffs made from Cartier gold.)

Eileen Agar, a friend, wrote in her memoir that in the South of France that summer there was "Surrealism on the horizon, Stravinsky in the air, and Freud under the bed." Meanwhile, the adoring Bey was sending Miller money for her summer sojourn.

Back in Cairo, Miller kept up a constant correspondence with Penrose and made plans for future European exploits. "I want the Utopian combination of security and freedom" she wrote to her husband in November 1938, not only hinting at her double life but stating her lifelong credo, "and emotionally I need to be completely absorbed in some work or in a man I love. I think the first thing for me to do is to take or make freedom—which will give me the opportunity to become concentrated again, and just hope that some sort of security follows—even if it doesn't the struggle will keep me awake and alive."

To another lover, Bernard Burrows, she stated a year later, "You see darling, I don't want to do anything 'all for love' as I can't be depended on for anything. In fact I have every intention of being completely irresponsible." (Burke's version of this declaration is: "I don't want you to do anything 'all for love' as I won't marry you, I won't live with you and I can't be depended on for anything.") It was 1939 and Hitler was about to provide Miller with an opportunity to unleash herself "completely."

She left Egypt—"I'm never returning," she wrote—for England and remained in Europe for the entire war. She began working again for "Brogue," as British *Vogue* was called, and remained in London photographing the Blitz, which resulted in a book published in 1940 called *Grim Glory: Pictures of Britain Under Fire*, edited by Ernestine Carter and written by Edward R. Murrow. She was living with Penrose, and soon his ex-wife Valentine moved in and completed the family. Miller was appointed a war correspondent for Condé Nast and in July 1944, just over a month after the Allied invasion of Normandy, she was sent by Audrey Withers, the editor of *Vogue*, across the channel to report on the battlefield duties of American nurses. She proceeded, often against Army orders, to traipse through war-torn Eu-

rope with her camera and notebook in hand. She became lovers with Dave Scherman, a brilliant young photographer on assignment from *Life*. In Paris for the Liberation, she stayed at the Hotel Scribe, which had been requisitioned—the Nazis had used it as their press bureau—for Allied journalists, and she was a happy participant in the celebratory festivities of drinking, eating, and bed-hopping.

She subsequently traveled with her camera to Brussels, Alsace, Frankfurt, Aachen, and Heidelberg. In Leipzig, she photographed the corpses of the city's treasurer, his wife, and their daughter (who looks eerily like young Elizabeth), suicides from poison. In Berlin, she was famously photographed by Scherman taking a bath in Hitler's tub. (Could one get clean in such a place?) Later, down the street, she took a nap on Eva Braun's bed. In Dachau and in Buchenwald, she photographed survivors scavenging in garbage for food, the piles of the starved but freshly dead, the pits of decomposing skeletons, the utter desolation of mass murder. Those images are unforgettable.

With her constant supply of cognac in a flask, as well as an assortment of uppers and downers, Miller was by the end of the war worn, haggard, ill, depressed, and alcoholic. Unable to return to normal postwar life, she continued across Europe documenting the devastation. In Bucharest, she found a gypsy with a trained bear and got the massage of her life, providing a rare sweet and humorous moment, captured astonishingly on film by Harry Brauner. "The bear [Miller surmised she was three hundred pounds] knew her business," wrote Miller. "She sat her great, furry, warm bottom down on the nape of my neck, and with gentle shuffles, went from my neck to my knees and back again … I felt marvelous afterwards, racing circulation, flexible and energetic."

In Vienna, a well-equipped children's hospital had everything but drugs for its tiny patients, and thus they died, one after the other, producing Miller's most moving piece of prose and the haunting photograph to match.

> For an hour I watched a baby die … He was the dark dusty blue of these waltz-filled Vienna nights, the same colour as the striped garb of the Dachau skeletons … a skinny gladiator. He gasped and fought and struggled for life, and a doctor and a nun and I just stood there and watched. There was nothing to do. In this beautiful children's hospital with its nursery-rhymed walls and screenless windows, with its clean white beds, its brilliant surgical instruments and empty drug cupboards there was nothing to do but watch him die. Baring his sharp toothless gums he clenched his fists against the attack of death. This tiny baby fought for his only possession, life, as if it might be worth something. …

Below this entry the page is slashed by the nib of Miller's pen.

Back in England, she was granted a divorce by Bey and married Penrose. They moved to a sprawling country estate called Farley Farm. There she continued her slapdash bohemian existence with a constant rotation of houseguests, and produced with Penrose, at the age of thirty-nine, a son. She was disinterested in motherhood and the relationship with her only child involved years of mutual verbal abuse and belittlement. A rapprochement of sorts occurred shortly before her death.

For her remaining thirty years, Miller was a ruin. Despite a face-lift, she became barely recognizable for her early beauty. She drank, gained weight, lost interest in sex, caused frequent hysterical scenes, and watched while her husband took a series of young lovers. She lost interest in photography and took her only solace in a passion for cooking, which resulted in a friendship with James Beard, and in winning the rather dubious honor for the best open-faced sandwiches from the Norwegian Tourist Board. She called cooking "pure therapy." But it did not cure her. "I could never get the stench of Dachau out of my nostrils," she told Burke shortly before her death. In 1966 Penrose was knighted—he called himself "Sir-Realist" and Miller became "Lady Penrose from Poughkeepsie." She died eleven years later of cancer, at the age of seventy. The obituaries were brief and inaccurate.

Miller's legacy resides in a few haunting images: Miller on her father's lap, Electra triumphant, an American pietà; Miller's vacant radiance solarized, epitomized, and deconstructed by Man Ray; and then Miller herself looking deeply into the wide-open eyes of a dying child and making us look with her into that abyss. Rarely, if ever, has a woman wielded such potency, and such vulnerability, both before and behind the lens. Yet by the end of this sad, busy life, as Burke tells it, one retains little love for Miller. Can a life be both fascinating and empty? While Miller certainly had moments of distinction behind her camera, the pervasive inconsistency in all her endeavors leaves her a shadowy figure.

Jane Livingston has suggested that Miller's tragedy was "that the artist never really wholly believed in the reality of her own driving gift and powerful achievement"—the problem of the talented woman again. There is something to this, obviously; but I cannot escape the feeling that finally Miller was a party girl at history's party. And yet there may be some edification even in this stern judgment—the encouraging thought that nobody is too small or too obscure for his or her own times, and that history, and art, may find even a girl from Poughkeepsie. ■

CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Perotists

Ross Perot ran for president twice, first in 1992 against George H.W. Bush and Bill Clinton, the second time in 1996 against Clinton and Bob Dole. In both races, he ran without the support of a major party. (He funded his initial run, under the banner "United We Stand," himself; the next, as a representative of the Reform Party, he did not.) I recently asked a small group of Harvard undergraduates, "Who is Ross Perot?" A Texas billionaire, said one. He bought a copy of the Magna Carta, said another, conjuring an idiosyncratic but correct detail from Perot's life. He also bought General Motors, piped up a third, and was wrong at that: Actually, Perot sold his company, Electronic Data Systems, to GM. The fourth said that Perot had run for president on a third-party ticket, but that she had little idea what it stood for: "For heaven's sake, the shambles of the party were split between Pat Buchanan and Ralph Nader in 2004." This is not an especially precise legacy. In some sense, Perot would have spent his money more meaningfully had he bought himself another private jet.

It's not only the young who have no idea who Perot was and for what he stood. Before reading *Three's a Crowd: The Dynamic of Third Parties, Ross Perot, and Republican Resurgence* (University of Michigan Press)—a stimulating and consequential study by two political scientists who are rare in that they work from both statistics and a deep (even instinctual) grasp of the party system—I could summon only Perot's obsession with NAFTA and his calls for cutting the deficit, which the Clinton-Gore administration went on to dissolve quite admirably. (Maybe it was Perot's hostility to NAFTA that lured Buchanan and Nader, paranoid isolationists both, to forage for votes and residual infrastructure in the detritus of the Reform Party.) And yet, forgotten though he may be, there are reasons for Democrats and Republicans alike to ponder Perot's legacy as the 2006 elections approach and the 2008 presidential race assumes form.

As the authors, Professors Ronald B. Rapoport and Walter Stone, know very well, Perot was not a typical third-party candidate. Many people were drawn to him, but they disagreed about why they were. When so many Americans were lured to Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose Party in 1912, they knew why: to tame capitalism, to preserve natural America, to extend national power in the world. In the 1920s, those who voted for Robert LaFollette knew why they had to become progressives: to oppose ruthless individualism and competition and to assert the principle and practice of cooperation. In 1948, the voters who cast their ballots for Strom Thurmond did so because they were racists, and those who supported Henry Wallace chose him because they and he were fellow travelers of communism and the Soviet Union. (Please don't roll your eyes. Wallace's Progressive Party was a pure creation of the Communist Party.) Buchanan is a xenophobe and a nativist, and his followers latched on to him because that is exactly what they wanted; Nader is a paranoid with an ascetic streak who, like his supporters, wants to bring down U.S. capitalism. There were no mysteries about what attracted supporters to these candidates.

By contrast, the only thing one might say without doubt about Perot is that he is a crank. But this is not politically clarifying. Which itself begs two questions. Why did Perot win so much of the popular vote (19 percent in 1992; 8 percent in 1996)? And why are those who will run the presidential campaigns of the major parties right now reading this book about a nutty political aspirant who has disappeared from public view?

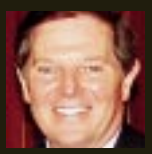
The answer to the first of these queries is at least as impressionistic as it is statistical. People simply don't like the caucus and primary system in which unrepresentative and idiosyncratic states (like weird New Hampshire and ever-weirder Iowa) anoint front-runners and determine the direction of presidential races. It is also apparent that every state is a different campaign, which encourages the candidates to shift and dissemble and contradict, à la John Kerry in 2004. With Perot, however, you had someone who was who he was. He was simplistic, maybe, but he was not tricky. He did not have to beat down other candidates to make it into the finals. His candidacies were also suffused by a sense of freshness—if not exactly competence. (The only time he really lost a debate was the substantive one with Al Gore over NAFTA. Perot may have had a populist attitude. But Gore knew what he was talking about. The public grasped this, and it was at that very moment that Perot's star began to fall.)

Perot took votes away from Bush 41 in 1992 and thereby gave the election to Clinton. Rapoport and Stone demonstrate that voters who supported Perot in 1992 turned the tide Republican in the congressional elections of 1994. One year, Perot was a decisive minus for the GOP; two years later, a decisive plus. This is not a contradiction. In his first presidential race, Perot appealed to the economic nationalism of voters when the two major party contenders were trying to play down the issue entirely. In the House elections of 1994, a revolutionary year for the Republican Party, Perot voters gravitated mostly to GOP candidates because they spoke to and for a familiar muscular patriotism.

The Perot wild card without Perot is bad news for Democrats. Most of those middle-aged voters who went for Perot simply cannot vote for the mushy Democratic policies and attitudes on national defense and security. In any case, it is good news for John McCain. As the authors demonstrate, McCain picked up many Perot voters in the 2000 primaries. He has distanced himself from the most distasteful of Bush policies without losing the hard edge that people can attribute to his long and heroic stay in the Hanoi Hilton. In any event, this is one reason why the aspirants to the Republican succession can read this book with some pleasure. And why, probably, since they don't like encountering unpleasant tidings, Howard Dean and company may not have yet bought it. In the end, they will because they will have to. But it will probably be too late.

MARTIN PERETZ

Out



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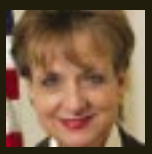
Bias



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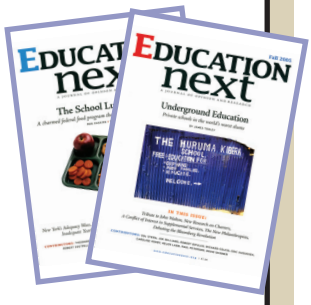

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In the new issue of *Education Next*

Is There a "Qualified Teacher" Shortage?

What factors do affect the market for teachers, anyway?

In the flurry of activity surrounding implementation of No Child Left Behind, the federal requirement to have a "highly qualified" teacher in every classroom by 2005 seemed an impossible goal. But 2005 has come and gone and the crisis never happened. Why not? The shortest answer is that the dearth of qualified teachers is largely a myth. So is the related notion that raising teachers' pay across the board would bring significantly more qualified numbers to the profession. A more productive line of inquiry explores the possible benefits of replacing our rigid teacher compensation system with a more market-based system.

—Michael Podgursky

How Good at Rating Teachers Are Principals?

The best—and the worst—stand out

Elementary- and secondary-school teachers in the United States traditionally have been compensated according to salary schedules based solely on experience and education. Concerned that this system makes it difficult to retain talented teachers and provides few incentives for them to work to raise student achievement, many policymakers have proposed merit-pay programs. Such programs come with challenges, however. For instance, if students are not tested annually in each subject, how do we determine the merit of a teacher in a year without testing? Can a merit-pay system overcome these obstacles? One option is to turn to principals and ask them to determine the size of pay raises. However, there has been little evidence on the accuracy of their judgments. This article fills that research gap.

—Brian Jacob and Lars Lefgren

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