MISSING: THE ‘RIGHT’ BABIES

U.S. CHRISTIAN CONSERVATIVES WARN OF A LOOMING DEMOGRAPHIC WINTER IN EUROPE by KATHRYN JOYCE
Exchange

Men Got Them Post-Abortion Blues

Oakland, Calif.
While I might agree with some of Sarah Blustain’s points and premises, I found the tone and structure of “The Mourning After” [Feb. 4] offensive, demeaning and polarizing. My own work on men and abortion is smack in the middle of this growing debate, and I take great issue with people in the so-called Post-Abortion Syndrome (PAS) movement. I’m deeply concerned that they are using the movement as a guilt-laden recruiting tool for Christianity and as a bludgeon against women’s reproductive rights. But an article like this doesn’t help.

Michael Y. Simon
Delmar, N.Y.

Why is it that when a man is prepared to undertake a decades-long journey of support and protection through fatherhood that we do not extend to him the same respect given a woman for bearing children? Why do we discount his grief if a pregnancy ends? When will we learn as a society that gender equality does not have to be a zero-sum game?

Greg Vis
St. James, Mo.

What a farce! Post-Abortion Syndrome for men. This would be hilarious if it weren’t so appalling! Ever since Adam, men have been blaming women for their own inability to keep their zippers shut. We need no better proof that the true agenda of the “right to life” movement is the subjugation of women to the whims of insecure and neurotic men. Bah!

Don Thomann
Milwaukee

Men with PAS: if you didn’t care enough to reach for a condom, how can we have any sympathy for you when you reach for a tissue?

Wanda M. Szyka
Somerville, Mass.

Sarah Blustain says men’s rights activists are “in a muddle” about the “double standard” of reproductive rights. Someone should remind them that prevention is better than cure, and that there is no double standard on their right to petition for better male birth control.

Kira Barnum
Brooklyn, N.Y.

What’s next—PAS for pets? Sarah Blustain is correct in her analysis that all of a sudden this turns into making society as a whole a “victim of abortion,” opening the door to laws that “protect” us from ourselves.

Nicole [last name withheld]
Oregon City, Ore.

Sarah Blustain’s observation that “it’s hard to get past the sheer fabrications—of data and emotions—that are going on in the men’s PAS movement” would be equally valid if she were writing about the other brainchild of the fathers’ rights movement. Curiously enough, it too is known as PAS. Is this just a bizarre coincidence, or is it efficiency in propagandizing? Did Fathers Forever forget to consult with their brothers at America’s Dads, or is this their two-for-one marketing strategy?

Repudiated by the American Psychological Association, “Parental Alienation Syndrome” is also based on junk science. It has nevertheless been contaminating our courts of family law for ten years. The charge of PAS is thrown at mothers seeking to protect their children from physical and sexual abuse where the abuser is the children’s father. These PAS adherents—fathers guilty of intimate violence and the attorneys who defend them—submit that angry, vindictive women often fabricate abuse charges to alienate their children from their fathers. Valid scientific studies show that women and children very rarely fabricate charges of abuse. Studies also demonstrate that intimate violence is in most instances male violence against women and children. Never mind. Men will soon be able to cry “PAS!” whenever they wish to shift blame for their own

(continued on page 24)
More Guns, No Butter

Americans are worried about the impending recession and the Wall Street crisis, as well as the exhilarating and unpredictable presidential contest. But another threatening force is bearing down on the nation: our out-of-control military machine. The ever-voracious Pentagon is using this fragile moment as cover for seizing an even greater share of the nation’s dwindling resources—trillions more in federal indebtedness to fight a phantom “war on terror.” In constant dollars, next year’s proposed military budget will be the largest since World War II—around $700 billion.

It reveals not only bureaucratic greed but clever politics. What makes the money grab scary is the silence. Only recently has Barack Obama begun to link the money drained by the disastrous Iraq War to the need for universal healthcare and other domestic proposals. But neither Obama nor Hillary Clinton has been willing to criticize this year’s bloated military budget. But neither Obama need for universal healthcare and other

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The United States, the world’s sole superpower, already spends more on its military than most of the rest of the world combined. And those who assume military spending will subside when we get out of Iraq—if we get out—haven’t been paying attention. Defense Secretary Robert Gates and his new Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Adm. Mike Mullen, have been beating the tom-toms for greater spending after withdrawal. Various “experts,” including those at the centrist Brookings Institution, are on board for sustaining the pace of Pentagon spending. Obama and Clinton have both endorsed an increase in the size of the active-duty military by 90,000 troops, while John McCain, their presumed rival this fall, wants to increase it by 150,000 (as he gives the word “quagmire” new meaning with his call to stay in Iraq for as long as 100 years).

The real reasons driving the military budget have nothing to do with terrorism, says Gordon Adams, a budget expert at American University. “The absence of budget discipline has allowed unit costs for major new hardware programs to soar,” he explains. The unit cost of satellite design for missile defense, for example, has risen by more than 300 percent. The price tag on the already obsolete F-22 stealth fighter has inflated by nearly 190 percent. The estimated cost of the Army’s Future Combat System increased by 54 percent.

In other words, the shocking waste displayed by military contractors in Iraq merely replicates what has long been standard practice in Washington. This is not a secret. The Government Accountability Office and sharp-eyed critics in Congress like Henry Waxman have been exposing the reckless, even criminal, practices of military contractors for years. A courageous presidential candidate would start by making two patriotic accusations: the armed forces have undermined themselves by this scandalous misuse of scarce public money, and the swollen military budget is all about feeding the hogs in the military-industrial complex.

Citizens must fight the militarism that’s choking our democracy. Given the power and money of the military lobby, we’re not likely to get any encouragement from either party or any presidential candidates, at least not at first. But we can force the issue into the dialogue and remember who listened and who didn’t. Call it politics for the long run, the politics of hope with a sharper edge.
Obama won pretty much every constituency he's presumed to be weakest with: women (60 percent in rough exit polls), rural voters (narrowly), Latinos (54 percent) and folks with no college education (63 percent). He won handily among those who think the economy matters most. He took more than 60 percent of the vote among African American respondents, close to 60 percent among those who didn't know what to make of him, 57 percent among Independents, 56 percent among those he absolutely has to have. And losing them in a state that was not supposed to have a prayer with, McCain was losing some of those he absolutely has to have. And losing them in a state that he has to carry to have any chance of becoming President.

Like Missouri and Colorado, both of which Obama won on Super Tuesday, Virginia can make a valid case for being the Ohio of 2008—the next ideologically mixed, demographically topsy-turvy state where Republicans will have to fight mighty hard to defend their turf. With the influx of nonnative professional types and Latino immigrants into northern Virginia in recent decades, the Old Dominion has become a thoroughly middle-American state of the twenty-first century in terms of its politics—a lively mash-up of conservative Christians, blue-state liberals, rural populists and swelling ranks of independents (more than one-third of Virginians no longer register D or R). It’s American politics in miniature. And that’s what makes the results—on both sides—so revealing.

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SUPERDELEGATES REVOLT: Democratic power broker and pre-eminent superdelegate Donna Brazile declared recently that “if 795 of my colleagues decide this election, I will quit the Democratic Party.” Brazile wants the famed superdelegates to remain uncommitted, as she is, in the hopes that a clear front-runner will emerge by convention time. Brazile’s Democratic compatriot, Bill Clinton’s strategist Paul Begala, goes a step further, calling the superdelegates “an abomination to democracy.” “They should be abolished, and I predict they will be,” he says. “Anything that can’t be easily explained shouldn’t be continued.”

Joe Andrew, former chair of the Democratic National Committee, agrees. “I’m very worried about superdelegates determining the nomination,” he says. Though he supports Hillary Clinton, Andrew pledges to use his superdelegate ballot to back whichever candidate wins the popular vote. Another prominent Democrat, Representative Jesse Jackson Jr., a co-chairman of the Obama campaign, has said he’d be willing to forfeit his superdelegate status. “If it better serves justice,” Jackson wrote in a recent Chicago Tribune editorial, “I’d be willing to give up my automatic superdelegate slot.” He then added this caveat: “(as long as my colleagues join me).”

THE BATTLE OF BERKELEY: What do organic lunches for public school kids have to do with recruiting marines? Ask GOP Senator Jim DeMint, who’s trying to cut $243,000 in federal funding for the Chez Panisse Foundation, a nutrition awareness program for children, in retaliation for the Berkeley City Council’s stand against military recruitment.

The saga opened last September when Code Pink began protesting outside a Marine Corps recruitment center in downtown Berkeley. Armies of breast-feeding mothers, yoga practitioners and acupuncturists set up camp, hoping to create a “hostile environment” for the “few and the proud.” In late January, the City Council issued a proclamation calling the Marines “uninvited and unwelcome intruders” and honored Code Pink with a designated parking spot (every Wednesday) in front of the center.

Right-wingers furiously took to their keyboards. Michelle Malkin called the events an “anti-military siege.” A blogger for Move Forward America smeared Code Pink as a “Communist, terrorist-supporting anti-war group.” Enter DeMint and his Semper Fi Act of 2008, which would cut more than $2 million of federal funding for the city (including those organic lunches) and give the money to the Marines.

Faced with this backlash, the City Council announced plans to rescind its proclamation. Mayor Tom Bates says members will be “restating their policy” and has invited other groups to apply for parking rights in front of the center. Meanwhile, Code Pink—which is pushing an ordinance for children, in retaliation for the Panisse Foundation $243,000 in federal funding for the city—is Congress’s second-largest funder. Since 1998, the Panisse Foundation has spent $80 million to lobby Congress. And last year Democrat John Rockefeller, chair of the Senate Intelligence Committee, received a sudden $48,500 cash infusion from AT&T and Verizon—even though he’d never been backtracking on the Bush administration’s $15 billion global AIDS initiative, tried to soften the blow by announcing a massive $15 billion global AIDS initiative, longtime AIDS advocates were thrown into a quandary. PEPFAR, as the initiative came to be known, would dramatically increase foreign aid for HIV. But the measure had been butchered by two key Bush constituencies—Big Pharma and evangelical conservatives—and thus was designed to provide only pricey name-brand drugs and to emphasize abstinence-only until marriage. Seasoned advocates expressed anxious enthusiasm over the infusion of funds—and then went about ferociously campaigning for generic drugs and real-world prevention.

Five years later, Bush’s initiative is up for reauthorization. And this time, with the help of a Democratic-led Congress, PEPFAR has been beautifully koshered. The draft bill, written by Representative Tom Lantos—his last significant legislative effort before his death on February 11—strikes the abstinence-only earmark, removes an antiprostitution pledge, requires that HIV medications be purchased “at the lowest possible price...on the world market” and ups the budget to $50 billion over five years.

Now it’s the Christian right that’s up in arms. Representative Chris Smith, former leader of the New Jersey Right to Life Committee, agitated at a February 7 press conference for restoration of the abstinence earmark. The Family Research Council and Focus on the Family have mobilized their foot soldiers to restore the bill’s “values,” claiming that the new draft, with its clause requiring coordination among HIV and family-planning services, “funds international abortionists.” GOP Foreign Affairs Committee members followed marching orders, offering language February 13 that restores the abstinence earmark and excises any mention of drug users or gay men. If every Democrat on the committee closes ranks, the Lantos draft could squeak onto the House floor. It promises to be a bloody fight ahead, with a tremendous amount at stake.

IMMUNITY FOR SALE: The motivation behind George Bush’s threats to veto any Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) renewal that didn’t offer retroactive telecom immunity was always clear: if pending cases against telecom companies were dropped, the details of his illegal wiretapping program might never see the light of a courtroom.

But for Congress, backing the telecom industry was another matter—-one tied to the industry’s lobbying clout and financial largesse. With $39 million in contributions since 1990, AT&T is Congress’s second-largest funder. Since 1998 Verizon has spent $80 million to lobby Congress. And last year Democrat John Rockefeller, chair of the Senate Intelligence Committee, received a sudden $48,500 cash infusion from AT&T and Verizon—even though he’d never been a recipient of their attention before.

“Follow the money,” says Ellen Miller of the Sunlight Foundation. “The telecom industry has spent millions, because for them, there’s no higher-profile issue than this one.” With the Senate folding on the matter by a 68-to-29 margin, Democrats—nineteen of whom voted with the GOP—looked poised to let Bush and his corporate enablers slip away.
came not from independents but from Republicans—a terrible omen for his “electability.” Huckabee also ran close to McCain in those bastions of independent (but also, of course, megachurch) voting, the suburbs, while Obama was pulling 60 percent of suburbanites on the other side. The other prime indicators of how independents might vote in November looked equally good for Obama and lousy for McCain: while Obama won big with under-45 voters, who are the most likely to register independent, McCain lost big among the youngest voters (under 30) while taking 53 percent of the 30-to-44 age group. To add just one more bit of sour news for McCain, fewer independents voted in the Republican primary in Virginia this year: 76 percent of the voters were card-carrying GOPers, as opposed to 63 percent in 2000.

On the night when McCain vanquished his last remaining (long-shot) competitor, Republican voters made one thing bleedingly evident: they’d like nothing more than a do-over of this whole nomination business. Preferably with an entirely different cast of candidates. Meanwhile, the optimistic but fretful Democrats soldier on toward March 4, when Obama gets his chance to deliver a knockout punch in Ohio and Texas. It’s still presumptuous—as the change-monger himself likes to say—to count Clinton out. Obama will have to earn those victories, and earn them in the most valuable way—by selling himself to two vital groups of purple-state folks he hasn’t convinced yet: white economic populists in Ohio (who tend to vote a whole lot like white Southerners) and Latinos all across the Lone Star State. But a distinct pattern has already emerged: Obama runs stronger where the party has a historic chance to win back the middle, states like Iowa, Missouri, Colorado—and now Virginia.

Purple America is ready, and eager, for Obama. His popularity with young voters, independents and suburbanites could very well translate into general-election victory. As for McCain—who is being hectored to pander even more to the GOP’s right-wingnuts, which will only further alienate his former independent fans—his chances seem to boil down to one increasingly improbable headline: Hillary Clinton Wins Democratic Nomination.

Bob Moser is a Nation contributing writer.

**Generation O**

The youngest generation of American voters has chosen a candidate. Should Barack Obama be the Democratic nominee, his victory may well be the first in which the youth vote played a decisive role. So far, however, it is unclear whether Obama’s success reflects his personal appeal or a more profound movement among young Americans.

Today’s young voter has come of political age in the shadow of 9/11 and the lies and poisonous politics of the Bush Administration. Such an experience could have led to a deepening of cynicism and an increase in apathy, a turning away from politics entirely. Instead, the so-called millennial generation has responded with the reverse, bucking the trend of low turnout that has reigned since 1972, when 18-year-olds were given the right to vote. Participation has doubled and tripled in many contests, paralleling the spike in overall turnout and surpassing it in some states. Though he’s done better among the college crowd, Obama has captured more than 50 percent of the vote of 18-to-29-year-olds in nearly every primary contest to date. Hillary Clinton bested him only in Arkansas, Florida (where no candidates campaigned), California and Massachusetts (by the slimmest of margins in the last two).

The key to Obama’s appeal to young voters may be that he resembles them. In a *New York Times* essay contest on the state of American college students, Nicholas Handler labeled his generation “Post–Everything”: “post–Cold War, post–industrial, post–baby boom, post–9/11.” Obama himself is a collage of “posts.” *Time* magazine recently observed that, like Tiger Woods and Angelina Jolie, Obama has “one of those faces that seem beamed from a postracial future.” He has made a campaign theme out of being post-boomer, thus distancing himself from the generation Clinton represents. He also touts himself as a postpartisan leader, someone who “can get things done” outside the bickering of Washington Democrats and Republicans.

This all meshes well with the way young people view politics right now. According to opinion polls, they are less likely than older voters to be up in arms about gay marriage and abortion—perhaps because war, climate change and a plummeting economy appear to be more serious threats. The most telling sign that youth may be realigning political designations is the movement among young voters away from Democrat-Republican labels: a survey of 18-to-24-year-olds last fall found that 40 percent identified themselves as independents, and 37 percent said that the existing parties “do such a poor job that a major third party is needed.” Obama’s talk of “a new majority” fits nicely with these sentiments, as does the claim he made in a speech to Virginia Democrats on February 9 that he can “move beyond the divisive politics of Washington and bring Democrats, independents and, yes, Republicans who are disillusioned with our current course together to get things done.”

Still, between the two parties, Democrats have an increasing edge over Republicans among young people: the Democrats’ advantage among 18-to-30-year-olds surged from two percentage points in 2000 to thirty-one points in 2008. Of course,

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**Calvin Trillin, Deadline Poet**

Glad to See the Back of Him

“America’s not going to turn left. America’s going to follow the Red, White and Blue.”

“[Liberals are] opponents of American culture.”

“I simply cannot let my campaign be a part of aiding a surrender to terror.” —Mitt Romney

Don’t disagree, for any reason:

For Romney, opposition’s treason.
Imagine examining artifacts in the Smithsonian Institution and finding a never-before-seen sketch for the largest and highest denomination American coin ever proposed? That’s just what happened as one coin expert recently explored the collection at this celebrated public institution. But as this numismatist discovered, it has more to share than he could ever imagine.

To his own surprise, he had found the original design concept for a hundred dollar denomination created by George T. Morgan, arguably the greatest American coin designer. These sketches, hidden within an original sketchbook for nearly a century, represent perhaps the grandest American coin ever proposed—the $100 Union.

George T. Morgan will always be remembered for his most famous coin—the Morgan silver dollar. Until recently, the world knew nothing of Morgan’s larger sized and higher denomination $100 Union concept design.

The secret’s out! For a limited time, you can secure the world’s first and only $100 Union Proof struck in pure .999 Silver at our special price of only $99 (plus S&H). CALL TODAY!
The depth and substance of the Obama youth phenomenon, though, has yet to be tested. While the main things preoccupying young voters, like the rest of the nation, are Iraq, healthcare and the economy, top issues among youth also include climate change, the rising cost of education and action in Darfur (although young people are as vague as others about just what it is that effective “action” would entail). Obama has been a strong supporter of action in Darfur in the past, but—perhaps because of the complexities of intervention—it's fallen from prominence as the campaign gathers steam. On global warming, he's gotten little pressure over his support of biofuels, coal and nuclear energy. If young voters propel Obama to victory, they should in turn pressure him to address their priorities.

An Obama loss in the primary would test how much the surge in youth turnout is about the issues and how much it's just about Obama. Mike Connery, a youth activist and co-founder of the blog Future Majority, claimed recently, “Obama may be riding the youth wave, and he is certainly amplifying it, but in no way did he create it.” Still, while Clinton has been working hard on improving her image among youth, it’s unclear whether she can inspire the same turnout and impassioned campaigning.
approval ratings are down below Bush’s. Not only has the deadly deployment in Iraq not ended; the number of troops there has increased, and both of the party’s would-be nominees—along with the majority of Democrats in Congress—have refused to use their power of the purse to cut off funds for the war. Party leaders have dismissed every demand for impeachment investigations of the Bush cabal. As for restoring the habeas corpus rights of noncitizen detainees, eliminating military tribunals or roundly repudiating the Administration’s policies on spying and torture—no luck. Even on the less politically loaded issues of domestic security and economic justice, not much has changed except that today it’s not only New Orleans who are losing their homes. The real and metaphorical leaves around our cities and farms just keep crumbling.

Like desert flowers in Death Valley, grassroots Democrats have sprung into action again this season in part because they’re parched for their party’s attention. Dolores Huerta, chair of Women for Kerry in 2004, told me last year that many women are excited simply to have a candidate who doesn’t take their votes for granted. (John Kerry famously told a gathering of Women for Kerry that he wasn’t going to single out women for attention because he didn’t want to “pander” to a “special interest.”) Huerta’s United Farm Workers of America endorsed Hillary Clinton shortly before the California primary, and female and Latino voters carried their candidate to victory there, just as African-Americans and young voters have bedrocked Senator Obama in part because they feel he actually cares about them.

But an invitation to the party is not the same as a seat at the table. The young voters, poor voters, secular, female, people of color, lesbian and gay, progressive and anti-war voters who have the candidates’ attention at the moment belong to the part of the Democratic base whose interests are perennially sidelined by party higher-ups come the general election—and way before anyone gets down to the pay-to-play business of governing.

In contrast to the GOP—whose leaders bow and scrape before every religious extremist all election year—those at the top of the Democratic pyramid run away from their base as soon as the primaries end in order to pander to the so-called center and swing voters [see Flanders, “A New Moment?” at Tomdispatch.com]. This extended primary season offers an unusual period in the sun for progressives, but it’s not enough to bask. Activists must raise the bar on policy and barter their leverage to push for a new approach. And that’s just a start. This is the last chance before the general election horse race runs them to the curb, and they’ll be expected to fall in line and work for the candidate anyway. After that, progressives will need a movement to pressure any politician.

Laura Flanders, host of RadioNation on Air America, is the author of Blue Grit: Making Impossible, Improvable and Inspirational Political Change in America, out in paperback with a foreword by Naomi Klein.

Donna Edwards Wins in Maryland!

Maryland progressive activist Donna Edwards upset veteran Congressman Al Wynn in a Democratic “fight for the soul of the party” primary, confirming that sentiment for change extends well beyond the presidential race. The incumbent had voted to authorize Bush’s Iraq War, endorsed Dick Cheney’s energy bill, sided with corporations to gut environmental programs and supported bankruptcy “reforms” that bashed consumers. Backed by the Service Employees International Union, the Sierra Club, EMILY’s List and Progressive Democrats of America, Edwards did not merely promise to be a better Democrat than Wynn. The former executive director of the Center for a New Democracy pledged to push her party and Congress to reject triangulation in favor of unapologetic challenges to the status quo. Her 60-to-36 percent victory makes a great start for an election year when Democratic primary voters will have plenty of opportunities to demand that candidates share their progressive values. Let’s hope Edwards is right when she says, “This is only the beginning.”

John Nichols
Hillary Clinton’s biggest mistake was not divorcing Bill in 2001 and then pressing forward into the presidential campaign as Senator Hillary Rodham. He's a millstone, and the campaign thus far has exploded the claim that Bill Clinton is still magic as a vote winner. Many Democratic Party regulars have very hard feelings about him. Clinton was not good for the Democratic Party when he was in the White House. He triangulated with Republicans and wouldn’t release campaign funds for Senate races that could have elected more Democrats in 1996 and 1998. As Barack Obama pointed out in a speech in Virginia Beach, “Keep in mind, we had Bill Clinton as President when, in ‘94, we lost the House, we lost the Senate, we lost governorships, we lost statehouses.”

On top of that, Bill Clinton infuriated blacks in South Carolina by mildly race-baiting Obama. Clinton’s little slaps, designed to ghettoize Obama, produced huge black majorities for the purveyor of change and angered many white liberals too.

Hillary as divorcée would have had real panache, a woman high-stepping into freedom on the ashes of her past, like Eva Perón. As things stand she can’t even offer Obama a deal whereby she’ll accept the vice presidency. Who would want Bill scampering in and out of the Old Executive Office Building, checking out the interns?

But if Hillary’s in bad trouble, the Hillary haters are in even worse shape. The conservative movement is finished. Rush Limbaugh, the dirigible of drivel himself, is flaming out like the zeppelin Hindenburg. The demon prince of right-wing hate radio, just like Milton’s Satan, now lies hurled headlong flaming from th’ Ethereal Skies with hideous ruine and combustion down to bottomless perdition…

Not deep enough. For years now liberals have loved to tremble at Limbaugh’s malignant powers. But it turns out Rush couldn’t get a dogcatcher elected. For months he has urged the dittoheads to rally to a true conservative. He’s worn himself hoarse denouncing McCain as a traitor to the cause. With each daily dose of raillery from Limbaugh, McCain’s cause flourished, and Limbaugh grew hysterical. He screamed to the dittoheads that Senator Lindsey Graham of South Carolina was “close enough to [McCain] to die of anal poisoning.”

Meanwhile, Ann Coulter, the Saxon Klaxon, announced that if McCain gets the nomination she will not only vote for Hillary but will “campaign for her,” because Clinton “is more conservative than he is.” Richard Viguerie, one of the creators of the modern conservative movement, bleated that McCain has only a short time to reach out to conservatives—to “stop the bleeding before it’s too late.”

Then came a futile fatwa from James Dobson, the single most influential voice among evangelical Christians. “I am deeply disappointed the Republican Party seems poised to select a nominee who did not support a Constitutional amendment to protect the institution of marriage, who voted for embryonic stem cell research to kill nascent human beings, who opposed tax cuts that ended the marriage penalty, and who has little regard for freedom of speech, who organized the Gang of 14 to preserve filibusters, and has a legendary temper and often uses foul and obscene language.”

The prophets are discredited because their cause has failed. The conservative movement has splintered, victim of lethal saber slashes from the necons, who plunged the country into an unpopular and hopeless war, and from George W. Bush, who rewarded the conservatives with the No Child Left Behind Act and the Medicare prescription drug benefit, both of which could have been put forward by Bill and Hillary Clinton. These two betrayals were compounded by Bush’s great failure in his second term: his proclaimed ambition to hand over the Social Security trust funds to Wall Street.

This was never a job for Republicans, any more than was welfare “reform.” Eradication of the social safety net is a job for the Democratic Party, and by late 1998 Bill Clinton, Robert Rubin and a secret team were far advanced in the attempt. As Robin Blackburn described it on the CounterPunch website in 2004, “It was a desperately close run thing. On the account of members of Clinton’s secret White House team, mandated to map out the privatization path for Social Security, they had got as far down the road as fine-tuning the account numbers for Social Security accounts [to be] released to the capricious mercies of Wall Street.” Then came the Lewinsky scandal. Clinton needed the liberal Democrats in Congress to stave off successful impeachment. Now it looks as though it will be up to Obama to include “reform” on the menu of “change,” when the latter condition has to assume some concrete shape.

Has Obama made mistakes? Not many, so far. That’s the beauty of talking vaguely about the audacity of hope and the need for change. People lap up his high-minded waffle, which is why they didn’t like the above-mentioned mild race-baiting in South Carolina. Mild? We live in timid times. In the late ‘60s my friend Andrew Kopkind wrote in The New York Review of Books about Martin Luther King “shuffling off” the stage of history. Malcolm, not MLK, was the lodestar on the left. In the 1967 essay “Soul Power,” Andrew wrote, “In spite of King’s famous sincerity and the super-honesty that he exudes, there is something disingenuous about his public voice…. He is not really telling it like it is, but as he thinks his audience wants it to be…. Although he speaks of structural changes, he assumes structural preservation.”

Remind you of anyone? It’s not Obama’s mistake if you believe what he says. Obama reminds me of Jimmy Carter in 1976, talking about the need for a government as good as the American people. That kind of flattery always goes down well. They both have the same national security adviser: Zbigniew Brzezinski. There’s structural preservation.
Pandering to fears about Muslim immigration, US Christian conservatives declare that Europe will face a ‘demographic winter’ unless white couples do their biblical duty and multiply.

by KATHRYN JOYCE

Steve Mosher is telling me about wolves returning to the streets of European towns. Not as part of some Vermont-model wildlife-recovery scenario but as emblems of a harsh comeuppance mankind is due—they’re stalking out of the forests like an ancient judgment, coming to claim mankind’s ceded land. We’re sitting in a sunny Main Street cafe in Front Royal, Virginia—a beautifying ex-industrial town in the Shenandoah Valley that, as the far edge of DC’s suburban sprawl, is lately home to a surprising number of conservative Christian ministries. Mosher, president of the Catholic anticontraception lobbyist group Population Research Institute (PRI), describes his grim vision of Europe’s future: fields will lie fallow and economies will wither. A great depression will sink over the continent as it undergoes “a decline that Europe hasn’t experienced since the Black Death.” The comeuppance has a name, one being fervently hawked among a group of Christian-right “profamily” activists hoping to spark a movement in secular Europe. It’s called the “demographic winter,” a more austere brand of apocalypse than doomsayers normally trade in, evoking not a nuclear inferno but a quiet and cold blanket of snow in which, they charge, “Western Civilization” is laying itself down to die.

How so? Europe is failing to produce enough babies—the right babies—to replace its old and dying. It’s “the baby bust,” “the birth dearth,” “the graying of the continent”; modern euphemisms for old-fashioned race panic as low fertility among white “Western” couples coincides with an increasingly visible immigrant population across Europe. The real root of racial tensions in the Netherlands and France, America’s culture warriors tell anxious Europeans, isn’t ineffective methods of assimilating new citizens but, rather, decades of “antifamily” permissiveness—contraception, abortion, divorce, population control, women’s liberation and careers, “selfish” secularism and gay rights—enabling “decadent” white couples to neglect their reproductive duties. Defying the biblical command to “be fruitful and multiply,” Europeans have failed to produce the magic number of 2.1 children per couple, the estimated “replacement-level fertility” for developed nations (a figure repeated so frequently it becomes a near incantation). The white Christian West, in this telling, is in danger of forfeiting itself through sheer lack of numbers to an onslaught of Muslim immigrants and their purportedly numerous offspring. In other words, Mosher and his colleagues aren’t really concerned about wolves.

Another profamily soldier banging the drum about demographic winter, Christine de Vollmer, head of the US-funded Latin American Alliance for the Family, says that thanks to “obstinate antifamily policies, the end of European civilization can be calculated in years.” Such predictions are winning the ear of top US conservatives, with Mitt Romney taking time during his campaign exit speech on February 7 to warn that “Europe is facing a demographic disaster” due to its modernized, secular
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Reverend Jesse Jackson is a longstanding Nation reader.

(Legally speaking, of course, everything has an owner, but as a Nation editor once wrote, “it is one of the superb facts about The Nation that you can no more ‘own’ it than you can own the spirit it represents.”)
Italian peasant woman for raising twelve children.

the “tragedy” of childless European couples and beatifying an address to Italy’s Parliament and Benedict XVI remarking on popes have involved themselves in the debate, with John Paul II fever for more “European” babies is widespread. The last two Poland, “I want to see more Poles!” while rallying a gathering of profamily activists last spring in nations as they commit demographic suicide.” Or, as he declared quickly.… They are contributing to the cultural suicide of these different from their new countries’ populations to assimilate Muslim immigrants are simply “too many and too culturally a few polite steps from Mosher’s summary of the problem: that a Swedish underwear company cashed in on the anxiety with a provocative ad campaign featuring a cast of Nordic men wearing EU-type lapel pins, commanding Sweeds to Fuck for the Future and Drop Your Pants or Drop Dead.

The nativist motivations for such campaigns move beyond the subliminal at times. Elizabeth Krause, an anthropologist and author of A Crisis of Births: Population Politics and Family-Making in Italy, tracked that country’s population efforts over the past decade and found politicians demanding more babies who had a second child, and Russia, which has a history of pro-natalist policies, including its 1980s-era “motherhood medals,” sweetened the offer to its citizens with several birth initiatives for hesitant couples, including an $8,900 award to families who produce a second child and a stipend of 40 percent of salary to women who leave work to become stay-at-home moms. One Russian province made novelty news worldwide with its Day of Conception on September 12, when residents of Ulyanovsk got time off work to “conceive a patriot” for the country. Prizes for successful delivery nine months later include refrigerators and cars. The theme is present enough in the popular consciousness that a Swedish underwear company cashed in on the anxiety with a provocative ad campaign featuring a cast of Nordic men wearing EU-type lapel pins, commanding Sweeds to Fuck for the Future and Drop Your Pants or Drop Dead.

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The Christian right has hit on a potent formula: grafting falling Western birthrates onto old morality arguments for a tidy cause-and-effect model.

The American Christian right, increasingly seeking influence abroad, has recognized that this anxiety over shifting national identities creates fertile terrain for spreading its ideology of traditional sexual morality as a quick fix for a postmodern age.

In the documentary Demographic Winter, the imagery of a frosty End of Days, accompanied by a foreboding, skeletal piano score, is played for full effect over somber interviews with conservative scholars, activists and European politicians. “One of the most ominous events of modern history is quietly unfolding,” the film promises. “We are headed toward a demographic winter, which threatens to have catastrophic social and economic consequences. The effects will be severe and long-lasting and are already becoming manifest in much of Europe.”

As Allan Carlson, president of the Illinois profamily think tank the Howard Center, discusses the “demographic winter of Western societies,” a flurry of snow covers the United States, then Europe and finally the rest of the world. Catholic activist de Vollmer talks about the intergenerational collapse family planning will bring: an echo of her charge that contraception, by splitting sexuality from procreation and rejecting potential offspring, leads to generations of damaged, alienated children “like Bucharest orphans,” who will later refuse care to their own

Kathryn Joyce is the author of Quiverfull: Inside the Christian Patriarchy Movement, forthcoming from Beacon Press in 2009. Research support for this article was provided by the Investigative Fund of The Nation Institute.
aged parents. As she describes a dysfunctional global family where the elderly are too many to care for and the young too few to run the trains, the camera cuts to a lonely street shot of pastel European row houses framing a desolate walkway, and a confused grandfather left intended and alone. As a Latvian legislator describes the devastating impact of demographic winter on countries with already small populations, a child playing on a swing set disappears and snowflakes start to fly.

Another commentator, Phillip Longman, is a deliberately counterintuitive face for demographic winter: a policy writer for the center-left Democratic Leadership Council and author of *The Empty Cradle: How Falling Birthrates Threaten World Prosperity and What To Do About It*. Longman consistently aligns himself with the far right on population issues, which warns that Europe is becoming a continent of the elderly, with death rates exceeding birthrates on the scale of nuclear war. Words for extended family members, he warns—uncle, aunt, even sibling—will disappear as shrinking families render them obsolete. In the rosier endgame he allows, Longman predicts that the fertile faithful will inherit the earth and that “those who remain will be committed to God.” That is, committed to neo-orthodox profamily doctrines condemning contraception as an “abortifacient” and a rejection of God’s greatest blessing, children: a theology gaining ground among all branches of Christianity. It’s a point Carlson makes frequently, supplementing his “aright” social science case for traditional values with praise for religious orthodoxy as the “yeast” that will make the family movement rise: compelling people to sacrifice their individual goals to raise large families. In this light, Carlson says, “Secularism is a societal death wish.” Or, as Longman puts it, delivering a mournful cosmic punch line to gratified Christian-right audiences, “Your children won’t grow up to be secular humanists.”

As for those secular humanists—a “sterile” elite Longman sees as too self-absorbed to reproduce—he delivers an ominous ultimatum. Though it’s tough for a generation educated to fear the population bomb and value women’s rights, gay rights and environmentalism to accept these trends, unless they temper their 1970s notions of individual fulfillment, they’ll be among the “certain kinds of human beings” who “are on their way to extinction.” Just what the putatively liberal Longman intends by these threats seems to depend on the rationale behind his allegiance to the profamily/demographic winter coalition. While ostensibly he’s warning liberals to get in line with “traditional” family morality or else, his presence at the helm of the movement seems targeted toward the conservative choir, reminding them that they have two foes in this battle, two enemies within: a tangible human population expanding within their borders and a sexually liberal frame of mind endemic to modern society.

As Rick Stout and Barry McLerran, producers of *Demographic Winter*, argue, “Only if the political incorrectness of talking about the natural family within policy circles is overcome will solutions begin to be found. These solutions will necessarily result in policy changes, changes that will support and promote the natural, intact family.” The rhetoric of the “natural family” is significant. Stout, a Brigham Young University graduate, and McLerran, executive director of the Family First Foundation, a grant-making organization based in the aptly named Salt Lake City suburb of Bountiful, are among the hundreds of Mormon profamily activists who have made common cause with conservative Catholic and evangelical ideologues. In fact, it was the collaboration of Mormon and evangelical activists that birthed one of the guiding documents of the movement, *The Natural Family Manifesto*—a conservative call to arms co-written by Paul Mero, head of the Mormon think tank the Sutherland Institute, and Allan Carlson, the grandfatherly evangelical academic at the forefront of the cause.

Carlson is a compelling conservative historian who uses secular arguments to craft a social science rationale for the necessity of large patriarchal families, or the “natural family,” as he calls it in his manifesto—a correction of Marx that aims to turn America and the Western world away from the perils of liberal modernity and back to the “natural family” model, where fathers lead and women honor their highest domestic calling by becoming “prolific mothers.” In this scheme, families are the fundamental unit that society and government should be concerned with promoting, and individual rights are valued insofar as they correspond with pronatalist aims. Thus Carlson and Mero qualify their “wholehearted” support of women’s rights: “Above all, we believe in rights that recognize women’s unique gifts of pregnancy, childbirth, and breastfeeding.”

The interdenominational alliance of Mormon, Catholic and evangelical “profamily” advocates, as well as the token link between this pan-Christian front and a handful of Orthodox Jewish and Muslim representatives, is the hallmark of Carlson’s work, whether with the Howard Center, the Family First Foundation—of which he is also a director—or as secretary and co-founder of the World Congress of Families (WCF), an international, interfaith profamily conference. Carlson’s influence is largely behind-the-scenes, writing policy for ultra-right Senator Sam Brownback and Representative Lee Terry of Nebraska and, increasingly, spreading his “natural family” ideal through theories of a looming population crisis facing the West.

The WCF is just one channel for this goal: a locus for heavy-weight US conservative actors such as the Heritage Foundation, the Family Research Council, Concerned Women for America and James Dobson’s Focus on the Family—a Who’s Who of the American Christian right—to network with representatives from the Vatican, conservative Christians from developing nations and a smattering of Muslim groups seeking allies to fight gay and women’s rights at the United Nations. The result is the spread of US culture-war tactics across the globe, from the Czech Republic to Qatar—where right-wing Mormon activist and WCF co-founder Richard Wilkins has found enough common cause with Muslim fundamentalists to build the Doha International Institute for Family Studies and Development.

Arguably, the greatest impact profamily efforts such as the WCF have is in helping conservative European leaders hone
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Dr. Kenneth W. Harl is Professor of History at Tulane University, where he has taught since 1978, after receiving his Ph.D. in History from Yale University. He has led tours and worked on excavations in Turkey for many years. At Tulane, he has received the annual Student Award for Excellence in Teaching nine times. In 2001, he was the national winner of the Robert Foster Cherry Award for Great Teachers.

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a common message about the “natural family” as a necessary counter to demographic anxieties.

The fourth conference of the WCF, in Warsaw last May, provided much of the commentary for the Demographic Winter film. And little wonder: besides Carlson, Family First Foundation’s board of directors is composed entirely of WCF leaders and speakers, all of whom gathered in Warsaw’s grand Palace of Culture and Science, the old Polish Communist Party headquarters, with more than 3,000 other religious conservatives, to hear predictions about Europe as a sinking ship, a Titanic nearly lost to the repercussions of the sexual revolution. But for the first time in a long time, the “natural family” has a white knight in Europe: brave Poland, the anti-Sweden. Following Pope John Paul II’s philosophy that particular countries can change the course of Europe, Poland has been heralded in US profamily literature as the likely salvation of the continent: a heavily Catholic bastion of conservatism amid the gay-friendly EU. Under the leadership of the Kaczynski brothers—extremist twins in office as president and prime minister—the country has shifted far to the right, embracing a social conservatism that aggressively targets gays, Jews, women’s rights and foreigners, and that in 2006 went so far as to propose that Jesus be named honorary king of Poland.

To Carlson, this proves Poland is “an island of profamily values” amid the tides of “Christo-phobic” “population-control types” who dominate the rest of the continent. Poland, he says, could provide an important counterbalance to European modernity and become a launching point for “a profamily resistance,” and thereby “save Europe again”: a not-so-coded reference to the Battle of Vienna in 1683, where Polish King John III Sobieski led a “Holy League” army of Christian soldiers against the Ottoman Empire, culminating in a decisive victory for Christendom over the invading Muslim troops. The profamily movement’s bald reference to this ancient holy war informs new conservative rhetoric over the invading Muslim troops. The profamily movement’s bald reference to this ancient holy war informs new conservative rhetoric:

Increasingly, American cultural conservatives view Europe as a bulwark against a Muslim ‘invasion’ of the United States.

The architects of the WCF have persuaded traditionally isolationist American conservatives to care about the fate of secular, impious Europe with two main arguments: one, that Europe is a bulwark against a Muslim “invasion” of America—“If Europe is lost to demographic winter and radical secularism, much of the world will go with it,” Carlson warns—and two, that global trends, such as the normalization of gay and women’s rights, can impact life at home.

If Europe has a “sickness of the soul,” the WCF claims to have “the cure.” Specifically, that cure is a version of the practice of American women living Allan Carlson’s “natural family” vision of having “full quivers” of children. These are families of eight, ten, twelve or more children. It is a vision packaged for popular culture: encouraging families to become “Great Families,” with three to four children each, enough of an increase to stave off the winter [see Joyce, “Arrows for the War,” November 27, 2006].

“The new view is that in order to create and defend a pro-family culture, we also have to have a friendly international environment,” says Carlson. “So you see something fundamentally new: the social conservative movement going global.”

Austin Ruse, head of the ultraconservative Catholic UN lobbyist group C-Fam and organizer of Washington’s National Catholic Prayer Breakfast, says the WCF is just one expression of an ever-growing conservative coalition. Its hatred of liberalism, feminism and the sexual revolution outweighs theological differences, and it is branching out worldwide. C-Fam is opening offices in Brussels to lobby the EU directly.

Ruse’s goals for EU activism are likely in line with his accomplishments at the UN, where he gained notoriety for his incendiary rhetoric (his lobby is a “plague of locusts” descending on women’s rights) and political theater, which, even with few allies, effectively stalled progress on a number of women’s movement initiatives. Christian-right watchers agree that demographic winter appeals to struggling new EU countries in devout Eastern Europe could have “serious” results. Ruse himself, not given to understatement, imagines the global Christian profamily alliance is “unlike anything we’ve seen since the Reformation.” A bloc like this, he boasts, is capable of mayhem: “Picture the documentaries about Africa: the hyenas going after the wildebeest. You’re just surrounded. We are everywhere, doing everything.”

Jennifer Butler, author of Born Again: The Christian Right Globalized and a witness to the havoc that Ruse brought to the UN during the 1990s, has tracked the rise of the international Christian right with apprehension. “I felt that nobody else knew what they were up to. You can’t underestimate what they can do.”

What they are up to now is on full display for interested observers: a battle on many fronts against what they call “the autonomy revolution” of the 1960s—a worldview shift far broader than a mere sexual revolution. The minutiae of the “natural family” revival they intend is being addressed by hundreds of conservative activists. Paige Patterson, an architect of the conservative takeover in the Southern Baptist Convention, has lamented the high percentage of female university students as an impediment to stay-at-home motherhood. In August he fought the trend by instituting a homemaking curriculum for female students attending his Texas seminary. Carol Soelberg, president of the Mormon group United Families International and mother of thirteen, advocates women realizing their true mission in the home. Paul Mero encourages early marriage by declaring bachelors over 30 “a menace to society.” And Carlson and Mosher continually seek ways to turn tax law into
a vehicle for rewarding fertility and interpreting population stability laws as pronatalist measures.

How far they can go with it depends in part on how convincing their population threats—and solutions—seem to countries grappling with cultural growing pains, as well as how deftly the proponents of demographic winter navigate their own abundant internal contradictions.

Despite the lip service the profamily movement gives to uniting all the “children of Abraham” against common enemies, the sense of a more tangible foe—Muslim immigration—bleeds through their cooperative rhetoric. Farooq Hassan, a Harvard law professor and one of the few Muslim representatives in this profamily movement, chastised his colleagues for their transparent appeals to nationalism: “The rest of the world doesn’t have the same problems as Europe. The Western world wants more people in Europe, but you don’t care if there are more families in the Third World. You want less families there.”

As if to demonstrate Hassan’s point, Mosher’s PRI claims to fight population control on behalf of women in developing nations—lumping instances of real abuse, such as the history of coerced sterilizations performed on developing world women, together with all efforts to expand family planning options—but reveals the limits of his professed concern for women’s rights when he tells me that Israel relinquished Gaza because, as “Yasir Arafat said, the best weapon of the Palestinians is ‘the womb of the Arab woman’”: an example of fertility that Mosher finds “very sobering if you’re concerned about the future of Israel.”

In the context of the competing narratives conservatives hope to bend to their purposes, Mosher’s slightly off-message slip is understandable. Another instance of this took place when a presenter at the Congress in Warsaw, an American OB/GYN lecturing against contraception, told the largely Polish audience that birth control was a continuation of an old evil, child sacrifice—a fraught evocation in post-Holocaust Poland, where anti-Semitic slurs against the nearly destroyed Jewish population, including the old blood libel charging Jews with ritual child murder, are far from forgotten. The inference isn’t much of a stretch in a country where the government blames shadowy “webs of influence” for Poland’s lagging economy; where sociologists describe a widespread conceptualized anti-Semitism that casts gays, feminists and secularists as symbolic “Jews” in a country with few actual Jews left; and where Jews are blamed for Communism and abortion, both of which are widely reviled. (Such associations aren’t limited to Poland’s profamily movement: Fr. Paul Marx, the founder of both Mosher’s PRI and Human Life International, the parent group of Austin Ruse’s C-Fam, likewise charged that Jews control the abortion “industry.”)

These relics of demagogy—blurring the lines between the various enemies of Polish nationalism, whether Jewish, secular or Muslim—have helped foster a climate in which Poland widely accepts demographic winter, and all it entails, as truth. Members of the right-wing ideological youth brigade, the All Polish Youth, refine their politics by reading Pat Buchanan’s The Death of the West, in which he describes a generalized “Western” diaspora, including Australia, Canada, the United States and Russia—as a “vanishing race.” Meanwhile, to reverse the winter, Poland is enshrining Catholic doctrine into law: relegating contraception and sex ed to private clinics, and crafting laws to ban discussions on homosexuality in public schools and to prosecute abortion as murder.

Jon O’Brien, president of the liberal reproductive-rights group Catholics for a Free Choice, tells me that Poland is “a classic example of what you can expect if the World Congress of Families’ fantasy came true.”

This is where O’Brien, generally skeptical of the profamily movement’s international appeal, sees a dangerous opportunity for its extremist patriarchal ideas to bloom: in Eastern European countries new to democracy and more accustomed to totalitarian traditions and an ultranationalism born of fear, poverty and porous borders. “When you have someone powerful like Putin talking to people in these circumstances about the necessity of Russian women giving birth, then you have to worry about it—how that could be turned into policy.”

The profamily movement’s demands require a world of women to dedicate their lives and wombs to demographic battle.

To Adrienne Germain, president of the International Women’s Health Coalition, the profamily movement’s new demographic focus is a logical extreme. “To me, it was obvious that they’d reach this point. It just seems early,” she says. The worrying thing is that whether countries push pro- or antinatalist policies, “the first thing down the drain is a woman’s ability to control her body.”

And this, of course, is the (largely unacknowledged) rub with the profamily movement’s focus on procreation: it requires a world of women to dedicate their lives and wombs to demographic battle. “The shadow of Fascism still hovers over demographic science,” Krause tells me, and lends a chilling factor to “moralizing” language that pathologizes the childless as sick or, in Italy, as anorexics refusing to eat. Indeed, when Pope John Paul II raised his demographic concerns to the Italian Parliament, it was unprecedented since Fascist years, evoking a painful social memory of Mussolini’s fertility project, which attacked bachelors, rewarded mothers of many children, criminalized abortion and banned contraception.

Of course, such programs weren’t limited to Italian Fascism. A similar trajectory occurred in wartime Germany, writes historian Claudia Koonz, author of Mothers in the Fatherland. Other nations in Depression-era Europe grew concerned about falling birthrates, but under Fascism’s extreme gender divisions and the escalating sense of crisis pervading the country, early eugenic motherhood schools and rewards for fertile women morphed by war’s end into the brutalizing demographic demands of the Lebensborn breeding program. Designed to mass-produce more Aryan soldiers and factory hands as part of the “motherhood crusade,” Lebensborn castigated “selfish” women who weren’t doing their part to
It’s not often that a politician edged out in a closely fought election decides, upon reflection, that he got what he deserved. But that is what Lincoln Chafee, former Republican senator from Rhode Island, grudgingly acknowledges at the end of his unusually candid memoir, *Against the Tide: How a Compliant Congress Empowered a Reckless President*. As the subtitle suggests, despite his reputation as mild-mannered and friendly, Chafee, who served in the Senate from 1999 through 2006, the year a wave of anti-Bush sentiment swept away the Republican majority in Congress, has not written a feel-good, conciliatory book. He has written a searing indictment of how his fellow Republicans disgraced themselves by bowing to the Bush Administration’s extremist demands, from the perspective of a moderate who came to feel deeply estranged from the party to which he once felt loyally bound. The people who voted to unseat Republicans like him in the 2006 midterm election “did what they had to do to check the Bush-Cheney agenda,” Chafee writes. The Congress in which he served “deserves the infamy that history will surely assign it.”

The fact that Chafee feels this way is, some on the right will undoubtedly contend, hardly surprising: Chafee, they’ll tell you, was always a liberal in disguise, the Senate’s number-one RINO (Republican in Name Only), as the magazine *Human Events* once labeled Chafee, who had it in for the Bush Administration from day one.

Chafee Chastened

A former moderate Republican mourns the disappearance of the party he once loved.

by EYAL PRESS

It’s not often that a politician edged out in a closely fought election decides, upon reflection, that he got what he deserved. But that is what Lincoln Chafee, former Republican senator from Rhode Island, grudgingly acknowledges at the end of his unusually candid memoir, *Against the Tide: How a Compliant Congress Empowered a Reckless President*. As the subtitle suggests, despite his reputation as mild-mannered and friendly, Chafee, who served in the Senate from 1999 through 2006, the year a wave of anti-Bush sentiment swept away the Republican majority in Congress, has not written a feel-good, conciliatory book. He has written a searing indictment of how his fellow Republicans disgraced themselves by bowing to the Bush Administration’s extremist demands, from the perspective of a moderate who came to feel deeply estranged from the party to which he once felt loyally bound. The people who voted to unseat Republicans like him in the 2006 midterm election “did what they had to do to check the Bush-Cheney agenda,” Chafee writes. The Congress in which he served “deserves the infamy that history will surely assign it.”

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It’s an accusation Chafee probably wishes were true. But reality is more complicated and sheds light on how profoundly the party has changed over the course of a generation. As Chafee confesses early in his book, in 2000 he supported George W. Bush in the Rhode Island presidential primary. What he saw in the Texas governor was a pragmatist who, like his father, George H.W. Bush, would be open to compromise and willing to disappoint the GOP base if circumstances demanded it. Chafee could not have been more wrong, of course, but the proclivity to see in the son a mirror image of the father, and to envisage him as something other than a bumbling ideologue, was somewhat understandable in light of his own background. Chafee entered the Senate after his father, John Chafee, a four-term senator, died suddenly of heart failure. The elder Chafee belonged to the once-sizable bloc of so-
called Rockefeller Republicans: socially tolerant, fiscally conservative moderates who did not regard cutting taxes as a sacred mission, did not sneer at every government program they came across and did not assume anyone who disagreed with them was morally suspect.

Chafee had convinced himself that a similar spirit might prevail under the younger Bush. He quickly learned otherwise. The day after the Supreme Court handed Bush the presidency by halting the Florida recount, Chafee relates in his book, Dick Cheney dropped by for a closed-door lunch with the handful of moderate Senate Republicans. As Cheney ticked off the incoming Administration’s priorities—disavowing the Kyoto Protocol, canceling the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, ramming through a $1.6 trillion tax cut—Chafee realized that all the talk of Bush being a “uniter” had been a sham. He also realized that Republicans of his father’s ilk were no longer treated with even a modicum of respect (“Cheney was not asking for support—he was ordering us to provide it”). And they seldom stood up for themselves: instead of voicing objections to the Vice President–elect’s “shockingly divisive” agenda, his colleagues nodded obsequiously. “Mr. Cheney tore our best campaign promises to shreds and the moderates acquiesced instead of pelting him with outrage,” Chafee angrily recalls. “It was the most demoralizing moment of my seven-year tenure in the Senate.”

In fairness to the targets of his criticism, Chafee did some acquiescing of his own through the years. Unlike former Vermont Senator James Jeffords, he was not so disgusted with the Administration that he was prompted to leave the party. Some of the worst legislation of the Bush era—the Patriot Act, the 2005 bankruptcy bill—garnered his support, and he refrained from taking a clear stand against some of the White House’s most reckless ideas, such as privatizing Social Security. To his credit, though, Chafee did resist subscribing to certain articles of faith. To the fury of groups like the Club for Growth, he refused to support Bush’s tax cuts. And to the rage of the religious right, he opposed a constitutional amendment to ban gay marriage and was one of only three GOP senators to oppose the Partial Birth Abortion Ban, which many Democrats supported. In 2002 he was also the only GOP senator to vote against the Iraq War resolution.

That none of this was acceptable to the guardians of political correctness on the right reminds us that the key litmus test during the Bush era was not loyalty to conservative principles; it was loyalty to the White House. Chafee’s book makes this clear. For as he takes pains to emphasize, he opposed the Iraq War not because he is a liberal pacifist but because he concluded that launching a messianic war on the basis of flimsy evidence would undermine stability in a volatile part of the world, a position many conservative realists shared. He voted against Bush’s tax cuts not because he is a left-leaning populist but because “deep down, the fiscal conservative in me said no.” Chafee found the Administration’s suspension of habeas corpus and violation of the Fourth Amendment ban on unwarranted wiretapping alarming—but aren’t conservatives supposed to be suspicious of big government? He opposed amending the Constitution to prevent states from passing laws on gay mar-

Hell, if I'd jumped on all the dames I'm supposed to have jumped on, I'd have had no time to go fishing.

- Clark Gable
Dante disliked his contemporary Pope Boniface VIII so much that he put him in the Eighth Circle of Inferno among the “simoniacs,” the abusers of church power—sinners who were buried head-down, feet on fire, next to the pimps and the fraudsters. When Italy’s long-tottering center-left government finally fell in late January with Silvio Berlusconi rubbing his hands in the wings, the Eighth Circle seemed to sum up Italy’s predicament.

The government’s downfall began with Justice Minister Clemente Mastella, leader of a tiny Christian Democratic faction that got just 1.4 percent of the vote in the 2006 elections. Mastella resigned after he learned that he and his wife, a regional politician, were under judicial investigation, then abruptly announced he would oppose the government. Without Mastella’s three seats in the Senate, Prime Minister Romano Prodi’s government was doomed. In his twenty-month tenure, Prodi had learned to live with a one-vote margin in the upper house—but every vote had been a cliffhanger.

This time, the red plush and gilt Senate chamber exploded like a stadium full of drunken, brawling soccer fans. When one of Mastella’s party colleagues announced he would remain loyal to Prodi after all, a senator from the far-right Alleanza Nazionale, wearing shades and popping a champagne cork in anticipation of the government’s defeat, yelled out, “You fairy, you dirty faggot!” The center-right joined the chorus, while a second Mastella senator went ballistic, screaming and spitting at his colleague, until the first man fainted and had to be carried off on a stretcher.

It wasn’t just parliamentary civility that had collapsed; it was any kind of capacity to work together for the common good. Thanks to a “poison pill” electoral law passed shortly before Berlusconi was voted out of power in 2006 (Berlusconi’s justice minister, who wrote the bill, called it una porcata, “sleazy”), the center-left had been badly handicapped. It could govern only by uniting nine fractious parties, and even then, its majority was by a hair. The Prodi government did manage to pass some worthy legislation: budgets that reined in the wild deficit spending of the Berlusconi years and anti–tax evasion rules that in one year restored 15 billion euros to the treasury, money that was just about to be distributed in tax cuts to low- and moderate-income wage-earners when the government fell. But the nine parties quarreled constantly, and they often seemed their own worst enemies.

Meanwhile, week after week, Berlusconi did everything in his power to bring Prodi down, from stoking a massive truckers’ blockade to more delicate tinkering. Not long ago the media tycoon was memorably overheard in a wiretap, trying to buy off a crucial center-left senator by getting his lady friend hired as an actress at RAI state TV. Amazingly, a year and a half after Berlusconi—owner of Mediaset, the private TV empire in direct competition with RAI—was voted out of office, his

Letter From Rome

Silvio Berlusconi isn’t the only one who undermined Italy’s center-left government.

by FREDERIKA RANDALL

Frederika Randall is a journalist and translator who lives in Rome.
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appointees still controlled the RAI board of directors, and the key Mediaset employees he had placed at the state TV were still in their jobs.

But while anyone could see that Berlusconi was bent on destruction, there were other, more discreet forces moving behind the scenes. The Italian Bishops Conference, led until recently by the powerful Cardinal Camillo Ruini, now Pope Benedict XVI’s deputy as vicar general of Rome, has conducted a fierce campaign against some cherished proposals of the center-left, including civil unions for gay couples as well as unmarriage heterosexuals; a bill to allow Italians to stipulate a “living will” and rules about when life support can be shut down; and more relaxed rules on stem cell research and fertility treatments. The bishops supported last year’s Catholic “Family Day” rally, attended by leaders of the three main parties on the center-right (although as it happens, none are “good Catholics,” in that all have been divorced at least once). More recently, a proposal by a right-wing journalist to impose a “moratorium” on abortion has been endorsed by the Vatican, and a campaign for an international abortion moratorium is expected to be launched when Benedict XVI visits New York and Washington in April.

Papa Ratzinger, as Italians call the pope (the former Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger), has also embraced hyper-traditional church practices, including revival of the Tridentine (Latin) Mass and the custom of officiating with his back to the congregation. The Latin Mass includes a Good Friday injunction to convert the Jews that is already causing great friction with Jewish authorities. Benedict has also taken a decidedly fundamentalist line on science, the Enlightenment and rational thought. While his predecessor, John Paul II, went so far as to apologize for the church’s persecution of Galileo and decreed that there was no conflict between faith and evolution, Benedict seems to be moving backward. From Galileo’s reasoning, the pope has said, we can trace a “direct line” to the atomic bomb. Evolution, he says, cannot be explained exclusively in scientific terms. Such anti-science pronouncements led sixty-seven professors, many physicists, to protest when Benedict was recently invited to give the inaugural lecture of the academic year at Rome University. When the pope then backed out, the right fanned a great hue and cry about censorship, and the pontiff seemed to emerge the moral victor. At a big Sunday rally in defense of the pope in St. Peter’s Square, Mastella, who had just brought down the government, was a prominent face in the crowd. “In the end, the real blow to the Prodi government came from the Vatican,” suggested a commentator in *La Repubblica*.

In Spain, Prime Minister José Luis Rodríguez Zapatero has been able to introduce gay marriage and adoptions by same-sex couples, as well as measures to ease stem cell research and fertility treatment and to make religion classes in schools voluntary. When the Spanish church fought him, with its own huge Christian Family Day rally and with orders for Catholics not to vote for the Socialists in the March 9 elections, Zapatero’s ambassador to the Holy See expressed his displeasure with its interference in Spanish affairs. If Zapatero wins those elections, it will be a boost for secular Italians.

The Italian center-left has so far not been so courageous. The bishops labored to bring the Catholics in Prodi’s coalition to heel, issuing stern directives to Catholic MPs about how to vote. This past October two main center-left parties, Democratici di Sinistra (descendants of the Communists) and Margherita (progressive Catholics), along with other reformers, merged in a new Partito Democratico. In primary elections voted in by 3.5 million Italians, Walter Veltroni, a onetime Communist and now the popular mayor of Rome, was elected party secretary. Cohesively progressive on most social and economic issues, the Partito Democratico has so far, like the Prodi government, been very cautious and divided on the family and right-to-life issues—questions like gay and civil unions and abortion rights—dear to the bishops.

True, Italy—the only country with a foreign sovereign state, the Vatican, inside its capital city—has a special relationship with the church. The Christian Democratic Party ruled Italy from 1945 until 1993, when it dissolved in the great corruption scandals known as Tangentopoli (“Bribe City”). And Catholics, inside and outside the Vatican, still dream of resuscitating a dominant Catholic party in Italy out of Berlusconi’s Forza Italia party, the splinter Christian Democrat parties and the progressive Catholics in the Partito Democratico. Neither progressive nor conservative, but a blob occupying the middle, this hoped-for *cosa bianca*—“white thing,” as the Catholic party is called—would push the left back to the margins of government, where the huge Italian Communist party sat throughout the long postwar period. It is just this marginalization that the Partito Democratico hopes to avoid. The party aims to “meld the values from which the left was born and lives—liberty, democracy, justice, equality, solidarity, labor—with the alphabet of the twenty-first century: citizenship, rights, secular government, innovation, integration, merit, multiculturalism, equal opportunity, sovranationalism,” as Piero Fassino, former leader of the Democratici di Sinistra, said. But if the party is to succeed, it may be at the expense of Italy’s radicals—Rifondazione Comunista, two other small hard-left factions and the tiny Green Party—none of which joined the Partito Democratico.

Meanwhile, say some critics of the church, the Vatican wouldn’t mind the return of Berlusconi & Company (including his racist, xenophobic and ex-Fascist fellow travelers in the Lega Nord and Alleanza Nazionale). When they governed from 2001 to 2006, they did not rock the boat with bills on gay unions and were generous when it came to Vatican privileges (such as the exemption, worth an estimated 4–5 billion...
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euros, from paying property tax on the extensive church holdings on Italian soil, and the millions in contributions to Catholic church interests—return to power? If he does, the church will have much to answer for.

Exchange

(continued from page 2)

bad choices, making women out to be the source of all their woes. Their new slogan might be, “Can’t blame it on her PMS? Try PAS!”

RHONDA CASE

ST. LOUIS

Sarah Blustain states that Post-Abortion Syndrome “does not exist” and cites the American Psychiatric Association and the American Psychological Association, whose cautious studies show no proved link between abortion and PAS. She concludes that “if the science on women’s PAS is bad, what exists on men is junk.”

But bad science does not mean the feelings aren’t there. In 1972 my girlfriend, against my will, had an abortion. For more than thirty-five years now I have had despairing, helpless dreams about that abortion. In one recurring dream, out on a vast plain covered with dead babies, my own baby is dead and rotting. I am wanting to find my baby. I am sure it is out there, somewhere, among all those other decomposing babies. But I cannot get up and look for it because my own body is dead and rotting.

Sometimes it is a different dream: I am at an abortion clinic and my child is going to be aborted. I am following the mother around, wanting somehow to take my child out of her womb and hold it—comfort it, before it is killed by the abortionist.

For more than twenty years I had one of these dreams at least once a month. Now they occur every three to four months. Blustain states that PAS therapists “are leading men to blame their abortion experiences for pre-existing and subsequent problems.” Did that abortion become an excuse for self-destructive, or socially destructive, behavior on my part? No. Do I have problems because of that abortion? Yes, because I still feel the raw pain. Time, talking to other men about the experience and writing about it have helped. But I am angry that I had no legal recourse for preventing that abortion.

And I am disappointed that Blustain, after all her pretense of demanding rigorous scientific evidence for the existence of PAS, when defending her thesis cites only one example: a man who “flipped” after his child was aborted and killed an abortionist. On the basis of this token exercise in empiricism, Blustain concludes, “Now we understand. Pity the man.” This is man-hating sarcasm. Women have the morning-after pill, but men aren’t even allowed a mourning-after period. Blustain obviously prefers it this way.

I am opposed to abortion, not for religious or political reasons but simply because I find it emotionally upsetting. And I detest any right-winger who would try to co-opt my feelings into support for a “prolife” agenda. Too many of these proliferers fervently favor capital punishment. And while they oppose aborting an 18-week-old fetus, they have no qualms about sending an 18-year-old boy off to be killed in a war.

While the agenda of these right-wingers revolts me, I am also revolted by Blustain’s condescending sophistry, blithe pseudoscience and man-hating sarcasm. PAS may not yet be recognized by those postphrenology practitioners called psychiatrists and psychologists, but the postabortion feelings are there. Ignoring them is perilous, because ignored feelings often engender other feelings—helplessness, anger, even violence—all potential fodder for the perverted aims of ideologues.

FRANCIS BAUMLI, editor, Men Freeing Men: Exploding the Myth of the Traditional Male

Blustain Replies

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

It is a sad journey Francis Baumli has had to take because of someone else’s choices—choices over which he had no control. I am not passing judgment on his experiences, except to express my sympathies.

There is no part of my head or my heart that would deny such feelings. Indeed, there is a growing awareness even in the prochoice community that ambivalence may be a common part of the abortion experience (as it is with any major life decision). I have long opposed strident my-body, my-choice language and am heartened by the new sensitivity and empathy of abortion providers, support people and prochoice activists and politicians regarding these complicated emotions.

My judgment and harsh language are reserved wholly for those who would politicize Baumli’s story. There is no evidence that experiences like his are widespread. And yet antiabortion activists would like us to create policy on the basis of just such individual narratives, and it is with this opportunism that I take issue. Would we be a more moral society if, based solely on such narratives, we coerced all women, of any age, situation or station into continuing unwanted pregnancies? And if the effort to end such pregnancies led women, as it has historically and currently in other countries, to dangerous and desperate measures? And if such pregnancy, allowed to progress, created similar trauma or distress in the child’s mother? Would those be happier outcomes?

I am not idealistic about legal abortion. In it I see myriad shades of gray, for women and for men. But I have no patience with political activists who look at those shades and see only black and white.

SARAH BLUSTAIN
windswept hillside on the edge of Norilsk is a good vantage point from which to behold this sprawling mining town in Arctic Siberia. Factories, smokestacks, cranes and industrial debris clutter the terrain to the horizon, blanketed by a misty smog thick with the smell of sulphur. Settled a mere seventy years ago, Norilsk has a short but notorious past, and it comes partly into view on the edge of this hillside. Some local residents refer to this spot as Golgotha. Below ground lie the remains of thousands of prisoners sent here during Stalin’s reign to mine the area’s rich pockets of nickel and platinum. Many died right on this spot. They would slip and fall from the icy ladders leading up toward the mines, shattering their limbs. Only the fortunate were taken to the camp hospital. Some of the injured, lying paralyzed on the permafrost, would have their coats stripped from them while they were still alive. Warm clothing was in short supply in the Norilsk camp.

Today the spot features a smattering of memorial sites honoring the prisoners who died in Norilsk. There is a Polish monument dedicated to Poles, and there are crosses and plates installed by each of the Baltic states honoring their dead, but there is no Russian monument for the Russian victims, nor is there a memorial site devoted to the gulag prisoners as a whole. The few visitors who do come to this forlorn place are local newlyweds, who tour its monuments and have their picture taken. Shivering in their thin formal garments, a young couple and their friends trudge through the snow, giddy and seemingly oblivious to the site’s horrific legacy.

Jochen Hellbeck, who teaches Russian history at Rutgers University, is the author of Revolution on My Mind: Writing a Diary Under Stalin. He has visited the city of Norilsk twice: in November 2005 and October 2007.

The Ice Forge

by JOCHEN HELLBECK

Today the spot features a smattering of memorial sites honoring the prisoners who died in Norilsk. There is a Polish monument dedicated to Poles, and there are crosses and plates installed by each of the Baltic states honoring their dead, but there is no Russian monument for the Russian victims, nor is there a memorial site devoted to the gulag prisoners as a whole. The few visitors who do come to this forlorn place are local newlyweds, who tour its monuments and have their picture taken. Shivering in their thin formal garments, a young couple and their friends trudge through the snow, giddy and seemingly oblivious to the site’s horrific legacy.

Were it not for the largely forgotten army of peasant exiles who were forcibly made into colonizers of the Soviet Far North, Norilsk and other industrial outposts in the Arctic steppe would not exist. “Not even the traditional three stones mark the crossroad where they went in creaking carts to their doom,” Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn said of their fate. Solzhenitsyn knew of no reliable sources to document what happened to the peasant exiles; his Gulag Archipelago mentions them only in passing: “This wave poured forth, sank down into the permafrost, and even our most active minds recall hardly a thing about it.” As it turns out, the Stalinist state generated and assiduously stored accounts of that wave. Marked “top secret” throughout the Soviet period, these records were declassified in the 1990s. Using them with great sensitivity and skill, Lynne Viola, a leading scholar of the Soviet peasantry, has created a monument to the residents of Stalin’s lost settlements. Her book, The Unknown Gulag, is an indictment of the utopian folly and criminal neglect of Soviet officials,
and a moving account of human suffering.

Viola’s story begins in villages across Russia in the late 1920s, when the Communist regime decided to administer its dream of a socialist society free of exploitation and private gain. Stalin’s collectivization campaign targeted those who were identified as kulaks—peasants who were better off than others, who employed seasonal help or who had rubbed Communist officials the wrong way. Varvara Sidorova was a child in the winter of 1930 when “they” came for her family. Countless others went through what she described in an interview conducted decades later. “Pounding on doors and windows,” Viola writes, armed local officials roused the Sidorovas from sleep, herding them into the bathhouse and then expropriating “the household’s stores of grain, oats, hay and firewood.” According to Sidorova, Viola continues, “They took everything. They even took the children’s felt boots and tore the feather pillows from her mother’s bed. ‘They told us that they will transport you here to us,’” wrote one young man to his family back in a Northern Territory exile town. “‘No matter what, don’t come. We are dying here. Better to hide, better to die there, but no matter what, don’t come here.’” The letter was intercepted by the secret police; it never reached its destination.

The regime was aware of the appalling conditions on the ground. Internal reports addressed the staggering death rate among the exiles, which a special Politburo commission put at “not less than 15 percent.” Proposals for a change in policy followed. By no means humanitarian in spirit, the reports worried that economic growth rates were not being met. Ultimately, Viola writes, the regime’s disregard for the fate of millions of its own people stemmed from the fact that the Communists, along with many members of the Russian intelligentsia, abhorred the peasantry. “You’ll pardon me saying so, but the peasant is not yet human,” Viola quotes Maxim Gorky as saying. “He’s our enemy, our enemy.” With Gorky’s explicit support, the Stalinist regime established forced labor camps, such as the infamous White Sea Canal construction site, where kulaks and petty criminals were to be transformed in spirit by the work they performed “for society.” In reality, the ideology of reforging, while invoked rhetorically, was overshadowed by a much stronger state tradition of repression, lawlessness and negligence.

With her book, Viola has created a monument to the residents of Stalin’s lost labor settlements.

... million laborers and subsequently eclipsed only by the labor camp as the principal node of the Stalinist gulag. There was a terrible chasm between Soviet Communism's grandiose goals and the reality of the “special settlements.” That name itself was a horrific euphemism, covering up the conditions under which 2 million peasants were deported, without food or other supplies, to the most distant towns in the most inhospitable climates of the empire. The able-bodied males were pushed farther north to uninhabited forest zones where they were to build the settlements. What they saw, Viola writes, “filled them with dread for their own fate and the fate of their families. ‘They tell us that they will transport you here to us,’” wrote one young man to his family back in a Northern Territory exile town. “‘No matter what, don’t come. We are dying here. Better to hide, better to die there, but no matter what, don’t come here.’” The letter was intercepted by the secret police; it never reached its destination.

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The peasantry, Viola explains, was Russia’s internal colony—an abundant resource, ruthlessly exploited by a regime fantasizing about an ideal of industrial modernity. Viola notes that the special settlements progressively diminished in size, partly because they proved to be an economic fiasco, partly because many kulak settlers were eventually rehabilitated, having proven their loyalty to the regime during the war against Nazi Germany. She also explains that many settlement school students worked hard enough to win state-sponsored prizes that allowed them to leave the settlements and re-create their lives elsewhere. Yet her absorbing account does not fully explore two issues: what became of those who survived deportation and exile, and whether the exiles embraced or resented the role of colonizers the regime had foisted upon them.

Reading The Whisperers, Orlando Figes’s massive, ambitious account of private life under Stalin’s rule, one comes away with a powerful sense that stigmatization and self-reinvention were central, indeed defining, attributes of the Soviet experience for many Russians of rural as well as urban backgrounds. Building on a documentary trove that includes newly opened family archives and interviews with scores of survivors, Figes presents the collective biography of a generation of ordinary Russians who were born around 1917 and were thus more exposed to Soviet power than any generation that preceded or followed them. As the letters, diaries, memoirs, interviews and photographs assembled by Figes suggest in dramatic ways, this generation experienced an enormous pull into the utopian promises of the regime—especially during the 1930s, the period of its coming of age.

In many cases, Soviet schools took hold of these ordinary Russians in their early years, wresting them from their families and cultural traditions to mold them into revolutionary citizens; Communist youth organizations like the Pioneers or the Komsomol (Young Communist League) cultivated an ethos of public duty through practical activities. Sponsoring a wide range of club activities, from demonstrations to voluntary work, plays and concerts, these organizations had their own banners, flags and songs, as well as their own uniforms. “Every child wanted to become a Pioneer,” Figes notes. Those denied membership on account of their “alien” class background developed a tremendous desire to be part of the movement.

For Maria Drozdova, a girl living in a town near Leningrad who was expelled from the Pioneers because she had concealed her kulak origins, this desire was so great that she surreptitiously wore a homemade red Pioneer scarf underneath her shirt for many years. When the father of Antonina Golovina was denounced as a kulak and sent to a labor camp, she and her family were deported from their home in a village northeast of Moscow...
to a “special settlement” in Siberia. After the father’s release, the family moved to a town near their former home. As the daughter of a kulak peasant, Antonina was denied membership in the Pioneer organization, and like Maria she created a homemade version of the scarf for herself. Taunted by her schoolmates, she protested to the school director that she was not to be blamed for her parents and that she deserved a chance to prove herself by studying hard. In a school drama she was allowed to play a peasant nanny in the home of a kulak. The play ended with her defiant adieu to her employer: “You have sucked the life from me, I now see, and I do not want to stay with you. I am leaving you to go to school!” With these words she left the stage—to thunderous applause. Antonina became an outstanding student, and she was chosen to march in parades on Soviet holidays. The book includes a poignant photograph of the 13-year-old Antonina and other outstanding students of her class. She is the only one not wearing the scarf, and she stands to the side of the picture, but with her folded arms and resolute gaze she comes across as the most determined of the group.

The notion of reforging also galvanized the poet and writer Konstantin Simonov, who is the central character of Figes’s book. Simonov hailed from a noble family. Like other “class aliens,” he yearned to remake himself into a good Soviet citizen. Self-transformation was possible, Communist ideologists preached, if you joined the laboring population and, working in their midst, acquired the purity of consciousness that distinguished the true Communist. To the chagrin of his mother, who upheld aristocratic values and remained skeptical toward the Communist enterprise, the 14-year-old Simonov enrolled in a factory school and became a metal turner. He also wrote poems extolling the White Sea Canal and the reforging of old human material into new, socially useful people. His poems were praised, and he was chosen to join a delegation of young proletarian writers who toured the canal. By all accounts this experience was an epiphany for Simonov—suggested not only that he was a writer in the making but that the reforging actually worked, that it turned him into a true Soviet citizen.

Communist ideology did not appeal only to the young. Figes recounts the case of Pavel Vittenburg (born in 1884), a well-known Russian geologist who led mining explorations to the Soviet Arctic in the 1920s. Accused of bourgeois deviations, he was purged from the Academy of Sciences. After confessing under duress to belonging to a monarchist organi-
zation, he was sentenced to a ten-year term and sent to the White Sea Canal. Vittenburg's geological skills saved him; his sentence was commuted, and he was dispatched to explore mining possibilities in the region. He was reunited with his wife, Zina, who was also a devoted doctor and who began to teach the prisoners to read and learn a craft in the belief that this would help remold their personality. From the White Sea she wrote letters to her family in Leningrad, extolling the "wonderful reforging of people happening here: all the prisoners return to the mainland as qualified, literate and conscious workers. If only we could reforge more like that."

Not all of the people described in The Whisperers embraced Soviet ideals, and some grew up in an atmosphere of outright opposition to the regime. But the book suggests that people made a profound emotional and intellectual investment in the Soviet enterprise. What is curious to me, as someone who has also written about reforging, is that Figes seems to resist accepting this insight. He posits a gap between the thoughts and feelings of his protagonists, on the one side, and their social environment, on the other. As a result, these actors appear strangely external to their historical circumstances. This distancing move considerably reduces the drama of their lives, and it also makes for numerous contradictions in Figes's narrative. As Figes sees it, most people, and especially those of "alien" background, fashioned themselves as Soviet citizens primarily as "a means of survival...a necessary way of silencing their doubts and fears, which, if voiced, could make their lives impossible." Figes's characters perform on a Soviet stage, but their true identity resides offstage, in the private realm of their families, and it is expressed in the fearful exchange of whispered words and silent glances—hence the title of Figes's book.

Few would deny that the Stalinist surveillance regime inculcated formidable self-control and fear among its citizens, but Figes narrowly interprets the type of fear that many protagonists in his book appear to have felt. Fear of arrest, to be sure, was widespread. But there was also another, complementary fear, entertained by the same subjects: that of being expelled from the Communist universe, singled out as an enemy and condemned to a solitary, useless existence. Underlying this fear was a tremendous desire to be recognized as a full-fledged member of the Soviet collective and to help build the future. This desire reached far beyond public utterances; it was expressed in the form of Pioneer scarves worn on the skin, underneath outer garments and invisible to the official eye.

With respect to Simonov, Figes treats his poems about the White Sea Canal as a means to a single end: "the reconstruction of his political personality." Yet Simonov did not merely reforge his political personality. By embracing the writer's profession, he hoped to become an "engineer of human souls," as Soviet writers were called at the time. He made his own soul his first workshop, purging it of the soft and refined elements he believed were natural to his noble background. His fellow students at the Gorky Literary Institute, where Simonov enrolled in the mid-1930s, nicknamed him the Iron Bottom because he was the hardest worker of them all. He must have been pleased with the name, with its allusions to proletarian metal. Understanding how much Simonov cultivated toughness as a virtue and how central it was to his quest for self-transformation helps to explain the exceeding harshness he exhibited in later years—as a military correspondent during the war and as a literary official in the postwar era. Figes, by contrast, flatly describes Simonov's evolution as a progressive character failing. Statements such as "[Simonov] lost himself in the Soviet system at an early age" are void of historical understanding, which is achieved by locating actors in the value systems of their own times, not ours.

Figes finds it difficult to believe that the language of Soviet ideology—he refers to it as "Soviet speak"—could have possessed deep personal meaning for Russians. He thinks an individual's participation in the Soviet system was often shadowed by ulterior motives, so he turns to Soviet family archives out of the belief that the family constituted a separate moral sphere and that its traditions were the most important source of resistance to official Soviet norms. Yet the defenses of many of the families described by Figes were not impregnable. Communist ideology was astoundingly effective in cutting through families and tearing them apart. Elena Bonner, the dissident and wife of Andrei Sakharov, remembered that when her father, a Communist Party member, was arrested, her younger brother exclaimed, "Look at what those enemies of the people are like. Some of them even pretend to be fathers."

Many, if not most, of the young people discussed by Figes accepted the idea of sacrificing themselves for a better future and subordinating their personal views and needs to those of the collective. Young class aliens like Antonina Golovina, whom the distrustful regime tended to keep at arm's length, appeared to throw themselves into collectivist projects with particular zeal. In so doing they embodied an idea of integration that Communist rhetoric never disavowed, despite the fact that the regime's punitive practice spoke another language.

The investment of some Soviet citizens in the moral goals of the revolution continued beyond the Stalin years. It surfaced, for instance, when gulag prisoners began to return to their homes after Stalin's death. Figes grippingly describes the conflicts that would erupt when fathers and mothers returned to families from whom they had been separated for decades. Many of the returning parents remained staunchly committed to the Bolshevik ideals of the 1930s. Disciplined and austere, they would chide their children for embracing the more relaxed culture of the Khrushchev thaw. This attitude, generated in the equally coercive and idealistic climate of Stalin's reign, persists today, such as in former places of Stalinist confinement like Norilsk and in the oral history transcripts generated for Figes's book.

The source material marshaled by Figes is extraordinary. It includes several hundred family archives that survived through the years of Stalin's Terror in private homes across Russia. There are also the interviews conducted with the oldest surviving family members about their experience of the Stalin period. Figes embraces oral history as the least compromised window onto past experience; he is generally wary of written sources produced during Stalin's reign, since they could have been vehicles of conformist striving. The testimony he has gathered is indeed deeply insightful. Rich in color and detail, the interviews conducted with survivors from the Stalin era evoke the unspeakable horrors of earlier times. But Figes is too quick to assume that these retrospective accounts capture an authentic experience of the Stalin era. He fails to consider fully how the sense of the past conveyed by an oral history is shaped by the present, and he seems unaware of how his own research design has shaped the responses of his informants.

To carry out his enormous research task, Figes hired researchers from the Memorial Society, a Russian nonprofit dedicated to...
human rights and the memory of the victims of Stalinism. (Memorial's English website, www.memo.ru/eng/index.htm, describes the activities of this important civic association.) Memorial workers located most of the families, inventoried and digitized their archives, conducted face-to-face conversations with the survivors and furnished Figes with edited interview transcripts. In all but a few cases, Figes was not present during the interviews. Some of the principal insights that oral history can offer were thus lost to his project: the hesitations and pauses during the conversations, the changing timbre of the subject's voice, emotional gestures and other forms of body language. The finished written Russian transcripts of the interviews, which Figes has housed on a website (www.orlandofiges.com), are cleansed of repetitions and breaks, and they note just a few extraverbal signs. Moreover, Figes evinces no sense of the researchers' intrusive presence in the interviews. He does not discuss how his or his collaborators' presuppositions about the historical period may have influenced the answers provided by his informants. Nor does it occur to him that many of the people interviewed for this project had a prior history of being interviewed—not by oral historians, to be sure, but by interrogators from the NKVD (or its successor, the KGB). Conducting oral history in such a morally and politically charged climate requires a great deal of reflection and sensitivity.

No less striking is the fact that the wealth of material generated for this project appears to have impeded Figes's narrative powers. His two previous books, A People's Tragedy and Natasha's Dance, a sweeping survey of imperial Russian history and culture, earned him the reputation of being a gifted writer. He favors what might be called a Tolstoyan method of placing chosen people, hisactic individuals. But in his new book, A People's Tragedy, he treats of the history of an entire age through the observations, feelings and actions of these exemplary individuals. But in The Whisperers, Figes seems to be overwhelmed by the sheer number of subjects and informants. He tries to cover them all, and the effect is an endless series of snapshots, pasted together in a hectic fashion.

As I read the interview transcripts on Figes's website, I was struck by how, in at least a few cases, the subjects appear to have been treated to a rather aggressive form of questioning about their thoughts and feelings in Stalin's time. Yet one interviewee, Dmitry Streletsky, would not yield to these pressures and insisted on his own, decidedly moral, reading of his life under Stalin. Streletsky could have leapt from the pages of Lynne Viola's book. He was born into a family of peasants who were persecuted as kulaks and exiled to a special settlement in the Urals. The death rate in the settlement was staggering. Streletsky relates how his single most important desire, to prove he was a Soviet citizen like everyone else, was constantly impeded. The Memorial worker interviewing Streletsky understands this to mean that he was driven by a fear of punishment:

Q: Did you fear that they would punish you [for your kulak origins]?
A: There was shame, and there was my conscience, it wasn’t just about the punishment, but about these things.

Q: But you also feared that they might punish you?
A: Who knows? I had doubts, yes doubts. I didn’t feel fear, but I had doubts….

Q: And that they would punish you, right?
A: That they would punish me and all the rest. Fire me from work….

A few sentences later Streletsky’s interview partner returns to the same subject: “Tell me, please, what or whom did you fear more, the NKVD or the commander [of the settlement]? Were you afraid?” Streletsky’s response: “Listen, I didn’t feel any fear.” Streletsky then talks about how he dreamed of joining the Communist Party throughout the years of his exile. When he describes his disappointment about being turned down for party membership in 1952, his voice shakes with emotion, the transcript notes. The exchange between Streletsky and his incredulous interviewer is revealing, for it discloses not only Streletsky's moral reading of his Soviet experience but also the gap that lies between him and the interviewer, who adheres to a cynical view of Communism more characteristic of younger generations of Russians.

Streletsky finally joined the Communist Party after 1956, and he even became the party secretary of the factory in which he worked. Many others of “impure” background were driven by a similar lifelong quest for integration. One could even include the last general secretary of the Communist Party, Mikhail Gorbachev, who because he is younger (he was born in 1931) does not appear in Figes's book. Gorbachev's paternal grandfather was arrested because he is younger (he was born in 1931) does not appear in Figes's book. Gorbachev's paternal grandfather was arrested as a kulak and exiled under Stalin. Young Mikhail excelled as a student and laborer;
when he was 15 he was awarded the Order of Red Banner of Labor for his exemplary work on a machine-tractor station. Gorbachev’s biographer Archie Brown suggests that this labor represented a conscious effort to erase his kulak origins. What transpires, then, from both Gorbachev’s life story and from many of the biographies presented by Figes, is the sense of ordinary Russians’ deep and prolonged moral commitment to the Communist project.

Figes doesn’t reflect on the meaning of this commitment, since he believes that the values propounded by the Soviet regime were ethically bankrupt and could not have been embraced by people by their own will. His sympathies lie plainly with pre-revolutionary Russian culture, with Konstantin Simonov’s mother and her aristocratic code of behavior and with the Vittenburg family before it entered the maelstrom of the Stalin age. He lovingly relates the testimony of Pavel Vittenburg’s surviving daughter, Yevgeniia, who recalls the happy summers the family spent at their dacha in the 1920s, the “long summer walks, and lazy meals that were beautifully prepared by the nanny Annushka.” This glorification of pre-revolutionary culture and morality is in tune with how many Russians today look back on their past, and it predictably surfaces in the oral historical record. Yet unless this record is critically assessed and read against testimony dating from the Stalin period itself, it remains a warren of nostalgia. Many, if not most, of the subjects discussed in Figes’s book appear to have lived through the Stalin period with an ethos of hard struggle and self-abnegation, and they found meaning in their role as makers of history and as creators of a better future who absolved Russia from its backwardness and themselves from their own imputed impurities.

The intense personal commitments generated by Soviet Communism live on in unlikely places, such as the mining town of Norilsk in Arctic Siberia. Figes’s collaborators conducted interviews with several dozen survivors of the Stalinist camp system who chose to remain in this city even after the ban on them was lifted. Their interviews resonate with intense pride about several things: the industrial city that they helped build; the fact that they excavated the precious nickel that for their national or religious backgrounds, and that would express their sense of not having spent their lives in vain.

The bus ride from Norilsk to the airport leads through the industrial zone, past rows of grim workshops and chimneys belching sulphuric clouds. Then the factory town recedes. The road cuts across an empty, sloping, icy steppe that looks enchanted on this sunny day. The few shrubs and stalks of grass that grow on the permafrost soil are covered with ice and shine brilliantly in the low-lying sunlight. Rows of telegraph poles, bent down by Arctic winds, crisscross the scenery. Through the frosted window panes they appear like dancing crosses,furtively bowing to the countless laborers who lived and died in this ice desert. Near the highway a knotty string of pipelines runs alongside the bus. The pipes are covered with cracked layers of thick insulation. The coating has the look of worn padded jackets hugging the frozen metal.

The Nation.
March 3, 2008

Revolutionary States

by RONALD GRIGOR SUNY

While the history of every country is embattled in some sense, the history of Russia is particularly contested, a subject of public debate, a postcard depicting the heroes of the October Revolution, among them Trotsky (top, left) and Lenin (top, second from left)! History Channel specials and pund- dits’ polemics. Yet because the cause for which so many fought, died, and suffered so longer holds its former potency, there appears less incentive to try to convey the story’s full complexity and moral ambiguity. Mass culture—books and movies—

Ronald Grigor Suny is the editor of The Cambridge History of Russia, Vol. III: The Twentieth Century.

The Bolsheviks in Power
The First Year of Soviet Rule in Petrograd.
By Alexander Rabinowitch. Indiana. 494 pp. $34.95.

Tear Off the Masks!
Identity and Imposture in Twentieth-Century Russia.

Favors a simplified anti-Communist version of the tale, complete with the dramas and tragedies of Stalinism, the gulag and the Great Terror. The central metaphor for
the Soviet experiment has become the prison camp, and the central figure is neither the state’s founder, Lenin, nor the well-intentioned reformer who unraveled the system, Gorbachev, but rather Stalin, the unexpected heir of the revolution and, for many, its gravedigger. While academic historians might still engage in subtle and elaborate explanations of the ambitions, successes and failings of the Soviet regime, their publications find a small professional audience; most popular accounts range from indictments to flat-out condemnations. The Soviet monster must be killed over and over again, for like the slasher in horror films it may rise again, perhaps in a new form: authoritarianism lite, capitalist but statist, reinvigorated by a small, fit, dour policeman.

The Soviet experience stands culpable first and foremost because of the violence it visited on its own citizens and other peoples. From Edmund Burke on, conservatives have emphasized the willfulness of revolutionaries, their decision or at least willingness if not enthusiasm for violence, bloodshed and terror. For the left, the use of force has often been excused as unavoidable, a corollary of the chaos accompanying social change. Eggs must be broken. Revolutions cannot be made with white gloves or on polished floors.

Whatever else might be said about Russia’s revolutions—both Lenin’s and Stalin’s—they were extraordinarily violent. They maimed or destroyed the lives of millions as they rushed into a rough modernity, held back the flood of fascist barbarism and built a peculiar and crude version of socialism.

The debate over the direction and the necessity of the revolution began in the first days after October 1917, among participants, supporters and opponents of the Bolsheviks. Perhaps most famously, mere months after the October Revolution, Karl Kautsky, the patriarch of German social democracy, blasted the Bolsheviks’ use of terror in *The Dictatorship of the Proletariat* (1918). Kautsky maintained that workers could move toward socialism only through democracy, not dictatorship. As he put it, “There exist only two possibilities, either democracy, or civil war.” He was answered by Lenin in *The Proletarian Revolution and the Renegade Kautsky* (1918), and Trotsky’s replies, in *Terrorism and Communism* (1920), illustrated the thinking of the Bolsheviks: “Who aims at the end cannot reject the means” and “The man who repudiates the dictatorship of the proletariat repudiates the socialist revolution and digs the grave of socialism.” Trotsky argued that since the bourgeoisie has all the weapons in its hands—factories, banks, newspapers, universities, schools, the army, the police—democracy works for it. He applauded the dissolu-

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**A Call to the Media**

For many years men have awaited, impatiently to be sure, evidence that Maitreya* does in truth exist, and carries out his work among us. Why this doubt should for so long persist is, perhaps, difficult to understand, given the vast transformations of our world which have clearly taken place, each one foretold by Maitreya, and made available to the public and world media. What prevents the acceptance — even as a hypothesis — that such a welcome event has indeed transpired?

The media of the world know every facet of this information, however little they inform the public of its nature. Many of its representatives have met Maitreya, have heard him speak, and yet stay silent themselves.

**Laws**

Why should this be so? What inhibits the public announcement of this welcome news? In the main the problem is fear: fear of ridicule, fear of disbelief; fear of loss, of their status or jobs; fear that they are somehow beguiled, that they did not see what they saw or hear what they heard. It is easier to set their experiences aside and to leave it to Maitreya himself — if he does indeed exist — to come forward and show the world his factual presence.

The world’s media are ideally placed to acquaint men with the true happenings of our time. They are looked to for information, and often guidance, by millions of people thirsty for the truth, for knowledge and hope. It behoves the men and women of the media, men and women of goodwill, to acquaint themselves with this information, where necessary, and to serve the public by its serious introduction. Then will they see Maitreya openly, ready to show us all how to set to rights the world.

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*This article, published in *Share International* magazine, was written by a Master of Wisdom. The Masters, headed by Maitreya, the World Teacher, are highly advanced teachers and advisors of humanity who are planning to work openly in the world very soon.

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tion of the Constituent Assembly, Russia’s grand constitutional convention, which had been elected relatively democratically, and censorship of the opposition press, which was a weapon in the hands of enemies. “If the White Terror can only retard the historical rise of the proletariat, the Red Terror hastens the destruction of the bourgeoisie,” Trotsky wrote.

The origins of Soviet “state” terror are explored in the latest volume of what has turned out to be a trilogy on the revolution in the Russian capital, Petrograd, by historian Alexander Rabinowitch, a professor emeritus at Indiana University. His detailed exploration asks the central question of the post-October period: why did a democratic revolution based on grassroots councils and committees turn into a dictatorship that employed state terror against its opponents, real and imagined, within months of its coming to power? In his previous two volumes—Prelude to Revolution: The Petrograd Bolsheviks and the July 1917 Uprising (1968) and The Bolsheviks Come to Power: The Revolution of 1917 in Petrograd (1976)—Rabinowitch famously argued that rather than being a coup d’état engineered by a disciplined, centralized party with little popular support, the October Revolution was broadly backed by workers and soldiers in Petrograd who envisioned a government based on democratically elected soviets and including representatives of all the socialist parties.

In one of the earliest “revisionist” accounts of the revolution, Rabinowitch showed that the Bolshevik Party, rather than being the monolithic organization that it would become under Stalin two decades later, was an “open, relatively democratic, and decentralized” collection of argumentative and contentious activists who, while loyal to their revered leader, Lenin, were repeatedly willing to reject his analyses and policies and form oppositional factions within the party. Rather than discipline and obedience, it was the flexibility and responsiveness of the self-styled “vanguard” that attracted followers and helped them garner mass support in the turbulent revolutionary year 1917. Bolshevik doors were open to all kinds of recruits, and the party, Rabinowitch writes, “followed its constituency rather than the other way around.” Moreover, while they employed the conventional Marxist terminology of “dictatorship of the proletariat,” in fact the Bolshevik (and more generally Social Democratic) ambition for the years leading up to and through the Russian Revolution was the establishment of a democratic system representing working people. The influential group of moderate Bolsheviks, which included Grigori Zinoviev, Lev Kamenev and David Riazanov, was fervently committed to a peaceful transition to Soviet power and to the popular formula of a “homogeneous socialist government,” meaning one inclusive of parties from the Right Socialist Revolutionaries (Right SRs) and Mensheviks through to the Leninists.

But, Rabinowitch argues, Lenin had in mid-September given up on compromise with those socialist parties that continued to advocate a coalition with the “bourgeois” liberals, and even with the moderates in his own party who opposed his notion of a seizure of power by force, even before the Second Congress of Soviets, which was about to meet. Lenin repeatedly warned his comrades that history would not forgive them if they missed the moment presented by the weakness of the Provisional Government led by Prime Minister Aleksandr Kerensky. But it was only when the feeble Kerensky attempted pre-emptively to launch an attack on the Bolsheviks that Lenin’s lieutenants came around and took action. When it opened its first session, the Second Congress was presented with a fait accompli and the proclamation of Soviet power. In a cascade of unpredictable events that disastrously eliminated one political possibility after another, first the Right SRs (the party most influential among the peasants) and then the Mensheviks (the more moderate Marxists) and finally Iulii Martov’s Internationalists walked out of the Congress, leaving only the Bolsheviks and their erratic allies, the Left SRs, to support the new government. Rabinowitch blames Lenin’s precipitous grab for power for eliminating the possibility of the Right SRs and Mensheviks participating in an all-socialist government, an outcome he seems to believe would have prevented the drift toward dictatorship. Lenin followed his October success with a rejection of his party’s moderates’ efforts to bring other parties into government, something favored by the Left SRs as well. The demure here was “Lenin (supported by Trotsky)—his supreme confidence in his ability to gauge the revolutionary situation in Russia and internationally, his iron will and dogged determination to achieve his goals irrespective of the strength of the opposition, his consummate political skill, and his lack of scruples.”

Rabinowitch might be right that patience and compromise in October may have kept the “democracy” united around a multiparty government. Yet he provides sufficient evidence in his minute-by-minute account of the negotiations for a reader to conclude that no effective government could have contained the great distance between, on one side, the Right SRs and Mensheviks—who still wanted an alliance with the liberals, refused to have Lenin and Trotsky in the government, and remained opposed to moving beyond the bourgeois revolution to the socialist—and, on the other, the Bolsheviks and Left SRs, now committed to Soviet power, an international socialist revolution and exclusion of the upper and middle classes from government. In many ways Lenin’s rejection of the moderates exacerbated the schism among the socialist parties, and within the month many workers, moderate Bolsheviks and even the Left SRs concluded that a coalition with their former comrades to the right was no longer possible. More consequential was the decision of leading Bolsheviks in January 1918 to dissolve the Constituent Assembly rather than let it present an alternative sovereign authority to the Soviet government. By using armed force, first against demonstrators and then to prevent the delegates from reassembling, the Leninists in a real sense declared civil war on all those in propertied society, on the non-Russian peripheries and among moderate socialists who were unprepared to accept their formulation of socialist revolution. October drove important groups into opposition, and January drove many more to armed rebellion.

Lenin was unafraid of civil war; indeed, he

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**All the Whiskey in Heaven**

Not for all the whiskey in heaven
Not for all the flies in Vermont
Not for all the tears in the basement
Not for a million trips to Mars

Not if you paid me in diamonds
Not if you paid me in pearls
Not if you gave me your pinky ring
Not if you gave me your curls

Not for all the fire in hell
Not for all the blue in the sky
Not for an empire of my own
Not even for peace of mind

No, never, I’ll never stop loving you
Not till my heart beats its last
And even then in my words and my songs
I will love you all over again

*CHARLES BERNSTEIN*
may have welcomed it. For him and his comrades, the lessons of history, as interpreted by Marx, came from France in 1792 and 1871. Lenin was correct that the liberal Kadet Party and its military supporters were already fomenting civil war. “To this there can be but one reply,” he proclaimed. “Prison! That is how [the Jacobins] acted in the great French revolution; they declared the bourgeois parties outside the law.” Yet what is most striking about the first months, even most of the first year, of Bolshevik rule is that mass terror was not employed, that the use of violence was restrained, deployed sporadically and tactically, and was reactive, usually instigated by armed challenges from opponents.

By contextualizing Lenin’s choices, Rabinowitch distances himself from those historians who believe in essential characteristics of Russia or Russians that inevitably lead to authoritarianism and violence. Rather than arising from national character or a fatalistic political culture, terror was inscribed in civil war, which in turn was unavoidable once the Leninists had made certain strategic choices. Contingency and human agency are central principles of his arguments, though the devastation of World War I, the chaos of the revolution and the weakened fabric of Russian society tightly constrained what any leader could have done. Once the civil war was won and the foreign interventionists had retreated, the Communists drastically moderated their policies, reducing state coercion through much of the next decade—until Stalin launched his “revolution from above.”

To the victims of violence the purposes of the perpetrators may matter little, but for historians it is important to understand why state actors turn to the use of force. Since Stalin’s collectivization drive of the late 1920s–early 1930s employed many of the techniques and much of the rhetoric and style of the leather-jacketed militants of the civil war, some have seen the violence of the Stalin years as a continuation and expansion of Lenin’s policies. But violence in war is fundamentally different from violence in peace. Violence in conditions of anarchy or near anarchy, where sovereignty and the nature of the state are targets, is not the same as violence by a constituted sovereign state directed at large numbers of its own population in an effort to transform radically the social and political structure. For Lenin, terror was a weapon against real enemies armed to overthrow his government—and even those not armed with guns but with ideas still presented an existential threat to Soviet power.

Stalin extended terror in the 1930s, not only to eliminate enemies but to remove all
potential threats to his power. By arresting, exiling and executing the old elites, particularly within the Communist Party, he opened the way for a new elite loyal to himself and to his form of state socialism. Stalin's excessive (or surplus) repression was employed to achieve a particular form of autocracy when many highly placed party members preferred a more bureaucratically rational and oligarchic administration. At the same time, the profound isolation of the Soviet Union internationally and the growing peril from Fascist Europe and Japan created an environment in which violence against potential, hidden domestic enemies appeared to many to be an effective, even necessary, tool of self-defense. In a world in which you are surrounded by enemies, paranoia comes close to rationality. Stalin's rule reproduced Machiavelli's insight that fear rather than love was invaluable for the prince, and his application of unpredictable terror worked in governing a diverse and rapidly changing society.

In much of her work Sheila Fitzpatrick has gone beyond, and sometimes underneat, the surface appearances of Stalinist society to uncover how ordinary Soviet citizens lived during the years of Stalin's dictatorship. Australian-born and British-educated, Fitzpatrick is recognized as one of the most influential Western historians of Stalinism, a prominent pioneer in the revisionist historiography of the 1930s. Her latest work explores how people adjusted to the new regime by acquiring, sometimes forging, new identities. The Bolsheviks propagated a Manichean view of a world made up of allies and enemies, those with them and those against them. Class was the key determinant of loyalty, but class in a pooling postrevolutionary society that had overturned a centuries-old autocratic order with fixed social estates was exceptionally difficult to determine. Were you a worker by birth or prerevolutionary experience, or was your current occupation to be definitive? Why not both? Being ascribed by authoritaries to a certain class brought with it privileges, if you were from the poor peasantry or proletariat, or disadvantages, if you were a former bourgeois, landowner or cleric. The elaborate process of being fixed into class and other categories—for example, nationality—led to impersonation, assuming an appropriate persona, or even imposture, falsely taking on an advantageous identity. Party officials and zealous ordinary folk constantly engaged in denouncing and “unmasking” those who claimed to be who they were not.

For Fitzpatrick, Marxist class categories not only did not reflect social realities in the Soviet 1920s and '30s but had to be invented and imposed on a society that they did not fit. Class was therefore somewhat artificial, an imagined community (she borrows the phrase from Benedict Anderson's familiar characterization of "nation") that was then applied to diverse people. Marxists, she contends, had a rather inflexible notion of class, which they used to define people's relationships to the means of production: some were owners, the bourgeoisie; others had nothing but their labor power to sell, the proletariat. She leaves out discussion of what may have been occurring on the ground, except to note the social dislocation of the revolutionary and early Stalinist years. It is invaluable to point out how group identities were the product of elite conceptualization of the group—acts of imagination and, yes, even invention. But Fitzpatrick sets herself off from those Marxists and other social theorists (among them Anderson) who in the past few decades have been arguing that groups of all kinds are not merely imagined as sharing common traits and different from others but also develop some level of actual coherence from greater social communication and integration. In their analysis, class, like nation, happens over time most effectively when identity and meaning generated from above resonate with cultural understandings down below. Once brought into being, such communities may still be imagined, but they are definitely not imaginary, as people are ready to fight, kill and die for them.

In its first decades the Soviet Union moved away from the radical democracy of 1917–18 to single-party rule through the 1920s to unanticipated authoritarianism and bloody repression in the '30s, turning from a society of villages to one of massive industrial work sites and burgeoning cities. The old classes of capitalist Russia dissolved, and a new Soviet stratification of workers, peasants, intellectuals and officials replaced them. Fitzpatrick tells a history of individuals from below, drawing on their autobiographies and letters, the forms they filled out and their heroic quotes on their autobiographies and letters, the forms they filled out and their heroic quotes on their autobiographies and letters, and get ahead as the whirlwind of collectivization and early Stalinist years. It is invaluable to point out how group identities were the product of elite conceptualization of the group—acts of imagination and, yes, even invention. But Fitzpatrick sets herself off from those Marxists and other social theorists (among them Anderson) who in the past few decades have been arguing that groups of all kinds are not merely imagined as sharing common traits and different from others but also develop some level of actual coherence from greater social communication and integration. In their analysis, class, like nation, happens over time most effectively when identity and meaning generated from above resonate with cultural understandings down below. Once brought into being, such communities may still be imagined, but they are definitely not imaginary, as people are ready to fight, kill and die for them.

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lai Bukharin and Avel Enukidze, both of whom had formerly been close comrades of the vozhd’ (leader), were able to help only until their fateful falls brought down clients as well.

Terror (both upper- and lowercase) lurks behind Fitzpatrick’s stories of denouncers and deceivers—the con men she calls “virtuosos of self-invention”—and their unsuspecting victims. But her dissection of Stalinism undermines the rather rigid model of totalitarianism propagated during the cold war. “It is difficult,” she writes, “to see a society in which con men and imposture flourished to this extent as being under effective totalitarian mobilization and control.” Rather, the Soviet Union of the 1930s “was characterized...by poor communications, lack of effective accountability, institutional habits of hoarding, and ‘off-budget’ distribution, credulous and ill-educated officials, and personalistic practices.” Soviet citizens appear motivated primarily by the drive to survive. They are rational and desperate people rather than idealistic socialists or dedicated patriots. In a chapter on denunciations, for example, Fitzpatrick points out that the case of the infamous Pavlik Morozov, the poster-boy denunciator who turned in his family members, was quite atypical, that there were very few denunciations of family members. But she explains this finding not by citing the affective ties of parents to children or husbands to wives but by “practical reasons.” To denounce a close family member would taint and endanger all who were closely related to the traitor. She explicitly contrasts her take on Soviet subjectivity with those of younger scholars who propose that Bolshevism and Stalinism produced a particularly nonliberal sense of self and purpose, a desire to fashion oneself as an authentically “Soviet Man” or “Woman.” Instead of self-absorbed egoism and personal satisfaction, a true Soviet person would aim to become a politically conscious builder of the new socialist society, and generations of those who lived under Stalin’s iron fist strove not to forge individualistic identities but to merge with the collective.

The quintessential Soviet for Fitzpatrick was a shrewd manipulator able to adapt to shifting opportunities, maneuver through ever-present dangers and “con” the authorities when necessary. Actual and fictional Soviet con men were read as Jews, she claims, and the immensely popular novels of Ilf and Petrov, with their trickster hero, Ostap Bender, were banned in the late Stalin period during an anti-Semitic campaign targeting intellectuals, doctors and other professionals. By the time the ban was lifted in 1956, Stalin was gone and the Soviet Union...
had become a much more mundane society, routinized and bureaucratic, with its revolutionary pretensions nothing more than pretensions. Soviet citizens, in the words of dissident writer Andrei Siniavskii, had imbibed Bender's survival skills, and, Fitzpatrick adds, “the Jewish trickster, in short, had become the personification of really existing Soviet Man.” In the last sentence of the book she concludes, “On the road to new-post-Soviet identity, the imposter, Janus-faced, was once again in the vanguard.

S

o, one wonders, was it all a waste of time, of millions of lives and several generations who had sacrificed and vainly hoped for a different outcome? That seems to be the verdict in much of the developed world, certainly in the United States, which treated the demise of the Soviet experiment as inviolable proof that it alone deserved to inherit the globe. Few remain who would condone the excesses of Stalin or defend his revolution ex post facto because it was the Soviet army and people who were the main force that defeated Hitler—and, ironically, made possible the revival of the capitalist West. More would reserve judgment on 1917, with its aspirations for a new society of greater equality, social justice and popular power. Historians will long stay employed fighting over when the revolution went wrong and whether Stalinism was already present in the genetic code of Leninism. Philosophers and politicians will question whether and under what circumstances violence and terror might be justified. How could it be justified? By its ends, it seems, for nothing but ends justify means. But if the means make it impossible to reach the ends or so taint the ends that they cease to be worthy or desired, then those means cannot be justified by the ends.

Eggs and omelets have been repeatedly used metaphorically to justify violence and terror. In real-world politics we break eggs because we want omelets. The Soviet dis- sident Vladimir Bukovsky once retorted that he had seen the broken eggs, but no one he knew had ever tasted the omelet. There are those who believe that it was a waste of eggs to make such an impossible, utopian omelet, and others who believe in the omelet but not the breaking of eggs. But if one concludes that there are some omelets that are worth broken eggs, one should at the start make sure that all the ingredients are available and, as anyone who has made breakfast knows, remember that eggs must be broken delicately, not smashed so that yolks, whites and shells all get cooked together.

The Nation

March 3, 2008

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Puzzle No. 3117

FRANK W. LEWIS

ACROSS
1 A fantastic notion—I remapped the letters and put them in the right order. (4,5)
6 See 15 down
9 In general, serves as a kingly behavior. (2,1,4)
11, 15, 17 down and 10 What the overly conscientious scout really believes in. (3,4,4,8,7)
12 Go along like Jumbo getting wood. (6)
13 It could be a real riot outbreak when they play! (4)
15 See 11
16 How a cow stood on a beautiful morning, according to the song. (6)
18 So sorry! An Egyptian spiritual entity is in such a state! (6)
20 They involve handing out the grub in the ship Glen wrecked. (8)
23 Proving even a single ache can be bad for this one or that one. (4)
24 Paul always shows respect. (6)
25 Mischievous and tantalizing, she’s supposed to govern your dreams. (3)
28 They came in two by two, but the cuckoo type came slam-back! (7)
29 Despite how you remember the title of a Yuletide epic, the main character was one. (7)
30 Not quick right inside, as we fear. (5)
31 When the nightingale woke me in the poem is certainly other than an official opening. (4,5)

DOWN
1 We may consider the official name as this, and very loud—but it’s an awful pain, with nothing to follow. (5)
2 It’s only a location to take on Miss Peep, if that makes you feel any better! (7)
3 Two purses rather than one, but you may show surprise with it. (6-4)
4 A well-remembered “bird” quote loses the first point, and therefore lasts and lasts this way. (8)
5 A demon set loose made an awful sorry sound! (6)
6 Quit turning over the cooking vessels! (4)
7 One way you could come into something is contained in the woman rather objectively, it appears. (7)
8 People may complain about the noise they make, or but jest improperly because of them. (9)
14 The father of railways shows how to put a foot forward with layers attached. (10)
15 and 6 Across What could happen when one turns over in his final resting place might illustrate an unpleasant time to work. (9,5)
16 How a cow stood on a beautiful morning, according to the song. (6)
18 So sorry! An Egyptian spiritual entity is in such a state! (6)
20 They involve handing out the grub in the ship Glen wrecked. (8)
23 Proving even a single ache can be bad for this one or that one. (4)
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31 When the nightingale woke me in the poem is certainly other than an official opening. (4,5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3116

F R O U T U N E H U N T E R S
L E N O A V E T
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P O R T T R A D P
P U R P O S E L E S S N E S S
E D P R S I N O
D I S J O I N T H I G H T E N
R H
M A E S T R O A R I S T E
A E I B M E O M
N E R V O U S H E A D A C H E
D I N C R I N K R
A V E R A G E I C E B E R G
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