

Democracy Explodes Over Iraq

Few survivors expected

By Fred Reed

HELP ME PUZZLE OUT Iraq. I'm just a country boy and don't understand Advanced Thought or high strategy. I admit it. Tell me about Iraq—quick, 'cause it seems to be blowing itself all to flinders, and it's hard to study something the which there ain't no more.

Now, as I understand it from the White House itself, it's all because of three diehard Saddamites, two terrorists, and an outside agitator. The White House says ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths percent of Iraqis love us and want us to bomb them and invade them and starve them with embargoes, and only a few soreheads don't like it. And I believe the White House. You can only lie so long before you slip up and tell the truth. I figure they're about due.

What I think is those rascally diehards and the outside agitator must be fast. I mean, they get from city to city so quick they make it seem like the whole country wants us to go somewhere else, anywhere else, when really they all love us. If I worked for them Nike shoe people, I believe I'd get those terrorists to sign an advertising contract. Michael Jordan was swift, but compared to these guys he's a federal program.

But I want to understand about strategy. Yesterday, it said on CNN that the White House bombed a mosque full of people and killed 40 of them to make them democratic. It was because the two terrorists or maybe the outside agitator was inside. Being as I am unwashed and don't know much, I'd have said it wasn't the shiniest thought in the idea basket. You got a country full

of people who take religion real serious, and so you bomb a church in the middle of services.

But what do I know? Somebody called Mark Kimmitt, a brigadier general, said to CNN, "When you start using a religious location for military purposes, it loses its protected status." If they hid in mosques again, we'd bomb them again, he said. Now that he has explained it, it makes sense to me. If bombing one church doesn't make them democratic and love us, then bombing some more churches will. It wouldn't fly in West Virginia, but that's a different culture. Arabs like being bombed.

Some folks would say Kimmitt has to be dumber than a bucket of catfish. I'm less sanguine. I've known catfish. Kimmitt makes a catfish look like fifth-century Athens. If I were part of the Iraqi Resistance, I couldn't think of anything I'd like more than some damn fool blowing up mosques. It would save fortunes on recruiting expenses.

When I lived in Alabama, which never invaded Arab countries—we figured it was none of our business—people used to say as how the two greatest Confederate generals were George McClellan and Ambrose Burnside. I reckon the two most effective outside agitators must be Kimmitt and Paul Bremer.

Granted, I don't know much about the White House. I never get calls from Mr. Bush or his ventriloquists. Still, I figure he must know a lot about the Middle East. I guess he must speak several languages as well as a little English. General Sanchez in Baghdad and all the American officials

speak good Arabic, of course. They must. Bush especially must speak Arabic. Why, it's practically a second language in Texas. It wouldn't make sense to send people to Iraq who couldn't talk a lick of the local lingo and barely knew where they were. Don't you think?

One thing the White House has done real well is housetrain the press. Even I can see that. Reporters today are well-behaved suck-ups, like those fuzzy little lapdogs you could glue to a stick and use for a duster. Notice how we never hear anything about old Saddam? (Note that I'm on first-name terms with him.) I guess it's not our business, and the papers aren't going to ask. Ever hear honest interviews with the troops in Iraq? Naw. That's not our business either. I mean, they're not our sons, brothers, husbands, and neighbors or anything.

But you can bet that ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths percent of our soldiers love what they're doing, and care deeply about democracy in Iraq.

I see hope, howsomever. I have read that we are getting advice from Israel on pacifying Muslims. You know, when we think one of the three diehards, two terrorists, or the outside agitator might own a house, we bulldoze it and punish the entire town. (It's starting to look as if diehards own most of the houses in Iraq. I guess we're fighting a war against real-estate magnates. Maybe if we raised mortgage rates...)

Skeptics and other traitors say that the Israelis are the most provably clueless people alive when it comes to pacifying Muslims. They've been at it for 50

years, and some guy still blows up in a shopping mall every 20 seconds. This isn't fair. Americans are impatient people. Things take time. Given that there are more Iraqis than Palestinians, I figure we'll get the job done in about 300 years. If we send more troops.

Now, some people tell me that I'm all soft and squishy on terrorism and need to learn about realpolitik. They may be right. As best I can see, realpolitik is a mood of self-congratulatory pugnacity accompanied by complete witlessness about how people work. It is usually associated with paranoia and the empathy of a table-leg. And it isn't spelled well.

Anyhow, realpoliticky friends tell me that what we need to do is teach these people a sharp lesson. If somebody shoots at us from the town of Falafel, we should destroy the city. That'll show 'em—bow-wow, grrr, woof. There is a certain logic to this. Dead people are inherently peaceful. In classical antiquity armies put cities to the sword, adults, children, dogs, and goldfish. It sure enough pacified them.

Maybe that's what we're doing. As I write this, CNN says Mr. Bush is attacking Falafel, or maybe it was Wahabbi, with an AC-130 Spectre gunship. Spectre makes a pretty good sword. In another life as a military columnist I flew in those things, then the H model though they're probably U's now. If memory serves, they now have a 105mm howitzer, 40mm Bofors, and 25mm Gatling stuck out one side. Spray a city with those, and they'll love freedom, I say. And us, too. I always love people that blow up my neighborhood. Don't you?

What I think is the Iraqis need to learn that democracy isn't easy, and doesn't come cheap. ■

Fred Reed's writing has appeared in the Wall Street Journal, Washington Post, Harper's, and National Review, among other places.

Hate Hoax

Fake a race crime, get a pep rally.

By Steve Sailer

I AM PERHAPS the world's most easily amused person. As an old marketing researcher who enjoys looking for patterns in daily life, I'm almost never bored. Yet, while wandering the flowery campuses of Southern California's Claremont Colleges, I found the soft spring afternoon so placid that I was ready to curl up under a tree for a snooze. The most exciting moment during my exploration came when a Frisbee-golf four-some politely waited for me to walk by before playing through.

Perhaps all this genteel serenity explains the psychodramas that a sizable fraction of the staff and students seem compelled to concoct for themselves. Just the month before, a long-festering mass hysteria over white racist student-thugs supposedly infesting the campus had culminated in a huge night rally in which thousands of blackshirted students had chanted their hatred of "hate," while the administration stood by silently, despite knowing that there had been no hate crime, just a leftist professor's hoax.

In 1887, New Englanders founded Pomona College, now ranked fourth among liberal-arts colleges in the country by *U.S. News*. With the population of the San Gabriel Valley's posh orange grove belt booming in the 1920s, the trustees chose a clever way to expand. To preserve small-college intimacy while exploiting the economies of scale of the mid-sized university, they created a collegiate consortium modeled on Oxford

and Cambridge. Eventually, four more undergraduate colleges of about a thousand students each sprang up on adjacent campuses sharing a single massive library.

Claremont fostered institutional diversity while other universities were homogenizing themselves in their attempts to be all things to all people. Claremont's Harvey Mudd is sometimes derided as an imitation Cal Tech, but then Cal Tech is well worth emulating. In contrast, Pitzer, the least prestigious school, is a Sixties relic stressing social activism.

Opened in 1946, Claremont Men's College taught economics and government from a conservative perspective, rare during that era of liberal dominance of intellectual life. Political philosopher Harry V. Jaffa, still energetic today in his mid-80s, made CMC a hub for his idealistic, Lincoln-lionizing interpretation of his mentor Leo Strauss's theories.

In 1976, Claremont Men's College went co-ed—although its neighbor Scripps remains all-female—changing its name in 1982 to Claremont McKenna College to keep its CMC initials. It is quite exclusive today, with an average SAT score around 1380.

In 1999, Pamela Gann became CMC's first president who was a registered Democrat. She didn't seem happy heading a college with a moderately conservative reputation and tried to use "diversity" to make CMC less diverse and more like every other college. Gann and