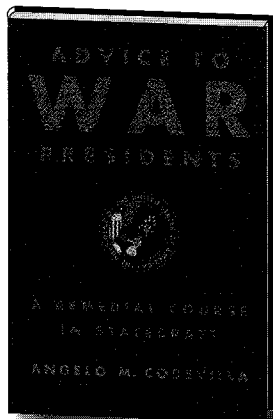


'moderation,' i.e. by watering belief down to a point pleasing to unbelievers, is to place America in the role of the enemy to all the world's sincere believers in God." Not so fast! Not all religions are equal. Those who run American foreign policy should regard certain religions as a negative factor. For example, the Taliban who kill girls because they tried to go to school, who destroyed the Buddhas of Bamyán, who decapitate Pakistani policemen in a public square for young boys to see, and who will undoubtedly assert that they are "sincere believers in God." The irreconcilable disagreements between different religions often lead to violent wars that are fought—it is sad to say—with godless cruelty. Hence, America has to be the enemy of *some* "sincere believers in God."

It would be most unusual if a book with such a wealth of intrepid ideas did not have some minor flaws.

For instance, there is the Harvard professor Joseph Nye, who wrote the book on "soft power," a clever term that became a frequently used label for



influencing nations without the use of military power, but with the ability to purchase a desired policy by offering aid (and bribes), or the ability successfully to use propaganda. This soft power is almost a platitude—although it has been skillfully branded as an epiphany. Yet Codevilla builds a far-flung indictment of Nye's "soft power" by citing the many foolish ways of attempting to exert influence with propaganda and bribes. To be sure, the United States' programs for influencing Muslims and Arab nations with sermons about democracy, broadcasts, and films have been embarrassingly inept. But even more painful has been the frequent ineptness in wartime, when a wrong strategy was used and the tactics were botched.

Codevilla's "remedial primer on statecraft" incorporates the wisdom of what war presidents and their staff must keep in mind. The essence of his book can be expressed in a wise maxim from the time of the Roman Empire: whatever you do, do with caution and look to the end. *Quidquid agis prudenter agas et respice finem.*

The Slaughterhouse

Frozen in Time

DON'T WANT TO SPEAK FOR YOU, but this is the book I've been waiting for. Lots and lots of pictures, easy-to-read captions, hardly any other text. In short, a leisurely assignment for any addled reviewer. And definitely less demanding than *Obama: A Historic Journey*, the *New York Times's* related effort, would have been.

From all indications (I've only seen the ad for it), the *Times's* tome is less reliant on photographs and thus pads its 240 pages with plentiful text, artwork, and documentary evidence, not to mention original essays by six of its honchos and selected columns from five of its top columnists (though apparently

not Bob Herbert, which raises questions about the \$40 asking price).

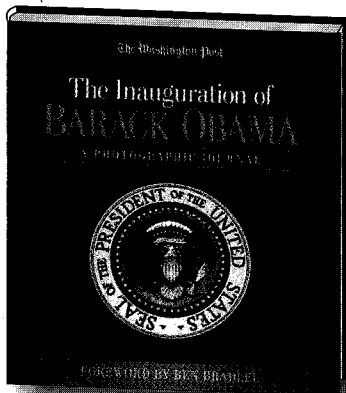
The *Post* skimps, offering only a brief foreword by Sally Quinn's husband, Ben Bradlee (mainly about JFK's inauguration), an afterword by the paper's current executive editor, a reprint of Obama's inaugural speech, and, as the *pièce de résistance*, a game if overwritten profile by Clinton biographer, the dour David Maraniss. Its tone is established by paragraph three, where Maraniss notes that men like Laurence Tribe at Harvard and federal judge Abner Mikva in Chicago "were sufficiently impressed to proclaim that young Obama had the wherewithal to become the first black president." It would have been nicer had they simply said he had the wherewithal to become president.

The Inauguration of Barack Obama: A Photographic Journal
By *The Washington Post*
(TRIUMPH BOOKS, 160 PAGES, \$29.95)

Reviewed by
Wlady Pleszczynski

Wlady Pleszczynski is the editorial director of *The American Spectator*.

This album confirms the Obama Inauguration was a four-day affair. January 20, the day of the actual swearing-in and inaugural balls (the *Post* seems to regard the latter as no less momentous), isn't covered until mid-way through. Our long weekend begins on January 17, in Philadelphia, whence the Obama train sets off on its whistle-stop ride to D.C., with stops along the way in



Wilmington to fetch the Bidens and Baltimore to address a crowd of 40,000. There are a few photos from the Wilmington station, but none from Baltimore. A measly 40,000 at an Obama rally is evidently considered an insult.

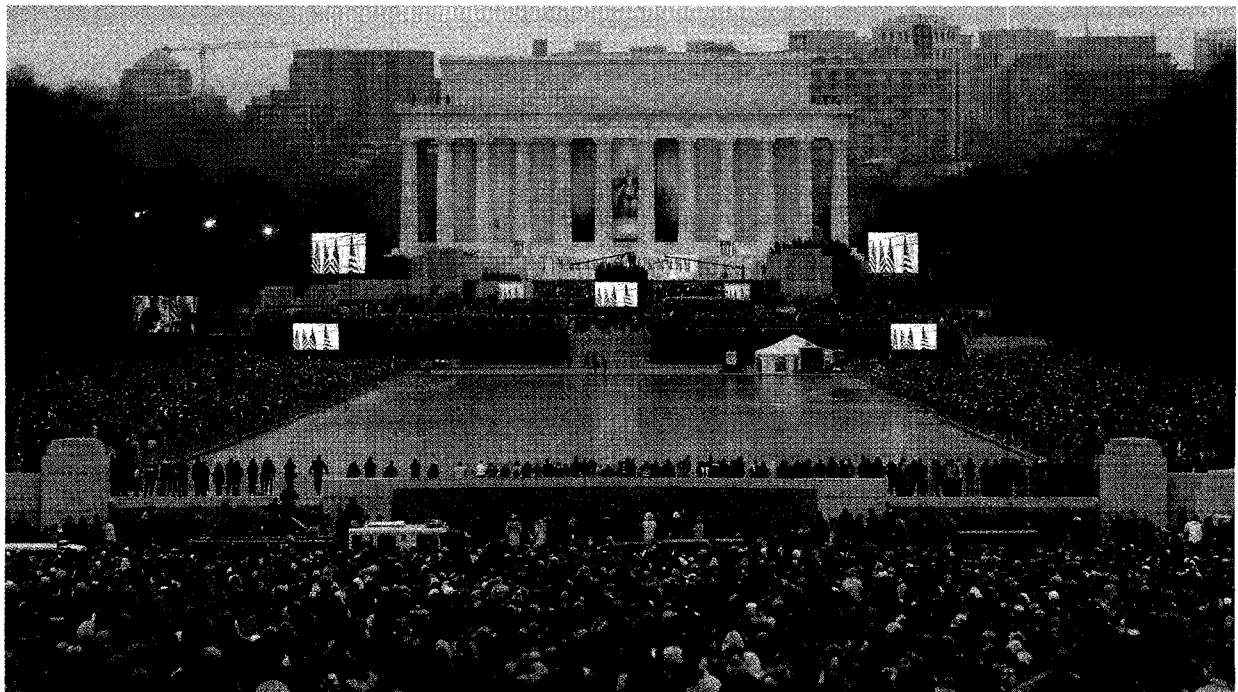
Happier is January 18, thanks to the afternoon concert at the Lincoln Memorial. The turnout is huge (as a photo attests) and "rap fans danced to country music" (no photo available). My favorite shot features Sheryl Crow singing a Bob Marley song alongside will.i.am. It is good to meet new talent. Several photos capture people staying cozy-warm in the frigid weather, including two teen girls literally wrapped in an American flag. For full patriotic immersion, don't miss aging communist Pete Seeger

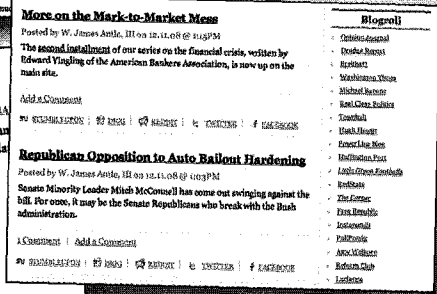
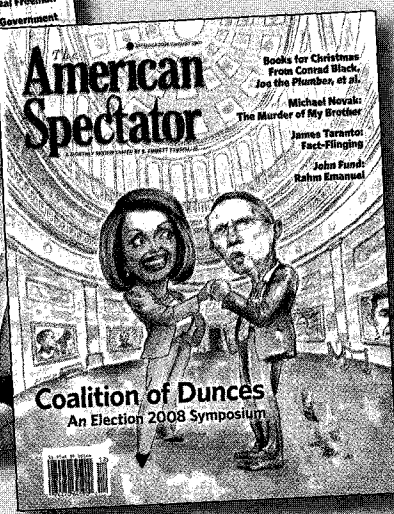
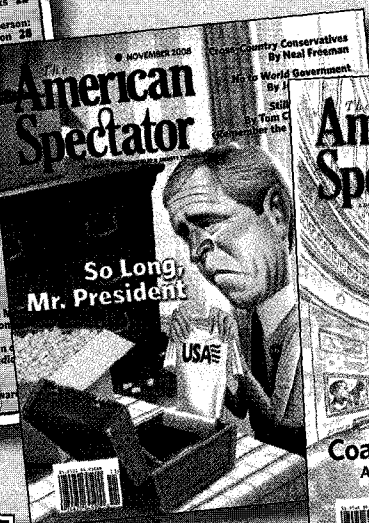
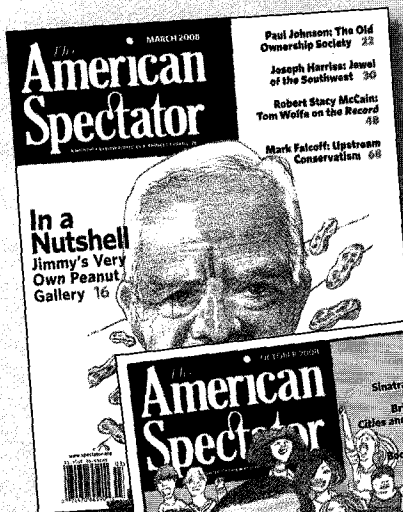
in the "celebrity cast" singing "America the Beautiful" at concert's end.

January 19, Martin Luther King Day, is devoted to volunteer work—all very tasteful, except perhaps the photo of a casually dressed Obama's hand squeezing his wife's waist at one "service" stop, a metal bracelet honoring a soldier killed in Iraq (we're told) visible on his wrist.

Finally, the big day. It remains frozen in time, as if the arctic cold were merely setting the stage, much like the bleachers along Pennsylvania Avenue shown here to be ghostly empty as the inaugural parade continued into the dark late afternoon, performing for no one.

Snippets from Obama's rhetoric offer warning signs. "We are going to need you, not just today, not just tomorrow, but this year, for the next four years, and who knows after that, because together we are going to change America," he tells one of the inaugural balls. At the Lincoln Memorial he praises not what our country is but "what this country can be"—and he describes those in the audience as Americans who "want to help us get there." The *Post* quips that the record 1.8 million who attended the swearing-in "look like ants" when photographed from atop the Washington Monument. But in the book's beautiful two-page spread taken from atop the west Capitol, this throng looks like something else: like 1.8 million folks who've turned themselves in. ❧





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R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.



Giggly Diplomacy

WASHINGTON

I HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton's first foreign policy jaunt with my customary discernment in matters regarding the Clintons. Frankly I am very uncomfortable with her title, secretary of state. She termed her Asian trip a "listening tour." Does that bring back memories? She met with foreign leaders but she commanded more attention for meeting with "giggly" students on campus and appearing on an Indonesian variety show called *Awesome*. There she discoursed on the pop culture of teenagers but demurred when asked to sing. She mugged for the paparazzi, glad-handed crowds, and explained her informality as "a way that is not traditional, not confined by the ministerial greeting and the staged handshake photo."

So after watching this trivialization of statecraft, I shall continue to think of the former senator from New York not as Secretary of State Clinton but as candidate Clinton. Not surprisingly, candidate Clinton has brought to the State Department the most politically seasoned staff ever. As she campaigned in Asia, she was accompanied by at least two of her longtime political operatives. One is Huma Abedin, from candidate Clinton's days on the Hill. Abedin carries the title "senior adviser." What she knows about foreign policy remains a mystery, but she knows the Clinton political operation. On this trip, according to the *Washington Post*, Abedin "silently will hand Clinton a glass of water when her voice rasps during a briefing." Another veteran Clintonista on the trip has been Kiki McLean, a former press aide to Bill Clinton in his days as governor.

There are more Clintonistas joining candidate Clinton at the State Department, which suggests there will be friction ahead between her political

operatives and diplomats and foreign policy specialists who are supposed to be untainted by politics. Candidate Clinton is bringing as her chief of staff Cheryl Mills, the Clinton loyalist who as White House lawyer in 1999 spoke ardently on the House floor against the Boy President's impeachment. Philippe Reines, press secretary for Hillary on the Hill, will play that role at State. The candidate is also bringing along Lissa Muscatine, her speechwriter from yesteryear, and scheduler Lona Valmore. Even the Clintons' old aide Maggie Williams is working for Hillary, though perhaps not recently when Socks, the White House cat, passed away. As with the Clintons' famous dog, Buddy, the expiry took place while the Clintons were on the road. Doubtless it is only a matter of time before the Clintons' loyal factotum Sidney Blumenthal moves into a State Department office and talk of conspiracies against the candidate begins—how about a "Vast State Department Conspiracy"?

Another reason it is difficult for me to take Hillary seriously as the nation's top diplomat is that she is bringing to this high cabinet post the incongruous girlishness that she always brings to public life. There is nothing new about a woman secretary of state. The post has been held by Madeleine Albright and Condoleezza Rice. Neither displayed a hint of girlishness. Neither continued Hillary's adolescent competition of the boys against the girls.

In Asia candidate Clinton, according to the *New York Times*, answered questions from a "giggly" Korean girl about "how she knew she had fallen in love with her husband." As aforementioned she talked in Indonesia about her love of rock and roll, the Beatles, and the Rolling Stones (she is 61 years old and apparently locked in a time warp, with no development in her musical tastes for 40 years). In Tokyo, the *Times* reports, a "nervous young woman" asked candidate Clinton how she might "become as strong as she [Candidate Clinton] was." Hillary responded,