

**A WAR FEVER** is breaking out among the leaders of the free world. Congressional Democrats are egging on President Bush to do something about the situation in Bosnia, and their concerns are echoed by Margaret Thatcher, Pope John Paul II, and the conservative leadership of Mr. Bush's own party. As we head into the last months of the presidential campaign, a successful war might just tip the balance in Mr. Bush's favor. On the other hand, failure would prove to be a domestic political disaster. It's a tough situation.

People like George Bush do not listen to people like me, but if I had a few minutes of his time, I would tell him: Don't do it. Does anybody in Congress or the State Department have any idea of what we would be getting into? I doubt it, because if they did, we would not hear so many glib generalities. For a while, all we heard about was the evil Croatian Nazis who slaughtered Serbs and Jews in World War II. More recently, it has been the evil Serbs, and—as things go on—we might hear more of the evil Albanians, the troublemaking Macedonians, perhaps even the thieving gypsies. The truth is, few Americans know anything about Yugoslavia, and those few tend to be ethnic partisans.

Yugoslavia is or was a misbegotten union of at least six distinct Slavic peoples with nothing to bind them together except their common hatred of each other. The largest ethnic group, the Serbs, are a frustrated imperial race, whose defeat at the battle of Kosovo in 1389 led not only to their subjugation by the Turks; it also grafted a permanent chip on their shoulders. The real devils in Serbian history are the Serbs who collaborated with the Turkish oppressor and converted to Islam, and Orthodox Serbs have always dreamed of cleansing their soil from the Muslims who pollute it. They also cherish fierce animosities, not only against the Croatians who slaughtered them like cattle in World War II but also against each other. In Serbia, World War II was played as a civil war between royalist and Communist Serbs.

In 1989, I was taken by a Serbian friend to a Serbian Orthodox monastery not far from Chicago. In the course of

the long afternoon of liturgy, it finally dawned on me that we were commemorating the martyrs who had fallen six hundred years earlier. What was even stranger, some of the older men, who had been royalist guerrillas in World War II, carried in pictures of Drazha Mihajlovich, the royalist leader murdered by the Communists.

In their minds, it is all the same struggle, and I recalled the old ballad in which the Serbian prince, on the eve of the battle of Kosovo, is given the choice between victory over the Turks and worldly success or success in heaven and a future of political servitude and Christian faith for his people. The prince chooses God and defeat, and ever since the Serbs have identified the national identity with their religion. The Orthodox Serbs and the Croatian Catholics and the Bosnian Muslims have been killing each other for six hundred years.

It would be just as easy to make out a case for the Serbs as victims as it is to make the case for the Croatians and the Bosnian Muslims. Americans are alarmed and disgusted by the stories of atrocities being committed by Serbs against their prisoners, but similar stories are told of all sides in the struggle. The Serbian aggression has been more successful, simply because there are more Serbs and they can mobilize the military resources of the defunct Communist regime.

The most chilling atrocity story reported in the press are the rapes said to be perpetrated by Serbian guards. One woman told a *Chicago Tribune* reporter that when she became visibly pregnant, her captors sent her away, telling her to "Go to Zagreb and bear Serbian children." This story—appalling as it is—contains the germ of the whole conflict. Anyone who has raised cats, knows that when a male cat finds a mother with a fresh litter of kittens not his own, he slaughters the kittens and reimpregnates the female.

The tomcat's object is to have as many offspring as possible, to spread his own genes as far and wide as he can. Other mammals—including human beings—do similar things. The ugly conflict in Yugoslavia, for all the historical complications, is the most basic and el-

emental struggle in the world.

It is ethnic warfare at the tribal, even biological level, but it has also taken on the colors of a religious crusade. The Bosnian Muslims are the residue of the Turkish occupation. There are Christians in the United States who sympathize with the plight of Bosnian Muslims. At the same time, they would not like to be in the position of defending Islam against Catholic and Orthodox Christians. Exactly 500 years ago, the same King and Queen of Spain who sent Columbus to the New World expelled the Moors who had conquered and occupied large parts of their country. Humane people may not condone such acts of "ethnic cleansing," but we ought to make an effort to understand them, if only for reasons of self-interest. The last time the Western powers took an interest in Bosnia, the result was World War I, and George Bush would be well-advised to keep America out of Yugoslavia, even if it costs him the election.

—Thomas Fleming

**OUR "LETTER FROM PRISON"** (Correspondence, May 1992) elicited a number of requests for an update. The letter ended with "Frank," a 26-year-old black man imprisoned in Illinois, in solitary confinement at a medium-security prison. He had been placed in isolation for his own protection, because the gang he had once belonged to, the Black Gangster Disciples (G. D.'s), had called for his murder by issuing a statewide "hit." What angered the G. D.'s was Frank's cooperation with a state investigation into a 1991 riot at a maximum-security prison that left him and a few other inmates severely beaten. After two weeks in a St. Louis hospital, Frank passed a lie detector test proving he had nothing to do with the melee and then identified key gang leaders responsible for the attack. For his own safety, he's been transferred to four different facilities in the last four months.

Frank's first transfer after his May letter to *Chronicles* was to a medium-security facility that housed a G. D. board member (one of the gang's 12 leaders in Illinois), even though he had explained to prison officials that the

G. D.'s would most likely kill him at a facility where a board member is held. The gang leader immediately approached Frank and reported that the hit would be issued soon. The guy was nonthreatening, and relayed the information calmly and without a hint of malice. Like in *The Godfather*, this was business, nothing personal.

Frank was also told that the hit had been delayed because communication among the board members had been temporarily disrupted: a board member's cellular phone had been confiscated in a shakedown! I had long known from my years of contact with Frank that gangs in prison occasionally operated by cellular phones. Officials at the central Department of Corrections in Springfield, Illinois, profess that all measures are taken to curtail interprison communication between gang leaders, but this is untrue. When I heard about Frank's transfer to a facility with a board member, I immediately called the prison to request that Frank be placed in isolation for his own safety until another transfer could be arranged. The lieutenant I spoke with sympathized with Frank's plight, and then openly acknowledged that some wardens and officers will "look the other way" regarding special privileges for board members if in return the gang leaders will help to control prison violence. He candidly admitted that cellular phones were sometimes part of this informal *quid pro quo*.

When I was told that the request for a transfer would have to come from the inmate and not from me, and after hearing from Frank two days later that his request to speak with prison officials had been ignored, I called the internal affairs office in Springfield. The bureaucrat I spoke with doubted my story, particularly the part about cellular phones, because "such things are against the rules." I then identified myself as a journalist and recounted the conversation I had had with the all-too-candid lieutenant downstate. The clerk was shocked silent, after which he assured me that "the matter would be looked into."

After two more weeks in solitary confinement, Frank was transferred to yet another medium-security prison. Again, this facility had a G. D. board member, and once more I set out to request protection for Frank. This time, upon calling the prison, I learned that Frank had already been placed in isolation, not for his own safety, but because he was a

"troublemaker."

I immediately assumed Frank had been in a fight, but I didn't know for sure until he called the following week and gave me the complete story. His problems began the day after he arrived, when he was awakened at 7 A.M. and instructed to report to the prison's psychiatrist. Frank told the guard that he hadn't requested such a meeting, but he was ordered to go anyway and to "quit smarting off."

The psychiatrist was, in Frank's words, an "Iranian or Arab of questionable competence." After a quick perusal of Frank's record, the doctor concluded that the young man's many transfers and fights with gang members were the result of an inability to socialize with others and to express anger in nonthreatening ways, problems for which he had just the cure. Awake for five minutes and taken from his cell against his will, Frank was less than receptive to psychoanalysis, and his lack of cooperation only reinforced the doctor's faith in his diagnosis. When Frank refused to take the drugs the doctor wanted to prescribe, and exclaimed that he didn't believe he had a psychiatric problem to begin with, the doctor cried "Denial—the first sign of a problem!" The doctor then added, "It is clear to me that you are *indundated* with problems." Now Frank is no Samuel Johnson, but he knows enough English to realize that he's never been "indundated" with anything. It was because of this standoff that the doctor filed a report about Frank's "recalcitrance."

An incident that followed a couple of days later only confirmed for the warden the doctor's diagnosis. While waiting to hear about his request for another transfer, Frank was assigned a job in the prison kitchen. The inmate managing the kitchen took a liking to Frank, and determined that the new kid "needed a friend." Frank was uncertain whether the cook was insinuating a homosexual relationship, but in any event he told him that he didn't need any "friends," that he simply wanted "to be left alone to do his time in peace." The man then cracked jokes about the Rodney King riots, at which everyone in the kitchen except Frank laughed. The cook assumed he had been "dissed," and an argument ensued, during which Frank verbally exploded. The many transfers, the threat on his life, the many months in isolation, the runaround he'd had with the

prison psychiatrist, the news that some of his personal belongings (his letters, books, and radio) had been lost during his last transfer—the strain and frustration of these matters all came to a head, and contributed to the anger he unleashed on the cook. Frank was reprimanded for unruly behavior and placed in solitary confinement the following day.

For his "proven inability" to live peaceably in medium security, Frank spent a month in isolation and was then transferred back to maximum security. Actually this was exactly what Frank had wanted, for only maximum-security prisons have formal facilities for inmates in protective custody. Of the two institutions he could be transferred to, the protective-custody area at one of them consists merely of another wing of the same building housing the general prison population, and security for the p.c. inmates is extremely lax; the other prison is safer, with the p.c. population housed in a separate building. If sent to the least secure of the two facilities, Frank had little hope of surviving his sentence without an attempt on his life.

I again contacted Springfield and requested the safer of the two prisons. I later found out that Frank's transfer had been changed at the last minute, apparently to accommodate this request. I'd like to think that the original assignment was changed because of the state's concern for Frank's safety, but no doubt my phone call had an effect. It's one thing for inmates to be killed in prison; it happens every day. (In fact, as I write, Frank's prison is on a 90-day lock-down because of two violent incidents, one involving an argument over a homosexual liaison and the other concerning a fight between rival gangs; the casualty count after three days: one inmate dead, four inmates wounded, and three guards hospitalized.) But it's quite another matter if someone "from the outside," and especially a journalist, not only knows about a forthcoming murder, but had even informed the prison beforehand of the danger to the victim's life.

Which brings us to the present. Frank was accepted into the protective-custody program at the maximum-security prison where he currently resides. He has formally requested that his "good time" be returned, which was suspended because of his many transfers. If approved, Frank could be released next January; if denied, he'll be released

in January 1994. Frank has also agreed to meet regularly with a therapist. For according to what the Department of Children and Family Services told him last July, if upon release from prison he would ever like to see his son again, who is now age seven, he must consent to counseling and therapy now. Frank agreed to this because he loves his son, but he nevertheless resents the legal extortion the state exercises in the name of “family welfare.” As he explained to me recently, “The counselor is a nice lady, and occasionally it is good to have someone to talk to. But I wasn’t convicted of a sex crime, or of abusing children. The state has no right to hold my child captive or control my family after I’ve paid my legal debt to society.”

Frank faces a double-threat: the wrath of the gangs and the benevolence of the therapeutic state.

—Theodore Pappas

**REGARDING EUROPE**, I’ve got a nagging twofold question I’d love to have answered: Why has no one remarked on the incredible, glaring double standard in Establishment treatment of ex-Nazi and Communist regimes? And what in blazes is the justification for that double standard? We start with a stipulation, presumably made both by myself and by all members of the Establishment (i.e., the spectrum from left-liberals like the *New York Times* over to official conservatives and neo-conservatives): that both the Nazi and Communist regimes were despotic, evil, and genocidal. So, in that case, how come the double standard, both in actual treatment of former officials in the two regimes, and in Received Opinion about such treatment?

After the end of World War II, Nazis and their collaborators, both real and alleged, were a) slaughtered on the spot by vengeful Communist successor-regimes or by Communist partisans (as in Italy or France); b) indicted and convicted, first by the Allies and then by successor regimes, for “war crimes” and “crimes against humanity,” with the leaders put to death or sentenced to long jail terms; c) masses of officials were “denazified” and either jailed or prevented from holding office; and d) for the past 47 years, alleged ex-Nazis, down to the status of concentration camp guards, were yanked out of their beds as American citizens or out of some South Amer-

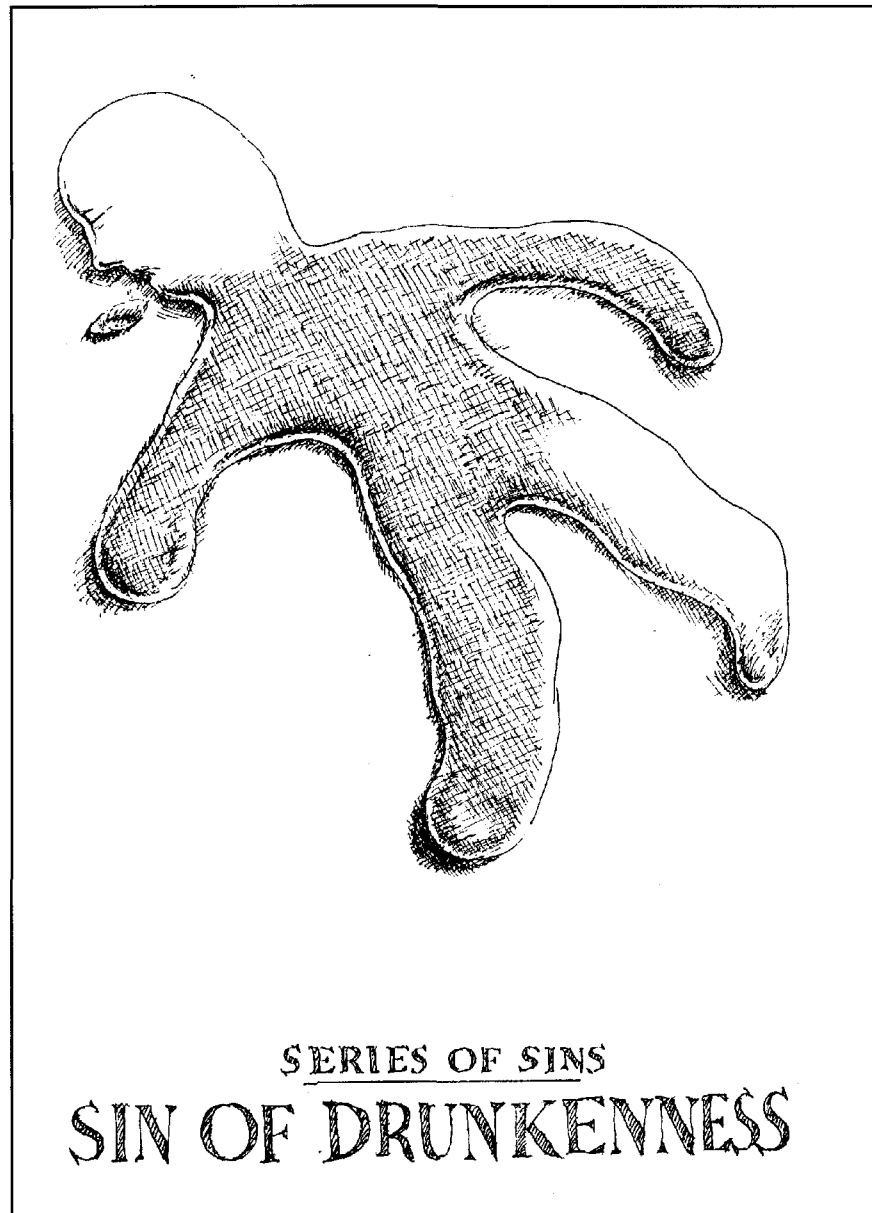
ican jungle to stand trial for these crimes either in their Communist-run homeland or in Israel. Moreover, Received Opinion of the Establishment is constantly berating Western countries, including the United States, for having been too soft on ex-Nazis, etc. And then as the decades pass, we are urged on every side to “never forget” the Nazi crimes.

Okay, but now consider the contrast in treating *Communists*. The revolutionary implosions of Communist regimes since 1989 have occurred peacefully, and successor regimes peacefully established. Not only guards, but high officials, even secret police officials, have not only *not* been executed or tried for their crimes against humanity, but most

of them are still there, still in place—either as bureaucrats serving new regimes, or as “former” Communists now calling themselves “Social Democrats” or whatever.

It is a massive understatement to say that there has been no decommunization whatsoever, nothing comparable to the denazification of yore. Not only have the KGB and the East German Stasi not been brought to book for their crimes, but now the big argument in the former Communist countries is whether the infamous secret police files should even be opened to the public, much less acted upon.

How has the Establishment reacted to this shocking contrast in treatment of ex-despots and state criminals. Have



Janusz Kapusta

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they denounced it? On the contrary, the entire Establishment, from left-liberal to Official Conservative to neoconservative, has lauded this wonderful, peaceful, forbearance; this clasping of former Communist rulers and secret police thugs and informers to everyone's bosom; this pursuit of mercy over vengeance; this oh-so-beloved "velvet" revolution. The Establishment is also quick to denounce even the slightest sign of wanting to throw the rascals out, and to bring them to trial for their monstrous crimes. Why "never forget" in the one case, and quick peace and "healing" in the other?

The *New York Times* and other mainstream organs, far from wanting decommunization, even want to protect the vicious secret police informers from the people's vengeance. Not the Gestapo, of course, but the KGB, the Stasi, and equivalents. Thus, stories in the *New York Times* often complain about the fact that the old secret police files have been opened, so that people find out that their spouses, or lovers, or close friends had reported regularly on them to the secret police. As a result, marriages, loves, friendships have broken up. Wonder why? But the Establishment puts the blame for these broken marriages and friendships *not* on the informers but on the process of opening up the files.

Once again, as too often in history, the reaction is to shoot the messenger of bad news. The moral of the story is not to close the files, but to open them further, and to act upon them; that is, to take action against these monstrous betrayers and informers. Stringing them up in the public square doesn't seem too harsh.

The *New York Times'* man in Eastern Europe, Stephen Engelberg, always seems to be in the forefront of the anti-open-files, antivengeance forces. Recently, Engelberg was wailing about the one country in Eastern Europe that really wants to decommunize, Czechoslovakia. It seems that a former prominent Czech exile in London, Jan Kavan, editor of an exile magazine, has been uncovered as an informer to the Commie secret police. Since Kavan is a prominent Czech Social Democrat, Engelberg has been complaining of the injustice now being done to poor Kavan, who according to this miscreant only engaged in a few harmless conversations with the Czech equivalent of the KGB.

Under the active drive of one of the few *real* free-market reformers in the ex-Communist countries, Czech Minister of Finance Vaclav Klaus, Czechoslovakia has passed a unique, and most welcome, "lustration" law. "Lustration" is a venerable term for religious purification, generally of an entire community. And so Klaus and his crew of genuine anti-communists and antisocialists want to "lustrate" their country by prohibiting any ex-Communist official from enjoying government employment for the next five years. To me, this seems a very mild first step, and a fate far too good for this criminal gang.

But to the U. S. Establishment, the *New York Times* and all their fellow-travelers, this is an act of vengeance to be deplored, a harsh measure depriving the country of their best men, blah blah. It should be obvious that the reason for this tenderness is the idea that Commies, no matter how deplorable, were really not terrible monsters such as the Nazis, but good-guy socialists who suffered from an unfortunate excess of zeal. It should be equally clear that this strange tenderness has surfaced because there really is not that much difference between Commies and Social Democrats and between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, and that clearing the land of Communists will therefore inevitably sweep up in its net a myriad of Social Democrats, the group most favored by the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *New York Review of Books*, *Commentary*, et al. In every Eastern European country, it is the Social Democrats and their western buddies who receive all the plaudits and laurels of the U. S. Respectables. Thus, virtually every Establishment attitude toward Poland must get filtered through the lenses of the incredibly beloved (in America, not in Poland) Adam Michnik, Social Democrat agitator.

It has become all too evident that the reformers in the old Soviet Union and in Eastern Europe have only been paying lip-service to privatization and to the free market. One crucial problem is that progress, especially toward privatization, has been stalled by the existing bureaucrats, many of whom have found it expedient to change their ideological allegiance from Communist to Social Democrat, but who are still socialists, statist clingers to power.

The accepted method of spurring the reform, touted from left-liberals to neo-

conservatives, is to drain more U. S. tax money into billions of foreign aid. But such aid will not and cannot accelerate genuine reform; all it can do, on the contrary, is to delay the free market and to prolong statist repression of the ex-Communist economies. The old socialist elites, whether calling themselves "democrats" or not, need to be blasted loose, and that blasting can only be delayed or even prevented by American aid.

The Establishment media have not allowed us to grasp this crucial fact: that it is no coincidence that the Czech lustration program is being pushed by the same people, headed by Vaclav Klaus, who *also* insist on rapid privatization, a program that contrasts starkly with the lionized Yeltsin's scheme of "free prices" while retaining the same old pattern of ownership. The Klaus forces are behind both lustration and privatization because both are part-and-parcel of a unified policy of destatization. Getting rid of socialist bureaucrats, whether they call themselves Bolsheviks or Mensheviks, is an essential part of genuine reform. Lustration and vengeance go hand-in-hand with genuine privatization; mercy and "social peace" go hand-in-hand with the Establishment's neoconservative policy of phony free-market reform and of continuing Menshevik rule.

—Murray N. Rothbard

**CONQUERORS** and intellectuals have dreamt of one big European government for centuries. The goal, as with all such millenarian fantasies, was to transform people's national allegiances (viewed as reactionary and divisive) into larger loyalties to "Europe" (viewed as progressive and cosmopolitan). But they face the barrier even today that there are no "Europeans," but only Frenchmen, Britons, Sicilians, etc.

Those who have pushed for a politically unified Europe hoped this would be their year. But in a surprising vote, the Danes said no to the Maastricht unification treaty, which would have abolished their nation's economic, monetary, and military independence. Many Danes suspected it would also eventually eviscerate their cultural identity and language. To them, the vision of a unified Europe meant the reality of being ruled by an unelected foreign bureaucracy in distant Brussels. "We are a country with an Anglo-Saxon tradition

of self-governance by elected laypersons at a low level," said a Danish political scientist. "We are mistrustful of central governments."

Because the treaty requires the approval of all 12 countries in the European Community, the people of Denmark—despite a massive campaign by government, business, media, and labor—have killed it. All the special interests, political and financial, that stood to benefit from the treaty, and have worked so hard on it for so long, are in an open state of panic. After the vote, the leaders of Germany and France vowed to "proceed unswervingly" towards "European union" and called an emergency session of the European Commission to try to figure out how to do it. But they face a legal barrier: the treaty cannot go into effect without 12 affirmative votes.

In fact, the problems for super-Europeans may have only just begun. Despite Ireland's endorsement of the treaty on welfare grounds—about as surprising as Harlem's approval of Food Stamps—all over Europe, there is a growing sense of nationhood and a desire for local self-government. The German people are more and more reluctant to give up their strong mark for a weak European Currency Unit run by a Continent-wide central bank. In France, right-wing political leader Jean Marie Le Pen draws huge crowds to oppose the treaty, while the social democratic EC president, Jacques Delors, talks to himself. Northern Italians are voting in greater and greater numbers for independence from the central government in Rome and its welfare clients in the South. The last thing they want is a supergovernment that makes Rome look frugal and responsive. Margaret Thatcher has long warned against the "socialist superstate in Brussels," and in fact her reforms might have been impossible had the Maastricht treaty been in effect. Now even her pro-Europe successor, John Major, may be coming around, as more and more Britons cheer Queen and country against bureaucrat and Continent.

Unity seemed tempting. With a population of 340 million and a GNP of more than \$4 trillion, the EC would be the world's largest trading bloc. The left liked the centralization as well as the EC's Social Charter, which guarantees welfare "rights" and trade union control of European labor markets. European

neoconservatives liked it because it was a basic building block of the New World Order.

Negotiations have been in progress for decades, but for a finally awakened Danish people, the treaty seemed like a dive into the abyss. Danes began to wonder: Can a nation secede from the union? How long is the agreement binding? Are there limits to the economic policies Brussels can impose? Will a Continental tax and regulatory police enforce EC policy? Will Brussels be able to impose economic sanctions on rebellious countries? There were no answers from the pan-Europeans, meaning the truth was unpalatable.

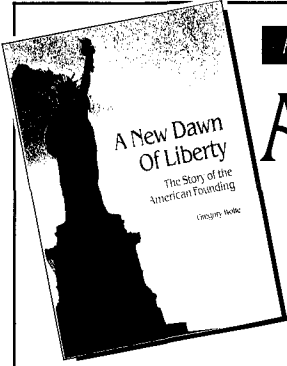
Maastricht would have established Europe-wide regulations, taxes, and antitrust policies. But the most serious danger was the abolition of separate currencies and the creation of a new European currency and central bank. Such a system would have meant Continental credit expansion to the benefit of the elites, while the middle class bore the inflationary and business-cycle consequences. If stability of the international monetary system is the goal, there is only one way to bring that about: abolition

of central banking and establishment of a 19th-century gold standard. Even the current managed exchange rate system is better than more centralization.

For many years, ideologues have told us that small, independent nations are irrelevant. Conventional wisdom during the Cold War said they had to be part of a massive bloc to matter. This was always bunk, but with the Cold War over, most people in both Europe and America want a return to normalcy, meaning, working hard, raising families, participating in community life, and enjoying peace and prosperity. That implies small political groupings. People are tired of big experiments like a unified Europe, which promise much and deliver little. And they realize, if only instinctively, that distant government is always more oppressive than local bodies.

Cut through all the rhetoric about "cooperation" and "coordination" and the plan to unify Europe is about one thing: social democracy. That's an idea that, like its brother socialism, ought to be tossed in the trash compactor of history.

—Llewellyn H. Rockwell



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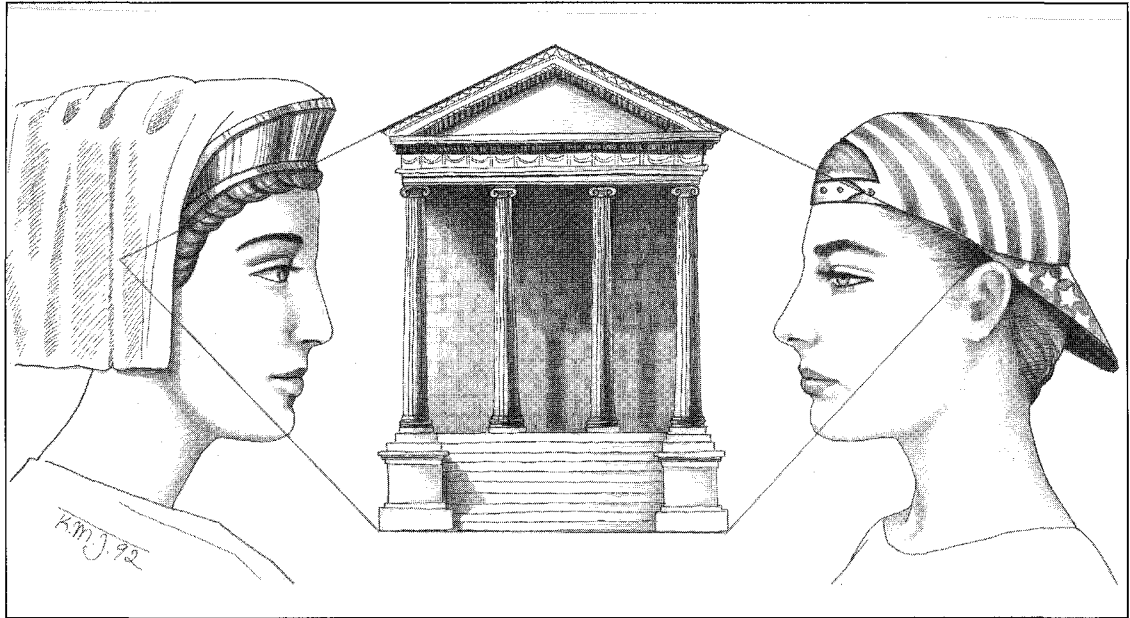
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Krzysztof Jachowicz-Zarobski

## Go East, Young Man

by Thomas Fleming

We shall soon be celebrating the cardinal date of the second Christian millennium, the fall of New Rome, otherwise known as Constantinople in 1453. For a thousand years after the collapse of the Western empire, New Rome had stood, a living museum of Greek culture and Roman law, the last organic link with the origins of our civilization. For centuries—at least since 1204, when Crusaders sacked the city—Constantinople had been a shadow of its former glories, the empire a hollow fiction with boundaries hardly broader than those of the smallest Italian commune. Catholic Europe had learned to deride her rulers as the Emperor of the Greeks, but when Manuel II made his futile trip to Europe in search of Christian help against the Turks, our gaudy barbarian ancestors were struck with the nobility and simplicity of the emperor.

Unlike the empire of the West, whose flame had guttered out in vice and imbecility, the empire of the East went down with all the glory of a sunset. Constantine Paleologus, whom Gibbon describes as the last and best of the Caesars, refused all offers of escape. He preferred to put on the uniform of a common soldier and died fighting with his men in the streets of The City, for in those days it was *the city*, the symbol of all civilized life, and to this day the infidel conquerors call it Istanbul, garbled Greek for “to the city.”

Charles Williams once suggested that the Reformation was a just retribution upon the Western Christians who had turned their backs on the Eastern church. The defense of the city against the Turks may have been impossible, but the European powers barely lifted a finger to save the Greek Christians who crossed themselves the wrong way. The Popes were

willing to call a Crusade, but only if the Romaioli acknowledged his authority. The last emperors acceded, precipitating a schism that made it even harder to hold out against the enemy.

It was a Hungarian who manufactured the cannon that breached the walls and Christians who taught the Turks how to concentrate their fire. In the end, it was a Genoese commander (Giustiniani) who, receiving a wound, deserted his post and escaped through a hole in the wall, followed by the greater part of the western allies. The betrayal was altogether fitting, since the Genoese, hoping to preserve their own trading colony, had made a separate peace with the Sultan.

In undermining the emperor, Genoa had worked hand in hand with its chief rival, Venice. It was a Venetian Doge, at the head of his fleet, who persuaded the leaders of the notorious Fourth Crusade, when they sacked the city and imposed their barbarian rule upon the East, and it was the Venetians who had sought to monopolize the trade of the East and undermine the economic base of the empire.

In this activity, Genoa was not far behind. As a Pisan proverb has it, Genoa was a “sea without fish, men without honor, and women without shame.” The Pisans had, perhaps, a right to be resentful. For several centuries, they had labored to enrich themselves at the expense of the Moslems, and no maritime power had been more forthright in joining any expedition—to Sardinia, to Sicily, to Majorca, and even to the coast of North Africa—where the Cross could be advanced, their pockets filled. It is easy to be cynical about the freebooting “republic of the waves,” but when Pisans captured Palermo from the Saracens, they devoted a large part of the