

Service also argues that the appeal of communism grows “in direct proportion to shortages in food, shelter, employment and chances of individual and collective betterment.” However plausible, such a claim is misleading. It has always been intellectuals, most of whom never experienced poverty, who, in a search for meaning and direction in life, worshipped the god of communism and created in the mass of men an appetite for equality and a belief that they are entitled to it. Because this belief is so widespread, Service may well be right when he predicts that communism, under a new name perhaps, “will have a long afterlife even when the last communist state has disappeared.” ■

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[*Debating Immigration*, edited by Carol M. Swain, Cambridge University Press, 316 pages]

## Bringing Diversity to the Debate

By Mark Krikorian

*Debating Immigration* grew out of papers presented at a conference held at Princeton in 2005, plus some additional contributions. The book is thus not animated by a single hypothesis and is therefore perhaps even more difficult to review than is usually the case with collected volumes.

The question becomes, are there enough essays with something useful to say to make it worth reading? The answer is yes.

Given the academy’s parochial leftism, such an answer might seem improbable. But the editor, Carol Swain, now at Vanderbilt University, is not your

conventional academic. Born in a rural shack without running water, a high-school dropout who married and had children while still in her teens, and a devout Christian, she was never successfully socialized into political correctness. While not quite a conservative, her views are decidedly heterodox, even heretical, in the context of an elite university. She’s argued in previous books that black-majority districts are not good for blacks and that affirmative action and mass immigration should be ended in part because they fuel the growth of white nationalism.

The makeup of this volume is more evidence of Swain’s heterodoxy. Sure, the open-borders Left is represented, as it should be in a book entitled *Debating Immigration*, and Swain got some of the top academics of that ilk, including Doug Massey, Linda Bosniak, and Rogers Smith. But if you read the *New York Times*, you already know what they’re going to say.

There are also offerings that don’t just regurgitate the elite consensus, and these are not just by immigration restrictionists, who are well represented here, including my own director of research, Steven Camarota. More novel are the essays by those, like Swain, who can’t really be counted in the restrictionist camp but whose intellectual honesty forces them to confront reality in a way their colleagues do not.

Swain’s own chapter builds on her earlier work on black representation and explores how the Congressional Black Caucus fails to represent the economic interests of black Americans on the immigration issue. As she writes, “In the case of immigration reform, African Americans must look beyond the CBC for effective representation. Ironically, white members of Congress have been more of a voice for working people than the CBC, which sometimes operates out of self-interest and embraces a politics of symbolism.” You can say that again.

Along the same lines is an essay by Jonathan Tilove, who has covered race and immigration for more than 15 years. He writes, “indifference to the fate of

black America, or in some quarters a passive-aggressive hostility toward African Americans, has become an animating feature of support for a liberal immigration policy.” He recounts the angry reaction to his collaborations with demographer William Frey in documenting white flight from immigrants, a reaction very different from the response to his reports about white flight from blacks. His interpretation is priceless:

My reading of the unspoken, even unconscious thinking at work goes like this: Of course there was white flight from blacks. Who wouldn’t run? But white flight from immigrants? Why would someone run away from immigrants? Blacks are scary. Blacks lower property values. Immigrants aren’t scary. Immigrants rehabilitate property values. Immigrants have great restaurants. And so on.

This attitude has been enabled by affirmative action’s assumption that “everyone of color is more or less fungible,” leading a black activist to tell Tilove, “I was struck by the number of times employers said to me directly, ‘We want to phase out our blacks and bring in Asians. It keeps us clear in EEO [equal employment opportunity] and gets us better workers.’”

This example brings to light another aspect of this issue: the speaker, then research director for the Chicago Urban League, supported affirmative action for immigrants anyway. It’s not just a matter of the black elite being handcuffed by its liberalism; Tilove’s sense—and I think he’s right—is “support for immigration feels right for many blacks on account of color and their own history of challenging oppression.” The result is what Tilove evocatively calls “a circle of unrequited racial affinity,” in which blacks see themselves as having the most in common with Hispanics, but Hispanics and Asians see themselves as having the most in common with whites. In other words, “While blacks were chasing the Rainbow, Hispanics and Asians were chasing whiteness.”

The book is not all about race, though. The chapters are grouped by broad topics—philosophy and religion, law and policy, economics and demographics, race, and cosmopolitanism—and two of the essays on the moral foundations of immigration policy are notable. One is on a facet of the issue that you won't see in any other academic treatment of immigration—"A Biblical Perspective on Immigration Policy." Authored by James Edwards of the Hudson Institute, the chapter marks a sincere attempt to discern general Biblical principles that should guide the thinking of Christians and Jews in making immigration policy, as well as an implicit rebuke to the facile use of Scripture by open-borders advocates.

Edwards notes, "the Bible speaks much more about the treatment of immigrants—that is, the treatment of the stranger, the sojourner, or the foreign resident in our midst—that it does about immigration policy in the sense of the laws and customs that should regulate the influx of foreigners into a settled community." This confusion of *immigrant* policy and *immigration* policy leads many politically active clergymen to misinterpret, for instance, Exodus 22:21, in which God tells Moses at Sinai, "Do not mistreat an alien or oppress him, for you were aliens in Egypt."

Edwards criticizes the use of Scripture by open-borders activists for three reasons: they fail to acknowledge the special obligation we have to those close to us, the obligation that the civil authority has to protect the community in its care, and the harm open borders would cause. Though Edwards doesn't put it quite this way, the Christian auxiliary of the open-borders movement is not engaging in Biblical exegesis to help inform its views but rather "eisegesis," reading into the text things that aren't there.

Another essay approaches the moral parameters of the immigration issue from a secular perspective. Stephen Macedo from Princeton examines the thinking of John Rawls and Michael Walzer in making a case for having an obligation to our fellow citizens that's greater than our obli-

gation to humanity as a whole. The chapter is sensible, accessible, and worth reading. What's remarkable is not his conclusion, which is simply taken for granted by most normal people, but rather his defensive crouch. Edwards doesn't face the same problem because what I call post-Americanism, the notion that nationhood is passé, is rare in Christian circles outside the pink fringe of the mainline religious bureaucracy. Academia is something else all together, making it necessary for Macedo to warn that his commonsensical conclusion will be "controversial" and to reassure the reader that he really, truly is a left-winger.

Another worthwhile contribution is by political scientists Noah Pickus of Duke and Peter Skerry of Boston College. Their claim is that the legal/illegal and citizen/non-citizen dichotomies aren't as important as they might seem from the public debate. The immigrant's formal legal status is a matter between him and the state, a "vertical" relationship, as the authors put it. Important though that is, Pickus and Skerry argue that what's being overlooked is the "horizontal" relationship the immigrant has with his neighbors. And that horizontal relationship colors much of the debate, even though it's expressed in vertical terms. In other words, politicians and the public will complain about "illegal immigration" but then list a variety of problems (hospitals, schools, community disorder) that are caused by immigrants of all kinds, both illegal and legal:

Most Americans are less worried about immigrants having proper documents or being able to answer questions about American history and politics than their behaving like responsible members of the community. Are immigrants making too much noise? Are they attempting to communicate in English? Are they parking their cars where there is supposed to be grass? Are they crowding too many people into their living quarters? ... In sum, we believe that when Americans complain about immigrants, their con-

cern is less about immigrants failing to be good *citizens* than about their failing to be good *neighbors*.

The broad point that the legal/illegal issue isn't as important as it's made out to be strikes me as correct, though it can be taken too far—part of being a good neighbor is not sneaking into my house and then demanding that I accommodate you. Likewise, the authors go too far in their policy suggestions by endorsing a proposal floated in California that amounts to state-run amnesty for illegal aliens. Nonetheless, Pickus and Skerry look at immigration from a perspective not usually found in the debate, and one can't help but learn from their essay.

These are the highlights, but there is more in the volume. Yale law professor Peter Schuck looks at the large gap in the views between elites and the public on this issue from the perspective of a supporter of mass immigration who nonetheless takes seriously the concerns of the public. Communitarian guru Amitai Etzioni disappoints with a wrong-headed discussion of how Hispanic and Asian immigrants "are reinforcing the weakened communal elements of the American society" and how they will blur the color line and move us away from identity politics. Nathan Glazer wrote the wrap-up essay, seeming to conclude, *à la* his book *We Are All Multiculturalists Now*, that probably nothing we are willing to do can stop immigration, so we "might do well to consider how we can guide it rather than staunch it."

Be that as it may, this is a useful book for the concerned citizen who knows the basics about immigration and wants to hone his thinking. Carol Swain should be applauded for daring to gather a genuine diversity of views at an elite university and then publishing it at an elite academic press. If the concerns of the public over immigration are trickling up, ever so slowly, not just into the halls of Congress but into academia itself, maybe there's hope for America yet. ■

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# The Lost Summer



This is for us oldies. Remember when the summers lasted longer back then, when all men seemed to wear hats, and women acted like ladies?

My best summer ever was 1952, when I came to New York from Blair Academy and my father informed me we were leaving for the south of France via ocean liner. I was 15 and terribly eager to lose my virginity. What better place than the fabled land of F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Murphys? I read *Tender is the Night* while crossing on the *Constitution*, the latest in comfort, speed and elegance where liners were concerned. After staying up all night with a girl from Texas—Isla was her name, and I was truly smitten—I watched as we approached Cannes from the West. The twin towers of the Carlton Hotel—reputed to be exact copies of the breasts of La Belle Ottero, a famous grand horizontal—was the first thing I saw in the horizon. The place was green, unbuilt, and reeked of sex, adventure, and romance.

I will never forget driving from Cannes to the Hotel du Cap, the model F. Scott used in *Tender*, which he called Josse Hotel. I spent the whole summer there, going to Juan les Pins to listen to Sidney Bechet at night, dancing until dawn at the summer casino of Monte Carlo, and meeting people who in my 15-year-old mind were as fabulous as any I had read about in Fitzgerald's fiction.

By the time I had to return to boarding school, I was a broken man. I had discovered fast girls, gambling, drinking, and all the other vices one associates with having a good time. My mother was appalled and couldn't wait for August to

end. The trip back, again on the *Constitution*, was like being given the royal suite at the world's greatest hotel while waiting to die in the electric chair.

I went back to the Riviera five years later, after I was through with schooling, and it was still a magic place. Then, year after year, the place got more crowded, more built up, and, worst of all, the world's nouveaux riches began to arrive with a vengeance.

By 1977, I had had enough. I moved my summer operations to the Greek Isles, and after those followed the Riviera's example, it was time for good old Helvetia—Gstaad to be exact, where I

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watched cows graze, breathed clean air, and bored myself stiff. Four years ago, I built myself a boat and came back where I had started from. It was like meeting Isla after all these years. To say I was disappointed would be a gross understatement.

And yet, further west from Antibes and Cannes, St. Tropez has held out the longest against the invading hordes of Arabs and Russkies. The rest of the Riviera is now a sweaty, dangerous hellhole, its polluted waters matched only by the polluted kleptocrats who inhabit the place. St. Tropez proper is clean and

charming, its tiny cobbled streets unchanged, its bistros and places where the locals play Boule exactly the same they were 50 years ago.

Yet horrors come from the sea: megayachts that look like refrigerators on steroids. The colossal arrogance is mind boggling. The most recent arrivals are Pakistanis, whose specialty is to pop open magnums of Cristal champagne in the Cave des Rois and pour the contents out on the floor down to the last drop at 50,000 Euros a shot. And it gets worse. People cheer while they're doing it. Remember this the next time your tax dollars go to that miserable land.

This is what has happened to my beloved St. Tropez, once a sleepy fishing village port full of sleek and beautiful sailing boats, now full of monstrosities chartered by oily types who mistreat

women and waiters. Like the movies we watch, the music we listen to, and the people we see on megayachts and getting off their private jets, it's all very, very vulgar.

Poor old F. Scott. One look today would cure him of his fascination with the rich once and for all.

Still, by staying away from the port and anchoring off the Bismarck house high up in the hills, I have managed to have the best summer in many a year. It could be worse. I could be back in the Hamptons with Puff Daddy and his merry band. ■