



because it is dominated by blacks; golf is racist because it is dominated by whites. College teams are racist because they "exploit" black athletes and fail to educate them; the NCAA is racist because it insists that blacks unqualified for higher education be excluded from college teams.

It is obvious that whites in America desperately want blacks to succeed. From Michael Jordan to Bill Cosby, from Magic Johnson to Eddie Murphy, from Whitney Houston to Toni Morrison, from O.J. Simpson to Arsenio Hall, blacks who excel whites in important fields win the most sincere votes of all: the unimpeachable vote of the marketplace. Conclusively refuting the idea that white Americans resent black athletes is the ever-increasing popularity of professional basketball and football during the very period that blacks have moved to dominance. Despite constant charges of racism, whites still flock to watch black athletes perform; whites continue to invest in mostly black teams.

Americans even supported affirmative action until it became obvious that its chief beneficiaries were not deserving blacks but litigious whiners, black and white, male and female, and their obnoxious lawyers. As Thomas Sowell has pointed out, the latest civil rights law will be bad for blacks, since it deters businesses from moving to black areas, which become a litigation trap. But the law will be wonderful for lawyers, who can sue virtually any company in the country with more than fourteen employees, if one of them is black or female and disgruntled. Now the media seem determined to make athletics, too, an arena of racial bitterness and litigation.

Nonetheless, U.S. athletics still offer an inspiring display of American racial amity—a continual enactment of the American dream. Today, sports are inherently a worthier field to cover, more valuable morally and aesthetically than most contemporary art, music, films, and drama chiefly because these other fields have been befouled by leftist politics and nihilism. The best way for sports reporters both to defend their beat and to fight racism is by spurning the phony sanctimony and cynicism of the front of the paper—by merely telling the dramatic stories of athletic achievement by multiracial teams performing before enthusiastic multiracial crowds. □

A First Class Eurocrat

by David Brooks

Brussels

You probably won't get to meet an official of the European Community unless you get bumped to first class on a transatlantic flight. You'll recognize the Eurocrat by his featureless brow, his colorless hair, his look of habitual contentedness. As he approaches, you notice the buttery complexion of his cheeks, the mark of a diet rich in subtle sauces. He has about him the cultivated smell of one who is particular about his toilet.

He sets his Loewe briefcase on the seat next to you, and then folds his suit jacket in a practiced four-step maneuver, so that it won't crease even if the plane should go down in a ball of flames. He meticulously fastens his seatbelt, opens his briefcase, and removes a document entitled "The Budgetary Implications of the DG IV VAT Harmonization White Paper: An IGC Perspective." He pulls out a silver mechanical pencil and makes tiny checkmarks, one centimeter each, next to each paragraph as he reads.

He summons the flight attendant and asks, "Which whites do you have?" She returns with a bottle, which the Eurocrat inspects over his glasses. He lets out a sigh to indicate the gut-wrenching pain such a vintage will cause him. "All right, if that's all you have."

You try to make conversation, and ask him how this business of creating a United States of Europe is going. He assures you that the new European architecture is not an affair that can be summarized in black and white. It is nuanced, complex.

You want to be frank. You know that

David Brooks is an editorial page editor at the Wall Street Journal Europe.

the idea of bringing down trade barriers is a noble one. You keep reading that the EC bureaucracy is trying to limit state subsidies to coddled European industries. You keep reading about free-market endeavors sponsored by the EC. "But," you say in closing, "I still can't believe that a group of repugnant technocrats such as yourself can be anything other than evil."

He is not offended. He is above the crude cut and thrust of argument and dispute. In fact, seeing a dull flight in front of him, he decides to let you in on the secret, the real force that drives European unification. "I just hope my Discretion Officer doesn't hear about this," he says.

European unification is not a German racket as some British conservatives think, he explains. Nor is it a pretext for French domination. In reality the unity process is a tool of Belgian cultural hegemony.

If the Belgians are not competent enough to organize a twentieth-century phone service, you wonder, how could they organize a conspiracy to dominate Europe?

The Eurocrat smiles at your naïveté. "When European unity is achieved under the aegis of the Eurocracy, what sort of European citizen will have been created?"

Everybody knows the answer to that: "A shapeless man passing out his life in an environment prearranged for his comfort, sunk in a stupor caused by beer and well-regulated food products, passively going to work in some bureaucratic post-for-life, and never troubling himself with things about which he has no expertise, such as self-government."

"Remind you of anyone?" our man asks.

You feel a shiver up your spine. You have been to Brussels.

Already, the Eurocrat continues, the burden of self-government has been largely removed from the shoulders of European citizens. In December the most popular German daily surveyed its members on whether they thought the deutsche mark should be folded into the European currency unit (ECU). Of the millions of readers, 96.6 percent were opposed to the idea. Not troubling himself with popular opinion, German Chancellor Helmut Kohl went to the Dutch city of Maastricht on December 8, 1991, and proceeded to sign away the deutsche mark in favor of the ECU. Meanwhile, leading German officials lamented the "psychological factors" among the populace that had led them astray, as if being against the submersion of the deutsche mark was a sign of mental illness.

At the summit, British Chancellor of the Exchequer Norman Lamont asked some of his fellow finance ministers why they were so eager to sign away their currencies without giving their parliaments a chance to approve. According to Lamont, they told him their parliaments would probably reject the deal, so must not be given the chance.

The French government didn't bother to disturb its subjects with topics they couldn't be expected to understand. A week before François Mitterrand went to Maastricht and advocated signing away a thousand years of French sovereignty, a Paris daily dispatched a pollster to ask the citizenry what they thought of the moves. Seventy-five percent of Frenchmen had either never heard of the summit or didn't know what its purpose was.

The Belgians held a national election just days before the summit, at the very time when policies toward unification were being formed. Belgium's policy toward Europe was not an issue in the campaign, and one is stared at rudely for suggesting that perhaps the most important political event of the decade should play a role in a campaign or two.

Britons are used to having some say in their affairs, and continually tell pollsters by margins of about 60-to-40 that they oppose European monetary and political union. But even in Great Britain,

the Eurocrat boasts, the mob is permitted little voice in policy. Of the over 600 members of Parliament, only about fifteen share the views of the majority on Europe. These fifteen are considered lunatics and fruitcakes by their parliamentary colleagues. One of them, who happens to be the former prime minister, actually suggested a popular referendum on surrendering monetary sovereignty, since none of the major parties were representing the views of the majority. This idea was roundly dismissed as the notion of someone who had lost touch with the times. In Switzerland, after all, there had been a popular vote on whether that nation should join the drive to continental union, and the people had voted wrong; they'd said no.

How did the Belgians do it?

"It was easy. They just grasped the ridiculous and took it seriously."

For years, statesmen had been founding off their speeches with pap on the virtues of European unity. Winston Churchill said that a United States of Europe was a noble vision. In 1957 Dwight Eisenhower called a united Europe "a necessity for the prosperity of Europeans and for the whole world." Everyone knew this was just fine-sounding goo, on the level of "Have a nice day," but the Belgians and the Germans—it was Adenauer who observed that "Germans are merely Belgians with megalomania"—took it literally. The French, who take nothing literally, saw an advantage in having other Europeans believe it.

Helmut Kohl, the Eurocrat continued, his voice down to an impressive whisper, then added another wrinkle, that European unity was inevitable. Last November Kohl compared it to the Rhine, which, no matter how it is blocked, inevitably flows into the sea. "And in the same way, European history will end up with European unity," the Eurocrat said.

"You mean the way the collapse of capitalism was inevitable, the way a world government was inevitable?" you ask.

The Eurocrat smiles. "You know how these Germans like to think history is flowing in one direction or another." This idea of inevitability dominates public discussion, giving birth to a million transport metaphors. The British, for ex-

ample, are told to get on the train to unity. The ship is leaving the port. The Maastricht treaty would be a conveyor belt to unification.

Anybody who dared to ask where the train was headed or why a continent had to be a ship was treated as a hidebound reactionary. Europe used to be a place you could visit or live in, but it turned into an idea that you were either pro- or anti-. To oppose the growing power of the Brussels bureaucracy was to be labeled anti-European, which carries the social stigma of being anti-environment. Like the environmentalists, the Europeanists do their most effective work brainwashing the young. Schools perform European unification dances, and children recite odes to European cooperation. In public speeches a ritualistic series of phrases developed, for example: "If we don't want to have a Germanized Europe, we must have a Europeanized Germany."

Then there is the influence of peer pressure. On the continent social etiquette governs political discussion. Being anti-Europe is like saying you prefer bowling to tennis, or wearing polyester instead of natural fibers.

"In the end, there is no debate," your Eurocrat friend concludes, "and we are left to run the European government. We are experts. We're efficient. We keep it technocratic enough so that nobody could possibly understand or be interested in our activities. It all runs smoothly. Europe prospers."

"You know," you finally blurt out, "there are agencies such as the National Endowment for Democracy in Washington that try to export democratic ideals to other parts of the world. A massive peace corps effort, say on the order of the Marshall Plan, might be able to instill some measure of democratic values in Europeans."

You suppose the idea would frighten him, but no way. "West Europeans are so comfortable," the Eurocrat says. "They enjoy government by commission. The lessons wouldn't take. Now the east is another matter. I hear the people in Eastern Europe are interested in democratic self-government. That's where the real danger lies. And that's why we've got to keep them out of the EC." □



Mozambique Pique

by Andrew Roberts

“**S**evered heads on shop shelves after Renamo massacres a thousand,” read a headline in the *Independent* last summer. When the story was checked, the real figure turned out to be less than fifty. Renamo is the acronym of the anti-Marxist insurgents in southern Africa’s longest running civil war. Since 1977 they have been dedicated to overthrowing Mozambique’s Frelimo government. The long jungle struggle is still able to produce some gruesome stories, not to mention a few remarkable characters.

Manuel Antonio is a 32-year-old mystic who traces his descent from Christ, sleeps in cemeteries, and claims to have returned to life after dying of measles. Two years ago, he told his Naparama followers that a vaccination he had concocted would make them immune to bullets. Armed only with spears and bows and arrows, they attacked the Renamo guerrillas and through sheer fanaticism and force of numbers won a couple of early victories. It did not take long before the villagers saw through Antonio’s claim that the vaccination worked only for those who had abstained from sex the night before. He is thought to be in hiding.

Whether or not Renamo is winning the land war—it claims to control 85 percent of the country—it has definitely lost the propaganda battle. (Of course, propaganda campaigns in the region leave something to be desired: some years ago, the South African Informa-

tion Bureau issued a video announcing that then South African president P.W. Botha “likes small children, furry animals, and nice, hot custard.”) Despite its long struggle against a corrupt former Soviet puppet regime, Renamo has somehow never managed to attain the level of cachet among the right enjoyed by the contras, Unita, and the mujahedeen in the 1980s. No one knows much about the Renamo leader, Alfonso Dlakama, but all you hear is bad. Even Erich Honecker enjoys greater international acclaim.

United in their condemnation of Dlakama are the British Foreign Office, Mr. Pik Botha, Tanzania, Robert Mugabe, the Commonwealth, Malawi, and the U.S. State Department. The only people with a good word for him are the Marquis of Salisbury and Auberon Waugh. With enemies and friends like that, Dlakama was someone I had to meet, and I did during his visit to Portugal last November. Frelimo has made several attempts on Dlakama’s life since he started coming to Europe; it recently shot down a plane they believed he was on. “Actually, the nearest I came to death that trip,” he told me after I had been frisked and admitted to his room on the twelfth floor of the Altis Hotel in Lisbon, “was when I was being driven across Rome by an Italian taxi driver.”

He was in a jovial mood, having just heard of the fall of Zambia’s Kenneth Kaunda. “It shows democracy may be on the way in southern Africa,” he smiled, “if such an astute politician as Kaunda can lose an election. Ever since I went into opposition in 1977, African friends have

asked me why I want a multi-party state in Mozambique. ‘That’s just for the white man,’ they said. Now it’s beginning to look as if they could be proved wrong.”

Dlakama is 39, good-looking, and drives a motorbike around his headquarters in the bush. He is a devout Catholic and speaks twelve of the Mozambiquan dialects. It is not easy, when speaking to this personable fellow, to remember that he is regarded by those few people who have heard of him as Africa’s Ceausescu.

The civil war has cost around a hundred thousand lives and left nearly a million homeless. “We’re no angels,” admits Renamo’s Adelino Pires, a white former big-game hunter whose farm was confiscated by Frelimo. “But for every tale of an atrocity on our side there is another of one committed by Frelimo or Zimbabwean troops.” Lord Michael Cecil, who spent ten weeks in the bush with Renamo in 1988, found the guerrillas “well-disciplined, if ill-equipped. They clearly had a degree of popular support.” According to Cecil, “Vicious, murderous acts of banditry are often the work of unpaid, unfed Frelimo soldiers trying to scratch themselves a living.”

In order to keep open Zimbabwe’s only connection with the Indian Ocean, Robert Mugabe has stationed 15,000 troops in Mozambique. These, along with Frelimo soldiers, receive training from British army “advisers.” “There are quite a number of British soldiers operating in Mozambique,” said Dlakama, seemingly more in sorrow than in anger, “and of course they are in danger. It’s a war. They are targets. We know where

Andrew Roberts is the author of The Holy Fox: A Biography of Lord Halifax, published in London by Weidenfeld and Nicolson.