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In Search of Neoliberalism's Brain

Critics have long accused Bill Clinton of being one of the central avatars of 1990s neoliberalism, a.k.a. the ideology of Northamerican finance capital. We may thank journalist Amy Goodman for not only confirming this insight, but also providing us with one of the richest source-texts a political psychobiography could ever hope for, in the form of a wide-ranging and astonishingly comprehensive interview with Clinton during 2000 election night. Not only does the NPR transcript (available on Democracy Now's website at <<http://www.democracynow.org>>) offer a unique opportunity to rethink the psychobiographic categories handed down to us from Sartre and Erikson in a contemporary framework – most prominently, the class project, the existential horizon, identity-formation, psychohistory and of course the life-cycle – it also yields some tantalizing hints about where psychobiographical criticism might go in the future.

Historically speaking, psychobiography was invented as a response to two of the most glaring deficiencies of mainstream biography. First off, these latter treat what is most subjective about a person – the unique constellation of psychological drives, locomotor activity, somatic hexis of a given individual – as something entirely objective, i.e. as an exemplar of timeless, unchanging familial conflicts, which simply “produce” the subject in a mechanical way. This is most obvious in the vulgar Rightwing invective painting Clinton as a swaggering, uncouth, lower-class upstart, a hatred which conceals a barely-disguised cultural envy. Secondly, what is most objective about a person – the specific cultural, social, political and economic raw materials out of which subjects must fashion an array of ethnic, gender, national, sexual and class identities – is reduced to something purely subjective, as an elective affinity or set of random options. Again, this is most apparent in the prevalent Leftwing critique of Clinton as a somewhat sympathetic figure who genuinely cares about working people, but who opportunistically sold out to bond traders, the Treasury Department and Wall Street speculators – a view which completely ignores the central role of the Democratic Party in dismantling the New Deal on behalf of its Wall Street paymasters. In narrative terms, we may say that the conventional biography oscillates between the registers of pop psychology and pop history.

Neither of these registers, of course, does justice to the question of pop culture itself, or more precisely, the consumer culture of the 1990s, that multinational marketplace of mediations through which the national field of American electoral politics is necessarily read. The question we need to ask is not so much *how* Americans felt about Clinton, one way or another, but rather *why* they even bothered to care (and care they did, in often surprising ways) in the first place. Mass culture is also at issue in a secondary and no less important manner, and that is the question of textual evidence. Erikson was famous for his exhaustive fieldwork, detailed research and omnivorous readings of juridical, journalistic and autobiographical documents; nowadays this range of materials necessarily includes the sound-bites, transcripts and video-clips of the media culture. We will argue that Goodman's interview is very much the Information Age analogue of the Nixon tapes and LBJ's secret recordings, documents which both (1) decisively redefine a

given historical moment of the media culture, and (2) open up certain narrative possibilities hitherto foreclosed or cordoned off by a lack of historical data.

First Impressions

First impressions can deceive as much as they reveal, but they have a special importance in the electoral arena, where vast numbers of people must be won over in a short amount of time. Listening to the Goodman interview for the first time, one is struck by the sheer artistry of Clinton's responses, each of which is a tightly organized and efficiently constructed ideologue in its own right. Nothing he says is new, but nothing is ever a recitation from the Teleprompter, either. Like the other Ueber-managers of the Information Age, ranging from Bill Gates and Andy Grove to Akio Morita and Klaus Tschira, Clinton gives his listeners the sense of being a member of a playoff-caliber sports team, adroitly intermixing fairly sophisticated data with subtle abjurations, never immediately recognizable as such. These are designed to suggest the maximum range of political positions while delivering a minimum of actual position-taking. His vocal delivery makes superb use of the rhythms of the mass media: he'll start off very quickly to throw off his interviewer, and then slow down his voice, carefully playing off the singsong vocal rhythms of the New South against the video inflections of the sportscaster voice-over.

Far from rejecting criticism or contradiction, Clinton's approach thrives on such, in the same way that the Silicon rentiers regard crisis and chaos in the markets as their greatest opportunity: he genuinely *wants* you to disagree with him, to take issue on some minor point, the better to forge a more durable consensus on the larger issue at hand. Most of all, he consistently highlights his own role in mediating some sort of irresolvable conflict or unreconcilable set of positions, spinning the result in terms of an informatic pragmatism. This chimes with his biography, which is defined by periods of initial defiance towards some superior force or agency (as a child, the lead male of the household; as a Governor, the business interests of the New South; and, finally, as President, the rule of Wall Street), a purely symbolic rebellion of some sort, followed by increasing identification with such. His central political gift was his ability to cast himself as his own mediator. If Nixon and LBJ were, in their role as historical subjects, ultimately their own taped psychograms, Clinton is his own website.

Unfortunately for Clinton, he was facing one of the best interviewers in the business, who would counter, block and otherwise negate his every move. Erikson makes especial note of the role of counter-players, symbolic games, and strategic improvisation in his study of Gandhi, and it's fair to say that Goodman, like the particular brand of social protest she represents, will go down in history as one of Clinton's crucial counterplayers. Not only were her questions scrupulously fair, but their range and timing turned Clinton's greatest strength – his disposition over the mediatic field and ability to feed off of contradictions – into his greatest weakness. The result was an extraordinary moment wherein a master of the political stage was himself upstaged by his own discourse, in what could be termed, with pardonable exaggeration, the interview equivalent of the Battle of Seattle.

Politics of Ambivalence

Part of Clinton's charm is that he does not hide his familial wounds, but practically oozes them. The primal rage at the alcoholic stepfather he battled in his childhood is never far from the surface, and not only does he know this, but he *wants* you to know this, enabling him to compensate via a continual, deft self-analysis. Goodman cleverly sidesteps this by refusing to play the role of the interrogator, simply asking focused, situation-specific facts. After some general lead-in questions, Goodman gets down to business:

Goodman: President Clinton, UN figures show that up to 5,000 children a month die in Iraq because of the sanctions against Iraq.

Clinton: That's not true. That's not true. And that's not what they show. Let me just tell you something. Before the sanctions, the year before the Gulf War, and you said this... how much money did Iraq earn from oil? Answer – \$16 billion. How much money did Iraq earn last year from oil? How much money did they get, cash on the barrel head, to Saddam Hussein? Answer – \$19 billion that he can use exclusively for food, for medicine, to develop his country. He's got more money now, \$3 billion a year more than he had nine years ago.

Surprised, Clinton fumes that Saddam is “sticking it to his own children” and “butchered the children of his own country.” Worse, Saddam “used chemical weapons on his own people,” and is “lying to the world and claiming that the mean old United States is killing his own children.” Given that Clinton bombed an aspirin plant in the Sudan, riddled Kosovo and Serbia with toxic rounds of depleted uranium slugs, funds a corrupt Colombian government fond of spraying down the jungle with herbicides, and has allowed 25% of America's children to rot in poverty while funding a Cold War-sized US military machine, one is tempted to respond that Bill Clinton is living proof that abused children turn into abusive adults.

Paradoxically, it is precisely moments such as this, when Clinton is at his absolute worst, that he's at his best. Note particularly the emphasis on the \$19 billion in cash, which seems convincing at first. What he does not mention is the fact that oil prices nearly doubled in the course of 2000, or that Iraq's foreign debts have continued to accumulate via the miracle of compound interest since 1991. There is even the typical Clinton pseudo-compromise at the end: “There were a lot of problems with the embargo in the beginning. There were legitimate criticisms.”

Good journalists have a knack for sensing a scoop, and it's to Goodman's credit that she sensed that something rang hollow in Clinton's response, somewhere. She pressed home the attack, by switching her next questions to Cuba. This was a canny move, simply because Cuba and Iraq are without question two of the most sensitive sore thumbs in US foreign policy. Castro is especially scandalous for two reasons, one conjunctural and the other structural. The first is the deplorable behavior of the Cuban-American émigré community during the Elian Gonzalez case, which completely and utterly discredited their cause. The second is the no less deplorable behavior of the US Government, which has the nerve to sign trade deals with China while condemning Cuba for being undemocratic.

Clinton's response was to talk about the need to develop people-to-people contact, but then he made this curious set of statements: “We were really making headway. And then, they illegally shot down those two planes, and four people died on the planes. And

the Congress passed the Helms/Burton bill, so-called. And I don't have flexibility to do much more... I do believe there that the Cuban people have suffered because of the embargo, and we should do more in the area of food, n the area of medicine, in the area of people to people contacts." When pressed, Clinton says, "But it wouldn't have happened if Castro hadn't shot those planes down out of the air, in blatant violation of international law. It was just murder..." Clinton, the prototypical laptop bombardier, whose war on drugs has trampled on civil rights and jailed 1 million Americans, is of course hardly in a position to lecture anyone on respecting human life. But Goodman asks the perfect follow-up question:

Goodman: How do you justify imposing the embargo against Cuba and lifting it against China, normalizing relations with China?

Clinton: Well, first of all, China hasn't killed any of our pilots lately. They haven't murdered any Americans – as a matter of fact, the United States accidentally and tragically killed some Chinese citizens during our military campaign in Kosovo. And we have differences with China that we think can best be resolved. China is a nuclear power, and we think they have missile capacity.

On the face of it, this is breathtaking in its cynicism: reliable press reports from the major European press agencies have shown that the Chinese embassy was *deliberately* targeted in the Kosovo war (the initial cover story was that the targeting bureau made an unfortunate mistake, a cover story which turned out to be false; NATO knew, but simply didn't care). But upon closer examination, something else is at work here: this is the marked tone of furious resentment he adopts in his response, a significant clue that he isn't indulging in simple hypocrisy, nor pandering to Florida's electoral votes, either. Rather, there's a profoundly Eriksonian *ambivalence* underlying the whole exchange, a genuine empathy, patience for and even identification with Castro as a legitimate counterplayer on the world stage. Clinton, a politician completely attuned to electoral politics, undoubtedly appreciates Castro's genuine charisma and achievements as a revolutionary leader better than anyone else.

By contrast, the Chinese leadership is not mentioned by name; Jiang Zemin, the formidable Shanghai engineer-turned-technocrat in charge of China's developmental state, is evidently not a counterplayer in that sense, which hints at a deep-seated provincialism in Clinton's political thinking.¹ It's worth emphasizing that Clinton *wants* us to know that Castro has somehow let him down, in the same way that he wants us to know that Saddam is simply an unreasoning, insensate monster. Baffled, frustrated resentment on the one hand, and explosive, rebellious anger on the other: these are psychological registers clearly rooted in Clinton's own tense relationship with his mother and open conflict with his stepfather. This suggests, in turn, that Clinton owes his phenomenal political success to the quite specific constellation of the immediate post-Cold War period, wherein the rebellion against national-military father-figures (a.k.a. military-industrialism) could be conjoined to a muted or problematic identification with democratic-revolutionary mother-figures (a neoliberalized Democratic Party).

Phantasms of Empire

Let's return to the Iraq exchange for a moment, and focus on the startling image of a billionaire butcher, swimming in buckets of hard currency and engaged in wars if

plunder. In the first place, it's striking that the chief characteristic of this variant of a hated and feared father-figure is *money*: specifically, the \$19 billion in cold cash supposedly at Saddam's fingertips. But Clinton surely knows that Iraq's oil revenues are in fact deposited in a special UN-administered bank account in New York City, by UN mandate. In the nether world of petropolitics, we know that hostility towards Iraq translates into increased US arms shipments and leverage vis-à-vis Saudi Arabia and the other Gulf states, so there are certainly mercenary motives at work here. Clinton gives us one more clue: he does not mention the UN or even pretend, as Bush did, that the embargo against Iraq is a multinational endeavor (Germany and Japan paid the equivalent of \$30 billion to the US in the Gulf War, whose troops were, in effect, mercenaries). The reason is that the EU does not support US policy in the region. This is particularly striking in the case of Iran, another country which has earned the fierce hostility of the US, mostly because a conservative indigenous revolution overthrew the CIA-installed Shah back in 1979, but which has major trading links with Europe.

This suggests that the trope of the billionaire dictator is meant to symbolically resolve two narrative problems at a single stroke: first, the global political economy of energy-rents and Third World debt can be displaced onto the figure of a Maximum Leader. In effect, a neo-national signifier is scapegoated for the deprivations of the multinational marketplace. Secondly, and perhaps more importantly, the Maximum Leader (as opposed to a monolithic, well-nigh biological Communism) is transformed into an index of the geopolitical itself: Saddam and Castro become the negative standards against which Clinton positively defines himself. This suggests that the Iraqi and Cuban embargoes are two alternative forms of the neoliberal privatization of the national security state, the first mediated by a canalized rage at military-industrial father-figures, and the second mediated by resentment against national-revolutionary mother-figures.

All this is richly confirmed in the moment where Clinton finally blows up at Goodman, after the latter brings up Ralph Nader:

Clinton: Now, you just listen to me. You ask the questions, and I'm going to answer. You have asked questions in a hostile, combative, and even disrespectful tone, but I... and you have never been able to combat the facts I have given you. Now, you listen to this. The other thing Ralph Nader says is that, you know, he's pure as Caesar's wife on the environment.

It's worth emphasizing that Goodman's questions were fair and even-handed throughout; but neither did she kowtow to the Maximum Leader or indulge in the chatter of network news superstars accustomed to routinely cultivating their news sources. White House insiders have made no secret of Clinton's memorable outbursts during staff meetings (the infamous "blue streaks"), and it's possible that Clinton is unconsciously identifying Goodman with a member of his staff. Still, we need to ask why Clinton even bothered to blow up at Goodman, not to mention spending half an hour during an expensive, hectic electoral campaign battling with a member of the alternative press.

The Prison-house of Neoliberalism

Three hypotheses can be discarded relatively quickly here. The first is that Clinton was playing out a not-quite-unconscious revenge against Al Gore's crowd, the realm of overrefined, supercilious, snooty Big Money whose rule he both intensely

resented and loyally served. Clinton's ambivalences are never vindictive or destructive in this sense, and he is far too good of a politician to ever indulge in any kind of resentment for more than a passing moment (even his anger at Goodman fades fairly quickly). The second is the spurious thought that Goodman somehow stepped into the role of Chelsea or Hillary, a.k.a. willful daughters or wives who simply won't shut up. Clinton's battles with his wife are the stuff of legend, but again, the fundamental structure of his ambivalences bespeaks a deep-seated antipathy towards military hierarchies and sympathy for women and other oppressed groups. Nor is the obvious third option really all that convincing, i.e. the notion that Clinton is urging Nader's voters to swing to Gore; television would be the place to do that, not an NPR show with a fairly limited audience.

Gender is indeed an issue, however, in Clinton's repudiation of Nader. From a psychobiographical point of view, the comment about "Caesar's wife" is startling, not so much for the obvious ambivalences this projects vis-à-vis Hillary's Senate run (something we'd expect of Clinton, a past master of getting people to think they know him better than he knows himself) nor even for the obvious gender disparagement of Nader (par for the course), but for the obvious contrast with the very next sentence. Clinton says, "Under this administration, 43 million more Americans are breathing cleaner air," and follows with a litany of deviously selective environmental achievements. As we've said before, Clinton is at his best when he's at his worst; such election-night cheerleading would never be allowed to spill over into a reasoned panel discussion, where Clinton would be the first to admit that the EU and Japan lead the world in efficient energy use, the development of renewable energy and eco-industries, and numerous environmental standards.

The solution to the mystery therefore lies not in Clinton's relations with his staff per se, but with the larger issue of his *administration*. This word is mentioned earlier in a very significant moment in the exchange on Cuba, where Clinton remarks that "...sometimes I think he doesn't want the embargo lifted, because it is an excuse for the problems that he has with his own administration". This verges perilously close to a self-diagnosis of the Pax America's horrific Cold War (and post-Cold War) crimes, but that line of reasoning is hastily exorcised by a self-righteous condemnation of Cuba's human rights record: "...you can't keep just throwing people in jail for human rights violations and expect the United State to do nothing with this huge Cuban population here." The hoary Cold War ideologeme of containment – the Free World versus Iron Curtain autarky – is transformed into the ideologeme of neoliberalism – Wall Street free traders versus iron-producing, protectionist steelworkers, Third World nationalists and other trouble-makers.

The antipode of free trade is, of course, the realm of unfreedom and non-trade, or the realm of production which precedes trade per se, and it's striking that Clinton's responses are chockful of metaphors of incarceration: he's doing all he can on Cuba (honest!); he's working with the UN on the Middle Eastern crisis (but showing leadership); Saddam remains a raging beast inside a cage; the death penalty is probably unfair but the issue is being studied by staff, so he can't do anything about that, either, etc. Never has a candidate worked harder to give the impression of radical change, while in reality doing everything he can to consolidate the neoliberal status quo. This bedrock loyalty to Wall Street is what allows Clinton to appear magnanimous, even saying at one point, "I think there are too many people in prison, too," agrees that racial profiling

should be stopped, and notes: “I had two people who work for me in the White House, who were wrongly stopped, handcuffed and hassled the other day.” This is another revealing reference to his staff, who are evidently a source of friction but also tremendous pride.

Now, however, we are finally in a position to understand what sort of imaginary staff meeting Clinton is addressing, or the imaginary “audience” which he saw or intuited behind Goodman. The answer is, like the murderer in a classic detective story, perfectly hidden because it’s right out in the open: “It’s the economy, stupid!” This classic slogan of Clinton’s 1992 campaign, the heavy artillery which shot down Perot’s airborne assault and reduced Bush’s redoubts to rubble, is also the leitmotif of Clinton’s opening monologue to Goodman, where he reels off one devious statistic after another, bogusly comparing the depths of the 1990-91 recession with the height of the 1990s expansion. The realm of the economic, however, is also where Clinton’s ambivalences most clearly give the game away: the Cuban embargo means Castro “doesn’t have to answer to his own people for the failures of his economic policy”.

Any objective observer would note that Cuban per capita levels of income are not significantly above or below the Central American average, that Cuba’s one-party state is surely no worse than China’s, or for that matter Singapore’s PAP under the iron-fisted Lee Kuan Yew, while Cuba’s education, literacy and health care facilities are among the best and most equitable in Latin America. Given Castro’s special place in the Clintonian psyche, this may be the closest Clinton will ever come to diagnosing the failure of his own policies vis-à-vis the working people of America. It’s remarkable that Clinton does not mention the Third World even once during the entire transcript: it’s as if the Southeast Asian crisis, the Russian collapse, the misery of structural adjustment regimes, the protests against the World Bank and IMF, and of course that Waterloo of neoliberalism, the Seattle meltdown of the WTO, do not exist. Even more remarkable is the fact that Clinton does not mention the European Union or East Asia at all during the transcript.

It’s difficult not to conclude that Clinton’s economy is that of the neoliberal Mind: it is an anagram of Wall Street speculation, the citation and compilation of sound-bites masquerading as facts, the ideological equivalent of what the chip biz calls “marchitecture” (the spurious fetishization of raw clock speeds over the processing efficiency of CPUs). This suggests that the curious reference to Caesar is no slip of the tongue, but conceals a genuine wish-fulfillment, halfway between the Biblical injunction to render unto Caesar what is Caesar’s, and the mass-cultural habitus of Clinton’s childhood. This can be nothing less than the Roman Empire films of the Pax Americana at its height, with their unique admixture of organized splendor, heterosexual morality fables offset by hints of thinly-veiled gay sexuality and lustful, adventuresome female rulers – films whose behind-the-scenes antics were in many cases far more entertaining and decadently Roman than the finished products. As a politician, Clinton is canny enough to sense that Nader’s supporters are not interested in party patronage and will not be bought off, so he doubly condemns them – first for being hypocrites, and secondly for not being hypocritical enough to take power, as he himself has done. Against the wife of a Caesar, only a missionary centurion will do – but a centurion no longer serving a preindustrial religion, but that quite different belief-system which Pierre Bourdieu has termed the holy gospel of neoliberalism.²

The Half Life of Neoliberalism

Adorno noted long ago that the mythic, monotonous repetition of the same was the hallmark of all repressive ideologies. Repetition was surely the keynote of the 2000 electoral race, where the candidates and parties of the 2000 US elections were even less distinguishable in tone, substance and ideology than the short list of candidates for the Soviet Politburo. Gore followed in the hereditary footsteps of the Gore family, recycling every neoliberal platitude known to speechwriting, and promising four more years of Wall Street Bubbledom; Bush followed in the footsteps of everyone's favorite CIA chieftain and cocaine importer, promising Bubbledom with higher-quality drugs. We owe heartfelt thanks to the ninety-thousand votes cast by Florida residents for Ralph Nader and the Greens, for ensuring that the most boring and meaningless election in decades exploded into an unprecedented political crisis, starkly highlighting the deeply undemocratic nature of US election laws, the 18th century relic called the electoral college, as well as the dreadful effects of a first-past-the-post system almost all other countries have abolished.

The arrival of the Greens as a political force to be reckoned with signals one other significant change, unimaginable two or three years ago: this is the fact that the EU and East Asia have the upper economic hand vis-à-vis their erstwhile American masters, and are rapidly turning their accumulated economic capital into symbolic and cultural superstructures. While neoliberalism has swept the planet, it is also generating equally globalized counter-forces, deeply hostile to the continued rule of Wall Street. The harsh truth of the dawning 21st century is that both wings of our one-party state are fatally dependent on the political capital of Wall Street, while Wall Street is itself fatally dependent on the economic capital of the EU and Japan (to the tune of 350 billion EUR per annum). Bill Clinton is, in the end, nothing more than a subcontractor for Eurocapitalism and the East Asian keiretsu, preparing to restructure their US holdings as they've restructured Eastern Europe and Southeast Asia. It's fitting, therefore, to conclude our sketch of Clinton with a quote from one his final interviews, this one printed in the December issue of *Esquire* magazine (the full text is available at <http://www.esquire.com/features/articles/001026_mfr_clinton_1.html>):

This [the Presidency] is a job. And the election should be viewed by candidates as a hiring decision. And if you're a candidate, you're going to a job interview. The grandest, most wonderful job interview in the whole wide world. And part of it is about dreams. And it's about how you communicate with the people that you work for. But also a lot of it's about just good old-fashioned--you get to define the job, and then what it takes to measure success, and then the public decides whether they want to hire you or not. *Bill Clinton: The Exit Interview*, by Michael Paterniti. *Esquire*, December 2000).

One of the greatest aesthetic narratives of the late 1990s relied on a very similar trope, that of the global job interview, only with a very different outcome: this was Half Life (1998), Valve Software's magnificently subversive 3D videogame. In the game, the job interview is not the end of the story; it is, rather, the beginning of a new story, or what amounts to the videogame version of the global resistance to neoliberalism, currently being written from Seattle to Prague, and the Mekong Delta to Millau.

Footnotes

1. This is confirmed, interestingly enough, in Bruce Gilley's study of Jiang Zemin: "According to sources in attendance, the face-to-face meeting between Clinton and Jian on 19 November turned into something of a farce. Clinton, [Secretary of State] Christopher, and the rest of the U.S. delegation entered the club where the meeting was to be held just after 1 o'clock, followed by the Chinese. Clinton began with some introductory welcoming remarks. Jiang responded curtly and pulled from his jacket a prepared statement, which he began to read. It criticized the United States for its attitude on China's human rights record and said that the two countries should respect each other's differences. Twenty minutes into the lecture, a surprised Clinton began to shift uneasily in his chair, looking at his aides with disbelief.

'Mr. Jiang,' the president ventured. 'We should be talking, not lecturing.'

Jiang looked up briefly, but was determined to read his speech. It was as if all the 'old generals' were perched on his shoulder.

Ten minutes later, an exasperated Clinton finally gave up. 'I should have brought my saxophone along to get some practice,' he joked out loud to his aides.

Jiang's interpreter overheard the remark, but missed the meaning. 'Mr. Clinton says he would like to play his saxophone for you,' the earnest interpreter whispered to Jiang, careful not to interrupt his president's oratory.

Jiang's eyes lit up with glee. 'Really!' he said, finally putting down his speech, 'That's great. I play the erhu [traditional Chinese instrument, similar to a flute]. I should invite you to my home in Beijing and you could play your saxophone while I play my erhu!'

The laughter on the Clinton side was graciously concealed as expressions of joy at Jiang's generous offer. If their briefing papers hadn't mentioned that Jiang was prone to making silly off-the-cuff remarks, they knew it now.

The meeting broke up with nothing gained in substance. Clinton restated American policy on Taiwan and human rights issues and reiterated the desire for better ties. The Chinese called the encounter 'positive and constructive'; the Americans, 'a good start'. Clinton would henceforth hold Jiang in low esteem. Jiang, for his part, left the meeting with no particular affection for Clinton." Bruce Gilley. Tiger on the Brink: Jiang Zemin and China's New Elite. Berkeley: University of California Press (211-212).

Instructively, the same qualities which made Clinton such an effective representative of neoliberalism – his ability to improvise, to absorb information quickly, and to swing short-term deals – were huge liabilities in the context of the Pacific Rim cultures. One of the unintended results is that US foreign policy in East Asia has been more or less subsumed by the US Treasury Department's strident neoliberalism. The predictable result has been a drastic fall in America's political stock in the region, as China, South Korea and the other tiger economies look to Japan and the EU as economic and political counterweights to the US.

2. Pierre Bourdieu. Acts of Resistance. Translated by Richard Nice. NY: The New Press and Polity Press, 1998.