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Standard

SARKOZY IN LOVE
ANNE-ELISABETH MOUTET

MELTDOWN ON THE PLAYGROUND

The Politics of Sensitivity

BY NOEMIE EMERY

Also: The Politics of Empathy

BY STEVEN J. LENZNER

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On the Horizon, a Climate Consensus

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The Kyoto Protocol on greenhouse gases, flawed to begin with, is running its course. The Montreal Protocol on ozone depletion, hammered out during the Reagan administration, offers some useful lessons on how to create Kyoto's replacement. Montreal built on wide agreement to take action; because the United States was willing, it could ask other nations to act, too. Guiding principles still make sense: strong U.S. leadership; tools like trading rights and carbon taxes; global representation at the negotiating table; and incentives so that nations like India and China can keep growing while cutting their emissions.

—By George P. Shultz

Che Guevara, Apostle of War

The revolutionary as global brand name—one that stands for violence and failure

October 9, 1967, was Che's Guevara's luckiest (and last) day. The itinerant socialist revolutionary was captured, killed, and immortalized; he was both martyred and raised in glory, to be invoked by would-be radicals for years to come. But the frozen-in-time Che is a sham, a haloed cult hero whose worship misleads the naïve, with their Che T-shirts, and makes today's world a more dangerous place.

If Che were alive, like doddering Fidel Castro, his string of failures would be obvious, and his role in the propaganda machine of Venezuela's Hugo Chávez, the latest Latin false messiah, would ring obviously hollow. For beyond his success as a poster boy for the defiant and a cash cow for hucksters, Che is an icon of what didn't work, either in Latin America or in the wider world. He failed to liberate the poor, despite thousands of lives wasted in guerrilla wars. He provoked repression and delayed democracy. And Latin America is still seeking the same fraudulent Che miracle in new clothing.

—William Ratliff

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the weekly Standard

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Bella Abzug, Superstar?

Reading a very, very long story in last Sunday's *New York Times* about the clash of feminism and the civil rights movement in the Democratic presidential campaign (oh, the humanity!), THE SCRAPBOOK's eyes were hypnotically drawn to the photograph used to illustrate the piece. It shows the late Rep. Bella Abzug (D-N.Y.), Gloria Steinem, and Jesse Jackson, evidently standing in a congressional hearing room sometime in the early 1970s.

THE SCRAPBOOK was, at first, delighted by the spectacle. Nostalgia ain't what it used to be, and this photograph provides one salient reason. There is Rep. Abzug, wearing her trademark hat, but also encased in a wallpaper-style, broad-checked skirt and clunky belt. Beside her, in what looks like a form-fitting Danskin leotard and tinted aviator glasses, stands feminist icon Gloria Steinem. Keep this vision in mind the next time you see Ms. Steinem receiving yet another Ivy League honorary degree.

Jesse Jackson's appearance speaks for itself. From the tip of his carefully coiffed Afro to the crease in his stonewashed jeans, the Reverend Jackson's appearance fairly screams SEVENTIES! to the innocent reader. There's the droopy, Fu Manchu mustache, the mutton-chop sideburns, the vest with the tasseled rings for buttons—all exquisitely accessorized with that gigantic medallion around his neck. (Remind us, the next time we bump into the Reverend Jackson, to ask him where that medallion is today.)

But then, THE SCRAPBOOK's mood turned serious. To begin with, there's a fourth celebrity in the picture, just to Jackson's left, that the *Times* doesn't identify in its cutline. But THE SCRAPBOOK could hardly fail to recognize Dr. George Wiley (1931-1973), founder and head of the National Welfare Rights Organization. Dr. Wiley was a near-constant presence in progressive circles in those days, deploying his brigades of welfare matrons to "sit-in" at beleaguered social service agencies around the country. It tells us something of the tenor of the times that there could be a protest organization devoted to welfare "rights," and it tells us something about the present moment that the *Times* leaves Dr. Wiley (deliberately?) unmentioned.

BETTMANN / CORBIS

(Classic Steiner, reprinted from our issue of October 25, 1999)

Come to that, The Scrapbook was startled to observe that the *Times* identifies these dubious political actors as "superstars of their eras." Superstars to whom? Bella Abzug could not be elected to the U.S. Senate from that bluest of blue states, New York—losing the 1976 Democratic primary to Daniel Patrick Moynihan—or win a campaign for mayor of New York City, or even return to Congress from Manhattan or Westchester County. And while Gloria Steinem and Jesse Jackson—and, we suppose, Dr. George Wiley—have their admirers, they are a distinct, and shrinking, minority of Americans.

You have to operate in pretty rarefied circles—or a left-wing echo chamber—to think of Abzug, Jackson, and Steinem as "superstars" of any era.

Oh, and by the way, is that Dr. Benjamin *Baby and Child Care* Spock (1903-1998) looming over Ms. Abzug's left shoulder? ♦

New Matthews Show to Launch: *Softball*

The Associated Press reports on Chris Matthews's apology for saying that Hillary Clinton's political success is owed to the fact "that her husband messed around":

> Matthews discussed those remarks at the opening of his show 'Hardball' Thursday, the same day feminist leader Gloria Steinem and the heads of four prominent women's groups complained in a letter to his boss that Matthews had shown a pattern of sexism. "Was it fair to imply that Hillary's whole career depended on being a victim of an unfaithful husband? No," Matthews said. "That's what it sounded like I was saying and it hurt people I'd like to think normally like what I say [and], in fact, like me."

If that's his hardball, send him back to the minors. ♦

Good Education News . . . No Joke

A tip of The Scrapbook homburg to the three high school sophomores in Racine—Connor Leipold, Tim Pastika, and Kyle Simpson—who were notified last week that the faint, blurry dot they spotted in successive digital images from a Calvin College telescope is in fact a previously undiscovered asteroid.

An email from Pastika to the *Volokh Conspiracy* blog sheds more light on the achievement:

> My classmates and I were recently given a choice between making a color picture (of nebulas, stars, etc.) or looking for new asteroids. Personally I thought that searching for asteroids would be so much cooler than making a picture because we might actually discover something new. However, many of the classmates were scared off by the thought of extra homework. The funny thing is we probably had to do less work than any of the other students.

Kudos, as well, to their science teacher, Calvin College alum Andrew Vanden Heuvel, for setting up the project. ♦

Casual

Primary Colors

For a reporter, going to New Hampshire in primary season is like going to the ballpark: No matter how many times you've been, you might see something you've never seen before.

This year, the Granite State provided more than the usual incidence of the unusual. I saw the best nut-ball protest candidate in a long time, a fellow named Vermin Supreme. He filed to get on the ballot the same day as Hillary Clinton, and you could spot him with his megaphone outside the rallies of the major candidates. Unlike most protest candidates, Vermin seemed to be in on the joke: His campaign manifesto attacking the tyranny of the two-party system read: "No longer should people have to choose between the vanilla and chocolate of a two-party system. America has a new choice. Vermin Supreme! A chocolate-vanilla swirl! Possibly dipped in chocolate or maybe with sprinkles!"

Then at the debates at Saint Anselm College, hundreds of us journalists were penned up in a gymnasium from 4 P.M. till midnight. We were there to watch the encounters on big-screen televisions, while the actual debates took place in the building next door. I watched as big name media types spent the night kibitzing or surfing the web, all but oblivious to the event they were supposedly covering—no surprise there. But here's the oddity: Sitting at the table in front of me, veteran Beltway Boy Mort Kondracke spent the entire night carefully watching the debates and taking notes, longhand, on a reporter's pad.

The other surprise came in a little jewel of a 100-year-old opera house in Rochester. Barack Obama was in town, fresh from his Iowa triumph, and the circus was in full swing. Just about everyone in America (except the voters) was ready to escort him into the Oval Office, and he was being followed by crowds of adoring supporters, many of them working journalists.

A few minutes after Obama took the stage, a group of about a dozen protesters in the balcony interrupted him, chanting, "Abortion is abomination!" This sort of thing happens all the time at political events. Sometimes the intruders are the "community of peacemakers" who call themselves Code Pink, sometimes they're LaRouchies. When anti-abortion folks disrupt an event, the response is usually the same: The pro-abortion audience heckles the banner-wielding protesters; the speaker tosses off a barb or two; security escorts the demonstrators away; and the audience cheers, partly in self-satisfaction, partly in derision at the rubes who think babies are not choices.

DARREN GYGI

But at the Obama event, something extraordinary happened. The protesters chanted "Abortion is abomination!" Obama lost his place in his speech and stared up into the balcony, looking to see who was interrupting him. The crowd began booing lustily, and suddenly Obama turned on them.

"There's no need to boo," he chastised them. After silencing the crowd, Obama turned back to the protesters and said he appreciated their point and would be happy to talk with them afterwards if they'd let him finish his speech. The protesters continued, and the crowd, thinking Obama simply didn't want them to be negative, tried shouting them down, chanting "Obama! Obama!"

At which point Obama turned on them again. "Hold up," he commanded. "This is an example of nobody hearing each other." The Obama partisans desisted once more. The anti-abortion chanters continued, and Obama tried to engage them. "For the folks who are opposed to abortion, I understand your position, but this isn't going to solve anything," he said plaintively. He gave them time to make their point, and eventually they were led away.

The crowd cheered wildly as the demonstrators were taken down the back staircase by the local police, and here Obama cut through the applause to lecture them one final time. "Let me just say this, though," he said. "Those people got organized to do that. And that is part of the American tradition we are proud of. And that's hard, too—standing in the midst of people who don't agree with you and letting your voice be heard." The audience, a bit stunned, didn't quite know what to make of this.

I didn't either. From my point of view, it would be much better if Barack Obama were willing to help protect the lives of the unborn. Still, his treatment of those protesters—and especially his treatment of his own supporters—spoke to his intellectual seriousness and his temperament, both of which seem to be first rate.

A superior clown-candidate, a media star not resting on his laurels, a calm and civil politician: a mere week's worth of wonders in New Hampshire.

Jonathan V. Last

the weekly Standard

Waiting for Reagan

Conservative editorialists, radio hosts, and bloggers are unhappy. They don't like the Republican presidential field, and many of them have been heaping opprobrium on the various GOP candidates with astonishing vigor.

For example: John McCain—with a lifetime American Conservative Union rating of 82.3—is allegedly in no way a conservative. And, though the most favorably viewed of all the candidates right now, both among Republicans and the electorate as a whole, he would allegedly destroy the Republican party if nominated.

Or take Mike Huckabee. He was a well-regarded and successful governor of Arkansas, reelected twice, the second time with 40 percent of the black vote. He's come from an asterisk to second in the national GOP polls with no money and no establishment support. Yet he is supposedly a buffoon and political naïf. He's been staunchly pro-life and pro-gun and is consistently supported by the most conservative primary voters—but he is, we're told, no conservative either.

Or Mitt Romney. He's a man of considerable accomplishments, respected by many who have worked with and for him in various endeavors. He took conservative positions on social issues as governor of Massachusetts, and parlayed a one-term governorship of a blue state into a first-tier position in the Republican race. But he, too, we're told, is deserving of no respect. And though he's embraced conservative policies and seems likely to be steadfast in pursuing them—he's no conservative either.

One could go on. And it's true the Republican candidates are not unproblematic. But they are so far performing more credibly than much of the conservative commentariat. Beyond the normal human frailties that affect all of us, including undoubtedly the commentators at this journal, there is one error that is distorting much conservative discussion of the presidential race. It's Reagan nostalgia.

It's foolish to wait for another Ronald Reagan. But not just because his political gifts are rare. There's a particular way in which Reagan was exceptional that many of us fail to appreciate: He was the only president of the last century who came to the office as the leader of an ideological movement.

Reagan gave "The Speech" in October 1964, inherited the leadership of the conservative movement after Goldwater's loss, defeated a moderate establishment Republican two years later to win the GOP nomination for governor of California, and then defeated the Democratic incumbent. He remained in a sense the leader of conservatives nationally while serving two terms as governor, ran unsuccessfully against Gerald Ford in 1976, and won the presidency in 1980. He was a conservative first and a politician second, a *National Review* and *Human Events* reader first and an elected official second.

This is exceedingly unusual. The normal American president is a politician, with semicoherent ideological views, who sometimes becomes a vehicle for an ideological movement. Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy, and George W. Bush are typical. They can be good nominees and effective presidents. They can advance the cause of a movement that works with them and through them. But they're not Reagans.

This year's GOP field is, in this sense, normal. Conservatives will find things to like and dislike, to trust and distrust, in each of the candidates. All of this is fine. And one could argue that a primary process featuring debate and competition is also fine, that it is healthier than a coronation, and that the party nominee could well emerge stronger from the process.

So the conservative commentariat should take a deep breath, be a bit less judgmental about these individuals—and realize that there is not likely to be a second Reagan. They could also learn from liberalism's history. Liberalism was the most successful American political movement of the first two-thirds of the 20th century. Its three iconic presidents were Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt, and John Kennedy. All advanced the liberal cause while in office. None was a standard-bearer for liberalism before becoming president—though each was inclined in a more or less progressive direction. What it means to be a serious, successful, and mature political movement is to take men like these—one might say to take advantage of men like these—in order to advance one's principles and cause.

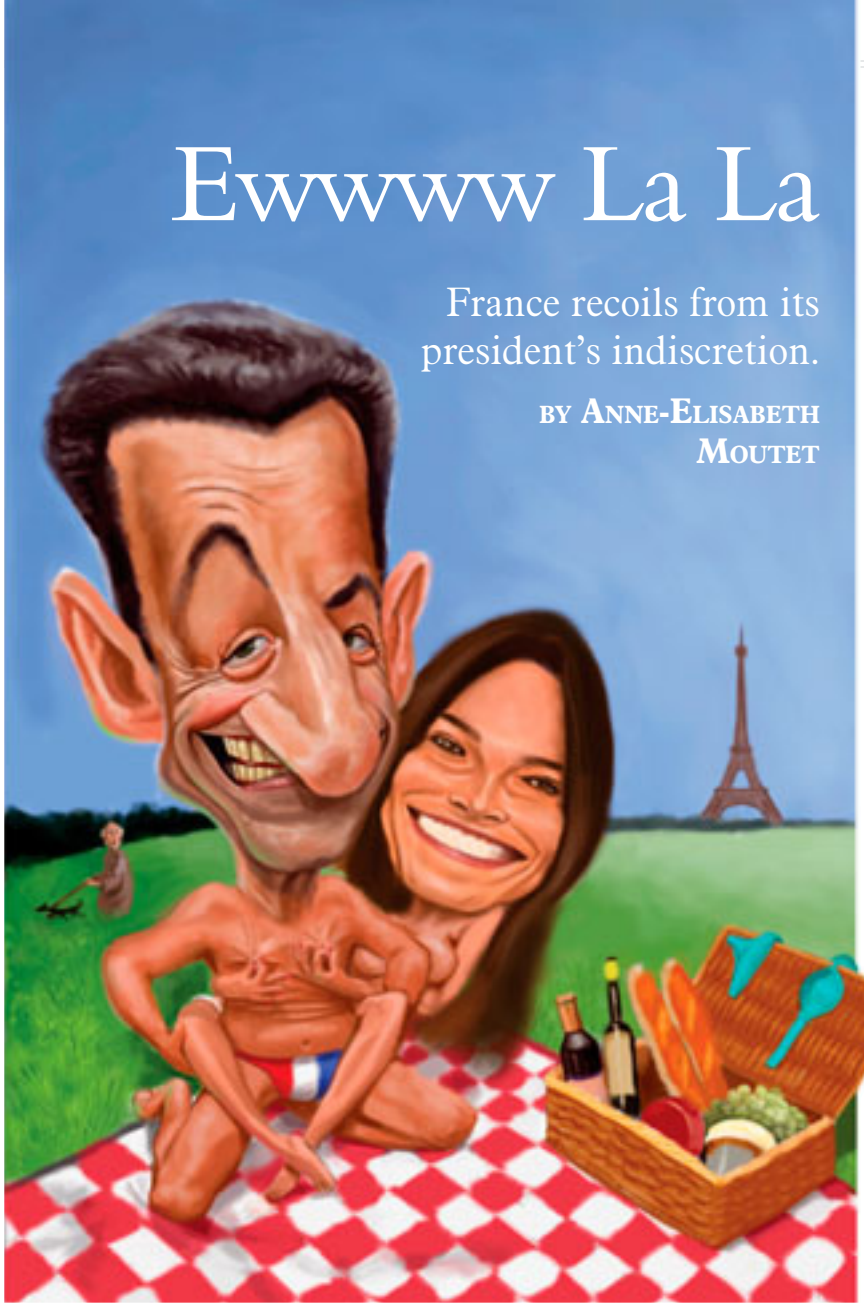
So conservatives might think of John McCain as our potential TR, Mike Huckabee as our potential FDR, and Mitt Romney as our potential JFK. Support the one you prefer. But don't work yourself into a frenzy against the others. Let the best man emerge from a challenging primary process. And if there is no clear-cut winner, then the delegates at the GOP convention can turn on the fifth ballot to an obvious fallback compromise candidate, one who would be just fine with conservatives—Dick Cheney!

—William Kristol

Ewwww La La

France recoils from its president's indiscretion.

BY ANNE-ELISABETH MOUTET



PAUL MOYSE

Paris

It wasn't supposed to happen this way. In a country where politicians' peccadilloes usually elicit at worst gossipy curiosity and at best smug self-congratulation for the supposed "sophistication" of the French (understand: so unlike *les anglo-saxons*, those simple souls who see sex scandals where we accept the rich tapestry of life), Nicolas Sarkozy could have been forgiven for assuming he could control the spin on his high-octane romance with Italian top model and singer Carla Bruni, just as he had successfully parlayed his controversial style into a decisive presidential win eight months ago.

Sarkozy ran as the candidate of change. He expected to encounter resistance when he tried to wean the French from their overprotective employment law, their stridently anti-American foreign policy, their lavish welfare state, their politically correct pieties on immigration, and their retrograde attitude to global capitalism. He spoke plainly where his predecessors equivocated. He advocated better pay for a longer work week, and in November he defeated the civil service transport unions in a make-or-break negotiation over pensions. He sent additional French troops to Afghanistan. He shook hands twice with George W. Bush, for Pierre's sake!

All this, his poll numbers withstood—until Sarkozy fell in love. And that, he is discovering, is more politically perilous than almost anything else he has done. It turns out that an open romance—as opposed to quiet cheating on your long-suffering wife (or possibly not so long-suffering; the French are no Neanderthals when it comes to women's rights, they'll be glad to tell you); in particular, a romance exposing *M. le président* as the kind of klutz who lays his heart (in Dior diamonds and pink spinels) at the feet of a famous beauty within two months of a very public divorce—is unpardonable.

Hiding affairs, lying about infidelities, is par for the course in French political life: It's expected. Of *course* Bill Clinton lied about his sex life, the French will tell you. (There is no French equivalent for the so useful "*Duh*!") The press and the inside-the-*périphérique* crowd knew all about Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's photographer girlfriend and Ferrari crashes with milk trucks in the wee hours, about Mitterrand's second household and "hidden" daughter, about Chirac's flings with a French-Italian film star and a Japanese gallery owner. Nobody was so uncouth as to actually print anything, officially because France's stringent privacy laws prevented it, in reality because it would have been such a *pedestrian* thing to do. (The privacy fines are low enough that show-business celebrity magazines have hefty budgets set aside to pay them and blithely sell hundreds of thousands of copies a week containing the illegal latest on France's answer to Lindsay, Paris, or Britney.) Not to mention that just about every editor and producer had a similarly complex private life.

The president has been accused of "unseemliness" and "vulgarity" by the lofty souls of the *bien-pensant* left-wing press, who see no inconsistency with their own well-trumpeted socially

Anne-Elisabeth Moutet, a journalist in Paris, is the author of William et Harry, dernière chance pour la couronne *(Editions Télémaque).*

permissive and populist sixties roots. The left-wing daily *Libération*—which early on ran the headline "*Président bling-bling*" with a full-page cover picture of Sarko in Ray-Ban sunglasses, a cell phone glued to his ear, looking like a Prada-clothed Beverly Hills security guard—jumped on every Sarko-Bruni sighting with a frisson. They were seen (with Miss Bruni's mother as well as her 6-year-old son, Aurélien) at Disneyland Paris, aka the "cultural Chernobyl"! They dined *à deux* in expensive restaurants! They holidayed in Egypt and stayed at the five-star Old Winter Palace at Luxor!

It was sometimes difficult to tell what the critics—and everyone jumped on the bandwagon: op-ed pages, bloggers, Internet forums—objected to most: the ostentatious spending (in a country where Socialist party leader François Hollande applies the insult "rich" to anyone earning more than $70,000 a year) or just the fact that no one took the trouble to conceal it.

Piqued, Sarkozy reminded his critics at the Elysée New Year's press conference that his predecessors were no strangers to luxury holidays, sometimes in the very places he had visited, and at the Republic's expense, whereas he had paid his and Miss Bruni's way. Not their plane fare, though: Sarko's friend, the tycoon Vincent Bolloré, provided a private jet for the trip to Egypt. You might fault the Bolloré freebie, but it certainly wasn't a secret. By contrast, former president Jacques Chirac may yet be taken to task by the French justice system (although no one is really holding his breath) over two million francs' worth of plane tickets paid for in mysteriously acquired cash over the years. No one has yet bothered to investigate Chirac's use of a Quai Voltaire luxury apartment facing the Louvre loaned by the family of the late Lebanese premier Rafik Hariri; his 52 trips to Japan in 10 years; and his stays at world-class locations like the Hôtel du Cap at Antibes, La Gazelle d'Or in Taroudant in southern Morocco, and the Cipriani in Venice. Mitterrand spent most New Year's Eves at the Old Cataract in Aswan, another fine Egyptian hotel, with his mistress Anne Pingeot, their daughter Mazarine, and a contingent of French *gendarmes*. It was never held against him.

But then Mitterrand kept his parallel life private. He did so partly by ordering the telephones of numerous journalists, including a *le Monde* editor, tapped so as to stay abreast of possible rumors (and intimate a few home truths to anyone who might contemplate an exposé). This was perfunctorily investigated years later, with the entire country yawning at the revelations. A compulsive womanizer, Mitterrand fully expected (and was never disappointed) that no one would report the moves he made on any pretty woman on press trips and official visits during his 14 years in office. It made for amusing dinner party talk in Paris, which he didn't object to—after all, a president with many conquests was a powerful president.


Libération
Président bling-bling
The left-wing daily, after the outing to Disneyland

Sarkozy at first seemed to be from this familiar mold. After all, he had famously fallen in love with his second wife, Cécilia, while officiating at her wedding in his capacity as mayor of Neuilly, a well-to-do inner suburb of Paris. He was 28, Cécilia was 26, and her groom—Jacques Martin, France's answer to Johnny Carson—was 51. Sarkozy later recalled thinking: "What am I doing marrying her off to someone else? She's for me!" Still married at the time to his first wife, Sarkozy pursued Cécilia relentlessly for four years. Where he departed from the usual pattern was in eventually suing for divorce even though he was mayor of a famously conservative town. It would take him eight years to secure a divorce from his devout Catholic, Corsican-born first wife, Marie; but in the meantime, including his stint as budget secretary under Prime Minister Edouard Balladur, he lived, sometimes in official residences, with Cécilia, who called herself Madame Sarkozy.

No one mistook their final split as having been caused by both parties' extramarital affairs during their 11-year marriage (and nearly 20 years together). Yes, she left him three years ago to spend a couple of months in New York with the high-profile event organizer of the World Economic Forum. Yes, even before his carefully leaked affair with a *Le Figaro* political journalist, Sarko was well known for office flings, usually with comely staffers (one of whom, some 15 years back, was Jacques Chirac's daughter Claude). But none of this is the stuff French divorces are made of. Most couples are expected to weather a significant amount of straying.

It is showing vulnerability that is the cardinal mistake. Like the Romans, the French despise a loser; *vae victis* obtains in professional as well as in personal life. This explains why apologies have no place in our culture: They are seen as a fatal admission of weakness. The only time Sarko's presidential bid seemed in danger of faltering was in 2005, not so much because his wife had left him but because he seemed so affected by it.

This is perhaps the real reason why the French, whose society is struc-

Cécilia and Carla: each received the same Dior "Cupidon" ring from Nicolas Sarkozy

turally averse to risk, object to the Sarkozy-Bruni whirlwind romance: Sarko has been taking very public risks from the start of his presidency, and Bruni was the riskiest choice of all.

For one thing, Bruni was on the other side politically. During the presidential campaign she criticized Sarkozy's policies and sang at a rally for his Socialist opponent, Ségolène Royal. Sarko finally met Bruni last fall when she came to the Elysée as part of a delegation of artists supporting a White Paper on fighting Internet piracy. Apparently impressed, Sarkozy asked a mutual friend, the grand old spin doctor from the Mitterrand years Jacques Séguéla, to include Bruni in a dinner party at Séguéla's home being thrown to lift the lonely president's spirits. "I'm rattling about the Elysée all alone at night," Séguéla said Sarkozy told him. "I'll invite some left-wing pals, you can have a discussion," Séguéla replied.

At first, Bruni declined. When she finally agreed to come, she flatly refused to bring her guitar, though Séguéla pleaded, knowing Sarkozy's taste for after-dinner singing with friends.

One guest at the dinner recalls that Sarkozy was seated between Mme Séguéla, on the president's right as is proper, and Bruni. "Sarko greeted Mme Séguéla and said: 'I must apologize to you, there's something I need to talk about with Miss Bruni.' He then turned his back on his hostess and never stopped talking with Carla—he looked at no one else. They had this four-hour intense, private conversation, which everyone was staring at. You could see she started laughing after a while, but he could as well have been blown off by her in front of everyone else. Nobody dared leave, and afterwards they complained that it was like royal protocol, you had to remain until they'd risen from the table; but in truth they were mesmerized. He was in the cage with the tigress. And he charmed her."

In this guest's mind, Sarko's recklessness lay less in Bruni's political opinions (after all, Sarkozy had stuffed his government with left-wing ministers from the routed Socialist camp) than in her past love life (Mick Jagger, Donald Trump, Kevin Costner, Eric Clapton, and so on) and in her famous statement about "not understanding the concept of monogamy."

That was only the beginning. The two met again the following day and haven't left each other's side since. Bruni moved into the private apartments at the Elysée in a matter of weeks, and soon was organizing the presidential Christmas party, traditionally a prerogative of the president's wife. At this affair, her son's father, the philosophy professor Raphaël Enthoven, from whom she separated a couple of years ago, mingled with Bruni's pianist mother and film director sister and all three of Sarkozy's sons. One flabbergasted witness says he saw the president throw a friendly arm around a rather shell-shocked Enthoven's shoulders, telling him as if they'd known each other from childhood, "Don't worry about Aurélien, old bean, I'll take good care of him. I love kids, I'm a very good father."

Sarkozy in fact was a complete stranger to the Enthoven circle, itself romantically complex. Enthoven had left his wife, Justine, the daughter of celebrity thinker Bernard-Henri Lévy, after falling for Carla, who was at the time the girlfriend of his own father, Jean-Paul Enthoven. Needless to say, nobody was married to anybody. The entire Left Bank had followed the drama with delicious glee, especially since Justine Lévy wrote a bitter *roman à clef* about the whole betrayal. That's the way things used to be done in Paris: intricately incestuous, with elegant literary accounts, spiked with insider knowledge and spiteful indirection, written by and for a self-appointed elite.

But this in-your-face, very public carrying on? It simply isn't done. Every pundit and commentator is criticizing "*la people-isation de la vie politique*," meaning the invasion of the political sphere by the celebrity culture (celebrities are known as "*les people*" in France, a term traceable, via a gossip column called "People" in the weekly *L'Express*, to its original in the *Time* magazine of the 1960s). For years, the French protested that they were not interested in public personalities' private lives. But as the proliferation of celebrity magazines and television programs in the past decade (the one bright spot in an otherwise declining publishing sector) should have made clear, they always were.

Before Sarko-Bruni, there was Ségolène-François, the Socialist power couple whose union did not survive her run for president. Having protested until her presidential defeat that they were still living in blissful, if unmarried, happiness, Ségolène Royal abruptly kicked François Hollande, her partner of 23 years, the father of her four children, and the secretary general of her own party, out of their home last summer. He hadn't supported her sufficiently, she said. Oh, and he was having an affair.

Hollande subsequently tried to sue

a gossip magazine for its reporting of said affair, but his case was thrown out. The judge ruled Hollande should not have stage-managed his private life to boost his then-partner's public image. This is a considerable innovation in French privacy law, figuring nowhere in the Legal Code. Similarly, Cécilia Sarkozy lost last week in court when seeking an injunction to ban an unauthorized biography, with the judge offering the same reason: that she and her then-husband had repeatedly invited the media to report on their family life, so they could not invoke a right to privacy.

Precedent isn't supposed to matter as much in French law as it does in the United States, but these rulings will. Sarkozy may end up dragging France into the 21st century in more ways than he expected. ♦

Prepare to Be Stimulated

From the president on down, Washington agrees the economy needs a jolt. BY IRWIN M. STELZER

It seems that political panic puts paid to partisanship. In a telephone lovefest, George W. Bush and the Democratic congressional leadership reached agreement on the need for and the contours of a fiscal stimulus package, or what the president prefers to call an "economic growth package." They agreed that the economy is slowing, or worse, and that it needs care and feeding not only from the Fed, but from the feds. Soon, your check will be in the mail.

Federal Reserve Board chairman Ben Bernanke took a page from the great musical *Chicago* when he appeared before Congress. Like murderess Velma Kelly (played in the film by Catherine Zeta-Jones), he sang, "I simply cannot do it alone." And got the same response from the assembled politicians as the dancer received from her ogling fans, "Those two-bit Johnnys . . . cheer[ed] the best attraction in town."

Politicians of almost all stripes are trampling over each other in their rush to come to the aid of Bernanke, and add a fiscal stimulus to the monetary policy weapons he has deployed to shore up the economy. What started as a possible $70 billion stimulus has been bid up to $150 billion, a bit more than 1 percent of GDP. Even that larger sum seems "reasonable" to Bernanke, who believes that anything in the $100 billion range would have a "significant" positive impact. If history is any guide, by the time the legislative Christmas tree is fully decorated, the final package will cost close to $200 billion.

One of the interesting aspects of this dash for cash is that many of the Ladies and Gentlemen Bountifuls were until very recently arguing that the subprime mortgage collapse and other problems related to the housing sector would not infect the larger economy. Bernanke's initial optimism faded in the face of reports of rising unemployment, falling house prices and sales, a slowing manufacturing sector, and a new cautious mood by previously profligate consumers. So he is now of a mind to cut interest rates, a lot and soon, even if that risks increasing an already uncomfortably high inflation rate.

Then Treasury Secretary Hank Paulson turned gloomy. The former Goldman Sachs boss at first doubted that the problems in the subprime mortgage market would slop over into the general economy. But he is now saying privately that we are facing a recession, and one that will not be the short, sweet corrective characteristic of recent such downturns. Whether he is excessively influenced by his old buddies in the financial sector, some of whom are salving their battered egos by cashing multimillion dollar goodbye checks, and others of whom are busy peddling chunks of their firms to Asian and Arab sovereign wealth funds at prices that would have been considered bargains only a few months ago, we can't tell. No matter: Paulson's early opposition to vigorous government intervention is no more, and the president has put him in charge of negotiating final details with Congress.

Then influential economists on both sides of the aisle made it officially bipartisan: We need a fiscal stimulus. Larry Summers, Bill Clinton's Treasury secretary before moving on to further fame as Harvard's president, and Marty Feldstein, long an important voice among Republican policymakers, both decided that some sort of fiscal stimulus is necessary. About $75 billion, right away, would satisfy Summers, now considered a piker by most politicians; Feldstein would wait until there is proof of further weakening in the labor market, at which point he would jolt the economy awake with a variety of stimulants. The politicians are disinclined to be that patient—"What do we want? We want to mail checks to constituents. When do we want it? Now!"

Finally, the president signed on to the stimulus stampede. Of course, George W. Bush has rarely met a tax cut that he doesn't like, so he was always inclined to ignore those of his Republican colleagues who prefer to let the markets work through the current problems rather than inject a short-term cure that might cause even greater problems down the road. These dissidents argue that Alan Greenspan

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brought on the problems we now face by keeping interest rates too low, for too long, in order to overcome the several crises that he faced during his long tenure at the Fed. Washington is not noted for long-held, fond memories of the achievements of departed icons.

Almost all of the multiple contenders for their parties' presidential nominations have put forward their own stimulus schemes, the notable and some would add, honorable exceptions being John McCain and Fred Thompson, both deficit hawks. Mitt Romney unsurprisingly chose the Michigan primary to share with us his impossible dream: the U.S. auto industry will regain its former glory if only all interested parties attend the conference he plans to call within one hundred days of moving into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue; no plans to resurrect his father's Nash Rambler have yet been released. Others include in their programs handouts to help the poor pay their heating bills (Clinton), or measures to sock it to the rich by repealing the Bush tax cuts for those earning over $250,000 and raising capital gains taxes (Obama), or build infrastructure (Edwards), or cut the corporate tax rate (Giuliani).

None of these more or less nonsensical ideas, with the possible exception of some help with heating bills for low-income families, will be included in the stimulus plan that Bush and congressional leaders agree to. Fortunately, Bush is hearing more than the voices of pandering candidates and tax-and-spend Democrats. The president knows, and should he forget will be reminded by Paulson and the chairman of his Council of Economic Advisers, Ed Lazear, that all economic forecasts, including the current consensus that a recession is either already underway or about to hit us, should be viewed with a touch of skepticism. Not only are projections suspect; past data are subject to such major revisions that minuses become pluses, as was the case with a recent employment report. Economists not only have to peer through a fogged-over windshield; they are afflicted with clouded rearview mirrors.

The president is also being urged to retain a sense of proportion, something it is unreasonable to expect of the primary-contest combatants and congressmen who must face the voters in a few months. The much-reported losses of Wall Street financial institutions now total about $100 billion, or 0.7 percent of GDP. The *Wall Street Journal* notes that losses "from savings and loans and related commercial bank loans from 1986 to 1995 were about $189 billion, or 3.2 percent of average GDP in that period." The S&L losses alone came to over 2.5 percent of GDP. So concern should not be allowed to morph into panic, lest measures taken bring excessive long-term pain as the price of too little short-term relief. After all, even the newly nervous Bernanke expects the economy to grow in 2008.

Which is why Bush agrees that any stimulus must be timely, temporary, and targeted. Bernanke wants the stimulus to be put in place quickly, to have its impact very soon, and pass into history within a year. Paulson concurs. By the latter part of next year the economy should be back on track, and any stimulus that hits consumer and business pockets at that time would be too late to do much good, and worse, might trigger overheating. That means that politicians on both sides of the aisle will have to resist the temptation to roll into a temporary stimulus package parts of their long-term wish lists, lest they trigger a drawn-out round of acrimonious debate.

Yes, the tax system needs long-term reform. And yes, the president would like to make his tax cuts permanent, rather than allow them to expire at the end of 2010, and can argue that such a step would encourage businesses to invest now in anticipation of sales and profits a few years down the road. But he has reluctantly agreed to separate his fight to make his tax cuts permanent from the stimulus package. And yes, the Treasury would like to reduce corporate tax rates, now among the highest in the developed world. And surely it would be a good idea to see the alternative minimum tax consigned to the dustbin of history, which Charlie Rangel, the House Democrat in charge of tax policy, has set as one of his many goals. Whatever the merit of these measures, they shouldn't be confused with a short-term, focused fiscal stimulus.

In addition to avoiding irrelevant controversies, the president and Congress will manage to keep nervous, deficit-hawk Republicans in line, and avoid losing crucial support from Paulson and Bernanke, by scratching from their shopping list any measures that will permanently expand the scope of government. Big spending programs are famously easier to start than to stop. Senator Clinton's targeted relief for heating bills, once with us, would become a permanent feature of the ever-expanding welfare state, in which the government not only redistributes income but tells the lucky beneficiaries just how to spend the money they get. That, in contradiction to the teachings of the

great economist-advocate of demand-side stimulus programs, John Maynard Keynes, who proposed that any demand stimulus allow "consumers . . . themselves [to] decide how to spend their incomes." And in contradiction to the president, who wants the recipients of the stimulus checks to "use the money as they see fit." We are all Keynesians now.

In short, given the notorious unreliability of economic forecasts, and the Fed's commitment to continue the vigorous use of monetary policy to stimulate the economy, a fiscal stimulus that threatens to add significantly to the structural budget deficit is simply not called for. But neither would it be appropriate to ignore the warning signs that Larry Lindsey, the architect of Bush's first anti-recession plan, reads as creating "significant" odds that we face a recession that "might be longer and deeper than recent recessions."

Fortunately, there seems to be bipartisan agreement that it is not necessary to add permanently to the deficit. That can be avoided while getting money to the people most likely to spend it, and soon. Bernanke proposes "putting the money into the hands of households and firms that would spend it in the near term. . . . Getting money to low- and moderate-income people is good, in the sense of getting bang for the buck." Talk is of tax refunds of something like $1,600 per family, or $800 for single taxpayers. In addition, families and singles who earn so little that they pay no income taxes will either get checks or have the payroll taxes taken from their weekly paychecks reduced, if Democrats have their way, which is likely. The short-term dent in the Social Security trust fund—if indeed such a "lock box" exists in reality rather than in politicians' fantasies—might well be more than made up by increased employment in the longer run. No matter how delivered, the added money in consumers' hands will soon pass to shopkeepers, and give the economy a significant boost, according to Bernanke.

The final plan will end up containing other provisions. The most frequently mentioned include Democrats' proposal for an increase in unemployment insurance payments, and the president's proposal—agreed to in principle by Nancy Pelosi—for tax incentives to encourage businesses to make major investments this year.

When all is said and done, it is not clear that a stimulus, even one totaling about $150 billion, will provide much of a lift to the sagging economy. Data on the effectiveness of Bush's attempts to boost the economy in the early days of his presidency are ambiguous. Some say that the recipients of the $600-per-family checks spent only a small portion of their windfall (if it is fair to characterize returning money to the people who earned it as a windfall), and that it was the cut in the marginal tax rate on high earners, and in taxes on dividends and capital gains that gave a fillip to an already-recovering economy.

No matter. The proposed stimulus is not large enough to cause any real harm, and just might help the economy to right itself. Besides, no politician dares to be seen as passive in the face of an economic downturn, lest he meet the fate of the president's father, whom Bill Clinton successfully portrayed as somewhere between detached from working-class people and hard-hearted.

With politics trumping economics by more than the usual margin in this election year, the president is demonstrating his compassion by joining the pro-stimulus, bipartisan crowd. The plan that is taking final shape will not add to the structural budget; it will target the right people, and get the cash to them quickly; and it will be temporary. Not what big-government spenders would prefer, nor the first choice of those who believe that the effectiveness of an economic readjustment is proportionate to the pain it is allowed to inflict. But not a bad merger of sound economics with the politically possible. ♦

Obama Is Not Reagan

And other observations from the campaign trail.

BY FRED BARNES

Barack Obama made quite a splash with his comment last week likening himself to Ronald Reagan. Who'd have guessed such a thought had crossed his mind? "Ronald Reagan changed the trajectory of America in a way Richard Nixon did not and a way that Bill Clinton did not," Obama said. Then he suggested he leads an optimistic, dynamic political movement just as Reagan did.

Obama was right about Reagan as a leader who changed America but wrong about the way in which he's like the former president. He flatters himself to think he heads a movement. In truth, he's an extraordinarily self-disciplined insurgent candidate who's like Reagan in personality.

Okay, he lacks Reagan's sense of humor. But here's how the *Las Vegas Sun* described Obama during an interview last week: "Looking poised and relatively fresh given the grueling schedule of a presidential campaign, [he] spoke in his customary manner—cool, measured, deliberate." Obama was unruffled by anything the paper threw at him. Reagan was always unruffled.

Insurgent candidates are often combative and inclined to exaggerate wildly. They're hot rather than cool. Think John Edwards or Howard Dean or Jesse Jackson. But that wasn't Reagan's style and it's not Obama's. Whenever Obama has been criticized in televised debates, he's reacted calmly. I half-expect him to tell Hillary Clinton, "There you go again."

The key to being calm and composed is self-discipline. Reagan had plenty of it and so does Obama. Their likability comes into play here, too. You can't fake likability but you can will it. But it takes the self-discipline of a Reagan or Obama.

The Reagan-Obama analogy is but one of the notable features of the 2008 presidential race. Here are some others:

⋆ The prissiness of the press. When the press uses the word "attack"—as it does regularly—you might think a mugging or some other act of violence had taken place. Nope. All it means is that one presidential candidate has criticized another, usually by favorably contrasting his or her record with that of an opponent. If this is done in a speech, the candidate is "going negative." A TV ad that criticizes or contrasts is an "attack ad."

The media effort to sanitize presidential campaigns has an adverse effect on candidates and on meaningful discussion of issues. Candidates pay a price for airing perfectly honest ads that inform voters about an opponent's record. So there are fewer of them. Televised debates turn into uninformative lovefests with only fleeting moments of serious disagreement.

As you may have guessed, the press has a vested interest in campaigns in which candidates only tout themselves and never zing their rivals. That leaves a bigger role for journalists to pick apart the record and rhetoric of each candidate. And win prizes.

⋆ The overrated impact of TV debates. Many journalists figured Mitt Romney would win the New Hampshire primary after he dominated a debate two nights before. I did. But it turned out to have no effect. Nor did John Edwards's strong performance in the final Iowa debate help him in the caucuses. The only beneficiary of the unprecedented number of televised debates has been Mike Huckabee, whose humor in what has seemed like an endless series of debates made him a viable candidate for the Republican nomination.

⋆ The sameness of the Democratic candidates. Obama may be different from Clinton and Edwards in style and personality, but the three are ideological peas in a pod. They basically agree on health care (more government involvement), taxes (higher), immigration (amnesty in one form or another), and Iraq (get out as fast as possible, regardless of the state of play in the war).

This has left very little of significance to discuss. So each has picked a vague topic to emphasize. Obama will bring us together, Clinton is a change agent, and Edwards will drive the unholy lobbyists out of the temples of government in Washington. Now race has slipped in the back door of the campaign to become an issue.

⋆ The absence of momentum. The idea of momentum is that you generate support in subsequent primaries when you win one. Not this year. Fox News anchor Brit Hume now refers to "no-mentum." Obama won Iowa, then lost New Hampshire. John McCain won New Hampshire, then lost Michigan. And so on.

⋆ The insecurity of Mitt Romney. The man is a smart, tough-minded corporate turnaround artist who would bring skill in fixing things and decision-making to the White House. That's who he is. But he's been afraid to center his campaign on that. Instead, he was chiefly a social conservative in Iowa, a change agent in New Hampshire, and an economic revivalist in Michigan. Now he's the anti-Washington candidate. This is not the way to win the presidency.

⋆ The contrariness of John McCain. It's been widely noted that McCain goes out of his way to offend conservatives, despite the political cost to his presidential aspirations. What hasn't

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been noted is the struggle inside the McCain campaign over whether he should try the opposite tack.

Some McCain advisers—the smarter ones—believe he should stress the conservative goals he'd like to achieve as president, tone down his contrariness, and appeal directly to conservative voters. McCain, however, is more comfortable with concentrating on national security, his experience as a POW and war hero, and patriotism.

Change does not come easy to McCain. But when it does, when he lightens up and stops poking conservatives in the eye, it will be noticed. And the result will be that conservatives warming to McCain won't be driven away by a statement by the candidate that alienates them once again.

Or maybe not. The defining feature of the 2008 primaries is that they have defeated every pundit who tried to see more than 24 hours into the future. ♦

Conservative Populism

Rightly understood.

BY YUVAL LEVIN & RAMESH PONNURU

Anxious lower middle class families are shaping up to be the crucial political constituency of this year's election. Polls show that financial security is their biggest concern. They worry about health and education costs, about retirement, and about their prospects for getting ahead. Their insecurity has markedly reduced public support for free trade and contributed to public concerns about immigration. They also appear to be behind a great deal of the generally uneasy mood of the electorate.

The Democratic candidates have noticed and are championing an old-fashioned economic populism that stokes voters' fears and seeks to direct them toward welfare state-style solutions that expand the role of government.

Among Republicans, only Mike Huckabee has made a real effort to speak to the lower middle class. On the stump, his economic message is always directed at the working family: "We're losing manufacturing jobs, homeowners face a credit crisis, high fuel costs are spiraling, and families are hurting," he noted in a recent campaign ad. But this conservative populism is often merely a rhetorical echo of its liberal counterpart. His distinctive proposal, a form of national sales tax, would hurt many working families.

The other Republican candidates are not even trying to appeal to these voters, which could prove very costly in key states, especially in the upper Midwest, in November. Lower middle class parents have been a crucial Republican constituency in recent years. More important, these voters are the heart and soul of the kind of American culture that Republicans want to promote: industrious and striving, family-oriented, culturally conservative, religious, and patriotic.

With talk of recession in the air, many Republicans will be tempted to make pro-growth tax policies, and particularly cuts to the corporate income tax, the entirety of their economic message. Growth is indispensable. But these voters' concerns made them sour on the economy even at the height of the boom. Higher growth will not by itself address their concerns. Republicans should be careful not to seem more intent on cutting corporate taxes than on listening to these voters.

Without their support, after all, it will be hard to sustain a pro-growth politics. The silence on the right about their problems could lead these voters to conclude that protectionism, redistribution, and nationalized health care are the answers. But there are free-market, conservative solutions, and the Republican candidates can highlight them.

Health care is a particular concern for lower middle class workers. They worry about losing their insurance if they lose their jobs, or getting stuck in jobs they do not want because they cannot carry their insurance with them to new ones. Their wages have stagnated—almost entirely because of rising health care costs. These voters could be persuaded to support a government-run health care system—as the Democrats are trying to do—but surveys suggest that they would prefer a solution that does not risk taking power away from them and their doctors, or compromising their quality of care.

Republican candidates actually already have a set of policy proposals to address these concerns, but they have yet to campaign on their relevance to lower middle class families. The frontrunners have all proposed ending the tax penalty on individuals who buy their own insurance (rather than get it through work). That simple change would make it much easier for people who work for small businesses, or are out of work, to afford coverage—coverage that would stay with them from job to job. The candidates have also proposed a series of measures to increase competition in the health care industry, which would help control rising costs without a government takeover.

These policies would not achieve the Democrats' goal of "universal coverage." They wouldn't force everyone to buy insurance. But they would seriously reduce the number of people

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without insurance, make insurance more affordable for those who want it, and make it more portable and secure. Voters care more about these goals than about universality. Yet Republicans continue to talk about health care as though getting more people insured were the only policy goal, or, worse, as though voters were deeply concerned with abstractions like improving market efficiencies.

Equally worrying to the lower middle class voter is the high cost of raising a family. Lower-income families are especially burdened by payroll taxes like Social Security and Medicare. An expanded child tax credit applied against the payroll tax would offer relief to exactly the families who need it. (By raising a child, they are already making a large contribution to Social Security.) Most parents will prefer money in their pockets to the liberal answer of subsidies for day care and housing.

Uncontrolled immigration has also exerted downward pressure on wages at the lower end of the labor market. Republicans, who all agree on the need to stop illegal immigration, should make it clear that they will reduce that pressure by sharply cutting the inflow of lower skilled workers across the border. The debates surrounding how to handle illegal immigrants already here, and how to organize our system of legal immigration and improve assimilation, will and should continue. But a substantial reduction in future illegal immigration is almost everyone's goal, and would offer economic benefits to working families that Republicans can tout.

The Republican frontrunners can speak to the concerns of lower middle class voters with such a three-pronged platform, which reduces their health care stress, eases their tax burden, and enforces immigration laws. It's a platform that would be good for American families and good for Republican prospects. It would also rebuff the new populists on both the left and right who are heightening anxieties, not easing them, and are ignoring the real limits to what the government can do. ♦

Empathy, Anyone?

The politics of feeling.

BY STEVEN J. LENZNER

The politics of hope? The politics of change? How about the politics of empathy? To judge from the 2008 campaign so far, a candidate could do worse than to promote herself, above all, as a person of feeling. Solicitude is—or is on the verge of becoming—the preeminent qualification for our nation's highest office.

Take Michigan: With his candidacy in danger of collapse, Mitt Romney went to the state in which he grew up and told his audience again and again that he was a Michigander's Michiganian: "You see, I've got Michigan in my DNA, I've got it in my heart and I've got cars in my bloodstream." Romney was part of the family—neither distant cousin nor prodigal son. And like a good member of the family, he cared. Really, really, cared: "I care about Michigan. For me, it's personal. It's personal for me because it's where I was born and raised."

The appeal worked. According to MSNBC's exit poll, Romney won about 60 percent of the 42 percent of voters who rated "Romney's ties to Michigan" as "very important" or "somewhat important." Of the 56 percent who answered "not too important" or "not at all," he won about a quarter.

Perhaps it is too much to expect a candidate in our day and age to echo the British statesman Edmund Burke's famous (postelection) declaration to the electors of Bristol that his parliamentary actions would be guided solely by considerations of the good of the nation. But we seem to be descending even from "Ask not what your broken federal government can do for you," to "ask how deeply I feel about Michigan."

Romney's Michigan victory is only the thin edge of the ascendancy of the politics of empathy. Of the leading contenders for the nominations, only John McCain and Barack Obama have largely steered clear. Romney's fellow GOP contender Mike Huckabee, flair and wit notwithstanding, is scarcely less naked in his appeals to fellow feeling, be it to his co-religionists or to the hitherto unidentified laid-off majority: "Because I believe most Americans want their next president to remind them of the guy they worked with, not the guy who laid them off." Though far less grating, Huckabee's appeals are more insidious than Romney's, for the former seek to wed empathy to resentment.

The Republicans, however, are mere tyros at the politics of empathy. The Democrats have been championing such a politics for the better part of two decades, ever since Bill Clinton (in)famously made "I feel your pain" part of the American political lexicon. So powerful and reflexive is this appeal in today's Democratic party that a serious candidate for its nomination based his campaign on little more than his capacity for feeling compassion for the have-nots and anger at their plutocratic oppressors. John Edwards even went so far as to suggest that politics should free itself from that invidious political imperialist, thought:

> Edwards said his arguments come from the heart, rather than the head. "Every one of you can tell the difference between somebody giving an academic speech and somebody who's coming from right here," he said, gesturing toward his chest [*Washington Post*, January 2].

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Though it is of some comfort that Edwards's candidacy will soon be a thing of the past, the fact that this Sinclair Lewis character became a serious contender for the presidency may cause thoughtful citizens some sleepless nights.

But enough of Edwards's artlessness. Since more bandwidth has been consumed in two weeks by Hillary's tears than ink has been spilled over Juliet's in almost half a millennium, I will tread briefly, if not lightly. Hillary Clinton's act took the politics of empathy—a politics in which feelings are disconnected from anything remotely political or rational—to new heights (or depths). It is no accident that her emotional moment was immediately followed by the words, "You know, this is very personal for me": the perfect postmodern marriage of empathy, emoting, and solipsism. And the voters responded to it—or should one say fell for it?

The politics of empathy is a new and invidious corrosive of our political life. Obviously, appeals to emotion, questions of motivation and sincerity and the like always have been and always will be part of the political life of a liberal democracy. What distinguishes today's politics of empathy is its lack of political content, the way in which it utterly divorces questions of feeling from the important problems of the day.

Good intentions can replace good ideas as a qualification only if politics are no longer serious. When Bill Clinton had his brief moment of vicarious pain, it was fashionable to think we were enjoying such a politics: The Commies had been whupped, liberal democracy had triumphed, and history was at its end. No one holds such illusions today. So we should be concerned that the national sensibilities that produced a healthy reaction to Bill's "I feel your pain"—widespread and protracted derision—are all but invisible at Hillary's moment of need: sex discrimination at its worst. ♦

Wolff in Wolf's Clothing

Death of a Stalinist.

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Berkeley, Calif.

The affection of the media for the "official" leftist narrative on the totalitarian crimes of the 20th century appears permanent and incorrigible. Soviet intervention in the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39 was one such atrocity. You can learn all about it in a book called *Homage to Catalonia* by George Orwell, published 70 years ago. But the obituarists at the *New York Times* seem not to have cracked their copy yet. Their view of the Spanish war as an evergreen source of liberal-radical fantasies was reaffirmed on January 17, in reporting the death of Milton Wolff, aged 92. The *Times* eulogized Wolff as an "Anti-Franco Leader," calling him "the last commander of the American volunteers who fought against Franco in the Spanish Civil War and the longtime commander of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade." Unrepentant Stalinist would have been more accurate and more concise.

Milton Wolff

Wolff died in Berkeley, where I happened to be visiting. I knew Wolff well; he liked to be called by the Spanish nickname *el Lobo*, the wolf. He was a lifelong defender of the Soviet role in the Spanish Civil War and of the Moscow-created International Brigades (IB) in which he served.

The *Times*'s obituarist, Douglas Martin, described Wolff wielding a machine gun at 21 and fighting in the mountains late in the hostilities. He quoted Hemingway on Wolff: "as brave and as good a soldier as any that commanded battalions at Gettysburg." Martin further praised Wolff for opposing U.S. recognition of the Franco regime and for his volunteering the aged American veterans of the International Brigades as soldiers to Ho Chi Minh during the Vietnam war.

The latter action, if it took place (*el Lobo* was always a fabulist), was appalling. Still, one wonders what to make of the *Times*'s having overlooked the most interesting "fact" about Wolff: his claimed service with the Office of Strategic Services, precursor to the CIA, in the Second World War. Martin writes, "Mr. Wolff said he was turned down for combat duty in World War II because of concerns about his leftist politics." On his website (ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/karlahuebner/milt/milt.htm), Wolff stated that he "managed to see action in Italy and Burma."

Serving the Allies in the Second World War would not have been dishonorable, making it the exception in a life marked most prominently by his assistance to Stalin in the betrayal

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of the Spanish Republic. The International Brigades recruited and sent by the Soviets to Spain were a political militia intended to extend Russian influence over local forces fighting for their survival. In this way the IB more resembled Iran's Revolutionary Guard Corps than, say, the Flying Tigers—American pilots who flew Chinese aircraft against Japan.

The American participants in the "Abraham Lincoln Battalion" and other "green" units of the IB were notable for their lack of training or wartime experience—especially when compared with French, German, and Slavic veterans of the First World War, who joined the IB in much larger numbers. (There was not in fact any "Lincoln Brigade" in the Spanish Republican army, as the *Times*'s obituarist is careful to note—the mistaken nomenclature is a common piece of Stalinist puffery.) Eventually, the Americans were used as police against Spanish leftists who resented Soviet manipulation.

The gap between most of the foreigners who went to Spain to fight, their persistent admirers, and the authentic historical memory of the Spanish people is wide; it could be designated the first example of a war with two realities—one in Spain and another in London and Manhattan. The phenomenon has continued: the Sandinista war in Nicaragua was completely different from its perception in the U.S. media, as is much of the Iraq war.

Orwell was the exception among the foreigners who flocked to Spain. He joined the militia of the POUM, an anti-Stalinist movement with deep roots among the Catalans. He saw and reported on the reality of Soviet betrayal of the Spanish Republicans—which turned out to be a prelude to Stalin's pact with Hitler.

Milton Wolff and his cohort loathed Orwell and would bear no mention of him, even after the city of Barcelona dedicated a monument to the English truth-teller. The "Lincoln veterans" sealed themselves in a mental sarcophagus of Stalinist propaganda and never effectively dissented from it.

The *New York Times* noted that Wolff "fought successfully against the 'subversive' label pinned on the Lincoln veterans for decades." In reality, Wolff's group, the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade or VALB, was always known as the hardest-core Stalinophilic entity among the Spanish Civil War veterans, most of whom shunned it. But thanks to the ignorance of the American media, Milton Wolff went to his death grinning with glee, knowing he had escaped accountability and kept his audience fooled. ♦

Chicken Little Is Right

Don't look now, but our planes are falling out of the sky. **by Tom Donnelly & Gary Schmitt**

On an early November day in the skies over southern Indiana, Maj. Steve Stilwell of the Missouri Air National Guard's 131st Fighter Wing was honing his air-to-air combat skills. As he threw his F-15 into a turn, he stressed his big Eagle at two to three times the force of gravity, a relatively gentle maneuver in the world of dogfighting. But it proved to be more than the 27-year-old fighter could handle: It began to shake violently, paralyzing Stilwell's left arm, and then the fuselage shattered just behind the cockpit. As the rear bulk of the plane fell away, Stilwell shot forward. "I kept telling myself: I gotta get out, I gotta get out," Stilwell remembered to the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*. "I found the ejection handle. . . . I am a little concerned why a plane would break in half."

Stilwell isn't the only one. Four days later, the Air Force grounded its fleet of F-15Cs—about 450 aircraft—and not for the first time. The grounding remains in effect. The fighters, approaching an average age of 30 years, "have become serious maintenance challenges as they get older, and now I'd suggest that we may be facing a crisis," says Lt. Gen. David Deptula, the former F-15 pilot who is the Air Force's head of intelligence. Deptula also reports that his pilot son is flying the very same F-15 that he flew in the late 1970s.

Stilwell's story tells you a lot about the state of the U.S. military, and especially its equipment. The old gear is wearing out. Like a lot of other major weapons platforms in all four services, the F-15C is a design from the late Cold War that's pulling frontline duty decades beyond what was originally planned. The new gear—in this case, the F-22 Raptor—is being bought in far smaller numbers and years later than intended. And, in an almost impossibly perverse twist, production of the F-22 comes to an end with the 2008 budget, at just 183 planes. The air superiority mission these fighters perform, regarded as an American birthright for generations, is suddenly an open question: After the Stilwell crash, at a time when Russian bombers have resumed Cold War-style patrols, the Canadian Air Force volunteered its F-18s to help police the skies over Alaska. One wonders if the Canadians or other allies would be so helpful over Iran or the Taiwan Strait.

The fact is that, despite committing—correctly, in our view—the United

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States to an ambitious security strategy, the Bush administration has not done enough to build the force that can carry out that strategy.

How can this be? As we are told over and over again, the United States is now spending in real, inflation-adjusted dollars more money on defense than at any time since the Vietnam war. And isn't the U.S. defense budget larger than those of all the major powers of the world combined? How much is enough?

Well, even the short answer has five parts. First, we now have an all-volunteer force that costs a lot more when it comes to personnel, insurance, housing, and retirement benefits than our previous draft-heavy force. Unless Americans and their representatives in Washington want to return to conscription, which no one except Rep. Charles Rangel seems ready to do, fielding a force is just going to be a lot more costly. Second, the weapons and platforms we buy are fewer in number, and partly as a result we ask them to do more. That in turn drives costs up. Third, one reason we spend more than others is that with the major exception of China virtually everyone else cut spending at the end of the Cold War and has kept cutting. Fourth, unless we want a whole different global security order, the burden of keeping the peace in the world remains largely in America's hands, as manifest in the fact that we have gone to war multiple times since the fall of the Berlin Wall. And, finally, yes, we do spend a lot, but we are also fighting two wars.

America's core defense budget remains relatively modest for all the tasks the American military is asked to accomplish. Depending on what one includes in the accounting, the base budget for defense stands now just over or just shy of $500 billion. Certainly, that is a lot of money, but as a burden on the economy it remains approximately 3.5 percent of the country's gross domestic product (GDP)—a figure only a half percentage point higher than where the Clinton administration left it in 2001 and a whole percentage point lower than when George H.W. Bush walked out of the Oval Office in 1993. (No wonder the new chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Adm. Mike Mullen, calls for defense spending at 4 percent of GDP.)

The defense deficit that was created during the Clinton years was never really fixed. On the manpower side, the Clinton cuts have only begun to be made up as the stress of fighting two ground-intensive wars has forced the Bush administration to increase the strength of the Marines and the Army. Even when the modest increases now programmed are fully implemented—a process that will take five more years—the active U.S. Army will still be just a bit more than two-thirds the size it was in 1991. When it comes to materiel, the "procurement holiday" of the '90s was followed by the Rumsfeld years, when the Pentagon focused first on "transformation" and then on the wars. While our planes aged, Donald Rumsfeld also slowed Army and Marine Corps modernization, allowed the Navy to shrink, and let our space program drift and deteriorate. As defense analyst Andrew Krepinevich has remarked, since 9/11 we have seen a largely "hollow build-up," one filled with funds for operations, maintenance, readiness, and health care—but not weapons.

The procurement budget to replace and buy new weapon systems and platforms has increased, of course—but not enough. In their first six years, the Clinton team reduced the Bush administration's last budget projections for procurement by more than $160 billion. In 2000, the Congressional Budget Office argued that some $90 billion a year was needed to hold procurement steady. The procurement budget for that year was $55 billion. But note that the George W. Bush team did not reach the $90 billion mark until 2005, and even then dropped back below that figure the following two years. Add inflation since 2000 and the unexpected wear and tear of two wars on equipment and the gap between what we need to buy and the projected budgets for doing so grows even wider.

The administration's strategy for squaring this circle has largely been to cut the number of platforms being acquired—like the F-22—or drag out development and procurement—as with the Navy's proposed new fleet of destroyers and cruisers. Yet, even so, the budget numbers are inadequate to cover the Pentagon's projected 2,500 Joint Strike Fighters (F-35s), hundreds of new air-refueling tankers, a raft of new surface combatants, and additional submarines.

The budget picture turns even bleaker when one factors in acquiring a new constellation of space assets and the new bomber or global strike capability we will probably need to develop. And land force modernization has been slowed by the immediate demand to repair or replace losses in Iraq and Afghanistan. Even the "emergency supplemental" wartime appropriations were slow to take equipment needs into account; the situation has improved, but as recently as a year ago, the Army had a backlog of two full divisions' worth of M1 tanks and Bradley fighting vehicles at its repair depots.

There is some good news. Among the leading presidential candidates, no one is explicitly arguing for cutting the defense budget, as some did in 1992. And there seems to be bipartisan consensus that increasing the size of our land forces is the right thing to do. Unfortunately, this won't be enough. As Fred Thompson noted in a speech at the Citadel in November, either we spend more and build up our military "and deter war, or we can allow our forces to wither and risk conflict." Of course, it will take real leadership to explain to the American people that, despite all they have heard about the size of the U.S. defense budget, it's not going to be enough if they want a military that can safely retain its position of global preeminence and effectively deter, police, assist, and fight, as it has been asked to do numerous times since the end of the Cold War.

During the 2000 campaign and in response to the conservatives' charge that the Clinton administration had neglected our defenses, then candidate Dick Cheney famously declared, "Help is on the way." Alas, it will be up to the next president to fulfill that promise. ♦

The Wages of Sensitivity

The Democrats' politically correct chickens come home to roost.

By Noemie Emery

Sometime back in the 1990s, when the culture wars were the only ones we thought we had going, a cartoon showed three coworkers viewing each other with narrowed and questioning eyes. "Those whites don't know how to deal with a competent black man," the black man is thinking. "Those guys don't know how to deal with a powerful woman," the woman is thinking. And what could the only white male have been thinking? "They don't like me. They know that I'm gay."

So far as we know, there are no gays in the mixture today, but the cartoon nicely captures what the Democrats face as they try to wage a political war in the age of correctness, which is, they are finding, an impossibility. The Democrats are the party of self-conscious inclusion, of identity politics, of sensitivity training, of hate crimes, hate speech, and of rules to control them. A presidential campaign, on the other hand, is nothing but "hate speech," as opponents dive deep into opposition research, fling charges true, half-true, and simply made up against one another in an attempt to present their rivals as slimy, dishonest, disreputable, dangerous, and possibly the worst human beings who ever drew breath.

This has been true of this country's politics since at least 1800, when John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were vilified roundly, and has gone on ever since—an accepted and even a much-loved tradition. Until recently, it went on without murmur, as all the main contestants for president were white Anglo-Saxon Protestant males, with the exception of Michael Dukakis and three Roman Catholics, two of whom looked like WASPs. Now, however, in its campaign season from hell, the party of sensitivity has found itself in a head-banging brawl between a black man and white woman, each of them visibly loathing the other, in a situation in which anything said in opposing one of the candidates can be defined as hateful, insensitive, hurtful, demeaning, not to say bigoted, and, worst of all, mean. Looking ahead to the general election, Democrats were prepared to describe any critique made of Barack Obama or Hillary Clinton as an example of the racism and sexism that they like to believe permeates the Republican universe. But this was before their own race became quite so close, and so spirited. They never seem to have stopped to think what might occur if they turned their sensitivity bludgeons against one another. They are now finding out.

Exhibit A is Bill Clinton, our first (white) black president, who lit into Obama in time-honored fashion, denouncing the Illinois senator's claim to antiwar purity as "the biggest fairy tale I've ever seen." That this was "hateful" (as well as mean and insensitive) was quickly made clear. "For him to go after Obama using 'fairy tale,' calling him a 'kid.' . . . It's an insult," said Donna Brazile, the long-time (black) Democratic political operative, who helped manage the Gore campaign in 2000. "I find his words and tone to be very depressing," she said. Other black politicians called the comment "a mistake," "unfortunate," and an act of ingratitude, as blacks had been the ex-president's most reliable defenders in his scandal-wracked hour of need.

Bill had barely followed the lead of Don Imus in bending a knee to the Reverend Al Sharpton when Hillary herself came under assault for suggesting that President Lyndon B. Johnson might have had something to do with passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. This was taken as a denigration of the historical role of Martin Luther King and led to similar charges of insensitivity. This is what would be referred to in a different context as a "chilling effect." As John Fund wrote in *Opinion*

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Journal, the Clintons were warned "that they will have to tread carefully in going after Barack Obama" by James Clyburn, third-ranking House Democrat and a political powerhouse in South Carolina, where both Obama and Clinton are courting black votes. "Mr. Clyburn told the *New York Times* he was deeply disappointed at comments the Clintons made that he said diminished the role of African Americans in the civil rights struggle." Fund concluded: "The bottom line is that Team Clinton has been put on notice that hard-nosed campaign tactics against Mr. Obama will have to be carefully weighed against the potential risks they pose. Were Mr. Clyburn to endorse Barack Obama . . . the impact on the race in South Carolina would be immense."

At the same time, Team Obama was being put on notice, this time by Hillary's feminist backers, who made it clear they would not tolerate having males of any hue look down on their favorite candidate. Some observers trace his loss in New Hampshire to the exchange in which he assured Hillary Clinton that she was "likeable enough," a slap that feminists thought was a perfect example of male condescension, and of two boys (Barack and John Edwards) ganging up on one girl. To Eleanor Clift, it was "reminiscent of the Anita Hill hearings," an "all-male inquisition" of a helpless lone female that drove women everywhere into frenzies of vengeance. "Many don't like Hillary . . . but when the guys start piling on . . . the tribal impulses kick in," Clift tells us, quoting sensitivity maven Deborah Tannen as saying "gender is fundamental to how we order the world, more fundamental than race." Ever since she endorsed Obama in Iowa, Oprah Winfrey has been deluged with letters from irate female viewers who accuse her of betraying her sex.

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In fact, the question of whether sex or race cuts more deeply may determine who wins the race. Women are slightly more than half of the electorate nationwide (somewhat more in the Democrats' primary contests), but they are hardly monolithic, and not all are open to feminists' pleas. Married women and white women often go more for Republicans, and Ronald Reagan carried the female vote in 1984, when Geraldine Ferraro was put on the Democrats' ticket as another chance to "make history." (The history was made instead by Reagan, who came within sight of a 50-state landslide, losing only Walter Mondale's home state, Minnesota, by less than 4,000 votes.) On the other hand, blacks are just 13 percent of the population but a near-solid bloc for the Democrats. Add to this the fact that the party's main interest groups and fundraising machines are heavily tilted to race-gender concerns, and you have a dynamic in which neither the feminist nor the civil rights interest is a bloc the party or its nominee can afford to offend.

Hence the hysterics with which the Obama and Clinton campaigns try to straddle both worlds. The stirring story of Change that would have accompanied either the first female or black contender has been undercut by a counternarrative that places each in a somewhat less flattering light. Hillary Clinton is (to some people) an inspiring figure trying to shatter the biggest glass ceiling. But she is also a blue-eyed and (bottle) blonde honky, from privilege, not above playing the race card, as some of her surrogates now have undoubtedly done. Barack Obama is also an inspiring figure, Tiger Woods without golf clubs, the harmonic convergence of Kenya and Kansas of which we all dream. But to the sisterhood, he is just another chauvinist swine in the boys' club, a patriarch-in-waiting who "just doesn't get it," an annoying and swaggering . . . male.

When the results in New Hampshire came in way out of line with polls and expectations, some Democrats pointed to the "Bradley effect" (named for Tom Bradley, the black Los Angeles mayor who lost a 1982 governor's race in which polls said he was leading). In other words, white voters were suspected of having lied to pollsters out of shame at their prejudice, and then voted their sinister hearts in the booth. But these voters were Democrats, mainly older white women of limited means, a key constituency for the party. Were some members of the party suggesting that others were racists? Maybe they were. "Too many of us are still too unwilling to vote for people who are different than we are," Bill Clinton said in 1993, speaking on behalf of the inept and Carteresque David Dinkins, suggesting that the only reason New Yorkers could have for wishing to oust their calam-

Reaping and Sowing: Identity Politics Bites Back

"For [Bill Clinton] to go after Obama using 'fairy tale,' calling him a 'kid,' . . . It's an insult. . . . I find his words and tone to be very depressing."

—DONNA BRAZILE

Clinton is "trying to score cheap political points on the back of Martin Luther King's legacy."

—REP. WILLIAM LACY CLAY (D-MO)

Some blacks say they support Hillary "because her husband was good to us. That's not true. He did the same thing to us that he did to Monica Lewinsky."

—THE REV. JEREMIAH WRIGHT, CHICAGO

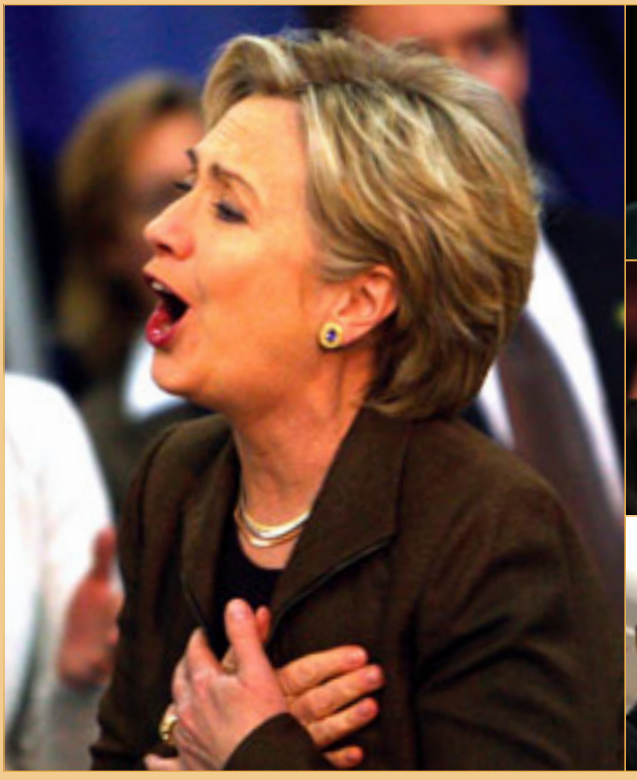
BRAZILE, MARK REINSTEIN-PHOTOLINK.NET; CLAY, BILL GREENBLATT / UPI; WRIGHT, E. JASON WAMBSGANS / CHICAGO TRIBUNE / MCT; OBAMA, CHUCK KENNEDY / MCT

itous mayor was bias against him because of his color. Now the same slander—with much the same justice—is being leveled against Clinton's wife.

For the Clintons, with their sense of private entitlement running head on into their boomer assertion of moral enlightenment, all this must come as a shock. As Matt Bai wrote on the *New York Times* website, "It must be a kind of nightmare for both Clintons to be running . . . against a talented black man, to be caught in an existential choice between losing their mythical status in the black community, or possibly losing to a candidate they feel certain does not deserve to win." It's all the worse as they are in part the authors of their own misfortune: "The Clintons embody the generation that invented identity politics and political correctness," as Bai informs us, and so sprung the trap on themselves.

They embraced Anita Hill, and her (unproven) story of feminist grievance, and helped ride it to victory in the Year of the Woman; they promised a cabinet that "looked like America" (though not quite as much so as George W. Bush's), hectored opponents of affirmative action, and suggested impeachment was a device thought up by southern conservatives to punish the Clintons for having black friends. Now they find themselves unable to criticize a black man for what they think are legitimate reasons, because they helped to teach people that criticism is bias in disguise, and they can't complain that their words have been misinterpreted, because the theory of hate speech maintains that the listener can project on to words uttered by others whatever motives he wants to see in them. If he declares himself offended, the listener has the last word.

Add this to the unforeseen clash of two groups who have been told for years by liberals that they are victims of everyone, and the result is explosive. It is, David Brooks writes, "a Tom Wolfe novel" beyond even Wolfe's imagining. "All the rhetorical devices that have been a staple of identity politics are now being exploited by the Clinton and Obama campaigns," Brooks continues, "competing to play the victim . . . accusing each other of insensitivity . . . deliberately misinterpreting each other's comments in order to somehow imply that the other is morally retrograde. All the habits of verbal thuggery that have long been used against critics of affirmative action . . . and critics of radical feminism . . . are now being turned inward by the Democratic frontrunners. . . . Every revolution devours its offspring, and it seems that the multicultural one does, too."



Obama's account of his early opposition to the war in Iraq "is the biggest fairy tale I've ever seen."
—BILL CLINTON

While the Clintons were working for blacks in the 90s, "Obama was doing something in the neighborhood. I won't say what he was doing, but he said it in his book."
—ROBERT JOHNSON, FOUNDER OF BLACK ENTERTAINMENT TELEVISION

Obama "is no Martin Luther King Jr. I knew Martin Luther King. . . . You need more than speech-making. You need someone who is prepared to provide bold leadership."
—REP. JOHN LEWIS (D-GA)

HILLARY CLINTON, STAN HONDA / AFP / GETTY; BILL CLINTON, DAVID K. PURDY / SIPA PRESS; JOHNSON, CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY PHOTO BY SCOTT J. FERRELL; LEWIS, UPI PHOTO / ALEXIS C. GLENN

Let us recall that this is not the first instance in which we have seen such a turn. In 1991, after accusations of harassment nearly brought down Clarence Thomas, liberals thought they had found the magical weapon to take out conservative males. After this, no congressional hearing was complete without charges of "insensitivity" being leveled against politicians, military figures, and nominees of Republican presidents. It was all such fun that in 1994 feminists prevailed upon President Clinton to sign into a law a provision allowing the prosecutors in harassment suits to delve deeply into the defendant's past, seeking evidence of a pattern of swinish behavior. It was in the course of the sexual harassment lawsuit brought by Paula Jones against Clinton that the name came up of a White House intern whose many visits to the Oval Office had caught people's attention. Does anyone doubt that without Clinton's impeachment, we would be now in our eighth year of the Gore administration?

In retrospect, this was an inferno waiting to happen, the moral debris of more than three decades into which mischievous fate tossed a match. For years, the Democrats' most effective candidates have been men from flyover country, who positioned themselves as not-overly-liberal, and for a time it appeared they might have come up with two. But Evan Bayh and Mark Warner took themselves out of contention, leaving the field to John Edwards, a "person of pallor" (as James Taranto has it) of the male persuasion and southern nativity, who is still in the contest. But he is also, alas, a white southern pretty boy, a high-maintenance dude who gets haircuts for what constitutes monthly rent for his favorite voters, lives in a compound the size of a village, and was famously caught on tape fluffing his hair up for four minutes, which defeats the whole purpose of being a white southern male.

Meanwhile, the comic relief (Dodd, Biden, and Richardson) washed out fairly quickly, and the two left standing were Obama and Clinton, each one a possible First. For a year or so in which Hillary seemed to be cruising, things were civil, until she hit a speed bump in Iowa. And then, as she put it, "the fun part" began. In short order, surrogates for her campaign were describing Obama in colorful terms, calling attention to his self-confessed cocaine use when younger, his Muslim relations, and his middle name Hussein, which (though given him in 1961) is the same as that of a notorious dictator and

murderous sadist deposed by American forces in 2003.

New York attorney general Andrew Cuomo, son of the former governor, said Obama would have to do more than "shuck and jive" if he planned to be president. Billy Shaheen, Hillary's New Hampshire co-chairman and husband of the state's former governor, warned about what the mean Republicans would do with Obama's drug use, in terms insinuating Obama had not only used drugs but sold them to others. Then Bill Clinton himself boiled over, in a red-faced tirade against the pretender. The rest is now herstory.

This sort of combined assault proved effective in combating Ken Starr, but Starr was not an attractive young African-American man with a stunning family, a message of hope, and a real chance of becoming president. People recoiled. Obama's supporters fought back, and the only surprise was the Clintons' surprise that their offensive had bombed.

There are signs now that both sides are trying to draw back from the struggle, but the bitterness appears unabated, and the surrogates continue feeding the flames. No one knows who will win the nomination of either party, much less which party will win the election, but one can hope that the group-think, identity politics, and hypersensitivity to criticism of recent decades will burn themselves out in the bonfire. But this may be too much to ask.

All one knows now is that in retrospect it might have been better if the first black and first woman to emerge as plausible national candidates had been Republicans—and in fact, they both were. Colin Powell in 1996 and Elizabeth Dole in 2000 were the first black and the first woman to be able to run on something more than the protest or symbolic level, the first able to run on their merits and résumés, who would have been taken seriously by voters and analysts everywhere if they had been white and/or male. If Powell had run, if Dole had run more successfully, even if they had run against one another—it would have been something exceedingly different from the spectacle of this year's Democratic primaries; a far more civil affair.

In retrospect it might have been better if the first black and first woman to emerge as plausible national candidates had been Republicans—and in fact, they both were. Colin Powell in 1996 and Elizabeth Dole in 2000 were the first black and the first woman to be able to run on something more than the protest or symbolic level, the first able to run on their merits and résumés.

The reasons lie in the DNA of the conservative universe, which has a different structure than that of the left. Republicans (conservatives especially) more than Democrats define themselves by ideology—the objections to Powell were based on what the right saw as his deviationist liberal tendencies—and regard everything else as an afterthought. Republicans tend to disdain appeals on the basis of victimhood. They are resistant to group-think and allergic to identity politics. And their major donors and interest groups are race and gender neutral—the right to life movement, the Club for Growth, the National Rifle Association. The only ethnic lobbies they court are purely local affairs (like Miami's Cubans). There are no ethnic and gender spokesmen to deal with, no agendas to speak of, no interest groups to appease.

Both sides are happy to see barriers broken, but for different emotional reasons: Democrats are happy when barriers fall because they think it empowers vast numbers of people, and it lifts the burden of guilt from their shoulders, and brings new perspectives to government. Republicans are happy because it frees individuals from unjust restrictions, reinforces the principle of equality of opportunity, and means that many more people of talent will have the freedom to realize their dreams. They would have run campaigns like the one run by John Kennedy, not like the one run by Hillary Clinton, in which the candidate's "difference" remained in the background, a factor, but not the main element. Some people voted for Kennedy because of his religion, and some voted against him for the same reason, but the number of each was held to the minimum, because of the way that he ran. And after he won, religion died out as an issue. Eugene McCarthy and Jerry Brown—men who had once studied as priests—ran in 1968 and 1976, and this raised not an eyebrow. Joe Lieberman in the 2000 election seems to have helped and not damaged Al Gore. Someday, the appearance of nonwhites and women as candidates will arouse the same lack of interest. That day cannot come soon enough. ♦

Making Political Trouble

Roger Stone shows how it's done—again

By Matt Labash

Miami

As one who was never terribly enamored of Hillary Clinton's personality to start with, I grudgingly admit to enjoying her recent near-tears transformation. Plenty of critics concede her rarely seen emotion was heartfelt, but also that it was due to the 20-hour-day rigors of the campaign trail, making her perhaps the only candidate ever to win the New Hampshire primary because she needed a nap. Still, it was refreshing to watch her punch through the icy crust of her own phoniness, so that the molten core of artificiality could gush forth.

Many of my conservative acquaintances weren't quite as forgiving, however. Clinton, these days, is a stuck record, speaking so often of "change" that she sounds like the medicine-show huckster in Tom Waits's "Step Right Up" (*change your shorts / change your life / change into a nine-year-old Hindu boy / get rid of your wife*). But I didn't notice any change at all in my email inbox in the aftermath of her surprise victory. In fact, it more than ever resembled a nostalgia trip back to 1998, the high-water mark of Clinton hatred.

Messages poured in expressing revulsion and woe, and described resulting adverse physical symptoms, including but not limited to: nausea, dizziness, insomnia, twitching, numbness, abdominal pain, myalgia, cutaneous lesions, and retching. One friend invited me to visit him in Bermuda, where he'll be relocating. The only silver lining that came my way was an email from the professional dirty trickster and high priest of political hijinks, Roger Stone. It was titled "the good news" and said, simply, "Out of NH . . . C.U.N.T. lives. . . . Gearing up!"

He wasn't referring to Hillary's chances in South Carolina. Rather, by using the most offensive word in the English language, the word people employ when the f-bomb has lost all potency (and the word I will henceforth replace with "special flower" so as not to give greater offense), he was referring to the acronym of his spanking-new anti-Hillary 527 group, Citizens United Not Timid (www.citizensunitednottimid.org).

After having just exhaustively profiled Stone in our November 5 issue ("Roger Stone, Political Animal: 'Above all, attack, attack, attack—never defend'") and detailed his misadventures—from working for Nixon's dirty-tricks squad to imploding the Reform party by pushing Donald Trump's candidacy to delivering suitcases full of cash at the direction of Roy Cohn to buy New York for Ronald Reagan—I didn't expect to visit Stone again so soon. But it seemed time. Perhaps feeling all Christmas-y and overtaken with goodwill toward men, Stone had conceived of the special-flower idea in December, then had shelved it after Iowa, when like everyone else he assumed Clinton was toast. But with Clinton's resurrection, he feels he has no choice but to unsheath his sword—not that he ever requires much encouragement.

In public, Stone is often expensively haberdashed to within an inch of his life. But on this day, he greets me at the door of his Miami Modern home in a casual Saturday-morning rig: camouflage cargo shorts and a Nixon/Agnew T-shirt. We are followed to his backyard by a herd of barking Yorkies and a three-legged Wheaten Terrier named Oscar that he and Mrs. Stone (as he calls his wife, Nydia) rescued when they found him bloodied and abandoned beside a highway.

We take a seat at a glass poolside table in his lush backyard, filled with bougainvillea, cacti, and tomato plants. The dogs beg for finger food, and when it's not forthcoming, one of them happily munches on some of Mrs. Stone's impatiens. "Don't eat those," Stone shouts. "Welcome to the Stone dogpile." While his property has twice been whacked by hurricanes ("Everything you see that's green was mud"), today it's dominated by the peaceful metronomic swells of Biscayne Bay lapping against the yard's seawall, as we await the arrival

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of his Citzens United Not Timid crew for its inaugural meeting.

Stone is not going to be out front on this one—"You can't be the candidate and the campaign manager." So he anxiously awaits the arrival of his organization's titular figurehead, Jeff "Noodles" Jones, who is a local bartender/DJ (and who is called "Noodles" because of his resemblance to Robert De Niro's character in *Once Upon a Time in America*), along with his "handler," Scotty. "Why does Noodles require a handler?" I ask. "What time is it, eleven?" asks Stone. "He was supposed to be here an hour ago, if that tells you anything. Noodles would never get here on his own steam."

Even among fellow mercenaries, good help can be hard to find. A few nights prior, Stone had been interviewing a sinister Italian gentleman for the front man gig. It was a two-question interview. Stone kicked things off with, "Let me ask you, Angelo: I say 'Hillary Clinton.' Tell me the first word that comes to your mind, even if it's risqué." "[Special flower]," Angelo immediately replied. To which Stone followed with, "Would you be willing to tell other people you think that?" Angelo assented: "Abso-f'in'-lutely."

With the interview concluded, Angelo excused himself to the restroom, at which time one of Stone's friends asked, "Do you know who that is?" "No," Stone said, "Who is he? Nice guy." His friend explained, "He's one of the soldiers of the Lucchese family, has a record as long as your arm. I don't think he's the guy you want." Advantage: Noodles.

Stone says Angelo's is a sentiment you regularly hear, particularly from males, if you casually focus-group Hillary Clinton in bars—where this and "all good ideas" are hatched. The operation's genesis occurred when Stone was standing around with friends at a bar, Clinton appeared on television, and someone said "What a [special flower]." Everyone immediately concurred.

The crew slowly materializes. Stone's lawyer and webmaster are available by phone. Miss Moneypenny, Stone's Australian-born assistant nicknamed after M's secretary in the James Bond films, arrives to sort out the tax filings and artwork. A piercing horn sounds from across the bay, as a solar-paneled tugboat flying a peace flag and blasting Grateful Dead music anchors within 100 yards of Stone's house. The captain, in a white skipper's hat, disembarks, paddling his kayak the rest of the way ashore. It's August West, Stone's frequent coconspirator, pseudonymously named after a character in the Grateful Dead song "Wharf Rat."

While casually attired in Key-West-wear (a dancing-bears Grateful Dead T-shirt and swimsuit), West has picked up some of Stone's attention to sartorial detail. He switches his skipper's hat for a straw number modeled after the one worn by Darren McGavin in the '70s show *Kolchak: The Night Stalker*. "Wear a captain's hat on land," West says, "and you look like a dork." Having started as Stone's driver back during Stone's days as a D.C. political consultant, West has gone on to do crisis communications work for everyone from the contras, to the party linked to the Salvadoran death squads ("not my proudest moment," he admits), to the Afghan freedom fighters ("getting *Ladies' Home Journal* editors to ride camels through the Khyber Pass," he says, his dignity restored).

> Plenty of critics concede Hillary's rarely seen emotion was heartfelt, but also that it was due to the 20-hour-day rigors of the campaign, making her perhaps the only candidate ever to win the New Hampshire primary because she needed a nap. Still, it was refreshing to watch her punch through the icy crust of her own phoniness.

He, like Stone, has engineered a slew of 527s, the organizations named after the tax code section of the same number. In these puritanical McCain-Feingold-stricken times, such groups (from MoveOn.org to the anti-John Kerry Swiftboaters for Truth) have rapidly come to resemble the Wild-West outlaws of political speech. They are allowed to solicit unlimited contributions and practice all manner of often thinly veiled "issue education," so long as they don't explicitly advocate the election or defeat of a specific candidate.

"It's the last vestige of political free speech rights in this country," Stone says, bitterly and defiantly. "Money is speech," the First-Amendment absolutist rails. "It's incongruous to say a multimillionaire can spend as much on his own campaign as he wants, but you can only give $2,300. His free speech rights are different from yours, thus violating the Equal Protection Clause of the Constitution. It's absurd."

Despite the constant meddling of campaign-finance-reform busybodies, there is a certain liberation that comes with staying out of political campaigns proper and running your own 527. "A 527 doesn't have a wife," Stone explains. "It doesn't have a brother-in-law who knows a lot about politics, or a union president who calls and doesn't like the color of the suit, or bimbo eruptions. It's the perfect candidate, because it has no personal characteristics."

Both Stone and West are mostly mum, at least on the record, about the 527s they've run, saying they handle everything from agricultural interests, to "marking up" industry opponents (driving their negatives), to keeping slots out of racetracks, to getting slots into racetracks (the 527 racket is not the province of moral absolutists). When I ask why all the secrecy, and why I have to refer to West by an alias out of the Grateful Dead's songbook, West responds, "Each one has a small reason why we can't talk. There's not a thematic reason."

"There's people who would sue us if they knew who we were," says Stone. "Or shoot us," adds West. I laugh, but West is dead serious. "That just happened to Oleg," he says, referring to one of their operatives on the ground in a recent Ukrainian parliamentary campaign. "Our guy in Ukraine took five to the chest," says Stone, of a colleague who two months ago bought it in a hail of gunfire outside the family home in Borispol. "It's unfortunate it happened right after he tried to cut us out and snag the contract for himself," Stone says, with some karmic satisfaction.

"We were doing some very aggressive email marketing," West says. Sometimes in 527-world, words can wound, literally. "So as a rule, I don't put my name on anything unless I'm a front guy," explains West, in which case, he charges 40 percent over regular fees. When asked why he's willing to sign his name to the Citizens United Not Timid caper, Stone, who most often operates in the shadows and is not typically driven by civic conscience, says, "The entire future of the United States is at stake. There comes a time when you've got to stand up."

I ask Stone to tell me more about Noodles before his arrival. He'd like to help me out, but can't: "I've only known the guy for 15 minutes." Noodles and Scotty finally show. Scotty is a wall of savagely tanned muscle. Noodles has elected to go gangster-casual, sporting his Philadelphia Flyers hat, a white T-shirt, and a liberal smattering of tattoos—everything from the dogtags of his siblings who have served in Iraq to his birth date, which one imagines comes in handy if he ever forgets it when, say, filling out tax forms to front Citizens United Not Timid.

Not wishing Stone to fall into another Lucchese-family trap, I ask Noodles if he has a criminal record. "No," he says. Not even any outstanding speeding tickets? "No, I'm pretty good," he reiterates. I ask if he's ready for the glare of the white-hot media spotlight. "Sure, if you wanna give it to me, I'll take it," he says, nonchalantly. On the side, I tell Stone that for a spokesman, Noodles is a man of few words. "Precisely," says Stone. "That's the idea. People won't be calling Noodles. People will email Noodles. Noodles is what's known as a nonexecutive chair. Everything you want to say is on the website. You don't need to say anything else."

On the side, I tell Stone that for a spokesman, bartender/DJ Noodles is a man of few words. 'Precisely,' says Stone. 'That's the idea. People won't be calling Noodles. People will email Noodles. Noodles is what's known as a nonexecutive chair. Everything you want to say is on the website. You don't need to say anything else.'

Stone calls the meeting to order, as he taps the ash of a thick cigar into a Club Habana ashtray. "Dominican," he says, by way of identification. West, a Deadhead to the last, smokes something that's not a cigar and that smells sweeter. "Hawaiian," he tells me. Stone opens with an old groaner about why the woman he calls "Miss Queeny of Bossyland" can't wear miniskirts. Scotty and Noodles like it. Miss Moneypenny, not as enthusiastic, tells him he'd benefit from a rimshot. "After half his life," adds West.

Stone wants everyone to understand the mission of the organization, simply and elegantly captured in its artwork, which Stone shows us. It features a red inverted triangle at the bottom of which, is a blue triangle with a white star in the middle. At first glance, it kind of looks like the Puerto Rican flag, or Captain America's martini glass. Stone designed it himself, and on second glance, it's meant to whisper, not scream, "special flower."

The text underneath it reads "Citizens United Not Timid, a 527 Organization To Educate The American Public About What Hillary Clinton Really Is." The artwork and text are, it turns out, the entirety of the "education." Stone says the website will feature an attractive model in the organization's T-shirt, which can be yours for a "donation" of $25 or more. And it will also feature a rolling tally of people who agree with the statement that's not quite stated, something like "the population billboard in Times Square that's constantly increasing because some baby is born in Botswana."

In addition to this website being blast-emailed to hundreds of thousands of addresses that Stone and West have accumulated over the years (working off over 170 different email lists of everyone from opinion-makers to political activists to industry associations), Stone is counting on T-shirt sales to further serve as "billboard education." He figures the whole thing will end up taking on a viral nature, thanks to the yuks factor.

"The more people go to the site, the more people buy the

T-shirts," Stone explains to the troops. "The more people buy the T-shirts, the more people wear the T-shirts. The more people wear the T-shirts, the more people are educated. Consequently, our mission has been achieved." Though neither the word itself nor even the acronym is ever mentioned, "it's one-word education. That's our mission. No issues. No policy groups. No position papers. This is a simple committee with an unfortunate acronym. Addendums, deletions? Everybody's down?"

I ask Stone if he's a little worried about people confusing his "organization" with Citizens United, the Floyd-Brown founded anti-Clinton group. "We have no connection. Those guys are irresponsible," he says with a smile.

After Noodles signs off on an IRS application for an employer identification number and a declaration for electronic filing of notice of Section 527 status (the only paperwork required besides periodic informational filings down the road), he and Scotty leave, perhaps to get more tattoos. Starting your own 527 is ridiculously easy, Stone's lawyer, Rolly, tells me. "The application to create a 501c(3) is about 60 pages, requires about 20 hours or more of lawyering time, and takes six to nine months to get reviewed or approved. A 527 we'll set up in 20 minutes." As an expert in 527 law, Rolly offers the considered professional opinion that, while Stone cannot use his 527 to advocate the defeat of Clinton, he can use it to tell the truth about her. Speaking as a lawyer, he adds, "I will go to my grave saying it's true that Hillary Clinton is a [special flower]."

Stone, for his part, aside from the gimmickry and T-shirt sales, is trying to tap into deep-seated sentiments about Clinton that pundits and rival candidates can't articulate. Hatred of her is often not coldly logical, but visceral.

While Stone and co. seem quite pleased with their plan, I'm a little puzzled. "That's it?" I ask Stone. "It's a simple joke," he says. "It's not *War and Peace*." There was, however, he wishes me to know, considerable deliberation that went into this. In barroom focus groups, when he asked people to describe Clinton in one word, "bitch" came up a lot more often, with both men and women, than did "special flower."

"The truth is, we sat around for hours trying to come up with words for B.I.T.C.H. and just couldn't do it," admits Stone. "Try it," West encourages, "Start with 'b'—it has to be a noun." I'm stumped. "Bureau, actually," says Stone. "That's as far as we got. Now take it away, Matt."

It'd be easy to assume from the nature of this campaign that Stone and West are nothing more than mouth-breathing rightwing Neanderthals. But that wouldn't be quite right. West, in fact, hates George W. Bush and is utterly disgusted with the way Republicans have conducted themselves the last several years. A lifelong Republican, he wants to clean his own house, and says to do that, "you have to flush twice," meaning get rid of both Bush and the Republicans. While he's still undecided (he likes McCain), he says he'd be open to voting and even working for Barack Obama.

Stone, for his part, aside from the gimmickry and T-shirt sales, is trying to tap into deep-seated sentiments about Clinton that pundits and rival candidates can't articulate. Hatred of her is often not coldly logical, but visceral, and whether or not it is acknowledged, it exists in large volume. Despite her reinventions, she is, Stone says, "what Citizens United Not Timid stands for. You can be whittled, sanded, varnished. But you can't transcend your own essence. At the end of the day, she is who she always was."

It's Stone's position that wingnuts have spent a decade and a half demonizing Clinton's ideology, which is a waste of time, since she doesn't have much of one. As a committed phony (the reason Stone so dislikes her), Clinton is all about winning. And Stone warns that "Republicans who say, 'We can't wait to run against Hillary, we'll kick her ass,' are just wrong. We're gonna be in a 51/49 election with her no matter who our nominee is. [The Clintons] are wily people, who'll say and do anything. It's not a rollover."

Simultaneously, he wants to remind Democrats, currently chin-tugging over niceties like electability and who makes the better change-agent, that if Hillary is the nominee, a hard 527 rain is going to fall. There is only one candidate in this election who can universally mobilize conservatives, and as evident from the variety of primary victors, none of them is a Republican. It's Hillary Clinton. If you thought the late '90s were ugly, just wait.

Is his Citizens United Not Timid campaign tasteless, outrageous, and completely over the line? Absolutely, he admits, and he's counting on people thinking so. "If you're not controversial, you'll never break through the din of all the commentary," he says. If people don't like his anti-Hillary 527, they can start their own. In fact, West says people already have: "Right now, there are guys like us preparing to do the same thing all over the country."

And if Hillary gets the nomination, it might be awhile before all the 527 warriors man their battle stations, and it ought to be quite a show after the political conventions, when both parties have to rely on public financing, and outside forces start pouring it on. "After that," Stone warns, "a thousand special flowers will bloom." ♦

Richard Daley, George McGovern, Edward Kennedy, Chicago, 1972

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Come Home, America

The siren song of contemporary liberalism BY FRED SIEGEL

The 2006 election put a spring in the step of many on the left who saw in its outcome the herald of a liberal revival. Still, reflective liberals who came of political age in the 1960s tend to be thrice haunted. They carry with them not only the wounds inflicted by the collapse in quick succession of the New Left and then of the 1972 McGovern campaign, but also of the false springs of 1988, when Reagan was on the ropes, and 1998, when the GOP seemed to be collapsing in on itself.

Two such thoughtful liberals, Bruce Miroff, in *The Liberals' Moment*, and Todd Gitlin, in *The Bulldozer and the Big Tent*, have written hortatory texts aimed at avoiding yet another disappointment.

Miroff, a veteran of the McGovern campaign and now a professor of political science at the State University of New York at Albany, argues effectively that, window dressing aside, the McGovernites succeeded in taking over the Democratic party, lock, stock, and barrel. This is more than a matter of the now-famous political names such as Hillary Clinton, Gary Hart, Robert Shrum, Bill Clinton, Jesse Jackson, John Podesta, and Samuel Berger, who emerged from the campaign. As Miroff notes, Mondale, Carter, Dukakis, and Gore all lost presidential elections, yet we talk of McGovernites, not Mondaleites, Dukakisites, or Goreites.

The Liberals' Moment
The McGovern Insurgency and the Identity Crisis of the Democratic Party
by Bruce Miroff
Kansas, 355 pp., $29.95

The Bulldozer and the Big Tent
Blind Republicans, Lame Democrats, and the Recovery of American Ideals
by Todd Gitlin
Wiley, 336 pp., $25.95

"The 1972 campaign," Miroff explains, "was the last time Democratic activists could wear their heart on their sleeve all the way up to Election Day."

Miroff, the activist taking over for the academic, brushes aside the political problems produced by the McGovernites' belief in the goodwill of both the North Vietnamese and the Soviet Union. Nor is he struck by their inability to respond to the plight of blue-collar workers trapped in crime-infested cities. The selfless New Politics movement, as he sees it, was betrayed by old-line centrists such as George Meany and Hubert Humphrey, who refused to acknowledge McGovern's superior virtue.

In a similar vein, he argues that Bill Clinton was a bad deal for the Democrats. "There is also a cost," he insists, "when centrist Democrats conceal or deny the party's bedrock convictions." For Miroff, sounding stunningly similar to an Eisenhower-era conservative, there has always been a liberal majority out there ready to respond to the right bugle call. Todd Gitlin, a leader of SDS in the 1960s and now a Columbia professor, will have none of this.

Fred Siegel is the author, most recently, of The Prince of the City: Giuliani, New York and the Genius of American Life.

Much of Gitlin's *The Bulldozer and the Big Tent* is devoted to the notion that Republicans are mindless wolves while Democrats are reasoning sheep who have strayed off in different directions and need to be brought back together as a flock. When he's in his hyperpartisan mode, Gitlin rehashes the standard-issue criticisms of the Bush presidency. He writes as if Joe Wilson's probity wasn't mocked on a bipartisan basis by the Senate Intelligence Committee; as if the Kyoto climate treaty wasn't defeated by 95-0 in the Senate; and as if *Le Monde* wasn't talking about CIA conspiracies in the immediate wake of 9/11.

In one of his fits of hyperbole, Gitlin denounces the Bush presidency as the product of "a society that ranked politics somewhere around gang-banging in moral authority."

Nonetheless, the sections of the book that deal with the relationship between political movements and political parties are well worth reading. There, Gitlin—writing in the voice, and at times even the cadences, of a man who is never mentioned in the book, the late Irving Howe—delivers a warning to young activists about the dangers of letting their enthusiasms overwhelm their intelligence.

For those who don't know of him, Irving Howe was a talented literary critic who, over time, exerted a profound influence on the 68ers of an intellectual bent. A man of the Democratic left who had come of age in the 1930s, he was committed to reconciling socialism with liberalism. In the 1960s Howe, then the editor of *Dissent*, became alarmed at the extremism and irrationalism of the young SDS militants. As a young man, Howe had, with considerable difficulty, largely fought his way free of ideological extremism. But the "mystical militants" of SDS, as he described them, were, to his horror, committed to ignoring all the lessons that had been learned in the 1930s when liberalism had allowed itself to be poisoned by its sulfurous love affair with communism.

In the 1960s Gitlin, one of the "mystical militants," was impervious to Howe's warnings. Today, his goal is to persuade the current liberal "movement" to work in relative harmony with the Democratic party. Howe-like, he worries that the *enragés* with whom he's worked as a supporter of MoveOn.org "tend not to be interested in inches, only in miles." To get what they want, he warns, "the activists will probably have to cultivate irony." But the probability of activists with irony is no more likely than a liberal socialism.

Gitlin's own cultivation of irony has led him to appreciate Bill Clinton. He savors the Clinton who rhetorized about how "the change we must make isn't liberal or conservative. It's both and it's different." Liberals, he complains, "were loath to acknowledge that only an extraordinarily dexterous politician," such as Clinton, "could have come to power in the first place." But he bemoans "the left" for giving Bill Clinton "no points for effort, no credit for decent intentions."

Gitlin's Howe-like insights are at odds with the SDS strain in his political personality, which can't help but both admire and wildly overestimate the talents of Karl Rove. The McGovernized Democratic party fell apart, as Gitlin understands it, when the rights-based social movements that emerged from the 1960s refused to temper their demands in the interest of advancing the broader agenda of the Democratic party. Republican successes in the years since 1972 were, he argues, an expression of the GOP's ability to seamlessly incorporate conservative social movements into the Republican party to produce an unstoppable juggernaut. But now, he exults, it's the Democrats and their aligned social movements who, thanks to a shared loathing for George W. Bush, have the opportunity to create their own juggernaut.

But if the Rove Machine was, as he argues in his opening sections, so powerful as to be able to override reality, then why did it fall apart in 2006? Gitlin has no answer to this question because, like Miroff, he's unable to come to grips with what happened to liberalism. Both present reality as merely an expression of political dexterity.

Liberalism, and with it the Democratic party, collapsed because (in Daniel Patrick Moynihan's famous words) both suffered from "a leakage of reality." All these years later, sixties liberals still can't come to grips with their own failures. Miroff slides over the dystopian aftermath of the Great Society, the explosion in crime and welfare, and the creation of an underclass. But he's still in awe of the advanced idealism of the McGovernites who had the intellectual fortitude to ignore the bleatings of the unenlightened.

Gitlin, at least, gives it a brief stab. "As big business's covenant with big labor hollowed out," he argues, "the cities were left to decay, crime ballooned, whites fled." In other words, for Gitlin, the 1970s preceded the 1960s. Neither entertains the possibility that liberals were simply wrong about a range of issues. How is it possible that neither Gitlin, in his 336 pages, nor Miroff in his 355, can find room to mention the collapse of the Soviet Union?

But liberal Democrats are not the only practitioners of evasion. In private, many Republicans declaim against George W. Bush; yet the Republicans' current predicament goes well beyond the failures of President Bush in Iraq and elsewhere. Some Republicans console themselves by noting that they suffer, in part, from the failure of success. In helping to bring down the Soviet Union, and sharply reducing crime and welfare, Republicans undercut their own appeal. True. But just as important is that many Republicans today, like the liberal Democrats of 1972, are steadfastly refusing to respond to new realities. However beneficial in the long run, globalization now, like civil rights then, has an underside. Globalization produces insecurity and inequality and illegal immigration, all of which generate unfortunate distributional effects.

The white ethnic voter of 1972, who had just been mugged, didn't want a lecture from the McGovernites on the importance of civil rights. The worker today who fears losing his job to foreign competition doesn't want to hear a Republican lecture about the long-term virtues of the free market.

In 1972, the Democrats were sure that they were still the natural majority party. The McGovernites, aglow with their own virtue, never felt the need to pay more than lip service to the chang-

ing contours of American politics. That self-righteous certainty helped produce a landslide defeat.

Today, Republicans are similarly certain that they represent the natural majority of an essentially center-right country. But economic insecurity has moved the center towards the left, and unless Republicans come to grips with that shift—albeit, within a largely free-market framework—they, too, could suffer a stunning defeat. ♦

A Catholic Moment

The Society of Jesus and the making of America.

BY DANIEL SULLIVAN

Jean Bethke Elshtain, the respected professor of religious history, once remarked at a lecture at the University of Chicago that Roman Catholicism may very well have had a greater influence on the religious life of Americans than has Protestantism.

This was, of course, an offhand remark, but it has some support: Catholics are the largest single denomination in the United States, and they have tended to dominate in urban areas and in the Northeast, Midwest, and West Coast, regions which flatter themselves that they drive the cultural motor of America. Certainly the death of Pope John Paul II and the election of his successor attracted a surprising amount of attention in the American media, considering these events were only the replacement of a foreign government's head of state.

If there is any truth to Elshtain's remark, the Society of Jesus—the Jesuits—must count among the primary factors in the rise of Catholic influence in America. And yet Americans seem to know little about Jesuits beyond the performance of Boston College's football team or the famous fictionalized account of an exorcism at Georgetown.

Enter Fr. Raymond Schroth, S.J., who attempts to fill the gap with his history of the American Jesuits. This book consists largely of grouped character sketches of important Jesuits and vignettes of the society's contributions to American life from the first Spanish and French explorer-missionaries to modern activists and academics. Many of these vignettes and sketches are quite compelling, even gripping.

The American Jesuits
A History
by Raymond Schroth
NYU, 368 pp., $29.95

For example, Father Schroth adds a poignant detail to our iconic image of the Battle of Iwo Jima. Fr. Charles F. Suver traveled with the troops to Iwo Jima from the Mariana Islands, a 600-mile journey that induced such acute anxiety that two Marines flung themselves into the ocean rather than meet certain death on the beach. The night before the landing, the Marines bantered with each other about whether one of them could hoist a flag on top of Mount Suribachi.

One of them said to the other, "Okay, you get [the flag] and I'll get it up there!"

To which Father Suver responded, "You get it up there and I'll say Mass under it."

On the fifth day of the bloody attack, Suver saw four men clambering up the mountainside and scrambled after them with his assistant. Schroth records the scene:

> With the permission of the commanding officer, he spread a board across two gas drums for an altar, had two marines hold up a poncho to protect the altar from the wind, placed men with their rifles to hold off any Japanese still lingering in the caves a few yards away, and began, "*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti*."

A powerful image: The Jesuit military chaplain saying Mass beneath one of the most famous American flags in history.

Gripping though this story is, and charming though many others are, vivid stories and well-wrought characters are not enough to make a history out of a bedside yarn. Sometimes it seems that Schroth simply compiles stories and figures without drawing much thematic connection between

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

Georgetown University, 1863

Daniel Sullivan is a writer in Chicago.

them, resulting in a kind of haphazard catalogue or a willy-nilly litany of his favorite Jesuits.

For instance, he follows the slightly quixotic tale of Pierre-Jean De Smet, a charismatic missionary of the Northwest who helped broker peace between Sitting Bull and the U.S. Army with the disgraceful affair of Georgetown University being forced to sell its slaves—breaking up some families—when its finances collapsed in the 1830s. If there is reason to place these two vignettes one after the other, Schroth does not provide it, and the reader can only guess at the connection.

The problem with the rambling-catalogue approach runs deeper, however. The stories Schroth tells present fascinating and important issues, but he merely recognizes them without ever exploring them. A frustrating example is the controversy over Harvard's elective system in the 1890s. Charles W. Eliot, the famous Harvard president at the time, was the leader of a pedagogical reform movement that advocated increasing the selection of courses available to students and letting them decide which of these "electives" they wanted to take. The idea was to let the student shape his own education as an individual, thus becoming a free and mature man rather than an indoctrinated child.

In 1893, Eliot decided that Harvard Law School would admit no students from Catholic, let alone Jesuit, colleges. Eliot explained this by claiming that the typical Catholic course of studies left Catholic students unprepared for law school. This was primarily a judgment about Jesuit education, since then, as now, the Jesuits dominated Catholic higher education. Eliot considered the *Ratio Studiorum*—the basic Jesuit program of education, inherited from the 16th century and modified somewhat over time—to be a backward relic and a system that "cultivates nothing more than memory."

A noted Jesuit professor responded to Eliot's pedagogical attack. Schroth summarizes his response, a detailed refutation of Eliot's typically 19th-century fetishization of free individuals, containing the Burkean retort that the Jesuits in fact "respect the individual too much 'to make the plastic souls and hearts and minds of those entrusted to their care the subjects of untried, revolutionary and wholesale experiment.'"

This debate clearly poses enduring questions about the path American education has taken away from a coherent body of study toward a *smorgasbord* for the student-as-consumer (to put it ideologically). But Schroth never really explores them; he recites the arguments without discussing their validity. This is not because of a scrupulous academic distance; Schroth apparently believes that the Jesuits *did* need to progress with the times. One detects this assumption in the way he tells the story: Those advocating for the reform are portrayed as voices crying in the desert against stubborn and narrow-minded Jesuit functionaries.

Since Schroth insists on advocating for his opinion on the various controversies he recounts, he might do it openly by providing context for the debate and discussing the arguments made on their own terms. Too often his summaries of the arguments feel distinctly like those of a liberal Jesuit of our own day instead of those of a historian of the period in question.

Nevertheless, Schroth has done a service by shedding light on the often-ignored role of the Jesuits in American history. Their contributions, most of all in missionary work and in education, are crucial aspects of the formation of America and of Americans. The importance of Schroth's subject makes all the more frustrating its haphazard presentation. Most people cannot tell a story without injecting their own perspective; Schroth might have mitigated this inevitability by consciously drawing together the themes of the stories he tells into a coherent account in concepts as well as facts.

That would, at least, have forced him to justify the spirit-of-Vatican-II perspective he otherwise tacitly assumes. Without this last step, *American Jesuits* provides a diverting read, but seems all the same a lost opportunity. ♦

BCA

Who's Fascist Now?

The irony of the left's favorite epithet.

BY STEVEN F. HAYWARD

Back during his 1976 campaign for president, Ronald Reagan made the offhand comment to *Time* that "Fascism was really the basis for the New Deal." When Reagan finally grasped the Republican nomination in 1980, Democrats gleefully retrieved that remark to use as proof of Reagan's supposed extremism. The media dutifully obliged, pressing Reagan on what he could possibly have meant with such an odd and inflammatory comment.

Liberal Fascism
The Secret History of the American Left, From Mussolini to the Politics of Meaning
by Jonah Goldberg

To the dismay of his campaign managers, Reagan defended the remark: "Anyone who wants to look at the writings of the Brain Trust of the New Deal will find that President Roosevelt's advisers admired the fascist system. … They thought that private ownership with government management and control *à la* the Italian system was the way to go, and that has been evident in all their writings." This was, Reagan added, "long before fascism

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became a dirty word in the lexicon of the liberals." The *Washington Post* was agog: "Several historians of the New Deal period questioned by *The Washington Post* said they had no idea what Reagan was referring to."

With the arrival of Jonah Goldberg's *Liberal Fascism*, neither the media nor self-satisfied liberals will be able to retreat any longer behind such a veil of ignorance. Goldberg has set out to rescue the idea of fascism from the dustbin of cartoonish epithets and restore it as a meaningful category of political thought; and, moreover, to demonstrate that contemporary American liberalism owes its origin and character to some of the same core ideas and principles that gave rise to European fascism in the first half of the 20th century.

National Recovery Administration parade, St. Louis, 1933

BETTMANN / CORBIS

His thesis will raise hackles, when it isn't deliberately ignored, for the reason Goldberg rightly identifies: Contemporary liberals are strangely uninterested in the pedigree of their own ideas. (When was the last time you heard a liberal discussing Herbert Croly, or even John Dewey, as a relevant source for contemporary understanding?) Instead, the left will go on deploying "fascism" as a conversation-stopper against conservatives, even though the term ought to be associated overwhelmingly with liberalism.

"In reality," Goldberg argues at the outset, "international fascism drew from the same intellectual wellsprings as American Progressivism," which was the precursor to contemporary American liberalism. And conservatism cannot be understood seriously as an offshoot or cousin of fascism.

Goldberg's analysis comes in two parts. The first task is to clear away the tangled overgrowth of misconceptions about the meaning of fascism itself. The term has long been controversial or vague among political thinkers, and its popular conception understandably colored by its Nazi incarnation. Fascism should be understood as a supercharged nationalistic statism, finding its theoretical wellsprings in Hegelian historicism, Rousseau's protean "general will," Nietzschean will-to-power, Darwinian evolution, and a smattering of the Social Gospel thrown in for good measure—all of which overturned the older liberalism of Locke, the Enlightenment, and the American Founders.

In America this soup came to boil as Deweyite "pragmatism," but despite the calm and practical associations pragmatism conjures, fascism thrives in an atmosphere of constant crisis, which only a bigger, more active state can confront.

As Goldberg makes abundantly clear, fascism is a species of revolutionary socialism, with totalitarian implications. Vicious racism is not an inherent aspect of fascism—though many American progressives, such as Woodrow Wilson, exhibited strong racist streaks—and Nazi fascism should be understood as an aberration peculiar to Germany. Mussolini, rather than Hitler, should be understood as the paradigm of fascism.

"Nazism was the product of German culture, grown out of a German context. The Holocaust could not have occurred in Italy, because Italians are not Germans," writes Goldberg. This qualification is essential to his overall argument, because he is emphatic in avoiding the charge that he is engaging in *reductio ad Hitlerum*; that is, in arguing that liberalism is fascistic, he is not trying to suggest liberals are crypto-Nazis. Nonetheless, his survey of the origin and meaning of fascism cannot get around the ways in which the Nazis appropriated and transformed fascist thought to their own uses, and as such, the extreme cases of Hitler and Mussolini make it difficult to grasp the non-extreme case of American fascism.

Goldberg's delineation of American fascism is the second part of his analysis and the bulk of the book. He identifies three fascist episodes in modern American history: the Progressive Era (and especially World War I); the New Deal; and the 1960s.

Most historical narratives portray World War I as the end of Progressivism; Goldberg rightly sees it as its apotheosis, with its propaganda efforts, its embrace of the purifying effects of militarism, and its ruthless crushing of dissent. Wilson openly argued for redefining the American constitutional order in Hegelian and Darwinian terms, and celebrated the expansion of state power necessary to direct human progress and guide people to "mature" freedom.

Wilson and other progressives disparaged "individualism" and the market economy, and advocated ever more powerful government social and economic planning. It is here we learn that Goldberg is not the first to use the category of "liberal fascism." H.G. Wells used the term approvingly in 1932. He also (remember the date) said that progressives should seek to become "enlightened Nazis."

The New Deal, as Ronald Reagan had the imagination to perceive and the courage to declare, was America's second fascist episode. Goldberg's copi-

ous and detailed research demonstrates beyond doubt that the New Dealers themselves understood their project as wholly congruent with what they saw approvingly in Italy and Germany. Waldo Frank declared in 1934 that Roosevelt's National Recovery Administration "is the beginning of American Fascism" and the Nazis expressed their admiration and enthusiasm for FDR's program. (Hitler, in particular, praised American eugenicists.) The *New York Times* reported in 1933: "There is at least one official voice in Europe that expresses understanding of the method and motives of President Roosevelt. This voice is that of Germany, as represented by Chancellor Adolf Hitler."

America's third fascist episode was the 1960s, and especially the rise of the New Left, whose philosophy and tactics bore distinct echoes of the Hitler Youth. Goldberg cites the liberal scholar Irving Louis Horowitz, who recognized that sixties radicalism was "a fanatic attempt to impose a new social order upon the world" and, forthrightly, called it fascism of the left. Moreover, the fascist impulses of the 1960s have not yet run their course. The liberal enthusiasm for regimenting society on behalf of our own good (smoking bans, healthy eating mantras, etc.) or "for the children" (especially Hillary Clinton's style of thought in *It Takes a Village*) represent the still-vibrant residue of the last wave of fascist enthusiasm.

"The edifice of contemporary liberalism," Goldberg argues, "stands on a foundation of assumptions and ideas integral to the larger fascist moment. Contemporary liberals, who may be the kindest and most racially tolerant people in the world, nonetheless choose to live in a house of distinctly fascist architecture."

This reference to the purported "niceness" and sincere good intent of modern liberalism raises a number of problems for which *Liberal Fascism*, despite all its splendid research and analysis, begs some important questions that, on the surface, the author does not appear to resolve.

Are we supposed to understand liberalism as a hateful and destructive thing, as we do fascism? While deploring fascism and its influence on liberalism, Goldberg draws back from the implications of equating liberal fascism with communism as a species of malignant revolutionary socialism. "Fascism was a human response to a rapidly unfolding series of technological, theological, and social revolutions," he writes. "Those revolutions are still playing themselves out"—and not just on the left. Goldberg rightly scorns some of the same tendencies he sees in certain quarters on the right, such as Pat Buchanan's nationalism and George W. Bush's compassionate conservatism. We're all fascists now, he writes in his last chapter.

Perhaps Goldberg has rehabilitated fascism a bit too much, in hopes of blunting the visceral and unreflective, but inevitable, liberal rejection of his unwelcome parallels. Goldberg goes out of his way to offer exoneration to liberals by reference to their good intentions. On the one hand, he makes clear the totalitarian temptation of liberal fascism: Hillary Clinton's "politics of meaning" speech, for example, "is in many respects the most thoroughly totalitarian conception of politics offered by a leading American political figure in the last half century." But he is quick to add that "Hillary is no Führer, and her notion of 'the common good' doesn't involve racial purity or concentration camps. . . . When I say that Hillary Clinton's ideas in general are fascist, I must again be clear that they are not evil."

This effort at balance and reasonableness may, in part, be designed to set him and the book's inflammatory title apart from the sensational, sales-oriented polemics of other conservative bestsellers of recent years. From the standpoint of the prose alone, it is notable that the wit and snark that enliven Goldberg's newspaper columns and blog posts are conspicuously missing from this sober volume. But in larger measure he has tried to diminish fascism as a mindless epithet so that readers will think harder about the deep general tendencies, both historical and philosophical, that gave rise to the phenomenon in any of its forms.

Goldberg thinks that the extreme kinds of fascism that took root in Europe never caught on in America because of an antigovernment, or antistatist, strain deeply embedded in the American character. Americans don't like to be bossed around, and would never tolerate Canadian-style health care rationing, for example. But this turns out to be the key issue of the whole book, and he unfolds it with such subtlety that casual readers will miss his treatment. Liberal fascism is not about to slam totalitarianism down on America in some *Kristallnacht*-style convulsion. But liberalism, "the organized pursuit of the desirable," *is* committed to an ever-expanding state, without any limits in principle.

The core liberal promise of delivering security and human fulfillment through state action may erode the antistatist American character with the grim effectiveness of the drip-drip-drip of water torture, and slowly succeed in "rewriting the habits of our hearts," eventually creating "some vast North American Belgium."

"If there is ever a fascist takeover in America," Goldberg believes, "it will not come in the form of storm troopers kicking down doors but with lawyers and social workers saying, 'I'm from the government and I'm here to help.'" ♦

Forgotten Apostate

The most important ex-socialist you've never heard of.

BY RONALD RADOSH

A few years ago, a well-known neoconservative asked a simple question: "Why do so many of us persist in calling themselves social democrats?" He was most likely thinking of the late Sidney Hook and his disciples in Social Democrats USA—a group that fought alongside conservatives against Communist totalitarianism in the waning days of the Cold War.

Hook was second to none in his hatred for Communist societies and the doctrine of Marxism-Leninism that guided them. He opposed those who sought détente with the Soviets; supported the dissidents within and the indigenous rebels without who fought them militarily; waged relentless ideological warfare on those who appeased communism at home, and became a supporter of Ronald Reagan's foreign policy. Nevertheless, Hook continued to proudly wear the rubric of social democrat. He was letting people know that, philosophically, he was carrying on the values and traditions that came from his old socialist convictions.

Hook, it turns out, was not the first self-proclaimed social democrat to take such a course. The path he took was taken first by John Spargo (1876-1966). That name, unlike Hook's, is almost unknown today. It is the merit of the Finnish historian Markku Ruotsila that he has resurrected the importance of this once well-known American socialist. Spargo, Ruotsila proves, was important to key decisions made by Woodrow Wilson in the aftermath of the Bolshevik Revolution. In subsequent years, Spargo continued to be of influence as he regularly had contact with people such as Herbert Hoover, Bernard Baruch, Arthur Vandenberg, William Howard Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, and Calvin Coolidge.

John Spargo and American Socialism
by Markku Ruotsila
Palgrave/Macmillan, 344 pp., $75

Like Sidney Hook, Spargo had written many early books advocating an American style of Marxism. Before he died, in the last article he wrote, Spargo argued that although Barry Goldwater failed to gain the presidency, he should act as the "rebuilder and intellectual inspirer of the GOP."

Spargo's unique role was both as an architect of early anti-Communist foreign policy and as an intellectual thinker who sought to modify Marxist doctrine. His life as an active socialist began in the west of England, when he became a Methodist preacher. At age 14, he began his study of the writings of the famed British socialist H.M. Hyndman, and left the church to immerse himself in the writings of various Marxists. By the age of 20, he was a leader in the South Wales union movement, and stood for a seat in the House of Commons. Although he was rising quickly in the ranks of the British left, at age 25 he suddenly and precipitously sailed for New York with his new wife.

He landed in 1901, and although he was without funds or a job, he immediately made contact with American socialists. Before long, his reputation in the movement grew, and as in Britain, his drive and brilliance propelled him "to the top of the American socialist movement," in Ruotsila's words. Before long he was editing a major socialist magazine and writing a new book almost every year. A flaming radical, he announced he agreed with the famous Mother Jones who had said that "all human liberty is dead in America."

As he came to know his adopted country, he gradually changed his views. By 1904 he saw the power of electoral politics and became interested in what he once rejected: immediate and practical social reform. In 1909 he was elected to leadership of the new Socialist party of Eugene Debs and became part of its so-called right wing. Spargo was soon forced to reconcile his growing interest in mainstream political practice with allegiance to Marx's revolutionary doctrine: Between 1907 and 1917 he became an American supporter of the revisionist Marxists in Europe. The result was condemnation by Debs as one of the "cowardly progressive capitalists" who used socialist phraseology for antisocialist ends. Spargo ignored Debs, and continued to carry out a systematic reexamination of the nature of Marxism, making him America's major revisionist socialist.

Over the ensuing years, this careful intellectual effort led him to a unique analysis of the American political and economic structure; that is, that the United States economy grew to wealth and power with complementary elements of both socialism and capitalism. America had become a nation whose system embodied the best of socialism: a belief in equality of opportunity, economic growth that would benefit the working man as well as the wealthy, and regulation of industry when it was deemed necessary.

The system was what the historian Martin J. Sklar has called "a mix of capitalism and socialism." Spargo called it "a communism of opportunity" or "socialized individualism." In a new era, he wrote, capitalist America had progressed towards "a new type of communism, based upon private property and individualism," in which the genius of capitalism would be channeled to achieve "socialization of results." His articles explaining this theory were published by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and in a pamphlet entitled "Why I Am No Longer a Socialist."

Ronald Radosh, adjunct fellow at the Hudson Institute, is working with Allis Radosh on a book about Harry S. Truman, the creation of Israel, and American foreign policy.

It was in foreign policy, however, that Spargo would have the greatest impact. When World War I began, Spargo was one of the few pro-war socialists who broke with their party's complete opposition to the war. He argued that, through wartime collectivism, labor would gain new rights and the social-democratic transformation of America would be accelerated. He and others did their part to try to convince British, French, and Italian socialists to support the Allied coalition, and at home they offered their services to the Wilson administration by writing pro-war propaganda.

When the Bolsheviks took power in Russia in 1917, Spargo became the first prominent anti-Bolshevik in American socialist ranks. Leninism, he argued, was not only a false claimant to the name of socialism, it also produced a regime whose foreign policy of exporting revolution endangered world peace and the very advances of social democracy he and his followers supported. Spargo wrote the first anti-Communist book, *Bolshevism: The Enemy of Political and Industrial Democracy*, which was immediately attacked by John Reed as a "very clever and subtle misrepresentation of Bolshevism"—a system Reed supported by soon writing *Ten Days That Shook the World*, the most influential *pro*-Bolshevik book published in America.

Spargo's *Bolshevism* gained wide support from both disillusioned socialists and American statesmen. From the time he authored it, Ruotsila writes, Spargo found "contentment and meaning in his life in the passionate crusade against Bolshevism." It was this passion, and Spargo's solid understanding of Marxist doctrine and Soviet practice, that led to his playing a major role in the Wilson administration.

He began by building a coalition of liberals, whom he knew would favor social reform that would undermine the Communist message, and conservatives, whom he knew would favor containing the Soviets and eventually support measures to destroy the new Bolshevik regime. His next step was to convince the Wilson administration to adopt his views—a difficult task since, during the war, Spargo strongly opposed Wilson's curbs on civil liberties, openly campaigned to free Eugene Debs from prison, and fought limits imposed on sending the socialist press through the mail.

Spargo also feared that Wilson did not comprehend the true nature of the Bolshevik threat, and would not enact the kinds of measures necessary to counter it. His most natural allies, he came to believe, were conservative anti-Communists, and he liked what he saw as the Republican party's active, anti-Bolshevik foreign policy. With the support of both ex-presidents Roosevelt and Taft, Spargo soon gained great influence in newly emerging anti-Communist organizations, whose leaders favored military intervention to destroy Bolshevism.

John Spargo

In 1920 John Spargo attained his greatest success. Using his contacts to get to Wilson, he drafted a proposed diplomatic note he hoped the administration would consider as a basis for dealing with the Bolsheviks. Much to his surprise, that draft became the policy statement itself. Named for Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby, the Colby Note advocated opposition to the dismemberment of Russia, support of an independent Poland, and a firm refusal to recognize the Bolshevik regime as the legitimate government of Russia. It also suggested that military aid be extended to any sovereign governments threatened by Soviet aggression. With his authorship of the Note unknown, Spargo was able to write a *New York Times* article calling it "the most efficient single force recently directed" towards destruction of the Bolshevik government.

The Harding administration continued to back the substance of the Colby Note, as did the Coolidge and Hoover administrations. Spargo took the opportunity to cement his ties with major Republican conservatives, formally joining the party and endorsing Calvin Coolidge's 1924 campaign for the White House, which led to a close relationship between Coolidge and Spargo.

But the Spargo-inspired policy toward Soviet Russia began to unravel when Franklin D. Roosevelt became president. When FDR announced in 1933 that he would move to recognize the Soviet regime, Spargo was the first person publicly to condemn the new policy in print. The social and economic policies of the New Deal similarly outraged him, and he developed what Ruotsila calls (in today's terminology) a "Left-libertarian case against" the New Deal.

He saw public funding of government projects as steps that retarded, rather than advanced, economic recovery. As an alternative, he favored an industrial democracy similar to that called for by social democrats, and based on cooperation of progressive businessmen and moderate trade union leaders. In addition, he feared that some New Dealers favored an American style of central planning that would lead to collectivism and have the same dangerous results as in the Soviet Union. The New Deal, he thought, was driving towards what Ruotsila calls a "centralized, illiberal and coercive governance on par with Bolshevism and Fascism."

In Spargo's eyes, New Deal agencies created a new and dangerous government bureaucracy. Though he supported private enterprise, Spargo also favored regulatory legislation that

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would stifle corporate greed; but he opposed any move of government into business, arguing that it would lead not only to an unnecessary bureaucracy but also to increased taxes that would harm the production of wealth. Roosevelt's domestic policies were, in effect, what Spargo had opposed when he was a socialist: a centralized bureaucracy leading to a new state capitalism.

For the rest of his life, Spargo carried on the fight from his rural home in Vermont. He tried to rehabilitate Herbert Hoover's reputation, and worked to gain support for William Green and the American Federation of Labor (AFL) when the Left was backing the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO). He helped build a countercoalition against liberal policies, and worked to resuscitate the Republican party at the grassroots level. During World War II he proved his flexibility by backing Lend Lease and supporting a military alliance with the Soviet regime he detested. In 1944 he supported the presidential campaign of Thomas E. Dewey, seeing Dewey as a person who would favor a decentralized government pledged to voluntary associationalism and individual liberty, but who would also support an internationalist policy of cooperation between nations in the postwar period.

In his final years, the aging Spargo was a confirmed Cold Warrior. By the time William F. Buckley Jr. founded *National Review*, Spargo's "influence on early Cold War anticommunism was of the same kind, his goals the same, and his trajectory largely the same" as those of James Burnham, Whittaker Chambers, and Max Eastman. As Ruotsila points out, Spargo had argued first in the 1940s what they were saying in the 1950s. By the 1960s, Spargo maintained that the only genuine liberalism came from the Goldwater campaign, and he wrote that he "hoped that Senator Goldwater will initiate a new period of growth and progress, making the Republican party a great dynamic force." He called Ronald Reagan's famous televised speech for Goldwater "in the great classical tradition of political campaign oratory … [the] only logical presentation of the issues."

Markku Ruotsila has succeeded in restoring to historical memory the fascinating life of John Spargo, a man who did much "to shape twentieth-century debates over American domestic and foreign policies in significant and lasting ways." Most striking, writes Ruotsila, is "the resemblance between Spargo's trajectory and that of the neoconservative movement." The neoconservatives stayed rooted, as Spargo did, in their old philosophical suppositions. Like Spargo, he notes, neoconservatives rediscovered the role of religious perspectives on American life, and celebrated American democracy "and the global beneficence and mission of a regulated American-style capitalism." And of course, like Spargo, they favored the use of American military power when needed, and during the Cold War were strong and principled anti-Communists.

The strategy adopted by the Reagan administration against communism was one that, had Spargo lived, he would have certainly applauded: "Destruction of Bolshevism was his cause for almost 50 years," Ruotsila writes. Many of his policies were adopted; other of his ideas vigorously debated: Spargo alone went back to the start, with the birth of the Soviet Union. Certainly, as Ruotsila says, John Spargo deserves "his pride of place" in the pantheon of those who waged the struggle. ♦

BCA

Moses of Vienna

The lesson of Freud's exile and death.

BY RICHARD PANEK

The story goes that when the Nazis raided Berggasse 19 in Vienna in March 1938, they were helping themselves to the contents of the family safe when there appeared from the back of the apartment an old, ill, bearded specter, more wraith than man. Sigmund Freud gave them a stare that only he could give, and the thugs took the money and ran. The anecdote might be apocryphal, but it endures because it's emblematic of Freud's relationship to authoritarian figures in general: He saw right through them.

The Death of Sigmund Freud
The Legacy of His Last Days
by Mark Edmundson
Bloomsbury, 288 pp., $25.95

What Freud would have seen in Hitler is the subject of Mark Edmundson's *The Death of Sigmund Freud: The Legacy of His Last Days*. Chronologically the book covers the period between March 1938, when the Nazis invaded Austria and Freud reluctantly agreed to flee Vienna for London, and September 1939, the start of World War II and the death of Sigmund Freud. Psychologically it parallels two personalities: a Hitler who wouldn't shut up, declaring himself an expert on a subject and then talking about it for hours, as Edmundson writes (quoting Don DeLillo) in "endless monologues, free associating"; and a Freud who repeatedly demonstrated, in Edmundson's own words, "that there was nothing that crossed his mind that he would not write down and publish."

Edmundson doesn't push the comparison any further, and he never descends to the kind of pop psychoanalysis that a further comparison would require. Professor of English at the University of Virginia and the author of *Why Read?* as well as *Towards Reading Freud*, and the introduction to

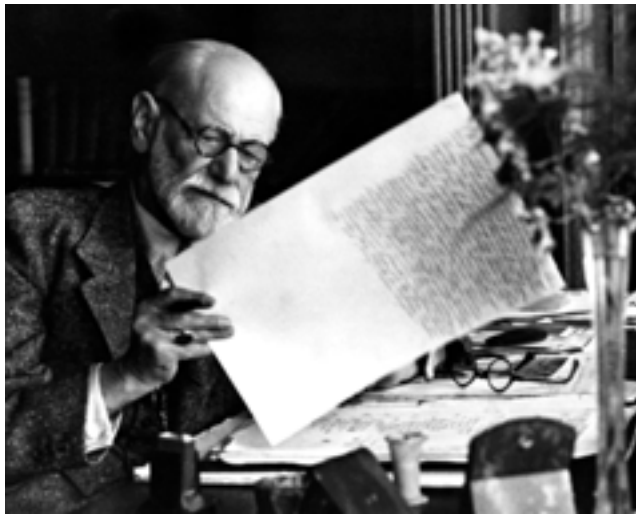
Richard Panek is the author of The Invisible Century: Einstein, Freud, and the Search for Hidden Universes.

Adam Phillips's reissue of Freud's *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, Edmundson takes Freud's ideas on their own philosophically provocative, artistically demanding, terms. His conclusion about Freud's fascination with authoritarian figures is, like much of this book, both simple and profound: Takes one to know one.

"Anyone who had been reading Freud," Edmundson writes, "would not have been terribly surprised by the events of March 1938." In 1921, Freud published *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*, a meditation on mass worship of political authority—in particular, as Edmundson writes, "the man with the masterly aura," the leader who "is always sure that his vision is the one true vision." In 1927, in *The Future of an Illusion*, Freud examined how this mass "addiction to the patriarch" manifests itself in religion. "Like the dictator," Edmundson paraphrases Freud, "the sky god introduces clarity into situations that are overcomplicated."

Which brings Freud back to a favorite subject: Moses. In 1914, on a visit to Rome, Freud found himself unable to stop contemplating Michelangelo's sculpture of Moses and, characteristically, he struggled to articulate why on paper. In his essay "The Moses of Michelangelo" Freud argued that the sculpture captures Moses at the moment he discovers his followers worshipping the golden calf. Yet in Freud's interpretation, as Edmundson says, "Moses never throws down the tablets in rage." Why not? Why would Moses—a man who was sure that his vision of a God in the sky was the one true vision—simply sit and glower?

Twenty years later, Freud was still asking himself that question. "Moses won't let go of my imagination," Freud wrote a friend in 1935. By the time the Nazis invaded Austria, Freud had completed the first two chapters of the manuscript that would become *Moses and Monotheism*. He continued working on the final chapter while waiting for news of whether his bribes were sufficient to guarantee his family safe passage out of the country. He carried the manuscript with him when he fled Vienna, and he continued working on it in London, in a race against the cancer that was devouring his face. The book would serve, Edmundson writes, as "something like an intellectual last will and testament for Freud, and for psychoanalysis."



Freud writing Moses and Monotheism, *1938*

One of two intellectual last wills and testaments, actually. While Edmundson doesn't dwell on the scientific aspect of Freud's background—understandably, for the purposes of this book—Freud did. During the 1880s he was one of the more prominent neuroanatomists in Vienna, first as a researcher, then both in private practice and as the director of a neurological institute. Only later, in the mid-1890s, when he found that he couldn't account for some psychical phenomena through cause-and-effect neurological processes, did he decisively abandon the study of the brain for the study of the mind.

But he never abandoned the assumption that advances in neurophysiology would validate psychoanalytic findings, and so after completing *Moses and Monotheism* he began work on a new book, asserting to the end that "the phenomena with which we were dealing do not belong to psychology alone; they have an organic and biological side as well." *An Outline of Psycho-Analysis* would serve as his last will and testament for psychoanalysis on an empirical level.

But Freud had always indulged in the non-empirical as well. In 1895, struggling one last time to locate the unconscious in the pathways of the brain, he urged a friend to "not refrain from publishing even conjectures. One cannot do without people who have the courage to think new things before they are in a position to demonstrate them." Freud, however, thought he lacked that courage. "I take no pride in having avoided speculation," he wrote 10 years later. Only 10 years after *that*, in 1915, his immediately post-"Moses of Michelangelo" period, did he concede the speculative origins of the unconscious: "A gain in meaning is a perfectly justifiable ground for going beyond the limits of direct experience." Now, in the final year of his life, he published a book that, as Edmundson writes, "was as bold and speculative a piece of work as he had ever attempted." *Moses and Monotheism* would serve as Freud's last will and testament for psychoanalysis on a metaphorical level.

In Freud's reimagining of Exodus, the significance of Moses' monotheism was not just the idea of one God but the idea of an invisible God. The intellectual capacity to believe in an "abstract idea" rather than a "sensory perception" was, in Freud's words, "a triumph of intellectuality over sensuality." To Freud, Edmundson adds, "God is still a figure to displace, but belief in him is a necessary stage on the way to a far better belief." It would lead to "the true development of the mind." It would be essential for developments "in mathematics, in law, in science, and in literary art—in all the activities, in other words, that involve making an abstract model of experience, in words or numbers or lines, and working with the abstraction to achieve control over nature or to bring humane order to life." And it would allow the kind of introspection that would become the basis of psychoanalysis: "belief in that internal, unseen structure that Freud calls the psyche."

CORBIS

In this interpretation, the spectacle that awaited Moses when he came down from Mount Sinai—the Israelites worshipping the golden calf—was more than a rejection of monotheism. It also represented a cultural, intellectual step backward. Yet what allowed Moses to keep his rage in check—at least in Freud's radical 1938 elaboration on his already radical 1914 interpretation of what Michelangelo might have been trying to portray—was that he himself hadn't abandoned the cultural, intellectual step forward. Because Moses possessed the power of abstraction, he could control his inner turmoil—and become a new kind of authority figure.

"Moses is flesh of sublimation," Freud said to Salvador Dalí, one of the notables who called on him at his Maresfield Gardens home in London. (Others included H.G. Wells, prominent scientists from the Royal Society, and Virginia and Leonard Woolf, whose Hogarth Press published Freud in English.) It is from this "ability to sublimate" that Moses not only masters his emotions but "gains his authority as a leader," Edmundson writes. "Freud's Moses, unlike the archetypal leader, lives with conflict and anxiety, and he does so in the interests of civilization."

Edmundson's objective, however, isn't merely to summarize *Moses and Monotheism*. Like Freud's, his concerns are cultural. Because of the value of abstraction to civilization in general, and the value of sublimation in a leader in particular, Edmundson contends, "There is no social ceremony more antithetical to Judaic and psychoanalytical inwardness than the mass rally."

The application of the religious lessons of *The Future of an Illusion* to today Edmundson makes explicit. "In the twenty-first century a stranglingly intolerant version of faith is abroad not only throughout the Islamic world, but in the United States of America," which "has a sizable constituency who wish for little so much as religious rule by the state, theocracy." The application of the political lessons of *Group Psychology*, however, he leaves implicit, though unmistakable.

Not that he pushes the comparison between political leaders then and now. But as he did with Hitler and Freud, Edmundson underscores similarities in situations and personalities that speak to mass adulation of a certain type of authority. When "the world seems most disordered, incoherent, and inconsistent, and when humanity seems to be drowning in its own confusion," he writes, we want a leader who seems "to have perfect confidence, to need no one, and to be entirely self-sufficient"—who exudes "a sense of being whole. Suddenly we are not at war within ourselves. The sense of anxiety departs and we feel free."

But the sense of wholeness, the feeling of freedom, are illusions. "Freud affirms not inner peace but inner conflict," Edmundson says. "He believes that the inner tensions we experience within the psyche are by and large necessary tensions. This is so not because the tensions are enjoyable in themselves—they are not—but because the alternatives are so much worse."

No storm-tossed ship of state needs a Hamlet at the helm. Freud knew Hamlet; Freud treated Hamlet almost as if he were a patient (in *The Interpretation of Dreams*); Moses was no Hamlet. Edmundson writes, "What Moses surely suggests to Freud—and should suggest to us—is that it may be possible to be an authority, to have an influence, without being a conventional patriarch." This was the model of authority that Freud tried to emulate, certainly in his private practice, but also in his writing. He was, Edmundson concludes, "the great cultural patriarch, who stood for nothing so much as for the dismantling of patriarchy."

What Freud saw in the Moses of Michelangelo in 1914 was himself, even if he didn't consciously make the connection for another 20 years. The gaze that Moses leveled at the Israelites is the gaze that Freud leveled at the Nazi looters. It is the gaze, Edmundson argues, that we should all level at our leaders. But it is a gaze that is available only to someone who has looked through himself to see the worshipper—and the looter—within. ♦

BCA

The Brain Drain

Lenin's choice for intellectuals: Get shot, or go into exile. **BY COLIN FLEMING**

Spin doesn't get much more draconian than Leon Trotsky's comments to a Western journalist in 1922, regarding the deportation of Russia's top intellectuals on two steamships. "Those elements whom we are sending or will send are politically worthless in themselves," declared Lenin's right-hand man. "But they are potential weapons in the hands of our possible enemies. . . . And we will be forced to shoot them according to the regulations of war. This is why we prefer in a peaceful period to send them away."

Who knew Bolsheviks could be so benevolent?

Keen to do away with any political dissension, Lenin hit upon the plan of coming up with a list of Russia's worst subversives—meaning, for the most part, middle-aged journalists and theology professors—and ferrying them off to Germany, where they could go about their meddlesome

Lenin's Private War
The Voyage of the Philosophy Steamer and the Exile of the Intelligentsia
by Lesley Chamberlain
St. Martin's, 432 pp., $27.95

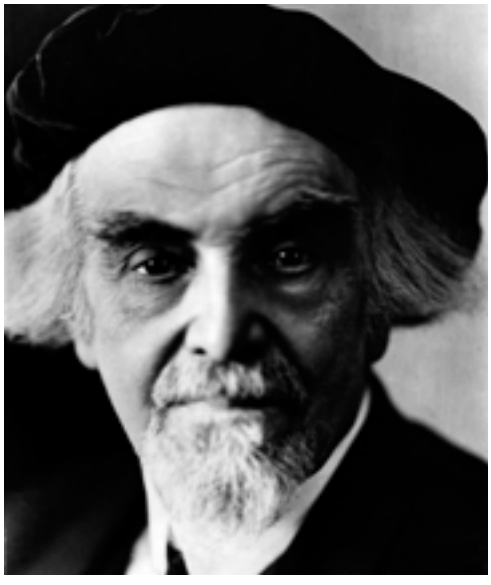
Colin Fleming is finishing a novel.

business with no harm to the Soviet behemoth. If you are going to expel your country's top minds, basically knocking out an entire generation of scholarly and artistic endeavors, you need a good PR man, and as Chamberlain documents again and again, doublespeak was as vital to the Soviet cause as the Cheka and executions, real and threatened.

Trotsky possessed the intellect to know better—and, as Lesley Chamberlain argues, Lenin, even in failing health, did as well—and still, "it was as if he had invented a new school of rhetoric. His eloquence used artistic ridicule as class revenge." The party line was that Russia's deposed intellectuals were a feckless lot, producing little practical good, dreamers and idealists who knew nothing of Russia's place in the modern world and, according to Leninspeak, were more at home in an age populated by dragons and wizards.

Having been driven from their homeland, Tolstoy's intellectual descendants settled in Prague and Berlin, with some finding their way to France and England and others eventually to the United States. Their saga, post-expulsion, is the meat of *Lenin's Private War*, and in addition to the gutting sadness experienced in learning how many of these lives descended into alienation and depression, there are success stories. Opportunities existed for those who were much more forward-thinking than Lenin could admit, some being cagey enough to make the most of Modernism and the possibilities it afforded their modes of thinking, a freedom unknown back in the USSR.

Chamberlain is clearly exasperated by the antics of Nikolai Berdyaev, as inconsistent and enigmatic a philosopher as you'll find in the East—and a hothead to boot—but he presents Roman Jakobson, with his pioneering efforts in phonology, as a theorist to rival Mikhail Bakhtin. Realizing that sound evinced sense in Russia's Silver Age literature, Jakobson examined the relationships between letters and words at their structural core,



Nikolai Berdyaev

providing critical context for a dauntingly avant-garde movement. Vladimir Nabokov also hangs around the peripheries of Chamberlain's narrative, although he wasn't one of the 69 or so intellectuals sentenced to departure from the Petrograd quay. We witness him observing these displaced lives as they take root in the Russian neighborhoods of Berlin, studying men as he would butterflies.

There were few illusions, even before Lenin's decree was announced. "Indeed, what's going on is not the socialism I envisaged at all, but a definite and deliberate thing like some island of St Helena," wrote the poet (and future suicide) Sergei Esenin, alluding to the island where the banished Napoleon lived out his days. As is so often the case, tragedy lurks in the inference: that when men take on the qualities of sediment and rock piled high in an empty sea, the men living amongst them are already adrift in exile well before their official voyages are underway. ♦

PCA

The Cool One

The target here is not the abortionist but the hipster.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

A debate has arisen about whether the out-of-nowhere smash hit comedy *Juno*—a box-office sensation and the sleeper candidate for Best Picture Oscar—is a pro-life document and, therefore, a cultural landmark of sorts. Rick Santorum, the former senator, says it is. He points out that the title character, a 16-year-old Minnesota girl, sets out to abort her fetus but is then told by a good-natured classmate demonstrating outside the clinic that the unborn child she is carrying has fingernails. Santorum is very excited by Juno's decision to have the baby, so much so that, he writes, "I begin this new year with greater hope for our culture."

Juno
Directed by Jason Reitman

Michael Currie Schaffer, writing on the *New Republic*'s website, scoffs at the notion that there is anything new here: "Abortion has long been a rarity in celluloid life, where all kinds of improbable moms bear all kinds of inconvenient children in order to produce all kinds of plot lines. . . . Unfortunately for the culture warriors of the right, on-screen childbirth says little about our national progression towards hell in a hand basket."

John Podhoretz, editorial director of Commentary, *is* THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic.*

HULTON-DEUTSCH COLLECTION / CORBIS

Schaffer is right. *Juno* is only anti-abortion if one thinks a cinematic depiction of a character who chooses not to have an abortion and suffers no adverse consequences from that decision turns that decision into a political and moral statement. But he is also terribly wrong. *Juno* is very much a movie that takes a firm stand against "our national progression towards hell in a hand basket."

But the enemy of all that is good and true and noble here isn't the abortionist. It's the hipster.

Juno is a devastating—indeed, almost inarguable—polemic against cool. The movie offers its delightfully drawn title character two paths, the way of the hip and the way of the square, and teaches her that the way of the hip is an emotional dead end. Juno (Ellen Page) is one hip 16-year-old. Indeed, Juno is so hip that she speaks in her own wiseacre slang. ("Hello," she says when she calls the family-planning clinic, "I would like to procure a hasty abortion.") Born in the 1990s, Juno comports herself as though she were a 1970s teenager, listening to Iggy Pop and speaking on a vintage Me Decade phone in the shape of a hamburger. What's more, Juno knows perfectly well how hip she is, asserting with confidence that the star of the football team wants her because she's not the head cheerleader.

One evening she decides to amuse herself by fulfilling the dreams of her extremely un-hip best friend, Paulie (Michael Cera, the off-kilter comic original from *Superbad*). He's a gangly boy who uses deodorant on his thighs before he goes out running and is addicted to orange Tic-Tacs. While her pregnancy understandably mires her in self-obsession, she fails to notice that Paulie is desperately in love with her and that their intimacy has only deepened his feelings for her. She, playing it light as every hipster must, begins suggesting names of other girls whom Paulie should take to the prom. Diffident down to his toenails, Paulie obeys her directive. And it is only when she discovers he is doing what she suggested that she realizes the depth of *her* feelings towards *him*.

As a character, Juno might have been intolerable. But she is, instead, entirely winsome, a little girl wearing big girl's clothing who hopes you won't notice. Ellen Page, who plays her beautifully, has a petite frame from which emerges an interestingly tinny voice (close your eyes and you might think it's an old lady speaking). Her sophistication is entirely affected.

That is not true of Mark Loring (Jason Bateman), who is part of the childless married couple to whom Juno agrees to relinquish her baby after birth. Mark is a successful composer of commercial jingles who works at home in a McMansion chafing under the domestic finickiness of his extremely yuppie wife, Vanessa (Jennifer Garner). Even though he is a man two decades older, Juno sees him as a kindred spirit. He's a musician, he owns cool guitars, and he loves gory movies. The cool guitars and gory movies are stashed away in corners of his house because Vanessa doesn't want them open to public view. He is relaxed and funny; she is tight-lipped, nervous, and has no evident sense of humor.

If *Juno* were a conventional comedy, Mark would be a classic romantic-movie fantasy figure of a good guy whose bad marriage posed the only obstacle to a life of love and happiness with our heroine. But *Juno* is not a conventional comedy. For one thing, our heroine is 16 years old. For another, Mark's hip friendliness masks far more unattractive qualities. "Well," says his wife to Mark with withering scorn, "aren't you the cool one?" She could not have been more cutting if she had called him a pedophile.

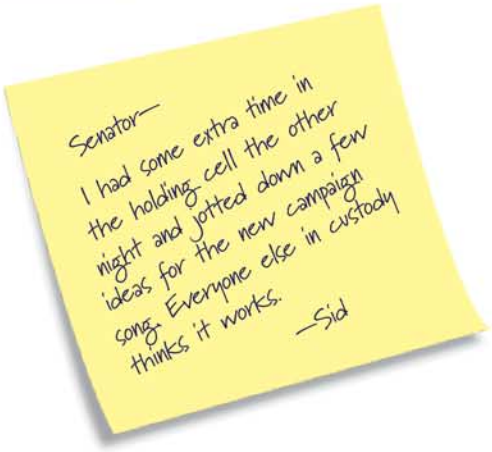
And that is the hidden, and profound, cultural conservatism at the heart of *Juno*. The movie's celebrated screenplay is by a first-timer named Diablo Cody, a 29-year-old with many tattoos and a nose stud who says she worked for a time as a stripper. Cody turns out to be a double agent, working not for the sex workers of the world or the independent-film lions of the Sundance Film Festival, but rather in the secret interest of America's unfashionable bourgeoisie.

The movie's bourgeoisie range from the too-earnest Vanessa to the devoted Paulie to the sacrificing shleps in Juno's family: her father, a military man turned air conditioning installer obsessed with Greek mythology, and her straight-talking stepmother, who loves dogs but can't have one because Juno is allergic to canine saliva. These people, oddballs all, make it possible for Juno to ditch the too-cool-for-school act and luxuriate, miraculously and touchingly, in a newfound innocence after her difficult and life-enhancing experience. ♦

DOANE GREGORY

Jennifer Garner, Jason Bateman, Ellen Page

"If we can tell anything about the candidates from their campaign theme music, it may be this: They (or perhaps their aides) aren't paying much attention to the lyrics. If they were, they might change their tune."
—The Washington Post, *January 17*



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The Official Campaign Song of Sen. Hillary Rodham Clinton

Music by Cole Porter
Lyrics by Sidney Blumenthal

I get no kick from cocaine
When I was at Yale I didn't inhale
And I know all my siblings' first names
So that's why you'll vote for this dame

I met my dad more than twice
When some were studying Islam with imams
Who taught them to make bombs to hurl
Why, I was a Goldwater Girl

Yes, I have changed my hairdo
More than two or three times in my long career
I never put it in Afros or cornrows or something like Oprah
That voters would naturally fear