the weekly
Standard

BEYOND PATHETIC: SHED NO TEARS FOR BP
ANDREW B. WILSON

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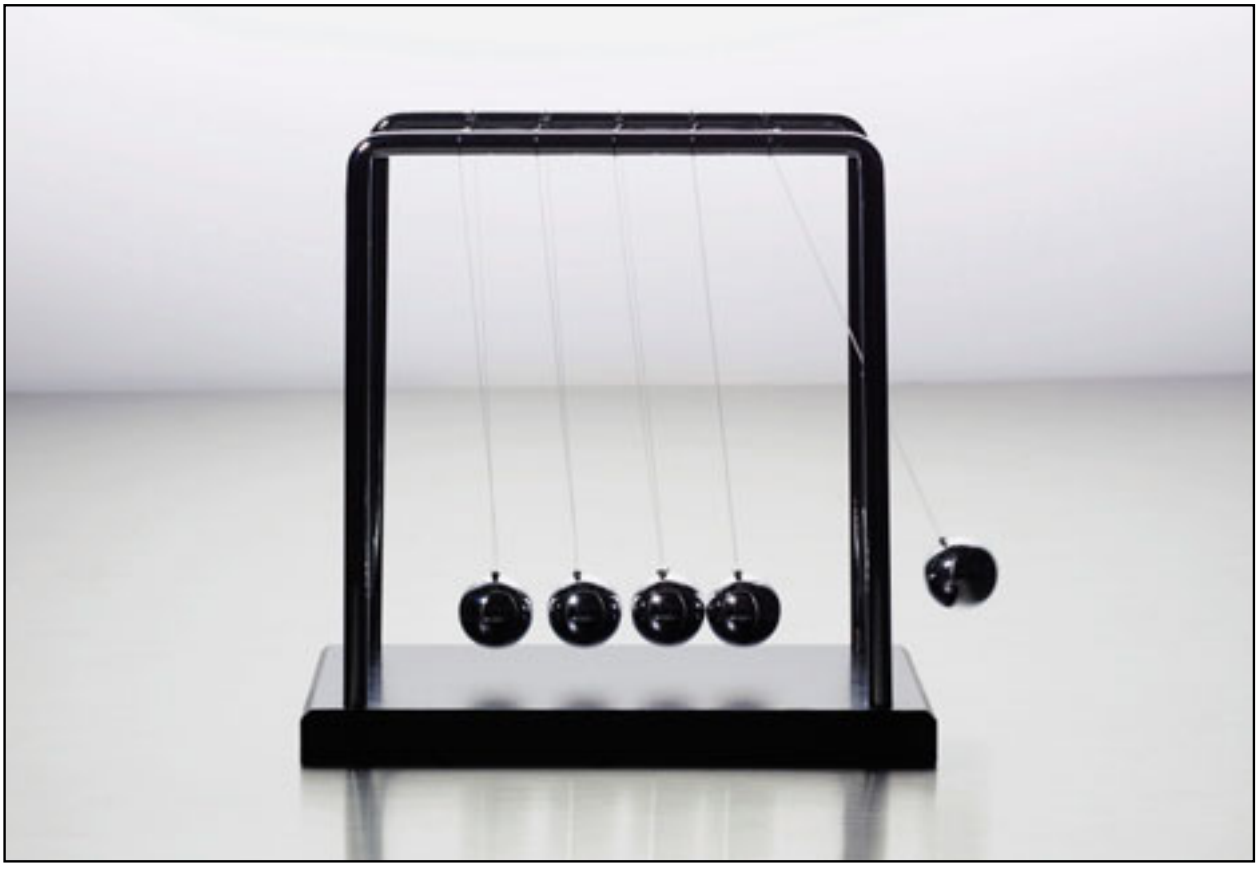
THE TWO FACES OF THE TEA PARTY

Rick Santelli, Glenn Beck, and the future of the populist insurgency

BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI



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People who know recognize that this planet and its inhabitants are controlled by the laws of creation, and when enough other people know that fundamental fact, a new society will emerge. Who are the people who know? They are those whose lives were changed by adhering to creation's law of behavior, calling for right thoughts, words, and action.

Richard W. Wetherill
1906-1989

There is no plan conceived by mankind that has ever or will ever resolve people's myriad problems and trouble. What follows explains why.

Whoever or whatever is the creator that many call God created a law of behavior for people to obey. But unknown to them, *their motives* to do, be, have, and get all contradict **nature's** behavioral law.

Over the years that law was also unknown to the caring people, trying to help the needy who also unknowingly often victimized themselves. Such human help, while compassionately intended, ultimately added to society's misunderstood misbehavior.

A little-known fact is that in the 1920s **the creator** that had formed this planet and its inhabitants, revealed the behavioral law of absolute right to the mind of Richard W. Wetherill, then a resident of suburban Philadelphia.

However diligently Wetherill tried to tell people about this natural law, his efforts were ridiculed and rejected by the very persons who should have helped him to inform the public.

In the meantime, Wetherill's obedience to the law gave him talents for successful careers as an author of management books and consultant to industries: training employees, resolving business problems, and negotiating fair labor contracts.

After retiring, Wetherill formed several groups of ordinary folks who gave careful attention to his teachings. But despite his explanations and help, it took them years to change from their self-centeredness to become rational and honest instead of reacting emotionally.

The writer of this message is asking people who are concerned for their nation's freedom and liberty to visit our Website. There they can learn about the creator's law that when adhered to eliminates troublesome situations and problems much the same way as toddlers learn to obey the law of gravitation from their tumbles and other hurtful results.

Everybody's ideas about how best to protect the planet and its people keep changing and failing. **But this law of right action when adhered to will put an end to all that is wrong in human affairs.**

Wetherill used words to define the law's right action such as rational, moral and honest; but words are only symbols, pointing to the reality. **This law judges our actions by its standard of right action, as self-enforcing natural laws always get their way.**

Newcomers adhering to nature's principles of right action enthusiastically exclaim, "**It works!**"

We cannot know precisely what the future holds, but whoever or whatever created mankind provided this law of absolute right so that when obeyed gives people a meaningful, productive, trouble-free life, and keeps the planet safe.

*Visit our colorful Website www.alphapub.com where there are essays and books, describing the changes called for by whoever or whatever created nature's law of absolute right. The material can be read, downloaded, and/or printed **free**. Also press a listen button where indicated to hear the site's pages being read aloud with the exception of the texts of the seven books.*

This public-service message is from a self-financed, non-profit group of former students of Mr. Wetherill. We are putting this information where it is available free worldwide. Please help others by directing them to our Website so that they, too, can learn to express the attributes of creation's law of right behavior, thus making their lives meaningful, productive, trouble free, and keeps the planet safe!

A message from America's Oil and Natural Gas Industry

The Deepwater Horizon oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico is a terrible tragedy for the families of those killed or injured as well as the citizens of the region and the Gulf environment.

The people of America's oil and natural gas industry are working to help BP and the authorities respond to the spill.

Clearly, there will be lessons to be learned, and we are fully committed to doing everything humanly possible to understand what happened and prevent it from ever happening again.

Nothing like the Deepwater Horizon spill has ever occurred in more than 60 years of oil and natural gas exploration in U.S. waters of the Gulf of Mexico. We have already assembled the world's leading experts to conduct a top-to-bottom review of offshore drilling procedures, from routine operations to emergency response. And our industry is providing data and expertise to the federal government as it examines the causes of the Gulf spill.

Oil and natural gas are vital domestic resources that power our way of life. We are committed to ensuring this energy is available – safely and with care for our environment – to all Americans today and into the future.

For updates on what the industry is doing, please log on to **EnergyTomorrow.org**.

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COVER BY THOMAS FLUHARTY

The Hubris of Attacking Krauthammer

A tip of The Scrapbook homburg to Peter Wehner, who discovered a devastating error in Peter Beinart's new book *The Icarus Syndrome: A History of American Hubris*. As Wehner pointed out on *Commentary*'s blog Contentions, Beinart, a former editor of the *New Republic*, takes aim at Charles Krauthammer (a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard), citing an essay by the latter that Beinart thinks is a particularly compelling example of hubris. Notes Wehner:

> Beinart spends several pages summarizing and quoting from *Foreign Affairs* magazine's [Winter 1990/91 issue], in which Krauthammer's essay, "The Unipolar Moment," appeared. Krauthammer argued: "We are in for abnormal times. Our best hope for safety in such times, as in difficult times past, is in American strength and will—the strength and will to lead a unipolar world, unashamedly laying down the rules of world order and being prepared to enforce them." Krauthammer wrote that we must "confront" and, "if necessary, disarm" nations he called "Weapon States" like Iraq under Saddam Hussein and North Korea.
>
> Beinart didn't like "The Unipolar Moment" and wrote this: "It was no coincidence that Krauthammer published [this essay] soon after the Gulf War. As usual in the development of hubris bubbles, it was only once things that formerly looked hard—like liberating Kuwait—had been made to look easy that people set their sights higher. Had America proved militarily unable to keep Saddam from gobbling his neighbors, Krauthammer could not have seriously proposed launching a new war, inside Iraq itself, to rid him of his unconventional weapons."

Wehner continues, "That all sounds very intriguing, except for one thing. On the first page of the Krauthammer essay, in the byline, we read this: 'Charles Krauthammer is a syndicated columnist. This article is adapted from the author's Henry M. Jackson Memorial Lecture delivered in Washington, D.C., Sept. 18, 1990.'"

Note well the date. As Wehner explains,

> Krauthammer's essay was adapted from a lecture he gave months before there could possibly have been a "hubris bubble." Iraq's invasion of Kuwait occurred on August 2, 1990. Krauthammer delivered his lecture on September 18. Operation Desert Storm didn't begin until January 17, 1991. And hostilities ceased on February 28. The timeline of events, then, demolishes the Beinart critique. . . .
>
> In reading "The Unipolar Moment"—which was published months after the lecture on which it was based and which is not substantively different from the September 18 lecture—it is clear that the outcome of the war was unknown at the time it was written.
>
> So Krauthammer didn't set his sights higher because the liberation of Kuwait had been "made to look easy." When he articulated his views on the "unipolar moment," Kuwait had been invaded but it hadn't been liberated. The U.S. was still months away from war. And, in fact, many predicted that if America went to war, it would be a difficult and bloody undertaking. . . . ("'The 45,000 body bags that the Pentagon has sent to the gulf are all the evidence we need of the high cost in blood,' said Senator Edward Kennedy. He added some military experts have estimated American casualties at the rate of 3,000 a week.") That explains, in part, why the Senate vote on the Gulf War resolution was so close (52-47).
>
> All of this is noteworthy not simply because of Beinart's sloppiness (which is noteworthy enough), but because Beinart concocts an interpretative theory that is utter nonsense. It is based on a completely wrong premise. He builds a false explanation based on a false fact.

Krauthammer, bane of careless liberals

Amusingly, as Wehner goes on to recount, Beinart is not the first former *New Republic* editor to embarrass himself by going after a Krauthammer article that he failed to date correctly:

> On November 29, 2009, [*Atlantic* blogger] Andrew Sullivan, in a posting titled "The Positioning of Charles Krauthammer," charged that while [Krauthammer] had advocated a gasoline tax in December 2008, in Krauthammer's "latest column" on climate change, "the gas tax idea is missing." The reason, Sullivan informed us, was that "In the end, the conservative intelligentsia is much more invested in obstructing and thereby neutering Obama and the Democrats than in solving any actual problems in front of us. It's a game for them, and they play it with impunity."
>
> There was one problem with Sullivan's analysis: the column he refers to was published not in November 2009 but in May 2008—when George W. Bush was still president and Barack Obama hadn't yet won the Democratic nomination. Krauthammer proceeded to eviscerate Sullivan, who had the decency to issue an abject apology and correction.

The Scrapbook can't begin to explain the curious, fatal attraction in Krauthammer's work that lures his critics into intellectual shipwrecks.

But we must say that Peter Beinart has taught a valuable lesson about hubris, even if it wasn't the one he intended to teach. ♦

Sentences We Didn't Finish

'If Marshall McLuhan was right, then for this presidential address the setting was the message. For the first time in his presidency, Barack Obama sat behind the Resolute desk in the Oval Office and addressed his fellow Americans. From that room presidents have sent millions of Americans to war. They have sought to heal broken hearts, to remake our government and revive our economy. Barack Obama has, at turns, done all those things—but never from the Oval Office. Even before he opened his mouth he communicated the most important message . . . " ("Obama Swoops in to Save the Day," Paul Begala, *The Daily Beast*, June 15). ♦

Obama's $50 Billion Wish List

President Obama sent a letter to the House and Senate leaders of both parties last week asking for $50 billion to "address the devastating economic impact of budget cuts at the state and local levels that are leading to massive layoffs of teachers, police and firefighters."

This is a classic instance of something Charlie Peters, the retired editor of the *Washington Monthly*, famously labeled the "Firemen First Principle." As Peters explained, "The basic idea is that, when faced with a budget cut, the bureaucrat translates it into bad news. . . . In other words, he chops where it will hurt constituents the most, not the least. At the local government level, this is most often done by threatening reductions in fire and police protection."

In short, even if one were to take at face value Obama's contention that devastating budget cuts are taking place at the state and local level, why should these entail massive layoffs of "teachers, police and firefighters"?

THE TORTOISE AND THE HAREBRAINED SCHEME

An illustration: The Scrapbook hangs its homburg each night in lovely but profligate Arlington County, Virginia, where tax-receipts thanks to the housing bubble were increasing at double digit rates before the crash, and where the county government therefore went on a bender. Now it whines about austerity. Our local version of "firemen first" (since we have almost no fires and very little serious crime) is a cut-back in public library hours, which the County Board has just announced in the name of fiscal discipline. This will, in fact, inconvenience and tick off a significant number of local taxpayers. That's our punishment for complaining about high property taxes.

Meanwhile, Arlington County is advertising to fill a couple of dozen job vacancies, many of which could be left unfilled without the slightest inconvenience to (or notice by) 99.9 percent of the citizens. A sampling:

• **Community Inspector II (Recycling)**: "Arlington County's Solid Waste Bureau is seeking an individual to join a team that performs on-site visits to Arlington multi-family and commercial properties. The purpose of these visits is to ensure that property owners and tenants are complying at least minimally with the County's recycling rules and to encourage and assist them in doing more—$37,564.80 - $62,088.00 annually." (We think this is what Obama would call a Green Job, by the way, and it's no wonder China is ahead of us in this arena: They have

deep experience in the arts of propaganda and reeducation.)

• **New Media Curator, Artisphere Cultural Center:** "This position will create, implement and manage exhibitions that involve electronic media including digital cinema, interactive environments, and sound installations" at "Artisphere, Arlington's new 62,000 sq. ft. cultural center that is scheduled to open in October of 2010—$43,804.80-$72,425.60 annually." (Harrumph. Artisphere. Harrumph. We suspect better "new media" can be found on YouTube—for free.)

• **Affordable Housing Development Specialist/Trainee:** "This employee is responsible for aggressively pursuing opportunities for creating new affordable units and/or contributions and preserving existing affordable housing that is at risk of being redeveloped and working on policies and programs to create and preserve affordable housing—($50,315.20-$83,220.80 annually." (By the way, thanks to the bursting of the housing bubble, the market is doing a fine job all on its own, without any assistance whatsoever from government "specialist/trainees," at creating more "affordable housing.")

The Scrapbook is confident that examples such as these could be multiplied several thousand times over at state and local governments across the country. What's more, where is it written in stone that budget discipline requires public sector layoffs?

Econblogger Arnold Kling writes: "I think what is needed is for every deficit-plagued government to lower public sector salaries by 10 percent until the crisis blows over. The worst thing that could happen is that cutting wages could reduce aggregate demand through Keynesian channels. But gosh, look at some of the alternatives: sovereign defaults, bank runs, cuts in public sector jobs? A cut in public sector pay is probably the *least* unpalatable option." Unless, of course, you're a president beholden to public sector unions, in which case you hyperventilate about "devastation" and demand that taxpayers hand over another $50 billion, and fast. ♦

Congressional Oversight Watch

In a classic display of crackpot priorities, Representative Gabrielle Giffords (D-Ariz.) used her opportunity to question General David Petraeus in his appearance before the House Armed Services committee last week to ask about . . . renewable energy.

After getting in an unnecessary jab ("the largest user of energy on the planet is actually the United States Air Force and the DoD is the largest user of energy in the United States"), Giffords cited plans for "serious repairs and upgrades to the energy system" in the upcoming Kandahar offensive in Afghanistan, including "small-scale solar and hydropower systems and also some solar-powered streetlights."

Giffords then asked a question that must weigh heavily on the mind of a CENTCOM chief dealing with the unreliable Afghan politicians and a resurgent Taliban: "I'm just curious whether or not there's plans to utilize any of those same technologies at our bases around Afghanistan, and wouldn't that greatly reduce our need for fuel?"

The usually unflappable Petraeus paused before he answered, pointing out first that in the U.S. bases in Afghanistan, "we don't have hydropower, obviously." Clearly a bit nonplussed, the general continued: "There has been a significant effort, which has reduced very substantially actually, what we needed for the cooling and heating of our workplaces and living places. And that is sometimes as simple as pumping extra insulation into the roof and walls of these fairly rudimentary, temporary buildings we have, sometimes even the tents."

It was an admirable attempt to respond to a silly question. As if to remove any doubt that the question was a political stunt, Giffords now features the video on her YouTube account and titles it, "Encouraging Smart Energy Use in Afghanistan." Perhaps America needs to encourage smart energy use in congressional hearings, instead. ♦

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Tom Kelly, 1923-2010

Tom Kelly, who died last week at 86, was the funniest man I ever knew and one of the most talkative. It used to puzzle me that he didn't want to travel.

He was a newspaperman, after all, an observer of the ways of men and institutions in the capital of a country becoming the most powerful on earth. He'd unmasked corruption in police departments, infiltrated extremist groups, covered murders and assassinations as a reporter for four newspapers. He'd recounted at book length the rise of one paper, *The Imperial Post*. How could someone so engaged not hanker to go find out what was over the horizon?

But the longer I knew him, the more I came to appreciate his contentment. He seemed to exemplify—although I never heard him cite it—the famous phrase of Booker T. Washington, "Cast down your bucket where you are."

Tom lived almost his whole life on the block where he was born, in the 19th-century neighborhood behind the U.S. Capitol. He walked to high school at the Jesuits' Gonzaga College, and grew up sledding on the Capitol grounds. So did his kids. His funeral was at the church where he and they were baptized and all three daughters were married.

In his later years, strolling the tree-lined streets dense with associations was his refreshment. I bumped into him once in Stanton Park, near his house and mine, and asked him whether any neighborhood kid had ever climbed the equestrian statue there of Nathanael Greene and taken a seat behind the general. He didn't know of one that had, but he did remember, back in the Hoover administration, when the statue had toppled off its pedestal in a storm, and horse and rider had landed upside down.

Tom's only decade away from Capitol Hill began courtesy of World War II, and it gave him a vocation, a wife, and some of his greatest stories. He joined the Navy and spent part of his service patrolling the coast north of Boston on one of the last sailing ships in the fleet, a requisitioned three-masted schooner named *Guinevere*. The Navy sent him to college at Bloomsburg State Teachers College, then Penn State. He had worked as a

CHARLES ARNHOLD

copy boy at the *Washington Post* in his teens, so he studied journalism.

It was in New Orleans, where he took a job at the *Item*, that Tom found the beautiful, canny, and enterprising Marguerite Lelong—the "fountain" from which all good things had flowed to him, he said on her 60th birthday—a wife of noble character if ever there was one. She had a daily newspaper column at 17. She knew at first sight that she would marry Tom.

He loved to tell how he had courted her, on a ferry you could ride all night for 5 cents, and on excursions to the leper colony at Carville. The grounds were beautiful and gracious, befitting the sugar plantation it had been, and the museum it now is. The extensive complex was run by Tom's aunt, Sister Theresa, a Daughter of Charity, who apparently was pleased to provide the setting for cheap dates.

Tom and Marguerite married and moved back to Washington, to the house on Constitution Avenue. Marguerite looked after Tom's parents till they died, and she gave birth to three daughters and a son (while practically running the Democratic precinct on the side). She cooked and he wisecracked and the family grew.

Then, in a brilliant and audacious stroke, Marguerite masterminded the family's move to the big house on the corner, vintage 1870, with a tower and verandas front and side, where as a boy Tom had earned pocket money carrying in firewood. There she spread her wings as a hostess New Orleans style, throwing dinner dances and ice cream socials, book parties and wedding receptions, and Tom and she both had offices. For the last decades of his working life, Tom freelanced from home.

Most important, the big, welcoming house became the headquarters for their vital work of friendship. There was space for the neighborhood kids to put on, for invited audiences, the plays Tom wrote and directed them in, like the murder mystery "Ten Little Suspects." In the comfortable corner room on the ground floor, Tom counseled generations of aspiring writers to regard adjectives with suspicion and strike out all unnecessary words.

Tom's gallant approach to life showed itself not least in his bereavement. His son Michael was killed in April 2003, in a humvee accident while he was embedded as a journalist with the Third Infantry advancing on Baghdad. Never bitter, Tom worked on a book about Michael. And he savored the more the dedication of Michael's own book, *Martyrs' Day*: "To my father, Tom Kelly, for teaching me."

Tom Kelly taught many, including eight grandchildren, and inspired more. And how he made us laugh.

Claudia Anderson

The Barnes Foundation

In his May 31, 2010, cover article titled "No Museum Left Behind," Lance Esplund paints a detailed and idealized picture of the Barnes Foundation and adopts wholesale some of the common misconceptions about the upcoming move of the foundation's collection to Philadelphia and the reasons for it. Regrettably, when it comes to his coverage of the history and aims of the foundation, and the circumstances that led to the move, Mr. Esplund simply repeats worn-out and misleading tales about the foundation.

Mr. Esplund bemoans the breaking of Albert Barnes's will. The truth is that Barnes's will was not broken and was not at issue in the proceeding before the Orphans' Court seeking approval for the move. For the record, Barnes's will is a simple document limited to reiterating that the collection was given to the foundation prior to his death; bequeathing to the foundation the land and buildings in Merion, as well as Barnes's country property known as Ker-Feal; and giving the residue of his estate to his wife, Laura.

The relevant document is the indenture of trust, which established the mission of the foundation and gave governance responsibility to a board of trustees. Barnes established the foundation in Merion. He understood, however, that the situation could change and there might be a need to move if the collection no longer could be maintained in Merion. A fact frequently ignored by opponents of the move is that Barnes actually anticipated the possibility of a move of the collection to Philadelphia in paragraph 11 of the indenture, which reads in relevant part:

> Should the said collection ever … become impossible to administer the trust hereby created concerning said collection of pictures, then the property and funds … shall be applied to an object as nearly within the scope herein indicated … such application to be in connection with an existing organization … in Philadelphia, Pa., or its suburbs.

Indeed, one of the primary purposes of the proceeding before the Orphans' Court was to divine, as best as possible, the intent of Barnes. Following years of litigation, including weeks of hearings, review of voluminous archival materials, and consideration of the numerous alternatives that had been put forth, the court came to the reasoned conclusion that the move was consistent with and furthered the mission of the institution established by Albert Barnes.

Mr. Esplund relies on a recently published article by the art dealer Richard Feigen to support his claim that the foundation's trustees did not do enough to try to keep the collection in Merion. Mr. Feigen's solution was to sell Ker-Feal and works of art from the collection to raise money for an endowment. This prescription, which stands in direct opposition to Barnes's express wishes and the ethical standards widely accepted by other collecting institutions, was examined carefully and rejected by the court.

Mr. Esplund also alleges that Lincoln University was bribed out of its inherited responsibility to the foundation. Lincoln never had direct governance responsibility for the foundation. Lincoln's power has always been limited to the right to nominate prospective trustees; it never included the authority to place Barnes trustees on the board. Whether nominated by Lincoln or not, each foundation trustee owes his/her fiduciary duty to the foundation and not to Lincoln University.

The article also perpetuates the fiction that there was a vast conspiracy to undermine the wishes of Barnes. According to Mr. Esplund's sensationalized telling of the history, "the Barnes's enemies and detractors—led by Pennsylvania governor Edward G. Rendell, then-Philadelphia mayor John Street, the Pew Charitable Trusts, the Lenfest and Annenberg Foundations, and the Philadelphia Museum of Art—kept after it," and all conceived of a new tourist-focused Barnes in downtown Philadelphia to further their own interests. The fact is that after exploring numerous other alternatives, the chairman of the Barnes Foundation Board of Trustees, Dr. Bernard Watson, approached Pew, the Lenfest, and Annenberg Foundations, all distinguished Philadelphia area philanthropic institutions, regarding a possible plan to move the collection to Philadelphia. The Philadelphia Museum of Art has had no role in the move.

Mr. Esplund spends a large portion of the article describing in great detail the art works and other elements comprising the ensembles and visual connections in the galleries. He ultimately and disingenuously implies that when the collection moves these unique connections will be lost through a "Frankenstein's monster-like revivification." Despite his facile attempt to suggest otherwise, the new galleries will retain the scale, proportion, and configuration of the existing galleries and, through an interior garden, will reinforce the connection between art and nature.

Finally, Mr. Esplund cites the upcoming move of the Barnes collection as the harbinger of a broader decline of respect for donor intent, a betrayal of the public trust, and erosion in responsible museum stewardship. With a more complete consideration of the relevant facts, the decision to move the Barnes is nothing more than a reasoned and rational response to a complex situation. Moreover, the decision was ratified by a concerned court through a litigation process that placed a sharp focus on the question of donor intent. Despite its sensationalistic appeal for the purpose of a magazine cover, the move is not the result of a grand conspiracy to betray the wishes of Albert Barnes, nor does it signal a falling of the skies for American museums.

Brett I. Miller
general counsel
Barnes Foundation
Philadelphia, PA

Lance Esplund responds:

First, let's put things in perspective. Brett Miller, Governor Rendell, the Lenfest and Annenberg Foundations, and the Pew Charitable Trusts, among others, support the Barnes Foundation's move from its original and perfectly workable home in Merion, PA, to an inferior and bloated replica currently being built next to the Philadelphia Museum of Art in

downtown Philadelphia. The proposed cost of the new facility is $150-200 million ($30 million of which will be paid out of tax dollars). The supporters claim that the Barnes has run out of money and is no longer feasible in Merion. Yet the truth is that the supporters of the move have never proven the sensational claim (stated again in Mr. Miller's letter) that "the collection no longer could be maintained in Merion." This is an opinion, rather than fact. Mr. Miller is himself repeating worn-out and misleading tales about the foundation and the reasons for its move.

He also claims that the board of the foundation considered numerous options before deciding on removal. Yet the alternatives have never been publicly detailed, and the board's meetings were held behind closed doors. From a public viewpoint, the sole solution to the problems facing the Barnes was to move the collection to Philadelphia. The fake Barnes will increase operating costs many times, and its proponents have no sound business plan for supporting the new facility. The Barnes claims that 60 percent of its future operating income will be provided by visitor revenue. Yet visitor spending amounts only to 10-30 percent of the average art museum's annual budget.

To justify the removal of the collection to Philadelphia, they rely, as Mr. Miller notes, on a clause in the Barnes Foundation's indenture of trust (a nearly 8,000 word document commonly referred to as "Albert Barnes's will"). Mr. Miller cites the clause but omits an interesting bit of wording. The clause actually begins: "Should the said collection ever be destroyed." This suggests not that the Barnes's artworks can be picked up and moved willy-nilly, but that if the Barnes is "destroyed," its assets ("the said collection of pictures") can and should—as a last resort—be relocated. Barnes was considering the very worst possible scenario. No one would advocate that, merely because the indenture forbade the removal of pictures, the Renoirs, Cézannes, and Matisses stay where they are if the gallery is on fire.

Albert Barnes's indenture also states:

> After [Barnes's] death no picture belonging to the collection shall ever be loaned, sold or otherwise disposed of. . . . All the paintings shall remain in exactly the places they are . . . the administration building is to be used as class rooms and to serve the general purpose of the Barnes Foundation, that is the promotion of the advancement of education and the appreciation of the fine arts. . . . It is further stipulated that the identity of the [Barnes Foundation] as an educational institution is to be preserved for all time [and] is not to be merged in or absorbed by any other institution.

It stipulates that "both the art gallery and arboretum . . . are integral"—inseparable—that to break one from the other is not only unthinkable but literally to destroy the foundation. The truth is that, far from wanting to adhere to Barnes's wishes and intentions, the proponents of the move have asked the courts to alter the indenture's bylaws in many places—wherever it suited their own needs. Having been successful in Orphans' Court, they can now legally move the collection to Philadelphia to become an overcrowded tourist attraction; lend and market artworks; mount traveling shows; and throw parties for patrons in the galleries. Contrary to Mr. Miller's assertion, all of this in no way "further[s] the mission of the institution established by Barnes."

The west wall of the Main Gallery of the Barnes Foundation

COURTESY OF THE BARNES FOUNDATION

Mr. Miller deliberately misrepresents the article by Richard Feigen—a former member of the Barnes Foundation's art advisory committee—printed in the *Art Newspaper* hoping to discredit a widespread and sustained criticism of the plan to move the Barnes. Mr. Feigen's solution was to sell "unrestricted" artworks and real estate, an action that is in no way forbidden under museum association guidelines. As I said in my essay, Mr. Feigen (again, contrary to Mr. Miller's assertions), was dismissed by then Barnes Foundation president Richard Glanton because he refused to support Mr. Glanton's plans to deaccession artworks from the foundation's galleries. Judge Stanley Ott of the Orphans' Court said in his December 13, 2004, decree that the foundation had every right to sell its unrestricted assets.

Mr. Miller alleges that Lincoln University was not "bribed out of its

inherited responsibility." He also claims that Governor Rendell (a former mayor of Philadelphia) and the involved philanthropic trusts were not concerned with furthering their own interests and boosting downtown tourism. Yet, in the recent documentary film *The Art of the Steal*, D. Michael Fisher, a federal appellate judge and former attorney general of Pennsylvania, illuminated with remarkable candor not only the essence of the nonprofit takeover of the Barnes board of trustees, but the painfully obvious conflict of interest for the Lincoln University trustees, who in September 2001 withdrew their legal challenge to the Barnes petition to change its charter and bylaws (stipulated in the indenture of trust), including moving the Barnes art collection to Philadelphia, in exchange for $80 million in state funding for their capital campaign.

Mr. Fisher said:

> It was pretty clear to me that they [the philanthropic institutions championing the move] weren't going to give $50, $70, $100 million without getting control of the Barnes board. I had to explain to them [Lincoln University's Board of Trustees] that maybe the attorney general's office would have to take some action involving them that might have to change the complexion of the board. Whether I said that directly or I implied it, I think that they finally got the message.

In "Just What the Doctor Ordered?: The Doctrine of Deviation, the Case of Doctor Barnes's Trust and the Future Location of the Barnes Foundation" (*Real Property, Probate and Trust Journal*, Winter 2005), lawyer Jonathan Scott Goldman wrote:

> The impracticability of keeping the Barnes Foundation in Lower Merion is a result of the influence of a number of outside charitable groups, each with its own agenda, separate and distinct from that of Dr. Barnes. If the financial assistance contemplated by the Pew Charitable Trust and the Lenfest Foundation was not conditioned on a move from Lower Merion to Philadelphia, permission for such a move almost certainly would have been denied.

As far as the part played by the Philadelphia Museum of Art, Mr. Miller states that the PMA "has had no role in the move." It would be more accurate to say that it did absolutely nothing. If the PMA had strongly voiced a desire that the Barnes stay where it is (the ethical decision); if they had offered aid or promised to treat it as an annex (as the Metropolitan Museum of Art treats the Cloisters, for example), the move of the Barnes would never have been contemplated. The directors of our major museums view themselves as guardians of our visual culture, and they weigh in regularly on controversies that engulf museums and art—the "Sensation" scandal, for example, drew open letters and op-eds from the directors of New York's most prestigious museums in 1999. The fact that the PMA's late director, Anne d'Harnoncourt, repeatedly declined to support the Barnes's continued existence in Merion was a nonstatement of great weight in the cultural world. The PMA chose not to get involved in the controversy, but it will, of course, benefit from adding a neighboring museum with the greatest collection of Impressionist, Postimpressionist, and early Modern art in the world to the expanding museum row on the Benjamin Franklin Parkway.

Obviously, some of the supporters of the move believe it is best for American culture that Albert Barnes's collection exist not in a suburb but downtown in a large metropolis. In a recent Fox News piece on the Barnes, Governor Rendell remarked:

> First of all, it was a disgrace that such a limited number of people could see this great collection. A disgrace. … The basic display is going to replicate as accurately as possible the way the art was displayed in Dr. Barnes's house. Now, obviously, it's going to be larger because one of the things we all wanted to do was to take the incredible art and expose them to more people.

In the 25 years I have been regularly visiting the Barnes, I have never once had difficulty getting into the foundation (and it has never been crowded). Far from a "disgrace," the Barnes is easily accessible to anyone willing to make a reservation (which we all do perfectly willingly at restaurants) and then make a 20-30 minute car journey from downtown Philadelphia.

There is no way for us to predict exactly how adversely the experience of the Barnes's art will be affected by its new home and attendance going up five-fold. But one thing is certain: More viewers equal more distractions. And some works of art (Chartres Cathedral, the Great Pyramids at Giza, Fallingwater, the Barnes Foundation) are perfect exactly how and where they are. They do not need politicians to improve them. The Barnes Foundation was and continues to be a unique and radical vision. Its move to Philadelphia will homogenize it.

The move of the Barnes Foundation is legal, but that does not make it ethical. It does not change the fact that it is the greatest preventable cultural tragedy of the present day. Mr. Miller, who ignores the destroying of sightlines between galleries, says that the changes—the addition of more viewers, two disruptive classrooms, a great hall, a restaurant, a gift shop, an indoor garden—are all in keeping with Barnes's intentions for his foundation. If so, why didn't Barnes put them there to begin with? Barnes did what he intended, and he then intended things to remain exactly as he set them. This is the inescapable conclusion of any engagement with the terms of the indenture or Barnes's own writings.

The decision to move the Barnes is about arrogance, avarice, and money. What better indication of this could there be than that the Barnes Foundation's response to my piece of art criticism comes not from Derek Gillman, the Barnes's director, but from a lawyer.

After the publication of my article, while I was being berated on the phone by the Barnes Foundation's director of marketing and public relations for my assessment of the move, I pointed out that he could nitpick my essay to death but that he could not deny that the powers that be were dead set on relocating the Barnes to Philadelphia. I said that if someone came forward today and offered enough money to keep the Barnes in its original home in perpetuity, the foundation would still be moved to the mall on the Benjamin Franklin Parkway. My comment was met with absolute silence. ♦

the weekly Standard

Small People Rule!

[President Obama] is frustrated because he cares about the small people. And we care about the small people.

—BP chairman Carl-Henric Svanberg, June 16, 2010

It was a bad week for the big people.

On Tuesday night, President Obama, surely the biggest big, delivered his first speech from the Oval Office to the American people. It was a bust. The next day, after a big people's meeting at the White House, BP chairman Carl-Henric Svanberg explained that he and his fellow bigs cared about us small people. And then on Thursday, at the big spectacle in the hearing room of the House Energy and Commerce Committee, big-deal chairman Henry Waxman waxed ridiculously demagogic, big-shot BP CEO Tony Hayward played unconvincingly dumb, and GOP-big Joe Barton was remarkably dumb.

NEWSCOM

But at least they care about us.

Well, actually, they don't—as even a cursory observation of the careers and behavior of Messrs. Obama, Svanberg, Hayward, Waxman, and Barton reveals. More important, they're incompetent. Who wouldn't prefer to be governed by the first 500 (small) people in the phone book than by the big people currently in charge?

This year's primaries and the general election polls suggest this sentiment is pretty widespread. But beyond the 2010 election results, which are likely to be satisfactory for conservatives, the task ahead is daunting. We've seen over the last few years the failures of big finance and big government. We're witnessing a well-deserved collapse of big media and the ossification of academia. The establishment hasn't been this discredited since the mid-1960s.

The task is to forge a better response than the one in the 1960s.

In speculating which decades to compare to our own, I wonder whether we've been looking in the wrong places. Liberals have been hoping that Obama would be another FDR and this period like the 1930s. Conservatives have been warning that Obama is another Jimmy Carter, and we are repeating the late 1970s.

But what if we're in for a period more like the late 1960s? We could soon have a rebellion, from both left and right, against a difficult war. We already have a Middle American populist reaction against the government schemes of pointy-headed intellectuals. Barack Obama got the highest percentage of the votes of any Democratic presidential candidate since Lyndon Johnson in 1964; Republicans look to be on track this year to replicate their 47-seat House pick-up in 1966.

What comes next? That's up to us—especially to us conservatives. We're not doomed to repeat the pretty miserable political, social, and economic performance of 1967-80.

Unlike in that period, we're not all Keynesians now; Friedrich Hayek's *Road to Serfdom* has spent much of the last week at number one on the Amazon bestseller list. Unlike in the late 1960s, the Silent Majority already knows it shouldn't defer to the big people. Unlike 40 years ago, progressivism is no longer hegemonic and the reactions against it no longer merely uncertain or instinctual. And today, there is a serious revival of interest in the Founders and in constitutionalism.

To avoid replicating the dark period of 1967 to 1980, American conservatism will have to govern successfully. A year and a half ago, it seemed that conservatives would have years in the wilderness to lick their wounds and gather their forces. Now, suddenly, conservatism is being called on to be intellectually robust and politically adept. Conservatives have both to save the country from a failed liberal progressivism and to avoid being satisfied with what we might call the Nixonian temptation—too much anger and too much accommodation, and too little fundamental regrounding of our politics.

With the left in control of the commanding heights of government, academe, Hollywood, the media, and much of big business, modern American conservatism can identify with and speak for the "small people," aka the people. Can it help them govern? Can it help them build on their good sense that they don't want to be "cared" for by President Obama or demagogued by Henry Waxman or apologized for by Joe Barton? Can conservatives develop a program, an agenda, and a governing vision that would, in the words of *Federalist* 39, vindicate "that honorable determination which animates every votary of freedom, to rest all our political experiments on the capacity of mankind for self-government"?

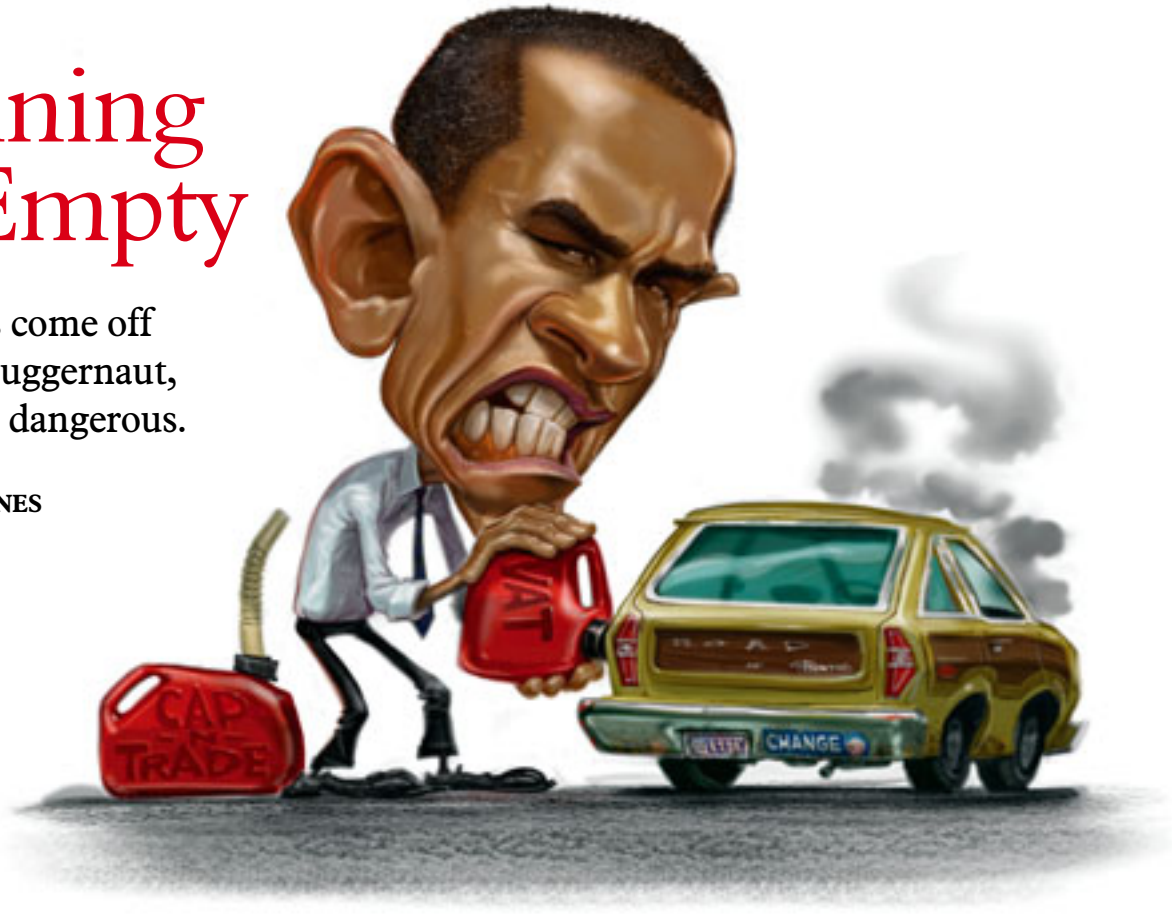
Meanwhile, even Messrs. Obama, Svanberg, Hayward, Waxman, and Barton can see the peaceful constitutionalist-populist political realignment that is happening. The small people are winning.

—William Kristol

Running on Empty

The wheels come off the liberal juggernaut, but it's still dangerous.

BY FRED BARNES



The Obama presidency is nearly out of gas. So are the Democratic majorities in the Senate and House. Yet the White House and congressional Democrats aren't surrendering. They're still intoxicated with their "historic majorities" and bent on enacting more landmark liberal legislation this year, including cap and trade, a value-added tax (VAT), and who knows what else.

Are they fantasizing? Not entirely. The odds—and the political climate—are against them. But their ideological ambitions are undiminished and they have a sense of urgency. They know their majorities will be crippled (if not eliminated) in the midterm elections on November 2, which means they must enact the remaining parts of the agenda in 2010 or put them back in the cupboard of liberal dreams, maybe for decades. So it's now or never.

There are two time slots for passing these bills, both difficult. The first is between now and whenever Congress recesses in the fall. Prospects look bleak in this time frame for approving anything except the final version of the financial reform bill. The second is when a lame duck Congress, filled with defeated and retired senators and House members, convenes in December.

Lame duck sessions don't ordinarily enact major policy changes, but this one could be an exception. It is likely to meet after the president's commission on reducing the deficit announces its recommendations, which may include a VAT. Democrats insist they're not scheming to pass what is in effect a national sales tax. But a Republican official in the Senate told me a White House aide, in a recent chat, had raised the possibility of enacting one in the December session. A VAT has obviously crossed the president's mind.

One can imagine the pressure that might be exerted to pass a VAT in a fiscal "emergency" in December: the deficit and the national debt exploding, Treasury Secretary Tim Geithner reporting purchasers of government debt are suddenly backing off because of America's fiscal mess, the president and his commission vowing to match the tax hike with spending cuts. The result: a VAT becomes law, most of the cuts don't. President Reagan experienced a similar squeeze in the 1980s when he agreed to a tax increase in exchange for two times that amount of spending cuts. Taxes went up, the spending cuts went away.

What encourages Obama and Democrats is Obamacare. After the victory of Republican Scott Brown in the Massachusetts Senate race in January, the health care bill was regarded as dead. His election was interpreted as a mandate to discard it. But the corpse of Obamacare rose from the grave.

It didn't matter that the legislation was unpopular and that the president had been breathtakingly unsuccessful in selling it to the American public. With their big majorities in the Senate and House, Democrats could pass Obamacare. And they did.

GARY LOCKE

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"Cap and trade" climate-change legislation is even more unpopular than Obamacare. But that's hardly an impediment to pushing for its passage—especially if you're thrilled with the idea of being a martyr for liberalism. Besides, it passed the House a year ago. So there's only the Senate to go and probably no more than ten Democrats who must be cajoled into voting for it (the others are already on board).

Obama, however, didn't help with his dreary Oval Office speech last week, a third of which was devoted to promoting cap and trade. He invoked a string of clichés about "the consequences of our inaction" and the "new future that will benefit all of us . . . only if we seize the moment." And he told us he "will not settle for . . . the idea that this challenge is somehow too big and too difficult to meet." That's an empty pledge if there ever was one. And who said the challenge was too big anyway?

Once again, Obama declined to deal with the discredited science on global warming which was the impetus for the bill. Cap and trade would set an arbitrary ceiling on carbon emissions in America, imposing higher energy costs on consumers and businesses while having little or no effect on reducing temperatures. The president dismissed cost concerns in a couple of sentences.

The speech bombed on Capitol Hill, where the Democrats' majorities are fraying. Senate Democrats did defeat a bid to bar the Environmental Protection Agency, run by global warmists, from imposing a carbon cap on its own. "The White House spun it as a victory," a Republican aide said. "The problem is they didn't get to 60." To pass cap and trade, Democrats would need 60 votes to overcome an expected Republican filibuster.

Another blow to Obama was the rude response to his letter to congressional leaders last week asking for another $50 billion so states can avert "massive layoffs of teachers, police and firefighters." Charles Lane of the *Washington Post* demolished Obama's pitch as inaccurate and exaggerated. At best, the president may get a portion of his request, funded (against his wishes) by unused stimulus money.

A final question: Why in the world would a Democrat facing a tough reelection challenge in November vote for cap and trade or any other such legislation? Here's the essence of the reasoning: Republicans are bound to attack you no matter how you vote, so why not play a role in making history? It won't kill your reelection chances.

That's not all. There's a story line for wavering Democrats. You'll have more money than your Republican opponent. The tea party people will make life difficult for Republican candidates. And look what happened in May in the special House election in Pennsylvania. The Democrat won by sounding like a conservative and stressing local issues. You can do the same.

If you sense there's something faintly familiar about this advice, you're right. In 2006, Republican leaders assured worried incumbents they'd be loaded with campaign money, plus earmarks for their districts or states and scads of local issues to latch onto. Many Republicans were comforted by this advice and then lost their seats. A similar fate awaits Democrats in 2010. ♦

The Return of the Ottomans

The sick man of Europe is back and causing trouble again. BY LEE SMITH

Beirut

A few months back, I was dining with a friend at an Armenian restaurant in Beirut, and at the end of the meal he gracefully sidestepped the Turkish question by ordering a "Byzantine" coffee. The waiter laughed grimly. "Aside from coffee and waterpipes," asked my friend, "what did the Turks leave us? They were here for 500 years, and they didn't even leave us their language. We speak Arabic, French, and English. No one speaks Turkish. Their most important political institutions were baksheesh and the khazouk."

Baksheesh is bribery, and the *khazouk* is a spike driven through its victim's rectum, which the Ottomans used to terrify locals and deter potential insurgents. The Ottomans were hated here and throughout the Arabic-speaking Middle East, not only by the regional minorities (Christians, Jews, Shia, etc.) but also by their Sunni Arab coreligionists. All felt the heavy yoke of the Sublime Porte.

In the last few weeks, however, half a millennium's worth of history has been conveniently forgotten, perhaps even forgiven, as Turkey has emerged as a regional power and the guarantor of Arab interests—against Israel, to be sure, but more importantly against Iran.

In truth, the wheels were in motion long before Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan's government sponsored the *Mavi Marmara*'s cruise to Gaza, which left nine activists dead after they challenged an Israeli boarding party. Erdogan's winter 2009 performance at Davos, when he confronted Israeli president Shimon Peres in the wake of the Gaza offensive, made the Turkish Islamist a regional celebrity. And while the Arab masses were thrilled to hear Israel denounced by a Muslim leader—and an ally of the Jewish state no less—

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the more important work was taking place behind the scenes. After Davos, high-level political sources in Beirut let on that there'd been a meeting in Cairo with President Hosni Mubarak. "The Egyptians are very happy with Erdogan," said one. "The Turks are trying to take the Palestinian file out of the hands of the Iranians and give it back to the Arabs."

It's not yet clear whether Ankara really means to restore the Arabs to their pride of place by handing over a Hamas scrubbed of Iranian influence, or, as is more likely, the Turks simply want to use the Palestinian cause to enhance its own regional credentials, as Tehran has been doing for the last three decades. But the Turkish gambit has induced a lot of willful self-delusion in the Arab states—and amnesia.

Long before Arab nationalism identified Israel and the United States (and before that the European powers) as the enemy, it was the Ottomans who were called to account for everything that was wrong in the Arabic-speaking regions. The Ottomans certainly encouraged Middle East sectarianism: playing up confessional differences, empowering some sects while weakening others, and balancing minorities against each other. Arab nationalism was inspired by Turkish nationalism, but it was a doctrine that asserted Arab independence from the Ottomans. There were no longer Sunni, Shia, Druze, Alawi, etc., only Arabs, unified as one against the outsiders, the colonizers.

The Arab states that had been most directly oppressed by the Sublime Porte—and so those most divided along sectarian lines—were determined to illuminate the evils of Ottoman occupation. No Arab state was more anti-Turkish than Baathist Syria. The Syrian television serials that commonly promote the blood libel and feature other anti-Semitic caricatures at one time also cast Ottomans as villains. Indeed, Damascus went where even Washington fears to tread, producing serials that mention the Armenian genocide. And Syrian anti-Turkish sentiment wasn't only about past affronts. Just as Damascus demands that Israel return the Golan Heights, there is a significant land dispute at the center of Syrian-Turkish relations. In 1939, the Turks conquered what is today known as Hatay province, but the Syrians call Iskenderun or Alexandretta, and which Damascus long claimed was occupied land. In 2005, the Syrians quietly relinquished their claims and thus opened a new chapter in the history of their two countries—which included a 1998 conflict in which Turkey was poised to invade its Arab neighbor until Hafez al-Assad handed over Kurdish separatist leader Abdullah Ocalan.

Today, Hafez's son Bashar likes to speak of Turkey and Syria's shared history, explaining that "Arab and Turkish blood is one blood across history"—a phrase that unintentionally resonates with historical pathos. Syrians after all are often disparagingly called Tamerlane's bastards, a reference to the trail of destruction and sexual violence that the Turkic conqueror left in his wake. Presumably, today's Turks are of a much kinder disposition, and Damascus has both an Iranian ally and a government in Ankara that is wooing it—or at least this is how the Syrians are playing it publicly.

Erdogan's invitation to Hezbollah's secretary general to visit Ankara certainly reinforces the fear that what we're watching is the formation of a united resistance front, with Turkey signing on to the Iran-Syria-Hezbollah-Hamas alliance. But this may well turn out, eventually anyway, to be a revival of the historic rivalry between the Turks and the Persians. The problem is not just that their competition is likely to further radicalize the political culture of an already volatile region, but that subsidiary actors will be forced to prove their bona fides as well. It will drag in the Jordanians. And what about the Egyptians, who are on the verge of a very delicate succession issue as the 83-year-old Mubarak's days are numbered and no one knows if his son Gamal will indeed be able to replace him?

Syria is about the only player whose actions can be gamed with any accuracy. The country right now considers itself Hamas's interlocutor, which is precisely the role that Erdogan auditioned for with the cruise of the *Mavi Marmara*. Should Europe, or at some point the United States, accept Turkish mediation, it will knock Syria down a peg, which will then feel obligated to assert itself. Perhaps the best way to understand Syria's recent shipment of Scuds to Hezbollah is as a reminder to everyone that attention must be paid to Damascus as well as Tehran, that when it comes to Hezbollah, Assad also has a vote in war or peace with Israel. Turkish-Iranian competition will entail accelerated Syrian activity on two of Israel's borders.

Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states, Iran's neighbors across the water, see the recent events in starker terms. Ankara's shot across Tehran's bow is a good thing, period. As Abdul Rahman al-Rashid, Saudi columnist for the London-based pan-Arab newspaper *Asharq al-Awsat* writes:

> Erdogan, who wanted to break Israel's blockade of Gaza, broke the Iranian blockade on the Arabs instead. . . . [T]he most that Ankara could benefit from by raising the Palestinian flag would be by advancing its political status, [which] does not contract or marginalize Arab interests, unlike the Iranian goal which directly undermines the Arab position.

If some Saudi officials are concerned that Erdogan's play is a bit radical and wish, according to *Asharq al-Awsat* editor in chief Tariq Homayed, "Hamas would follow Turkey, and not vice versa," in the end it all comes down to sectarianism. Turkey is Sunni, Iran is Shia, and despite the Ottoman Empire's long history of oppressing their imperial subjects, the Arabs prefer anything to the prospect of Persian hegemony. If it means casting their lot with the progeny of those who enslaved them for centuries—well there is great comfort in custom.

If in a sense the Middle East is returning to its historical divisions—an Ottoman (Turkish) and Safavid (Iranian) rivalry where Israel stands in for the Western powers—especially with Washington's diminishing profile in the region—it is worth lamenting how the Arabs wasted their moment of independence. What started with the birth of the Arab state system moved quickly to wars between those states and within them, and then the empty rhetoric of Nasser, despotism, mass murder, and a unifying hatred of Israel, all culminating in the suicidal obscurantism of groups like Hezbollah and Hamas, whom the Arab masses, characteristically, regard as heroes. The "Arab century," that period during which the Arabs had their own destiny in their hands, was brief, lasting roughly a decade from 1956-67. A harsher, and perhaps more accurate, assessment suggests that it was even shorter than that: After all, Israel's victory in the Six Day War shows that Nasser's success at Suez was due not to anything he did, but to an American president's ordering the French, British, and Israelis to stand down.

In reality, the Arab century was ours. For more than 65 years, the United States was the power underwriting the Arabs, and if not always the most sincere benefactor, we nonetheless protected them from more dangerous forces and their even more dangerous fantasies. What we won from the region is what the Turks now want as well: the wealth, influence, and power that is consequent on hegemony in the energy-rich Middle East. Ankara will serve as an intermediary between their Arab charges and a stingy Europe that up till now has turned its back on Turkey. But what do the Turks have to offer the Arabs that they hadn't already impressed upon the region when they left it to its own devices almost a century ago? The Americans brought schools and hospitals to the Middle East, and, after 9/11, democracy, too, at last—or perhaps, too late. It's not the Arab vacuum that Ankara is rushing to fill, but our own. ♦

NEWSCOM

Jihadists Abroad

Europe sneers at Guantánamo but has no good policy itself for terror suspects. BY ROBIN SIMCOX

London

The Obama administration's recent review of the remaining detainees at Guantánamo Bay reported that there are still 48 individuals "too dangerous to transfer but not feasible for prosecution." Europeans are generally scornful of the U.S. policy of detaining such men at Guantánamo Bay. Yet the quandary facing Washington over what to do with war on terror detainees is one that resonates across the continent.

Muktar Said Ibrahim

Events in the United Kingdom last month confirmed this. Britain's previous government had given futility its chance by trying to deport two al Qaeda operatives to Pakistan. As is often the case, the men could not be prosecuted as the evidence against them was intelligence based and unusable in a British court. The deportation request was rejected by the Special Immigration Appeals Commission in the first week of the new Conservative-Liberal coalition government. The verdict was meekly accepted. After all, deportation of terrorist threats to unpleasant countries is a breach of the European Convention on Human Rights (ECHR), and nothing strikes fear into the heart of self-respecting European governments like the idea of breaching the ECHR.

Post 9/11, the British government attempted to detain such individuals without trial. Al Qaeda veterans such as Abu Qatada were at least kept from openly calling for jihad on the streets, as they had done for much of the 1990s. Yet in December 2004, the House of Lords ruled detention without trial incompatible with the ECHR. Individuals acknowledged in British court as a "serious threat to the national security" were instead placed under a control order—legislation introduced in 2005 that involves a curfew, electronic tagging, a ban on travel abroad, and a variety of other restrictions.

There have been nearly 50 control orders issued since 2005. British citizens must now accept that they could be neighbors with a terrorist. What is more, they are expected to accept that their taxes pay to keep him here. European governments have conceded that those committed to their destruction—including those living here illegally—should be paid to stick around.

Our suicidal tendencies are being noted by our enemies. Consider the example of Muktar Said Ibrahim, who came to Britain from Eritrea in 1990. Within three years he had indecently assaulted a 15-year-old girl; a year later he attacked and robbed a 77-year-old woman; a year after that, he committed a series of robberies. His reward for all this, in 2004, was British citizenship. A year later he expressed his gratitude by trying to slaughter as many people as possible with a suicide bomb—which thankfully did not detonate—on the London underground.

Robin Simcox is a research fellow at the Centre for Social Cohesion.

His reaction upon arrest was to loudly proclaim, "I have rights."

There is a way around this. While accepting its verdicts most of the time, Italy has actually defied the European court on three occasions and deported foreign terror suspects. This led the pithily titled chairman of the Council of Europe Parliamentary Assembly Legal Affairs Committee to label Italy "totally unacceptable," "disgraceful," and guilty of displaying "intolerable behavior," which had to "be condemned by the Council of Europe without delay." Yet a condemnation from the Council of Europe carries about as much weight as a United Nations resolution. Britain's independent reviewer of terrorist legislation has warned against following the Italian route, due to the "reputational damage" it would cause to the country. But you would struggle to find a British citizen who cares more about what Finland thinks of our immigration policy than about expelling al Qaeda from their doorstep.

This is a sign of the utter disconnect that exists between the political class and the rest of the country. This gulf is something that the United States has, for the most part, avoided. Guantánamo Bay is divisive. But at least Americans do know that the priority of their elected leaders is their safety from further terrorist attack. Every time terrorists are turned loose by the European court, the opposite signal is being sent. Elected leaders defer to the unelected.

Despite the bombings in Madrid and London, and the numerous disrupted terrorist plots that Europe has experienced since 9/11, most of the continent still interprets al Qaeda terrorism as a crime, not an act of war. The country that was closest to the United States in its interpretation of 9/11 was Britain under Tony Blair. It is unsurprising, then, that Britain has found it hard to reconcile national security with the demands of European law. This being the case, it is the law that needs to be changed, not sensible security policy. This is an unspeakable concept in much of Europe. And as long as this remains so, threats to European security can only increase. ♦

Merkel's Goal

Can a World Cup win save her government?

BY VICTORINO MATUS

Is Angela Merkel's government on the verge of dissolution? "Chancellor Angela Merkel of Germanay faced calls from opposition leaders . . . for new elections, as bickering and fighting within her governing coalition has led to growing speculation in the German news media that a collapse of her government could be imminent," said the *New York Times*. In the state of North Rhine-Westphalia, a Social Democrat-Green minority government was declared last week, causing Merkel to lose her right-of-center majority in the Bundesrat, Germany's upper house. In a recent poll for the German television network ARD, Merkel's job approval rating has plummeted to 40 percent. According to another poll, 53 percent of Germans are anticipating an early end to her ruling coalition.

Angela Merkel

None of this bodes well for the chancellor. And yet the question remains: What power arrangement could replace the current one? The way some critics view the crisis, the collapse will follow the vote for Germany's president on June 30. (Horst Köhler, the previous president, resigned abruptly after expressing support for the German military presence in Afghanistan—an intervention deemed an inappropriate sentiment for the figurehead position.) The vote will be cast by the entire legislature, and, as speculation goes, parliamentarians upset at Merkel will not vote for her candidate, Christian Wulff, but rather for the Social Democratic candidate (and Protestant pastor) Joachim Gauck. This, in turn, will not only demonstrate a lack of confidence in Merkel but spur a vote of confidence in her government, which she is then expected to lose. Thus will follow a new election.

Except that the parties themselves do not seem all that interested. "I do not believe that the coalition will collapse, simply because neither the CDU/CSU [Christian Democratic Union and its Bavarian partner, the Christian Social Union] nor the FDP [Free Democratic party] have an interest in facing angry and disappointed voters right now," says Ulf Gartzke, director of the Washington office of the Hanns Seidel Foundation. "A lot of coalition MPs would lose their seats if early elections were held any time soon." (The Hanns Seidel Foundation is a nonprofit organization focused on political education and is affiliated with the CSU.)

A prominent Free Democrat who asked to remain nameless agrees, saying, "the Social Democrats [SPD] are not interested in being a junior partner in yet another Grand Coalition. The CDU and FDP know that if either of them breaks from the coalition, they will get punished at the polls." He's right—the Free Democrats scored an all-time high of 15 percent support in the 2009 elections but are now below 5 percent. "That means we'd lose at least half the FDP members currently in the Bundestag," he says. Besides, "the left hates Gauck," who recently expressed opposition to an SPD-Linke (far left)-Green government. "Gauck is a bour-

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geois candidate closer to the center and an outsider. We just had an outsider in Horst Köhler, and he couldn't handle the job." Christian Wulff, on the other hand, is the governor of Lower Saxony and definitely viewed as an insider. And though he is expected to win, Wulff may face a runoff election—an embarrassment for Merkel but not fatal.

The way this Free Democrat sees it, "the government is just going to have to get through this" despite the serious rifts already apparent in the coalition: For instance, health reform, under the aegis of FDP health minister Philipp Rössler, has hit major roadblocks—Free Democrats are blaming the Christian Social Union, and in particular its chairman Horst Seehofer, for causing the obstructions. The FDP's platform for lowering taxes has been abandoned and the party is now holding the line against CDU and CSU attempts at raising taxes. Roland Koch, the CDU governor of Hesse and a key economic adviser to Merkel, is also stepping down—his own recommendations for cost-cutting and deficit reduction were rejected by the chancellor.

A longtime member of the CSU says, "Chancellor Merkel has failed to give the coalition a clear direction, to keep it disciplined and focused. Also, as a result of the euro crisis, she has by now lost her aura of untouchability." He also views the Free Democrats as having their fair share of problems: "After 12 years in opposition, Guido Westerwelle's FDP party was trying aggressively to push through far-reaching economic and tax reforms—something that the cautious, consensus-driven, middle-of-the-road chancellor did not really appreciate."

The FDP member acknowledges that Vice Chancellor Westerwelle, who also serves as the foreign minister, has done a terrible job but does not appreciate Merkel's treatment of the party. "She has squeezed us in ways Helmut Kohl never did. She was pissed the FDP got 15 percent of the vote." That said, "Angela Merkel's only interest is staying in power"—something she is fairly good at.

Then again, survival of the coalition may not depend entirely on the chancellor's political skill. Some are saying the current government's hold on power depends on the German soccer team's success in the World Cup. "Serious Germans are saying this!" insists one German commentator, just back from the Fatherland. Gartzke agrees: "Right now, Merkel's best bet is to hope that Germany wins the 2010 World Cup, thus boosting her coalition's political fortunes." Torsten Krauel, domestic policy editor for *Die Welt*, adds that if the team is successful, "not one federal minister will contemplate stepping down on a whim, as that would carry the notion of being utterly disloyal to our soccer players!" He's mostly joking but warns that if by chance Pastor Gauck is elected president, "the FDP will be pushed over the cliff, . . . Merkel will step down," and no victory in the World Cup finals will be able to remedy that. Of course, he says, "a win for Gauck would be the equivalent of North Korea trumping the Brazilians." The anonymous FDP member, meanwhile, doesn't believe a victory in the finals is necessary for the government to survive, considering such high expectations are unrealistic for the young team: "They just have to make it to the semis."

Germany's next match is this Wednesday against Ghana. ♦

Dereliction of Duty

Congressional Democrats skip passing a budget—and hope no one notices. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

The 1974 Budget and Impoundment Act requires Congress to pass a budget resolution by May 15 of each year. Congress hasn't done so yet in 2010. But that isn't so unusual. Delays are common.

They are usually the result of interparty or intercameral disputes. But this year is different. Congressional Democrats aren't simply delaying, they're deliberately refusing to offer a budget until after the November elections. They're simply choosing to ignore the law.

The politics are not complicated. Democratic leaders do not want to send members home to face their constituents after voting for a budget that would take the deficit to record levels. But the spending trajectory established by Barack Obama—and rapidly growing entitlements—leaves them little choice. The administration's own proposal, offered in February, runs a deficit of 7-10 percent of the U.S. gross domestic product for the next nine-year budget window. That's unsustainable and irresponsible. So rather than vote for such a grotesquely distended budget, Democrats reason, better to simply skip the vote and shrug off whatever criticism comes.

This isn't speculation. Representative Gerry Connolly, a Democrat from Northern Virginia with a competitive race this fall, confirmed the strategy in an interview with the *Los Angeles Times*. "I'm not going to vote for anything with that magnitude [of deficit]," he said. He's betting his constituents won't care. "Name one person who won or lost an election because they didn't get a budget resolution passed. It's totally inside baseball."

If the politics are simple, the implications are real.

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In the short term, failing to pass a budget resolution almost guarantees even more irresponsible spending. A budget resolution sets spending targets for congressional committees and makes it procedurally more difficult for members of Congress (in either house) to increase spending. (In the Senate, for instance, adding new spending requires 60 votes after a budget resolution and only 51 before.)

Keith Hennessey, who served as senior White House economic adviser under George W. Bush, describes the short-term effects this way:

> Without an annual budget resolution, . . . discipline does not exist. Committee chairmen spend and tax as they see fit, because there is no overarching structure to rein them in. It can become budgetary chaos.

And budgetary chaos means more spending.

It's win-win for congressional Democrats: Moderates get to avoid a tough vote and liberals get to spend more. "The Democrats get what they want and the taxpayers get the shaft," says Representative Jim Jordan, a Republican from Ohio who's a leading critic of the Democratic strategy.

That's bad. But the long-term problems are worse. If Congress does not pass a budget resolution before the election, Democrats will push one through during the lame-duck session before a new Congress is sworn in. Democrats will be able to ratchet up discretionary spending, and these increased levels of spending will be the fallback levels in the event that future spending disputes require Congress to revert to continuing budget resolutions.

If ensuring budgetary chaos and locking in higher levels of discretionary spending isn't depressing enough, there's always the prospect of a genuine debt crisis.

Virtually everyone agrees that the current level of federal spending is unsustainable. In congressional testimony earlier this month, Federal Reserve chairman Ben Bernanke acknowledged that something has to change.

"We need to convince markets in the medium and longer term that we have a sustainable fiscal path for balancing our budget or at least bringing our deficits down," Bernanke said. Although he does not favor immediate deep spending cuts, Bernanke acknowledged the "need" for a plan.

Yet the Obama administration has shown no interest in cutting spending. Indeed, President Obama wrote to European leaders ahead of the upcoming G-20 summit in Toronto and warned that their austerity measures—including spending cuts—could slow our recovery. In that same letter, Obama raised the possibility of still greater U.S. government spending. "In fact, should confidence in the strength of our recoveries diminish," he wrote, "we should be prepared to respond again as quickly and as forcefully as needed to avoid a slowdown in economic activity."

If the Obama administration won't cut spending and the current deficits are unmanageable, we're left with just one option: Raise taxes.

Paul Ryan, the ranking Republican on the House Budget Committee, thinks that the administration is taking the country to the brink in order to create a political environment where significant tax hikes are salable: "I don't think they're totally uncomfortable with a debt crisis because in a crisis they can do a VAT (value-added tax)."

When Republicans cut taxes in 2003, Democrats accused them of trying to limit the size of government by depriving it of the revenues it needs to grow. Ryan says this was half right. The tax cuts were primarily meant to generate immediate economic growth, but Republicans indeed hoped that down the road they would "starve the beast."

Democrats, says Ryan, now want to "stuff the beast." "When debt and deficits get so out of control, they'll need to come up with a way to address the problem."

The Democratic strategy: Create a crisis so that they have to create a solution. ♦

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The Two Faces of the Tea Party

Rick Santelli, Glenn Beck, and the future of the populist insurgency

By Matthew Continetti

As a student in the exciting new field of Tea Party Studies, I've noticed that no one agrees on what the Tea Party actually is. Is the anti-Obama, anti-big government movement simply AstroTurf fabricated by Dick Armey's FreedomWorks? Is it a bunch of Birthers, Birchers, conspiracists, and white power misfits? Is it a strictly economic phenomenon—the inevitable result of high and persistent unemployment? Or are the Tea Partiers nothing more than indulgent Boomers who combine 1960s social libertarianism with 1980s *laissez-faire* economics? Does the Tea Party draw on longstanding American constitutional, political, and economic traditions, eddies of thought that one can trace back to James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, and Andrew Jackson? Or is it of a more recent vintage: Are the Tea Partiers simply the same folks who once were called Reagan Democrats and Perotistas?

All of the above. There is no single "Tea Party." The name is an umbrella that encompasses many different groups. Under this umbrella, you'll find everyone from the woolly fringe to Ron Paul supporters, from Americans for Prosperity to religious conservatives, independents, and citizens who never have been active in politics before. The umbrella is gigantic. But there are discernible ribs that extend outward from its central post, and points of shared concern that support the overall structure.

First, the Tea Party is unified by the pervasive sense that the country is wildly off course. It believes the establishment has bent and twisted the rules for its own benefit. America, the Tea Partiers believe, is headed for a fiscal reckoning unlike any it has ever seen.

Second, the Tea Party is unified in opposition to the policies that it believes put America in its current predicament. It's opposed to bailouts, which favor the wealthy and connected. It's opposed to out-of-control spending at every level of government. It's opposed to an expansive state that subsidizes bad behavior while accruing more and more power for itself, opposed to a limitless government that nonetheless fails in the basic duties of securing the borders, regulating the financial sector, and keeping America safe.

Third, the Tea Party draws its strength from the American founding. It celebrates the Founders and their ideas. Tea Party members devour books about George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Samuel Adams. They carry pocket copies of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. They believe strongly in the Bill of Rights, especially in the Tenth Amendment's admonition that all powers not delegated to the federal government are reserved for the states and the people. Their rhetoric invokes the constitutional vision of a limited government with enumerated powers.

These beliefs support a political message with great promise. The bad economy and the Obama administration's liberal agenda have produced widespread voter discontent. The president's approval rating has declined significantly since his inauguration. Support for Congress is at record lows. The idea that economic distress would cause the American people to embrace the federal government has been exposed as hokum. In April, the Pew Research Center released a survey that concluded, "by almost every conceivable measure Americans are less positive and more critical of government." The center's pollsters found that, "rather than an activist government to deal with the nation's top problems, the public now wants government reformed and growing numbers want its power curtailed."

On bailouts, stimulus, and health care, the public is closer to the Tea Party than to the Democratic party. This is one reason why, despite the unpopularity of both major parties, voters are focusing their anger on Democratic incumbents. In a recent Gallup poll, 49 percent of respondents said the Democratic party was "too liberal." That's only

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one point less than the record, which Gallup measured in 1994. An NPR poll last week of battleground House districts found Republicans leading Democrats by eight points on the generic ballot.

This is the sort of political environment where one would expect to find the Tea Party feeling its oats. And in many respects the Tea Party's record has been impressive. The movement helped force Arlen Specter and Charlie Crist out of the Republican party. It helped end the career of Republican senator Robert Bennett of Utah. It's brought large numbers of new people into the political process. It's upset the ossified Republican establishment in primaries around the country. It's pushed American politics to the right, and shaped public opinion of the stimulus and health care reform.

THOMAS FLUHARTY

But there are also signs that the Tea Party is in the middle of a tumultuous adolescence. Its activists haven't had much to say, for example, on the topic of the big banks. A recent *Washington Post* poll showed it losing support. Divisions between Tea Party factions split the conservative vote in GOP primaries in Nevada and Virginia, and threaten the unity of purpose that marks successful activist campaigns. The Tea Party may have guaranteed that Marco Rubio will be the GOP Senate nominee in Florida, but there is a chance that Charlie Crist's independent campaign will make this a Pyrrhic victory. There is the palpable anxiety among sympathizers that if the Tea Party did gain power, it would be unable to shape its diverse sentiments into a programmatic agenda.

Most important, Tea Party rhetoric has become a double-edged sword. Some of the movement's ideas are simply too radical for the public. One of the hottest controversies in some Tea Party circles is whether to repeal the Seventeenth Amendment, which allows for the direct election of senators. Part of the reason the Republican candidate lost in Pennsylvania's 12th Congressional District was that he supported the Fair Tax, which would abolish the tax code and replace it with a consumption tax. Rand Paul may have won the Republican Senate nomination in Kentucky, but he quickly had to walk back statements opposing the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Sharron Angle, the Republican Senate nominee in Nevada, has had to explain what she meant when she said that Social Security and Medicare ought to be "phased out." Rick Barber, a Republican candidate for Congress in Alabama, opens his latest ad with the words, "I'd impeach him," and closes it with a man dressed in Revolutionary War garb saying menacingly, "Gather. Your. Armies."

Now, any large political movement is going to have its share of people who push the ideological envelope. It's going to have some cranks who break the rules of political decorum. In times of economic crisis and political ferment, tempers are going to become heated. And even liberals have to acknowledge that the Tea Party, despite the wild charges thrown against it, has shunned violence and racism.

Nevertheless, while most Americans disapprove of the Obama Democrats, they do not back a full-scale revolt against the government. They do not support the abolition of the welfare state. They may want to repeal Obamacare, but they do not want to repeal the 20th century.

The Tea Party's movements and currents, its successes and setbacks, have revealed the dual nature of conservative populism. There is one tendency that tries, in Wilfred M. McClay's evocative phrase, "to restore and preserve a less regimented, less status-stratified, less school-sorted, more open-ended America." But there is also another tendency, one that believes the government is so corrupt, the constitutional system so perverted, that only radical solutions will save America from certain doom.

The first tendency is forward-looking, optimistic, and comfortable in contemporary America. The second tendency looks to the distant past, feels not just pessimistic but apocalyptic, and always sees the powerful conspiring against the powerless. And while it is possible to distinguish between the two tendencies, they nonetheless overlap in many places. They are different parts of the same

creature. One part, however, is more attractive to outsiders than the other. In our future-oriented, optimistic American polity, the first tendency has limitless appeal. The second does not.

The Tea Party, like the Roman god Janus, has two faces. One looks to the future. The other looks to the past. One wants to repair deformities in the American political structure and move on. The other is ready to scrap the whole thing and restore a lost Eden.

They are the faces, in other words, of the cable TV stars who are arguably the Tea Party's two founders: Rick Santelli and Glenn Beck.

For Glenn Beck, conspiracy theories are not aberrations. They are central to his worldview. They are the natural consequence of assuming that the world hangs by a thread, and that everyone is out to get you.

Return to Thursday, February 19, 2009. The economic picture was bleak. Employment was in free fall. The political system was in a state of emergency. Several months earlier, Congress had passed the TARP bailout. Less than a week before, Congress had passed the $800 billion stimulus bill by a narrow vote. The previous day, the new president had unveiled his "Homeowner Affordability and Stability Plan."

At 8:15 A.M., CNBC on-air editor Rick Santelli appeared on that network's *Squawk Box* program from the floor of the Chicago mercantile exchange. Most of the traders hadn't yet shown up to work. The floor was quiet. Santelli's booming voice echoed throughout the room. He began to rant about the Obama housing plan, and as his rant gained force some of the traders joined in. By the time the segment was over, the Tea Party had been born.

The topic may have been economic policy, but Santelli really was making a moral argument. For him, the housing plan rewarded bad behavior. It changed the rules so people could remain in homes that they shouldn't have been able to purchase in the first place. The responsible taxpayer's earned wealth was being diverted to bail out the irresponsible. Government modification of interest rates was a bandaid that didn't address the underlying problem. "You can go down to minus 2 percent [interest]," Santelli said. "*They can't afford the house*." This, in Santelli's view, was the textbook definition of moral hazard.

America was on a path, Santelli said, that its Founders would not recognize. "If you read our Founding Fathers," he said, "people like Benjamin Franklin and Jefferson, what we're doing in this country now is making them roll over in their graves." That was why he was planning a "Chicago Tea Party" for all "the capitalists out there" who were fed up with the situation. It turns out that there are a lot of capitalists out there. Santelli's rant has been viewed on YouTube more than 1.2 million times.

In Santelli's opinion, American elites had neglected the people surrounding him, the commodities traders who made up "a pretty good statistical cross-section of America, the silent majority." The silent majority felt separated from the democratic process. It was tired of seeing the government redistribute income to individuals who did not deserve it. If the people had the power to shape policy, Santelli implied, things would be different. "How about this, president and new administration," Santelli said:

> Why don't you put up a website to have people vote on the Internet as a referendum, to see if we really want to subsidize the losers' mortgages, or would we like to at least buy cars and buy houses in foreclosure and give them to people who might have a chance to actually prosper down the road, and reward people that could carry the water instead of drink the water?

The reference to "losers" may have been a little harsh. But Santelli's analysis was compelling. In the runup to the financial crisis, individuals at every level of American society did make reckless decisions. What's more, the Obama mortgage program does try to prevent homeowners from feeling the consequences of their irresponsible actions.

And it's not as though Santelli was singling out the poor. When another CNBC anchor asked him what he was going to throw into Lake Michigan during his Chicago Tea Party, Santelli said, "We're going to be dumping in some derivative securities, what do you think about

NEWSCOM

that?" Neither the borrowers nor the lenders have the sympathy of the silent majority.

What bothered Santelli was that Obama's proposals made neither moral nor intellectual sense. "You can't buy your way into prosperity," he said. "And if the multiplier that all of these Washington economists are selling us is over one, then we never have to worry about the economy again. The government should spend a trillion dollars an hour because we'll get $1.5 trillion back." To Santelli, such an idea was plainly absurd. It takes the silent majority to recognize that spending, debt, and subsidies for the undeserving do not create a prosperous future.

This is the same mix of symbols, allusions, and issues that conservatives have deployed for decades. This is the same impulse as the one behind the tax revolt in the 1970s, behind Jack Kemp and Ronald Reagan's critique of the welfare state in the 1980s, behind Newt Gingrich's Opportunity Society rhetoric in the 1990s. The language of fiscal responsibility, individual initiative, self-discipline, and market competition is embedded in the conservative movement and the Republican grassroots. It's a political language squarely in the mainstream. Large majorities of voters have embraced it in the past. They are likely to embrace it again.

What Santelli did *not* say was just as important. His speech contained no conspiracy theories. He did not rant against "the system." He did not say that Obama is an illegitimate president. He did not say that Obama is a socialist. Instead, he said (perhaps slightly sarcastically) that White House adviser Lawrence Summers is "a great economist." On March 2, 2009, he wrote, "I hope that the president and the final stimulus plan succeed," and, "I love my country and hope that the current administration succeeds in fixing the complicated economic and social issues our country now faces."

These are not the words of a conspiracy theorist. They are not the words of someone who believes the government is fundamentally corrupt. They are the words of a man who is worried about America's future, but who thinks the right mix of policy and leadership can cure the nation's ills. They are the words of a forward-looking, optimistic, free-market populist.

Around the time of Santelli's rant, Glenn Beck invited his large radio and television audience to send him pictures. He wanted to see the faces of his listeners and viewers, and share the images with others. "I think a lot of people feel like they're alone and they just want to give up," Beck said. "I'm here to tell you something important and that is, you are not alone." Beck said his staff would collect the pictures for a special edition of *Glenn Beck*, to be aired on March 13, 2009. That episode, which goes by the title "We Surround Them," launched Beck's 9.12 Project. It generated the idea for the massive taxpayer march on Washington that took place on September 12, 2009. It transformed Beck from a conservative talk show host into one of the fathers of the Tea Party.

On the surface, the differences between Santelli and Beck are striking. Santelli is a former businessman who parlayed his knowledge of markets into a successful career in broadcasting. He's the type of guy you'd expect to find at the Rotary Club or making speeches to the local Chamber of Commerce. He is, in other words, an upstanding member of the community. Beck's story is more dramatic. The former Top 40 DJ was addicted to alcohol and drugs before bottoming out, converting to Mormonism, and retooling his radio skills to a new format—conservative talk. He is dramatic, unpredictable, charismatic. Where Santelli is the voice of the silent majority, Beck is the voice of a reactionary counterculture.

And yet in some ways the two men are similar. They both appeal to the spirit of the Founders. They both believe that redistributing goods to the ignoble is unjust. In his bestseller *Glenn Beck's Common Sense*, Beck wrote, "You don't think it's right that while you worked hard, lived prudently, and spent wisely, those who did the opposite are now being bailed out at your expense."

Furthermore, Santelli and Beck both say government has been incompetent. "If our leaders want to address the growing disdain," Beck wrote in *Glenn Beck's Common Sense*, "they need to first restore trust with the American people. . . . If you don't know what needs to be done to fix our economic meltdown, don't spend trillions of dollars, take control of private companies, vilify corporate executives, and tell us that everything will be okay." Those sentences would be right at home in a Rick Santelli rant.

What distinguishes Beck from Santelli is the breadth and depth of his critique. In his broadcasts, books, and stage performances, Beck provides his audiences with a dark vision of American life. In this bleak tableaux, rich, highly educated, radical elites are using the instruments of power to control the common man and indoctrinate his children. The elites, Beck says, seized on the 2008 financial crisis to shape America according to their socialist, fascist, globalist vision. The only remaining obstacle to the elitist agenda is the pro-freedom movement that wants to return to America's founding principles. The elitists fight the patriots by calling them racists and extremists.

Beck is not simply an entertainer. He and his audience love American history. They are hungry for new ways to interpret current events. And Beck is creating, in Amity Shlaes's words, "a competing canon" of texts and authorities. This competing canon is not content to assault contemporary liberalism, but rather deconstructs the very foun-

dations of the New Deal and the Progressive Era. Among the books Beck regularly cites on his programs are Shlaes's *Forgotten Man*, Jonah Goldberg's *Liberal Fascism*, Larry Schweickart and Michael Allen's *Patriot's History of the United States*, and Burt Folsom Jr.'s *New Deal or Raw Deal?* And books like Matthew Spalding's *We Still Hold These Truths*, Seth Lipsky's *Citizen's Constitution*, and William J. Bennett and John Cribb's *American Patriot's Almanac* all belong on the list as well.

This intellectual journey has led Beck to some disturbing conclusions. Whereas Rick Santelli says the housing plan and the stimulus aren't sensible, Beck says the Obama administration is the culmination of 100 years of unconstitutional governance. On the "We Surround Them" episode, Beck said, "The system has been perverted and it has to be restored." In between bouts of weeping, he asked, "What happened to the country that loved the underdog and stood up for the little guy?" That country, he implied, is vanishing before our eyes. In Beck's world, politics is less about issues than it is about "us" versus "them." We may have them surrounded. But "we can't trust anyone."

The reason no one can be trusted, Beck says, is that the political system is compromised by the ideology of progressivism. At his keynote speech to the 2010 Conservative Political Action Conference, Beck wrote the word "progressivism" on a chalkboard and said, "This is the disease. This is the disease in America." He said again, "Progressivism is the cancer in America and it is eating our Constitution."

When he refers to progressivism, Beck is not only highlighting the liberals' latest name for liberalism. He is referring to the ideas of John Dewey, Herbert Croly, and Walter Lippmann. According to Beck (and many others), these early 20th-century thinkers believed that there is no such thing as natural right. The Constitution, in their view, was not equipped to deal with the complexities of modern society. They argued that government should do more to protect free competition by busting trusts, and also promote equality and individual development through redistribution. The progressive tendency found political expression in Theodore Roosevelt's "New Nationalism" speech of 1910 and in Woodrow Wilson's presidency from 1913-1921. It became the foundation for FDR's New Deal.

Beck believes progressive ideas infect both parties and threaten to destroy America as it was originally conceived. "Progressivism," he wrote in *Glenn Beck's Common Sense*, "has less to do with the parties and more to do with individuals who seek to redefine, reshape, and rebuild America into a country where individual liberties and personal property mean nothing if they conflict with the plans and goals of the State."

By attacking progressivism, Beck is taking on a big idea. He is forcing people to question their assumptions. He is introducing new thinkers to the reading public. But he is also engaging in a line of inquiry that—interesting though it may sometimes be—is tangential to the political realities of our day. And his intellectual inquiries have a purpose: to foster the perception that a benighted American public is being preyed upon by an internationalist conspiracy.

So, the difference between communism and progressivism, Beck argued at CPAC, is "revolution" or "evolution." In other words, the difference between communism and progressivism is one of means not ends. "There is no difference," he said, "except one requires a gun and the other does it slowly."

"Socialism and fascism," the author writes in *Glenn Beck's Common Sense*, "have been on the rise for two administrations now." Beck's book *Arguing with Idiots* contains a list of the "Top Ten Bastards of All Time," on which Pol Pot (No. 10), Adolf Hitler (No. 6), and Pontius Pilate (No. 4) all rank lower than FDR (No. 3) and Woodrow Wilson (No. 1). In *Glenn Beck's Common Sense* Beck writes, "With a few notable exceptions, our political leaders have become nothing more than parasites who feed off our sweat and blood."

This is nonsense. Whatever you think of Theodore Roosevelt, he was not Lenin. Woodrow Wilson was not Stalin. The philosophical foundations of progressivism may be wrong. The policies that progressivism generates may be counterproductive. Its view of the Constitution may betray the Founders'. Nevertheless, progressivism is a distinctly American tradition that partly came into being as a way to *prevent* ideologies like communism and fascism from taking root in the United States. And not even the stupidest American liberal shares the morality of the totalitarian monsters whom Beck analogizes to American politics so flippantly.

Read and watch enough Glenn Beck, and you realize that he is not only introducing new authors and ideas into public life, he is reintroducing old ideas. Some very old ideas. The notion that America's leaders are indistinguishable from America's enemies has a long and sorry history. In the 1950s it led Robert Welch, the head of the John Birch Society, to proclaim that President Dwight Eisenhower was a Communist sympathizer. For this, William F. Buckley Jr. famously denounced Welch and severed the Birchers' ties to mainstream conservatism. The group was ostracized for decades.

But not everyone denounced Welch. One author, the Mormon autodidact W. Cleon Skousen, continued to support the Birchers as he penned books on politics and the American founding. And Skousen continued to believe, despite all evidence to the contrary, that American political, social, and economic elites were working

with the Communists to foist a world government on the United States.

Glenn Beck is a Skousenite. During the "We Surround Them" program, he urged his audience to read Skousen's *5000 Year Leap* (1981), for which he has written a foreword, and *The Real George Washington* (1991). "*The 5000 Year Leap* is essential to understanding why our Founders built this Republic the way they did," the author writes in *Glenn Beck's Common Sense*. More controversially, Beck has recommended Skousen's *Naked Communist* (1958) and *Naked Capitalist* (1970), which lay out the writer's paranoid scenarios in detail. The latter book, for example, draws on Carroll Quigley's *Tragedy and Hope* (1966), which argues that the history of the 20th century is the product of secret societies in conflict. "Carroll Quigley laid open the plan in *Tragedy and Hope*," says a character in Beck's new novel, *The Overton Window*. "The only hope to avoid the tragedy of war was to bind together the economies of the world to foster global stability and peace."

In Rick Santelli's opinion, the silent majority felt separated from the democratic process. It was tired of seeing the government redistribute income to those who did not deserve it. If the people had the power to shape policy, he implied, things would be different.

NEWSCOM

For Beck, conspiracy theories are not aberrations. They are central to his worldview. They are the natural consequence of assuming that the world hangs by a thread, and that everyone is out to get you. On his television program, Beck promised to "find out what's true and what's not with the FEMA concentration camps"—referring to the Federal Emergency Management Agency, a federal bureaucracy that chiefly funnels relief funds to victims of natural disasters, and is more commonly (and accurately) thought of as punchless. Beck later acknowledged that his staff could not find any evidence for such camps.

Beck has urged his viewers to read *The Coming Insurrection*, an impenetrable political tract by a French Marxist group called The Invisible Committee that has no clear relationship to U.S. politics (or to reality). In *Glenn Beck's Common Sense*, the author writes that "efforts are now also being made to empower the State to retain, test, and research the blood and DNA of newborn babies." The plot of *The Overton Window* is one big conspiracy theory in which the United States government, Wall Street, Madison Avenue, and the Trilateral Commission are all plotting an antidemocratic coup. It is a fever-dream that Oliver Stone would envy. "Who needs a list when they can monitor you whenever they want?" says one of the book's characters at a fictional Tea Party rally. "You've all heard of that 'Digital Angel' device that can be implanted under your skin, right? They say it's to store medical information and for the safety of children and Alzheimer's patients." Scary stuff. But also fantastical. In an author's note, Beck says his novel is not fiction but "faction"—"completely fictional books with plots rooted in fact." Which "facts" are those?

Conspiracism is only one reason Beck's populism is self-limiting. Another is that its attitude toward government is radically adversarial. The American electorate may have turned against Obama liberalism, but it has no appetite for ending the New Deal, much less the FDA. Nor is it true that both parties are equally corrupted by the progressive "cancer." There always has been a wing of the Republican party hostile to progressivism, stretching back to William Howard Taft's nomination over Theodore Roosevelt in 1912.

Nor is it as easy to distinguish the "State" from the people, as Beck might imagine. Americans do not live in Russia or Germany or China. Socialism and communism never were mass movements in our politics. Our constitutional machinery and democratic ethos continue to operate as checks on state power. For evidence, look no further than the Tea Party.

Exploring the ideological origins of American progressivism is an interesting intellectual exercise. But at the end of the day, it is just that—an intellectual exercise. Even Beck seems to recognize this. There are moments when the lost America for which he pines does not seem so distant after all. Here, for example, is a passage from *Glenn Beck's Common Sense*:

There was a time when our political leaders inspired America to greatness and motivated us to face daunting challenges with courage and resolve. Our political leaders led us to successfully revolt against the British. They convinced us to defeat Nazism, fascism, and imperialism by fighting it in the homelands that gave birth to those ideologies. They encouraged us in our fifty-year-long struggle against the spread of communism—and they captivated the world as we watched it collapse under its own weight.

It does not take a doctorate in history to note that all but one of these achievements took place after TR spoke of the New Nationalism at Osawatomie, Kansas, in August 1910.

Here, then, are the two faces of the Tea Party. They look in different directions. They appeal to different audiences. They have different goals, different methodologies, different prescriptions. Both are angry. But one's anger is tempered by hope while the other's borders on despair. Two faces, one entity. This is the reason why the Tea Party is so hard to understand, why it provokes such disparate reactions.

And why its future remains a mystery. One imagines the Santelli face could be easily integrated into a conservative Republican party, with an affirmative agenda of spending cuts, low taxes, entitlement reform, and free trade. Some Tea Party groups, such as the Contract From America, are working toward this goal, even if they do not state it so baldly. Paul Ryan's Roadmap for America's Future is another example of free-market populism channeled into politically potent outlets. Despite what its critics say, the Roadmap does not end the welfare state. It refashions the welfare state using conservative means. It seeks to make the welfare state work for the poor, not an entitled middle class, and thereby remain sustainable.

The tensions within conservative populism are durable and longstanding. Consider two older faces. The first is Ronald Reagan's: sunny, cheerful, conservative. The second face is Barry Goldwater's, circa 1964: tart, dyspeptic, radical.

It is harder to integrate the Beck face into mainstream politics. It is harder to imagine even a unified Republican government being tempted by the Beck program. Entitlements are not about to be abolished. The Federal Reserve is not going away. A flat tax is a long-term goal not a short-term fix. The budget will not be balanced by cutting pork-barrel spending alone. America is not about to renege on her international commitments.

The tensions within conservative populism are durable and longstanding. Consider two other faces. The first is Ronald Reagan's: sunny, cheerful, conservative. Yet it is often forgotten that Reagan was the first Republican president to identify with FDR. He drew support from unions and other parts of the New Deal coalition. He left Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid intact. He was less concerned with undoing the work of his predecessors than he was with implementing reforms that promoted competition, investment, and growth. Not coincidentally, he was the most successful Republican president of the 20th century.

The second face is Barry Goldwater's, circa 1964: tart, dyspeptic, radical. For Goldwater, "Extremism in the defense of liberty [was] no vice." For Goldwater, the aim was "not to pass laws, but to repeal them." It is no wonder that conservatives are attracted to such a message. But they are often the only ones who feel this way. Goldwater lost in a landslide.

The Tea Party cannot choose one face over the other; they are both part of the same movement. But the Tea Party *can* decide which face it puts forward. And in the coming days that decision will be of great consequence. It is the choice between Reagan and Goldwater. Santelli and Beck. Reform and revolution. Common sense and conspiracy. The future and the past. Victory—and defeat. ♦

NEWSCOM

Beyond Pathetic

BP's Gulf disaster was no surprise to those who understood the corporate culture

By Andrew B. Wilson

Shortly after lunch on November 27, 2003, Oberon Houston was in his office beneath the helideck of BP's Forties Alpha oil platform in the North Sea, off the coast of Scotland. One of a select group (1 percent of BP's staff) of young engineers and managers targeted by the company for rapid advancement, Houston, 34, was working out maintenance plans for the coming week when he heard what he thought was a deafening explosion.

Only it wasn't an explosion. A gas line had ruptured—allowing thousands of pounds of pressurized gas to escape at supersonic velocity. That caused a thunderous sonic boom. Debris from the burst pipe and its cladding rained down, adding to the impression that "an artillery shell had just hit the platform." The escaping gas quickly formed a huge and potentially lethal cloud around the rig. Now the threat of an actual explosion was very real. The smallest spark would detonate more than a ton of methane gas.

Oberon Houston

No one died or was even hurt that day on Forties Alpha, thanks in part to high winds that helped to disperse the gas after about 20 minutes of extreme danger to the platform and its crew of 180 people. But Houston, the number two in command aboard Forties Alpha, knew full well what could have happened. "Unlike a similar incident on the ill-fated Piper Alpha platform," he observes, referring to an earlier accident in the North Sea, "the gas did not ignite, so what could have been a major disaster for myself and everyone else on board was averted by sheer luck."

The Piper Alpha disaster took place on July 6, 1988. One hundred and sixty-seven people perished in a giant fireball on the rig operated by Occidental Petroleum. Only 62 crew members survived. In immediate loss of human life, Piper Alpha stands to this day as the worst disaster ever in offshore drilling and production—far exceeding the 11 killed in the massive explosion that destroyed the Deepwater Horizon platform on April 20.

Though Forties Alpha could have produced a similar conflagration, it was nothing more than a near miss which was soon forgotten. BP admitted breaking health and safety laws by failing to guard against corrosion on the ruptured pipe that allowed the gas to escape. It was fined $290,000. The bigger loss came in early 2004. Houston resigned, and BP lost one of its best young engineers.

This was not a snap decision for Houston. It came out of a growing disillusionment with the company. In looking back over the last few years at BP, Houston was distressed at the way that corporate downsizing exercises seemed to target the best and most seasoned engineers. He was further distressed that BP had slashed the maintenance budget for the vast and aged Forties Alpha platform to a dangerous, even reckless extent, providing the platform's operating engineers with less than 80 percent of the money they considered necessary to ensure the rig's safety. He regarded the fine as risible and worried that it would only reinforce the prevailing complacency within the company. And finally, he told me over the course of several interviews, he was distressed by an abundance of rhetoric—coming from the CEO—about BP going "beyond petroleum" and joining the environmental activists in campaigning for reduced carbon emissions. "To me and everyone I knew, it didn't make any sense. We were a petroleum company. That wasn't going to change any time soon, and it wasn't anything to be ashamed of, either. All the talk about windmills and solar power was just PR and a lot of nonsense."

In short, Houston no longer trusted the company to do the right thing. As someone who grew up idolizing the company, he came to the reluctant conclusion that BP itself was an accident waiting to happen: It was tak-

O. HOUSTON

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ing on increasingly ambitious exploration and production challenges, while demonstrating an increasingly indifferent or cavalier attitude toward engineering discipline and excellence. On top of all that, senior management seemed less than fully engaged in the difficult task of extracting and producing petroleum.

"For some time," Houston writes in an article on *conservativehome.blogs.com*,

> I had been dissatisfied with the way senior BP management focused so heavily on the easy part of safety, holding the hand rails, spending hours discussing the merits of reverse parking and the dangers of not having a lid on a coffee cup—but were less enthusiastic about the hard stuff, investing in and maintaining their complex facilities.

To put it even more bluntly, BP was taking a don't-sweat-the-big-stuff attitude toward safety. Others noticed the same thing. Robert Bea, a professor of engineering at the University of California, Berkeley, and a well-known expert on catastrophes involving complex systems, reached the same conclusion based on his own association with BP in 2002 and 2003. At the company's request, Bea studied BP's approach to catastrophic risk management at its U.S. facilities in Texas City, Prudhoe Bay, and Cherry Point, Washington, and made recommendations directly to John Browne, then CEO of BP, and other members of top management.

Hearing of his work and knowing that he had launched an independent study (separate from ongoing government studies and investigations) of the disaster in the Gulf, I sent an email to Bea in early June, showing him Houston's critique of the prevailing attitude toward safety inside BP and asking if he agreed. He immediately replied:

> You are spot on. BP worried a lot about personal safety—slips, trips, and falls—high frequency, low consequence accidents. They did not worry as much (at all) about the low frequency, high consequence accidents—the real disasters. Different categories of accidents require different approaches.

In subsequent interviews, Bea told me that BP had paid promptly and well for his report, but he saw no sign that they were prepared to act any differently than before. About two years later, on March 23, 2005, BP had a major explosion at its Texas City refinery that left 15 people dead and more than 170 injured. Again, BP admitted breaking rules. This time it did not get off so lightly: It was hit with $137 million in fines—the heaviest workplace safety fines in U.S. history.

Following the Texas City accident, an independent report on safety at the five BP refineries in the United States, known as the Baker Panel Report, came to pretty much the same conclusion that Bea had reached before the accident. As Browne, who retired as CEO in 2007, states in his memoir, published early this year, the Baker Panel found that "we had not done enough to make process safety a core value. We had emphasized that individuals had to be safe when they went about their daily work—'personal safety.' . . . But we had not emphasized that processes and equipment had to be safe under all circumstances and operated in a safe way at all times—'process safety.'"

It may seem surprising that BP would fail to emphasize that highly sophisticated equipment involved in the extraction and processing of highly combustible material had to be "operated in a safe way at all times." But those are its former CEO's own words.

BEA'S THEOREM
A+B=D, WHERE D IS DISASTER

Bea, 73, has been investigating disasters for almost 50 years. After obtaining a master's degree in engineering, he joined Shell Oil and worked in jobs that ranged from roustabout to manager of the company's offshore technology development group. In 1961, an offshore military radar platform near New York City collapsed into the sea, killing 28 people. Shell asked Bea to look into the causes of this accident and report back with any lessons that might be useful to the company in setting up its first deepwater oil platforms.

Since then, Bea has investigated more than 20 offshore rig disasters, and, as an independent researcher, he has also investigated the *Columbia* space shuttle disaster for NASA and the collapse of New Orleans levees during Hurricane Katrina for the National Science Foundation. He became a risk assessment specialist for Bechtel after leaving Shell and later moved to the engineering department at Berkeley, where he cofounded the Center for Catastrophic Risk Management in 2005, after Hurricane Katrina.

The *A* in Bea's theorem, as he calls it, stands for all of the immense technical challenges that a complex engineered system must overcome in order to be successful over time—everything from earthquakes and hurricanes to "flying cows" (a favorite Bea expression). *A* includes all the difficulties and surprises that the external environment throws in your way, such as having to deal with the immense cold and pressure deep under the sea.

The *B* stands for people and all of the faults to which individuals and human organizations are prone—every-

thing from indolence or laziness to arrogance, hubris, and greed. *B* includes the panicky decision a manager makes when he decides to cut corners on safety—by ignoring or falsifying a test result, for example, or waiving one or more of a series of duplicative or triplicative precautions aimed at preventing a catastrophe—in order to stay on schedule and meet short-term financial objectives.

To prevent *D* from happening, under Bea's unforgiving theorem, it is necessary to zero out both *A* and *B* as sources of failure. And in at least four out of five cases, Bea says, *A* doesn't cause disasters. The underlying design and technology is normally sound. The problem is with *B*—human or organizational weakness.

And that is almost certainly the case in the Deepwater Horizon disaster. Bea and other experts have pointed out a number of deviations from normal oil industry practices—involving BP as the owner of the well and the supervisor of the entire operation, the Minerals Management Service as its U.S. government regulator, Transocean as the rig's operator, and Halliburton as a subcontractor—that put the rig in jeopardy. There were also danger signals—including evidence of a torn gasket and other problems in the Blowout Preventer (BOP), which is the last line of defense against a blowout—that should (in Bea's words) have prompted the reaction: "Stop. Think. Don't do something stupid."

But of course that is not what happened. What now seems the worst decision came during the still unfinished task of cementing down and sealing the so-called "nightmare well." To save time and money, the decision was made to remove heavy drilling mud and replace it with much lighter sea water. When that happened, the pressure of the column bearing down upon the wellbore no longer exceeded the upward pressure of the buildup of gas in the formation. The wellhead was breached. Then the BOP failed. End result: blowout, and an environmental as well as human catastrophe.

In taking a risk that might have saved a million dollars, fallible human beings created a catastrophe that will cost tens of billions of dollars just to clean up and untold damage to people and wildlife, both in the Gulf and along other shores where the oil from the still uncapped gusher may land.

For the simple reason that it designed the well and was in charge of the operation, Bea does not hesitate in fixing blame for the blowout on BP. But the real problem at BP, he says, began not weeks or months ago, but years ago. "It lost sight of the fundamentals."

Robert Bea with a model of a rig, resembling Deepwater Horizon, built by his students

POLARIS

LISTEN TO THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS

"The time to embrace a clean energy future is now." So said Barack Obama in his televised address to the nation last Tuesday, June 15.

And so said John Browne, BP's CEO, more than a dozen years ago in announcing his company's commitment to a clean energy future in a speech at Stanford University on May 19, 1997. In his memoir, Browne recalls this moment as a great turning point for BP and himself. In preparation for the speech, BP minions arranged BP-made solar panels in a great circle all around the university's open-air Frost amphitheater. "On this day," he proudly stated, "a Big Oil company broke ranks with the rest of the oil industry. We took our first tentative steps to going green."

To a great splash of publicity, Browne launched a "rebranding" campaign three years later. What used to be called British Petroleum became BP, a moniker that cleverly fit the company's new motto of going "beyond petroleum." And BP changed its logo from the familiar BP shield to an environmentally friendly looking green and yellow sunburst. The company's values statement was revised to declare that BP would be "a force for good"—as opposed to, one must suppose, a force for evil.

Lord Browne (he was made a life peer in 2001) earnestly explains the purpose of all this imagery in his book, the aptly named *Beyond Business*:

> The new helios logo and the line beyond petroleum expressed the new identity of the company. They gave a strong message that BP was intent on becoming a new type of global energy enterprise. We meant to tell people that we were ready to do more than they would expect when it came to confronting the difficult issues, such as the conflict between energy and environmental needs.

With great big blobs of oil washing up on the shore, it is almost comical—no, it *is* comical—to see some of BP's erstwhile friends in academia and other centers of high-minded thought running for cover. To cite one example, thanks to BP sponsorship, 300 researchers in white lab coats at Berkeley are busily searching for ways to make green fuels that will reduce our dependence on oil. In 2007, BP set up the Energy Biosciences Institute, saying it would spend $500 million over the next ten years to support research into plant-based fuels at Berkeley and two other universities. This is the largest corporate donation ever for university research.

Embarrassingly enough, Berkeley has an escape clause in its contract with BP. If anything were to happen on BP's side, such as "environmental despoliation," that would cause the university to violate its own principles in continuing the collaboration, the university could bail out of the agreement. In other words, with seven years to go on the grant, the university is at liberty to shut down the research lab and tell BP that it doesn't want any more of its money.

"We don't want to sacrifice our research when it has such promise," said Graham Fleming, Berkeley's vice chancellor for research (quoted in the *Sacramento Bee*). Anthropology professor Laura Nader (sister of Ralph) will have none of that. "Your anthropology faculty told you this was a criminal corporation," she fulminated in a letter to the university's chancellor. "Listen to the anthropologists—we know some things that other scientists might not." I love her argument, but I am betting against Laura Nader in this fracas, knowing how easy it always is for those of a progressive mindset to accommodate their own self-interest within the framework of the loftiest idealism.

It is also funny to observe how President Obama and leading Democrats have seized upon the oil gusher as an excuse to revive cap and trade and ramrod that misbegotten legislation (a huge new tax and a vast extension of government meddling in the private sector) through Congress. The fact is, with help from Enron, BP invented cap and trade and has been hawking it to Congress for years. Browne talks about it in his book. This was 13 years ago:

> In order to know where to reduce carbon emissions, we wanted to develop a simple emissions trading scheme within the company. It would become the first of its kind. And the person instrumental in helping us set this up was Fred Krupp, head of the Environmental Defense Fund, an environment NGO. We had come full circle. This NGO had virtually single-handedly halted the construction of the Trans Alaska Pipeline in the early 1970s.

Browne later sold cap and trade to the British government, and Tony Hayward, his successor as CEO, has been trying to do the same with the U.S. Congress. Cap and trade would penalize coal and favor natural gas (of which BP has plenty, as witness the blowout). Through its lobbying efforts, BP has managed to make people like Nancy Pelosi aware that gas is a cleaner burning fuel than coal, even if it failed to tell them that it is—ahem—a hydrocarbon. The speaker demonstrated her ignorance of the energy business when she declared, "I believe in natural gas as a clean, cheap alternative to fossil fuels."

For the record, cap and trade would do exactly nothing to increase domestic supplies of energy, and it could discourage domestic production of coal, which is in abundant supply.

Though it is now the Democrats' favorite whipping boy, BP has extended its largesse in recent years to most of the party's bigwigs, including Democratic pollster and PR point man Stanley Greenberg and Rahm Emanuel, the president's chief of staff.

Greenberg, the leading light at Greenberg Quinlan Rosner, is an equal opportunity geyser of left-wing environmental gibberish for politicians, NGOs, and the kind of business people who go along with the Obama brand of corporatist government in which big companies compete for government favors. The last time I looked, Greenberg still hadn't gotten around to taking down a page in his firm's website boasting of its work for BP. It tells of how Greenberg helped BP remake itself "as a company focused on transcending the energy-environment paradox."

It has been reported that BP paid more than $200 million to Ogilvie & Mather Worldwide for its rebranding campaign. I have no way of knowing how much of that filtered down to Greenberg Quinlan Rosner, or how much they shared with others. But as Andrew Malcolm of the *L.A. Times* reported:

> Shortly after Obama's happy inaugural, eyebrows rose

> slightly upon word that, as a House member, Emanuel had lived for the last five years rent-free in a D.C. apartment of Democratic colleague Rep. Rosa DeLauro of Connecticut and her husband, Stanley Greenberg . . . a prime architect of BP's rebranding drive as a green petroleum company.

Last but not least perhaps, as Malcolm also notes, "BP and its folks were significant contributors to the record $750 million war chest of Barack Obama's 2007-08 campaign." According to *Politico*, "During his time in the Senate and while running for president, Obama received a total of $77,051 from the oil giant and is the top recipient of BP PAC and individual money over the past 20 years."

LESSON

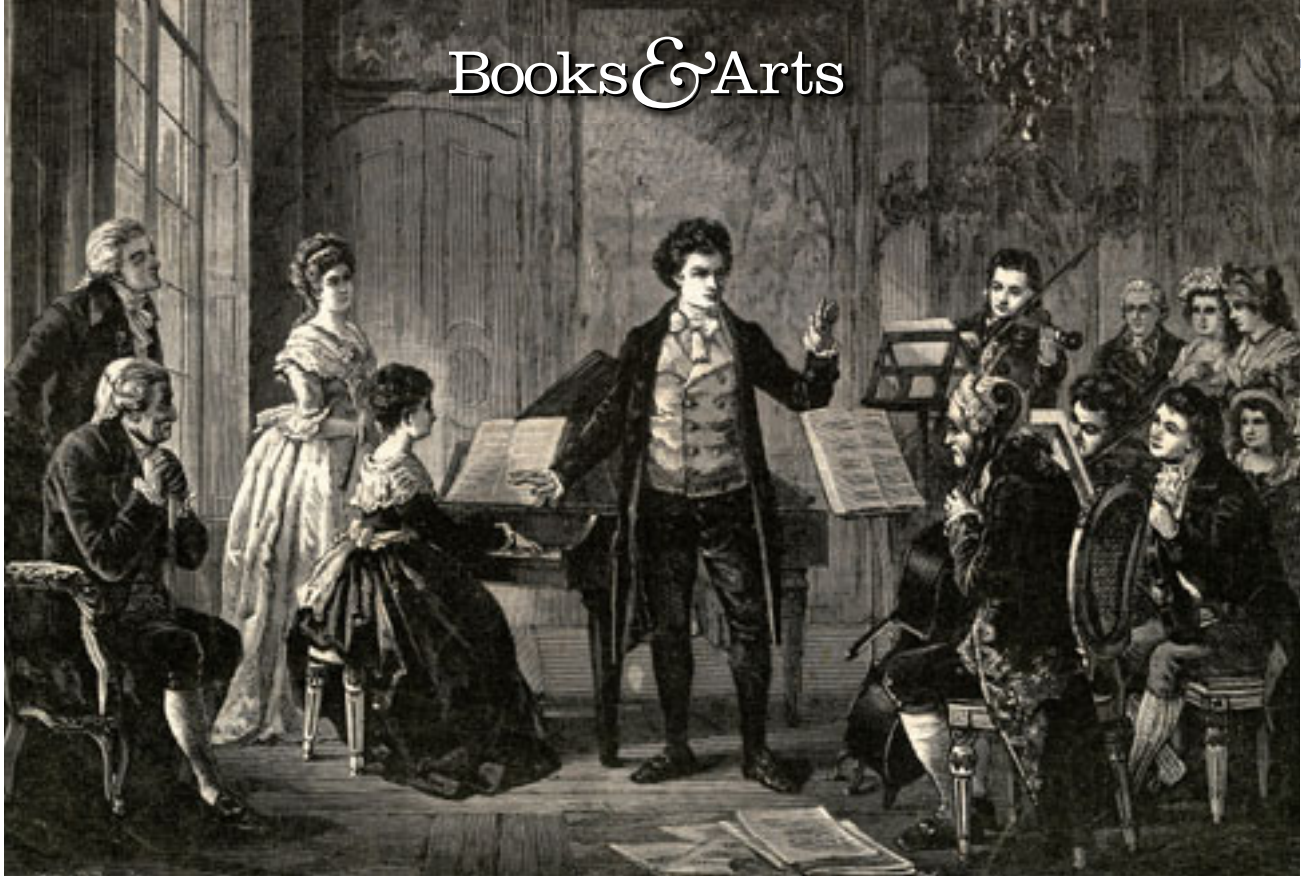
If nothing else, the Obama administration's spiteful and vindictive treatment of BP should stand as a warning to other companies of the dangers of corporatism. To think as Browne did that you are gaining "a seat at the table" is delusional. The old mafia gag about a crooked cop as one "who won't stay bought" applies to politicians. They are perfectly happy to throw their corporate benefactors under the bus. This is especially true of this administration and this president, who seems to harbor a deep antipathy toward business and business people generally.

In a recent *Wall Street Journal* column, Holman Jenkins makes the shrewd point that currying favor with politicians and seeking the approbation of one's critics is also an unnecessary distraction: "A company can't prioritize everything, and while BP was prioritizing PR and acquisitions, it wasn't prioritizing operations."

"There is nothing the greens love," the English journalist and author James Delingpole observed recently, "more than a nice, juicy oil-spill disaster." He went on to say,

> If anything is going to cause more long-term damage to the planet than the gallons of oil being spewed out by the Deepwater Horizon drilling disaster, it's the toxic clouds of posturing cant and alarmist drivel billowing forth daily from environmentalists. Most especially from their cheerleader in the White House, Barack Obama.

More ill-considered environmental policies, an increase in the arbitrary power of government, a decline in confidence in the competence of business—all of this could be more damaging in the long run than the oil spill itself. ♦



Beethoven conducting the Rasumowsky Quartet

BETTMANN / CORBIS

Freedom's Symphony

The world of Beethoven's Ninth

BY LAWRENCE KLEPP

Toward the end of the Chinese Cultural Revolution, in the mid-1970s, the routine attacks on revisionists and running dogs of imperialism were briefly interrupted by a strident anti-Beethoven campaign. A friend of mine who was a schoolgirl in Shanghai at the time remembers that the reeducation sessions demanded particularly resolute striving against the Fifth Symphony, because the dramatic opening chords had been interpreted as fate knocking on the door, and the bourgeois concept of fate was obsolete. The revolutionary will of the people, reinforced by the collective recital of Chairman Mao's thoughts, overcame all inevitability and could accomplish anything.

It couldn't accomplish making Beethoven sound bad. Many students, workers, and peasants heard his music for the first time in these propaganda sessions and were secretly transfixed. Tyrannies are, of course, right to get nervous when his music is played. No composer is more clearly identified with themes of individual liberty. His only opera, *Fidelio*, is about the liberation of a man from a despot's prison. He struck out the dedication of the Eroica Symphony to Napoleon after hearing he had crowned himself emperor. And the music, like the composer himself, resolutely goes its own way, refusing to bow or conform.

He was the archetypal Romantic genius—wild of hair, disheveled of clothes and living quarters, socially abrupt and awkward, solitary, brooding, venturing far beyond the conventional limits and expectations of his art. And the dominant note of early Romanticism was a rebellion against oppressive uniformity, whether royalist or rationalist. In his engaging and far-ranging account of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and its resonance in European culture in 1824, the year it was first performed, Harvey Sachs writes,

> If there is a hidden thread that connects Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to the works created in and around 1824 by other significant artists, it is precisely this quest for freedom: political freedom, from the repressive conditions that then dominated Europe, and freedom of expression, certainly, but above all freedom of the mind and spirit.

The Ninth
Beethoven and the World of 1824
by Harvey Sachs
Random House, 240 pp., $26

Lawrence Klepp is a writer in New York.

Beethoven's music, like Romanticism in general, introduces a new exploratory impulse into Western art, a questing ambition to go deep into uncharted territory, whether of nature, the self, history, or philosophy. After Napoleon's defeat, Sachs suggests, political preoccupations gave way to personal and spiritual ones, and the result was a pan-European creative surge. The early Romantic period was, in fact, probably the most artistically fertile period for the whole of Europe since the Renaissance, especially in music and poetry.

No one at the time created more masterpieces than Beethoven, but the same precipitous spiritual landscape he explored was simultaneously being traversed by other composers, writers, and artists, such as Schubert, Byron, Goethe, Heine, Pushkin, Stendhal, and Delacroix, all of whom Sachs discusses with insight and deft biographical sketchwork. Most of these still had, like Beethoven himself, one foot in the classicism of the previous century and were thus able to avoid the melodramatic and morbid excesses of later Romanticism.

The author of eight books on music, Sachs has been a conductor as well, and he helped Sir Georg Solti write his memoirs, experiences that supply anecdotes and insights on playing and conducting Beethoven. It's a book full of personal asides and tangents, and it's not meant as a systematic or scholarly study of the music. That's what makes it accessible to readers who have little technical knowledge but who think that, to fine-tune Nietzsche's aphorism, life without Beethoven's music would be a mistake. Anyone who has been deeply moved by listening to the Ninth Symphony—not just the stirring "Ode to Joy," the famous concluding choral paean to universal brotherhood, but the whole troubling and exhilarating work—without quite understanding why, will understand why after reading Sachs's movement-by-movement evocation.

The book is full of incidental illuminations. It conveys the musical atmosphere of Vienna in Beethoven's time, complete with its taste for kitschy spectacles like 16-piano transcriptions of Rossini (who was far more popular there than Beethoven). It offers an original perspective on Carlyle's cult of heroism and a thoughtful discussion of just what music can and cannot express. And it reminds us that writing music with posterity in mind was revolutionary. Mozart and Haydn to a degree, then, *fortissimo*, Beethoven, wrote for the ages; but earlier composers wrote for patrons and occasions and expected their music to go out of fashion like ladies' bonnets.

Beethoven's birthplace, Bonn

BPK / BERND LOHSE

The change in music was heralded by the rise of a middle class, with piano or violin lessons for the children, that made music part of general culture and education, and the simultaneous turn toward a new, more individually defined expressive ambition in composing. (Sachs notes how much more Beethoven agonized over compositions than earlier composers.) The combined effect, he says, was to make composers "the high priests, perhaps even the gods, of a secular religion."

The solemn Romantic religion of art probably wasn't good for art, or artists, in the long run; but as religions go—well, nobody blows up airplanes while shouting "Mahler is great!" Sachs remarks that Beethoven wasn't orthodox in religion or atheist, either. Probably he devised for himself a form of pantheism, plus a belief in individual redemption through suffering and a stoic but sometimes joyful acceptance of life.

The good thing about great music, though, is that it doesn't require you to believe in anything but the music, and the spiritual and emotional meanings, while acutely felt, can't be fully articulated. Beethoven gave us sacred music for an age of disbelief. Sachs at one point offers a variation on a theme by Nietzsche: "Sensitivity to beauty," he writes, "is one of our strongest defenses; without it, we would perish from truth." (Nietzsche said, "We have art lest we perish of the truth.") One of the unpleasant truths that the philosopher must have had in mind is that there is no Truth, nothing absolute and unchanging. In modern culture, art became more important as truth became more elusive or provisional. New dogmas howled for a time and fell silent, but 183 years after his death, Beethoven is still stunning concert-hall audiences, even in China. ♦

B&A

Secret Warrior

A journalist unlocks her father's heroic history.

BY ANDREW NAGORSKI

"I've always been an optimist," Rita Cosby writes in this moving book, "but my relationship with my father was one challenge I was always pessimistic about." The TV and radio journalist had ample grounds for that pessimism: On Christmas Eve 1983, when Rita was still a teenager, her Polish-born father announced that he was ending his 32-year marriage, leaving her Danish-born mother for another woman. "I'm moving on," he declared. His explanation to his stunned daughter was that "life is too short not to be happy." With that, he left to start a new family, apparently without a shred of remorse.

Quiet Hero
Secrets from My Father's Past
by Rita Cosby
Threshold Editions, 296 pp., $26

The man Rita knew as Richard Cosby was a civil engineer who rarely displayed any personal emotions. He was matter-of-fact about teaching Rita and her brother, Alan, about life and death. "All things have to die," he said. "It's part of life. Some survive and some don't." He didn't take much interest in his children's school activities or friends, and he dedicated endless time to his own physical fitness, training for the dozens of marathons he ran. When she was eight, Rita saw him return from one of his runs and take off his soaked T-shirt. She was mesmerized by a large scar on his right shoulder and then noticed several other scars, holes, and slashes scattered elsewhere across his body. When they were alone, she asked her mother whether he had been in a fight. "Your dad went through some tough times when he was growing up," she replied. "We don't talk about it."

Once her father left, Rita began thinking of him as someone always on the run, trying to escape an earlier life he never discussed—or, later, the family he left behind. After her mother died of cancer, she began sorting her things and came across an old tan suitcase she had never seen before. Inside were a worn armband of the Polish resistance, a rusted POW tag with a number and "Stalag IVB" engraved on it, and an old identity card for ex-POWs bearing the name "Ryszard Kossubudzki." At that moment, she realized that she needed to pursue her father as she would the subject of one of her stories—with the goal of finding out about his mysterious earlier life and the hope that this would finally bring them closer together.

She succeeds on both counts. She visits her father repeatedly in Alexandria, Virginia, and gets him to tell her the stories that he had resolutely avoided sharing earlier; the items in the tan suitcase broke down all the remaining barriers. Suddenly, he is sharing his memories freely—producing a vivid portrait of himself as a young resistance fighter and of Poland under German occupation.

Rita Cosby had known her father had grown up in Poland, but had no idea what had happened to him there as a teenager during the war. When the Germans invaded on September 1, 1939, he was 13. Eager to fight the occupiers, he lied about his age two years later, claiming he was born in 1925 instead of 1926. Since the "Home Army" resistance didn't accept recruits under the age of 16, this allowed him to join the burgeoning movement at 15. He never told his parents what he was doing, although they soon caught on.

At first, the teenager with the code name "Rys"—also the Polish word for a lynx—was armed with false documents and dangerous overconfidence. Walking home on a deserted street one evening, he and a friend jumped into an empty "Germans Only" tram car. When they heard the sound of police sirens, they made a run for it—only to be caught by two German policemen. One of them slapped each of the Poles hard across the face; but then, after accepting their false papers as the real thing, ordered them to get lost.

Rita's father quickly learned not to underestimate the daily dangers. During the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising of 1943, he watched helplessly as one woman jumped out of the window of a nearby house engulfed in flames; the Germans had surrounded the area and were systematically destroying the buildings. Tellingly, he never mentioned such experiences when Rita was growing up, even when she was writing a paper for her eighth grade class on "Jews Under Nazi Rule." His resistance education included the lesson that the less you talked about yourself, the better the chances of physical survival—and the more you compartmentalized your feelings, the better for your emotional health. It was a lesson he would carry with him until his daughter finally broke through his personal shell.

The richest reward in that effort is Rys's personal account of the Warsaw Uprising in August-September 1944 when about 40,000 sparsely armed Home Army fighters tried to liberate the city by themselves. It was an astonishing display of near-suicidal courage—doomed to failure because Soviet troops refused to cross the Vistula River to help the insurgents. Stalin preferred to allow the Nazis to wipe out the Polish resisters, who were dedicated to an independent Poland that he had no intention of permitting to reappear after the war.

The revealing glimpses of this desperate fight include a fitting tribute to the many young women who joined in that battle, often serving as couriers, a singularly dangerous job. At one point Rys found himself in the company of a 17-year-old named Henryka, who

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pleaded with him to spare his last bullet for her if they were about to be captured. Their brief romance, such as it was, ended when she joined several other resistance fighters in seizing a seemingly abandoned German tank; when they drove it back in triumph to their unit, it exploded—killing everyone around. The Germans had packed it with explosives before leaving it as bait. Rys rushed over but couldn't find her remains since "suddenly there was nothing left of her life. Nothing to even say she existed."

When the order came to evacuate, the only escape route was through the sewers. Since the Germans had already been dropping grenades and poison gas into the sewer system, it couldn't be a more perilous journey. The Polish film director Andrzej Wajda's famed 1957 production *Kanal* provides a terrifying account of one unit's desperate attempt to escape. But Rys's more modest description is also richly evocative:

> The moment we entered, everything was swallowed by darkness, and the sounds of the battle above were instantly muffled and replaced by the eerie sound of running, dripping water. As soon as I dropped through the entrance I landed in deep filth. The smell was overwhelming. My brown suede shoes were covered in waste. For a few seconds I couldn't move.

The resisters had to trudge single-file, holding on to each other, in total silence so the Germans wouldn't hear them above. They worried about booby traps, grenades, and getting lost. The worst fear was to become separated from the guide, drifting into the maze of sewers and never finding a way out. Like the others, Rys had complete confidence in his guide: "I didn't find out until much later that he was drunk the entire time," he told his daughter. "I suppose any human being who's reduced to trudging through darkness and filth on a daily basis for months would have to be."

The rest of Rys's story—how his body was torn apart by shrapnel and it felt "like a balloon losing its air," and his return from the near dead to his stint in a POW camp in Germany—is equally compelling. But it's his personal account of the Warsaw Uprising that constitutes the heart of this book. It's also what makes for an emotional return to Warsaw 65 years later, arranged by a daughter who was determined to complete the journey through his revived memories. She discovered he was supposed to be awarded the Fighter's Cross, but never knew it. In Warsaw, he met the late President Lech Kaczynski, whose father had served in the same resistance unit, reunited with fellow survivors, and finally received the recognition he deserved.

In the process, father and daughter genuinely reconnect. "I hope I have given him the gift of a daughter's love and the ability to release painful memories," she writes. That she does, and it's impossible not to feel the genuine emotion that builds throughout this story. "If I were ever at war," she adds, "I would want my dad to have my back." ♦

B&A

A Summing Up

Derek Walcott is more than a 'poet of exile . . . of place.'

BY PETER LOPATIN

Since the publication of his first major collection of poetry, *In a Green Night* (1962), Derek Walcott—who was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1992—has steadily enriched the world of Anglophone poetry with volume after volume of effulgent verse. In this latest collection, he continues to delight, in poems that range widely over the landscape of human experience, speaking in a voice that is at once valedictory and elegiac. The themes of desire, memory—both personal and cultural—regret, and the power of the natural world, are all to the fore in this volume. But perhaps most powerfully present is the overarching theme of human finitude and the ever-present specter of death. With consummate craftsmanship, Walcott applies his mastery of metaphor and poetic line to an exploration of these intertwined themes. Whereas in previous works he has sometimes shown a disposition to metaphorical excess—like the virtuoso musician who pushes his cadenzas a bit over the top simply because he can—in *White Egrets*, Walcott speaks with more restraint. Whether this is by design, or because of the natural evolution of his artistic temperament, the work is the stronger for it.

White Egrets
Poems
by Derek Walcott
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 96 pp., $24

Although Walcott is often referred to as a "poet of exile"—in view of his continuing attention to the historical themes of colonialism and cultural deracination in his native Caribbean—the characterization is somewhat misleading insofar as it encourages the cramped view of his work that emerges when seen principally through the narrow lens of "postcolonial" literary theory. Walcott's gifts as a poet are so prodigious that repeated invocation of the "poet of exile" moniker suggests an oversimplification of a body of work of great depth and scope, one which surely encompasses—but just as surely extends well beyond—the political and historical. Put simply, there is a great deal more going on in the poetry of Derek Walcott than the mournful lamentations of an exiled son.

The poems in *White Egrets* are those of a poet now in his eightieth year—and ailing—whose reflections on death and loss form the leitmotif of the work as a whole:

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I reflect quietly on how soon I will be going.
I want the year 2009 to be as angled with light
as a Dutch interior or an alley by Vermeer,
to accept my enemy's atrabilious spite,
to paint and write well in what could be my last year.

Seemingly beyond death, the "elegant," "sepulchral," "immaculate," and "impeccable" white egrets (accorded their own eponymous, eight-poem section) are exemplars of perfection, standing in for all that has been true and good in the poet's life. Of a "spectral white," they are "seraphic souls" which—as if existing sub specie aeternitatis—"stalk through the rain / as if nothing mortal can affect them."

They sometimes serve as an occasion for the poet's self-exhortation:

Accept it all with level sentences
with sculpted settlement that sets each stanza,
learn how the bright lawn puts up no defences
against the egret's stabbing questions and the night's answer.

They also serve to instruct:

We share one instinct that ravenous feeding
my pen's beak, plucking up wriggling insects
like nouns and gulping them, the nib reading
as it writes, shaking off angrily what its beak rejects,
selection is what the egrets teach
on the wide open lawn, heads nodding as they read
in purposeful silence
a language beyond speech.

Very much a poet of place, Walcott has lived and traveled far afield. Indeed, one might more accurately say that he is a poet of places, whether Italy, Amsterdam, Sicily, Spain, London, Manhattan—each of which is accorded its own series of poems—and of course, his native St. Lucia. In "Sicilian Suite" he speaks regretfully of loves long gone:

. . . she whom I had killed
with my caustic jealousy, my commonplace love-hatred,
my pathetic patience, my impotent impatience,
my infatuation or whatever it's called. . . .

Then he muses bitterly on the still-powerful tug of sexual desire, seen as something pathological and unseemly for a man of his years:

I'll tell you what they think: you're too old to be
shaken by such a lissome young woman, to need her
in spite of your scarred trunk and trembling hand.

In the 12-poem sequence "In Italy," the Ligurian coast is the occasion for this meditation on memory and absolution:

Audubon's 'Snowy Heron or White Egret' (1835)

Things lose their balance
and totter from the small blows of memory.
You wait for revelations, for leaping dolphins,
for nightingales to loosen their knotted throats,
for the bell in the tower to absolve your sins
like the furled sails of the homecoming boats.

But he is at his most elegiac in writing of his native land:

. . . I would come back and forget the niggling
complaints of what the island lacks, how it is without
the certainties of cities,
. . . for the first star
for whom my love of the island has never diminished
but will burn steadily when I am gone.

In a 2002 interview with Glyn Maxwell, Walcott made these remarks about the state of contemporary poetry:

> I think that at the rate things are going, poetry will lose its audience entirely. I think nobody will read it anymore because they don't understand what the stuff is. I read it and I don't understand it. . . . I read a lot of stuff by known names that I won't mention, that I just say "this is incomprehensible to me and I'm not going to bother to strain to do it." I don't consider poetry to be a riddle, an enigma, or a formula. . . . I want to be able to understand what I'm reading and I now abandon anything I can't understand.

In contrast to what seems to me to be the perversely willful obscurity of much of contemporary poetry—rendered all too often in language so sparsely minimalist as to suggest that the authors are allergic to words—Walcott revels in the expressive possibilities that English offers the astute poet, and in the language's capacity for both rich metaphorical expression and historical and artistic allusion. Although he is acutely aware of British colonial history and its attendant dislocations and injustices—a legacy often thematized in his poetry—Walcott has no inclination whatever to throw off the poetic conventions of the colonizers' language. Rather, he wisely appropriates those conventions to his own uses, freely plundering the metaphorical and prosodic resources that the English language offers, all to the great benefit of his readers.

. . . If it is true
that my gift has withered, that there's little left of it,
if this man is right then there's nothing else to do
but abandon poetry like a woman because you love it
and would not see her hurt, most of all by me;
so walk to the cliff's edge and soar above it . . .
be grateful that you wrote well in this place,

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let the torn poems sail from you like a flock
of white egrets in a long last sigh of release.

I share Walcott's concern over the future of poetry, but it is evident that his own gifts as a poet have not withered but grown. And if—as the white egrets teach—"the perpetual ideal is astonishment," then the sense of astonishment that pervades *White Egrets* offers lovers of fine poetry reason for hope. ♦

B&A

The Locust Years

The unbearable lightness of interwar Britain.

BY MARK FALCOFF

A few months ago Peter Hitchens reminded his readers in the *Daily Mail* that a mere 70 years ago—in 1939 to be precise—"we were the world's greatest empire. Half the globe used our currency, we controlled vast resources, and owned enormous foreign investments. . . . We possessed an enormous Navy, a modern Air Force, and, at the same time, the most advanced welfare state in the world."

The Twilight Years
The Paradox of Britain Between the Wars
by Richard Overy
Viking, 544 pp., $35

Anyone casually picking up this account of Britain in the interwar period might well conclude that Hitchens was referring to another country altogether. Of course, the key to the paradox is that while all the things in the *Daily Mail* piece are true, there can be a crucial difference between what a country actually *is* and how it feels about itself. Given particular circumstances, the possession of great power and loss of nerve can go together. This is what makes *The Twilight Years* of more than mere historical interest for the present-day American reader.

While Britain emerged technically victorious from the First World War, that conflict inflicted grievous wounds upon its society. Nearly a million young men were sacrificed in the killing machines of the Somme and the Marne, many from the very families from which the country's leadership class had been drawn for generations. After 1919, the country was led by old (or at least older) men, most of whom lacked the energy and imagination to steer Britain successfully into the complicated shoals of the postwar period. Resources that might have been devoted to modernization of industry or new technologies had already been diverted into financing the war effort, and latent industrial strife postponed for the duration was suddenly given free rein. New antidemocratic ideologies from Eastern and Central Europe were beginning to poison the atmosphere in elite cultural and intellectual circles.

The Twilight Years is hardly a cheering volume. In some ways it amounts to a long slog through two decades of clinical depression—if a society as a whole can be likened to an individual. The major themes are the (prematurely announced) death of capitalism, a concern with eugenics, and the sudden discovery of psychoanalysis and the unconscious, the love affair with the distant (and mythical) Soviet Union, and finally, a "peace movement" which eventually foundered upon the realities of Hitler's advances on the continent.

The anticapitalist motif is perhaps the principal thread that holds much of the politics together. Overy asserts that, particularly after 1929, there was "an unspoken assumption" in Britain—even among people who were not necessarily Marxists—that "capitalism meant chaos, while planning equaled progress." Moreover, the widely publicized assumption that capitalism always led to war opened a two-way conduit between Communists and fellow travelers on one hand, and pacifists on the other.

Fear of war was, of course, a natural and understandable concern—if not, indeed, obsession—for Great Britain in this period, and not only because of the huge losses suffered during the most recent conflict. Changes in technology (particularly the development of airpower and the sudden possibility of long-range bombing) suddenly stripped the island of a sense of physical security long granted by geography. A fact perhaps forgotten today, Overy writes, is that the antiwar movement in Britain was the largest popular cause during the interwar period, "crossing all conventional lines of party allegiance, social class, gender difference, and regional identity."

Nonetheless, one cannot help being struck by the naïveté and unwisdom with which the peace movement attacked the problem. There was, for example, the Peace Pledge Union, which gathered millions of signatures, or the Peace Ballot, in which Britons were invited to vote against war—as if anybody was really "for" it. Great hopes were pinned on the League of Nations—until it failed to act after the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931. Sillier still was the notion that "collective security"—in other words, a paper alliance system linking Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and perhaps Czechoslovakia—combined with disarmament!—could somehow discourage voracious dictators like Hitler and Mussolini.

The peace movement collapsed slowly in the face of harsh realities. One was the Spanish Civil War, which caused many leftists to suddenly reexamine their pacifist convictions; another was the Munich agreement; yet another was the Hitler-Stalin Pact followed by the carving up of Poland which deprived advocates of "collective security" of their Soviet linchpin.

One of the central paradoxes of this period is the fact that, while the Communist party of Great Britain never

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attracted many followers, the Soviet Union itself was the subject of huge admiration by broad sections of British intellectual and public life. The Society for Cultural Relations Between the Peoples of the British Commonwealth and the USSR was founded in 1924; by the 1930s it could count among its luminaries Virginia Woolf, Bertrand Russell, Aldous Huxley, H.G. Wells, and John Maynard Keynes. Another organization, the Committee for Peace and Friendship with the USSR, included Ralph Vaughan Williams, Bernard Shaw, G.D.H. Cole, and John Strachey. The most important catch for Sovietphiles was, of course, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, at the time arguably the most important Socialist intellectuals in the English-speaking world. Their book, *Soviet Communism: A New Civilisation?* appeared in two hefty volumes in 1936. (The second edition appeared in the following year, with the question mark removed.) While Stalin's Great Terror was consigning millions to the Gulag or execution squads, the Webbs were denying that the Soviet Union was a dictatorship at all but a special variety of political democracy. In her private correspondence Madame Webb was even more categorical: Commenting on the Moscow trials to H.G. Wells, she wrote that the issue was not whether the accused were guilty or innocent, "but will the counter-revolution be avoided?"

Overy admits that there was a double standard at work here. The same people who condemned concentration camps and political murders in Italy, Germany, and later Spain were speaking of countries with which many Britons could reasonably be expected to have some personal familiarity. No doubt this is true, but it is certainly not true that there was *no* information available on the facts of Soviet Russia in 1930s Britain. The best case he can make for these people—he obviously has considerable sympathy for them—is that many people cherished "the ideal of the Soviet Union in order to hasten the reform of Britain."

Ironically, the war that so many on the left worked to avoid in the 1930s ended up being the very instrument by which Britain was transformed in directions they had long wished: the dismantling of empire, the embrace of economic planning, and a vast expansion of the welfare state.

Overy probably could have found a way to say this in a long article, but for those who have a morbid interest in a morbid age, this volume will hold out a certain interest, particularly since so many of the assumptions—taking into account differences of time and place—that informed Britain's late-imperial intellectual classes have lately found such resonance in our universities, in our mainstream media, and now, indeed, in the highest reaches of our government. ♦

B&A

From the Waterfront

The working wisdom of Eric Hoffer.

BY ALEC MOUHIBIAN

Illiteracy has never been wordier. Life has never been wordier. Experts say more language is consumed now than ever before. Not read. Not written. *Consumed*—like burgers and gasoline.

"He ran largely on language," declared the *New Yorker*, in its wrap of Election 2008. "Last Tuesday night was a very good night for the English language." So it makes perfect sense that the most prescient prophet of this victory of words turns out to be a man who used fewer than perhaps any other significant American writer. "Words have always been to me accidental, unnatural," Eric Hoffer reflected, shortly before his death in 1983. "I have spent my life trying to master words, but they never became part of me." As they become a larger part of us by the moment, anyone seeking to retain autonomy can find a real hope in the long-lost wisdom of the longshoreman philosopher.

When he is remembered at all, Eric Hoffer is most famous for *The True Believer* (1951), his original study of fanaticism and mass movements that exposed, in a chain of insights spanning 192 pages, the internal carpentry of the much-cited road to hell. Tracing the "alchemy of conviction" by which words can transform guilt into hate, self-contempt into pride, and frustration into wild hope, it speaks as clearly on Internet hysteria and jihadism as on the Nazi and Soviet regimes that inspired it. Reading it is no less jolting today than when it came out six decades ago. Where many saw strange, foreign horrors, Hoffer saw himself, and he was that rare writer who could write about himself and about you at the same time.

Which is why he has never seemed more alive. At a Senate hearing Charles Schumer of New York acts like Nelson Muntz, and Hoffer explains: "Rudeness is the weak man's imitation of strength." George Clooney apologizes for something, and Hoffer reminds us that "humility is not renunciation of pride but the substitution of one pride for another." Markets collapse across the world and Hoffer delivers once again: "It is only when the rich no longer feel rich that you find them wallowing in guilt." Michelle Obama declares, in her "broken soul" speech, "We believe our pain is our own. We don't realize the struggles and challenges of all of us are the same." And Hoffer shoots back, from 1973: "The troublemakers are they who need public cures for their private ails."

In ten slim books, including *The Passionate State of Mind* and *Reflections on the Human Condition*, two masterpieces of the aphorism that means more than it says, one can find a pitch-perfect caption for nearly every event in our world. In a way, Hoffer was no closer to his world than he is to ours. Blind from the age

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of 7 to 15, and completely alone by 18, he spent the opening two decades of his adulthood on skid row and as a migratory worker before settling down on the San Francisco waterfront at the outbreak of World War II. He had never spent a day in school. The man who would eventually be quoted by Ike, courted by LBJ, and awarded a Medal of Freedom came almost literally from nowhere.

The broken upbringing, destitute and anonymous, had its clear advantages. For one, it obviated the vanities that usually fuel a desire to write. Though he had read nonstop since recovering his eyesight, Hoffer didn't jot a word until his thirties, and by then he was too fascinated by what Montaigne termed the difference between us and ourselves to care about justifying any particular version of his own. This was the difference that made some virtues so ugly, some vices so redeeming, so many trivial motives so important. Its central paradox was the passionate intensity of human weakness—the source of all creative and destructive change—and Hoffer's path as a thinker began with his particular epiphany that St. Paul was a wiser sociologist than Charles Darwin.

That epiphany was another gift from the migratory trail. Chasing the California harvest from garden to grove to desert in the 1930s, Hoffer learned that his fellow transients were the same wayward, alcoholic misfits who had civilized the Wild West a few generations before. There seemed to be a fine line between the fanatic and the misfit and the pioneer, and it became Hoffer's mission to explore that line, conducting most of his archival research in a mirror.

His introspective sociology identified two basic kinds of change. There was change by growth, proceeding "quietly, and in degrees scarcely to be perceived." And change by substitution, born of our need to compensate for our natural deficiencies. A substitute could spur growth if it healed the gap between what we are and what we long to be, but it could also replace one nasty trait for a close relative (envy for greed) or a mere camouflage (charity for selfishness)—doing so with a righteous glue that freezes any chance of growth.

One popular agent of change straddled this line more deceptively than any other: "To attach people to words," Hoffer noticed, "is to detach them most effectively from life and possessions." While he examined this detachment at its most extreme in *The True Believer*, Hoffer knew that a complete surrender to verbal voodoo wasn't possible in his homeland. "The American is much better than his words," he wrote in one of his private notepads, archived at the Hoover Institution. "Their acts are more sensitive and original than their professed opinions."

Eric Hoffer, Lyndon Johnson, 1967

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But then everything changed: The Russians launched a toy into space, and we reacted by going to school. Long before anyone else Hoffer saw what the resulting cult of college meant for the American character. "After October 1957," he mourned, "many young people who would normally have gone into business ended up climbing academic ladders and throwing their weight around literary and artistic cliques. It was these misplaced tycoons who set the tone and shaped events in the 1960s." As ecophiles, they easily confused Mother Nature with human nature; as victim-mongers, they cultivated permanent alibis for the hard work of achievement; as youth-worshippers, they rejected the most fundamental source of change in their fear of growing up. By identifying the profound inertness of these academically transmitted movements, Eric Hoffer exposed their secret aversion to the kind of true, quietly dynamic progress of a free society.

Though Hoffer's commentary on such matters earned him much controversial fame, what matters most is his literary legacy. Like most good sociologists, Hoffer wasn't really a sociologist, or even a philosopher. He was a grateful cynic—an agnostic who thanks God for original sin—who thought the well of human mystery too deep for systemic drainage. Faces, moodswings, and Ernest Renan's *History of the People of Israel* were equally fruitful to his mind, and in reading through his body of work, private and public, you follow a train of thought uniquely prone to encounter truths it didn't seek.

Here a brooding, morbid series of reflections ends up in praise of lighthearted frivolity. There a bonfire of pretensions finishes with an ode to gesture and exaggeration. Even an offhand, unpublished remark—"It's only when the oyster keeps its mouth shut that a grain of sand within may become a pearl"—feels like it was written just yesterday. The witty, assertive tone of the aphorisms only underscores their role as original questions, as deadly to the potential laziness and self-deception of their own author as to yours or mine.

"I have Hitler in me, I have Stalin in me," Hoffer explained in a television interview in 1967. Viewers could see his point. The presence on screen—with his huge, mangled hands, epic face, and bellowing pan-accented voice, violent one syllable and wounded the next—was what journalists would call charisma. The audience hung on every word. And once he noticed the warm, instant rapport he could form with total strangers from a lectern, Eric Hoffer did what any decent person would, and stopped talking in public for years. ♦

B&A

Poland Springs Eternal

Water, water everywhere, and a cooler, too.

BY JOE QUEENAN

This is a tale of one man's well-meaning attempt to prop up our fragile economy. It is a cautionary tale about how goodwill and laudable intentions do not always produce optimal results.

For years, the bottled water sales rep who visits my building every week tried to get me to sign up for his product. I always blew him off. I told him that I was the only person in my office and that I didn't need a water cooler. Anyway, I was only in the office three days a week, four tops. There was no way I could drink enough water to make it worth his while. Besides, I don't even like water that much. I prefer frothy chai cappuccino.

He kept after me. He proposed a three-month trial. Not interested. Please. No. Just a trial. Forget it. Think of what you'll save on coffee. I won't save anything: I'm not the kind of person who would ever brew his own coffee in the office. Tea, then. Even less likely. Soup? Now you're really stretching. I thought I had him pretty well discouraged. But then, after the economy fell apart two years ago, he banged on my door, left a card, banged again, left more cards. The next time I saw him I detected a note of desperation in his voice. I'll give you a discount on the cooler. No. I'll give you a discount on the water. No. I'll give you a free month's delivery. No. I'll give you a free five-gallon jug to get you up and running in the *aqua pura* department.

Then one afternoon, I cracked. I don't know why; maybe I felt sorry for the guy. Several of the offices in my building had closed up shop, one with six employees. I could see how the recession was impacting the sales rep's business. No work, no water. No water, no work. You could see the whole society falling apart here. The building was a microcosm, perhaps even a barometer. Maybe even a harbinger of worse things to come. Reminding him one last time that I didn't think this thing was going to work, I threw in the towel and signed up for a very basic package: a water cooler, a five-gallon container every month, a sleeve of plastic cups.

Five gallons is a lot of water. Writing doesn't actually make you that thirsty, and those writers who *do* get thirsty rarely sate their appetite with water. Moreover, the whole point of water coolers is to allow people to take a break from work and chat with other employees about sports or the weather or taxes. Some of the greatest brainstorming in America takes place at water coolers. But I didn't have anybody else in my office to chat with, so whenever I wanted to take a break, I would wander down the street to the diner.

I started getting my water deliveries in January 2009. That was the month I took my wife to Paris on the To Hell With Adversity Tour. I figured that if we started the year by going to Paris, 2009 would be a success no matter what happened over the next 11 months. But because I was gone from the office a full three weeks, I didn't put much of a dent in that first five-gallon container. And by the time I returned home, another five-gallon jug was already waiting in the hall. But that was okay, I thought. I'd catch up.

I traveled a lot last spring, and was never particularly parched, so by the time June rolled around, I still hadn't gotten through that first five-gallon container. Now I had five more sitting in the back room. My office isn't very big, so unless I started making some headway here, there would soon be very little room in which to maneuver. I tried as hard as I could to polish off some of the water, but it took me until October to get through the first jug. In November, I called the company's 800 number and told them to skip a couple of deliveries. For the next few months I would pay just the $5.36 a month it costs to rent the cooler. But I still had eight unopened jugs in the back room.

I tried a lot of things to get rid of that water. I watered my plants, probably a lot more than they needed, made tons of soup, brewed vatloads of tea. Some days I would invite unsuspecting people up to my office and force-feed them water. One night I took a jug home and used it to wash my car; another time I used a couple of quarts to have a sponge bath in my office. It didn't make any difference: Eventually the water deliveries would resume, and one day, I would find myself completely hemmed in by bottled water.

The bill for the latest shipment is now a month old. It's only about five bucks, because now I only pay for renting the cooler. But pretty soon I'm going to stop paying that. In short, I'm putting the ball in the water company's court. It wasn't my idea to start this relationship, and I shouldn't be the one responsible for the emotional fallout from canceling a contract in the middle of the worst recession since the 1930s. I was doing my best to help, but this just isn't working. If the water company is okay with leaving the cooler here, I'll give it back to them during Jeb Bush's second administration, when I finally work my way through the seven gallons in the back room.

Last week, a friend wondered aloud whether bottled water that's been sitting around for more than a year might not eventually turn poisonous. My friend is an idiot when it comes to science—but so am I, so he might be on to something. Either way, I'm not touching that water. I don't like water anymore. Now I'm afraid even to let people into my office for fear that they'll spread rumors that I'm a survivalist.

So in the end, my heroic attempts to jump-start this moribund economy have blown up in my face. I tried, I failed, and now I'm finished. This well has run dry. ♦

Joe Queenan is the author, most recently, of Closing Time: A Memoir.

B&A

Buzz Kills

'The best sequel-to-a-sequel ever made' is a must-see.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

The only thing wrong with *Toy Story 3*, and I mean *the only thing*, is that Pixar and Disney (its parent company) are practically forcing you to see it in 3-D. The gimmicky technology in no way enhances, improves, or intensifies the experience of watching this hilarious, involving, intelligent, and heartfelt knockout; indeed, the 3-D distraction is something of a hindrance when it comes to enjoying and appreciating a production that is not only the year's best so far but is, without question, the best sequel-to-a-sequel ever made.

The original *Toy Story* (1995) was a revolutionary piece of work, not only in the way it dispensed entirely with traditional hand-drawn animation but also in the way it chose to tell its surprisingly intricate comic tale. Its director, John Lasseter, brought realistic filmmaking techniques to bear on the story of toys coming to life whenever people aren't looking.

"What the guys were doing was more like live action than animation," says Lee Unkrich, who came to Pixar to edit the original film and ended up the director of *Toy Story 3*. "I think they didn't even know that themselves. . . . We were doing something new and interesting. Obviously we were creating animation, but it was within a wrapper of live action, almost."

Toy Story's amalgam of broad comedy and heart-pounding action-adventure, in which both the comedy and the adventure depend on fast-paced inventiveness, demonstrated that, with its very first movie, Pixar had developed a mature style of its own. Far less earnest and far more contemporary than the moral journeys offered up by Disney's fairy tales and animal stories, the Pixar style went on to jazz up the superhero genre (*The Incredibles*), the working-class buddy comedy (*Monsters Inc.*), the science-fiction dystopia (*Wall-E*), the glamorpuss-trapped-in-a-small-town fable (*Cars*), the get-off-my-lawn-old-guy sentimental drama (*Up*), and the literal fish-out-of-water story (*Finding Nemo*).

Toy Story 3
Directed by Lee Unkrich

Toy Story is a comedy about status anxiety, in which favored plaything Woody the Sheriff finds himself supplanted by the shiny new Buzz Lightyear and is eventually accused by the other toys of murdering Buzz. The second *Toy Story* is an abandonment-anxiety comedy, as Woody faces the possibility that he will be forgotten by his owner. In some ways the most daring of them all is the newest film, which is a comedy about the anxiety of facing the end—the end of childhood, the end of a community, even the end of life itself.

Sound pretentious? *Toy Story 3* is anything but. The movie is a celebration of the imagination—both of children who are able to bring fantasies and dreams to life with whatever is at hand and, implicitly, of the people at Pixar, who managed to craft a group of unforgettable characters out of the most obvious stereotypes.

Woody is the aw-shucks hero never able to contain his self-satisfaction at being Andy's favorite toy. Buzz is the ramrod-straight noble soul who must grapple with the fact that he is a toy when everything tells him he is actually an intergalactic space ranger. Rex is the killer dinosaur as urban neurotic; Hamm the pig is the calm cynic at every church picnic; Jessie the cowgirl is the high-strung optimist ready to crash into pessimism at a moment's notice.

Toy Story 3 adds several hilarious new characters. A surprisingly intellectual Barbie meets her match in a very confused Ken whose obsession with his wardrobe leads to a gag involving high-heeled shoes that will be shown in cinematic-highlight reels for decades to come. And a soft, strawberry-scented Care Bear (lightly disguised by screenwriter Michael Arndt as "Lotso-huggin' bear") is the seemingly benevolent but entirely ruthless dictator of a day care center where Andy's toys find themselves imprisoned; his enforcer is a giant, expressionless baby doll.

The movie is constantly on the move, its plot points meticulously timed, its pacing right to the second.

One of the things the clockwork *Toy Story 3* reveals is just how weak Pixar's most recent efforts, *Ratatouille* and *Wall-E* and *Up*, have been. There's no fat here, as there wasn't in *Finding Nemo* and the flawless *Monsters Inc.* and *The Incredibles*.

The result is that when *Toy Story 3* approaches its climax, even a middle-aged adult might find it hard to breathe. And the final five minutes are almost unbearably moving, which is a pretty amazing achievement and a tribute to the seriousness with which Pixar's creative talents accepted the challenge of living up to the high standard set by the original movie and its sequel.

Toy Story 3 brings the three-picture series to a conclusion so perfect even Disney (now the owner of Pixar) may be able to resist the temptation to go for a fourth even after this spectacular achievement makes a billion dollars worldwide. Which it will. ♦

John Podhoretz, editor of Commentary, *is* The Weekly Standard*'s movie critic.*

"[President Obama] is frustrated because he cares about the small people. And we care about the small people. I hear comments sometimes that large oil companies, or greedy companies, don't care. But that is not the case in BP. We care about the small people."
—BP chairman Carl-Henric Svanberg, June 16, 2010

PARODY

JUNE 22, 2010 — ONE DOLLAR CHEAP

BP TARGETS 'SMALL PEOPLE' FOR AID, BOOSTER SEATS

Offshore Platforms to Include Smaller Beds, Step Ladders

By JACKIE CALMES and HELENE COOPER

WASHINGTON — Back at the White House for his second meeting with the president, BP chairman Carl-Henric Svanberg defended his previous comment, namely that "we care about the small people," insisting he had not meant to belittle the less fortunate, but rather that he was speaking literally of small people. "There is something so dear about the vertically challenged," said Mr. Svanberg. "You just want to go up to them, pick them up, and carry them around like little babies. And BP loves little babies."

Besides the $20 billion designated for aiding victims of the oil spill, Mr. Svanberg revealed a list of recommendations to help the small people, as he had earlier promised. The list includes products and devices aboard its offshore platforms that are friendly to small people—or little people (as small people prefer to be called)—including stepping stools, booster seats, high chairs, and go-karts. Though the chairman might have meant well, the reaction from reporters was mostly stunned silence. "If only Helen [Thomas] could respond!" lamented one journalist.

"I hear comments," Mr. Svanberg went on, "that large oil companies, or greedy companies, think short people got no reason to live, that they got little hands, little eyes, and that they walk around telling great big lies. But that is not the case at BP. We believe that little people grow and little people know when little people fight, they may look like easy pickings, but they got some bite."

President Obama, perhaps worried about alienating yet another segment of voters, chose to support Mr. Svanberg's efforts. "Small Americans need the government too, not to mention affordable health insurance regardless of preexisting conditions like . . . smallness. Just last night my daughter asked me, 'Daddy, did you take care of the small people today?' I told her I did speak with Donna Shalala." The president then announced that he was setting up another select and distinguished committee focused on the needs of "Small America" and has appointed as the new "small people czar" former secretary of labor Robert Reich, whom Mr. Svanberg attempted to lift in the air and toss

Continued on Page A16

Mike Mahon

BP's Carl-Henric Svanberg praised small people czar Robert Reich (above) for having accomplished so much "by standing on the shoulders of giants."

World Cup Ref Put on Terror Watch List

Obama Acts, AG Holder Objects

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