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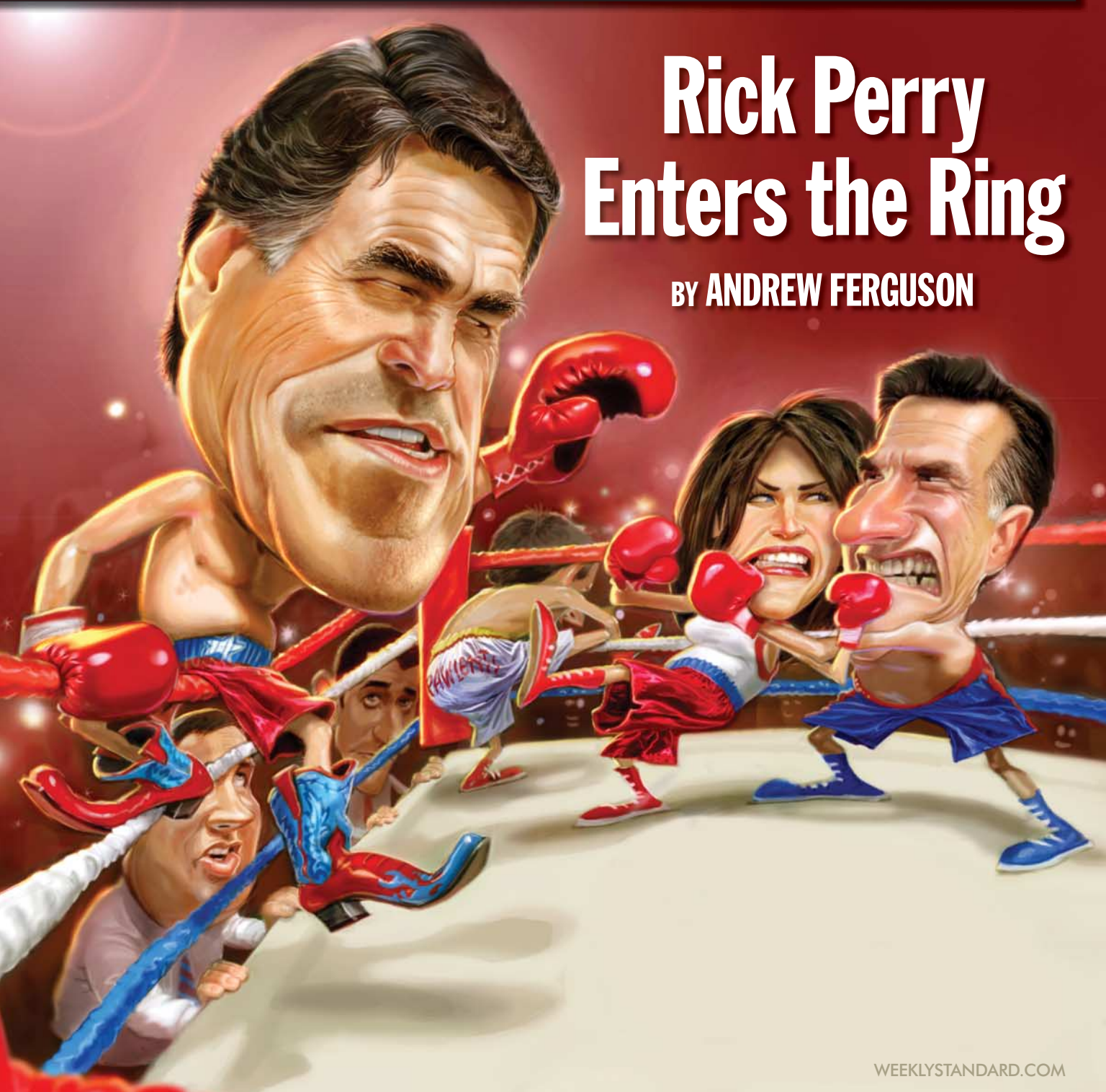
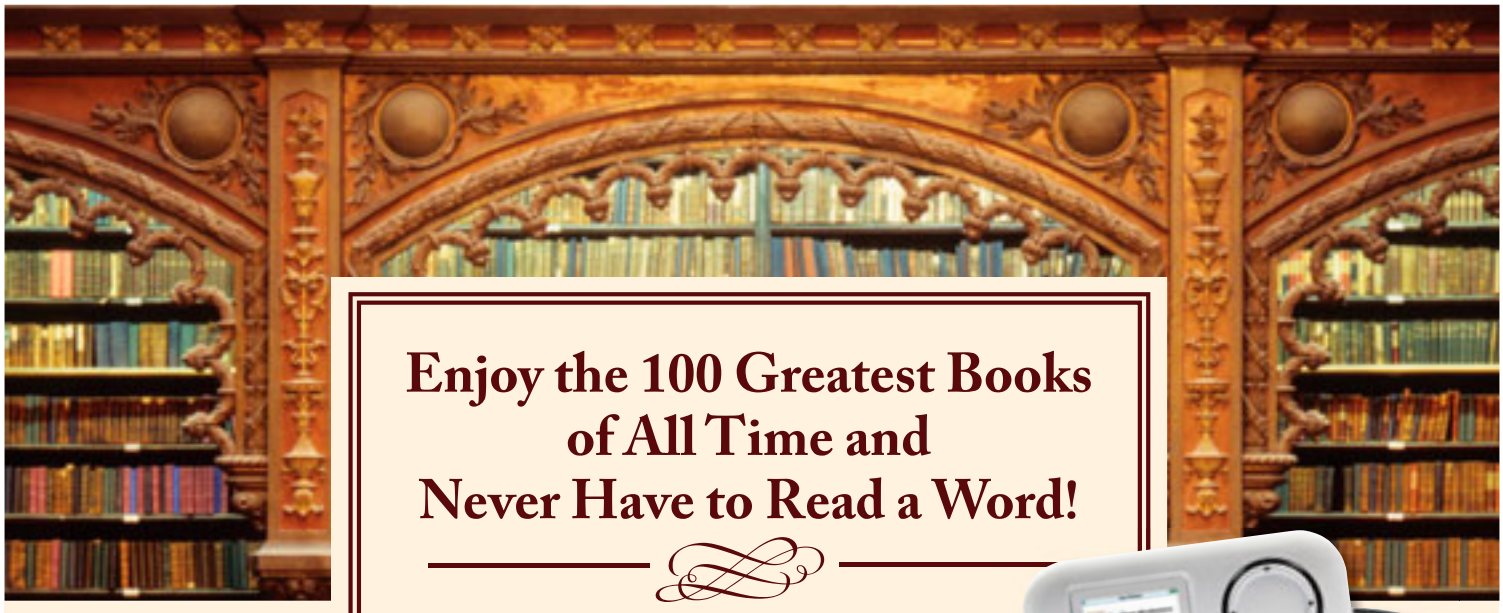
A LONG HOT ARAB SUMMER
LEE SMITH • ANN MARLOWE

Rick Perry Enters the Ring

BY ANDREW FERGUSON





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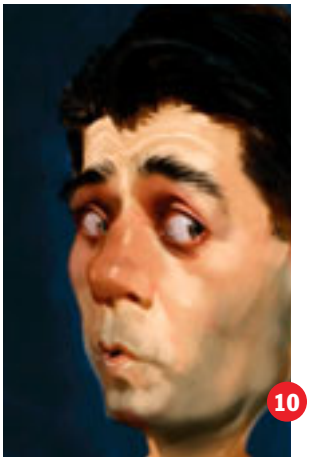

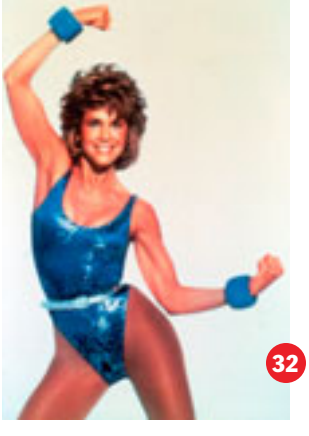

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COVER BY GARY LOCKE

All Work and No Play . . .

Far be it from The Scrapbook to begrudge Barack Obama his summer vacation. The president, like all presidents, has earned the right to a little rest and recreation. And in the midst of Obama's various missteps, miscalculations, and misery-inducing labors on the nation's behalf, he no doubt welcomes time away from the Oval Office. Our only quibble is with his choice of venue: Martha's Vineyard. More about that in a moment.

Of course, few presidents ever mollify their roughest critics, and when they lay down their burdens at taxpayers' expense, out come the sticks and stones. Criticism of Obama's time off—the mere fact that he is taking it, never mind where and how—is nothing new. Harry Truman liked to relax at the Naval Air Station at Key West wearing loud Hawaiian shirts; Dwight Eisenhower played rounds of golf on the naval base at Newport; Jimmy Carter went chugging down the Mississippi on the Delta Queen; Richard Nixon strolled along the beach at San Clemente clad in dress shirt and tie. Each was excoriated/advised/lampooned in his turn.

When Woodrow Wilson vacationed at a New Jersey retreat called Shadow Lawn, Theodore Roosevelt delivered a critical address at Cooper Union—"There should be shadows enough at Shadow Lawn . . . "—that played on the name innumerable times. Nor is this phenomenon unique to American politics. For exercise, the Victorian prime minister William Gladstone liked to cut down trees on his estate in Wales, prompting Lord Randolph Churchill (Winston's father) to quip that "the forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire."

So The Scrapbook has nothing reproachful to say about Barack Obama's leisure time. Our complaint is about the wearisome fact that, yet again, the president has chosen to retire to Martha's Vineyard for the duration. We can understand why: Bill Clinton was always happiest unwinding on the Vineyard, and since Clinton remains the sole Democratic president elected to two terms since Franklin D. Roosevelt, Obama must regard Martha's Vineyard as charmed real estate. Then again, most vacations are the pursuit of a comfort zone, and how comfortable it must be for a besieged Barack Obama to spend his leisure hours among the left-leaning/check-writing denizens of Martha's Vineyard, lapping up the adoration.

But that's exactly the problem. In illustrating President Obama's isolation from what we might call mainstream America—consider, for example, the Canadian-made behemoth of a bus with which he recently toured the Midwest—it would be difficult to think of a more fitting symbol than his choice of a privileged East Coast playground within hailing distance of Chappaquiddick. Say what you will about George W. Bush attacking the underbrush on his ranch: That would not be the chill-out choice of the New York literati, or Wall Street hedge fund managers, or Hollywood moneybags.

Which raises an obvious question: Where should Obama have spent his vacation? The Scrapbook is partial to historic sites and destinations far from the beaten path. But a president's work is never really done, and so the case could be made for Obama to have embraced that all-American innovation—the "staycation"—in the comfort of his stately, taxpayer-subsidized residence, starting work on an endless series of repairs to his ramshackle presidency. ♦

Rick Perry and the Alien Invasion

Last week, Rick Perry was roundly mocked by the journalistic establishment for saying, "I do believe that the issue of global warming has been politicized. I think there are a substantial number of scientists who have manipulated data so that they will have dollars rolling into their projects."

The very next day, a woman showed up with her child at a campaign appearance by Perry, thrust her obviously reticent tyke at the Texas governor, and loudly instructed him to "Ask him why he doesn't believe in science!"

Fellow Republican Jon Huntsman even took a jab at Perry on Twitter later: "To be clear. I believe in evolution and trust scientists on global warming. Call me crazy."

Well, call The Scrapbook crazy but putting blind faith in the abstract notion of collective scientific "consensus" rather than evaluating individual scientists and their findings on the merits is not only counter to the scientific method but seriously ill-advised. Case in point—the *Guardian* reports on some of the latest "research" to come out of NASA:

> It may not rank as the most compelling reason to curb greenhouse gases, but reducing our emissions might just save humanity from a pre-emptive alien attack, scientists claim.
>
> Watching from afar, extraterrestrial beings might view changes in Earth's atmosphere as symptomatic of a civilisation growing out of control—and take drastic action to keep us from becoming a more serious threat, the researchers explain.
>
> This highly speculative scenario is one of several described by a NASA-affiliated scientist and colleagues at Pennsylvania State University that, while considered unlikely, they say could play out were humans and alien life to make contact at some point in the future.

Here The Scrapbook can't help but note that the late Michael Crichton—the bestselling author, physician, and noted global warming skeptic—once gave a speech satirically titled "Aliens

Cause Global Warming," wherein he put forth the crazy notion that "Rather than serving as a cleansing force, science has in some instances been seduced by the more ancient lures of politics and publicity." Crichton had a Harvard medical degree and was famous for his fantastic tales that provided a respectable soupçon of public education on everything from genetics to nanotechnology. But clearly, having a similar opinion to Rick Perry makes one an ideological troglodyte.

After all, Rick Perry got "four Pinocchios" from the *Washington Post*'s official "fact checker" Glenn Kessler for offering the opinion that global warming science is politicized and further suggesting climate scientists have been manipulating data. In a Weekly Standard cover story last year, Steve Hayward ably noted how leaked emails from the hugely influential Climate Research Unit at the University of East Anglia have raised serious and as yet unanswered questions about the group's integrity. Just last month the wildlife biologist whose claims about dead polar bear sightings became a rallying cry in the global warming debate was suspended by the federal government pending an investigation into the integrity of his work.

But NASA using taxpayer dollars to speculate on an alien invasion destroying life as we know it if we don't pass laws reducing our economy to something out of the Bronze Age? No need to doubt that scenario. It's science. You do believe in science, don't you? ♦

Stop Coddling Buffett

The Scrapbook was not the only reader to plow through Warren Buffett's self-serving op-ed in the *New York Times*—"Stop Coddling the Super-Rich" (August 15)—and feel a mild regurgitative sensation in the gut. Here's the short version: Warren Buffett, the billionaire investor from Omaha, is still a paid-up member of Team Obama, and so claims that he and other unnamed poltroons might easily retire the national debt if Congress would just inject some fairness into the tax system and raise his bill.

Since then, better economists than The Scrapbook have taken the trouble to explain the faulty, if not surreal, economic thinking here, as well as two salient points that Buffett fails to mention. First, instead of amending the income-tax code—thereby sending his fellow billionaires into new and better shelters, and raising rates on the rest of us—he could advocate a wealth tax, which really would affect the Warren Buffetts of the world and complicate their own "philanthropic" tax strategies. Moreover, if the Sage of Omaha really wants to contribute more cash to the Treasury, he need only uncap his fountain pen and write a check.

But The Scrapbook's complaint is more tonal than economic. Warren Buffett knows that when President Obama talks about raising taxes for "the rich," he is not really talking about people like Warren Buffett but about two-income families whose worth is measured in thousands, not millions or billions, of dollars. Hike taxes to suit Warren Buffett and you raise taxes on people for whom the lost income actually means something.

As he often reminds us, Warren Buffett's investment-based wealth is variously estimated to be in the neighborhood of $50 billion, possibly more. Which means that, if income taxes were doubled or tripled or quadrupled or increased a hundredfold, he would still have $50 billion left—a financial safety net that the vast majority of Americans, including most of

President Obama's "rich," do not have.

The Scrapbook believes in shared sacrifice, especially in time of war. But there is something unseemly about someone with billions of dollars exhorting the rest of us to dig deeper and pay higher taxes. Apparently discretion and good manners are not always consistent with hardball negotiation and shrewd investment. ♦

Wedding Bell Blues

The first unintended consequence of New York's legalization of gay marriage appeared in a press release from the University of Rochester earlier this summer: "Effective July 24, 2011, University of Rochester employees are no longer able to enroll same-sex domestic partners (or children of domestic partners) in the University's benefit plans." That's right—the university is cutting off benefits to same-sex couples who were registered as "domestic partners" and telling them to marry or get lost. How fast does the university want them to tie the knot? They have a grace period to continue receiving benefits until June 30, 2012.

On the one hand, it's unsettling to see a university pushing gay marriage on its employees. But on the other hand, how could they not? If they didn't cut domestic partner benefits for same-sex couples after gay marriage was legalized, then they'd have to begin offering them to unmarried hetero couples, too. Should be a fat year for wedding planners in Rochester. ♦

Sentences We Didn't Finish

'So what do Tea Partiers have in common? They are overwhelmingly white, but even compared to other white Republicans, they had a low regard for immigrants and blacks, long before Barack Obama was president, and they still do. More important, they . . . " (David E. Campbell and Robert D. Putnam in the *New York Times*, August 17). ♦

Y.M.C. . . . You in Court

Laugh as much as you want at the ridiculousness of a song like "Y.M.C.A." with all its silly gestures (not to mention the costumed men who performed it—the Village People), but practically every time it's played—whether at professional sporting events, on television, or in movies—someone is collecting royalties. That someone happens to be two companies, Scorpio Music and Can't Stop Productions. But this may change due to a copyright law that, if enforced, would return ownership of the 1978 hit to the songwriter.

As the *New York Times* explains, "Victor Willis, the original lead singer of the group, filed papers this year to regain control in 2013 over his share of 'Y.M.C.A.,' whose lyrics he wrote, under a copyright provision that returns ownership of creative works to recording artists and songwriters after 35 years." (In case you're wondering, Willis was the cop and sometimes the sailor boy.)

The two companies insist, however, that Willis lacks what are called "termination rights" and that he was merely a hired performer. As one of the firms' lawyers told the *Times*, "The Village People were a concept group, created by my clients, who picked the people and the costumes. . . . We gave them the material and a studio to record in and controlled what was recorded, where, and what hours and what they did." (Well, probably not everything they did.)

The 58-year-old Willis is also claiming his rights to 32 other Village People songs (frankly, we couldn't come up with more than five). Interestingly, the *Times* reports that Willis already earns between $30,000 to $40,000 annually from Village People hits, though he obviously stands to earn in the millions if he wins this legal tussle. Whether or not he plans on sharing his profits with a cowboy, construction worker, leather-clad biker, and an American Indian remains unclear. ♦

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The Kids Are Alright

As a child-rearer, I've always prided myself on my carefree attitude and libertine ways. No "helicopter parenting" for this guy, no childproofing my children's childhoods. If the kids set themselves on fire with their Zippos, not a problem—they can just douse the flames with their beers. Likewise, I fancy myself the family's Director of Funtivities, as my nephews who are forced to call me "Funcle Matt" will attest.

This summer, however, I've sensed a chilly disinterest with my sons, Luke, 11, and Dean, 8. Maybe it's just them getting older, but lately they've eschewed our living-room wrestling bouts and rounds of trampoline murderball, opting instead for the more cerebral rewards of Wii's Super Smash Bros. Brawl or *SpongeBob* television marathons. This panics me, as the clock ticks away. In a short while, my roughhousing window of opportunity will close, and they'll move toward traditional adolescent pursuits like checking out girls, huffing gas, and despising their old man.

Fortunately, professional help has arrived to recapture the bonding magic in the form of a new book, *The Art of Roughhousing*, cowritten by an M.D. and Ph.D. Not only does the book extol the salutary benefits of horseplay—everything from activating the amygdalae to stimulating neuron growth—but it serves as an instructional manual complete with illustrations for the modern, wussified parent who has lost all memory of what it's like to let their children do anything more dangerous than toasting their own Pop-Tarts.

When I show my 11-year-old nephew Zack illustrations of games like Human Cannonball (launching your child airborne with your feet) or Raucous Pillow Fight, he looks gobsmacked. "You mean a book has to actually teach parents how to roughhouse with their kids?" Yes, I nod, telling him the authors even hold roughhousing play seminars with parents and their children. "Wow, Funcle Matt, just wow," says Zack, feeling the sagging weight of civilization's collapse.

While Zack wants nothing to do with the book, my own children aren't given a choice, wincing as they do whenever they're conscripted to serve as journalism fodder. And so

HAL MAYFORTH

we launch into a day of prescribed roughhousing. Mindful of the authors' warnings to provide "emotional first aid" to the children and to "pay attention to your own feelings too. Are you nervous about getting hurt?" I announce to the kids, "Let's get ready to rumble, roughhousers!"

"We're not 'roughhousers,'" says Luke, having recently discovered sarcastic air quotes. "We're just doing this for your story." Whatever. We wrestle and somersault, tumble and vault. We play Booby Trap and Bucking Bronco and Sumo Dead Lift, with Luke and Dean concluding most games by rolling around on the floor like tiger cubs, pulling each other's shirts over their heads and clocking each other like hockey goons (that last part not being in the book—they just do this for extra credit). We play Zany Jazz Riff, inspired by Sun Ra, the free jazz pioneer, as we tear through the house banging pots with wooden spoons. "How does this make you feel?" I ask over the clatter. "Like a retard!" says Dean, the politically incorrect one.

The boys become more invested, however, as the tasks grow increasingly physical, and even mildly dangerous. For Jousting, we balance ourselves on a board, then try knocking each other off with baseball bats. "Ow!" exclaims Dean. "You hit me in the crackers!" My mistake—next time, we should use pool noodles, as per the instructions. We ride a mattress down the stairs, nearly crashing through the wall at the bottom. "This is fun," says Luke. "We haven't done this in a while." "We've never done this," I say, confused. "Me and Dean have," he confesses.

By the time we make it to the "Extreme Roughhousing" chapter, I feel the children are ready to play Geronimo, an exercise in which they will jump off a roof or deck not exceeding a height of 10 feet. The kids aren't excited. "Why would we do that?" says Luke, intuitively sensing that the remedy for 30 years of overprotective parenting philosophies is as absurd as what it seeks to correct. "What if we break our ankles?" protests Dean—a fair question. I can't, in good conscience, ask the kids to sustain crippling injuries for a Casual. Maybe for a multipage feature, but not this way.

So together, we jump off the roof of the car instead. Afterwards, I ask the kids what they feel. A sense of accomplishment? Their boundaries expanded? "Actually, kinda stupid," says Luke. "Doesn't seem like roughhousing—it's just a stunt." Feeling pity for me, he adds, "We can still jump off the roof if you want." "Nahhh," I say. "Let's go inside. *SpongeBob* starts in five minutes."

Matt Labash

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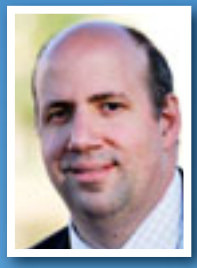

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The Crisis

In his Inaugural Address, President Obama quoted from Thomas Paine's *The Crisis*: "Let it be told to the future world that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet it."

And so, ironically, it will be told to the future world that in 2009 and 2010, Americans from city and country, alarmed at the common danger of President Obama's agenda, came forth to meet it. They repudiated his program, after he'd sought to take advantage of the crisis he inherited to move the country to the left, and after he'd enacted much of his agenda—and made the crisis worse.

Now in 2011, Obama flails about, seeming to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. So today the city and the country, alarmed at the danger posed by our president's stubborn weakness and proud cluelessness in the midst of a deepening crisis, increasingly indicate that they plan to come forth to remove him from office after one term.

That will be a good thing. But it won't be enough. It is now the historic task of the Republican party not merely to defeat President Obama, but to produce a nominee and an agenda that respond to the magnitude of the crisis we face.

Thomas Paine

Here's Paine again, referring to the separation from Britain in 1776, in words almost equally applicable to separating ourselves from big government liberalism in 2012:

> Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, 'If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace'; and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty.

The duty is daunting: reducing an unsustainable debt; restoring economic growth and opportunity; establishing a limited and energetic government in place of a bloated, meddling, and ineffective one; rebuilding America's defenses; and reestablishing respect for America around the world.

At least, after Obama, everyone understands that, in Paine's words, "There are cases which cannot be overdone by language, and this is one." This is a time for deeds. And, the more one looks at the magnitude of the crisis, the more one concludes those deeds will need to be bold. For now, with Obama in the White House, the task is primarily to prevent things from getting worse—a kind of holding action. But the next administration's governing agenda will need to be anything but a holding action. It will need to implement broad policy changes based on a fundamental rethinking in many areas of government and public policy. In the economic sphere alone, there will have to be fiscal reform, budgetary reform, monetary reform, regulatory reform. It won't be a time for tinkering.

The Republican presidential candidates, as well as current Republican members of Congress, can lay the groundwork, politically and intellectually, for such a reformist administration. Not all of their ideas will pan out. But what's important is that their proposals be informed by a sense of the urgency of the moment and the scope of the challenge. In 2013, we'll need action on the order of 1933 or 1981. Hoover, Carter, and Obama will go down in the history books as failed one-term presidents. Will Obama's Republican successor be remembered as acting on the scale of FDR and Reagan?

The good news is that, though the challenges are great, the opportunities are great as well. With the right policies, and with all the pent-up capital that could be put to work, we could have an economic resurgence. The Arab Spring, and the real possibility of Iranian and Chinese springs, mean that the cause of freedom could prog-

ress under the sheltering wing of a strong America. The world of 2020 could be considerably safer and freer than today's, and our polity and economy far healthier. The next Republican president needn't simply be in the business of making painful cuts, or fending off great dangers. He could also usher in a more promising era for the country and the world.

So in January 2013, as he delivers his Inaugural Address, having campaigned on a bold and comprehensive agenda, the new president might also want to quote Paine: "I thank God that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it."

—William Kristol

Assad's End

Congratulations to President Obama for finally calling on Syrian president Bashar al-Assad to step down. It was past time for the White House to break decisively with a regime that has been slaughtering its people for almost six months, with a death toll conservatively estimated at 2,000 and climbing. But we applaud the president's statement as well as the administration's capable diplomacy that brought the major Anglo-European democracies on board.

It is worth noting, however, that Assad's fall is not only good for the future of Syria. It is also very much in the interests of the United States. This is a fact that the president, if one is to judge from his statement, seems not to have fully grasped. Syria identified itself as an American adversary long ago. Yet the Obama administration, like others before it, was predisposed to ignore Syrian malfeasance—including its support for terror and its collaboration in killing U.S. troops in Iraq—in the hopes that it could persuade the Assad regime to change its spots.

In many ways, Assad was central to Obama's vision of the presidency even before he took office. To show how different he was from George W. Bush, then-senator Obama promised on the campaign trail to engage the rogue dictators that the sitting president had isolated. Assad seemed to be the low-hanging fruit, a much more appealing candidate for engagement than Iranian president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad and supreme leader Ali Khamenei, since Washington had enjoyed cordial, if not warm, relations with Assad and his father before Bush "alienated" the regime.

Obama believed, as some of his advisers and staffers had long argued, that there was a deal to be had with Damascus. By wedging Syria away from Iran, the administration would weaken Tehran and make it more susceptible to a combination of American pressure and engagement. Moreover, by bringing Syria back to the negotiating table with Israel and reinvigorating the peace process, Obama would establish his bona fides with the Arab masses, for whom he imagined the Arab-Israeli conflict was the central issue in their lives.

The Arab Spring put paid to those plans, however. What most concerned Arab citizens were local matters—not Jerusalem but their own cities, villages, homes, and workplaces, where their regimes ran roughshod over their liberties. The president acknowledged this reality by calling for Hosni Mubarak's resignation and joining the NATO action against Muammar Qaddafi. But when it came to Syria, Obama balked, even as the opposition braved their chances for five months against snipers, tanks, artillery, and the Syrian Navy.

The administration justified its relative silence by letting on that it did not know who might follow Assad. Moreover, it claimed that Saudi Arabia and Israel had warned Washington to act cautiously. In fact, the issue was that the White House could not see past its own *idée fixe*. Yes, Assad was bad for the Syrian people, the White House acknowledged. But his survival might yet advance American interests.

Calling on Assad to leave, then, required a shift in administration thinking that is not yet complete. Certain passages in the president's statement suggest that its author is still agonizing over the decision. "The United States," said President Obama, "cannot and will not impose this transition upon Syria. It is up to the Syrian people to choose their own leaders, and we have heard their strong desire that there not be foreign intervention in their movement."

The White House does not need to broadcast that American military power is limited at present. There are no longer more than 100,000 U.S. combat troops across the Syrian border in Iraq to present the sort of credible threat to the Assad regime that forced him to withdraw his troops from Lebanon in April 2005. No one understands more clearly than Assad that, with commitments in Libya, Iraq, and Afghanistan, the Obama administration is unlikely to deploy American soldiers to stop Syrian security forces from killing Syrian civilians. Still, if you advertise that you cannot and will not use force, you are stripping yourself of a tool that is especially useful when dealing with a state that sponsors terrorism to advance its policy goals.

After all, it was former Syrian defense minister Mustafa Tlass who is alleged to have said, "When we negotiate we put our gun on the table." By declaring that it has left its gun at home, the White House has weakened its hand immeasurably. Obama has adopted a Syria policy with ambitious goals while abjuring means that didn't

have to be taken off the table explicitly—and that might still, in a limited way, be useful.

Assad is not about to go quietly. Energy sanctions will weaken the regime, hindering its ability to pay the security forces going about their bloody work, and persuading the merchant middle class that its interests may no longer be aligned with Assad's. But sanctions are unlikely to break the regime's back. Assad will fight, and so will his Iranian allies, whose 30-year investment in Hezbollah may depend on the survival of the regime in Damascus that arms Iran's Lebanese asset.

So the administration should prepare for the worst. The attacks last week in Israel near the Sinai border may well be a sign of events to come. Those operations were organized out of Gaza, with the support—at least tacit and perhaps active—of Iran's proxy Hamas. In time, Syria and Iran and their clients in Gaza, Lebanon, Iraq, and elsewhere may hit closer to home by targeting direct American interests and U.S. military and diplomatic personnel. If it is a matter of defending and protecting American interests against Syria and Iran, will the administration still refrain from forcing Assad out?

Obviously the Syrian people will choose their own leaders, as they have during the course of the uprising. More leaders will come to the fore. But the White House would do well to recognize that the goal of the Syrian opposition—Assad's exit—runs parallel to American interests. And now that we have embraced that goal, we need to achieve it.

—Lee Smith

Brawl in Beijing

'Sports diplomacy lives!" raved a former national security official traveling with the Georgetown University basketball team on a visit to China timed to coincide with Vice President Biden's trip this week. That was before a brawl ended the Hoyas' game against a professional Chinese team tied to the Chinese military.

Americans love sports metaphors. So perhaps the less than pacific end to the contest with the Bayi Rockets—the name refers to August 1, 1927, the date of the founding of the People's Liberation Army—may begin to erode the lingering nostalgia, at least in official circles, for the 1970s, when "ping pong diplomacy" advanced ties with the People's Republic. Then, America was confident of its ability to set up Beijing as a counterweight to Moscow—and Beijing was a mostly willing partner in the task. But those days of comity are long gone. They've been replaced by an ongoing rivalry for influence in Asia and the world.

Recently, American officials have displayed an unseemly eagerness to please Chinese leaders. Indeed, the vice president's trip risks having the unfortunate feel of a "tribute" visit to the Middle Kingdom. "You *are* our national affairs," Biden gushed to Xi Jinping, the presumed next general secretary, who had thanked the vice president for taking time away from domestic duties.

Biden made more sense last May, when he told a senior Chinese delegation visiting Washington that "no relationship that's real can be built on a false foundation." Back then, Biden spoke of human rights and the rule of law. The "foundation" imagery is especially apt, considering that Biden continues his China trip with a planned visit to Sichuan province. In 2008 the Sichuan earthquake killed tens of thousands of Chinese, including many children crushed in schools that collapsed due to corrupt and shoddy construction.

At the time, the government harassed and coerced grieving and protesting parents to sign releases of liability. Journalists received directives not to travel to the area. Bloggers and activists—like Tan Zuoren, who tried to create a database of victims—were jailed. These days the Chinese Communist party is repeating the fiasco in Wenzhou, where officials literally tried to bury evidence of a deadly crash of high speed trains in July.

Certain realities of China's Communist rule are obvious even amid economic growth and the easing of some totalitarian controls. While in Sichuan, the vice president plans to visit a rebuilt school in Dujiangyan, 40 miles from Chengdu. On August 10, the blogger Ran Yunfei, who merely commented about rumors of a "Jasmine Revolution," was released from a detention center in Dujiangyan, possibly to remove any unpleasant symbolism. Dissident Liu Xianbin did not have the same luck, however. In March a Sichuan court sentenced the veteran democracy activist to 10 years for "inciting subversion of state power."

Vice President Biden's loquaciousness is legendary. But a "gaffe" can sometimes contain an important truth, such as when the vice president mentioned Russia's economic and demographic decline in 2009. Perhaps Biden will commit a similar diplomatic faux pas by speaking unapologetically about the differences between the United States and China and the superiority of American democracy. Otherwise, how will the Chinese people who take the time and trouble to elude the Great Firewall of the Internet know the basis of our "national affairs"—and how can they feel encouraged in their effort to improve their own?

—Ellen Bork

To Run or Not to Run

That is Paul Ryan's question.

BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

THOMAS FLUHARTY

For months the Republican presidential campaign has been a sleepy affair. The biggest news was that one supposedly top candidate had refused to criticize the frontrunner. Riveting.

The last week changed all of that. Michele Bachmann, once regarded as a sideshow candidate, won the Iowa straw poll, narrowly beating Ron Paul, still regarded as a sideshow candidate. Then would-be contender Tim Pawlenty dropped out. And whatever momentum Bachmann might have gained was halted by the announcement of Texas governor Rick Perry, who not only emerged as a first-tier candidate but is leading in at least one national poll.

Images from the campaign suddenly dominated television newscasts. Perry demonstrated his considerable skills in retail politics. Frontrunner Mitt Romney, whose team had anticipated just such a conservative surge, kept his attention on Barack Obama, whose own campaign swing through the all-important Midwest was all politics, despite the laughable claims of the White House to the contrary.

But some of the most interesting developments last week took place away from the cameras in the solitude of the Rocky Mountains, where Wisconsin representative Paul Ryan consulted with friends and family about whether he should join the race. Ryan has been quietly looking at a bid for nearly three months, since Indiana governor Mitch Daniels called him to say he wasn't running. But that consideration took a serious turn over the past two weeks, following a phone call with New Jersey governor Chris Christie in early August.

Ryan and Christie spoke for nearly an hour about the presidential race, according to four sources briefed on the conversation. The two men shared a central concern: The Republican field is not addressing the debt crisis with anything beyond platitudes.

Ryan, on the other hand, is the author of the detailed "Path to Prosperity" budget that passed the House last spring. His plan proposes structural reform to ensure the long-term viability of Medicare and other entitlements.

Christie has echoed Ryan's concerns. In February, he gave a tough speech at the American Enterprise Institute, chastising Republicans for their timidity on entitlement reform and spending. "Let me suggest to you that my children's future and your children's future is more important than some political strategy. . . . We need to say these things and we need to say them out loud. When we say we're cutting spending, when we say everything is on the table, when we say we mean entitlement programs, we should be specific," Christie lectured. "Here is the truth that no one is talking about: You're going to have to raise the retirement age for Social Security. . . . We have to reform Medicare because it costs too much and it is going to bankrupt us. . . . And we have to fix Medicaid because it's not only bankrupting the federal government, it's bankrupting every state government. There you go. If we're not honest about these

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things, on the state level about pensions and benefits and on the federal level about Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid, we are on the path to ruin."

Although the two men have not been especially close personally, their conversation about the campaign was blunt, and they agreed on a central point: If these issues are to get the kind of attention they deserve, one of the two men will have to run. One source called it a de facto pact, but another described it as a more informal understanding. Christie told Ryan what he has (usually) told others: He does not want to run.

The conversation focused Ryan's thinking—making clear to him that if the big issues were to be raised in the presidential race, he would need to raise them himself. Ryan shared his thinking in an August 12 interview with Milwaukee talk radio host Charlie Sykes, the day after the GOP debate in Iowa.

"Looking at the Republican field right now," said Sykes, "are you confident that the candidates there are able to articulate the issues of the debt and the deficit and the need to reform entitlements in the way that you want to see done?"

Ryan laughed. "Why did you ask me that?"

"You know exactly why I asked you that question."

"I know. We'll see. I didn't see it last night. I haven't seen it to date. We'll see. People's campaigns evolve—they get better. So we'll see."

Ryan then broadened his comments. "Look, the way I see 2012—we owe it to the country to let them choose the path they want our country to take. And I just have yet to see a strong and principled articulation of the kind of limited government, opportunity society path that we would provide as an alternative to the Obama cradle-to-grave welfare state."

Sykes pressed him: "Do you think that it is absolutely essential that there be a Republican candidate who is able to articulate—"

Ryan cut him off: "I do. Because this is how we get our country back. We do it through a referendum letting the country pick the path, not by having a committee of 12 people pick the path or not by having just the inertia of just letting the status quo just stumble through by winning a campaign based on dividing people."

Such things were on Ryan's mind when he met later that day in his hometown of Janesville, Wisconsin, with Republican pollster Frank Luntz, who stopped by to see Ryan before heading to Ames for the straw poll. According to several sources with knowledge of the meeting, Luntz had included in his polling of the Republican presidential race questions about some prominent Republicans not yet running. When Luntz volunteered to share the results, Ryan, who hadn't done any polling of his own, agreed to see him. Luntz had tested voters' responses to Jeb Bush, Chris Christie, Marco Rubio, and Ryan, among prominent noncandidates. The results, according to a Republican with knowledge of the discussion, were "very positive" for Ryan.

Luntz is not the only campaign veteran who's been talking to Ryan. He has been speaking regularly with a number of Republican strategists. Among them are Karl Rove, the longtime adviser to George W. Bush. As Ryan has thought through his decision he's had as a sounding board the only GOP strategist to win a presidential election in the last two decades.

Other prominent Republicans last week publicly urged Ryan to join the race. "If there were a Paul Ryan fan club, I'd be a national officer," Mitch Daniels said in a phone interview last week. Daniels has been in touch with Ryan about his decision. "I don't think it's a secret that he was strongly encouraging me to try. I've been strongly encouraging him to run as well. He has all the qualities our party needs to be emphasizing in these elections. He can explain—and is willing to explain—in plain English why today's policies are a disaster for the middle class, and he has the smarts to go toe-to-toe with the people who are saying misleading things about the proposals that he's put out there."

Former Florida governor Jeb Bush agreed. "Paul Ryan would be a formidable candidate. I admire his substance and energy. Win or lose, he would force the race to be about sustained, job-creating economic growth and the real policies that can achieve it."

And Wisconsin's Scott Walker, among the most popular governors in the country with Republicans after winning his battle with the state's unions, offered the strongest encouragement yet. "Paul Ryan is one of the most courageous people I know," Walker said. "We need leaders who care more about the next generation than they do about the next election. That's Paul."

Others joined the chorus. Jim Jordan, a leading House conservative and author of the Cut, Cap, and Balance Plan that passed the House during the debt ceiling fight, said Ryan would be an asset to the race. Congressman Devin Nunes was pushing a Draft Ryan plan before it was cool. Texas senator John Cornyn and Wisconsin senator Ron Johnson also encouraged Ryan to run. Other lawmakers have gone to Ryan privately and urged him to get in. And for several months, in a procession that began well before Daniels declined to run, Ryan has been hearing from prominent GOP fundraisers and donors with promises to help him raise money if he joins the race.

Ryan spent several hours last week hiking in the Rocky Mountains with Bill Bennett, who has been a friend and mentor for nearly 20 years. They have been doing mountain hikes for several years, but in an interview before the outing Bennett acknowledged that the significance of this year's trek was the decision on the other side of it. "I expect to have some good long talks." Bennett declined to share details of those conversations.

Several people who have been talking to Ryan expect that he will return to Washington near the end of August having made his decision. Most everyone who has been in touch with him believes that he is still genuinely torn between the daunting challenge of a presidential campaign he never expected to wage this year and the obligation of stepping forward to serve his country in a time of crisis. ♦

The New California

In Republican politics, it's Texas.

BY TOD LINDBERG

Whether he wins the nomination or not, Rick Perry's August charge into the top echelon of GOP presidential hopefuls marks at least this turning point: In national Republican politics, Texas is the new California.

Back in the day—say, the 1960s through the 1990s—California was the jumping-off point par excellence in making a bid for the Republican presidential nomination.

The reasons were both obvious and subtle: With a population topping 37 million, the state is the nation's largest. Since the 1970s, California's huge economy has ranked no lower than eighth and as high as fourth against the nations of the world.

The state was an acknowledged trendsetter not only in culture, through the vast reach of Hollywood, but also in social trends and, especially, in politics. You could make a pretty good case that "the 1960s" began with the "Free Speech" movement at the University of California at Berkeley in 1964-65. Howard Jarvis's Proposition 13, a successful 1978 California ballot initiative to limit property tax increases, was the beginning of the modern "tax revolt," which Ronald Reagan would ride to the presidency in 1980.

California has been at the forefront of the issue of illegal immigration, both in terms of numbers of illegals entering and the political backlash against their presence. The marquee event was the state's Proposition 187 in 1994, a law (subsequently found unconstitutional in federal courts) denying illegal immigrants access to such public services as education and health care. In 1996, California crystallized the debate over racial preferences by approving Proposition 209, which banned consideration of race, sex, or ethnicity by public institutions, most notably the state's university system.

Then there were the intangibles: From Jed Clampett to Victoria Beckham, California was the place you ought to be. The year-round perfect weather of San Diego, the glitter of Hollywood and L.A., tech central in Silicon Valley, the progressive mecca of San Francisco, and the allure of wine country: Add to that the Central Valley and the Inland Empire, some of the most productive agricultural land in the world, and the attraction was overpowering.

The new face of the GOP

And for a long time, California was a state in which a Republican could do well at the polls, though not automatically. Richard Nixon was a congressman, then briefly a senator before Eisenhower picked him as his running mate in 1952. Ronald Reagan was a two-term governor. Pete Wilson, who entered the 1996 race as a top-tier contender for the GOP presidential nomination but fizzled out after throat surgery left him literally unable to speak, was twice elected to the Senate before resigning to run for governor in 1990.

Since then, however, California's reputation as the avant garde of politics has been much in decline. The state's economy has fared poorly, and its public finances have done even worse. The GOP has all but lost its competitiveness running statewide. Arnold Schwarzenegger might have extended the state's pride of place as a GOP launchpad—except for his constitutional disqualification from seeking the presidency, not having been born in the United States.

What was a bit unclear as California was in decline, however—until last week, that is—was that any clear successor was emerging. One is. It's Texas.

Texas is booming. Its population increased by just over 20 percent from 2000 to 2010, about double the national rate (which was about the same as California's). In 2009, not a very good year, the Texas economy was just under $1.16 trillion, which ranked worldwide just behind Russia. Notwithstanding Democratic pundits' efforts to pooh-pooh Texas's economic success, its job growth barely hiccupped during the Great Recession. Within about a year of the onset of the financial crisis, Texas's total employment found its bottom at a level about the same as that at the end of 2007—much better in percentage terms than any other state's job-loss record—and quickly resumed a rate of growth similar to that from 2002 to 2008. Put it this way: If Barack Obama had Texas's employment numbers nationally, he would be a shoo-in for reelection.

Texas has also long been a political incubator—but at first for Democrats. LBJ made it to the top, and Lloyd Bentsen was the nominee for vice president in 1988. But as California was becoming less Republican, Texas was becoming more so. John Connally personified the trend. He was elected governor of Texas in 1962, the 25th Democrat in a string of 27 to serve in that position before the GOP finally broke through in 1979, more than 100 years after the last Republican governor.

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Connally went on to serve in the Nixon administration, switched parties, and sought the GOP presidential nomination in 1980 (a campaign that went famously badly; Connally spent a then-princely $11 million and ended up with exactly one delegate). Senator Phil Gramm, another ex-Democrat, sought the GOP presidential nomination in 1996. At the outset, most observers considered him a major contender, and his campaign began promisingly. He tied eventual nominee Bob Dole in the Iowa caucuses before fizzling.

Nobody really thought the 41st president, George H.W. Bush, was a Texan. Bush *père* was a transplant who'd come to Texas to make his fortune (a forerunner in a long line, it seems). In his first bid for public office, he ran statewide in Texas for a Senate seat in 1964 and lost. But he went on to be elected twice to a Houston House seat before running unsuccessfully for the Senate seat Lloyd Bentsen won.

The generally held view of his oldest son, especially among critics, is that George W. Bush was Texas incarnate. In fact, of course, Bush *fils* was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and educated at Yale and Harvard Business School. Bush did go all-in for Texas. But in retrospect, it may turn out that he was more Texas *than* Texas: perhaps a little affected in his "bring 'em on," "smoke them out of their holes" style and deportment.

In Rick Perry, Texas comes into its own. There is no doubt about where Perry is from. Not Yale, but Texas A&M, as Perry likes to point out. Bush got religion; Perry had it from birth. He has Texas authenticity in a way that Bush never fully did.

Texas's constitutional structure was long noteworthy for its fairly weak governor's office. It strengthened under both Bush and Perry, however; it's now an office in which a good politician can make a difference. The state's Republican party, meanwhile, has never been stronger, and its fundraising base has never been larger.

Texas is a great launch platform. For the foreseeable future, it's the premier place to keep an eye on for GOP presidential contenders. ♦

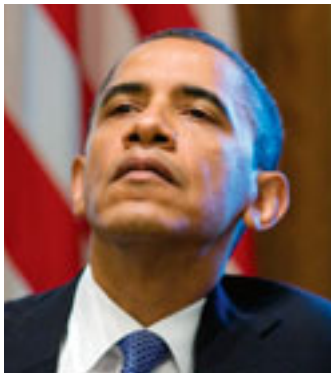
Decline and Fall

The arc of the Obama presidency bends towards failure. BY PETER WEHNER

Now more than halfway through his third year in office—with the economy flat-lining, American prestige evaporating, and public anxiety spiking—Barack Obama is the most vulnerable incumbent president since Jimmy Carter. The election is still 14 months away, but it's not too early to see the broad outlines of the GOP's case against the president.

ECONOMIC MALPRACTICE: Obama inherited a tough economy, but his stewardship has in many respects made the situation worse.

The unemployment rate stands at 9.1 percent (it was 7.8 percent the month Obama took office). July marked the 30th consecutive month in which the unemployment rate was above the 8 percent level that the Obama administration said it would not exceed as a result of its stimulus program. Chronic unemployment is worse than during the Great Depression, while the share of the eligible population holding a job (58.1 percent) has declined to the lowest level since the early 1980s.



No sweat—I'll just make a speech.

The housing crisis is also worse than in the Great Depression. Home values are worth roughly one-third less than they were five years ago. Consumer confidence has plunged to the lowest level since the Carter presidency. And from the first quarter of 2010 through the first quarter of 2011, we experienced five consecutive quarters of slow growth. America's GDP for the second quarter of this year was an anemic 1.3 percent; in the first quarter, it was 0.4 percent. Even more problematic for the president, there are virtually no signs that things will improve anytime soon. He now has to hope for an economic miracle.

Given this atrocious record, Republicans should repeatedly affirm what Obama's senior counselor, David Plouffe, has acknowledged: The president "owns" the economy. It's the product of his handiwork. And if Obama is reelected, we will get more of the same. The Republican theme for the 2012 campaign should consist of two words: Had enough?

LEADING FROM BEHIND: The president's foreign policy has been characterized by strained relations with our allies and weakness toward our enemies. He's shown indifference to human rights and an eagerness to cede American sovereignty to international bodies. And he has been half-hearted in fighting the wars in Afghanistan, Iraq, and Libya. The commander in chief is "psychologically" out of Afghanistan, Bob Woodward said in 2010, and that's now true across the board.

The GOP line of attack against the president's national security record should be three-fold. First, he has virtually no foreign policy successes to speak of (even Jimmy Carter could claim the Camp David Accords as a success).

Second, the president is sending young Americans to fight and to

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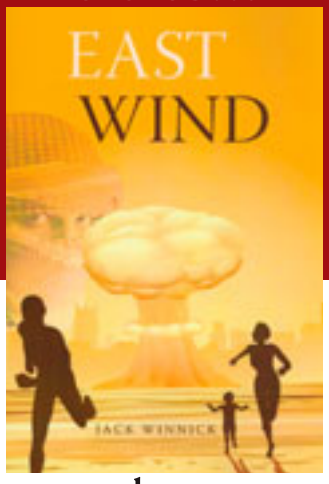
When terrorists threaten to blow up American cities...



...a crack counter-terrorist team is pitted against a group of Hezbollah-based operatives. An FBI agent teams up with a Mossad field agent in a desperate cross-country chase.

In the genre of international spy thrillers from Daniel Silva and Vince Flynn, **Jack Winnick's East Wind** is a fast-paced, page-turner novel involving a credible scenario: Muslim terrorists have penetrated the United States, detonated one small nuclear dirty bomb in a major U.S. city and are threatening further attacks if the U.S. does not cease its support for Israel.

-- Lee Bender, Philadelphia Jewish Voice

"**East Wind**" tells the story of an attack on Los Angeles that leaves America in panic, as the FBI & CIA must act fast to save America from giving into the demands - abandon Israel. A riveting thriller with real world connections, "**East Wind**" is a fine read, and highly recommended.

-- Midwest Book Review

East Wind is available at:

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Major bookstores

die in wars he finds distracting and barely worth mentioning.

Third, Republicans should (once again) build their case around the words of Obama's own aides. One adviser, quoted in the *New Yorker*, infamously described the president's actions in Libya as "leading from behind." And in discussing the Obama administration's belief that the relative power of the United States is declining, this adviser said, "It's so at odds with the John Wayne expectation for what America is in the world. But it's necessary for shepherding us through this phase."

At the heart of Obama's foreign policy is the belief that America's days as a dominant world power are over, and it's a good thing at that. The president and his aides, after all, tend to view America's role in the world as arrogant and imperialistic. It tells us something that every previous president was instinctively inclined to defend the United States, while Obama is far more inclined to apologize for her and place himself above her. He has undermined America's moral self-confidence.

In contrast to Obama's endless apologies, the GOP candidate needs to speak with authentic pride and confidence in America and explain what that belief is rooted in—a commitment to liberty and self-government, democratic capitalism, and civic and character-forming institutions.

POLITICAL FRAUDULENCE: Obama's appeal in 2008 was aesthetic. He promised to make politics less fractious, our debate more elevated and honest, and America more unified. He would "turn the page" on the old way of doing business.

In fact, an astonishing number of Obama's promises have turned out to be fraudulent, including doing away with earmarks, not hiring lobbyists in his administration, being the most transparent administration in history, and working in a bipartisan fashion.

On the night of his election, Obama said, "I will listen to you, especially when we disagree." In practice, the president libels and routinely misrepresents the views of those with whom he disagrees. On his Midwest bus tour last week—when he wasn't blaming his economic troubles on the Arab Spring, the Japanese tsunami, ATM machines, and a "run of bad luck"—the president repeatedly accused Republicans of refusing "to put the country ahead of party" because they would "rather see their opponents lose than see America win."

This is merely a preview of coming attractions. In anticipation that Mitt Romney might be the eventual GOP nominee, *Politico* reported that "Barack Obama's aides and advisers are preparing to center the president's reelection campaign on a ferocious personal assault on Mitt Romney's character and business background."

"Unless things change and Obama can run on accomplishments, he will have to kill Romney," a prominent Democratic strategist aligned with the White House is quoted as saying. So much for "changing the tone."

As a result of this approach, Washington is characterized by unusual acrimony and distrust. The Republican nominee should therefore hammer the president's public character based on his political conduct. His election was hardly the triumph of hope, comity, and cooperation.

The overarching story for Obama's opponent, though, should be that the president is the architect of American decline, which in turn has left the public deeply uneasy and dejected. According to the Democratic pollster Mark Penn, "The country is going through one of its longest sustained periods of unhappiness and pessimism ever." Almost 4 in 10 Americans believe we're in a state of permanent decline. Americans' satisfaction with the way things are going in the country fell to 11 percent last week.

The parallels between Barack Obama and Jimmy Carter are hauntingly familiar. And if the eventual Republican nominee employs the right strategy against President Obama, America's 44th president will suffer the same fate as America's 39th president. ♦

The Tea Party's Constitution

A federalism debate on the right.

BY ADAM J. WHITE

NEWSCOM

Tenth Amendment? I don't need no stinking Tenth Amendment.

Campaign events tend not to be the first place to look for nuanced constitutional debate; the Lincoln-Douglas encounters are the exception that proves the rule. So what are the odds that a thoughtful debate would occur not just between candidates of rival parties, or even rival wings of the same party, but within the Tea Party itself?

Yet that's just what's taking place, judging by the latest Republican debate in Ames, Iowa. The candidates there split sharply over questions of federalism and liberty. Interestingly, each side's vision of the Constitution finds support in the Tea Party's constitutional rhetoric.

In Ames, Mitt Romney was asked to explain the difference between Obamacare's "individual mandate"—the new federal requirement that individuals obtain health insurance or pay a penalty—and the corresponding mandate that Romney signed into law as governor of Massachusetts in 2006. The apparent similarity between those two mandates poses perhaps the biggest threat to Romney's candidacy. That Obamacare's mandate is unconstitutional is a view widely shared by conservatives. As the legal fight over that law races toward the Supreme Court—most recently in an August 12 federal appellate court decision finding the mandate unconstitutional—Romney must convince primary voters that his mandate, unlike Obama's, passes constitutional muster.

So when debate moderator Chris Wallace gave Romney the opportunity to distinguish Obamacare from Romneycare, the candidate was ready:

> There are some similarities between what we did in Massachusetts and what President Obama did, but there are some big differences. And one is, I believe in the Tenth Amendment of the Constitution. And that says that powers not specifically granted to the federal government are reserved [to] the states and the people.

Romney's answer was anchored in mainstream conservative legal thought. The Obamacare mandate's flaw, as asserted in the various lawsuits filed to block it, is that none of the limited powers granted to Congress by the Constitution includes the power to require persons to purchase health insurance. The Commerce Clause empowers Congress to "regulate" interstate commerce, not to *mandate* the purchase of it.

When Romney paired the Commerce Clause's limit on federal power with the Tenth Amendment, he evoked another pillar of constitutional conservatism: While the Constitution enumerates limited federal powers, it imposes no equivalent check on the states' powers.

Romney's answer was so well rehearsed, and so thoroughly consistent with the last few decades of conservative legal thought, that the candidate appeared confused by the follow-up question. Wallace pressed Romney to explain why "government at *any* level," federal or state, "has the right to make someone buy a good or service."

Romney responded that the Massachusetts Constitution, unlike the U.S. Constitution, authorizes the state to impose a mandate. As a matter of Massachusetts law, he was correct. But he also revealed his blind spot: It seemed not to occur to him that perhaps *another* part of the U.S. Constitution, aside from the Commerce Clause and Tenth Amendment, might limit Massachusetts's power to impose a mandate.

Rep. Michele Bachmann, by contrast, saw what Wallace was getting at. She rejected the suggestion that the Tenth Amendment allows states to impose health insurance mandates: "This is clearly an unconstitutional action, whether it's done at the federal level or whether it's the state level."

It is no exaggeration to say that Bachmann's view is sharply at odds with several decades of conservative legal thought, which in the main has been an effort to limit *federal* power under the Commerce Clause, while preserving *state* power under the Tenth Amendment. Bachmann's libertarian argument, by contrast, turns the U.S.

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Constitution against *both* federal and state power. To the extent that she has rooted her view of limited state power in the Constitution's text, she must be relying on the Fourteenth Amendment, the post-Civil War provision barring the states from "abridg[ing] the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States" or "depriv[ing] any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

Conservatives have steadfastly refused to rely on the Fourteenth Amendment as a broad check on state power ever since the Warren Court and its successors came to wield that provision as their best weapon for "constitutionalizing" liberal priorities: abortion in *Roe* v. *Wade*; homosexual sodomy in *Lawrence* v. *Texas*; perhaps same-sex marriage next in *Perry* v. *Schwarzenegger*.

With the Fourteenth Amendment effectively delegitimized, conservatives have instead turned to the Commerce Clause, and states' rights, as the primary tool for protecting their view of liberty. Justice Anthony Kennedy is the clearest proponent of this theory. In *United States* v. *Lopez* (1995), the seminal Rehnquist Court decision enforcing Commerce Clause limits on federal power, Kennedy's concurrence stressed that federalism promotes individual liberty by setting federal and state governments against each other: "It was the insight of the Framers that freedom was enhanced by the creation of two governments, not one."

And in support of his view of federalism as a means to libertarian ends, Kennedy quoted James Madison's famous *Federalist* 51: "In the compound republic of America, the power surrendered by the people is first divided between two distinct governments, and then the portion allotted to each subdivided among distinct and separate departments. Hence a double security arises to the rights of the people. The different governments will control each other, at the same time that each will be controlled by itself."

But neither Justice Kennedy nor *Federalist* 51 admitted that federalism was Madison's *second*-best option for protecting liberty. Given his druthers, Madison would have empowered Congress to veto state laws infringing individual liberty, a view he unsuccessfully urged at the 1787 Constitutional Convention. Months later, in a letter to Thomas Jefferson, Madison conceded that he would have preferred to see the Constitution contain an outright federal veto of state laws, as "necessary to secure individuals against encroachments on their rights" by state governments.

Similarly, in the Civil War's aftermath Republicans pressed for a direct federal check on unconstitutional state deprivations of liberty, and they succeeded by ratifying the aforementioned Fourteenth Amendment. Their victory was muted by a Supreme Court that narrowly interpreted that Amendment less than a decade later. But in the decades that followed, the Supreme Court ultimately came to stand as a strong vindicator of individual liberty against state encroachment. Conservatives advanced this view of the Constitution until FDR's justices finally succeeded in removing the Constitution as a direct check against state infringements of individual economic liberty.

Conservatives have steadfastly refused to rely on the Fourteenth Amendment as a broad check on state power ever since the Warren Court and its successors came to wield that provision as their best weapon for 'constitutionalizing' liberal priorities.

Whether or not she consciously intended it, Bachmann's argument against both federal and state health insurance mandates evokes those long-ago efforts to "constitutionalize" liberty against state encroachment. And she may not be alone among Tea Partiers in her dissatisfaction with the suggestion that the Constitution bars federal mandates but not state mandates. The Tea Party's primary rallying cry has largely been liberty as such, not federalism for federalism's sake. As Karl Rove told radio host Hugh Hewitt, Romney's "Tenth Amendment answer" was not certain to be "satisfactory."

Romney is committed to the position that using state power to mandate health insurance is constitutional. He argued in Ames that each state should be free to experiment, because "the right answer for every state is to determine what's right for those states and not to impose Obamacare on the nation." This is the theory of states as "laboratories of democracy," which is a key feature of modern conservative legal thought.

The theory of states as "laboratories" in fact originated as a Progressive Era *criticism* of the Supreme Court's federal defense of individual liberty. Justice Louis Brandeis, the greatest Progressive legal activist, famously argued that "one of the happy incidents of the federal system" is "that a single courageous state may, if its citizens choose, serve as a laboratory; and try novel social and economic experiments without risk to the rest of the country." Hearing those words with eyes closed, you would not know whether the speaker was Brandeis or Mitt Romney. That is no indictment of Romney; again, conservative legal theorists have come to endorse Brandeis's rhetoric. The once-Progressive, now-conservative view of states as "laboratories" is not inherently pro-government—but it is not inherently pro-freedom, either.

Nevertheless, the modern conservative focus on Tenth Amendment federalism is so thoroughly ingrained that Romney's defense of state authority may win support among Tea Party members, especially those who have been active in the post-1970s legal debate. "State mandates may be bad policy," the argument goes, "but there's nothing in the Constitution to stop them." Indeed, in Ames no less a libertarian than Ron Paul sided with Romney over Bachmann on those grounds: The states have "leeway under our Constitution" to mandate that persons buy health insurance; "the federal

government can't go in and prohibit the states from doing bad things."

The Tea Party members who sided with Romney and Paul over Bachmann in this debate are less suspicious of state governments than of federal judges, and that is the blind spot in Bachmann's own constitutional vision. While she stressed at the Ames debate that she would not appoint "activist judges who legislate from the bench," her theory that the Constitution blocks state governments from imposing mandates necessarily requires activist judges willing to wield Fourteenth Amendment "liberty" against the will of elected state officials—precisely the sort of Warren Court move that sent the Fourteenth Amendment into disrepute among modern conservatives.

As the candidates continue their debate on this fundamental constitutional question, the most interesting participant may also be the newest. Since 2009, no one has exceeded Rick Perry's ability to anticipate the Tea Party's predominant moods. But as Texas governor, his constitutional vision, like Romney's, has been unhesitatingly rooted in the Tenth Amendment. At the outset of the Tea Party movement, Perry issued a statement expressing his "unwavering support for efforts all across our country to reaffirm the states' rights affirmed by the Tenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution." In other ways, too, Perry's record more clearly aligns with Romney's and Paul's states-rights vision, not Bachmann's libertarian constitution.

The day after the Ames debate, when the Eleventh Circuit Court of Appeals declared the Obamacare mandate unconstitutional, the court echoed Romney, Perry, and Paul, arguing that Obamacare's nationwide mandate prevents each state from "tailor[ing] its policymaking goals to the specific needs of its citizenry." Tea Partiers are undoubtedly near-unanimous in agreeing that the federal mandate is unconstitutional. Their response to the notion that the Constitution frees the states to experiment with mandates of their own will be much more varied, and much more interesting. ♦

From Iraq to the Senate?

Ohio state treasurer Josh Mandel takes on Sherrod Brown.

BY KATE HAVARD

Cincinnati

It's a sticky afternoon in August and a storm is brewing. Ohio treasurer Josh Mandel is the featured speaker at a rally for Mike Wilson, who's planning to run for the Ohio general assembly. We're under a tent, but as the lightning flashes, the crowd eyes the wiring on the speaker system nervously. Still—Mandel is winning them over. When he tells his story, it's clear he's wasted no time getting things done.

Mandel looks maybe half of his 33 years, but he's already accomplished more in his decade-long career in public service than many politicians have in a lifetime. He's a Marine Corps veteran who served two tours in Iraq. A former city councilman in Lyndhurst, a suburb of Cleveland, he led the fight for the first property tax rollback in the county's history. As a state legislator, he won landslide victories in a heavily liberal district. When he ran for state treasurer, he got more votes than Governor John Kasich.

Now he's set on unseating incumbent U.S. senator and prominent liberal Democrat Sherrod Brown. A career politician, Brown was in the Ohio House of Representatives before Mandel was born. And after 35 years at the top, Mandel says, Brown is out of touch.

By contrast, if you were his constituent in northeast Ohio, Josh Mandel probably has sat in your living room—maybe more than once. Mandel estimates he's knocked on more than 25,000 doors in various elections, and worn out multiple pairs of shoes doing it. He plans to knock on another 100,000 doors over the course of his Senate campaign. He's going to have to buy some new shoes.

Josh Mandel in Iraq, 2004

Mandel tells the crowd how he ended up on stage: In 2000, he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps Reserves. While still in law school, he ran for city councilman. He won in a landslide. Then, shortly before he took office, the Marines called.

Mandel had a "gut check" moment. But he knew what he had to do. In February 2004, Mandel deployed to Iraq as an intelligence specialist attached to a light armored reconnaissance battalion. When Mandel returned to Ohio, he quickly got back to work. Soon, he was leading the charge for a Lyndhurst property tax rollback.

"The other councilmen said, 'Kid, we're going to embarrass you on this, we're going to vote this thing down one to six,'" Mandel recalls.

He didn't back down. He went to the public. Hundreds of people showed up at a city council meeting to support his proposal. The measure passed six to one. It was the first tax break of its kind in Cuyahoga County.

Then, in the middle of his first term, the Marine Corps called again.

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COURTESY MANDEL SENATE CAMPAIGN

It was September 2007, and they needed him for the surge in Iraq. "I ultimately decided that my duty to my country came first," Mandel said. He returned to war, and after his tour he was reelected. Then, Mandel ran for state treasurer.

"When I got into office, there was this guy whose job it was to drive checks from Columbus up to Cleveland to deposit them," he says. Every month, this person was driving 143 miles on I-71 in an unsecured vehicle with $234 million of taxpayer money. Mandel switched to online banking and saved a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Commonsense changes like ending unused phone lines, lowering minutes on cell phone plans, and ending costly plant-watering contracts allowed Mandel to end his first fiscal year in the treasurer's office with a $400,000 surplus and a budget reduced by $1.2 million.

That record will be key to the success or failure of his Senate run. Mandel is confident that he can win in 2012. Though other Republicans have expressed interest in the race, Mandel does not anticipate a primary challenge. Brown, he says, is too extreme for moderate Ohioans.

Mandel, on the other hand, has strong crossover appeal: His conservative principles will go over well in southern Ohio, and in liberal enclaves up north, like Cleveland, he's an admired and well-known figure.

Though the latest Quinnipiac poll shows Mandel trailing Brown by 15 points, it's still early. Even some die-hard conservatives in southern Ohio aren't familiar with Mandel yet—which is about to change.

In the last fundraising quarter, Mandel raised 40 percent more than Brown and spent hundreds of thousands less to do it. "Forget fundraising," Mandel says to the crowd. "What's important to me is that we're going to go next year and beat Sherrod Brown. And by beating Sherrod Brown and running strong, we're also going to help the eventual nominee at the top of the ticket beat Barack Obama."

That line gets the most applause of the night. ♦

Chris Christie's Energy Policy

It's not so conservative.

BY MICHAEL WARREN

There's no question that Chris Christie, the tough-talking hero of the right, is more conservative than the last Republican elected governor of New Jersey, pro-choice environmentalist Christine Todd Whitman. So fans of the union-busting, liberal-taunting Christie might wonder why the current governor wants to roll back one of Whitman's few conservative policy achievements.

Under Whitman's watch in the mid to late 1990s, New Jersey, along with George W. Bush's Texas, led the nation in deregulating the electricity industry. When Whitman sought to deregulate generation, the idea was to shift the costs of investment from rate-payers to the developers of new power plants. Instead of a monopolized market where rate-payers are price takers, the Whitman reforms meant power providers would take their prices from a more competitive market, spread across several states, with consumers in charge. By the time she left Trenton to serve as Bush's EPA director in 2001, Whitman had fundamentally transformed the state's electricity market.

A new electricity subsidy program with Christie's support could undo those reforms. In his energy plan, published in June, Christie makes his first priority clear: "Drive down the cost of energy for all customers." New Jersey consistently has one of the highest average electricity rates in the country. For instance, in 2010, the average rate across all sectors in New Jersey, 14.84 cents per kilowatt-hour, was higher than in all but four other states.

The Christie administration argues that expanding in-state generation—that is, constructing or replacing power plants—is the solution to high electricity costs. Lee Solomon, the president of the state's Board of Public Utilities (BPU) and a Christie appointee, maintains that the regional market's pricing model is flawed and that New Jersey rate-payers end up paying more for "capacity" and "congestion" charges—incurred when power demand causes electricity to be transmitted from plants in states as far away as Illinois. "We can either just suck it up, grin and bear it, pay the prices, live with these energy conditions as they may be, or we can try to change it," Solomon said at an industry conference in April. "In government we don't have the luxury of watching markets play out."

So New Jersey's government acted. Last January Christie signed into law the Long-Term Capacity Pilot Program (LCAPP). Administered by the BPU, the program awarded contracts to build three new power plants, subsidized by the state government. By introducing more suppliers, the argument goes, electricity rates will go down.

But some industry experts say that subsidizing new generation will actually hurt competitiveness. "I'm not sure I've seen a piece of energy legislation more anti-competitive-markets," says Glen Thomas, the president of GT Power Group, an energy consulting firm. "It's just market manipulation from the other side."

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So what's wrong with a little market manipulation? Plenty. Under the provisions of the pilot program, New Jersey will permit those subsidized providers to enter the regional market. After all, what's the cost of entry when you're backed by the government? It's as clear a case as any of politicians picking winners and losers.

"A market can't work," says Joe Kelliher, the former chairman of the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC), "if consumers can choose between" market suppliers and government-subsidized ones. Rates may drop for consumers in the short run, but the decrease will be artificial and won't last forever. Unsubsidized generators will have to raise rates to cover their costs. That could distort markets beyond New Jersey's.

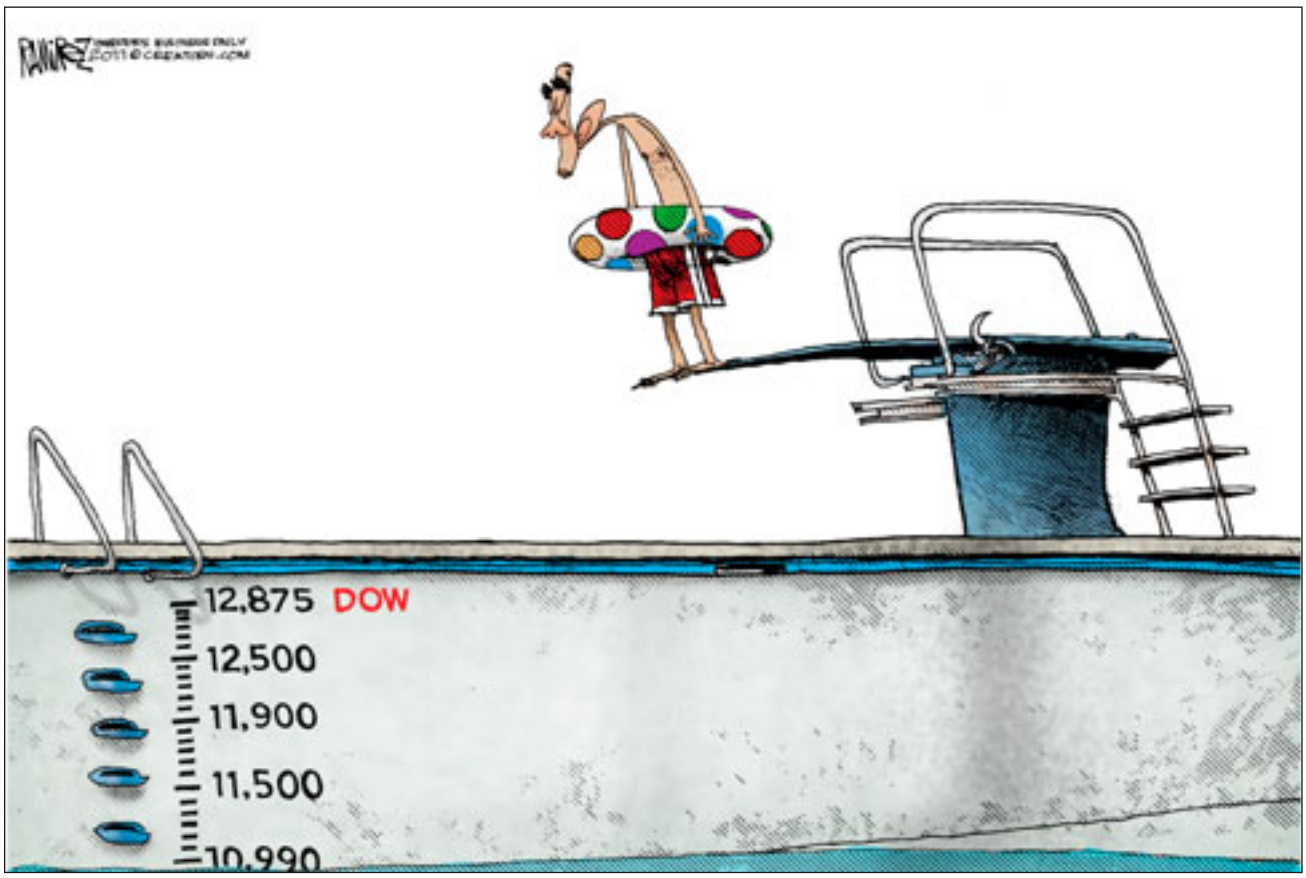
"We're deeply concerned with the retreat that's been taking place in New Jersey," says Rob Powelson, the chairman of Pennsylvania's Public Utility Commission. Powelson says Pennsylvania sets the gold standard with its restructured electricity markets, ironically modeled after the Whitman reforms across the Delaware River in New Jersey. Once Pennsylvania opened up its generation market, Powelson says, providers from as far away as Florida flocked north to compete. But New Jersey's market intervention could easily affect its neighbors. A FERC ruling in April recognized this, and the pilot program has been put on hold while the BPU pursues other options for implementing it.

The relatively high rates show New Jersey does have difficult energy challenges. But the answer doesn't lie with more domestic generation capacity. The small, densely populated state has insufficient space for enough efficient plants and an influential environmental lobby to boot.

Importing electricity from nearby states, though, might better solve grid congestion, and indeed it's an option one utility company in New Jersey's northern half is pursuing, by building new transmission lines to suppliers in Pennsylvania. "It's cheaper to meet capacity with what's on the grid than to build a new plant," says Glen Thomas.

Yet Christie continues to push for more plants. A spokesman says Christie still believes the program's subsidies are "worthwhile" and "necessary" for New Jersey's energy future. Christie himself has doubled down. "We're fighting FERC on this issue because what they're doing is wrong and it's bad for New Jersey," he told reporters in June.

But in Pennsylvania, Powelson has a message for the otherwise conservative governor of New Jersey: "Let the marketplace work." ♦



Rick Perry, Annotated

The Texas governor enters the race

By Andrew Ferguson

Charleston, S.C.

When organizers were planning the third annual RedState Gathering, held earlier this month in Charleston, South Carolina, the event looked to be like the second annual RedState Gathering, which was much like the first. Rick Perry, the governor of Texas, would be a featured speaker, as he had been at the others, including last year in Austin, Texas. Perry was the reason the second annual gathering had been held in Austin. Perry wooed the redstaters. He brought the organizers out to Texas, took them to dinner, gave them a tour, took them clay shooting outside of town. RedState is probably the most important and influential collection of conservative bloggers on the Internet. It is closely tied with the amorphous political movement called the Tea Party. And so Rick Perry wanted to be closely tied to RedState.

About a month ago, a phone call came from Perry's office, warning the redstaters that this year's event would be a little different. Perry's staff would need to begin handling security for his speech; the media arrangements too. The gathering last year had attracted maybe a dozen reporters, who arrived from Washington and New York and subjected the bloggers to the customary zoological analysis. Security had never been a concern.

More than 120 reporters attended this year's gathering, roughly one for every four redstaters, and unfriendly Texas Rangers, both plainclothes and uniformed, prowled the Francis Marion Hotel in downtown Charleston. Rick Perry had bestowed on RedState a great honor: They would be the audience and the backdrop for the speech in which he announced his candidacy for president of the United States. Judging by their reaction, the redstaters were flattered and pleased. And who wouldn't be?

Perry gave a good speech—a little long, but all speeches are too long. With modifications for time and place, the text now serves as the basis of the stump speech he gives as he travels to Iowa and New Hampshire. It is his advertisement for himself—a kind of portrait of who Rick Perry wants you to think he is—and it repays close attention, one paragraph to the next.

When the cheers had died down that sweltering afternoon in the Gold Ballroom of the Francis Marion, the first thing Rick Perry said was: Howdy.

He's from Texas. He used to wear cowboy boots stitched with the bad-ass Texas slogan "Come and Take It" until back surgery this summer forced him into orthopedic shoes. He took out a coyote with one shot from a .380 pistol last year while jogging. He grew up out in a bleak part of the state called the Big Country, in a place named "Paint Creek"—a place not a town; the only town within 20 miles with a post office was called Haskell, which itself is a couple of hundred miles west of Dallas. His parents worked a tenant farm growing cotton, utterly dependent on the weather like all farmers only more so. "Every day they got up," he told the *Texas Monthly* last year, "it was dry." Often at midday the sky would grow dark. "Huge clouds of dust would roll in from the west." He only saw his mother cry once, he told the *Monthly*, when his parents, who seldom bought anything, dug deep to buy a new couch. "There were places in our house that you could see outside through the cracks by the windows, and this dust storm came in and there was a layer of dust all over that new couch. And it just, you know, kind of—it was a hard life for them."

His mother, a seamstress, made his clothes for him, including his underwear, until he went off to Texas A&M University. He bathed in a tub on the back porch. The family outhouse was decommissioned when Perry was seven or eight, after his father put in indoor plumbing.

"It's sure good to be back in the Palmetto State, in South Carolina," he told the redstaters, "where they love the greatest fighting force on the face of the earth, the United States military."

At Texas A&M he earned a grade point average a bit

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'Howdy': Texas governor Rick Perry launches his presidential campaign at the Francis Marion Hotel in Charleston, S.C.

over 2.0 (Ds and Cs in chem and trig and Shakespeare, an A in world military systems, and a B in phys. ed.) and majored in animal science. Then he joined the Air Force and served four years flying C-130s out of bases around the world—Europe, the Middle East, South America. He likes to talk about the military and often gets choked up when he does. His next line in the speech set up an inexpensive applause line.

"I want to take a moment and ask you to just take a silence, think about those young Navy SEALs and the other special operators who gave it all in the service of their country," referring to the downing a few days before of a Chinook helicopter in Afghanistan. We should be grateful, he went on, for "those kind of selfless, sacrificial men and women."

Take a silence? Special operators? Sacrificial men and women? In the Perry campaign there will be malapropisms, which is just one among many similarities often drawn between Perry and George W. Bush. But like Bush he usually winds up saying what he means.

After the silence had been taken there came an abrupt shift in tone, finger stabbing the air to drive home the applause line: "And we will *never*, *ever* forget them."

He pushed the words out in a defiant manner, sounding almost accusatory: It's about time *somebody* stood up to all those nancy boys running around our country saying we should just go ahead and forget these sacrificial men and women. He leaned back and let the applause roll on.

Next he gave a taste of what life was like in Paint Creek. "When I wasn't farming or attending Paint Creek Rural School, I was generally over at Troop 48 working on my Eagle Scout award."

The Scouts are a recurring theme in Perry's career. He even wrote a book about the Boy Scouts, published three years ago, called *On My Honor: Why the American Values of the Boy Scouts Are Worth Fighting For*. The book was a rebuttal to efforts by the ACLU and gay rights activists to force the Scouts to admit members they had traditionally disallowed—girls, for instance, or openly homosexual men, or boys who refuse to agree to the Scout Oath's vow "to do my duty to God."

On My Honor contains a few surprises. Its premise is that "the so-called War on the Scouts is a microcosm of a larger phenomenon, a 'culture war' that has been tearing at the seams of our society for forty years." But the tone is surprisingly mild, far more broad-minded than most other books from either side of the culture war. The armistice he proposes simply asks the activists to let the Boy Scouts be the Boy Scouts, pursuing the values they choose. What the activists choose to do with other activists after that is their business.

"Though I am no expert on the 'nature versus nurture'

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debate, I can sympathize with those who believe sexual preference is genetic," he wrote. "I respect their right to engage in the individual behavior of their choosing, but they must respect the right of millions in society to refuse to normalize their behavior." The book's peroration is a hymn to tolerance and an implicit rebuke to traditionalists who refuse to live and let live.

"We must draw a line in the sand: People have the right to decide for themselves what they will believe in the core of their being, and how they will live," he wrote. "For those who want to throw stones at homosexuals in the name of calling out sin, may they be just as loud about adultery among heterosexuals and pornography among their own churchgoing friends."

This is a patented Perry statement, logically similar, as we'll see, to his use of federalism as a means of avoiding sharp-edged and often unpleasant arguments.

Another surprise in *On My Honor* are the unexpected cameo appearances by Mitt Romney. His name arises in one of a long train of abuses in the culture war. As president of the 2002 Olympics, Romney had put out a desperate call for volunteers. Perry quotes Romney's plea at length, yet questions its sincerity. For when Utah's Boy Scouts responded to volunteer en masse, they were told they weren't welcome to participate in the Olympics. Shocked, Scout leaders phoned and wrote Romney, also an Eagle Scout.

"We can't get him to return our calls," a Scout leader complained, according to Perry's account.

"Several years have gone by," Perry writes, "and neither Mitt Romney nor anyone else who served as an official of the 2002 Winter Olympics has given a clear and logical explanation" why the Scouts were excluded. In summary, Perry writes that we do "know that Romney . . . has parted ways with the Scouts on its policies over the involvement of gay individuals in Scout activities. He once said during a debate with Senator Ted Kennedy in 1994, 'I feel that all people should be allowed to participate in the Boy Scouts regardless of their sexual orientation.'"

Perry helpfully adds the precise newspaper citation for anyone who might want to track down Romney's quote and keep it close, just in case it comes in handy some day.

Even at age 61, Perry looks like an Eagle Scout. (So does Mitt Romney, for that matter, at age 64.) With a row of seven American flags behind him at the Francis Marion Hotel, he filled the stage. He favors snugly tailored suits and bespoke shirts trimmed with high collars and single cuffs pinned by gleaming gold links. The overall effect is slightly racy, kind of dude-like, maybe a little overdone—Big Country Arriviste. Campaign videos that show him at ease, in chaps and cowboy hat and (presurgery) boots, make the same too-much-of-a-good-thing impression. His movie-star looks don't help. Whether out on the stump or home on the range, he always has the appearance of a man who's been groomed rather fussily by Edith Head.

On the stump he likes to move around, microphone in hand, with the shuffle and stomp he must have picked up from Baptist preachers back in 1960s Haskell. In Charleston, making the biggest announcement of his professional life, with a bank of cameras before him casting every word live before the audiences of cable news, he stayed put behind the mic. His hands were often in motion, the Tomahawk slicing the air beside him or the Roach Motel Slamdown making an emphatic point, bringing the flat of his hand down hard on the podium, the way he might catch an insect scurrying across the kitchen counter.

George W. Bush's distinctive hand gesture, you may recall, was to press his fingertips together and then sweep his hands outward, as if hoping to gather more listeners more closely to him. Perry's hands move in the opposite direction, starting out far apart as though he's about to catch a medicine ball, then bringing them close together as if he's caught the ball and is squeezing it to dust. When he reads a speech without his teleprompter, as in Charleston, he is more fluent and natural than when President Obama reads a speech with his. Perry speaks slowly and accompanies his words with a repertoire ranging from humble shakes of the head, amazed at the blessings he's received in this life, in this great, great nation, so far beyond anything he deserves, to steely-eyed belligerence and a squinting determination to vanquish anyone who would bring that nation low: "And those who threaten our interests, harm our citizens—we will not simply be scoldin' ya, we will defeat you."

This line appeared in the (very brief) section of Perry's speech dealing with foreign affairs. His preeminent complaint against President Obama here was the administration's handling of Israel, which in Paint Creek is pronounced *Izrul*, when it is pronounced at all. This part of the speech was particularly deft. The Tea Partiers represented at the RedState Gathering are famously supportive of Israel, for theological if not geostrategic reasons, and they are, just as famously, furious about illegal (and often legal) immigration across our southern border.

Perry combined these concerns for a twofer: Obama, he said, "seeks to dictate new borders for the Middle East and the oldest democracy there, Israel [big applause], while he is an abject failure in his constitutional duty to protect our borders in the United States [even bigger applause]."

Except it's not really a twofer. In the Texas of Perry's youth, immigration of any kind was never an issue, economic or political. The border between Texas and Mexico was intentionally porous. People came and went. The easy commingling shaped Texas culture, a hodgepodge of

which Perry is extremely proud. He seems unable to summon the gorge against immigration and immigrants that rises naturally in Tea Partiers. In 2001 he signed a version of the DREAM Act that so riled Tea Partiers when the Democrats in Washington embraced it in recent years. The bill allowed children of illegal immigrants to pay in-state tuition at Texas colleges.

"We must say to every Texas child learning in a Texas classroom," he said at the time, "'We don't care where you come from, but where you are going, and we are going to do everything we can to help you get there.' And that vision must include the children of undocumented workers."

At the Tea Party they prefer the term "illegal aliens." Perry manages to avoid the subject of illegal immigration by changing the subject to "border security"—by which he means a crackdown on the well-developed, lucrative, and murderous trafficking in drugs and weapons by sophisticated criminal cartels across the Texas-Mexican border. He uses the Roach Motel Slamdown when he utters the phrase "secure our borders." And when he does, his admirers to his right hear a man promising to halt the swarming hordes of aliens; what he's promising in fact is to deploy the National Guard to bust pushers and pimps.

Perry as a yell leader and corps member at Texas A&M

TEXAS STATE LIBRARY COMMISSION / THE TEXAS TRIBUNE

It's the kind of clever elision you begin to expect of Perry. One theme of the announcement speech would be familiar to readers of his latest book, *Fed Up! Our Fight to Save America from Washington*. "Washington is not our caretaker," he said in Charleston. "America isn't broken. Washington, D.C., is broken! . . . I promise you this: I'll work every day to make Washington, D.C., as inconsequential in your life as I can."

Fed Up! is a call to federalism—an idea usually trivialized by jumpy liberals as "states' rights," to make it sound scarier. The book is outfitted with the apocalyptic alarms that sell political books nowadays: By the third page the reader has learned (1) "America is recklessly accelerating toward economic disaster"; (2) "America is in trouble—and heading for a cliff"; and (3) "Something is terribly wrong."

Tell us about it. Perry's view of federalism is not unique but it is convenient. It serves first of all as a ready bludgeon to beat Washington with. More importantly it disencumbers national politicians—or state politicians hoping to become national politicians—of the necessity to take a stand *on principle* on such quivering public controversies as gay marriage, environmental regulation, sodomy laws, the shape of the health care system: These aren't matters that call for a national discussion; states must decide for themselves. Perry sees a properly federalized America as a kind of buffet table of states offering an exciting variety of cultural options from which a citizen can choose—something for every lifestyle and taste.

"Crucial to understanding federalism in modern-day America is the concept of mobility, or 'the ability to vote with your feet,'" he writes. "If you don't support the death penalty and citizens packing a pistol, don't come to Texas. If you don't like medicinal marijuana and gay marriage, don't move to California."

Even here he manages to throw an elbow Romneyward. "I would no more consider living in Massachusetts than I suspect a great number of folks from Massachusetts would like to live in Texas," he writes. "We just don't agree on a number of things. They passed state-run health care, they have sanctioned gay marriage . . . " Nothing good ever came from Massachusetts.

Perry's idea of federalism, boiled down, becomes a kind of crude majoritarianism. What if you favor both medicinal marijuana *and* the death penalty? What if you're a guy who takes comfort living in a state where citizens pack hand guns but you still want to marry your boyfriend? You're out of luck. You'll have to live in a state where the majority—gun-packing homophobes or potheads with a distaste for capital

punishment—perpetuates itself by disgorging people like you. "If you don't like how they live there, don't move there" is a principle with a corollary: "If you don't like how we live here, leave." You and your partner might have to secede.

Perry's emphasis on federalism is commonly taken to be a species of anti-government libertarianism. It's not. Perry isn't anti-government; he is anti-federal government. (Whether he'll remain anti-federal government when he's running it can't be known.) He is after all a man who has spent his entire professional life working for the government as a state legislator and executive. You might even call him a big-government conservative whose reach is constrained only by the Texas border. A better tag would be "Conservative Democrat circa 1960": a politician always happy to accommodate the interests of businessmen and never shy about deploying the resources of his government in causes he likes. Perry's greatest failure as governor, to cite one example, was his plan to build a vast trans-Texas transportation network of new roads and rail lines. The plan would have allowed the state to wave around its power of eminent domain like a two-by-four, an exercise unprecedented in state history. Perry couldn't overcome opposition from landowners and conservatives who objected to what Tea Partiers might call a "land grab."

In 2007—to cite another example—Perry issued an executive order requiring every 6th-grade girl in the state to be immunized with Gardasil, a vaccine against the human papillomavirus, or HPV, the leading cause of cervical cancer. Texas conservatives called it governmental overreach and usurpation of family authority; good-government critics noticed that Perry's executive order was a windfall for Merck, the maker of Gardisil, whose Austin lobbyist was a close ally of the governor. The Texas legislature overrode Perry and the order was dropped.

What was most revealing about the episode was Perry's response to his defeat. In New Hampshire earlier this month he was asked about the controversy. "I saluted [the legislature]," he said, "and I said, 'Roger that. I hear you loud and clear.'"

That's not quite what happened. After the legislature overruled him, Perry called a press conference and surrounded himself in front of the cameras with cancer survivors, women in wheelchairs, and victims of rape. Arguments about parental rights fell before the cold fact of how much money the state would save with the vaccinations: treatment for cancer, he pointed out, could cost $250,000, much of it borne by taxpayers, while a vaccine cost $350—the same doctrine of "social costs" later used by President Obama and many others to justify mandatory health insurance and state-run health care.

Then Perry accused his opponents of moral depravity. He showed a video of a bedridden woman wreathed in medical tubes, lamenting the heartlessness of the legislators.

"In the next year, more than a thousand women will likely be diagnosed with this insidious yet mostly preventable disease," said Perry, according to the *Houston Chronicle*. "I challenge legislators to look these women in the eyes and tell them, 'We could have prevented this disease for your daughters and granddaughters, but we just didn't have the gumption to address all the misguided and misleading political rhetoric.'"

The lives of young Texas women, he said, had been "sacrificed on the altar of political expediency."

It was left to Dennis Bonnen, a state legislator, to make the argument for restraining the government's power, even when noble goals are in view. He pointed out that the vaccine would still be available for free from the state for parents who wanted to procure it for their daughters.

"Just because you don't want to offer up 165,000 11-year-old girls to be Merck's study group," Bonnen complained, "doesn't mean you don't care about women's health, doesn't mean you don't care about young girls."

None of this concerned Perry in Charleston, of course. His speech made clear that his campaign would turn on the humming Texas economy, also known, among Perry fans, as the Texas Miracle.

Texas, he said, is "the strongest economy in the nation. Since June of 2009, Texas is responsible for more than 40 percent of all the new jobs created in America." The jobs materialized, he said, because the state government stuck to four principles: Keep state spending down, taxes low, regulation mild and predictable, and litigation to a minimum by overhauling the legal system.

If anything, Perry was understating his case. Even before the recession, from 2000 to 2007, jobs were being created in Texas at double the pace of the national average. After the recession hit in late 2007, Texas employment kept even while the number of jobs across the country fell by more than five percent.

Not surprisingly, a welter of complicated news stories have appeared to point out that "the Texas miracle is more complicated than Perry admits." And it is—politicians do tend to simplify. The anti-Perry case takes several forms. One is that the job growth came from rising energy prices that led to a boom in Texas's gas and oil industry. And the energy business in Texas has boomed since 2000: The number of jobs there grew more than 60 percent. But the boom didn't track prices in gas or oil. And jobs grew in other sectors as well: 10 percent in financial services, more than 40 percent in health care, more than 20 percent in education. (And nearly 20 percent in government!)

Other arguments cluster around the large migration of people, documented and un-, who have moved to Texas in

the last decade. Texas population has increased 21 percent in the last 10 years. On its own, of course, this number is simply a confirmation of Texas's boom. People are moving there because that's where the jobs are. (Why else? The summer weather? The foliage? The cultural amenities?) The steady stream of new arrivals has kept the unemployment rate paradoxically high, at 8.2 percent, though it is lower than the national rate.

And too many of the new jobs pay minimum wage, say Perry's detractors—typical, they say, of a right-to-work state like Texas. But those are the jobs that a large influx of new, often unskilled residents would qualify for. It should be a truism that any job is better than no job.

Perhaps the most creative criticism of Texas's job growth came from a state representative, Joaquin Castro. He told CNN recently that the "jobs thing" was "sleight-of-hand."

"More than half of those new jobs have been filled by non-Texans," Castro said. "You have a population in Texas that is generally lower educated, poor, isn't covered by health insurance . . . all of these things . . . so you can recruit these companies to come here from out of state but your own people, often times, aren't qualified to fill these jobs." Texas is such a sewer, in other words, that people can't keep away.

Perry with son Griffith on the floor of the Texas Legislature, 1987

Castro does have a point, though not the one he thinks he's making. Beyond the robust job creation—a product of low taxes and regulation and the entrepreneurial opportunities they provide—Texas looks much less appealing on paper. For the next several months, any Democrat will be happy to give you the statistics: It leads the country in percentage of population without health insurance (24 percent) and the number of residents over 25 without a high school degree. Texas generates more hazardous waste than any other state and ranks first in the amount of toxic chemicals released into the water. It ranks eighth nationally in percentage of homes below the poverty line (17 percent), thirty-fourth in median household income, ninth in income inequality, and sixteenth in the rate of violent crime.

The Texas Miracle that Perry embraces and Democrats say they loathe would make a presidential contest between the governor and President Obama more interesting than these things usually are. Voters could at last confront the tradeoff they've been trying to avoid since the Great Society, maybe since the New Deal. On the one hand, we might have job-generating economic growth with all its necessary disruptions and uncertainties and stark inequalities of income and living standards; on the other, free health insurance, generous labor guarantees, greater income equality, a pristinely regulated natural environment, high unemployment, and declining national wealth.

A majority of American voters may reject the first for the second, as voters have in Europe for half a century. At least in Perry vs. Obama, the choice would be clear. We can be France or we can be Texas.

"God bless you," Perry said, concluding his speech in Charleston, "and God bless America."

Oh, yes—we almost forgot: God. One week before officially declaring his candidacy, Rick Perry organized a national prayer meeting in a football arena in Houston, under the title "The Response: A call to prayer for a nation in crisis." More than 30,000 showed up, swaying with eyes closed and arms raised to the music of faux country bands grinding out pop hymns that might have been written by Barry Manilow. Perry kicked off the proceedings with a prayer. You can watch the video on the web, as every evangelical primary voter will likely do between now and the Republican convention. The prayer was anodyne—mostly biblical verses stitched together from Joel, Isaiah, and Ephesians, and wrapped in a plea for blessings on the country and even on the president.

With The Response, Perry went farther than any candidate in recent memory to solicit the affections of Christian voters—just as, appearing at the RedState Gathering to make the most important speech of his career, he made clear his allegiance to the Tea Party. With their loyalty safely pocketed he has maximum leeway now to migrate, slowly, toward voters less ideologically or religiously inclined.

In any case, the specific content of Perry's prayer at The Response wasn't the crucial point, politically. The mere fact of it, and of him, must seem to America's liberals as an explicit and deliberate provocation—their worst nightmare come horribly to life. He's a governor of Texas. He has a funny accent. He got lousy grades in school. He not only owns guns, he shoots them. He'll soon be wearing cowboy boots again. He shows no sign of having read Reinhold Niebuhr. And he might win. ♦

TEXAS STATE LIBRARY COMMISSION / THE TEXAS TRIBUNE

Democracy in Libya

The unintended benefits of a protracted conflict

The interim government of Libya announces the death of Abdul Fattah Younes, July 28 in Benghazi.

AP / ALEXANDRE MENEGHINI

By Ann Marlowe

Benghazi, Libya

What was supposed to be a short police action by NATO has turned into a protracted conflict, but the Libyan people may be the long-term beneficiaries of the unexpectedly long war here. In the Western Mountains, hit hard by the conflict, Abdul al-Razaq, an oilfield technician from Sabratha before the war, explained from his brigade headquarters in Zintan: "In Tunisia and Egypt the revolutions were from the top. They changed their president. In Libya, our revolution has started from the bottom." The need—and time—to rethink institutions from the bottom has given democracy the space to trickle upward in Libya.

"The Islamists here say that liberals have a right to their opinions. Oh, what a nice gift!" Idris Tayeb says caustically in English. It's early afternoon in Benghazi on August 8, and as the whipsmart former Libyan cultural attaché to Rome and New Delhi sits in his office in the National Transitional Council's Foreign Affairs Office, seismic changes are taking place in the often-inscrutable council itself.

By evening, council head Dr. Mahmoud Jibril will announce what looks like a major power shift, disbanding the council's executive committee and promising a replacement. Mustafa Abdel-Jalil, the second-in-command and head of the executive committee, will be among those suspended.

The ferment is in reaction to the council's findings of administrative errors in the gruesome murder on July 28 of the revolutionaries' top military commander, Major Abdul Fattah Younes. A separate criminal inquiry is winding its way to a conclusion more slowly, trying to explain to the satisfaction of Benghazi's people and the general's million-strong Obeidat tribe how he ended up dead when

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he was supposed to be appearing before the council to answer questions about his conduct of the war.

Though the still-mysterious killing has taken the bloom off the council—newly recognized by Washington and London as Libya's legitimate government—Benghazi's people are looking encouragingly like the citizens of a democracy. The agitation here is conversational. While the revolution began with demonstrations in what is now known as "Freedom Square" in mid-February, it is moving on to the beginnings of party politics.

A half-dozen political organizations are in the process of formation, each with an anodyne platform and position papers, and activity has picked up since Abdul Fattah's death. The cavernous triple-height lobby of Benghazi's sole five-star hotel, the fortress-like, usually stiflingly hot Tibesti, is filled much of the day with Libyan politicos talking through their views and plans. While there are opportunists and cynics, many of the men and women meeting here are highly educated—often in the United States or Britain—and passionately committed to their country.

The cavernous triple-height lobby of Benghazi's sole five-star hotel, the fortress-like Tibesti, is filled much of the day with Libyan politicos talking through their views and plans.

There is much grumbling about the council. Some political insiders, like Salwa Bugaighis, a member of a wealthy Benghazi clan active in the revolution, note that the council's lack of transparency and indecisiveness reflect the dictatorship it emerged from. Bugaighis, an attorney involved since the earliest days of the revolution, explains that "for 42 years, the decision maker was Qaddafi. People used to take the decisions from up [above]. They are always afraid to make a decision." She also noted that Jalil is a "nice, very flexible man" known for avoiding conflict and seeking consensual decisions. "But now we are in crisis. He doesn't want to anger anyone."

Mohammed al-Senussi is one of a much smaller number advocating the surprisingly controversial step of electing a council now. "We have to choose our representatives democratically before democracies unwisely recognize a travesty." A grandnephew of Libya's King Idris, who was deposed by Qaddafi in 1969, Senussi advocates elections in Libya's free cities to obtain a new council, then a temporary assembly to choose a committee to write a new constitution. But the stock objection to this position—that elections in free areas would be unfair to people in not-yet-liberated cities and would be a distraction from the war effort—still has overwhelming support in Benghazi.

The role of Islam in a free Libya is one of the hot topics in this almost wholly Muslim country. Former deputy executive committee head Ali al-Essawi—who signed the warrant for Abdul Fattah's arrest on charges of treason—is widely said to be sympathetic to the Muslim Brotherhood, so his removal may represent a shift away from toleration of a growing Islamist influence.

But a fully secular Libyan state is hard to imagine. Idris Tayeb is rare in the extent of his commitment to the separation of religion from government. "Idris may be too far left for many Libyans," says S. Ghariani, the measured, calm spokesman for the new National Democratic Association (NDA). "We are an Islamic country."

Tayeb, imprisoned from 1978 to 1988 on charges of heading Libya's Communists, admits to having been known as the "Marxist sheikh." (He was termed a "sheikh" in deference to his having completed a traditional Islamic scholar's education; by the age of 12 he had memorized the Koran.) Tayeb and the NDA had considered an alliance, but ultimately the NDA found him too controversial for what they hope will evolve into a secular political party with broad mainstream support. So a week ago, Tayeb launched his own Libyan Democratic Front to advocate a "100 percent democratic state" with no mention of Islam as a foundation for government.

This would likely have been a nonstarter even a few months ago; the watchword of the revolution of the 17th of February was an almost uncritical inclusiveness. But it's easier to advocate today, as Libyans reassess and regroup. There is resentment of the well-organized Libyan Muslim Brotherhood, whose members have returned from exile overseas in recent months. A young man who provided security in Benghazi from the first days of the revolution complained that after the NATO bombing campaign saved Benghazi from a March 19 assault by Qaddafi's forces, "these [exile] people came, but we paid the price."

There's much grumbling about this or another group "stealing the revolution." Tayeb downplays the complaints: "This requires three elements: a revolution, its owner, and a thief." But he is among an increasing number raising another hitherto taboo subject, the influence of Qatar here.

The small Gulf nation provided the uniforms of Libya's revolutionary army and police and many of its assault rifles and 4x4 vehicles. Qataris trained some of the volunteers, and Qatar's Al Jazeera network has covered the revolution almost nonstop. But now people remember that

Al Jazeera waited till the revolution was underway to cover Libyan opposition to Qaddafi. "For five years they did not report anything about opposition in Libya. We were emailing them for years," says Iman Bugaighis, a Benghazi dental professor who was until recently a civilian spokeswoman for the Council.

"There is a Qatar agenda," Tayeb says. "They want to play the role of regional representative in the world. They are selling the Muslim Brothers to the West as the only alternative to extremists—and they are arming the extremists just to show the need for the Muslim Brothers." He goes on to draw an analogy with the West's support of dictators in the Arab world in a false dichotomy between democracy and stability. (Today, it seems Washington is bending over backwards not to criticize Libya's Islamists, whether out of some realpolitik calculation, or because it believes, to paraphrase the Turkish writer Melik Kaylan, that inside every Muslim is a more religious Muslim struggling to get out.)

A Benghazi man draped in the flag of the Kingdom of Libya

Tayeb is among those concerned about the influence of Ali al-Sallabi, one of an important family of eight brothers and three sisters. Ali worked with Seif al-Islam Qaddafi, the dictator's second and most powerful son, to get Libya's jihadist prisoners released before the revolution, including some former Guantánamo inmates. Long an exile in Qatar, he has funneled weapons from that country to Libya's revolutionaries—but some charge they have also gone to the much smaller group of Islamic extremists. Tayeb is infuriated by Sallabi's appropriation of a leadership role in a revolution he parachuted in on. "All the time he uses the word 'we.' Finally I said to him, Why don't you learn to use the word 'I'?"

Ali was in Qatar and unavailable for an interview, but his sister Aisha says that while he is a member of the Muslim Brotherhood and that the family supports the organization, Ali is a moderate Muslim. Regarding the jihadist prisoners, Aisha insists that Ali had some conversations with them and that they had changed their violent views before he negotiated their release.

Aisha was gracious and calm in the face of my insistent questioning. Her husband, it turns out, is a cousin of Ghariani's wife Hazar Ben Ali, a founding member of the National Democratic Association. Hazar, in turn, is a second cousin of NDA founding member Fairouz Nas. Libya's elites are so close-knit that blood ties link just about everyone in the political sphere. A Benghazi dentistry student, Salmeen Al Jawhary, explained to me that merely from their last names she could identify the hometown of just about any Libyan.

"A lot of people who called themselves independent are reconsidering their positions," Ghariani says. Fairouz Nas, a Tripoli accounting professor from a prominent Benghazi family and one of the NDA's 23 founders, was originally loath to form an association, she says. "But then there were problems like the wall in Makama that I could not solve by myself." This is a reference to a ten-foot-high wall put up around the women's section in "Freedom Square" to "protect" the women from the male gaze and supposed harassment. It is despised by many of the more educated women.

The NDA is holding frequent public meetings to recruit members. They are trying to attract the young people who made the revolution and represent by far the majority of Libya's six million citizens. And they are sensitive to the need to be democratic within their organization as well as in its platform. Nas explained that they had a poll for youth where 250 invited young people sat at roundtables with NDA members and shared their views in an informal polling process.

The NDA are proposing a free-market economy, free health care for Libyans, and free education (these last two existed under Qaddafi, but were of low quality). They are hesitant to label themselves a party just yet, since Qaddafi spent decades insisting that anyone "who is a party member is a traitor"—a slogan internalized even by his opponents. "Young people came to us and said, 'Don't call yourself a party,'" says Nas.

The role of women is being debated here too, with Amal Bugaighis, another prominent attorney, forming the Committee for the Support of Women in Decision Making with 24 other women at the end of June. Now numbering around 200, it's not a party, but a group of well-educated women aiming to open up a discussion of women's roles in Libyan society. Nas says she considered joining, but

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balked at a point in their platform calling for a quota of 30 percent women in future political bodies.

Libya's youth, who transformed a meek Benghazi lawyers' union "standing protest" on February 15 into a violent uprising, are also trying to put their stamp on organized politics. El Montasir, a skinny, outgoing 19-year-old electrical engineering student in camo pants, a techno T-shirt, and a red soldier's beret, calls himself a "Libocrat"—a Libyan committed to democracy. He is the head of the Association of the Voice of National Youth ("Libocrats" might work better), which he claims has 12,000 to 13,000 members all over the country, including in Qaddafi-held areas.

Like many Libyans, El Montasir avows, "We believe the U.S. [is the] best country in the world." Also like many Libyans, he has a close relative in the United States. But it is hard to find out what the group's platform entails beyond lots of enthusiasm for democracy. More seasoned politicos told me that El Montasir—a nom de guerre that means "the conqueror"—was strongly opposed to the Islamists. But religion permeates his thought, or at least his speech.

"I am doing this for Allah and my country," he explains in the Tibesti lobby—probably the youngest person among a hundred or so talking politics one midnight. And he interpolates profuse thanks to Allah in his account of his own involvement in the revolution, in rapid but often incorrect English.

A clearer explanation of what his group does came from a middle-aged adviser to the Voice of the Youth, a successful Libyan-American businessman, Mustafa Gheriani: "This group is operating in the least privileged areas in Benghazi, and the surrounding cities and villages. Some of the Voice of the Youth have played a major role in the development of Benghazi's 60 neighborhood councils. The Voice of the Youth platform is a work in progress."

The fervent love of country of Libyans of all stripes is a distinguishing feature of the Libyan revolution. Perhaps it is because this is a small population, but Libyans have a sense of ownership that augurs well for the future.

"This is my country, don't put it under your shoes," Idris Tayeb wrote in a 1986 poem while inside Tripoli's Abu Salim prison. (He translated his verse into English and published it earlier this year in Egypt.) Since February, such once-forbidden sentiments have become almost universal. Over more than six trying months of death, brownouts, shortages, and confusion, Libyans have gone from viewing their country as the property of one man to the responsibility of all. ♦

New Ozone Rules: EPA's Voluntary Jobs Killer

By Thomas J. Donohue
President and CEO
U.S. Chamber of Commerce

The White House has once again signaled that it is pivoting back to jobs, and President Obama will reportedly give a "major speech" on job creation in September. Here at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, where we remain sharply focused on job creation, it is a welcome move. But for the president's pivot to be meaningful, it needs to be followed by a big step back from onerous regulatory proposals that would kill millions of jobs with no proven benefits to offset this hurt.

What good is it to say you're for jobs in a speech or a press release when you're simultaneously issuing policies that will snuff them out?

The Environmental Protection Agency's new proposal to tighten ozone standards, which by its own estimates will cost up to $90 billion a year in compliance costs, is a perfect example of this dangerous doublespeak. As our economy sputters and millions of Americans struggle to find work, EPA's voluntary move to impose severe new rules would hobble our recovery. Private sector studies predict that the new standards would cost as many as 7.3 million American jobs by 2020.

Why? Because industries and large manufacturers would see their operating costs skyrocket. Small businesses, from caterers to auto repair shops, would face new regulatory uncertainty and hesitate to invest in equipment or expand their payrolls. Every form of energy—and any product or service relying on fuel for its construction or transport—would become more expensive.

When businesses large and small do the math, they'll quickly arrive at this bottom line: Soaring compliance costs equal less capital for hiring, business development, and investment. Some companies could take the next step and move operations overseas where they can do business with a lighter regulatory burden.

What makes this proposal even more jaw-dropping is that it is completely unwarranted. EPA's ozone proposal is not based on worsening conditions of air quality. It hasn't been mandated by law or court order, and it comes two years ahead of EPA's own timeline for new ozone rules. Standards were just strengthened several years ago, and the nation's workers and businesses are still absorbing those costs.

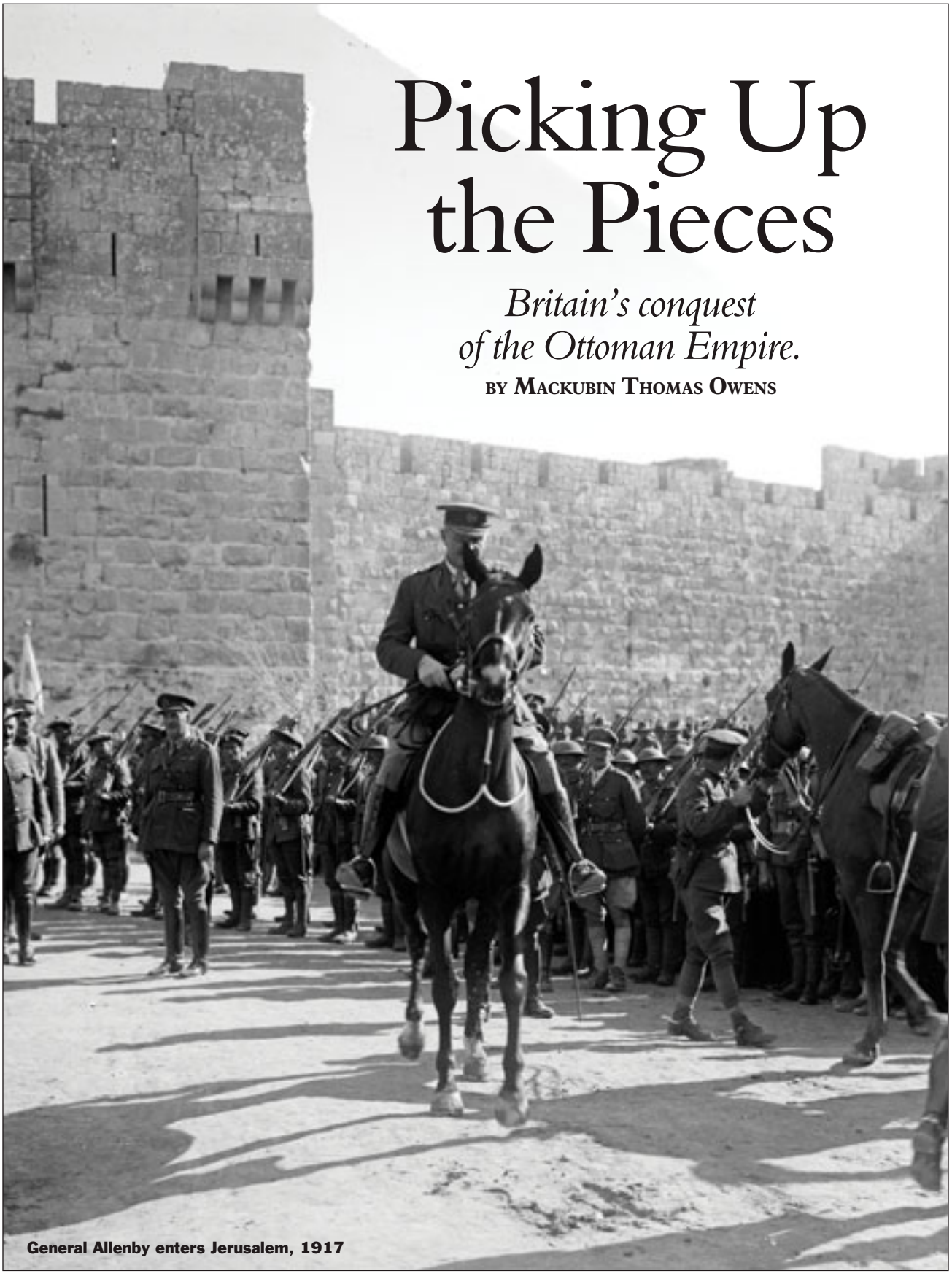
The U.S. Chamber, along with businesses across the private sector, is urging the administration to rethink these damaging—and completely discretionary—actions. If the president really wants to create jobs, a great way to start is by putting an end to policies that destroy them. Seems like common sense to most of us, but in Washington, sometimes you have to spell it out.

U.S. Chamber of Commerce
Comment at www.chamberpost.com.

Picking Up the Pieces

Britain's conquest of the Ottoman Empire.

BY MACKUBIN THOMAS OWENS



General Allenby enters Jerusalem, 1917

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Winston Churchill titled the final volume of his World War I memoir *The Unknown War*. The topic of that volume was the Eastern front, but the title could just as well have described the Great War against the Ottoman Empire in Mesopotamia (the present Iraq) from 1914 until 1918, and its aftermath. While at the time considered a sideshow of the Great War, the British invasion of Mesopotamia was to have far-reaching geopolitical and strategic consequences. These consequences were recognized at the time by Archibald Wavell, a British officer who served with distinction during the Great War, when he prophetically declared, at the close of the peace conference, "After 'the war to end war' they seem to have been pretty successful in Paris at making a 'Peace to end Peace.'"

Here, Charles Townshend chronicles the campaign that helped to create, for better or worse, the modern Middle East. It is a harrowing story of a failure of strategic vision, policy drift, a massive disunity of effort, and poor execution. For the soldiers tasked with implementing the campaign, it truly was a "desert hell."

In 1914, the portion of the Ottoman Empire running northwest from the Persian Gulf toward Syria and Turkey, and situated between Arabia to the southwest and Persia to the northeast, was known by its ancient Greek name, Mesopotamia, the land between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. (Churchill once remarked that he preferred the old days when Iran and Iraq were known as Persia and Mesopotamia because then he could remember which was which.)

The Arabic name of the region, *al Iraq*, derives from the long ridge of the desert that separates the region from Syria. Indeed, until the creation of the Iraqi state after the war, Iraq, like Palestine, Syria, and Arabia, was a geographical expression rather than a political entity. The area consisted of three Turkish *vilayets*, or provincial governorships: Basra in the south, Baghdad in the center, and Mosul in the north.

Mesopotamia was one of the "cradles of civilization," the site of Ur and Babylon, the Garden of Eden, and the biblical Flood. Once known as the "fertile crescent," it had been a densely populated region until it was devastated and depopulated by the Mongol invasion of 1258. By 1914, the population of Mesopotamia was barely two million souls, mostly Arabs, but also Kurds, Christians, and Jews. Indeed, in Baghdad, these minorities outnumbered Arabs, and the city's Jews constituted one of the world's largest Jewish urban communities.

Desert Hell
The British Invasion of Mesopotamia
by Charles Townshend
Harvard, 624 pp., $35

Gertrude Bell

While the British deliberately and unilaterally created the modern state of Iraq at the end of the Great War, such was not the original objective of the military expedition that entered Mesopotamia in 1914. That goal was strategically limited: to protect the sea lanes of communication to India; to support Britain's key allies in the Persian Gulf—the sheikhs of Kuwait and Mohammerah—who provided security for the Anglo-Persian Oil Company (of course, in 1914, oil in Mesopotamia did not loom large in British strategic calculations, but by the end of the war, the petroleum resources in Mosul would exert a major influence on British policy); and to impress the Arabs who, the British believed, were chafing under Ottoman rule. Impressing the Arabs was necessary to keep them from joining the Turks in a potential *jihad* that might eventually threaten the security of India.

It is important to note that the expeditionary force was not dispatched by the British government in London but by the Indian Raj, the British government of India. Indeed, the lack of unity of purpose between Whitehall and Simla (the seat of the Raj) was to have a major impact both on the conduct of the Mesopotamian campaign and on the expansion of the mission, since the latter often pursued a policy that diverged from that of the former. As a result, Whitehall, from the very beginning of the expedition, found itself adjusting to the effects of actions initiated by the Raj it had not expected or wanted.

Before 1914, Britain's primary strategic objective in the Middle East of securing the sea lanes of communication to India via the Suez Canal and the Persian Gulf had been accomplished by means of a policy of "limited liability" in the region, *viz.*, supporting the aforementioned sheikhs of Kuwait and Mohammerah. Since the naval race that was considered to be the key to British security by maintaining the European balance of power was so expensive, the British approach to overseas possessions stressed economy: Colonies were expected to pay their own way and not burden the British taxpayer.

However, by the end of the war, Britain had embarked on an unprecedented imperial expansion in the Middle East. As Townshend remarks, the "result was an extraordinary transformation of Britain's traditional stance" in the region. Unfortunately, Britain's commitment to a vast Middle Eastern *imperium* coincided precisely with the evisceration of British financial power as a result of the Great War. Townshend tells the story of this transformation in terms of what we now call "mission creep." The original goal of securing the oil fields, pipelines, and refineries in the south was accomplished by the seizure of Basra. But this was not deemed sufficient for impressing the Arabs. Thus an advance on Baghdad followed, despite the most

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HULTON ARCHIVE / GETTY IMAGES

primitive logistics system imaginable and an extraordinarily hostile environment that invalided countless troops.

Along the way, the British suffered their most costly military failure since Yorktown—the failure to relieve the Turkish siege at Kut and the subsequent surrender of the British and Indian force in the spring of 1916. This failure notwithstanding, the British retained the initiative even after the fall of Kut, ultimately recovering to defeat the Turks and seize Baghdad and Mosul, setting the stage for the creation of the modern state of Iraq.

Townshend, a professor of international history at Keele University, has clearly mastered the archives. He ranges back and forth from the highest levels of government in Whitehall, Simla, and Cairo, to the military commanders making the decisions, and finally to the soldiers who endured the atrocious conditions that attended the campaign. He does not ignore the Turks although his focus is clearly the British effort. Townshend's approach is chronological, and while most of the book is devoted to the military campaign, he usually begins each chapter with a nice summary of the strategic and policy issues that shaped the expedition and its objectives. He thus avoids the error that often attends histories of military campaigns: forgetting that wars are not fought for their own purpose but in order to achieve the goals of policy.

The main shortcomings here arise from the paucity of maps, which makes it difficult to follow the details of the action that Townshend describes, and the fact that it is hard to keep track of the numerous *dramatis personae* who represent so many different governments and agencies. Of course, in that respect, *Desert Hell* merely reflects the complexity of the campaign as a whole.

There are a number of interesting points raised by *Desert Hell*. The first is the importance of unity of command, a feature that was never present during the campaign. As noted before, the Raj had its own purposes in launching and conducting the Mesopotamian campaign. Whitehall was often presented with a *fait accompli* and had to adapt to the new circumstances. The situation was further complicated by the interest on the part of the British government of Egypt in raising an Arab revolt against the Turks. Thus, Whitehall, Simla, and Cairo were often operating at cross purposes.

Another is the fact that the British were often in the dark, not only about both the geography and topography of Mesopotamia but also about climate and weather. Americans who have served in Iraq can relate to Townshend's description of the conditions under which the British and Indian troops operated: The combination of unimaginable heat and humidity, sandstorms, floods, and swarms of insects made life miserable. The climate invalided soldiers, reducing the fighting strength of units. Medical care, despite the best efforts of surgeons and other medical personnel, was deplorable.

A diarist recorded his observations of medical care in the wake of a costly battle: "The tales of the wounded at Shaikh Sa'ad and the Wadi were really awful . . . men were left out for 2-3 days before being picked up." The sick and wounded were placed onboard transports for evacuation without beds or bedding, sanitary or cooking facilities: "Men with fractured thighs are shoved alongside dysentery cases & there they lie till they get to Basra."

Medical problems were a manifestation of a greater shortcoming for at least the first two years of the campaign: The absence of anything but the most primitive system of logistics. Ammunition, rations for the troops, and forage for the animals were in short supply. Many of these problems can be traced to the aforementioned colonial principle that British overseas possessions were to be self-supporting. The result was extreme penuriousness on the part of the Raj that exacerbated the suffering of the troops.

Finally, another fascinating aspect of the British adventure in Mesopotamia was the influence of the "Arabists" or "Orientalists," e.g., Mark Sykes (of the Sykes-Picot Agreement that allocated postwar British-French spheres of influence and direct control of "Turkish Arabia"), Gertrude Bell, and T.E. Lawrence "of Arabia," on British policy. For the most part, these individuals projected a romantic image of the Arabs as what we would call "noble savages." Sykes, for instance, lamented the "contaminating effects" of Western power in the Arab world. Unfortunately, British policy was based on a serious misreading of Arab identity, a problem that persists to this day. ♦

B&A

See Jane Run

'Because I wanted to be pretty again.'

BY JUDY BACHRACH

The main reason I wanted to read *Prime Time*, which is Jane Fonda's latest book—there have been others—about Jane Fonda, is because of its cover. On the right-hand side, next to a large color photograph of the actress, her lips painted the precise color of her sweater (tangerine) and her hair abundantly streaked, '70s-style, are the following words, punched out, perhaps, in order of their importance to her:

Love
Health
Sex
Fitness
Friendship
Spirit

Well, who doesn't need help with all of that, especially when you have a guru like Jane Fonda, who's extremely fit, spiritual, and friendly, helping you navigate the shoals? Jane didn't use to be friendly at all. I know this because

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years ago, I—along with about seven other reporters at the Cannes Film Festival—had to interview her, and trust me, she was about as warm as a penguin. One thing she said did affect me, however, because of its unusual and striking vulnerability: Someone asked her why she'd made a sudden return to filmdom (Jane was forever leaving and returning to movies), and she replied: "Because I wanted to be pretty again."

I've thought about that ever since. Who knew Jane Fonda worried about her looks? Or whether she was attractive to men? Who, for that matter, knew she believed that, somehow, only in the movies could she be pretty?

So naturally, the first chapter in *Prime Time* I turned to was *not* ACT III: BECOMING WHOLE, which contains the phrase "It takes work and intentionality to continue to grow, to ascend that staircase," which really threw me because I honestly don't understand what intentionality is. Instead, I flipped, first, to something I suspected might be, like Jane's concerns over beauty, more revelatory and even touching: THE CHANGING LANDSCAPE OF SEX WHEN YOU'RE OVER THE HILL.

Jane is 73, and so what she wants to tell us comes as something of a surprise. She's *joking*. You are never, she promises the reader, over the hill. Ever. You can have sex forever because, although Jane herself didn't have sex for seven years after she found out Ted Turner (who was husband No. 3) was not for her, now she has it. All the time, it would appear. Not only does Jane have "a honey," as she persists in calling the music producer Richard Perry, her longtime boyfriend with whom she initially hooked up five days before knee surgery; but she rummages through two chapters' worth of a terrifying collection of sex aids, each one of which she recommends with considerable authority to the reader.

And yet—and yet—all that hard-won authority seems to be bogus. Practically every one of her observations, be it on aerobics or yoga, Christianity or penile injections, arrives in a crowd, accompanied by a vast backup chorus of either those Jane considers expert in the field or, when necessity dictates, the whole damn field itself. These include "a pioneering neuropsychiatrist," all of quantum physics, "a 1995 study by the National Opinion Research Center," the exhausting Gail Sheehy, and someone actually named Dr. David Schnarch, who believes that "the brain is our biggest sex organ." Well, maybe for Dr. Schnarch it is.

Even the recommended sex toy called "The Eroscillator," which, as its name might imply, "oscillates rather than vibrates," needs massive support, in Jane's view, from someone more knowledgeable than she. It has, she points out, "been highly recommended by Dr. Ruth Westheimer." (Full disclosure: My mother's best friend is Dr. Ruth and I kind of grew up with her and her escorts at our dinner table. Best I remember: Ruthie always went in for the real deal, rather than synthetics.)

ALBUM / NEWSCOM

Prime Time
Love, Health, Sex, Fitness, Friendship, Spirit—Making the Most of All of Your Life
by Jane Fonda
Random House, 448 pp., $27

So what's going on here? Why does Jane—Jane who went from Barbarella to bulimic, from hip to hip replacement, from antiwar to Auntie Mame—need all these backups to tell us stuff? Also, why the rigid insistence, implied in every sentence, that geriatric sex is infinitely more satisfying than youthful abandon? That senior brains are somehow more agile and welcoming than youthful ones—or in Jane's words, "I realized that my being able to experience Positivity is, in part, simply because I'm older"? That in your dotage "new neural pathways" will somehow lead you out of what Jane really does call "sourpussness"? That in order to acquire these pathways you should "Smile! That's right." Because by smiling, Jane writes, "you actually change the pattern of information going from the muscles in your body—in this case, the muscles around your mouth and eyes—to your brain."

Why, in other words, the recitation of lie upon endless lie? Of muddled thinking? Why, for that matter, Jane's tired opinions on the political landscape, all of them inexplicably delivered in italics and accompanied by bullets? "*We deserve to see our political leaders resolve the solvency issues that will burden future generations*," for example. Or: "*Women deserve equal pay for equal work*."

We need Jane for this?

Jane wants us to know that she has "become a much more inviting and optimistic person since I entered my Third Act." And honestly, given what I remember of an earlier act, maybe Act II starring the Cannes Film Festival Jane, I do believe her. But the trouble here is that there have been so many previous Janes, and they all, in every incarnation, professed themselves a huge improvement on whatever Jane preceded them. And then, with the passage of years and husbands, the last Jane would be renounced and invariably replaced. Jane was babe-Jane with the French director Roger Vadim, and then serious-and-strident Jane with the political activist Tom Hayden, and after that, with Turner, she was prop-Jane who appeared at Atlanta Braves games, always in a baseball cap. It really is hard to keep up.

And now she's just plain-Jane? No husband, just a honey? No future, just a past? Some movies, but not many, and no good ones. I think she still wants to be pretty again. And that's about the end of it. That is the fulfillment of her desires, that is her newest book, and all she has ever wanted. ♦

B&A

The Fallada File

The torment of a novelist in Nazi Germany.

BY ANDREW NAGORSKI

Otto and Elise Hampel were improbable German resisters. By all accounts, the working-class, middle-aged couple accepted Hitler's New Order up until 1940. Then, during the invasion of France, Elise's brother was killed—and something snapped in them. The pair began writing postcards denouncing the Nazi regime and calling on Germans to engage in civil disobedience and sabotage.

"Hitler's war is the worker's death!" one of them proclaimed. They managed to drop the postcards in public places all over the German capital for two years. Although almost all of these subversive missives were immediately turned into the authorities by the terrified Berliners who picked them up, the Gestapo and the police frantically searched for the perpetrators, assuming they were dealing with a much larger conspiracy. In October 1942 the Hampels were finally arrested and, after their forced confessions, tried, convicted, and sent to the guillotine.

There's nothing to indicate that this seemingly ordinary couple's crusade won anyone over to their cause, and their actions never attracted the kind of postwar attention that other tales of resistance did. Much better known are the stories of the White Rose, the Munich students who wrote incomparably more elegant leaflets against the regime before they were arrested and executed in 1943; the defiance of Dietrich Bonhoeffer and other church figures; the Red Orchestra, as the Soviet-linked, often highly placed espionage rings were called; and of course, the failed plot to assassinate Hitler in 1944. The White Rose and the Hitler plot, in particular, have inspired countless books and films.

Every Man Dies Alone
by Hans Fallada
Melville House, 544 pp., $29.95

Little Man, What Now?
by Hans Fallada
Melville House, 345 pp., $16.95

The Drinker
by Hans Fallada
Melville House, 304 pp., $16.95

But the Hampels' story wasn't completely forgotten. It would serve as inspiration for Hans Fallada (1893-1947), the immensely popular German novelist of the 1930s who refused to join the Nazi party but also refused to flee his homeland. As Fallada saw it, that left him no choice but to make numerous compromises with Hitler's regime so that he could keep writing: "I do not like grand gestures, being slaughtered before the tyrant's throne, senselessly, to the benefit of no one," he declared later.

When the war ended, Johannes Becher, a German Communist writer who had returned from exile in Moscow and Tashkent, used his position as a rising cultural apparatchik in the Soviet occupation zone to reach out to Fallada. He arranged housing and writing assignments for the ailing writer, who had struggled with alcoholism and morphine addiction while trying to survive the war and Hitler. Most significantly, Becher supplied him with documents from the Gestapo file about the Hampels' case, suggesting that this might serve as the subject of his next novel.

Fallada took the message to heart. His final novel, *Every Man Dies Alone*, written in an astounding 24-day spurt, is based loosely on the Hampels' story. And shortly before its publication in 1947, Fallada succumbed to his assorted addictions and ailments at age 53. His last work was praised, but didn't achieve the huge sales or psychological impact of his prewar hits. That was hardly surprising: Germany was just beginning to recover from the devastation of 12 years of National Socialism and six years of war; it was too early for an exhausted, shattered nation to focus on a novel that confronts the issues of resistance and fear.

The recent decision by Melville House to translate *Every Man Dies Alone* into English for the first time, while reissuing two of Fallada's earlier novels in paperback, should go a long way towards elevating this book to the place it deserves in world, and not just German, literature. If Fallada's early popularity sometimes raised suspicions that he was a bit of a lightweight, his final book demonstrates the opposite. It's unquestionably his most powerful work: Primo Levi described it as "the greatest book ever written about German resistance to the Nazis." That's an accurate judgment and not just a routine blurb, but it fails to reflect the full scope of Fallada's accomplishment. By chronicling the actions of a couple who did exactly what he and most Germans refused to do, Fallada raises the larger question of the meaning of "grand gestures" in the face of any tyranny.

Hans Fallada's real name was Rudolf Ditzen, and his complicated personal story allowed him to understand the lives of his varied cast of fictional characters. Aside from a prolific novelist, he was many things: a mental patient, a prisoner, a farm worker, a journalist, an alcoholic, a drug addict, and, at the end of World War II when the Red Army occupied his small town, briefly a district mayor. Although he incurred the Nazis' wrath on several occasions, he never was a member of any resistance group. He tried to keep his distance from a regime he clearly loathed, but he bent to its will when he felt he had to, while battling his inner demons.

Andrew Nagorski, vice president and director of public policy at the EastWest Institute, is author of the forthcoming Hitlerland: American Eyewitnesses to the Nazi Rise to Power *(Simon & Schuster).*

In 1911, when he was 18, Ditzen and a fellow student staged a duel, which was supposed to serve as a respectable cover for a suicide pact. Ditzen fatally wounded his friend, whose shot missed him. Ditzen then shot himself with his friend's gun, but survived. Charged with murder, he was declared unfit to stand trial and was committed to his first stint in a mental institution, followed by drugs, treatment centers, and subsequent work on farms and a series of other jobs. He was twice caught embezzling to feed his drug addiction, leading to his first jail sentences.

Ditzen's father was a retired justice of the Supreme Court, and his son must have been a continuing source of embarrassment. When he began to make good on his ambition of becoming a writer—the publisher Ernst Rowohlt printed his first novel, *Young Goedeschal*, in 1920—his father was unnerved by its autobiographical story and suggested he use a pseudonym. Rudolf chose Hans Fallada, both names associated with the Grimm brothers. In their story "Hans in Luck," the title character is a simple fellow who convinces himself he's lucky even when he's swindled again and again. In "The Goose Girl," a horse named Falada (one "l") bears witness to the treachery of a maid who usurped the identity of the princess she served. Frightened that the horse may reveal all, the maid orders it beheaded—but the truth ultimately comes out when the horse's head is nailed on a city gate and starts to talk.

Hans Fallada, ca. 1932

In his more mature novels, Fallada infuses his characters and plots with many of the same themes: naïveté and the search for identity and truth, despite the brutality of the world that his characters inhabit. *Little Man, What Now?*—his 1932 novel that has been reissued in paperback—was a huge bestseller in Germany, and an international hit translated into more than 20 languages. It was made into separate films in Germany and the United States. It tells the story of a young couple whose struggle to survive and start a family plays out against the backdrop of the Depression. Johannes Pinneberg loses one job and then another after marrying his pregnant girlfriend Lämmchen (the diminutive for "lamb" in German). Pinneberg believes that he will be able to provide for his small family even when everything looks relentlessly grim. But it's Lämmchen who is the anchor of the book: She is determined, tender, and willing to put up with all hardships.

Fallada's literary style is often held up as an example of Neue Sachlichkeit, the movement for more literal, realistic representation in the arts. The *Manchester Guardian* ascribed the success of *Little Man, What Now?* to its "unsentimental realism," and much of its appeal is, indeed, its unsparing description of the life of two individuals caught up in an economic crisis they can hardly understand. At one point a policeman singles out the shabbily dressed Pinneberg in a crowd of window shoppers, ordering him to move on. The unemployed ex-salesman suddenly understands "that he was on the outside now, that he didn't belong here any more, and that it was perfectly correct to chase him away. . . . Poverty is not just misery, poverty is an offence, poverty is a stain, poverty is suspect."

But realism isn't enough to explain why the novel captured the popular imagination of readers around the world. Nor is the sympathetic portrayal of Lämmchen. The narrator saves the couple by departing from harsh realism when it suits his purpose: Thus, Fallada makes sure that whenever it looks like the couple will sink too far, a near-miraculous intervention keeps them afloat. For all the talk of realism, the narrator is susceptible to sentimentalism, which adds to the book's appeal. There is always hope, the narrator is saying: The *Guardian* didn't have it completely right.

The narrator also sets the political context. Lämmchen comes from a working-class family and her "heart was with the Communists." But the couple isn't much concerned with politics; they simply want a roof over

their heads and enough to eat. Fallada dismissively mentions a coworker of Johannes who is a Nazi, and injects the occasional rumination about social injustice.

> How could one really laugh in a world where captains of industry are allowed to line their own pockets and make hundreds of mistakes, whereas the little people who had always done their best were humiliated and squashed?

Major literary figures such as Hermann Hesse, Carl Zuckmayer, and Lion Feuchtwanger, all of whom would become anti-Nazi voices outside of Germany, were enthusiastic about Fallada's bestseller. The Nazis were put off by its negative portrayal of the party activist and by Fallada's empathy for Jews, but they also applauded its harsh spotlight on life in Weimar Germany.

Like Pinneberg, Hans Fallada wanted to live his life and largely ignore the political battles swirling around him. The enormous success of *Little Man, What Now?* provided him with enough money to leave Berlin and purchase a small farm in the village of Carwitz, 50 miles north of the capital. He lived there with his wife Anna, who—like Lämmchen, the character modeled after her—came from a working-class background and exuded a common-sense approach to life that offered him more stability than he ever had. Martha Dodd, the daughter of William Dodd, the American ambassador in Berlin during 1933-37, was curious to meet Fallada and paid him a visit.

> He was a stockily built man with blondish hair and charming, genial features; his wife plump, blonde, serene, with a peasant face. They had two children, a young, bright-faced boy of four and an infant in arms. Their life seemed to be built around their family and their farm. He was isolated from life and happy in his isolation.

Dodd was in the process of becoming a fervent anti-fascist, a path that would lead to close contacts with Soviet diplomats and charges that she spied for the Kremlin. (In 1953 she fled the United States and spent most of the rest of her life in Prague.) She was naturally scornful of a prominent writer like Fallada for his decision to disengage as much as possible from the political scene: "I got the impression that he was not and could not be a Nazi—what artist is?" she noted. "This withdrawal from life was Hans Fallada's tragic solution to the problems that might have been troubling his peace. It was a temptation to which he had completely succumbed. And the impression of defeatism he gave us was saddening."

Yet Fallada wasn't so much withdrawing from life as frantically trying to keep writing, always conscious that the Nazis could silence him at any time. While his social criticism and sympathetic characters were tolerated because they were situated in an earlier era, the *Völkischer Beobachter* complained that "he was never one of us." At times, Fallada went to some lengths to ingratiate himself with Germany's rulers: In the foreword to his novel *Once a Jailbird* (1934), he appeared to endorse the changes in the justice system under the Nazis, and he wrote a final section of *Iron Gustav* (1938) at Joseph Goebbels's insistence, transforming the main character into a Nazi sympathizer.

While defending such actions, he was clearly not proud of them, and considered emigrating on more than one occasion. He almost took up an offer from his British publisher to emigrate in late 1938, but reconsidered. He couldn't imagine living in exile, but was also finding it increasingly difficult to continue his life in Germany, even in the relative isolation of Carwitz. His drinking was out of control. He and Anna divorced in July 1944, and on August 28, he pulled a gun on her. In the ensuing scuffle Anna took his gun and hit him over the head. According to a court document, he had drunk a dozen bottles of wine in the two days leading up to this incident, and as a result was confined to a psychiatric hospital for three-and-a-half months.

It was there that Fallada wrote *The Drinker*. He had always written with near-manic speed, as if he couldn't get the words out fast enough, and the notations in his manuscript indicate that he wrote this novel in two weeks. Writing in the first person and making no attempt to disguise the parallels to his life, he launches right into his descent into alcoholism. Starting with the opening line—"Of course I have not always been a drunkard"—he quickly adds, "But then the time came when things began to go wrong with me." The opening paragraph also includes this revealing sentence: "Worst of all, the feeling gradually grew on me that even my wife was turning away from me." This is typical Fallada, plunging right into his stories, sweeping the reader into their tumultuous flow from the very beginning.

Erwin Sommer is the main character, a merchant whose drinking leads to the loss of everything: his job, money, wife. Like the author, Sommer threatens to kill his wife after consuming vast amounts of alcohol, an incident that hardly registers with him till he is incarcerated. But unlike Fallada, Sommer is too far gone to convince anyone he can be freed. Here Fallada tells a story of self-destruction, viewed through the booze-soaked mind of Sommer. He can see what's happening, and is powerless to do anything about it. As Sommer is led from prison to the mental institution where he will spend the rest of his days, he passes a sign for his old store: "Erwin Sommer: Market Produce, Wholesale and Retail."

> And led along by a little chain, a suitcase in his free hand, this same Erwin Sommer went by, living yet dead for all that; traces of his life still remained—for how much longer?

It's as searing a portrayal of an alcoholic as exists in modern literature. Of course, the book could have been set anywhere, since Sommer is in a private hell that doesn't offer or need any references to war or Nazis. But there's a natural tendency to interpret his portrayal of the brutal world of the asylum as a commentary on his larger surroundings, where so many were led away, feeling similarly powerless.

The Drinker had no chance of publication under the Nazis, and would only be published in West Germany in 1950, three years after Fallada's death. Emerging from the asylum, Fallada

took up with Ursula Losch, a 24-year-old widow who shared his weaknesses for alcohol and morphine. They married in Berlin in February 1945 and a bombing raid broke up their party afterwards. The couple quickly fled the capital, returning to her country cottage. When the war ended, Soviet authorities briefly appointed Fallada mayor of the district around Carwitz, but he wasn't capable of dealing with the chaos of the early occupation. He once again sought refuge in morphine, and Ursula tried to kill herself. After they were both hospitalized they returned to Berlin, where Fallada would meet Johannes Becher and become acquainted with the Gestapo file of Otto and Elise Hampel.

Politics is front and center in *Every Man Dies Alone*. Written right after the war, it is set in Berlin and populated by a lengthy and varied cast of characters who demonstrate the full range of human behavior during the terror of Nazi wartime rule: everything from sadistic brutality and desperate opportunism to glimmers of compassion and defiant courage. While Fallada breathes life into all of his characters, he is especially fascinated with those who opt for resistance, knowing the likely outcome.

Douglass Montgomery, Margaret Sullavan in 'Little Man, What Now?' (1934)

At the center are Otto and Anna Quangel, who receive news of the death of their son in the invasion of France. Otto is a dour foreman in a furniture factory, a stickler for enforcing the rules, and usually so silent that most people barely notice him. Anna has learned to live with his apparent lack of emotion, and keeps her feelings in check as well. But when the letter arrives explaining that their son has died "a hero's death for Führer and Fatherland," she lashes out at Otto: "Lies, all a pack of lies! But that's what you get from your wretched war, you and that Führer of yours!"

Otto is stunned by this first outburst in their long marriage. He protests that he voted for Hitler only once, as she did, and can't fathom what has happened. Taking on the painful task of informing his son's girlfriend Trudel, he's confronted by another surprise: When he admits his feeling of helplessness, the young woman confides that she's joined a secret resistance cell in her factory. Even if they are vastly outnumbered by the Nazis and their followers, she explains, "the main thing is that we remain different from them, that we never allow ourselves to be made into them, or start thinking as they do." And she quotes one of the organizers of the cell:

> He said we are like good seeds in a field of weeds. If it wasn't for the good seeds, the whole field would be nothing but weeds. And the good seeds can spread their influence.

Otto ponders that message and begins writing antiregime postcards. "Mother! The Führer has murdered my son," reads the first one. Dropping more and more postcards around the city, he triggers a devastating chain of events. As in the case of the Hampels, the frightened people who pick them up rush to hand them to the authorities. During the search for the author, and after the Quangels are finally caught, the collateral victims keep multiplying. Among those victims are not only Trudel and her new husband, both of whom had flirted with resistance and sought to escape to a quiet life outside the city, but also others, such as a petty thief who couldn't be further from a political dissident. Fallada conveys the all-pervasive atmosphere of terror where anyone can suddenly be found guilty, no matter how docile they've been, and no one can escape the possibility of torture, confession, and death. Not even the torturers and murderers themselves.

Those who have been raised in a free society, and ask why people didn't rise up against such a system, are likely to pose a different question after reading *Every Man Dies Alone*: How did anyone have the strength to resist and maintain any shred of human decency? And yet Fallada's universe contains many who act decently, at least on occasion, even if they move among the murderers, criminals, and schemers, all trying to survive at any cost. There is a retired judge who tries to save a Jewish neighbor and then seeks to ease Otto and Anna's suffering when they are caught by slipping them cyanide—which neither takes in the end. There's the mail carrier who resigns from the Nazi party and seeks refuge in the countryside when she learns that her son has smashed the skull of a Polish Jewish child. There's a prison chaplain who does everything possible to lessen the suffering all around him by acting as a friend to the condemned. There's even an SS guard who takes pity on Anna and Trudel by allowing them to remove the corpse of a cellmate, who had been left to rot in their cell, to a morgue.

Fallada cannot get away from the central question: Is it worth resisting if the price is so much suffering and death—not just for resisters, but

for anyone remotely associated with them? When the Gestapo inspector Escherich finally tracks down Otto after two years of a frantic search, he wants his prisoner to acknowledge the futility of his actions. Escherich informs him that the authorities had collected all but 18 of the 285 postcards and letters he had written. By then, Otto has also learned about the others who were going to their deaths because of his and Anna's singular protest campaign.

'Two million unemployed, 1.2 billion for princes,' Berlin, 1930

Otto surprises his captor by his response to the news about the fate of his postcards and letters: "Eighteen items: that's the sum total of my work of two years, my hope. My life for those eighteen pieces of paper. Well, at least they were as many as that!" Escherich refuses to concede that much, claiming that the 18 postcards were destroyed by people too afraid to turn them in: "You must have known you had no chance!" he persists. "It's a gnat against an elephant. I don't understand it, a sensible man like you!"

Otto maintains that he had to fight, and "given the chance I would do it again." But he, too, wavers as the guillotine approaches. Speaking to a musician who is also facing death for opposition to the regime, Otto asks what good their resistance has done. This produces Fallada's real answer to the question, as spelled out by the musician:

> As it was, we all acted alone, we were caught alone, and every one of us will have to die alone. But that doesn't mean we *are* alone, Quangel, or that our deaths will be in vain. Nothing in this world is done in vain, and since we are fighting for justice against brutality, we are bound to prevail in the end.

Fallada also injects one major surprise: Escherich, the Gestapo inspector, is won over by Otto's argument that it's better to die fighting an evil system than to live serving it. Imprisoned briefly and beaten when he appeared to have bungled the case, Escherich has a sudden glimpse of what it was like to be on the receiving end of his organization's methods. He can't admit this to Otto, but is disgusted by his handling of "the only decent man here." Calling himself too cowardly to follow Otto's example, but "the only man Otto Quangel converted," Escherich shoots himself.

The chances that a real Gestapo inspector would have come to such a conclusion are probably about zero. Yet Fallada develops Escherich's story in a way that doesn't feel implausible—no more so, that is, than the change of heart of the Stasi agent monitoring the conversations of the main character, an East German playwright suspected of dissident leanings in 1984, in *The Lives of Others* (2006). But strange things can happen in the closed worlds of dictatorships, and even if both conversions—in Fallada's novel and in director Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck's Oscar-winner for best foreign film—are no more than dramatic devices, they are remarkably effective dramatic devices.

The historian Golo Mann was unequivocal in his praise for the German resistance. "In the darkness it was a shining light," he wrote. But there were various kinds of German resisters, and they went to their deaths in different ways. Colonel Claus von Stauffenberg, the leader of the military plot against Hitler whose bomb failed to kill the Führer on July 20, 1944, met his end crying out: "Long live holy Germany." Stauffenberg was an aristocrat who could still cling to that vision. Fallada's vision is of a Germany that is too corrupt, compromised, and terrorized to lend itself to romanticism. Yet the author of *Every Man Dies Alone* doesn't give up on his fellow man. His last chapter focuses on two characters who survive the wreckage of Hitler's Germany: The mail carrier who had resigned from the Nazi party, and a young boy she adopts who had fled his family of party opportunists. Fallada writes the first sentence in a different, more personal voice, leaving no doubt about his intentions:

> But we don't want to end this book with death, dedicated as it is to life, invincible life, life always triumphing over humiliation and tears, over misery and death.

When the boy proclaims "I'm starting afresh," Fallada is declaring his hope for the birth of a new Germany. Only a writer whose trajectory included drugs and alcohol, petty crime and multiple incarcerations, and who made more compromises than he cared to admit with the Nazis he despised, could have written such words with full conviction, and make them feel convincing. And this ringing affirmation of life would be his last words before his death. ♦

HULTON ARCHIVE / GETTY IMAGES

B&A

Mazursky's Time

Making movies that meant something.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

One of the biggest box-office hits of 1969 featured a 10-minute scene with a husband and wife getting ready for bed during which a hilarious argument slowly builds and then erupts about six minutes in. Such a patient and leisurely sequence would be unimaginable in a Hollywood movie today; it would be almost unimaginable in any independent movie today. And yet the film in question made what would be, in today's dollars, $180 million inside the United States—a hit on the level of *Thor*, especially considering that it cost less than $13 million to make in today's dollars.

It was called *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, and it was the first film directed by Paul Mazursky, who went on to make seven genuinely memorable movies in a fascinating 35-year career that offers some rueful lessons about the changing nature of the American film. That career is the subject of *Paul on Mazursky* (Wesleyan, 348 pp., $35), a delightful book of conversations between the film writer Sam Wasson and the garrulous octogenarian, himself the author of an engaging if insubstantial Hollywood memoir called *Show Me the Magic*.

A comedy about two couples that climaxes in a failed wife-swapping orgy, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* was the *Sex and the City* of its day: an intentionally provocative look at the chaos caused by accelerating social change that, in the end, returns to the comforting illusion voiced in the Burt Bacharach/Hal David theme song: "What the world needs now is love, sweet love."

But if that were all *Bob & Carol* had been, the movie would be a snigger-

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ing and dated mess, and a cop-out. It's anything but. Throughout his career, in good films and bad, Mazursky strikes a tone that is entirely unique to his work: He combines satire with affection, cold-eyed social observation with a kind-hearted understanding that people are usually just bumbling along trying to do their best, and often failing.

Here is what he has to say about the 10-minute bedroom scene between Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon:

> That kind of length gives you a series of behavioral moments that build on each other, and that's what makes it funnier. . . . It's that you're seeing real life. You're seeing a couple in real time. She's taking her makeup off and putting her creams on. He's doing his jogging. It's building. If the scene began with the beginning of their argument, it wouldn't be as funny.

Wasson adds, "Movies today are about precision, but real life is a mess."

In 1973, Mazursky made what is probably his best and most original film, *Blume in Love*—Wasson calls it a "manic-depressive screwball comedy"—in which a successful lawyer has a fling that loses him his wife. He becomes obsessed with getting her back, going so far as to befriend her new hippie boyfriend. The movie lopes through early-1970s Los Angeles until it hits its red-hot center—a scene in which Blume attacks his wife sexually. The sequence is both entirely believable and utterly unimaginable today, especially considering the fact that one of the biggest Hollywood stars at the time, George Segal, plays Blume.

"He rapes her," Mazursky says, "but she wants it and she doesn't want it. What I'm saying is that it's complicated. Real life is complicated." They end up back together, but his wife Nina is on to him: "You're not my boss, Blume," she says, as they embrace in the Piazza San Marco in Venice.

The Mazursky career went on to encompass a gorgeous movie about old age, *Harry and Tonto*; a glowing fictionalized memoir of his own experiences as a young actor in 1950s New York called *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*; an overlong but resonant portrait of divorce in *An Unmarried Woman*; a wonderful midlife-crisis mashup of Shakespeare, *Tempest*; and the heartfelt melting-pot celebration, *Moscow on the Hudson*. There were missteps along the way, but usually because Mazursky was, in the Woody Allen manner, emulating other directors (Fellini in *Alex in Wonderland* from 1970, Truffaut in *Willie and Phil* from 1980) rather than speaking in his own expansive, messy, and unusual voice.

In 1989, he made the most unusual movie of his career, *Enemies: A Love Story*, an enigmatic black comedy about Holocaust survivors based on a lesser Isaac Bashevis Singer novel. It was acclaimed and Oscar-nominated—but his next, *Scenes from a Mall*, was a misstep, and marked the effective end of his career as a major figure in Hollywood.

The only contemporary moviemaker who evokes Mazursky is the writer and director Judd Apatow, who similarly graduated from outlandish comedies (*The Monkees* TV show was a Mazursky creation, while Apatow worked on Will Ferrell vehicles) to large-hearted and leisurely attempts to portray the way we live now. But Mazursky's movies are far more ambitious and socially precise than Apatow's. Indeed, they rely on their observational exactitude to create the conditions for the humor and pathos he could summon up peerlessly.

More telling is the fact that studio executives wanted to work with Mazursky not only because he was able to make money but because he made the kinds of movies they were proud to associate themselves with—movies that, by their very existence, suggested the medium was something valuable in and of itself. No one in Hollywood even pretends to believe anything remotely like that now. ♦

"A wild brawl broke out between Georgetown and a Chinese men's basketball team Thursday night, putting an immediate end to a supposed goodwill game that coincided with U.S. Vice President Joe Biden's visit to the country." —Associated Press, August 18, 2011

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AUGUST 22, 2011 *ONE DOLLAR CHEAP*

Basketball Brawl in Beijing Raises Goodwill Tour Doubts

U.S. Water Polo Team Still Scheduled to Play Pyongyang

By EDWARD WONG

BEIJING — The hope was that a friendly basketball game between a United States college team and a Chinese professional team would engender goodwill between the people of both nations. But following the fight that erupted between the Georgetown Hoyas and the Bayi Military Rockets last week, some on the right are beginning to question the value and effectiveness of such goodwill tours.

"I find it very disconcerting that American players were basically assaulted during this basketball game that was meant to bring two sides together," said GOP presidential hopeful Mitt Romney. "It makes you wonder if there's even a point to this anymore." Minnesota congresswoman Michele Bachmann, however, was a bit more direct: "This was outrageous behavior on the part of the Chinese. Not that we should be surprised that Chinese Communist Army goons would act this way." Said Texas governor Rick Perry, "It's like their brains are a little stir-fried."

Official responses, however, remained muted. The Beijing government has given no statement, while White House press secretary Jay Carney was at pains to remain diplomatic: "This was an unfortunate incident but one shouldn't dismiss the notion of goodwill tours altogether—our Olympic water polo team is still scheduled to play Pyongyang, and the soccer team is still planning to take on Tehran—provided the stadium isn't being used for a public execution."

UCLA equestrian captain Kristi Robert, right, works in a last-minute session with a local martial-arts coach before flying to Shanghai for a goodwill event.

Even Georgetown University president John DeGioia remained reserved. "This shouldn't have happened, but from time to time, it does, whether it be in China or in Syracuse," said the president. "The important thing is that we move beyond this incident and focus on the positive developments, the friendships made, and Chinese investment in an on-campus basketball arena."

Vice President Biden, who originally spearheaded the goodwill tour to China, was also diplomatic. "Both sides got carried away," said the vice president. "And it's times like these that I like to say, 'the love you take is equal to the love you

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Obama Shortens Trip to Martha's Vineyard

President to Meet Struggling Americans in Nantucket