the weekly Standard

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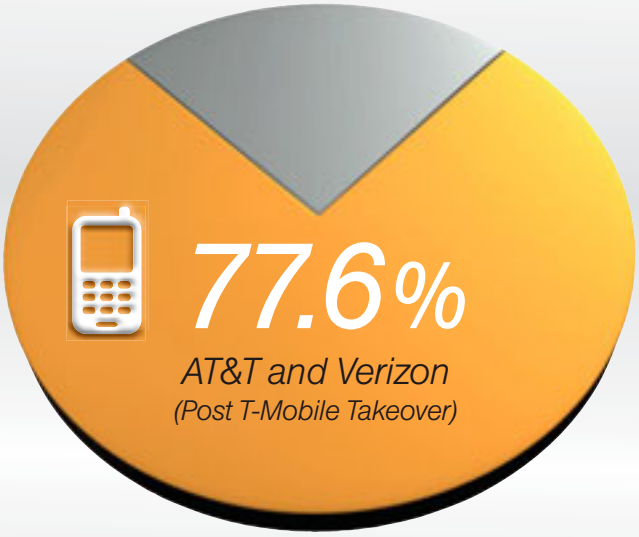
DICK CHENEY SPEAKS
STEPHEN F. HAYES

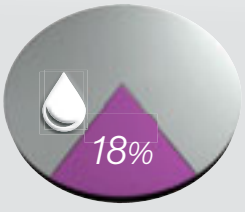
How They're Commemorating 9/11 on Campus

CHARLOTTE ALLEN

Two companies controlling this much wireless industry revenue creates a one-sided conversation.

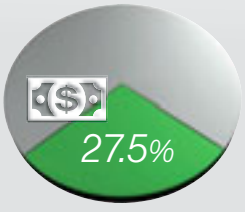


Wireless

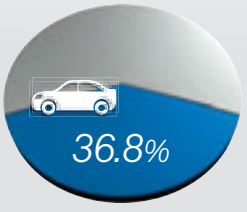


Oil

Airline



Banking



Auto

AT&T's proposed takeover of T-Mobile would result in two companies controlling more than 77% of wireless industry revenues. In other major industries, the two top firms control much less.

Two wireless industry giants would marginalize the ability of other providers to keep prices competitive for consumers and influence the pace of wireless industry innovation.

This is a bad idea for consumers, competition and our country.

Wireless industry source: Individual company annual financial reports for 2010.
Oil source: www.alacra.com/acm/2042_sample.pdf, page 22. Note: data includes oil refining and gas.
Airline source: DOT, form 41, Schedule P-1.2.
Banking source: DATAMONITOR'S "Banks in the United States" and www2.fdic.gov/sdi/main.asp.
Auto source: SEC 10-K filings, (includes cars and trucks and may include other revenue streams).
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COVER BY THOMAS FLUHARTY

Green Jobs in the Red

It was a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad week for green jobs. Solyndra, a solar panel manufacturing company much ballyhooed by the Obama administration, declared bankruptcy. The company had received $535 million in September 2009 from a Department of Energy grant program funded by the stimulus. Supposedly, the grant would create 4,000 jobs—at a bargain basement cost to taxpayers of $133,750 per job.

At the time the grant was issued, Joe Biden proclaimed that the investment in Solyndra is "exactly what the Recovery Act is all about." In hindsight, The Scrapbook agrees with the vice president wholeheartedly.

As if the White House didn't have enough rhetorical egg on its face, Obama himself gave a speech at Solyndra in 2010 in which he declared, "You're demonstrating that the promise of clean energy isn't just an article of faith. . . . It's happening right now. The future is here."

The truth is that "green jobs" is a 21st-century euphemism for a more familiar term—crony capitalism. It's probably not surprising to learn that one of Solyndra's key investors, Tulsa billionaire George Kaiser, was an Obama campaign "bundler" raising between $50,000 and $100,000 for the president's 2008 race; Kaiser himself, along with Solyndra executives and board members, donated another $87,050.

Not surprisingly, that kind of campaign cash will get you preferential treatment. House Energy Committee chairman Fred Upton, a Michigan Republican, recently sent a letter to the White House that read, "We have learned from our investigation that White House officials monitored Solyndra's application and communicated with [Energy] and Office of Management and Budget officials during the course of their review." Upton is promising to investigate the question of improper influence thoroughly.

The Center for Public Integrity's iWatch News and ABC News have further discovered that Energy Department officials announced support for Solyndra even before final marketing and legal reviews on the grant were completed—a move that raised the eyebrows of a Government Accountability Office analyst.

Obama at Solyndra in 2010

Nonetheless, the Department of Energy is unchastened. "The project that we supported succeeded," DOE spokesman Damien LaVera said Wednesday. This led the *Washington Examiner* to ask the relevant question: "So a bankrupt firm lays off all of its workers after blowing through half a billion in private venture capital, then consuming half-a-billion in taxpayer-subsidized loans, and this is a 'success?' What would failure look like?"

Of course, there were already reams of evidence that "green jobs" programs were destined to fail. After the president praised Spain no less than eight times as a model for a green jobs economy, Bloomberg reported on a Spanish university study that concluded "subsidizing renewable energy in the U.S. may destroy two jobs for every one created if Spain's experience with windmills and solar farms is any guide." FOIA emails showed the DOE and EPA coordinating with wind industry lobbyists and liberal think tanks to try to put a positive spin on the story.

Alas, even the White House's favorite media organ is not buying the green jobs hype any more. Last month, the *New York Times* ran a story announcing that the "Number of Green Jobs Fails to Live Up to Promises." Although it recited a litany of failed jobs programs, the article actually understated the problem. "A study released in July by the non-partisan Brookings Institution found clean-technology jobs accounted for just 2 percent of employment nationwide," observed the *Times*.

Time magazine delved a little more deeply into the Brookings study and found that "more than 90 percent of the clean economy by Brookings and Battelle's accounting lie in older segments that provide basic services—mass transit—or fight long-existing environmental problems like polluted air and water." The most common "green job," employing 400,000 workers, is waste management and treatment.

In other words, those guys who have the thankless task of hauling your garbage away every week are now holding down dynamic, politically exciting green jobs. ♦

Ozzie and Harriet Live!

The Scrapbook has a weakness for perennial newspaper stories—the old Willkie voter horrified by today's Republican party, a onetime professional athlete now down on his luck—and the *Washington Post* carried one of our favorites last week: "Minorities are now the majority in D.C. region." This was on the front page, of course.

The Scrapbook isn't arguing with the Census, but this is a national trend that ceased being news during the Johnson administration. The "white" population of the United States is aging and moving beyond

NEWSCOM

the childbearing years, and the bulk of our immigration in recent times has been from Latin America and Asia. It would be newsworthy if "minorities" had not become the majority in many urban centers, such as the Washington, D.C., region.

But the reason this is a perennial story in the *Post*—which is the same reason news organizations search relentlessly for Reagan voters who dislike the current crop of Republican candidates—is that it conforms to a certain stereotypical vision of American society. That is to say, back in the godawful fifties, America was populated exclusively by Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, their two sons, and the Cleaver family; but beginning in the swinging sixties this white-bread vision of an idealized United States—picket fences, hoop skirts, twin beds, and Ike—began to be supplanted by an influx of Others who frightened and enraged the Nelsons and Cleavers and, in due course, outnumbered them.

The trouble with this vision—which, of course, expresses not so much delight about "minorities" as contempt for Ozzie and Harriet—is that it's based on the solid left-wing doctrine that race is destiny. No "minority" would wish to buy into the so-called American Dream of, say, higher education, marriage, church membership, or home ownership in the suburbs. Once "minorities" were a majority in America, the Cleavers and their unbearable standards would be sent into permanent exile.

Except that it hasn't happened that way. It is true that, as a matter of demographics, what the Census defines as "white" people are increasingly outnumbered in America's large metropolitan centers, for what it's worth. But it is equally true that "nonwhite" people—Latinos, African Americans, Asians—are just as interested in pursuing the American Dream as people who arrived here at other times in our history. Which means that the fact that "majorities are now the minority" anywhere in America is, for all practical purposes, meaningless.

Indeed, the next time you drive through a residential neighborhood, gawking at the Cleavers and Nelsons in their habitat, you are likely to find that they are named Rodriguez or Washington or Kim and doing their best to emulate Ozzie and Harriet. ♦

Dissing Boehner

The Scrapbook wasn't shocked last week to read this sort of left-wing hand-wringing over the Republican House's supposed "disrespect" toward Obama (because it refused to accede to the president's demand that he choose when to give a speech to Congress):

> [T]he relentless acrimony between President Obama and Congressional Republicans also seems strikingly personal, almost petty. . . . The relationship was foreshadowed in 2009 when Representative Joe Wilson, a South Carolina Republican, yelled "You lie!" during a presidential address to Congress—a remarkably rare outburst on the House floor. Since then, Congressional Republicans have turned down requests for White House meetings, refused to return the president's call and walked out of budget talks.
>
> Then, on Wednesday, Speaker John A. Boehner became what historians say was the first ever to tell a sitting president that no, he could not deliver an address to a joint session of Congress on the date of his choice. On Thursday, Representative Joe Walsh said in a Twitter message that he would fly home to Illinois rather than serve as "a prop of another one of the president's speeches."

It seems they simply do not like the man.

But we were a bit surprised to look up from this choice specimen of special pleading and realize we weren't reading the *Nation* but rather the *New York Times*, which went on to suggest that "there is the persistent and deeply uncomfortable question of race" raised by House Republicans' opposition to Obama. Well, maybe that question persists on Eighth Avenue. The real story, of course, was that the White House had high-handedly announced its preferred time for the speech, which just happened to conflict with a long-planned GOP presidential candidates' debate at the Reagan library.

This sort of "reporting" has shown up with increasing frequency in the *Times*, which of late seems to be reinventing itself as a niche publication for Manhattan liberals.

Compare and contrast with how the *Washington Post*—no slouch when it comes to carrying water for the Obama White House—covered the same jobs-speech faceoff. Reporter David Nakamura noted correctly that the initial White House spin was that the Wednesday date for the speech had been "carefully selected," with press secretary Jay Carney implying that Boehner's request to move the speech to Thursday was about petty politics. In fact, the *Post* continued,

> Behind the scenes, the White House was not as dismissively removed from the whole affair as Carney claimed it was. Administration officials, speaking on the condition of anonymity, spread the word that White House Chief of Staff William Daley had called Boehner and run the details by him before Obama sent the letter. . . . Boehner's office has said the speaker never cleared a precise time with the White House. Prominent Obama supporter, Democratic strategist James Carville, said Thursday on ABC's "Good Morning America" that the White House's attempt to step on the [GOP presidential] debate had been wrong and "out of bounds."

Would that the *Times*'s Washington correspondents attempted such straight reporting. ♦

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September 11, 2001

Mike was from Ohio and rowed crew. Andrew was from China and spoke little English. Jeremy, from Long Island, arrived on campus with a pet snake. Jacob was interested in architecture. Amy had cheerful eyes and long black hair.

There were close to 50 of them, all told: first-year students at Columbia who moved into the thirteenth floor of John Jay Hall in the late summer of 2001. I was a junior and the floor's resident adviser. I was supposed to answer questions students might have, resolve conflicts between them (good luck), arrange study breaks where we'd eat pizza, and generally ease their passage into college life. Or at least that's what I assumed. I had no idea what was coming.

None of us did, of course, and it's hard not to look back wistfully on those first days of September, with their perfect clear blue skies. When the kids on John Jay 13 began their sojourn in New York City, the most frightening things in the news were tales of shark attacks. New York had been safe for years. Even the politics of the day seem harmless in retrospect: I remember pinning a Charles Krauthammer column on the Social Security "lockbox" to the bulletin board outside my door. Now I think, how quaint.

For me, that terrible morning began with a phone call. A friend suggested I cancel an interview downtown. Why? Put on the news. A plane had crashed into the World Trade Center.

I turned on my small television, thinking that this had happened before, in 1945, when a B-25 had flown mistakenly into the Empire State Building.

Except nothing like this *had* happened before. I was still watching the screen when the second tower exploded in flame. This was neither an accident nor a stunt. It was real, and it was taking place a few miles from where I stood, and there were a bunch of teenagers around me who in a few short minutes were going to be confused and frightened. My window faced north, toward the Bronx, but many of the rooms on our floor looked south. There would be no escaping the view.

DAVID GOTHARD

I propped my door open so that students could reach me easily. I walked to the end of the hall on the west side of the building, where a window opened on downtown, and saw with my own eyes the smoke billowing from the wounds in the distant towers. It was there that I watched, within the hour, as the snake-like clouds of ash seemed to wrap themselves around the two buildings and pull them to the earth. One couldn't help feeling small and powerless—as though world history were suddenly an enormous wave swallowing one whole.

Behind me, the first tears were being shed. The phone lines were out, and few students had cell phones. The university shut down. Manhattan shut down. On Fox, Brit Hume was reporting that terrorists had struck the Pentagon, that bombs had gone off on the Mall and at the State Department, that another plane was headed for the White House.

Time seemed to dilate: The hours dragged on as we shuffled purposelessly around the dorm, not sure what to do, not sure where we were headed. Every so often the drone of an F-15 filled the air. I returned to the window at the end of the hall and stared at the pillar of smoke where the World Trade Center once stood.

In the evening, everyone who lived in John Jay gathered in a lounge to hear from university administrators. Afterward, some of my residents and I went to dinner at Ollie's Noodle Shop on Broadway. The city beyond the gates was quiet. Stunned. Somehow, though, steamed dumplings and General Tso's chicken made things a little more normal. We talked about what might happen next.

Late at night, after the president addressed the nation, the first-years headed back to their rooms. They would never know what it felt like to attend college in a pre-9/11 world. Before getting ready for bed I heard that threats had been made against the George Washington Bridge and the Empire State Building. I went to the hall window and looked at the outline of my favorite skyscraper for what I thought might be the last time. There were sirens in the distance. I went back to my room, flipped off the TV, and finally went to sleep.

Or did I? There are times it feels as if that day never ended.

MATTHEW CONTINETTI

the weekly Standard

The 9/11 Generation

As we approach the tenth anniversary of 9/11, we're pleased to let two men of distinction speak for us. Here's the president of the United States at the American Legion convention in Minneapolis last week:

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"Next weekend, we'll mark the 10th anniversary of those awful attacks on our nation. In the days ahead, we will honor the lives we lost and the families that loved them; the first responders who rushed to save others; and we will honor all those who have served to keep us safe these 10 difficult years, especially the men and women of our armed forces.

Today, as we near this solemn anniversary, it's fitting that we salute the extraordinary decade of service rendered by the 9/11 Generation—the more than 5 million Americans who've worn the uniform over the past 10 years. They were there, on duty, that September morning, having enlisted in a time of peace, but they instantly transitioned to a war footing. They're the millions of recruits who have stepped forward since, seeing their nation at war and saying, 'Send me.' They're every single soldier, sailor, airman, Marine, and Coast Guardsman serving today, who has volunteered to serve in a time of war, knowing that they could be sent into harm's way.

They come from every corner of our country, big cities, small towns. They come from every background and every creed. They're sons and daughters who carry on the family's tradition of service, and they're new immigrants who've become our newest citizens. They're our National Guardsmen and Reservists who've served in unprecedented deployments. They're the record number

of women in our military, proving themselves in combat like never before. And every day for the past 10 years, these men and women have succeeded together—as one American team.

They're a generation of innovators, and they've changed the way America fights and wins at wars. Raised in the age of the Internet, they've harnessed new technologies on the battlefield. They've learned the cultures and traditions and languages of the places where they served. Trained to fight, they've also taken on the role of diplomats and mayors and development experts, negotiating with tribal sheikhs, working with village shuras, partnering with communities. Young captains, sergeants, lieutenants—they've assumed responsibilities once reserved for more senior commanders, and reminding us that in an era when so many other institutions have shirked their obligations, the men and women of the United States military welcome responsibility.

In a decade of war, they've borne an extraordinary burden, with more than 2 million of our service members deploying to the war zones. Hundreds of thousands have deployed again and again, year after year. Never before has our nation asked so much of our all-volunteer force—that one percent of Americans who wear the uniform.

We see the scope of their sacrifice in the tens of thousands who now carry the scars of war, both seen and unseen—our remarkable wounded warriors. We see it in our extraordinary military families who serve here at home—the military spouses who hold their families together; the millions of military children, many of whom have lived most of their young lives with our nation at war and mom or dad deployed.

They gave their all, their last full measure of devotion, in Kandahar, in the Korengal, in Helmand, in the battles for Baghdad and Fallujah and Ramadi.

Most profoundly, we see the wages of war in those patriots who never came home. They gave their all, their last full measure of devotion, in Kandahar, in the Korengal, in Helmand, in the battles for Baghdad and Fallujah and Ramadi. Now they lie at rest in quiet corners of America, but they live on in the families who loved them and in a nation that is safer because of their service. And today we pay humble tribute to the more than 6,200 Americans in

uniform who have given their lives in this hard decade of war. We honor them all. We are grateful for them.

Through their service, through their sacrifice, through their astonishing record of achievement, our forces have earned their place among the greatest of generations. Toppling the Taliban in just weeks. Driving al Qaeda from the training camps where they plotted 9/11. Giving the Afghan people the opportunity to live free from terror. When the decision was made to go into Iraq, our troops raced across deserts and removed a dictator in less than a month. When insurgents, militias, and terrorists plunged Iraq into chaos, our troops adapted, they endured ferocious urban combat, they reduced the violence and gave Iraqis a chance to forge their own future.

When a resurgent Taliban threatened to give al Qaeda more space to plot against us, the additional forces I ordered to Afghanistan went on the offensive—taking the fight to the Taliban and pushing them out of their safe havens, allowing Afghans to reclaim their communities and training Afghan forces. And a few months ago, our troops achieved our greatest victory yet in the fight against those who attacked us on 9/11—delivering justice to Osama bin Laden in one of the greatest intelligence and military operations in American history.

Credit for these successes, credit for this progress, belongs to all who have worn the uniform in these wars. . . . I would ask all those who served this past decade—the members of the 9/11 Generation—to stand and accept the thanks of a grateful nation."

A U.S Marine returns fire in Eastern Afghanistan, December 2010.

And here is General David Petraeus at his retirement ceremony the next day:

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"I have been privileged to serve in the arena together with America's finest, its men and women in uniform, as well as with its finest diplomats and civilian officials and innumerable coalition partners. . . . All of them have been magnificent, and the members of our young generation in uniform in particular have earned the description Tom Brokaw gave to them. After a great day with us in Iraq in 2003, he shouted to me over the noise of a helicopter before heading back to Baghdad: 'Surely, General, this is America's new greatest generation.' I agreed with him then, and I agree with him now. . . .

A U.S. Army operation north of Baghdad, August 2011

When the great Sergeant Major Hill and I visited units this past Fourth of July in Afghanistan, a commander stopped and asked me how many Fourths of July I'd spent deployed over the past decade or so. When I answered eight of the past eleven, he thanked me for my service and sacrifice. I responded, in fact, the privilege has been all mine. It has been the greatest of honors to have soldiered with our nation's new greatest generation in tough but important endeavors for the bulk of that time. I can imagine no greater honor.

Before closing I also want to remember reverently those who have given the last full measure of devotion in our endeavors in recent years. They and their families must never be forgotten. In a poem published a few years ago, a British trooper who was deployed in Afghanistan captured eloquently the emotions of those who serve and those who sacrifice. He wrote,

> *And what is asked for the service we give?*
> *No high praise or riches if we should live,*
> *Just silence from friends, our name on a wall,*
> *If this time around it is I that fall.*

To the family, friends, and countrymen of those who have fallen and to all those who have served and sacrificed on behalf of our cause, I offer my deepest respect and my eternal gratitude." ♦

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Mugged by Mythology

Liberals believe the darndest things.

BY JEFF BERGNER

Sometimes talking with liberals is perplexing. You never know what claim they will make next or what name they will call you. Take David Axelrod's response to Standard & Poor's recent credit action: He calls it the "Tea Party downgrade." Amazingly, he blames the United States' loss of its AAA bond rating on the one group that has sounded the alarm about our fiscal crisis. How did the president's leading adviser come up with a label so detached from reality?

Comforting as it would be to dismiss this as a one-off comment, Axelrod's words spring from the mental universe of liberalism. It is a vast sphere of assumptions that are found nowhere else. In an effort to promote the civility of debate that is so much in demand these days, here is a compendium of the myths underlying some of the strange things liberals say.

Myth #1: Conservatives are outside the American mainstream. Conservatives can't be mainstream because it is liberals who speak for the American people. The fact that 41 percent of Americans identify themselves as conservative and only 21 percent as liberal doesn't matter—liberals are the guardians of the genuine interests of the American people. In the liberal imagination, the political spectrum consists of left, center, right, and far right. The most conservative senators—the Jim DeMints and Rand Pauls—are far right. But notice the absence of far left. In 2007, the most liberal of all 100 senators was Barack Obama, yet you will comb the mainstream media in vain to find a single reference to him or anyone else in American politics as far left. Liberals simply define the center as somewhere near where they are and consign vast swaths of the electorate to a place outside polite society called the far right.

Myth #2: Conservatives represent special interests. If liberals represent the American people, whom do conservatives represent? They are in bed with "special interests." Listening to liberals, you would never guess that the titans of Wall Street regularly fill the coffers of Democratic candidates, or that the pharmaceutical industry couldn't wait to cut a special deal on Obamacare, or that well-paid public-sector union leaders regularly extract generous salaries and benefits from their Democratic allies, or that the education unions put their own interests ahead of American youth, or that Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac bask in the protection of Democrats in Congress, or that many so-called leaders of minority communities actually have few real followers but rely on liberal policies and laws for the status they claim. In fact, liberalism is one nonstop orgy of special pleading and identity politics.

GARY LOCKE

Jeff Bergner has served in the legislative and executive branches of the federal government. He is coauthor (with Lisa Spiller) of Branding the Candidate, *about political campaigns.*

Myth #3: The Republican party is moving to the right. When things go wrong for liberals, as they did in last November's elections, and politics seems especially divisive, it is never because liberals have moved out of the mainstream. There's only one possible explanation: Republicans must be moving to the right. But in 1980, when Ronald Reagan was elected, Republicans stood for lower taxes, less federal spending, smaller deficits, less government regulation, a strong defense, free trade, limits on abortion, and First and Second Amendment rights. Sound familiar? This is the platform of today's Republicans. The Democratic party, however, has careened far to the left. Who in 1980 could have imagined today's federal budget of $3.6 trillion, 25 percent of GDP? Or today's deficit of $1.3 trillion, up from just $161 billion in 2007? Or today's national debt of $15 trillion? Or today's defense spending below 4 percent of GDP? Or government control of health care and automobile companies and banks? Or marriage itself redefined? Who's kidding whom here?

Myth #4: The Tea Party is dangerous and extreme. How then to account for the erroneous belief that Republicans have moved to the right? Why, the Tea Party! It would be hard to conjure up a more ridiculous candidate for a sinister force than this generally well-mannered and pacific political movement. Indeed, there's a good argument that by focusing on the fiscal catastrophe staring America in the face rather than on social issues, the Tea Party has actually dampened political divisiveness. One more thing. Against baseless charges of racism, Tea Party defenders have done themselves no favor by responding, "Well, yes, there are fringe elements in all groups." At the Tea Party rallies I have witnessed, there were not a few racists in evidence, but no racists. The relatively few minorities who spoke or attended were more than welcome; they were very much appreciated. Tea Party members wish there were more.

Myth #5: Ethnic minorities must be liberals. Why then must liberals detect nonexistent racism in the Tea Party? Because they speak for the people. They assume that, as groups which have suffered historical oppression, African Americans and other ethnic minorities simply must be liberals. Otherwise, the entire liberal narrative would be at risk. That's why it is completely acceptable for liberals to vilify conservative blacks, whom they see as traitors to their group. Liberals feel free to attack these "Uncle Toms" personally, viciously, with the zeal of one rooting out apostasy. By the same token, liberals don't actually have to do anything to merit the allegiance of minorities. Take a look at minority joblessness, inner city schools, and social breakdown (72 percent of African-American babies born out of wedlock): These are the fruits of many decades of liberal kindness at the federal, state, and local levels. But if more minorities succeeded, liberals would lose their reason for being.

In 2007, the most liberal of all 100 senators was Barack Obama, yet you will comb the mainstream media in vain to find a single reference to him or anyone else in American politics as far left. Liberals simply define the center as somewhere near where they are.

Myth #6: Women are naturally liberals. Having suffered inequality, women too must be liberals, and conservative women must be traitors to their group. It's quite all right to call them the ugliest names. Let's be frank: In 2010 Republicans ran some pretty rough and ready, nontraditional candidates, both men and women. Who was singled out for special derision and condescension? Sharron Angle, Christine O'Donnell, Michele Bachmann, and of course Sarah Palin, who was not even running for anything.

Myth #7: Liberals take the country forward and conservatives take it backward. Behind all these illusions lies a deeper notion: History is moving "forward," and liberals are on the "right side of history." But there is no intrinsic forward and backward in the historical process; there are only competing visions of America, none of which is guaranteed to succeed. If history is marching somewhere, we don't know where. And at any given moment, the cold night of tyranny is just as possible as the clear day of enlightenment. Every step has to be won and defended on the basis of what best serves the interests of the American people. That's why earlier generations believed that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. And, by the way, wouldn't it be interesting to know where liberals find the metaphysical foundations on which to rest their notions of "forward" and "backward"? Liberal orthodoxy denies a God-given moral order to the universe. Its secular "progress" is nothing but the fantasy of long-dead German philosophers.

Myth #8: Liberals have moved beyond old-fashioned religion. Speaking of religion, those who cling to it are going backwards. They do not operate in what Barack Obama has called the world of "facts and science and argument." Liberals have resolved once and for all—in their own minds—the irresolvable claims of reason and revelation, and reason has won. Nevertheless, in the real world, religion remains vital. That erstwhile paragon of the hard left, the former Soviet Union, failed to stamp out Christianity. The church is growing vigorously in China, despite Beijing's every effort to repress and control it. The progressive liberal democracies of Europe are once again confronting the force of religious claims, this time of Islam. Liberals have not transcended religion; they are simply tone deaf to it. That's why they fundamentally misunderstand Islam, closing their eyes to its teaching and practice in areas like marriage and women's rights and freedom of conscience. This will not have good consequences.

Myth #9: Good intentions are enough for liberals. But accurately judging consequences is less important to liberals than moving forward. Liberal programs do not represent testable social-policy experiments to be judged by their results. They represent compassion, so their critics are heartless. Money spent on these programs cannot be wasted because they are investments in people. Liberals are to be judged by the purity of their intentions.

Myth #10: No logical arguments need be made against conservatives. For liberals there are never two legitimate sides in a debate. There are only forward and backward, good intentions and bad intentions. It is not necessary to argue the merits of an issue with someone who is pointing backward; it is enough to locate that person *as* pointing backward. To do so is to make the case and prove the case. The result is predictable: The essence of liberal argument is *ad hominem* attack. Liberals do not confront arguments directly, any more than they confront religious claims directly; they go behind conservative arguments to vilify the messenger. If you disagree with liberal policy you are a xenophobe, a homophobe, an Islamophobe, a racist, an extremist, or lately a "terrorist." As the president has said, you are too scared to think straight. Instead of answering your arguments, liberals aim to shut you up with snarky TV entertainment shows.

A hundred years ago, the philosopher George Santayana cut to the core of this mentality. In his commentary on Goethe's *Faust*, Santayana wrote of the modern liberal that "his ultimate satisfaction in his work is not founded on any good done, but on a passionate willfulness. He calls the thing he wants for others good, because he wants to bestow it on them, not because they naturally want it for themselves. Incapable of sympathy, he has a momentary pleasure in policy." Just perfect. What this willful liberal does not admit is that decent, intelligent people who understand their own interests and understand liberal policies can still reject them. ♦

President Zero

Read his lips: No new jobs.

BY FRED BARNES

"The simplest question," Dick Cheney writes in his memoir *In My Time*, "is the most important one." He mentions this in the context of asking how many American nukes were aimed at Kiev during the Cold War. For President Obama, with job growth stuck near zero, the simplest question is a domestic one. How do you think jobs are created?

This has never been asked of Obama and never answered, so far as I know. And chances are he won't answer it definitively when he unveils his new jobs program before a joint session of Congress this week.

President Obama in Cannon Falls, Minnesota

But there are big clues from his prior policies and the batch of ideas now emanating from the White House. The president believes government is the premier job creator. Why? One reason is government understands markets better than the private sector, so long as the right people are in charge, like Obama himself.

"You can't just make money on SUVs and trucks," he said at a town hall meeting in Cannon Falls, Minnesota, on August 15. "As gas prices keep going up, you've got to understand the market." Having bailed out Chrysler and GM, he instructed them to invest in electric cars and added, "We put investments" in advanced batteries. "It creates jobs."

There you have it. U.S. auto companies would be producing more SUVs and trucks, both popular with car buyers, and fewer electric cars if Obama hadn't intervened. That practically nobody, except the federal government, is lining up to buy electric cars—that's seemingly irrelevant to the president. What's important is that Obama—government—knows what's best for the future of the auto industry.

Despite propping up car companies, Obama generally believes consumers are more reliable job creators than producers are. There's no empirical evidence for this—quite the contrary—but Obama is unfazed. In his stimulus package in 2009, he included tax cuts for the poor and middle class. This year, he cut the payroll tax by 2 percentage points, though the well-off were excluded. He's extended unemployment benefits to 99 weeks.

That private sector hiring has ground to a near-halt with the payroll tax reduction and longer jobless payments in effect hasn't changed his thinking. He said last week his new jobs plan "will be laying out a series of steps that Congress can take immediately to put more money in the pockets of working families and middle-class families."

Fred Barnes is executive editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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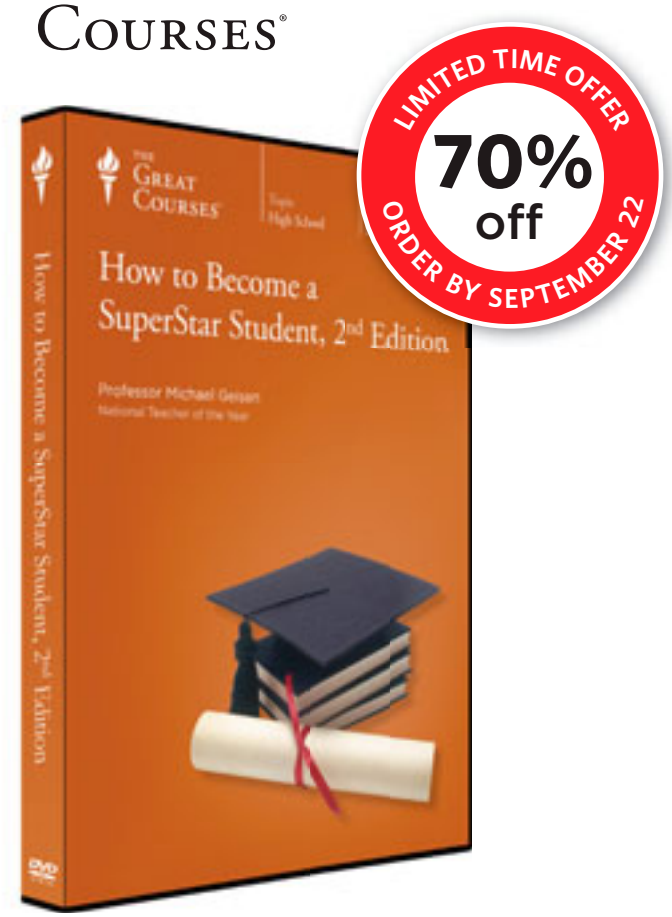

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What will these steps produce? They will "make it easier for small businesses to hire people, to put construction crews to work rebuilding our nation's roads and railways and airports, [along with] all the other measures that can help grow this economy." Sounds familiar.

Obama is especially fond of unemployment benefits as a job creator. His press secretary, Jay Carney, echoed his view in explaining how this works and insisting it would create up to one million jobs.

"It is one of the most direct ways to infuse money into the economy because people who are unemployed and obviously aren't earning a paycheck are going to spend the money that they get," according to Carney. "That money goes directly back into the economy, dollar for dollar virtually. . . . Every place that money is spent has added business, and that creates growth and income for businesses that then lead them to making decisions about jobs, more hiring."

Can it really be that easy? Just hand out money to tens of millions of Americans and the economy experiences a growth spurt and the unemployment rate falls? The problem is it's never worked that way. It didn't on two occasions for President George W. Bush and hasn't for Obama. Subsidizing "green jobs" is another expensive Obama favorite that's failed.

It's worth noting these programs are temporary and targeted. The president prefers that approach. It has the value of keeping the government in control. Permanent, broad-based tax rate cuts for individuals and corporations would shift control to the private sector. This was the Ronald Reagan approach. It spurred a stronger and quicker economic recovery than Obama's efforts have.

The president's blind spot is the mountain of impediments and disincentives to job creation he's erected. An obsession with raising taxes on the well-to-do is only one of them. Yet these are the people with the wherewithal to invest in new ventures that create jobs.

Another is his tireless campaign to increase the power of unions, though where unions flourish there tends to be slower economic growth and less job creation. But organized labor backs the president with money and union workers as he's seeking reelection. Compared with that, job growth is secondary.

Then there are regulations, some already in effect and many more on their way. If Obama consulted entrepreneurs and the small business community, he'd discover regulations are a bigger hindrance.

House majority leader Eric Cantor issued a list of 10 "job-destroying regulations" Republicans aim to rescind or block from being implemented. The president may not have checked the list, but last week he ordered the Environmental Protection Agency to withdraw its proposed "ozone rule." Cantor said it is "possibly the most harmful of all the currently anticipated Obama administration regulations." Sidelining it was tacit recognition of its negative impact on job creation.

When Cheney asked in 1989 about the number of nuclear warheads targeted on Kiev, it turned out there were dozens. "It was time to rationalize our nuclear targeting," he writes. Now the issue is Obama's concept of job creation. And it's time to rationalize that too, replacing government schemes with incentives for private investment in economic growth. ♦

Question Authority

Isn't it time for conservatives to rethink their economic agenda?

BY IRWIN M. STELZER

With Paul Ryan out of the race, the last chance of a substantive program emerging from the debates of the Republican wannabes has gone a-glimmering. Or has it? Dare we hope that some one—better still, several—of the candidates eager to take on a president whose popularity is suffering from the failure of his economic program will come up with more than criticisms, but like Ryan will have some radical ideas built on conservative principles that will return the economy to growth?

Start with a few things on which all conservative candidates can surely agree.

- Rewards should be related to performance.
- Consumers should pay the full cost their consumption imposes on society, including environmental costs.
- Policy should take account of externalities, the effect of any policy on society as a whole rather than merely on those at whom the policy is directed.
- There is more to conservative economic policy than efficiency considerations.

With those principles in mind, and the urgent need to get a substantive debate started lest the campaign quickly descend into mindless repetition of talking points about who is less true to the memory of Ronald Reagan, here are some ideas that should be put to the economic policy types involved in the several campaigns, perhaps after reminding them, first, that it was only

Irwin M. Stelzer is a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard. *He would like to thank Harry Clark for urging him to put these ideas in accessible form and absolve him of responsibility for anything contained herein.*

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when conservatives made their peace with the New Deal that they became an effective political force, and second, that conservatives must make their peace with the idea that equity matters as well as efficiency if support for market capitalism is to be maintained.

I have no illusions that any of the candidates will adopt these ideas. That is not the point. Instead, my hope is that they will benefit from figuring out *why* they won't do the things listed below—and what they would do instead to confront the problems we face. I share the view that another Obama term would be bad news for the country—he is out of ideas, unable to lead, and the prisoner of constituency groups that elevate income redistribution over the need for growth. But he is no pushover, least of all to a candidate devoid of solutions and running purely as a critic.

So here goes.

(1) SPENDING: What the economy needs is just the opposite of what the GOP contenders are proposing. This is a bad time to cut spending, as Federal Reserve Board chairman Ben Bernanke hinted in a talk to his fellow central bankers, but the right time to put a plan in place that emphasizes longer-term cuts as bills come due for entitlements—to be phased in as the economy recovers. Experience in Greece suggests that cutting spending in the teeth of a weak economy can cause GDP to decline more rapidly than the deficit, raising rather than lowering the deficit-to-GDP ratio, in what is called a debt spiral. Paul Krugman might be always a tad hysterical, but he is not always wrong. The name of the game is to develop an effective plan to prevent future Congresses from reneging on promises to cut spending when the economy recovers. And a balanced-budget amendment "ain't it, kid, that ain't it," as one of the dancers in *A Chorus Line* said when asked if talent rather than looks would land a job. If you think it is, consider this: Italian prime minister Silvio Berlusconi favors just such an amendment for his country, and he is a man whose devotion to economic reform and deficit reduction has not heretofore been readily visible.

(2) TAXES: The "no new taxes" idea should be abandoned. End lots of loopholes in exchange for cuts in the general tax rate, as Jon Huntsman has proposed. Surely conservatives who favor having markets allocate capital rather than politicians—the latter proved their incompetence by over-allocating capital to housing markets—can have no objection to the elimination of tax breaks, aka subsidies, to wind, solar, ethanol, nuclear, and oil companies. And if we are serious about reining in Leviathan, surely we should be willing to trade $1 in tax increases for $10 in assured spending cuts.

They want to be taxed more? Fine—let 'em have it.

Billionaires should be granted their wish for higher taxes. Anyone with assets in excess of $1 billion should have a 25 percent surcharge levied on all his/her income. That would make Gates, Buffett, et al., happy. Unless of course they prefer a wealth tax. It is difficult to imagine that any such tax would reduce incentives to risk-taking.

End mortgage relief on second homes, and dedicate the revenues to reducing top marginal tax rates. That way the incentive to work and take risks will be increased, and the artificial incentive to divert capital to housing will be reduced. A victory for both efficiency and fairness.

(3) MEDICARE: Require anyone with income in excess of a certain level to co-pay for various treatments. That would both generate revenues and reduce the demand for services. Conservatives have always recognized that failing to charge for a service will lead to excessive consumption, in this case with the cost borne by society. By linking co-payments to income, rationing-by-price is combined with a recognition that access to health care by everyone is something our rich and decent society can afford.

(4) HOUSING: Get over the desire to penalize those who bought houses they shouldn't have bought. If it makes you feel better, blame their plight on mistaken liberal policies. We are where we are, and returning thousands of people to the ghetto from which they graduated is hardly likely to do much for the possibility that their children will break the poverty cycle. That is why conservatives have always factored so-called externalities into policy making: turning a house over to a bank reduces the value of other houses in the area, including those owned by families up-to-date on their mortgage payments. So why not a two-year moratorium on foreclosures? This might give banks an incentive to accelerate their halting efforts to allow families to remain in their houses as renters for an interim period.

(5) TRADE: Adam Smith advised that when some foreign nation discriminates against a country's goods, "revenge . . . naturally dictates retaliation, and that we should impose the like duties and prohibitions" on their goods. So levy a 30 percent tariff on all imports from China, scaling it down

AP / ALEXANDER F. YUAN

as the regime allows the yuan to rise. It is ridiculous to try to compete with a country that undervalues its currency. Example: China's solar industry is undercutting our domestic manufacturers by an estimated 20 percent, the margin provided by their manipulation of their currency. The tariff would make it less likely that U.S. firms would build plants in China to serve U.S. markets, and, Smith again, "The recovery of a great foreign market will generally more than compensate the transitory inconveniency of paying dearer during a short time for some sorts of goods." Yes, consumers would be hurt, but where is it written that consumers (many of whom are also workers who have lost their jobs because of competition from underpriced made-in-China goods) take precedence over producers, especially if those consumers are being lured into overconsumption by China's artificially low exchange rate? And if that overconsumption is threatening national security by putting us ever-deeper in debt to a hostile regime that is using its earnings to create a military with global reach, perhaps we should do more than send Vice President Biden to Beijing to complain.

(6) EQUITY: Many bankers would be pounding the pavements if the taxpayers hadn't bailed them out. So a cap on their bonuses seems a reasonable quid pro quo, as does a provision permitting the claw-back of bonuses paid out as a reward for profits that evaporated on examination, both arguably based on the conservative idea that performance should play a role in determining compensation, and that intervention can correct market failure. Also, the banks have so abused consumers—think only of retroactive increases in interest rates on credit card balances—that it is foolish to oppose all of the new regulations. Be discriminating. Market failure is a much abused excuse for government intervention, and government failure a problem to be reckoned with, but conservatives should be the last to deny that there are times when markets can be made to function more perfectly. In this case, the added benefit is an increase in the sense that market capitalism produces results that encourage support for it, rather than a lurch to less attractive models.

(7) REGULATION: A five-year moratorium on all regulations, rather than the meaningless "reforms" proposed by the president, nudged along by Cass Sunstein, his regulatory czar. Call for Congress to enact legislation prohibiting all agencies from issuing new regulations or new rules for the implementation of existing regulations. There will obviously be leakage: Regulators will find ways to do mischief, but we can't let the perfect be the enemy of the good. If some practice or problem requires government intervention, Congress can always legislate.

(8) BENEFITS: Leave Social Security alone, or confine changes to those under 40, or even to those newly entering the system. Social Security is one, perhaps the only one, of the New Deal programs that works. Get over

the idea that extending unemployment insurance will reduce incentives to find work. It will, in some cases. But it is absurd to think that 25 million American workers suddenly decided to take full or part-time vacations. Yes, malingerers exist. But worry less about that than how to encourage meaningful retraining, especially for those out of work for over six months. One useful step might be to call for a halt to the administration's assault on the private sector's training/education businesses because of high dropout rates. Instead, give these for-profit institutions an incentive to improve performance—for every student that drops out, require them to take on another without payment. So what if 40 percent drop out of these programs, which seem to be the only ones that make a dent in the woeful army of the untrained young unemployed?

(9) ENERGY: End all subsidies to ethanol, wind, sun, and the oil industry. Open all save the most environmentally sensitive areas to drilling. Open Nevada's Yucca Mountain Nuclear Waste Repository, making sure that the fees paid for its use cover its costs. Leave regulation of shale gas to the states and potentially affected communities. If really brave, go for cap and trade, but with the permits auctioned off, rather than given away, and use the proceeds to lower or eliminate payroll taxes. The slogan: Tax pollution, not jobs. This is not only efficient and job-creating, but fair: It taxes those responsible for pollution and eliminates a regressive tax on workers.

Is there something wrong with each of these ideas? You bet. Will there be unintended consequences? You bet. Will those unintended consequences likely be worse than maintaining the status quo? I wonder. But one thing is certain: The exercise of punching holes in these proposals, and of suggesting alternatives to the policies of a failed president, will elevate the battle for the nomination and better prepare the eventual nominee to take on an incumbent whose main hope for reelection has to be the avoidance of discussion of policies that just might end talk of American decline. ♦

Save the Lightning

Why we need the F-35. BY THOMAS DONNELLY

Thanks to the provisions of the Budget Control Act and the subsequent directions of President Obama's budget director, Jack Lew, the Department of Defense is figuring out how to trim $1 trillion from its current and planned budgets. Perhaps the principal target in the sights is the F-35 Joint Strike Fighter program (aka the Lightning II)—a fact that neatly encapsulates the Pentagon's severe budgetary, programmatic, operational, and strategic problems. It's only modest hyperbole to conclude that as fares the Lightning, so fares America's military power.

Begin with the budgetary problem. The deficit reduction law codified the off-the-cuff defense cuts proposed by President Obama in an April speech. That speech, acknowledging that the budget crafted by Rep. Paul Ryan had eclipsed the president's proposal from February, suggested a further defense cut of $400 billion—further, that is, than the $400-odd billion already cut in the administration's first two years. The law also created the congressional "Super Committee" that will seek deeper deficit reductions. The legislation also carries the threat of an automatic "sequestration" of funds that would, if not altered by the committee, take another $600 billion from military budgets. Though Defense Secretary Leon Panetta has declared such cuts "unacceptable," Pentagon planners are, as a matter of due diligence, trying to figure out what they'd have to do to meet those budget targets.

There are only three places they can go to harvest cuts of that magnitude: military personnel, operations and maintenance, and the "acquisition" accounts that reflect both weapons research and procurement. The costs of soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines have skyrocketed over the last decade. Even if the costs of combat or "hazardous duty" pay are factored out, Stephen Daggett of the Congressional Research Service has calculated that the annual per-troop price of the All-Volunteer Force has risen from less than $60,000 from 1972 to 2001 to almost $90,000 today. Thus, even though reductions in Army and Marine manpower are already baked into Pentagon plans, the overall personnel budget will continue to rise. Making the cuts contemplated in the Budget Control Act will likely mean further reductions of tens of thousands, but deeper troop cuts would be difficult—and extremely risky.

The "O&M" pot would appear to be a more lucrative target, and savings from these accounts are the dream of every good-government Pentagon reformer. The dream, but never the reality, as former Pentagon chief Robert Gates discovered in his quixotic 2010 quest for "efficiencies." Cost growth in operations and maintenance is staggering: Daggett estimates that even if defense spending remained the same (after inflation), O&M would consume half the Pentagon's budget by 2020. But the category is a catch-all: It includes elements such as the defense health service, which treats veterans, reservists, and families as well as active troops. And the effect of past O&M cuts has been felt in reduced training and unit readiness—the most deserving suffer first. The dream of big O&M savings will remain a dream. The best that can be hoped for is to constrain the rate of growth.

Thomas Donnelly is director of the Center for Defense Studies at the American Enterprise Institute.

Much of the budget-cutting pain will thus inevitably be felt in acquisitions. Daggett forecasts that such spending, about $185 billion in 2010, will drop to less than $127 billion by 2020—and could be less than that, if the super committee either does its worst or simply does nothing. And here's how the F-35 finds itself in the center of the bull's-eye: It's where the acquisition money is.

Welcome to the world of the defense programmer. The first two rounds of Obama defense cuts eviscerated a generation's worth of weapons projects. The 2009 round, in particular, short-circuited big-ticket items like the F-22 Raptor fighter, the Zumwalt destroyer, and the Army's Future Combat Systems. The 2010 round policed up some of the smaller fry like the Marines' Expeditionary Fighting Vehicle. By the reckoning of the Pentagon's last "Selected Acquisition Report," the annual scorecard for weapons programs, the F-35 dwarfs all other efforts. And if one simply calculates money planned but not fully programmed or spent—in other words, the most fertile fields for harvesting future savings—the F-35, with about $300 billion needed to complete the planned buy, is an order of magnitude larger than any other program on the books. Considering that it's long been planned to replace nearly the entire fleet of aging U.S. fighters and a good number of support aircraft, the cost is no surprise and still, in fact, a bargain. Nonetheless, the temptation to plunder the F-35 budget is overwhelming.

The Navy is almost eager to do so. On July 7, Navy undersecretary Robert Work told Navy and Marine Corps planners to develop alternative aviation plans that look at terminating both the short-take-off "B" model for the Marines and the carrier "C" model for the Navy. In standard Goldilocks fashion, Work called for three options: Cut $5 billion, cut $7.5 billion, cut $10 billion. And, ominously, Work directed his minions to divine "the best-value alternative, factoring in both cost and capability. . . . This relook must consider every plan and program. Even cuts to long-planned buys of JSF must be on the table."

The F-35: Axeman, spare that plane.

Now to the operational rub. Since World War II, America's sea services have been, first and foremost, organizations built around the virtues of carrier aircraft—this includes the Marine Corps, whose big-deck "amphibs" are almost as large as any non-American aircraft carrier. Clever defense analysts have begun to castigate carriers as "wasting assets," too vulnerable to the kind of ballistic missile and other attacks that the Chinese military is developing. But it's equally the case that a carrier without a front-line aircraft—that is, the fifth-generation F-35—is an entirely wasted asset.

Today's E/F model of the F/A-18 is a superb "fourth-generation" strike fighter; it does more, carries more, and goes farther than the earlier version of the Hornet. But it's not stealthy, and employing the F/A-18 against modern air defense either requires an elaborate air defense suppression campaign—with all sorts of electronic and other support aircraft—or suicidal desperation. The Marines, whose amphibs rely on the old and finicky Harrier jump-jet for their firepower, are even more limited.

In sum, it makes no sense to retain massive carrier fleets with ever-more-limited capability. If the Navy and Marine Corps can't afford to put a China-relevant plane aboard their carriers—and a China-relevant "unmanned" aircraft is not on the horizon—they should stop building the carriers, too, and even mothball some of the ones they have now.

Terminating the "B" and "C" models of the F-35—let alone reducing the numbers of "A" models intended for the Air Force—would have dire strategic consequences. The F-35 is an international program, and the roster of countries who have contributed money to the development of the Lightning or who want to buy the plane is a veritable who's who of America's allies. Britain alone has committed about $2 billion to the project, and the Italians, Dutch, Canadians, Danes, Australians, Norwegians, and Turks are already on board and will build parts of the jet. The Israelis want to get F-35s by 2014 if they can, and the Singaporeans are lined up just behind; both countries—states little larger than aircraft carriers—are interested in the short-take-off "B" variant on the assumption that their current air bases are

increasingly vulnerable. Japan and South Korea—absolute linchpins of U.S. posture in East Asia—are likely candidates for sales, assuming there's still something for them to buy in a few years.

A big hit on the F-35 program would also be catastrophic for the defense aviation industry, both in this country and in the West generally. A generation ago, seven companies made airplanes for the U.S. military. Now Lockheed Martin, the only firm to have made a fifth-generation aircraft, leads an international consortium of companies who make pieces of planes. The F-35 factory in Fort Worth is enormous, with the capacity to accommodate the Pentagon's original plans to buy over 230 Lightnings a year. But with past reductions keeping production at just 30 or so airplanes annually for the next couple of years, and talk of making similar cuts beyond that, the capacity will be increasingly unused—and the workers laid off.

Defending the F-35 program is politically incorrect. It's been a favorite punching bag for congressional overseers and often in "breach" of the cost-growth targets of the so-called "Nunn-McCurdy" law—a 1982 provision that was a grandstand play back then and is entirely outdated and irrelevant now. Senators John McCain and Carl Levin, the leaders of the Senate Armed Services Committee, have proposed a new amendment that threatens to end the program while also renegotiating past contracts. Even Gates put the F-35B on "two-year probation," whatever that means.

But preserving the program is essential for America's defense for the foreseeable future. We've put an immense number of eggs in this basket, and it's just about the last basket we have—there are no short-term alternatives, and taking away the F-35 would render the surface Navy and Marine Corps all but useless in responding to the kind of "anti-access" challenges China now presents and others like Iran are developing.

Memo to super committee: Save the Lightning! ♦

Go Green . . .

By cutting government.

BY ELI LEHRER & BEN SCHREIBER

In 1950, real estate developers looking to satisfy postwar America's burgeoning demand for housing decided that Assateague Island, a sandy slice of land off the Maryland and Virginia coasts, would make a good place for a new neighborhood. Using federal and state funds, they built a road running almost half the length of the island and leveled land for houses. It was not the first development effort in the area. In the 1930s, the New Deal-era Army Corps of Engineers opened a navigation channel to improve shipping and expand beaches in nearby Ocean City, Maryland. Other federal programs encouraged fishing and the construction of jetties. Local boosters on the Eastern Shore talked of a bridge linking the island to the mainland. Assateague, it seemed, might soon become an Ocean City suburb.

Assateague Island

The neighborhood was never built. Today, Assateague is almost entirely wild (if not natural). Parts of the island became a bird sanctuary in the 1940s, and a National Seashore was established on other parts in the late 1960s. These parks, however, didn't deter commercial developers. Through the late 1970s the island seemed likely to remain a hot potato tossed between conservation and development interests. Many investors held onto land hoping to develop it after the government built more infrastructure.

But things changed. In 1982, President Reagan signed into law the Coastal Barrier Resources Act. The law establishes the rule that the federal government will not help the private sector do anything to develop barrier islands like Assateague: It won't underwrite flood insurance, won't build most roads, and won't subsidize mortgages. In all, 53 federal programs that encourage development no longer function on barrier islands.

The law changed everything on Assateague. While a few private landholdings (mostly hunting camps) remained until the middle of the last decade, talk of developing Assateague stopped. And it's a good thing. Assateague is essentially an overgrown sandbar, and any structure built there is likely to wash away eventually. As a "barrier," furthermore, the island's unaltered presence can slow hurricanes and absorb storm surges. The two million visitors who flock to Assateague every year add far more to the local economy than a few subdivisions ever would have.

And Assateague isn't alone. Today, what's called the John H. Chaffee Coastal Barrier Resources System covers 3.1 million acres of land similar to Assateague. And all this environmental

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protection has *saved* taxpayers over $1 billion that would have been spent on harmful development, according to the Fish and Wildlife Service office that oversees the system.

The story of Assateague, and the way withdrawing government subsidies preserved it, is instructive for those intent on reducing the federal budget deficit: Selectively cutting spending can help the environment.

It's simple. The federal government consumes about a quarter of the United States' GDP, owns more real estate, uses more energy, employs more people, and has more cars than any other entity. The government's size allows it to invest in projects on a scale that private entities cannot. That means decisions the federal government undertakes have outsize impacts—which means outsize damage when the government makes spending choices that are bad for the environment. Our organizations, Friends of the Earth and the Heartland Institute, have joined with the Ralph Nader-founded consumer advocacy group Public Citizen and deficit hawk Taxpayers for Common Sense to issue a report entitled "Green Scissors 2011" that shows just how much government spending is both wasteful and environmentally destructive. There's a lot: up to $380 billion over the next five years.

Those who follow environmental and budget issues may already know of some government programs that harm the environment. For example, the $50 billion-plus five-year tab for ethanol subsidies—which the Senate voted to end in June—has brought millions of acres of previously wild land under cultivation, increased the use of chemical fertilizers, and wasted billions of gallons of water. And there are indirect ethanol subsidies too. The federally backed "Clean Cities" program—untouched by the Senate—has largely been a subsidy to the corn industry hidden under the guise of oil savings.

But the subsidies go much further. In fact, conventional fossil fuels, the sources of energy that tend to produce the greatest carbon emissions and most asthma-attack and lung-cancer-causing particulate pollution, receive even more largess than ethanol. More than $8 billion in Department of Energy loan guarantees for coal plants (many of which would be built anyway with private investor funding) provide enormous taxpayer support for the dirtiest of all widely used fuels. Oil interests—subsidized mainly via huge tax benefits like an "intangible drilling cost" tax advantage that reduces Treasury revenue by almost $20 billion a decade—also get big subsidies. One example: a half-billion dollars that the government will pay this year alone to support fossil fuel research efforts that profitable energy companies could easily finance on their own.

But even some programs with undeniable green bona fides, like tax credits for people who purchase fuel-efficient hybrid cars, have ended up having dubious environmental benefits. Although the hybrid tax credit very likely accelerated the purchase of

early, fuel-efficient cars like the Toyota Prius and Ford Fusion, the program's insistence on withdrawing eligibility from the companies that sold the most hybrids meant the program eventually became a subsidy for companies that were late to the game. In 2010, $200 million of tax credits went mostly to people who bought less efficient cars from companies like GM and BMW, creating a government tax break for cars that used more gas than models that were no longer eligible.

In fact, many of the dated, silly programs that good government watchdogs often cite as egregious examples of waste are equally destructive to the environment. Direct subsidies to commodity crop growers (roughly $12.5 billion a year) lead to cultivation of land that would otherwise be wild and subsidize environmentally harmful agricultural practices. Payments to airlines that fly to small "essential air service" airports (about $180 million a year) lead to wasted fuel, encourage inefficient travel, and don't even save much time for travelers.

Some policies actually pay businesses to exploit publicly owned resources. For example, royalties charged to timber and paper companies that log National Forests don't even cover the cost of the federally funded road building and other services those companies receive. Similarly, programs that lease grazing land to ranchers net about $120 million a year in losses for taxpayers. Federal hard rock mining laws, likewise, give away valuable minerals found on public lands for free and allow companies to claim public land for less than $5 an acre. While it's possible to disagree as to what should be done about these programs—there are cases for selling certain lands outright at market prices, raising the royalty fees in others, and banning all exploitation in others—it is clear that the current royalty structure for the use of federal resources amounts to a straightforward subsidy for big business.

Extreme voices that favor abolishing every environmental law under the sun are missing the point. While our organizations do not always agree on what is a pollutant, we can agree that laws should require polluters to pay for the costs they impose on others. There is also clearly a role for government in paying for basic research to improve understanding of fundamental scientific principles—as opposed to the product development ventures the Bush and Obama administrations have funded lavishly—because that function has never been widely performed in modern times without public sector support. Government should also maintain parks, refuges, and wilderness areas.

But many subsidies for energy, agriculture, transportation, land development, and research result in far more environmental harm than good. Cutting waste while protecting the environment: It's one of the rare propositions these days on which both the right and left can agree. ♦

An Islamist President in Egypt?

The rise of Hazem Salah Abu Ismail.

BY AMR BARGISI

With the former president of Egypt on his back in a courtroom cage pleading for his life, we may be starting to get a clearer idea of who Egyptians will choose to succeed Hosni Mubarak in the upcoming November elections. Friday, July 29, tens of thousands of Islamists filled Tahrir Square, repossessing it from the secular activists who are commonly credited with spearheading the revolution that toppled Mubarak in February. What the Islamists wanted was recognition for their past role and appreciation of their growing political power. Muslim Brotherhood members mixed with Salafists, a more conservative variety of Islamist, as well as others sympathetic to their vision of an Egypt in line with God's law. They prayed, protested, and chanted, and there was only one name on everyone's lips—Hazem Salah Abu Ismail. Meet the man who may well follow Mubarak as Egypt's first Islamist president.

This 50-year-old lawyer is no stranger to large crowds and acclaim. He's a TV star whose weekly broadcasts on various religious channels over the last few years have covered a wide range of issues, from Islamic history and jurisprudence to politics and economics. Abu Ismail promotes Islamic finance, wants more *sharia* in the Egyptian constitution, and thinks the peace treaty with Israel should be trashed—all are controversial positions.

Abu Ismail announced his candidacy at the end of May, and if his success has taken some observers by surprise, it's worth remembering that the Islamists' show of strength at Tahrir also left bystanders and participants breathless. How did it come to pass that what seemed like a secular and democratic revolution could turn Islamist all of a sudden? The fact is, if Egypt is going to become a real democracy, then Islamists are going to play a major role, perhaps even the predominant role, at least for the present.

Some observers suspect that in spite of their cozy accommodation after the fall of Mubarak, the Egyptian military and Islamists are due for a falling out. After all, the argument goes, should the Islamists become too hungry for power, the military will crush them, just as Gamal

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Abdel Nasser put down the Muslim Brotherhood half a century ago.

Don't count on it.

It's true that Nasser turned against the Muslim Brotherhood after his erstwhile colleagues helped get rid of the monarchy, but this is not 1954. Nasser knew that sharing power would have limited his ability to implement his political project. The military today does not have a political project. On the contrary, the army wants to refrain from the business of government, in order to protect its financial interests. Among other things, that means the army cannot afford the luxury of going to war with Israel and thereby sacrificing U.S. aid money. The military will continue to control foreign policy, particularly when it comes to bilateral relations with Washington and Jerusalem, while leaving domestic decisions to someone else, like the president. The army's commitment to democracy consists entirely in the fact that it does not matter to them who fills that post, so long as its own interests are left alone.

Up until Abu Ismail's candidacy, the prospect of an Islamist president seemed far-fetched, not least because the Muslim Brotherhood announced it was not going to run a candidate. But Abu Ismail is not a member of the Brotherhood, and this may be one of his most powerful political assets.

He is a Salafist, Islamists typically distinguished by their long robes and beards, and less cagey than the Brotherhood about expressing their political views. And yet Abu Ismail is a Salafist with a Muslim Brotherhood exterior. He wears the long beard, but instead of a robe he dons a suit, like any member of the country's professional classes, who are much more likely to line up with the Brotherhood than the Salafists. He doesn't shout, but speaks calmly, soothingly and makes his case rationally, even when he's verbally attacked on TV by hostile interviewers. Abu Ismail's ability to bridge the gap between the Salafists and the Brotherhood is a real challenge to the latter, especially now that they're not sure what sort of role they want to play in the political process.

The Brotherhood's long-term goal is to rule Egypt, but the leadership realized that right now this is neither likely nor desirable. The Brothers concluded that since the next government in Egypt will be facing myriad troubles and will likely prove extremely unpopular, it is better for the present to keep a low profile and emerge later as those who rescued the country from their infidel, and incompetent, leaders. Accordingly, the Brotherhood restricted its parliamentary bid to 33 percent of the seats, which it later increased to 49 percent after pressure from its rank-and-file.

Hazem Salah Abu Ismail

But it was the fact that the Brotherhood decided against running its own presidential ticket that really opened it up for Abu Ismail.

When Abdel Moneim Aboul Fotouh, one of the Brotherhood's longtime leading members, announced he was running for Egypt's top post, the organization severed its ties with him. Because the Brotherhood's membership is highly unlikely to go against the leadership's directions by voting for a renegade like Aboul Fotouh, Abu Ismail stands to pick up much of that support, whether he's officially endorsed by the Brotherhood or not.

Since Abu Ismail already has the Salafist vote locked up, the big question is whether or not he'll appeal to the average Egyptian. Going on his past performance, he stands to do quite well. In 2005 he campaigned for a seat in parliament representing Cairo's middle-class Dokki district, which is not typically regarded as an Islamist stronghold. Nonetheless, it seems that Abu Ismail won that race—at least until the election committee retracted its announcement of his victory in favor of a candidate from Mubarak's National Democratic party, a turnaround that suggested Abu Ismail was defrauded by the former ruling party.

Among elites, Abu Ismail will not fare as well. Even if he styles himself a champion of civil liberties—he's made a career defending Islamist activists—he can count on very little support from Egypt's liberal and secular classes. His father, Sheikh Salah Abu Ismail, was perhaps the most famous Islamist MP in recent history, best remembered for his feud with Farag Foda, a liberal journalist famous for his attacks on the Islamist movement. It was Abu Ismail's father who first accused his adversary of heresy, a charge that stuck to Foda and would eventually lead to his assassination by Islamist militants in 1992.

If the prospect of an Islamist president seems a shocking turn for a revolution that began with such high hopes, Abu Ismail's candidacy is perhaps a blessing in disguise. Whoever rules Egypt next is in for a difficult time. It is preferable for the Islamist project to be discredited sooner rather than later. A much worse scenario would be the Egyptian masses petitioning the Muslim Brotherhood to come to the rescue after the failure of a secular regime.

It's true that there's always the fear that an Islamist government would mean "one man, one vote, one time." At present, Egypt's best defense against such a takeover is still the military. As it did six months ago, this powerful institution would find itself without a choice but to intervene in the country's politics, if for no other reason than to protect its own considerable business interests. ♦

The Universities' 9/11

Prepare for a season of intellectual posturing and Islamic outreach

By Charlotte Allen

America's colleges and universities, like most of the rest of the country, will soon be commemorating the tenth anniversary of 9/11, that preternaturally sunny day in early September a decade ago when 19 al Qaeda-affiliated terrorists commandeered four U.S. commercial airliners and crashed them deliberately, killing nearly 3,000 people at the World Trade Center in New York, the Pentagon outside Washington, and a field in southwestern Pennsylvania that was believed to lie along an intended flight path for hijackers who targeted the U.S. Capitol or the White House.

Unlike the commemorations in most of the rest of America, however, the academic commemorations for the most part won't focus on, say, the 403 New York firefighters, paramedics, and police officers who died in rescue efforts at the World Trade Center towers hit by hijacked planes. Nor upon the numerous acts of courage and selflessness that marked that day, not least those of the passengers of United Airlines Flight 93, the flight that crashed in Pennsylvania, whose rallying cry "Let's roll!" led by 32-year-old passenger Todd Beamer accompanied an effort to fight back against the terrorists. Nor upon the approximately 3,000 children who lost parents in the massacre, including dozens of babies born after their fathers perished. Least of all will there be much emphasis on what America did or should have done by way of reprisal for a brazen act of war that killed more people in the collapse of the World Trade towers alone (2,753) than perished in the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 (2,402).

Instead, the campus commemorations, many of which will be spaced out for days and even weeks this fall, will focus on, well, *understanding* it all, in the ponderous, ambiguity-laden, complexity-generating way that seems to be the hallmark of college professors faced with grim events about which they would rather not think in terms of morality: "Historical and political representations," whatever those are (Harvard), "How do we determine truth and reality?" (more Harvard), and "Imaging Atrocity: The Function of Pictures in Literary Narratives about 9/11" (St. John's University in New York).

And the topic that seems to demand the most understanding, at least in terms of the obsessive amounts of time and resources that college professors and administrators will be devoting to it, is Islam. There will be so many campus lectures, panel discussions, teach-ins, and photo exhibits devoted to the Muslim faith, Muslim communities in America, and the real or imagined violent acts against Muslims in the wake of 9/11 (there has actually been only one revenge-slaying since that date—of a man who turned out not to be a Muslim—and the perpetrator was convicted and executed) that if you had just rocketed in from Venus, you might think that Muslims had been the chief victims, not the sole perpetrators, of the massacre that day—as well as an estimated 67 alleged terrorism incidents or attempts in the United States during the decade that followed.

For example, the University of Denver started its 9/11 commemoration activities early, in January, with lectures and noncredit courses in a series titled "9/11: Ten Years After." The offerings in the series were titled as follows: "Retrospective Reflections on the Crisis of Religion and Politics in the Muslim World," "Islam and Muslims in the U.S. Media," "Lessons of Peace and Tolerance," "The Future of Islam: Beyond Fear and Fundamentalism," "Islam and Muslims in the News: U.S. Media Coverage Ten Years After 9/11," and "Leadership for Peace and Tolerance: Gandhi, King, Mandela, and the Dalai Lama." Fine, but where were the firefighters? Where was Flight 93? Where was the sense that 9/11 was an atrocity of such monstrous proportions that retribution—not to mention military action that could deter similar attacks in the future—was fully in order? Yet the University of Denver's apparent blinders-on focus on Muslims and "tolerance" to the exclusion of issues of national security and militant Islamic jihadism proved to be a template for the way many campuses are handling their 9/11 commemorations this fall.

At Harvard, a good portion of the anniversary programming is emanating from Harvard's Center for Middle

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Eastern Studies, which will host a "Campus-Wide Panel Discussion" on September 8. The three panelists will consist of: Jocelyne Cesari, director of Harvard's Islam in the West program, one of whose aims is to "promote greater understanding of Islam and Muslims in the West"; Duncan Kennedy, godfather of the Critical Legal Studies movement, which holds that the American legal system is a carefully constructed edifice designed to keep wealthy white males in power and minorities in subordinate positions; and Charlie Clements, a human-rights activist on the Harvard faculty who worked as a physician during the 1980s in territories controlled by anti-U.S. guerrillas in El Salvador. Other offerings at the center include an "art, identity, and September 11" set of lessons for high school teachers created by "artists who identify as Muslims," a PowerPoint presentation ("how do we determine truth and reality?") that aims to help students see "the impact various contexts have on depicting the events of 9/11," and a webinar titled "State of Muslims in America" designed to "explore the issues of Islamophobia with a focus on the progress and challenges that have developed in the ten years since Sept. 11th, 2001."

New York University will also focus on "Islam in America" in its commemoration, with a September 13 panel discussion centering around Irshad Manji's book *Allah, Liberty and Love: The Courage to Reconcile Faith and Freedom*. St. John's University will host a lecture by Amir Hussain, a professor of theological studies at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles. Hussain also specializes in Islamic communities in North America. His 2006 book, *Oil and Water: Two Faiths: One God*, asserts that Muslims who commit acts of terrorism are "caught up in cycles of violence" and lends a sympathetic ear to the Council on American-Islamic Relations' complaints about alleged "profiling" of Muslims by U.S. government agencies. The International Programs Office at Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas, plans to go all-Islamic in its commemoration of the massacre, with a series of lectures over the fall semester titled "A Decade After 9/11: Muhammad in History, Politics, and Memory." The scheduled lectures themselves bear such titles as "New Views of Muhammad and Early Islam," "Muhammad the Warrior; Muhammad the Peace-Maker," "Islam and the Strength of Visual Images," and "Of Prophetic Ascents and Descents: Muhammad's Journeys Through European Cultural Space."

Duke University plans to hold a day-long conference on September 15 on the "global and religious effects of 9/11," at which news writers for Al Jazeera, the Religion News Service, and CNN will join Duke faculty members to discuss such topics as Islamic studies and the Muslim vote. The title of the conference (which will not be open to the public) is "Muslims in America: The Next 10 Years." Among several 9/11-related photo exhibitions that will be on display at Duke throughout the fall are "Iraq / Perspectives," photographer Benjamin Lowy's war pictures taken through the windows of Humvees, and Todd Drake's "Esse Quam Videri" [to be rather than to seem], a set of self-portraits of North Carolina Muslims that Drake helped his subjects craft "in response to the stereotyping of Muslims and in recognition that it is human nature to fear what we do not know." (Muslim self-portrait projects seem to be 9/11 favorites on campuses; NYU is also hosting one.) The subject matter of Drake's pictures—photogenic Muslims often clad in ethnic dress—almost mirrors that of the photos of New York City Muslims taken by Robert Gerhardt for an exhibition that will accompany the St. John's University commemoration. Gerhardt titles his photo collection "Muslim/American, American/Muslim: Portrait of a Brooklyn Masjid," and writes on his website that the pictures are a response to "serious cultural misunderstanding, discrimination, and acts of violence due to their perceived relation to" the 9/11 attackers.

The campus commemorations this fall will focus on, well, understanding it all, in the ponderous, ambiguity-laden way that academics seem to favor.

Furthermore, it's clear that a number of universities assume that when the media drench the tenth anniversary of 9/11 in saturation coverage—as they almost certainly will—one of their chief interests will be Muslims, too. So they are stuffing their lists of faculty members available to talk to reporters with experts on Islam. Marquette University is offering sociology and social justice professor Louise Cainkar, author of *Homeland Insecurity: The Arab American and Muslim American Experience After 9/11*, and theology professor Irfan Omar, author of *Islam and Other Religions: Pathways to Dialogue*. American University in Washington weighs in with two Islamic experts on its faculty, Akbar Ahmed, former Pakistani ambassador to Britain, and Randa Serhan, director of American's Arab Studies Program, who wrote her doctoral dissertation on the Palestinian community in New York and New Jersey. The University of Houston touts a raft of faculty experts: English professor Hosam Aboul-Ela, a specialist in Islamic literature; sociologist Helen Rose Ebaugh, a specialist in moderate Islam; sociologist Gary Dworkin, a specialist in "racial and ethnic stereotypes"; and theologian Erkan Kurt, a specialist in Islamic metaphysics. So does the University of California-Davis, proffering law school dean Kevin Johnson, who argues that the war against terrorism

has "adversely affected the civil rights of Arab and Muslim noncitizens"; Scott Cutler Shershow, a professor of English whose professional interests have recently wandered over to torture (he is coauthor of "The Guantánamo 'Black Hole': The Law of War and the Sovereign Exception"); and, should Shershow be otherwise occupied, Almerindo E. Ojeda, who has also wandered far from his academic specialty, linguistics, to become founding director of the UC-Davis Center for the Study of Human Rights in the Americas and principal investigator for the Guantánamo Testimonials Project, in which detainees complain about rights violations.

To be sure, few of the campus commemorations of 9/11 will be entirely devoted to what is at best a maudlin obsession with the indignities supposedly visited on misunderstood U.S. Muslims by their non-Muslim neighbors and at worst a propaganda effort aimed at whitewashing terrorists and their sympathizers by demonizing the United States. There will be ceremonies devoted to a proper purpose of such an anniversary: remembering and honoring the dead. Villanova University, for example, posts on its website a stark list of names of the 15 alumni who perished on that dreadful day. At Yale this September 11 there will be a ringing of bells on the campus and throughout the city of New Haven at 1 P.M. The university will actually focus for a few minutes on what happened on 9/11 and not on professorial lessons about "peace," "human rights," and "tolerance."

Otherwise, though, expect the 9/11 commemorations on campuses mostly to wallow in such open-ended questions as: "Did 9/11 Change Anything? Everything?" (the title of a symposium in a three-day conference to be jointly sponsored by Duke, the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill, and North Carolina State University); and "10 Years After 9/11: Who Are We Now?" (the title of a faculty-student forum at Villanova on September 7 sponsored by the university's Center for Peace and Justice Education, whose kumbaya-esque curriculum includes courses on "Eco Feminism," "Caring for the Earth," and "Politics of Whiteness"). At St. John's, faculty and students will be able to ponder "Making Meaning of 9/11: Local Impacts, Global Implications." Expect also to witness academics treating the 9/11 anniversary as a referendum on Guantánamo, the Iraq war, racial profiling, immigration policy, the war on terrorism, and the presidency of George W. Bush. Garth Jowett, a communications professor at the University of Houston and one of the university's designated 9/11 experts, views the massacre largely in terms of its value as a propaganda tool for an Orwellian Bush administration. "The term '9/11' became synonymous with 'patriotism' for several years, and those who questioned the accepted scenario, or suggested that we needed to understand the motives behind the attack, were dealt with severely," Jowett wrote on the Houston website. Ah, *understanding* 9/11.

Intellectual posturing, ideological stake-claiming, and Islamic-outreach pandering are perhaps to be expected when an academic community, politically progressive and bent double with white-privilege guilt, takes on an event as potent as 9/11. More striking is the tone of unresolved grieving that marks so many of the planned campus commemorations. Yes, mourning is appropriate. We must not forget those 2,977 dead. Moments of silence, the ringing of bells, the lowering of flags to half-staff, and religious services will take place on many campuses, and quite appropriately. Yet it is late in the day, a decade down the road for, say, the makeshift "secular shrine," complete with Princess Diana-style mementos, that students will be encouraged to set up at NYU. Or the 9/11 quilt that will be part of the St. John's commemoration—even though the motives behind its making are understandable. The memorials of 9/11 are about to become the next Vietnam Wall, and for similar reasons. The massacre of September 11, 2001, a direct attack against American sovereignty and American citizens, has not yet been fully avenged (although the killing of Osama bin Laden was a good start), and we cannot be comforted. That nearly the only response of academia to the tenth anniversary of 9/11 will be to grieve over it hopelessly and to talk about it endlessly in an effort to "understand" it is more revealing than the pretentiousness of the discourse.

Still, the commemorations on some campuses do seem to focus, in small ways and large, on what 9/11 was and what ought to be done about it. An exhibition at NYU of photographs taken by Joel Meyorowitz at Ground Zero within days of the attack promises to be moving and thrilling. The 9/11 commemoration at the Borough of Manhattan Community College will largely center around the rebuilding of Fiterman Hall, a BMCC administration building severely damaged when the 47-story 7 World Trade Center collapsed in the afternoon of that day. At Manhattan College in the Bronx, which lost 20 alumni, part of the focus of the "We Remember" events will also be on the rebuilding of city infrastructure after the devastation. Manhattan College alumnus Rudolph Giuliani, mayor of New York at the time and remembered for his tireless on-the-scene leadership, will be a featured speaker. Temple University in Philadelphia will honor military veterans. And Pepperdine University will place 2,977 American flags on the lawn of its Malibu, California, campus. A relay of readers will call out the name of every single one of the dead. One of them was Pepperdine alumnus Thomas E. Burnett Jr., who perished on Flight 93. Pepperdine is calling its remembrance ceremony "Honoring the Heroes of 9/11." Heroes. You won't hear that word used often on many college campuses on September 11, 2011. ♦

The Ultimate Stimulus?

World War Two and economic growth

By Arthur Herman

As Washington waits for President Obama's plan on how to revive the economy and pull us out of our 9 percent unemployment rut, a growing chorus on the left is calling for us to go to war—or at least the economic equivalent of war.

Leading the chants is ultra-Keynesian Nobel Prize-winning economist Paul Krugman, who argues that the only thing that will save the economy now is "a burst of deficit-financed government spending" on a scale like that launched in World War Two. In fact, "if we discovered that space aliens were planning to attack and we needed a massive [military] build-up," he said on a recent television show, "this slump would be over in 18 months."

Krugman says this not because he's a great fan of our military (he's not) but because he's a fan of big deficits as a form of economic stimulus. During World War Two, that involved government borrowing to the tune of $30 trillion in today's dollars—a sum that makes Obama's 2009 $800 billion stimulus look like pocket change. But since that's what turned around the economy in World War Two, wiped out 9 percent unemployment, and finally ended the Great Depression, goes the argument, then that's the scale of spending that is required now.

But did World War Two really end the Great Depression? A growing body of evidence from economists and historians suggests the opposite. Far from turning around the numbers in a burst of government-financed economic activity, the massive mobilization for war may actually have prolonged the Depression, and even deepened aspects of it. And far from setting the stage for the boom of the fifties and afterward, as the textbooks suggest, the economic policies of the war had to be reversed to make way for the postwar boom—yet some of those very policies are being pressed on Obama and the country today.

This flies in the face of conventional wisdom, the evidence for which at first seems overwhelming. The explosive growth in defense spending from 1941-45—from $1.5 billion in 1940 to $20 billion in 1942 and $42 billion in 1944 (or in current dollars, a defense budget roughly eight times larger than the one today)—was accompanied by a similar explosion in GNP, which more than doubled. As America's factories turned out planes and tanks and other munitions in unheard-of numbers, unemployment plummeted from 9.5 percent to about 1.2 percent even as wages soared far faster than business profits, thanks to a wartime excess profits tax. "Pyramid-building, earthquakes, even wars may serve to increase wealth" by multiplying economic demand across the board, John Maynard Keynes had written in 1936. To generations of Keynesian economists and their students, America's experience in World War Two seemed to prove it.

Yet those amazing numbers are softer than they look at first glance.

To quote one of the leading skeptics of the Keynesian "multiplier effect," economist Robert J. Barro, "the data show that output expanded during World War Two by less than the increase in military purchases." Other measures of economic output in the form of private consumption, private investment, nonmilitary government purchases, and net exports actually fell so that resources could go to military production.

In fact, when you take the government share out of the GNP growth numbers, a very different picture emerges. Economist Robert Higgs has shown that nongovernment GNP growth, which was moving ahead in 1940, actually slowed down in 1942 and then slowed still further in 1943. Far from getting stimulated by the frenzy of government spending, the nongovernment share of GNP recovered its earlier pace of growth only once the war was over.

In short, the war may have killed off a recovery already under way. All evidence suggests that the crucial turnaround from the Great Depression came *before* U.S. entry into the war: GNP jumped from $90.5 billion in 1939 to $124.5 billion just before Pearl Harbor, when government spending was still at relatively low levels. Then with mobilization, private consumption and investment slowed and headed south—while government deficit spending headed sharply north, rising from $6 billion in 1940 to $89 billion in 1944.

Still, advocates of the conventional wisdom will reply, at least all that government spending and all-out wartime

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production ended unemployment. Yet those numbers turn out to be equally illusory.

The biggest change in the employment picture was the fact that some 16 million men were pulled out of the labor market and into the armed services—more than 22 percent of the prewar labor force. Most were draftees, and most were young men in the prime of life who, under normal circumstances, would have been making cars or refrigerators or stamping out parts for children's toys or stringing telephone wires, instead of dropping bombs on German cities or lobbing mortar shells on Japanese positions on Iwo Jima.

No one can deny their service to their country was invaluable. Its value to the economy is another matter. Instead of producing things of value, they were destroying them in prodigious amounts. Certainly it was in a laudable cause; but it came at a huge economic cost not just in the materials that were being blown up, shot up, or sunk at sea, but in the lost opportunities all that robust manpower could have applied to generating things people really wanted and valued.

The trigger to postwar growth turns out to have been a sharp rise in private capital investment, which the New Deal had slowed.

Nor were they alone. In fact, the massive new work force mobilized by the war included not just members of the armed services but civilian armed services employees and military logistics and supplies employees. All were serving their country, and all were drawing a paycheck—but few were doing anything that an economist could classify as producing goods or increasing capital. On the contrary, their salaries, like those of the armed forces, sucked money out of the economy in the form of rising tax dollars and soaring borrowing. In effect, they were net consumers, not producers, of economic resources—as are most government employees today.

Yet by 1943 they made up 42 percent of the American work force, before falling back to 10 percent when the war was over.

But what about the people who were making those bombers and tanks and machine guns and artillery shells, the Rosie the Riveters who worked overtime in the defense plants and shipyards? Surely *they* must have been adding something of value to the economy.

There's certainly no denying that they were making things, and mobilizing skills that were in high demand, in exchange for pay. Very good pay, in fact, especially for those at the bottom of the social scale. The war drew African Americans, rural whites, and women into the industrial workforce for the first time and gave them skills, wages, and opportunities most had never dreamed possible. In this sense, the World War Two myth does hold true. The war's unprecedented demand for labor set off a social revolution which the fifties and sixties broadened and deepened.

But again, the high-cost goods these workers were making were not made for use in the ordinary way cars or houses or books or newspapers are, as goods or services in a market economy. The civilian workers engaged in the war effort were building B-24s and aircraft carriers and submarines meant for only one purpose, or supplying tools and parts for these sophisticated engines of death and destruction. Those planes and ships that survived the war generally wound up on the scrap heap, instead of contributing their full value to future economic growth.

In fact, that productive effort came at considerable personal sacrifice. As anyone who lived during those years will tell us, American workers on the home front were forced to live under a welter of wartime restrictions and rationing, even as Washington dictated an end to production of civilian durable goods—with the Office of Price Administration actually telling restaurants how much they could charge for a meal. Americans learned to do without, in order to make sure there was enough steel for warships, enough aluminum for airplanes, and enough wool, cotton, and nylon for uniforms and parachutes.

What's remarkable isn't that Americans by and large accepted these restrictions as a way of life. This was war, after all, and most who stayed at home recognized that their sons and brothers and husbands serving overseas were making a far greater sacrifice. What *is* remarkable is how the American economy still managed to produce both guns *and* butter in those years.

Despite the wartime restrictions, Americans ate better, consumed more meat, shoes, clothing, and used more energy than they had before the war. And even though the United States wound up producing the most munitions of any country in World War Two, it was also the least mobilized of all the major combatants—largely because its economy was still the most productive in the world before the war started.

In short, it wasn't the war that created a strong economy. It was the strong economy that made mobilization for war possible in the first place. All the war did was sacrifice present growth to a massive rearmament to defeat the Axis. Yet "as the war ended," writes Higgs, "real prosperity returned almost overnight."

This postwar boom has always posed a problem for Keynesians like Krugman. As government spending plummeted with the coming of peace— military spending alone collapsed from 37.5 percent of GDP in 1945 to just 5.5 percent in 1947—many predicted that, without this prop and with the new burden of millions of returning

veterans looking for work, the economy would sink once more into the abyss. Paul Samuelson, later the dean of American Keynesian economists, wrote that unless the government did something drastic, "there would be ushered in the greatest period of unemployment and industrial dislocation which any economy has ever faced."

Instead, after a brief hiccup in 1946, the economy rebounded, growing from $231 billion GDP in 1947—roughly what it was in 1945—to $258 billion in 1948, and from there to $285 billion in 1950. Unemployment, despite the dire predictions, increased only to 3.9 percent between 1945 and 1947, in spite of the fact that some 10 million new workers came into the civilian labor market.

The only way Keynesians could explain it was that all those saved paychecks from the war translated into a consumer spending spree, as pent-up demand finally found an outlet in consumer goods like new cars and refrigerators and houses people had wanted but couldn't have. That, it seemed, was enough to compensate for the drop-off in government expenditure, which had put all that money in those workers' bank accounts in the first place—exactly as a good economic stimulus should.

On only one point is this picture accurate. Although war workers were often forced to move into poor and inadequate housing and work longer hours under dangerous conditions—the war saw a 30 percent rise in the number of workers disabled on the job—they were also being paid a lot. With consumer choices contracting, there was little to do with that extra money but save it. (In fact, economist Mark Skousen argues that those aggregate private savings actually propped up a Federal Reserve wartime monetary policy based on deficit borrowing combined with flat interest rates.)

But long ago Milton Friedman and Anna Schwartz noticed something that undermined the Keynesian explanation. The postwar period saw no fall in savings. People's liquid assets actually continued to grow after the war, from a record $151 billion at the close of 1945 to $168.5 billion by the start of 1948. If something stimulated the economy, it wasn't people unwinding their savings accounts.

Instead, the biggest trigger to growth turns out to have been a sharp rise in private capital investment, which the New Deal had slowed—one reason the Great Depression lingered as long as it did, Higgs argues—and the war had all but halted. That investment jumped from $10.6 billion in 1945 to $46 billion in 1948, as plants expanded and retooled for the production of civilian goods. Even though the overall personal savings rate fell, the private investment rate soared from 5 percent to almost 18 percent, with the biggest leap coming in 1946—a leap that would be reflected in GNP numbers only two years later. Meanwhile, business savings almost doubled in the same period, from $15.1 billion to $28 billion—providing a sure way to finance expansion and hiring.

This rebirth of business confidence, indeed, was the one positive contribution World War Two did make to the future of the economy.

The sheer breathtaking volume and diversity of wartime production gave people a new respect for American business, whose image had taken a severe beating during the Depression and from New Deal rhetoric. Businesses, including the most productive sectors like automobiles and steel, had made sizable profits from wartime production (though, again, profits had jumped less than wages), and many had built hefty stocks of government securities. Others had gained valuable experience in the techniques of flexible mass production and had learned to apply managerial and engineering skills to what had seemed insurmountable problems, from building the immensely complicated B-29 to creating the atomic bomb. With the release from wartime restrictions and regulations, all that was needed was one more shove to trigger a real boom and complete the shift back to making things the market, not the Pentagon, wanted.

This time the shove came from Washington, in the form of a tax cut. The Revenue Act of 1945 cut the top marginal tax rate from 94 percent to 86.45 percent, and the lowest marginal rate from 23 percent to 19 percent. It also reduced corporate tax rates and eliminated FDR's wartime excess profits tax and price controls. At the time, Georgia senator Walter George, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, predicted the tax cut would "so stimulate the expansion of business as to bring in a greater total revenue." He was right. Revenues soared even as government expenditure continued to fall, and America's postwar boom was on. In the two decades after 1948, GNP grew at an average annual rate of 4 percent—while a Republican Congress elected in 1946, followed by a Republican president in 1952, ensured that nothing stood in the way of the renewed flow of prosperity.

Private capital formation and investment, restored business confidence, tax cuts and reduced regulation, and a Republican president—there in a nutshell was a genuine formula for economic stimulus, as opposed to the Keynesian distortions of the economy during World War Two. As for those millions of wartime workers and producers, the Rosie the Riveters and the Barney Rooses (inventor of the Army Jeep) who toiled so hard and sacrificed so much, we can always be grateful for what they did. Together with our men and women in uniform, they won a world war, and in the process they drew Germany and Japan, two of the world's most highly educated and productive nations, back into a global free-market economy.

But they didn't save our economy then, and invoking their memory won't save Obama now—or save our economy from the damage he and his Keynesian friends have already done. ♦

Dick Cheney, George W. Bush, Grand Chute, Wisconsin, October 28, 2000

Cheney Speaks

What he says, and doesn't say, is revealing.

BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

On page 251, Dick Cheney admits a mistake. He had shot his friend Harry Whittington in the face, and in the hours that followed, did not put out a statement about the accident. "In retrospect," he writes, "we should have."

This is not an important moment in the book, or in Cheney's vice presidency. But since the earliest days of his first term, reporters and commentators have demanded that Dick Cheney apologize for something—anything—that he did in his official capacity as the country's second in command. They won't find many others in the pages of *In My Time*.

The controversial fight to keep secret participants in the meetings of his energy task force? "It was a major victory for both us and for the power of the executive branch." Massive tax cuts in 2001 and 2003? "The Bush-era tax cuts helped grow the economy and create jobs." That Saddam Hussein had a relationship with al Qaeda? "Charges that would stand the test of time." Terrorist surveillance? "This program is one of the things of which I am proudest." Military commissions? "I believe it provides the best forum in which to try enemy combatants of the United States." Enhanced interrogations? "The program was safe, legal and effective. It provided intelligence that enabled us to prevent attacks and save American lives." Guantánamo Bay? "It's not Guantánamo that does the harm, it is the critics of the facility who peddle falsehoods about it."

In My Time
A Personal and Political Memoir
by Dick Cheney
Threshold, 576 pp., $35

Those who hoped to see in this 576-page volume a contrite and compromising Dick Cheney will be sorely disappointed. But readers interested in understanding the decision-making and dynamics of the Bush administration will find a compelling examination of those eight years, which spans nearly half the book. The rest, an account of Cheney's life and early career, provides a fascinating look at the events and experiences that shaped the man who would become America's most powerful and controversial vice president. While Cheney does not engage in much second-guessing of the Bush-era policies with which he is most often associated, *In My Time* nonetheless includes candid and sometimes surprising assessments of the debates surrounding the

JEFF MITCHELL / RTR / NEWSCOM

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decisions that led to those policies, and those in the Bush administration who participated in them.

George W. Bush chose Dick Cheney as his running mate to help him govern. While Cheney brought national security *bona fides* and a certain level of seriousness to the ticket, he did not give Bush a boost in any of the states that would be important to his election. Cheney had been living in Texas and spent his political career representing Wyoming, with its three electoral votes. Bush had sought Cheney's permission to consider him as a possible vice presidential candidate several times, beginning in early 2000; Cheney, who had resolved in his own mind that he was done with politics and had given those assurances to the leadership of Halliburton, repeatedly turned him down. When Cheney finally accepted, in July, he did so after Bush described in detail the substantive role he wanted a Vice President Cheney to have.

Those significant responsibilities started early when Cheney was asked to lead the administration's energy task force. It's a job that might sound like a typical warm-bucket-of-spit vice presidential task—but for the context. California was experiencing rolling blackouts, and there was widespread concern that they would spread to the rest of the country, already near recession.

But like so many things that seemed important before 9/11, Cheney's role running the energy task force looks insignificant in hindsight. The broad contours of Cheney's role as the architect of national security and foreign policy after 9/11 are well known. In 2006 I asked Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice to name an issue on which Cheney had been particularly influential. "That's a long list," she replied. After thinking for a moment, she said: "I think the way that the vice president has had his biggest impact in many ways is just the intellectual contribution to the conceptualization of the war on terror." Most of that impact came in the first term of the Bush presidency when, in the weeks and months after the 9/11 attacks, Bush came to rely on Cheney to supply the historical and philosophical arguments in support of actions that he instinctively believed were necessary to defend the country.

Nearly everyone agrees that Cheney's influence waned in the second term, and that includes Cheney, whose chapter laying out the arguments he lost on major foreign policy problems is both edifying and discouraging.

In the fall of 2006, he writes, Bush issued a stern warning after North Korea tested a nuclear weapon. The president noted that North Korea was a leader in proliferation of nuclear technology, "including transfers to Iran and Syria," leading state sponsors of terror: "The transfer of nuclear weapons or material by North Korea to states or non-state entities would be considered a grave threat to the United States and we would hold North Korea fully accountable for the consequences of such action."

Six months later, Cheney learned from Israel's top intelligence official that North Korea had, in fact, worked with Syria on nuclear technology. The North Koreans had helped Bashar al-Assad build a nuclear facility in the Syrian desert that bore "a striking resemblance to the North Korean reactor located in Yongbyon." A subsequent briefing by American intelligence informed Cheney that "sustained nuclear cooperation between North Korea and Syria" had probably started a decade earlier.

The implications were profound. President Bush had spent much of his first term sounding alarms about the threat of weapons of mass destruction in the hands of terrorists and warning rogue states against proliferation. And the administration had participated in the six-party talks on North Korea's nuclear program with the objective of inducing Pyongyang to give up its nuclear program. Within a six-month period, top Bush administration officials learned that the North Korean program had progressed to the point where they could conduct a crude nuclear test, and that Kim Jong Il's regime had shared nuclear technology with Syria.

North Korea's attempts to hide its behavior had been so ineffective as to be almost provocative: Among the participants in the six-party talks was the head of North Korea's Yongbyon nuclear facility. The same man had been photographed in Syria with the head of the Syrian Atomic Energy Commission. Worse, the pages of North Korea's nuclear declaration itself tested positive for traces of uranium! Even the North Koreans' attempts to exonerate themselves ended up providing more evidence of wrongdoing.

Cheney argued for tough measures on both North Korea and Syria. The Israelis had asked the United States to destroy the reactor in Syria. Cheney told Bush he thought we should do just that as a way to send a message to both the Syrians and the North Koreans. But no one agreed with him. So the United States did nothing. Cheney told Bush that the Israelis would act if we did not; Rice told him they would seek a diplomatic solution. On September 6, 2007, Israel obliterated the facility: "The North Koreans and the Syrians were clearly violating the red line drawn by President Bush on October 9, 2006," writes Cheney.

The failure to punish them for these transgressions was only half the problem. With the State Department in the lead, the Bush administration would spend the remainder of its second term trying to persuade North Korea to change its behavior with concession after concession in the hopes of some diplomatic triumph. For Condoleezza Rice and her top envoy on North Korea, Chris Hill, "the agreement seemed to become the objective, and we ended up with a clear setback in our nonproliferation efforts."

Cheney argues that Bush never lost sight of the overall objective—slowing the proliferation of nuclear technology—but he doesn't seem to mean it. Even after the North Koreans were caught red-handed, Cheney writes, the president agreed to take North Korea off the list of state sponsors of terror and lifted some sanctions.

> I was disappointed, and not just because I disagreed with the president. It was his call. But the process and the decision that followed had seemed so out of keeping with the clearheaded way I'd seen him make decisions in the past.

Still, Cheney refused to directly criticize the president on North Korea even as he left office. When I interviewed him two weeks before the inauguration of Barack Obama, I asked him about a glossy White House pamphlet that boasted the administration had "secured a commitment from North Korea to end its nuclear program."

"Is that an accomplishment you celebrate?"

"I haven't read the report," said Cheney, smiling.

"I assure you I'm quoting it accurately."

"I'm sure you are," he responded. "I don't have any doubt about that. I think I'm going to take a pass."

I told him I wanted to ask the same question in a different way. Did he agree with those who believe that the administration's policy on North Korea had been one of "preemptive capitulation"?

"Steve, you've put me in a difficult position here."

"That's my job."

"That is your job," he agreed. But the vice president said he wouldn't respond directly to my question: "I think the president has worked this one very hard, and properly so." He conceded that the administration hadn't achieved its objective on North Korea, but that is "primarily because the North Koreans have refused to keep the commitments they have made in connection with the negotiations that we've had."

If Cheney's influence diminished in the second term, it did not disappear altogether. No one in the Bush administration—including the president—was a stronger proponent for the surge in Iraq, and history will record his steadfast advocacy for the counterinsurgency campaign in Iraq as one of his signature accomplishments. But telling the story of the surge—and, more broadly, of postwar Iraq—creates a problem for Cheney. It's impossible to describe the need for the surge without acknowledging the failure of the strategy that made it necessary, and it's impossible to acknowledge the failure of that strategy without criticizing the man responsible for it: Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld.

Rumsfeld and Cheney are best friends. They have been close since Rumsfeld first brought Cheney into the executive branch back in the Nixon administration—a more difficult task than it might seem. After Cheney had been kicked out of Yale (twice), he was arrested for drunk driving (twice) back in Wyoming. When the FBI did a background check, Cheney acknowledged the missteps, and Rumsfeld, after asking Cheney if he had admitted his brushes with the law, made sure they did not keep Cheney from working in the White House. "He stood by me," Cheney writes in his chapter on the Nixon years, "and I have never forgotten that."

Donald Rumsfeld, Betty Ford, Dick Cheney, 1974

Cheney acknowledges the difficulties in postwar Iraq while downplaying the criticism. "I tend to think that hindsight in this area is twenty-twenty," he argues. "We had tremendously talented people working hard in Baghdad—military and civilian—to accomplish an exceedingly difficult task. They didn't always get it right. And we didn't always get it right in Washington."

Cheney goes on to describe a meeting in 2006 in which Generals John Abizaid and George Casey gave a progress report on an ever more violent Iraq: "They were carrying out a strategy that defined success based on turnover of responsibility to the Iraqis" when it was becoming increasingly clear that Iraqis could not handle it. Cheney writes that he came to the meeting with a series of questions: "Is there more we could be doing to defeat the insurgency? Do we need more troops? Are the Iraqis convinced that we'll see this through? What does it take to win?"

Violence had been escalating in Iraq for three years. Is it really the case that a former defense secretary, who writes that he had expressed concerns about Afghanistan after just three weeks of American boots on the ground, didn't ask these questions until three years into Iraq?

Cheney doesn't tell us that he had failed to ask these questions earlier; he just doesn't acknowledge that he did. Eight months after the invasion, Cheney spoke by phone to L. Paul Bremer, the civilian administrator in Iraq, and according to Bremer's notes from the call, Cheney asked: "What's our strategy to win? My impression is that the Pentagon's mindset is that the war's over and they're now in the 'mopping-up' phase. They fail to see we're in a major battle against terrorists in Iraq and elsewhere."

Cheney didn't remember the call when I asked him about it, but members of his national security staff and others involved in Iraq decision-making say that his concerns about the military strategy came early. Cheney left that out. When I interviewed him shortly before he left the White House, I asked Cheney directly whether he was pushing for a change in strategy before the surge.

"Well, you're putting me in a difficult position," he said.

I pressed him.

"I'm going to pass on your question. I do have some things I want to say in that area, but I think I'll save it for my book," he joked.

In this case, what he left out of the book might tell us as much about Dick Cheney, the man, as what he included. ♦

GETTY IMAGES

B&A

Spirits of the Age

The ghosts and ghoulies and mummies of the cinema.

BY VICTORINO MATUS

Rex Harrison, Gene Tierney in 'The Ghost and Mrs. Muir' (1947)

20TH CENTURY FOX / ALBUM / NEWSCOM

There's a much-talked-about cable series called *Torchwood: Miracle Day*, in which people suddenly stop dying. Not that it's heaven: Victims of severe gunshot wounds, stabbings, and other massive trauma suffer excruciating pain but simply cannot die. A convicted killer and pedophile (played by Bill Pullman) survives multiple lethal injections. In short, it's a catastrophe. But as Richard Striner reminds us, this problem isn't new.

In *On Borrowed Time* (1939), a grandfather (Lionel Barrymore) has tricked Death into climbing up a tree that's been cast with a spell: He is unable to climb back down without the old man's permission. The plan is to keep Death at bay until he can win a custody battle over his orphaned grandson, allowing the boy to collect a sizable inheritance upon the grandfather's death. In the meantime, Striner explains, "No one can die. . . . For the plot twists that follow make the point that such indefinite extensions of life (in its *mortal* version) are a curse without the blessing of youth. Gramps ponders the prospect that he and countless others will suffer and sicken as their bodies wear out unless [Death] is allowed to go free."

Supernatural Romance in Film
Tales of Love, Death and the Afterlife
by Richard Striner
McFarland, 213 pp., $40

But rest assured, the ending is a happy one—for Death.

From the earliest days of motion pictures, supernatural elements have found their way into film plots—and cosmic romances have had particular resonance with audiences. Striner describes this genre as using "supernatural devices to express the theme that love can transcend our mortality." And although this theme dates back to antiquity (Orpheus and Euridice) it hasn't been fully and comprehensively assessed until now: "This study . . . will show that these various productions—some of which are all too easily dismissed as inconsequential pulp—are linked to serious issues of philosophy and even theology," writes Striner. And so 22 films are systematically broken down, from *The Mummy* (1932) to *What Dreams May Come* (1998), providing a plot summary, analysis of the supernatural element and its classical roots, and even a section on the production itself and how it fared critically and commercially.

The Mummy, for instance, in which the high priest Imhotep (Boris Karloff) returns to life thousands of years later in search of his lover, can be traced back to the Egyptian myth of Isis. "The god Osiris," explains Striner, "was murdered by his evil brother Set, but then his sister-wife Isis, with the aid of other friendly deities . . . brought him back to life. Osiris, resurrected through love, became the lord of the underworld. His wife Isis became the universal mother who could overcome the power of death."

The amount of text devoted to each film is understandably inconsistent: Not all supernatural romances are alike, and some (at least based on my reading of them) seem more compelling than others. Although I've never seen *Solaris* (the Soviet version from 1972, not the 2002 George Clooney remake), the plot description is haunting: An oceanic life form on an alien planet is reading the minds of orbiting cosmonauts, creating realistic illusions based on their dreams, with dangerous consequences. For one cosmonaut, a manifestation of his dead wife appears.

In a few cases, I've seen the remakes of the films examined here: *Heaven Can Wait* (1978) starring Warren Beatty, which I enjoyed immensely as a 10-year-old (thank you, HBO), was originally *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* (1941) with Robert Montgomery. I didn't much enjoy the Brad Pitt remake *Meet Joe Black* (1998), and probably will pass on the original, *Death Takes a Holiday* (1934). I have yet to see *The*

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Ghost and Mrs. Muir (1947, starring Gene Tierney and Rex Harrison), but I did watch the television series (probably not the same). Most time is spent with supernatural heavies like *The Red Shoes* (1948), Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo* (1958), and *Somewhere in Time* (1980), which introduced a maddening time-loop problem that, according to the author, is "akin to the perennial theme of eternal recurrence, yet another intellectual tradition in the West from Pythagoras to Nietzsche." If this sounds confusing, Striner's plot summary is helpful—as is watching the movie.

(A similar dilemma is created in *The Terminator* (1984). A man is sent back through time to prevent the murder of a woman whose son will one day lead the fight against evil machines. But the time traveler ends up falling in love with the woman he is protecting and impregnates her. So her son's father is from the future—in fact, he was sent back in time by the son. For the sake of your mental equilibrium, please stop thinking about this now.)

Sleepless in Seattle (1993) is included and seems a bit of a stretch because the supernatural element is rather subtle. "Though Annie and Sam are fully destined for each other," Striner writes, "they can lose their way and miss out on destiny—as perhaps they did in some previous lives—except for the action of a child, little Jonah, who is 'more in touch with cosmic forces.'" It was also destiny that a movie starring Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan would be box office gold. As Striner points out, the movie cost $22 million and earned $126 million.

So what draws us to these supernatural romances? Striner calls it a "*therapeutic* genre—with the obvious exception of the dark films—that seeks to counteract moods of despair in the face of tragic loss." It is a "literature of second chances" that, in the early years of cinema, "offered gentle relief in the face of mass slaughter in both the world wars. It responded to the grieving of millions." Needless to say, we're still in want of this therapeutic genre. ♦

B&A

Death of a President

The fateful encounter between anarchy and William McKinley. **BY RYAN L. COLE**

William McKinley (1843-1901) once wrote that "the march of events rules and overrules human action." In the case of his presidency, and its untimely end, those words were prophetic.

The President and the Assassin
McKinley, Terror, and Empire at the Dawn of the American Century
by Scott Miller
Random House, 432 pp., $28

Our 25th president was inaugurated in 1897 with modest ambitions, but the currents of history transformed him into (in Walter Lord's words) the "apostle" of America's increasingly prominent place on the world stage at the dawn of the 20th century. When McKinley arrived in Buffalo on September 5, 1901, to speak at the lavish Pan-American Exposition, the nation's economy hummed and its flag waved over exotic lands previously the possession of powerful empires. Less than 24 hours later, a young anarchist stepped forward from a receiving line and fired two shots from his Iver Johnson revolver into the president.

A week later, McKinley was dead, overruled by the march of events—or so says the former *Wall Street Journal* and Reuters reporter Scott Miller in this new chronicle of McKinley's murder. The book is only partially about the actual event; the majority of its pages document the tectonic shifts that led to that tragic afternoon inside the Temple of Music.

In Miller's telling, the Pan-American Exposition was an intersection where two ideologies—faith in the righteousness of America's growing prosperity and international engagement, and the radical resentment it generated—collided head-on. McKinley, of course, symbolized the former; his assassin, Leon Czolgosz, the latter. Opening and closing the narrative in Buffalo, Miller fills the space between with alternating explanations of how the president and his assassin literally, and figuratively, met. Each chapter chronicling America's rising ambitions is followed by one dedicated to the desperate resentment they created among the country's laborers, political radicals, and newly arrived immigrants.

The result is brisk but sprawling in scope. In addition to the assassination, Miller details and draws a connecting line through (among other events) the elections of 1896 and 1900, the Haymarket Riot, the destruction of the USS *Maine* and America's resultant war with Spain and subsequent occupation of Cuba and the Philippines, the Boxer Rebellion, and the Homestead Strike. A cast of Rough Riders, Filipino and Cuban rebels, American statesmen, anarchist philosophers, and captains of industry wander in and out. The era's most intriguing figures, ranging from Theodore Roosevelt to Emma Goldman, from Henry Clay Frick to Albert Parsons, from George Dewey to Emilio Aguinaldo, are profiled with reporterly detail.

Yet, despite this ambitious reach, the book, at its best, belongs to McKinley and Czolgosz. Here the president, in a thoughtful portrait, emerges as a sensitive, contemplative, and kind man, independent from the political kingmaker Mark Hanna but devoted to his chronically ill wife Ida and, upon his assumption of the presi-

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dency, to reviving America's economy, still stagnant from the aftershocks of the Panic of 1893. A veteran of the Civil War, McKinley, who served at Antietam, was all too familiar with the bloody costs of battle. Asserting from the outset that there would be "no jingo nonsense" in his administration, he promised to avoid any entanglement that could cost American lives. Domestic affairs would be his forte.

Or so he hoped. Shortly into his term, national sentiment, inflamed by sensational reporting in the (Joseph) Pulitzer and (William Randolph) Hearst newspapers, forced McKinley to intervene in a boiling rebellion in Cuba. This, in turn, led to the mysterious destruction of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor and the president's agonized decision to declare war on Spain.

Events quickly overwhelmed his modest objectives: Colonel Roosevelt charged up San Juan Hill, Commodore Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, America demolished the last vestiges of the Spanish Empire, and in the process, opened up myriad new markets to its commerce. Seemingly overnight, the nation flowered into an economic and military power. But in Miller's telling, while America rose, so did an underclass of disaffected immigrants and laborers. Packed into sweltering tenements, subject to brutal conditions in factories or mines, and left untouched by the new prosperity, these men and women were both vulnerable to, and in some cases the source of, a contagion of violent radicalism.

Articulated by activists such as Johann Most, Alexander Berkman, and perhaps most famously the Russian-born firebrand Emma Goldman, this worldview held that America, with its new influence and prosperity, was an agent of repression and unfairness, and that William McKinley was little more than a tool of his robber-baron buddies. To remedy this, insurrectionists placed their faith in the "propaganda of the deed"—the idea that political violence could kick-start revolution—and among those spellbound by Goldman, and motivated by the "deed," was McKinley's assassin.

The available facts, which Miller presents painstakingly and without a hint of judgment, paint a puzzling picture of Leon Czolgosz. This bright but withdrawn son of Polish immigrants bounced from job to job, spending long stretches of time stowed away in his mother's attic or lazing by a pond on his family's Ohio farm devouring anarchist literature. Fueled by outrage at the perceived inequality of American society, and inspired by the assassination of King Umberto I by an Italian-American immigrant, Czolgosz moved to Buffalo and, revolver in hand, found himself face-to-face with McKinley, the avatar of the system he so despised.

McKinley's casket arrives in Canton, Ohio, September 18, 1901

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Miller's chronicle of what followed is compelling, and his profiles of murderer and victim are fascinating. But the immense amount of history that surrounds that story, while important to his thesis, is at times unfocused, and some of the chapters seem like unwelcome interruptions. Distracting and politically charged cul-de-sacs abound. One involves an obvious but unspoken (and not exactly symmetrical) parallel between our current foreign policy and America's earliest experiments with the difficult art of nation-building and democracy in Cuba and the Philippines, where insurgents waged guerrilla warfare against American forces, who resorted to water-based interrogation tactics with captured insurgents.

Then there's inconsistent objectivity. The era's businessmen are painted with almost comical élan: In Miller's formulation, for every oppressed worker there was a "tycoon smoking cigars wrapped in hundred dollar-bills . . . [a] society woman who strapped a diamond-encrusted collar on her dog . . . [or a] playboy who spent the summer sailing daddy's yacht." Bomb-throwing anarchists, socialist rabble-rousers, and political assassins receive far more nuanced treatment. These distractions are not fatal, but the pages turn quickest when the author sticks close to his putative subject. And though it may be a bit belabored, his argument is convincing: Irresistible forces, in the form of American power and the violent opposition it provoked, brought McKinley and Czolgosz together and sealed their fates (the anarchist was executed six weeks after McKinley's death).

One further note: This is far from a biography, but any treatment of William McKinley and his important presidency is welcome. The definitive work remains Margaret Leech's *In the Days of McKinley* (1959), but with due respect to Leech's fine and famous work, McKinley and his times are due for a fresh appraisal. Until that arrives, *The President and the Assassin* will do. ♦

B&A

The Modern Sound

Two prophets, in music, of suffering and redemption.

BY ALGIS VALIUNAS

Gustav Mahler, 1909

Despite the insistence of formalists that music is about nothing but itself, the supreme composers take in and give out as much life as the supreme novelists do. That is as true of the modernists as it is of their generally more revered predecessors—though when it is modern life that the composer expresses, the sound world tends to get hectic, emotionally contorted, and downright strange, befitting the times.

The serious music audience has come to accept as pretty much normal certain peculiarities that flummoxed or outraged their original listeners. The unspeakable avant-garde has always had a way of catching on with the public eventually, and the 21st century is coming to terms with modernist music. Some modern music is not merely accepted but beloved. Gustav Mahler (1860-1911) and Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975) sound almost as respectable to today's concertgoers as Beethoven or Brahms, and a rip-roaring performance of one of their symphonies can induce mass delirium. Indeed, that was known to happen even in their own day: While Mahler and Shostakovich encountered fierce contempt for and resistance to their innovative artistry—and nobody's contempt and resistance were as terrible as Stalin's, which nearly meant the death of Shostakovich—they did enjoy adulation in their lifetimes. They were (and are) probably the most popular of 20th-century classical composers. They are also likely the most characteristic and the greatest.

Why Mahler?
How One Man and Ten Symphonies Changed Our World
by Norman Lebrecht
Pantheon, 336 pp., $27.95

Music for Silenced Voices
Shostakovich and His Fifteen Quartets
by Wendy Lesser
Yale, 368 pp., $28

Last year marked the 150th anniversary of Mahler's birth, and this year brings the centenary of his death. As the memorialists say, a terribly brief life, and a heroically full one. He was a Bohemian Jew from a dead end of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. His father owned a tavern and a small distillery, and Mahler's upbringing was ugly, disorderly, and sad, except for music. Brothers and sisters died off left and right. Father and mother ripped into each other on a regular basis. When Mahler met with Sigmund Freud in 1910 he related a childhood memory of running out of the house to escape a parental brawl and hearing an organ grinder in the street play *Ach, du lieber Augustin*.

Mahler and Freud concurred: This conjunction of sadness, even tragic sorrow, and hurdy-gurdy banality gave his music its unique flavor: lyric grace and emphatic gracelessness, the utmost seriousness and the grossest vulgarity, were the artistic residue of this psychic trauma.

Whether or not this particular incident explains Mahler's distinctive sensibility, it was just that sensibility that made him a founding father of modernist music. Mahler was not only the greatest composer of his time but also the greatest operatic conductor, though he did not write operas. A steady climb up the ladder of provincial opera houses got him to the topmost rung in 1897: the Vienna Court Opera, where he would conduct the most remarkable renditions of *Le nozze di Figaro* and *Tristan und Isolde* that anyone had heard. The post was bestowed by the emperor's appointment, and such distinctions did not go to Jews, so Mahler converted to Roman Catholicism in anticipation of his main chance. The conversion was strictly a career move, and he never practiced his new faith.

Writing the sort of music he did was not a particularly shrewd career move for a conductor; many of his own musicians despised his compositions. He wrote during the summer breaks from the operatic season, and produced nine symphonies (a tenth was left unfinished, and various versions completed by others have entered the repertoire) and the song cycles *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (*Songs of a Wayfarer*, 1885), *Kindertotenlieder* (*Songs on the Death of Children*, 1904), *Rückert-Lieder* (1905), and *Das Lied von der Erde* (*The Song of the Earth*, 1908)—

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the last being a masterly quasi-symphonic piece for tenor, contralto, and orchestra, setting German translations of Chinese poems to music of exquisite plangency that mourns and celebrates the queer fate of being born and facing death as a human being.

There was much to celebrate and much to mourn in Mahler's life. Genius like his is a rare privilege, and it has its perquisites. Thomas Mann, who was not inclined to acknowledge superiors, found himself tongue-tied in Mahler's presence, and inscribed a gift copy of a novel of his to "a man who seems to me to embody the most serious and sacred artistic purpose of our time." Mahler was not only one of the most celebrated but also one of the best-paid musicians of his day: At 41 he married the 22-year-old Alma Schindler, a famous beauty said to work erotic sorcery. But five years later he would resign from the Vienna Opera under duress, lose a cherished daughter to diphtheria, and receive the diagnosis of a potentially fatal heart condition. In the last year of his life, Alma took up with the handsome young architect Walter Gropius.

"There is not one spot on your body that I would not like to caress with my tongue," she wrote to Gropius. One can be quite sure that not one spot went uncaressed. When Mahler discovered the affair, he was devastated. But the pains of love did not last long. He contracted subacute bacterial endocarditis in 1910 and died a few months later.

There are two ways of understanding Mahler's music. One of them is a common misunderstanding. In *Why Mahler?* Norman Lebrecht, a critic who has lived with Mahler about as long and as intimately as anyone going, discerns his hero's signal innovation as "the application of irony in a musical score." Lebrecht cites Samuel Johnson's definition of irony: "a mode of speech in which the meaning is contrary to the words." In more up-to-date parlance, what is said is different from what is meant. Composers before Mahler, Lebrecht says, kept the emotions they described or evoked clear and simple and discrete: Joy was unambiguously radiant, sorrow was draped in mourning, and there could be no confounding beauty with ugliness. Mahler changed all that, Lebrecht rightly states, but he did not change it in quite the way Lebrecht would have it.

Mahler's First Symphony opens with the softest sounds of pastoral, even Edenic, gentleness, as though a warmhearted Creator were fashioning a world from His boundless love. Yet one hears presently some of the agony in beauty, the inescapable pain in being alive. Pain of this order is an essential Mahlerian feature. So is the thunderous grandeur that ends the first movement. The second movement is a *Ländler*, an Austrian

Dmitri Shostakovich, ca. 1960

folk dance in which bubbling woodwinds make merry, though a gay Viennese urbanity seems more prominent than peasant jollity. So far, the shifts in mood and blends of style indicate a certain aesthetic novelty, but it is with the third movement that things get harumscarum. A funeral march to the folk tune *Bruder Martin* (or *Frère Jacques*) in the minor mode, with a reiterated *marcato* fillip that rings like a comic slap to the head, had some first-night concertgoers and critics howling abomination.

Not a few listeners, Vienna being what it was, howled Jewish abomination: There were, after all, echoes of klezmer music, played by small bands and popular at Jewish weddings, and some found such stuff low-rent and degrading. Mahler certainly gave the audience cause for bafflement. Welcome to modern music, he announced, where antic grotesquerie has its rightful place alongside the tragic or the sublime. With the first notes of the fourth movement, the sublime enjoys a resurgence, as tempest bursts out of nowhere. We are back in the world of Berlioz and Liszt and Alfred de Vigny and Caspar David Friedrich. The grimacing modernist in Mahler's nature cannot suppress his impulse to Romantic magnificence. No other composer, except perhaps Tchaikovsky, dares incite the strings to so melting a rapture as the one that follows the storm. But Tchaikovsky, of course, never caroms from overrich heart-wrung sentiment into sardonic mockery.

That is Mahler's innovation, but it cannot correctly be called ironic music. With "irony" the true meaning is not found on the surface; it broods or rages or smirks underneath, and the aesthetic and moral responsibility of the adept audience is to ferret it out. In the case of Mahler, his meaning lies precisely on the surface; Mahler always means what he says; it's just that what he says out of one side of his mouth jars so violently with what he says out of the other.

The horrible ludicrousness of life and death, so intensely felt in his music, is not the true meaning that disproves his professions of life's tragedy, heroism, or sublimity; passages of rampaging ugliness do not annihilate the patent beauty for which Mahler is so renowned. The Scherzo of the Seventh Symphony, with its skittering woodwinds, oompah brass, belches from tubas pitched about as low as they can go, is perhaps the most extravagantly jeering movement he wrote. But immediately afterward comes the Andante amoroso, an engraved invitation to the bower of bliss. One emotion does not deny or undermine the truth of the other. Mahler makes room for all manner of feeling. He invokes in his music a host of previous solemn grandmasters. There are passages that sound like Beethoven or Wagner or Brahms. And then Mahler has lighter moments from which subsequent boulevardiers picked up a trick or two; there are monkeyshines that make one think of Erik Satie. But nobody else combines as he does august splendor with the comic pratfall face-first into the mud. For Mahler, the tragic and the heroic and the sublime coexist with the ludicrous. No small part of what makes life tragic is how laughable pain can be, while

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heroism and sublimity consist largely in overcoming the preposterous—the cowardly, the drunken, the lustful, the ungainly, the stupid—in human nature.

Mahler's music is fragmented and contradictory—reverent and impious, courageous and fearful, steadfast and lurching, severe and ribald, delicate and brazen—and he made modern listeners realize that they are, too. Meeting in 1907 with Jean Sibelius, who argued for formal elegance and "profound logic" in symphonic music, Mahler snapped back, "No! The symphony must be like the world. It must be all-embracing." Perhaps to be a modern master, after Mahler's fashion, is to take in everything but be able to give it back only scattershot. Mahler popped the joints and expanded the expressive range of symphonic music. Austere perfection did not suit him. And if current popularity is a just indication of success, his way of working has outshone that of formally punctilious virtuosi such as Sibelius, Stravinsky, Debussy. As genius is supposed to do, Mahler created the taste by which he is appreciated.

By the 1920s, that taste for Mahler was becoming established in the Soviet Union, and among the most headlong enthusiasts was the young Dmitri Shostakovich. That Shostakovich owes an immense debt to Mahler is now a critical commonplace. Books and articles and CD notes point out that a certain Shostakovich symphony echoes a certain Mahler symphony here or there. Alex Ross, one of the most astute critics writing today, has said that Shostakovich deeply felt Mahler's influence in the "conception of the symphony as a form of untrammeled psychological theater."

Yet Shostakovich was writing in a savage land where thought and feeling were trammeled, smothered, extinguished, as almost nowhere else. Untrammeled psychological theater got you 25 years in Kolyma or a bullet in the back of the skull. Artists who displayed themselves too boldly did not last: Maxim Gorky, Isaac Babel, Osip Mandelstam, Vsevolod Meyerhold met Stalin's executioners; Vladimir Mayakovsky and Marina Tsvetaeva were driven to suicide. In the Soviet Union, during Stalin's reign and after, irony was an essential tool of survival. Sometimes one could not muster the courage even for irony, and discreet capitulation was the best one could manage. But if one succeeded in keeping hold of some part of one's soul, despite such perils, one survived not only for his own sake but for that of his countrymen.

Shostakovich did adopt Mahlerian musical qualities, but he employed them for very different purposes. Where Mahler wrote music under the aspect of eternity, Shostakovich wrote music of and for a particular place and time. Mahler composed in metaphysical confusion, and squared off against God—or in certain moods bowed before Him—though he could not be sure he believed in His existence, while Shostakovich composed with his earthly masters and his Russian fellow sufferers in mind.

Mahler in youth

His First Symphony, written when he was a 19-year-old conservatory student, was the kind of music that pleased the powers, and it made Shostakovich a name in the Soviet Union and abroad. However, a name was a dangerous thing to have in Stalin's regime: Subsequent works received more attention than Shostakovich cared to get. His 1928 opera *The Nose*, based on the 1836 short story by Nikolai Gogol about a minor bureaucrat who one morning finds his nose missing and subsequently discovers that the nose has assumed the identity of a higher-ranking bureaucrat, nettled politically orthodox critics. They condemned it for modernist unintelligibility and failure to advance the proletarian cause.

In fact, *The Nose* was perhaps too intelligible: full of the sounds of official stupidity that could not be pinned solely on the czarist regime Shostakovich declared he was satirizing. He assaults the prevailing chuckleheadedness with flatulent brass glissandos, airheaded flutes, and the impossible tenor tessitura for the District Commissioner, which is designed to render the screeching of authoritarian lunatic rage. The masses love to dish out wild cacophonous beatings, while the police, in Mayor Daley's famous formulation, are not there to create disorder but to preserve disorder. Hannah Arendt's doctrine about the banality of evil, wrongheaded though it may be as a description of the Holocaust, fits this opera perfectly. And such impudence on the composer's part does not win friends in high places.

Shostakovich's next opera, and his next major work, *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District* (1934), based on Nikolai Leskov's 1865 tale of provincial adultery and murder, produced an impressive popular splash, but made Shostakovich an enemy in the very highest of places. In 1936 Stalin and his posse attended a performance of the opera at Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre and walked out before the end. Two days later an unsigned editorial appeared in *Pravda* which changed Shostakovich's life. "Muddle Instead of Music" shredded his opera for violating the canons of socialist realism and the standards of Soviet sexual virtue. Although the editorial was toxic, stifling, and barbaric, it nailed Shostakovich dead-center: He fully intended the violations he was charged with. The blaring barnyard noise that accompanies the adulterous coupling is indeed as discordant and down-and-dirty as operatic music gets. Stalin hated it.

Lady Macbeth is a work of modernist genius, psychologically penetrating in its portrayal of rankest sensuality, lethal greed, longing for marvels, and genuine tenderness in what passes for love. Genius of this unsettling order, however, was not what historical necessity called for. Shostakovich was born to write operas, but he never completed another one. Shostakovich was in disgrace, and in mortal danger.

Of his 15 symphonies, the Fourth is his most extraordinary; he completed it in 1936, after his operatic debacle, but

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withdrew it just before its scheduled premiere, under pressure from above, and its first performance did not come until 1961. The listener cannot but detect a political program here. One hears the frightfulness of Stalinism undisguised; it is music of, for, and to the Lubyanka. In parts of the final movement, though, Shostakovich sounds uncannily like Mahler in his dulcet rhapsodizing. Yet Shostakovich uses the unbearably lovely by way of contrast not with the crass and banal (as Mahler often does) but with the sinister and baneful. In the final passage the loudest advancing drumbeat you'll ever hear announces the onslaught of the barbarian horde, and the souls that survive the initial outrage expire slowly and in pain.

In 1937, as the Great Terror took distinguished heads on every side, Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony helped restore him to favor, or at least removed him from the death watch. Shostakovich publicly endorsed an admiring critic's description of the symphony as "A Soviet Artist's Reply to Just Criticism." Neat martial stepping marks the indomitable Soviet people's advance. Bombast is laced with insufferable Tinkerbell prettiness. In the final movement the Red Army comes barreling through at full throttle—never mind that it must be missing its foremost generals, who have recently been shot. The finish is a bang-up affair, in clear-cut opposition to the Fourth, as the trumpets blast and the bass drum resounds heroically. Is this irony, or truckling to save one's skin, or the soul's true expression? The latter seems extremely unlikely. Either of the former two is possible.

Henceforth, Shostakovich would write both cautiously subservient music, some of which was surely ironic, and startlingly defiant music, such as songs set to Jewish folk poetry, Alexander Pushkin, Marina Tsvetaeva, and Shakespeare's Sonnet 66. This last is a frontal assault on tyranny, which despoils faith, honor, virtue, perfection, and strength, and in the music, sickened contempt mounts in pitch and dynamic to the boldest rage, before the descending scale and decrescendo sink one into hopelessness.

This song, written in 1942, sneers in Stalin's face. It might have posed as a patriotic demolition of Hitler, but there can be no doubt that Shostakovich had in mind a monster closer to home. In 1942 he was a national hero and a world-famous figure as composer of the Seventh Symphony, known as the Leningrad, celebrating the ultimate in Soviet bravery. Perhaps he could afford to be audacious. But in 1948, when the regime cracked down on unsuitable music, and Shostakovich found himself in disgrace again, such audacity was far from his mind—if by audacity one means going public with his defiance. He wrote his superb Violin Concerto Number One then but put it in a drawer until 1955, two years after Stalin's death.

Shostakovich in the 1930s

In the opening movement, as the massed strings impel the solo instrument to a near frenzy of pain, one understands that compassion can be so intense it approaches insanity. When the individual feels everyone else's suffering as though it were his own, you have a hard time telling where he ends and they begin. True Soviet collectivism is to be found in mass grief and in mass dissent—even if that is only giving the boss the finger in your pocket, as the Russian saying goes. The second movement is a Scherzo, and the word means joke. As the joke is passed around the players, it grows in explosiveness until it erupts in a subversive carnival, madcap and dangerous. The final movement, marked Burlesque: Allegro con brio—Presto, intimates that triumph of a sort may be possible, even though it is only a moral triumph, and even though it may not last, for all but broken people who can still laugh at their oppressors.

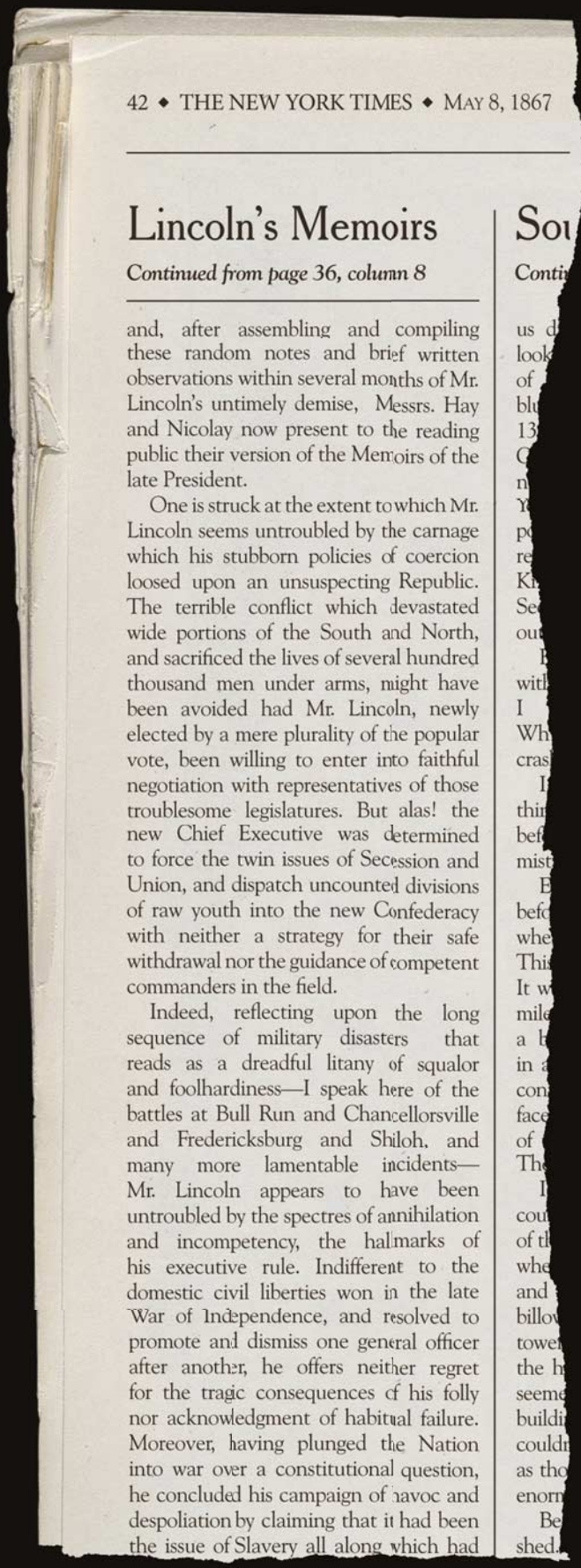
Music for Silenced Voices is the title of Wendy Lesser's book, in which she contends that "Shostakovich's own voice is most clearly audible in his 15 string quartets." The large-scale works show signs of self-censorship, Lesser argues, as Shostakovich departs from the truth in order to fulfill his public duty—perhaps to certify his public persona, which keeps his head on his neck. The authorities paid little mind to his chamber music, however, and there he was free to be himself. The quartets speak mostly of death: the death of friends, colleagues, his first wife, and himself. Contrary to the Soviet principle that only the public life is real, Lesser sets out to demonstrate that the concerns of the quartets are private.

This is a brilliant and fascinating book, but Lesser misses the very heart of Shostakovich's art: It registers an entire nation's agony, and even his chamber works constitute a public—indeed, a political—music. Perhaps the Quartet Number 14 (1972-73) best illustrates how Shostakovich's suffering in art is *not* essentially private. The first movement parodies the Pavlovian stimulus-response mechanism that was one of the proudest discoveries of Stalin-era science: Over and over a three-note figure screeches unmusically and provokes a screech in return. The music bespeaks a social order where even pain is not one's own but the mass product of socially engineered misery, and the artist who expresses his suffering necessarily takes in that of everyone else. Above all, the middle and late quartets depict the struggle to wrest vitality back from such despair.

For Mahler, sorrow and exultation, surrender and energy exist in equilibrium, while for Shostakovich there is a continual fight between them—a fight to the death. Every Soviet citizen knew the feeling. His countrymen revered Shostakovich because he was the Russian sufferer *par excellence*, in his despondency, his fearfulness, his circumspection, his irony, his endurance, and his courage. ♦

"For Cheney . . . the only real point of writing about the vice presidential years is to make clear how right Cheney always was, and how wrongheaded were his critics and bureaucratic rivals. More than once he tells us he would do again exactly what he did the first time, 'in a heartbeat.' He acknowledges no serious regrets about anything."

—from Robert G. Kaiser's review in the* Washington Post *(August 30) of* In My Time: A Personal and Political Memoir *by Dick Cheney



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Lincoln's Memoirs

Continued from page 36, column 8

and, after assembling and compiling these random notes and brief written observations within several months of Mr. Lincoln's untimely demise, Messrs. Hay and Nicolay now present to the reading public their version of the Memoirs of the late President.

One is struck at the extent to which Mr. Lincoln seems untroubled by the carnage which his stubborn policies of coercion loosed upon an unsuspecting Republic. The terrible conflict which devastated wide portions of the South and North, and sacrificed the lives of several hundred thousand men under arms, might have been avoided had Mr. Lincoln, newly elected by a mere plurality of the popular vote, been willing to enter into faithful negotiation with representatives of those troublesome legislatures. But alas! the new Chief Executive was determined to force the twin issues of Secession and Union, and dispatch uncounted divisions of raw youth into the new Confederacy with neither a strategy for their safe withdrawal nor the guidance of competent commanders in the field.

Indeed, reflecting upon the long sequence of military disasters that reads as a dreadful litany of squalor and foolhardiness—I speak here of the battles at Bull Run and Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg and Shiloh, and many more lamentable incidents—Mr. Lincoln appears to have been untroubled by the spectres of annihilation and incompetency, the hallmarks of his executive rule. Indifferent to the domestic civil liberties won in the late War of Independence, and resolved to promote and dismiss one general officer after another, he offers neither regret for the tragic consequences of his folly nor acknowledgment of habitual failure. Moreover, having plunged the Nation into war over a constitutional question, he concluded his campaign of havoc and despoliation by claiming that it had been the issue of Slavery all along which had