the weekly Standard

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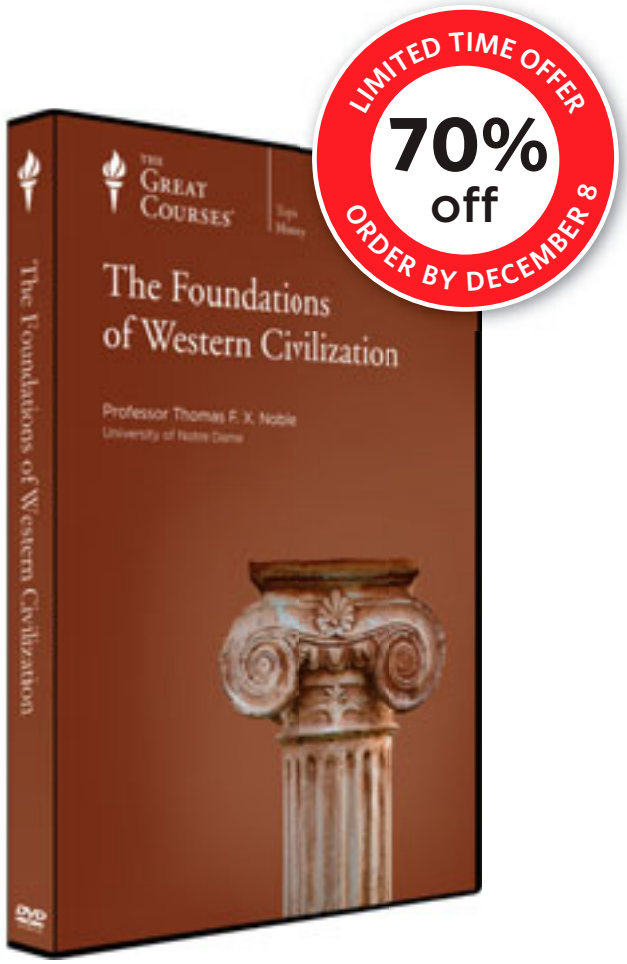

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COVER BY JAMES BENNETT

Lords of Finance vs. Lord of the Flies

If you're not already sitting down, you may want to steady yourself before reading further. Recent polls show that the Occupy Wall Street movement is unpopular with voters! Not only that, it appears—gasp—that the Tea Party is actually more popular than Occupy Wall Street.

Liberal bloggers think they have figured out why. Blogger Digby, a perennial source of quotes for the *New York Times*'s Paul Krugman, is outraged by the media's portrayal of the movement, especially that of the *New York Post* and other outlets said to toe the conservative line: "It's always gratifying to see the press defend the right of the authorities to restrict the First Amendment. The right wing has been pushing this theme of the occupy people being anti-social sub-humans defecating on the sidewalks from the beginning."

We seem to recall that there's another newspaper aside from the *Post* in New York, and it's considered a bit more influential. Just last week, the *New York Times* ran an article by famous Columbia University economist Jeffrey Sachs proclaiming Occupy Wall Street as the birth of a new progressive movement.

However, if the public is more inclined to see Occupy Wall Street as a bunch of antisocial people defecating on sidewalks than effective champions of the downtrodden and oppressed, that's not because they're being misinformed. It might be because the occupiers are actually defecating in public (video findable by Google, if you have a strong stomach and a masochistic streak). Despite what the occupiers would have you believe, there are precious few issues on which you will find "99 percent" aligned in agreement, but condemnation of dropping trou in public remains one of them.

Now imagine how the public feels about the accompanying murder, riots, arson, suicide, overdoses, lice and tuberculosis outbreaks, and, perhaps most damning, the shockingly high incidence of sexual assault. The dreaded *New York Post* reported last week that one woman at Occupy Wall Street was the victim of two separate incidents of sexual assault over the last two months. Who knew protests that proudly advertise rape-free zones and encourage victims of sexual assault not to go to the police would prove so uncongenial to the wider public? When it comes to rape, again, we find 99 percent of America is down twinkles.

Then came word last week that a disturbed man who fired bullets into the White House may have been hiding out at the Occupy D.C. encampment. While it's unfair to say that one mentally ill man with an itchy trigger finger is the personification of the Occupy Wall Street movement, dare we suggest it was not a stroke of public relations genius for Occupy San Diego to hold a moment of silence on behalf of the deranged would-be assassin after his arrest?

Finally, we would note that the police crackdowns on various Occupy movement encampments last week were not exactly at the behest of right-wing *Übermenschen*. New York mayor Michael Bloomberg, Portland mayor Sam Adams, and Oakland mayor Jean Quan are among the most liberal elected officials in the country—and even they had finally had enough of being occupied and belatedly called on police to clear out their respective city parks.

The lesson here is not that Americans are easily misled by a yellow press into dismissing populist uprisings so the Lords of Finance can continue purchasing solid gold sock garters. The moral of the story is much simpler than that: If you don't want people to think you're a bunch of antisocial subhumans, do something about the criminals in your midst and learn to occupy a toilet stall. ♦

What They Were Thinking

NEWSCOM

Russia's Vladimir Putin shares a joke with Belgorod Region's governor Yevgeny Savchenko.

Occupy Tehran

As the NYPD moved to dismantle the Zuccotti Park tent city last week, a few tears may have been shed in the Islamic Republic of Iran. After all, if some of Occupy Wall Street's organizers and cheerleaders see the two-month-long protest movement/street theater as the testing ground for new political and cultural forms, the Iranians have dared to dream even bigger: Officials in Tehran believe the Occupy movement portends the demise of the Great Satan.

Occupy Wall Street, said Ayatollah Mohsen Heydari, heralded the advent of the mahdi, the hidden imam whose return will signal the beginning of an age of justice, and was "a coup de grâce against the capitalist regime." Indeed, some Iranian officials cribbed their critical lexicon from the same Marxist and poststructuralist theorists—Gramsci, the Frankfurt School, Slavoj Zizek—that inspired OWS's intellectual cadre. The movement "is a symbolical warning against the accumulated threats of capitalism, making democracy ineffective," wrote a columnist in *Sharq*, one of Iran's "reformist" newspapers. If the "movement persists and spreads," one of the conservative outlets, *Khorasan*, argued, it will result in "the collapse of the capitalist and liberal-democratic systems." In the regime organ *Kayhan*, Hossein Shariatmadari explained that Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini had foreseen it all. And so had his successor Ali Khamenei, for whom, incidentally, Shariatmadari serves as a de facto spokesman. "Our supreme leader once said astutely," wrote Shariatmadari: "'Today, the United States is at its weakest point in history, while Islamic Iran is approaching its golden years.'"

Of course, what we have here is an information campaign directed at an internal audience that knows just how difficult the present moment is for most Iranians, who are isolated from the community of nations and wondering when their long national nightmare will come to an end. But the clue to bringing down the Islamic Republic is right here; Iran's rulers have unwittingly revealed it for all to see.

The clerical regime believed that Occupy Wall Street posed an existential threat to American free enterprise and liberal democracy. What's noteworthy is not simply that Tehran's rulers are incapable of accurately reckoning our real strengths, of understanding that disputation, for instance, is the lifeblood of our politics. More than that, the Islamic Republic's conviction that the United States was about to be toppled from within is a classic case of mirror imaging. The Iranian regime has foreseen its own end in the image of citizens taking to the streets. Occupy Wall Street is no real threat to American power. But for the Islamic Republic, a revival of its Green Movement could well spell the end of the mullahs' rule. ♦

End of an Itsy Bitsy Era

Statistically, the Baby Boom is supposed to have begun in 1945. But biologically, The Scrapbook has always believed it should be dated from nine months after the end of World War II, which would place it somewhere in 1946. This being the 65th anniversary of the birth of the first Boomer, by The Scrapbook's reckoning, we are witnessing the beginning of the end of the phenomenon: retiring Baby Boomers.

Accordingly, The Scrapbook couldn't help but note the death last week of Lee Pockriss in Bridgewater, Conn. Pockriss was neither a household name nor, at 87, a Baby Boomer. But he was a prolific composer who wrote the music for a number of popu-

lar hits of the 1950s and '60s, notably "Catch a Falling Star" (a giant hit for Perry Como in 1957) and the novelty song that probably best captures the pop-music valley between the mountains of Elvis and the Beatles: "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini" (1960). It is also worth mentioning, for readers of a certain age, that Brian Hyland, the squeaky-voiced 16-year-old who recorded "Itsy Bitsy," is now 68 years old.

We were amused by the *New York Times* obit, which suggested that the popularity of the song "has been credited with helping [bikinis] gain acceptance." This seems highly unlikely, and is a little like saying that "Catch a Falling Star" encouraged public support for the space program. Bikinis were very much a part of the swimsuit scene by 1960, and "Itsy Bitsy" is one of those songs that, for reasons best left to doctoral dissertations, inexplicably catches on and (as we would now say) goes viral. Lest we forget, "Macarena" was released in 1995 and "Who Let the Dogs Out" as recently as 2000.

But The Scrapbook attaches a certain significance to "Itsy Bitsy" in the never-ending debate about the definition of the Baby Boom. In our view, you cannot qualify as a Boomer unless you were somewhere in school when it was first released, or think of it not so much as an artifact of a vanished epoch but an instantly familiar, if cringe-inducing, tune. This same principle applies to Davy Crockett, the hula hoop, the Kennedy assassination, and Sgt. Pepper—not necessarily in that order.

Somewhere in the collective unconscious of the Baby Boom generation there is room for particles like "Itsy Bitsy" which may be summoned from memory by the right stimulus: the sound of cap guns, gear shifts, and the Mickey Mouse Club, or the statement of the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association ("Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice . . . "). Now that the Boomers are eligible for Medicare, those particles are slowly beginning to evaporate. ♦

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My Fab Flub

The tenth anniversary of the death of George Harrison came and went recently, topped off with a four-hour HBO documentary, and the occasion stirred in me a memory that was suppressed for many years, the kind that surfaces in the middle of a sleepless night and forces you to pull the pillow over your face and hum loudly and tunelessly until it passes.

It began one mellow autumn afternoon in the 1970s, as I sat in my freshman French class at a liberal arts "multiversity" in Los Angeles. Waiting for the professor—she was always late, she was French—a classmate and I made small talk. Mike mentioned that he worked part time at the *Pasadena Star-News*, covering pop music. In fact, he said, he had to be at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel the next morning for a press conference given by George Harrison.

He must have noticed the look on my face.

"That's how I feel," he said. "My first Beatle! I've never seen one before."

He glanced away, then back at me, to see if I was still looking at him.

"So you're a big fan."

I probably nodded.

"Me too," he said. His only problem was that none of the *Star-News* photographers were available.

"I take pictures!"

What I hoped he heard was: *I can help you out, man, no problem.*

What I really meant was: *My parents gave me a Minolta for high school graduation and I spent last summer trying to photograph my dog in funny hats.*

The next morning Mike got us into the Beverly Wilshire with a flash of his press card. A flack arranged us cameramen in front of a long table, behind which, presumably, a flesh and blood ex-Beatle would soon appear. The flack said he'd give us exactly two minutes to shoot our pictures.

I took my place in the pack. My solitary Minolta looked puny next to the telescoped Nikons and wide-angle Canons that swung on straps from the shoulders of the pros. I stood waiting, deep in thought, staring at the space in front of me that George Harrison was soon supposed to fill.

For all I knew the Beatles were a phantasm. The vastness of their fame, the sheer greatness of their art, made them oddly unreal to me. Perhaps Ed Sullivan had perpetrated a hoax back in 1964. Objectively, I thought, I had no reason even to believe the Beatles had ever assumed corporeal form.

A side door opened. George Harrison emerged into a meteor shower of exploding flash bulbs. He stood dressed in a richly colored silk jacket adorned with Hindu symbols. It turned out that Beatles not only had bodies, they really did wear clothes like that. I remained lost in reflection. Reluctantly I began to persuade myself that, yes, George Harrison was a material being, for here he stood, right before my . . .

"Take the f—g pictures!" Mike had moved through the pack and was shoving me from behind. Startled, I brought the Minolta to my brow and began tapping the shutter button. I tapped and tapped before the tug of the rewind lever told me I had reached the end of the roll: 36 pictures in perhaps 40 seconds. I hadn't thought to bring a second roll. The other shooters clicked maniacally. I kept the Minolta to my brow, pretending to tap the shutter button, until the flack shooed us away and the press conference began.

The *Star-News* was an afternoon paper, with a noon deadline. We got to the newsroom about 11. Mike hustled me to the photo editor and looked puzzled when I handed over only one roll of film. He went off to file his story, which was big enough, he said, to make the front page on this slow news day. The editor disappeared into the dark room.

Five minutes later he emerged with the "contact sheet" showing thumbnail versions of my 36 pictures. He stared at me across the newsroom as he walked to Mike's desk. Mike took the sheet, stood bolt upright as if snakebit, turned, and flew toward me.

This is the moment when I usually start humming into my pillow. I don't remember what Mike said. Several of the thumbnails were simply black, I'm not sure why. The others were mere smudges—Beatle blurs. There was a single image in which, if you squinted hard, George Harrison's features were faintly discernible.

It made the front page anyway, next to Mike's story, which ran despite the bitter reprimand he'd got from the editor for hiring an idiot. Though we continued to see each other on campus and in class, Mike and I seldom spoke.

I watched the HBO documentary last month, of course. The third hour showed a clip of George Harrison at a press conference, ringed by jostling cameramen. I saw, in the midst of them, a young man with a Minolta pressed to his brow, trembling as if he'd just seen a phantasm.

Andrew Ferguson

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Evitable

Should Mitt Romney be the nominee of the Republican party for president in 2012? Perhaps. Should voters support him because he's the "inevitable" nominee? No.

For one thing, his nomination is evitable—perhaps all too evitable (see below). For another, we are a proud, self-governing people. We're sometimes even an obstreperous bunch—and a good thing it is for the cause of liberty. We often balk at yielding meekly to claims of inevitability. Here in America, we the people rule by electing. We don't bow to those anointed by pundits.

And Republicans in particular will be especially wary of proclamations of inevitability that come from media who do not have conservatives' best interests at heart. Conservatives will resist declarations from a political class who have an interest in diminishing their range of choice. And wouldn't the GOP nominee—whether Mitt Romney or someone else—end up a stronger candidate if he doesn't coast to a supposedly inevitable nomination, but has to earn it (viz. Ronald Reagan in 1980 and George W. Bush in 2000)?

The fat lady hasn't sung.

NATE BEELER

But really, you might ask—isn't Romney inevitable? And the answer is, really, no.

Fox News has polled likely GOP primary voters six times in the last five months. Here's Mitt Romney's trend line of support: July 17-19, 26 percent; August 7-9, 26 percent; August 29-31, 22 percent; September 25-27, 23 percent; October 23-25, 20 percent; November 13-15, 22 percent. Not a tidal wave of irresistibly rising acclamation.

Nor has Romney always been in the lead. In three of the four most recent polls, he's trailed another candidate. The good news for Romney—the very good news for Romney—is that it's been a different person each time. Rick Perry, who was at 29 percent at the end of August, has collapsed to 7 percent in the latest survey. Herman Cain, who polled at 24 percent a month ago, is now at 15 percent. If Newt Gingrich, who now edges Romney out at 23 percent, follows in the path of Perry and Cain (and Michele Bachmann, to some degree, before them), then Romney may well win as the last man standing.

But that's a big if. Gingrich may not follow the Bachmann-Perry-Cain trajectory of rapid rise and rapid fall. He is a far more experienced national politician than they. He's a familiar figure. It's not as if, like Bachmann, he's making a favorable first impression that will then be qualified, or, like Perry, that the idea of the candidate will be very different from the reality, or that, like Herman Cain, he seems a breath of fresh air. Voters who have warmed to Gingrich in the last few months could still have second thoughts, and his rise may stall and reverse. It will indeed be surprising if he doesn't now hit some bumps in the road. But he could be formidable.

And the massive fact of the race so far is that, as various candidates have shed supporters, those voters have looked for someone to go to other than Romney. One could almost say they're going out of their way not to go to Romney. That could well change, of course. Romney will have the resources and the standing to make his case forcefully to these voters. And Romney defeats President Obama in the latest Fox poll, 44-42, while Gingrich trails, 46-41. That will be an important point in Romney's favor among GOP primary voters eager to defeat the president. Can Gingrich come close to evening the poll results in the Obama matchup? That's something to watch for. And more generally, can he rise to the occasion as a co-frontrunner, or will he fumble the ball? Will his famous baggage just prove too heavy? Who knows? We don't think the inevitable answer is yes.

And even if Gingrich fades, let's not assume it's over. Bachmann and Santorum could still have a run in Iowa. If they continue to trail badly, it's not out of the question that someone else could still present himself in mid-December to the citizens of Iowa (Hi there, Mike Huckabee! Hello, Sarah Palin!). Or, if Iowa (January 3), New Hampshire (January 10), and South Carolina (January 21) produce fragmented results, and the state of the race is disheartening to Republicans, a late January entry by another candidate isn't out of the question, either. Couldn't Jeb Bush or Marco Rubio win the January 31 Florida primary as a write-in candidate in such circumstances?

With a splintered field in a turbulent time in the Internet age, there are more possible outcomes in today's politics than are dreamt of in the philosophy of inevitability.

—William Kristol

The Fall of the House of Assad

Bashar al-Assad is finished. The Arab League has condemned him, as have former allies Qatar and Turkey. One time Saudi intelligence chief Turki al-Faisal says Assad's exit is inevitable. Perhaps most significantly, King Abdullah II of Jordan felt sufficiently confident of Assad's fall to call for the president of Syria, the Hashemite Kingdom's historical nemesis, to step down.

Pro-democracy protesters at an anti-Assad demonstration in Cairo, November 12

In the past, a more vigorous Syrian regime would have lashed out against its critics and rivals by unleashing its terrorist assets. But to date, Hezbollah has kept its head down, balancing its support of Damascus with the recognition that the regional Sunni majority has come to detest a regime that has so far slaughtered upward of 3,500 people, most of them Sunni. Hamas is doing its best to distance itself from Assad and is looking to relocate—maybe to Qatar, or even to Islamist-friendly Tunisia. It's true that Assad hasn't played all his cards yet: He's still threatening to destabilize Turkey, but attacks on embassies in Damascus—including those of France, Turkey, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, UAE, Morocco, and others—rather than terrorist operations abroad suggest the regime is hemmed in.

The domestic front is no better for Assad. The Syrian economy is in free fall. Businessmen are betting against his survival by holding on to dollars and euros and devaluing the local currency. The last few weeks have seen more and more defections from the Syrian military and armed operations against security and military outposts. Assad has the Russians in his corner, for the time being, but soon he may have only Iran standing with him.

Meanwhile, as Assad is running out of time, the Obama administration's Iran policy is running out of options.

The peace process that was supposed to galvanize a coalition of pro-American Arab states to take on the Islamic Republic is moribund. Moreover, some of those allied regimes no longer look the way they did when Obama came to office. Egypt, for instance, is too consumed with its domestic upheavals to align its foreign policy with the foreign powers whom the loudest voices in post-Mubarak politics perceive to be the real enemy—not Iran but Israel and the United States.

Obama's engagement with Tehran also proved fruitless. The prospect of reaching an accommodation so clouded the president's judgment that when the Green Movement took to the streets in June 2009, he missed a huge opportunity to back the regime's internal opposition.

Containment will fail too. For in the scheme put forth by the White House, containment is a catchword rather than a policy. If the model is meant to conform to the Cold War, it becomes obvious that no matter how many weapons are sold to the Saudis, Emiratis, and other Gulf Cooperation Council members, the coalition is worthless without a strong American presence on the front line. But, instead of maintaining a presence comprising hundreds of thousands of American soldiers, the White House is withdrawing U.S. troops from Iraq, the one forward position in the region that could have served a role similar to that of the American troops still in Germany.

Obama has a big move left on the board, but it will require the president to turn his worldview on its head. He came to office with the idea that Syria was central, and as it turns out it is—but not for the reasons he imagined three years ago.

Obama believed that getting Damascus at the negotiating table with Israel would cool the region, earn the president the confidence of Arab regimes and their subjects, and drive a wedge between the Syrians and the Iranians. The Arab Spring brought clarifying, if intemper-

NEWSCOM

ate, weather: Damascus was key not because it was strong, but because it was feeble, the weakest link in a chain that extended from Hezbollah to Iran. The self-described "beating heart of Arabism" was nothing but a smoke and mirror show. Assad exported terrorism to Lebanon, Iraq, Israel, Jordan, Turkey, and elsewhere for the same reason his father did—to destabilize his neighbors before they could destabilize Syria. With history as a guide, a post-Assad Syria will almost certainly look like the Syria Hafez al-Assad inherited in 1970—a country susceptible not only to the influence of regional actors, but vulnerable to its own internal dynamics.

Before the Alawites came to power, Syria was ruled by a succession of Sunni governments that fell in coups and countercoups, some engineered by outside forces, others merely the natural result of domestic rivalry between various centers of Sunni power. That is to say, while Islamists are undoubtedly going to have a role in a post-Assad Syria, they are going to have a lot of competition. Among others, there are the military leaders, including those who've already defected from the army, as well as the Sunni merchant class, which itself is split into rival branches, most famously between Damascus and Aleppo. Then there are the tribal leaders, who tend to take a dim view of Islamists or those absolutely devoted to a religious faith that specifically challenged the authority of the tribes.

The administration cannot imagine a post-Assad Syria because its vision is obscured by a post-Saddam Iraq. The Obama White House wants to avoid the sectarian bloodshed that split Baghdad. More than anything else, it wants to steer clear of anything that smacks of George W. Bush. Accordingly, the administration has petitioned the opposition to stay peaceful and include minorities in the Sunni-majority movement. A White House wary of Bush-style nation building has taken on the role of opposition building.

It's too late for that. The opposition already exists on the ground. Administration spokesmen have perversely tried to discourage the opposition from taking up arms. *It will only play into the regime's hands*, said a White House spokesman. *It will cost the peaceful opposition international support*.

It appears that it doesn't matter to the Syrian opposition that they can only win Washington's affection by extending their necks willingly to the regime's executioners. They're already fighting. A recent report from the International Institute for Strategic Studies explains that the Free Syrian Army, made up of defectors from the Syrian military, estimates that there are already 17,000 men under arms, operating out of Turkey and, of all places, Lebanon, the Damascus regime's terror lab. According to the report, the FSA's leaders will call for more defections—as soon as the international community implements a no-fly zone. That's the one move the White House has right now. Time to make it.

—Lee Smith

It's the Obamacare, Stupid

We are just past the halfway point between the last congressional election and the next one, and the conventional wisdom is that the upcoming election will be all about the economy. Elections during the Obama presidency, we are continually assured, are not about profligate federal spending, federal arrogance and irresponsibility, our colossal national debt, the consolidation of power and money at the expense of liberty, or the legislation that best encapsulates all of these: Obamacare.

The Democrats in general and Obama in particular know that if this next election is about profligate spending, the ensuing debt, or Obamacare, they will lose. If it's about America's place in the world, they aren't apt to fare much better. But, while none of these things is likely to change much anytime soon, the economy can change. At the least, it could potentially have a brief uptick between, say, August and November of next year.

And even if the economy doesn't change, Obama can certainly attempt to redirect the blame. Listen to him on the stump. Is he trying to make this an election about spending, debt, and Obamacare? Or is he trying to make it about the economy? Is he singing the praises of his signature legislative achievement, or is he blaming the woes of the middle class on (in his skewed version of events) a do-nothing Republican Congress whose members are more concerned with protecting the rich and saving their own seats than in taking action to improve the lives of everyday Americans?

What's more, Obama's approach seems to be working reasonably well. Rasmussen now shows Republicans and Democrats tied on the generic congressional ballot for the first time in two and a half years. Voters know that Obama inherited a lengthy recession, and to the extent that they're holding him accountable for by far the worst "recovery" from such a recession in the past six decades, they're also holding congressional Republicans accountable. In fact, several recent polls show that voters blame congressional Republicans for the poor economy even more than they blame Obama. And that's the case even though less than half of the "recovery" period has taken place while the GOP has controlled the House. By next November, Republicans will have controlled the House during most of the "recovery" period, and voters likely will view them as sharing even greater responsibility.

The Republicans' core problem isn't that they're struggling to win the blame game on the economy (though they are). It's that they've forgotten to ride the wave that brought them here. Republicans didn't get elected in 2010 because of voters' dissatisfaction with the Democrats' handling of the economy. They got elected because the Democrats openly and arrogantly ignored the voters' will in passing the monstrosity that is Obamacare—and because Republicans stood firmly, resolutely, unflinchingly for Obamacare's repeal.

Let's look at the evidence. Every House Republican incumbent voted against Obamacare, and every Republican challenger (to the best of my knowledge) was in favor of repeal. So, to see the voters' response to Obamacare, we must look at the Democrats.

Those Democrats who survived the primaries and sought reelection from districts in which Democratic presidential nominees had won by more than 5 percentage points, on average, in the past three presidential elections (in shorthand, +5 Democratic districts) essentially all voted for Obamacare. (There were only two exceptions.) Conversely, those Democrats who survived the primaries and sought reelection from districts in which Republican presidential nominees had won by more than 15 percentage points, on average, over the past three presidential elections (+15 GOP districts) essentially all voted against Obamacare. (There was only one exception.) However, there were plenty of Democrats who sought reelection in districts that ranged from +5 Democratic to +15 GOP, and their fate tells the tale of what the electorate thought of the health care overhaul.

In races in such districts—most of which are swing districts—Democratic incumbents who voted against Obamacare were more than twice as likely to win reelection as those who voted for Obamacare. Democrats who voted against Obamacare won 8 of 14 races (a 57 percent winning percentage). Democrats who voted for Obamacare won just 11 of 40 races (a 28 percent winning percentage). The latter, far less successful group actually ran in districts that were slightly more favorable to Democrats, as their districts averaged +3 GOP, while the former (far more successful) group's districts averaged +6 GOP. (Races that weren't called within two nights of the election aren't included in this analysis, but would have had little, if any, effect on the tallies.)

Exit polling provides further evidence that it wasn't the economy that did in the Democrats. Such polling showed that 35 percent of voters blamed Wall Street for the economy, while 29 percent blamed President Bush. Only 24 percent blamed President Obama.

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Yet the Republicans won in a landslide in 2010. In fact, the last time that the Republicans gained that many House seats while also regaining control of the chamber was three months before Babe Ruth's birth, in the late 19th century. So, if Republicans didn't win 63 net seats because of the economy, why did they win? Republicans won because they shared voters' opposition to Obamacare.

A year later, such opposition among voters hasn't noticeably subsided and has arguably even increased. It now looks likely to remain every bit as strong across the coming months, until voters finally get their shot at the guy who thought he could impose a government takeover of health care against the cool and deliberate sense of a free people.

What should Republicans do? If Republicans want to show that they're remotely as committed to eliminating Obamacare as Obama was in imposing it, there are plenty of actions they can take. Congressional Republicans can pass bills to repeal Obamacare's CLASS (Community Living Assistance Services and Supports) Act and its grisly IPAB (Independent Payment Advisory Board)—and then follow that by once again passing full repeal legislation, this time in the midst of a presidential campaign. In addition, they can pass the replacement legislation for Obamacare that they promised voters they would deliver.

Republican presidential candidates can emphasize that repealing Obamacare is by far the most important thing the next administration and Congress can do. They can detail why Obamacare is probably the worst piece of legislation in American history, while unveiling plans to replace it—plans that would lower health costs, end the tax code's discrimination against the uninsured, and fund state-run community pools to help provide access to coverage for those with prohibitively expensive preexisting conditions.

Beyond that, Republican presidential, congressional, and senatorial candidates would do well to reflect on, and perhaps reconsider, what the coming election is really all about. If Obamacare is one of the worst—maybe the worst—and most unpopular major pieces of legislation ever passed on these shores, and if its fate will likely be decided by the upcoming election (as it will), then why would Republicans say that the upcoming election is mostly about the economy?

Obama knows he cannot win a referendum on Obamacare. His best hope is that Republicans will continue to join him in pretending that this will be a run-of-the-mill election centered around the economy, rather than a historic election in which the citizenry's verdict will largely determine the future course of the nation.

—Jeffrey H. Anderson

Newt Gingrich at the Osage Middle School in Iowa

The Iowa Frontrunner

The Gingrich campaign, he will tell you, is very different.

BY MICHAEL WARREN

Osage, Iowa

Newt Gingrich says he's not a traditional politician. He certainly isn't running a traditional campaign for president. What the former House speaker lacks in campaign infrastructure, money, and a conventional rationale for his candidacy, he's made up for in words—lots and lots of them. And he's willing to talk to anyone who will listen, even Iowans not eligible to vote.

"My model is very different from most politicians," Gingrich says. "Part of the reason is, I am really deeply concerned about understanding America and understanding what's happening to it, both here and around the world."

He's speaking in the gymnasium at Osage Middle School to over 100 8th and 12th graders, and the conversation hits just about every topic, from developing leadership skills to the future of virtual reality entertainment to, of all things, endorphins. "Basically, they're the chemicals in your brain that make you feel good," he explains. "A runner's high. People who run long enough, they get endorphins because that literally generates chemicals that make them feel good."

Gingrich eventually gets around to talking about his policies and proposals. One student asks him how he plans on growing the American economy. "I would repeal the Dodd-Frank bill, which is killing small banks," Gingrich says. "And I would repeal Sarbanes-Oxley, which adds a substantial amount of paperwork cost to the government."

A particularly perceptive student asks Gingrich why he's here talking with people who aren't old enough to vote. It's a good question. "Well, this is part of Iowa," Gingrich replies. "And Iowa's an important state. And I was asked to come here."

He was, in fact, invited by the 14-year-old daughter of Republican state representative Josh Byrnes, who lives in Osage. She met Gingrich two weeks before, at a campaign event downstate, when he was in third or fourth place in most national polls, running out of money and time, haunted by the near-collapse of his campaign in early summer ("my political near-death experience," he calls it).

Now, the Gingrich campaign is in full revival mode. National polls showed him steadily gaining on evergreen frontrunner Mitt Romney, as sexual harassment allegations started to chip away seriously at Herman Cain's support. Last week, he pulled ahead in Iowa and even with Romney in one New Hampshire poll. At a campaign stop in Jefferson, the local Republican party co-chair even introduced Gingrich as the GOP's "leading candidate" for president.

He's in Iowa for his fifth visit since October, because there's a very good chance he could win the caucuses here on January 3. A Rasmussen poll

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released November 17 showed Gingrich first among likely Republican caucusgoers with 32 percent support, 13 points ahead of Romney. That sound you hear is the endorphin rush in Gingrich's brain.

"One of the lessons I learned this summer was how really dramatically different my approach is from the modern Republican consultant model," Gingrich tells me in an interview.

His campaign stops would likely be a consultant's nightmare. Gingrich ends an afternoon in Jefferson in central Iowa with a 10-minute policy-heavy disquisition on the benefits of public investment in brain science research. Down the road in Carroll, he eschews the opportunity to focus on the fundamentals of his stump speech and instead hosts a screening of one of his documentaries, *Nine Days That Changed the World*, about Pope John Paul II's 1979 trip to Communist Poland. To factory workers at a farming equipment manufacturer in Sheffield, he expounds on his belief that the world is living in a period of "continuous modernization."

Sometimes, the unconventional campaign of a citizen movement becomes difficult to follow. In Jefferson, Gingrich offers a confusing simile to illustrate the difficulty of getting accurate budget projections from the federal bureaucracy. "The Congressional Budget Office, to me, is so reactionary," he says. "It's like arguing with somebody about whether or not you have to score going from New York to Los Angeles by stagecoach, and therefore it takes 17 days, and they're sitting on a plane with you, flying. And they say, 'Well, I'm not sure the airplane's real.'" Some laugh politely at what they take to be a punch line.

Or consider Gingrich's infatuation with Lean Six Sigma, a business management strategy developed for efficiency in manufacturing. He's convinced the process could be applied to the federal government and could save taxpayers $500 billion a year, though he doesn't say how. Lean Six Sigma, Gingrich explains to the students in Osage, is "just a way of doing things."

Those oddities aside, Gingrich is likely catching on in Iowa because he's usually one of the most eloquent Republican critics of Obama-style liberalism—within both government and the media. The audience in Jefferson groans in angry disbelief when he relates a familiar story about a dentist in New York defrauding Medicaid by filing 991 procedures a day. "[This] dental office in Brooklyn," Gingrich says, "had somebody who stood out front and said, 'If you loan us your Medicaid card, we'll give you a free DVD player.'"

Voters across the largely agricultural state cheer when Gingrich takes on the regulatory regime of the Environmental Protection Agency, particularly a recent, widely reported proposed rule on dust. Gingrich says he guesses the regulation was written by "some person who lived in a high-rise air-conditioned apartment, who went down to ride in an air-conditioned subway to go to a high-rise air-conditioned office building [and who] sat in his windowless office and imagined dust." In a part of the country where farming the dry prairie is a way of life and everyone regularly stirs up a cloud of dust while driving down a dirt road, that's steak-tartare-quality red meat.

And plenty of Iowa Republicans were watching the foreign policy debate in South Carolina on November 12, when Gingrich schooled CBS News anchor and debate moderator Scott Pelley on the propriety of treating American citizen-terrorists like Anwar al-Awlaki as combatants rather than as criminals. Gingrich took issue with Pelley's assertion that al-Awlaki was merely a suspect and that the terrorist's guilty sentence by panel was "extrajudicial" and not compliant with the rule of law.

"It *is* the rule of law," Gingrich shot back.

> That is explicitly false. It is the rule of law. If you engage in war against the United States, you are an enemy combatant. You have none of the civil liberties of the United States. You cannot go to court. No, let me be—let me be very clear about this. There are two levels. There is a huge gap here that, frankly, far too many people get confused over. Civil defense, criminal defense is a function of being within the American law. Waging war on the United States is outside criminal law. It is an act of war and should be dealt with as an act of war, and the correct thing in an act of war is to kill people who are trying to kill you.

But it isn't all eye-roll-inducing anecdotes of bureaucratic incompetence and media malpractice. Gingrich has a challenge for voters, in Iowa and elsewhere.

"I do not ask anyone to be for me," he likes to say.

> Because if you're for me, you're going to vote and go home and say, "I sure hope Newt fixes it." And that's not possible. We're in so much trouble, and there are going to be so many people opposed to what we're doing that for us to succeed, we need to ask people to be with us for the next eight years, to stand side by side, to remind the Congress, to remind the governor, the state legislature, the city council, the county commissioner, and the school board. But also, at a very personal level, if we're going to apply the Tenth Amendment and shrink the federal bureaucracy, we're going to have to grow citizenship. You're going to have to help fill the vacuum. This is going to be a very challenging period. I think, in some ways, maybe the most challenging period since 1860, because you have people in this country who want to make this country fundamentally different.

The Civil War era, like the Cold War era, features prominently in Gingrich's rhetoric. He sees the solution to spiraling debt and a flagging economy at the end of a path of innovation and growth, a path "which Ronald Reagan followed, Margaret Thatcher followed in Britain, Abraham Lincoln followed in his domestic economic policy."

"It's no accident that in 1859, Abraham Lincoln came to Council Bluffs and looked West, and promised a transcontinental railroad," Gingrich continues, the names and dates and

places rolling off his tongue. "Because Lincoln as a child had walked from Kentucky to Indiana, and then as a young man he walked from Indiana into Illinois. And I was thinking as I flew down from Chicago this morning, 'Now, if you had to walk all that distance, you really valued railroads.' And they were like magic. They were the technology of his generation. And he got it. Well, we need to go back to that kind of attitude, that kind of positive thinking."

Gingrich sees himself as a continuation of the history he loves to invoke.

"The real pedigree of this campaign is Goldwater in '62 to '64, and then Reagan from '75 to '80 in that they were idea-generated movements which evolved into a campaign," he tells me. "They weren't campaigns in the traditional Republican meaning of the word. And I think that's essentially what we're trying to do."

Ultimately, it's the Gingrichian way with facts, figures, and ideas that most endears him to these voters. Ask him a question, any question, and he has an answer ready. Republicans here talk about their political fantasy: Gingrich debating Obama at 20 paces, no teleprompters. The breadth of knowledge Gingrich deploys seems impressive, even if the audience may not know what, exactly, he's talking about.

"One of my proposals is to have a tax code and a regulatory code and a litigation code which makes it very desirable to be in the United States," he says to a question about outsourcing. "One of the provisions in my tax bill is for 100 percent expensing, which means if you buy new equipment you can write it off in a year. So if you're a farmer and you buy a new building to house your grain in from harvest, you literally can write the whole cost off on your taxes in one year. So, you can actually dramatically accelerate the modernization of American products."

The students sitting in the bleachers at Osage Middle School stare out blankly as they weather Gingrich's onslaught of ideas. Their resigned faces seem to say, *Sounds good to me.* ♦

JAMES BENNETT

The History of Newt

Are Republicans ready to look past his transgressions? BY FRED BARNES

Before you dismiss Newt Gingrich for having too much "baggage" to win the Republican presidential nomination, much less the presidency, consider this:

In 1980, when Ronald Reagan emerged as the likely Republican presidential nominee, President Carter's advisers were thrilled. They'd done extensive opposition research. By pointing to what Reagan had said in speeches, radio commentaries, newspaper columns, and conversations, they assumed it would be easy to characterize him as a right-wing extremist. And enough voters would reject him and reelect Carter.

They were wrong. It wasn't that voters ignored Reagan's offbeat comments. They just didn't think eccentric statements he'd made over the years were important. Bigger things were at stake, like Soviet aggression and a stagnant economy. And Reagan had better answers than Carter.

And this:

A similar phenomenon occurred in 2003 when Arnold Schwarzenegger ran for California governor in a recall election. The media dredged up stories of his chronic groping of women. Voters, intent on ousting Governor Gray Davis, didn't care. Schwarzenegger won and was reelected in 2006.

And this:

Republicans figured that once voters learned of President Clinton's White House trysts with intern Monica Lewinsky and dalliances with other women, they'd turn on him and give Republicans a big victory in the 1998 midterm elections. Instead, Clinton's popularity held steady, and Republicans lost five House seats.

The point is this: Gingrich probably has at least as good a chance of getting a pass on his various transgressions in 2012 as Reagan, Schwarzenegger, and Clinton did. If 2012 were an ordinary election year, Gingrich would be doomed by his gaffes, three marriages, and fleeting alliances with Hillary Clinton on health

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care and Nancy Pelosi on global warming. But 2012 is different. Republicans are fixated on defeating President Obama. They're obsessed. They think about little else. And if that means choosing a candidate with a lurid past and a penchant for self-destruction to beat Obama, Republicans are likely to swallow hard and nominate Gingrich.

In their hearts, Republicans have always wanted a candidate who is bold and tough, and Gingrich is. They're not sure about Mitt Romney, who is cautious, conventional, and sounds more conciliatory than Gingrich. There's a reason Romney's support has been stuck for months at roughly a quarter of the Republican electorate. His blandness explains it. Gingrich is anything but bland.

To rally behind Gingrich, Republicans wouldn't have to forgive his past sins, just treat them as irrelevant. They already talk about how sweet it would be to see Gingrich crush Obama in presidential debates. They don't see Romney that way.

But Romney has two important traits Gingrich lacks: carefulness and self-discipline. He doesn't shoot off his mouth recklessly, as Gingrich often has. In May, the former House speaker practically blew up his campaign by attacking Representative Paul Ryan's Medicare reform plan as "right-wing social engineering." He later apologized.

Talk to any of Gingrich's current or former associates and you hear about the "bad Newt." This is the undisciplined Gingrich, prone, as one long-time friend says, "to overshoot the runway on something," perhaps with a wild and inappropriate comment that's ruinous to his campaign. Many of those who know him believe it's only a matter of time before he runs amok.

Believe it or not, his press secretary, R.C. Hammond, insists Gingrich has gotten a grip on himself. According to Hammond, "the only thing Newt says to himself before each debate is, 'My goal tonight is to not screw anything up.'"

He's largely succeeded. True, he called Federal Reserve chairman Ben Bernanke "corrupt" and labeled President Obama "the most effective food stamp president in American history." And in a debate in October, Gingrich said, "If you want to put people in jail . . . you ought to start with Barney Frank and Chris Dodd." In other debates, he said Congress should immediately "defund the National Labor Relations Board" and abolish the Congressional Budget Office. Amazingly enough, the press barely raised an eyebrow.

Even when Gingrich made a specialty out of quarreling with questioners at the debates, the media response was tepid. In August, he asked Chris Wallace of Fox News to "put aside the gotcha questions." Later in the same debate, Gingrich said he'd "love to see the rest of tonight's debate asking us about what we would do to lead an

America whose president has failed to lead instead of playing Mickey Mouse games."

In mid-November, he took on Maria Bartiromo of CNBC, after she gave GOP candidates 30 seconds to outline their alternative to Obamacare. "An absurd question," Gingrich said—before answering it. In still another nationally televised debate—Gingrich has participated in 11 of them—he sparred with Scott Pelley of CBS News. In that tussle, he easily shot down Pelley's quibble.

Yet in all this, the media didn't begin to push back until Gingrich started rising in the polls. It was too late. Gingrich had already reaped accolades from Republicans and conservatives for standing up to the media.

The irony is that Gingrich, more than any other candidate, is indebted to the media. Without the debates, he'd be a hopeless also-ran. Last June, his campaign was at death's door. It was heavily in debt. Most of Gingrich's advisers had quit. Only his strong performance in the debates saved him from humiliation and defeat.

Gingrich turns out to be a shrewd analyst of himself and his prospects. He has told friends he's like Richard Nixon, not particularly likable and hated by the press and the left. He's hardly a perfect candidate, but against a weak field, he can win the nomination and beat Obama in a tight race. And by the way, he's the best of the bunch in connecting with the populist yearnings and resentments of average Americans.

Months ago, Gingrich foresaw his emergence as the chief rival to Romney. No one else did. The expectation was that Romney would face a challenger from the right. Gingrich, associates say, may be slightly to the left of Romney. It's hard to tell. We won't know for sure unless the two go head-to-head after the Republican field shrinks in January.

The Republican race, in Gingrich's view, is a tortoise and hare contest. Who would have thought Gingrich, the flashy talker, would see himself as the tortoise. If so, he's a cocky tortoise. In the end, we all know who wins. ♦

All the News That's Fit to Forget

Why you're not hearing much about embryonic stem cells these days.

BY WESLEY J. SMITH

For years, the media touted the promise of embryonic stem cells. Year after year, Geron Corporation announced that its embryonic stem cell treatment for acute spinal cord injury would receive FDA approval "next year" for human testing. And year after year, the media dutifully informed readers and viewers that cures were imminent. When the FDA finally did approve a tiny human trial for 10 patients in January 2009, the news exploded around the world. This was it: The era of embryonic stem cell therapy had arrived!

Not exactly. Last week, Geron issued a terse statement announcing it was not only canceling the study, but abandoning the embryonic stem cell field altogether for financial reasons.

You would think Geron's failure would be very big news. Instead, it turns out that the mainstream media pay attention only when embryonic stem cell research seems to be succeeding—so far, almost exclusively in animal studies. When, as here, it crashes and burns, it is scarcely news at all.

Indeed, with the laudable exception of the *Washington Post*—which outshines its competitors in reporting on biotechnology, as when it debunked the widely reported and groundless assertion that embryonic stem cell research could have cured Ronald Reagan's Alzheimer's disease—most of the same news outlets that gave Geron star treatment when it was heralding supposed breakthroughs provided only muted coverage of the company's retreat into producing anti-cancer drugs.

The *Los Angeles Times* may be the most egregious offender. A chronic booster of Geron's embryonic stem cell research, it reported the FDA's approval of a human trial on January 24, 2009, in a story that began, "Ushering in a new era in medicine . . ." The paper stayed on the story. In October 2010, it reported that the first patient had received an injection, then a few days later it ran a feature about the study under the headline "Hope for Spinal Cord Patients." During the same period, however, the paper did not report the encouraging results of early human trials of treatments for spinal cord injury developed using adult stem cells.

Then last May, the *Times* celebrated the California Institute of Regenerative Medicine's $25 million loan to support Geron's study, noting that the company's stem cell product had performed as hoped in rat studies. Yet the day after Geron's embryonic stem cell research unit was laid off, the *Times* couldn't find the space to print the story, though the following day a blog entry ran on the *Times* website.

Similarly, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which had given front-page exposure to a local company when Geron's trial got underway, reported the failure of that trial in a small report on the back page of the business section. The *New York Times*, always quick to applaud embryonic stem cell research, placed a small story at the bottom of page two of the business section. Other outlets carried muted reports,

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many focusing either on the business consequences for Geron and its stock price, or on the two other human embryonic stem cell trials currently underway, for eye conditions, run by Advanced Cell Technology.

No one should be surprised by the double standard. The media have always been in the tank for embryonic stem cell research, often breathlessly reporting hype and spin from company PR spokesmen as if it were hard news. This approach sprang largely from the media's antipathy for the pro-life movement, the most prominent opponent of research requiring the destruction of human embryos. Then there was the anti-George W. Bush prism through which science journalists and other reporters usually analyzed the issue. For nearly Bush's entire presidency, the media used people's yearning for cures as a hammer to pound the president for his decision to limit federal research funding to projects using stem cell lines already in existence and therefore not requiring the new destruction of human embryos. Rarely noted in all the criticism: During the Bush years, the NIH spent more than $600 million on human embryonic stem cell research.

Making matters worse, even though Bush is off the national stage, most media continue to ignore the parade of advances demonstrated in human trials of treatments relying on adult stem cells. On the very day that Geron packed its bags, for instance, the news broke of a hopeful adult stem cell treatment for heart disease. It was a big story in the United Kingdom: The headline in the *Telegraph* called it the "Biggest Breakthrough in Treating Heart Attacks for a Generation." The story noted:

> In the trial, cardiac stem cells were used to repair the severely damaged hearts of 16 patients. It was the first time this had ever been done in humans. After one year, the ejection fraction or "pumping efficiency" of the hearts of eight patients had improved by more than 12 percent. All patients whose progress was followed underwent some level of recovery. . . . Although this was an early stage trial and larger studies are needed, scientists believe the promise it shows has huge implications.

How did the *New York Times* report this story? It didn't. The *L.A. Times*? A blog entry. *USA Today*? Nada. *San Francisco Chronicle*? At least it was in the paper—on page A16, under the hardly descriptive headline "Regimen Shown To Aid Heart Patients." And so it goes.

Imagine if a human trial using *embryonic* stem cells had shown improvement to damaged human hearts. You can just see the banner headline in the *New York Times* and the breathless announcements on the network news. The thought experiment makes blatantly obvious the malpractice that plagues reporting in this field—which is doubly regrettable, since not only are editors and reporters undermining the media's already tarnished reputation for objectivity, but many suffering people and their families still have not heard the hopeful news generated by the ethical exploration of regenerative medicine. ♦

Restitching the Subcontinent

How do you solve a problem like Pakistan?

BY AUSTIN BAY

The post-World War Two partition of British India was a blood-drenched mess. Since partition, India has prospered. Bangladesh, the 1971 Indo-Pakistani war's bastard child, remains wretched. For three decades a low-grade civil war has afflicted Pakistan, pitting urban-based modernizers against Islamist extremists reinforced by militant hill tribes. The Taliban attack on Pakistan's Karachi naval base in May 2011 reprised the hill versus urban paradigm. Pakistan's civil war divides its intelligence and security services, which is one reason the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff can argue (with confidence) that an element within Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence (ISI) agency supported the September 2011 Taliban assault on America's embassy in Kabul.

In retrospect, splitting British India into East and West Pakistan and India may have been one of the 20th century's greatest geostrategic errors.

I got a hint of this in the 1970s when I was injured at Ft. Benning, Georgia, and befriended by two Pakistani officers attending an advanced military course. My leg-length cast made walking to the mess hall a pain, so the Pakistani major and lieutenant-colonel took turns chauffeuring me in their car.

One evening, in slow traffic, the major and I passed an Indian Army colonel standing on the sidewalk. The major cracked his window, yelled, and waved. The Indian colonel smiled, raised his left hand, and wiggled his fingers. The major glanced at me and with a soft chuckle said, "That man—he is my enemy."

Despite their recent war, I knew better. On at least two occasions the Indian colonel had dropped by our bachelor officers' quarters to watch television with the Pakistanis. I had found a corner chair, propped my cast on a crutch, and learned that on the

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subcontinent cricket matches are a very serious matter.

The major knew I grasped his irony and added, with a wistful, startling sadness: "You know . . . we were once the British Indian Army."

Yes sir, you were. And you were very, very good. That great Indian Army ("British" being colloquial, not official) fought and defeated first-rate, first-world enemies: Germans in North Africa and Italy; the Imperial Japanese in southeast Asia. Stripped of Commonwealth camouflage, the Indian Army of 1945 was, in its own right, a veteran combat outfit with global experience.

Today, when the U.N. seeks crack peacekeeping troops, that old army's components, now split among India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh, top the wish list. In the eastern Congo's chaos, Indian Air Force helicopters fly support missions for Pakistanis and Bangladeshis. To tacticians this demonstrates the value of British military training methods; to military historians it testifies to the British Indian Army's tradition of excellence maintained by its fragmented descendants.

The Indian and Pakistanis at Ft. Benning shared more than professional interests—they were friends. If religion and state politics divided them, culture, common sense, and common decency united them. But reuniting India's fragments? Political fantasy. Blood has spilled, in torrents.

Two remarks made 30 years later by Benazir Bhutto in March 2005 led me to reconsider. Before an interview with four or five writers, someone in conversation mentioned Kashmir. Bhutto said India and Pakistan had too many common interests not to make peace, and that meant resolving Kashmir's division. "It will happen," she said. An optimistic nonanswer by a politician? I respected her forceful tone. But how do you resolve it?

Bhutto also mentioned India's expanding economy and her belief Pakistan would emulate India's success. I knew forward-thinking subcontinent business leaders favored a robust common market. India liberalized its economy and created wealth; so could Pakistan. English is India's business language, as it is Pakistan's. India's economy could lift Pakistan's. Their economies might merge—but why pursue the thought, given the spilled blood?

Two years later Bhutto was assassinated, by Pakistani Islamist extremists likely linked to the Taliban and al Qaeda.

I was dining with an Indian businessman. "My family came from Karachi," he explained, now Pakistan's largest city. "We are Hindus. When partition occurred there was violence. My parents fled to India. To what is now India. . . . I finally came to the United States. And I got a job working for a broker on Wall Street."

The Pakistani major at Ft. Benning cracked his car window, yelled, and waved. The Indian colonel smiled, raised his left hand, and wiggled his fingers. The major, with a soft chuckle said, 'That man—he is my enemy.'

"Did partition have to happen? In retrospect."

He thought a moment, shook his head. "In my opinion? No."

Biographer Stanley Wolpert contends Mahatma Gandhi opposed partition. Wolpert wrote that Gandhi never accepted the partition plan and "realized too late that his closest comrades and disciples were more interested in power than principle." A Hindu extremist assassinated Gandhi. Spilled blood.

But young Pakistanis are now reconsidering partition—because the bloodletting continues. Oh, those thinking the unthinkable are the well-educated, the next generation of Benazir Bhuttos pursuing college degrees in the United States and Canada, or manning ex-im offices in Singapore, Abu Dhabi, and London. Bhutto's murder and the 2008 Mumbai massacre by Islamist terrorists in league with ISI officers spurred harsh moral reflection and intellectual reappraisal.

Pakistan as India's rival? Only in cricket. India has six times Pakistan's population and about 10 times its GDP. Year by year Pakistan decays amid corruption, Islamic terrorism, and economic rot. India's economic surge has made it a global power. Bollywood entertains Asia. India's Hindus and Christians and Sikhs and, yes, despite Mohammed Ali Jinnah's contrary claim, Muslims, too, have economic opportunities. Jinnah, leader of the Muslim League and Pakistan's first post-partition governor general, contended Muslims would never prosper if yoked by a Hindu majority. Jinnah was intellectually and politically gifted, a sophisticate with cosmopolitan taste. Sixty years of history have shown he was dead wrong.

And the new reunifiers know it. Their idea is preposterous, a fantasy, but it has on its side a deeper history than the last six decades. They argue that a reunited India would give Pakistani modernizers strategic depth: economically, demographically, socially, and geographically. The geographic argument has old roots. For millennia the "tribal threat from the mountains" has vexed northern India, from the Indus valley (Pakistan's heartland) and east beyond Delhi. The reunifiers see the Taliban and other violent factions as tribal raiders attacking the wealthy lowlands, with the goal of seizing urban wealth, imposing tribal rule, then pushing east. Antiquarian? No, insightful. Al Qaeda promotes a 10th-century misogynistic social order; it glorifies beheadings but says little about jobs. A reinvented pre-partition India would have the economic, social, and demographic depth to buffer and absorb the tribes and their turmoil. Pakistan alone does not.

Two years ago, while discussing the idea of a reunited India with a faculty member at the University of Texas, I pointed out that the

reunifiers know they are engaged in a protracted, low-grade civil war, pitting Pakistani modernizers against militant Muslim religious fundamentalists. The modernizers believe a reunited subcontinent would give them instant allies. But consider the obstacles. Indians might balk at absorbing Pakistan's basket-case economy. (South Koreans fear a generation of paying for North Korea's poverty post-reunification.) We've also had six decades of hateful propaganda spewed by jingoists in Delhi and Islamabad—the heirs of Gandhi's "comrades" hellbent on personal power. They stoke enmity between Muslims and Hindus for political advantage.

The professor replied that the Pakistani intellectuals he'd met acknowledged re-creation might take a generation—but they raise the possibility and see its value.

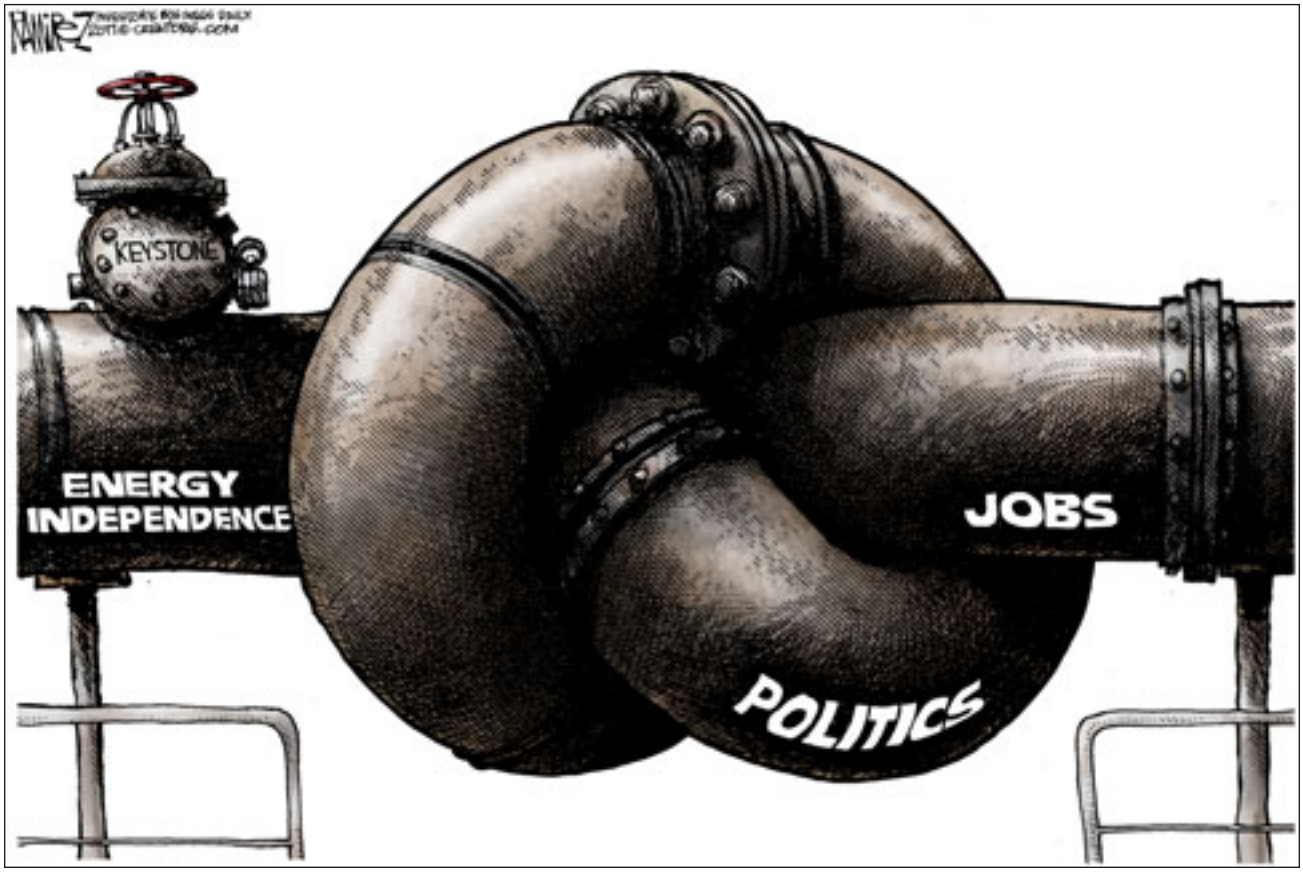
Meanwhile, Pakistan risks collapse. Lawrence Solomon, in an article in Canada's *Financial Post*, argued that British India requires further "unstitching." Solomon's scenario had Pakistan splitting into Pashtun Afghania, Baluchistan, a Sindh state, and an independent Punjab. Solomon asserted that, with the possible exception of current "top dog" Punjab, "the new nations to emerge from a breakup of Pakistan likely would soon become more prosperous as well as more free."

Likely more prosperous and free? Maybe. A stand-alone Sindh might do well, for a while. In *A Quick and Dirty Guide to War* (2008), James. F. Dunnigan and I speculated that a Punjab-Sindh state might be more stable than Pakistan. But Pashtun and Baluchi states? I see a squalid future: These suddenly independent confederations slip deeper into misery, plagued by unmitigated clan violence while continuing to provide, with even less intelligence scrutiny, bases for well-financed terrorists. Punjab and Sindh still confront the threat from the hills. Where do they look for help? To India? That's the argument for restitching, not unstitching.

Abandoning the hills to their despair is a mistake. The tribes deserve peace and development. A dysfunctional Pakistan cannot provide either. A restitched India could, in time.

The Pakistani major at Ft. Benning repeatedly told me the lieutenant-colonel was an unusual man. The day the leg cast came off the lieutenant-colonel and I went to the mess hall. Over dinner he explained the major's comment: "I come from a hill tribe. We plaster bricks with goat sh— to keep the wind out."

The lieutenant-colonel assessed my reaction. "You know I attended graduate school in Europe. . . . I started life in the 12th century. I'm now in the 20th. That's what the major means." Then he flashed a wry smile. "He comes from the cities. I suppose, to him, I am living proof that it can be done." ♦

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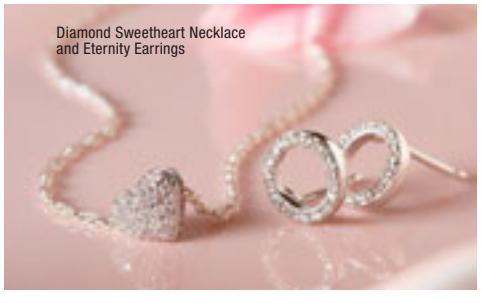
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An Occupy Wall Street protester is arrested on November 17.

Anarchy in the U.S.A.

The roots of American disorder

By Matthew Continetti

Ever since September, when activists heeded *Adbusters* editor Kalle Lasn's call to Occupy Wall Street, it's become a rite of passage for reporters, bloggers, and video trackers to go to the occupiers' tent cities and comment on what they see. Last week, the day after New York mayor Michael Bloomberg ordered the NYPD to dismantle the tent city in Zuccotti Park in Lower Manhattan, the *New York Times* carried no fewer than half a dozen articles on the subject. Never in living memory has such a small political movement received such disproportionate attention from the press. Never in living memory has a movement been so widely scrutinized and yet so deeply misunderstood.

If income equality is the new political religion, occupied Zuccotti Park was its Mecca. Liberal journalists traveled there and spewed forth torrents of ink on the value of protest, the creativity and spontaneity of the occupiers, the urgency of redistribution, and the gospel of social justice. Occupy Wall Street was compared to the Arab Spring, the Tea Party, and the civil rights movement. Yet, as many a liberal journalist left the park, they lamented the fact that Occupy Wall Street wasn't more tightly organized. They worried that the demonstration would dissipate without a proper list of demands or a specific policy agenda. They suspected that the thefts, sexual assaults, vandalism, and filth in the camps would limit the occupiers' appeal.

The conservative reaction has been similar. A great many conservatives stress the conditions among the tents. They crow that Americans will never fall in line behind a bunch of scraggly hippies. They dismiss the movement as a fringe collection of left tendencies, along with assorted homeless, mental cases, and petty criminals. They argue that the Democrats made a huge mistake embracing Occupy Wall Street as an expression of economic and social frustration.

A smaller group of conservatives, however, believes the occupiers are onto something. The banks do have

AP / SETH WENIG

Matthew Continetti is opinion editor of The Weekly Standard.

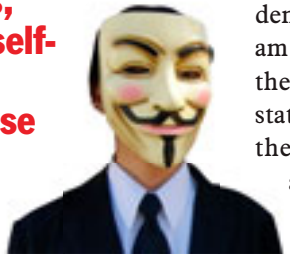
too much power. Wages have been stagnant. The problem, these conservatives say, is that Occupy Wall Street doesn't really know what to do about any of the problems it laments. So this smaller group of conservatives, along with the majority of liberals, is more than happy to supply the occupiers with an economic agenda.

But they might as well be talking to rocks. Both left and right have made the error of thinking that the forces behind Occupy Wall Street are interested in democratic politics and problem solving. The left mistakenly believes that the tendency of these protests to end in violence, dissolute behavior, and the melting away of the activists is an aberration, while the right mistakenly brushes off the whole thing as a combination of Boomer nostalgia for the New Left and Millennial grousing at the lousy job market. The truth is that the violence is not an aberration and Occupy Wall Street should not be laughed away. What we are seeing here is the latest iteration of an old political program that has been given new strength by the failures of the global economy and the power of postmodern technology.

To be sure, there are plenty of people flocking to the tents who are everyday Democrats and independents concerned about joblessness and the gap between rich and poor. The unions backing the occupiers fall into this group. But the concerns of labor intersect only tangentially with those of Occupy Wall Street's theorists and prime movers. The occupiers have a lot more in common with the now-decades-old antiglobalization movement. They are linked much more closely to the "hacktivist" agents of chaos at WikiLeaks and Anonymous.

When the police officers and sanitation workers reclaimed Zuccotti Park, Occupy Wall Street's supporters cried, "You can't evict an idea whose time has come." Whether the sympathizers or the critics really understand the idea and the method of the movement is a good question. The idea is utopian socialism. The method is revolutionary anarchism.

The utopian is repelled by two things in particular. One is private property. The other is bourgeois culture. Monogamy, monotheism, self-control, prudence, cleanliness, fortitude, self-interested labor—these are the utopian's enemies.



VINCENT DIAMANTE

It was February 25, 1825, and the U.S. Capitol was under occupation—sort of. Robert Owen, a successful Welsh businessman and socialist, wasn't standing in the Rotunda holding up a placard. He was addressing a joint session of Congress from the dais of the House of Representatives. President James Monroe and president-elect John Quincy Adams were present for at least a portion of the speech. As Joshua Muravchik explains in *Heaven on Earth*, a history of socialism, the elected officials were mesmerized by Owen's plans.

In the speech, Owen shared his dream of cooperative villages where workers would see their poverty alleviated and their spirits transformed. Inspired by the success of his New Lanark community in Scotland, where employees lived in hospitable conditions and the children of laborers received early childhood and primary education, Owen hoped to bring to America exquisitely planned spaces where a new, improved mankind would come into being. Owen thought his scientifically organized village would "lead to that state of virtue, intelligence, enjoyment, and happiness, in practice, which has been foretold by the sages of past times, and would at some distant period become the lot of the human race!" Utopia, according to Owen, was not confined to the printed page. Utopia could be realized.

The site of his American utopia would be New Harmony, on the Wabash River in southwest Indiana. Owen welcomed residents to his colony that April. "I am come to this country," he told them, "to introduce an entire new state of society, to change it from the ignorant, selfish system, to an enlightened social system which shall gradually unite all interests into one, and remove all cause for contests between individuals." There would be no 1 percent versus the 99 percent in New Harmony.

Things did not work as planned, however. Structuring a community along rational lines was extremely difficult. There weren't enough skilled laborers. Many of the residents were lazy. Shortages were commonplace. Central planning hampered the efficient allocation of meals. Factions split off from the main group. The community closely monitored the activities and beliefs of every member. Alcohol was banned. Children were separated from their parents; one later said she saw her "father and mother twice in two years." Owen expelled malcontents. Only his generous subsidies held New Harmony together.

And not for long. Owen's "new empire of peace and good will to man" fell apart within four years. But the socialist utopian impulse lives on to this day. America

in particular has a long and storied tradition of individuals coming together to create perfect societies. In these earthly utopias, competition is to be replaced by cooperation, private property is to dissolve into communal ownership, traditional family structures are to be transformed into the family of mankind, and religion is to be displaced by the spirit of scientific humanism. The names of these communities are familiar to any student of American history: Brook Farm, Oneida, the North American Phalanx. None of them lasted. None of them realized the ecstasy their founders desired.

Historian J.P. Talmon wrote in *Political Messianism* (1960) that the American and European utopians "all shared the totalitarian-democratic expectation of some pre-ordained, all-embracing, and exclusive scheme of things, which was presumed to represent the better selves, the true interests, the genuine will and the real freedom of men." The men and women behind the utopian movements drew inspiration from the French Revolution, which proclaimed the liberty, equality, and fraternity of all, and from the political philosophy of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who taught that individuals born free and equal were made subservient and estranged through the institutions of society and private property. Lost freedom could be recovered by dismantling the obstacles that prevent man from being true to himself. The reconstruction of society along rational lines would allow us to reclaim the state of natural bliss that had been lost.

The new anarchism, like the old, goes hand in hand with violence.

Utopianism attracts goofballs as light attracts moths. The postrevolutionary thinker Charles Fourier was a classic example. "He was an odd old bachelor," Talmon writes, "a denizen of boarding houses, with the ways of an incurable pedant, loving cats and parrots, tending flowers; rather frightening with his uncanny fixed habits and air of mystery; brooding in immobile silence, but flying into a temper when anyone interfered in the slightest with his routine." Fourier's vision was mindboggling. If his plans were put into effect, Fourier believed, "anti-lions" and "anti-crocodiles" would one day transport people across the globe. Hens would lay so many eggs that the British national debt would be paid off in months. The possibility existed, in Fourier's mind, that the oceans would turn into lemonade.

The basic unit of social organization in Fourier's dream world was the phalanx. Six million of them would be enough to encompass all of humanity. Fourier planned each aspect of his fantastic environment in intricate detail. Every structure—from dormitories to stables to restaurants—was precisely designed. Once men lived in the phalanx, there would be no need for property or law or God or family or restraint. Every person would live in accord with his fellow man and nature. This self-regulating community would unleash the creative potential in every human heart.

Children were the clay from which Fourier would sculpt new men. "The phalanx containing an exceedingly great variety of occupations," he wrote, "it is impossible that the child in passing from one to the other should not find opportunities of satisfying several of his dominant instincts." There would be no resentment in Fourier's ideal community, no envy of others. The passions would flow freely. Every want would be fulfilled. It would be, indeed, paradise.

When he looks at the world, the utopian is repelled by two things in particular. One is private property. "The civilized order," Fourier wrote, "is incapable of making a just distribution except in the case of capital," where your return on investment is a function of what you put in. Other than that, the market system is unjust. Economics is a zero-sum game. One man holds possessions at the expense of another. For another nineteenth-century French utopian, Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, property was theft.

Private property embodies the chains of society that keep man down. As Talmon put it, for the utopian, property is "an instrument of irrational and selfish exploitation; instead of a vehicle for enlarging our personality, a tyrannical master to both the haves driven by insatiable cupidity, and the have-nots, whose lives were being stunted by want and alienated through bondage." And because property is the source of inequality, only through the communal redistribution of goods can true equality be achieved.

The utopian's other great hatred is for middle-class or "bourgeois" culture. Monogamy, monotheism,

PAUL LOWRY

self-control, prudence, cleanliness, fortitude, self-interested labor—these are the utopian's enemies. "Morality teaches man to be at war with himself," Fourier wrote, "to resist his passions, to repress them, to believe that God was incapable of organizing our souls, our passions wisely." What were called the bourgeois virtues had been designed to maintain unjust social relations and stop man from being true to himself. Thus, to recover one's natural state, one "must undertake a vast operation of 'desanctification,' beginning with the so-called morality of the bourgeoisie," wrote the twentieth-century utopian Daniel Guérin. "The moral prejudices inculcated by Christianity have an especially strong hold on the masses of the people."

It is therefore necessary to liberate individuals from their social and sexual mores. "The family will no longer be the exclusive unit, as it is in civilization," wrote Talmon. At Brook Farm in Massachusetts, which lasted from 1841 to 1847, men and women were encouraged to interact as complete social, political, and sexual equals. Residents of the Oneida Community (1848-1880) in upstate New York engaged in "complex marriage," in which older members of the commune "introduced" younger members to sex. The Oneidans engaged in selective breeding. These practices, radical at the time, have been characteristic of left-wing movements ever since. The free love associated with the New Left and student rebellion in the 1960s, for instance, is today so deeply embedded in American culture that only social conservatives pay it any mind.

Occupiers of a Bank of America branch in San Francisco

The persistence of certain features of utopian socialism over 200 years is impressive. Only the dress codes and gadgets change. If Charles Fourier emerged from a wormhole at the Occupy Wall Street D.C. tent city in McPherson Square in Washington, he'd feel right at home. The very term "occupy" or "occupation" is an attack on private property. So are the theft and vandalism widely reported at Occupy Wall Street locations. The smells, the assaults, the rejection of the conventional in favor of the subversive, and the embrace of pantheistic spirituality flow logically from the utopian rejection of middle-class norms. The things that Mayor Bloomberg found objectionable about the encampment in Zuccotti Park—that it "was coming to pose a health and fire safety hazard to the protesters and to the surrounding community"—are not accidental. They are baked into the utopian cake.

Over the course of the nineteenth century the quest for the ideal society took many directions that can be clustered in two broad categories. There were the Marxian attempts at "scientific socialism," in which the proletarian vanguard sought to overthrow the bourgeoisie to bring about the classless society as ordained by the laws of history. And there was the revolutionary anarchist project of achieving utopia by leveling hierarchies and abolishing authorities.

The two overlapped on certain points. But for the most part the Marxists looked at the anarchists as boobs and the anarchists looked at the Marxists as totalitarians—which of course they were. Scientific socialism is more famous than revolutionary anarchism, if only because in the twentieth century it succeeded in taking over much of the world. The incalculable human cost of communism has obscured the destructive activities of the anarchists, but they were considerable.

Anarchism is often dismissed as merely the rationalization of hooligans. But that is a mistake. Anarchism has a theory and even a canon: Bakunin, Kropotkin, Goldman, and others. Anarchism's purpose is to turn the whole world into one big Fourierist phalanx. "At every stage of history our concern must be to dismantle those forms of authority and oppression that survive from an era when they might have been justified in terms of the need for security or survival or economic development, but that now contribute to—rather than alleviate—material and cultural deficit," writes Noam Chomsky in an introduction to Daniel Guérin's classic, *Anarchism*. Dismantle "the system." Then we'll be free.

The anarchist sees no distinction between free enterprise and state socialism. He cannot be happy as long as anyone has more property or power than someone else. "Any consistent anarchist must oppose private ownership of the means of production and the wage-slavery which is a component of this system," Chomsky writes, "as

NEWSCOM

incompatible with the principle that labor must be freely undertaken and under the control of the producer." What Chomsky is saying is that you can justly grow your own tomato, but you can never hire anyone else to pick it.

An anarchist does not distinguish between types of government. Democracy to him is just another form of control. Here is Chomsky again: "Democracy is largely a sham when the industrial system is controlled by any form of autocratic elite, whether of owners, managers and technocrats, a 'vanguard' party, or a state bureaucracy." (Or bankers!) The ballot, wrote Guérin, is "a cunning swindle benefiting only the united barons of industry, trade, and property."

This permanent rebellion leads to some predictable outcomes. By denying the legitimacy of democratic politics, the anarchists undermine their ability to affect people's lives. No living wage movement for them. No debate over the Bush tax rates. Anarchists don't believe in wages, and they certainly don't believe in taxes. David Graeber, an anthropologist and a leading figure in Occupy Wall Street, puts it this way: "By participating in policy debates the very best one can achieve is to limit the damage, since the very premise is inimical to the idea of people managing their own affairs." The reason that Occupy Wall Street has no agenda is that anarchism allows for no agenda. All the anarchist can do is set an example—or tear down the existing order through violence.

The new anarchism finds no contradiction between its critique of capitalism and its embrace of technology created by capitalist corporations. How can there be contradiction when there are no rules of order or logic in the first place?

Just as hostility to property is inextricably linked to utopian socialism, violence is tightly bound to anarchism. "Anarchists reject states and all those systematic forms of inequality states make possible," writes Graeber. "They do not seek to pressure the government to institute reforms. Neither do they seek to seize state power for themselves. Rather, they wish to destroy that power, using means that are—so far as possible—consistent with their ends, that embody them." What seems aimless and chaotic is in fact purposeful. By means of "direct action"—marches, occupations, blockades, sit-ins—the anarchist "proceeds as if the state does not exist." But one who behaves as if the government has no reality and the laws do not apply is an outlaw, not to say a criminal.

When you see occupiers clash with the NYPD on the Brooklyn Bridge, or masked teenagers destroying shop windows and lighting fires in downtown Oakland, you are seeing anarchism in action. Apologists for Occupy Wall Street may say that these "black bloc" tactics are deployed solely by fringe elements. But the apologists miss the point. The young men in black wearing keffiyehs and causing mayhem are simply following the logic of revolutionary anarchism to its violent conclusion. The fringe isn't the exception, it's the rule. The exception would be "direct action" that took care to respect the law.

The unstable nature of revolutionary anarchism has meant that movements based on these tactics quickly flame out. Consider the case of the International Working People's Association, an anarchist group in 1880s Chicago. As Michael Kazin details in *American Dreamers*, his history of the U.S. left, the IWPA held an adversarial attitude toward government, markets, and elections. They didn't run candidates for office. They blew things up. "Men and women could organize their affairs quite well, they believed, without the aid of any boss or master, even that of a workers' state." But rejecting democratic politics was a dead end. And violence was the natural consequence: In 1887, four IWPA leaders were executed for the murder of eight policemen in the Haymarket Square bombing. The organization collapsed soon after.

Attempts to establish a socialist utopia through revolutionary anarchism tend to be short-lived. The last great outbreak in America was in the late 1960s and early '70s, with the urban riots, terrorism, and street actions of the New Left and the Weathermen. The tide turned with the rise of conservatism in American politics and the end of the Soviet empire. The utopian ideal seemed discredited. The teachings of Fourier and Chomsky seemed confined to the academy. Little did we realize that the stage was being set for a new anarchism—the variety that confronts us today.

David Graeber identifies January 1, 1994, as the birth of the antiglobalization movement. That was the day the North American Free Trade Agreement went into effect, and the Zapatistas launched their revolt in Chiapas, Mexico. The model for twenty-first century anarchism was established. "The Zapatistas," Graeber writes, "with their rejection of the old-fashioned guerrilla strategy of seizing state control through armed

struggle, with their call instead for the creation of autonomous, democratic, self-governing communities, in alliance with a global network of like-minded democratic revolutionaries, managed to crystallize, often in beautiful poetic language, all the strains of opposition that had been slowly coalescing in the years before." In a "flat" world, where borders and national governments counted for less and less, the new anarchism would reject the idea of seizing state power by force. Anarchist forms of organization, Graeber wrote, "would involve an endless variety of communities, associations, networks, projects, on every conceivable scale, overlapping and intersecting in any way we could imagine, and possibly many that we can't."

The engine powering the new anarchism was economic and political globalization. A worldwide movement devoted to undermining the institutions of "neoliberalism"—the IMF, World Bank, WTO, EU, NAFTA, G20, central banks—gathered force. Anarchists appeared at the World Trade Organization meetings in Seattle in 1999, at the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles in 2000, at the G8 summit in Genoa, Italy, and in bankrupt Argentina in 2001, at the World Economic Forum meeting in New York City in 2002, and at the Republican conventions in New York City in 2004 and St. Paul 2008. For a time during the George W. Bush years, the "global justice" movement was intertwined with the antiwar movement. But, as President Obama has said, "the tide of war is receding" (or so it seems). With the Great Recession and financial panic of 2008, with the onset of austerity policies and the crisis in sovereign debt, economics has returned to the foreground of political life.

The anti-globalization movement was the forerunner.

AP / JOHN MINCHILLO

Long-term joblessness, especially among the college-educated, and subpar economic growth not only created a pool from which the new anarchists drew recruits, but also made it harder to distinguish the radicals from their anguished fellow travelers. The technological advances that allowed information and capital to travel between continents at the speed of light also provided the means by which the anarchists could disrupt markets and governments. The black bloc tactics of riot and destruction had their Internet equivalent in the denial of service attacks on government and industry computer servers by the hackers collective Anonymous and the unauthorized release of classified information by WikiLeaks. As we saw in the urban riots in England last summer and elsewhere, social media platforms like Facebook and Twitter allow people to mobilize quickly and stay one step ahead of the police. The new anarchism finds no contradiction between its critique of property and capitalism and its embrace of technology created by capitalist corporations. How can there be contradiction, after all, when there are no rules of order or logic in the first place?

Unsurprisingly, the call to occupy Zuccotti Park went out over Twitter, and the masked spokesmen of Anonymous publicized the movement on YouTube. An intellectual, financial, technological, and social infrastructure to undermine global capitalism has been developing for more than two decades, and we are in the middle of its latest manifestation. Occupy Wall Street's global encampments are exactly the sort of communities David Graeber had in mind when he wrote about the Zapatistas. The occupiers' tent cities are self-governing, communal, egalitarian, and networked. They reject everyday politics. They foster bohemianism and confrontation with the civil authorities. They are the Phalanx and New Harmony, updated for postmodern times and plopped in the middle of our cities.

There may not be that many activists in the camps. They may appear silly, even grotesque. They may resist "agendas" and "policies." They may not agree on what they want or when they want it. And they may disappear as winter arrives and the liberals whose parks they are occupying lose patience with them. But the utopians and anarchists will reappear—next year's party conventions will no doubt be a flashpoint—and it is wrong to coddle, appropriate, or dismiss them. They must be confronted, not only by law but by ideas. The occupation will persist as long as individuals believe that inequalities of property are unjust and that the brotherhood of man can be established on the earth. ♦

Unchanging Science

Among other things the global warming crusaders got wrong: skepticism is a virtue, not a vice

By Joseph Bottum & William Anderson

In retrospect, we probably should have paid more attention when, around 2005, activists shifted their primary vocabulary from *global warming* to *climate change* to describe the impact of human beings on this biosphere we call the Earth. Both phrases had been around for a while, of course. *Global warming* got its modern start back in 1975, when the journal *Science* published a feature asking, "Are We on the Brink of a Pronounced Global Warming?" In one form or another, *climate change* has been in use since the physicist Joseph Fourier wrote of the greenhouse effect in the 1820s.

For that matter, both are unexceptionable meteorological terms with reasonably clear meanings: global warming a particular species or instantiation of general changes in the globe's climate. The public purpose of those words, however—the political intent: That was a different thing altogether. For decades, *global warming* seemed a powerful, dynamic term to use—an apocalyptic phrase that summoned a grim vision of the eschaton, our world reduced to a lifeless wasteland. The only trouble was that it required the world to be, you know, *warming*. Constantly. A cold winter, and people started to wonder. A chilly spring, and people started to doubt.

Recent news reports have been dominated by squabbles between Berkeley's Richard Muller and Georgia Tech's Judith Curry, both involved in research that led to the release of data in October from the Berkeley Earth Surface Temperatures study. Muller claims that the fact of global warming now leaves "little room for doubt," while Curry tells the *Daily Mail* that there exists "no scientific basis for saying that warming hasn't stopped." And yet, even in the midst of touting the study, Muller admits that the Berkeley data show that temperatures have not risen over the last decade.

Which confirms, more or less, what seems to be emerging as the feeling of the general public: These recent winters have been *cold*, and the summers themselves not so hot. That, in turn, creates a problem, for no sense of impending apocalypse survives widespread disbelief. And so—right around the point where it all started to seem a little hard to swallow—the phrase *climate change*, more generic if less picturesque, began to slip into public pronouncements, supplanting the old, falsifiable term *global warming*. A bitter January in the Midwest could well be a sign of climate change. Hurricanes in the Caribbean, mudslides in Latin America, floods in Australia. Earthquakes, even. Everything and anything, the whole wild uncertainty of the world, proved that we were right to feel under the gun—faced with an eschatological doom of our own creation.

Confusion reigns when scientists dabble in politics and politicians attempt to explain science—as when we are confronted by such oxymorons as 'settled science.'

The more the term embraced, however, the less it explained. That's not as contradictory as it may seem. There's a simple epistemological process by which, as we move up the genus-species tree, we arrive at ideas that cover more cases but convey less information: Lots more mammals exist in general than marmosets in particular, but *mammal* doesn't tell us as much about the beast in question as *marmoset* does. Move up high enough into the linguistic arbor, and you arrive at terms that refer to all but mean none: *thing*, for example, or *being*.

Or *climate change*, as far as that goes. The great emotional gain of the shift from *global warming* to *climate change* was that the name had become so generic that nothing imaginable could prove it wrong. Every shift in weather is a confirming instance. The only problem left was the pesky little scientific one that, well, *nothing imaginable could prove it wrong*. In its public use, in the mouths of activists and the titles of organizations such as the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change, the

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A young climate activist at a Hong Kong protest demanding action against global warming

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phrase had come to describe something nonfalsifiable.

This is what was in the background when Ivar Giaever, a Nobel laureate in physics, resigned recently from the American Physical Society—in protest over the society's loudly declared position that evidence of human-caused climate change is "incontrovertible." Giaever is not some committed global warming skeptic, but he decided that he just couldn't stomach the claim that *anything* in science is incontrovertible. If you can't imagine conditions under which it might be controverted, then you're no longer doing science.

It was back in the 1930s that Karl Popper popularized the idea of falsifiability as a necessary property of a scientific proposition. Several of the intellectual currents of the era combined to make Popper's work seem a major breakthrough. The mechanisms of inductive logic had become a crisis point in philosophy, for example, and the commonly used "fact-value distinction" lacked clarity.

None of these philosophical problems seem particularly pressing these days, but the concept of falsifiability still grants some insight into the vagaries of modern environmentalism. In politics, the notion that climate change can't be falsified—everything only serves to confirm it, nothing imaginable can contradict it—has been a marvelous boon. In science, the fact that climate change can't be falsified seems to prove, mostly, that climate change isn't science: There's no way to test for it, no way to quantify it, and no way to demonstrate it.

If politics is the human activity by which collective decisions are made, then (whatever the structure of the regime, from the most coercive authoritarianism to the most radical democracy) all government depends on some kind of agreement. Our political instincts have developed over many millennia, but the essential commonality is that we are most comfortable when we shape our opinions to the consensus of our group. As a general matter, we'd rather be wrong in a group than right but alone.

Science, on the other hand, is a methodological tool by which we coordinate observation, logic, and experiment to attempt to discover facts. Science doesn't deal in either certainty or consensus. Every well-formed theory contains a set of testable hypotheses. When these hypotheses fail confirmation by repeated experiment, the theory has to change. Thus the progress of science is halting and erratic, ultimately convergent on, but never achieving, final explanations of our world.

Naturally, that means confusion reigns when scientists dabble in politics and politicians attempt to explain science—as when we are confronted by such oxymorons

as "settled science." And, unfortunately, in the worlds of climate change, such confusions seem to be happening a lot—from the United Nations agency that got caught taking an environmental activist group's unsupported (and mistaken) word that Himalayan glaciers would all be melted away by 2035, to the *Times Atlas* that recently decided global warming would be more striking if 15 percent of the Greenland ice cap were arbitrarily erased from the map. To say nothing of the 2009 case in which bizarre emails between influential scientists and activists, hacked from a server at the University of East Anglia (which is climate-change central, keeper of international temperature records), were released to the public.

Professional scientists are people, of course, and thus participants in the rough and tumble of political debate. Professional politicians are also people, of a sort, and they're always eager to use the prestige of science to claim support for their political goals. Most of the time, these crossover category errors stay relatively minor. Occasionally, however, conflations of politics and science snowball into disasters for both politics and science—and the debate over climate change is as clear an example as we've had since stem cells rolled into public view.

An hour's poking around on the Internet reveals that no scientific consensus on massive human-caused climate change actually exists. Those afflicted with what economists call "perverse incentives," however, *want* scientific consensus to exist, and they try, hard, to pull that consensus into being. Naturally, the debate is skewed toward the faction which controls the most political and economic resources—particularly the United Nations, on the commanding heights of resource allocation for activists through the mechanism of its various interlocking directorates of committees and NGOs.

The result is an astonishing tangle of mostly ad hominem arguments. Proponents of catastrophic global warming claim that their opponents are in denial and corrupted by corporate funding. Skeptics counter that these alarmists are corrupted by government funding and political pressure. The result has been good for neither politicians nor scientists, with every new poll betraying smaller numbers of those who trust either government or science to speak the truth—much less to fix our strange and broken world.

As far as the actual facts go, they go quickly, the first casualties in the battles at the crossroads of science and politics. We do know that there have been periodic ice ages for the past million or so years, and that the period of those ice ages is on the order of 100,000 years. About 10 percent of discernible history is made up of warm periods (such as our current climate), and the rest much colder, with large portions of the earth covered with thick ice.

The cause of this periodicity is not well understood. Human activity may have contributed to some of it recently, but clearly not to changes occurring over millions of years. Variations in solar irradiance, changes in atmospheric gases, variable ocean currents, and cosmic rays have been hypothesized, each the bearer of a much greater burden than human activity could be. We now appear, on the basis of prior history, to be in the last stages of a warm period which has existed, with some variations, for about 10,000 years.

Within each era, variances of climate occur, as warmer and colder periods of several hundred years come and go. The causes of these changes are similarly uncertain. Is there an ideal global average temperature? If so, what is it? And how do we measure it? Can our species influence these changes? If so, should we? In which direction? What are the costs, risks, and benefits? These questions are not, to say the least, in any realm of settled science.

Enter the climate scientists. The research enterprise in the modern world is a large-scale activity. Difficult questions are raised, and hypotheses are generated to move toward an answer. This requires hiring staff, recruiting experts and consultants, purchasing equipment, and putting all of it in a building, preferably on a university campus. Most of all, what's needed for this kind of research is oceans of money. And where money is the driver, politics is the unavoidable road down which the scientist has to race. Grant-making authorities, whether in government, industries, or foundations, tend to have a preferred perspective on the process and outcome of research. These preferences are not lost on the applicant researchers.

A few research centers have dominated the study of climate change, and these are typically funded by national governments, with the approval of U.N. agencies and the transnational perspective that U.N. agencies represent. What has emerged, in other words, is a *political* consensus that emphasizes the claim of ongoing climate change which (1) tends toward warming, (2) is caused by human activity, and (3) threatens to be apocalyptic. Groupthink then emerges as the dominant social response, with ostracism of skeptics and excommunication of apostates.

As the grant-achieving scientists congealed their opinions around the hypothesis (and now doctrine) of catastrophic anthropogenic global warming—warmed, themselves, by their presumptive guardianship of truth and virtue—some have succumbed to the temptation to cut corners. Dissenting investigators have been marginalized, their research papers viewed with prejudice by academic journals. The principle of free availability of raw data has been ignored. Peer review has degenerated into pal review. Cases of data destruction and tampering have been documented.

Through all this, public opinion has remained

bemused, and only mildly interested, with polls suggesting a small decrease in concern over catastrophic man-made climate change and a gradual increase in disbelief about the whole thing. Which has to concern the people whose livelihood depends on predicting catastrophe. Prophecy demands belief.

Perhaps the greatest reason for any of us to feel skepticism about climate change, however, is the unchanging politics of those who employed it to advance their agendas. Are we wrong to suspect that most global warming activists are merely using global warming as the latest in a long series of tools with which to demand fundamental changes in Western civilization?

Think of it this way: The premise of catastrophe produces the conclusion that the political and economic underpinnings of Western civilization must be discarded. Governments must take control of economies. Capitalism must give way. All decisions must be made by our scientific and political elite, for only they can save us from doom.

Now, in a purely logical world, the rejection of the premise would mean that we don't have to accept the conclusion. *If A, then B* and *not A* together produce nothing. But the people who've been lecturing us for more than a decade now about global warming and climate change didn't start by holding *A*. They began by holding *B*—the conclusion, the proposition that Western civilization must change. And it is, literally, a nonfalsifiable proposition: If global warming and climate change help lead to it, then hurray for global warming and climate change. If not, well, then, they'll find something else.

Yet facts remain stubborn things, and the thesis of climate change, at least, is clearly in decline. The once-proud carbon-trading market in Chicago is now defunct. Similar European schemes have collapsed in confusion and fraud. Alternative scientific theory is beginning to find its footing. Flawed methods have been exposed. Leaked emails indicate a corrupted scientific process. Most of all, public opinion has not been stampeded, in spite of intense climate-change advocacy in the media.

Skepticism, the prime scientific virtue, still lives, in other words. If nothing else, Ivar Giaever may yet be able to rejoin the American Physical Society. ♦

Christopher Columbus arrives in the Americas

How the West Won

Freedom and 'killer apps' BY ELIZABETH POWERS

Niall Ferguson's newest book is chock-a-block with striking comparisons. For instance, if the Soviet Union was able to manufacture warheads, it could surely have produced blue jeans. But satisfying the desires of its citizens was not part of its agenda. Nor, adds Ferguson, of the other competitor for world supremacy in the 20th century, German national socialism. Thus, one arrives very quickly at why "the West," basically liberal capitalist democracy, beat out these two formidable agents of destruction. It offers freedom to citizens, not only in the choice of goods but also in the possibility of crafting their own destiny. The West has been able to achieve this, unlike any other civilization or empire in history, and in the process surpass "the rest," by virtue of what Ferguson calls six "killer apps"—competition, science, property rights, medicine, consumption, and work ethic.

Civilization
The West and the Rest
by Niall Ferguson
Penguin, 432 pp., $35

Make no mistake: The rise of the West was not foreordained. Indeed, in 1400, there wasn't even a West as such: In that year mankind across the earth was more or less equal, living at subsistence level, as agriculture could never get beyond feast or famine cycles. What was gained one decade by good harvests would be wiped out the next

Elizabeth Powers is editing a collection of essays on the intellectual origins of freedom of speech in the 18th century.

by plague, war, or natural disaster. No one anywhere got over this hump. Yet a century later, a takeoff occurred: Agricultural production increased beyond the subsistence level and allowed people to plan beyond the next harvest and to divert their energies into other productive activities. The takeoff did not take place in China, which (as Ferguson points out) had a well-established infrastructure of canals for transporting rice, possessed numerous splendid inventions, and was politically and socially unified, with the same laws and standards in force throughout its empire. It did not occur in the Ottoman empire, which only a half-century before had conquered Constantinople. It was, instead, in the politically and socially fragmented countries on "the western edge of Eurasia," in which competition was by necessity a virtue, that the killer apps took root. The result, by 1800, was a rise in living standards, health, life expectancy, and scientific control of nature, not to mention that these countries came to dominate the world and, in the process, created by the late 20th century a common way of life—"Western civilization."

Ferguson, a chronicler of financial history, is not embarking on new territory here. The West's rise and the genesis of "the Great Divergence" between East and West have been the subject of numerous books in recent years. He does, however, portray in a highly readable fashion the paradoxical nature of "progress." The most compelling chapter is the one on medicine, which begins not with a medical breakthrough but with the French Revolution, which gave France "a political script of unequaled drama." Thus, while Britain was allowing local elites to rule its empire, France sought to export its revolutionary ideals, making Frenchmen of its subjects. The climates of Africa and Asia were such as to spur further advances in wiping out tropical diseases and gains in life expectancy, but such progress had a dark side in the rise of eugenics, particularly among Germans. The "methods of total warfare" carried out by Germany on its subjects in Namibia are straight out of *Heart of Darkness*. The Nazis learned lessons from this colonial experience and extended barbaric treatment to the peoples of Eastern Europe. The *Lebensraum* of the Nazis was the epitome of colonial exploitation.

Thus, Ferguson does not sugarcoat the effect that the rise of the West had on the rest of the planet. Indeed, his subtitle might read "The Best and the Worst." Yet, despite the prevalent animus against the West, most prominently in the West itself, Ferguson seeks to balance the downside with the achievements: the sustained improvement in the lives of citizens and the institutional structures that satisfy their material needs, not to forget recognition of the value of individual lives. Like many others these days, however, he worries not simply that non-Western nations—for instance, China, having (as it were) downloaded the killer apps—are catching up with the West in power and wealth, but that Western civilization is in decline.

Niall Ferguson

Ferguson begins by saying that we have to study the past in order to discover the future, and it is not surprising that, being a historian, he thinks in terms of the rise and fall of empires and civilizations. The West, however, is unlike all previous civilizations, which have built monuments meant to enshrine their accomplishments in perpetuity. In contrast, the competition and endless proliferation of choices on which the Western economy is based is a project of de-monumentalizing—in other words, forgetting the very achievements that created our way of life. The "spirit" of capitalism is, at its core, destructive of what went before; Joseph Schumpeter called this "creative destruction." Even the Reformation, which Ferguson couples with the rise of the sixth killer app, the work ethic, was destructive. Despite the encouragement it gave to individual reading and the rise of printing, the spread of information, especially of a scientific nature—indeed, the entire "cascade of intellectual innovation"—had among its carnage the destruction of countless manuscripts from monastic houses, the houses themselves, the religious art of Roman Catholic churches, the legacy of previous generations.

Nevertheless, Western civilization was built in the same way as past civilizations, and if it is to continue with its core intact—the liberty of the individual—it requires that one save, if not heirlooms, at least money. One must be able to put off today for tomorrow, sacrifice, work hard, harness all the qualities that built past civilizations. Thus, Ferguson's concluding chapter, which concerns the West's financial insolvency, paints a bleak picture: Nations that solved the perennial human problem of starvation within the last century now have the greatest number of fat people in history.

Still, it is difficult to imagine that the infrastructure of a global economy that spreads affluence—the banking system, the money markets, the real estate industry, the telecommunications—could be eradicated, even in the event of a nuclear conflagration. Ferguson doesn't mention it, but the average annual GDP of the world's industrialized countries grew throughout the 20th century, despite two world wars and the Great Depression. It might take time to rebuild this infrastructure, but the knowledge on which it is based would not, like Greek science in the Middle Ages, be lost. Our technological and scientific mastery derives from an understanding of nature that was first discerned

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in the 17th century; mankind will not intellectually return to the limited sphere of knowledge of 1500.

Moreover, "the West" as template to which most of the world aspires—Ferguson lists the organization of medical science, patterns of marketing and consumption, diet, clothes, housing—will not soon be replaced with a new one. Even in Tehran, most people work from nine to five and play on weekends. Which is not to say that the core of Western Civ—civil and individual rights, along with the institutions that protect contracts, inventions, intellectual and private property—could not suffer severe setbacks. The Soviet Union already proved that.

Ferguson quotes twice from a speech by Winston Churchill which begins by asserting that civilization "means a society based upon the opinions of civilians." Churchill went on to say that the "central principle" of civilization is "the subordination of the ruling class to the settled customs of the people and to their will as expressed in the Constitution." The great threat at present comes not from the traditional tyrants and dictators of whom Churchill warned—we have the institutional and technological resources to end their machinations—but from the current political class. To fuel its power, derived from the votes of the unproductive and the alienated, it strangles the engine of wealth creation, entrepreneurship, with regulatory burdens, while appropriating the fruits of the industrious with taxation. It kills the goose that laid the golden egg.

Will the people rise up and reassert the principles that are at the heart of the West's achievement: individual liberties and limited government? The answer is still out. ♦

B&A

The Wells Machine

A novelist reimagines a novelist's progress.

BY BRIAN MURRAY

David Lodge is probably best known for a series of campus novels—*Changing Places*, *Small World*, and *Nice Work*—that, back in the 1970s and '80s, deftly exposed the pretensions and foibles of academic life. Lodge's erudition and skills as a parodist have made him popular with highbrow readers. But his novels are also often funny, in a rueful way, making them strong sellers throughout the world.

A Man of Parts
by David Lodge
Viking, 565 pp., $26.95

Of course there's no lack of good novels satirizing academics, and some of the most celebrated examples (Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* and Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from an Institution*) belong to the postwar era when higher education in both Great Britain and the United States began its big boom. Lodge, who grew up in a working-class London suburb, is himself a product of that expansion: In the 1950s and '60s he was the first in his family to attend a university, and to earn a Ph.D. Lodge taught for many years at the University of Birmingham. He has published widely as both a literary scholar and a creative writer. And so he knows the world of professors of literature as Dick Francis knew the world of jockeys—from the inside.

Lodge's own academic career coincided with the rise of critical theory, which by the end of the 1980s had largely transformed English in the academy. "Theory," as it was called, reverentially or not, created a slew of critical schools with their own ardent disciples and stars: Deconstructionists, Structuralists, Post-Structuralists, Postcolonialists, Russian Formalists, and New Historicists, among others, all of them eager to confound the uninitiated while blasting away the intellectual assumptions of yore. The cocky American Morris Zapp, who appears in several of Lodge's campus comedies, is especially good at exploiting the latest critical fashions for his own professional ends.

When he entered the profession, Zapp, a self-described "Jane Austen man," assumed that the critic's goal was to "establish the meaning of texts." But when the new theorists declared "meaning" obsolete, Zapp duly mastered the new lingo and took to writing pieces like "Textuality as Striptease." For Zapp, the sole point of literary studies is to "uphold the institution of academic literary studies" and the only smart thing a smart guy can do is go with the flow. "There comes a time," he observes, "when the individual has to yield to the *Zeitgeist* or drop out of the ball game." Zapp relishes the game: the professional combat, the collecting of grants, the chance to strut his stuff at professional conferences where his relative celebrity ensures that his chances of seducing a hot post-structuralist are reliably high. "Before I retire," he declares, "I want to be the highest paid English Professor in the world."

Herbert George Wells, the subject of *A Man of Parts*, was neither an academic nor a practicing Ph.D. He attended middling schools and the Normal School of Science in South Kensington, a teacher's college. H.G. Wells, of course, was also the author of *The Time Machine* and the *Outline of History*, among other things; he sold millions of books and became a rich man and a household name. Wells's circle of acquaintances included Franklin Roosevelt and Joseph Stalin. Even the tallest ivory tower would have been too small for Wells at the height of his fame.

And yet, in many ways, Wells would

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fit perfectly into one of Lodge's campus novels. He, too, was an ambitious intellectual who relished his rivalries and took himself very seriously indeed. He disdained the *petite bourgeoisie* and saw himself as a great blaster of old-fashioned ideas—a blunt, jaunty, rather shocking writer-prophet whose chief interest, next to sex, was the care and feeding of his own career.

In *A Man of Parts*, Lodge sometimes uses his "novelist's license," as he calls it, to describe the thoughts and conversations of his principal characters. But Lodge also sticks closely to the facts of Wells's life, making extensive if selective use of a wide range of sources, including Wells's letters and his 700-page *Experiment in Autobiography*. Wells, in fact, quite enjoyed writing about Wells, offering thinly veiled and idealized self-portraits in such novels as *Ann Veronica*, *The New Machiavelli*, and *The Passionate Friends*. A later novel, *The World of William Clissold*, is similarly self-admiring; here Wells assumes the persona of a wealthy industrialist who, when not brooding about his many *amours*, drones on about Wells's own most cherished fantasy—the World State where, one day, all will find their happy place in the great human hive.

Lodge retraces Wells's rise from very modest beginnings in Bromley, the London borough where his muddled father kept a china shop. Wells's mother, a maid, pushed her book-loving son into training as a draper—a respectable trade, she reckoned, that wouldn't leave him grimy and worn at the end of the day. Wells, though, tried teaching and journalism before publishing the string of "scientific romances" that made his name. *The Time Machine*, *The Invisible Man*, *The War of the Worlds*, *The First Men in the Moon*, and *In the Days of the Comet* all appeared between 1895 and 1906, along with stories, essays, and books of nonfiction. It was a display of ingenuity and industry not seen since the young Dickens first burst upon the scene.

Early on Wells also published *Kipps* and *Tono-Bungay*, effective Dickens-like satires targeting phony advertising and greed. But by 1900 he had wearied of being described as a popular entertainer, or a Dickens imitator, or the English Jules Verne. So he wrote *Anticipations*, a speculative look at life in the year 2000 that Lodge declines to describe in detail. Wells, who was often spot-on with his predictions, offers in *Anticipations* an engaging picture of a future filled with motorcars, superhighways, and tidy suburbs where houses are centrally heated and filled with all sorts of marvelous appliances like electric stoves and sound machines that deliver the news every hour.

But Wells had also yielded to the zeitgeist, at least as manifested within the intellectual left during the final decades of the 19th century. *Anticipations* assumes that these civic and technological advances will arrive only after the prevailing social order has been destroyed. Wells, who joined the Fabian Society in 1903, would spend years attacking profit-seeking and private property. With Beatrice and Sidney Webb, the leading Fabians of the day, Wells believed that only socialism could show the way.

The Webbs, however, were a bit too squishy for Wells, better equipped to run an academic conference than set up a proper collectivist state. Wells had hit on the idea of replacing Britain's rigid class system with—a rigid class system. On top were more virile rulers than the ones that filled the daydreams of Beatrice and Sidney. Wells's strapping "New Republicans" would, for starters, chuck the old religions, practicing a sort of Muscular Agnosticism instead. Theirs would be a "spacious faith" rooted in science and reason with the books of Darwin and Malthus as guiding texts.

Wells's leaders will keep a close watch on procreation, ensuring that only "beautiful and strong bodies, clear and powerful minds" will be allowed to flourish; for many others—including "contemptible and silly creatures, fear-driven and helpless and useless"—the "Men of the New Republic will have little pity and benevolence." Oddballs and others judged not up to speed can stick around, apparently, "on the understanding that they do not propagate."

In Wellsland, however, Free Love prevails, at least for the "superior peoples." Having mastered the contraceptive arts, Wells's enlightened bosses will sort out the "illogical and incoherent" system of codes and prohibitions that have for so long kept people from "leading happy and healthy sexual lives." For them, "the question of sexual relationships would be entirely on all fours with, and probably very analogous to, the question of golf."

H. G. Wells, 1940

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> In each case it would be for the medical man and the psychologist to decide how far the thing was wholesome and permissible, and how far it was an aggressive bad habit and an absorbing waste of time and energy.

Wells practiced what he preached. Lodge has him insisting that "my temperament is essentially comic—I want life to be enjoyable, I like festive occasions and happy endings, I like sex and games." Wells looked like a High Street bank manager. But at least one of his lovers knew him as "Jaguar," the lusty cat wont to prowl naked "round the room, emitting low-pitched growls" before springing into bed, claws at the ready. Wells, Lodge reports, "acknowledged the animal nature of lust but turned it into a kind of erotic theatre."

Lodge shows relatively little interest in Wells's political theories and the way they reappear, with increasing desperation, in a series of books that all seem to be titled *The Shape of the World Brain to Come*, or something similar. Lodge is mainly interested in Wells's sexual practices and his more fascinating partners. A list of his better-known lovers would include the birth control advocate Margaret Sanger and the writers Amber Reeves, Elizabeth von Arnim, Violet Hunt, Dorothy Richardson, and Rebecca West, each of whom turns up in *A Man of Parts*.

Wells liked to insist that his many affairs and "*passades*" were quite refreshing, by and large, the "fairly equal" exchange of "two libertines." But *A Man of Parts* confirms a more complicated story: West, for example, came to resent playing second fiddle to Wells's legal wife, the long-suffering Jane. And for years Wells's son with West, Anthony, nursed an identity crisis of his own. In his 1984 account of life with Wells, West emphatically notes that "I was allowed to call him *Wellsie*, but expressly forbidden to speak to him or of him as *father*, *papa*, or *daddy*." Lodge has Wells describe his relationship with Anthony this way:

> When he was very young he thought his mother was his aunt and I was his uncle, and then Rebecca told him she was his mother but he should still go on calling her "auntie," and years later she told him his uncle was really his father.

As the years passed, and Wells's hopes for the future darkened, his difficulties with the ladies grew. One disgruntled fellow libertine threatened suicide in his flat. Another spied on him, apparently, for the Kremlin. And yet another, Odette Keun, the bane of Wells's later years, treated him with the same cool mockery Lodge displays in his campus satires. In a series of widely read articles, Keun described Wells as an egoist cranking out half-hearted propaganda—a gifted writer who, in the modern way, grew less interested in the meaning of his words than in his own publicity. For Wells, "it was only a game. He was only a player."

Wells and Orson Welles after 'War of the Worlds' (1938)

Poor Wellsie. It's hard enough remaking mankind. You're at it seven days a week. Perhaps he should have consulted a medical man to find out if his chief hobby was, in fact, an absorbing waste of time and energy. He might have found a more orderly pastime, like golf, and avoided the gloom he described in a candid memoir marked for posthumous publication: "The story of my relations with women," he wrote, "is mainly a story of greed, foolishness, and great expectation. I am an insufficient and often quite irritable 'great man' with an infantile craving for help." Keun couldn't have said it better herself.

Although Lodge tends to describe Wells with a certain ironic detachment, it's also clear he rather admires his fellow Londoner; both men, after all, had seized their opportunities and built successful literary careers against the odds. Thus Lodge concludes *A Man of Parts* by noting that Wells was "like a comet," appearing suddenly "out of obscurity" and then blazing away "in the literary firmament for decades, evoking astonishment and awe and alarm, like the comet of *In the Days of the Comet*, which threatened to destroy the earth, but in fact transformed it by beneficial effect of its gaseous trail."

Lodge believes that Wells also had

> a liberating and enlightening effect on a great many people. As time went on his imagination and intellect dwindled in brightness, gradually people ceased to look up and stare in wonder, and now he has passed out of sight. But there are eccentric orbits in literary history. Perhaps one day he will glow in the firmament once again.

It's a curious remark, for of course Wells's best books—particularly those great science-fiction novels he dismissed as fluff—have never passed from view, and are probably more widely read today, in more languages, than ever before. But Wells, who was wonderfully imaginative, was neither intellectually nimble nor morally astute. He'd found a formula—science plus socialism minus religion equals Utopia—and banged on about it in book after bloated book.

Wells's own gaseous trail can be found in titles that, as Lodge himself writes, are "all dead as doornails now. Fodder for the penny tray outside the second-hand bookshop." And they will still be there, it's safe to predict, in the world of tomorrow. ♦

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B&A

Working with Words

A writer of speeches on the uses of rhetoric.

BY PETER HANNAFORD

For nearly 40 years, William Gavin's calling was as "speechwright." He says he prefers the term to speechwriter because "a wright is someone who puts things together from. A speechwright puts together a speech out of separate pieces. . . . Authors of books and essays write to make something lasting and beautiful; speechwrights hammer and drill, saw and otherwise push around words to craft something ephemeral but useful."

Speechwright
An Insider's Take on Political Rhetoric
by William F. Gavin
Michigan State, 172 pp., $24.95

This book is about how Gavin pushed around thousands of words in a career that transformed him from high school teacher to working on Richard Nixon's writing team in the 1968 election.

In his memoir, *Street Corner Conservative*, he has written about growing up in Jersey City, a solidly Democratic place, and his gradual awakening to the fact that he was a conservative. Once signed on to the Nixon team, he began to write odds and ends, one of which caught Nixon's eye. Ever afterward he called Gavin his writer "with heart." Nixon understood that Gavin had the ability to connect to everyday working Americans, which was something difficult for Nixon to do.

Gavin's work led him to a job on the speechwriting team in the Nixon White House, but a half-year later he had become bored "working on too many one-liners and not enough—in fact, not any—speeches," so he quit. White House colleagues arranged for him to get a job in public affairs at the then-Department of Health, Education & Welfare (today Health and Human Services), and it was a disaster. He soon realized he was not cut out to be a bureaucrat. Weeks went by before he even met the secretary; other staffers considered Gavin a White House spy. To put it mildly, HEW was not interested in pursuing President Nixon's initiatives, and two months after starting, Gavin resigned.

But luck was with him. He called Frank Shakespeare, director of the United States Information Agency, to see if he knew of any job openings. Shakespeare had two. Writes Gavin: "God protects, it would seem, sleepwalkers, children and puffed-up, self-deluding speechwrights." For the next two years he traveled widely on assignments for Shakespeare, but not writing speeches (Shakespeare was a very good extemporaneous speaker). He became acquainted with Willis Conover, the Voice of America's popular jazz programmer. Conover never spoke about the issues of the day on his program or propagandized for the United States. His music did it for him. From this, Gavin learned that "in rhetoric or geopolitics, you can make your point indirectly." Just as in teaching, or propaganda for that matter, "know what you are talking about; care what you are talking about and . . . give the audience a person—you."

He left the USIA in 1972 to become a writer for Senator James Buckley of New York. Buckley was a minority within a minority in the Senate—a well-reasoned, intellectual conservative—who stood out against the prevailing ethos of liberalism at a time when it was more or less the gold standard of public affairs. Its practitioners in politics and the media assumed it was part of the natural order of things, and that conservatives were curiosities or crazy. Buckley never flinched from principled positions that Gavin admired, but he lost his seat in 1976 (to Daniel Patrick Moynihan). In late November of that year, about to be jobless, Gavin learned that Rep. Bob Michel of Illinois, campaigning for leadership of the House Republican caucus, was looking for a writer. Gavin was hired.

Michel was not an orator, but Gavin saw in the down-to-earth, results-oriented Midwesterner someone who fit what he called "working rhetoric," word patterns that fell naturally on the ears of Main Street Americans. Gavin has always believed that making persuasive arguments is much more important than eloquence, which delivers the much-quoted line but rarely concrete results. So Gavin spent 18 enjoyable years with Michel, retiring when Michel stepped down and, with his boss's approval, doing occasional work on Ronald Reagan's campaigns.

I first met Gavin in the summer of 1978 when he attended a meeting at Reagan's home with Reagan's inner working group, all pointing toward a presidential campaign two years later. Bill was asked to draft a new stump speech for the fall, and he delivered it that day. It began with a word picture that evoked Thomas Jefferson at sundown at Monticello and his thoughts about the nation's future, moving on to the priorities shared by millions of Americans, regardless of ethnic background, religion, or political heritage: family, work, neighborhood, peace, freedom. Reagan loved it. We began calling it "the community of shared values." Reagan used it regularly and it became the central theme of his acceptance speech at the 1980 convention in Detroit and the campaign that followed.

This is a highly readable memoir that will appeal to anyone interested in American politics and government, and a valuable how-to book for anyone who writes speeches for a living, expects to write speeches, or hopes to. An effective speechwright, Gavin teaches, must not only love his work, but know how to organize time, work with determination—and above all, be modest. ♦

Peter Hannaford is the author of the forthcoming Reagan's Roots: The People and Places That Shaped His Character.

B&A

Is That All There Is?

Then let's keep dancing, and watch history float by.

BY KELLY JANE TORRANCE

The 1980s ended in a flood of optimism that's hardly been seen since. Nearly a half-century of cold war all but ended in a single year as the revolutions of 1989 swept through the Eastern bloc, culminating in the fall of the Berlin Wall and the swift execution of the Romanian tyrant Nicolae Ceausescu on Christmas Day. The United States was about to become the world's undisputed superpower. The Red Army left Afghanistan that year, and the Soviet Union itself would last only another two years. Francis Fukuyama famously asked if this was the "end of history?"—and answered his own question three years later, when he turned his essay into a book and removed the question mark.

What's Wrong with Benevolence
Happiness, Private Property, and the Limits of Enlightenment
by David Stove
Encounter, 240 pp., $23.95

One thinker, however, was immune to the spirit of the age: Professor David Stove had taken early retirement from the University of Sydney, spending his last days watching cricket, listening to baroque music, gardening in his rural Australian suburb—and writing short but devastating works of philosophy and polemics.

Most conservative writers spent 1989 cheering the triumph of freedom and the free market; Stove, who died in 1994, spent much of that year composing an essay that soberly, and quite seriously, concluded that lovers of liberty should emulate the fabled Indian who, on realizing that his hours of effort had been for nought and his boat was about to go over Niagara Falls, threw away his oar and lit one last pipe. Now published posthumously, his treatise has been retitled, from the darkly opaque *That Monstrous Steep, Niagara* to the clear-cut *What's Wrong with Benevolence*.

There's no mistaking Stove's stand. And who, after all, turned out to be correct: the optimists or the pessimist? East and West Germany are united, and Stasi files have been opened and turned into questioning works of art. Poland is the only European Union member to have escaped this latest recession. Even China has had to capitulate, creating its own brand of capitalism. But China is not free: 1989 also saw the massacre in Tiananmen Square, not the last time Chinese officials killed enemies of the state. The Russian empire has collapsed, but Russia itself has merely shifted from a Communist state to a fascist one, ruled by one man unwilling to give up his grip on power. Even "first-world" democracies are facing crises that threaten to overwhelm them, as citizens give up autonomy in return for a security that is now slipping away.

All this is not to argue that Stove was right to give up on freedom just when others celebrated its rebirth. The point is that Stove's brief disquisition—the last of his major unpublished essays to be printed—is just as material now as it was when he wrote it, five years before his death.

And it is thanks to Roger Kimball, publisher of Encounter Books and editor of the *New Criterion*, that more Americans now know David Stove's name. As Andrew Irvine writes in his introduction here, "David Stove is a confirming instance of the adage that philosophers are not much accustomed to attention until after they're dead." While he was alive, Stove was mostly known only to philosophers familiar with his work on David Hume and the philosophy of science, and to Australians interested in the culture wars as they were fought in academia. "The most thrilling intellectual discovery of my adult life came in 1996 when I chanced upon the work of the Australian philosopher David Stove," Kimball relates in the foreword.

In his introduction, Irvine, professor of philosophy at the University of British Columbia (who studied under Stove at Sydney and edited this work), compares Stove's unknown essay to two classics: John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* and Friedrich Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*. And Irvine believes Stove accomplishes something the other two did not, noting that "while Mill and Hayek are content to defend the classic liberal imperative, Stove goes a step further, asking whether liberalism and conservatism are in any important sense compatible."

Stove responds with an emphatic *yes*—and explains himself in a way that should appeal to partisans on both sides of the philosophical aisle. As Irvine writes,

> According to Stove, when people are free to live their lives as they see fit, they naturally choose to enter into relationships with one another that allow families, friendships, business and other non-governmental institutions to flourish.

There's no need for conservatives to oppose liberals and attempt to use the strong hand of government to make way for civil society, and there's no need for liberals to be suspicious of conservatives. People recognize responsibilities and authorities by their own free choice.

This might sound too simplistic to be the beginning of a groundbreaking rapprochement, but conservatives and classical liberals have been uncomfortable with one another since the modern forms of their movements began. Hayek himself made one of the firmest statements in his 1960 essay "Why I Am Not a Conservative." Irvine elegantly refutes Hayek, whose conception of conservatism was something of a caricature, and suggests that a proper politics needs the insights of all three men: Hayek's work

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on unintended consequences; Mill's emphasis on individual responsibility; and Stove's conservative understanding of human nature.

A fourth name might be added to that list: Karl Popper. It's strange to say that Stove's conception of the world—and of the damage benevolence has done to it—echoes Popper. What reputation Stove acquired outside academia was partly a result of his vicious attack on Popper and his *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*. In fact, Stove's offensive was misguided: Arguing that Popper didn't take the subject seriously, Stove charged him with creating a pseudo-philosophy of science. Because Popper understood that humans are fallible, and so any theories we develop are fallible as well, he believed we must constantly subject our hypotheses—not just scientific, but also political—to rigorous testing. No amount of evidence can prove a theory correct, but one counterexample can prove it wrong. Knowledge, as such, is always provisional. Stove believed that, by this argument, Popper did damage to the very idea that we can know anything. Popper, however, wasn't opposed to the notion of scientific progress; he merely cautioned that, as fallible creatures, we must recognize that there is an element of uncertainty in such progress and that we accept the knowledge we have as the best we have *at that moment*.

I've hardly mentioned benevolence, the ostensible subject at hand, but that's because this brief volume is of much broader significance than its title would suggest. It opens, however, with the declaration that benevolence—the desire to make people happier than they are—is, in fact, the cause of most of the misery inflicted on human beings in the last century: "Lenin, Stalin, and the rest," writes Stove, "would not have done what they did, but for the fact that they were determined to bring about the future happiness of the human race."

This is where Stove's tough prose is weakest. I doubt that the victims of the Ukrainian famine of 1932-33 would agree that Stalin (as Stove claims) was a man of "very enlarged benevolence." But personalities aside, there can be little argument about which road is paved with good intentions. People have understood this for centuries; yet recent history suggests we need reminding that warm feelings don't always translate into efficacious actions. And the idea that a small group of experts could eradicate all evils would have struck citizens of the past as preposterous—as preposterous, Stove notes, as the idea that "cheap rents or free false teeth from the National Health Service" could make people happy.

Stove has a gift for the striking phrase that gets to the heart of the matter, as when he describes a Communist country as "a gigantic cemetery-prison." But his conclusion will be hard to take, even for fellow conservatives. What Victorians called "the social problem" was never actually a problem "until Enlightened benevolence came along." The idea that just one person in poverty is unacceptable, and that it's our duty to take him out of it, is now so entrenched we'd have to alter human nature to get rid of it. And that's why Stove thinks that scaling back big government is impossible: "The root cause which will prevent the welfare state from being dismantled" is, quite simply, "us."

The situation looks even bleaker when a quarter of citizens (in Stove's estimation) are either employed by, or receive substantial benefits from, government. Nearly half of Americans live in a household in which one member receives at least some sort of government benefit, while about a third of "taxpayers" actually pay no taxes. Who would vote themselves out of free cash? As Stove wryly notes, every political party has claimed it wants to scale back the welfare state, but none ever has. Hence his pessimism.

It's hard not to follow his lead and, like that Indian, light a pipe and sit back with arms folded. There is no political program that can make everyone happy—and maybe not even anyone happy. Stove notes that "the sources of our unhappiness are inexhaustibly various. . . . Is there, in fact, anything that has *not* been a source of affliction to many people?"

It's a grimly bracing thought Stove has left us. And as Andrew Irvine points out, five years after recounting the parable of the stoic Indian, Stove killed himself. He was 66 years old, and suffering from throat cancer. Perhaps his legacy will be to inspire others to fight for the freedom he thought would one day be inescapably lost. ♦

B&A

Pop Goes Libya

A little musical rebellion among the Amazigh.

BY ANN MARLOWE

Zuwarah, Libya
This is my city and I came back again
I found myself where I was born.

The jam session was stirring, though it took place in the proper bourgeois living room of Khaled el Naggiar, a 55-year-old cultural activist here. Two or three young men played acoustic guitar while one kept beat on the bundeer, a thin drum resembling a tambourine. One, sometimes two, sang—always in the Tamazight language, sometimes originals, sometimes covers such as "My City" (1975) by Zuwarah's Ismail Jafaz, sometimes favorites from the well-known Algerian Amazigh group Idir ("horizon"), and sometimes musical settings of the poems of the late Libyan Amazigh poet Said Sifaw al Mahrouq (1946-1994), a local cultural icon.

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The sound was both familiar—Amazigh music uses half tones, like European classical music, rather than Arab music's quarter tones—and hard to pin down. There are suggestions of Spanish and Cuban music, which makes sense given Libya's proximity to the former Muslim kingdoms of Al Andalus and to Niger, Mali, Sudan, and other points of origin for Afro-American music. The bundeer, of course, is African.

Khaled el Naggiar

And while this music sounds as though it were the fruit of a long tradition, it is not. The guitar arrived in Zuwarah only in the 1970s, as part of a North African Amazigh cultural awakening—"Berber" is the term outsiders use—and all of Zuwarah's young players are self-taught. While Amazigh have always sung at weddings, the first modern song written in the Tamazight language dates only to 1975, when "My City" was sung. When he heard "My City," the poet Mahrouq wrote "Amousnaw" and gave it to his disciple Naggiar to sing. Neither song was recorded at the time.

"If I had recorded it, I would have been in jail," Naggiar tells me.

Zuwarah's music has never been performed in public, except at weddings, and the performers have never earned any money for it. Even now, when songs are played on one of Libya's new radio or television stations (Zuwarah now has a radio station of its own), the performers don't get royalties. The young men are either unaware of the financial rewards of striking it big in the music business, or have no belief they can do it. For them, music is a hobby appropriate to this stage in their lives.

"Our young men play by age groups, until they get married," explains Naggiar, who makes his living as a commercial pilot. He is just now writing his first song after decades away from performing. He estimates that 40 or 50 young Zuwarah men are now pursuing the guitar. Women don't play, perhaps because jam sessions occur in private homes, often late at night. When I left at 2:30 the other morning, the young men were heading to another house to work on new songs all night.

The core group is two guitarists, 20-year-old Haj Ibrahim Ftees and 18-year-old Badr Al deen F'ees, and Allah Abudeeb, a tall 17-year-old who plays bundeer. F'ees did most of the singing, although Naggiar performed one song in a rich baritone of professional quality and expressiveness. Naggiar's son Youliasin, 19, a former revolutionary fighter, sometimes drops in on guitar. He also puts out one of Zuwarah's first newspapers. After a couple of hours a few more young men came by and sat in.

There were just 15,000 *weeloul*—inhabitants of Zuwarah—around the time of Libya's independence, and there may be 45,000 today. Yet Zuwarah has a distinctive local culture, dialect, and music. This is unusual even in Libya, which in many ways resembles 15th-century Italy: a group of loosely allied city-states, whose citizens' first loyalty is to their locality. There are other Amazigh towns, such as Jadu and Nalut in the Nafusa Mountains, but Zuwarah's culture is the most distinctive.

"We are like an island," Naggiar says. Zuwarah is the only coastal Amazigh city from the Egyptian border to Djerba in Tunisia, and then it's a big jump to Algeria. Before the Algerian revival of Amazigh culture in the 1970s, he explains, "We were really isolated. We didn't know millions of people were speaking our language in Morocco and Algeria." Morocco is about two-thirds Amazigh and, with a king who is Amazigh through his mother, has been the most friendly to the culture and language of the North African nations. Algeria may be one-third Amazigh and has the most organized and political Amazigh, with one group seeking regional autonomy for the Kabylia region.

Zuwarah's guitar culture isn't an updating of a previous devotion to the oud, an Arab instrument; in fact, the first instrument played by Naggiar, who brought the guitar to Zuwarah, was an oud lent him by a sympathetic Egyptian music teacher who recognized his gifts. He bought his first guitar in Tripoli while on a road trip and began teaching himself to play in the car.

Historically, four major instruments have been used by the Zuwarah Amazigh, three of them varieties of drums made of stretched animal skin, and one, the zakera, resembling a bagpipe, made from the skin of a goat. Today, Zuwarah musicians only use one of the four, the bundeer. Like other drums, it isn't considered *haram*—that is, religiously forbidden by Salafi extremists—but the guitar is definitely *haram*. Naggiar explains that even carrying a guitar case around town used to be thought bizarre. When I asked the young musicians about playing in a café, they looked as though I'd suggested a concert on a loading dock. There is simply no local tradition of playing music in public spaces.

Under Qaddafi, the public expression of Amazigh culture was prohibited. For this reason, and because of the place of music in the Amazigh cultural revival in Algeria, Zuwarah's music is "counted as politics," says Naggiar. During the Qaddafi regime, even performing Tamazight songs in public outside Libya was risky: A 24-year-old Zuwarah guitarist, Bunduq Bunduq, had his passport confiscated when he returned from a trip to Morocco, where he had sung a Tamazight song in public. Bunduq, incidentally, is the only young Zuwarah man musing about giving a musical career a shot.

Zuwarah is an insular town in an insular country, and it's hard to say how far these young guitarists will take their talents. They speak vaguely of writing songs in English to reach people outside Libya. (No one in Zuwarah is very keen on Arabic, the language of their conquerors and oppressors.) For now, the guitar music of Zuwarah remains a secret. ♦

ANN MARLOWE

B&A

Hooverville Blues

How to turn an interesting career into a preposterous film. **BY JOHN PODHORETZ**

There are important discoveries to be made when you see *J. Edgar*, Clint Eastwood's new film about the progenitor of the FBI. I'm not referring to the movie's wild speculations about Hoover's supposed homosexuality, of which there is not a shred of proof—but the bald assertion of which allows director Eastwood and screenwriter Duncan Lance Black to feature a torrid kiss between Hoover and his longtime aide Clyde Tolson.

J. Edgar
Directed by Clint Eastwood

Nor am I referring to the scene in which Hoover, the subject of a rumor long since discredited about his being a cross-dresser, weeps as he puts on his dead mother's dress—an overwrought cinematic moment for the ages that ought to have been accompanied by heckling commentary from the robot cutouts who resided at the bottom of the screen while awful movies were being played on the hilarious old cable-TV show *Mystery Science Theater 3000*.

No, I am referring to the fact that we now know from the makeup work done on its pretty-boy star that when Leonardo DiCaprio gets old, he will look exactly like Jon Voight. This comes as troubling news. Do we really need two Jon Voights? Isn't one Jon Voight enough? Voight moved very much to the right in his later years, a startling transformation for a man who won an Oscar playing Jane Fonda's fantasy of a disabled antiwar Vietnam vet in *Coming Home*. It was Voight, David Mamet told me, who gave him Whittaker Chambers's *Witness* and advised Mamet that reading the book would completely alter his understanding of the world. Does this mean that three decades from now Leonardo DiCaprio will present a copy of Jonah Goldberg's *Liberal Fascism* to the director of his latest hologram?

We cannot be sure. What we can be sure of is this: If you make the mistake of going to see *J. Edgar*, you will emerge much older by the time the movie finishes, even though only two hours will have passed. Forget all that questionable talk about how those newly tested subatomic particles move so quickly that they violate the rules of time and can order a drink before they walk into the bar. It is Clint Eastwood, Hollywood's only functioning octogenarian director, and not a subatomic particle, who has figured out a way to breach Einstein's relativity theory. In the theaters in which his movies play, time literally slows down to the speed of an ant. I was so ancient by the time *J. Edgar* was done that I went home and watched five reruns of *Law and Order*.

J. Edgar is one of those would-be epics that attempt to convey the sweep of history and yet bring us into intimate company with those who made history. The sweep of history is provided by some very nice sets (an unrenovated Library of Congress) and some beautifully rendered special effects. If you would like a better sense of what Washington looked like in 1919 than you can get by looking at the website Shorpy.com, which features many photographs from the period, this is the movie for you.

But as for providing us with an intimate look at the powerful, *J. Edgar* is a solemn, pointless, humorless dud. Its goal is to have us draw a connection between Hoover's hunger for power and his repression of his own true gay nature. But DiCaprio's Hoover doesn't seem particularly powerful or important; he's just a humorless, pedantic guy with a secretary and some files. The Hoover of *J. Edgar* is such a confused, lost bumbler he couldn't manage his way out of an envelope. But the real J. Edgar Hoover was a peerless manipulator and PR man who understood mass media and how to turn his own small operation within the Department of Justice into the most popular and respected domestic agency ever created by Washington.

Eastwood and Black, like all Hollywood observers of Washington, don't seem to understand that people crave power in large measure because having power is *fun*—because they get to do what they want when they want and lord it over others and get good tables in the best restaurants and have people kiss their rings and have the times of their lives. I doubt very much that J. Edgar Hoover was as miserable as this movie makes it appear he was; how could he have been, when he was a figure of such adulation?

And as for Hoover's supposed wants and needs and desires and all that: Look, sometimes, people just aren't that interested in sex. Yes, I said it. Somebody hand Clint Eastwood some smelling salts. I think he just fainted. ♦

WARNER BROS. PICTURES

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

"Fourteen GOP debates are on the schedule through March, and others will be added if two or more candidates remain standing and anyone has anything left to say."
—Washington Post, November 14, 2011

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Gingrich sizzles, Perry fizzles in first Food Network debate

ROMNEY FLIP-FLOPS ON BUTTER VS. MARGARINE

Bachmann 'highly suspicious' of gluten

BY KAREN TUMULTY

NEW YORK — At last night's Republican primary debate, sponsored by the Food Network and *Food and Wine* magazine, candidates were mincing more than words. In the first-ever debate blending politics and culinary skills, the presidential contenders offered a diverse menu that included everything from New England clam chowder and huevos rancheros to Georgia peach pie and pizza.

There were a number of stumbles along the way. Judge Alton Brown asked former Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney to clarify his position on butter, reminding him that during his Senate bid in 1994, Romney was a staunch supporter of margarine. "It was a different time," said the governor. "I think people should have the option of choosing between butter and margarine. Sure, we later learned margarine wasn't good for you, but I never once advocated the entire country opt for margarine."

Meanwhile, Texas governor Rick Perry prepared a Lone Star favorite, huevos rancheros. But when asked by judge Rachael Ray what the dish contained, Perry replied, "It's got a lot of great things, Rachael. It's got a corn tortilla, avocado, refried beans, a tomatillo sauce, and, um, something else." A few minutes later he remembered the missing ingredient was eggs.

"The secret to my pizza," Herman Cain tells cookoff judge Rachael Ray, "is nine toppings, nine cheeses, nine minutes."

At the other end of the stage, Ron Paul cooked a chili void of any foreign additives—in fact there were hardly any additives at all. 'Most chilis are too bloated with ingredients," said the Texas congressman. "Get rid of the peppers, get rid of the cumin, get rid of the celery and onions." One grill over, former ambassador and Utah governor Jon Huntsman wowed the judges with a perfectly crisp Peking duck, though the meat was rather dry.

Former House speaker Newt Gingrich, however, was riding high, having baked a Georgia peach pie that Paula Deen called "just peachy." Gingrich did take issue with two of the moderators, accusing both Rachael Ray and Alton Brown of bias. The former speaker also deflected questions about his financial ties to Sara Lee and Cuisinart.

But perhaps the biggest surprise of the night was Herman Cain's meat lover's pizza. The business executive turned to Rachael Ray, asking her, "You want a pizza, right?" before

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