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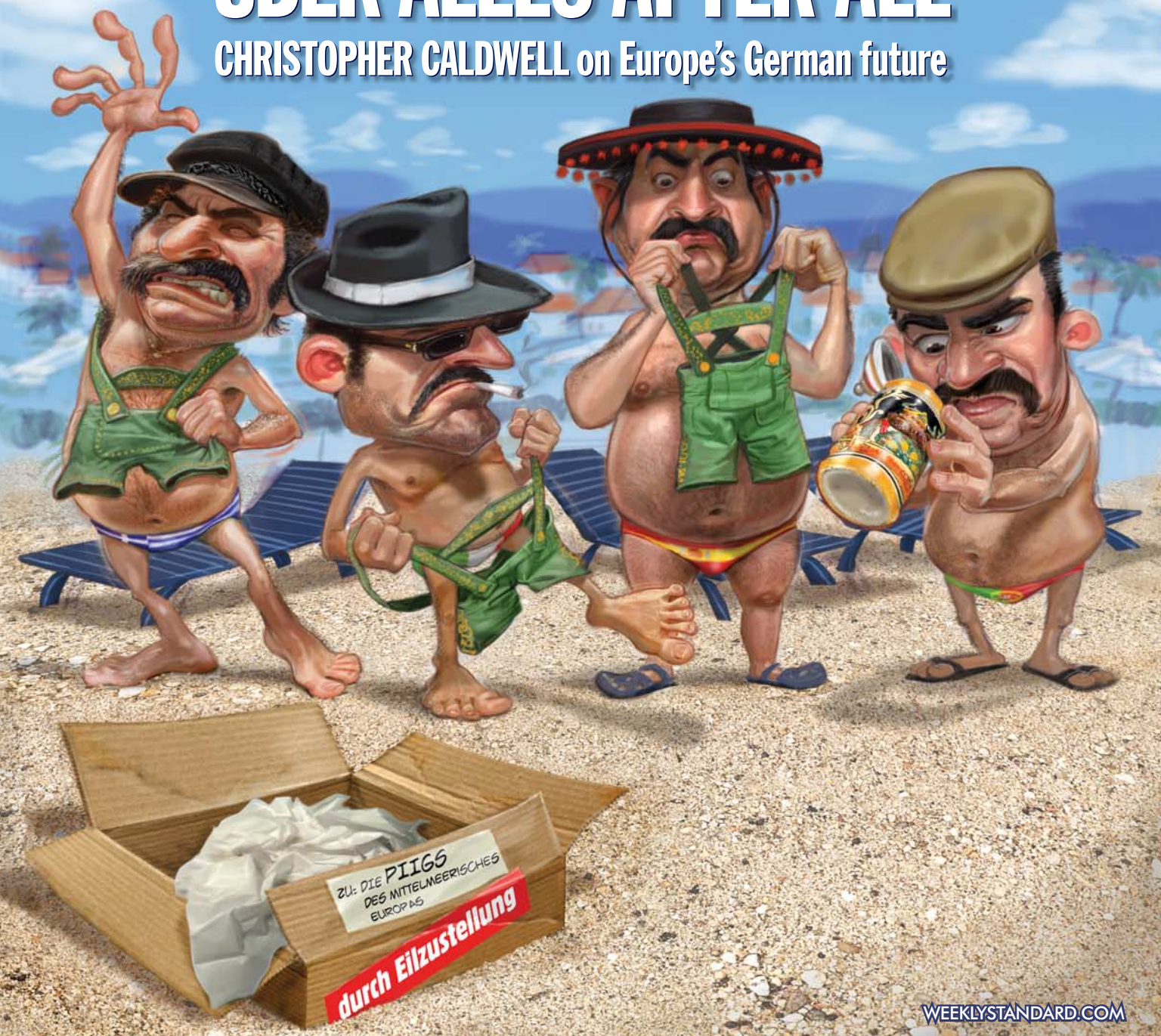

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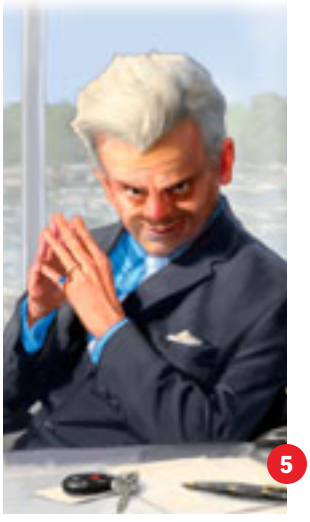

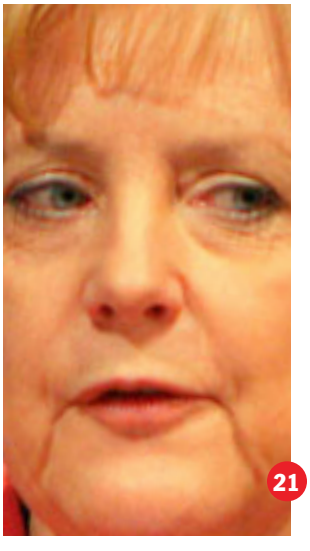

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COVER BY GARY LOCKE

First, I'd Like to Thank the Academy . . .

The Scrapbook has a well-documented weakness for acknowledgments. No, not the virtue of gratitude or the practice of recognizing indebtedness in general. We refer to those explanatory paragraphs, usually appended to the end of a book, where authors traditionally thanked the various libraries and archives they had consulted.

Except that, what really keeps The Scrapbook entertained is the fact that nowadays Acknowledgments are veritable Oscar-award-winning orgies of recognition. They are, in truth, prime specimens of what we might call the self-infatuation of the baby boom generation. Today, a typical Acknowledgments page will not just thank the usual suspects but also include a long list of friends, colleagues, mentors, and celebrity acquaintances—all carefully and conspicuously named—as well as a shout-out to agents, editors, publicists, long-suffering spouses, and neglected offspring. If the author first learned about excise taxes while a student at Yale, or during a session at the Aspen Institute, we will be sure to hear about it.

Some author-celebrities, like Fareed Zakaria, Ph.D., of CNN's *Fareed Zakaria GPS*, are past masters of the genre, consuming several pages with self-deprecating banter designed to assure us that they know everything and everybody. But some, such as the *Washington Post*'s David Ignatius, are nominally more subtle.

For example, *Blood Money*, Ignatius's latest "novel of espionage"—yes, it is so described on the dust jacket and, yes, novels now have Acknowledgments—features a comparatively modest single page of Acknowledgments proving, in the name-dropping game, that sometimes less is more. There is, of course, the author's patented self-regard, which yields sentences—"I have tried to paint my fiction using colors that are true to life"—that The Scrapbook cannot imagine being written by, say, George Eliot. And then, because *Blood Money* is set in Pakistan, readers must feel a certain insider thrill to know that "my most important guides and advisers are best left unnamed here."

Not everything is life-and-death serious, however: "I owe a special debt to Pakistan scholar extraordinaire Christine Fair of Georgetown University, whose knowledge of Punjabi curse words is surely unmatched this side of Lahore." O, to spend a rollicking evening trading Punjabi epithets with Professor Fair!

In one instance, Ignatius does exercise a measure of restraint which, in its exquisite formulation, is more effective than just dropping the H-bomb. He begins with an extended tribute to the left-wing writer and law professor Garrett Epps, "my closest friend since we met at college more than forty years ago," without whose "generous and patient help" the world might have been deprived of the novels of David Ignatius. Perhaps so. But was The Scrapbook shocked to learn that the college where this monumental friendship began was Harvard? Of course not.

Nor was The Scrapbook especially surprised that the sense of restraint was gradually relaxed as the sentences rolled on. Ignatius thanks his friend, lawyer Jonathan Schiller, for providing a "hideaway" at his law firm; and while he doesn't explain why a well-compensated *Post* columnist would need a hideaway in the first place, he does let us know the name of the white-shoe firm involved (Boies, Schiller & Flexner). And when it comes to the obligatory spousal tribute, he punctiliously identifies his wife as "Dr. Eve Ignatius."

It is left to the reader to guess whether Dr. Ignatius is a cardiologist or a professor, but The Scrapbook suspects that the title would not have been included if she were, say, "Master Sgt. Eve Ignatius." ♦

God and Man at Vanderbilt

The Scrapbook is closely watching the fight at Vanderbilt University between the administration and a number of student religious organizations. Last fall, Vanderbilt placed five religious groups on provisional status for being in violation of the university's nondiscrimination policy, and four of these remain threatened with removal from campus.

A little background: The university's reevaluation of its student groups stems from an incident in the fall of 2010, when Christian fraternity Beta Upsilon Chi revoked the membership of an openly gay brother. The situation divided the campus over how religious organizations should be allowed to constitute themselves. Most have recognized that membership in student organizations should be open to all—the dispute centers on how members choose their leaders.

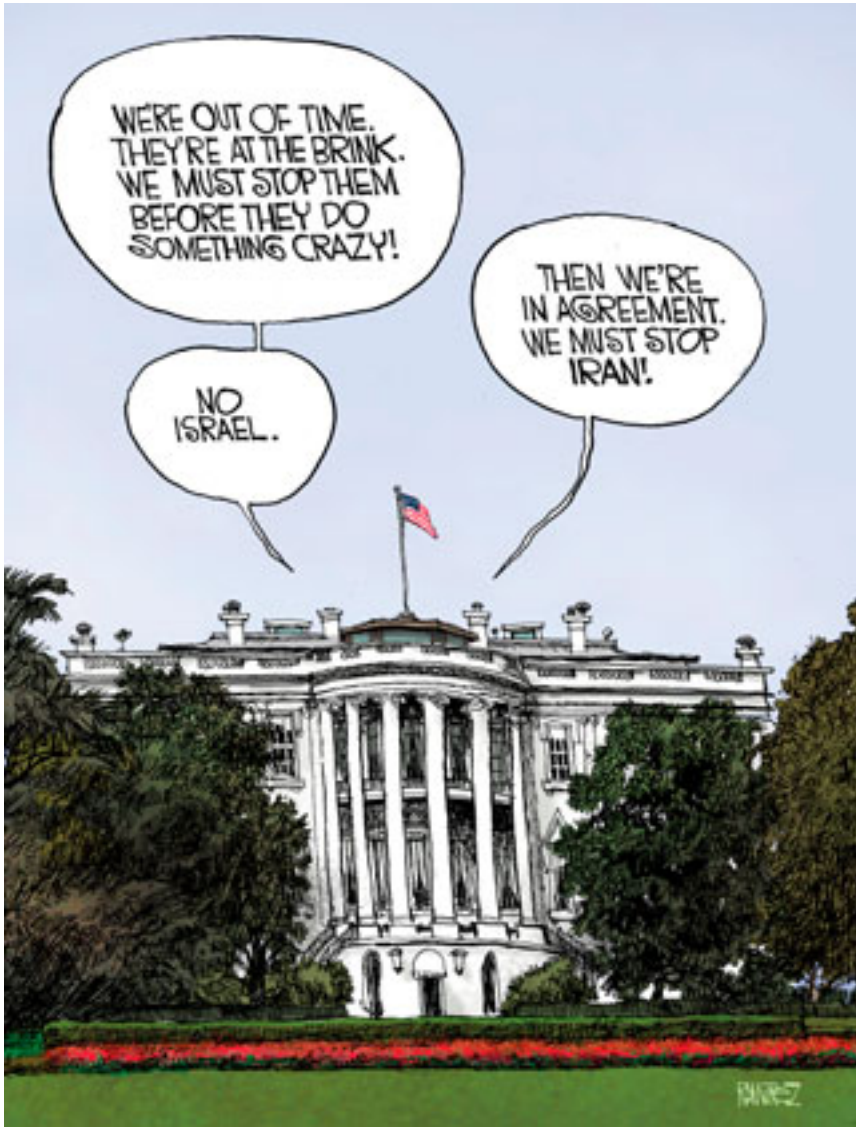
And so, on January 31, the university called a town hall meeting to discuss the issue. Administrators clarified that the policy for student organizations is "all comers"—that is, any student may join and also may run for office. There's no obligation, they say, for religious organizations to elect nonbelievers to leadership positions, but in the interest of nondiscrimination, no one may be barred from running for office for religious reasons.

It was Jordan Rodgers, the Commodores' quarterback and an active member of the Fellowship for Christian Athletes (and the younger brother of Green Bay Packers star Aaron Rodgers), who articulated the obvi-

ous. "If someone that doesn't share the faith is teaching [in a leadership role], then what's the point of even having these organizations?" Rodgers asked at the meeting. "The fact that we are not going to change the fact that you have to affirm your faith in Jesus Christ to be a teacher, to be a leader, to teach new people of any faith that come through our doors . . . we don't feel that's a problem."

In his response, Vice Chancellor David Williams summed up the university's thinking. "The university is going to have to make a decision on what side of the line they want to be," he said. "Do they want to say 'It's totally all comers'? Or do they want to basically say, 'Well, we understand the concept of some faith-based organizations, and we agree we will create an exception for them, either by membership . . . or by leadership.' And I just think that's something [on which] this university, at this point and time, has made a choice."

We won't be holding our breath waiting for Vanderbilt to have a change of heart. But for the sake of religious freedom and common sense, they ought to. ♦



Komen Criminals

The Susan G. Komen foundation, the nation's leading breast cancer charity, announced last week that they would no longer be giving grants to Planned Parenthood, the nation's largest abortion provider. As a financial matter, this was a relatively inconsequential decision. Judging, however, by the reaction from liberal activists and media elites—but The Scrapbook repeats itself—you would have thought the Ragnarök was upon us.

It didn't matter that the grant from the Komen foundation amounted to just $700,000 of Planned Parenthood's $1 billion annual budget ($487 million of which is taxpayer provided). And almost no one noted that pro-lifers, which is to say a donor base that consists of roughly half the country, had sent Komen's fundraising through the roof following their decision.

Instead, ABC News led last Thursday night with a remarkably one-sided news report. "That ubiquitous pink ribbon for decades uniting women in the greater good is sporting a black eye today. Thousands of women [are] saying they will no longer support the Komen foundation or buy pink. Women like Monique Benoit who benefited from a Komen Planned Parenthood mammogram . . . " and it went downhill from there. Komen's critics repeatedly claimed that Planned Parenthood provided mammograms—but it doesn't, only referrals. Not only that, Planned Parenthood president Cecile Richards ended up in hot water last year because she falsely claimed in a TV interview that defunding her organization would deny women mammograms.

For her part, Andrea Mitchell conducted an interview with Komen founder Nancy Brinker, though it quickly devolved into a petty and spiteful one-sided tirade. As agitprop, it was cheered loudly by the left-wing rabble. As journalism, it was a remarkable nadir, even by MSNBC standards.

According to a *New York Times* editorial, Komen "threw itself into the middle of one of America's nas-

tiest political battles, on the side of hard-right forces working to demonize Planned Parenthood and undermine women's health and freedom."

Thus, by the *Times*'s lights, so long as Komen was subsidizing abortion providers, it was apolitical. Once it ceased to do so, it was undermining freedom. Ah, nuance. The *Times* also said the decision to defund Planned Parenthood meant Komen had "suffered a grievous, perhaps mortal, wound." Note well: Even though Susan G. Komen had raised almost $2 billion for breast cancer to date, that didn't buy it any goodwill with the *Times*. For denying Planned Parenthood .07 percent of its annual operating budget so it can continue to not perform mammograms, the charity deserved to be marked for destruction.

But the most remarkable development was that 26 Democratic senators produced and signed a public letter scolding a private charity for withdrawing a minor grant it had bestowed on another private entity. This too was a lesson in the cult-like devotion of the left establishment to abortion providers.

The *Washington Post*'s left-leaning blogger Greg Sargent broke the story, almost gleefully noting that the pressure on Komen "is about to get *significantly* more intense." One of Sargent's Twitter followers responded to his story by telling him, "Senators are now censuring private organizations? This is crazy." Sargent dismissed the concern by retorting, "Not quite sure I see the 'censorship' at play here." Q.E.D.

The pressure did prove to be intense. By Friday, Susan G. Komen announced it was reconsidering and that Planned Parenthood could possibly be eligible to receive grants in the future. What Komen's relationship will be with Planned Parenthood going forward is as clear as mud, and the charity has managed to infuriate everyone on both sides of the abortion debate. Suffice to say, we hope there's a charity Komen can benefit from that helps those with afflictions of the spine.

Whatever else it proves, the Komen fracas is at least clarifying. The media panic over Planned Parenthood's loss of the equivalent of pocket change was in startling contrast to its ho-hum coverage of the Obama administration's recent directive to force religious institutions to violate their free-exercise rights and pay for birth control. (The *New York Times* actually dismissed this concern with an editorial last week that put the words "religious liberty" in scare quotes.)

Liberals all too frequently portrayed those who would protect the unborn as deranged religious zealots. We now know this is what psychiatrists would call a case of projection: Liberal America bows at the altar of the Church of Planned Parenthood. It is on the prowl for heretics. And when it finds them, there is an inquisition. ♦

Great Moments in Political Fundraising

The *Washington Examiner*'s Byron York noted that the Obama campaign, a supposedly indomitable organizational and fundraising juggernaut, sent out the following plea for donations last week:

"Mitt Romney said just hours after winning the Florida GOP win [sic] primary this week that: 'We must not forget what this election is really about: defeating Barack Obama,'" wrote Obama campaign finance director Rufus Gifford. "Mitt's words weren't an accident. They're what he really believes."

Naturally, it's quite difficult to contain one's astonishment upon being informed of Mitt Romney's ulterior motives. Briefly powerless to resist Gifford's compelling pitch, we rushed over to the Obama campaign website to donate "$25 or more" as requested. Alas, there was no option to earmark The Scrapbook's donation for a copy editor to catch typos in emails before blasting them to a few million people, and the temptation soon passed. ♦

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Dancing with Wolves

I knew a man who allowed his wife to buy the family car, a fact that always astonished me, and still does. Dealing with car salesmen, if I may say so and still elude the charge of sexism, is man's work. Only men can be so stupid as to get caught up in the hopeless game of trying to defeat car salesmen in getting the best deal possible. This ritual of buying a car, which I myself have recently gone through, I call Dancing with Wolves, and only a man can be so foolish as to think he is likely to come away unbitten.

I once wrote a short story that had a car salesman among its characters. I gave my salesman the name Sy Bourget (né Seymour Bernstein) and reported that he was said to be "so good . . . that he could sell aluminum siding to people who lived in high rises. . . . He was in his mid-fifties, but looked older, especially around his eyes, which were gray and cold. His hair was white, yet his pencil-thin mustache was still dark. He wore expensive suits, flashy shirts, good suits well pressed; he had a blue sapphire pinkie ring and was never without a manicure." By this description I hoped to make him seem quietly menacing, for slightly menaced is how I generally feel when entering a new car showroom.

In my late adolescence and early twenties, I used occasionally to end the evening at one of two local steakhouses in my neighborhood in Chicago: one called Miller's, the other the Black Angus. Around 10 o'clock, after their dealerships had closed, salesmen from Nortown Olds and Z. Frank Chevrolet would gather over red meat and brown booze, swapping stories about, as I always imagined, the foolish customers who during the day thought they stood a chance to outwit them.

Here's the deal, and I throw in the rear-window defogger and the masculine idiocy at no extra charge: Not only do we men hope to best these salesmen, trained as they are in the arcana of numbers and knowing precisely what we are up to, but we also believe we can do better than their other customers have done. This last point is of crucial importance.

CHRIS BEATRICE

Let us say that you and I are driving a Volkswagen Passat, with the same so-called extras: sunroofs, leather upholstery, heated seats, sound systems, and the rest. We are both pleased with our cars. One day, over coffee, we begin to talk about the deals we made, and I discover that you acquired your car for two thousand dollars less than I. My car, once a beloved object, is henceforth a symbol on wheels of my failure, a failure of savvy and cunning, and I can no longer look upon it except with a tinge of sadness.

Fraught, that vogue word meaning heavily complicated with the possibility of an unhappy ending, fraught is what everything having to do with buying a car is. Along with the fear of being made a fool of goes that of being treated as if one were a child. Some years ago a car salesman told me that he wanted to find a car for me in which I'd feel comfortable. "What would make me feel a lot more comfortable," I told him, "is if you'd lower your price a few grand." "Right," he said, "no problem," and then scarcely budged on his price.

I believe we may owe car salesmen for the entry and ubiquity of the phrase "no problem"; we also owe them for the word "right" with a question mark at the end of nearly every sentence they utter. "What you're looking for is a car that is both elegant and economical, right? No problem."

On my latest venture into the swamps of car buying, I encountered a salesman who asked me a series of perfectly irrelevant questions—where did I live?, at what did I work?, what car was I currently driving?, etc.—and to each of my answers he replied, "Great." This brought back to me the time when, working on a film script, I gave a young woman at Warner Bros. who worked for my producer my phone number. "Wonderful," she said. "We're very excited," she invariably said about this film script that never got made.

In the end I bought the car, though with no great confidence that I'd made an especially good deal on it. My salesman—and here is a new twist—asked me if I would please go online and rate his performance. He hoped I might give him all 5s, the highest rating. "You want all 5s, right?" I said. "Great! No problem," and I drove off with that intoxicating new car smell in my nostrils and a glint of doubt in my heart. Don't ask what I paid for the car. I'd only lie to you.

Joseph Epstein

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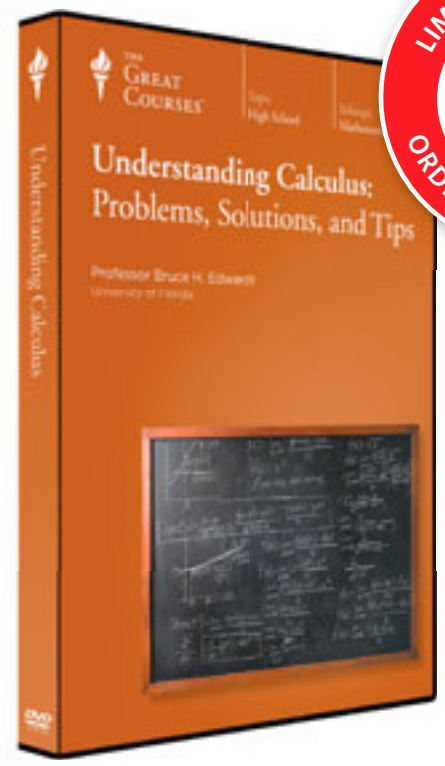

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the weekly Standard

It's Not (Only) the Economy … and We're Not Stupid

"It's the economy, stupid," was a useful slogan for the 1992 Bill Clinton campaign. Of course, it wasn't really true. The Clinton campaign was about much more than the economy. It was about "ending welfare as we know it," for example, and putting government on the side of those who "work hard and play by the rules"—all of this part of a broader redefinition of the Democratic party away from the failed liberalism of Walter Mondale and Michael Dukakis. And the collapse of the Bush administration in 1992 was also, as it happens, about much more than the economy, which was in fact coming back strong in the fall of that year.

Clinton campaigns for president, 1992.

AP PHOTO / STEPHAN SAVOIA

Since then, we've seen an epic Republican collapse in 2006. That happened despite pretty good economic growth in the preceding two years. Its cause was some combination of the Bush attempt to institute private Social Security accounts, Hurricane Katrina, Harriet Miers, Tom DeLay, Donald Rumsfeld, immigration, and God knows what else—but not particularly the economy. The repudiation of the Democrats in 2010, for that matter, was fundamentally about Obamacare, the size and scope of government, and particular Obama policies like the stimulus and cap and trade. It wasn't primarily a referendum on "the economy, stupid."

Nonetheless, the slogan has become a talisman, evoked by unimaginative political consultants and reached for by cautious candidates, in pursuit of an easy, safe, cookie-cutter campaign strategy. But it's not safe. The belief that voters react in a simple-minded way to their current economic well-being leads campaigns and candidates to counterproductively dumb their message down. It's also condescending, and voters often see it as such.

What's more, focusing a campaign only on the economy is risky. The economy is unpredictable, and may end up doing well enough in 2012 that it doesn't automatically help the Republicans—even if the nominee is someone who can boast of his success in the private sector and knowledge of how business works.

In addition, even if voters say, as they do today, that the economy is the most important issue for them, that doesn't mean it will be the only issue on which most voters base their decision. You can tell a pollster the economy is your No. 1 issue, but you can also be uncertain as to which candidate will handle that issue better, so you might well then vote on the basis of another issue. You can even mildly prefer one candidate to another on your No. 1 issue (the economy, say), but decide to vote on the basis of another issue where the contrast between the candidates is starker or more salient.

Over the last couple of weeks, we've seen how Obamacare threatens freedom of religion (see Jonathan V. Last's piece in this issue). We've been reminded of Eric Holder's pathetic and ideological mismanagement of the Department of Justice (see Mark Hemingway's editorial). We've seen several instances of this president's weakness in foreign policy (see Elliott Abrams's editorial). We've had reminders from the Congressional Budget Office of the looming entitlement and budget disaster and of the Obama administration's gross irresponsibility on that front.

So there's plenty besides the economy for the GOP to call attention to, to shout about, to use to illustrate the short and long-term dangers of Obama administration policies. A successful Republican presidential candidate will have to be about far more than the economy, narrowly understood, in order to win the election and to lay the groundwork for successful governance. Ronald Reagan famously asked at the end of the 1980 campaign whether we were better off than we had been four years before. But he had spent his whole campaign laying the predicate for that question by explaining *why* the Carter administration's foreign and domestic policies had failed, not just economically but socially, and not just at home but in the world. He was also able to explain why liberal policies would *continue* us on a downward path. Reagan never left any doubt that the fundamental problem wasn't just a few quarters of subpar economic performance. The problem was the arrogant destructiveness and wrongheaded fecklessness of modern liberalism. It still is.

—William Kristol

The Obama Doctrine

Since President Obama arrived in the Oval Office three years ago there have been many efforts to explain his foreign and defense policy succinctly. Is there an Obama Doctrine? While many theories have been propounded, the recent State of the Union speech settles the matter.

The Carter Doctrine was brief and reasonably clear: "An attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America, and such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force." The Nixon Doctrine took two whole sentences to explain: "We shall furnish military and economic assistance when requested in accordance with our treaty commitments. But we shall look to the nation directly threatened to assume the primary responsibility of providing the manpower for its defense."

President Obama has never summarized the Obama Doctrine with such clarity, but here is what it would look like: "I will undertake any military attack against our enemies, regardless of the risks and collateral damage, so long as it is over by the time I have to announce it."

The president's State of the Union began with a reference to his military exploits and ended with one, and in both cases the exploits meet our doctrinal definition. He began with mysterious congratulations for Secretary of Defense Leon Panetta. As a column in the *Wall Street Journal* by a recently retired Navy SEAL, Leif Babin, put it:

> As President Obama entered the House chamber, in full view of the cameras, he pointed to . . . Panetta and exclaimed: "Good job tonight, good job tonight." Clearly something had happened that he wanted the world to know about. After delivering his speech, which included multiple references to the bin Laden raid, the president again thanked Mr. Panetta. "That was a good thing tonight," he said as if to ensure that the viewing public, if they missed it initially, would get it a second time around. Sure enough, shortly thereafter, the White House announced the successful rescue of the hostages in Somalia by U.S. Special Operations forces. Vice President Biden appeared on ABC's "Good Morning America" to highlight the success the next morning, and Mr. Panetta also publicly praised it.

President Obama's concluding paragraphs in the speech returned to his military achievements.

> One of my proudest possessions is the flag that the SEAL team took with them on the mission to get bin Laden. On it are each of their names. Some may be Democrats. Some may be Republicans. But that doesn't matter. Just like it didn't matter that day in the Situation Room, when I sat next to Bob Gates—a man who was George Bush's defense secretary—and Hillary Clinton—a woman who ran against me for president. All that mattered that day was the mission. No one thought about politics. No one thought about themselves. One of the young men involved in the raid later told me that he didn't deserve credit for the mission. It only succeeded, he said, because every single member of that unit did their job—the pilot who landed the helicopter that spun out of control; the translator who kept others from entering the compound; the troops who separated the women and children from the fight; the SEALs who charged up the stairs. More than that, the mission only succeeded because every member of that unit trusted each other—because you can't charge up those stairs, into darkness and danger, unless you know that there's somebody behind you, watching your back.

Well, sort of. The critical thing isn't who is watching your back but whether the president can take endless credit for an operation that ends before it is announced. Barack Obama's military triumphs will come neither in long wars nor even short ones, but in a series of raids. His vision of our military appears to require cutting the overall defense budget sharply, but maintaining and increasing Special Forces capabilities. Recently we learned of a "mothership" or floating base for small high-speed boats and helicopters that SEALs and other Special Forces elements would use. In other words, Obama is leaning away from the old "two war" or "one and a half war" capabilities toward a new idea: American soldiers as raiders, undertaking one-day or one-hour attacks. Americans have long excelled in such combat (think of Rogers' Rangers in the French and Indian War)but these tactics most often reflected weakness and necessity—or were a small part of a far larger military, rather than the product of a decision to abandon it.

Now, this doctrine presents some tiny difficulties. The first is that not every American goal can be achieved this way. Obama is in the proverbial position of the guy who has a hammer and looking around sees everything as a nail. Allies seeking our protection from neighbors like Iran or China will not be reassured by this combination of defense cuts and one-off raids. Second, the Obama approach threatens to eliminate intelligence sources because they are killed rather than captured in such raids (or by drones, which are not good at capture and interrogation). Third, the Obama approach requires dangerous revelations of exactly what is being done—or else the president gets no credit, looks wimpy, and might not be reelected. Former SEAL Babin, who holds a Silver Star, two Bronze Stars, and a Purple Heart, explained:

> Of paramount importance—especially given the risk and sensitivity of the missions and the small units involved—is

what the military calls "operational security," or maintaining secrecy. If the enemy learns details and can anticipate the manner and timing of an attack, the likelihood of success is significantly reduced and the risk to our forces is significantly increased. This is why much of what our special-operators do is highly classified, and why military personnel cannot legally divulge it to the public. Yet virtually every detail of the bin Laden raid has appeared in news outlets across the globe—from the name of the highly classified unit to how the U.S. gathered intelligence, how many raiders were involved, how they entered the grounds, what aircraft they used, and how they moved through the compound. Such details were highly contained within the military and not shared even through classified channels. Yet now they are available to anyone with the click of a mouse. It's difficult for military leaders to enforce strict standards of operational security on their personnel while the most senior political leadership is flooding the airwaves with secrets. . . . Such disclosures are catastrophic to U.S. intelligence networks, which often take years to develop. Recklessness not only puts lives at risk but could set U.S. intelligence-collection efforts back decades.

Babin has it mostly but not entirely right, for he is looking only at the "operational security" of the warriors. Operational security in the White House has been maintained beautifully in advance of each operation: never a leak until the time has come to get some political reward. Babin has his eye on the wrong operation, the one being done by SEALs rather than the one being done by Obama, Biden, Carney, Axelrod, & Co.

Babin may be a better warrior than he is political analyst because he ends his article by asking this question:

> Do the president and his top political advisers understand what's at stake for the special-operations forces who carry out these dangerous operations, or the long-term strategic consequences of divulging information about our most highly classified military assets and intelligence capabilities? It is infuriating to see political gain put above the safety and security of our brave warriors and our long-term strategic goals. Loose lips sink ships.

Infuriating to be sure, for the military, but divulging the secrets is at the very heart of the Obama Doctrine. Secret operations gain the president no credit. Revelation of the *completed* operations is the whole point, demonstrating Obama's courage and his commitment to yesterday's deeds. The trouble with wars like Iraq and Afghanistan is that they commit you to doing risky things *tomorrow*, when you may wish to give a speech about health care or jobs. Thus the beauty of the Obama Doctrine. "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill," might go the paraphrase of John Kennedy, "that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, a day at a time, so long as what is required of us will be over

by tomorrow morning, in order to assure the survival and the success of liberty."

Not inspiring, you say? Obviously you're one of the antediluvian defense types who wants a whole army and navy. That's passé now. The new approach is raid, run, and announce.

—Elliott Abrams

Slow and Infuriating

Last Thursday, Attorney General Eric Holder was called to testify before Congress. His attitude toward his questioners was by any measure unbecoming of his office. At one point he actually demanded he be "given some credit" for his performance as attorney general. Though, bad as that outburst was, it was slightly less petulant than the earlier insinuation that his critics are racist.

One hopes Holder isn't expecting kudos for his handling of the Fast and Furious scandal—the reason for his latest testimony. The House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform was once again seeking an explanation for the gun-running operation under which the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives (ATF) transferred some 2,000 weapons to Mexican criminal gangs, including weapons later used in the killing of at least one American, a U.S. Border Patrol agent. Ostensibly, the purpose was to trace the organizational networks of narcotraffickers, but little effort was made to keep track of the guns, and many have not been recovered. There's simply no law enforcement rationale for the scheme that makes any sense.

Just six days before Holder's testimony, the Justice Department made yet another Friday night document dump. A series of emails revealed that Holder's deputy chief of staff had informed the attorney general of Border Patrol agent Brian Terry's murder on the day it happened, December 14, 2010. The deputy was further informed that Terry had been killed with a gun that was part of the Fast and Furious operation.

It seems highly unlikely that Holder's deputy chief of staff would apprise the attorney general of Terry's death, but not of the crucial information about the weapon used. This suggests Holder may have lied in sworn testimony to Congress last May, when he said he'd heard about the operation for the first time a "few weeks" before. (Holder has already walked back that statement to a "few months.") Previous Justice Department memos addressed to Holder containing detailed information about Fast and Furious had been released by the oversight committee. Holder improbably claims he did not read them, and this latest revelation only pokes more holes in those protestations of ignorance.

But not only does it appear Holder is not telling the truth about Fast and Furious, he is fighting any attempt to compel him to do so. Of the 80,000 documents the Justice Department has identified as being relevant to Fast and Furious, it has released only 6,000. Of the 70 Justice Department officials identified as being involved with Fast and Furious, Holder is denying congressional investigators access to 48. (Recall that last July 4, Kenneth Melson, former acting head of the ATF, defied Holder and testified in secret to the House Oversight Committee with his personal lawyer present.)

But the capstone to all of this is that Holder defended his unwillingness to come clean Thursday by invoking an expansive definition of executive privilege as covering all communications by executive branch personnel that relate to congressional investigations. This was the same tactic that made liberals apoplectic when the Bush administration used it—only Holder bizarrely went a step further by insisting that this benefited Congress.

Of course, if Holder is feeling a bit defensive and beleaguered, perhaps it's because in the wake of his latest congressional testimony people are now saying things such as this about him:

> Mr. Holder. How come you can never say my son's name. You never have. All I ever hear you say is "I didn't find out or I can't say." I'm actually tired of hearing your double talk in answering questions. What a joke you are. You know my son was a real AMERICAN, a WARRIOR, and a HERO, who was also protecting COWARD POLITICIANS like you. Hope you remember that.

If you haven't figured it out already, that stinging missive was signed "PROUD MOM OF BRIAN A. TERRY." The anguished message of Terry's mother was posted on her Facebook page, presumably because no reporter bothered to ask her how much credit Holder deserves.

Holder's testimony was not reported by a single national news program that evening, though NBC News did manage to cover Michelle Obama's appearance on *Ellen*. Nor did it make the front page of the *Washington Post*, *New York Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Los Angeles Times*, or *USA Today* the following day.

More surprising, the Fast and Furious scandal has been briefly discussed only once during the 18 Republican debates so far. Perhaps the only way Holder and those responsible for Fast and Furious will be held accountable is if the scandal becomes an election issue. If, unlike Barack Obama, GOP hopefuls do seek justice and want to earn the votes of America's bitter clingers, they might consider giving Brian Terry's mother a call.

—Mark Hemingway

Obamacare vs. the Catholics

The administration's breach of faith.

BY JONATHAN V. LAST

THOMAS FLUHARTY

On the last weekend of January, priests in Catholic churches across America read extraordinary letters to their congregations. The missives informed the laity that President Obama and his administration had launched an assault on the church. In Virginia, Catholics heard from Bishop Paul Loverde, who wrote, "I am absolutely convinced that an unprecedented and very dangerous line has been crossed." In Phoenix, Bishop Thomas Olmsted wrote, "We cannot—we will not—comply with this unjust law." In Pittsburgh, Bishop David Zubik wrote that President Obama had told Catholics, "To Hell with your religious beliefs." Bishop Daniel Jenky of Peoria asked his flock to join him in the Prayer to St. Michael the Archangel, which concludes: *By the Divine Power of God / cast into Hell, Satan and all the evil spirits / who prowl about the world seeking the ruin of souls.*

It was a remarkable moment, in part because despite their stern reputation, most Catholic bishops are not terribly conservative. They tend to be politically liberal and socially cautious. If they were less holy men, stauncher conservatives would call them squishes. Real live conservative bishops are so few and far between that whenever one appears on the scene, such as Philadelphia's Archbishop Charles Chaput, he's seen as a vaguely threatening curiosity. You can tell when a bishop is conservative because you will hear him referred to as "hardline" or "ultra-orthodox," so as to mark him apart from the rest of the herd.

But what made the moment even more remarkable is that the bishops were not exaggerating. It is now a requirement of Obamacare that every Catholic institution larger than a single church—and even including some single churches—must pay for contraceptives, sterilization, and morning-after abortifacients for its employees. Each of these is directly contrary to the Catholic faith. But the Obama administration does not care. They have said, in effect, *Do what we tell you—or else.*

The beginnings of this confrontation lay in an obscure provision of Obama's Patient Protection and Affordable Care Act, which stated that all insurers will be required to provide "preventive health services." When the law was passed, "preventive" was not defined but left to be determined at a later date.

This past August, Health and Human Services secretary Kathleen Sebelius finally got around to explaining the administration's interpretation of the phrase. Based on a recommendation from the Institute of Medicine, the administration would define "preventive health services" to include

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contraceptives, morning-after pills, and female sterilization. And they would interpret the "all insurers" section to include religious organizations, whatever their beliefs.

Sebelius included one small conscience exemption: A religious employer who objects to medical treatment aimed at prevention of the disease commonly known as "pregnancy" may leave it out of their health insurance coverage provided the employer satisfies three criteria: (1) It has religious inculcation as its primary duty; (2) It primarily employs people of the same faith; and (3) It primarily serves people of the same faith. This fig leaf is enough to cover most small churches—so long as your parish employs only a couple of priests and a secretary, it would probably get a pass. Larger institutions would not.

In the Catholic world, for instance, a diocesan office often employs lots of people—lawyers, janitors, administrative staff—who are not necessarily Catholic. And the duties of such offices extend far beyond inculcation of the faith—to include charity, community service, and education. Or take Catholic universities. There are more than 200 of them, serving some 750,000 students. They clearly do not fit the exemption. Neither would any of the 6,980 Catholic elementary or secondary schools. Nor the country's 600 Catholic hospitals; nor its 1,400 Catholic long-term care centers. Ditto the network of Catholic social services organizations that spend billions of dollars a year to serve the needy and disadvantaged.

As soon as Sebelius released this decision, the Catholic church panicked. The Conference of Catholic Bishops reached out to the administration to explain the position in which it had put them. But the tone of their concern was largely friendly: Most Catholic leaders were convinced that the entire thing was a misunderstanding and that the policy—which was labeled an "interim" measure—would eventually be amended.

The reason for this optimism was that more than a few important Catholics had previously climbed out on a high branch for Obama politically, and for his health care reform as a matter of policy. Despite what you may read in the *New York Times*, most lay Catholics are nominally at home in the Democratic party. (Remember that a majority of Catholics voted for Obama in 2008.) And what is true of the laity goes double for those in religious life. In 2009, Notre Dame president Father John Jenkins welcomed President Obama as the school's commencement speaker in the face of a heated student protest. The U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops mostly kept its powder dry during the fight over Obamacare, and very few members of the church hierarchy actively, or even tacitly, opposed the bill. Others, such as Sister Carol Keehan, the president of the Catholic Health Association, actually lobbied in favor of it, early and often. So most Catholics took the president at his word when he met with Archbishop Timothy Dolan last fall and assured him that when the final version of the policy was eventually released, any fears would be allayed.

That was their mistake. Obama telephoned Dolan on the morning of January 20 to inform him that the only concession he intended to offer in the final policy was to extend the deadline for conformity to August 2013. Every other aspect of the policy enunciated by Sebelius would remain rigidly in place.

It's unclear whether Obama anticipated the blowback which resulted from this announcement, or perhaps even welcomed the fight. The liberal Catholic establishment nearly exploded. Sister Keehan was so horrified she threw her lot in with the more conservative Dolan in full-throated opposition to Obama. Cardinal Roger Mahony, the spectacularly liberal archbishop emeritus of Los Angeles, wrote, "I cannot imagine a more direct and frontal attack on freedom of conscience. . . . This decision must be fought against with all the energies the Catholic community can muster." Michael Sean Winters, the *National Catholic Reporter*'s leftist lion, penned a 1,800-word *cri de coeur* titled "*J'accuse*!" in which he declared that, as God was his witness, he would never again vote for Obama. The editors of the Jesuit magazine *America* denounced a "wrong decision," while the *Washington Post* columnist E.J. Dionne called the policy "unconscionable." When you've lost even E.J. and the Jesuits, you've lost the church.

The reason liberal Catholics were so wounded is twofold. First, this isn't a religio-cultural fight over Latin in the Mass or Gregorian chant. The subjects of contraception, abortion, and sterilization are not ornamental aspects of the Catholic faith; they flow from the Church's central teachings about the dignity of the human person. Second, Obama has left Catholic organizations a very narrow set of options. (1) They may truckle to the government's mandate, in violation of their beliefs. (2) They may cease providing health insurance to their employees altogether, though this would incur significant financial penalties under Obamacare. (The church seems unlikely to obtain any of Nancy Pelosi's golden waivers.) Or (3) they may simply shut down. There is precedent for this final option. In 2006, Boston's Catholic Charities closed its adoption service—one of the most successful in the nation—after Massachusetts law required that the organization must place children in same-sex households.

Which means that what is actually on the block are precisely the kind of social-justice services—education, health care, and aid to the needy—that liberal Catholics believe to be the most vital works of the church. For conservative Catholics, Obama merely confirmed their darkest suspicions; for liberals, it was a betrayal in full.

As a matter of law, this decision by Obama's health care bureaucrats seems unlikely to survive. Last month, the Supreme Court struck down another attempt by the administration to bully religious believers in the *Hosanna-Tabor* case. In that instance, Obama's Equal Employment Opportunity Commission argued that a religious organization does not have the right to control its hiring and firing according to its religious belief. The

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Court struck down this argument 9-0 in a rebuke so embarrassing that Justice Elena Kagan came close to openly mocking her successor as Obama's solicitor general during oral arguments. It was the kind of sweeping decision that should have deterred the Obama administration from forcing Catholics into complying with the health insurance mandate, because it suggested that the Court will very likely side against the administration once this matter comes before it. Presidents typically dislike being overturned unanimously by the High Court.

The trick, of course, is that when Sebelius issued the final protocol, her lone concession was the one-year delay in implementation. Which, for Obama, has the happy side-effect of pushing the moment of enforcement to August 2013. Meaning that no legal challenge can come until after the 2012 election. Which suggests that the thinking behind the policy may be primarily political. The question, then, is whether Obama's confrontation with Catholics makes electoral sense.

While Catholics were blindsided by the January decision, the left had been paying close attention to the subject for months. In November, several leftist and feminist blogs began beating the war drums, warning Obama not to "cave" (their word) to the bishops. They were joined by the *Nation*, *Salon*, the *Huffington Post*, and the usual suspects. (Sample headline: "The Men Behind the War on Women.") At the same time, Planned Parenthood and NARAL launched grassroots lobbying efforts and delivered petitions with 100,000 and 135,000 signatures respectively to the White House urging Obama to uphold the policy and not compromise.

In that sense, Obama's decision might be thought of as akin to his decision halting the Keystone oil pipeline: a conscious attempt to energize his base at the expense of swing voters, who he concluded were already lost.

The other possibility, of course, is that Obama sees the dismantling of Catholic institutions as part of a larger ideological mission, worth losing votes over. As Yuval Levin noted in *National Review Online* last week, institutions such as the Catholic church represent a mediating layer between the individual and the state. This layer, known as civil society, is one of the principal differences between Western liberal order and the socialist view.

Levin argues that the current fight is just one more example of President Obama's attempt to bulldoze civil society. He wants to sweep away the middle layer so that individuals may have a more direct and personal encounter with the state. The attack on Catholics is, Levin concludes, "an attack on mediating institutions of all sorts, moved by the genuine belief that they are obstacles to a good society."

Seen in this light, Obama's confrontation with the Catholic church is of a piece with the administration's pursuit of the rickety *Hosanna-Tabor* case and another incident from last October, when the Department of Health and Human Services defunded a grant to the Conference of Catholic Bishops. That program supported aid to victims of human trafficking. The Obama administration decided that they no longer wanted the Catholic church in the business of helping these poor souls. That, evidently, is the government's job.

Of course, there is a third possibility in explaining the president's motives. It could be that, in deciding to go to war with the Catholic church, President Obama has hit on one of those rare moments where his electoral interests—at least as he perceives them—and his ideological goals are blessedly aligned. ♦

A Bridge, but Leading Where?

Ponzi at the European Central Bank.

BY ANDREW STUTTAFORD

Purity has no place in a crisis. The 2008 TARP bailout was a clumsy, ugly, and rather shameful creation, but by signaling that Uncle Sam was in the room (with his printing press not far behind), it headed off the final descent into a panic that would have brought the banks, and, with them, the economy, and, with that, who knows what else, tumbling down. Three years later, another four-lettered program has been launched, this time in Europe, but once again designed to calm fears that were threatening to metastasize into catastrophe.

It was no coincidence that the European Central Bank (ECB) launched its first LTRO (long-term refinancing operation) on December 8, the first day of a two-day Brussels summit in which the EU's leaders planned to show that they were really, really in control of a currency union on the edge of chaos. The central bank's billions were intended to sugar the bitter pills that the Brussels summiteers were bound to prescribe—and did. The eventual, uh, "Treaty on Stability, Coordination and Governance in the Economic and Monetary Union" that was hacked out of those talks (and a second summit last week) combines the big-heartedness of Scrooge with the vision of Magoo and the credibility of Madoff. Its significance lies more in what it won't do than what it will. Few were impressed.

The LTRO, by contrast, got off to a tremendous start. In the months prior

Andrew Stuttaford works in the international financial markets and writes frequently about cultural and political issues.

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to the new program's debut the central bank had been criticized (not always fairly) for not doing enough to support the eurozone's stumblebum banks. Its rescues were too ad hoc, too brief, and too grudging. Not any more: Just in time for Christmas, the ECB repackaged itself as Santa, offering out longer-term (three year) funding at highly attractive rates and, as an added bonus, not being too fussy about how it was collateralized.

The combination of one generous lender and many anxious takers produced a spectacular result. From across the eurozone, 523 banks borrowed a total of 489 billion euros ($641 billion), a far larger haul than financial markets had anticipated. This was a measure both of the easy terms being offered and the difficult straits in which so many European banks had found themselves. Lehman's unquiet ghost was on the move. Trust in the banks was eroding, as was trust *between* them. Interbank lending was slowing, crimping the banks' ability and willingness to lend money out into the "real" economy.

By December, credit to the eurozone's businesses and consumer clients was falling at a rate that conjured up memories of the nightmare of 2008. With the currency union's extended ordeal driving Europe into recession, the last thing anybody needed was credit crunch part *deux* to make matters even worse. Yet that is what the continent was getting. And the deeper the recession, the harder it would be for the PIIGS (Portugal, Italy, Ireland, Greece, Spain) to escape their budgetary hell, and, crucially, for their lenders' faith in them to return. And so the vicious circle turns.

Initially, the market was unsure how to respond to the LTRO. Was the program's size a reason for celebration or concern? But then sentiment changed for the better. Italy completed a number of successful bond auctions. Yields on French and Spanish government debt fell—while those of Germany's safe haven bunds rose. The Rodney Dangerfield euro even made up some lost ground against the dollar. And this was despite the flow of dreary news that just would not go away. The impasse over the "voluntary" restructuring of Greek debt continued, Portugal slid closer, again, into bailout territory, there was a further round of ratings agencies downgrades (this time from Fitch), and hideous fresh reminders of the plight of the eurozone's periphery continued to slouch into view. In late January statistics were released showing that Spain's unemployment rate had hit 22.8 percent in the last quarter of 2011. For the under-25s the rate is nearly 50 percent.

But for now the glass was half full. The old TARP trick had worked again. The European Central Bank had not only supplied the banks with nearly 500 billion euros ($650 billion) in badly needed liquidity, but it had also signaled that it was there on the ramparts alongside them. The cash was important, the boost to confidence no less so, and the message will be rammed home with an LTRO 2.0 scheduled to take place later this month. Another gusher? Maybe. The standard guess is that this second round will amount to 350 billion euros or so, but some have speculated that the total could swell to as much as 1 trillion euros.

According to the logic of a seminal paper published last year by Belgian economist Paul De Grauwe, the very structure of the eurozone (monetary union without fiscal union) was an invitation to financial panic. Fears that money would drain out of the zone's weaker countries would be self-fulfilling. One consequence is that the possibility of bank runs cascading through the system has been among the most dangerous of the many threats swirling around the eurozone. By supplying that extra liquidity, by promising a second helping, and by implicitly suggesting that in a pinch there could be even more, the ECB is trying to deliver the message that there will always be cash in the banks' tills. No need to panic, or even think about panicking, after all.

Theoretically (and for now in practice) that should make it easier—and cheaper—for those eurozone countries not yet in intensive care to borrow on the international markets. There's something else that may be helping too. One of the devices used to reassure skeptical Germans that the new European Central Bank would be more Bundesbank than Weimar was a broad ban on direct purchases by the ECB of government bonds from the eurozone's members. There's no equivalent rule, however, that stops commercial banks from using the LTRO loot they have just received from the ECB to purchase the bonds that the central bank cannot. Indeed the banks appear to have been incentivized to do just that. Using cheap ECB funds to buy high-yielding eurozone government bonds looks, at first glance (if not necessarily the second), like a nicely profitable carry trade.

Pause for a moment, though, to think through this money-laundering: Banks that have been weakened by their exposure to dodgy European sovereign debt were being encouraged to use loans (secured by similar debt, and worse) from an already highly leveraged central bank (underwritten by increasingly restive taxpayers) that was itself heavily exposed to identical crumbling borrowers, to buy even more of the same poison. Ponzi himself would have blanched. Nicolas Sarkozy, however, thought it was a great idea. "Each state," he said, "can turn to its banks" to buy its bonds. Because thanks to the LTRO, the banks "will have liquidity at their disposal."

It remains uncertain how many banks followed the French president's advice. Quite a few, in all probability: Nevertheless a good portion of the LTRO proceeds have been placed right back on deposit with the ECB. The banks are still building fortifications in preparation for the day of reckoning they obviously fear may be on the way. That they are has something to be said for it (healthy cash reserves represent a handy preemptive strike against panic), but it is also a sign of a system that no longer believes in itself. The wider slowdown in lending that comes with it carries, as Europe has seen, its own terrible cost.

The next few months will show how effective the LTROs are at calming these fears. Somewhat, I'd guess, but sorting out the eurozone's predicament will take more than the

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European Central Bank's billions. The fundamental flaw of the euro was, and is, that this one-size currency does not fit all. All the liquidity in the world will not change that. Europe's monetary union was assembled on the basis of political fiat rather than economic reality, and the economics and politics have both turned sour. And not just sour: They have combined into a murderous cocktail. Understandably enough, the looted taxpayers of the north want to see budgetary discipline imposed on the dysfunctional south. German chancellor Angela Merkel has been leading the posse pushing for just that. But too much austerity too soon is draining the ability of the PIIGS to generate the growth that is the only way out of their burning sty. More dangerously still, it is reaching the limits of the politically possible. Shuttered businesses, soaring unemployment, and the prospect of years of stagnation to come are not the stuff of social stability. If insults like the recent draft German proposals that would have ground into dust the last shards of Greece's economic sovereignty (and much of what remains of its self-respect) are then added to the mix, an explosion is unlikely to be far behind.

The next moves will not be straightforward, but, if they want the eurozone to survive in its current form, those who control its destiny will have to reshape it into a cut that will eventually (if they are very lucky) have a chance of fitting all. They will have to make a drastic change of course. They will have to acknowledge that austerity alone is failing and move instead to fiscal union (and a permanent transfer payment regime) buttressed with, to quote IMF managing director Christine Lagarde, a "clear, simple firewall." This, I'd guess, would have to be a jointly underwritten financing mechanism of a size (2 trillion euros?) that recognizes how prolonged and tricky this process will be.

Whether the voters will go along with all this is an entirely different and very pointed question, but if the eurozone continues to be run as it is now, the LTROs will turn out to be brilliant, necessary bridge financings that lead, ultimately, to nowhere. ♦

Romney in Context

The candidate's rhetoric needs a safety net.

BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

On October 1, 2010, former Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney described the genius of the American idea and lauded its results. "No nation has done more to lift people out of poverty than this nation," he said in remarks at Benedetto's, an Italian restaurant in Tampa, Florida. "Our free enterprise system has lifted billions out of poverty."

Romney spoke at a "Reclaiming America Rally" for Marco Rubio, then a candidate for the Senate. It was one of three events Romney did that day with Rubio. The two men chatted in the kitchen before their remarks to a crowd that spilled into side rooms and out the restaurant's front door.

Romney worked Florida hard for years, laying the groundwork for his sweeping victory in the Republican primary on January 31, a contest in which he outpolled the combined total of the next two non-Romney candidates, Newt Gingrich and Rick Santorum, by 20,000 votes. Rubio did not endorse Romney, but he criticized a Spanish-language ad from Gingrich that called Romney "anti-immigrant." Gingrich pulled the ad, and the resulting media coverage certainly didn't hurt Romney among the Hispanics who voted in the Republican primary.

Romney's victory in Florida came just 10 days after he lost badly to Gingrich in South Carolina. Florida was always going to be Romney-friendly, in part because of the sophisticated work his campaign had done there for years, and especially in the six weeks before the polls opened. Still, Romney had to overcome Gingrich's momentum from South Carolina—enough of a bump to give the Georgian a short-lived lead in several statewide polls.

Stephen F. Hayes is a senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Romney won because he answered two of the three central questions of his candidacy: (1) Can he demonstrate the toughness Republicans will want to see in their challenger to Barack Obama? (2) Can he discuss his wealth and business experience in a way that doesn't turn off voters? (3) Can he persuade skeptical conservatives that he should be the Republican nominee?

Romney used two debate appearances between South Carolina and Florida to address the first two questions. He offered pointed critiques of Gingrich, leaving the former House speaker speechless—no small accomplishment. Romney also beat back attacks on his work at Bain Capital—"I won't apologize for being successful"—and moved beyond the damage caused by his inability to answer questions about releasing his tax returns. It was the best 10 days of his campaign—a victory dampened only by one finding in the Florida exit polls: 7 in 10 voters who described themselves as "very conservative" voted for someone else.

And then just 12 hours later, in an interview with CNN's Soledad O'Brien, Romney made comments that will make it even harder for him to win over movement conservatives. "I'm not concerned about the very poor," he said. "We have a safety net there."

O'Brien looked as if she didn't believe what she'd heard, so she pressed him to clarify. "There are lots of very poor Americans who are struggling who would say: 'That sounds odd.'"

Romney suggested that she was quoting him selectively. It's worth considering his response at length:

> Well, finish the sentence, Soledad. I said I'm not concerned about the very poor that have a safety net, but if it has holes in it, I will repair them. We will hear from the Democrat party, the plight of the poor. And there's no

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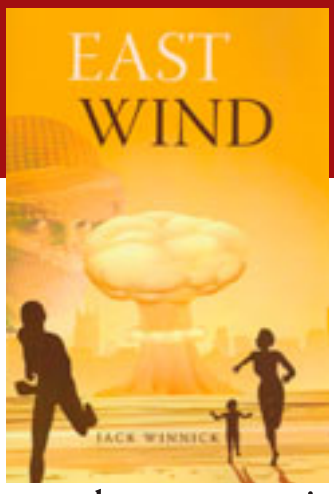

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question, it's not good being poor, and we have a safety net to help those that are very poor. . . .You can choose where to focus, you can focus on the rich. That's not my focus. You can focus on the very poor, that's not my focus. My focus is on middle-income Americans. Retirees living on Social Security, people who can't find work, folks that have kids that are getting ready to go to college. These are the people most badly hurt during the Obama years. We have a very ample safety net and we can talk about whether it needs to be strengthened or whether there are holes in it. But we have food stamps, we have Medicaid, we have housing vouchers, we have programs to help the poor.

The comments are problematic for obvious reasons. It's never a good thing when a candidate says, "I'm not concerned about the very poor." It's especially bad when that candidate's net worth is estimated at $250 million. Democrats will undoubtedly use them in ads to suggest that Romney is indifferent to the destitute. In that rather limited way, Romney was correct that his words were taken out of context.

But in many respects Romney's words are more problematic *because of their context*. He seemed to consign the poor to a station in life. He suggested that society has done its duty because of the fact that "we have a safety net."

In so doing, Romney seemed utterly unaware of a long strain of conservative thought on the morality of capitalism. He seemed oblivious to the argument—central to the conservative movement—that free markets allow the poor to transcend their position, that poverty is not destiny. He seemed not to realize that the "safety net" does not allow policymakers to "focus" elsewhere, but requires them to fashion policies to reduce the need for such programs.

Arthur Brooks, president of the American Enterprise Institute, is the latest conservative intellectual to treat these issues. In *The Battle*, published last year, he wrote:

> Welfare programs rely on the idea that poverty is simply a problem of a *lack of money*. As W.C. Fields put it, "A rich man is nothing but a poor man with money." But the problem is that giving the poor money does not alleviate poverty in the long (or even the short) run. Instead, it masks cultural conditions by treating the symptoms.

Dogged by the reaction to his comments, Romney sought to clarify them later that day. He made the same mistakes—listing the programs that make up the safety net and reiterating his campaign's focus on the middle class.

Pete Wehner, a former aide to George W. Bush who has written favorably of Romney in recent weeks, wrote: "Some of us became conservatives in some measure because we believed liberalism had failed the underclass and conservatism had something important to offer. So to have the likely Republican nominee say 'I'm not concerned about the very poor' reveals a mindset that is disquieting."

Romney has had trouble connecting with conservatives because many of them believe his conservatism is clinical, not visceral. They worry that he has learned conservative arguments in order to become the Republican nominee, not because he has been drawn to conservative ideas for their own sake.

By week's end, Romney had backtracked further, saying he had misspoken—a claim that's hard to believe given that he repeated his argument three times before abandoning it. But he received some help from Marco Rubio, who had shared his own story in the Republican response to the president's radio address a week earlier.

"My father was a bartender," Rubio said. "And I thank God every night that there was someone willing to risk their money to build a hotel on Miami Beach and later in Las Vegas where he could work. I thank God that there was enough prosperity in America so people could go on vacation to Miami or Las Vegas. Where people felt prosperous enough to have weddings or Bar Mitzvahs and, by the way, could leave tips in my Dad's little tip jar. Because with that money he raised us. And he gave me the opportunity to do things he never had a chance to do."

If Romney wants to return to Tampa to accept the GOP nomination, he would do well to spend more time before then with Rubio. And maybe, in a more formal way, afterwards. ♦

Über Alles After All

Europe's German future

GARY LOCKE

By Christopher Caldwell

Last week Germany reclaimed its status as the leading power in Europe. In the two years since it became apparent that Greece was, essentially, bankrupt, there have been dozens of emergency meetings of the countries that use the common European currency, the euro. Most of the euro-using states believe that Germany—with a booming industrial economy, vast trade surpluses, a reputation for fiscal probity, and a history that makes it reluctant to reject the counsel of France—ought to cover the bill. Germany has long argued that Greece must become competitive again by selling off state assets and cutting government handouts. More recently, Germany has added another demand—that EU authorities be empowered to discipline Greece and other delinquent countries. At the Brussels summit on January 30, the Germans won.

Germany is fortunate to have, in the moment of its triumph, a chancellor who does not scare people. Angela Merkel is an East German intellectual, a physical chemist, the childless daughter of a clergyman. She mumbles. Her taste in clothing runs to pantsuits. She isn't brawny and forceful like her Christian Democrat mentor Helmut Kohl, who presided over the reunification of Germany at the end of the Cold War. She isn't eloquent and haughty, or tempestuous and randy, like her Social Democratic predecessors Helmut Schmidt and Gerhard Schröder, respectively. "This lack of a presidential demeanor is a big advantage," says longtime Bavarian governor Edmund Stoiber, whom Merkel replaced as party leader. Germany's economy naturally provides it with a leadership role, but its history

Christopher Caldwell is a senior editor at The Weekly Standard *and the author of* Reflections on the Revolution in Europe: Immigration, Islam and the West.

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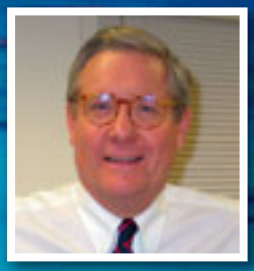

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means that that role is something Germany cannot be seen to claim. "Neither personally nor politically does she come off as wanting to blow her own horn, along the lines of 'I am the leader of Europe.'"

By "Europe" Stoiber means the 27 countries that make up the European Union. The EU was launched in the wake of the Second World War as a way to organize Europe through economics, not war. This is a polite way of saying it was meant to keep Germany from dominating Europe with its army. A decade ago, the EU acquired a common money, the euro, which replaced the franc, the lira, the peseta, and the super-strong deutsche mark. The new monetary regime was meant to keep Germany from dominating the continent with its currency.

But the euro has backfired. In 1990 British trade secretary Nicholas Ridley was forced to resign for calling the EU "a German racket designed to take over the whole of Europe." Ridley was quite wrong about Germany's intentions, but he was right about the result. Joining Germany in a currency union meant playing by its rules. In fact, so big and rich is Germany—particularly now that reunification has brought its population to 80 million—that joining it in anything means playing by its rules. This is not Germany's fault. It is the classic "German problem" that has confronted Europe for the whole modern era. It was camouflaged for six decades only by Germany's reluctance to express any wishes whatsoever.

As long as Germany wasn't complaining, others could make free with Germany's credit card. Once in the euro, Greece, Italy, Spain, and other countries that bankers used to consider reckless or unstable could borrow at the same rates. (The treaties that bound all these dissimilar countries together stipulated that there would be no bailouts for those who borrowed too much, but bankers obviously didn't believe that.) A boom in lending pushed up wages and prices in those "peripheral" countries, rendering them uncompetitive. After the financial crisis of 2008, the countries that had overborrowed were saddled with more debt than they could comfortably repay. The eurozone's Mediterranean members have come to think that Germany ought to rescue them. But the Germany to which they are addressing their petitions is not the penitent, diffident, and easily browbeaten land that they came to know over the last three generations. Germany has its own ideas about economics and morality, and it is ready to insist that its weaker neighbors adhere to them.

ON YOUR MARK

Those ideas are idiosyncratic. Germans never made their peace with twenty-first-century consumerism in the way other Westerners did. Their attitudes about money combine punctiliousness and distrust. Any business traveler who has ever asked for a receipt in Germany will have been astonished by the elaborate ritual of writing out a *Quittung*: You buy a newspaper for a few coins. The shop-owner retreats into a back room, emerges with stationery, writes a description of the transaction in elegant longhand, saves a carbon duplicate, stamps or embosses the paper, staples or clips the cash-register receipt to it, folds it, and slides it into an envelope for you.

Credit is frowned on. There are quite elegant restaurants that don't take credit cards, and installment buying in general has been slow to take hold. Walmart tried to expand into Germany in recent years but had to close all 85 of its stores in 2006. Germans didn't take to the faux-smiley demeanor of Walmart's employees, and the company found it hard to keep prices low while complying with national labor laws. The car loan market is underdeveloped. Home equity loans are practically unknown. That is one reason why Germany had no mortgage bubble of the sort that upended so many Western economies over the last decade. Another is that Germany does not really have an investment banking sector as we would understand it.

Germans usually explain their eccentricities about credit by referring to the hyperinflation with which their leaders tried to mitigate the burden of reparations from World War I. Germany's treasury printed so much money that, in 1923, prices were quoted in the trillions of marks, shoppers pushed their shopping money around in wheelbarrows, and restaurant menus were edited hourly. That inflation, and the austerity required to purge it, may have played a role in the rise of Hitler. Germans associate their emergence from the rubble of World War II, by contrast, with the deutsche mark, the currency set up under American military rule, and the Bundesbank, the conservative, incorruptible, and coldly competent institution established to preserve its value. Bundesbank presidents were revered figures, more often than not at loggerheads with the elected chancellors they served. And they cast their shadow over German democratic politics, according to Klaus-Dieter Frankenberger, foreign editor of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. "You don't advance your electoral prospects by loosening the tap of monetary policy," Frankenberger said this fall.

The German public was dragged into the euro reluctantly and would never have consented to it had they been consulted. "The euro has always been the 'Golden Calf,' so to speak," says Barclays's economist Thorsten Polleit. "It was forced upon Germans." There is still a lot of debate about *how* it was forced upon Germans. The most common explanation is that French president François Mitterrand insisted on the euro as a condition of Germany's reunification. A number of Germany's top politicians and

economists assured citizens that the new currency would hold prices stable. That turned out to be right. They also promised that this would not mean sharing wealth and bailing out laggards. That turned out to be wrong—and perhaps catastrophically, apocalyptically wrong. In the late nineties, "many chief economists did a lot of client presentations where they told people the euro would be as stable as the German mark," says Jörg Krämer, chief economist at Commerzbank. "I am quite happy I was young enough not to have had to do this."

In Berlin, Germany's political capital, one can still occasionally hear the argument that Germany is the "main beneficiary of the euro." It is an export-dependent economy, after all. Without the euro, Germany's money would appreciate against that of its neighbors. Those neighbors would therefore buy fewer German goods. But among the bankers of Frankfurt, the country's finance capital, this argument cuts much less ice. In his office at the top of Deutsche Bank's twin towers (known in town as *Haben und Soll*, or Profit and Loss), Thomas Mayer, the bank's chief economist, warns against the view, common among nonspecialists, that a weak exchange rate makes an economy more competitive. "A weak exchange rate is good for old industry," Mayer says. "They can sell outdated products at cheaper prices. A strong exchange rate forces you to continuously adapt to new technology and consumer tastes." He gets no argument from Hans-Werner Sinn of the Ifo Institute for Economic Research in Munich, who says, "It is ridiculous to say Germany was the winner of the euro." Sinn notes that from the mid-1990s—roughly the time when Europe's interest rates began to converge on the euro—Germany has had the second-lowest growth rate (behind Italy) in Europe. If Germany is profiting now, Sinn thinks, it is partly because its savers no longer dare to take their money out of the country.

Angela Merkel

NEWSCOM

POLITICAL SHIFTS

Germans grow up getting the lesson drummed into their heads that they, as the perpetrators of the twentieth century's worst atrocity, owe a large and perhaps unpayable debt to humanity. Some Germans draw the conclusion that the European Union is entitled to collect this debt on humanity's behalf—that it is entitled to obedience, even deference, from Germany. Finance minister Wolfgang Schäuble, 69, has at least some sympathy with this view. So do some other senior members of Merkel's party and cabinet. The EU's own bureaucrats, of course, believe to a man that Germany's responsibility for making Europe whole is limitless.

It is difficult to say how many people in politics sincerely accept this view, because enormous pressure is brought to bear on people who dissent from it. Jürgen Trittin, the senior politician in the Green party, calls those who would do anything to slow down European integration regressive nationalists. When Wolfgang Bosbach, one of the most loyal members of Merkel's party, decided that the liabilities to Germany in vouching for Greece were growing dangerously high, party regulars gave him the cold shoulder. This September, Merkel's aide Ronald Pofalla strode across the floor of the Bundestag during a vote about contributing more German money to another European rescue package and told Bosbach: "I'm sick of looking at your face and listening to your sh—." What upset Merkel's people about Bosbach was precisely that he had long been one of the party's most loyal soldiers. Fifty-nine-year-old Bosbach recalled a few weeks later: "There have always been naysayers, always. But I was never one of them. That was really the first time I said no, and a few people were absolutely shocked." Other German politicians worry that Germany's neighbors are taking Germany for a ride, but their worries are practically inaudible.

In the barrooms and TV talk shows of Germany, however, impatience with Europe and the euro is at a boiling point. The opinion pollster Renate Köcher of the Allensbach Institute found recently that in the course of 2011, the percentage of Germans uneasy about the eurozone rose from 38 percent to 55 percent. Whereas at the turn of last year voters opposed kicking any country out of the eurozone by a margin of 40 percent to 36 percent, by September they favored kicking out the biggest debtors by 46 percent to 29 percent.

The almost universal reaction of European leaders has been that the German people don't know what they're talking about, and many German politicians have paid lip service to the same idea. For Bosbach, this is a danger to democracy. "It may well be that people don't understand every last detail about the Greek budget and the situation on the financial markets," he says. "But they have a keen grasp of how successful the rescue measures

are likely to be. And up till now, at any rate, the skeptics have been vindicated."

I spoke about this democratic disconnect with Michael Fuchs, the deputy chair of Merkel's party in the Bundestag, who is responsible for economics and the euro. He was sitting in his office near the Brandenburg Gate, preparing for a trip back to his constituency the following day, and he admitted his voters were getting restive. "We are growing far apart from our people," he says. "I tell you, the questions I get are not really . . . convenient. Somebody will say to me, 'Michael you're a nice guy, but can you explain to me why I have to work until 67 and I get [as a pension] 46 percent of my final salary, while a Greek guy is retiring at 57 with 94 percent of his last salary?'" In the past two years, German journalists have coined the word *Wutbürger*—a rough translation might be "rageniks"—to describe such people.

Jörg Krämer believes the tensions between voters and politicians may now be affecting the financial rescue efforts themselves, because markets believe popular discontent constrains governments and undermines their credibility. "Sooner or later, politicians will pick up this 'anti' sentiment," says Krämer. "A new government may step away from the guarantees the last one gave. This, in the end, explains why the bailout policy doesn't work. Because on paper it looks perfect." In fact, France's Socialist presidential candidate, François Hollande, favored to beat Nicolas Sarkozy in April's elections, has threatened not to honor the arrangements Sarkozy reached in France's name at a November Euro-summit and last week's meeting in Brussels.

Like Sarkozy, Merkel has been dealt a difficult hand. She would not be paranoid to worry that, sooner or later, some eloquent member of her party will topple her by rallying the nation's natural majority against the bailouts. Germany's Supreme Court ruled last fall that all further efforts to aid struggling eurozone countries must be approved by a vote in the Bundestag, not by ministerial sleight-of-hand. So her binding undertakings on solving Europe's debt crisis must be public ones, not backroom deals. To complicate matters further, her Christian Democrats rule as part of a coalition with the Free Democrats (FDP), traditionally Germany's pro-market party, and the FDP is a zombie party.

The FDP's problem is that its leadership insists tax cuts are the answer to every policy question. German voters apparently believe that tax cuts are the wrong answer, at least when the questions involve debt. The FDP's national popularity has lately fallen to 2 percent—below the threshold at which parties can enter the Bundestag. And the country, more generally, is moving left. A year ago, anti-growth protesters in Stuttgart, furious at plans to demolish the city's beloved train station to make way for a $6 billion commercial complex called Stuttgart 21, gathered by the thousands for weekly demonstrations. Last spring those protesters played a role in booting Christian Democrats from the governorship of Baden-Württemberg, which they had held since 1953.

Merkel is more an operator than an ideologue. She is a perspicacious observer of both allies and adversaries. As evidence, people who know her say that she is uproariously, if sometimes cruelly, funny, and does devastating imitations of Sarkozy and King Abdullah of Jordan. Although raised in East Germany, she did not travel in dissident circles before the end of communism. Indeed, a curious report in the newsmagazine *Der Spiegel* on the twentieth anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall revealed that she had spent that fateful day at the sauna. She has got to where she is not by sharing her party's instincts and opinions but by sizing up its leaders and outmaneuvering them. An entire generation of conservative leaders who vied with her for leadership of the party—including Stoiber, former CDU chairman Friedrich Merz, former governor of Hesse Roland Koch, and the present (figurehead) federal president, Christian Wulff—have found new employment. Her only remaining potential challenger within the party is Ursula von der Leyen, the Brussels-born labor minister and leonine mother of seven, who is the daughter of the former governor of Lower Saxony.

Merkel has responded to shifting public opinion by shifting her party to where the votes are. At the Christian Democrats' annual convention in Leipzig this November, there was much grousing among the party rank and file about the "Social Democrat-ization" of the CDU, especially as Merkel tried to rally her mostly free-market loyalists behind a minimum wage. (She succeeded.) Last March, during the two weeks that separated the Japanese tsunami from that Baden-Württemberg governor's election mentioned above, where environmental issues loomed so large, she reversed years of party policy and committed Germany to the dismantling of its nuclear power plants. She has taken up the Social Democratic positions on limiting compulsory military service and reforming secondary schools. "Tell me one difference between Social Democrats and Christian Democrats right now," says SPD economics spokesman Carsten Schneider. "I can't name one."

While Merkel, by temperament, could change her position on the euro, that is easier said than done. Journalists who have spoken to her privately say she expresses frustration that if she invites 10 economists to a meeting, she gets 100 opinions. She sees the difficulty of rescuing Greece and has dropped broad hints that Greece might need to leave the euro. According to a senior CDU politician it was she—not Sarkozy or European leaders more

generally—who laid down the law to Greek leader George Papandreou when he announced a referendum on an EU bailout package last fall.

By contrast, a German exit from the euro is a course that Merkel is unwilling even to discuss, and she has been categorical in her commitment to the single currency. "If the euro fails," she said recently, "Europe fails." Her attempts to balance the needs of Europe and those of Germany have often left her with the worst of both worlds. That is, while many in her party consider her a spineless and indecisive Europhile goody-goody, those in neighboring countries see her as a predictably Teutonic stickler for *Ordnung*. You can see her depicted in Greek and Italian editorial cartoons wearing a Bismarckian *Pickelhaube* or a *Stahlhelm* of the sort favored by the Wehrmacht early in the last century.

'Public Enemy': window of a Greek bakery

NEWSCOM

WORDS AND BONDS

The simplest method of rescuing the euro is for the debtor countries to leave the eurozone and adopt new currencies. Unfortunately, that appears to Europe's best economists highly dangerous. Once you rule that out, there is no point in mincing words: The choice is between (a) allowing the currency to break up and (b) rescuing it by having prudent countries pay the debts of profligate ones.

Option (b) means consolidating fiscal authority in Brussels, and allowing that central authority to issue debt in the names of the formerly sovereign member states. Effectively, it means disbanding the countries that make up the EU. Economists speak of "fiscal union" among European countries. There is, however, little agreement on what these words mean. "In Germany," says Thomas Mayer from his office atop the Deutsche Bank tower, "fiscal union basically means you send fiscal policemen into southern European countries to force them to have austerity budgets. When the southerners talk about fiscal union, they expect large-scale transfers from north to south. With such a different debate, we never will get fiscal union."

Most economists think real fiscal union will eventually require some kind of "eurobond"—a common pot of credit on which all countries can draw. Eurobonds represent everything that the historical experience of Germans warns them against. The more irresponsible the country, the more irresistible the appeal of eurobonds. That is why German politicians, with few exceptions, deplore them. Barely has the word "eurobond" formed in my mouth when Michael Fuchs replies, "Nonsense. We need pressure on those countries to do something. If you don't use pressure, they will start partying again." (This moralistic language—describing indebted countries as "partying"—is common in German discussions of money. Countries deep in the red are called *Schuldensünder*—"debt-sinners.")

Germany's bankers are even more skeptical about eurobonds than its politicians. Axel Weber—formerly head of the Bundesbank, formerly a prominent German member of the European Central Bank, and formerly viewed as the likely next head of the ECB—resigned from his posts when a plan for the bank to buy troubled countries' debt on the secondary market passed despite his opposition. When the ECB started buying Italian bonds last summer, its second-most prominent German, chief economist Jürgen Stark, resigned, too, rather than participate.

Even in the finance ministry—where Wolfgang Schäuble, the 69-year-old arch-Europeanist, serves as minister—there is skepticism. "People the minister's age and older are very conscious Germany was given a second chance," says one ministry aide. "They see the EU as the vehicle for Germany's redemption, and they are willing to make concessions to protect the euro. But they can't make concessions that don't work."

Still, there has been a subtle change in the way the ruling coalition's politicians address the issue of eurobonds. Last year they said: No eurobonds. This year they say: No eurobonds until Europe has the proper rules in place. In fact, the way Germans use the word "eurobond" in arguments over the euro crisis has a lot in common with the way Americans use the word "quota" in arguments over affirmative action. Some people genuinely hate the thing. Other people merely hate the word, because they think it costs them votes. Sigmar Gabriel, head of the Social Democrats, made this point last fall when he argued that the Christian Democrats, despite their professed abhorrence of shared liability, had laid the groundwork for a eurobond by agreeing to buy rickety European debt. I asked one politician in Berlin in November if he thought eurobonds were an inevitable part of the solution to the euro crisis. "On the record I say no," he said with a smile. "Off the record I say yes."

'THEY ARE ALL GOING TO HATE US'

Under pressure of the euro crisis, Germans have taken on the traits, ostentatiously and publicly, of an older Germany, with which recent generations of Europeans are unfamiliar—an aphoristic, proudly provincial Germany that tends to present everything as common sense or home truth. "You cannot fight debt with debt!" says a provincial finance minister. "Sovereignty ends where solvency ends!" says a national newspaper editor. "You don't ask the frogs"—the Greeks are the frogs in this one—"if you can dry out their pond."

Certain Germans are, for the first time in decades, willing to say they know better and to needle those who don't. The rental car magnate Erich Sixt ran an ad in Greece over the summer: "Dear Greeks! Sixt is accepting drachma again!" The Germans' newfound confidence is visible to anyone who comes from an English-speaking country drowning in debt. Volker Kauder, the leader of Merkel's Christian Democrats in the Bundestag, warned Britain on the eve of a November summit that it ought to fall into line behind Franco-German plans because "Europe is speaking German now." This attitude worries some people. They see it as a step towards nationalism. "Go into a German football stadium sometime," said a friend of mine who was raised in the West Germany of the 1980s, when patriotism was still taboo. "Suddenly everybody knows the national anthem."

That is a misplaced worry. But the traditional German deference to American judgment, which received a severe blow during the Iraq war, has been further damaged by the debt crisis. On a train from Munich to Leipzig I ran into an executive who managed to convey a bottomless contempt for both America's tort lawyers and its designers of derivatives. "In your country," he said, "where you have to a put a sticker on your microwave saying 'Don't put your pet in here!' how could you make these financial weapons of mass destruction?" Other Germans express impatience with Timothy Geithner's frequent visits to lecture Germans, and America's stewardship of its own debts is universally ill viewed. Economist Hans-Werner Sinn believes certain Americans support eurobonds as a way of having someone else pay for the losses of American investment funds. "I think everyone here understands that game."

The bleakest view of American irresponsibility comes from the largely pro-American Edmund Stoiber, who believes the country's $15 trillion in debt will have "unforeseeable consequences" for the world. "This is something I could not have imagined five years ago. Democracy is for me a sacred thing, and today the democracies are losing their prestige. They are associated with debts and crises." He notes scathing remarks made by Chinese deputy foreign minister Fu Ying about the tendency of Western democracies to rely on debt and adds, "That is a terrible insult that unfortunately has a grain of truth in it."

Last year, the labor economist, central banker, and Social Democratic politician Thilo Sarrazin wrote the most controversial German nonfiction book since the Second World War. *Deutschland schafft sich ab* ("The Abolition of Germany") addressed the mismanagement of the country's welfare state and the demographic decline that would make its programs hard to fund in the future. It added a few home truths about declining scholarship and productivity in Germany's increasingly immigrant workforce. Sarrazin made his points with a freewheeling bluntness that certain Germans deemed unseemly in a countryman. Angela Merkel was one of those certain Germans. She forced his resignation from the Bundesbank.

In his pleasant house on the outskirts of Berlin, surrounded by larches and pines, Sarrazin is writing a book on the euro. While still in the early stages, he says a lot of the discussion about the currency's merits reminds him of a speech by Brezhnev to the Communist Central Committee or the pope's Easter message. "You understand?" he says. "You can do nothing else but applaud, but it doesn't get you any further." Sarrazin has a reputation for stating plainly what many Germans think but don't dare say, and so it is with the euro. When one gets past political piety, Sarrazin believes, one is brought face to face with the simple cause that has doomed most currency unions: different national habits. Modern Italy, he notes, has existed for 150 years. "They still have not come to grips with the economic problems of the south," he says. Europe is unlikely to do better with habits that vary even more widely.

The idea that such differences could be transcended arose in the immediate aftermath of the Second World War. "Germany was not only militarily but morally defeated," Sarrazin reflects. "One discovered the Europe of Charlemagne, of Franco-German friendship. Many Germans wanted to give their nationality up in favor of being part of Europe. But in a Europe where all the neighbors choose to stay Dutch and French and Czech and Polish, you have no choice but to stay German. Even if some Germans don't like it."

Others see Germany's role in Europe changing, too. "The assumption that we finance Europe, that's over," says Klaus-Dieter Frankenberger. "That because of history, the war, we have to spend ourselves out of historical guilt. That's over. Unification made a difference."

Germany may not be changing as quickly as Frankenberger thinks. Germany still has an unusual—that is, an unusually diffident—relationship to Europe. There is still a limit to how far Germans will permit themselves to

go in expressing discontent. "They run amok over Stuttgart," says the independent economic adviser Bernhard Eschweiler, who worked for 17 years at J.P. Morgan. "But not over the euro. The public in the end will not give the green light to pull out of the euro."

Germany, unlike other Western countries, has no party built on hostility to the European Union and no hot-blooded anti-euro populist. The closest approximation thereof is Peter Gauweiler, a sharp-witted Bavarian lawyer who belongs, like Edmund Stoiber, to the Christian Social Union (the Bavarian sister party of Merkel's Christian Democrats). He was a protégé of the CSU's charismatic orator and leader Franz-Josef Strauss in the 1970s. This fall, he narrowly lost a bid to become the CSU's deputy leader and to set the party on an overtly anti-euro course. The battle pitted the party establishment against Gauweiler and most of its rank and file. Gauweiler has launched a number of lawsuits over the years, including most recently the one that resulted in the decision requiring a parliamentary vote for any new bailout funds.

Gauweiler is a welcoming, voluble man with a big, white moustache. He often wears Bavarian *Tracht*. He is also well read. It is tough for an American journalist to get him off the subject of American literature (Twain, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Gertrude Stein), for which he has considerable fondness. He, too, likes moralistic aphorisms. ("Going into debt is like taking drugs," he says.) And yet, when you ask Gauweiler, the most ardently anti-euro politician in Germany, whether Germany should pull out of the single currency, he is brought up short. "Well, that's very hard," he says. Almost at a loss for an aphorism, he explains that the decision to adopt the euro is probably not something that Germany can undo. "You can make a fish soup out of an aquarium," he continues, "but that doesn't mean you can make an aquarium out of fish soup."

Europe is about diversity more than unity, Gauweiler thinks. In their assumption that Europe can be made into a single market, a single culture, it is the EU's builders and not their opponents who have set themselves against European values. Gauweiler recommends a speech that Thomas Mann gave shortly after World War II in which he explained that what Germans wanted in the future—or ought to want—was a European Germany, not a German Europe. "This whole business with stability and so on is about making a German Europe," Gauweiler says. "You understand? We give them money and vouch for their credit, and we tell them: 'Do this and do that.' They are all going to hate us." ◆

Free Enterprise Drives Prosperity—*If We Let It*

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

Assaults on the free enterprise system have gone global. We've heard them in the United States for months. But a debate recently erupted at the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, where some critics suggested that capitalism was to blame for the European debt crisis, widespread unemployment, and the fragile state of the world's economy. Some officials in Davos went so far as to call for a complete overhaul of the free market system.

Are they right? Is capitalism broken? Is the free market system failing us? Not on your life.

While not perfect, the free enterprise system remains the single most effective way to create widespread prosperity and opportunity. Those who have the freedom and incentive to put their creativity to work generate new ideas and foster innovations. They create wealth and opportunities and improve life for everyone.

What poses a threat to prosperity isn't free enterprise, but expansive government and policies that weigh down the private sector and poison the environment for business. One indicator of the health of free enterprise is the Heritage Foundation's *Economic Freedom Index*, which measures the extent to which entrepreneurship can thrive in a nation's economy. The greater a nation's economic freedom, the greater its prosperity. Size of government, openness of markets, regulatory efficiency, and rule of law are key factors that contribute to—or conspire against—economic freedom.

America's economic freedom has fallen in the 2012 index, largely due to runaway government spending and overregulation. Meanwhile, the Congressional Budget Office has forecast another $1 trillion in annual deficits this year. And this administration continues to pursue some of the costliest, most burdensome regulations in history.

It's no surprise that the economic freedom of European nations has also declined. The major drags on their economic freedom—unsustainable social spending and massive welfare programs—are also the source of the EU's sovereign debt crisis. So, no, capitalism hasn't pushed those countries to the economic brink—top heavy government has. It should serve as a sobering call to American leaders to reform our entitlement programs so that they'll be solvent for future generations without devouring our budget.

If we're going to remain an economically free nation, driven by the ideas and innovations of our people and businesses, we've got to let the free markets work. We've got to break the shackles of debt, deficits, and overregulation. We've got to clear away the impediments to prosperity and let capitalism do what it does best—grow the economy and create jobs.

100 Years Standing Up for American Enterprise
U.S. Chamber of Commerce

So Sorry

The old story: European politician gets in trouble, helps the Jews

By Sam Schulman

Geert Wilders, the big-gesture Dutch politician who has made a career out of outspoken enthusiasms and denunciations in a country which is careful of its speech, has begun to take on water. In the June 2010 election, the Freedom party, which Wilders created five years earlier, was the third-biggest vote-getter. And when the free-market conservative Freedom and Democracy party and Christian Democrats formed a government with Wilders's support, polls indicated that Wilders's party was the most popular in the country. Between October and December 2011, its support shriveled by a third.

For once, Wilders's problem wasn't caused by his big mouth—the mouth which made him so thoroughly hated by the Dutch nomenklatura, the judges and lawyers he defeated in his hate-speech trial, the prestige journalists, and the professional class of bien-pensants (*gutmenschen*, as the Dutch say). His problem was that having finally been in a position to do something about his principles, he hadn't. Holland's oleaginous supporters of multiculturalism and internationalism were never going to warm to him. But now Middle Holland, "Henk and Ingrid," showed signs of Wilders-fatigue. His issues were as popular as ever among his supporters: opposition to multiculturalism and open immigration, ensuring the right of women to be free from Islam's forced marriages and enforced Burka-wearing, ending police and judicial toleration of crime by immigrants and within Muslim neighborhoods, moving policy away from EU norms toward capitalism, NATO, and support of Israel. But even to his supporters, he no longer seemed like the man to do anything about them.

The Freedom party sustains the majority of the present government, but Wilders seldom puts pressure on his affable prime minister, Mark Rutte. Rutte told the press in September that Wilders is predictable and doesn't make a fuss. In the great financial crisis of the second half of 2011, a crisis in which the Netherlands, as the smallest wealthy country in the EU, has everything to lose and little to gain, Rutte has been complaisant about assaults on Dutch business interests, Dutch taxpayers, and Dutch sovereignty—an acquiescent partner in Angela Merkel and Nicolas Sarkozy's ever-changing schemes.

Dutch liberals and free-market Euroskeptics (62 percent of the Dutch voted against the EU constitution in their 2005 referendum) watched in amazement as Wilders let Rutte have his own way about sending more and more euros and legal powers to Brussels. Wilders tweets *à droite* but legislates *à gauche*. While the euro collapsed, and EU leaders mused about further restrictions on Europeans' right to self-determination, Wilders busied himself with a bill to ban kosher and halal slaughter, in alliance with the tiny "Party for the Animals." The small Dutch Jewish population (about 40,000) was horrified, but Wilders didn't attract any vegetarian voters. Neutral observers asked how Wilders could support Israel's right to exist so strongly while denying Dutch Jews the right to live as Jews in their own country. Few believed that Wilders had anything against Judaism—the failed attempt merely suggested to all that he was unserious.

Looking, no doubt, for a noncontroversial way to recapture his momentum in the new year, Wilders's eye fell on an unlikely savior: Manfred Gerstenfeld, an Israeli who grew up in Holland and now directs a Jerusalem think tank. Gerstenfeld is widely feared among European elites. He is the scourge of anti-Semitism masquerading as anti-Zionism and is likely to pop up in any EU country with carefully documented statistics and dramatic examples of mistreatment of Jewish schoolchildren, hypocrisy on the part of proudly anti-Israel governments and media, and a well-turned phrase describing the level of anti-Semitism in contemporary Norway, Germany, Poland, Italy, France, Belgium, Sweden, Britain, and the Netherlands—to name only countries that he eviscerated in the first three weeks of 2012.

Last year, Gerstenfeld published a big book on the Netherlands, but its subject was uncharacteristically abstruse: the complex negotiations (1997-2000) about compensating Dutch Jews who had survived the Holocaust but whose property was not restored by the postwar Dutch government. Even if his book (published only in English) was titled *Judging the Netherlands*, a scholarly account of a 15-year-old legal process over a 50-year-old postwar injustice did not attract much attention in Holland when it was published last June.

Sam Schulman last wrote for The Weekly Standard *on French politics.*

But in the slow period after the Christmas holidays, a reporter for *De Pers*, Dirk Jacob Nieuwboer, took a closer look at *Judging the Netherlands*. He found that the book included interviews with a couple of retired Dutch politicians who had been active in the 1997 negotiations, and who made comments on a subject the book didn't treat, but was much sexier: the holocaust of Dutch Jewry itself, and how little the Dutch government in exile in London during the war tried to do to prevent Holland's Jews from being deported and largely exterminated.

Nieuwboer's story was printed on January 3, headlined "Sorry About Looking the Other Way." Its subhead told the story: "The Dutch government in London said almost nothing about the Holocaust. Apologies would be in order, according to Gerrit Zalm and Else Borst"—the two politicians quoted in Gerstenfeld's book.

Geert Wilders during his hate-speech trial

NEWSCOM

As a child, Gerstenfeld was in hiding in the Netherlands until the very end of the war, but the politicians he quoted have no particular expertise on the 1940-45 Nazi occupation of Holland. One was a child during the war; the other is a baby boomer. (This period was not the subject of the negotiations in which Zalm and Borst were involved in the '90s.) Gerstenfeld quotes their conventional and reasonable indignation about the fate of Dutch Jews (71 percent perished) and their stern judgments about the wartime behavior of Queen Wilhelmina, grandmother of the present Queen Beatrix. The government in exile, according to Zalm, a conservative, "took a rather slack attitude regarding the persecution of Dutch Jews." Borst, a Christian Democrat, was more passionate and felt she could see more deeply into the racist motivation of the Dutch government in London.

"They, along with many others, saw Jewish Dutch citizens as a special group and thought: 'We have real Dutch people and we have Jewish Dutch people.'" Borst told Gerstenfeld that she "believes the response by the Dutch wartime government in exile would have been tougher had Nazis been deporting Catholics or Protestants." (One should note here that the Nazis did deport Catholic and Protestant Dutch men, by the scores of thousands, to work in forced levees in the defense of Germany in the later years of the war.) Gerstenfeld himself spoke to Nieuwboer from Israel, advising the Dutch government not to wait for a request from the Jewish community, but to apologize immediately. "It's not up to [the Jewish community] whether or not you should apologize. This is a debt of honor."

Wilders saw an opening. Within a few hours, a tweet let it be known that he had sent a letter to the prime minister (who is also his cabinet colleague) demanding such an apology. The tweet echoed the language of the *De Pers* story: "Apologies from the Dutch government are in order after the weak response of the government-in-exile to persecution of the Jews during WWII." The tweet linked to a Freedom party press release detailing three questions which Wilders tabled in parliament for his prime minister: Had he seen the news story? What did he think of Borst and Zalm's opinion that the government should apologize? Was he ready to announce such an apology and if not, why not?

Wilders's challenge to his colleague and his strongly implied criticism of the royal family was much bigger news than the opinions that Borst and Zalm expressed to Gerstenfeld two years earlier. It was so big it was picked up abroad. When the *Washington Post* and AP reported the story the next day, it was Wilders who played the leading role: "Wilders: Dutch government should apologize for 'passive' attitude to WWII deportation of Jews," ran the headline. The "outspoken Dutch lawmaker . . . is best known for his strident criticism of Islam and also is a strong supporter of Israel."

The demand for an apology was echoed by the president of the Auschwitz Committee, the Netherlands' most prominent Holocaust remembrance organization. But others who might have been sympathetic to the idea seemed to have been alienated by Wilders's association with it. Selma Leydesdorff, who led a flamboyant radical feminist group in the early '70s, is an oral historian of the Holocaust, writing copiously about the camp in Sobibor where scores of Dutch citizens were exterminated. She refused to align herself with Wilders: The present queen, she said, had offered far more than the formal apology Wilders called for when she addressed the Knesset in 1995, after being shown the honors that Yad Vashem paid to heroic Dutch men and women who saved so many Jews. "But we also know that they were the exceptions, and the people of the Netherlands could not prevent the destruction of their Jewish fellow citizens."

Professor Leydesdorff hailed the queen's remarks because they point, in her opinion, to the responsibility of Middle Holland for the severity of the Holocaust, or as

she put it, "the enormous contribution of the Dutch people (many Henks and many ladies named Ingrid) to the deportations"—as if the Freedom party's supporters were to blame rather than the Nazis and the Dutch who aided them.

What made the story even bigger internationally was the release shortly afterwards of a poll of Dutch non-Jews on the subject (deliberately conducted on a Saturday, so it would exclude observant Jews): Only 27 percent supported the idea of a government apology to Dutch Jews. Reported this way, as it was, a reasonable person might conclude that the 73 percent who opposed the apology were at best indifferent to the fact that three-fourths of Dutch Jewry died in the Holocaust.

But in a much-quoted article, Gerstenfeld further colored the poll results. He too scorned the poor queen. "Even in recent days, some Dutch historians tried to inflate beyond proportion the importance of a few general remarks on this issue by the current Dutch Queen Beatrix in March 1995 in the Knesset" when she expressed her sorrow that "the people of the Netherlands could not prevent the destruction of their Jewish fellow citizens." The queen's feeble fluttering, said Gerstenfeld, "pales in comparison to what French President Jacques Chirac said a few months later: 'France committed the irremediable. It broke its word and delivered those it protected to their executioners. We maintain toward them an unforgivable debt.'"

Many commentators in the United States and Israel quoted Gerstenfeld's encomium to Chirac; none mentioned that Chirac's attitude to contemporary Jews and his policies toward the modern state of Israel were as contemptuous as his apologies were florid.

But let's return to the Netherlands of today, and the Dutchmen who opposed an apology to the Jews. In equal numbers, they chose one of two other choices on the questionnaire—neither of them was "no, we don't care what happened to Dutch Jews." Half chose "no, it's too late now—it should have been done closer to the event." Half chose a third option, cooler than the second: "No, a later government isn't responsible for the behavior of a government in exile." But even if one excuses the Nos, are the pro-apologists (more likely to be over 35, and Catholic or left-wing) the heroes of the story?

Consider a poll taken across the border in Belgium just a few months earlier—a poll that has nothing to do with self-examination, but merely explored Belgian attitudes to the Nazis. Close to half of the Belgians believe that Nazism must be totally rejected: 44 percent. A barely smaller number, 43 percent, takes a more nuanced view, agreeing that Nazism contains interesting ideas, even though the respondent reports that he or she is very, or in part, critical of Nazism. Among the younger respondents, 50 percent were not aware that Nazism was anti-Semitic. These attitudes comport with a far more hostile attitude toward Jewish Belgians in the universities and government than we see in the Netherlands—and yet Gerstenfeld heaps praise on former Belgian prime minister Guy Verhofstadt's 2005 apologies for Belgian collaborators in World War II. No one knows better than Gerstenfeld the various ways in which European states are turning on Israel, and the disingenuous excuses each one makes—but he doesn't seem interested in comparing the graceful rhetoric of apology with the actual practice of the politician who apologizes or the attitude toward Jewry of the people who elected that politician.

But can we even weigh the culpability of the Dutch and their government in exile against that of the people and London governments of the other occupied countries of Europe? The *Encyclopedia of the Holocaust* totes up the proportion of Jewish citizens killed. By this crude, even repulsive, statistic, the Netherlands is the winner for Western Europe, with 71.4 percent of its Jewish citizens killed—about 100,000. Belgium's score is 44 percent, France's is 22.1, Norway's 44.8, and Denmark's 0.7. The question is this: Had the London government behaved in a way that would have satisfied those who now demand an apology, would it have moved the Netherlands down in the standings? It's highly unlikely. Gerstenfeld himself holds up the Polish government in exile as a shining example of how to behave—yet 91 percent of Polish Jews were exterminated (and so were 10 percent of Polish non-Jews).

Dutch journalists and Jewish authorities note how infrequently the queen's broadcasts to her Dutch listeners mentioned the predicament of Dutch Jews. For a generation, activists have complained of the same fault in Roosevelt and Churchill. And the response to all such complaints is the same. The vast majority of the population of occupied Holland—like the vast majority of the British, American, and ANZAC countries—was not Jewish. Whether they were in uniform, a citizen under threat of invasion, or a civilian under occupation, citizens of Allied countries needed the constant assurance of their leaders that their own safety, security, and lives were the focus of every moment of their government's attention. They had to know that every risk taken and every life that was sacrificed was aimed at the swiftest possible victory and end to the war.

Had the Dutch government even considered urging a massive campaign of civilian noncooperation to stop Jewish deportations, a moment's thought would have suggested that it was a self-defeating idea. How would the Dutch population, short of food, fuel, and money, themselves under constant threat of denunciation, arrest, deportation, and execution, have received such a noble

suggestion coming from the safety of London? It would have convinced Henk and Ingrid that London was utterly out of touch with the horror of their daily lives, and that perhaps they had better make the best peace they could with the occupiers. As for arousing their conscience about the danger in which their Jewish fellow citizens lived—well, German and collaborationist propaganda was doing a perfectly good job of explaining that the Jews (and the Dutch legislators in London whose loyalties the Jews had bought and paid for) were the cause of this terrible and humiliating war in the first place. To urge Dutch families rightly fearful of their own safety, doubtful of their next meal, to heroism and self-sacrifice would be objectively pro-Boche.

If I were Dutch, I would be among the 73 percent as well, though for different reasons. It should be a matter of honor for Jews not to accept apologies from those who have not harmed us. More than that, we should not want people to apologize for a historical guilt that supposedly attaches to them simply by virtue of their nationality. Our kinsmen were killed by Hitler in his own vast class-action against a race he was convinced had harmed the German nation. It seems to me that it is the special duty of modern Jews to urge our fellow non-leftist citizens, wherever we live, to resist this game. (It is useless to urge this upon socialists, because racial, class, national, and even sex guilt—and the mysterious but necessary heritability of all of the above—is the foundation of their thinking.) We Jews have the distinction of being the initial victims of deracinated, intellectualized group hatred—not because of the natural human unfriendliness to rival nations, villages, families, believers in strange gods, and speakers of foreign languages, but because we were the first not to fit into post-Enlightenment categories of nationhood, Marxist class theory, and scientific racism. Jews of any nationality—Israeli, former Nazi-occupied Europe, or Americans—ought to be particularly scrupulous in refusing to ask for or accept an apology that is tainted by the innocence of the speaker, or to consider it in any way worthy of our dead. Are the Dutch, almost none of whom were older than children in the 1940s, to apologize for something they can only be held responsible for through a theory of blood-guilt?

Geert Wilders especially should have known better. He has been prosecuted for violating the Netherlands' vague hate-speech code; he may be again. Criminalizing speech, even from the best of motives, is censorship; but so is requiring government declarations of what is true and what is not true, as the French have just tried to do with the Armenian genocide.

That Wilders should become a censor and dictator of correctness is richly ironic. He came to prominence as one of the few Dutch politicians to say what was on people's minds, regardless of the cries—and police investigations—of "hate speech." He has been prosecuted for his ideas, and it is perfectly polite to refer to him as dangerously extreme, barbaric, or fascist. After Anders Behring Breivik's mass murder in Norway last summer, Wilders not only declared that he had had nothing to do with Breivik's crime—and he was correct—but went on to say, to the horror of the Dutch establishment, that he would not tone down the volume of his warnings about Islamism and Islamization. But his recent experiments with political correctness—enforced "love speech"—have earned him no love. By associating himself with fashionable demands for public lamentation over the sufferings of yesterday's Jews—and the fancied suffering of the animals today's Jews eat—he has fixed in the minds of many Dutch sympathizers his own greatest weakness. Even after voters—unexpectedly—put him in a place of some responsibility and power, Wilders continued sloganeering.

As the journalist Joost Niemöller wrote a couple of weeks ago, "behind the slogans, he didn't develop ideas about *how* to deal with the immigration problem, *how* loosening the EU's control over us could be brought about, *what* the right relationship should be between religion and state." When the government had to make unpopular moves, he didn't defend them to the public. When the government acted in ways that contradicted Wilders's promises, he complained in private, in a sense looking the other way.

Moreover, Wilders's brand-name issue, the threat of Islamization, has become less urgent. "The fear of Islam is waning in Dutch society," says Arend Jan Boekestijn, a journalist, professor, and former MP in Rutte's conservative party. "There are no terrorist actions these days. And reports indicate that Dutch Muslims are gradually improving in education and employment statistics. Even recent crime statistics show that Muslims are not scoring much higher than people in comparable Dutch-born socio-economic classes." Here, too, Wilders risks being seen as fighting yesterday's rhetorical battles—without being able to claim credit for having improved the integration of immigrants already in the Netherlands.

Henk and Ingrid can't be happy that Wilders attacked the queen over a 60-year-old controversy instead of stopping his government from "idiotically sending," as he said himself in a tweet, "Dutch tax money to support French banks." They certainly aren't happy that he agreed to cut their national pensions and raise the retirement age without demanding anything in return. As the Freedom party sinks, the once-Maoist Socialist party—anticapitalist and anti-Israel—has soared in the polls, partly with the support of defecting Freedom party voters. Had Wilders but served his queen with half the zeal he served some trendy causes, all of them pointless, he would not be so naked to his enemies. ♦

Prince Philip, Queen Elizabeth (2007)

Philip the Good

The royal consort as hero BY TRACY LEE SIMMONS

Last April's wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, ubiquitously covered from Westminster Abbey by every medium from satellite to iPhone, served up a reminder that even we in this constitutional republic, where all are equal, can always be counted on to get caught up with the lives of those who are a good deal more equal than others.

This proves especially true of British royalty, whose rituals of continuity and, even more, decorum offer up an object of contemplation raised a bit above pop stars and celebrity criminals. While the coming crop of princes and princesses gives us the faces of the future, Philip Eade's new biography explores the bumpy early life of one of the less visible yet markedly more stalwart of the current House of Windsor, His Royal Highness Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, diminutively labeled in the subtitle as "the man who married Queen Elizabeth II." But as Eade shows, there's a good deal more to Prince Philip than simply a man who made a good marriage. On the day he married the future monarch he was already a man of remarkable achievements, his own man—and he became the queen's man only at a cost of vast personal sacrifice.

Prince Philip
The Turbulent Early Life of the Man Who Married Queen Elizabeth II
by Philip Eade
Henry Holt, 368 pp., $28

At first blush, the purpose of this book is less than obvious. The ground covered here has been conspicuously plowed by others, Gyles Brandreth, Hugo Vickers, and, 20 years ago, Tim Heald among them. A browse through Eade's bibliography and notes doesn't

NEWSCOM

Tracy Lee Simmons, author of Climbing Parnassus, *is writing a book about Thomas Jefferson.*

disclose any deep vein of new ore he has been availed of; most of his sources are secondary ones. Nonetheless, engraved, tea-stained hints dropped in the acknowledgments suggest that Eade has made himself enough of an insider for his labors to have been eased by named associates within Buckingham Palace, and the tact with which he handles both obscure biographical facts and chance wads of furtive innuendo gives us further confidence in the tale he tells—one especially worth telling in the wake of an errant generation of royals that has done little to enhance respect or bolster the sense of otherworldly splendor that monarchy has customarily served to inspire.

Prince Philip, now the longest-serving royal consort in British history, belongs squarely to a time when one simply got on with one's job with sunny aplomb and didn't whine over the personal fulfillment that jobs sometimes fail to provide. As with the queen herself, his life has not been about glamour. It's been about duty.

That loyal, compliant disposition surely is due in part to pedigree. Philip's marriage might be among the last of the old imperial kind. Although he hailed from northern European stock, he was born, by that curious dynastic alchemy of marital alliances, sixth in line to the Greek throne in 1921. His grandfather had been George I of Greece, whose children grew up speaking Greek to one another at home and English to their parents—who then spoke German to each other. It was that kind of family. Yet their cushions weren't of deepest velvet; they were poor by royal standards.

Philip's early life got overshadowed by his family's ignominious departure from Greece when his father Andrea, a commander in the field, was made a scapegoat for defeat after he refused to carry out what he had deemed defective orders at Sakaria during World War I. Philip himself became a child of domestic turmoil and disunion, with a wandering father and mentally strained mother who was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic in Germany and committed in 1930 for several years. But at least the boy had the benefit of numerous kin, starting with immediate aunts and grandparents, willing to take him in for protracted periods. He was tossed about for several years from one household and school and country to another, and probably it was not until he was taken on by his Mountbatten relations in England that he felt his first sense of belonging.

Here's a rearing to give any armchair therapist pause. By every right Philip should have been profoundly maladjusted, a Prozac punk-in-waiting; but a personality—not to say a character—cannot always be so blithely and cheerlessly forecast. Philip later summed up his entire approach to living pungently if unsatisfactorily to the softer-minded: "You are where you are in life so get on with it." It's a point of view that adds up to a philosophy.

Eade capably describes Philip's stint at Gordonstoun, the school founded in Scotland by a German and run along his own idiosyncratic lines, a place whose motto was "More is in you," and that sported a less than orthodox view of learning. But the school made a success with an ambitious, dedicated staff. Boys were required through systematic effort to develop qualities of leadership by measurable accomplishments, physical and otherwise, and the school's site nestled in a grand old house on the coast made a fine training ground for hearty sailors. Oddly, though, Eade fails to disclose the curriculum; one would think the boys did nothing but play hard and nap and run and sail, but they probably read a few books, did a spot of algebra, and practiced a bit of piety between matches and races.

Philip acquitted himself well at Gordonstoun—where he was often "naughty" but "never nasty"—and was, according to his headmaster's report, "universally trusted, liked, and respected," a boy with "the courage of his tastes and his convictions." (Imagine a student being formally praised or, for that matter, chided for his *tastes* nowadays.) "His best is outstanding—his second best is not good enough," perhaps a perceptive evaluation of a spirited lad who might have been a mite too worldly and whose "love of the moment" might pose a potential danger for his future. Still, his sound mind and "natural courtesy" would probably see him through whatever the world might whack at him.

He still carried a Greek passport. Yet when George II prevailed on him to resume his position in the family and return to his native country to enter the Greek Nautical College, Philip begged off, claiming England as his home. So he elected to sit for the entrance examinations of the Royal Navy, and it was during the war to come that Philip, a rising naval officer, distinguished himself for his bravery and resourcefulness, operating on various vessels and seeing battle several times in the Mediterranean.

He rose quickly during the war, and by war's end—Eade reports that Philip stood on the deck of the U.S.S. *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay to witness the Japanese sign the instruments of surrender in September 1945—his naval career was sliding along one of the fastest tracks possible. All was going his way. He took command of his first ship in his mid-twenties, was reputed to be an omnicompetent officer, and found in the Navy not only a career but a way of life that suited him better than any other. He might have become admiral of the fleet one day.

But such a plan couldn't have reckoned on Princess Elizabeth, the young heiress to the throne whom he had known since he was an adolescent and with whom he had been corresponding for years. The proper flirtation that had budded into a romance would eventually end that naval career, along with much of the independence that had made it possible. His sense of duty would find another sphere of action.

This book takes us up to Philip's courtship and the early years of his marriage—years of continual, and sometimes demeaning, frustration, especially to a young man who had so recently tasted command. Before the wedding his relations with the royal family were tense; the taciturn King George VI slowly came round to the match, and the queen, whose brother might have intrigued against Philip, liked the young man well enough but didn't think he quite had their sense of humor and in private called him "the Hun"—an unveiled reference to a good many

of Philip's siblings and other relatives who had married Germans and some of whom had become Nazi functionaries during the 1930s, a fact that made the prospective marriage none too popular in some sectors of the British public.

Once they came around, however, and after Philip relinquished his claim to the Greek throne (and was also indefinitely relieved of his naval duties), he and Princess Elizabeth were married amid the gray austerities of postwar Britain in 1947. He even gave up small things for the sake of his new bride—smoking, for one thing. But one's heart warms with the story of his taking a stiff gin and tonic before spiriting off to Westminster Abbey for the wedding.

Eade handles rumors of Philip's premarriage dalliances, most of which have been ventilated before, carefully and for the most part skeptically. He also gives a sympathetic treatment to Philip with the hostility he endured at the hands of palace sycophants and nitpickers who were always quick to fault his lack of delicacy in matters he'd not had the opportunity to learn about while fighting a war. Indeed, some of his trials would be reminiscent of later tribulations suffered by younger royals were it not for the parenthetical fact that he suffered his with dignity.

Prince Philip, despite his permanently secondary role, has tried to make his own mark on British life, an effort that began straightaway. From the beginning he made himself a confident presence on the stump, one at first far more confident than that of his wife, and has made a gradual attempt over the years to modernize the monarchy, whatever that may mean from one decade to the next. Early on he sought to be, as one writer has dubbed him, a "Prince Albert of the jet age," an advocate for science able to turn "statistics into patriotism" for a public in need of both instruction and bucking up. Even his famous gaffes can still endear him to a world now weary of sanitized, politically approved speech. (To a British student who had made a hike through Papua New Guinea, he said, "So you managed not to get eaten, then?" Of a Scottish driving instructor, he asked, "How do you keep the natives off the booze long enough to pass the test?")

But his most auspicious role—aside from siring the next heir to the throne—will probably be the example he has set of smiling, unostentatious loyalty to family and country alike, an example the coming flock of royals would do well to heed. ♦

B&A

Turning Point

Is Lucretius the gateway to the modern world?

BY HARVEY MANSFIELD

Stephen Greenblatt's book on the influence of Lucretius is clever and curious—and notable for the ambition expressed in its title. Written as a scholar's lecture but with a writer's finesse in its many useful asides and pleasing digressions, his account of the Roman poet-philosopher (ca. 99-55 B.C.) starts from the discovery in 1417 of a manuscript of Lucretius' poem *On the Nature of Things* after centuries of neglect in the library of a German monastery. The poem is a beautiful and very powerful tribute by a Roman to the Greek philosopher Epicurus, an atomist and atheist, and the finder of the manuscript was a humanist scholar, philosopher, Vatican secretary, and chancellor and historian of Florence, Poggio Bracciolini—the accidental hero of Greenblatt's tale.

The Swerve
How the World Became Modern
by Stephen Greenblatt
Norton, 356 pp., $26.95

The manuscript could easily have been lost as so many ancient writings were, but Poggio came upon it, copied it, and saved it so that it could spread, as it did, throughout the humanist circles of Europe in the 15th century. To be sure, Poggio was looking for the poem, but it was chance that he found it, that somehow it "managed to survive . . . for reasons that seem largely accidental." Now it happens further that Lucretius' poem was about chance, particularly in a crucial passage about the motion of atoms that *swerve* by chance to create the forms of things against the necessities that otherwise determine motion. That poem "helped" to bring about the modern world (in Greenblatt's formulation, more modest than his book's title). And what is the modern world?

The modern world in Greenblatt's view has adopted and to some extent realized Lucretius' desire to free mankind from religious superstition and from the heavy oppression that belief in an afterlife places upon the peace and pleasures of this life. Relying on the opening of Lucretius' poem, a thrilling invocation of "life-giving" Venus, he states that "Lucretius saw the universe as a constant, intensely erotic hymn to Venus." Lucretius teaches us, he says, to set aside our religious fears and "embrace the world in wonder and gratitude and awe." Two questions arise: Is this what Lucretius says? And is the modern world fit to be embraced—is it "my sweet embraceable you," as the song says?

It can hardly escape notice that "life-giving" Venus is a goddess who could not be exempt from the denial by Epicurus and Lucretius that gods take an interest in human beings, nor that she is matched with Mars, who "rules the savage claims of war." Even if we overlook war, we cannot forget (since Lucretius reminds us) that "embracing the world" in the form of easygoing sex leads to disease and makes women pregnant and men parents. And if we are impressed

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with the luscious beginning of the poem, we must be all the more struck with the fearful ending that describes the death-giving plague in civilized Athens. Here is manifest contradiction in Lucretius of which Greenblatt seems unaware.

He is aware that the humanist philosophers in Poggio's time had reason not to risk gaining a reputation for atheism, and he recounts at some length the later (1600) trial and burning of Giordano Bruno for his open heresy. But this motive would be the same in the time of Lucretius, or in any time. Almost every society punishes atheism, even to some extent our tolerant society today: Try running for president as an atheist. Every society rests on belief, almost always on a religious belief that God supports and protects it. At the same time, a philosopher is one who questions the authority of belief, especially the highest. Philosophy always tends toward skepticism, and even if it finds in favor of religion, it does so on philosophical grounds. Skepticism is normal for philosophers, and so too is dissimulation to conceal skepticism and confuse the authorities. A recent book on Lucretius and the Renaissance by the historian Alison Brown shows greater understanding of the once-common practice of evasion by philosophers, and remarks on Lucretius' "discreet (and often unnamed) influence" in that time. The appreciation and the discretion had the same cause: Both were offensive to prevailing belief.

Greenblatt has the goodness to call Poggio and others "pious," apparently because they said they were. Yet he includes a chapter relating that Poggio speaks of his Vatican office as a job in a "lie factory," the lies being blasphemous jokes against the Church told by its servants, especially Poggio himself. Later on the church was more perceptive and less forgiving. Greenblatt notes that in 1516 a Florentine synod of clerics banned the reading of Lucretius in schools. Violators were comprehensively threatened with "eternal damnation and a fine of 10 ducats." Bruno's fate, at which Greenblatt cannot help but shudder, was in earthly terms much more severe.

But danger is not the only reason for a philosopher to say less or other than what he knows, as did Lucretius when he beautified and personified—and falsified—human love in a goddess. One may also use "rhetoric," i.e., dissimulation, in order to persuade. Lucretius addresses his poem to a Roman noble, Memmius, whom he wishes to benefit. To do so he attracts him with what Greenblatt calls a "hymn to Venus." After that Lucretius needs to introduce his student to the possibility that an effete Greek philosopher, Epicurus, could teach something to a manly Roman. And beyond that he tells him of harder facts than the hard

Title page of 1650 edition

facts such a person believes he knows. Greenblatt mistakes the first step for the entire message, which is *not* to embrace the world in its delights but to retire as much as possible from its dangers, rigors, and horrors to the pleasure of the philosopher.

Greenblatt refers to Poggio as an "intellectual" and to his society as a "culture." These are anachronistic terms not used by Lucretius or the humanists or indeed by any of the many writers so engagingly discussed in this book. An intellectual is a person who expresses his thoughts publicly, i.e., cannot keep his mouth shut; a culture is a unique historical whole that dominates all thought within it. Greenblatt is an intellectual who thinks that every culture, so far from being unique, is like ours in being a "culture." But every society is at least potentially divided into those who agree with the dominant authority and those who pretend to agree with it—the thinkers. Lucretius is a hedonist; he thinks that the natural life for man is the life of pleasure. But there are different kinds of pleasure. Since the different kinds may be ranked according to a standard that is not pleasure ("nature"), one may wonder whether pleasure is the highest thing there is. Greenblatt nourishes this thought by referring to pleasure as "the highest good" for the Epicureans, implying that concern for the good is more fundamental than concern for pleasure, and hence that pleasure cannot be the ultimate good.

Greenblatt quotes the famous passage at the beginning of Book Two of the poem in which Lucretius says how sweet it is to observe others in struggles from which oneself is free: a man on land who watches others in a stormy sea; a man sitting safely above battling armies; and most delightful, a man "fortified by the teaching of the wise" who looks down on those who strive for mastery. A man fortified in this way is not an intellectual and is not defined by his culture, but Greenblatt does not remark the difference. He believes that Lucretius' ascetic philosophy of pleasure can be extended to everyone, that today we can take him as a guide to life among our comforts.

Lucretius does appear to have had an agenda that would permit each human being to escape the illness of a frightened soul. But this can be done only through knowledge of "the nature of things," and only by disarming the passions that cause men to fear death. The philosopher Epicurus provides the reasoning for the few philosophers, but the poet Lucretius with his beautiful images provides a partial benefit for the rest of mankind, bringing relief from torments of the soul and even guiding nonphilosophers toward philosophy. The creators of the modern world—Machiavelli, Bacon, and the rest of their kind—had no such program of withdrawal. They had an active, progressive vision not to be found in Lucretius. One later modern philosopher, Karl Marx, spoke for

them all when he said that heretofore philosophy had as its aim interpreting the world; the point now was to change it. This was to be deliberate, planned change—*pace* Greenblatt—progress that would bring the benefits of philosophy (which became science) to the many, rather than bring many to the benefits of philosophy, as with Lucretius.

Among many changes necessary to create the modern world, the hedonism of modern philosophy was obliged to abandon any hierarchy of pleasures culminating in the highest pleasure, the only true pleasure, of philosophy—as Lucretius had it. Only so, when pleasure is democratized by destroying the distinction between the wise and the unwise, is it possible to count pleasures indiscriminately, and for modern economics to arrive. Modern economics makes it possible to delight in material pleasures but also to despise them; both are "preferences." Take your choice: Either conquer and control chance, with Machiavelli and Bacon, or embrace the chancy world and look down on those who conquer, like Rousseau.

Or do both, like Stephen Greenblatt. ♦

B&A

Only the Lonely

The peculiar isolation of American life.

BY EMILY WILKINSON

We Americans—so the rough sketch of our archetypal character has it—are a people of rugged individualism, ambition, and, above all, unfettered, unrepentant movement. Summing up the 19th century in America, Frederick Jackson Turner wrote that "movement has been its dominant fact." But movement was no less a part of the colonial era or the 20th and 21st centuries.

Homesickness
An American History
by Susan J. Matt
Oxford, 360 pp., $29.95

We were English Puritans who fled religious persecution at home and crossed the Atlantic to build a new settlement in Massachusetts, pioneers who left behind the comforts of settled New England towns to make their way in the lawless wilds of the West, soldiers who left homes in Maine and Vermont to fight for the Union in Virginia and Georgia, and in the 20th century, to fight in Europe and Asia. We were 19th-century immigrants from Italy, China, Poland, and Scandinavia who left home in search of opportunities for advancement the old country didn't offer, farm boys and girls who left family farms for city jobs as clerks and factory girls, African Americans who migrated to the North after the Civil War in search of better work and better treatment (some of whom moved back after segregation ended). And we're still moving—as soldiers shipped to Afghanistan, as bicoastal college students and business executives, as newly transplanted immigrants from Mexico, India, Korea, and Cuba.

But this isn't quite the whole story, as Susan J. Matt argues: Unfettered and constant our movements may be, but unrepentant they are not—and never have been. Matt doesn't deny the distinctly American penchant for movement or its centrality in our cultural identity and history; instead she offers a sentimental history, a meticulously researched account of the costs and effects of being a people in perpetual motion. *Homesickness* is a history of American patterns of movement and a history of how Americans from the colonial era through the present have felt about their voluntary and involuntary upheavals.

What Matt's new reading of American history reveals is a culture crucially shaped by homesickness and nostalgia, a people at once deeply sentimentally tied to particular places and people, and simultaneously driven away from these beloved places by ambition, honor, duty, a desire to improve the fortunes of the family—or by war, drought, famine, land reclamation, or urban renewal.

Ours is a land littered with reminders of lost homes: Our towns and cities are named for cherished homes left behind in the Old World (Richmond, York, Boston, Plymouth, Athens, Vienna, Bismarck) and our communities are, and have long been, full of businesses and organizations born of homesickness and nostalgia: Irish pubs, Japanese groceries, soul food restaurants, Little Italys, Chinatowns, German and Yiddish newspapers, Greek churches, Spanish-language television stations. From the colonial era to the present, we've been rife with organizations representing myriad immigrant cultures as well as state cultures (the Iowa Club in Los Angeles, the Sons of North Carolina in 19th-century New York City). Even the YMCA and YWCA were a venture founded to provide "a home away from home" for young Americans moving alone to cities from rural communities. The mid-19th-century Y, Matt explains, "hoped to reinvigorate home values and provide newcomers with a compass with which to navigate the city's moral and social geography."

For all our mobility and veneration of independence and unfettered movement, we are a nation afflicted by homesickness—torn between strong forces driving us onward and the beloved people, places, songs, and food of home that urge us to stay and tinge our wanderings with melancholy.

> Americans in their migrations have consistently affirmed—in private writings, through purchases, through remittances sent home—a set of values that counter lonely individualism, that embrace community and connection.

Emily Wilkinson is a visiting professor of English at the College of William and Mary.

Matt's ultimate sense of the American character—ruggedly individualist, cheerfully or stoically forging ahead and simultaneously deeply familial, community-dependent, nostalgic and melancholic for lost homes—is a paradoxical one, one that seems to work on Seymour Martin Lipset's model of the American individual and national character as beset by contradictions, and whose negative traits are often "inherently linked" to an admirable inverse.

This is not to say that homesickness is bad, though the rending of families in the name of opportunity and wealth was often viewed negatively by those called by opportunity to leave home. One such ambitious young man, Hamlin Garland, who left his family in the Midwest for a job in Boston in the late 19th century, called breaks with family and home, such as the one he had experienced, "the mournful side of American 'enterprise.'" Matt indicates that towards the end of the 19th century the idea of homesickness as a noble sentiment and mark of good character (if one to be mastered when duty called) began to lose purchase. In the 20th and 21st centuries homesickness took on a decided stigma in America and was no longer considered the serious medical condition it had been. It became, instead, the mark of weakness, unfitness, and future failure, and even a matter of national security when it manifested itself in soldiers stationed in foreign theaters.

While *Homesickness* begins in the colonial era, tracing the longings for home of settlers and slaves in the Virginia and Massachusetts colonies, its most interesting and intellectually robust work is in the chapters covering the 19th century. In part, this is because the terms *nostalgia* and *homesickness* did not become established in American English usage until the end of the 18th century.

In Europe, however, nostalgia had been an established medical diagnosis since the late 17th century.

In 1688, Matt reports, a medical scholar named Johannes Hofer published an account of a student who had traveled to Basel to study and became melancholy about his dislocation and subsequently developed a high fever. The attending doctors concluded that the boy's only hope was returning to his native city, and so had their "halfdead" patient carried 60 miles in a bed back to his home in Berne. The boy's health reportedly improved with every mile and he was restored to near perfect health by the time his bed arrived home. Hofer invented the term nostalgia (from the Greek *nostos*, returning home, and *algia*, pain) to describe this condition, a term that had close relatives in the German *heimweh* and the French *la maladie du pays*. While the potentially fatal medical condition of nostalgia, as described by Hofer, was for some time believed to be unique to Switzerland, by the 19th century nostalgia had begun to take its toll in the United States and was recognized by American medical professionals as a serious condition.

LYDIA DAVISON WHITCOMB

"Don't write to me to come home anymore," General Benjamin Butler of the Union Army wrote to his wife. "You make me so homesick. I shall have nostalgia like a Swiss soldier." The homesickness that his wife's letters had inspired had made him, he claimed, "almost unfit for duty." Butler wasn't alone: From 1861 to 1866 Union Army doctors treated 5,213 white soldiers and 324 black for nostalgia; 74 were reported to have died of the disease. At the Confederate prison in Andersonville, Georgia, some 8,000 men were said to have "died of scurvy, and nostalgia." Nostalgia "fastens upon the breast of its prey, and sucks, vampyre-like, the breath of his nostrils," wrote one correspondent for a Texas newspaper of the conditions at Andersonville: "Many a heroic spirit after braving death at the cannon's mouth . . . has at length succumbed unresistingly to this vampyre, Nostalgia."

But by the early 20th century homesickness was no longer considered such a dire condition. "Homesickness Is Not Rheumatism So Don't Try to Make the Army Doctor Believe It Is" announced one headline in *Stars and Stripes* during World War I. And throughout the century, Americans demanded the suppression of homesickness and sought ways to help their citizens master it (though it afflicted soldiers, students, and business executives no less than it had afflicted their colonial, pioneer, and immigrant forebears, if it manifested in different ways).

Parenting experts urged parents against overly affectionate treatment of their children—"smother love"—warning them that a too-close-knit family would hobble children when it came time to make their way in the world. Summer camps offering versions of the "frontier conditions" that American pioneers had faced in the 19th century became children's training grounds for self-reliance and overcoming homesickness. The USO, taking the opposite approach, offered "a home away from home" as a cure for servicemen's homesickness. American women who worked for the USO talked and danced with the soldiers, sewed on missing buttons, and were urged to invite servicemen for home-cooked meals: "Nine out of 10 of those boys are desperately homesick . . . [and] hungry for home atmosphere," an article in the *Los Angeles Times* explained.

In our own era, Matt explains, cell phones, PDAs, email, texting, Skype, and Facebook, like cars and inexpensive air travel, give the illusion that we can—

almost—be in two places at once and allow for long-distance intimacy that displaced Americans of an earlier era couldn't have imagined. Mass-produced consumer goods, chain stores, and satellite television also mean that we can find many of the trappings of home across the country and around the globe; thus the American capitalist economy makes us at home everywhere, even as it uproots us for school and work.

In this observation, Matt again seems to invoke Lipset's "double-edged sword." She has a delicately calibrated sense of the emotional costs of material choices, and her work is important not only because it is meticulously researched and skillfully written, but because it integrates aspects of the human condition that are intimately intertwined and too often separated: the economic and the emotional. ♦

B&A

Call Me, Ishmael

An antiquated tale that's never out of fashion.

BY EDWARD ACHORN

"Dollars damn me," Herman Melville confessed to Nathaniel Hawthorne in June 1851, when he was contemplating the finishing touches on *Moby-Dick; or, The Whale*. "What I feel most moved to write, that is banned,—it will not pay. Yet, altogether, write the *other* way I cannot. So the product is a final hash, and all my books are botches. . . . Though I wrote the Gospels in this century, I should die in the gutter." Melville wasn't kidding. His masterpiece, published five months later, got lousy reviews and sank into near-oblivion. It sold all of 3,715 copies during his lifetime, and helped finish him off as a popular writer, though he struggled on for a few more years. It is painful to contemplate the waste of genius that was his subsequent 19-year career as a customs inspector in New York.

But as we all know, *Moby-Dick* didn't die. In the 20th century people began noticing the beauties of this weird whale of a book: its dazzling language, a concoction of Shakespeare, the King James Bible, and 19th-century American vernacular; its embrace of the United States, in all its idealism, frantic moneygrubbing, and diversity; and especially the book's madness, both as a theme and a means of expression—as Captain Ahab devotes his life to attaining revenge against the whale who chomped off his leg, and Melville indulges in feverishly intense and meandering discourses that themselves hint of mania. It became a classic, flooding bookstores and classrooms—to the intense sorrow of many students, who have consistently rated it one of the most egregiously tedious volumes they have ever been compelled to endure.

Why Read *Moby-Dick*?
by Nathaniel Philbrick
Viking, 144 pp., $25

Moby Dick as seen by Rockwell Kent (1930)

"It is too long and too maddeningly digressive to be properly appreciated by a sleep-deprived adolescent, particularly in this age of digital distractions," admits Nathaniel Philbrick. Philbrick, a Nantucket man, seems quite well suited to write such a book. A *Moby-Dick* fanatic who confesses to reading the book about a dozen times, he also wrote the National Book Award-winning *In the Heart of the Sea*, a tale of men who survived through cannibalism after their ship was sunk by a furious whale—a harrowing episode that helped inspire *Moby-Dick*.

Covering fathoms in only 144 pages, Philbrick offers nothing that could be construed as brilliant or innovative analysis, but he acquaints us with the history of the novel, its major themes, some of its lovely passages, and what America and Melville were going through at the time. It's not exactly a high-toned CliffsNotes, since it only dips its toe into the book here and there. But it made me want to return to the novel. *Moby-Dick* is "the one book that deserves to be called our American bible," Philbrick aptly observes. Those intimidated by its heft and its sometimes-impenetrable prose should start in small doses, he advises: "Even a sentence, a mere phrase, will do. The important thing is to spend some time with the novel, to listen as you read, to feel the prose adapt to the various voices that flowed through Melville."

It's not all metaphysics, by the way. Jokes abound. Having not yet visited Nantucket, Melville wrote around his ignorance by looking at a map and making wisecracks about its sandy sterility. It was "a mere hillock, and elbow of sand; all beach, without a background," to the point that islanders plant toadstools for shade and carry around scraps

Edward Achorn, deputy editor of the editorial pages at the Providence Journal*, is the author of* Fifty-nine in '84: Old Hoss Radbourn, Barehanded Baseball, and the Greatest Season a Pitcher Ever Had.

of wood "like bits of the true Cross in Rome." Those who have gotten through the opening chapters have been charmed by Ishmael's dawning friendship with Queequeg, a cannibal who conspicuously displays greater compassion and better breeding than the Christians around him. And in one delightful scene, Melville takes us into a Nantucket restaurant for a bowl of chowder.

> Oh, sweet friends! [Ishmael cries] hearken to me. It was made of small juicy clams, scarcely bigger than hazel nuts, mixed with pounded ship biscuit, and salted pork cut up into little flakes; the whole enriched with butter, and plentifully seasoned with pepper and salt.

As Philbrick notes, the book is so sprawling that it even includes recipes. Still, D.H. Lawrence, one of *Moby-Dick*'s most important advocates, was unimpressed with Melville's endless diversions: "The man," he wrote, "is rather a tiresome New Englander of the ethical mystical-transcendentalist sort: Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, etc. So unrelieved, the solemn ass even in humor." As Lawrence saw it, "The artist was so *much* greater than the man." And no one disputes that the book almost literally takes us into the depths, through the half-mad Captain Ahab, who stabs at deeper truths about man's place in this universe. As Philbrick explains, to Ahab the world is infused with symbolism, and Moby Dick is more than a sperm whale; he is "the tool of an unseen and decidedly evil power."

"All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks," Ahab declares. He must thrust through the mask to get at what is tormenting him. "How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall, shoved near to me." Ahab will work his will, however indecent his obsession: "Talk not to me of blasphemy, man; I'd strike the sun if it insulted me." This is an eerily compelling obsession.

Philbrick hits some jarring notes at times in using hackneyed progressive ideas to plead for the text's relevance. Thus, Ahab is compared to "a profit-crazed deep-drilling oil company in 2010." The author admiringly notes that the *Pequod* "could sail around the world without using a jot of carbon-based fuel." (Global-warming fanatics might not be quite so pleased with the *Pequod*'s try pots, used to extract the oil from the giant corpses, heated by great stinking fires fed with carbon-based whale bits.) We are lectured that "our addiction to what has replaced whale oil—petroleum—has contributed to global warming and sea-level rise." But such discordant commercial interruptions for politics are rare, simply because *Moby-Dick* is so much deeper than all that. ♦

B&A

White House Objects

Things that make a home in the president's house.

BY BRUCE COLE

As British troops reached Washington on August 24, 1814, Dolley Madison was emptying the President's House. As she packed up the silver and drapery, the object she most wanted to rescue was causing trouble: Gilbert Stuart's full-length portrait of George Washington. So firmly was this fastened to the wall that the White House doorkeeper and gardener had to chop its frame to pieces before it could be ingloriously carted away to safety.

Something of Splendor
Decorative Arts from the White House
Renwick Gallery
Through May 6

Not long afterward, the British arrived. They found the house deserted but the table still set for President Madison's meal. This they ate before pilfering some small objects—including a sword, a shirt, and a chair cushion which (as a British admiral later wrote) would remind him of Mrs. Madison's seat. The dinner over, they burned the house and all its important furnishings, but its prize possession, the iconic portrait of Washington, had escaped their clutches.

Mrs. Madison insisted on saving the portrait above other objects in the residence because it was something entirely new in the world, something essential for the fledgling nation's success: a striking image that not only depicted the first president but, more important, the presidency itself. This was not an easy task for Gilbert Stuart. There were many archetypes of rulers—of kings and emperors and princes—but none of these would do. What was needed was the image of a citizen elected by his equals, not the trappings of inherited aristocracy. To create this from scratch was a daunting challenge. And Stuart's solution was brilliant: He depicts Washington as an aged, unidealized civilian wearing a plain suit bereft of rank or insignia. Set amidst classical columns with the founding documents of the new United States before him, and a rainbow behind, he is not a king or prince but the First Citizen, an American *primus inter pares*.

While they sought to define the institution of the presidency, Americans also grappled with the idea of the official residence of the presidents. As in the Gilbert Stuart portrait, there could be no hint of the monarchy that they had just jettisoned, so a palace or other large, sumptuous building was out of the question. What was needed was something more than a private residence, something substantial, ample—but still fitting for the home of a democratically elected leader. When, in 1800,

Bruce Cole, who served as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities during 2001-09, is a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute.

John Adams moved into the nearly completed house, he found a handsome structure, impressive and appropriate in its well-proportioned neoclassical style, a place where both presidents and citizens could feel equally welcome. An edifice owned not by the president but loaned to him by the people of the United States.

The White House, or "executive mansion" as it was known until the 20th century, was for most of its history a familial dwelling, continually expanded, reconstructed, and redecorated by its occupants as they sought, like many other citizens, to keep up-to-date. Some of the old furniture and decorations were kept, but occasionally they were auctioned off as used goods. In the late 19th century some attempts were made to return the White House to the style of its earliest years, but there was no systematic plan for a historical reconstruction until the Kennedy administration.

It was Jackie Kennedy who famously transformed the public rooms of the house into a museum and art gallery by the acquisition, through purchase and gifts, of furnishings and paintings that were exemplary objects of their type but rarely belonged to the first families.

A selection of these and other treasures from the White House collection is on display at Washington's Renwick Gallery, a museum that, perhaps because it devoted itself to the hard-to-politicize decorative arts, has been mercifully free of the postmodern revisionist history of some of its larger Smithsonian brethren. The Renwick, just across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House, has elegantly displayed and explained these objects, which are of interest both as decorative arts and for their historical associations with the presidents. And happily, with few exceptions, they and their families acquired objects of unusually high quality.

The earliest article is a scrap of wallpaper from the "drawing room," one of the few things to survive the 1814 fire. It, too, was saved by Dolley Madison, who gave it to Mary Latrobe, wife of Benjamin Latrobe, the architect who worked closely with the Madisons on the White House interior. The task of refurnishing the building (after it was rebuilt in 1817) fell to Madison's successor, James Monroe, who spent copiously, justifying his purchases by writing that "the furniture in its kind and extent is thought to be an object not less deserving attention than the building for which it is intended." (As George Washington's ambassador to France, Monroe was familiar with the classically inspired French Regency style purchased to refurbish the empty White House.)

Jackie Kennedy, Charles Collingwood beneath Gilbert Stuart's George Washington (1962)

GETTY IMAGES

The high standard set by Monroe is demonstrated in the exhibition's silver, furniture, and especially in the dining-room table plateau, a fantastic 14-foot-long centerpiece of mirrors and bronze ornaments, still in use today and one of the most famous objects in the White House collection. And while we don't necessarily associate Andrew Jackson with this sort of rarefied taste, on display as well are the elegant coffeepots and creamers (each engraved with "The President's House") that formed part of a 464-piece second-hand silver service which Old Hickory bought from proceeds of an auction of old furniture. Even though acquired with these funds, members of Congress still objected to the lavish purchase—not the last time that presidents and Capitol Hill faced off over how much money was being spent on the White House.

Some of the most expensive and extensive changes came during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, who approached the task with his customary energy. He hired the firm of McKim, Mead, & White, whose major transformations included the State Dining Room, which was fitted out in a faux baronial manner complete with wooden paneling, elaborate furniture, and stuffed animal heads festooning the walls. But presidents did not always rule the roost. A number of items demonstrate the important role of the first ladies, including a hand-made coverlet by Grace Coolidge, a table from Eleanor Roosevelt's Val-Kill furniture shop (which the catalogue calls an "early precursor" to the WPA), and a number of acquisitions from the Kennedy era.

Each object tells its own story about the various tenants of the White House. And because they were part of the everyday fabric of life—touched, admired, and used by their owners—they give us a rare and immediate connection with domestic life at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. ♦

B&A

Agency Life

The slightly scandalous memoir of a business pioneer.

BY MYRNA BLYTH

An appropriate accompaniment to this season's return of *Mad Men* is Jane Maas's entertaining and rueful memoir of what it was like to be an advertising woman in the 1960s and '70s. Maas, a star copywriter who became a creative director and president of an agency, is best known for being the "mother" of the successful "I Love New York" campaign. And yes, Maas was indeed as pert and hardworking as *Mad Men*'s ambitious Peggy Olson, although she arrived at her Ogilvy & Mather copywriting job with a degree from Bucknell, where a good pal was Philip Roth, as well as a master's degree from Cornell. Maas also, unlike the single Peggy, was married with an extremely supportive husband, rare for the time, two daughters, and a devoted live-in housekeeper who she acknowledges was as important to her career success as her own considerable talent and drive.

Maas says that, nowadays, she is often asked if there really was that much smoking, drinking, and sex in the office as depicted on *Mad Men*. And the way she remembers it, there really was. A two-cigarettes-before-breakfast smoker, she recalls the overflowing ashtrays at every meeting and the 10 difficult years it took her to quit. There were also those typical "21" and Four Seasons lunches that started with martinis and ended with stingers. Her friend, the advertising legend Jerry Della Femina, explained that ad executives could drink that much because everyone (including clients) drank as much, so there was a level playing field.

Mad Women
The Other Side of Life on Madison Avenue in the '60s and Beyond
by Jane Maas
Thomas Dunne, 272 pp., $24.99

And as for sex, she relates a battery of anecdotes, including: the Ogilvy & Mather annual booze-filled boat ride from which it was said no virgin returned with her virginity intact; the Young & Rubicam Lothario who systematically worked his way through the typing pool; and the Dancer Fitzgerald Sample account man who used Al Goldstein's *Screw* to find a willing "date" for his out-of-town client. And in comparing how much sex there was at each well-known agency, she writes, "There wasn't much sex at JWT [J. Walter Thompson] because most of the offices didn't have doors. This was supposedly by order of Mrs. Resor [the CEO's wife] who had been a copywriter and knew what went on at agencies."

But Maas's main subject is what life was like for working women in those days when it was "a different century, a different world." She writes: "Creative director and novelist Anne Tolstoi Wallach applied for a writer's job at *Time* magazine in the late 1950s. She was told that only men worked as writers; women worked as researchers. 'I didn't feel that was discriminatory at all. That was the way things were.' She decided to go into advertising instead."

But advertising was only somewhat better. In meetings with new clients, Maas, even when she was a vice president, was sometimes mistaken for a secretary. Extremely capable women were paid less than men. "A woman copywriter at Ogilvy discovered she was making a lot less than a colleague," Maas writes. "She complained to her boss, who reacted with surprise: 'But he's a *man* with a wife and kids to support.' 'I accepted the explanation as entirely plausible,' she said, 'and I didn't ask again.'"

And when it came to sexual harassment—well, that was a problem a woman dealt with by herself without consulting HR or calling Gloria Allred. Maas once went to David Ogilvy when she was being relentlessly pursued by her boss, but only told the agency head she wanted to work for someone else "to broaden [her] horizons." Ogilvy got the message and she was transferred, but the boss stayed in his executive position. Still, Maas notes that what might be termed sexual harassment could benefit women as well: "During one brief period while I was at Ogilvy, five of the top men at the agency were involved in extracurricular affairs, and left their wives." Three of the "other" women worked at the agency, the fourth appeared in a commercial, and the fifth was a client. Four of the couples married and three marriages worked out.

"Not a bad percentage," Maas comments.

It was also the time when "working mother" was considered an oxymoron, at least for most middle-class women. Being pregnant in the office caused embarrassment rather than excitement, and a new mother was expected to return to work only a couple of weeks after giving birth. Maas, who never wanted to be a stay-at-home mom, admits she always loved working and felt lucky, even privileged, to have an interesting career. She writes in the book's first pages, "My priorities [were] job first, husband second, children third."

You may wonder how her now-grown daughters feel about this. One, Maas says, quietly resents the hours she put in; the other considers her mother a heroine. ♦

Myrna Blyth, former editor in chief of Ladies' Home Journal*, is editor in chief of ThirdAge.com.*

"During his Google+ hangout Pres. Obama tells a woman that her husband shouldn't be unemployed from the growth he has seen in the economy. Obama said he finds it 'interesting' because he is getting 'the word' that someone in her husband's job field 'should be able to find something right away.' Obama offered to do something if she would just send him her husband's resume."

—RealClearPolitics, January 30, 2012

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Obama reduces unemployment ranks 'one resume at a time'

CAREER-BUILDER-IN-CHIEF

President finds work for union delegates, bundlers, exotic dancers

BY DAVID A. FAHRENTHOLD

Hopefuls line up at the new White House Job Annex to file paperwork.

Ever since he offered to look at an engineer's resume, President Obama has been inundated with tens of thousands of CVs, all of which he promised to look through in the hopes of reducing the nation's unemployment. The president said that due to the intransigence of Congress, he had no other choice but to find work for each and every jobless American "one resume at a time." According to White House Press Secretary Jay Carney, Obama reviews anywhere between one and three applicants each day and plans on getting through at least one hundred resumes by Election Day.

Thus far, the president's success at job placement has been middling. "On the one hand," Obama explained, "it's easy to find work for, say, a union enforcer—someone who wants to make sure members obey the rules and vote the right way. On the other hand, someone like a petroleum engineer, despite his credentials, probably won't find immediate employment—there's not much to drill around here, I guess."

During a press conference, the president showed reporters a five-foot stack of resumes, removing two as an example. "Let's take this one here from a fellow named Jon who lives in New Jersey. Wow, does this guy have credentials—a longtime investment banker and former civil servant. But for whatever reason, no banks seem to want him to handle their money. But the DNC has been looking for a bundler for some time and Jon may be a good fit." The second resume belonged to a girl named Summer Breeze. "What a lovely name," said the president. "Summer says she likes to dance and is willing to bend over backward to

POLES CONTINUED ON A12

Gingrich calls Romney 'Marxist, Stalinist, bloodthirsty'

Romney calls Gingrich 'disingenuous, selfish, fat'

the weekly Standard
FEBRUARY 13, 2012

AP PHOTO / RICK BOWMER; WEEKLY STANDARD ILLUSTRATION