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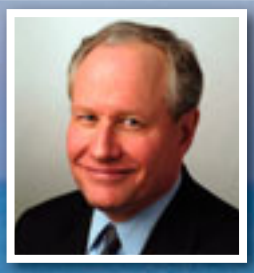

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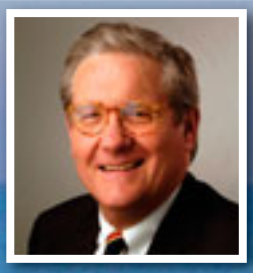

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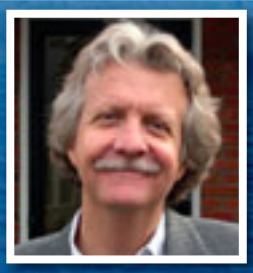

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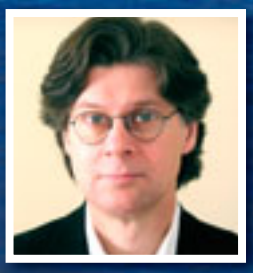

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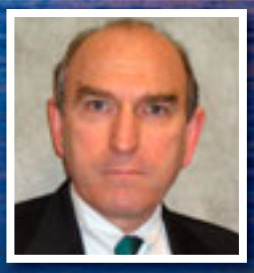

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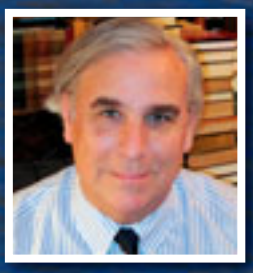

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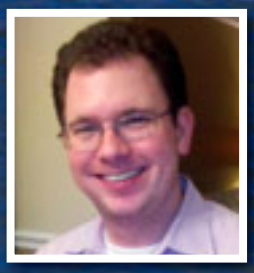

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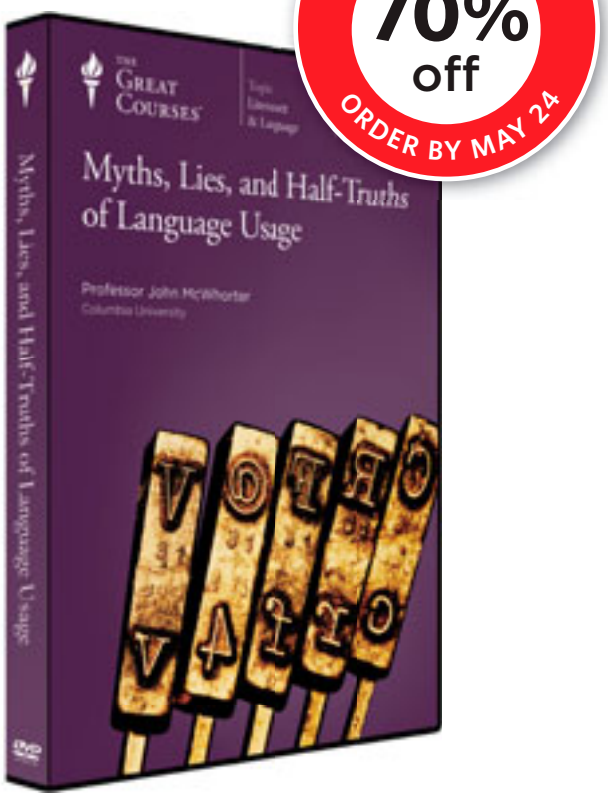

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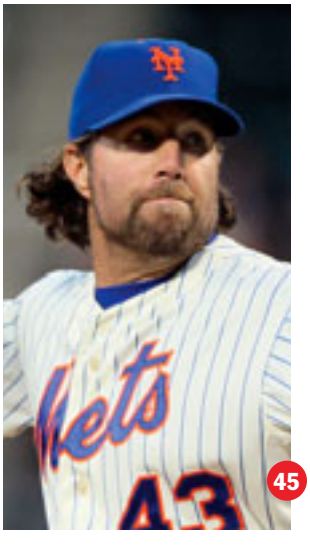

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COVER BY THOMAS FLUHARTY

Julia's America

Gullible voters are supposed to get all wound up about the GOP "war on women," but it seems to us that the Democratic stance that women are helpless creatures who must be coddled by an all-consuming government is far more pernicious. If you think that's an unfair characterization of Democrats, we kindly direct you to the Obama campaign website, where you can take a gander at an interactive slide show, "The Life of Julia."

Ostensibly, it's an examination of "How President Obama's policies help one woman over her lifetime—and how Mitt Romney would change her story." For those of you who haven't seen it, imagine Obama's social policies explained in paper doll form for idiots. It's almost literally a cradle-to-grave vision of how a woman's life would be totally unmanageable without the aid of government. Starting with, well, Head Start, on through high school, college, work, childbirth, and retirement, Julia is sheltered from life's slings and arrows by the intervention of allegedly omnicompetent and benevolent federal bureaucrats.

Meanwhile, Mitt Romney is portrayed as Snidely Whiplash, tying Julia to the railroad tracks. Did you know that Mitt Romney would repeal "health care reform so insurance companies could go back to charging women 50 percent more than men"? Neither did we.

As a matter of politics, this strikes The Scrapbook as both tone deaf to real problems and condescending to women. Not to mention being a caricature of liberalism: "After years of contributing to Social Security, [Julia] receives monthly benefits that help her retire comfortably, without worrying that she'll run out of savings. This allows her to volunteer at a community garden."

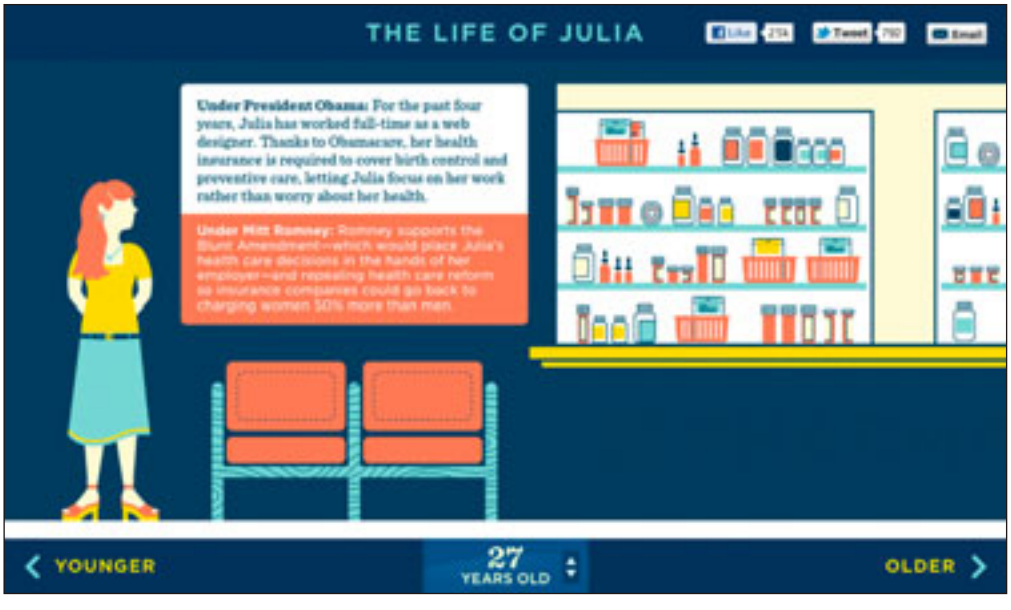
Seriously? We're supposed to delight in younger workers' toiling and sweating to bankroll an actuarial blackhole so Julia can volunteer in a community garden? The reality is that without Social Security reform, which Obama has steadfastly avoided, Julia will see Social Security benefits that help her "retire comfortably" about the time hell becomes a skating rink for disadvantaged youth.

Then there's the total obliviousness as to what this says about the Obama campaign's conception of their hero and the federal government he presides over. *Reason* magazine's Peter Suderman aptly compared the Obama ad to that treacly "Footprints" poem:

One night Julia dreamed she was walking along the beach with the POTUS.
Many scenes from her life flashed across the sky.
In each scene, she noticed footprints in the sand.
Sometimes there were two sets of footprints.
Other times she only saw one set of footprints.
This bothered Julia because she noticed that during the low points of her life, when she was suffering
from underemployment, student loan debt, and excessively high insurance copays,
she could only see one set of footprints.

You know the rest—Obama was chivalrous enough to carry Julia through the tough times. But we think a sensible voter is aware that, unlike the original subject of that poem, Obama is not omnipotent, nor does he possess unlimited beneficence. As such, we're inclined to think women might be aware of the risks that dependency on these policies pose for their welfare and that of their children. (In case you were wondering, no husband or any other sort of partner besides the federal government makes an appearance in the life of Julia.)

The Obama campaign, on the other hand, seems to think that women are easily snowed by brightly colored PowerPoint



The Obama campaign's 'Life of Julia,' not to be confused with the life of Riley

presentations. If the Obama team wants to continue to patronize women like this, we'll see how well that works out for them in November. ♦

Al Qaeda ♥ Olbermann

The Scrapbook, in a channel-surfing mood, stumbled upon one of those Washington chat shows, *This Week with George Stephanopoulos*, the other day. There was George, the ex-Clinton confidant, with his flawlessly tousled hair; and there was the other George, Will, wearing his wire-rimmed spectacles; and there was Keith Olbermann. Which, The Scrapbook confesses, shook us out of our morning torpor.

Now, The Scrapbook has no expectations about the major news networks, and takes some small comfort in the presence of people like George Will and Peggy Noonan on the George Stephanopoulos gabfest. But Keith Olbermann? Even by the standards of opinion journalism, Olbermann, late of MSNBC and Al Gore's Current TV, is not so much a "broadcast journalist" as a televised rage machine, specializing in cooked numbers, doctored video, relentless name-calling—and a manner and delivery that suggests internal disturbances.

How inappropriate is Keith Olbermann for a seat on George Stephanopoulos's panel? Well, both MSNBC and Al Gore's Current TV have divested themselves of Olbermann's services, not because of his hard-left views or embarrassing obsessions, but because of ethical lapses, petulant on-air behavior, and a habit of picking public fights with his employers.

Which suggests to The Scrapbook that there may, in fact, be a place in the media universe for Olbermann's services—and we're not the only ones to think so. In recently declassified messages between the late Osama bin Laden and his American-born "media adviser," Adam Gadahn, we find the two speculating about how best to get the al Qaeda message across. CBS is "close to being unbiased," suggests Osama helpfully, but Gadahn reminds him that the major networks employ "cunning methods" to mislead Muslims, although ABC is "all right." CNN is too close to the government, Gadahn believes, but potential outlets for al Qaeda's viewpoint do exist: Robert Fisk of London's *Independent* and Al Jazeera, for example. And Keith Olbermann.

"I used to think that [the] MSNBC channel may be good and neutral a bit," Gadahn complains to Osama, "but it has lately fired . . . Keith Olbermann."

Indeed, The Scrapbook has no doubt that Adam Gadahn and his patron Osama bin Laden savored the tone and tenor of MSNBC; how could it be otherwise? Nor are we surprised to learn that, among all of MSNBC's various on-air personalities, Keith Olbermann should strike Osama bin Laden and his sidekick as the fairest and most appealing.

In the end, the two terrorists decided that it was probably best to deliver their message far and wide, distributing material to as many outlets as possible, "so that there will be healthy competition between the channels in broadcasting the material. . . . It should be sent . . . to ABC, CBS, NBC, and CNN and maybe PBS and VOA."

To which was added an ominous postscript, one which could just as easily have been pronounced by Keith Olbermann: "As for Fox News, let her die in her anger." ♦

Warren Remembrance

When Harvard law professor Elizabeth Warren began running for the Senate in Massachusetts, The Scrapbook surmised it was only a matter of time before she started to get the comeuppance she deserved. Being a liberal darling means a lot of fawning press—the actual headline of her *New York Times* magazine profile was "Heaven Is a Place Called Elizabeth Warren"—but a candidate who has grown accustomed to fawning reporters will often be caught flat-footed when she first encounters a fusillade of opposition research.

Elizabeth Warren

The *Boston Herald* recently reported that Harvard had publicly touted Warren's heretofore unknown Native-American heritage in the 1990s, when the school came under fire for not having a minority female professor at the law school. Warren claimed she had no recollection of this, but also countered that "family lore" had it that she was of Cherokee and Delaware Indian descent, and that she had never personally benefited from any claims of minority status.

It was then pointed out that she had listed herself in academic directories as being Native American, which would suggest she was at least trying to trade on her alleged ethnicity. Warren asserted that she listed herself as Native American "because I thought I might be invited to meetings where I might meet more people who had grown up like I had grown up." Warren's "family lore," by the way, suggests she's at most 3.125 percent Cherokee.

And speaking of Elizabeth Warren's upbringing, this is not the first bit of seemingly fanciful biography. In the *New York Post*, the *Boston Herald*'s Howie Carr also noted:

> When the campaign began, the *Boston Globe* saluted Warren for her "rise from poverty" as a child in Oklahoma City. Since then, as the truth has trickled out, the narrative has evolved. Goodbye poverty, hello to "the jagged edge of the middle class." . . . By 1965, Elizabeth's family had three cars, including a white MG that the hard-scrabble Native American drove daily to her tony high school. Still, the *Globe* insisted, the MG was "beat up."

The deafening silence about Warren's revelations from the progressive left speaks volumes. Conservatives have long pointed out that academia's multicultural mania undermines real notions of equality and merit. For them the revelations about Warren only confirm what they already knew about ivory tower chicanery. If you truly believe racial preference policies are necessary to help struggling minority students and professors, wouldn't a liberal, middle-class, white person exploiting these policies to get a leg-up at America's most elite academic institution be the worst sort of betrayal? So far, though, Warren's supporters are not disheartened. Elizabeth Warren still is a candidate for the Senate, and for the left, wielding power has always been more important than noticing the glaring flaws of their paladins. ♦

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Shop Talk

I was never in any danger of succumbing to golf. As a teenager, I worked three summers looping at a local country club and spent a lot of time around the game. I understood its appeal: the satisfaction of precise physical motion, the thrill of hunting for new and better equipment, the quiet and solitary beauty of the fairways. But it didn't touch me in the deep place that causes people to fall in love.

And so that little corner of my life—the one men reserve for useless, addictive hobbies—sat empty.

About a year ago I started looking for a piece of furniture, a small cabinet to house electronics. It was a simple piece, but I had very precise spatial requirements. I needed my cabinet to be 45″ x 22″ x 18″. After three months searching, I couldn't find anything that worked.

One afternoon I mentioned this annoyance to my neighbor, Jim. He looked at me the way a professor might look at a particularly daft student and asked, "Why don't you just make one?"

Which is how it started.

Jim held my hand through that first project. He sketched out the schematics for the design and went with me to Home Depot to pick out the wood and hardware. He set me up in his workshop and walked me through the construction, showing me how to make miter cuts and use a nail punch. We built the piece in maybe six hours.

Jim could have done it in 45 minutes—that's how simple the design was. But in addition to being on the steep end of the learning curve, I took my time in the shop because I enjoyed it so much. Everyone knows the old saw about measuring twice and cutting once. I measured six times, sometimes seven—not because I was getting it wrong, but because I liked seeing how right I was. Each additional confirmation was a little metaphysical gold star: proof that there are absolutes in life and that these truths are knowable through reason alone.

DAVID CLARK

After the cabinet was built, I spent two weeks finishing it: staining the wood, sanding it with steel wool, rubbing it with tung oil. The finished product wasn't spectacular—you wouldn't mistake it for anything from the Restoration Hardware catalog. But neither would you immediately assume that it hadn't come from a store.

I was proud of the cabinet for a week. Or vainglorious. Take your pick. When I recounted the story of my triumph over nature—and I told it more than twice—I was a latter-day Hephaestus. But the pride was soon displaced by an itch. I wanted to do it again.

Project number two was even simpler: a wall-mounted bookcase for holding DVDs. I started this one by cribbing a design from a do-it-yourself website. But the itch wouldn't go away. I found myself doodling schematics any time I had a spare piece of paper. And I started fixating on aspects of my little cabinet that suddenly seemed shabby.

My ambitions grew. The new piece would have dovetailed corners along the main structure, and the interior joints would be accomplished with pocket holes. I considered mixing woods, using both oak and pine. I spent hours researching gluing techniques and the merits of coarse versus fine threads for screws in mixed-wood projects. (All for naught, as it turned out. I settled on using aspen, a nice middle of the road wood, throughout.)

And now the project list is growing. Next up is a mudroom organizer with a bench, shoe-cubbies, and coat hooks. After that, a low-rise bookshelf with an adjustable saw tooth shelf-system. Then a coffee table. Then a library cart. Then a farmhouse bed.

Recently a friend, another writer nursing the same addiction, started passing me magazines. *Building Furniture*, *Fine Woodworking's 2012 Tool Guide*, you know the sort. I smuggle them into the house inside my computer bag and keep them hidden in my sock drawer. Once or twice a day, when I'm alone, I'll pull them out and leaf through them, drooling over rabbets and dados, box joints and band saws.

I read them for the articles. (My favorite essay is "How many routers do you need?" The answer, obviously, is three. At least.)

But the pictures aren't bad, either.

Jonathan V. Last

the weekly Standard

Let Romney Be Romney

No whining. No nagging. No teeth-gnashing. These are our springtime resolutions here at The Weekly Standard, at the beginning of the six-month general election campaign to select the next president of the United States.

Let's stipulate once and for all that Mitt Romney isn't a perfect candidate, that he'll have trouble connecting with some voters, and that he'll at times fall short of compellingly articulating a reformist conservative agenda for the 21st century. We'll further stipulate once and for all that the Romney campaign will be at times annoyingly ham-handed, at other times exasperatingly short-sighted, and will prove in general only imperfectly capable of presenting Romney to the American people as the right man for the job. And we'll additionally stipulate that some Romney supporters will say silly things, that some Romney surrogates will make unconvincing arguments, that various elements of the Republican party will sometimes behave stupidly, and that even some conservatives will say embarrassing things as well.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Mitt Romney

AP IMAGES; NEWSCOM

It will all be water off our duck-like back here at The Weekly Standard. We won't worry about it, and we'll try not even to notice it, since there's not much we can do about it. And the good news is that, at the end of the day, it will probably all be water off the voters' backs too. Mitt Romney will be the kind of candidate he is, he'll run the kind of campaign he runs—and he'll probably defeat President Obama.

Indeed, he probably has a better chance to win if he relaxes and runs as . . . himself. Most candidates aren't very good at trying to be what they're not. In 1996, Bob Dole said he'd try to sound like Ronald Reagan if that's what people wanted. He picked Jack Kemp as a running mate to try to spice up the ticket and embraced a tax plan he didn't really believe in and couldn't explain. It didn't work.

In 2004, John Kerry, who had voted for the Iraq war for political reasons, overdid his attacks on the Bush administration to try to compensate. He sought preemptively to neutralize concerns over liberal dovishness by "reporting for duty" at the Democratic convention, which opened the door to the Swift Boat veterans and reminders of his antiwar testimony to Congress in 1971. He lost.

Mitt Romney is an intelligent, hardworking, pragmatic problem-solver with a conservative disposition. He might as well present himself that way. It will be easier than any alternative self-presentation, and has the added advantage that it's probably what a majority of the country wants right now. So we say to our fellow conservatives: Let Romney be Romney.

And we say to the Romney campaign: Let us conservatives be conservatives. We won't whine or gnash our teeth over the candidate's shortcomings. In return, we shouldn't be whined at or hear teeth-gnashing as we articulate our more ambitious, further-reaching, and more thorough-going agenda for taking on the liberal status quo on behalf of the grand cause of limited and constitutional self-government.

As for Romney, conservatives might think of him as progressives did Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1932. FDR was also, like Romney, an intelligent, hardworking, pragmatic problem-solving governor. In FDR's case, he was a pragmatist with a liberal disposition.

That's why "movement" progressives, bold reformers, and serious critics of the status quo in 1932 longed not for FDR but for the second coming of Woodrow Wilson. Wilson's two terms as president, they thought, had begun to move America into the modern era, and progressives wanted another kindred spirit to continue the job. Similarly, conservatives in 2012 longed for another movement conservative to continue the work President Reagan began.

The progressives didn't get another Wilson, and we're not getting another Reagan. But the progressives had so taken over the commanding intellectual and political heights of the Democratic party, and had so effectively developed an across-the-board agenda for the country, that they didn't really need another Wilson. The pragmatic Roosevelt ended up presiding over the next stage of pro-

gressivism. Progressives were at times frustrated by FDR's circuitous pursuit of the liberal agenda while in office. But FDR became an even more consequential liberal president than Wilson.

We understand that 2012 isn't 1932, and that Romney isn't Roosevelt. For one thing, FDR had in fact been a Wilsonian, while Romney wasn't a Reaganite. It's also the case that the waves of progressivism somehow seemed to be helped along by the currents of history, whereas the next wave of conservative reform will have to battle various forces of history.

Still, reality is conservative, so that's an advantage for conservatives. And the Republican party has lots of impressive reformers—ranging from Mitch Daniels to Chris Christie to Bob McDonnell to Susana Martinez in statehouses, from Marco Rubio to Kelly Ayotte to Paul Ryan and many others in Congress—who can help Romney and conservatism along.

Romney could be to Reagan as—*mutatis mutandis*—FDR was to Wilson. But only if conservatives outside the Romney campaign can be as successful—intellectually and politically—as our progressive forebears were, both in making our case to the American people in 2012, and in governing in 2013.

So let Romney be Romney. Let conservatives be conservative. And let freedom ring!

—*William Kristol*

Obama's Way of War

Is Barack Obama a warrior president? Not in the British tradition, of course, which gave us Winston Churchill, with his crazy cavalry charge against Sudanese spears, or the more cerebral Harold Macmillan, shot to pieces in World War I, lying in the blood and the mud reading Aeschylus. Obama is a post-Vietnam president: He walks in the footsteps of Bill Clinton and George W. Bush, who took different paths away from the jungles of Southeast Asia but later sent Americans into harm's way in foreign wars. He is—if we are to believe his campaign ads, his vice president, and a recent breathless encomium in the *New York Times*—a commander in chief more in line with "Teddy Roosevelt than Jimmy Carter." He is a "gutsy" guy, who has "embraced SEAL Team 6 rather than Code Pink."

Politically, it's common and fair for an American president seeking reelection to accentuate his manly qualities. Most Democrats to the right of the editors at *Mother Jones*—and that is still most Democrats—don't want to elect a wimp. Modern democracies understandably don't demand that their leaders come from military backgrounds, let alone have shown valor in battle. So we use a different standard to assess their martial toughness. President Obama, his minions, and his admirers have loudly told us he stakes his claim on two accomplishments: the raid to kill Osama bin Laden and the aggressive use of drones against jihadists. So let's look.

The last two presidents, in fact, have used Predators to kill our enemies. For going after Muslim holy warriors in geographically challenging regions of the Greater Middle East, remote-controlled aircraft are militarily and politically safer and more economical than sending in special-operations teams. Early on, the Bush administration accelerated the development of drones because they were an immediately useful part of Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld's technology-driven transformation of the armed forces. Still, for the Bush administration to trumpet Predators as a sign of the president's warrior ethos would have seemed surreal, given his invasions of Iraq and Afghanistan. It also would have appeared unseemly, when Rumsfeld's high-tech doctrine fared poorly against insurgencies that demanded more troops than the secretary had deemed necessary.

In theory, killer drones are almost a liberal's fighting dream-machine: no dead Americans (unless they are the targets), no captured U.S. soldiers, no wounded to transport home, no crashing helicopters, a minimum of soul-tormenting reflection, no blood or gore on TV or in print, and limited collateral damage. Perhaps best of all, because of drones' stealth, cooperating Muslim governments can deny their complicity with the infidel superpower. True, some leftists have risen to question the ethics of drone use (if terrorism should be treated as a crime, which is sometimes the view of the Obama administration, then killing folks without trial or judicial review, remotely and clandestinely, is wrong). But most American liberals have approved or kept their reservations quiet. Killing jihadists overseas is apparently more moral than putting them alive into Guantánamo Bay.

If we look down the road, Predators will likely be an essential part of the foreign policy of any liberal president ambivalent about the use of American power. Given President Obama's near-total silence about the impending sequestration of nearly $600 billion in military spending because of a budget impasse (half the cuts will come from defense, which accounts for less than one-quarter of the budget) on top of the $800 billion already axed, the president obviously sees spending on defense as less necessary to the nation's health than maintaining the entitlement status quo and implementing Obamacare. Drones sustain the illusion that you can do more with less, that jihadists and their organizations can be sufficiently neutralized without contemplating more troops or aerial bombardments.

As Max Boot has pointed out, the president's eager use

of drones and the raid on Abbottabad have actually allowed Obama's inner dove to come out. A strong preference for massive welfare-state spending aside, slashing defense spending is one sure and lasting way to militarily neuter the United States. Like many liberals under the age of 60, President Obama has a problem with American hegemony—the idea that American military power is essential and decisive in keeping malevolent ideologies and states at bay. Where downing an aggressive fascist dictator with a proven hunger for weapons of mass destruction and long-standing relationships with terrorists seemed sensible to senators Hillary Clinton and Joseph Biden in 2003, a certain Illinois state senator knew better. President Obama's profound foreign-policy "caution" is rooted in a common, if not sacrosanct, historical understanding of post-Vietnam liberalism: that America is more likely to do harm than good when it intervenes in the Third World.

With drone attacks and bin Laden's death for backdrop, the president seems to think—and he may be right—that he can disengage the United States from the Greater Middle East without political risk. Afghanistan's non-Pashtun minorities know that an American withdrawal on the president's schedule will unleash civil war that will likely bring the Taliban and their many jihadist allies back to the gates of Kabul. Tajiks, Uzbeks, and Hazara are already envisioning the new Afghan Army's crackup into its component parts. In 1990 it was impossible to argue in Washington that America should remain engaged in Afghanistan (in the CIA, you could have counted on one hand the folks who didn't snore when Afghan-related intelligence crossed their desks). Americans were tired of the Cold War. It's a delicious irony that many on the left who after 9/11 underscored George H.W. Bush's failure to pay attention to Afghanistan when the Soviet Union retreated now 23 years later worry little about U.S. withdrawal.

A warrior president? No, a dove with drones.

AP IMAGES / CHARLES DHARAPAK

On the left and right, Muslim-fatigue has set in. The conflict is too costly in dollars and manpower, the viability of non-Taliban Afghan power requires too much American support, and the American people, our elected representatives plead in private, just want out, consequences be damned. The Republican-controlled Congress has so far approved the enormous reduction in military spending that will likely create a downward spiral difficult to stop. Many Republican members would rather not talk about the Muslim Middle East, just as our forefathers once avoided talking about leprosy. Eleven years after 9/11, George F. Will, once a peerless supporter of a strong military and both Iraq wars, sees massive defense cuts as a good thing if they limit "America's ability to engage in troop-intensive nation-building." Muscular Wilsonian liberals and neoconservatism have become as injurious to the nation's health as socialized medicine.

In great part, the president, his Predators, and the raid on Abbottabad loom large because Republicans have become so small. The world that George W. Bush gave them they cannot handle. The second Iraq war is probably the single greatest catalyst behind the Great Arab Revolt. In much the way that former national security advisers Brent Scowcroft and Zbigniew Brzezinski, twin beacons of American "realism," predicted, the war shocked the region. What had been seen as immovable autocracies became fragile regimes fearful and contemptuous of all the talk of democracy that poured forth from Westernized Arab expatriates, disenchanted youth, and Islamists. The Iraq war provocatively and irrepressibly introduced the discussion of popular government into the region: "democracy through the barrel of a gun," as antiwar Westerners and Arabs put it. For those Westerners who had eyes to see, knew Arabic, and kept an open mind, the conversation was deafening. All that was needed was a spark. The self-immolating Tunisian Mohamed Bouazizi provided it.

The antiwar Democratic intelligentsia, which includes the president, has been wrong on just about everything in the Greater Middle East since 2001. It's impossible to read *The Next Attack: The Failure of the War on Terror and a Strategy for Getting it Right*, by Daniel Benjamin and Steven Simon, now senior administration officials and two of the best minds the Democrats have on counterterrorism, and not sigh. The 2005 book saw the Iraq war as our undoing. In a rush to judgment, Benjamin and Simon completely missed the developing conversation about representative government. They misapprehended the radical Islamic threat.

The Iraq war didn't unleash a tidal wave of Arab holy warriors against the United States or Europe. Mesopotamia is one of the foundational lands of Islam—for Shiites it's ground zero—yet the number of jihadists who went to fight the Americans in Iraq after 2003 was probably far less than the number who went to fight the Soviets in Afghanistan, a land on the periphery of the Arab imagination. The Soviet-Afghan war produced bin Laden, the CEO of modern Islamic terrorism. More important, it created the legend

that proud, death-defying holy warriors could take down a superpower. Contrary to the fears of the American left, the Iraq war produced no great jihadist thinker. No myth of indomitable zeal. The best it produced was Abu Musab al Zarqawi, a ferocious beast who gave even bin Laden and his number two, Ayman al Zawahiri, heartburn because his methods did the impossible, creating widespread Sunni sympathy for Iraq's bombed and butchered Shiites. The Americans killed al Zarqawi, and no fundamentalist of note has immortalized him.

Republicans ought to be embracing the struggles in Afghanistan, Iraq, and all that came in their wake, not dreading them. President Obama has consistently been behind the curve on the Arab Spring. He has handled the rebellion in Syria abominably—though it should have been the easiest strategic decision of his presidency. Syria's long-suffering Sunni population finally revolted against a ruthless, terrorist-loving, Iran-supporting, heretical Shiite dictatorship—an amazing feat. Without the Alawite Arabs ruling in Damascus, the Islamic Republic of Iran has no reliable access to Hezbollah in Lebanon, the only faithful Arab offspring of Iran's revolution. Since even the Obama administration perhaps now realizes that the only sure solution to the Iranian nuclear problem is regime change in Tehran, each step toward that goal is important. Iran's losing Hezbollah to the Great Arab Revolt would be a significant blow to the mullahs, let alone a blessing to Lebanon's internal politics. The president has declared that Bashar al-Assad must go, but he has offered no real support to the opposition. The CIA exists for a reason.

Yet most Republicans are silent on Syria, or reinforce the president's position by adding their concern to the administration's calculated leaks about al Qaeda's presence in the Syrian opposition. News flash to Republicans: Al Qaeda will *always* try to plant itself in movements opposing the *anciens régimes* of the region. If it does not do so, it's finished among the Arabs. The rebellions against tyranny are enormously popular throughout the Middle East. Al Qaeda Central and its allied jihadist groups did not see the democratic wave coming. Bin Laden and al Zawahiri viewed democracy as a dismal, antireligious idea, but they weren't blind to its seductive power among the faithful. Al Qaeda is trying to play catch up where it can, improvising as it goes along. The longer and bloodier the Syrian rebellion, the greater the opportunity for al Qaeda and other radical groups to gain ground.

To counter the president's unfailingly self-indulgent take on the Middle East, Republicans ought to be at the forefront of thoughtfully critiquing Islamic militancy (admittedly a difficult task, given the Islamophobes within the party). They should not allow Obama to define the threat down to the latest victim of a CIA drone.

No one knows what Mitt Romney would have done a year ago if he'd received the information about bin Laden's possible presence in Abbottabad. In such situations, what-ifs are unanswerable, even for ex-presidents like Bill Clinton, who should know what it feels like to have made wrong decisions repeatedly about al Qaeda and the Taliban. President Obama deserves credit for breaking loose from the mindset common in Washington fearful of possibly rupturing U.S.-Pakistani relations.

But give establishmentarian opinion its due: The U.S.-Pakistan relationship still means something. A war is going on in Pakistan over national identity and what it means to be a Muslim in an artificial country. Indian officials sometimes remark that they have yet to see a single Indian Muslim outside of Kashmir join jihadist ranks. Hindu India has something that Pakistan lacks: a rich history and an optimistic future that native Muslims can peacefully claim for themselves. We don't want the wrong side to win in nuclear Pakistan, with catastrophic consequences for the United States. Pakistan offers a large pool of well-educated Muslim militants who could go global in their hatreds. Al Qaeda itself should be viewed as a Pakistani-Arab hybrid. The raid on Abbottabad has likely helped the internal debate in Pakistan, which is another reason why President Obama was right to strike.

Killing bin Laden was great; capturing and interrogating him would have been bolder and a much better decision given the irreplaceable intelligence-gathering opportunity. Declassifying and releasing all of the captured bin Laden files is a poor second choice, but it's one Republicans and Democrats in Congress should insist on. The most important counterterrorist questions, however, are much larger than any one man. They are strategic.

The Greater Middle East is in transition. We don't know where it's going. We need to pay close attention to the intellectual whirlpools that are developing throughout the region as democratic, Islamic, and other convulsive ideas collide. It's way too soon to be as cocky as this administration has become about the decline of al Qaeda and lethal Islamic militancy. The president and his followers may try to depict Obama as counterterrorist warrior par excellence. Republicans would be wise to point out that Jimmy Carter is the commander in chief who really did risk all to save American lives and honor (Abbottabad pales in comparison with Desert One, which one of the officers involved likened to the Alamo, except the Americans were trying "to get in, not out").

After doing so, Republicans, and especially Mitt Romney, might consider whether they, too, want to lead from behind. The defense budget needs to be saved. Everything starts with that. Then they need to realize that the Middle East will not be ignored while we pretend to transfer our concern and military muscle toward China. Across the region, which is in profound flux, the United States increasingly appears as a listless superpower. President Obama may think that shows appropriate and overdue disengagement. We fear it shows troubling and provocative weakness.

—Reuel Marc Gerecht

His Fulltime Job

Obama's shameless electioneering.

BY FRED BARNES

President Obama is breaking new ground in his campaign for reelection. He is going where incumbent presidents have never gone before. He is doing things for which President George W. Bush would have been pilloried. And Obama is doing all this in plain view.

Yet the media have rarely found the new ploys and gambits of Obama's campaign worth mentioning, much less spotlighting. For instance, in his address at the National Prayer Breakfast in February, Obama treated his agenda and Jesus Christ's as one and the same. Since the media didn't raise any flags, one might have concluded a comment such as Obama's was normal for that event. It wasn't.

Obama offered his own version of the WWJD question—what would Jesus do?—on the issue of raising taxes on the rich. Obama wants to, arguing that seniors, young people, and the middle class shouldn't be forced to "shoulder the burden alone."

Instead, "I think to myself, if I'm willing to give something up as somebody who's been extraordinarily blessed, and give up some of the tax breaks that I enjoy, I actually think that's going to make economic sense," he said. "But for me as a Christian, it also coincides with Jesus' teaching that 'for unto whom much is given, much shall be required.'"

Linking his tax plan to Jesus was anything but routine. Presidents have been speaking to the prayer breakfast, a Christian-sponsored event, since the 1950s. Their talks have tended to be mildly Christian, not at all political, and never exploited as a vehicle to claim Christ's endorsement of their policies.

Obama, however, got off without so much as a slap on the wrist from the press. There's a double standard here. Had Bush linked his tax policy to Christ, the media would have not only reported it, but no doubt assailed him for breaching the wall between church and state.

Obama, by the way, also said his plan to tax the rich "mirrors the Islamic belief that those who've been blessed have an obligation to use those blessings to help others, or the Jewish doctrine of moderation and consideration for others."

In April, speaking to newspaper editors in Washington, D.C., the president took a unique approach to the 2013 budget passed by the House. "I want to actually go through what it would mean for our country if these [spending] cuts were to be spread out evenly," he said. "So bear with me."

The editors and the media covering the speech did just that. From all appearances, they accepted the spread-the-cuts-evenly tactic as perfectly legitimate. It wasn't. It was neither honest nor fair.

The GOP budget, which would increase the national debt by $3 trillion over 10 years, distributed cuts quite unevenly. That's the way budgets are put together: Some programs are cut, others have their spending increased. In both cases, changes are imposed from a higher spending base, reflecting inflation

GARY LOCKE

Fred Barnes is executive editor of The Weekly Standard.

and expected growth in programs.

That didn't stop Obama. He insisted college students would lose $1,000 in aid, 1,600 medical grants to research Alzheimer's, cancer, and AIDS would disappear, and two million mothers and babies would be dropped from a program that "gives them access to healthy food."

That's not all. Weather forecasts would be less accurate because fewer satellites would be launched. There would be flight cancellations, plus shutdowns of air traffic control systems at some airports.

"This is math," Obama said. Only it wasn't. It was make-believe. "This is not conjecture," he said. "I am not exaggerating. These are facts." In truth, they were facts based on a false premise. Which means they were fiction.

Another departure by Obama began last September when he summoned a joint session of Congress to unveil his new "jobs bill." This has two twists. It was crafted to be rejected by Republicans in hopes of creating the impression of a "do-nothing Congress." To make sure Republicans wouldn't seek a compromise, Obama said he wouldn't negotiate. It was take it or leave it. The media barely blinked.

The president devoted weeks to traveling the country and demanding that Congress "pass this bill." Indeed, Majority Leader Harry Reid could have brought it to the Senate floor for a vote. And if Obama had wanted him to, he would have. But Obama's urgent-sounding plea was a sham. There was no vote, though several individual parts of the bill were passed later.

Obama has used similar fakery again and again. He's relentless in touting the Buffett Rule, despite zero chance of its passage. It would require those making more than a million dollars to pay at least 30 percent of their annual earnings in federal income taxes. He's threatened to veto a Republican bill to prevent a doubling of the interest rate on college loans on trumped-up grounds, hoping to tag them as opposed to the popular aid program.

And last month, the White House spread the word about its need for executive action to govern, as the *New York Times* put it, "in the face of Congressional obstructionism." This is a straw man. Obama is eager to create the illusion he's been forced to rely on executive orders because Republicans are blocking his agenda.

But it's the Senate, controlled by Democrats, that has become the graveyard of legislation. It has refused to pass a budget for the third straight year, and Reid has said he'll call as few votes as possible this year. Rather than a do-nothing Congress—in other words, Republicans—there's a do-nothing Senate, led by Democrats.

In running for reelection, Obama has already set records. As of March 6, he's held more fundraising events (104) than the previous five presidents combined (94). And I suspect Obama has set the record for blaming his predecessor for his own troubles. If he hasn't, there's still time. The election is six months away. ♦

Post-primary Mitt

Now he's auditioning for the top job.

BY MICHAEL WARREN

Chantilly, Va.

In a narrow warehouse in exurban Washington, D.C., a vinyl poster hangs behind seven folding chairs—an advertisement for the small business hosting this campaign event for Mitt Romney. The poster displays the company's name, Exhibit Edge, along with its slogan, "Intelligent Exhibiting," and its mission statement, typed in large capital letters:

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> BUSINESS
> UTILIZING OTHER
> WOMEN OWNED &
> DIVERSE
> BUSINESSES.

It's an intriguing backdrop for a Romney rally. And the poster is only one of many signs that the former Massachusetts governor, now the undisputed if unofficial Republican nominee for president, has "pivoted" to the general election.

Another is the location of the rally itself. Chantilly is in Northern Virginia, but far enough from Washington to be in the purplest part of what may be the purplest state in 2012. According to the RealClearPolitics poll average, Barack Obama currently leads Romney in Virginia by 3.2 points.

Sitting behind the space where Romney is to speak are more than 30 professionally clad women. Like Exhibit Edge CEO Bev Gray, all are small business owners. Shortly, the campaign's commander in the war for women, Ann Romney, will tell the crowd of over 100, almost as an afterthought, "It's a great country, and it's exciting to see what women can do."

Virginia governor and aspiring running mate Bob McDonnell isn't here (he's joining Romney in Portsmouth the next day), but local GOP congressman Frank Wolf, the moderate's moderate, shuffles out to introduce Romney and his wife.

Ann Romney introduces her husband in Chantilly, Va.

"I was telling the governor, a number of years ago, I traveled with his mom in a presidential election back in the sixties," the 73-year-old Wolf recounts. "His mom was a very nice person, somebody who believed in the investment of math, science, physics, and chemistry, and biology that will bring about an economic renaissance in this country. A renaissance to make sure that the 21st century is an American century and not a Chinese century." Wolf's introduction doesn't quite capture the ethos of the Tea Party, but this is the general election, after all.

Officially, the nomination will only become Romney's in late August on a stage in Tampa. Yet as the Romneys walk into the warehouse, in matching blue suits, the husband looks the part of president more than ever. When Romney appeared up the road in Fairfax last October, his jacket was off, his white shirtsleeves were rolled up, and his hair was carefully engineered to look a little messy.

But that was the primary, and this is now. Romney keeps his jacket on, his white shirt immaculately pressed, his hair perfectly combed. Nothing is out of place—not the blue tie, or the American flag lapel pin, or the salt-and-pepper sideburns. As he speaks to the audience, he furrows his brow to punctuate the real-world consequences of the Obama-era economy.

"It means people who thought they'd be retiring . . . can't retire and they still have to work," Romney says, shaking his head slightly. "It means grandparents who don't have enough money to buy gasoline to go see the grandkids anymore. It's vacations no longer planned. Movies not attended. It's meals that weren't as fancy as perhaps they were a few years ago."

He caps off the list with a ready-made applause line: "Americans are tired of being tired of this economy and this president, and they want real change."

Near the end of his speech, Romney hits his rhetorical stride when criticizing Obama's affinity for class warfare, though Romney doesn't use the term. "He's taken to attacking success. He's taken to dividing the American people. He's taken to finding these scapegoats for his own failures, finding some way to explain why it is that three and a half years into his presidency, this economy is still bumping along the bottom."

The friendliness of the crowd allows Romney a chance to let loose with a few cracks. As he's done before, he channels George Costanza from the sitcom *Seinfeld*. "People ask me, 'What would you do to get the economy going?' Well, I say, look at what the president's done and do the opposite,"

NEWSCOM

Michael Warren is a reporter at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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Romney says to big laughs. He also jabs both Obama and former president Jimmy Carter. Obama's, Romney says, is "the most anti-small-business administration I've seen probably since Carter. And who would have guessed we'd look back at the Carter years as the good old days, you know?" More big laughs.

But Romney is careful not to let the mirth get out of hand. He pauses for a moment when introducing his wife. "My sweetheart of, let's see, how many years?" The question elicits a few knowing groans and nervous laughter from the audience. "I know how many years we've been married!" Romney says, raising his voice just slightly. "We've been married 43 years, but we dated 4 years before that."

For most of the brief, 30-minute rally, the crowd sits or stands dutifully as Romney goes through the stump speech. On taxes, Obama's for raising them, Romney's for lowering them. On regulations, Obama's instituted more, Romney wants to roll them back. On education, Obama's for less choice, Romney's for more. But on energy, Romney employs another relatively well-delivered, droll joke:

> The president the other day said he's in favor of all of the above when it comes to energy. And I wondered how in the world he could say that given the fact that he put the moratorium on drilling in the gulf, we haven't been drilling in the outer continental shelf, we're not drilling in ANWR. The regulators have been trying to slow down the development of natural gas resources by trying to regulate fracking. And of course, the battle against coal that seems to be waged by this administration. So how could he say he's for all of the above? And then I realized what he must have been thinking, and that is he's for all the sources of energy that come from above the ground.

The applause is raucous, but Romney wants to make sure he's not misunderstood. "I actually like the stuff from above the ground and the stuff from below the ground, and we'll put Americans back to work as we take advantage of those resources," he says, as the laughter subsides. ♦

Doomsday for Maryland?

Martin O'Malley's budget failure.

BY KATE HAVARD

Annapolis

Minutes before midnight on April 9, the last day of Maryland's 90-day legislative session, the state budget suddenly and unceremoniously collapsed. The next morning, however, Gov. Martin O'Malley and the Democratic leaders of the Maryland house and senate signed a fallback budget that everybody agreed was what nobody wanted.

Maryland's Martin O'Malley

O'Malley, whose achievements as mayor of Baltimore have landed him on short-lists for the Democratic presidential nomination in 2016, indicated his frustration, telling reporters, "I think the people of our state have reason to expect more of our elected officials."

What the people of Maryland can reasonably expect now are budget cuts. While parts of a budget package passed that night, neither of the bills that included income tax and other revenue increases needed to fund the governor's budget made it to a vote in both chambers. And once the governor's proposal was dead, Maryland automatically reverted to a spending plan dubbed the "Doomsday Budget," which encompasses more than $500 million in cuts, almost $300 million of them from education. It will go into effect July 1 unless the legislature acts to replace it at a special session set for May 14.

O'Malley called the education cuts a "damn shame." The Doomsday Budget—so called precisely because it slashes the Democrats' top programs—was never intended to become reality. It was meant to be a prop in a legislative game of chicken that seriously backfired. Now, one question could come back to haunt the ambitious governor, whose aspirations tend toward the city a little south of Baltimore: If O'Malley can't keep a heavily Democratic state legislature in line, how could he possibly handle the U.S. Congress?

Martin O'Malley first shot to prominence in 1999, when he was elected mayor of Baltimore. O'Malley ran a single-issue campaign: He would fight crime in one of the most dangerous cities in America. To the people of Baltimore, who'd watched for years as bureaucrat after bureaucrat declared the city a lost

AP / STEVE RUARK

Kate Havard is a student at St. John's College.

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cause, O'Malley was a bright light. Young, handsome, energetic, and occasionally ruthless, he was part JFK and part Batman.

Two years before Barack Obama's keynote address to the Democratic National Convention, O'Malley was pushing hope and change. In 2002, with financing from the Baltimore Police Foundation, he launched the "Baltimore Believe" campaign, a massive media effort encouraging residents to take back their city from the drug culture. The message was not all warm and fuzzy. A four-minute television spot that aired on every channel showed prostitutes, drug addicts, and criminals in scenes of decay, interlaced with sad-eyed children and the howl of police sirens. It ended with a little girl going out to buy candy, shot dead in the street. The final voiceover had her brother saying: "I know there's a fire in me. Please don't let it go out." The word "Believe" flashes on the screen. The media went wild, the magazine profiles glowed, and O'Malley was touted in *Esquire* as "the best young mayor in America."

In the first summer of the campaign, drug treatment enrollment saw enormous gains. And 10 years later, Baltimore's murder rate is still lower than it was when O'Malley took office. As he noted himself in a recent *Baltimore Sun* op-ed, "for the first time in more than three decades, [the city] reduced homicides last year to fewer than 200. Drug overdose deaths have been driven down to all-time lows. Juvenile shootings have been driven down 70 percent since 2007."

Yet O'Malley's history as Baltimore's reformer is not without its problems. The city's population has sharply declined, and critics argue the reduction in crime is consistent with the smaller population. They also note that violent crime has dropped nationally, making Baltimore's improvements merely part of a national trend. According to the most recent FBI numbers, Baltimore had 34.8 murders per 100,000 people, the third-highest rate in the country.

As governor, O'Malley has enacted several laws that make him popular with the Democratic base, but he is nowhere near the iconoclastic figure he once was. As mayor, he didn't only take on crime. He fought Baltimore's entrenched, molasses-slow bureaucracy. Now, as a Democratic governor in one of the wealthiest, bluest states in the nation settling into his second and final term, O'Malley is at the top of the food chain, with no one to grapple with. Major reform bills have taken a back seat to legacy legislation.

First, he signed the Maryland DREAM Act, which grants in-state tuition to certain illegal immigrants or, as O'Malley calls them, "New Americans." Then it was time to invite Lady Gaga to the governor's mansion "to discuss eliminating bullying in MD." Next up: gay marriage, which the governor signed into law on March 1, after a botched attempt in 2011.

But the governor doesn't need legislation to attract media attention. Since becoming head of the Democratic Governors Association, he's been making the rounds of the news shows. In the furor over the Obamacare regulation requiring religious institutions to provide free birth control, O'Malley—a Catholic—said on CNN that opponents of the measure, including members of the Catholic hierarchy, were doing "too much hyperventilating." Asked about Virginia's record of job creation, O'Malley quipped, "Nothing says jobs like transvaginal probes."

Virginia is a touchy subject with O'Malley. "You see the governor on television saying Maryland is creating jobs at 2.5 times the rate of Virginia. That's just flat-out malarkey," said former Republican candidate for governor Ellen Sauerbrey. Now co-chair of Maryland Business for Responsive Government, Sauerbrey says that while O'Malley's been spending time on issues with appeal to Democrats nationally, Maryland's economy has suffered. "In the 2007 session, he had the largest tax increase of anyone in Maryland's history, and $800 million of that was direct hits on Maryland business. You just hear constantly that Maryland is not a friendly place to expand."

Sauerbrey's list of businesses that have left Maryland or decided not to come here since 2007 is impressive: Northrop Grumman (gone to Virginia), Black & Decker (Connecticut), Hilton USA (Virginia), Volkswagen USA (also Virginia), and SAIC (Virginia again). "Here, businesses are seen as collateral damage to the goal of growing government," Sauerbrey said.

And grow government has. In his five years at the helm, O'Malley has proven himself the paradigm of the tax-and-spend governor. Between 2007 and 2011, annual spending adjusted for inflation grew nearly 11 percent. The state's structural deficit now exceeds $1.1 billion. This year, O'Malley proposed hundreds of millions in tax, fee, and rate increases, including a sales tax on gas and a "flush" tax. While some observers called his budget courageous, critics complained that another round of tax increases was a bridge too far. "The rank and file Democrats were palpably annoyed," says House of Delegates minority leader Anthony O'Donnell. "They didn't want to walk the plank for O'Malley. He doesn't have to get elected again, and they do. These Democrats care about their state, and he's leaving it in a state of decline."

Christopher Summers, of the Maryland Public Policy Institute, notes that Maryland has gotten into the bad habit of spending more money than it takes in, then satisfying the balanced budget requirement by raiding its dedicated funds, especially the Transportation Trust Fund. A critical component of the governor's failed revenue plan would have applied Maryland's sales tax to gas, adding about 18 cents per gallon. This would replenish the Transportation Trust Fund, O'Malley said, to pay for improvements in infrastructure.

"The Maryland taxpayers have already paid for the infrastructure improvements," Summers said, "and the Maryland politicians have spent it on other things." As the governor's own blue ribbon commission points out, "approximately

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$1.1 billion" transferred from the transportation trust into the general fund "has not been, and is not scheduled to be, replenished."

O'Malley and Speaker of the House Mike Busch say the revenue bill failed not because of fed-up Democrats, but because the senate president, Mike Miller, held the bill hostage in an attempt to force through a series of bills extending gambling in the state. Miller asserts that the House of Delegates simply didn't have the votes for the governor's tax bill. Either way, O'Malley is already battling the perception that the collapse of the budget was a result of his incompetence.

A recent editorial in the *Washington Post* claimed the legislative session fell apart because Maryland Democrats were "distracted by ego contests among their leadership," and urged O'Malley not to call the special session, suggesting that "Doomsday" might actually be healthy for the state: "The truth is that if lawmakers in the General Assembly were to stay home … the effect would be to cancel plans for a tax increase; spare the state a senseless expansion of casino gambling; eliminate some dubious spending programs; and ensure that Maryland's $35 billion budget still manages to grow by a respectable $700 million, about 2 percent. None of that sounds exactly like doomsday."

Undeterred, O'Malley invited the house and senate leadership to the governor's mansion to begin working out the details of a special session. On Friday, the governor finally made the May 14 session official.

Legislators and analysts alike expect O'Malley to use the specter of "Doomsday" to his advantage, firing up some of the more reluctant special interests (like the teachers' unions, whose pensions and retirement plans are threatened) to fight for his tax plan. With Democratic supermajorities in both houses of the legislature, O'Malley will likely get his way. But will he recover his reputation? "He's [been portrayed] as someone who gets people organized and gets things done," says Ellen Sauerbrey. "This has really tarnished him." ♦

Crucified by Government

Washington plays by TSA rules.

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

Government, and the party of government, have been through something of a rough patch lately. First, there was the GSA's Las Vegas blowout. Then, the Secret Service debaucheries. And, two weeks ago, the video of an Environmental Protection Agency bureaucrat preening about his enforcement strategy of "crucifying" five random oil drillers *pour encourager les autres*.

The EPA's Al Armendariz, now retired

Then, to provide theme for the pudding, there was a Pew survey revealing that "just one in three [Americans] has a favorable view of the federal government—the lowest level in 15 years."

Proving, perhaps, that 33 percent of Americans have not flown commercial for some time.

A measure of dissatisfaction with the government, these days, is to be expected. The country is, after all, in the economic doldrums with another summer of recovery on the verge of being postponed until next summer. Unemployment is high and so is the price of gas. GDP growth is low and so are wages. People blame government, and that might be unfair, except that those in charge of government promised something else and do not seem to be able to deliver or, worse, to admit that they can't.

Which is the larger problem, as well, with the various scandals. While some people at the GSA and the Secret Service have been fired, the overall response of those in charge has been to insist that these were the actions of a few rogue operators, that the enterprise as a whole is first rate, staffed by people who are loyal, conscientious, dedicated, honest, etc. And to make the argument somewhat indignantly.

In the case of that EPA tough guy, he resigned after issuing one of those apologies that evoke Chesterton's comment about how the "stiff apology is a second insult."

The EPA followed up the resignation with a statement exonerating itself of everything and anything, saying it was "deeply unfortunate" that the crucifixion talk by "an EPA official inaccurately suggests we are seeking to 'make examples' out of certain companies in the oil and gas industry."

The very idea!

Instead of being allowed to resign, that regional administrator for random persecutions and crucifixions should have been sent out into the oil patch and made to wear steel-toed boots, Carhartt overalls, and a

Geoffrey Norman is a writer in Vermont.

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hardhat while he did a month as a roughneck on a drilling rig, just to get a feel for the industry. Now he is gone, and nothing much will change, except the EPA might issue a directive to its administrators advising them that the crucifixion of oil drillers is strictly against agency policy and anyone violating this rule should expect to be sternly disciplined.

To the various agencies of the government, any embarrassing event is an "isolated example that in no way . . ." The Transportation Security Administration is hit with one of those just about every day and its spokespeople routinely issue a pro-forma denial or apology, along with a statement defending the agency's policies and procedures. It is their way of reminding the public that if they don't like it, then they can take the bus to Cleveland, or wherever it is they want to go.

We won't be hearing about a housecleaning at the GSA or the Secret Service, the TSA or the EPA. There is no need for one according to . . . the GSA, the Secret Service, the TSA, and the EPA. If the people are unhappy with the government, then the attitude of the government seems to be that it is the fault of the people. And since the people don't seem angry enough to get themselves a new government, there is nothing much to worry about and no need to take action.

For more and more people, their direct experience with government would incline them to believe that the examples of profligacy and arrogance we've seen lately are more rule than exception. One day, perhaps, a president will be elected who remembers being crucified by some bureaucrat who wanted to make an example of him. Then he can appoint a cabinet of people who will go out into the bowels of Leviathan and randomly fire five people in their respective agencies just to get the attention of the other bureaucrats who have become accustomed to a life of routine arrogance and perpetual immunity.

Until then, the game will continue to be played by TSA rules. ♦

The Bin Laden Raid, a Year Later

Al Qaeda is down but not out.

BY BENJAMIN RUNKLE

Even before the celebrations a year ago had ended, terrorism experts were debating the strategic significance of Osama bin Laden's death at the hands of U.S. Navy SEALs. Some argued that bin Laden would prove irreplaceable to al Qaeda; others claimed he had been in hiding so long he was operationally and strategically irrelevant to the war on terror. Of course, it was too soon to know for sure.

Bin Laden slept—and died—here.

At a year's remove from the Abbottabad raid, it is possible to make some initial judgments about bin Laden's operational role in al Qaeda, the prospects for the strategic defeat of the terrorist network, and the implications of the raid for the broader struggle against jihadist terrorism.

Leaked reports of the files seized at the compound (significant portions of the cache remain highly classified) suggest that a decade after 9/11 bin Laden remained better connected to his deputies and allies than previously imagined. He was corresponding with Ayman al Zawahiri, Mullah Omar, and Lashkar e-Taiba chief Hafiz Saeed, among others. Bin Laden was kept informed of the operational plans for the major al Qaeda plots of the past decade, including the 7/7 London subway attack (2005) and the failed plot to bomb the New York City subway system (2009). Then-chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Admiral Michael Mullen concluded that bin Laden "was very active in terms of leading" and "very active in terms of operations."

Or was he? Although bin Laden was aware of these plots, no clear evidence has been released that he directed the planning; he may simply have been kept informed. Nor is it clear that anyone heeded his calls for attacks on U.S. railroads and the assassination of President Obama and General David Petraeus. David Ignatius has described bin Laden as a "lion in winter," and one U.S. official quoted in a McClatchy report last June called him "the cranky old uncle that people weren't listening to." In the end, bin Laden's operational importance to al Qaeda may lie in the eye of the beholder.

From the history of manhunts, we know that destroying the fugitive's support network is as important strategically as killing or capturing the individual himself in cases where the network could carry on the struggle without him. To its credit, the Obama administration has successfully targeted other key al Qaeda leaders. In

Benjamin Runkle is a former Defense Department and National Security Council official and the author of Wanted Dead or Alive: Manhunts from Geronimo to bin Laden.

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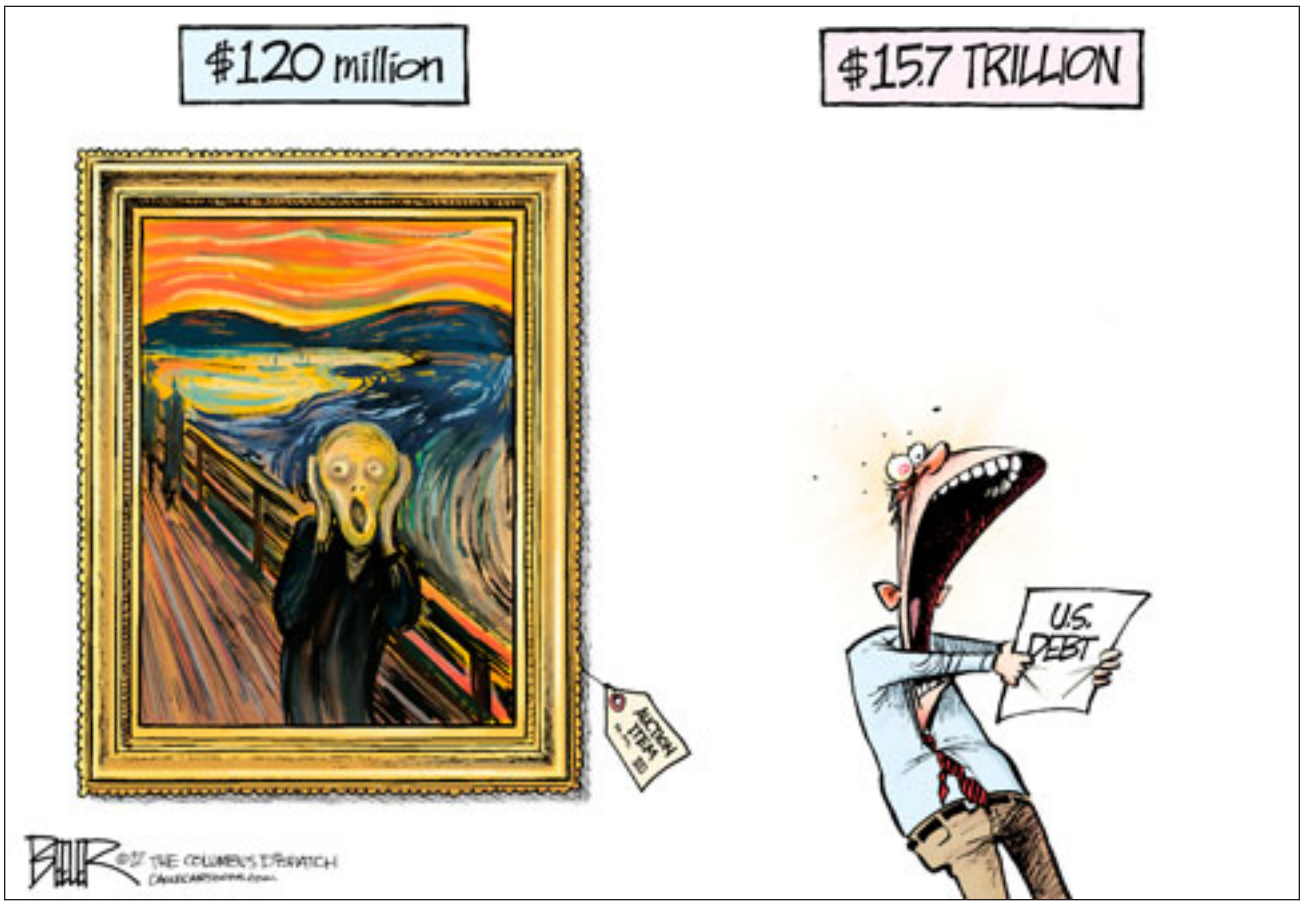
the past year, U.S. drone strikes have killed Atiyah Abd-al Rahman (the new number two), Ilyas Kashmiri (arguably its most effective operational leader), and Anwar al-Awlaki (its most dangerous propagandist). The success of the "drone war" in Pakistan's tribal areas—which by some accounts has killed 75 percent of al Qaeda's senior leadership—has impeded the network's ability to communicate and hence plan and execute attacks against the United States. As a result, various administration officials have claimed we are on the verge of defeating al Qaeda.

Even if we are successful in severely degrading bin Laden's organization, however, al Qaeda writ large is far from finished. The most dangerous plots on American soil—the "underwear bomber" (2009) and the failed Times Square bombing (2010)—were initiated by al Qaeda affiliates and allies, whose operations have not abated since Abbottabad. Michael Leiter, then director of the National Counterterrorism Center, testified before Congress in February 2011—just three months before Abbottabad—that Al Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula posed "probably the most significant risk to the U.S. homeland."

Moreover, the ultimate effect of the Arab Spring on al Qaeda remains uncertain. While the overthrow of Arab autocrats through popular uprisings rather than violent jihad undermines a key tenet of bin Laden's ideology, it also may weaken the security apparatuses that for years suppressed many terrorist cells throughout the Middle East. There are already signs of al Qaeda-affiliated resurgences in Libya and Yemen, with the Assad regime's murderous suppression of antigovernment demonstrations creating still other opportunities for jihadists.

Although it is unclear whether a loose constellation of affiliates will pose the same strategic threat to America as the centrally controlled network that initiated the African embassy bombings (1998), the attack on the USS *Cole* (2000), and the 9/11 attacks (2001), it is evident the demise of bin Laden and the attrition of Al Qaeda Central have not eliminated Salafist terrorism.

In the end, Osama bin Laden's death was indisputably a boost for U.S. morale in the war on terror and a triumph of justice over evil. President Obama deserves credit for launching the raid, even if it is disconcerting that so many of his handpicked advisers opposed it. But regardless of how much the president's reelection campaign may trumpet that successful operation over the next six months, the drone strikes against al Qaeda's broader network and the leaders of affiliated terror groups will likely prove more significant. It is President Obama's decision to treat the war on terror as an actual *war* rather than reverting to a pre-9/11 law enforcement mentality—that is, his continuation of the policy initiated by the Bush administration—that may prove strategically decisive. ♦

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We Who Are About to Bug Out Salute You

The liberal habit of sanctimonious betrayal, from Reconstruction to Afghanistan

By Sam Schulman

"Perhaps I'm being overly cynical," wrote a well-known realist and conspiracy theorist on April 23, "but the new 'strategic partnership' agreement between the United States and Afghanistan strikes me as little more than a fig leaf designed to make a U.S. withdrawal (which I support) look like a mutually agreed-upon 'victory.' It is already being spun as a signal to the Taliban, Iran, and Pakistan that the United States remains committed, and the agreement will undoubtedly be used as 'evidence' that the 2009 surge is a success and that's now ok for the US to bring its forces home." But Harvard's Stephen Walt—for it is he—avows that the agreement is just a cosmetic gesture that "facilitates doing the right thing," which Walt, together with Vice President Joe Biden and many others, thinks is to bring the Taliban back into power in some sort of alliance with the elements of Kabul's government most hostile to the West and least sympathetic to the idea of democracy and women's rights.

You don't have to be a realist to agree that Walt is right about the Obama administration's desire to bug out of Afghanistan. But only true realists can forget that the Taliban have been beaten again and again on the battlefield by the Northern Alliance, NATO, and our own military forces, with the overwhelming approval of the Afghan people. Only card-carrying realists can explain (though they never bother to do so) how it might be in our national interest to hand over a country in the neighborhood of several troublesome and often hostile powers—Iran, Russia, China, Pakistan—to a groupuscule of racial and sectarian supremacists controlled by Pakistan, which even realists admit is our biggest problem. Or how it is realistic to threaten the security of allies like India and raise the risk of nuclear confrontation in every possible direction.

The intellectual and practical defects of our Afghanistan policy are bizarre and difficult to understand. But our pro-Taliban policy has a more obvious moral defect (you are excused from the discussion here, Professor Walt), which has evinced a nearly unanimous lack of interest on the part of our own media and political elites. It seems like only yesterday that we applauded the emergence of Kabul's women and girls from the shadow of Taliban rule; it *was* only yesterday that Secretary of State Hillary Clinton vowed never to let that era return. But our normally stalwart and reliable humanitarian community, and our even more predictable feminists, seem completely to have forgotten the fate of Afghanistan and its women as Obama has gradually revealed his intention to negotiate with Taliban officials.

In last month's *Commentary*, Jamie Fly reminded us that the ghastly plight of Afghanistan's women under Taliban rule was once a fashionable cause. For five years before 9/11, feminists and human rights activists demanded action against the Taliban regime, and for good reason. In 1996, when the Taliban finished off its rivals (and with them over half the 2 million people of Kabul), a new chapter of horrors was to begin. A Wahhabi-inspired and Saudi-funded group that combines Sunni fundamentalism with Pashtun racial nationalism, the Taliban was the entry of Pakistan's intelligence agency, the ISI, in the sweepstakes to control Afghanistan after the Soviet-backed government of Mohammad Najibullah fell in 1992. According to Terry Glavin, the Canadian socialist who is Afghanistan's most clear-eyed supporter in the West, the ISI was trying to find a force it could control capable of ruling Afghanistan, and they did well. Under Mullah Omar, with whom the Obama administration hopes to begin talks soon, the Taliban put into place a crudely literalist version of a Saudi-Wahhabist regime, which was so flamboyantly cruel in its treatment of women and girls that even the Muslim Brotherhood objected.

In 1997, Eleanor Smeal, the most entrepreneurial, politically agile, and intellectually curious of the '70s generation of feminists, branched out into foreign policy.

Sam Schulman is a frequent contributor to The Weekly Standard.

Her Feminist Majority Foundation formed a unit called "The Campaign to Stop Gender Apartheid in Afghanistan," named Mavis Leno, wife of Jay Leno, as its chair, and began to push (as Fly wrote) "an extensive U.S. campaign to delegitimize the Taliban until the rights of female Afghans were recognized." Liberal celebrities, feminist veterans, and Democratic politicians supported the cause. Human Rights Watch meticulously documented the thousands of political murders and ethno-religious massacres Mullah Omar ordered.

The Taliban, as it were, mugged for the cameras. As al Qaeda was planning and training for 9/11, the Western media and the U.N. were transfixed by the Taliban's announced plan to destroy the beautiful Buddha statues of Afganistan's Bamiyan Valley, which they finally dynamited in March 2001. Mullah Omar claimed that the graven images of the pre-Islamic gods were an affront to Islamic orthodoxy. But the statues really had to go because they were part of the heritage of the non-Pashtun Hazara people. The Hazara population itself was also scheduled to go, by deportation or worse, after 9/11, at the hands of the ultra-Pashtun Taliban.

In the wake of 9/11, many American leftists opposed military action against the Taliban, but not Smeal. (It was about those who opposed it that Michael Walzer wrote his blistering 2002 attack, "Can There Be a Decent Left?") She broke ranks with her comrades when she declared on September 20, 2001, that the Taliban's treatment of women should have been a warning sign: "These [Afghan] women were the first casualties of the war against the United States." The liberal establishment for its part—even most center-left politicians—united behind Operation Enduring Freedom, and made special promises to Afghanistan's women. As Fly notes, Tony Blair promised in October 2001 that "the conflict will not be the end. We will not walk away." In December, President Bush signed the Afghan Women and Children Relief Act, which had been sponsored by every woman senator in both parties. New York's Senator Hillary Clinton declared, "We cannot simply drop our bombs and depart with our best wishes, lest we find ourselves returning some years down the road to root out another terrorist." As late as 2007, by then eyeing a presidential race, Clinton argued in *Time* that humanitarianism is realism: "A post-Taliban Afghanistan where women's rights are respected is much less likely to harbor terrorists in the future."

During the 2008 presidential campaign, Senator Barack Obama made aggressive war in Afghanistan item number one to demonstrate his foreign policy toughness. Afghanistan was the good war, the war of necessity which he would have chosen to fight instead of Iraq. As president, he would see it done right, even if it meant invading Pakistan. Sharp-sighted observers on the left saw the newly elected president backpedal radically in the very first hour of his first day in office. An angrier Terry Glavin, who argues that the war against the Taliban ought to be his generation's Spanish Civil War, concluded that "everything the White House has done [since Obama's election] has had a smell about it that can easily be mistaken for the reek of sabotage and capitulation."

AFP / KEVIN LAMARQUE

Secretary of State Hillary Clinton meets with Afghan women at the U.S. embassy in Kabul.

Obama was persuasive about his intentions toward Afghanistan during the campaign; it made a difference to many in the center. Not just his words but his whole approach to foreign policy expressed a sense of moral seriousness and pragmatic decency—and these qualities are precisely what has departed from our Afghan policy. Now we suddenly confront the likelihood that Obama will endeavor to bring finality to the U.S. military effort in Afghanistan by reaching across the bloody chasm to close a deal with the Taliban and its allies: Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, Jalaluddin Haqqani, and Pakistan's political/military/religious class. As Khaled Ahmed, a Pakistani political analyst, wrote last month, "the most likely post-withdrawal scenario is that there will be a civil war in Afghanistan. A parallel war will take place between

the Afghan National Army and the non-state actors from Pakistan." The Afghan Army will be confronted by the Taliban, of course, but also "the Haqqani network, Hekmatyar's Hizb-i-Islami, ragtag warlords of Fata and Malakand, [and] the Punjabi Taliban. . . . The Defence of Pakistan Council . . . will oblige with more Punjabi manpower. [Its] leader Hafiz Saeed allegedly says he alone can muster 100,000." Pakistan will be the base of the armies that will enter Afghanistan, but "it hardly controls them. Therefore, the blowback from Afghanistan this time will be transformational for Pakistan. . . . The remaining attributes of the Pakistani state will fall off, with religious parties, plus madrassas with jihadi capacity, increasingly exercising authority in its name." In other words, not only Afghanistan but Pakistan may be Talibanized.

If we abandon the war against the Taliban, anti-Americans will cheer, Muslims will perish by the hundreds of thousands, and pulpits and editorial pages will declare that President Obama has finally earned his Nobel Peace Prize.

There are dozens of good reasons for President Obama to have sincerely changed his mind about Afghanistan. Maintaining troops in that part of the world is expensive; our allies are corrupt and criminal; we may not succeed; the people we are helping are ungrateful and incapable of governing themselves; we're betraying our basic principles; we have important work to do at home; it's making us unpopular on the world stage.

Still, President Obama's turnaround on Afghanistan is so dramatic that it may obscure the fact that he is not the first president to practice the fine art of bugging out on those with a strong claim on our interests and our sympathies, and for whom we have already sacrificed substantial blood and treasure. That honor belongs to Rutherford B. Hayes, a brave soldier and skillful general in the Civil War, who was elected in 1876. It is Hayes, the standard-bearer of Lincoln's party, who brought the troops home and ended Reconstruction, with the almost unanimous support of the nation's liberal establishment. They too fought politically against slavery before the Civil War, risked their lives to emancipate its victims, and, too soon, couldn't wait to bug out of the South.

Reconstruction was liberal interventionism *avant la lettre*. After the Civil War ended, we had a duty to protect the lives and freedom of the slaves the Union armies emancipated by their defeat of the Confederacy, and, thanks to progressives like Carl Schurz, intellectual, soldier, and diplomat, we did our duty for more than a decade. As Schurz told Congress in 1865, we would have to continue "the control of the national government in the States lately in rebellion" until free labor was fully secure. There would be no timetable on the occupation. We should declare firmly "that national control in the South will not cease until such results are secured." To enforce Reconstruction, the Grant administration used aggressive legal methods—questioned on constitutional grounds at the time—and raw military power. In 1876, only the U.S. Army, stationed in the state capitols of South Carolina and Louisiana, kept those states' legally elected Republican governors in power and alive.

Hayes ran against President Grant's Reconstruction; Schurz campaigned for Hayes (though a Republican, he had turned against Grant in 1872) and helped to write his Inaugural Address. The arguments may sound familiar. Maintaining the troops was too expensive; the Republicans' carpetbagger allies in the South were corrupt and incompetent; success was in doubt; the people being helped were ungrateful and incapable of governing themselves; we were being unfair to the Southern citizens who had gone astray and betraying our basic principles; we had important work to do at home; the occupation was making us unpopular on the world stage.

After taking office in March 1877, President Hayes abandoned Michelle Obama's South Carolina ancestors to the will of their former masters. In the words of a contemporary anti-Reconstruction account, South Carolina "was in anarchy" when Hayes was inaugurated:

> Within a month after the [inauguration] the garrisons which had been stationed by Grant and [Republican governor Daniel Henry] Chamberlain in nearly every populated place in the State had been withdrawn from all points. After their withdrawal the hostile races confronted each other. . . . Every village and town was patrolled by relays of white citizens from dark till daylight. The moment a crime was reported, the mounted rifle clubs assembled from all parts and scoured the country, to the terror of the blacks, arresting suspected criminals, conveying them to jail, or inflicting summary vengeance. They were sometimes resisted by the colored militia, and regular battles occurred. Individual members of the races were constantly quarreling and fighting. The courts, though recognized by both parties, vainly tried to execute justice. Blacks on the juries would consent to no conviction of one of their race prosecuted by a white man. White jurymen acted similarly in the cases of whites indicted for violence towards blacks. . . . A reign of terror existed.

But after Chamberlain resigned his office and fled the state, the new Democratic governor restored order: He disarmed the blacks and imposed a white supremacy regime enforced by what we now might call the "good Taliban" among the whites. On Election Days, "great numbers of young white men, largely from adjacent counties, ride to and remain about the polls, 'to see fair play,' they explain. These have not attempted openly to molest, but they have certainly frightened the Republican negroes.

Accordingly, *every election* has gone Democratic." Campaigning for Hayes the year before, Schurz had advised black Southerners to make a similar deal with the "good" Democrats: Just let the former slaves "emancipate themselves from rigid adherence to one party" and watch racial harmony and an orderly South emerge.

Let's invite Carl Schurz to be our Virgil through the world of the pro-freedom, antiracist (in 19th-century terms), antislavery progressives who worked for so long to destroy Reconstruction at whatever cost to the population of freed slaves. Schurz is a curiously modern figure: He was, like so many of the liberal interventionists of the 1990s, a hero of his century's 1968—1848. In his native Germany he was a student radical at Bonn University, a crusading propagandist, and finally a revolutionary commander in the 1849 Baden uprising. After Prussia crushed the rebellion, he fled from one European country to another, and finally reached America, where he settled in Waterville, Wisconsin, in 1855.

He immediately joined the antislavery Republican party and ran for lieutenant governor. (His wife did her bit in bringing the best of German culture to America: She founded our first Froebel Kindergarten.) Schurz worked for Lincoln's campaign against Stephen Douglas, where he gained a reputation for eloquent denunciation of the Slave Power, in German and English. He ran for governor of Wisconsin in 1860 and led his state's delegation to the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln. President Lincoln rewarded him by naming him ambassador to Spain (the presence of a notorious revolutionary embarrassed the reactionary royal government). At Schurz's insistence, Lincoln brought him back in 1862 to give him command of a division in the Army of the Potomac. Schurz efficiently commanded largely German-American units at the Second Battle of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

Charmingly fluent in English, admired by the growing German-American community in the western states, Schurz only lacked, so to speak, a Hawaiian birth certificate to have made him a successor to Lincoln as GOP leader. He held the highest offices open to foreign-born citizens: U.S. senator (from Missouri 1869-75) and secretary of the interior in the Hayes administration. After Lincoln's death, Schurz emerged as a national, not merely ethnic figure. He suggested to President Andrew Johnson, who thought the new South should be a "white man's country," that he send an agent to survey the conditions of the Union-occupied territories. Johnson seized the opportunity and deputized Schurz for the task, sweetening the assignment by offering to increase the amount for which Schurz's life was insured.

From July to October 1865, Schurz journeyed through the South, concluding that the Army must remain and deploy throughout the countryside where they could protect blacks from persecution. As for the freedmen, they must be given full suffrage rights without delay. Upon his return he wrote the *Report on the Condition of the South*, his most lasting piece of writing. President Johnson, who had come out against Reconstruction after Schurz left Washington, received Schurz coldly, refused to listen to his report, and told him not to bother writing it up. When the Senate forced him to release the report in December, Johnson delivered it with his own executive summary declaring Schurz's work proved that white people "throughout the entire south" evinced "a laudable desire" to "repair the devastations of war by a prompt and cheerful return to peaceful pursuits."

Thomas Nast (1872): 'Mr. Carl Schurz and his victims'

Schurz's is the baseline description of the woeful prospect for democracy—and the likely doom of racial and political minorities at the hands of violent reactionaries

—if the defeated South were left in the control of its native elite. Schurz didn't write a Human Rights Watch report on human suffering but a political recommendation. He was sympathetic to the freedmen, but he was a nation-builder, not a bleeding heart, and it was in the interest of nation-building that he had supported the Civil War. His aim was not mere racial justice but a republican settlement: The language of the report was most emotional when reporting lack of civic virtue, not racial persecution: Among the whites, treason did not "appear odious" and there was an "utter absence of national feeling." His diagnosis was that the problem was civic, not humanitarian —a way of looking at things that would eventually lead to another century of oppression for American blacks.

The connection between antislavery and the ideal of liberal democracy (called republicanism then) had been a vital component of progressive orthodoxy from the beginning of the abolition movement. The great Boston Unitarian leader Theodore Parker saw emancipation and democracy as inseparable. In the 1850s, he urged his huge congregations (which included abolition's boldface names: William Lloyd Garrison, Julia Ward and Samuel Gridley Howe, and Louisa May Alcott) not even to ask the question, "shall the African be bond or free?" Ask instead, "shall America be a Despotism or a Democracy?" There could be no emancipation without democracy; and more important, no democracy under law without emancipation.

This small-R republican ideal was distilled into the marrow of many idealists like Schurz, for all their practical experience as political and military warriors. The voting rights of all citizens—even those of the Southern whites—was as important to the keenest early supporters of Reconstruction as was protecting the lives and rights of the freed slaves. Schurz insisted on inserting a plank calling for "universal amnesty" into the 1868 Republican platform (colleagues softened his language on immediate black suffrage). The voter's purple thumb was not only the symbol of liberation, but to idealistic republicans the final and only goal.

When General Grant won the Republican nomination in 1868, liberal Republicans like Schurz were sure that their candidate's success meant that Reconstruction could be completed. Speaking for Grant's election, Schurz proclaimed that the Civil War had been fought not for black slaves alone but for all mankind. We broke "the power of aristocratic class government in the South" and thus we liberated not merely "four millions of blacks, but we delivered thirty millions of whites from the odious yoke of grasping aristocracy." Like Parker, Schurz believed that emancipation was a vital national interest, and now that it was achieved, it was time to move on. The attention of "the best men" (a family catch-phrase among the Adamses, John, Henry, and Charles Francis) was drawn to new challenges: changing the spoils system into a professional civil service (even if it meant firing thousands of freedmen without educational attainments and replacing them with whites), breaking up the railroad trusts, solving the debt problem, and other ventures in human improvement.

In the real world, things weren't so easy. As soon as Grant took office and began seriously to enforce Reconstruction, violent attacks on black citizens and Southern Republicans increased. After the the Fifteenth Amendment gave black Americans the vote, it got worse. The insurgents—members of the Ku Klux Klan and any number of local White Men's Leagues, Red Shirts, and other terror organizations—claimed political legitimacy for their bloodshed. The liberals who supported the Civil War found themselves irritated at the hapless victims of white violence—former slaves and the survivors of the democratic resistance to the Confederacy. They were angry that the war against the insurgency drained dollars and political attention from pressing matters at home. The reason for all this violence soon became clear. It was Grant's fault.

Grant hadn't become a tyrant. It was the pro-war liberals who had changed. Back in 1866, President Johnson shocked the conscience of the Senate when he vetoed their civil rights bill. In 1870, Grant shocked the same Senate, which now included Schurz, when the administration introduced its own civil rights bills to enable federal authorities to deal with organized Southern violence. Schurz was aghast at the powers that the Force Act (1870) and the Ku Klux Klan Act (1871) claimed for the federal government, less so that the administration lacked the tools it needed to fight white terrorism. He became a Grant-hater. Demonizing Grant made it easier for liberal Republicans to convince themselves, at least, that they were the idealists. When Grant ignored the liberals' demand for civil service reform and other goo-goo issues, they painted him as a drink-addled aspiring despot. His imperial ambitions made him indifferent to corruption. Henry Adams told all his friends that Grant had already ended constitutional government. Many a *bien pensant* Republican could tell a story of how some incident of corruption or petty tyranny—a thousand Abu Ghraibs—had convinced him or her that the postwar carpetbagger was worse than the prewar slaveowner. Soon, apologies began to appear in Schurz's speeches to white border-state audiences: "Gentlemen: what would you have done under such circumstances?"

Abandoning the cause of black freedom did not take place without bad conscience: Rather than own up to their changing views, high-minded Republicans cast as much blame as possible on the deserted object of their affections. In this enterprise they found eager allies among white Southerners. Grant's military victories had turned the world of the South upside down. By disenfranchising Confederate leaders, expropriating the human capital of the landowners, and allowing black majorities to elect governors, senators, and congressmen, Reconstruction elevated the lowest above the highest. Former slaveowners frothed with grievances against former slaves. Before secession, proslavery propaganda had preached that slaves were better off, at least, than factory hands in the North. Slaveowners cared for their laborers as if they were family from cradle to grave; the grateful loyalty, contentment, and efficiency of Southern slaves was proverbial. After emancipation, the story changed. It transpired that the slave labor force had always been treasonous layabouts. They flocked to the Union Army simply to avoid work. And the work they used to do? It was a misunderstanding. Blacks only ever worked under the threat of the slaveholder's whip. Thin stuff, but the abolitionists who had written furiously against the slaveholders' fables in the 1850s were now indifferent to the far bigger libels of the 1870s.

Horace Greeley to the freedman, 'Clasp hands over the bloody chasm.'

In their own eyes, the liberal Republicans were not so much tired by the fight for black rights as they were eager to declare that the virtuous republic they believed in was at hand. A year after his election to the Senate in 1869, Schurz and his liberal colleagues had become realists, with a more complicated understanding of the root causes of terrorism. Laws like the KKK Act wouldn't alleviate black suffering. The South needed not a military occupation but a Reconstruction of the heart. As Schurz said, "let us not imagine we can correct the disorder in the South by mere laws. . . . If we want to produce enduring effects, our remedies must go to the root of the evil . . . the public sentiment of the South." Of course black citizens were "confronted by an inveterate prejudice and by that spirit of reckless violence which is doing so much harm to the southern people." But military occupation, he told them "as their sincere friend" would be "dangerous to the colored people. . . . Now that they have the political rights of citizenship it is much wiser and safer for them to trust to the means they already possess to make themselves respected, and to leave all else to the gradual progress of public opinion."

The more Schurz explained his desertion to the blacks, the more he came to identify with the whites, even to plead their case with black voters. In 1874 he advised Southern blacks to "emancipate themselves from the serfdom of party discipline" and share their votes between their liberators and the Democratic party. As the late Hans Trefousse (Schurz's biographer and a refugee from Hitler's Germany) commented, such advice was rather awkward when one of the parties "was determined to eliminate their political rights altogether."

When Grant ran for reelection in 1872, Schurz led a third-party effort, the Liberal Republicans, against the regular, pro-Reconstruction Republican party. In the words of its standard-bearer Horace Greeley, the movement promised to "bridge the bloody chasm between northern Republicans and southern Democrats. (Thomas Nast, in a famous cartoon, peopled the bloody chasm not with the Blue and Gray but with dead black men and women, over whose bodies Greeley tried to force a freedman to shake the hand of a Klansman.) The Democrats, spotting an opportunity to strip moderate votes from the Republicans, shrewdly called a halt to the overtly racist rhetoric they had sported in the past. Adopting a liberal

motto, "Reform, not Race," Democrats disciplined themselves to call black Americans "negroes" or "colored persons" rather than the brutal epithet they had previously deployed with such swagger.

Schurz urged blacks to vote for Greeley precisely because the Liberal Republicans promised to put daylight between the freedmen and the federal government, the only force protecting them. Fortunately, Grant won in a humiliating landslide and the troops remained. But in 1876, Schurz and the Liberal Republicans returned to the fold, both parties ran on anti-Reconstruction platforms, and that was that. Curiously, the gradual lessening of racial tension that Schurz foresaw did not, in fact, take place when Reconstruction ended. Instead, racism and racial mistrust gained velocity. In the 1890s and at the beginning of the new century, the Jim Crow system began to go into force across the South, and its segregation regime lingered for another three generations, well into the childhood of the baby boomers.

Reconstruction was killed not by a military victory of the Klan or the electoral power of the Southerners, but by the withdrawal of support by the North's "best men." With the Slave Power in ruins, the idealists and humanitarians who had urged the Civil War in the first place discovered a loftier vision of the world they wanted to create. To them it seemed that what we now call nation-building could more practically be accomplished with the help of respectable Southern whites than the black people they had freed from slavery. To them, the progressive ideals of classical republicanism were more important than black security, and would, through a vague process of evolution, end the white campaign against the rights and security of black Americans (for whom the liberals would always have the most friendly feelings).

This view of Reconstruction runs counter to the interpretation most of us have been taught by the greatest modern historian of the period, Columbia professor Eric Foner. Foner believes that Reconstruction was defeated by the essential racism of the white Reconstructors emerging from a temporary eclipse. Reconstruction was an aberration; the genetic racism of white Americans made the betrayal of Reconstruction inevitable.

The contrary view I outline above was argued, triumphantly, by Andrew S. Slap in his 2006 book, *The Doom of Reconstruction*. Slap demonstrates that the liberal Republicans were not the hopelessly racist, typical American hypocrites of Foner's account but fair-minded people, not unconcerned about the fate of Southern blacks but simply more interested in the historical necessity of reform than in the consequences that reform can bring. Schurz was sincere, if not praiseworthy, in thinking that the antislavery movement was a "chapter in our past," and that hard money and civil service corruption were the issues that needed his country's full attention.

Consider now the veterans of the feminist campaign against the Taliban in the '90s and early 2000s. In March 2011, Rajiv Chandrasekaran reported in the *Washington Post* that figures in the Obama administration thought that sentimental concern for Afghanistan's women was getting in the way of getting out of Afghanistan. Chandresakaran's Bidenesque tough-talking source said that "gender issues are going to have to take a back seat to other priorities. There's no way we can be successful if we maintain every special interest and pet project. All those pet rocks in our rucksack were taking us down." A few dissident voices insisted that women were not pet rocks, but the logic of history ground on. By January, it was revealed that the State Department had secured office space for the Taliban in Qatar and intended to start negotiations with them.

Gayle Tzemach Lemmon, deputy director of the Council on Foreign Relations' Women and Foreign Policy program, thought to ask the founders of the Feminist Majority Foundation about it. Mavis Leno spoke ingenuously: She was troubled by Obama's lack of response to women's concerns. "Perhaps the tremendous unpopularity of the war puts [President Obama] in an awkward position. I don't think he is doing as much as he could. . . . I just don't understand why the fate of these women has to be considered as special pleading. Are we just going to stand back and see this happen again? Women were making it a little way up the hill; can we at least make sure that they don't slide back down again?"

Her comrade-in-arms Eleanor Smeal was more careful. Smeal (for whom I worked briefly as a consultant on a women's economic empowerment project in the early '90s) told Lemmon, "We will keep the pressure on and support women in any way we can. . . . We are talking to [a huge network of NGOs in Afghanistan] and they are taking the lead. What we can do is continue to put pressure on the U.S. government not to agree to anything that omits half the population." Smeal's formulation was diplomatic—so diplomatic that Secretary of State Clinton used it herself last month at a meeting of the U.S.-Afghanistan Women's Council in her introduction of Laura Bush (for whom I also briefly worked as a consultant to the Bush Institute, partly on women's rights in Afghanistan): "Any peace that is attempted to be made by excluding more than half the population is no peace at all. It is a figment that will not last."

Was Smeal being humble when she described her intention to stay in touch with Afghan women's organizations? She isn't a humble private citizen. In fact, she spent

much of the winter working hard and in public on curing President Obama's abortion- and contraception-funding headache. A big fan of Obamacare's contraception mandate, Smeal issued repeated broadsides against the Catholic bishops who want to preserve the principle of conscientious objection to abortion. In March, Smeal's Feminist Majority Foundation welcomed a speaker who told them that Obamacare was "the most significant gain for women in her decades of activism." Smeal's own blog didn't mention Afghanistan this winter; the blog of the Feminist Majority Foundation reprinted a few news items about women's progress in Afghanistan: advances and reverses in maternal mortality, seating women in parliament or on committees, and on the poisoning of 150 schoolgirls. Far more attention went to the FBI's definition of rape and—for good measure, you bishops—to victims of priest sexual abuse. In 2009, the president was deciding how much to increase our Afghan commitment, and Smeal wrote a manifesto declaring the Feminist Majority Foundation would never abandon the women and girls of Afghanistan; in 2012, the president is deciding how quickly he can abandon Afghanistan, and she says (by her silence), ladies, good luck to you in the future. Could Carl Schurz really have thought that civil service reform was more important than the organized murder of black Americans? Eleanor Smeal, a serious person who feels a deep responsibility to the causes she cares about, teaches us that he could.

Why do our best and brightest keep promising the world to our friends, and—after sacrificing the lives of their fellow citizens and the fortunes and honor of the entire country to achieve a result—tire of the struggle just as peace may be discernible in the distance? David Rieff's formula is tempting: The liberal interventionists in the Yugoslavian venture of the '90s "always had a special weakness for believing that the decisions they make out of political expediency somehow still epitomize virtue." Of course politicians plead for what is expedient. What makes the expedient bugout fashionable is something else: a wider attachment to our purity of intent—a keenly focused sense of our true virtue. The bloody, self-sacrificial work of our soldiers and Marines in Afghanistan, and those of our allies, has enormously benefited the Afghan people and particularly Afghan women. But never mind. If their sacrifice harms our own self-image, it is a sacrifice too far. Bugging out therefore will be the biggest favor we can do the Afghans. Someday those who survive our desertion will thank us for it, our idealistic liberals flatter themselves, as they head for the exits. ♦

The Rise of Rubio

Will a longstanding friendship block his vice presidential prospects?

By Stephen F. Hayes

Shortly after Mitt Romney won the Wisconsin primary and, in effect, the Republican nomination, I asked a prominent Republican strategist whom he thought Romney would choose as his running mate. He answered without hesitation. "Marco Rubio."

And whom should he take?

"Marco Rubio," he responded, in a tone that suggested the answer was obvious.

Not everyone agrees. Skeptics argue that Rubio is too young and too inexperienced. Valid concerns? Perhaps. But not enough to keep Rubio from strong consideration as Romney's running mate. One thing might be: Rubio's longtime friendship with Representative David Rivera.

Rubio's name has appeared on virtually every "veepwatch" list compiled by the media. There's a reason for that. In late March, Wisconsin talk radio host Charlie Sykes asked Romney about prospective running mates and mentioned both Rubio and Paul Ryan. Romney, the man whose list is the only one that matters, said that Rubio (along with Ryan) was one of a dozen "leading lights in the Republican party who could be part of a national ticket."

The fact that the de facto nominee would mention Marco Rubio as a possible running mate is rather extraordinary. Just three years ago this month, Rubio was a longshot candidate for the Senate in Florida (the first poll had him at 3 percent) whose shoestring campaign was struggling to raise enough money to enable him to travel around the state to raise more money. Then on May 12, 2009, Charlie Crist, Florida's popular governor, announced that he, too, would be running for the Senate. The National Republican Senatorial Committee immediately declared its "full support" for Crist, and top Republicans in the state, including former state chairman and Rubio mentor Al Cardenas, urged Rubio to drop his bid—something he strongly considered.

Rubio ultimately stayed in the race. He won the nomination and then a three-way contest that included Crist, running as an independent after it became clear he would lose the Republican nomination, and Democratic congressman Kendrick Meek. It wasn't just the fact that Rubio won that was remarkable, but *how* he did it: Rubio carried 49 percent of the vote in a state with the oldest population in the country, running on a promise to reform Social Security and Medicare.

Since his arrival in Washington, Rubio has followed the Hillary Clinton model of conduct for new, high-profile senators. He has kept his head down, studied hard, and mostly resisted the temptation to weigh in on the micro-controversies that get Washington talking. Rubio has focused on big issues. He has devoted much of his time to foreign policy and national security, with seats on the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence and the Foreign Relations Committee.

In late April, Rubio earned good reviews for a weighty foreign policy address he delivered at the Brookings Institution. The *New Yorker*'s Ryan Lizza called it a "crisp and thoughtful tour of the world" notable for its bipartisan character. And in a small off-the-record question-and-answer session over lunch afterwards, Rubio impressed several of the journalists and foreign policy thinkers with his knowledge of the subject matter and his ability to respond to detailed questions with detailed answers.

This is the real reason Rubio is among the first names mentioned in discussions about Romney's prospective running mate. He is a substantive and articulate spokesman for modern conservatism. He is personable and cerebral, engaging and thoughtful, likable and knowledgeable. The political media focus on ethnicity and geography—he's Hispanic, he's from Florida—but if those were the most important criteria, we'd be hearing a lot more about Ileana Ros-Lehtinen and Lincoln Diáz-Balart. Rubio is the best communicator in the Republican party today, and no one else comes close.

Because Rubio is such a star, with such obvious promise as a future leader of the GOP, national Democrats are certain to go after him with reckless abandon. It's the downside to being regarded as the Next Big Thing. As much as Rubio will be compared with other possible Romney running mates, he'll also be measured against his own potential—an almost mythical version of the ideal vice president.

It's no wonder that reporters are carefully analyzing every Rubio utterance on his prospects to determine his

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level of interest. At a recent forum sponsored by *National Journal*, Rubio made news by strongly disclaiming interest in running with Romney. "I don't want to be the vice president now, or maybe ever. I really want to do a good job in the Senate." Moments later, however, the headlines from the event changed after a rare Rubio slip of the tongue. "If in four or five years, if I do a good job as vice president—I'm sorry, as senator—I'll have the chance to do all sorts of things."

Rubio recently reiterated his desire to remain in the Senate to do the job he was elected to do. But he doesn't have much patience with the claim that he's unsuitable for inclusion on the ticket.

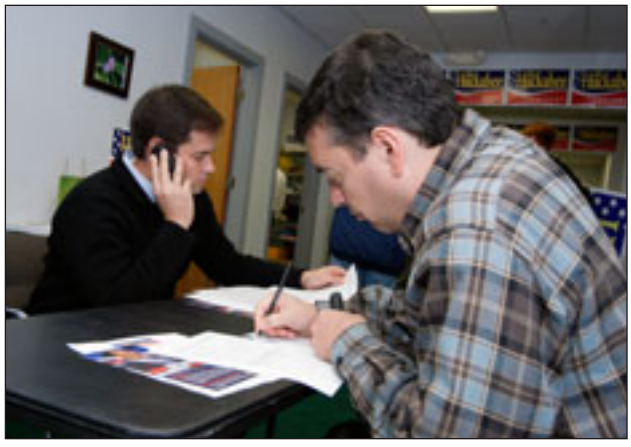
"Look, I'm not telling you I want to be VP or anything," he said. "But I've always thought—I chuckled when I read an article yesterday. The guy wrote that the only experience I have is being on the city commission. I mean, I'm not telling you that I'm the most experienced guy in the Capitol, but I served nine years in one of the largest legislatures in the country. I was in leadership eight of my nine years. I was majority whip, majority leader, and speaker of the house. We had a $72 billion budget—which is larger than most states. I wasn't part of the landscaping crew until last week, either. I'm not telling you I'm deeply steeped, but I've served in local, state, and federal government. I've been an officer of the third-, fourth-largest state in the country. I went through a bruising, battering election with seven televised debates."

He's right, and there's more. Consider: In his primary race against Crist, the National Republican Senatorial Committee conducted extensive opposition research on him; in the general election, the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee did the same; and, in running against Crist, Rubio was taking on the entire Republican establishment in the state of Florida. Many of the very same Republicans he'd worked with on campaigns and in the legislature went to the Crist campaign with their complaints and allegations about Rubio. It's safe to assume that virtually all of those reports from Republican insiders made their way into the media as Crist, whose desperation increased with every new poll, flailed away trying to slow Rubio down. The Florida press corps has a well-deserved reputation for toughness, and many of the stories just now making their way onto the pages of national publications have been thoroughly reported and researched by very capable journalists in Miami, Tampa, Tallahassee, and elsewhere.

Rubio, for instance, has repeatedly addressed—if not entirely put to rest—claims that he used a Republican party charge card for personal gain. Rubio says the use of the card was sometimes intentional and sometimes accidental, and that he paid the charges directly to American Express in a timely manner. Given the controversy the practice has generated, he acknowledges that he didn't handle it well. He says he discusses the issue at length in his forthcoming book.

Beyond that, there are suggestions that Rubio will get caught up in the trial this July of former Florida Republican party chairman Jim Greer. A close ally of former governor Crist, Greer is charged with money laundering, fraud, and four counts of grand theft. Rubio is not concerned. "I had no relationship with Jim Greer. He hated me. But do you think if Jim Greer and the party and those guys had garbage on me they wouldn't have dropped it during the campaign? It's all silly talk."

If there's baggage remaining from the days before Rubio's election to the Senate, it is not a central feature of a forthcoming book about Rubio's life from the *Washington Post*'s Manuel Roig-Franzia. Veteran Florida political



Marco Rubio and David Rivera in January 2008

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reporter Adam Smith of the *Tampa Bay Times* read the book and reports that supporters of Rubio can "rest easy" because it paints a largely flattering picture of the senator.

"I'm not competing. I'll be honest with you—it just annoys me. If the worst thing they can say about you is that you don't have experience—that's a blessing. I'm not a Rob Portman in terms of experience around this place," says the 41-year-old Rubio, who notes that with his service on the Intelligence Committee he has "more foreign policy experience than Barack Obama" had when he ran for president.

"The problem," says Rubio with a smile, "is I look like I'm 35."

There is another, potentially much bigger problem, however—one that could affect Rubio's prospects for a spot on the ticket in 2012. His name is David Rivera. Rivera and Rubio are longtime political allies and close friends. They rose together in the world of Cuban-American politics in south Florida. They labored together

on political campaigns, worked together in the Florida House of Representatives, and even bought a house and lived together in Tallahassee, the state's capital, during legislative sessions from 2005 until 2008.

Rubio and Rivera met in 1992, when Rubio was an undergraduate at the University of Florida and both young men were volunteers for the congressional campaign of Lincoln Diáz-Balart. Four years later, Rivera brought Rubio into Bob Dole's presidential campaign in Florida. A year after that, Rivera helped run Rubio's own campaign for West Miami city commissioner. The two men served together in the Florida legislature over much of the past decade. They share a circle of friends in the tightknit Cuban-American community, and Rubio's wife, Jeanette, is very close to Rivera's girlfriend, Esther Nuhfer, who works for Rubio's "Reclaiming America" PAC.

Their mutual friends say that while their careers have followed similar trajectories—from Miami to Tallahassee to Washington—the two men are very different. Rivera has never stopped being an operative. He's always scrambling to raise money, to put together coalitions for one effort or another. For Rivera, politics is fundraising and trading favors and winning.

Rubio is the opposite. Rubio is the visionary, and while he's always been ambitious, he is consumed with policy and driven by a deep and abiding belief in the American idea. For Rubio, politics is the means to an end, not an end in itself.

Now, with Rubio the subject of intense speculation that he could be on the Republican presidential ticket, Rivera finds himself the subject of multiple investigations.

The public list of Rivera's questionable activities is long and almost certainly incomplete. The FBI and IRS are both reportedly investigating Rivera. Last month, Miami-Dade state attorney Katherine Fernandez Rundle ended an 18-month investigation without charging Rivera with any crime. Her office issued a "Close-out Memorandum" to explain the findings of the investigation, conducted jointly with the Florida Department of Law Enforcement. Rivera and his allies have called the memo an exoneration. It is no such thing. In fact, the 16-page document is a devastating indictment of Rivera—in the figurative, if not the literal, sense—and a plea for further examination of Rivera's conduct.

The Florida investigation focused on two areas: the payments Rivera and his family received for lobbying work he performed for gambling interests while serving as a member of the Florida legislature and his alleged personal use of campaign funds.

In 2005, south Florida voters supported a measure to allow slot machines at racetracks and other businesses in Broward County but rejected the same proposal in Miami- Dade. Rivera immediately sought to reverse the decision in Miami-Dade and in 2006 reached an agreement with Fred Havenick, the owner of a dog track in Flagler, to serve as the "chief campaign strategist" for a second vote in 2008. After Havenick's death in June 2006, Rivera signed a contract with his surviving relatives. According to the Close-out Memorandum, Rivera directed payments for his work to Millennium Marketing, a company he had created in 2000, and "revived" in 2006, with his mother, Daisy Magarino, and his "godmother," Ileana Medina, as principals. Rivera, who was elected to the Florida house in 2002, worked "almost on a daily basis on behalf of the slots initiative" in late 2007 and early 2008 "from an office at what was known then as Flagler Dog Track." Millennium was ultimately paid more than $500,000 for work on the project, and investigators were able to trace more than $100,000 of that back to Rivera's bank accounts.

It's not illegal to work as a political consultant while serving in the Florida legislature, but elected officials are required to disclose the sources of their income. Rivera failed to disclose any income from Millennium or his work on the gaming referendum (he later amended those reports). When investigators questioned attorneys for Magarino and Medina about the arrangement, "they confirmed their association with the corporation and the fact that it was the subject [Rivera] that performed the services for the slots initiative that Millennium was paid for."

Prosecutors were told that the payments from Millennium were "loans," and they were given promissory notes to support that claim. But when they attempted to verify that the promissory notes had been produced at the time the loans were supposedly made—by dating the ink on the papers and examining the hard drive of the computer that produced them—they were stymied. "We were told during a sworn statement that the original promissory notes were lost and that the computer stopped working and was discarded." Because investigators were unable to prove that Rivera had falsified his income disclosures with "corrupt intent" or that the stories about the loans were untrue, they could not charge Rivera with a crime.

The investigation then turned to Rivera's campaign finances. Rivera had campaign accounts to finance his runs for public office and his efforts to win election as a Republican committeeman. The former are regulated, the latter are not. Investigators questioned Rivera about the commingling of his various accounts and his alleged use of political contributions for personal spending. Rivera responded with "a very broad interpretation of what constitute permissible campaign related expenditures," telling investigators that "he was for a period of almost a decade, continuously and simultaneously engaging in

official business, campaigning for public office, as well as campaigning for committeeman." Rivera "explained as a single man without children, his entire life's focus was on political activities related in some manner to campaigns for office" so "that virtually every travel related expenditure—airfare, automobile costs, lodging, meals, and related miscellaneous expenses for personal items and entertainment—were indeed permissible campaign related expenditures."

Rivera didn't just spend the money on himself. "According to the subject's broad interpretation of the law, it was appropriate and permissible to pay for his female companion's expenditures as well, as they were essential to his election campaigns."

Ironically, the revelation that triggered the Florida investigation—Rivera's claim that he derived income from the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID)—is not even mentioned in the Close-out Memorandum. That doesn't mean it's not troubling.

From 2003 to 2009, Rivera claimed that funds from USAID were a primary source of income outside of his modest salary as a legislator. But USAID told the *Miami Herald*, which broke the story, that it had no record of employing Rivera. Confronted with this unpleasant reality, Rivera claimed that a company he founded—Interamerican Government Relations—was a USAID subcontractor and that he received the payments through that entity. When he was asked who the primary contractor was, Rivera refused to answer. His campaign provided the *Herald* with documentation showing that he had taken three trips to Central and South America over a three-year period between 2005 and 2008. But when *Herald* reporters tried to confirm that Rivera was working for USAID on these trips, a State Department official told them he was not. "The three trips cited by Rivera were not organized by USAID, nor were they tied to a government consulting contract or development work," the *Herald* reported on October 12, 2010.

In response to questions from The Weekly Standard about whether USAID has any documentation of payments to Rivera, either directly or through Interamerican Government Relations, agency spokeswoman Alexandra Glass said, "USAID has no record of Rep. David Rivera working for the Agency." Rivera's congressional office referred requests for an interview to his campaign, which did not respond.

Should Marco Rubio have to answer for David Rivera? "They're not the same person," says one Rubio friend. "They're separate people who live separate lives."

That's true. Rubio is not mentioned in the report from Florida investigators, and when Rubio is mentioned in news coverage of Rivera's troubles it's not because there is any suggestion of his involvement in Rivera's schemes but merely to note the potential damage to Rubio's political fortunes. (The one exception: Deutsche Bank threatened to foreclose on the home that Rubio and Rivera own together following a billing dispute.)

So it's possible that Rivera's problems will remain Rivera's problems. There is, of course, a recent example of a politician achieving tremendous success in spite of problematic associations. In the 2008 campaign, Republicans tried with limited success to bring attention to Barack Obama's friendships with radicals like Bill Ayers and crooks like Tony Rezko. Obama survived his long relationship with the Reverend Jeremiah Wright—who married the Obamas, baptized their children, and addressed them from the pulpit for years, sometimes using stridently anti-American and hateful language.

But Obama did one thing that Rubio has been unwilling to do—at least so far. He distanced himself from the problem. Despite an increasing number of private calls for Rubio to do the same, from good friends and prominent national Republicans, he is sticking by Rivera.

Rubio has agreed to attend a fundraiser in Washington for Rivera this month. Sources close to the senator say he committed to the fundraiser before the release of the detailed report on the Florida investigation. Still, he has no plans to cancel.

"I guess it's because I'm new to Washington, but I've never felt that—I mean, maybe it's acceptable here, it isn't to me—to turn your back on friends when they're going through a difficult time, no matter, you know, what they may have done or not done," Rubio told Bret Baier of Fox News. "And so in his case, he's a friend and I'm going to give him the benefit of the doubt."

Rubio described his relationship with Rivera in his interview with The Weekly Standard. "The best way to characterize it is—I've known this guy when he was a punk and I was a punk," Rubio told me. "He's my personal friend. Now the guy's got some problems. And I can't make excuses. I don't know what the story is there. I don't have access to his bank accounts."

Some friends of both Rubio and Rivera want Rivera to do what Rubio has thus far been unwilling to do.

"If David wanted to be a real friend to Marco, he would not be putting Marco in this situation," says a Florida Republican who is close to both men. "David should voluntarily put some separation between them, but he knows how loyal Marco is and he's taking advantage of that."

Will Rubio's relationship with Rivera keep Mitt Romney from considering him as a running mate? It won't be helpful. ♦

'The Scapegoat' by William Holman Hunt (1854)

Whose Fault Is It?

Laying the blame for blame. BY JOSEPH BOTTUM

This might have been a funny book if it hadn't tried so hard to be serious. It might have been a serious book if it hadn't strained so hard to be funny. It might have been witty, it might have been clever, it might have been profound—it might even have been good. If it weren't so bad.

No, not *bad*, exactly. Lord knows, there have been thousands of worse books published. But *Scapegoat* is so relentlessly mediocre, so uncompromisingly second-rate, that it might as well stand in for all that's wrong with publishing these days. It's a little sad, I suppose, to take *Scapegoat* as our scapegoat, the outward and visible sign of the true inwardness of our printed woes, but there it is. Somebody has to take the blame.

Scapegoat
A History of Blaming Other People
by Charlie Campbell
Overlook, 208 pp., $19.95

Campbell's subtitle is *A History of Blaming Other People*, and if you're actually interested in the topic, you could dive straight into the deep end, weighting yourself down with Rudolf Otto's 1917 classic *Das Heilige: Über das Irrationale in der Idee des Göttlichen und sein Verhältnis zum Rationalen* or René Girard's provocative study *Le Bouc émissaire* (1982). Or, if you prefer to lounge in the shallows of comic sociology, you could paddle around with something like Peter and Hull's 1969 bestseller *The Peter Principle* or even Stephen Potter's *The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship* (1947).

The trouble with Charlie Campbell's *Scapegoat* is that it's afraid to wander much in either direction. *Scapegoat* is like a middle-aged guy standing by the three-foot marker in the country club's

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blue pool. Over on one side, the serious folk practice their pikes and tucks off the springboard. Over on the other side, the children laugh and splash in an endless round of Marco Polo. And there in the middle he stays, slapping his belly from time to time—watching the pretty girls as they stroll by on the patio and wondering when they stopped noticing him.

This book seems to have been relatively well received when it was published this past fall in Great Britain. Of course, that may be because, in British literary circles, Charlie Campbell is very definitely one of the boys: He is an agent for Ed Victor's literary agency and the former books editor of the *Literary Review*, where (to his eternal credit) he ran the "Bad Sex in Fiction" prize, awarding annual nods to the most cringeworthy scenes of fornication in contemporary novels.

In *Scapegoat*, Campbell walks through various famous blamings: the Western world's history of scapegoats, whipping boys, sin-eaters, and fall guys. William Tyndale gets a write-up, after his 1530 English translation of the Bible (which brought the word "scapegoat" into the general language) helped contribute to the upheavals of Protestantism. Sigmund Freud, Campbell somewhat strangely thinks, blamed everything on sex. Philip Larkin, Campbell even more strangely thinks, blamed everything on parents. Karl Marx put the world's crimes on capitalism. The Elizabethans knew the Catholics were behind it all.

It all. Campbell is on the edge of understanding the key element of scapegoating, although he never quite crosses over into comprehension. He does have a moral impulse in his desire to get readers to "think more about the issue of blame and responsibility." For that matter, he grasps the extent to which those who toss around the accusation of scapegoating are often themselves playing the blame game—a kind of meta-scapegoating of scapegoaters. It is, as he says, "a pattern of behavior that has always been with us."

And yet, scapegoating as the great immoral phenomenon of human interaction—the often bloody act by which we use Satan to cast out Satan—does not always require that the person or group blamed for our woes be entirely free of guilt. Jesus as the model of scapegoats was, in fact, innocent; but those who saw Tyndale as a disturber of public order were not wrong. One of the reasons Tyndale translated the Bible was that he thought the public order needed some disturbing.

No, the key element in scapegoating is not that those blamed be innocent but that their guilt be taken as the great explanatory key: the magical evil that, once removed, will make all that was wrong cease to be wrong. Typhoid Mary wasn't a scapegoat; people blamed her for spreading typhoid—quite rightly, as she refused to stop working as a cook—but they didn't blame her for the *existence* of typhoid. The trouble with Campbell's theory that we're all scapegoaters whenever we blame is that it eliminates the possibility of blame. It's a council of quietism and retreat.

Unfortunately, that's only the beginning of the troubles here. Campbell's description of the Dreyfus case is somehow both overdetailed and unclear, and the woolly section on psychology wanders through psychic structures, cognitive dissonance, and Carl Jung without ever convincing us that the author understands any of it.

Even the clearer parts of the book have a taint about them. Witch-dunking, Jew-baiting, McCarthyism, the king's favorite. They all read like potted history: mugged up bits of almost-learning, plundered from standard secondary sources. When *How the Irish Saved Civilization* moved onto the bestseller list in 1995 it became publishers' favorite model for how to write popular history: Throw a bunch of swotted-up facts together in a small narrative with a big thesis, and there you go.

Lightweight as *How the Irish Saved Civilization* was, its epigoni have slipped further and further down into mediocrity. Not bad, exactly, but not good. *How Blame Almost Wrecked Civilization*—that's what *Scapegoat: A History of Blaming Other People* is, in essence. Not the all-explanatory key to what's wrong with books today, but a pretty good symbol.♦

B&A

Turning Point

Hitler lost the war the moment he invaded the Soviet Union. **BY MACKUBIN THOMAS OWENS**

Kiev, 1941
Hitler's Battle for Supremacy in the East
by David Stahel
Cambridge, 484 pp., $35

The German assault against the Soviet Union, Operation Barbarossa, was the largest military undertaking in history. Adolf Hitler expected the *Ostheer*, the German Army of the east—organized into three army groups consisting of 136 divisions, the bulk of Germany's panzer (armor) units and air forces, and some three-quarters of a million troops from Hungary, Romania, Slovakia, and Italy—to achieve a rapid victory over the Red Army, after which he could partially demobilize the army to provide much-needed manpower for German industry.

Barbarossa, launched on June 22, 1941, is usually portrayed as a seamless string of German victories that brought Hitler's forces within sight of the spires of Moscow before the

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onset of winter and a massive Soviet counteroffensive combined to put the Germans on the defensive. The conventional narrative holds that the tide only really began to turn against the Germans at Stalingrad during the winter of 1942-43.

But David Stahel, an independent researcher based in Berlin, has argued that the standard narrative is flawed. In 2009 he published *Operation Barbarossa and Germany's Defeat in the East*, in which he claimed that the seeds of Germany's defeat were sown as early as the summer of 1941 at precisely the time the conventional narrative holds that operational proficiency that was occurring as early as the summer of 1941. On the surface, his thesis is unremarkable. Excellence at the operational level of war—the realm of military campaigns, the series of movements, battles, and logistic support designed to achieve a strategic goal within a theater of war—cannot redeem a flawed strategy. Historians generally agree that (in Stahel's words) although the Wehrmacht was the "most refined and professional fighting force in the world, its battlefield superiority at the tactical and operational level did not make it infallible strategically."

German infantryman surveys the wreckage of a Soviet tank, 1941.

the *Ostheer* was systematically destroying massive Red Army formations in a series of giant encirclements: *Kesselschlachten* or "cauldron battles."

Like his previous book, *Kiev, 1941* is a magnificent work of historical revision, a first-rate example of how military history ought to be written. It is an excellent contribution to the field of specialized operational studies. It also places Barbarossa in general, and the Battle of Kiev in particular, into a larger strategic context. As Stahel remarks, his purpose in writing is twofold: to provide the first intensive treatment of the Battle of Kiev, and to chart the ongoing decline of German

More controversial are his claims that the *Ostheer*'s offensive power was in serious decline even as it was achieving its great victories in the summer and fall of 1941; that for all their distortions and falsifications, Soviet accounts were in many cases closer to the truth regarding the actual state of affairs on the Eastern Front than the German accounts upon which much of what Stahel calls the "flawed orthodoxy" of the Anglo-American perspective on the war is based. He also believes that Hitler's decision to shift his focus southwest toward Ukraine, contrary to the desire of his generals, was not so much a strategic masterstroke as an acknowledgment of Germany's weakened position.

Perhaps his most controversial claim is that, while Joseph Stalin was responsible for much of the Red Army's failures against the Wehrmacht—Stahel essentially asserts that the Soviet dictator was Hitler's secret weapon when it came to German military success—he was remarkably successful in mobilizing the Russian people. Certainly fear and intimidation played a role, but as one author cited here observed, "tyranny alone could not make heroes out of frightened men." Stalin did this by appealing to Russian patriotism, something disdained by Communist dogma. The result was a superhuman effort by the Russian population and stiff resistance by Red Army units far beyond what the Germans expected.

Although Kiev was a great victory for the Wehrmacht and Hitler, Stahel argues, it was a pyrrhic victory, revealing the serious shortcomings of Germany's military instrument, including not only disputes between the Führer and his generals but also among the generals themselves. But embittered command relationships were only the tip of the iceberg; more critical were Germany's economic weakness and logistical shortcomings, which resulted in a serious decline in the Wehrmacht's offensive strength well before the onset of winter and the Soviet offensive of December 1941.

Clausewitz wrote that "no one starts a war—or rather, no one in his senses ought to do so—without first being clear in his mind what he intends to achieve by that war and how he intends to conduct it." Stahel shows that when Hitler chose to "roll the iron dice" by initiating the war against the Soviet Union, he knew what he wanted to achieve but that his assessment of German and Soviet strengths was defective. The Red Army, despite its manifold problems, was not nearly as weak as Hitler believed, and the Wehrmacht was not as strong as he thought it was.

In addition, Hitler, along with his generals, made the fatal error of elevating an operational doctrine—

blitzkrieg, by means of which the Wehrmacht had crushed Poland in 1939 and the French and British armies in 1940—to a strategic concept. The combination of a defective net assessment and the conflation of the operational and strategic levels of conflict resulted in a flawed conduct of the war. As a result, Hitler plunged into an untenable strategic position from which even the operational excellence of the Wehrmacht was unable to extricate him.

Hitler's goal, of course, was to gain "living space" for Germans in the east by eliminating the Slavic *Untermenschen* and their "Jewish Bolshevik" overlords. He expected the Wehrmacht's blitzkrieg to quickly destroy the Red Army. The Soviets, Hitler believed, would be especially easy pickings because of the perceived weaknesses of the Red Army, the leadership of which had been decimated by Stalin's purges. Those weaknesses had become manifestly clear during the Winter War debacle against Finland (1939-40).

The early phases of Barbarossa seemed to vindicate Hitler's thinking. During the first six months of the war the *Ostheer* inflicted irrecoverable losses (killed, missing in action, POWs) on the Red Army in excess of 3 million men. Indeed, Stahel cites estimates to the effect that more than a quarter of all Soviet troops killed in World War II died in 1941. Another 1.5 million were wounded or became sick. This means that of the 5.5 million men who made up the Red Army at the start of the war some 80 percent had become casualties by the end of 1941, a loss rate far in excess of any army in military history.

But the vast manpower of the Soviet Union made the Red Army a hydra-headed monster: Despite the massive losses of the summer, the Red Army totaled 6.9 million by September 1941, and by the end of the year it had grown to 8 million. In addition, the Soviet Union pulled off one of the most remarkable feats in history, physically removing much of its industrial capacity from the western part of the country to the east, out of the clutches of the Nazis. The Soviets also had a numerical advantage in tanks and aircraft. Although the Soviet T-34 was actually superior to the tanks the Germans possessed at the time, much of the Red Army's equipment was obsolete or obsolescent. But as Stalin is said to have remarked, "quantity has a quality all its own."

Germany, by contrast, faced a serious manpower crisis and a weak economic base. The low birthrate during and following World War I meant that the pool of military manpower was limited. Indeed, by 1941, 85 percent of able-bodied Germans between the ages of 20 and 30 were already in the armed forces, which caused labor shortages for German industry. The economic situation was bleak as well. In 1939, Germany produced 10.7 percent of the world's industrial output, Japan 3.5 percent, and Italy 2.7 percent; the Allies, by contrast, produced some 70 percent. Germany, woefully short of natural resources such as oil, was fatally unprepared for a war with the Soviet Union—especially when it became a war of attrition as the offensive power of the Wehrmacht declined after the costly battles of 1941.

More remarkable yet was the fact that, despite the demands of the war in the east, Hitler had directed a shift in arms production from the army to the navy and air force, a reordering of priorities to which the army high command had agreed, reflecting their hubristic view that the Red Army could be vanquished without additional production. As a result, from July until December 1941, production for the army *declined* by 29 percent. Hitler's dubious mandate to fight a two-front war was accompanied by ludicrous production priorities on the part of a stressed economic system.

Material costs were substantial, made worse by the weakness of the German logistical system. Tanks and motorized vehicles, damaged not only by Soviet military action but also by the abysmal Russian road system, often could not be repaired in a timely manner. The *Ostheer* faced a situation that Clausewitz had called the culminating point of victory: The further the attacker advances, the more his strength relative to the defender declines as the former's lines of operation and supply become extended. Russia's great strategic depth swallowed up the *Ostheer* as it had Napoleon in 1812 and Charles XII of Sweden in 1708-09. As Field Marshal von Rundstedt, commander of Army Group South, observed in an August 1941 letter to his wife, "the distances in Russia devour us."

Nonetheless, by this time, the *Ostheer*'s Army Group Center had just effected two of the largest encirclements in military history, netting 600,000 Soviet POWs, and was two-thirds of the way to Moscow. Both the high command and the *Ostheer* commanders argued that Army Group Center should continue an all-out drive toward Moscow, contending that in addition to capturing the enemy's capital, it would give them control of Russia's arms center as well as the hub of Soviet communications and transportation. It also promised the destruction of the bulk of the Red Army massed for a defense of the city.

But the strategic standoff between Hitler and his generals paralyzed the *Ostheer* for three weeks in August. Finally, when Hitler overrode his generals and directed them to shift the main effort from Moscow to Ukraine, Germany already faced a serious strategic predicament. Hitler now confronted the prospect of a two-front war, Germany's strategic nightmare, exacerbated by an operations-strategy mismatch. Germany's operational successes had not achieved the strategic goals of the war, and Germany would only get materially weaker while the Allies would get stronger. At the operational level, turning south presented an exposed left flank to the Red Army, stripped Army Group Center of the bulk of its tanks, and worsened supply problems. It delayed the advance on Moscow. And the Russian winter loomed.

The German victory at Kiev has tended to obscure this reality. The battle itself was immense, involving on the German side three armies, two

panzer groups, and elements of two air fleets, and on the Soviet side six armies, making it the largest and most costly battle of World War II up to that point. By the end of the battle, the Soviet Southwestern Front was completely destroyed, losing (by the Soviet Union's own accounts) 616,000 men killed, captured, or missing. It was certainly the Wehrmacht's single greatest set-piece battle of the war and a personal triumph for Hitler, whose military judgment once again seemed to be superior to that of his generals.

But Stahel argues that this German victory was less the result of the Wehrmacht's operational excellence than of Stalin's strategic mismanagement. In this respect the battle's consequences transcended the battle itself: While the Soviet defeat caused Stalin to defer to his generals, Hitler's generals found it more difficult to confront the Führer as his military decisions became more irrational.

In any event, even the great success at Kiev could not reverse the fact that, by the end of the summer of 1941, the *Ostheer* was seriously overextended and Operation Barbarossa was a spent force. Germany was bogged down in a war of attrition just as Allied output was poised to begin massive war production. By the end of the summer, "Operation Barbarossa's failure left Hitler's strategy rudderless and, although unrecognized at the time, beyond repair."

Stahel's account of Barbarossa and Kiev suggests a couple of lessons for Americans. First, "silver bullets," whether operational or technological, are rarely the panaceas they seem: Germany bet on a single operational doctrine—blitzkrieg—that failed against the Red Army. We all too often pursue the holy grail of technological superiority, the idea that emerging weapons and information technologies offer the promise of certainty and precision in warfare, which permits us to control events. And second, history teaches that those countries that expect to win a short war end up losing a long one. As the old saying goes, any plan of war that depends on the cooperation of the enemy is bound to fail. ♦

B&A

The Giving Game

The saga of philanthropy still needs its history.

BY MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER

Study the history of philanthropy in America and you quickly discover that books you would assume exist don't. Want a history of the Ford Foundation? There isn't one, although there are histories of some Ford programs and of Henry Ford's personal giving. Nor are there histories of the MacArthur Foundation or the Pew Charitable Trusts—at least none currently in print.

Philanthropy in America
A History
by Olivier Zunz
Princeton, 396 pp., $29.95

Until now the most recent general history of foundations in the United States was Robert Bremner's *American Philanthropy* (1960), updated in 1988. Olivier Zunz, a historian at the University of Virginia, is the first to attempt a history of American philanthropy since Bremner. This new book has some value, and will probably be very popular as a textbook for graduate programs in nonprofit management. But *Philanthropy in America* is a flawed book with only limited interest to the general reader.

Given the vastness of Zunz's subject, it's understandable that he had to be selective, but the stories he omits are often more important than the ones he tells.

Zunz is a liberal who doesn't like the right very much. He calls conservative think tanks "weapons" of the conservative movement while not using similar descriptions for left-wing think tanks. He is obsessed with the defund-the-left movement of the 1980s, which was designed to cut off federal funding of liberal organizations. In hindsight, this movement was a marketing device that reaped millions for right-wing fundraisers but, like most of the Reagan administration's domestic policies, resulted in little permanent change. The foundations of the era were more interested in advancing their conservative ideas than engaging in activism, and to call "defunding the left" a conservative philanthropic priority of the 1980s would be (wrongly) to assume that Richard Viguerie received his marching orders from the Olin and Bradley Foundations.

A second problem is Zunz's methods. Part of the reason philanthropic history can be entertaining is the rise of such heroic entrepreneurs as Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, John MacArthur, and Bill Gates. Philanthropy tends to be a profession that attracts the overeducated and underemployed, who often fill their many idle hours with memorably vicious office politics. As a result, the history of large foundations often involves dramatic conflicts that were painful to their participants but make for lively reading. (Two of the better examples of these feuds are

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the battles in the late 1970s and early '80s between J. Roderick MacArthur and the MacArthur Foundation board, and in the 1950s between Robert Maynard Hutchins and everyone else at the Ford Foundation.)

Zunz belongs to the school of history that considers process more important than people. *Philanthropy in America* is a bureaucratic story in which large organizations are created, and then get fatter, slower, and more calcified. As Zunz states in his conclusion, American philanthropy is "a product of the large organizational revolution that American managerial and financial capitalism orchestrated in the last century and a half."

But an institutional history of watching big organizations get even larger is not very enjoyable. Most of *Philanthropy in America* will, therefore, not interest readers who want a good story when they read history.

Zunz's techniques, however, do yield substantial insights into one of the perennial issues of philanthropy: namely, the extent to which nonprofit organizations can engage in political activity. Nonprofits in America are largely governed by two sections of the tax code: 501(c)(3), which allows organizations to receive tax-deductible contributions but not to engage in political activity, and 501(c)(4), which allows organizations to engage in limited lobbying but not to receive tax-deductible contributions (although they may be anonymous). One of the major debates in the forthcoming elections will be whether or not giant 501(c)(4)-designated organizations such as Crossroads GPS and the American Action Network can continue to keep their donors anonymous.

But why is there such a fine line between (c)(3) and (c)(4) organizations? Zunz shows that the debate over the extent that charities can take part in politics goes back to the Civil War era. In 1867, the heirs to Francis Jackson, a Boston merchant, sued to break his will. Jackson had left his money to an organization that was supposed to help free slaves and get women the vote. The heirs declared that Jackson's will should be voided because the 13th Amendment had, by outlawing slavery, fulfilled Jackson's objective and, therefore, the charity Jackson wanted to create had no need to exist.

In *Jackson* v. *Phillips*, a Massachusetts state court ruled that the parts of Jackson's estate designed to help free slaves were a valid charity but the parts designed to aid women were not. The reasoning was that Jackson had said that his antislavery organization would produce books, pamphlets, and newspapers, but his feminist organization would only lobby for suffrage and the right of women to own property. The former, in the court's eyes, was an educational mission; the latter, a noncharitable attempt to change the Constitution.

John D. Rockefeller donates a dime.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

For the next century, courts routinely stripped tax exemptions from organizations that they thought were primarily trying to change laws. Charities kept coming up with increasingly vague charters that had some "educational" feature as a way of disguising their lobbying and keeping their tax exemptions. The Revenue Act of 1934 seemed to settle the matter by saying that organizations that lobbied to change laws couldn't receive tax-exempt contributions. Zunz shows that this law was passed to punish the National Economy League, a government watchdog group that wanted to reduce pensions for veterans who weren't disabled.

The issue took another half century to settle. In 1973, Taxation With Representation, a liberal good-government group that lobbied to eliminate what it saw as corporate tax loopholes, was denied 501(c)(3) status because it lobbied. Four years later, the group decided to sue the IRS, and the case eventually reached the Supreme Court, which decided in *Regan* v. *Taxation With Representation* (1983) that the group was wrongly denied its exemption. As a result, groups accredited as 501(c)(3)s can set up allied 501(c)(4)s to engage in political issues—and the 501(c)(4) can be in the same building as, or even next door to, the 501(c)(3). (So when liberals rail against the activities of Karl Rove and Norm Coleman they should admit that Rove's and Coleman's organizations can do what they do because of a precedent the left created.)

If Zunz's treatment of other philanthropic issues were as systematic as his analysis of tax exemptions, *Philanthropy in America* would be more interesting. But Zunz is a dabbler who flits from topic to topic: a little about international organizations, a little more about the efforts of foundations in the 1970s to police themselves after some fierce congressional investigations of nonprofits in the 1960s. Given the vastness of Zunz's subject, it's understandable that he had to be selective, but the stories he omits are often more important than the ones he tells. He spends less than a page, for example, discussing the question of whether foundations should live in perpetuity or be term-limited, even though this debate has been continuing since the first large American foundations were created a century ago.

There's still a need for an authoritative history of American philanthropy.♦

B&A

Mrs. D.'s Gift

A second flowering in the Augustan Age.

BY KATE LIGHT

'Winter Cherry'

The Paper Garden
An Artist Begins Her Life Work at 72
by Molly Peacock
Bloomsbury, 416 pp., $20

Happily, poet Molly Peacock possesses formidable biographical skills, for they are essential to the task of taking on her subject, the life and art of Mary Granville Pendarves Delany. But Peacock also brings a poet's sensibility to *The Paper Garden*, which enhances its vivid appeal. With a panoply of metaphor and lyrical asides, a framework of apt and inspired quotations from artists across the ages, a host of parallels and connections to other lives (including Peacock's own), and the designation of a single beautifully reproduced flower as a point of departure for each chapter, Peacock has created the biographical equivalent of collage. And if ever a subject called for this skill, it is Mary Delany, who, Peacock posits, *invented* collage 200 years before we usually reckon it, when she snipped, pasted, layered, painted, implanted, and strikingly staged her *Flora Delanica*, nearly 1,000 cut-flower "mosaicks" on black paper backgrounds.

That Peacock manages to balance history, biography, art, and botany—creating windows into the lives of at least four 18th-century figures as well as countless English and Irish countrysides, countrymen, gentlewomen, and not so gentle men—and does so with elegance and insight, while keeping her audience engaged in such a personal way that they may at times find the book holding up a mirror to their own inner lives, is a feat worthy of the miraculous Mrs. D. (as she is fondly referred to) herself.

Central to the story is the inciting moment in 1772 when, recently widowed for a second time, utterly bereft, and laid up in the home of her dear friend the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany sat "chair-ridden" with her swollen, propped-up, gnat-bitten foot and an order not to move from the spot. A geranium was placed nearby to cheer her. Inspired by a petal fallen onto a colored piece of paper, she picked up her scissors, snipped a paper petal so exact that the Duchess feared she'd raided the plant, and with paper and paste, assembled her first flower. This was the start of a creative outpouring virtually unmatched in velocity, consistency, and intensity. Defying all the stereotypes of ripe old age, she had begun her life's work. She was 72 years old.

How did this happen? She'd led a flurry of a life. The best of times were those with art and devoted friends and family, and the worst were years trapped in a torturous arranged marriage from age 17. A family brush with the Tower of London, friendships with Handel and Jonathan Swift, a period of courtship by Lord Baltimore, the late-in-life admiration and hospitality of George III—these were some of the highlights. And always, the creation of some sort of art was an outlet for her, a distinction, a solace, and a stay against the era's bullying restrictions. Young Mary escaped into her arts (and letters) during her horrific marriage to an elderly, fat, snuff-taking, drunken nobleman, and after an inevitable early widowhood, she vowed never to submit to such indenture again.

Peacock details a lifelong artistic apprenticeship: silhouette-cutting, music-making, clothing design, flower embroidery, shell-arranging; correspondence with, and observation of, great artists; botanical study and collection; and gardening—until the cut flowers "[burst] from the bright spirit that wrote those volumes of letters . . . made by two hands that had seventy-two years of flexion in other crafts, and eyes that had seventy-two years of pure noticing." Entwining the life and the art, the biography and metaphor, Peacock makes beds of similes, plumping the pillows with such historical detail as food and dress, social mores, lineages, politics. Of the plant adorning a later chapter, she writes:

> The *Winter Cherry* is . . . a self-portrait of the artist as a single stalk of a plant, showing her at four of life's stages: the green lantern of childhood; the fully dressed, bright orange one with slight hip loops—young womanhood; the lower lantern with part of the dress removed to show the interior of the plant—increasing maturity; and the last lantern, the heart of the aged woman. The fine ribs of the plant material make the skeleton of the former lantern into something like a rib cage, with the cherry beating inside.

Mrs. D. included in this mosaic—like a lock of real hair stored inside a locket—a part of the actual plant, which has survived.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Kate Light, poet and violinist in New York, is the author, most recently, of Gravity's Dream *and the libretto to* Once Upon the Wind.

In middle age, Mary was coaxed back into marriage, and her husband, the devoted Reverend Delany (to use modern parlance), "got" her. He did not squelch her; he admired and encouraged her. Borrowing an image that points forward to the later-to-be-emblazoned flowers, Peacock writes: "[Mary] became his brilliant focus—and he became her vista, the expansive background that his generosity of spirit provided." Devastated at his death, she was all but unable to go on; but friendship and, eventually, art—namely, the *Flora Delanica* begun two years later—revived her.

Though most women of her era had few available choices (for those of her class, marriage or a position at court), Mrs. D. knew exceptional women, notably the Duchess of Portland, the richest and most purposeful woman in Britain of her time, who provided the sitting room, the inciting geranium, and the rescue from widowhood's depression and despair. Mrs. Delany would, in a sense, return the favor 200 years later: When Ruth Hayden, her great-great-great-great-great-great-niece, accepted a commission from the press of the British Museum (which houses the collection) to write her ancestor's biography, doing the work lifted Hayden from listlessness, depression, and a lifelong burden of undereducation. Immersing herself in the six immense volumes of collected letters and nearly 1,000 flower portraits, Hayden came into her own. Completing the project with her husband, who was in his final years, kept them close.

Well into her eighties, Mrs. Delany raced against failing eyesight and the potential dimming of other faculties to do the work. She dissected the plants in order to replicate them to the core. At a rate of up to one per day, she created detailed, anatomically correct botanical portraits, her specimens ranging from rare to commonplace. In Peacock's view, they are deeply sensual and sexual, and "as complex as Mrs. D.'s personality," with their "opposites of intrepidity and shyness, inspired daring and . . . deliberate anonymity." Consisting of dozens to hundreds of painted, cut, and pasted parts, the flowers were storied marvels at the time and are no less so today. The technique is often other than it appears: cut where it seems painted, handmade where it seems real, pasted in where it looks colored directly onto the page, and almost always made of more pieces than one imagines.

Peacock imbues *The Paper Garden* with a love of technique, of those things that take time to evolve, and of things worth striving for and studying: "Some things take living long enough to do," she muses. Yet for reasons mysterious or predictable, some people find ultimate expression and others (Peacock's mother, for one) do not: "Refusing to make, she made me into a maker—into a writer. . . . [She] inched her way forward in life. . . . I had to leap." A passage from Virginia Woolf's 1926 diary on the final page is uncannily prescient: Woolf is sometimes haunted, she says, imagining an occasion in a woman's life when "future shall somehow blossom out of the past. One incident—say the fall of a flower—might contain it."

Anyone who has ever hit a lull, or a low, or faced a cultural obstacle can ride the wave of this saga. It is a story showing that profound recovery can follow profound loss, that it can take a lifetime to find one's art, that a late bloom is possible and attainable, and that at any time in history there can be, and have been, women and artists, or both, defying all manner of pressures and norms, and leaping. ♦

B&A

No Spin Zone

Reflections from the thinking man's knuckleballer.

BY JOSHUA GELERNTER

In June 2010, the nation's capital was atwitter with stories of the Washington Nationals rookie Stephen Strasburg, a starting pitcher who threw 100 miles per hour with a wicked changeup. On days when he pitched, attendance doubled; television sports shows asked their panelists to weigh in on Strasburg Fever.

Wherever I Wind Up
My Quest for Truth, Authenticity and the Perfect Knuckleball
by R.A. Dickey
with Wayne Coffey
Blue Rider Press, 352 pp., $26.95

On July 3, Strasburg was set to pitch against the New York Mets, and herds of fans made their eager way to the Nationals' ballpark. In a stadium-bound subway car filled with middle-aged men wearing Strasburg T-shirts, another man in early middle age named Robert Allen Dickey eavesdropped on the fans' effervescing excitement. Dickey was interested because he was the Met scheduled to pitch against Strasburg that afternoon. No one on the subway knew who Dickey was, mostly because almost no one anywhere knew who Dickey was. To sportswriters, he was a journeyman ballplayer; to fans he was a guy whose fastball topped out in the mid-'80s. In *Wherever I Wind Up*, Dickey says that being matched against Strasburg was like a butterfly being matched against a fighter jet.

That afternoon, 40,000 fans saw Strasburg pitch well—and Dickey pitch better. A month before, Dickey had been a minor leaguer in Buffalo, wrapping up a decade-and-a-half run of professional baseball irrelevance; a month after, he came as close as any Met ever has to pitching a no-hitter. Two years after the Strasburg game, he has the longest streak of quality pitching starts in the majors. But Dickey isn't unusual for being a late bloomer so much as for the way he bloomed, and his memoir tells an interesting story.

In 1996, Dickey was the Texas

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R.A. Dickey in action against the Florida Marlins, April 25, 2012.

Rangers' first draft pick, with an $810,000 signing bonus. Before signing the contract, he had to take a physical exam, where it was discovered that he was missing a ligament in his pitching arm. The signing bonus was cut to $75,000 and Dickey was relegated to the margins of the Texas farm system. As his arm problems caught up with him, Dickey's pitching got worse, and feeling that desperate times called for desperate measures, he began to throw a knuckleball.

A knuckleball is baseball's most unusual pitch—right now, Dickey is the only major league pitcher who throws it. Instead of being aimed at a target, knuckleballs are designed to have no spin as they fly from the pitcher's mound to the plate, letting air resistance flutter them back and forth at random. A good knuckleball can't be hit. Few pitchers ever throw them, however, because knuckleballs are hard to throw well, and when thrown badly, are very easily hit. The post-1900 record of home runs allowed in a single game (six) was tied by Dickey in his first major league start as a knuckleball pitcher.

Dickey grew up in a broken home; his parents divorced when he was 8, and he was badly abused by a babysitter. As an adult, he refused to trust anyone and felt desperate to show the world his worth. When he started throwing the knuckleball, he says, he threw it badly because he didn't trust himself to throw it well. He kept his old, conventional pitches in his repertoire and didn't give the knuckleball the practice it needed. Inevitably, he didn't throw anything well enough to catch on in the major leagues, and by 2007 he'd spent a decade in baseball bouncing around the farm systems and growing depressed.

One day, in Council Bluffs, Iowa, he looked out at the Missouri River and decided to swim across it. Dickey isn't sure why—but looking at the Missouri, he thought of "Washington crossing the Delaware, Joshua crossing the Jordan, Perseus crossing the river Styx." (Dickey has a touch of the poet in him.) The Missouri, of course, is a big, strong river, and Dickey was a third of the way across when he realized he wasn't going to make it and would probably drown. He tried to retreat to the shore but got towed under by the current. Onlookers were convinced he wouldn't be coming back up.

Deep underwater, Dickey began to cry—because his life had been a failure, because he was leaving behind three kids and a wife to whom he had not been a good husband, and because, though accepting Christ in high school had helped him forget his miserable childhood, he hadn't been a good Christian, either. Then he hit bottom. Feet planted on the riverbed, he was overcome by a feeling that God was giving him a second chance, and with his last ounce of energy, pushed himself back towards the surface. A friend managed to yank him onto shore.

Second chance in hand, R.A. Dickey surrendered himself to the knuckleball and became the pitcher he is now. And that pitcher is beloved—partly because he throws a pitch that no one else throws, partly because he's a 37-year-old professional athlete who says he's "only 26 in knuckleball years," and partly for wanting to teach English and for naming his bat "Hrunting" after Beowulf's sword. Also because he climbed Mount Kilimanjaro to support a group that helps abused kids and because no one can imagine him cussing, ever. ♦

NEWSCOM

No Laughing Matter

The ingredients are there, but the experiment fizzles.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

The Five-Year Engagement
Directed by Nicholas Stoller

The Five-Year Engagement is the latest presentation from the orbit of Judd Apatow, the comedy mastermind whose particular genius is to stuff his movies to the gills with funny people doing funny things. This may seem like an obvious thing to do, but most movie stars don't like being upstaged by secondary performers and insist on keeping the best lines and best pieces of business for themselves, and so lighthearted fare often feels underpopulated and claustrophobically focused on the couple at the center.

Not so in Apatow's films. Like the movies he writes and directs himself (*The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, *Knocked Up*, *Funny People*) and the ones he produces (*Superbad*, *Bridesmaids*), *The Five-Year Engagement* is crammed with sprightly character bits, scenes that do absolutely nothing to advance the plot but make you howl with laughter, and actors you've never seen or noticed before knocking your socks off with their improvisatory talents.

An Apatow movie is often too long, but that's because he and his fellow filmmakers allow scenes to build slowly to achieve the maximum comic impact. That is what happens in the high points of *The Five-Year Engagement*, which include a vapid young woman viciously insulting the man breaking up with her and then telling him he should leave "before I say nasty things"; two sisters having an argument in front of a small child in which one talks like Elmo and the other like the Cookie Monster; and a crazy-eyed surfer-dude groom serenading his bride with a langorous, slow, beautiful ballad in letter-perfect Spanish.

Emily Blunt, Jason Segel

If the movie's main story had been equal to all this, *The Five-Year Engagement* would have been a classic. Sadly, the title relationship is distressingly dull, and it is the heart of the action. Tom, a chef, and Violet, an academic psychologist, plight each other's troth in the movie's opening scene and then spend the rest of it not getting married. If they were being prevented from doing so as a result of farcical intrusions on their happiness, or wild plot gyrations, their problems might have remained of some interest. But the central conflict between them is this: Violet gets a fellowship at the University of Michigan.

This has to be the most tedious complication in the history of comedy. Clearly, director/cowriter Nicholas Stoller doesn't think so, since he based *The Five-Year Engagement* on his own engagement and marriage story—but then, we are never good judges of our own anecdotes, are we?

In other hands, the problems that develop between Tom and Violet—he puts his career on hold and ends up making sandwiches at the legendary Zingerman's Deli in Ann Arbor, she stays in Michigan longer than she told him she would, and they begin to resent each other—might have been used to present a fresh way-we-live-now story about romantic egalitarianism. But Tom and Violet are portrayed with almost relentless kindness—they're both lovely, well-meaning, and decent people who would never hurt a fly. Any damage they do to each other is pretty much unintentional. Thus there is no real conflict, and one grows indifferent to the proceedings.

That's also due to something beyond anyone's capacity to repair, which is that the two stars, Jason Segel (who also cowrote) and Emily Blunt, have no chemistry whatsoever. This doesn't seem to be their fault. Segel was great at playing a lovelorn sap in *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* and lit up the screen with costar Mila Kunis. Blunt was enchanting as a love interest in *The Adjustment Bureau* and funny as a mean girl in *The Devil Wears Prada*.

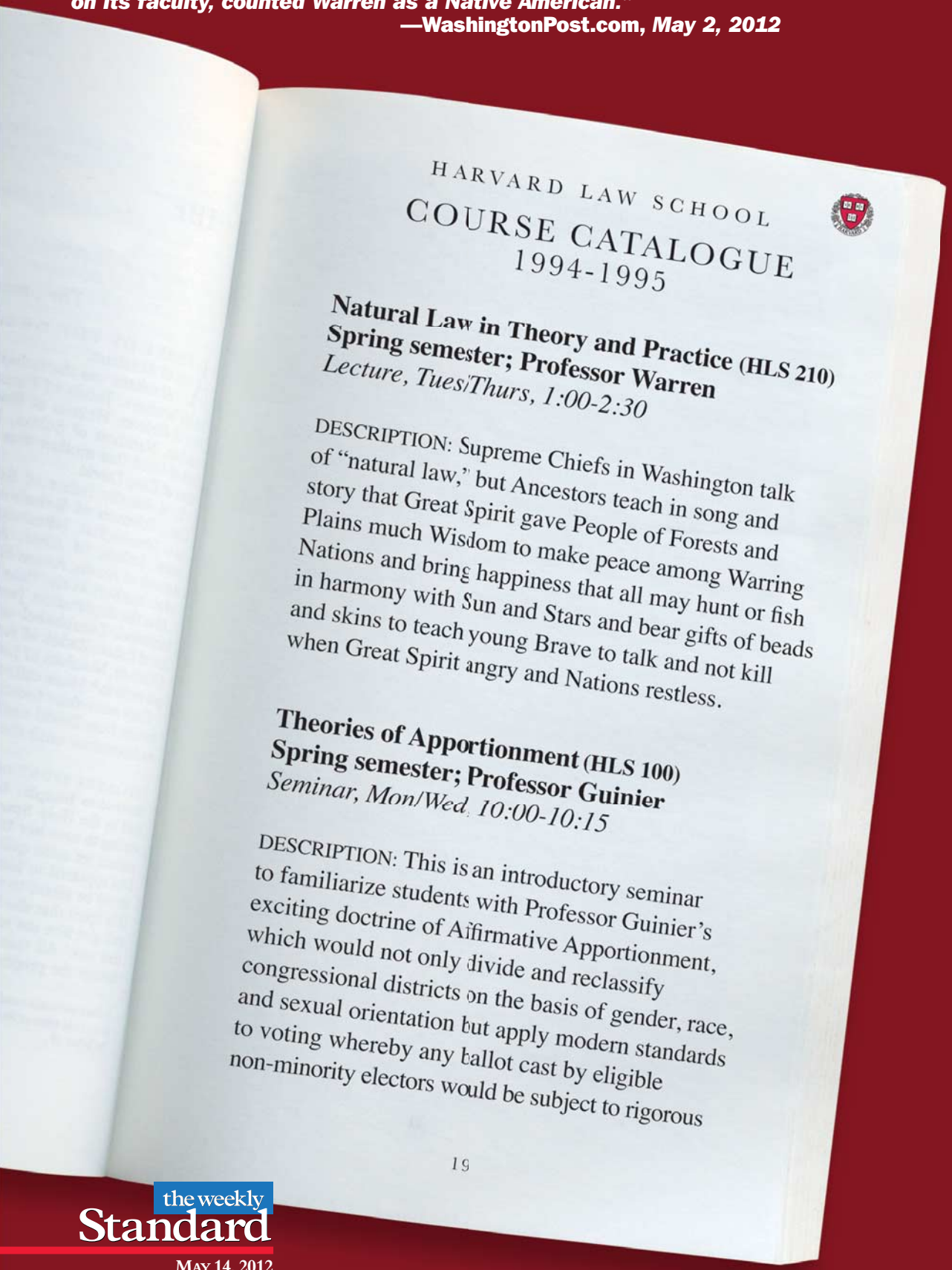
Together they are as alluring as the rice pudding served on a hospital tray. Their lack of spark shows through even in the trailers and television commercials, which helps explain why *The Five-Year Engagement* did so poorly at the box office its first weekend. That will surely hasten its departure from theaters, which is too bad, because the inspired bits really do make *The Five-Year Engagement* well worth your time. In particular, two TV performers—Alison Brie of *Community* and Chris Pratt of *Parks and Recreation*—are sensational as a couple of one-night-standers who suddenly go bourgeois-married-with-children and outdistance Tom and Violet in the domesticity department.

They make you wish you were watching *The Five-Year Anniversary*, starring them, instead. ♦

NEWSCOM

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

"Elizabeth Warren, candidate for U.S. Senate in Massachusetts, listed herself as a minority in a reference book of law professors. . . . Harvard, under fire for a lack of diversity on its faculty, counted Warren as a Native American."
—WashingtonPost.com, *May 2, 2012*



HARVARD LAW SCHOOL
COURSE CATALOGUE
1994-1995

Natural Law in Theory and Practice (HLS 210)
Spring semester; Professor Warren
Lecture, Tues/Thurs, 1:00-2:30

DESCRIPTION: Supreme Chiefs in Washington talk of "natural law," but Ancestors teach in song and story that Great Spirit gave People of Forests and Plains much Wisdom to make peace among Warring Nations and bring happiness that all may hunt or fish in harmony with Sun and Stars and bear gifts of beads and skins to teach young Brave to talk and not kill when Great Spirit angry and Nations restless.

Theories of Apportionment (HLS 100)
Spring semester; Professor Guinier
Seminar, Mon/Wed, 10:00-10:15

DESCRIPTION: This is an introductory seminar to familiarize students with Professor Guinier's exciting doctrine of Affirmative Apportionment, which would not only divide and reclassify congressional districts on the basis of gender, race, and sexual orientation but apply modern standards to voting whereby any ballot cast by eligible non-minority electors would be subject to rigorous

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