the weekly Standard

DEFEATING OBAMA
FRED BARNES
JEFFREY BELL & FRANK CANNON

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SUMMER READING

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Risky Romney Business

Mitt Romney has a well-deserved reputation as risk-averse and cautious. His campaign team has made no secret of its strategy to have their man tiptoe to the presidency by focusing almost exclusively on President Obama's stewardship of the economy. The execution of this strategy depends on Romney doing nothing to "distract" from the economy, meaning that Romney's innate caution is being reinforced at every turn by those around him.

To some extent, this approach is understandable. For months, voters have told pollsters that the economy is the most important issue in the election, and handling the economy is one of the few issue areas where Romney enjoys a real advantage over Obama.

But there's a downside, too. Voters may care most about the economy, but they don't care only about the economy. And by seeking to avoid doing anything controversial, Romney has done some foolish things.

Consider:

Bloomberg reported last week that Romney's campaign had asked Florida governor Rick Scott to stop talking about the drop in unemployment in the state during Scott's time in office. The story makes the Romney team look like it's hoping for bad economic news. Not surprisingly, the Obama campaign quickly distributed the article as evidence that Romney wants to ignore good news about the economy. Scott understandably wants to tout his accomplishments and in a speech on Friday ignored Romney's request. "We've had the biggest drop in unemployment than any state but one," Scott said. "We've gone from 516,000 people on unemployment to 340,000."

Earlier in the week, Romney made an appearance in Janesville, Wisconsin, as part of a bus tour of small towns the Obama administration has ignored. Representative Paul Ryan joined Romney on stage, along with Governor Scott Walker and Senator Ron Johnson. A local businessman who spoke at the event noted that Ryan is from Janesville and joked that Romney could make news by announcing him as his running mate. Walker introduced Romney to the enthusiastic crowd, which still seemed to be on a high from Walker's recall triumph two weeks earlier.

Given that Romney was in Ryan's hometown in the state that has brought more excitement to the Republican party than almost anything since the 2010 midterms, one might have expected a discussion of Ryan's work on entitlement reform or Walker's impressive budget reforms and his electrifying victory on June 5. Indeed, one might have thought Romney would want to hold up these conservative reformers as a model for his own approach to post-Obama governance. Romney not only failed to do that, he made just one passing reference to either man—a promise to balance the budget as Wisconsin's governor had done.

It was not just a missed opportunity; it was a slight. And several Wisconsin Republicans took note.

The following day, Jonathan Karl at ABC News reported that the Romney campaign had not asked Senator Marco Rubio for vice presidential vetting materials. There are reasons that Rubio as a running mate could be problematic (see Stephen F. Hayes's May 14 piece in these pages on his relationship with Rep. David Rivera, R-Shady—"The Rise of Rubio"), but Rubio has huge upsides. He is probably the best public speaker in the Republican party; he has a firm grasp of policy details on everything from taxes to Syria; he generates enthusiasm with all kinds of voters—from independent Florida oldsters to Tea Party enthusiasts wearing tricornered hats. Oh, and in an election that will feature a pitched battle for Hispanic voters, his personal story is a compelling example of the American Dream.

But Karl's story was accurate. Romney wasn't giving Rubio a serious look—at least not until the report generated grumbling among top Republicans and conservatives outside of the Romney campaign. That response prompted the candidate to declare, in a rather bizarre statement, that he is in fact vetting Rubio very thoroughly. The fact that this back-and-forth came as Republicans tried to respond to Obama's campaign maneuvering on immigration and on the day that Rubio launched his book tour made it even more painful.

Taken separately, these incidents might not be a big deal. But together, in the space of a week, they suggest a candidate and a campaign in a mutually reinforcing cycle of cautiousness. And the problem with strategy based on risk-aversion?

It's risky. ◆

Left-Wing Intolerance

The bumptiousness of the left never ceases to amaze The Scrapbook.

There was the chanting demonstration against President George H.W. Bush in 1990 when he attended his brother-in-law's funeral in Boston. There was Harvard's refusal in 1987 to confer an honorary degree on Ronald Reagan—which was Harvard's privilege, of course, but made ugly by its adolescent gesture of awarding a degree, instead, to Tip O'Neill. There was the rude—indeed, deliberately rude—and widely

publicized response of poet Sam Hamill to his invitation to a 2003 White House literary symposium ("I was overcome by a kind of nausea . . . "). Several days ago MSNBC talking head Lawrence O'Donnell spent some minutes on the air deriding Ann Romney's interest in dressage as therapy for her multiple sclerosis.

But the winner of this week's prize, in The Scrapbook's judgment, is Sonia Pressman Fuentes, an 84-year-old cofounder of the National Organization for Women and former board member of the Sewall-Belmont House in Washington.

Since 1929, the Sewall-Belmont House has been the headquarters of the National Woman's party, and the historic structure largely functions as a meeting place and museum of women's rights and the suffrage movement. Every year the Sewall-Belmont board confers an award—the Alice Award, named for veteran suffragette Alice Paul—and past honorees include Tipper Gore, Billie Jean King, Cokie Roberts, Olympia Snowe, Evelyn Lauder, and Hillary Clinton.

This year the Alice Award will go to former first lady Laura Bush, whose commitment (in the executive director's words) "to education, health care, and human rights . . . has made an impact on women's lives both at home and abroad." The Scrapbook would include her stalwart efforts on behalf of the status of Afghan women and her championship of women's rights in the Middle East—where such efforts require a considerable measure of courage. But the board's summary strikes The Scrapbook as a fair description of Laura Bush.

Not so, Sonia Pressman Fuentes, who, on behalf of 21 other self-described feminists, released a letter to the Sewall-Belmont board protesting the award in strikingly offensive terms. Laura Bush, she declared,

> is not known as a champion of women's rights. She has done little or nothing to advance American women's equality. . . . [S]he has been conspicuously absent in every major arena of American women's rights. . . . To give the Alice Award to such a partisan political figure in an election year is highly questionable. To give it to a non-feminist Republican figurehead, at a time when the Republican Party is doing its utmost to demolish women's hard-fought rights, reflects a stunning lapse of judgment.

This is, of course, wholly inaccurate, deceptive, and deeply insulting. To its great credit, the Sewall-Belmont board has reaffirmed its choice of Laura Bush, and Sonia Pressman Fuentes's letter has generated considerable public support for the former first lady and her long history of toil on behalf of women's rights. This episode is, unfortunately, the sort of irritant that comes with life in the public eye.

It is, however, worth noting that Sonia Pressman Fuentes's letter is sadly characteristic of what we might call left-wing intolerance. On the Sewall-Belmont website, for example, the recent event most lavishly touted was a luncheon in honor of Nancy Pelosi, who submitted to questions from MSNBC talking head Rachel Maddow.

And so The Scrapbook commends Sewall-Belmont House for its nonpartisan approach to the issue of women's equality, in marked con-

trast to the rigid, dogmatic, intolerant, and uncouth response of Sonia Pressman Fuentes and her 21 fellow feminists. ♦

Required Reading

The Scrapbook has its book bag packed for a vacation next week, and the volume we are most looking forward to is *America-Lite: How Imperial Academia Dismantled Our Culture (and Ushered in the Obamacrats)*—the latest from our contributing editor David Gelernter.

We've already dipped into its bracing pages, with great pleasure. Here are a couple of samples:

> It's hard to believe, but the man we have elected president of the United States doesn't know what he's doing. . . . He has so often spoken and acted as if he didn't know what he was doing, hadn't mastered the minimum job requirements, that at last we have to face the truth. The man doesn't know enough to be president.

How can that be, you might ask? The man is a graduate of Columbia and Harvard? Ah, there's the rub: Obama is a product of what Gelernter terms "the rise of Imperial Academia":

> Elite universities had always been influential in American culture, but in the generation after World War II they took charge. Thereafter, American culture was in their hands, because of the enormous influence of their alumni and the direct influence of the institutions themselves—on journalism, business, the arts, every other college in the country and (most important) on grade school teaching at every level.

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The Law of Dismality

Back in the dark ages of superstition and disease, before science brought suffering humanity into our present era of perpetual peace and economic stability, people were very unenlightened. As Harris (2010) and Hitchens (2007) note, it was a dark time. Very dark.

We shouldn't assume, however, that everyone who lived before us was entirely foolish. Yes, they were all under five feet tall, died at age 39, and smoked unfiltered cigarettes while driving nonelectric cars without seat belts. To examine their bleak lives, however, is to discover that many of them had a kind of prescientific intuition that—when put on a proper scientific foundation—can prove useful, even today.

Take, for example, the curious manner in which bad events seem to clump together. The car gets sideswiped, the sink backs up, the stock market falls, the Yankees win. And somehow it all seems to merge into a dark, amorphous mass of ill luck and ill will. The medieval people who lived in the last century would mark these misery clusters with such sayings as "Waiting for the other shoe to drop," or "Deaths come in threes," or "You got to know when to fold 'em."

Thanks to Dennett (2006), we now understand that bad events are merely random occurrences given apparent meaning by the mechanisms of the physical brain. There exist, however, structured and unstructured forms of randomness, and the old people's intuition of bad-event bunching has been given new life by the patterns uncovered in statistical analysis.

In *my* statistical analysis, as it happens, for after years of data collection I am here to announce that I have succeeded where so many earlier researchers failed—discovering a modern, scientific calculation of how adverse events increase our awareness that the universe is going bad. Very bad.

The math is straightforward. I began by entering the data as polynomial fractions in three-dimensional matrices, taking the square root of the determinants, and sorting the results from high to low to find the eigenvector. A few late-night sessions of data smoothing, using inventive techniques developed for climate research at the University of East Anglia (2009), and there it was, clean and simple—my newly discovered Law of Dismality:

$$\sum_{n=0}^{50} f(x_n) = \frac{\upsilon}{(n+1)^2}$$

The constant upsilon (υ) represents, of course, the famous Despondency Correspondency, first given mathematical form when, according to Runyon (1934), the great equinary algebrist S.T. Gonoph announced, "I long ago come to the conclusion that all life is six-to-five against." Modern statistical modeling has adjusted the despondency constant somewhat, but for most horse tracks and gubernatorial campaigns, 5/6 remains the best approximation.

Note the marked limits of this result, valid only for 50 or fewer bad events. From 51 to 100, we enter what researchers call the Insensible Valley, where additional badness no longer appreciably increases melancholy—although alcohol consumption continues in geometrical progression. I was unable, unfortunately, to collect data on adversities beyond 100. In the *Journal of Statistical Psychotherapy*, Santo and Banks (1997) hypothesize that people suffering more than 100 miseries within the time limits of induced depression either do not exist or are Chicago Cubs fans; in any event, they were unavailable for testing.

I confidently expect the Nobel Prize for this quantification of downheartedness, with the Fields Medal to follow for the mathematical demonstration of the sticky quality of badness and proof that the world is, in fact, going to hell in a hand basket whenever George Clooney gets nominated for an Oscar, Fox cancels *Terra Nova*, Wisconsin holds an election, and the NHL finals feature the sixth-seeded New Jersey Devils against the eighth-seeded Los Angeles Kings. My local Department of Tourism has already offered me a one-way bus ticket to promote my ideas out of state, and other honors and rewards should arrive shortly.

But I didn't do it for the fame. In any investigation of these topics, we stand on the shoulders of giants, from Kelvin and Planck's classic restatement of entropy in thermodynamics to the enthralling analysis of Thomas Malthus in economics. Sophocles' plays, the Book of Ecclesiastes, Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Thomas Friedman's columns in the *New York Times*: How could anyone not be uplifted and inspired by these ancient texts? Richard Dawkins (2006) is correct, of course, that the past was full of people who weren't Richard Dawkins, but I, for one, am still indebted to them.

As you should be. For without their premodern superstitions, how would I have known to investigate scientifically the Law of Dismality? And without my law, how would you understand why you feel so bad every time Manny Ramirez fails another baseball drug test or the president gives another speech?

Joseph Bottum

the weekly Standard

The Obama Retreat

Last week, we wrote on this page that given the Obama administration's lack of leadership on Iran in this "period of consequences," Congress should step in to fill the void. As our editorial went to press, a bipartisan group of 44 senators began to do just that. In a letter organized by Senators Robert Menendez and Roy Blunt, the group outlined a series of steps Iran would have needed to take at the June 18-19 Moscow talks to justify further negotiations. These included shutting its previously covert enrichment facility near Qom, freezing enrichment above 5 percent, and shipping its stockpile of uranium enriched above that point out of the country.

Iran's Mahmoud Ahmadinejad

NEWSCOM

The letter noted, "Absent these steps, we must conclude that Tehran is using the talks as a cover to buy time as it advances toward nuclear weapons capability." And the senators called on the president to "reevaluate the utility of further talks at this time and instead focus on significantly increasing the pressure on the Iranian government through sanctions and making clear that a credible military option exists."

With the subsequent failure of the Moscow talks, President Obama should heed this sensible advice from nearly half the Senate. At this point, the futility of further talks is pretty clear to any honest observer. The United States and our allies have made proposal after proposal, imposed sanction upon sanction, and even apparently deployed covert tools which we learn about on an almost daily basis as administration officials desperate to burnish the president's image leak sensitive national security information. Despite all of this, the centrifuges continue to spin, the stockpile of enriched uranium grows, and Iran gets closer and closer to a nuclear weapons capability.

As "technical experts" meet in the coming weeks, and the Obama administration clings to a "process" that is going nowhere, Iran will undoubtedly use the intervening period to create additional facts on the ground, install more centrifuges, enrich more uranium, and continue to wreak havoc in Syria and plot attacks against U.S. interests and those of our allies. Iran's strategic calculus remains unaffected.

Stephen Rademaker, one of the witnesses at a House Armed Services Committee hearing on June 20, testified that Iran has not been "sufficiently persuaded that military force really is in prospect should they fail to come to an acceptable agreement to the problem."

The key to changing that is a serious debate about the military option. But even in the wake of the collapse of the talks, far too many otherwise serious people continue to hold out hope for a negotiated settlement brought about by increased economic pressure. All additional sanctions should be explored and enacted as soon as possible, but what the track record of more than a decade of negotiations with Iran tells us is that this is not a country about to concede. This is not a regime on the ropes or on the cusp of compromise, as many would have us believe.

This is a regime committed to developing nuclear weapons, despite the cost to the Iranian economy and the toll on the Iranian people. Time is running out and the consequences of inaction for the United States, Israel, and the free world will only increase in the weeks and months ahead. It's time for Congress to seriously explore an Authorization of Military Force to halt Iran's nuclear program.

—William Kristol & Jamie Fly

In Moscow last week for the third round of talks with Iran over its nuclear weapons program this year, the Obama administration came up empty—again. So the White House, with nothing to show for investing in talks with Tehran, now has nothing left to say. The negotiations —aside from a scheduled round of meaningless low-level "technical discussions"—are over.

Perhaps the only surprise is that Iranian negotiator Saeed Jalili offered the administration no concessions, no

fig leaf, nothing that the White House might be able to package as a breakthrough, or even a building block. But then again, why should the Iranians give Obama anything when he has already given them gratis what they most sought—more time?

So what's next? Already there is bipartisan consternation on the Hill, where there is movement for yet more sanctions in addition to those that kick in this week targeting Iran's energy and banking sectors. But sanctions aren't going to stop the Iranians. The conventional wisdom has it that all eyes are now on Israel, to see if or when Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu will attack Iran. Obama has promised that he has Israel's back, that all options are on the table, and that he doesn't bluff. But the real question is why the responsibility to act is seen to be Israel's. Why has Obama made Israel the focus when the United States has its own considerable stake in the outcome? And that stake isn't just preventing a nuclear arms race in the Middle East, important as that is. It's also preserving American hegemony in the Persian Gulf.

For more than 60 years the Persian Gulf has been an American lake, and protecting its vast energy resources has been a cornerstone of U.S. strategy, through the Cold War, two wars in Iraq, and another in Afghanistan. If the Iranians are now fearless in dealing with the Obama administration, it's because they have recognized that Obama is shockingly unconcerned with maintaining America's longstanding commitments in the Gulf.

Let's look at Obama's Middle East policy the way Tehran must. Obama withdrew U.S. troops from Iraq and has scheduled a similar exit from Afghanistan, exposing the region to Iranian influence that the United States will have little ability to check. Instead the administration has left U.S. interests in the hands of largely incapable allies. The Obama administration did sell $30 billion worth of F-15s to Saudi Arabia—as if hoping that with enough hardware Riyadh would be capable of defending itself.

But consider how the White House has treated its regional partners when the going gets tough. During the course of the Arab Spring, Obama turned his back on Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak, angering the rulers of Saudi Arabia, America's key Gulf allies because they happen to sit on the world's largest known reserves of oil. At the time that might have been defensible. However, now it simply looks incoherent. When Syrian president Bashar al-Assad, who has plagued the Saudis for years, was targeted by a popular uprising, Obama did nothing to topple Iran's lone Arab ally. Instead, he backed a Russian-inspired diplomatic process that has served only to buy Assad time—just as three rounds of nuclear talks have helped protect Iran from an Israeli strike. So the net effect of Obama's Middle East strategy has been to protect Tehran's regional security interests—Syria, Hezbollah, and the bomb.

Sure, U.S. sanctions hurt the Iranian economy, but not the nuclear program. And the strictest sanctions were imposed only because Congress gave the White House no choice. Every signal that Obama has sent suggests the president believes the United States no longer has vital interests in the Gulf. This marks a profound reversal of American strategy. The Obama Doctrine amounts to a repudiation of the Carter Doctrine, which declared control of the Persian Gulf and its energy resources to be a vital U.S. interest.

The free flow of Gulf oil has been central to the stability of the world economy. But it wasn't until the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979 that American policymakers spelled out just how far they were willing to go. As Carter explained in his 1980 State of the Union address: "An attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America, and such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force."

Ronald Reagan's corollary, pursued by succeeding administrations, was that Washington would use force to protect Gulf security from internal threats as well as external ones. The George H.W. Bush administration expelled Saddam Hussein from Kuwait before he could make a run at Saudi Arabia. Clinton maintained no-fly zones in the north and south of Iraq and added a 1998 bombing campaign to further contain Saddam.

Perhaps most significantly, the George W. Bush White House recognized in the wake of 9/11 that Saudi Arabia itself, or segments of it, could not be relied on to uphold the stability of global energy markets. The American troops whose presence in Saudi Arabia had served as one of Osama bin Laden's rallying cries were withdrawn, and the White House sought an alternative security pillar in Iraq.

The Gulf's enormous reserves of oil make it one of the world's great prizes—as has been recognized by those most hostile to the United States, from the Nazis and the Soviets, to Saddam Hussein, al Qaeda, and the Islamic Republic of Iran. What has compounded the danger for Washington is that the political order of the Gulf is inherently unstable, as has been abundantly clear ever since the collapse of the shah's regime, which had once been an American security pillar in the Gulf, in the 1979 Islamic Revolution.

That responsibility to prevent an Iranian nuclear breakout may have now fallen to Netanyahu is not an indication that Israel's sphere of influence has expanded but rather that under the Obama administration America's has contracted. It's a startlingly narrow focus for an American president after more than 60 years of American hegemony in the Persian Gulf. If, as we believe, control of the region remains a vital U.S. interest, the United States must be prepared to defend it. The Obama Doctrine seems to suggest it is not and we won't.

—Lee Smith

Contemptible

Last Wednesday, the White House stunned observers by asserting executive privilege in its refusal to turn over documents related to the Fast and Furious gunrunning scandal that resulted in the death of U.S. border patrol agent Brian Terry. The day before, Barack Obama's presidential campaign sent out a missive attacking GOP super-PACs for not revealing their donors. The message is clear: The president thinks transparency is a good thing if it allows him to bully citizens who give money to his political opponents. But what about transparency and accountability in the case of a law enforcement agent who died because his government allowed Mexican criminal gangs to acquire thousands of guns from U.S. dealers for reasons it declines to explain? According to a statement from Terry's parents, "President Obama's assertion of executive privilege serves to compound this tragedy."

Attorney General Eric Holder

NEWSCOM

The extraordinary use of executive privilege suggests the administration is attempting to cover up some damning political motive behind the Fast and Furious operation. If it's not a political cover-up, why can't the Justice Department and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives (ATF) give Americans a legitimate law enforcement reason for arming known criminals with sniper rifles and crates of grenades, much less failing to keep track of the weapons?

Attorney General Eric Holder's refusal to cooperate with congressional investigators shows why he deserves to be held in contempt of Congress, a move expected this week. He's accused of withholding 92 percent of the relevant documents from investigators, ignoring subpoenas, and silencing Justice Department employees. Holder's most recent behavior continues to erode confidence. In the weeks leading up to the June 20 vote by the House Oversight Committee recommending Holder be held in contempt, the attorney general implausibly argued that Justice Department documents that use the words "Fast and Furious" don't actually refer to the Fast and Furious operation. Holder was also forced to retract his claim that the Bush administration's last attorney general, Michael Mukasey, had been briefed on the gunrunning.

While Holder might have self-serving reasons for stonewalling Congress, it's less clear why the president would stick his neck out for the attorney general's indefensible behavior in an election year. So far the media have mostly ignored the evidence that a gun control agenda might be behind the operation. CBS News reported in December that emails show top ATF officials discussed highlighting questionable arms purchases made as part of Fast and Furious to deceptively make the case for a new regulation requiring firearms dealers to report certain gun purchases. The president put a very similar regulation into effect by executive order in June last year.

The timeline of the scandal is also highly suggestive of political motivations. In April 2009, the new president held a joint press conference with Mexican president Felipe Calderón decrying the flow of guns from the United States into Mexico. (The president later took a great deal of heat for using exaggerated statistics in the press conference to make the gun-trafficking problem sound worse than it is.) According to the House Oversight Committee, the Fast and Furious operation is said to have been "authorized at the highest levels of the Justice Department" in the fall of 2009. In May 2010, ATF agent John Dodson, distraught by the pointlessness of the operation, asked his supervisors if they "were prepared to attend the funeral of a slain agent or officer after he or she was killed with one of those straw-purchase firearms." Brian Terry was killed by a Fast and Furious gun in December, and a disgusted Dodson finally blew the whistle. Details of the gunrunning scandal started to trickle out in late January 2011. In February 2011, the Mexican government filed Foreign Agents Registration Act paperwork with the Justice Department to retain a U.S. law firm in order to sue American citizens and companies over "the illegal manufacture, import/export, or sale of weapons, or other conduct that may be harming Mexico." The congressional investigation of Fast and Furious began in earnest in the spring of 2011. Curiously, the Mexican government's plan to pursue civil suits in U.S. courts over gun trafficking does not appear to have progressed as the Fast and Furious scandal began generating headlines.

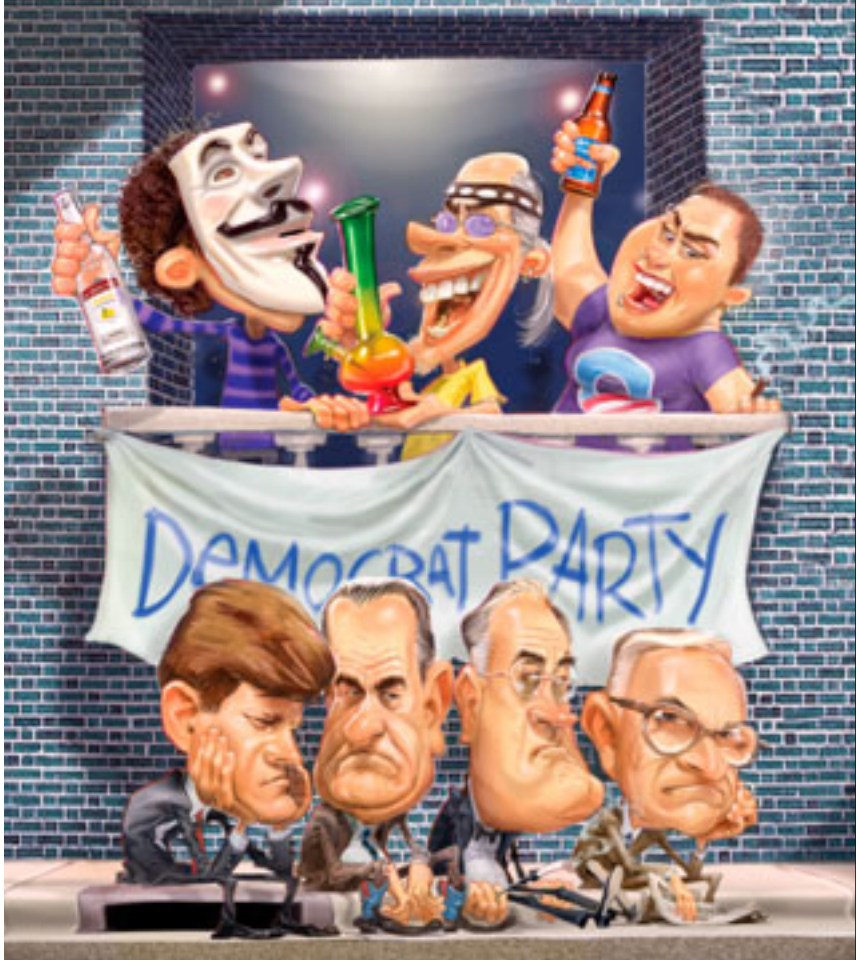
The White House is welcome to disprove this explanation, but it adamantly refuses to provide Brian Terry's mother with a full accounting for her son's death. "My son was a person that believed in justice, and he believed in telling the truth. He was a man of his honor," Josephine Terry recently told a Philadelphia radio station. Every day that our nation's top law enforcement officers stonewall on Fast and Furious is a reminder that some of them don't share those same ideals.

—Mark Hemingway

Democratic Heretics

Would FDR, Truman, JFK, or LBJ be nominated by their party today?

BY STEVEN F. HAYWARD



GARY LOCKE

The never-ending Democratic attempt to resurrect the strategy that destroyed Barry Goldwater in 1964—he's an *extremist*, don't you know—rolls on, with liberals and the media trying to tar the Republican party as an "ideological outlier" in American politics.

There are three legs to this rickety barstool of an argument. One is the pseudo-social science findings of Norman Ornstein and Thomas Mann that congressional Republican voting records have lurched sharply to the right in recent years (though it is not obvious why this should be *bad* news). The second is the populism of the Tea Party, which, to be sure, is a disruptive force in the Republican party much as the anti-Vietnam war movement was a disruptive force in the Democratic party in the late 1960s and 1970s. The wobbliest leg of the triad is the argument, unfortunately abetted by Jeb Bush, that the GOP has become too extreme even for Ronald Reagan.

The use and abuse of Reagan has been going on for a while now, but the claim that Reagan could not be nominated by today's GOP takes absurdity to a new level. You really need a poker face to suggest that the party that, since 1988, has nominated two Bushes, Bob Dole, John McCain, and now Mitt Romney would find Reagan insufficiently conservative. And Reagan would surely delight in the stronger ideological composition of the House GOP caucus today. One unappreciated aspect of Reagan's diary is how often he expressed disappointment with congressional Republicans who ran for the tall grass on tough votes. Reagan complained about weak-kneed Republicans in his diary almost as often as he did about Democrats and the media. "We had rabbits when we needed tigers," was a frequent lament. Today's Tea Party-influenced GOP caucus would gladden the Gipper's heart.

Rather than try to make Reagan out as too moderate for an extreme party, the decriers of "extremism" ought to give a hard look at Democratic presidents who couldn't get the nomination of today's Democratic party, starting with one who actually *didn't* get it: Lyndon B. Johnson in 1968. Despite delivering the most substantial liberal reforms since the New Deal (the Civil Rights and Voting Rights Acts, Medicare, the War on Poverty, etc.), LBJ was on his way to losing renomination when he withdrew. As Daniel Patrick Moynihan memorably put it, Johnson "was the first American president to be toppled by a mob. No matter that it was a mob of college professors, millionaires, flower children, and Radcliffe

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girls"—in other words, what Democrats today call "the base."

Four years later, the protest wing of the Democratic party was in the saddle and delivered the nomination to George McGovern. Whatever similarity might be discerned between the Tea Party and the antiwar movement, the Tea Party has not remade the Republican party in anything like the way the New Left remade the Democrats, or else Ron Paul or Herman Cain would be the nominee instead of Mitt Romney.

LBJ is only the first of many supposedly liberal heroes who would be unacceptable to the liberal base today. Start with Franklin Roosevelt. Despite his New Deal programs, he piled up a considerable record of statements that would be anathema to contemporary liberal orthodoxy. "The lessons of history, confirmed by the evidence immediately before me," he told Congress in 1935, "show conclusively that continued dependence upon relief induces a spiritual and moral disintegration fundamentally destructive to the national fiber. To dole out relief . . . is to administer a narcotic, a subtle destroyer of the human spirit." A liberal can't talk about our welfare state that way today.

FDR opposed public employee unions. In a 1937 letter to a public employees' association, FDR wrote: "All Government employees should realize that the process of collective bargaining, as usually understood, cannot be transplanted into the public service. . . . Militant tactics have no place in the functions of any organization of Government employees."

FDR, an Episcopalian, made the kind of remarks about religion that send the American Civil Liberties Union into paroxysms of rage when someone like George W. Bush or Sarah Palin says the same thing today. During World War II, FDR wrote a preface for an edition of the New Testament that was distributed to American troops: "As Commander-in-Chief, I take pleasure in commending the reading of the Bible to all who serve in the armed forces of the United States." On the eve of the 1940 election, FDR said in a campaign radio address: "Freedom of speech is of no use to a man who has nothing to say and freedom of worship is of no use to a man who has lost his God." Today, the left-wing fever swamps would call this "Christianism."

Environmentalists would stoutly oppose FDR because of his massive public works projects, such as the giant habitat-destroying dams on the Columbia River and in the Tennessee Valley. The car-haters of the left decry FDR for promoting urban sprawl and road-building. Historian James Flink wrote, "The American people could not have done worse in 1932 had they deliberately set out to elect a president who was ignorant of the implications of the automobile revolution."

Truman's religious faith has tended to be overlooked by his many biographers. He spoke frequently of the providential mission of the United States, in terms that would find their most distinct echo in Ronald Reagan 30 years later.

FDR's successor, Harry Truman, would fare no better with today's Democrats. True, he was pro-labor, pro-civil rights, and pro-health care reform, but he was also pro-Israel and above all pro-American. He embraced biblical morality. He was a moralistic anti-Communist. He had no trouble understanding the Soviet Union as an "evil empire." He routinely referred to Soviet Communists as "barbarians." While a senator, he raised hackles in 1941 when he said that in the event of war between Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union, the United States might want to aid whichever side was losing so the two tyrannies would fight each other to the death—a remark that the Soviets remembered and resented. Clearly Truman would not last long in the faculty lounges of today's Democratic party.

Perhaps no act of Truman's generated more enduring liberal hostility than his decision to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki to bring World War II to a swift and sure end. Next to this, LBJ's Vietnam bombing seems like a botched no-knock raid. While Truman wrote in his diary that the decision to use the bomb was "my hardest decision to date," he went to bed and slept soundly the night after he gave the order to use it to end the war. Liberals have never forgiven him for it, and it seems Barack Obama actually wanted to visit Hiroshima on his 2009 "world apology tour." It required the intervention of Japan's vice foreign minister to head off this insult to Japan's honor.

Truman's religious faith has tended to be overlooked by his many biographers. He spoke frequently of the providential mission of the United States, in terms that would find their most distinct echo in Ronald Reagan 30 years later. "God has created us and brought us to our present position of power and strength for some great purpose," Truman said in a speech in 1951, and that great purpose was defending "the spiritual values—the moral code—against the vast forces of evil that seek to destroy them." In a 1950 speech, Truman was more direct: "Communism attacks our main basic values, our belief in God, our belief in the dignity of man and the value of human life, our belief in justice and freedom. It attacks the institutions that are based on these values. It attacks our churches, our guarantees of civil liberty, our courts, our democratic form of government." "To succeed in our quest for righteousness," Truman said elsewhere, "we must, in St. Paul's luminous phrase, put on the armor of God."

Finally, there is John F. Kennedy, whose mystique still sets Democratic hearts fluttering. But his views would make him completely unacceptable to Democrats today; as it was, liberals in 1960 were deeply suspicious of him. He was notably cautious on civil rights,

and often fretted that the civil rights movement would be politically damaging to him. While much of his voting record in Congress on economic issues followed the main Democratic party line—higher minimum wage and pro-union—Kennedy did not embrace redistributionism or trade protectionism. To the contrary, he believed that "a rising tide lifts all boats."

Rather than adopt Keynesian-style government spending like FDR or Obama today, Kennedy proposed significant reductions in income tax rates. In a 1961 speech, Kennedy argued that "it is a paradoxical truth that tax rates are too high today and tax revenues are too low and *the soundest way to raise the revenues in the long run is to cut the rates now*. . . . The purpose of cutting taxes now is not to incur a budget deficit, but to achieve the more prosperous, expanding economy which can bring a budget surplus." (Emphasis added.) John Kenneth Galbraith mocked JFK's speech, calling it "the most Republican speech since McKinley." Galbraith also warned, "Once we start encouraging the economy with tax cuts, it would sooner or later become an uncontrollable popular measure with conservatives." He was right; 20 years later, Ronald Reagan, Jack Kemp, and other "supply-siders" pointed to Kennedy's example, much to the dismay and outrage of liberals.

Kennedy was also an ardent free-trader, which also would make him an outcast among today's liberals, who mainly favor protectionism and resist free trade. He lowered tariffs on a number of products and sponsored a new round of international trade talks aimed at lowering trade barriers around the globe.

So there are four supposed heroes of the Democratic party who would have "a hard time" (as Jeb Bush said of Reagan) gaining the Democratic nomination today, but somehow it is the Republicans, enjoying their highest watermark in 80 years in terms of the number of elected officials on all levels, who are said to have a problem with being "out of the mainstream."

Isn't this what psychologists call "projection"? ♦

They Pack a Wallop

The super-PAC juggernaut.

BY FRED BARNES

For three weeks in May, Republican super-PACs took turns attacking Democratic senator Claire McCaskill in TV ads. Republicans hadn't held their primary—it's not until August 7—but McCaskill wound up trailing all three of the GOP candidates in polls. Now McCaskill, unnerved, is struggling to recover.

That's what super-PACs can do. When they emerged in 2010 and worked in tandem, they were a critical force in the Republican landslide in the congressional elections. This year they're playing an even bigger role. The size and reach of their efforts dwarf what they did two years ago.

American Crossroads (AC), the leading super-PAC founded by GOP strategists Karl Rove and Ed Gillespie, has already come to the aid of Mitt Romney, at least tangentially. It has spent $24.6 million on "presidential-level advocacy" since Romney locked up the nomination in April. "Most of the ads have been designed to frame the tax, debt, and health care issues . . . with the goal of shifting the policy and legislative conversation two clicks to the right," says AC's Jonathan Collegio.

Romney didn't need much help. His own super-PAC, Restore Our Future, promoted him lavishly in the primaries and is likely to raise $50 million to $100 million for the general election. Meanwhile, fundraising by the Romney campaign itself has surged.

What makes the super-PACs so important are three factors. The first is their extraordinary success in fundraising, especially from big-dollar donors opposed to President Obama. Whether they'll raise and spend $1 billion in 2012, as *Politico* says, is uncertain. But they'll come close. Democratic super-PACs are far behind, embarrassingly so.

The second factor is the division of labor that's the trademark of the GOP super-PACs. The Congressional Leadership Fund, part of an outfit known as the American Action Network (AAN), focuses on House races, as does the Young Guns Network. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce concentrates mostly on Senate contests. AC, while involved in some congressional races, is mainly zeroed in on the presidential battle.

Avoiding duplication of effort is a key element of the working agreement among the groups, who keep in constant contact. In Missouri, their ads ran in consecutive weeks, with no overlap.

Third, the super-PACs are run by some of the GOP's top political strategists: Rove and Steve Law at AC, Brian Walsh at the AAN, Scott Reed at the Chamber. Gillespie had to leave AC when he joined the Romney campaign. Super-PACs are legally barred from coordinating their activities with individual candidates or the Republican House and Senate campaign committees and the Republican National Committee.

There's been fear in GOP circles that the independent political groups would gobble up funds that otherwise would go to the party committees. This doesn't appear to be happening. The National Republican Congressional Committee's fundraising, for example, is the best since 2005, before the super-PACs were launched.

Besides, outside groups can take on political tasks the official campaign outfits are unable to afford. In

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the past, candidates in "orphan" states—where the Republican party is weak and which the presidential candidate is writing off—had to fend largely for themselves. But not in 2012.

The AAN plans to boost Republican House candidates in roughly 40 orphan races, as many as 25 of them in California, Illinois, and New York, all Democratic strongholds. A number of them are freshmen elected in the 2010 GOP wave, with some facing the added burden of running for reelection in a district altered by reapportionment.

"You have a unique set of circumstances," Walsh says, that triggered "a bright flashing light." The AAN is committed to preserving the Republican majority in the House—with John Boehner as speaker—and the orphan seats represent a "potential risk." Yet there's also "a great opportunity" to capture orphan Democratic seats in states—Utah and Georgia, for instance—which President Obama is unlikely to contest, Walsh says.

The possibility of losing the House seems to be remote. David Wasserman of the *Cook Political Report*, the premier analyst of House races, forecasts gains in November of "between two seats for Republicans and eight for Democrats." The likelihood of a GOP gain, he believes, "is currently greater than the possibility Democrats will retake the majority."

As for the Senate, there's a consensus among the super-PACs. Republicans need to net four seats to take control, three if Romney wins and the vice president is a Republican. An emphasis on winning the Senate (and holding the House) is "the insurance policy" for the business community and others should Obama gain a second term, Reed says.

Maine, where Olympia Snowe is retiring, is considered a long shot, but Republicans haven't given up. Five seats are viewed as first tier, four held by Democrats (Montana, North Dakota, Nebraska, Missouri), one by a Republican (Nevada). These will attract the most super-PAC attention—and money. The status of Massachusetts, where Republican Scott Brown is seeking a full six-year term, is unclear, but holding his seat is crucial to GOP hopes of a Senate majority.

The second-tier seats are held by Democrats (four of whom are retiring): Virginia, Ohio, Wisconsin, Florida, New Mexico, Hawaii. Romney is seen as the crucial factor: As he goes in these states, so go the Republican Senate candidates.

The warchests of the super-PACs represent a change in the financial well-being of the parties. In 2008, Obama and Democrats heavily outspent Republicans. This year, independent Republican groups may double the spending of their Democratic counterparts, and Romney may roughly match Obama in fundraising.

Given their advantage, Republicans have the luxury of experimenting. In a House district in New York, they bought a campaign popup on YouTube, expecting about 2 percent of viewers would click to watch their ad. As it turned out, 15 percent did. ♦

Pro-Growth Austerity

Tightening the government's belt doesn't have to squeeze the economy. BY CHARLES WOLF JR.

Austerity and growth are increasingly viewed as opposites: If one is selected, the other must be sacrificed. Policies to promote growth require that austerity in government spending be forgone, while policies that impose austerity in government spending do so at the cost of growth.

The inescapability of this trade-off is a firm conviction in much of Europe's southern tier ("Club Med") and an emergent belief in the United States. Notwithstanding these constituencies, the belief is wrong. It is based on the simplistic assumption that vigorous recovery from a deep economic recession depends on boosting the amount of total spending—so-called aggregate demand—regardless of the sources and types of this aggregate (whether government or private), how they are financed (by debt or by equity, by accumulated balances or by pension funds), and the differing consequences that may thereby ensue.

If, instead, the focus shifts from aggregate demand to *disaggregating* demand into some of its components, as well as examining the differing benefits and costs that are associated with these components, it is evident that there are many fruitful ways of galvanizing growth while at the same time austerely confining government spending. Austerity and growth can in fact complement one another.

Take for example the widespread, bipartisan agreement that the U.S. infrastructure is badly in need of upgrading and maintenance. Our roads, highways, bridges, ports, and airports are embarrassingly shoddy compared with what we experience in traveling abroad (including in many lower-income countries). At the same time as there is a dearth of infrastructure, the balance sheets of corporate America are leavened by more than $2 trillion of cash balances, while the nation's banks currently hold $1.5 trillion excess reserves, about five times their holdings prior to the recession in 2008. So, abundant liquidity and investable capital are available in U.S. financial and nonfinancial institutions to finance promising, profitable ventures.

If we were to allow for, encourage, and assure the use of tolls and fees to repay investors, the large pool of available liquidity could provide ample commercial funding of infrastructure improvements, without debt-financed government spending. The process could be given a further lift by using a portion of existing highway-tax revenues along with prospective tolls as components of new derivative financial instruments to hedge investors' risks.

Next, consider education. Annual U.S. spending for K-12 schooling is more than $600 billion—mainly consisting of spending by states and districts, supplemented by $26 billion of spending by the federal government. With 53 million students enrolled, per capita K-12 spending is nearly $12,000 annually. Issuing vouchers to parents for, say, 10 percent less than this amount per student to be used at the parents' choice of public, private, charter, parochial, or online schooling, can plausibly—not easily, but plausibly—be used to achieve both a modest increase of austerity in the public sector and a valuable stimulus to competition, innovation, and enhancement of educational quality, together producing a fillip for future economic growth.

Another example of where and how austerity and growth can be successfully combined is tax reform. It's evident that even a modest tax reform would open myriad opportunities for imposing austerity on government spending while stimulating growth. Until recently, Japan had the world's highest corporate tax rate. Now that Japan has lowered its rate, the 35 percent U.S. rate is the highest among the world's large economies.

Grant that many and probably most American companies avoid paying this rate by retaining some of their earnings abroad, or by internal transfer pricing between foreign affiliates or subsidiaries and domestic parent firms. Still, as a consequence of this avoidance strategy, U.S. GDP is lower and its growth slower than would be the case under a lower rate. Notwithstanding the slow pace of the U.S. recovery, the United States remains the world's largest capital exporter. In 2010, U.S. private business investment abroad was $329 billion, motivated in part by corporate tax rates that are lower abroad than at home. This outward-bound investment is equal to about 20 percent of private U.S. domestic investment and contributes to growth elsewhere that could be happening in this country.

Think back for a moment to the bygone days of the GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade). Suppose the United States were to propose something that might be called a "Most Tax-Favored Nation Treatment"(MTFN). The result of

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our lowering corporate tax rates to the lowest rates prevailing abroad would likely be to reduce the $329 billion outflow, as well as to attract additional foreign capital to invest in the United States. Economic growth here would be spurred. Tax revenues might fall or rise (rates would be lower, but the amount of taxable earnings from foreign investment in the United States would rise), but no additional government spending need ensue.

Again, we would achieve austerity in debt-financed government spending, while giving an added push to economic growth: Think of it as a "trade-on," rather than "trade-off."

Finally, focus again on the disaggregated components of demand, rather than on the aggregate, which is the root of the mistaken view that austerity and growth are antonyms. The component parts suggest another opportunity for reinforcing the positive relation between austerity and growth.

Debt-financed government spending often has perverse effects on private consumption and private investment. Consumers may respond to additional government outlays by a precautionary rise in savings as a cushion for anticipated higher taxes required to service the added debt in the future. Investors may also worry lest the increase in government spending adversely affect their business planning (for example, the added government spending might help competing producers, or subsidize competing products, or be accompanied by additional regulation that would further inhibit business planning).

As a result, potential investors may respond by deferring or diminishing their otherwise intended investment. In the Keynesian vernacular, the "multiplier" may in fact turn out to be negative: The consequence of relaxing government austerity would thus be reduced economic growth.

The takeaway point from all the above is that government austerity and economic growth are not antonyms: Austerity in debt-financed government spending complements economic growth, rather than conflicting with it. ♦

Doing Right by Ike

Let's give him the memorial he deserves.

BY BRUCE COLE

Only in Washington: After 12 years of study and millions of dollars spent, a congressionally appointed commission has yet to break ground on the National Mall for a memorial to President Dwight David Eisenhower. The memorial, which could cost American taxpayers up to $142 million—yes, you read that correctly—is now embroiled in controversy over the appropriateness of starchitect Frank Gehry's ambitious design.

Most presidential memorials are modest, limited to life-sized statues, columns, friezes, and tombs; many presidents are memorialized only by their headstones. This type of unostentatious memorialization mirrors the nature of the office. American presidents are elected chief executives with powers lent only temporarily by their peers: "the first among equals." They are remembered as citizens, and their memorials are strikingly different from those built for European monarchs, which glorify hereditary aristocracy, privilege, and absolute power.

The presidential memorials in Washington, befitting their location in the nation's capital, are of a different order. They are national commemorations designed for mass visitation by tourists and so more capacious and theatrical than their counterparts outside the Beltway.

The Lincoln and Jefferson memorials on the Mall are civic shrines which engender emotion through architectural form and space; each marshals these elements to create awe and gravitas, and each revolves around a monumental statue of the president, seen in full only after visitors ascend a series of stairs and pass through a screen of columns.

Both memorials employ the vocabulary of classical architecture also used for federal buildings, including the Capitol, the White House, and the Treasury, to produce a permanence, stability, and confidence evoked by the style's origin in ancient Greece and Rome.

The Jefferson and Lincoln memorials are self-explanatory. The visitor leaves them inspired, enlightened, instructed, and moved; they evoke greatness.

But these are not hallmarks of Frank Gehry, who made his reputation, and fortune, on unstable, disorienting, and unfocused architecture. His architectural philosophy is summed up in his claim, "Life is chaotic, dangerous, and surprising. Buildings should reflect that."

As Gehry tells it, he was in Washington, "walking around looking at the memorials and thinking there has got to be a better way to do this." Really? One wonders how many Americans agree that Gehry's way is better.

While his plan borrows superficially from the Jefferson and Lincoln memorials—it includes columns, statues, and texts of speeches—it is unintelligible. Spread over four acres, the monument by its very size produces confusion, architectural preening, and pomposity. It consists of a lot of elements of different shapes, proportions, materials, and sizes, including eight-story-high pillars (purposely misnamed columns in an attempt to forge a connection with the other memorials), trees, engraved

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words, plinths, multiple statues, and three gargantuan 80-foot-tall aluminum mesh "tapestries" resembling chain link fences.

The Gehry design includes a statue of Eisenhower, shape and size to be determined; the latest version depicts him not as a soldier or as president, but as a cadet, which is perhaps marginally better than the original idea to infantilize him as a barefoot farm boy. It's alarming that this late in the conceptual design stage, on the eve of final approval and the authorization of millions of dollars ($60 million has already been allocated by Congress, and the Eisenhower Memorial Commission requested an additional $60 million this year and possibly another $20 million next year), so many components of the monument remain vague, including the identity of many of the nine-foot statues.

Unlike the Jefferson and Lincoln memorials, the Gehry plan is so incoherent that the job of elucidating it to visitors must be subcontracted to a profusion of digital interactive displays and recorded "sound wells," which will be costly, fragile, and of little educational value.

In sum, Gehry's design is more about his ego than about Ike. It purposely subverts long-held traditions of civic celebration by trivializing Eisenhower's accomplishments.

For millions, these are still living memory: Ike's role as supreme commander of the Allied forces that liberated Europe, his stewardship of NATO, and his two terms as president of the United States are part of these people's own history. But they will not always be with us.

Rising generations will lack this firsthand historical memory. Surveys and tests prove that such young people, like many of their parents, will know next to nothing about this great American when they visit Washington.

Not only to teach them about Ike, but also to tell them why he is important and worth remembering, is the task of any memorial worthy of his name. In the execution of these tasks, the Gehry proposal fails utterly.

So, instead of spending millions more on the Gehry plan in these days of enormous government debt and expenditures, why not swap pomposity and self-promotion for modesty and restraint, befitting a memorial to Dwight Eisenhower?

The Gehry monstrosity

The whole project could start over with a truly open and democratic competition with input from the American public as to what design would most suitably honor Eisenhower. It doesn't matter if a traditionalist architect or one working in a modern style wins. What's important is to build something worthy of our 34th president.

Or how about the reasonable suggestion of the Eisenhower family for a statue in front of the Eisenhower Executive Office Building next to the White House? An image of Ike adjacent to the World War II memorial would also make sense. Either could be done for just a fraction of Gehry's multimillion-dollar fee, let alone the total cost of the memorial.

Until recently, congressional approval for the memorial seemed a sure thing, but after a salvo of national condemnation (*Roll Call* said it had reached "fever pitch"), including criticism from Ike's granddaughters Susan and Anne—their brother David resigned from the memorial commission—that's no longer certain.

Secretary of the Interior Ken Salazar has now weighed in by asking for more time and study. According to his press office, "The Secretary believes it is important to build a national memorial that appropriately honors the legacy of President Eisenhower and reflects the shared vision of his family, the Commission, and the American people." "Appropriately" is the key word here.

Several congressional heavy hitters have also expressed serious reservations, including Jim Moran, ranking member of the House Interior and Environment Committee, who has asked his colleagues on the Eisenhower Memorial Commission "to rethink their support and allow a new public competition on an alternative design." Representative Darrell Issa, chairman of the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform, has demanded documents from the scandal-ridden General Services Administration—it ran the architectural competition that critics claim was rigged—and from the Eisenhower Memorial Commission. Representatives Dan Lungren, Aaron Schock, and Frank Wolf have also publicly stated their concern about the proposed design and asked for a delay. And last week the House Appropriations subcommittee responsible for funding the Eisenhower Memorial released a draft budget that included no funds for the project for fiscal year 2013, a move that could put the whole thing on hold.

Until recently, the Gehry behemoth seemed a sure thing, but no longer. If outraged citizens can persuade their elected officials not to squander their tax dollars on an inappropriate monument to a great American, it will be a victory for Ike and the American people. ♦

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER MEMORIAL COMMISSION

The People Versus Vladimir Putin

Russia's strongman may be more vulnerable than you think. BY CATHY YOUNG

After Vladimir Putin's predictable victory in the Russian presidential election in March, the opposition—which had enjoyed a few heady months of visibility and freedom after the December parliamentary vote became a debacle for the Kremlin—seemed demoralized and disoriented. The protests were losing momentum, and it looked like the "Russian Spring" would be merely an intermission before the new Putin presidency. Yet a few weeks after Putin's May 7 inauguration, his opponents seem reenergized—and, keeping with the seasonal metaphors, the Kremlin may be in for a long, hot summer.

Putin's popularity is hardly irrelevant to the United States. Mitt Romney's much-ridiculed declaration that Russia "is, without question, our number one geopolitical foe" may have been a dramatic overstatement, but plainly the Kremlin positions itself as a key antagonist of U.S. policy—most recently in Syria, but also over Iran's nuclear program. How successful it will be in this "spoiler" role abroad depends in part on how secure it feels in power at home.

Speaking at an American Enterprise Institute conference in Washington, D.C., this month, Russian journalist and activist in the pro-democracy opposition movement Vladimir Kara-Murza asserted that "it is more and more possible—it is certainly more probable than only six months ago—that Russia will relatively soon once again face the task of building a democratic system on the ruins of yet another authoritarian regime." Kara-Murza's remarks came a day after a blatant attempt to intimidate the opposition not only failed but backfired.

Anti-Putin protest rally in Moscow, June 12

On the eve of a major rally in Moscow scheduled for June 12—with a proper permit from the city government—police searched the homes of several prominent figures in the protest movement, including anticorruption blogger Alexei Navalny and TV personality Ksenia Sobchak. The targets of these raids were also summoned for questioning by the Investigative Committee of the Russian Federation, at a time clearly meant to interfere with their appearances at the demonstration.

These actions were ostensibly related to an investigation into violence at a previous rally, on May 6, where some protesters clashed with riot police. But the intent to harass was obvious; so was, in some cases, the intent to humiliate and smear. Sobchak had all the cash found in her apartment confiscated, and the exact amount of the stash was posted, complete with photos, on the Moscow police website.

The result? The June 12 march and rally had the largest turnout of any since the election—attendees undeterred even by heat and intermittent rain—with unofficial estimates of more than 50,000 (the police count was 15,000). Judging from online comments, many people who had not planned to attend were provoked by the government's thuggish tactics. Indeed, pro-government TV journalist Maksim Shevchenko made the bizarre claim that the raids were a setup by Putin foes inside law enforcement seeking to boost attendance at the demonstration.

A few days earlier, Putin had signed into law a sweeping measure, hastily passed by the Duma, to facilitate a crackdown on protests. Maximum penalties for participation in unsanctioned rallies were hiked to 300,000 rubles, or about $9,100, for individuals (doubled for public officials) and 1 million rubles for companies. These are astronomical sums in a country with a median annual income around $10,000. Another clause bars anyone charged with two or more public assembly-related violations in the past 12 months—such as participating in an unsanctioned rally or failing to obey the police—from obtaining a legal permit for a demonstration.

While the legislation has been met with outrage, no one, so far, seems particularly cowed (despite a wave of prosecutions related to the May 6 unrest). Instead, the *government* is seen as running scared. On a Moscow radio program, political consultant and former Putin adviser Gleb Pavlovsky described the new law as a "hysterical fit" proving that "the government has lost the ability to govern."

At the Washington conference,

NEWSCOM

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Kara-Murza noted that "9 or 10 years ago the Putin regime could do anything it pleased—shut down TV stations, shut down opposition parties, rig elections—and expect apathy and silence. That time has passed; everything they do now, they have to do looking over their shoulder." Current events seem to bear this out.

In one recent controversy, Alexander Bastrykin, head of the Investigative Committee and a Putin crony, was alleged to have physically threatened Sergei Sokolov, deputy editor of *Novaya Gazeta* (the newspaper where murdered reporter Anna Politkovskaya worked), in response to Sokolov's harsh criticism of law enforcement in an organized crime case. At first, Bastrykin angrily denied the accusation; a short time later, he publicly apologized to the newspaper for his "emotional outburst" and behaving inappropriately. By Western standards, it's shocking that the head of the Russian equivalent of the FBI can keep his job after a de facto admission that he threatened a journalist. By the standards of Putin-era Russia, the apology attests to public opinion's newfound muscle.

The opposition and the independent Russian press take Putin's loss of credibility and public support—especially among the educated urban middle class—as a given. Is this shift in opinion real, or inflated by wishful thinking? On the surface, Putin's approval ratings remain impressive; even harsh critics of the vote-rigging in the March election concede that without fraud, Putin's share of the vote would still have been over the 50 percent threshold needed to avoid a runoff. Yet a closer look at poll data suggests that Putin's popularity is indeed waning.

A nationwide survey in April by the Levada Center, Russia's premier independent polling firm, found that only 38 percent of Russians believed Putin would have won the election if the media had been free to report on abuses of power; about as many said he would have lost, with the rest undecided. When people were asked to name Putin's positive qualities, the poll revealed that his "positives" had declined drastically in four years. In 2008, 62 percent praised Putin as "hardworking" and "energetic"; the figure was down to 38 percent this year. "Mature and experienced" dropped from 47 to 28 percent; "responsible," from 41 to 17 percent; "likable" and "charismatic," from an already-low 30 percent to an abysmal 7 percent.

With those numbers, it seems increasingly likely that the public will desert Putin if it sees a realistic alternative. But is that a moot point with six years left till the next election—or could protests swell to the point of forcing real concessions, or even Putin's resignation? That depends on many things, including the state of the Russian economy and the oil market.

The United States can help by keeping up the pressure. One proposed measure hailed by the Russian opposition is the "Magnitsky bill" pending in the Senate, which would penalize Russian officials implicated in human rights abuses by denying them visas and freezing their U.S. assets. It is named after Russian lawyer Sergei Magnitsky, who died in prison in 2009 after denial of medical care and (more than likely) severe beatings; he had been held without trial for nearly a year on almost certainly fabricated fraud charges after seeking to expose corruption. The Obama administration, concerned about jeopardizing relations with Russia, has opposed the bill, and Senate Democrats have tried to weaken and delay it. But with the Kremlin poised to increase repression in the face of growing discontent, a strong signal on human rights could not be more timely. ♦

Obama's Victory Plan

The economy won't necessarily do him in.

BY FRANK CANNON & JEFFREY BELL

If you're wondering how President Obama plans to get reelected in 2012—and why he might succeed—look back not to 2008 but to his successful campaign to win congressional passage of Obamacare during 2009 and early 2010.

Obamacare generated popular doubts from the beginning, and fairly early in the congressional debate voters arrived at a net-negative view. This never changed to this day, more than two years after final approval of the legislation in March 2010. Yet Team Obama devised and executed a plan that resulted in a historic victory that had eluded earlier Democratic presidents.

It's often assumed that this was achieved by simple fact of the overwhelmingly Democratic makeup of the 111th Congress elected with Barack Obama in 2008. While it is true this predominance turned out to be a precondition of victory, the politically explosive rise of the Tea Party beginning in early 2009 and skepticism even from some Democratic-leaning constituencies made passage of Obamacare far from inevitable.

Team Obama learned early on that the president's many speeches on the subject would have zero impact on voters' view of his plan. Instead the administration focused on mobilizing the left power base (labor, the social left, AARP, and Hollywood) and moving through special interests (hospitals,

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insurance companies, Fortune 500) to assemble, piece by piece, an economic and lobbying juggernaut.

Conservative and Republican elites responded, for the most part, with a defense of free markets and a knowledgeable critique of top-down, government-imposed medicine. This was a strategy that had been successful in the resistance to Hillarycare in 1993-94, and on many levels it won the public debate of 2009-10. But in retrospect it proved one-dimensional in comparison with what the administration was bringing to bear.

The essence of the Obama strategy was an odd combination of moral lecturing and raw power—Harvard married to the Chicago Way. Social conservatives and grassroots Tea Party types attempted to attack Obamacare on the moral plane—warning about death panels, universal abortion coverage, violation of the Constitution, etc.—but the Washington-based conservative leadership that set the tone and controlled most of the opposition spending preferred to steer away from such arguments and toward explanations of why Obamacare would make health care worse in practice for most if not all Americans. In the end this wasn't enough.

Now a souped-up Obamacare strategy has taken center stage in the president's campaign for reelection. Fundraising problems? Move up the timetable for endorsement of same-sex marriage. Buyer's remorse among pro-immigration Latino voters? Steal the bipartisan DREAM Act compromise being developed by Florida senator Marco Rubio and issue it as a temporary enforcement guideline from the Department of Homeland Security.

The other half of the parallel to Obamacare is a decision to stop arguing—or at least stop agonizing—about the big picture. In Obamacare, the big picture—the elephant in the room—was the overall unpopularity of Obamacare. At a certain point, Team Obama realized that by negotiating deals and understandings with powerful constituencies, they could overcome the unpopularity of the bill.

Today, of course, the elephant in the room is the mediocre economy. Obama's allusion to the private sector doing "fine"—and his quick retraction of it—was the last time in the campaign we're likely to hear any disagreement about the state of the national economy. From now until November 6, Democrats and Republicans will be in agreement about what the electorate already knows: The economy is badly underperforming.

What we haven't heard the last of is the blame game. After three-and-a-half Obama years, blaming George W. Bush for the financial crisis, the 2007-09 recession, and the subsequent stagnation infuriates Republican elites (particularly Bush alumni). But as a line of attack, it is far more in accord with the views of American voters than the (now abandoned) contention that under Obama the national economy has made a decent comeback.

Who killed the economy? That Bush guy—not me.

In Gallup's most recent sounding on this issue, taken in early June, 68 percent of voters blame George W. Bush a "great deal" or a "moderate amount" for the nation's economic problems, while 52 percent assign such blame to Obama. Perhaps counterintuitively, voters' blaming of Bush has *not* faded with time and distance from the Bush presidency. The percentage blaming Bush for economic conditions did drop from around 80 percent to 70 percent between the summer of 2009 and the summer of 2010, but it has remained stable in the nearly two years since then.

Even 49 percent of Republicans blame Bush, with 51 percent saying he isn't to blame. Obama's considerably lower "blame" numbers have also remained steady, ranging from 48 to 53 percent in Gallup polls taken since 2010.

Thematically, these numbers dictate for Team Obama repeated accusations that Mitt Romney yearns to return to the George W. Bush policies that got America in economic trouble in the first place. In particular, Obama strategists would treat Romney's selection as a vice presidential running mate of anyone who could be portrayed as a Bush-era economic policymaker (such as Ohio senator Rob Portman) as a gift from the political gods. Even if Romney avoids this trap, it behooves him to emphasize elements of his economic plan that can be depicted as departures from the Bush era.

Now that both sides of the debate accept as fact the mediocre performance of the economy, it is no longer in Romney's interest to focus so much of his campaigning on lamenting economic weakness in the present. For one thing, it limits his ability to exploit Obama's vulnerabilities in noneconomic areas. Regarding (and at times labeling) all noneconomic issues as "distractions" leaves an open field for Team Obama's slicing and dicing of the electorate into recipients of narrow but attractive noneconomic messages.

For another, it devalues a future-oriented economic debate that is more in Romney's interest than Obama's. Rather than falling into a backward-looking blame game that in major respects favors Obama rather than the GOP, Romney needs to contrast his plans for budget and tax reform to Obama's desire for a stiff increase in tax rates to finance continued high levels of domestic spending. After all, Obama got into political trouble in 2009-10 not for having created the

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economic crisis, but for Obamacare, the stimulus, and other federal spending schemes that rang false to millions of Americans as a credible pathway out of the crisis. Obama's addiction to this kind of solution has not changed, and will be back in play if he gets a second term.

Finally, within the overall bleakness of the national economy there are regional disparities that go against the grain of Romney's message and Electoral College targeting. Most salient is the fact that the politically pivotal Midwest suffered less during the recession—it had far less of a housing bubble than any other region—and is currently doing considerably better than the national average thanks to such factors as the boom in agricultural commodities, a mild recovery in industrial production, and the revolution in domestic energy production that centers on hydraulic fracturing ("fracking"). First-term Republican governors in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Ohio are taking bows for unemployment rates well below the national average. So is the governor of Pennsylvania, a fracking state that outside the Philadelphia region is much more like the Midwest than the Northeast. Even Michigan, an economic basket case before the 2007 recession, has seen its unemployment rate decline to just above the national average.

It is perhaps no coincidence that the one Southern state where polling still shows a consistent Obama edge is Virginia, which (with its proximity to Washington) dodged much of the residential housing holocaust and has by far the lowest unemployment rate (5.6 percent) of any state in the South. Among the 12 states listed as too close to call by RealClearPolitics, only 2—Nevada and North Carolina—today have unemployment rates significantly above the national average.

Heading into the summer, Obama's reelection strategy has taken shape. It has proven itself capable of success and should not be underestimated. Mitt Romney's job is to avoid falling into its traps and make the adjustments needed to counter it. ♦

A Conversation in Paris

As the Socialists take over.

BY ROGER KAPLAN

François Hollande and Valérie Trierweiler

Paris

It was a grand election, and the Socialists swept the field. They won the presidency and the parliament, on top of which they already controlled most of the regional councils—in Burgundy and Poitou and Brittany and the other ancient provinces of France—along with the councils in the smaller "departments" created after the Revolution, which got quite a boost when Paris went on a decentralizing kick in the 1980s. That happened the last time the Socialists had it all, when François Mitterrand was president, and what a show it was!

Well (my interlocutor continued), you have to look at it this way, *monsieur*. I didn't vote Socialist, never have, never will. I am a man of the right. But you have to hand it to them—they won. François Hollande is president. The National Assembly is untouchable for five years. They can do whatever they want, just as in Mitterrand's day, way back when your Reagan was in the White House!

Actually, though, they cannot *do* much. They lack the means. They lack, especially, the money. They are not the absolute masters of France, for the simple reason that their predecessors, even as they turned over power to the regions and the departments, also turned over power to the technocrats in Brussels, those Dutchmen and Germans who count every *pfennig*, who ask what you did with every last *centime*! As to our *francs*, the Germans gave us euros in return, and now they tell us there are no more.

Well, *monsieur*, you point out it was Jacques Delors who created the euro, Mitterrand's first finance minister, the president of the European Commission in Brussels. And you ask me if it was not Hollande and his friends who are now sitting so pretty in the National Assembly who insisted on the euro. More Europe, they intoned, one currency! And, I remind you, the Germans said it was a terrible idea. They were happy with their deutsche mark. They wish now they had listened to

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the Danes and the British. But they let us—our brilliant, elite-educated fatheads, first in their class and all that—convince them the common currency would be best for Europe. And now we have lost control of our money, and the Germans pull the strings.

I exaggerate. Democracy, federal institutions, fair play—that is what the Germans say we do not understand. They keep explaining that if we want to play our own game, we must obey our own rules. The money we need, the Greeks need, the Italians and the Spaniards need, the Portuguese—they will not allow the bonds to be issued unless these poor countries respect the Stability Pact. *Monsieur*, it is a scandal, and I say this as a man who did not vote for the Socialists, that the Germans should make everyone suffer for the sake of their account books.

Even so, the Socialists must be happy to have won it all. They fought a fine campaign, only a few hiccups. There was, of course, that unpleasantness with Ségolène Royal, their last presidential candidate, their once and never President Royal! The poor lady—far be it from me to feel sorry for so elegant and accomplished a lady, who is still president of the Regional Council of Poitou-Charentes, no small bag of beans, *monsieur*—and the notorious tweet, but what do you expect, *monsieur*, *les femmes* . . . Ah, what happened, exactly? Well, only the most daring papers have reported it, but François Hollande, father of Ségolène Royal's four children, was embarrassed at the thought of having her not only in the assembly but even president of the assembly. He did not like it because, well, he still nurtured a grudge against her, for throwing him out of hearth and home.

She did that because, yes, I know, he was carrying on an affair with Valérie Trierweiler, a journalist at *Paris Match*, which always has pictures of celebrities in bikinis at Cannes and Monaco. Ségolène is not a woman to be scorned, *monsieur*, and I'm told she found solace with Jean-Marc Ayrault, the mayor of Nantes, who is now President Hollande's prime minister! That was some years ago, you understand, but wounds of the heart . . .

So Valérie—the Trierweiler woman, whom your papers have dubbed the first girlfriend—thought it would not only be awkward, it would be intolerable. Inadmissible! Well, maybe we should have had her around when the Germans forced us to accept Balancing the Books as a condition of the euro. I ask you, *monsieur*, who balances books in Europe, outside the Germans? The Letts. The Estonians. The Swiss. And the Swiss are not even members of the European Union!

Well, Valérie Trierweiler—she kept her husband's name when she threw him out, a sordid story of relations turned sour with her own family, a matter of money I believe—first lady of France since her François's great victory (by more than a million votes) over the vulgarian Sarkozy—and I speak to you as a man of the right, *monsieur*—she did what women did in the days of Louis XIV: She attacked her rival! Came right out and slapped her, in the modern way, of course. She sent a tweet saying what a pity this woman might win in La Rochelle—this Ségolène Royal, endorsed by the Socialist party high command and Hollande himself—while her opponent, a good man, deserved to win.

How did François take it? Well, in what he passed off as a casual remark, he said it would be so nice to have Ségolène as president of the assembly; it would bring back memories of their youth, when Mitterrand was king, I mean president, and all the world was theirs to reinvent. Now it scarcely matters, for Ségolène is history. She lost and retired to Poitou.

And in our republic, of course, there is no first lady or first girlfriend. In fact, in the thousand years of the French monarchy, no woman held formal power. Yet our new president's mistress goes beyond what Madame de Montespan ever would have dared! Alas, poor France! For this we elect an Assembly committed to gender equality, multiculturalism, fraternity, solidarity, socialism?

Still, to be fair, give them a chance. Valérie has her taxpayer-provided office in the Elysée Palace, with her taxpayer-paid research staff, and she can go right on being a journalist, and maybe we will not hear from her for a while, and the president can concentrate on the euro and Greece.

Well, the Socialists will do what they can, if the Germans let them. In a way, it is a good thing the right lost, *monsieur*, because frankly, the right, in its present state, could use some time in the tank. Mind you, they will regret being so hard on Sarkozy. He may have been an impulsive neurotic who wore platform shoes to try to keep up with his wife (and everyone else), but he understood this (and I say it as a Frenchman): The Germans have a point. If they pay for all those other countries, what do you think will happen? Stimulus? Growth? You will kiss growth goodbye forever, because the Germans will wreck their own locomotive, the only one that has a shot at pulling us out of this mess.

And President Hollande knows it. Of course, he could not say so out loud during the campaign, because he would have been attacked on his left by that Trotskyist goon Jean-Luc Melenchon, with his Communist troops. True, they traded insults anyway. The Socialists called Mélenchon a rich boy playing red, while he called Hollande a stooge to the banks. Mélenchon got slaughtered, along with Marine Le Pen of the far right. Hollande and his boys pulled out all the stops to block her, but her National Front won't go away. She will be watching the president's every move and screaming that France is going to the dogs—and to the Arabs and the Africans who keep pouring in. But that's another story.

No, Hollande is a shrewd fox. He said he was normal compared with that wild man we had, and look at how he lives and plays his cards. He said he would find the money to pay for more teachers and free hospitals and no doubt take care of our foreign affairs. Not that foreign policy came up during the campaign—except the Greeks and the Germans, of course—too embarrassing, and anyway no one talks about foreign policy in France except the president. It is his domain. Untouchable. Like his arrangements with *les femmes*. ♦

Seven Bloody Days

Forgotten battlefields; monuments to vanity

By Geoffrey Norman

Richmond, Va.

It doesn't take long to walk the Malvern Hill battlefield. Less than an hour. And there is not much to see. There are a few cannons at the top of the hill, where they were on July 1, 1862, firing remorselessly into the lines of assaulting Confederate infantry that never came close to reaching them and took appalling casualties in the effort. Alongside a trail that meanders through the mature hardwood trees at the base of the hill, there are some shallow depressions in the ground that a plaque describes as hasty graves where some of the Confederate dead had been buried. There is one structure at the top of the hill that looks, more or less, the way it did on the day of the battle. Some split rail fences for verisimilitude. And that is about it.

General George McClellan

Measured against, say, the 4,000 acres of Shiloh or Gettysburg with its 1,300 monuments, Malvern Hill is decidedly minor league as Civil War battlefields go. And sparsely visited in comparison to the other, better known and better tended sites. When I walked Malvern Hill on a hot morning three weeks before the 150th anniversary of the battle, I had the place entirely to myself.

But the battle was no minor affair. Neither in terms of what was called, in those days, "the butcher's bill," nor in military and historical consequences. Malvern Hill was the last of what came to be known as the "Seven Days Battles," a running series of fights that resulted in casualties to both sides of 36,059 killed, wounded, and missing. More than had been lost a couple of months earlier at Shiloh, a battle whose casualties matched those of the entire Revolutionary War and put both sides in the Civil War on notice.

In spite of the slaughter, Seven Days was, as so many of the great Civil War battles were, depressingly inconclusive. At least in the sense that when the battle was over, the war went on. But in almost no other engagement of the entire war did both sides miss such an opportunity to finish the whole thing in a stroke. As Major-General J.F.C. Fuller writes in his magisterial *A Military History of the Western World*: "The importance of the Seven Days Battle [sic] lies in what it did not accomplish."

Each army, Fuller writes, "might easily" have destroyed its opponent had it not been for "blunderings." But neither army could accomplish the *coup de grâce*, and so "the political importance of [the Seven Days] is that, instead of shortening the war it prolonged it by nearly three years."

The Seven Days is, in this regard, analogous to the Battle of the Marne in the First World War: Confused, inconclusive, and a tragically missed opportunity for both sides, after which the war would not merely go on, but take over and become a force beyond human control.

The story of the Seven Days and the Peninsula Campaign that preceded it is, in large part, a tale of one man's hubris.

General George McClellan liked to think of himself as a kind of American Napoleon, and in at least one regard there was a similarity. Both men were short.

Napoleon, though, was a master of war. He loved war and thrived on its challenges, and he was a gambler. It could have been said of him, as it was of a general who became McClellan's adversary in the Seven Days, "his name might be Audacity."

McClellan was quite the other thing. He was a master of military organization and an exceedingly adroit player in the political contests that result in promotion. But he did not much like war, and he made a point of avoiding both battle and the battlefield. The carnage was repellent to him.

But he was supreme on the parade ground, and after the Union army had been defeated at the First Manassas he came to Washington and built a magnificent army, by far the largest in the nation's history. He made the right

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political allies and was, himself, a political force. He loved the attention, and his self-confidence was nearly sublime. "I find myself in a new and strange position here," he wrote to his wife, "President, cabinet, Gen. Scott, and all deferring to me. By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land."

When cautioned by President Lincoln that he might be taking on too much responsibility, he replied, "I can do it all."

He was insubordinate in his treatment of President Lincoln and referred to him as "the original gorilla." Lincoln, whose self-confidence rested on a sturdier foundation, seemed willing to tolerate it so long as McClellan would deliver victories.

For months, McClellan delivered nothing much more than promises and windy speeches. Lincoln pressed him for action and suggested at one point that if the general did not intend to use the army, then he would "like to borrow it for a time."

McClellan did, eventually, use the army, moving it by water to the peninsula between the James and York rivers, hence the name of the campaign that followed. It was militarily sound enough. The Union navy could secure the flanks while the army advanced up the peninsula to Richmond, its waterborne line of supply secure. If the Confederate army came out to fight, McClellan would destroy it in an American Waterloo. If not, he would take the Confederate capital by siege. Either way, he would win the war and, at the very least, immortality.

The movement of the army by water was a vast undertaking and done handsomely. But once they were ashore, McClellan's forces moved not just slowly, but ponderously. In part, this was because of the weather, the poor condition of the roads, and the difficulty of the terrain. But these are the ordinary givens of war and would not have hampered, say, Stonewall Jackson. The variable that in this case accounted for the hesitancy of the army's advance was its commander's "caution," to use the kindest possible term.

McClellan imagined that he was outnumbered and not just marginally so. He believed at one point in the campaign that his opponent had more than 200,000 men in the field against his meager 120,000. In truth, Confederate forces never numbered much more than 85,000, and often fewer than that. During the entire campaign, McClellan always enjoyed superior numbers on the ground.

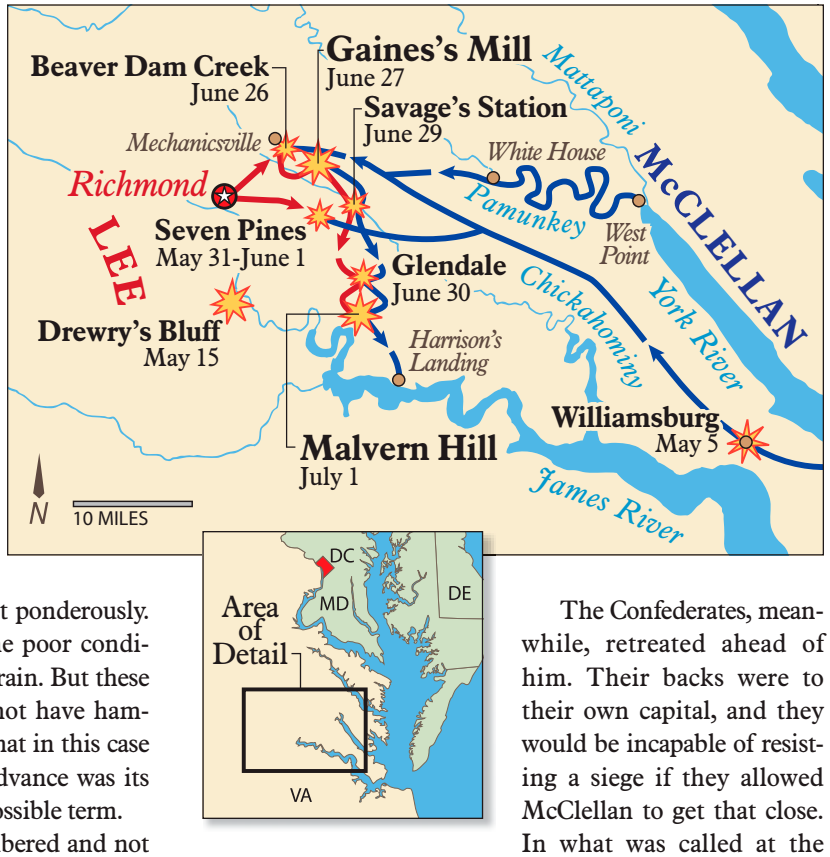
In his mind, however, it was a different story.

So he moved slowly, when he moved at all, and pestered Washington for reinforcements. When they did not come, he sulked and indulged in episodes of self-pity which bordered on paranoia. His political enemies in Washington, he hinted, wished his defeat, and by withholding from him the men that he needed, they were, he seemed to believe, conspiring to engineer his disgrace.

Lincoln attempted to reassure his petulant general of his support and to urge him to action:

> And once more let me tell you, it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help this. . . . I beg to assure you that I have never written you, or spoken to you, in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as in my most anxious judgment, I consistently can; but you must act.

McClellan was not the sort of man to be consoled by a few kind words. He continued to move slowly, when he moved at all.



The Confederates, meanwhile, retreated ahead of him. Their backs were to their own capital, and they would be incapable of resisting a siege if they allowed McClellan to get that close. In what was called at the time "a battle of posts," they would inevitably lose.

So after more than a month of steady withdrawals, punctuated by a few skirmishes, they attacked. The Confederate army was, at this time, commanded by Joseph E. Johnston. He was a capable soldier but a difficult man. He was touchy and secretive and his relations with Jefferson Davis, his civilian chief, were not much better than McClellan's were with Lincoln.

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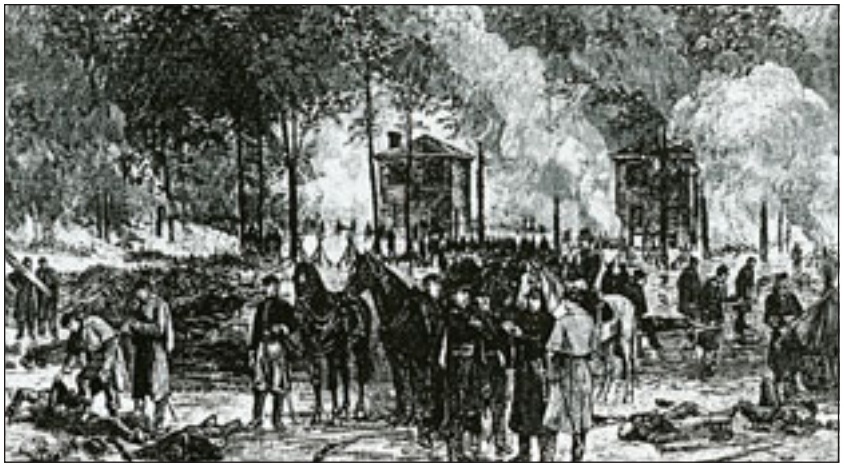
His plan of attack was sound. With the bulk of his army, he attacked a smaller portion of McClellan's that was relatively isolated by its position on the south bank of a small, swampy river called the Chickahominy, which bisected the peninsula and required the extensive construction of bridges and corduroy roads by McClellan's engineers. The river played a crucial role in what the Federals called the Battle of Fair Oaks and in every engagement for the rest of the campaign.



Union soldiers burning the carcasses of slain horses and burying the dead after Seven Pines

The battle itself was disorganized, bloody, and inconclusive. Late in the action, Johnston was severely wounded. In his place, Jefferson Davis appointed Robert E. Lee who, thus far in the war, had been a disappointment to those who had expected great things of him.

McClellan, for his part, considered Lee a lightweight: "I prefer Lee to Johnston," he said when he heard the news. "The former is too cautious and weak under grave responsibility. Personally brave and energetic to a fault, he yet is wanting in moral firmness when pressed by heavy responsibility, and is likely to be timid and irresolute in action."

One can almost hear the voice of some modern wise guy saying, after hearing those last phrases, "Hey, man, project much?"

There were doubters in Lee's own ranks. In a famous episode, one of them asked an officer who might know if he thought Lee possessed the necessary *audacity.* He answered,

> if there is one man in either army, Confederate or Federal, head and shoulders above every other in *audacity*, it is General Lee! His name might be Audacity. He will take more desperate chances and take them quicker than any other general in this country, North or South; and you will live to see it, too.

It was some three weeks before the truth of these words was demonstrated. First, Lee strengthened his lines and firmed up his defenses in front of Richmond. He also sent for Stonewall Jackson, who had been busy in the Shenandoah Valley, keeping Washington so much on edge that Lincoln had continued withholding from McClellan the additional men he claimed so urgently to need. Lee sent his cavalry to scout the Union positions north of the Chickahominy, and Jeb Stuart responded by riding completely around McClellan's lines. He reported back to Lee that the Union's northern flank was "in the air."

Lee determined to attack there with the bulk of his army, keeping a token force on the south side of the river, thus leaving Richmond exposed and vulnerable should McClellan move aggressively.

McClellan did move, and his army won the Battle of Oak Grove. After which he sent a message informing Washington, "The rebel force is stated at 200,000. . . . I regret my inferiority in numbers but feel that I am in no way responsible for it. . . . I will do all that a general can do with the splendid army I have the honor to command, and if it is destroyed by overwhelming numbers, can at least die with it and share its fate. But if the result of the action which will probably occur tomorrow, or within a short time, is a disaster, the responsibility cannot be thrown on my shoulders, it must rest where it belongs." Lee had not yet attacked, but McClellan was a beaten man.

Lee did attack, the next day, on the other side of the river. The Union won that battle, too. And while McClellan's forces on the opposite bank were merely four miles from Richmond, which was wide open to attack, he made the decision to retreat.

He was, he said, changing his base.

Lee, on the other hand, pressed his attack. The third of the Seven Days Battles, Gaines's Mill, was the bloodiest and Lee's first victory. It turned on an assault by Texans under the command of General John B. Hood, who was found after the battle sitting on a cracker barrel, weeping. And Hood was a hard man who would go on to lose the use of his arm at Gettysburg and have a leg amputated after a wound at Chickamauga.

After Gaines's Mill, the Union army was in full retreat. A battle at Savage's Station on the south bank of the river bought time. Enough to destroy vast stores of supplies but not enough to evacuate some 2,500 wounded men who were taken by the advancing Confederate armies.

During the morning I made my solitary walk around Malvern Hill, I went looking for the Savage's Station battlefield. There is no park. The actual site of the battle is, today,

partially covered by the cloverleaf interchange of I-295 and I-64 and commemorated by one of those cast iron plaques on the shoulder of a nearby two-lane blacktop.

I was drawn to the battlefield having recently read a book that covered the history of a company of Civil War soldiers from the region of Vermont where I now live. This company of men called themselves the Equinox Guards, and Savage's Station was their first real action. It was a company of 59 men when the battle opened. At its end, only 15 members of the Equinox Guards were unharmed. Between 25 and 30 had been killed or mortally wounded.

There is nothing in any of the accounts of the Seven Days to prove one side or the other superior in bravery or fortitude or willingness to suffer and die.

When one compares generalship, however, the story is different, and vastly so.

McClellan continued his retreat. Lee pursued. Relentlessly. Intent on a battle of annihilation. And he might have had it at a battle known by various names, the most commonly used of which are Frayser's Farm and Glendale. This was Lee's best chance to cut the retreating Union forces off from the James River and the protection of navy gunboats. His generals—to include, conspicuously, Stonewall Jackson—failed him. The Union army escaped to the safety of Malvern Hill, where Confederate troops marched into the teeth of a powerful defensive position. It was his last chance, and his audacity became recklessness. The assaults failed.

The Union victory was so complete that some of McClellan's subordinates urged a resumption of the offensive with the objective of taking Richmond. McClellan, who had spent most of the previous two days aboard a Federal gunboat on the James River, could not be persuaded. One of his generals, Philip Kearney, protested "against this order to retreat. We ought, instead of retreating, to follow up the enemy and take Richmond; and in full view of the responsibility of such a declaration, I say . . . such an order can only be prompted by cowardice or treason."

McClellan wired Washington, "We have failed to win only because overpowered by superior numbers."

By "failing to win," he had made inevitable many other battles, to include Antietam, where he also failed. One feels a sense of profound sadness when visiting any of the Civil War battlefields, but there is something different about the patchwork of small sites and solitary plaques that mark and commemorate the Seven Days. A sense, perhaps, of failure compounded by futility and the eternally high price of human vanity. ♦

Felicity Jones as Catherine Moreland, 'Northanger Abbey,' 2007

Austen's Power

The novelist's advice to 'recovering Romantics.' BY CLAUDIA ANDERSON

For decades now, media marketers and content producers have been milking the Jane Austen craze, first with fine dramatizations of the novels themselves for small and large screen, then with a vast bazaar of knockoffs—sequels by the score (*Letters from Pemberley: The First Year*, *Captain Wentworth's Diary*), modern adaptations (Emma as Valley Girl in the movie *Clueless*), and even exotica introducing zombies and sea monsters into the Austen genre. What on earth is the appeal?

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The Jane Austen Guide to Happily Ever After
by Elizabeth Kantor
Regnery, 304 pp., $24.95

Elizabeth Kantor has taken the trouble to think through a serious answer—to wit, Jane Austen "is the cure" for our modern disillusionment about happiness in marriage. Specifically, what keeps us coming back for more is the dignity, elegance, and sheer competence of the Austen heroine's pursuit of happy love. A literary scholar steeped in Jane Austen's fiction and letters, but also a happily married wife and mother, Kantor has distilled the essentials of that competence and presents them in this most engaging guide.

It is a guide for "recovering Romantics." For to learn from Jane Austen (1775-1817), flower of the English Enlightenment, the modern woman must unlearn bad habits encouraged by our coarser culture of love. She must shed the Romantic's quest for the unique soulmate, and the Romantic's morbid fascination with emotional intensity, psychodrama, and the broken heart. She must spurn the manipulative program of *The Rules*, along with the jaded condescension toward men so casually indulged in by women postliberation. The antidote to all these is Enlightenment realism.

ITV PRODUCTIONS / WGBH

Realism first about human nature. A rector's daughter who lived her whole life in a succession of Anglican parsonages, Jane Austen, Kantor notes, was "never shocked (though often amused) by folly and vice." She knew that these are the common lot of men and women, and her most captivating characters of both sexes are people who come to recognize their own folly—their pride and their prejudice—and, humbled, learn to see and think a truer way. As they grow in self-knowledge, they strive for a clear-eyed balance, and for charity, in their judgments of others.

Realism, too, about the quest for a mate. Jane was writing at a cultural moment when the arranged marriage was no longer universal and the idea of the love match was in vogue. Her heroines choose for themselves, with minimal interference from (often absent or inadequate) parents. The ones who choose well do so by pacing themselves, not allowing their feelings to outrun the attractive man's interest, while they study his character. Inevitably, complications arise—and present further opportunities for discovering what the man is really like. During this phase of courtship, the Austen heroine offers no "unsolicited proofs of tenderness," but waits—fully aware that he may never make a move.

Jane Austen supplies plenty of counterexamples—giddy Lydia Bennet, who, far from pacing herself, runs off at 16 with the dashing seducer Wickham; the vain and scheming Maria Bertram, who "marries a man she doesn't love to spite the one who doesn't love her"; most memorably, Charlotte Lucas, hitched for the sake of security to the preposterous Mr. Collins, a wife who spends her days avoiding her husband—just to name three.

Austen also provides her modern readers with what Kantor calls a "forgotten vocabulary" for choosing the right man. In sizing up someone who attracts you, consider his *principles*, probably rooted in his religion. And consider his *temper*. After all, you want a *man of quality*, not one who's good for you, Kantor says, but one who's good. Does he display *justice* and *right conduct*, which everyone respects, and *delicacy toward the feelings of other people*? Does he show *forbearance* toward others' shortcomings? Is his *self-command* reliable, or does he let it all hang out, imposing on others as he goes? Are his *affections* warm? Does he, like Jane's heroes, have *sense*, *understanding*, and *judgment*? Does he show *taste* and *talent* and improve himself by *education*?

As Kantor reminds her reader, "What you get, if your love is successful, is essentially *the other person*," with all his strengths and limitations. The pacing that she and Jane stress is a way of warding off premature emotional involvement while you're still learning who he really is and what his *intentions* are. Remember, you may capture a man's *admiration* without his *attachment*. Jane's heroines strive to keep their heads even when they're falling in love.

Further, Kantor distills from Jane Austen a sophisticated understanding of the complementarity of the sexes. If women more than men obsess over relationships and ponder their emotional complexities, this is not to be despised as a weakness but rather valued and cultivated as their special expertise. They have "a bigger skill set" than men for maneuvering through relationships, Kantor says, and they "do a better job of seeing the end game." As the still-arrogant Mr. Darcy mordantly perceived, "A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony, in a moment."

By contrast, says Kantor, "men's default setting is to live in the moment," with commitment some considerable distance from their mind. Kantor rehearses eight case studies from the novels of men afraid of commitment. Must woman then entrap her prey? Must she scheme to compel the man's submission to her will? Not at all, says Kantor, noting that "the woman who acts like that in Jane Austen is a villainess, not a heroine. Lady Susan Vernon [for example] uses her typically female verbal virtuosity to manipulate men" and take unfair advantage. The heroines use their powers not for evil, but for good.

It is, after all, not only women who are made happy by successful love, realized in marriage and family. This is also the path of lasting satisfaction for most men. Jane Austen, Kantor says, "teaches women to apply our talent for relationships to figure out how both sexes can avoid the pitfalls our weaknesses expose us to. She shows how men and women can transcend our limitations to meet each other in a place where we'll both be happy."

If this sounds a little abstract, Kantor ends with an eminently practical discussion of dating strategies for those who disdain the hookup culture, as Jane would. Two very different alternatives to bars and parties for broadening your acquaintance, she suggests, are church and Internet dating. In the first, you stand to encounter a higher than average concentration of people who consciously value marriage and who assume two people begin a relationship by getting to know each other. And the second, unlikely though it may seem, allows for Austen-like deliberateness and pacing. It invites you to ponder which qualities you have to offer and which you're looking for.

This delightful book is meant for a particular audience: Jane Austen enthusiasts who are also dissatisfied with contemporary courtship mores and intrigued by the idea that the creator of Elizabeth Bennet has something to teach anyone whose private life resembles that of Bridget Jones. It is for capable readers undeterred by 81 pages of footnotes—and receptive to self-help hints at the end of every chapter under headings like "Adopt an Austen attitude" and "What would Jane do?" It is for singles wanting to get better at managing their hopes for happiness, and for any mother or grandmother, aunt or friend, who might be called upon to counsel such. Written in a voice that neither scolds nor preaches, but is in equal measure graceful, inventive, and wise, it is an original contribution to the counterculture dedicated to shoring up marriage. ♦

B&A

On to Canada?

The other side's view of 'the struggle for mastery in North America.' **BY NELSON D. LANKFORD**

British warships in pursuit of USS Constitution

Francis Scott Key and the rockets' red glare at Fort McHenry. Dolley Madison rescuing Washington's portrait from the sack of the White House. Andrew Jackson's lopsided victory at New Orleans after the Treaty of Ghent. These are colorful episodes that people at least hazily associate with the unfortunately named first war declared by the young American republic. But if incidents from the War of 1812 nurtured a sense of national identity, few Americans realize that the same could be said for Canada. J.C.A. Stagg describes the conflict as "a civil war among the fragments of the first British Empire whose constituent groups were not yet reconciled to the settlement that had been made in 1783." For that matter, it was, in fact, the third panel in a triptych of the struggle for mastery in North America. The first was the great war for empire between Britain and France, which we know as the French and Indian War (1754-63).

The War of 1812
Conflict for a Continent
by J.C.A. Stagg
Cambridge, 216 pp., $24.99

Few historians are better placed than the accomplished long-term editor of the *Papers of James Madison* to write about this conflict, which Stagg ruefully describes as having "long been regarded as the most unsatisfying and least well understood of all the wars of the United States." After all, it was, as others have said, "Mr. Madison's War." Stagg begins with a short introduction—a bit slow in patches—relating the historiography of his subject. The reader leaves this overture understanding how commentators from the outset viewed the evolution of the American nation as reflected in the mirror of the war.

The disjoined series of clashes that made up the War of 1812 stemmed from America's frustrated effort to find its place in the international arena. Caught between the dominant powers of the Napoleonic era, the United States struggled to maintain neutrality. The Royal Navy's impressment of sailors on American-flagged ships stoked a long-running grievance. No policy—from Jefferson's embargo, to nonintercourse proclamations, to completely unrestricted trade—could force belligerents to respect American sovereignty.

In the end, Madison opted for war with Great Britain. In fact, he also contemplated fighting France because both powers preyed with equal ferocity on American shipping. When Congress finally deliberated Madison's war bill, the House gave solid, but not overwhelming, approval. The measure only squeaked by in the Senate, 19-13, on June 17, 1812. Ominously, all the Federalists, as well as a few disgruntled Republicans, opposed the bill. America found itself at war once again with its imperial nemesis.

Stagg describes the first year of conflict as "marked on the American side more by military fiascoes than successes . . . with occasional naval victories at sea." Because United States citizens outnumbered Canadians by a factor of 15, American strategy focused on conquest to the north, with disappointing results. Revolutionary War veteran William Hull botched his invasion of Upper Canada. He retreated to Detroit, "where he was then trapped, paralyzed by his fear of the Indians and his lack of confidence in his own men." They reciprocated the sentiment, and their commander surrendered to the British. The more competent William Henry Harrison fared little better. To the east, Henry Dearborn failed in a feeble thrust

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toward Montreal late in the year. So ended the efforts of 1812, wrote a congressman: "in a miscarriage without even the heroism of disaster."

At sea, the United States Navy acquitted itself well, despite being shortchanged in the runup to war. Some in Congress favored having privateers attack British merchantmen rather than directly confront the Royal Navy. The House Foreign Relations chairman demanded "a public war on land and a war by private enterprise at sea." Eventually, the administration realized it needed the Navy to protect the seaborne commerce that generated customs revenue. America's sailors put to good use their recent experience in the quasi-war with France and against the Barbary pirates of North Africa. Their superior frigates bested the British in a dramatic series of single-ship engagements. Chagrined, the Royal Navy whined that it had been beaten in unfair contests by "a few fir-built frigates, manned by a handful of bastards and outlaws." Despite the boost to American morale, such victories were (in Stagg's opinion) "inconsequential."

In Stagg's retelling, the United States suffered woefully in military capacity. Budget cuts from the Jefferson years bore ugly fruit. The pool of potential army officers was shallow, as recommendations for commission often bore out. One sarcastic letter proposed "Crazy Bob" Livingston of New York as excellent officer material, "if throwing Decanters and glasses were to be the weapons used." Recruiting officers fought an unequal battle against lawyers brandishing writs for "wrongful enlistment." Madison, repeatedly frustrated by a lack of financial firepower, called Congress "unhinged" for the nation's lack of preparedness. As a result, "a largely untrained and haphazardly organized army, led by too many manifestly inadequate generals" was completely mismatched with Madison's goal of grasping Canadian soil to barter for recognition of neutral rights. The first year of conflict "brought only capture, defeat, and sickness to the forces, [and] the regiments were left as hollowed-out shells of what they should have become."

By the beginning of 1813, the war had lost what popularity it enjoyed. Anemic public response greeted the Treasury's attempts to float loans.

General William Hull surrenders Fort Detroit

GETTY IMAGES

The secretary warned Madison that the government had barely a month's reserves left to operate. Another American surrender in June stymied efforts to seize Canadian territory across the Niagara River. The tide turned in July when Oliver ("we have met the enemy and they are ours") Hazard Perry defeated British ships on Lake Erie. Perry then transported William Henry Harrison's army across to Canada, where it defeated a British-Indian force at the Battle of the Thames. With the death of their leader Tecumseh, Stagg writes, "the power of the confederated Indians in the Northwest was broken, forever."

The secretary of war, John Armstrong, chose James Wilkinson to lead the advance on Montreal in 1813. He could hardly have made a poorer choice. Wilkinson, the Army's ranking general, had no experience of battle command and bore the taint of the murky Burr conspiracy. The other American commander, Wade Hampton, loathed him, and their two armies failed to coordinate in the autumn campaign. In the advance on Montreal, desultory efforts by both commanders failed. As they withdrew to winter quarters, "all that remained were the recriminations."

With the advent of 1814, international conditions shifted against America, and the initiative passed to the British. Beset by financial woes, the United States wished to curtail the fighting, but Britain did not. The Niagara campaign achieved some modest American gains but ended without a foothold on Canadian soil. In the meantime, the British advanced along the Chesapeake, pillaging freely. In August, they swept aside the force arrayed against them at Bladensburg, Maryland, entered Washington, D.C., and proceeded to burn the White House and most other public buildings. Confidence in Madison's administration collapsed. Nothing could stop the British until they stumbled at Baltimore. After failing to reduce Fort McHenry, which guarded the harbor, they withdrew. The nation exhaled, spared further depredations along the eastern seaboard. The administration still faced a scarcely less menacing peril in the failure of Congress to fund continuation of the war.

As Stagg points out, intermittent attempts to end the war began almost at the outset. Eventually, the two sides sent diplomats to negotiate in Ghent, Belgium, during the last months of 1814. In the meantime, Madison's supporters feared growing disloyalty in Federalist-dominated New England—even secession and a separate peace with Britain. News of agreement at Ghent reached Washington in early 1815, too late to prevent the Battle of New Orleans, which had no effect on the outcome of the war.

Because Congress failed to fund the war effort adequately, it is doubtful the United States could have resisted if the British had decided to prolong the struggle. The prospect of victory in Europe by Britain and its allies over Napoleon in 1814 persuaded the Madison administration to relinquish its stand on impressment, one of its chief grievances. "Thirty months of conflict," Stagg concludes, "had weakened the capacities of the federal government more than it had strengthened them." A decidedly different outcome would follow most subsequent American wars.

Stagg knows the American political scene inside out, not surprising for the editor of 17 volumes of Madison's papers. And he is very good at explaining the international political context. He calls the price of the 1803 Louisiana Purchase a down payment on Napoleon's next war with Britain. Also, the role of the Russian czar may come as a surprise to some readers. Just a few months after America declared war, Alexander I offered to mediate the dispute. He did not want the British distracted across the Atlantic when he needed them to hammer Napoleon closer to home.

In assessing the war, Stagg finds complications on all sides. For Americans, after the humiliating fall of the capital city and threatened disunion in New England, came electrifying news from New Orleans. Despite that distant victory, the administration faced dim prospects for prolonging the war. No wonder Americans were elated to hear that their diplomats had concluded peace in Ghent, even though it merely restored the *status quo ante bellum* and gave no satisfaction on war aims. No matter. Americans viewed the war as a victory. It would take the long years of post-Waterloo peace in Europe to resolve the issue of impressment.

British Canadians heralded the outcome as a victory, too: They had survived the threat to their independent existence from the south. That survival was a crucial prerequisite to the 1867 act creating the dominion of Canada.

The British had a hard time claiming victory, even though it was their army and navy that sustained a separate Canada. Stagg argues that the main conundrum of the war was why the United States failed so miserably in multiple attempts to conquer the less populous colonies to the north. Despite such failure, in the years that followed, Great Britain came to realize that conflict with the United States was foolhardy, even with the Royal Navy's control of the high seas.

Stagg's slim volume offers readers a surefooted guide through the thickets of American political intrigue and international affairs, but they will have to turn elsewhere for the thunder of cannon and the clash of arms. As we enter this conflict's bicentennial years, readers should begin with Stagg, and then branch out to explore particular military and naval campaigns in the surprising wealth of recent books on the War of 1812. ♦

B&A

Addicted to Murder

Crime in the realm of recovery and redemption.

BY EVE TUSHNET

A drug enforcement agent, a friend of a friend, used to say that society is like a skyscraper: Most people stay on one or two floors, only getting to know people about as rich or poor as themselves. Only the cops go to every floor, from the subbasements to the penthouse.

The Next Right Thing
by Dan Barden
Dial, 304 pp., $26

But there is at least one place in which people from wildly varying social classes come together to reveal their deepest shames and longings, to help one another and, often, find friendship: the "rooms" of Alcoholics Anonymous. Dan Barden's new novel is a blunt and sad little noir mystery set in the world of addiction recovery, and he makes a strong case that sobriety goes just as well with the noir style as the more old-school bottle of bourbon in the desk drawer.

We start off in Southern California with an ex-cop who won't let a case go. His AA sponsor, a charismatic but troubled man named Terry, has been found dead of a heroin overdose. Randy, the disgraced cop turned homebuilder, feels an overwhelming need to find out who was with Terry and what happened the night of his death, and the investigation turns up a classic noir corruption plot in which not only DEA agents but recovery "superstars" are implicated. "Recovery homes," where addicts live together and attempt to support one another, are not all they appear to be; with marijuana being farmed in the basement and porn being filmed in the bedrooms, not a lot of recovery seems to be going on.

Barden's prose is occasionally too florid, especially toward the beginning of the book; but this is a normal problem for modern noir, which suffers from a Chandler inferiority complex. For every punchy one-liner such as, "There's nothing worse than a beautiful town when you've got an ugly head," there's something like, "Every day it got harder to pretend I was anyone but myself"—which is trying a bit too hard.

But the prose settles down quickly. The characters start off as fun-enough cartoons, like the espionage-obsessed reality-TV star Emma, but they gradually attain nuance and emotional reso-

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nance. And Randy's own struggles—not so much for sobriety as for serenity, forgiveness, and a way forward out of the wreckage of the past—are presented with poignant bravado and total lack of self-pity. The AA slogan may be "The truth will set you free, but first it will really piss you off," but here the problem is more that the truth could send you to prison, or the morgue. Accept *that*.

We live in an age of memoir, a genre whose conventions go unacknowledged. Ask for a list of the best books about addiction and recovery, and very few of them will be genre novels; almost all will be memoirs. (William S. Burroughs may have penned a few exceptions.) But Barden uses the conventions of noir perfectly, giving the audience the specific pleasures it was seeking while illuminating truths about recovery.

The big climactic scene in which the obsessed ex-cop needs to convince the wrongdoer to admit his crimes and explain what still remains unknown is a noir staple that often plays as a capitulation by a writer who can't figure out how to provide his narrator with *clues* instead of a point-by-point confession. But here, the criminal's confession plays as a form of the "fifth step. . . . We admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs."

Randy isn't only trying to find out whodunnit. He's also trying to help a crook find the spiritual surrender needed to accept the truth and begin to change. The inherent tension of the scene—Randy and a kidnapper on a beach, Randy trying to talk the guy into dropping his gun before the surrounding cops get fed up and shoot them both—is heightened by the narrator's empathy with the moral choice being made.

And in a noir, it's okay if the resolution of the initial mystery is kind of a mess. Raymond Chandler famously couldn't even remember who actually killed the chauffeur in *The Big Sleep*. The point of murder in a noir isn't the solution, but the grim revelations turned up by the investigation: a tangled knot of societal corruption and bad personal choices, circumstance and free will.

The Next Right Thing does solve the mystery which sets it off. We do learn what happened to Terry, Randy's sponsor, on the night he died; and, more or less, we learn why. But Terry's death lifts the rock on all of Randy's own unresolved issues, all the holes in his own patchy integrity. The book's resolution doesn't come when Randy figures out what happened to Terry, but when he figures out what's been missing in his own recovery.

The most important confrontation of the book's climax is between Randy and someone he hurt a long time ago, someone who, in criminal-investigation terms, is totally unrelated to the book's plot or Terry's death. But if the confrontation is less than peripheral to Randy's investigation, it's central to his choice between recovery and relapse—and that choice starts the book and throbs as a heartbeat on almost every page.

In one way, *The Next Right Thing* departs from the classic noir mentality. Sure, it features corruption, hypocrisy, guys who are tough but not too hard, and sleazy danger under the palm trees. But unlike books in which finding out whodunit merely returns us to the sordid status-quo ante, *The Next Right Thing* isn't cynical about the power of truth. ♦

B&A

Annals of Intolerance

The Islamist war on freedom of conscience.

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Paul Marshall and Nina Shea have performed an important service with this account of laws and customs against "apostasy" and "blasphemy" in Muslim countries. Marshall, a senior fellow, and Shea, the director at the Hudson Institute's Center for Religious Freedom in Washington, have accumulated a daunting inventory of tyrannical abuses, including assaults, murders, massacres, executions, imprisonment, torture, censorship, and denunciations.

Silenced
How Apostasy and Blasphemy Codes Are Choking Freedom Worldwide
by Paul Marshall and Nina Shea
Oxford, 448 pp., $35

In addition, they survey the dangerous impact of such repressive canons on Western freedom of opinion about Islam. This litany, therefore, comprises restrictions on free expression in Muslim lands and similar efforts in non-Muslim-majority regions by Islamist radicals, including by governmental and international bodies, such as the 57-nation Organisation of Islamic Cooperation (OIC) based in Saudi Arabia.

The introduction by Marshall and Shea commences with the case that made "blasphemy" and its association with Islam known across the globe: Salman Rushdie, his novel *The Satanic Verses*, and the capital sentence against him by Iranian Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini in 1989. As Marshall and Shea observe, Khomeini's condemnation of Rushdie

> signaled a new worldwide movement to curb freedoms of religion and speech through the export and enforcement of Muslim blasphemy rules that were already suppressing minorities and dissenters in Muslim-majority countries. All this

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took place in the context of a revival of reactionary forms of Islam, supported heavily by the political rulers and spiritual authorities of both Shia Iran and Sunni Saudi Arabia.

Marshall and Shea declare that Islamist ideological "radicalization has produced increasing pressure and attacks . . . on those accused of having in some way insulted Islam, especially affecting four groups." These are, first, sects originating in Islam, like the Baha'is and the lesser-known Ahmadis, who "believe, or are thought to believe, that there has been a prophet after Muhammad."

Muslim faith holds that the prophet of Islam was the last divine messenger to humanity. Because of devotion to their founders—for the Baha'is, the Persian Mirza Husayn-Ali Nuri (Baha'u'llah), who lived from 1817 to 1892; for the Ahmadis, an Indian Muslim named Mirza Ghulam Ahmad (1835-1908), who proclaimed himself the mahdi or Islamic messiah—the Baha'is have been persecuted, especially in Iran, and the Ahmadis in many Muslim countries.

Second come those who leave Islam knowingly or convert to other religions—that is to say, literal apostates. They are followed by minorities labeled heretical, exemplified by Shia Muslims in Saudi Arabia and Sufis in Iran, and then by "dissidents, liberals, or reformers, especially if they challenge the entrenched power of regimes that claim to be representative of Islam." The authors have treated "apostasy," meaning a change in one's religion or the public abandonment of religion, and "blasphemy," an insult to a religion or its sacred figures and principles, similarly, if only because they are pretexts for targeting by the same despotic rulers, fanatical clerics, and violent zealots.

Nevertheless, in the cases recorded here from Muslim countries, few of the victims attempted to leave Islam or denounced it seriously. "Apostasy" as a cover for persecution of dissenting or heterodox Muslims is replete here. "Blasphemy" appears often as a reproach to the uninhibited culture of the West, and as an excuse for settling personal quarrels by allegations of irreligious or anti-Muslim conduct among poor and marginalized people.

Protest at the Danish embassy, London, 2006

Marshall and Shea end their main text by noting:

> The targets of attacks over alleged insults to Islam are many and varied. . . . Perhaps most targets are of Muslim background. . . . Some are seeking to advance the interests of their co-religionists; others are ex-Muslims, either converts to Christianity or atheists. Some are Muslims with unorthodox views, while others are mainstream Muslims who denounce terrorism and violence. The only thing that they have in common is that they have acted or created or spoken in a way that offends the sensibilities—or frustrates the social and political ambitions—of Muslim extremists.

They then present essays by two Islamic scholars opposed to apostasy and blasphemy punishments: the late Nasr Hamid Abu-Zayd (1943-2010), who fled his native Egypt for the Netherlands, and Abdullah Saeed, from the Maldive Islands in the Indian Ocean. As Marshall and Shea note, the Maldives, little known to foreigners except as a country said to be crumbling under rising sea levels, is "one of the most religiously repressive states in the world. . . . [The state] bans all religions other than Sunni Islam." Maldivian law is exclusively based in religious jurisprudence, with prohibitions on "apostasy" and "blasphemy." Abu-Zayd wrote that "earthly punishment" for departure from Islam or blasphemy is never mentioned in the Koran. Both he and Saeed trace the concept of apostasy and its capital punishment to Islamic history after the death of Muhammad in 632 A.D.

Along with the contributions of Abu-Zayd and Saeed, and the conclusions by Marshall and Shea, *Silenced* includes a foreword by Abdurrahman Wahid (1940-2009), a former president of Indonesia, also locating the origin of apostasy punishments in the politics of early Islam, and outlining a moderate vision of the religion. The inclusion of these conventional Muslim authors is explained by Marshall/Shea in their claim that "countering the use of such accusations and punishments in the Muslim world and the current attempts to spread them to the rest of the world, far from being an attack on Islam, can be seen as a defense of Islam."

Between Wahid's prefatory text, emphasizing a lyrical, Sufi variety of religious observance, and the elaborated, authoritative arguments of Abu-Zayd and Saeed, this compendium offers substantial reviews of the four countries best known for producing radical Islamist doctrines and for imposing severe measures, including death, on those held for purported

IAN LANGSDON / EPA / NEWSCOM

apostasy and blasphemy. These are led by Saudi Arabia, center of the Wahhabi sect that inspires al Qaeda; Iran, an authentic theocracy ruled by "Westophobic" clerics; and Egypt, whence the Muslim Brotherhood was founded and grew to its current position of political strength. Then comes Pakistan, haven of the Taliban, which follows the Wahhabi-like Deobandi school of fundamentalism, as well as other homicidal jihadists. The Saudi kingdom and Iranian Islamic Republic were erected on fundamentalist precepts, while in Egypt and Pakistan, sectarian bigots have had to contend with pluralistic and modernist trends surviving in the political landscape.

Marshall and Shea also take up the progress of Muslim radicalization in Afghanistan, Sudan, Somalia, Nigeria, Malaysia, Indonesia, Yemen, and other countries in the greater Middle East, Africa, and South and Southeast Asia.

One may hope that recent reform developments in Saudi Arabia, Iran, and Egypt—led, respectively, by King Abdullah, the "Green Movement" during the 2009 Iranian elections, and the democratic revolutionaries of Tahrir Square—will ameliorate these terrible injustices. But as Marshall and Shea state, many of King Abdullah's reforms have been blocked by the Wahhabi clerical establishment. The whole world saw the stalemate of the Iranian Green Movement at the hands of Mahmoud Ahmadinejad and "supreme leader" Ayatollah Ali Khamenei. About the future of Egypt, we can only guess.

Pakistan remains the outstanding exemplar of a Muslim country with weakening civil institutions and burgeoning radicalism. There, nonconforming Muslims and non-Muslims are fair game for imprisonment, assassination, and massacre at the hands of local terrorists, against whom the Pakistani government has shown a reluctance to act—the same hesitation visible in Islamabad's handling of al Qaeda and the Taliban on Pakistan's borders.

After presenting a catalogue of inhumanity and intolerance, Marshall and Shea assess the efforts of the OIC and radical clerics in the West to apply the actions against Rushdie to others who have criticized Islam in the West. These cases range from that of the ex-Muslim Ayaan Hirsi Ali and her slain film collaborator, Theo Van Gogh, to the controversy over the Muhammad cartoons in a Danish newspaper, to instances of fear and self-censorship by Western artists, publishers, theater directors, journalists, and politicians. The efforts of the OIC and others to criminalize "defamation of religion"—attempts more or less abandoned at the United Nations in the last two years, as Marshall/Shea point out—are not, in their words, intended to protect Muslims but "to criminalize religious and political criticism of particular versions of Islam."

The attempt to prevent non-Muslims from criticizing Islam or any aspect of its existence by Islamist intimidation is, as Marshall and Shea aver, new. They quote Bernard Lewis, stipulating, "[A]t no time, until very recently, did any Muslim authority ever suggest that Sharia law [including a ban on insulting Islam] should be enforced on non-Muslims in non-Muslim countries."

Notwithstanding the title, this is not a bleak book, or a justification for pessimism. It includes many episodes of cruel oppression, but also presents many chapters of courageous resistance. It presents powerful evidence that religious freedom among Muslims has many more friends and defenders than Westerners might imagine, and that none of this frenzied onslaught need be a feature of Islam and its relationship with the rest of the world forever. ♦

B&A

Fortune's Lump

The unlikely alchemy that leaves a scent.

BY KATE HAVARD

A man wanders along a beach, picking up smelly rocks and poking things with sticks. If one of the gray-green lumps he seeks happens to have just the right scent—of squid, musk, and fecal matter—it could change his life. Ambergris is a rare substance which has been used for centuries to make perfume. A little bit excrement and a little bit vomit, this "secretion" of the sperm whale is, ounce per ounce, as valuable as—often, more valuable than—the purest gold. Depending on the quality, a lump of ambergris the size of a potato is worth about $15,000.

Floating Gold
A Natural (and Unnatural) History of Ambergris
by Christopher Kemp
Chicago, 232 pp., $22.50

In *Floating Gold*, Christopher Kemp shows us the lengths to which humans will go to deck themselves in luxury. We hear of sailors who crawl, Jonah-style, into the carcass of a whale in order to rake through its bowels for ambergris, nearly suffocating in the process. Kemp also gives us a glimpse into the furtive, tight-lipped community of ambergris hunters, a territorial bunch who aren't above settling turf wars by running down their rivals with a car.

The history is interlaced with Kemp's own search for ambergris, a hobby that seems to suck him in and become all-absorbing. His pockets, his house, his car become full of various types of sea flotsam and jetsam he hopes will be identified as ambergris.

Kate Havard is an editorial assistant at The Weekly Standard.

One feels a certain sympathy for the author's wife and child, who seem to get dragged along the frigid coastline for his numerous excursions. At one point, in a fit of excitement, Kemp grabs a gray-green, waxy rock that turns out to be a freshly deposited piece of seal dung.

We spend much of the story with Kemp on a New Zealand beach in the winter, picking through debris—dead seagulls, old sneakers, and clumps of dried algae—in search of the valuable whale secretion. And yet for all this absurdity, Kemp manages to infuse each windy walk on the shore with an air of true mystery. Each foray seems as if it could be the right one, and I found myself peeking at the end to find out whether or not he succeeds.

There is something strangely alluring about ambergris, this mysterious substance which promises money, power, fame, and sexual prowess (it's an ancient aphrodisiac) to a select few, all the while reeking of excrement, death, and the chaos of the ocean. Its origins are largely speculative, and all that researchers know for sure is that it starts deep inside the belly of the sperm whale. These creatures consume mostly giant squid, whose beaks and other hard bits they are unable to digest. Though the whale periodically regurgitates these pieces, scientists believe that sometimes a mass of undigested beaks and bits will make its way to the whale's lower intestines, where, like a grain of sand inside an oyster, the mass becomes coated with a mixture of feces and intestinal juices, hardening over time until it becomes like concrete.

As the lump sits in the whale's hindgut, it grows, gathering more and more layers of coating, like a tree "adding a new growth ring with each passing year." Scientists continue to argue about the actual process of ambergris secretion—one possibility is that the ambergris grows inside the whale until it becomes so large that it causes a fatal rupture in the intestines. The whale's massive carcass is then quickly ripped apart by aquatic scavengers, leaving the ambergris free to float to the surface, where it can drift at sea for as long as 80 years. Its texture is refined and smoothed by the currents until it finally dissolves or washes up on a beach and makes someone a small fortune.

Today, most fragrances use a synthetic alternative to imitate ambergris's signature scent and fixative properties. The French ambergris trader Bernard Perrin attributes the decline in ambergris use to "The Americans, . . . ecology, Green Party, blah blah blah," and the desire to keep the price of perfume low. Now, only the haughtiest perfume houses—Chanel, Guerlain, Dior—continue to infuse their products with what Herman Melville called that "essence found in the inglorious bowels of a sick whale."

You might think that the high fashion powers that be would turn up their noses at the incongruous origins of their Chanel No. 5. But traditionalists assert that there is no substitute: As Perrin puts it, ambergris has a certain *je ne sais quoi*: "Ambergris, it's like your wine, you have different wines, you cannot compare all Bordeaux to cheap wines from . . . I don't know." Yet even someone without Perrin's subtle sense of smell can appreciate ambergris for what it undoubtedly is: a potentially life-changing goldmine.

That is what the people of Bolinas Beach, California, undoubtedly thought when an enormous "cheesy lump" of unknown substance washed ashore in 1934. The town, ravaged by the Depression, declared a holiday, closing schools so that children could go and collect handfuls of ambergris to bring back to their families. Collectively, the town gathered about 300 pounds of the substance, then valued at $28 an ounce. Young men proposed marriage to their sweethearts; fathers told reporters that they would be able to educate their children. Yet in a week, lab results showed it had all been a dream: The "cheesy lump" was nothing but congealed sewer cleaner, washed in from nearby San Francisco.

Kemp is at his best here, illustrating ambergris's effect on those who seek it and those who find it. One woman tells the story of how she and her husband discovered a mass of ambergris valued at approximately $250,000. But as they sat at home, discussing what to do with the substance and waiting out the hightest bidder, they noticed something alarming: the lump was losing weight. Their small fortune was quickly evaporating. The woman implies that they soon sold the ambergris to the first bidder they could find, but never says how much ambergris they had lost or how much the remains had been sold for.

Not only is ambergris incredibly difficult to find, it is apparently ephemeral: When grasped too tightly, it slips away. But as long as there are sperm whales, there will be ambergris. Money, of course, does not grow on trees, but ambergris grows inside whales—and one never knows where it might turn up. ♦

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B&A

Courtier Prince

The adventurous history of an Elizabethan favorite.

BY ALGIS VALIUNAS

'The Boyhood of Raleigh' (1870) by Sir John Everett Millais

When the legend becomes fact, print the legend.

In John Ford's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, the courageous but overmatched Jimmy Stewart gets credit for laying out a desperado in a gunfight when, in fact, it was John Wayne who fired the kill shot. The legend is irresistible and carries Stewart to a Senate seat. With Sir Walter Ralegh (1554?-1618), too, the legend is so attractive and so engrained that it is a challenge to keep the story straight.

Begin with his surname. The title of this excellent biography follows popular precedent in its spelling; witness the capital of North Carolina, a once-top-selling brand of cigarette, the touring bicycle. In the body of the book, however, the authors use the spelling that their subject favored for most of his life: Ralegh.

Sir Walter Raleigh
In Life & Legend
by Mark Nicholls and Penry Williams
Continuum, 400 pp., $34.95

The Ralegh legend is rich in alluring half-truths and outright fabrications; indeed, these are what he tends to be best known for. It has been frequently said that he introduced potatoes and tobacco to the Old World—wrong on both counts, though it is possible that he did bring potatoes to Ireland, and likely that he made smoking fashionable at the English royal court. Not so likely is the story that Ralegh bet Queen Elizabeth he could determine how much the smoke from one pound of tobacco weighed: Weigh the tobacco first, then the ash, and the difference is the weight of the smoke. Ralegh himself denied that he smoked at the beheading of his rival the Earl of Essex, though he did take a few puffs the morning of his own execution for treason.

Ralegh's erotic flair, which reputedly took him as far as the queen's bedchamber, constitutes a beguiling aspect of the legend. Nicholls and Williams cite a tale from John Aubrey's *Brief Lives* about Ralegh's romp in the woods with a maid of honor who did not let honor impede a good time: "'Oh Sir Walter, will you undo me?' swiftly gives way to 'Nay, sweet Sir Walter,' and finally to a rhythmic, breathless, 'Swisser Swatter,' as his attentions proceed." Such anecdotes belong to the apocrypha, however, and his later reputation as a rake is undeserved, or overblown.

The famed romance with Elizabeth was probably gossip vastly enhanced. The cloak he supposedly spread over a "plashy place" to keep the queen's dainty foot dry was inscribed into myth by a writer born over 20 years after the imagined gallantry. A sound modern scholar observes that in the 1580s the queen was in such danger of assassination that venturing out among the crowd would have been unthinkable. From dashing gestures that never took place, world-historical rumors get started; accordingly, the sex lives of virgin queens ought to be handled with circumspection. Nicholls and Williams appear to indicate (though they do leave some tantalizing room for speculation) that Ralegh became the queen's favorite, at least for a while, without becoming her bunkmate. (Elizabeth was a woman of potent emotion, however, and she imprisoned Ralegh and his bride in the Tower for a time because she disapproved of the marriage, chiefly on political grounds.) So the part of the Ralegh story that everyone knows best is unlikely to be true.

But the truth about the man is so impressive that no embellishments are necessary. He was a "soldier, voyager, visionary, courtier, politician, poet, historian, patriot, and 'traitor,'" Nicholls and Williams write, and the

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variety of talents and the superabundance of energy marked him—with Francis Bacon, whose accomplishment was of an order higher still—as the quintessential English Renaissance Man. Ralegh embodied the virtues prescribed in Castiglione's *Book of the Courtier* (1528 in Italian, translated into English in 1566)—most notably, the idea of *sprezzatura* or effervescence, the art of making difficult things look easy. He was, as Aubrey wrote, "no Slug."

As the youngest son of a distinguished family from Devon, Ralegh set out early to make his mark. At 15 he fought in France as a volunteer with the Huguenot armies in the French religious wars. A boy soldier who evidently loved the excitement of combat, he understood how vicious and even pointless war could be, especially civil war. "By it no nation is bettered," he would write years later in his *History of the World*. In 1570, he returned to England and two years later began studies at Oriel College, Oxford; some accounts, not exactly reliable but not exactly preposterous, have him commuting between the university and the French battlefield. Legal studies at the Middle Temple followed in 1575.

Perhaps through the pull of his half-brother Humphrey Gilbert, notable for his classical learning and martial bloodlust, Ralegh found a place at the royal court and, once more, at war—this time in the subjugation of Ireland: "For younger sons like Walter, Ireland was an opportunity state, and a captaincy in Elizabeth's army was a promising route to benefiting from its opportunities."

Ralegh saw his opportunities and he took them, wherever they appeared: keeping the restive southwest of England under the queen's thumb, serving as a knight of the shire for Devon in parliament, investing in the doomed colony of Roanoke, collecting the prizes of seagoing plunder but preferring not to risk his own skin as a privateer, and leading a 1595 expedition to South America in search of Manoa, the fabled city of gold ruled by the emperor El Dorado.

He was quickly in and out of Guiana (in the border region of modern Venezuela and Guyana), and wrote a book that amounted to a prospectus of imperial conquest and pelf. The reality did not live up to his pitch. Reports that the golden city lay within reach were blatant trumpery; there was no such place. Ralegh looked closer to home to secure his name and fortune, taking part in the English fleet's 1596 attack on Cadiz, during which he received "a greevous blow in my legg, larded with manie splinters which I daylie pull out."

The handsome booty he sailed home with consoled him. In 1600, the governorship of Jersey, a pretty sinecure, came his way. Privateers in whom he had a stake preyed on Venetian and Brazilian ships laden with sugar and other luxuries. Ralegh presided over his elegant Devon estate, Sherborne, and put in orders to his freebooting underlings for porcelain and silk stockings. After all, he and his wife had their needs.

A courtier thrives at his peril, however, for rivals only await the chance to insert the knife. In 1603, Queen Elizabeth died after a reign of 44 years, and Ralegh's sweet life crumbled. Perhaps a remark more witty than prudent to the new King James I helped ruin Ralegh, as Aubrey suspects. When James crowed that he could have won the throne by force if necessary, Ralegh wished the need had arisen: "Because that then you would have known your friends from your foes." Moreover, Ralegh gave precisely the wrong advice on Spanish policy, promoting war when the king did not want to hear of it. Captaincy of the guard, well-paying monopolies, and a stately London house were all pulled out from under him.

And then, in July, came the fateful accusation of entanglement in an outlandish conspiracy—"the so-called Bye Plot aimed to kidnap the king and to hold him hostage against promises of wholesale changes in government and an openly acknowledged toleration of Catholicism in England." As though that weren't enough, there followed Ralegh's implication in the vague but sinister Main Plot, which aimed to encourage rebellion and an invasion by Spain, thus ending in the king's death and the accession of Arabella Stuart to the throne. Under duress, Ralegh sold out his good friend Lord Cobham, and the furious Cobham returned the favor. A suicide attempt ensued, but the knife missed Ralegh's heart. Cobham's testimony—later recanted, then confirmed—secured Ralegh's conviction for treason. In the eyes of the law, he was a dead man.

To his wife he wrote, "Thy mourning cannot availe mee: I am but dust." The king, however, did not please to return Ralegh to dust just yet. Ralegh spent 13 years as a prisoner in the Tower, with two rooms, a laboratory, a private garden, hundreds of his own books, seemingly unrestricted conjugal visitation, and friends popping in regularly or readily available among the inmates, including Cobham, with whom he reconciled.

He did get depressed and sometimes gasped for breath, but he found ways of enduring, even profiting from, confinement. Ralegh had always been a writer; in the Tower, no longer pressed by affairs, he became torrentially prolific, producing tracts on politics, naval warfare, courtly behavior, and, above all, his million-word *History of the World*, which took in the Old Testament, the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian empires, the Greek wars with Persia, and broke off with the ascent of Rome until the second Punic War.

As in Machiavelli, prudence and Providence constitute Ralegh's great themes; but quite unlike Machiavelli, he shows human wisdom humbled by the divine: "There is not therefore the smallest accident, which may seem unto men as falling out by chance, and of no consequence; but that the same is caused by God to effect somewhat else by; yea, and oftentimes to effect things of the greatest worldly importance." The *History* had its day—Milton, Cromwell, and Gibbon all thought highly of it—but the last complete edition was published as long ago as 1829.

Prison had its comforts but it was still prison, and writing was not enough. A confidence man who needed to believe his own line of patter in

order not to despair, Ralegh dreamed of a redemptive return to Guiana, and spread the word of the treasure abounding there. In 1616, James released him from the Tower, and Ralegh promptly took to the high seas. But the gold-seeking expedition failed utterly, and Ralegh came home to charges of chicanery and disloyalty. The original sentence of treason hung over his head, and this time his head was taken. On the scaffold, he delivered a 45-minute farewell: "[H]e commanded that stage; exploiting the moment through gestures, embracing friends, kissing the axe, working the crowd, fixing the event in memory." When the executioner hesitated, Ralegh asked him what he feared. His final words were, "Strike, man." An onlooker exclaimed that in England there was "not such another head to cut off."

What remains of him that is real? Principally, his poetry. His output is sparse—he was a busy man—but he is the arch-poet of loss and regret, making lovely songs out of heartbreak, as in the sonnet "Farewell to the Court": *As in a countrey strange without companion, / I only waile the wrong of deaths delaies, / Whose sweete spring spent, whose sommer wel nie don, / Of all which past, the sorrow onely staies*.

His mind runs to grimness, seeing the baleful aspect in all human striving, whether for honor, empire, wealth, fame, or love. Experience made him the anti-thesis to Machiavelli—who preached the virtue of boundless desire—though one suspects Ralegh's inborn temperament was quite Machiavellian. And in his greatest poem, "As you came from the holy land," which may be based on a medieval ballad, Ralegh distinguishes between illusory happiness and the real thing, aware of what the knowledge has cost him:

I have loved her all my youth
Butt now ould as you see
Love lykes not the falling frute
From the wythered tree . . .
But true Love is a durable fyre
In the mynde ever burnynge:
never sick never ould never dead
from itt selfe never turnynge.

This was a man who would prefer the facts about himself to the legend. ♦

TIME & LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES

B&A

Houses of Cards

One shot, and Europe descends into catastrophe.

BY LAWRENCE KLEPP

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo

World War I, the great wrong turn of modern history, began with a wrong turn. It was made by the driver of the open car carrying the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and his wife on their visit to Sarajevo in June 1914. The driver stopped the car, intending to turn around, right in front of Gavrilo Princep, the young Serbian-trained assassin who had been dejectedly walking home, having failed to get a clear shot along the official route. A few seconds later, the royal couple were mortally wounded; a few weeks later, Europe was at war; a few years later, the Bolsheviks were in power in Russia, followed by the Fascists in Italy, and the Nazis in Germany—all owing their success, or even their existence, to the effects of the slaughter of 1914-18.

The Lost History of 1914
Reconsidering the Year the Great War Began
by Jack Beatty
Walker, 400 pp., $30

Little things can have vast consequences. Pascal remarked that the world would be a different place if Cleopatra's nose had been a little shorter. Historical determinists don't like these whimsical contingencies. Marxists were always starting sentences with "It's no accident that…" But history is a multiple collision.

The Great War is a textbook illustration, but *The Lost History of 1914*, an engaging, anecdotal exercise in "counterfactual" history, avoids sounding like any sort of textbook. It's a collection of the crises, distractions, almosts, and what-ifs that occupied the years and months preceding the war in each of the major belligerent countries (except Italy and the Ottoman Empire). It's nicely written—Beatty, the author of books about James Curley's Boston

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and the Gilded Age, has a gift for epigrammatic phrasing—and it's arrestingly illustrated with contemporary photographs, drawings, and, best of all, caustic political cartoons.

Beatty sets out to sabotage the prevailing view that the war was inevitable, given the feverish colonial rivalries and territorial resentments of the European powers, the interlocking alliances, the military buildups and hair-trigger mobilization plans, the German fear of Russia, the British fear of Germany, the Russian fear of its own increasingly radicalized populace, and so on. I would say he succeeds, though unevenly. Not all his what-ifs are equal. Most of them probably wouldn't have derailed the war.

But that initial wrong turn really did matter, and not just because the murder in Sarajevo was the immediate catalyst of the Great War. It's because Franz Ferdinand himself was the most forceful opponent in Austria-Hungary of war with Serbia or its patron, Russia. He isn't easy to be wistful about: He was brusque and bristling, but he wanted to reform the ramshackle, multiethnic Habsburg Empire (apparently inspired by the federalism of the United States, which he had visited), and he wanted external peace so that he could be free to carry out his plans.

Beatty also wonders what might have happened if the life of Franz Ferdinand's uncle could have been, like Cleopatra's nose, a little shorter. Emperor Franz Joseph, who had been on the imperial throne since 1848 and nearly succumbed to bronchitis in April 1914 (he finally died in the middle of the war, in 1916, at 86), wasn't eager for war himself but, frail and lost in the past, he couldn't restrain his generals, the most bellicose of whom, Chief of Staff Conrad von Hötzendorf, wanted a march on Belgrade to impress his mistress, the wife of a Viennese beer baron.

Franz Ferdinand had twice intervened before 1914 to stop Conrad from provoking a war; as emperor, he would have cashiered him. But what about the German General Staff, which David Fromkin (in *Europe's Last Summer*, 2004) fingered as the real culprit in the march to war? Spooked by the growing strength of Russia and its plans for a military railroad through Russian Poland to the German border, the Prussian officer corps was itching for preventive war. Beatty, however, thinks the Germans couldn't have risked it without their only reliable European ally, and Franz Ferdinand would have taken all the Austrian divisions off the board.

While the other contingencies preceding the war weren't as crucial, they make good reading. Great Britain was on the brink of civil war and army mutiny in and around Ulster because of the Liberal party's Irish Home Rule Bill, due to pass Parliament in the summer of 1914. Even if you've read George Dangerfield's classic, *The Strange Death of Liberal England*, the gaping fault lines opening beneath seemingly placid Georgian England come as a surprise.

France was embroiled in the very French Caillaux Affair, in which the wife of Joseph Caillaux, a former premier about to make a comeback, shot and killed the editor of *Le Figaro*, a political and amorous rival of her husband who possessed intimate secrets about her. Guilty of a mere crime of passion, she was acquitted, albeit too late for her husband, who favored reconciliation with Germany, to recover politically before war broke out. Germany and Russia had their own scandals and looming changes of direction.

As it turned out, all the European powers resolved their problems by replacing them with a catastrophe. This book isn't primarily meant to arouse nostalgia for *La Belle Époque*, since the stupidity of so many prominent people and the obsolescence of so many governing arrangements are on display. But it arouses it anyway. Beatty has a fine passage on the French devotion to civilized pleasure—to food, drink, love, leisure, and light—and the same could be said for Habsburg Vienna. Austria was, as Beatty puts it, "a memory of a Great Power, spending three times as much on beer, wine, and tobacco as it did on defense." But the beer was good, the cafés superb, and the psychotherapeutic resources extensive.

The period itself is fascinating, as are its might-have-beens. If you liked Stefan Zweig's poignant memoir, *The World of Yesterday*, or Frederic Morton's *Thunder at Twilight*, this is a book to be read alongside them. ♦

B&A

On the Brink

The City of Light under cover of darkness.

BY MICHAEL F. BISHOP

Mission to Paris
by Alan Furst
Random House, 272 pp., $27

Long before their tanks roared through the Ardennes, the Nazi regime had Paris in its sights. Hitler's lunatic ambition had its crafty side; as his urbane diplomats charmed French aristocrats, his secret minions mounted a cultural offensive aimed at softening the French will to resist. Deep in the bowels of the *Ribbentropbüro*, the German foreign ministry, nervous bureaucrats eager for distinction (or at least terrified of failure) assembled lists of prominent artists, scholars, and actors who could be gently, or perhaps not-so-gently, persuaded to lend their prestige to the Nazis.

This cultural warfare is the subject of Alan Furst's eleventh novel of

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historical espionage. Set in 1938, near the end of Auden's "low, dishonest decade," it is, like its predecessors, a love letter to the French capital, thick with atmosphere. Characters exult in the smells of "a thousand years of rain dripping on stone, . . . of rough black tobacco and garlic and drains, of perfume, of potatoes frying in fat." Furst's Paris is menaced by Hitlerite madness, but still hopelessly alluring; the sense of impending danger only heightens the pleasures of the table and the bed.

Like most of Furst's protagonists, the hero is a sophisticated European besotted with the City of Light. Frederic Stahl is a handsome, Vienna-born Hollywood star, a sort of Teutonic George Clooney. Fortyish and effortlessly charming, he travels to Paris to star in *Après la Guerre*, a melodrama set in the aftermath of the Great War. For Stahl, it is a sort of homecoming, as Paris had been his playground in his youth.

He receives his warmest welcome from a group of German and French socialites determined to maintain "peace" between the two nations. Along with a less glamorous but more insistent Austrian official with whom Stahl worked years before, this team of appeasers asks him, in exchange for first-class travel and a handsome honorarium, to judge a Berlin film competition. The visit of so prominent an American would be a propaganda coup for the regime, much like Jane Fonda's later cavorting with the North Vietnamese. Stahl, horrified by the rise of the Nazis and unwilling to lend them publicity, initially spurns the offer. But after a meeting with a bluff American diplomat "distantly related to the Roosevelts," he agrees to serve as middleman between Roosevelt's wealthy interventionist friends, eager for evidence of planned Nazi aggression, and a mysterious Russian actress and spy close to the Führer and his henchmen. In this, as in other adventures throughout this episodic but suspenseful novel, Stahl takes risks from which even his celebrity might not protect him.

But the covert world is not without its compensations. Furst has elsewhere written dismissively of Ian Fleming, but even James Bond might envy the ease and frequency with which Stahl beds the women he meets. After the end of his tepid relationship with a fellow performer, Betsy Belle, he embarks on an affair with the glamorous Kiki de Saint-Ange, who may or may not be allied with the appeasers. She proves a most obliging lover, enlivening an evening showing of Hedy Lamarr's *Algiers* with her amorous attentions. More of a challenge is Renate Steiner, a costume designer and émigrée haunted by her past. It spoils nothing to reveal that she eventually succumbs to Stahl's charms, and their budding romance makes the risks they take more real.

In Furst's portrayal of Germany's relentless attempts to demoralize France in advance of invasion, we see how even a glittering civilization can be culturally undermined. Many members of the social and intellectual elite, in Britain as well as France, were persuaded of the wisdom of compromise in the face of evil.

And Stahl, like so many Furst characters before him, dines at the Brasserie Heininger, a place of "hurrying waiters with old-fashioned whiskers, abundant gold leaf and red plush," with air like "a heavy blend of perfume, tobacco smoke, and grilled sausage." Table 14, with "a hole in the vast mirror over the banquette" that serves as a souvenir from an unpleasant incident involving gun-wielding Bulgarians, has been host to conversations, conspiracies, and romances throughout Furst's oeuvre. With this, and the reassuring presence of the mysterious Hungarian Count Polanyi, a recurring character in the novels, Furst creates a vivid and self-contained world, rewarding longtime readers but remaining accessible to new ones.

Furst seems to have an affinity for film; his novels may fairly be called cinematic, and one of his previous heroes is a movie producer. Much of *Mission to Paris* concerns itself with the process of filmmaking. He reminds us of a time when Hollywood had a trace of nobility, and did not automatically oppose the interests of the nation. Contemporary celebrities are lavish in their self-congratulation, always lauding each other's "courage," but Frederic Stahl risks his life in the cause of resistance to evil.

Mission to Paris is seductive and entertaining, but it offers the reader more than mere escape. In his portrayal of Germany's relentless attempts to demoralize France in advance of invasion, we see how even a glittering civilization can be culturally undermined. Many members of the social and intellectual elite, in Britain as well as France, were seduced by the Nazis and persuaded of the wisdom of compromise in the face of evil. We see more than a hint of this in present-day Europe, where the arbiters of culture, through their support of mass immigration and vapid multiculturalism, have allowed Islamism to spread unchecked.

The reader of *Mission to Paris* knows that the espionage war failed to prevent the cataclysm of 1939-45. But while Furst's heroes may not save the world, they do, by their courage and decency, shine a light in the growing darkness. And for bringing this heady, unsettled, and dangerous era to vivid life, Alan Furst deserves our thanks. ♦

B&A

Bush II Revised

The policies of George W. Bush are winning the war on terror. **BY MICHAEL M. ROSEN**

"On great occasions," the president wrote, "every good officer must be ready to risk himself in going beyond the strict line of the law." In fact he would later say, during a national security crisis, that "a scrupulous adherence to written law would be to lose the law itself" and would "absurdly sacrific[e] the end to the means."

Was this George W. Bush? Universally lampooned by the intelligentsia as the worst president in U. S. history, lambasted for shredding the Constitution, and derided for vastly expanding executive power? No, those were the words of Thomas Jefferson—Founding Father and exemplar of deference to the democratic will of the people.

In this dense, tightly argued, and amply annotated volume, Stephen F. Knott invokes Jefferson and other great presidents to contextualize the decisions and performance of our most recent commander in chief, not necessarily to praise Bush, but, in the first wave of revisionist assessments of his performance, to rebut the most outrageous assaults leveled against a man who "has been unfairly treated by those who shape history." A professor of national security affairs at the Naval War College, Knott provides a fair and complete opportunity for Bush's many critics to establish the bases of their gripes—then systematically dismantles them, one by one.

While mentioning the pundits, celebrities, and novelists who simply didn't know any better, Knott trains his sights on the academic community, who did. Many presidential scholars "abandoned any pretense of objectivity" and "engag[ed] in a form of professorial malpractice" by exploiting their scholarly credentials in the service of shortsighted, narrow-minded, partisan attacks on Bush. Knott singles out Princeton's Sean Wilentz for special treatment, deploring that historian's ahistorical *Rolling Stone* cover story entitled "The Worst President in History?" which depicted Bush in a dunce cap.

Rush to Judgment
George W. Bush, the War on Terror, and His Critics
by Stephen F. Knott
Kansas, 236 pp., $29.99

In fact, as Knott methodically demonstrates, Bush's wartime conduct was fully consonant with that of his predecessors most celebrated by progressive historians, including Founders like Jefferson, populist Democrats like Andrew Jackson, and modern Democrats like Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and John Kennedy. Knott traces the difficulties underlying the Bush administration's prosecution of the war on terror to congressional reforms in the aftermath of the Vietnam war and Watergate, as well as seismic events that led defenders of a robust executive (Richard Neustadt, for example) to recalibrate their views. These reforms did more harm than good, in Knott's telling, as "congressional oversight is a major contributor to the ineffectiveness of America's intelligence community." Knott also helpfully reframes the old skirmishes over 9/11 preparedness, the Iraq war, the Valerie Plame affair, FISA, the Terrorist Surveillance Program, and enhanced interrogation techniques as larger battles over the fundamental nature of the president's constitutional power as commander in chief, forthrightly acknowledging his own systematic "bias in favor of the presidency."

While Knott observes that the Obama administration has continued (and in some ways expanded) many of the Bush-era practices Obama so vigorously criticized on the campaign trail (i.e., rendition, denying habeas rights to detainees at Bagram, extending the Patriot Act, targeting American citizens for assassination, broadening the "state secrets" doctrine, escalating drone attacks), those practices haven't occasioned anything like the outcry that attended Bush. Worse, despite certain successes, Obama "seems philosophically supportive of a legalistic and deferential approach to the War on Terror," marred by near-misses and destined for a perilous and unprecedented "war by lawyer" regime.

While administration insiders such as John Yoo and Jack Goldsmith—to say nothing of Bush, Dick Cheney, and Condoleezza Rice themselves—have already offered spirited, persuasive defenses of the Bush national security policies, Knott's is among the first efforts by an outsider—and an academic to boot. He explores a wide range of sources, traversing right and left, and spanning everything from blog posts to Congressional Research Service reports to academic studies, all in an effort to establish that "the use of history as ideology, as a partisan tool, also means the corruption of history as history."

Rush to Judgment does suffer from certain imperfections, such as an unchronological structure that assesses critiques of the response to 9/11 before reviewing the event itself. In addition, while it is difficult to defend Bush's legacy without critiquing the critiquers, Knott tends to complain more than he should about the double standards they so regularly employ. On balance, however, this is a compelling, thorough defense not only of the 43rd president, but of the presidency itself as a historic institution. ♦

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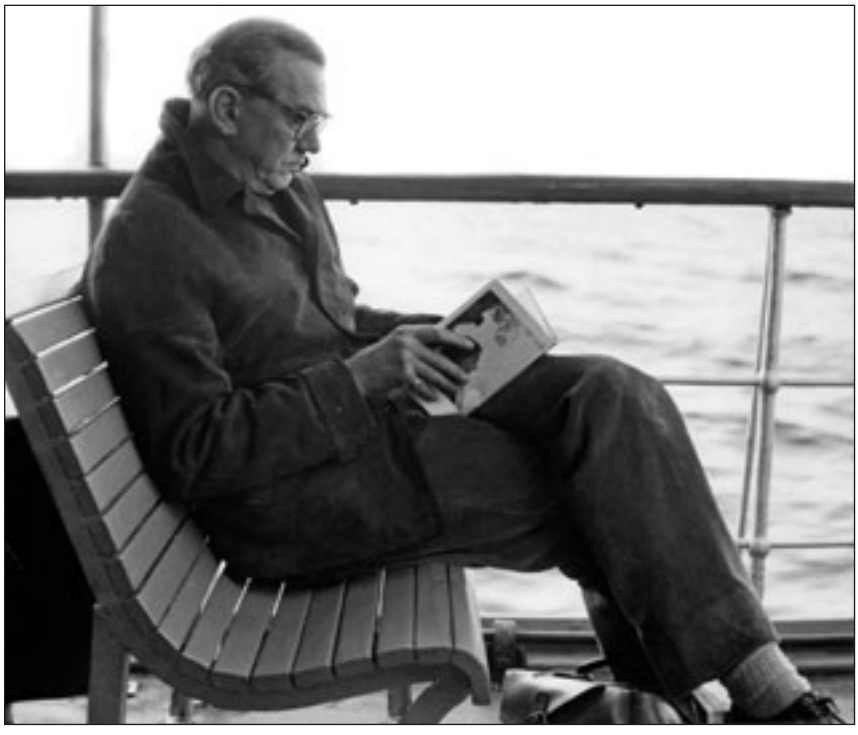
B&A

Booked for Travel

How going places leads to the printed page.

BY THOMAS SWICK



Graham Greene reading on shipboard, 1955

EVERETT COLLECTION / MONDADORI PORTFOLIO

We all know that books are vessels, transporting us to other worlds. Less celebrated is how travel, our real-life discovery of the world, leads us to books.

I'm not talking about airport novels. I am always struck not just by the large number of passengers who don't read—all those people staring not even into space (which would be understandable, given the circumstances) but into the seat backs in front of them—but by travelers who read books that have no connection to where they're going.

As soon as I dream up a trip, I plan my reading accordingly. In fact, when I have no trips upcoming, I have a hard time deciding what to read. The world and my apartment are so full of books that it's extremely difficult to settle on a few. This is one of the reasons why travel is so important. Of its many gifts—the expanding of one's experience, the broadening of one's mind—the helpful narrowing of one's reading list gets overlooked.

For, without any borders, where do you begin? People who were good students in college often stop reading after graduation, not because they simply don't enjoy it or because they don't have time, but because they no longer have a syllabus. They stand paralyzed before the ever-growing abundance of books. They need to get out. Travel gives you a syllabus. There is not a country in the world that doesn't have a good book written about it, and if there is, you probably don't want to go there.

Because I travel for a living, most of my reading is tied to my trips. This seemingly limiting approach actually gives me great scope, not only in terms of geography but also of genre. I want to learn as much as possible about the places I visit, so I read as many books as I can: travel narratives, of course (which I also write), but relevant biographies, memoirs, poetry, and novels as well. Because my literary tastes lean toward nonfiction, there is now a growing group of novelists whose works would have remained unread by me if not for my frequent-flyer status.

The latest is Giuseppe di Lampedusa. I was going to Sicily for the first time, so I visited my local library before the trip and took out *The Leopard*. My response to the novel was probably different from that of most readers: I was less interested in the romance of Tancredi and Angelica than I was in the descriptions of Palermo. I picked up my pen and copied into my notebook passages like: "It was the religious houses that gave the city its grimness and its character, its sedateness and also its sense of death which not even the vibrant Sicilian light could ever manage to disperse." The travel writing of a (gifted) resident.

I hope that, in my pursuit of local color and indigenous insight, the universal greatness of such works has seeped into me. I've definitely given it a chance to occur. If asked to play a word association game with countries I've visited, I would, for many, utter the names of writers (not always native) who seem synonymous with each place: Egypt-Mahfouz, Turkey-Pamuk, Colombia-Marquez, Uruguay-Galeano, Trinidad-Naipaul, St. Lucia-Walcott, Malaysia-Burgess, Croatia-West, Portugal-Pessoa, Canada-Munro. They are literary consuls; their works sublime, essential field guides.

There are countries which, visited for the first time, allow for hours of enjoyable rereading. During one well-traveled period in the '90s, it seemed

Thomas Swick is the author, most recently, of A Way to See the World: From Texas to Transylvania with a Maverick Traveler.

that every place I went—Mexico, Haiti, Vietnam—had served as the setting for a Graham Greene novel. Like many Americans, I have dreamt of someday driving cross-country, and the pleasure will be twofold as I'll return gratefully to the pages of *Lolita*. There are also places that inspire me, e-ticket in hand, to finally tackle classics I've long avoided. I read *Crime and Punishment* a number of years ago only because of an upcoming trip to St. Petersburg. (I had been put off Dostoyevsky by *Lolita*'s creator, a fellow Petersburger who found him melodramatic.) Before a trip to Greece, I not only read *The Iliad*, I audited a course on it at a local university. (A move I highly recommend, because when I read *The Odyssey* on my own, I didn't enjoy it nearly as much—and it's a travel book!)

And there are places that introduce me to books I never would have read because I never would have heard of them. A few summers ago, I ploughed through Shimazaki Toson's 750-page novel *Before the Dawn* because it is set in a town—Magome, Japan—that I was going to hike to that fall. The book was not a stylistic delight, but it was informative about the mountainous region—the food, the customs, the old Kiso Road—and the period of Japan's opening up to the West.

When, in November, I arrived in Magome after 10 days walking the Kiso Road, it had the feel of a pilgrimage site. The town, including the author's childhood home, had been destroyed by a fire and then rebuilt, but it still possessed the solemn air of a place that had been captured and validated by words. Though only, of course, to those who'd read them.

This is the other beauty, apart from edification, of reading about the places you visit: They take on added meaning. You can drive to Archer City, Texas—even with Larry McMurtry's bookstore as your lodestar—but unless you've read *The Last Picture Show* you won't get the proper emotional jolt. Palermo, Sicily, when I arrived there, was not just Palermo, but a city haunted by princes and lackeys.

Reading can also help the traveler connect with people, especially abroad, where writers often enjoy a greater status than they do in America. A few years ago, in Turin, I mentioned to a woman that I'd been reading Primo Levi. She replied that a picture of her as a young girl appears in Ian Thomson's biography of him. (Her father, a journalist, had been good friends with the writer, and they occasionally went on family outings together.) When I meet a Dutchman, I inevitably bring up the name Cees Nooteboom (literature as a lingua franca!), and I can't find myself in the company of a Swiss without asking about Nicolas Bouvier.

Bouvier's *The Japanese Chronicles* was my reward for finishing *Before the Dawn*. I tend to save travel books for last, not just because I often find them more enjoyable than novels—business before even-more-pleasurable business—but because of their inherent complementary nature. The findings of an outsider, no matter how artful, are gravy on the meat of a native's masterworks. But what rich gravy! Eating freshly cut seaweed, Bouvier tastes "salt, iodine, hints of a school of anchovies or the oily wake of a cargo ship." Of the Japanese character he writes: "Here, anyone who doesn't serve an apprenticeship to frugality is definitely wasting his time." This line ran through my head night after night on the Kiso Road, as I slept on cold floors in unheated inns. And, in a way, it made the experience more tolerable, for it elevated my modest suffering to a cultural act.

Before leaving for Sicily, and after finishing *The Leopard*, I ordered *The Honoured Society: The Sicilian Mafia Observed* by Norman Lewis, another great travel writer hard to find at chain bookstores. The book arrived in a white envelope and had a design identical to that of *The Japanese Chronicles*: a black-and-white photograph taking up most of the cover and the name of the publisher (Eland) running vertically at the top. Opening it up, I saw that it was dedicated to S.J. Perelman. Books, like journeys, are full of surprises. ♦

B&A

The Groaning Shelf

Five new titles that instruct and entertain.

BY PHILIP TERZIAN

Herewith a handful of assorted volumes that, having crossed the literary editor's desk, strike THE WEEKLY STANDARD as interesting—even pleasant—reading in a variety of moods and circumstances.

Only in America, as it were, could an anthology define and illustrate Americanism, and this may well be the perfect specimen: ***What So Proudly We Hail: The American Soul in Story, Speech, and Song*** **edited by Amy A. Kass, Leon R. Kass, and Diana Schaub (ISI, 790 pp., $35).** It is not an easy thing to capture what it means to be American in a wise selection of random writings, but here they are in one place.

The editors—distinguished scholars all—have divided the national spirit into various categories ("The American Character," "Civility, Tolerance, Compassion," "The Virtues of Civic Life," etc.) and illuminated them with excerpts at once humorous (Ring Lardner's "Old Folks' Christmas"), profound (Justice Holmes's Memorial Day address, "In Our Youth Our Hearts Were Touched With Fire"), and shocking/penetrating ("The Artificial Nigger" by Flannery O'Connor). Here are gathered together

Philip Terzian is literary editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

the writings and pronouncements of George Washington, Willa Cather, Tom Wolfe, John Updike, Calvin Coolidge, and Frederick Douglass in a collection assembled with unusual intelligence and imagination. *What So Proudly We Hail* captures the country succinctly in words—in its long, complicated history, distinct humor, and high seriousness. Henry James once said that it is a complex fate to be an American, and here we learn why.

The literature of psychopathy is small but compelling (*Hermit of Peking* by Hugh Trevor-Roper, *The Duke of Deception* by Geoffrey Wolff), and Geoffrey C. Ward, best known as the author of innumerable PBS/Ken Burns documentaries and a two-volume life of Franklin Roosevelt, adds to the short list a compelling, disconcerting portrait of his great-grandfather, whose fraud and sickness of mind are at once hypnotic and historic: ***A Disposition to Be Rich: How a Small-Town Pastor's Son Ruined an American President, Brought on a Wall Street Crash, and Made Himself the Best-Hated Man in America*** **(Knopf, 432 pp., $28.95)**.

Ferdinand Ward, the disaffected son of a claustrophobic Presbyterian rectory in upstate New York, descended on Wall Street in the early 1870s and befriended the son of ex-president Ulysses S. Grant. Possessed of charm, ingenuity, and astonishing gall, Ward ultimately managed to lure the man who defeated Robert E. Lee on the battlefield into partnership in a sham brokerage house. When the deception inevitably ended, Ward went off to prison protesting his innocence, and General Grant, now mortally ill with cancer, sought to restore his family's fortunes by writing, in a race with death, his brilliant *Memoirs*.

Anyone who has entertained a moment's skepticism about the War on Drugs will be intrigued by ***Marijuana Legalization: What Everyone Needs to Know*** **by Jonathan P. Caulkins, Angela Hawken, Beau Kilmer, and Mark A.R. Kleiman (Oxford, 288 pp., $16.95)**. This is neither a user's plea nor an indiscriminate attack on a federal initiative which has expended billions of dollars with no end in sight.

During the past half-century the use of illicit drugs has continued to be an issue in the United States, and public opinion on legalization of marijuana is now evenly divided. The movement to sanction "medical marijuana" may be (as some assert) a kind of slow-motion legalization; but if so, it is a stealth campaign that enjoys a high level of public support.

This is an admirably thorough, well-balanced, fair, and sensible assessment of this particular issue within the larger context of federal drug policy. The authors are specialists in the field, and seem determined to explain the problem rather than offer dogmatic solutions. *Marijuana Legalization* explores such pertinent details as the current state of research on cannabis, what "legalization" precisely means, and whether existing drug policies are consistent either with common sense or our constitutional heritage.

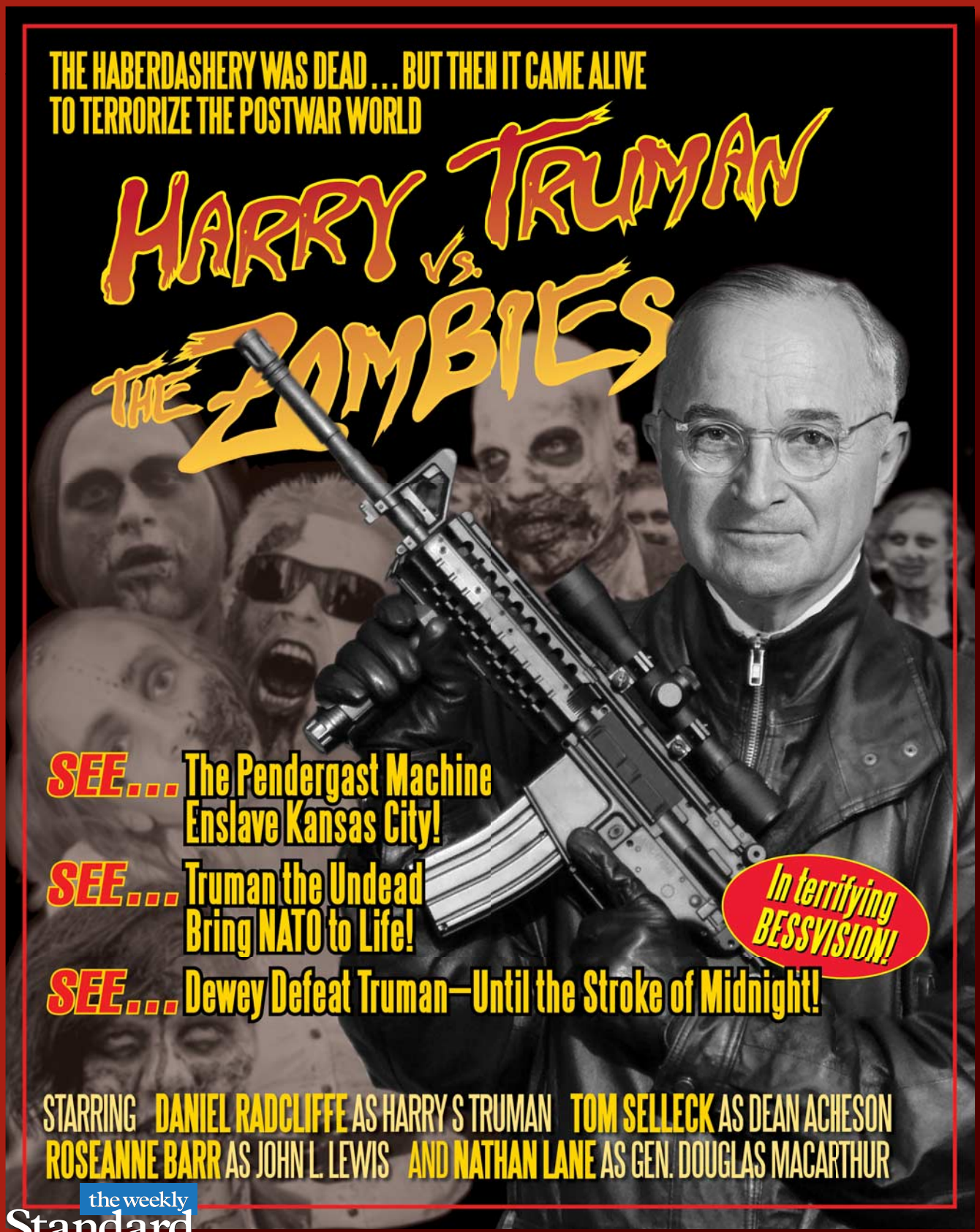
Emily Dickinson

Our cover subject, Jane Austen, is matched here by her American equivalent, Emily Dickinson, among the ranks of enigmatic literary spinsters. But whereas Jane Austen depicted in lavish detail her cloistered corner of the English upper middle class, Emily Dickinson's poems are allusive, fleeting, leaving more than a little unsaid and adding to the mystery of the businessman's daughter who, dressed always in white, retreated by stages into the recesses of her family's comfortable Amherst homestead.

You don't have to be a Dickinson scholar to appreciate the details of research and informed speculation revealed in ***Emily Dickinson in Love: The Case for Otis Lord*** **by John Evangelist Walsh (Rutgers, 216 pp., $25)**. A cache of letters, which appeared in the possession of a literary confidence man in the decade after Dickinson's death, were found to be a series of intense, emotional declarations by the poet to someone she called "Master," with whom she had clearly been infatuated for years. At the time, the Dickinson family was convinced of their authenticity, and, indeed, there is every reason to believe that they were written by Emily Dickinson—but to whom?

The author here makes a compelling argument for Otis Lord, two decades older than Emily, a distinguished judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, and married. There is no evidence that the meeting of these two disparate minds ever led to anything more than a fierce emotional bond, featuring chaste meetings in Boston and at the Dickinson household. But Walsh makes a persuasive case that Judge Lord was, in fact, the Master, and finds suggestions to support his notion throughout Dickinson's poetry. His theory is that she planned to marry the widowed Judge Lord, and when he died suddenly, she lost interest in living.

The advantage that radical Islam enjoys in its confrontation with the West is the West's ambivalence about radical Islam. Bill Siegel's ***The Control Factor: Our Struggle to See the True Threat*** **(Hamilton, 388 pp., $24.99)** is a thoughtful attempt to discern how and why insecurity and fear—the "control factor"—undermine the instinct to recognize Islamist terror for the existential threat that it is. The Muslim world, of course, is a complex structure of nationalities and cultures, and the West, disunified not only politically but historically and characteristically, is uncertain about how to contend with Islam. Siegel believes, and is no doubt correct, that until the West sees radical Islam steady and whole there is no telling how many terrorist episodes will continue to undermine Western resolve. ♦


THE HABERDASHERY WAS DEAD . . . BUT THEN IT CAME ALIVE
TO TERRORIZE THE POSTWAR WORLD
HARRY vs. TRUMAN
THE ZOMBIES
SEE . . . The Pendergast Machine Enslave Kansas City!
SEE . . . Truman the Undead Bring NATO to Life!
SEE . . . Dewey Defeat Truman—Until the Stroke of Midnight!
In terrifying BESSVISION!
STARRING DANIEL RADCLIFFE AS HARRY S TRUMAN TOM SELLECK AS DEAN ACHESON
ROSEANNE BARR AS JOHN L. LEWIS AND NATHAN LANE AS GEN. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR