the weekly
Standard

IRS BAD, NSA GOOD
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JUNE 24, 2013 $4.95

FRACK TO THE FUTURE

MICHAEL WARREN on North Dakota's oil boom

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COVER: MATTHEW STAVER / BLOOMBERG VIA GETTY IMAGES

Defending the Defensible

The Scrapbook's hypothesis that the substance of blockbuster news stories tends to diminish with time—there's less here than meets the eye—is borne out most of the time. Which, as nonscientific theories tend to go, is an enviable record.

We believe that the current kerfuffle over government efforts to monitor communication patterns in order to prevent terrorist attacks is a case in point. Even with all the breathless headlines and cries of agony, no one has yet revealed any specific allegations of law-breaking. And the more we learn about the "whistleblower" Edward Snowden—as with WikiLeaks's Julian Assange a couple of years ago—the more we realize that the press appears to have been hypnotized by a dubious character.

Of course, as The Scrapbook would be first to concede, any extension of government power must be treated with caution, and Congress has the power and responsibility to monitor surveillance programs. Even in the war on terror, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes* (who will guard the guardians?) is a question free citizens need to ask.

From The Scrapbook's perspective, however, the Snowden Affair has revealed two things of significance. First, as opinion polls consistently demonstrate, a solid majority of Americans believe that (in the words of the Pew Research Center) "the National Security Agency's program tracking the telephone records of millions of Americans is an acceptable way for the government to investigate terrorism." The Scrapbook wouldn't want the NSA listening in on its pillow talk, either—but that is not what is happening. It is all numbers and patterns, not eavesdropping, and these measures have reportedly helped prevent several attacks. Given the choice between impersonal surveillance, and a repetition of 9/11, most Americans understand what's at stake.

The other revelation is less important, but surely noteworthy. In a sense, The Scrapbook has been gratified by the speed and passion with which prominent Democrats, in Congress and out, have rushed to defend national security. Not only are these programs constitutional, they argue, they have been instrumental in defending citizens against terrorism. Sen. Dianne Feinstein of California has even called for Edward Snowden to be charged with treason. Yet The Scrapbook cannot help but recall the prevailing attitude on the left about this subject during the Bush administration. Back then, when dissent was "the highest form of patriotism," many prominent Democrats—notably freshman Sen. Barack Obama of Illinois—questioned the very premise of the war on terror, and objected to measures to protect homeland security as subverting the Bill of Rights, or designed to raise profits or accumulate power in the hands of George W. Bush, Dick Cheney, and their corporate masters.

The Scrapbook has been around long enough to know that Senator Feinstein and (now) President Obama are unlikely to concede that President Bush was, in fact, correct about all this, motivated not by political malice but by patriotic duty, and that America is a demonstrably safer place, under the Constitution, because of his efforts to defend it. They won't admit, in public at least, that he was right and they were wrong—but we'll accept their apologies anyway. ♦

The Macho Dynamic

When newspaper editors get together for their next good head-scratching session—Why do they hate us? Why don't they take us seriously? Why are they abandoning us in droves?—someone should hand out copies of Ruth Marcus's column "The girls are back" from the June 12 issue of the *Washington Post*.

Marcus, a graduate of Yale and Harvard Law School, is described by the *Post* syndicate as "a boots-on-the-ground columnist who reports first and opines later." But boots on the ground aside, she appears to spend most of her analytical energy calculating the number of females serving in the Obama administration. In her view, it would seem, it is not the quality of women working in the White House (and elsewhere) that counts, but the quantity. And that was the subject of her June 12 column, a celebration of Obama's appointment of two women—Susan Rice as national security adviser and Samantha Power as U.S. ambassador to the U.N.—to senior foreign policy jobs.

Rice, Powers, Acheson

RICE, JOSHUA ROBERTS / LANDOV; POWER, DENNIS BRACK / LANDOV

Now, this is not the place to talk about the pros and cons of Rice and Power. But Ruth Marcus doesn't take them seriously, either: For her, first and last, they are two (2) certifiable females employed in the Obama administration, which she seems to regard as a hotbed of male chauvinist piggery. And then she makes the following observation:

> [T]he presence of a few well-placed women such as [Valerie] Jarrett

and Rice, and the addition of a few more—Kathy Ruemmler as White House counsel, Lisa Monaco as counterterrorism adviser, Sylvia Mathews Burwell at the Office of Management and Budget—upends the macho dynamic. These are not Dean Acheson's national security meetings.

At which point, The Scrapbook nearly dropped its knitting: "Dean Acheson's national security" apparatus is something to deplore—because it was (undoubtedly) composed of men?

It's been a long time, apparently by *Post* standards, but Dean Acheson might well have been the greatest, certainly the most important, secretary of state in modern times, a historic statesman who surrounded himself with advisers and subordinates of near-legendary quality and stature. The Obama White House—even with Kathy Ruemmler and Susan Rice on board—would be lucky to have anybody approaching Dean Acheson's authority on staff.

But it's quantity, not quality, that counts with Marcus. Which is ironic, in its way. Like Ruth Marcus, Dean Acheson was a graduate of Yale and Harvard Law School; unlike Ruth Marcus, however, he had a well-advertised contempt for newspaper columnists. Which, in certain instances, seems richly deserved. ♦

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

The Other Scandals

It's going to be a long summer in Washington. With so many scandals, news organizations that have spent years sweeping startling allegations about the Obama administration under the rug now find themselves overwhelmed. Woe betide the average citizen who just wants to know what the heck his government is up to.

In the last several weeks of scandalpalooza, there's been a lot of reporting on four distinct stories: the IRS's admitted targeting and persecution of Tea Party and conservative groups; the revision of the Benghazi talking points; the Justice Department's spying on Associated Press and Fox News reporters; and now, the debate over the extent and legality of an NSA program intercepting the communications of American citizens.

But that's not all. There are a number of other scandals demanding both media coverage and accountability, but it seems unlikely they are going to get the attention they deserve. For the record, there are not one but four separate scandals at the Environmental Protection Agency. The first is that former EPA head Lisa Jackson was conducting official business from a private email account under the alias "Richard Windsor." This would effectively hide her actions from Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) requests in clear violation of numerous laws.

Just as the scandal was starting to generate congressional attention, Jackson resigned abruptly and in late May was hired for a plum position, vice president of environmental initiatives, by Apple. The fact that Jackson hasn't been held accountable is indignity enough, but recently we found out that the EPA went so far to establish Richard Windsor's fake identity that they gave "him" various commendations, including a "scholar of ethical behavior" award.

But that wasn't all the EPA did to dodge oversight, which brings us to scandal number two. Aside from hiding information from FOIA requests, the EPA was making it nearly

impossible for groups critical of the agency to obtain any information. The agency denied 18 out of 20 FOIA requests from the Competitive Enterprise Institute, a free-market think tank, while approving the vast majority of requests from green groups. Not only that, CEI's Chris Horner reports the EPA declined to waive fees for FOIA requests from CEI and the American Tradition Institute 93 percent of the time. Green groups got their FOIA fees waived 92 percent of the time. Considering that it's not unheard of for FOIA fees to reach six figures, that's no small matter.

Scandal number three: In a direct parallel to the IRS scandal, the EPA leaked sensitive information involving 80,000 livestock facilities in 30 states to environmental groups at odds with America's meat producers. And scandal number four: At an EPA warehouse in Maryland, federal contractors created a "man cave" that they hid from cameras in the warehouse, stocking it with "surplus" EPA gym equipment and a stereo system.

It's worth a mention that the Department of Energy inspector general recently filed a damning report, "Alleged Nepotism and Wasteful Spending in the Office of Energy Efficiency and Renewable Energy." (At one point in 2011, the Energy inspector general had opened over 100 criminal probes related to stimulus funding in the department.) And while we're at it, we should also note that one of Obama's nominees for the National Labor Relations Board hails from a notoriously mobbed-up union and is currently party to a lawsuit alleging he engaged in "a pattern of racketeering activity."

We'll let you know when we find a department of the Obama administration untainted by scandal. ♦

The Playacting's the Thing

Last week, the online publication *Salon* took a break from its usual sophisticated political analysis ("Let's hope the Boston Marathon bomber is a white American," the magazine brayed on April 16) to raise a pressing civil rights issue: "Are straight actors in gay roles the new blackface?"

The Scrapbook would have been happy to answer the question—nope!—and be done with it. But *Salon* was decidedly more thorough. It ran a 1,000-plus-word piece on the topic, suggesting that Michael Douglas's recent turn as Liberace in the HBO movie *Behind the Candelabra* should be considered just as offensive as Al Jolson's blackface routine in 1927's *Jazz Singer*.

Regarding movies with gay themes that are populated by straight actors, *Salon* asks if it is now time to "demand that gay artists tell these stories instead." But why? Citing some well-known performances of gay parts by straight actors (Sean Penn as Harvey Milk, for example), the author laments that they "capture the looks, sounds and movements of their gay characters, but barely seem to scratch the surface of the depths of [the characters]," a criticism that could just as easily be made of Meryl Streep's recent—and much lauded—impersonations of such figures as Julia Child, Margaret Thatcher, and Anna Wintour. In other words, there's nothing gay-specific about a screen-actor's performance being a series of more or less believable tics and gimmicks. (Val Kilmer's take on Jim Morrison in *The Doors*, anyone?)

And of course, following the piece to its logical conclusion opens up a host of related questions. If straight actors can't play gay parts, what else is off limits? Can Jewish actors play gentiles? (Joaquin Phoenix as Johnny Cash in *Walk the Line*.) Can Californians play Alabamians? (Tom Hanks as the title character in *Forrest Gump*.) Can gay actors play straight roles? (Rock Hudson in . . . every role he ever played.)

In sum, *Salon*'s scribe seems to have forgotten that the job of actors is . . . acting. The whole point of the exercise is to inhabit a role that isn't your own. Imagine his reaction when he learns that Laurence Olivier, who played Richard III to much acclaim in 1955, wasn't actually handicapped. ♦

the weekly Standard
www.weekly standard.com

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013), a division of Clarity Media Group, is published weekly (except the first week in January, third week in April, second week in July, and fourth week in August) at 1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505, Washington D.C. 20036. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 421203, Palm Coast, FL 32142-1203. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-283-2014. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders and changes of address to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 421203, Palm Coast, FL 32142-1203. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-386-597-4378 for subscription inquiries. American Express, Visa/MasterCard payments accepted. Cover price, $4.95. Back issues, $4.95 (includes postage and handling). Send letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. For a copy of The Weekly Standard Privacy Policy, visit www.weeklystandard.com or write to Customer Service, The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BPA WORLDWIDE

Signs of the Times

Out in my corner of exurbia, businesses post a lot of signs. Not billboards or paid advertising, but little self-made placards that stick in the ground like the campaign paraphernalia you see before elections. They jut up lamely out of the grassy beds that run along the sidewalks next to strip malls and through semi-residential neighborhoods; they crowd the medians dividing the lanes of the bigger thoroughfares.

These are cheap, minimalist contraptions; just text on white or yellow corrugated poster board. No graphics. The typical sign will read "Haircut $10" and has a phone number printed underneath. Lots of them advertise "Junk Removal," for some reason. Back during the housing boom days, I'd see signs boasting "We Buy Houses." And then, once the bubble burst and people started improving the homes they were stuck with instead of flipping them, "Granite $33 sq/ft." None of these pitches ever mentions a name or corporate entity. Just a phone number.

I'd always assumed these were actual—if possibly fly-by-night—businesses. Then a sign appeared reading, simply, "Childcare," with a phone number. This struck me as so improbable that it had to be a hoax.

My part of the world is bursting with childcare options. Within a half-mile radius of where this sign first appeared are four large, corporate-run chain daycare centers. They call themselves learning "academies," and one of them even has a fancy, Old World crest, presumably to reassure the parents that they're starting their toddler on the road to Harvard and not emotionally scarring him by abandoning him to a Petri dish of disease and neglect. But that's window dressing. They're all daycare.

If institutional daycare isn't for you, we're just up the road from a large Marine base, which means that there are plenty of military wives and mothers in the area who do baby-sitting. They post on Craigslist and the local mommy message boards offering their services. In downtown Washington people devote months to nanny searches, and even a sitter with limited English and questionable legal status will run you a minimum of $24,000 a year. Out in the exurbs, if you spend a week poking around, you're as likely as not to find a peer in the neighborhood who takes care of kids on the side for a few bucks an hour.

All of which is to say that no one in their right mind would entrust their kids to an anonymous phone number on the side of the street. Which led me to wonder whether maybe all of these advertisements were really just roadside versions of the Nigerian email scam. Maybe there weren't actually any granite countertops or barbers at the other end of the phone. Maybe all of the numbers ring back to hustlers who then work some sort of con on a preselected group of marks who've demonstrated their gullibility by calling in the first place.

A few weeks ago a new sign appeared just down the road from a fire station and a nice middle-class Methodist church. It says "Divorce $189." And there's a phone number.

Looking for confirmation that these signs must be a scam, I went to the Internet, which knows something about scams. But when you Google "Divorce $189" you get a surprising number of results. It seems that, for a certain segment of the population—that is, people who shop for legal services in small-paper classifieds, on the Internet, and anonymous road signs—$189 is a fairly common price point for divorce services.

So maybe the ads are real, after all.

Truth be told, I'd like to believe they're scams. If they are, they fall comfortably within the American tradition of sharpies hawking health tonics and hair dyes and "The Royal Nonesuch." If anything, roadside ads are an improvement on the days when the snake-oil salesmen went door to door. Now you don't have to escort them off your property. Consider it progress.

The alternative is that we inhabit a world where people actually do dissolve marriages with help obtained via anonymous placards planted in the grass down the street from church, for the low, low price of $189.

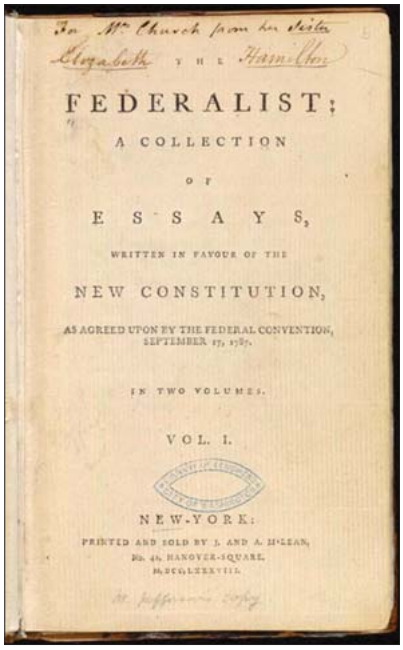
Jonathan V. Last

DAVID CLARK

the weekly Standard

IRS Bad, NSA Good

Politics can seem frustratingly complex. It can be a challenge to grasp that the targeting of conservatives by Internal Revenue Service officials over the last few years constitutes a genuine scandal, while the lawful activities of employees of the National Security Agency do not. It can be a strain to distinguish the illegitimate and arbitrary use of government power to harass American citizens exercising their constitutional rights from the legitimate use of government power to protect the nation from our enemies abroad. It can be an effort to differentiate patriotic whistleblowers who expose governmental abuse from anti-American lawbreakers who expose secrets they are sworn to protect.



It *can* be a challenge, and a strain, and an effort. But a serious political movement has to accept the challenge, bear the strain, and make the effort. In the case of the National Security Agency, it's not that much of an effort. Just listen to two of America's leading libertarian legal thinkers, no friends to intrusive government, Richard Epstein and Roger Pilon, who explained last week:

> Legally, the president is on secure footing under the Patriot Act, which Congress passed shortly after 9/11 and has since reauthorized by large bipartisan majorities. As he stressed, the program has enjoyed the continued support of all three branches of the federal government. It has been free of political abuse since its inception. . . . The critics miss the forest for the trees. Yes, government officials might conceivably misuse some of the trillions of bits of metadata they examine using sophisticated algorithms. But one abuse is no pattern of abuses. . . . The cumulative weight of the evidence attests to the soundness of the program. The critics would be more credible if they could identify a pattern of government abuses. But after 12 years of continuous practice, they can't cite even a single case. We should be thankful that here, at least, government has done its job and done it well.

Conservatives are in favor of government doing its job well, when it's doing a job it has to do. Conservatives are in favor of limited government, but also good government.

After all, "It has been frequently remarked that it seems to have been reserved to the people of this country, by their conduct and example, to decide the important question, whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice, or whether they are forever destined to depend for their political constitutions on accident and force" (*Federalist* 1). Today, the resolution of that important question depends to an extraordinary degree on the vigor and good sense of American conservatism. For liberalism has unfortunately "progressed" beyond "that honorable determination which animates every votary of freedom, to rest all our political experiments on the capacity of mankind for self-government" (*Federalist* 39). It is the conservative task to vindicate that honorable determination.

This means conservatives have to be the bearers of the wisdom of the American political tradition. And if that tradition teaches anything, it is that we can have limited *and* energetic government. We can keep America safe *and* free. We can support reducing the size and limiting the scope of the federal government at home *and* we can reject weakening its ability to protect us from enemies abroad. We can balance the desiderata of national security *and* the requirements of constitutional liberty. We can believe the times call for a healthy dose of domestic libertarian populism *and* a renewed commitment to foreign policy strength and leadership. We can love American liberty *and* American greatness. We can be the land of the free *and* the home of the brave.

To put it more colloquially—yes, we can walk and chew gum at the same time.

Now it's true that an effective political movement should value simplicity. Such a movement needs reasonably clear guidelines for political judgment and reasonably simple principles for political action. It's in the nation's interest that conservatism be an effective political movement. But it's also in the nation's interest for conservatism to be a serious political movement, one that grasps the difference between the simple and the simplistic.

Conservatives today, based on years of painful experience,

instinctively scorn the equivocating sophistry of pseudo-sophisticated punditry. But conservatives need also to reject the seductive simple-mindedness of unreflective demagoguery. The temptations to both sophistry and simple-mindedness are real. Both are mistakes, and both are dangerous.

The good news is there exists a middle ground between the two mistakes. Or rather, there's a higher ground. It's the American political tradition. We can read it in *The Federalist* and Tocqueville. We can study it in the examples of Lincoln and Reagan. Of course, as we carry that tradition forward we can't simply look back. New times demand fresh thinking. We need to exercise our own reflection and choice. For the danger remains that the great American experiment in self-government could fail, reduced to merely another instance in the long catalogue of the triumphs of accident and the vicissitudes of force.

—William Kristol

Our Disappearing President

One might expect Keith Alexander to advocate on behalf of the two programs at the center of our national debate about terrorism and surveillance. He is, after all, the head of the National Security Agency, which runs them. "It's dozens of terrorist events that these have helped prevent—both here and abroad—in disrupting or contributing to the disruption of terrorist attacks," Alexander testified last week.

And it's not entirely surprising that the four leading members of Congress on intelligence matters would argue on behalf of these programs, known as "215" and "702," for the sections of the laws that authorize them. Last Thursday, Dutch Ruppersberger and Mike Rogers, the ranking member and chairman of the House Intelligence Committee, told reporters that the programs are critical components of the government's efforts to prevent terrorist attacks. One day earlier, Saxby Chambliss and Dianne Feinstein, the ranking member and chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, made a similar case, as each has done repeatedly since the controversy broke.

House speaker John Boehner weighed in several times, too. "These programs have helped keep America safe. They have enhanced our ability to go after terrorists who want to bring harm to the American people. . . . And we are also aware of many examples where they have helped us eliminate terrorist threats."

At press time, even former vice president Dick Cheney was planning to strip off his waders and put down his fly rod in order to explain and support the surveillance in an appearance on *Fox News Sunday*. Virtually every public official with detailed knowledge of these programs has spent time over the past two weeks touting their reported successes and arguing for their continuation.

But not Barack Obama.

The man most responsible for the continued existence of those programs has spoken just once publicly about them since the recent leaks that brought additional scrutiny, and then only in response to a reporter's question.

But rather than offer a tutorial on the effectiveness of the programs or an aggressive defense of their necessity, Obama seemed interested primarily in making clear that the programs weren't his alone and in letting everyone know just how happy he is that the country is having a national debate about them.

Congress and the courts, he argued, share responsibility for the surveillance.

"Every member of Congress has been briefed on this program," he said of "215," which involves the collection of telephony metadata. "With respect to all these programs, the relevant intelligence committees are fully briefed on these programs."

The president evidently wanted to emphasize the point, saying repeatedly in the course of his meandering answer: "It's important to understand that your duly elected representatives have been consistently informed on exactly what we're doing" and "this program, by the way, is fully overseen not just by Congress but by the FISA court." Speaking of the second program, Obama explained, "again in this instance, not only is Congress fully apprised of it, but what is also true is that the FISA court has to authorize it."

In case anyone missed the point: "What you've got is two programs that were originally authorized by Congress, have been repeatedly authorized by Congress. Bipartisan majorities have approved—Congress is continually briefed on how these are conducted. . . . And federal

judges are overseeing the entire program throughout."

There was another point the president was determined to make. "I welcome this debate," he declared, adding that the debate is "healthy for our democracy" and "it's a sign of maturity" and "I think that's good that we're having this discussion."

President Obama's only contribution to the discussion was a brief and somewhat apologetic acknowledgment of the obvious point that his administration had decided to continue the programs. "My assessment and my team's assessment was that they help us prevent terrorist attacks. And the modest encroachments on privacy that are involved in getting phone numbers or duration without a name attached and not looking at content—that on, you know, net, it was worth us doing. Some other folks may have a different assessment of that."

The president ended his answer with something of a flourish, combining his reminders about oversight with his enthusiasm for the national discussion. "These programs are subject to congressional oversight and congressional reauthorization and congressional debate. . . . And we're happy to have that debate." So happy that Obama promised "we'll have a chance to talk further during the course of the next couple days."

That was June 7. And that was the last we've heard from the president on the subject.

So the president wants a debate, but he doesn't want to participate.

We'll acknowledge that this is a tough spot for Obama. He opposed programs like these as a senator and railed against them as a candidate. And less than a month ago, he declared an end to the global war on terror and announced a return to a pre-9/11 approach to al Qaeda. So he'll face tough questions about why he changed his mind and how he can justify continuing these programs in the face of a diminished threat.

Too bad. The president decided to continue these surveillance efforts for a reason. Intelligence officials who have spoken with The Weekly Standard about the programs say they are critical components of the U.S. effort to prevent attacks and that losing them would leave gaping holes in the intelligence picture we've developed of al Qaeda, its friends, and its sympathizers. Sober, nonhysterical officials tell us that if the programs were gone, we'd be considerably more vulnerable to large-scale mass-casualty attacks.

But skeptics of the programs raise legitimate concerns about privacy and overreach. It's precisely because these are difficult questions that the president owes the country a detailed explanation of his decision to continue the programs and a robust defense of them. This will almost certainly involve providing specifics on the role they played in thwarting attacks, an unfortunate but necessary step after the misleading leaks about what the programs do.

If Obama isn't going to end them, he needs to allay people's concerns and defend them, forthrightly and soon.

—Stephen F. Hayes

Downsize Ike

The beleaguered Eisenhower Memorial Commission holds its next public gathering later this month, and before its members duck-walk into the hearing room, huddled in a hoplite phalanx against a shower of eggs and rotten vegetables unloosed by an audience of neo-classicist fuddy-duddies, they should consider an observation from the architecture critic Alexandra Lange. It's the pithiest criticism yet of the memorial design got up by the celebrity architect Frank O. Gehry, which everyone but Gehry and the commissioners seems to dislike. Lange's comment came in the form of a tweet, but don't hold that against it or her.

"New Eisenhower memorial design," tweeteth she, "reveals [Gehry] doesn't know the difference between a memorial and a diorama."

Before her reputation is irretrievably sunk by praise from these quarters, we rush to say that Lange is as far from a fuddy-duddy as an architecture critic can be. But she does understand that different public purposes require different structures to enable and embody them, and that the present Eisenhower design serves one public purpose above all, and a very modern one at that: to testify to the undoubted cleverness of the celebrity architect and to the much more dubious sophistication of the people who hired him. The memory of Dwight Eisenhower trails a distant second.

Some details of the design have changed since a chorus of Bronx cheers greeted its unveiling last year, but the rudiments apparently remain the same. A four-acre square at Maryland Avenue, SW, at the foot of Capitol Hill, will be blocked off. A half-dozen or so plain brick pillars will rise from the perimeter of the square. Between them will be hung towering metal-mesh "tapestries" depicting the lonesome Kansas prairie from which Eisenhower emerged and to which (we shouldn't forget) he returned as seldom as possible. "Interactive" touchscreens will pump visitors with information about Ike. Large stone boxes placed at odd angles will serve as a stage for clusters of statues representing Eisenhower as president and as general of the armies at D-Day. To judge by the mockups at the commission website (eisenhowermemorial.gov), the overall effect is weirdly claustrophobic for an outdoor space. Lange chose the right word: It's a diorama, alternately life-sized and supersized, at once grandiose and trivial.

Gehry and the commissioners show every sign of being shellshocked by the public outcry, including opposition from Eisenhower's surviving son and grandchildren. For 20 years now Gehry has been the most flattered architect in the world, and the untutored politicians who sit on the

commission can be forgiven for mistaking prestige and hype for skill and sensitivity. Gehry's fame, of course, is what the commissioners were buying when they hired him in the first place, and they got much more than they paid for. Opposition from traditionalist buzzkills at The Weekly Standard and the National Civic Art Society could be expected and shrugged off. But now the criticism comes from the budgeteers on Capitol Hill, where it could prove fatal.

The commission is asking for $49 million to break ground and begin construction through the next fiscal year, on top of the $62 million it has already spent since its inception in 1999. The whole project is expected to cost $142 million, a figure that, taken yard by yard and adjusted for inflation, makes it one of the most expensive memorials the capital has ever seen. Rob Bishop, a Republican congressman from Utah who heads a public lands subcommittee in the House, has introduced a bill to eliminate the additional funding and start over with a new nationwide competition for a more appropriate design: more modest and less expensive and thus more fitting for its subject. In Congress the response to Bishop's bill has been surprisingly favorable—and bipartisan. "I don't think that the design is an appropriate use of that property, nor an appropriate memorial to President Eisenhower," Rep. James Moran, a Democrat who represents Alexandria, Virginia, told the *New York Times*.

Gehry's disaster, above; below, a McPherson for the ages

In approving Bishop's bill, Congress would be honoring the request made late last year by John S.D. Eisenhower on behalf of his family. An accomplished historian and a fine writer, Eisenhower proved that the apple didn't fall very far from the tree. He asked that the present design for a memorial to his father be withdrawn in favor of a fresh start. "I am the first to admit that this memorial should be designed for the benefit of the people, not our family," he wrote. Still, "the scope and scale of it is too extravagant. . . . [American taxpayers] have priorities more urgent than building such an expensive memorial right now." In place of Gehry's absurdities, he recommended that Eisenhower square on Maryland Avenue be constructed "as a green open space with a simple statue in the middle."

It may be that the very idea of an Eisenhower memorial was misbegotten. It is an artifact of the 1990s, when a kind of memorial mania seized the caretakers of the capital's monumental core. Every special pleader wanted in on the act. "Memorial envy" junked up the National Mall with overblown, and now irreversible, mistakes like the cartoonish FDR memorial and the vast, aimless World War II memorial, and the quasi-Stalinist tribute to Martin Luther King. A game of one-upsmanship was put in play. If FDR gets seven acres on the mall, why can't Ike get four acres a few yards off the mall? And if the good Republican Ike gets his expensive, high-concept tribute, then shouldn't we consider balancing it with a good Democrat, JFK? And if JFK gets a grand monument, then surely Reagan . . .

It's time to call a truce. Reconceiving the Ike tribute would be a welcome de-escalation in memorial mania. By all means let us honor Ike. As John Eisenhower suggests, we can even keep the four-acre square on Maryland Avenue if his admirers will accept nothing less—indeed, the resulting traffic gridlock could be seen as a reminder of the Interstate Highway System that President Eisenhower did so much to advance. Ring the new square with shade trees and raise in the middle an expressive statue on a handsome plinth. Place a placard here and there with enough information to satisfy the pedagogues.

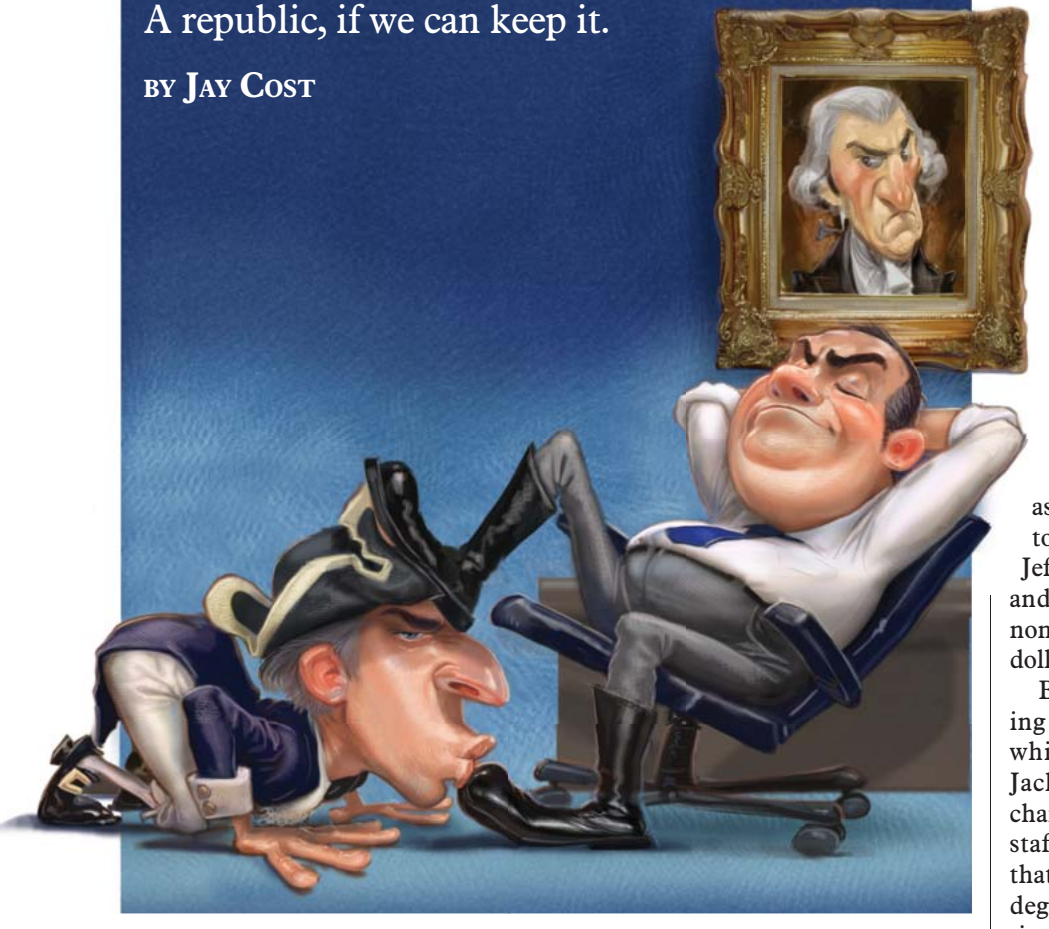
Models for such a scheme exist throughout Washington, after all, to the honor of many gallant warriors and to the capital's everlasting benefit. It was good enough for the martyred James B. McPherson, hero of the Battle of Atlanta, in his square at 15th and Vermont, NW, and for the Rock of Chickamauga, General George Henry Thomas, in his 14th Street roundabout. General Sheridan astride his steed in his circle on Massachusetts Avenue tells us far more about the essence of "Little Phil" than the mysterious columns and boxes of Gehry's diorama could ever tell us about Ike. And at far less cost, too—in money, in time, and in public fuss.

—Andrew Ferguson

Our Masters, the Bureaucrats

A republic, if we can keep it.

BY JAY COST



GARY LOCKE

With so many scandals swirling around the Obama administration, it is hard to identify which is the most politically damaging for the president. But there's no doubt which one should trouble constitutionalists the most. The Internal Revenue Service's targeting of conservative groups raises core questions about the nature of our government that the public has ignored for generations. It's high time to revisit the issue of how the people can maintain control over those who are supposed to do their business.

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Political scientists and economists have identified the "principal-agent problem" that rational actors face when trying to outsource management of their affairs. How can a "principal" induce her "agent" to work for her interests rather than his own? The Constitution is an attempt to manage the principal-agent problem in a republic, though the Founders didn't understand it in those terms. The founding document institutes a system of checks and balances to ensure that elected officials work on behalf of the people, rather than themselves.

Yet the Constitution barely touches upon the bureaucracy, the modern version of which the Founders couldn't have imagined. It merely empowers Congress to create executive departments and charges the president to make sure the laws are faithfully executed. This gives little direction, as the Framers—like most republican thinkers of their day—were more interested in the relationship of the three main branches of government to each other and to the people. It would be up to later generations of Americans to fill in the gaps, and they struggled for a century to find a reasonable organizational scheme for the civil service.

The original bureaucracy has often been called a "government by gentlemen," which more or less persisted through the Jeffersonian era. Bureaucrats were thought to be public-spirited, independently established farmers or merchants who could put aside their own interests for a while to serve the public good. Thomas Jefferson, Albert Gallatin, and Alexander Hamilton all fit this mold—none of them ever made a dishonest dollar from public service.

By the 1820s, fraud was creeping into the executive departments, which in turn contributed to the Jacksonian revolution and a sea change in how the bureaucracy was staffed. Andrew Jackson believed that government by gentlemen had degenerated into rampant corruption, tilting public policy away from the interests of all the people (or at least his main constituency in the West) towards the elites. He instituted "rotation in office" as a tool to clean out the bureaucracy and make it more reflective of the general public, and thus (he hoped) more responsive to the public good.

But rotation in office soon became the corrupt "spoils system," facilitating the graft and mismanagement that characterized the federal government during the Gilded Age of the late 19th century. Reformers of this period began calling for an educated, professional bureaucratic class free of political interference. After the assassination of President James A.

Garfield in 1881 by a man rejected for a diplomatic post, the public outcry led Congress to respond with the Pendleton Civil Service Reform Act, the first major stab at improvement.

More reforms would follow over the years, giving rise to the (supposedly) apolitical bureaucracy that we have today. Indeed, the professionalization and autonomy of the bureaucracy was a prerequisite for the modern liberal state, which claims moral legitimacy through the disinterested application of "scientific" principles of management. It wouldn't have been possible if the percentage of political appointees had not been scaled drastically downwards between the Civil War and the Great Depression.

That is how America ultimately addressed the principal-agent problem of the bureaucracy: We would hire only qualified people, free them almost entirely from politics, and insist they employ this new "science" of administration.

But is this solution still satisfactory? Today there is one member of Congress for approximately every 5,150 civilian members of the executive branch. How can the people's representatives possibly keep track of all those bureaucrats? And if they cannot keep track, what is to stop the worst fears of Andrew Jackson from being realized? His "rotation in office" did not turn out to be a salutary alternative, but that does not negate his critique of the status quo. A bureaucracy that is too insulated from the people runs the risk of anti-republican corruption, regardless of whether it is staffed by "gentlemen" or those with master's degrees in public administration.

The targeting of conservative organizations by the Internal Revenue Service suggests that this risk is not insignificant. Career bureaucrats there—presumed to be above politics—unduly went after Tea Party groups, effectively denying them their constitutional right to equal protection, for years. All the while, Congress did nothing. The agency's inspector general failed to blow the whistle in a timely fashion. The media overlooked the many transgressions. And now, the bureaucrat in charge of the division, Lois Lerner, has lawyered up, taken the Fifth Amendment, and thus will slow the investigative process to a crawl.

This does not appear to be an isolated incident, either. Last month, *National Review* reported that a longtime colleague of Lerner has known for decades that she harbored suspicions of conservative groups. The Weekly Standard has reported that while at the Federal Election Commission, she harassed the Christian Coalition in a similar manner. Far from being reprimanded for this, she was promoted—during a Republican administration, no less! Recent reports, moreover, suggest that the Environmental Protection Agency has been making conservative groups pay Freedom of Information

Act fees while waiving them for liberal organizations.

The Declaration of Independence vested all sovereign power in the people alone, while the Constitution established a government to manage that power in a republican fashion. While the people still swear fealty to the founding ideals, they have not put much thought recently into the problems the Founders tackled. As society has become more complex, the government has, too; Americans have not reexamined the structure of government, in an age in which it accounts for more than 20 percent of the national economy, to ensure it still reflects the republican spirit. In fact, there has not been a serious public discussion about the organization of the bureaucracy since the 1880s, even as it has doubled in size many times over. And so today, it is a vast enterprise of millions of workers, with precious little oversight from the people's elected representatives.

It's no wonder that some agency somewhere in the bureaucracy could have worked so perniciously for so long against the people's interests. Perhaps the only surprise is that we ever noticed the malfeasance at the IRS at all. Were it not for the over-the-top questioning from the IRS—asking one group to pledge not to protest abortion clinics, another to reveal what books their members were reading, another to say what they're praying about—all this might still be hidden in the shadows, unbeknownst to an overburdened Congress and an incurious media. And it remains to be seen what will be done about it, whether the bureaucracy, now under attack, has the resources and wherewithal to block oversight and prevent reform.

The IRS scandal should serve as a wake-up call. We can no longer take for granted the matters of republican governance over which the Framers obsessed. They rightly understood that a republic is a terribly difficult form of government to preserve. We wrongly presume that it is our birthright. As a result, we risk losing our inheritance. ♦

The Costs and Benefits of the NSA

The data-collection debate we need to have is not about civil liberties.

BY REUEL MARC GERECHT

Should Americans fear the possible abuse of the intercept power of the National Security Agency at Fort Meade, Maryland? Absolutely. In the midst of the unfolding scandal at the IRS, we understand that bureaucracies are callous creatures, capable of manipulation. In addition to deliberate misuse, closed intelligence agencies can make mistakes in surveilling legitimate targets, causing mountains of trouble. Consider Muslim names. Because of their commonness and the lack of standardized transliteration, they can befuddle scholars, let alone intelligence analysts, who seldom have fluency in Islamic languages. Although one is hard pressed to think of a case since 9/11 in which mistaken identity, or a willful or unintentional leak of intercept intelligence, immiserated an American citizen, these things can happen. NSA civilian employees, soldiers, FBI agents, CIA case officers, prosecutors, and our elected officials are not always angels. Even though encryption is mathematically easier to accomplish than decryption, the potential for abuse of digital communication is always there—all the more since few Americans resort to encryption of their everyday emails.

Pro-Snowden protest in Hong Kong

But fearing the NSA, which has been a staple of Hollywood for decades, requires you to believe that hundreds, if not thousands, of American employees in the organization are in on a conspiracy. In the Edward Snowden-is-a-legitimate-NSA-whistleblower narrative, it also requires that very liberal senators and congressmen are complicit in propagating a civil-rights-chewing national surveillance system.

According to Glenn Greenwald, the left-wing American columnist of the *Guardian* newspaper, Snowden first realized how unpleasant the U.S. government could be when he read the cable traffic of CIA case officers attempting to recruit a foreign banker in Geneva by getting the poor man drunk and arrested, to set up an opportunity to bond with him. Note to the reading public and Mr. Greenwald: This makes no sense. CIA operatives don't want to get their recruits into legal and professional jeopardy; they want to nurture their prospective agents' careers and self-confidence.

It should be obvious by now that Snowden is a serious flake. But the American government and its contractors—even the CIA and the NSA—are chock full of flakes . . . along with responsible, Constitution-loving liberals and conservatives who

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would be loath to allow the U.S. government to spy on their fellow citizens, let alone their own relatives and friends. It is endlessly amusing how many liberals and libertarians seem to believe that the employees of the CIA, NSA, and other shadowy organizations are hatched in hawkish communities far from the world that liberals and libertarians inhabit. Certainly, good people can do bad things if put into a corrupt system.

But journalists in Washington, who rub shoulders every day with national-security types, surely know that America isn't that far gone. Civil liberties after 12 years of the global war on terrorism are actually as strongly protected in America as they were in 1999, when Bill Clinton was treating terrorism as crime and his minions were debating the morality of assassinating Osama bin Laden. The same is true in France and Great Britain, liberal democracies that have the finest, but also the most intrusive, counterterrorism forces in the West. Surveillance in these countries is intimate—the French internal-security service, the DST, and British domestic intelligence, MI5, bug and monitor their countrymen in ways that remain unthinkable in the United States. Yet the political elites and the societies of both countries have become much more sensitive to, and protective of, personal freedom as their internal security forces have grown more aggressive.

It's an odd and, for those attached to Friedrich Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*, disconcerting development: The massive American government, born of the welfare state and war, hasn't yet gone down the slippery fascist slope. Liberal welfare imperatives may be bankrupting the country, but they have not produced a decline of most (noneconomic) civil liberties. Just the opposite. American liberalism's focus on individual privacy and choice has, so far, effectively checked the creed's collectivism. America's national-security state, which Greenwald believes has already become a leviathan, is, for the most part, rather pathetic.

As much as the conspiratorial left and right would like to believe that big super-secret bureaucracies like the NSA are easily capable of violating our constitutional rights, the truth is surely the other way round: Civil liberties are much more likely to be in danger when smaller organizations—the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the CIA, or the Secret Service—with specific, highly selective targeting requirements, abuse their surveillance authority or, in the case of Langley with its drones, their war-related authority. And it's doubtful that the national-security institutions since 9/11 have engaged in practices that fundamentally challenge anyone's constitutional rights—the possible big exceptions would be the FBI's counterterrorist practices against militant Muslim Americans that have occasionally tiptoed close to entrapment and the bureau's extensive use of national-security letters that can allow curious minds to wander freely through the personal lives of targeted individuals. If the government sensibly gives the Secret Service the capacity to intercept cellular telephone calls as a means to protect preemptively American VIPs, its officers may well monitor the salacious conversations of Washington celebrities or sexually adventurous co-eds at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. Adults are always required to ensure that such practices don't become anything more than bad-boy behavior. All organizations run amok unless adults are present.

The huge high-tech intelligence bureaucracies, like smaller outfits such as the operations and technology directorates within the CIA, are extremely difficult for senior government officials to manipulate and abuse because of the many overlapping and checking authorities in these institutions. Unlike the IRS, intelligence agencies are not designed to interact with the citizenry, nor do they have or want prosecutorial power. The intelligence agencies grow uneasy, sometimes even too cautious, when foreign threats develop a domestic dimension.

What's more, big secrets are hard to keep. The CIA has always loved to chant that its great successes go unheralded—a bigger fib has rarely been accepted by so many. Little intelligence victories can stay buried for years; big intelligence successes bring too much pride and create too much paper to remain unknown. Internal CIA documents on covert actions since the late 1940s and external press and scholarly writing on them pair up pretty closely. As a rule, journalists and academics, who seldom have a feel for classified government service, are less accurate than the working-level internal writing, which can often be skeptical, if not scathing, about what the CIA has actually achieved. Black-art, let alone illegal, conspiracies are rare in the CIA's history. Exploding cigars and Predator drones have never defined the agency's ethos. For those with even a minimal knowledge of the NSA, snooping on Americans isn't what the NSA has been built to do. The agency would probably break down bureaucratically if it attempted to shift gears from foreign observation to domestic surveillance in any threatening way, and Congress and the press would detect the fallout.

Rogue operators—like WikiLeaks's Private Bradley Manning and Snowden—may cause harm to innocent civilians, or even case officers and their foreign agents or the discreet-reporting sources for American diplomats. But the damage done to American civil liberties by individuals gone bad isn't the stuff of Nixonian, let alone Orwellian, nightmares. If in the future the advance of technology allows the denizens of the White House to push a button and monitor a political "enemies list," then we will be in a frightening situation. But we're nowhere close to that.

This is the better question provoked by Snowden's paranoia: How much money has Congress spent on these data-collection projects? We are told, both by administration officials and by congressmen, that the NSA's PRISM project, marrying Ft. Meade with Silicon Valley, has stopped numerous terrorist attacks. Perhaps. But it would behoove us all to question that assertion. Americans love their high-tech toys. Sometimes the cost is worth it: America's intelligence-collecting satellites, though very expensive, have

provided the country with much more valuable information than anything collected by the CIA's spies. The administration would not be compromising the methods of PRISM if it told the citizenry which attacks were thwarted. Outside observers can probably reverse engineer the cases to see whether PRISM's role was essential.

We may be on the cusp of a new wondrous counterterrorist tool; or we may be seeing American officials, once again, looking for a technical solution to a problem that actually requires intensive human labor, some of it morally challenging and bloody. Given the volatile state of Islamic militancy, the imminent nuclearization of the Islamic Republic, whose ruling elite has terrorism in its DNA, and the likely coming defeat of the United States in Afghanistan, which will probably supercharge jihadism, a big attack inside the United States in the coming years wouldn't be surprising. We should want to assess PRISM's capacities thoroughly and critically. It may be a great technology—or it may be an overpriced dream whose promise was just too appealing. What we shouldn't do is throw it away over unwarranted fears of snooping. ♦

Problems of the Second Generation

To be young, Muslim, and American.

BY PETER SKERRY

The Boston Marathon bombings highlighted, once again, the challenges of assimilating Muslim youth. And while the onus of accountability ought not rest exclusively on Muslim Americans, it understandably weighs most heavily on them. Indeed, any fair-minded assessment of recent events must underscore the inadequacies of Muslim-American leaders. Yet the usual criticisms are wide of the mark and fail to identify the institutional as well as intellectual weaknesses of these leaders.

In general we too easily overlook —even in the midst of a raging debate over our immigration policy—what Norman Podhoretz once referred to as "the brutal bargain" that immigrant children must accept in order to assimilate into the society their parents chose for them. For Muslims today, the drama involves not so much overcoming poverty and educational deficits but adapting to a society whose values are sharply at odds with their religious heritage. Among Muslim-American youth, especially since 9/11, this has led to heightened criticism and suspicion of U.S. government policies at home and abroad. More generally, it has resulted in a hard-edged identity politics that has encouraged some young Muslims to define themselves not only in opposition to the government but to American society and culture.

Marcia Hermansen, a Muslim who is also a professor of Islamic studies at Loyola University in Chicago, recounts her shock when she "encountered some Muslim students on my campus who seemed to feel vindicated by the destruction and loss of life on September 11." As she elaborates, "Quite a number of Muslim youth in America are becoming rigidly conservative and condemnatory of their peers (Muslim and non-Muslim), their parents, and all who are not within a narrow ideological band of what I will define as internationalist, 'identity' Islam."

This trend was picked up by Pew pollsters who reported in 2007 that Muslims older than 30 were much less likely (28 percent) than those aged 18-29 (42 percent) to agree that "there is a natural conflict between being a devout Muslim and living in a modern society." When it surveyed Muslims again in 2011, Pew asked if "there is only one true way to interpret the teachings of Islam": 31 percent of foreign-born Muslims agreed, but 46 percent of native-born Muslims did. Also that year, Pew found that 58 percent of foreign-born Muslims agreed "the American people are generally friendly toward Muslim Americans," compared with only 37 percent of their native-born offspring.

Among many Muslim-American youth, there is self-conscious rejection of their parents' easygoing, traditionalist understanding of Islam, inevitably suffused with the customs of their homeland. The youthful response is frequent invocations of the *ummah*, the worldwide community of Muslims that ideally transcends all barriers of ethnicity, race, and nationality. Sustained by such Islamist constructs, young Muslims on college campuses often trump their parents' insistence that they marry within their ethnic group with a religiously grounded ethic that prioritizes marrying another Muslim regardless of ethnic or racial background.

As Hermansen notes, such youthful perspectives entail a "religious and cultural superiority . . . a mindless and rigid rejection of 'the Other' . . . a smug pride in one's superior manifestation of visible symbols of identity." One result is a preoccupation with "the evils of Western cultural elements such as the celebration of birthdays, Halloween, and prom night." And while this mindset does not typically lead to violence, it was clearly on display when Tamerlan Tsarnaev disrupted speakers at his Cambridge mosque when they embraced the celebration of American national holidays such as Thanksgiving and praised a

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non-Muslim religious leader, Martin Luther King Jr.

Hermansen argues that such views have been "allowed to run unchecked and uncriticized . . . even been encouraged among youth by mainstream Muslim organizations in America." In fact, Muslim-American leaders have themselves espoused such views, especially before 9/11. Yet since then, these leaders have been struggling, however opportunistically, to adapt to the realities of American life. The problem is that they have all too often led their followers down blind alleys.

For example, in the 1970s and 1980s Muslim leaders explicitly urged their people to avoid assimilating into the American mainstream and to withdraw into Islamic community centers, schools, and colleges. Paradoxically, they also encouraged Muslims to do *dawa* and seek to convert the very Americans they were to shun. Similarly, these leaders denounced U.S. foreign policies impacting the *ummah* but discouraged Muslims here from participating in the political process.

Since 9/11, Muslim leaders have shown a remarkable—and largely unnoted, or disbelieved—willingness to adapt to America. Indeed, these leaders have been busily reconstructing an anodyne version of Islam that conforms to the American civil religion. Yet once again, they are leading the faithful into various double-binds.

So today Muslim Americans are being reassured that it is permissible—even desirable—to have non-Muslim friends. And that it is okay to attend business lunches where non-Muslim colleagues drink alcohol. And that it is definitely a good idea to vote and get involved in civic and political affairs.

Other topics are addressed with discretion. Explicit displays of Islamic triumphalism are now rare. The topic of intermarriage with non-Muslims is typically avoided. Controversial political issues get finessed. Since 9/11, Muslim Americans have learned to be much more discreet about their views on Palestine and U.S. support for Israel. Much of the energy concerning such issues has been rechanneled into opposition to the wars in Afghanistan and especially in Iraq or to the Obama administration's reliance on drones.

Similarly, Muslim Americans feel free to indulge their vehement opposition to profiling at airports and to the Patriot Act. As for domestic policy, Muslims can be heard voicing support for efforts addressing racial and gender discrimination and for comprehensive immigration reform. More generally, they support social welfare programs, including Obamacare.

If all of this sounds familiar, it should. This is the Democratic agenda, which over the past decade Muslim-American leaders have visibly embraced. But this has meant their virtual silence on an array of social and cultural issues on which Muslim opinion continues to diverge from that of their newfound allies. Unlike before 9/11, when Muslims were lining up with Republicans, their leaders are no longer outspoken about alcohol abuse, drugs, gambling, pornography, and abortion.

Gay rights is the one cultural issue on which Muslim-American leaders have taken a U-turn, and it sustains my point that they are not well positioned to speak forthrightly and authoritatively to their own people, especially to questioning youth. Twenty years ago, these leaders condemned homosexual rights as an aspect of American society that justified withdrawal from the mainstream. Today, Muslim leaders are hardly barnstorming for gay rights, but they have ceased condemning homosexuals and homosexuality and have embraced tolerance.

A prime example of this shift is William Suhaib Webb, imam of the controversial Islamic Society of Boston Cultural Center. A few years ago Webb emphasized Islam's condemnation of homosexuality to an audience of young Muslims. With regard to gay marriage, he asked: "Why are we so quiet? We have something to offer society, and we should ask America nicely what has happened to your values in 40 years?" Yet in a *Boston Globe* interview last month, Webb said that with regard to gay marriage he had made "mistakes" and was reluctant "to start arguing about other people's liberties," claiming that the Constitution guarantees the right of everyone to get married.

Such bold revisionism has to alienate as many Muslims—including young people—as it gratifies. But such U-turns are undoubtedly easier for a handful of leaders, like Suhaib Webb, whose skillful use of the national media has permitted them to reach beyond the confines of a given mosque or local Muslim community. Indeed, in most such contexts it is seldom clear who the leaders really are. To be sure, this dilemma is endemic to Sunni Islam and can be traced to its decentralized, nonhierarchical structure. Yet in America, with Muslims from around the globe struggling to coexist in self-governing mosques, leadership is all the more problematic.

In most mosques here, leadership is up for grabs. Contrary to what non-Muslims think, imams are not necessarily in charge. They are typically foreigners who understand Islam but lack specific knowledge about American culture, society, and politics. Their command of English may also be limited.

The imam gets hired by the mosque governing board. In most countries mosques are subsidized by the state, but here they are self-supporting voluntary institutions. So the board's other major responsibility is the institution's financial viability, and it tends to be dominated by key donors, invariably affluent professionals—stereotypically, Pakistani doctors and engineers. The most assertive or most generous member is likely to be board president, who may easily overshadow the imam and become the de facto leader of the mosque.

This dynamic can be a source of tension and conflict, which are invariably exacerbated by the diversity of the congregation. Because Shia and Sunni tend to worship separately, this sectarian divide does not typically trouble mosques here. But social class antagonisms do arise—for example,

between successful doctors and struggling cab drivers. And disagreements emerge between more established Muslims who have invested time and resources in the mosque and recently arrived immigrants who take it all for granted and, in addition, have divergent understandings of Islam.

The sharpest divides may arise from linguistic, ethnic, and racial differences. These could involve disagreements over the different *madhabs*, or schools of Islamic jurisprudence. And so, Arabs and South Asians tend to establish their own mosques. Nevertheless, most mosques have mixed congregations with a variety of languages and cultures from around the globe. Then there are racial divides, especially with regard to African-American Muslims. And quite apart from religion, Muslim immigrants bring with them from their home countries different political orientations and agendas.

In such contexts, leadership is not easy to exercise. Whoever is "in charge" is likely to be cautious and risk-averse. Of course, what looks cautious from inside may look outrageous from outside. Thus, one imam relates that it would be "career suicide" to denounce the violent Islamist Sayyid Qutb to his members—even as this same imam preaches tolerance to his congregation and beyond. Conversely, it is easy and useful for imams and other Muslim leaders to attack the war on terror, the Patriot Act, and other such policies on which there is nearly unanimous opposition.

One final factor that weakens and even compromises Muslim-American leaders is the longstanding and pervasive presence of the Muslim Brotherhood here in the United States. Most of the major national organizations and their leaders either have direct ties to the Brotherhood or come out of that milieu. Yet habituated to what Alison Pargeter calls "a culture of concealment," those involved routinely deny any such affiliation. This understandably engenders distrust among non-Muslims and enrages some, who then exaggerate the significance of such ties. Muslim-American leaders end up expending a good deal of time and energy denying the obvious.

But such dissembling also has a negative impact internally. For the Brothers also conceal their activities from their fellow Muslims, sometimes even their own families. Countless mosques have been riven by conflicts over clandestine Brotherhood efforts to take over boards, and the memories of such battles die hard.

The Islamic Society of Boston Cultural Center, where Suhaib Webb is the imam, is a case in point. The ISBCC is explicitly and officially managed by the Muslim American Society (MAS). But what Webb and his many non-Muslim supporters refuse to acknowledge is that MAS *is* the American branch of the Muslim Brotherhood. To knowledgeable observers inside and outside the community, this is simply incontrovertible. This lack of candor on the part of Muslim leaders understandably arouses anxieties among many Americans about their loyalty to this nation. Yet perhaps an even more pressing question is how such deception further undermines the leadership needed to guide their own people forthrightly and authoritatively—especially troubled and turbulent Muslim-American youth. ♦

Turks in the Streets

This time, it's personal. They dislike the prime minister. BY LEE SMITH

Two weeks of protests across Turkey that have left four dead and more than 5,000 injured have observers wondering whether Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan is facing an Anatolian Spring. Is Turkey's Islamic ruler weathering a crisis similar to the revolutionary climate that sent Arab protesters into the streets two years ago, pitted populations against each other, and in several notable cases toppled dictators?

The short answer is no. In spite of the excessive use of police force, Turkey is still a genuine, if flawed, democracy, where real politics, competition, compromise, public opinion, and, as the protests show, consent of the governed are central to the normal functioning of the system. The demonstrations represent something like a course correction, the ship of state trying to right itself in spite of a captain intent on running it aground. The problem is not Turkey, nor the ruling Justice and Development party (AKP), nor, more generally, is it Islamism—the problem is Erdogan himself.

It's curious that it took the Turks this long to discover what much of the world has known since Erdogan came to power in 2003—he is a vain and impatient martinet who expects the world to bend to his will and stamps his feet and turns red with anger when it doesn't. The man who threatened Turkish protesters last week and said they are in league with foreign plotters is the same prime minister who stormed off the stage at Davos three years ago after screaming at Israeli president Shimon Peres and singlehandedly cashiering Turkey's strategic alliance with Israel. The Erdogan who champions Hamas is the same man who has subverted the Turkish judiciary to imprison enemies, including former top military officials, and put more journalists in jail than China or Iran. An aspiring leader of the Sunni world who calls Zionism a crime against humanity, Erdogan is the same divisive premier who names a bridge after a 16th-century Ottoman sultan most famous for slaughtering tens of thousands of members

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of Turkey's Alevi minority. Finally, it seems the Turks have noticed what Erdogan is all about.

The protests began at the end of May with a small group of environmentalists demonstrating in Istanbul's Taksim Square against the demolition of Gezi Park. Gezi is one of the few green spaces remaining in a city of 13.5 million and growing, thanks largely to the long economic boom that has been the main source of Erdogan's appeal throughout Turkey. The plan was to pave over the park and build a shopping mall, with the contract going to a company alleged to have ties to Erdogan's party. After the police used especially heavy-handed tactics in clearing the 50 or so protesters from the square, the demonstrations started to grow geometrically, with tens of thousands braving tear gas and water cannons in Taksim. By the end of the first week of June, protesters had taken to the streets in 78 cities and millions of Turks were awakening to the fact that they, too, had a gripe with Erdogan.

In big cities like Istanbul and Ankara and resort towns like Izmir and Bodrum with heavy concentrations of liberals and secularists, it was perhaps the zoning law restricting the sale of alcohol, or the one banning alcohol advertising, or efforts to outlaw abortion and other intrusions into people's personal choices that sent protesters to the streets against Erdogan. What came as a surprise was that even in the most conservative regions of Anatolia, where the AKP traditionally counts on strong support, people came out against the prime minister.

Maybe protesters didn't like the fact that he was negotiating on his own a peace deal with the Kurdistan Workers' party, a group that has been at war with the state for three decades in a conflict that has cost thousands of lives. Or maybe they didn't like Erdogan's Syria policy, which has set Turkey on a course for war with a dangerous neighbor, flooded the south with hundreds of thousands of refugees, and made the country vulnerable to terrorist attacks, like the car-bombings in Reyhanli last month that killed 51 people. (And then instead of visiting Reyhanli in sympathy with the victims, Erdogan went off to Washington to petition Obama to arm the Syrian rebels, who many Turks see as the cause of their suffering.) There's something for everyone to dislike about Erdogan, and what the Turks dislike most about him is his style—he's an autocrat who makes decisions without consulting anyone except Recep Tayyip Erdogan.

"People finally said enough," says Tolga Tanis, Washington correspondent with the Turkish daily *Hurriyet*. "Erdogan always feels he needs to win, to prevail against his opponents. This was the first time he was challenged, and his charisma has been damaged."

Erdogan the Problem

The problem, says Tanis, is that there are few checks and balances keeping Erdogan honest. "The protests are the only checks and balances against him. The protests show the weakness of the political opposition."

That is, if the Republican People's party, or CHP, were capable of presenting a credible alternative to the AKP and thereby forcing Erdogan to compromise, there would have been no need for Turks to take their complaints to the street. But with Erdogan at the head, the AKP has won three straight elections and is unlikely to face much of a challenge in 2015. But Erdogan, in spite of his utmost efforts, may not be in the picture then.

Because Erdogan, according to the rules of his party, can't run for a fourth term as prime minister in 2015, he wants to change Turkey's parliamentary system to a presidential one, investing the office with higher powers than it now enjoys, and running for that office in 2014. In order to get the votes to rewrite the constitution, Erdogan has been wooing the Kurdish vote by negotiating with the still-imprisoned Abdullah Ocalan, head of the Kurdistan Workers' party. The public is alarmed by Erdogan's efforts to cut a deal with a man many Turks consider a terrorist, and so is Fetullah Gulen, a wealthy expatriate businessman and mystical Islamist figure who may wield almost as much power from exile in Pennsylvania as Erdogan does from Ankara.

The Gulen movement, consisting of middle-class professionals who hold key positions in the educational system as well as in the police and judiciary, was instrumental in the rise of the AKP, but over the last several years Erdogan and Gulen have been on the outs. The Taksim protests have perhaps given the Gulenists more room to maneuver against Erdogan, and remake the party in their own image.

One instrument they may have at hand is President Abdullah Gul, who has presented a more moderate face of the AKP during the protests and is believed to be more in line with the Gulenists. Gul has been conciliatory, telling protesters their message was received and calling on the police to avoid excessive use of force. Erdogan's defiance, on the other hand, is effectively splitting the AKP and damaging, perhaps ruining, his chances of running for an enhanced presidency in 2014.

Erdogan wants to leave his personal stamp on the Turkish republic, one as large perhaps as that of the country's founder, Mustafa Kemal Ataturk. But while many Turks feared that the volatile populist might replace Kemalism, and its legacy of Turkish nationalism and secularism, with Islamism and neo-Ottomanism, it turned out that Erdogan misunderstood his appeal, as he embraced Ataturk's worst traits. Many Turks like the fact that Erdogan encouraged them to be proudly Muslim. But they don't like being ruled by fiat. ♦

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Ryan's Hope

A high-profile addition to the immigration-reform gang in the House. BY FRED BARNES

Paul Ryan has been pro-immigration since he worked for Jack Kemp and Bill Bennett two decades ago at Empower America, a now-defunct conservative think tank. When *National Review* ran a cover story, "Why Kemp and Bennett Are Wrong on Immigration" in 1994, Ryan wrote a 4,000-word rebuttal. It defended their opposition to Proposition 187, which denied any social services for illegal immigrants in California.

During the congressional battle over immigration from 2005 to 2007, Ryan was allied with reformers. He supported the House version of the McCain-Kennedy legislation in the Senate. It would have created a route to citizenship for illegal immigrants. But the bill died before a vote in either chamber.

This spring, in a series of town hall meetings in his southern Wisconsin congressional district, Ryan endorsed a 13-year path to citizenship for illegals. And when he and Representative Luis Gutierrez (D-Illinois) appeared together in April at the City Club of Chicago, they agreed on the need for bipartisanship on immigration reform.

So Ryan is hardly a newcomer to the immigration issue. He favored what he calls "earned" citizenship long before it became the cure preferred by many Republicans for their inability to win the votes of Hispanics.

Now that Ryan is a dealmaker in the House on immigration legislation, his background as a reformer is enormously important. Like the Senate, the House has its own bipartisan "Gang of Eight" with a bill to allow the 11 million illegal immigrants here to pursue citizenship. When Rep. Raul Labrador (R-Idaho) quit the group two weeks ago, Ryan replaced him.

He didn't have to volunteer, but he did so with the backing of House speaker John Boehner. Ryan, with his knack for getting along with Democrats, is surely the right person for the job. That he is a good-faith backer of immigration, for benevolent rather than partisan reasons, is not in dispute.

This can't be said about President Obama and many Democratic proponents of immigration reform. Obama, for example, voted as a senator for several "poison pills" in the immigration debate in 2007. They would have kept GOP senators from voting for the McCain-Kennedy bill, thus killing it, if it had ever come to a vote.

As a presidential candidate in 2008, Obama promised to introduce an immigration bill in his first year in office. As it turned out, he didn't in his entire first four years, even while Democrats had lopsided majorities in the Senate and House in 2009 and 2010 and were all but certain to pass a comprehensive bill with a path to citizenship.

Obama blamed Republicans. At a presidential town hall hosted by Univision in 2012, he claimed the White House "could not get a single Republican, including the 20 who had previously voted for comprehensive immigration reform, to step up and say, we will work with you to make this happen."

Not a single Republican? Obama had to know better. He could have contacted Ryan or McCain or the Gang of Eight in the House (four Democrats, four Republicans). The gang had agreed on a comprehensive bill in 2009. Rep. Zoe Lofgren, who heads the group, described it as a "consensus product that would have worked and still could work." Was the White House oblivious to its existence? Not likely.

Again this year, the House group agreed on a bill. Then last month Rep. Xavier Becerra, the chairman of the House Democratic caucus and a member of the gang, objected to the denial of government benefits for newly legalized immigrants. He said they should be eligible for medical benefits under Obamacare.

The compromise legislation was altered with new language from Democrats. But health benefits were not added. There's a simple reason they weren't: Such benefits are a poison pill for Republicans. Nonetheless, Becerra renewed his complaint and proposed once more that immigrants get health benefits. This is why Labrador quit the Gang of Eight. He concluded Democrats would never compromise.

Who's behind the Becerra demand? "I suspect Nancy Pelosi doesn't want an immigration bill to pass," says Rep. Mario Diaz-Balart, a Gang of Eight member and a leader among Republican supporters of immigration reform. He says he "fears" Pelosi wants an issue to use against Republicans in the midterm congressional elections in 2014. They'd be accused of blocking immigration reform and being anti-Hispanic.

And if Democrats capture the House, guess who's likely to become speaker? Pelosi.

This is just part of the trouble Ryan and his pro-reform allies face. Republicans are divided, with a hard core against any form of amnesty. Democrats are divided too. Some, like Senator Chuck Schumer and Rep. Gutierrez, are committed to a bipartisan bill. Obama is suspected, at least by Republicans, of preferring an issue for next year's election. And still other Democrats—Senate majority leader Harry Reid, for instance—want a bill that compromises as little as possible with Republicans.

Ryan jumped into the immigration morass knowing that negotiating with Democrats can be bruising to one's reputation. "He's fearless in tackling difficult issues," says Diaz-Balart. "And he's not concerned about political risk." Those traits, when combined, often produce leadership. ♦

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Frack to the Future

Can small-town North Dakota survive an oil boom?

By Michael Warren

Williston, N.D.

It was about 25 years ago, Dave Hynek figures, when his Aunt Doris died. The granddaughter of Norwegian and Czechoslovakian homesteaders, Doris was born and raised on a farm in the small town of Stanley in northwestern North Dakota. The region was settled by immigrants from northern and central Europe, mainly Norway and Germany. The prairie here is ideal for growing short, hardy grains like wheat and barley —but not much else—and for ranching cattle. For a hundred years, these hard-working new Americans and their descendants were the only folks who braved the harsh wind, freezing winters, and austere life of North Dakota.

Gridlock in Watford City

Some left, including Doris. After graduating from high school, she moved to Los Angeles, where she got married and lived her entire adult life. When she died (young, at the age of 45), arrangements were made to have her buried back home, in the Stanley cemetery. Her husband, a native Californian named Joe, traveled to North Dakota for the funeral and stayed at Hynek's farmhouse. Hynek, 66 years old and a commissioner for Mountrail County, recalls a change in Joe's demeanor after being in Stanley for three days.

"I could see that he was becoming agitated or nervous," he tells me, his eyes narrowing. "He was not comfortable like he was when he first got here two days prior. I asked him, 'Joe, what's the deal? You look kind of ill at ease here. What's going on?' And he looked me square in the eye and he said, 'I can't stand the quiet.'"

Hynek, wearing a plaid flannel shirt, blue jeans, and large-framed glasses, leans back slowly in his chair. He lets Joe's words sit a moment. Then he continues.

"Over the last several years, I've been thinking to myself, 'Uncle Joe, you'd fit right in.'"

Today, Stanley is anything but quiet. There's a nearly constant roar of diesel engines as tanker trucks haul oil barrels down Route 2. The Cenex gas station and truck stop in Stanley, once a lonely outpost for the occasional truck driver or farmer, is full of customers. Even on a rainy morning, the sound of power tools echoes from the new mid-rise hotel being constructed across the street. The Subway next door, only a few weeks old, has a line out the door by noon. The people waiting, young and old, chat with one another about job openings ("Hess is hiring in Tioga"), where they're living (in a busted RV, at the Microtel), where they come from (every place from Louisiana to Alaska), and how they ended up in this forgotten corner of the country. Where there once was silence there's now a *hum*.

That hum is fueled entirely by oil. Since 2007, petroleum production in North Dakota has increased 600 percent, nearly all of it coming from the Bakken shale formation underneath most of the western third of the state (as well as parts of Alberta and neighboring Montana). Locals say the geologists had been promising for years that the North Dakota Bakken probably contained an unimaginable wealth of the black stuff. The locals were suspicious, particularly since the last two oil booms, in the 1950s and 1980s, ended in crippling busts. The discovery of a major oil field in eastern Montana in 2000, where the earth above the Bakken rock is the thinnest, was more evidence of treasure to be found in North Dakota. The problem was one of access, since the North Dakota reserves were much deeper beneath the surface—about two miles down, as it turns out—and encased in solid shale and sandstone.

ABOVE AND OPPOSITE: NEWSCOM

Michael Warren is a reporter at The Weekly Standard.

The new Levittown? Rows of trailers housing oil workers in Williston, North Dakota.

That's where new technology stepped in. By 2008, engineers had developed a more efficient, cheaper way to drill into the Bakken and other thick rock formations containing petroleum and natural gas. Hydraulic fracturing (or "fracking") revolutionized the energy industry, and in North Dakota it works something like this: A well is drilled vertically into the ground, followed by miles of piping. When the drill and pipe hit the Bakken shale, they curve horizontally, drilling through the upper layer of rock into the middle of the formation. A water-based fluid is then shot down into the pipe. When the extremely pressurized fluid reaches the Bakken, the rock fractures, releasing the embedded oil back up the pipe. The well is active and ready to pump barrels of that sweet, sweet crude.

The benefits of fracking go beyond its ability to reach the previously inaccessible. The technological advances in horizontal drilling mean a well on the surface can be placed miles away from a deposit of oil that might lie beneath a functioning farm or ranch. And the use of the technology in exploration is only begetting more knowledge about what exactly lies below the surface.

"Almost every time they drill a new well, they learn something new about that formation," says Hynek. "And when they learn new things, they develop new technologies for extracting the oil." The flow hasn't stopped, either. In the first two months of 2013, oil production already far outpaced last year, and the number of active, producing wells has doubled since the end of 2008. Even in oil-rich places like Texas and Alaska, a miscalculation might give you a dry hole, a large, expensive well that produces no oil. You never hear about dry holes in North Dakota.

The fracking process is not without its drawbacks. After drilling is complete, the fracking fluid—water laden with chemicals—is pumped into the ground in deep reservoirs. In some places, there is a risk the fluid could seep into the groundwater, which is often used for irrigation and drinking water. Local leaders use this fact as a way to lobby the state for access to better sources of water than wells, like the Missouri River. Environmentalists decry not only the risk these chemicals pose to surrounding bodies of water but also the aesthetic damage to the Great Plains landscape, which from parts of the highway is dotted with seven-story drills, grasshopper pump jacks, and natural gas flare stacks.

But it's impossible to ignore the overriding economic benefits of fracking. A study from the U.S. Bureau of Economic Analysis found that in 2012, North Dakota had the fastest-growing economy in the country for the third straight year. The state's growth rate of 13.4 percent was three times that of its closest competitor, Texas, and five

times the rate of the country as a whole. North Dakota's unemployment rate is under 3 percent, and the state's population, which had been in decline since the 1930s, is at its highest since the Great Depression.

Before the latest boom, western North Dakota was aging, and not gracefully. While agriculture in the fertile Red River Valley, back east near Grand Forks and Fargo, kept the state afloat through the past half-century, the towns and communities of North Dakota's oil country were shriveling away, especially after the boom of the late 1980s busted hard. Places like Williston, Keene, Stanley, and Watford City looked more like ghost towns every day.

"They were dying," says Rob Port, an influential political blogger in Minot. "The oil went away. There's not a lot of other employers. So a lot of the people went on disability or they had to move. It was very much dying."

They may have been dying, but locals say the small-town ethos survived in these communities. For decades after America's major cities were ravaged by crime, and even suburbanites learned to lock their front doors every night, a simpler way of life endured in western North Dakota. Neighbors watched out for each other and held each other accountable. "We're accustomed to knowing everybody," Dave Hynek says. "You've probably known not only their children, but you've known their parents and some instances their grandparents."

Brent Sanford, the 41-year-old mayor of Watford City, is a fourth-generation North Dakotan descended from Norwegian homesteaders. After witnessing the post-oil-boom recession of his high school and college years, Sanford left home, working as a CPA and living in Fargo, Phoenix, and eventually Denver. But his home in Watford City was always on his mind.

"I didn't like doing business in Denver, where a handshake meant nothing and it was like, there's no trust," Sanford says as we sit in the family car dealership he now owns. "It was like, 'Here's the keys for this car and here's the title. Give me that cashier's check.' And, you know, boom, gone. You never see each other again. No trust at all. In a small town, there's trust there. And mainly it's out of the peer pressure that the person you're dealing with across the table might be related to you or might be your wife's best friend or your grandma's best friend. It's going to get directly back to them in two seconds, on either side of the table, if you've got a bad attitude or you're crooked."

'My daughter's a sixth-grader. There were five kids born that year, the year she was born. There's 80 kids in her class now. Five kids in a generation? That's no way to continue your community.'

In 2004, Sanford and his young family moved back to Watford City, and he immediately knew he was home. "When I moved from Denver to Watford, I walked down the street the first day, and I talked to more people than I had in three years in Denver. 'Hey, how's it going?' 'Brent, welcome home.' All the way down the street," he says.

Coming home years before the oil boom, Sanford was an anomaly. Most in his generation stayed in Fargo or Phoenix or Denver, working good jobs, raising their families, and not thinking twice about moving back to western North Dakota. Beyond the romantic notions of small-town life and refuge from the hustle and bustle of the big city, there was nothing *there* to come home to—no jobs, no industry, no future. The population of Watford peaked at just over 2,100 in 1980, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. In 1990, it had fallen to fewer than 1,800 people and by 2000, fewer than 1,500.

By 2010, as the oil boom began to spread to the smaller towns like Watford, nearly as many people were living there as had been 20 years before. And today Watford City is bigger than it's ever been, close to 2,500 people. Sanford says a lot of thirtysomethings originally from the area are moving back as he did, but plenty of new faces are coming, too, looking for a place to live in the middle of the oil patch. That's created some tangible problems, like a housing shortage. New apartment complexes and single-family homes are starting to be built around town, but supply is far behind demand. Sanford says rents can reach $3,500 a month—prices more like those in a big city than in rural North Dakota. Locals rent out rooms in their houses to newcomers. "There's not enough motels," he says. "So every available bedroom becomes a motel room. Everything's a hundred bucks a night."

Traffic and crime have spiked, too. Decades-old roads and infrastructure were built for a population half the size of today's. No one anticipated the fleets of trucks that now pass through town on a regular basis. And earlier in the week, Sanford tells me, a drunk set himself on fire outside a bar on Main Street. Drugs and prostitution, unheard of in a small town where everyone knows your business, are small but noticeable problems now. Watford City had four policemen when Sanford was first elected mayor in 2010. Now it has 10, and Sanford says they probably need 15. Many of the new cops in small Bakken towns are rookies from cities in Minnesota where budget crunches have cut police departments.

Well-drilling in the Bakken will continue for a few more years, but the important jobs of oil production, refinement,

and distribution could remain in North Dakota for the long haul—maybe even the next 40 or 50 years. The industry will need a workforce of permanent employees. Sanford says that Watford City's goal is to be a place for families to settle down. He's optimistic that the new North Dakotans of the oil boom can revive and maintain the old spirit of Watford City—or at least give it a future it hadn't had.

"My daughter's a sixth-grader. There were five kids born that year, the year she was born. There's 80 kids in her class now. Five kids in a generation? That's no way to continue your community," Sanford says. "So no matter what we think, this is better than that."

Small-town America may have limped along during western North Dakota's long, uneventful decline, but can it survive a boom? That's on my mind as I drive across the state. There are times when the landscape looks like a Remington painting, the faded green and yellow hills rising softly above the flat prairie, a farmhouse planted proudly on the horizon. These are the scenes of Dave Hynek's and even Brent Sanford's childhoods.

But around a bend in the road, I'm looking at the new frontier. There, in the center of a field, is an active oil well, the pump jack swinging up and down in a steady, hypnotic rhythm. Next to the oil tanks, natural gas burns off in a brilliant flare you can see from a mile away. The farmer who owns the surrounding field is plowing right up to the oil company's fence, his tractor circling the well with grudging deference. The farmer may have title to the land, but these days, the oil company controls the riches below.

"I don't think it gets much better than this," says Fred Evans, wearing a wide-brimmed cowboy hat and an infectious grin. "There's action going on!"

Evans is the oil boom's most enthusiastic local booster, and he's been interviewed by almost every major news outlet about the benefits of oil and fracking. The owner of the TTT Ranch in Mountrail County, Fred and his wife Joyce became millionaires overnight when the oil companies moved into town. That's not just because Evans's ranch sits atop plenty of oil-rich reservoirs, which it does; he's also taken advantage of North Dakota property law.

A Halliburton facility for workers in Tioga

Next stop after the man camp: homes under construction in Williston

Home away from home: Minnesotans enticed to Williston by plentiful jobs

TOP AND CENTER, DANIEL ACKER / BLOOMBERG / GETTY IMAGES; BOTTOM, NEWSCOM

As the *New York Times* reported in its 2011 profile of Evans, the 75-year-old rancher spent years buying up the mineral rights of his neighbors. Property owners in the United States typically obtain not just the right to build, farm, and live on the surface of their property, but also title to the natural resources underneath. North Dakota is among the states where these mineral rights are severable from the surface rights. Selling your mineral rights is a bet against there ever being any resource of value, like gold, coal, or oil, under your land. In hard times in the past, a farmer might have sold his mineral rights to his neighbor for some much-needed funds. Evans, his faith in the eventual recovery of the Bakken's oil fortune never wavering, spent years purchasing or leasing these mineral rights from his neighbors. When oil fever arrived in Mountrail County five years ago, Evans was able to lease all those mineral rights he had accumulated to the exploration companies and reap the royalties. For those with Evans's foresight, it's been a bonanza. But for those who made the wrong bet and sold their rights?

"Those are the people that I feel sorry for," says Dave Hynek, shaking his head. "I really do. They have virtually no say in the matter. Minerals take precedence over surface, and that's the law. In most instances, the mineral owner and the oil exploration company try to do a reasonable job of compensating those surface owners, but in some instances it just simply doesn't work. There can be enormous hard feelings created [over] that."

This facet of the boom has transformed the formerly egalitarian social structure of the agrarian society. As I'm waiting to pay for my sandwich at the Subway in Stanley, I see Fred Evans open his wallet to pay for his. While the cashier is counting out the change, Evans pulls a pair of tens out of his wallet and unceremoniously drops them in the plastic tip cup that's otherwise filled with ones and coins.

It takes a while to get back on the highway, with one big rig after another zooming down the tired asphalt, their tanks filled with oil, rushing eastward to distribution centers in Minot, Bismarck, Grand Forks, or Fargo. Meanwhile, I'm headed west, toward Williston, the alpha boomtown and the heart of the Bakken. The signs of development begin miles outside of Williston city limits, chiefly in the form of brand-new, full-service truck stops. Ten miles from the city center there's an extended-stay hotel that offers rooms with full kitchens for $599 a week. That's high, but so are the salaries. At the new, massive Walmart down the street, there's a help wanted sign offering entry-level jobs with starting wages at $17.50 an hour. Restaurants, bars, hotels, gas stations, retail shops all line the main drag into town, each with its own "Help Wanted" sign. There's work here, if you can find a place to live.

It's not unheard of for men to sleep in their cars in a lot behind a truck stop, using the facilities to steal a shower when they can. There are also the infamous "man camps," some of which are exactly what they sound like, tent cities on the outskirts of town. They house temporary workers, roughnecks who took the tough jobs on the drilling rigs and need a place to park their carcasses at the end of the day. But as demand for temporary housing rose and locals became weary of the unsightly settlements, the man-camp professionals came in. Companies like Target Logistics manage collections of modular homes for oil workers and other temporary laborers, complete with full board, on-site laundry and canteens, and 24-hour security. In North Dakota, these man camps can house anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand workers. When the temporary jobs dry up, the companies pack up the supplies, put wheels under the trailers, and move on to the next boomtown.

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On the northern rim of Williston is the next phase in the development of a boomtown in transition. Turning off Dakota Parkway onto 26th Street, the older apartments and trailer parks thin out to reveal Williston's second boom: housing. Specifically, single-family homes. Thousands of lots have been cleared. New subdivisions have been partitioned, streets and sidewalks paved. The suburbs have come to the Bakken. Plenty of the new houses are already occupied, and it even looks like some of the major energy companies have purchased homes for their workers. My eye catches a completed neighborhood of charming (if seemingly out of place) pastel-painted two-story houses. Parked outside each and every one is a white pick-up truck with red letters on the door: "Halliburton."

I meet a subcontractor in Williston named Bobby Solarz, a 30-year-old Minnesotan. He's the only gringo working on an all-Mexican crew, installing cabinetry in a couple of housing developments. He takes me into a house he's been working on. A ranch-style with three bedrooms

and a basement, the home is cozy and would be a welcome change for an oil rig worker stuck in a man camp and looking to move his family up from Louisiana. Solarz doesn't know how much this house is selling for, or even if it's already been purchased, but homes like these are going for more than $300,000. That may sound like more than they're worth, but it's closer to affordability than most have seen in four years in Williston. As in Watford City, the housing supply is coming, slowly.

Solarz, meanwhile, lives with his crew in a mobile home less than a mile from the neighborhood where he's been working. It's an unofficial man camp. "I walk to and from work every day," he says. "It's not that bad." His rent's cheap, but he sleeps on the closet floor of a bedroom housing four others. The Mexican food his crewmates cook up every night is a big plus, he says, but he likes to get out to a couple of the good bars and restaurants when he can.

Some nights, Solarz ends up in one of the city's two strip clubs, Whispers or its next-door neighbor, Heartbreakers, with the rest of Williston's unattached males. There's a sign on the door of Heartbreakers that says the club is closed temporarily for "repairs." The real story, I'm told, is that there was a shooting in the club a few weeks back. That's why the bouncer at Whispers frisks every guy who enters.

Five years in, Williston is desperately trying to move on from the Wild West period of boom, away from the strip clubs and seedy bars that men without wives and families and real homes frequent—and where they frequently get in trouble. That's the philosophy behind the plan for the Williston Area Recreation Center, a multimillion-dollar facility near the state college. The rec center, opening up next year, promises an indoor water park, tennis courts, basketball courts, batting cages, meeting rooms, two pools, a fitness center, and much more. It's the kind of building project a growing, prosperous city undertakes, and it's the kind that might sell a city in the middle of nowhere to a reluctant wife or girlfriend.

One afternoon, I drive downtown, past the rec center and new hotels and restaurants into old Williston, a city that came of age in the 1950s, during the first oil boom. All along Main Street sit relics of Williston's past. There's the postwar modernist First Lutheran Church, with its tan bricks and freestanding bell tower. Farther down the road is a two-screen movie theater and another tan brick building, an Eisenhower-era J.C. Penney still with its original block-letter signage.

At the southern end of Main Street, near the train station, is a tiny city park. In the middle of the park is a restored locomotive of the class that once pulled cars through Williston along the Great Northern Railway. It's a reminder of how the rail industry tamed the frontier and helped build cities like Williston at the turn of the 20th century. Two young men who work for the city are watering the freshly planted flowers that surround the park's tidy courtyard. If the locomotive is a symbol of Williston's past, the immaculately landscaped park is a sign,

Ranch owners: up through the ground came a bubblin' crude.

Best-paid fast food workers in America?

like the rec center across town, of its promising future.

Suddenly, I spot something in the engine's shadow. It's two men, wearing oil-stained blue coveralls, passed out side by side on the manicured lawn. Whispers is only a block or so away. There's a half-empty soda bottle between them. Not even the loud horn of a passing freight train rouses them. ♦

TOP, JAMES MACPHERSON / AP / CORBIS; BELOW, MATTHEW STAVER / BLOOMBERG / GETTY IMAGES

God in the Details

Explaining the connection between family and religion. **BY JONATHAN V. LAST**

"Time was when the whole of life went forward in the family," the historian Peter Laslett once wrote, "in a circle of loved, familiar faces. . . . That time has gone forever. It makes us very different from our ancestors." Laslett was writing in 1965, as he lamented the decline of the family over the course of England's industrial age. But even then, after a century and a half of upheaval, families in Great Britain and the rest of the West were relatively large, divorce was rare, and illegitimacy was frowned upon.

How the West Really Lost God
A New Theory of Secularization
by Mary Eberstadt
Templeton, 268 pp., $24.95

Today, barely two generations later, even Laslett's fallen world looks impossibly Edenic: In most Western nations, cohabitation vies with marriage as the primary mode of household formation. Those marriages which are consecrated end in divorce roughly half of the time. Out-of-wedlock births are nearly the norm. But total births are relatively infrequent: No Western country produces enough children even to sustain its population at a constant level, let alone grow. Many Western countries are experiencing population decline as a result of their crashing fertility rates.

Over the last few decades, a great deal of social science has attempted to understand the collapse of the family. Most researchers agree that one of the large-bore causes has been the decline of religion: As Western peoples became increasingly secularized, they abandoned organized Christianity. Without religious precepts in favor of procreation, or against contraception or living

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SUPERSTOCK / GETTY IMAGES

in sin, they abandoned family life. This theory is so widely accepted as to be something like received wisdom. And in *How the West Really Lost God*, Mary Eberstadt turns it on its head.

A fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center (and a contributor to The Weekly Standard), Eberstadt has inverted the formulation to ask an intriguing question: What if the causality runs both ways? What if the decline of the family in the West is also part of what caused the decline of Christianity? Eberstadt begins by first reconsidering the entire theory of Western secularization. And what she finds might surprise you.

In its popular conception, the Nietzschean theory of secularization goes something like this: As the Enlightenment dawned, small groups of Western elites no longer needed the balm of religion and began to put down God's yoke and step into the freedom of the modern, scientific world. Over time, their enlightened example trickled down the socioeconomic scale until everyone in the West, save the bitter clingers, was shorn of the God delusion.

Only, that's not quite what the evidence shows. For one thing, across the West, religious adherence *increases* with education and income, and it has done so since the 18th century. For another, religious practice has both waned *and* waxed since the Enlightenment. Interestingly enough, one of the immediate surges in Western Christianity came in the first half of the 19th century, just after Voltaire gave up the ghost. And these moments of religious increase are found, in different times, across the whole of Europe and the United States.

What modern secularization theory really hangs its hat on is the year 1960, which is the moment when religious practice throughout the West swung against Christianity, as if on a hinge. And it has not (yet) swung back.

Focusing on 1960, Eberstadt proposes that Christianity's waning might well be tied to the other key development of the day—the collapse of fertility rates across the West. There is not a small amount of statistical evidence to support her thesis. For instance, sociologist W. Bradford Wilcox's research suggests that a third of the drop in American religiosity in recent years is directly related to there being fewer married adults with children. The work of Steven Nock demonstrates that marriage and childbearing directly affect male church attendance: Every child a married man has increases his annual church attendance by 2.5 Sundays. Other research suggests that cohabitation has

Mary Eberstadt

the opposite effect, by causing men to decrease their time in church.

Pulling up to a higher, more abstract level, Eberstadt's theory that there is a "Family Factor" driving religiosity becomes even more persuasive. Countries seem to always see their fertility and religiosity rates fall together. France, for instance, experienced these declines relatively early, while Ireland saw them later. So the two phenomena are always closely paired. And not just on a country-by-country basis, either. Across both Europe and America, we see intra-country differences in both fertility and religiosity varying by population density. In cities and urban settings, fertility rates are lower, marriage comes later, and people attend church more sparsely than in the suburbs and rural areas. This correlation is highly suggestive.

As Eberstadt notes,

> [I]t is at least possible that people did not stop believing in God just because they moved to cities. The missing piece would appear to be that moving to cities made them less likely to have and live in strong natural families—and that intermediate, unseen step may have been what really started them down the road toward losing their religion, at least some of the time.

But perhaps the strongest support for Eberstadt's Family Factor is the baby boom. Most people know that, in the two decades following World War II, birth rates across the West shot up and remained elevated for an entire generation. What fewer people know is that the baby boom was powered, in part, by a sharp increase in marriage rates, too. But what very few people realize is that the baby boom also witnessed a marked increase in religiosity across the West, with church membership and attendance both spiking for a generation.

Sociologists have long been flummoxed by the baby boom; there is no fully satisfying explanation for why it happened. Eberstadt suggests that we can't understand it apart from the religious revival which accompanied it. Because, just as religion fosters family life, family life is a conduit to religion. The two form what Eberstadt evocatively proposes is a "double-helix," supporting and influencing one another.

How the West Really Lost God doesn't provide conclusive proof of the existence of a Family Factor; Eberstadt isn't toiling in the minutiae of econometric regression analyses. What she's done is construct a fascinating work of forensic demography which manages to take the telescope through which we've long studied the relationship between family formation and religiosity and flip it entirely around to let us peer through the other side.

What she shows us is compelling. With luck, researchers in the academic world will follow her lead and take a new look at the phenomenon of demographic decline, too. ♦

B&A

Our Stories Begin

The forgotten growing pains of American fiction.

BY ANTHONY PALETTA

For all of the just wars that have been fought over the cultural canon, one genuine benefit of the (still somewhat undulating) critical consensus is that it's a pretty genuine aid for determining what you really needn't bother reading right away. Or, as a professor once said while wielding Samuel Richardson's 1,534-page doorstop *Clarissa*, "I've read it. You don't have to." So it is with most longitudinal surveys of literature. Which isn't to say that the original material isn't worth hearing about: *Clarissa* would still appear late on my when-eventually-marooned reading list, but the *Clarissa* lecture was excellent.

Truth's Ragged Edge offers exactly such a fascinating survey of the nascence of the American novel, in an account of a literary era that has been done a unique injustice by the traditional best-of approach. Most of the obscure works profiled (that I've read) surely aren't worth your time, but there's plenty of middle ground between prim epistolary novels and early American classics worth learning about and, in some cases, plunging into. Hawthorne and Melville didn't simply germinate out of imported English soil; the American background out of which they sprang is a rich one.

Early American novels, like their counterparts across the Atlantic, were largely morality tales of individual virtue triumphant over, or quashed by, malicious circumstance—although peppered with distinctive American circumstances. Susanna Rowson's *Charlotte Temple* (1791), one of the earliest of American novels, offered a rote message against capitulation to feeling. Not long after, we dig into some more substantive American-ness. Hannah Webster Foster's *The Coquette* (1798) drew inspiration from the story of a prominent woman's death shortly after a stillbirth: Accusations soon emerged that the father, her second cousin, was none other than Jonathan Edwards's youngest son. Foster's heroine, however, is independent-minded. She doesn't wish to marry and is repeatedly duped by the men around her. Her misfortune is less a straightforward result of waywardness than of an unenviable shortage of opportunity. The heroine argues that her behavior is not "coquettish" and "deserves a softer appellation," springing, as it has, from "an innocent heart."

Charles Brockden Brown, who fashioned one of the first American literary careers, probably offered the first iteration of the American Gothic, in a surreal melding of emotive spirituality and hallucination-inspired murders, complete with a dose of ventriloquism. James Fenimore Cooper naturally crops up, and with good reason—although his moment in the sun may have peaked with his inclusion in D.H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature* in 1923. More colorful contemporaries remain unknown: There's John Neal, whose *Logan: A Family History* (1822) is in fact a family history about a white man wed to a Native-American woman and living with her tribe, thus addressing directly topics that Cooper only elided.

As Gura describes it:

> For Neal, however, interracial relationships could be the very basis of a novel's plot. After settlers kill his wife and family, Logan runs amok against whites. The handsome raven-haired Harold, who lives among the Native Americans and thinks he is one, is actually the sole surviving child of the Logan family massacre. In an act that borders on rape, Harold impregnates Elvira, the colonial governor's wife, while she is half-asleep. The reader subsequently learns that she has long been infatuated with Logan [the father] and views the striking, dark Harold as a comely surrogate. Learning of this strange nighttime tryst, the governor banishes Harold to the wilderness, where he meets his father, Logan, and discovers his true heritage.

Neal's other work remains reliably bizarre. In *Errata; or, The Works of Will Adams* (1823), the protagonist, facing the bared breast of a Quaker girl, kisses it, falls into a faint, and awakens "three months later in an insane asylum, in a room next to Caroline's, his story told in the voice of Hammond the Dwarf." Edgar Allan Poe noted of Neal, "I should be inclined to rank John Neal first, or at all events second among our men of indisputable *genius*."

William Gillmore Simms of Charles-

Truth's Ragged Edge
The Rise of the American Novel
by Philip F. Gura
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 352 pp., $30

EVERETT COLLECTION

N.C. Wyeth illustration from 'The Last of the Mohicans'

Anthony Paletta is a writer in Brooklyn.

ton journeyed in a similar vein with his *Martin Faber: A Story of a Criminal* (1833), a first-person narrative of perverse impulse as the title character murders the woman he has seduced and impregnated, and awaits his eventual journey to the gallows.

Not all early American literature was pioneering grotesquery, of course; politics were frequently near to the sphere of fictional concern. Simms soon took up historical romances glorifying the Southern cause. Susan Rowson's work had echoed Federalist fears about Jeffersonian tumult. James Fenimore Cooper's work expressed an increasing horror at the Jacksonian rabble's corruption of American ideals: His *The Crater; or Vulcan's Peak* (1847) is an anti-egalitarian parable about an island settlement inspired by New York's anti-rent wars.

Early American literary publishing arose hand-in-hand with political affiliations, as the Whig journal *Knickerbocker* published Washington Irving, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Cooper; and the Democratic *Democratic Review* and *Arcturus* ran works by Catherine Sedgwick, Walt Whitman, and Henry David Thoreau, in an era when artists identified with different parties. The *Knickerbocker* was staunchly Anglophile, publishing works by Sir Walter Scott and William Wordsworth; the *Democratic Review* embraced German and French literature, publishing Honoré de Balzac and George Sand.

Such outlets also publicized uniquely urban, emerging literature. Cornelius Matthews, an *Arcturus* contributor, wrote a number of early novels about New York urban corruption: The euphoniously titled *The Career of Puffer Hopkins* (1842), according to Gura, was the "first American novel to examine the local ward politicians of New York as they oiled their patronage machine, the dupes who worked for them, and a whole American system, from the city slums to the highest reaches of the government, that reeked of corruption and was poisoning American democracy." George Lippard, a Philadelphia crime reporter, left journalism to write *The Quaker City; or, The Monks of Monk Hall: A Romance of Philadelphia Life, Mystery, and Crime* (1844), a novel in which the city's social elite gather in Monk Hall for "seduction, rape, incest, cannibalism, murder, counterfeiting, robbery, drunkenness, [and] opium use."

More prosaic, if still real, dangers cropped up in an evolving breed of factory-girl novels by a wide range of (frequently female) authors. Some offered straightforward messages of

Christian duty; others featured developing notions of female independence and individual spirituality. Martha W. Tyler's *A Book Without a Title: or, Thrilling Events in the Life of Mira Dana* (1855) offered the first novelistic portrait of a labor strike. Mary Gove Nichols's *Mary Lyndon; or, Revelations of a Life: An Autobiography* (1855) offered a portrait of a Fourierian experiment sunnier than Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance* (1852), complete with "vegetarianism, water cure, and calisthenics." Sara Payson Willis Parton channeled her own successful literary career into her most notable work, *Ruth Hall* (1855), in which, after a succession of misfortunes, a woman forges a writing career in 1850s New York:

> In a dark narrow street, in one of those heterogeneous boarding-houses abounding in the city, where clerks, market-boys, apprentices, and sewing girls, bolt their meals with railroad velocity; where the maid-of-all-work, with red arms, frowzy head, and leathern lungs, screams in the entry for any boarder who happens to be inquired for at the door; where one plate suffices for fish, flesh, fowl, and desserts; where soiled table-cloths, sticky crockery, oily cookery, and bad grammar, predominate; where greasy cards are shuffled, and bad cigars smoked of an evening.

Hawthorne noted of Parton, "This woman writes as if the devil was in her; and that is the only condition under which a woman writes anything worth reading." He asked his publisher to "let her know how much I admire her book."

Hawthorne, of course, is here, too, as is Herman Melville, with particular attention to Melville's neglected *Pierre; or, The Ambiguities* (1852) and *The Confidence Man: His Masquerade* (1857). And yet, you've probably heard of them. Not so, I imagine, William Wells Brown's *Clotel; or, The President's Daughter: A Narrative of Slave Life in the United States* (1853), the first novel by an African American. (The topic? Thomas Jefferson's illegitimate children.) Or *The Garies and Their Friends* (1857), a novel written by a free black author, Frank J. Webb, and published in Great Britain, featuring a mixed-race couple who move to Philadelphia and face rejection from both blacks and whites—and get caught up in a neighbor's scheme to incite riots in black neighborhoods to drive down property prices.

Truth's Ragged Edge is more than a collection of colorful plot synopses—although it would be worth reading even if it were only that. It's a nimble synthesis of a vital period in literary history, tracing our homegrown novel's evolution from morality tale to self-aware interiority, traversing and incorporating the countless currents of regionalism, faith, urbanization, and exploration that swept across the nation's early decades. You won't want to read all of these books, but you'll be glad that Gura did. ♦

B&A

Not-So-Sunny Italy

The slow, but steady, revelations of the Fascist era.

BY MICHAEL LEDEEN

Perhaps the most terrible thing about fascism was its enormous popularity. The German and Italian people—the same who had given the Western world many of its most notable cultural achievements—not only endured fascist tyranny; most of them were active and enthusiastic participants.

After World War II, Germany was an occupied country, and the archives of the Third Reich were in Allied hands. Nazi leaders were prosecuted, incarcerated, and executed, and the archives of Hitler's state were largely available for scholars to analyze. Not so in Italy, where Mussolini had been overthrown by Italians; the Italian Army had ultimately fought alongside the Allies against Hitler's forces, and the documents of the regime were contained in the national archives, which were highly restricted for many years. Accordingly, German enthusiasm for Hitler was a lot easier to prove than was Italian enthusiasm for Mussolini.

To be sure, there was plenty of circumstantial evidence—for one, those big crowds under *il Duce*'s balcony in Rome—and for most of the 20 years of the Italian Fascist era, there was precious little reason to believe there existed any substantial opposition to the regime. By the 1970s, the first serious biographer of Mussolini—my late friend Renzo De Felice—could talk about a national consensus in support of fascism starting in the late 1920s. But it is only in recent years that a full picture has begun to emerge of Italian society under Fascist rule, and

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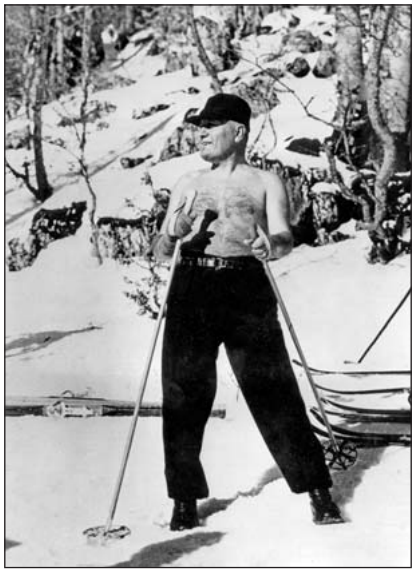
Fascist Voices
An Intimate History of Mussolini's Italy
by Christopher Duggan
Oxford, 528 pp., $34.95



Mussolini on the slopes, 1937

Christopher Duggan's work is enormously helpful. He has read thousands of letters to Mussolini, mostly written by average Italians, and he has studied scores of diaries as well. While Duggan is admirably honest about the motives for the letters, and unusually modest about the significance of his research, his work is compelling and convincing.

Without doubt, the "intimate history" shows widespread enthusiasm for fascism and for its leader, in good times and bad. Duggan eliminates many myths, and while there is plenty of work still to be done, this book is indispensable for anyone interested in the popular history of the period. Indeed, it's more than that: *Fascist Voices* is not just a thoughtful guide to 20 years of Italian history; it's a serious investigation into the dynamics of totalitarian regimes. Consider, for example, the relationship between the manifest failure of a totalitarian regime and popular opposition to it. In the Italian case, the conventional wisdom is that the people began to turn against fascism when things got tough in the second half of the 1930s, and that they did so even more when Mussolini joined the Axis. But, as Duggan tells us:

> [A]s far as the cult of the Duce is concerned, there was no simple link between disappointment and the withdrawal of support or trust. Indeed, the more people suffered the more they often seem to have looked towards Mussolini for hope. It was probably only in the course of the second half of 1942 . . . that the talismanic appeal of Mussolini began seriously to wane, at least on the home front.

Charismatic leaders are not immediately blamed for the failures of their regimes: "If Stalin only knew" was a commonplace during the worst years of the Soviet era. The ruling party is blamed—whether Communist or Fascist—as are underlings, but the supreme leader is long given a pass. *Fascist Voices* is therefore not just an intimate history, but also a history of intimacy. Over and over, Duggan finds ordinary Italians extending a warm embrace to a Mussolini they envisage as "one of them." He was, after all, the son of a blacksmith and a schoolteacher, and, although his bravery in the war was widely praised as a model of what the "new Fascist man" was supposed to be, he was widely held to be first among equals, not something unique.

He was decidedly not a Superman, except in the fantasies (and, not infrequently, the beds) of women who yearned to experience his near-legendary sexual capacities. This, too, is a common element in the charisma of the 20th-century tyrant: He is a sex symbol as well as a political power, and feelings of intimacy toward him are an important facet of daily life.

The dictator is also omnipresent, both in public spaces and in citizens' homes. The Italian secret police actively

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snooped on the intimate details of the lives of actual (and potential) opponents and Fascist party members alike. They were not as intrusive as the East German Stasi (brilliantly portrayed in the 2006 film *The Lives of Others*), but they worked avidly, with similar results. Conversations were taped, meetings observed, relations between parents and children described in detail in formal reports. And still the myth of Mussolini endured until it was obvious that Italy was going to lose the war.

For the most part, Italians didn't want their behavior examined too carefully, preferring to act as if they had either opposed the regime or clenched their teeth and endured it. Duggan regrets that there was no Italian purge of the sort imposed on German society, and does his best to identify leading groups—from the Catholic church to the centrist and right-wing political parties to the forces of public order—who should have had their activities exposed, if not punished. At least, he says, the real history of fascism should have been written and the real culprits held to account.

Fair enough. But Duggan downplays one of the ugliest reasons for the failure to see Fascist history plain, and it involves the other totalitarian force in 20th-century Italy, the Italian Communist party. He touches briefly on this story, which has slowly come into view over the course of the past decade.

The Communists had at least two reasons to participate in the whitewash of Fascist activities. The first was their portrayal of fascism as a reactionary response to those advocating socialist revolution after World War I. To expose mass popular enthusiasm for Mussolini was tantamount to undermining that theory. Second, the Communist party actively recruited Fascist officials and intellectuals, and, in exchange for their support, offered a convenient rewriting of history. The former Fascists' activities would be expunged, and they would be presented as anti-Fascist fighters. Duggan writes: "In order to avoid accusations of 'turncoat,' converts often rebuilt their pasts."

The falsification of Fascist history—the "rebuilding" of personal reputations—could not have been managed successfully by the new comrades alone. It required vast complicity from scholars, journalists, broadcasters, and the political class. The Communist party was able to deliver, thanks to its domination of Italian culture. Thus, an entire generation escaped accountability, and two generations of postwar Italians were systematically misled, both about the nature of fascism (especially its great popular appeal) and about many leading personalities in public life.

The most dramatic example has to do with anti-Semitism. The campaign against the Jews of Fascist Italy was considerably nastier than most early accounts let on, and when, in 2005, a book was published (*The Redeemed*) about the conversion of Fascist anti-Semites to leftist respectability, the reaction was intense. Many leftists savaged the book, even though the documentation was impeccable. (The affair was well described and analyzed by Giorgio Israel, a leading Jewish mathematician who has written extensively about Italian racism, especially in the scientific community.)

The most obvious explanation for this attitude is that "those who were redeemed" were among the front ranks of those on the left who had been transported from the right—and this is the theme of *Fascist Voices*. But not even this explanation is fully adequate, unless it is further recognized that the process of crossing over to the left—by people who had been compromised by their adherence to racist policies—had been, in effect, a mass phenomenon.

This year marks the 70th anniversary of the overthrow of Mussolini's regime, and we are still quite far from having a full picture of Italian fascism. Christopher Duggan has made a major contribution to our understanding, but there is still a great deal of work to be done. ♦

B&A

The Lonely Skybox

Chicago is bereft of celebrity fans.

BY JOSEPH EPSTEIN

I was watching the Chicago Blackhawks play the Los Angeles Kings in the western Stanley Cup final round when, in the second period, the television camera panned to Tom Cruise, sitting alone in a rink-side seat. "Tom Cruise is a big Kings fan," the announcer said.

Celebrities at sporting events is by now a tradition of fairly long standing. Johnny Carson used to turn up in the stands at Wimbledon. Jack Nicholson has been in a front-row seat at Lakers basketball games for as long as I can remember. Dyan Cannon is another regular at Lakers games. Spike Lee and Woody Allen seem to attend most Knicks games, Lee usually in Knicks hats and shirts. Billy Crystal, I note, is often in the stands at the L.A. Clippers' games. I recently saw Justin Bieber—why does a man at my stage of life even have to know that name?—sitting, bedizened in golden necklace, bracelet, three-pound wristwatch, and baseball cap worn deliberately askew, at a Miami Heat game.

Chicago, the city of my birth, upbringing, and planned burial, has no such celebrities attending any of its sports games regularly. The reason is that Chicago has no thunderingly big-name show-biz celebrities living in the city. Just now, with the city's exorbitant murder rate and busted

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public-school system, this is a less-than-serious problem. Apparently, though, the Chicago Bulls public relations team have felt the want of having a celebrity of some kind, any kind, in the stands for its home games. Or so I concluded when, nearly a decade ago, Gene Siskel, then part of the television movie-reviewing team of Siskel and Ebert, invited me to attend a Chicago Bulls game with him.

As celebrities go, Gene Siskel was small beer, but he was on television regularly, and the only road to serious celebrity in our day, apart from a successful movie career or a scandalous political one, is to be on television with some frequency. The columnist George Will one night took me to a Chicago Cubs game. We watched the game from a skybox, which we shared with the managing partner of the Atlanta Braves and his daughter. After the game was over, and we made our way out of Wrigley Field, every 10 or 20 yards someone would call out, "Hey, it's George Will!" "Yo, George, loved the column about Bush." "Keep it up, George, stick it to 'em, baby."

I asked George if this was due to television. He replied that he liked to think it had something to do with his column and books; but my guess is that, for the most part, fame of this kind had come about because he was a regular on a Sunday morning television show, *This Week with George Stephanopoulos*.

As for Gene Siskel, I had never met him, and I rarely read him. I did, a time or two, watch *Siskel & Ebert & the Movies* on our local PBS station, though without the exhilaration brought on by eureka-like enlightenment. Our connection was through a friend named Maury Rosenfield, who did know Siskel and had gotten into a discussion with him about Robert Redford's 1994 movie *Quiz Show*. Maury had mentioned that I thought there were anti-Semitic touches in the movie—chiefly in John Turturro's part as Herbie Stempel, the crude Jewish character whom Ralph Fiennes's Charles Van Doren defeats and replaces as the main attraction on the television quiz show *Twenty One*. Siskel claimed that he had a powerful radar when it came to spotting anti-Semitism in the movies, and he saw none in Redford's movie. He was sufficiently worked up about this to ask Maury Rosenfield for my phone number so that he could argue the point with me directly.

When Siskel called, we had a polite disagreement on the subject, with no winner emerging. Toward the end of our conversation, Siskel asked me if I were a sports fan. When I said that I was, he told me he had excellent tickets to the Chicago Bulls games, and if I were interested, he would like to take me to a game.

Justin Bieber enjoys a Miami Heat game, June 3, 2013.

"Sure," I said, "that would great."

The night I met Siskel in front of his impressive apartment building across from Lincoln Park, he told me that we would be joined for the game by the journalist Alex Kotlowitz and a man named Jeff Jacobs, who was Oprah Winfrey's business manager. We were to meet both of them at Harpo Studios, Oprah's headquarters in the West Loop.

We weren't in Siskel's car 10 minutes when he told me how lucky he was to have his job, and all the money that television syndication brought in. His first connection with the movies came through the novelist John Hersey, who was his housemaster at Yale and who lined him up with a job at the *Chicago Tribune*. At the *Trib*, he was asked what he wanted to do, and he said he wanted to write about movies. This was before movies became the great subject of the college-educated middle class and movie critics became mini-stars, their opinions on everyone's tongue. (Soon enough, the passionate interest in movies waned, to be followed and eclipsed by discussions about restaurants.)

Siskel's good luck, he told me, had made him wary. Both his parents had died in their early 50s, and he would soon be turning 50 himself. He had young children. He feared the imminence of his own death. And die he did, five years later, of a brain tumor, at 53.

"I've got great seats," he said. He told me that the Chicago Bulls management wanted him to have front-row seats for their games. He had to pay for the tickets, though, and at $125 a seat, with four tickets for every home game, the tab for the season was $20,500—not an easy check to write, he allowed. He was, however, able to sell off many of the tickets to well-to-do friends.

At Harpo, we were met by Kotlowitz, Jacobs, and Oprah. Without makeup, Oprah Winfrey looked as any 40-ish black woman at the end of a hard day at the office might look. Instead of catching a bus for an apartment in South Shore, however, she would be stepping into a limo headed for a swank Michigan Avenue duplex. She joked cordially about our boys' night out, and about basketball itself being, she guessed, "a guy thing."

We drove up Madison Avenue to the United Center arena. Siskel's seats were in the front row, across the floor from the players' benches. Waitresses took our drink orders. This was the 1993-94 season, a dreary time for the Bulls, the year that Michael Jordan retired from basketball in the hope

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of starting a baseball career. That night the Bulls were playing a characterless New Jersey Nets team, to which they lost by 18 points. Was I on television, photographed along with Chicago's not-very-impressive celebrity, a middlebrow if nationally recognized movie critic? I have no notion, and a little less interest.

Afterwards, in the parking lot, Siskel picked up his car phone—cell phones were not yet in regular use—to make a restaurant reservation: "Hello," he said into the phone, "this is Gene Siskel, and I'm calling to reserve a table for 4, roughly 20 minutes from now."

(His opening comment—"This is Gene Siskel"—reminded me of a story about Ira Gershwin and his wife and another couple who, early on a Saturday night, were contemplating dinner at Sardi's. "I don't think we can get a table there on such short notice," Gershwin said, "but let me try," and off he went to make the call. He came back to report that it was no-go, no tables were available. The husband of the other couple said he would like to try his luck at it, and went into the other room to make the call. "Yes," he said, "it's fine. Sardi's, at eight P.M., table for four, center of the room. No trouble whatsoever." How did he manage to do that, everyone wanted to know. "Simple," the man said, "I just told them I was Ira Gershwin.")

At the restaurant, as I paused over an enticing dish of linguini and clam sauce, Gene Siskel said, "Now that I have all of us together, I'd like to talk a little about where black-Jewish relations are heading." I inwardly groaned: In a world where tact did not matter, I would have lifted my dish and glass of wine and moved to another table. Instead, I sat through a conversation that seem to put lead on my fork.

Siskel drove Alex Kotlowitz and Jeff Jacobs back to Harpo, where their cars were parked, and then drove me back to his apartment, where my car was. I thanked him for dinner and for the ticket to the game. We shook hands, and agreed that we hoped to meet again, but never did. On the way home, I decided I preferred seats much higher off the floor. ♦

B&A

The Ivy League Babbitt

The social and political prescience of Harvard's humanist. BY EMILY SCHRADER

In university classrooms, and across campuses nationwide, we hear it repeatedly: Ever-increasing calls for "social justice." But not everyone is on board:

> Social justice, it is well to remind these "forward-looking" professors, means in practice class justice, class justice means class war, and class war, if we are to go by all the experience of the past and present, means hell.

Now *there's* a perspective that most of today's college students will never hear. In fact, you might suspect that this is a quote from some pundit lamenting, say, Occupy Wall Street or the Obama administration. But the statement is from academia itself; and although the literary critic and conservative scholar Irving Babbitt published *Democracy and Leadership* as long ago as 1924, his arguments predicting the decline of American morality and personal responsibility have proven alarmingly accurate.

Irving Babbitt

Babbitt, born in Ohio in 1865, was inspired by one of the fathers of conservative thought, Edmund Burke. He was also motivated by his profound distaste for the Romanticism (what he calls sentimentalism) of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, among others.

All of Babbitt's professional life was spent in the academy—notably at Harvard, where he joined the faculty in 1894 and remained until his death in 1933. But while his credentials as a true academician were impeccable, his ideas were comparatively divisive, and drew scathing responses from critics as diverse as H.L. Mencken and Ernest Hemingway. And yet, despite his many enemies, Babbitt profoundly influenced many of the great thinkers of the last century, including Russell Kirk, Peter Viereck, and Babbitt's own student at Harvard, T.S. Eliot. Eliot wrote a critique of *Democracy and Leadership* in 1928, arguing against Babbitt's idea that people can be ethical without religion.

Babbitt was probably best known in his time for this doctrine, which he called humanism, and which, in the political realm, differs greatly from humanitarianism. The central tenets of Babbitt's humanism are

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judgment and self-control, irrespective of religion. While modern liberals would argue that the exercise of judgment makes one closed-minded, Babbitt demonstrated that establishing standards *is* moderation, and is in fact the foundation of civilized society. He argued that society does not become civilized by accepting all things and instituting overreaching tolerance, but by the individual man recognizing his ability to differentiate right from wrong: "It is well to open one's mind, but only as a preliminary to closing it, only as a preparation in short, for the supreme act of judgment and selection."

This may well be heresy to the modern academic, to whom tolerance is not only a virtue but the highest, and possibly the only necessary, virtue.

Though critical of religion—and quick to point out anti-intellectualism within religion—Babbitt credits Christianity, especially, for motivating man to curb his immoral desires and maintain traditional values. But he also argues that it is possible, through self-discipline and without religious faith, to maintain moral standards and to control man's ignoble desires. According to Babbitt, religion tends to ignore man's expansive desires, while humanism harmonizes them to the best advantage. This is a point on which many (including, especially, Eliot) disagree, although Babbitt himself noted that religious faith is primarily about individual commitment.

Nevertheless, Babbitt always contrasted his humanism with humanitarianism, which aims to serve man without concern for the development of inner character. It is a philosophy, he argued, that has repeatedly proven insufficient for controlling the unethical desire for power because it fails to instill a sense of humility, and seeks to replace traditional morals with pity for our fellow human beings.

And on the subject of humility, Babbitt said this of Rousseau:

> Perhaps no doctrine has ever been more cunningly devised to fill the poor man and the plebian with self-righteous pride, and at the same time inflame him with hatred and suspicion of those who enjoy any social or economic superiority.

Babbitt's criticism of Rousseau was harsh, but pertinent: He said that Rousseau's ideas stemmed from an idyllic imagination prone to moral decline and violence. This, Babbitt believed, would lead to the inability of man to control his immoral desires, thus requiring a higher power. His critique is key here because it demonstrates the need for man to be acknowledged as an *individual* capable (as in capitalism) of making his own decisions. Quoting Burke, he said of society that it "cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without." And, as Babbitt explained, the more that power comes from "without," the more oppressed man is.

Irving Babbitt argues that it is possible, through self-discipline and without religious faith, to maintain moral standards and to control man's ignoble desires. Religion tends to ignore man's expansive desires, while humanism harmonizes them to the best advantage.

Self-discipline as opposed to the benevolence of Big Government? That's a concept that doesn't get much traction in today's classroom. But it's not the only idea from *Democracy and Leadership* that academia neglects. Babbitt also challenged the oversimplified proposition that men should be equal in all ways. This bastardization of the legitimate concept of equality is widely held in collectivist, humanitarian, utilitarian, sometimes even democratic, societies. But it is based on a false premise. Babbitt believed that it was, in fact, moral and moderate to make distinctions—whether based on religion or humanism—since man ought to be judged on his merits: "The democratic convention that everybody should have a chance is excellent provided it mean that everybody is to have a chance to measure up to high standards." Genuine liberty is a product of ethical effort, not a natural gift.

Today's undergraduates hear a great deal about "service" and social justice, and Babbitt had something to say about that as well. Because academia is contemptuous of self-control (or the "inner-self," as he called it), and this leads to a deterioration of morals, academics have developed a concept of progress based in an alternate reality. This reality is formed by pity or emotionalism (see Rousseau, again!), which can give rise to tyranny in the name of "equality." Where education used to be about wisdom and character, it is now about social justice and power. And if you don't believe Babbitt, read just about any commencement speech from this latest season: The emphasis of academia has shifted from the individual to the collective—and *Democracy and Leadership* predicted this, 89 years ago.

Irving Babbitt demonstrated that freedom without self-control or personal responsibility, combined with the failure to acknowledge man as an individual being with unique capacities, is a recipe for destruction and chaos. He drew the line between this toxic combination and the concept of social justice as leading to the decline of moral character. True liberty, he wrote, does not emerge from social justice or the narrowing of gaps between rich and poor, but from hard work and self-control. Which is why *Democracy and Leadership* should be on every freshman reading list. Or, more to the point, should be required reading for every faculty in America. ♦

B&A

‘So Far’ So Good

Everything is not always as it seems—at the moment.

BY JOE QUEENAN

For years, perhaps even decades, waiters and waitresses have been stopping by tables to ask, “Is everything all right over here?” or its variant, “How are you guys doing?”

It is a maddening line of questioning, for if everything was *not* all right—arsenic in the sirloin, creepy-crawlies writhing forth from the Western omelet—wouldn’t the wait staff be the first to know it? As for asking, “How are you guys doing?” doesn’t it stand to reason that if “we guys” weren’t doing so well, everybody in the restaurant would already be aware of this?

Asking these questions, usually in the most perfunctory, blasé fashion, is one of those rote, mechanical, dehumanizing gambits that wait staff have had drummed into them, ostensibly because patrons like it. But patrons don’t like it; they know that they’re being played. It’s like trying to wangle a bigger tip by touching patrons on the arm or bending down to make direct eye contact or fulsomely congratulating patrons on their choice of the cheese scrapple, lightly burnt.

“That’s an excellent choice,” Troy or Trey or Tara or Tanya will say. “My personal favorite, that’s for sure.”

A few years back, waitresses and waiters added a maddening new wrinkle: “Is everything all right *so far*?” they ask. This one has always perplexed me. The very way the inquiry is phrased—“Is everything all right . . . *so far?*”—seems to leave open the possibility that, while things might be going along swimmingly during the initial stages of the meal, there’s no reason whatsoever to sit back and relax. Take it from those in the know: In the rarefied world of dining, things can suddenly, unexpectedly go south in a hurry. And then there will be hell to pay.

I learned this firsthand a few weeks ago while dining at a roadside attraction on the way to Harrisburg. While I was plowing into my short stack of blueberry pancakes, three eggs, biscuits and gravy, heaping portion of home fries, toast, and orange juice, the waitress dutifully stopped by my table and asked, “Is everything all right so far?”

To which I replied, somewhat testily: “Are you suggesting that while things might be all right so far, they might suddenly take a turn for the worse?”

She eyed me intently with that jaundiced look that chain-smoking, weather-beaten, hard-living waitresses always reserve for persnickety tourists—and then said, “Well, you never know.”

She was right: *You never know*. As I quickly learned when I got back home and did some online research on the subject, visiting such websites as TraumaticBrunch.com and WaitStaffHorrors.net, the reason waiters and waitresses ask if everything is going okay *so far* is not that it is part of some ironclad, choreographed routine they have mastered, but that, in a shockingly large number of incidents, seemingly pleasant meals have turned vaguely apocalyptic.

Jim Ferguson, a long-distance truck driver working out of Salinas, was munching on a tasty po’ boy sandwich at a Baton Rouge diner back in October 2008 when a rattlesnake suddenly emerged from the plate of biscuits and gravy he had ordered as a side dish and made a lunge at him.

“Is everything all right so far?” the waitress asked as Ferguson was falling backward out of his chair.

“No, *everything* is *not* all right,” he replied. “The sandwich is fine but there’s a goddam rattlesnake in the goddam gravy. When’s the last time you had the board of health in here?”

Similar incidents abound. Karen White, a pension fund manager, was eating lemon sole in a New Orleans restaurant last August when she bit down on something hard, shattering a molar. Forensic scientists subsequently discovered that a small, thermonuclear device had been concealed in her fish.

“It was probably the North Koreans who did this,” a State Department official later confirmed. “They felt the heat coming down and hid the purloined device in the fish. Good thing she didn’t bite down harder; could have activated the sucker. Darned thing actually had a warhead on it.”

Barney Mulligan, a Detroit cabbie, had an equally unnerving experience at a small, suburban grille in February 2007, when he was approached by the waiter, who asked, “Is everything all right so far?”

“Yes,” he replied, savoring his cheeseburger.

“Well that’s about to change,” said the waiter, producing a sawed-off shotgun. “This is a holdup. Let’s have your wallet and your car keys. Now.”

The reason I mention all of this is that I now feel guilty about the innumerable times I’ve given wait staff a hard time just because they kept interrupting important conversations to ask annoying questions such as: “Is everything okay over here, folks?” or “How are you guys doing so far?” or “Is there anything else I can get you?”

Sometimes, it turns out, everything is *not* all right. More often than we like to admit, folks are *not* doing all that well so far. With shocking frequency, there *is* something else they can get you: a clean fork, a defibrillator, a SWAT team. And if a waiter or waitress should someday issue the warning that “you’d be making a big mistake if you don’t order dessert; we have the best tiramisu in Cleveland” (which actually happened to me back in 1998)—well, hell, go ahead and order the tiramisu. You sure don’t want to find out how bad a mistake you might be making. You really don’t. ♦

Joe Queenan is the author, most recently, of One for the Books.

"Shares of Booz Allen Hamilton Holding Corp. fell on Monday, after the company's employee, Edward Snowden, stepped forward as the person who last week leaked information about secret government surveillance programs to several news media outlets."
—Associated Press, June 10, 2013

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June 17, 2013

Dear Shareholders:

There's nothing like a good challenge. Whether it be climbing Mount Everest or swimming the English Channel, defying the odds and achieving the impossible is what defines the human spirit. We at Booz Allen Hamilton love a good challenge. Whether it be federal IT cloud-computing solutions, C4-ISR (whatever that means), or mission-critical rapid prototyping, the strategy and technology consultants at Booz Allen Hamilton are up to the task.

Needless to say, these last two weeks have been quite a challenge. As some of you might have heard, one of our consultants, who has since moved on, decided to share with the press information deemed somewhat vital to one of our clients (the United States government). We were terribly disappointed by this news and have taken steps to make sure the confidential aspects of our client work remain confidential.

For instance, we have discontinued our rehabilitation program for inmates at ADX Thomson, a federal supermax facility. No longer will they be in the archiving business, though we wish them well. Beginning next year, we will also end our U.S.-Iran exchange program for graduate students interested in nuclear engineering. And finally, our Life Sciences division will no longer be accepting résumés from the Elizabeth Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane.

I might also add that now is not the time to act rashly and sell your stock. We've got big plans that I can't fully explain at the moment—I'll just say two words: Blood. Diamonds.

Sincerely,

Daulton Lee
Vice President
Global Communications