the weekly
Standard

THE CLINTON BRAND
JAY COST • DANIEL HALPER

AUGUST 18 / AUGUST 25, 2014 • $4.95

SUMMER READING

ON Beowulf, Madison, Mozart, MacArthur, gardens, beer, & more!

THIS IS A COMBINED ISSUE. THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE WEEKLY STANDARD WILL APPEAR IN TWO WEEKS.

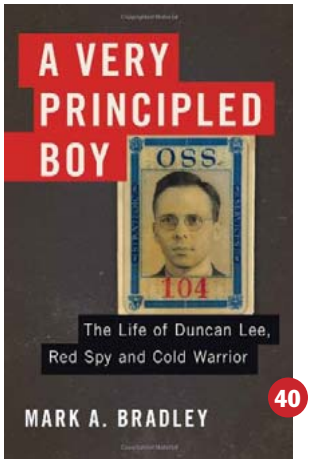
Contents

August 18 / August 25, 2014 • Volume 19, Number 46

Articles

Feature

Books & Arts



COVER: WILLIAM FAULKNER BY MARK SUMMERS

Dinner Under the Tent

We accept that a certain degree of pomp and circumstance is part of having a presidency, and, with a tolerance born of Washington's summer languor, we can even find a certain pleasure in the extravaganza with which President Obama feted the African leaders who were in town for a few days last week to meet high-powered CEOs tempted by the chance to find investment opportunities.

As few of Obama's guests are known for anything other than misgovernance, kleptocracy, and extravagant self-regard, it is true the only way to make a deal is to go straight to the one individual in a position to decide whether there is anything in it for him, or what it might take to persuade him that there is. The 51 solons and distinguished guests were thus herded into a large tent on the White House lawn to accommodate the unusually large party for a dinner putatively mixing African and American specialties with some herbs from the first lady's own garden.

The informal Africa lobby consists mainly of federal bureaucrats whose own well-being depends on the continuation of the transnational welfare system called foreign aid, and it likes to tout the continent's progress over the past decade or so as a consequence of its own make-work programs. There indeed is a new middle class in such countries as Ethiopia that until recent memory were known for the PR value they represent to humanitarian organizations, themselves recipients of federal as well as private largesse. There has been noticeable wealth production in Ethiopia and other African nations, and it has been entirely outside, one should really say despite, the aid sector, which simply grafts costs onto the enterprise sector with an administrative class both American and African that not only siphons off much of the manna but gets in the way of Africans who are actually producing wealth.

Africa Leaders dinner on the South Lawn of the White House

Thus we were not surprised to see there was no mention of George Ayittey on the guest list, which included Africa and Obama groupies as well as businessmen with a nose for handouts. Ayittey, a Ghanaian champion of the private sector and the political and civil liberties that are inseparable from it, is a well-known critic of the corruption that seems intrinsic to both the "big man" regimes and the "culture of dependence" they foster and that is perpetuated by the foreign aid industry.

The sums bandied about during the three-day affair, some $14 billion from private firms like Coca-Cola and $33 billion from the feds, would leave Ayittey shaking his head with a sense of déjà vu. The numbers, regardless of whether they represent anything more than bean-counting fantasies, add up to less than what evaporates annually from international aid and investment. No such dark thoughts for USAID administrator Rajiv Shah, who in the wake of this latest Washington show released a statement redolent of Ceausescu's Romania: "Under the leadership of President Obama we have pioneered a new model of development that is transforming Africa and accelerating Africa's impressive growth and potential." ♦

'How We Grow'

It was a big week in Washington for what blogger Steve Sailer puckishly refers to as World War T: Now that gay rights are utterly in the ascendant, the next Most Important Civil Rights Issue in History is transgender "rights."

First, Capitol Hill's Congressional Cemetery announced that it had finalized the design for a Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender veterans memorial. Which is wonderful news—we respect and honor the service of all our veterans. But it does seem like an incredibly small interest group to memorialize. Because while the average American thinks that 24 percent of the population is homosexual (according a 2012 Gallup survey) the CDC's most recent, large-scale study shows that only 1.6 percent of Americans identify as gay or lesbian. The CDC study didn't try to measure what percentage of the population is transgendered—that is, people who assert that they're a woman in a man's body, or vice versa—but it seems safe to assume that the number is undoubtedly much, much lower. But never mind that.

Transgender rights loom so large in the public mind today that at the American Psychological Association conference held at the D.C. convention center last week, visitors were greeted with a large placard explaining the location of not one, but three "gender neutral" restrooms, presumably to accommodate those who felt uncomfortable using gendered facilities.

But that was mere preamble to the biggest news in town: As Mary Hasson reported in the *Federalist*, parents of children who attend Janney Elemen-

NEWSCOM

tary School in Northwest Washington received an email from principal Norah Lycknell with some exciting news: Over the summer, a third-grade "writing inclusion" teacher, Robert Reuter, had decided that he was really a woman. Come September, Reuter will be returning to school as Rebecca Reuter. And Principal Lycknell wants to be sure that parents are appropriately preparing their children.

According to the principal, Reuter's announcement is a sign "that our values around equity and inclusion are strong and that we will embrace all opportunities to live those values, growing and learning as people living in an increasingly diverse and honest world."

In preparation for diverse and honest living, the school suggested that parents consult materials from the Human Rights Campaign (America's largest gay-rights lobby) that explain the truth about sociological gender constructs. But the real work will come in the form of conversations with the children. Once the school year begins, the school "will host formal conversations with our fifth and third graders to reintroduce Ms. Reuter." Which is why the administration feels it important that parents start the conversation at home:

> We strongly recommend that all Janney families begin this discussion at home, providing space and time for our children to safely process what may be a previously unknown way of considering the gradients between sex and gender. . . .
>
> We understand that many families may be approaching this conversation as new to the community or unfamiliar with Ms. Reuter. Still, it is important for us all to engage in this dialogue. It will prepare our children for discussions that may arise with their peers and, moreover, will help them broadly recognize gender as a continuum with many ways to express oneself as a person.

We've obviously traveled a long way from *Heather Has Two Mommies*. But it's all part of the same political project of redefining the human self as infinitely plastic. Lest there be any doubt that Janney Elementary sees Reuter as part of a broader campaign, Lycknell ends her five-page email by proclaiming, "While we are so grateful to Ms. Reuter for her story and for prompting us to host these conversations, they extend far beyond the experiences of one individual. Therefore this conversation is placed in the larger context of who we are and how we grow as a community."

It's hard to tell what's more depressing: the fact that Janney is a public school, meaning that taxpayers are now being forced to subsidize a lobbying campaign disguised as a curriculum. Or the specter of what will come next in our "growth as a community" once the transgender revolution is complete. ♦

Raising Their Game

Readers can well imagine the excitement in these precincts when The Scrapbook learned the news about Fareed Zakaria. If you haven't heard it, here's what we're talking about: It was announced last week that Dr. Zakaria, after stints at *Foreign Affairs*, *Slate*, *Newsweek*, *Newsweek International*, *Time*, the *Washington Post*, and CNN, will be joining Atlantic Media as a contributing editor. In the words of *Politico*, "He will write for both the *Atlantic* and *Quartz* and will participate in events with both brands on 'pressing world matters and culture.'"

Of course, none of this surprises The Scrapbook. The Indian-born, Yale-educated Zakaria has carved a special niche for himself in American media as a matchless purveyor of conventional wisdom, in print and on the air, on a wide variety of topics. In the old days, this used to be described as moistening one's finger and holding it aloft to sense which way the wind blows. But Zakaria has raised that gesture to the level of art ("There's something suspicious about a thinker always so perfectly in tune with the moment"—the *New Republic*) and, as he often reminds us, he holds a doctorate in political science from Harvard. This impressive credential lends his particular brand of conventional wisdom a certain authority.

So The Scrapbook is duly impressed and excited—but not nearly as excited as the man who recruited Dr. Zakaria, Atlantic Media's proprietor, David Bradley. Something of the esteem in which Zakaria is held may be captured in the statement from Bradley:

> This is one of those wonderful high-water marks in the *Atlantic*'s 157-year history. Our founders (Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow . . .) would welcome Fareed enthusiastically—and then worry about raising their own game.

High-water mark, indeed! Ralph Waldo Emerson's essays were all very well, in their way, and Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr. wrote some stirring verse and charming essays. But The Scrapbook doubts that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poetry ever approached the caliber of Dr. Zakaria's columns on "pressing world matters and culture," and none of these 19th-century worthies, so far as The Scrapbook has been able to ascertain, ever hosted a CNN program remotely resembling *Fareed Zakaria GPS*.

It is true that Zakaria was once caught plagiarizing a *New Yorker* writer on the mundane subject of gun control, and briefly suspended from his duties at CNN and *Time*. But Emerson, Holmes, and Longfellow had their lapses as well, and while all were Harvard College graduates, none possessed a doctorate in political science. The Scrapbook predicts that Zakaria's contributions to the Atlantic Media brand will immeasurably raise its game, thinking outside the box, pushing the envelope, and shoving the paradigm shift—until a better offer comes along. ♦

An Epigram!

The Scrapbook is in receipt of a timely piece of verse from Paul Lake, the poetry editor of *First Things*, and owing to its manifest excellence has received special dispensation from the editorial authorities here to violate, just this once, The Weekly Standard's no-poetry rule:

So Long, James Madison

Usurping Congress, law, and constitution,
Barack Obama rules by pen and phone,
Dismissing bill and formal resolution
To govern like a Bourbon from the throne.

On that note, a reminder that this is a double issue. The Scrapbook will be taking the waters next week and will see you all the week after that. ♦

the weekly Standard
www.weeklystandard.com

William Kristol, *Editor*
Fred Barnes, Terry Eastland, *Executive Editors*
Richard Starr, *Deputy Editor*
Claudia Anderson, *Managing Editor*
Christopher Caldwell, Andrew Ferguson, Victorino Matus, Lee Smith, *Senior Editors*
Philip Terzian, *Literary Editor*
Stephen F. Hayes, Mark Hemingway, Matt Labash, Jonathan V. Last, John McCormack, *Senior Writers*
Jay Cost, Michael Warren, *Staff Writers*
Daniel Halper, *Online Editor*
Kelly Jane Torrance, *Assistant Managing Editor*
Julianne Dudley, Ethan Epstein, Jim Swift, *Assistant Editors*
Judith Ayers, *Editorial Assistant*
Philip Chalk, *Design Director*
Barbara Kyttle, *Design Assistant*
Teri Perry, *Executive Assistant*
Max Boot, Joseph Bottum, Tucker Carlson, Matthew Continetti, Noemie Emery, Joseph Epstein, David Frum, David Gelernter, Reuel Marc Gerecht, Michael Goldfarb, Mary Katharine Ham, Brit Hume, Frederick W. Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, Yuval Levin, Tod Lindberg, Robert Messenger, P.J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Irwin M. Stelzer, *Contributing Editors*

MediaDC
Lou Ann Sabatier, *Chief Executive Officer*
Tom Fowler, *Chief Revenue Officer*
Grace Paine Terzian, *Chief Communications Officer*
Steve Sparks, *Chief Operating Officer*
Kathy Schaffhauser, *Chief Financial Officer*
Catherine Lowe, *Integrated Marketing Director*
Nicholas H. B. Swezey, *V.P. Advertising*
T. Barry Davis, Peter Dunn, Scott Fowler, Andrew Kaumeier, Brooke McIngvale, Jason Roberts *Advertising Sales*

Advertising inquiries: 202-293-4900
Subscriptions: 1-800-274-7293

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 1-800-274-7293. 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.

Guided Torture

One summer morning almost exactly 20 years ago, I drove out to Leesburg, Virginia, to meet a courtly businessman named B. Powell Harrison and discuss the fate of Dodona Manor. Dodona Manor, a plain, early-19th-century Federal-style residence, had been the home of General George C. Marshall: His wife had bought it in 1941 as a retreat from wartime Washington, and the Marshalls had lived there until the general's death in 1959.

In 1994, Marshall's stepdaughter wanted to sell the place, and Harrison, who had served under Marshall during the war, was worried that it might fall into private hands. I shared his concern. When Franklin Roosevelt was deciding whether to name Marshall to lead the Allied invasion of Europe—he concluded that Marshall was indispensable as chief of staff and gave the command to Marshall's protégé, Dwight D. Eisenhower—he lamented, "I hate to think that 50 years from now practically nobody will know who George Marshall was."

Well, the half-century had passed; and while Marshall was well known to historians, his achievement as "organizer of victory" in World War II was not folklore. Yet the story has a happy ending. Powell Harrison secured funding from the federal government, the Commonwealth of Virginia, and various private sources, and Dodona was bought, restored, filled with family furnishings and personal effects, and converted into the George C. Marshall International Center.

I doubt that the column I wrote at the time accelerated the process, but I had always meant to revisit Dodona Manor and see how it turned out. Not long ago, I paid that visit, and can truthfully answer: just fine—with one glaring exception. You cannot visit Dodona without enduring an interminable, insufferably tedious, and of course mandatory, guided tour.

I would have been content to spend 15 minutes walking through the house, admiring the artifacts and restoration and surveying the volumes in Marshall's library. But that would have been contrary to current dogma in museums and historic houses. At Dodona Manor, as at James Madison's Montpelier 80 miles south in Orange and George Washington's Mount Vernon 50 miles east near Alexandria, the presumption is that visitors know nothing about the onetime occupants and want to be entertained as well as informed.

DAVID CLARK

Not necessarily. Now, I acknowledge that most visitors to these places may have scattered knowledge, at best, of Madison or Marshall, even Washington; and I freely confess that the tone of most docents—addressing their hostages as if they were very young children—is torture to a know-it-all type like me. But in the bad old days, before interactive exhibits and tour guides dressed in colonial garb, such places would have roped off the rooms for security and posted informative signs along the route. This allowed people to hurry or linger at will; and those with a taste for guided tours could have them.

No more. For the aim of curators is not to present these places as they are to interested visitors, who may draw their own conclusions, but to convey an attitude about them in compliance with museum doctrine. This was driven home to me on a recent (compulsory) tour of Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, where the guide informed us that the custodians "choose to believe" that Jefferson fathered children with Sally Hemings—by no means a certainty—and nearly as much time was spent admiring the empty slave quarters as Jefferson's astonishing residence.

And of course, with condescension ("Can anybody here tell me when the Declaration of Independence was signed?") comes a certain leveling instinct. The one space at Monticello where I yearned to spend a few extra minutes—the combination library-bedroom where Jefferson's books and distinctive furnishings are most in evidence—was swiftly passed through to pay a prolonged visit to the kitchen, the one room in the house Thomas Jefferson might never have entered.

Alas, Monticello suffers from political correctness, but sometimes, curatorial doctrine verges on the absurd. I visited San Simeon three decades ago and have occasionally wondered whether the official view of its lord of the manor, William Randolph Hearst, has evolved over time. San Simeon is a stupendous folly and an interesting place to visit; but the worshipful guides regarded the contents—mostly second- and third-rate objets d'art from Old Europe—as if they made the place Chartres Cathedral. In the grand dining room we heard of the wondrous feasts where the "high and mighty" communed with Hearst and his friends. At that moment my eye fell on the framed menu from a dinner whose guest of honor was Arthur Lake, the actor who played Dagwood Bumstead in the "Blondie" movies.

Philip Terzian

the weekly Standard

Sins of Commission

You don't have to be an Eisenhower Memorial groupie—yes, there are such people—to enjoy a new 56-page congressional report called "A Five-Star Folly." But it helps. The mound of detail will bury all but the sturdiest student of what is shaping up to be one of the most memorable Washington fiascoes of our young century. A blend of incompetence with arrogance, the saga of the memorial is like an Obamacare rollout for architecture buffs and history weenies.

It's now nearly 15 years since Congress established the Dwight D. Eisenhower Memorial Commission and told it to think up a tribute to Ike. Since then commissioners have come and gone, among them congressmen, senators, rich folk, and a handful of normal people, assisted by nine staffers. What has remained constant is the commission's amazing lack of progress. A site for the memorial wasn't chosen until 2005. It took another four years for the commission to hire a designer—and not just any designer but Frank Gehry, the most fashionable architect of the day. By 2013, Congress had appropriated $65 million for the commission's work. Finally, last year, while pondering the commission's request for another $73 million, a few people on Capitol Hill noticed something fishy: The memorial still hadn't got built. Ground hadn't even been broken. For that matter, the commission had yet to obtain approval for a final design.

Ka-ching! Gehry's design

Staffers for the House Natural Resources Committee began investigating, and "A Five-Star Folly" is the devastating result.

At the center of the memorial controversy sits Gehry and the design he came up with. It is best described as Gehryesque—a sprawling city square scattered with stone boxes and life-size statues modeling famous photographs, ringed by stripped-down columns from which hang giant tapestries made of steel mesh. The committee's report makes clear that Gehry's fatuous design, and Gehry himself, were just what the commission was looking for. Even before he was hired, the commission's design protocols called for a memorial that would reflect "a new paradigm for memorials, a new vision of memorialization"; it would "embrace the widest possible range of innovative concepts and ideas."

It's not clear why the commissioners insisted on all the paradigms and visions. Eisenhower was notably conservative in his artistic taste and personal style. The explanation is a peculiarly modern one, reflecting trends in both architecture and governance. In Gehry's design, the true center of attention is the architect rather than Ike. Just so, the commission's insistence on "innovation" has nothing to do with Eisenhower and everything to do with the preferences and ambitions of the commissioners.

And in true Washington fashion, such arrogance and self-dealing can be made to pay. The committee's report is a triumph of forensic accounting, tracing the outflow of taxpayer money into the usual pools where Beltway flacks and consultants feed. The commission hired the federal government's General Services Administration to administer the project, and then the GSA contracted with a subcontractor to administer the project, and that subcontractor contracted with other contractors to provide services, such as web design, that had originally been the responsibility of the commission. This is how you spend $65 million on a construction project before you've even fired up the bulldozer.

Gehry of course has joined in the fun. He evidently reasoned that if the commissioners wanted innovation, he was going to give it to them, good and hard. His design, if built, would be uniquely expensive, in both its construction and its maintenance. No one, the report points out, has come up with a plausible plan to service the steel mesh from damage wrought by the elements. Gehry's initial contract was for $6.6 million. The commission has paid him north of $11 million, thanks to more than 20 "upcharges," with the emphasis on "up." He is owed another $3 million, according to the commission. Where it will come from is anybody's guess. In among the Chinese boxes of the commission's finances, the report found payments to no fewer than three private fundraising firms, for a total of $1.4 million. They've raised less than $500,000 so far.

Gehry and the commission have not reacted well to the report. In a public statement, Gehry defended the upcharges. "I personally have done all my design work pro bono," he says. But surely money is as fungible at Frank Gehry's firm as it is elsewhere. He also complained that his expenses had increased owing to the many filings he had to make to various agencies and the number of "mockups" required to test the feasibility of his design, particularly the steel-mesh screens.

THE EISENHOWER MEMORIAL COMMISSION

Here Gehry is being cheeky. Even a New Paradigmer should expect rigorous testing of any design, if only to protect the taxpayer's investment, and who could be shocked that a government project involves thickets of bureaucracy? "The cost under the Gehry contract to create 'mockups,'" report the committee's sleuths, "has thus far increased by 2300 percent." It's an impressive achievement, made possible only through the unique collaboration of a spendthrift bureaucracy, a handful of intellectually inert commission members, and an architect-conman consumed by his own vanity.

So there we have it: intellectual pretensions, artistic arrogance, warring tentacles of the federal behemoth, a disregard for the past, a shameful waste of tax money, and nobody—but nobody—stepping up to claim responsibility for the mess. Could there be a better memorial to government in the age of Barack Obama?

—Andrew Ferguson

'Action Is Elusive'

It was something of a puzzle, according to the headline in the August 7 *New York Times*: "Islamic Militants in Iraq Are Widely Loathed, Yet Action to Curb Them Is Elusive." On the one hand, the article pointed out, the Islamic State in Iraq and Syria, or ISIS, "is on nearly every nation's public enemy list, as well as the United Nations' list of terrorist organizations facing sanctions." What's more, ISIS's barbarism has been publicized and its threat to others is clear. And yet, on the other hand, "international cooperation to check the organization's rise has so far proved elusive."

What explains this elusiveness? Why no international action against ISIS?

To help its readers solve the riddle, the *Times* quoted a couple of experts. The first explained, "You say you don't like ISIS. What do you do about it?" He went on to elaborate that doing something about ISIS isn't easy: "There are so many variables here. Any action will have so many unintended consequences."

So the problem is in the nature of the situation. But is it really? Are there really so many variables, would there really be so many unintended consequences, if the international community acted to save the lives of tens of thousands of peaceful Yazidis—a minority sect of Kurdish extraction who would likely be exterminated by ISIS if captured, because "they are considered by the al-Qaeda-inspired Islamic State to be devil worshippers and apostates" (as the *Washington Post* put it). The Yazidis fled Sinjar and other villages as ISIS approached and are now dying of starvation and lack of water on a barren mountaintop in Iraq.

The second expert quoted by the *Times* had a somewhat different view of why action against ISIS has proved elusive. He noted that "it is not realistic to expect a coherent strategy for confronting ISIS to emerge from the region." The *Times* then allowed him to hint at the truth: "The U.S. has the clout and capacity to build partnerships capable of reversing ISIS gains, but seems to lack the necessary vision and will."

Here's a translation from *Times*-speak and the answer to the puzzle: *The Obama administration lacks the necessary vision and will*. The reason "action is elusive" is that President Obama is committed to a policy of eluding action.

At the end of its article, the *Times* quotes a third expert: "The United States has plenty of reason to worry . . . and not just because Western recruits to ISIS can come home and wreak havoc." ISIS's success, this expert explains, "may have profound implications on the security environment in other countries." Of course, it's already having profound implications on the Yazidis, on the Christians of Iraq, and on those Muslims who do not bend a knee to ISIS's murderous creed.

On the same day last week, the *New York Times* featured a report from Phnom Penh: "Decades After Khmer Rouge's Rule, 2 Senior Leaders Are Convicted in Cambodia." The *Times* explained,

> A court on Thursday found the two most senior surviving leaders of the Khmer Rouge regime, which brutalized Cambodia during the 1970s, guilty of crimes against humanity and sentenced them to life in prison.
>
> The chief judge, Nil Nonn, said the court found that there had been 'a widespread and systematic attack against the civilian population of Cambodia' and that the two former leaders were part of a 'joint criminal enterprise' that bore responsibility. They were convicted of murder and extermination, among other crimes. More than 1.7 million people died under Khmer Rouge rule between 1975 and 1979.

Later in the article the *Times* (surprise!) quoted an expert: "Justice on this scale cannot be done by any trial mechanism, as far as I can see." He could have put it differently: Injustice on this scale cannot be rectified after the fact—not by a trial or by anything else. If decades from now senior leaders of ISIS are convicted of war crimes, it will be too late for the Yazidis. It will be too late for all the other victims, Muslim and non-Muslim, in the Middle East and beyond, of emboldened jihadists and triumphant terrorists.

Perhaps one day, the United Nations and the "international community" will spend $200 million, as they have in Cambodia, to build a brand-new facility near Sinjar to house war crimes trials for a few aging ISIS perpetrators of genocide. Perhaps some elegantly attired former Obama official and expert on genocide will come out of retirement to preside. She will undoubtedly pronounce just verdicts. But who would dare call it justice?

—William Kristol

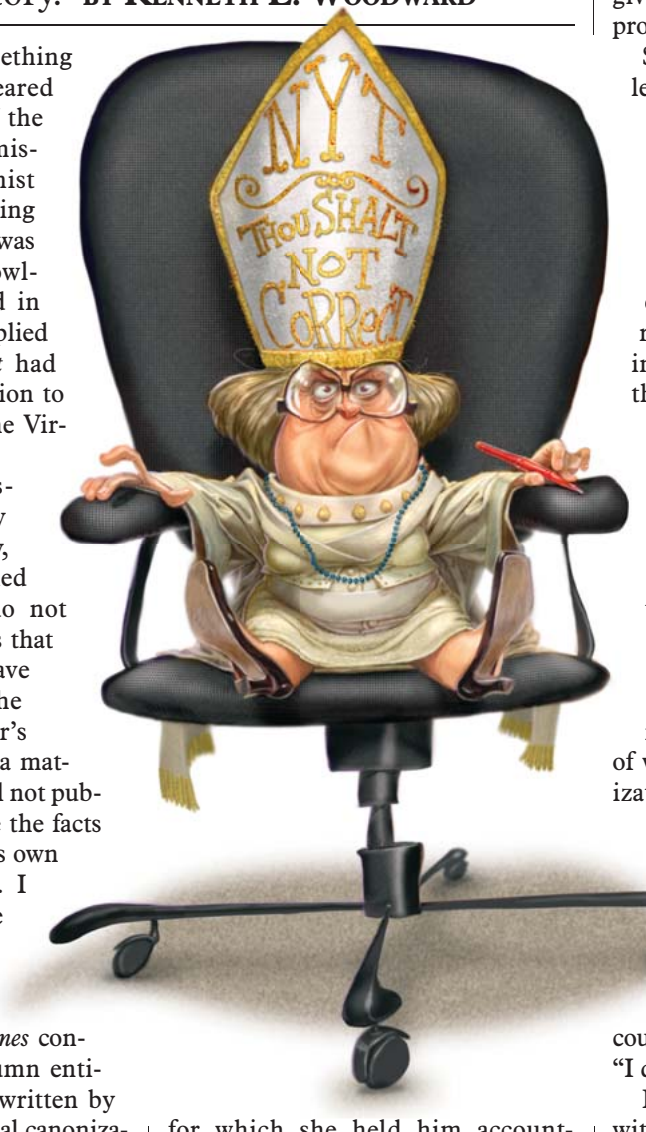
The Infallible 'New York Times'

Don't waste time writing a Letter to the Editor unless it's adulatory. BY KENNETH L. WOODWARD

On June 23, something very rare appeared in the pages of the *New York Times*: an admission by a *Times* columnist that he had made a reporting mistake. The columnist was David Carr, who acknowledged that he had erred in an earlier piece which implied that the *Washington Post* had not paid sufficient attention to Eric Cantor's upset in the Virginia primary.

Whether Carr discovered his mistake by himself or, more likely, someone at the *Post* called it to his attention, I do not know. What I do know is that the *Times* would never have published a Letter to the Editor pointing out Carr's error. That's because, as a matter of policy, the *Times* will not publish letters that challenge the facts in any piece written by its own columnists or reporters. I learned this the simple way: by writing such a letter myself.

On April 24, I wrote a 190-word letter to the *Times* contesting a very angry column entitled "A Saint He Ain't" written by Maureen Dowd on the dual canonizations of Pope John XXIII and Pope John Paul II. Dowd's main beef was that Pope John Paul II did not deserve canonization because, she argued, the clerical sex abuse scandal and its cover-up occurred during his reign, for which she held him accountable. She also criticized the now-retired Pope Benedict XVI, whom she dissed as John Paul's "Rasputin," for rushing to canonize his "mentor." In other words, Dowd was saying that here was a case of one conservative pope canonizing—and therefore justifying the papacy of—another.



GARY LOCKE

In my letter to the *Times*, I did not question Dowd's opinion of Benedict or John Paul II, or challenge her clichéd political categories for distinguishing one pope from another. What I did do was contest her basic assumption that the canonization of a pope means approval of everything he had done as a pope. On that point, I wrote, "Nothing could be further from the truth," and then went on to give examples from history that disprove her point.

Since the *Times* loves to publish letters from people with a claim to expertise, I identified myself as the author of the book *Making Saints: How the Catholic Church Determines Who Is a Saint, Who Isn't and Why*. And because the *Times* trusts the judgment of its own reviewers, I noted that my book had been reviewed (at length on publication in 1990—and very enthusiastically, though I did not mention this) in the Sunday *Times Book Review*.

Two hours later I received an email from Mary Drohan of the Letters Department telling me that they wanted to publish the letter if I approved of their editing. Gone from the original letter was my dig at Dowd for once again reminding readers of her Catholic childhood, as if this credentialed her as a judge of which popes are worthy of canonization. Okay, I already knew that the *Times* does not publish letters that reply in kind to their sharper-elbowed columnists. But I did object to the editors' replacing my "Nothing could be further from the truth" with "I disagree."

From a series of email exchanges with Ms. Drohan, during which we dithered over alternative phrasing, two things became clear. First, her editors wanted to publish the letter because it added information about how rare it is to see a pope proclaimed a saint, and I was obviously well informed on the subject. But, second, the paper would not publish this or any letter which claimed that a *Times* writer on this or

Kenneth L. Woodward is writing a book on religion, culture, and politics since 1950.

any subject was in fact wrong. Even my offer to change my objection from "Nothing could be further from the truth" to "This is a common misunderstanding" was refused.

Ms. Drohan was very gracious and straightforward in explaining why: "Here's the problem," she wrote. "Saying 'this is a common misunderstanding' sounds like a correction of a factual error (which in this case it is). We don't use letters to make factual corrections. That's for the corrections people. There is no such problem with 'I disagree.'"

For the same reason, she went on, another line I offered was unacceptable: "Likewise, 'Ms. Dowd claims that Pope Benedict chose to make his predecessor a saint, but popes do not choose saints: they merely approve candidates found worthy after due canonical process.' So unless we find a way around this, I don't think that we'll be able to use this letter."

We couldn't and they didn't, which was fine with me.

In sum, the *Times* was telling me that they will accept letters that offer a different opinion, but those that challenge assertions of fact are relegated to the editors of the Corrections column, where minutiae like misspelled names and erroneous dates are corrected for the record. There is no way to counter a story or column like Ms. Dowd's that totally misconstrues its subject matter.

This was alien to my experience at *Newsweek*, where I wrote some 750 stories, including nearly 100 cover stories, over my 38 years at the magazine. Like the *Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and every other publication I have written for except the *New York Times*, *Newsweek* acknowledged errors in its Letters column and, in the days when the magazine was flush with staff, very often wrote letters back to those who contested something we had published to explain why we stood by our story.

So a few weeks later I wrote to the "public editor" at the *Times* describing my exchange with the Letters Department and suggested that it would be of benefit to readers to investigate the paper's rule about challenging opinions but not facts—a distinction that nowhere appears in the paper's guidelines for submitting letters for publication.

I received a polite reply of a general nature, but no explanation, much less an investigation by the public editor.

Finally, I decided to do a bit of fact-checking of my own—something I invite interested readers of the *Times* to do for themselves. In May and June I set aside two weeks each month to read every letter to the editor published in the paper. Here's what I found.

First, Ms. Drohan was right. There were a number of letters that challenged opinions, most of them taking issue with a *Times* editorial. A handful of letter-writers, obviously cleverer than I, came close to questioning truth-claims in presenting their opinions. But none made the case that a reporter or columnist got the facts or the story wrong.

The *Times* relegates letters that challenge assertions of fact to the editors of the Corrections column, where minutiae like misspelled names are corrected for the record. There is no way to counter a story or column that totally misconstrues its subject matter.

Second, a letter-writer can challenge the truth of a piece written by someone not on the newspaper's staff. But except in the Sunday magazine, virtually all pieces written by outsiders are opinion pieces.

Third, in the wide-open digital world, online responses sometimes challenge facts, and writers are free to wax indignant. For example, Ms. Dowd's column on the papal canonizations drew 645 responses, some of them as angry with Ms. Dowd as she was with John Paul II. But the digital *Times*, it appears, is not bound by the same strictures as the print edition. It's the paper's bargain basement, where the groundlings are free to vent and bleat. Upstairs, the print edition is for those who have contributions to make to the *Times* as the paper of record, and that record does not admit challenges to assertions of fact or assumptions that reflect ignorance of the subject.

Fourth, the Letters Department seems to prefer letters of two kinds: those from experts—mainly academics, researchers, and the like—who use their letters to affirm or expand on what the *Times*'s reporters or columnists have written, usually by referencing their own work; and letters from executives or public relations officers of corporate, nonprofit, or advocacy groups who use the letters column to associate their organizations with what the *Times* has printed.

In this latter category there were a number of repeat performers. For example, the *Times* probably publishes more stories and editorials on abortion than any other newspaper in the country. These stories routinely attract at least one immediate—almost automatic—response from Planned Parenthood or one of the many other reproductive-rights advocacy organizations. But on this and similarly controversial issues, I did not see a single letter opposing the position of the *Times*. Interested readers can test this assertion for themselves by using Google.

Whatever the reason for the *Times*'s unusual policy of not publishing letters in opposition, the lack of challenge and disagreement on the *Times*'s Letters page has serious negative consequences. First, it makes reading the Letters column a dull, dull, dull experience. Second, it allows those who read nothing but the *Times* to think that they inhabit a world of enlightened consensus. Worse, it permits Ms. Dowd and her colleagues an illusion of authorial infallibility that even a pope might envy.

Writing for the *Times*, in sum, means never having to say you're sorry—unless, like David Carr, you choose to. ♦

How to Discredit Your Critics

The Clintons haven't changed their playbook.

BY DANIEL HALPER

This is partly a story about reporting my new book on Bill and Hillary Clinton—*Clinton, Inc.: The Audacious Rebuilding of a Political Machine*—but it's mostly about something more important, a window into how the Clinton team operates and how they will try to manage criticism throughout the 2016 campaign.

From my first interviews for the book, with many close associates, friends, and critics of the former first family, I've sensed the presence of the Clintons' famed damage-control apparatus, operating sometimes offstage, sometimes in the open. There were subtle warnings from well-known Washington reporters who know many of the stories I report in my book but never acknowledge this publicly. Curious activities—such as the all-but-unprecedented leak of the manuscript to dozens of reporters before its publication. And most recently demands by Clinton hacks that I submit to a lie detector test on live television (I will if they will!).

But the Clintons' strongest, and most effective tactic, has been to demonize my motives and lump me in with other authors that they and their spokesmen call "discredited" or "disgraced."

The Clintons, through spokesmen and former aides, have worked hard in recent weeks to lump together all the so-called anti-Clinton books so that any particular allegation or revelation in one of them is overlooked by the mainstream press, or dismissed as old news that has been "repackaged." One Hillary Clinton spokesman went so far as to direct the "legitimate" media

The would-be and her consort

to ignore anything in my book and to insist that books like mine should not be "allowed." Whatever that means.

In short, it's the 1990s all over again. Today's campaign against "book eruptions" was prefigured in that decade's campaign against "bimbo eruptions" (a coinage from a top aide to Clinton in his first presidential race).

During years of adultery allegations against President Clinton, for example, his team would compare every woman to Gennifer Flowers, one of the first accusers. Flowers, with whom I corresponded for my book, is in the Clintons' minds—and more importantly the media's—a lying "hussy." Just as Monica Lewinsky was a lying stalker, and Paula Jones was a lying disgruntled employee out for cash. Except, of course, in almost all of these cases we later learned that the women were telling the truth. (Bill Clinton settled with Jones for $850,000 and forfeited his ability to practice law for five years for lying under oath.)

In the book world, the Clintons' "Gennifer Flowers" is author Ed Klein, of whom many in the media have a low opinion. Not only does his book contain an abundance of anonymous sourcing, but he also allegedly created conversations between subjects in his book that appear imaginary or invented. He has received excoriating reviews across the political spectrum, though his book has sold quite well.

I don't know Mr. Klein, so I can't speak to his integrity or his motivations. I can say that both his book and mine were to have been published by imprints of HarperCollins (his ended up being published elsewhere). I can also say that my book withstood thorough legal vetting and review by a lawyer (who, for what it's worth, openly expressed support for President Obama and the Democratic party).

Despite this, the Clintons' shopworn tactics appear to still have traction with the media. One well-known TV host, who originally agreed to have me on his show to discuss my book, commented the other week, apparently about my book and Klein's: "There is a bunch of books around now that are harsh towards various people. And the books are built on anonymous sources. . . . I just feel queasy putting authors on who come in and they say pretty terrible things about people."

The Clintons' tactic may work again. But I hope it doesn't. Here's why it should fail.

(1) The vast majority of my book is not based on anonymous sources. My book includes interviews—on the record—with a number of prominent figures. These include Howard Dean, Mike McCurry, Lanny Davis, Joseph Lieberman, Bob Shrum, Rick Lazio, Newt Gingrich, Karl Rove, John McCain, and many others. A number of on-the-record sources inside Clintonworld are actively distancing themselves from their cooperation with

NEWSCOM

Daniel Halper is online editor of The Weekly Standard. *His* Clinton, Inc.: The Audacious Rebuilding of a Political Machine *debuted at No. 10 on the* New York Times *bestseller list last week.*

my book out of fear of retribution.

(2) My book does include interviews with people who requested anonymity. This is not unusual in reporting. The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* cite anonymous sources for stories on an almost daily basis, with little apparent toll on their credibility, or on the willingness of others in the media to follow their lead. The fact is that those closest to the Clintons have the most to lose by speaking on the record. A reporter trying to do a story on the Clintons cannot do that story justice without talking to those who know the Clintons well, or who have worked closely with them, and then quoting those sources.

(3) My book reports on things nearly all reporters on the Clinton beat in Washington know but, because they fear losing access to the Clintons or being otherwise punished, won't report themselves. It also includes some things that—for whatever reason—they probably didn't know. These include Chelsea Clinton's power play for part of her parents' financial empire, including a bold demand for equity in a consulting firm started by Bill Clinton's longtime top aide, Doug Band, and GE's demand to MSNBC to punish reporter David Shuster for disparaging comments about Chelsea. They also include Bill Clinton's helping John McCain in his 2008 presidential campaign against Barack Obama and Chuck Schumer's working behind Hillary Clinton's back to defeat her in her first campaign for the Senate from New York. All of these revelations are supported by multiple sources and are buttressed by at least one on-the-record source and other sourcing that withstood rigorous legal review.

Perhaps more important: The Clintons' campaign against book eruptions raises the question of whether Hillary will ever actually receive the media scrutiny a presidential frontrunner deserves. Before returning the Clintons to the White House, voters might be curious about why Bill Clinton has continued the reckless behavior that during his own administration may have compromised national security. They might want to know more about Chelsea Clinton's role in the 2016 campaign and a putative Clinton White House. They might wonder what kind of relationship Bill and Hillary Clinton have now and how his many financial and personal entanglements would complicate his role as first gentleman.

My book was not written with the intention of stopping a Hillary Clinton presidency. No one should ever consider the Clintons down for the count. It's meant to tell the fascinating story of how two politicians could come back from impeachment and the scandal-ridden White House of the 1990s to occupy those premises yet again, after a lapse of only 16 years.

This is a story that not only should be "allowed" to be told—but one that helps explain how American politics works today. ♦

War Crimes in Gaza?

By any historical standard, Israel's air attacks were a model of restraint. **BY GABRIEL SCHOENFELD**

Central Frankfurt, June 1945

Condemnation of Israel for its conduct of Operation Protective Edge in Gaza continues unabated. The chief accusation, heard time and again, is that the Israel Defense Forces (IDF) have either been cavalier about civilian casualties or are intentionally inflicting them. Israel and its defenders, for their part, have been at pains to point out the great lengths the IDF has gone to avoid injuring civilians, while at the same time noting the innumerable ways in which Hamas has violated the laws of war.

The debate over these matters has been almost as intense as the fighting itself. All too often, historical and moral perspective have been lost in the rhetorical smoke. No nation can survive with hundreds of rockets raining on its cities day after day while its borders are simultaneously penetrated by armed fighters seeking to spirit out hostages via underground tunnels. Once again, Israel has found itself waging a war for its survival. In such a war, the question becomes: What is forbidden and what is permitted?

As is well known but bears restating, the campaign Israel has been conducting to suppress Hamas rocket fire and destroy its tunnel network employs precision guided munitions. The attacks from land, air, and sea are designed to destroy Hamas's command and control facilities and those structures in or from which it has been manufacturing, storing, or firing its huge arsenal of rockets. Before the IDF attacks any buildings where civilians are known to be living or congregating, it issues numerous alerts by dropping leaflets, making telephone calls and sending text messages, and firing warning shots.

In a conflict in which its adversary employs innocent women and children as human shields and fires offensive weapons from or near hospitals, schools, and U.N. shelters, Israel's effort to reduce civilian casualties has clearly not succeeded in every case. But the effort itself, if not unique in the annals of warfare, is certainly far from the norm. Notably, it stands in the starkest possible contrast to the way Great Britain and the United States conducted their own war for survival.

The Germans in World War II may have initiated the carpet bombing of civilian centers, but it did not take long for the Allies to respond in kind. Days after the German bombing of Rotterdam, Winston Churchill's war cabinet settled on the initiation of "unrestricted air warfare," openly casting aside concern for civilian life so long as military objectives would be realized. What followed over the next years, as is well known, was the destruction of more than half of Germany's urban centers.

What is less well known, but has been meticulously chronicled by the historian Richard Overy in *The Bombers and the Bombed*, is exactly how methodical—even scientific—that bombing campaign became. To calibrate how best to wreak destruction, the British air ministry devised a measure of the ratio between bomb weight and expected deaths among German workers, i.e., civilians. The unit of measurement it selected was based upon the casualties inflicted by Germany in the November 14, 1940, bombing of the English city of Coventry. The scale went from "1 Coventry" upward, with an attack of "5 Coventries" expected to yield approximately 28,000 German deaths. In the spring of 1942, Churchill's scientific adviser, Lord Cherwell, produced his famous calculation that 10,000 Royal Air Force bombers would be sufficient to "dehouse" one-third of Germany's urban populace.

A new military-scientific subdiscipline emerged: "incendiarism." It is "axiomatic," explained the report of one British defense research divison,

Gabriel Schoenfeld, a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute, is the author, most recently, of A Bad Day on the Romney Campaign: An Insider's Account.

"that fire will always be the optimum agent for the complete destruction of buildings, factories, etc." Overy recounts how experts from the National Fire Protection Association in the United States traveled to London to provide advice on how best to achieve "large-scale fire destruction." As the war progressed, considerable effort was devoted to making certain that targeted cities would be consumed by firestorms of the kind that sucked the oxygen out of the air and killed by the tens of thousands.

A unit in the British air ministry systematically considered the relevant factors for fostering the "essential draught conditions": the dimensions of beams in the average house in northwest Germany, the materials used in constructing rooftops, the design of staircases, the thickness of floors. The happy conclusion it reached: "a German house will burn well." Observing Churchill read aloud a memorandum setting forth the possibility of "round-the-clock bombing" of Germany, an American general was later to recollect: He "rolled the words off his tongue like they were tasty morsels."

Churchill today is remembered, rightly, as one of the greatest leaders of the 20th century. Israel has never for a moment even contemplated employing the kinds of tactics that, however much we recoil from them today, the British titan utilized to ensure his country's survival. Similar draconian tactics were employed by the United States under Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman in the war against Japan and were repeated in the saturation bombing of the Korean and Vietnam wars, both conflicts far from our shores where our own survival was not at stake. Yet instead of reducing all of Gaza to rubble, Israel has chosen to fight door-to-door and tunnel-to-tunnel, and to suffer heavy casualties of its own.

Obviously striking in this connection is the contrast between Israel and Hamas, which has engaged in a wide variety of war crimes that, beyond those previously mentioned, include aiming rockets at civilian targets, using Red Crescent ambulances to ferry fighters, and carrying out attacks during a U.N.-sponsored truce. Particularly noteworthy among its assortment of violations is the use of Israeli uniforms by Hamas fighters as they carry out attacks.

According to the Hague Convention of 1907, it is "especially forbidden" to "kill or wound treacherously." Treachery comes in a variety of forms, and one of them is to "make improper use of . . . the military insignia and uniform of the enemy." Yet this is precisely what Hamas has repeatedly done. Once again, practices during World War II are instructive.

As Germany's military position was collapsing in December 1944, Adolf Hitler set in motion Operation Greif (Griffin), aimed at capturing one or more of the bridges traversing the Meuse River. He put in charge Otto Skorzeny, the enterprising SS officer who had rescued Mussolini from Italian captivity. The Führer insisted to Skorzeny that special units be employed composed of English-speaking soldiers wearing captured British and U.S. Army uniforms. They were to cause mayhem behind enemy lines by issuing false orders, changing road signs, and other forms of military mischief.

But by this juncture Hitler's military genius was insufficient to save the day, and Operation Greif—along with the Battle of the Bulge, of which it was a part—came to grief. Some two dozen of Skorzeny's fighters were captured. Skorzeny himself was also apprehended. In 1947 he was put on trial in Dachau for a number of crimes, including that of treacherously making use of American uniforms. Skorzeny acknowledged ordering his soldiers to wear the uniforms. But he asserted that so long as enemy uniforms were not worn during combat, their use as a ruse was not illegal under international law. The court agreed. As there was no evidence showing that he or his forces had used a uniform while firing weapons in actual combat as opposed to deception operations, he was acquitted of the charge. But 18 of his fighters who were caught in the field wearing American uniforms were not so fortunate. They were executed on the spot in full accordance with military law regarding the treatment of spies.

This brings us back to Hamas. Its illegal use of Israeli uniforms in combat is but one of many practices that reveal the group to be not a government or a governing party, but a terrorist organization. Indeed, its fighters fall into the same category of "unlawful enemy combatants" that applies to al Qaeda. In fighting such an adversary, one is allowed to take off certain gloves, as the United States has been doing in Afghanistan under both Presidents Bush and Obama. Our forces there have routinely used a variety of tactics to kill our enemies that entail the inadvertent but extensive loss of civilian life.

All this is overlooked by the wolf pack that constitutes Israel's critics. So too is the ocean of civilian blood flowing in Syria and Iraq at the hands of Islamic butchers of various religio-ideological stripes, about which Israel's critics are thunderously silent. President Obama fully participates in the hypocrisy by publicly chastising Israel for causing civilian deaths when such deaths have occurred with regularity as a consequence of the drone strikes carried out in Afghanistan and elsewhere at his own orders, and for which the United States has on frequent occasion felt compelled to apologize.

The chorus of condemnation of Israel will no doubt continue. Its sources are to be found not in facts and fairness, but in a brew of convenience, fear, and hatred. Yet by the yardstick of history, Israel has conducted itself with astonishing restraint. In the war for survival that it is waging, it would be fully justified in taking off the gloves. If the IDF had wanted to suppress all Hamas rocket fire and destroy the Gaza tunnel system without losing a single one of its soldiers, it had well within its possession the means to do so. It has chosen not to employ such ferocious means. That is not the way the Jewish state fights. It is a bitter irony that Israel's restraint has not earned it a respite from savage criticism even as it has saved the lives of countless Palestinian civilians while also costing the lives of many dozens of its own soldiers. ♦

Hillary Clinton's Reputation

Don't laugh—it's better than you think.

BY JAY COST

The rollout of Hillary Clinton's new memoirs, *Hard Choices*, was not a resounding success for the former secretary of state. She stuck her foot in her mouth regarding her family's vast fortune. She had trouble answering questions about her evolution on gay marriage. Critics, on the whole, found the book tired and shopworn.

Yet her poll numbers remain surprisingly solid. Surveys conducted by Quinnipiac University, Fox News, and Rasmussen Reports—all taken since the book's release—show her with comfortable leads nationally over Rand Paul, Chris Christie, and Jeb Bush. A mid-July CNN poll shows her with generally strong favorable ratings, although not as positive as they were when she wrapped up her tenure at State. Even so, respondents said they thought her to be a "strong and decisive leader" who "generally agrees" with them on the issues, can "manage the government effectively," and "cares about people" like them.

What lessons are there to draw from these numbers? The first, and probably most obvious, is the disconnect between the political class and the greater public. Clinton's book rollout was a disaster among politicos and cable news obsessives, but people who do not dedicate inordinate time to politics and policy hardly seemed to notice. While this might be disappointing for conservatives, who would like to see Clinton's numbers brought back to Earth, it is nevertheless a good reminder that what matters in the Beltway does not necessarily play in Peoria.

Jay Cost is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

I'm planning to pin the disasters on you.

The second lesson becomes apparent when we think of Clinton's numbers in terms of WEEKLY STANDARD online editor Daniel Halper's new book, *Clinton, Inc*. As Halper shows quite clearly, the Clintons are obsessed with brand management and have become exceedingly skilled at maintaining the improved reputation they have developed since the dark days of the Lewinsky scandal. This reputation is not going to fall apart simply because of a bad book rollout. The collapse of the Barack Obama foreign policy—of which Clinton was an integral part—apparently has done little to diminish it. Even Benghazi has hardly made a dent.

While the 2014 midterm election is still three months away, it looks as though the Republicans are set to do quite well. Still, Clinton's continued polling strength cannot but cast a pall over GOP prospects for 2016. Republicans hope that a faltering Barack Obama will damage Hillary Clinton's presidential chances. It's true that unpopular presidents generally drag down their successor nominees. John McCain was hurt by George W. Bush, Hubert Humphrey by Lyndon Johnson, Adlai Stevenson by Harry Truman, James M. Cox by Woodrow Wilson. But Clinton has something that McCain, Humphrey, Stevenson, and Cox all lacked: a national reputation built over a quarter-century of assiduous brand management.

The early signs of the 2016 Clinton campaign suggest a subtle break with Obama that will reinforce her unique identity. Writing for the *New Republic*, Anne Applebaum took a careful read of *Hard Choices* as a piece of early campaign literature and concluded that Hillary Clinton is planning to run a campaign akin to Richard Nixon's 1968 "man in the arena" strategy. She is battle-tested, experienced, ready to make the hard sacrifices for the country, and above all somebody who can be counted upon:

> Clinton hopes to be . . . deeply nonideological, a centrist. She intends to run as a hard-working, fact-oriented pragmatist—someone who finds ways to work with difficult opponents, and not only faces up to difficult problems but also makes the compromises needed to solve them. Again and again she portrays herself sitting across the table from Dai Bingguo or President Putin, working hard, searching for a way forward. Similar methods, presumably, can be applied to the Republican leadership.

The problem for Republicans here is stark: *They* have run a campaign like this for the last half-century. It has met with little success in the last 20 years, and it has never worked against the Clintons; Hillary Clinton's numbers suggest she would be able to "sell" the public on this problem-solving image better than the GOP nominee could. Given a choice between a Republican and a Clinton offering basically the same thing, there is little reason to believe that the country will select the Republican. Nor, for that matter, can Republicans rest on their oars and assume

that Obama's sinking reputation will pull Hillary Clinton down as well. After all, it hasn't yet.

What, then, is the best response for the GOP? It is simply this: The party must wrap itself unabashedly in the garb of *reform*. If Hillary Clinton offers herself as the wise and learned hand who will rely upon her decades of experience to guide the ship of state, Republicans have to argue that her experience is exactly what the country *doesn't* need at this moment. They need to convince the public that, by being in Washington for the last quarter-century, she is too committed to a broken status quo that is in desperate need of change. The party then needs to lay out a credible and salable agenda for that change.

This should sound familiar, *for it is how Barack Obama defeated Hillary Clinton in 2008.* A message of reform resonated six years ago, and it could very well resonate again (so long as it is carried by somebody other than Obama!). Now as then, the country is tired and frustrated with the status quo. The people appear to want a change in course.

Granted, this is unfamiliar territory for the Republican party. From Dwight Eisenhower to Nixon to Gerald Ford to George H. W. Bush to Bob Dole to George W. Bush to McCain to Mitt Romney, "fresh and new" are not its calling cards! Only Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan broke with tradition, and only Reagan was a political success. The party is more comfortable offering a "Return to Normalcy," even if the country doesn't want normalcy.

If Hillary Clinton offers a Return to Normalcy in 2016, it is a fair bet that the GOP will not be able to beat her by competing on the same terrain. Instead, Republicans should focus assiduously on maximizing their gains in this midterm election, take a few weeks to enjoy (hopefully) their victory, and then have a serious conversation about exactly what kind of *change* they want to offer the country in 2016. For that appears to be the best—perhaps the only—way to beat Hillary Clinton. ♦

The Democrats' Goldwater

Elizabeth Warren leads the party's leftward march.

BY FRED BARNES

AP / DETROIT NEWS / DAVID COATES

To his left—and rightly so

Republicans had Barry Goldwater. Democrats now have Elizabeth Warren. What do they have in common? Years back, he pointed the way for his party, and now she's doing the same thing for hers.

Goldwater was already a force in Republican politics when his *Conscience of a Conservative* was published in 1960. He pushed the party toward a conservative future. Warren is riding a liberal surge among Democrats and prodding them in an even more liberal direction.

We know where Republicans wound up. They're the conservative party, all the more so as a result of Tea Party activism. We don't know where Democrats will ultimately land. But if Warren, a senator from Massachusetts, is any guide, they'll be a far more liberal party than they are today and more politically vulnerable as well.

Much attention has been paid to the GOP's recent drift to the right. The mainstream media, echoing President Obama, have characterized congressional Republicans as the chief cause of gridlock in Washington. Obama's role as an impediment to compromise and his allegiance to liberal interest groups has been largely ignored.

That Democrats have grown more liberal has been quantified by both Gallup and Pew Research. In January, Gallup found that 43 percent of Democrats identify themselves as liberals, up from 29 percent in 2000. Gallup's Jeffrey Jones called the shift "a telling indicator" of a once-diverse party "increasingly

Fred Barnes is an executive editor at The Weekly Standard.

dominated by those from the left end of the ideological spectrum."

In February, pollster Andrew Kohut wrote that Pew's "values survey" from 1987 to 2012 shows Democrats "as a whole have moved to the left in recent years. They are much more socially liberal than they were even a decade ago, more supportive of activist government, more in favor of increased regulation of business."

In June, another Pew survey found that since 1994 the share of Democrats who regard themselves as usually liberal had jumped from 30 percent to 56 percent. And 70 percent of active Democrats said their views are mostly or always liberal, double the 35 percent of two decades ago.

Josh Kraushaar of *National Journal* is one of the few journalists to call attention to this trend. Citing Pew's polling, he noted five issues on which Democratic liberals and moderates disagree: the deficit, the environment, social issues, income inequality, and foreign policy. On all five, he wrote, "Obama is on the leftward side. . . . Obama has been effective in portraying himself as a moderate consensus-builder while governing in a liberal direction."

Liberals and Obama "give low priority to dealing with the deficit," Kraushaar wrote. They favor "paying higher prices to help the environment." Liberals "are much more optimistic about the ability of government to make a meaningful difference in the income gap." Kraushaar also noted Pew found that "most liberals don't believe in ensuring peace through military strength."

Obama's fidelity to liberal interest groups, a key feature of his presidency, has intensified this year. With Latin American children flooding across our southern border, he initially backed a change in a 2008 law that protected them from quick deportation. But after liberal, pro-immigration groups urged him not to, the president dropped that idea.

To jack up Democratic turnout in the midterm elections, his policies are focused entirely on stirring the Democratic base—racial minorities, the poor, environmentalists, peaceniks, gays, unions, and every other liberal faction. "It's tactical," Obama's only hope for enlarging the turnout, says Republican adviser Karl Rove. Obama has given up on appealing to independents and moderates.

He's unleashed Attorney General Eric Holder to insinuate that Republicans are racist. He's outlawed antigay bias in hiring by federal contractors. In his speeches, Obama stresses income inequality—an issue spawned by the failed Occupy Wall Street protest—and raising the minimum wage. He talks about CIA "torture" and reduced payments on student loans.

Warren isn't charismatic or eloquent, but she arouses liberals in a way Obama hasn't since 2008. Still, she's forgotten what happened the last time Democrats tilted sharply to the left (pre-Obama). It was in the 1970s, and the backlash led to the presidencies of Reagan, Bush 41, Clinton, and Bush 43.

Meanwhile, "an ascendant progressive and populist movement . . . is on the verge of taking over the party," Doug Sosnik, the political director for President Clinton, wrote in *Politico*. It's currently "simmering beneath the surface."

For Sosnik, the change from his years in the Clinton White House must be vivid. Conservative scholar Steven Hayward says the "most notable shift is that Democrats have shed the relative moderation of the Clinton years on social and economic policy in favor of the old-school, punitive redistributionism of Elizabeth Warren." Indeed, "Bill and Hillary Clinton's support for traditional marriage," Hayward says, "is being airbrushed out of party history as effectively as a disgraced Soviet Politburo member."

Warren isn't charismatic or an eloquent speaker, but she arouses liberals in a way Obama hasn't since his 2008 campaign. She's also a problem for Democrats. She's forgotten what happened the last time Democrats tilted sharply to the left (pre-Obama). It was in the 1970s, and the backlash led to the presidencies of Reagan, Bush 41, Clinton, and Bush 43. And Obama was elected while posing as a bipartisan unifier.

Sosnik pointed out the liberal trend among Democrats has been accompanied in public opinion by something very un-liberal—"a desire for less government, not more." Thus Democratic activists must reconcile public support for smaller government "with their own progressive impulses," he wrote.

That won't be easy if Warren has her way. She's not a reconciler. Her most famous remark is that America's economic system is "rigged" in favor of the high and mighty. And who else is there to uproot the system but the federal government? The 11 principles of progressivism she laid down at the Netroots Nation convention amount to an invitation for Washington to intervene. If such a thing as a small government liberal exists, she's not one.

Warren's progressive tenets include these: "Wall Street needs stronger rules and tougher enforcement . . . the Internet shouldn't be rigged to benefit big corporations and that means real net neutrality . . . fast-food workers deserve a livable wage . . . students are entitled to get an education without being crushed by debt . . . equal means equal and that's true in marriage, it's true in the workplace, it's true in all of America . . . immigration has made this country strong and vibrant and that means reform . . . corporations are not people." These sound nice, but they all require bigger, more intrusive, and more powerful government.

In her mind, this package of liberal ideas is more than a political agenda. "This is 21st-century democracy," she said. "This is the future of America." I'd put it differently. Warrenism is the future of liberalism. ♦

Immigration Malpractice

Young Latin Americans pay the price for America's policy blunders. BY PETER SKERRY

For over a generation now, America's elites have willfully ignored a substantial segment of the public that has misgivings about ever-increasing levels of immigration. Whenever possible these elites—in the academy, religious institutions, the media, politics, and business—have responded to such misgivings with platitudes about our status as "a nation of immigrants," conveniently overlooking the four decades of the 20th century when the gates were substantially closed. When such evasive tactics have proved ineffective, immigration advocates have routinely denounced those who resist their agenda as racist xenophobes—and continued to pry open the floodgates to unskilled as well as skilled migrants.

In recent months, of course, popular anxieties have broken through the thick haze of immigration happy talk and moralistic complacency, most recently in the unresolved controversy over thousands of "unaccompanied alien children" from Central America who have been streaming across our southern border and overwhelming our capacities to process them. As is often the case with such populist outbursts, sound gut instincts do not necessarily translate into good policy. For as it happens, there are compelling arguments to admit these young people fleeing social, economic, and political chaos for which the United States bears considerable responsibility. Yet many of our countrymen are now impervious to such arguments, after decades during which immigration and refugee advocates and their allies have uncritically embraced all those seeking entry here and declined to articulate any meaningful criteria by which Americans might come to make difficult choices.

U.S. Border Patrol agents with a number of detained migrant 'children'

These elites have sown not only disaffection but confusion. In the current controversy, this confusion is definitional, political, and moral. Taking the definitional first, advocates and their allies have appropriated the legislative term "unaccompanied alien children"—despite the fact that the overwhelming majority of the Central American youth arriving at our border are 13- to 18-year-olds. If the issue were contraception or abortion, their champions would insist on referring to them as "young adults." More to the point, the most straight-talking student of the region, anthropologist David Stoll, points out that in Central America "children" of this age are in the workforce and starting families.

No matter. In his recent report on this issue, "Children on the Run," the U.N. high commissioner for refugees insists on referring to these youth as "boys" and "girls." He goes on to make the case that while they may not meet the prevailing definition of refugees, these "children" nevertheless merit "international protection" and hence legal residence in the United States. What the commissioner fails to address are the social and fiscal challenges when such uprooted and uneducated "boys" and "girls" get caught up in the pathologies of life in our cities—especially gangs, pregnancy outside of marriage, and drugs.

Similarly confounding is the political and policy confusion enveloping this issue. Outraged Americans and their Republican tribunes have sought to pin this fiasco on President Obama and his de facto amnesty for individuals who arrived here illegally as children—the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals program (DACA). Yet the surge in young people arriving at our southern border from Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador clearly began in the fall of 2011, well before DACA went into effect in August 2012, just in time for the final months of the presidential campaign. Indeed, by May 2012, Texas governor Rick Perry was calling on Obama to address the developing humanitarian crisis at the Texas-Mexico border.

To be sure, once in place, DACA did not help stem the tide from Central America and undoubtedly contributed to rumors of sanctuary in the United States that even the White House's top immigration adviser, Cecilia Muñoz, has had to credit. So, too, the administration's throttling back on deportations of noncriminals and minors likely conveyed the impression in Central America that once here young adults would be permitted to stay.

What outraged Americans do not

AP / ROSS D. FRANKLIN

Peter Skerry, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, teaches political science at Boston College.

want to face up to—and what their champions are not prepared to tell them—is that this crisis has been many years in the making. More to the point, America had a distinct role in creating the current mess. Aside from the long and complicated legacy of our military interventions in the region, one can point to our deportation of thousands of convicted criminals to Central America—more than 129,000 between 2001 and 2010 alone, most of them members of criminal gangs who have subsequently wrought havoc in their home countries. At the same time, the United States has been the source of a lively weapons trade into Mexico and Central America. Last but by no means least is our continuing demand for illegal drugs, which in recent years have been routed by Mexican cartels through the three Central American countries that young people are now fleeing. According to General John F. Kelly, commander of the U.S. Southern Command in Miami, 80 percent of the violence in those murderously violent countries is attributable to the drug trade for which we are the primary market.

Immigration and refugee advocates are more than happy to point to such indicators of our complicity in the surge of Central American youth to our border. But these advocates have no credibility with the Americans who most need convincing. Feeding this lack of credibility is the complete silence of such advocates when it comes to acknowledging how our relatively open borders have contributed over time to the break-up of families and the ensuing social disorder in Central America that now spurs the surge of youth across our border.

In fact, it is social dislocation due to migration that has led some Catholic leaders to speak on occasion of "a right not to migrate"—a right to stay at home. Of course, the bishops have spoken out even more loudly and consistently on "the right to migrate." The result has been a curiously libertarian concoction such that the church tends to advocate whatever "the people" (the poor) want when it comes to migration decisions, while remaining remarkably oblivious to the impact of such decisions on traditional Catholic concerns like communal and political cohesion.

When it comes to illegal immigrants, the Catholic position is even more perverse. Suddenly, any hint of populism evanesces. The wishes of "the people" (middle-class Americans) are now suspect and categorically overridden by the claims of the biblical "stranger." Indeed, just about any opposition or resistance to illegal immigration is viewed as morally suspect or racist. The pronouncements of Thomas Wenski, archbishop of Miami and one of the leading voices on migration for the American hierarchy, on the status of illegal immigrants are admittedly extreme but not atypical of the moral obtuseness of the bishops on these issues: "The last time that we excluded legally a whole class of people from the benefits and the protection of American law was called Jim Crow, and this country has yet to recover from the bad effect."

Our secular elites have displayed only marginally greater insight into the ethical and moral dilemmas presented by contemporary mass migration. Even Michael Walzer, in his subtle treatise on distributive justice, *Spheres of Justice*, adopts an ill-considered maximalist position on the rights of guest workers. Arguing that once admitted to a host society guest workers must be afforded the option of becoming full citizens, Walzer ignores abundant evidence that guest workers routinely shun membership in host societies and cling, not always successfully, to a strategy whereby they derive income from their host and maintain ties to the home country, to which they intend eventually to return.

More egregious but also more typical of the thinking of policy elites is "Children on the Run," the U.N. report. It reflects a clear effort to expand the definition of refugee status to something broader called "international protection." In general, I have no criticism of such reform efforts. But I do question the prudence of the specific grounds on which the high commissioner for refugees invokes the need to protect young people in Central America. For while his report stipulates that "it is understood that not all children leaving situations of poverty warrant international protection," it goes on to suggest that "all violence against children, including physical, psychological and sexual violence, while in the care of parents or [other caregivers]," constitutes "a potential basis for providing international protection."

It is worth noting that this recently issued report is based on research and funding that required a couple of years of lead-time. If this particular crisis has been some years in the making, so too have immigration and refugee advocates been laying the groundwork to make use of it for some time. Such are the tireless efforts of today's conscientious reformers, underwritten by sympathetic funders and abetted by ideologically attuned academics. These operatives are skilled not merely in the passage of legislation but in the arcane arts of rule-making and administrative politics as well as media management. Even when such professionals seek to speak out on behalf of the disenfranchised or unrepresented, they have a difficult time maintaining meaningful lines of communication with those whose interests they purport to represent. In the case of immigration reform, as political scientists such as Gary Freeman and Peter Schuck have pointed out, such political entrepreneurs have managed to operate under the radar and expand immigration levels through technical fixes and incremental legislative changes in the face of considerable popular anxiety if not outright opposition. But now such immigration reformers are running aground on the shoals of a resurgent populism.

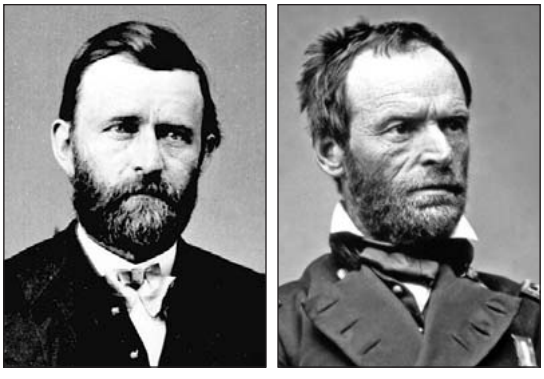
In many respects, these reformers and their religious allies are reaping what they have sown. Unfortunately, those who pay the price this time will be the young adults from Central America whose legitimate claims on America's conscience and largesse may now go unheeded. ♦

Summer of Stalemate

The fight for Georgia

By Geoffrey Norman

In the summer of 1864, the Union cause rested with Generals Ulysses S. Grant and William Tecumseh Sherman. They commanded the most formidable armies ever seen on the continent, yet neither had been in uniform four years earlier, when the war began. Both were West Point trained and had served, without distinction, in the regular army. One had left the army in disgrace; the other in frustration. The detractors of one said that he drank, and the other's enemies said he was "unbalanced." When the two were working in harness, during the long and difficult campaign against the Confederate stronghold of Vicksburg, one newspaper had editorialized that the "army was being ruined in mud-turtle expeditions, under the leadership of a drunkard [Grant], whose confidential adviser [Sherman] was a lunatic."



U.S. Grant and William T. Sherman

The Vicksburg campaign had eventually succeeded. Grant was called east by President Lincoln to take command of all Union armies. He put Sherman in charge of the western armies positioned around Chattanooga. His plan, as Sherman described it: "He was to go for Lee, and I was to go for Joe Johnston. That was his plan."

Like all able generals, they understood that the enemy's armies were the ultimate objective. Destroy them, and the rest—cities, governments, whole populations—would follow. So the true objectives of the campaigns were the Army of Northern Virginia under the command of Robert E. Lee and the Army of Tennessee under Joseph Johnston. The nominal objectives were Richmond and Atlanta, and these were the focus of attention in the press and in the political debate about the future of the war and President Abraham Lincoln.

The South could not afford to lose either city and certainly not both. The Confederates would be compelled to risk their armies to save them, and when they did, they would be crushed by the Union's superior weight in numbers, arms, and all things except, perhaps, generalship. On that matter, the jury was still out.

The plan was simplicity itself, and the generals who were to execute it were plainly brutal and determined enough to pull it off. And yet . . .

Grant found it hard going in Virginia. He began the campaign in early May, and in a month he had lost 60,000 men in a series of exceptionally bloody battles, none of which could be called a Union victory—the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor. By mid-June, his army was in Petersburg, outside of Richmond, locked down into something like what the world would eventually come to know as "trench warfare."

Washington—indeed, all the Union—was demoralized by the casualties and the stalemate. There was a sense of futility in the air that translated into a desire, simply, for an end, for some kind of political settlement that would require, first, a new president. With the election coming in November, President Lincoln told a confidant that he expected to lose and perhaps to lose badly.

With Grant stalemated, hopes against this possibility seemed to rest with Sherman, down in Georgia. Atlanta was about as far from his base in Chattanooga as Richmond was from Washington. But while he had the same distance to go as Grant, he faced a different kind of enemy attempting to keep him from getting there.

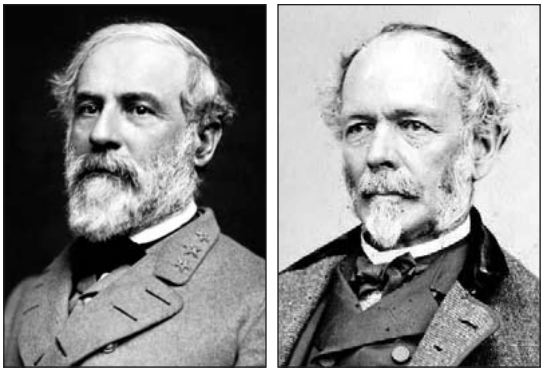
Someone had said earlier in the war that Robert E. Lee's name "might be Audacity." If that were so, Joe Johnston's could have been Prudence or Caution. Lee had taken over command of the armies defending Richmond in 1862 from Johnston, who had been seriously wounded in the Battle of Seven Pines. Prior to that battle, he had retreated for days ahead of Union armies commanded by his old friend George McClellan in the Peninsula Campaign. It

Geoffrey Norman, a writer in Vermont, is a frequent contributor to The Weekly Standard.

was a contest between two equally cautious commanders. Lee had changed all that, saved Richmond, chased McClellan back to Washington, and been nemesis to Union commanders and armies ever since.

Johnston had recovered from his wound and been given new commands, ultimately taking over in the west from Braxton Bragg, who had won a victory at Chickamauga but was otherwise both unsuccessful and unpopular—so much so that even the support of Confederate president Jefferson Davis could not keep him in command.

Johnston was a prideful, prickly man, whom Davis disliked. He had a reputation as an able administrator and tactician. He could handle an army, and his troops liked him, but he was not inclined to take risks. A story told about him got to this aspect of his character. It seems that the patrician Johnston, who enjoyed quite a reputation as a wing shot, was invited on a hunt at some plantation. With each bird that flew over, he found a reason *not* to shoot—too high, too low, too far away, etc. He was a crack shot who never missed because he never fired a shot.



Robert E. Lee and Joe Johnston

He had backed all the way up the Peninsula, almost to Richmond, two years earlier, retreating skillfully enough but never showing much inclination to go over to the offensive. The question now was, under pressure from Sherman, would he back all the way up to Atlanta? Would he give up the city and, perhaps, in so doing, lose the war?

Sherman, in temperament, was the antithesis of Johnston. He is known to history for the statement "War is hell," though the context is uncertain, and the occasion was many years after the war. But he said much the same during the war, as in his famous letter to the people of Atlanta: "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it."

He was a man of fierce and liquid emotions who had become so despondent early in the war that he left the army and lived in a kind of self-imposed solitary confinement for a time, suffering from what today would be called depression. When he came back, he showed that he was a fighter, especially at Shiloh, where his division took some of the worst of the Confederate assault on the Union line in the first day of fighting. That night, he found Grant, alone, sitting under a tree and smoking a cigar. "Well, Grant," he said. "We've had the devil's own day, haven't we?"

"Yes," Grant said. "Lick 'em tomorrow, though."

They did, with Sherman taking two wounds in the fighting.

The two generals became an immortal military partnership. Sherman, 10 years Grant's senior, was happy to serve as the subordinate. He once acknowledged to another officer what he saw as Grant's most critical virtue as a soldier: "I am a damned sight smarter man than Grant. I know more about military history, strategy, and grand tactics than he does. I know more about supply, administration, and everything else than he does. I'll tell you where he beats me though and where he beats the world. He doesn't give a damn about what the enemy does out of his sight."

Sherman also summed up, with colloquial precision, the bond between these men who would win or lose the war: "Grant stood by me when I was crazy, and I stood by him when he was drunk, and now we stand by each other."

Sherman, for all his volatility, was not an impulsive general. He knew how to maneuver and he understood terrain. He was familiar with some of the ground his army would be required to cross if it were to make it to Atlanta, having walked it when he was stationed nearby in the years before the war.

He began his movement toward Atlanta in early May as Grant moved down into Virginia. Johnston was in Dalton, Georgia, where he had established a strong defensive position. Sherman, after the war, wrote, "I had no purpose to attack Johnston's position at Dalton in front, but marched from Chattanooga to feign at his front and to make a lodgment in Resaca, eighteen miles to his rear on his lines of communication and supply."

This set the tone for the entire campaign. With, that is, one unfortunate exception.

For the next month and a half, Sherman would move to get around Johnston, who would counter with a move of his own, almost always a withdrawal. While each of those moves would bring Sherman's army closer to Atlanta, it would also lengthen his lines of supply and communication and shorten Johnston's.

It was a chess match between two able tacticians. Move and countermove, with neither general taking any long risks but with both men looking for opportunity to make that one, decisive maneuver that would end the thing.

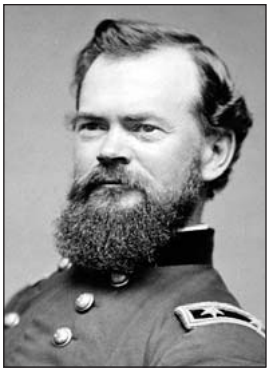
Sherman tried at Resaca, sending General James McPherson far around Johnston's left in an attempt to get behind him and then between the Confederates and the first of three rivers between their current position and Atlanta. The move would force them to come out of their defensive

positions or wither with their own supply line to their base in Atlanta severed. Done right and done decisively, this maneuver would, perhaps, finish the thing for good and all. Sherman believed it would, and when McPherson's first dispatches arrived at headquarters, he banged his fist on a table and said, "I've got Joe Johnston dead."

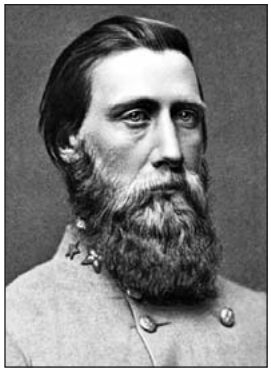
But as so often in this war, an opportunity went wasting when a subordinate failed to execute. McPherson was cautious, like all of Sherman's senior commanders, and Johnston, who seemed to have a feel for this sort of thing, moved quickly to escape the trap McPherson was slow to spring.

Sherman took it hard, saying, "Such an opportunity does not occur twice in a single life." But he did not relieve McPherson. He merely informed him that he "regretted beyond measure" that he had not done all he might have.

Johnston, despite his preference for the defense, was also looking for an opportunity to turn and handle the enemy in one big, decisive action. Prudence and sound strategy argued that the closer to Atlanta this fight occurred, the better. But he was not going to pass up any opening Sherman gave him. He had his pride, and he knew his reputation and was aware of what his detractors were saying about him, both in Richmond and among his own officers.



James McPherson



John Bell Hood

So in the course of what one of the generals on the other side called his "clean retreats," Johnston came up with a design to go over to the offensive and catch Sherman out in the open. He gave the job to one of the most aggressive generals of the war on either side. John Bell Hood had lost an arm and a leg already, but it was still in his nature to attack. To excess, perhaps, as noted by Lee, under whom he had served. Asked about Hood's fitness for high command, Lee had described him as "all lion; no fox."

But the lion had the ear of Jefferson Davis, to whom he wrote complaining of the army's lack of aggressiveness. Johnston now provided Hood with the opportunity to correct that defect by attacking one of the three elements of Sherman's advance when it was isolated and could not be supported by the other two, which would then be dealt with in turn. It was a good plan. Hood liked it and was eager for the opportunity to fight. Johnston was so confident of success that he issued a general order which concluded, "I lead you to battle. We may confidently trust that the Almighty Father will still reward the patriots' toils and bless the patriots' banners. Cheered by the success of our brothers in Virginia and beyond the Mississippi, our efforts will equal theirs. Strengthened by His support, these efforts will be crowned by like glories."

The soldiers, too, were tired of retreating, and after the reading of the order, according to one, "A sort of grand halo illuminated every soldier's face. . . . We were going to whip and rout the Yankees."

But Hood, like McPherson, flinched at the critical moment. The general mistook a small element of cavalry that he encountered for a much larger Union force and feared that it was he who would be ambushed and annihilated. The attack never happened. The retreat continued.

This was maneuver war of the sort that is taught in command and staff colleges, and perhaps the most striking thing about it is how capably it was done. Hood and McPherson may have missed their opportunities, but neither commander blundered or even made an injudicious move. This was a rare thing in war, which is generally a catalogue of mistakes and blunders. It was especially notable in this war, which was fought between armies of tens of thousands, almost all of them untrained civilians three years earlier. The war had been the school and combat the teacher. It is interesting to imagine what might have happened if either of these American armies—or either of the two fighting in Virginia—had suddenly found itself in a fight against the soldiers from any of the European nations. Americans had become both terrible and skilled in battle.

So the soldiers in Georgia performed like the veterans that they now were. They were especially good at throwing up defensive works whenever they stopped moving. They would quickly go to work with saws, axes, and shovels and in short order construct field fortifications from earth and logs strong enough to make an attack imprudent at best and suicidal at worst. They had learned a lot, not least the futility of fighting upright and in the open.

And so the generals maneuvered and the soldiers dug. The fights were insignificant affairs against the bloody battles being fought in Virginia. The people behind the lines and in the governments of Richmond and Washington were not inclined to admire the skills of either the generals or the soldiers engaged in this martial dance across Georgia. They wanted action and results—wanted Atlanta taken or the invaders routed and punished. They wanted something conclusive.

Union impatience with Sherman and his slow progress

Above, Confederate earthworks on Kennesaw Mountain, and at right, their federal counterparts in the valley below

was exacerbated by the heavy body counts in Virginia and by unrelieved bad news from other fronts. Grant had put three other operations in motion. They were relative sideshows compared with the campaigns that he and Sherman were waging. Still, they were intended to put additional pressure on the South, and all three had failed. General Banks had been defeated and pushed back in Louisiana. General Butler was stalemated south of the James River in Virginia. And General Siegel was routed in the Shenandoah Valley, at the Battle of New Market, by a hastily assembled Confederate force that included the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, some of them as young as 15. They were, in Jefferson Davis's phrase, "the seed corn of the Confederacy."

Meanwhile, in Georgia, far to Sherman's rear, the Confederate cavalryman Nathan Bedford Forrest fought and won what may have been his masterpiece at Brice's Crossroads in Mississippi. Forrest's victory was studied by military men for years after, among them Erwin Rommel.

Sherman, unlike previous Union commanders, did not let what had happened to his rear stampede him into abandoning the advance, however slowly it might be proceeding. He commanded others to take care of Forrest and continued to press Johnston. But Forrest's success may have been one factor pushing him into a standup battle at Kennesaw Mountain.

Sherman himself had begun to chafe at the slow progress and the repetitive flank marches of his army. His troops, he seemed to think, were losing their edge. They needed to fight, and the enemy needed to see that they would fight. "A fresh furrow in a plowed field," he complained to Grant, "will stop the whole column and all begin to entrench."

The Confederates' Kennesaw Mountain position that he chose to attack was naturally formidable and made stronger by the ad hoc engineering skills of the Confederate soldiers. The battle was a one-sided defeat for the Union, which Sherman did not deny in his postwar writings: "I ordered a general assault with the full cooperation of my great lieutenants, Thomas, McPherson, and Schofield, as good and true men who ever lived or died for their country's cause, but we failed, losing 3,000 men, to the Confederates' loss of 630."

It was undeniably a defeat, though Sherman would argue in his official report that "it produced good fruit, as it demonstrated to General Johnston that I would assault and . . . boldly."

As for the numbers, in these late, hard days of the war, they had become somehow tolerable. Grant had lost more men at Cold Harbor in an hour. As Sherman wrote to his wife, "I begin to regard the death and mangling of a couple of thousand men as a small affair, a kind of morning dash. . . . It may be well that we become hardened. . . . The worst of the war is not yet begun."

Kennesaw Mountain may have been a victory for Johnston and his army, but that did not mean taking the offensive. Three days later, Johnston was again in retreat. The Chattahoochee River was to his back, and once he had crossed that . . . Atlanta.

The frustrations of the South were as great as those of Washington, and pressure for the relief of Johnston was almost irresistible. Odd as it might seem that the victorious general after a great battle should be in danger of losing his command, this was the case, and it says volumes about a spirit of mutual desperation at this point in the war.

The woods at Peachtree Creek where McPherson fell

The mood of Washington may have been depressed and fearful, but the two commanders, the crazy man and the drunk of Sherman's formulation, remained calm and confident—in themselves and in each other. Sherman would not let himself be distracted by the successes of Nathan Bedford Forrest. Nor would Grant take his eyes off the prize, even when Jubal Early came raiding up the Shenandoah Valley and reached the outskirts of Washington. The president himself went out to observe the action and was actually under fire for a few moments from a Confederate sharpshooter, before Union captain Oliver Wendell Holmes is supposed to have shouted to him, "Get down, you damn fool, before you get shot."

It is said that Holmes did not recognize one of the most recognizable men alive, and maybe so. At any rate, Lincoln took himself out of the line of fire, and Early went back to Virginia. He did not have the numbers to follow up on his successes, Grant having sent just enough men to make sure of that, while himself pursuing the main objective, which was Lee and, by extension, Richmond.

So if there was fear and demoralization in Washington, there was firmness in the high command under conditions that easily could have made it otherwise; when generals could have made it known to supporters in government and the press that the blame lay not on them but, for instance, on the army in Georgia that maneuvered instead of fighting and lost when it did fight, or on the army in Virginia that was being bled white by an inferior force. All the while, Grant and Sherman remained confident in their plan and pressed the fight.

Things were not so on the other side of the hill. Frustration with Johnston became exasperation leading, finally, to his relief. His replacement was his critic, General John Hood, who was determined to fight.

Of Johnston, Sherman wrote, "No officer or soldier who ever served under me will question the generalship of Joseph E. Johnston." After the war, the two became friends and dined together when Johnston was in Washington. In 1891, as an honorary pallbearer for Sherman, Johnston refused to wear a hat, though it was raining and he was warned he might take ill, saying, "If I were in his place and he were standing here in mine, he would not put on his hat." Johnston did, indeed, become ill, and pneumonia carried him off not much later.

There was no such quaint sense of chivalry in front of Atlanta once Hood assumed command. He immediately put his men on the attack in a series of battles, beginning on July 21 on the banks of Peachtree Creek. The fighting was intense and bloody even by the grisly standards set in Virginia. Men and officers went down, including General McPherson, who rode into Confederate lines in the heat of battle, refused to surrender, and was cut down when he tried to make his escape. He was the second-highest-ranking officer killed in the war and was mourned not just by Sherman but also by Hood, who called him "my classmate and boyhood friend."

While he lost more men in 72 hours than Johnston had in a month and a half, Hood had not accomplished the deliverance of Atlanta. But neither had Sherman taken the city. It was now under siege, as Richmond was to the north.

With the election looming, impatience and frustration spread like a fever, and even so staunch a supporter and Union man as Horace Greely was saying, "Mr. Lincoln is already beaten. He cannot be elected."

Sherman, however, was not done. And the world would soon learn the meaning of the words by which history remembers him. ♦

Montpelier, home of James Madison, Orange, Virginia

GEORGE G. MILFORD

Quietly Revolutionary

The achievement(s) of James Madison. BY PATRICK ALLITT

If you're in your 20s or 30s and still living with Mom and Dad, remind them, next time they nag you about getting your own place, that James Madison wrote the Constitution while still living off his parents. Note, however, that this retort will only be effective if you, too, have created, explained, and made operational a political system durable enough to thrive for more than two centuries and flexible enough to accommodate the shift from agrarian republic to world superpower.

James Madison
A Life Reconsidered
by Lynne Cheney
Viking, 576 pp., $36

Most of the Founding Fathers have enjoyed the monster-biography treatment in recent years, and Lynne Cheney's new book on Madison adds more weight to the groaning shelf. She claims he's been underappreciated recently by comparisons with flashier contemporaries like Alexander Hamilton and more romantic figures like Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. Outside the world of political scientists, that may be true—though there's little chance of Madison's name ever falling into obscurity.

There wasn't much excitement in his life, so it is very much to Cheney's credit that *James Madison: A Life Reconsidered* is so consistently engrossing. It's an almost week-by-week account of Madison's work in the Continental Congress, the Virginia Assembly, the Constitutional Convention, the House of Representatives, the State Department, and the White House, enriched by lengthy

Patrick Allitt, professor of history at Emory, is the author, most recently, of The Conservatives: Ideas and Personalities Throughout American History.

letters to and from the most famous Americans of his era. Madison is the ideal subject for any writer who wants to show what happens when big ideas meet practical politics in an era of great upheaval.

Madison was deeply learned in political philosophy, but never lost touch with what was actually happening in the new states. His achievement was to transform the best elements of republican theory into a working system, persuade his larger-than-life contemporaries that it was viable, then navigate it through the shoals of its early crises. You get a vivid sense of his central role when you learn that, early in 1789, after bringing the Constitutional Convention to a successful conclusion, writing the fullest account of it, publicizing it in the *Federalist*, and persuading his skeptical fellow Virginians in convention to accept it, he then hurried north to New York, wrote President Washington's first Inaugural Address *and* the House of Representatives' reply to it—and even Washington's letter of thanks for that reply! He then introduced the very first item of business in the House (how to raise money to pay off accumulated national debts), dominated the ensuing debate, and took time in the evenings to draft the Bill of Rights.

Contemporaries took notice. He was still in his early 20s and only recently out of Princeton when the crisis of the Revolution began. From that moment on, he lived and breathed politics, learning at a phenomenal rate and quickly drawing favorable notice from domestic and foreign observers. A fellow Virginian wrote that "he has astonished mankind and has by means perfectly constitutional become almost a dictator." Similarly, the French minister to the new republic, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, described him in 1783 as "the man of the soundest judgment in the Congress." On the other hand, he never suffered fools gladly and had no small talk. Martha Bland, a more frivolous contemporary, described him as a "gloomy, stiff creature," adding that he was "the most unsociable creature in existence."

Short in stature, unprepossessing in appearance, a workaholic, plain-spoken and typically unemotional, he suffered from a form of epilepsy. This affliction kept him out of the Army when the Revolutionary War began and dogged him throughout his career, especially at moments of great stress. His many friends and admirers cautioned him against working himself to an early grave, though he outlived all the other Founders, surviving until 1836 to die at the age of 85. The epilepsy—regarded as demonic by some superstitious contemporaries—was probably the reason his first love, Kitty Floyd, declined a proposal of marriage.

Kitty's refusal was a cloud with a silver lining, however, because it left open the way for Madison to woo and marry Dolley Payne Todd, who arrives in these pages like a splash of primary color in the monochrome, all-male world of politics. She was a Quaker, the daughter of one of the very first Americans to free his slaves on principle. Tall, lively, attractive, and still only in her mid-20s at the time of their meeting, she was already a widow and mother.

Madison was a hardheaded 42-year-old by then, but he briefly let himself get quite carried away. He instructed a go-between to tell Dolley that "he thinks so much of you during the day that he has lost his tongue; at night he dreams of you and starts in his sleep a-calling on you to relieve his flame, for he burns to such an excess that he will shortly be consumed." She accepted his proposal, even though it meant being expelled from her Quaker congregation and even though, ironically, it meant returning to life on a Virginia slave plantation. Their happy marriage lasted 42 years.

Madison, like most of the Founders, dreaded the divisive spirit of party politics, or "faction." How to prevent or mitigate its evil effects was the subject of his famous tenth *Federalist* essay. In the 1790s, nevertheless, he joined Jefferson in creating the Democratic-Republican party after recognizing the incompatibility between their shared vision for the republic's future and that of Treasury secretary Hamilton. Hamilton's Federalists on the one side and Madison's Democratic-Republicans on the other found it hard to admit that they were creating parties, which both men opposed on principle, until it was impossible to deny. Having admitted it, each then supported polemical editors in the rough-and-tumble newspaper wars of the 1790s. Madison's man was his old Princeton friend Philip Freneau, editor of the *National Gazette*.

Cheney sees the preservation of political balance as the central issue of Madison's career. Dismayed that the republic seemed to be breaking up in the mid-1780s, Madison worked to create a stronger federal government to which the states would be subordinate. In opposition to the Federalists of the 1790s, by contrast, he feared an over-mighty federal government, which made him join Jefferson in asserting states' rights in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798. He opposed the creation of a national bank in the 1790s, but later, as president during the War of 1812, came to believe that one was necessary.

Where most historians have understood him to have changed his views over time, Cheney argues for an underlying consistency to which each of these responses was a pragmatic attempt at preserving the balance. He was, however, willing, when opportunity knocked, to deviate from strict adherence to principle. President Jefferson agonized over the constitutionality of the Louisiana Purchase, especially as he had, until then, been outspokenly opposed to bold federal initiatives. Madison, the secretary of state who helped accomplish the purchase, was on hand to soothe the president's conscience.

The worst moments of Madison's presidential career came during the War of 1812. A scattering of naval victories could not compensate for successive defeats on land and the feebleness of generals such as William Hull, who surrendered Fort Detroit without firing a shot. When the British Army approached Washington in August 1814, Madison rode out to Bladensburg, Maryland, to oversee his Army's positions. A determined

British advance soon routed the Americans, who, joined by the president and his family, fled through the streets of the capital. Andrew Jackson's victory at New Orleans a few months later helped restore the government's prestige, as did Madison's determination to rebuild the badly burned city of Washington in order to keep it as the national capital.

Is there a connection between the distinguished subject of this book and its distinguished author? A biography in the heroic mode from Lynne Cheney inevitably brings to mind the controversy she sparked in the early 1990s over what American history *is*, what it is *for*, and how it should be taught. In 1992, when she was head of the National Endowment for the Humanities, she commissioned the writing of a set of history standards to be followed grade-by-grade in schools nationwide. When, two years later, she saw what her committee had actually come up with, the draft struck her as far too negative about America's achievements: It was un-heroic, self-critical, and irksomely politically correct. She denounced it in a famous *Wall Street Journal* op-ed, whose closing words were: "We are a better people than the National Standards indicate, and our children deserve to know it."

James Madison: A Life Reconsidered lives up to the idea that we should recognize and celebrate our national heroes. It also fits with her claim (made in the same article) that the Constitution stands front and center among America's greatest achievements. She boldly compares Madison to Mozart and Einstein and declares that Madison, "more than any other individual, [was] responsible for creating the United States of America in the form we know it today."

Still, that is not an outlandish claim. She backs it up with persuasive evidence, avoids anachronisms, and makes no effort to intrude contemporary political concerns into her narrative. Readers unaware of her identity would never suspect that Lynne Cheney had been, for most of her adult life, a close witness to the political battles of her own era. ♦

B&A

Till Your Own

Gardening as necessity, not avocation.

BY AMY HENDERSON

Gardening, as an *idea*, has always seemed like a great way to spend time. What could be more fulfilling than to transform a barren plot of ground into a landscape bursting with brightly colored flowers and rows of nutritious vegetables?

The reality, though, is that gardening, even for fun, is hard work. Of course, the world's great gardens have battalions of worker bees: I once stayed at Sissinghurst Castle in Kent, where Vita Sackville-West created one of England's supreme 20th-century gardens. Her compartmentalized Sissinghurst design was based on the English cottage garden tradition, with patches of strong "sunset" colors juxtaposed with such monochromatic plots as the "White Garden."

Rudyard Kipling said, "Our England is a garden," and, as if to bolster his claim, libraries overflow with books that portray the grand gardens created by Britain's landed gentry. There are studies of Tudor and Stuart gardens, Victorian gardens, and gardens under the National Trust; the Prince of Wales has written several books about organic gardening at his estate, Highgrove. Perhaps the best overview of the more than 3,000 British gardens open to the public today is Ursula Buchan's *The English Garden* (2006).

What Margaret Willes tells here is a very different story, one that illuminates the historic social and horticultural ramifications of gardening. For the British working class, tilling the soil was more of a necessity than a spectator sport.

Willes is a former publisher at the National Trust who previously wrote *The Making of the English Gardener: Plants, Books, and Inspiration, 1560-1660* (2011). She decided to write this volume because the firsthand accounts she had researched showed garden history in Britain to be "rather like an iceberg," in that gardens of the rich and famous submerged the labor of ordinary gardeners. Her inspiration came from an essay on recreational gardening that argued,

> Little has been written about the history of popular gardening in Britain. Historians of the garden have been dazzled by the rare and the beautiful. Whole forests have been felled . . . for books describing . . . prestigious gardens attached predominantly to the nation's stately homes.

Her research into the 16th and 17th centuries reveals that gardening flourished among all levels of society, and she has delved into such primary sources as churchwardens' books, which give a glimpse of the gardening and husbandry undertaken by villagers. One 1677 account exclaimed that there was "scarce an ingenious citizen that by his confinement to a shop . . . [is] denied the priviledge of having a real garden." Willes writes that limitations regarding space and time made gardening a difficult pursuit for the working class, but somehow it happened. Land allotments were made available, and families of miners and factory workers often worked together, out of necessity, to put food on the table.

Ballads, folk songs, and proverbs also relate the role that herbal medicine

The Gardens of the British Working Class
by Margaret Willes
Yale, 416 pp., $40

Amy Henderson is a museum curator and cultural historian in Washington.

played in everyday life. In rural areas, "Providing physic for the family and the community was a domestic matter." In cities, however, a medical profession emerged to take charge of such provisions, with the "gentlemen" class taking up posts as doctors, apothecaries, and surgeons. The herb-gatherers were invariably women, but the medicine-givers in cities were always men.

Beginning in the late 16th century, market gardening became a vital part of Britain's towns and cities. In years when urban populations grew enormously, disease spread rapidly and with great devastation. London grew at a phenomenal rate in the 17th and 18th centuries, even with the Great Plague and Great Fire of the 1660s. Willes writes that, to keep people alive, "a ring of market gardens formed around the capital." Food was funneled into such venues as Covent Garden, and by the late 17th century, urbanites were offered a wide range of vegetables, fruits, and salads: "Dainty salads, cucumbers and asparagus, and soft fruit were the luxury of the rich," Willes writes, "while root vegetables and cabbages, apples and pears were the diet of the poor."

Willes also describes the increasing professionalization of gardening with the rise of prosperity. A Society of Gardeners was founded in London in 1724 by a group of nurserymen who had a botanical interest in naming plants accurately. The word "florist" began to be used, and by the early 18th century, societies of florists sponsored exhibitions where gardeners competed for such prizes as a silver tablespoon or cash.

With industrialization and urban sprawl, pollution became a problem for city gardeners. Sea coal was burned as fuel, and a 1629 gardening book describes the "unwholesome ayre" in London, "where there is so much smoake [that] neither herbe nor tree will long prosper." In the 19th century, Nottingham had the greatest number of working-class gardeners outside of London: In 1844, *Rural Life in England* described "upwards of 5,000 gardens, the bulk of which are occupied by the working class." Some belonged to substantial tradesmen and wealthier residents, but "the great mass are those of the mechanics."

Willes also includes a fascinating chapter on "Revolutions in Taste." In the mid and late 19th century, seeds for flowering plants and vegetables were both cheaper and easier to obtain than they had been previously. New postal and railway systems greatly increased access to such seeds, and cottage gardening—plots of flowers, vegetables, and herbs—became even more popular.

Britain's involvement in the Great War not only sent a generation of men off to battle, but, as Willes writes, "Every bit of spare land was commandeered: undeveloped building sites, front and back gardens of empty houses, corners of parks and commons, golf courses and tennis courts." After the war, gardening was portrayed as an antidote to such "dangerous radical views" as Bolshevism. Future prime minister Neville Chamberlain wrote in 1920 that "every spadeful of manure dug in, every fruit tree planted" converted potential revolutionaries into citizens. A popular slogan of the time was "Beautiful gardens make happy homes."

During World War II, Britain's gardeners continued to focus on producing homegrown food; but after the war, a majority of the British population happily returned to gardening, not only out of necessity but also for recreation. Television shows and popular cookbooks attracted new audiences, and by the late 1960s, it was estimated that 80 percent of British households had gardens.

Margaret Willes makes a convincing case that gardening's legacy has been a historic reflection of British character, not confined to the pastoral idylls of the landed gentry. In the end, she endorses the idea that gardening is "the true popular art of the country—we do not sing, or dance, we garden." ♦

B&A

People of the Word

The Jewish encounter with history.

BY PETER LOPATIN

Simon Schama's choice of "Story" in place of "History" in the title of this impressive new work is fitting, for the history he recounts is not history conceived of as a chronicle of important events, but rather as a compendium of thematically linked *stories* told throughout the ages by, and about, the lived experience of real people—and of *a* people. Schama tells these stories in terms of a number of characteristically Jewish oscillations: between exclusivity and inclusivity, differentiation and syncretism, assimilation and rejection, fidelity to law and tradition and the Jewish proclivity for scrutinizing and interrogating both. The myriad ways in which Jews mediated and resolved (or didn't resolve) these oppositions over the better part of two millennia constitute the warp and weft, the theme and variation, of Schama's narrative.

The Story of the Jews
Finding the Words, 1000 B.C.–1492 A.D.
by Simon Schama
Ecco, 512 pp., $39.99

To tell a story is, necessarily, to adopt a stance, an agenda that informs the storyteller's choices of what tales to tell and what themes to educe, and Schama lays his agenda on the table at the outset:

> What the Jews have lived through, and somehow survived to tell the tale, has been the most intense version known to human history of adversities endured by other peoples as well; of a culture perennially resisting its

Peter Lopatin is a writer in Stamford, Connecticut.

> annihilation, of remaking homes and habitats, writing the prose and the poetry of life, through a succession of uprootings and assaults. It is what makes this story at once particular and universal, the shared inheritance of Jews and non-Jews alike, an account of our common humanity.

It turns out to be an agenda that serves Schama well. Some of the stories he relates are of well-known figures of Jewish history, biblical and otherwise: Ezra and Nehemiah, inveighing against the corruption of Jewish society by "foreign" influences; the important (if ever problematical and dubious) Flavius Josephus, a Jew turned faithful Roman general and chronicler of Jerusalem's destruction at the hands of his Roman masters; rabbi and philosopher Maimon ben Joseph (known to us today as Maimonides) striving to reconcile faith with reason. And the list goes on, including rabbis and scholars, to be sure, but also mapmakers, courageous wives and daughters, poets, and physicians.

The book's subtitle is a bit misleading. Although there are references to the very earliest days of Jewish history, Schama's story really begins with the fifth-century-B.C. Jewish community at Elephantine, in Upper Egypt, which provides the thematic backdrop for the stories that follow. As revealed in troves of papyri uncovered at the end of the 19th century, a Jewish garrison town flourished in Elephantine, populated by "tough guys, anxious mothers, slave-girl wives, kibitzers and quibblers, hagglers over property lines, drafters of prenups, scribes, temple officials, jailbait indignant that they were set up for a fall, big shots and small fry." This was a community of Jews aware of its distinct identity, yet one which remained open to the wider non-Jewish world. Their Jewishness was "worldly, cosmopolitan, vernacular (Aramaic) not Hebrew, obsessed with law and property, money-minded, fashion-conscious [and] much concerned with . . . the niceties of the social pecking order and both the delights and burdens of the Jewish ritual calendar." These were Jews who mingled freely with their non-Jewish neighbors, sometimes to the point of taking non-Jewish wives, a practice repugnant to the priestly grandees of contemporaneous Jerusalem, where, at roughly the same time, the books of Ezra and Nehemiah were being composed, "with the express aim of purging Jewish society of 'foreign' elements: a winnowing out of foreign women, foreign cults, foreign habits."

Elephantine and Jerusalem serve as the thematic poles about which Schama's "story of the Jews" will turn, as he guides his reader deftly, if at times feverishly, over a great swath of Jewish history. The tension between the sacred demands of text and tradition—the never-ending "laying on of words" that is intrinsic both to the practice of Judaism and the lived experience that is Jewishness—and the pervasiveness of "alien" influences upon a people who saw themselves in some important sense as "distinct" is a recurrent theme in Jewish history. That theme runs like a river through Schama's account as well, perhaps nowhere more strikingly than in his chapter on "Classical Jews," in which he explores the tense yet fructifying interplay between Hellenism and Judaism.

On the one hand, the Greeks abhorred the obduracy of the stiff-necked Jews and "their exasperating refusal to *be like everyone else*," insisting—as against all (Greek) reason and spiritual sensibility—on restricting their diets (rather than indulging their appetites), violating the beauty of the human form through the practice of circumcision, and the exclusivity of their faceless God. Schama asks the key question: "What was it to be: the nude or the word? God as beauty or God as writing? Divinity invisible or an eyeful of perfect body?" The division seems stark and unbridgeable. Yet the lived reality of Hellenic Judaism tells us otherwise. From Libya to Alexandria to Judea and the Galilee, Jews and pagans lived among and influenced one another:

> For those multitudes, Hellenism and Judaism were not mutually incompatible at all. Their manner of living exemplified something like the opposite: unforced convergence; a spontaneous (if not untroubled) coexistence.

It is important to note that neither here, nor in his compelling account of Jewish life in Moorish Spain—nor anywhere else, for that matter—does Schama spin a feel-good yarn of this or that golden age of Jewish life under the rule of non-Jews. He is keenly aware that the story of the Jews is, in part, a lachrymose tale of persecution and destruction. He notes that the earliest appearance of "Israel" on any historical artifact is a late-13th-century-B.C. Egyptian inscription that proclaims: "Israel is laid waste, its seed is no more." For all the cosmopolitanism of the Jews of Elephantine, they were "stigmatized as colonists, tools of the Persian occupiers . . . their religion a desecrating intrusion." Schama knows those stories and tells them vividly. But he also wishes to tell "a second story . . . in which the line between the alien and the pure is much less hard and fast; in which being Jewish did not carry with it the requirement of shutting out neighboring cultures but, to some degree at least, living in their company." The coexistence of these two stories is, in Schama's telling, the real "Story" of the Jews.

This book was conceived as a companion to the eponymous BBC television documentary series authored by Schama (now on PBS as well), and, not surprisingly, Schama has chosen a richly visual writing style that is admirably evocative but occasionally stumbles over itself. (Can it really be the case that "it takes no imagination at all to wander the streets of Elephantine, hear the gossip and smell the cooking pots"? Surely a little imagination would help!) And although, for the most part, Schama's informal, conversational style works well, the overly generous sprinkling of Yiddishisms (Maimonides was a "king of the kvetch") feels like a bit too much *schmaltz* in the *kishka*. And it would have been helpful if the author had provided translations of some of the Hebrew words: *nagid*, *nefesh*, and *sandek* come to mind.

These are quibbles, however. *The Story of the Jews* is a deft, engaging, and humane work that, like all well-told tales, carries the reader along and leaves him better for the journey. ♦

B&A

The Son Also Rises

Titles, tangled webs, titillating journalism.

BY EDWARD SHORT

In his preface to this well-researched and witty retelling of the famous Ampthill Succession case, Bevis Hillier recalls how he chose his subject after researching a proposed *Oxford Book of Fleet Street*. He went to a dealer of vintage newspapers in Covent Garden and came away with a sheaf of old tabloids, one of which had on its cover the headline "MRS CHRISTABEL RUSSELL WINS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS," below which were photographs of the lady herself, her son, and her estranged husband, John Hugo Russell, third Baron Ampthill (1896-1973). Wondering "what all of that was about," Hillier read the story and was immediately drawn into the fascinating tale of family history and courtroom drama that constitutes the marrow of *The Virgin's Baby*.

The facts of the Ampthill Succession case can be readily set out, though "fact" is not, perhaps, the most apposite word to describe a case riddled with oddities. On October 18, 1918, Russell married Christabel Hulme (1895-1976), second daughter of Lt. Col. John Hart of the Leinster Regiment and his wife, Blanche Anstruther Erskine of Sussex. The Russells had one son, Geoffrey Denis Erskine, born on October 15, 1921. A year after the boy's birth, Russell sued his wife for divorce on the grounds of adultery, claiming that the boy was not his own but that of one of two corespondents.

The jury acquitted the two corespondents (both erstwhile friends of Russell and his wife) and granted the petitioner a *decree nisi*. After Christabel's appeal was dismissed by the Court of Appeal, which found that Christabel was guilty of adultery with "an unknown man," she scraped together all she could from her Mayfair dress shop and appealed to the House of Lords, which, by a majority of three-to-one, found in her favor on the grounds that the evidence her husband had submitted to the lower court was inadmissible.

Among the lords were Winston Churchill's boon companion, the Earl of Birkenhead (F.E. Smith), and Baron Carson (Sir Edward Carson), whose cross-examining skills sent Oscar Wilde to Reading Gaol. The case established the principle (overturned in 1949) that no evidence could be given by a husband or wife in legal proceedings if the result were to declare illegitimate a child born in wedlock. It also led to an act of Parliament limiting the publication of divorce proceedings in England and Wales.

What made the case so sensational was that, by their own account, Russell and his wife had never consummated their marriage. The gynecologists to whom Christabel had gone after she found out that she was pregnant all confirmed that she was *virgo intacta*. When called upon to testify whether it was possible for a man and wife to conceive a child under such circumstances, the gynecological experts all testified that it was, indeed, possible—if "barely possible." Christabel, an unconventional, droll, impulsive woman, who was as mad about horses as she was repelled by sex, had forbidden her husband any connubial relations, short of the odd uncontrollable emission.

As readers will appreciate, giving these travails precise expression is not easy. At the appeal trial, Lord Dunedin fared no better, referring to the likely circumstances in which the child was conceived as *fecundatio ab extra*. Nonetheless, it was a puzzle: Had baby Geoffrey been sired by Russell inadvertently, or did Christabel give birth to him as the result of some adulterous encounter with an "unknown" man?

Russell resolutely refused to entertain the possibility that he had had sexual relations with his wife sufficient to account for the birth of a child, even though, in the course of the gladiatorial courtroom trial, it was at one point suggested by Christabel's counsel that this might have occurred when he was sleepwalking. Instead, Russell and his family went to their graves denying that he was the boy's father; they even contested Geoffrey's right to the peerage after losing their appeal in the House of Lords. When Geoffrey's contested right to assume the fourth baronage of Ampthill came before the Lords in 1973, they gave Christabel her crowning victory by upholding her son's claim.

The Virgin's Baby
The Battle of the Ampthill Succession
by Bevis Hillier
Hopcyn, 382 pp., £25

Outrageous Fortune
Growing Up at Leeds Castle
by Anthony Russell
St. Martin's, 319 pp., $26.99

Lady Christabel Ampthill and friend (1928)

GETTY IMAGES

Edward Short is the author, most recently, of Newman and His Family.

One great virtue of Bevis Hillier's account is that he has had the good sense not to paraphrase the contemporary eyewitness record, which, as his generous quotation shows, is inimitably amusing. Anyone fond of courtroom drama will find this book an absolute delight. One exchange exemplifies the flavor of the testimony. When Russell's barrister, the future foreign secretary Sir John Simon, asked Christabel "whether it wasn't 'unusual' for a young married woman to use a bachelor's bathtub, she replied at once: 'Well, Sir John, isn't it better to be indiscreet than to be dirty?'"

Hillier also enriches the narrative with contemporary newspaper reactions to the courtroom drama. *Lloyd's Sunday News*, for example, spoke of the impact that the case had on the Law Courts:

> Not within living memory have those sombre buildings where so many skeletons are dragged from the family cupboard, and where human wits are strained to the uttermost on the rack of cross-examinations, furnished a parallel to the questioning of this gently-nurtured society woman pitting herself against the trained intellect and forensic arts of one of the keenest intellects of the modern Bar.

Outrageous Fortune by Anthony Russell, one of Geoffrey's sons, is a charming memoir of growing up in Leeds Castle, Kent. About Christabel, whom he calls "Granny A," he is affectionately vivid.

> In keeping with her whirlwind character, Granny A was always a dashing dresser, and the day she took me, aged six, to my very first film at a cinema on Oxford Street, was no exception. She wore a hat, veil, scarf, jacket, flowing skirt, and high boots, all flung together with a superlative eye for cut and colour. Everything she did seemed to be done at breakneck speed; her thinking, riding, talking, driving, cooking, arranging . . .

One had to work hard to keep pace with her or "be prepared to be left trailing in her formidable wake." This is certainly the impression that Hillier gives of this volatile, imperious woman, whom Angelica Huston came to know and love when she was a child in Ireland. Indeed, in the film version of *A Handful of Dust* (1988), she based her character Mrs. Rafferty on Christabel.

In one of the most evocative scenes in Russell's memoir, Christabel takes her young grandson to the London Odeon in 1964 to see the Beatles perform their Christmas show—intent, as he says, to see "what all the fuss was about." No sooner did the Fab Four take to the stage than "triple pandemonium" broke out. As Russell attests, "Every teenage girl . . . gave the distinct impression of having gone stark staring mad." And when they launched into their rollicking finale, "Long Tall Sally," the pandemonium became more hysterical still. After the show was over, however, and the house lights came up, Anthony noticed how "Granny A gave the girl in the front of us a gentle prod with her umbrella and spoke to her in an angelic tone of voice: 'You know, my dear, only the plain girls scream.'"

After that memorable evening, Russell vowed to become a rock star himself, though he never managed it, despite befriending Mick Jagger, who told the hapless aspirant that privilege and rock 'n' roll were ill-suited. Still, Russell is a winning memoirist with a discerning eye for social history:

> My parents were so far apart in their likes and dislikes, habits and personalities, that sometimes their charm, good looks, and fondness for a stiff drink seemed to be all that they had in common. Smoking and drinking were pleasures their World War II generation indulged in, and they, along with practically everyone I saw around them, enjoyed both vices to the fullest.

Many readers will, no doubt, recall that now-superannuated conviviality in their own family histories, before bottled water and fitness locked up the drinks cabinet for good.

These entertaining volumes should be read in tandem, though it is only a question of time before some film studio descends on Christabel and the Ampthill Succession case. If there is any justice in the world, the producers will commission Bevis Hillier to write the lucrative screenplay. In the meantime, it would be nice to see Oxford University Press publish his *Oxford Book of Fleet Street*. ♦

B&A

Darwin's Islands

A paradise created by survival of the fittest.

BY CHRISTOPH IRMSCHER

The Galápagos
A Natural History
by Henry Nicholls
Basic, 224 pp., $27.99

The lizard—a dirty, yellowish-orange creature several feet long—had been doggedly working on that shallow hole for quite a while. Alternating its short, lateral legs, it finally managed to get half of its body covered. Charles Darwin couldn't stand it any longer. Impatiently, the young naturalist, recently arrived in the Galápagos by way of the HMS *Beagle*, walked over and pulled the sluggish animal by its tail. The lizard was, he noted, very surprised. Turning its wrinkly head to see what was the matter, it stared Darwin right in the face—as if to say, accusingly, "What made you pull my tail?"

What, indeed?

But that wasn't the only strange

Christoph Irmscher, provost professor of English at Indiana University, is the author, most recently, of Louis Agassiz: Creator of American Science.

thing that the 26-year-old Darwin did during the five weeks he spent on the archipelago. Released from the clutches of his dominant physician-father, he jumped on the back of one of the giant land tortoises and rapped it on its shell, just to see if it would notice. (It did, and Darwin fell off.) He poked a hawk sitting on a branch with the muzzle of his gun. (This time, the hawk fell.) And he repeatedly tossed another lizard in the water just to see if it could swim. (It could, although it ran back ashore each time, hiding in tufts of seaweed, hoping that Darwin wouldn't be able to find it.)

Darwin ransacked the bushes for his beloved beetles, attempted to catch mockingbirds by their legs, and killed the finches that would later become so closely associated with his name. When he wasn't trolling for specimens, Darwin was sipping drinks from a pitcher fashioned ("tragically," says the author, with English understatement) from tortoiseshell. Or he would write down recipes: If you must eat tortoise, roast the breastplate with the meat still attached to it; the rest is nasty.

Bon appétit.

One imagines that the animals of the Galápagos would have had many stories to tell about that overzealous English naturalist, and for many decades. Time moves differently there. Take the prickly pear cactus, which requires about 50 years to reach maturity. Or Lonesome George, tortoise extraordinaire, who was the last survivor of his lineage on Pinta Island and who recently died at an estimated age of 100, which, according to the experts, is solid middle age for such a tortoise. While George (to whose memory this book is dedicated) was likely born long after Darwin's arrival, some of those thick-leaved, fleshy cacti could have already been around when Her Majesty's naturalist blazed his small but distinctive trail of destruction through the Galápagos landscape.

Darwin left the islands with no great, final insight into the mystery of the origin of species. That came later, and only with the active help of naturalist friends, such as the ornithologist and bird painter John Gould (who probably wasn't too happy that Darwin hadn't kept better notes) and the botanists John Stevens Henslow and Joseph Hooker. What Darwin *did* learn, surrounded by the compliant finches, languid lizards, and lumbering tortoises of the Galápagos, was something perhaps equally valuable: He understood, for the first time, what permanent havoc the "introduction of a new beast of prey" could cause in an environment that hadn't yet seen such interference. In England, young birds, though few of them had actually been directly hurt by humans, were terminally afraid of humans; in the Galápagos, where countless individuals had been killed, the animals, collectively, had not yet learned to be scared.

And this is still largely true today, reports Henry Nicholls, who previously authored an excellent book about Lonesome George and is the editor of the magazine *Galápagos Matters*. Nicholls is no Darwin, nor does he want to be: Keeping himself mostly out of his narrative, he hands us a succinct, well-structured account of the natural and human history of this "little world within itself," as Darwin called the Galápagos. It is an account written with great care, as if every word mattered. In crystal-clear prose that gently wraps itself around the facts, Nicholls explains why the Galápagos have become so special to the human imagination, and why we must continue to treat the islands as such.

Sure enough, Darwin's presence in the islands set the pattern for a history of human meddling. But the process had begun long before: Darwin suspected that a rat he saw was the hardy descendant of imported European rodents. New settlers would bring other invasive species with them, from fire ants to donkeys to goats, which, through their own destructive habits, added pressure to the island's intricate ecosystem. Since 1950, the human population on the inhabited islands has grown from a mere 1,000 to now well over 20,000. When the aptly named David Lack, an English schoolteacher, went to the Galápagos in August 1938 to study the birds, he already found "food deficiencies, water shortage, black rats, fleas, jiggers, ants, mosquitoes, scorpions, Ecuadorian Indians of doubtful honesty, and dejected, disillusioned European settlers."

As habitats disintegrated and human settlers multiplied, nonhuman residents began to take their leave: There are no more than five sea cucumbers left in the waters off the coast of Fernandina Island, and of the 70 or so species of endemic bulimulid land snails in the

Sea lion on bench, San Cristóbal

IRIS DIENSTHUBER

archipelago, over 50 are now considered threatened or extinct. Man, as the great environmentalist George Perkins March put it in 1864, "is everywhere a disturbing agent." In the Galápagos, El Niño is doing the rest.

But as Nicholls also explains, the popular notion of the Galápagos as a terrestrial paradise gone irretrievably bad, or about to go bad, is also misleading. This was always a tough environment. Anyone who looks at the famous illustration showing all the beaks of Darwin's finches, arranged on the page like a bunch of fake noses at a party store, must realize that survival on that isolated archipelago is a complicated thing.

Incidentally, David Lack, although he wrote a groundbreaking book on those Galápagos finches, was not greatly impressed by them. He found them "dull to look at" and entirely unmusical. As later ornithologists discovered, some of them are even a little frightening: The vampire finch of Wolf Island—try that as the title for a novel!—will land on the back of an unsuspecting booby, poke a hole into it, and then proceed to drink its blood. Not that the boobies are necessarily more delicate in their arrangements: The Nazca booby, for example, a peculiar-looking bird with a "Zorro-like mask around its eyes" (in Nicholls's words), lays two eggs just in case one of them won't hatch. If both do, the older chick will mercilessly eject and kill its younger sibling, "its corpse destined to be hoovered up by a hungry Galápagos hawk or owl."

If you survive in the Galápagos, it's because you haven't died yet.

Nicholls is very good at evoking the rough magic of the islands Spaniards had called *Las Encantadas* (The Enchanted Ones). Consider his description of the frigate bird, with its distinct crimson throat pouch that can grow to the size of a balloon if the pressures of sexual selection require it; of the male cormorant that continues to take care of his brood even after the female has left him in search of other partners and more reproductive success; of the polyandrous female hawk known to have carried on (in one extreme case) with as many as eight different partners simultaneously.

It is no coincidence that the majority of flowering plants on these islands are self-pollinating, no insects required. In the Galápagos, it does not pay to be fussy, Nicholls says, and he has given us a wonderfully unfussy book. To be sure, we cannot today imagine an ecosystem without human influence and intervention, and Nicholls is probably right when he suggests that the Galápagos would have fared worse if Darwin had not gone tortoise-hopping there in 1835 and made the islands famous.

At the end of this irresistibly readable book, Nicholls outlines recent attempts to make the influx of tourists sustainable and offers guidance for prospective travelers. For me, the real hero in this tangled history—natural as well as human—is the 200-pound tortoise Darwin surprised in 1835 on Chatham Island (now San Cristóbal). Munching on a piece of cactus, the animal seemed oblivious to the "Cyclopean" landscape around it: the black lava warmed by the intense sun, the leafless shrubs, the scraggly little craters in the ground that made walking so perilous. When Darwin came closer, the tortoise took a good long look at him, turned around, and quietly left—an entirely reasonable response, one cannot help but feel.

Nicholls's salutary vision for the future of the Galápagos might be characterized as one in which we regard such human-animal encounters as inevitable and seek for ways to make them profitable while still leaving enough space for the tortoise to do just what Darwin's tortoise did: Walk away. ♦

B&A

The Real Amadeus

The Mozart of music, and the Mozart of the movies.

BY COLIN FLEMING

Mozart
A Life
by Paul Johnson
Viking, 176 pp., $25.95

Slim biographies of the most famous people tend to have a more philosophical slant than the big life-of-so-and-so books. That 200-page volume on Napoleon, say, isn't going to be some soup-to-nuts treatment, jammed with quotidian minutiae and copious excerpts from letters, but rather a study in how the man's thoughts while in exile on St. Helena might help you manage your own life better.

This sub-200-page affair on Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart from historian Paul Johnson has its own angle: It's a record-straightener, you might say—here to debunk the faulty mythos of Mozart-the-concept that, for nonclassical music fans, has exceeded Mozart-the-man.

Colin Fleming is the author of Between Cloud and Horizon: A Relationship Casebook in Stories.

If you don't pepper aspects of your life with Mozart's wind concertos and weekend doses of *Don Giovanni*, there's a decent chance what you know of Mozart is thus:

■ When you need to cite a famous composer, you go with either Beethoven or Mozart.

■ CDs of Mozart are alleged to make your baby smarter.

■ He's a lot like the version of him portrayed in *Amadeus* (1984), who is poor, has that rival who does him in, and was kind of a savant with a love for flatulence jokes.

Actually, Mozart could be pretty

earthy; and even in this compact biography we see bawdy humor on display, freely flowing between Mozart and his parents. *Don Giovanni*—which Johnson puts a peg below *The Marriage of Figaro* in terms of operatic achievement (an order I'd reverse)—is tantamount to aesthetic porn, as lusty a work of art as you will ever find, and as commanding. Just about.

Johnson is a skilled recommender. That is, you will appreciate the debunking that goes on in these pages. But whether you're a Mozartian veteran or a newcomer to Mozartworld, you'll come away primed to check out other items, such as the wonderful set of letters between Mozart and his family compiled by Emily Anderson. These letters clearly informed much of Johnson's thinking, and rather than tuck them away as potentially compromising evidence that could cut into his achievement, Johnson celebrates them, and so should you. We don't often think of Mozart as a letter-writer at the level of Keats or Fitzgerald—or even van Gogh, who was a writer so skilled in the medium that I'd argue his correspondence surpasses the artistry of his paintings, one of the neater tricks in art—but Johnson's excerpts show just what an ordered mind Mozart had and how much he could keep straight inside it all at once.

This skill allowed Mozart to go at a superhuman pace as a composer, something that Schubert would understand but would make almost anyone else incredulous. In theory, Mozart should not have been able to produce with the celerity that he did; and yet, there is the work, the work lasts. While one might quibble over facts from time to time, there is no quibbling with the overriding truth that Mozart did what he did better than anyone has ever done just about anything else—and he did it faster, too.

Mozart's wife Constanze hasn't fared as well as she deserves at the hands of biographers; she's sometimes portrayed as shrewish, doltish, or a combination of the two. Mozart's father opposed their union—but then again, he opposed much of what his son got up to—and Mozart's attempts to explain his various positions (which he does with even-tempered logic) are the *leitmotifs* of the letters.

As for why Mozart married, Johnson nails a big portion of it: "[H]e was lonely and he wanted the intimate companionship of matrimony. He distrusted himself, and he wanted a sagacious person who would help to manage his life and career." This might seem cold and utilitarian to some, but Mozart himself was anything but cold and not wired to be utilitarian, even though

DE AGOSTINI / GETTY IMAGES

Portrait of the boy Mozart by Giovanni del Re (ca. 1875)

(as Johnson states) he could turn any disadvantage into an advantage, an extra-musical skill that fed his creative approach to music.

Mozart was clearly one of those passionate people who cannot do anything—including enter into a relationship—without a marked degree of passion for the endeavor. In this case, it would extend to a person and, really, a partnership. We see how Mozart let Constanze in on his art and trusted her with it in a way that, for all of his generosity, was uncommon for him. He might have been driving the coach, so to speak, but she rode up front along with him.

Johnson discusses Mozart's music in terms the nonmusical can understand, and without talking down, although there are a few curious moments of sniping and defensiveness. Speaking jointly of Mozart's operas, and how he overhauled the genre, and his contribution to instrumental music, Johnson says this:

> Opera is unthinkable without Mozart. All the same, if Mozart had ceased to write orchestral and chamber music, there would be a huge hole in our culture, unless you are one of those rich, cultured people who spend virtually every evening at the opera and regard it as the supreme form of art.

I'm not sure where this note comes from. I am a veritable pauper, but these days, more than ever, opera is available on the cheap by way of Netflix, DVDs, even YouTube videos, for anyone who wants it. Still, such outbursts are rare, and while *Mozart: A Life* is chatty, it wants to make sure you learn a few very specific things before you back away from the table and head into your life again.

Consider Mozart's supposed poverty. We all know the bit from *Amadeus*: There's Mozart, penniless, racing against time, just a nip in front of the Reaper's scythe, to finish his Requiem. He is reduced to writing begging letters. But, as Johnson writes, "lending money was a part of friendship" at the time, an element of the fraternal code. Mozart was not only "always in the top 5 percent of the population in terms of earnings," he had a valet, a horse, large rooms, access to a country house and private coach, a billiards table, and the very best piano.

We also find a man bereft of ego, who knew exactly what he did and the level at which he did it. Johnson correctly comments that while we can feel Bach thinking in his work, we're never conscious of anything in Mozart's music save the music—which makes hearing it an experience unlike any other. In the spectrum of human achievement, is there anything greater than that? ♦

B&A

Monster Mash

An epic reclaimed, courtesy of J.R.R. Tolkien.

BY GERALD J. RUSSELLO

Before Robert Baratheon or Ned Stark, from the hugely popular *Game of Thrones* series, there were Beowulf and Hrothgar; and Daenerys Targaryen's dragons have nothing on their prototype, a fearsome beast called the Guardian of the Hoard, which Beowulf fights to the death.

The Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf* tells the tale of its eponymous hero as he journeys to Heorot, the hall of old King Hrothgar, to save him and his people from the depredations of the monster Grendel and his mother. A second part, set decades later, features Beowulf in his old age and a final battle with a dragon that has been threatening his own people, the Geats. The poem is believed to date from the eighth or ninth century and is written in the alliterative verse typical of surviving Old English poetry.

Unlike other major epics of the Western tradition, such as the *Divine Comedy* and the *Aeneid*, *Beowulf* was unknown for almost 1,000 years and came very close to being lost forever. The only surviving manuscript copy was discovered in 1731, after being barely saved from a fire. *Beowulf*, therefore, is not only a lucky find but a window into an early medieval world that lay just beyond the available historical record.

Since its rediscovery, translations and commentary have regularly appeared, most recently in an acclaimed version by the late Seamus Heaney. There have also been a couple of movie versions, including one starring a decidedly nonmonstrous Angelina Jolie as Grendel's mother. Until now, however, the 1926 translation by J.R.R. Tolkien had remained unpublished. His son Christopher has now published it, along with extensive commentary based on class lectures the elder Tolkien gave through the 1930s.

Beowulf
A Translation and Commentary
translated by J.R.R. Tolkien
edited by Christopher Tolkien
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 448 pp., $28

Although Tolkien is best known as the author of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*, he was also for many years professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford and an influential scholar in the field. His famous 1936 lecture—"Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics"—made the definitive case for the poem as a work of literature. Tolkien argued that *Beowulf* was a literary artifact with artistic value and not simply a source for historical data about the various warring Danes, Swedes, Geats, and others who make appearances in the poem. The fantastic and the historical are too deeply mixed to be that easily separated. It is a monster story, after all.

But the poem is not only a mix of the historical and the fantastical, but of two different histories. The deeds of Beowulf and the other heroes draw on, and echo, the pre-Christian history of northern Europe; but by the time the poem was being written down (presumably by monks in a scriptorium), Christian elements had begun to creep in. Thus, Grendel is depicted as a descendant of Cain, and therefore cursed; but he is also a monster familiar from other sagas. Warriors consult pagan runes to tell their fortune, but repeated references to Christian titles for God such as the "Lord of Life" speak to later Christian interpolations.

Anglo-Saxon culture was somber, bleak, and nostalgic; all one needs to know about their world can be summed up in the fact that Old English has no proper future tense. This may have been one reason Christianity appealed to some of its peoples, as the faith seemed to offer a way out of the cold experience of mortal existence. Seeking to do and be remembered for noble deeds and generosity were paramount. Tolkien closes the tale this way:

> [T]hus bemoaned the Geatish folk their master's fall, comrades of his hearth, crying that he was ever of the kings of earth of men most generous and to men most gracious, to his people most tender and for praise most eager.

The mood, rather than being depressing, is majestic. Every action is charged with meaning because life can end at any moment. Remembering the past is vitally important: A sizable portion of the poem is taken up with recounting quarrels, family trees, and promises broken and kept. The past is what we know and what tells us who we are, while the future remains ever uncertain. Great deeds done in the past can still inspire heroism, even if the ultimate result is unclear. "Fate goeth ever as she must," Beowulf says in his first meeting with Hrothgar. Anglo-Saxon literature expresses as sharply as any Western literature how differently premodern people thought of their universe, and reading them enables us to escape what T.S. Eliot called the "provincialism of time."

Tolkien translated the poem as prose, which he felt stuck closer to the language of the original, rather than fully alliterative poetry. In this he was surely right, as alliteration is more difficult in modern English and sounds strange to our modern ear. However, with remarkably few missteps, Tolkien keeps the rhythm of the original, and his use of antique words ("ere" and "nay")

Gerald J. Russello is editor of the University Bookman.

does not detract from the movement. Both translation and commentary are infused with a deep personal engagement with the poem and its world. The commentary, which is mostly accessible to the general reader, raises this above other translations.

Of course, this volume will be of obvious interest to Tolkien admirers. The faithless Unferth and Hrothgar are reminiscent of Tolkien's Grima Wormtongue and Theoden of Rohan. And the dragon sitting on its gold-hoard cannot help but invoke Smaug, though it does not speak. And we learn of other roots of Tolkien's world: The name "Frodo," for example, is related to the Old Norse word for "peace," which casts a new gloss on Tolkien's tale of The Ring. The Tolkien-written additions—some alliterative fragments and an original Old English text called "Sellic Spell" (after an Old English phrase in *Beowulf* that means "strange tale")—are more specialized and probably could have been safely contained in a separate volume.

One need not be a *Game of Thrones* type to appreciate the artistry of this poem or the mores of its culture. But if you are, it may be time to discover the real thing. ♦

B&A

A Convivial Glass

Craft breweries, global corporations, and the making of beer. BY MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER

There aren't many things that tie together Belgian monks, *lederhosen*-wearing Germans, and American crowds packing the infield at a stock car race, but the common thread between these disparate groups is beer. Beer is the world's most interesting beverage because of the endless local differences in drinking habits, beer styles, and pubs.

The world's biggest brewers are larger and more international than they were in the past. The largest global brewer, Anheuser-Busch InBev, for example, is a half-American company headquartered in Belgium and controlled by Brazilians. But as Gavin Smith shows in this short and engaging book, the familiar global brands are the least interesting ones. Nearly every country has a brewer that is either one of the international leaders or an affiliate brand. But the same countries also have brewers that slavishly tried to imitate the leaders and have long since become part of history.

Beer
A Global History
by Gavin D. Smith
Reaktion, 160 pp., $18

In the United States, for example, the three largest brewers are Anheuser-Busch, MillerCoors, and Pabst. But the fourth-largest brewer is Yuengling, which started operations in 1829 and remains a privately owned, family-controlled enterprise that, since 1873, has been headquartered at Fifth and Mahantongo Streets in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. The fifth-largest American brewer, Boston Beer, is the creation of Jim Koch, who in 1984 decided to contract with older breweries to use their excess capacity to make his Samuel Adams beers. Contracting enabled Boston Beer to grow to the point that it could buy older breweries in Cincinnati and northeastern Pennsylvania and turn them into Boston Beer plants.

While Yuengling and Boston Beer are thriving, older companies that tried to imitate the larger giants are now part of history. As late as 1974, Milwaukee's Schlitz Brewing was the second-largest American brewer, with a 22 percent market share. But arrogant executives and bad marketing campaigns ensured that the company went out of existence in 1982. Schlitz now survives as one of the many budget brands produced by Pabst.

Smith shows that a similar winnowing of second-tier breweries has taken place in Germany, still the world's fifth-largest beer producer, even as per-capita consumption there has steadily declined. While the beer industry is not as concentrated in Germany as in the United States, the Germans now routinely speak of *Brauereisterben*, or "brewery death." The malaise has also affected Germany's beer-drinking culture: Munich's largest beer hall, the 5,000-seat Mathäser, has been torn down and replaced by a multiplex.

Even Munich's renowned Oktoberfest is less fun than it used to be. Smith quotes writer Christian DeBenedetti, who observes, "Once a decorous wedding pageant, Oktoberfest is a hot mess, with cheesy carnival rides and hordes chugging cheap lager as if it were Hawaiian Punch. Paris Hilton even showed up for the anniversary celebration."

If the story of beer were solely that of giant breweries with substantial advertising budgets, the thoughtful drinker would give up and subsist on cider and spirits. But beer's comeback is due to the rise of smaller, craft brewers, who flourish in heartland cities the elites ignore: the aforementioned Pottsville; Chico, California; Milton, Delaware. According to the Brewers Association, there were 2,538 breweries and pubs in the United States in 2013, up from a low of 89 breweries in 1980. There are more breweries in America today than at any time since records were first kept, in 1887. Politicians welcome new breweries, which offer well-paying manufacturing jobs that aren't exported overseas.

The introduction of all these breweries means that the drinker has far

Martin Morse Wooster is the book reviewer for Mid-Atlantic Brewing News *and* American Brewer.

more choice than in the past. Lovers of British beer, for example, know that the best British ales and stouts are "cask-conditioned"—fresh, unpasteurized, with live yeast still in the beer. Cask-conditioned beers were rarities 10 years ago, but they are now so common that major league baseball stadiums now offer cask-conditioned beer on weekends. Most large cities now have innumerable options for drinkers who want to enjoy Belgian ales, German lagers, or locally made American adaptations of classic European styles.

If the only function of beer were to get blotto, we'd all stay home. But beer is the beverage of conversation, and conversations matter as much as, or more than, the beer. Over the years I've met many people and had many great discussions with strangers over a pint. Once, for example, I spent a memorable evening in the Milwaukee Ale House with two industrial archaeologists who excavated sites before new buildings were constructed. They spent an evening sharing their experiences, including the time they worked on a site and unearthed a dozen ancient bear skulls. I would never have had that conversation if I didn't drink.

Of course, different countries have different customs regarding drinking. In Britain and Australia, it's common for everyone in a group to buy a round for every member of the group. In China, whenever the leader of a beer-drinking group shouts "*Gan bei*!" it's time to drain the glass and refill it. In Lima, Peru, the practice is for one person to buy a bottle of beer and a glass, which he partially fills with beer, drinking some of it and pouring the rest on the floor. Every member of the group then repeats the process.

"Emptying the glass onto the floor both cleans it for the next drinker and also reaffirms an old tradition from the Andes of paying homage to Mother Earth," Smith writes. "The shared glass epitomizes the tradition of drinking together." ♦

B&A

Genteel Treachery

The spy who came in from the cold, and prospered.

BY HARVEY KLEHR

There is a story, probably apocryphal, that Franklin Roosevelt, when informed that Whittaker Chambers had named Alger and Donald Hiss as Soviet agents, responded by derisively dismissing the possibility that two products of Harvard Law School and elite East Coast law firms could possibly betray their country. British spies like Donald MacLean similarly avoided suspicion because of their establishment bona fides.

One of the prime beneficiaries of such a blinkered view of what attracted men of privilege to communism was Duncan Chaplin Lee, a son of missionaries, descendant of one of the most storied families in America, Rhodes scholar, Army officer—and Soviet spy. From the moment he began working in the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) during World War II, he cooperated with Soviet intelligence, even as he moved up the bureaucratic ladder and earned a promotion to lieutenant colonel in the Army. Had Lee not been exposed by Elizabeth Bentley in 1945, he likely would have been chosen for a high-ranking position in America's postwar intelligence service. And even though his career never fully recovered, his influential friends, who were reluctant to believe the charges, enabled him to begin a second career as an anti-Communist cold warrior.

A Very Principled Boy
The Life of Duncan Lee, Red Spy and Cold Warrior
by Mark A. Bradley
Basic Books, 384 pp., $29.99

Duncan Lee's improbable story is well-told in this new biography by Mark A. Bradley, a former CIA officer, who has diligently mined the many new sources on Soviet espionage that have become available in the past two decades. Bradley was also able to persuade the Lee family to give him access to an extraordinary cache of letters demonstrating Duncan's conversion to communism during his sojourn at Oxford. While some parts of Lee's story remain a mystery (since he never acknowledged or explained his espionage), Bradley has provided a fascinating account of one man's treachery and the toll it took.

Descended from Richard Henry Lee, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and numbering Robert E. Lee among his collateral relatives, Duncan Lee could trace his maternal lineage to the *Mayflower*. His father was an Episcopal missionary who spent decades in China. Upon returning to America, Edmund Lee became headmaster of a failing girls' school in Virginia and transformed Chatham Hall into one of the premier boarding schools in the country.

Duncan was born in China in 1913 and lived abroad, except for one year, until 1927. Imbued with his parents' message that their family mission involved the performance of good works, he attended Yale on a scholarship during the Depression, amassed a distinguished academic and extracurricular record, and, in 1935, earned a Rhodes scholarship to read jurisprudence at Oxford.

Lee was radicalized in England. A thriving Communist movement at Oxford and the onset of the Spanish Civil War provided the impetus; but Lee's burgeoning romance with Isabella

Harvey Klehr, the Andrew W. Mellon professor of politics and history at Emory, is the coauthor, most recently, of Spies: The Rise and Fall of the KGB in America.

"Ishbel" Gibbs, a "strong-willed and intellectually confident" daughter of a Scottish civil servant in India who was a strident and passionate radical, completed the process. Not long after meeting her, Lee was writing to his parents about his disillusionment with God and capitalism.

In the summer of 1937, at the height of Stalin's purges, Duncan and Ishbel traveled to the Soviet Union and were besotted. Lee informed his frantic parents that there was no middle ground between Hitler and Stalin, and that he and Ishbel were planning to join the underground British Communist party. He finally agreed to wait until they were financially independent, but his romances with both communism and Ishbel precipitated his mother's nervous breakdown.

While studying at Yale in preparation for a legal career, Lee and his wife threw themselves into Communist activity, prompting their landlady to report them to the local FBI office. They formally joined the Communist Party USA in 1939, just before Duncan began work on Wall Street at a firm headed by future OSS director William Donovan.

By the time Lee joined his boss at the OSS, in the spring of 1942, Mary Price had already recruited him for Soviet intelligence. (Lee had worked on a Communist front aiding Chinese war victims with Price's sister.) He sailed through a perfunctory security check, and, once assigned to the OSS secretariat, he had access to virtually all reports coming to Donovan. A delighted Jacob Golos, who supervised more than a dozen Communist spies in government agencies, boasted to Moscow: "He wants to work with us and provide us with any information he can get."

Despite his enthusiasm for betraying his country, Lee maintained a well-honed sense of self-preservation. He refused to smuggle out any documents and would instead memorize information that he would repeat to Price and, later, Elizabeth Bentley. He demanded that neither of them write anything down until he had left their meetings. Even as Moscow pressed him for more information or documents, he spied at his own pace and on his own terms. Nothing would tie him directly to espionage. His one major violation of tradecraft was his decision to sleep with both Price and Bentley. His affair with Price, who hoped he would marry her, led to tensions with his wife and contributed to Price's breakdown and withdrawal from espionage.

Even with those safeguards, however, Lee was an exceptionally frightened spy. By December 1943, he had lost his nerve. Petrified of being exposed, fearful that J. Edgar Hoover would like nothing better than to arrest a Soviet spy in his archrival Donovan's OSS, and obsessed with the idea that he would be executed for espionage, Lee broke appointments with his Soviet contacts, forcing Bentley to persuade Ishbel to urge him to continue spying.

His precautions served him well, though. After Bentley went to the FBI in November 1945, the NKVD shut down its American networks (Kim Philby, the British liaison with American intelligence, warned Moscow), and Duncan Lee's espionage career was over. Despite constant surveillance, the FBI would never uncover any evidence against him. He left the government in January 1946.

Unlike many others accused of being spies by Elizabeth Bentley, Lee never relied on the Fifth Amendment when called before congressional committees. He admitted to meeting her frequently and even to having dinner with Jacob Golos, but he insisted they had all been innocent social occasions, and he attributed Bentley's charges to resentment because he and Ishbel had distanced themselves from an odd, emotionally needy woman whom they had briefly befriended.

Because of the Venona decryptions, the FBI knew that Lee was lying, but it was stymied by the absence of evidence that could be used in court. Several times the Bureau thought that Lee might break and confess; during one interview, he trembled so much that he was unable to hold a cigarette. But he stuck to his story. Bentley herself was a problematic witness, and Venona remained top-secret. For years, the FBI tried to tie Lee to either the American Communist party or to the Soviet Union and failed.

The government *was* able to complicate his life, however. Ishbel had never become an American citizen, and after the Lees moved to Bermuda for business reasons, she couldn't return to the United States. For a time, Britain expelled Duncan from Bermuda as an undesirable alien, and the U.S. State Department denied him a passport. The couple finally divorced, and both remarried, with Lee eventually settling in Toronto after years of well-compensated service as a vice president of the insurance giant AIG, a position provided for him by his wealthy and well-connected friends.

The strangest part of the story Bradley tells involves Lee's activities in the late 1940s, after he joined the Washington law firm headed by Thomas Corcoran, FDR's legendary fixer. With General Claire Chennault of Flying Tigers fame, Corcoran and his law partner William Youngman set up a private airline to assist Chiang Kai-shek in his civil war with the Chinese Communists. Lee worked closely with the CIA, which later bought the airline and renamed it Air America, and he was even instrumental in keeping a fleet of planes out of the hands of Mao's forces. Lee, Bradley notes, "successfully remade himself from one of the Kremlin's best-placed spies inside US intelligence into a Cold Warrior," speculating that it allowed him "to dry-clean his conscience."

To the end of his life, Lee refused to admit that he had been a Soviet spy: His children were stunned to learn the truth when Russian and American archives were finally opened. Privately, Lee must have deeply rued his decision to spy for the Soviet Union; he became a heavy drinker and, late in life, lamented that his once-promising career had derailed. Yet Lee never admitted the damage he had done, not only to his own career, but also to the country that he betrayed. ♦

B&A

Big Mac of the Pacific

The fascinating/infuriating General MacArthur.

BY MITCHELL YOCKELSON

Douglas MacArthur (1880-1964) was undeniably one of history's greatest Army officers. During a remarkable career of 48 years, he graduated first in his class at West Point, fought in three wars, and earned numerous decorations, including seven Silver Stars, a couple of Purple Hearts, many Distinguished Service Medals and Distinguished Service Crosses, and, most prominently, the Medal of Honor. During World War II, at the peak of his greatness, MacArthur received the adoration of the American people. Like a movie star's, his image graced the covers of magazines, while newspapers reported on his every move. Then his stellar military career came to an abrupt end, when Harry Truman sacked him during the Korean War.

MacArthur has become an endless source of fascination for biographers and historians, and most reach the same conclusion: He was brilliant, obstinate, and arrogant. Mark Perry has essentially the same opinion as others who have written about the general. MacArthur was, indeed, a complicated and sometimes rogue officer who might have wrested more control if it hadn't been for Franklin Roosevelt's concerted efforts to tame him. FDR loathed the egotistical general but needed him just the same—specifically in the Philippines and, later, as Pacific Theater commander in World War II.

The title of this book is taken from a private comment that then-New York governor and newly minted Democratic presidential nominee Roosevelt made after reading about how MacArthur had turned on the Bonus Marchers in Washington in the summer of 1932. MacArthur was chief of staff of the Army under Herbert Hoover, and he had used his authority to forcibly remove a group of World War I veterans from their Washington encampment. In Roosevelt's mind, MacArthur was "The Most Dangerous Man in America," with Huey Long a close second.

The Most Dangerous Man In America
The Making of Douglas MacArthur
by Mark Perry
Basic, 416 pp., $29.99

From the moment FDR entered the White House, he formed a "volatile bond" with MacArthur—one that was "seeded by mutual suspicion." They respected each other's skills: MacArthur as a highly decorated general and FDR as a brilliant politician. Their relationship lasted for 15 years, and, despite rocky moments when FDR had reason to sack MacArthur, he kept him in command for "sound military reasons." However, MacArthur's arrogance and self-loathing grew tiresome, and Roosevelt exiled him to the Philippines as a military adviser to President Manuel Quezon (and not as high commissioner, a post MacArthur actually sought).

Perry only scratches the surface of the influence MacArthur's parents, Arthur and Pinky, had on their son. For a while, Arthur MacArthur, a hero in the Civil War and Philippine Insurrection, was considered the Army's most promising general, until his career stalled after run-ins with Washington's political leaders. Pinky was a doting mother: She followed her son to West Point and watched over him during all four years.

Perry addresses MacArthur's First World War service in passing, but he dwells on MacArthur's disdain for the "Chaumont Crowd" without giving the phrase a point of reference. For the record, MacArthur was clearly jealous of the handpicked staff officers who served at the pleasure of General Pershing in Chaumont, the site of American Expeditionary Forces (AEF) headquarters in France.

Perry's main focus is MacArthur's command decisions during World War II. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, both FDR and MacArthur believed that the Philippines could be defended, but this proved wishful thinking. "Japan's officers," Perry points out, "were leading a highly trained army that was supported by more artillery and aircraft than the United States could then deploy in any battlefield, anywhere." The Philippines did, of course, fall to the Japanese, and FDR ordered MacArthur to vacate and head to safety in Australia. From there, he led Army operations in the Pacific.

Much to his detriment, MacArthur learned from the chief of staff, General George C. Marshall, that the Pacific Theater was deemed by the Allied leaders to be of lesser importance than the fight against Hitler in Europe. This meant that MacArthur played second fiddle to the European Theater commander, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who had been his aide for several stormy years and who had frequently disagreed with his boss over the training and organizing of Filipino forces.

Overall, Perry treats MacArthur fairly: While chastising him for the devastating loss of Air Corps planes at Clark Field on December 8, 1941, Perry then credits MacArthur for conceiving and executing the spectacular combined-arms operation, codenamed Cartwheel, in the Pacific. This set up a showdown with the Navy over the next course of action: MacArthur made a strong argument for liberating the Philippines, while Admiral Chester Nimitz wanted to head

Mitchell Yockelson is the author of MacArthur: America's General.

straight toward Japan. MacArthur won by convincing Roosevelt that it was America's obligation to return to the Philippines, a country that, in many ways, meant more to MacArthur than the United States did. In October 1944, MacArthur splashed ashore on Leyte and made his triumphant return. Eleven months later, he accepted the Japanese surrender on board the USS *Missouri*. Roosevelt had died by then, and MacArthur became Truman's responsibility.

Perry has written an engaging and fresh story about Douglas MacArthur that also sheds light on some of the lesser-known figures who supported him. General Robert Eichelberger, considered by MacArthur to be his best fighting commander, led the seizure of Hollandia and was "a lot like Eisenhower," Perry writes. "He complained about MacArthur in one breath, and praised him in another." Perry describes General George Kenny, who commanded the Fifth Air Corps and was later promoted to lead the Far East Air Forces, in much the same way as he describes MacArthur: "voluble, self-confident, and outspoken."

The Most Dangerous Man in America will introduce Douglas MacArthur to a new audience and compel readers already familiar with him to consider this dynamic personality in a different light. ♦

B&A

Seeing 'Red'

The imaginary lives of an American realist.

BY JAMES SEATON

This will undoubtedly serve as the standard work on Stephen Crane's life for many years. Paul Sorrentino was one of the first scholars to reveal the many inaccuracies of Thomas Beer's 1923 biography, which was entertaining enough but thoroughly unreliable. John Berryman and R.W. Stallman wrote biographies of Crane that, in Sorrentino's generous words, "reawakened scholars to Crane's genius," but neither author had access to all the primary sources Sorrentino has discovered.

In contrast to the works of Berryman and Stallman, Sorrentino's biography emphasizes Crane's life rather than his works. Sorrentino avoids "extended literary analysis" and almost always discusses "a work only to help the reader understand Crane's life."

Stephen Crane
A Life of Fire
by Paul Sorrentino
Belknap Press, 520 pp., $39.95

The result is a biography that certainly advances our knowledge of Crane's life but does little to further our understanding of why Crane's life is worth recording in such detail, at least if it is Crane's writing that is the source of his importance.

Sorrentino's subtitle implies, however, that Crane's life has an independent interest of its own. It indicates that Crane was a romantic figure whose early death from tuberculosis was somehow the result of a refusal to allow bourgeois conventions to curb his passions. In his introduction, Sorrentino suggests that Crane's death was not the result of an unfortunate disease that could have happened to anybody; instead, Crane "burned out from his own intensity." The book's closing paragraph repeats this idea, implying that the intervening narrative has demonstrated its truth: "And now the life of fire was burned out, extinguished by the intensity of his passion, which refused compromise. . . . He died with the certainty that he had lived in the moment."

Sorrentino's own research, however, demonstrates that Crane all too often compromised his own integrity in his financial dealings, his love life, and his art. According to Sorrentino, "the love of Crane's life" was a married woman, Alice ("Lily") Augusta Brandon Munroe, whom he met in 1892 and who, at an 1898 meeting at the Library of Congress, "asked . . . one last time to run off with him." In the meantime, Crane had also pledged his love to Amy Leslie, a prostitute with whom he lived in a New York brothel—and later to Cora Taylor, who, when Crane met her in Jacksonville, was the manager of one of the town's "most fashionable houses of assignation." Sorrentino comments that Crane was never able to reconcile "his obsessive attraction to, even preference for, prostitutes" with his desire for the kind of social respectability that Lily represented.

More damaging for his literary reputation, though, was the fact that he was never able to reconcile his need for quick money gained through hackwork with his desire to become a great writer. He could not resolve what Sorrentino calls "the tension between the personal integrity of the artist and the demands of the literary marketplace." Crane came to feel that he had to write second- and third-rate material in order to make the living that would allow him the leisure to write a masterpiece. He reportedly told a star-struck Willa Cather at their 1895 meeting in Nebraska that "he needed to support himself by writing marketable fluff because writing serious fiction was a painstaking process." And unlike Ralph Limbert in Henry James's short story "The Next Time," who tries to make money by writing hackwork but can't help producing unsalable masterpieces, Crane was very capable of turning out reams of second- and third-rate material.

James Seaton, professor of English at Michigan State, is the editor of George Santayana's The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy and Character and Opinion in the United States.

Going out of his way to avoid Beer's undocumented tales, Sorrentino is careful to indicate when he is providing factual information and when he is speculating; the phrase "in all likelihood," or some variant, appears and reappears throughout the narrative. Occasionally, however, he offers as certainties what cannot be more than guesses—almost always in order to excuse Crane from an apparent moral failing. If Crane failed to help with the dishes when he stayed with Hamlin Garland and his brother, it was not because he was inconsiderate; instead

Bill Mauldin, Audie Murphy in 'The Red Badge of Courage' (1951)

"Crane never helped wash the dishes after a meal simply because he never thought of it." If Crane often failed to repay loans borrowed from people who trusted him, it was not because he was willing "to take advantage of family and friends; he simply never placed a high value on money."

Likewise, Crane's constant gambling "had nothing to do with a desire for instant wealth," but, rather, his relationship with the universe: "In a game of chance, Crane confronted the universe with each toss of the dice, spin of the wheel, turn of the card." Sorrentino's assertions about Crane's lack of interest in money and getting rich quick are belied by his conscientious reporting of the wheedling letters Crane constantly wrote to agents, publishers, and editors begging for (or demanding) money, often for work not completed and sometimes for pieces already published elsewhere. On the evidence of his own biography, Sorrentino understates considerably when he writes, "Crane was a poor businessman with bad luck, questionable ethics, and incessant financial problems."

Sorrentino supports his claim that Crane "opened the gates to modern American literature" by asserting that Crane's "reliance on personal experience for literary inspiration foreshadowed the fiction of Ernest Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, and Thomas Wolfe." Leaving aside the question of whether anticipating Thomas Wolfe should be taken as a sign of literary excellence, Crane's career does not clearly demonstrate the value of relying on "personal experience for literary inspiration," a notion that was already widespread when Crane embraced it. Yes, Crane presented himself as a writer who renounced what Sorrentino calls "idle speculation" in favor of "an honest interpretation of reality" based on "unmediated, personal experience." And yes, "The Open Boat," one of Crane's most famous stories, follows almost exactly Crane's experience as a survivor of an 1897 shipwreck.

Yet the work for which Stephen Crane is best-known today, *The Red Badge of Courage*, which tells the story of Union private Henry Fleming, is a triumph of imagination over experience. Crane had not been born when the Civil War ended; the closest he had come to experiencing war when he wrote *The Red Badge of Courage* was on the football field. But that was enough. Combat veterans might dispute Crane's notion that football is "like war," but there is no disputing the achievement of *The Red Badge of Courage*.

Crane's masterpiece provides a practical refutation of the notion that good writing must be based on personal experience and seems, instead, to be a vindication of Henry James's assertion (in "The Art of Fiction") of the power of the imagination. James's essay was a reply to a piece with the same title by the now-forgotten English writer Walter Besant, who contended that "the novelist must write from his experience." For example, Besant asserted, "a young lady brought up in a quiet country village should avoid descriptions of garrison life." James responded that it was far from impossible that a "young lady brought up in a quiet country village" might be able to write successfully about military affairs if only she possessed "the power to guess the unseen from the seen, to trace the implication of things, to judge the whole piece by the pattern, the condition of feeling life in general so completely that you are well on your way to knowing any particular corner of it."

The author of *The Red Badge of Courage* and short stories such as "The Open Boat," "The Blue Hotel," and "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky" undoubtedly merits the scholarly biography that Paul Sorrentino has written. If reading the biography leaves one feeling that Crane's activities during his short time on earth do not quite add up to the "Life of Fire" of the subtitle, that is itself a tribute to Sorrentino's research and his scholarly integrity and in no way invalidates Crane's literary achievement. John Keats, whom Crane admired greatly, knew that "A Poet is the most unpoetical of any thing in existence." ♦

GETTY IMAGES

B&A

Fear Itself

Reports of the perils of childhood have been greatly exaggerated. **BY ABBY W. SCHACHTER**

Julie Gunlock is one mother who'll welcome the return of pink slime. As the *Wall Street Journal* reported recently, the beef product processed from scraps left over from butchered cattle all but disappeared two years ago when critics on social media and television turned the filler—colorfully known as pink slime—into the nutritional equivalent of cyanide. Now, however, pink slime is back, because not only was there nothing wrong with it in the first place, but the only thing worse than an outbreak of baseless hysteria against an otherwise safe food product is soaring prices—which is just what happened to hamburger meat once the filler was successfully labeled poison.

Gunlock, my colleague at the Independent Women's Forum, here bemoans the demonization of pink slime, along with a long list of other products that we've unnecessarily come to fear. As she notes in regard to pink slime:

> The public's ignorance of the meat production process is understandable . . . but it's important that people make the distinction between things that are actually dangerous and things that are merely unpleasant. Alarmists prey on these misunderstandings to push their agenda—and often with serious consequences.

In the case of pink slime, the consequences were: layoffs among the workers employed in making what is officially known as Lean Finely Textured Beef, the removal from the marketplace of a perfectly safe meat product that had been developed to keep beef prices reasonable for ordinary consumers, and rising costs for school-lunch providers who had to spend much more to feed their students "because of trumped-up hysteria about a perfectly safe, healthy product," Gunlock avers. "There's no doubt that pink slime rates high on the gag meter, but the product isn't dangerous. In fact, it's an extremely lean protein source, coming in around 98 percent fat free."

From Cupcakes to Chemicals
How the Culture of Alarmism Makes Us Afraid of Everything—and How to Fight Back
by Julie Gunlock
IWF Press, 152 pp., $9.99

To these negative real-world consequences add the fact that irresponsible reporting never gets corrected and the general public's misunderstanding is never clarified. Gunlock worries about the impact on parents:

> A 2013 poll conducted by the Independent Women's Forum showed that the more women pay attention to these media-hyped health and safety concerns, the more they yearn for more warnings. Yet the same poll showed an overwhelming majority (83%) of women say they have difficulty discerning between legitimate concerns and scary headlines designed to attract attention.

It is bad enough when ratings-hungry/scary-headline-loving news outlets create an unnecessary panic. But it seems much worse when the culprit is the United States government.

Take the federal rules for menu labeling that are now part of President Obama's Affordable Care Act. The concept is that if they know the calorie count of the food at McDonald's, consumers will make healthier choices, striking a blow against obesity. But as Gunlock explains, "Estimates are that implementing the law will cost private businesses as much as $315.1 million." The fact that previous evidence from smaller programs requiring calorie counts on menus shows that it hardly makes a difference to consumers' habits didn't stop the feds from putting it in Obamacare. And businesses reacted accordingly: "Patrick Doyle, president and CEO of Domino's Pizza, captured the panic of many business owners when he chastised the Obama Administration . . . for failing to understand the basics of how to run a business and how regulations like menu labeling not only kill innovation (in pizza toppings offered) but cost his company's individual franchisees tremendous profit loss," Gunlock writes.

It is equally troubling when a legitimate professional association, such as the American Academy of Pediatrics (AAP), demands that not one, but two government agencies—the Food and Drug Administration and the Consumer Product Safety Commission—work to force food manufacturers to label products that may be choking hazards for small children. The statistics on kids who die from choking on apples or hot dogs is infinitesimal; and yet, without a reasonable acceptance of risk, *any* danger becomes intolerable. So instead of focusing on more perilous parental choices—such as opting out of pediatric vaccinations and encouraging others to do the same—the AAP spent time and effort demanding that the government force private businesses to label their foods as dangerous because some boy or girl somewhere *might* choke on a wiener.

Julie Gunlock wants parents to have some perspective, and she wants them to fight the anxiety provoked by misinformation. She urges mothers and fathers to read past the headlines and talk to their pediatricians the next time they fear the latest health scare that "threatens" their childrens' safety. I'd add that, as citizens, we need to urge perspective and restraint amongst our elected officials and regulators. ♦

Abby W. Schachter writes about the intersection of parenting and government policy at captainmommy.com.

B&A

Sicilian Gumshoe

An unlikely setting for police procedurals.

BY JON L. BREEN

Luca Zingaretti as Inspector Montalbano (2000)

Until recently, Italian mystery writers did not loom large in the criminous hierarchy, and the genre was not viewed respectfully by Italian critics. Andrea Camilleri got a late start in the field. Born in Sicily in 1925, he came from a solidly Fascist background and, as a schoolboy, allegedly wrote to Mussolini and received a personal reply. During the Allied occupation, however, he turned to communism—and today is disillusioned with politics. Postwar, he pursued a career on the stage, in radio, and in television writing and production; his first novel was not published until 1978.

He owes his worldwide fame to the creation of the Sicilian cop Inspector Montalbano, whose first case was published in Italy in 1994. By 1999, the character, like nearly all successful European series detectives (and few American ones), was the subject of a well-made television series. But only when *The Shape of Water* appeared in translation in 2002 did Camilleri become well-known to the English-speaking world. A mere decade later, he became the first living (and first foreign-language) writer to be the subject of an exhaustive reference book from the distinguished McFarland Companions to Mystery Fiction series, *Andrea Camilleri: A Companion to the Mystery Fiction* (2012) by Lucia Rinaldi.

Inspector Montalbano has appeared in 20 novels—17 of them so far available in English—and many untranslated short stories. No mystery series of comparable scope and importance was begun by an author who was close to 70 years of age and who is still adding entries as he approaches 90.

Inspector Salvo Montalbano works in the Sicilian town of Vigàta, fictitious but inspired by Camilleri's birthplace, the coastal village of Porto Empedocle. Essentially a loner who is wedded to his job, Montalbano swims for exercise and loves good food, which he eats copiously and preferably without conversation or interruption. His mostly absent girlfriend Livia Burlando lives in a Genoa suburb, hundreds of miles to the north, and only turns up when it is convenient for the story—or inconvenient for Montalbano. Their relationship is affectionate, but rocky: He has an eye for attractive women and is easily bewitched. Throughout the series, he ages a bit more slowly than in real time, from his 40s in his first appearance to 58 in *Angelica's Smile* (2013).

Seemingly fearless but insecure, Montalbano constantly moves between foolhardy self-confidence and gnawing self-doubt. Sometimes he is at full throttle and capable of impressive physical action; other times he is tentative and apprehensive about the encroaching years.

His three main police associates present a distinct contrast: the flamboyant, competitive, and compulsively womanizing Domenico "Mimi" Augello; the meticulous, precise Giuseppe Fazio, sometimes accused of "records-office complex" for his excessive detail in reporting; and switchboard operator/receptionist Agatino Catarella, who has his job thanks to family connections and is generally useless, though well-intended, and extremely loyal to his chief.

Catarella presents a special challenge to Camilleri's translator, Stephen Sartarelli. Usually, a translator should be as inconspicuous as a sports official, noticed only when something goes wrong. The goal should be a book that reads so well in the second language that the monolingual reader will forget it's a translation. But there is an exception to this rule when the author is Camilleri and the translator is Sartarelli: The novels have so many political, social, literary, and cultural references requiring explanation, and such complex wordplay, that one is conscious of the poet Sartarelli's presence despite the seamlessness of his prose. (Several pages of notes help sort out the more arcane or confusing allusions.)

And then there's the thorny problem of Catarella. How do you represent verbal differences in education, intelligence, or social status when writing

MONDADORI / GETTY IMAGES

Jon L. Breen is the author, most recently, of Probable Claus.

about characters who speak a different language? You could just use the same pointers you'd use in English—James Melville had lower-class Japanese speaking like cockneys, and some of Lindsey Davis's ancient Romans spout Yorkshire slang—but that wouldn't work for a character who mangles the language as distinctively as Catarella, who always gets names wrong while relaying messages in his own fractured version of Italian. Sartarelli's method of dealing with Catarella-speak is similar to the case of Officer Crabtree, the British soldier who goes undercover as a French policeman in the British sitcom *'Allo 'Allo!*, a comic view of the French Resistance. All the characters in the show who would be speaking French in real life speak in English for television purposes; and Crabtree, though he believes his French to be flawless—and it somehow seems to fool the Germans—has no command of vowel sounds, saying things like, "I was pissing by the door when I heard two shats. You are holding in your hind a smoking goon. You are clearly the guilty potty!"

Catarella's Italian, as rendered in English, has similar comic effect. Montalbano's athletic performance in a dangerous situation is "so nimmel," like "a agrobat on a trappist." Here he is announcing a visitor: "Issat Isspecter Seminario, yer college o' yers in Montelusa, whotofore's lookin' f'yiz 'n' moresomuch 'nsistin' 'e wants yiz—" (*Treasure Hunt*, 2013). Having Catarella say "buggery" for burglary, or "nickpicks" for picnics, is a good translator's trick, using English language wordplay to parallel whatever Camilleri had come up with in Italian.

The Montalbano novels are rich in comedy, sometimes approaching slapstick, though the stories are ultimately quite serious. *The Age of Doubt* (2012) opens with Montalbano, who has the most active dream life of any sleuth apart from Walter Mosley's Easy Rawlins, dreaming of his own death in a way that is both funny and illustrative of his insecurities. Like the late British crime writer Robert Barnard, Camilleri can maintain a light and humorous touch throughout, making the very grave and disturbing endings all the more powerful. In *Treasure Hunt*, two life-sized inflatable dolls lead to farcical misunderstandings with Montalbano's housekeeper's well-meaning son; but by the horrific climax, they are not a topic for laughter.

Montalbano hates paperwork, and when his office floods in *The Age of Doubt*, he orders that any documents awaiting signature that are not quite ruined be given an extra dose of water to render them unreadable. In the same novel, a call from the commissioner at an inopportune time prompts him to fake an injury. Then he has to continue the deception.

As *Angelica's Smile* opens, longtime girlfriend Livia has turned up unexpectedly and is soon accusing him of unfaithfulness. Regular readers know she is right to be suspicious, though this time he's innocent. Then, in her sleep, Livia provides a cryptic and suggestive comment—"No, Carlo, not from behind"—for Montalbano to obsess about. The main case involves a series of burglaries of homes of the wealthy, all with a distinctive modus operandi: keys stolen from the target's second home; gas used to immobilize the inhabitants; an important tool in the burglary deliberately left behind. Montalbano receives an anonymous letter claiming responsibility for the burglaries, saying they are done for fun rather than profit and that they will stop after two more. Other letters follow.

The title refers to the easily besotted cop's temporary love interest, bank employee and sexually prolific Angelica Cosulich, victim of the burglary that follows the first taunting letter. The novel has the usual intricate plotting and strong ending, though it is not as downbeat as some. Having a mysterious criminal taunt the lead cop with anonymous messages has become a standard police procedural ploy, but no one has used it quite like Camilleri. It also figures in *Treasure Hunt*, an even stronger effort and maybe the best in the series.

A macabre opening puts Montalbano in the apartment of an elderly, religiously obsessed, mentally unbalanced brother and sister who have been firing on passersby in the street below. There he encounters a room full of crucifixes, that life-sized inflatable doll, and a rat who dances across piano keys. After escaping the dangerous situation as a hero, Montalbano is challenged by an anonymous letter-writer to take up the puzzle-laden search of the title, a challenge he does not view too seriously at first. A third plot strand is a missing young woman.

Are these three unrelated cases or will they be connected somehow? Not surprisingly, the treasure hunt proves more sinister and less playful than it first appears, and the ghastly Grand Guignol solution is well prepared for, with a murderer who may be guessable but can also be figured out by some fairly laid clues.

So far, only one of Camilleri's non-Montalbano novels has been translated into English. First published in Italy in 1992, *Hunting Season*, a historical novel set in 1880s Sicily, antedates the first Montalbano by a couple of years. It is set in the same town, Vigàta, where the son of a medicinal gardener murdered many years before returns to open a pharmacy, setting the tongues of a varied and colorful group of locals wagging. A series of mysterious deaths follow. The only thing harder than writing a pure comic murder novel must be translating one, but Sartarelli is up to the job. This very short book is funny, bawdy, sexually explicit, and as carefully and elaborately plotted as a Montalbano case.

A few Inspector Montalbano cases that stand out (apart from those I've already mentioned) include *The Paper Moon* (2008), *The Wings of the Sphinx* (2009), and *The Potter's Field* (2011). The long-running television series, with Luca Zingaretti as Montalbano, is available on DVD and recommended to subtitle readers, though it can't duplicate the effect of the novels. Impressive for its acting, production values, and faithfulness to the original stories, it's more like a typical police series, downplaying the comedy and unable to capture Montalbano's interior life, which gives the novels much of their uniqueness.

Whatever the medium, this series proves that the best contemporary mystery writer and the most engaging fictional cop from the continent of Europe may not come from Scandinavia. ♦

"Hamas [spokesman Osama Hamdan]: 'I have Jewish friends'"
—Politico, August 4, 2014

Osama Hamdan

https://www.facebook.com/osama.hamdan

Osama Hamdan | Osama | Home

Osama Hamdan | Timeline | Recent | Status | Photo / Video | Place | Life Event

Recent
2010s
2000s
1990s
Born

PLACES

King David Hotel
About two weeks ago

The Israel Museum
Three weeks ago

Masada
Just after Yom Kippur last year

Dizengoff Street
Adar 14 (Purim)

FRIENDS · 23

MOVIES

Which movies have you watched?

THE GATEKEEPERS

YOSSI & JAGGER

5 BROKEN CAM

Osama Hamdan posted on **Moshe Weinbaum's** timeline:
August 21 — in Beirut, Lebanon

Bubbeleh! I miss your punim! Call me!

Osama Hamdan just listened to:
August 19

Mel Brooks and Carl Reiner: The 2,000 Year Old Man

Osama Hamdan was with **David Goldstein** and **Avi Feldman** at:
August 18 — in New York City

Russian Turkish Baths – Lower East Side

Osama Hamdan commented on this: **Having a schvitz!**

Osama Hamdan liked **Manischewitz Wine**
August 17 — in Borough Park, Brooklyn

Osama Hamdan is going to an event:
August 16 — in New York City

Mandy Patinkin Reads the Collected Works of Isaac Bashevis Singer at the 92nd Street Y

Osama Hamdan posted on **Abe Rivkin's** timeline:
August 15 — in New York City

Check it out, Abe: Yasser Ara-Cat! LOLOLOL!

Recipes to go with brisket

Tel Aviv hotels