

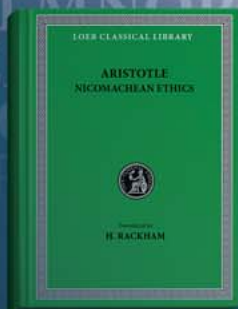
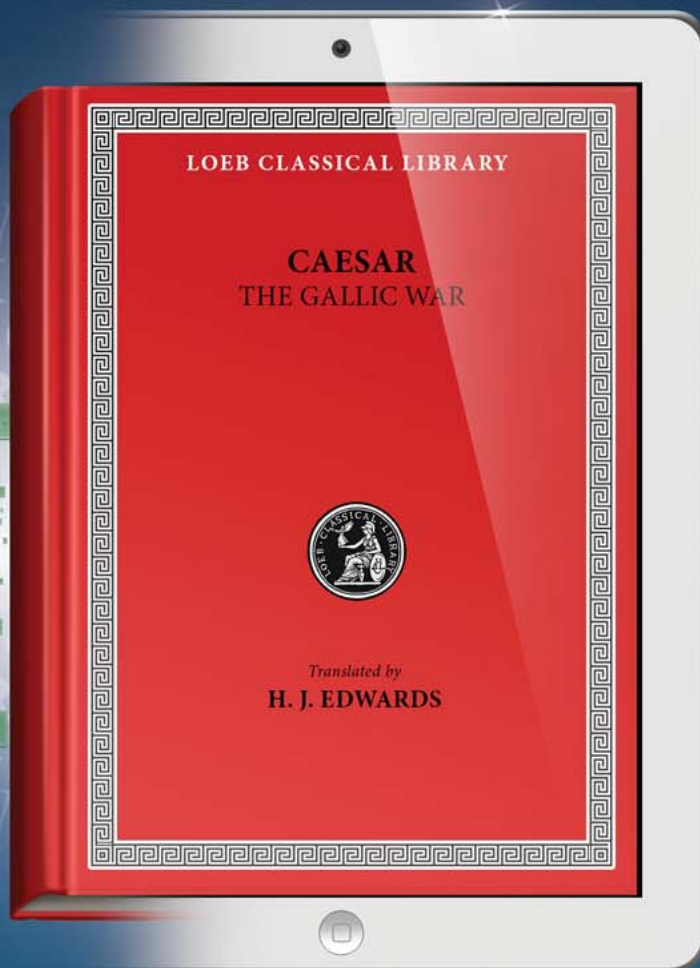
**GAMBLING IN MASSACHUSETTS**  
CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

the weekly

# Standard

OCTOBER 6, 2014

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## Ancient to Modern

The Loeb Classical Library goes digital

BY SUSAN KRISTOL



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COVER: KEVIN DZUBAN

## Assassination Chic

Hilary Mantel is a bestselling British novelist whose works—mostly historical fiction, or novels and stories with contemporary political overtones—are better known in Great Britain than here. Which is surprising, since the 62-year-old Dame Hilary has a knack for self-publicity.

Last year, for example, she caused a minor sensation when, in a lecture, she characterized Kate Middleton, Duchess of Cambridge, as a “precision-made, machine-made [mannequin] . . . with a perfect plastic smile and the spindles of her limbs hand-turned and gloss-varnished.” Indeed, she went on at some length in this critical vein—comparing “the plastic princess born to breed” unfavorably with Princess Diana and Anne Boleyn—and with such vehemence as to invite comparison with her own appearance.

Now she’s at it again. Readers of last week’s *New York Times Book Review* will have noticed the appearance of a short story (“The Assassination of Margaret Thatcher”) from Mantel’s forthcoming collection. Its plot is simple and self-explanatory: In 1983, two London acquaintances discuss the possibility—indeed, the desirability—of shooting to death Margaret Thatcher, who can be seen from the narrator’s window. Dame Hilary has explained that she, herself, once saw Mrs. Thatcher from her

window during the Falklands war, and entertained similar thoughts. Certainly the narrator’s extended commentary about Thatcher—closer in tone to an op-ed than to imaginative literature—may be taken to be Hilary Mantel’s voice.

All of which, of course, yielded an even stronger reaction than her snarky comments about Kate Middleton. Indeed, like moths drawn to the flame, certain Conservative members of Parliament went so far as to suggest that the law might get involved in the case, since romanticizing the murder of public officials could inspire potential assassins. As well it could—except that Mantel’s story is, ostensibly, fictional, and, in our transatlantic world, people aren’t chased by the police for their thoughts, no matter how unseemly. Freedom of thought, as Justice Holmes once declared, includes “freedom for the thought that we hate.”

THE SCRAPBOOK has two observations about this, and one question. First, the (understandably) indignant reaction of Margaret Thatcher’s friends and admirers to Mantel’s story allowed publications such as the *Guardian*—which is ordinarily happy to silence unpopular opinion—to take the high road on the question of speech. It’s more than a little annoying to be lectured on artistic license

and freedom of conscience by people who believe that “hurtful” speech or “hateful” imagery or “offensive” ideas should be suppressed.

Second, Mantel’s story revived our memory of a now-forgotten 2004 novel by the American writer Nicholson Baker, *Checkpoint*, which has a comparable plot. In *Checkpoint*, two acquaintances meet in a hotel room in Washington and discuss the possibility—“for the good of humankind”—of assassinating George W. Bush. In Baker’s novel, as in Mantel’s story, the ending is conveniently ambiguous: Thatcher might have been shot, and Bush might have been killed; but we don’t know for certain. And as with Hilary Mantel, what we know about Nicholson Baker suggests that the mixture of fiction and fact—of author’s sentiment and narrative viewpoint—is deliberate and heartfelt.

Which leads to one question: What is it about the impotent rage of the cultural left? It is often said that while conservatives think liberals are misguided, liberals believe that conservatives are evil. Certainly the fevered visions—the dreams of murderous violence—in Nicholson Baker and Dame Hilary Mantel suggest that “rage” is the pertinent term here. Our friends on the left should consider their reaction if the tables were turned, and pop a Valium. ♦

## Authoritarian Liberals

Appearing on a panel September 23 at the Heritage Foundation, *National Review*’s Kevin Williamson made the following observation (per the account of MSNBC.com’s Suzy Khimm): “The left is intellectually dead, and where it’s heading towards is authoritarianism,” said Williamson, citing a *Gawker* blog post making the case for arresting climate change deniers.”

*New York* magazine’s Jonathan Chait would have none of this. He

responded by chastising Williamson with the sarcastic headline “How a Single *Gawker* Rant Portended the End of Freedom in America.” Chait’s basic thesis is that Williamson is paranoid and that arresting climate change deniers “is not necessarily indicative of broader strains of liberal thought.” Indeed, Chait says Williamson is both paranoid and obsessed. Chait points out that Williamson has referenced this particular *Gawker* column (which Chait also disapproves of) no less than five times. However, three of those times were back in

April, when the *Gawker* column first ran and was being widely discussed. The last two times Williamson mentioned it were on *National Review Online* on September 22 and at the Heritage event the next day.

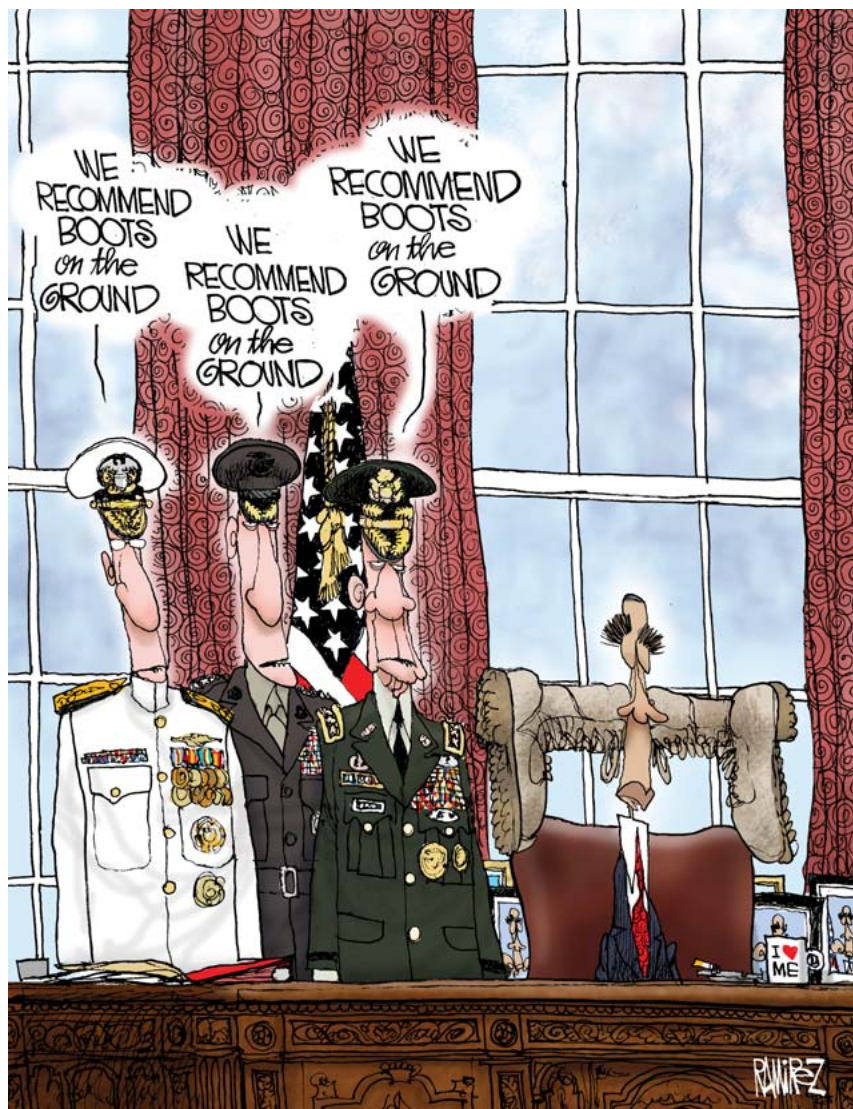
Left unmentioned by Chait was that, also on September 22, Robert F. Kennedy Jr., the liberal scion best known for being one of the leading lights of the vaccines-cause-autism movement, accused global warming deniers of “treason” and lamented there was no law that could be used to put them in jail. In his discussion of

the *Gawker* column, Williamson was hardly pulling a rabbit out of a hat. The creeping authoritarianism of the left was all too timely and relevant thanks to RFK Jr.'s disturbing outburst. Chait was later forced to update his post acknowledging the RFK Jr. outburst, though he did not back off his charge that Williamson was saying that authoritarian impulses "encapsulate the predominant current in contemporary liberal thought."

Of course, Williamson never said it was the "predominant current" in liberalism. It is a common enough trope to merit comment, however. Perhaps Chait should read what his own readers are saying under his post. "Climate change kills—their denial and active fight against making reforms is indirectly killing people. While I don't agree with arresting them, I can see how that would be legally justified—it could be considered non-protected speech, like yelling 'fire!' in a crowded theater," notes one of the *New York* magazine commenters. Chait, of course, is in no way accountable for the fan base he draws, but the comment is notable for two reasons. One, it sounds relatively sober even if the underlying sentiment is terrifying, and two, shouting fire in a crowded theater was the exact reference Adam Weinstein invoked in his objectionable *Gawker* column last March.

Though the context is often forgotten, "shouting fire in a crowded theater" was the rationale Supreme Court justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. used in a 1919 ruling concluding that a defendant's speech in opposition to the draft during World War I was not protected by the First Amendment and was a violation of the sweeping and unconstitutional Espionage Act. Indeed, thanks to Woodrow Wilson's Espionage and Sedition Acts, thousands were arrested for thoughtcrimes. Wilson is, of course, the godfather of America's progressive movement.

Wanting people who disagree with you arrested may not be the "predominant current" of today's progressives. But the authoritar-



ian impulse is enough of a hallmark of progressivism that it's not something to be hastily dismissed, either. Especially when this sentiment is still being echoed on websites read by millions and uttered by representatives of American liberalism's most famous political dynasty. ♦

## Obama Takes Manhattan

**I**n Manhattan last Tuesday afternoon, THE SCRAPBOOK discovered what it's like to get close to the president, and it stinks. We also now understand how to assemble a huge crowd to admire a presiden-

tial motorcade: You simply close 40 blocks of one of the busiest streets in the world. With typical attention to detail, the closure was scheduled for the beginning of rush hour, from about 5:00 to 5:30 P.M. THE SCRAPBOOK joined a mass of several thousand New Yorkers gazing longingly across Park Avenue toward now-distant destinations while a nearby cop shouted encouragement: "Stay on the sidewalk!" and "Get back on the sidewalk!" He also helpfully volunteered, "If you want to go north, you can walk west until . . . oh wait, no you can't." This was his suggestion on how to escape from the corner of 85th Street, where the motorcade route

swung left to cut through Central Park, making the shortest route to the 86th Street subway station a westerly circumambulation of the globe.

The motorcade itself contained, so far as *THE SCRAPBOOK* could establish, 57 vehicles, including the 2 presidential limos, 16 motorcycles, 12 SUVs, 11 black vans, a number of marked and unmarked police cars, an ambulance, a tow truck, and on and on. As the limos drove by (their contents invisible), cheering erupted from the four or five people who didn't actually have somewhere to go in Manhattan at 5 P.M. The real cheering began several minutes later when the police told the crowd they could finally go to the 86th Street station. ♦

## Must Reading

**T**HE SCRAPBOOK congratulates contributing editor Joseph Bottum on his latest Amazon Kindle Single—*The Swinger*, a consideration of Yankees shortstop Derek Jeter as his career comes to a close this season.

Author of *Dakota Christmas*, which reached number one on the Amazon ebook bestseller list in 2012, Bottum has written two previous Kindle Singles on sports figures, Tim Tebow and R.A. Dickey. Tebow, currently looking for work in the NFL, and Dickey, finishing off a strong season with the Toronto Blue Jays, both have compelling personal stories, full of trials and triumphs. However, Bottum's latest subject—pegged as an eventual Hall of Famer by the scout who signed him at the age of 18—has seemingly never known anything but success. Paradoxically, this is what makes Derek

Jeter, in Bottum's telling, inscrutable.

In spite of numbers that are guaranteed to earn Jeter a place in Cooperstown when he first becomes eligible in 2019, fans, sportswriters, and his professional peers have often disagreed about Jeter's talents. Sure, he won five World Series, was an all-star 14 times, and will finish sixth on the all-time hits list with nearly 3,500 base-knocks. But, say some, his lack of range and spotty fielding ability also cost the Yankees runs, games, maybe even championships. That's what it means to take center stage in the Bronx for nearly 20 summers—you win the Gold Glove five times, and they still say your defense isn't good enough.

Jeter never engaged the critics. Nearly everyone, fans and detractors alike, agrees that a large portion of his success—especially his longevity and consistency—is owing to the fact that he reserved his energies for the playing field. Sure, he dated models, singers, and actresses, but compared with other great athletes who played in New York—think of Joe Namath, Reggie Jackson, and Jeter's sometime teammate and rival Alex Rodriguez—Jeter was a ghost.

To put it another way, Jeter was a special kind of New Yorker. As the novelist Walker Percy once explained, some come to New York to become famous and rise above their faceless neighbors. Others come to get lost amidst the masses. As Bottum's marvelous ebook shows, the paradox of Jeter's career is that he did both. The man, whoever he is, lost himself in a game that won him the applause and admiration of millions. ♦

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## Keep Calm and Say Something

**I**f you see something, say something.” To anyone who uses public transportation, it’s a familiar refrain. Yet while the constant warnings to beware of one’s fellow travelers are but a sign of the times, the message is ambiguous. How do you know what qualifies as “something”? As a subway commuter, I regularly see (and hear and smell) some pretty strange things.

Not to mention the fact that any well-planned attack would presumably be disguised at every turn to mimic normality. Once, stuck at an airport for several hours when my flight was delayed, I found myself sitting next to a Catholic priest. We talked—about the work he was doing in Uganda, the books we were reading. We were getting along famously, until he asked the dreaded question: “Will you watch my bags while I get something to eat?”

I had a moment of crisis. He was no longer a complete stranger, but I had known him for only a couple of hours. I suddenly realized that his Roman collar, inviting me to trust its wearer, would actually be the perfect disguise for a criminal. All he had done was ask a common courtesy, but the warnings to be vigilant had been so incessant that I was almost at a loss as to how to respond.

Reluctantly, I agreed to watch his things. The longer he was gone, the more I worried. When he finally came back (“Sorry, the line was so long!”), I felt a mixture of relief, resentment, and even a bit of Catholic guilt for having doubted him.

In trying to figure out what counts

as unusual, it’s easy to become suspicious of everyone and everything. I once came across a black plastic disc that looked like a miniature hubcap sitting on a subway platform. It seemed harmless enough, but the fact that I couldn’t identify it made me wary. When a D.C. Metro employee walked by, I pointed it out.

“That thing,” I said gesturing toward the disc, “has been sitting there, and I don’t know what it is.”



I was acutely aware of sounding idiotic. But afterwards I felt better, my conscience clear.

Another time, I took the London Underground from Heathrow Airport. The train was crowded with people and luggage, and we were packed in tightly for the first few stops. As more passengers got off, several of us noticed a seemingly unattended black bag lodged underneath one of the seats.

Slowly, we eyed one another, trying to determine if the owner was among us. Finally, someone asked if the bag belonged to anyone. We all shook our heads.

When the train pulled into a station and the doors opened, I faced a

decision. Should I stay on the train, resigned to my fate? Should I abandon my fellow passengers? Should I sound the alarm and start shouting for everyone to get off?

Just then two women—they appeared to be mother and daughter—came sidling down the car toward the emergency phone. The train moved out of the station, and I watched the women’s progress intently. As they approached the phone, the younger one kept facing the inside of the car, blocking her mother from view as she picked up the receiver and had a brief, discreet conversation.

The other passengers maintained an apparent nonchalance that I took to be the result of either calculated cooperation in a rapidly unfolding plot, ignorance, or simply sullen British apathy. Apart from a few furtively exchanged glances, no one acknowledged that anything unusual was happening, and no one mentioned the black bag again.

At the next stop, a police officer boarded the train, spotted the bag, picked it up, and disembarked without saying a word to anyone. As we pulled away from the platform, I watched him speaking into a walkie-talkie, presumably informing his colleagues that the bag had been secured. It was a seamless performance. I’ll never know whether the bag contained a high-powered bomb or a bunch of dirty socks, but I must say I was impressed.

And I was reassured—reassured that amidst a sea of distrust, people really were looking out for each other. Or perhaps they were just looking out for themselves. Either way, I benefited.

**JULIANNE DUDLEY**

# Beyond Obama

It happened to be meeting with Senator Ted Cruz a few hours after President Obama's United Nations speech Wednesday. We naturally started by discussing the president's latest oratorical effort. Cruz's judgment on the speech as a whole? "Unsurprising, but consistently disappointing." On Obama on Russia and Ukraine? A nice statement by Obama, but "why isn't he giving serious military aid to Ukraine, both nonlethal and lethal?" Obama's paragraph on Iran? "It was so short and vague I almost missed it." And on looking at it, Cruz said he found "striking" Obama's refusal to reiterate the pledge that Iran will not be permitted to have nuclear weapons. About Obama's remarks on the Islamic State, Cruz was somewhat complimentary: Obama spoke with unaccustomed "clarity" on the issue of terrorism, and "I will say his language on ISIS was some of the best he's had." What's more, Cruz noted wryly, "At least he did not invoke Yemen and Somalia as models of success."

The senator's commentary on Obama's speech was sound and intelligent. Cruz would have gone on analyzing it for the rest of our time together if I'd asked him to. But I had the sense that we'd said in a few minutes much of what needed to be said about Obama's speech, and I had the sense that Cruz felt the same. The conversation would be more interesting if we abandoned Obama as our reference point, I thought, and so we did, spending the rest of the session engaged in a lively discussion of public policy and Republican politics.

One conversation does not a world-historical moment make. But this exchange did suggest to me that we're moving beyond Obama. Obviously, we can't ignore him. For the next six weeks Republican candidates will and should yoke their Democratic opponents to him. For the next two years, we'll have to deal with his policies and proposals and nominations. The fact that we're bored by him doesn't mean we can wish him away and simply move on.

But we can begin to move on. Obama's liberalism is so reactionary, his speeches so tedious, his policies so ineffectual, his worldview so discredited, that he's not really useful any more even as a force to push against. One doubts conservatives can get much guidance for the future simply from reacting against him. This is hardly an unprecedented situation. Once in office, after all, Lincoln couldn't take his bearings from just trying to do the opposite of Buchanan, nor could Churchill merely be the opposite of Chamberlain or Reagan the opposite of Carter.

The post-Obama world is new. Decline was a choice, but reversing it will be a different task from preventing it in the first place. Reestablishing American leadership isn't the same as maintaining it. The rollback of the nanny state will require different strategies from efforts to slow its advances. To paraphrase Tocqueville: New thinking and new policies will be needed for a world altogether new.

Today's conservative task is daunting. But it's also exciting.

The business founder Peter Thiel asks, when was the last time an American politician really envisioned, in a serious and plausible way, a future qualitatively different from the present or the immediate past? His answer? Ronald Reagan, speaking at the Berlin Wall in June 1987. Reagan envisioned a world without the Soviet Union. And then it came to pass. That was a generation ago. Reagan remains an inspiration and a model for American conservatives. But the times require not Reaganite nostalgia but a neo-Reaganite agenda.

Younger Republican candidates and bolder Republican officeholders sense this. The question of the future of the U.S. role in the U.N. is more interesting than an analysis of Obama's U.N. speech. The question of how much to increase the defense budget next year is more important than denouncing Obama's past irresponsible cuts. The question of how to move ahead with a replacement



*This too shall pass.*

for Obamacare is more stimulating than a discussion of Obamacare's failures. The challenges of a post-Obama world are more fundamental than the challenges of dealing with Obama and Obamaism. For the task is no longer to contain Obamaism. The task is to transcend Obamaism.

—William Kristol

---

# The Rubes' Revenge

There has not been a liberal coalition in this country broad and deep enough to enact sweeping leftist legislation since 1937, when Congress passed the Fair Labor Standards Act, the last of the New Deal reforms. Beginning in 1938 the country began a 20-year shift to the right. And, contra the mainstream media, the Republican party's position across the 50 states today is historically strong.

Nevertheless, there have been two moments since 1937 when liberal Democrats briefly enjoyed a large enough majority to enact legislation that could not have been implemented two years earlier or two years later.

The first came after the election of 1964. Thanks to a combination of robust economic growth, the JFK assassination, and, perhaps most important, Barry Goldwater's candidacy for president, which alienated Republican constituencies in the North, Lyndon Johnson enjoyed a robust Democratic advantage in the 89th Congress.

The second came after 2008, when Barack Obama was elected handily, but not overwhelmingly. So how then did we get Obamacare less than a year and a half later?

We got Obamacare because 12 Senate Democrats from states that voted for John McCain, and whose constituents overwhelmingly opposed Obamacare, nevertheless backed the president on this most important issue. These 12 had won election at various points by distancing themselves from the more leftist national Democratic party. But when national Democrats needed their votes, they fell into line. These 12, and their current status, are:

ALASKA: Mark Begich, running for reelection  
ARKANSAS: Blanche Lincoln, defeated in 2010  
ARKANSAS: Mark Pryor, running for reelection  
LOUISIANA: Mary Landrieu, running for reelection  
MISSOURI: Claire McCaskill, won reelection in 2012  
MONTANA: Jon Tester, won reelection in 2012  
MONTANA: Max Baucus, resigned in 2014  
NEBRASKA: Ben Nelson, did not seek reelection in 2012  
NORTH DAKOTA: Kent Conrad, did not seek reelection in 2012  
NORTH DAKOTA: Byron Dorgan, didn't seek reelection in 2010

WEST VIRGINIA: Robert Byrd, died in office in 2010  
WEST VIRGINIA: Jay Rockefeller, not seeking reelection

Thus, only 2 of these 12 senators have been returned to office so far. Most, wisely, chose not to run for reelection.

Before delving into what this means, let us take a brief detour into theories of representation in a democracy. The "delegation model" holds that a legislator should reflect the interests of his constituents. The "trustee model" holds that a legislator should act in the best interests of his constituents, rightly understood. Since his constituents might not have the time or ability to understand how a piece of legislation will affect them, the elected representative must act to advance the people's true interests. He may vote against their express preferences, but only because he knows better.

Neither of these models captures the vote the 12 senators took. Obamacare was a highly salient issue, generating enough interest that the public was reasonably well-informed. The people said no, they meant no, and their no carried weight because they had thought quite a bit about the proposed law. And since the law was enacted, a vast array of problems with it have become apparent, justifying the people's opposition and showing that the 12 senators were grossly irresponsible trustees.

It seems that the Democrats have been developing a third model of representation of late: Call it the "sneak it past the rubes" theory. Under this approach, you present yourself to your constituents as an independent voice, not in hock to the national Democratic party, so as to get elected. Then the national party allows you generally to vote with your constituents, on the understanding that when the chips are down you will vote with the liberal leadership. Then you hope that the "rubes" back home can be sufficiently distracted by the "war on women" or some other phony issue that they'll return you to office. And if they choose not to, there will be a consolation prize: a cushy, well-connected job as a lobbyist (Blanche Lincoln) or law firm adviser (Byron Dorgan) or association CEO (Ben Nelson) or strategic adviser in PR (Kent Conrad) in Washington, where you are more at home anyway, or even a job out of town as an ambassador (Max Baucus).

All of which brings us to the state of Kansas.

As should be clear, "sneak it past the rubes" is good for only one big deception before the voters catch on. Of the eight pro-Obamacare Democrats who could have faced reelection up to now, only two actually won another term. The rest either lost or chose not to run. Three more are up this fall, and the current *Real Clear Politics* average shows the GOP challenger leading in each race.

In Kansas, however, where Republican Pat Roberts is up for reelection, the Democrats are trying a different form of deception. It appears they have decided to ditch the party label altogether.

In a crafty bit of legerdemain, national Democrats convinced their nominee, Chad Taylor, to withdraw from the

ballot. Kansas law states that a candidate can withdraw only if he is dead or not capable of fulfilling the duties of the office. The Kansas Supreme Court apparently agreed that Taylor is not capable of fulfilling the duties of the office, though nobody actually believes this. Taylor remains the Shawnee County district attorney.

The reason for taking the Democrat off the ballot is that an independent, self-financed candidate has emerged who is actually quite a liberal Democrat by Kansas standards. He is Greg Orman. Over the last decade, Orman has contributed overwhelmingly to Democrats, he briefly ran in 2008 as a Democrat to try to unseat Roberts, and a perusal of his positions—especially on abortion—suggests he is to the left of the average Kansas voter. Perhaps needless to say, he will not commit to repealing Obamacare.

Bottom line: Greg Orman is a Democrat running as an independent. So this is a variant of the game Democrats have been playing for years now, with an extra layer of deception: Find a candidate who can win over Republican voters in red states by talking about his independent-mindedness, and when he gets to Washington he'll be there when you really need him. It's "sneak it past the rubes" minus the party label.

It is good that six of the eight pro-Obamacare Democrats did not return to the Senate—and maddening that two managed to do so, but McCaskill and Tester were

able to get away with defying their constituents because Republicans ran inept campaigns against them in 2012. It is to be hoped that Republicans will defeat Begich, Pryor, and Landrieu in less than two months.

And not just because the GOP needs the seats to win a Senate majority, but also because "independent" red state Democrats need to be taught a lesson. They cannot be allowed to defy their constituents on such a high-profile issue and get away with it. Otherwise, they will only be emboldened to do it more often in the future. (Little wonder, incidentally, that McCaskill, who held on in 2012 in Missouri even as Romney trounced Obama there, was a key operator behind the scenes in getting Taylor off the Kansas ballot.)

Similarly with Greg Orman: If Democrats think they can sneak liberals into the Senate from red states by walking away from their party label, it is an easy bet that they will try to do so again. If Orman wins, look for mass replication of this strategy in 2016 and beyond.

Winning in Alaska, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Kansas, then, is an imperative for the Republican party at least as important as taking the Senate majority. Regardless of how the rest of the races flush out on November 4, Democrats ought not be allowed to walk away from the upcoming midterms believing that "sneak it past the rubes" is a viable strategy.

—Jay Cost

## 36 Days to Educate and Activate Voters

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

Only 36 days remain before the crucial midterm elections that will help determine the direction of our country and the strength of our economy. With the primaries behind us, the candidates are set, and the lawmakers up for reelection have returned to their states and districts to campaign in earnest. But those vying for votes aren't the only ones with work to do. It's up to Americans to exercise their right to vote and educate themselves on the candidates and their positions. And it's the responsibility of the business community to mobilize voters in support of pro-growth leaders.

For individuals, voting is a civic duty—yet history shows that voter participation typically falls to around 40% for midterm elections. The Pew Research Center concludes that when the presidency isn't at stake, people are

less likely to show up. But plenty is up for grabs in 2014—36 governorships, 36 Senate seats, and all 435 House seats. Control of the Senate also hangs in the balance, which could have a major impact on what does or doesn't get done in the remainder of President Obama's term.

To help voters understand all that's at stake in this election, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce has launched the most comprehensive voter education effort in our 102-year history. Our goal is not only to give Americans the resources they need to vote—information on voter registration, early and absentee voting, and key dates—but also the facts they need to make an informed decision. The Chamber has highlighted top issues, such as health care, energy, taxes, and regulations, and has scored lawmakers on how they've voted on the most important legislation. Voters can find a guide to all the races, broken down by state, district, and candidate, and more at [VoteForJobs.com](http://VoteForJobs.com).

The Chamber also provides tools for the business community to get involved. We are calling on those who believe in free enterprise and economic freedom to help get out the vote. This week we are launching [GOTV.VoteForJobs.com](http://GOTV.VoteForJobs.com), an online action portal to help businesses communicate with their employees, friends, families, neighbors, and customers and rally them to participate in the election as educated and engaged voters.

The bottom line is that elections have consequences. The leaders we select to send to Washington and to state capitals will directly drive the policies that impact our lives and our businesses and help or hamper our economy and job creation. This is our chance to have a say in the kind of government we want and that our country needs—let's take it.



**U.S. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**  
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# Obama's Own JV Team

After the bin Laden raid, the deluge.

BY MAX BOOT



Last week brought a reminder of what the United States has lost since Bob Gates and Leon Panetta left the Obama cabinet. Both are straight shooters with a centrist, hardheaded sensibility.

Panetta has been making headlines

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with his criticism of Obama on *60 Minutes* for pulling out of Iraq too soon (“I really thought that it was important for us to maintain a presence in Iraq”) and not doing more early on to aid the Syrian opposition (“we pay the price for not doing that in what we see happening with ISIS”).

Meanwhile, Gates has been critical of Obama for prohibiting U.S. “boots on the ground” to fight the Islamic State in Iraq and Syria: “The reality is, they’re not gonna be able to be successful against ISIS strictly from the air, or strictly depending on the

Iraqi forces, or the Peshmerga, or the Sunni tribes acting on their own,” he told *CBS This Morning*. “So there will be boots on the ground if there’s to be any hope of success in the strategy. And I think that by continuing to repeat that [the United States won’t put boots on the ground], the president, in effect, traps himself.”

In retrospect, it is clear, the first Obama term—when Gates was at Defense (followed by Panetta), Panetta at CIA (followed by General David Petraeus), Hillary Clinton at State, Admiral Mike Mullen at the Joint Chiefs, and retired General Jim Jones at the National Security Council—was a golden age (by Obama standards) when there were grown-ups more or less in charge of U.S. foreign policy. Obama at first tended to accede to the advice of his more seasoned foreign policy hands because as a first-term senator he was acutely aware of his own lack of experience or credibility in the field. Thus, he delayed his Iraq pullout, maintaining 50,000 troops there until nearly the end of 2011; he tripled troop numbers in Afghanistan to pursue a more robust strategy against the Taliban; and he continued most of George W. Bush’s second-term counterterrorist policies while actually increasing the number of drone strikes in Pakistan. Even then, Obama’s caution often intruded in ways that undercut his stated goals: For example, he insisted on an 18-month timeline on the Afghanistan surge, which Gates, Clinton, Petraeus (then at Central Command), and others accepted only reluctantly as the price of having a surge at all. But, however reluctantly, Obama acted more toughly during his first two years in office than his campaign rhetoric would have predicted.

Ah, for those good ol’ days. Today, by contrast, U.S. foreign policy is shaped by Joe Biden, Chuck Hagel, John Kerry, Susan Rice, and John Brennan, among others, with deputy national security adviser Ben Rhodes the most frequently quoted spokesman. It tells you something that the most hawkish of the lot is Kerry, but he has dissipated much energy and

DAVE MALAN

credibility in futile efforts to jumpstart the Israeli-Palestinian peace process. His major achievement to date is to broker a power-sharing accord in Afghanistan between Ashraf Ghani and Abdullah Abdullah that may or may not hold together.

Still, it's hard to be too harsh on Kerry or any of the other cabinet members when clearly the driving force behind U.S. foreign policy is the president himself. Obama suffers from the not uncommon defect of the intellectually able: He imagines that he is always the smartest guy in the room and thus has trouble taking advice that does not accord with his own predilections. Driven largely by his own imperatives, the president pulled U.S. troops out of Iraq (after making only a token effort to reach a Status of Forces Agreement), failed for three years effectively to aid the Syrian opposition, declared and then ignored a "red line" in Syria, failed to provide assistance to the Libyan government after Qaddafi's overthrow, did little to make Putin pay a price for his aggression in Ukraine, presided over a precipitous decline in defense spending that risks another "hollow army," launched nuclear negotiations with Iran that relax sanctions while allowing centrifuges to keep spinning, and made numerous other unforced errors.

What happened? How did the centrist Obama of his early years in office give way to the dovish Obama of more recent times? My theory is that the turning point occurred on May 2, 2011. That is the day when Osama bin Laden was killed in a daring SEAL raid authorized by the president, who overrode the concerns of Gates and other more cautious advisers. This undoubted success puffed up Obama to think that he could manage foreign policy on his own and convinced him that he no longer needed to worry about attacks from the right: Who, after all, could claim that the president who "got" bin Laden was insufficiently hawkish?

It is no coincidence that immediately after the bin Laden raid the president accelerated the drawdown

in Afghanistan against the advice of General Petraeus, who was then the commander in Kabul, and subsequently leaked word that he was inclined to keep fewer than 5,000 troops in Iraq, which convinced Iraqi politicians that there was no point in signing a Status of Forces Agreement. Later that year, Obama refused to back any kind of stabilization force for Libya following Muammar Qaddafi's downfall—and he overrode the consensus of his national security team by refusing to train and arm the Syrian resistance. So mesmerized was Obama by Osama bin Laden's death that he foolishly dismissed ISIS as the "JV team" and continued to insist that al Qaeda was "on the path to defeat" long after it became clear that it was actually enjoying a renaissance.

It is possible that the rise of ISIS, signaled by public beheadings, mass

rapes, and other gruesome atrocities, will mark another inflection point for this administration, much as the Iran hostage crisis and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979 transformed Jimmy Carter into a born-again hawk. But so far such hopes have little basis in reality. Obama may be bombing Iraq and now Syria sporadically, but he has not yet presented the public with the kind of serious campaign plan needed to make good on his claim that he will "degrade and eventually destroy" ISIS. That, as Bob Gates reminds us, would take "boots on the ground," which Obama refuses to commit.

It will be a true irony of history if the bin Laden raid is seen in retrospect as not only the high point of Obama's foreign policy but also the point at which his foreign policy went into free fall. ♦

# Misunderstanding al Qaeda

The threat remains—and spreads.

BY THOMAS JOSCELYN

**O**n Tuesday, September 23, the U.S. government announced that a new bombing campaign was under way in Syria. The Obama administration had been building the case for airstrikes for weeks. The president and his surrogates repeatedly highlighted the threat posed by the Islamic State (often called the Islamic State of Iraq and the Levant, or ISIL), which has captured large swaths of territory across Iraq and Syria. Unexpectedly, the administration announced that American missiles had also struck something called the "Khorasan group," which was in the final stages

of planning attacks in the West. The group may even have been close to striking inside the United States.

Widespread confusion ensued. The press wondered aloud, "What is the Khorasan group?" It is a "new" terrorist organization, some reported. It is an "al Qaeda offshoot," others claimed. All of the following descriptors were used of the group: "little-known," "shadowy," "mysterious," "previously unknown."

But you have heard of the Khorasan group before. It is, to put it simply, al Qaeda.

Ayman al Zawahiri, the head of al Qaeda, ordered trusted operatives from Afghanistan, Chechnya, Iran, Pakistan, Yemen, and North Africa to relocate to Syria. Some of the al Qaeda

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operatives involved are so notorious that U.S. counterterrorism officials have tracked them, off and on, for more than a decade.

Zawahiri tasked his men with plotting mass-casualty attacks in the West. And, al Qaeda reasoned, Syria offered distinct advantages over other prospective launching pads. Until the U.S.-led military intervention, al Qaeda's terrorists had established safe havens inside the country that allowed them to set up laboratories and bomb-making factories for testing new explosive devices. Western counterterrorism defenses have made it difficult for al Qaeda to get bombs on board planes and well-trained operatives in place to carry out their missions. So the terrorists are seeking undetectable explosives, like the underwear bomb that nearly took down a Detroit-bound plane on Christmas Day 2009.

The number of Western foreign fighters inside Syria today is unprecedented, providing al Qaeda with a deep pool of recruits. Many Western fighters have gone off to fight for Jabhat al Nusrah, al Qaeda's official branch in Syria. Al Qaeda was sorting through these fighters looking for dedicated and skilled jihadists like the members of the Hamburg cell that produced the kamikaze pilots responsible for attacking New York and Washington on 9/11. Syria also offers a geographic advantage. It is much easier for al Qaeda recruits to travel to and from Syria than, say, the remote regions of Afghanistan and northern Pakistan. Indeed, American and European counterterrorism authorities are already attempting to track hundreds of fighters who have returned to the West from Syria.

It is easy to see why Ayman al Zawahiri and his subordinates decided to establish a new base of operations in Syria. Why, then, did U.S. officials and reporters have such a hard time, at first, explaining that the airstrikes targeting the Khorasan group were really just part of our long war against al Qaeda?

The confusion is no accident. The way President Obama, his subordinates, and some U.S. intelligence officials think and talk about al Qaeda is wrong.

On September 24, national security adviser Susan Rice appeared on NBC's *Today* show. Citing the airstrikes against the Khorasan group and ISIL in Syria and other recent developments, host Matt Lauer asked a commonsensical question, "What happened to the days when the administration was able to say it felt confident that we had dealt a crippling blow to al Qaeda and Islamic militants?"



Above, Muhsin al Fadhli; below, a September 23 bombing run

Rice responded, "Well, Matt, understand what we've been saying. We have been focused for many years, as you know, on al Qaeda in Afghanistan and Pakistan, what we call al Qaeda core. And that element of al Qaeda, which is the one that hatched the 9/11 plot and executed it, has been substantially degraded and doesn't at this stage pose nearly the same type of threat that it used to." She continued, "What has happened, though, over years, is that al Qaeda has metastasized. Imagine a cancer that had an original tumor. Now elements of the cells of that tumor have moved to places like the Arabian Peninsula, Yemen, parts of Africa, Somalia, and what we call the Sahel region, Mali. And now also to Syria. So we are having to deal with each of these cells. As you've seen, we've taken action in Yemen, we've taken action in

Somalia, and now we're taking action, as necessary, in Syria."

Rice's answer is both wrong and myopic.

First, the so-called Khorasan group is part of core al Qaeda. The idea that terrorists cannot be core al Qaeda solely because they are located outside of Afghanistan and Pakistan is obtuse. Documents recovered in Osama bin Laden's compound show that the al Qaeda master ordered some of his minions out of the drones' kill box in northern Pakistan and maintained ongoing communications with terrorists around the globe. The general manager of al Qaeda's global network today is in Yemen.

Al Qaeda operatives can and do travel around the world, especially to and from Syria. Muhsin al Fadhli, a Kuwaiti who was targeted in the airstrikes, was first involved in al Qaeda's attack planning as early as 2002. Fadhli has been tied to the October 6, 2002, attack on the French ship *MV Limburg*, as well as the October 8, 2002, attack against U.S. Marines stationed on Kuwait's Faylaka Island. One Marine was killed in the Faylaka Island shootout. Fadhli is so trusted within al Qaeda

that he was one of the few jihadists to have foreknowledge of the 9/11 attacks, which, for obvious reasons, were kept secret beforehand. The U.S. government first designated Fadhli an al Qaeda terrorist in 2005.

One of Fadhli's co-leaders in al Qaeda's Khorasan group is a jihadist known as Sanafi al Nasr, who is a third cousin of Osama bin Laden. Nasr, who leads a senior planning committee within al Qaeda, in addition to other duties, was groomed to rise through al Qaeda's ranks at a young age because of his impeccable pedigree. Several of his brothers, two of whom were once detained at Guantánamo before being freed, became loyal al Qaeda operatives. Other family members, including his father, have been tied to al Qaeda as well. Gulf donors know that Nasr will put

their money to good use for al Qaeda because he is a fully made man.

Fadhli, Nasr, and their cohorts in the Khorasan group are, by any reasonable definition, core al Qaeda members. In addition, Fadhli and Nasr once oversaw al Qaeda's Iran-based network, which the Obama administration has described as a "core facilitation pipeline" for al Qaeda. Al Qaeda terrorists with similar backgrounds have been identified in each of the other geographic areas Rice listed.

Second, al Qaeda's planned attacks, staged from Syria, directly refute Rice's claim that "it doesn't at this stage pose nearly the same type of threat that it used to." Administration

officials justified the airstrikes on the Khorasan group—that is, al Qaeda—by explaining that it posed an "imminent" threat to the West. "Intelligence reports indicated that the group was in the final stages of plans to execute major attacks against Western targets and potentially the U.S. homeland," Lieutenant General William Mayville, director of operations for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, explained to reporters after the airstrikes. In other words, "core" al Qaeda in Syria was planning 9/11-style attacks.

Third, by likening al Qaeda to cancer, Rice employed the same tortuous metaphor that administration officials have repeated over and over. As anyone who has had a loved one pass away from cancer knows, however, metastatic cancer is one of the worst-case scenarios. Even if the "original tumor" is "substantially degraded," tumors elsewhere can be just as lethal, if not more so. No one wants to hear that a cancer has metastasized, and doctors desperately try to prevent it from doing so. And, of course, it is no comfort to family and friends of the deceased to learn that they died from a secondary tumor rather than the original one.

The administration's cancer metaphor is particularly absurd with respect to al Qaeda. Only by defining "core" al Qaeda in exceptionally narrow terms can one claim it has been decimated. The attack planning in Syria alone is enough to undermine this perception.

What administration officials also ignore is that al Qaeda's geographic expansion, or "metastasis," has always been part of the plan. Despite al Qaeda's leadership disputes with ISIL, there are more jihadist groups openly loyal to al Qaeda today than on 9/11 or when Barack Obama took office in January 2009. Earlier this month, the group announced the creation of a fifth regional branch, Al Qaeda in the Indian Subcontinent (AQIS), which likely subsumes several existing jihadist organizations. On September 6, AQIS-trained fighters boarded a Pakistani ship. Al Qaeda says they were attempting to launch missiles at an American warship, which would have been catastrophic, both in terms

of the immediate damage and the ensuing political crisis in Pakistan. AQIS joins Al Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula (AQAP), Al Qaeda in the Islamic Maghreb (AQIM), Jabhat al Nusra (Syria), and Al Shabaab (Somalia) as formal branches of al Qaeda, all of which owe their loyalty to Zawahiri. Other unannounced branches of al Qaeda probably exist, too. These are not just "cells," as Rice put it, but fully developed insurgency organizations that challenge governments for control of nation-states.

Other administration officials did a better job than Rice of explaining the Khorasan group. Ben Rhodes, a deputy national security adviser to the president, explained that it was made up of "core al Qaeda operatives" who had relocated to Syria. President Obama said they are "seasoned al Qaeda operatives." But accurate descriptions such as these have been the exception, not the rule, when it comes to the Obama administration's descriptions of al Qaeda.

President Obama has long spoken of al Qaeda in exactly the terms used by Rice. "Today, the core of al Qaeda in Afghanistan and Pakistan is on the path to defeat," Obama said in a speech at the National Defense University on May 23, 2013. "Their remaining operatives spend more time thinking about their own safety than plotting against us."

It is no wonder that, initially, there was such public confusion over the Khorasan group. Its very existence refutes the U.S. government's paradigm for understanding the terrorist threat. Now more than ever, the administration should revisit its assessments of al Qaeda. The idea that there is a geographically confined "core" of al Qaeda in South Asia that has little to do with what happens elsewhere is undermined by a mountain of evidence. Al Qaeda is still a cohesive international network of personalities and organizations. The details of al Qaeda's plotting in Syria make this clear.

And, according to the administration itself, al Qaeda was close to striking the West once again. ♦

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# Another Fight Obama Shirks

In China and elsewhere, it's open season on U.S. corporations. BY IRWIN M. STELZER

When it comes to military actions, President Obama likes to declare the end of wars, regardless of whether America's opponents agree that is the case. When it comes to economic wars, he has no need to declare an end, no need for unilateral disarmament, because he never engages in the first place. Indeed, he does all he can to make our adversaries' task easier by spiking any guns we might have before they can be fired by Congress, his trade union friends, or other aggrieved parties.

Last week China's Alibaba came to America and raised some \$25 billion, topping the previous record of \$22.1 billion raised by the Agricultural Bank of China in 2010. At the closing price on the day of the offering, Alibaba's market valuation came to \$230 billion, exceeding the combined valuations of Amazon and eBay. The \$25 billion haul and \$230 billion market valuation reflect the success of the company so far, and what investors see as its even brighter future. Founder Jack Ma, now the richest man in China with a net worth of more than \$16 billion, came here to maximize the proceeds from the initial public offering of his company's shares. Why not Beijing, or Hong Kong, or even London? Because our capital market's depth and transparency make it

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a unique resource, and one he could access even though he didn't build it, an accusation Obama levels at American but not Chinese entrepreneurs. On the same day a Chinese entrepreneur was availing himself and by extension his country of one of America's great



*Cheaters never prosper? Ha!  
Chinese premier Li Keqiang*

institutions, China declined to permit Apple to include the People's Republic among the nations in which its iPhone 6 would be launched.

Meanwhile, Beijing was cracking down on other American and foreign businesses. Microsoft is accused of abusing its market power, although the *Economist* points out that Microsoft has very little such power in China because most of its products are pirated there. Qualcomm, a U.S. telecom equipment firm, is the subject of an investigation aimed, say some observers, at driving down the prices it charges for equipment vital to the regime's rollout of 4G mobile phones. These alleged violations have suddenly been uncovered by China's National Development and Reform Commission, officials of which have raided corporate offices, seized computers, and arrested or threatened

corporate executives with arrest for various alleged crimes.

The seizure of computers makes it less necessary for the regime to use its more routine methods of stealing our companies' intellectual property, or forcing American firms to turn over that IP in return for market access presumably guaranteed by China in 2001 when it joined the World Trade Organization. The *New York Times* reports that "multinational companies broadly have been under pressure in China. . . . The legal and regulatory system has shown a greater willingness to prosecute foreign companies. . . . Executives have not even been allowed to bring their lawyers to meetings with regulators." Some trials last one day (a special affront to American lawyers who thrive on multi-year antitrust cases) and are held in secret, the procedure used recently to fine Britain's GlaxoSmithKline almost \$500 million and impose (suspended) prison sentences on several of the company's executives.

The American companies caught up in this wave of anti-foreign prosecutions are not alone: Chinese officials are raiding the offices of European and Japanese companies as well. But as Yossarian pointed out in a parallel circumstance in Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, the fact that non-U.S. companies are also in the regime's sights is irrelevant to our possible reaction:

YOSSARIAN: Those bastards are trying to kill me.

MILO MINDERBINDER: No one is trying to kill you, sweetheart. Now eat your dessert like a good boy.

YOSSARIAN: Oh yeah? Then why are they shooting at me, Milo?

DOBBS: They're shooting at everyone, Yossarian.

YOSSARIAN: And what difference does that make?

Not only has Obama declined to deploy any of the levers available to us—a WTO complaint; reduced access to our markets, which the regime desperately needs if it is to return its sagging growth rate to levels needed to maintain full employment; a muscular rather than a rhetorical

pivot; an end to military cooperation. In fact, despite China's assaults on our companies' ability to compete for its customers, the president ordered our military to invite China to participate in the 2014 Rim of the Pacific naval maneuvers that involve 22 nations and are the world's largest, a prize of extraordinary value to China, which is seeking technology to enable it to extend the forward reach of its military (and a prize not withdrawn even when Chinese fighter jets buzzed our naval aircraft in international air space and continued to threaten our allies in the South China Sea).

As Lenin, a man who knew how to make use of foreign companies when the need arose, once asked, "What is to be done?" The president might try saying to the Chinese, "You want access to our capital markets, give us fair access to your commercial markets, stop manipulating your currency, and, while you are at it, keep your hands off our intellectual property and stop buzzing our aircraft." Instead, he refuses to challenge the regime's manipulation of its currency, heroically ignoring pressure to do so from leaders of his own party, or its selective enforcement of its competition laws. China's leaders would surely have to give their behavior a rethink if we made access to our capital markets—and our consumer markets—contingent on their willingness to engage in fairer trading.

The opportunity to act is at hand. When Treasury Secretary Jack Lew complained to China's vice premier Wang Yang about selective enforcement of China's antitrust laws, Xu Kunlin, a senior antimonopoly official responded, denying the accusation and adding, "I welcome you to hire the most famous lawyers in the world." Here is an opportunity for the president to find work for those Justice Department attorneys who are not investigating the IRS scandal. When Obama meets Chinese president Xi Jinping at the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation forum in Beijing in November, he should take Xu up on his offer, and dispatch a team from the antitrust division to Beijing to provide an opinion on whether

the regulatory actions being taken by China are solidly based on its regulations, or are acts of discrimination against successful American firms. If the latter, he could then deploy some of the retaliatory tools at his disposal

Yes, any such action would have costs, but the cost of doing nothing in the face of discrimination against American companies is far higher, both in hard cash and credibility. Rather than lose face, President Xi would have to cooperate with the Justice team, or fire Mr. Xu, who invited the American legal team.

Meanwhile, not to be outdone by the Chinese, our European friends have decided that major, successful, American high-tech companies are a threat to, let's see now: the privacy of Angela Merkel and other European leaders, the German newspaper and taxicab industries, a variety of Google competitors in industries from search to communications, French culture such as it now is, and government control of the flow of news and entertainment. The *Financial Times* thinks there is more than a minor amount of technology envy at work: "The U.S. technology giants' huge personal and corporate wealth has attracted the kind of envy and resentment previously reserved for that most resented of social cliques, bankers."

In effect, the European Union is making it plain that "disrupters" are unwelcome. This is not to say that all U.S. companies always operate within the constraints of European antitrust law—Microsoft and Intel were both fined for acts that would almost certainly have been deemed anticompetitive in American courts. Nor is it to say that the EU does not at times have reason to challenge the competitive behavior of American companies. Or that American firms, many of them combining executive provincialism with international commercial reach, have been sufficiently sensitive to special characteristics of European culture. American motorists might appreciate a mapping service that leads them directly to the driveways of their distant friends; Germans are less enthusiastic about having a prowling

camera-equipped car tell the world that "we know where you live," even if not now followed by a knock on the door. The world is not a mere suburb of San Francisco and Silicon Valley, something many Left Coast executives have yet to learn.

That said, there is no question that a wave of anti-Americanism is activating regulators in Europe to increase their scrutiny of American firms. That general prejudice is backed by a more specific force—lobbying by competitors who are finding their often obsolete technologies threatened by American innovation. Keep in mind that many high-ranking Eurocrats and regulators are due to return to their home countries and resume their political careers, making them sensitive to the desires of constituents now seeking to rein in American multinationals with whom they are having difficulty competing.

It probably is too much to hope that our president might find a diplomatic way of saying, "If you continue to make it difficult for our most successful companies to operate in your common market, we will retaliate against your firms. If I know anything, it is how to use regulations to stifle a company's growth." Instead of demanding fair treatment for American firms, Obama is pushing for a trade agreement—the Transatlantic Trade and Investment Partnership—with the EU that would reward its members with even greater access to our markets in return for benefits so trivial that most of the president's supporters are opposing the pact.

Fortunately, there is a long history of U.S.-EU cooperation in antitrust matters, and the eurocracy is unlikely to decline an opportunity to welcome a team of Justice Department lawyers deployed in Brussels, as in Beijing, to determine whether the difficulties being created for American companies operating there are based on violations of EU law or the needs of hometown competitors.

In short, the president can make a difference with both China and the EU. And the only boots on the ground would be the Gucci loafers of a few American lawyers. ♦

# Second Time's a Charm?

In Connecticut, it's Foley vs. Malloy, round two.

BY WHITNEY BLAKE

Voters in Connecticut's gubernatorial election this November will face a familiar choice as Republican Tom Foley squares off against Democrat Dan Malloy. Four years ago, in a nail-biter for what was then an open seat, Malloy won by 0.5 percentage points, or just 6,404 votes.

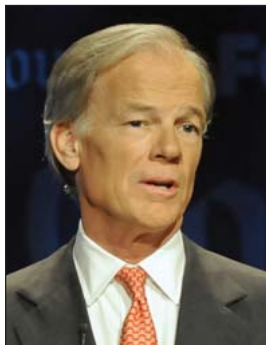
This time, Foley is counting on buyer's remorse. The state faces 6.6 percent unemployment, above the national rate of 6.1 percent, and the economy is growing at a glacial 0.9 percent. Governor Malloy's \$1.5 billion tax hike didn't help. Foley is capitalizing on voters' frustrations and the governor's unpopularity.

In a blue state like Connecticut, Democrats thought Malloy would easily defend his record. But he trails Foley—by 6 points in an early September Quinnipiac poll (46 to 40 percent) and by 7 points in a mid-August Rasmussen poll of likely voters (45 to 38 percent). GOP insiders say their internal polls yield comparable results.

"The top three issues are the economy, the economy, and the economy," said Connecticut Republican chairman Jerry Labriola Jr., and 4 in 10 of the likely voters surveyed by Quinnipiac agreed. After jobs and the economy, government spending and taxes were their chief concerns, with voters preferring Foley over Malloy by 17- to 28-point margins on all three issues.

Foley, 62, a Greenwich businessman, makes much of Connecticut's

CNBC ranking of 46th in the nation in business competitiveness, a figure Malloy, 59, told reporters he was "still trying to wrap my arms around." With the third-highest cost of living and the second-highest property taxes in the nation, it's not surprising that 49 percent of Connecticut residents would move out of the state if they could, as a 2013 Gallup poll found.



Tom Foley

Foley, a former ambassador to Ireland, prefers to outline broad policy proposals. But he has also released some specifics, including cutting the sales tax by 0.5 percentage points and holding spending flat for two years. He vows to review and potentially eliminate hundreds of onerous regulations, paperwork requirements, and taxes and allow school choice within districts.

What "business people want in order to pick a place to invest and grow is a friendly environment, a supportive environment," Foley told me, adding, "That doesn't really cost any money." He sees Connecticut's cities—some of which have unemployment as high as 13 percent—going bankrupt like Detroit if there isn't a concerted effort to revitalize them. To this end, Foley has released an urban policy agenda targeting crime, housing, employment, education, and economic development.

Foley also attacks Malloy's "corporate welfare" policies. The governor's "First Five" initiative was originally projected to create about 2,200 jobs at a cost of \$214 million in loans and grants to 11 big businesses. The most

recent figures show that 6 companies have produced about half that number of jobs.

Democrats deny the race is only about the economy. They credit Malloy with achieving some of the left's most prized goals: strict gun control measures after the Sandy Hook shooting, a \$10.10 minimum wage by 2017, paid sick leave, collective bargaining rights for home health care workers, in-state college tuition for illegal immigrants, and driver's licenses for illegal immigrants.

Like President Obama, the governor is quick to blame his predecessor for the state's troubles. He says he "inherited" a \$3.7 billion deficit from Republican Jodi Rell. He takes credit for balancing the budget, though his own numbers show the deficit will grow again starting next year. Devon Puglia, communications director for the state Democratic party, uses another Obama-like line: "Republicans are out there rooting for Connecticut to fail."

And Malloy attacks Foley's business career the way Obama criticized Mitt Romney's. Recycling an accusation he used in 2010, the governor condemns the 1986 acquisition of failing textile company Bibb by Foley's firm. After about a decade of significant growth, the Georgia-based company went through voluntary bankruptcy and Foley relinquished his CEO title and equity stake in Bibb. Two years later, Foley's investment group sold Bibb, which the new owners eventually closed. Foley, in a response ad, touts his role in expanding Bibb and advertises his experience working on private sector development in Iraq under the Coalition Provisional Authority.

Malloy, meanwhile, is throwing money at his most reliable supporters. In the last few weeks, he's announced more than \$200 million in new or promised expenditures to benefit women- and minority-owned businesses, create inner-city jobs and affordable housing, institute tax breaks for student borrowers and seniors, set up an environmental fund, and even build a new train station in Bridgeport.

As in 2010, there's a third candidate.

That year, independent Tom Marsh ran to the right of Foley and took 17,600 votes, nearly three times the margin by which Foley lost. This year, gun rights activist Joe Visconti is an unaffiliated candidate. The Connecticut Citizens Defense League, however, has endorsed Foley, and several prominent Tea Party supporters have called on Visconti to drop out. In the Quinnipiac poll, with or without Visconti on the ballot, Foley held a 6-point edge.

In contrast with 2010, Foley's name will appear twice on the 2014 ballot, once as the Republican candidate and once as an independent. This has its uses in a state where independents play a significant role. While registered Democrats outnumber Republicans almost two to one, there are about 130,000 more registered independents and unaffiliated voters than Democrats. There is actually an Independent party, whose caucus Foley won. Among independents, Foley leads Malloy 48 to 35 percent in the Quinnipiac poll.

As in 2010, Malloy is running both as the Democrat and as the candidate of the Working Families party. In 2010, it was WFP votes that put him over the top.

In the first of an expected seven debates, Malloy, though the incumbent, came across as the more aggressive. He may have scored points with his numerous jabs at Foley, but Foley seemed relaxed and calmly stuck to his issue, the economy.

Malloy's favorability is under water, at 40-53 percent, with 40 percent "strongly unfavorable" in the Quinnipiac poll. Foley's favorability is positive, at 42-33 percent.

Malloy's vulnerabilities have made the race one of the closest governor's contests of 2014. *Sabato's Crystal Ball*, the *Cook Political Report*, *Rothenberg*, and *Real Clear Politics*—the well-known political prognosticators—call it a toss-up.

If Malloy is unseated, it will be the first time since 1954 that a sitting governor has been defeated in Connecticut. In his inaugural address, Governor Malloy said, "It is our time. Never give up, and the tide will turn." In 2014, it may turn against him. ♦

# A Naval Disaster in the Making

The misbegotten plan to shrink the U.S. submarine fleet. **BY SETH CROPSEY**



*The fast attack submarine USS Hampton near Hong Kong, 2011*

**T**he U.S. Navy's latest shipbuilding plan would see its attack submarine fleet diminish from 55 to 41 boats in the next decade and a half. That decision, confirmed in August, was eclipsed by the advance of ISIL, war in Gaza, and sedition in Ukraine. But the Navy's announcement—the single-largest strategic consequence of this administration's defense cuts—has the most far-reaching ramifications of the summer's events.

The United States faces the prospect of drawn-out tension leading to

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possible conflict on two fronts, the Middle East and the Far East. Of the two, Chinese ambition will require more attention. It is supported by growing wealth, expanding military power, and abundant patience. The challenges these generate are likely to remain a century from now. China's leadership, meanwhile, will confront a host of problems in the next 15 years—when the U.S. attack submarine fleet will be a quarter smaller than it is today—including an aging population that can't sustain the optimistic predictions for China's economy. As Nick Eberstadt notes, 15 years from now, because of the preference for male babies, 20 to 40 percent of rural, uneducated 30-year-old Chinese men will not be able to find mates—with large and unknowable possibilities for turmoil. Over the same period, competing regional

markets' lower labor, utility, and rent costs will be calm the expanding economy on which China's authoritarian leaders have justified their rule. A multitude of state-owned industries employing millions are already seeing the loans they need to stay afloat failing to perform; more could follow.

Equally troubling is a political class whose hegemonic ambition matches its contempt for international agreements. Consider the National People's Congress decision to renege on China's 1984 signed promise to allow Hong Kong's political arrangements to continue intact for 50 years. In August, Hong Kong's voters were told that they will select their senior political official in the 2017 elections from a slate approved by a mostly pro-Beijing nominating committee. At the same time, China's increasing challenges to many of its neighbors over territorial issues in the international waters of the South and East China Seas are nourishing a spirit in surrounding states that could mature into determined opposition. In short, China's internal pressures are mounting in parallel with external aggression.

China, however, possesses one advantage not of its own making. The chances that the United States will be there to organize and lead the states that fear China are dimming as the gulf between the ships the Navy needs and the ships it can afford widens. What China will have to show for throwing its weight around in the region depends on what the United States does to preserve its dominance as a Pacific naval power. On that score, the strategic importance of the Navy's decision to cut its attack submarine fleet by 25 percent cannot be overstated.

Beijing aims to keep the U.S. Navy out of range of Asia. Its large investments in naval aviation, cyber warfare, a modernizing surface and submarine fleet, a fledgling carrier force, and a ballistic missile intended to sink or put out of service U.S. aircraft carriers place at risk our bases in the region and interrupt our communication with allies. If wielded

successfully, these measures will assure the safety of China's navy and mainland and end our run as the West Pacific's great power.

But China's strategy is vulnerable—chiefly to submarines. Subs are very difficult to detect and cannot be targeted by missiles while underway. They can demolish an enemy's fleet and their cruise missiles can destroy targets ashore. As a hedge against China's anti-access strategy, submarines are matchless. Long-distance drones launched from carriers at a safe distance will eventually offset the dangers of China's ship-hitting ballistic missiles. Then it will be but a question of time until China adds to its missiles' range. So long as submarines remain stealthy, they bypass the age-old technological cat-and-mouse game of countering an adversary's technology and in turn being countered.

Because of its war-fighting abilities, a robust attack submarine fleet is also a highly persuasive deterrent against conflict itself. But the idea of deterrence is missing from Obama administration thinking. When a Chinese jet fighter approached within yards of a U.S. Navy surveillance plane in international air space in mid-August, the State Department sent a disapproving letter. China responded that the United States must cease its patrols over international waters or face more dangerous encounters. Notwithstanding repeated parallel incidents in international waters against U.S. allies in the region over the past couple of years, China was invited to join the United States and those same Asian allies in an annual U.S.-led naval exercise the previous month. The plan for a diminished attack sub fleet is a broader expression of the Obama administration's hopeful idea—not shared by Chinese leaders—that there exists no strategic competition between China and the United States.

The president's refusal to build defenses, harness them as legitimate instruments of international persuasion, and actually use them is—in conjunction with his skepticism about the morality of American

leadership—as responsible for the growing international chaos as it is incapable of preventing its metastasis. USS *George H. W. Bush*, for example, which has been using a minuscule portion of its powerful strike force against ISIL for the past few weeks, was the only U.S. aircraft carrier in the region. The two-carrier presence that the United States had previously maintained ended last year as a cost-saving measure and as an encouragement to Iran for a deal over its nuclear weapons program. The single remaining American carrier had been patrolling the northern Arabian Sea supporting the withdrawal of U.S. equipment from Afghanistan. Its departure for the Persian Gulf left a hole in the Afghan mission that could only be filled by ground-based attack planes—which are also scheduled to be withdrawn.

Meanwhile, Vladimir Putin's ambition for a reborn Russian empire is fanning blazes that begin in Moldova and reach through Crimea, Ukraine, and end—for now—in Abkhazia and South Ossetia. Turkey's Islamist president Recep Tayyip Erdogan openly supports Hamas, has facilitated the transit of Westerners crossing the Syrian border to join ISIL, and holds an international record for the number of imprisoned journalists. The territory south of Asia Minor is in a turmoil whose end cannot be seen. All these lands are either joined by, or set back from, the Black Sea. The great power conflicts that overlapping areas of interest ignited in the mid-19th-century Crimean War and concentrated again, with bloody results, at Gallipoli six decades later are likely to engage American attention for years.

The paucity of carriers where they are—or might soon be—needed is a here-and-now crisis. But it is congruent with, and a harbinger of, the strategic crisis that will unfold if the political will cannot be found to build the U.S. attack submarine fleet at a rate to assure, at a minimum, its current strength over the next three decades, as events around the globe point toward a darkening future. ♦

# Nothing's the Matter with Kansas

But Washington's a different story.

BY BLAKE HURST



*Just leave us alone, thanks: voters in Olathe, Kansas, 2012*

**W**hat's the matter with Kansas? It's a decade since Thomas Frank launched a thousand headlines with his book of that title, itself a reference to a famous 1896 essay by Kansas journalist William Allen White. Frank's thesis was simple: Kansans, and by extension the rest of the red states, vote against their economic interests. Or as he puts it in the first page of his book: "People getting their fundamental interests wrong is what American political life is all about."

Is he right? Do voters in the great middle of the country ignore their economic interests to vote for the cultural populism that so offends Frank? Do they sacrifice their pocketbooks to issues like abortion and gay marriage?

*Blake Hurst is a farmer in Missouri.*

Frank's quarrel is not with populism, of course, but rather the right's use of populist rhetoric about social issues.

At the same time, Frank is no fan of the Obama administration, finding its response to our present predicaments far short of the full-throated class war that he would recommend. But for those of us who reside where Republicans are successful in politics and government, the Obama administration's performance is the only metric available against which to measure the consequences of not voting Republican.

By that standard, then, how have red state voters fared? How are we doing, now that President Obama and his allies have carried the day?

There is no doubt that this has been the slowest recovery in modern history, and it has been particularly bad for the kind of investors who populate fly-over country. While low interest rates

are good for Wall Street and a government that is \$18 trillion in debt, they are ravaging Midwesterners, whose idea of a retirement plan is a certificate of deposit or two at the local bank. Perhaps even more alarming, low interest rates have contributed to an unsustainable boom in farmland prices, a boom that is destined to end badly. While Midwesterners have enjoyed the increase in asset values that follows historically low interest rates, the recent drop in crop prices will squeeze Midwestern agriculture in ways we haven't seen since the 1980s.

Not only that, but the Obama administration's environmental and regulatory policies have been devastating to industries that deal in actual commodities rather than ideas and silicon.

Missouri, my home state, doesn't rank in the top 10 states for the percentage of our electricity generated by coal-fired generating plants, but we're certainly more dependent on coal than most, and we do rank in the top 10 for carbon emissions. People here understand that the recent greenhouse gas rules advanced by the Obama administration will increase the cost of electricity. Most folks who live in rural Missouri are served by electric cooperatives, whose power grid was built during the Depression with the direct help of the federal government. These aren't investor-owned utilities, but rather public-private partnerships of a kind that ought to please the left. Despite this pristine provenance, the cooperatives will be among the hardest hit of all utilities because of their reliance on coal-fired generating plants. Candidate Obama made no secret of the fact that the coal industry was in his sights, and that's one campaign promise he has fulfilled. Unsurprisingly, not one of the top 10 coal-burning states awarded President Obama its electoral votes in 2012. Contra Thomas Frank, people voted, if not their economic interests, at least their electric bill.

This spring the Obama administration introduced a rule outlining its latest interpretation of the Clean Water Act. The original act gives the federal government jurisdiction over

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the “navigable waters” of the United States. The EPA has spent the four decades since the passage of the act attempting to expand the definition of navigable waters. The agency has been called to account at least twice by the Supreme Court, notably in *Rapanos v. United States* in 2006. In that case, Justice Kennedy, for the majority, wrote that the “waters of the United States” included all waters with a “significant nexus” with the navigable waters of the United States. Although overall the decision reined in the EPA’s former practice of claiming jurisdiction over every mud puddle in which a goose might land (for real—it was called the glancing goose test), the term “significant nexus” has led to no small amount of mischief, including the latest rule by the EPA. After conducting what it terms a “connectivity study,” the EPA has discovered connections between the navigable waters of the United States and almost every place where rainwater gathers. But are the connections “significant”? Clearly, by using the term “navigable waters,” Congress intended to place some limit on the EPA’s reach, leaving some small part of the country to state and local regulation. By using the term “significant,” Justice Kennedy was trying to do the same thing. The Obama administration disagrees.

There is much ambiguity in the proposed rule, which may be by design. Farmers will never know whether they’re liable for fines of as much as \$37,500 a day when they work in their fields or kill weeds. There are well over a million farms in the United States, and it will be impossible to regulate them all. Of course, we know enforcement will be fair and nonpolitical—just like enforcement by the IRS when it rules on tax exemptions.

If you are writing code in Silicon Valley, working for the federal government, or living and working in a metropolitan area, this matters very little to your future. If you are looking for oil and gas, building homes, or trying to farm or ranch, it is a very big deal. In fact, one might say it directly affects your economic interests. Now, most residents of flyover country haven’t

followed the 40-year regulatory and litigation history of the Clean Water Act. I’m pretty sure the average resident of Kansas can’t quote Justice Kennedy’s musings on significant nexuses. But Kansans do understand that environmental rules impose a much greater direct cost on people in the extractive or agricultural industries than they do on folks living in coop apartments on Manhattan’s Upper West Side.

Here in Missouri, the Fish and Wildlife Service has added the Grotto Sculpin, a blind cave fish, to the endangered species list. Landowners are scrambling to write voluntary plans to protect the fish in order to avoid classification of their land as “critical habitat.” If they’re successful, perhaps residents can pay enough protection money to lawyers and consultants to save themselves from the fate of loggers in the Northwest. Missouri is also home to two other species up for designation as endangered species.

To read the pages of Thomas Frank’s hometown paper, the *Kansas City Star*, is to see Frank’s dystopian dreams through the eyes of graduates of our nation’s journalism schools. The editorial page is quick to pick up the slightest whiff of theocracy in both Kansas and Missouri, and the news pages have a hair-trigger response to suspected Republican outrages in either state. If, like Frank or some journalists in the Kansas City area, you see yourself as Robinson Crusoe stranded on an intellectual island surrounded by an ocean of corn and miles and miles of wheat, every trip outside the city’s beltway is a frightening journey into uncharted territory, where there be dragons and the cast of *Deliverance* waiting just over the horizon.

Economic stories rarely make thrilling headlines, and balancing urban dwellers’ desire for open, unsullied places with the needs of people (often obese) who actually till the soil and drill for hydrocarbons is difficult. So much easier to write about contraception and marriage “freedom.” Trust me, you can spend years in my small town without having a conversation about birth control. Maybe decades.

We’re socially conservative, I suppose, but our social conservatism expresses itself in much the same way our economic conservatism does. We’d really just like to be left alone. You wouldn’t know that by reading the region’s leading newspaper, and you wouldn’t know it by reading Thomas Frank.

People here are worried about flooding, now that we’ve quit concentrating on flood control and are managing the Missouri River to protect endangered species. They’re worried about hiring a consulting engineer and a construction firm to build a government-required concrete bunker worthy of an Iranian nuclear site around their farmyard fuel tank. They’re worried that the Grotto Sculpin lurks under their farm, that they won’t be able to dry their grain this fall because electricity is too expensive.

In the aftermath of the Supreme Court’s *Hobby Lobby* decision protecting the religious liberty of closely held corporations, the editorial pages spent hundreds of column inches worrying that female employees whose health insurance doesn’t cover the full cost of all forms of birth control will no longer be able to afford their \$25 monthly contraceptive bill. Our farm in the corner of Missouri will face thousands of dollars in increased electric bills each fall as our electric cooperative replaces coal with natural gas and wind.

People vote the way they do for any number of reasons, and partisans believe, by definition, that the folks voting for the other side are voting against the nation’s best interests. Frank disapproves of how folks in flyover country vote and finds a ready audience among the chattering classes for his thesis that conservatives are, well, stupid. That’s no surprise, and it does sell books, but the last few years have not been kind to the theory. Folks in Kansas were right to be skeptical of candidate Obama’s promises. With another election looming, the accumulating evidence makes it pretty easy to see that folks in the middle of the country will continue to vote with their hard heads, not just their soft hearts. There’s nothing at all the matter with Kansas. ♦

# House of Cards

*Will Massachusetts voters rescue their state  
from Deval Patrick's gambling law?*

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

*Boston*

When Massachusetts voters go to the polls in November to pick their next governor, they will also define the legacy of their last one. You might think that legacy had something to do with liberation. When Deval Patrick came to power in 2006, all the talk was of his being the first black this and the first black that. A product of Harvard, the Clinton Justice Department's civil rights division, the corporate suites of Texaco and Coca-Cola, and the boardrooms of America's biggest subprime lender, he somehow satisfied a lot of his voters that they were striking a blow for outsiders. Funny. In his first days as governor, Patrick intervened with Citigroup's Robert Rubin on behalf of his former company Ameriquest. He replaced his predecessor Mitt Romney's Ford limousine with a Cadillac Escalade. More recently he appointed his chief of staff to John Kerry's vacant Senate seat. Last week he fired the head of the Massachusetts sex offender registry in part because of her handling of his brother-in-law's sex-offender status. His only claim to be an outsider is that he had just moved to the commonwealth when he ran in 2006.

One issue alone obsessed Patrick throughout his eight years as Massachusetts governor: giving international gambling corporations a foothold in the state. Question 3 on November's ballot calls for overturning the "Expanded Gaming Act" Patrick pushed through in 2011. That bill called for three "destination" casinos and one slots parlor. The state would claim a quarter of the take in taxes (half in the case of the slots parlor), producing around \$400 million in annual revenues.

Although Massachusetts is overwhelmingly Democratic, it is not as liberal as it looks. Patrick's legislation pitted certain key constituencies of the Obama-era Democratic party (billionaires, slum mayors, and non-workingmen who claim to speak for the defunct labor movement) against those the Democratic party has traditionally represented.



*Deval Patrick*

Now, just as construction was about to begin on the MGM casino in Springfield, and just as Steve Wynn was being awarded a casino contract worth billions outside Boston, a grassroots movement among those traditional constituencies is bidding—against all-out opposition from the governor's allies—to do away with casino gambling altogether.

A generation ago, Nevada and Atlantic City were the only places in the country people could gamble. There are now casinos in 38 states. They hold close to a million slot machines. Americans lose \$119 billion a year gambling, which is more than they spend on watching and playing sports. Casinos have spread rapidly since the 1990s. They allow politicians to raise money not through taxation but through tax-farming. Instead of forthrightly asking overburdened citizens for more in taxes, state governments can, in the style of moribund autocracies, protect a monopoly for gambling moguls and prosper from their predation.

State-sponsored gambling is a bit like health care reform—when people first hear the vague outlines of a cost-free reform, they like it. Patrick's plan for casinos was popular when he initially broached it shortly after his election. Gambling creates jobs, and not just for prostitutes and drug couriers. What is more, Connecticut, which shares a long border with Massachusetts, has two huge Indian casinos. Once neighboring states have gambling facilities that your citizens are using anyway, better to share in the profits along with the public expenses for addiction counseling and suicide hotlines. Or so the reasoning goes.

On closer examination, though, every route to casinos leads to a situation worse than the status quo. Look at Atlantic City. In recent weeks, four of its big casinos—the Atlantic Club, the Showboat, the Revel, and the Trump Plaza—have closed, with the possibility of a fifth closing in November. It was in an elevator at the Revel, which opened only in 2012, that former Baltimore Ravens running back Ray Rice, perhaps exuberant from the night's "entertainment," knocked his fiancée out cold last winter. What happened in Atlantic City seems obvious. Its

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gambling industry is viable as long as it can suck profits out of six states and pay the damages for only one. Recent expansions of gambling in metropolitan New York, eastern Pennsylvania, and Maryland have wrecked New Jersey's model of legalized gambling. Perhaps the Deval Patrick method—which does not legalize gambling but allows the state to grant local monopolies—will work better fiscally. But it will not bring jobs or improve the local economy. Casinos often wind up costing states money. Three decades after Atlantic City introduced gambling, the city has a 13 percent unemployment rate. Its number of “eating and drinking establishments” has fallen from 242 to 142, according to the nonprofit Council on Casinos. It still lacks a major supermarket.

In Massachusetts, the case for jobs is most often made by the casino industry. The pro-casino Committee to Protect Massachusetts Jobs is run by MGM Resorts International and Penn National, two of the beneficiaries of the casino concession. Whether the jobs are going to be filled by the people who vote for them is open to question, since the committee's Facebook page promises:

Vota 'No' en 3 este noviembre para crear 10,000 trabajos permanentes de buena calidad y 6,500 trabajos de construcción—trabajos con compensaciones cerca a los \$45,000 anuales incluyendo beneficios.

It sounds like Massachusetts's problem is not so much one of creating jobs as of enforcing immigration laws.

Mayors of the very poorest Massachusetts cities—Springfield, Everett, Chelsea—have tended to be most accepting of gambling. But Joseph Curtatone, anti-casino mayor of Somerville, has been categorical: “You can't find one example of a casino improving the quality of life or the economic outlook of a state or region.” Les Bernal, the director of the national organization Stop Predatory Gambling, notes that in certain states, the number of people on the “self-exclusion” list—the list of presumed problem gamblers who ask casinos to bar them from doing further damage to their lives—exceeds the number of jobs created. By extension, the number of families wrecked by a gambling problem may exceed the number of families buoyed up by a job.

Perhaps Americans have not yet fully taken the measure of the kind of society they now live in. They seem unfamiliar with the first rule of life in corrupt countries, which is: Just because nobody wants something to happen doesn't mean it won't happen. There was never any public clamor for casinos in Massachusetts, nor is there one now. The demand for casinos comes only from casinos, and from

those politicians whom casinos will owe for their windfall.

In recent years, these pro-gambling activists have tended to be Democrats, although there is no obvious ideological reason that this should be so. The Indian Gaming Regulatory Act, which opened the floodgates to expanded gambling, was passed during the Reagan administration, and Republicans were arguably more eager proponents of gambling in the 20th century. Reagan-era RNC chairman Frank Fahrenkopf became head of the gambling industry's trade association. The casino mogul Sheldon Adelson (a Boston native, strangely absent from the negotiations over casinos there) is something of a kingmaker in Republican politics. But the scandal of Republican lobbyist Jack Abramoff, who was jailed in 2006 for infractions related to irregular Indian gambling concessions, dampened Republican enthusiasm for pushing gambling.

A handful of Democratic governors have taken the lead since then: Ed Rendell of Pennsylvania, Kathleen Sebelius of Kansas, Martin O'Malley of Maryland, and Patrick.

For them, casinos have been not just a policy option in their own states but a fundraising model for the whole party. Gambling interests have been pivotal in funding so-called 527 organizations, which can participate in campaigns without disclosing their donors, so long as they don't coordinate with candidates. The consultant Craig Varoga, who worked with David Axelrod and Rahm Emanuel in the early 1990s, helped set up big

527s that backed not only Deval Patrick in 2006 but also the successful 2007 Kentucky governor's campaign of Democrat Steve Beshear, who has fought year after year, thus far unsuccessfully, to bring casinos to his state.

Perhaps because of the influence of 527s, pro-casino politicians have not just been determined—they have been relentless. When the New Hampshire house voted 173-172 against casinos last spring, it was the third vote in two years. There will be as many more as are necessary, and money will be no object. As in other matters where the money is all invested on one side, from European Union expansion to gay marriage, 99 nos and 1 yes make a yes. Casino interests do most of the social science research in gambling, in a way that is reminiscent of the role of tobacco companies in smoking research. The American Gaming Association sponsors the National Center for Responsible Gaming. (Of course, any organization that refers to gambling as “gaming” deserves about as much credence on the matter as one would accord a “people's democracy” on matters of democracy.) Casino interests also give to the media. Harrah's Entertainment



*Anti-casino campaigners before a 2013 vote*

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donated \$1 million to WGBH, the Boston public broadcaster, for a series on caring for one's aging parents.

Gambling's role in capturing the Democratic party for big money has occasioned anguish among those who think of theirs as the party of the common man. Whom to back? The people who bankroll your party or the people your party claims to represent? The only one of the four leading candidates in the recent Massachusetts Democratic primary for governor to oppose casino gambling unequivocally was President Obama's former Medicaid administrator Donald Berwick. Maybe that was naïve of him—as naïve as thinking that a recess appointment from an unpopular president could be the launching pad for a career in state politics. On the other hand, Democratic attorney general candidate Maura Healey ran the most successful primary campaign of the season by addressing casinos directly. She called casino gambling the state's number-one consumer-protection issue. Standing in Springfield, where the mayor hopes slot machines will soon have the city's underclass designing software and eating *insalata caprese*, she said, "When I see casino gambling, I see predatory lending, I see personal bankruptcies, addiction, prostitution, and organized crime." She clobbered her closest rival, the former lieutenant governor nominee, Warren Tolman, by 24 points.

This contradiction—between the party's money and the party's heart—leaves Democratic politicians ambivalent. But as long as Sal DiMasi of Boston's Italian North End was speaker of the house, the common man's view of gambling's merits won out over the plutocrat's view. That changed when DiMasi—alas, alas—was sent to prison and replaced by Robert DeLeo, a broker of deals along the lines of his near-homonym Tom Delay, in 2009. DeLeo's interest was in rescuing the struggling Suffolk Downs horse track, where his father had once worked. His solution was to stick a bunch of slot machines in there.

Thick-browed locals in leather jackets running a slots operation down at the track is not what Patrick and his gilded backers had in mind. Patrick insisted that the kind of casinos he wanted were "destination casinos"—places where high-rolling tourists arrive from some other part of the planet and transfuse the region with cash. Las Vegas was like that in the 1960s, but it is a pipe dream in today's casino market. Casinos make the vast majority of their money not through glamorous games like blackjack and roulette but through slot machines. In 1980, 45 percent of floor space in Nevada casinos was taken up by machines; today, it is 77 percent. Bluntly put: Casinos take their money off the dinner tables of people who live down the street. Patrick initially rejected DeLeo's plan, but it wound up as the compromise on which the 2011 bill was built. DeLeo's vision of a revived Suffolk Downs humanized the casinos. Remember

when the Beatles played at Suffolk Downs? Remember when Suffolk Downs was the center of a horse-breeding economy? It seemed like a straightforward deal had been struck under which DeLeo would sell Patrick's casinos to the legislature if Patrick would help out DeLeo's neighbors in East Boston, Revere, and Winthrop. It didn't work out that way.

**T**he conscience of the Democratic party—that is, the reservations of people like Berwick and Healey—was not just for show. It had its effect. One result is that expanded gambling came accompanied by a five-person Gaming Commission. Maybe it was designed to be a puppet of the top ranks of the Democratic party. One member would be picked by Patrick, another by attorney general Martha Coakley, another by treasurer Steve Grossman, with the remaining two picked by the bunch of them together. On the other hand, casino opponents insisted that high ethical standards be written into the law governing the commission. When a business partner of the commission chair was found to have had an interest in a land parcel to be sold to casino mogul Steve Wynn, the chairman recused himself. The commission investigated the ties of one bidder, Caesars Entertainment, to a Russian mafia-connected hotelier, at which point Suffolk Downs dropped Caesars as a partner.

And the legislation expanding gambling called for a local option. Any town that would be the home of a gambling palace would get to vote on it, and towns began to reject casinos left and right. In 2011, Wynn, who had the support of New England Patriots' owner Robert Kraft to build a casino next to the Patriots' stadium in Foxborough, found himself the subject of a small-town popular uprising. The plan was voted down. In Holyoke, Alex Morse, born during the George H.W. Bush administration, got elected as the youngest mayor in the United States on an antigambling platform and has since been reelected. Boxboro followed Foxborough. Tewksbury said no to a casino. The Connecticut casino Mohegan Sun had a plan rejected in Palmer last year. And—shockingly—working-class, Italian, Catholic, loyally Democratic East Boston, home of Suffolk Downs, said no last November to the casino that DeLeo and Patrick had planned for it. Out of this East Boston opposition, led by a local computer scientist named John Ribeiro, arose a group called Repeal the Casino Deal. Ribeiro and former state attorney general Scott Harshbarger, who recalled seeing Southern communities "sucked dry" by casino gambling when he visited them in the 1990s, were behind the drafting of the referendum question to be put to Massachusetts voters this November to do away with casino gambling altogether. That is where the big political battle began.

A referendum question can go on the ballot as long as there is nothing in it that explicitly violates the constitution

and the requisite signatures have been gathered. Since this question involved a simple reversal of a legislative vote, certification appeared pro-forma. But attorney general Martha Coakley, who is supposed to sign off on referendum language, is running for governor. She is still smarting from her loss to Scott Brown in the 2010 special election for Ted Kennedy's Senate seat, a loss that many Democrats attribute to a lack of enthusiasm for her among organized labor.

She refused to certify the question, on the grounds that changing the law would constitute a "taking." It was a weird opinion for a lawyer to hold. Under this logic, no state decision could ever be reversed that would result in the loss of a state contract. We would have to fight the Iraq war forever, lest a ceasefire damage the interests of Blackwater or Bechtel or some other contractor! Stranger still, Coakley admitted that the license wasn't private property, but (to the extent one can follow her logic) asserted that the right to apply for one somehow was. To say that this view was laughed out of court would be a fair description. In June the state's Supreme Judicial Court, in a 7-0 ruling, wrote: "We reject this distinction and this departure from common sense."

In September, the Gaming Commission was set to rule on which of two sites would be awarded the casino contract for metropolitan Boston. There were two bids: one for Suffolk Downs by Mohegan Sun, one for the decaying marshland highway town of Everett by Steve Wynn. At this point the Suffolk Downs bid, the *raison d'être* of house speaker DeLeo's surrender to national gambling interests, had turned into a joke. After the rejection by the voters of East Boston, a plan that had once taken up the whole of the racing complex had been redrawn so it could be squeezed into a corner of the track that lay over the border in Revere. Mohegan Sun's role in the bid was frighteningly unclear. Sixty percent of its capital seemed to have been put up by some opaque Cayman Islands-based entity. As soon as the commission euthanized the bid, Suffolk Downs announced it would close the racetrack. "What's depressing is we worked so hard to get that gaming bill passed with the idea that it was going to save the farms and save racing in Massachusetts," horse farmer George Brown said to the *Globe*.

The winning \$1.6 billion Everett package was the product of considerably more savvy. Wynn generously bankrolled Barack Obama in 2008, but his Wynn Resorts has subsequently given hundreds of thousands to the Republican Governors' Association. His lead lawyer on Massachusetts gambling issues is former Republican governor William Weld. Wynn had promised to clean up an estuary laced with lead and arsenic left by a Monsanto plant that closed in 1992. He had promised water taxis. On being awarded the license, he rejoiced that Cathay Pacific and Hainan Airlines had just announced nonstop flights from Beijing and Hong Kong to Boston. "You have no idea what a big deal this is," he said.

(Anyone familiar with the prevalence of problem gambling among East Asians knows exactly what a big deal it is.)

There were, however, problems with the Everett bid. Three owners of the Everett plot had been involved with a convicted felon (and friend of Everett mayor Carlo DeMaria), Charles Lightbody, according to Andrea Estes of the *Globe*. Lightbody had reportedly even been a partner in the deal at one point. He has been banned from two New England mega-casinos for infractions there. One of the owners had borrowed money from Lightbody to buy it. Lightbody had been recorded in prison saying he was going to make a pile selling the property to Wynn. An associate of Lightbody's had bought a strip club near the site and stood to make 3 percent on the deal as a "consultant slash lobbyist," according to Gaming Commission investigator Karen Wells.

Construction on both the Springfield and the Everett casinos is on hold until it is determined whether Massachusetts residents will tolerate casino gambling at all. In June a *Boston Herald* poll found only 37 percent want casinos in the state. More recent polls have shown an edge for the pro-gambling side. That is ominous for the enemies of casinos. The economist Earl Grinols has written of a rule of thumb in referenda: The casino side loses when it does not outspend its opponents by at least 75 to 1. An imbalance, albeit smaller, appears inevitable in Massachusetts. According to the website Wicked Local, foes of casino gambling have 40 times the number of donors but only one-seventh the money. Of the \$1.78 million that the above-mentioned Coalition to Protect Mass Jobs has raised, \$1.77 million comes from the gambling companies.

Even if one would not want to bet on Massachusetts voters' overcoming the casinos' funding advantage, the 2011 law was a backroom deal that voters never swallowed. It was pushed on the state by a governor who had arrived via Chicago, Washington, Atlanta, and Houston and clearly saw no reason why Massachusetts ought to aspire to have an economy or culture different from that of Las Vegas. Casinos are a big risk even for economically desperate states such as Mississippi. For Massachusetts, which is perennially among the half-dozen richest states, the risks are unfathomable. The reasons for Massachusetts's success are rather straightforward. First, it is socially stable. Second, in an information economy, it has a premier information infrastructure, consisting not just of universities but also of hospitals, banks, and laboratories. Other states have striven to turn themselves into such a place, but there is no magic formula. Richard Florida and other theorists of the "creative class" have tried to find one. None has suggested turning your capital city into the sort of place that people visit for the hookers. ♦



# Ancient to Modern

*The Loeb Classical Library goes digital.* BY SUSAN KRISTOL

“Chemistry and Physics Get Million from Loeb,” blared the *Harvard Crimson* headline. “Funds will modernize laboratory facilities and establish chemistry chairs.” The donor: scientist Morris Loeb ’83. A million dollars is indeed generous. But on the Harvard scale, did it really warrant a *Crimson* headline?

The answer is yes—given that Morris Loeb graduated not in 1983 but in 1883. In today’s dollars, his gift (received in 1953, upon the death of his

widow) would be worth almost \$9 million. A distinguished chemist and scion of a wealthy New York banking family, he was a philanthropist of both Jewish and non-Jewish institutions. Although wildly generous, he had some odd habits, such as hiding thousand-dollar bills under the wallpaper. Sadly, he died at 49 of typhoid, contracted from an oyster he ate at a chemical society convention. Reform Jews—especially of this period, and especially those born in Cincinnati—had no restrictions against eating shellfish.

What is the connection between Morris Loeb, the eccentric but brilliant scientist, and the Loeb Classi-

cal Library, a collection of more than 520 Greek and Latin volumes published by Harvard University Press and now entering its digital age? Morris’s strong-willed decision to go into chemistry instead of joining the family investment-banking business reportedly led to increased pressure on his younger brother James (Harvard ’88) to become part of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. with their father, Solomon. James, a sensitive lover of literature and music and a gifted cellist, reluctantly gave up a potential career as an archaeologist or a classicist to join the family business. But he never lost his love of Greek and Latin. And

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS / MICHAEL ROSSI

*Susan Kristol has a doctorate in classical philology.*

one result of his thwarted passion for antiquity was his decision to create the Loeb Classical Library in 1911.

He provided the inspiration for the series—the idea of having a facing page of English translation for each page of Greek or Latin text—and the financial backing, putting together an international team of scholars to move the project forward. The first 20 books appeared in 1912.

The Loeb Classical Library, spanning the classical corpus from Homer in the eighth century B.C.E. to Boethius in the sixth century C.E., has long been useful for several purposes. First, for scholars who need or want to read a Greek or Roman text but may not have the time or training to wade through the original, the presence of the Greek or Latin on the left side of the page makes it possible to see at a glance the exact terminology used by the author. Second, if someone is researching a broad topic, the Loeb is handy for looking up a geographical, grammatical, or mythological reference in an obscure ancient author's works. Third, for students doing their Greek or Latin homework, the Loeb provides a shortcut way of translating a difficult passage without looking up all the vocabulary and parsing all the grammar.

Now, the Loeb Classical Library is about to become much more useful, having taken a great step forward: The entire collection has been digitized. You can now read any Loeb text online. You can view the Greek page, the Latin page, and the English page. You can search for specific English, Latin, or Greek words in a single author, multiple authors, or across the entire corpus. Do you want to know where the word “tyrant” appears in classical literature? You can search for the English word, the Greek word *tyrannos*, or the Latin word *tyrannus*. For searching Greek texts, the site is equipped with a virtual Greek keyboard that easily drops down on the screen. The user can make notes, highlight passages, and share them with others.

The digital Loeb Classical Library will be a transformative experience for professionals doing research and

provide everyone else with a wonderful buffet of reading to browse.

Here is an example. In the summer of 1976, while my husband was working for the senatorial primary campaign of Daniel Patrick Moynihan against Bella Abzug and others, I was researching the topic of bee and honey imagery in Greek and Latin poetry. Because we had moved to New York temporarily, subletting an apartment with a mouse who lived next to the toaster, I had lost access to my university library and had to borrow a relative's library card to sneak into the NYU library. To find references to the words “bee” and “honey” in ancient texts, it was necessary to search laboriously through indexes and concordances of individual authors in actual books. If the book was not on the shelf, I would have to go to the public library on 42nd Street and submit requests for the book to be brought to me—that is, if the librarians could find it.

Today, I would sit down at a computer, go to the Loeb Classical Library's website, input my account information, and simply type in the search terms. Then I would read the passages on my computer monitor. This would not guarantee a brilliant analysis of the material, of course, but it would grant me access to texts I don't own and might never have thought of searching.

Digitization is great, but I suspect that more than a few WEEKLY STANDARD readers number among those book lovers who say, “I have trouble reading books on a screen, and I miss the tangible experience of turning the pages of a real book.” So, as we salute the digitization of the Loeb Classical Library some 102 years after its first volume appeared (Apollonius Rhodius' *Argonautica*), let's pause to reflect on the physical aspects of the books themselves, qualities that have made the brand so recognizable and uniquely appealing. Even with their new online life as searchable texts, the Loeb will continue to be produced as hardcover books, suitable for gifts: \$26 each (or take advantage of the 25 percent discount and buy the complete set for \$10,140!).

The Loeb is a conveniently small size, originally conceived by James Loeb as the right shape to fit into “a gentleman's pocket.” With their bright red and green dust jackets and cloth bindings—red for Rome, green for Greece—the Loeb is easy to spot from a distance. Indeed, they have become something of a design statement, having appeared as part of Mr. Burns's library in *The Simpsons*, in Pottery Barn ads for bedroom decor, and as part of a red-themed room designed by Martha Stewart, stacked next to a 1930s Chippendale-style fish tank.

Years ago, as I was browsing in a magazine with photos of a beach cottage designed by Martha Stewart, I saw a white room with low shelves containing uniform rows of green-jacketed Loeb. It was beautiful, although a waste of good literature that would never be read by the home's owners. I tore out the magazine page and sent it to one of my favorite professors in the Harvard classics department, Zeph Stewart. I suspected that he would be interested, not only because he shared a last name with Martha (no relation, he said) but also because—among his many other appointments—Stewart was executive trustee of the Loeb Classical Library.

During his trusteeship (1973-2004) Stewart also served as master of Harvard's Lowell House for 12 years, department chairman for 5 years, president of the American Philological Association (now the Society for Classical Studies) for 1 year, and director of the Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington for 7 years. He was the younger brother of Justice Potter Stewart and, as I was to learn in 2007 from his obituary, had served in Army Intelligence during World War II, using his knowledge of Japanese to work on code-breaking. Of course, he was too modest to discuss this with his students.

Zeph Stewart's stewardship of the Loeb Classical Library for more than 30 years was recognized during his lifetime in a particularly appropriate way, by naming a typeface after him. Harvard University Press (HUP) discusses this on its website:

Dissatisfaction with the digitized Greek font we had been using—particularly with the shape of some letters and inconsistent letter spacing—led us to commission a new Greek electronic typeface designed specifically for our needs, which we have named ZephGreek and ZephText, in honor of Zeph Stewart.

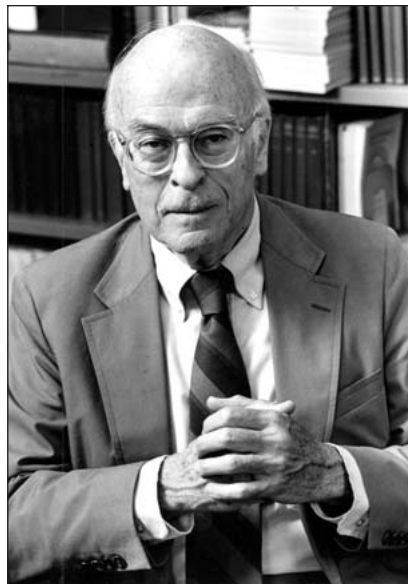
These fonts have been used in all volumes produced since 1995, and also on the new digital site. Yet I wish Stewart were still alive to explain a small mystery: While the green and red dust jackets feature a tasteful black-and-white meander pattern on the front, there are some older volumes that were produced with a light-colored dust jacket. Instead of the meander, these dust jackets display a border of tiny swastikas, pointing in the clockwise, “Nazi” direction.

I haven’t been able to ascertain when these particular volumes were first printed. My own collection of Loeb includes three of these oddball editions: a Horace printed in 1952, a Xenophon from 1956, and a Plato from 1962. I had never looked closely enough to notice the swastikas until I began research for this essay. There are at least 10 different volumes with this type of dust jacket advertised on used-book websites, with print dates as early as 1928 (a volume of Cicero) and continuing on through the 1930s and ’40s and into the ’50s.

Current HUP representatives are not sure when or why there was a switch to the covers with the swastika pattern, although it clearly happened during the long period when the London publisher, Heinemann, was in charge of production. The design was probably just chosen to evoke the theme of classical antiquity. One must keep in mind that the swastika was widely used in art for more than 5,000 years and regarded as a symbol of good luck in late-19th-century and early-20th-century Europe, particularly after Heinrich Schliemann discovered it on objects unearthed in the ruins of Troy. The Nazis adopted the symbol in 1920 as a way of asserting their connection with the hypothetical Aryan race of early Europe, but the swastika

was used in Europe as a respectable symbol for a while after that, appearing, for example, on the British Boy Scouts’ Medal of Merit until 1934, when protests led to its being removed. Rudyard Kipling also prominently displayed the swastika as a good luck symbol on his books until the Nazi era, at which point he requested that it no longer be employed.

Given the heightened awareness of who the Nazis were, at least by the mid-1930s, why was this dust-jacket design used for decades? And as for HUP, although it did not completely take over production of the Loeb till 1989,



*Zeph Stewart*

did they not notice, as late as 1962, that they were still selling books with swastikas on the dust jackets?

This small enigma illustrates how much interesting history the Loeb Classical Library has seen in its lifetime of more than a century. World War I broke out just two years after the founding of the series, but the hostilities seem not to have had a measurable effect on the production of editions, with 54 volumes published during 1914-18. James Loeb, who had recurring episodes of depression and reportedly was treated by Sigmund Freud, suffered a breakdown between 1917 and 1921. He later married the widow who had been his nurse during this period. Upon his death in 1933, he

left a \$300,000 bequest to Harvard (\$5 million in today’s dollars) to complete the collection and support classical research. Harvard designated HUP to oversee the series, which in turn chose Heinemann in London to continue manufacturing and distributing the volumes.

New editions continued to be created at a slow pace during World War II, but for obvious reasons, it wasn’t easy to ship them across the Atlantic to the United States. HUP details the hardships suffered by the series during the war—drama only a bibliophile could truly appreciate: “As prospects for England looked increasingly grim,” the press’s business manager ordered 122,675 volumes to be shipped to America. A U-boat sank one ship with more than 9,000 books on board. The rest arrived safely, yet danger remained for those volumes left behind:

On July 10, 1940, the Germans began a protracted air attack on Britain and in the autumn of 1940, a bomb hit the J. Burn & Company warehouse, destroying nearly half the Loeb volumes housed there. In 1941 another German bomb hit the same spot, destroying the remaining volumes and leaving Heinemann’s stock nearly depleted.

Following this near-death experience—something that the digitization process will make almost unimaginable—the series went into a period of torpor and decline. Heinemann withdrew from its arrangement with Harvard, and the original chief editors retired. With few new editions coming out (35 were published in the 1950s and 32 in the 1960s, but only 18 in the 1970s and 11 in the 1980s), it must have been at this time that the library began to acquire its reputation as something of a laughingstock among classicists.

Although helpful in a pinch, the translations were often woefully dated, with English that belonged to what one might call the “damsel” school of discourse. Poetry fared worst. Take these lines from the World War I-era translation of Euripides by A. S. Way, not revised until the 1990s:

*Dull-witted oft the spirits are of clowns.  
Thou com'st, meseems, to place that ill  
befits,  
With tidings of thy flocks to warring  
lords.*

And the response: *Dull-witted are we clowns, I gainsay not: / Yet none the less I bring thee welcome news.*

As you can imagine, this type of dialogue did not encourage students to choose to read Euripides in the Loeb edition. Thankfully, David Kovacs—now a professor at the University of Virginia but, coincidentally, during his graduate school years, the high school Latin teacher of the editor of this magazine—has completely reworked the six Loeb volumes of Euripides' tragedies. Aristophanes' comedies have been freshly edited and translated by the accomplished scholar Jeffrey Henderson, who is also the general editor of the Loeb Classical Library. Likewise, the other Greek and Roman tragic and comic plays have been overhauled.

Then there was the problem of expurgated texts in the older volumes—originally prompted by obscenity laws in the United States and Great Britain but not revisited for far too long. Revisions began in about 1968 for some authors, but Aristophanes' explicit language had to wait 30 more years to be translated properly. Suetonius' account of the Emperor Tiberius' amorous exploits with children—the infamous “minnows”—was not even rendered into English lest it sully readers' minds. The English translation in my 1914 Loeb Suetonius suddenly (and without comment) switches to Latin for a page-and-a-half until the objectionable passages are over. (I refer the curious to sections 43 and 44.) This volume, too, has recently been revised for modern audiences, and the sordid details have been revealed in English.

In 1989, the series began to shake off its fusty past. Its guiding scholars ramped up the publication schedule with a goal of adding additional authors to the Loeb list and revising or completely revamping both the texts and translations of many previously published volumes—at a pace of approximately four to five volumes a year.

Now is the crowning moment. The digitized Loeb Classical Library will enable anyone with a computer or proximity to a public, academic, or even secondary school library to have access to its entire scope of classical literature. For a reasonable price (\$195 a year for the first year and \$69 for succeeding years), individuals can set up a private account. You no longer need to be a member of that exclusive class—a university student or a professor with access to an academic library—to be able to look up passages in a random speech of Cicero, or to find an obscure archaeological reference in the travelogue of Pausanias.

Most public libraries in larger American cities have been doing their best to provide readers with books from the series, generally listing between 200 and 300 volumes of Loeb's in their catalogues. New York's system boasts 528—a high—and Washington, D.C., clocks in as a loser at 35. It's understandable that a library with a limited budget might hesitate to invest in many Loeb volumes; but now, digitization will allow them to take the plunge and make the entire corpus of classical literature accessible.

Accessibility and inclusion would be pleasing words to James Loeb. In his lifetime, he championed inclusiveness at what would become the Juilliard School of Music, where his 1904 endowment required that students of both sexes be accepted without regard to race, color, or creed—a more liberal approach than was common in conservatories at the time.

Even for a wealthy Jew of German origin, the academic world wasn't particularly welcoming around the turn of the 20th century: One source describes Loeb as having been discouraged from pursuing an academic career by a well-meaning mentor who made him aware of the difficulty for Jews to succeed in archaeology.

Whether or not that story is accurate, it is certainly true that Harvard didn't hire any Jewish full professors until Harry Levin in 1939—some 300 years after the school's founding. The near-exceptions prove the rule: Judah

Monis, who taught Hebrew at Harvard from 1722 to 1760 but was not allowed to join the faculty until he converted to Christianity, and Harry Wolfson, for whom the condition of becoming a professor was to find funding for his salary from outside sources. Wolfson was able to join Harvard as a tenured professor in 1925 only because of an endowment from a fellow Jewish alumnus of a previous generation, Lucius N. Littauer.

Elsewhere in the Ivy League, another Jewish classicist, Harry Caplan of Cornell, did persevere in his quest to become a classics professor despite a letter from four professors written in 1919, found in his desk years later, after his death:

My dear Caplan: I want to second Professor Bristol's advice and urge you to get into secondary teaching. The opportunities for college positions, never too many, are at present few and likely to be fewer. I can encourage no one to look forward to securing a college post. There is, moreover, a very real prejudice against the Jew. Personally, I do not share this, and I am sure the same is true of all our staff here. But we have seen so many well-equipped Jews fail to secure appointments that this fact has been forced upon us. . . . I feel it is wrong to encourage anyone to devote himself to the higher walks of learning to whom the path is barred by an undeniable racial prejudice. In this I am joined by all my Classical colleagues, who have authorized me to append their signatures with my own to this letter.

While the absence of Jewish professors at Harvard continued, the percentage of Jewish students grew from about 7 percent in 1900 to 21 percent in 1922. In reaction, President A. Lawrence Lowell proposed setting a quota of 15 percent for Jewish admissions. Like the professors who wrote the letter to Harry Caplan, Lowell was supposedly motivated by solicitude for the Jewish students themselves, as he explained: “The anti-Semitic feeling among the students is increasing, and it grows in proportion to the increase in the number of Jews. If their number should become 40 percent of the student body, the race feeling would

become intense.” Although the direct quota proposal failed, Lowell did succeed in decreasing the number of Jewish students by changing entrance requirements and imposing geographic quotas for admission.

Despite the aura of exclusion that had surely increased since his time at Harvard, James Loeb somehow retained his love of his alma mater and of the classics. After retiring young, he moved to Europe, where he lived for most of his life. His debilitating periods of depression did not prevent him from remaining active in the world of the arts and sciences: Besides his benefaction to the future Juilliard, he also gave generously to the Harvard music department, the New York Philharmonic, the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, a psychiatric research institute in Munich, and that city’s State Collection of Greek and Roman Antiquities, to which he donated roughly 800 bronzes and vases. He also gave a collection of pottery to Harvard’s Fogg Museum and founded the Charles Eliot Norton Memorial Lecture Fund.

For the first volumes of the Loeb Classical Library, James Loeb wrote “A Word About Its Purpose and Its Scope.” The mission is notably one of inclusion:

To make the beauty and learning, the philosophy and wit of the great writers of ancient Greece and Rome once more accessible by means of translations that are in themselves real pieces of literature, a thing to be read for the pure joy of it, and not dull transcripts of ideas that suggest in every line the existence of a finer original form from which the average reader is shut out, and to place side by side with these translations the best critical texts of the original works, is the task I have set myself.

General editor Jeffrey Henderson predicts that the digitization project, which has cost the Loeb Classical Library Foundation \$1 million, will serve as a model for the digitization of other HUP series, noting, “It’s strange that the oldest literature becomes the model for the digital age.” All 521 volumes of the digital series, Henderson points out, will now fit into one coat pocket. James Loeb would be happy. ♦

BCA

# On the Beijing Express

*What are we talking about when we talk about China?*

BY MARTHA BAYLES

**A** *ge of Ambition* opens with a comparison between early-21st-century China and late-19th-century America. Citing such impressive statistics as a sixfold increase in the amount of meat consumed by the average Chinese and a 30-fold rise in annual income, Evan Osnos likens contemporary China to “America at its own moment of transformation—the period that Mark Twain and Charles Warner named the Gilded Age.” The difference, of course, is that Twain and Warner were free to satirize the greed, immorality, and corruption of their country’s governing elites: Their famous 1873 novel, *The Gilded Age*, helped to foment a period of intense political opposition and reform.

Political satirists in the People’s Republic of China have a tougher time. Asked to describe the state of freedom in contemporary China, a friend who speaks fluent Mandarin and has spent many years there as a student, a diplomat, and a trade negotiator, offered this reply: “China is a dynamic country with a fast-growing economy where millions of people have more wealth and personal freedom than ever before. It is also a brutal police state, where, if you persist in saying the wrong thing, you will be taken away and not see your family for a very long time.”

These disparate realities are hard to reconcile, which is why many American business leaders, educators, and NGO workers focus on the first, sunnier view—especially when, as is often

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**Age of Ambition**  
*Chasing Fortune, Truth,  
and Faith in the New China*  
by Evan Osnos  
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 416 pp., \$27

the case, it serves their interests to do so. At the same time, a critical minority of exiles, activists, and strategic thinkers focus on the second, darker image of China as a ruthless party-state intent on depriving 1.3 billion human beings of their unalienable rights. The result is a perspective less polarized than compartmentalized.

Evan Osnos is mindful of this compartmentalization:

The hardest part about writing from China . . . was the problem of proportions: How much of the drama was light and how much was dark? How much was about opportunity and how much was about repression? From far away it was difficult for outsiders to judge, but I found that up close it wasn’t much easier.

Rather than false modesty, this comment reflects Osnos’s impatience with fellow expatriates—journalists and other Westerners living in China—who think that the West pays “too much attention to dissidents” and try to live down this “stereotype” by paying too little attention.

Whenever I wrote about human rights abuses . . . often the most critical reactions came from other expatriates in China. . . . [T]o them, my focus was misplaced. Dissidents who were famous in New York or Paris were unknown to ordinary Chinese citizens, which suggested that the discussion of democracy and rights was at odds with the everyday concerns of ordinary people.

For Osnos, democracy and freedom *are* relevant to the concerns of ordinary Chinese. He admits the obscurity, or unpopularity, of certain dissidents famous in the West, such as the renowned conceptual artist Ai Weiwei or the Nobel Prize winner Liu Xiaobo (who could not attend the award ceremony in Oslo because he was, and still is, being held in prison). But to his credit, Osnos also says that “those arguments wore thin with me. Popularity always struck me as an odd way to measure the importance of an idea in a country that censored ideas.”

Like most books by journalists, *Age of Ambition* is a compendium of previously published pieces. The value of this genre depends not only on the quality of the writing, but also on the coherence of the editing. Unfortunately, coherence is somewhat lacking here. Rather than offer sustained portraits of individuals, as Osnos does in his *New Yorker* essays, this book compiles passages from those essays into three thematically titled sections: “Fame,” “Fortune,” and “Faith.” The result is a readable book marred by a tendency to jump around from person to person, place to place, and time to time—often without providing dates. This garbled chronology is especially vexing because, as Osnos reminds us, the most urgent questions regarding rapid change in China have to do with the overall direction of that change. Thus, it matters whether a certain event or interview occurred closer to his arrival in 2005 or to his departure in 2013.

Chronology is of special importance when pondering why the party-state silences some dissident voices while tolerating, even encouraging, others. Describing Chinese society as “the collision of two forces: aspiration and authoritarianism,” Osnos states that “the Chinese people have taken control of freedoms that used to be governed almost entirely by others”; but he then adds that “as those liberties have expanded,” so has “the Communist Party’s commitment to control”—to the point where it now “contradicts the riot of life outside.”

This formulation is appealing, but it doesn’t quite capture the flavor of

21st-century authoritarianism in China. The contradiction Osnos describes is not static. Nor is it moving in the direction, dear to American hearts, of expanding individual liberty and shrinking government control. The Chinese people *are* seizing some freedoms for themselves. But more important, the Chinese Communist party is engaged in what might be called Glasnost 2.0—a deliberate rationing of liberties for the express purpose of entrenching its own power.

The process began in the 1990s, after the Tiananmen Square crisis, when

at least to not obstruct, the decisions taken by enlightened technocrats. The progressive faith in expertise was roundly challenged by John Dewey, among others; and while modern liberals still confidently invoke the authority of “science” in policy debate, technocratic rule is no longer seen as a solution to the problems of democratic governance—in America.

In China, the opposite is true: Reliance on experts is waxing, not waning. As one of Osnos’s interlocutors explained, “Yes, it’s a one-party state, but the administrators are selected from



*A Hong Kong protest on behalf of Liu Xiaobo (2010)*

the Central Propaganda Department (officially translated as Central *Publicity* Department) began using methods drawn less from “Mao Zedong Thought” than from American social science. Particularly influential was the argument, set forth by Walter Lippmann and the midcentury political scientist Harold Lasswell, that democracy is not a viable form of government for advanced industrial societies because the problems facing those societies are too complex for ordinary citizens to understand.

For Lippmann and his fellow progressives, the solution was technocracy, or government by experts. Of course, democracy being an inviolable ideal, a crucial component of technocracy was public relations, defined as the science of molding public opinion to accept, or

among the elites, and elites picked from 1.3 billion people might as well be called super-elites.” In 2007, I interviewed a Chinese professor of “media axiology,” a field he described as “the study of how the media construct the social values.” The goal, his interpreter added with a broad smile that seemed to illustrate the point, was “to make the Chinese people happy about the changes.”

If any authoritarian country can do this, China can. The Central Propaganda Department is larger than any other bureaucracy in the party-state except the military. And its purview extends not only to the educational system and news media—both of which are heavily monitored and censored—but also, Osnos claims, to a realm rarely scrutinized by Americans: commercial entertainment.

According to the Hong Kong-based media scholar Anthony Fung, the Central Propaganda Department decided in 2001 to divide China's cultural industries into two categories: *wenhua shiye*, or cultural products with meaningful political content, and *wenhua zhenye*, or profit-making entertainment. Since then, the strategy has been to keep a tight rein on the former while giving free rein to the latter, on the assumption that entertainment, including Western-style films, popular music, and television shows, will bring revenue to the state without posing any political threat.

Not surprisingly, this strategy is aimed at youth, whose obsession with American popular culture raises the specter of jazz, rock music, and Hollywood movies luring young Russians and Eastern Europeans away from Soviet rule during the Cold War. The Soviets tried to co-opt these forms of expression, but without much success. Believing they can do better, the Chinese are lavishing resources—and expertise—on the creation of a homegrown entertainment industry that, without crossing any red lines, is edgy enough to keep restless youth in the fold.

Through this lens, we can see why one dissident voice, that of Nobel Peace Prize winner Liu Xiaobo, has been silenced, while another, that of Han Han, a celebrity novelist and blogger whom Osnos has profiled at length, has not. Liu was the moving force behind Charter '08, a manifesto calling for a gradual transition to constitutional democracy; Han, by contrast, was a smart-alecky teenager when his first novel, *Triple Door*, about the travails of Chinese youth preparing for exams, became an unexpected bestseller in 2000.

When he first catapulted to fame as a symbol of his generation, Han Han enjoyed a certain license to satirize the regime. (Just to cite one example of his irreverent wit, he had this to say about the quality of the pro-Communist party messages continually posted on Chinese

websites by the thousands of online stooges called 50 Centers: “Just because you see a crowd of people standing on the corner eating shit doesn’t make you want to elbow your way in for a bite.”) At the same time, Han’s license had a definite expiration date. Blessed with what Osnos calls “insolent glamour,” he was happy to sound like a dissident as long as it was cool to do so. But as anyone who sorts through this book’s garbled chronology will suspect, Han was eventually persuaded that there are other, more rewarding, ways to be cool, such as driving race cars, endorsing luxury products, and, most recently, directing bland teenybopper movies.



Li Yuchun promotes her new album (2014).

In 2013, Han told Osnos that politics was “boring” and that “I have other ways to express my anger. Or I can choose not to express it at all.”

The seeming co-optation of Han Han is paralleled by that of another self-created star, Li Yuchun. A complete unknown when she entered *Super Girl*, an *American Idol*-style singing contest that swept Chinese television in 2005, Li emerged victorious from a competition that drew 120,000 participants and 400 million viewers. Assertive and tomboyish, Li departed so drastically from the doll-like norm that it was clear millions of Chinese had just experienced what one observer called “a euphoria of voting.” The significance of *Super Girl* may be lost to Americans, who are frequently asked to vote on matters both trivial and weighty. In China, however, the spectacle of masses of people voting,

and in some cases publicly campaigning, for their favorite contestant caused official consternation. To judge by what happened next, the order must have come down to neutralize the show and (if possible) co-opt the star.

This happened in stages. First, *China Daily* asked, “How come an imitation democratic system ends up selecting the singer who has the least ability to carry a tune?” Second, a rumor was planted about Li’s sexual orientation. Third, a state poll found high levels of public disapproval of *Super Girl*, and it was canceled. Fourth, *Super Girl* was revived in a form that perturbed even the compliant editors of *China Daily*.

“The public ... voting system was dropped,” they griped, “in favor of professional musicians and starmakers from entertainment companies acting as judges. It was the least interesting competition of the three years, because we all knew the answer.”

As for Li Yuchun, she is now a party-approved recording artist, exported under the Westernized name of Chris Lee. In 2008, she released an album called *Youth of China*, billed as a “gift blessing” to the

Beijing Olympics. On the many websites devoted to her, there is little or no mention of her debut as an independent spirit whose disruptive power to win votes was threatening enough to provoke a government crackdown.

*Age of Ambition* doesn’t track the story of Li Yuchun as closely as I have done. But in other ways, it explores the gray area between the bright and dark extremes of present-day China. This gray area is hard for Americans to see because, rather than looking foreign, it looks very familiar. When I was in China, several people remarked to me that no other culture in history has had as big an impact on China as America’s is having today. If that is true, then we need to pay closer attention to the ways in which our culture ignites, but also dampens, the sparks of genuine freedom. ◆

# Pictures into Words

*A Formalist focuses on everyday life.*

BY JAMES MATTHEW WILSON

Although 1 percent, perhaps, of Americans read poetry outside the schoolhouse, and the vast majority would tell you that they do not understand it, we all know more about it than we let on. We know that love poems talk in rhyme about roses; we know that short, spare poems that sound faintly oriental talk about red wheelbarrows and chickens; and we know that most modern poems gush forth adjectives and metaphors in order to express what we take to be the most important (because irrational) parts of ourselves. We know, in other words, that the proper way to speak poetically is to speak in a manner of interest and intelligibility to no one besides the poet himself.

It was to redress—to correct and redeem—this awful knowledge that the poet Timothy Steele began writing more than 40 years ago. In his books, Steele has cultivated an elevated but colloquial style, refined by the precise measurement of meter and rhyme, but recognizable as the plain voice of a modern American speaking about the realities his fellow Americans know and care about.

These were the hallmarks not only of Steele's work, but of the New Formalism, a movement in poetry that sought to renew rhyme and meter, as well as good storytelling, in our age. The New Formalism crystallized in the 1980s—and we are now beginning to see the fruits of its influence appearing in a generation of poets new to the literary scene.

Steele provided advance praise for

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## Cave Art

by Charles Hughes  
Wisewood, 102 pp., \$16

this, Charles Hughes's first collection of poems, and with good reason: Hughes has found a way to speak the language of verse that catches the stutters, interruptions, and parentheses of everyday speech within the net of rhymed and blank verse stanzas.

"Bumpy Air," a poem set on a transatlantic flight during a bout of turbulence, displays this talent well:

*Outside, the air's alive up here  
(Six miles above the North Atlantic),  
And none too pleased we're passing  
through.*

*The almost party atmosphere  
Inside has vanished. Now a frantic,  
More natural calm grips us like glue.*

These six lines, in some way, echo Steele's more classical, mellifluous six-line stanzas in his poem "Take Off." But whereas Steele's poetry tends to use the poetic line as a unit of syntax and to affirm the balanced reason with which he surveys the world, Hughes's lines often break up into short units, or overflow the line, so that casual speech almost entirely conceals the structure of the verse. In consequence, he is at once familiar in sound but elusive in measure, and the poems themselves explore the tensions that arise in everyday life between what we may safely know and the subterranean order that we require to live well, but which often escapes us.

"Bumpy Air" concludes with reflections on the cries of an infant on the flight as a kind of liturgy/lament about the contingency not only of air travel

but of creation as a whole. This tension appears most clearly, and to greatest effect, in Hughes's blank verse poems, such as "The River's Gift," which begins:

*Think back. Think back to when your  
eyes were stronger.  
Remember seeing deeply into things?  
Not magically, of course; unconsciously,  
As children sometimes effortlessly do.  
Being so young yourself, you'd come,  
back then,  
To know—without a word from  
anyone—  
The slowly flowing goodness in the river  
Where summer days you knelt and  
fished, entirely  
Riveted on the rod tip that at any  
Second might jerk to life . . .*

In Hughes's best poems, the "flowing goodness" of meter guides his speech, but in such an unconscious way that the reader may notice nothing but a familiar, commanding voice. And yet, deep in these metrical and unconscious recesses of things, Hughes reveals his perceptivity and power as a poet. In "The River's Gift," he recalls seeing a drowned boy with "streaming hair" reclaimed from the river at his usual childhood fishing spot. After this, the goodness and orderliness of things can no longer simply be received as a gift. Reality as a whole comes to appear more ambivalent, darker, overcast with futility.

Charles Hughes came of age during the Vietnam war, and his collection begins with a poem that articulates the tensions of that era. In "Welcome Talk," 500 incoming college freshmen listen distractedly to the "delicate rhymes" of John Donne's "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning." They can hardly concentrate, so conscious are they that their status as students has saved them from *the distant, bloody war, / In which they do not fight*. The poem slowly insinuates itself in various ways into the minds of its auditors. Donne's "cadences" become *memory like other things / That happen and abide, happen and vanish / And still abide as part of who we are*.

Here is Hughes's response to all that we unconsciously know about poetry

and that leads us to dismiss it as roses, haiku, or slush. At its best, poetry constitutes the precise and balanced speech that helps us to become more fully formed, more human, ourselves. And it does this despite our failures to recognize it, and despite a thousand obstacles that seem more chaotic, threatening, and important.

“The Lapedo Child” realizes these poetic ambitions with exceptional skill. The poem describes the 1998 discovery, in Portugal, of the ancient, preserved body of a buried child: “His bones were red” from the pigment of the burial cloth, Hughes reports, relaying the “published facts” from a newspaper. We soon hear of the care taken, “twenty-four thousand years ago,” to evidently prepare this child for the afterlife. While the facts (including the “Neanderthal-like” but clearly human features of the boy) are of interest to scholars, Hughes sees into the sacred mystery that has been dug up here—a ritual

*Touched by the double stain of love and sorrow,  
Which travels like a family chin and—  
The inexplicable providence of God—  
Spreads from each generation to the next.*

The solemn burial of the dead is familiar and dense with meaning, even for those, in our day, most consciously secularized. It reveals just how close to the surface are the measures and rituals that give order to our lives, and how those practices are capable of ordering our lives precisely because they derive from an order infinitely above us. An order lies within our experience only because of a providence beyond.

*Cave Art* is far from perfect, but it continues in new and compelling, if sometimes bumpy, ways the practice of Timothy Steele and other New Formalists. In technique and voice, it displays a consistent and admirable maturity, and Hughes, in his best poems, draws futility and order—the mundane, the subterranean, and the divine—into a powerful whole that makes vivid the measurements and mysteries by which our everyday lives are informed and vindicated. ♦

BCA

# Back on Track

*Why railroads remain the lifeline of the nation.*

BY ANTHONY PALETTA

Whatever our national fascination with decay, when it comes to railroads, Americans seem decidedly to prefer the history of our boom years—of mustachioed barons and valiant strikers, Promontory Point and the Iron Horse—to those of subsequent decline. Books on the early years of rail are ubiquitous; those of more recent years are as common as Pullman cars.

Passenger rail occupies an out-sized share of public attention, and its *Magnificent Ambersons*-like tale of the automobile’s triumph often occludes any awareness of the very different afflictions and fortunes of freight rail over the 20th century. Competition from other modes of transport was unquestionably the ruin of most passenger rail, but, thanks to Robert E. Gallamore and John R. Meyer, we are reminded that the *real* villain in the lengthy decline of freight rail was a scheme of Progressive-era pricing regulations that serve to make any affliction of Taggart Transcontinental look realistic.

An assortment of legislative acts between 1893 and 1910, in response to the presumptive predatory nature of the railroads, granted the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC) a shocking number of powers to regulate nearly every aspect of the railroad business, including (most ludicrously) the setting of rates for different commodities on a uniform basis by region. A carload of wheat would cost a given price for any carrier across a whole region; a carload of coal would similarly cost a fixed

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**American Railroads**  
*Decline and Renaissance*  
*in the Twentieth Century*  
by Robert E. Gallamore  
and John R. Meyer  
Harvard, 538 pp., \$55

price. These rates were adjusted stutteringly—and were quite deliberately rigged—to favor the cheap transport of agricultural goods as opposed to manufactured products or components. Rail companies were forbidden to enter into contracts otherwise.

This system, absurd in any scenario, was at least possibly the product of some genuine market concerns in the early age of genuine railroad monopolies. However, it soon became an immense millstone around the fortunes of American rail in an age of growing competition from trucking and waterway transportation. High-value goods soon forsook opportunistic rail pricing, leaving railroads reliant upon clients paying artificially low values. The ICC employed thousands of rating clerks to keep this charade going: Here was Frank Norris’s octopus, its regulatory tendrils slowly choking the life out of American rail.

While it’s not quite true, in the realm of regulation, to quote Lady Macbeth (“What’s done cannot be undone”), change will generally take a lifetime and usually won’t occur without some calamity as prompting. The 1970 Penn Central bankruptcy proved a shock to the political system, yielding a number of stabilization measures during the Ford and Nixon administrations. Still, in 1976, Conrail lost more money than all the rest of American rail companies combined, a situation that propelled even the

Carter administration to decisive, useful action in the form of the Staggers Rail Act (1980), which liberated American rail from its immense burden of price regulation—and rapidly returned a moribund industry to health.

This tale has been told before, most notably in Martin Albro's *Railroads Triumphant* (1992), but it deserves a retelling, especially one as substantive as this. The authors, both of whom worked either in the rail industry or as consultants, are frank in their sentiments from the start:

A central theme of this book is that railroads, throughout their history, were so important to the US economy that politicians could not leave them alone, and when governments did intervene in transportation markets, they usually made a mess of things. Government regulation distorted consumer choices, found awkward and costly ways of subsidizing competing modes of transportation, taxed or regulated away profits needed for reinvestment or capacity expansion, and—while generally contributing to greater safety—typically fell far short of stimulating optimal safety performance for all transport modes.

If that isn't a welcome message, I'm not sure what is.

Along the way, *American Railroads* is fascinating and idiosyncratic, a history balanced between anecdotal color and rigorous accounting of the unique and changing economics of the industry. It's a story of considerable ingenuity and change, even in the face of dolorous bureaucratic burdens; of innovations—from the diesel electric locomotive to computerized train controls—and the considerable shifts in rail ownership between the turn of the century's panoply of lines to the current Big Four.

The economic shifts of the 20th century are fascinating. The railroad went from an industry oriented primarily around the Northeast to one just as concerned with the South and West, and with new directions of shipping—from west to south, for example. Rail company fortunes would rise and fall with economic trends; one decade's boom commodity might fetch low

prices in the next. The decline of Penn Central is attributable, in part, to the collapse of American manufacturing that its networks served. Rail shipping also became increasingly streamlined: Penn Central began to rely on "mixed manifest trains," made up of cars from different sources that required lengthy shipping, while more nimble operators inclined towards modal shipping containers from a single source.

Other modes of transportation were an unquestionable threat to railroad health. The Interstate Highway system was an immense boost to truck-

age of shipping required innovation, and they shifted to substantial multimodal efforts, reconfiguring cars and constructing intermodal yards to ease the transfer of goods from long-haul routes, where railroads often possess a competitive advantage, to shorter routes, where they generally do not.

The Staggers Act initiated a striking revival of American rail. And despite cries of protest from the usual parties, the productivity of rail shipping increased markedly, rates fell, and profits stabilized—all on the basis of resources a fraction of those once



On the Auto Train from Virginia to Florida (1998)

ing, and, to add insult to industry, railroads operated over tracks that were their own financial responsibility while other shipping methods benefited from public roads. (Many would argue that the gasoline tax doesn't recoup the road damage done by heavy shipping.) Waterway improvements were another source of government subsidy: No fees were levied upon waterway shippers for maintenance until 1980!

Railroads were caught in a double bind: They remained oppressed by regulations that assumed their nature as a natural monopoly to be universal (as in the case of trucking) or regional (in the case of barges), and competitors received direct or indirect federal subsidies. Handicapped as they were, railroads recognized that the

utilized. "In 1900," Gallamore and Meyer write, "railroads employed 1,018,000 persons—one of 29 U.S. nonfarm workers. By 2000, railroads employed only 246,000 workers, one of 553." And yet rail continues to carry some 40 percent of intercity freight traffic. The seemingly permanent decline of rail was rapidly arrested. Conrail, for one, *quintupled* its market capitalization between 1987 and 1999: "A few high-tech firms may have done as well in a comparable timeframe, but this was a railroad, and railroads had not been darlings of Wall Street since before the Rough Rider was President."

If the story of freight rail is simple and straightforward, though, that of passenger rail is complicated. The authors are not admirers of Ayn Rand:

They praise safety legislation and appreciate concerns about monopoly control in the early days of rail—and today as well. They note the impossibility of Amtrak’s mandate to maintain break-even service on a network of routes that cannot ever be profitable, but credit the creation of Amtrak as a least-bad option for routing freight rail to profitability. The historical alternative of a complicated system of subsidy to private corporations is hardly appealing.

Gallamore and Meyer recommend creating more regional authorities in corridors where demand might support them (Greater Chicago, the Northeast Corridor, Southern California), on the grounds that these would likely deliver stronger capital investments than would an agency also tasked with satisfying every senator’s yearning for a nearby whistlestop. Amtrak services, permanently unviable, could continue to whatever extent the public wishes to pay for them. ♦

Hannan argues that the Norman Conquest marked the fall of a medieval Germanic Eden and launched a millennium-long struggle between Whig forces of liberty and Tory forces of statism and aristocracy. This eternal bright line never existed, and it is odd that Hannan, himself a member of the British Conservative party, thinks it does. The Normans, rather than importing continental villainy, were themselves Germanic (from the Scandinavian branch), and the later, unimpeachably Germanic Habsburgs and Hohenzollerns were no lovers of freedom. Hannan even claims that people think more clearly in the good old Germanic tongue of English, using himself as prime example. While English grammar, thanks to multiple medieval invasions, actually *is* simpler than its Germanic kin and the Romance languages, most English vocabulary is French-derived. In this, as in many aspects of Anglosphere culture, the hybridity is what is most distinctive.

The Manichean model downplays the increasing trade, transportation improvements, and arms technology that led large states commanding centralized military power to coalesce, starting in the later Middle Ages. Louis XIV exemplified the absolutist trend, but it is absurd to call him a “totalitarian”—his scorched-earth wars and personality cult notwithstanding. Hannan also downplays the incentives for oligarchic elites throughout history to feather their own nests. Even medieval Italian and German city-states—which shared with England cheap water transport, strong commercial classes, relatively broad franchises, and admixtures of Germanic culture—either fell under the control of larger states or became absolutist or oligarchic. In grabbing for power, England’s aggressive monarchs may have produced enough centralization to fend off other expanding absolutist states, as well as the triumph of a closed English oligarchy.

The question is why the United Kingdom was able to resist the absolutist trend and ultimately become the template for modern democracy. Hannan correctly observes that

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# Anglospheremonger

*The triumphs and tribulations of the English-speaking peoples.* BY JAY WEISER

**T**he Anglosphere is everywhere. In this engaging and tendentious popular history, Daniel Hannan offers an unofficial update of Winston Churchill’s massive *History of the English-Speaking Peoples* (1956-58). A British member of the European parliament, Hannan has taken upon himself the mission of saving his native land from sinister, supranational, statist Brussels—a goal many voters across Europe seem to share. The real significance lies in Hannan’s multidisciplinary analysis of Anglosphere culture’s distinctiveness and influence.

Churchill’s career was concerned with defending civilization against totalitarians and empire against its nonwhite subjects’ demands for self-rule. Hannan is the product of a United Kingdom that is diminished militarily and economically, even as the Anglosphere (whose core identity was once ethnically Anglo/Scots) has transmuted into a multinational, multiethnic culture at peak influence. English is the world’s lingua franca, while groups in developing countries around the world

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**Inventing Freedom**  
*How the English-Speaking Peoples Made the Modern World*  
by Daniel Hannan  
Broadside, 416 pp., \$26.99



George V and Queen Mary at the Delhi Durbar (1911)

value the Anglosphere’s ideals of liberty, law, and democracy.

Despite this, Hannan is gloomy. Wrapping himself in Herbert Butterfield’s Whig interpretation of history (though he purports to disclaim Butterfield’s more extreme formulations),

Great Britain's island status limited monarchs' ability to justify standing armies. This made it easier for elites to organize politically and grow their commercial power beyond central control. Similar processes were at work in Britain's close cultural kin, the Dutch Republic, with its landscape of river deltas, islands, and inland sea at the edge of the Holy Roman Empire. Ironically, the United Kingdom was launched to world power when the Dutch *stadholder* and aspiring English-Scottish King William III turned its water barrier into a water highway with the amphibious invasion that triggered 1688's Glorious Revolution and a 25-year war with Louis XIV. The Glorious Revolution imported Dutch concepts of a limited monarchical executive with military powers, as well as religious freedom.

Hannan traces the growth of freedom through three Anglosphere civil wars that, he argues, were conservative in their efforts to restore lost liberties. The English Civil War of the 1640s damaged absolutist monarchy, while the Glorious Revolution secured a constitutional monarchy. The third and culminating revolution was the American, which set the model for the descendants of the British settler colonies. Hannan poses these decentralized, self-governing independent nations with universal franchises, open economies, and tight informal ties against the overweening European Union.

Yet this only partially describes the Anglosphere's colonial expansion. Forced labor and land seized from indigenous peoples fueled the economic booms and commercial wealth that led to open societies. While Hannan correctly notes that British liberty ideology led to the abolition of slavery, equality before the law, and universal suffrage, this was not the predestined path. The expansion of the franchise and popular rights could also lead to *herrenvolk* democracy (in which an ethnically defined people rules over subordinated groups). *Herrenvolk* democracy triggered three more civil wars in the Anglosphere, which Hannan barely addresses: the

American Civil War, South Africa's Boer War, and Ireland's 20th-century conflicts. All were partial victories for liberty and freedom ideology but left racial or religious subordination in place for the better part of a century.

Hannan's blindness to the temptations of oligarchy, and of *herrenvolk* democracy, leads to sweeping claims about the triumph of Anglosphere values in nonsettler, ethnically non-Anglo, former British colonies. Among the former colonies he cites, India, the country longest ruled by Britain, has had robust democratic institutions (parliamentary elections, free press, independent judiciary) for over a century. Ethnically and religiously fractured Nigeria has only recently emerged from a series of military dictatorships, while South Africa is functionally a one-party state ruled by the African National Congress, with the potential to degrade its democratic institutions. Hannan includes authoritarian Singapore in the group, although its commitment to Anglosphere values is limited to commercial courts and racial equality.

Hannan's loathing of the federal EU blinds him to a crucial Dutch Republic innovation, transmitted to the Anglosphere via the United States:

federalism. Our Constitution blended aspects of the Dutch Republic's Union of Utrecht with the unwritten English constitution. As the United Kingdom relaxed its hold on its dominions and colonies, Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, and Nigeria became federal states. Within the Anglosphere, Britain itself was an outlier that grew to be nearly as centralized as France by the mid-20th century, although recent decades have seen the start of devolution. Today, the United Kingdom is pondering its federalist futures: whether to pursue further internal devolution in the wake of the Scottish independence vote and whether the EU's statism and overreach outweigh its value in submerging the conflicts of its nation-state members.

While the Anglosphere's model of liberty and democracy has not been Hannan's struggle of virtuous Whigs against autocracy, many groups did push for greater freedom over the millennium. Their achievements are not diminished, even if they sometimes acted as grasping monarchs, oligarchs, or *herrenvolk* democrats. The Anglosphere's legacy of channeling conflict into free institutions, where winners cannot take all, remains a light unto the world. ♦



# See Jane Write

*The timeless appeal of Austenmania.*

BY JUDITH AYERS

**N**ot long ago I enjoyed a night out at historic Dumbarton House in Georgetown. The 1996 movie version of Jane Austen's *Emma* was being shown outdoors, and the event was attended by a large crowd, consisting mostly of women. Jane Austen films, books, and Austen culture in

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general are almost always guaranteed to attract crowds like this, filled with young women. And because I am also a young woman, it got me thinking: Why has Jane Austen—her books, their movie adaptations, even Austen herself—remained so beloved and so popular over the years? What is it about her that sends me to the garden at Dumbarton House, that keeps us coming back for more?

Growing up, my sisters, mother,

and I would often watch the 1995 *Pride and Prejudice* miniseries on PBS, even forcing our only brother to join us. And we didn't stop there: We watched and rewatched *all* of the Jane Austen movies. To us, they were part of family tradition—and for many, those values and their visions of times past are the same.

Janet Mullany, co-regional coordinator of the Washington, D.C., chapter of the Jane Austen Society of North America, tells me that Jane Austen is now a type of multimedia brand, which

(1995), and *Pride and Prejudice* (2005)—began two years ago to celebrate, of all things, the bicentennial of the War of 1812. Austen, of course, lived during the conflict (she died in 1817), as did Joseph Nourse, who lived in Dumbarton House and was the first register of the U.S. Treasury.

When the Austen film series began, organizers were cautious about the expected turnout; they “were a little blown away by the response,” I was told. Janet Mullany is not surprised, however: Younger members are com-

of the men's magazine *Nuts*. . . . Who else is cited with equal approval by feminists and misogynists, can be linked to nineteenth-century anarchism, twenty-first-century terrorism, and forms part of the inspiration behind works as diverse as *Eugene Onegin* and *Bridget Jones's Diary*?

The secret to Austenmania, Mullany believes, is the timeless and universal themes of her novels. “The books change with you,” she says. “You can read the books over and over again and you will find something in them that relates to your life at whatever stage you're in. You'll find something new.” What are these universal themes? Love, class, power, tradition, family relationships—all might well be the secret to Austen's long and enduring popularity. But for all the fanfare and elation, and the intense reactions—E. M. Forster said that he read Austen with “the mouth open and the mind closed. Shut up in measureless content”—there have been those who don't comprehend what the fuss is about. Charlotte Brontë's criticism is scathing:

I had not seen *Pride and Prejudice* till I had read that sentence of yours, and then I got the book. And what did I find? An accurate daguerreotyped portrait of a commonplace face; a carefully fenced, highly cultivated garden, with neat borders and delicate flowers; but no glance of a bright vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck. I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen, in their elegant but confined houses.

I wouldn't chalk up Brontë's attitude to rivalry; condemnation comes from all sides. “Every time I read *Pride and Prejudice*,” wrote Mark Twain, “I want to dig her up and beat her over the skull with her own shinbone.” So not all have loved Jane Austen, her stories, and her “universal themes.” As for me? I fall in with the majority opinion around the world. The novels, even the movies, remind me of sisterhood, of home and family, and they fill me with humor and nostalgia. I'm still a little in love with the past, as well. ♦

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*Mr. Darcy in Lyme Park, Manchester (2013)*

has increased her visibility to fans and casual watchers alike. There are movies, paraphernalia, and spinoffs—*Clueless* (1995), for example, and the Bollywood hit *Bride and Prejudice* (2004)—and “people have really fallen in love with the images, the clothing, the homes, the farms,” Mullany explains. Many members of her D.C. chapter have come to the novels by watching the TV shows and movies. “To a certain extent,” she says, “we're all in love with the past.”

That love for the past is evidenced in the turnout for the outdoor Austen film series in Georgetown. Dumbarton House reports that there are 170-200 viewers for each film, many returning every year. The series—featuring *Emma*, *Sense and Sensibility*

ing to the Jane Austen Society all the time. And what she's seeing in Washington is but a symptom of a larger phenomenon. Spanish-speaking fans, as well as admirers in Japan and Australia and elsewhere, get together to discuss Austen's novels and to eat and dance in Regency-style clothes. From magazines to meet-ups, the global fervor knows no bounds. In the words of Claire Harman, author of *Jane's Fame: How Jane Austen Conquered the World* (2010):

Her influence reaches from the decoration of tea towels to a defense of extreme pornography, and her fans have included Queen Victoria, E. M. Forster, B. B. King (“Jane Austen! I love Jane Austen!”), and the editor

# Shock and Aww

*Too many touching moments for comfort.*

BY JOHN PODHORETZ



Tina Fey, Corey Stoll, Jane Fonda, Jason Bateman, Adam Driver

For years, people have been telling me to read Jonathan Tropper's *This Is Where I Leave You* (2009), a comic novel about a dysfunctional Westchester family whose secrets and lies and disappointments all come out during a week in which its members gather to mourn the passing of the patriarch.

So, because I knew a film version with a wonderful cast was imminent, I finally read it. And I couldn't believe what I was reading. Tropper's book struck me as almost entirely false, broadly farcical in a way a realistic novel should not be and drippingly sentimental in a way a broad farce should not be. Even its strength—Tropper has a Neil Simon way with a punchline—is a weakness, because Tropper is indiscriminate. Every single character is a Borscht Belt quipster, even a man with a severe brain injury, and so even the good putdowns and one-liners come to seem forced and acrid.

Tropper's inspiration was not older novels but rather older movies, in particular the creamy and memorable comedy-dramas from three decades

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## This Is Where I Leave You

Directed by Shawn Levy



ago. And so it is with the movie, written by Tropper and directed by Shawn Levy. It's so 1980s you might be surprised that its headline performer, Tina Fey, isn't wearing shoulder pads and an Alcott and Andrews suit. The set-up and ensemble cast of characters are a straight lift from *The Big Chill* (1983). The music, by the usually great Michael Giacchino (*Up* and *Lost*), seems designed explicitly to evoke the wistful *Terms of Endearment* score by Michael Gore. Even Jane Fonda is on hand in one of her few major roles since the 1980s—and she looks great (which only proves that evil pays).

But where it really evokes the 1980s is in its reliance not on movie clichés but rather a very specific old-fashioned sitcom trope. It's called the “MOS,” which is shorthand for “moment of sentiment” (in its bowdlerized form; in fact, the “s” stands for a scatological word). The MOS is that moment at the end of *Full House* or *The Facts of Life*, or any other such

show, in which the characters sit down together and have an earnest moment professing their common love and caring and needing and sharing. A hug is exchanged. The laugh track says “awww.” Then there's a bad groaner of a joke, and the credits roll.

*This Is Where I Leave You* has an MOS every 10 minutes. Mostly, they involve Judd (Jason Bateman), our protagonist. The movie opens with him finding his wife in bed with his boss, so he loses his marriage and his job in one fell swoop. (At least the film jettisons the bit in the book where Judd shoves his wife's birthday cake up his boss's patootie, and a candle sets the guy's scrotum on fire. Ha ha.) As the movie proceeds, Judd has an MOS with his mother (Fonda), then with his sister (Fey), then with a girl in town (Rose Byrne), then with his ex-wife (Abigail Spencer), then with his ex-girlfriend (Kathryn Hahn) who's married to his brother (Corey Stoll), then with his ne'er-do-well brother's fiancée (Connie Britton), and finally with his ne'er-do-well brother (Adam Driver).

But he's not the only one. Tina Fey has one with the brain-injured next-door neighbor, who was her high school boyfriend. Jane Fonda has one with the man's widowed mother—who, it turns out, is her lover (and don't worry, Fonda's husband knew and approved because he wanted her to be happy). By the time the movie was over, I was worried the cast was going to come out of the screen and hug me.

The meretricious and annoying nonsense only abates when Fey delivers a zinger in her crisp fashion—and when Adam Driver is on screen. Driver came out of nowhere a few years ago when he began burning a hole through the screen as Lena Dunham's animalistic actor-boyfriend on the HBO show *Girls*. Here, he works miracles with every line and every bit of business, finding an unexpected depth and heart to his character the others could desperately use.

*This Is Where I Leave You* follows the arc of a shiva, the seven-day Jewish mourning period. By the time it was over, I felt like I had been in mourning for seven days.

**"Frank Bruni's column on Wednesday incorrectly attributed the dictum that those who don't know history are destined to repeat it. It is from George Santayana, not Edmund Burke."  
—New York Times, September 19, 2014**

**PARODY**

## BRUNI'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

*I cannot forecast to you the action of Russia. It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.*

— Casey Stengel

*Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing.*

— Mahatma Gandhi

*I cried because I had no shoes until I met a man who had no feet.*

— W.C. Fields

*America is great because America is good. If America ceases to be good, America will cease to be great.*

— Saint Augustine

*I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.*

— Samuel L. Goldwyn

*It's like déjà vu, all over again.*

— Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

*For the past two weeks you have been reading about the bad break I got. Yet today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth.*

— Albert Einstein

*Eighty percent of life is showing up.*

— Eleanor Roosevelt

*Six, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.*

— Yogi Berra

*Washington, D.C.: a city of Southern efficiency and Northern charm.*

— William Shakespeare