the weekly
Standard

EVERYDAY HILLARY
JAY COST • DANIEL HALPER

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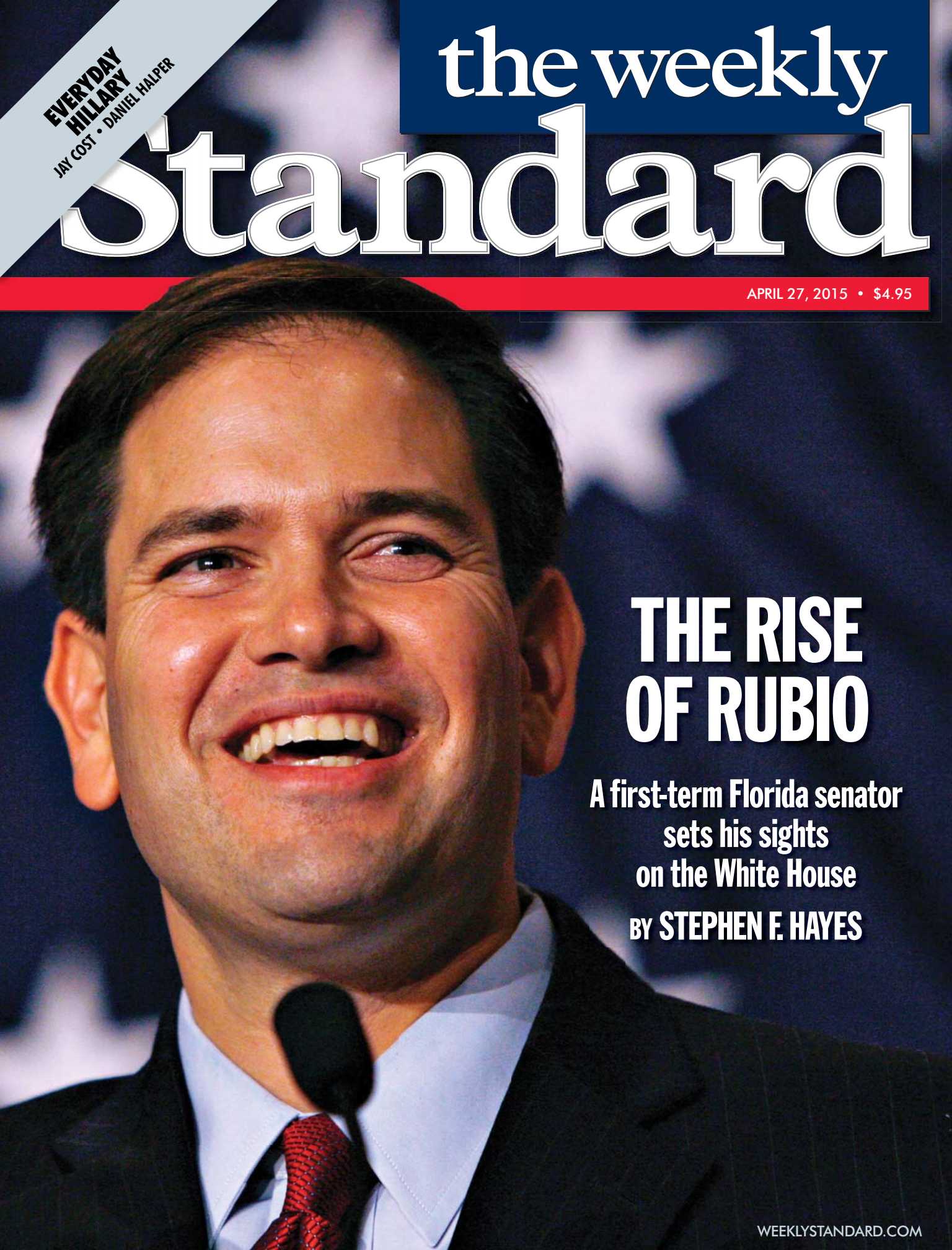

THE RISE OF RUBIO

A first-term Florida senator sets his sights on the White House

BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

WEEKLYSTANDARD.COM

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Fungible Anchors

The Scrapbook is not in the habit of closely following show biz gossip—well, not too closely. Still, we couldn't help but notice that the Manhattan media world is abuzz about the return of Andrew Lack, after several years' absence, as chief of NBC News. This, in itself, is of no particular significance, except that Lack, among other things, must soon decide what to do about Brian Williams.

As everybody knows, Williams, who was anchorman for the *NBC Nightly News* until this past February, was suspended for six months for serial fabrications and temporarily replaced by another NBC news reader named Lester Holt. Here's the dilemma: The six-month suspension ends in August, and Lester Holt seems to be doing just fine—but Andrew Lack is an old friend and professional patron of Brian Williams. So what should he do?

From The Scrapbook's perspective, the answer is obvious: Brian Williams is damaged goods, Lester Holt seems equal to the task, and business is business. But far be it from The Scrapbook to tell NBC what to do. Our assumption is that the television networks pay people like Andrew Lack (and Brian Williams) millions of dollars to make these difficult decisions.

And truth be told, The Scrapbook doesn't care who reads the script into the camera on the *NBC Nightly News*—or any television news broadcast, for that matter. For if the Brian Williams saga has done anything at all, it has revealed, once again, the basic inanity of the star system that seems to govern network news reading.

The well-compensated individuals lucky enough to get the gig are invested with an authority and omniscience that is almost wholly imaginary. Some of the more pretentious ones—CBS's Dan Rather, for example, or the late Peter Jennings (ABC) and Walter Cronkite (CBS)—liked to call themselves "reporters" and travel to hotspots or spectacles to prove it. But their function, then and now, was not journalism, exactly, but closer to acting: to read a script written by somebody else, preferably without stumbling. Over time the names and faces have appeared—John Chancellor (NBC), Katie Couric (CBS), Frank Reynolds (ABC), Connie Chung (CBS), ad infinitum—and just as quickly disappeared.

Indeed, The Scrapbook would assume that someone of the age and experience of Andrew Lack might remember Arnold Zenker. The Scrapbook recalls him with affection. In April 1967, when the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) went on strike against the networks, the *CBS Evening News* reader, Walter Cronkite, unexpectedly joined the picket line, leaving management in the lurch. All the other available anchormen were on the AFTRA picket line as well, and so, with hours left until the evening broadcast, a 28-year-old CBS programming middle manager named Arnold Zenker—earnest, bespectacled, completely inexperienced—was recruited, and thrown on the air, to replace Cronkite.

And he did just as well as Lester Holt is doing. For two weeks, Arnold Zenker sat down every evening at the anchor desk, read a script into the camera—and, as he later recalled, "I'd just say, 'Good night, fellas,' and go home." The ratings remained stable, the advertisers were happy, Americans got their news, and the Republic survived. The only problem is that the CBS brass was so relieved when Walter Cronkite came back that they failed to grasp the lesson they had been taught by Arnold Zenker. ♦

Minimum Sense

The *New York Times* recently declared, citing the release of a University of California study, that companies with employees earning an annual wage so low as to qualify them for government aid of some sort are effectively being subsidized by the federal government and implied that this is an odious situation that should be rectified at once.

The study should be troubling: Our present panoply of programs for low-income assistance doesn't phase out until somewhere north of $50,000 for an employee with two children filing jointly. But here's the conundrum for the *Times*: Are we to believe that if we looked at their roster of receptionists, janitorial staff, interns, and various entry-level workers, there wouldn't be at least a few earning below $50,000 a year? And if there are a few people working for the *Times* and receiving government assistance—being subsidized by the federal government, as the editors see it—shouldn't that be more troubling for an ostensibly independent paper than it would be for a Walmart or McDonald's?

The larger question is whether the *Times* thinks that the minimum wage should be set so that no one working a 40-hour week would qualify for any government assistance. If so, that would necessitate a minimum wage of at least $25 an hour, or more than three times the current level. Does the *Times* believe that the minimum wage has so little impact on employment that an increase this extreme wouldn't increase unemployment in the slightest?

If that is indeed what it holds to be true, it behooves the paper to certify that every single employee—as well as those employed by its contractors—receives a full-time salary that is at least $50,000 a year. Given that newspapers seem to be minting money these days, it shouldn't be too difficult for it to raise wages a bit—unless it doesn't care about its workers.

The banal argument that the *Times* bought lock, stock, and barrel is asinine: Providing wage subsidies or

government aid to working men and women isn't remotely the same as subsidizing their employers, and to imply that it is is facile and disingenuous. Facile, disingenuous, and par for the course, for the paper of record. ♦

Sorry, Charlie

Cartoonist Garry Trudeau accepted the Career Achievement Award last week at the allegedly prestigious George Polk journalism awards. But in his acceptance speech, he raised more than a few eyebrows by attacking the cartoonists at *Charlie Hebdo*—the ones who were murdered earlier this year when Muslim terrorists stormed their offices in Paris. According to Trudeau, *Charlie Hebdo*'s cartoons mocking religion had "wandered into the realm of hate speech." He further warned that "free speech" can become "its own kind of fanaticism."

At The Weekly Standard's website, Mark Hemingway wrote a squib calling Trudeau's remarks the "free speech equivalent of suggesting they had it coming because they were wearing short skirts." He also criticized the media figures applauding Trudeau (a *New York Times* bureau chief referred to Trudeau's "wise, nuanced words"). This did not sit well with former *Times* writer John Darnton, who wrote a sternly worded letter defending Trudeau:

> Mr. Trudeau said that true satire "punches up," not down, attacking those in authority and power, not those at the bottom of society. By going after "a powerless, disenfranchised minority," *Charlie Hebdo* abandoned genuine satire, embraced provocation for its own sake, and "wandered into the realm of hate speech." As a result, it fed the flames of violence and caused Muslims throughout France to rally around the extremists. As any reasonable person can see, this is a far cry from simply characterizing the slain *Charlie Hebdo* cartoonists as "hate-spewing fanatics."

Did Darnton really think this clarified Trudeau's contemptible speech, or was he just going through the motions? Does he really think the men who shot and killed 11 people at *Charlie Hebdo*'s offices were powerless? Darnton doubles down on blaming *Charlie Hebdo*'s cartoonists for their own murder, because they apparently "fed the flames of violence and caused Muslims throughout France to rally around the extremists." Are France's Muslims expected to broadly support killing people who offend them? This is, as it happens, not an accurate assessment of France's Muslims, besides being astonishingly patronizing.

The Scrapbook is long past the point where we expect media elites to stand up for free speech. But most of the time they attempt to disguise their cowardice, not go so far as to rationalize it as enlightened opinion. But here it is in black and white.

Any journalist who receives a Polk award from this point on will have to contend with the fact that the honor comes from an organization that doesn't believe in the bedrock right that makes their profession possible. ♦

Flag Day in Kabylie

We are the friends of liberty everywhere, the guardians only of our own: John Quincy Adams's famous aphorism comes to mind as we observe the cruel realities of

international affairs. It is a happy day in Kabylie—the large mountainous region east of Algiers that is home to Algeria's biggest Berber minority—as its national movement unveils a new flag this weekend. But it is a bitter day, too, as the unveiling is taking place on the Place du Trocadéro in Paris, preferred site of exiled campaigns for human rights.

Campaigns by whom? Most often, by ethnic or tribal or religious or merely liberty-aspiring minorities who find in France, as Victor Hugo said, a second homeland. The great poet and lifelong freedom fighter—himself an exile from the tyrannical regime of the second Napoleon—scarcely could have foreseen the number of Africans today made homeless for the cause.

Kabylie was once a hotbed of the Algerian revolution. Now it seeks independence from the nation it led out of colonialism in a war against France. A perceived betrayal of the proclaimed goals of political freedom and liberty of conscience led, as soon as the French left, to a civil war that, in a sense, has never ceased. Witness the Berber Spring in 1980, a democratic revolt in '88, more violence at the turn of the century, and finally a movement toward autonomy and outright independence by exasperated citizens whose patience wore out after years of contributing to the development of Algeria and joining others in the country in patriotic resistance to Islamic terror in the '90s. Exiled in France, Kabyles dream of freedom at home while defending their former enemy against Islamists who refuse to conform to the rules of the host country.

There are solid reasons for the United States to pressure Algeria on Kabyle rights, not the least of which is the long tradition of Berber resistance to Arabo-Islamist fascism and the latter's hostility to liberty throughout the Middle East and North Africa. This resistance has many roots, including the ancient, and quite marked, Jewish influence on Kabyle culture. If, prudently or not, we became seriously engaged in the long war for reform and liberal revolution in the Islamic world, then surely the fate of the minorities within that world whose perspectives are most akin to ours ought to be a concern.

And a weapon: Who is to say what might have happened had those who promoted U.S. intervention in neighboring Libya considered the Berbers of Libya an asset that could have been a force for good in that land?

We need Algeria and its renowned security services in our fight to block the jihadist assault on black Africa. It might be simpler to twist the arms of our trustworthy friends in Saudi Arabia and Qatar who have been funding mischief throughout the Muslim zones of Africa for decades. Ah well, so many complications—little wonder we always return to Adams. But, in their way, so do the Kabyles, an admirable people who, though few, never give up on the dream. Today, we salute them. ♦

The Krauthammer Conversation

The Scrapbook has previously touted the *Conversations with Bill Kristol* video series, but we suspect readers will be particularly drawn by the latest in the series—an extended discussion between our editor and one of our renowned contributing editors, Charles Krauthammer.

The author and syndicated columnist reflects on his upbringing in a politically tumultuous Quebec, his work in medicine, and his views on Zionism, Judaism, and religion. Krauthammer also discusses some of the key ideas, questions, and themes of his writing—including the "Reagan Doctrine," an idea he coined, the role of America in a post-Cold War world, and whether the America of 2015 is in decline. This is a must-see conversation between two of America's most important thinkers about politics.

The full conversation runs a few minutes shy of two hours, but for those who prefer to sip rather than gulp, it has been helpfully divided into six "chapters." As usual, you can access the video files online, at conversationswithbillkristol.org. ♦

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BPA WORLDWIDE

Their Money or Your Life

During Christmas vacation 1968-69 I ran into a high school friend much wiser in the ways of the world than I. He had stumbled onto a curious job for the next few weeks—collecting the proceeds from a chain of bowling alleys in the Washington area, counting the loot, and delivering it to corporate headquarters—but he needed a driver. The work required no particular skill, was done quickly, late at night, and he was willing to divide the fee. So I signed on.

I was, at this time, in what might be called the Orwellian phase of my working career. Inspired, to some degree, by *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933), I had resolved to supplement my higher education with a string of part-time, blue-collar, low-wage endeavors that would give me some exposure to a workaday world of which I knew virtually nothing. So I labored on construction crews, in a bookstore, at a concrete company, picking up laundry, washing dishes, shoveling pigeon feces, taking tickets in a movie theater—all to remind myself, I suppose, that I would be happier in life while seated behind a desk, preferably reading and writing and wearing a tie.

Yet the bowling alley job was intriguing, in its way: I had been unaware of the existence of such things as leagues; my colleagues at the different venues were a varied lot, to say the least; and midnight was an interesting time to show up for work. Curiously, I proved more skillful than my friend at the fine art of opening safes.

All went well, all things considered, until late one evening in early January when we found ourselves in the back office of one of the alleys, counting and recounting the cash. There was a gentle knock at the door, and when I opened it, there stood a gentleman in a lime-green Nehru jacket, wearing sunglasses, and pointing a gun at my chest. Of course, it took me a few seconds to perceive what was happening, during which time our unexpected visitor and his three (or was it four?) confederates pushed their way past me into the tiny room, brandished their weapons, and ordered my friend and me to lie on the floor.

DAVE CLEGG

Sad to say, this was a rancorous period in the social history of our nation's capital, and apart from full-scale rioting nine months earlier, there had been a well-publicized series of armed robberies in Washington in which the perpetrators had shot (and killed) their victims for good measure. I was, of course, fully cognizant of this—as I was also aware of a knee grinding into my spinal column, rather painfully, and the awkward fact that I would probably be required to open the safe.

It is often said that criminals are more nervous than their victims, and certainly the shaking hands, barking voices, and generally unbusinesslike demeanor of our visitors suggested either mild hysteria on their part or, perhaps, drug addiction. But I was in no condition to dwell on such things, only thankful to recall the combination to the safe, to dial it successfully, and watch in wonderment as our visitors spilled coins all over the room in their haste.

From here my friend and I were marched at gunpoint, along with a janitor and late-shift mechanic, into a storage room and, once again, ordered to lie on the floor. When I saw that the robbers were collecting pieces of rope and string with which to bind our wrists, I guessed, with some certainty, that we were not to be shot. And when they bolted from the room to make their getaway, and shoved a pool table against the door to block our exit, I was still more confident: For the door opened from the inside.

When we were sure that they had abandoned the premises, and were unlikely to fire at random, we unfettered ourselves, opened the door, and—laughing nervously, but laughing—pushed the pool table back into place.

It is a curious thing, in retrospect, to have come so close to oblivion without feeling too many effects. In subsequent decades I have driven near the scene of the crime without remembering it, and I am almost wholly indifferent to the fact that the case remains unsolved. I remember looking at hundreds of snapshots of bad guys at a police station, even being driven to a courthouse in southern Maryland to gaze at a lineup—to no avail. My principal memory of the lineup is reading Robert Rhodes James's biography of Lord Rosebery on the long drive in a police car to Prince Frederick. And my only souvenir of that perilous night is an old pocket watch, its crystal smashed and hands frozen in time, which I keep in a drawer.

Philip Terzian

the weekly Standard

The Iran Deal: Oppose, Obstruct, Delay . . . Defeat

Hillary Rodham Clinton, quondam secretary of state and presumptive heir to the presidency of the United States, spent Monday, April 13, in her Secret Service van heading out to Iowa. She was undoubtedly preparing diligently for several hours of arduous mixing and mingling with "everyday Americans." We don't know whether she had time that morning to take a look at the *Wall Street Journal*, with its report that "the Kremlin has formally lifted its own ban on the delivery of S-300 missiles to Iran, setting the legal groundwork for the possible Russian sale of a powerful air-defense system to Tehran."

We do know that the delivery of the S-300s had been suspended under pressure, first from the Bush and then from the Obama administration. And we do know that, as *Foreign Policy* magazine reported in 2010, the S-300 success was being "touted by the White House as a new dawn in the U.S.-Russia relationship." As Elliott Abrams put it last week in recounting this history, "Oh well: That was then and this is now."

An S-300 system deployed in a Russian exercise in Kaliningrad, January 30, 2015

NEWSCOM

Today we know that the Obama administration is in the process of striking a deal with Iran. And we know that the Russian sale of the S-300—a system that would make a strike against Iran's nuclear weapons program considerably more difficult—is perhaps the first concrete consequence of the Iran deal. If the deal is allowed to go forward, it won't be the last. As Abrams puts it, "As sanctions are removed, and as funds flow to Iran, it will strengthen its military posture. Iran with an operational S-300 system will feel more immune from attack and is likely therefore to become even more aggressive in its behavior throughout the Middle East."

After all, the West will have agreed to provisions that leave Iran's nuclear weapons infrastructure in place, with an inspections regime that will be manifestly incapable of detecting Iranian nuclear weapons efforts. And Iran will therefore have no real incentive to moderate its behavior at home or abroad in any important way.

The S-300 sale is a fire bell in the night, signaling what a post-Iran deal Middle East would look like. However dangerous that region already is, it will be far more dangerous after Iran has pocketed all the concessions on offer, and everyone has seen the West sign on the dotted line of retreat.

One is reminded—as one so often is these days—of Churchill's great speech in Commons after Munich: The British people, Churchill said, "should know that there has been gross neglect and deficiency in our defences; they should know that we have sustained a defeat without a war, the consequences of which will travel far with us along our road." He continued: "And do not suppose that this is the end. This is only the beginning of the reckoning. This is only the first sip, the first foretaste of a bitter cup which will be proffered to us year by year unless by a supreme recovery of moral health and martial vigour, we arise again and take our stand for freedom as in the olden time."

Which brings us back to Hillary Rodham Clinton. She supports the Iran deal. She has been a crucial part of an administration that has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. She would not be a president who summons us to "a supreme recovery of moral health and martial vigor."

But even if we avert the prospect of a Hillary presidency, as I expect we will, we have a Barack Obama presidency to reckon with for 21 more months. Fortunately, we also have a Congress that need not acquiesce in the defeat without war that he wishes to impose on the nation.

This week, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee reported out legislation—sponsored by Bob Corker of Tennessee and Ben Cardin of Maryland—that would ensure Congress has a role in approving or disapproving a deal. Unfortunately, the fact that only 34 senators or 146 members of the House can prevent disapproval of the deal makes the legislation of limited utility. And the fact that the legislation allows action only after the deal is signed, and then for

a short period of time, makes it of questionable effectiveness.

But there are many other avenues of opposition, obstruction, and delay that Congress can take. All should be explored. Congress can seek to pass bills and amendments retaining U.S. sanctions and removing the president's waiver authority if certain conditions aren't met in the nuclear deal, and if certain conditions aren't met in terms of Iranian behavior with respect to terror and other issues. Congress could insist on no waiver of sanctions until the International Atomic Energy Agency certifies full Iranian cooperation in resolving questions about past efforts to develop nuclear weapons. Congress could require all manner of reports from the administration or from outside groups on, e.g., the implications of the S-300 sale to Iran, on Iranian terror-sponsorship, or many other aspects of Iranian behavior—and Congress could block waiver or removal of sanctions until it has had time to consider those reports. Imaginative patriots will think of other ways and means for Congress to intervene.

President Obama will resist such efforts and threaten to veto them. Perhaps Senate Democrats will block them from even getting to his desk. But one doesn't know how Senate and House Democrats will actually vote on such measures, or how much public pressure could be brought to bear, until members of Congress try seriously to advance them.

What we do know is that the Corker-Cardin legislation is unlikely to be enough. In fact, it can be a trap, if it encourages Congress to otherwise back off until a deal is signed—and then sets up a process arranged to make it difficult to disapprove a bad deal once signed. The key is to work to stop the deal from being signed. This requires putting pressure on the weak points of the framework agreement and introducing into the legislative equation other unacceptable aspects of Iranian behavior.

Some will say this isn't the way everyday business is done in Congress. And what party wants to look as if it is opposing and obstructing and delaying?

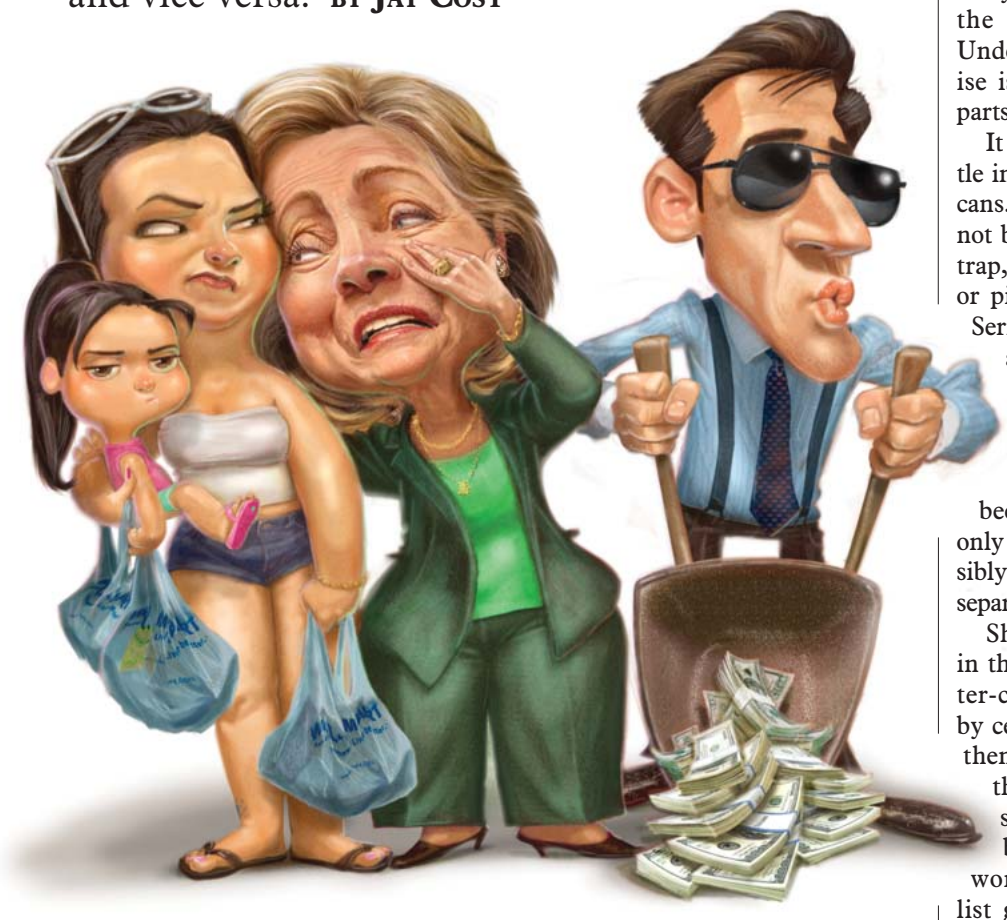
But these aren't everyday times. The prospect of Iran acquiring nuclear weapons isn't an everyday moment for America or the world. Congress is designed to be, most of the time, an everyday institution engaging in everyday business in an everyday way. But it has to summon the spirit to address the challenge of the Obama presidency and the threat of a nuclear Iran with urgency. In such circumstances, a great political party has to have the courage to oppose, to obstruct, to delay . . . and defeat the deal.

Let us leave Hillary Clinton alone as she seeks—inauthentically, to be sure—to be seen doing everyday things with everyday Americans. The question of the moment is whether the Republican party, in Congress and in the country, has the nerve to rise above everyday concerns and, at this extraordinary moment, do what is best for America.

—William Kristol

The Selling of Hillary, 2016

Big government favors the powerful—and vice versa. **BY JAY COST**



GARY LOCKE

In *The Selling of the President*, Joe McGinniss details how Richard Nixon's handlers micromanaged every aspect of his public persona in 1968, to craft an image for a fickle public that had rejected the longtime politician eight years before.

It is an easy bet that Hillary Clinton's top strategists have dog-eared copies of this book close at hand. Clinton has been running for president nonstop since 2000, but earlier this month she announced her candidacy—on Twitter, no less. She tweeted, "I'm running for president. Everyday Americans need a champion, and I want to be that champion." Nixon's people would be impressed.

To be sure, every candidate nowadays is intensively stage-managed, but there does seem something special about Clinton's handling this second time around. Nothing is being left to chance. One can imagine the debate over her Twitter announcement: Should it be "average Americans"? No, no! People don't like to be told they're average. How about "regular Americans"? No. That suggests that some Americans are irregular. Hmm . . . better go with "everyday Americans"!

Clinton's Twitter announcement suggests she plans to rerun the 2000 campaign of Al Gore: the hard-bitten class-warrior fighting for average—sorry, everyday—Americans against the malefactors of great wealth. Under the Clinton banner, this premise is absurd and obscene in equal parts, but it may prove successful.

It is absurd because Clinton has little in common with everyday Americans. She is fabulously wealthy, but not because she built a better mousetrap, saved a foundering company, or pitched a no-hitter in the World Series. And not even because she is a politician; lots of politicians attain wealth, but few do so by charging exorbitant speaking fees or commanding eight-figure book deals. Clinton is wealthy because she is famous, something only a handful of Americans can possibly understand, which is what really separates her from her fellow citizens.

She has been hermetically sealed in the bubble of celebrity for a quarter-century. People are starstruck by celebrities, and they don't talk to them as they do each other. For all this time, moreover, she has been surrounded, layer upon layer, by handlers, strategists, policy wonks, pollsters, financiers—the list goes on. Her interactions with everyday Americans are mediated by armies of paid assistants.

Really, the only claim Clinton can make to understanding the travails of everyday Americans is her party's platform. Endorsement of that document is a kind of sacrament that bestows the power of empathy upon every Democratic pol. This is perhaps the most absurd premise of the Clinton candidacy. By this logic, Democrats could in theory nominate a robot who merely spouted DNC talking points and it would be more empathetic than a living Republican.

Her candidacy is obscene because

Jay Cost is a staff writer for The Weekly Standard. *His new book is* A Republic No More: Big Government and the Rise of American Political Corruption.

Clinton represents the apotheosis of the Democratic party's post-Great Society hypocrisy. It used to be that the Republicans were the party of big business and Democrats the party of organized labor. The GOP charged that the Democrats were a bunch of socialists, and the Democrats responded that the GOP was a pack of plutocrats. But about 40 years ago, things started to change; labor began to decline, and new campaign finance laws allowed business to subsidize politics more thoroughly. In the 1980s, the Democrats responded by courting business energetically—yet they never ditched their claim that the GOP alone is elitist.

No two Democrats have been better at this sleight-of-hand than Bill and Hillary Clinton. Bill Clinton's 1996 campaign smashed all fundraising records; it also skirted the limits of campaign finance law, not to mention ethical propriety. One would think that the Clintons could not top that, but the Bill, Hillary & Chelsea Clinton Foundation seems to be operating on a more daring plane altogether. The details remain sketchy, but the foundation appears to be in part a slush fund collecting money from those looking to buy a piece of the Clinton restoration. And its donors are not the everyday Americans from whom Hillary Clinton is ordering Chipotle burritos. They are the heaviest of heavy hitters in finance, industry, and commerce, and they include foreign governments (the UAE, Saudi Arabia, Algeria, etc.) that have contributed millions of dollars.

In 2016, the Clintons tell us that they expect to raise $2.5 billion from interested elite factions across society. That figure, while astonishing, is not unbelievable. And they may need every penny, for their task is to convince the country that the Republicans are the ones in hock to those same moneyed interests; also that Hillary Clinton—despite having been a stratospheric celebrity for longer than many voters have been alive—is the true champion of everyday America.

Absurd and obscene, but it may work. After all, it has worked many times before. Barack Obama outraised John McCain among the biggest Wall Street firms by a substantial figure, but voters believed McCain was the tool of the "fat cats." Obama then signed into law the Dodd-Frank bill, whose first draft originated at a top Wall Street law firm, Davis, Polk & Wardwell, and which cemented the status of the top banks as "too big to fail." And yet Obama—not Mitt Romney—was seen as the one who cared about everyday Americans. It would be hard to find a more aloof and out-of-touch nominee than John Kerry in 2004, yet he fell just two points short of toppling George W. Bush. Al Gore could not even make an authentic choice about what shirt to wear, and he actually beat Bush in the popular vote with his people-versus-the-powerful shtick.

The Democrats' task will be to convince the country that the Republicans are the ones in hock to moneyed interests and that Hillary Clinton—despite having been a stratospheric celebrity for longer than many voters have been alive—is the true champion of everyday America. Absurd and obscene, but it may work.

The Democratic formula is fairly straightforward: Take a dollop of identity politics, sprinkle liberally with class warfare, and shake aggressively with Wall Street money. The public seems to enjoy it, so why should they refuse when Hillary Clinton is the one serving it up?

The problem is actually the Republican party. The GOP ostensibly stands for smaller, more efficient government—but it allows the Democrats to define just what sort of government we are talking about. The debate always seems to be about Medicare and Medicaid, food stamps and unemployment insurance, Pell grants and Head Start. In other words, by the very terms of the conversation, big government works for the benefit of the downtrodden. Even as they defend big government, the Democrats identify themselves as the champions of the downtrodden and the GOP as their hardhearted assailants.

But what about corporate tax payouts? Or farm subsidies for the largest agribusinesses? Or regulations that effectively subsidize big companies by crowding out competitors? These issues would put Democrats in a quandary, for they would force Democratic candidates to defend the big-government programs that favor not the poor or the middle class, but the social and economic elites who have purchased seats at their party's table.

Two hundred years ago, the Jeffersonians won everyday Americans by running on a platform of small government. Why? Because they convinced the country that big government inevitably favors the most powerful interests in society. Ronald Reagan won smashing political victories on the same premise. Yet the Republican party of the 21st century, which claims to be for smaller government, cannot seem to connect those dots.

Until it does, the Democrats can have it both ways. If the struggle over the size of government continues to revolve around subsidies for the poor and low-income working people, Hillary Clinton will be able to raise money from elites to blast Republicans as elitist. But if instead the campaign centers on how government favors those who are already well off, then Clinton will be in a bind. Her commitment to ever-expansive government will force her to defend indefensible programs, and Republicans can assail her for having been effectively bought off by those who benefit from big government.

Thus, the resolution of the 2016 election might come down to this question: What kind of party does the GOP wish to be? Will it return to the populism of Reagan and Jefferson? If so, Clinton's hypocritical strategy may be exposed as absurd and obscene. But if the Republican party continues to make the same, flawed case it has made in recent cycles, there is no reason to doubt that Clinton will become the next president. ♦

Ready for Coddling

Hillary does Iowa.

BY DANIEL HALPER

'Do you have a statement for the Palestinians?" "What about your gaffes?" "Do you feel that your gaffes have overshadowed your foreign trip?"

No, that wasn't the press corps last week greeting Hillary Clinton on her journey into foreign lands (middle America). That was the press corps screaming at the top of its lungs at Mitt Romney, the Republican presidential candidate, at a sacred Polish site, the summer before the 2012 election. More to the point: That was when the press had a candidate it wanted to manhandle.

In Clinton's first week in this presidential race, meanwhile, the press treated her more like Kim Kardashian than the possible next commander in chief. Her personal tastes (in food, drink, transportation, and even clothes) spawned countless reports. And any sort of policy platform? Not so much.

It's been an exceedingly bizarre affair. Consider this: Never before in American politics has a presidential candidate announced her candidacy and then disappeared for 48 hours. Until last week, that is, when Clinton did just that.

First, her team released a video—mostly featuring Americans representing myriad ethnicities and sexual orientations and even (briefly) the candidate herself.

"I'm getting ready to do something," Clinton said, looking pale as a ghost straight into the camera. "I'm running for president. Americans have fought their way back from tough economic times, but the deck is still stacked in favor of those at the top," said Clinton, who's made probably around $20 million since leaving the State Department two years ago.

"Everyday Americans need a champion, and I want to be that champion. So you can do more than just get by, you can get ahead. And stay ahead! Because when families are strong, America is strong. So I'm hitting the road to earn your vote. Because it's your time, and I hope you'll join me on this journey."

Candidate Clinton and van

Clinton didn't really want anyone to join her. No rally, no campaign events, and no interviews followed. The normal burst of attention a candidate would seek to harness was eschewed. Instead, Clinton wanted to be closeted with her closest campaign aides and play elusive.

Then she got into her Secret Service-owned-and-driven luxury van (outfitted with a bed, a 29-inch TV, and lots of leather), and spent two days on the road incognito. When the celebrity candidate did emerge for a bite at a Chipotle in Maumee, Ohio, she wore dark sunglasses to pick up her food and dine—without, apparently, introducing herself to a single voter in that important swing state. (The manager of the eatery pulled the security camera footage of Hillary's pit stop, which soon got disseminated to every corner of the Internet.)

Still, the Clinton high command did not want the campaign to elect Hillary Clinton to be perceived as being just about Hillary Clinton. That, they believed, would look to naïve American voters too much like her failed 2008 presidential bid. Instead they'd let the video announcement stand alone and allow the campaign to be about, well, nothing in particular. Her first night on the road, Sunday, April 12, Hillary for America (the campaign's official title) sent out an email quoting journalists praising the video—and praising its emphasis on voters, not Clinton. Also in the email? The first of many references (most of which came directly from the campaign itself) to Hillary's humility.

All the bragging about Clinton's humility was a prelude to a listening tour, a rehash of sorts of her 2000 Senate run, when she successfully carpetbagged into the state of New York to run for Senate. That race was her first foray into elective politics. Her only other success was her easy reelection there six years later.

The beauty of a listening tour is simple: When you're listening, you're not expected to be talking. The conceit allowed Clinton to spend a few days in Iowa without actually saying anything of substance or answering questions.

She staged photo-ops for the press horde and, more important, for her own camera crew, which appeared to be in tow to film future campaign videos. The most illustrative moment came when a video captured reporters sprinting across a grassy community college field to catch a glimpse of the luxury van transferring Clinton from one building to the next. No one caught up to her.

The toughest criticism came from expressly liberal pundits who, despite their pretenses of independence, will surely climb aboard eventually. MSNBC host Rachel Maddow pointed out that the only issues Clinton talked about "sound[ed] like generic political

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Daniel Halper, author of the bestselling Clinton, Inc.: The Audacious Rebuilding of a Political Machine *(Broadside Books), is online editor of* The Weekly Standard.

slogans" that could have been adopted by any of her Republican opponents. Then Maddow mocked Hillary for talking about removing big money from politics. "This is going to be a $2.5 billion presidential campaign, maybe. There is about a, hmm, 98 percent chance that Hillary Clinton is going to be one of the two candidates in the general election in this $2.5 billion campaign. As such, I'm not sure anybody expected that an anti-*Citizens United*, anti-unlimited-money-in-politics plank, even potentially a constitutional amendment anti-money-in-politics plank would be one of the first things that she would put in her platform, but she has," the liberal pundit snarked.

"The most baffling trend of all was what seemed like this State Farm commercial gone viral," liberal TV pundit Jon Stewart said, referring to the launch video. "This is boring as s—," Stewart sanctimoniously (yet correctly) declared.

In truth, of all the Democrats on the national scene, the Clintons historically have not been the ones to get a free pass from the media. The reporting up until Hillary's announcement had asked important questions about the private email server she set up while secretary of state, which allowed Clinton to defy the Freedom of Information Act and other government archiving regulations.

But something drastic happened when Clinton announced. The schizophrenic liberal press, with a few exceptions, turned fawning. History was on the line—the first woman to be elected president. There was no rallying cry for Clinton to sit down for an interview and explain all the scandals that had plagued her in the months leading up to her announcement. (By contrast, Marco Rubio, who announced a day after Clinton, gave at least seven interviews.)

Perhaps it was a good thing Hillary Clinton drove to Iowa last week in a Secret Service caravan. There's no way she would have been able to fit all her baggage in the overhead bin. And, hiding in her van, unlike failed presidential candidate Mitt Romney, she didn't have to answer for all her gaffes. ♦

Bush's Forgotten Book

Self-government begins with citizens.

BY ANDREW FERGUSON

Nowadays when you mention the book *Profiles in Character* to Jeb Bush, the former governor of Florida and, as it happens, the coauthor of *Profiles in Character*, he immediately cracks wise.

"You mean you actually found a copy?" he says. "A major opus. A big bestseller. How much did you pay for it? A buck? Nothing? Or did they pay you to take it off their hands?"

Jeb Bush and wife Columba on Election Day, November 3, 1998

Jokes aside, the book offers an interesting footnote in the evolution of Jeb Bush. He ran for governor in 1994 as a "head-banging" (the odd description is his) right-winger. Four years later he ran as a conservative who "wanted to open his heart to people." What happened in between, from head-banger to heart-opener, is reflected in *Profiles in Character*.

After losing his first gubernatorial campaign, Bush fell in with a financial firm and founded the ferociously fricative Foundation for Florida's Future, a think tank devoted to state politics and public policy. Lacking intellectual pretensions himself, Bush has always liked to surround himself with think tank types. He had earlier sat on the board of the Heritage Foundation. One of Heritage's signature initiatives in the mid-'90s was The Index of Leading Cultural Indicators, overseen and publicized by the conservative superstar William Bennett, who had worked as Ronald Reagan's education secretary and George H.W. Bush's drug czar.

Bennett's index was uniformly depressing: a series of upward slopes showing 30-year increases in crime, divorce, abortion, drug abuse, dropout rates, teen pregnancy, and—to use a phrase that these days sounds as fusty as a Wesleyan hymn—out-of-wedlock births. The index seemed to capture something gloomy in the conservative temperament of the day, as it became clear that the economic renaissance of the Reagan years had not reversed the culture's steady march to libertinism, its "social regression," as Bennett called it. Bennett found his own answer to the crisis not in Reaganite tax cuts or business deregulation but in an issue that at first blush seems far beyond economics or government policy: the revival of character through the cultivation of virtue. His massive collection of moralizing fables and legends, *The Book of Virtues*, became one of the great publishing successes of the 1990s.

Virtue back then was much in demand, at least as a political topic, even when the word itself wasn't used. Entire school districts gave themselves over to elaborate "character education" curriculums, complete with block-letter banners and wall posters exhorting the children to practice honesty and compassion, giving elementary

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schools the feel of a Maoist reeducation camp run by Barney the dinosaur. Prodigious wonders were ascribed to character ed and its emphasis on virtue: President Clinton advocated it as a means to prevent shootouts among the young scholars in high school. Even the first lady, Hillary Clinton, briefly explored the relationship between personal virtue and public policy in a curious concoction she called the "politics of meaning."

"We were real interested in what Bennett was doing with his index," Bush says now, "and we [he and his coauthor, a young think tanker named Brian Yablonski] wanted to do something like that for Florida." Bush had come to believe that his '94 campaign's exclusive emphasis on policy was misbegotten—boring to voters and somehow off the point. Their compilation of data for their state was every bit as depressing as the numbers Bennett adduced for the country at large. Over the previous decades, while Florida's state population had doubled, juvenile crime had risen more than 350 percent; out-of-wedlock births, 300 percent; divorces by 322 percent; children on welfare, 333 percent; and so on. Not every trend line was going up, however: SAT scores in Florida had declined by 62 points in 25 years. And the government's growth had outpaced the growth of the population—an increase of 287 percent in the number of full-time government employees. "Our social structure buckles," Bush and Yablonski wrote.

> When we look to our children, we see juvenile crime, drug abuse, teen suicide, and the poverty of an education. When we look to the adults, we see many of the same problems. . . . When we look to the government, we see increased spending with no correlation whatsoever to results, layered bureaucracies, less effective output, personal ambition, special interest and self-interest at the expense of the whole.

Thanks in part to Bennett's influence, this picture of cultural decline was common to conservative politicians in the 1990s. But Bush and Yablonski's rendering was unusually vivid. They devoted a chapter, "Fourteen Days in May," to chronicling the goings-on in Florida over one randomly chosen two-week span in 1995.

Day One: "The body of a nude and beaten ten-year-old boy is found floating . . ."

Day Three: "A Volusia County public-school teacher was arrested for sexual battery for coaxing a sixteen-year-old boy . . ."

Day Four: "In Clearwater, law enforcement officials discovered one of the worst cases of elder abuse . . ."

Day Seven: "Police in Sarasota arrest a former dentist for paying a hit man to kill his wife . . ."

Day Ten: "[T]he forty-year-old pastor was found by her husband today in the closet of their home. She had been murdered . . ."

Welcome to the Sunshine State!

Bush's diagnosis of the social regression was the same as Bennett's. It had been caused by a collapse in virtue, which he defined as "standards of behavior that are fixed and firm in any civilized society." Among the virtues are "fortitude, prudence, justice, temperance, discipline, work, responsibility, honesty, honor, and compassion." The loss of virtue was in turn the result of a collapse in the institutions that are designed to instill virtuous behavior and good character: the family primarily, but also churches and synagogues, neighborhoods and civic associations—the "little platoons" that stand as mediators between the individual and the state. "The family and community," Bush and Yablonski wrote, "are the training grounds for a child before he or she can venture into society as a good citizen."

In *Conservative Hurricane*, his indispensable account of Bush's two terms as governor, the political scientist Matthew Corrigan referred to Bush's effort to "use government to restore character in Florida society." This isn't quite right; Bush was realistic about the relationship between government and virtue. A virtuous citizenry might be necessary for self-government, as many of the Founding Fathers said, but government could do little to produce a virtuous citizenry, as *Profiles in Character* insisted. "Character is not something that can be legislated," they wrote. "Any movement to reverse our cultural indicators will come only from individual effort and not government."

This of course put any conservative politician, circa 1995, in a pickle: Moved to seek office by society's deepest problems, he hoped to lead a government that he believed couldn't do much to solve society's deepest problems. He had to master what might be called the Reagan Turn—the pivot point in a campaign message when the politician, having just told voters that their decadent country is racing straight for the sewer, turns to reassure them that the brightest days of this wonderful land of freedom and opportunity lie just ahead.

Profiles in Character is an exercise in the Reagan Turn. The book abruptly goes from a list of horribles—"If you have made it this far, you are no doubt feeling a bit depressed"—to a series of sketches of individual Floridians who have made their state a more tolerable place and can, by the power of their example, show the rest of us how to do it too. The point sounds more sentimental than it is, because the examples themselves are genuinely moving: the sixth grader who demonstrates the virtue of persistence in starting a program to feed the hungry, the Vietnam POW who stands as a model of courage to the hundreds of kids he counsels, the doctor whose compassion leads him to care for the homeless, and so on.

What is the answer to cultural decay? "*They* are the answer," Bush and Yablonski wrote, "because they make us realize *we* are the answer."

"We would never say that government is the answer," Bush said in an interview last month. "To the contrary: Our point was that a self-governing people requires virtue and character. And if you're in government you can't ignore that. There's not a program you can develop through government to develop character. This is a societal, cultural issue."

On the other hand: "I think people in public life can talk about it, to say that it's a problem. But this moral

ambivalence that exists out there is a real challenge for us. The minute you suggest there's a better path for large numbers who are struggling, you're accused of 'passing judgment.' That just freezes the conversation. But it's not 'judgmental' to suggest that a baby being brought up in poverty without a dad will have a bigger challenge growing up and the mom will have a bigger challenge economically than if they had an intact family."

Hearing a politician talk like this is either refreshing or dumbfounding, depending on your point of view. *Profiles in Character* itself has an antique feel. Talk of virtue and character, here in the second decade of the 21st century, sounds hopelessly retrograde—very 1995. Part of the reason is that the apocalypse was somehow averted: Many of the indicators of social decline reversed themselves, particularly rates of crime, drug use, teen pregnancy, and abortion. At the same time, the "little platoons" and mediating institutions that were supposedly indispensable to reversing the indicators—the traditional family, religion, civic associations—have themselves continued to decline. The causal chain from family and church to virtue and character to good or bad behavior was more complicated than anyone knew.

Still, Bush insists the restoration of virtue is an essential part of the argument conservatives need to make—indeed, that the conservative case for limited government can succeed only if the cultivation of virtue and character again takes its place at the center of the culture.

"All the freedoms that the Founders gave us rest on the assumption that we could govern ourselves," he says. "But if we can't, then the demands on government just overwhelm everything"—as government assumes the responsibilities once reserved for private life.

"You can argue for limited government all you want, but if the demands on government get higher and higher because people aren't as self-governing as we once were, then the dike breaks. You can be for limited government and watch the dike break. But the dike is still breaking." ♦

The Party of Ideas

Applied conservatism, 101.

BY FRED BARNES

Middleburg, Va.

Republicans have few built-in advantages in politics. But they do have one that's already a factor in the 2016 presidential campaign. That advantage is ideas, especially ones affecting middle-income Americans.

GOP presidential candidates were among the first to notice. Florida senator Marco Rubio, who announced for president last week, met several times with a group of conservative intellectuals last year. Now his agenda, notably on taxes, echoes their ideas. So does his new book, *American Dreams: Restoring Economic Opportunity for Everyone*.

When Jeb Bush, the former Florida governor, came to Washington in February, he made a point of huddling with five policy experts associated with the Conservative Reform Network. One of them, CRN policy director April Ponnuru, wound up being hired. She will soon join the Bush campaign as an adviser.

CRN, which brings together reform-minded Republicans and think tank scholars, is a leader in the conservative idea business. It has spurred a fresh flow of proposals, policies, talking points, and new ways of thinking, mostly based on a concept called "applied conservatism."

It's a new term and likely to catch on. It means the application of conservative principles to current problems in American society and the crafting of practical solutions that have a fair chance of being enacted.

This is easy in theory but difficult in politics. The most effective ideas respond to circumstances, rather than simply rebut liberal policies, according to Yuval Levin of the Ethics and Public Policy Center (EPPC) and a CRN leader. And while applied conservatism doesn't require reducing the size of government, the ideas it generates aim to minimize the role of government and expand the power of individuals and the public. Limiting government, sad to say, rarely occurs in Washington.

Democrats have nothing to match this GOP idea machine. Their allegiance to identity politics and obeisance to liberal interest groups has led to a commitment to policies from the New Deal and Great Society. Their newest idea is increasing Social Security benefits, itself an old idea. Liberals are "intellectually defunct," says John Murray, an adviser to former House majority leader Eric Cantor and now CRN chairman.

When the Conservative Reform Network (formerly the Young Guns Network) was created last year, it produced an online book of 10 essays titled *Room to Grow*. Its purpose, wrote EPPC's Peter Wehner, was to explore, "in an empirical and disinterested way, the problems and worries of middle-class Americans." The essays dealt with education, health care, taxes, family and marriage, and safety-net reform, among other subjects.

The book was a hit in the policy community, among Republican elected officials and Capitol Hill

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staffers, and with party apparatchiks and the media. The authors posed awkwardly in the *New York Times Magazine* for a picture accompanying a generally favorable article. *Room to Grow* was downloaded 75,000 times.

Its success prompted *Room to Grow II*, with twice as many essays. To review and edit drafts of the new essays, the authors, along with CRN leaders and a few observers—I was one—gathered last weekend at Salamander, a resort an hour outside Washington.

Among the think tanks represented were the Manhattan Institute, the American Enterprise Institute, the Heritage Foundation, EPPC, the Cato Institute, the Mercatus Center, the Galen Institute, and the Texas Public Policy Foundation.

The discussions were lively, even when the subject matter was not. At one point, the scrutiny of the essays was ahead of schedule. "This is exciting," said Kate O'Beirne, the moderator and a CRN adviser. "It means we have an hour and a half to devote to monetary policy." She was joking.

Ryan Ellis of Americans for Tax Reform—Grover Norquist's outfit—wrote the chapter on tax reform. Ellis not only favors "high octane pro-growth" tax policies and said so, he also advocates cutting the tax rate on capital gains from 23.8 percent to zero. This triggered objections. "Toxic!" said Henry Olsen of EPPC. Rubio, by the way, has proposed dropping the capital gains rate to zero.

James Capretta, still another EPPC scholar, talked about his essay on "Sustainable U.S. Fiscal Policy in the Context of a Reform Agenda." He was mercifully brief. But when the discussion turned to Social Security reform, he interjected one of the boldest ideas of the two-day conference. He argued for eliminating the payroll tax for those under 21 and over 65.

"That was just me talking out loud," Capretta told me later. Perhaps, but he had thought the idea through. The payroll tax puts "a lot of pressure" on young workers, he said. Freeing those over 65 from the tax makes sense because "we want them to keep working" for fiscal reasons. And those between 18 and 65 could pay a reduced payroll tax so long as they were pumping money into 401(k) retirement accounts.

In broad terms, the goal of applied conservatism was explained as restraining the role of the federal government and leaving plenty of "space" for people to experiment in solving problems, to make their own choices, and to allow failed programs and policies to die. The alternative—the status quo—is the liberal welfare state.

Largely missing from the deliberations were big ideas. One think tank person scribbled a note that captured this. "Big problems, small solutions," it said. A huge increase in the child tax credit was cited as big. But it was belittled for lacking political pizzazz.

No one said this explicitly, but small ideas can have big consequences. I'd never heard of "regulatory accumulation." But it turns out there can be a straw-that-breaks-the-camel's-back effect in the world of regulations. Add a single small regulation to a big pile of regs and it can trigger a significant slowdown in economic growth.

In 2014, the *Room to Grow* folks ignored the immigration issue. And they were zinged for doing so. They should have skipped it again. All they could agree on was "immigration reform in the public interest," whatever that is.

Part two of *Room to Grow* will be released a few chapters at a time beginning in September. After reading the drafts, I can assure you it will be smart, interesting, and useful, particularly if you are a presidential candidate. ♦

Might as Well Go Green Yourself

The five hidden ways you're paying to subsidize renewable power.

BY BRIAN H. POTTS

Do you want to know how to beat the stock market? In 46 of America's 50 largest cities, installing a fully financed, typical-sized, residential solar power system will do just that, according to a Department of Energy-backed study released earlier this year. In other words, by investing in solar panels, most homeowners will save more in electric costs over the next 25 years (the approximate life of the system) than they would earn from investing the same money in the stock market over that same time period. In fact, the study also found that, of the single-family households in the 50 largest American cities, 93 percent of them (or 21 million households) would pay less for solar power today than they currently pay to purchase power from their electric utility.

But here's the thing: According to the U.S. Energy Information Administration, building and operating a large-scale solar power plant (which is cheaper to build and operate per unit of energy than a small-scale residential installation) costs twice as much as building and operating a conventional fossil-fuel power plant.

How can it be that solar power costs at least twice as much as conventional power but is still a lot cheaper in the vast majority of American cities?

The answer is simple: subsidies—and lots of them.

Every time you pay your taxes or your electric bill, you're helping to pay for your neighbor's solar panels or wind

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turbines. And in fact, while you might have chuckled at your hippie neighbors for installing those ugly solar panels on their roof last year, it turns out they're the ones laughing—all the way to the bank. That's because you helped pay for their new toy, and now they're making money off your investment.

There are at least five hidden ways you might be paying to subsidize renewable power. Here they are, in no particular order.

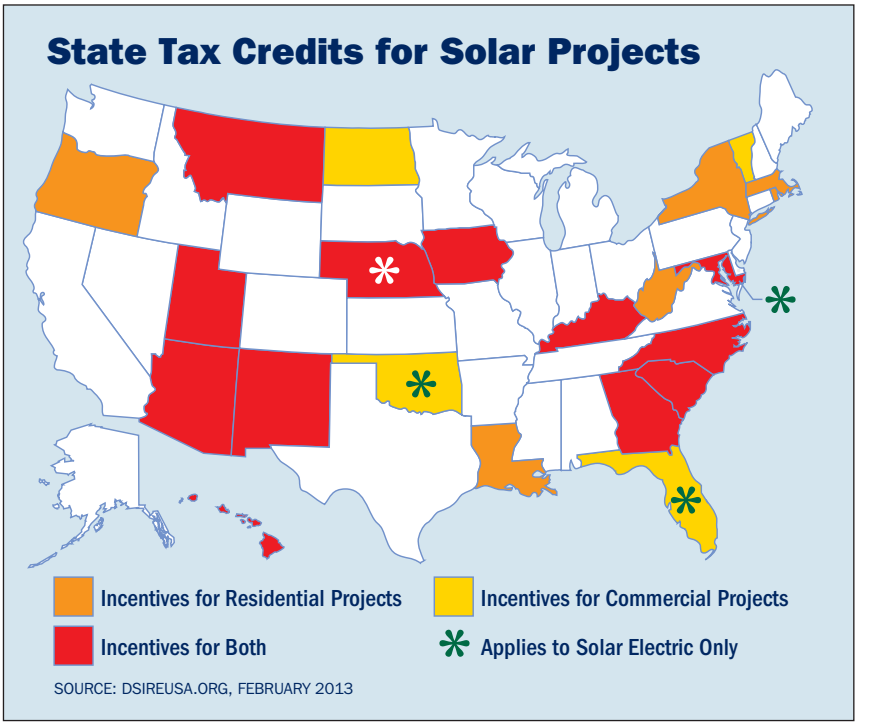
Subsidy No. 1: Federal Taxes. This one isn't surprising. If you pay federal taxes, a portion is going to subsidize renewable power plants, such as wind farms and solar arrays. And it's not an insubstantial amount. The federal government gives away about $9 billion annually in tax benefits to renewable power facilities and has spent about $150 billion on solar energy and other renewable projects over the last five years. That adds up to about $100 per citizen per year.

Here's how it generally works. If you buy solar panels for your house sometime before 2016, you get 30 percent of the total cost back as a federal tax credit. The typical residential solar system costs about $20,000, which means an instant tax credit of about $6,000. That's a nice chunk of change, especially if you finance the solar system with no money down.

Subsidy No. 2: State and Local Taxes. Unfortunately, a 30 percent discount still doesn't make solar cost-competitive. So many states and local governments have heaped on more tax credits and incentives. Twenty-three states have solar tax credit programs, as shown in the map below.

Many counties and cities also have their own incentive programs. For example, if a homeowner in Los Angeles installs a solar system, the city uses a complicated formula to write the homeowner a check, which typically amounts to an additional $1,500 to $2,000 per system.

Subsidy No. 3: Net Metering Costs. Utilities generally have what are called "fixed" and "variable" charges. Fixed charges are intended to cover the fixed costs of providing electricity service (e.g., the cost of wires, poles, etc.), and customers pay these charges every month, regardless of how much electricity they use. Variable charges are intended to cover variable costs (e.g., fuel), and these charges vary with how much electricity a customer uses (usually expressed as cents per kilowatt hour).



Historically, utilities have avoided recovering all fixed costs through the fixed charge. The reason? To keep customer bills low and to encourage efficiency. If all fixed costs were recovered through an unavoidable, monthly fixed charge, then customers' bills wouldn't go down as much if they used less electricity.

Accordingly, utilities have kept fixed charges low and recovered most of their fixed costs (and all of their variable costs) through variable charges. But now this historical format is causing regular customers to subsidize renewable customers.

The reason is something called net metering, which is available in 44 out of 50 states. When a solar or wind system is hooked up to the grid, the owner is allowed to sell power back to the utility, literally running their electric meter backwards. But remember—most utilities recover a portion of their fixed costs through the variable rate they charge to customers. So if a homeowner installs solar panels, he may end up paying very little (or no) variable charges to the utility. In such situations, the utility "under-recovers" its fixed costs. To make up the difference, the utility must increase the variable charges for all the other customers.

This is a big deal, especially in sunny states like California, New Mexico, and Arizona, and many utilities are starting to fight back to protect their regular customers by raising their fixed charges. But utilities usually can't just raise their fixed charge; they have to get permission to do so from the state public utility commission. And when they ask, solar advocacy groups go bananas, calling the utilities "bullies" and saying they are trying to "quash solar."

Just two weeks ago, Arizona Public Service Company—one of the utilities that has been on the forefront of the fixed versus variable fee debate—asked its regulators to increase the fixed fees on new solar system owners to $3 per kilowatt hour, which amounts to about $21 per month. By contrast, the utility calculates that these solar customers actually avoid paying about $67 per month in fixed costs. Without the

$21 per month fee, the utility estimates that the shift to nonsolar customers will grow to $800 million over the next 20 years based on systems installed through mid-2017 alone.

"It's an issue of fairness to all of our customers," Thomas Loquvam, APS's associate general counsel, told me in a conversation about the filing last week. "If we don't do something about this cross-subsidy—and soon—the cost to our nonsolar customers will just keep going up as more solar panels are added to the grid."

Subsidy No. 4: Renewable Mandates. More than half the states have something called a "Renewable Portfolio Standard." In general, this requires that a certain portion of the electricity your utility provides to you—typically 10-25 percent—come from renewable sources. But renewable power sources are generally more expensive than conventional power sources, such as coal or natural gas. Your electric bills are therefore substantially higher than they would be without this mandate. This makes residential solar and wind power even more competitive because the higher your current electric bill, the more likely installing solar panels or wind turbines will save you money.

What's more, electricity flows across state lines because electricity markets are regional. That means even if your state doesn't have a Renewable Portfolio Standard, the mandates in neighboring states could still be driving up your electric costs.

Subsidy No. 5: Climate Regulation. Of course, environmentalists argue that the prior four subsidies are necessary to even the playing field between fossil fuels and renewables. Fossil-fuel power plants cause harm to the climate, they argue, and the costs of that harm are not included in the price paid for the "dirty" fossil-fuel power. Subsidizing solar, therefore, just evens the playing field, right? Wrong.

In many states, the cost (if any) to the climate of operating a fossil-fuel power plant is already built into the cost of operating the plant. California and many of the New England states already have a greenhouse gas cap and trade program, yet they still provide huge subsidies to renewable power. What's more, climate regulation is itself another form of renewable subsidy. Again, it drives up the price of using conventional fossil-fuel power plants, which makes renewables more competitive. And if President Obama gets his way, his proposed Clean Power Plan (which he is slated to finalize this summer) will impose climate regulations on every state's power system, without significantly altering any of the existing renewable subsidies.

The bottom line is that if you accept the science behind man-made climate change, fossil-fuel power plants should have to pay their fair share for their impact on the climate. Virtually every economist will tell you, however, that subsidies are the least efficient way to do this. And that's why many libertarians are now calling to abolish all these subsidies and impose a straight revenue-neutral carbon tax, which would end up saving everyone a lot of money.

But in this political climate, the chance that such a measure will be adopted is slim. We will likely be living with most of these subsidies for a while. Therefore, there's only one logical thing to do in the meantime: Run out tomorrow and buy solar panels for your house—that way you can cash in on all the government subsidies yourself. ♦

Who Shot Boris Nemtsov?

There's no shortage of suspects.

BY CATHY YOUNG & VICTOR DAVIDOFF

A month and a half has passed since Boris Nemtsov, the Russian political activist who rose to prominence as a dynamic young reformer in the 1990s and later became one of the fiercest critics of Vladimir Putin's authoritarian rule, was shot dead a few blocks from the Kremlin. The shocking murder, which quickly raised questions about the Putin regime's culpability, has largely faded from the headlines in the Western press. But in Russia, it has become the center of a real-life crime thriller that hints at conflicts within the power structure—and a battleground of quiet but steadfast resistance to the state.

In the first days after Nemtsov's murder on February 27, many commentators in the West and in Russia speculated it would remain officially unsolved. Yet the very next week, on March 7 and 8, the authorities announced the arrests of five suspects, initially detained in Chechnya and brought to Moscow; a sixth man, cornered in his apartment, either blew himself up with a hand grenade (the official version) or was killed by the police. The Russian media promptly reported that alleged ringleader Zaur Dadayev had confessed and that his stated motive was Nemtsov's support for *Charlie Hebdo*, the French magazine whose editor was murdered, along with 11 others, by Islamists in January for publishing cartoons depicting Muhammad. Later reports said that Dadayev admitted he was promised a payment of 5 million rubles, or about $90,000. Four days after his arrest, Dadayev retracted his confession, claiming he was tortured and threatened; he reportedly confessed again,

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but proclaimed his innocence in an April 1 court appearance.

One obvious possibility is that Dadayev and his alleged accomplices are designated fall guys—convenient because both the "Chechen connection" and the "Islamic extremism" angle take the focus off Nemtsov's role as a Kremlin foe. Yet Dadayev makes an odd scapegoat, considering that a trail from him leads to Chechen president Ramzan Kadyrov, the former separatist warlord turned Putin's man in Chechnya.

Until recently, 30-year-old Dadayev was a lieutenant in the elite Sever (North) battalion of Chechen special forces, regarded as Kadyrov's personal army; he had been on leave since January and requested a discharge the day after Nemtsov's death. His immediate superior, Major Ruslan Geremeyev, served directly under battalion chief Alibek Delimkhanov, whose older brother Adam, a deputy premier of Chechnya, has been described by the Chechen pro-separatist website KavkazCenter.com as "Kadyrov's personal executioner." Wanted by Interpol for the 2009 murder of Chechen military leader and Kadyrov rival Sulim Yamadayev in Dubai, Adam Delimkhanov is also linked to two assassinations of high-profile Kadyrov foes in Moscow. KavkazCenter.com, citing sources inside Chechnya, named him the man behind Nemtsov's murder several days before the first arrests in the case.

The link is Geremeyev, connected to the Delimkhanovs not only by military service but by kinship—he's their nephew. Witnesses say that he frequently traveled to Moscow with Dadayev; one of his relatives owns the Moscow apartment where Dadayev stayed and allegedly met with his accomplices. Yet the federal Investigative Committee, which is handling the Nemtsov murder case, has been stymied in its attempts to question Geremeyev. According to news reports, he lay low in his home village in Chechnya under heavy guard by local troops, and later fled to either Dubai or Turkey. The only possible explanation is that he was being protected by Chechen leadership.

Meanwhile, Kadyrov responded to Dadayev's arrest with a statement praising him as a valiant soldier and a "true patriot of Russia." He also asserted that even if Dadayev is guilty, he would never have taken any action against Russia's interests—which can be read as tacit approval of the murder.

Was Nemtsov killed on Kadyrov's orders? That is the most popular unofficial theory in Russia. It is certainly more credible than a mini-jihad over Nemtsov's fairly low-key Facebook comments on *Charlie Hebdo*. (Dadayev's family says he was not particularly devout and never voiced any anger about the Muhammad cartoons; moreover, investigators believe Dadayev and his accomplices had been watching Nemtsov since September, long before the Paris attack.) But the idea that the "Chechen trail" leads no further than Chechnya seems dubious for many reasons, from Kadyrov's posture as Putin's super-loyal vassal to evidence suggesting the complicity of federal security agencies.

Zaur Dadayev in court, March 8, 2015

In a March interview with Ukrainian news agency UkrInform, Soviet defector and former military intelligence officer Viktor Suvorov argued that the location of Nemtsov's murder makes it all but certain that it happened with the knowledge of the Federal Protective Service, the FSO (officially the Russian counterpart of the Secret Service, but also a powerful intelligence agency in its own right). The area near the Kremlin is under extremely tight, round-the-clock FSO control, patrolled by plainclothes agents and monitored by surveillance cameras—none of which, the FSO claims, captured the shooting. Former government official and close Nemtsov associate Vladimir Milov also points out on his blog that at the time of his death Nemtsov, set to lead a major protest march in two days, had to be under close surveillance by the Federal Security Service (FSB), the successor to the KGB.

All this leads to the inevitable question: What did Putin know and when did he know it? A March 19 *Bloomberg News* report that argued Kadyrov organized the hit on Nemtsov on his own claimed that Putin was "furious" about the murder. Yet the day after Kadyrov's tribute to Nemtsov's alleged killer, the Kremlin released a Putin decree granting the Chechen president a top state award, the Order of Honor. While government spokesmen stressed that the award had been approved weeks earlier, it could have been quickly dropped if Kadyrov had fallen out of favor. Instead, it seemed to signal that Putin was standing by his man.

Kremlin critics such as Milov reject the standard argument that Putin had no reason to want Nemtsov dead; they cite such motives as retaliation for Western sanctions targeting the Putin elites—of which Nemtsov was a successful advocate—and a message of intimidation to the opposition.

But there is another possibility: that the message was also directed to factions within Russian power structures dissatisfied with Putin and his policies. The conflict of "clans" inside the Russian government has long been the stuff of rumors; yet it is arguably corroborated by some strange twists of the Nemtsov murder investigation. Official claims about the case have been repeatedly undercut or even demolished by leaks to the news media from law enforcement or other government agencies—from surveillance camera video disproving early reports that Nemtsov had been shot from a passing car to evidence refuting the *Charlie Hebdo* connection and pointing to murder for hire rather than religious zealotry.

Another generally overlooked but possibly significant fact is that Dadayev and one of his codefendants were initially arrested by the Federal Drug Control Service (FSKN), allegedly trying to buy heroin from an

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undercover officer, then questioned by drug enforcement agents and turned over to the FSB. The FSKN has long had a tense relationship with the Kremlin; in January, there were news reports (later denied) of plans to disband the agency and fold it into the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

Could it be that, far from being designated scapegoats, Dadayev and the other suspects expected to be shielded from arrest by their patrons but fell victim to interagency conflict? This scenario could explain Dadayev's confessions and retractions. It may also explain the bizarre fact that Putin, who had earlier pledged to ensure Nemtsov's killers were found and punished, said nothing about the arrests for over a month—until he was directly asked about the case in his April 16 live television chat with the people. And it supports the theory that Putin's mysterious 10-day absence starting March 5, the day of Dadayev's arrest, was related to fallout from the Nemtsov case.

If the Kremlin had a hand in Nemtsov's murder, the plot has backfired in more ways than one. The killing has probably deepened factional divisions within the regime. It has also energized a new spirit of protest, which lives on after the memorial march and funeral. Big Moskvoretsky Bridge, where Nemtsov was shot, remains the site of a remarkable memorial of flowers, candles, photos, and placards; in the past month, it has been repeatedly vandalized by "patriotic" goons and dismantled by city workers under the guise of "cleanup"—only to be doggedly rebuilt by pro-Nemtsov volunteers.

It's one small war the opposition is winning. ♦

Revenge of the Nerds

Science fiction fans against the progressives.

BY MARK HEMINGWAY

Not that long ago, if you'd spun a dystopian yarn about some future society where culture wars were so pervasive that nobody could enjoy reading a novel without first approving of the author's politics, it would have been almost too fantastical to be believed. But within the insular world of science fiction, that future is becoming a reality.

For more than 50 years, the Hugo Awards have been handed out at the annual World Science Fiction Convention (Worldcon) to honor the best science fiction and fantasy writing of the previous year. But when the nominees for this year's Hugos were announced, it touched off a firestorm unlike any in the awards' history.

That's because so many of this year's nominees are perceived (not always correctly) to be conservative or libertarian. A group of right-leaning science fiction authors organized a campaign to stuff this year's Hugo Awards ballot with writers they felt had been overlooked.

There are other science fiction awards, but the Hugos hold a special place among fans. Anyone who pays the $40 to attend Worldcon can nominate an author. The awards thus have a special legitimacy because they are seen as being selected by the most dedicated readers.

The fact that Hugos are voted on by readers means that authors and publishers have engaged in various levels of politicking over the years to try to win. Big-name writers are not above posting lists of their favorite works on their websites or popular science fiction message boards in an attempt to whip votes.

However, among certain elements of the science fiction community, there had long been a suspicion that campaigns to gather Hugo votes were more coordinated and less reflective of the fan base than they might appear.

The schism over the Hugo Awards is aesthetic as well as political. For some time now, a handful of stars in the science fiction firmament—notably popular author John Scalzi and some polarizing editors associated with Tor, arguably the most influential publisher—have been pushing to elevate the genre by embracing certain literary and political themes. Critics contend that in practice this means an overabundance of "message fiction" where, say, encounters with an alien civilization become leaden metaphors for gay rights and other politically correct themes. The fans opposed to this want science fiction to stay focused on storytelling and adventure—and they are annoyed by the attempt to banish cherished genre conventions, such as book covers with buxom babes and musclebound heroes.

The literary crowd counters that the science fiction traditionalists are a bunch of white male retrogrades. There's some truth to at least part of that characterization—a 2011 reader poll by the *Guardian* produced a list of the 500 most beloved works of science fiction. Just 18 were written by women.

There's little doubt, however, about which faction has had more success at the Hugos in recent years. Last year, "the Hugo Awards for science fiction and fantasy were swept by a younger group of women and people of color. [I]t looked as though science fiction and fantasy were finally catching up to reality—the best stories aren't only the ones told by straight white men," notes the science fiction news website i09. But BookScan sales figures for some of these culturally enlightened Hugo winners show they're

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not exactly embraced by the reading public, and thus suggest that perhaps more sub rosa politicking had gone on than was being admitted.

"In the last decade . . . we've seen the Hugo voting skew ideological, as Worldcon and fandom alike have tended to use the Hugos as an affirmative action award: giving Hugos because a writer or artist is (insert underrepresented minority or victim group here) or because a given work features (insert underrepresented minority or victim group here) characters," observes science fiction writer Brad R. Torgersen.

A Hugo Award trophy

Further, many science fiction fans have become alarmed by how a perceived lack of sensitivity to liberal social justice issues suddenly started destroying careers and reputations. Meeting the publication requirements to join the prestigious Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America (SFWA) had long been a goal of aspiring science fiction writers. But in 2013, a large number of SFWA members resigned in disgust over the organization's political agenda.

The *SFWA Bulletin* published a longrunning back-and-forth between Mike Resnick and editor Barry Malzberg, two of science fiction's elder statesmen. Malzberg is a liberal and Resnick is a right-leaning fellow; together they reminisced about their long careers. When they discussed a female editor they worked with in the 1950s, they praised her competence but also agreed she looked really good in a swimsuit. The same issue of the *SFWA Bulletin* had a sword-carrying female warrior with a metal bikini on the cover—in other words, it looked exactly like what you would expect to see on the cover of a pulp fantasy novel. For these and other transgressions, Jean Rabe, the female editor of the *SFWA Bulletin*, resigned under fire, and Resnick and Malzberg's column was canceled.

A few years ago, Larry Correia, a bestselling author, also began complaining that there was a not-so-subtle campaign against one of his Hugo-nominated works among people who hadn't even read it because of his personal politics. Correia is a firearms instructor and unabashed right-winger. He's not the sort of person to take such an attack lying down.

Correia has a large and loyal blog audience, so he decided to mobilize it to start openly campaigning for a slate of Hugo Awards nominees. Correia called his campaign the "Sad Puppies," because "boring message fiction is the leading cause of Puppy Related Sadness." As his tone suggests, Correia didn't set out to game the awards. He described what he was doing this way:

> 1. I said a chunk of the Hugo voters are biased toward the left, and put the author's politics far ahead of the quality of the work. Those openly on the right are sabotaged. This was denied.
>
> 2. So I got some right wingers on the ballot.
>
> 3. The biased voters immediately got all outraged and mobilized to do exactly what I said they'd do.
>
> 4. Point made.

After two years of organizing a Sad Puppies slate with mixed results, Correia handed the effort off to Torgersen this year. The third Sad Puppies campaign dominated the Hugo ballot, causing no end of consternation and drawing a surprising amount of media attention to the internecine battles of the science fiction world. Almost none of that coverage was fair. The headline at *Entertainment Weekly* was typical: "Hugo Award nominations fall victim to misogynistic, racist voting campaign." And the correction eventually appended to the article was a doozy:

> After misinterpreting reports in other news publications, EW published an unfair and inaccurate depiction of the Sad Puppies voting slate, which does, in fact, include many women and writers of color. As Sad Puppies' Brad Torgersen explained to EW, the slate includes both women and non-caucasian writers, including Rajnar Vajra, Larry Correia, Annie Bellet, Kary English, Toni Weisskopf, Ann Sowards, Megan Gray, Sheila Gilbert, Jennifer Brozek, Cedar Sanderson, and Amanda Green.

Torgersen answered critics calling him racist in part by posting a photo of himself with his black wife and mixed-race children. For that he was attacked by *Salon* and *Daily Beast* columnist Arthur Chu, who called Torgersen's wife and kids a "shield" for his latent racism.

All along, the Sad Puppies have argued that their slate wasn't a political statement so much as a way to gain recognition for deserving authors they felt weren't nominated because they weren't in favor with the politically correct clique that dominated Hugo voting.

A good example is Jim Butcher, who shares no political affinity with the right. His *Dresden Files* series has been a fixture on the *New York Times* bestsellers list and spawned a TV show on the Syfy channel. Thanks to the Sad Puppies' efforts, Butcher was nominated for a Hugo for best novel for the first time.

Unfortunately, combating accusations of racism and sexism has been difficult because the Sad Puppies have been unfairly conflated with an unaffiliated group calling itself the "Rabid Puppies." The Rabid Puppies are led by a polarizing writer and video game designer named Vox Day who does hold racist opinions and managed to score a few Hugo nominations for some writers who so lack merit their appearance on the ballot seems to have no other explanation than electioneering.

Even more troubling is the Rabid Puppies slate had some of the same nominees, and this association caused one writer, Marko Kloos, to withdraw his name from the ballot. "I have no

issue with Larry [Correia] or the Sad Puppies. I'm pulling out of the Hugo process solely because Vox Day also included me on his 'Rabid Puppies' slate, and his RP crowd provided the necessary weight to the ballot to put me on the shortlist. I think Vox Day is a [expletive] of the first order, and I don't want any association with him," said Kloos.

A handful of other writers have withdrawn their names simply because they don't like the fact that the awards have become so political. Where the science fiction community was once in denial about the politics behind the Hugo Awards, it's now defined by them.

The truth is that there are both self-righteous liberal polemicists and off-putting reactionaries in the science fiction community. But the fact that the genre had previously welcomed extremes is partly what made it so wild, imaginative, and beloved. Sacrificing ideological diversity for more superficial measures of diversity isn't a recipe for producing great writing.

"The reason that a lot of people become science fiction writers is because the field is so open to people of all kinds of different beliefs and ways of looking at the world. It was a collection of misfits for a long time," says Tony Daniel, a writer and senior editor at science fiction publisher Baen Books. "People like Robert Heinlein were hanging out with Isaac Asimov, who couldn't be more different politically. Heinlein was very libertarian . . . and Asimov was a complete Upper West Side liberal. And everybody got along. But slowly as the progressive types have moved in, they've created this dividing line." ♦

Trolling for Trolls

. . . and securing crony capitalism's future.

BY DAVID OPPENHEIMER & K.E. GRUBBS JR.

With congressional Republicans back from their spring recess, presumably revived and resolved to keep our country competitive, there is one more thing they should do to gird up for the resumption of legislative business.

They should take a contemplative stroll down the National Mall.

Only steps away from their offices, they can escape into the National Gallery of Art, there to absorb how individual creative artists—those harbingers of intellectual property rights—have gone about building a humane civilization from antiquity to the present.

In addition, members most definitely should spend thoughtful moments in the Smithsonian's popular Air and Space Museum, to impress on their minds the common denominator of all American innovation, the envy of the world: our patent system. There would be no such Space Age exhibits without patents.

Finishing their power walk on the Mall, they could take a lingering look at the museum of African-American history under construction, where surely will be celebrated minority inventors, whose everyday products, from peanut butter to beauty treatments, were empowered by—why, yes—our patent system.

That precious system is once again under attack. For years, decades even, mega- and multinational corporations, nothing if not anticompetitive, have sought "reforms" that would yield to them the fruits of small inventors' work. Their image-makers create monsters to slay. One session, years ago, it was holders of "submarine patents." This time it's "patent trolls."

To wrap the matter up in a neat but unreadable package sellable to Republicans, they present it also as "tort reform," and what good free-enterprise-championing Republican wouldn't vote for that? Alas, in last year's House session, the GOP majority reflexively sent the bogus reformers' current iteration, bearing the Orwellian title the Innovation Act, on to the Senate, where it mercifully stalled.

This year it's back, ramrodded by its chief sponsor, House Judiciary Committee chairman Bob Goodlatte. The Virginian, an otherwise impeccable conservative, hasn't gotten the message that Republicans finally are coming around to an understanding that pushing crony capitalism does not a free enterpriser make.

Rumors abound as to why Goodlatte brooks little substantive debate on the issue, including family ties to Silicon Valley, but suffice it to accept that big business and establishment Republicanism can't easily be unjoined. Now that Google and other pushers of the Innovation Act virtually occupy the Oval Office, where President Obama sits ready to sign it, there really is no excuse.

This may sound heretical to lockstep conservative legislators, but among those who do get how Goodlatte's legislative mischief harms actual innovation are members of the black caucus, who see the sanctity of individual inventors as a breakthrough for minority entrepreneurship; Ohio Democrat Rep. Marcy Kaptur, a small-business enthusiast; and—welcome to the party!—Delaware Democrat Sen. Chris Coons, who has introduced a much superior bill.

True to free-market principles, some House Republicans like Kentucky's Tom Massie, a Tea Partier and himself an inventor and multiple patent holder, have been trying desperately to stop the Goodlatte measure's

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progress. Carly Fiorina, the Silicon Valley defector who now runs the American Conservative Union Foundation as she seeks the GOP presidential bid, has spoken out against it. She brings an insider's knowledge of how top corporations work Washington to their advantage.

While opportunities for exemplary bipartisanship present themselves, it does take patience and discernment for members of Congress and their staffs to find the bill's poisonous elements.

Goodlatte's language, for example, seems to address some of the headaches that accompany patent disputes. Take those nettlesome demand letters. The bill calls for more specificity but in doing so, ironically, forces small inventors to disclose in them more proprietary information than healthy competition dictates. It actually removes protection for intellectual property rights.

It gets worse in pretrial discovery, wherein guarded secrets become unguarded, then adds insult by imposing higher legal expenses on small inventors, the assumption being that patent challenges landing on a corporation's doorstep must, by definition and inference, have been initiated by litigious "trolls."

Memo to GOP: Not all litigation is bad litigation. Whereas it can be costly—and forests have been cut down to publish op-eds and institutional ads saying so—the number of meritless cases pushed by small inventors against voracious companies has been negligible.

If anything, recent history shows the process in reverse, whereby corporations' legal teams cleverly target small inventors, who have no such counsel on either retainer or payroll. Moreover, Goodlatte would require disclosure of interested parties, by which is meant investors in inventors. This is how we discourage the flow of capital into innovation, making our economy steadily less competitive at home and abroad.

Academia is coming late to awareness of this gargantuan threat to university portfolios. Here and there a college president notices, with some prompting, that an institution's patents, an essential source of revenue, will come under siege once the president signs this bill. The looming legal assault adds one more siren to multiple pressures on, for instance, tuition rates.

Patent 'reform' is back once again, ramrodded by its chief sponsor, House Judiciary Committee chairman Bob Goodlatte, below. The Virginian, an otherwise impeccable conservative, hasn't gotten the message that Republicans finally are coming around to an understanding that pushing crony capitalism does not a free enterpriser make.

Can academic administrators team with small inventors, many connected to their research faculties, along with the growing bipartisan resistance to the Goodlatte steamroller? We may hope.

The single biggest and most consistent problem with our patent process is the delay between an inventor's applying for a patent and receiving a ruling from the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. More than one million patent applications sit in limbo, waiting for judgment. More than 600,000 applications have yet to see any action from the patent office.

Ranking member John Conyers has been proposing a solution for years: Allow the patent office to retain the fees it collects and use them to fund enough examiners to eliminate the backlog of patent applications. Coons has included this provision in the bill he introduced earlier this year.

Goodlatte's bill does nothing to alleviate this problem. It appears far more important to him to protect the large corporation from the small inventor than to make certain the patent office is funded adequately to perform its constitutionally mandated job.

Some breathing space did seem to come when Senator Coons—nobody's idea of an ideological conservative, and yet a welcome respecter of markets—entered the picture with a corrective. Still, time will run out, a blow to free enterprise and innovation accomplished—with Republican help, no less—unless a jaw-slapping awakening occurs across Capitol Hill. Or perhaps that Mall walk-induced epiphany will do the trick.

In the weeks ahead, we may expect the moneyed corporations, Google foremost, to pour untold treasure into the campaign to complete this coup. Corporate socialism, already consuming so much of the economy, will have sealed the deal.

Identifying corporate socialism, aka crony capitalism, as the enemy of American freedom and innovation has risen to the top of the Republicans' Tea Party-freshened agenda. The Goodlatte bill would make a lie of that.

Time to take that walk down the Mall, breathe deeply, actually read the bill, and get down to business. ♦

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The Rise of Rubio

A first-term Florida senator sets his sights on the White House

By Stephen F. Hayes

Miami

Five days before he would take the biggest step of his young political career, Marco Rubio called Bernie Navarro, a Miami real estate investor, to ask for a favor. Rubio wanted to have a small, low-key gathering to thank friends and family before his official announcement the next day, and he needed someone to host it. Navarro, like Rubio the son of Cuban exiles, asked permission from his wife. Although she had denied his repeated requests to host a Super Bowl party, there was no hesitation in approving this one.

Rubio discusses Venezuela's impact on Florida, February 28, 2014.

At dusk on a steamy Sunday evening, Rubio, wearing khakis, a plaid oxford, and brown loafers, walked to the middle of the backyard of the stately suburban Miami home to address the group that had come to wish him well. Navarro had introduced him as "the next president of the United States," though he apologized for scooping his friend's own announcement. The crowd of approximately 150 people included family, friends, staff from his Senate office and political operation, Florida supporters, and a smattering of major contributors from around the country. Rubio's wife and children were there. So were his siblings Mario, Barbara, and Veronica. Clyde Fabretti, a Tea Party leader from central Florida, brought his wife and daughter. Philip Ellender, an executive with Koch Industries, came from Atlanta. Warren Tompkins, the South Carolina Republican strategist who will be running a pro-Rubio super-PAC, was there along with some of those who will serve on his staff.

With the strong smell of steaks wafting from the commercial-sized grill just a few feet to his right, Rubio started with the obvious joke. "Thank you all for coming. I'm glad to announce my reelection for the Senate," he said, with a broad grin.

"I'm not going to give you a long speech," he promised. "I just want you all to have a good time." Several children playing on the playground behind Rubio—including his youngest son—ignored Rubio's words and continued leaping from swings and tackling one another as he spoke. Rubio offered a three-minute preview of the speech he would give the following day. "I'm excited about tomorrow, but I'm more excited about the future of our country," Rubio said. "We've got some problems with our current leaders, making bad decisions, but the best way to change the decisions that we're making is to change the people that are making them. And that's what we're going to start working on tomorrow."

The announcement speech was vintage Rubio—equal parts lamentation and inspiration, at once a dismal accounting of the many problems facing the country and an upbeat, expectant promise to address them. The American people and their economy are driving global innovation and growth, Rubio said, but "too many of our leaders and their ideas are stuck in the twentieth century." Those leaders—and it was clear Rubio was thinking in particular about one of them—"put us at a disadvantage by taxing, borrowing, and regulating like it's 1999." He sharpened his criticism of Clinton-era policies moments later with an allusion to Hillary Clinton's declaration of her candidacy the day before.

"Just yesterday, a leader from yesterday began a campaign for president by promising to take us back to yesterday. But yesterday is over. And we are never going back."

Before Rubio's announcement, the conventional wisdom in the establishment media held that Clinton's

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announcement would step on Rubio's big day and inevitably overshadow it. But Rubio's team liked the contrast.

In the weeks before Rubio entered the race, his team internally settled on April 13 as the tentative launch date. They told no one. Days later, and before they announced the date to the public or talked to television networks about coverage, Rubio's campaign learned that Hillary Clinton planned to announce on April 12. Rubio discussed changing the date with his top advisers and decided that the potential upside of announcing immediately after Clinton would outweigh any negatives.

Rubio had long planned to frame the 2016 election as a "generational choice"—echoing the theme (and title) of the closing ad of Rubio's 2010 Senate race. Announcing his candidacy the day after Clinton would highlight those differences and ensure that coverage of his announcement was paired with coverage of hers.

The differences between the rollouts of the two campaigns sharpened the contrast. Clinton announced via video, snuck off to Iowa in an extended van with tinted windows, interacted with voters only in highly choreographed events, and eluded the media attempting to cover her. Rubio announced in front of a teeming crowd of supporters and immediately gave a series of interviews to a wide variety of media outlets, including some that are not usually friendly to Republicans. He taped interviews with ABC's George Stephanopoulos and NPR's Steve Inskeep before the announcement and spoke with conservative talk radio host Mark Levin and Fox News's Sean Hannity afterwards. In the days that followed, he spoke to NBC's Matt Lauer and with reporters from a range of outlets including MSNBC, CNN, Univision, and, in an impromptu interview at the airport, TMZ. Rubio ends the week with several voter events in New Hampshire before joining Bob Schieffer on *Face the Nation*.

When he announced, Rubio ranked seventh among likely presidential candidates in the *Real Clear Politics* average—behind Jeb Bush, Scott Walker, Ted Cruz, Rand Paul, Ben Carson, and Mike Huckabee. In *RCP*'s national polling average, he registers 7.3 percent support from Republican primary voters. His numbers are less impressive in the three first states: 5.3 percent in Iowa, 6 percent in New Hampshire, 4.7 percent in South Carolina.

Some prominent election handicappers are skeptical. Nate Cohn from the *New York Times*, for instance, notes that Rubio's low support is "less at this stage than any winning presidential candidate of the last 35 years, except Bill Clinton," who "faced a far weaker field in a late-breaking race." Cohn says Rubio's numbers "suggest that he's not some exceptional candidate who resonates with the rank and file."

It's hard to reconcile that claim with the response Rubio gets from the rank and file who see him. In January, Rubio attended a Koch brothers seminar in Rancho Mirage, California. He participated in a panel discussion along with Ted Cruz and Rand Paul, moderated by Jonathan Karl of ABC News. It wasn't a debate, exactly, but among attendees, there was widespread agreement that Rubio performed well. Even so, his real moment came the next day, when he delivered a speech about the prospect of a post-Obama American renewal. "It was one of the best political speeches I've ever seen," one attendee told me. "He's the real deal." Foster Friess, who bankrolled Rick Santorum's super-PAC in 2012 and intends to do so again this cycle, told me he'd seen Rubio at a Koch event and found him "incredibly impressive."

Rubio is the best communicator in the Republican party—and probably in American politics today. He's conversant on a wide variety of policy issues and has a wonk-level understanding of the national security issues sure to be at the center of the 2016 race.

As Rubio spoke to attendees in a hallway after the speech in January, a woman approached him. "I just wanted to tell you that my husband had tears in his eyes throughout your speech," she said. After Rubio thanked her politely, she grabbed his arm to emphasize the point. "You should know, I haven't seen him with tears in his eyes for years."

Rubio doesn't have that effect on everyone, of course, but such stories are common. ABC News political director Rick Klein says Rubio is—for the moment—an "undervalued stock," with attributes that could portend a rapid ascent.

He's the best communicator in the Republican party—and probably in American politics today. Beyond his abilities as an orator, Rubio's performance in the debates during his 2010 bid for the Senate demonstrated his ability to think on his feet. He's conversant on a wide variety of policy issues and has a wonk-level understanding of the national security issues sure to be at the center of the 2016 race. (Three years ago, Rubio answered questions from foreign policy scholars and journalists in an off-the-record session after a speech he gave at the Brookings Institution. Several later commented that they were

impressed by his detailed knowledge of the subject matter and the depth of his answers.)

For these reasons and others, Rubio was asked to provide vetting materials to the Romney campaign as it pondered a running mate in 2012. The request was more than just a courtesy. "We went through what I understand to be the full process," Rubio recalled in an interview last week. "We provided an extensive amount of documents to them. And they followed up over an extensive period of time and did a lot of work on it—asked questions, got answers. . . . From everything I understand since then, we were certainly in the last three or four names." Indeed, he was. Romney called Rubio personally to let the young senator know that he'd picked Paul Ryan as his running mate.

Many top Republican donors see in Rubio the same qualities that led Romney to consider putting him on the ticket. And Rubio will have plenty of money for his own campaign. In the two weeks leading up to Rubio's announcement, as it became clear that he would run, three unaligned Republican fundraisers told me that they'd seen interest in Rubio growing among high-dollar GOP donors. By all accounts, that shift accelerated last week. "They are buzzing about Marco in a way I haven't seen in a long time," says one top GOP fundraiser not aligned with any candidate who had previously expressed skepticism about a Rubio bid. "There's an excitement and enthusiasm about him that surprises me." Another top Republican fundraiser tells me that the Conservative Solutions PAC, the super-PAC supporting Rubio's candidacy, has at least three donors who have pledged $10 million or more to back their efforts. One of them, Norman Braman, former owner of the Philadelphia Eagles, has a net worth just short of $2 billion according to an estimate by Forbes. "If he feels like Marco is competitive, the checkbook will stay open," according to a GOP strategist familiar with his thinking.

At the heart of Rubio's announcement, and his candidacy, is a story. It's the story of his family and, in Rubio's telling, the story of America. Rubio's parents came to the United States from Cuba in the 1950s to build a better life. They worked long hours in blue-collar jobs to provide opportunities for their children.

"My father became a bartender—my mother a cashier, a maid, and a Kmart stock clerk," Rubio said in his announcement speech. "They never made it big. But they were successful. Two immigrants with little money or education found stable jobs, owned a home, retired with security, and gave all four of their children a life far better than their own."

He picked up the story moments later and said its lesson is the reason for his candidacy:

> On days when I am tired or discouraged, I remember the sound of [my father's] keys jingling at the front door of our home, often well past midnight, as he returned from another long day at work. When I was younger, I didn't fully appreciate all he did for us, but now as my own children grow older, I fully understand.
>
> My father was grateful for the work he had, but that was not the life he wanted for his children. He wanted all the dreams he once had for himself to come true for us. He wanted all the doors that closed for him to be open for me.
>
> My father stood behind a small portable bar in the back of a room for all those years, so that tonight I could stand behind this podium in the front of this room.
>
> That journey, from behind that bar to behind this podium, is the essence of the American Dream. Whether or not we remain a special country will depend on whether that journey is still possible for those trying to make it now:
>
> The single mother who works long hours for little pay so her children don't have to struggle the way she has. . . .
>
> The student who takes two buses before dawn to attend a better school halfway across town. . . .
>
> The workers in our hotel kitchens, the landscaping crews in our neighborhoods, the late-night janitorial staff that clean our offices . . . and the bartenders who tonight are standing in the back of a room somewhere. . . .
>
> If their American Dreams become impossible, we will have become just another country. But if they succeed, the 21st century will be another American Century. This will be the message of my campaign and the purpose of my presidency.

Rubio told his story repeatedly on his way to winning the Senate seat he is now giving up to run for president. Rubio had served as speaker of the Florida house of representatives and decided to run for the U.S. Senate despite the likely candidacy of then-popular, then-Republican governor Charlie Crist. A Quinnipiac poll taken shortly before he announced found Rubio trailing Crist 54-8.

When Crist decided to run for the open seat, the Florida GOP establishment pushed Rubio hard to drop out, and the National Republican Senatorial Committee quickly announced its support for Crist. In a decision that was equal parts defiance and stubborn optimism, Rubio stayed in the race.

He built support slowly, driving hundreds of miles up and down the state to speak at sparsely attended fundraisers, sometimes leaving with a cash haul that barely covered his expenses. But those who attended Rubio's speeches told their neighbors about them afterwards, and the crowds began to grow.

Rubio's speeches tapped into the growing frustration with Barack Obama and the Washington Republicans who could do little to stop him. Charlie Crist had gone further, hosting a rally for Obama in Fort Myers as the president touted his $800 billion stimulus. Crist gave Obama a hug after introducing the president, and the Rubio campaign used the resulting photo to devastating effect. Crist

eventually dropped out of the Republican primary and, as something of a pit stop on his way to becoming a Democrat, finished the race as an independent running "for the people." In the end, Rubio won easily, with 49 percent of the vote, beating Crist (30 percent) and Democratic representative Kendrick Meek (20 percent).

In the late stages of that race, with polls showing Rubio likely triumphant, Bill Clinton attempted to convince Kendrick Meek to drop out of the race, leaving Crist the lone challenger to Rubio. Meek refused, Rubio prevailed, and soon the new senator began to consider a run for president. If Rubio emerges as the Republican nominee, Clinton may wish he'd tried harder to persuade Meek to quit.

Rubio's challenge in the present Republican primary is considerably greater. Jeb Bush, the establishment favorite and a Rubio friend, is no Charlie Crist. Bush served two terms as Florida's governor and earned a well-deserved reputation as a conservative reformer. When Bush announced on Facebook in December that he was strongly considering a presidential bid, he was quickly anointed the likely Republican nominee by the conventional wisdom set in Washington. In the months since, however, Bush has failed to establish himself as the frontrunner. Polls suggest concern among Republican primary voters about Bush's name, and conservatives in particular have focused on his support for Common Core and immigration reform. If the establishment media were too quick to crown Bush the nominee four months ago, conservatives, viewing him largely through the prism of his two heterodox positions, are probably dismissing him too quickly now. Bush is a strong conservative on most issues, something that will be apparent as he revs up his campaign and participates in the debates.

Beyond Bush, the likely 2016 Republican field includes a number of candidates who can fairly be described as movement conservatives. Wisconsin governor Scott Walker, who sits comfortably near the top of polls both nationally and in states with early contests, has tremendous appeal among grassroots conservatives. Republican primary voters remember Walker's battles against unions and like his successful budget reforms. Texas senator Ted Cruz also has a strong and loyal conservative following. He's shown early fundraising muscle and strength that many establishment Republicans didn't imagine.

Perhaps the question most frequently asked of Rubio in his week-one media tour likened his career path to Obama's. Not long ago, after all, the country sent to the White House a young, inexperienced former state legislator with a knack for giving great speeches who ran for president during his first term in the Senate. Many Republicans point to Barack Obama as an example of the perils of electing anyone so young. When reporters pressed him about that, Rubio pointed to what he characterized as major differences in their early careers. As speaker of the house in Florida, he said,

> you run the actual institution. You're the chief executive of that entity, with millions of dollar budgets and hundreds of employees. . . . Beyond that, on the legislative side of the equation, despite the fact that we had Republican majorities, I had an uncooperative governor and an uncooperative Senate, and I had a pretty robust minority that I had to account for on votes, and so through that you learn the process that sometimes in order to get 80 percent of what you want or 70 percent of what you want, you're going to have to accept that you're not going to get the other 30 percent.

NEWSCOM

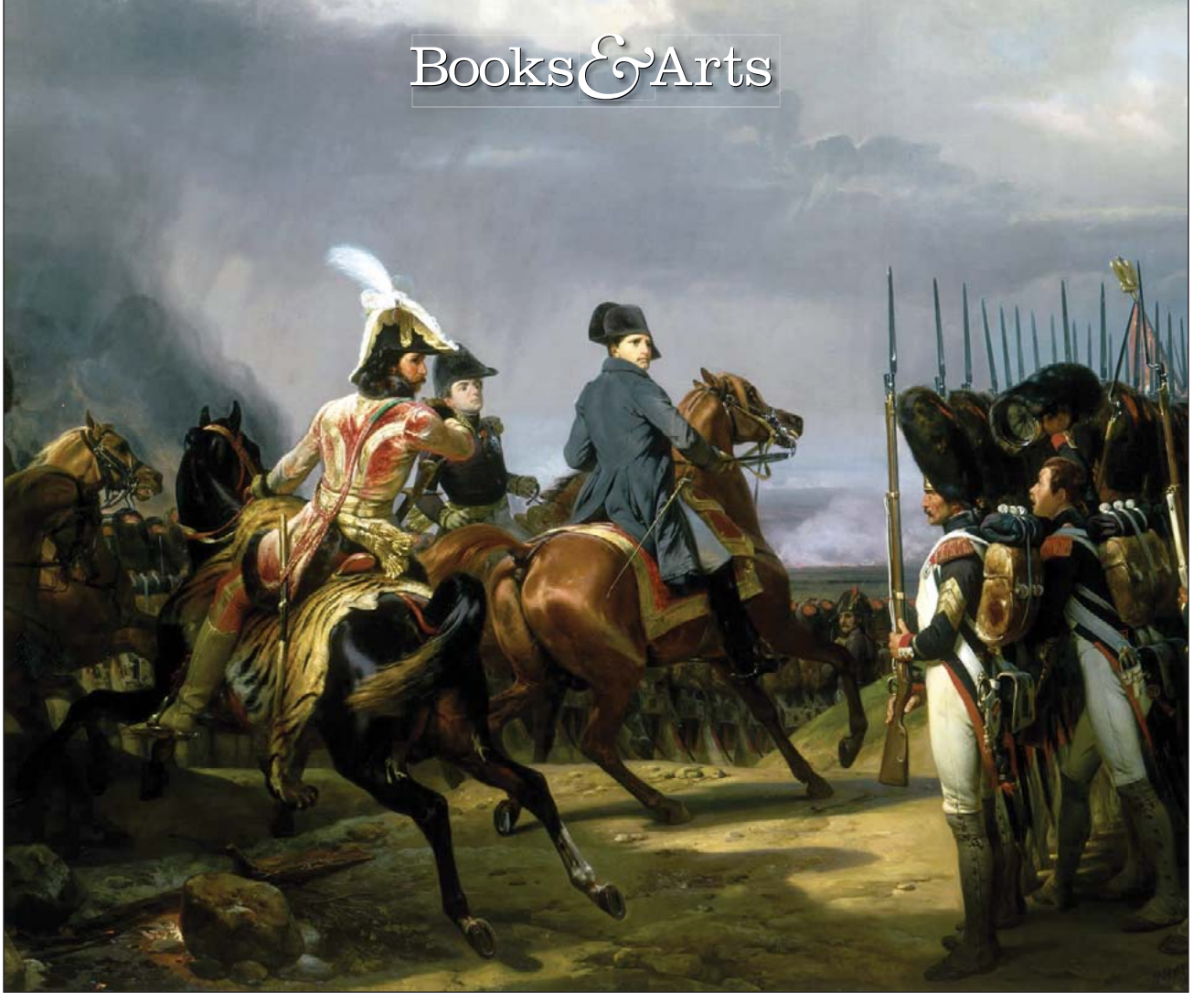
Rubio with family at his April 13 announcement

He continued:

> I don't think Barack Obama ever learned that, either in the legislature in Illinois, the time he was there as a backbencher, or as a U.S. senator, where he was really only there for two years before he started running. And I think that shows in his presidency, where more often than not instead of working through the Republicans that we have, he's decided to demonize his opponents in a take-it-or-leave-it attitude that has left us with very little progress. Obamacare is the perfect example of it. Rather than trying to figure out a way to find a consensus in America behind improving the lives of those that were uninsured, he chose to shove down our throat an unpopular, controversial, ill-timed, ill-planned Obamacare bill—and I think it's poisoned his entire presidency.

There is one additional critical difference between Barack Obama and Marco Rubio: their ideas. As Rubio notes, no amount of experience would have made Obama's policies more effective.

Ignore the low poll numbers. Rubio has seen worse. He is an effective candidate, with a strong campaign team around him, and will almost certainly exceed expectations once again. ♦



Napoleon at the Battle of Jena-Auerstedt (1806) by Horace Vernet

War. What Is It Good For?

The man who answered the question. BY ANDRE VAN LOON

If you know nothing else about Carl von Clausewitz (1780-1831) but that he wrote the seminal *On War* (1832), you might form a mental picture of an intellectual soldier moving in the top echelons of the early-19th-century Prussian Army. This conception would be partly right, as Clausewitz did indeed mingle with Prussian and other European royals, as well as diplomats, field marshals, and generals in the struggle against Napoleon. And yet, as Donald Stoker shows, Clausewitz also had a keen feeling for field service.

Clausewitz
His Life and Work
by Donald Stoker
Oxford, 376 pp., $27.95

Here he is, writing to his wife Marie upon rejoining the Prussians after service in Russia:

> Being with a very dear little army . . . headed by my friends, passing through beautiful country during the nice time of the year . . . is pretty much the ideal of Earthly existence. . . . The troops are happy and sing "Auf, auf Kameraden!" . . . [O]thers yodel to perfection. I see myself surrounded by friends.

Where the magisterial *On War* has a high theoretical style, here is the other Clausewitz: the patriotic, deeply romantic defender of his country's honor against the Corsican invader.

Stoker is an expert guide. He moves easily from skirmishes, battles, and campaigns to the higher politics of the coalitions against Napoleon. Like his subject, he is also keenly attuned to

Andre van Loon is a writer in London.

the personal and the localized. Wars, as Clausewitz famously noted, are messy and unpredictable. The men fighting them are not abstract forces, but shape events by their abilities and ambitions, even as a host of others range against them. Sharing Clausewitz's central insight that context is king, Stoker gives us his subject's professional development in detail, following him as he rises (and partly falls) in the military hierarchy.

As has been noted widely, Clausewitz became increasingly bitter the closer Napoleon came to his ultimate defeat. In a useful appendix, Stoker lists the 36 combat actions in which Clausewitz is known to have served, from 1793, when he was just 12 years old, to 1815, when he was 35. His active service saw him: experience defeats at the hands of the French, notably at Auerstedt in 1806; defect to the Russians in 1812 to keep up the fight his country had given up; chase the French back to Paris in 1813/14; and take up arms one final time in 1815.

Yet for all this direct experience, Clausewitz's superiors typically valued him for his planning, administration, training, and diplomatic skills. Arguably one of his biggest achievements was to negotiate a truce with the Prussian general Yorck von Wartenburg, who fought with the French against the Russians. Due to no small amount of psychological insight, patience, and reasoning, Clausewitz helped persuade a cagey Yorck to sign the Convention of Tauroggen (1812). This truce helped to destroy the remnants of Napoleon's army after his ghastly Russian mistake, and subsequently saw Prussia strengthen its national self-confidence.

The problem, for Clausewitz, was that he craved battlefield distinction. Although focused on the destruction of Napoleon, whom he saw as the "God of War," Clausewitz was overwhelmed by melancholy after Waterloo. Napoleon's defeat by Wellington and Blücher, in which Clausewitz did not participate directly, effectively ended his opportunities to distinguish himself in the field. Ultimately, the intellectual skill with which he was blessed meant less to him than the idea of battlefield glory.

Stoker efficiently outlines Clausewitz's personality, typically revealed in his letters to his wife and his two closest friends, General Gerhard von Scharnhorst (1755-1813) and Field Marshal August Neidhardt von Gneisenau (1760-1831). Clausewitz doubted the aristocratic "von" in his own name, which had been adopted by his father, giving him recurrent social anxiety. Together with his two brothers, who, like him, rose to the rank of general, Clausewitz worried about being seen as a social climber, going so far as to avow his readiness to duel anyone who

Carl von Clausewitz

dared to question his social standing. Most of the family's forefathers had been pastors, teachers, or professors, despite a definite aristocrat in a grandmother's second husband, the military leader Gustav Detlof von Hundt. This situation was not resolved until 1827, when the Prussian king Frederick William III formally recognized the family.

Again and again, we witness a remarkably talented, insightful man who barely allows himself to act without some anxiety, doubt, or profound thought. Clausewitz was a brooding presence, full of historical contemplation. As he noted to his wife: "I am an odd person with respect to the past. I love dwelling on it, even if it wasn't good for much." Clausewitz was one of those people keen to explain what just happened, even as others are still making it happen. He can be brilliant—invaluable, even—in giving us well-considered perspectives on military actions and the larger context. Yet one can instantly grasp why his superiors often kept him away from the frontline. Others less intelligent and less aware of the action could perhaps be much faster at dealing mortal blows. It was something Clausewitz seems to have either misunderstood, or willfully ignored, about himself.

That said, as a writer, he can be admirably forthright. In *On War*, he comes straight to the point on the first page: "War is an act of force to compel our enemy to do our will." He calls it "a duel on a larger scale" and states:

> [K]indhearted people might think there was some ingenious way to disarm or defeat an enemy without too much bloodshed, and might imagine this is the true goal of the art of war. Pleasant as it sounds, it is a fallacy. . . . War is such a dangerous business that the mistakes which come from kindness are the very worst.

This simple insight, easier to say than to act upon, stands as a useful lesson. In the present, much has been written about what exactly victory might look like. After all, we are no longer fighting Napoleonic battles, with clearly defined armies and conventions. Moreover, the nature of warfare has changed to include a range of weapons and techniques undreamt of two centuries ago. And yet, the central point is clear enough: Victory is the destruction of the other's will, achieved so that you can decide what happens next.

Stoker's understanding of *On War* is that it teaches us how to think about war, rather than what weapons or techniques will win the day. He mounts a short defense of Clausewitz in his conclusion, arguing that Clausewitz's intellectual fluidity and rigorous honesty are more persuasive than his critics. Stoker feels little need to defend his subject at length, perhaps because Clausewitz is so central a part of military theory the world over.

And yet, it is difficult to imagine a modern-day Clausewitz passing with so little commentary or argument over an existing text. Stoker has come to a rather fixed view about Clausewitz's thinking, which contradicts his subject's chief philosophical perspective on the world, in which uncertainty and conflict are paramount.

One of the most interesting aspects of *Clausewitz* is its commentary on Napoleon. We read about him on almost every page, only a shade less frequently than we read about Clausewitz. We see him through his contemporaries' eyes, in the politicking of rulers like Czar Alexander I and King Frederick William III, in how leaders like the Duke of Wellington sought to evade his strengths and attack his weaknesses, and in how a mind like Clausewitz's grappled with the challenge he posed.

Beaten back to France after the Russian disaster, Napoleon kept fighting, and often won. He came back from Elba in 1815, still not done, and by the time of Waterloo, he had won 60 of his 70 battles. In this light, it is fascinating to imagine Napoleon's reaction to Clausewitz, both as fighter and thinker. Though it would not likely be ridicule or underestimation, it might be the bemusement of someone who could win so often and so well, typically at breakneck speed. In the end, Stoker gives us a valuable portrait of his subject—and, apparently without intending to, a glowing tribute to the French God of War. ♦

B&A

Great Awakening

What you see is what you get, philosophically speaking. BY FRANK FREEMAN

John R. Searle, the Slusser professor of philosophy at the University of California, Berkeley, is a philosopher in the tradition of Wittgenstein. He wants to clarify things. That is, he thinks there are two big mistakes philosophers have made throughout history, and Descartes popularized both.

Mistake Number One is the idea "that there is some special problem about the relation of the mind to the body, consciousness to the brain, and in their fixation on the illusion that there is a problem, philosophers have fastened onto different solutions to the problem." Mistake Number Two "is the mistake of supposing that we never directly perceive objects and states of affairs in the world, but directly perceive only our subjective experiences."

Searle is a proponent of what he calls Direct Realism: "It is called 'realism' because it says we do have perceptual access to the real world, and 'direct' because it says that we do not first have to perceive something else by way of which we perceive the real world." That is, there really are things and a world out there, and we really do see them. And here is a refreshing paragraph the likes of which you will not read in many (any?) other contemporary books of philosophy:

> Actually, I hope the account so far [of how we perceive things in his version of Direct Realism] seems obvious to the point that you wonder why I am boring you with these platitudes. But here is the amazing thing: The account I just gave you is denied by just about every famous philosopher who writes on this subject. Indeed of the philosophers that have written about perception since the seventeenth century, I do not know of any Great Philosophers who even accepted Naïve or Direct Realism. (Great Philosophers in this period begin with Bacon and Descartes and end with Kant. They include Locke, Leibniz, Spinoza, Berkeley, Bacon and Hume. If someone wants to count Mill and Hegel as Great Philosophers, I will not argue the point.)

Searle then goes on to question not only the Great Philosophers (how dare he!) but also to describe, step by step, "the central mistake of modern epistemology"—that is, "the single greatest disaster from which all the little disasters follow." Imagine!

I find this immensely refreshing because, in my first undergraduate philosophy survey course, the professor would say things like: "As Hume proved, there is no way to show that there actually is causation qua causation." Or this: "As Kant proved in his Copernican Revolution of metaphysics. . ." In other words, he was appealing to authority just as much as any dogmatic theology professor might. I always wanted—but never, or rarely, dared—to raise my hand and ask, "How exactly did he prove this?" But Searle pushes back, devastatingly so.

He says that the "Bad Argument" has six steps, which I will give in very brief but (I hope) accurate fashion:

(1) In both "veridical" or true perceptions and hallucinations, a person has a "subjective visual experience."

(2) Because the subjective experience is the same, you must analyze both in the same way.

(3) In both cases we are aware of something.

(4) Since in the hallucination there is no object, what we are aware of is a "sense datum."

(5) But because we have to analyze both in the same way (see Step Two), when we really "see" something, "we see only sense data."

(6) Therefore, we never see sense objects, only "sense data"—which is to say, we have a subjective experience caused by sense data.

Seeing Things as They Are
A Theory of Perception
by John R. Searle
Oxford, 256 pp., $24.95

Frank Freeman is a writer in Maine.

This argument seems like a shell game. To Searle, the fallacy is in Step Three, where two senses of the word "aware" are used. You can be aware of a real object, and you can be aware of that real object causing you a "painful sensation." In the former, you are aware of an object outside yourself; in the latter, you are aware of something (not an object) inside yourself.

"The temptation," Searle writes, "is to treat the visual experience itself as the object of the visual experience in the case of the hallucination, but in fact there is no object. . . . It is a good example of Wittgenstein's claim that philosophical problems typically arise when we misunderstand the logic of our language."

The meat of Searle's argument follows this diagnosis—and is sound, as far as I can tell—but I don't find it as interesting. It is an analytical way of stating Dr. Johnson's refutation of Berkeley's Idealism when he kicked "the large stone" and said, "I refute him thus!" But then, the Scholastic philosophy I learned (Aristotle by way of Thomas Aquinas) says that metaphysics—the study of being, including why there is anything at all—must come prior to epistemology, the study of knowledge, of how we can know anything at all.

So the Bad Mistake, from my point of view, was this seismic shift from metaphysics to epistemology as the foundation of philosophy. Searle does not address that issue here. Like Wittgenstein, but with less openness, he seems to assume that there is nothing to be said about metaphysics:

> As the problem of life is now seen as a biological problem—vitalism is out of the question—so I believe the problems of consciousness and intentionality are also biological problems—metaphysical dualism is out of the question—even though the details of the solutions to the problems are by no means obvious to us now.

But why are vitalism and metaphysical dualism out of the question? As Searle himself writes later, "Always beware of what a philosopher takes for granted as so obvious as to be not worth arguing for." ♦

B&A

Terrorized by Terror

The rippling effects of the French Revolution.

BY ROBERT WARGAS

The assassination of August von Kotzebue (1819)

ULLSTEIN BILD / GETTY IMAGES

One March morning in 1819, a young radical activist named Karl Ludwig Sand knocked on the door of the home of August von Kotzebue, the famous royalist writer, in the German city of Mannheim. Presenting himself as an admirer of the great dramatist, Sand asked to speak to Kotzebue, but was told he would be out until later. Sand returned that afternoon and, upon meeting his literary hero in the drawing room, stabbed Kotzebue with a dagger before plunging the weapon into his own stomach. A member of one of the *Burschenschaften*, Germany's nationalist student groups, Sand wanted to punish Kotzebue's mockery of liberal ideals. Though he failed to kill himself, he succeeded in murdering Kotzebue.

Responding to this act of suicide terrorism, Prince Klemens von Metternich, the Austrian Empire's foreign minister, asked, "What can one do against men who kill themselves?" It is in moments like this that the reader of *Phantom Terror* is most tempted to see in 19th-century Europe an analogue of today's protracted struggle against Islamic fundamentalism. In the preface, however, Adam Zamoyski announces that he will restrain himself from mentioning George W. Bush. He will, instead, allow the reader to supply his or her own connections.

The setting is the roiling half-century after the French Revolution. Having seen the Old Regime fall to the Jacobins, as well as Napoleon's

Phantom Terror
Political Paranoia and the Creation of the Modern State, 1789-1848
by Adam Zamoyski
Basic Books, 592 pp., $35

Robert Wargas is a writer in New York.

revolutionary imperialism, European monarchies feared subversion and terror inspired by the French example. The Enlightenment had encouraged belief in republican government all over Europe: Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, the Prussian and German states, and Russia. Though their wishes were often less radical than the Jacobins', reformers wanted a unified nation-state—the modern reader must remember that nationalism originated on the left—and a government defined by a liberal constitution.

Continental rulers reacted with all manner of repressive tactics, censoring books, restricting travel, and purging universities of "immoral" faculty. One result of their fears was the inauguration of the modern secret police force. Any fair-minded reader, when learning about 19th-century espionage, sees how fatuous it is to claim that the contemporary United States is a "police state." If you want to know how a real police state operates, consider how the Bourbon monarchy watched over French citizens after the Napoleonic Wars. In huge backroom operations, state agents carefully opened loads of civilian mail. Informants called *mouchards* (derived from the French word for "fly") were recruited from the streets to spy on everyone, especially the denizens of brothels, pubs, and coffeehouses. Other reactionary governments created their own versions of this repressive apparatus.

The late Richard Grenier once wrote that conspiracy theories are the sophistication of the ignorant; but at this time in Europe's history, they were also the ignorance of the sophisticated. Monarchs and their courtiers believed in them as intensely as the man on the street. The storming of the Bastille (July 14, 1789) had helped incubate a conspiracist impulse in Europe that became a fixture in political thinking. Some noted that the Bastille fell on the same day that Jerusalem had fallen in the First Crusade. Encouraged by lurid books, people believed that the Illuminati, Masons, and Templars had long ago taken control of history and, from Tuscany to Moscow, were guiding current events.

It is difficult to overstate the power these fantasies exerted in the decades after 1789. The murder of Kotzebue is one of the few acts of genuine terror documented here; most of the era's anxiety was generated by hysterical tales of secret societies. Being unfalsifiable by definition, conspiracy theories only grow more potent with each debunking. A perverse feedback mechanism existed in which more counterrevolutionary "security" only worsened people's sense of insecurity. As for Metternich, Zamoyski writes, "Instead of reassuring him, lack of evidence of conspiracy tended to make [him] more suspicious."

The "intelligence" gathered by the continent's legion of spies was largely junk, the result of fevered imaginations and greed for money and approval. Zamoyski is a master at conveying the absurdity and stupidity of these agents, whose extant reports show the worthlessness of their work. (It was not uncommon for two informants to mistake one another for subversives and file reports on each other's feigned plotting.) Much of the holdings of the Paris police archives, on which Zamoyski relies for primary sources, burned during the Paris Commune. But as the author wryly notes, "There is no reason to suppose that what perished was of a superior quality to what remains." Austrian police archives contain similarly useless reports, usually long lists of misspelled names with no other information, much less evidence of wrongdoing.

Time and again, rulers construed uprisings not as expressions of discontent—the stimulus for action was more likely to be a bad grain harvest than a radical pamphlet—but as grand conspiracies hatched by shadowy maestros. The locus of Europe's subversion was thought to be a body called the *comité directeur*. From its perch in Paris, this imagined group was the alleged central committee of European discontent, the heirs of Robespierre and Saint-Just.

Like all fantastical masterminds, the *comité* was everywhere and nowhere. Utterly convinced of its existence, European authorities whiffed its influence in every protest and every disturbance. A firework hidden behind a laundry basket in the Tuileries was interpreted as an attempt to overthrow the king. When, as the Austrian Army marched toward Naples, Metternich learned of an uprising in Piedmont, he met with Emperor Francis and immediately blamed the nefarious *comité*. He responded by dispatching another 60,000 Austrian troops to Lombardy, from which location they could strike Piedmont. Czar Alexander, in a frenzy of his own about this obscure body, was at the ready with 90,000 Russian troops, should backup prove necessary.

Alexander comes across as the most paranoid of the absolutist monarchs. His writing brims with bombast and hyperbole. Responding to a mild mutiny among a guard regiment, the czar speaks of an "empire of evil" emanating from French salons. In another instance, after denouncing the dreaded *comité*, he compares his plight with that of Job. By the 1820s, he had grown so fanatical about fending off imaginary revolutionaries that he declared it to be "the only glory to which I aspire."

Metternich, too, seems to verge on the monomaniacal. Normally the subject of staid works of diplomatic history, Metternich is a frivolous figure in these pages, ranting about cabals and obsessed with illusory threats. Still, his instinct for realpolitik tempered his paranoia. McGeorge Bundy, long before he became John F. Kennedy's national security adviser, described Metternich as "the last great servant of a worn-out, sterile system of royalist repression." Henry Kissinger, another practitioner of cynical realism, wrote of Metternich that his often lofty pronouncements were simply "self-serving rationalizations" for Habsburg policies.

Indeed, no matter how worried Metternich was by "the vast and dangerous conspiracy" he saw gripping Europe, he never forgot about the balance of power. He dismissed Alexander's pitch to turn Europe into a Christian federation, calling it a "high-sounding nothing." (Metternich, however, eventually proposed a pan-European intelligence agency.)

And he quietly hoped that Polish revolts would divert Czar Nicholas I, Alexander's successor, from interfering with Austrian influence elsewhere on the continent, especially in Italy.

An able chronicler of Polish history, Zamoyski has also written studies of Napoleon and the Congress of Vienna, giving him the fluency to balance stories of bumbling brothel tipsters with accounts of aristocratic conferences in Troppau and Laibach. It is this blend of high politics and sordidness that makes *Phantom Terror* so enjoyable a narrative. And although it sometimes labors under the sheer weight of its subject matter—the non-specialist reader will likely be overwhelmed by the territory it covers—Zamoyski delivers on a relevant topic. In a time when hashtags are replacing summits, it is tempting to hear names like Metternich and Castlereagh and yearn for the age of competent stewardship. The author shows us the folly of this nostalgia. ♦

B&A

Double Dividend?

The economics and politics of taxing carbon.

BY IRWIN M. STELZER

Carbon critics, Pittsburgh (2014)

There are three ways to view a carbon tax. Conservatives see it, or should see it, as what is called "a tax swap"—a revenue-neutral tool to shift the burden of taxation from income and other taxes that reduce economic growth and risk-taking to consumption, thereby increasing the efficiency of the tax regime. Liberals see it as they see most things: a way to raise revenues to fund the growth of an already bloated government. Greens see it as providing a "double dividend," increasing the efficiency of the tax system *and* reducing the emissions that (they believe) are causing the globe to warm, or the climate to change, to use the more recently hatched phrase.

Implementing a U.S. Carbon Tax
Challenges and Debates
edited by Ian Parry, Adele Morris, and Roberton C. Williams III
Routledge, 304 pp., $52.95

This collection of 13 essays finally provides empirical data—numbers, if you are an ordinary reader rather than a policy wonk—and analyses to help us to some reasoned conclusions. The broad conclusions to be drawn are that a carbon tax would: reduce emissions, raise revenues more efficiently than the taxes it might replace, and be relatively easy to implement, "a straightforward application of basic tax principles," in the words of the volume's sponsors, the International Monetary Fund, the Brookings Institution, and Resources for the Future.

A fair reading of these essays is that a carbon tax might best be set, at least initially, at somewhere between $20 and $35 per ton—toward the lower end if your goal is fiscal reform (cutting other taxes or the deficit) but toward the higher end if your goal is to honor President Obama's pledge to reduce carbon dioxide emissions to 17 percent below 2005 levels by 2020.

My integration of their separate findings suggests that a $20-per-ton tax, after deducting emissions beyond the reach of taxation and the effect such a tax would have on reducing taxable emissions, would produce about $100 billion in annual revenue. That would generate more than enough revenue to permit a reduction in the corporate income tax rate from 35 percent to 25 percent. As one essay points out, there is little hope of eliminating enough so-called loopholes—"these [tax] preferences have organized supporters who will oppose their elimination"—to get the corporate rate down to a level that would make American businesses more competitive in our global economy and "reduce incentives to shift production to other jurisdictions." Another essay suggests that "enacting all the specific changes in the corporate tax base that President Obama has recommended would finance a cut of only 1.5 points, to 33.5 percent. In short, trimming tax breaks has

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JIM WEST / ZUMA PRESS / NEWSCOM

limited potential for financing significant cuts in corporate tax rates."

Although most of the experts agree that the biggest bang for the buck (faster growth, more efficient tax structure) would come from using carbon tax revenues to lower corporate taxes, they also agree that such a policy would be regressive, since upper-income people would benefit most while those lower down the scale would pay a larger portion of their incomes in increased prices for gasoline and heating oil.

But by using some 38 percent of the revenues generated by a carbon tax to "offset distributional effects," the regressive nature of carbon taxes can be eliminated. Indeed, "policymakers can use any number of adjustments to the tax system and social safety net programs to construct a more progressive package of reforms." Because many low earners do not pay income taxes, a payroll tax rebate might be considered instead. Assuming a carbon tax of $28 per ton, a payroll tax rebate on the first $3,660 of earnings "would more than offset the average cost that the tax would impose on households in the two lowest income quintiles," i.e., the bottom 40 percent, and would increase incentives to work. In any event, the net effect of using the revenues from a carbon tax to lower taxes on labor and capital "would promote economic activity."

There is more here that policymakers should consider.

■ For advocates of various subsidies: "Be wary of earmarking carbon tax revenues, such as for clean energy programs, climate adaptation." They favor high-income households and distort "technology choices"; their costs tend to exceed their benefits; and, once established, they "gain constituencies that can retard appropriate phasing out of the program."

■ For regulators: Regulation is a less efficient means of reducing emissions than is taxing those emissions, which is one reason the EPA is allowing states to include carbon taxes in their proposed compliance plans—although this reviewer doubts that a regulatory agency will, in the end, concede that anything (taxes included) can do a better job of achieving some goal than the rules-writers at the agency.

■ For proponents of a gasoline tax: It would take a $1.25-per-gallon increase in gasoline taxes to generate the revenue of a carbon tax that increased gasoline prices by a mere 18 cents.

Which leaves the question of the impact of carbon taxes on the competitiveness of American industries, especially energy-intensive, trade-exposed (EITE) industries. Exemptions for EITEs are inefficient, because they create no incentives to reduce emissions. Rebates to EITEs would be efficient if based on output. Imposition of import duties on products from countries that do not impose carbon taxes would be most effective, "although their design poses many challenges."

I would be remiss if I failed to mention that most of the two dozen contributors to these essays do seem signed on to the proposition that the globe is warming and that carbon dioxide emissions are the cause. If they prefer to consult some computer model rather than the thermometers outside their windows before dressing in the morning, I can only hope they carry a spare sweater in their briefcases. And be thankful that they all agree that the adoption of a properly designed carbon tax would reduce the need for regulation and subsidies, improve the efficiency of our tax system, and should be on the table when politicians finally get real on the question of tax reform. If we are, indeed, facing cataclysmic climate change, a carbon tax would also produce the hoped-for double dividend. ♦

B&A

Not So Elementary

The story within the stories of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. BY ANTHONY PALETTA

"Cultural biography" is not the sort of classification that usually inspires much confidence. It's generally a sure sign that the reader will be spending most of his time with everyone in contemporary society *but* the subject: more pages on loom weavers than on Elizabeth Gaskell, more on the Irish Famine than on Emily Brontë. In the case of *Conan Doyle*, that description is for once welcome, indicative of a thematic approach to Doyle's life that takes as its ordering frame several domains of contemporary culture: sport, medicine, science, law and order, army and empire, and spirit, a system of taxonomy not only unusually interesting but also uniquely suited to the examination of a body of work like Doyle's.

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Conan Doyle
Writing, Profession, and Practice
by Douglas Kerr
Oxford, 288 pp., $55

Hugh Kenner, writing in elaboration of a passage from *A Study in Scarlet*, noted the sheer informativeness of Doyle's prose as a primer for urban life in the London of 1887, containing not only "all the practical guidance you would need for taking a horse-drawn cab" but also, should curiosity move to the question of driving a cab, "how you might go about that, [i.e.] how would you be paid, what might be the singular difficulties of the calling?" Kenner continues, "Fiction taught many provincials how to cope with the city."

The salience of institutional knowledge for an author of considerable skill

but little interest in Jamesian depths of consciousness—and whose work (as Douglas Kerr puts it) is "marked above all by strong narrative, punctuated by striking incident"—is considerable.

> This book is about what Conan Doyle *knew* about his world. But it was not just a matter of the acquisition of knowledge, like stamp-collecting. Writers are also creators of knowledge, and in his writing Conan Doyle brought a world into being and made it knowable to his readers.

Doyle's fine-grained detail is familiar to any reader; the larger institutional backdrop of his work is not. Here, Kerr is of considerable help in delineating the ways in which institutional thought aligned and diverged in Doyle's creations.

Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930) struggled for much of his life to get out from under the shadow of Sherlock Holmes, an initiative that no reader has ever remotely supported, partially due to the tendency of readers to discover Holmes at an age when anything—especially something deerstalker-clad—casts a very large shadow. The most curious thing that any dedicated reader will discover about Holmes is not that this urban aesthete differs radically from his outdoor-loving, sportsman-patriot author (authors make characters up!) but how, repeatedly, Doyle's work aligns intriguingly askew of the stock image of a blustery pamphleteer, reflecting disputes and distinctions in a number of fields and modes of knowledge only gradually emerging into their current form.

In some modes, Doyle's work was quite straightforward. His English historical novels, such as *The White Company* (1891), are rigorously researched and lively adventures, displaying a fervent patriotism not surprising in an author whose sense of duty extended beyond the page to volunteering at a field hospital in the Boer War. Doyle displayed a similar historical verve, in more comic spirit, with his Napoleonic roustabout Brigadier Gerard, a proto-Flashman/Hornblower with a drinking problem. Sport is also rendered as a manly source of national strength, never more so than in his hearty boxing novel, *Rodney Stone* (1896).

The matrix of domains becomes more interesting, and particularly informative, when it comes to Doyle's occupation by training: medicine. Holmes, the "only unofficial consulting detective," enjoyed a prestige conceptually borrowed from the world of medicine and the Medical Act of 1858, which established a distinction between the general practitioner and the consultant. The general practitioner handled the humdrum affairs of medicine, while "the consultant, like the vampire, could do nothing unless invited across the threshold of someone's affairs."

Kerr's mordant metaphor is not accidental. The cultural imaging of the consultant was bloodless and alienated, more interested in intellectual challenges than in human happiness. Kerr notes that "'The Crooked Man' is one of the most heartbreaking of the Sherlock Holmes stories," but that pursuing the case kindles in the consulting detective "a state of suppressed excitement" and a "half-sporting, half-intellectual pleasure which communicates itself to Doctor Watson, though they are on their way to interrogate a sick and friendless cripple who has been destitute for 30 years."

This remove was never so great as to spoil the reader's sympathy. Other Doyle works offered a much more specific critique of these emerging possibilities of professional hubris. Take the non-Holmes story "The Case of Lady Sannox," wherein the protagonist, a "surgical Ubermensch," begins an adulterous affair and is then tricked by the wronged husband, in a bizarre and revolting plot, into performing a disfiguring surgical operation without anaesthetic on the woman he loves, taking his knife to her mouth. The shock destroys him, leaving "his great brain about as valuable as a cup full of porridge."

Arthur Conan Doyle (1925)

To return to Holmes, another markedly salient parallel to not just the practical split in the profession of medicine but also the divergence in modes of knowledge that it accompanied is contained in Watson's immortal "his ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge" passage in *A Study in Scarlet*.

> My surprise reached a climax, however, when I found incidentally that he was ignorant of the Copernican Theory and of the composition of the Solar System. That any civilized human being in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth traveled round the sun appeared to me to be such an extraordinary fact that I could hardly realize it.

ULLSTEIN BILD / GETTY IMAGES

The comment isn't proof that Holmes is unevenly read; it's indicative of a fundamentally dissimilar modality of knowledge. Dr. Watson reckons Holmes a virtual primitive in this particular, but Holmes's mindset is one of striking modernity, rejecting common knowledge as useless: "In a modern knowledge economy increasingly favoring the specialist holding expertise as a commodity, general knowledge—such as what goes round what—is the epistemological small change which can be left to people like Watson."

And yet, turning to another chapter on science: Is Holmes, the radical utilitarian, much given to a scientific method that anyone today would recognize? Not quite. Holmes isn't engaged in deduction, nor in induction, but in the slipperier art of abduction, "the conjecture of possible generalities that could account for given particulars"—or, as Kerr puts it, "inspired guesswork, by which a hypothesis is made intuitively on the basis of observations insufficient to prove it." It's proven a cause for some criticism of Holmes's method: "Holmes's trained faculty of building a narrative about the unknown on the basis of creative and intuitive—in a word, imaginative—reading of limited data has been used as an instrument to expose and deconstruct an internal contradiction in the scientific positivism of the Holmes stories." But as Kerr demonstrates, such processes weren't merely cultural imaginings by scientists but the kinds of leaps common to the work of Darwin, Freud, and countless others in this fertile age of scientific imagining.

The dilettante-specialist may have been a rarity in the realm of detection, but it wasn't in other areas. Professor Challenger, Doyle's doughty scientist, has no official associations; he was a "non-academic gentleman scientist in the traditional mode of Darwin and Wallace." Challenger runs into rather more problems than does Holmes when it comes to verifiability, with his claims of a Lost World disputed as nonsense. But it's in the realm of new rising scientific associations—the Zoological Society, in this case—that Challenger is able to prove his case.

This tension between independent-minded actors and officialdom runs through much of Doyle's work. It's something other than the broader English cult of the amateur at work, however: These protagonists often hold aims that are parallel to but distinct from those of official bodies.

This is dramatically evident in Kerr's consideration of the Holmes canon in its relation to law and order. Holmes's sense of justice, in a deviation from previous crime fiction, is serially askew from any official conception of the term. Holmes is openly contemptuous of the king in "A Scandal in Bohemia"—a figure who, after all, is seeking to protect his throne through skullduggery. The second Holmes story, "A Case of Identity," is, as Kerr notes, "a detective story without either crime or punishment." Holmes's cases deliver solutions far more often than they deliver justice, and Holmes's sense of that quality is repeatedly attuned more to the spirit than to the letter of the law. Holmes isn't simply trumping the police at their own work; he's playing a similar but different game, in which the actual workings of official justice seem an afterthought.

The nuance of Doyle's own game is unfailingly interesting, whether it appears in familiar quarters or in those unknown. Who knew of Doyle's furious tract against King Leopold's exploitation, "The Crime of the Congo," in which Leopold is likened to Tartuffe and Jack the Ripper? Or of the anthropomorphizing science fiction of "When the World Screamed," a later Professor Challenger story in which the Earth, in response to a miles-long drilling project, literally screams out?

To hear of such things is a surprise. To see them so keenly contextualized is the great merit of Kerr's volume. ♦

B&A

Mind Over Matter

A robot by any other name . . .

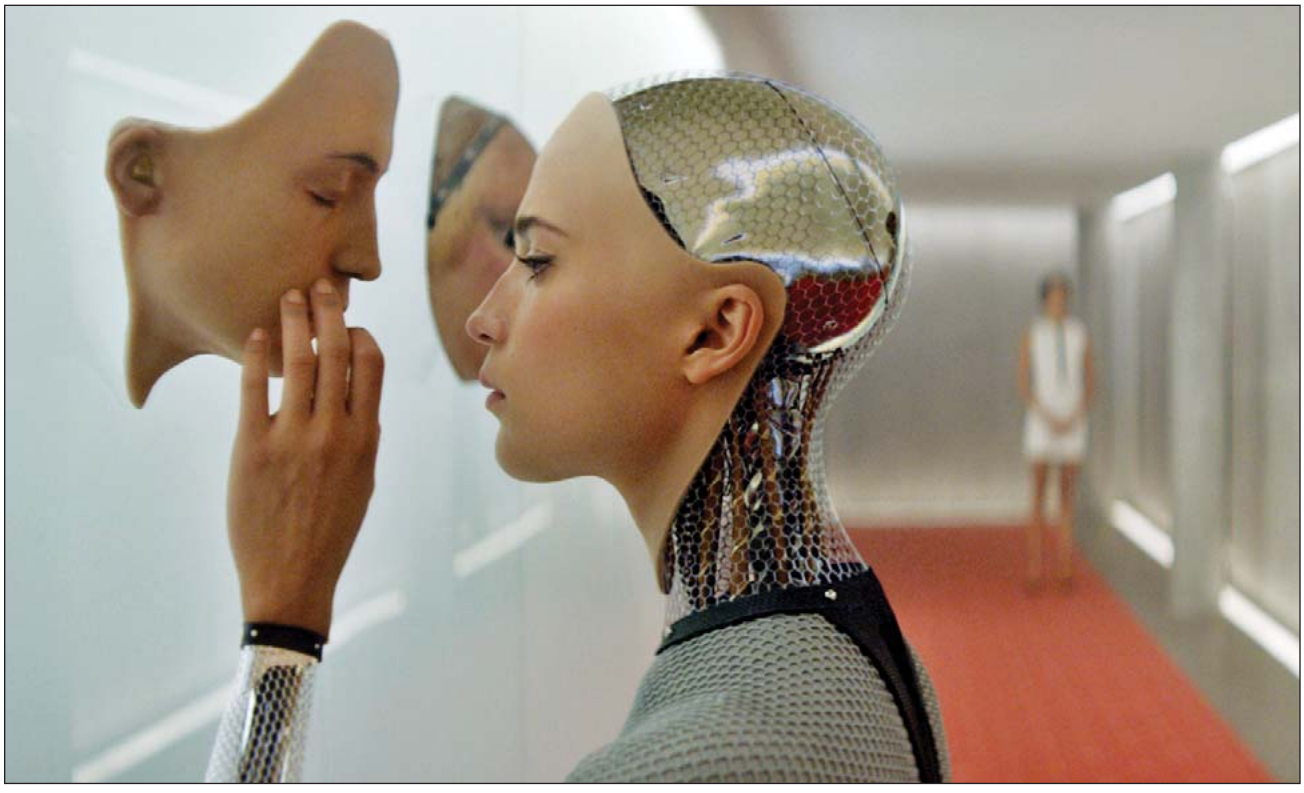
BY JOHN PODHORETZ

There's a new movie called *Ex Machina* whose message can be summed up as "don't fall in love with a robot." This is not exactly the freshest theme, since male movie characters have been ill-advisedly falling in love with female robots practically since the word "robot" was coined by the Czech playwright Karel Capek in 1920. In Fritz Lang's 1927 *Metropolis*, the first great science-fiction film, a dictator uses the likeness of a noble socialist girl for an evil robot whose mission is to distract the men of the city from pursuing freedom by blinding them with lust.

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

Ex Machina
Directed by Alex Garland

Nobody actually calls Ava, the titular *machina* of *Ex Machina*, a robot. That would not be cool, and the film's writer-director Alex Garland wants *Ex Machina* to be cool, above all things. All but the opening two minutes and the final 30 seconds are set in a spectacular underground mansion that's part Bond-villain lair, part Apple Store. (It was filmed at a resort in Norway that you've probably already toured from your couch during a *World's Hottest Hotels* special on the Travel Channel.) She is the



Alicia Vikander

construct of a billionaire who is half Zuckerberg and half Jobs, an oddly sybaritic recluse played by the wonderful Oscar Isaac. He refers to Ava solely as an "A.I.," because those two letters are cooler than Capek's original five letters, and these days you can buy a robot with free shipping from Amazon Prime that looks like the 1970s memory game Simon and will attempt and fail to vacuum your floors. Who would want to spoon with a Roomba anyway?

But you can't fool me. This A.I. may have a glowing translucent brain, but she's also got titanium arms, things whirr and click when she moves, and she's drop-dead gorgeous, so of course she's a robot. She is played by the Swedish actress Alicia Vikander, who will be in five other major movies this year, which is not surprising, because she speaks English beautifully and as a visual object she's practically perfect in every way.

And this brings up the other thing. Let's face it, the whole female-robot scenario is a deeply disturbing one, since it's basically a creepy wish fulfillment about a woman with no personality who will do everything and anything a man tells her to. The only way to cleanse this fantasy of its moral stain is to make sure the men in the movies are punished for it—and, by extension, the men in the audience who are jazzed by the idea.

Garland sets up a jangly atmosphere, full of off-kilter music that evokes Stanley Kubrick movies as well as John Carpenter's *Halloween*. But atmosphere is mostly what you get in *Ex Machina*. There's not much "there" here. The inventor brings in Caleb, a guy from his company (the bland British actor Domhnall Gleeson), to spend a week with Ava and see if he can determine whether she has become self-aware—has crossed the threshold from being a simulacrum of a person to a new form of being. But the movie never really establishes why the inventor needs Caleb to determine that; he seems to know it already, and he might only be supplying Ava with a human toy to play with.

So the movie becomes one of those "you can't trust anyone" paranoid thrillers, which is fine, except there are only four people onscreen—the inventor, Caleb, Ava, and the inventor's mute Asian maid/cook/companion. You need to generate a little more untrustworthiness than that. And after a time, the radically depopulated single setting becomes tedious. Garland should have sacrificed some of the haute-design cool in favor of a little dramatic heat.

The elemental fear generated by the notion of human-like robots is that we are going to be replaced by machines that look like us but are smarter, don't get sick, aren't neurotic, and can throw a boulder at you when they get angry. I guess this possibility either haunts you or it doesn't. My history of dealing with advanced devices suggests I'd get one, and it would be in the middle of helping me carry a couch up a staircase when Time Warner Cable screws up my Internet, the robot freezes, and the couch starts descending on me like a Sumo wrestler on a water slide. Which is to say, Alex Garland has his fears, and I have mine. ♦

A24 FILMS

"ABC Family wants to make sure advertisers understand its programming isn't the sort that might be watched by, well, the unit that is part of its name. . . . [E]xecutives hope to scrap a long-held notion that its original shows are aimed at parents and younger children watching together."
—Variety, April 14, 2015

VARIETY

TERNATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY ■ APRIL 20 - 27,

ALPHABET AFTER DARK

Eyes on youth, network unveils 'ABC Barely Legal'

By FLOYD GONDOLLI

It was risky business at the Alphabet's upfront presentation, where execs announced the ABC Family network had officially become ABC Barely Legal. Responding to complaints that certain programs were not family-oriented, network prexy Tom Ascheim said it was time to clear up the confusion: "For some strange reason, viewers kept thinking ABC Family was all about family programming, when in reality it's about pushing the envelope on social change and experimentation. And besides, who's to say what is and isn't a 'family' these days? Hence the name change."

Conservatives were particularly upset when "The Fosters" aired a kiss between two 13-year-old boys during an episode last month. One ABC veep said that type of scene will be "standard fare" and in a few months "will look rather innocuous." A partial list of the new season skeins includes such titles as "Curious George/Georgeanne," "Mounds of Talent," and "Swordfight!" (program descriptions unavailable).

Barely Legal execs were only too quick to point out, however, that not all their programming was focused on the prurient. One dramedy will supposedly deal with coming of age at an all-girls school. "That's pretty wholesome stuff," said Ascheim, who seemed especially excited about a spring break episode set on the well-known Greek island of Lesbos in the northeast Aegean. In addition, there will be a reality series based on NBC's "The Biggest Loser" that instead will be called "The Biggest

See AFTERSCHOOL SPECIAL page 11

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