the weekly Standard

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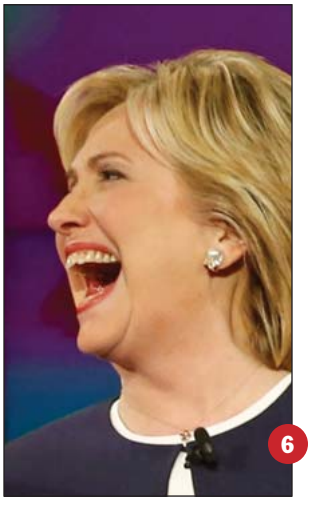
SOFT POWER AGAINST JIHADISTS
REUEL MARC GERECHT

The Flood Tide into Europe

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL reports from Austria

Refugees wait in Vienna to board a train for Munich, September 15, 2015



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COVER: HASAN TOSUN / ANADOLU AGENCY / GETTY IMAGES

The Cosby Crisis

If one good thing comes out of the Bill Cosby Crisis, The Scrapbook is fairly certain what it will be. For as the *New York Times* reported in a recent story, the 60 or so institutions of higher learning in America that have, during the past few decades, conferred honorary degrees on Bill Cosby are now agonizing about what to do. Some have chosen not to act in response to the allegations against Cosby; others have officially revoked their degrees; still more have rules against such retroactive gestures.

As readers might have guessed, The Scrapbook pleads the Fifth Amendment on this question. What colleges and universities do in these circumstances is their own business; and in any case, honorary degrees are essentially meaningless. No dean is likely to appear at Cosby's doorstep demanding his diploma, and nobody thinks more or less of Bill Cosby because, say, the University of Pennsylvania once conferred an honorary doctorate upon him. (Indeed, as the *Boston Globe*'s Alex Beam once memorably demonstrated, even Cosby's "earned" doctorate in education from the University of Massachusetts is essentially honorary.)

No, The Scrapbook's hope is general, not specific: Perhaps, at long last, and in light of the criminal allegations surrounding Bill Cosby, American colleges and universities will take a good, long look at their contemporary habit of conferring honorary degrees on celebrities—and largely for the purposes of providing "entertainment" at commencement.

A generation ago, the notion of a nightclub comedian and TV sitcom star being granted academic honors by the likes of Oberlin, Yale, Carnegie Mellon, Swarthmore, Brown, Johns Hopkins, Chapel Hill, Haverford, William & Mary, Notre Dame—all of whose diplomas are somewhere in the Cosby household—would have seemed preposterous. But even in academia, we live in an epoch when pop-culture fame trumps historic or cultural eminence, and Harvard University confers an honorary doctorate on Oprah.

To be sure, Bill Cosby is somewhat more than a comic: His study-hard-and-pull-up-your-trousers message no doubt resonated with educators—although it might seem mildly ironic today. Still, the purpose of conferring academic recognition is not, or should not be, a political gesture. As readers know, conservatives, both serious and frivolous, are seldom honored in this way; even worse, the administration of Barack Obama (Columbia '83, Harvard Law '91) judges higher education on the basis of potential earning power. So what sort of message is delivered when commencement honorees and baccalaureate speakers are drawn from the ranks of entertainment, sports, pop music, and celebrity culture?

A stronger sense of purpose, a reminder of mission—yes, the restoration of some measure of dignity—would be welcome on campus once the Cosby Crisis is passed. ♦

Che's Asthma

The news is so bad these days, we could all benefit from journalists taking the time to report more inspirational tales. Thankfully, *Time* magazine is here to help, as evidenced by this uplifting headline: "How Che Guevara Didn't Let Asthma Affect His Ambitions." Wait . . . what?

Yes, that was a real article at *Time*. The general tone of the piece can best be described as walking a fine line between horrifying and cheeky. Here's how it begins:

> Che Guevara might have considered the United States his worst enemy, but he faced an even greater threat to his revolutionary ambitions: asthma. While it was U.S.-trained Bolivian forces who killed Che on this day, Oct. 9, in 1967, asthma was a constant threat from his earliest youth.

The Scrapbook does not go around wishing misery on young children,

PHOTO CREDITS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: DINA RUDICK / BOSTON GLOBE / GETTY; GILBERT CARRASQUILLO / GETTY; JOHN TLUMACKI / BOSTON GLOBE / GETTY; MATT ARCHER / GETTY; NEWSCOM; MATTHEW J. LEE / BOSTON GLOBE / GETTY

but we do note that if asthma had taken Che at a young age, many thousands more would be alive today. After all, this is the same man who presided over mass executions of people guilty of such crimes as being gay or Catholic. It must be this fanatical commitment to equality that helps explain why so many contemporary progressives still proudly wear T-shirts with Che's likeness. That, or they're historically illiterate peabrains.

Time, for its part, makes Che sound like a really fun guy, based on this anecdote explaining how Che became the head of Cuba's central bank:

> Fidel was winding up a Cabinet meeting when a thought suddenly struck him. "By the way," he said, "I had to fire the head of the National Bank today. Anybody here an economist?" Che's hand shot up. "I am, chief," he said. "All right, Che," said Fidel, "you're president of the bank." The meeting over, Castro stayed behind for a private chat with Che. "Say, I never knew you were an economist," said Fidel. "Economist!" said Che, astounded. "I thought you said Communist!"

What a wacky mix-up! That story is even funnier when you consider that Cubans have been living in grinding poverty for the last 56 years thanks to the brutal dictatorship that runs their country.

The article notes that Che was finally able to keep his asthma in check thanks to a medication prescribed by a Soviet doctor—medicine made in America. We'd revel in the irony, but we're too alarmed by what we saw at the last Democratic debate, where Bernie Sanders pounded the podium and declared that American pharmaceutical companies are his biggest enemy. On this issue at least, Sanders seems to be to the left of Che. The good news is that after Sanders drops out of the presidential race, there's still a Caribbean paradise where he and his die-hard supporters can move—and it's blessedly free from pharmaceutical innovation. Medicine may be in short supply there, but the roads in Havana are paved with good intentions. ♦

Remembering Lou Rotterman

The Scrapbook's colleague Fred Barnes took time out from his book tour last week to email us an exclusive addendum to his new biography of Jack Kemp, coauthored with Mort Kondracke.

Said Fred, "When you write a book, sometimes things get left out or cut or simply overlooked. I don't really know what happened in the case of Lou Rotterman. But he was the forgotten man in *Jack Kemp: The Bleeding-Heart Conservative Who Changed America*. Rotterman was a newspaperman and a good one. He came to Washington in 1967 as the correspondent for the *Dayton Daily News*, and, one thing having led to another, he became the executive assistant and press secretary to a freshman House member from Buffalo in 1972—Kemp. A conservative, Rotterman liked Kemp's style and his eagerness to cut taxes. And he was key to Kemp's rise as a national political figure and influential policymaker.

"Rotterman was old school—that is, he kept his name out of the papers and Kemp's name in. That was the way press secretaries used to operate. And maybe it was his anonymity that caused his name to be absent from the book. His son Marc, a political consultant, noticed his father's name was not in the index, thus not in the book,

and he informed me. I was chagrined. It was Lou Rotterman who had first hooked me up with Kemp.

"Rotterman helped Kemp get media attention, but that wasn't all. He had Kemp's back, particularly in Buffalo. Members of Congress who speak to a national audience, as Kemp did, often spend less time with their constituents. Rotterman took up the slack. 'At the time Kemp was breaking out to become a national figure, Rotterman was essential,' said David Smick, Kemp's chief of staff. He pacified the Buffalo press corps. He negotiated with local officials. He took over some of Kemp's administrative chores. And he also touted Kemp's 30 percent cut in income tax rates, which Kemp persuaded Ronald Reagan to adopt, and Reagan sold to the country. Rotterman died in 2003.

"That his important behind-the-scenes role in Kemp's rise didn't make the pages of our book—all I can say is, Lou, I'm sorry."

By the way, The Scrapbook can attest that *Jack Kemp: The Bleeding-Heart Conservative Who Changed America* is a great read, and we urge all of you to get a copy pronto, if you haven't already done so. ♦

Must-See Video

Bill Kristol's latest conversation with University of Virginia literature professor—and *TWS* contributor—Paul Cantor is now available for your viewing pleasure at conversationswithbillkristol.org, and it's vastly enjoyable. We hope we can get away with saying that he educates the boss (as he will most viewers) on pop culture, as only he can do.

To add to your enjoyment, before or after watching the interview, The Scrapbook would recommend revisiting some of Cantor's greatest hits in these pages. Our favorites include "Pro Wrestling and the End of History" (Oct. 4, 1999) and "Felix the Great: Why the ambivalence about Mendelssohn?" (Aug. 10, 2009). You'll find these and all his contributions in the online archives at weeklystandard.com. ♦

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BPA WORLDWIDE

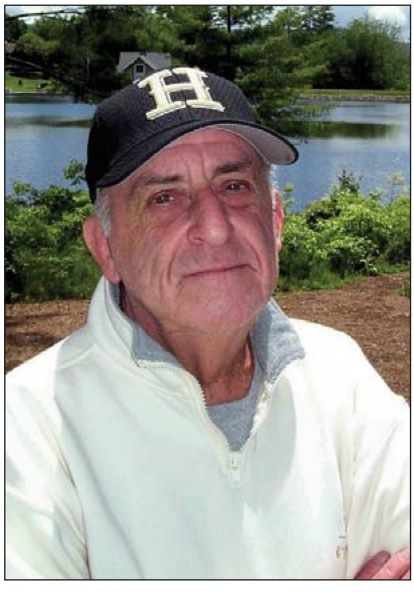
Life Coach

Now that playoff baseball has returned with the onset of autumn, and baseball becomes more intense, more excellent, and more precious, I'm thinking again about Harvey Dorfman. Little known to most casual fans, he was one of the great men of baseball, for he taught his students and friends and all who knew him how to embody and appreciate the best qualities of the game and embody the best in their lives, too. He died in 2011, and knowing him was one of the great privileges I've enjoyed.

I first met Harvey nearly 20 years ago, introduced by a colleague who had written an article about this latecomer to baseball coaching who had never played the game at the professional level but nonetheless won a World Series ring with the 1989 Oakland A's and another with the 1997 Florida Marlins. Harvey wrote books on pitching, hitting, and other parts of the game, but his main subject wasn't the physical aspect of baseball. Rather, his job was to listen to ballplayers, to help them think more clearly, or to think less and focus more. Harvey was a baseball psychologist. His work was helping pro athletes forge adult minds capable of governing their physical talents. He made men of those who were willing and able.

The secret to Harvey's success was simple: He heard what you were saying and also what you weren't saying. Born in the Bronx in 1935, he spoke plainly in a broad New York accent, part cabdriver, part Upper West Side intellectual, and tolerated no excuses. He made you see that living a life of make-believe would eventually expose you as a fraud. Professional athletes were especially vulnerable to self-delusion since they'd been treated like demigods much of their lives. By the time people opened up to Harvey, they'd usually come most of the way to admitting to themselves that they'd reached a dead end: They had to change or they were in jeopardy of losing themselves.

After his stints with the A's and Marlins, Harvey worked for agent Scott Boras, which was proof enough for me that, despite Boras's reputation as a huckster looking to soak baseball



Harvey Dorfman

clubs for every penny, he cared very much for the success of his clients, on and off the field. Boras is famous for identifying and signing the country's top pitching talent, which dovetailed nicely with Harvey's sense of the game.

For Harvey, center-stage in baseball's drama was not just the ground between the pitcher and the hitter—it was, more particularly, on the mound, in the pitcher's head. He worked with lots of hitters, but the pitchers who count him as instrumental in their careers include former all-stars like Roy Halladay, Al Leiter, Kevin Brown, and Hall of Famer Greg Maddux. Jamie Moyer has said that he credits Harvey for his 25 years of success in the majors, and also believes Harvey helped him grow as a person.

Typically, pitchers are the best athletes on the field, but the trick is to marshal an awesome physical talent whose nemesis is fear. *What if I make a mistake*, the pitcher's psyche asks, *a mistake on this pitch, and then the next one, or on any pitch? What if I'm embarrassed by the hitter beating me? What if I don't fulfill the promise of my gifts? What if I let down everyone who loves me and counts on me?* The way Harvey saw it, ballplayers enacted the same sort of struggle we all do in our regular lives—the effort to seek success, fight our demons, resolve our pasts, and map our futures against the fates—except ballplayers do it in front of lots of people. The world is full of those who, like minor league washouts, almost made it, thwarted near-successes.

Harvey mentioned one pitcher who was still mourning a close relative who'd died young. Another, an all-star, had to deal with a father who stood around during batting practice and screamed at his adult son to do better, as if he were still a kid.

I knew Harvey was busy with his ballplayers—he'd travel from his home in North Carolina to visit them, or they'd come to see him—but I'd still call him, and he always had time to talk. Back then, I wasn't sure exactly what I wanted from him, a man I saw as some super-combination of priest, shrink, role model, and friend. I guess I wanted him to tell me how to become like Harvey Dorfman, how to get to that still center of wisdom, resilience, and calm where he seemed to live.

When my book on the Middle East was published some years back, I called him. It had been a long time since we'd spoken; I'd been out of the country. He was ill and sounded tired. I told him I was sending him a copy of the book, which I didn't mean to be a burden. I just wanted to thank him.

Lee Smith

the weekly Standard

Enemies List

Anderson Cooper's final question in the Democratic presidential debate on October 13 led to an interesting and revealing moment. He asked:

> Franklin Delano Roosevelt once said, "I ask you to judge me by the enemies I have made." You've all made a few people upset over your political careers. Which enemy are you most proud of?

Lincoln Chafee chose the coal lobby. Martin O'Malley picked the National Rifle Association. Hillary Clinton covered lots of bases: "Well, in addition to the NRA, the health insurance companies, the drug companies, the Iranians . . . probably the Republicans." Bernie Sanders put "Wall Street and the pharmaceutical industry at the top of my list of people who do not like me."

Jim Webb went last: "I'd have to say the enemy soldier that threw the grenade that wounded me, but he's not around right now to talk to."

Lieutenant Jim Webb; Sergeant Matthew T. Abbate

This prompted stunned silence and noticeable discomfort among the Democrats in the hall in Las Vegas. Liberal journalists took to Twitter to remark disapprovingly on Webb's half-smile as he discussed killing or being killed.

The incident to which Webb referred happened July 10, 1969. He was a first lieutenant in Company D, 1st Battalion, 5th Marines, serving in Vietnam. Here is his Navy Cross citation:

> On 10 July 1969, while participating in a company-sized search and destroy operation deep in hostile territory, First Lieutenant Webb's platoon discovered a well-camouflaged bunker complex which appeared to be unoccupied. Deploying his men into defensive positions, First Lieutenant Webb was advancing to the first bunker when three enemy soldiers armed with hand grenades jumped out. Reacting instantly, he grabbed the closest man and, brandishing his .45 caliber pistol at the others, apprehended all three of the soldiers. Accompanied by one of his men, he then approached the second bunker and called for the enemy to surrender. When the hostile soldiers failed to answer him and threw a grenade which detonated dangerously close to him, First Lieutenant Webb detonated a claymore mine in the bunker aperture, accounting for two enemy casualties and disclosing the entrance to a tunnel. Despite the smoke and debris from the explosion and the possibility of enemy soldiers hiding in the tunnel, he then conducted a thorough search which yielded several items of equipment and numerous documents containing valuable intelligence data. Continuing the assault, he approached a third bunker and was preparing to fire into it when the enemy threw another grenade. Observing the grenade land dangerously close to his companion, First Lieutenant Webb simultaneously fired his weapon at the enemy, pushed the Marine away from the grenade, and shielded him from the explosion with his own body. Although sustaining painful fragmentation wounds from the explosion, he managed to throw a grenade into the aperture and completely destroy the remaining bunker. By his courage, aggressive leadership, and selfless devotion to duty, First Lieutenant Webb upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and of the United States Naval Service.

Webb's heroism 46 years ago doesn't mean he should be president today. But it is something of which he is more than entitled to be proud. It is something all of us should respect. And it is a disgrace that to so many of our elites Webb should seem like a figure from another era, and for that matter an ancient and bygone and slightly disreputable one. After all, today's America is producing heroes no less worthy.

Here, for example, is the citation for the Navy Cross awarded posthumously to Sergeant Matthew T. Abbate, Third Battalion, Fifth Marines, for his actions in Afghanistan on October 14, 2010:

> While conducting a dismounted patrol through Sangin's northern green zone and supporting the patrol as part of a Quick Reaction Force team, the insurgents opened fire from several well-prepared positions. Unknowingly ambushed in a minefield, the patrol members were moving into cover when two Marines and the Corpsman struck explosives in rapid succession. With the patrol leader incapacitated and three severe casualties, Sergeant Abbate took charge of the situation and, with total disregard for his own life, sprinted

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forward through the unswept minefield to draw fire and rally the dazed survivors.

Exposed and personally suppressing the enemy, he directed the remaining squad members' fires until they effectively suppressed the enemy and could render life-saving aid to the urgent casualties. After coordinating the medical evacuation, he then swept the landing zone for additional explosives before the patrol was again forced to take cover from enemy fire. Sergeant Abbate, knowing the casualties' survival depended upon their rapid evacuation by helicopter, again rallied the patrol's able men, and led a counter attack to clear enemy fighters from the landing zone and allow for the critically wounded men to be evacuated.

By his outstanding display of decisive leadership, unlimited courage in the face of heavy enemy fire, and utmost devotion to duty, Sergeant Abbate reflected great credit upon himself and upheld the highest traditions of the Marine Corps and the United States Naval Service.

The highest traditions of the Marine Corps and of the United States haven't changed in the last four decades.

Republicans have chortled at the discomfort of the Democratic audience at Webb's evocation of his confrontation with the nation's enemies. Conservatives have chastised liberals for their apparent disapproval of Webb's answer. But the next debate is among Republicans. They seek the nomination of a party more committed to reducing the deficit than funding the military, in a conservative movement that often seems to value macho posturing more than manly duty. Republicans and conservatives might use this moment to look in the mirror as well as across the aisle. Leave aside hopes for remarkable composure in a crisis and extraordinary heroism under fire. How about straightforward good sense and run-of-the-mill political courage?

No serious person thinks any of the Democrats on that stage in Las Vegas, with the possible exception of Webb, is capable of dealing adequately with America's enemies in the years ahead. The question is whether the Republicans who will soon be on stage in Boulder will show themselves to be more capable of doing so.

—William Kristol

About Those Hillary Emails

One of the most memorable moments from the first Democratic presidential debate was an unexpected one. Bernie Sanders, the Democratic-socialist senator from Vermont who is leading the polls in New Hampshire, took a question about the email scandal that has badly complicated Hillary Clinton's presidential campaign. Rather than use it as a truncheon to hurt his primary opponent, Sanders took the occasion to defend her.

"Let me say something that may not be great politics. But I think the secretary is right," Sanders bellowed, turning to address Clinton. "And that is that the American people are sick and tired of hearing about your damn emails!"

It was a good debate moment. Clinton was overjoyed at Sanders's magnanimity. Sanders was pleased with himself. The crowd of Democrats in the hall erupted in wild applause. So did some journalists gathered to cover the debate.

"Audible clapping and laughter in the press filing room after Bernie Sanders' 'enough of the emails moment,'" reported Hunter Walker, national correspondent for Yahoo News, a fact corroborated by others in the room.

But the celebration that night was premature. The cheering and backslapping was more a reflection of the partisan wishes of a partisan crowd (and a largely partisan media) than an indication Clinton has put the email scandal behind her.

She has not.

Clinton and her defenders have worked hard to portray the entire controversy as a contrivance and the Select Committee on Benghazi as a partisan witchhunt designed to reach a predetermined conclusion. For months, this was a difficult case to make. But in recent weeks, Republicans have clumsily bolstered Clinton's claims. First, Kevin McCarthy, presumptive House speaker after John Boehner's resignation, pointed awkwardly to the House Benghazi committee as evidence that conservatives have damaged Clinton's White House aspirations. (McCarthy had shown little interest in the findings of the investigation, committee Republicans say, but his words would do tremendous damage to their effort.) Days later, a former staffer fired from the committee publicly accused Republicans on the panel of targeting Clinton inappropriately. (His story was filled with holes and often self-contradicting. The committee says the staffer was fired in part because he undertook unauthorized side projects targeting Hillary Clinton that were not part of the original investigative plan. And it's notable that he somehow failed to mention his concerns about politicization during the formal mediation proceedings after his dismissal, saving his complaints for a media campaign after McCarthy's comments.) Then

Rep. Richard Hanna, a Republican lawmaker from New York, told a local radio station that he felt the committee's work had been political. (Hanna is not involved in the committee's work in any way, but his speculation fit the emerging media narrative, and his comments were widely covered.)

This new narrative is wrong. In our regular reporting on the committee's activities since it was established, its members and staffers have consistently exhibited the professionalism and seriousness of purpose demanded by Trey Gowdy, the committee's chairman. But in the perception-is-reality world of political Washington, their work has been tainted by the reckless and injudicious comments of their own colleagues.

The Bernie and Hillary show

This is unfortunate. But it doesn't erase months of mendacity from Clinton and her supporters. A CBS poll out last week found that 71 percent of registered voters think it was inappropriate for Clinton to use a private email server as secretary of state. Nearly 60 percent of those surveyed are not satisfied with Clinton's explanation of the controversy. A Fox News poll from last week, taken after McCarthy's comments and the public claims from the former Benghazi staffer, found that voters by a 2-to-1 margin believe Clinton has been dishonest about the emails, and nearly half of those surveyed believe the congressional investigation should continue. It will. And though Clinton has attacked the committee as an arm of the Republican National Committee, she says she will appear before the panel, under oath, on October 22.

Clinton's problems don't end with the committee. Her main challenges now come from two sources that she cannot credibly dismiss as partisan: the FBI and the contents of her own emails.

Consider:

■ The FBI is expanding its investigation into the security of her server and the possible mishandling of classified materials.

■ Last month, the FBI seized four servers from the State Department as part of its probe.

■ A second tech company involved in providing security for Clinton's emails, Datto, Inc., previously unknown to the public, agreed to cooperate with the FBI probe and will turn over its files to the bureau to assist with the investigation.

■ Newly released internal emails from the first data company, Platte River, indicate that employees there believed there had been a "directive to cut the backup" of Clinton emails—that is, an order to reduce the amount of time the company would keep the Clinton data.

■ An employee at Platte River also suggested a cover-up of some kind, writing to a colleague: "Starting to think this whole thing really is covering up some shaddy [sic] shit."

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Add to this the explosive information disclosed last week in a letter from Gowdy previewing the release of a new batch of Clinton emails. These are "new" emails only because the State Department initially refused to turn them over to the committee, saying they were beyond the jurisdiction of the Benghazi investigation.

In a relevant footnote: Kate Duval, the State Department official responsible for much of the administration's slow-rolling of Benghazi document production, worked at the IRS during the agency's stonewalling of congressional investigators looking into the targeting of conservative groups. Duval recently left the State Department, and State's cooperation with the committee immediately improved. The committee doesn't have anywhere near the complete set of emails and documents it requested, but in recent weeks it finally obtained documents crucial to conducting its investigation, including emails from the late ambassador Christopher Stevens. Previous investigations of the Benghazi attacks somehow managed to reach their conclusions without emails from either the top official at State (Clinton) or the top U.S. official in Libya (Stevens).

The new emails show repeated efforts by top Clinton adviser Sidney Blumenthal (the Obama administration had forbidden her from hiring Blumenthal at the State Department) to use his personal connections with the secretary of state to further his business interests in post-Qaddafi Libya. They also show Clinton's approval—tacit, at least, and by some appearances active—of his schemes. In one email to Clinton, Blumenthal worries that French companies will get preference in post-Qaddafi security contracts. In another, he argues for escalating U.S. military intervention in Libya to boost Barack Obama's approval ratings. And in yet another, Blumenthal describes a U.S. company, Osprey Global Solutions, and its unique qualifications for security work in Libya. Blumenthal tells Clinton that he and two partners are responsible for brokering an agreement between Osprey and the Libyan opposition, presumed members of the government-in-waiting. Clinton, who is preparing to meet with opposition leaders, responds to Blumenthal and asks: "Anything else to convey?" Blumenthal was at the time being paid $10,000 per month by the Clinton Foundation. He has also served as a paid consultant to American Bridge and Media Matters, pro-Clinton political operations that laid the groundwork for her presidential bid.

Many questions remain. And—despite the wishes of Clinton world and Bernie Sanders and Democratic partisans and many in the news media—answers are coming.

—Stephen F. Hayes

Iranian Cheating

Sunday, October 18, isn't just a day of baseball playoffs and pro football games. It's "Adoption Day," when all parties to the Iran nuclear deal must begin preparing to implement its terms. And while the Obama administration takes another opportunity to pat itself on the back for its achievement, Iran has offered the international community a clear signal of what it thinks about its obligations under the deal, as well as its strategic intentions. Just a week before Adoption Day, Iran test-fired a new precision-guided ballistic missile capable of delivering a 1,600-pound warhead to Israel or even southeastern Europe and designed to evade missile defense systems.

Iranian parliamentarians approve the nuclear deal.

Legally, this launch was an indisputable violation of U.N. Security Council Resolution 1929, passed in 2010, which dictates "Iran shall not undertake any activity related to ballistic missiles capable of delivering nuclear weapons, including launches using ballistic missile technology."

The Obama administration apparently found some wiggle room in the last five words of the UNSC injunction. Initially, White House press secretary Josh Earnest would only hazard that there are "strong indications" Iran violated the measure. Later, U.N. ambassador Samantha Power was prepared to make a more definitive legal judgment, but felt she lacked a sufficient grasp of reality to actually accuse Iran of a transgression. "If the facts are as we believe them to be," she hedged, "it would violate U.N. Security Council resolutions."

Ultimately, however, the legal status of Iran's missile launch is unimportant to the administration. There is no lesson to be learned here, no reason to worry, and no illustration of Iran's attitude toward international agreements. Sure, Earnest conceded, "We have seen Iran almost serially violate the international community's concerns about their ballistic missile program." But it would be wrong to draw conclusions from these offenses, which he considered "entirely separate" from the nuclear deal. After all, "in contrast to [these] repeated violations of the U.N. Security Council resolution . . . we've seen that Iran over the last couple of years has demonstrated a track record of abiding by the commitments that they made in the context of the nuclear talks."

Even if this last assertion were true—which it is not—the conclusion the administration draws from it is frightening. Iranian cheating in one area, we are to believe, should not be taken to mean that Iran will cheat elsewhere, too. Cheating is not, we are to believe, a general characteristic of a vicious, authoritarian regime with nothing but contempt and hostility for the West and its international legal institutions.

The fact is that the larger implications of the missile launch are staring us in the face. Indeed, what is most stunning about Earnest's statement is not the contention that Iran hasn't cheated on its nuclear commitments but the implicit claim that Iran's ballistic missile program is unconnected to the nuclear deal. Iran could build and fire as many missiles as it wanted, and Obama would be content to cherish the deal he achieved. And it is true the text of the deal contains no mention of ballistic missiles. They only appear on page 99 of an annex to UNSC Resolution 2231, which instantiates the deal, and only for the purpose of giving Iran permission, in eight years' time, to pursue ballistic missile technology freely.

But this should tell us—and we argued at the time it did tell us—everything one needs to know about the deal. Ballistic missiles are not some minor offshoot of a nuclear weapons program. They are an integral part of any such program, providing the delivery vehicles necessary for getting a nuclear device on target. What need has Iran of such lethal projectiles if it has no nuclear weapons aspirations? Thanks to the administration's obtuseness, or delusion, in believing these matters are "entirely separate," Iran will be permitted to attain the capability to fire nuclear weapons anywhere in the world, including at the American homeland.

Combined with Tehran's hostile rhetoric against Israel and the United States, plus Iran's intensified cooperation with Russia in Syria, the ballistic missile launch confirms that the deal, contrary to administration rhetoric, has not and will not soften the edges of the murderous Iranian regime, empower moderates in Tehran, or pave the way to détente with Iran. It has only emboldened the Islamic Republic while destroying U.S. credibility. This was entirely obvious and predictable to anyone who sees the world as it is instead of through a delusional ideological prism.

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Unfortunately, we have an administration deeply committed to its ideological prism. And it will remain in office for another 14 months. We also have a Congress that is entitled to try to make the world the next president faces less dangerous than it would otherwise be. Does the nuclear deal, which didn't involve ballistic missiles, as the administration keeps reminding us, somehow require Congress to do nothing as Iran tests its missiles?

—Michael Makovsky

Coercive Federalism

Some 45 municipalities make up Westchester County, the prosperous, heavily Democratic jurisdiction just north of New York City whose most famous residents are Bill and Hillary Clinton. Like many localities across the country, Westchester has long been a recipient of federal housing grants. But for more than six years now the Department of Housing and Urban Development and Westchester County have been at loggerheads over whether the county may receive such grants.

The latest development in this saga occurred last month, when the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit ruled against the county. The story is not over, however, and the good news is that the county has decided no longer to apply for housing grants.

To qualify for a grant, a jurisdiction must submit to HUD a plan detailing how it will use the money. The jurisdiction must "certify" that it will "affirmatively further fair housing." Under HUD regulations, that means the jurisdiction must "conduct an analysis to identify impediments to fair housing choice" and promise to "take appropriate actions to overcome the effects of any impediments identified through that analysis." HUD must approve such an analysis. Rejection means grants may be withheld and reallocated to other, qualifying jurisdictions.

In 2010 the county submitted an analysis, and HUD rejected it. To HUD, the county's zoning practices, which place limits on the size, type, height, and density of buildings, were racially exclusionary and thus an "impediment to fair housing choice" that the county must "overcome"—through new zoning. At HUD's request, the county redid its analysis several times but never concluded—as the agency wanted it to—that there was racially exclusionary zoning. And that was the sticking point. HUD rejected every analysis.

When the agency proceeded to withhold grants, the county sued, claiming that the agency's repeated rejection of its submissions relied on a factor—the substance of zoning policies—that HUD was not by law permitted to consider. If the agency had acted lawfully, the county argued, it would not have withheld the grants for the fiscal years in question, which included 2013 and 2014.

The county lost in the district court and then on appeal in the Second Circuit, which said that HUD indeed has the legal authority to require a jurisdiction to analyze whether zoning laws are an "impediment" to fair housing. Importantly, the Second Circuit made plain what its decision did not mean: "that any of Westchester County's municipalities violated the Fair Housing Act or engaged in discrimination on the basis of race. . . . [T]here has been no finding, at any point, that Westchester actually engaged in housing discrimination."

That HUD prevailed in the lower courts isn't surprising, since those tribunals are generally deferential to government agencies. The county could appeal, but it's unlikely that the Supreme Court would take what the Second Circuit called "a narrow question" of statutory interpretation on which there is no conflict in the circuit courts.

So the withheld grants—totaling more than $17 million—will be headed to other jurisdictions. But the more important development in this story is one that happened outside the courts—the decision made earlier this year by Westchester *not* to apply for grants for fiscal years 2015, 2016, and 2017.

Noticing this, the Second Circuit asked a series of what it described as "big-picture" questions—about the meaning of "affirmatively further fair housing," about "the difference, if any, between furthering 'fair' housing and furthering 'affordable' housing," and about the degree of "control" HUD may exert over local policies that in its view impede the creation of "fair" or "affordable" housing. The court concluded, "if conflicts of this sort between HUD and local governments are to be avoided, is the simplest solution to avoid applying for federal funds in the first place?"

That's where Westchester found itself—ready to move on, tired of the conflicts with HUD and doubtless tired, too, of the false accusations of discrimination. By deciding to stop seeking federal housing grants, the county has taken itself out of HUD's grasp and put an end to the conflicts resulting from having to deal with the agency.

The county deserves credit across the country for the stand it has taken against "coercive federalism," the national government's use of the grant-making process to pressure states and localities to change certain policies. Suffice it to say, coercive federalism is everywhere, but Westchester is the rare jurisdiction to have said, in effect, "no more."

None of the candidates for president has talked about the Westchester case or coercive federalism. Perhaps some Republican candidate will? Maybe one of the governors who's running? And what say you, Hillary of Westchester?

—Terry Eastland

The Republican Obama?

Why his rivals fear Marco Rubio.

BY JOHN MCCORMACK

Bedford, N.H.

As the sun starts setting on a crisp fall evening, Marco Rubio takes the stage in the backyard of a former editor of the *New Hampshire Union Leader* for a classic New Hampshire campaign event, a house party. "I love this weather," Rubio says. "It doesn't make you sweat." Rubio flashes a smile, and the crowd laughs. For a couple weeks now, Donald Trump has been mocking Rubio for, of all things, perspiring during the last GOP presidential debate. Trump had just sent a 24-pack of "Trump Ice" bottled water to Rubio's campaign with a note that read: "Since you're always sweating, we thought you could use some water. Enjoy!"

Rubio has risen only to third place in the national polls—significantly behind Donald Trump and Ben Carson and just a bit ahead of Carly Fiorina, Ted Cruz, and Jeb Bush. But since the second GOP debate, Rubio has been taking heat from rivals as if he were the frontrunner. And in a sense he is a frontrunner, running first among candidates who have ever held elective office and first among candidates who might stop Trump. Rubio's position has been strengthened not only by a pair of strong debate performances but also by Wisconsin governor Scott Walker's decision to drop out of the race and narrow the choice for mainstream conservatives.

That's why Jeb Bush, a onetime establishment favorite and Rubio's former mentor, has deployed a potentially more effective attack on Rubio—that the Florida senator is simply the

THOMAS FLUHARTY

Republican Obama. "Look, we had a president who came in and said the same kind of things [as Rubio]," Bush told CNN on September 30. "'New and improved,' 'hope and change,' and he didn't have the leadership skills to fix things." When asked on MSNBC the next day if Rubio had the leadership skills to be president, Bush replied: "It's not known. Barack Obama didn't end up having them, and he won an election on the belief that he could."

Over coffee on October 8 in Boston, Rubio brushed off Bush's criticism. "When someone's running for president and your staff tells you that you need to say *this* this morning in order to gain an advantage, people are going to do that, and I understand that," Rubio told me. "It's not going to change how I feel about him. I have tremendous admiration and affection for him. I think he was a great governor of Florida."

"I'm not running against Jeb Bush, and I have nothing negative to say about him," Rubio said, before implicitly criticizing the dynastic former governor who last held office nearly a decade ago. "I just think it's time for the party and the country to move ahead to a new generation of leadership with new ideas that are relevant to the times in which we live and the century that awaits."

It remains to be seen whether Bush's argument about inexperience will resonate with voters. "Certainly, you have the example of that [problem] in the White House right now," undecided Republican voter Phil Richardson of Dover, N.H., told me after a Rubio town hall meeting. "However, there are some examples of some excellent people with little experience who became our greatest presidents, like Harry Truman."

"Well, unfortunately, he has that baby face," said Sidney Temple, a Rubio supporter, following the event in Bedford. "But you know, isn't he older than Kennedy was?" (Indeed, Kennedy was 43 when he was elected, and Rubio will be 45 on Election Day 2016—just a year shy of Bill Clinton's age when he was elected in 1992.)

For now, the polls don't indicate that voters are putting a premium on governing experience. Candidates who have never held elective office—Trump, Carson, and Fiorina—now garner a combined 51 percent in the *Real Clear Politics* average of national polls. A YouGov national survey conducted in October found that Republican voters back Rubio over Bush 69 percent to 31 percent if forced to

John McCormack is a senior writer at The Weekly Standard.

choose between those two. Perhaps more troubling for Bush was the poll's finding that he would be a poor leader of a "Stop Trump" movement. Bush trailed Trump by 18 points—41 percent to 59 percent—in a head-to-head matchup. Rubio led Trump by 6 points—53 percent to 47 percent.

When Rubio is asked directly about the Obama comparison on the campaign trail, he responds by pointing out that Obama has been president for seven years, so inexperience cannot explain what's wrong with his policies today. It's Obama's ideas, says Rubio, that are the problem.

In many important ways, of course, Marco Rubio *is* the Republican Obama. Each man is the best communicator in his party. Each has a life story—the son of poor anti-Communist Cuban refugees and the son of a white woman from Kansas and a black man from Kenya—that proves the American dream isn't dead (and appeals particularly to his party's self-image).

If Rubio loses the nomination, it will more likely be because of the ways his career differed from Obama's than any similarities to it. As a senator, Obama assiduously avoided taking a stand on any issue that might keep him from winning the Democratic nomination. By contrast, Rubio has taken detailed and controversial positions within the Republican party on a wide range of issues—chief among them being immigration reform. Whether he can withstand attacks on this issue may be the biggest factor determining whether Rubio can go all the way.

After running strongly in his 2010 Senate campaign against a path to citizenship for illegal immigrants and the comprehensive approach to immigration taken by the McCain-Kennedy bill in 2006, Rubio publicly evolved on the issue following the 2012 election. He joined the bipartisan "Gang of 8" to craft a comprehensive immigration reform bill that would open up a pathway to citizenship after a series of requirements were met. The bill passed the Senate, but, following a conservative backlash, John Boehner declined to bring it up for a vote in the House. Rubio hasn't backed down from immigration reform, but he now favors breaking up the bill in a three-step approach.

"You cannot deal with this all at once. You can't. There is no way to solve these problems in one big piece of legislation," Rubio told voters at a town hall event in Dover. "It's too complicated, it's too politically controversial, and the American people have had bad experiences with massive pieces of legislation."

"Step number one, and that's the key that unlocks everything else, you must prove to everyone that illegal immigration is under control," Rubio said. "You don't just pass a law that says we're going to bring illegal immigration under control. Prove it. Show us that you've done it. Show us the mandatory E-Verify system. Show us the walls on the border and the personnel and that you're in fact stopping the flow."

Step two, Rubio said, is to modernize the legal immigration system to make it a merit-based system, rather than a family-based system that currently admits one million immigrants legally each year. When asked later if the number of immigrants admitted legally should increase, decrease, or stay the same, Rubio told me: "It depends. What we have to do is to have a merit-based system of immigration and that will determine the number."

"After we've done these two things," Rubio said in Dover, "I honestly believe the American people are going to be very reasonable about what do you do with someone who's been here for 20 years that's not a criminal, . . . that has not otherwise violated the law, who's willing to pay taxes, who's willing to pay a fine, who's willing to learn English, pass the background check. I think people would say for someone like that, we'll give them a work permit. That's all they'll have for a long time, at least 10 years. Then after that, I personally am open to allowing them to apply for a green card, not through a special pathway."

So Rubio hasn't reversed himself on any major substantive element of the 2013 immigration bill, but backing away from a comprehensive approach he once favored has lent more credence than anything else to the argument that he's not ready to stand up to pressure.

Can Rubio point to a time in his career when he's withstood political pressure? "When I called for us to be more aggressive in Libya, there were a lot of people in the base of my party who were against that," he said in our interview. "I wouldn't call it isolationism per se, but there was a growing movement in that direction in 2011, 2012, and 2013 that really didn't end until ISIS beheaded two Americans." The party has certainly moved toward Rubio's more hawkish foreign policy stance, but Republicans are still fairly divided on what the proper response would have been to the Arab Spring.

Was it a mistake, for example, to intervene in Libya without identifying moderate forces that could take control after Qaddafi fell? "That's an argument that people could make if the question was do we want to start a civil war. It had already started," Rubio replied. "Qaddafi was going to fall with or without us. It was clear he could not sustain his grip on power. He was going to massacre half a million people. He was going to Benghazi to carry that out. And then the pressure would have really been on to do something." Rubio blames the current chaos in Libya on Obama's failure to help quickly bring the civil war to a decisive conclusion.

Rubio has also courted controversy within his own party on matters of economic policy. Rubio earned praise from many leading conservatives for proposing a tax reform plan with Utah senator Mike Lee that would create two federal income tax brackets—15 percent and 35 percent—and provide targeted relief to families by expanding the child tax credit to $2,500. Some supply-siders, particularly at the *Wall Street Journal*, have criticized Rubio's plan for failing to bring the top rate down even further (Rubio's plan lowers the rate for corporations and small businesses to 25 percent).

On the other hand, one of the primary features of the Rubio plan designed to promote growth—zeroing out taxes on capital gains, dividends, and interest in order to spur

investment—has been criticized as politically toxic in a general election. The proposal would bring federal tax bills of people like Warren Buffett and Mitt Romney close to zero. The Democratic attack ad writes itself. So how would Rubio respond?

"It's not about Warren Buffett or Mitt Romney. It's about people like my father. My father was a bartender. He worked in a hotel. And that hotel existed because someone invested money to build it, operate it, and maintain it," Rubio said. "We need more investment. The more you tax investment, the less investment you're going to get. I want to make America the most attractive place in the world to invest, so millions of people like my father have jobs."

This argument, made at a time when the stock market is up more than 150 percent since its 2009 low, does not strike Henry Olsen, a political analyst at the Ethics and Public Policy Center, as persuasive. "Particularly it's damaging for Rubio because his essential campaign appeal is that he's everything that Mitt Romney is not," Olsen says. "I think elections are fought at a personal and a moral level, and what you have here is a very easily understandable moral message."

Of course, a timid and calculating approach to politics at a time when voters are deeply discontent carries its own risks. Any Republican presidential candidate is going to face charges of cutting programs like Social Security and Medicare in order to fund tax cuts for the rich. The case for Rubio is that he's still the most appealing candidate and best communicator in the party—an original Tea Party candidate with establishment credentials who could unite the GOP.

He won his 2010 Senate race by 19 points while running on a platform of entitlement reform, and he's been honing that message ever since. "Now I'm from Florida," Rubio says in his stump speech in Bedford. "You may not know this, but there are a lot of people in Florida on Medicare and Social Security. One of them happens to be my mother. And I can say this to you right now unequivocally: I am against anything that is bad for my mother." Rubio goes on to explain how Social Security and Medicare are driving the national debt, "not foreign aid, which is less than 1 percent of our budget," and how modest changes for his generation can save the programs and balance the budget. "These aren't unreasonable things to ask of my generation after all the things our parents and our grandparents did for us."

In normal times, one would expect the party to nominate the most compelling spokesman with the best chance at uniting the party. But we may not be living in normal times. ♦

Underwhelming Joe Biden

A run for the White House is his best shot at a real legacy.

BY MARK HEMINGWAY

Last year, Democratic presidential candidate Hillary Clinton was asked a simple question: What was your proudest moment as secretary of state? Posed at a women's forum, it was hardly hostile in intent. Clinton was unable to answer, and the resulting *New York Times* headline was brutal: "Hillary Clinton Struggles to Define a Legacy in Progress."

A number of prominent Democrats have tried to ride to her rescue with attempts at filling out her résumé, but it's a thankless job. Not long ago, for example, national security adviser Susan Rice named the Trans-Pacific Partnership one of Clinton's top accomplishments. But the candidate recently abandoned her support of the trade deal, most likely as a strategy to shore up union backing.

Such vulnerabilities have been stirring support for Vice President Joe Biden to enter the race. But after her strong debate performance, a host of prominent pundits are suddenly saying there's no need for a centrist challenge to Clinton. That may not matter to Biden. What might ultimately drive Biden into the race, ironically, is the same issue that's tripped up Hillary: After nearly half a century in national politics, becoming president is the only shot Biden's got at securing a real legacy.

Biden spent 36 years in the Senate beginning in 1972, and if you blinked, you'd miss the highlight reel. After campaigning for school integration, during his first Senate term he became perhaps best known as one of the few ostensible liberals to oppose mandatory busing. The policy of busing kids long distances has a spotty record of success in achieving equality, but explaining this to a race-obsessed Democratic base is going to be awkward. An August *Politico* story—"How a Young Joe Biden Turned Liberals Against Integration"—makes the case that Biden's flip-flop singlehandedly changed Congress's attitude.

Biden was later a prominent mouthpiece in support of Jimmy Carter's ill-advised rapprochement plans with the Soviets. He was particularly vocal in his support of the 1979 SALT II treaty, which was controversial from the get-go. The Senate debate over ratifying the treaty was still going on six months after Carter signed it, at which point the Soviets invaded Afghanistan. SALT II was a dead letter, leaving supporters such as Biden with egg on their faces.

In the eighties, Biden was known for two things. First, he presided over

Mark Hemingway is a senior writer at The Weekly Standard.

Robert Bork's Supreme Court confirmation hearings. The year before Biden took over the chairmanship of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Antonin Scalia had been confirmed by a vote of 98-0. Biden initially pledged support for Bork. "Say the administration sends up Bork, and, after our investigations, he looks a lot like Scalia. I'd have to vote for him, and if the [special interest] groups tear me apart, that's the medicine I'll have to take," he told the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

But under Biden's leadership, the Bork confirmation hearings were a circus of unprecedented and unjustified personal attacks. They succeeded in keeping Bork's powerful legal mind off the Court, hugely consequential to conservatives and liberals both. As a practical political matter, it didn't affect the immediate balance of power on the Court. Similar tactics failed to derail the next conservative nominee, Clarence Thomas. But Biden's legacy is such that even liberals now use the term "borking" as a pejorative. It's not a stretch to accuse him of wrecking the judicial nomination process—Biden is the reason once-routine judicial appointments now bring Congress to a halt.

It's probably not coincidental that the grandstanding involved in the Bork hearings served to elevate Biden's national profile as he ran for president in 1988. This brings us to Biden's second notable episode of the '80s. He soon got all the attention he could handle, none of it good. He was caught plagiarizing British Labour leader Neil Kinnock. More than that, really: Biden appropriated Kinnock's hardscrabble life story as his own. It was a particularly bizarre thing to do considering Biden's own story—he lost his wife and child in a car accident shortly after he was elected to the Senate at age 30—is plenty affecting. Biden maintained he merely forgot to acknowledge Kinnock once, but Maureen Dowd, then a *New York Times* reporter, documented two other instances of his using Kinnock without attribution. Soon it was revealed that Biden had also borrowed significant chunks from speeches by Hubert Humphrey and Robert Kennedy. Biden tried to blame aide Pat Caddell for using the Humphrey remarks and claimed the RFK plagiarism was an innocent mix-up. The excuses became downright laughable when it emerged Biden was given an F in a course in law school for plagiarizing five entire pages. Biden's plagiarism problem appears to be pathological.

GARY LOCKE

For politicians, however, being pathological is more of a feature than a bug. Biden soldiered on, and the '90s brought his sole signature legislative accomplishment. In 36 years in the Senate, Biden drafted and passed one piece of legislation, the 1994 Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act. One part of this sweeping legislation, the Violence Against Women Act, provided new federal resources for women who had been victimized and is potentially a credit to Biden politically. Even this, however, has a mixed legacy. A significant part of the act was gutted by the Supreme Court for violating the Fourteenth Amendment. The law would have allowed women to sue men in federal court for civil damages even after they had been cleared of criminal charges.

As for the rest of the Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act, when looked at through a contemporary lens, there's something for everyone to hate. The law contained the later-repealed and much-derided federal assault weapons ban, sure to endear Biden to voters in such swing states as Colorado, where they recalled two state legislators in 2013 for passing new gun restrictions.

Biden's legislation also contained a new "three strikes, you're out" provision that is now regularly blamed for prison overcrowding and has subsequently caused Bill Clinton and California governor Jerry Brown to renounce their previous support of the

law. If the Black Lives Matter movement demands more restraint from law enforcement, well, Biden has to explain he put 100,000 more cops on the streets. Don't like the death penalty? The law created 60 new capital offenses.

The rest of Biden's Senate career is primarily notable for his vote to invade Iraq. If you discount Lindsey Graham and Rick Santorum, whose odds of winning the GOP nomination are in Powerball territory, the only presidential candidates in 2016 who voted to invade Iraq will be Democrats.

This brings us to Biden's legacy as vice president, insofar as the phrase "legacy as vice president" doesn't induce snickering. An *Atlantic* article in 2012 quite seriously asked, "Joe Biden: The Most Influential Vice President in History?" In retrospect, the article vacillates between wild overstatements about what had already been achieved and wishcasting about the future impact of the Obama-Biden presidency. Yet it wasn't wrong in noting Biden's significance:

> But in terms of the sheer number of issues Biden has influenced in a short time, the current vice president is bidding to surpass even Cheney. . . . Back in 2010 it was Biden's office that, in the main, orchestrated the handover to the Iraqis. It is Biden's view of Afghanistan that has, bit by bit, come to dominate thinking inside the 2014 withdrawal plan. On financial reform it was Biden who prodded an indecisive Obama to embrace, at long last, Paul Volcker's idea of barring banks from risky trading, according to Austan Goolsbee, formerly the head of Obama's Council of Economic Advisers.

First, let's take Biden's management of the Iraqi handover. "I'll bet you my vice presidency [Iraqi president Nuri al-]Maliki will extend the SOFA [Status of Forces Agreement]," Biden famously said during negotiations. Of course, Maliki did not extend the SOFA, and the resulting lack of a major U.S. military presence in Iraq is frequently cited as allowing the rise of ISIS.

As for Afghanistan, President Obama just announced he's halting the withdrawal there. If Biden's view of how to manage that war is dominant in the administration, it seems relevant to mention the following: The total number of American casualties in Afghanistan under Bush was 569. Under Obama-Biden, it's currently 2,165.

But Biden's role in financial reform deserves special mention. That's because Jeff Connaughton, a former lobbyist and investment banker who worked for Biden off and on for over 30 years, wrote a scathing memoir about his former boss, *The Payoff: Why Wall Street Always Wins*. According to Connaughton, Biden played a significant role in stymieing financial reform and the prosecution of corrupt Wall Street executives who caused the 2008 crash. This was in spite of the fact the legislative effort to rein in Wall Street was led by Ted Kaufman, Biden's former chief of staff, handpicked successor to finish his Senate term, and subsequent chair of the congressional oversight panel established by TARP. In Connaughton's telling, it's hard to judge whether the White House was being subservient to Wall Street, simply out of their depth, or both. Regardless, it's damning: "Unfortunately for America, Obama and Biden (who pledged in his 1972 campaign never to own a stock or a bond) were both financially illiterate," writes Connaughton. (Biden still disingenuously claims he doesn't own a stock or bond, but there's a fair number of them on his financial disclosure forms under his wife's name.)

It would be a mistake, however, to survey the wreckage and conclude it will have much effect on Biden's chances of being president. His checkered legacy may not matter much in contrast to his formidable political skill. He has few peers in American history, having been elected to the Senate and White House nine times in a row after controversies that would have destroyed less skillful politicians. But vying to be the first female president, Hillary Clinton at least has some idea of what her legacy could be. Biden's just another old white man with a knack for failing up, at the end of his political career. If he wants to be remembered for anything positive besides being an affable guy from Delaware, he's got no choice but to run for president. Only then will he have one last shot at accomplishing something—anything—grand. ♦

The View from the Sidelines

Charlie Black on the 2016 campaign.

BY FRED BARNES

When you've been involved in presidential politics as long as Charlie Black, things get pretty simple. A good candidate is one who can communicate and isn't mistake-prone. News coverage matters as much as ever. "The basic things don't change," he says.

Black believes there's a regular pattern to the way Republican presidential campaigns unfold. "The natural flow of the race narrows the field to two candidates after the first few primaries," he told me. This pits a mainstream Republican against an outsider, and the mainstream candidate always wins the nomination.

When Black told me this, I wasn't so sure. Then I checked every race starting with 1976, when Black worked for his first presidential candidate as Ronald Reagan's Midwest coordinator. Black was right. Here's the list,

Fred Barnes is an executive editor at The Weekly Standard.

starting in 1976: Ford, Reagan, Reagan, Bush, Bush, Dole, W. Bush, W. Bush, McCain, Romney.

Once the narrowing occurs this cycle, Black suspects the mainstream candidate will be Jeb Bush, Marco Rubio, or John Kasich. The outsider will come from the group of nonpoliticians—Donald Trump, Ben Carson, Carly Fiorina. If it's Trump, he'll lose, Black says, because he can't get to 50 percent. His negatives are simply too high.

To reach the one-on-one stage, a candidate has to win at least one early state. "If you don't win one of the first four—in 2016, maybe one of the first five—you're not going to be competitive," Black says. Press coverage vanishes and money gets scarce.

Black, 68, who has worked for Republican candidates in the past 10 races as a top strategist, hasn't signed up with anyone seeking the 2016 nomination. "I have six personal friends running," he says. "It's easier to sit in the bleachers and watch than run against any friend." The six are Bush, Rubio, Kasich, Fiorina, Lindsey Graham, and Trump. Black adds that while he counts Trump as a friend, "I'm not for him."

His career as strategist has had twists and turns. He was national political director for Reagan in 1980, got fired on the day of the New Hampshire primary along with campaign boss John Sears, then returned to work for Reagan's reelection in 1984. "By then, I'd made up with all the guys who got us fired."

In 1988, he advised Jack Kemp. Once Kemp dropped out, he joined the elder Bush's campaign and worked for him again in 1992 as the senior outside consultant. In 1996, Black was Phil Gramm's strategist. Gramm, like Kemp, was positioned to be the top conservative candidate. But he was "ambushed" by Pat Buchanan, much as Kemp had been outflanked on the right by Pat Robertson. In 2000 and 2004, Black helped the younger Bush.

Black was one of John McCain's only strategists in 2008 with presidential campaign experience. And McCain happens to be one of his favorite candidates. Four years later, he advised Mitt Romney. "I didn't have much impact on that campaign."

Nationally televised debates are events about which Black has especially strong views. Candidates shouldn't say anything they haven't "thought through and rehearsed . . . no matter what the questions." And their advisers should be able to anticipate most of the questions.

Black with client John McCain, April 7, 2008

Debates, even early ones, now "weed people out," he says. When Rick Perry was excluded from the top-tier Republican debate, he was doomed. Scott Walker's fundraising dried up after weak performances in two GOP debates. Debates forced them out of the race.

Hillary Clinton, in contrast, was well prepared and sharp in last week's Democratic debate. She even had "a good demeanor, which she obviously rehearsed," Black says. But he expects whatever Clinton gained from her performance will be fleeting.

"She's not likable," he says. "She's not a good speaker. She doesn't have an issue. . . . Voters in both parties realize the economy is not good. If I were her, I'd run against Obama." In the debate, she inched away from him on a few policies. But asked how she differs from Obama, she said she'd be the first woman president. "She can't talk her way out of anything," Black says. "Bill could."

In Black's view, there are only three Republicans with a reasonable chance of winning the White House in 2016—Bush, Rubio, Kasich. A major reason: They are not anti-immigrant. Black believes the GOP nominee must cut into Democratic dominance of the Hispanic vote. Romney failed to. Bush, Rubio, and Kasich can appeal to Hispanics, he says.

Four names are on Black's list of best presidential candidates. "I used to call Bill Clinton the great communicator, even more than Reagan," he says. His speeches were expressed "in terms people understood." His attacks on opponents included humor. "He didn't look mean," Black says. And when Clinton got in trouble, "people wanted to forgive him."

The best, he says, was Reagan, partly because "he was not lazy. He never gave a speech" without thoroughly going over it. He was disciplined. He knew the value of repetition. He "had confidence in what he was going to do."

Black says he learned from spending time with Reagan in private sessions how smart he was. In 1979, Reagan predicted the Soviets would lose the Cold War because America "would beat them economically," Black says. Nobody else "even thought that." Reagan was right.

John McCain and the elder George Bush were exceptional candidates, in Black's opinion. McCain won the GOP nomination on the strength of his mastery of town hall meetings. "Bush 41 really got on his game," Black says. Democrat Mike Dukakis succumbed to Bush's attack. "He had a lot of liberal views and he wouldn't hedge on them. That was the key to our coming back from 17 points down."

Black is a skeptic about one of the new phenomena in presidential races—super-PACs. He prefers candidates to "spend the money and be accountable for ads. The super-PACs aren't accountable." In the summer of 2012, the folks who ran the super-PAC backing Romney "didn't spend the money" to counter a wave of vicious Obama ads. Romney was left unprotected. "I never understood that," Black says. ♦

AP / MARY ALTAFFER

Beyond Bailout Nation

Republicans need something to say about 2008.

BY STEPHEN MOORE & PETER FERRARA

After the Great Depression, Democrats ran against Herbert Hoover for 30 years—and with great success. Even though Hoover's policies were anything but market-oriented—he greatly raised spending, taxes, and tariffs in response to the 1929 Wall Street crash—Republicans took the fall for Hooverism. It wasn't until Ronald Reagan that free markets were fully politically rehabilitated.

History may be repeating itself. Speaking in New Hampshire in July, Hillary Clinton warned voters not to turn back control of the economic levers to Republicans: "We wouldn't have had to have a recovery if we hadn't had the kind of poor management and bad economic policies that put us into the ditch in the first place." She added, "We can't go back to the old policies that failed us before." This will become the Democratic mantra in the 2016 campaign.

The liberal narrative of the real estate meltdown of 2008 has been repeated over and over for seven years. To wit: Republican tax cuts and deregulation led to a massive bubble and overinvestment, which crashed the economy. And then Republicans bailed out their rich Wall Street fat cat friends, while working Americans lost their jobs, homes, and savings. Barack Obama's activist government intervention helped save America from a second Great Depression.

Stephen Moore is a senior fellow at the Heritage Foundation. Peter Ferrara is a senior fellow at the Heartland Institute.

Republicans by and large have had no response and instead pretend that the 2008 Great Recession never happened. The presidential candidates have had almost nothing to say about why the collapse occurred or what they would have done differently. Liberal and conservative voters are still seething with anger over the GOP's hundreds of billions in bailouts to the bad actors of Wall Street. Republicans seem to hope delusionally that voters don't remember what happened eight years ago or don't care.

Here we go again.

Oh, but they do. And an inability to explain the 2008 meltdown undermines the GOP's strongest case against electing another Democrat to the White House, which is that Obamanomics has given us a paltry recovery with the middle class and the poor losing ground.

After almost eight years, Republicans can surely do better. There are three points to be made about this ugly episode. First, liberal government policies are what caused the real estate bubble. Second, Democrats and the Fed are enacting policies that are inflating yet another financial bubble. Third, and most important, it's time to swear off all future corporate and Wall Street bailouts.

The real estate meltdown isn't that hard to explain. The stage was set with regulations during the 1990s, such as the revised Community Reinvestment Act, that strong-armed banks to relax their traditional mortgage underwriting standards and led to a culture of bad home loans, especially to low-income borrowers. All of this was done in the name of preventing discriminatory "redlining" loan practices.

Bill Clinton announced in June 1995, at a White House ceremony on expanding home ownership, that his new lending rules would "not cost the taxpayers one extra cent." In 1996 HUD established quotas requiring Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac to devote at least 40 percent of their funds to low- and moderate-income housing. Former Texas senator Phil Gramm noted in the *Wall Street Journal*,

> By the time the housing market collapsed, Fannie and Freddie faced three quotas. The first was for mortgages to individuals with below-average income, set at 56% of their overall mortgage holdings. The second targeted families with incomes at or below 60% of area median income, set at 27% of their holdings. The third targeted geographic areas deemed to be underserved, set at 35%.

Peter Wallison, an expert who served on the federal Financial Crisis Inquiry Commission, explains how this corrupted the entire lending industry: "Once the standards were relaxed for low-income borrowers, it would seem impossible to deny these benefits to the prime market. Indeed, bank regulators . . . could hardly disapprove of similar loans made to better qualified borrowers."

Alas, the Bush administration added fuel to the burgeoning subprime mortgage crisis by obsessively promoting

DERICK E. HINGLE / BLOOMBERG / GETTY

through HUD higher and higher rates of homeownership. By 2006 about half of all mortgage loans made in the United States could be classified as nonprime for one reason or another.

Fannie and Freddie were the two giant enablers of the bubble by insuring (with taxpayer backing) an ever-larger share of new home mortgages. To its credit, the Bush administration did try to rein them in. In September 2003, Bush proposed a new federal agency "to regulate and supervise the financial activities of" these government-sponsored enterprises. At a 2003 House hearing, federal regulators testified that the reckless financial practices of Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac threatened the entire financial system. But congressional Democrats denounced such regulation as threatening "affordable housing."

Rep. Barney Frank famously led the counterattack, saying, "I want to roll the dice a little bit more in this situation towards subsidized housing." And that is what Congress did.

Meanwhile, private mortgage lenders went wild, to the cheers of liberals and bank regulators. During the housing mania of 2005-07, Countrywide issued tens of billions of dollars of subprime mortgages with down payments of 5 percent or less. Liberals chose to ignore that the chairman of the Senate housing oversight committee, Chris Dodd, a liberal Democrat from Connecticut, received sweetheart loan deals from Countrywide. (Liberals who complain to this day that few of the Wall Street bad actors went to jail have never argued for a prison cell for Dodd or other public servants who benefited from sweet deals as "friends" of Countrywide's CEO.)

There was plenty of blame to go around during the housing frenzy, including the underwriters and the credit rating agency cartel that allowed millions of bad loans to be issued. Importantly, the Federal Reserve facilitated this bubble through years of near-zero interest rates and floods of cheap money into the economy.

When the Fed finally realized it had to rein in its loosey-goosey monetary policy in late 2006, soaring housing prices slowed and then tipped into decline. The housing bubble burst. The Case-Shiller Home Price Index shows that housing prices across the country declined an average of about 27 percent from their peak in July 2006 to the end of 2008. This triggered a financial panic as dominoes fell.

In sum, bungling interventions by Congress, the Fed, and the regulators didn't alleviate the crisis, they fanned the flames. This reality didn't stop Ben Bernanke—Fed chairman at the time—from boasting this week that the monetary interventions during the financial crisis worked just as planned and have created a high-employment, low-inflation economy. History is being rewritten as we speak. Fannie and Freddie lost $150 billion, yet liberals have fought to keep these corrupt government-sponsored enterprises open for business, while conservatives like Rep. Jeb Hensarling of Texas, head of the House Financial Services Committee, have tried in vain to protect taxpayers from future losses once and for all by privatizing them.

Republicans should also be warning of another financial bubble thanks to Obama policies. Dodd and Frank wrote the regulatory laws to prevent the kind of housing crisis that they played an instrumental role in causing in the first place. That law and its plethora of rules is leading to a consolidation in the banking industry, as the "too big to fail" whale banks swallow up the minnows, which only puts taxpayers on the hook for future bailouts. We should want more community banks, not fewer.

Worse yet, to this day Fannie and Freddie are still securitizing hundreds of billions of dollars of mortgages. Many of them are with down payments of as low as 3 percent, as the Obama administration is on a Bush-like homeownership push. Have we learned nothing?

Finally, the Fed is stuck on its zero interest rate policy, which is how we got into the mess in the first place. Liberals have cheered Fed chairman Janet Yellen—as has Wall Street, which is again addicted to cheap money. Isn't this all starting to sound familiar?

Where Republicans were most complicit in the entire sordid debacle was in tossing out the window their free-market principles in the fall of 2008 and agreeing to bail out the lenders, insurance companies, and investment firms. It was, after all, a Republican president and a Republican House that approved the hundreds of billions of dollars of bailouts known as TARP. The Bush philosophy under Treasury secretary Hank Paulson was that we had to undermine the principles of free market capitalism in order to save it.

It speaks volumes about the legacy of this fiasco that Bernie Sanders, the socialist, attacks the GOP mercilessly and persuasively for the 2008 Wall Street bailouts. Voters to this day want to know why the fat cats got hundreds of billions in bailouts and the middle class got a financial get well card.

The author Amity Shlaes argues that the bailouts have created a lingering "trust deficit" with voters. She suggests a new pledge to be signed by Republican candidates for the White House and Congress to never again vote for a business bailout. The "no bailout" promise could be the cousin of Grover Norquist's "no new taxes" promise, which has held up for 25 years, ever since George H. W. Bush broke his "read my lips" promise to voters with his 1990 tax hike.

This shouldn't be hard to do because massive bailouts to big business are much more in keeping with the Democratic philosophy of big government than the GOP's laissez-faire ideals.

The daunting political reality is this: Republicans are at risk of losing what is shaping up to be the most important election since 1980 if voters think the GOP is the party of Wall Street rescue boats and corporate safety nets. And they have yet to explain to voters that the financial debacle came from too much government spending, borrowing, and regulating, not too little. Whichever candidate gets on the big stage and tells this story to the American people, while denouncing bailout nation, is the one who should be the nominee. But so far, none has stepped up. ♦

The Sentencing Trap

Don't undo our greatest policy success.

BY PAUL MIRENGOFF & WILLIAM G. OTIS

What's the biggest domestic public policy success of the last two generations? In our view, it's the plummeting crime rate that began with a changed approach to crime in the Reagan years.

The new approach had two major components—proactive policing and mandatory minimum sentencing that set floors below which judges cannot go in sentencing serious offenders.

Mandatory minimums curbed the nearly unfettered discretion federal judges had previously exercised. That discretion produced systemic and shockingly lenient treatment of dangerous criminals; in the decades before Reagan, we invited, and we got, a national crime wave.

Reforms in policing and sentencing succeeded spectacularly. In less than a quarter-century, serious crime has fallen by half.

It's impossible to say exactly how much of the decrease is attributable to better policing, how much to tougher sentencing, and how much to other factors. But even critics of mandatory minimum sentencing like John Malcolm of the Heritage Foundation attribute 25 to 35 percent of the decline to mandatory sentencing standards. This translates into tens of thousands of murders prevented, along with millions of other crimes.

These days, both prongs of the Reagan-era reform are under attack. The attack on proactive policing has caused police in some jurisdictions, most notoriously Baltimore, to become more passive. This has been a catalyst for a dramatic increase in serious crime, the victims of which are overwhelmingly African American.

Mourners embrace at a vigil in Oakland for murder victim Antonio Ramos, September 30. A jump in crime has followed sentencing reform in California.

LAURA A. ODA / OAKLAND TRIBUNE / AP

Now, a group of senators from both parties proposes to slash many of the mandatory minimum sentences for federal crimes. Their legislation, the Sentencing Reform and Corrections Act of 2015, is sponsored by the usual suspects—Chuck Schumer, Dick Durbin, Lindsey Graham—but also by some unusual ones, notably Charles Grassley, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and Mike Lee, the freshman Republican from Utah and former assistant U.S. attorney.

The bill was drafted in secret and is being rushed through. The Judiciary Committee is expected to do the markup on October 22, three weeks after the legislation's unveiling. There will be a one-day hearing, with only one witness likely allowed to testify in opposition.

The proposed statute would shorten mandatory sentences for repeat drug offenders, end the federal "three strikes" mandatory life provision, and give federal judges greater license to sentence as they choose. The law would apply retroactively. Thousands of prisoners could petition to be released even though they haven't completed their legally imposed sentences.

The most direct and immediate beneficiaries of this legislation will be traffickers in heroin, methamphetamine, and other hard drugs. Over time, many thousands of equally dangerous felons will serve shorter sentences.

This will mean one thing—more crime faster. Statistics compiled by the Obama-Holder Justice Department show that within a year of release, nearly 40 percent of prisoners are rearrested. Within five years, it's three-quarters. And these figures don't include those who recidivate but aren't arrested, either because the crime isn't reported (as often happens with drug crimes) or because no arrest can be made. No wonder California, which last year enacted major sentencing reform, is already seeing numerous reports of increased crime.

Why, at a time when drug-related murder is skyrocketing and the nation faces a heroin epidemic, would conservative senators legislate the early release of thousands of major drug offenders? Why do they want to dumb down a system that helped reduce major crime by 50 percent at a fraction of the cost of less effective federal programs?

In a speech to the Heritage Foundation in early October, Senator Lee presented his reasons. He complained that low-level offenders are being locked up for too long. But federal mandatory minimum sentences seldom apply to low-level offenders, who already have a generous statutory "safety valve" to alleviate possible injustice.

Paul Mirengoff is a retired attorney and coauthor of the blog Power Line. *William G. Otis is a former federal prosecutor and White House aide, an adjunct professor of law at Georgetown University, and a contributor to the blog* Crime and Consequences.

Lee also cited the nation's large prison population. He acknowledged, however, that inmate statistics alone cannot serve as the sole basis for reform, and the federal prison population—about 13 percent of the overall prison population—has been decreasing for two years in any event.

All the while, Lee misses the main point. The real measure of the system's health is not the incarceration rate, *but the crime rate*, which has plummeted under mandatory minimum sentencing. Criminal law exists to protect society from crime, not to protect criminals from jail.

Lee went on to argue that mandatory minimum sentencing doesn't treat offenders "as human beings" because it forces judges to sentence them according to rules rather than individual circumstances. But slashing mandatory minimums doesn't end the rules, it just waters them down—which, ironically, is just as well, because rules create discipline, rein in chances for discrimination, and provide more nearly equal treatment.

It's true that the proposed legislation grants judges more discretion. But we know from the era before mandatory minimums that liberal judges will abuse that discretion to go soft on serious offenders. With a raft of new Obama-appointed judges, this error will likely produce the same sort of damage we lived through in the sixties, seventies, and eighties.

Lee's last argument was that there are too many federal criminal laws on the books, including many that don't require knowledge of wrongdoing. He's right about that, but the proposed legislation does nothing to remedy it. In response to a question, Lee had to admit that the number of federal crimes his bill would take off the books is, precisely, zero. Republicans have frittered away their leverage to get something useful done, instead settling for the perverse.

It's not news when Democrats snooker Republican senators. But conservatives should not be hoodwinked this time into passing a core item of Al Sharpton's and Barack Obama's agenda. ♦

The Gulf We've Left in Our Wake

Another Obama retreat.

BY BENJAMIN RUNKLE

Theodore Roosevelt summarized his approach to diplomacy with the maxim "Speak softly and carry a big stick." Time and again, President Obama has chosen the opposite tack. Perhaps nowhere has his policy of speechifying without substance to back up the rhetoric been more problematic than in the Persian Gulf.

Addressing the United Nations on September 28, Obama attacked a straw man: those who argue "the only strength that matters for the United States is bellicose words and shows of military force." A mere 11 days later, the USS *Theodore Roosevelt* quietly departed the Persian Gulf. The nuclear-powered carrier is home to about 5,000 sailors and 65 combat planes and has played a central role in the campaign against ISIS in Iraq and Syria since August 2014. Its replacement—the USS *Harry Truman*—will arrive in the Gulf only later this winter, meaning that for the first time in eight years the Navy will have no aircraft carrier in the Gulf. Chief of Naval Operations Admiral John Richardson had already warned the Senate Armed Services Committee in July, "Without that carrier, there will be a detriment to our capability" in the Gulf.

Yet as damaging as this "carrier gap" may be from a short-term operational standpoint, the risk it poses to America's long-term strategy in the region is far more significant.

Benjamin Runkle is a former official at the Defense Department, the National Security Council, and the House Armed Services Committee and a veteran of Operation Iraqi Freedom.

Among the multitude of dangers posed by the nuclear deal with Iran is the way it threatens to constrain the options of future administrations, Republican or Democratic. Through weak inspection and enforcement mechanisms and the 15-year sunset clause, the Obama administration is tacitly allowing Iran to become—at minimum—a threshold nuclear state. Moreover, by releasing up to $150 billion in frozen assets to Tehran, giving the green light to the reintroduction of foreign trade on a massive scale, and removing all restrictions on sales of conventional weapons and ballistic missile systems to Tehran within eight years, the deal significantly raises the economic, diplomatic, and military costs of strategies to prevent Iran from actually developing nuclear weapons. Thus, the Obama administration risks constraining future U.S. policymakers by making deterrence in the Persian Gulf our only viable strategic option.

In fact, in his extended interview with columnist Thomas Friedman last April, President Obama specifically mentioned a policy of deterrence as his fallback position if Iran does not adhere to the nuclear agreement. To lay the groundwork for such a policy, the joint statement issued after Obama's Camp David summit with Gulf allies in May reiterated that it is U.S. policy to use all elements of U.S. national power to deter and confront external aggression "against our allies and partners." The administration also promised to increase the number of large-scale joint military exercises with Gulf Cooperation Council (GCC) states. And the president has repeatedly dismissed critics who claim his

"pivot to Asia" risks signaling a U.S. retreat from the Middle East by pointing to the approximately 35,000 U.S. forces stationed in the Persian Gulf as proof that America is not withdrawing any time soon.

In order for deterrence to be effective, however, two elements are required: capability and will. The United States and its allies likely possess enough conventional military power to deter Iran in the near-term. Indeed, some analysts argue that the United States can respond to any potential Iranian aggression in the Gulf with carriers based in the Indian Ocean and a leaner force structure taking advantage of technological advances such as RQ-170 Sentinel drones that have operated undetected over Iran for years, though one crashed there in 2011.

Yet even if the *Theodore Roosevelt*'s redeployment is manageable from a short-term operational perspective, it risks undermining America's strategy of deterrence in the Gulf by heightening skepticism about our willingness to honor commitments. Although President Obama reportedly went out of his way at Camp David to stress his understanding of the threat Iran poses to the region, he has given ample reason for doubt. Even before the nuclear deal with Iran was completed, the president expressed his desire for a new "equilibrium developing between . . . [the] Gulf states and Iran" and his belief that Iran could be "a very successful regional power." The president infamously retreated from his red line against Bashar al-Assad's use of chemical weapons in Syria—and Assad is using chemical weapons still. Although the administration has assured critics of the Iran deal that it will strictly enforce the remaining sanctions against Tehran, Reuters recently reported that U.S. enforcement of the Iran arms embargo fell off sharply over the past year as the deal was being negotiated.

The Obama administration has repeatedly weakened a key aspect of alliance management in the Middle East: the policy of reassurance. Although the administration pledged at Camp David to facilitate U.S. arms transfers to GCC states, over the past two years it has shown that U.S. weapons do not equate to American support during a crisis. As thousands of rockets were being fired at Israeli population centers during the 2014 war with Hamas, the administration held up arms shipments to Israel for further review in order to pressure the Israelis to accept Secretary of State John Kerry's ceasefire proposal, which basically adopted all of Hamas's demands. Although the United States has provided TOW antitank missiles and small arms ammunition to CIA-vetted Syrian rebels since Russia's intervention in that conflict, it was the administration's unwillingness to impose a no-fly zone over Syria that created the vacuum allowing Vladimir Putin to launch his air offensive against our putative partners.

The USS Theodore Roosevelt *leads a formation in the Persian Gulf.*

In other words, if the Obama administration is seeking to deter Iran and reassure our partners in the region, it has severely undermined its preferred strategy by its own actions. As former ambassador James Jeffrey recently told the *Wall Street Journal*, "It's not American military muscle that's the main thing. . . . It's people's belief—by our friends and by our opponents—that we will use that muscle to protect our friends, no ifs, ands or buts."

It is against this backdrop that the USS *Theodore Roosevelt*'s redeployment must be considered. Although scheduled months in advance, this redeployment for maintenance could not be any worse-timed, juxtaposed as it is with images of Russian aircraft escalating their bombing of anti-Assad-regime targets in Syria. This scheduled gap reflects not only the effects of sequestration, but also the prioritization of Asia, and is thus anticipated to be merely the first of many.

It would be dangerous to assume—as many academics do—that credibility does not matter in international relations, or that GCC leaders will distinguish between the level of U.S. commitment in Syria, which they see as part of the broader regional struggle against Iran, and our commitment to the Gulf. If the United States is pursuing a policy of deterrence against Iran, it must commit the necessary military capabilities to the region and reassure our partners that our commitment is credible. Otherwise, GCC states may pursue an independent security policy (overextending themselves in Yemen, for instance, or supporting more radical rebels in Syria), a separate peace with Iran, or sponsorship by another great power seeking to gain a foothold in the region to the detriment of U.S. interests.

Unfortunately, the Obama administration's retreats have raised the cost of signaling American commitment for whoever occupies the Oval Office on January 21, 2017. It would therefore be prudent for primary voters to ask candidates of both parties how they will restore U.S. credibility in the Persian Gulf and in the Middle East more broadly. For the continued failure of deterrence and reassurance in the region could have catastrophic costs for the United States well after the Obama administration has left town. ♦

The Rising Migrant Tide

What Merkel wrought

By Christopher Caldwell

Vienna

The Austrian Freedom party (FPÖ) has a bit of international notoriety, thanks to the rhetorical provocations that its late leader Jörg Haider used to issue about his country's Nazi past. Before he died in 2008 while driving drunk between a gay bar he allegedly favored and his mother's 90th birthday party, he would, for instance, describe the Waffen SS as "honorable men." One can debate what Haider meant by these things, but not their reception in the country's capital. They went down like poison in "Red" Vienna, Western Europe's most left-wing city, where Social Democrats have ruled without a pause since 1945. Vienna never votes for parties like Haider's. Something must be going on, then, because on October 11, the Viennese gave the FPÖ, now led by Haider's onetime rival Heinz-Christian Strache, almost a third of the vote. Two weeks before that, Strache's party doubled its score in Upper Austria, tallying more than 30 percent.

Strache cannot claim the credit. An earnest dental technician, he had a hard time firing up crowds in Vienna's Leopold-Mistiger-Platz when he spoke there a week before the election. He's querulous. If Haider's speeches were tirades, Strache's are more like tizzies. Nor is the country generally drifting towards the FPÖ's platform, to judge from Strache's mumbled support for the principle of equal pay for women. The earthquake in Austrian politics is explained by one thing alone: Shortly before the Upper Austria elections, 61 percent of voters told pollsters they were preoccupied with "refugees and asylum." No other issue came close.

The flood of Middle Eastern refugees into Austria began in the summer. By September they were arriving at the southeastern border at the rate of 10,000 or 12,000 a day. These migrants are associated in the public mind with the war in Syria but, in fact, come from throughout the Muslim world—Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Bangladesh. Most of them are on their way to Germany. The great majority are young men. By the end of this year, Austrian authorities estimate, 375,000 will have passed through the country, and a quarter of them will have stayed to apply for asylum. Austria will have added 1 percent to its population in just about three months, with virtually all the newcomers Muslims. When migrant families follow, as they inevitably do, the effect will be multiplied. Donald Tusk, the Polish president of the European Council, warns that the biggest tide of migrants "is yet to come."

Austria is unprepared. Yes, the country took in a lot of migrants in the wake of the Balkan wars in the early 1990s. But these were people from 200 miles away, whose grandparents had been subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Only in the last couple of years has there been significant non-European immigration to Austria at all. Vienna's native poor have noticed that those who can claim to be part of a foreign "humanitarian emergency" get privileged access to public housing. The country has budgeted about $600 million for refugees, but a government study leaked in September set the true estimate (including family unification) at $14 billion over four years. Remember that Austria is about a fortieth the size of the United States. A proportionate human wave passing through this country would consist of 15 million people and cost as much as the Obama stimulus package.

Social Democratic prime minister Werner Faymann has sped the migrants on their way into Europe. Strache prefers the tack of Hungary's Viktor Orbán—to defend his country's border with fences and criminal penalties. He has been criticized for lacking a specific plan, but, like Donald Trump, he is running in a climate where plans have been used not to solve problems but to dupe voters. No one wants to hear another plan. What people want is a token that a candidate is on their side. The Christian Democratic ÖVP ran on the slogan "The Answer in Hard Times: Reason" and wound up in single digits, almost swept out of Viennese politics altogether.

Christopher Caldwell is a senior editor at The Weekly Standard *and the author of* Reflections on the Revolution in Europe: Immigration, Islam and the West.

DIRTY DUBLIN

It is almost all German chancellor Angela Merkel's fault. In August she made a big mistake. Refugees who had once hoped to wait out the Syrian war in Lebanon, Jordan, and Turkey had been losing patience and started trickling into Europe. By this summer, traffickers had built a profitable streamlined route that could efficiently accommodate millions of clients/migrants. In August, Merkel announced that Germany would probably accept 800,000 Syrians this year. Syrians—and most anyone who believed he could pass for Syrian—took that as an invitation. The government estimate has been steadily revised upwards, and the new figure stands at 1.5 million.

The result is a rupture between politicians and publics that has spread across Central Europe. Sixty-one percent of Germans polled in February opposed migration from non-EU countries. In Merkel's own party, 126 members of the Bundestag signed an angry petition distancing themselves from her policy. Horst Seehofer, state governor from her party's Bavarian wing, is threatening to declare a state of emergency, due to crowded refugee conditions in Munich. Opposition parties have sought to take advantage. Social Democratic leaders, generally more liberal on immigration than Christian Democrats, have called for a ceiling on newcomers. President Joachim Gauck, a Christian of a decidedly unworldly bent, has warned that Germany is reaching its limits.

The September crisis at Volkswagen came at a terrible time for Merkel. Arguably Germany's most prestigious company, VW was found to have installed sensors in its vehicles that would systematically underreport noxious emissions. It is largely because of confidence in Germany's expertise and probity that Merkel has been entrusted with the final say over Europe's monetary and economic policy. Merkel similarly leaned on Germany's reputation when she unilaterally announced what Europe's migrant policy would be. But once German business figures were discredited and their honesty called into question, Germany's neighbors began to wonder if their own leaders were being taken to the cleaners.

Austria is among the more credulous and contented members of the EU. Its elite newspaper *Die Presse* has a regular section—not a column, a section—called "Deepening Europe." A heart-rending incident over the summer in which 71 migrants were found dead in an abandoned freezer truck on the A4 motorway left Austrians even less inclined to rock the EU boat. No one wants to gripe at such a moment.

But for Germany's Central European neighbors, there was something unnerving about the way Merkel had made her pitch to the world's huddled masses. Under the EU's so-called Dublin regulations, passed in stages starting in 1997, refugees must apply for asylum in the first EU country they enter. Germany is nearly landlocked, and Middle Easterners need visas to fly into it. So Merkel's invitation worked the way a lot of humanitarian philanthropy works: She got the reputation for "generosity." But it was Germany's EU neighbors, whose names the avid fortune-seekers couldn't even remember, who shared the cost of Merkel's million-man march.

JOE KLAMAR / AFP / GETTY IMAGES

Migrants at the Austrian border wait to be transferred to Vienna, September 5.

Merkel accompanied her invitation with the insistence that the Dublin regulation was "broken," and that Germany was not going to stand on bureaucratic ceremony. In this she resembled Barack Obama waiving Affordable Care Act provisions. She also said, "*Wir schaffen das*," a rough German equivalent of "Yes, we can." Nonetheless, the existence of the Dublin regulation pushed other EU countries into lawless habits. Larger-than-ever waves of asylum-seekers, claiming to be headed for Germany, began appearing at the southern border of Greece. Were the Greeks supposed to incur the responsibility for feeding these German invitees by registering them as asylum-seekers? Not likely! Greece was too broke—and it was broke because Germany had spent the winter pitilessly enforcing payment of a foolish debt plan that Germany had drawn up for it.

So Greece, standing at the outside border of the European Union, essentially waved the migrants in, assuming that the wider you open the doors, the sooner your guests will leave. The assumption was correct. These "asylum-seekers," having found safety in the EU, now exited the EU

into Macedonia, passed through Serbia, and then reentered the EU in Croatia or Hungary. But that just extended the Dublin dilemma to the next country. Who was going to record the entry of these migrants? Hungary tried to do it, but the asylum-seekers were convinced, perhaps rightly, that they would be foolish to have their claim adjudicated there. Austria, perhaps the most orderly country in Europe, itself stopped registering those who entered its national space, pleading logistical impossibility. In the old days, Austria would have said migrants who couldn't enter in an orderly way couldn't enter at all. Most wanted to wait until arriving in Germany to apply for asylum. At reception centers in towns on the Hungarian border, Austria loaded these travelers onto buses to Vienna's Westbahnhof. From there they were sent on trains to Salzburg on the German border, or some place with available beds in between. Neither the interior nor the defense ministry published clear records of how many migrants were sent onward. The combination of Merkel's invitation and the Dublin rules had created a cataract of corruption that was flowing from south to north.

Migrants in Vienna await trains for Germany, September 6.

How could it not? Citizens of all the tiny countries that lie between the Middle East and Germany were witnessing a migration far too big for Germany to handle. They knew Germany would eventually realize this, too. Once Germany lost its nerve, the huge human chain of testosterone and poverty would be stuck where it was. And if your country was smaller than Germany—Austria, for instance, is a tenth Germany's size—you could wind up in a situation where the majority of fighting-age men in your country were foreigners with a grievance.

Even before Merkel's August invitation, Austria had been trying to relieve the stress on its main train stations by putting up migrants in smaller towns. It had a problem, though: The country's constitution permits local authorities to veto local projects decided at the national level. Nothin' doin', said every burgermeister who was asked. So Austria's ruling coalition of Social Democrats and Christian Democrats amended the constitution to let the central government override local control over housing policy. Under the law, should Vienna deem it necessary, all communities of more than 2,000 people must take asylum-seekers numbering up to 1.5 percent of their population. Progressive migration policy often gets paid for this way—not in the form of funds but through withdrawn constitutional liberties. Those who passed the constitutional amendment over the summer said that the likelihood it would need to be used was slim. Do you think anyone believed that? The Vienna lodgings meant to accommodate asylum-seekers were soon full, and the lodgings set up in Salzburg were overflowing.

Germans had similar problems of congestion. They decided to solve the problem by—odd though this may sound in a German context—using a system of special trains (*Sonderzüge*) to move large masses of people around the country to far-flung camps. There were reasons for this. Germans did not want the regular trains for which they were charging money filled up with people who last bathed in a roadside tarn in Macedonia. For another, they needed to remove pressure on the city of Munich, and if migrants were taken there directly, they would not want to leave. There were already stories of refugees revolting when told that they would instead be going to Passau. So Germany sent *Sonderzüge* to Salzburg, on the Austrian border, to take up the daily flow.

Towards the end of September, rumors began to spread through the camps that Germany was about to stop the *Sonderzüge*. This was not true, but the Germans were unquestionably slowing them down. On Sunday, September 6, 13,000 migrants had traveled to Germany on special trains. Three Sundays later, no trains arrived in the morning at Salzburg. The onward flow of refugees began to stagnate, frustrating those who thought they were on the verge of starting a new life. The Austrians themselves were no less worried to see their refugee population rise. So as Greek-style corruption flowed north, refugees began to get backed up further and further south.

PLATFORM 1

This movement of millions of Middle Easterners into Central Europe is going to change the continent at its core. What is extraordinary is how little it disturbs the tranquility of the cities where it goes on. Buses from the town of Nickelsdorf, near the Hungarian border, arrive at the unfrequented rear entrance to the Westbahnhof, on Langauerstrasse, and disgorge their passengers. This is across the street from the No Rules Café and the apartment building known as the Blue House, where the first hundreds of migrants to arrive in Austria were put up.

HASAN TOSUN / ANADOLU AGENCY / GETTY IMAGES

They wash up a bit and get cold-weather clothing and shoes, should they need them, from a nearby depot on the square. Then they enter the station through a side door and take a large elevator up to Platform 1, which is (as the number indicates) at one edge of the station. The train to take them on to Salzburg or Graz or Klagenfurt is already in the station, shielding the platform from view. You could be a commuter who, day after day, reads novels while waiting for the train home on Platform 2, and you would never notice that the state and various charitable services were engaged in an industrial-scale operation to move tens of thousands of people a week into the European Union. It is a bit reminiscent of the immortal opening passage of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*:

> How do people get to this clandestine Archipelago? Hour by hour planes fly there, ships steer their course there, and trains thunder off to it—but all with nary a mark on them to tell of their destination. And at ticket windows or at travel bureaus . . . the employees would be astounded if you were to ask for a ticket to go there. They know nothing and they've never heard of the Archipelago as a whole or of any one of its innumerable islands.

An Austrian volunteer plays with a migrant Afghan girl at Vienna's Westbahnhof train station, September 6.

JOE KLAMAR / AFP / GETTY IMAGES

Down the platform the migrants come, 90 percent of them men in their early twenties, in dark clothing—dark jeans, dark down parkas, brown or black shoes. They look like people from the Muslim world, so long as you remember that a big part of the Muslim world is now in Europe. They don't look like the people sipping Campari on the Ring across from the Vienna Philharmonic. But they do look like Europeans of a kind—the residents of Paris's *banlieues*, maybe, and now a lot of Vienna's outer districts, too. Observers of the United States since Tocqueville's time have noted the way America has, by reputation, tended to draw the people most suited to it. Among Europeans, America drew the rootless and the hardworking. In a similar way, Europe is now drawing those with a vocation to be Europeans of a certain kind: European Muslims.

The feeling on the platform is joyous, purposeful, optimistic, and macho. These people do not look like the wretched of the earth, although they have had a long, hard, dangerous road. There are two Pakistanis who walked 47 days across Iran and Turkey and saw the third in their party arrested in Yunan (which is what most peoples east of Greece call Greece), where he languishes still. There is a Syrian smoker, traveling with his family, who, shouting "Winston!" passes a 10-euro note to a young German-speaking volunteer, who races down the platform to the nearest tobacco shop and is back by the time the smoker boards the train. There are no obvious Christians among this group, and the Christian migrants in German refugee camps have reportedly suffered so much intimidation from Muslim ones that the German police union has recommended that they be housed apart.

What stands out on Platform 1 is the Muslim character of the welcome these newcomers are receiving. To be sure, there is a nationwide, nonsectarian operation to meet and transport these people. It involves charities (among them translators and collectors of clothes from the Catholic charity Caritas and the Protestant Diakonie, both of which now operate almost as social service agencies) and officials (including a large police presence, most of it down at the end of Platform 1, which prevents people not involved in the transport from happening across it). Corporations have helped, too. Caritas has received two tons of bananas from the Merkur and Rewe supermarket chains. Bushels and bushels of apples stand in grocery carts. There are four pallets of half-liter bottles of Vöslauer water (still water, because even thirsty migrants find sparkling water a bit repellent). There are diapers.

All are welcome to help, but almost all of the volunteers at this point are, it is plain to see, Austrian Muslims. Many of them are recent immigrants themselves. The more modest and traditional a woman's headscarf, the more likely it is she is a translator from Vienna than a walker from Damascus. These people are all likable, insistent, impressive. There is the Tunisian Austrian translator whom we'll call Ahmed. He wants to talk to me about Shams (as he calls the lands near Syria) and the Koran, and about how everything going on in the Middle East now is prefigured in it. He notes that, even though most Austrians are only just taking notice of these newcomers, the local mosques have been working doggedly to help them since at least 2013. Ahmed's father, who arrived as a laborer in the 1960s, has a little shop in a mosque in the 21st district.

There is the wonderful group of middle-aged Bangladeshi men from the Baitul Mukarram mosque in Vienna. They are hauling 250 plastic tubs of delicious *bulani* and

rice. Tell them you marvel at their generosity, and they will invite you to their mosque—there's more *bulani* where that came from! There is an affable, intellectual Kurdish lady making coffee. A few of the migrants, who didn't hear until once the train was loaded that there was coffee, leap off the train to get it even at the risk that all their possessions and loved ones will exit the station without them. There is a Chinese lady who owns a restaurant who brought a barrel of fried rice. She was just five minutes too late for this train, but the rice will keep for the next one. There are "native" Austrians involved in the charitable work, but at this teeming moment the station looks like *buntes* (colorful) *Deutschland*, as the multiculturalists describe the new demography of Austria's neighbor. It reminds one of the issue of the newsweekly *Die Zeit* that came out that very week, showing various Africans and Asians on the cover under the headline "We are the new ones." The feeling that a civilizational torch is being passed accounts, one suspects, for much of the joy. On September 11, Saudi Arabia made an offer to build 200 mosques for Germany's new Muslims.

This comes with worries, to the extent anyone cares to write about it. There have been reports that two of the more aggressive (ethnically German) members of Germany's "Salafi scene" have been proselytizing migrants. In a camp in the German city of Kassel, 300 Albanians attacked 70 Pakistanis who had remonstrated with an Albanian delinquent who had attacked an 80-year-old Pakistani man. A writer for *Die Zeit* showed pictures of various things German to migrants in order to record their responses: bicycles, Heidi Klum, Oktoberfest, and other cultural references. "Oh, Hitler!" said Abdullateef D., a 32-year-old who arrived in Germany from Syria five months ago. "Good man!"

Migrants wait in Vienna to board a train for Munich, September 15.

HASAN TOSUN / ANADOLU AGENCY / GETTY IMAGE

There is not much willingness to acknowledge the civilizational complexity of the situation into which Germany has now dragged all of its Central European neighbors. Cant rules. How often Merkel's representatives say: "Barbed wire is no solution." And how wrong they are. Do you wonder why Bulgaria, which built a border fence this year, has no migrants? Or why 92 percent of asylum-seekers have settled in just 10 EU states? Former foreign minister Joschka Fischer has warned that Europe "must not sacrifice its basic values." By this he means it must remain vigilant against ancient forms of intolerance. New forms of intolerance and complacency escape his gaze. The opening of the *New York Times*'s run-up to the Vienna elections was a doozy:

> As befits the city of Sigmund Freud, Vienna has two faces—one sweet, one sinister. Behind the schnitzel and strudel, Mozart and the opera, lurks the legacy of the Nazis who forced Jews to clean sidewalks with toothbrushes. . . . Now, to the astonishment of many and the alarm of some, the burning question in Vienna's elegant cafes is, Which face will prevail in the city's bellwether elections on October 11?

And there you have the consensus reading of Europe's migration crisis in all its moral complexity: It's not just that those uneasy about migration are as bad as Hitler. Those happy about it are as sweet as strudel.

None dare mention Islam. One young Syrian-Austrian religion professor told the daily *Der Standard* that five of her students had gone off to join ISIS. "But Islam is not the problem," she insists. Germanness is not mentioned, either. The Germans are often referred to in German-language accounts as *die einheimische Bevölkerung*—the native population. Nor do Austrians give the impression of having great resources of self-knowledge. There was a pretty young woman standing in front of an escalator in the Westbahnhof collecting money for refugees a few weeks ago. She was wearing a T-shirt bearing the Gloria Steinem slogan "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle." What did she think she was doing? Attacking men? Or summoning the kind of men who won't be spoken to that way?

There is something in this that reminds one of the financial crisis of 2008. Like a too-big-to-fail bank, Merkel has made a bet that will allow her to pocket the credit if she succeeds and spread the baleful consequences to others if she fails. It appears now that she is going to fail. Her defenders exult that she is showing a different face of Germany than the one the world knows from the last century of its history. It is premature to say so. Merkel is showing the face of a Germany that is acting unilaterally, claiming superior moral authority, and answering those who object by saying they'll thank her for this someday. As such, she is dragging the whole European continent towards unrest. No German role is older. ♦

Victory Without Soldiers?

The futility of soft power in defeating militant jihadists

By Reuel Marc Gerecht

With the war in Syria becoming ever more complex and murderous, it's worthwhile to revisit a guiding principle of Barack Obama: The use of American military power is likely to do more harm than good in the Middle East, and even in the region's violent struggles, soft power is important, if not decisive, in resolving conflicts. If Islamic militancy is to be defeated, better ideas, advanced by Muslims, backed up if necessary by Muslim soldiers, must be the principal means.

We do not know whether the president sincerely believes in this military-lite, soft-power-heavy, Muslim-versus-Muslim answer to Islamic radicalism; he may well just care about his progressive agenda at home. A noninterventionist foreign policy, and all the intellectualism that surrounds it, may be only an afterthought, a byproduct of his determination to keep his liberal aspirations for America undiminished by arduous and expensive foreign adventures.

Muhammad Ahmad bin Abdallah

But we cannot ignore the fact that terrorist safe havens now cover a large swath of the Middle East and may soon extend once again across southern Afghanistan. Let us assume that the president sincerely believes that Islamic militancy must be defeated by ideas for it to be downed on the battlefield. Let us also assume that this Middle Eastern question will eventually compel some sustained attention from Republican presidential candidates, since one of them may well succeed Obama and confront the Syrian war, which is rattling both Europe and the Near East. A Republican president could choose to ignore the conflict, citing the same arguments Obama does, with a conservative twist. Republicans don't appear any more eager than Democrats to send American forces again into Muslim lands. Vladimir Putin's arrival has probably made punting an even more attractive bipartisan option, since changing policy in Syria could well pit the United States militarily, indirectly or directly, against Russia. Barring a massive terrorist strike against America launched from the Islamic State or elsewhere in Syria, even a half-million dead Syrians—double the current accepted number—and millions more made homeless will likely not push Americans to intervene.

But fear of entanglement aside, does the president's view make sense historically? Have Muslims viewed militant irruptions as preeminently battles of ideas? Or have they seen such struggles as contests of swords and gunpowder? In the past, what have been the winning strategies against "violent extremism" in the Middle East?

TAMING THE ZEALOTS

Historical parallels to the Islamic State are imperfect. Although Islamic history has seen an enormous number of politico-religious rebellions, the vast majority failed to displace the ruling powers, and successful movements seeking explicitly to revive the early caliphate have been rare. The Islamic State in this sense is a product of modernity: It couldn't have happened without the rise of modern fundamentalism, which zealously ignores—or delegitimizes—the history, the perceived moral compromises, of medieval and modern Muslim empires and states and returns the believer to the most virtuous age, to the community of the prophet Muhammad and the first four caliphs, the Rashidun, the Rightly Guided Ones.

But jihadist revivalism is a not infrequent occurrence. As Princeton's Michael Cook noted in *Commanding Right*

RISCHGITZ / HULTON ARCHIVE / GETTY

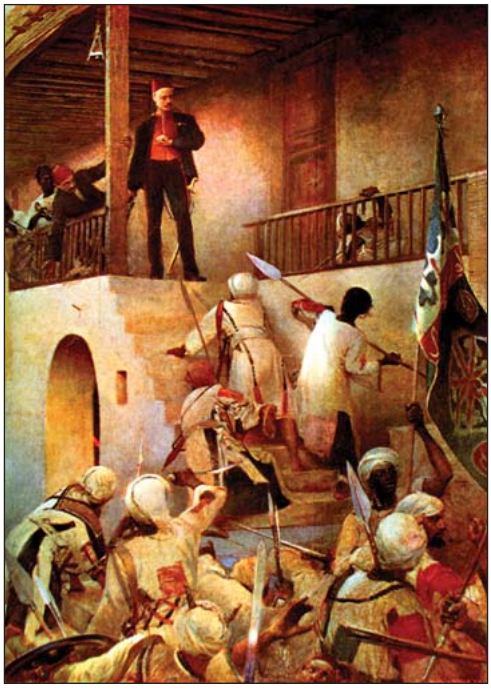
Reuel Marc Gerecht, a contributing editor, is a senior fellow at the Foundation for Defense of Democracies.

and Forbidding Wrong in Islamic Thought, an important book for understanding historically the moral reflexes and agony of faithful Muslims:

> It was the fusion of this egalitarian and activist [Arab] tribal ethos with the monotheist tradition that gave Islam its distinctive political character. In no other civilization was rebellion for conscience sake so widespread as it was in the early centuries of Islamic history; no other major religious tradition has lent itself to revival as a political ideology—and not just a political identity—in the modern world.

Focusing on the more extreme and successful examples of this religio-political zeal offers some insights into how such fervency fades. Islamic history offers no sure strategy for defusing zealotry, but it certainly records the methods that Muslims, and non-Muslims, have used to combat the fanaticism of believers at war with the status quo. And the principal method has always been military.

The closest modern parallel to the Islamic State is the Mahdist movement in Sudan and Egypt in the late 19th century. In 1881 Muhammad Ahmad bin Abdallah declared himself the Mahdi, the Guided One, the messiah in Muslim theology. He and especially his successor, Abdallah ibn Muhammad, who called himself a caliph, created a jihadist state in Sudan that aspired, at a minimum, to the conquest of Sudan, Egypt, and Ethiopia. Both men gathered to the cause tens of thousands of holy warriors, bedeviling the Christian kingdom of Ethiopia, the Egyptian-Turkish khedivate, and the British administration in Cairo. The renowned British general Charles "Chinese" Gordon fell victim to the Mahdi at the capture of Khartoum in 1885. The Ethiopian emperor Yohannes IV died in battle against the caliph's army in 1889.



'General Gordon's Last Stand,' after painting by George W. Joy, 1885: Gordon attacked by Mahdist warriors in Khartoum

CULTURE CLUB / GETTY

Like the Islamic State today, the Mahdist realm was essentially a war-machine, which evolved into a semi-functioning state that lasted less than 20 years. Mahdist forces' tendency to slaughter Egyptian and Sudanese administrators in the employ of the khedive complicated their efforts at government. Christians within their reach also fared poorly, though better than Christians have done under the Islamic State, which has ruthlessly ignored the *sharia*'s command to respect the life and property of Christians, an inferior but protected class under the holy law.

The Turco-Egyptian, Sudanese, and Ethiopian forces proved utterly incapable of containing the Mahdist holy warriors, who called themselves the Ansar, or the Helpers, a term also applied to those who welcomed the prophet Muhammad in Medina after his flight from a hostile Mecca. The British at first wanted to avoid a head-on collision with the Mahdist movement, deeming it too costly, but after the death of Gordon and the continuing advances and depredations of the caliph's armies, General Horatio Herbert Kitchener was dispatched with a British Army of 8,000 men supported by 17,000 Egyptian and Sudanese troops. Deploying Maxim guns and modern artillery (and Winston Churchill on horseback), the British wiped out a Mahdist army of 60,000 men at the Battle of Omdurman on September 2, 1898. Within a year, the Mahdist movement was irretrievably broken.

As long as they relied on soft power, both the Muslim ruler of Egypt and the British administration proved unable to counter the religious appeal of the Mahdi and his successor in Sudan and southern Egypt. The khedive and the British believed, correctly as it turned out, that military success would destroy what we today would call a popular Islamist challenge.

WAHHABIS RUN AMOK

West of the Indian subcontinent, Wahhabism has been the driving engine of Sunni jihadism since the 1970s. The rise of the Wahhabis in Arabia in the 18th century also offers parallels with the Islamic State. Muhammad ibn Adb al-Wahhab was born in 1703. By the 1740s, his revivalist movement, which arose in one of the most primitive regions of the peninsula, had caught the eye of religious scholars in Mecca, the great cosmopolitan pilgrimage city under the distant control of the Ottoman sultan in Istanbul. The Wahhabi creed, once married to the power of the tribal chieftan Muhammad ibn Saud in 1744, cleansed the Najd, the Saudi and Wahhabi heartland, of more tolerant preachers and scholars. The region became the incubator for a severe interpretation of Islam, at odds with the multicultural, relatively tolerant sentiments of the Ottoman Empire. Wahhabi teachings, often skeptical if not dismissive of the great legal scholars of the past, ruthlessly reduce the sources of law to the

Koran and the traditions of the prophet, the Hadith, that pass the requisite tests of purity.

An intolerant, often violent fastidiousness that sees lax and worldly Muslim practice as the same as unbelief is the hallmark of this doctrine. Wahhabism has a mania about idolatry, *shirk*, which makes its followers exceptionally hostile towards Shiites, with their adoration of the imams, the charismatic descendants of the Caliph Ali; of Sufis, who can see God in almost anything; and of Christians, with their obnoxious embrace of anthropomorphism and the Trinity. Wahhab put it clearly by citing a hadith in his declaration of faith, *The Book of God's Unity*: "Whoever affirms that there is no god but God and denies all other objects of worship safeguards his blood, property, and fate with God." In other words, if you don't do that, you are fair game. The desire to purge Muslim society and subjugate or expel non-Muslims is an inevitable byproduct of this creed. The parallels with the Islamic State are obvious.

Saudi armies had conquered most of Arabia by the end of the 18th century. But the Wahhabi-Saudi thirst for power and pillage brought a reaction. Muhammad Ali Pasha—the great Ottoman Albanian lord of the Nile Valley, who'd modernized his armed forces and gained de facto independence from Istanbul—attacked. By 1819 he had destroyed the Saudi-Wahhabi state.

Ibn Saud, 1938

For a time, Egyptian rule was strong enough to check any Saudi-Wahhabi rebirth. But Egypt, always in a financial mess, lacked the resources to maintain sufficient forces in the Najd, and when the khedive eventually lost control there, a rejuvenated Ottoman Empire, which had Westernized its armed forces, reestablished its sovereignty over most of the Arabian Peninsula. The British, the naval guarantor of the Trucial States (today's small Gulf countries), checked Wahhabi plans to push east. Other Arabian tribal powerhouses, especially the pro-Ottoman Rashidis, who were slightly less hardcore than the Wahhabis, took advantage of Saudi tribal disunity and smashed Saudi forces at the Battle of Mulayda in 1891. Also, importantly, the Ottomans pushed back with soft power, backing clerics who waged an intellectual campaign against Wahhabi intolerance, the forerunner of what we now call *takfirism*, the practice of declaring "bad" Muslims infidels and thus subject to the sword.

Dark days for the Saudi-Wahhabi alliance continued until the charismatic Abd al-Aziz ibn Saud (1875-1953) rose to power, just as the Ottoman sultanate was ending. With the empire's collapse after World War I, western Arabia saw a Saudi-Wahhabi advance. Taif and Mecca fell in 1924; Medina and Jeddah, the all-critical seaport of western Arabia, in 1925. Ibn Saud eponymously elevated the Kingdom of the Najd and the Hijaz into the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia in 1932.

The Saudi-Wahhabi union might have perished several times had it not been for the movement's lasting success at cleansing the Najd of opposing religious views. Even after the devastating loss at Mulayda, the Wahhabis survived because they'd culturally transformed the landscape of their homeland. As the historian David Commins has noted, "the Rashidi amirs . . . had no interest in uprooting Wahhabi influence. There would be no repetition of the Ottoman-Egyptian efforts to stamp out Wahhabism. By the 1880s, generations of Najdi townsmen [including the Rashidis] had lived in a Wahhabi milieu. The strict monotheistic doctrine had been naturalized as the native religious culture."

Although the Saudis, with their well-financed global Wahhabi missionary activity, have done horrendous damage to Islamic civilization since they came to power in 1925, they also illustrate what is missing today in the fight against the Islamic State and other radical Islamists who are developing emirates throughout the Greater Middle East. When Wahhabi warriors—the *Ikhwan*, or the Brothers—were chomping at the bit to invade Transjordan and Iraq in the 1920s, which would have dragged Ibn Saud into a war with Great Britain, and were slaughtering affluent "bad" Muslim subjects of the Saudi monarch, Ibn Saud attacked. He divided the Wahhabi *ulama*, or clergy, from the *Ikhwan* and drove those hardcore holy warriors out of Arabia, where they surrendered to the British. The power of the *Ikhwan*, who were ideologically quite similar to many of the jihadists of the Islamic State, was permanently broken.

Yet there is no Ibn Saud today. There are no conservative Muslims with the prestige and power to put down radical Islamic revivalists. The Saudis have no might that they can project far from their borders even though they have purchased an enormous amount of Western weaponry. The odds are good the Saudis will lose their struggle with the vastly outgunned Shiite Houthis of Yemen. And if that military engagement does go badly, it could traumatize the kingdom and even delegitimize the ruling family. Although the Wahhabi establishment remains loyal to the House of Saud, religious dissent among the *ulama* has been visible for years. It's a tossup whether official Saudi religious authorities now have more influence among religious youth than militant dissident clergy. The Saudis' ability to broadcast an effective, nuanced message abroad—the Wahhabism of the Islamic

IMAGNO / GETTY IMAGES

State is bad, but our Saudi Wahhabism is good—is, to put it politely, questionable. Money can buy only so much.

Meanwhile in Egypt, a kind of charade in the name of religious reform continues. President-for-life Abdel Fattah al-Sisi, an observant Muslim, likes to declaim about the need for a reformation within Islam and parade state-paid clerics from the state-controlled (and Saudi-financed) Al-Azhar seminary. But fundamentalism has become mainstream in Egypt, and violence aimed at an increasingly oppressive state is growing. Sisi is the past: Secular military dictatorship is one of the primary causes of the collapse of civil society and the radicalization of youth throughout the Middle East. The components of his political identity—Nasserite pan-Arabist, corrupt militarist, Egyptian nationalist, faithful Muslim—are a summation of the passions and conflicts attending Egypt's startling decline since the 1950s. Sisi may have his fans in the United States, especially among House Republicans and conservative columnists, but despite his popular coup, he confronts the same dilemma as his predecessors Anwar Sadat and Hosni Mubarak: How does a poor military regime, dependent upon American arms, stay afloat in an increasingly religious country, deeply uncomfortable with that dependency and with Egypt's diplomatic relations with Israel? The answer for all three men: Intimidate the fundamentalists, while culturally accepting, if not encouraging, most of the social mores—the "Islamic values"—dear to the religious.

Even before Sisi's 2014 coup against a democratically elected Muslim Brotherhood president and an Islamist-dominated parliament, Egypt was an internally weak state, incapable of projecting its tired ideals, let alone its armed forces, abroad. Today, Cairo is broken and bankrupt, avoiding an administrative collapse only by means of Saudi cash. At best, Sisi is playing defense inside Egypt. The general's open and growing sympathy for the Alawite Shiite regime in Syria—which surely puts him at odds with the vast majority of Sunni Arabs, his Saudi funders, and Al-Azhar's *ulama*—reveals his concern that the Islamic State, with its narrative of revivalist violence and an increasing flow of arms across the porous Libyan-Egyptian border, is a serious threat to his rule. He's probably right.

THE FRIGHTFUL SEARCH FOR VIRTUE

The Islamic State is essentially a rebirth of the Kharijite schism. The earliest of Islam's many schismatics, the Kharijites believed that the caliphate belonged to the most virtuous—not to descendants

of Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of Muhammad, or to the prophet's tribe of Quraysh, which became the Sunni standard for succession. They practiced, or so it seems in the sources written by their enemies, an anarchic egalitarianism. In 661 a Kharijite killed Ali, the last of the Rashidun caliphs. According to the sources, the Kharijites were exceedingly violent. Overlaying Arab tribal customs onto the faith with extreme rigor, Kharijites could lawfully kill or enslave anyone—man, woman, or child—who failed to meet their demanding standards.

When the Wahhabis irrupted in the Arabian Peninsula, the Ottomans called the Saudi-Wahhabi warriors *khawarij*, or Kharijites. Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi, the caliph of the Islamic State, explicitly claims that by establishing a new jihadist realm in the heart of Iraq and Syria, core lands of classical Arab Islam, he has proven himself most virtuous by the gold standard in Islamic history—military conquest. Like the leader of any society so formed, Baghdadi runs the risk that others will see themselves as equally deserving through battlefield victories or, worse, see him as compromised if he starts losing. Another danger: Power tends to corrupt. Baghdadi and his inner circle may start to sin in the eyes of their followers. The original Kharijite movement was fissiparous: They were as likely to duel with each other as with non-Muslims. Although the arguments of the "secessionists" (the literal meaning of *khawarij*) have powerfully echoed through Islamic history, Umayyad caliphs had crushed the movement militarily by the early 8th century. Without success in war and unable to gain a sufficient number of new spiritual recruits, Kharijism faded as a serious challenge to the status quo.

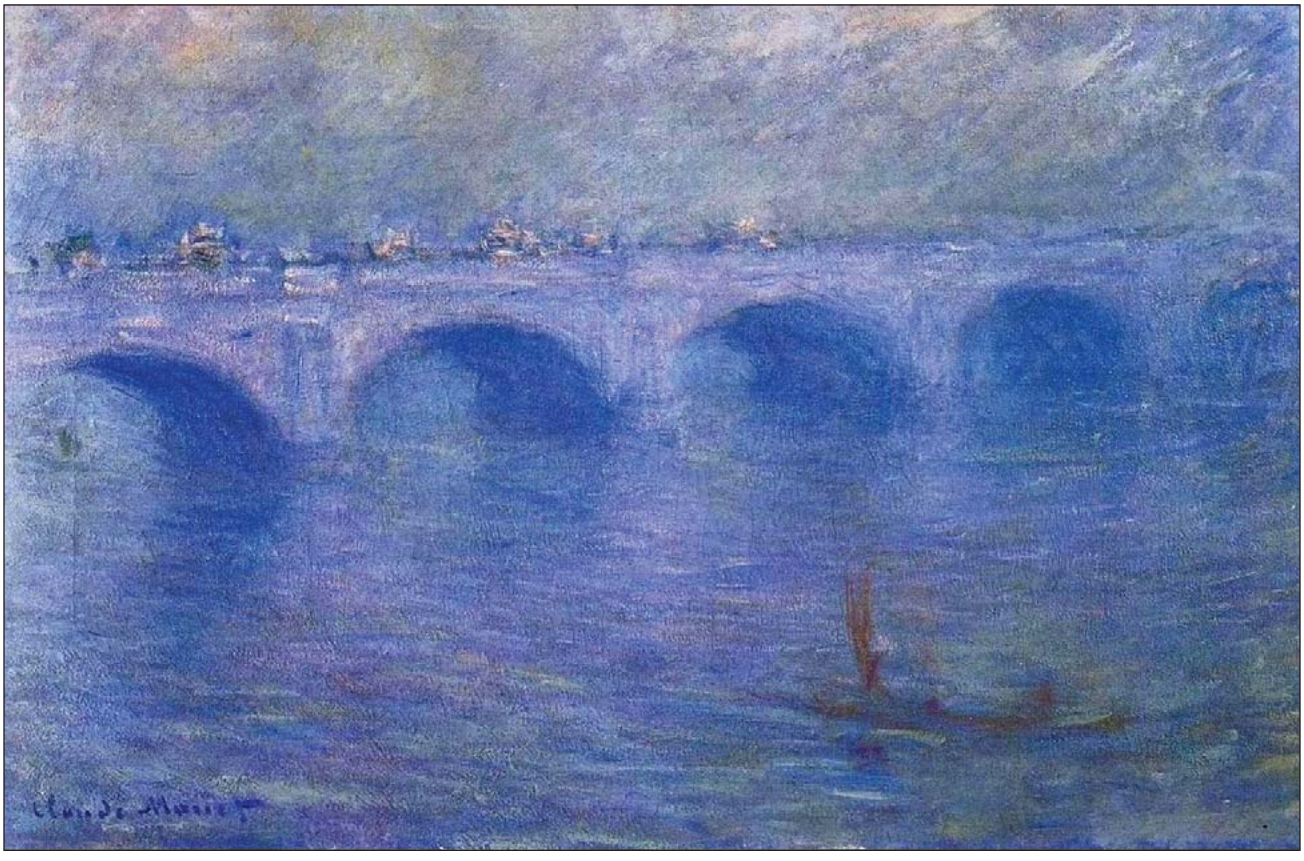
We may hope that the Islamic State and other holy-warrior movements that have conquered lands will similarly evanesce—but even faster. Such movements are unlikely to die, however, unless they are defeated militarily. The Assad regime, which provoked the rise of jihadism through its savagery, probably cannot wipe out the Islamic State, even if powerfully reinforced by the Iranians, Lebanese Hezbollah, and Russians. It just doesn't have enough manpower: The Shiite Alawite community, the backbone of Bashar al-Assad's power, is only about 10 percent of the Syrian population, and the Russians and Iranians may not want to invest enough to end this fight.

So long as their own casualties remain low, both parties strategically benefit from continuing mayhem. The Russians are now indispensable in Syria; they have checked, if not checkmated, any future American or Turkish intervention against Assad; they have again spooked the Europeans and made themselves a player in a refugee crisis that is fraying the European Union, a Russian strategic goal topped only by the dissolution of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; and, last but not least, Putin has diverted attention from Ukraine, the democratic Achilles' heel for a despotic Russia, and reminded everyone, again, that he's aggressive, unpredictable, faithful to his friends, and not easily deterred.

Sectarian strife has only expanded Iranian influence. The mullahs would probably prefer Assad to win outright, but a certain Sunni threat, as in Iraq, keeps the Iranians in a secure avuncular position. The age of Iranian ecumenicalism, when the revolutionary movement tried hard to appeal to Sunni Muslims (Hassan Rouhani and his mentor, Ali Akbar Hashemi-Rafsanjani, were big fans of this approach in the 1980s and 1990s), is over. We will have to see whether the Russians and the Iranians, through better weaponry and planning, can ramp up the lethality of the Alawite war-machine. Assad needs to slaughter on a much larger scale, and drive into exile millions more, before the Alawite future brightens.

Modern jihadism of the type we see in the Islamic State will surely take aim, with increasing seriousness, at the United States and Europe. The Islamic State's holy warriors are already far more globalized than the Afghan Taliban.

Both Democrats and Republicans want to believe that the Islamic militancy developing in Syria will stay localized. Syria's Islamic militants have a huge war to fight against enemies near at hand. Modern jihadism of the type we see in the Islamic State, however, will surely take aim, with increasing seriousness, at the United States and Europe. The Islamic State's holy warriors are already far more globalized than the Afghan Taliban, who eagerly lent a hand to Osama bin Laden and have stayed loyal to al Qaeda, as al Qaeda has stayed loyal to them, through the arduous years since 2001. For such severe jihadists, globalization is as basic as the Koran and the magnetic conquest narrative of early Islam. And the Islamic State, unlike al Qaeda, now has thousands of Western Muslims within its ranks. That's a lot of raw material to sift through and develop. And the European security services—especially the French DCRI and British MI5, the West's frontline defense—are seriously stressed. We may choose to absorb future terrorist strikes by the Islamic State and respond just with bombs and drones. But if we decide we need to stop them, to deny them caliphates where they can conspire and multiply, we will have to put boots on the ground. We will not be able to leave prematurely, as we did from Iraq. Islamic history suggests we will have no other choice. ♦



'Waterloo Bridge in Fog' by Claude Monet (1899-1901)

Shroud of London

A city under siege from man and nature. BY AMY HENDERSON

Fog has played a defining role in some of our favorite movies, instantly setting the stage for either romance or menace. In *Casablanca*, Humphrey Bogart always seems to be shrouded in fog or cigarette smoke, while Fred Astaire, in his first film without Ginger Rogers, *A Damsel in Distress*, woos Joan Fontaine by singing the Gershwins' romantic "A Foggy Day (in London Town)." In the original production of *Oklahoma!*, Agnes de Mille used dry-ice fog in her revolutionary "dream ballet" to evoke subconscious romantic yearnings.

Amy Henderson is a cultural critic and historian emerita of the National Portrait Gallery.

London Fog
The Biography
by Christine L. Corton
Belknap Press, 408 pp., $35

Yet fog has also played a dramatically scary role, as when it rolls past 221B Baker Street to signal that, for Sherlock Holmes, "the game's afoot."

Wonderfully malleable as a theatrical trope, the idea of fog has strong roots in literature and art as well, and Christine L. Corton explores this very fertile subject in *London Fog: The Biography.* She has researched deeply a subject that has been written about extensively since "fog" became an issue of note in the 17th century. The rising impact of the Industrial Revolution in the early 1800s, along with the explosive population growth of metropolitan London, made fog a fact of everyday life.

Coal fires were common and necessary. High in sulfur, they created a yellow fog that became increasingly thick and persistent as London became an economic hub in the 19th century. Responding to a crescendo of public concern, Parliament began to pass bills aimed at reducing smoke in the 1820s, but as Corton writes, "it was difficult to interfere with the right of the householder to use coal for heating and cooking, and there were no satisfactory alternative sources of energy."

Because it was omnipresent and unavoidable, fog was continually written about—providing a descriptive record that evocatively delineated London fog's "biography." In 1853, one Londoner described it as "grey-yellow, of a deep orange." By 1901, it had become "brown, sometimes almost black." Corton, a scholar at Wolfson College, Cambridge, tracks the different appellations given London's fog: In its innocent 18th-century youth, fog was described as a "mist." By the mid-19th century its uglier character had emerged under the guise of a "pea-souper," since that's what its color resembled. Visiting London in 1849, Herman Melville wrote in his journal of "the oldfashioned pea soup London fog—of a gamboge [orange-yellow] color." Newspaper accounts also described how the city's population was "periodically submerged in a fog of the consistency of pea-soup."

An inescapable presence, fog appeared as an active force in Victorian literature. Charles Dickens, Corton notes, used fog "as a metaphorical expression" of city life. In the mid-1820s setting of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, he portrayed London's fog as a natural force of imagination; by the time he was writing *Bleak House*, he refashioned fog as a medium of menace and confusion:

> Fog everywhere. … Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the fire-sides of their wards. … Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds.

Dickens's change of attitude reflected the emerging idea, Corton suggests, that "Nature itself has been perverted." Instead of soft white snow, Dickens writes of a "soft black drizzle." As a natural force, the more menacing and dark fog of midcentury London also came to symbolize a threatening alternative to the social hierarchy that ruled civilized life: "It dissolved moral boundaries and replaced reassuring certainties with obscurity and doubt," Corton writes, and allowed "the criminal, the deviant, and the transgressive to roam the streets unhindered and unobserved." It also created, as Nathaniel Hawthorne would comment in 1857, a sense of anonymity: "It is really an ungladdened life, to wander through these huge, thronged ways … jostling against people who do not seem to be individuals, but all one mass."

Mark Twain, on a lecture tour in 1873, tried to see the lighter side of the fog's omnipresence. One night he told his audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I *hear* you, and so I know that you are here—and I am here too, notwithstanding I am not visible." Robert Louis Stevenson's short novel *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has been called "the greatest novel of London fog." Although there is actually little fog in the novel, the medium creates an obsession with concealment that permeates the story. The world of Jekyll and Hyde is one of inversion, where daylight "consists of a marvelous number of degrees and hues of twilight." Fog instills the air with a sense of secrecy through its "swirling" presence and weighty gloom. It was a terrifying world where women walked the streets and abandoned children huddled in doorways. It was a place, in the late 1880s, where Jack the Ripper roamed and slaughtered with impunity.

In his fictional world, Arthur Conan Doyle certainly embraced fog's possibilities to enhance the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. At one point, Holmes reflects on the opportunities fog offers London criminals:

> Look out this window, Watson. See how the figures loom up, are dimly seen, and then blend once more into the cloud-bank. The thief or the murderer could roam London on such a day as the tiger does the jungle, unseen until he pounces and then evident only to his victim.

Fog appears early in *The Sign of Four*: "It was a September evening and not yet seven o'clock. … The lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement."

While writers and the press focused on the hidden menace of a fogbound world, artists were inspired by the impact nature's atmospherics had on the idea of reality itself, and began painting a world that was expressively brooding, blurred, and moody.

James McNeill Whistler's "Nocturnes" are a prime example of how London's fog was aestheticized. Whistler's studio was on the banks of the Thames, and he looked out at the bustle of the river's workaday activities near Battersea Bridge. In broad daylight, it was often a grimy and gritty view, but Corton describes how fog magically transformed the urban landscape for Whistler. The artist was transfixed by how fog morphed the ugliness into a "fairy-land" where "the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens." On the advice of his patron Frederick Leyland—the shipping magnate who would soon engage him to decorate what became the Peacock Room—Whistler decided to name his atmospheric paintings "Nocturnes." His first such painting was the 1871 *Nocturne: Blue and Silver—Chelsea*, and his most provocative the *Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Flaming Rocket* (ca. 1875), which sparked a highly publicized legal battle with John Ruskin over the worthiness of the Nocturnes as "art."

Claude Monet, one of the French artists who rejected the classicism of the French Academy in the 1860s, came to London and was similarly attracted by fog's effect on light and form. According to Corton, Monet's 1872 *Impression, Sunrise* led a critic to coin the word for the Impressionist movement itself. Monet often sketched the rapidly changing atmosphere in oil rather than graphite, returning to his studio in Giverny to complete his paintings. He wrote that "London is … harder to paint. The fog assumes all sorts of colors; there are black, brown, yellow, green, purple fogs. … My practiced eye has found that objects change in appearance in a London fog more and quicker than in any other atmosphere." As Corton notes, one of Monet's most remarkable

fog paintings is *Waterloo Bridge in Fog* (1899-1901).

According to some estimates, fog covered the city on almost one day out of four in the 1880s. Following a particularly noxious "killer" fog in 1898, Parliament was pressured to enact legislation that regulated industrial emissions to protect the public health. Although the author reports that there were several "last gasps," London's fogs lessened throughout the 20th century as increasingly stringent environmental regulations were put into place.

For Corton, the London fog of the collective imagination became an important part of the culture of the Victorian era, reaching its height in the 1880s and 90s when the fog itself became most dire. *London Fog: The Biography* successfully captures the enormous impact this atmospheric had on a major city's everyday life. Ironically, the result is a portrait that is both well-defined and sharply delineated. ♦

B&A

Hoosier-in-Waiting

The Indiana governor who would be president.

BY RYAN L. COLE

Paul V. McNutt testifying before a Senate committee (1942)

In the early 1920s, a small pack of American Legionnaires convened a regular card game above the Princess Theatre in downtown Bloomington, Indiana. During one session, a member of the group mused, out of the blue, "It would be kind of nice to be president of the United States, wouldn't it?"

Paul V. McNutt and the Age of FDR
by Dean J. Kotlowski
Indiana, 600 pp., $45

Though he is now almost exclusively the subject of students of Hoosier history, there was a time when that man, Paul V. McNutt, was a national political star of the first order. He did not merely daydream about the presidency, but spent the majority of his adult life pursuing it and, if not for Franklin D. Roosevelt, likely would have obtained it. Tall, bronzed, well-tailored, with a shock of golden hair swept back atop his head, and given to grandiloquent oration, McNutt was the matinee idol of the New Deal and the most powerful governor in America.

This hefty new biography also demonstrates that McNutt was a central figure in the New Deal era despite his complicated, and not always friendly, relationship with Roosevelt. Just as interestingly, Dean J. Kotlowski establishes his subject as an important link in Democratic politics, connecting the social liberalism of FDR with the more muscular Cold War internationalism of Harry Truman and John F. Kennedy.

The decades leading up to the New Deal prepared McNutt for his stint on the national stage. While studying at Indiana University, he sharpened his pen on the student newspaper and cultivated a flair for the dramatic in the theater club. He joined the Army in 1917, but the Great War was over before he saw action. A law degree from Harvard in hand, he returned to IU, taught law, and longed for elective office. While he bided his time, McNutt dabbled in politics of other forms, ruthlessly disposing of (and replacing) his department's dean, and then maneuvering himself into command of Indiana's American Legion and, later, the national origination.

In that last position he insisted that, even in the absence of war, America must properly train and equip its armed forces, not only for the sake of vigilance but also as a deterrent to dictatorships abroad: "Adequate national defense is necessary to command respect," he reasoned. By 1932, the Great Depression had leveled the Republican party, and in that year McNutt, whose work with the American Legion had cultivated a national profile, unsuccessfully maneuvered to steal the Democratic

AP PHOTO / ROBERT CLOVER

Ryan L. Cole, a former aide to Governor Mitch Daniels, writes from Indiana.

presidential nomination from Roosevelt during its national convention in Chicago. This pluck, which earned McNutt the enduring animosity of the soon-to-be president's inner circle—James Farley called the Hoosier upstart "that platinum blonde SOB from Indiana"—was (in Kotlowski's words) "the greatest miscalculation of his political life." Indiana's governorship served as a consolation prize.

McNutt's legacy largely rests on his four years as Indiana's chief executive, and Kotlowski fittingly scrutinizes his record. Corresponding to the growth of government in Washington, McNutt's term witnessed a flurry of progressive lawmaking. In short order, after his 1933 inauguration, he enacted a statewide income tax and pension and relief plans, and meshed the state with the new national Social Security and Works Progress Administration programs. Ever the practitioner of machine politics, McNutt also centralized state government under his total command. This reorganization granted the governor sole discretion in the hiring and firing of state employees: Republicans were relentlessly cleared out of state government to make way for Democratic appointees and create a massive patronage system for McNutt and his allies.

The author, without hesitation, labels McNutt Indiana's greatest governor. Other men who have held that office, both recently and over a century ago, may spring to mind as alternatives; and readers' acceptance of the author's assertion will depend on their ideological outlook. But McNutt *was* one of the state's most effective and powerful chief executives, and to his credit, Kotlowski, who clearly admires his subject when it comes to progressive policy-making (less so his hawkish tendencies), is also candid about McNutt's shortcomings. The governor, whose ego expanded as his power grew, threatened critical press outlets, bullied wayward legislators, and punished political rivals. He also further damaged his standing among Roosevelt's brain trust by ordering the National Guard to break up strikes in Terre Haute.

Despite being labeled a "Hoosier Hitler" and America's "first state dictator"—this in the era of Huey Long—Paul McNutt left power in 1937 largely popular, both in Indiana and among Democrats nationwide. The presidency, however, was still out of reach with Roosevelt seeking a second term. So the two began a delicate dance where, in Kotlowski's telling, Roosevelt and McNutt used each other to advance their respective aims. FDR appointed McNutt to various positions in his administration and, in the process, constrained his ambitions. McNutt, eager to prove a team player and be considered for the 1940 presidential nomination, accepted and served dutifully—although always as an object of suspicion among Roosevelt loyalists such as Harold Ickes and Frances Perkins.

Though he is now almost exclusively the subject of students of Hoosier history, there was a time when Paul McNutt was a national political star of the first order. He did not merely daydream about the presidency, but spent the majority of his adult life pursuing it.

Of these appointments, arguably the most important was McNutt's time as high commissioner to the Philippines, where he oversaw the transition to independence. While in Manila, McNutt also undertook a little-remembered side project that Kotlowski unearths in one of his most interesting passages. With American borders closed to European Jews fleeing Hitler's Germany, McNutt found an alternative outlet and quietly relocated 1,300 refugees in the Philippines. According to Kotlowski, McNutt's motivations were partly political—he saw Jews as a burgeoning constituency of the Democratic party—but he also genuinely opposed intolerance: "If there is anything in the world I hate," he observed, "it is a hater."

McNutt returned to America in 1939 to manage the New Deal programs housed in the Federal Security Agency while plotting his path to the White House the following year. But Roosevelt opted to seek an unprecedented third term, and McNutt dutifully backed down, with hopes for the vice-presidential nomination. When, instead, FDR selected Henry Wallace, McNutt's White House dreams effectively ended. Always the loyal Democrat, he continued to work for Roosevelt, overseeing the development of America's biological weapons program and managing civilian manpower. He returned to the Philippines during the Truman administration before quietly drifting off to private life and drinking himself to an early death in 1955.

Paul V. McNutt and the Age of FDR isn't for casual history buffs, but neither is this strictly esoteric fare. And though fans of Hoosier history—yes, such creatures exist—will delight in what's here, McNutt was a man who loomed large far outside the confines of Indiana. Had it not been for Franklin Roosevelt, who helped raise his national profile but thwarted his ultimate ambition, McNutt would be far better known today. The delicate dynamics between the two men, coupled with the author's thorough account of his subject's life and role in the ideological development of the modern Democratic party, are fascinating. And Kotlowski hits a high-water mark of sorts in a poetic coda, glimpsing Ozymandias in an unmarked bust of McNutt in a dorm on the Indiana University campus, not far from where his White House ambitions began. It's a fitting metaphor for the fleeting fame of even the most powerful of politicians. ♦

B&A

Why Read Trollope?

Fearsome productivity and equally fearsome artistry.

BY ANN MARLOWE

Anthony Trollope (1815-1882) may be the best-kept literary secret in English—a secret hiding in plain sight. His collected works take up a long bookshelf: 47 novels and 18 works of nonfiction. Once, most educated English and American households owned some of those volumes; today, there are still plenty of Trollope boxed sets in bookstores—probably because his works are in the public domain so publishers needn't pay royalties—yet he is culturally almost invisible. Unlike Charles Dickens, Trollope never created characters and phrases that entered popular culture; unlike those of his friend William Makepeace Thackeray, his novels have not been made into movies. Trollope enters the conversation every few years when a critic argues that the description of banking frauds in *The Way We Live Now* illuminates our own feverish plutocracy. (Yes, it does, but that's the least interesting thing about it.)

His current eclipse would probably strike him as ironic. Even by the standards of the diligent Victorians, Trollope was fearsomely productive. His reputation suffered when his autobiography was published, as per his instructions, a year after his death: There he registered exactly how long it took him to write many of his works, as well as how much he was paid for them. The highly complicated *Way We Live Now*, chosen by the *Guardian* this summer as one of the 100 best classic English and American novels, clocks in at 425,000 words, and Trollope wrote it in 29 weeks—simultaneously with another, simpler novel, *Harry Heathcote of Gangoil*.

As the *Guardian* list suggests, Trollope is making a slow comeback. Nicholas Shrimpton's introduction to the new Oxford University Press edition of *An Autobiography* celebrates "the creative capacity that produced more major novels than any other writer in English." Shrimpton also makes the accurate observation that Trollope is "the Victorian novelist who worked most consciously and effectively in the tradition of Jane Austen." But Trollope bowed to no literary deities: In notes never intended for publication, he criticized *Emma* on the grounds that "the dialogues are too long and some of them are unnecessary" and that "we hardly know why Mr. Knightley loves her." Nathaniel Hawthorne spoke of Trollope's novels as "just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case"—a phrase Trollope liked enough to quote in *An Autobiography*.

Anthony Trollope in 'Vanity Fair'

AP / BETTMANN CORBIS

Yet, tellingly, Trollope was slyly critical of Hawthorne. After reading him, he wrote, you "feel yourself an inch taller," and his comment in the same essay—"No one will feel himself ennobled at once by having read one of my novels"—suggests what makes him a writer for our time. It's the way Trollope manipulates his smooth realism to force the reader to moral thought. How, beneath the surface of pleasantness and cozy rooms, the mainly nonmortal problems of comfortable people are polished to a brilliance that makes the reader muse not only on a novel, but on life.

Trollope begins his novels matter-of-factly, introducing the setting and dramatis personae with some precision, evoking character as briskly as we come to understand it in our acquaintances. "Though rather small, and perhaps a little too apt to wear rings on his fingers and to show jewelry on his shirt front and about his waistcoat" is the description given to a pedestrian young Swiss merchant in *The Golden Lion of Granpere*. And brief as it is, it serves notice that this character is not our hero.

Sometimes his very clarity serves to put us on our guard, as in *The Eustace Diamonds*: "We will tell the story of Lizzie Greystock from the beginning, but we will not dwell over it at great length, as we might do if we loved her." Suspense in Trollope is also served up plain, though again with such emphatic plainness as to suggest that the plot is beside the point. We are asked straightaway to interest ourselves in whether this girl will marry this young man, or whether this old rich woman will leave her estate to one or another possible heir.

Trollope addresses this method at the start of *Is He Popenjoy?*:

Ann Marlowe is a writer in New York and the author of two memoirs.

> The plan of jumping at once into the middle has been often tried, and sometimes seductively enough for a chapter or two; but the writer still has to hark back, and to begin again from the beginning—not always very comfortably after the abnormal brightness of his few opening pages; and the reader who is then involved in some ancient family history, or long local explanation, feels himself to have been defrauded.

He also has the habit of addressing the reader openly, as in *Barchester Towers*:

> Our doctrine is, that the author and the reader should move along together in full confidence with each other.

Even in his time, readers knew enough to be put *en garde* by such avowals. "My incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on," he said, though he rarely published novels in serial form.

It is true that the novels are not tightly plotted, as James Kincaid puts it:

> Trollope writes a plot with one hand, while with the other he knifes at it. … Nothing in Trollope's art is more important or more startling than his attempts to draw his readers away from primary concern with the plot. … [P]lot or action is simply too gross to account for the really important aspects of life: the tiny daily acts of kindness or sensitivity that make up the moral life. … Very often, as in *He Knew He Was Right*, the various plots give different answers to the same question.

Writing gracefully, even rhythmically, in what Kincaid calls a "disappearing style," Trollope nonetheless pierces his carefully constructed fictional surface. With authorial asides, the use of fixed epithets to describe major characters, and frequent repetition and recasting of the terms of moral dilemmas, Trollope creates a distancing effect. As in Brecht's "epic theater," the interruption of the reader's immersion is to make us consider the moral implications of the characters' choices and the injustice of the social order.

Of course, Trollope and Brecht had vastly different ideas about the desirable social order. More than a capitalist, Trollope was a Christian and his frequent invocations of religion are not lip service. Perhaps nothing makes his sincerity clearer than his biography of Cicero—really, an appreciation rather than what we understand today as biography.

> There was a humanity in Cicero, a something almost of Christianity, a stepping forward out of the dead intellectualities of Roman life into moral perceptions, into natural affections, into domesticity, philanthropy, and conscious discharge of duty, which do not seem to have been as yet fully appreciated. To have loved his neighbor as himself before the teaching of Christ was much for a man to achieve, and that he did this is what I claim for Cicero.

It's true that, due to the disreputability of the novel among Christians in his time, Trollope may have been led to exaggerate his sentiments. But the exaggeration didn't go very far. The moral drama of humanity was never far from his mind, and he was aware that we live in a fallen world. "As man is never strong enough to take unmixed delight in good," he editorialized in *The Eustace Diamonds*, "so may we presume also that he cannot be quite so weak as to find perfect satisfaction in evil."

Trollope was a Whig, yet he spoke like a true conservative, and a subtle one. ♦

B&A

Spain by Numbers

Bean-counting in Berlin leads to bombing in Barcelona.

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

The Spanish Civil War is among the 20th-century military conflicts about which the most continues to be published, and in many languages. Often, new volumes on the three-year (1936-39) bloodbath recapitulate old themes: the ideological drama of fascist militarism versus a leftist republic; subversion of the republic by its alleged allies in Moscow; and heart-rending details of cruelty, on both sides of the trenches.

Hitler's Shadow Empire is one of few recent studies offering fresh information, specifically describing German trade in the Franco-controlled zone. While it is typically assumed that Nazi Germany, like Stalinist Russia, became involved in the Spanish Civil War for ideological reasons, Pierpaolo Barbieri, an economic analyst, shows that the motives of the two main powers were quite different. His research took him to the German and Spanish archives, as well as those of Italy, Germany's partner in supporting the Spanish Nationalists.

Hitler's Shadow Empire
Nazi Economics and the Spanish Civil War
by Pierpaolo Barbieri
Harvard, 368 pp., $39.95

Soviet Russia did, indeed, want to bring the Spanish left, which was Western European in culture, into line with its habits of repression—and to the point of preferring a Republican defeat to the dominion of its anti-Stalinist rivals. In addition, Moscow influenced the Spanish republic because the republic had been refused military support by France.

Barbieri passes lightly over Soviet mischief in Spain. But he demonstrates that Nazi Germany, starved of treasure and hard currency, and lacking foreign markets for its products, viewed Francisco Franco's Spain as an "informal colony" that would receive German goods while providing Germany with resources it badly needed. Those resources included iron ore, as well as other raw materials, and agricultural output.

Stephen Schwartz is a frequent contributor to The Weekly Standard.

To account for German policy in what he (correctly) calls "a full-fledged colonial endeavor" and "a world war in miniature," Barbieri first explains the difference between a trade-based, if rapacious, Nazi policy in Spain and the later mass atrocities the Germans committed in Eastern Europe. It was, he writes, a contrast between *Weltpolitik*, or global strategy, and the ideology of *Lebensraum*—genocidal conquest—that obsessed Hitler and led to the horrors of the Holocaust and similar crimes.

German Condor Legion units enter Barcelona (1939).

The difference, as recounted by Barbieri, was based in competition between a German economist with the improbable name of Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, who was head of the Reichsbank, Germany's central economic institution, and a crowd of political demagogues who flattered Adolf Hitler by praising his vision of Germanization in the east. The main figure in this second group was Hermann Göring, who created a system of bloated, inefficient enterprises under his personal control.

Hjalmar Schacht was a conservative economist, uninterested in internal Nazi quarrels. He favored German penetration of colonies where the Deutschmark would circulate as an exchange currency and from which resources would be exported to boost German production and consumption. That meant expansion in existing markets (including Argentina and the Balkans) and recovery of German colonies in Africa and the Pacific that were lost at the end of World War I. Some colonies could be "informal," or economic, retaining their own political systems and cultures, while others would be "formal," under complete German sovereignty.

Göring and other Nazis, however, believed in *Autarkie*, a self-sufficient German bastion in the center of Europe that would provide a foundation for conquest and defense. Hitler, who was ignorant of economics, obviously preferred the melodramatic vision of a German fortress-state over a nation of vendors. Nevertheless, both Schacht and Göring favored German rearmament in defiance of the Versailles treaty.

When the Spanish fighting began in mid-1936, Schacht was appointed minister of economics by Hitler. Schacht's policy of "informal empire" was soon applied to Nationalist Spain. With Hitler's approval, German aircraft and artillery were sent to Spanish Morocco, where the Nationalist General Franco's supporters were based, through a newly created private company: HISMA, a Spanish acronym for the Spanish-Moroccan Transport Company. In Berlin, a parallel firm, ROWAK—for its German title as the Raw Materials and Goods Buying Company—was established to receive payment from the Spanish Nationalists. This was Schachtian economics in microcosm. Barbieri describes HISMA and ROWAK as a "dual monopoly"—that is, German firms interested in Spanish business operations would sell to ROWAK, which would transfer goods to Nationalist Spain through HISMA. Both entities added generous commissions to their transactions.

As "informal" as it might have been, the economic relationship between Nazi Germany and Nationalist Spain was not without problems. As long as Schacht was in charge of the German economy, the trade-based model prevailed, notwithstanding the rhetoric of Hitler, Franco, and Benito Mussolini about a common struggle against communism. The Nationalists were not blind to the reality that they were being robbed and cheated by Germany no less than the Republicans would be swindled by the Russians, who charged excessively for weapons and received payment in the form of Spain's gold bullion reserve, the fourth largest in the world.

The Nationalists reacted to German avarice most often by acceding to German demands. Until 1937, Franco pressed the Germans for financial and trade arrangements that would reduce the burden of HISMA and ROWAK on the Spanish economy, and German vendors agreed in resenting the HISMA-ROWAK "dual monopoly." But Franco gave up when he realized it might threaten his necessary supply of German weapons.

One problem for the Nationalists in dealing with a voracious Germany involved the Rio Tinto mining company, which was British owned. Germany was short of mining assets, and in September 1936, with the Spanish war only three months old, a Rio Tinto metals shipment was redirected from London to Hamburg with Nationalist authorization. As the civil war continued, the shift of Rio Tinto assets to Germany grew—a danger for Britain, since the metals involved would clearly be intended for German war industries. But of all the European powers that dealt with the Spanish war, Britain was the feeblest in its response. When Rio Tinto's chairman Sir Auckland Geddes

AP / BETTMANN CORBIS

wrote to the Foreign Office proposing British naval action to block the export of metals to Germany, Britain was mollified by a Francoist monthly payment of £10,000 in foreign exchange. But Spanish trade, mainly oriented to Britain before the civil war, was now to be placed fully in Germany's grasp.

Both the Nationalists and the Republicans were victims of internal weaknesses and manipulated by outside forces. Nationalist Spain was at an economic disadvantage and forced to submit to Hjalmar Schacht's model of "informal colonization." Republican Spain was politically undermined by Soviet agents and was abandoned in 1938 as Stalin prepared for his nonaggression pact with Hitler, consummated the following year. Barbieri states that although the Spanish War was over by then, Franco and his colleagues were surprised at the sudden turn of their former patron, Hitler.

Still, Francisco Franco won the war—and had his revenge on the Germans in 1940, when Spain refused to enter World War II as a full member of the Axis. As Stanley Payne described in his excellent *Franco and Hitler* (see "Spanish Revision," June 1, 2009), General Franco eluded the fulfillment of promises the Germans thought were ironbound. And as Pierpaolo Barbieri emphasizes, Hitler committed suicide in his burning capital in 1945 while Franco ruled Spain for 30 years more. ♦

B&A

'Otello' Unmoored

Political correctness debuts at the Met.

BY PAUL DU QUENOY

New York

Opening nights at the Metropolitan Opera have always been grand occasions, attracting Hollywood stars, vaguely famous Wall Street titans, the remnants of New York's cultural glitterati, and the occasional president for the most important annual event in the arena of high culture. This year's season opening brimmed with promise. Turning to Giuseppe Verdi's penultimate opera, *Otello*, adapted from Shakespeare's play, the Met boasted a new production of one of the repertoire's most exciting works starring the beautiful ingénue soprano Sonya Yoncheva, the brilliant young conductor Yannick Nézet-Séguin, and prize-winning producer Bartlett Sher.

What should have been a feast of pure aesthetics, however, quickly shrank to just one detail that has dominated discussion: For the first time since *Otello* entered the Met's repertoire in 1891, the tenor singing the title role did not appear in "blackface," the catch-all theatrical term for any kind of makeup used to darken a performer's complexion (see "P.C. at the Met" August 24, 2015). The Met's embattled general manager, Peter Gelb, announced this decision over two months before the premiere, attracting oodles of casual praise hardly more courageous than the millionth retweet of "Je suis Charlie."

Gelb's decision was, by all accounts, precipitous. Met promotional materials, including its website and mass-mailed season calendar, carried photos of the production's star, the serviceable Latvian tenor Aleksandrs Antonenko, made up in a brownish hue to suggest the character's North African origins. But all that disappeared when he made his thunderous entrance as the Met's first white Moor of Venice.

Does the decision matter artistically? Of course not. Any true opera aficionado will go out of his way to tell you that the art form's power lies in emotional rather than literal truth. If it were about literal truth, the convoluted plots and logical leaps of so many treasured works would fail any test.

What we most care about is Otello and Desdemona's pure love running afoul of Otello's easily provoked jealousy, not the color of the singer portraying him. No one, after all, ever quailed at the sight of African American singers appearing without wearing white makeup. Jessye Norman's iconic Sieglinde in *Die Walküre* proved no less effective, even when she appeared opposite white tenors singing the role of her character's identical twin brother. White sopranos singing the leads in Met revivals of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* and *Turandot* have looked progressively less Asian over the years without provoking comment.

In Verdi's opera, the racial issue registers far less noticeably than in Shakespeare's play, appearing in passing on two occasions. The first is in an exchange during Otello and Desdemona's love scene at the end of the first act. The second appears in a solo line that Otello utters in self-pity, wondering whether his race—and age—have driven his bride to her supposed infidelity.

The Met's subtitle system has long sanitized even these minor lines, translating "my darknesses" ("*mie tenebre*") metaphorically as "my shadowed life" and rendering "obscure temples" ("*tempie oscure*") as simply "face." It also alters his triumphant first lines, "Rejoice! Muslim pride lies buried in the sea!" ("*Esultate! L'orgoglio musulmano sepolto è in mar*") by replacing "Muslim pride" with the more anodyne "Turkish fleet."

But if race really doesn't matter, then why is ditching blackface such an issue? ("Who gives a s—?" one famous critic asked me on the day of the premiere.) Is it just another example of political correctness run amok? Is it an infantilizing insult to a sophisticated audience now presumed incapable of distinguishing the highest reaches of the Italian repertoire from

Paul du Quenoy is associate professor of history at the American University of Beirut.

Sonya Yoncheva, Aleksandrs Antonenko

a deliberately offensive minstrel show of three generations ago?

In our age of relentless hypersensitivity, facile "trigger warnings," and quasi-Maoist "sensitivity training," Peter Gelb's decision has one salient characteristic: He made it himself with no apparent suggestion or pressure from anyone else. There was no protest outside the opera house, no smug social media campaign littering cyberspace with platitudinous hashtags, no moving plea from the NAACP. When *Otello* last appeared on the Met stage, in 2012, no one minded or cared that the production's leading tenor was "blacked up."

But like the various Internet retailers, flag manufacturers, and video-game companies who voluntarily removed the Confederate battle flag from their products after the shooting in Charleston, Gelb has added the nation's most venerable cultural institution to the rapidly expanding self-censorship club. The PC mavens could hardly have asked for a more stunning success, and they did not have to say a word or lift a finger.

Gelb's reasons may, perhaps, be understandable. The Met has suffered some political tension over the past couple of seasons. The opening night of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* in 2013 was marred by a protest from patrons who objected to superstar soprano Anna Netrebko and conductor Valery Gergiev's closeness to Vladimir Putin and, by proxy, his regime's anti-gay laws. Last season, Jewish groups assailed Gelb for staging John Adams's *The Death of Klinghoffer*, which features antisemitic terrorist characters depicted in what some observers felt was a sympathetic way.

At the same time, the Met's general manager has had to deal with a perfect storm of falling attendance, truculent labor unrest, and ineffective campaigns to make his company more "accessible." And on the eve of the opening, New York's Gilbert and Sullivan Players canceled its planned production of *The Mikado* after an (obviously related) outcry about racial stereotypes that its largely white cast threatened to perpetuate. Now that the PC crowd has succeeded in assigning financial consequences to breaches of its fluid mores, Gelb undoubtedly desired to escape accusations of thought crime.

So why should he stop at race? In an era when "fat shaming" is tantamount to crime, we may soon see thin Falstaffs in productions of Verdi's next Shakespearean opera. Pervasive railing against ageism, now legally actionable in many work contexts, could sweep away depictions of old age to leave us with youthful Grand Inquisitors, a visual meme that should make the Torquemadas of Title IX swell with pride.

It is a terrible shame that their victory overshadows the plaudits Sonya Yoncheva so richly deserves. But at least the high arts are now under control. ♦

COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

B&A

Is He, or Isn't He?

Steve Jobs gets the Aaron Sorkin treatment.

BY JOHN PODHORETZ

Steve Jobs
Directed by Danny Boyle

Five years ago in these pages, I called *The Social Network* "a two-hour exploration of a single question: Is Mark Zuckerberg, the creator of Facebook, an assh—?" Now Aaron Sorkin, the screenwriter of *The Social Network*, has just written a movie called *Steve Jobs*. It is a two-hour exploration of a single question: Was Steve Jobs, the man behind Apple Inc., an assh—? *Steve Jobs* has a fancy director in Danny Boyle, who made *Slumdog Millionaire*. David Fincher was the fancy director of *The Social Network*. Perhaps in 2020, Sorkin will release *Bill Gates: Assh—?*, directed by the guy who made *Birdman*.

Like Sorkin, that *Birdman* guy (Alejandro G. Iñárritu) just loves to film people talking fast while they walk through corridors. I don't know about you, but I find that when people walk through corridors they are usually just trying to get through the corridor and don't have much time to talk. But I haven't won an Academy Award like Sorkin and the *Birdman* guy have, so what do I know?

Both *The Social Network* and *Steve Jobs* are dominated by Sorkin's characteristic style: The exchanges are wooden and forced and far too on-the-nose and feature five times as many words spoken as is actually the case when it comes to actual people in actual real life. But those words are spoken so quickly viewers are fooled into thinking they're watching smart people speak the way smart people actually speak—rather than the way people on cocaine actually speak, which is what Sorkin's characters actually sound like.

Michael Fassbender

But listen: He makes a good living, he could buy and sell me, and I don't resent that. This is more than I can say for Sorkin, whose screenplays seem to be fueled by resentment that both Zuckerberg and Jobs are/were billionaires when they are/were, in his view, unacceptably assh—lic.

Lest you think from my descriptions here that Sorkin is unoriginal, let me assure you that these two films, *The Social Network* and *Steve Jobs*, are not the same movie. For example, the scene in which a young college student berates Jobs for being an assh— comes at the end of the new movie, whereas in *The Social Network* the scene in which a young college student berates Zuckerberg for being an assh— comes at the beginning. Also, in the final scene of *Steve Jobs*, the title character basically admits he's an assh— ("I'm poorly made," he says ruefully), whereas *The Social Network* concludes with Zuckerberg only *considering* the question of whether he's an assh—.

The Social Network at least had a lawsuit in it to keep the action moving. *Steve Jobs* is essentially a series of three one-act plays—each set in the 45 minutes before Jobs launches a computer product. (Yes, you read that right.) The first is the release of the Macintosh in 1984. The second is the release of Jobs's non-Apple NeXT computer in 1988. And the last is the release of the iMac in 1998. These were indeed remarkable moments, the first and last of which surely count as among the most dazzling and fluent feats of sheer salesmanship in the history of business. So, of course, we don't see them.

Instead, what we see is Jobs taking precious time out from his last-minute preparations for these crucial events in his life to have melodramatic and often hysterical encounters with friends and ex-friends and enemies and rivals and people who just flat-out hate him. To be charitable, this strains credulity. It also makes little dramatic sense. As embodied by the Irish actor Michael Fassbender, who is usually very good but who never gets a handle on his character here, Jobs never seems flustered or under pressure or all that annoyed to be interrupted.

Instead, all the anxiety shows in the face and actions of his PR director, Joanna Hoffman, who is played by Kate Winslet with a ridiculous Mitteleuropa accent that comes and goes like Prufrock's women. And even she takes time out to berate Jobs for being a bad person. Remember: This is the person whose job it was to manage these product launches. The idea that she of all people would have posed an existential challenge to Jobs five minutes before he took the stage to show the world the iMac is preposterous.

Perhaps the most preposterous aspect of *Steve Jobs* is its implicit message: that Jobs needed to acknowledge his own lousiness as a human being to liberate him from his weaknesses and thereby truly "think different" and begin Apple's unparalleled rise. Apparently, in the world according to Aaron Sorkin, only people who are nice to their children can create an iPod. ♦

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

"Sanders' challenge: Winning over Obama supporters"
—Politico headline, October 10, 2015

PARODY

Bernie: The Hard Sell

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From: Bernie Sanders for President
Subject: **Bernie: The Hard Sell**
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To: R.S. Schwartzman-Gambelino
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Dear Obama Supporter,

As the 2016 election battle heats up, there is sure to be a lot of talk about which candidate can best continue our current president's policies and legacy. We know that there will be stiff competition from other campaigns for your loyalty. And we know what you may be thinking: "The SANDERS CAMPAIGN? But I'm an OBAMA SUPPORTER. I'm a liberal/progressive/social democrat. Is it possible I could support a progressive independent socialist like BERNIE SANDERS? Who are they kidding?"

While we admit the divide between us may be great, and that your natural allegiances may lie with more mainstream candidates like Donald Trump, we only ask that you give us a chance. Sure, Bernie supports raising the minimum wage to $15, and you probably only support raising it to $12 or $13. And sure, Bernie wants to make all public universities free, through increased taxes on the top .5%, while you probably only support massive education subsidies through increased taxes on the top 1%. These ideological mountains may seem too high to climb . . . but please keep an open mind.

Yes, Bernie is an outsider, an independent, perhaps an unlikely candidate for the highest office in the land. As an Obama supporter, you are probably more inclined to vote for someone who relies upon their résumé and their experience to reassure you. Someone whose staid, unemotional demeanor reminds you that through slow and patient work, things can become incrementally better. So maybe it's a stretch to imagine voting for someone whose policies are driven by emotion, by high-flown sentiment, and an attachment to a philosophical outlook that many have abandoned in the face of harsh realities. Can we, the Sanders campaign, really be asking OBAMA supporters to vote for a man who has shied away from leadership positions and made a career largely on the strength of his own personality?

Perhaps it is a bridge too far. But we do believe that Bernie is the best man for the job. Therefore, we humbly ask that you be patient, that you not get sucked in by trendy "IT" candidates like Hillary Clinton or Jeb Bush. Instead, look to the man who has the best interests of the American people at heart, even if his policies and outlook differ wildly from your own.

Sincerely,

Bernie 2016